

STATEMENT OF RECOGNITION OF DECEASED

1. BELIEVED TO BE (BTB) IDENTIFIED DECEDENT

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DELTA GREEN

d. I HAVE PERSONALLY VIEWED THE REMAINS BTB IDENTIFIED ABOVE. RECOGNITION IS BASED ON THE
Birthmark and mole, left collarbone below line of amputation.

SIGNATURE

DATE SIGNED

MUSIC FROM A DARKENED ROOM



A Scenario for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game*

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BUREAU OF STANDARDS
WASHINGTON

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PLACES, LIKE PEOPLE, GO WRONG

They turn off the path and head into the shadows, becoming something other than normal. Black places filled with blank rooms, closed doors, and empty hallways lined with dust. In these places your voice catches in your throat, the air seems to hum, and bad things happen. People get hurt. Objects vanish. Misery flows like the water from the loose faucet in the bathroom. Hate hangs in the air like old paint. It smells of time and circumstance, and something just a little beyond the world. It smells like surrender.

The house at 1206 Spooner Avenue is a place gone wrong. In the last 50 years, 18 people have died there, and you can feel it. Doors in 1206 Spooner Avenue stay shut, and no one ever hears a child's laughter at night. In the hours that stretch like taffy after two, no one ever hears music from a darkened room.

"Music from a Darkened Room" is a scenario playable with *Delta Green: Need to Know* or *Delta Green: Agent's Handbook*, available from Arc Dream Publishing. Good luck.



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Music From a Darkened Room

A Scenario for *Delta Green: The Role-Playing Game*

Written and Illustrated by Dennis Detwiler

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Introduction

Places, like people, sometimes go wrong. They turn off the path and head into the shadows, becoming something other than normal. Black places filled with blank rooms, closed doors, and empty hallways lined with dust.

In these places your voice catches in your throat, the air seems to hum, and bad things happen. People get hurt. Objects vanish. Misery flows like the water from the loose

faucet in the bathroom. Hate hangs in the air like old paint. It smells of time and circumstance, and something just a little beyond the world.

It smells like surrender.

The house at 1206 Spooner Avenue is a place gone wrong. In the last 50 years, 18 people have died there, and you can feel it. You walk in and it's like dropping 30 fathoms under water. It's suddenly dark and cold and pressure-filled.

Doors in 1206 Spooner Avenue stay shut, and no one ever hears a child's laughter at night. In the hours that stretch like taffy after two, no one ever hears music from a darkened room. No one sees a woman walking behind the glass of the bathroom mirrors.

Still, pretenses remain. You shut your eyes and pretend the world is ordered, like a puzzle whose pieces are square and plain. You pretend a lot of things. You pretend you are pretending.

Until, in the dark, the hand falls on your shoulder.



The House on Spooner Avenue

Spooner Avenue is a quiet street that cuts a diagonal slash through suburban Meadowbrook, New Jersey. 1206 Spooner Avenue is a small house, built in 1907 and amended with additional construction in the 1940s. It is wholly unremarkable in appearance. Few notice anything past the vibrant growth of ivy that scales the north face of the house. But the neighbors are not fooled.

The neighbors are predominantly retirees who have long memories. Most were born in Meadowbrook and lived here all their lives. All have heard about the deaths at 1206 Spooner Avenue. It's a water-cooler topic across Meadowbrook.

The rumors began almost half a century ago.

Around 1969, with the murder/suicide of Douglas and Margaret Crease, the house began to gain a reputation. At first, it was simply the kind of nervous rumor that makes a horrible incident more palatable. Later, as the bodies slowly piled up, it became more certain. Today, it's simply a fact. The house is evil. Its neighbors know this in the way one knows the sky is blue or that water quenches thirst. It's a certainty.

After the Creases' deaths, between 1973 and today, 16 people have met their ends at 1206 Spooner Avenue. Only one of those deaths was due to neither accident nor violence. The rest have been an uncanny chain of suicides, accidents, and murder.

Somehow, the house has been continuously sold and re-sold. As far back as the Creases' deaths, no break in inhabitants lasted more than a month.

Neighbors believe the house has a draw to it; a pull. Doctor George Weaver, the last local drawn to it, bought the house on a whim in the summer of 1980. He died nine days later in an electrical accident. Since then, no locals ever go to the open houses, held by realty agents who explore the daylight halls of 1206 Spooner Avenue with unaccountable enthusiasm.

To those who live on Spooner Avenue, the house is to be avoided, a dead zone best rushed past—especially at night.

Its neighbors know the house is alive.

Briefing

This operation ostensibly takes place in late 2017. Adjust it as necessary to suit your campaign.

Delta Green—we'll use that term whether your Agents are in the Program or the Outlaws; again, adjust as needed—issues a directive to the nearest available team of Agents. This likely comes in a meeting with the team's usual Delta Green contact or case officer, perhaps in a secure room at a random government office building.

The Agents are assigned to Operation IAGO. The team's Delta Green contact has been given very little information to convey.

- » The Agents are to determine the cause of FBI Special Agent Arthur Donnelley's recent death. Donnelly was a veteran Delta Green agent.
- » They are to focus attention on the house at 1206 Spooner Avenue, Meadowbrook, New Jersey, and determine whether it represents an ongoing threat to the public.
- » Once those two protocols are complete, the Agents are to inform their contact and ask for further instructions.

Donnelley's Death

FBI Special Agent Arthur Donnelley killed himself in the house on Spooner Avenue. The Agents' Delta Green contact can summarize the circumstances.

Donnelley went to 1206 Spooner Avenue two weeks ago, without informing his Delta Green contacts or following the usual protocols. Nobody knows why.

Donnelley's ex-wife called the Trenton FBI office, where Donnelley worked, and reported him missing.

Two agents from the Trenton office checked his apartment the next day. They found that he had unaccountably left his cellphone behind.

The day after that, they worked with Donnelley's cellphone provider to track his phone's recent movements. They found a number of unexplained visits to 1206 Spooner Avenue.

The next day, the agents checked the Spooner Avenue house. They found Donnelley's body in the master bedroom. His throat had been cut cleanly, as if with a

straight razor. His blood had drenched the walls. One of the agents said it looked like someone had “set off a bomb full of blood.”

The FBI agents notified the Meadowbrook police, who called in the county coroner. The coroner half-heartedly ruled the death a suicide, though no suicide weapon was found.

More significant than the suicide itself was the fact that Donnelley had followed in the footsteps of Yamilla Isari, the house’s former owner. Her body had been found under the precisely same circumstances sixteen months before.

The Agents’ contact says Delta Green agents in the FBI worked around the clock to make sure the official investigation of Donnelley’s death ended there. Donnelley already had a reputation among his peers, backed up by an interview with his ex-wife, as depressive, obsessive, and often overwhelmed by stress. Judging by his movements and his web browser history, Donnelley had become pre-occupied with the house on Spooner Avenue. The house had an admittedly strange history, but which was not related in any way to his work in the FBI or any current criminal investigation. He went to the house, must have suffered an overwhelming emotional crisis, and killed himself.

The tragedy was reported in the local newspaper, the *Meadowbrook Sparrow*, and made the rounds on the Internet for a day: “Another Spooner Suicide.” The report quotes Donnelley’s supervisor in the Trenton FBI office as regretting that Agent Donnelley never talked about what must have been deep emotional distress. The supervisor says Donnelley’s friends at the Bureau wish they could have done more to help him.

Now, things have begun to calm down. The Agents’ Delta Green contact says that if they are careful, they can keep it that way. Nobody has any official interest in seeing the mystery deepen. The FBI does not want the public embarrassment of an agent going off the deep end. The local police do not want the notoriety of a haunted-house story going wide. Neighbors do not want the house’s weird history to depress the local housing market. If the Agents tread lightly, the latest death at Spooner Avenue will soon be forgotten.

The House

The Agents’ contact instructs them to employ extreme caution when investigating the house at 12016 Spooner Avenue. The house has been suspected in the past of somehow influencing people’s behavior. The contact has been given no details. Considering the death of Agent Donnelley, the Agents should take those suspicions very seriously.

Assets

Two nearby specialists may assist with research. The Agents should tell them as little as possible.

- » **EMIL YARROW:** a parapsychologist, an associate professor of abnormal psychology at Fulton College (two towns over).
- » **ELIZABETH TUCKER:** an antiques dealer who lives in Meadowbrook.

Finally, the Agents should inspect a “Green Box” in Meadowbrook—a storage unit used in past Delta Green operations. It can be found at Meadowbrook Store-It, 819 Dewlark Lane, Unit 2230.

The Phone

The Agents’ contact hands them a battered old cell phone for limited use during the operation. It comes from an early generation of phones. It can call internationally, but it does not send any caller metadata. The phone is preprogrammed with numbers and addresses for Emil Yarrow, Elizabeth Tucker, and Meadowbrook Store-It.

If the Agents reach out to their Delta Green contact using their usual channels, they may receive a return call on this phone. Employ it to move the Agents along if things bog down. Use the phone as a source of mystery and hints. Every call from their contact will be allusive and vague, never saying aloud anything potentially incriminating or that might inform later listeners about the unnatural or Delta Green.

What's Going On

The house on Spooner Avenue was built in 1907 by Michael Wheeler, a 32-year-old mason. He brought his invalid wife Isabelle Wheeler to die there.

Wheeler was a dashing young man who charmed his way into a lucrative position cutting gravestones for nearby communities. His business expanded to specialty stonework such as gargoyles, marble cuts, tiles and monuments. When Isabelle and Michael married in 1905, they were the darlings of the town. But in less than a year, their life fell under a shadow.

Overnight, it seemed, Isabelle was infected by an unknown ailment. It robbed her of use of her legs, and later wracked her body with spasms and convulsions. Even so, she outlived her husband by decades. Michael Wheeler was struck in the head and killed by a piece of marble at the County Seat worksite in 1910.

Michael Wheeler had become a wealthy man, and left a significant fortune behind. Isabelle never wanted for anything but peace. She remained in the Spooner Avenue house another 46 years.

In 1926, Isabelle had gotten her wish: her pain and ailments went away. But the neighborhood was far from happy. Isabelle took to living with a foreigner, an Italian woman of considerable age, named Adele DiVettelo. The neighbors called her "The Crone." DiVettelo had worked as a seamstress at a nearby sanitarium, but was fired for "practicing witchcraft." She was generally shunned by the town, and barely subsisted until she came to the house of Isabelle Wheeler.

Originally, DiVettelo was hired by the help to re-sew the drapes in all the rooms. But she soon was inseparable from Wheeler. In the summer of 1926, the talk of the town was the recovery of Isabelle from her mystery ailment. For the first time in 20 years, Wheeler could walk and conduct herself normally. But talk turned to the presence of the Crone at the house.

It became clear to the locals that strange things were going on. Animals turned up dead, and not just farm animals. Dogs and cats seemed to go missing with regularity. Odd men showed up, foreigners with thick, Italian accents. The Crone seemed to be gathering her own family into the Wheeler house with Isabelle's blessing.

After a 1937 confrontation with Antonio DiVettelo, a man the Crone claimed was her son, locals learned to leave them alone. Matthew Harrigan, the son of a wealthy local politician, wasted away from some mysterious disease two weeks after the incident. The disease was odd. The patient developed rashes that became what appeared to be burn marks, which suppurred and bled out. Only Harrigan, who had struck Antonio, died from it, but each man involved in the scuffle with Antonio suffered from this disease.

The hint was taken. People steered clear of the Wheeler house.

For once, the rumors were correct. DiVettelo was practicing witchcraft. By the time she disappeared in 1965, most thought she was in excess of 100 years old. They didn't know that she was far older than 100. She had signed her life away to L'Uomo Nero, the Dark Man, in the summer of 1800 at age 18. She placed her name in his book and promised him blood and souls. She had spent the first 50 years of her new life practicing her art in the Old Country, but came to America when the time seemed right.

Using Wheeler's ailment as leverage, DiVettelo wheedled her way into the Spooner Avenue house and gained complete control over Isabelle. The Crone first took Isabelle's pain, freeing Isabelle Wheeler from the disease that had left her bedridden for nearly a decade. Using dark magic, she put Wheeler's suffering behind the reflections at the Spooner Avenue house. This dark half of Wheeler was bound in each and every mirror of the Spooner house while her physical form was restored to complete health. At the time of her death, Isabelle had learned the price of such a trick. Her spirit persisted in a dark nether-world behind glass, watching the warmth of the modern world as it scrolled by.

For 30 years, the Crone lived in the Spooner Avenue house. The first few were filled with controversy. Eventually, as things quieted down and the inhabitants at 1206 Spooner ceased interacting with the town, the town lost interest. The Depression and World War II proved quite distracting.

In 1940, the Crone consecrated the Spooner Avenue property to Ni-Ar-Lath-Otep, the secret name of the Dark Man, and had a room built for her nightly rituals. These

rituals occupied the nights of the new moon for the 15 years. This culminated in the summer of 1955, when L'Uomo Nero himself appeared. He opened his book to Isabelle Wheeler—who repented and refused to sign her name within it.

The next day, the Crone was gone and Isabelle was alone. Soon, she was ill once more, this time from old age. She wasted away over the period of a year, cared for by a private nurse hired from a local agency. She died in 1956 at age 69.

She still lingers in the reflections of the Spooner Avenue house, searching for prey to feed her need for warmth and life. After eighteen deaths in the house, she's not alone.

The Green Box

Meadowbrook Store-It is a small lot southwest of the house on Spooner Avenue. It includes about 50 large storage sheds, surrounded by a four-meter fence topped with razor wire. A single, two-room trailer stands at the entrance, serving as office. The facility has three full-time employees, usually one on duty at a time during business hours. They set up new accounts, divvy up old underpaid accounts, and collect on delinquent accounts, but most of the time they do little more than play on their phones.

Unit 2230 has slipped through the cracks of the Delta Green conspiracy, and the fee has gone unpaid for nine months. In another three months, the contents of the shed will become the property of Brian Miglia, owner of the Meadowbrook Store-It.

Miglia smells money in that shed. Its last visitor was Special Agent Donnelley, who committed suicide just days hours after last visiting the shed. Miglia thinks the reason Donnelley killed himself may still be in still in the shed.

Since Donnelley's death, no one has visited the unit. The police never knew of his connection to it. Even better, he wasn't even the name on the lease. That was a Felix Greene, whose address and phone number haven't been valid in years—if they ever were.

The balance due and the renewal fee total \$1,200, an Unusual expense. Whoever wants to access the unit must pay that fee.

Entering the Green Box

If the Agents show badges and pay the fees, Miglia backs down and gives them unfettered access. But if they simply pull badges without paying the balance due, Miglia says that perhaps the Agent's superiors should be contacted, something he is more than willing to do. Miglia is of the mind that if something illegal is in the shed, and he's to get nothing from it, perhaps he can be a local hero for uncovering a crime.

If the Agents offer to pay the fee as civilians, without showing badges, Miglia does what he can to stall the process. He hopes they'll lose interest. If the Agents seem agitated by his stall tactics, Miglia takes this as confirmation something valuable is in the shed. He gets rash. He and his three workers break into the shed one evening, searching for the valuables. They find the coffin of Anton Turé. The police become involved. The scandalous contents of the Green Box will bloom into a public relations nightmare for the FBI. If the Agents are not careful, they will end up on the national news delivering a sound bite about the coffin.

Contents of the Green Box

- » Antique table
- » Sofa bed
- » Two plastic-wrapped twin mattresses
- » Three empty biohazard containers
- » Two bags of quik-lime
- » Two new shovels
- » Four pairs of work gloves
- » A hat-lamp
- » Fourteen empty quart-size metal containers for gasoline, with pour spouts
- » Two empty gallon-size plastic gasoline containers
- » Three newly minted keys taped together in a piece of cardboard (these are keys to 1206 Spooner)
- » 400 rounds shotgun ammunition (12-gauge buckshot)
- » Two new Mossberg shotguns with serial numbers ground off
- » Various fake identities made out for Special Agent Donnelley, including one as a Meadowbrook gas inspector and one as assistant county coroner
- » A Nikon F36 telephoto lens

- » A Nikon Reflex camera
- » Donnelley's notes from the investigation
- » The remains of 24 burned photographs
- » A crumbling, four-foot-long wooden coffin, covered in recent dirt

The Table

The antique table is not related to the house.

The Burned Photos

Nothing can be gleaned from these except that several seem to show trace images of 1206 Spooner Avenue on them. Their subject matter beyond that is impossible to tell.

The Coffin

Inside the crumbling coffin are the remains of Anton Turé, now rotted to the point of disintegration. A small metal plaque on the hasp indicates the identity of the occupant:

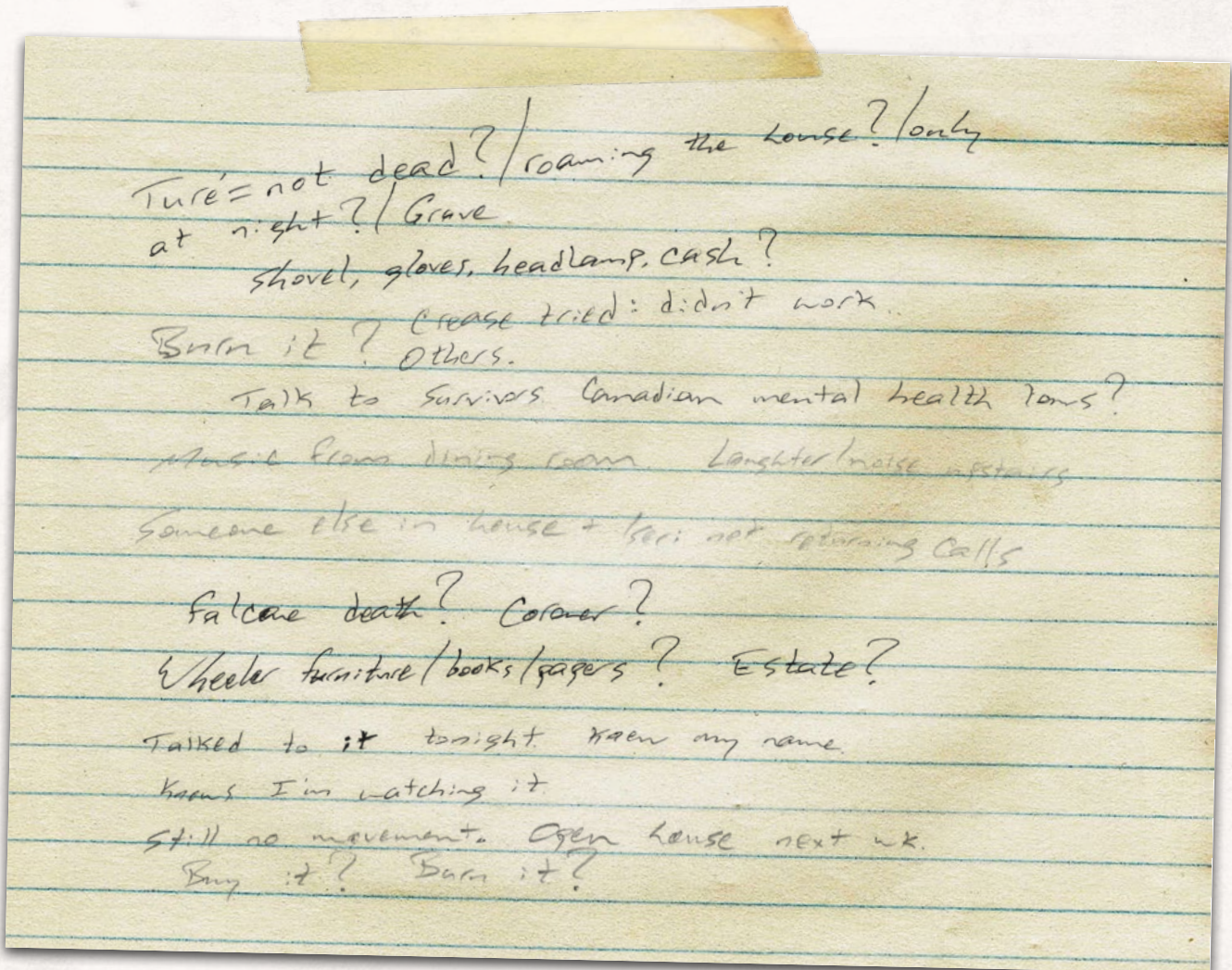
"ANTON TURÉ, 1957-1966". Seeing this costs 0/1D4 SAN. Turé is so decomposed that there is no smell.

Donnelley's Notes

These torn notebook pages are filled with the scrawl of Donnelley's handwriting. The first pages are the most coherent. They give a sense that 1206 Spooner Avenue had consumed Donnelley's mind for years.

Being a local, Donnelley had heard many stories of the Spooner Avenue house, particularly as a child. The thought that it was truly haunted never crossed his mind until Amanda Braintree's death a few years back. After investigating the house under the guise of a would-be buyer, Donnelley found himself actually considering purchasing it. But like a cold, he shook the strange, unnatural attraction off. He sent word up to Delta Green and waited. It seems Delta Green never replied.

His notes resume when Yamilla Isari entered the picture, but they are haphazard and disjointed. Donnelley tried to dissuade her from buying the house, but he



recognized the same unnatural fervor in her eyes that had once toyed with him. She could not be convinced, and he could not bring himself to do worse. Donnelley stepped up surveillance on Isari when she seemed to isolate herself in the house.

The last few pages are filled with increasingly bizarre statements written almost like math equations. They don't seem to be in any order. Reading those pages paints a picture of a man bent on a single purpose—uncovering the secret of 1206 Spooner Avenue—like a member of the bomb squad might go about defusing an explosive. Any Agent with **Psychotherapy** 30% or **HUMINT** 60%, or who succeeds at a roll with either skill, can tell that Donnelley was very nearly psychotic when some of the notes were written.

Trails

There are several different trails the Agents can follow to look into the background of 1206 Spooner Avenue.

- » Visit 1206 Spooner Avenue (see **THE HOUSE ITSELF** and **RUNNING THE HOUSE** on page 16).
- » Investigate county paperwork related to 1206 Spooner Avenue (see **THE COUNTY SEAT** on page 8).
- » Interview the neighbors of 1206 Spooner Avenue (see **SHUT DOORS, DRAWN SHADES** on page 15).
- » Locate death certificates, police reports and coroner reports of former residents (see **FURTHER RESEARCH** on page 8).
- » Interview living former residents (see **THE LUCKY FEW** on page 11).
- » Talk to the local police and coroner (see **BREAKING OUT THE BADGES** on this page).
- » Delve into the history of 1206 Spooner Avenue before 1956 (see **NEWS ARCHIVES** on page 13).

Records from before 1956 are scattered all over town and will require the most work. They are practically everywhere: in antique shops (regarding Isabelle Wheeler's furniture), in the archives of the *Meadowbrook Sparrow* (the local paper), and in households around town.

Breaking Out the Badges

If the Agents conduct their investigation openly as government agents, they can secure easy cooperation and access. No one is very surprised to see federal agents looking into Special Agent Donnelley's death.

The Agents could save themselves trouble if they think to establish themselves as an official inquiry into Special Agent Donnelley's death. The Agents' case officer can help to arrange assignments or ad-hoc deputizations for the Agents. That requires a **Bureaucracy** or **Law** test by whichever Agent is arranging it. If the roll succeeds, the Agents' investigation of Donnelley is official and they have the full backing of the FBI. Of course, they also may be subject to official investigation themselves if things go wrong.

Asking Around Town

Agents who persistently ask around town about the Spooner house receive clues, but that requires a great deal of footwork. Play out such interviews. Asking uncomfortable questions ("Has this piano ever played...uh...on its own?") can lead to interesting reactions.

The Agents will also gain the attention of local gossips. This is a good way to get noticed. Police Chief Buffington will become involved, if he hasn't already, if the Agents kick up too much dust by asking questions that have nothing to do with the death of Agent Donnelley.

Drawing Attention

If the Agents are not on an official investigation and begin poking around sensitive files such as coroner's reports, police reports, or county files that are not offered to the public, they can draw undue attention. The Agents must make a single **Luck** roll, adjusted by the following modifiers.

- » *The Agents have been caught attempting to side-step rules to obtain sensitive files:* -20%
- » *The Agents are caught illegally searching or breaking into private property:* -40%
- » *The Agents have berated or threatened locals:* -20%
- » *The Agents have brandished weapons at locals:* -40%

If the **Luck** roll fails, the Meadowbrook police chief steps in to question to the Agents. The Agents must quell his ire with a convincing explanation and an appropriate skill roll (likely **Bureaucracy**, **Law**, or **Persuade**).

If that fails, a figure in authority from an Agent's day job phones to question the Agent on his or her activities. The Agent must talk his or her way out of the situation with an appropriate skill roll at -20%.

If the Agent fails to talk his or her superior down, FBI agents unrelated to Delta Green show up to detain and question the Agents. This can get sticky if the Agents are carrying contraband or are thought to be somewhere else. It can easily lead to an official inquiry, to Agents losing their badges or being suspended, or worse.

The County Seat

Agents looking into the background of 1206 Spooner Avenue can find the standard records available at the County Seat: a two-story marble building just a few scant blocks from the house. It is a sleepy little building that deals mostly in parking tickets, zoning laws and building permits.

Meadowbrook's records have been given little attention of late; the money that comes from the state is going elsewhere, mostly towards the construction of a new library. Few care that the county seat is falling into disrepair, as long as the parks remain clean, the traffic lights and roads are well kept, and the police show up on time.

The County Seat has records of purchase, records of sale, zoning records and death certificates on file dating back to 1940.

The clerk, Anthony Freeman, is affable, and for a mocha from Starbucks he gladly lets the Agents into the records room during work hours. Freeman is a twenty-something college dropout who is unaware of the Spooner Avenue house and its history, but he's always looking for things to fill his day. He spends most of his days waiting for someone to ask him something besides where the bathroom is. If it's a particularly boring day and the Agents take him into some sort of confidence, Freeman might even help them look through the mountains of paperwork.

The records room is a barely controlled mishmash of water-stained boxes, photo sheets, and 28 huge pre-World War II filing cabinets. Papers are not filed here as much as abandoned—and this is not all the paperwork. Every record before 1940 was packed up in 1966 and moved offsite into storage. Access to those files is just plain “not possible” according to Freeman. Getting Freeman to poke his nose into county business that deep requires a plausible justification and a **Persuade** roll, perhaps with a +20% bonus if a sweetener like an expensive gift is offered.

A History of Horrors

The record of ownership of 1206 Spooner Avenue reads like a hit list: a chain of deaths, suicides, accidents, and murders.

If the Agents search around, similar records for other homes can be found. When the lifetime of a house is broken down into bite-sized chunks like this, it's very easy to find what seem to be odd chains of events: fire after fire, death upon death. Once they learn what to look for in the county records, it's hard not to see it everywhere. Once the records for Spooner Avenue are assembled, the Agents may find other houses that seem to suffer from the same ill fortune.

It takes 12 to 15 hours of work to trace all the records of 1206 Spooner Avenue back to 1940. The Agents need an appropriate research skill, such as **Bureaucracy** or **History**, at 40% or better to uncover a basic chronology from 1940 onward. This tells the Agents who lived and died there and when.

Further Research

Further information can be uncovered on the Wheelers, Creases, Turés, Aikens, Weaver, Diaz, Tycroft, Isari, and Donnelley. The circumstances of the other victims' deaths appear mundane no matter how deeply the Agents investigate.

To find details, the Agents must choose a particular name to research, and then make the appropriate research roll (likely **Bureaucracy** or **History**) at -20%. If the Agents get Anthony Freeman to assist them, he eliminates the research penalty. Each search of this nature can only be attempted once per name, and takes a few hours of digging.

	A	B	C	D
1	YEAR	RESIDENTS	CAUSE	VICTIMS
2	Up to 1956	Michael and Isabelle Wheeler	Natural causes	1 dead
3	1956 to 1960	George and Margaret Crease	Murder/suicide	2 dead
4	1960 to 1963	Michael Dougherty	Accident	1 dead
5	1963 to 1966	Adam and Rebecca Turé and family	Accident	1 dead
6	1967 to 1971	Jonathan Reese	Suicide	1 dead
7	1972	Doctor George Weaver	Accident	1 dead
8	1972 to 1977	Thomas and Imogen Greeley and family	Fire	2 dead
9	1978 to 1985	Peter Diaz	Suicide	1 dead
10	1985	Gareth Gedjos	Accident	1 dead
11	1986 to 1988	Jason and Janine Aiken	Gas leak	1 dead
12	1989 to 1994	John Tyler	Accident	1 dead
13	1995 to 2000	Louis Tycroft	Suicide	1 dead
14	2001 to 2007	Amanda Braintree and family	Suicide	1 dead
15	2008 to 2014	Andrea Falcone	Accident	1 dead
16	2015 to 2016	Yamilla Isari	Suicide	1 dead
17	2017	Special Agent Arthur Donnelley	Suicide	1 dead
18				

If the Agents get Freeman to look into the stored pre-1940 records (this should require significant luck or persistence), they can conduct this kind of research into Isabelle and Michael Wheeler and the Wheeler house's construction.

Isabelle and Michael Wheeler

There are no surviving county records on the Wheelers, but Agents who think to search local newspaper archives may learn a great deal. See **NEWS ARCHIVES** on page 13.

George and Margaret Crease

George and Margaret Crease were locals who moved into the Wheeler house following the death of Isabelle Wheeler in 1956. They set about updating the house, adding amenities like a water heater, a modern refrigerator, a gas range, and improved wiring.

By 1957, the Creases' friends noticed a change in the couple. Margaret had become rude and pushy, completely unlike her previous self. George seemed frightened and rarely ventured out except to go to work, until he renewed his interest in church. Then he attended church at all hours. Margaret spent an exorbitant sum in 1957 to restore huge wall mirrors in the master bedroom. When they were finished, the home was photographed for local trade magazines.

On 12 OCT 1960, George Crease drove to a sporting goods shop, bought a double-barrel shotgun and a box of 20 shells, drove home, and shot his wife and then himself. Margaret had been shot in front of the a mirror in the master bedroom, and most of her head was embedded in the broken glass.

George had set fire to the house before shooting himself, but a neighbor extinguished the fire before it could spread.

The community was devastated by the killings, and few knew precisely how to react. Public reaction vacillated between pretending it didn't happen at all to covering up the exact facts.

Adam and Rebecca Turé and Family

The Turés were transplants from Montreal, Quebec. They moved into 1206 Spooner Avenue in 1963 with their two children, Elise and Anton. They lived there seemingly without incident until 1965, when Rebecca Turé was briefly hospitalized for "mental exhaustion." She spent six weeks in a mental hospital and was treated with electroshock therapy.

Rebecca resumed life as a homemaker. Elise, however, had become a problem. The eight-year-old became violent at school and was often sent home for swearing.

On 12 JAN 1966, Rebecca Turé discovered her son, nine-year-old Anton, drowned in the toilet bowl of the master bedroom. The door to the bathroom was locked from the inside. Rebecca Turé was permanently hospitalized from that point on. Adam Turé left the area with his wife and daughter and never returned.

George Weaver

Weaver was a well-liked local doctor who lived in a small house on Valley Road (one over from Spooner Avenue). He was a lifelong bachelor, and was considered upwardly mobile in the neighborhood. His practice had replaced that of the previous town doctor, Stanley Donnigan, in 1965.

Weaver attended the open house at the Spooner house following the suicide of Jonathan Reese, and after a short period he bought the house. Several neighbors told him of the house's dark past, but Weaver laughed it off.

He moved in on 3 JUN 1972. He died on 12 JUN 1972. Weaver was apparently electrocuted under mysterious circumstances in the garage. No one knows exactly what happened, but clocks in the house, which went out the moment the circuit blew, showed 2:30 a.m. Weaver's car was in the shop. No one knows what he was doing in the garage at that time of night.

Peter Diaz

Peter Diaz, a baker from a nearby town, bought the house in 1978 to rebuild and rent it. He was a skilled carpenter and spent the next three years restoring the house, meticulously repairing the damage that occurred during the fire of 1977.

Diaz's repairs were a bit of a public news item for several months. The press gave his work a positive spin. Then, in 1982, Diaz left his wife and two children and moved into 1206 Spooner Avenue full-time. To the outside world, it seemed that a divorce was in progress. Really, Diaz left his wife simply to work more on the house.

Peter Diaz was a rare sight in town after that. He spent a huge sum on repairing the house, expanding the garage and restoring the master bedroom's full-length mirrors with period glass.

In 1985, Diaz hung himself in the second bedroom. A note pinned to his chest read, simply, "Finished now."

Jason and Janine Aiken

The Aikens moved in from across Meadowbrook in 1986, hoping to start a family. Instead, they faced problem after problem. The couple spent the better part of a year repairing fault after fault with the house.

They spent a considerable amount of their savings getting electrical, plumbing, and gas problems under control. By late 1988, they thought they had gotten the majors issued repaired, and Janine Aiken began painting the house to her liking.

Jason returned home from work one late afternoon to discover the house filled with gas and Janine unconscious upstairs. All four gas burners on the stove were on full, but not lit. It was "miraculous," according to the local fire chief, that no explosion occurred.

Janine Aiken regained consciousness briefly in Meadowbrook hospital later that evening and then died. Jason Aiken left town the following month and never returned.

Louis Tycroft

Louis Tycroft was a local lawyer who had recently suffered a divorce from his wife of 15 years, Emily Tycroft. Tycroft soon had a falling out with his partners and dissolved the practice to work on the house.

On 12 SEP 2000, Tycroft shot himself in the chest twice with a handgun—an amazing achievement, as far as the coroner was concerned. But it was not entirely unexpected. The local paperboy, John Elliott, had called the police the week before. Answering the door angrily with a pistol, Tycroft told the paperboy that voices were keeping him up at night. After a session of questioning, the police could do nothing. Tycroft was cooperative and coherent. His paperwork for the pistol was in order.

Yamilla Isari

Yamilla Isari was a recent transplant to Meadowbrook from the United Arab Emirates. The daughter of a wealthy family, Isari had seen and fallen in love with the house while on break from the state university. For a year, she

obsessed about the house, even making Andrea Falcone, the former owner, an outrageous offer of cash for it.

In 2014, Falcone suffocated in the upstairs room, and the house went on the market.

Isari purchased it that year, and moved in immediately following graduation. Isari spent two months in frantic decoration, which involved heavy spending in local antique shops. She became a bit of a famous figure in the area. Then, suddenly, she became a recluse.

She was discovered dead on 14 NOV 2016, her throat cut in a manner consistent with a straight razor. The coroner estimated the death had occurred a few days before.

Special Agent Arthur Donnelley

County records have very little information on Donnelley, but he was known to locals and to the real estate office. The local newspaper article about his death notes that Donnelley had visited 1206 Spooner Avenue previously, and was once interested in purchasing the house. The article then points out the prevalence of suicide in the law enforcement professions.

The Lucky Few

The Agents will find a trail of broken families and people tied to the records of 1206 Spooner Avenue. Some are nearby. Some live in other countries, or are granted limited contact with the public at large. Only persistent Agents will gain access to all the clues they hold.

Adam Turé

Adam Turé, 82, is a retired electrical engineer who lives in his native Montreal, Quebec. He lived in the house on Spooner Avenue from 1963 to 1966, and lost both his son Anton (who died in the house) and his wife Rebecca (who was permanently committed over his death). He is a bitter old man who spends time caring for his wife at the Douglas Hospital Research Centre.

Adam Turé is a volatile, stubborn old man who lapses into French when angered. He refuses to talk of such “nonsense” as the notion of the Spooner Avenue house being haunted. Otherwise he is cooperative, particularly if dealing with law enforcement officials. He does his best to shelter his wife from any outside contact.

Rebecca Turé

Rebecca Turé, 81, is a long-term patient at the Douglas Hospital Research Centre in Montreal, Quebec. Only family members, guests of family members, and people who get permission from her case supervisor can contact her.

Rebecca Turé is completely insane. She speaks (often in French) of the “woman in the house who wants to kill my boy” and the “man with the rifle.”

Rebecca’s mental state was fragile back then, and that allowed the entities that haunt 1206 Spooner Avenue to manipulate her perceptions. She endured nearly a year of growing “visions,” culminating with a full-on hallucination of George Crease erasing his head with a shotgun in the kitchen. After her first committal, she returned home, where the problems began once more.

When her son Anton drowned in the toilet of the master bedroom, Rebecca completely lost her mind, falling into a nearly catatonic state that lasted eight years. Her husband moved her back to Quebec in 1966 and had her placed in the Douglas Hospital Research Centre, a primary care facility funded by the state.

Rebecca’s doctors find her case fascinating. They say she is schizophrenic with aspects of dementia. They expect that treatment will allow her a tolerable existence for the rest of her life, but they do not believe she will ever permanently leave the hospital.

Elise Turé

Elise Turé, 60, is a contract attorney in Oakland, California, and a naturalized American citizen. She deliberately cut herself off from her parents, doesn’t like to speak of them, and is uninterested in renewing contact with them.

Elise Turé is very “spiritual” and holds a deep belief in the supernatural. This belief, she says, was fostered by her experiences in the Spooner house.

If asked about the house, she vividly describes childhood memories of waking at night and seeing an old woman behind the mirrors in her parents’ bedroom; of hearing a piano playing in the living room at night, though they did not own a piano; of her mother’s breakdown after seeing a stranger shoot himself in the kitchen—a stranger whose remains instantly vanished. Elise does not qualify these statements as youthful imagination. She is convinced they happened exactly as she remembers. She is certain the

same force that haunts Spooner Avenue killed her brother Anton in 1966.

Lucien and Maria Diaz

The children of Peter Diaz are Lucien Diaz, 45, and Maria Diaz, 43. They returned to Denver, Colorado, where their father's family is originally from. Both are married and have families. They are very close, but don't generally speak of their father's suicide.

They cooperate with law-enforcement officials, though Lucien attempts to take the brunt of the questioning to keep his sister from harm. They were young when their father hung himself—Lucien was 13 and Maria was 11—but each remembers that year very clearly.

Lucien speaks of his father's "descent": his growing obsession with the house on Spooner Avenue and his abandonment of his children and wife. Lucien believes his father lost his mind somewhere between 1981 and 1984. Maria has a very vivid memory of riding her bike to the Spooner house in 1983, knocking, and hearing a woman's voice say, "Come in." There was no one in the house at the time.

In early 1985, Peter Diaz had a "special" conversation with his children, making them promise they would not enter 1206 Spooner because it was "not safe." At the time, both thought it was due to the ongoing construction. Now, years later, they are not at all sure that was what he was speaking of.

Jason Aiken

Jason Aiken, 56, runs a gas station in Turin, New Mexico. He remarried in 1996, and his wife, Sophie, is a local artist, selling clay pottery to tourists from a roadside shop.

Aiken is an amiable fellow who's come to grips with his first wife's death. Down to earth and no-nonsense, he speaks openly of all he knows of the Spooner Avenue house—which isn't much. He never had any odd experiences there until the death of his wife.

He relates an unusual hallucination he had when he found Janine's body and the house was filled with gas. Aiken started to see bloody handprints everywhere: on doorknobs, on banisters, on the stove. Of course, when the house was cleared of gas, no such handprints were

found. Fire officials told him such hallucinations were not at all unusual.

Aiken is neither evasive nor suspicious of the Spooner Avenue house. To him, his wife's death was simply an accident. Nothing shown or said to him will convince him otherwise.

Emily Tycroft

Emily Tycroft, 50, is a comfortably retired paralegal who inherited a lofty sum from her late husband. She has lived a quiet life in Meadowbrook, and is a conscientious neighbor, well regarded in the local community.

But she is certain of one thing: that 1206 Spooner Avenue is an evil place. During the time her husband inhabited that house, nothing but trouble seemed to follow him. She was in the house only twice, and both times it felt "uncomfortable," though she never saw anything out of the ordinary.

Nearly three weeks after her husband's death, she received an incorrectly labeled envelope addressed to her. It had been delivered elsewhere and then caught by a local postman who knew her personally. It was in her ex-husband's handwriting. The letter detailed Louis Tycroft's deteriorating mental state and seemed to be an explanation of his suicide. It is filled with gibberish, talking of a "woman in the house." Emily Tycroft never showed the letter to the police. She may show it to especially courteous Agents who believe the Spooner house may be genuinely haunted.

The Coroner

Elmer Perkin is a 55-year-old doctor who's lived in Meadowbrook his entire life. In his time as county coroner, Perkin has handled every death in the Spooner house since John Tyler. He is aware of the dark history of the house dating back to the Crease murder/suicide of 1960.

Perkin is talkative, known for getting a little drunk at the Meadowbrook Inn on weekends and spilling gruesome details of local deaths. If the Agents learn this and take him out for a beer or two (or four), Perkin will open up.

Perkin will take some persuading and badge pulling to get copies of the death certificates of the Spooner house victims (make a **Persuade** roll at -20%). Without this kind

News Archives

of prying, it will take a request from Michael Buffington—the chief of police—to make him do so.

If they approach him in some official capacity as government agents, he is more careful. The Agents need a **Persuade** test at -20% to get him to open up, or else a request from Meadowbrook Chief of Police Michael Buffington. (See **BREAKING OUT THE BADGES** on page 7.) In that case, Perkin is warier and less forthcoming.

John Tyler was a strange little fellow who moved into town in 1989. No one in town knew him well. He worked at a supermarket as a night manager and was always a bit of an outsider. He was discovered dead on 12 JUL 1994. Perkin rules his death an accident, but only because no concrete evidence of foul play was found. The house was locked, and Tyler was dead in the master bathroom, his lungs full of water. No signs of struggle were found on the body, but the tub was dry as bone and the plug was in the drain.

Perkin knew Louis Tycroft, a lawyer who handled Perkin's estate planning in 1993. The whole town heard about Tycroft's deteriorating mental state, and his encounter with Meadowbrook police a couple of days before his suicide. Perkin was amazed that Tycroft could shoot himself twice in the chest. He had never even read of anything like that. "Besides," he says, "the first wound was damn damn instantly fatal."

He calls Yamilla Isari's and Arthur Donnelley's deaths "damn strange." The cuts on their throats were identical—absolutely the same. There were no hesitation marks. On a female suicide, particularly, that is very unusual. The blood spray patterns were nearly identical, though Yamilla Isari, being smaller, had less of it. Perkin suspects that Donnelley must have found a photo of the scene of Isari's death and recreated it obsessively.

Then there was the mirror. It can still be seen in photos of the scenes. In both cases, the shape of blood on the wall mirror behind the victim looks like something was blocking spray. It looks like the shape of a person.

In neither death did detectives find a suicide weapon.

On the other hand, nor did detectives find any evidence whatsoever that anyone else had been present, in either death. For lack of any concrete evidence to the contrary, Perkin ruled both deaths suicides and moved on.

The file morgue of the *Meadowbrook Sparrow*, the town newspaper, holds back issues going back over a century, viewable on microfiche since the paper has never had the budget to digitize them all. The archives are indexed by subject matter, but the indexing is incomplete. For each entry, the players must first say they are searching for something related. Then they must either have the aid of a librarian—likely requiring a **CHA** or **Persuade** test unless the Agents flash an FBI badge, which makes the whole affair much more interesting and likely to draw attention—or else succeed at a **History** test. Without asking the right questions and either getting help or succeeding at many **History** tests, the Agents get incomplete information.

The Wheeler Marriage

May 1905: Meadowbrook celebrates the marriage of Michael Wheeler and Isabelle Nacht. Wheeler, 30, is a quintessential "self-made man," a dashing young stonemason who prospered from contracts with governments and churches around the region. His business specializes in gargoyles, marble cuts, tiles, and monuments. Nacht, 18, is the daughter of a wealthy, landowning family. Michael and Isabelle were the darlings of the town. In a grainy wedding photo, she looks slim and proper.

Isabelle Wheeler's Sickness

November 1905: Isabelle Wheeler, newly married at 18 and the darling of Meadowbrook society, begins to suffer an unknown ailment. It renders her bed-ridden with "convulsions," and incapable of walking.

The Wheeler House

May 1907: Stonemason Michael Wheeler begins construction of a small house at 1206 Spooner Avenue for himself and his invalid wife, Isabelle. Isabelle Wheeler suffers from some form of palsy, which has resisted the treatments of the many doctors her desperate husband has hired from out of state.

Michael Wheeler's Death

October 1910: Wealthy stonemason Michael Wheeler dies during construction of the County Seat in Meadowbrook, when a falling slab of marble strikes him fatally on the head. He is survived by his wife, Isabelle Wheeler. The couple had no children.

Adele DiVetello at the Sanitarium

May 1926: Nurse Adele DiVetello is dismissed from Meadowbrook Sanitarium for "improper behavior." Patients and coworkers accuse her of practicing witchcraft, and several workers say she slaughtered a cat and drank its blood. A physician at the sanitarium marks her as a woman of low moral standards and a heathen. No photograph is included.

Isabelle Wheeler's Recovery

June 1926: Isabelle Wheeler makes an astonishing, seemingly complete recovery from the debilitating ailment that has long afflicted her. For the first time in 20 years, she makes a brief appearance in public, attending several society functions. Several smaller follow-up articles note her continuing good health, but she slowly drops off the society pages again.

DiVetello and Harrigan

November 1937: Matthew Harrigan, son of a wealthy local politician, and some friends reportedly "are accosted" on the street by Antonio DiVetello, an Italian immigrant recently living at 1206 Spooner Avenue. Police say DiVetello, who was battered and bruised but not badly hurt, let loose a "stream of foul and incomprehensible Italian curses at the lads as he was led away." Reading between the lines, it becomes clear DiVetello himself was attacked.

A follow-up article says DiVetello was held for a short period and then released to Isabelle Wheeler, who paid his bond. That article speculates that Antonio must be related to Adele DiVittelo, Isabelle Wheeler's nurse since 1926.

Matthew Harrigan's Disease

December 1937: Matthew Harrigan dies from a "wasting illness" that could not be identified. The patient developed rashes that became what appeared to be burn marks, which suppurated and bled out. Several of Harrigan's

friends suffered from the same sickness, though they recovered.

Animal Deaths

August 1940 to August 1955: Various articles cover the strange disappearance of cats, dogs and other pets around central Meadowbrook. Articles over the years suggest everything from coyotes to diseases to sadistic killings. No direct, consistent cause is ever identified. These cases seem to cease after August 1955.

Isabelle Wheeler's Death

August 1956: Isabelle Wheeler, an invalid for most of her life since falling ill in 1905, dies at age 69. Wheeler lived only with a single caretaker nurse. Wheeler's long-time housemates, previous nurse Adele DiVetello and an unknown number of DiVetello's relations, moved out for unknown reasons in 1955. Wheeler left what was left of her fortune to a local hospital.

The Furniture

Isabelle Wheeler's furniture was scattered all in estate sales, long ago, but a few interesting pieces still remain in and near Meadowbrook. The Agents' contact, antiquarian Elizabeth Tucker, can locate these items without trouble. Without her help, the Agents need **History** 50% or **Bureaucracy** 70% (or a successful **History** roll, or a **Bureaucracy** roll at -20%) to locate the end table; then they need a **History** roll (or **Bureaucracy** at -20%) to locate the piano and another for the armoire. Each search takes a few days, placing calls and sifting through old files.

The End Table

This unusual piece can be found in the home of Emily Harrison, age 77, whose family purchased it at the estate sale of Isabelle Wheeler in 1956. Harrison is a widower who lives on the far side of Meadowbrook. She and her church group have quite a heavy pool of gossip going about the Spooner Avenue house. The fact that the Agents are asking questions about it will quickly spread around town.

A roll with an appropriate skill such as **Craft (Carpenter)** or **Art (Antiques)** indicates the end table is southern

Italian in origin, but with odd, Asiatic influences. The edges are painted with enamel decoration in complex, interweaving designs that seem to be geometrics. Closer examination reveals they are actually stylized people dancing, and finds a recurring, common element in the design: a dark man, bigger than the rest, leads the dance. He has no face; he seems to have a horn in its place. Emily Harrison never noticed those figures.

The top of the table is marked by an odd symbol: the triskelion, a triple spiral. Careful examination discovers that the three slats of wood that compose the surface of the table are mis-aligned, indicating they can be moved and opened. No one has done this since 1956. Inside the table are three objects, lashed down with rotting leather ropes.

THE KNIFE: This bronze knife is small and sharp. It was used in ritual sacrifices of animals to consecrate the Spooner Avenue house to L'Uomo Nero. It is used in the Convochi L'Uomo Nero ritual, presented on page 30.

THE BOWL: This bronze bowl is marked by the triskelion as well, and seems on initial examination to be clotted with dirt. Forensic examination reveals it to be the ancient, dried blood of an animal. This item, too, is used in the Convochi L'Uomo Nero ritual.

THE BOOK: This is Isabelle Wheeler's diary, filled with secrets.

Isabelle Wheeler's Diary

In English. Study time: *days.* *Unnatural* +2%, *SAN loss* 1D6.

This cramped diary records the recollections of Isabelle Wheeler. Covering the years 1927 to 1955, it covers Isabelle's pact with the Crone, the consecration of the Spooner Avenue property to L'Uomo Nero, and the Dark Man's appearance on 12 JUL 1955; for details, see **WHAT'S GOING ON** on page 4. It describes in great detail the ritual to conjure or banish the Dark Man.

RECOMMENDED RITUALS: Convochi L'Uomo Nero (see page 30).

The Piano

Isabelle Wheeler purchased this Baldwin upright piano in 1930. Upon her death it was sold in an estate sale in 1956, and re-sold in 1970. It has remained in stores since then.

The piano itself is physically unremarkable. But in the moments when music can be heard emanating from 1206 Spooner Avenue, the mirror on the backstop of the piano shows the ghostly form of Isabelle Wheeler playing it. The piano itself remains inert. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

If this piano is destroyed, all music manifestations in 1206 Spooner Avenue permanently cease.

The Armoire

This 1940 armoire, in the American modern style, is owned by banker Jessica Griffs in nearby Columbia City. With the assistance of Elizabeth Tucker, it can be located in a few days. Without her help, tracking it down can take months.

The armoire is made of oak, stained a deep brown, and has a mirrored front. It is physically unremarkable. However, anyone with POW of 15 or higher who enters the armoire and shuts the door behind very plainly hears the incantation of the ritual Convochi L'Uomo Nero (see page 30), as if it were occurring in the room outside. No one else present can hear it. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

If the witness remains in the armoire, he or she hears the spell come to its conclusion: a booming male voice says, "Chi chiama il mio nome?" ("Who calls my name?"). The voice of a terrified woman can be heard protesting in English. This is followed by a demand from the male: "Scriverete il vostro nome nel libro nero." ("You shall write your name in the black book"). This is followed by the woman's blood-curdling scream. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.) The "vision" then ends.

Shut Doors, Drawn Shades

The neighborhood surrounding 1206 Spooner Avenue is composed of small houses on large lots. Trees block the back and sides of properties, and sometimes a privacy fence stands there as well. It's difficult for one house to see much of another. Still, the locals here like to spy.

Most are retirees, over age 65. Most have lived their whole lives in Meadowbrook. Most know 1206 Spooner was originally called the Wheeler house, but little else. Only the oldest recall Isabelle Wheeler and the "foreign" nurse who took care of her.

Sample neighbors include:

- » *Maryanne Cooper, age 66.* She has lived at 1204 Spooner Avenue since 1965.
- » *Afred and Juliet Uleski, age 83 and 81.* They have lived at 1208 Spooner Avenue since 1955. They have limited knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler.
- » *Lucas Dreyer, age 90.* He has lived at 385 Valley Road (behind 1208 Spooner Avenue) for 70 years. He has extensive knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler and the Crone.
- » *Imogen Klasky, age 92.* She has lived at 389 Valley Road (behind 1206 Spooner Avenue) for 80 years. She has extensive knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler, Michael Wheeler, the Crone, Antonio DiVetello, and Matthew Harrigan.

Most are well aware of the recent history of 1206 Spooner, but they are not eager to talk about it. A few admit knowing about the unfortunate accidents and deaths that have plagued the house, but but don't readily say much more. None suggest to strangers that something supernatural is going on there, but that feeling is evident in shudders and significant glances. At that point, most locals simply excuse themselves and shut their doors.

If the Agents pull badges and press the point, or talk locals into sharing by making a **Persuade** roll, they might gain a few more clues.

- » Neighbors might reveal that the house has always had a dark cloud surrounding it.
- » Some might recall the Crone herself, and her sudden disappearance in 1955.
- » Some might recall Isabelle's disintegration in 1956, or even the lifting of her ailment in 1926.
- » Some might recall the strange people living at 1206 Spooner.

These revelations should not be easy to come by, and certainly shouldn't all be gleaned from a single source. Neighbors who reveal such rumors do so quietly and quickly, as if even mentioning them can poison their lives. Some cross themselves, or clutch a St. Christopher's Medal or a crucifix, as they reveal what they know, as if that could offer them protection.

The House Itself

The building itself is unremarkable. It was built in 1907, and reflects common construction practices at the time. It is a small house with high ceilings, 2,100 square feet including a room added above the garage. There is a single gable window in the front, porches in front and back, and a two-car garage. A large growth of ivy climbs the north face of the building.

Anyone with at least 40% in a relevant skill such as **Art (Architecture)** or **Craft (Carpentry)** can tell that the house was extensively modified from its original construction, as might be expected in such an old structure. Most likely the master bedroom and garage were additions at a later date. (Having 60% or more in the relevant skill indicates these were added in the 1940s.)

Detailed examination of the interior finds the house was renovated sometime in the 1970s, that a fire point at affected the bedrooms in the back half of the house, and that considerable care was put into repairing the damage. (This was Peter Diaz's repair of the house after the fire of 1977.)

The interior is still decorated with Yamilla Isari's belongings, which her family has yet to collect. They did pay to have it heavily cleaned after her death, but now the master bedroom is covered in blood stains again. A single tracking stain seems to draw a line from the wall opposite the door, across the ceiling, to the point on the floor where the tape which surrounded Arthur Donnelley's body can still be found.

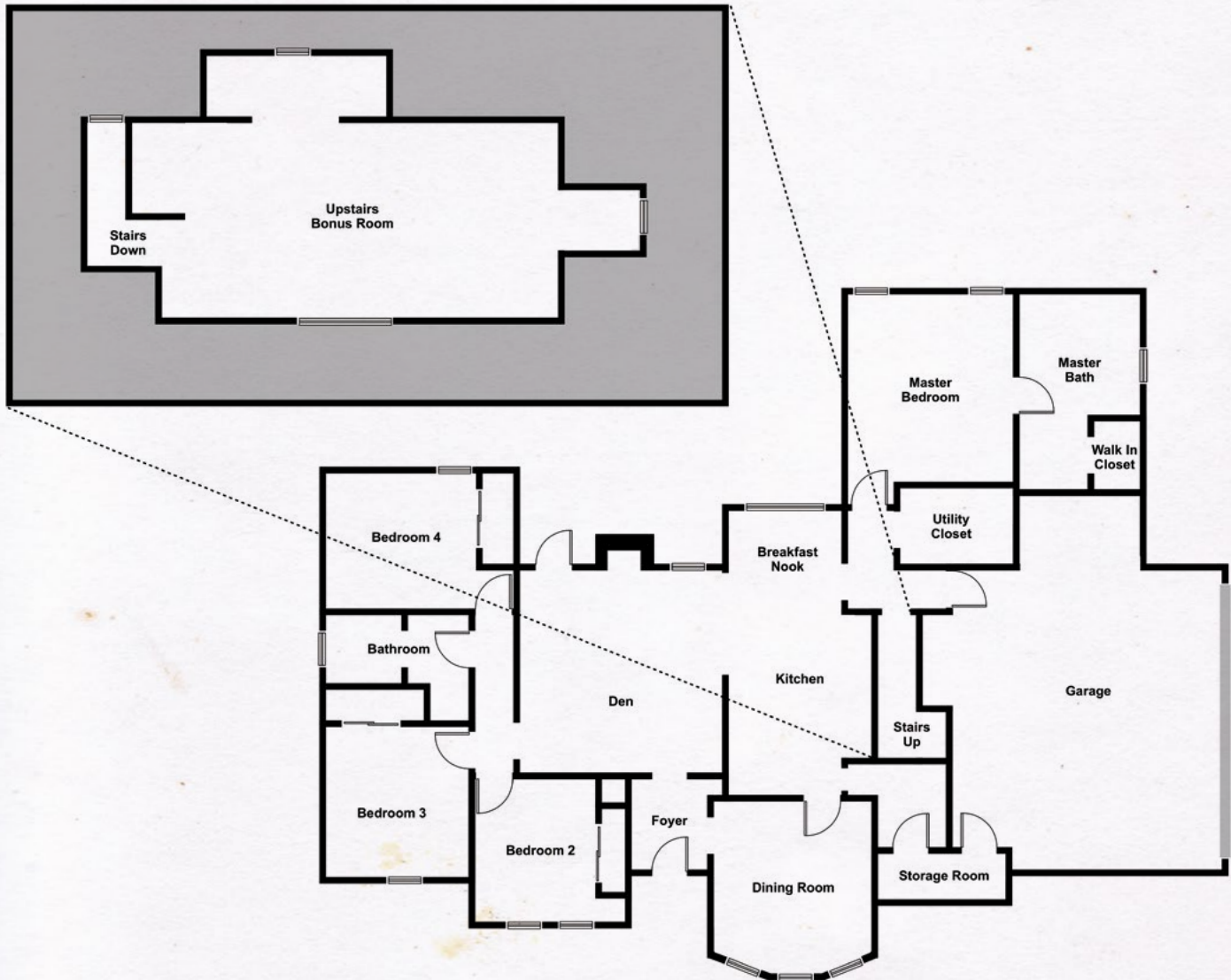
All floors are hardwood except the garage and the "bonus room" above the garage.

Running the House

1206 Spooner Avenue is fueled by the rage and hatred of the beings that inhabit it. Those beings draw strength from the fear and despair of visitors.

Isabelle Wheeler was the first person trapped behind the reflections in the Spooner Avenue house. Since then, she's collected "souls" to inhabit the dark world on the far side of the glass with her. Not all who died in the house remain "alive" behind the glass. So far, George and Margaret Crease, Michael Dougherty, Anton Turé, Janine

1206 Spooner Avenue



Aiken, Louis Tycoft and Special Agent Donnelley have been swept into the dark nether world of the house.

Their spirits exist in a horrible half-life. They either repeat their last moments over and over again or, if they're more powerful, do their best to lure the living to their doom. But Isabelle Wheeler is the only true "entity" in the house. The others are simply an extension of her power. She has absolute control over them, and can instantly turn them to her whim.

Wheeler's only motivation is for the misery, hate, and pain of others to distract her from her own torment. She will never find her fill. She will feed on the inhabitants of the house forever, unless she's stopped.

It Hungers

Controlled by spirit of Isabelle Wheeler, the house wants nothing more than self-preservation and the gathering of Willpower Points. It is a battery for misery, death and sorrow, bent on affecting those who enter it to replenish itself.

Since such feelings are much stronger in those who are alone and frightened than those in groups, the house does its best to target those who are alone. It goes to great lengths to separate and isolate the Agents.

Above all, it's important to remember the house is intelligent. It forms plans, manipulates people, and twists perceptions in its best interests. It can reach out through telephone calls to great effect, drawing people in at odd

hours. It can mimic people to an amazing degree. It hears and understands everything said within it. Those who pass through its doors are always under its watchful eye while they are inside.

Particularly sensitive Agents—those with POW of 16 or more, who have successfully operated unnatural rituals before, or who have 50% or higher skills in **Art** or **Psychotherapy**—have an uncomfortable feeling of being watched anytime they enter the house.

Mimicry and Invitation

Once the Agents enter 1206 Spooner Avenue, the house goes out of its way to incite them to return, preferably alone. It makes phone calls to hotels or private cell phones, and it even sends emails or text messages, spinning believable reasons for an Agent to return alone. It mimics the voices of fellow Agents who have visited the house. It cannot spoof “sender” phone numbers or email addresses, but it may claim to be using a temporary number or address for security.

The house is decidedly clever. On the surface, these calls and messages seem completely sound. Only Agents who take extra care in communications security, such as requiring a code for Agents communicating over the phone, or questioning a message carefully enough to catch the house in a lie, find the house lacking in its imitation.

After the Agents discover its mimicry, the house toys with them. It calls back often, allowing the Agents to speak with the dead, including Special Agent Donnelley, George Crease, Anton Turé, and Agents who died within. (SAN loss: 1/1D4).

The house attempts especially likes to to startle Agents with phone calls during other manifestations. It tries to distract, confuse, or surprise them, to hopefully gain the upper hand and keep them off guard.

Consumption, Obsession, Possession

1206 Spooner is consecrated ground to L’Uomo Nero, the Dark Man. It gains power—literally increasing its Power score—from the terror of the living. In the past, this power was used to allow the dark god to manifest. Now, it keeps the spirit of Isabelle Wheeler alive in the dark reflections of the house.

The house gains POW through *consumption*. Like a battery, the house can store up to 25 POW in this manner.

It expends POW in *obsession* and *possession*, affecting the feelings and behavior of victims.

Use these effects sparingly! The house should not possess every single Agent every time it has a chance. Pay attention to the emotions at the table. If the players seem to think they are in control of their situation, or if they are beginning to panic, then the house should obsess or possess one of them, giving one more nudge toward disaster.

Consumption

Living beings that lose Sanity Points feed the Power of the house.

- » Each time someone *loses any SAN* inside the house, the house gains 1 POW.
- » Each time someone inside the house *goes temporarily insane, hits the breaking point, or suffers an acute episode of a disorder*, the house gains 3 POW.
- » Each time someone *dies or goes permanently insane* inside the house, the house gains 6 POW.

If a victim dies in the house and has a POW score of 11 or lower, the victim must roll a POW test. If it fails, the victim’s disembodied spirit lives on in the house, under the control of Isabelle Wheeler, forever. The house then uses the image of the deceased to lure others to their deaths.

Obsession

The house can attempt to instill obsession in a visitor who has 11 or fewer WP. The attempt costs the house POW equal to half the victim’s WP, and the house must beat the visitor in an opposed POW test. If the house wins, the visitor becomes infatuated with the house.

A visitor who fumbles the POW test comes totally under the sway of the house. This is the equivalent of *possession*, described below.

Visitors infatuated with the house seem normal, but will do anything in their power to defend the house from harm, including cold-blooded murder. The obsessed believe they are acting of their own free will.

Privately brief an Agents who falls under the house’s influence. An obsessed Agent is now your accomplice.

With the help of a willing Agent, the house attempts to isolate other Agents, cut them off from the outside world, and cause all manner of trouble.

Remember, surprise and fear of the unknown should be the centerpiece of this game. If none of the Agents fall under the sway of the house, set up one of their NPC colleagues (Tucker or Yarrow) or Police Chief Burlington in the role.

Possession

The house can attempt to seize outright control of a single person inside its walls. The house doesn't do this often. The attempt costs the house POW equal to the victim's WP, and the house must beat the victim in an opposed POW test. If the house wins, it seizes control of the victim for 1D20 minutes. If the house fails, the victim is overcome with a wave of nausea and loses 0/1 SAN, but is otherwise unaffected.

A possessed Agent cannot leave the house. The house can use all of the Agent's knowledge and skills, and force the Agent to attack or, preferably, terrorize other intruders. The house uses such an opportunity to its greatest effect, eliminating those it finds particularly threatening and feeding on the SAN losses of the rest. If necessary, it forces a possessed victim to attempt suicide.

Agents who discover a fellow Agent is possessed lose 1/1D4 SAN. A possessed Agent remembers nothing of the incident. The time of the possession is simply missing. This costs 1/1D4 SAN. Learning afterward of whatever horrors the Agent committed under the house's control comes with its own SAN cost from helplessness, ranging from 0/1 SAN for mild cruelties up to 1/1D6 SAN for the worst torture or murder.

Reflections

The spell spun by the Crone in the summer of 1926 is a powerful incantation. It took Isabelle's pain, suffering and infirmity and placed it in the shadow world beyond the mirrors in the house. When Isabelle's physical body perished, she found herself trapped in this nether world, and she will remain there until the spell is lifted. Isabelle can only access the world physically by entering it through a reflective surface.

Anything in the house with a reflective surface is a portal for Isabelle Wheeler to enter the physical world. The more reflective and bigger the reflective surface, the bigger, more powerful Isabelle's form when she comes through. She can choose to push an arm, her head, or any portion of her body through a reflective surface of appropriate size.

More frequently, Isabelle uses this ability to spy on and distract Agents. Any given room of the house may have dozens or hundreds of reflective surfaces. Mirrors and windows, pools of water or blood, gleaming candlesticks, Agents' glasses, Isabelle can see from all of them at once. Everything in the house is under her watchful eye.

Manifestations

An Agent entering any room of the house may be terrorized by an unnatural manifestation. Each room and the manifestations possible in it are listed under three headings: "WP 15 or Higher," "WP 12 to 14," and "WP 11 or Lower." When an Agent enters that particular room, a manifestation can occur according to the Agent's current Willpower Points.

Do not drop all the manifestations at once. As Handler, you decide when and if such an event occurs. Do your best to slowly build tension. Start small, and work your way up to dramatic events. Also, save the best for last. In fact, it's possible that the Agents might think they have defeated the house, only to learn much later that they must return and find the right way to overcome it permanently. Make sure there are horrors they did not yet encounter.

Porch and Foyer

The front porch is simple stone affair enclosed by iron bars, three steps up. A single lamp hangs above the red door. The porch opens into a small foyer.

The foyer has a closet and opens directly into the dining room and the den. The closet door has a full-length mirror facing the foyer.

WP 15 or Higher

MUSIC: An Agent who arrives at night, or is alone, might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing something soft, moody, and classical. An Agent

with any musical **Art** skill or a particular interest in music recognizes it as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." When the door opens, the music immediately ceases. There is no piano or stereo in the house. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE MIRROR: On the closet mirror, an Agent who looks carefully or succeeds at **Alertness** test sees the small, wet handprints a child. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

MUSIC: An Agent who arrives at night, or is alone, might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing something soft, moody, and classical. An Agent with any musical **Art** skill or a particular interest in music recognizes it as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." When the door opens, the music immediately ceases. There is no piano or stereo in the house. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE OUTSIDE WALL: On the siding next to the front door, behind a bush, an astute Agent might spot a message written in blood. (Tests reveal it to be dog blood.) It reads, "Hell is Me." (SAN loss: 0/1.)

COME IN! If the Agents knock on the door, they very clearly hear a woman's voice shout "Come in!" from somewhere deeper in the house, perhaps upstairs. There is no one in the house. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

MUSIC: An Agent who arrives at night, or is alone, might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing something soft, moody, and classical. An Agent with any musical **Art** skill or a particular interest in music recognizes it as Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." When the Agent enters the dining room, the music continues. It seems to be emanating from under the floor. There is no basement, and there is no piano or stereo in the house. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

IN THE MIRROR: An Agent who is alone sees a little boy reflected in the foyer mirror, standing in the dining room. The boy is pale blue and obviously dead. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.) If the Agent has seen a photograph of Anton Turé, he or she recognizes him, raising the SAN loss to 1/1D6. When the Agent turns around, the boy is gone. If the Agent remains still, the boy slowly walks to the mirror, places his hands on it, and then vanishes. Wet handprints linger.

THE VOICES: Furious discussion can be heard emanating from the foyer closet. A male and a female voice exchange heated words, but exactly what they are saying is difficult to discern. The male voice says something about a "thousand-faced moon," and the female voice seems to be protesting. When Agents open the closet door, no one is inside. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

IN THE CLOSET: If the Agents open the foyer closet, they discover loose objects from all over the house: rotting orange-juice cartons, ripped-up magazines, shredded clothing. It looks like a huge rats' nest. The foyer stinks, but only after the closet is opened. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

Dining Room

The dining room looks through a three-paned gable window onto shrubbery and the front yard. Doorways lead to the foyer and kitchen. A gaudy 1950s chandelier seems to have wiring problems, flickering from time to time.

The dining room is still filled with boxes of Yamilla Isari's possessions. They've sat here for months, unclaimed by Isari's family, as the house has maneuvered through the legal system to go back into circulation. Going through them completely takes hours. In one of the boxes is Isari's diary. (See **ISARI'S DIARY** on page 22.)

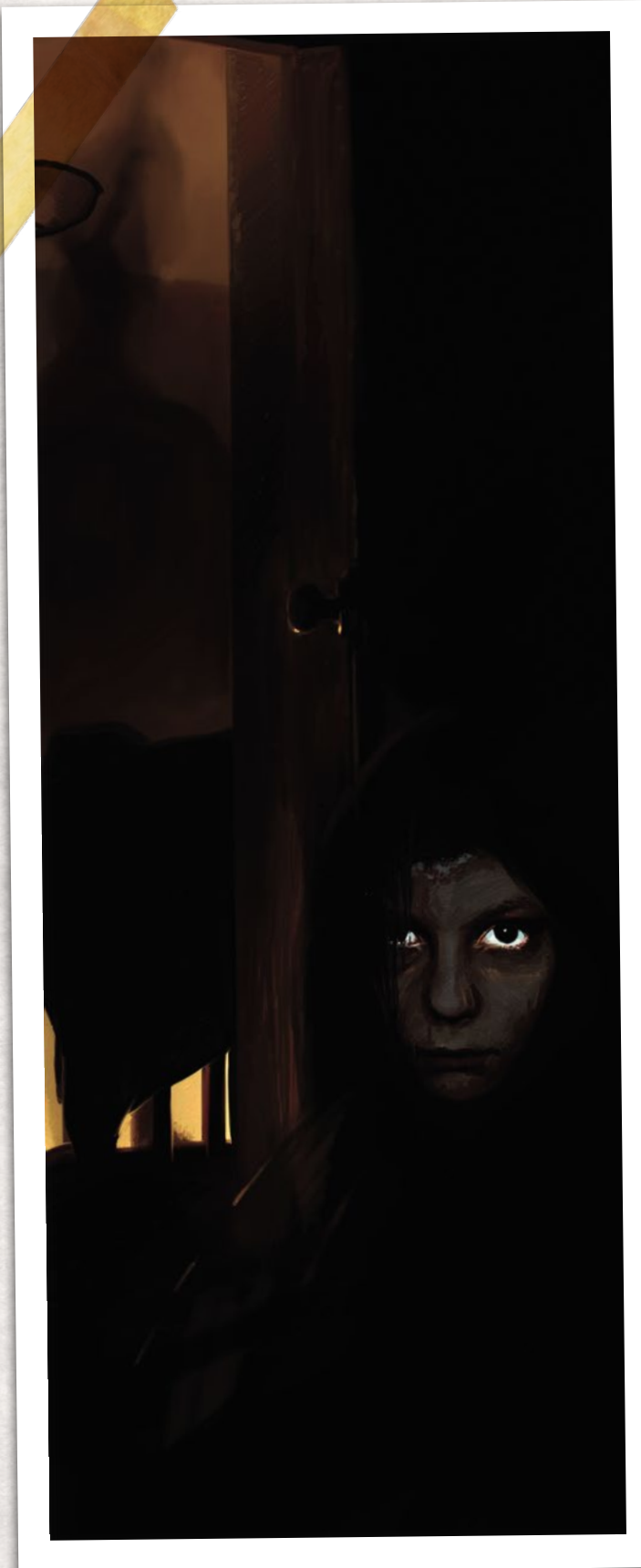
This room was originally a sitting room that held Isabelle Wheeler's Baldwin upright piano.

WP 15 or Higher

WHIMPERS: An Agent who arrives at night or alone might hear the muffled whimpers of an animal somewhere in the boxes. If the Agent struggles to find it, the sound seems to come and go. If the Agent persists, the whimpers gain a more human quality. Eventually, it sounds like a little girl crying. The Agent eventually comes upon a box filled with gore. In the center of a pile of unidentifiable, rotting meat is a cat skull, freshly stripped of flesh. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

WP 12 to 14

SHEET MUSIC: An Agent who arrives at night or alone, and who searches the boxes, discovers pages of yellowed paper: ancient sheet music for Beethoven's "Moonlight



Sonata,” the music they might have heard playing in the room. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

UNDER THE FLOOR: An Agent who pries up the floorboards (perhaps to see where ghostly music was playing) discovers patchy, older birch flooring (the original from 1907). Removing the original floor reveals the underpinnings of the house, a small crawlspace that cannot be found in any other way. An Agent who crawls into the dirt and filth (only one can fit at a time) discovers a graveyard of animals. Ancient bones of dogs, cats and other local pets are stacked about across the foundation. Careful examination finds at least three-quarters of a human skeleton among the piles. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

THE RITUAL: An Agent in the dining room on the 12th of the month, or between sundown and midnight on any night, has a momentary flash of a ritual conducted here in the past. The Crone is visible, naked, in the middle of the room, bowing in supplication to a huge, naked man with pitch-black skin, whose face is lost in shadow. This vision lasts a single Agent a split second, and is followed by a wave of crippling nausea that incapacitates the Agent for up to an hour. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

UNDER THE FLOOR: An Agent with low WP who ventures under the house (as described under **WP 12 TO 14**) are in greater danger than they know. If it's night, the Agent must make a **Luck** roll. If it fails, the Agent's light source suddenly stops working, and the hole above vanishes. In the absolute darkness, the Agent hears something clattering among the bones (SAN loss: 0/1), and then guttural, animal-like sounds. (SAN loss: 1/1D4). If the Agent fails both **Sanity** rolls, he or she suffers 1D6 damage, either from either whatever is stalking the Agent or by crawling painfully over the bones and jutting objects beneath the house. Play cat and mouse with the Agent, occasionally indicating in the darkness that they seem to have found the edge of the foundation or the exit but have become trapped again after all. After what seems like hours, everything suddenly returns to normal. The exit opens back up and light sources turns back on. There is no “monster” beneath the house. To other Agents, in the dining room above, the missing Agent was gone for only an instant.

Isari's Diary

In Arabic. Study time: an hour.

This small, faux-leather journal is filled with 57 pages of cramped writing. Yamilla Isari's recollections in the house include visions of a dead little boy (Anton Turé), continuing dreams of an old woman, and two terrifying dreams of a different woman trapped behind the glass in the master bedroom. Near the end, Isari slept in the den and avoided the master bedroom. The last entry in the diary reads, "I understand now why I came here. I'm home."

Den

This large room is the centerpiece of the house, and holds the grand fireplace. Exits lead to the foyer, the back porch, the breakfast nook, and a hallway to three bedrooms. Most of Yamilla Isari's furniture remains in this room. A few old Styrofoam cups here are filled with rancid coffee, left by the coroner and police.

WP 15 or Higher

THE LIGHTS: If an Agent arrives at night or alone, the lights may flicker on and off. If the Agent succeeds at an Alertness test, he or she sees the shadow of a woman in a long gown cast on the wall as the lights flicker. There is no one else in the room. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE CHIMNEY: A flapping monstrosity greets any Agent looking up the chimney. Some winged creature flaps out of the chimney, and any Agent present who fails an Alertness roll panics and draws a weapon. Any with a gun already drawn must make a Luck roll not to accidentally discharge it. But it turns out to be only a dirty and bewildered pigeon. (Later, even if the pigeon is let loose outside the house, it can be found ritualistically killed in the center of the den, its wings, head and legs pulled off and placed side by side. SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

WP 12 to 14

THE FIREPLACE: If an Agent arrives at night or alone, the fireplace seems to light itself, and female laughter can be heard from the master bedroom. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE CLEAVER: An Agent who arrives at night or alone may hear the repetitive strike of a cleaver hitting wood. There is no one visible to make such a noise. (SAN loss: 0/1.) It can be tracked to the hearth near the fireplace.

Watching carefully, the Agent can see each strike of the invisible cleaver as it hits the soft wood, leaving a deep gouge behind. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.) Any Agent foolish enough to place a hand there suffers 1D6 damage and probably loses fingers. After twelve such strikes, the ghost cleaver stops.

WP 11 or Lower

COFFEE BREAK: Before the Agent knows what he or she is doing, as if controlled by some outside force, he or she grabs a cup of rancid coffee and slowly drinks every drop, as if savoring it. Anyone else present is flabbergasted, losing 0/1 SAN. The Agent who drank the coffee is then overcome by vomiting and retching for 1D10 minutes. In the pool of vomit, amidst the rotting coffee and bile, maggots crawl and writhe. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

GUNSHOT: Out of the blue, the sound of a single, huge gunshot shakes the house. Those familiar with guns immediately identify it as a shotgun blast. The smell of cordite and gunpowder, and subtler odors of burning hair and blood, fill the air. No source of the disturbance can be seen. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

THE COUCH: Agents standing near the couch hear the creak of its supports as it slowly sags under a heavy weight. Nothing is on it. As the Agents move about or talk, the weight seems to shift, as if turning to listen or watch. Anyone trying to "subdue" the presence, either by grabbing it or shooting at it, is swept aside as if a giant hand, taking 1D6+2 damage. (SAN loss: 1/1D4, or 1/1D6 if the force attacks an Agent.)

Kitchen

The kitchen was cutting-edge in 1956, but now looks dated. The stick-on tile is peeling. The Formica counters are cracked and yellowed with age. The stove is ancient. The room is filled with a subtle, rotten odor like old eggs. It looks recently rifled-through; many of the cabinets are half opened. A half-filled garbage bag on the floor is filled with rotting foodstuffs.

WP 15 or Higher

THE PRESENCE: An Agent who arrive at night or alone feels a strange sense of power emanating from the kitchen, like something is trying to communicate. Whenever

the Agent moves, the force seems to dissipate slightly, as if it had been congealing in the air. The Agent begins to sweat profusely. Those who leave then see nothing more, but feel like they just avoided catastrophe. (SAN loss: 1.) Those who remain are suddenly startled by a tug on their hand, which is being held by the corpse of Anton Turé. He looks up with blank eyesockets and a puffed, blue face. He quietly asks, "Where is my daddy?" It sounds like he's speaking underwater. Before the Agent can react, he's gone. (SAN loss: 1/1D6.)

THE GUNMAN: An Agent who arrives at night or alone catches a glimpse of a man reflected in the windows of the breakfast nook. He's standing in the kitchen, just behind the Agent. When they turn, they find a portly man in 1950s clothes, spinning a new-looking double-barreled shotgun towards his own face. He does this so quickly, Agents need to make a **HUMINT** roll to even say anything before he erases his head from the neck up. If they do manage to say something, the man shouts, "*Leave me alone!*" before firing. (SAN loss: 1/1D6). Agents who have seen a photo of George Crease recognize him, raising the SAN loss to 1/1D8.

CLEANING: An Agent entering the kitchen alone suddenly finds himself or herself doing the dishes. Waking from this stupor, the Agent hears a man's voice from the master bedroom, saying "Come and see the mirrors!" (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

CLICK: An Agent who arrives at night or alone hears four subtle clicks, one after the other. With an **Alertness** roll, the Agent locates the source of the sound. Otherwise, in a few minutes they'll smell it. All four burners on the stove have been turned on full, but the pilot lights have somehow gone out. After turning them off, the Agent's hand comes away sticky with blood. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE CABINETS: A noise from the cabinets startles the Agents. A successful **Alertness** roll identifies a central cabinet as the source of the noise. It's a scratching, hissing noise that sounds like some sort of animal trapped inside. If the cabinet had been opened before, it is closed now. When the cabinet is opened, a wave of the foulest possible stench issues out. Each Agent present must make a **POW** test or flee the house, vomiting uncontrollably for 1D20

minutes. They catch a glimpse of something black and moving before they recoil away. When they return, all they find is old containers of salt, sugar, wheat and oats. Nothing inside is rancid. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

GAS: Suddenly, the Agents feel overcome with the stench of natural gas. The whole house seems suddenly filled with it, to the point of asphyxiation. None of the burners on the stove are on. Agents who remain slowly find the smell of gas fading. Those who flee find all the doors locked, as if from the outside; they must collectively apply at least a combined **STR** of 25 to bust down a door. The more the Agents struggle, the greater the feeling of smothering. Eventually, a door gives way and the Agents realize it was all in their mind. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 11 or Lower

RAZOR: Agents in the kitchen hear the clatter of something metallic on the countertop. When they turn, they find a 1909 Milton straight razor in perfect condition. It looks like it was made yesterday, except for all the fresh blood. If the blood is checked, both the blood of Agent Donnelley and Yamilla Isari can be identified. Police will be very interested where an Agent came by this, and they will *not* believe it was overlooked in the search. Suspicion could quickly fall on any Agent foolish enough to bring it to the attention of the local authorities. Furthermore, the razor is a trap. If an Agent walks into the master bedroom with it while alone, the house attempts to possess the Agent and make them cut their own throat, just like it did with Isari and Donnelley. This wound inflicts 1D20+2 damage. Once the act is done, the razor vanishes once more into the nether world of the house and cannot be located.

SINGING: Those who find themselves in the kitchen at night hear the quiet, almost inaudible singing of what sounds like an old woman. She sings in Italian. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.) The song can be recorded. Those who do some digging online discover the song is an 18th-century Italian folksong called "Un modo scuro ho viaggiato," or "A Dark Way I Have Traveled." Those who hear the song, or even a recording of it, have nightmares for the next three nights of an ancient crone appearing in their room and rushing their bed with a hooklike knife.

THE CAT: What can only be described as the sound of a cat in agony suddenly fills the house. This sound persists for hours. Though it seems to emanate from the kitchen, its source can never be found. (SAN loss: 0/1.) Those who stand quietly in the kitchen and listen to the brief silence between howls can hear an old woman speaking softly in Italian, as if soothing the animal. There is also sound that is familiar yet hard to place: a knife sharpened on a whetstone. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

Bedroom 2

This was once a child's room. It looks as if it was in the midst of being redecorated when the house was...vacated. Half the room's wallpaper has been removed, revealing blue sea filled with cartoon ships in an earlier pattern. There is no furniture; only a stepladder, some old paint buckets filled with congealed paint, and some tarps. Long ago, it belonged to Anton Turé.

WP 15 or Higher

AS IT WAS An Agent entering the room for the first time sees it as it once was, the room of little boy from the early 1960s. The mirage persists for a second, and then slowly fades away as if it were a double image. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

AT PLAY: An Agent sitting quietly in the room hears a intermittent clatter of metal on wood. Looking around, the Agent spots a single, vintage toy car, rolling as if pushed by an invisible force. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE WALL: The wallpaper of the room seems to shift subtly. Those staring at it find themselves disoriented as the cartoon ships seem to move and the small cartoon men who line the half-way point on the wall seem to dance. A noise snaps the Agents out of the vision, the sound of a jack-in-the-box being slowly wound up. No source for the noise can be found. When it stops, the Agents look back up and finds plain brown paint on the walls; there's no wallpaper to be seen. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

GLIDER: When the Agents enter the room, a 1950s-era balsa wood glider slowly floats down from head height and lands at their feet. The glider was not there before. It

dropped from a space where it must have been hanging in mid-air. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

ENDLESS SLEEP: An Agent who enters the room alone is overcome with an urge to curl up in the corner of the room beneath some of the tarps. This feeling of safety and comfort continues while the Agent is in the tarp. A song comes to mind and the Agent begins humming it: "Endless Sleep" by Jody Reynolds. If anyone else enters, the feelings which overcame the Agent suddenly seem alien and bizarre. They can't explain why they did what they did. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

THE CLOSET: Something in the closet seems to shake the door, as if hitting it from the inside. The track of the door comes loose and a small bolt rolls across the ground towards the Agents. Anyone attempting to see what's in the closet catches a brief glimpse of two red eyes in the darkness behind the broken door. When the door is opened, nothing is in there except an area of dampness. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 11 or Lower

COMFORT: An Agent alone in the room feels something small and cold snuggle close, like being clutched by an invisible entity. If the Agent holds still, the entity begins to sob. It's the voice of a small child. If the Agent stirs or takes any other action, the entity vanishes. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

HANDS: The wet hand-prints of a small child can be found on the tarps on the floor. As an Agent watches, they seem to track along the wall heading towards the door. When they reach the door, it slams shut. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

SCRUTINY: An Agent who arrives at night or alone feels an intense wave of scrutiny. No matter where the Agent looks in the room, he or she cannot find the source. The longer the Agent remain, the more intense the feeling grows. Finally, the Agent becomes certain the source of the scrutiny is behind the open door, hiding between it and the wall. If the Agent draws back the door from the wall, there is no one there. However, when the Agent pushes the door back to the wall again, a blue-skinned little boy stands in the doorway. The boy's face is lost in shadow. He looks up at the Agent and gurgles, "What are you doing in my room?" The boy vanishes like a photographic trick. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

Bedroom 3

This small bedroom adjoins the hallway and shares a bathroom with Bedroom 4. It is plain and empty, with an old, ratty, lime-green rug.

WP 15 or Higher

A GLIMPSE: An Agent standing in the room glimpses the indistinct form of a small child passing rapidly by the open door, on its way toward the den. No matter how quickly the Agent rushes out, no one is there. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE PHONE: The silence of the house is suddenly shattered by an old telephone ringing. The noise comes from an old rotary phone hidden beneath the rug in Bedroom 3. The wire trails out from the phone, connected to nothing. If an Agent answers the phone, a woman's voice on the other end asks one by one for the families that have occupied the house. The voice sounds polite, even sweet, and a bit confused, as if suffering from a slight case of senility. Lastly, the voice asks for Isabelle Wheeler. No matter the answer, the voice says, "She's there, I'll wait." Then the voice seems to rise in octaves until it's a garble of unintelligible voices. The signal dies with an electrical shriek. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE PLEDGE: A figure of a woman in a white nightgown, her features lost in a shroud of gray, suddenly appears in the middle of the room. She holds her arms up to the ceiling and shouts, her voice fading in and out as if being tuned in with a bad radio: "In darkness I strike my name from the book of life, and write it in the black book of the Dark Man." When she finishes her line, the single naked light-bulb in the room explodes in an arc of pyrotechnics. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 12 to 14

THE CHANT: An old woman's voice begins whispering to a single Agent in the room. The voice apparently emanates from the air. The voice is speaking Italian. Those who find Isabelle Wheeler's diary (see **ISABELLE WHEELER'S DIARY** on page 15) recognize this chant as part of the Convochi L'Uomo Nero ritual. After an uncomfortably long time, it ceases. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE BATH: A noise from the adjoining bathroom draws the Agents. A bath has been drawn, and the water

is sloshing about as if something is struggling. The water is clear, and nothing can be seen. But something invisible seems to displace the water. Those who look carefully see what seems to be the shape of a small child. The commotion stops until someone touches the water. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

LET'S PLAY: Those opening the closet find a little girl in pigtails sitting in the corner. She looks up and her eyes are silver, like those of a wolf. She smiles and says, "Let's play." An Agent who reaches into the dark is bitten for 1D6 damage. The wound looks like it was inflicted by some sort of dog. Before anyone can react, the little girl is gone. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

A CHILD: When the Agents enter the room, the lime rug seems to be drenched and stinks of rot. Anyone with any **Forensics** skill recognizes the stench as that of a corpse that has been left to sit in standing water. There is no body present. (SAN loss: 0/1.) The shape of a small child rises from beneath the lime rug, as if being slowly raised from below the floor. It writhes there for 30 interminable seconds, soundless, and then vanishes the same way it appeared. There is nothing but wood floor beneath the rug. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

A SACRIFICE: Something seems to move under the ratty rug. It's about the size of a large cat, and it slides slowly towards the Agents. If the rug is shot or stomped, it explodes in a gout of blood. When the rug is pulled away, nothing is there except the blood. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

Bedroom 4

This small bedroom adjoins the hallway and shares a bathroom with Bedroom 3. It is plain and empty. Carpeting has been removed, revealing wood tack-strips which once held it.

WP 15 or Higher

THE STENCH: As the Agents enter for the first time, they are all overcome with a wave of nausea. Each smells something different—vomit, feces, burning hair. The feeling persists as long as the Agents remain in the room; when they leave, it vanishes. (SAN loss: 0/1.) The next time they enter, the feeling does not return.



NO LIGHT: The light in the room does not work, though the circuit breaker indicates power is getting through. If an Agent removes the switch-plate, the gap in the wall begins to bleed. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.) The blood seems to fade out, as if removed in time lapse. Afterward, the light works.

NOT ALONE: Standing quietly in the room, an Agent can hear the sounds of slight movement, like someone invisible attempting to stealthily move around. (SAN loss: 0/1.) An Agent who attempts to grab the invisible entity must make a Luck roll. If the roll succeeds, the Agent grasps an invisible force. The being struggles wildly. If the Agent does not let go, the force eventually breaks free, inflicts 1D4 damage in long, animal-like scratches.

WP 12 to 14

LISTENING: From the adjoining bathroom comes a squeaking noise which takes a moment to place. It's the sound of someone running a finger across the mirror. There's no one in the room. If an Agent runs hot water

until steam rises, "I AM LISTENING" is seen to be written on the mirror. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

THE OLD WOMAN: An old woman hobbles into the room and ignores all attempts to talk to her. She shrugs off attempts to stop her, swearing softly in Italian. If restrained, she spits and swears in Italian, staring down anyone present. Then, suddenly smiling as if she has figured something out, she vanishes. If let go, she walks to the center the room, looks up toward the ceiling, and vanishes. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

THE SHAPE: An inhuman figure in a white sheet rushes suddenly toward the Agents. It smashes into an Agent, forces its way past, floats into the den. An Agent can grab the sheet by making a DEX test; the sheet immediately goes limp. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

THE HAND: The closet door, standing partially open, slowly slides shut, pulled from within by a pale white

hand. Anyone looking in the closet finds nothing there. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

BODIES: An Agent who arrives alone finds the room filled with corpses. Dozens of blue-white, rotting corpses are stacked like cordwood to nearly four feet off the ground. The smell is crippling. Even experienced Agents are completely overwhelmed by the sight. (SAN loss: 1/1D6.) If they leave and return, the corpses and the smell are gone as if they were never there.

THE FACE: At night, a ghost-white face suddenly leaps up at the window. It stares in intently, contorted with fear. It seems to be the face of a man. There is dried blood on his head. Just as quickly as it appears, it vanishes into the night. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.) There are no signs of anyone outside the house.

Master Bedroom and Bathroom

This suite features by a odd, all-encompassing mirrors built into the walls. Originally added in 1926 at great expense by Isabelle Wheeler, the style is not common, and seems very odd, more suited to the 1970s. However, the etchings on the seams of each mirror indicate the year it was installed. No one knows why Isabelle Wheeler installed them.

When entering the room, one has an impression of sinking underwater. In every direction, the mirrors cast thousands of reflections. It's disorienting and ugly. To those with POW 16 or higher, it's nearly intolerable. Anyone with POW that high can take only a few minutes of the master bedroom before suffering from nausea.

Agents whom the house has obsessed or possessed find the room fascinating, and are continuously drawn towards it.

Due to the disorienting nature of the room, all perception-related rolls and all attacks are at -20%.

WP 15 or Higher

THE FEATHER: The Agent finds themselves fascinated by a small, whirling goose feather reflected in the mirrors. In the reflection, it spins and twirls at ground level near the opposite wall. There is no goose feather in the room. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE WOMAN: At night, a woman can be seen in the mirrors, entering the room. She walks to one of the

windows and sits in a non-existent chair. She combs her hair with an invisible brush, humming to herself. Her face is never visible. Any disturbance in the room causes her to vanish. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

THE PENNY: An Agent entering the room accidentally kicks a loose penny laying on the ground. The Agents see it bounce across the wood floor to the mirror. It meets its reflections and enters the mirror. It rolls to a stop in the room on the far side of the mirror. Now there is no real penny, just a reflection lost behind the glass. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 12 to 14

THE BATH: In the master bathroom, the Agents hear the bath start, and a woman singing in French. When they arrive, even after only a moment, the bath is already drawn. The faucet is off and no noise can be heard. No one is in the tub. Anyone reaching into it can feel the cold, still body of a little child, unseen. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.) Anyone draining the tub sees the water empty around a child's invisible shape. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.) When the water is gone, the shape is gone.

MRS. WHEELER: In the master bathroom, Isabelle Wheeler appears in the reflection of the mirror, considers the Agent, and walks out the door. She was never physically there. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE BOY: If an Agent is alone in the room, a dead boy suddenly stands up from the bath and steps out. He is in the physical world. Blue and puffy, he walks slowly toward the Agent with his face downcast. When he looks up and opens his mouth, rancid water and grubs spill out onto the floor. He then clutches the Agent and vanishes. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

THE RAZOR: Isabelle Wheeler appears to any Agent entering the room alone. She stands on the far side of the mirror with no analog in physical space. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.) Smiling a bitter, old woman's smile, she slowly unfolds a straight razor. The Agent must make an **Alertness** or **Dodge** or roll (whichever is lower) or suffer 1d8+2 damage as she swipes with the razor. Although Isabelle has no duplicate in the real world, the razor does. It floats off the ground, mimicking where Wheeler is holding it in

the mirror. The only way to avoid another attack is to flee the room or destroy the razor. (Grabbing or knocking the razor out of the air are options, but require an appropriate roll at -20%). If anyone else enters the room, Wheeler and the razor vanish.

HANDS: A little boy arrives on the far side of the mirror, crying. He has no physical counterpart. He reaches for the Agent, weeping, talking all the while, but his voice sounds very, very faint. If an Agent approaches the mirror, countless bone-white hands erupt from its surface, clutching. (SAN loss: 0/1D6.) The Agent must succeed at a **Dodge** or **DEX** test or be seized and dragged into the mirror. (See below.)

IN THE MIRROR: An Agent alone in the room is grabbed and pulled into the mirror. (SAN loss: 0/1D6.) The Agent does not see the assailant. Dropping into the mirror is like falling sideways into an arctic lake. The Agent must make a **CON** test every turn or take a point of damage from hypothermia. An Agent who reaches 0 HP in the mirror has been consumed by the house. The Agent may attempt to swim out of the mirror by succeeding at a **STR** or **Swim** test at -20%, with one attempt allowed per turn. If that succeeds, the Agent spills back into the real world, gains back all HP lost in the mirror, and is covered head to toe in some unidentifiable slime.

Garage

This two-car garage doubles as a storage area. Before 1956, it was a screened-in porch. It has changed severely since then, and is the most modern portion of the house. It has a 1970s garage door opener, a modern fuse box, and a 1980s refrigerator. Abandoned garden tools hang on the wall. It has the only recently-poured piece of foundation in the house. Traces of the former porch can still be seen in the wall closest to the house and the connection to the old foundation there.

WP 15 or Higher

THE REFRIGERATOR: When an Agent enters the garage, the light is off. Across the room, the refrigerator door suddenly opens and a half-visible person seems to block the light from it. The shadowy figure looks up at the Agents and then shuts the door. Just as quickly, the light goes off

and the room. By the time the Agent turns the lights on, no one is there. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WHISTLING: Before the Agents enter the garage, they hear someone whistling. Those that listen without entering hear a noise like someone falling. The voice curses quietly and then there's a noise like current being put through a circuit. All the lights dim in the house for a few seconds, and then the fuses trip. There's no one in the garage. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

COOKING: When the Agents enter the garage, they smell a very strong like cooking. It reminds them immediately of a barbecue. Then they smell the burning hair. Those bright enough to piece the puzzle together realize this was the room in which Doctor Weaver was electrocuted. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

BREAKERS: Other electrical problems in the house are tracked down to the garage. Lights flickering on and off, circuit breakers being randomly tripped, all these symptoms point back to the garage opening unit, a monster relic from the 1970s. Every morning at 2:30 a.m., an electrical short resets all the breakers. This is the time when Doctor Weaver was electrocuted.

THE MOMENT: A figure appears in the midst of the garage, lit by huge arcs of energy, and surrounded by a high-pitched, buzzing whine. The shadowy figure convulses twice and then falls to the ground. By the time Agents reach it, it has vanished. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE MAN: When the Agents enter, they see a middle-aged man in boxer shorts and a t-shirt in the middle of the garage. He looks shocked that the door is opening, and just a suddenly, he vanishes. (SAN loss: 0/1.) Anyone tracking down a picture of Doctor Weaver recognizes him immediately. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

WP 11 or Lower

FLUTTERING: An Agent in the house at night hears a commotion from the garage. It sounds like someone moving cloth around, maybe a canvas tarp. Entering the garage, the Agent realizes the sound is more like a bird flapping about. In the rafters near the garage opening unit, a shadowy form like a pigeon is fluttering about. An Agent who reaches for it, or tries to capture it, must make a **Luck**

roll. If that fails, the Agent grabs an exposed live wire and takes 1d20+2 damage. There was no bird. This is how the house claimed Doctor Weaver. An Agent who succeeds at the Luck roll avoids grabbing the wire and realizes the house was setting them up. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

REALIZATION: Something invisible brushes past an Agent in the garage. The Agent is swept with a feeling of absolute despair, a completely suicidal wave that nearly causes the Agent to abandon all reason. For a split second, dying in the house seems like an attractive thought. But the feeling fades as quickly as it came. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

THE WATCHER: When the Agents enter, they see an old woman floating in the midst of the garage as if reclining in a chair. She is ancient and toothless woman, wearing a wry smile. She sits completely still, but her glittering eyes follow the Agents as they circle her. When they touch her, she vanishes. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

Upstairs—Bonus Room

This is a small sitting room with recessed window benches. It's filled with a scattering of small boxes, an old rocking chair, and some house repair supplies. It feels claustrophobic and cramped. The ceiling slopes severely on the sides, and any Agent taller than an average adult man finds it hard to get about without occasionally bumping his or her head.

The room smells of paint and something subtler, almost spice-like.

WP 15 or Higher

ROCKING CHAIR: The rocking chair is moving when the Agent enters. It slowly stops as the Agent approaches it, and a person is very clearly heard crossing the room toward the exit. The unseen person walks loudly down the stairs and then vanishes. There is no visible source for the noise. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

THE BODY: An Agent arriving at the top of the stairs sees a body on the floor of the Bonus Room. Turning the body over, the Agent sees his or her own dead face staring back through glazed eyes. The body then vanishes. (SAN loss: 0/1D4.)

GAS: A very strong odor of gas seems to suddenly fill the room. A woman's laughter can be heard downstairs, as well as someone frantically messing with stuff in the

kitchen. Seconds later, just as the panic builds, the "vision" ceases. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 12 to 14

JASON: Suddenly, the front door downstairs seems to slam—though anyone watching it sees nothing. There's a rush of heavy footsteps clomping up the stairs (again, with no source), and then a scream, "JAN!" Anyone who has spoken to Jason Aiken (see page 12) recognizes his voice. After this, the disturbance stops. (SAN loss: 1/1D4.)

JANINE: An Agent in the room turns to glimpse a rosy-red faced Janine Aiken standing somberly in the corner, her eyes lost in shadow. The closer the Agent comes to touching her, the more she seems to fade. By the time the Agent reaches her, she's gone. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

HOME: An old woman's voice suddenly announces, "You're home now. Home." (SAN loss: 0/1.)

WP 11 or Lower

REST: An old woman mumbles some repetitive chant in what seems to be Italian. "My dear, my dear," she finally says in English. "Rest now." There's no apparent source for the voice. (SAN loss: 0/1.)

BREATH: The room is filled with the sound of someone struggling to catch their breath. There is no apparent source for the sound. It raggedly stops only after three excruciating minutes. (SAN loss: 0/1D4, or 1/1D4 for listening the entire time.)

HUMMING: A woman humming a song seems to haunt the room from time to time. It takes an appropriate Art skill at 20% or higher to realize the music is Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." (SAN loss: 0/1.)

Overcoming the House

The house has survived many attempts to destroy it, most recently that of Special Agent Donnelley. The house prefers to weaken and control its victims over months or years before destroying them, but it sometimes resorts to simply killing a stubborn interloper through possession and suicide. The Agents must work together to survive the house's machinations and find a way to neutralize it forever.

Burning It Down

George Crease was the first to attempt to destroy the house. He failed because the house was sated on the misery it had inflicted on his wife and himself. It had POW to spare. The house possessed a neighbor who rushed over at the sounds of screaming, and used the neighbor to douse the fire Crease started. Fires at other times were put out by other outside forces.

But even fire does not spell doom for the house. The earth itself is consecrated to the Dark Man, and the physical destruction of the house will not touch that consecration. The plot of land will eventually reach out and grab someone's attention. They will build the Spooner Avenue house again, from the foundation up, and the darkness will continue. Conventional destruction is at best a stall tactic against the Dark Man's power. More occult means are necessary to lift the curse permanently.

Removing the Consecration

There are only two ways to end the consecration of the land on which the house stands. Neither of them is good. Either solution should be the climax of the investigation. Agents should not be pursuing such ends until late in the session. Discovering these solutions, and realizing that they are the only options, should come after many terrors. Remember, in horror, pacing is everything.

If you find your Agents at an impasse, bring in their contacts at Delta Green to point them in the right direction. Never give them a direct solution, but offer a tangential hint toward things they have yet to find: a prod to look into the old furniture that was in the house, the history of the previous occupants before 1956, or the name "Ni-Ar-Lath-Otep."

THE RITUAL: The ritual *Convochi L'Uomo Nero* is detailed in Isabelle Wheeler's diary. The ritual must be successfully cast, and a human sacrifice must be made with the proper intonation of the dismissal. This is an extremely difficult and trying process, and could cost many lives. (Not to mention the life of the sacrifice!) See **CALLING THE DARK MAN** for details.

ELDER SIGN: This solution is suggested nowhere in the house or its history, but if the Agents are familiar with the Elder Sign, it is a potent weapon against the house. Bringing one into the house at night causes all hell to break

loose. The house, sensing danger, flings manifestation after manifestation at the Agents and tries to seize control of them. If the mirrors in the master bedroom are smashed with the Elder Sign, the feeling of "occupation" fades and eventually dissipates completely, leaving only a mundane house behind. The Elder Sign crumbles to dust and the consecration is broken. Agents who pull this off gain 1D6 SAN.

Calling the Dark Man

The Agents can use the *Convochi L'Uomo Nero* ritual to dismiss the power of the Dark Man from 1206 Spooner Avenue. Doing so, however, requires a human sacrifice. That should not be taken lightly by any Agent, and ought rightly to make an Agent question which side he or she is on. The Handler should emphasize the gravity of such a decision. Whoever the Agents pick for the sacrifice, play the victim as sympathetically as you can. Such an act is a barrier past which there is no return. All this for something which may, or may not, work. It should weigh heavily on the minds of the Agents forever.

Convochi L'Uomo Nero

Elaborate ritual. Study: *weeks*; 1D10 SAN. Activation: *years*; see *costs below*. This ritual calls the Dark Man, who is known by the secret name "Ni-Ar-Lath-Otep." First, 200 HP worth of animals must be sacrificed every year over a period many years, on the nights of the new moon. All sacrifices must be made with the bronze bowl and knife hidden in Isabelle Wheeler's antique end table or ones identical to them. At least two supplicants must be present and ready to offer their lives to the Dark Man, if he appears. The process is not perfect. Sometimes, the Dark Man does not appear.

The ritual describes, simpler another process that guarantees an appearance by the Dark Man: conducting a human sacrifice to deconsecrate the ground and dismiss the Dark Man forever.

Dismissing the Dark Man

Simple ritual. Study: *hours*; 1D6 SAN. Activation: *an hour*; see *costs below*. The ritual to dismiss the Dark Man can be learned separately from *Convochi L'Uomo Nero*.

It must be conducted on ground previously consecrated to the Dark Man. Those present must conduct a ritual human sacrifice, using the bronze bowl and knife hidden in Isabelle Wheeler's antique end table or ones identical to them. A human sacrifice costs 1/1D10 SAN from everyone present. Being adapted to violence has no effect on that SAN test, and the one who actually kills the victim automatically fails.

The ritual's operators must also expend 10 WP and 3 permanent POW between them. The lead operator must also fail a SAN test to activate the ritual; if that fails, activating the ritual costs another point of permanent POW. (If you have the *Handler's Guide*, use the usual Ritual Activation rules instead.)

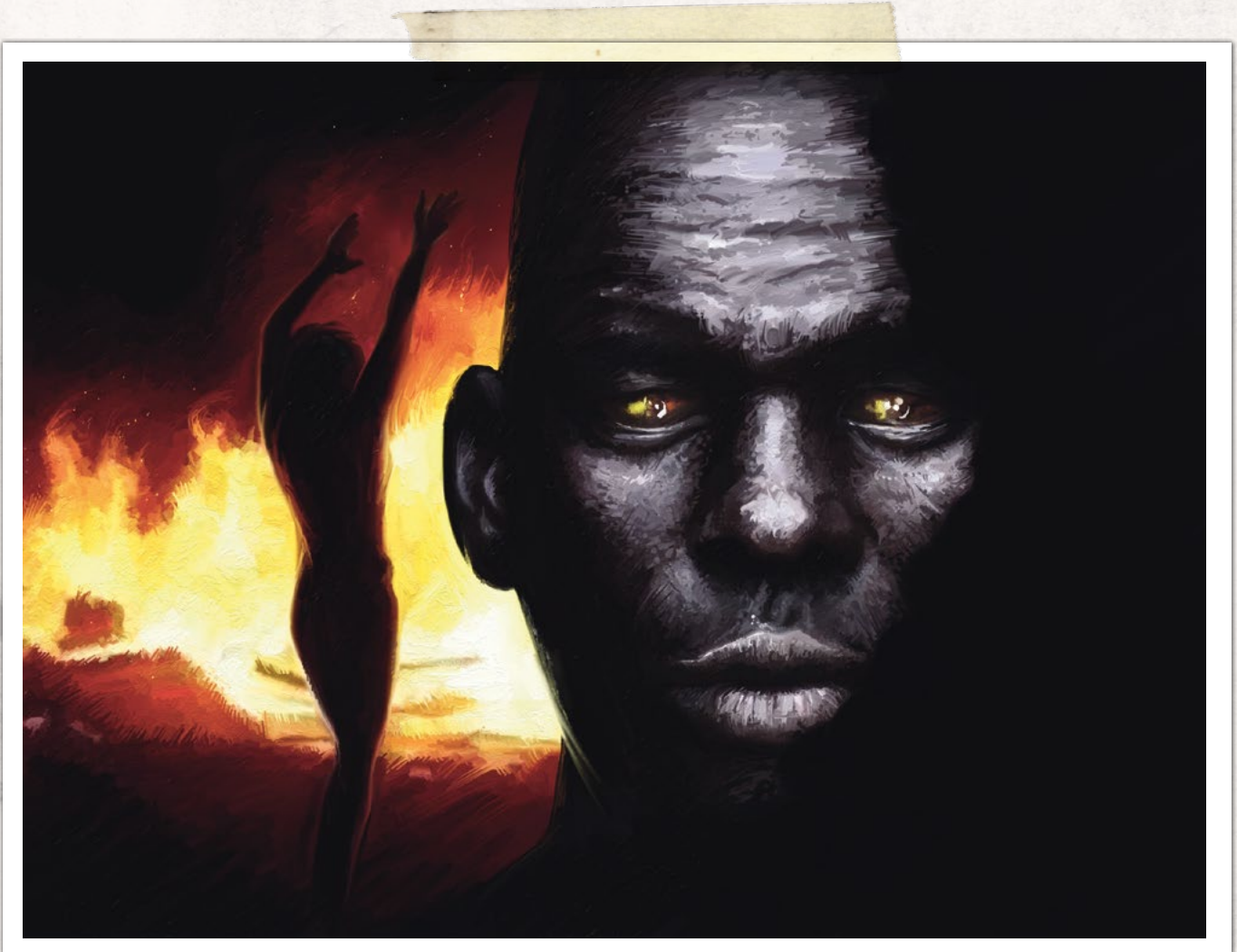
The Dark Man always comes to a dismissal, and he will be most displeased with the turn of events. Just when the Agents are sure they have killed someone for no reason, all lights fade out but the most dim of flames. A shape rises from the shadows of a corner, perhaps near the fireplace. It slowly seems to unfold into a much bigger

form, which reveals the presence of a man with completely matte-black skin. Only the chin of this being is visible. Its eyes are lost in darkness like a cloak.

It speaks in the language of those present: "*Who calls me?*"

The mere presence of the entity is terrifying; no one in the room can consider any mode of action except to either struggle through the rest of the ritual, to stop and flee, or to stop and surrender in abject worship of the Dark Man. (SAN loss: 1/1D8.) Agents who go temporarily insane shut down in a complete, helpless fugue, staring in helpless awe.

If the Agents continue with the ritual, chanting its phrases from memory and from the pages of Isabelle Wheeler's diary, the Dark Man commands them to stop. It threatens dire consequences. If they finish the ritual, the Dark Man laughs mockingly and vanishes. The house has been purged of his influence and all hauntings. Each Agent gains 1D8 SAN.



If the operators conduct the ritual and sacrifice but do not pay the **WP** and **POW** costs, the Dark Man appears and transforms into a more terrible form. It rises as an immense, roiling, bloody, tentacled shape that seems to evoke in witnesses' minds a sense of the vastness and hungers of the utterly alien life that surrounds and transcends ephemeral humanity. It shrieks hideously before vanishing. (**SAN** loss: 1D10/1D100.) The dismissal fails, and Isabelle Wheeler remains in the house.

Wrapping It Up

This investigation only comes to an end when the Agents successfully lift the consecration or give up. If the Agents manage to burn the house down, they learn several months later that a dazed new landowner has begun constructing an identical house on the spot—along with floor-to-ceiling mirrors in the master bedroom. The realization costs all Agents who abandoned the fight 1/1D4 **SAN**. Once the house is repaired or rebuilt, it won't be long before the deaths continue.

Characters

These are the most likely characters to help or hinder the Agents.

Police Chief Michael Buffington

Michael Buffington is Meadowbrook's 42-year-old police chief. It is his first year in office.

Buffington is no-nonsense and by-the-book. He does not stand for lawlessness in his town. To Buffington, every issue is cut and dry, good and bad—there are no grey areas. He cooperates willingly with law-enforcement officials who seem to have official sanction. He harbors no grudge against federal authorities. Agents who lack official sanction, on the other hand, are ordinary citizens, and Buffington will have them arrested as soon as he catches them in wrongdoing.

Despite his straight-laced attitude, Buffington is surprisingly flexible on the subject of the supernatural. He won't bring it up, and won't be vocal about it in front of

people he doesn't know, but he's a firm believer that the world of the paranormal. If Buffington can be approached on this subject, and somehow assured the Agents believe the same, he could become an invaluable assistant in the investigation and even a Delta Green Friendly.

Buffington is not from Meadowbrook originally and is unfamiliar with the Spooner house, except for learning about the various deaths that were reported there over the years—and of course, Special Agent Donnelley's death. His one time in the house, Buffington got the "bad feeling" that seems to strike particular people inside.

Chief Buffington

STR 12 **CON** 10 **DEX** 12 **INT** 12 **POW** 14 **CHA** 11

HP 11 **WP** 14 **SAN** 70 **BREAKING POINT** 56

SKILLS: Alertness 50%, Bureaucracy 41%, Computer Science 44%, Criminology 52%, Dodge 31%, Drive 50%, Firearms 61%, Foreign Language (Spanish) 12%, HUMINT 50%, Law 33%, Melee Weapons 50%, Persuade 50%, Search 50%, Unarmed Combat 50%.

ATTACKS: .40 pistol 61% (Damage 1D10, Base Range 15 m).
Baton 50% (Damage 1D6).
Taser 60% (Stun).

Unarmed 50% (Damage 1D4 -1).

ARMOR: Reinforced Kevlar vest (Armor 4).

Emil Yarrow, Parapsychologist

Yarrow is a dire, overweight man who works at Fulton College (two towns over) as an associate professor of abnormal psychology. He became involved with Delta Green six years ago, when an investigation of some sort of occult force killing people in an old hotel drew the conspiracies' attention in a nearby state. Yarrow managed to uncover some information that proved helpful on the hotel, and was made a Friendly. He believes Delta Green is a legal, though secret, section of the government.

In truth, though Yarrow emanates a professional attitude and an absolute knowledge of the occult, he's little more than an amateur. He has no knowledge of Cthulhu and the prehuman history of the Earth. He's seen supernatural events, but pretends to have far more insight

in the subject than he does. He keeps a serious attitude even when spewing out ridiculous lines about “demonic possession” or “long-term emotional energy.” Nothing he knows will help the situation at Spooner Avenue, though his encyclopedic knowledge of hauntings makes him seem like an authority.

Yarrow does his best to help, but does everything wrong. He encourages the Agents to enter the house at night (“the spirits are more able to communicate in the dark”) and to wander there alone (“the spirits have an easier time communicating on a one-to-one basis”). In short, he puts the Agents—and himself—in mortal danger.

Yarrow is serious, authoritative, and professional. He has no time for levity in such a serious situation. When the supernatural shit hits the fan, he either flees or becomes a victim of the house’s influence. If the house possesses Yarrow, he attempts to isolate and terrorize the Agents one by one. He finds a wood axe—even if a careful search found nothing like it before—and attempts to attack from surprise, gaining a +20% to hit. When the house’s influence on him is discovered, he goes on a rampage. During the rampage he gains a permanent +20% bonus to attack rolls and CON tests, and does not cease fighting even at 0 HP unless he fails a CON test, rolling once at the end of each turn.

Emil Yarrow

STR 13 CON 8 DEX 10 INT 15 POW 10 CHA 8

HP 11 WP 10 SAN 47 BREAKING POINT 40

SKILLS: Bureaucracy 22%, Science (Chemistry) 32%, Computer Science 51%, Drive 35%, Law 46%, Occult 31%, Search 30%, HUMINT 40%, Persuade 49%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40% (Damage 1D4-1).

Wood axe 30% (Damage 1D8).

Elizabeth Tucker, Antiques Dealer

Elizabeth Tucker is not what Agents might expect to see when they hear the term “antiques dealer.” She’s a young, attractive woman with a booming online business (www.antiquetracker.com) that searches for lost family heirlooms and stolen antiques, and makes odd, under-the-waterline deals. She has extensive contacts in the antiques world, and she knows her furniture.

She became involved with Delta Green three years ago, when an amulet was stolen from an Asian exhibit in Philadelphia. She managed to track down the amulet, and also witnessed a few odd circumstances involving its destruction. She became a Friendly after that. She believes Delta Green is a legal, though secret, section of the government. When it comes to Delta Green and the unnatural, she is somewhat gullible.

Tucker is extremely valuable in finding Isabelle Wheeler’s antiques, and can locate them in a matter of days with a few phone calls.

Otherwise, she’s a target. Have the house influence her, trap her, or manipulate her over the telephone to bring others to it. Use her to ratchet up the tension.

Elizabeth Tucker

STR 9 CON 9 DEX 13 INT 14 POW 12 CHA 13

HP 9 WP 12 SAN 60 BREAKING POINT 58

SKILLS: Accounting 52%, Art (Antiques) 69%, Art (Architecture) 50%, Art (Design) 49%, Bureaucracy 37%, Computer Science 30%, Drive 41%, Foreign Language (French) 22%, Foreign Language (Italian) 51%, History 34%, Persuade 46%, Search 41%.

ATTACKS: Unarmed 40% (Damage 1D4-1).

1206 Spooner Avenue

