



Music from a Darkened Room

A DELTA GREEN INVESTIGATION FOR 1 TO 4 AGENTS

Wherein the Agents learn some threats are more tangible than others...

BY DENNIS DETWILLER

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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 things happen. People get hurt, objects vanish. Bad feelings flow like the loose tap in the bathroom and 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...

1206 Spooner Avenue is a wrong place. In the last forty-six years of its history eighteen people have died there, and you can feel it. You walk in and it's like dropping two hundred feet under water. It's suddenly dark and cold and pressure filled; at least it is in your mind. Still; pretenses remain.

Doors 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 in the bathroom mirrors.

They shut their eyes and pretend the world is ordered, like a puzzle whose pieces are square and plain. They pretend a lot of things. They pretend they are pretending...

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

The House on Spooner Avenue

Spooner Avenue is a quiet street that can be set in any suburban location in the United States. 1206 Spooner Avenue is a small house, originally built in 1907, and amended with additional construction in the 1940's. It's not pretty or ugly; it's just plain. Few notice anything past the vibrant growth of ivy that scales the north side of the building. It is wholly unremarkable in appearance. But the neighbors are not fooled.

The neighborhood is predominantly composed of retirees who have long memories. Most were born locally, and lived their lives within the confines of Meadowbrook, the town through which Spooner Avenue cuts a diagonal slash. All have heard about the deaths in the Spooner Avenue house. It's something of a water-cooler topic at all of Meadowbrook's hot spots.

The rumors began almost half a century ago.

Around 1959 with the murder/suicide of Douglas and Margaret Crease, the house began to gain a reputation. At first, it was simply a nervous kind of rumor to make a horrible incident more palatable; later as the bodies slowly piled up, it became more certain. By 2005, it's simply a fact – the residents are sure the Spooner street house is evil. They know this in the way one knows the sky is blue or that

A-CELL'S DIRECTIVE

A-Cell has issued a directive to the nearest available Cell to the Spooner house. This missive arrives in a beaten *Fedex* package with a return address in Maryland (it's a Mailboxes Etc. near the Pentagon, the name on the return address, Iago Greene, is false). Inside is a sheet of paper and an old-looking cell phone.

The Cell Phone

Is a battered old telephone. Of the previous generation of phones, it can call internationally and somehow fails to send call information to the other end – so things like *69 and caller ID don't work on it (though the Agents won't know this until they attempt to use it). The numbers for Emil Yarrow and Elizabeth Tucker are programmed into the phone, as well as the number of the Meadowbrook Store-It.

If the Agents attempt to contact A-Cell using the normal channels in the chain of command, they may receive a return phone call on this phone, at the moderator's discretion. Use the phone as a mystery; and feel free to employ it to move the Agents along at any time – if things bog down.

DIRECTIVE FROM A-CELL

Operation IAGO

You are to investigate the death of Agent GARRET and the suspicious circumstances of said death. Focus attention on 1206 SPOONER AVENUE. This house has been brought to the attention of A-Cell before, and is deemed a paranormal threat. Extreme caution should be employed when investigating the Spooner house. It has been known to exhibit an unknown influence over skilled DG Agents.

Mission Instructions

- ☐ Determine the cause of death of Agent GARRET
- ☐ Determine if the 1206 SPOONER AVENUE represents an ongoing threat to the public
- ☐ Once these two protocols are complete, contact A-Cell for further instructions

Possible Friendly Contacts

- ☐ Emil Yarrow, Parapsychologist
- ☐ Elizabeth Tucker, Antique Dealer

Green Box Locales

- ☐ Green Box 711 – Meadowbrook Store-It

water quenches thirst. It's a certainty.

After the Creases' deaths, between 1963 and 2005, sixteen people have met their ends at 1206 Spooner. Only one of those deaths was due to neither accident nor violence. The rest have been a chain of suicides, odd, accidental deaths and murder.

Somehow, despite the mounting number of bodies, the house has been continuously sold and re-sold. There has been no break in inhabitation as far back as the Creases' death that lasted more than a month.

The locals are certain the house has a draw to it; a pull. Doctor George Weaver, the last local foolish enough to be drawn to it, bought the house on a whim and moved in, in the summer of 1970. He was killed nine days later in an electrical accident.

Since then, no locals ever go to the open houses which pop-up with startling regularity at Spooner Avenue.

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

The neighborhood is certain the building is alive.

THE AGENTS ARRIVE

Delta Green has had its eye on the Spooner Avenue house for some time, but those in charge deemed it a low-level threat – possibly even a series of unfortunate accidents and nothing more.

But when Special Agent Arthur Donnelley was found in the master bedroom of the Spooner house with his throat cut, A-Cell was alerted. What was significant wasn't the suicide (which the medical examiner half-heartedly called it) but the fact that Donnelley was following in the footsteps of Yamilla Isari, the former owner, who was found under the precisely same circumstances sixteen months before.

Donnelley was the one who originally brought the Spooner house to the attention of A-Cell and went there, two weeks ago for an unknown reason, without following protocol. He was reported missing by his ex-wife three days before his body was found in the Spooner Avenue house.

His throat was cut with a straight razor, and his blood had drenched the Master Bedroom's walls – it looked like someone had "set off a bomb full of blood."



What's Going On at 1206 Spooner

In 1907, when the house was originally constructed, Michael Wheeler – a thirty-two year old mason, brought his invalid wife Isabelle Wheeler to die there.

Wheeler was a dashing young man who managed to wheedle his way into a lucrative position cutting gravestones for nearby townships. Later, 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; something which first 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 work-site in 1910.

He was a wealthy man, and managed to leave a significant fortune behind – Isabelle was never wanting for anything but peace. Isabelle remained in the Spooner house another forty-six years; dying at age 69 in 1956.

In 1926, Isabelle got 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 – called Adele DiVettelo – whom the locals called “The Crone”. DiVettelo had worked previously as a seamstress at the local Sanitarium, but was fired for practicing “witchcraft”. Since that time, 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 soon afterwards was inseparable from Isabelle. In the summer of 1926, the talk of the town was the recovery of Isabelle from her mystery ailment. For the first time in nearly a decade, Isabelle could walk and conduct herself normally. But talk turned to the presence of the Crone at the house.

Soon, it became clear to the locals that strange things were going on at the Wheeler house. Animals turned up dead – and not just farm animals – local dogs and cats seemed to go missing with regularity

as well. 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 single confrontation with Antonio DiVettelo – a man the Crone claimed was her son – and locals in town in the winter of 1937, the town learned to leave them alone.

Matthew Harrigan, the son of a wealthy local politician wasted away from some sort of “mystery disease” in the course of two-weeks after the incident. The disease was odd – the patient developed rashes that became what appeared to be burn marks, which then suppurred and bled out. Each man involved in the scuffle with Antonio suffered from this disease, but only Harrigan, who had struck Antonio, died from it.

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 1955, most thought DiVettelo was in excess of 100 years old. What they didn’t know was this – she was 73-years older than 100. She had signed her life away to *L’Uomo Nero* – the Dark Man – in the summer of 1800, at the age of 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 later gained complete control over Isabelle. The Crone first took Isabelle’s pain and using dark magic put it behind the reflections at the Spooner Avenue house; freeing Isabelle Wheeler from the disease that had left her bedridden for nearly a decade. This dark-half of Isabelle persisted in each and every reflection of the Spooner house; while her physical form was restored to complete health. At the time of her death, Isabelle learned the price of such a trick: she found herself living out her days in a dark nether-world behind glass, watching the warmth of the modern world as it scrolled by.

For the thirty years that the Crone lived in the Spooner Avenue house, only the first 10 were filled with controversy, eventually, as things quieted down and the inhabitants at 1206 Spooner ceased

interacting with the town, the town began to look elsewhere. After all, a depression followed by a world war was quite distracting.

In 1940, the Crone consecrated the Spooner house to *Ni-Ar-Lath-Otep*, the secret name of the Dark Man, and had a room built in the back of the house for her nightly rituals. These rituals continued on nights of the new moon for the next fifteen years. This culminated in the summer of 1955, when the *L'Uomo Nero* himself appeared. He opened his book to Isabelle Wheeler, who found she could not sign it – she repented and refused to place 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 the age of 69.

She still lives on there, in the reflections of the Spooner Avenue house, searching for prey to feed her need for warmth and life; and now, after eighteen deaths in the house, she's not alone.

Trails

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

- Search 1206 Spooner Avenue top to bottom (see *1206 Spooner – the Exterior on p. 4*, *Inside 1206 Spooner on p. 4*, and *Room by Room on p. 14*).
- Investigate the basic paperwork of 1206 Spooner Avenue (see *The County Seat*, below).
- Attempt to interview the neighbors of 1206 Spooner Avenue (see *Shut Doors, Closed Shades on p. 8*).
- Attempt to interview living former residents (see *The Lucky Few on p. 8*).
- Locate death certificates, police reports and coroner reports of former residents (see *Break out the Badges on p. 10*).
- Talk to the local police and coroner (see *Break out the Badges on p. 10*).
- Delve into the history of 1206 Spooner pre-1956 (see *The Dark Past on p. 12*).

1206 Spooner — the Exterior

The building itself is unremarkable. It was built in 1907, and reflects common construction practices at the time. It is a small, two-story, 2,100 square foot building with a single gable window in the front, two porches; including a large rear porch, and a

two-car garage. A large growth of ivy climbs the north face of the building.

Anyone making a successful ARCHITECTURE skill roll can determine that the house was extensively modified from its original construction – but not in an unusual manner – and most likely the master bedroom and garage were additions at a later date (beating the ARCHITECTURE roll by more than 30% indicate these additions were added sometime in the 1940's).

Inside 1206 Spooner

Detailed examination of the interior indicates the house was renovated sometime in the 1970's, and that it suffered a fire sometime in its past which 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 1974.)

The interior is still decorated with Yamilla Isari's furniture – the liquidation house has yet to collect her things and sell them at county auction. The master bedroom is the only heavily changed area since Isari "left". Although it has been cleaned at great expense, the master bedroom is still covered in blood stains; including a single tracking stain which seems to draw a line from the wall opposite the door, across the ceiling, to the point on the ground where the tape which surrounded Donnelly's body can still be found.

The County Seat

Agents looking into the background of 1206 Spooner Avenue will find the standard records available at the Meadowbrook County Seat – a small, modest two-story building just a few scant blocks from the house. All of Meadowbrook's records have been given little attention of late; the money that comes from the State is going elsewhere – towards the construction of a new library mostly. 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 County Seat is a sleepy little building that deals mostly in parking tickets, zoning laws and building permits. The clerk, Anthony Freeman is an affable sort, and for a mocha from *Starbucks* will gladly let the Agents into the records room during work hours. Freeman is a twenty-something college

drop-out who is unaware of the Spooner house and its history, but he’s always trying to fill his day – spending most of his days, as he does, on his ass 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 mish-mash of water stained boxes, photo sheets and twenty-eight huge pre-WWII filing cabinets. Papers are not filed here as much as abandoned – and this is only the last 65 years worth of 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. It’ll take a lot more than a mocha to get him to poke his nose into such county business (something on the par of an X-Box and a LUCK÷2 roll perhaps).

The record of ownership of 1206 Spooner Avenue reads like a hit list – a chain of deaths, suicides, accidents, murder. Surprisingly, 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.

Even so, although hours of work is necessary on the part of the Agents to assemble the following list; once they learn what to look for in the county records, it’s hard not to see it everywhere. It’s very easy (once the records for Spooner are assembled) to find one or two other houses that seem to suffer from the same malady.

Agents who hope to trace all the records of 1206 Spooner Avenue back to 1940 have hours of work ahead of them. Two appropriate research rolls must be made to uncover a basic chronology from 1940 to 2005 – this takes somewhere in the realm of 12 to 15 hours and only informs

the Agents of who lived there, died there and the appropriate dates. Those who spend more time digging can attempt to research individuals who lived in the house – to succeed, the Agents must choose a particular name to research, and then make the appropriate research roll and score between 01-10%. Each search of this nature can only be attempted once per name, and takes 1d6 hours of digging.

If the Agents manage to get Anthony Freeman to assist them, he improves the Agent’s appropriate research skill by +20%. If they manage to get Freeman to look into the stored pre-1940 records (and this should require significant luck or persistence), this increases the possibility of success into research into Isabelle and Michael Wheeler, the Wheeler house’s construction, Adele DiVettelo, Antonio DiVettelo and Matthew Harrigan by +30%. It is unhelpful on any other subject.

Relevant Dates	Names	Cause of Death	Number Dead
Pre 1956	Michael Wheeler and Family	Unknown	Unknown*
1956 to 1959	George and Margaret Crease	Murder/ Suicide	2 Dead*
1960 to 1962	Michael Dougherty	Accident	1 Dead
1962 to 1965	Adam and Rebecca Turé and Family	Accident	1 Dead*
1966 to 1969	Jonathan Reese	Suicide	1 Dead
1970 to 1970	Doctor George Weaver	Accident	1 Dead*
1970 to 1974	Thomas and Imogen Greeley and Family	Fire	2 Dead
1975 to 1981	Peter Diaz	Suicide	1 Dead*
1981 to 1981	Gareth Gedjos	Accident	1 Dead
1982 to 1983	Jason and Janine Aiken	Gas Leak	1 Dead
1984 to 1988	John Tyler	Accident	1 Dead
1989 to 1993	Louis Tycroft	Suicide	1 Dead
1994 to 1999	Amanda Braintree and Family	Suicide	1 Dead
1999 to 2002	Andrea Falcone	Accident	1 Dead
2002 to 2004	Yamilla Isari	Suicide	1 Dead*
2005	Special Agent Arthur Donnelley	Suicide	1 Dead*

*Follow Up information available on a Research roll of 01-10%

Follow Up Info: Michael Wheeler and Family

Though fragmented, various articles cover the Wheeler's marriage – being as close to royalty the area has had – and Isabelle's unknown ailment. Old newspaper articles mixed in with regular paperwork also cover Michael's death at the County Seat work-site in 1910, and Isabelle's growing seclusion.

Finally, the articles dry up around 1937, after covering the Matthew Harrigan attack and strange death.

Follow Up Info: 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 in certain new amenities; like a hot water heater, a modern refrigerator, gas range and improved electrical wiring.

By 1957, the Crease's 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. He renewed his interest in church as well, and attended at all hours. Margaret spent an exorbitant sum in 1957 to restore odd huge, wall-length mirrors in the master bedroom – when finished, for a brief period, the home was photographed for local trade magazines.

On 12OCT59, George Crease drove to a local sporting goods shop, bought a double-barreled shotgun and 20 rounds, drove home, shot his wife, and then himself. Neighbors immediately discovered the couple. Margaret had been shot in front of the wall length mirror in the master bedroom, and most of her head was embedded in the ruined mirror.

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

The local community was absolutely devastated by the events of 12OCT59, and few knew precisely how to react. Public reaction vacillated between pretending it didn't happen at all, to covering up the exact facts behind the "tragic" deaths.

Follow Up Info: Adam and Rebecca Turé and Family

The Turé's were transplants from Montreal, Quebec. They moved into 1206 Spooner in 1962 and set up house with their two children, Elise and Anton. They lived there seemingly without incident until 1963, when Rebecca Turé was briefly hospitalized for "mental exhaustion" – she spent six weeks in a local asylum and was treated with electroshock therapy.

She returned in late 1963 and resumed her homemaker's duties. Elise, however, had become a problem. The eight year old became violent at school and was often sent home for swearing.

On 12JAN65 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, and remarried.

**Follow Up Info: Doctor George Weaver**

Weaver was a well-liked local doctor who lived in a small house on Valley Road (the road one over from Spooner Avenue). He was a confirmed bachelor his whole life, and was considered upwardly mobile in the neighborhood – his practice had replaced 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, bought the house. Several neighbors –spoke him of the house's dark past – but Weaver laughed it off.

He moved in on 03JUN70 and was dead nine days later on 12JUN70. Weaver was apparently electrocuted under odd circumstances in the garage – no one knows exactly what happened, but clocks in the house (which went out the moment the circuit blew) indicate Weaver was in the garage at 2:30 AM for some reason.

Strangely enough, Weaver's car was in the shop at the time. Investigators have no idea what he was doing in the garage at that time of night.

Follow Up Info: Peter Diaz

Peter Diaz – a baker from a town over – bought the house on a whim in 1975 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 1974.

Diaz's repairs were a bit of a public news item for several months. The press gave it a positive spin. Then in 1978, Diaz left his wife and two children and moved into 1206 Spooner. To the outside world it seemed that a divorce was in progress – in actuality Diaz left his wife simply to work on the house more.

He was a rare sight in town after that point, and spent a huge sum on repairing the house, expanding everything from the garage, to restoring the master bedrooms' wall-length mirrors with period glass.

In 1981, Diaz hung himself in the second bedroom. A note pinned to his chest read simply, "Finished now".

Follow Up Info: Jason and Janine Aiken

Jason and Janine Aiken moved in from across Meadowbrook to the Spooner house in the hopes of starting a family. Instead, they were faced with problem after problem. The two spent the better part of a year continuously repairing fault after fault with the house.

They spent a considerable amount of their savings getting first electrical, then plumbing and finally gas problems under control. By late 1982, they thought they had gotten the major issues 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 in the upstairs room. 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.

Follow Up Info: Louis Tycroft

Louis Tycroft was a local lawyer who had recently suffered a divorce from his wife of 15 years, Emily Tycroft (see *The Lucky Few on p. 8*). Tycroft soon had a falling out with his partners and dissolved the practice to work on his house.

On 12SEP93 Tycroft shot himself in the chest twice with a handgun – an amazing achievement as far as the coroner was concerned. It was not unexpected. The local paperboy John Elliott had called the police to his house the week before. Answering the door angrily with a pistol, Tycroft confessed to the paperboy that the voices were keeping him up at night.

After a session of questioning, the police could do nothing. Tycroft was cooperative and seemed coherent. His paperwork for the pistol was in order.

Follow Up Info: Yamilla Isari

Yamilla Isari was a recent transplant to Meadowbrook from UAE (United Arab Emirates). Daughter of a wealthy family, Yamilla had seen the house while on break from the state university and fell in love with it. For a year, she obsessed about the house – even making Andrea Falcone, the former owner, an outrageous offer of cash for it.

Luckily in 2002, Andrea Falcone was suffocated in the upstairs room, and the house went on the market.

Isari purchased it in 2002, and moved in immediately following graduation. After two months of frantic decoration, which involved heavy spending in local antique shops, Isari – who was a bit of a famous figure in the area – became a recluse.

She was discovered dead on 14NOV04; with her throat cut by a straight razor. The coroner guessed the date of death had occurred a few days before.

Follow Up Info: Special Agent Arthur Donnelley

Country records have very little information on Arthur Donnelley, only that he was known in town – to both locals and the real estate office. An article in the local paper notes that Donnelley had visited 1206 Spooner previously, and was once interested in purchasing the house.

His death is considered an unfortunate suicide. The article then goes on to point out the high percentage of suicides in the law enforcement profession.

Shut Doors, Closed Shades

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

Most in the area are retirees, in excess of 65 years of age. Most have lived their whole lives in Meadowbrook, and are well aware of the recent history of 1206 Spooner. Few, if any recall Isabelle Wheeler or the Crone with any clarity. Somewhere between 1937 and 1941, the Crone living with Isabelle Wheeler simply became a “nurse”, and Isabelle an odd woman. Most know 1206 Spooner was formerly the Wheeler house, and that the Wheeler’s were in masonry, but little else. A LUCK roll on the part of the Agent with the lowest LUCK score is necessary to even uncover these basic facts.

Recent history clouds the minds of most neighbors, not that they’re willing to talk about it much. A few will comment on the unfortunate accidents and deaths that have plagued 1206 Spooner; but won’t say much more. No one will suggest that something supernatural is going on there, but the feeling is pretty evident in the reactions gathered from suggestive questions the Agents might pose. Most locals will simply go silent, excuse themselves and shut their doors.

If the Agents press the point with official badge pulling, they might gain a few more clues. Some might reveal that the house has always had a dark cloud surrounding it – even pre-dating 1956 – though the deaths are a more recent thing. 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. Others still might recall the odd people living at 1206 Spooner, including Antonio and his run-in with Matthew Harrigan in 1937. These revelations should not be easy to come by, and certainly shouldn’t be gleaned from a single source. A LUCK+2 roll on the part of the Agent with the lowest LUCK score is necessary to uncover any of these secrets.

Those who do reveal such things do so quietly and quickly, as if even mentioning them can poison their lives. Some cross themselves; others clutch a St. Christopher’s Medal or a crucifix as they reveal what they know, as if it could offer them some sort of protection.

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, 71 yoa

Location: Montreal, Quebec

Adam Turé is a retired electrical engineer who lives in his native Montreal, Quebec. He lived in the house on Spooner Avenue for three years (1962 to 1965), and lost both his son Anton (who died in the house) and his wife Rebecca (who was permanently committed over his death) to the house. 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 will lapse into French when angered. He refuses to talk of “nonsense” – such as the concept of the Spooner Avenue house being haunted. Generally speaking however, he is cooperative, particularly if dealing with law enforcement officials. He will do his best to shelter his wife from any outside contact.

Neighbor’s Address	Name, Age	Years living in Neighborhood (Move in Date)
1204 Spooner Avenue	Maryanne Cooper, 66 yoa	40 years (1965)
1208 Spooner Avenue	Alfred and Juliet Uleski, 71* and 69 yoa	50 years (1955)
385 Valley Road (Rear of 1208 Spooner)	Lucas Dreyer, yoa‡	60 years (1945)
389 Valley Road (Rear of 1208 Spooner)	Imogen Klasky, 92 yoa‡	80 years (1925)

*Has limited knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler

‡Has significant knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler and the Crone

‡Has extensive knowledge of Isabelle Wheeler, Michael Wheeler, the Crone, Antonio DiVetello and Matthew Harrigan

Elise Turé, 50 yoa**Location: Oakland, California**

Elise Turé is a contract attorney who is a naturalized American citizen. She has purposely cut herself off from her parents, and doesn't like to speak of them. She is a very "spiritual" person 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 Spooner house, Elise will vividly describe her childhood memories of waking at night and seeing an old woman behind the mirrors in her parent's bedroom; of hearing a piano playing in the living room at night when they did not own a piano; of her mother's breakdown after seeing a man with a gun shoot himself in the kitchen. She will not qualify these statements with the usual "when I was a kid" – to her, it's an absolute belief. She remains certain the same force that haunts Spooner Avenue killed her brother Anton in 1965.

She is uninterested in renewing contact with her parents.

Rebecca Turé, 70 yoa**Location: Douglas Hospital Research Centre, Quebec**

Rebecca Turé is a long-term patient at the Douglas Hospital Research Centre in Montreal, Quebec. Only family members, guests of family members or 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 fragile mental state allowed the entities that haunt 1206 Spooner Avenue to manipulate her perceptions. She endured nearly a year of grow-

ing "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 near catatonic state that lasted eight years. Her husband moved her back to Quebec in 1965 and had her placed in the Douglas Hospital Research Centre, a primary care facility paid for by state funding.

Rebecca's doctors find her case fascinating. She is a schizophrenic, with aspects of dementia. The doctors remain hopeful that their treatment will provide her with a tolerable existence for the rest of her life, but do not believe she will ever permanently leave the hospital.

Maria and Lucien Diaz, 35 and 37 yoa**Location: Denver, Colorado**

The two children of Peter Diaz live in Denver Colorado (where their father's family is originally from). They each are married and have families. The two are very close, and don't generally speak of their father's suicide.

They will cooperate with police or law enforcement officials, though Lucien will attempt to take the brunt of the questioning to keep his sister from harm. The two were young when their father hung himself (Lucien was 13 and his sister was 11), but each remembers that year very clearly.

Lucien will speak of his father's "descent" – his growing obsession with the house on Spooner Avenue and his eventual abandonment of his children and wife. Lucien believes his father lost his mind somewhere between 1978 and 1981. Maria has a very vivid memory of riding her bike to the Spooner house in 1980 and after knocking, hearing a woman's voice saying, "come in".

There was no one in the house at the time. In early 1981, 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, 56 yoa**Location: Turin, New Mexico**

Jason Aiken runs a gas station in Turin, New Mexico. He remarried in 1991,



and his wife, Sophie is a local artist, selling clay pottery to tourists from a roadside shop.

Aiken is an amicable fellow who's come to grips with his former wife's death. He is a down-to-earth, no-nonsense individual who will speak openly of all he knows of the Spooner house – which isn't much. He never had any odd experiences in 1206 Spooner, except the death of his wife.

He will relate an unusual "hallucination" he had during the discovery of Janine's body. When the house was filled with gas, Aiken started to see "bloody handprints" everywhere – on doorknobs, banisters, on the stove. Of course, when the house was cleared of gas, no such handprints were found. Local 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 told to him will convince him otherwise.

Emily Tycroft, 50 yoa

Location: Meadowbrook

Emily Tycroft is a comfortably retired paralegal that inherited a lofty sum after the dissemination of her late ex-husband's estate. She has lived a quiet life in Meadowbrook, and is considered a conscientious neighbor – well thought of in the local community.

Tycroft, however, is certain of one thing – 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 twice, and both times 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 Tycroft's deteriorating mental state at the time and seemed to be an explanation of his suicide. It is a gibberish filled missive talking of a "woman in the house"

Emily Tycroft never showed the letter to the police, though, with a successful LUCK÷2 roll (on the part of the Agent with the lowest LUCK score); she will show it to courteous Agents who express the belief that the Spooner house may be "unnatural".

Break out the Badges

The Agents have several choices ahead of them when they enter the investigation; namely, do they

portray themselves as law enforcement officials (if, indeed, they are at all), or do they stay under the radar and hope for the best?

There are significant benefits to both choices, and risks. If the Agents choose to enter waving their badges to the general populace, it's very easy to fit right in – after all, everyone in town knows a Federal Agent died in the Spooner house. No one will be very surprised to find law enforcement personnel looking into Special Agent Donnelley's death. On the other hand, if they begin poking around sensitive files – such as coroner's reports, police reports or local County files that are not offered to the public – they can draw undue attention to themselves.

If the Agents lay low – they can achieve much more, and will draw little attention to themselves unless they make a significant misstep. Neighbors who notice them coming and going from the Spooner house can be easily assuaged of their discomfort with the flash of a badge. But then again, too many badge flashes and they might come to the local Police chief's attention.

If the moderator thinks the Agents are drawing undue attention, or are overstepping their bounds, he can roll to see if there are repercussions. When an Agent oversteps his reach, roll the lowest LUCK stat of all the Agents adjusted by the following modifiers.

- The Agents have brandished weapons at locals –25% LUCK
- The Agents have been caught attempting to side-step rules to obtain sensitive files –20%
- The Agents have berated / threatened locals –10% LUCK
- The Agents are caught illegally searching / breaking and entering on private property – 5%

If the roll fails, the following events occur in listed order, each time the above roll is failed:

- First, the local Police chief steps in to question to the Agent (the Agent must fast talk his way out of the situation with an appropriate skill roll or face the next consequence).
- Second, a figure in authority from the law enforcement agency the Agent works for phones to question the Agent on his activities (the Agent must fast talk his way out of the situation with an appropriate skill roll÷2 or face the final consequence).
- FBI Agents show up to detain and question the Agents. This can get sticky if they are carrying contraband or are thought to be some-

where else, and can lead to an official inquiry, the Agent losing their badge, being suspended or worse.

Another option for the Agents is to send a message up the chain to A-Cell and request an official inquiry into Special Agent Donnelley's death. If this request is made, strings are pulled to "officially" assign the Agents to look into Donnelley's death. From that point on, they are legit, and have the full backing of whatever law enforcement agency they belong to.

The Coroner

Elmer Perkin is a 55-year old man who's lived in Meadowbrook his entire life. In his time as the County coroner, Perkin has handled every death in the Spooner house from John Tycroft up, and is aware of the dark history of the house; dating back to the Creases' murder/suicide of 1959.

Perkin is a talkative individual, known in town 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.

John Tyler was a strange little fellow no one in town knew very well. He worked at the Davidson's market as a night manager, and was seen as a bit of an outsider. He suddenly moved into town in 1984, and was discovered dead on 12JUL88. His death was ruled an accident by Perkin, but only after careful consideration. The house was locked, and Perkin was dead in the master bathroom, his lungs full of water in a bone-dry tub. He had drowned, but no signs of struggle were found on the body. Perkin can't shake the feeling something unusual had happened in that death: the tub was empty of water and the plug was in the drain.

Perkin knew Louis Tycroft. The lawyer handled Perkin's estate planning in 1988. The whole town heard about Tycroft's deteriorating mental state, and his encounter with the Meadowbrook police department a couple of days before his suicide. Perkin is amazed that Tycroft could shoot himself twice in the chest – he's never even read of anything like that. "Besides, the first wound was near-damn instantly fatal..." he'll say.

He calls both Yamilla Isari and Donnelley's death "damn strange". He goes on to say that the cuts were identical – absolutely, the same. There were no hesitation marks – on the woman particularly, that is very strange. Also, he says, the blood spray patterns were nearly identical – though Yamilla Isari obviously had far less blood. The crime scene photos indicate something was blocking the wall-length mirror directly in front of the victim

when the throat was cut. The spray indicates it was probably a person.

Perkin will take some persuading and badge pulling to get copies of the death certificates of the Spooner house victims (make a LUCK+2 roll). Without this kind of plying, it will take a request from Michael Buffington – the Chief of Police – to make him do so.

The Police Chief

Michael Buffington is Meadowbrook's 32-year old Police chief. It is his first year in office.

Buffington is a no-nonsense, by-the-book individual who will not stand for any lawlessness in his town. To Buffington, everything is cut and dry – there are no grey areas. He will cooperate with law enforcement officials, but only those who seem to have official sanction. Those who do will find him a cooperative and helpful assistant – he harbors no grudge against federal authorities.

Despite his by-the-book 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 broached on this subject, and assured the Agents believe the same, he can become an invaluable assistant in the investigation – and a possible recruitment opportunity as a DG Friendly.

He's unfamiliar with the Spooner house, except for the various deaths that occurred there and were reported in the paper – and of course, Special Agent Donnelley's death. While in the house, Buffington got the "bad feeling" that seems to strike particular people inside.

Michael Buffington Police Chief

Race: Caucasian, **Education:** BA Criminology Fulton University, **Occupation:** Police Chief, **Age:** 32, **Height:** 6'2", **Weight:** 225 lbs, **Hair:** Blonde, **Eyes:** Brown

STRENGTH 12 **SIZE** 12 **CONSTITUTION** 10

DEXTERITY 12 **POWER** 14 **APPEARANCE** 11

INTELLIGENCE 12 **EDUCATION** 16

HP 11 **MP** 14

SANITY 70

IDEA 60% **LUCK** 70% **KNOW** 80%

DMG BONUS: +1D4

SKILLS: Administration 41%, Run-A-By-The-Book-Investigation 33%, Computer 44%, Criminology 32%, Dodge 31%, Drive Automobile 50%, Search 50%.

LANGUAGES: English (own) 80%, Spanish 12%.

ATTACKS: Punch 55%, Glock 61%, 1d8+2.

Isabelle Wheeler's Diary

Language: English

Cthulhu Skill Gain: +2%

SANITY: -1d

Spell: *Convochi L'Uomo Nero* (in phonetic Italian)

Reading Time: 1 week

Description: This cramped diary, hidden in the mechanism of the antique end table contains more than twenty years of recollections of Isabelle Wheeler. It covers the years of 1927 to 1950, Isabelle's pact with the Crone, the consecration of the Spooner house to *L'Uomo Nero* and the dark god's appearance on 12JUL55.

The Dark Past

The records that do exist on 1206 Spooner Avenue before the year 1956 are scattered all over town. They are practically everywhere – in antique shops (where Isabelle Wheeler's furniture was sold), in the file morgue of the *Meadowbrook Sparrow* (the local paper), and in various households around town (people who bought Wheeler furniture from the estate).

Agents who persistently ask questions around town about the Spooner house will eventually receive some clues, but finding them will require a serious amount of footwork. Make the Agents role play such investigations. Asking uncomfortable questions such as "has this piano ever played...uh...on its own?" leads to interesting NPC interactions.

The Agents will also gather the attention of some of the local gossips. If they're hoping to remain "below the waterline" during their investigation, this is a good way to blow themselves out of the water. Police Chief Buffington will become involved (if he hasn't already), if the Agents kick up too much dust by asking questions that can obviously have nothing to do with the death of Agent Donnelley.

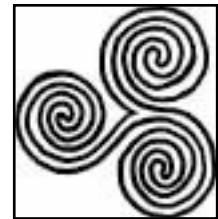
The Furniture

Isabelle Wheeler's furniture was long ago scattered all over Meadowbrook – some pieces have traveled even further since 1956. Several pieces do remain in Meadowbrook and the surrounding areas however. DG Friendly Elizabeth Tucker – an antiquarian – can

be very helpful in this circumstance; and can even locate items that have left Meadowbrook for elsewhere.

The End Table

This turn of the century piece is unusual. It can be found in the home of Emily Harrison (77 yoa), who purchased it at the estate sale of Isabelle Wheeler in 1956. She's had it since that time.



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 on the Spooner house, so the fact that Agents are asking questions about it will quickly spread around town.

A successful ANTIQUES roll indicates it's southern Italian in origin; but with odd, Asiatic influences. The edges of the table are painted with enamel decoration, complex, interweaving designs that seem to be geometrics. Closer examination however (with an appropriate skill roll) reveals they are actually stylized people dancing. The common element in the design is a dark man; bigger than the rest, who leads the dance – he has no face, instead, he seems to have a horn in its place. Emily Harrison never noticed them before.

The top of the table is marked by an odd symbol – the triskelion; a triple spiral. Careful examination reveals that the three slats of wood that compose the surface of the table are mis-aligned; indicating they are movable. No one has done this since 1956. Inside the base of the table are three objects, latched 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 house to L'Uomo Nero. This item is used in the *Convochi L'Uomo Nero spell presented on p. 31.*
- **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 ancient, dried blood – that of an animal. This item is used in the *Convochi L'Uomo Nero spell presented on p.*
- **The Diary:** See *Isabelle Wheeler's Diary on p 12.*

The Piano

This was Isabelle Wheeler's piano. Purchased in 1930, it is a Baldwin Upright Piano. It was purchased from the estate sale in 1956, and re-sold in 1970. It has remained in stores since then. The piano itself is physically unremarkable. The one thing significant about it is that at the moments music can be heard emanating from 1206 Spooner, the mirror on the backstop of the piano shows the ghostly form of Isabelle Wheeler playing the piano – but the piano itself remains inert (0/-1 SANITY).

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

The Armoire

The armoire is a 1940 American Modern armoire owned by Jessica Griffs, a banker in nearby Colum-

bia City. Without the assistance of Elizabeth Tucker, it can be located in a few days – without her help, it can take months.

It is made of oak, stained a deep brown and has a mirrored front. It is physically unremarkable – there's nothing hidden in it. However, anyone with a POWER of 15+ who enters the armoire and shuts the door behind them very plainly hears the incantation of the spell *Convochi L'Uomo Nero* as if it was occurring in the room outside. No one else present can hear it. (0/-1 SANITY.)

If they remain in the closet, they hear the spell come to its conclusion; a booming male voice says, "*Chi chiama il mio nome?*" ("Who calls my name?"). A woman's voice can be heard protesting in English (Isabelle Wheeler's). 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 a blood-curdling scream. (0/-1d4 SANITY.) The "vision" then ends.

The News Files

In the file morgue of the *Meadowbrook Sparrow* are thousands of back-issues filled with ream upon ream of pointless news stories that have nothing to do with the Wheelers or the Spooner house. There are six significant news stories that have relevance in the investigation:

Isabelle Wheeler's Sickness [JUN09]

This news article from 1909 describes Isabelle Wheeler's unknown ailment, and her husband's attempts to hire doctors from out of state to see her. It describes Isabelle as bed-ridden with "convulsions" and incapable of walking. It shows a grainy picture of Isabelle marked "Easter 1907". She looks slim and proper, dressed in the Sunday best.

The Crone's Dismissal from the Sanitarium for "Witchcraft" [MAY26]

This article from 1926 describes the dismissal of Adele DiVetello for "improper behavior" at the Meadowbrook Sanitarium. DiVetello, it was claimed, was practicing witchcraft, and was reported by several other workers to have slaughtered a cat and drank its blood.

No photograph is included but she is marked as a woman of low moral standards and a heathen.

Isabelle Wheeler's Recovery [JUN26]

This article from late 1926 notes with amazement Isabelle Wheeler's seemingly complete recovery from whatever ailment afflicted her. She makes a brief appearance in public – attending several society functions – before returning to her home to "re recuperate for a long period".



Several smaller follow-up articles note he continuing good health, but she slowly drops off the society pages altogether.

The Antonio DiVettelo Scuffle (NOV37)

This news article, heavily skewed in favor of Matthew Harrigan indicates Antonio DiVettelo, an Italian immigrant recently living at 1206 Spooner Avenue, assaulted him and some friends on the street. Reading between the lines, it becomes clear DiVettelo himself was attacked.

The Italian let loose a “stream of foul and incomprehensible Italian curses at the lads as he was lead away”. He was held for a short period and then released to Isabelle Wheeler, who paid his bond.

Matthew Harrigan’s Disease (DEC37)

This article from the winter of 1937 notes the death of Matthew Harrigan from a “wasting illness” that could not be identified. It also notes that several of Matthew’s friends suffered from the same sickness, though they recovered.

There is no mention of the Antonio DiVettelo incident.

The Animal Deaths (Between AUG40 to AUG55)

Various articles cover the strange disappearance of local animals: cats, dogs and other pets in the vicinity of central Meadowbrook. Articles suggest everything from a scientific explanation to something more sinister such as a coyote or a sadist.

No direct cause is ever located. These cases seem to cease after AUG55.

Room by Room

1206 Spooner is fueled by the power of the being that inhabits it – rage, anger and hate feed its power. Some beings project more “energy” than others however (this explains why some people enter 1206 Spooner and experience nothing, while others see a host of manifestations).

Isabelle Wheeler was the first person trapped behind the reflections in the Spooner Avenue house. Since then, she’s been busy, collecting “people” to inhabit the dark world on the far side of the glass with her. Not all who were killed in the house remain “alive” behind the glass; some lacked the personal

power necessary to “survive”. So far, George and Margaret Crease, Michael Dougherty, Anton Turé, Janine Aiken, Louis Tycroft and Special Agent Donnelly have been swept into the dark nether world of the house.

The spirits that exist there live a horrible half-life. They either repeat the last moments over and over again, or if they’re more powerful, do their best to lure others to their doom in the house. Isabelle Wheeler is the only true “entity” in the house however; all the others are simply an extension of her power – she has absolute control over the other “minds” within the glass, and can instantly turn them to her whim.

Wheeler’s only motivation is this – the misery, hate and pain of others distract her from her own torment. She will never find her fill and will feed on the inhabitants of the house indefinitely – unless she’s stopped.

Manifestations

As such, each room and the manifestations possible in it are listed under three headings “POWER 11 or less”, “POWER 12 or more” and “POWER 15 or more”. If an Agent with the appropriate POWER stat enters that particular room, the manifestation listed under their stat can occur. It remains up to the moderator to choose when (and if) such an event occurs, however.

The moderator should do his best to slowly build tension over a period of time; don’t drop all the manifestations at once, and then wait for the Agents to react – start small, and work your way up to dramatic events. Also, save the best for last.



Porch/Foyer

Description

This 6'x4' porch opens onto a 6'x8' foyer. The porch is simple stone affair, with three steps up leading to a small, iron-bar-enclosed porch. There is a single lamp hung above the door, which is red.

The foyer is a small space that opens onto a closet, the dining room, and the den. The closet door has a full-length mirror in it and the floor, like every room in the house except the upstairs room is wood-floored.

Power 11 or less

- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone, on a LISTENx2 roll, they might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing a Beethoven song. When the door opens, the music immediately ceases. There is no piano or stereo in the house. (0/-1 SANITY)
- On the mirror in the entry foyer, small, wet handprints – those of a child – can be seen with an appropriate roll (0/-1 SANITY).

Power 12 or more

- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone, on a LISTEN roll, they might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing a Beethoven song. When the Agent enters the dining room, the music immediately ceases. There is no piano or stereo in the house (0/-1 SANITY).
- On the siding next to the door, behind a bush an astute Agent might spot a message written in a substance that looks like blood (test will reveal it to be animal blood). It reads, "Hell is Me" (0/-1 SANITY).
- If the Agent knocks 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 (-1/1d4 SANITY).

Power 15 or more

- If the Agent checks the closet in the front foyer, or places their jacket in the closet, they discover loose objects from all over the house – rotting orange juice cartons, ripped up magazines, shredded clothing. The foyer stinks; but only after the closet is discovered. It looks like a huge rats' nest (0/-1 SANITY).
- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone, on a LISTEN roll, they might hear music playing from inside the door. It is a piano playing a

Beethoven song. When the Agent enters the dining room, the music continues – it seems to be emanating from under the wood floor of the dining area. There is no basement. (-1/1d4 SANITY).

- The Agent, when alone, will see a little boy reflected in the foyer mirror. The boy is standing in the dining room behind him. The boy is a pale blue and is obviously dead (-1/1d4 SANITY). Anyone who has seen a photograph of Anton Turé will recognize him (-1/-1d6 SANITY). When the Agent turns around, the boy is gone. If they remain still, the boy slowly walks to the mirror and places his hands on it, then vanishes – leaving behind moisture on the outside of the mirror.
- Furious discussion can be heard emanating from the foyer closet. A male and a female voice are exchanging heated words – but exactly what they are saying is difficult to discern. The male voice says something like "thousand faced moon" – and the female voice seems to be protesting. When the closet door is open, no one is inside. (-1/-1d4 SANITY).

Dining Room

Description

This 13'x14' dining room looks out a three paned gable window onto shrubbery and the front yard. The doorways in the room lead to the foyer and kitchen. This room was originally (in 1907) a sitting room; and help Isabelle Wheeler's Baldwin upright piano.

Currently, the room is still filled with boxes of Yamilla Isari's possessions (these will take 4 to 6 hours to go through completely). They've sat here for months, as the house has maneuvered through the local legal system to go back into circulation. In one of the boxes is Isari's diary (*see Yamilla Isari's Diary on p. 17* for more details).

Other than the boxes, the room is empty except for a gaudy 1950's chandelier that seems to have wiring problems (it flickers from time to time).

Power 11 or less

- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone, they might hear what sounds like the muffled whimpers of some type of animal somewhere in the scattered boxes. If they struggle to find it, the sound seems to come and go, and if they persist, to gain a more human quality. Eventually, it sounds like a little girl crying. Persistent investigators

eventually come upon a box filled with gore – in the center of a pile of unidentifiable rotting meat is a cat skull; freshly stripped of flesh (-1/-1d4 SANITY).

Power 12 or more

- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone and begins searching the boxes, they discover, under an initial stage of useless junk, page upon page of yellowed paper – ancient sheet music for Beethoven’s “Moonlight Sonata” – the music they might have heard playing in the room. (0/-1 SANITY).
- If the Agent looks under the floorboards (perhaps to see where the ghost-music was playing, heard in the foyer), under a new floating wood floor they discover a patchy old birch floor (the original from 1907). Removing this floor reveals the underpinnings of the house –in the dirt and filth beneath is a graveyard of animals. This requires an Agent to crawl beneath the structure – and only one can do so at any given time. Ancient bones of dogs, cats and other local pets are stacked about across the entirety of the house foundation. Careful examination reveals at least 3/4 of a human skeleton among the piles. (-1/-1d4 SANITY).

Power 15 or more

- Those Agents who are in the dining room on the 12th of the month, or at 5 to midnight on any night, have 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 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. (-1/1d4 SANITY).



- Those of sufficient POWER who venture under the house (as in the above section) are in greater danger than they know. If it’s night, they must make a LUCK roll. If they fail, their light source suddenly stops working, and the exit seems to vanish. In the dark, they hear something clattering among the bones (0/-1 SANITY), and then guttural animal-like sounds (-1/-1d4 SANITY). Those that fail both rolls suffer 1d6 HPs damage from either what is stalking them, or by crawling over the various bones and jutting objects beneath the house. Play cat and mouse with them – occasionally indicating in the darkness that they can’t seem to find either the edge of the foundation or the exit. After what seems like hours, everything suddenly returns to normal – the exit opens back up and light source turns back on. There is no “monster” beneath the house, and other Agents might indicate the missing Agent was gone for only a few minutes.

Den Description

This 17’x16’ room is the centerpiece of the house, and holds the grand fireplace. Exits from the room go to the foyer, the back porch, the breakfast nook, and the hallway to three of the four bedrooms in the house.

Most of Yamilla Isari’s furniture remains in this room. There are some old Styrofoam cups filled with rancid coffee (from the coroner/police).

Power 11 or less

- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone, they might be present when the lights flicker on and off (sometimes, they even seem to come on by themselves). Astute Agents see the shadow of a female in a long gown cast on the wall as the lights flicker. There is no one else in the room (0/-1 SANITY).
- A flapping monstrosity greets any Agent looking up the chimney. Some winged

Yamilla Isari's Diary

Description: This small faux-leather book is filled with fifty-seven pages of cramped Arabic writing. Yamilla Isari's recollections in the house include visions of a dead little boy (Anton Turé), continuing dreams of an old "ethnic" woman, and two terrifying dreams of a woman behind the glass in the master bedroom. This is in addition to various disturbances since her move-in date.

Near the end Isari slept in the den and avoided the master bedroom. The last entry in the diary says "I understand why I came here now, I'm home."



creature flaps out of the chimney, and a LUCK roll must be made or those present draw their weapons. Those with guns already drawn must make a LUCK roll not to accidentally discharge them. But it's only a dirty and bewildered pigeon. (Later, even if the pigeon is let loose of the house, it can be found ritualistically killed in the center of the den; wings, head and legs pulled off and placed side by side; -1/-1d4 SANITY.)

Power 12 or more

- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone the fireplace seems to light itself, and female laughter can be heard from the Master Bedroom (0/-1 SANITY).
- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone they can hear the repetitive strike of some type of cleaver in the room. There is no one visible to make such a noise. The noise can finally be tracked to the hearth near the fireplace. If the Agent watches carefully, he can see each strike of the invisible cleaver as it hits the soft wood leaving a deep carved indent behind. If an Agent is foolish enough to place their hand there, they suffer 1d6 HPs damage (and probably lose some fingers) from the ghost cleaver (-1/-1d6 SANITY). After twelve such strikes, the ghost cleaver stops.

Power 15 or more

- Before the Agent knows what they're doing, as if some outside force made them do so, they grab a cup of rancid coffee and slowly drink every drop of it, as if savoring it.

Anyone else present is flabbergasted by the scene (0 or -1 SANITY). 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 is a crawling and writhing pile of maggots (-1/-1d4 SANITY).

- Out of the blue, the sound of a single, huge gunshot shakes the house. Those familiar with guns will immediately identify it as a shotgun blast. The smell of cordite, gunpowder and the subtler odor of burning hair and blood fill the air (0/-1d4 SANITY). There's no obvious source of the disturbance.
- Agents standing near the couch hear the creak of its supports as it slowly gives to a weight put on it. Nothing is on it. As the Agents move about or talk, the weight seems to shift, as if it was turning to listen to what the Agents had to say; or watching where they were going. Anyone trying to "subdue" the force (either by grabbing it or shooting at it) are swept aside as if a giant hand brushed them away – they suffer 1d6+2 HPs damage (-1/-1d6 SANITY).

Kitchen Description

This 12x12 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 also filled with a subtle, rotten odor like rotten eggs. It looks re-

cently rifled through – many of the cabinets are half-opened. A half-filled garbage bag is on the floor filled with rotting foodstuffs.

Power 11 or less

- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone, they gain a strange sense of power emanating from the kitchen – like something was trying to communicate with them. Whenever they move, the force seems to dissipate slightly, like something was congealing in the air. The Agent begins to sweat profusely, and those who leave then see nothing, but feel like they just avoided catastrophe (-1 SANITY). Those who remain are suddenly startled by a tug on their hand – the corpse of Anton Turé is holding their hand. He looks up – his eyes fall into blank sockets and his face is a puffed blue. “Where is my daddy”, he quietly asks (-1/-1d6 SANITY). It sounds like he’s speaking underwater. Before the Agent can react, he’s gone.
- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone, they catch 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 looking man in 1950’s dress spinning a new-looking double-barreled shotgun towards his own face. He does this so quickly, Agents need to make a LUCK 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!” and then shoots himself anyway (-1/-1d6 SANITY). Agents who have seen a photo of George Crease will recognize him. (-1/-1d8 SANITY).
- An Agent entering the kitchen alone suddenly finds themselves doing the dishes. As they wake from this stupor they hear a man’s voice coming from the master bedroom saying “come and see the mirrors!” (0/-1 SANITY).

Power 12 or more

- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone they hear four subtle clicks; one after the other. With an appropriate LISTEN roll, the Agent can locate the source of the sound – if they don’t, 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. When the Agent turns them off;

his hands come away sticky – they are covered in bloodstains 0/(-1 SANITY).

- A noise issues from the cabinets, startling Agents in the area. A successful LISTEN roll indicates a central cabinet as the source of the noise. It’s a scratching, hissing noise that sounds like some sort of animal trapped inside. When the cabinet is opened (even if it was opened recently) a wave of the foulest stench possible issues out. All present must roll LUCKx2 or vomit uncontrollably and flee the house for 1d20 minutes. Those who throw open the cabinet catch a glimpse of something black and moving before they have to draw their head away (all must recoil from the stench, even if they make the roll). When they return, all they find is old containers of salt, sugar, wheat and oats. Nothing inside is rancid (0/-1 SANITY).
- 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 will slowly find the smell of gas fading, those who flee will find all the doors locked – as if from the outside – they must overcome a STRENGTH of 25 to bust down a door. The more they struggle, the greater the feeling of smothering. Eventually, the door will swing open and the Agents will realize it was all in their mind (0/-1 SANITY).

Power 15 or more

- 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 the blood. The blood on the razor is dried and if checked, both the blood of Agent Donnelley and Yamilla Isari can be found on the blade (yet somehow, not yet dry). Police will be very interested where an Agent came by this (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. The razor, however is a booby-trap. If the Agents walk into the master bedroom with it while alone, the house will possess them (if it can) and cut their own throat with the razor – just like Isari and Donnelley (this wound inflicts 1d20+2 HPs damage). Once the act is done, the razor van-

ishes once more into the nether world of the house and cannot be located.

- 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. This can be recorded. Those who do some digging online discover the song is an 18th century Italian folksong called *Un modo scuro, ho viaggiato*, “A dark way, I have traveled.” Those who hear the song have nightmares for the next three nights of an ancient crone appearing in their room and rushing their bed with a hook-like knife (0/-1d4 SANITY). Even those who hear the recording.
- What can only be described as the sound of a cat in agony suddenly fills the house. This sound persists for hours, and though it seems to emanate from the kitchen, its source can never be found (0/-1 SANITY). Those who stand quietly in the kitchen and listen to the brief silence between the howls can hear an old woman speaking softly in Italian (0/-1 SANITY), as if soothing the animal, as well as a familiar yet hard to place sound. It’s the sound of a knife briefly sharpened on a whetstone.



Bedroom 2 Description

This small 11'x11' bedroom was once a child's room. It also 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 a blue sea filled with cartoon ships. There is no furniture in the room; only a stepladder, some old paint buckets filled with completely congealed paint, and some tarps.

This was Anton Turé's room, when he lived in the house.

Power 11 of less

- An Agent entering the room for the first time sees it as it was in 1962 — the room of little boy from the 1960's. The mirage persists for a second, and then slowly fades away as if it were a double image (0/-1 SANITY).
- An Agent sitting quietly in the room hears an intermittent clatter: the sound of metal on wood. Looking around, the Agent locates a single, vintage toy car. As they watch, it rolls as if pushed by an invisible force. (0/-1 SANITY)
- The wallpaper of the room seems to shift subtly. Those staring at it find themselves disoriented as the cartoon ships seem to move — the small cartoon men who line the half-way point on the wall seem to dance. A noise snaps the Agent out of the vision, the sound of a jack-in-the-box being slowly wound up (no source can be found). When the noise stops, the Agent looks back up and finds a plain brown paint on the walls; there's no wallpaper to be seen (0/-1 SANITY).

Power 12 or more

- When the Agents enter the room, a 1950's era balsa glider slowly floats down from head-height and lands at their feet. The glider was not there before; and it dropped from a space from where it must have been hanging in mid-air (0/-1 SANITY).
- Agents who enter the room alone find themselves 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 they are in the tarp. A song comes to them and they begin 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 (0/-1d4 SANITY).

- Something in the closet seems to shake the door, as if something was hitting it from the inside. The track of the door comes loose and a small bolt comes loose and 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 (0/-1 SANITY). When the door is opened, nothing is in there except an area of dampness.

Power 15 or more

- An Agent alone in the room feels something small and cold snuggle close to them; as if an invisible entity was clutching them. If they hold still, the entity begins to sob. It's the voice of a small child. If the Agent stirs or takes any other action, it vanishes (0/-1d4 SANITY).
- Wet hand-prints — those of a small child, can be found on the tarps on the floor. As the Agent watches, they seem to track along the wall heading towards the door. When they reach the door, it slams shut (0/-1 SANITY).
- If an Agent arrives at night, or is alone they feel an intense wave of scrutiny in the room. No matter where they look in the room, they cannot find the source. If they remain, the feeling grows more intense. Finally, the Agent becomes certain the source of the scrutiny is behind the open door. When they draw back the door from the wall, there is no one there. However, when they pull the door back to the wall, revealing the hall, they see the little boy. The blue skinned 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 in front of them like a photographic trick (0/-1d4 SANITY).

Bedroom 3

Description

This small 11'x12' bedroom adjoins the hallway and shares a bathroom with Bedroom 4. It is a plain, empty room with an old, ratty lime green rug.

Power 11 or less

- Standing in the room, the form of a small child of some sort

can be seen momentarily as it passes rapidly on its way towards the den. No matter how quickly the Agent rushes out to see who it was, no one is there (0/-1 SANITY).

- A telephone ringing suddenly cuts the silence of the house. If the sound is tracked down, the Agents find an old rotary phone hidden beneath the rug in bedroom 3. The wire from the phone trails off under the rug. If the phone is answered, a female'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. Finally 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 (0/-1 SANITY).
- A figure of a woman in a white nightgown whose features are lost in a shroud of gray suddenly appears in the middle of the room. She holds her arms up to the ceiling and shouts "*in darkness I strike my name from the book of life, and place it in the black book of the Dark Man.*" The voice fades in and out as if it was being tuned in on a bad radio. When she finishes her line, the single naked light-bulb in the room explodes in an arc of pyrotechnics (0/-1d4 SANITY).

Power 12 or more

- Someone begins whispering to a single Agent in the room. The voice, which belongs to an old woman, apparently ema-



nates from the air. The voice is speaking Italian. Those who find Isabelle Wheeler's diary (see *Isabelle Wheeler's Diary on p. 12 for more details*) will recognize this chant as part of the *Convochi L'Uomo Nero* spell. After several minutes of the chant, it ceases (0/-1 SANITY).

- A noise from the adjoining bathroom draws the Agents there. Inside, a bath has been drawn, and the water is sloshing about in it as if something was struggling in it. But the water is clear, and nothing is in it. In fact, something invisible seems to displace the water, those who look carefully will see what seems to be the shape of a small child. The commotion continues until someone touches the water (0/-1d4 SANITY).
- Those opening the closet find a little girl in pigtails sitting in the darkened corner of the space. She looks up and her eyes are silver, like those of a wolf. She smiles and says "let's play..." If an Agent reaches into the dark, they're bitten for 1d4+2 HPs damage. The wound looks like it was inflicted by some sort of dog. Before anyone can react, the little girl is gone (0/-1d4 SANITY).

Power 15 or more

- When the Agents enter the room, the lime rug seems to be drenched and stinks of rot. Anyone familiar with forensics will recognize the stench as that of a corpse that has been left to sit in standing water for some time. There is no body present however (0/-1 SANITY).
- A shape of a small figure rises in the lime rug, as if being slowly raised from below the floor. It writhes there for thirty-seconds, soundless, and then vanishes the same way it appeared. There is nothing but wood floor beneath the rug (0/-1d4-2 SANITY).
- 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 it's shot or stomped the rug explodes in a gout of blood. When the rug is pulled away, nothing is there except the blood. (0/-1 SANITY)

Bedroom 4

Description

This small 12'x11' bedroom adjoins the hallway and shares a bathroom with Bedroom 3. It is a plain, empty room, but the rug has been removed, revealing wood tack-strips which once held the rug.

Power 11 or less

- 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 (0/-1 SANITY). The next time they enter, the feeling does not repeat.
- The light in the room does not work, though the circuit breaker indicates power is getting through to the room. If an Agent removes the switch-plate in the room, the gap in the wall begins to *bleed* (0/-1d4 SANITY). The substance, which smells and looks just like blood then seems to fade out, as if it was removed in time lapse. Afterwards, the light works.
- Standing quietly in the room, any Agent can hear the sounds of slight movement around the room — like someone invisible was attempting to stealthily move around (0/-1 SANITY). Those who attempt to grab the invisible entity must make a LUCKx2 roll; if they succeed, they find themselves holding an invisible force. The being immediately begins to struggle and eventually inflicts 1d4 HPs damage on the Agent and breaks free (0/-1d4 SANITY). It leaves long, animal-like scratches on the Agent.

Power 12 or more

- In the adjoining bathroom there's a squeaking noise which takes a moment to place. It's the sound of someone running their finger across the mirror. There's no one in the room. If an Agent runs hot water in the sink, "I AM LISTENING" is written on the mirror (0/-1d4).
- 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 she's restrained she spits and swears in Italian, staring down anyone present — then, suddenly smiling as if she has figured something out, she vanishes (0/-1d4). If she's let go, she walks to the center the room, looks up towards the ceiling and then vanishes (0/-1d4).
- When the Agents enter, a figure in a white sheet rushes towards them. The shape is so startling and sudden; it doesn't seem human. It smashes into the Agent, forcing past them and floats into the Den. Anyone mak-

ing a DEXTERITYx2 roll grabs the sheet; which immediately goes limp (0/-1d4).

Power 15 or more

- The closet door in the room slowly slides open. A pale white hand from within the closet pulls the door open; when the door is fully recessed the hand disappears. Anyone looking in the closet finds nothing — no hand, no person (0/-1d4).
- If an Agent arrives alone, they find the room filled with corpses. Dozens of blue/white rotting corpses stacked like cordwood to nearly four feet off the ground. The smell is fantastic — crippling. Even experienced Agents are completely overwhelmed by the sight (-1d4/-1d6). If they leave and return, the corpses and the smell are gone as if they were never there.
- At night, a ghost-white face suddenly leaps up at the window. It stares in intently — its face somewhere between fear and terror. 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 (0/-1d4). There are no signs of anyone outside the house.



Master Bedroom/Bathroom

Description

This 13'x15' suite is marked by an odd wall to wall mirror arrangement.

Originally added in 1926 at great expense by Isabelle Wheeler; the style is not common, and seems very odd; something more suited to the 1970's than any other time. However, the etchings on the seams of each mirror give the time-period it was created in away. No one knows why Isabelle Wheeler installed such mirrors.

When entering the room, one has an odd impression of sinking into a huge, underwater room. In every direction, the mirrors cast thousands of reflections.

It's disorienting and ugly, and to those with a POWER over 16, nearly intolerable. Anyone with a POWER of 16 or higher can only take a few minutes of the Master Bedroom before suffering from nausea.

Those caught in the web of the house find the room fascinating, and are continuously drawn towards it.

Due to the disorienting nature of the room, all perception rolls are -10% in the room, as are all attacks.

Power 11 of less

- 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 — yet it persists on the other side of the glass (0/-1 SANITY).
- At night, a woman enters in the reflection. She walks to an area near 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 (0/-1d4 SANITY).
- The Agent kicks a loose penny laying on the ground as they enter and watches as it bounces across the wood floor to the mirror — where 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 (0/-1d4 SANITY).

Power 12 or more

- In the master bathroom, the Agents hear the bath start, and a woman singing something in French. When they arrive, the bath is already drawn. The faucet is off and no noise can be heard. The tub is empty. Anyone reaching into it can feel the cold, still body of a little child, but nothing can be seen (0/-1d4 SANITY). Anyone draining the tub watches the water empty around an invisible shape, still in the water (0/-1d4 SANITY). When the water is gone, the shape is gone.
- In the master bathroom, Isabelle Wheeler appears in the reflection of the mirror, considers the Agent, and she walks out the door (0/-1 SANITY). She was never physically in the room.
- If an Agent is alone in the room, a dead blue boy suddenly stands up from the bath and steps out. He *is* in the physical world. He walks slowly towards 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 (0/-1d4 SANITY).

Power 15 or more

- 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 (0/-1d4 SANITY). Smiling a bitter, old woman's smile, she slowly unfolds a straight razor. The Agent *must* make an IDEA or LUCK roll (whichever is lower). If they don't they suffer 1d8+2 HPs damage as Wheeler swipes at them 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 survive another attack is to flee the room or destroy the razor (grabbing or shooting the razor out of the air are options, but require an appropriate roll -20% to succeed). If anyone else enters the room, Wheeler and the razor vanishes.
- 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 a series of bone white hands erupt from its surface and clutch for them (0/-1d6 SANITY). The Agent must make a LUCK

roll or be seized and dragged into the mirror (see below).

- An Agent alone in the room is grabbed and *pulled* into the mirror (0/-1d6 SANITY). They do not see their assailant, but dropping into the mirror is like falling sideways into an arctic lake. Agents must make a CONSTITUTIONx2 roll *every round* to not lose 1d4-2 HPs to hypothermia. When the Agent reaches 0, the house has consumed them. Agents may attempt to SWIM out of the mirror by rolling the appropriate skill at a -10% penalty or succeed at a LUCK±2 roll. Those who make it free spill back into the real world, gain back all lost HPs, and are covered head to toe in some sort of slime like substance.

**Garage/Storage
Description**

This 22'x24', large two-car garage doubles as a storage area. Once, before 1956, it was a screened in porch. It has been changed severely since then, and is probably the most modern portion of the house.

It has a 1970's garage door opener, a modern fuse box, a 1980's refrigerator, and some old abandoned garden tools.

It's the only recently poured piece of foundation in the house. The former porch can still be seen in the wall closest to the house, the connections to the foundation can still be seen.

Power 11 or less

- When an Agent enters the garage, the light is off. Across the room the refrigerator door suddenly opens and a half-visible being 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, there's no one there (0/-1 SANITY).
- Before the Agents enter the room, they can hear someone whistling in the Garage. Those that continue to listen (and don't enter) 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 (0/-1 SANITY).
- When the Agents enter the garage, they smell a very strong odor — like cooking. It reminds them immediately of a barbecue. Then they smell the burning hair. Those

bright enough to piece the puzzle together will realize this was the room Doctor Weaver was electrocuted in (0/-1 SANITY).

Power 12 or more

- 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 1970's. Every morning at 2:30 AM, there's a huge short which resets all the breakers. This is the time Doctor Weaver was electrocuted.
- A figure appears in the midst of the garage, lit by huge arcs of energy, and a high-pitched buzzing whine. The shadowy figure convulses twice and then falls to the ground. By the time it reaches it, it has vanished (0/-1 SANITY).
- When the Agents enter, they see a middle-aged man in boxer shorts and a t-shirt in the middle of the room; he looks shocked that the door is opening, and just a suddenly, he vanishes (0/-1 SANITY). Anyone tracking down a picture of Doctor Weaver will recognize him immediately (0/-1d4 SANITY).

Power 15 or more

- If an Agent is in the house at night, they hear a commotion from the garage. It sounds like someone moving around cloth; maybe something like canvas tarp. It's coming from the garage. Enter the garage, they realize the sound is like that of a bird flapping about. In the rafters near the garage opening unit a shadowy form — like that of a pigeon — is fluttering about. If the Agent reaches for it, or tried to capture it, have them roll a LUCKx2 roll. If they fail, the grab hold of an exposed live wire and suffer 1d20+2 points of damage. There was no bird. This is how the house claimed Doctor Weaver. Those who come close to grabbing the live wire realize the house was setting them up (0/-1d4 SANITY).
- Something invisible brushes past an Agent in the garage. The Agent is swept with a feeling of absolute despair, a complete suicidal wave that nearly causes them 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 (0/-1d4 SANITY).

- When the Agents enter they see an old woman floating in the midst of the room as if reclining in a chair. She is an old, toothless woman with a wry smile on her ancient face. She sits completely still, but her glittering eyes follow the Agents as they circle her. Those who touch her cause her to immediately vanish (0/-1d4 SANITY).

Upstairs

Bonus Room

Description

The Bonus Room 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 in the room — the ceiling slopes severely on the side, and any Agent over 5'11" will find it hard to get about in the room without occasionally bumping their head.

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

Power 11 or less

- The rocking chair in the room is moving when the Agent enters. It slowly stops however as the Agent approaches it (0/-1 SANITY). Then a person is very clearly



heard crossing the room towards the exit (0/-1 SANITY). They continue loudly down the stairs and then vanish. There is no visible source for the noise.

- When the Agent arrives at the top of the stairs, they see a body on the ground in the Bonus Room. When they turn the body over, they are greeted with their own dead face staring back through glazed eyes (0/-1d4 SANITY). The body then vanishes.
- 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 (0/-1 SANITY)

Power 12 or more

- Suddenly, the front door seems to slam – though anyone watching it will see nothing. There's a rush of clomping heavy footsteps which rush up the stairs (again, with no source), and then a scream, "JAN!" – anyone who has spoken to Jason Aiken (see *page 9*) will recognize it as his voice. After this, the disturbance stops. (-1/-1d4 SANITY).
- When an Agent turns to circle the room, they catch a glimpse of a rosy-red faced Janine Aiken standing somberly in the corner of the room, her eyes lost in shadow. The closer the Agent comes to touching her, the more she seems to fade. By the time they reach her, she's gone (0/-1 SANITY).
- A woman's voice suddenly announces "You're home now. Home," (0/-1 SANITY). The voice seems to be that of an elderly woman.

Power 15 or more

- An old woman mumbles some sort of repetitive chant in what seems to be Italian. "My dear, my dear. Rest now," she finally says. There's no apparent source for the voice. (0/-1 SANITY).
- The sounds of someone suddenly struggling to catch their breath fills the room. There is no apparent source for the sound. However listening to the nearly three minutes it takes for the sounds to stop is excruciating (0/-1d4 SANITY).
- A woman humming a song seems to haunt the room from time to time. It takes an Agent a LUCKx2 roll to realize it is Moonlight Sonata (0/-1 SANITY).

Running the House

It's important to realize, controlled by spirit of Isabelle Wheeler, the house wants nothing more than self-preservation and the gathering of POWER. It is a battery for misery, death and sorrow, and as such it is bent on affecting those who enter it to replenish itself.

Since feelings generated by those who are alone and frightened are significantly stronger than those generated by groups, the house does its best to manifest itself to those who are alone; and will go to great lengths to separate individuals within its walls.

Above all, it's important to remember the house is intelligent. It will form plans, manipulate people and twist perceptions in its best interests. It can call on the telephone (and will do so to great effect, drawing people in at odd hours), and can mimic all but the most wily individuals to an amazing degree. Everything said within it, is understood by it, and those who pass through its doors are always under the house's watchful eye while they are inside. Particularly sensitive Agents (those with a POWER of 16 or more) will feel this observation – an uncomfortable feeling of being watched – anytime they enter the house.

Mimic

Once the Agents enter 1206 Spooner Avenue, the house will go out of its way to incite them to return – preferably alone. It will make phone calls to hotels, private cell phones, emails or any other electronic means, spinning various believable reasons for the Agents return to its halls alone. On the surface, these calls/messages will seem completely sound (the house is decidedly clever), but those who root out such oddities (such as generating a code for Agents communicating over the phone) will find the house lacking in its imitation. To discover this deception without some tip-off (such as catching it in a lie) requires an Agent to make a successful LISTEN roll.

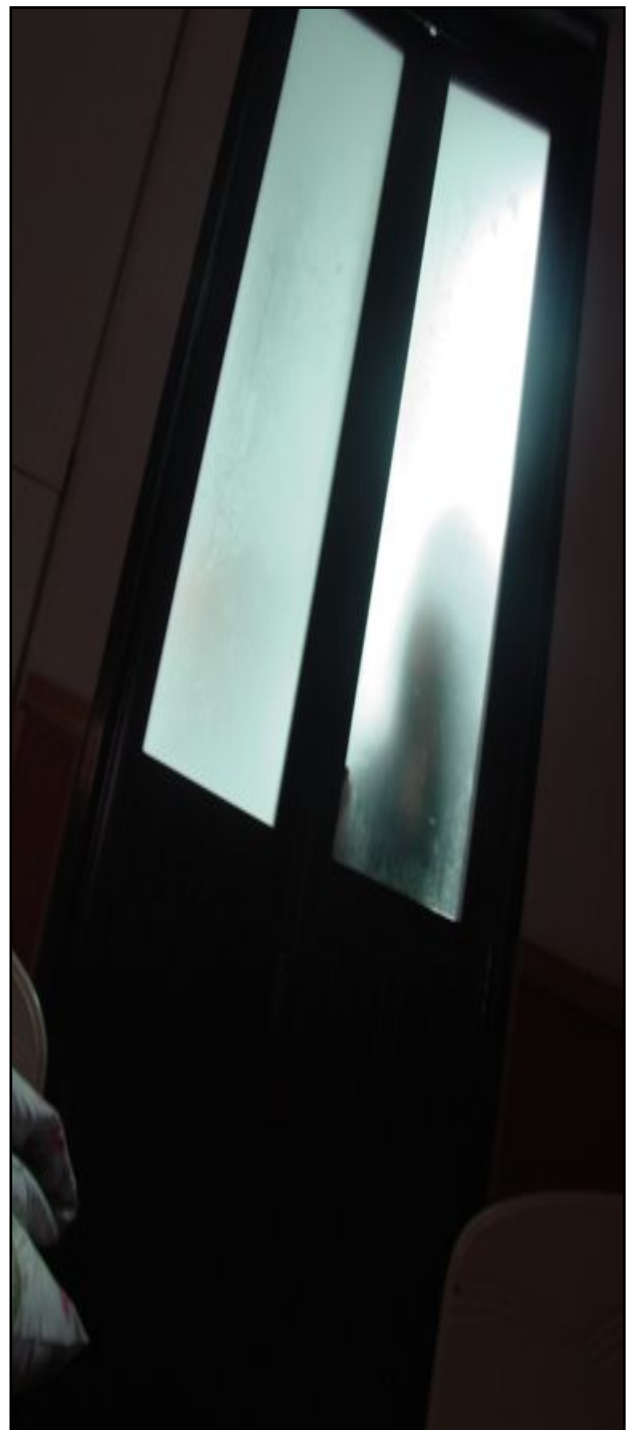
If the Agents discover a mimic-phone call, the house will toy with them. Once discovered in such a manner, the house will call back often, allowing the Agents to speak with the dead, including Special Agent Donnelley, George Crease and others (-1 or 1d4 SANITY).

It will attempt to startle Agents during manifestations – using phone calls as a way 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 absorbs power. In the past, this power was used to cause the dark god to manifest, now; it keeps the spirit of Isabelle Wheeler alive in the dark reflections of the house. Like a battery, it can store up to 25 points of POWER in this manner.

Living beings that lose SANITY feed the POWER of the house—this is known as consumption. Each 2 points lost in connection to the house grants it a point of POWER. Those who die in the house grant it 1/2 their POWER upon death. If that



POWER is over 11; the victim must roll a POWER \times 2 roll and *fail*. If they succeed, they live on in the house as a disembodied spirit under the control of Isabelle Wheeler, forever. The house will use the image of the deceased to lure others to their deaths, if possible.

The house can choose to affect the feelings of those with a POWER of 12 or more—this is called obsession. Those it targets and beats in a POWER vs. POWER contest becomes “infatuated” with the house. Those who fail with a natural 100 are totally under the sway of the house – this is the equivalent of possession – except it’s permanent and costs the house nothing (see below).

Those caught in the house’s honey-trap seem normal, but will do anything in their power to defend the house from harm – including commit murder. The difference between obsession and possession is this: the Agent believes they are acting of their own free will.

The moderator should do his best to brief Agents who fall under the house’s control – secretly bring them in on the basic gist of the failed roll; they are now your accomplice. With the help of a willing Agent the moderator can 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, the moderator can very effectively set up one of the DG Friendlies, Police Chief Buffington or another trusted NPC in such a role.

The house can choose to reach out and seize control of a single person inside its walls – this is called possession. The house doesn’t do this often – it must expend 5 POWER to do so and then beat the Agent in a POWER vs. POWER contest. If the house fails, the Agent is overcome with a wave of nausea and suffers 0/-1 SANITY; but is otherwise untouched. If it succeeds, it seizes control of the Agent for 1d20 minutes.

A possessed Agent cannot leave the house, but otherwise the house can use the Agent’s knowledge, skills and weapons normally. It will use such an opportunity to its greatest effect; hopefully eliminating those it finds particularly threatening – focusing, if possible, on terrorizing its victims before killing them. Those who discover an Agent is possessed suffer -1/-1d4 SANITY.

Those who are possessed remember nothing of the incident, and instead experience “missing time”, and suffer -1/-1d4 SANITY when they come to. And of course, there are the horrors of whatever crimes the house might have made them commit.

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 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, head or any portion of her body through a reflective surface of appropriate size.

Isabelle can also use this ability to spy and distract Agents as well. In any given room of the house, there are dozens (if not hundreds) of reflective surfaces; and Isabelle can see from all of them at once – so, basically, everything in the house is under her watchful eye. This doesn’t even take into account what the Agents may be carrying – some guns are particularly shiny, and so are vulnerable to Isabelle’s influence.

Contingencies

The house has survived numerous attempts to destroy it. The latest being that of Special Agent Donnelly; who gave up waiting on the conspiracy to deal with a perceived threat, and decided to take care of business himself. The house knew this, and immediately did away with him – something it does not like to do (instead, it likes to drain people over time, and then destroy them. Since possession vastly weakens the house, it does its best to avoid such an outcome.)

George Crease was the first to attempt to destroy the house; he failed because the house was sated on both his wife and his own misery at the time and had POWER to spare. The house grabbed control of the neighbor who entered the house at the sounds of screaming, and successfully put the fire Crease started out before it could spread. Other times, fires have spread and were put out by outside forces; but even fire does not spell doom for the house. At best, it’s a stall tactic.

What’s also important to consider is the fact that the earth itself is consecrated to the Dark Man and that effect will survive any type of physical destruction that might befall the house. The plot of land will reach out, grab someone’s attention and

they will build the Spooner house again, from the foundation up all over – and then the darkness will continue. Conventional means are at best a stall tactic against the 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 the house stands on; neither of them is good. Either one of these solutions should be the climax of the investigation. Agents should not be pursuing such ends until late in the session; remember in horror, pacing is everything.

- 1) One is contained in the spell *Convochi L'Uomo Nero* and is mentioned in Isabelle Wheeler's diary. The spell must be successfully cast and then 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 on page 21 for details*.
- 2) If the Agents are familiar with the Elder Sign (any properly enchanted Elder Sign will do) it is a potent weapon against the house. Bringing one in the house at night will cause all hell to break loose. The house – sensing danger – will fling manifestation after manifestation at the Agents and try 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 a mundane house behind. Agents who pull this off are rewarded with +1d6 SANITY.

If you find your Agents at an impasse, bring in A-Cell to point them in the right direction. Never give them a direct solution, but a tangential hint towards things they have yet to find. Like 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 Green Box 711, Unit 2230 Meadowbrook Store-It

The Meadowbrook Store-It is a small lot to the southwest of the house on Spooner Avenue. It is about fifty large storage sheds, surrounded by a 12' high, razor wire topped fence. A single two-room

trailer represents the entire infrastructure of the Store-It. It has three full-time employees who do little more than crossword puzzles, play a beaten PlayStation and occasionally patrol the grounds. They also set up new accounts, divvy up old underpaid accounts and collect on delinquent accounts.

That's where the Agents come in.

Unit 2230 has slipped through the cracks of the conspiracy, and the fee has gone unpaid for nine months now. 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 – a figure all over the news in the last few months – and who committed suicide in town just days hours after visiting the shed. Miglia thinks he may be on to something – perhaps the reason Donnelley killed himself is in still in the shed.

Since Donnelley's death, no one has visited the unit. The police never knew of his connection to it; and besides, he appeared under an assumed name: "Mr. Greene".

The fee for the year, and the mandatory renewal fee totals \$1200; and A-Cell isn't footing the bill. Whoever wants to access the unit with the proper key must pay that fee. Without this fee paid, in three months the unit will become the property of Miglia and all hell will break loose.

Agent Donnelley's Secret

1206 Spooner Avenue has consumed Donnelley's mind for five years. Being a local, Donnelley had heard many stories of the Spooner Avenue house – particularly as a child – though the thought that it was really haunted never crossed his mind; until Amanda Braintree's death in 1999.

After touring the house under the guise of a would-be buyer, Donnelley found himself actually considering purchasing the house, but like a cold, he shook it off. The strange attraction he felt to the house was completely unnatural, something his missions in DG had taught him to look out for, so he sent word up the chain of command, and watched and waited.

After Andrea Falcone's death, Donnelley again toured the house, and had several odd experiences. When Yamilla Isari entered the picture, Donnelley did his best to dissuade her from the house, but he recognized the same unnatural fervor in here eyes that had once toyed with him.

Seeing the effect it had on Isari, Donnelley was certain something paranormal was going on. There was little he could do but watch and wait. The conspiracy, as usual, remained silent.

Donnelley stepped up surveillance on Isari when she seemed to isolate herself in the house. Over a period of weeks, it became clear to Donnelley that others were in the house besides Isari. Twice, he was able to snap pictures of people who seemed to be in the house with her. One, a clear picture of the rear den window, shows Isari with her back to the camera and the dead, blue face of Anton Turé sitting across the table from her, his eyes lost in shadow.

These revelations unhinged Donnelley, and on a dark night in October 2004, the Agent dug up the remains of Anton Turé; to be certain he was still in the ground and not some sort of revenant. He stashed the tiny coffin and the remains in the Green Box – an action that now has placed the whole conspiracy in danger. If this dark prize is discovered, all hell will break loose.

Entering Green Box 711

If the Agents pull badges and pay fees, Miglia will back down and give them unfettered access. He doesn't want any problems with law enforcement. If they simply pull badges, Miglia will imply 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.

However, if the Agents, attempt to go in below the radar and pretend to be civilians, Miglia will do what he can to stall the process. If the Agents seem agitated by his stall tactics, Miglia will take this as confirmation something valuable is in the shed, and make a move. He and his three workers will break into the shed one evening searching for the valuables. Instead, they will find the coffin of Anton Turé and the police will become involved.

It's a short hop from there to the leashes being pulled back on the Agents hard (either by A-Cell, or their law enforcement supervisors). The scandalous contents of the Green Box will bloom into a public relations nightmare for the FBI, and if DG is not careful, Agents investigating Spooner Avenue will end up on the national news delivering a sound bite about the coffin.

Contents of Green Box 711-mundane

- 1) Antique Table (not related to the house)
- 2) Sofa Bed
- 3) Two plastic wrapped twin mattresses
- 4) Three biohazard containers (empty)
- 5) Two bags of quik-lime
- 6) Two new shovels, four pairs of work gloves and a hat-lamp

- 7) Fourteen Quart metal container of gasoline with pour spout
- 8) Two new plastic gasoline containers
- 9) Three newly minted keys taped together in a piece of cardboard (these are keys to 1208 Spooner)
- 10) 400 Rounds of Shotgun ammunition (shot)

Contents of Green Box 711-Illegal or Questionable

- 1) Two new Mossberg Shotguns (serial numbers shaved off.
- 2) Various fake ID made out for Special Agent Donnelley, including a Meadowbrook Gas Inspector Badge, Coroner ID, and others
- 3) A Nikon F36 Telephoto Lens
- 4) A Nikon Reflex Camera
- 5) Donnelley's notes from the investigation (see Donnelley's Notes below)
- 6) The remains of two-dozen burned photographs. Nothing can be gleaned from them except several seem to have the trace images of 1206 Spooner on them. What the subject matter of them is beyond that is impossible to tell.
- 8) A small, 4-foot long, dirty wood coffin. Inside the shattered 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 remains. Seeing this costs -1 or 1d4 SANITY. Turé is so decomposed, there is no smell.

Donnelley's Notes

These unhinging notes are a scattering of torn notebook pages filled with the scrawl of Donnelley's handwriting. They are filled with bizarre statements written almost like math equations. They don't seem to be in any order.

- 1) *Turé=not dead?/roaming the house?/only at night?/Grave? OCT10*
- 2) *Shovel, gloves, headlamp, cash? OCT 30*
- 3) *Burn it? Crease tried: didn't work. Others. Talk to survivors? Canadian mental health laws?*
- 4) *Music from dining room. Laughter/Noise up-stairs.*
- 5) *Almost bought house! Means? +A alerted.*
- 6) *Someone else in house+Isari not returning calls.*
- 7) *Falcone death? Coroner?*
- 8) *Wheeler's furniture/books or papers? Estate?NOV10*
- 9) *Talked to it tonight. Knew my name. Knows I'm watching it. Called A today. Still no movement. Open house next wk. Buy it? Burn it?*

Reading the two dozen or so 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.

Anyone making a PSYCHOLOGY roll can tell, just from these chicken-scratches, that Donnelly was very near psychotic when some of them were written.

Friendlies

Emil Yarrow, Parapsychologist

Emil 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 DG in 1999 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 DG 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, and has no knowledge of Cthulhu and the pre-history of the Earth. He's seen supernatural events, but pretends to have far more insight in the subject than he actually possesses. He keeps a serious attitude, even when spewing out ridiculous lines about "demonic possession", "long-term emotional energy" and such. In truth, nothing he knows will help the situation at Spooner Avenue; though his near encyclopedic knowledge of hauntings will make him seem like an authority on the subject.

Yarrow will do his best to help the situation, but will do everything wrong. He will encourage the Agents to enter the house at night ("the spirits are more able to communicate at night") as well as to wander the ground alone ("the spirits have an easier time communicating on a one-to-one basis"). In short, he'll put the Agents – and himself – in mortal danger. Be sure to play him as a by-the-book, no-nonsense individual who has no time for levity to lend him an air of a grizzled veteran. That is, until the supernatural shit hits the fan, whereupon he will either flee or become a victim of the house's influence (this remains up to the Moderator to decide).

If the house seizes Yarrow, he will attempt to isolate and then dispatch the Agents one by one. When his real motivation is discovered, he will go on a rampage and will not cease fighting until he drops to -5 HPs.

Doctor Emil Yarrow Out of his Depth

Race: Caucasian, **Educ-
tion:** PhD Psychology,
University of Rochester,
Occupation: Professor
of Psychology, Occult
Investigator, **Age:** 41,
Height: 6'2", **Weight:**
255 lbs, **Hair:** Grey,
Eyes: Blue



STRENGTH 13 **SIZE** 13
CONSTITUTION 11

DEXTERITY 10 **POWER** 16 **APPEARANCE** 10

INTELLIGENCE 13 **EDUCATION** 21

HP 12 **MP** 16

SANITY 72

IDEA 65% **LUCK** 80% **KNOW** 100%

DMG BONUS: +1D4

SKILLS: Administration 22%, Chemistry 32%,
Computer 51%, Dodge 10%, Drive Automobile 35%,
Law 46%, Occult 31%, Search 30%, Psychology 40%,
Public Speaking 49%, Teaching 29%.

LANGUAGES: English (own) 100%

ATTACKS: Punch 25%, Axe (this is what he prefers
when the house possesses him) 51%

Elizabeth Tucker, Antique Dealer

Elizabeth Tucker is certainly not what Agents expect to see when they hear the term "Antique Dealer". She's a young, attractive woman with a booming online business (*Antiquetracker*) of tracking down lost family heirlooms, stolen antiques and other odd under the waterline type deals. She has extensive contacts in the antique world, and she knows her furniture.

She became involved with DG in 2002 when an amulet was stolen from an Asian exhibit in Philadelphia. With her skills, she managed to track down the object, and also witnessed a few odd circumstances involving its destruction. She became a friendly shortly thereafter. She believes the conspiracy is a legal, though secret, section of the government.

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

Otherwise, she's a target – the Moderator may use her as bait in many ways. Either have the house influence her, trap her, or manipulate her over the telephone to bring others to it. In short, she's somewhat gullible, and a rich Moderator tool to ratchet up the tension of the scenario.

Elizabeth Tucker
Antique Victim

Race: Caucasian,
Education: BA Product Design Rhode Island School of Design, **Occupation:** Antique Dealer, **Age:** 31, **Height:** 5'9", **Weight:** 122 lbs, **Hair:** Brown, **Eyes:** Green



STRENGTH 9 SIZE 9 CONSTITUTION 9 DEXTERITY 13

POWER 12 APPEARANCE 13

INTELLIGENCE 14 EDUCATION 18

HP 9 MP 12

SANITY 60

IDEA 70% LUCK 60% KNOW 90%

DMG BONUS: -1D4

SKILLS: Accounting 22%, Administration 37%, Americana 34%, Antiques 59%, Art History 56%, Computer 30%, Design 39%, Dodge 20%, Drive Automobile 41%, Network with Antique Stores 46%, Search 41%.

LANGUAGES: English (own) 90%, French 22%, Italian 21%.

ATTACKS: None.

Spell: Convochi L'Uomo Nero

This spell calls the Dark Man, who is known by the secret name "Ni-Ar-Lath-Otep". First 200 SIZE points of animals must be sacrificed over a period of time on the nights of the new moon. 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, and sometimes, the man will not show. All sacrifices must be made with the bronze bowl and knife hidden in Isabelle's antique end table or ones identical to them.

The spell also describes another process to guarantee an appearance; the dismissal – if a human is sacrificed (this costs -1/-1d8 SANITY for anyone sane attempting it) – the Dark Man will appear that night at the consecrated spot. This defense/dismissal from the Dark Man requires the expenditure of 10 Magic Points, and the sacrifice of 3 POWER points from anyone present. If this cost cannot be covered, the Dark Man transforms into his "terrible" form, becoming a roiling single, blood-red tentacle (this costs all present -1d10/-1d100 SANITY), that shrieks before vanishing. If the cost is not

covered, the dismissal does not work, and Isabelle remains in the house.

For more details on the process, see *Calling the Dark Man* below.

Calling the Dark Man

Using the *Convochi L'Uomo Nero* spell to dismiss the power of the Dark Man from 1206 Spooner Avenue is the primary way to defeat the forces occupying the house.

Doing so, however, requires a *human* sacrifice — something which should not be taken lightly by any Agent — it is a decision that, quite frankly, can make an Agent question which side he is on. The Moderator should do his best to portray the gravity of such a decision — making clear that 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.

Those brave enough to summon the Dark Man for dismissal first face a -1d6/-1d10 SANITY penalty for the human sacrifice; and then they face the *real* terror. 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; a shape rises from the shadows of the corner near the fireplace. It slowly seems to unfold into a much bigger shape which opens to reveal the gleam of a man with *completely matte black skin*. Only the chin of the being is visible — its eyes are lost in the darkness of what seems to be a cloak.

It speaks in the language of those present, "Who calls me?", it says. Everyone present must make a SANITY roll or immediately lose 0/-1d4 SANITY. The mere presence of the entity is terrifying; no one in the room can consider any mode of action except staring in awe. The Agents need to struggle to continue their chant of dismissal. All the while, the cost of the spell is drained from them. (If the cost cannot be met see *Spell: Convochi L'Uomo Nero* above).

Wrapping It Up

This investigation only comes to an end when the Agents successfully lift the consecration or give up. Those that attempt to burn it down will eventually succeed, but will find several months later a dazed new landowner constructing an identical house on the spot – along with floor-to-ceiling mirrors in the master bedroom. Realizing the house has "regenerated" in this manner costs all Agents who abandoned the fight -1d4 SANITY. Once the house is

repaired, it won't be long before the deaths continue. A-Cell will be most displeased.

Those who risk calling the Dark Man and removing the consecration are rewarded +1d8 SANITY and the house is rendered inert. Those who attempt to confront the force in the house with an enchanted Elder Sign are rewarded with +1d4 SANITY and the house is (eventually, after a serious struggle) inert. These two victories will be hard won, and reports to A-Cell should be filled with blood, terror and possibly lost Agents.

Special Thanks to those Patrons who took time to contribute to the Tip Jar: Including CPT Michael Short, Wayne Tripp, Louisa Djerbib, Allan Goodall



Handouts Page 1

DIRECTIVE FROM A-CELL

Operation IAGO

You are to investigate the death of Agent GARRET and the suspicious circumstances of said death. Focus attention on 1206 SPOONER AVENUE. This house has been brought to the attention of A-Cell before, and is deemed a paranormal threat. Extreme caution should be employed when investigating the Spooner house. It has been known to exhibit an unknown influence over skilled DG Agents.

Mission Instructions

- Determine the cause of death of Agent GARRET
- Determine if the 1206 SPOONER AVENUE represents an ongoing threat to the public
- Once these two protocols are complete, contact A-Cell for further instructions

Possible Friendly Contacts

- Emil Yarrow, Parapsychologist
- Elizabeth Tucker, Antique Dealer

Green Box Locales

- Green Box 711 - Meadowbrook Store-It

Yamilla Isari's Diary

Description: This small faux-leather book is filled with fifty-seven pages of cramped Arabic writing. Yamilla Isari's recollections in the house include visions of a dead little boy (Anton Turé), continuing dreams of an old "ethnic" woman, and two terrifying dreams of a woman behind the glass in the master bedroom. This is in addition to various disturbances since her move-in date.

Near the end Isari slept in the den and avoided the master bedroom. The last entry in the diary says "I understand why I came here now, I'm home."

Isabelle Wheeler's Diary

Language: English

Cthulhu Skill Gain: +2%

SANITY: -1d

Spell: *Convochi L'Uomo Nero* (in phonetic Italian)

Reading Time: 1 week

Description: This cramped diary, hidden in the mechanism of the antique end table contains more than twenty years of recollections of Isabelle Wheeler. It covers the years of 1927 to 1950, Isabelle's pact with the Crone, the consecration of the Spooner house to *L'Uomo Nero* and the dark god's appearance on 12JUL55.

Handouts Page 2

Relevant Dates	Names	Cause of Death	Number Dead
Pre 1956	Michael Wheeler and Family	Unknown	Unknown
1956 to 1959	George and Margaret Crease	Murder/ Suicide	2 Dead
1960 to 1962	Michael Dougherty	Accident	1 Dead
1962 to 1965	Adam and Rebecca Turé and Family	Accident	1 Dead
1966 to 1969	Jonathan Reese	Suicide	1 Dead
1970 to 1970	Doctor George Weaver	Accident	1 Dead
1970 to 1974	Thomas and Imogen Greeley and Family	Fire	2 Dead
1975 to 1981	Peter Diaz	Suicide	1 Dead
1981 to 1981	Gareth Gedjos	Accident	1 Dead
1982 to 1983	Jason and Janine Aiken	Gas Leak	1 Dead
1984 to 1988	John Tyler	Accident	1 Dead
1989 to 1993	Louis Tycroft	Suicide	1 Dead
1994 to 1999	Amanda Braintree and Family	Suicide	1 Dead
1999 to 2002	Andrea Falcone	Accident	1 Dead
2002 to 2004	Yamilla Isari	Suicide	1 Dead
2005	Special Agent Arthur Donnelley	Suicide	1 Dead

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- 2) Sofa Bed
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- 4) Three biohazard containers (empty)
- 5) Two bags of quik-lime
- 6) Two new shovels, four pairs of work gloves and a hat-lamp
- 7) Fourteen Quart metal container of gasoline with pour spout
- 8) Two new plastic gasoline containers
- 9) Three newly minted keys taped together in a piece of cardboard (these are keys to 1208 Spooner)
- 10) 400 Rounds of Shotgun ammunition (shot)

Contents of Green Box 711—Illegal or Questionable

- 1) Two new Mossberg Shotguns (serial numbers shaved off.)
- 2) Various fake ID made out for Special Agent Donnelley, including a Meadowbrook Gas Inspector Badge, Coroner ID, and others
- 3) A Nikon F36 Telephoto Lens
- 4) A Nikon Reflex Camera
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