

C A L L O F C T H U L H U

The Arkham Gazette

Issue 2



Innsmouth



COSMIC HORRORS LURK AT DELTA-GREEN.COM

KALI GHATI

A Delta Green operative is missing from a U.S. base in Afghanistan. It's up to the players' agents—soldiers, spies or academics with Delta Green clearance—to find him before the disappearance draws the kind of attention that the group cannot afford. Includes six ready-to-play agents.

THE STAR CHAMBER

A Delta Green operation in Myanmar went disastrously wrong. The players' agents must interview the team responsible. The action plays out from one conflicting point of view to the next. The players must decide who is at fault and who, if anyone, is telling the truth.

OBSERVER EFFECT

If we look too deeply into the roiling chaos of reality, chaos may look back. The Olympian Holobeam Array has gone offline in a catastrophic power surge. Delta Green has reason to suspect the worst. The players' agents have no idea what they'll find when they arrive.

VISCID

Two days ago, retired geneticist Tibalt Grieves and his girlfriend died gruesomely. A CDC specialist found weirdly unidentifiable samples. When the sun rose, Grieves' body began to smolder and disintegrate. When the players' agents arrive, they may find that even death has a half-life.

MUSIC FROM A DARKENED ROOM

Places, like people, go wrong. In the last 50 years, 18 people have died at 1206 Spooner Avenue, and you can feel it. Neighbors stay away. In the hours that stretch like taffy after two, no one hears the music from its darkened rooms. Will the players' agents be the next to die?

NEED TO KNOW & HANDLER'S SCREEN

A 48-page quickstart rulebook has six characters and a starter adventure. A sturdy, full-color game moderator's screen features and useful tables and data to aid the Handler and evocative art to unsettle the players.

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by

L. T. BARKER The Hymnal of the Esoteric Order of Dagon
NICOLAS BRESINSKY Edward Morse, The Isles of Shoals and Other
Innsmouth Inspiration

CHARLES GERARD Shadows of Polynesia

CHRIS HUTH Innsmouth Curios, The Wreck of the Elizabeth Wright

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www.thomasphinney.com

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The Arkham Gazette is a publication of Sentinel Hill Press and welcomes submissions. The focus of the Gazette is Lovecraft Country and submissions should have a strong connection to that fictive region and the real-world history and locations that informs it. It is recommended that writers be familiar with Lovecraft Country as it has been established in works like Arkham Unveiled. While consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds, we like those little 1 HD monsters; submissions that expand and improve Lovecraft Country rather than rewriting or reinventing it are more likely to be published. For more information see:

sentinelhillpress.wordpress.com/submissions/

Submissions should be sent to ArkhamGazetteMagazine@gmail.com with words "Arkham Gazette Submission" in the subject line.

They had talked about dying and half-deserted Innsmouth for nearly a century, and nothing new could be wilder or more hideous than what they had whispered and hinted years before.

Welcome back to Innsmouth!

We are pleased to present the revised and expanded second issue of the Arkham Gazette. The focus of this issue is Innsmouth, that desolate and half-deserted port town at the mouth of the Manuxet. We invite you to explore this benighted old town through the eighteen articles of this issue, where we talk about topics as diverse as:

- Polynesian culture in Innsmouth
- Innsmouth's burying grounds
- Real world inspirations and parallels for Innsmouth
- Massachusetts' "Sacred Cod"
- *The Ponape Scripture*
- The Feejee "mermaid"
- Innsmouth's gold
- A guide to Newburyport
- An annotated list of Innsmouth scenarios
- "Drawn from the Water," an Innsmouth-connected scenario of mystery and madness

So take your seat on Joe Sargent's bus and enjoy on a ride to fear-shadowed Innsmouth... Here's hoping you live to see the dawn.

Bret Kramer
May 2018

Deep Background

Locations in Greater Innsmouth

by Bret Kramer

Skivern Rock Lighthouse (1014)

Southeast of Innsmouth in Innsmouth Harbor

Source: “The Occulted Light,” *Before the Fall* p. 48 by Lucy Szachnowski and Gary O’Connell

Innsmouth has had two lighthouses — the **Old Lighthouse (1904)**, aka the Innsmouth Harbor Light, and the Skivern Rock Light. The former collapsed during the Great Blizzard of 1888. The later still stands, but has been abandoned for decades.

Skivern Rock and the surrounding reefs have been recognized as a hazard to navigation since the earliest visits to the area by European sailors; Captain John Smith made mention of it as “a shoale near to this place [Plum Island], made up of a great twin rock, with eddys and forceful currents.” The rock, still unnamed, was cited as the cause of numerous shipwrecks on the approach to Innsmouth throughout the Colonial period. According to one Colonial source the natives called the place *Katumaketie*, “where the rocks are met by the ocean.”

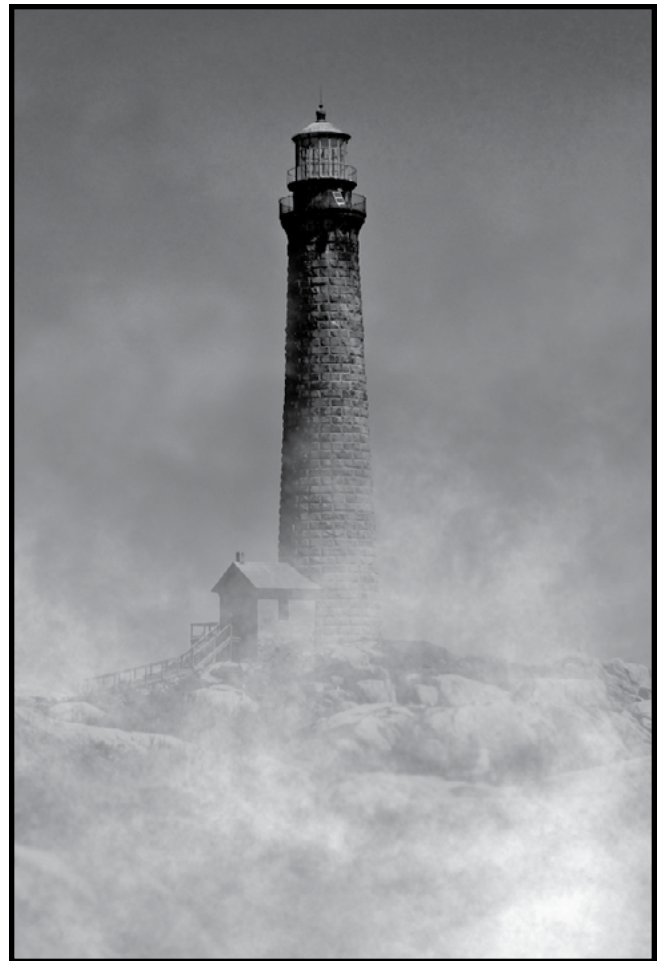
The origin of the rock’s name is unclear. The earliest record of its use come from a property dispute involving the owners of the ship *Constance* in 1699: “ye hull was breech’d by ye Skiverin Rock sou-sou’east of the Port of Innsmouth yet sunk off ye Mother Ann one day later.”

One possible origin is suggested by the authors of *Folgers’ Sailor’s Atlas of New England*, who suggest it was named for the Scottish sea captain Charles Skillven whose ship, *The Cormorant*, foundered off the southern tip of Plum Island in 1722. Another origin for the name is given by Professor Elmer Pitts-Derby in his monograph *Massachusetts Light-Houses, from Boston Harbor to Points North* (1896), in which he points out that in most Scandinavian languages the word *skiven* means ‘round’. He then tries to use this as proof of Viking visitation to the Massachusetts coast, though how this ‘Viking’ name was passed on to English colonists, or why this irregular rock was named ‘round’ is not explained.

Whatever the case, the rock and surrounding shoals were a hazard to navigation and, in 1745, a committee of Innsmouth merchants petitioned the colonial governor to place a light here, as had been done in Boston harbor decades earlier. With no funds forthcoming, the Innsmouthers privately established a small beacon and bell here in 1750.

Repeated petitions to the Massachusetts colonial (and later state) government were finally answered when funds were allotted in 1810 for the establishment of a lighthouse. Unfortunately, the outbreak of hostilities with Great Britain delayed the construction of the light until 1819.

A bell and cannon system was also established at that time due to the persistent foul weather that would often obscure Skivern Rock and its surrounding reefs. In 1824 the first two keepers of the lighthouse were tragically drowned while loading the fog cannon. The lighthouse itself was badly damaged in the same storm and was replaced by the 80-foot-tall brick lighthouse still standing today. This structure proved inadequate as a significant number of ships continued to founder in the vicinity for the next decade. Dark rumors suggested the



THE SIREN CALL OF HISTORY

Readers will note that the history of the Skivern Rock Lighthouse provided here does not align with the one provided by its source scenario. We've changed the following elements to better reflect the historical record:

- **Date of establishment:** 1750 is too early for a light to have been built here; it would have been only the fourth constructed in all of New England.
- **The Foghorn:** Mechanical foghorns were not developed until the 1850s.
- **Abandonment:** Lighthouses were too important to be simply left empty or not be replaced. In a real-world case most similar to the case of the Skivern Rock Light — the Minot's Ledge Light southeast of Boston — the wrecked lighthouse was replaced, first by a light ship, then a new lighthouse. ■

complicity of the light's crew. After the accidental deaths of two more keepers, the lighthouse was shuttered in 1838 and replaced by a permanently anchored lightship (now long sunk) a few hundred yards out from Skivern Rock and augmented by the newly constructed Innsmouth Light. The lighthouse likely would have been demolished or replaced had Innsmouth's economic circumstances not caused the closure of the custom house in 1866.

Today the lighthouse remains, though battered by storms and stripped of paint. Forgotten by all but local fishermen, it is likely that within the next few years either time or government action will bring down this badly neglected structure.

Falcon Point Cemetery (1010a)

Intersection of South Woods and Falcon Point roads

See page 15 of this issue for details.

The Rawson Memorial Company (408)

188 Martin Street

Established in 1786 by Jasper Rawson and owned and operated by four generations of the Rawson family, the Rawson Memorial Company was Innsmouth's sole gravestone maker. Using a now-collapsed factory on the Manuxet to cut and plane slate brought in from a quarry on the Newburyport town line, the company sold stones not just in Innsmouth, but across Essex County and beyond. Eliot Rawson's only surviving heir enlisted in the Union Army in 1862, never to return, leaving no one to operate the company after Eliot's death in 1872.

Of the company itself, a few buildings remain. Enclosed by a battered wooden fence and gate are a small warehouse, a grinding shed, a small smithy, a finishing house, and an office. A small well stands at the middle of the compound. It is still functional, but the water is brackish. The buildings' interiors are bare, save for the occasional piece of scrap slate, the spoor of nesting animals (including several hazardous wasp nests), and a small anvil, which has so far proved too heavy to be moved by casual vandals. It is possible some invoices or other documents linger, forgotten and moldering, in some neglected corner.

Investigators would almost certainly pay little heed to this now-abandoned cluster of buildings if not for the fact that, in the decades since the closure of the company, locals have made use of their stock of cut and semi-finished gravestones as a sort of rough sidewalk around the intersections of Place of Hawks, Church, and Martin Streets.

Most of these are slate blanks: stones cut into the traditional straight-sided, rounded-top shape of 19th century gravestones, but without inscription. The rest (perhaps one in six) are a mix of cracked, incomplete, undelivered, or discarded stones bearing some inscription. Investigators passing through this area on foot should make an *Idea* roll to realize that they are not, in fact, treading on uprooted gravestones.

The compound could, because of its location and availability of fresh water, make a practical hideout for squatters, runaways, criminals, or investigators looking for somewhere to lay low in Innsmouth. ■

From the History Books

Shadows of Polynesia

by Charles Gerard

Is 'pose you know — though I can see you're a Westerner by your talk — what a lot our New England ships — used to have to do with queer ports in Africa, Asia, the South Seas, and everywhere else, and what queer kinds of people they sometimes brought back with 'em.

Captain Obed Marsh's ships carried many strange cargoes into the somnambulant harbor of Innsmouth. What enduring customs might betray links to lost uncharted islands? What exotic treasures might still linger in the curious moldering cabinets of worm-eaten homes?

The ‘Kanakys’

We do not know the name of the people Obed Marsh encountered on that unnamed island “east of Othaheite [Tahiti].” ‘Kanak’ is a Hawaiian term adopted by sailors and used as a catch-all for native Pacific Islanders. Though there is at least one group in New Caledonia that now goes by that name, it is a modern adoption. We will use ‘Kanakys’ and ‘Kanakys’ for the sake of convenience — but it is no more accurate than calling Native Americans “Indians.”

When New England whaling expeditions returned with crewmen from Hawaii and the Sandwich Islands in the early nineteenth century, war-hardened New Englanders looked with suspicion at the new “heathen youths.” In Nantucket, such foreign sailors bunked in special boarding houses, safely sequestered from Quaker townfolk.

Crew members aboard the *Sumatra Queen*, the *Hetty*, and the *Columbia* had a great deal of experience with the rites and practices of the Kanakys they encountered. It is possible — August Derleth* included it in his story “The Seal of R'lyeh” — that even some intermarriage occurred between Obed Marsh's sailors and native women. This would allow even more of the idiosyncratic culture of Walakea's people, even before Marsh made contact with the Deep Ones of Y'ha-nthlei, to leave its mark on this shadow-blighted port.

* Usually a red-flag to avoid, but while the primary plot conceit of “The Seal of R'lyeh” runs counter to the central notions of “The Shadow Over Innsmouth,” there is no reason Keepers cannot crib the plot but excise the direct Innsmouth connection.

In-Game Use

Incorporating elements of Polynesian culture (as described later in this article) is a great way of accentuating the otherness of Innsmouth without revealing the town's deepest, inhuman, secret. Players — should they have not read “The Shadow Over Innsmouth” — may even begin to second guess their suspicions about Innsmouth if they suspect their concerns are rooted in racism or ethnocentrism. Polynesian cultural influences also provide the Keeper with an expanded arsenal of tension-building signposts beyond the standard hints of hybridism or degeneracy to suggest the malign reach of the Deep Ones.

Ancient Rites, New Home

The Kanakys appear to be culturally Polynesian, albeit with some unique indigenous religious practices. Walakea would have then been a powerful *ari'i rabi* who revered the old gods and would have insisted upon respect for tradition, likely teaching some of it to Obed Marsh. In turn Marsh may have preserved elements of Kanaky culture either as part of his interaction with the Deep Ones or as part of the rites of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. Here are some suggested artifacts or practices and their use in Innsmouth; recognizing their Polynesian connection should require an *Anthropology* roll at a minimum. More likely the investigators would need to contact a specialist: While there are no Polynesian experts at Miskatonic University, Rev. Ezekiel Wallace of Arkham's Asbury M.E. Church is known to have a passing interest in the people and culture of Polynesia, having worked there as a missionary. As discussed in *Escape from Innsmouth*, gaining the minister's trust is no easy thing; the Keeper might consider introducing him to investigators seeking more information about their Polynesian discoveries in Innsmouth in advance of his role in that scenario.

Altar Rocks

Curious flat stones may be found in nearby salt marshes or emerging offshore during the lowest of tides. These could be a local iteration of the Tahitian *marae*, sacred ritual sites protected by unbreakable *tapu* and stone idols of family ancestors, *unu*, frozen in exaggerated expressions not unlike the faces of frogs. If active, these sites may also include a tall carved pole for use in binding sacrifices. On Walakea's island, altars and temple walls were carved with



monstrous benthic horrors that predated human habitation. Perhaps the artwork on Innsmouth's *marae* reflects a hybrid of styles.

Pacific Mummies

By custom, Tahitians preserved the corpses of their leaders and interned them in mountain caves and other sacred sites. Early Kanaky generations may have continued this practice in secret — the island's royalty after all remained wholly human. Perhaps Obed or his progeny may have incorporated such rites into the customs of his new faith, secreting ancestors away in some crevice of Carson's Hill or one of Innsmouth's many sealed attics. Perhaps some sorcery allows for communication with the mummified dead and Obed Marsh controls the Esoteric Order from beyond the grave...

Evil Eye Fetishes

In Polynesia, tufts of hair and a single eye were removed from ritual sacrifices and wrapped in a leaf, to be used later as fetishes. Perhaps one of the enchantments Walakea taught Marsh included the use of the evil eye. This might explain the reports from hospitals in Newburyport and Arkham that describe indigents discovered blinded on one side, unable or unwilling to explain their injuries.

Piscine Figurines

Among the inhabitants of the Polynesian underworld, called the *Po*, was the half-fish god *Rua-batu*, known as the Source of Fruitful Myriads. Two brothers once snagged the god's titanic head with fishhooks, and in his rage he made the seas boil and rise up, drowning all islands but one. Small carved wooden fish heads served as a reminder of his wrath. Versions of the sea god *Tangaroa* figure prominently across the South Pacific, sometimes with powers over death and fire. In Samoa, he is known to have created humans out of sea worms. Figurines carved out of wood or stone called *ti'i* represented lesser gods, usually depicting a stocky build with broad shoulders and a protruding belly

— sometimes with multiple heads or arms. These items were considered the tools of sorcerers. In the Solomon Islands, malicious half-fish creatures known as *Adaro* were depicted with wings, horns, and dolphins for feet. Certainly the Kanakys encountered by Obed Marsh had their own carved figurine tradition, informed by both their encounters with the Deep Ones as well as the grotesque carved figures on the nearby unnamed volcanic island.

The Red Feather Cult

Chieftains in Tahiti identified themselves with belts of red feathers — likely the prized spectacular tail feathers of the *tuaki kula*, or plumage of crimson-backed tanagers. Captain Cook described the use of red feather bundles in human sacrifices, where they served as a kind of spiritual garnish. The Red Feather Cult of Polynesia, which spread across all of the Society Islands and peaked around the arrival of European explorers, used such bundles to call forth their gods. This might explain the curious use of cardinal plumage to adorn some fishing equipment in Innsmouth, and the scattered bits of red down found seasonally along lower Church Street or outside of some of Innsmouth's churches after May-Eve and Halloween.

Innsmouth Chowder

Another mark of Polynesian influence could be seen in a dubious local delicacy, the murky dish townsfolk call Marsh Chowder (or, when outsiders are not around, *Ia'Yota*). More a porridge than a chowder, the base is formed by grinding an unknown tuber into a thick grey paste, much like the Hawaiian taro stew called *poi*. It includes bits of raw fish and viscera, and so emits a powerful odor of piscine rot. The name is one of the strongest connections to Tahitian culture, where it was called *e'ia ota*, now more commonly known by the French name *Poisson Cru*. Traditionally, it is



comprised of raw fish marinated in coconut milk and lime juice. No doubt Innsmouth's chefs have learned to make due with local ingredients...

Refugees and “Sea Gypsies”

Keepers may wish to consider the origins of Walakea's people. They may have been indigenous to the island, settled, like the rest of Polynesia, between 1500 and 2000 years ago. Perhaps they encountered some remnant of long-sunken Mu and interbred with them, or simply fell under the sway of the Deep Ones in the same way as would later happen in Massachusetts. Walakea and his people may have been later settlers, driven from their original homes by famine, warfare, or even drawn there through the dreams of Cthulhu.

Another possible origin for the Kanakys lies to the west, in the shallower seas of Southeast Asia, where nomadic tribes of land-fearing people follow fish migrations and remain seaborne year round. They are known by many names, and form distinct ethnic groups that have assimilated to varying degrees with the land-based cultures of Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand, the Philippines, and southern China.

The most isolated tribes are fiercely superstitious of evil land spirits, and most do not set foot on dry land other than for trade, otherwise dwelling adrift in boats or in stilt houses built on reefs far from shore. Since much of their food and trade items come from coral reefs, adults have been known to spend up to eight hours a day underwater.

Young children dive so deep and often that their eardrums pop, so many adults are hard of hearing. Because of this, the people learn to shout at each other even in close quarters, and life on such a boat can be cacophonous. Some research has shown that the eyesight of these so-called “Sea Gypsies” is better underwater, because their eyes adapt to the way light bends through the lens of seawater.

In China, they are known as the Tanka people, and ancient writings claim they are the descendants of snakes who can live up to three days underwater without surfacing.

In Indonesia, the Bajau people conduct a birth ceremony in which the placenta of each newborn is “released” into the ocean, and named separately as a “sea brother” or sister that serves as a kind of guardian for life.

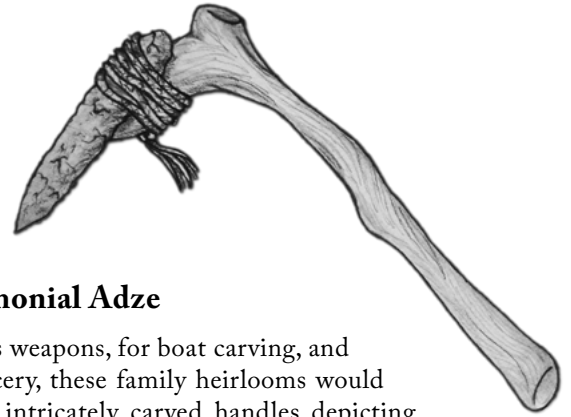
If the Kanakys Marsh encountered were from such nomadic stock, versions of ritual deafening and placental ceremony traditions could have been taken up by the people of Innsmouth. In sea gypsy artwork, humans and their boats were often carved out of the same block, as though the two are merely parts of the same being.

Gimcracks and Curios

Obed Marsh and his crews no doubt returned to Innsmouth with all sorts of souvenirs beyond Deep One gold. Likewise, transplanted Kanaky wives might have brought dowry items and personal effects back across the

oceans to their new homes. These artifacts could remain in the pantries or attics of long abandoned houses.

Most Polynesian artifacts were heavily decorated, with both abstract geometrical designs as well as representations of their material and spiritual world. No doubt items of Kanaky manufacture would do likewise, though considering their desire to conceal their relations with the Deep Ones from neighboring islanders such representations would not be overt.



Ceremonial Adze

Used as weapons, for boat carving, and for sorcery, these family heirlooms would feature intricately carved handles depicting powerful gods and the spirits of ancestors, with formidable stone or perhaps metal blades.

War Club

Though named differently depending on the island of origin, blunt weapons of many varieties were commonly used throughout the Pacific Islands, from New Guinea to Easter Island. Clubs were not just tools but icons of warriors and tribes, and richly decorated.

The great war-god *Oro* was depicted by an oblong object with a wooden core that was covered in a tightly woven basket of coconut fiber, much like a club or rasp. The weaving included an odd arrangement of features that, with some imagination, appeared to be a humanoid face.

Tattoo Comb

Evidence of tattoo magic can be seen across the Polynesian islands, though specific techniques and ink recipes were fiercely guarded and handed down from parent to child and clan to clan. Toothed blades or rows of needles were used to carve unique patterns into the skin. These tools were used in coming of age ceremonies and for protection against disease and evil. Membership in the higher levels of the Esoteric Order of Dagon might involve some sort of ritual tattoos.

Fishhooks

Hooks often included two curved parts tightly lashed together. Sturdy hooks were valuable and treasured, carved with intricate designs meant to improve luck. Bones from large animals, hardwood, and soft stone were the preferred

materials, though some were made from human bone. Ritually prepared fishhooks might form some element of the Kanakys' use of the spell *Attract Fish*.



Nose Flute

Carved from wood, bamboo, the stem of a gourd, or a whale's tooth, these enchanting instruments were used for courting and for ceremonies to please the gods. Masters were said to be able to strike eerie and magical overtones with uncanny techniques and could chant with their voices while expelling air through the nose.

Statistics and Spells

Keepers wishing to incorporate elements of Polynesian material culture and rituals into Innsmouth should consider the following as suggestions.

Adze

Base skill 20%, Damage 1d6+DB, HP 5

Adzes range in size from small hand tools to larger 'war' versions; likewise the blade may be made of stone or metal. The statistics above are for an average-sized one; damage may range from 1d3 to 1d8 with HP ranging accordingly from 3 to 7.

War Club

Base skill 30%, Damage 1d8+DB, HP 8

With metal weapons unknown until the arrival of Europeans, these clubs would originally be made from wood, stone, tooth, and bone. A wide range of styles and designs were used throughout Polynesia, Micronesia, New Guinea, and beyond, from shark-tooth-edged Hawaiian specimens to the hooked *Totokia* of Fiji, intended to puncture an opponent's skull. As with the adze, the statistics given are for a typical weapon; damage may range from 1d6 to 1d10, with larger clubs requiring a minimum STR of at least 13 to use.

Either adzes or war clubs might be used in conjunction with many of the summon or bind spells used by the Kanaky. Bodies dumped down into the depths at Devil Reef may have been ritually dispatched using one of these traditional weapons.

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Robert W. Williamson. *Religion and Social Organization in Central Polynesia*. (1937)

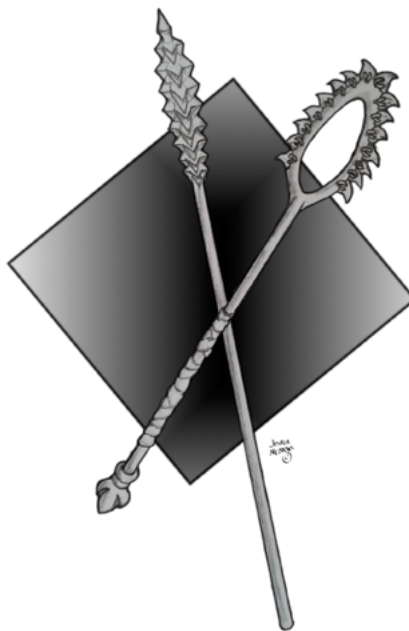
War clubs: <http://www.new-guinea-tribal-art.com/wp/index.php/2013/08/23/polynesian-war-club/> ■

Evil Eye Fetish

Should the Keeper wish to imbue this ritual magic with some potency, then have the Order use this spell to intimidate or even eliminate their enemies. One option would be to have the fetish lower the victim's *Luck* for one day by 10% per Magic Point the fetish is imbued with, up to a maximum of 5 points. Should a human sacrifice be made during the fetish's creation, the victim of a fetish empowered in such a way must make a POW versus POW roll against the caster or suffer 2d6 points of damage from an accident within 1d2 days.

Innsmouth Tattoos

All manner of supernatural effects might be granted via a tattoo. Bonuses to spell casting are possible; the tattoo might even be a prerequisite for casting certain Kanaky magics. Potent curses might be worked into the tattoos required of members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon that cause great harm to those who break their oaths; *Breath of the Deep* and *Grasp of Cthulbu* are both suitably awful options. ■



Deep Background

Innsmouth's Burying Grounds

by Bret Kramer

This material has been drawn from Graveyards of Lovcraft Country from Sentinel Hill Press. This is a small preview of that work, modified to fit into the format of this magazine. All location numbering is taken from Escape from Innsmouth.

Five burial sites have been established within Innsmouth's boundaries. Of these, three are still in use as of the present day, although considering Innsmouth's greatly reduced population, burials are infrequent at best. All of Innsmouth's cemeteries have suffered from significant neglect for more than a generation. Visitors are unwelcome and are liable to be watched, threatened, and even arrested on bogus charges.

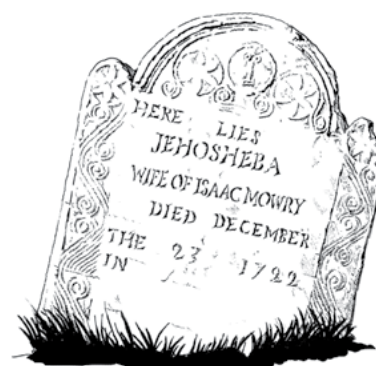
Church Street Burying Ground (I212)

Innsmouth's oldest burying place, it was established only a few months after the Elliot and Hogg families built their fortified houses along the Manuxet. The first documented burial here was of Matthew Hogg, aged 17 years (who died of a leg wound received cutting wood) in 1647. The earliest dated stone (for Mother Anne Southwick) is from 1649 but this was back dated — a new stone erected more than four decades after her death. Sadly, the stone has been broken and is now in pieces. The last interment occurred here in 1765, the yard having run out of open space. There are no family markers, tombs, or mausolea here; the only larger monuments are a trio of table graves (of which only one survives intact), each for one of Innsmouth's earliest ministers, near the fallen gate.

There are many examples of stones carved by John Hartshorne and Ezekiel and Richard Leighton (all of the Rowley shop) as well as Innsmouth's own Charles Whalley, who learned his craft from the younger Leighton. Few cemeteries have a denser collection of tombstones in the Merrimack Valley style.

Unfortunately the condition of this yard is very poor. Though technically the responsibility of the city of Innsmouth, and despite lying adjacent to Innsmouth's Assembly Hall (I613), no upkeep has been done here in decades and the combined forces of neglect and vandalism have toppled or broken many stones. Those still intact often pith severely. Weeds fill the stony ground between the grave markers; shrubs and bramble have sprung up around them. A low dry-stone wall, about three feet high,

surrounds the yard. The only entrance leads to a brick path from Church Street; the wrought iron gate has been wrested out of its hinges and lies half-buried just in front of the wall.



Christchurch Cemetery (I211)

Originally called "The New Burying Ground", this site was established nearly a century after the Church Street Burying Ground, which was rapidly running short on space. A substantial plot was donated by the Gilman family for the purposes of burial in 1730, but due to a dispute over the boundaries, no interments occurred until 1732 when an influenza outbreak necessitated it. The earliest surviving stone is for the three Crawford children, Elizabeth (age 8), Stephen (age 4), and 'daughter' (age 6 mo.) dated to 1733. While space is limited, a few larger family plots remain open, so this cemetery receives interments even into the present day, though these are quite rare. Some of Innsmouth's human residents call this place "St. Toad's Cemetery" due to its proximity to the Congregational Church (I208), though always out of earshot of any hybrids or their sympathizers.

Many of the older stones here were carved by Charles Whalley or his son Benjamin Whalley; newer stones were generally carved by the Rawson shop (see page 15). The vast majority of burials here were performed before 1900.

There are several substantial family monuments and statues in the cemetery as well as nearly a dozen free-standing crypts done in sandstone or granite. Some of these crypts are well kept up but most are in serious need of repair; one in red sandstone has collapsed entirely.

The named 'Eliot' can barely be made out of the bramble-draped fragments of the lintel.

There are several monuments within the cemetery as well. The largest of these is a sixteen-foot-tall obelisk near the southeast side of the grounds. Made of soot-stained Quincy granite, it is dedicated to the seventeen men lost with the sinking of the brig *Elizabeth* in 1837.

The cemetery grounds are enclosed by a fencing of granite posts and iron bars. The posts are mostly in good condition though many of the bars are corroded, bent, or missing. An arched stone gate allows entrance from Church Street. The gate remains intact but the lock is inoperable.

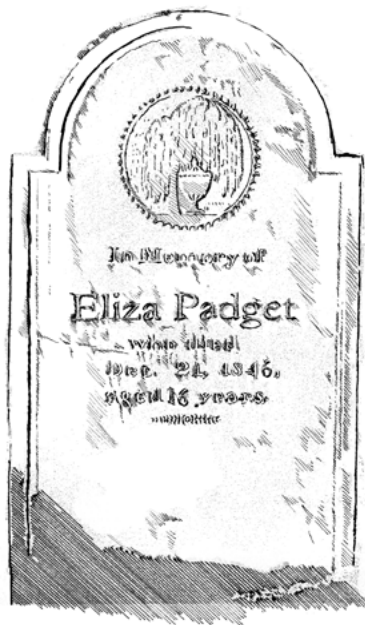
Investigators making an *Idea* roll after spending some time in the cemetery notice that despite the numerous burials dated to 1846, there is no monument to the dead of Innsmouth's 'plague'. A *Spot Hidden* roll notes the elaborate slate tombstone of Obed Marsh himself, topped with an enormous symbol of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, mostly hidden under a shroud of poison ivy vines.

Shockingly, this cemetery is still in use, albeit rarely, despite its general decrepitude. When needed, Otis Fuller (I610), the town's gravedigger will clear a patch of grasses and brambles before excavating a grave, but that is the limit of his groundskeeping. Fuller takes little care in making sure the spot for the new grave has not been previously occupied. Remains thusly uncovered are quietly disposed of by the slovenly gravedigger.

This cemetery is also the final resting place of the alleged sorcerer Ephraim Waite. His daughter Asenath, currently a student at Miskatonic University, pays monthly visits to her father's grave, usually to leave flowers. The grave, marked with a modest granite stone bearing the motto *Spiritus Sunt Et Vita*^{*}, is well tended.



* Latin — "The spirit will live"



Redemption Cemetery (I711)

As the 'New' Burying Ground became more crowded and obtaining larger plots more difficult, some of Innsmouth's citizens (particularly members of the town's Baptist, Methodist Episcopalian, Reformed Presbyterian and Unitarian churches) established a private corporation dedicated to creating a new cemetery for the town's middle class. This new ground was dedicated in 1808[†], and for nearly four decades it served as the primary burying place of Innsmouth's struggling merchants and shopkeepers. Any visitors to the cemetery who make an *Idea* roll notice the abundance of gravestones bearing the date 1846. The most recent burial took place in 1904; while there are a few open plots remaining, none of the owners have made use of them in the intervening two decades.

There are no tombs here or large family monuments; a few family plots were enclosed but most of those fences have been vandalized. Here and there are small marble obelisks memorializing individual families but these are far outnumbered by saplings and shrubs that threaten to overgrow the whole yard. The cemetery was once surrounded by a fine wrought-iron fence, about 5 feet high. It is now rusted and in poor very repair, with several sections fallen or missing. The four gates have long ago lost any locks and those few remaining on their hinges cannot be closed.

The most unusual feature of this cemetery is the remains of the steeple from the nearby Unitarian Church (I709). Toppled in a severe storm in July of 1916, the slate-roofed structure did serious damage to stones in the southeast corner of the cemetery. While the wooden

† *Escape from Innsmouth* dates the oldest stone here to 1828 but says that "this cemetery was opened in the early 1800s"; I have elected to follow the later dating.

INNSMOUTH'S BURIAL RECORDS

Throughout New England burial records were kept haphazardly (if at all) until the 19th century when many towns enacted specific regulations requiring basic record keeping; in the late 19th century historical and antiquarian groups in many towns would catalogue and publish gravestone inscriptions, providing at least some documentation of the earliest burials.*

Innsmouth, due to the unusual circumstances of the town, has no such documentation or compilation of burial records and gravestone inscriptions. Some scattered fragments recording Innsmouth's burials before 1846 survive, but those seeking them would no doubt attract the malign attention of the hybrids and their allies.

CHURCH STREET BURYING GROUND & CHRISTCHURCH CEMETERY

What few records that existed for these two oldest burying grounds were preserved by the Congregational Church (I208) but the Esoteric Order of Dagon has sorely neglected them since its takeover of the church. It is possible that in some dank corner of this crumbling Gothic Revival edifice these papers might be rediscovered; Rev. Hetfield, the hybrid minister and his skulking "deacons" would no doubt strongly object to any attempt to locate them.

REDEMPTION CEMETERY

The corporation that founded this cemetery kept better records than Innsmouth's earlier burying grounds but the actions of time and neglect have destroyed many of them. Those records that survive the town's takeover of the cemetery corporation were transferred to Assembly Hall (I213). While they are officially supposed to be

* Remember that, as a rule of thumb, only 1 in 100 people in the 17th century had a gravestone, 1 in 50 in the 18th, and 1 in 10 in the 19th.

stored with other similar papers they have instead been lost amid the general chaos of the city clerk's office. Should investigators somehow gain the cooperation of Miss Eustace Eliot and get access to the office's papers, it will still take several hours and a ½ *Library Use* roll to find the right folder buried between two bundles of moldering probate records. At the Keeper's discretion some scraps might also be found at one or more of the corporation's affiliated churches, in particular the First Unitarian Church building (I709).

Some of the records of the Methodist Episcopal church (I103) were taken by that church's pastor when he fled town during Obed Marsh's rise. Today they are held at the Asbury M.E. church in Arkham (A208). Rev. Dr. Wallace, the current minister of that church, is aware of these papers, though he would be very suspicious of anyone asking after them.

SOUTH WOODS MEMORIAL CEMETERY

Like Redemption Cemetery, this too was founded by a private corporation, though this cemetery was officially taken over by the town in the aftermath of Obed Marsh's revolution. The original plot maps and later records are all kept in a filing cabinet at Assembly Hall, though the records from 1846 and the next few years are fragmentary at best. Burial records for the next few decades are much better, almost meticulously, kept, while those of more recent years are far more haphazard. An *Accounting* or ¼ *Idea* roll notes patterns in the burial records suggesting some unusual patterns in interments of certain families, hinting that the plots were purchased exactly one week before the burial and were all handled by the same representative of the cemetery; this discovery is worth 1d3 points to *Innsmouth Lore*. As with the records from Redemption Cemetery, Town Clerk Eustace Eliot must be dealt with before any such searches are undertaken. ■

structure has mostly rotted, it is still a simple matter to recognize the heap of boards' original purpose.

South Woods Memorial Cemetery (I1001)

Modeled, in style if not in scope or artistry, after Boston's Mount Auburn Cemetery, South Woods Memorial Cemetery was intended to be the dignified, august final resting place of Innsmouth's citizens, their mortal remains shaded by flowers and monuments of granite and marble. Instead this burying ground is a shunned place, a weed-choked, overgrown tangle of ornamental shrubs run amok and invading sea grasses, made damp by persistent fogs and blanketed in the inescapable stench of the ocean.

Initially the cemetery was to be constructed on the eastern slope of Carson Hill, with a commanding view of the town, but difficulties in securing the land forced the project's backers to make use of this less-than-ideal spot south of town. While the ocean view was pleasant, the ground was very wet and required a substantial investment in drainage. The original plot, which occupies the land to the west of South Woods Road, was first laid out in 1834. The grounds were enclosed by a wrought-iron fence with a large ornamental gate of stone and iron on the east side. On the grounds were also constructed a receiving vault, a caretaker's building with attached carriage house, and a small chapel.

After the events of 1846 the cemetery's careful organization was wholly ignored and burials were made wherever was convenient, resulting in chaos. Existing stones

INNSMOUTH'S ZINC MARKERS

Between 1875 and 1912 the Monumental Bronze Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut sold what they called 'white bronze' grave markers, 'white bronze' being a term for an alloy made primarily of zinc. Because the markers could be ordered by catalogue and were wholly customizable — plates with decorations, names, and dates being attached by bolts — the residents of Innsmouth were frequent customers. Zinc markers can be found at Redemption Cemetery and (in greater numbers) at the South Woods Memorial Cemetery. The markers themselves stand out against their slate and soot-stained marble brethren — being bluish-grey or greenish in color and resistant to corrosion. The markers are also hollow and make a distinct sound if tapped. Unfortunately zinc is a brittle metal and larger monuments — prefabricated ones over 20' were available — tend to suffer from metal fatigue and begin to sag or creep, causing them to tilt or even collapse. Several of the larger zinc monuments suffering thusly can be seen on the grounds of South Woods Memorial Cemetery. ■

were toppled, burials were made across the once orderly footpaths, and unmarked graves — sometimes mass-graves — abounded. Most problematic of all was the unsanctioned expansion of the cemetery across South Woods Road. Like so many events in those dark days, the Esoteric Order of Dagon's need for secrecy trumped any other concerns.

After the Marshes restored order (of a sort) to Innsmouth some work was done to mitigate the worst problems at the cemetery — new footpaths were laid out, some tombstones were righted, and the new burials across the road were enclosed by a rough wooden fence. Once the new order had established itself in Innsmouth, elaborate family markers and crypts were erected by the town's new elite. For a time, while the first generation of hybrids were coming of age, the grounds were kept up and elaborate fake funerals were conducted but, as Innsmouth's rulers grew less human, the importance of such a charade diminished and the cemetery was allowed to fall into semi-ruin.

One exceptional feature of this cemetery is the abundance of zinc grave markers. After the closure of the Rawson shop (see page 15), Innsmouth has had to rely on imported gravestones; zinc markers were especially popular as they could simply be ordered by mail. In some sections of the cemetery as many as one-half of all burials have zinc markers, weirdly bright white-grey spots amidst the foliage and mossy slates and soot-blackened marbles. More than a dozen large (12' and higher) zinc monuments can be counted here, though some are listing badly, suffering from metal fatigue. Soon at least one will topple after a heavy rain.

The place is lonely and neglected save for the infrequent automobile traffic along South Woods Road. The drainage system originally built for the cemetery has wholly failed; the land is slowly reverting to the bog it was formerly. This water-logged soil has in turn exacerbated the usual tilting and settling of gravestones, causing many of the stones, even relatively new ones, to lean at irregular angles. Falcon Point's more superstitious residents whisper about flickering grave lights spotted within it, proving that the cemetery is indeed unhallowed ground.

The cemetery is overgrown with a mix of native sea grasses and ornamental shrubbery gone wild. Several species of thorny climbing vines cover sections of both sides of the cemetery, while the sycamore trees planted on the original plot have mostly died, leaving only dead branches to hang overhead. The bare branches make an ideal perch for birds, with crows especially fond of the spot. In warm months mosquitoes are ubiquitous, especially around twilight. At night, the cemetery is alive with sounds, between the call of night birds and the incessant chorus of unseen frogs that fills the air. Unwholesome mists are an almost-nightly occurrence.

One increasing problem is the uncovering of human remains due to the ground's boggy soil. The situation is most severe in the area of the cemetery to the east of South Woods Road, especially among the hastily dug graves of 1846. Due to the rarity of visitors the problem has been minimal so far, but investigators there making a *Spot Hidden* roll notice some suspect fragment during a visit to the cemetery. With an impaled roll they discover an unmistakable piece of bone or tooth, calling for a *Sanity* roll or lose 0/1 points of *Sanity* to those not used to such macabre remnants.



OTHER INNSMOUTH BURYING GROUNDS

While Innsmouth has four recognized burying grounds, there are other places, now lost, which were used for burials previously.

The Pearson Family Plot: The Pearson blockhouse, built somewhere along what is now Eliot Street, was one of Innsmouth's earliest buildings. The rough-built wooden fortification burned to the ground in 1668, killing three members of the Pearson family, as well as Jerusha, a Pequot slave. According to surviving accounts of the incident — which at the time was widely thought to be either sabotage or caused by “a skulking Indian” — the remains of the deceased were buried beneath a poplar tree near to the ruined house. The exact spot of either building or the burying ground has been lost to time.

The Ipswich Road Burying Ground: Like the other towns of New England, Innsmouth was not immune to the ravages of disease. When measles swept coastal Massachusetts in the Fall of 1739, the people of Innsmouth were particularly hard-hit, the children of the city most of all. Unfortunately, the frigid winter of 1739-40 prevented any burials from taking place at the Church Street or Christchurch burying ground, so blocks of ice cut from the Manuxet River were used to preserve the dead until the ground thawed enough in the spring at several locations in the town. The remains held in a barn on the Bascomb farm were not as well-preserved as other and it was decided to bury the more than two-dozen of them as quickly as possible in late April of 1740 on a parcel of land donated by Lemuel Boggs. While several gravestones were apparently placed here, today there is no sign of this little graveyard and few, if any, who remember it existed at all.



The “Indian Graves”: In 1841, workers excavating a cut into a hillside for the branch railway from Rowley discovered a mass grave on small rise west of town. More than a dozen skeletons were discovered by the work crew building the elevated causeway across the swamp — more might have been discovered but the workers were instructed to avoid looking for additional bones. Newspaper men speculated that this was an Indian burial ground, but as far as can be determined, no artifacts of any kind were uncovered. According to newspaper accounts the remains were buried in an arc partially exposed by the excavation and that only 4 of the skeletons had skulls, and even these were broken. The bones were reburied a few days later in an unmarked grave near to where they were originally discovered; Rev. Babcock of Innsmouth read a few prayers before the remains were reinterred. This discovery is recorded of in only a few local newspapers and in the Summer issue (1843) of the *Journal the Massachusetts Historical Society*, which mentions it only in passing under “Other Items” at its rear. ■

The cemetery's buildings still stand but are in generally poor repair. The chapel is the best kept up as it still sees some use, though its quartet stained-glass windows depicting the evangelists have been boarded over and whitewashed. Overly curious visitors can locate a small store room in the rear of the chapel, heavily padlocked. Within are several crates holding folded robes of green and blue and a moth-eaten banner embroidered with the words “Praise Be Unto Dagon.”

The caretaker's building is used by Otis Fuller as a part-time residence. The attached carriage house is a dumping ground for old tools, broken stones, and odd bits of salvage kept by Fuller for reasons known only to him. Moving around within requires a DEX x 4 roll to avoid causing some heap of junk to come crashing down, inflicting 1d3-1 points of damage and possibly alerting Fuller or anyone else in the area. The receiving vault is long unused and in poor repair. The wrought-iron doors

have been pried off their hinges and the interior is a mess of broken bottles and other trash. Otis Fuller has taken to dumping any remains he finds into one corner of the vault, making for a horrific discovery, costing as much as 1/1d3 points of Sanity for anyone unfortunate enough to stumble upon them.

The fence surrounding the original plot of the cemetery is, surprisingly, generally intact. A *Climb* or *Jump* roll (whichever is higher) is needed to clear it safely (failed rolls indicate painful scratches or twisted ankles — 1 or 2 points of damage worth — not a failure to get over); alternatively, a *Luck* roll can find a section missing a bar allowing easier access. Movement through the cemetery itself is challenging due to the haphazard stone placement, ubiquity of bramble, and soft, boggy soil.

The South Woods Road, as it passes through the cemetery, takes several sharp turns to avoid clusters of hastily erected gravestones. While careless drivers have

INNSMOUTH'S CARVERS

CHARLES WHALLEY — ACTIVE 1701?-1759

Innsmouth's first local gravestone carver was the mason Charles Whalley, born in Ipswich, Massachusetts in 1678. Whalley was an apprentice of the carver Richard Leighton and his style is largely derived from Leighton's though with a few idiosyncratic differences that allow them to be distinguished by scholars:

- Leighton's five-pointed star rosettes are replaced with six-pointed stars by Whalley
- Whalley's spelling and grammar are poorer, with haphazard capitalizations and spellings
- The stylized faces on the tympanum have semi-circular eyes rather than Leighton's ovals, and the row of teeth at the bottom are jagged rather than square

Whalley moved to Innsmouth at some point around 1704 — his first carved stones in Innsmouth are dated to 1703 but these were almost certainly made later. His wife, Thomasina Bayles, who had been a servant in the Whalley household, was a Cornish girl of just 15 or 16 when the couple wed in Innsmouth in 1704. They went on to have eight children, six of whom survived into adulthood. Whalley died in 1760, forced to retire from stonecarving the year before due to failing eyesight. He was buried in Christchurch Cemetery but his gravestone is lost.

Whalley's carvings have been found, in addition to Innsmouth, in Ipswich, Essex, Newbury, Rowley, and Gloucester. On a few of his stones the small carver's mark — "Fec." C. W. Inns" — can be found on the lower portion of a stone.

* Fec. short for this Latin *Fecit Hoc*, literally "He Made This."

BENJAMIN WHALLEY — ACTIVE 1725-1770

Benjamin Whalley (1707-1770), the second son of Charles Whalley (and fourth of his surviving six children), was the only one to follow into his father's vocation, working as a stone carver and mason. Several sources note that at birth his head was covered by a caul — a part of the amniotic sack — which was carefully removed by the attendant midwife. Prized as a good-luck talisman for sailors, the piece was divided between several of the Whalley's family's extended relations and one fragment survives in the collection of the Peabody Museum in Salem — "Sailor's Good Luck Charm, brass with silver chain. Donated 1919 by Mrs. Joyce W. Dwinell. Inscribed 'B.W. 1707 — Innsmouth'. Contains dried tissue; likely fragment of infant's caul."

The younger Whalley's earliest work came in finishing his father's gravestones. His own work is not easily distinguished from his father until the 1740s when he began to provide a larger segment of the family's output. Whalley is somewhat unusual as he carved in two styles — the Miskatonic Valley style of his father and a somewhat amateurish take on winged cherub heads, probably driven to this change by popular tastes of the era.

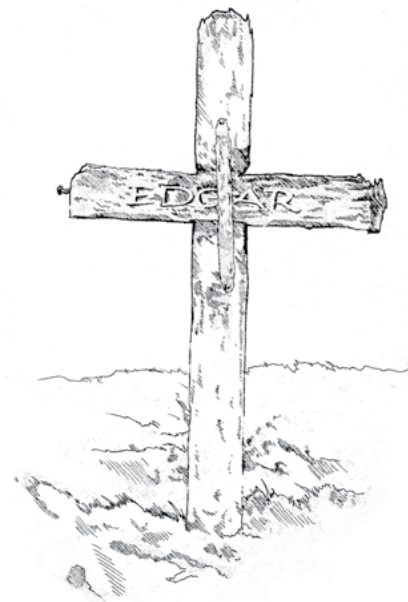
Benjamin Whalley's early stones are generally similar to his father's in style, but can be distinguished by the following features:

- Spelling and grammar is better and capitalizations are consistent
- Stylized faces on the tympanum, unlike other Miskatonic Valley-style stones, have small triangular noses

served to remove a few of the most problematic stones, driving through the grounds at any speed above a crawl is a dangerous proposition; Keepers should consider at least one *Drive Auto* roll if done at speed. Driving through during a heavy fog is inadvisable at any speed.

Unlike the burying grounds within Innsmouth itself, Constable Birch and the hybrid community at large takes little interest in the goings-on here. Investigators seeking to excavate a suspect burial have some chance to do so here without being observed. A successful *Luck* roll once per hour means that there are no visitors to the cemetery during that period. Even if someone does pass through, careful investigators might remain undiscovered. *Hide*, *Sneak*, and possibly *Conceal* rolls may be called for as the Keeper desires. Remember that the most obvious sign of visitors will likely be whatever automobile the investigators use; assuming that is hidden or parked some distance away, it is unlikely for anyone to take notice of them.

The cemetery provides a good view of Innsmouth and especially the harbor to the north. It is possible anyone



INNSMOUTH'S CARVERS (CONTINUED)

- Border vines are more detailed, sometimes with clusters of grapes
- None of the young Whalley's stones are signed, but a few bear price notations below ground

Whalley's later stones were mostly in the cherub or soul-effigy style, with a simple oval face, almond-shaped and deeply cut, and pursed lips, hair parted in the middle. Border designs remained the same as his Miskatonic Valley-style stones — sinuous vines — though sometimes instead of rosettes on the finials he included hourglasses or crescent moons.

Whalley was married twice, first to Amity Garrison (1716-1739) then to Sarah Pike (1720-1803). He had two daughters with Amity; the elder, (Susannah, b. 1737) lived into adulthood while the younger daughter died shortly after birth in 1739, as did Amity. Sarah and Benjamin had five children together, four daughters and one son; only two, Bethanny (b. 1743) and Rebekah (b. 1748) survived to adulthood. Benjamin Whalley died in 1770, killed in an accident during the construction of a house, when he was struck in the head by a collapsing block and tackle.

ADONAI RAWSON AND THE RAWSON SHOP (ACTIVE 1773-1872)

Adonai Rawson (b.1722-d.1784) and his eldest son Jasper (b.1741-d.1818) moved to Innsmouth after the death of Benjamin Whalley. Innsmouth was without a stone carver and the elder Rawson, who had apprenticed with Henry Emmes of Boston, is generally believed to have held Tory sympathies and moved to Innsmouth to avoid the increasing tensions there in the years just prior to the American Revolution. Like the Whalley's before them, the Rawsons primarily worked as masons with their

gravestone production, initially at least, being a sidelight to their regular work as masons.

Though not as gifted a carver as Emmes, Rawson provided a fair mimic of his master's work, producing a range of stones — winged effigies, skull and crossbones, and even a few portrait stones. His stones tend to be repetitious copies of each other, with little to distinguish them but the inscription. They can be differentiated from other Emmes stones by the relative crudity of the stones and his use of capital letters to begin most words.

Jasper Rawson served with the 3rd Essex Militia during the Revolutionary War, being injured during the siege of Fort Stanwix in 1777. Afterwards he returned to Innsmouth and returned to work with his father, marrying Hannah Berwick in 1781. The couple had five children together, four of whom survived to adulthood, as well as two children from her previous marriage to Isaiah Waite. Rawson purchased some property in Newbury with a series of what proved to be some very productive slate ledges. With access to an easy supply of good quality stone, the young Rawson, aided by his sons, opened up a full-time stone-carving business in 1786; for more information on that firm, see page 4.

Jasper, trained by his father, continued to produce stones in the Emmes style, though with a higher degree of technical skill than his father. With the rise of willow and urn style stones around 1800 it becomes more difficult to distinguish between various carvers of the Rawson shop; in addition to Jasper, other Rawson carvers included his sons Matthew, Joshua, Isaiah, and Adonai, grandsons George, Nathaniel, and Joshua Jr., and (the only Rawson to survive the events of 1846) Eliot. ■

wishing to surveil the town might make use of the grounds as a good place to conceal themselves or to store equipment.

Falcon Point Cemetery (I1010a)

The fishermen of Falcon Point and Boynton Beach have, in the past few years, avoided the swampy and dank South Woods Cemetery in favor of this open field at the corner of South Woods and Falcon Point Roads, though it is unofficial and unlicensed by the town or the state. There is no gate here, nor walls, or very many proper markers. There are perhaps two dozen graves (the total is hard to determine precisely), of which only a little more than half

are marked, and of these only three are carved stone — simple initials on field stones gathered from the rocky cliff face. Most markers here are instead made of pieces of wood scrap, roughly carved with the deceased's name and perhaps year of birth or death and nailed to a post.

So far, the authorities in Innsmouth have ignored this unlicensed burial ground, content to leave the locals alone, in life and in death. The inhabitants of Falcon Point do take an interest in anyone visiting here, and suspicious characters will be watched closely. Anyone being less than respectful to the dead will be approached by a small party of locals who encourage them to depart. In the case of serious problems, the Essex County Sheriff will be called for, but they will take some time to arrive. ■

New Location

The Wreck of the *Elizabeth Wright*

by Chris Huth and Bret Kramer

Washed up on the sandbars and salt flat islands that encircle Ipswich Bay you will find traces of centuries of people working on and up against the sea. One large piece of this flotsam is the singed wreck of a fishing boat named *Elizabeth Wright*, found adrift in 1917 and washed ashore during a strong autumnal storm. Today it is a landmark of sorts, the subject of paintings and sketches; a place for young people to congregate; a place for mothers to warn children not to visit; a place for ghost stories to be told... and told about.

Location

The exact site of the wreck is left to the Keeper, but it can be placed anywhere between Newburyport and Cape Ann (excluding Innsmouth, of course). It should be close enough to populated spots that people can visit it with relative ease, but not so close as to remove its air of seclusion and rough proximity to Innsmouth.

Use in Play

The wreck of the *Elizabeth Wright* can appear in a number of roles:

- **A landmark.** There are few geographical features on the low, sandy beaches that run from Cape Ann to the mouth of the Merrimack River. The *Elizabeth Wright* makes a useful landmark, especially to those sailing close to shore. Noticing it in passing, NPCs or investigators might select it for a rendezvous point, a place to stow gear, or just to orient themselves, perhaps before a clandestine attempt to motor out to Devil Reef...
- **A colorful spot for an encounter.** You can enliven a local mundane NPC or make a meeting with an NPC more memorable and atmospheric by setting it near the overturned, partially burnt and wholly mysterious beached shipwreck. While not every NPC might be found hanging around the *Elizabeth Wright*, many would be drawn there for their own purposes or out of duty. Young people flock to it as a place away from adult supervision; their parents might find their way to the wreck looking for a wayward

child or teen. Criminals, particularly bootleggers, may use it as a convenient meeting place or hidden drop site. And then law enforcement officers might be at the site to disrupt either the above delinquency or rum running. Academics involved in the natural sciences might find it a useful stopping place during a trip to collect animal specimens, water samples, take meteorological readings, and generally poke about. Finally, beachcombers, sea-bathers, hikers, hunters, bird-watchers, clam diggers, picnickers, wayward tourists, moon-eyed lovers, and recluses of any sort might take shelter from a sudden squall under the ship's battered bulk.

- **A clue, or warning, about Innsmouth.** Investigators asking for information about Innsmouth might hear of the vessel as a sign that something is not right with the waters off Innsmouth. Most such warnings are veiled and contradictory — the story of the loss of the ship is always heard second-hand at best — and no one can say with certainty exactly what happened to her crew. Yet, somehow, everyone near enough to Innsmouth to have dark impressions of the place knows that, though there is no definitive proof, the near-deserted port had something to do with the *Wright's* condition. Those who visit her will find the damaged ship holds clues of a different, more immediate kind — the queer sets of parallel scratches and gouges within and without the ship could not have been made by any animal... and what purpose would it serve a person to disfigure the hull and interior in such a weird manner?

Visiting the Wreck

The battered hull of the *Elizabeth Wright* is known mostly to locals, and it does not appear in any tourist guide or official maps save perhaps the most detailed town or state maps — which simply mark the spot as a “shipwreck.” Investigators must learn of the site by word of mouth, or stumble across it themselves. The likeliest source of these stories will be children and teenagers in the towns closest to the place, as they're the most common visitors to the ship and the most eager to brag about being familiar with it, either as a sign of youthful courage (braving the spooky, creaking

wreck) or maturity (in hanging around a notorious spot for lovers). For local young men and women, “Going to see Mrs. Wright” is a code-phrase for a romantic encounter or illicit romp. Besides talkative (or braggadocious) young people, anyone who has been to the site can offer general directions back to it. Even locals who have not visited it personally can offer enough specifics that, due to the wide flat beach and lack of obscuring terrain, the shipwreck is easy to find in good weather.

The site is about a mile from the nearest road — little more than a pair of tire-carved ruts in the sea-grass on the landward side of the low dunes that mark the border between beach and the more vegetated and populated interior. Several footpaths lead away from this track and over or around the dunes — these tend to come and go with the season — and down to the broad, sandy beach. The hull of the *Elizabeth Wright* is impossible to miss on a clear day from the top of any nearby dune. If someone’s lit a campfire there, the smoke from it is visible from even further away. Beyond the dunes, the effect of the wind (and even closer to the wreck, the tides) erases any sign of human footprints after a few hours, and even tire-tracks after a day or two, should someone brave driving out to the place. If someone is driving there, taking an automobile over the dunes to the site requires a *Drive Auto* roll. Failure means the vehicle becomes stuck in the sand and will need to be freed by bringing 25 points of STR to bear on it. A critical failure mean some damage was done to the automobile, necessitating a repair or a tow to prevent it from becoming another wreck on the dunes.

Poor weather complicates finding the wreck. A *Navigate* roll is necessary to find the site in rain, snow, or fog if it has previously been visited, but if investigators are relying on the direction of others, the skill is reduced by at least ½ or more. In extreme conditions — a pea-soup fog, during a gale, or Nor’easter, finding the wreck will require both a halved *Navigate* roll and a *Luck* roll, unless the investigators come up with a clever approach.

Exterior

The storm that grounded the *Elizabeth Wright* left it flipped two-thirds of the way over, with the hull facing the ocean. Its twisted masts and cabins kept it from turning over completely. Now, the ship is held in place by drifting sands and the occasional piece of driftwood jammed or hammered under the hull by visitors. Sea-grasses have grown up around it, sheltered from the worst of winds by the hull, making it a little green oasis in the tawny sands. From the seaward side, only the grey-black hull is visible, though one of the broken masts has been planted behind the ship and stands a good fifteen feet above it, topped by whatever tattered piece of cloth someone has tied to the top. For local teens, placing a “flag” on the mast is a game of sorts. The flag should change every time the investigators visit — first a red gingham tablecloth, a torn pair of trousers next, then a slip hung sideways by its shoulder straps, or a Miskatonic University scarf (triple-knotted around the tip of the mast).

Anyone getting close enough to the hull will see that nearly every inch of the tarred surface has been scarred with graffiti of one sort or another — initials, names, dated or otherwise, bits of doggrel (some inspired, some obscene, most insipid), arrows-in-hearts testifying to youthful romance, and roughly scratched figures. Amidst all these very human markings are other, less familiar sets of scratches — dozens of parallel gouges, two, three, sometimes four lines, each set from a few inches to more than a foot long. These cuts, while not piercing the hull, are deep enough that they would require a hatchet or chisel or other serious tool to make, something more substantial than the pocket-knives and screwdrivers common to the average graffito. Those more familiar with the sea (from previous experience or *Pilot: Boat* at 20% or higher) can tell that this was not caused by any action of rocks or flotsam, and in fact they predate any of the graffiti on the hull. An *Idea* roll notes the similarities to marks left by



a human hand, but the depth of the cut and the wider-than-human spacing dismisses this possibility. A *Cthulhu Mythos* roll or knowledge of the physiology of the Deep Ones confirms that these gouges were likely made by those aquatic horrors; this realization costs 0/1 point of Sanity unless the investigator has lost six or more points of Sanity from witnessing the Deep Ones already.

On the landward side, there are several improvised awnings formed by hammering and staking fabric over the side of the wreck, expanding the cover offered substantially. Observers see that only a small portion of the covering are sails or tarps original to the wreck, the rest having been added by later visitors, some of whom repair damage to it from the wind and waves. Under the awnings, there are various pieces of battered furniture and wood scraps turned into stools and improvised benches. A few spots in the sand look to have been routinely used for fires, and at least one mostly intact wooden barrel has been pressed into service as a trash can. A good supply of driftwood has been gathered in a dry corner and a jumble of pots, pans, and battered cooking utensils (in varying states of cleanliness) are stored in a broken lobster trap.

Interior

The construction within the ship remains oriented roughly 120° off from how its builders intended it to be used. Going between cabins, for example, requires you step over the 'top' of the old door. Moving between the cabins quickly is impossible; investigators crossing between sections in a hurry may require DEX x 3 checks to avoid stumbling. On a fumble, the investigator takes 1d3-1 points of damage. Everything in the ship smells of burnt wood and, faintly, of fish.

Entrance into the ship can be made through a single cabin, the door long-gone, within the awning-covered section of the ship. (There are also a few portholes facing upwards which can admit anything size 4 or less, but these are less helpful to investigators.) There are two main sections of the vessel's interior — the three top-deck cabins and seven "below deck" rooms. The "upper" rooms all show signs of a fire, not enough to destroy them, but enough to char the wood; an *Idea* roll suggests it was lamp oil. There are (noticed if looked for, otherwise found with a *Spot Hidden* roll) a few scratches similar to those found on the hull on door-frames. Other than the charred wood and a few shards of broken bottles, torn scraps of newspaper, and other detritus, there is nothing of interest within the interior of the vessel — except for more of those strange gashes. Curious investigators may also crawl into the bilge of the ship, though, aside from a briney-ocean stench, there is nothing to find in that cramped space. It would seem like a good place to hide, though...

History

A *Library Use* roll can gather the general details of the loss of the *Elizabeth Wright*: that, on the late morning of November 1st, 1917, the *Elizabeth Wright*, a fishing boat out of Gloucester, was spotted listing and adrift south of Plum Island by a motor launch out of Rockport. Upon their arrival in Portsmouth that evening, they reported the sighting to the authorities, but the Coast Guard was not notified until the next afternoon. A crew was dispatched on the morning of the 3rd to look for the vessel but, due to fog, failed to find it. A trio of clam-diggers discovered the ship run aground two days later, after a strong storm had apparently washed it ashore. Neither the clam-diggers nor an Essex County sheriff's patrol the next day found any sign of survivors.

Asking Cape Ann fishermen and old salts about the the *Elizabeth Wright* gets you an earful of ghost stories and speculation. The *Elizabeth Wright* is not notable, however, for the deaths that occurred on board. Everyone knows fishing is a dangerous business. What is considered remarkable about the *Elizabeth Wright*, and what helped secure its place in Cape Ann's folklore, is that the sea claimed the crew on a clear, calm night, with a bright moon to guide them.

The lost were captain Donald Kelley, along with his father Andrew Kelley and four other fishermen — Italian or Portuguese immigrants (the details vary here) whose names have been forgotten — who served as Kelley's crew. No trace of the crew was ever found, either on the ship or in the waters between Cape Ann and Plum Island. There was no sign of violence onboard, aside from evidence of a fire (although investigators who've seen the wreck may dispute this detail). Aside from some fishing gear, there was almost nothing missing. The official assessment was that the crew, panicked by the fire onboard ship, leapt overboard and, tragically, were unable to reboard the vessel and perished at sea.

Opinions vary widely regarding the fate of the crew. Popular theories are variations on the following:

- Kelley owed money to someone. Exactly *who* varies depending on the teller, but usually they're a suspicious out-of-towner, often a criminal. Kelley was either murdered as a warning to others, or faked his death to avoid their wrath. Considering the majority of Kelley's wealth was the boat, the former seems especially unlikely.
- Kelley was the victim of a German U-Boat. There had been rumors they had been spotted at various points along the eastern seaboard of the U.S. even before the American declaration of war that spring. According to this rumor, the crew were kidnapped or killed by the dreaded Hun after being surprised by the sudden surfacing of a submarine. Precisely why the German Imperial Navy might want to kill or capture half a dozen American fishermen is unclear. (This theory becomes especially popular after the shelling of Orleans on Cape Cod in 1918.)

- A few old salts suggest that the loss of the crew was the work of the dreaded Gloucester Sea Serpent. While it has not been spotted in some time, there is no reason it might not have reappeared to devour the crew of the *Elizabeth Wright*. (It is suggested this tall tale is only shared by those likely to want to pull the leg of gullible landlubbers.)
- It was the Innsmouthers! Kelley and his boat got too close to the fishing grounds favored by the men of Innsmouth and they did them in. Usually the Innsmouthers just intimidate fishing boats and their crews who intrude on their territory, but some folk mutter darkly about sabotage and even strange accidents that befall those who cross the fishermen of that town.

The Truth

It is up to the Keeper what actually happened to the crew of the *Elizabeth Wright*, and whether that truth can be discovered by the investigators. Unless Kelley or one of his crew shared a secret with someone on shore, then the cause of their destruction is only known to whomever, or whatever, was responsible. Perhaps Kelley told this potential confidante he had a lead on pirate treasure on Devil Reef, or that he had encountered a mermaid who had promised him riches beyond his imagining. Some scrap of evidence might be uncovered — a message in a bottle, a scrawled warning hidden in soot, a terrified eye-witness unwilling to come forward until now — that can help investigators uncover whatever solution you wish there to be.

If the ship is to be a material warning to investigators of the dangers they face in Innsmouth, you should tailor the precise cause of the loss of the crew to reflect the horrors out of Innsmouth you want to emphasize — murderous townspeople, lurking Deep Ones, or bubbling shoggoths. If you want to terrify your players, have the hull bear the impression of the titanic claws of Father Dagon, which simply scooped the crew into its yawning maw.

Scenario Seeds

- The *Elizabeth Wright* is a popular place with lovers. A young adult from Innsmouth who suddenly underwent the change, but who is not wholly willing to give up their life on the surface, returns here to leave romantic notes for their human inamorata. Perhaps there is another hybrid child on the way?
- Being so close to Innsmouth (and Y'ha-nthlei beyond), the wreck might become the temporary home for a confused, deranged hybrid who is yet unaware of their true nature (like Donald Linderman [K119] in *H.P. Lovecraft's Kingsport*). This squatter hides as best they can from revelers, but stories start to circulate about a weird figure said to haunt the wreck, staring ceaselessly out at the waves...
- Kingsport's many artists would no doubt find the ruined, lonely ship a tempting subject for a painting or a sketch. Do they witness something coming up out of the ocean? Does one of them vanish inexplicably? Perhaps it wasn't Innsmouth at all that doomed the *Elizabeth Wright*, but a black galley from Leng in pursuit of the fabled White Ship, and Kelley and his crew might yet survive as slaves of the dreadful Moon-beasts.
- Weird lights have been spotted all about the wreck. Are they late-night visitors? Camped-out clam diggers awaiting dawn? Bootleggers signaling a mothership? The spirits of the damned crew? Phosphorescent crab-things from the deep, come to feed on some unknown Deep One spoor? Speaking of spirits, what is that light that can be seen offshore on certain nights? It cannot be the spectral form of the *Elizabeth Wright*, forever reenacting the final minutes before oblivion claimed her crew... ■

Arcane Etymology

On The Name 'Dagon'

by Bret Kramer

Once I sought out a celebrated ethnologist, and amused him with peculiar questions regarding the ancient Philistine legend of Dagon, the Fish-God; but soon perceiving that he was hopelessly conventional, I did not press my inquiries.

– “Dagon”

Many Cthulhu Mythos entities have names seemingly formed from a jumble of consonants, in the hope of creating the impression of something wholly alien and unnatural: Mnomquah, Q'yth-az... even Cthulhu itself. In other cases, these names have been drawn from real world mythology and language. In the case of those beings, Keepers would benefit to learn as much as they can of these sources of inspiration.

A Short History of Dagon

*Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish; yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.*

– Paradise Lost

Dagon (𐎠𐎣𐎗𐎥𐎢𐎡𐎠) was originally a Mesopotamian grain god; the earliest mentions date to around 2500 BC. His name is synonymous with 'grain' in several ancient languages in the Fertile Crescent. While initially a secondary member of his pantheon, his significance (and divine portfolio) expanded over time, so that by the end of the Bronze Age he was the chief god in many cities, especially those of the Mediterranean coast between Anatolia and Egypt. Sadly few texts from these civilizations survive; much of what we know of Dagon either comes from archaeological or secondary sources.

The best known of these second-hand sources, is of course, the Bible. Dagon is described therein as the primary god of the Philistines, that he had temples at Ashdod, Beth-Dagon, and Gaza (and likely elsewhere). When the Ark of the Covenant was captured by the Philistines it was taken to Dagon's temple at Ashdod, resulting in the supernatural destruction of his idol there:

Euen the Philistims tooke ye Arke of God, and brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon. And when they of Ashdod rose the next day in the morning, beholde, Dagon was

fallen vpon his face on the ground before the Arke of the Lord, and they tooke vp Dagon, and set him in his place againe. Also they rose vp earely in the morning the next day, and beholde, Dagon was fallen vpon his face on the ground before the Arke of the Lord, and the head of Dagon and the two palmes of his hands were cut off vpon the thresholde: onely the stumpe of Dagon was left to him.

1 Samuel 5:2-4*

Most famously, Samson, in his final moments, brought down the Philistine temple of Dagon at Gaza with his bare hands (Judges 16:24-31).

Marnas, the chief god of the port city of Gaza, is thought to be a Hellenized version of Dagon, being a god of rain and agricultural bounty. His worship persisted in Gaza until the Byzantine emperor Arcadius had the temple burned in 402 at the behest of the Bishop Porphyry of Gaza as part of campaign against the remaining vestiges of paganism in the eastern Empire.

The transformation of Dagon from a Mesopotamian grain god to the modern idea of a fish-god most likely comes from the confluence of two factors — his importance to coastal societies like the Phoenicians (who depended on the ocean for food) and erroneous readings of scripture.

Dagon, as an agricultural deity, was associated with fertility. This role gradually expanded to include other elements of food and general bounty; fish served both as a literal source of food and wealth as well as a symbolic one, as they were plentiful and very fertile. (We feel obliged to note William Bradford's account in *Of Plymouth Plantation*, of Squanto teaching the Pilgrims to plant corn using fish as a fertilizer; while this technique was probably learned by Squanto during his enslavement in Spain rather than something practiced by the Wampanoag people, the cultural elements linking fish and bounty were no doubt quite durable, especially in New England.)

In the Biblical description of the destruction of the idol of Dagon by the Ark (quoted above) the idol's head and hands broke off and the passage states “only Dagon was left to him.” Medieval Jewish scholars interpreted this to be a reference to the Hebrew word 'Dag' (fish)

* We are using the 16th century Geneva Bible, as that was a translation used by the Pilgrims. If you are wondering what verses of scripture were recited when the men of Plymouth pulled down the Maypole at Merrymount (see below), look no further.



suggesting his body was in the form of a fish. This is almost certainly incorrect; probably they simply meant the statue's torso. Nevertheless by the 19th century this interpretation was generally accepted in popular and academic texts, with Dagon being half-man and half-fish. Other Mesopotamian 'merman' figures were interpreted, inaccurately, as depictions of Dagon, including Adapa, also called Uan and later called Oannes, a mythological figure, human from the waist up and fish below, who taught the first kings of ancient Ur many of the arts of civilization,

MOTHER HYDRA

Like Dagon, Hydra has its origins in Near Eastern mythology. The spawn of Typhon and Echidna, Hydra was a nine-headed serpentine creature of great size and toxicity, famed for its regenerative abilities. It lived in the Lake of Lerna, an entrance to the Underworld. ■

such as writing.

This erroneous notion of Dagon as, fundamentally, a human headed, fish-bodied god, was first challenged in 1928 by the German scholar Hartmut Schmökel in his book *Der Gott Dagan*. The modern academic consensus wholly endorses this interpretation, rejecting the half-man, half-fish god as incorrect, albeit an error with some long-lasting impact theologically and culturally.

Dagon in New England

In Colonial New England, drawing on the Puritan world-view, the name Dagon was often used as a sort of shorthand for irreligiousness, especially idolatry. 'Dagon' was often used symbolically to stand in for some enemy of Puritan faith — be it Charles II or Catholic ritual — while the Puritans imagined that they embodied the Ark of the Covenant.

Consider the case of "Merrymount." It was founded by Thomas Morton in 1625 as Mount Wollaston, but nicknamed Mare Mount after the Latin word for 'sea', then later dubbed "Merrymount" in jest. Morton's goal was trade; he established friendly relations with the natives; he also permitted the sort of revelry (dancing, drinking, etc.) that the Puritans despised, including folk-religious practices like the Maypole. They dubbed it "Mount Dagon." Eventually Morton was arrested and forced to return to England. Soon after, "Mount Dagon" was abandoned. The incident eventually became iconic of Puritan intolerance and insistence on conformity, as in Nathaniel Hawthorne's fictional account of the incident "The May-Pole of Merry Mount."

Mermaids are infrequently found in 17th and 18th century New England art. While there is no one single attribution, some are likely to be depictions of Dagon or similar figures, not out of some secret pagan rite, but rather as a symbol of idolatry or sin. Conversely however, the revival of Classical learning offered another version of the half-man, half-fish in the figure of Triton, and the dual nature of this mythological figure was seen as echoing the dualist nature of Christ. We must wonder, then, how to interpret the merman figures used by one late 17th century stone carver in Boston who made frequent use of them on his finely carved gravestones. These mermen (later dubbed "Dagons" by some modern scholars) hold aloft urns, a

Classical symbol of death. Showing a symbol of sin (and/or of Christ) contrasted with a symbol of Death likely was intended to cause viewers to reflect on the state of their own immortal souls.

Dagon in Lovecraft

Lovecraft, as with so many other things, drew from the iconography of New England's past, which he loved so much, and incorporated the name Dagon in his writings.

There are two primary uses of 'Dagon' in Lovecraft's writings — the stories "Dagon" and "The Shadow Over Innsmouth." In "Dagon" the monstrous aquatic being that drives the narrator to madness and death is left unnamed, save by implication. Unlike how 19th and 20th century sources described Dagon, this nightmarish being is humanoid but monstrous.

Vast, Polyphemus-like, and loathsome, it darted like a stupendous monster of nightmares to the monolith, about which it flung its gigantic scaly arms, the while it bowed its hideous head and gave vent to certain measured sounds.*

In "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" he uses the name 'Dagon' both in the name of the Deep-One-controlled cult and as one of the entities worshiped by said cult, appending the title 'Father' to its name:

It was called, she said, "The Esoteric Order of Dagon", and was undoubtedly a debased, quasi-pagan thing imported from the East a century before, at a time when the Innsmouth fisheries seemed to be going barren.

He also pairs Dagon with other "Babylonish abominations" (i.e. false gods) — Astarte, Belial, the Golden Calf, and Beelzebub, making clear these connections. Zadok Allen (Zadok being one of the first priests of the Temple and an implacable foe of paganism) even quotes from scripture, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin", a prophecy of doom from the Book of Daniel. Finally the three "Oaths of Dagon" are increasingly undesirable pledges of loyalty and obedience to the Order and its masters, the third oath being so detestable that Zadok Allen insisted "I'd a died ruther'n take that [oath]."

There is a third, brief mention of Dagon in the Lovecraft fragment later dubbed "Of Evil Sorceries Done in New England by Daemons of Not Humane Shape" (later incorporated by August Derleth into his novella *The Lurker at the Threshold*):

'Tis said, one Richard Billington, being instructed partly by evil-Books, and partly by an antient Wonder-Worker amongst the Indian Savages, so fell away from good Christian Practice that he not only lay'd claim to Immortality in the Flesh, but sett up in the Woods a Place of Dagon, namely a great Ring of



Stones, inside which he say'd Prayers to the Divell, and sung certain Rites of Magick abominable by Scripture.

We should note that there is also an essay by Lovecraft later dubbed "In Defense of Dagon" (1921), but this is an argument in favor of Weird fiction rather than in any appreciable way a discussion of either the Semitic god or Lovecraft's cyclopean aquatic horror.

The Call of Cthulhu RPG made the implicit link between "Dagon" and "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" explicit, describing Dagon and Hydra as titanic Deep Ones, suggesting that they are not unique entities but rather simply very large and unspeakably old Deep One specimens. While some later authors have offered alternative interpretations for Dagon, especially Dennis Detwiller in his chapter Black Cod Island from *Targets of Opportunity*, Lovecraft's titanic, scaled humanoid persists as the generally accepted version of Dagon rather than any Philistine merman.

Conclusion

Dagon is almost certainly not the name that Dagon or other inhuman entities would use in reference to it. The name instead is derived from the Christian traditions of the New England sailors who applied it to what they interpreted as a Fish-God. Lovecraft's use of it was intended to highlight the blasphemous nature of the activities of the people of Innsmouth. Dagon, to New Englanders, had an especially dark association in the popular culture, even into Lovecraft's day, a fact clearly employed by old Howard in his use of the name and depiction of the being. Dagon is then more than just something inhuman or even something heretical, it is an inhuman abomination, a monster of nightmare. ■

* Better known as the Cyclops of *The Odyssey*; a huge, ravening man-eating monster.

Deep Background

The Marine Abyss beyond Devil Reef

by Bret Kramer

Only one paper—a tabloid always discounted because of its wild policy—mentioned the deep diving submarine that discharged torpedoes downward in the marine abyss just beyond Devil Reef.

An' tell me why Obed was allus droppin' heavy things daown into the deep water t'other side o' the reef whar the bottom shoots daown like a cliff lower'n ye kin saound?

Y'ha-nthlei, as Lovecraft describes it, lies close to Devil Reef, which in turn is about a mile and a half from the shore at Innsmouth. Unfortunately, in the decades since “The Shadow Over Innsmouth” was written, extensive sonar mapping of the southern Gulf of Maine has demonstrated that the ocean waters in this region are but a few dozen fathoms deep, at best. This is far from a “marine abyss.” For Keepers with an interest in extreme accuracy, we present three nearby likely spots where one might plausibly hide a “Cyclopean and many-columned” city.

To Hell with Bathography!

The Keeper is free to change the ocean floor off Massachusetts as they see fit. The waters just off Devil Reef can be hundreds of fathoms deep and Y'ha-nthlei can fester wherever you would like near the shore.

THE ICE AGE ISSUE

For eighty thousand years Pth'thya-l'yi had lived in Y'ha-nthlei, and thither she had gone back...

The location of Y'ha-nthlei grows even more problematic we take into account the sea-level lowering effects of an Ice Age. Accepting Pth'thya-l'yi's claims about her age, she was born near the beginning of the most recent period of glaciation, during which sea levels were as much as 120 m lower than they are today and much of the Gulf of Maine was covered in thick layers of ice. Additionally many of the current features of the Gulf of Maine were formed by glacial deposits, so even if Y'ha-nthlei were deep enough, the Deep Ones would have had to contend with a rain of mud, sand, and rock from above. ■

A BASIN VANISHES

An oceanographic survey in 1965 determined that there was a significant basin centered at 42° 30'N, 70° 20'W near Tillies Bank. Subsequent sonar surveys in the mid-1990s determined that there was in fact no basin at this location. Oceanographers chalked this up to human error, but *Call of Cthulhu* Keepers likely know better. ■

Jeffrey's Ledge Deeps

Location: About 25 miles offshore, north-northeast of Cape Ann.

Maximum Depth: 130 meters.

Notes: Jeffrey's Ledge is a large glacial deposit running northeast of Cape Ann for about 30 miles. On the northwestern side are a series of deep points, some up to 130 meters in depth.

Gloucester Basin

Location: 42° 30.6' N, 70° 23.7' W

Maximum Depth: 180 meters.

Notes: This small, irregularly-shaped depression is 15 miles east-southeast of Cape Ann, along the northern end of the Stellwagen Bank. Its numerous canyons have long snared fishing nets.

Wilkinson Basin

Location: A substantial area, about 100 miles offshore from Portsmouth to southern Cape Cod

Maximum Depth: 270 meters.

Notes: One of the Gulf of Maine's three major basins, this is by far the largest of the deep points listed. Modern exploration suggests the floor is relatively uniform and is covered in a thick layer of muddy sediment. ■

New Person

Edward Morse

by Nicolas Bresinsky

Should investigators be in need of expert advice regarding aquatic life, there are few New Englanders better able to answer their questions than Professor Edward S. Morse. He is also an expert on Asian (especially Japanese) art, history, and language; considering the misidentification of the tiara at the Newburyport Historical Society “as of probable East-Indian or Indochinese provenance” Dr. Morse provides a unique combination of talents in New England.

Keeper's Information

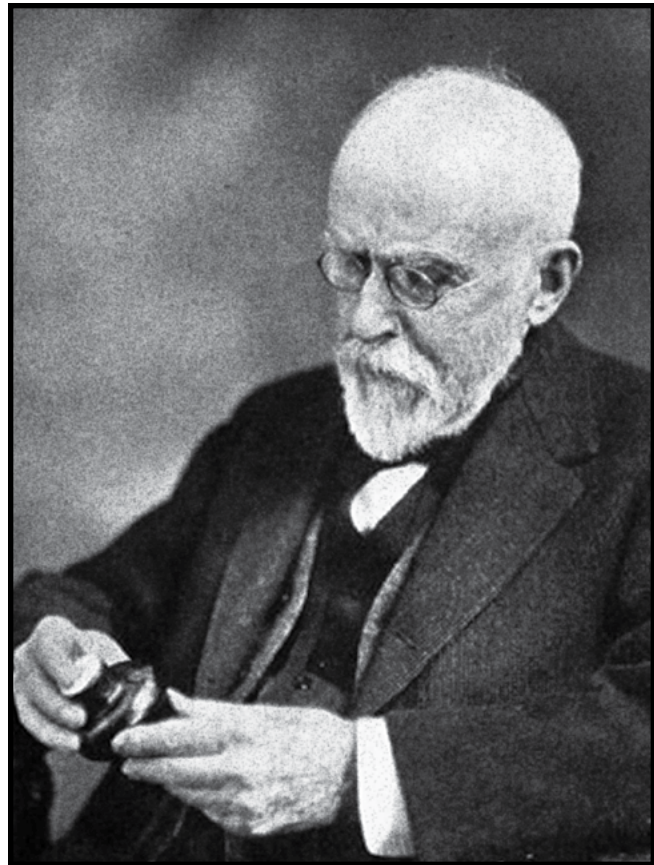
Edward Sylvester Morse is an historic figure that can readily inhabit a Gaslight or 1920s *Call of Cthulhu* adventure or campaign. As a lifelong resident of New England (both Maine and Massachusetts), he makes a suitable inhabitant of Lovecraft Country as well. Investigators will undoubtedly enjoy the sage counsel of a genuine historic figure as Morse helps them unlock the mysteries behind peculiar marine specimens or incongruous Asian artifacts. Keepers wishing to use Morse more prominently might decide to cast Morse as a patron or perhaps even as a villain.

Morse is best known for his expertise in marine zoology (particularly *malacology*, the study of shelled organisms), and his travels to Japan as an *o-yatoi gaikokujin* (foreign advisor) during the Meiji Restoration. From these travels, Morse became the leading expert on Jōmon (“rope-patterned”) pottery, which was made in ancient Japan from roughly 10,500 BCE to 300 BCE.

While both of these accomplishments are noteworthy, what makes Morse such a curious character is that he was a self-taught man. As a youngster, Morse was expelled from every school he attended. He had a reputation for being disorderly, and was kicked out of Bridgton Academy in Maine at age 16 for carving on school desks. He much preferred to explore the seashore looking for shells or snails than learn in a classroom.

This precociousness and rebellion paid off. By age 12, he had discovered two new species of land snail. While still an adolescent, his amateur collections had scientists from Boston, Washington D.C., and the United Kingdom coming to visit him.

A draftsman by trade in early adulthood, Morse was a skilled illustrator and applied this talent to his amateur studies of the natural world. At age 25, he cofounded the scientific journal *The American Naturalist*, which included



many of his drawings. The next year, he published his first scientific work regarding shellfish: *Observations on the Terrestrial Pulmonifera of Maine, Including a Catalogue of All the Species of Terrestrial Mollusca and Fluvial Known to Inhabit the State*. In his thirties, he became chair of comparative anatomy and zoology at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine and a lecturer at Harvard University.

In 1877, Morse's interest in coastal brachiopods took him to Japan on a three-year visit. There, he started a marine laboratory, became the first Professor of Zoology at the Tokyo Imperial University, and discovered the Omori shell mound in a southwestern district of Tokyo. The exploration of this shell mound ushered in the beginning of Japan studying its own archaeology, anthropology, and prehistory.

This was during the Meiji Era when Japan was trying to modernize, and anything traditional was shunned as

being backward. Morse, however, recognized the value in preserving the artifacts he encountered which were rapidly being replaced by modernisms. So in addition to helping Japan explore its own past, Morse recognized the value in more contemporary expressions of Japanese culture. During his stay, he wrote a book called *Japanese Homes and Their Surroundings*, once again supplying the illustrations. He studied Japanese Stone Age pottery and provided the nomenclature “cord-marked” (*Jōmon* in Japanese) to describe it, which since has become the name for an entire era of Japanese pre-history.

For his services toward understanding and preserving Japanese history, government official Okuma Shigenobu gave Morse a large collection of artifacts, which has become the Morse Collection at the Museum of Fine Art in Boston. He was also inducted into the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun and Order of the Sacred Treasures. Morse’s personal collection of artifacts reflecting Japanese life during his stay has become a part of the Peabody Museum of Salem (named the Peabody Academy of Science in the 1890s).

In a Gaslight campaign, Dr. Morse will most likely be encountered by investigators in his role as Director of the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a post he held from 1880-1914. He might also be referred to investigators in his role as member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he was president from 1886 to 1889.

In a Classic Era campaign, investigators will need to encounter Morse (a retiree at this point) before his death in Salem, Massachusetts in December of 1925. Keepers may also simply rewrite history and have Morse survive for a few years more.

In either era, he will probably be referred to investigators because of his knowledge in matters concerning marine zoology or his expertise regarding Japanese artifacts and history. His connections to the Peabody Museum might also bring him to the attention of investigators who contact that museum or others in the region seeking help with a tome or artifact.

Scenario Seeds

Beyond simply being a helpful expert, the Keeper has a variety of options for incorporating Dr. Morse into their campaign.

- Young Morse was a precocious and unruly child for a reason — perhaps because he’s not entirely human. History tells us that Morse’s father was a Congregationalist preacher, but that his mother did not share her husband’s beliefs. Perhaps she had her



own, private beliefs and worshipped Foul Entities From the Beyond? Perhaps that preacher wasn’t Morse’s real father. If not, who was? And exactly what was the nature of those carvings that got young Morse kicked out of Bridgton Academy? Morse died on December 20th, 1925, which is within hours of the winter solstice. Perhaps he didn’t really die, but changed into something else? If so, what, and what is he up to now?

- Salem, Massachusetts is in the vicinity of Innsmouth. Has Morse discovered strange seashells or marine specimens on his walks on the beach? Or maybe they have been brought to him by curious or bewildered beachcombers? Either Morse could hire the investigators to explore more deeply on his behalf (he’s 82 in 1920, so his beachcombing expeditions are likely rather limited), or investigators could use him as their own consultant after encountering some Innsmouth oddity.
- Perhaps investigators discover an artifact that resembles Jōmon pottery, and Morse is consulted because he is the world’s leading expert on the subject. Maybe it’s odd, however, that the artifact is made from local Innsmouth clay...
- Morse donated over 10,000 books to the Tokyo Imperial University after his death. What if the investigators learn that one of those books contains something humanity was not meant to know? This could provide the impetus for a journey to Japan in an attempt to recover the book before nefarious elements consult it or steal it.
- Curious ‘Asian’ relics, of course, are not solely the purview of Innsmouth. Options include Cthulhu’s cult, Muvian fragments, the Tcho-Tcho people, etc.

EDWARD SYLVESTER MORSE (JUNE 18, 1838 — DECEMBER 20, 1925),

Self-taught Naturalist, Malacologist, and Orientalist

Age 52 (in 1890)

STR: 14 **CON:** 14 **SIZ:** 13 **INT:** 17 **POW:** 15
DEX: 13 **APP:** 14 **EDU:** 20 **SAN:** 75 **HP:** 14

Age 82 (in 1920)

STR: 11 **CON:** 9 **SIZ:** 11 **INT:** 17 **POW:** 15
DEX: 12 **APP:** 12 **EDU:** 22 **SAN:** 75 **HP:** 10

SKILLS: Accounting 35%, Anthropology 65%, Archaeology 65%, Art (Illustration) 85%, Art History (Japanese) 80%, Autodidacticism[†] 85%, Bargain 25%, Biology 85%, Credit Rating 45%, Defy Authority 40%, History 50%, History (Japanese) 75%, Library Use 55%, Museum Management 65%, Natural History 90%, Other Language (Japanese) 35%, Spot Hidden 45%

- † Morse can teach himself new skills at an exceptional rate. For every week of study he may add 1d6 points in any academic skill up to 40 points. Beyond this level he must learn normally. He may only add one new skill at a time. Morse, of course, will only study those topics of interest to him and will not simply learn *Aramaic* or *Geology* because investigators ask him to. ■

From the History Books

The Isles of Shoals and Other Innsmouth Inspiration

by Nicolas Bresinsky

When Lovecraft's inspirations for Innsmouth are discussed, a couple of New England towns are often associated with Lovecraft's degenerate fishing village, foremost among them Newburyport. Lovecraft himself made clear that connection in his letters. There are other locations in New England that potentially inspired him that are less frequently discussed.

This article will look in depth at one of these places: The Isles of Shoals, which lie in the waters off the coast of Maine and New Hampshire. Perhaps the only thing these islands share with Lovecraft's town is that, by virtue of their isolation, they developed a culture quite different from the communities that existed near to them. Where historians and fantasists might part company is if other, more sinister, similarities exist as well... At the very least, by examining real locations and their histories, such as the Isles of Shoals, we can gain some insight into how, in the heart of long-settled New England, communities could exist in isolation, even into the 19th and 20th centuries, and how isolation can allow for what we might term darkness to grow. Innsmouth, after a fashion, is not as fantastic as it might appear on the surface.

One historical fact that we note (before letting our imaginations run loose) is that while he never visited them, Lovecraft did reference the Isles of Shoals:

There was a lone southward-sailing ship, and far out the eye could barely discern the misty suggestion of the half-fabulous Isles of Shoals. I had not seen the ocean before for six years—the glimpses one gets in harbours are nothing.

(H.P. Lovecraft, June 1922, Selected Letters I, p. 185.)

We also have this item from his "Commonplace Book":

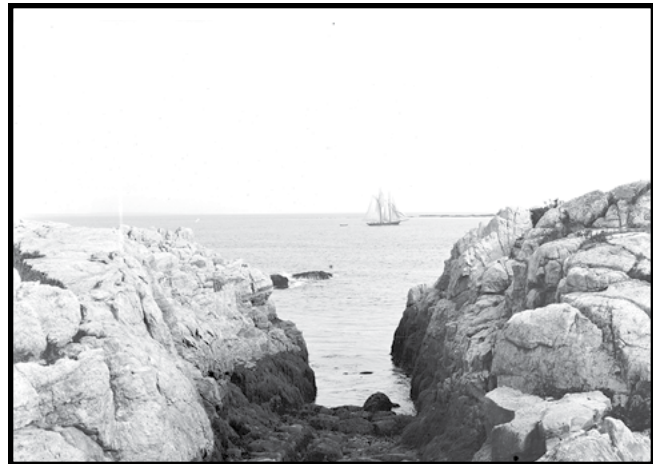
168 Lonely bleak islands off N.E. coast. Horrors they harbour—outpost of cosmic influences.

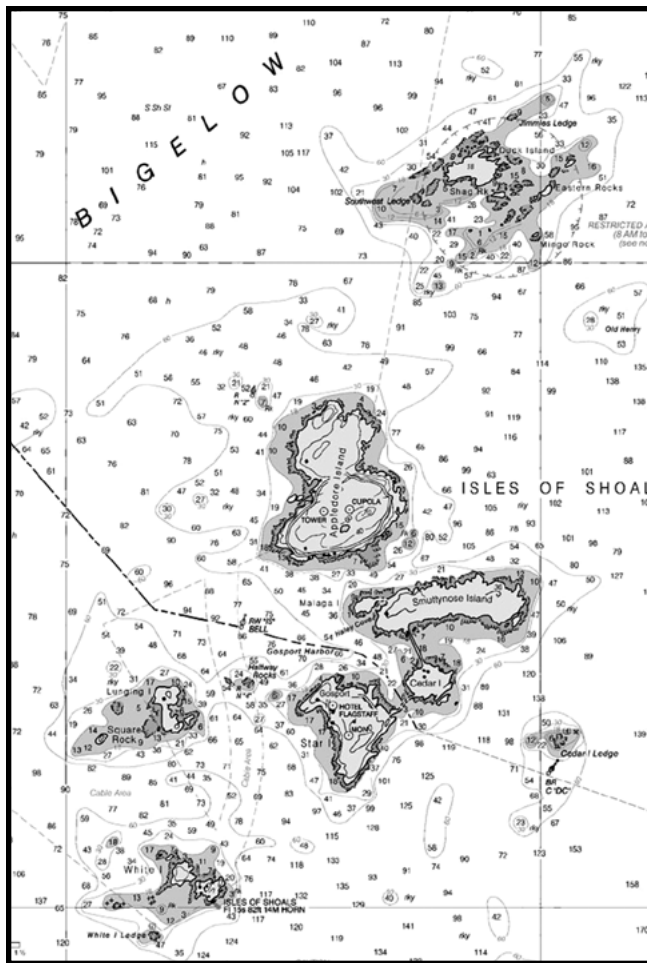
(H.P. Lovecraft, story idea #168 in his "Commonplace Book")

While New England has its share of lonely, bleak islands, an argument can be made that the Isles of Shoals are perhaps the loneliest and bleakest of them all. These nine islands, combined with the various ledges and rocks that are their neighbors, comprise an archipelago quite unlike anything else found on the New England seacoast.

What makes them unusual? First of all, geography: they are remote. The state border between New Hampshire and Maine extends out seaward to divide them. Duck, Appledore, Malaga (not to be confused with another island with the same name existing further north on the Maine coast; see text box on pages 28-29), Smuttynose, and Cedar Islands lie in Maine waters. Star, White, Seavey, and Lunging Islands are part of New Hampshire. Collectively, along with a variety of ledges and rocks, these islands are known as the Isles of Shoals. The closest point on the mainland to them is Straw Point on Rye Beach in New Hampshire, which is about 6.5 miles from Lunging Island, the westernmost island. It is said that from the dock in Portsmouth (where consistent summer ferry service to the Shoals has operated) to the pier on Star Island is around ten miles.

Certainly, there are other islands in New England that are further offshore than 6.5 miles, but the populated ones are all much larger than any Shoals island. Though no stranger to the forces of Mother Nature, those other islands' size renders them less bleak, and protects them from being as harried by the wind and waves. The Shoals, however, collectively encompass a mere 200 acres, divided amongst nine islands. When one considers that the two largest islands, Appledore and Star, are 95 and 39 acres respectively, and have elevations no greater than 55'-60' above sea level, one can begin to imagine how inhospitable such a place might be in a gale or nor'easter. Celia Thaxter,





the celebrated 19th-century poet who lived on the Shoals for much of her life, described them thusly:

Swept by every wind that blows, and beaten by the bitter brine for unknown ages, well may the Isles of Shoals be barren, bleak, and bare. At first sight nothing can be more rough and inhospitable than they appear. The incessant influences of wind and sun, rain, snow, frost, and spray, have so bleached the tops of the rocks, that they look hoary as if with age, though in the summer-time a gracious greenness of vegetation breaks here and there the stern outlines, and softens somewhat their rugged aspect (Celia Thaxter, 1873, *Among the Isles of Shoals*, p. 13, 1994 edition).

What makes the Shoals special then, geographically speaking, is that they are both quite small and quite far from the mainland. Star Island, where the fishing village of Gosport once existed, is only about 1800' going east-west, and 2000' north-south. In the wildest of winter storms, it is not unheard of for the ocean to move and deposit large rocks and boulders a great distance away from what is usually thought of as the waterline. In a gale, on an island this small and this far from the mainland, the fury of the sea is inescapable.

So, then, who would live on a rock in the sea such as this? The name “shoals” gives us an answer. Often

thought to mean the many ledges (shoals) that lie in the surrounding waters, there is even more reason to believe the rationale that “shoals” refers to the “shoaling” — an archaic variation of “schooling” — fish the island waters had in incredible abundance.

Native Americans knew of the islands and made transitory summer fishing camps there. Capt. John Smith mentions them (and gave them their name) in his *A Description of New England* (1616). Sir Christopher Levett, who visited the islands in 1623 said of them:

The first place I set my foot upon in New England was the Isles of Shoals [sic], being islands in the sea about two leagues from the main... Upon these islands I neither could see one good timber tree, nor so much ground as to make a garden. The place is found to be a good fishing place for six ships, but more cannot well be there, for want of convenient stage room, as this year's experience hath proved. The harbor is but indifferent good. Upon these islands are no savages at all.

(Lyman V. Rutledge, *The Isles of Shoals in Lore and Legend*, p. 9)

It is with the establishment of fishing settlements (the first was Appledore, in 1661) that Innsmouth's shadow begins to fall on the wind-swept Shoals, as does the islands' potential influence on Lovecraft. Consider this description of the settlers:

... were under no government but their own. Law and order were maintained by ship's command until colonial governments were formed. Shoalers had no truck with the political life of the mainland. Orders from the Crown and from the Massachusetts Bay Colony were ignored. Even in later years, when they perforce had to accept the authority of Maine, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, they continued to be the most independent of colonials. Without oath or ceremony they owed first allegiance to their island empire, and to the customs which had grown up among them as islanders.

(Rutledge, p. 10-11).

John Scribner Jenness, in his *The Isles of Shoals, An Historical Sketch* (1898), makes a similar observation:

The indifference, or rather dislike towards all established authority, to which we have referred, was a very natural characteristic of the motley shifting community of fishermen, seal hunters, sailors, smugglers, and picaroons, who made the Isles of Shoals their rendezvous, and their home. Too remote from the mainland to be within effective reach of the feeble governments established there; able to set the law and its officers at open defiance, or to elude them by a ready escape into the open sea, these rude and hardy men would naturally despise all courts and their minions, and would come to look to their own sturdy right arms alone for the redress of grievances (pp. 128-129, 6th edition).

* “A rogue or scoundrel.”

OTHER “INNSMOUTHS”

While this article has explored the parallels between Innsmouth and the Isles of Shoals, other real-world locations may have inspired Lovecraft or offer us insight into Innsmouth. Consider the four following places:

NEWBURYPORT

Lovecraft specifically stated that this run-down port was his primary inspirations for Innsmouth. We explore the connections between the two more fully in “A Guide to Newburyport” on page 69.

GLOUCESTER

Lovecraft scholar Will Murray has suggested that Innsmouth was inspired not just by Newburyport but by the town of Gloucester on Cape Ann. Murray, as part of a larger case, argued^{*} that Lovecraft, despite multiple statements regarding their inspiration, based his primary Lovecraft Country towns not just on the real-world analogs of Salem (Arkham), Newburyport (Innsmouth), Marblehead (Kingsport), and the Wilbraham area (Dunwich) but on unstated secondary places. In the case of Innsmouth, Murray claims this role for Gloucester, citing certain unenumerated parallels in layout between the two and being approximately as far from Salem as Innsmouth was said to be from Arkham. His thesis was generally dismantled by Robert Marten in a later issue of *Lovecraft Studies*[†], but is mentioned here for Keepers looking for other possible bits of Innsmouth inspiration.

* “InSearchofArkhamCountry.” *LovecraftStudies* #13 (Fall, 1986).

† “Arkham Country: In Rescue of the Lost Searchers.” *Lovecraft Studies* #39 (Summer 1998).

MATINICUS ISLAND

Even more remote than the Isle of Shoals is Matinicus Island, which sits 20 miles off the coast of Maine and is generally regarded as the most isolated of the state’s inhabited islands. Before the coming of the Europeans, the Penobscot fished, hunted sea birds, and collected their eggs on the island and its close neighbors, giving the island its name (meaning “distant island” in their language). Fish were plentiful here and a permanent European settlement was established here in the late 18th century. The remote little fishing village was mostly left to itself. In the 19th century the residents of Matinicus had developed a reputation for being somewhat inbred (“not so much a family tree as a wreath”) and exceptionally hostile to outsiders, particularly anyone they felt was intruding on “their” fishing grounds. Even today there are stories of threats, suspected sabotage, and open acts of vandalism against outsiders who come into the waters the locals view as their birthright.

MALAGA ISLAND

Maine’s Malaga Island has odd echoes of Innsmouth. One of the hundreds of small coastal islands of Casco Bay, this rugged blob of land just a few hundred yards off the mainland was home, from the early 1860s to 1912, to a mixed-race community. Almost all were descendants of Benjamin Darling, a so-called “free black” who purchased nearby Horse Island in 1794. By the start of the Civil War, a few dozens squatters had set up a hardscrabble fishing community on Malaga.

We also know that in the 1700s, pirates were known to ply all the waters of New England, and the Shoals putatively received visits from many of them, including Edward Teach (a.k.a. Blackbeard) and John Quelch, both of whom (legend has it) buried treasure there (which has yet to be found, naturally). What is not legend is that mainland officers of the King’s Navy asked the Shoalers to report the presence of any known pirates harboring there. Only one such report was made, in 1724, and when the promised monetary reward did not manifest, neither did any further reports.

It is not hard to imagine the independent, law-shunning fishermen of the Shoals sympathizing with the pirates, who also made a life far out to sea and outside the law. Jenness continues

There is strong ground of suspicion, indeed, that the islanders were generally indulgent, and sometimes friendly and serviceable in their intercourse with the numerous pirate ships which visited their harbor

(p.128, 6th edition).

By the time of the American Revolutionary War, most Shoalers took the side of the Crown, but not out of any honest love for it; it simply was the seat of authority furthest away from them, and therefore the easiest to ignore. Because of this, many Shoalers were ordered to leave the islands during this time, and many did so reluctantly, some even moving their homes over the sea with them to the mainland. Some of these dwellings still stand in places such as York, Maine, but are original to the Isles of Shoals.

History tells us that some of these independent Shoalers refused to leave, and thus the islands became even more lawless, and attracted even more outlaws. Soon

Stories circulated on the mainland about the immortality of the islanders and their abandonment of all religious practices. So it was no surprise when the wooden church was burned down in 1790, reportedly by renegade members of what had once been a pious community

(Lyman V. Rutledge, 1949, *Ten Miles Out*, p. 7, 1997 edition).

OTHER “INNSMOUTHS,” CONTINUED

In a state where less than one percent of the population was of African descent, the village of intermarried white and African-American families stood out as an oddity. In the 1880s and early 1900s, sensational newspaper reports and articles in national magazines like *The Atlantic* painted Malaga as an island of “immoral and shiftless degenerates,” used as proof of the principles of eugenics and a cautionary tale against miscegenation. The nearby towns of Phippsburg and Harpswell on the mainland fought for decades, hot-potato like, to keep Malaga from incorporating into their boundaries. Finally, the state took over governance of the island in 1905.

White, Protestant missionaries soon arrived and built a school to educate the children and teach the inhabitants “middle class” values. In 1911, Maine Governor Frederick Plaisted visited Malaga to take stock of improvements. Despite telling the residents



they would not be evicted, just three weeks later he mysteriously ordered the eviction of all residents off the island. In December 1911, eight Malaga residents were committed to the Maine School for the Feeble Minded. The remaining 30 residents were told they had one month to vacate, and their houses would be burned to the ground if they refused. All of them fled. Many of them ended up wandering up and down the coast in houseboats, but none of the villages wanted to accept them or provide them with services.

Later, the state exhumed bodies from a graveyard on Malaga, moving a total of 17 bodies that were reburied together, crowded into only three graves, at the Maine School for the Feeble Minded. Over the subsequent decades, Malaga families and mainland residents alike buried the island’s ugly history of forced eviction in shame.

Historians have speculated that Gov. Plaisted was getting revenge on missionaries who had adopted the island. Maine had temperance laws in place long before national prohibition took effect. One of the governor’s campaign promises had been to relax those restrictions, but he’d been blocked by temperance supporters, including outspoken members of the Malaga missionary group.

While it’s plausible that H.P. Lovecraft would have read the provocative reports about Malaga island and its “degenerate” inhabitants, it’s not clear if he would have caught wind of the forced eviction. Governor Plaisted’s sudden change of heart and the decision to evict was made quietly, without any fanfare. Still, eerie parallels between this unusual dispersion of a mixed-race fishing community in New England and Lovecraft’s federal raids on Innsmouth are difficult to dismiss.

The Shoalers earned such a reputation for lawlessness and degeneracy— intemperance, blatant disregard for religion, etc., that it caught the attention of a missionary society in Newburyport with the following long-winded name: *The Society for Propagating the Gospel Among the Indians and Others in North America*. The Shoalers aptly qualified as such “others.” Considered a community in peril, the Society took it upon itself to restore morality and godliness upon the Shoals.

The Society was largely successful, and the Shoalers soon returned to decency. The fishing villages soon gave way to grand and posh hotels, most notably the Appledore House on Appledore Island in 1848. The Oceanic Hotel on Star Island followed, opening in 1873, and boasting one of the first elevators in a hotel in all of America. The grit of the fishing village era slowly gave way to the refined elegance of what were then luxury hotels, and the Shoals were considered one of the finest places for the wealthy East Coast elites to vacation.

But the Shadow Over Gosport still lingered into this gilded age. A young school teacher, Nancy Underhill, went to the Shoals to teach and met her untimely death at the age of 34 in 1848. She made a habit of sitting on a ledge on the seaward side of Star Island every day after school, and one day a rogue wave swept her away. Her body was found a week later on York Beach, Maine, unmolested in the slightest manner by the sea, bonnet still in place, earrings still in her ears, shawl and pin just as they were when she left the small schoolhouse. Supposedly, just before that wave swept her away, she was joined on the rock ledge by a mysterious gentleman about whom much has been speculated but few facts are recorded, save that he escaped the deadly wave.

Samuel Adams Drake commented on the devout Miss Underhill in his *Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast*:

Hearing from one who had been at the Isles of Shoals that the people were in great need of a missionary as those of Burmah



or of the Gold Coast, it became an affair of conscience with her to go there and teach.

[Underhill] came to the islands, and applied herself with ardor to the work before her, a labor from which any but an enthusiast would have recoiled. It is asserted that no spot of American soil contained so debased a community as this.

Isolation affected more than the civility and morality of the Shoalers. They were known on the mainland for the peculiar way in which they walked. Celia Thaxter commented on this in ways that sometimes echo Lovecraft's description of Innsmouthers:

Nearly all the Shoalers have a singular gait, contracted from the effort to keep their equilibrium while standing in boats, and from the unavoidable gymnastics which any attempt at locomotion among the rocks renders necessary. Some stiff-jointed old men have been known to leap wildly from stone to stone on the smooth, flat pavements of Portsmouth town, finding it out of the question to walk evenly and decorously along the straight and easy way. This is no fable. Such is the force of habit. Most of the men are more or less round-shouldered, and seldom row upright, with head erect and shoulders thrown back. They stoop so much over the fish-tables — cleaning, splitting, salting, packing — that they acquire a permanent habit of stooping
(Thaxter, pp. 73-74).

Compare this to Lovecraft's description of the bus driver Joe Sargent "He was a thin, stoop-shouldered man not much under six feet tall... As he walked toward the bus I observed his peculiarly shambling gait..." Later, our narrator describes one of his pursuers: "The gait of this figure was so odd that it sent a chill through me — for it seemed to me the creature was almost *hopping*."

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Lovecraft wrote *The Shadow Over Innsmouth* just a month after visiting Portsmouth, one of the closest ports-of-call to the Isles of Shoals, and it is tempting to imagine some hints of the islands' peculiar history and geography inspired him, though unlike Newburyport, Lovecraft makes no specific mention of it. While Innsmouth is wholly imagined, it does contain within it a horror that is most real. There are places, even in recent times, that were only lightly connected to the greater world, even in 'modern', industrial New England, isolated places where wider community values were rejected or adjusted to meet the needs of locals. In a Lovecraftian milieu, we must wonder what horrors, old and new, fester in such isolation? ■

Curious New England

The Sacred Cod

by Bret Kramer

“He howled of shocking abysses and monsters, of terrible carvings and statues”

- H.P. Lovecraft

The codfish has long served as an emblem of Massachusetts, as the fishing industry was essential to the economic growth of the colony almost since its founding. Those with an inclination to the occult will note that this included the Court of Oyer and Terminer of Salem Witch Trial fame... One of the most prominent displays of an iconic codfish is the five-foot long carved pine fish statue hung in the Representatives Hall of the Massachusetts State House in Boston, often called the “Sacred Cod.”

The precise origins of the “Sacred Cod” are unclear, but the first written records we have of it date from 1784 when John Rowe, a state representative, moved that a painted wooden effigy of a cod, “a memorial of the importance of the Cod-Fishery to the welfare of this Commonwealth”, be mounted in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Mr. Rowe likely paid for the creation of the Cod himself.

Some sources claim that there was an earlier Cod erected by Samuel Sewall, who readers may recall was a judge at Salem, and that Rowe’s Cod was meant as a replacement for the earlier version which had been destroyed when the House of Assembly burned to the ground in 1747. Unfortunately, Sewall made no reference to any cod in his diary, which undermines this colorful story. We do have evidence for an earlier Cod at the Old State House, as there are records of a payment of 15 shillings “for painting codfish” to Mr. Thomas Crafts in 1773. This earlier Cod or Cods are assumed to have been lost at some point during the American Revolution, but this, like so much about the earliest history of the Cod, is just a supposition.



In 1895 *A History of the Emblem of the Codfish in the Hall of the House of Representatives* was published at the behest of a special committee of the Massachusetts House of Representatives which had been tasked with deciding whether or not to relocate the Cod to the newly constructed House chamber. It was decided to continue the tradition and display the Cod in the House chamber, where it was relocated there with great pomp.

The Cod has hung there ever since, barring a necessary repainting once or so a generation, except for two brief periods when it was stolen by pranksters — first by members of the Harvard Lampoon in 1933, and again by University of Massachusetts Boston students in 1968.

It was not the small ancient car I had expected from Akeley’s descriptions, but a large and immaculate specimen of recent pattern—apparently Noyes’s own, and bearing Massachusetts licence plates with the amusing “sacred codfish” device of that year.

- The Whisperer in Darkness

Of particular interest to Lovecraft Country enthusiasts is a slightly smaller representation of a cod, not in wood, but in tin. In 1928 the Massachusetts Bureau of Motor Vehicles modified the state’s license plates by adding a small figure of a fish. According to tradition, there was an immediate negative reaction by the fisherman of Massachusetts who blamed the poor fishing that year on the image of the cod on the license plate figuratively swimming away from the state.

The plate was revised the next year, with the fish only included on the license plates issued to trucks and other commercial vehicles. The position of the year and state were also swapped (as was the usual policy) possibly calming the codfish and helping restore the prosperity of Massachusetts’ fisherman. We note that the historical record does show that 1928 was a poorer than average year for fishing, but it was by far not the worst in state history.

So, when you envision those trucks full of Marines entering Innsmouth in February of 1928*, we might imagine each one bearing a freshly minted tin plate bearing the sign of a fish...

They get a lot of fish and lobsters and do exporting by truck. Queer how the fish swarm right there and nowhere else.

-The Shadow Over Innsmouth ■

* Assuming you go with Lovecraft and not the Lovecraft Country series’ timeline, which sets it in 1929.

The Biblio-file

The Hymnal of the Esoteric Order of Dagon

by L. T. Barker

Here is a curiosity that investigators in Lovecraft Country might encounter in some forgotten corner of Innsmouth, among the papers of a member of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, or even as evidence recovered by an escapee from the town hoping to prove something unnatural is going on there.

Physical Description

A slim book, 4" by 7 ½", one-hundred twenty pages, bound in red cloth. The title is stamped in gold leaf on the cover along with an unusual symbol — an *Occult* roll can identify it as a form of the *vesica piscis* formed by two overlapping *ichthys*. The former is a geometric figure known at least since the time of Archimedes, sometimes used in Kabbalism or Freemasonry, while the latter is most often associated with the early Christian church. The combined shape bears no small resemblance to a staring eye.

A red cotton cloth ribbon is attached to the spine, undoubtedly intended to be used as a bookmark. No printer is listed nor is there any publication information to be found within.

The condition of the work will vary greatly by the circumstance of how it was obtained. Discarded volumes may show signs of wear, pages folded over to mark a passage or the spine broken to reveal a particular hymn. Some might have once been waterlogged, or bear unusual scratches on the cover. Alternatively, it might be uncut and unbound, only recently turned up in the inventory of a now-bankrupted New England printer.

Skimming

This is a collection of hymns, superficially resembling those sung in Christian Protestant churches, in many cases reusing the melodies of those hymns. Investigators familiar with such songs recognize the original tunes with a successful *Know* roll.

There are, however, some striking differences in the lyrics of the hymns that are obvious to even the most cursory inspection. First and foremost, all explicit references to Jesus Christ have been omitted. References to the divine often include aquatic or oceanic descriptions —

“Our Father of the Mighty Oceans”, “Lord of the Abyss”, etc. Other hymns condemn (often with the promise of violence) enemies of “the Order.”

The hymnal concludes with several curious pieces, called psalms, each dedicated to specific figures, who seem to be some sort of saint or supernatural beings “Father Dagon,” “Mother Hydra,” “The All-Mighty King of Waters,” etc. Most of the psalms are keyed oddly, not reusing older music but using unsettling keys and disharmonies. The psalms’ lyrics consist of phonetically spelled-out words in an unknown language; an *EDUX1* roll can identify the language as being one of the many Polynesian tongues, though determining the exact one (a rather guttural dialect of Tahitian Paumotu) requires the aid of an expert. Anyone making an *Art (Music)* roll will note that some of the lowest bass parts listed in certain hymns and psalms are well below notes most people are able to sing.

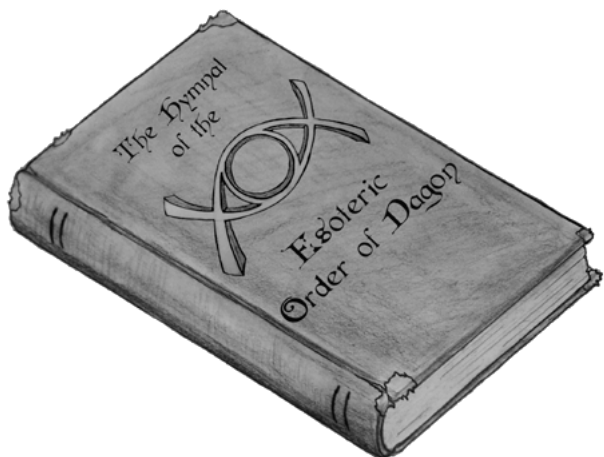
Aside from Dagon and Hydra no explicit references are made to the names of Cthulhu Mythos entities, though a successful *Cthulhu Mythos* skill roll can provide likely possibilities for the various divine epithets offered within.

Thorough Reading

Despite a patina of Christian theology, this is most assuredly something far from orthodox. Indeed, this hymnal would be condemned as blasphemy by nearly all the world’s Christian denominations, regardless of some superficial elements borrowed from traditional Christianity.

The songs contained within offer a religious vision in almost diametrical opposition to traditional Christianity. Fundamentally, they present a Christ-less vision of a purely physical resurrection, one born of a vaguely described baptism in the ocean, but only for the elect ‘sons and daughters of the Great One’. There is no message of humility or spiritual enlightenment, only promises of material reward for loyal service to ‘the elect’ and menacing threats against those who are not loyal to ‘the Order’ up to and including threats of death and dismemberment.

The Hymnal is divided into two sections — hymns and psalms. The hymns are mostly preexisting Christian hymns with new lyrics, though a few appear original (and are all credited to one “O. Marsh”). The psalms are



entirely original pieces in both their lyrics and music, and are wholly odd. No credit for lyrics or music are given. Each is intended as praise of a specific entity, identified only with a descriptive appellation (“The Great Watcher in the Mountain,” for example) and includes passages in an unknown language (as mentioned above, an expert can identify this as an otherwise unknown and guttural dialect of Tahitian Paumotu, though a direct translation is unlikely). The music itself is unnerving — tonal, dissonant, and arrhythmic — very much in contrast with the earlier songs. Investigators making a successful *Cthulhu Mythos* roll recognize eerie similarities in these ‘Psalms’ and certain litanies and invocations of certain Mythos entities, primarily, but not exclusively, Cthulhu.

Locating a Copy

Copies of the “Hymnal” were distributed to Innsmouth churches after the establishment of the Esoteric Order of Dagon in 1846. Innsmouth families who are (or were) members of the E.O.D. may possess a copy in their homes. Copies may also be uncovered at any of Innsmouth’s churches, though visitors there are most assuredly unwelcome. A copy might be found in abandoned houses in the region (a $\frac{1}{4}$ Luck roll can turn up a legible copy if it is sought) should the Keeper allow it. It is unclear if there were any subsequent printings after the original 1846 one. Judging by the conditions and markings of extant copies, it appears unlikely.

More rarely, copies may appear in bookshops or with used book dealers. Should one be advertised in catalogues, it is snapped up by agents from Innsmouth, who offer an inflated price to a secure it. In Lovecraft Country, Kingsport’s New and Used Books (K524) would be most likely to have a Hymnal on hand; Harden’s (A444) in Arkham might, rarely, have one as well. Edwin Tillinghast (A125) of Arkham may be able to obtain a battered copy — for the right price, of course — but he would not normally carry this work in his stock.

Libraries do not normally retain copies of the Hymnal in their collections, either due to disinterest or removal

THE REVEREND’S COPY

One likely owner of the Hymnal is the deranged ex-minister Harold Snowden, the head of a small group of humans and Deep One hybrids conducting a bizarre experiment testing if humans raised in proximity to Deep Ones would overcome their seemingly instinctive loathing of the vile amphibians. Considering his warped piety and obsession with the Deep Ones, a work such as this book would very likely be of great interest to him and might be used by him as part of his program of education and indoctrination. As a member of the Esoteric Order of Dagon he would have no difficulty in obtaining a copy. Snowden might even have begun penning his own hymns and other devotional writings blurring his Christian faith with his insane affinity for the Deep Ones.

Alternatively, Danny Ames, profoundly disturbed young man who escaped from Rev. Snowden’s group and now a patient at the Danvers State Asylum, might, on occasion, be overheard singing one or more of the hymns from the book.

For more information on Rev. Harold Snowden and his group, see the scenario “Bless the Beasts and Children” in *Adventures in Arkham Country*. ■

via theft; a waterlogged copy is held in an evidence locker of the Arkham Police as part of the investigation into the death of a Aylesbury man, his feet shackled to an anchor in the waters beneath the Peabody Avenue bridge in Arkham in October, 1924.

After the federal investigation of Innsmouth begins it is likely that Bureau of Investigation agents will attempt to obtain a copy, perhaps crossing paths with investigators should they be seeking a copy around this time.

Research

While the most useful investigation regarding this work would, by necessity, take place in Innsmouth, some elements of the work can be plumbed elsewhere.

Printer

Someone who works professionally with books (such as a librarian, antiquarian, etc.) can offer a general estimation for the date when the Hymnal was printed — roughly 1850 — based on the techniques and materials used. Determining the printer is more challenging but an expert versed in the New England publishing world could narrow down the possible printers to one or two likely suspects, otherwise unremarkable mid-sized presses in the Boston area.

Symbol

The symbol used on the cover, the *vesica piscis*, is an ancient one with multiple meanings beyond those already mentioned. A halved *Occult* roll offers one additional meaning—the *Sakana o shōmetsu*, (literally ‘the annihilating fish’), the symbol of a Japanese Buddhist sect from 17th century. The sect, a minor Zen offshoot, was especially interested in the loss of self through meditation. As part of their rites, they would meditate upon the thought of two fish attempting to eat each other.

If viewed by anyone with a *Mathematics* skill above base they suggest that it may represent the intersection of two sets with an inscribed circle, representing some distinct group formed by the joining of two others.

Dagon and Hydra

‘Father Dagon’ and ‘Mother Hydra’, of course, are names that are drawn from the wider body of mythology and history. The information provided in the article “On the Name Dagon” (page 20) can be obtained with a successful *History*, *Occult*, or *Library Use* roll. Anyone familiar with New England history will wonder why Dagon, traditionally used as a Puritan shorthand for idolatry, would be embraced by any Christian sect or cult from the region.

Scenario Hooks

A Bad Lot

An investigator has some connection to the recently-defunct publisher Chadwick and Sons, formerly of Somerville, Massachusetts. In an attempt to cover their debts and recoup their losses, the company is being liquidated, including not only presses and binderies, but also a small stock of long-forgotten warehouse inventory. This includes seventeen unbound copies of the Hymnal; perhaps they contained a printing error or were otherwise damaged in production, or perhaps they were simply mislaid. The whole of the printer’s moveable assets are soon to be put up for auction. In the meantime, the investigator or their connection to the sale is contacted by a rare book collector, perhaps Kermit Allen Rawes (I601) or a proxy for some member of the Marsh family (I302), who offers five times the list price for the lot. No doubt the investigator, on their own or on behalf of their contact, will seek out

more information on this work and why it is so valuable. There is also the possibility that Innsmouth’s hybrids are unwilling to risk a public auction and will orchestrate a break-in to obtain the Hymnals immediately.

The Heirloom

The investigators, as a favor or for hire depending on their circumstances, are engaged to research a curious volume held in the Fairbanks family’s collection. Joan Fairbanks-Ford, the heir to the Fairbanks fortune, is attempting to trace her family’s lineage and has determined that this work was once owned by her great-grandfather, a man whose origins are shrouded in mystery. And what of the curious symbols scratched onto the end papers? What secrets do they hold?

Alternatively, it is an investigator who finds the Hymnal among their family library or inherits it from an elderly relation.

Statistics

The Hymnal imparts no *Cthulhu Mythos* skill or other skill check. If the Keeper is using the *Innsmouth Lore* skill described in *Escape from Innsmouth*, studying this work allows a skill gain of 1d6+1 points. Devout Christian readers might suffer a very minor Sanity loss (0/1 points) if the Keeper wishes, but the work otherwise causes no loss. It takes eight hours to study the Hymnal, or a few minutes to skim it.

Quotes

*We sing our praise to you Great Father
Carry us to life’s clear water
Return us to the Sea’s Embrace
And Keep us in your own sweet Grace
Woe to those who displease God
Break their bones with smiting rod
Waves will crash and winds will blow
‘Til every sinful Man’s brought low*

*Fisherman that brings Salvation
We bring this light to every nation
When your Judgement is at hand
We shall serve as you command*

AMEN ■

The Biblio-file

The Ponape Scripture

by Bret Kramer

Numerous Mythos texts discuss the Deep Ones — *Chaat Aquadingen*, *Hydrophinnae*, *The R'lyeh Text*, et cetera. The *Ponape Scripture* is the one tome of this type that investigators in Lovecraft Country have the greatest chance of obtaining without invoking the wrath of Innsmouth's secret leaders. While not originating in Innsmouth, manuscripts circulated among some members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon, possibly serving as inspiration for some of the weird rites practiced by the Order.

Overview

A most unusual tome, purported to be the translation of the sacred text of a heretofore unknown South Seas religious group which worshiped bizarre supernatural aquatic entities. Best known from a widely ridiculed 1906 translation by the now-discredited anthropologist Harold Hadley Copeland, it is generally considered a distasteful hoax. Due to the circumstances of history, copies are most often to be found in New England, especially in Lovecraft Country itself.

Versions

There are four distinct versions of the Ponape Scripture in circulation: an original text and three translations of varying quality.

The Original

This is the version of the text that Captain Hoag discovered somewhere, allegedly Ponape, in the Caroline Islands. Written on palm leaves in the lost Muvian script, Naacal.

Hoag Manuscript

Captain Hoag worked for several years to translate his discovery with the assistance of Yogash, a Ponapean native. His handwritten translation was circulated among a small group of interested correspondents in New England and beyond.

Adams Edition

In 1794 Beverly Hoag Adams, one of Captain Hoag's grandchildren, had his work published in an expurgated and error-riddled form.

Copeland Version

In 1907 Harold Hadley Copeland, an anthropologist working at Miskatonic University, published an annotated version of the *Scripture* based on his study of both Hoag's translation and the original text.

Physical Description

While copies will vary in condition, each edition can be generally described. Individual books will no doubt possess certain distinct features befitting their history and the Keeper is encouraged to develop their own unique versions — possible variations include damage (water damage is obvious but effective), comments in the margins, or even indicators of previous owners — a bookplate for Onesiphorus Marsh makes a lovely lead or scenario hook.

The Original

A collection of cut sheets (mostly 3" x 6" though they are rather irregular) of some sort of papyrus (a *Biology* roll identifies it as palm leaf), carefully painted with columns of paired symbols of some kind. An *Idea* roll suggests they are some sort of glyphs, though not in any known script. There are about eighty sheets, with writing on both sides. The sheets were originally bound between two carved boards (a *Biology* roll identifies it as some sort of cycad) measuring 3¾" x 7" and also engraved with the odd symbols. According to Capt. Hoag, the sheets were originally held between the boards with a pair of catgut cords, but these have been lost. The whole assortment is kept in a cardboard archivist's box with markings from the Kester Library of Salem. The pages bear a few faint pencil markings, apparently recording their sequence.

Hoag Manuscript

While exact dimensions and condition varies between copies, most manuscript copies of the *Scripture* were recorded on loose sheets of foolscap (8½" x 13½") of marginal quality. The work is written in iron gall ink, most likely prepared by the writer; the script is highly idiosyncratic and suggests a limited formal education. Most copies include a title sheet (typically just "The Ponape Scripture, Cpt. A.E. Hoag trans") and sometimes a short dedication. Some manuscripts have been bound by their owners but it does not appear that any were bound

AN E.O.D. VERSION?

Certain rare book dealers in New England have reported a previously unknown version of the *Ponape Scripture*, printer unknown but likely made between 1850 and 1870. The text is nearly identical to the Adams version save for some minor new typographical errors and the omission of any plates. The only identifying feature of the text is an odd symbol on the first page — an *Occult* roll identifies it as a modified *vesica piscis*. ■

originally. Most manuscripts are about 170 sheets in length, text to one side of each sheet. Sometimes there are corrections to the text, often in Captain Hoag's hand.

Adams Edition

4" x 6 3/4", bound in cracking black leather. No title on front or spine, but does appear on the frontispiece. About 140 pages long. A title page lists a printer (Dunn and Greene of Arkham) along with the year, 1794. There is also usually a painted plate included depicting Captain Hoag. The work is dedicated to his memory and a short introduction (by B[everly] H[oa]g Adams) notes his nautical accomplishments, describing the *Scripture* as an important means to understand the heathen religion of the savages of the Pacific in order to rescue them from darkness. The work was published and bound poorly; most surviving copies are quite fragile and require careful handling.

Copeland Version

A soft-backed academic edition (6 1/2" x 10") with the title given on the cover and spine. Printed by the Miskatonic University Press in 1907, the work includes frequent endnotes and contains a few small diagrams and one wholly unsatisfying blurry photograph of a single sheet from the original version of the *Scripture*. Copeland's work is 186 pages long.

Skimming

A deeply disturbing work outlining the religious rites of an unnamed group dedicated to the "Lord of the Abyss," a monstrous aquatic being, and its offspring. The readers are instructed to obey the intermediaries of these gods, especially their agents, a race of "men but not men" that live beneath the waves.

The text is presented as a series of questions asked of the author about the nature of the "Lord of the Abyss," its attendant beings, and the rites which propitiate them. The author presents these entities as of great might and ceaseless cruelty, their malice only matched by their seemingly impossible physical properties. The text often

warns that in ancient times a great human empire was not only destroyed by these beings due its failure to please them, but that it's very lands were shattered and cast into the sea.

Throughout the work are repeated exhortations to the reader to obey unquestioningly, to conceal the secrets of the faith from outsiders, and to be willing to give their lives should it be asked of them.

Thorough Reading

Presented as a dialog between the author and the reader, this is a horrific catalog of blasphemous practices in the service of an alien and utterly unwholesome pantheon.

The author identifies himself as one Imash-Mo, the high priest in the service of Gahantanoha, a vaguely-described divinity residing — perhaps trapped — in a great extinct volcanic cone in what was once the continent of Mu. Due to the natives' failure to worship him appropriately, he, with the assistance of several other inhuman supernatural beings, sank Mu beneath the waters of what is now the Pacific Ocean.

Imash-Mo, a loyal servant to Gahantanoha, seeks to instruct the readers in the worship of his god and the other gods who destroyed the Muvians for their impertinence. What follows is a curious pattern of questions asked by the author followed by the appropriate response, instructing the reader in the nature, rites, and strictures of Gahantanoha and his brothers Soto Moga, Hithogga, their 'father' Thooloo, and their aquatic servitors, a race of malign sentient sea-slugs and a race not quite men, not quite fish, who dwell beneath the world's oceans and live in thrall of the old gods of Mu.

The lessons that Imash-Mo imparts are wholly awful, little more than a catalog of blasphemy and unquestioning obedience to his masters under the threat of not just death, but sadistic torture and threats of terrible magical punishments — including being transformed to living stone or being slowly devoured by any one of a dozen monstrous beings.

This faith is entirely organized and regulated by the aquatic fish-men, who have been granted dominion over man by "Thooloo, the Lord of the Ocean Abyss, himself. Men are little more than cattle to these creatures (Imash-Mo apparently being one of them), forced to interbreed with them and provide frequent human sacrifices for their own rites to the gods.

There is no hope in these pages, no future, save for an eternal service to the nightmarish gods and monsters of Mu, for even in servitude, it is clear the fate of men, as presented here, is first the extinction of the mind, followed later by the flesh.

Differences Between Editions

While the preceding summaries outline the general contents of the varying editions of the *Ponape Scripture*, there is content unique to the various different editions.

- The original papyrus version is the most complete. The various rites and rituals are the most clearly explained herein and the names of various entities are rendered most clearly, or at least as well as the human tongue can form.
- Copies of Hoag’s manuscript are generally similar to the original, though the translation has frequent inconsistencies of translation. Certain especially disturbing passages have been glossed over and elements of some rituals simplified. Anyone taking the time to compare this translation (or the Adams edition) who succeeds in an *Idea* roll comes to the conclusion that these omissions were deliberate.
- There are some textual variations between different copies of Hoag’s manuscript, suggesting that he was revising his translation. It is possible that other material normally omitted from this version is contained in a specific manuscript; a letter from Captain Hoag to one of his mysterious correspondents, a note about translation from Yogash, diagrams of Naacal symbols, explanatory notes about a particular spell, etc.
- The Adams version clearly bowdlerized Hoag’s manuscript, as anyone who compares the two will recognize. The most disturbing elements from the original text have been omitted or sometimes even changed to make less awful. There is also a short introduction by Mrs. Beverly Hoag Adams, explaining how she decided to have her grandfather’s work published, to demonstrate his importance as an explorer and his (alleged) desire to convert the South Seas heathens he encountered.
- The Copeland version is heavily annotated and includes a lengthy forward by Copeland outlining his gradual discovery of the underlying truth of Mu, highlighting multiple parallels between widely disparate Polynesian and Southeast Asian mythologies. Included as a footnote, Copeland also compares the rites calling upon “the Sea Brothers” described in the *Scripture* to certain rituals he witnessed practiced by a sect on Ouvéa Island (in the Loyalty Islands).

Research

Investigators can discover additional information on a wide range of topics about and related to the *Ponape Scripture*. The information presented here can be uncovered with a single *Library Use* roll per topic unless otherwise noted.

The Ponape Scripture

An obscure text (supposedly of Polynesian origins and generally considered a hoax) which was ‘translated’ by a Professor Copeland and fatally damaged his academic career. The work was originally obtained a century earlier by a Yankee merchant from the island of Ponape, hence the title. (The same can be learned through an *Occult* or halved *Archaeology* or *Anthropology* roll.)

INNSMOUTH AND THE ‘SCRIPTURE’

The Esoteric Order of Dagon, despite being a Mythos cult, is a human creation and as such has at best only a partial and flawed understanding of the Mythos. During the earliest days of the Order, some of its members attempted to expand their knowledge beyond what Obed Marsh had learned from Walakea and later from the Deep Ones. Among the discoveries they made was the *Ponape Scripture*. Immediately recognizing its inhuman origins, members of the Order began adopting certain ritual elements from the book in a misguided attempt to more fully worship ‘Dagon’. Eventually the Order had a small run of copies of the Adams edition of the *Scripture* printed to be circulated among its leaders.

As the Order became dominated by Innsmouth’s hybrids, the importance of the *Scripture* waned, though portions incorporated into the rites of the E.O.D. remain. Certain members of the Order remain interested in acquiring select Mythos texts, such as one of Captain Hoag’s original manuscripts, though for their own purposes. ■

Additional research, as determined by the Keeper, will uncover the specifics of the book (history, editions, translators) as outlined earlier in this article.

Ponape

Today referred to as Pohnpei (meaning “upon a stone altar” in Pohnpeian), this is one of the largest of the Caroline Islands in the western Pacific, east-southeast of the Philippines, northeast of New Guinea; 6°53’N 158°14’E.

Like much of Micronesia, the island is thought to have been first settled more than four thousand years ago. Ponape’s settlers developed a distinctive language but had no system of writing until one was created by German missionaries in the 19th century. The island was generally governed by a system of competing clans, though between c. 1100 and 1600 the island was unified under the rule of the Saudeleurs, a foreign dynasty who ruled from the coastal city of Nan Madol.

While Europeans first discovered the island in 1529, contact was rare until the 19th century. The Spanish claimed the island in the 17th century but did not establish formal control until 1886. The island then passed to the Germans (1899), then the Japanese (1914).

The ruined city of Nan Madol has attracted much attention from fringe writers, who view it as proof of lost advanced ancient civilizations. Constructed atop an off-shore reef (likely no earlier than 1200) the city was a religious and administrative center for the island’s elite. The structures there were formed by stacking naturally-occurring columns of hexagonal basalt; many thousands



of tons were brought here from elsewhere on the island to create structures up to fifty feet in height. Local oral tradition claims the city's founders had great magical powers, including levitation, and were allied with dragons.

Beyond these prosaic facts, investigators making an *Occult* roll may also recall that the ruins of Nan Madol are often seen as proof of the Muvian hypothesis — that a now-lost continent (dubbed Mu) once stretched from Japan to South America, and upon which arose the earliest civilizations of man.

Naacal

The odd system of writing used on the original version of this book has almost no parallels in other human writing systems. Most sources identify Augustus Le Plongeon as the first to mention this language, claiming it to be the written script of Mu, though sources widely differ as to the nature of the script (just as they do about the nature of Muvian society). Several alleged Muvian works are supposed to be written in the script, including *The Zanthu Tablets* and *The Ponape Scripture*, but are universally dismissed as frauds. Most supposed examples of Naacal bear little or no relation to each other. An *Occult* roll can also provide this basic summary.

Capt. Abner Ezekiel Hoag

Little known beyond his connection to the *Scripture*, discovering information about Captain Hoag is difficult outside of Lovecraft Country. Fortunately several libraries in the region have a copy of *A History of Kingsport, from Its Founding to the Centennial of the Republic* (1880) which reports the following:

Hoag, Capt. A(bner) E(zekiel)- b.1697 d. 1749.

Son of Rev. Absalom Hoag (Salem) and Samantha Prescott (Kingsport). Married Sarah Endicott 1721; five children.

Served on several of his uncle Benjamin Hoag's ships including the whaler *Winter* and *Lady of the Indies*. Captain of the *Panther*. One of the first of Massachusetts merchants to seek his fortune in the South Pacific. Excellent returns allowed him to retire from the sea in 1734 and devote himself to the study of the many curios he carried back from the Islands, including a supposed heathen religious text (pub. 1794). A native manservant lived in the Hoag household and was the source of much idle gossip for his Mongoloid visage, head-to-toe tattoos, and unfounded rumors of cannibalism and pagan devotions. Captain Hoag's expertise in South Seas matters was well-known and he was frequently consulted by sailors and speculators. He is buried in Kingport's Central Hill Burying Ground, along with his wife and an infant son.

Investigators seeking additional information on Hoag's Ponapean servant Yogash will find no record of him after

the Captain's death. Curiously, they may note that a man wanted in connection for a disturbance at the Sanbourne Institute in 1928 very closely matches his description...

Prof. Copeland

Born in 1860, this academic specialized in the aboriginal peoples of the Pacific, particularly in Polynesia and Micronesia. A pioneering ethnographer, he spent much of the 1890s traveling in Asia and the Pacific. While his early work was very well regarded, his increasing obsession with the 'Mu' theories of Le Plongeon and Churchward derailed any further professional advancement and eventually made a laughingstock of him.

As part of this search for proof of Mu, in 1913 he led an expedition inland from Rangoon towards a remote portion of Tibet; Copeland was the only survivor. Three years later, he published *The Zanthu Tablets*, the translation of a text he recovered during his expedition. He was forcibly confined to an insane asylum soon after. He remained institutionalized until his death in 1926. His papers and other effects were donated to the Sanbourne Institute of Pacific Antiquities.

Should investigators have some connection to Miskatonic University or contact Copeland's former colleagues or students, little more can be learned, save for the fact that Copeland, towards the end, began to express a belief in the reality of reincarnation and suffered from a recurring series of increasingly-disturbing nightmares.



Certain members of Miskatonic University's Anthropology department faculty — Drs. Bethnell and Scottsdale — knew him best. Bethnell, the chair of the department, is reluctant to speak about his now-fallen colleague, but if his trust is gained he will frankly admit that while he admired Copeland's drive and curiosity, he could never understand what drove him to continue his Mu investigations, even as it destroyed not only his career but his life. Bethnell owns several of Copeland's works (unread and unopened) and, at the Keeper's discretion, is willing to loan them out. Dr. Scottsdale knew Copeland far less well, having only been on the faculty together for a single year, but is more than happy to share his derision for "that lunatic Copeland." He is willing to expound ceaselessly about the racial inferiority of Pacific Islanders and other Asiatics and how that unambiguously proves that such talk of Mu is utter claptrap. Thule, on the other hand...

Availability

Ultimately, the availability of Mythos texts is left to the judgment of the Keeper based upon the needs of your game. What follows are our suggestions, based on the description for the *Scripture* from the original fiction, references from previous Lovecraft Country (and other *Call of Cthulhu*) books, and the scope and content of real-world libraries.

Lovecraft Country

Kester Library, Salem — This little-known private institution dedicated to folklore, history, and archaic religious practices is also the home of the original papyrus sheets recovered by Captain Hoag. Investigators with academic credentials or those with a high enough social standing (*Credit Rating* 40% or higher) will be permitted to examine the aged sheets as well as a corresponding Hoag manuscript. Hours are limited to 10-4, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

Also among the related papers are notes recording Yogash's translation of various symbols used in the text. Investigators who study these may gain a very rudimentary understanding of Nacaal script; a base *Read Naacal* skill of ½ the investigator's INT can be gained with one week's study.

Miskatonic University, Arkham (A620) — Miskatonic University's Orne Library has two copies of the text, an Adams version as well as the Copeland translation. Both have been quietly removed to the Restricted Collection. There is a note to library staff instructing them that anyone asking after either version is to be referred to Dr. Llanfer.

While officially out of print (and with no plans to release a new edition), it is possible that one or two copies of the 1907 edition remain in the storerooms of the Miskatonic University Press, mislaid, misplaced, or used to level out an uneven table.

FURTHER READINGS

Professor Copeland prepared several other works that might attract further investigator interest. All of these books, save the last, were published by the Miskatonic University Press. Expanded details of these works are left to the Keeper (and perhaps a future *Arkham Gazette* article). Considering how these works draw upon *The Ponape Scripture* (and each other) the Keeper may wish to consider them a series of derived works and limit the Cthulhu Mythos skill increase.

Those titles published by Miskatonic University (M) are generally available with a little searching — a *Luck* roll for each day spent searching will locate one available for sale. The *Zanthu Tablets*, despite being published only a few years previously, is more difficult to locate, with *Luck* rolls being made weekly.

- (M) *Prehistory in the Pacific: A Preliminary Investigation with Reference to the Myth Patterns of Southeast Asia* (1902) — The work that cemented Copeland's academic reputation. Considered the standard work on the topic. No Cthulhu Mythos gain or Sanity cost; +1 Anthropology. 2 weeks to study.
- (M) *Polynesian Mythology* (1906) — A mostly conventional work but includes certain suggestive elements about widely dispersed mythological beliefs that suggest some underlying and otherwise

unknown connection. +1 Cthulhu Mythos, 0/1 points of Sanity. 4 weeks to study.

- (M) *The Ponape Figurine* (1910) — See the box opposite.
- (M) *The Prehistoric Pacific in Light of the Ponape Scripture* (1911) — A revision of his earlier work, attempting to incorporate Copeland's discoveries regarding the existence of Mu, Cthulhu, the Deep Ones, et cetera. While Copeland attempts to couch his discoveries in academic language, his claims destroyed his career. +2 Cthulhu Mythos, 1/1d3 points of Sanity. 6 weeks to study.
- *The Zanthu Tablet: A Conjectural Translation* (1916) — Privately printed, this short work claims to be the translation of a Muvian text recounting the fall of Mu which Copeland discovered during the disastrous Copeland-Ellington Expedition. +3 Cthulhu Mythos, 1d3/1d6 points of Sanity. 8 weeks to study.
- *The Civilization of Mu: A Reconstruction in Light of Recent Discoveries, with a Synoptic Comparison of the R'lyeh Text and the Ponape Scripture* — Copeland's unpublished, incomplete, and generally incoherent manuscript which is only held by the Sanbourne Institute. +5 Cthulhu Mythos, 1d4/1d10 points of Sanity. 10 weeks to study. ■

Kingsport Historical Society, Kingsport (K205) — Held in the Society's small library are some of Capt. Hoag's personal papers, including his heavily annotated personal manuscript of the *Ponape Scripture*. While most of the notes involve minor corrections to the text, some offer deeper insights into some of the rituals otherwise glossed over in the regular edition.

Kingsport Public Library (K517) — Investigators may be surprised to learn a copy of the Adams version still remains in general circulation. The names recorded on the borrower's card may be of great interest. Theft is likely to be an issue if this version's availability were to become widely known.

Private collections, various — Investigators might be able to access other copies of this work, depending on their social and professional connections.

Arkham's Eye of Armara Society (**A909**) is known to have a copy of the 1907 version in its collection; from comments made by Society members, this is a dog-eared galley proof "borrowed" from the Miskatonic University Press.

Kingsport's Terrible Old Man (**K110**), a contemporary of Capt. Hoag, owns a copy of the 1734 edition, though how investigators learn this, let alone convince the Old Man to permit them to consult it, is left to the Keeper.

Several members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon are thought to possess copies of the Adams edition (see page 36 for more information on this unofficial printing). The Marsh Family (**I302**) owns one of the rare manuscript versions.

Members of the Miskatonic University faculty — like Dr. Bethnell, as mentioned earlier — may have their own copies as well, either given as gifts by Dr. Copeland or picked up incidentally, as academics are wont to do.

Elsewhere

A few larger libraries in New England own the Adams edition — the copy in Harvard's Widener Library is in long-term storage; Yale's Sterling Memorial Library's copy was reported stolen in 1879. The Boston Public Library has a copy of Copeland's translation.

The Sanbourne Institute for Pacific Antiquities in Santiago, California holds all of Professor Copeland's notes and papers (as well as the original *Zanthu Tablets*), including his translational notes regarding the *Ponape Scripture*. Elsewhere in California, a copy of Copeland's translation is part of the exclusive Zebulon Pharr Collection.

Only a few European libraries possess copies — the British Museum Library has two copies of the Copeland version, one bearing marginal notes in an unknown cipher.

THE PONAPE FIGURINE

In 1909, a diver on the island of Ponape recovered a bizarre, 19" high figurine of green-grey jade depicting a nightmarish, chimeric monster, part lizard, part anemone, and part starfish, inscribed with unknown symbols. Tentatively identified as of Chinese manufacture, the figurine was sold, eventually, to Professor Copeland, who studied it as part of his research into Mu and the wider Cthulhu Mythos.

In 1910 he published a small monograph presenting his findings about the strange figurine, including a pair of sketches of the figurine from both sides. Copeland identified the figurine as a representation of a being he called "Zoth-Ommog", a monstrous alien referenced in the mythologies of multiple cultures in Polynesia and Southeast Asia — called Zatamaga by Cook Islanders, Zhmog-yaa in New Guinea, and Z'otomogo in the Marquesas. Additionally Copeland stated that the inscription on the statuette was "R'lyehian", an ancient, possibly pre-human script used on the lost continent of Mu.

The figurine itself has become the object of much superstitious rumor. After Professor Copeland's death in 1926, it passed into the collection of the Sanbourne Institute. Current plans to display it may be put on hold due to a series of fatal accidents befalling the museum staff.

+2 Cthulhu Mythos, 1/1d4 points of Sanity. No spells.

2 week to read and study. ■



France's Bibliothèque nationale houses a manuscript of an incomplete French translation of the Adams edition, discovered among the papers of the late Paul-Martin Reidelé (1831-99), a former colonial official in Tahiti and amateur anthropologist. Investigators who speak German will also find references to several carved wooden boards using unknown symbols (similar to the glyphs used in the *Ponape Scripture*) in the collection of Germany's Museum für Völkerkunde (Museum of Ethnology) in Berlin. The boards are described as recovered from Kusaie Island in 1903; they are currently being restored and are unavailable for examination.

Investigators who make a *Library Use* roll (or alternatively hire a clipping service to track down information about this work) uncover a short article (dated to 1919) in the Sydney Morning Herald mentioning an American scholar who was sought by the University of Sydney for allegedly stealing a copy of the Adams version from its library. The local authorities suspected he was using a pseudonym as his identification gave his name as "John Scott."

Purchase

Investigators seeking a copy of the *Ponape Scripture* have several options, depending on which version they seek. As ever, it is left to the Keeper whether or not they wish their players to obtain a copy. What we present here are guidelines to rarity and difficulty in obtaining the book; not rules that must strictly be adhered to.

The original version recovered by Captain Hoag is unique and cannot be purchased at any price. It is possible that similar texts, perhaps even a Muvian original, survive somewhere in the vastness of the Pacific... a whole scenario might be spun off of the search for a Muvian copy of the work.

Hoag's handwritten manuscripts have never appeared for sale and would command a very high price, and would likely be the subject of much interest to certain individuals from Innsmouth or similar locations. The sale of a Hoag version and the intrigue surrounding it might make a scenario unto itself.

Copies of the Adams edition are very rarely found on the open market and, due to their age and rumors about the contents, often fetch a very high price. A $\frac{1}{4}$ *Luck* roll

may be attempted every three months to see if any become available by catalogue or auction, though there are no guarantees the investigators can secure them. A select few rare book dealers might possess or be able to get a hold of a copy as well, for the right price for the right sort of customer (a *Credit Rating* roll at a minimum should be required). As with the Hoag manuscript version, all sorts of excitement may result from the sale of an Adams edition.

The (relatively) easiest version to obtain is of course the 1907 Copeland translation. While listed as out of print by the Miskatonic University Press, it is possible that they have a few copies misfiled or misplaced in their stock. Otherwise a *Luck* roll may uncover a copy for sale through a dealer or catalog; it is too recently published to appear at auction. Investigators with connections in the fields of anthropology or archaeology may, if making a successful skill check, recall a professional associate who has a copy who may be willing to lend it.

Statistics

As ever, the ultimate arbiter of the nature and content of Mythos tomes should be the Keeper. These statistics — the spells included within especially — should be considered as suggestions rather than law. Spells in italics are, at best, incomplete.

ORIGINAL VERSION

SANITY LOSS: 1d6+1/2d6+2; *Cthulhu Mythos* +12; average 42 weeks to study/84 hours to skim

SPELLS: Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep One, Contact Father Dagon, Contact Mother Hydra, Contact Yuggya, Contact Zoth-Ommog, *Enchant Dream-Focus*, *Mist of R'lyeh*, *Wave of Oblivion*

HOAG MANUSCRIPTS

SANITY LOSS: 1d4/1d8; *Cthulhu Mythos* +7; average 16 weeks to study/32 hours to skim

SPELLS: *Contact Cthulhu*, Contact Deep One, Contact Father Dagon, Contact Mother Hydra, *Contact Yuggya*, *Contact Zoth-Ommog*, *Mist of R'lyeh*, *Wave of Oblivion*

ADAMS EDITION

SANITY LOSS: 1d3/1d6; *Cthulhu Mythos* +5; average 10 weeks to study/20 hours to skim

SPELLS: None

COPELAND VERSION

SANITY LOSS: 1d3/1d6; *Cthulhu Mythos* +6; average 13 weeks to study/26 hours to skim

SPELLS: Contact Deep One

Note: While these stats are based on those provided in the *Keeper's Companion Vol. 1*, they have been adjusted by the author, in particular the Sanity costs.

SOURCES

The *Ponape Scripture* was created by Lin Carter, first appearing in his story "Out of the Ages." It also appears in "The Dweller in the Tomb" and "The Fisher from Outside", among others.

Other useful sources of information were:

The Cthulhu Mythos Encyclopedia by Daniel Harms. Various entries but especially *The Ponape Scripture*, *The Ponape Figurine*, *Harold Hadley Copeland*, and *The Sanbourne Institute of Pacific Antiquities*

Ex Libris Miskatonici by Joan C. Stanley, p. 32-33

"Fishbuchs" by Kevin Ross. *The Unspeakable Oath #2*, p 44-48

H.P. Lovecraft's Kingsport by Kevin Ross, p. 47

Keeper's Companion vol. 1, p. 70-71. ■

Quotes

What is to be given unto those who dwell beneath? All that they wish, for they are mighty and we owe all unto them. Give up your foodstuffs, and your goods, and your offspring. Give up your wives and your daughters, yourself and your sons. Give and deny them not.

What is to be taken from the brothers of the water? Any child of them given unto you is a great boon and must be raised and cared for as your most precious own. Cause no harm unto the Children of the Ocean. Teach them the rites as we have taught them unto you so that the Lord of the Abyss will be appeased. Teach them to hold Him above all and to serve Him and His Sons, for as His Sons serve Him, and the Ocean Children serve Him, you serve them.

What is the nature of the Great Lord and His sons? Know that the great one 'Thooloo brought forth three sons from Idyeh, and they are Hithogga, the Deformed One of deep water, Soto Moga, His Home within the water, and Gahantanoha, the One of the Hill. All mighty 'Thooloo in great house in Rulab, the dwelling of water. All will rise up after moon and sun and moon again. They are chief over fish and great ocean worms.

Upon what Island were the Great Ones born? On the great sky island of Kasob, in the black night sea, where the green suns burn, beyond the lands of Habeth. They landed upon this shore when the world was young, when land and waters were one. When sky and ocean were one, They ruled then as they shall rule again. When the kingdom of the Old Ones was a land above the waters, when Mu waxed mighty, and His priests brought forth His worship and the worship of His Sons, They ruled as well. ■

Curious New England

The Feejee Mermaid

by Bret Kramer

Mebbe they was the kind o' critters as got all the mermaid stories an' sech started...

Investigators seeking information on curious aquatic humanoids are likely to come across references to this infamous hoax. While there is no direction connection, the location of the “mermaid’s” supposed discovery, the mid-19th century dating of the find, and the actual New England origins of this oddity all provide certain suggestive hints to Innsmouth. Such hints, however — whether from Barnum’s “mermaid” or from other related *things* — are left to the Keeper, and they may be used as red herrings as easily as they could be leads to that shadowed port.

Description

Unlike traditional mermaids from mythology, the Feejee (sometimes spelled *Fejee* or *Fiji*) Mermaid was not a beautiful woman with a fish’s tail. It was much smaller than a human, under four feet in height (or, perhaps we should say, length), with features in the upper section more reminiscent of an ape. The thing was apparently female, with a pair of withered breasts. The hands were claw-like, the teeth numerous and pointed, like the teeth of a fish, and not those of a human or ape. For the sake of preservation the body had been dried or cured by some means, rendering the flesh blackish and causing the skin to stretch and contort like a mummy. One contemporary examiner described it thusly:

“[A] microscope actually revealed what seemed to be minute fish scales lying in myriads amongst the hair. The teeth and formation of the fingers and hands differed from those of any monkey or orangoutang ever discovered while the location of the fins was different from any species of fish. The mermaid was an ugly dried up black-looking and diminutive specimen about three feet long. Its mouth was open its tail turned over and its arms thrown up as if it had died in the greatest agony.”

— Chambers’s Journal

Origins

We have two very different histories of the Feejee Mermaid — the story that P.T. Barnum presented to visitors to his “museum” and its actual history.

According to Barnum, the Mermaid was owned by one Dr. J. Griffin of London’s esteemed Lyceum of Natural

EGYPTIAN MUMMIES,
and ancient Sarcophagi, 3000 Years old ; and an entire
Family of Peruvian Mummies ;
the **DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS**, the connecting link between
the **BIRD and BEAST**, being evidently half each ;—the curious
half-fish, half-human



FEJEE MERMAID,

which was exhibited in most of the principal cities of America, in the years 1840, '41, and '42, to the wonder and astonishment of thousands of naturalists and other scientific persons, whose previous doubts of the existence of such an astonishing creation were entirely removed ;





History. Griffin in turn had obtained the creature, at great expense, from the waters near the island of Fiji. From there it had come to the United States, under a special arrangement by Mr. Barnum, for public display.

Barnum's story is, of course, untrue. Dr. Griffin was in fact an accomplice of Barnum's, and was neither British nor a naturalist. There was no such thing as London's Lyceum of Natural History. The 'mermaid' did not come from Fiji but was instead made by hand, probably in Japan.

In reality it was leased to Barnum by Moses Kimball, proprietor of the Boston Museum, a 'dime' museum, a 19th century tourist attraction, more like a carnival sideshow rather than a scientific institution, where natural oddities, historical artifacts (of varying degrees of authenticity), and living and dead animal 'freaks' were put on display for a paying audience. Kimball himself had purchased the "mermaid" from a British exhibitor who had obtained the original from its makers.

Display and Destruction

After the immediate public furor over the Mermaid (about which see the box on the next page), it divided its time between Barnum's American Museum in New York City and Kimball's Boston Museum. On several occasions, Barnum took the Mermaid on tour, including visits to the American South and, later, London.

The ultimate fate of the Feejee Mermaid is uncertain. Barnum's Museum was destroyed in a fire in 1865; Kimball's Boston Museum suffered several fires subsequently. The Mermaid was likely destroyed in one of these blazes,

but the item's exact status is unclear. Several of the 'Mermaids' that survived into the modern day claim to be the original Feejee Mermaid (including one at Salem's Peabody Museum) but most are physically dissimilar from contemporary descriptions of Barnum's piece and all lack documentary evidence to prove they are the original.

What Was It?

"Mr. Barnum confessed that he did not pursue his studies in Natural History too far, or he might learn too much."

– Francis Trevelyan Buckland, *Curiosities of Natural History.*

Many observers at the time regarded the Mermaid as an obvious hoax, a taxidermical 'chimera', blending bits of a fish and some sort of monkey. The truth is more complex and more interesting.

The Mermaid was almost certainly of Japanese manufacture, constructed as part of a traditional belief in creatures known as *ningyo* 人魚, literally "human fish." *Ningyo* were thought to be more bestial than the European mermaid, sometimes little more than fish with a human face, or at most with thin arms ending in claws. They were believed to possess a variety of magical powers, including the ability to grant magical favors in exchange for their freedom as well as flesh that, if eaten, would confer immortality.

Preserved '*ningyo*' were often displayed at traveling Japanese festivals, similar to a carnival sideshow, called *misemono*. There was a lucrative market in their manufacture in the 18th and 19th centuries in Japan; the Feejee Mermaid is thought to have been sold to its original British owner for about \$6000 in 1822, roughly \$120,000 in modern currency.

There are traditionally two different poses these 'mermaids' took — one upright, with the one arm held up over the face, the other laying on its belly, arms stretched forward as if crawling.

Modern scholars have examined several "mermaids" and determined that they are a combination of taxidermied animal remains and human manufacture. While the Feejee Mermaid itself has been lost, we can assume it was of a similar make as to these still-surviving samples. The tail portion was constructed using the body of a carp from the



SOURCES

Viscardi, Paolo et al. "Mermaids Uncovered." *Journal of Museum Ethnography*, # 27 (2014), pp. 98-116

http://www.museumofhoaxes.com/hoax/archive/permalink/the_feejee_mermaid

<http://cryptomundo.com/cryptozoo-news/japanese-feejee-i/> ■

gills down. The upper body was made from a combination of carved wood, wire, and paper-mâché, as well as the jaw of a fish.

(Readers hoping to make their own version of the 'Mermaid' may consult the November 2009 issue of *Fortean Times*, which contains detailed instructions on how to assemble one. Please pass along photos of your completed "mermaid" should you construct your own.)

Scenario Hooks and Musings

While the Feejee Mermaid was a hoax, that does not mean an enterprising Keeper cannot use it for their campaign.

Though the Mermaid is thought lost, perhaps it instead escaped the fire... why would someone want to conceal its disappearance? To what ends?

Why did Barnum suggest the Mermaid came from Fiji? Had he heard some rumors of inhuman fish-men in the South Seas?

Considering the effect of viewing Ghatanothoa, is the Mermaid simply a young Deep One who fell afoul of the God of the Volcano?

The scenario "Freak Show" (from *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*) involves a living creature similar to the 'Feejee Mermaid', in this case a young Deep One held by a small travelling circus. See page 112 for more information about this scenario.

Mermaids and other preserved remains of unknown species often served as attractions in private 'Curiosity Cabinets', such as Kingsport's Neil's Curiosity Shop (K409) or the private Wilcox Museum in Arkham (see *Arkham Gazette* #1 p. 7). What if Wilcox used a more local source for his 'mermaid'?

In certain magical traditions, preserved fetuses are thought to form the basis of potent magical talismans. In the case of the 'mermaid', it may be an immature Deep One taken and transformed by a particularly reckless human sorcerer, or perhaps it is a chimerical creation, assembled with human and fish parts with the intention of allowing its creator power or influence over the Deep Ones themselves. Just how effective this magical artifact will be is left to the Keeper. ■

THE FEEJEE MERMAID,

A Taxedermical horror

<i>char.</i>	<i>rolls</i>	<i>averages</i>
STR	2d6	7
CON	4d6	14
SIZ	1d6+2	5-6
INT*	1d3+2	4
POW*	1d6+3	6-7
DEX	3d6+2	12-13

MOVE: 1 / 5 swimming **HP** 10

AV. DAMAGE BONUS: -1d6 to -1d4.

ATTACKS: Bite: 60%, 1d4+DB

Claw (x2) 20%, 1d2+DB

ARMOR: 1-point of scales

SPELLS: None, but see below*

SANITY LOSS: 0/1d6 points of Sanity

* The statistics provided assume a Feejee Mermaid is more animal than human. If the Keeper is creating a *ningyo*, increase the INT to 3d6+1, POW to 3d6. The *ningyo* would likely have several spells, including *Alter Weather*, *Bait Human*, *Evil Eye*, *Raise Fog*, and *Wave of Oblivion*. Eating the flesh of a *ningyo* is said to grant extended life or even immortality.

IMMORTAL FLESH

If the Keeper wishes to give weight to legends of *ningyo's* flesh granting immortality, the following is suggested.

Someone who consumes *ningyo* flesh must roll on the Resistance table against a poison with a POT equal to the *ningyo's* CON, or half the *ningyo's* CON if the flesh is well-cooked, or if they eat less than one cup of flesh. If the Keeper is feeling cruel, anyone eating one of the *ningyo's* organs automatically fails the Resistance roll.

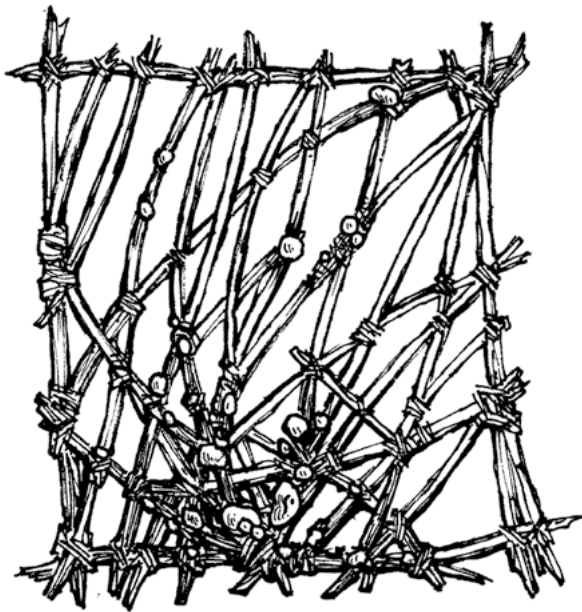
If the eater fails to resist the poison, they do, in fact, become immortal. After a number of months equal to half their CON, they start to display the physical traits of a Deep One hybrid — narrowing skull, bulging eyes, thinning lips, shifting nostrils (0/1d4 SAN to notice, or 1/1d6 SAN if they know what it means). After a number of months equal to half their POW they are afflicted with the *psychic* traits — a fascination with the sea and sensitivity to the dreams of dead Cthulhu. Eventually, the character transforms wholly into a Deep One, living forever in the dark depths below. (See *Escape from Innsmouth* for more on the Innsmouth Look and stages of Deep One transformation.) ■

New Items

Innsmouth Curios

by Bret Kramer and Ben Wenham with Chris Huth

Polynesian Stick Map



A complicated grid of woven coconut fronds and shells, about 20" by 32". An *Anthropology* roll can identify it as something akin to the so-called 'stick maps' made to assist traditional navigators in the Marshall Islands. Traditionally each strand represents oceanic currents encountered traveling from island to island, the size and intensity reflected in the shape and thickness of each strand. Unlike most maps produced in the Marshall Islands, which would only mark locations with cowrie shells, this map uses a variety of shells, some quite uncommon or found only at extreme depths. The grid is extremely fragile and is at least fifty years old, if not older.

History

This is indeed a Polynesian navigational aid, though not manufactured by any Marshall Islands' native. There are several possible sources for the item:

- Walakea's tribe
- Human enemies of the hybrids there
- Yogash, the associate of Capt. Hoag of Kingsport
- Polynesian members of the Cult of Ghatanothoa

In each case, the item was obtained by someone in or around Innsmouth. The first two options suggest the owner was one of the members of Obed Marsh's crew on the *Sumatra Queen*. The third option suggests it was secured from the Hoag estate, by means legal or not, in Kingsport. The final option might be something recovered by sailors as a souvenir or something brought by one of the small contingent of Ghatanothoa cultists drawn to the Boston area by the dreadful 'Eradinus' mummy at the Cabot Museum.

Placement

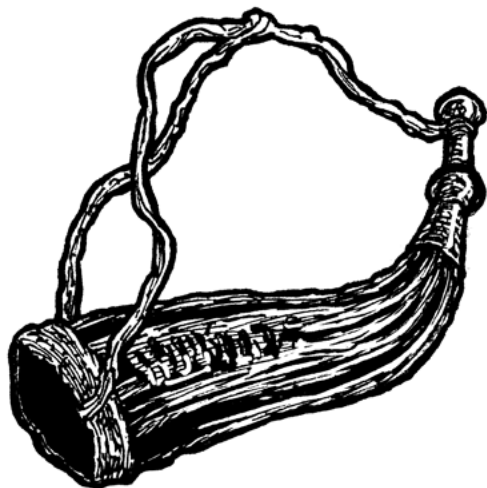
Depending on the nature of the information contained within the maps (see below), the map is either in the possession of the Marsh family or their allies, forgotten in some dusty attic or neglected corner of a once-great home, held by some unaware third party, or held by someone seeking information about the rise of Capt. Marsh and his curious dealings in the Pacific.

If held by the Marshes or an ally, it can be a necessary clue for investigators to recover from them. If forgotten or lost, or possessed by an ignorant third party, the investigators might be dispatched to recover it, either knowing it contains some essential secret or perhaps only realizing it has some deeper occult significance as part of their investigation. Finally, if held by some enemy of the Marshes and their allies, it might require finding a specialist to make sense of the profoundly esoteric chart or need to be secured against the agents of the Marsh family dispatched to recover it.

Secrets

The map shows some secret of the Deep Ones, long sunken Mu, or even some outpost of lost R'lyeh. This could be as simple as revealing the location of the "island east of Otaheité," a map used by Walakea's tribe to plan kidnapping raids on their human neighbors, a guide to other Deep One-tainted islands in Polynesia, or a directory of undersea sites of interest — sunken Muvian locales, Deep One cities, titanic aquatic entities, or even the drowned nightmare city of R'lyeh itself. Realizing that the map is a record of places that should be utterly inaccessible and unknown to any native Polynesian may cost 0/1d2 points of Sanity; this could be higher if the map's revelation is more terrible, such as depicting dozens of Deep One cities across the Pacific.

Matt Eliot's Powder Horn



An engraved ox horn, converted into a powderhorn. The horn is 16 ½” long, capped with tarnished brass fittings; an expert could date it to the Revolutionary War era or just before. The name ‘ELIOT, L’ has been carved into the horn and darkened with lamp-black. The horn is battered and worn but generally intact despite being about one hundred and fifty years old.

History

This horn was owned by members of the Eliot family, including, ultimately Matt Eliot, first mate upon the *Sumatra Queen*, an early opponent of Obed Marsh. Since the whole of the Eliot family was wiped out during Marsh’s rise to power or in the immediate aftermath of the ‘riots’, few would recognize it today, except perhaps a few genealogists or military historians particularly schooled in the history of Massachusetts’ various town militias — the horn was originally owned by Lemuel Eliot and was carried by him during his service in the Continental Army. Before his disappearance, Matt Eliot placed something important in the disused but watertight horn for safe-keeping in case he was unable to persuade his old captain to give up the dark bargain he had embarked upon.

Placement

The horn might be found in many of Innsmouth’s abandoned buildings, in the possession of some uncorrupted family (or in some forgotten corner of a hybrid family’s home), or held by some distant Eliot relation in one of the many communities in the vicinity of Innsmouth. Eliot was a Mason so it is possible he attempted to use those connections, either to hide the horn or use it to pass along some urgent plea to the authorities.

Secrets

The exact contents of the horns are left to the Keeper — the horn is effectively a historical MacGuffin which is important only for its contents. Consider any of the following options:

- Eliot gave a sworn statement against Obed Marsh and left it in his family’s care. While something happened to the horn before it reached the authorities, contemporary investigators might find a historical document detailing Marsh’s earliest contact with the Deep Ones to the birth of the Esoteric Order of Dagon vitally important, particularly in making the case to Federal Authorities that something preternatural is going on in Innsmouth.
- Eliot heard much from Walakea and the other islanders. Perhaps he recorded some potent ritual—Dismiss Father Dagon/Mother Hydra is just one option, preserved the coordinates of where he buried a coffer of ‘Star Stones’ recovered from the ruined Deep One island, or otherwise secured some potent supernatural aid against the Deep Ones and their inhuman allies.
- Eliot learned of a particular flowering plant, native to only a few islands in Polynesia, which causes a strong rash to anyone bearing the blood of the Deep Ones. He stored some of these seeds in the horn for future use, but fell prey to Obed Marsh before he had a chance to use them. Investigators (and later, the Federal Government) should be quite eager to find an effective way of identifying Deep One hybrids. Even if the seeds are no longer viable, a botanist might be able to identify the plant after examining them.

Kanaka Carved Harpoon

A single-flued iron harpoon (of mid-19th century manufacture) attached to an intricately carved wooden handle. The whole item is 73” long; of that the metal portion is 24” with the remainder being wood. The ropes normally attached to the harpoon have been severed, though several sections remain cord-wrapped, suggesting it was intended for display. The exposed wooden sections are intricately carved in what superficially appears to be a Polynesian style.

A closer look at the carved portion reveals that, instead of complex geometrical patterns, the carvings depict a writhing mass of batrachian figures crawling, grappling, devouring, rutting, fighting, and less-clear activities. Other strange aquatic figures are intertwined among the fish-frog creatures — squids with arms and legs, fanged

anemones, lizards-headed star-fish things. Anyone familiar with R'lyeh glyphs will recognize some of the figures as representing characters in that alien script; at the Keeper's discretions some message or invocation might be discovered.

History

This harpoon belonged to Aaron Court, one of the sailors on the *Sumatra Queen*. Very early on he was drawn to Walakea and his people. Going increasingly 'native' on subsequent visits, he eventually had his harpoon reworked by the islanders. Court was one of the first priests of the new Esoteric Order of Dagon and he made use of his special harpoon during certain offerings to the Deep Ones at Devil Reef, having been assured the weapon was now sacred to those who dwell in the waters and their gods.

Placement

This is a family heirloom and as such might still be in the possession of some descendent of Obed Marsh's crew, perhaps some relation to Court — he had no children of his own — might have it, or some other member of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. It may also have been lost when Marsh and his followers were arrested, seized by the authorities, and then forgotten after Marsh's takeover. If discovered in some ruined building or half-deserted Innsmouth manse, the elaborate carvings would undoubtedly tempt all but the most dimwitted discoverer to consider it as, at a minimum, a likely valuable piece of foreign art.

Secrets

This weapon was transformed into a sacred tool for sacrifice to the Deep Ones and other aquatic horrors. Whenever it spills blood in open ocean water, it attracts the nearest 1d3+1 Deep Ones; if it delivers the killing blow, the bearer will automatically cast Contact Cthulhu the next time they sleep (at no point cost though Sanity losses still apply). Any aquatic beings associated with the Deep Ones or Cthulhu (such as Star Spawn of Cthulhu, Thralls of Cthulhu, Father Dagon, Yuggs, etc.) will not attack the bearer unless attacked first, though intelligent creatures who discover that the bearer is not a priest of the Order (through observation or conversation) may attack at will. The harpoon will open the minds of anyone touching it to the dream-sendings of Cthulhu; those rolling under their POWx5 will have dreams of underwater cities, strange aquatic creatures, and nightmarish dim titans (costing 1/1d3 points of Sanity). Those who roll under their POWx1 will be able to recall their dreams in great



detail upon waking and will, without knowing how or why, know the name CTHULHU (costing 1d3/1d6+1 points of Sanity). The harpoon may also quicken the transformation of a Deep One hybrid.

This is a sacred item to the hybrids of Innsmouth. The Marsh family will, if they discover its whereabouts, do all they can to recover it, especially if it is possessed by humans.

The Crowder Family Bible



This is a large (9"x13") Bible, printed in 1821 in Hartford, Connecticut, and used by members of the Crowder family as their personal Bible. Several of the blank endpapers have been covered in miniscule notes, in several hands, recording the notable events — birth, marriages, deaths — of the extended Crowder family. A carefully drawn family tree traces the Crowder line beginning in 1635.

History

The Crowder family are all descended from Amon Crowder who emigrated to the Massachusetts Bay colony in 1656, eventually settling in Ipswich. One of his sons, Belshazzar Crowder, relocated to Innsmouth and this Bible comes from that line of the family. The Crowders, at the time of Obed Marsh's rise to power, lived on one of the now-abandoned farms on the edge of the salt marshes surrounding the town and as such were not directly affected by the "riot" and its aftermath, though at least one of the Crowder's three sons was required to take Deep One wife when he reached maturity. By 1900 the family members had either died, were married into other Innsmouth families, or had fled Innsmouth.

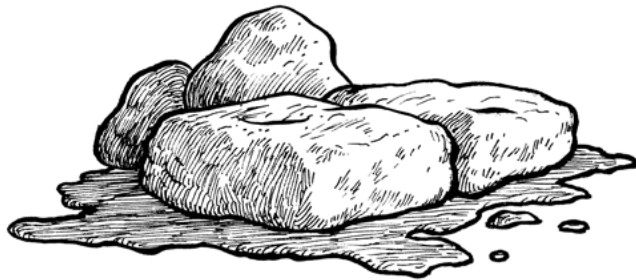
Placement

This Bible might still be held by descendants of the Innsmouth Crowders, been unwittingly donated to one of many location historical societies like the Arkham Historical Society (A901) or Kingsport Historical Society (K205), or turn up in the now-deserted Crowder farm, which sits isolated on one of the marshy plots that skirt the edge of Innsmouth.

Secrets

Coded references in the genealogical information contained within can provide at least partial insight into which families are in part or wholly Deep One hybrids, once the investigators realize that such a program is in place in Innsmouth. Even those not fully aware of the situation in Innsmouth will recognize that whomever was keeping track of marriages and births among the Crowders and their relations regarded certain pairing and offspring as unusual in some distinct and apparently undesirable way. Other information might be contained within, scribbled into the margins, as the Keeper desires. Studying the cryptical and guarded Crowder genealogy give the reader +2d6 points of *Innsmouth Lore* and costs 0/1d2 points of Sanity.

Innsmouth Clay



This entry is inspired by the August Derleth story "Innsmouth Clay." The story states that Jeffrey Corey discovered the titular clay in the immediate aftermath of the Innsmouth raid, almost certainly heaved to the surface from the depths by the Navy's attack on Y'ha-nthlei. Since the Lovecraft Country series has adjusted the date of the Raid on Innsmouth, we have modified the origins of this curio to reflect a "pre-Raid" timeline for its discovery.

A blue-tinged clay smelling faintly of the sea, roughly shaped into 12"x12"x6" blocks. The clay is, without being worked, somewhat prone to crumbling, but if kneaded, the material is surprisingly elastic and resilient. The clay, if handled by an experienced sculptor (*Art (Sculpture)* of 20% or higher) will note that the material possesses an unusual

feel, and resists extremes of temperature, remaining roughly room temperature unless subjected to very high heat. Most will balk at the odd and inexplicably greasy stuff.

Should the clay be subject to examination by an expert (*Chemistry* or *Geology* skill of 60% or higher) with access to laboratory facilities, they can determine that the clay is a variety of marine clay, similar to *gault*, a blue clay found in parts of Great Britain, though lacking in any of the large marine fossils that clay is known for. Microscopic analysis does reveal tiny fragments of seashells ground down to an unusually consistent size. Interspersed amidst the layers of silicates are microscopic strands of some sort of elastic plant fiber or other organic residue.

History

This "clay" was discovered by the sculptor Jeffrey Corey who lives in a cottage south of Innsmouth, just outside Boynton Beach. Corey has recently returned to the the United States after several years in Paris, France, seeking an isolated studio in the hopes of finding inspiration. He discovered several large masses of this strange clay on the beaches near his cottage, taking most of it for use in his latest sculpture, "Goddess of the Sea." Corey shared several samples with his friend Kenneth Shipman, and possibly with others.

Placement

This clay might be discovered in Corey's now-abandoned studio, after his mysterious disappearance Ken Shipman might possess some small samples of it. Likewise, Corey had some occasional contact with the artist colony in Kingsport, and might have shared some of the clay with a fellow artist there. Other beachcombers besides Corey might turn up some blue clay washed up along the shore near Innsmouth; a specimen might be turned over to a scientist or academic for study, drawing them into this mystery.

Secrets

This material was formerly part of the undersea city of Y'ha-nthlei, an excretion of a certain variety of shoggoth, which produces the material for construction purposes. The resultant substances combines natural ocean clays with ground ingested shells and rocks as well as a matrix of shoggoth-stuff, that makes the substance easily shaped and molded via Deep One telepathy.

This material, while not intended for human use, affects humans exposed to it in several ways:

- Working with or examining the properties of the clay costs 0/1d2 point of Sanity.
- Physical contact with the clay opens the mind to visions of Y'ha-nthlei (or whatever Deep One city is closest), the duration and potency are left to the Keeper; the greater the exposure, the more severe the effect.
- Humans with some Deep One taint will suffer these effects even more profoundly. These dreams may accelerate their transition from human to Deep One.

- Should the clay absorb enough quantities of organic material, it may take on the properties of the source creature and potentially even become animate. These animate clay things will act like and, eventually, be indistinguishable, from mundane varieties.

Carved Mermaid



This curio was inspired by the August Derleth story “The Fisherman of Falcon Point.”

This is a roughly carved small wooden figurine, about 7” long, of what appears to be a mermaid. The upper half is obviously human, with flowing hair and bare breasts. A tiny bent wire crown has been carefully set on the figurine’s head. The bottom half is overtly fish-like, with each ‘leg’ being a codfish, including eyes and a mouth seeming to almost engulf some appendage of the scaly lower torso. A closer examination notes two oddities in the upper portion as well — there are faint gills on the woman’s neck and the teeth visible behind her full red lips are shark-like. The whole piece has been colored by the application of several different waxes and lined with carefully applied India ink.

History

This weird carving was made by Enoch Conger, of Falcon Point, a physical embodiment of his beloved “mermaid,” a half-human, half-fish he claimed to have rescued after finding her entangled in his nets. After his disappearance, the piece was found among the other items in his shack in Falcon Point and pilfered, like the rest of Conger’s old things, by the curious who came to see from where the eccentric old man had disappeared.

Placement

This curio might be found anywhere one might justifiably encounter a sailor or a sailor’s things in Lovecraft Country, including Arkham’s Curios & Antiques (A418), Miskatonic University’s Exhibit Museum (A624), held by one of the aged mariners at St. Erasmus’ Home (K103), or sold at Curios & Gifts (K209). Alternatively, it could be a forgotten relic of the Newburyport Marine Society’s

Museum (now held by the Historical Society of that town); see page 81. It might also be found washed up on shore, left at the investigator’s room at the Gilman House as a warning, or in the pockets of a drowned sailor.

Secrets

This isn’t simply a wooden statuette, but a supernatural artifact. Consider any of the following powers:

- The statuette, when cast into the ocean, will attract a Deep One — perhaps Conger’s peculiar friend — usually within 1d3 hours.
- As with the above, but the Deep One attracted is Conger himself. Depending on how he is treated, he may be cordial or enraged. While he may recall with some fondness the humans of Falcon Point, his loyalties are wholly with his new family in Y’ha-nthlei.
- Conger’s statuette is cursed, a malign token of the dark dreams of Cthulhu. Those who carry it are destined to drown; *Swim*, *Navigate*, and *Pilot: Boat* rolls are made at ½ as are all *Luck* rolls made on the open water. Like a bad penny it will keep turning up in the pockets of drowned fishermen or clutched in the hands of another waterlogged corpse. Cruel Keepers might imbue the statuette with the power to drive bearers to suicide, losing 1d3 points of Sanity each day it is carried.

The White Fur Costume

A costume, made from heavy white-furred hide and what appears to be ivory, sized to fit a woman or a larger child (roughly 5’-4’6”), representing a strange six-legged beast. There are two large tusks or possibly horns, a large fanged-lined mouth, and the hands end in long, yellowed claws. The four surplus arms are held out from the body with a simple harness of hide and bone. A *Natural History* or ½ *Biology* roll can identify the component materials as polar bear and seal fur, walrus ivory, and bones, mostly whale. An *Anthropology* roll will recognize it as of Inuit (then usually called “Eskimo” by whites) manufacture; an impale result will recognize it as a rarely mentioned personification of blizzards, though there are no previously known examples of it in traditional religious costume. A *Cthulhu Mythos* roll or access to texts like the *Book of Eibon* can identify this as a stylized representation of the dreaded gnoph-keh, a terrible creature of the far north said to control the wind.

The piece has been poorly cared for — the hide is shedding fur while the leather is cracked badly in several spots; conservation efforts will be needed to preserve this costume much longer.



History

This costume was originally brought to Innsmouth in 1813, by the merchantman Jeremiah Gilman. Supposedly purchased by Gilman the previous year from an unidentified Norwegian on the west coast of Greenland, during a mostly fruitless attempt to hunt whales in the Greenland Sea. The costume was donated to the little museum of the East India Marine Merchant's Bank of Innsmouth (I210) where it was displayed for many years. All of this information is (or at least was) displayed on a card posted with the costume there.

Placement

Unless the Keeper wishes, the costume remains draped loosely over a rack at the Merchant's museum in Innsmouth; see below for some scenario options for this oddity.

Secrets

This is indeed a representation of a gnoph-keh, crafted probably some time in the 18th century by one of the degenerate, Hyperborean-descended tribal groups that have been encountered in Greenland. It was originally used in certain shamanic rites of the tribe invoking the powers of the gnoph-keh and its supernatural might against enemies of the tribe — a careful examination of the costume can locate dried blood in several crevices and faint traces of symbols of some sort daubed onto the hide. This is a very degenerate form of the Hyperborean script Tsath-yo.

At the Keeper's discretion wearing the costume might aid in casting certain spells involving the gnoph-keh, Ithaqua, or related entities; a +10% chance perhaps, higher if the investigators can learn the appropriate Inuit ritual associated with the costume.

Scenario Options

Here are three scenario options for the white fur suit; they may be combined or modified as desired.

- **The Academic** — The costume has attracted the interest of one of the faculty of Miskatonic University — Terrence Bhule (from *The Trail of Tsathoggua*) is one option — who asks one or more of the investigators to personally visit Innsmouth and attempt to borrow the piece from the East India Marine Merchant Bank, or at least get permission for the scholar to study it at their "museum." Having never been to Innsmouth, the investigators' academic associate might be shocked to hear how poorly they are treated by the staff and other locals. Potentially the Marsh family misinterprets their interest in the costume as a cover for something more dangerous for the Deep Ones; the investigators (and/or their friend) might be followed or surveilled, perhaps even fall victim to theft or sabotage, at least until the Marsh family is sure they are who they claim to be.
- **The Cultist** — The costume comes to the attention of someone with an inkling of the Mythos — perhaps a dabbler, a moderately talented sorcerer, or even a cultist of Ithaqua. They want the costume to further some larger scheme, perhaps hoping it was actually made from the (rare and supernaturally potent) hide of a gnoph-keh, or for use in a ritual, etc. Knowing that there are forces operating in Innsmouth they do not wish to cross, the investigators might serve as useful dupes to obtain the costume while distracting the Deep Ones and their hybrid allies.
- **The Hooligans** — The costume has been stolen! One or more of the ghastly Gilman boys (I401) snuck into the East India Marine Merchant Bank while the scant staff was at lunch and spirited away the costume and one or two other items to amuse themselves with. The bank's manager, a pliant human named Robert Jenckes, wants to avoid any strife with the E.o.D. and decides he might swap a favor with these outsiders — help him get the stolen goods back and he will help expedite whatever financial transactions are needed by the investigators. The unfortunate Mrs. Gilman can do little to help the investigators track down her malicious offspring, resulting in a wide-ranging hunt for the boys anywhere the Keeper might like the investigators to explore. Eventually they should be run to ground but the condition of the costume might be quite dire once they have finished "playing" with it.

The Sketchbook of Aleksy Zamoyski



This sketchbook has been battered and moisture-damaged. The binding is starting to come apart, and some pages have started to mildew. Where the book is legible, it contains dozens of sketches of the people of Innsmouth. The artist has captured them in their tumble-down poverty (and the distinctive ‘Innsmouth Look’) in a sensitive, naturalistic sketching style. As the book progresses, the sketches become increasingly bizarre, and include drawings of alien landscapes, a vast undersea city of impossible angles, and fantasies of some vast, bat-winged monster.

History

These sketches were rendered in 1925, by Aleksy Zamoyski, a down-on-his-luck Polish artist. Zamoyski was an itinerant sketch-artist, drifting from town to town on the east coast of the U.S. Due to his melancholic temperament (what would today be called bipolar disorder), he found it challenging to hold down a job. Zamoyski arrived in Kingsport in 1924, drawn to the artist colony there, but never really became a part of it. Like many other sensitive minds in the late winter of 1925, R’lyeh’s rise pushed him towards madness. On March 1st of that year Zamoyski was found dead in nearby Innsmouth.

Placement

The Keeper may place the sketchbook in many places in and around Innsmouth

- The sketchbook was hidden under a floorboard at the Gilman House Hotel (I703).
- Zamoyski’s effects, including his notebook, were passed along to one of his acquaintances in Kingsport — Corla Fistiene is a romantic option, Elizabeth Brundage a more maternal one (see *H.P. Lovecraft’s Kingsport* p. 106). They might offer up his sketchbook to someone investigating Innsmouth or, optionally, as a lead upon hiring the investigators to discover the artist’s fate in Innsmouth. In this latter option,

Zamoyski’s body was never found, just his satchel, which was fished from the sea off Falcon Point.

- Lucas Mackey (I703), once he is aware of the investigator’s interest in Innsmouth, passes along the sketchbook and asks them to look into the creator and his final days. Mackey is using this to test the investigators thoroughness and reliability in advance of revealing his actual intentions to them.

Secrets

Select one of the following options, as best supports your game, or create your own:

- Zamoyski was indeed driven mad by his visions of Cthulhu and the rise of R’lyeh. His psychic connection to the Great Old One did not go unnoticed by the Deep One hybrid priest of Innsmouth. The artist was imprisoned by Jeremiah Brewster (I207), who attempted to use the doomed Pole as a conduit to Mighty Cthulhu himself. Certain sketches in Zamoyski’s book might reveal where he was imprisoned.
- Zamoyski was driven mad not just by Cthulhu but by his own, previously unknown, connection to the town. His mother had been one of the “Poles and Portuguese who had tried [to settle in Innsmouth but] had been scattered in a peculiarly drastic fashion.” Zamoyski’s young mother, who had been impregnated by an Innsmouth local, returned to Poland but Aleksy was drawn back to the town by forces beyond his understanding. The transformed Aleksy Zamoyski is housed in a semi-ruined warehouse on Water street. Mutated by his mental contact with Cthulhu, he is now a half-ton aquatic abomination (use the statistics for a Thrall of Cthulhu on page 28 of *The Malleus Monstrorum*) who spends his days singing bits of songs in his native Polish and drawing nightmare vistas of R’lyeh on every surface. When he sleeps, he is watched over by a pair of hybrid priests, hoping to record some fragment of Cthulhu’s thoughts, whispered from what were once the artist’s lips.
- Zamoyski was fully human but due to his contact with Cthulhu, the Deep One hybrids of Innsmouth decided to capture him in order to exploit his dream contact with Cthulhu. He lives still, though physically decrepit and his mind thoroughly damaged, imprisoned in a room beneath the Esoteric Order of Dagon Hall (I207) or the Marsh Mansion (I302), or one of the city’s corrupted churches. He is forced to record his every inkling of the dead city of R’lyeh, despite his link to Cthulhu ending almost entirely by mid-May of 1925. ■

Deep Background

Innsmouth Gold

by Bret Kramer

[He] says the natives around thar... sported bracelets an' armllets an' head rigs made aout o' a queer kind o' gold an' covered with picters o' monsters... sorter fish-like frogs or froglike fishes that was drawed in all kinds o' positions likes they was human bein's...

The material seemed to be predominantly gold, though a weird lighter lustrousness hinted at some strange alloy with an equally beautiful and scarcely identifiable metal.

The shadow that fell over Innsmouth was in part a golden one, as it was Obed Marsh's lust for the metal that drew him into his unholy alliance with the Deep Ones. The gold supplied to Marsh and his descendants is the easiest pieces of evidence pointing towards Innsmouth's unnatural circumstances. Several pieces of Innsmouth's weirdly shaped white gold jewelry can be located at museums in the region, and the Marsh refinery continues to sell small amounts of gold bullion. Investigators looking into the secrest of Innsmouth are likely to come into the possession of a sample of Innsmouth gold, at least temporarily, and here we examine what they can learn from, and about, the gold, and what dangers come with that knowledge.

Where It Can Be Found

Lovecraft mentions at least two places where examples of Innsmouth gold can be viewed — in Arkham at the Miskatonic University Exhibit Museum and at Newburyport's Historical Society. Additionally, he also mentions that some of Obed Marsh's crewmen brought back Deep One gold "an' dispose[d] of it naow and then" as well as pieces of "jewelry that the sailors and refinery men sometimes sold on the sly." It is reasonable to assume that careful investigators will be able to obtain some example of Innsmouth gold without ever having set foot in Innsmouth itself. What follows are a list of locations and sources — drawn from statements and infereneces in fiction and gaming material — where such specimens might be found.

Lovecraft Country

Newburyport Historical Society

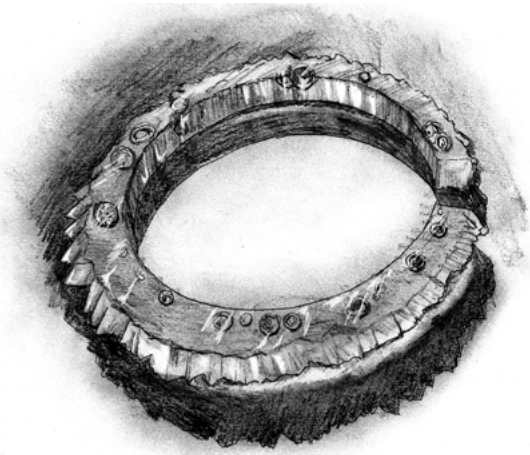
[I]t was clearly enough a sort of tiara, as the description had said. It was tall in front, and with a very large and curiously irregular periphery, as if designed for a head of almost freakishly elliptical outline... [with] striking and puzzlingly untraditional designs — some simply geometrical, and some plainly marine — chased or moulded in high relief on its surface with a craftsmanship of incredible skill and grace.... Among these reliefs were fabulous monsters of abhorrent grotesqueness and malignity — half ichthyic and half batrachian in suggestion

The tiara on display in Newburyport is probably the best known example of Innsmouth jewelry. Its existence is the most often mentioned in the usual Massachusetts or Essex County histories and it is likely the first sample of Innsmouth gold of which investigators are likely to learn. There are no photographs of the piece in print sources but the descriptions typically describe it as of Asian manufacture, brought back on one of Innsmouth's many merchant ships.

The Newburyport Historical Society, at the corner of High and Winter Streets, is open Monday through Friday 10 am to 3 pm and from 12 pm to 4 pm on Saturdays. The current curator is the elderly Miss Anna Tilton, who is happy to discuss the tiara at length with anyone demonstrating some knowledge on the subject (a *History*, *Anthropology*, *Art*, or even a *Know* roll may suffice).

The tiara itself — displayed on a velvet pillow in a dusty case in one corner of the Society's exhibit room — is oblong and would not fit well on any normal human head. The weird geometric designs and nightmarish aquatic figures match no human culture or artistic styles, something that an expert can determine, though at a cost of 0/1 points of Sanity. Tilton will not permit the piece to be removed from the display for examination or study without some extreme necessity or the express consent of the Historical Society's board of directors.

Tilton is happy to relate the history of the piece, as far as she knows it. It was purchased by an unknown donor from a Newburyport jeweler in 1873, having been previously pawned by a drunken Innsmouth sailor. The sailor, his name now lost, was soon after killed in a brawl. When the Historical Society was founded in 1877



the piece was part of the original collection. While the identification card suggests it was manufactured in French Indo-China or perhaps India, she is uncertain of who made that designation or upon what basis; it was before her time.

Tilton will also admit that the Marsh family of Innsmouth has made several attempts to purchase the tiara at increasingly outrageous prices. These offers, she feels, are proof that Obed Marsh discovered some sort of pirate horde and that his descendants would like to protect his (and their) reputation. Considering the depravity of the foreign cult he and his friends imported, she sees no real chance that the Marsh family's reputation can be redeemed.

She is unwilling to discuss the dark stories surrounding the piece. If asked about rumors that the tiara moves when not watched or sometimes sweats sea-water, she refuses to comment.

Miskatonic University Exhibit Museum

Located on the campus of Miskatonic University (A624), the Miskatonic University Exhibit Museum houses a substantial collection of artifacts from around the world. As part of that collection are five specimens of Innsmouth gold — a necklace, a small tiara, and three bracelets. The quintet is displayed in the corner of the Contemporary Cultures hall in a case dedicated to New England folk art. They are identified with a card that simply says they come from Innsmouth, Massachusetts. Should investigators somehow gain access to the museum's records, they would learn that two of the pieces were anonymous donations, while the others were purchased from jewelers or antique shops in New England, all between 1839 and 1880.

All five are made of that strange whitish gold, shaped into a mixture of ichthyoid figures and geometric shapes. The tiara depicts two large fish, tails raised, behind which squats a curious toad-thing. It would fit most adult heads, but the proportions make wearing it uncomfortable. The necklace is formed of irregular links, carefully crafted to look like fish bones. The bracelets are too large to be worn comfortably. Two are mostly geometrical in design, with hints of coral forms or aquatic life. The third appears to

be some sort of twisting worm or slug, ending in a circular lamprey-like mouth surrounded by teeth or tendrils. A *Cthulhu Mythos* roll identifies it as a Yugg (0/1 Sanity).

Caselius Fine Jewelers

Investigators who frequent Arkham's shopping district might recall seeing similar pieces on display at Caselius Fine Jewelers (A424B) on Church Street. Scattered amid a tray of mundane pieces are a ring, a necklace, and an irregularly shaped pendant or possibly gorget. The ring is unnaturally large, with a diameter of over one inch, and contains nearly an ounce of gold. The necklace, about 16" long, is far more delicate. Closer examination notes that each link has been engraved with tiny scales. Finally the pendant, which is about 3" across, depicts a monstrous aquatic being with a fish-head and an amorphous body curling out from which can be seen several tentacles or pseudopods.

All three pieces were given to Mr. Caselius as collateral on a personal loan to the jeweler Edgar Waite (A422), formerly of Innsmouth. Out of loyalty to the younger man, Caselius will generally refuse to part with any of the pieces, though an exceedingly generous offer will tempt him. For his part, Waite nervously works to pay off his debt to Caselius, fearful that his purloined jewelry might be noticed by someone from his former home.

Rev. Ezekiel Wallace

Though it is unlikely that investigators will learn of the minister's growing concern over the circumstances of Innsmouth during their preliminary investigations, Rev. Ezekiel Wallace of Arkham's Asbury M.E. Church (A208) has in his possession several pieces of evidence suggesting something unnatural has occurred in Innsmouth, including a fragmentary gold tablet of the same strange white gold.

The tablet, measuring 2" x 4" and just over ½" thick, depicts a crouching priapic humanoid with protuberant eyes, webbed hands and feet, and gills. Below the figure are curious symbols; a *Cthulhu Mythos* roll can recognize these as R'lyeh glyphs. On the reverse someone has roughly scratched, in English, the word "Dagon."

The tablet seems to have been broken from a larger plate or tablet. All but the bottom sides are irregular and suggest substantial force was used to separate this piece from the whole. Rev. Wallace can relate a few more details about the piece; it was purchased from a Boston jeweler who discovered it among a stock of scrap gold. The piece had been shown around to several academic groups in the city just before the start of the Great War, seeking some explanation of its origins (or its somewhat curious physical properties). The fragment was sold to a Professor of Greek history at Amherst who in turn sold it to Rev. Wallace, a fellow Yale alumnus, after his return to the United States due to his interest in such matters. While his former schoolmate thought the tablet was perhaps of an obscure electrum alloy, perhaps Minoan in origin — the script being possibly Linear A or even Cretan Hieroglyphics with the

male figure some sort of Chthonic religious figure, even a primitive form of Poseidon — Rev. Wallace knows better.

Boston

“A guardian had deposited funds in a Boston bank to maintain her and her French governess... The Frenchwoman — now long dead — was very taciturn, and there were those who said she would have told more than she did.”

It is possible that some portion of these funds set aside for the young Marsh girl’s education were in the form of Innsmouth gold, either jewelry or converted to ingots, or that one or more pieces of jewelry were sold in Boston to raise money. Likewise some portion of these funds might yet linger in one or more vaults. The gold tablet fragment now held by Rev. Wallace might be part of this or a similar deposit — there is every possibility that the Olmsteads were not the only family duped into marrying a Marsh or another member of Innsmouth’s leading families. No doubt any bank still holding some piece of Innsmouth jewelry might seek out academics or specialists to identify and evaluate it, potentially attracting the attention of the Marshes as well as the investigators.

Boston is also the most likely spot for purloined pieces of Innsmouth gold to be sold by larcenous refinery employees or corrupt factory inspectors. Pieces of jewelry might be fenced with the help of one or more of Boston’s mob groups — in the West End, North End, or South Boston — or refined ingots sold legally, if covertly, to jewelers.

After the raid on Innsmouth, it is possible that one or more raiders may have obtained a specimen of Innsmouth gold, either as a souvenir or with the intention of selling

it. The expedition launched from Boston and that city is the likeliest point for one of the raiders to have sold (or perhaps lost in a card game, pawned, had stolen, etc.) some Innsmouth gold. In the late 1920s Boston has two naval facilities — the Charleston Navy Yard (which also houses a Marine barracks) and the South Boston Naval Annex. Sailors and Marines often frequent Boston’s seedy Scollay Square, an area known for prostitution, gambling, and pawn shops. It is a likely point for Innsmouth gold to be lost... or found.

Points Beyond

“[The jewelry was of a] very grotesque and almost repulsive design, and had never to his knowledge been publicly worn... Vague legends of bad luck clustered around them, and my great-grandmother’s French governess had said they ought not to be worn in New England, though it would be quite safe to wear them in Europe.”

Other specimens of Deep One jewelry unconnected to Innsmouth may be located by diligent research. Once the investigators have a basic familiarity with the details of the material and design of Innsmouth jewelry, they may uncover one or more of these similar pieces. A minimum of one *Library Use* roll should be required for each discovery; additional language skills may be called for as well.

Manila, Philippines

A gold tiara, thought to be of Aztec manufacture, is listed in a 1913 catalog of the Philippines Library and Museum in Manila. The tiara is said to be made from a white gold alloy and depicts a deformed human figure flanked by stylized fishes. No illustration is given but the item was said to have been recovered from a Spanish wreck in Manila Bay circa 1909 and was damaged in recovery, causing its unusual proportions. The piece has twice been the target of thieves (both unsuccessful), one fellow going so far as to gain employment at the museum as custodian.

Shetland, United Kingdom

Several Scottish newspaper reports dating 1856-7 describe a find of a ‘Viking gold’ horde in the Scalloway Islands by some local fishermen. The fishermen had apparently quarreled over their find, resulting in the death of one man and the near fatal stabbing of another before the matter came to the attention of the authorities. Much of the hoard consisted of thick white-gold chain, along with a few necklaces, bracelets, and “a small ladies’ crown.” According to the fishermen they had been buried in a large iron pot near a ruined hut, though the specific island is not mentioned. As for the jewelry, described as likely of Arab or Byzantine manufacture due to its aquatic themes and “Oriental decadence,” it disappeared in shipment to Glasgow before it could be further examined.



NEW ENGLAND'S GOLD

Despite the hopes of several early explorers, there have never been any productive gold mines in New England. While on rare occasions small grains and even nuggets have been uncovered in streams, there have never been active gold mines in any New England state — save in Vermont, which had its own miniature gold rush around Bridgewater and Plymouth in the mid-19th century. None of these Vermont mines ever turned a profit however and there were accusations of fraud that called the whole enterprise into doubt. Some legends claim that John Winthrop the Younger, former governor of Connecticut (and an alchemist), discovered a source of gold at Great Hill in East Haddam, Connecticut (very near to the site of the infamous 'Moodus Noises') but, despite some gold ore being located there in the 1980s, no significant vein was ever discovered.

Innsmouth is not the only town with legends of secret gold mines in Lovecraft Country. In the obscure rural village of Dunwich there have long swirled rumors of gold being discovered, either from a mine, a stolen horde, or even alchemy, though like most tales out of such places, sensible people disregard them as the delusions of ill-lettered bumpkins. ■

Amami Islands, Japan

In the diary of Jeroen Taffe, an otherwise unremarkable captain for the Dutch East India Company, there is his account of being forced by a storm to seek harbor on an unspecified small island in the Amami archipelago in 1610. There, he discovered the burned remains of a village. Assuming that it had been destroyed as part of the Satsuman invasion of the region, Taffe ordered his men to replenish their stocks, repair the sails, and to look for any survivors so that they might purchase supplies. Several charred bodies were located, one of whom was wearing what Taffe described as 'Chinese' jewelry: a white-gold bracelet depicting entwined seaweed and frogs. He took the bracelet when the ship departed two days later. A footnote states that it was on display in the Mauritshuis in The Hague as part of its display of Asian art but it disappeared some time before the dedication of the Rijksmuseum in 1885.

The diary was published, in English, by the Hakluyt Society (collected along with three other V.O.C. captains) in 1878.

Unfortunately for overly curious investigators, discovering evidence that suggests the Deep Ones are a global phenomenon not limited to a single accursed spot has a Sanity cost of 1d2/1d6+1 points.

Selling and Buying

To fund their activities, the Marsh family sells the gold they "refine" at their plant in Innsmouth to buyers in New England and beyond. It is possible that investigators may be able to track some of these smelted Innsmouth gold bars to their new owners. Discovering where and to whom the gold is sold is a difficult endeavor. The Marsh family and the refinery staff are entirely unwilling to discuss their customers, and anyone who lingers too long in Innsmouth after asking too many questions tends to disappear. Persistent and careful investigators do have several options to track down Marsh refinery gold after sale.

Surveillance

A dangerous option, considering the difficulty of remaining undiscovered by Innsmouth's hybrids, but one that will yield good results — it worked for the Bureau of Investigations, after all. All sales and other transactions are handled out of the Marsh Refinery business office (I707) on New Town Square. Shipments of gold are handled by refinery employees who transport the gold ingots directly from the refinery (I501) by truck.

Ultimately it is left to the Keeper to work out the logistics and the challenges required to successfully observe the refinery or the business office; consider the factors discussed below and complicate or simplify things for your players as desired.

In the case of the factory, there are several abandoned warehouses and disused factories in the area that overlook the refinery; entering and exiting unnoticed should require at least one *Sneak* roll apiece and a *Conceal* roll to remain unnoticed during the period of surveillance. Following a delivery truck is another matter entirely; concealing an automobile or even a motorcycle is challenging (at least one *Hide* roll), following and remaining unnoticed nearly impossible due to Innsmouth's empty streets (*Drive Auto* and *Sneak* rolls at a minimum; *Luck* rolls and additional other rolls may be necessary for enough other traffic to use as concealment).

As for the business office, surveillance may be possible, though with similar difficulties as are faced at the factory. The Gilman House Hotel (I703) is directly across New Town Square from the office and many of Innsmouth's still operating businesses are in the vicinity, which allows some possibility of covert observation of the office's entrance on Federal Street. Officially open 9 am to 5 pm every weekday, the office often keeps far shorter hours based on the whims of Jacob Marsh, a oleaginous, smarmy glad-hander (and son of refinery owner Sebastian Marsh). Marsh comes late and leaves early, leaving his secretary Lucy James to mind the office (and complete another hand of solitaire). Visitors to the office are rare; for every hour spent observing

the entrance there is only a 10% cumulative chance of a customer coming by (and on any roll ending in a 0 Marsh goes home for the day, closing the office). Additionally, while the New Town Square is probably the busiest spot in Innsmouth (for humans, at least), out-of-towners who linger will attract dangerous attention from the authorities. The Keeper may call for *Fast Talk*, *Sneak*, *Hide*, or *Luck* rolls to avoid attention. Investigators may also attempt to observe the office from the Gilman House Hotel but the desk manager generally avoids putting anyone in the rooms best overlooking the entrance. Sneaking into an unoccupied room is not particularly difficult (*Sneak* rolls are doubled) but anyone found skulking about the hotel will be dealt with harshly.

Determining the identity of refinery customers can be challenging. If they arrived by car, one might surreptitiously gain information off the registration card mounted on the steering column (depending on the state of the car's registration) or copy down the license plate number and attempt to determine the owner that way.

A better plan might simply stake out the main roads out of Innsmouth for a shipment departing the refinery. Such deliveries occur weekly at most; most shipments would go south along Federal Street (and then Arkham Road) towards Arkham and Boston, though some might take Federal Street north through town to Newburyport Road. Following a delivery truck outside of Innsmouth's lonely streets is easier, requiring only a few *Drive Auto* rolls (at a minimum). Recognizing a truck from the refinery would require familiarity with the facility; the trucks are not marked or bear any signage.

Theft

Those inclined towards slightly less covert methods might simply use the old *Call of Cthulhu* standby of breaking and entering.

By day, the factory grounds are nearly impossible to enter unnoticed due to the presence of the employees. By night, there is only one guardsman, but he is under orders to shoot to kill. At the factory itself are a scattering of records, kept only haphazardly, mostly consisting of production and delivery orders (often addresses only) in Jacob Marsh's sloppy handwriting. It takes a thorough search of the facility to find the records, considering the poor state of organization there. While finding the names and addresses of buyers is a simple matter with these records, getting any deeper understanding of the workings of the refinery (and uncovering the various signs that no gold is actually being refined, etc.) would require at least one *Accounting* roll. The "ore" that the factory purchases, irregularly at best, mostly comes from abroad and, should this lead be pursued, comes from mines only sometimes producing gold ores.

Breaking into the refinery's business office is challenging but not impossible. The greatest danger comes simply from moving about in Innsmouth at night. The

front door and Marsh's office door are both locked (STR 12 doors) and all of the firm's records, such as they are, are kept in a locked filing cabinet (STR 9). The papers not only record, erratically, the names of refined gold purchasers but the suppliers of their raw ore. As with the papers at the refinery itself, an *Accounting* roll can determine that the refinery takes in far too little ore compared to their finished output even under ideal conditions, let alone with the low-grade ore they purchase.

Purchase by Subterfuge

Quicker than surveillance, but no less risky, investigators may attempt to purchase a sample of Innsmouth gold directly from the refinery. There are several layers of difficulty that they must overcome here:

- **Credentials** — While the Marsh Refinery is not the most sophisticated enterprise, they will not simply sell gold to anyone showing up at their office and waving cash about. Investigators approaching Jacob Marsh at his office must be able to demonstrate that they are employed by or acting on the behalf of a legitimate buyer. Either a legitimate company should be used or a reasonably thorough fake one created (with business cards, a letterhead, perhaps a telephone number).
- **Expertise** — Marsh will be deeply suspicious of anyone who does not seem to have an understanding of the basic elements of gold buying and selling, as well as whatever their ostensible industry is. Some academic skills may be of help here (*Chemistry*, *Geology*, and *Natural History* are all possibilities) but penalize *Fast Talk* rolls for anyone who fails to research their supposed industry.
- **Financing and respectability** — Once an agreement is struck the investigators will still need to secure financing to pay for their purchase. Most gold payments will be done by cashier's check. Cash is a possibility but raises Jacob Marsh's suspicions. A *Credit Rating* check will likely be necessary. Likewise investigators with criminal histories or those with a reputation for dealing in occult matters — especially if they have been publicly involved in anti-Mythos activity! — will be refused.
- **No small orders** — Marsh will not agree to any purchased of less than \$2000. Those looking to do this on the cheap will be referred elsewhere.
- **Caution trumps Greed** — Most of these conditions may be overcome if Jacob Marsh thinks he will personally profit from the deal; bribery is a viable option. There is a point of diminishing returns however; if the bribe or offer seems excessive it is likely that Sebastian Marsh, the refinery's nominal owner, will be alerted to the deal and will be on guard. The Deep Ones and their hybrid allies have remained hidden for eight decades. They are not typically reckless. At a minimum any overly generous deal will inspire one or both Marshes to increase their scrutiny of the

investigators. When in doubt, the gold purchase will be finalized at the refinery itself, allowing the hybrids to search the investigators' and their transportation.

Factory Inspectors

The safest method, though providing somewhat more limited information, is to simply interview one or more of the factory inspectors who have visited the Marsh Refinery. Locating the name of one or more inspectors simply requires a *Library Use* roll. Gaining their confidence should require at least a plausible explanation as to their interest and perhaps a *Fast Talk* or *Persuade* roll. Innsmouth has a poor reputation — and perhaps even a dangerous one among state and federal agencies, considering the fate of some men assigned to visit it — so investigators are at an advantage if they make clear they are working against the Marshes and their allies, unless, as noted below, the inspectors are on the Marsh payroll. A *Luck* roll may be in order.

Most will relay similar information about the Marsh facility — that it is poorly run and maintained, has often paid fines for poor conditions but makes necessary repairs and upgrades after some pressure, that the workers are ill-mannered, often crippled or hunched fellows, and that the owners are unpleasant and somewhat unnerving. It is possible they may be able to recall the identities of some of the refinery's customers (see 'Gold Buyers' below) if the Keeper wishes. There is some chance that a particular inspector has been bribed by the Marsh family to ignore dubious safety practices and conditions. These fellows might downplay the problems at the factory and would seek to protect themselves from future problems. It is even possible they might contact Jacob Marsh and inform him that the investigators are asking questions.

One final element to consider is that, either while looking for or interviewing factory inspectors, the investigators might learn about George Cole, the former factory inspector now confined to the Massachusetts State (Mental) Hospital in Danvers; see *Escape from Innsmouth* p. 18 for more information about what information he has and the cause of his madness.

Gold Buyers

The ultimate destination of much of the gold sold by the refinery is used for industrial purposes — manufacturing, cheap jewelry, gold plating, sign-making, etc. Most of the buyers will be based in the United States, and most of those will be in New England. To save the Keeper difficulties, here are four sample purchasers:

- **Osgood and Sons, Signs.** Located in Boston, this family firm makes a small annual purchase of gold for use in decorative signage, adding gold-leaf to windows and as a decorative trim to signs.

IDLE SPECULATION

Among those aware of the Marsh refinery in Innsmouth, there is a great deal of speculation about the source of the Marsh refinery's gold ore, ranging from the unlikely to the absurd.

The most common theory (and one that Innsmouth's hybrids stoked rumors of) is that Obed Marsh discovered a stash of **pirate gold**, either on Devil Reef or somewhere in the South Pacific. Treasure hunters are in for a most rude surprise should they attempt to track down Marsh's supposed hoard...

Another popular rumor is that the Marsh family is engaged in **smuggling**, either contraband or liquor. This rumor is more common further from Innsmouth, as those living closer by are aware that the liquor sold in large quantities within Innsmouth are brought into town from Arkham by the O'Bannion Gang.

Investigators who somehow track down one or more factory inspectors who have visited the Marsh Refinery may hear another theory — that the Marsh family has been secretly **dredging the sea floor**, either off Innsmouth or further afield, in order to collect a heretofore unknown source of gold ore. While ocean mining is still in its infancy even in the modern day, the existence of gold and other metals in the ocean was common knowledge by the 1920s (see 'The Rise and Fall of the Electrolytic Marine Salts Company,' opposite). ■

- **The Lewis Dental School.** Located in Portland, Maine. The school trains dentists, which includes training in the creation of gold amalgam fillings, the gold for which they purchase from the Marshes once or twice a year.
- **Thierry, Horowitz, & Clarke, Jewelers.** Located in Albany, New York. These jewelers make purchases three or four times a year.
- **Moreland Electro-plating Company.** Located in Fall River, Massachusetts. Manufactures decorated gold-plated clock parts and other mechanical components for other firms. They make monthly purchases.

Keepers wishing to draw their campaigns into a wider *Call of Cthulhu* meta-narrative might include some connection from the Marsh refinery to the highly suspicious New World Industries or certain companies manufacturing unusual electronic parts on behalf of Ho Fong Exports, a Shanghai-based company.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE ELECTROLYTIC MARINE SALTS COMPANY

In 1897 a curious demonstration took place in the waters of Narragansett Bay, near Providence. It was the first public test of the *Jernegan* Gold Accumulator. Consisting of an electrically charged mercury solution housed in a wooden box, the device was supposed to extract gold from seawater. The inventor, Rev. Prescott Jernegan, was so confident of his design — inspired by a divine vision, he claimed — that he simply gave the device to his potential investors and allowed them to test it in his absence. When they withdrew the box from the water the next day there were gold flakes amid the muck.

The successful test attracted investment, mostly from Jernegan's fellow Swedish-Americans. A full-scale plant was created in Lubec, Maine, where a grist-mill was converted to the extraction of gold from seawater. To fund the project, shares were sold for the newly-founded Electrolytic Marine Salts Company, which rapidly

quintupled in value. Soon a second factory was begun, with space for five thousand accumulators, twenty times the size of the first facility. Hundreds of men flocked to the remote fishing town on the Canadian border, looking for work.

The scheme soon collapsed just as speculation reached a fever-pitch. Jernegan and his partner and boyhood friend Charles Fisher had unexpectedly disappeared, and, with their disappearance, the accumulators ceased working. Jernegan apparently fled to Europe taking about \$400,000 with him. It was soon determined that Fisher and Jernegan had been 'salting' the accumulators with gold in advance of customer testing. Within days the company was defunct and its shareholders were penniless. While Jernegan eventually returned a portion of his ill-gotten money and became a missionary in the Philippines, Fisher's fate remains unknown, though he may have moved to Australia. ■

Analysis

Should investigators obtain a sample of Innsmouth gold, they can subject it to a variety of analyses. The results of these vary slightly between the jewelry and ingot and the results will be covered in turn.

Jewelry

Innsmouth jewelry is made of a very pure gold, about 22 karats,* with very little variation between individual pieces. A spectrographic analysis (requiring a *Chemistry* roll and the use of a laboratory) can determine the chemical composition of the gold alloy used. Aside from gold, the largest component element is manganese, with traces of palladium and silver.†

Outside these elements there are certain inconsistencies between results that cannot be satisfactorily explained. Additional prolonged research may eventually discover that up to 1/6 of the manganese is of the relatively stable

* Gold's purity is rated on a scale using 'karats' (K) from 0 to 24, in which 24 is equivalent to 100% gold. In this case Innsmouth gold is about 92% gold (by volume), much purer than typical gold jewelry sold in the United States.

† Should an investigator live long enough to learn of the discovery of the abundance of manganese at deep ocean vents and in nodules on the seafloor, they will most likely not be surprised, though they will no doubt be deeply concerned about attempts to mine these sources. Charles Stross wisely connects Howard Hughes and Project Azorian/Jennifer to the Deep Ones...

isotope ^{53}Mn (which will not be discovered until the mid-1950s) which is exceptionally rare in the Earth's crust.

Even if the isotopic form of manganese is discovered there are still certain irregularities in the chemical analysis of the gold that cannot be satisfactorily explained. It is possible that there are trace levels of some extraterrestrial metals like tok'l, yal, or "the copper from above" or even some supernatural quality infused into the gold by the Deep Ones during the creation of their jewelry.

Should a jeweler or someone with training in metallurgy examine a sample of jewelry, they will be able to determine that the work itself bears no marks indicating casting or cutting — the jewelry was instead formed and shaped, possibly cold. Considering the gold alloy used, this would require exceptional force and skill.

Ingots

There are two varieties of processed gold sold by the Marsh Refinery. The first is a standard pure poured gold ingot. Each weighs 400 troy ounces (about 28 pounds) and is stamped "MARSH CO — 99.9%".

The Marsh Refinery also occasionally sells gold bars intended for jewelers of around 18 karats in purity, with a blend of copper, nickel, and zinc added. While the elemental composition of this gold can be determined (again with a *Chemistry* roll and access to a laboratory), it is far more difficult to detect the irregularities described above. These ingots are poured and stamped "MARSH 18K".

The refinery is generally unconcerned about metal purity in the case of the 18K ingots and has been known to steal scrap copper and zinc from locations around town. A stock of old roofing, pipes, and even the occasional zinc tombstone might be found in the courtyard there awaiting smelting.

Strange Effects

He seemed to expect some demonstration when the first piece—the tiara—became visible, but I doubt if he expected quite what actually happened. I did not expect it, either, for I thought I was thoroughly forewarned regarding what the jewelry would turn out to be. What I did was to faint silently away...

From that day on my life has been a nightmare of brooding and apprehension nor do I know how much is hideous truth and how much madness.

Deep One gold may produce some supernatural effects on both those bearing the Innsmouth taint and those free from it. Consider the following optional properties for Innsmouth gold:

- Even for those without the taint of Deep One ancestry, Innsmouth gold may serve as a conduit for dreams, both of the Deep Ones and perhaps even Great Cthulhu itself.
- There is some hint in “The Shadow Over Innsmouth” that Olmstead’s viewing of his family’s Innsmouth heirlooms spurred his transformation into a Deep One. Perhaps anyone bearing the Deep One taint will more rapidly transform into one if exposed to their jewelry. Assuming the Deep Ones or hybrids are familiar with this effect, it might explain why some take to wearing it before their transformation is complete. They also might use it as a method for determining if someone has the taint — though we might also assume that full Deep Ones might simply possess some innate instinct for recognizing their yet-human kin.
- Deep Ones may also be sensitive to the presence of Innsmouth gold, making it difficult for investigators to hide or escape the notice of nearby Deep Ones should investigators be carrying any. Canny investigators might realize this and use a discarded tiara to draw pursuers off their trail, if only momentarily.
- Those bearing the taint might be especially sensitive to the presence of the gold and be able to sense it instinctually or even might develop an irresistible and inexplicable urge to obtain it by any means.
- Due to the presence of unusual isotopes and alien metals in the alloy, the gold may possess inexplicable physical properties, such as hyper- or non-conductivity, weird magnetic properties, interference with electronic devices, function as a shape-memory alloy (a.k.a. ‘memory metal’), emit a phosphorescent light when immersed in salt water or in the presence of Mythos entities, emit a curious form of radioactivity, etc.



- Carrying or especially wearing the gold might aid in the casting of certain spells related to the Deep Ones, including *Contact Deep One*, *Contact Dagon*, *Contact Yugg*, *Contact Cthulhu*, etc. Assume a bonus of at least 10% to spells, as applicable, perhaps more for larger or specially-empowered pieces. Likewise, the jewelry may act as a conduit for spells like *Send Dreams* or cause a Resistance Roll penalty, if worn, against spells like *Breath of the Deep*, *Shriveling*, *Wrack*, etc. if the attacker is a Deep One or hybrid.
- A piece of jewelry might be imbued with a certain spell or spells, causing them to be cast automatically when worn; a ring that allows a Deep One to masquerade as a human, or a tiara that works as a *Contact Zoth-Ommog* spell. Such innate magical powers should be almost universally inimical to human wearers. The author favors *Breath of the Deep*, but that borders on excessive cruelty...
- Some scholars have suggested that the gold itself bears a curse. Owners suffer a -25% penalty to all *Luck* rolls so long as the gold is in their possession, rolls that are rounded are always done so to the investigator’s detriment, etc.

SOURCES

"The Shadow Over Innsmouth"

Escape from Innsmouth, in particular pages 18 and 83.

Miskatonic University, p.75

The Great Gold Swindle of Lubec, Maine by Ron Pasha. The History Press, 2013.

<http://woodstockhistorical.org/wp-content/uploads/2013/01/Gold-Mines-: Bridgewater-Plymouth-.pdf> ■

Scenario Seeds

Jewelry and gold from Innsmouth plays an important role in the fiction and in scenarios. Here are some additional ideas for incorporating both into scenarios of your own:

- **The Claim Slip** — A younger member of one of Innsmouth's hybrid families, looking to make a life for themselves, steals their family's pieces of Innsmouth jewelry and escapes to the big city, Boston or New York. The investigators might be hired to track the missing youngster down by their hybrid parents, or by locals near the rogue hybrid's place of residence, investigating a recent arrival in town and his or her unexplained fortune of foreign-looking, strange gold. Alternatively, a string of strange robberies of pawnshops and jewelers might put them onto the trail of the missing youth.
- **The Executor** — Arkham's First National Bank is attempting to track down the heirs to a neglected safety deposit box full of strange pieces of gold jewelry. All signs point to Innsmouth but who was the late owner and why did they leave? What will the hybrids do to get the jewelry back if there are no legitimate heirs?

AN INNSMOUTH GRIMOIRE

The Deep Ones of Innsmouth and their hybrid children share a common body of knowledge, including magical lore. It seems likely that they would know many of the same spells and, as such, we have attempted to recreate a hypothetical 'grimoire' of Deep One magic for the use of the Keeper in developing their own spell-casting NPCs. We have divided the list into three tiers: *Standard*, spells that any Deep One or hybrid with the proper aptitude would know; *Common*, spells that magically adept Deep Ones and hybrids might know; and *Rare*, spells that the typical Innsmouth sorcerer might only know one of and that only a small number of the town's inhuman leaders might know most of. Individual spell-casters, especially those that have undertaken a study of magic from the greater Mythos can, of course, know any spell the Keeper wishes. Consider this list a baseline to be built upon. Spells only hybrids would possess are in *italics*.

Standard: *Attract Fish*, Contact Deep One, *Lobster Charm*

Common: Breath of the Deep, Command Shark, Contact Father Dagon, Curse of the Stone, Enchant Stone Tablet

Rare: Alter Weather, Cause Disease, Cloud Memory, Command Porpoise, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Mother Hydra, *Dread Curse of Azathoth*, Grasp of Cthulhu, *Implant Fear*, Power Drain, Shriveling, Siren's Song, *Voorish Sign*, Wave of Oblivion ■

- **Malign Amalgams** — Horace Petersen was a normal young man until he began to tell his friends he was hearing voices — voices coming from his newly received fillings. Even after ripping out his teeth poor Horace is hearing (and now seeing) terrible visions of underwater cities and horrid mermaids. What of his dentist, a recent émigré from New England, Dr. Barnabas Seward, a rather homely fellow... ■

Gaming History

Cancelled Innsmouth Books

by Bret Kramer

When researching this issue, I discovered that there were two Innsmouth-related products in development by Chaosium which were announced in promotional materials but later cancelled. One was a scenario collection, the other an illustrated book in the style of the *S. Petersen's Field Guides*. While they were never completed, I thought the fate of these projects might be of interest to our readers.

Children of the Deep

Among other Chaosium products listed in *Before the Fall* (and several other Chaosium titles released around that time) was *Children of the Deep*. It was apparently far enough along in the development process that catalog listings included it and from them we can gather that it was a 64 page scenario collection by Fred Behrendt, described as "1930s Adventures in Innsmouth for Call of Cthulhu." There was even an ISBN: 1-56882-139-5.

Based on comments made by Mr. Behrendt on Yog-Sothoth.com, the project was abandoned out of concern that Chaosium lacked the resources to pay him, said publisher having failed to pay several other authors for their work due to financial difficulties in the aftermath of the collapse of the collectible card game market. The notes for the scenarios (which, intriguingly Behrendt describes in his comments as a "campaign") were put into a 3-ring binder and stored in his office. He further suggested he was unsure of the current whereabouts of the notes.

I contacted Fred Behrendt regarding the book and he had little additional information about the project as it was originally conceived. He did, however, suggest that while he has given up on it as an RPG release, he does continue to work on some alternative version, the nature of which he left unspecified, for a different medium. There was no date offered for a release of this hypothetical reincarnation of the collection.

One final word of caution — despite never having been written, some online booksellers will list this work solely based on its ISBN and limited title information. Don't be fooled, or disappointed.

Horror at Innsmouth

I believe this product was announced via a catalog listing but I have not been able to see a copy personally. Nevertheless it appears on several lists of unreleased Chaosium products. With that in mind I reached out to Kevin Ross, *Call of Cthulhu* author par excellence, who graciously filled me in on what he knew, which was quite a bit. Kevin's comments are in italics:

I personally can't find reference to that specific title in the notes and correspondence I have, but I'm almost positive this is the book I'm about to describe.

In the late 80s/early 90s, Chaosium had published the two Petersen's Field Guides art-books, and were just starting to establish Lovecraft Country as a setting for Call of Cthulhu. With these two factors in play, a third art-book was planned that would combine the two. I'm not sure who originated the idea, but the plan was for a book describing a present-day archaeological excavation at the site of ruined, abandoned Innsmouth. What would begin as an investigation of what happened to the town would turn into a study of its history which would in turn unearth the intervention of Obed Marsh and the deep ones, thus leading to further revelations about the forces which doomed the town.

The text for the book was to be written by Keith Herber, perhaps assisted by Lynn Willis, given the amount of detail outlined in Lynn's art assignments. The art would consist of dozens of color paintings and black and white illustrations by Tom Sullivan. Lynn's notes indicate a book of 72 pages.

The Notes

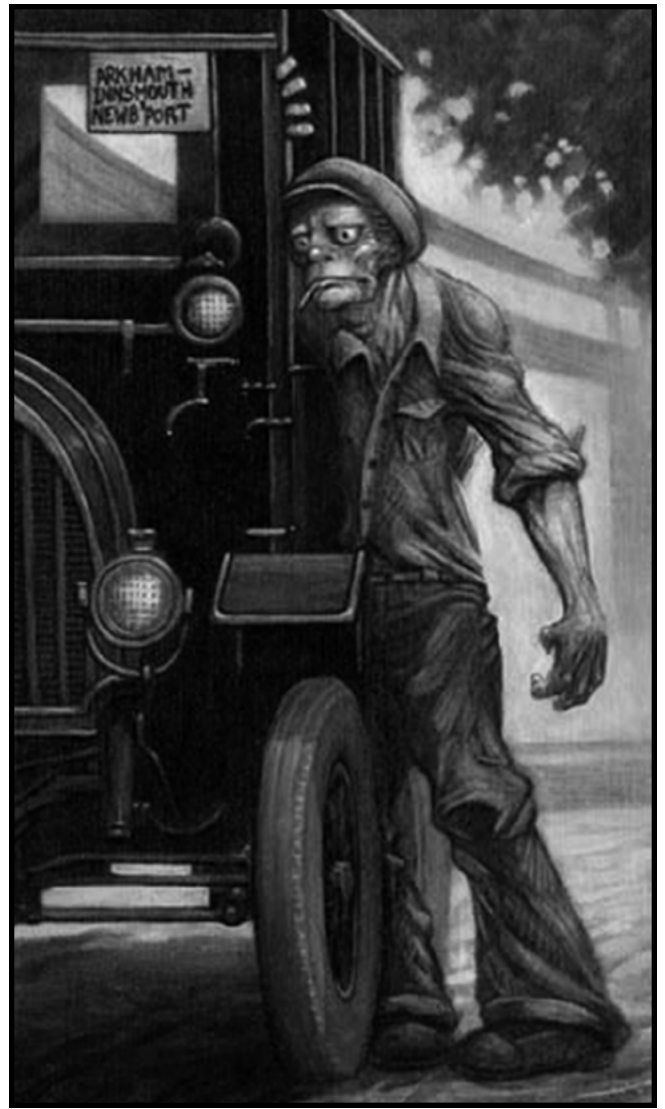
I have photocopies of three different sets of notes for this project. (I was writing and editing the Escape from Innsmouth book at this time, and when I visited Chaosium I was allowed to copy them to mine for ideas for the game book, so that the books would share a common background and setting.) I can only speculate as to the order of the three sets, but here goes:

The first set of notes is titled "Innsmouth Book" and consists of three pages of Keith Herber's handwritten outline of the contents of the text; I'm assuming these notes are first because they're handwritten, and very sketchy compared to the increased amount of detail in the other sets of notes. The

book begins with historical records of the raid on Innsmouth, followed by inquiries into the Marsh family history, then following the trail of Marsh's mysterious benefactors back to the islands in the South Pacific, with much on the culture — tainted and otherwise — of the Polynesians there. The effects of Marsh's new religion are then discussed, followed by details of the much-later raid and its aftermath. The book would close out with investigation into the government cover-up of the Innsmouth tragedy, with some discussion of deep one physiology and culture, and further archaeological discoveries deep beneath Innsmouth indicating the deep ones had influenced other cultures that had lived in the area (Indians, Norse colonists).

The second set of notes I have is titled "Innsmouth Outline" and consists of 8 pages of typewritten text by Keith; the typewritten format corresponds to other manuscripts I have of Keith's dating to the 1980s, so I'm assuming this was written before he went to work for Chaosium in 1990 or so. These notes are the first of Keith's to indicate a page-by-page description of the book's contents, mostly adding many many details to the earlier handwritten notes. I'm assuming he's responding to another page-specific outline, perhaps by Lynn (see below). There are a few of Keith's handwritten notes in the margins. (I note with some amusement that Keith and Lynn were both still wondering where the island of Otabeite — mentioned in Lovecraft as near the islands where Marsh met the deep ones — was located. I had discovered in an old encyclopedia that Otabeite was an early name for Tahiti, and informed them of this. Seems odd when now you can just hop online and head for Wikipedia to find out such info with a handful of keystrokes...) Keith's notes add many many more details, including the involvement of New World Incorporated in the modern development of the Innsmouth property, the fate of the prisoners taken in the raid, and the artifacts discovered in the excavations. Keith's notes describe a 63-page book (probably 64, given signature sizes).

The third and final set of notes is the most extensive. It consists of 18 pages of typed art assignments written by Lynn Willis for artist Tom Sullivan. There is no title, other than "Innsmouth Paintings and Drawings", with a prefatory note to Sullivan indicating this set of instructions supersedes a previous set (perhaps the one Keith was working from in the second set of notes, described above?). Lynn's notes are **very** extensive, describing in considerable detail each of the drawings and paintings to be included in the book; in the margins Keith has written several comments suggesting additional details. Lynn's notes indicate that by this time the book had grown to 72 pages, incorporating a number of maps and fold-out illustrations. All told, Lynn's art assignments describe more than 40 black and white illustrations and over 20 paintings, along with several maps and building plans. Many of the art pieces are small, but several are full-page or two-page, and there is a **massive** four-page (!) fold-out painting of the raid on Innsmouth. The text also refers to maps that I had drawn, apparently for the game book, which would be professionally recreated herein and used to situate sites and events in the art-book.



Taxi to Innsmouth by Tom Sullivan

The Art

This was to be a **massive** undertaking on the part of Chaosium and Tom Sullivan, perhaps Tom's magnum opus. For whatever reason (perhaps including Chaosium's financial difficulties in the early 90s) the project was never finished and published.

Several pieces of art **were** completed, however. When Scott Aniolowski and I visited Chaosium in 1991 (I believe?) we were shown several of Tom's black and white sketches and some finished art. These were on huge rolls of paper, some as much as 2 feet by 3 feet. There must have been 15–20 of them, including lots and lots of Deep One pics. I recall shots of hordes of them crossing a road, perhaps an illustration of the pursuit of the narrator of Lovecraft's story — Keith even does a crude sketch of this in the margin next to Lynn's art instructions. I believe there was also a rough B&W sketch of the huge raid pic, with soldiers and deep ones fighting in various fronts across the burning city.

Sometime later, perhaps in the fall of '91 or early '92, Chaosium sent me a top-secret (as in "don't make a copy of this like you have of all those obscure movies you've been sending us") videotape made by Tom Sullivan in which he displayed several of the Innsmouth paintings he had completed for the project. My memory of it is pretty fuzzy, other than the jaw-dropping quality of the paintings — and Tom's use of Enya's "Orinoco Flow" throughout the 15–20 minute video. I can remember only a few of the paintings, including a resplendently robed and bejeweled deep one priest holding a human infant, an old-fashioned portrait of Captain Obed Marsh, and a huge underground chamber containing an enormous shoggoth. (I may be mistaken, but I recall the latter creature churning a series of turbines as some sort of power-source, a scene I impressed upon J. Todd Kingrea for use in the new "Marsh Refinery" section of the "Raid on Innsmouth" adventure in *Escape from Innsmouth* 2nd edition.) There may also have been a painting of the excavated skeletal remains of a woman and her tadpole-like hybrid infant, and another of the city of Y'ha-nthlei. Tom filmed the paintings at full-length, then zoomed in to show detail. Again, my memory is faulty (yes, I honestly/foolishly didn't make a copy of the tape) but I remember at least 6 or 8 paintings, maybe more.

So what happened? I haven't the foggiest idea. Much of the art was finished, and I believe Tom was given a substantial advance. But no book. I have no idea what happened to the art, though there is a painting of a Deep One priest in the gallery on Tom's website. Oddly enough, I remember the priest painting on the tape as being different than this one, but again, that was 20-some years ago...

If I had to speculate on what happened to the project, I'd say that financial difficulties were a major factor: those art books were expensive to produce, and I remember one horror story about Chaosium turning a firehose on a dumpster full of them to avoid having to pay taxes on stock in their warehouse. God, I hope that was apocryphal... '92 was also the start of the "difficulties" between Chaosium and Keith, leading to his firing the next year.

But that's what I can tell you about the Horror at Innsmouth project, seen 20-odd years later through the eyes of an outsider with some inside knowledge.



To Worship Cthulhu by Tom Sullivan

I contacted the project's illustrator Tom Sullivan and sought to see if he might be able to add anything to Kevin's recollections. As he described it, the intent of the book was to retell the events of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" as if they'd been uncovered using Freedom of Information Act requests. From his notes he was to create twenty-six large painting of various Innsmouth scenes as well as at least fifty smaller black and white drawings. Most of the illustrations were completed, though some remained unpainted pencil sketches. He mentioned several specific illustrations he could recall, including a case of Innsmouth artifacts at Miskatonic University, a shoggoth, Great Cthulhu being worshiped by swarms of Deep Ones, and maps of the town. According to Mr. Sullivan, it was financial concerns that killed the project, coupled with some unspecified but pressing family issues.

Today Mr. Sullivan has the original work he completed for the book, including several paintings that he completed and sells as prints at the sci-fi and fantasy conventions he attends (readers no doubt remember that, among his other works, Sullivan was behind the special effects and props for the *Evil Dead* film series). Perhaps, when the stars are right, he might finish the uncompleted pieces up... ■

Location Guide

A Guide to Newburyport

by Bret Kramer

General Notes on Newburyport

We approached the suburbs of Newburyport & began to get whiffs & glimpses of the neighboring sea, & more to descry the ancient houses & chimney-pots of the famous town which, though said a century and quarter ago to possess a social life more cultivated & brilliant than that of Washington, is today known locally as the "City of the Dead."

- H.P. Lovecraft to Samuel Loveman, April 29, 1923.*

Newburyport is a small city at the mouth of the Merrimack River, shielded from the worst effects of Atlantic storms by the bulk of Plum Island to the east. Across the Merrimack River are Amesbury and Salisbury, to the west is West Newbury, and to the south is Newbury. The port city, originally part of Newbury, saw its heyday in the late 18th to mid-19th century, when its ship's captains could be found around the world. Today its shipyards are barren, its docks rotten, and its old custom house used to store hay. Newburyport is also one of the few places outside of shunned Innsmouth where the curious can see a sample of the strange jewelry for which that strange port is known...

Using This Guide

While Lovecraft Country's towns like Arkham offer the Keeper a wide variety of places and people for use in play, New England is a far larger place than just the Miskatonic Valley. Real world places such as Newburyport offer alternatives to Lovecraft Country's primary towns, allowing a change of setting, of characters, and of circumstances that can improve game play. Our Newburyport guide is primarily intended to supplement scenarios involving Innsmouth but you are not bound to use it solely in relationship to Innsmouth. For example, Newburyport can be a model for any number of economically depressed New England port towns. Newburyport can also serve as an



HISTORICAL NEWBURYPORT VS. FICTIONAL NEWBURYPORT

The information presented in this guide was compiled with the goal of presenting Newburyport as the narrator of "The Shadow Over Innsmouth" might have found it, though in keeping with other books from the Lovecraft Country series we have adjusted those events slightly forwards. The nominal date for the locations described below is the fall of 1928. When possible we have included information accurate to that date, but in some cases the details have been adjusted to fit what information research uncovered or to enliven the narrative — for example, it is likely that the New China restaurant relocated to Haverhill, MA in 1926, but we decided to leave it in place as a bit of color. All of the locations — save Hammond's Drugs, which was invented by Lovecraft (see page 72 for more information) — were actual places in Newburyport, but specific details regarding certain locations and individuals are purely the invention of the author. ■

* Unless otherwise noted, all other italicized passages in this article come from this letter.

NEWBURYPORT IN LOVECRAFT AND CALL OF CTHULHU

Lovecraft included Newburyport in two of his stories, "The Thing on the Doorstep" and "The Shadow Over Innsmouth." In the former story it is mentioned in passing as one of the cities that Daniel Upton and Edward Pickman Derby pass through on their drive back from Maine to Arkham.* The latter story features Newburyport prominently, as a launch point for the narrator's discovery of, and investigations into, Innsmouth.

Newburyport also only appears in two *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios. The first is *Escape from Innsmouth*, where Newburyport and, in particular, the Historical Society is presented as they related to Innsmouth. The second scenario is Solace Games' *Arkham Case Files: Deep Morgue*, a modern day scenario nominally set in the Newburyport morgue. As far as we can determine, this PDF-only scenario, released in 2012, is no longer available for sale. Whatever the case, the scenario focused on the horrors within the morgue rather than utilize the city of Newburyport in any fashion. ■

* "Derby did not offer to relinquish the wheel, and I was glad of the speed with which Portsmouth and Newburyport flashed by."

embarkation point for seaborne scenario. Likewise, because of its maritime past, any number of strange artifacts might have passed through the port. Who knows what lingers in one of the half-deserted mansions on High Street?

For discussion of specific scenario hooks and seeds in Newburyport, see page 85.

Getting There

Newburyport is on the south side of the Merrimac River at its mouth and as such is a crossroads on the Massachusetts and New Hampshire border. Regular rail service to the city is provided by the Boston and Maine Railroad, with passenger service from the depot on Winter Street (see page 76). Inter-city trolley lines connect Newburyport to the cities of the Merrimack Valley, Amesbury and Portsmouth, New Hampshire to the north, and Ipswich and cities beyond to the south. A more direct option are the multiple bus routes that connect the same towns, though with fewer stops in between — this includes the generally shunned Innsmouth bus. Market Square (see page 71) is the hub of both trolley and bus routes.

Route 1 and 1A both pass through Newburyport. Route 1, formerly called "The Atlantic Highway," is the only one of New England's major roads not to be given a different numerical designation during the recent adoption

of a Federal numbering system. The blue bands on telephone poles that previously used to mark the route can still be seen scattered along the road. As the main automobile route between Boston and points north, Route 1 carries an ever-increasing flow of people through Newburyport; planning is already underway to demolish the blocks between Summer and Winter Streets north of High Street to allow Route 1 to pass directly through the center of town.

Recently an airport has been established just east of downtown Newburyport along the Plum Island Turnpike. While there are no commercial flights, the airport is along the Boston-Portland air route as established by the Civil Aviation Administration. The airport has limited maintenance facilities, including servicing and refueling.

History

"Newburyport is exactly as it was in colonial times, a study in colourful stagnation."

H.P. Lovecraft to Clark Ashton Smith, August 30, 1927

Before the coming of the English, what is now Newburyport was the territory of the Agawam people. Devastated by European-introduced diseases and ongoing wars with tribes to the north, they assimilated into the expanding English colony, allowing settlements in their territory in exchange for protection from their enemies. Unlike many other neighboring tribes, the Agawam did not join in King Philip's War, but the tribe's numbers continued to decline and the scattered remnants of the tribe sold their lands off piecemeal to the English.

Newburyport was first settled by the English in 1635, as part of Newbury (the original settlement sits about 4 miles to the southeast). These early colonists soon determined that the location of modern Newburyport was a far better harbor than what was offered by the shallow Quascacunquen River* to the south. Almost immediately what would become Newburyport (sometimes called "Water-side Newbury") began to be settled by the city's merchants and traders while Newbury proper remained wholly agricultural. Newburyport gained independence from its mother city in 1764 through an act of the Massachusetts General Court. From an initial population of just under 3000, Newburyport grew rapidly, doubling in size by 1800.

Newburyport's first boom was driven by ship building, merchant traders, and foreign imports. Because of this, the economic effects of the Napoleonic Wars

* This river was later renamed the Parker River.



POPE NIGHT

It is said there are only three places left in New England in which Pope Night continues to be celebrated. These are Newburyport... Portsmouth and New Castle...*

— John Albee

Guy Fawkes Night, celebrated on the 5th of November, was once celebrated in the British colonies of North America, including New England, where it was more commonly known as “Pope Night.” While in many places the holiday, closely associated with the British monarchy, declined after the Revolution, the traditions of parades, effigy burning, and revelries persisted in some places at least into the late 19th century. One of these places was Newburyport. Despite sporadic attempts by the

* We must note that Albee is in error here, as there are accounts of “Pope Night” observances continuing in towns beyond this trio, including nearby Amesbury, Marblehead, and Norwich in Connecticut, where the fires of “Pope Night” evolved into a Thanksgiving tradition of teams of youth gathering barrels for bonfires in the hills around town.

town’s government to prohibit the celebration, people continued to mark the occasion. As one report notes:

“The stranger who chances to be travelling on the road between Newburyport and Haverhill, on the night of the 5th of November, may well fancy that an invasion is threatened from the sea, or that an insurrection is going on inland; for from all the high hills overlooking the river tall fires are seen blazing redly against the cold, dark, autumnal sky, surrounded by groups of young men and boys busily engaged in urging them with fresh fuel into intenser activity.”

- John Greenleaf Whittier, “Pope Night.”

While the historical record is ambiguous as to when Pope Night ceased to be observed in Newburyport, Keepers should feel free to worry investigators with odd bonfires in the hills about town, fed by roaming gangs of gleeful young men in Jack-o-Lantern-led processions carrying off every unclaimed scrap of lumber in the vicinity off to be incinerated in raucous gatherings, the reason for which has been long forgot. ■

were felt especially hard in the town; the War of 1812 was nearly catastrophic. Compounding the effects of the collapse of international trade, much of the central part of Newburyport was destroyed in a fire in 1811. Because of this much of the architecture of Newburyport is the same Federalist style, streets lined by rows of two- and three-storey brick buildings. After a decade or so of stagnation, Newburyport began to grow again thanks to the Industrial Revolution. In addition to shipbuilding and fishing, new industries like rum distilleries and silverware manufacturing brought a new prosperity to Newburyport. A new population boom doubled the city’s size between 1830 and 1860.

Newburyport was a center of the Abolitionist movement, home to William Lloyd Garrison and his newspaper *The Liberator*. As a shipping and transportation hub, the city was also an important link in the expanding Underground Railroad. Newburyporters served with distinction in the Union army and navy, as their ancestors had before during the American Revolution.

After the Civil War, Newburyport entered into a slow but apparently inexorable decline, as one by one the industries that fueled its second boom diminished or moved elsewhere. As the era of the sailing ship ended, so did the prominence of Newburyport’s shipyards. Compounding matters, the town’s harbor was increasingly silted, despite attempts to dredge channels. By 1912 the city lost its port of entry status, a final end to a place that, for a time just a century before, was second only to Boston in its activity in New England.



General Notes

Newburyport is part of Essex County, Massachusetts. The built-up portion of Newburyport sits on a low ridge on the south shore of the Merrimack River, with most city streets running parallel or perpendicular to the river. High Street, which runs along the crest of the low hill upon which much of the city is built, is flanked by mansions built by the wealthy merchants and industrialists during the city’s heyday, creating a distinctive skyline visible from the waters of the harbor below. Unfortunately much

INVESTIGATING INNSMOUTH

When I had tried to question the natives in the shops, the lunch room, the garages, and the fire station, I had found them even harder to get started than the ticket-agent had predicted; and realised that I could not spare the time to overcome their first instinctive reticences.

“The Shadow Over Innsmouth”

Investigators looking for more information about Innsmouth while in Newburyport can pursue several avenues of inquiry. While we have noted at some locations what might be learned there, the Keeper should use the following as a guide to what might generally be uncovered in Newburyport. Places with some specific Innsmouth clues are marked with a ♃ (the astrological symbol for Pisces). Additionally, these notes may be extrapolated for use at any of the communities in the vicinity of Innsmouth. In general, no-one has been to Innsmouth or knows anyone who lives there. At most they may have seen Joe Sargent, his bus, or some of his passengers. Much of what is known about Innsmouth is secondhand at best — rumors of degeneracy, disease, and piracy predominate but any manner of causes are blamed for the port’s decline depending on the teller. Mild curiosity about Innsmouth, especially from strangers, is tolerated, but those who seem too keen to learn more about the place will be shunned by the average Newburyporter. ■

of the city’s waterfront lies vacant, with rows of disused warehouses, shuttered factories, derelict and rotting wharves, and abandoned dockyards.

In 1928 the population of Newburyport is about 15,000 — which is roughly the same size as the town was in 1900, a clear sign of the city’s ongoing economic woes. The city is predominantly Yankee — white Protestants, many of whom can trace their ancestry back two centuries or more — with Irish, Italian, Armenians, Greek, French-Canadians, and African Americans (in decreasing order of size) making up the town’s ethnic minorities. The recent election of Mayor Gillis (see page 73) has shown that the old families no longer have an unbreakable grip on power but the situation remains volatile.

There are no colleges or institutions of higher learning in Newburyport, though the Dummer Academy, a private boys prep school (grades 9-12), established in 1763 and recently revitalized under President Dr. Charles Ingham, occupies the former site of the Governor William Dummer mansion* in neighboring Newbury, just off Route 1.

* The old Dummer mansion is said to be haunted by at least two ghosts — one of Dummer himself riding a horse up the stairs,

Industry

Newburyport has lost most of its industry in the past fifty years. Once a center of shipbuilding, the dry-docks are now derelict, while manufacturing has moved to the midwest or, in the case of textiles, the Carolinas. Thanks to Prohibition, the rum distilleries have all been shuttered, save Caldwell’s on Kent Street, which soldiers on producing industrial alcohol and small quantities of medicinal liquor. Even the silverware manufacturers are closed or on limited shifts, with only Towle remaining open and even they have reduced hours. While fishing has declined, small-scale fisheries continue and individual captains put out to sea daily. One bright spot economically is the Chase-Shawmut Electrical manufacturing plant on Merrimac Street, which relocated from Boston to Newburyport in 1905.

Media

Newburyport has one daily newspaper, *The Newburyport Daily News and Newburyport Herald*, since the merger of the *Newburyport Daily News* and *Herald* in 1915. The paper is published daily, in the morning, though exceptional events have from time to time warranted a special edition (such as the death of President Harding in 1923). The newspaper’s offices are on Inn Street, just off Market Square; a combined ‘morgue’ holds copies of the *Daily News* (founded 1888) and the *Herald* (founded 1797).†

Law and Order

In addition to the local police and fire department, Newburyport is served by the Essex County Sheriff’s department (headquartered in Salem) and the state roads are patrolled by the Massachusetts State Police (the nearest barracks is in Topsfield). There is a small Massachusetts National Guard armory on Merrimac Street and a Coast Guard Station at the north end of Plum Island.

Crime in Newburyport is primarily small-scale, save for rum-runners who use the city as a secondary smuggling route for liquor when Boston becomes too risky. In Newburyport itself there are more than two dozen speakeasies of varying sizes (see John J. O’Connor’s on page 72 for one example), which anchor the town’s limited organized crime syndicate — controlled by the Boston Irish mob — who supplement their income with prostitution, extortion, and numbers-running.

the other of a young girl said to have once stalked the kitchen — with another spirit, that of a colonial gentleman killed in a duel, said to haunt the grounds.

† There were several newspapers in Newburyport before the *Herald* or *Daily News*. The first newspaper here was *The Essex Journal*, starting in 1773. Other titles include *The Impartial Herald* (1793), *The Morning Star* (1794), *The Political Gazette* (1795), *The Newburyport Gazette* (1797; from the merger of the *Impartial Herald* and *Political Gazette*), the *American Intelligencer* (1801), and many more.

Visitor's Information

It was the past brought to life — flashes of 18th century byestreet, silhouettes of Christopher Wren steeples, kaleidoscopic etchings of old-time skylines, snatches of glistening harbour beyond delectably rambling & alluringly antediluvian alleys that wind lazily down hill—a true paradise of the born antiquarian!



Newburyport is not a popular destination. There is no tourism industry, per se, and while there are a few spots popular with out-of-towners to see while visiting, it will be several decades more until Newburyport is widely regarded as Lovecraft regarded it: a remarkable exemplar of 18th and 19th century architecture and history. Nevertheless, travelers can make do with the following options for a place to stay and something to eat while visiting.

Places to Stay

- Garrison House Hotel — Brown Square, at the corner of Pleasant and Titcomb Streets. See page 74.
- Hotel Waverly — 18 Merrimac St. Just off Market Square, this run-down 24 room hotel (all single occupancy) is teetering on the brink of bankruptcy. Once respectable, it now caters to poor businessmen, poorer travelers, and indigents. Local gossip suggests, rightly, that liquor and other vices can be found here if one knows who to ask.
- Wolfe Tavern — 100 State St. As run-down as the Waverly but without the rumors of vice. More than half the rooms are rented by long-term tenants, like the Adams Inn (see page 71) before it.
- YMCA — 75 Main St. See page 76.

Dining

Considering the town's diminished fortunes, there are fewer dining choices than modern readers might expect. The following establishments can be found in and around 'downtown' Newburyport.

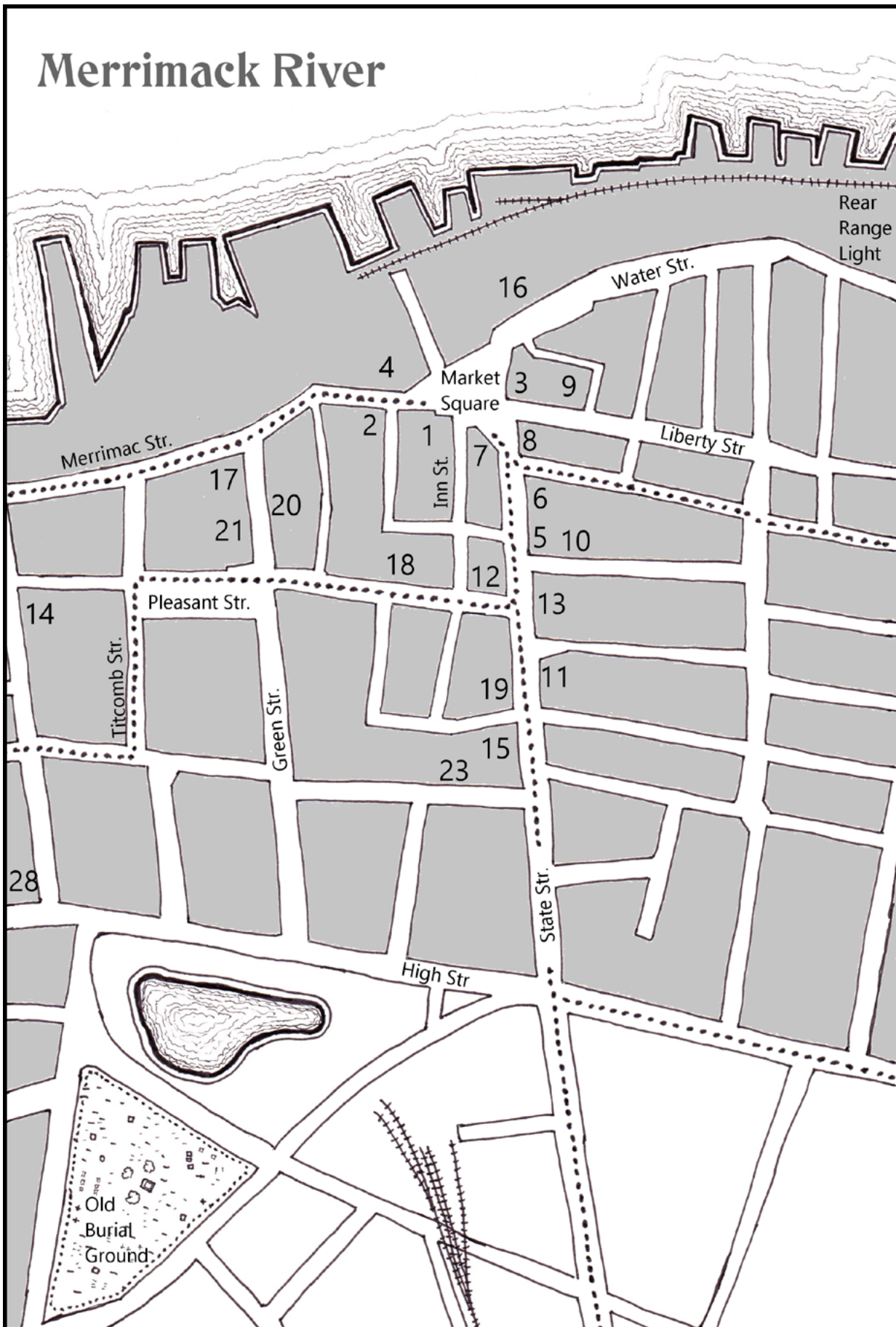
- A.C. Ryan's Confectionary. 86 State St. Candies, teas, sandwiches, and ice-cream. See page 73.
- The Adams House Cafe. 4-8 Inn St. See page 71.

NEWBURYPORT AND INNSMOUTH

Newburyport was Lovecraft's primary inspiration for Innsmouth and there are many shared elements between the real and fictional port towns. While such connections are of literary interest, the Keeper can utilize the parallels between Newburyport and Innsmouth as a means to foreshadow the darkness that overwhelmed that town. Innsmouth has all of Newburyport's problems exaggerated to an even greater degree. Newburyport's economy is in decline; Innsmouth's has effectively collapsed. Newburyport's buildings are neglected and dilapidated; Innsmouth's are literally falling apart. Establish Newburyport's failings and dark side and, when the investigators encounter Innsmouth, they will recognize it immediately as an order of magnitude worse. ■

- Fitzgerald Brothers. 9 Main St. Mon.-Fri. 11 am-7 pm. Higher quality than other local options but hardly fine dining. Serves white-collar workers (those looking to avoid mixing with laborers and 'foreign types') lunch and dinner to elderly Yankees.
- Hick's Lunch Wagon. This horse-drawn wagon usually sits at corner of Liberty St. in Market Square. Breakfast and lunch; specialized in pasties, sweet and savory pies, and hot-crossed buns.
- Ideal Lunch. 5 State St. See page 72.
- ☿ Lyon's Lunch. 29 Market Square. A lunch counter with just a dozen stools, open 10:30 am to 6 pm Mon.-Sat. Unlike most other options around Market Square, Innsmouth travelers will occasionally linger here to wait for the bus.
- New China Restaurant. 54 State St. Offering "American and Chinese food" as best they can with domestic ingredients; open for lunch and dinner.
- O'Donnell's Grill. 14 Pleasant St. Cheap food, catering to working class men, with a similar menu to Ideal Lunch, but without any of the niceties meant to attract female customers.

In addition to these regular restaurants, many stores offered some limited food selections — most groceries sell sandwiches and cold drinks; scattered 'tea houses' cater to female diners with finger sandwiches and hot and cold drinks; drug stores often have a soda fountain; 'confectionaries' sell candy, drinks, and ice cream. For more general information and details about typical menus for diners and other middle- and lower-class dining establishments, see "Diners of Arkham" in *Arkham Gazette* #1.



Locations

Market Square

All at once the car reached a spacious square, lined on every side with the quaint brick mercantile buildings of the Revolutionary period. It was a sight such as we had never seen before—a city business section of the 18th century, preserved in every detail.



Like Lovecraft (and the narrator of “The Shadow Over Innsmouth”) our main interest in Newburyport lies in the area around Market Square, the business center of the city, where Merrimac becomes Water Street and Liberty intersects with State Street. Named for the Old Market building (which now serves as Newburyport’s Central Fire Station) the Square is where most visitors begin their explorations of the Clipper City.

1. Adams House Cafe

4-8 Inn St.

We partook of a meal at the one decent restaurant of the ‘city,’ (the café of the more than one century old Adam’s House) where for 65¢ we were served with more than I could eat.

Once an inn, the Adam’s House serves as a residential hotel with an attached café. While the facilities are run-down, the café continues to do a brisk business, serving a wide selection of New England staples for a very fair price that pleases even the most frugal of travellers. There is a desk clerk Mon.-Sat. 7:30-6 for the Inn’s rooms who collects mail and takes messages for guests. The café is open 10:30-1 and 4:30-7 daily.

2. ⚡ Bradford’s Garage

22 Market Square

Open Mon.-Fri. 7:30-5; Sat. 9-2. A full-service mechanic, offering automobile repair, tire replacement, and general service. There is no gasoline pump, but they sell it by the can. The staff are used to giving directions within Newburyport and beyond, but are very reluctant to do so for Innsmouth. If asked about Innsmouth or the Innsmouth bus, several of the mechanics can relate a story from a few years previous when the Innsmouth bus suffered a breakdown on Market Square and the driver could not restart it. Mr. Bradford, the owner, and one of the mechanics attempted to assist the driver in mending the battered and ill-maintained engine, eventually getting the car going again. The next day a new black sedan with curtained rear windows stopped at the shop and rather unpleasant looking fellow — it was Sebastian Marsh, but the employees only know it was a member of the Marsh family — paid twenty dollars for the parts needed and their labor, almost twice what was owed.

3. ⚡ Brooks Pawn

3 Merrimac St.

[The tiara] had been pawned for a ridiculous sum at a shop in State Street in 1873, by a drunken Innsmouth man shortly afterward killed in a brawl. The Society had acquired it directly from the pawnbroker.

“The Shadow Over Innsmouth”

A typical pawn shop, that, due to Newburyport’s poor economy, does a steady business. Harry Brooks, the 56-year-old proprietor, has run this shop since 1911, when he inherited the shop from his father. While it was his father’s shop where the Newburyport Historical Society’s tiara was pawned more than half a century ago, back when the store was on State Street, he has no knowledge of the sale nor do any records of it survive. If asked about Innsmouth, Brooks will state that he’s never heard a good word about it and that his father, in no uncertain terms, warned him away from ever dealing with an Innsmouther and especially avoid the gold they sometimes traded it, telling him that it was cursed.

4. Central Fire Station

1-3 Market Sq.

This large brick building was formerly the Newburyport market until becoming the city fire department, police department, and jail in 1864. The fire department has had the whole of the building to itself since the police station was built in 1912. There is always someone on duty and often a handful of firemen lounge around one of the large garage doors, which are kept open save for in cold weather. Anything illegal or untoward going on in Market Square will likely be noticed by the firefighters.



5. Chase's Candies

33 State St.

Open Mon.-Fri. 9-5; Sat. 9-2. In business since 1871, this confectionary is known for its handmade hard candies and, at Christmas time, ribbon candy. The store is busiest just after school gets out each day, when a rush of schoolchildren mob the place. The shop's front window is a delight of colors and shapes with jars displaying hundreds of chocolates, candies, and sweet treats of all kinds.

6. Fowle's News Co

17 State St. — Ad page 391

Open Mon.-Fri. 7:30-6; Sat. 9-7. Sells newspapers from across New England and a wide selection of magazines (including pulps), cigars and cigarettes, candies, and fountain drinks — Moxie and Cliquot Club. Nicholas Arkelian purchased the store from Hannah Fowle, widow of Stephen Fowle (the owner and founder of the store), in 1920. Joe Sargent's business is not welcome here, though few other than Sargent and the elderly Mrs. Fowle know why. Travelers coming from Innsmouth avoid the place entirely.

7. ✠ Hammond's Drug Store*

2 State St.

Shortly before ten the next morning I stood with one small valise in front of Hammond's Drug Store in old Market Square waiting for the Innsmouth bus.

“The Shadow Over Innsmouth”

A typical pharmacy, offering the usual medicines and salves, as well as general medical supplies and a limited stock of household necessities. There is also a large newspaper rack by the entrance with papers from across the North Shore, including Arkham and Bolton. Joe Sargent's bus stops just outside the shop, around 9:45 in the morning, departing a little after 10. He returns about 6:45 each evening and

* Hammond's Drugstore is the only wholly fictional place created by Lovecraft in Newburyport, replacing Perry's Pharmacy. The reason for this alteration are unclear; David Gousward suggests it may have been inspired by Gammon's Drug Store in Haverhill's Washington Square, which was the main bus stop in Haverhill at the time.

departs again at or around 7. The drive takes about 35 minutes in good weather, longer if conditions are poor.

8. ✠ Ideal Lunch

5 State St.

As the hour for its arrival drew near I noticed a general drift of the loungers to other places up the street, or to the Ideal Lunch across the square.

“The Shadow Over Innsmouth”

A counter-service style restaurant, open twenty-four hours a day, even Sundays. The fare is simple but filling — eggs and bacon, sandwiches, soups — and the coffee's always hot. Frequent diners recommend the beef stew and clam chowder.

Despite the proximity to the pickup and drop off point for the Innsmouth bus, travelers to and from Innsmouth avoid the restaurant. Investigators asking the employees or clientele about Innsmouth will be told it is a disreputable place that decent people avoid. Persistent questioners will be ignored or even asked to leave.

9. John J. Connor, Undertaker (and Speakeasy)

7 Liberty St.

While the Connor funeral home is a legitimate business, the upper floor of the building is occupied by one of Newburyport's several speakeasies. Prospective clients must know the ever changing password given to a doorman watching the back stairs. Upstairs, in addition to liquor, there is music, dancing, gambling, and general carousing every night but Sunday. Lookouts stationed on the roof keep watch for the police; a heavy beam is at the ready to block the front entrance long enough to dump any liquor on hand.

10. Pearson's Books

35 State St.

Open Mon.-Fri. 9-5; Sat. 10-6. This bookstore sells new works for fiction and nonfiction, with a predominance of popular fiction. Owner and operator George Pearson, age 67, is an avid reader, albeit with admittedly conventional tastes; he does not carry any used books and is not interested in buying them. The store does do a brisk business in stationary and offers a variety of personalized options, including monogrammed letterhead and envelopes. Pearson also stocks the corner of the store closest to the entrance with children's books and often gives young customers a free book on their birthday. He knows his regular customers well and often can recommend a new book to their tastes. There are no works of Mythos or occult interest in the store.

ANDREW JACKSON “BOSSY” GILLIS (1896-1965)

If “Lord” Timothy Dexter is Newburyport’s most eccentric historical character, then Andrew Jackson Gillis (aka “Bossy” Gillis) is his closest modern competitor. Gillis’ foray into politics was driven by practical concerns: in 1925 the city passed zoning laws to block him from building a gas station at the corner of State and High Street. Gillis protested this by erecting mock gravestones on the lot, under a banner saying “The Spirit of Old Newburyport.” A meeting with then-Mayor Nelson went so poorly it ended with Gillis punching him in the face and spending 60 days in the county jail in Salem.

Gillis, a red-headed Irishman and former Navy sailor, continued his campaign against “the fossils that run this burg,” running and winning his campaign for mayor in 1927. Gillis was a populist who reveled in tweaking the noses of Newburyport’s old families and political establishment. When he opened a new gas station and garage in Market Square next to the fire station, he ignored the necessary permits and licenses. Because of this, in the fall of 1928 Gillis was arrested for illegally storing gasoline. He spent, while still serving as mayor, another two months in jail, conducting official business from his cell in Salem. After his release, Gillis, accompanied by a brass band, led a Thanksgiving parade through Newburyport, cheered on by as many as forty-five thousand well-wishers and gaining national publicity. Gillis’ slate of city councilmen were victorious that December and his control of the city was complete, for a time at least.*

* There are echoes of Gillis’ two months incarceration in 1928 and his triumphal release with Obed Marsh’s arrest and freeing from the Innsmouth gaol. While we cannot state definitely that Gillis inspired Marsh (or Gilman for that matter), Lovecraft most definitely was aware of the

Gillis’ governing philosophy was “the winner get the gravy, the losers get dirt.” He was more often found working out of his service station in Market Square than Town Hall, happily greeting supporters or hurling insults and obscenities at his critics and opponents. Though he cultivated the air of a plain-spoken everyman, Gillis also ran his own weekly newspaper, *The Asbestos* (because it was “red-hot”). He used this as a cudgel to batter his opponents and was slapped with several libel suits because of it.



Gillis’ control of Newburyport was not lasting and he was voted out of office in 1931, the citizenry having turned on him for failing to meet his grandiose promises of jobs. Many also tired of his love of stunts like announcing the city’s schools would be closed when the circus was in town, despite the School Board stating otherwise, with over 200 children being rounded up at the fairgrounds by truant officers. His political fortunes waxed and waned over the years and he returned to the mayorship in 1936-7, 1950-3, and finally 1958-9. Gillis died in 1965 while his filling station on Market Square was demolished as part of the city’s revitalizations efforts in the 1970s. ■

political situation in Newburyport and of the town’s outlandish mayor.

Central Newburyport

Ineffably quaint & archaic are the Georgian streets which we saw from the window — fascinating hills lined with venerable dwellings of every description, from 200-year-old hovels huddled together in nondescript groups with rambling extensions & lean-to’s, to stately Colonial mansions with proud gables & magnificent doorways. One feature possessed in common by nearly all the houses, great & humble alike, was the curious old-world abundance of chimney-pots.

11. A.C. Ryan’s

86 State St.

Open Mon.-Sat. 7:30-5. This family-owned green grocer offers primarily fresh fruit and vegetables but with a counter

area (open 10-4) that serves tea and coffee, sandwiches, candy, and “college ices” (i.e. ice cream sundaes).

12. ☿ Brown’s Jewelry

3 Pleasant St.

One of several jewelry stores in Newburyport, a holdover from when the city was a center of the silver-making and engraving industries. While owner Frank Brown is unaware of it, his assistant Michael Korhais has been quietly buying small amounts of Innsmouth jewelry from Jarvis Thatcher, an Innsmouth native who works in the city. Buying the gold at a steep discount, Korhais has been pocketing the excess funds to finance several recreational vices, in Newburyport and (sometimes) Boston.

13. First and Ocean National Bank

55 State St.

Open Mon.-Fri. 9-12, 1-4. Built just a few years ago after the merger of the First National and Ocean National Banks of Newburyport, this lender is Newburyport's largest. There is an armed guard on duty most days here, an off-duty police officer from Newburyport, Amesbury, or Newbury.

14. Garrison Inn

Brown Square



Newburyport's finest hotel, though this says more about Newburyport than the actual quality of the Garrison. Named for Newburyport native William Lloyd Garrison, the famed abolitionist and publisher to whom there is a statue dedicated in the adjoining Brown Square. The lobby of the hotel is decorated with a variety of stuffed waterfowl, including a rare (for the region) Shoveller duck and partially-albino Carolina Rail. Placards note that all were shot in the nearby marshes between Newburyport and Plum Island.

The hotel has thirty rooms to rent; larger rooms have two beds and a private bath (including a shower) while the individual rooms share bathrooms at the end of each hallway. The rooms are clean, if a little spartan and worn. While there is no restaurant, coffee or tea, along with simple fare like toast, hard-boiled eggs, and hot cereal, can be requested at the desk. In the lobby is a public telephone booth and there are usually a few small boys lingering about to run to the telegram office on Pleasant Street.



15. ☾ Newburyport Public Library

94 State St.

I spent that evening at the Newburyport Public Library looking up data about Innsmouth.

“The Shadow Over Innsmouth”

Occupying what was formerly the Tracy mansion (built 1771), the Newburyport Public Library, established in 1854 and relocated to this site in 1866, holds what at best can be described as a middling collection. The interior of the old mansion still reflects its opulent origins, as do several additions added in the 1880s, including the reading room. Unfortunately in more recent years inadequate funds have retarded the library's acquisition of new volumes, leaving notable gaps in the collection. This situation is more acute for scholars than the average reader however, as the staff does its best to keep abreast of the most popular titles and topics.

Research into Innsmouth will bear little fruit, though the library has the standard Essex County histories, up to William Arrington's four-volume *Municipal History of Essex County in Massachusetts* (1922). The library has a partial collection of issues of the *Innsmouth Courier*, but only scattered issues from 1835 to 1838, the rest being lost due to an unfortunate accident in 1884, but the surviving papers are of little interest. The staff, while sharing the near-universal dislike of Innsmouth found in Newburyport, will point respectable looking investigators asking after the unwholesome place to the Newburyport Historical Society and their specimen of Innsmouth's odd jewelry and will provide a letter of reference to Miss Tilton.

While the rest of the library's collection is otherwise almost entirely mundane there is one oddity that can be uncovered by the persistent or unfortunate. Among the personal papers haphazardly held by the library, are those of Dr. Randall Tolliver, a Newburyport physician (1809-1874) which includes a file regarding a case that hints of the influence of the Cthulhu Mythos — see the box “The Curious Case of Miss V.E.” opposite for more information. There is also a copy of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-English Canaan* (1801 edition), held in the non-circulating collection due to the age and general fragility of the book. For more information on that particular work, see *Arkham Gazette* #1.

THE CURIOUS CASE OF MISS V.E.*

Within this slim black notebook are the collected notes, newspaper clipping, and associated letters regarding a case that Dr. Tolliver consulted on regarding a patient he identifies only as V.E. Tolliver was contacted by a former student, Dr. L., then working for the Hampden Academy in Aylesbury, who had a student — a 17 year old girl he only identifies as “V.E.” — who was exhibiting symptoms of a most unusual mania.

According to Dr. L.’s notes, the girl was shunned by her classmates who claimed that she had been cursed just before birth when her mother had been fatally bitten by a rattlesnake. The girl was rumored to have an unnatural affinity for snakes, and it was whispered that, as a young girl, she had bitten another child. Dr. L. included summaries of his interviews with two students who had seen V.E. seemingly conversing with snakes. The girl was known to be obsessed with snakes of all types, in nature, history, and mythology, and seemed to care for little else.

The last pair of letters from Dr. L. report that, after V.E. was inexplicably absent from school, he discovered that

* This document was inspired by the novel *Elsie Venner* (1861) by Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr., though certain liberties were taken with the plot.

she had run away from home (apparently after rejecting a marriage proposal arranged by her father) to the hill country east-northeast of Aylesbury. Dr. L. became lost after being thrown by his horse, somehow finding his way to a cleft in a rocky hillside where he was cornered by an enormous rattlesnake. Suddenly V.E. appeared and, with a short command in an unknown language, sent away the serpent. The final page of this letter is missing.

A last letter in the file is from Mr. Hallam, the director of the Hampden Academy, requesting Dr. Tolliver’s aid in locating either his friend Dr. Latham or one Miss Violet Evans, late a student of the school. The letter guardedly implies that Mr. Hallam fears that there was some sort of inappropriate relationship between the two, fears made worse by the recent disappearance of both teacher and student. A few newspaper clippings from the *Aylesbury Transcript* document the fruitless search for the missing girl; no mention is made of Dr. Latham.

Dr. Tolliver’s Notes on V.E. +1 point to Cthulhu Mythos. 12 hours to read. Dr. Latham’s final letter may allow someone, with a *Navigate* roll, to locate the strange rocky chasm on a ridge south of Hale Mountain near Dunwich (see *H.P. Lovecraft’s Dunwich*, Region 7, page 104). The exact nature of Miss Evans’s ophidian connections, her fate, and the fate of Dr. Lantham, are left to the Keeper. ■

16. Old Custom House

25 Water St.

This two-story granite building, now being used to store hay, was until 1911 the Newburyport Custom House. While otherwise of little interest to investigators beyond the historical, the cupola on the roof of the poorly secured building affords an excellent view of Newburyport harbor and, to a lesser degree, Market Square to the south-southwest.

17. Police Station

6 Green St.

With a force of nearly thirty officers, the City Marshall does what he can to police the city. The department is focused mostly on maintaining the peace rather than investigating crimes. For the most part, only flagrant liquor violations, such as public drunkenness, are punished. While the Marshall is not on the take, several individual officers (among other staff) are on the payroll of various speakeasies and bootleggers, and nearly every raid is preceded by a warning, leaving the Newburyport Police little to show for their work. The Green Street station, built in 1912, is still sometimes called the “new” police station by locals.

The Newburyport Police have three patrol cars — none of which is yet radio-equipped — a paddy-wagon, and half-a-dozen motorcycles. Foot-patrolmen are only armed with a nightstick, but have access to a small stock of revolvers, shotguns, and rifles if needed. While there is no dedicated harbor patrol, the police do have an understanding with the harbor master and can get the use of a handful of small motor launches in an emergency.

18. Post Office

16 Pleasant St.

Joe Sargent makes a stop here on his evening visit to Newburyport, before reaching Market Square, to drop off Innsmouth’s limited mail and pick up whatever incoming mail there might be.

19. Star Grocery

71 State St.

Open Mon.-Fri. 7:30-5; Sat. 9-3. This market, part of a New England-spanning chain, has fresh vegetables, meats, baked goods, etc. A sandwich counter (open 11-2) provides an alternative to the restaurants and lunch counters around Market Square. It serves an affordable meal, popular with shop girls and other less-affluent workers.

20. Strand Theatre

15 Green St.

Newburyport's only purpose-built (in 1917) cinema, the Strand shows a wide variety of films. There is a matinee daily at 11 and regular showings at 2, 5, and 8 (with just a 1 and 4 pm showing on Sunday). The movies are all silent but the theater is not thanks to the enormous Wurlitzer organ and the passel of organists employed by the Strand. During October of 1928 the Strand is showing, in addition to various short features and cartoons, *Docks of New York*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, *Our Dancing Daughters*, and *The Singing Fool*. For those interested in live entertainment, the Premiere Theater, on nearby Pleasant Street, provides an alternative to the cinema.

21. Town Hall

60 Pleasant St.

The municipal center of Newburyport, with the office of the mayor, tax assessor, and various other licensing offices and the other mundane bureaucratic offices that keep civil government moving. Of likely interest to investigators are the property records and birth and death certificates. Miss Louise Martin (see box, opposite) works as a switchboard operator here.

22. ✂ Train Station

Winter St.



In Newburyport they told me that the steam train was the thing to take to Arkham; and it was only at the station ticket-office, when I demurred at the high fare, that I learned about Innsmouth.

“The Shadow Over Innsmouth”

An intermediate stop on the Boston and Maine railroad, Newburyport's depot is only partially enclosed, with a ticket office, luggage handling, and seating area in a single French Renaissance-inspired building (built in 1893 to replace the previous station that was destroyed in a fire in March of 1892).

One of the station agents, John Spaulding, originally from Panton, Vermont, is exceptionally gregarious. He is happy to talk at length about nearly any topic to anyone buying a ticket or looking for directions. He is particularly friendly to out-of-towners with whom he is happy to share a chuckle about local superstitions and the credulity of Newburyport's citizenry, who lack the canny scepticism of this Green Mountain State native. While he's familiar with all of Newburyport's historical oddities and curiosities (the Keeper might have one or more of the boxed text entries about Goody Morse or the 'haunted' teacher Miss Perkins on hand for Spaulding to regale the investigators with), the ticket agent has taken a particular interest in the dark rumors around Innsmouth. At the Keeper's option, Spaulding may be encountered elsewhere in Newburyport or northern Essex county, following up on leads looking for more details about Innsmouth. For the sake of game-play, the conversation between the narrator of “The Shadow Over Innsmouth” and the ticket agent is a good summary of Spaulding's knowledge on the subject, but one should avoid turning the encounter into quite the extended piece of exposition that Lovecraft does.



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JOHN SPAULDING, Sceptical Vermonter

SKILLS: Innsmouth Lore 61%, Occult 18%

Aside from the chatty Mr. Spaulding, the station is a typical sort of depot and is otherwise unremarkable.

(There is a second railroad station in Newburyport — a freight-only station on the south side of the Frog Pond near the Old Hill Burying Ground. While everyone in town is aware of this, investigators relying solely on maps to get around town may be in for no small amount of disappointment when they arrive there instead of the Winter Street passenger station.)

23. YMCA

75 Main St.

At the YMCA the clerk merely discouraged my going to such a dismal, decadent place...

“The Shadow Over Innsmouth” (Discarded draft)

This 3-storey brick building houses Newburyport's branch of the YMCA. Formerly the home of the industrialist E.J. M. Hale, the late 19th century Victorian building offered guests a reading room, a gymnasium, and a swimming pool. Lovecraft usually stayed here when visiting Newburyport, though he described the place as “seedy and run-down.”

INNSMOUTH'S AGENTS IN NEWBURYPORT

While the Marsh family has no organized network of agents outside of Innsmouth, the reach of the family and their hybrid allies is such as they have an informal network of contact and allies in the communities surrounding Innsmouth, including Newburyport. Most of this network is purely for information gathering, watching out for unusual interest in Innsmouth or the circumstances within the town. Should direct action be required, the Marshes typically depend upon hybrid loyalists from Innsmouth itself, dispatched directly at the Marshes' behest. Members of the Marsh network in Newburyport include:

■ Louise Martin, 27.

Switchboard operator. Louise works at the telephone switchboard at Town Hall (21) which also handles incoming calls to the nearby police station. A wholly human runaway from Essex, she was informally adopted by a mixed



Innsmouth family nearly twenty years ago. While she was treated as little better than a maid, it was still a better life than before. Louise is unable to bear children and so has been allowed to leave Innsmouth in exchange for her monitoring of the authorities in Newburyport. No one suspects the awkward, nervous young woman of spoiling several police raids on suspected liquor shipments into Innsmouth.

■ Jarvis Thatcher, 23. Laborer. Thatcher is a hybrid who daily takes Sargent's bus to and from Innsmouth to Newburyport to work as an apprentice for the elderly Hermon Staples, the house, sign, and ship painter. Thatcher honestly enjoys the work and imagines that taking up the trade will supply steady work in tumbledown Innsmouth. Staples, nearly 70, is neither as sharp or dexterous as he once was and his apprentices generally have free rein around town. Thatcher has, on occasion, been asked to keep tabs on individuals who have crossed the Marshes;

he is assigned to follow and, occasionally steal from, his targets. He has little aptitude for violence. Unbeknownst to anyone else, not only has Thatcher secretly taken up with a local girl (Celia Effinger, 20, who works at the tobacco counter at Fowle's



(6)), he dreams of fleeing Innsmouth, to New York perhaps, to become an artist. He has been selling purloined bits of scrounged Innsmouth jewelry to the unscrupulous Mr. Korhais at Brown's Jewelry.

■ John Argus Spring III, 37. Attorney.

Spring was a classmate of Ralsa Marsh at the Lawrence Academy, and was a willing participant in several of Marsh's scandals there. The two discovered they shared certain proclivities, not limited to misogyny and a



taste for violence. The two reconnected a decade ago, when Marsh was in need of discreet legal aid. Marsh soon returned the favor, quietly helping Spring dispose of the body of a young woman. Ever unscrupulous, Marsh has from time to time forced his sometimes partner in crime to use his position and wealth to neutralize threats against the Marshes and their control of Innsmouth. Spring suspects that there is something profoundly wrong about his old classmate and Marsh is considering offering him a new, inhuman, outlet for his sadism. At Marsh's behest, Spring has attempted, through a proxy, to purchase the Innsmouth tiara from the Newburyport Historical Society. ■

THE STRANGE CASE OF GOODY MORSE

As with any self-respecting old colonial town, Newburyport has its own accused witch*: Elizabeth Morse. She was the wife of the cobbler William Morse and the pair lived near what is now Market Square. Starting in the fall of 1679, the elderly couple, who also cared for their young grandson, were repeatedly victims of inexplicable, apparently supernatural, acts of vandalism and mischief — primarily weird sounds, as if rocks were hitting the house, or a pig was loose in the home. When the frightened Mr. Morse confided in his neighbor Caleb Powell, the canny sailor recognized that the young master Morse was a more likely cause than any witchcraft. Powell offered to drive off whatever spirit or spell was afflicting the family if he might take the boy away for a time. When the strange noises and pranks stopped, the elder Morse decided that it must have been Caleb Powell who was to blame!

* And as we will see later on, Newburyport has another, later, witch, Madam Hooper; see box, opposite.

NEWBURYPORT'S LIGHTHOUSES

Within Newburyport proper there are three lighthouses, two within the city proper and one at the northern tip of Plum Island.

- **Newburyport Harbor Light** (*aka Plum Island Light*). A lighthouse has stood here since 1788. The current lighthouse, which stands about 50 feet above the shifting sands, is visible as far as 12 miles away at sea. Prohibition Bureau agents have used the lighthouse as a lookout for rumrunners as the area is frequently traveled by them and seizures off the north point of Plum Island are common. Nearby is the Plum Island Coast Guard Station.
- **Front and Rear Range* Light**. Both these lights were erected in 1873, replacing an earlier privately-owned set of lights which had been built in an attempt to deal with the silting of Newburyport's harbor. The lower 'front' light is 35 feet high and sits at the end of Bayley's Wharf. Nearby, at 66½ Water Street, stands the 53 foot high 'rear' light. Unlike the other lights in Newburyport, it is a square tower. With the

* Range lights are navigational tools that allow ships to approach port safely at night; the two lights, when aligned, show that the ship is approaching harbor in a safe channel, free of rocks, sandbars, and other dangerous obstructions.

Powell was tried in March of 1680 on charges of witchcraft. Despite testimony against him, including Mr. Morse who stated that Powell had vouched for his mystical bonafides by highlighting his foreign travels and familiarity with astronomy and astrology, Powell was found "not guilty but warranting suspicion," forcing him to pay for the costs of his trial and jailing. As the Morses continued to suffer supernatural attack even while Powell was in jail, local authorities determined that it was Mrs. Morse herself who was the witch responsible. She was convicted in May of 1680 by a court in Boston and sentenced to be executed by hanging. Repeated petitions from her husband eventually swayed governor Bradstreet to spare her life, though local authorities again reopened the case in the spring of 1681 as the attacks continued. Though she avoided the noose, she was condemned to house arrest for the rest of her life. The family's supernatural misadventures ended once the young man left the household. ■



decline of shipping into Newburyport, locals have complained that the range lights are too bright and they will be significantly dimmed in 1933. The rear light is a very visible landmark along Water Street and can be seen (and see) much of the town. ■

THE HAUNTING OF LUCY ANN PERKINS

A few blocks from Market Square, on Charles Street, once stood the Male Primary school. In the fall of 1871 its four-dozen pupils (and Miss Lucy Ann Perkins, their teacher) began witnessing apparently supernatural phenomena: knocking and rapping noises, doors opening without cause, briefly glimpsed faces at the window, and once a young boy who vanished when Miss Perkins chased him into the small attic. Rumors of the haunting began to spread around town, eventually involving the School Committee and the Newburyport Police in the fall of

1872. Their investigation put the blame on young Amos Currier who, along with two or three other students, had been, for their own amusement, producing all the 'supernatural' activity to harass Miss Perkins. Despite this official pronouncement, wild accounts of the 'haunting' were published in Boston newspapers and sensationalist pamphlets. Because of all the publicity, Miss Perkins was encouraged to take a leave of absence. All reports of ghostly happenings then ceased. A few years later the school building was sold and converted into a private residence. ■

"MADAM" HOOPER

While Goody Morse is the best known "witch" in Newburyport's history, she was not alone, for a century afterwards there was a woman named Jane Hooper. Usually called Madam Hooper, she was thought to be in her middle 30s when she arrived in Newburyport around 1760. While she at first served as a school teacher, her talents as a fortune teller soon became widely known about town, and soon her house was often visited by the curious and the desperate. 'Lord' Timothy Dexter (see page 80) was a client. She cultivated an air of mystery with a hint of menace, refusing to say where she had come from originally and unafraid to suggest she was a witch or even hint at some infernal source for her powers. For many years she kept a black cockerel as a pet, which she referred to as her familiar. The poor bird had a clipped beak, giving it an unsettlingly human profile.

Physically she "was short and stout, with a strongly marked countenance, glittering gray eyes, and a full set of double teeth*." Always clad in fine clothes, albeit antique

and threadbare, she would go as she pleased in town, demanding food or drink from startled townsfolk, and terrifying small children who fled at her approach, fearful of her "evil eye." One account claims that she was forced to remain seated by a crossed pair of knitting needles, as metal needles and pins were traditionally thought to ward against witches and witchcraft. By the time of her death in May of 1798, she was nearly penniless and living in the town's almshouse. Nevertheless she merited her own obituary, unlike most other residents of that institution. It said, among other things, that she "was for many years a terror to weak and superstitious minds, who honored her with the appellation *witch*." ■



* This expression is a colloquial one of the 18th and 19th centuries, referring to teeth that show wear and look like molars, not, as a modern reader might interpret, someone

suffering from *hyperdontia*, that is, extra teeth beyond the normal human set of at most 32.

Greater Newburyport

24. Anna Jacques Hospital

25 Highland Avenue

Founded in 1884, Newburyport's sole hospital was established to care for the indigent and impoverished. There is space for seventy-five patients at a time, but most serious or complicated cases require the visitors go instead to Boston. The hospital offers 24-hour emergency services on a limited basis, along with single ambulance.

25. The Dexter Mansion

201 High St.

[We] set out for famous & opulent High St., where stands the old mansion of the celebrated eccentric Timothy Dexter... In our family there is an old print of Dexter's house... shewing the ludicrous ornaments & the statues of celebrities atop fence posts...

Though no longer as it had been in its heyday, this mansion on High Street is one of the most famous landmarks in all of Newburyport. First built in 1771, it is best known as the home of the famed Newburyport eccentric "Lord" Timothy Dexter. Dexter decorated the grounds according to his unusual tastes, with gardens and fruit trees, but most notable were forty painted carved wooden statues, life-sized, modeled after famous figures of the day. To the house

“LORD” TIMOTHY DEXTER

You must have heard of Dexter & his lucky speculations... freakish extravagance, grotesque house & grounds, ridiculous escapades... & absurd book[?]

Newburyport’s best known and most unusual son is Timothy Dexter (1747-1806). Born in Malden, Massachusetts, Dexter moved to Newburyport in 1769 where he married a wealthy widow. Dexter managed to amass a large fortune — accounts of how he came into his wealth tend to emphasize Dexter’s luck over any supposed business sense, but modern historians have cast doubt on some of the more absurd tales — becoming one of the richest men in the town by the end of the American Revolution. Dexter was an eccentric, and it is difficult to sort fact from fiction regarding his stranger exploits, but contemporary sources show that, for example, he held his own mock funeral, gave himself the title of Lord, and described his unusual choices of decoration for his mansion on High Street. He was fond of drink and was once arrested and jailed in Ipswich for drunkenly shooting at a man who had offended him; Dexter rode to and from the jail to serve his sentence in his lavish black coach, cheered on by amused bystanders.

Dexter wrote a short book entitled *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones or Plain Truth in a Homespun Dress** (1802; reprinted many times), a rambling monologue about theology, politics, society, and his wife. Dexter, perhaps due to his lack of a formal education, used no punctuation in the document and made use of his own rather idiosyncratic system of capitalization and spelling:†

I will tell the trouth man is the best Annel and the worst all men are more or less the Divil but there is sit of ods some halfe some three quarters the other part beast of difrent kind of beasts sum one thing and sum a Nother sum like a Dog sum like a horse sum bare sum Cat sum Lion sum lik ous sum a monkey sum wild Cat sum Lam sum a Dove sum a hogg sum a oxe suma snake...

Dexter had his own small “court” of odd hangers-on, including a hairless black dog that always accompanied him on his frequent walks about town, and the “witch” Madam Hooper. The most notable of Dexter’s “court” was his “physician, preacher, and poet laureate” Jonathan Plummer. Formerly a fishmonger and a chapbook seller, Plummer was hired by Dexter to travel around Newburyport, clad in black finery and his hat topped

* Lovecraft himself examined the Haverhill Public Library’s copy of Dexter’s book just after his first visit to Newburyport in 1923 and copied down several passages.

† In later editions, Dexter included a page with thirteen lines of punctuation for the reader to use in the preceding text if his own avoidance of it was irksome.



with a sprig of parsley, praising his employer in verse and song. According to one source‡ “[he] was a dreamer of dreams, and professed to see visions and received communications from the spirit world that were startling, and, in his opinion, inexplicable.” After Dexter’s death, Plummer continued to sell morbid chapbooks (for example, a lyric ode to those who perished during a heat wave in the summer of 1811), suffer strange visions, and mutilate himself, until his own death in 1819.

Timothy Dexter himself died in 1806. After the city refused permission to bury him in the crypt he had built for himself at his mansion, he was buried in Old Hill Burying Ground. His epitaph reads, in part, “He gave liberal donations for the support of the Gospel; For the Benefit of the Poor; and for other benevolent purposes.” ■



‡ John J. Currier’s *The History of Newburyport*, p. 436.



he added minarets and, to complete the effect, a gilded eagle was perched atop an enlarged cupola. He also had built, though it was never used, a mausoleum, including an elaborate mahogany casket. Prints were made of the house and sold throughout New England.

After Dexter's death, the house was sold. For a time it served as a hotel, though by the 1920s it has again become a private residence. While its subsequent owners had removed all the statues and otherwise made the grounds more conventional in appearance, the golden eagle remains on the cupola. Even though Dexter's odd adornments are, like him, long gone, the house continues to be a popular spot for curious visitors to the town. Lovecraft, for example, recommended seeing Dexter's house to anyone he knew was planning to visit the town.

Some of the statues were lost to rot. Many others toppled in the Gale of 1815 and were sold at auction. Only one (of William Pitt) is known to survive into the modern day. Canny Keepers presumably are doubtless already plotting out how to use one of Dexter's lost statues in their next scenario...

26. ⚡ Newburyport Historical Society

180 High St.



The collection was a notable one indeed, but in my present mood I had eyes for nothing but the bizarre object which glistened in a corner cupboard under the electric lights.

“The Shadow Over Innsmouth”

The Newburyport Historical Society, at the corner of High and Winter Streets, is open Monday through Friday 10-3 and from 12-4 on Saturdays, though it may be viewed outside of normal hours by arrangement with the curator. The society (officially called the Antiquarian and Historical Society of Old Newbury), was founded in 1877* and was first housed in a room at the Newburyport Public Library. In 1909 the Society was bequeathed this building, the Pettingill-Fowler House. Built in 1792, the house was a fine example of the Federal building style. A small brick annex was added in 1912 for the storage of artifacts.

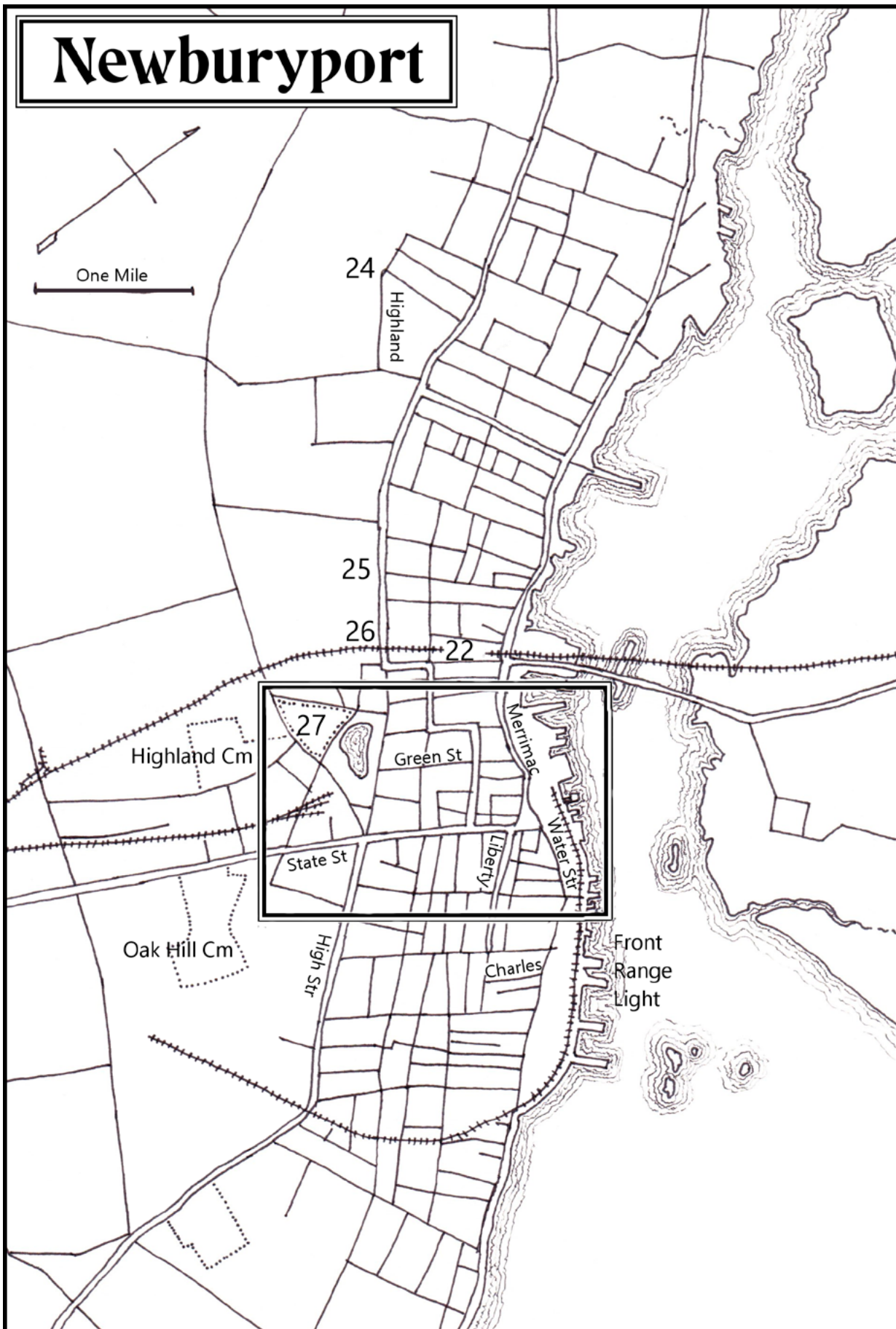


The bulk of the society's collection is mundane, with all the usual artifacts and items you might find in a small Massachusetts town; the personal effects of early citizens, deeds and titles from the town's foundation, everyday goods from the Colonial era, etc. They are also in possession of a most unusual collection — the former museum of Newburyport's Marine Society. A mutual insurance society for the city's merchants and ship's captains, established in 1772 and dissolved in 1911, the society maintained a museum of unusual items which they donated the entirety of to the Newburyport Historical Society in 1912.

Consider the following examples[†] for inspiration:

* Observant readers will note this is four years after the tiara held by the Society was “pawned for a ridiculous sum”; the description of this situation leaves open the possibility that the pawn shop held the tiara for four years before it was added to the newly formed Society's collection. Otherwise, it may have been first purchased by the Marine Society or an individual who donated the oddity to the nascent organization a few years later.

† The full catalog is listed in Capts. Bayley and Jones' *History of the Marine Society of Newburyport*, as listed in our bibliography.



2 Heathen Gods or idols, taken by the British Army at Rangoon; bottle containing sucker fish; bottle containing centipedes... fancy battle axe from South Sea Islands... Hindoo Gods... walrus teeth... 2 oil paintings, view of Mt. Vesuvius, night and day; 1 ship wreck... sundry pieces of silver ornament taken in the Abyssinian War presumed to be the house trappings of the King of Abyssinia...

Stranger and even more remarkable is the white-gold tiara, said to be of “East-Indian or Indo-Chinese provenance,” stored in a corner cupboard. This is one of the rare specimens of Innsmouth jewelry held by someone outside of that city. For more information on Innsmouth gold see the article starting on page 53.

The current curator is the elderly Miss Anna Tilton, who, though she prefers other topics, is happy to discuss the tiara at length with anyone demonstrating some knowledge on the piece (a *History, Anthropology, Art, Innsmouth Lore* or even a *Know* roll may suffice). While Tilton would balk at any suggestion of the supernatural, she holds the Marsh family in low regard and will be distrustful of anyone asking to see the tiara who lacks the proper credentials or references, especially anyone who’s appearance even slightly hints of the ghastly Innsmouth look.



MISS ANNA TILTON, antiquarian

SKILLS: Newburyport History 81%, Innsmouth Lore 24%

27. Old Hill Burying Ground

Established in 1729, the Old Hill Burying Ground was the primary burial site for the people of what would become Newburyport. Across its nearly six acres, just north of the Frog Pond, the remains of several thousand of Newburyport’s deceased are buried. As with other parts of Newburyport, there are stories about tunnels under the cemetery. An iron grating is said by nearby children to be the visible entrance into this underworld.

In addition to the usual roster of Revolutionary War veterans, captains, elected officials, and more traditional worthies, the Old Hill Burying Ground is the final resting place of the eccentric “Lord” Timothy Dexter (see page 80) and Mrs. Mary McHard, who in 1780 was:

[S]uddenly summoned to the skies & snatched from ye eager embraces of her friends... by swallowing a pea at her own table whence in a few hours she sweetly breathed her soul away into her Savior’s arms.

NEWBURYPORT’S OTHER BURYING GROUNDS

In addition to Old Hill Burying Ground, Newburyport has six other cemeteries:

- **Belleville Cemetery.** This cemetery on the west side of Newburyport, was originally established some time after 1711 when Queen Anne’s Chapel was built for people on what was then the west side of Newbury. While the chapel fell into disuse and was closed in 1766, the small graveyard was later incorporated into the much larger 19th century Belleville Cemetery. The oldest surviving gravestone dates from 1727, but most of the markers date after 1851 when Belleville Cemetery was founded. There are about 1000 burials here.
- **Highland Cemetery.** Established in 1800, this cemetery was in many ways an extension of the crowded Old Hill Graveyard just to the north, even being named New Hill burying ground initially. Additional land was purchased for the cemetery in 1870; there is still space for many additional burials. About 1500 of Newburyport’s citizens have been laid to rest here.
- **Oak Hill Cemetery.** Established in 1842 (and expanded in 1894), this plot to the east of Highland Cemetery was established as a garden-style burying ground, inspired by Mount Auburn cemetery in Boston. Most of Newburyport’s wealthiest citizens are laid to rest here, with more than 1000 burials to date.
- **St. Mary’s Cemetery.** Newburyport’s newest burial place (established in 1875), this cemetery abuts Belleville Cemetery and was intended for the town’s Catholic populace. There are already 500 coreligionists interred here.
- **St. Paul’s Episcopal Cemetery.** See page 84.
- **Sawyer Hill Burying Ground.** Also called the Quaker Cemetery, this is Newburyport’s most ancient burying ground, established in 1689, for those citizens of the town in the far north-western corner. About 500 people are buried here, many more than two centuries ago. ■

Another curious location within the graveyard is the Pierce family tomb. The largest of several family tombs in the cemetery, the Pierce family vault is built into the side of the hill, an ornamental stone arch bearing the motto “PIERCE 1863” marking the aboveground portion. According to local records seven members of the Pierce family were laid to rest here between 1863 and 1899. The folklorist Robert Ellis Cahill states that in 1925 a group of local boys dug into the hill behind the Pierce tomb and

LOVECRAFT IN NEWBURYPORT

Newburyport is a strange old city — half-deserted by its former industries, and with that air of sleepy hush and partial desertion typical of a town which has lost about half its population since its heyday. The harbour is half-filled with drifting sand, the wharves and marine warehouses are moss-grown and ruinous... It is one of my favourite towns — a sleepy little city full of ancient houses and looking much as it did a century ago.

— Letter from H.P. Lovecraft to Mrs.
Herlow H. Hughes, 1936

Lovecraft first visited Newburyport in April of 1923, as part of a wider trip through the cities of the Merrimack Valley, including Haverhill, Merrimac, and Amesbury. His companion was the young Edgar J. Davis, then about fifteen, who had been a correspondent of Lovecraft and a fellow member of the Amature Press Association, and who lived in nearby Merrimac. On the 15th of the month the pair took the trolley from Merrimac into Newburyport, walking around the center of town, from Market Square to the Dexter Mansion. As the day wore on they took in the Federal houses along High Street, until returning to Market Square where, after a meal at the Adam's House, the pair returned to Davis' parent's home in Merrimac.

Lovecraft returned to Newburyport in August of 1927 as part of a wide-ranging tour of northern New England, including stops in Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine. He arrived in Newburyport on August 29 and left the next day, staying overnight at the YMCA. After a day in Haverhill, he returned to Newburyport briefly the next day, taking a leisurely walk from Market Square to the train station on Winter Street.

It was not until October of 1931 that Lovecraft returned to the town, traveling by car with his friend Paul Cook. The duo first drove to Newburyport on the 4th and returned for a second time at the end of the month. It was not long after this visit that Lovecraft began writing "The Shadow Over Innsmouth", which he completed in December of that same year.

Cook and Lovecraft returned to Newburyport in August of 1932 in order to view a total solar eclipse, watching the event from Atkinson Common, a 21 acre park west of the downtown area. Lovecraft returned again to Newburyport in July of 1933 with Helen V. Sully, who was touring the East Coast and had been encouraged to visit Lovecraft by Clark Ashton Smith (who was having an affair with Sully's mother). This was to be his final visit to Newburyport. ■

broke into the tomb itself. They proceeded to, among other things, pose the now-desiccated corpses as if they were sitting up. The youths, for a time, used the Pierce tomb as a club house until they undressed the deceased Pierce family members, put on their clothes, and marched around the nearby Frog Pond. A policeman took notice of their odd manner of dress and soon learned what the boys had been doing with the Pierce tomb and its macabre contents. The tomb was resealed and the dead Pierce family members laid to rest once more.

On at least two subsequent occasions young people broke into the Pierce tomb and violated the remains. First, in 1985, a group of teens broke into the tomb and, among other things, attempted to share their liquor with the deceased within. Twenty years later a young man broke into the crypt and, after pulling a spine and skull from one of the corpses within, played about in the cemetery, including stopping to have photos taken of him with the freshly looted skull. After he was caught, he was sentenced to a 2 ½ year jail term for his acts of vandalism. Daniel Boudillion wonders (facetiously, I suspect) if perhaps there is some dark cycle at work, repeating every twenty years, where young people are drawn to the Pierce tomb to perform strange rites with the deceased within. The Keeper may note that several members of the Piece family died of tuberculosis, the same disease linked with incidences of alleged "vampire corpses" in New England (most famously

Mercy Brown of Exeter, Rhode Island), and use that as a start point for their own scenarios...

Visitors here, in addition to those of nearby Frog Pond, may notice the old Newburyport Powder House, built in 1754, on nearby Powder House Hill.

28. St. Paul's Episcopal Church

166 High St.

Strolling south from Dexter's mansion, Edgar [Davis] & I noted the ancient churchyard and the new church going up within it.



NEWBURYPORT'S TUNNELS

A persistent, but at the time mostly unsubstantiated, rumor heard about Newburyport regards the existence of a complex network of tunnels running up from the harbor to the great houses of High Street or even to the Old Hill Burying Ground. Over the years a few such tunnels have been uncovered, either through accident or intentional searches. In the late 1920s a city worker repairing a damaged water main is said to have fallen into a tunnel exposed due to the water leak and crawled to freedom hundreds of feet away. Several tunnels were also uncovered during Newburyport's large-scale rehabilitation in the 1970s. Another tunnel, brick and about five feet high, was unearthed in 2014 at the intersection of Merrimac and Green Street.

The popular wisdom about the origins of these tunnels differs widely — they were supposedly intended to hide slaves (either as part of the Underground Railroad, or to get around Massachusetts' prohibition of slavery), for avoiding customs tariffs, for drainage, or even just for transporting mundane items. Historians dismiss most of these explanations — surviving accounts of the Underground Railroad in Newburyport described escaped slaves being snuck in using hay wagons — but smuggling seems the most likely use. Of course, this does not explain why you might wish to smuggle something to or from the cemetery... ■

While the church is brand new (1923), the small churchyard that encircles it was founded in 1742. While not as large as the Old Hill Burying Ground, many of Newburyport's most notable early citizens are buried here, making it a popular stop for antiquarians and historically minded visitors. There are thought to be several hundred burials here.

Scenario Seeds and Hooks

While Newburyport, through its connection to Innsmouth in fiction, might seem to be a place to launch scenarios from, a closer look at the city's history suggest that there are plenty of options for adventures in Newburyport itself...

■ **The Goody Morse Witch Trial (p. 78).** While Morse's trial followed the usual course of such things, the Keeper may find certain elements of the case —

the likely role of the Morse's young grandson, for example — of interest. What sort of occult secrets did Caleb Powell learn in his travels?

- **Madam Hooper (p. 79).** Unlike Goodwife Morse, Madam Hooper did claim to possess supernatural powers. What was the source of her claimed ability to see the future? Where did she come from before settling in Newburyport? Why did she dress in out-of-date costume? What of her curious avian companion?
- **'Lord' Timothy Dexter (p. 80).** This eccentric figure might appear comic, but there are dark undercurrents to his story. Wealthy and alone, seemingly in an unhappy marriage, Dexter's habits and interests have a macabre tinge — his mock funeral for example — as do his coterie of odd associates, including Madam Hooper, above, the manic fishmonger-cum-poet Jonathan Plummer, not to mention his hairless black dog. The strange adornment of Dexter's mansion may have extended to the interior of his home, with all manner of odd statues or geometries. Consider the nonsensical ramblings of *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*: is there some occult secret within? Finally, Dexter seemed like a magnet for the strange and the mad — was there some supernatural force behind this?



- **Tunnels (see box).** Unlike other cities where stories of secret tunnels are mostly or entirely bogus, Newburyport does indeed have a network of underground tunnels. Beyond the obvious ghoul connection, consider the subterranean nightmares of Joseph Curwen's laboratory as just one option for how to use this curious feature. The scenario "The Darkness Beneath the Hill" from *Doors to Darkness* can be relocated from Providence to Newburyport with minimal effort.
- **The Lucy Perkins Haunting (p. 79).** While those strange events were almost certainly a hoax, there is no reason why the Keeper cannot use them as a model for their own scenario, or have the hauntings begin again — but this time, they're not the work of schoolboys.
- **The Pierce tomb in the Old Hill Burying Ground (p. 83).** Why do people continue to violate that tomb? What draws them there? What ritual are they unconsciously copying?
- **"The Case of Miss V.E." (p. 75).** Investigators might stumble across this strange story or seek it out when looking for more information on the fate of any of the individuals mentioned.
- **Innsmouth's Many Tentacles.** Any number of leads connect the place, not least of all Joe Sargent's bus — Newburyport might be the last place a traveling salesman or researcher was seen alive before they disappeared somewhere in Innsmouth. Newburyport is

JOHN JOSSELYN

Investigators beginning to look for evidence of the Deep Ones may come across this (very real) passage from *An Account of Two Voyages to New England* by John Josselyn. Published in 1674 and reprinted many times, this book was a popular, if often fanciful, description of the the newly established British colonies in North America. Among its many improbable tales is a second-hand account of a "triton" in Casco Bay off the coast of what is now Maine.

One Mr. Mittin related of a Triton or Merman which he saw in Casco Bay, the Gentleman was a great Fowler, and used to go out with a small Boat or Canoe, and fetching a compass about a small Island, (there being many small Islands in the Bay) for the advantage of a shot, was encountered with a Triton, who laying his hands upon the side of the Canoe, had one of them chopped off with a Hatchet by Mr. Mittin, which was in all respects like the hand of a man, the Triton presently sunk, dyeing the water with his purple blood, and was no more seen. ■

a likely place of refuge for someone fleeing Innsmouth, at least temporarily. Strange artifacts originating in Innsmouth have ended up in Newburyport — any of the items from "Innsmouth Curios" (page 46) or a copy of the Hymnal of the Esoteric Order of Dagon (page 32) could turn up; likewise the dreadful crown at the center of the scenario "Dark Dreams of Innsmouth" (*The Unbound Book #2*, see page 111) could be discovered in Newburyport or brought there to compare the town's well-known tiara. We have also provided three NPCs in the thrall, at least in part, to the Marsh family (page 77). Of these, Jarvis Thatcher is the most likely to create trouble for the Marshes, between pawning small bits of Innsmouth jewelry and his dreams of big city life. J. A. Spring III, Ralsa Marsh's old school friend, might prove an unusual lead into Innsmouth, either recoiling in terror from what Marsh reveals to him about Innsmouth or, if caught up in legal matters unrelated to his Innsmouth friends, might reveal what he knows about the Marsh's in exchange to leniency. ■

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Scenario

Drawn from the Water

by Bret Kramer

Deep Ones are not the only aquatic menace in the waters off of Innsmouth. In these black depths lurks a Yugg, a terrible servitor of Zoth-Ommog, called away from its Pacific home by a long-forgotten Mythos artifact. When the artifact is rediscovered by Kingsport painter Michael Walton, the Yugg begins to quicken, unleashing madness and death upon the coastal towns of Lovecraft Country. The Yugg's revival may also attract the attention of a conniving Innsmouth-born Deep One hybrid, Jonas Birch, a recent Miskatonic University graduate who hopes to obtain the artifact for his own malign purposes.

he too formed a psychic bound with the terrible creature, giving him both inspiration for his work, but also ever-worsening nightmares which are rapidly eroding his sanity.

Walton is now on the brink of madness. He has abandoned his social and professional connections in Kingsport and his art has taken a very dark turn. He has not been in contact with any of his friends for several weeks, causing them to fear for him. The investigators are asked to locate this missing artist and will discover, likely too late, that the powers of the Deep One artifact are not easily ended. Even after Walton has been turned over to the authorities for treatment, the Yugg will continue to draw nearer and nearer to him until the creature, the man, the tooth, or perhaps all are destroyed.

Optionally complicating matters are the actions of Jonas Birch, one of Innsmouth's hybrids. (See the box on page 89.) Jonas, one of Constable Nathan Birch's children, is a recent graduate of Miskatonic University and is currently a resident of Arkham. Birch stumbled across Walton's research into the scrimshaw tooth and, recognizing it as a potent Mythos artifact, has begun his own attempt to track down the now-missing artist and his occult treasure.

One unusual element in this scenario is that it has what might be called a false conclusion — the investigators should be able to resolve the initial problem (finding the missing Walton) only to discover that locating him only further complicates matters. Indeed, the scenario can only be truly resolved once the Yugg is either killed, driven off, or is able to fulfill its accursed duty.

Keeper's Information

Michael Walton (*né* Wolanowski) is a struggling artist who has recently took up residence in Kingsport. Living off a small inheritance, he has been seeking his muse, the inspiration that will transform his work from technically competent but unremarkable to innovative, perhaps even revolutionary.

That inspiration unexpectedly came in the form of an antique piece of scrimshaw — a bizarre carving on a whale's tooth. Walton became fixated on the piece, inspiring him to research its origins and, soon after, he relocated to a new, more private home, closer to Innsmouth. Walton had traced the origin of the carved tooth to that desolate port, and he was drawn there for reasons he could not articulate.



Innsmouth had once been the home of the tooth, brought back from the Pacific by one of Obed Marsh's crew. The carved tooth is a ritual artifact used in the worship of Cthulhu and its spawn. In distant centuries past the tooth had been enchanted to act as conduit between a Deep One hybrid shaman and a malign Yugg. Unbeknownst to Walton,

Involving the Investigators

Depending on the nature of the investigators, there are several avenues that the Keeper can use to draw them into the scenario. Canny Keepers who have the time can even introduce Walton in a previous scenario, and remove the middle-man, so to speak.

■ **Hired by family or friends.** In the case of private investigators or similar investigative types, the players may be hired to find Walton, either by members of

HANDOUT 1

WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT MICHAEL WALTON

Biography: Michael Walton (*né* Wolanowski), age 27, is a painter who has lived in Kingsport for the past two years.

Originally born in Bolton, both parents are dead, has one brother (Peter) who is a dentist in Bolton. Walton attended Miskatonic University, but did not graduate. He has no criminal record.

Physical Description: 5' 7", with a slight build. Light brown hair, blue eyes. Wears reading glasses.

Current Address: 131½ Carter Street, Kingsport



HELPFUL TOMES

While it would be lovely if every Keeper had a shelf full of Lovecraft Country books, we understand if you may have a gap or two. We have attempted to provide enough details about any locations visited in the scenario, as written, to guide the Keeper along but offer the following suggestions for those who wish to learn more:

■ *H.P. Lovecraft's Kingsport* — Kingsport and especially the artist colony therein

■ *Escape from Innsmouth* — Innsmouth

These scenarios provide additional details about certain spots and may prove useful:

■ "Bless the Beasts and Children" (from *Adventures in Arkham Country*) — Falcon Point

■ *H.P. Lovecraft's Arkham* — Arkham

■ "Dust to Dust" (from *Dead Reckonings*) — Martin's Beach ■

his family or by his friends in Kingsport. Walton's surviving family lives in the Bolton area; a brother (Peter Wolanowski) of Bolton will hire them after having not heard from his brother in over a month. Should the Keeper wish, Walton's friends in Kingsport may hire them instead after Walton goes missing. Elizabeth Brundage is the most likely spokesperson for the artist's colony.

- **The friend of a friend.** If investigators are students or artists, they might be asked to locate Walton by his friends in Kingsport artists' colony, not in an official capacity, but as a favor. Elizabeth Brundage is again the most likely representative, otherwise whichever Kingsport artist they know best may serve this role.

- **Jonas Birch.** Keepers looking to add a complicating factor could have the conniving hybrid sorcerer Jonas Birch hire the investigators as part of his search for Walton and the scrimshaw tooth. He will pose as a mild-mannered academic acquaintance of Walton, but eventually the investigators should see through this ruse. Birch is a dangerous opponent and can, in an emergency, call upon some assistance from his Innsmouth family. Investigators who are students or staff at Miskatonic University would be good candidates for Birch to seek aid from. Otherwise, he might contact anyone who has a reputation, professional or otherwise, for taking an interest in missing people or curious events.

Whoever instigates the investigation can provide roughly the same information about Walton:

■ His name and background

■ A physical description

■ His address in Kingsport

(This information is summarized in *handout #1*.)

If the investigators have been hired by Walton's friends or family, they will also provide a telephone number for Captain Blair, a officer with the Kingsport police who is nominally in charge of investigating of his disappearance. Friends and family are frustrated by the police response and rightly assume they will not locate Walton. (Birch has avoided contact with the Kingsport authorities and will not suggest the investigators contact them.)

Use the descriptions that follow as a basis for what the party seeking Walton can report — an artist will likely know what Elizabeth Brundage has to say, while Walton's brother might only know what the police have told him. Controlling the information given to the investigators at the start will help to determine how long the initial investigative phase of the scenario will take.

JONAS BIRCH, HYBRID SCHEMER

Jonas is the third-oldest son of Innsmouth constable Nathan Birch (I202). He is deeply ambitious and hopes, despite his age and relative obscurity, to replace Robert Marsh and Jeremiah Brewster as the chief priest of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. To this end he has persuaded his father to pay for his education at Miskatonic University, where he has been a middling student, at best. The younger Birch has recognized that the Miskatonic University library has certain occult tomes of interest but, due to the restrictions placed on the Special Collection, has been forced to confine his research to the open stacks for whatever unusual materials Dr. Armitage has missed. Birch hopes to eventually gain entry into the Special Collection but has no concrete plans on how to do so currently.



Birch has obtained a part-time position working for the library, serving as a librarian's assistant in the periodicals department. Most of his time working is spent returning newspapers and magazines to their rightful shelves. When he can, he pours over the card catalog looking for occult knowledge and scanning the

many decades-long archives of the various newspapers of the Miskatonic Valley and beyond. Birch is tolerated by his coworkers due to his diligence and thorough-mindedness, but due to his demeanor, and the first hints of his coming transformation, no one particularly cares for him.

Birch lives alone in a cheap walk-up apartment in French Hill, on South Sentinel Street. The apartment is sparsely furnished save for a substantial collection of books, most owned by Birch, but a few currently on unofficial loan from Orne Library (a fact which would likely cost him his job). Most of these books are mundane — many titles about Massachusetts history, nautical history and legends, and the occult. A few of the later might grant from 1 to 3 points in *Occult* if studied, which takes 1 week per point granted. Birch owns a copy of Copeland's translation of *The Ponape Scripture* (see page 35 for details), which bears his frequent marginal notations. In addition to what is normally gained from this version are added the spells *Contact Dagon* and *Attract Fish*. Birch also carries a private journal of sorts, not so much a diary as a scrapbook to record his discoveries about the Deep Ones and the Cthulhu Mythos. Reading this takes 3 weeks and costs 1/1d4+1 points of Sanity and adds 2 points of *Cthulhu Mythos* skill. Birch's scrapbook contains the following spells: *Breath of the Deep*, *Command Shark*, *Contact Dagon*, *Curse of the Stone*, and *Dread Curse of Azathoth*. ■

Kingsport

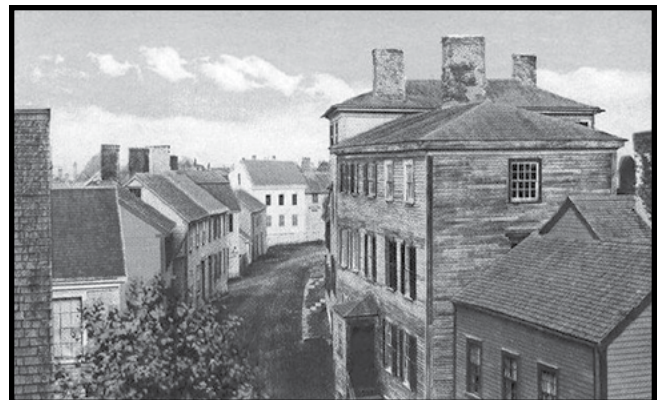
All investigations into Walton's disappearance begin in Kingsport. The investigators may approach these leads in any order, so, depending on their route and thoroughness, be prepared to shift clues about as needed to make sure the investigators are put onto Walton's trail.

The Kingsport Police (K519)

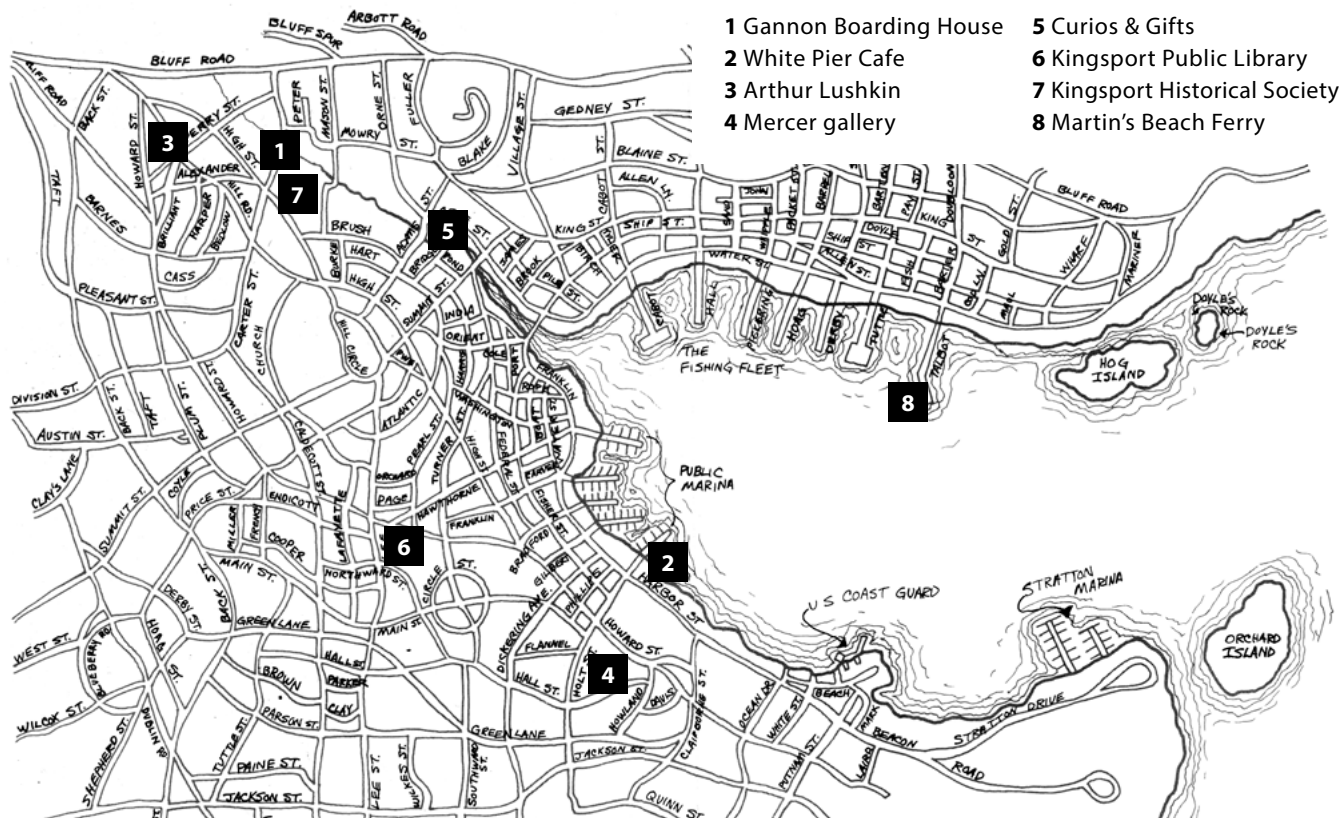
Kingsport's police will be willing to share what little they know about Walton's whereabouts with respectable investigators or those with some specific connection to him or his family; if that is in doubt, anyone succeeding in a *Law* roll will secure their cooperation. Captain Blair has been assigned the case and, while polite, he does not view the case as particularly important or urgent.

Captain Blair can relate the following information:

- There were no signs of struggle or any evidence of a theft in Walton's room at his boarding house.



- Based on the lack of a suitcase and some missing clothing, it seems probable that he packed his bags and departed to points unknown.
- According to a ticket taker at the Talbot pier, he was seen getting on the ferry to Martin's Beach the day before he went missing, and was often seen bicycling to and from Kingsport.
- Captain Blair believes that Walton is just another temperamental artist, who wandered off and will turn up sooner or later.



The Gannon Boarding House

Walton lives at the Gannon boarding house on Carter Street, a stone's throw from Blake's Creek. It is a three-story Federal-style house now divided into a dozen individual apartments. The house is operated by Mrs. Nelson Gannon, 68, and her son Lawrence, 47. Mrs. Gannon is a member of Kingsport's Baptist Church (K404) and she offers a discount to any boarders who regularly attend their services. She is reluctant to allow anyone permission to examine Walton's room, wrongly convinced that the Kingsport Police will arrest her for interfering with their investigations. It will require a *Law* or $\frac{1}{2}$ *Persuade* roll to reassure her that she is not in legal danger should the investigators visit his room. Should the investigators initially be turned away, upon any return visit Lawrence Gannon will be present and he will argue with his mother, allowing the investigators to make another attempt. Failure here does not bar examination of the room, but the investigators will have to wait upwards of an hour for the two of them to hash things out. A *Sneak* roll will permit an investigator to slip away to examine Walton's room, if desired.



Walton's room is surprisingly spare. An examination of it provides the following information:

- Some of Walton's personal effects are missing, but it does not appear that he has fled — clothing and art supplies are absent but most of his other things have been left behind.
- Looking more closely at his art supplies (or a *Spot Hidden* if the supplies are not specified), investigators will confirm that Walton's easel, paints, and brushes are all gone.
- In a closet there are several small partially finished paintings, all of seascapes or nautical gear. An *Idea* roll recognizes them all as sites around the Kingsport harbor. All are dated from last year and are well-done, if somewhat pedestrian. There is also a box holding a jumble of bric-a-brac — a gaff hook, knotted bits of rope, a broken metal barometer, etc. There is a receipt for \$18.30 from Curios and Gifts of Kingsport (see below) for the contents of the box; one piece (listed simply as "scrimshaw") is absent.
- Looking through Walton's mail (stacked on a small secretary desk), the investigators will notice several invoices, some now overdue, from Washburne & Allen, an art supply retailer in Arkham. Walton had ordered a large amount of painting supplies two months ago and wood-carving tools about six weeks ago.
- A *Spot Hidden* roll will catch sight of a crumpled scrap of paper under Walton's bed. It is a short note in Walton's handwriting. The text of this is given in *Handout #2*.

HANDOUT 2

~~Art and Culture of Polynesia~~

Nothing

Scrimshaw Artwork in American Museums

Piece not of American make. Fiji?

South Pacific People and Culture

Tabua, polished sperm whale teeth.

Traded in Fiji. Sacred, used in negotiations or to mark agreements.

~~Four Years a Missionary Among the Samoans~~
Prattle.

Nice illustrations of carved weapons and totems.

A Handy Book of Curious Information

Olaus Magnus, 1500s. long "hairs" on neck? Too long

Hans Egede, 1738, Slippers. No

Gloucester! - 1819. Too long, head.

HMS Daedalus, 1848, creature has a horse-like head.

HMS Fly, 1849, alligator like

Pauline, 1877. Very long. Killed whale

Atlantic Coast, 1895 = multiple, serpent

The Ponape Scripture

Worm-thing in Ponapean myth! A "yuff" or "yuffya".

Faceless. Servants or sons of undersea demon.

Oh god

■ Within the secretary desk (unlocked with a *Locksmith* roll or roll versus a STR 6 lock) are Walton's private papers — a few old love letters from school, and some family photos — and his checkbook. Examining this shows that Walton received a monthly dividend at the Arkham First Bank (A214) and has been sometimes selling his work at the Mercer Gallery (K404), most often within the past month. His expenses are few (he is living within his means) but he did withdraw a large sum two months ago. Either Gannon will object to forcing or picking the lock, if present, and will contact the police if anything is taken.

Walton's room is otherwise unremarkable.

Should the investigators question either Gannon or any of their borders, most had very little contact with Walton and regard him as a private man, focused on his art. Mrs. Gannon will happily point out a painting of Walton's she has hanging in the dining room. It depicts a scene of lobster boats and fishermen unloading their wares onto the docks of Harborside. He gave it to her the first month he moved in, as he was a little short on his rent. With a successful *Luck* roll the interviewee does mention that Walton frequently rode his bicycle everywhere in Kingsport. No sign of the bicycle can be found.

The Artist's Colony (K713)

Considering Walton's professional interests, investigators familiar with Kingsport should quickly realize that the town's artist's colony is a likely source of information about Walton and his whereabouts. (Should they somehow fail to consider the town's art community as a source, allow *Idea* rolls or even have Arthur Lushkin directly contact them out of concern for his friend.) Asking around about the art community, the investigators will be referred to the painter Elizabeth Brundage.

Elizabeth Brundage

(*Kingsport* p. 106)

The doyenne of the Kingsport art scene, investigators asking questions about Walton's work or his whereabouts will likely be directed to speak with her. She can be found any number of places in Kingsport — the White Pier Café (K407) is a likely spot for a meeting over a coffee and a sweet roll.

Brundage, a stylishly-dressed zaftig woman in her mid-40s, has known Walton since he moved to Kingsport two years ago. Like Walton, she is a painter, though Brundage makes her living from her work. She respects Walton as an artist — he favors a more impressionistic approach than she does, but is technically skilled —



THE TREASURES OF THE SEA

Purchased from the Mercer Gallery by Caroline Illsley (wife of Owen Illsley, the shipbuilder), this painting now hangs in the Illsley house on Ocean Drive. Investigators who secure Evelyn Mercer's trust will be referred to Mrs. Illsley, who happily shows off her latest acquisition, which is on display in the dining room.

The painting is a still-life of a desk cluttered with nautical gear. Behind the desk is a curtained window through which can be seen the steeples of Kingsport and beyond them the ocean. The painting is skillfully rendered and well composed, a play of light and shadow. Investigators will notice, partially obscured behind a brass barometer, a large piece of scrimshaw. The carving, done on what looks to be a tooth, depicts some sort of weird sea-creature and fragments of some unknown script. A *Biology* roll can identify the tooth as likely belong to a whale; an *Anthropology* roll tentatively suggests the carving is Polynesian in style but the specific source culture is unclear. ■

though she knows that he's been unsatisfied of late and has been looking for new inspiration. Brundage can relate the additional following details:

- Walton has several pieces for sale at the Mercer Gallery (see below) and investigators should speak with Elizabeth Mercer if they have questions about his work.
- Walton was primarily a landscape painter until the past few months, when he began to do more still-life compositions. These have been received well.
- Walton was well-liked, though considered a little standoffish by other members of the community. His closest friend is probably Arthur Lushkin, the decorative glass maker, who can usually be found in his studio in an old garage of Howard Street.
- Walton could often be seen bicycling around Kingsport (a challenging proposition at times due to steep hills) carrying his easel and paints, looking for the exact scene to paint or the perfect light.

In the case where Brundage initiates the investigation, she can relate any or all of this information when they begin their work.

Arthur Lushkin

Primarily working in blown and colored glass, Lushkin, like Walton, is of Polish descent and the two men struck up a friendship based on their mutual creative interests and similar background. Lushkin, lanky, mostly bald, and in his fifties, owns a small house on Howard Street and has turned the garage into a studio where he blows glass and makes stained glass pieces. He can almost always be found working there. He makes his living as a glazier and doing

KINGSPORT'S FERRIES

Kingsport is connected to several nearby ports by a small network of ferries, most of which are operated by the Kingsport Steamship Company, which operates a fleet of five ships. The newest ship is almost 20 years old, the oldest, just over forty; the ships are all worn, but sturdy. All of their ships depart from the Talbot pier, in the shadow of Kingsport Head. The company is not particularly profitable and will be absorbed by the Boston and Nantasket Steamship Company in 1933.

The Kingsport Steamship Company maintains the following routes:

- **Martin's Beach.** Twice daily; more often in summer.
- **Namacknowatt Island.** Twice daily; more often in summer.
- **Gloucester and Rockport.** Twice daily.
- **Salem.** Three times daily.
- **Portsmouth, New Hampshire** (Summers only). A day trip with stops at ports such as Gloucester, Rockport, Newburyport, and Portsmouth; varies by year.

There is a once-daily round-trip between Boston and Kingsport (operated by the Boston and Nantasket Steamship Company as well) which also docks at Talbot pier; the ship arrives just before 10 and departs around 11:30. ■

repair work on stained glass windows in the area and selling blown glass pieces at shops in town and in nearby Arkham. When the investigators call he is preparing to make a batch of decorative glass floats.

Lushkin can relay the same information as Brundage, with the following additions:

- He had recommended to Walton, who was feeling stifled creatively, to look for new subject matter instead of making more landscapes. In recent months, Walton has seemed in good spirits, saying he'd had a new burst of creativity.
- If the investigators ask about the scrimshaw piece or Walton's purchase from Curios and Gifts, Lushkin can definitely confirm that the piece was purchased in a lot of nautical items Walton used in a series of still-lives. Walton showed them to him soon after their purchase, taking particular interest in the carved whale's tooth, suggesting the very unusual style of the piece excited him.



- He has not seen Walton in person in several weeks for any span longer than a short chat. When Lushkin did see Walton, he seemed distracted and very anxious.
- He can confirm that Walton often rides his bicycle, sometimes far afield. He often takes it in to Arkham and sometimes as far as Bolton or along the shore through Martin's Beach to Cape Ann.
- When he last saw Walton he was bringing a rolled up canvas with him to the Mercer Gallery in Kingsport. Later, when he stopped by the gallery again, he was impressed with the quality of Walton's latest pieces on display there. This was two weeks ago.
- As far as he knew Walton had no enemies, romantic entanglements, or debts.

Mercer Gallery (K408)

Walton's work is sold here, with some pieces still on display in the gallery. Anyone asking after Walton's work will be shown the pieces available. Most of these are mundane, but some can provide additional clues. There are currently six paintings in the gallery:



- **Untitled #1** — A small port town of church-steeple and warehouses, viewed by night. A full moon gives the run-down town an unearthly glow. Investigators familiar with Innsmouth will recognize this as a view of the town from the south.
- **Untitled #2** — Depicts storm clouds rolling in over the buildings of Kingsport.
- **Untitled #3** — A low cliff-face, at the top of which appear to be several small houses. Oddly, the point of view is so close to the water that it is almost like the viewer is swimming. The cluster of houses can be recognized as Falcon Point by anyone who has seen the place.
- **"Pearl Street, April"** — A view of Kingsport's Pearl Street in the spring. A tag notes it has just been sold.
- **"Fish-Head Rock, Dawn"** — Depicts a profile view of Fish-Head Rock, a landmark near Falcon Point, partially obscured by heavy, crashing sea. It can be identified by those familiar with the area or with a *Library Use* roll.
- **"A House in a Heavy Sea"** — Shows a lighthouse battered by heavy waves. The lighthouse is the Skivern Rock Light, which can be identified by sailors and fishermen, or with a *Library Use* roll.

Gallery owner Evelyn Mercer is happy to talk about Walton and his paintings. He has recently sold several pieces, predominantly still-lives, and she was hoping to get more pieces to display. Mercer can provide the following additional details about Walton:

JONAS BIRCH IN KINGSPORT

If you intend to use the hybrid sorcerer as an opponent of the investigators, they should briefly encounter Jonas Birch as he conducts his own (less successful) investigation into Walton's whereabouts. Unless it is useful to the Keeper for Birch to be more successful in his hunt, his stops include:

- **The Gannon Boarding House.** The elderly Mrs. Gannon refuses Birch entrance to Walton's room after he's caught in a lie about being a friend of the missing artist (only adding to the elderly woman's innate distrust of the glassy-eyed Birch). Birch may return and break into Walton's room later (especially if the investigators missed any clues there) looking for leads and stealing anything that may be of use. Lawrence Gannon telephones them (presuming they gave either Gannon a calling or business card) the day after to report his mother discovered Walton's door had been forced overnight. Mrs. Gannon has taken to her bed, terrified at the prospect her boarding house has been burgled.
- **Mercer Gallery.** Birch views Walton's paintings on sale but learns nothing of interest from a brief conversation with Mrs. Mercer (who is adept at sorting gawkers from buyers).

- **Kingsport Public Library.** Birch examines the library's copy of the *Ponape Scripture* and, regarding the Adam's version as unworthy of his interest, leaves it laying out. If your investigators arrive after Birch, they will find the shelf spot for the *Ponape Scripture* empty but should they make a successful *Luck* roll a helpful librarian reshelves it while they are standing there looking perplexed; otherwise it is returned by the next day.

At some point during his search, Birch will run across the investigators while they are talking with a witness and realize they are also looking for Walton. He will attempt to tail them for the remainder of their time in Kingsport; at this point call for *Spot Hidden* rolls each time the investigators travel to a new location. With a success, the investigator briefly suspects someone is following them but they cannot now locate their pursuer. Birch will abandon his tail once he is spotted and return to Arkham by bus. (Should the investigators lead Birch to some places not listed on his itinerary, the Keeper should decide what, if any, information he gains.)

If the investigators are hired by Birch, he will avoid coming to Kingsport, hoping to avoid complicating the situation — he doesn't want to seem distrustful. ■

- Mercer is impressed with the quality of Walton's work of late, after he found some sort of spark of inspiration that his previous (technically accomplished but dull) work does not. It has been selling well. If asked, she can identify the newer paintings (those not depicting Kingsport).
- The last few times he delivered work to Mercer he has seemed somewhat out of sorts, distracted and anxious. He always rode his bicycle and, judging by the mud on his trousers, had ridden some distance. Walton said he had come from his studio, which she assumed was outside Kingsport.
- Mercer has payments for Walton for the last two paintings sold. He has not responded to several letters and a telephone call.
- To respectable seeming investigators (*Credit Rating* roll) Mercer is willing to provide names of several of her customers who purchased some of Walton's work. All of the pieces previously sold are mundane still-lives but one, "The Treasures of the Sea" (see page 92), depicts the scrimshaw tooth.

Curios and Gifts (K209)

This shop was the source of the scrimshaw tooth that has doomed Michael Walton; the junk box in Walton's apartment is the most overt lead here.

The shop's owner, Stephen Whitmarsh, is happy to talk about any of the tchotchkes in his shop. If asked about the

tooth, Whitmarsh can only provide a few details. It is definitely a sperm whale tooth with scrimshaw carvings, most likely done by a South Sea islander during the 17th or 18th centuries. It was purchased six years ago as part of a lot of miscellaneous decorative pieces from the estate of Mrs. Artemus Pike, of Innsmouth. Its provenance before that point is unknown. He told Walton the same thing soon after he purchased it. A few moments of searching finds the address for the late Mrs. Pike on Martin Street in Innsmouth; the house located there is now in ruins.

Whitmarsh suggests investigators wishing to know more about it visit the Kingsport Public Library (K517) or perhaps the Kingsport Historical Society (K205) for additional information.



The Kingsport Public Library (K517)

Kingsport's public library is certainly not the equal of Miskatonic's Orne Library or even Arkham's Public Library, but fortunately for investigators, it holds several

HANDOUT 3

Calling the Ocean Children 83

W H A T others serve the mighty Sons? Know well the **Y U G G**. It is a tendril of the Dweller of the Depths, a faceless child in awe of its Father. A long flesh, with skin of stone, and a face like a pit, full of teeth. About their face is a crown of serpents and they sup upon the blood of the unworthy. Their great one is **U B B**, a mighty envoy of Soto Moga. They crawl across the face of his tomb like maggots on the flesh of the dead, such are they close to him. They know the Ocean Children and arise from their joining is the Yuggya, worm child that walks and is of great potency.

T H E Y may be called with a token. The Ocean Children know how such to craft a thing. Carven and marked with the sacred signs, the priest shares in the might of the **Y U G G**. It is a mighty boon from the Ocean Brothers to know the children of Soto Moga. Give up unto them the Red Offering. Take from the weak and unbelieving many slaves so that the **Y U G G** may hunger not, lest it ask for your children.

only in passing, a strange case from the mid-19th century of an unnamed sailor found in a dinghy adrift off Kingsport head, delirious and clutching a large scrimshaw tooth. At best, these accounts only note that the man was treated by the village's resident physician Dr. Cross, but provide no other details. There is no additional information about Dr. Cross at the Kingsport Library (but see the Kingsport Historical Society below for another lead).

If the investigators continue to search, they can discover the library's copy of the *Ponape Scripture*; a relevant note from that text is given as handout #3. (Do not forget that investigators skimming that book might suffer a *Sanity* loss!) As with the other related works, Walton had checked this book out as well. More details about the *Ponape Scripture* are available on page 35, but this reference is the only one which is of particular interest regarding the scrimshaw tooth.

The Kingsport Historical Society (K205)

Members are free to consult the small collection of documents held by the Historical Society. Curator Aaron Carter's mind is slipping but, with a *Luck* roll, he will be coherent enough to assist, somewhat, with any research. While not all of the works available at the Kingsport Public Library can be found here, the Historical Society has a manuscript version of *The Ponape Scripture*. Note that this version is annotated and

contains more spell information than a typical copy, as desired by the Keeper.

The Historical Society is also home to the sole copy of *The Diary of Dr. Allen Cross*, which can be located with a *Library Use* roll. Dr. Cross, a physician who lived in Kingsport in the early- to mid-19th century, makes reference to a case involving a supposedly cursed whale tooth — the account of the sailor Lyman Jones (*handout #4*).

useful works related to the scrimshaw tooth. A *Library Use* roll turns up several works related to scrimshaw or art from the South Seas; a *Spot Hidden* roll will notice that nearly all of the books on these topics had previously been checked out by Michael Walton about two months previous.

A second *Library Use* roll can be made if the investigators are willing to cast their nets more widely and look to non-academic sources. Several historical discussions of Kingsport mention, very generally and

The Martin's Beach Ferry

The twice-daily (or, in summer, as often as four times daily) ferry trip from Kingsport to Martin's Beach begins and ends on the Talbot pier at the end of Baxter Street. The ferry is operated by the Kingsport Steamship Company, which also operates the ferry lines to Gloucester, Rockport, and Namacknowatt Island.

If showed a photograph of Michael Walton, the Kingsport Steamship Company agent at the booth at the end of Talbot pier will recognize him as a frequent traveler, always with a bicycle, always heading to Martin's Beach. He was last seen a few weeks ago, but no one can recall exactly when.

The route's primary ship is the *Henry Samson*, a small (85') coal-powered, sidewheel steam ferry. The boat has a crew of six, with two more for handling tickets and passengers. There is seating for 45 passengers in an enclosed upper deck, with additional seating for 30 on the lower deck (and standing room for at least 60 more, but anything over 100 would make the boat feel extremely crowded and potentially top-heavy). The *Henry Samson* typically carries sightseers and day-trippers (mainly in summer) as well as Martin's Beach's mail and occasionally small shipments of fish on ice for the markets in Kingsport. There is space for carrying two-dozen bicycles and one (possibly two, depending on size and how full the ship is) automobiles. There are also six small lifeboats that can sit about 15 people each and about 50 life-preservers, though no instruction in the use of either in the event of some accident at sea is offered. A round-trip ticket to Martin's Beach costs 5¢; bringing a bicycle costs 1¢ more. Tickets may be purchased at a booth at the end of the pier, while boarding the ship, or at the company's office on Washington Street.

The trip of Martin's Beach takes about 25 minutes from dock to dock and, assuming the day is clear, it is a picturesque trip. The boat first heads east-southeast out of Kingsport Harbor past scattered rocky outcroppings of the Jersey Reef before turning north-northeast and rounding Pilot Island. To the east, on a clear day, the North Point lighthouse can be seen; the captain of the *Henry Samson*

blows two quick blasts of his horn to bid the lighthouse keeper Basil Elton greeting. Beyond that point the shore grows larger until the vessel reaches the small dock at the end of Bayles Street in Martin's Beach.

Other Leads

Investigators are not confined to the Kingsport area during their investigations and should be able to find much of what can be learned in Kingsport's libraries elsewhere, such as at the Orne Library in Arkham. Investigators asking around Kingsport will, with a *Luck* roll, encounter a witness who saw Walton riding his bicycle out of town, either towards Arkham or taking the ferry to Martin's Beach.

HANDOUT 4

May 3, 1940 -

A stricken man was brought to me today, found floating in a jolly boat by the crew of the *Martha Francis* while they were fishing east-northeast of Cape Ann. The jolly boat was from the Columbia, out of Portsmouth, the boat's lost, battered by the storm of the last two nights. The man was in a delirium, weak as sult due to thirst. He was hauled from the sea, as Sally gave him a lavender plaster and I gave him water with lemon and honey. He was saying that God had told him to row out into the ocean to meet his den and journey to the Kingdom of Heaven. Hair from his garments, he was carrying a frightful ornament of the whale's trade, a carved whale's tooth, a scrimshaw. I could only briefly examine it while he slept, for when he awoke he shouted and demanded it back. From my quick glimpse, I think it was of native make, showing one or another of their heathen gods, this one a sea serpent with a face like a lamprey. Ghostly thing, I did not let Sally look upon it, for fear she would let it worry her over much to have such a sign of the Adversary in our home. A tincture of opium sedated the man and allowed rest.

May 7, 1940 -

The man was better today. He tells me his name is Lyman Jones, merchant sailor out of Portsmouth. He said that he had suffered a fever of late and was feeling much better now that I had treated him as he felt. We have sent word to his family in Portsmouth and expect a carriage to arrive tomorrow to transport him home. What is to be done with the jolly boat is being left to the harbor-master. Mister Jones has agreed to accompany my wife and I to services tomorrow morning. Sally is cheered at the news.

May 11, 1940 -

I am distraught. Mr. Jones disappeared from our home early Sunday morning and appears to have stolen one of the ships from the Sally dock and was again called out to sea. It was found later that night along the shore between Manchester and Martin's Beach. That datted scrimshaw was the only sign he had been in the boat. Today a pair of men, Messrs. Eliot and Pike, fellow crewmen of Jones, arrived from Portsmouth. They said he had fallen into a despair upon his return from a voyage recently and had suffered some sort of lunatic episode thinking God wanted him to drown himself. He had stolen the jolly boat from his employer Captain Marsh, and had rowed out into the open ocean. I gave the men the scrimshaw and they departed to speak with the harbor-master regarding the jolly boat. Sally, as am I, is besided herself with worry. She holds out hope and prays for Jones' safety, but I know better. God rest his soul. I have made a sketch of the scrimshaw, though I confess I found it most unappealing.



Arkham

There are fewer clues for those seeking leads toward Walton's whereabouts in Arkham, but they include the most direct one. In addition to whatever might be learned in Arkham's libraries about the carved tooth, investigators may be able to find the location of his secret studio in Falcon Point.

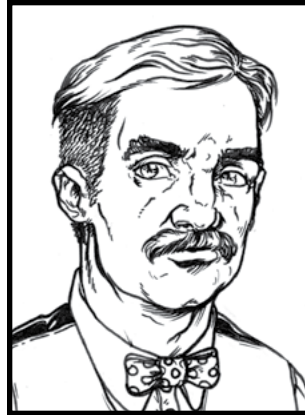
Washburne & Allen, Art Supply

While other shops carry some of the supplies needed by artists, Washburne & Allen (at 227 Church Street, just across from the Old Arkham Graveyard) are by far the largest suppliers of art supplies in the greater Arkham area. Most of the customers are Miskatonic University students, with a smaller portion of their buyers coming from the Kingsport artists' colony. Paints, canvases, paper of various types, wood, tools, clays, and many other kinds of art materials are divided between two relatively cramped floors while stone and other supplies are available by order.

Investigators asking after Michael Walton or the invoices discovered at his apartment will be directed to Mr. Hamilton Allen, the proprietor. He is willing to relate what little he knows of the missing painter — he was a regular customer (at least by his receipts) and at least until recently considered trustworthy enough to run a monthly tab. He has not been at the shop for at least two months, nor has he paid his bills in just as long. Allen will be willing to share the delivery address Walton has most recently used to investigators with some law-enforcement connection (including private investigators and former police) as well as those making a *Credit Rating* roll. It is "M. Walton c/o Abigail Harding, Falcon Point — Innsmouth."

Other Witnesses

Asking at likely points, such as the Phillips 66 station (A235) or the Esso Station (A434) can locate someone who saw Walton on his bicycle heading north along the Bolton and Ipswich Road. The same *Luck* roll can be made along the road, eventually leading towards Falcon Point. A ½ *Luck* roll will also uncover a witness who saw Walton taking the Innsmouth Bus on Independence Square.



JONAS BIRCH IN ARKHAM

Birch is more at home in Arkham and, assuming that he knows the investigators are coming, he will tail them as well. Birch is unable to discover Walton's whereabouts via Washbourne & Allen's ledger (Allen recognizes Birch as an Innsmouth native and is suspicious of him) but has no difficulty with Joe Sargent who willingly informs him that Walton would take the bus as far as Falcon Point. Birch is also a regular at the Fleetwood and is known well enough to Jim Moulton who can describe him as a Miskatonic University student named Joe or Jonah who comes in at least weekly before taking the Innsmouth bus.

As soon as Birch has a solid lead on Walton's whereabouts he will make haste to Falcon Point where he will attempt to obtain the tooth (see below for how well that goes for him.) ■

The Fleetwood Diner (A202)

Should the investigators suspect that Walton may have taken the bus to Innsmouth at some point, anyone familiar with Arkham will know to check at the Fleetwood Diner. The diner caters to working men (a few women do take lunch here) and is generally no-nonsense. Due to its proximity to the Innsmouth Bus' drop-off/pick-up point, it is favored by the few Innsmouthers who regularly take the bus. The grim, iron-grey-haired manager Jim Moulton works nearly every shift the place is open and he can confirm that Walton has been at the Fleetwood, as recently as two weeks ago, give or take a day. He was always parking his bicycle out front. He also recalls that the last time he was in, Walton seemed distracted and abruptly left after yelling "No, no, no!", which was quite odd because he was alone. For more information about the Fleetwood, see *The Arkham Gazette* #1, p. 31.

The Innsmouth Bus (A203)

Even once investigators have evidence that Walton has been taking the Innsmouth bus recently, Joe Sargent will be wholly unwilling to discuss any of his passengers. Should investigators persist, he can call on a pair of burly hybrids to help him intimidate them into silence. Sargent will refuse to carry anyone who has previously persisted in asking unwanted questions.



Martin's Beach (and Points Beyond)

This small fishing village (K811), across the Miskatonic River and down the coast from Kingsport, caters mainly to tourists during the summer months. As with Arkham, investigators asking around for anyone who might have spotted Walton on his bicycle should make a *Luck* roll, a success meaning that they find a witness who can recall seeing him and which direction he was heading. Walton passed through Martin's Beach several times, always travelling north towards Essex Falls. Further along his route, additional witnesses can be similarly located, eventually forming a trail all the way towards Falcon Point.

Falcon Point

This small fishing village (I1010) sits atop a series of low cliffs on the shore south of Innsmouth. Nearly all the residents are fishermen and most are very reluctant to talk with outsiders (due more to their fear of reprisals by Innsmouth's hybrids than any innate unpleasantness). Investigators asking after Walton will be referred to either Jedediah Harper (by fishermen) or Abigail Harding (by everyone else).

The aged **Jedediah Harper**, retired, is a taciturn and unfriendly conversant. After the disappearance of fellow fisherman Enoch Conger, he has been extremely reluctant to talk with outsiders. Even if the investigators have been hired by Walton's family or friends, only on a $\frac{1}{2}$ *Persuade* roll will he grudgingly admit the Walton has been living in a little house nearby, though he's unsure of which specific one. Unless the investigators fail their normal roll, he will suggest they ask Abigail Harding.

Mrs. Abigail Harding, a bird-faced woman in her early seventies and unofficial postmaster, is far more willing to discuss Walton. She is very curious about what exactly he is up to in Falcon Point and will reveal what she knows if investigators are willing to do likewise. She knows he is staying in the old Groton place near the south branch of Falcon Creek and has delivered several large parcels (art supplies) there since his arrival about two months ago.

Investigators might also visit the sole business in Falcon Point, **the Bait and Tackle shop** owned by Delmar Van de Ford. Stocking fishing gear as well as a few necessities — canned food, tobacco, and gasoline — the shop is the central point in the small community. If investigators make a plausible case (or a *Persuade* roll) Van de Ford will confirm he recognizes a description or photograph of Walton (who he knows solely as "Mike") but he is uncertain of where the artist lives.

JONAS BIRCH IN FALCON POINT

Should Jonas Birch discover that Walton is in Falcon Point before the investigators do, he will race there in hopes of taking the tooth from the now-mad painter. The people of Falcon Point generally recognize Birch as an Innsmouth native and avoid him, but eventually he wheedles Walton's location out one of the local fishermen and heads towards Walton's makeshift studio at dusk (or dawn, depending on when your investigators locate Walton).

Walton refuses to let him enter the house, and Birch responds by attempting to bash down the door. At this point, the Yugg — which had been laying in mud in nearby Falcon Creek — slithers its way through the grass towards the house and startles Birch as it looms into view. Birch, wrongly assuming his hybrid nature and knowledge of the Mythos might allow him to control the creature, is knocked flat by the thing, saved only by Walton who threw himself between the creature and Birch. Birch then empties his revolver into the creature before fleeing at top speed.

The sounds of the Yugg's defense of Walton and Birch's gunshots are heard by many in Falcon Point, but no one in the village contacts the County Sheriff; they may mention it to investigators. ■

Spoor of the Yugg

Investigators approaching Walton's residence will, with a *Spot Hidden* roll, notice some curious tracks in the tall sea grass, almost as if something quite large had been dragged over it. Here and there are patches of a drying viscous substance; a *Natural History* or *Biology* roll determines it is similar to the mucus produced by a slug or snail (though a chemical analysis finds that the material contains proteins wholly unlike those found in mundane snail slime, including strange silicoid structures). The tracks are far too large to have been made by any known terrestrial mollusk by several orders of magnitude. The Sanity cost for this discovery is 0/1d2 points; a *Cthulhu Mythos* roll can identify the creature as a Yugg.

The Old Groton Place

Little more than a one-room shack in the saltbox style, Walton's home in Falcon Point was once owned by a man named Groton but has sat empty for over a decade now. A rutted and mostly overgrown track leads from Falcon Point Road to the house. Investigators will almost

WALTON AND THE MARTIN'S BEACH MONSTER

Keepers wishing to add a complication to the scenario or to use it to lay the groundwork for a future scenario can expand Walton's activities as follows:

Beset by nightmarish visions of the Yugg, Walton attempted to discover the cause of his horrible visions through research (as per his notes in handout #2) Walton uncovered newspaper articles about the tragedy at Martin's Beach in 1922. Hoping, wrongly, that there was some connection between that horror and his own, Walton spent the better part of a day asking around the village trying to get some additional information about the events there. Investigators visiting there can find several people who remember his trip. All describe Walton as seeming agitated and anxious, and that he asked about the tragic events of August 8, 1922. He dismissed attempts to explain away the drownings as a result of drunk revelers, perhaps suffering the effects of methanol in their liquor, being carried off by an unexpectedly strong tide. In addition to visiting the small office of the historical society off the common and the Wavecrest Inn (and the small memorial to the dead nearby), Walton attempted to interview several fishermen on the shore. They recall he was asking specifically if they had seen some sort of monster in the waters off Kingsport. ■

immediately notice Walton's bicycle leaning against one side of the shack. A *Spot Hidden* roll will catch sight of several shredded canvases stuffed into a heap of trash behind the building. If examined, they are the remains of several paintings that can be recognized as Walton's work. The shack's few windows are covered with rags from within, blocking any attempt to look inside.

Lights visible through the cracks (and indistinct mutterings with a *Listen* roll) suggest Walton is inside.

Unfortunately for the investigators, the deranged painter cannot leave behind his latest project and is potentially dangerous if threatened. Knocks at the locked door and shouted questions will be met with shouts to go away or simply ignored.

Negotiations with Walton through the closed door are difficult. A *Persuade* roll is needed to get him to allow the investigators to enter the shack. A successful *Psychology* roll will double the chance that a *Persuade* roll will succeed. Should the investigators be accompanied by Walton's brother or Arthur Lushkin (or someone else close to him), they will be allowed in without a roll. Should anyone force their way inside, Walton will shout a warning that they cannot disturb his work or there will be dire consequences. He will then fire a warning shot from his pistol.

There are six shots left in the revolver before Walton will need to reload. He will shoot to kill (as best he can, his skill is at base) should anyone else attempt to enter the shack. The investigators have several options — they can wait for Walton to calm down or try to calm him (requiring a *Psychology* roll), allowing for a second (and final) *Persuade* roll. They may attempt to overpower him — an *Idea* roll suggests that he has a limited number of shots and if he can be tricked into firing them off he might be captured while reloading; the door provides full cover, reducing Walton's chance to hit by 90% (i.e. to 3%).

If the investigators consider calling the police, anyone from Falcon Point will strongly discourage this. The Innsmouth Police will not come out to the village under any circumstances (and are not welcome here, though this is not admitted) while the Essex County Sheriff will only send a car after a delay of several hours, at best. The nearest telephones are in Innsmouth anyway.

The interior of the shack is a chaotic mess, lit by a single kerosene lamp hung from the roof. The few pieces of furniture are shoved to one side. Most of the inside walls are covered in an enormous mural depicting the ocean view from the cliffs at Falcon Point. It is a fantastically detailed and skillfully rendered painting, a masterpiece of sorts, though exuding an overwhelming sense of dread. Looking carefully at the waves however, viewers catch sight of a legion of nightmarish creatures lurking just beneath the water — something between a fish or frog and men, phosphorescent formless masses of malevolence, writhing and monstrous snake-slug creatures, and the shadowy hints of an octopoid titan — all rendered with the same degree of care and detail as the mundane rocks and waves of the shoreline. Viewing the painting costs 1/1d4 points of Sanity.

Against one wall, on a stool surrounded by candle stubs, there are two strange artifacts. One is a carved whale's tooth, a little over one foot long — the scrimshaw piece from Walton's painting. The second is larger, a freshly carved piece of oak, perhaps three feet long, an abstract rendering of some sort of tentacular entity, carved in a way reminiscent of the woodworking of Pacific Islanders or perhaps the Maori of New Zealand. Viewing the smaller carved tooth causes a Sanity loss of 0/1 points; the larger wooden piece costs 0/1d2 points.

Walton is busy adding more detail to his creation. No roll is needed to determine that Walton is dangerously unstable. He is barely able to converse beyond a few



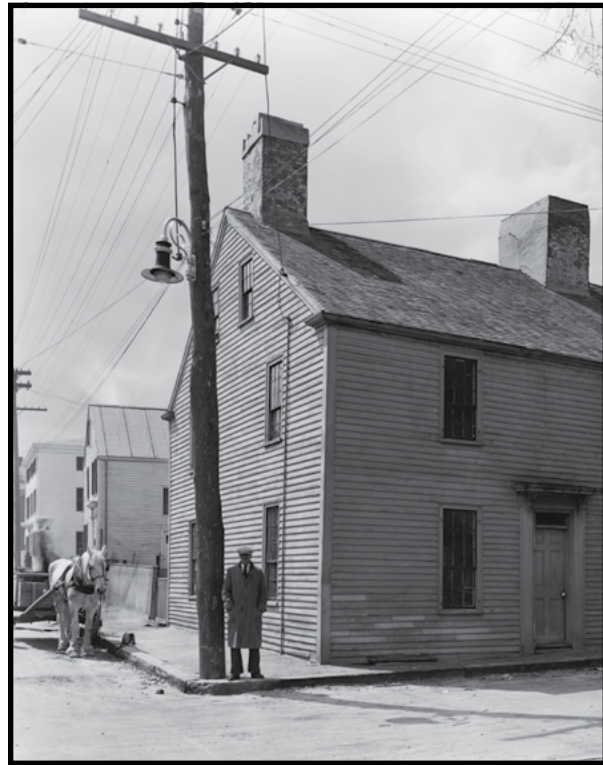
GOING TO INNSMOUTH

While nearly all of the leads towards Walton's location point towards Falcon Point, it is possible that investigators may go looking for information (or even seek out the authorities) in Innsmouth.

If your investigators have not yet been to Innsmouth, this is a good time to present the town's mood of looming dread and decay — but not to so great a degree that the players become distracted. Hint that something is wrong with Innsmouth but offer plausible causes for the town's state of decay — economic decline, political and social corruption — so that your players will not want to start looking for an occult cause.

While in Innsmouth there are a few locations investigators might wish to visit:

- **Innsmouth Bus** — As in Arkham, bus driver Joe Sargent is unwilling to answer questions about his passengers. In Innsmouth he is far more willing to threaten or even use violence to stop unwanted questions. Outsiders will unfortunately discover that no one will come to their aid in a fight.
- **New Town Square** — Investigators should realize that the best place to ask after Walton in the mostly deserted town is in the shops around **New Town Square** (I701), as this is where Sargent's bus lets out its passengers and one of the few places where people congregate in any number (an *Idea* roll will suggest this if they fail to consider it). Since visitors are rare, Walton's occasional bicycle ride towards Falcon Point was most definitely noticed. Brian Burnham, at **First National Grocery** (I702) is the safest person (and one of the few normal humans) to ask, but the employees at the **Gilman House** (I703), the **Innsmouth Café** (I704), or **Eliot's Drugstore** (I705) all saw Walton ride past, though all three of these locations are run and staffed by hybrids who may be unwilling to talk to outsiders or perhaps want a small bribe first. All witnesses saw him ride out of the Square along Marsh Street. His route can



be confirmed by the human Bernard Slocum at the **Innsmouth Fuel Stop** (I712), who happily adds that he saw Walton turn onto South Street and head towards Falcon Point.

- **Innsmouth Jail** (I202) — Investigators asking after the local police will be, reluctantly, directed here. The loathsome hybrids who make up Innsmouth's constabulary have no interest in looking for some wayward painter and anyone who will not take no for an answer will find themselves thrown in jail, given a beating, and then dumped on the outskirts of town with a warning that they are not welcome in Innsmouth. ■

repeated statements — that “It” is watching him and knows his thoughts, that he must stop “It” from causing some great harm, and that he must continue his work if he is to control “It.” He cannot be convinced to leave the shack or to stop his painting or carvings.

If asked about the tooth, he will say that it is a token of “It”, made ages ago on Fiji, or Tahiti, or Ponape by those that serve it. He created the larger carving at the urgings of “It” for reasons he cannot articulate, though he thinks doing so stopped “It” from committing some terrible crime.

Due to his psychic connection to the Yugg, Walton has gone mad. He has some insight into its apocalyptic desires — to unleash its siblings, to release its master

Zoth-Ommog, and ensure the rise of Cthulhu — though he cannot articulate them much beyond inchoate terror. He has been attempting to control the Yugg to at least keep it distracted, though he can truly do neither, at least for long. His art is part of that attempt, and he cannot be convinced to stop his work. He is certain that his work is the only thing preventing the end of the world.

Investigators must find a way to deal with the insane artist. Without ammunition he is little threat; he may be knocked unconscious or grappled by an average investigator, as he has been weakened due to his lack of sleep and eating. Investigators looking for a more subtle approach could drug him; a successful *Medicine* roll will

KILLING WALTON

This scenario is written assuming that Michael Walton is captured, either by the investigators or the police. Should the Keeper wish to shorten things considerably, Walton could be killed at this point. The scenario then would become the investigators looking for a way to stop the Yugg as it moves to recover the scrimshaw tooth. While the specifics are left to the Keeper, assume that the Yugg would continue its gradual approach to wherever the tooth is kept, as outlined below, though likely at a faster pace. The immediate aftermath of his death (and removal of the tooth) will cause the Yugg to lash out at the poor residents of Falcon Point with storms and destruction, causing numerous deaths. ■

WHY NOT ARKHAM?

Some Keepers may wonder why Walton is sent to Danvers rather than the Arkham Sanitarium. This is done in part for the sake of variety, but primarily to lull the investigators into a false sense of closure. Moving Walton out of the immediate area implies that the scenario has concluded. Walton being moved further inland slows the Yugg's approach as it takes longer for it to reestablish its connection to him, allowing a few weeks, at least, before the scenario's active phase resumes. ■

allow someone to concoct some sort of stupefying agent that could be added to his food or drink. A *Persuade* or *Psychology* roll can convince Walton to eat something surreptitiously prepared to render him unconscious.

Investigators might contact the authorities in Arkham or Salem and report that Walton is a danger to himself (or others if he is still armed). Convincing the police to act should be relatively easy (since it is important to move the scenario forward); roleplay things out, call for a *Persuade*, *Law*, or *Medicine* roll, and then say the police are convinced. The police arrive within 2d3 hours and, after a standoff, take Walton into custody. He will then be taken to the Danvers State Insane Asylum. The police will declare the shack a crime scene and the two Yugg-related carvings will be taken as evidence.

“Saving” Walton

Walton is hopelessly mad. Even if the investigators turn him over to his brother, he will seek to have him institutionalized shortly thereafter. Institutionalizing Walton requires a professional psychological exam and he is certain to fail it. The investigators' testimony may also be taken by the police, if they were involved. Walton's lunatic ranting will all but ensure he will be taken to Danvers for a long stay. Unless the Yugg is somehow killed in the next few weeks, the steady drain on Walton's mind will destroy what vestiges remain of his sanity.

Ending the Charade?

If you have Jonas Birch pose as a friend of the missing Walton, it is very likely this deception ends in the aftermath of the artist's discovery and capture. If the investigators have not seen through his deception, Birch will do everything he can to persuade or force the investigators to give over to him the scrimshaw tooth (and whatever

else of Walton's things he can get). If they demure or resist turning the tooth over to him, Birch will feign acceptance of their refusal but makes plans to steal it at the soonest opportunity. Birch is not the most subtle or clever of villains and the investigators should likely uncover his scheming before Walton is captured; once he has gained what he wants (presumably the tooth) he should betray the investigators in a visible and overt way.

Interlude

As mentioned previously, this scenario is structured in such a way to allow a break between the two sections, either to run a second scenario or for investigators to pursue mundane activities — study, hospital stays, or long-translation projects. The precise duration of the interlude is left to the Keeper.

While at Danvers, Walton will be treated by the staff there. Due to his ranting and violent behavior, he will start to be given powerful sedatives, substantially weakening, but not wholly stopping, his connection to the Yugg. Investigators who decide to monitor Walton's state will be allowed to see him, but he spends most days in a bromide haze, barely aware of his surrounding, let alone visitors.

Other scenarios can be run during this interlude, though probably no more than one, so as to keep up the continuity of the investigative party (as so few investigators have long careers) and to make sure their memories of Walton are fresh. Scenarios that may be of interest to the Keeper include:

- “A Painted Smile” — *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*
- “The House on the Edge” — *H.P. Lovecraft's Kingsport*
- “Ghosts of the Florentina” — *More Adventures in Lovecraft Country*
- “Dust to Dust” — *Dead Reckonings*

THE SCRIMSHAW TOOTH

Engraved or carved whale teeth were often used in the religious and cultural practices of many groups in the South Pacific. Used as symbols of social bonds and alliances, these carved pieces became commonly imitated by Western sailors, and the art form we know as scrimshaw was born.

The piece Walton discovered is unusual in several respects. It is definitely of South Pacific Islander manufacture; judging from the condition of the tooth, it was probably carved in the late 17th century, somewhere in French Polynesia, making it much older than most similar pieces, many of which were created in the 19th century. This piece is about 18" in length and on average about 2" thick. A *Biology* roll can confirm that it is indeed a sperm whale's tooth.

More unusually, the image carved into the tooth is some sort of worm or serpent, with a huge circular toothed maw. The creature seems to be surrounded by waves. At several points on the tooth are curious symbols in an unknown script, corresponding to no known human language.

The image is that of a Yugg, and can be identified as such with a *Cthulhu Mythos* roll. Likewise, the symbols are R'lyeh glyphs and, if they are read, form a prayer to Zoth-Ommog.

EFFECTS

This carved tooth was used by Deep One hybrid priests as part of their rites to Zoth-Ommog and Cthulhu. It creates a psychic link between the holder and a Yugg, which is of great benefit to a Deep One priest, but causes significant psychological harm to normal humans. The holder gains

WHO HAS THE TOOTH?

The actions of the Yugg and of Walton will at least in part depend on the disposition of the scrimshawed whale tooth after Walton is institutionalized. While some specific variations are discussed below, there are two important considerations for the Keeper: where it is kept, and who has contact with it.

Regarding its location, the scenario is written assuming that the tooth is kept somewhere in Lovecraft Country, so that the Yugg will decide to make its approach via Kingsport Harbor and then the Miskatonic River. If, somehow, it were to end up in New York City, Cape Town, or Lhasa, the Keeper will need to improvise.



a bonus of +10 to any spells relative to Yuggs, Deep Ones, or Xothic gods. The holder also gains ½ of the Yugg's INT when making any *Idea* rolls, ½ the Yugg's POW in magic points, and feels mentally invigorated.

For each day the tooth is in one's possession, the holder also suffers 0/1d2 points of Sanity loss, suffering nightly visions of the Yugg, Zoth-Ommog, and other Xothic entities. Momentary flashes grow longer; once the victim has lost 20% of their original Sanity, they are considered bound to the tooth and have become fully linked to the Yugg. The creature has limited access to the victim's memories and knowledge — and vice versa — and the pair have an instinctual knowledge of where the other is, a sense that grows stronger as they grow nearer. Eventually humans affected by the tooth will either become worshipers of the Mythos or seek out the Yugg to attempt to destroy it, likely dying in the process.

Destroying the tooth costs bound humans and Yuggs 1 point of POW, 2d6 Magic Points, 2d6 points of Sanity and stuns both for 2d6 rounds due to massive psychic trauma. ■

Regarding who possesses it, remember that prolonged exposure to the tooth opens one's mind to the Yugg, as discussed in "Walton's Bond" on page 104. Should Walton be dead, someone else might be suffering the more severe effects from that connection. Again, it is left to the Keeper to adjust the scenario to take this into account. The author's assumption is that the tooth will be in the hands of either the investigators or Walton's brother in Bolton. Recall as well that Jonas Birch is attempting to obtain the tooth and will likely use his abilities, supernatural and mundane, to get it as quickly as possible. ■

It is possible that one or more investigators find the resolution of the first section of the scenario unsatisfactory and may continue to research Walton's case and the accursed scrimshaw. There are plenty of clues to follow up on in the aftermath of Walton's institutionalization — the *Ponape Scripture* could be read, the strange case of Lyman Jones investigated, etc. — and the Keeper should welcome this! These investigators are the most likely to notice the signs that the Yugg is stirring from the depths as the second and final phase of the scenario begins.

Return of the Yugg

Having been psychically roused by Walton, the Yugg dwelling in the waters off of Innsmouth has been searching for the carved tooth, which once linked it to the hybrid priests of Zoth-Ommog it once served. With Walton in a drug-induced stupor, the link it has with the benighted painter is seriously weakened, but it is not broken. Unfortunately for the artist (and unknown to the doctors treating him) his contact, even limited as it is, with the Yugg's alien mind will continue to erode his sanity until his mind is left permanently broken. It is then that the scenario will resume.

His will broken, Walton comes to the conclusion that the only way to be free from the nightmarish Yugg is his own death. In his derangement he has a moment of insane insight that the carved tooth remains dangerous and must be eliminated as well. Walton ceases to resist the orderlies and staff at the asylum and as a result his dosage is reduced, allowing him to form a plan to free himself and protect the world from the creature he awakened.

Meanwhile, his link to Walton restored, the Yugg begins to reach out for him, viewing him as an appropriate sacrifice to Zoth-Ommog. The monster is also seeking the scrimshaw tooth so it might find a more useful human servant. Depending on who ended up in possession of the tooth, the Yugg will begin to draw closer and closer to it, using its spells to conceal its approach from any humans. The timeline presented below is based on a schedule of roughly one week; the Keeper can stretch or compress this as desired.

While the text presents the activities of the Yugg first, followed by Walton, remember that they are occurring simultaneously. What one does affects the actions of the other and vice versa.

Sightings

The first sign of the Yugg's return will be a rash of sightings of a "sea serpent", first near Falcon Point, then closer and closer to Kingsport Harbor. Three short newspaper articles suggesting the approach of the Yugg are given as

BREAKING NEWS

Keeper's looking for a highly realistic game should recall the publishing schedules of the newspapers in Lovecraft Country.

- **Kingsport Chronicle** — Wednesday and Saturday; afternoon
- **Arkham Gazette** — Daily; morning (except Sunday edition, published Saturday night)
- **Arkham Advertiser** — Daily; mornings (except Sunday edition, published Saturday night)

Only the *Advertiser* regularly publishes special editions. ■

handout #5. These stories are treated as little more than a joke, a piece of ephemera used to pad out a column. Very few people, perhaps save the investigators, will take these reports seriously.

Gales and Fogs

As the Yugg approaches more populated areas, it chooses to mask its movements by using its magic to worsen storms off the coast and create periods of intense fog. Initially you might simply mention that the weather has been unseasonably severe; eventually the weather causes enough damage to warrant *handout #6*. The storms come and go with little warning, and confound the meteorologists of the era. The scope of the storms is surprisingly narrow, covering an area only slightly larger than Cape Ann.

The Missing Lobsterman

Finally, one solid piece of evidence that something potentially supernatural is going on offshore comes when Kingsport lobsterman Claudio Domenici's battered, ooze-covered boat is found overturned near Pilot Island off of Kingsport (K809). Domenici was one of the earlier sea serpent witnesses — which he had spotted while checking the same traps near where his boat is found. The Coast Guard (K413) takes the lead in the investigation and are unlikely to share details with the investigators. Rumors swirl in Kingsport that there were signs of a struggle on the boat, traces of blood on the deck. Domenici's remains are never found. His disappearance is reported in *handout #7*.

A Mass Sighting

As the Yugg's connection to Walton reaches its full strength, the creature moves into Kingsport Harbor itself. The monster, surfacing out of curiosity about the large number of humans passing nearby, is spotted by passengers on the afternoon ferry from Namacknowatt Island. Dozens see the creature as it surfaces and then violently dives (the Yugg recognizes it may be in danger if attacked by too large a group of humans). The story appears on the front

WALTON'S BOND

Due to the magical connection formed between Michael Walton and the Yugg, the two are linked in ways that may be of dramatic use to the Keeper. Anyone bound to the Yugg will have increasingly vivid flashes from the creature's perspective — use these to build tension. Scenes of the Yugg's approach, brief flashes of landmarks showing how it draws ever closer, of how it hungrily observes unaware humans — play up these moments in a cinematic manner. ■

page of the morning newspapers in Arkham, as a smaller article in Boston, and in the next issue of the Kingsport Chronicle. A sample article reporting the sighting is given as *handout #8*.

A Miskatonic Monster

Once Walton escapes from the Danvers Asylum, the Yugg makes a foray up the Miskatonic River, where several early risers witness it dragging a dog into the water. This article is given as *handout #9*.

The Keeper's Considerations

Generally the Keeper should consider the activities of the Yugg as a background to the investigators work, as a means to keep the pressure on them, and a nebulous menace that draws ever-closer. Should investigators decide they want to hire a boat and go Yugg hunting, they will almost certainly be disappointed, unless one of them is bound to the creature as well. The Yugg's approach is more a signifier that the scenario is drawing to a close. The creature is as smart as the average human and will not blindly attack well-armed humans, let alone risk its life just to gain more victims.

Walton's Actions

Walton, his sanity gone, has formulated a plan to deal with the Yugg once and for all. His plan is as follows:

- Walton feigns recovery so that they reduce his dosage of sedatives and move him to a less secure ward.
- He then escapes from the ward, aided in part by the ongoing thunderstorms raised up by the Yugg. A short news item reports his escape and is given as *handout #10*.
- Walton proceeds to wherever the scrimshaw tooth is being kept and steals it. This theft is not likely to be reported (assuming it was in his brother's possession or held by the investigators).

Since so much of Walton's activities depend on the disposition of the tooth, it is left to the Keeper to work out these details. If the tooth is not in the possession of the investigators, assume that Walton will be able to steal it from wherever it is held.

HANDOUT 5B

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...following the great conflict. The bullets did not meet head on, but struck at right angle; and this is said to be the only curiosity of its kind in the United States.

...she tripped and fell down a flight of cellar steps at her home, Friday afternoon. The injured woman was admitted to the Congregational Hospital for treatment.

— PRESSTIME F-L-A-S-H-E-S —

PORTUGUESE SAILORS CAUSE STRIFE

KINGSPORT— There was a commotion among the Portuguese sailors today. From what our correspondent could gather between frigid Latin utterings, two men claim to have seen a sea-serpent in the waters north of Mother Ann while they were gathering their catch. The creature, as long as their boat, had taken a seal and they only noticed it due to the creature's cries. Neither man wished to give a statement to this newspaper.

TWENTY BANDITS ROB BANKS; WOUND TWO CITIZENS

SPENCER, INDIANA— A band of robbers variously estimated in number from 14 to 20, robbed two banks here early today of approximately \$15,000 and wounded two citizens. Travelling in five automobiles the robbers first isolated the town by cutting all telephone and telegraph wires.

HANDOUT 5B

...England, in 1 minute, 17 seconds of the first round of an eight-round bout.

"SEA SERPENT" SPOTTED OFF GLOUCESTER

Returning to its most famous haunt, it would appear that the Gloucester Serpent, last seen a century ago, has decided to rear its scaly head above the waves once more. In the past two days there have been three separate sightings of something in the waters off Cape Ann. The first was a duo of fishermen off Mother Ann who claim to have seen the thing take a sea.

The next happened the day after when a lobsterman, checking his pots, claims to have seen a great worm in the waters by his pots. Unlike the serpent of old our seaman witness, Claude Domenci of Kingsport, states that the thing had the head of a squid and shot through the water like a torpedo.

Our latest report comes from a beachcombing visitor at the Waverest Inn in Martin's Beach. Miss Patricia Holden (age 15) and her cousin Miss Madeline Aubrey (age 12) of Brookline made a report to the town constable that, while gathering shells they saw the creature slide down from Little Bishop Rock, just off shore. They said it was a grey snake and, upon spotting it, they ran all the way back to the hotel.

More news on the 'serpent' as mirth sees fit.

HANDOUT 5C

...killed several years ago, when caught in a piece of machinery.

ANOTHER MONSTER SIGHTING

A group of pleasure-boaters have added their account to the growing number of sightings of the so-called sea-serpent spotted several times in recent days. Several members of Endicott family, en route to Pilot Island for a picnic lunch and clam-bake, witnessed a weird creature they alternately describe either as a snake or worm, raise its weird head above the waves to watch as their boat motored past. Several children were badly frightened at the sight of the thing as Mrs. Hannah Endicott insisted that her husband turn the vessel around. The family had an impromptu meal instead at South Point, with fried oysters supplied by Demochy's Diner.

...probably a few seconds bold street, air-battled which had after having with an successful on its side dive.

EXTENT
Earl L. photogra-chie, w possible-Lieut. Ni shaking
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Should the Keeper wish it, Walton may approach the investigators rather than simply steal it from wherever they have stored it. Walton will attempt to explain his insane theory as to how to finally deal with the Yugg, if he thinks that they are potentially amenable to that. Otherwise, Walton will either attempt to steal the tooth or blackmail the investigators into surrendering it to him, perhaps by holding one of the investigators or an ally hostage.

HANDOUT 6

THE EDITION ★★★ PRICE TWO CENTS.

ASHES STORMS BATTER AREA

Arkham, Salem, Kingsport, Bolton Gloucester all Report Damage

ARKHAM—For the second day severe weather has topped trees, damaged roofs, snapped wires, and otherwise played havoc with the residents of the region. While all of Massachusetts, and much of New England, saw rain today, the storms were particularly intense along a line from Kingsport to Bolton yesterday, with up to 1 1/2 inches of rain reported in a 24 hour period, whereas rainfall totals as the Boston Airport were just over 1/4 inches. Electrical power was lost in the east side of Bolton yesterday evening and sections of the city remain without power as of press time. The outage was caused by an elm tree which was downed onto a transformer station on Phillips Street, necessitating two trucks from the Bolton Fire Department. There was no damage beyond the loss of the transformer. In Arkham, there are reports of basement flooding, especially in low-lying areas. A midday showing at the Amherst Theater was interrupted when a leak was discovered in the roof there. The cinema reopened later that day once repairs were made. Several trees in the graveyard on Aylesbury Road were reported to have been felled by the storm, damaging the fence there. Also in Arkham, sections of an old roof of a house on French Hill.

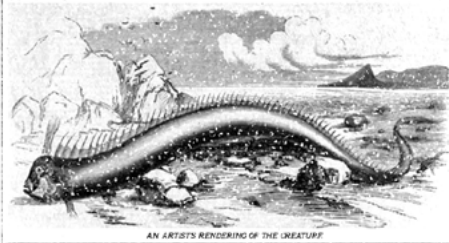
Children Play With Matches Start Fire Two Local Inventors Are Granted Patents

ARKHAM—Children playing with matches caused a fire in a tenement on the Washington, D.C.,—Two prominent Arkham persons, Clayton M. Peabody

HANDOUT 8

Light auto lamps, 5:02 p.m. HONESTLY REPORTING EVENTS FIRST-YEAR. NO. 56A KINGSFORT, MASS., MORNING.

SEA SERPENT SPOTTED AGAIN! BOOTS



KINGSFORT — Passengers aboard the Nantucket Island ferry the Edith Window spotted Kingsport's resident sea-serpent again today on the ship's return voyage from that island. The creature, said to be twenty feet in length and grayish slate in color, could be seen swimming alongside the ferry for the better part of a mile, occasionally raising up its queer head, described as bearded or perhaps covered in sea-weed, to look at the gawking passengers before diving beneath the waves. The Coast Guard is said to be investigating the sighting.

DOCTOR BRINGS WOMAN TO LIFE PULSE RESTORED AFTER

MISSING MAIL POUCH Baffles Postal Heads

HANDOUT 7

BOAT FOUND CAPSIZED, LOBSTERMAN MISSING

KINGSFORT — The Santa Sophia, a fishing boat belong to Claudio Domenici a lobsterman and Kingsport resident, was found capsized and adrift near Pilot Island early yesterday morning. There was no sign of the vessel's owner and he is feared lost at sea. The ship appears to have suffered some minor damage, but the hull was intact. Coast Guard Lieutenant Daniel Barkley confirmed that Domenici's boat was spotted adrift and overturned by other sailors who reported it to the Coast Guard. According to Lt. Barkley, the Santa Sophia was last seen the previous morning, Mr. Domenici electing to go out in a lull in the ongoing storms that have plagued the area for the past few days. The Coast Guard refused to comment on the state of the vessel or the fate of her captain, but witnesses at the docks report that, when towed into harbor, the ship seems to have been struck or even collided with another ship and that some sort of grease or clear oil was covering one side of the ship.

BADLY BENT DUKE

HANDOUT 9

A MISKATONIC MONSTER?

ARKHAM—Two Miskatonic University students crossing the Peabody Avenue Bridge early this morning claim to have spotted Kingsport's sea-serpent. The creature is said to have been on the north shore, next to a boathouse off of Noyes and Water Streets and seemed to be dragging the body of a dog into the water. The two students, who were making their way to an early-morning training session for the Miskatonic University Track and Field Team, did not want their names given in this paper due to fear of condemnation, but this newspaper vouches for their sobriety and character. When will local authorities become concerned about these strange sightings? Does the beast have to snatch Mayor Peabody before someone acts?

Arkham in January last was shot a few months later when making a getaway with another machine and so (Continued on Eleventh Page)

Sure Relief

HANDOUT 10

FROM DANVERS: ESCAPE REPORTED AT THE STATE INSANE HOSPITAL

Michael Walton, late of Kingsport and recently confined for his own safety to the Danvers Asylum, has apparently escaped from his confinement at that hospital. Orderlies apparently discovered the patient was missing during a morning head-count. The time and method of Mr. Walton's escape were not known. Walton, a white male in his late twenties, short, with blond hair and a fair complexion, is not believed dangerous to others but should be reported to the police if spotted for his own safety.

FROM N'BURYPORT: CONTOVERSY HITS MAJOR VRT AGAIN

will open on the green this afternoon at 4 o'clock. At 8 o'clock in the evening and entertainment will be given in the lecture room.

Jonas Birch's Actions

The hybrid sorcerer's primary goal is to obtain the scrimshaw tooth, whether it's with the investigators or the police. His plans are largely left to the Keeper, depending on the circumstances of how the scenario progressed. Consider the following factors when evaluating how Birch goes about his work:

- Who has the tooth?
How securely is it kept?
Has he discovered the Yugg is actively pursuing Walton?
Are there any additional resources Birch can call upon (from Innsmouth); this will likely attract the attention of the Marsh family (see page 107 for what they might do).

Birch favors stealth to violence but is not opposed to it, assuming he can guarantee the fight is to his advantage. Left to his own devices, Birch can at best call upon the help of 1d3+1 relatives, all hybrids from Innsmouth. Frontal attacks against foes known to be armed will always be avoided in favor of kidnapping and blackmail. Michael Walton is an obvious choice, as Birch knows he has some connection to the Yugg and the tooth. An investigator (or a close relative) is another option should they hold the tooth; he will offer their safety in exchange for the artifact.

Fear Death by Water

Without any intervention by the players, the scenario will conclude in the waters of Kingsport Harbor; the precise location where Walton goes to seek out the Yugg is not important and can be adjusted by the Keeper depending on investigator action. Walton will make his way to the shore with the accursed scrimshaw tooth in his possession. He can sense the location of the Yugg with remarkable precision and will, despite his limited knowledge of sailing, steal a rowboat under the cover of darkness. O'Herlihy's Boat Rental (K112) is a likely place for him to steal a boat from, but there are plenty of small dinghies in and around the harbor for him to choose from.

Walton then rows out into the harbor towards where the Yugg lurks. Somewhere between Doyles' Rock (K806) and Pilot Island (K810), probably near the Jersey Reef, the Yugg rises from the water and Walton and the monster come face-to-face, likely for the first time.

Walton's final moments are left to the Keeper. He may simply wait until the Yugg devours him. He might throw himself in the water to join the horror. He may even have equipped himself with a shotgun or even dynamite and attempt to kill the Yugg, having lured it out of the waters using himself as bait. Without the intervention of the investigators, his ultimate fate will be failure and death, as the Yugg will make sure the tooth is soon again found along the sandy beaches from Kingsport to points beyond.

Investigator Actions

Once the investigators realize that there is some sort of nightmare monster with a psychic connection to the deranged artist Walton, they will, we assume, attempt to do something to eliminate or mitigate the threat.

Research

If the investigators have not fully researched the scrimshaw tooth, they will have several days to complete their work before Walton's escape. See page 102 ('The Scrimshaw Tooth'), page 94 ('Kingsport Public Library'), and page 95 ('the Kingsport Historical Society') for more information on what research might uncover.

ALTERNATIVE RESOLUTIONS

Should the Keeper wish, the investigator actions can prevent Walton's escape from the asylum. In this case, there are two likely actions for the Yugg — recovery of the scrimshaw tooth and the killing of Walton. While Yuggs prefer the water, they are able to move slowly on the land. Considering the strength of the creature, it is likely able to force its way through most buildings. Anything short of a bank vault is unsafe from its attacks. Assuming the tooth is in the investigators' possession, imagine a scene of barricaded investigators holed up in some remote spot awaiting the Yugg's approach all the while some of them having visions from the creature's point of view as it grows nearer.

Should investigators neglect to act, the death of Walton's brother or someone else in possession of the tooth or Walton's own death in an inexplicable collapse at the Danver's State Asylum and their resultant Sanity costs should serve as an appropriate punishment. ■

Follow-up with Walton

Once the Yugg begins to stir, it is possible that investigators might wish to check in on the mad artist at the center of things. Assuming that the investigators are viewed as trustworthy by the asylum's administrators, they will be told that Walton has finally started to escape his delusion of monsters and impending doom. As a response, they have reduced his medication and will be moving him to a less restrictive ward soon.

An interview is possible. Walton will be generally quiet, mostly apologizing for his previous behavior, and thanking the investigators for their help. A *Psychology* roll should suggest that Walton is not being wholly honest; an impaled result perhaps suggesting that he has potentially decided to end his life.

Walton may attempt to sound out the investigators, as to whether they believe his stories about the Yugg. Should he believe them to be sincere, he will admit he still dreams of the monster and that he knows it is still a dire threat to the world. Action-oriented Keepers might coordinate the investigator's interview with Walton's escape from the asylum, allowing the investigators to witness events.

Should the investigators be at a loss for how to proceed in regards to research, the Keeper should use Walton as a means to push the investigators towards sources they may have overlooked. Remember that before he went mad, Walton was attempting to research the tooth and had discovered the *Ponape Scripture* among other sources.

ENTER THE MARSHES

The Keeper may further complicate the scenario or use it to draw the investigators towards Innsmouth if they decide that the Marsh family and the Esoteric Order of Dagon become aware of the Yugg, the scrimshaw tooth, and/or Jonas Birch's hunt for both. The precise method by which the Marshes become involved depends on the course of the scenario — Walton's capture in Falcon Point is one likely moment, considering its proximity to Innsmouth. If you are using Jonas Birch, once he is defeated or otherwise given up hope of recovering the tooth on his own, he will alert the Esoteric Order of Dagon to its existence (who then inform the Marshes) and attempts, likely unsuccessfully, to remain part of the hunt.

Once the Marshes learn of the existence of the Yugg and its enchanted talisman, they will go to great lengths to obtain the artifact. The family has far greater resources than Jonas Birch and potentially a much greater reach. Walton or his brother may be kidnapped and interrogated, the investigators might be tailed the scrimshaw tooth might be stolen or demanded through blackmail.

Precisely what the Marsh family wants from the Yugg is left to the Keeper — and who is to say there is

family unity on this issue? — but their goals are no doubt most malevolent...

The Marsh family will deploy at least two toughs for every investigator in the scenario (and can replace them as needed) and, while they will avoid open combat in a public place, these villains are more than willing to use violence to achieve their ends. They prefer unexpected, overwhelming attacks that take the investigators (or other meddling humans) off-guard. For every six Innsmouth toughs, at least one will know a few spells — *Breath of the Deep* and *Contact Deep Ones* being the most likely. If they can manage it, the Innsmouth hybrids will lure any potential victims closer to the sea so that they might enlist the help of some Deep One relations.

Less directly, the Marsh family, probably through Ralsa Marsh (I203), may begin legal proceedings to recover the tooth, offering "witnesses" to prove the piece was an old family heirloom of some useful dupe or lackey of the Marsh family. Considering Ralsa's weak grasp of the law, this avenue will likely fail but, as Ralsa is willing to offer top dollar bribes, he has a better than average chance of winning even a marginal case. ■

Other Preparation

The investigators might also wish to follow up regarding the security of the scrimshaw tooth, should it have ended up with Walton's brother, at Miskatonic University, or in an evidence room for the Essex County Sheriff's office. It is very unlikely that they can convince these parties to increase their security for the tooth, unless perhaps Walton has already escaped the asylum. If the investigators have some academic connections that are appropriate for studying the tooth, they may be able to take possession of it, should the Keeper wish them to have it.

Additionally, should the investigators be in possession of the tooth, they also might be suffering from the effects of exposure to it, causing potential problems from ongoing degradation to Sanity as well as offering some possible insight into the ongoing activities of the Yugg (see page 102).

Dealing with the Yugg

Ultimately the investigators will need to decide how they wish to resolve Walton's fate, the scrimshaw carving, and the Yugg. What follows is a list of some potential resolutions, though by all means not an exhaustive one.

Give it Walton and/or the Tooth — Effective, albeit antithetical to the ideal investigator ethos. Assuming that no one else has a psychic link with the Yugg via the tooth, once the creature has it in its possession, it will return to the depths, perhaps even making its way back to the Pacific

trenches where other Yuggs dwell awaiting the return of Zoth-Ommog. Simply surrendering Walton to the monster, even if it appears that he wishes for death at the monster's tentacles, should cost at least 1d2/1d6+1 points of Sanity. There may be further legal complications as well should the authorities learn that the investigators were the last people to see the deranged artist alive. Keepers should have the Yugg remain off the coast and use the tooth as a lure to future victims if the investigators felt no compassion for Walton or other victims.

Kill It! — When in doubt, resort to force. Normally the Yugg will be lurking deep beneath the waters of the cold Atlantic, out of the reach of investigators. Should Walton (or another victim of the scrimshaw tooth's curse) draw it from the water, it could be attacked. There are several factors to recall when considering a full-scale assault on the Yugg.

Firstly, the creature should have a strong idea of what the investigators are up to should one or more of them be suffering a psychic connection to the Yugg. While it will not understand every detail of their plans, it will have an inkling of their general schemes and what sort of arsenal they plan to employ.

In a fight, the Yugg has at least 3 points of armor. Should some part of it remain in the water, investigators might suffer a cover penalty when attempting to attack the creature. The Yugg is a creature with an INT of 12, not an irrational beast; it will use the terrain to its advantage and flee if injured. Note that the Yugg has several spells that it will happily use:

- **Breath of the Deep:** Costs 8 magic points and requires a round to cast (and requires a POW test). Only requires line of sight, so best used on a particularly dangerous foe, such as a ship's captain or the sailor manning a harpoon gun.
- **Dominate:** Costs 1 magic point, immediate effect, range limited to 10 yards. The Yugg will telepathically communicate its desires. Likely target included heavily armed investigators (to drop their weapons) or Walton (to jump into the water).
- **Raise Night Fog:** Used to raise up a fog to conceal the Yugg's movement and slow down pursuers.

Well prepared investigators may be able to gather more potent weapons in their fight with the Yugg — large bore firearms, harpoons snatched from museum display cases (1d8+1 perhaps, use *Throw*), dynamite (remember if there are investigators in the water, underwater explosions are particularly dangerous — use double the normal radius for each die), homemade depth charges (*Chemistry* rolls, at a penalty, in a pinch; *Demolition* rolls would be far better), or even explosive whaling harpoons, though those would be difficult to obtain since the last New England whaler sailed in 1927.

Magic — Investigators may be able to discover certain spells that might be of use in dealing with the Yugg:

- **Elder Sign:** Should the investigators be able to create an Elder Sign, it will prove doubly useful. First, the Yugg will avoid coming too close to any visible Elder Sign, unless absolutely necessary — it is a deterrent but cannot be used to chase a Yugg off. Secondly, if an Elder Sign is inscribed on the scrimshaw tooth it will neutralize the powers of the tooth and break any bonds between the Yugg and a human or hybrid, causing 2d6 points of Magic Point loss for both parties.
- **Dread Curse of Azathoth, Shrivelling, Wither Limb, et cetera:** Offensive magics will have their normal effect on the Yugg and will also cause the creature to reconsider attacking — it is used to being punished by its hybrid masters via magic and, like a whipped animal fears the lash, the Yugg is especially sensitive to being wounded by a spell. At best it will hesitate 1d3 rounds before returning to the attack; if attacked again magically it will almost certainly flee, otherwise it will focus its attacks on the offending sorcerer.

Conclusion

There are few issues to resolve, once the matter of Walton and the Yugg has reached its conclusion:

- **Walton's family and friends.** If Walton has died, it is likely his brother will demand justice. Who will inherit his things?
- **The Yugg.** If it is still alive, where will it go? Return to the Pacific? Make a new home near to Innsmouth?
- **The scrimshaw tooth.** Who has it? If the Yugg was killed, does it draw another Yugg from the Pacific or is it now inert? Are there other parties seeking it? Does Walton's carved piece have some magical power?
- **Crime and punishment.** Did your investigators break the law? Is there any evidence pointing to them? Have they crossed the police and, if so, how does that impact their future activities?

Penalties and Rewards

Walton Lives: +1d3 (+1d4+1 if he somehow is not yet entirely insane)

Walton Dies: -1d6

Jonas Birch Killed/Arrested: +1d3/+1d2

Yugg is Killed: +1d6

Yugg is Driven Off: +1d2

Scrimshaw tooth destroyed or neutralized: +1d3

Marshes (or some other malign party) gets the tooth: -1d6

Neutral party (police, Walton's Brother) get the tooth: -1d3

Other victims die due to investigator inaction: -1d2/-1d6+1 per victim

Mass Deaths Caused by the Yugg: -1d4+1/-2d6

Statistics

MICHAEL WALTON,

27, Deranged painter, thrall of the Yugg

STR: 11 **CON:** 10 **SIZ:** 9 **INT:** 16 **POW:** 9
DEX: 12 **APP:** 13/10 **EDU:** 16 **SAN:** 45/12/0 **HP:** 10
ATTACKS: Fist 50%, 1d3
 .38 Revolver 30%, 1d8
SKILLS: Art (Painting) 58%, Library Use 46%, Pilot (Boat) 26%,
 Rant 99%, Ride (Bicycle) 84%

JONAS BIRCH,

25, Scheming hybrid and priest of Dagon

STR: 11 **CON:** 13 **SIZ:** 11 **INT:** 14 **POW:** 15
DEX: 15 **APP:** 9 **EDU:** 17 **SAN:** 0 **HP:** 12
ATTACKS: Fist: 55%, 1d3
 .22 Automatic 32%, 1d6+1
SPELLS: Attract Fish, Breath of the Deep, Command Shark,
 Contact Deep Ones, Contact Father Dagon, Dread Curse
 of Azathoth, Lobster Charm
SKILLS: Cthulhu Mythos 17%, Drive Auto 32%, Fast Talk 53%,
 Library Use 61%, Sneak 56%, Spot Hidden 39%

THE YUGG,

Transplanted Aquatic Horror

STR: 26 **CON:** 15 **SIZ:** 31 **INT:** 12 **POW:** 16
DEX: 6 **HP:** 23 **Move:** 2 / 6 swimming
ATTACKS: Bite: 40%, damage is 3d6+2d4 STR Drain

ARMOR: 3-point

rubbery hide

SPELLS: Alter Weather,*
 Breath of the
 Deep, Dominate,
 Raise Night Fog,
 Wave of Oblivion†

SANITY LOSS: 0/1d6
 points of Sanity

* The Yugg's version of this spell is more potent, costing 1 magic point per level of change, with a 10 miles area of effect.

† The Yugg lacks the magic points to cast this spell, but could do so with the help of others. ■



Annotated Scenario Bibliography

Innsmouth and Deep Ones

by Bret Kramer

Innsmouth's scenarios are fewer than Arkham's and all of them in some way are connected to the Deep One menace that has so blighted that town. Likewise, nearly every Lovecraft Country scenario involving the Deep Ones has some Innsmouth connection. For the sake of convenience we are including in this list both Innsmouth-specific scenarios as well as any Lovecraft Country scenarios involving the ichthyic horrors whose shadow darkens that town.

Bless the Beasts and Children

Adventures in Arkham Country, Chaosium

Author: Todd A. Woods

Summary: A deranged, defrocked priest seeks to bridge the gap between humans and the Deep Ones (a race he, in his delusion, views as benevolent) by kidnapping human children and raising them with Deep Ones and their hybrids. Investigators are hired to locate his most recent victim and, in so doing, discover the priest and his lunatic scheme.

Settings: Arkham, Falcon Point

Locations: Arkham Police Station (A228), Arkham Cab Company (A226), Falcon Point (I1010).

Multiple other places in Arkham are mentioned (such as the Hotel Miskatonic or Arkham Farms Dairy) but no details about these places are provided and they are incidental to the plot.

Entities: Hired thugs, a lunatic ex-priest, Deep Ones and Deep One hybrids

Tomes: None, but the main villain has been documenting his research extensively and these papers might serve as a tome of sorts.

Notes: Map of Arkham intended for scenario shows 14 locations but the key provided only lists 12. 13 appears to be the site of the kidnapping of Donna Segreto; 14 the kidnapper's hideout. The scenario also includes a more detailed map of Falcon Point, the small fishing settlement south of Innsmouth. The small cave mentioned in the scenario is without a map, unfortunately.

The Contender

Harlem Unbound, Darker Hue Studios

Author: Bob Geis

Summary: Jack Johnson, former boxing champ, asks the investigators to look into Stefano Rossi, a once seemingly washed-up boxer who has been making a killing (sometimes literally) in the ring lately. They learn that his successes are due not just to his skill in the ring, but his new team of managers (late of Innsmouth) and a unnatural, and in Rossi's case, tragic, heritage that they all share.

Settings: New York City (Harlem)

Locations: N/A

Entities: Several Deep One hybrids of varying dangerousness, human goons

Tomes: *The Ponape Scripture*

Notes: While the scenario is set entirely in Harlem, the vile Eliot brothers hail from Innsmouth and might retreat there when their schemes fall apart in the big apple. Like other scenarios in *Harlem Unbound*, the investigators are assumed to be African-American.

The Crawford Inheritance

Escape from Innsmouth, Chaosium (2nd edition only)

Author: Kevin Ross

Summary: An investigator's family inherits a property on the outskirts of Innsmouth and asks the investigator — the nearest member of the family available — to inspect the property and report back regarding its condition. Discoveries abound, including a decrepit Deep One descendant of the titular Crawford family and the possibility that the investigator also carries the Innsmouth taint.

Settings: Innsmouth

Locations: Dr. Rowley Marsh & Son (I203), Innsmouth Assembly Hall (I213), South Woods Memorial Cemetery (I1001); the scenario offers some suggestion of what might befall investigators arrested in Innsmouth and taken to the Innsmouth Jail (I202)

Entities: A decrepit Deep One, unfriendly locals

Tomes: No Mythos works but a pair of diaries that offer some insight into what befell Innsmouth in 1846.

Notes: This scenario was written to serve as an introduction to Innsmouth, drawing in investigators without wholly giving away Innsmouth's darkest secrets. For space reasons it was cut from the first edition of *Escape from Innsmouth* and was only restored with the release of the revised and expanded second edition.

Dark Dreams of Innsmouth

The Unbound Book, #2

Author: Brian Courtemanche

Summary: A friend sends an investigator a curious piece of jewelry he recently snared while fishing, a Deep One artifact called 'The Crown of Dagon'. Unfortunately the friend has gone mad and has been committed to the state hospital in Danvers. The investigator recipient begins to suffer the same nightmares and real-world threats that drove their friend mad (and led to his near-drowning off Gloucester). The investigator must survive nightly horrors and hybrid harassment until they can track down a ritual to break the hold the crown has over them.

Settings: The Danvers State Hospital for the Insane, Salem, Gloucester, Innsmouth

Locations: Office of the Marsh Refining Company (I707); summary notes describe the area around New Town Square (I701), including the Gilman House Hotel (I703)

Entities: Deep Ones and Deep One hybrids

Tomes: *Innsmouth: Superstition and the Sea*; the needed ritual might be found in the *Ponape Scripture* or other suggested Mythos texts.

Notes: A very short scenario; it may be expanded by having the artifact brought to an investigator rather than the friend, forcing the investigators to track down its Innsmouth connection rather than having that element presented from the start. A compact Innsmouth map provided on page 14 might be a useful resource for the Keeper.

Dead Leaves Fall

Dead Leaves Fall, Chaosium (Monograph)

Author: Simon Yee

Summary: The investigators are asked to recover several pages stolen from a Mythos tome, discovering a cult (The Fellowship within the Water) bent on summoning their unholy god and transforming themselves into something inhuman. The investigators may be aided or hindered by a doctor who has learned the horrible truth of the cult.

Settings: Arkham, Foxfield

Locations: Miskatonic University Library (A620); in Foxfield, the Unitarian Church is discussed.

Entities: Children of Chaat, Deep Ones, Chaat

Tomes: *The Cthaat Aquadingen*

Notes: The scenario begins in Arkham, but after an initial encounter and some possible research, the remainder of the action shifts to Foxfield. The Deep Ones primarily provide physical aid for the cult; there is no Innsmouth connection or further details about that race. Chaat and its "Children" were inspired by the story "The Plague of St. James' Infirmary" by Ken Asamatsu.

Do Not Call Up That Which You Cannot Put Down

Fear's Sharp Little Needles, Stygian Fox Publishing

Author: Brian Courtemanche

Summary: Its Shark Week and the investigators are invited to tag great white sharks off the Massachusetts coast, but things take a turn to the bad when they go to aid another boat, one that's hooked the Monster of Martin's Beach...and to make matters worse, seeing the monster awakens the Deep One heritage in their guide, who, instead of helping the other boat, decides to help the monster. Hard choices must be made if the investigators are to make it back to the shore and safety.

Settings: Salem, The Ocean

Locations: Pickering Wharf, the *Wavedancer* (on the ocean)

Entities: Deep One hybrid, The Monster of Martin's Beach

Tomes: None

Notes: A short Modern day scenario.

Escape from Innsmouth

Escape from Innsmouth, Chaosium

Author: Fred Behrendt

Summary: The young manager of Innsmouth's First National Grocery store has gone missing. The investigators are tasked to find the missing man and in the process come into conflict with Innsmouth's hybrids and their allies.

Settings: Arkham, Ipswich, Innsmouth

Locations: Arkham Police Department (A228), Asbury M.E. Church (A208), First National Grocery Store (I702), Watie's Variety Store (I708), Firehouse (I503), Innsmouth Jail (I202), Esoteric Order of Dagon (I207)

Entities: Deep Ones, hybrids; random encounters offered during the 'Escape' phase of the scenario also includes a lone shoggoth

Tomes: *The Book of Dagon*

Notes: This scenario is designed to be a point of no return for investigators vis a vis Innsmouth. Once they undertake their rescue of the missing grocer, they will no longer be able to openly enter Innsmouth and will likely be the targets of reprisals by the hybrids. Keepers should consider the 'Escape' sequence at the end of the scenario as an excellent model to emulate in their own work. The tragic romance subplot is also a rare but welcome inclusion of human-scale tragedy that gives the scenario an extra bit of poignancy.

Freak Show

Tales of the Miskatonic Valley, Chaosium

Author: Kevin Ross with Todd Woods

Summary: Mishaps and accidents plague the Nichols Carnival as it travels from town to town in New England. These accidents are caused by a group of Deep One hybrids who are hoping to force the carnival to return a juvenile of their race currently on display. The investigator's work is complicated by an unscrupulous professor from Miskatonic University who wants the little Deep One for himself.

Settings: Arkham, Bolton, Aylesbury

Locations: N/A

Entities: Deep One hybrids, deranged carnival folk, show horses, a chimpanzee, a lion, and a juvenile Deep One

Tomes: None

Notes: The scenario is primarily set in the carnival which retains its set-up regardless of location. Arkham is the first site of the carnival but it plays little part in the scenario. The scenario unusually portrays the Deep Ones as not wholly unsympathetic.

The Hopeful

More Adventures in Arkham Country, Miskatonic River Press

Author: Oscar Rios

Summary: Arkham's Andrew Fisher is widely anticipated to be a part of the United States' Olympic swim team for the upcoming Amsterdam Olympics. He hires the investigators to discover the source of the unexplained trust fund that has provided for him since the death of his parents. This research discovers Andrew's tragic connection to the Marsh family of Innsmouth... and also unleashes the wrath of Fisher's mystery benefactor, putting the investigators' lives (and Fisher's) in danger.

Settings: Arkham, Boston, Innsmouth

Locations: Arkham First Bank (A214), Arkham Police Station (A228), Liberal Arts Building (A611), Arkham Gazette (A108), Arkham Advertiser (A130), St. Mary's Teaching Hospital (A623), Miskatonic University Library (A620), University Exhibit Museum (A624), Rowley Marsh & Son (I203), Brick and Stone Warehouses (I802)

Entities: Deep One hybrids and associated human mobsters, overzealous G-Men

Tomes: None

Notes: An excellent alternative introduction to Innsmouth instead of "The Crawford Inheritance." Scenario recaps much of *Escape from Innsmouth's* information about researching Innsmouth's mysteries, a useful resource for Keepers unable to obtain a copy of the former.

Historical sticklers will note that Rios mistakenly states that the island upon which Obed Marsh encountered Walakea and his tribe was called Kanaka.

The Innsmouth Connection

Before the Fall, Chaosium

Author: Gary Sumpter

Summary: The investigators are hired to inspect a long-abandoned property south of Innsmouth, leading to the discovery of secrets, both occult and mundane. The occult secret being the former owner's ties to the Deep Ones as well as his magical research (and pet shoggoth) while the mundane being that the house is a waypoint for Danny O'Bannion's bootlegging enterprise.

Settings: Boynton Beach

Locations: Boynton Beach (I1009)

Entities: A shoggoth, rum runners, a Thrall of Cthulhu

Tomes: *Sussex Manuscript* (aka "The Cultus Maleficarum"), assorted non-magical occult texts

Notes: In many ways, a *Call of Cthulhu* take on the classic AD&D module *The Sinister Secret of Saltmarsh* (U1), though a shoggoth is a fair bit tougher than gnolls or illusionists.

Mary

Before the Fall, Chaosium

Author: Mike Lay

Summary: The investigators are hired to find the child a woman gave up for adoption more than twenty years ago. Journeying to Innsmouth they discover evidence leading them to Arkham, where they can find themselves endangered not only by Innsmouth's hybrids but by their inhuman client.

Settings: Arkham, Innsmouth

Locations: Dr. Rowley Marsh & Son (I203), Assembly Hall (I213), Arkham Police Department (A228), Timbleton Arms (A805)

Entities: Deep Ones and Deep One hybrids

Tomes: Strange magnesium tablets written in R'lyeh glyphs, the contents of which are left to the Keeper.

Notes: Presents a most unusual Deep One in the case of 'Mary,' who has more complicated motives than most of her aquatic brethren and prefers to live apart from Deep One society. Scenario includes a one page overview of Arkham as a well as a map.

No Room at Innsmouth

Dagon #1 – #3

Author: Carl Ford

Summary: Set after the Raid, a disappearance draws the investigators to Innsmouth, wherein they discover the city is still in the thrall of the Deep Ones.

Settings: Innsmouth

Locations: N/A; the Innsmouth of the scenario has little to do with Lovecraft's description of the town

Entities: Deep Ones, Deep One hybrids, a scorpion, the Chief Deep One

Tomes: *The Scriptures of Jarvis Middleton*

Notes: This scenario, published in three sections in 1983-4, nearly a decade before *Escape from Innsmouth*, often presents a very different version of the town (sometimes contradicting “The Shadow Over Innsmouth” as well). Very much a dungeon crawl with Lovecraftian elements rather than a *Call of Cthulhu* scenario as they are traditionally written.

The scenario is divided into three parts (one in each issue): The Gilman House, The Lighthouse, and Devil Reef.

The Occulted Light

Before the Fall, Chaosium

Author: Lucya Szachnowski and Gary O’Connell

Summary: The investigators are hired by a young woman hoping to locate some papers and other family memorabilia at an abandoned lighthouse southeast of Innsmouth. Reaching the lighthouse is difficult; leaving even more so due to a terrible curse.

Settings: Innsmouth

Locations: Rawes and Hogg - Nautical Insurers (I209), Custom House (I905), Assembly Hall (I213), Fishermen’s Shacks (I903)

Entities: Deep One hybrids, a Deep One priestess, a Star-Spawn of Cthulhu

Tomes: *The Journal of Bartholomew Tagg*

Notes: The lighthouse is remarkably stocked with options for fighting the Star Spawn bound to prevent anyone leaving the island. More problematically, the lighthouse is said to have been closed around 1838, a full eight years before Innsmouth falls wholly under the sway of the Esoteric Order of Dagon and two years before Captain Marsh encounters the Deep Ones. Despite a declining maritime trade, it seems unlikely that so dangerous a rock would remain unmarked; a revised timeline is suggested in the discussion of Skivern Rock on page 3 of this issue.

‘Sedna’, the name of the Deep One priestess in question, is probably taken from Inuit mythology, where she is the Goddess of marine animals and ruler of the Underworld.

Old Acquaintance

Before the Fall, Chaosium

Author: Mike Dula

Summary: The titular old acquaintance, Willy Harsen, asks for the investigator’s help after an accident in Innsmouth earns him the wrath of the inhabitants. Soon he falls victim to an unknown party, leaving it to the investigators to uncover the source of his attack.

Settings: Innsmouth

Locations: Nick Casper (I1006), Dr. Bloom (I608), First National Grocery (I702), The Garden (I605), Fishermen’s Shacks (I903), The Lodger [Kermit A. Rawes] (I601)

Entities: Hybrids, small but vicious crustaceans, a malevolent bibliophile.

Tomes: *Monsters and Their Kinde*, *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, *The Eltdown Shards*, Notes drawn from *Monsters and Their Kinde* about the hybrids of Innsmouth

Notes: Another scenario that can prove an introduction to Innsmouth; unusually allows the investigators to interact with some hybrids in a neutral, even helpful, way. Willy Harsen originally appeared in *Return to Dunwich* (D509). Kermit Allen Rawes’s name (and picture) were inspired by the author of *Escape from Innsmouth*, Kevin A. Ross.

The Raid on Innsmouth

Escape from Innsmouth, Chaosium

Authors: Keith Herber (Structure), Kevin Ross (Introduction and Devil Reef), Fed Behrendt (Esoteric Order of Dagon), Scott Aniolowski (Marsh Mansion), Mike Szymanski (Smugglers’ Tunnels), Mark Morrison (Yha-nthlei), J. Todd Kingrea (The Marsh Refinery)

Summary: This ‘mega’ scenario consists of six ‘objectives’: the Esoteric Order of Dagon, the Marsh Mansion, the Smugglers’ Tunnels, Devil Reef, Y’ha-nthlei, and the Marsh Refinery. In each section, the players may either play their own character or one of several ‘extras’ — sailors, Marines, Coastguardsmen, and Treasury Agents, allowing the Keeper to be particularly ruthless.

Settings: Boston, Innsmouth

Locations: New Church Green (I206), the Esoteric Order of Dagon (I207), the Marsh Manions (I302), the Smuggler’s Tunnels (p. 122), Devil Reef (I1011), Y’ha-nthlei (I1012), the Marsh Refining Company (I501),

Entities: Deep One hybrids, Deep Ones, ‘the Horror from Beyond the Door’ (similar to a Thrall of Cthulhu), weird arthropods, the Wailing Writher, shoggoth-spawn, a large shoggoth, a star-spawn of Cthulhu, Father Dagon*

Tomes: *Book of Dagon*

Notes: A six-part scenario, with each objective divided into three scenes. The scenes are then run in a manner weaving the sextet together in a wholly cinematic manner — the failures and successes in each scene impacting the others, adding a sense of tension and setting clear stakes. There is nothing truly like it anywhere else in *Call of Cthulhu* and perhaps in roleplaying gamedom all together.

Much of the scenario served as ‘inspiration’ for portions of the game *Dark Corners of the Earth*.

* Yes, that Dagon. There is a reason the players get machine guns, flamethrowers, and naval artillery.

Other Deep One Material

Deep Ones appear in numerous scenarios; those listed here make use of them in some way beyond simply including them as a side encounter or as muscle for an otherwise unrelated cult.

New England

The Brockford House (Maine) — *Call of Cthulhu Rulebook**

Deep Trouble (Boston) — *Challenge Magazine* #54

The Horrible Secret of Monhegan Island (Maine)

The Lonely Point Lighthouse (Connecticut)

— *Island of Ignorance*

The Star on the Shore

The Walsh Family (Massachusetts) — *Island of Ignorance†*

“The Dollars of Dagon” *The Unspeakable Oath* #19‡

Further Afield

North America

Arkham Case Files: Deep Morgue

The Bermuda Triangle

Black Cod Island — *Delta Green: Targets of Opportunity*

By the Bay — *Day of the Beast*

Coming of Age — *Unseen Masters*

Lurker in the Crypt — *Fatal Experiments*

Secrets of New Orleans

Secrets of New York

Secrets of San Francisco

Spawn of the Deep§ — *Blood Brothers*

The Starshrine — *Lurking Fears*

Waiting for the Hurricane — *Pulp Cthulhu*

South America

The Watchers of Easter Island — *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*

Europe

The Blandford Manor — *The Whisperer* #1

Blood and Water — *Cthulhu Britannica: Avalon,*

The County Somerset

Devil’s Hole — *In the Shadows*

Fenland Fog — *Dagon* #9

The Last of Joy — *Minions*

Mouthbreathers — *Minions*

Murmillo — *De Horrore Cosmico*

The Secret of Marseilles — *King of Chicago*

The Songs of Fantari — *Fatal Experiments*

Uisge Beatha — *Shadows Over Scotland*

Terror from the Skies

* 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Editions only.

† More of an encounter or possible opposition group. The scenario is set somewhere along the Massachusetts coast. One of the Walshes has a piece of Innsmouth jewelry and is aware of the town.

‡ Not a scenario per se, but includes some interesting ideas for Innsmouth and its gold.

§ Technically the creatures in this scenario are called “Gillmen.”

Thor’s Anvil — *Nocturnem, Book 2: Hollow Winds*

The Watchers of Walberswick — *White Dwarf* #50

The Yorkshire Horror — *Cthulhu by Gaslight**

Africa

The Cairo Guidebook

Death in Luxor

The Bay of Nouadhibou — *Aspirations*

Asia

Secrets of Japan

Shanghai — *Masks of Nyarlathotep*

Oceania

Destroying Paradise, Hawai’ian Style — *Atomic Age Cthulhu*

Grace Under Pressure

Project π — *Worlds of Cthulhu* #1

The Vanishing Ensign — *Ticket of Leave* #4,

Convicts & Cthulhu

Other/Multiple

The City in the Sea — *Cthulhu Now*

Delta Green (see box, opposite)

Other Lovecraftian Games

Heroes of the Sea (Achtung! Cthulhu)

Guide to the Pacific Front (Achtung! Cthulhu)

Shadows of the North — *Guide to the Eastern Front*

(Achtung! Cthulhu)

In the Pink — *Shadows of Atlantis* (Achtung! Cthulhu)

Hideous Creatures: The Deep Ones (Trail of Cthulhu)

Sisters of Sorrow (Trail of Cthulhu)

“The Wreck” — *Arkham Detective Tales*

(Trail of Cthulhu)

‘Keeping’ Innsmouth

Here is a guide to the Call of Cthulhu books of use to a Keeper hoping to run a scenario or even a campaign set in Innsmouth. Scenarios are described in the previous annotated list.

Escape from Innsmouth (Out of Print)

The fundamental book for Innsmouth, it is unfortunately out of print. The book presents the whole of Innsmouth as well as the much smaller settlements of Falcon Point and Boynton Beach, with descriptions of the major figures within Innsmouth, including the Esoteric Order of Dagon. The book also includes a new skill, “Innsmouth Lore,” offering a mechanical way to describe the growing awareness of Innsmouth’s dark secret. Unfortunately for the Keeper, the evocative portrait illustrations included in the book too often make the inhuman nature of hybrids far too obvious, including a few who are supposed to interact with outsiders frequently. This limits their use as a handout.

¶ 1st and 2nd editions only.

DELTA GREEN AND INNSMOUTH

Pagan Publishing's Delta Green (the organization) has its genesis in the Innsmouth Raid, so it follows that the town and the story of its doom plays a recurrent part in the setting. There are no roleplaying products outside of *Escape from Innsmouth* that have given quite as much thought and consideration to all things Innsmouth-related as have those for this line. (In addition to the RPG works mentioned below, there is a short story which offers an account of the Raid from the perspective of an elderly Marine: "Once More, From the Top" in the collection *Dark Theaters* (2002).)

DELTA GREEN (1997)

The Delta Green organization has its roots in the Innsmouth Raid and the United States government's discovery of the occult menace of the Deep Ones. In addition to these connections, at least one of Delta Green's then-current agents is fixated in learning more about the Deep Ones.

DELTA GREEN: TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY (2010)

The chapter "Black Cod Island" (by Dennis Detwiller) presents a Deep One-controlled community among

the Haida people in Alaska's Alexander Archipelago. Keepers running an Innsmouth game will find this alternate version of Innsmouth to be an interesting and informative contrast. Additionally, Detwiller reimagines certain aspects of Deep One biology — namely that it is not just a heritable genetic condition but a potentially contagious one, and that 'Dagon' and 'Hydra' are not unique entities but a species that creates 'Deep Ones' by infecting whatever hosts are available — that offers fresh variety to those seeking alternatives to the traditional *Call of Cthulhu* take.

DELTA GREEN HANDLER'S GUIDE (2018)

The new stand-alone *Delta Green RPG* offers an updated take on that group's long-running war with the Deep Ones around the world and includes a modern version of the Esoteric Order of Dagon.

"EX OBLIVIONE" (2017)

The latest scenario release for the *Delta Green RPG* (also by Dennis Detwiller) is set in a town that was once home to one of the "various naval and military prisons" to which the U.S. government consigned those captured during the Innsmouth Raid. ■

There are currently two editions of this book; the second is expanded from the first and includes two additional scenarios — "The Crawford Inheritance" and a sixth objective for the "Raid on Innsmouth," the Marsh Refinery.

H.P. Lovecraft's Kingsport

Several leads here point towards Innsmouth: an aged fisherman who once made the mistake to look for a catch near Innsmouth, a wayward Deep One hybrid, and information on the *Ponape Scripture*.

Before the Fall

A quartet of scenarios set, as the title suggests, before the Raid. Details of the scenarios are provided in the annotated list earlier in this article.

Miskatonic University (PDF)

As part of its description of the students at the University, there is presented a post-Raid attempt to revivify the Esoteric Order of Dagon by three Innsmouth residents currently enrolled there. There is also additional material on former Innsmouth resident Asenath Waite. ■