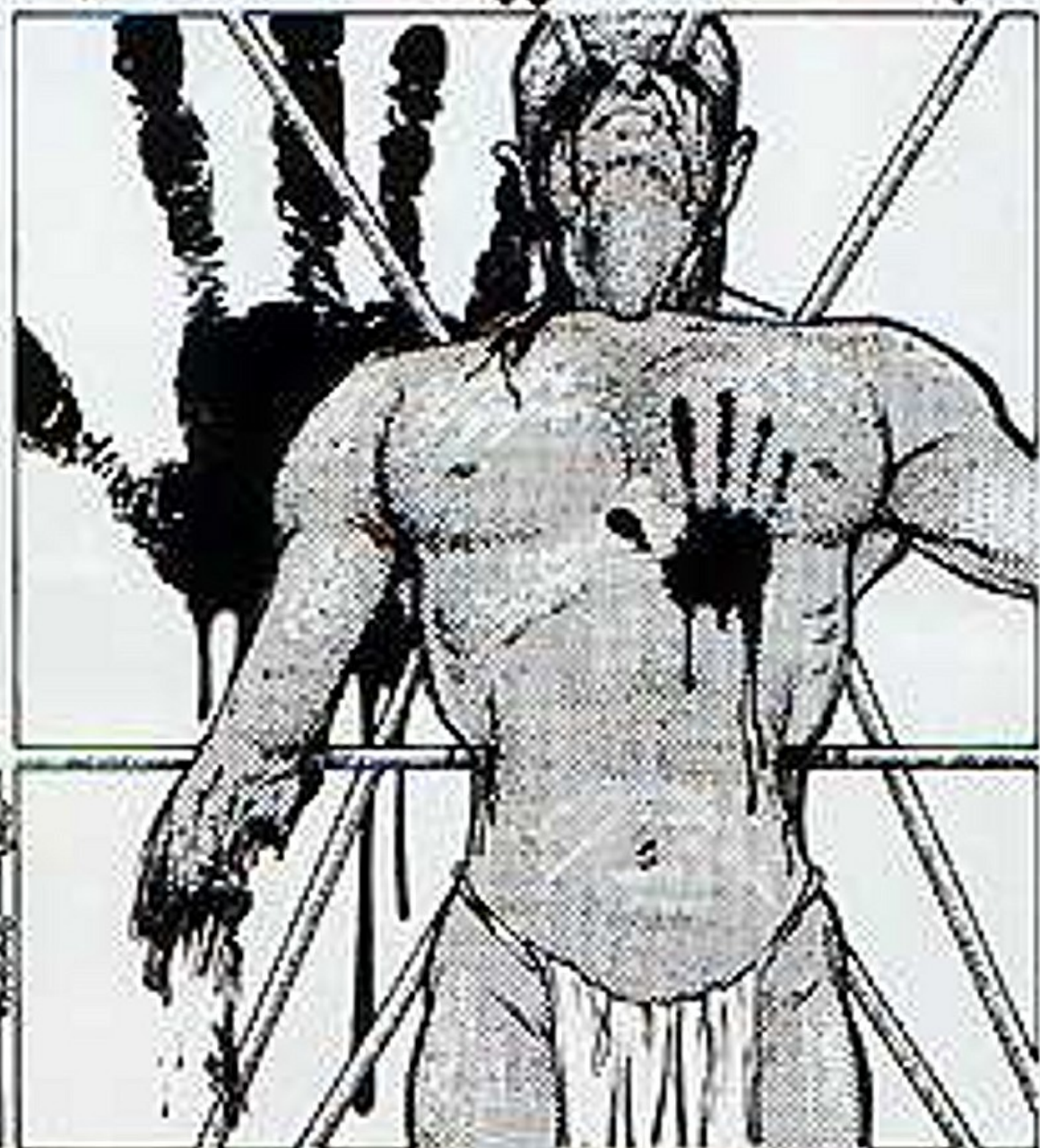


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The Unspeakable Oath



A digest of arcane lore
for the Call of Cthulhu[®]
keeper, player, and enthusiast

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Introduction to The Annotated Unspeakable Oath

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This is a series of freely-distributable text files that presents the textual contents of early issues of THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH, the world's premiere digest for Chaosium's CALL OF CTHULHU™ role-playing game. Each file contains the nearly-complete text from a given issue. Anything missing is described briefly with the file, and is missing either due to copyright problems or because the information has been or will be reprinted in a commercial product. Everything in this file is copyrighted by the original authors, and each section carries that copyright. This file may be freely distributed provided that no money is charged whatsoever for its distribution. This file may only be distributed if it is intact, whole, and unchanged. All copyright notices must be retained. Modified versions may not be distributed — the contents belong to the creators, so **please** respect their work. Abusing my position as editor and instigator of the magazine and this project, I have taken the liberty of adding comments to some of the contents where I thought I had something interesting or historically worth preserving to say. Yeah, right!

– John Tynes, editor-in-chief of Pagan Publishing

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Introduction to TUO 1

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The Unspeakable Oath owes its existence to Jeff Carey, a Cthulhu keeper of renown and stature (he even appears as a villain in the first scenario in Chaosium's ADVENTURES IN ARKHAM COUNTRY book!). At GenCon 1990 I played in Jeff's "Journey Into Darkness" adventure and afterwards received a broadcast letter from him sent to everyone he'd met at conventions talking about various things of interest to gamers. In this letter he suggested that the folks he was writing to ought to get together a Call of Cthulhu fanzine of some sort. Well, that didn't go anywhere, at least as far as the original suggestion. But I was so taken with the idea that I started working on such a beast right away. A couple months later, with the assistance of Scott Aniolowski, Jeff Barber, John H. Crowe III, Keith Herber, Blair "Shea" Reynolds, Kevin Ross, and the University of Missouri Simulations and Gaming Club, the 56-page debut issue of THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH became a reality.

For those who may be wondering, the title is drawn from a spell created by Keith Herber in a scenario from CTHULHU NOW ("The Evil Stars") about a Hastur-inspired rock group. The spell was "The Unspeakable Promise," but I kept calling it "The Unspeakable Oath" by mistake in our games. The name just fit somehow, and off we went.

With the help and advice of a local game shop employee, THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH found wholesale distribution and was carried by numerous game shops. Pagan Publishing was launched.

This series contains the complete contents of TUO 1, lacking artwork and two articles. The first, "Firearms in Call of Cthulhu" by John H. Crowe, III, has been superseded by John's massive reference work THE WEAPONS COMPENDIUM, available through Pagan Publishing's mail order catalog. The second, "Within You Without You," is a scenario by myself (John Tynes) that re-appeared, in revised form, in THE RESURRECTED * VOLUME TWO in early 1994.

All annotations by me are enclosed in brackets, and are ©1993 John Tynes.

TUO 1: The Dread Page of Azathoth

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[This is your basic editor's column. Originally, I'd planned to use it for convention announcements and miscellaneous garbage after the first issue was released, but it has remained a very personal soapbox for me and my views, however ludicrous. It is unabashedly inspired by "The Cosmic Streetcorner," a column in my all-time-favorite gaming magazine, GATEWAYS. The title is a take-off on a CoC spell, "The Dread Curse of Azathoth." In TUO10 it finally lives up to its name and is only a single page long.]

It was a smallish book, somewhere between a Gideon New Testament and an issue of Reader's Digest; hardbound, black, with a murky figure on one corner of the cover. The spine identified the author as Robert W. Chambers. Title?

The King in Yellow.

It was a first edition published, as memory serves, in 1895. How long it had been in the library of the University of Missouri-Columbia I do not know, but it is not improbable that it had been in the collection since publication. Last March, ecstatic at the find, I checked it out and perused the short stories it contained. At the time I considered keeping it, reporting it "lost" and paying whatever fine they asked. But in the end I dropped it in the book return slot, and that night I slept well.

A few weeks ago I went back to retrieve it again, meaning to verify some of my scribbled notes from the previous spring. Requesting "king in yellow" from the library's computer directory, I was greeted with "title not found". Puzzled, I asked for an author listing for "chambers, robert". Scanning the ten or so resulting entries confirmed it: The King in Yellow was not there.

The old card catalogs beckoned, and I hurried over to the banks of narrow wooden drawers, reminiscent of the great Yithian library lost under the Australian sands. Once again, The King in Yellow refused to manifest itself. A physical search through Chambers' section on the bookshelves further confirmed the title's odd status.

The librarian who came to my aid was perplexed; if the book had been lost, there would still be a record of it. But there was none; as far as she could tell, the library of the University of Missouri-Columbia had never seen it — my memory to the contrary.

Fortunately, two other University campuses were listed as possessing copies of the book, and so I requested for one of them to be sent here. Unfortunately, neither was the same first edition. One was an Ace paperback from the late 1960's; the other, a quickie reprint for libraries. The paperback made the journey here intact, yet within an hour of my picking it up I left it behind in a large lecture hall. Realizing my misfortune that night, I rushed across campus and rescued the book from the phalanx of janitors sweeping through the room. It seemed that The King in Yellow and I were magnetically charged, each repelling the other.

Imagination is a wonderful thing; it spawned HPL's organic Mythos, prodding writers from Robert Bloch to Sandy Peterson to join in. Occasionally, though, the real world seems to be just as conspiratorially mocking as any of Lovecraft's cosmic beings; at such times, imagination leads us to see dangers where they may not be — we wonder about the strange man in the overcoat who smells

of the sea. When life's conundrums refuse to resolve themselves as neatly as our role-playing adventures, are we not likely to rail against the implacable fates? Are we not likely to utter a blasphemous curse?

An Unspeakable Oath?

Well then, we've all come to the right place.

This past August, Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island hosted the H.P. Lovecraft Centennial Conference to celebrate the anniversary of his birth. This four-day function saw the delivery of a number of papers on Lovecraft, as well as more than a few interesting events. Several HPL-related films were shown, including the premiere of *Bride of the Re-Animator*, and the last day saw the official dedication of a large Lovecraft monument and plaque on the campus made possible through the laudable efforts of the Friends of H.P. Lovecraft.

Jon B. Cooke, one of the afore-mentioned Friends, put together a 44-page guidebook to the weekend's events. It is very well produced and contains contributions from Ramsey Campbell, Gahan Wilson, S.T. Joshi, and many more. Cooke still has a few copies left, for \$5.50 postpaid, and they are well worth getting. Write Jon at 106 Hanover Ave.; Pawtucket, RI 02861. Tell him the Oath sent you.

A project like this does not get off the ground without a lot of effort and support. I'd like to thank the following people for a lot more things than I have room to list here (especially since this issue needs to be finished in another fifteen minutes):

Damon Lipinski, for getting me into *Call of Cthulhu* and pressing me to read HPL.

Kendall Carnes for selling me all sorts of great Lovecraft stuff at inflated prices.

Kevin Ross, Scott Aniolowski, and Jon Cooke for their support and advice.

Lynn Willis and Keith Herber of Chaosium, Inc., who gave this zine the go-ahead and spread the word.

The Columbia Cthulhu Cartel, for playtesting "Within You Without You" (they did the really wrong thing, by the way) and for making GM'ing so enjoyable.

Shea Reynolds and Jeff Barber for their amazing artwork and ceaseless energy.

Finally, a big thanks to Kim Stewart for tending my "mental disorder".

TUO 1: Good Tidings From Shantak Claus

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[I wrote most of the first issue myself, having almost no one to draw on. This was your typical Cthulhu filk song kind of thing. Sigh.]

Here's something truly unspeakable. Perhaps players can sing this as they take a sleigh-ride into the peaceful little town of Solace, Massachusetts, as seen in the scenario "Within You Without You" later on in this issue. Whatever your use, you're bound to find that the song below will bring warmth and merriment to any occult gathering...

Rudolph the red-nosed Mi-Go (Me-Go!)
had a very shiny brain case (brain case!)
and if you ever got inside it (inside it!)
he would fly you off through space (off we go!)

Of all of the younger Mi-Go (You-Go!)
he was always treated worst (treated worst!)
whenever they needed POW (POW!)
he was sure to be Dread Cursed (Thoth!)

Then once when the stars were right Nyarlo came to say,
"Rudolph with your case so bright, please suck Dan Quayle's brain tonight."

Then all the Mi-Go's liked him (liked him!)
and the Servitors piped with glee (pipe! pipe!)
"Rudolph the red-nosed Mi-Go, (We-Go!)
you can always suck brains with me." (suck brains!)

TUO 1: New for Cthulhu

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[A review section of sorts. Unremarkable and too brief.]

The past several months have seen a flurry of activity in the Call of Cthulhu game. Below are capsule reviews of six recent products:

Mansions of Madness, from Chaosium, is a compilation of five new 1920's scenarios, all of which involve mysterious buildings. "The Sanatorium", by Keith Herber, is perhaps the best of the lot, though it is difficult to imagine any group of investigators actually surviving the scenario due to the unusual and overpowering abilities of their opponent. But the tasks presented for the investigators are first-rate, and will give the players a lot of opportunities for creative problem-solving. "The Crack'd and Crook'd Manse" really needs a dedicated and imaginative Keeper, since most of the adventure will consist of keeping the investigators off balance and uncertain of what they are up against. The other three scenarios look promising as well, though in "The Plantation" the investigators may not have a lot to do towards the end as events careen out of their control.

Cthulhu Casebook, again from Chaosium, reprints a number of brief scenarios from out-of-print books (including *The Asylum*, *Curse of the Chthonians*, and others). If you have the older material there won't be much here for you, but otherwise the book is well worth getting. There are quite a few excellent short scenarios inside, including "The Curse of Chaugnar-Faugn" and "Thoth's Dagger", as well as some interesting new play aids in the back. These include adventure ideas for Keepers and a nice set of descriptions that demonstrate how the various Cthulhu creatures kill people.

Lurking Fears is the first product from a new company, Triad Entertainments. It is a set of six scenarios, all by Scott Aniolowski and Michael Syzmanski, who have both contributed several scenarios to Chaosium publications. The book is nicely produced, with numerous player aids. The two standouts are "Rise of the Sleeper" and "The Devourer", though all of the scenarios really require an experienced Keeper to run effectively. Triad also sells a packet reproducing many of the handouts, along with a couple of extra items you can make use of in the book's adventures or in your own. At a price of about \$5 the packet is a nice accessory. For more information write to Triad at P.O. Box 90, Lockport, NY 14095.

Fatal Experiments is kind of an oddball book from Chaosium. It contains three scenarios, and a well-illustrated article on unusual weapons for 1920's gaming. The first scenario, "Tatterdemalion" includes a brief side trip to Carcosa, and should make interesting reading alongside this issue's article on that city. In the second, investigators may find themselves unfortunate prisoners and guinea pigs to a group of Mythos beings. The final adventure is for advanced players and experienced investigators only; it is very deadly and should be a real challenge. The weapons article is interesting, and it includes a fold-out page of firearms drawings similar to *Cthulhu Now*. It will no doubt light up the eyes of any player.

Blood Brothers is just plain weird. It contains 13 short scenarios, all non-Mythos. Instead, they feature common villains from monster movies – mummies, zombies, swamp men, and worse. Pre-generated investigators are provided for each scenario, so while they won't go into a campaign they're just right for a quick game.

Curse of Cthulhu, the newest Chaosium release, is another in the series of reprint books Chaosium has issued. This one reprints Keith Herber's Fungi From Yuggoth campaign from some years ago. It is an excellent campaign, with lots of player handouts and some real globe-trotting adventure. This new edition includes a couple of short scenarios not present in the original. One of these, "The Case", is an almost literal adaptation of one of H.P. Lovecraft's best works and should be fun to play.

TUO 1: The Road to Hali

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[Hoo boy. For the better part of a year (during which time Pagan Publishing was born) I was experiencing a period of profound mental instability and depression. For a time I believed that the following was real, in some strange way I can no longer grasp. I suppose this means that I'm better, though considering that it often seems I had all my best ideas during that time I'm not so sure I fancy this being mentally healthy business all that much. Anyway, this was my first real gaming work and is an adaptation of Robert W. Chambers' fiction to the game. This area had been touched on by the Chaosium scenarios "Tell Me, Have You Seen The Yellow Sign?" and "Tatterdemalion," but neither had gone to the extent to which I thought was needed. Hence, this article. Owners of our solo scenario "Alone On Halloween" may recognize some of this from a dream sequence I wrote for that adventure.]

Carcosa harbors secrets. Within the city's shifting insanity a figure stands, a whisperer in mottled rags. From behind a pallid mask a voice shuffles forth with an exhalation through yellowed teeth. The soft words are intended for you. This being will tell you of Carcosa's secrets, it will share its knowledge with any who will turn an appreciative ear. It will never tell the same tale twice.

From the beginning, H.P. Lovecraft's Mythos encompassed the works of many writers. The creations of Arthur Machen and Lord Dunsany, for instance, figure into several of his works. Another writer who was posthumously inaugurated was Robert W. Chambers, a turn-of-the-century writer of continental romances and social ponderings. In a book of short stories collectively entitled *The King in Yellow*, Chambers connected several stories together by means of a curious and forbidden book, a technique Lovecraft adopted later with his *Necronomicon*. This curious book, not surprisingly also entitled *The King in Yellow*, was said to be a particularly brilliant and twisted play which wreaked havoc in the lives of those who read it. In these short stories, Chambers introduced the doomed city of Carcosa, on the shores of the lake of Hali. This city existed/exists not on Earth, but rather on a planet circling the far star Aldebaran. Chambers made oblique references to the events of the play, in which a stranger in a pallid mask disrupts a costumed ball and informs the royal partygoers of their land's doom. In Chambers' stories, people reading this play would grow depressed and melancholy, eventually committing suicide or worse. Artists and creative types seemed drawn to the book and the peculiar, twisting Yellow Sign on its cover.

In the *Call of Cthulhu* game, Hastur in some way holds dominion over Carcosa, and is the source of its misery. Hastur — whatever or whomever it is — also spreads ill on Earth. Several Chaosium adventures, including "Tell Me, Have You Seen The Yellow Sign?" by Kevin A. Ross, "Tatterdemalion" by Richard Watts and Penelope Love, and "The Evil Stars" by Keith Herber, are excellent representations of Hastur's malevolent intentions towards humanity. In the first two of these adventures, investigators can actually travel to Carcosa and see the dominance of Hastur firsthand.

However, exploration of Carcosa in these scenarios is somewhat limited and directed. Keepers who really want to put their players through some changes may be intrigued by the prospect of a longer stay in the strange city. What mysteries might it reveal? This article takes a long look at this alien place; players may wish to avert their eyes lest surprises be spoiled. Keepers,

on the other hand, should come closer. Someone wants to tell you something...

How To Get There

"During my convalescence I had bought and read for the first time *The King in Yellow*. I remembered after finishing the first act that it occurred to me that I had better stop..." -Robert W. Chambers, "The Repairer of Reputations"

In various Chaosium publications, several methods of travel to Carcosa have been postulated. The first can be found in the CoC rulebook itself. This method involves brewing a drink known as "space mead". When consumed, the imbiber is immune to the detrimental effects of space travel — that is, one may breathe freely in the vacuum, etc. Having done this, the traveler summons and binds a Byakhee, and is flown millions of miles to far Aldebaran. This form of travel is time-consuming and dangerous, but is often used by cultists to neatly dispose of victims.

Another method from the rulebook is Gate travel. Creating a Gate and investing it with 14 points of POW will enable one to travel to Carcosa at will, though an expense of 14 magic points each way is costly and will bar some from the journey. A similar method — described in detail in "Tatterdemalion" — is through a Window prepared by a god or very powerful cultist with a POW of 25. Travel through the window is easy — only one magic point is needed. But this method is rarely available, and using it may draw the attention of the window's creator.

Two other, riskier ways are possible. One may make a deal of some sort with Hastur, which involves contacting or calling that being. Again, this is unlikely to be used by player investigators. Another method, found in "Tell Me, Have You Seen The Yellow Sign?", is rarest of all. In this adventure, a portion of Carcosa itself briefly manifests on Earth. Investigators may enter the city through this manifestation, but will be trapped there if they do not leave before the phenomenon ends.

Beyond these methods, a number of options can be created. Hastur has a special attraction for wizards and artists; doubtless, many of these have come up with their own unusual ways of travel. Some sample ones are given below; in themselves, they may suggest scenarios to any Keeper.

Swirl of the Pallid Dancers: This spell will enchant several dancers, all of whom must be willing participants. The dancers require special tattered robes and scarves, all of a mottled yellow. When cast, the dancers begin an elaborate and hurried dance, circling the target who is to be transported. The dancers whirl around him, moving faster and faster, as their unraveling costumes form a solid blur. When completed, the dancers will collapse and the target will be gone.

The dance lasts a number of minutes equal to the target's SIZ. It requires an equal investment of magic points, which are drawn from among the dancers. The caster may be one of the dancers, or may simply be nearby; should the caster be one of the dancers, he may add additional magic points above the minimum needed. When the dance is completed, the target attempts a resistance roll of POW vs. magic points spent (including extra ones added by a dancing caster). If the target fails to resist, he is lost in the blur of the dancers and is instantly transported to Carcosa. If the caster has been there before, he may choose where the target is sent; otherwise, the target may arrive

anywhere within the strange city. The dancers each lose 1/1D3 SAN; the caster 2/1D6, and the target, 3/1D8. Anyone viewing the process loses 0/1 SAN points.

Gahan's Canvas: This is a painting, showing a battered throne in the shadows of a columned hall. A painter who owns the canvas may paint a subject into the picture, usually seated in the throne. The subject must be present during the painting. The entire process takes 4+1D4 hours to complete, and the painter must make a successful Painting skill roll or the attempt fails. During this time, which must be continuous, the subject may make an hourly resistance roll of his POW vs. the painter's. If the subject succeeds, the attempt is spoiled, though the subject will not be aware of what the artist was attempting to do. In such a case, the painting may be begun again, if the subject is willing. Should each hourly resistance roll be failed, the subject sits there placidly and awaits the results.

When finished, the subject grows insubstantial and fades away, as does his image on the canvas. Upon finally vanishing, the subject is transported to Carcosa, appearing in a hall identical to the one on the canvas and in the same position as he was painted. When it is over, the canvas once again shows only the hall, awaiting its next visitor. Using the Canvas costs 1/1D4 SAN; being subjected to the process costs 3/1D8 SAN.

Camilla's Shears: An ornately decorated pair of scissors, with curious twisting designs that seem to shift before the eyes (including an occasionally-glimpsed Yellow Sign). To be used, they must be operated in the air, as if cutting all around a sleeping or immobile victim. When the scissors have "cut" all around the victim, a POW vs. POW resistance roll may be attempted against the user of the scissors. Should the roll succeed, the victim will instantly awaken. Otherwise, their mind will be gone, transported to Carcosa, where it will join the other invisible wailing spirits who haunt the streets. The victim's body will remain unharmed, but will be nothing more than a mindless vegetable. Using the scissors costs 1/1D4 SAN. The victim takes D100 SAN, and will in any case quickly become permanently insane, now privy to the incorporeal terrors that lurk in dim Carcosa. Use of this item as a method of willing player investigator travel is not recommended.

Mottled Clay: This substance must be created from a number of things, which should be chosen by the Keeper for their unusualness and inaccessibility. Some typical components might include ancient papyrus, dandelions, mummy wrappings, baby fat, and other odd things. Some of these items must be obtained in quantity, for half a pound of the Clay is needed for each point of SIZ to be transported. When the ingredients are assembled and a noxious ritual performed (at a cost of one magic point per half pound) the result is a mottled yellow clay, thick and slimy.

The user of the Clay covers the target completely with it. If a person is the target, they must be immobile or a volunteer for all of the clay to be applied. Of course, the target may also be a book or item, which will take no damage from the Clay's application. As it is smoothed on, the Clay hardens quickly into a tough shell. When the target is completely covered, this shell may be shattered with a quick blow, and will be found to now be hollow. The target has been transported to a particular location on Carcosa, turned to stone. There, in a strange gallery of petrified people and objects, the target waits for the user of the Clay to come.

In order to free the target from the invulnerable stone stasis, the user must gather the now-hardened Clay fragments and grind them into a fine powder.

Journeying to Carcosa, the caster sprinkles this powder over the target it was used on, restoring them to flesh (or whatever) and freeing them from the stasis. Of course, many who are sent to the gallery are never retrieved, and so it is a repository for many lost and vanished souls. Without the powder of the Clay that sent them there, they will remain petrified forever. Using the Clay costs 1/1D4 SAN.

These methods are examples; similar items and spells doubtless exist, corresponding to their own cultures and times. Investigators will no doubt be hesitant about using some of these to transport themselves to Carcosa... their caution is well-founded.

Your First Steps

"Night fell and hours dragged on, but still we murmured to each other of the King and the Pallid Mask, and midnight sounded from the misty spires in the fog-wrapped city. We spoke of Hastur and Cassilda, while outside the fog rolled against the blank window-panes as the cloud waves roll and break on the shores of Hali..." -Robert W. Chambers, "The Yellow Sign"

To truly know Carcosa we must begin with a look at the nature of reality. In our human experience, reality is fairly consistent and reliable. Atoms have an internal stability that allows them to remain what they are. Lead does not become gold; a chair does not turn into a butterfly; if you turn right, walk three steps, turn around, walk three steps, and turn left you will be back where you started.

But the coming of the King in Yellow brought to an end the rule of such reality in Carcosa. The malignant turmoil of Hastur entered and re-assembled reality in its own image.

Now, existence in Carcosa is not predicated on internal stability. Rather, it is a sort of relational reality. If there is a door on Earth, it is still the same door whether you stand by it, walk through it, or just look at it. But bring that door under Hastur's influence and its definition is constantly changing. When you stand by that door, it is defined by how you stand – how close you are, what color shirt you are wearing, what dust is on your shoes. Should you cross your legs, you have changed the door's definition – as well as your own.

The key element in this mutually-defining reality is perception. While your presence near a door alters its reality, your looking at it actually materializes the change. If you watch the door while a friend walks back and forth through it, you may see the door shift and shudder. Your friend might see the same thing, or something more appropriate to him.

The difficulty with Carcosa's reality lies in what happens to the things near you that you cannot see. Your perception of a thing strengthens the bonds, so little will change as long as you can watch it. But beyond the edges of your vision — beyond your immediate perception — reality is free to change as it pleases, simply because you cannot perceive it. It will stay in a more stable form only when you turn to look at it.

Thus, a person who walks from one end of a street to the other and then back again will find that the street has changed greatly; should they turn around and traverse the street once more it will bear even less resemblance

to the way it looked the first time.

Hastur's mutational reality is also self-propelling. As one area of reality is modified, everything around it changes in response. This causes the original area to shift in response to that, and so on. The net effect of this is that Carcosa is completely remade every few hours, never the same thing twice. Needless to say, this makes navigation incredibly difficult for the doomed fools — that is, the investigators — who have traveled there.

Maps are useless. Buildings, streets, entire areas disappear and reform anew after you pass them. Leaving behind markers is similarly futile; they are quickly absorbed into the city, and likely as not your carefully-made trailblazes will appear all over the city, pointing in different directions. Even movement inside a building is difficult, though the changes tend to be less drastic than those of the city as a whole (the entire building, for instance, will not disappear while you are in it).

Sanity Travel

Once all of this has been made clear to the newly-arrived investigators, call for Idea rolls. Successful rolls cost them each 1D6 SAN; failure only costs 1D3. Request that the players begin keeping a running total of how much SAN they lose due to the city's influence (though SAN is still recorded normally as well, and the usual detrimental effects apply).

From this point on, call for both Sanity and Idea rolls as you feel they are appropriate. Sanity checks should be made as the result of some shock — realizing that the way home is blocked, or seeing a monster. Idea rolls are used whenever you feel that the investigators might have an opportunity to grasp something about the reality of the city. If they experiment with the reality shifts or try to "test" how things work here, Idea rolls would be appropriate.

There is another important difference in the two rolls. A successful Idea roll will cost more SAN than a failed one (as seen in the 1D6/1D3 roll made above). This is just the opposite of the normal Sanity check, which costs more if you fail than if you succeed. In Carcosa it is not sudden crude shocks that illuminate the mind. Rather, it is the slow but constant eating away at your rationality and sense of place that is truly damaging.

As well as enlightening. Whenever the investigators attempt some moderately difficult feat of navigation, one of the group must make a roll. This roll needs to be under the total Carcosa-related SAN that investigator has lost to date. Note that "difficult" means that the investigators are trying to get somewhere that they can't see; as noted earlier, as long as you keep your eyes on something it will remain fairly stable.

For example: Archie McPhee, crack investigator, is wandering through dim Carcosa. Turning a corner, he sees a strangely attractive statue a couple of streets ahead. Should he walk directly to it, he will reach it with no problem. If, instead, he makes a side trip into a building along the way, the statue will probably not be visible (or will have turned into a lamppost or whatever) when he comes back out. If he wants to make the statue reachable, he will have to roll under the amount of SAN points he has lost so far.

Obviously, the more SAN you lose the easier you will find it to get around. Explorers must budget their stability: they will need to understand enough

of this strange reality to get where they need to go, but still retain enough SAN to survive the trip back.

It should be noted that only one investigator in a group needs to succeed in their navigation roll, provided that unrestricted communication is possible among the group's members. But they must convince a majority of the group that they know the way. This can be accomplished however the Keeper desires; the investigator may need to make an Oratory or Debate roll, success indicating that those listening may make another sanity travel roll with a bonus.

What You'll See

There are three principal areas that the investigators might wish to explore: Carcosa, the lake of Hali, and the Palace. All three share a common mood: it is always night, always gloomy, always alien. The rising moons never complete their journeys, frozen in their tracks since the coming of the Yellow King. Whether they have actually stopped, or whether time here simply does not pass, is a matter for private contemplation. Game time should still be kept track of normally as some things happen at regular intervals, but investigators attempting to make use of time (by meeting at a certain hour, for instance) will find that it does not pass at a rate they are accustomed to. Despite the everpresent gloom it is not too dark to see the nightflyers, the strange everchanging winged things that swoop and arc above the city; prudent investigators may remark that this clarity of vision works both ways, and keep a lookout for nearby cover.

Upon arrival — however they get there — the investigators will immediately feel alone, unwelcome. This place was once built by humans, perhaps another seed colony planted by the Elder Things. But with the coming of the Yellow King and the malignant influence of Hastur it shifted, slowly becoming a physical extension of that being's inner self. It is inimical to normal life, normal perceptions; the only way to truly know Carcosa is to lose your sanity, drop by drop, gaining precious but shattering knowledge of this strange realm.

Carcosa

The city itself is a ferocious marvel; investigators with a sense of the romantic will be drawn to it, sensing its strange beauty, its ethereal grandeur. Those who pride themselves on rationality and logic will not fathom it, finding that, taken as a whole, it disturbs and sickens them. But any who stay long enough will not want to leave...

The most unusual feature of the city is that it is constantly changing; as you look around, the structure of the city — or at least, your perception of it — breaks down and disassembles at the corners of your vision. If you move your gaze slowly from left to right and then back again, the entire expanse will have changed somehow: new bricks become old, flagstones become granite, fences become walls, doorways vanish or become cupboards. The only way to keep an area stable is to never take your eyes from it; of course, the longer you aren't looking at the rest of what's around you, the more that will change. Staring intently at a particular door will allow it to remain constant, but the floor just behind you may be turning into a crumbling cliff. More information on this is given in the travel section.

In preparing for your players to explore the city, you should create eight

or ten special locations for them to wander into. These places may be keyed to whatever the characters' objectives are, or may be resources useful in a variety of circumstances. Such places tend to have more stability than most of the city due to the power that has gone into their creation; their physical details will remain fairly constant, though never reliable. Examples follow:

The Whisper Labyrinth:

Somewhere below the city there is a crumbling archway from which a pale draft issues. An investigator might be led here by the distant calling of their name from within, or perhaps by the smell of the draft. Entering the archway, one sees a smallish, circular room with three damp and narrow hallways leading off into darkness; a light source is needed to progress beyond here.

As soon as anyone progresses far enough down any hallway to lose sight of their companions or the archway, they are lost. Physical aids such as ropes and marks will not help exploration: the rope will soon be found to have looped around somehow and become tied to itself; markings on the wall will be altered beyond usefulness, repeated on every surface, or simply deleted. Investigators who explore as a group will become separated if any of them go too far ahead or drag behind; remaining in immediate contact is essential.

The labyrinth consists of hallways and small rooms. In every wall there will be several little alcoves or shelves. Each of these holds a bottle; there are tens of thousands of these bottles throughout the labyrinth, and no two are alike. They are short or tall, fat or skinny, ornate or plain, and may be constructed of any number of materials. Each bottle, however, has a name on it, the name of the owner of the bottle. All bottles are closed in some fashion — cork, lid, whatever — but none may be opened except by the person whose name appears on the bottle.

In wandering around, there is a 3% chance per hour (not cumulative) that an investigator comes across their own bottle, though a successful Spot Hidden is still needed to spot it. Should the bottle be opened, a whisper will be released, audible only to the investigator. The message and its effects are up to the Keeper, who must come up with something suitable. It may be a revelation about a past mystery; it may be the voice of a dead friend or a forgotten lover; it may be a cryptic statement that will offer aid or lead them into a trap. Whatever the message is, it will not be inconsequential or insignificant.

When an investigator (or a group) enters the labyrinth, roll 3D6. This gives you the number of perceived hours they will wander around before finding the way out. Should an investigator's bottle be found, however, that investigator (and any who are with him) will find the exit from the labyrinth in a matter of minutes. If a bottle is taken that does not belong to the taker, they will find that no matter which direction they turn they keep coming back to the empty alcove until the bottle is returned. Investigators may keep their own bottle, if they like, though it will not do anything after first being opened.

Needless to say, it should be quite rare for anyone to just happen upon their bottle. An adventure that used this location would probably include a spell, magic item, or perhaps a guide of some kind that would enable the

desired bottle to be found in a reasonable period of time. As the investigators wander around the labyrinth, feel free to allow them glimpses of other travelers, or hear voices cry out; unless you wish it, none of these phenomena can be caught up with. Take note of what light sources the investigators bring with them, and determine if they will last long enough. Anyone unlucky enough to be lost in the dark will eventually reach the surface, but will quite probably be insane.

The Whisper Labyrinth is a strange and frightening place; at your discretion, a hallway may suddenly open up into a large room or other oddity, perhaps where nefarious goings-on are going on. There may be truth to the legend that somewhere, deep in the labyrinth, one may find the Voice that gives breath to all the bottles. This may not be a desirable objective...

The Gallery of Shades:

One of Carcosa's larger structures, this elaborate museum houses the works of dozens of artists, all influenced in some way by the madness that is Hastur. The building, like most in the city, changes constantly. Rooms and balconies contract and expand or disappear completely when you're not looking; carpeting becomes oak becomes tile becomes marble. The disorienting nature of the structure has a purpose: to draw the visitor's interest to the works shown, rather than to the gallery itself.

The artworks displayed are of all types: paintings, sketches, statuary, kinetic sculptures, folk art, etc. The quality varies widely, but all share a common heritage of unbalanced creativity. Works here are rarely designed to shock or disgust; the grotesqueries of Richard Upton Pickman would have a hard time finding a place in Hastur's aesthetic. The subject matter varies widely in both depiction and effect; a painting of a strange alien landscape may not be as disturbing as the sketch of a Paris cafe where a woman's eyes hunger for something that she will never find in Paris. The influence of Hastur is pervasive and ever-changing, and its madness finds new interpretation in each creator.

The effect of these works upon touring investigators is slow but insidious. As they travel through the gallery's many floors and wings (perhaps chasing a mad friend or seeking a certain work, depending on your scenario), call for Luck rolls from each. The person who rolls the highest (whether they fail or not) will begin to fall under the gallery's sway. Optionally, you may simply target any investigator who is appropriate (a painter, a writer, has the lowest SAN, read *The King in Yellow*, etc.).

The affected investigator will now lose 1D3 SAN every ten minutes. In some way the others can not grasp, he has had a terrible insight into the nature of Hastur, and now all the artworks in the gallery make a curious kind of sense. While the others in the party simply feel uneasy when they view these pieces, he begins to understand them. Each bit of sanity lost makes it easier to lose the next bit, and soon the rational structure of the unfortunate investigator's mind falls like a line of dominoes. Do not roll for temporary insanity, etc., but instead just keep track of how much SAN has been lost without telling the player. The investigator is not consciously aware of what is going on, as he slowly retreats into the madness growing inside him.

Should the investigators decide to leave the Gallery (entrances abound,

so this is not a problem), the affected investigator will not want to leave. He will resist any physical attempts at taking him out, even fighting if he has to. Should a friend attempt to talk him into leaving, however, he may make a POW resistance roll against the speaking friend. Should the roll fail, the insight he gained will suddenly elude him, and, shaken and pale, he may be led out of the Gallery, though the lost SAN still applies. Once the investigator has escaped, he will remain pale and melancholy for as long as the party is in Carcosa, unwilling to take any action. Divide the character's new SAN by 5 and use that as his effective POW for as long as he remains in the city. Upon returning home, he may recover normally in an institution or through therapy.

Should the investigators remain in the Gallery for too long, the affected victim will go with the party, acting perhaps quiet but otherwise normal until he reaches 0 SAN and is permanently, incurably insane. At this point, a dozen masked figures in dark robes will suddenly step into the room where the party is, blocking all entrances. The investigators will find themselves frozen, unable to act, as the insane investigator steps forward and walks off with the strange figures, never to be seen again.

The remaining investigators will find that the strange paralysis wears off quickly, but no trace of their friend will be found. However, if they spend any significant amount of time looking for him, another investigator will begin to suffer the same fate. Should the party refuse to leave until their friend is found, it is likely that they will all become Shades of the Gallery.

Somewhere in the Gallery is the hall referred to in the section on Mottled Clay. This area will contain somewhere between thirty and sixty stone objects at any given time. These will include petrified people, animals, books, items, any number of things, all awaiting (many in vain) for the day when the dust of their creation will be sprinkled on them, releasing them from the invulnerable stone prison they find themselves in. Some sculptors, it is said, prefer to construct their works entirely from life, using Mottled Clay to transform real objects or people into eternal statues, to be displayed here.

The Whisper Labyrinth and the Gallery of Shades are typical of the sort of strange madness that Hastur generates. Keepers may use them as models for scenarios; remember that most places in Carcosa do have some purpose, though it may be lost on normal people.

The Lake Of Hali

The lake of Hali is the passive essence of Hastur. It shares with its surroundings a certain insubstantiality — the size of the lake is not constant, though this will not be obvious to an onlooker. The lake is sometimes made up of water, sometimes not. When it is not water, the lake takes the form of roiling clouds, like a huge swirling fog that nevertheless has crests, waves, and eddies. When it is in this fog-state, it may well be a sign that Hastur is dreaming.

The lake covers an uncertain area, and indeed may never truly end. Just what Hali is is difficult to say; Chambers speaks of the cloud-waves rolling onto the shores of Hali, which suggests that it is a general name for the area. Perhaps Hali was the name of this land before the coming of the Yellow King?

Though few ever learn much about it, the lake is fully as strange as the rest of this place. Dim lights occasionally emit a glow from somewhere deep underwater. This glow may be constant, or may even flash like a beacon or a message of some kind; whatever it is, the investigators aren't likely to want to find out.

Of course, the lake is occupied. Anyone contemplating a journey onto the lake while it is in water form (and while Hastur is awake) had best think twice. Boats of strange and baroque design may well be found on the shore from time to time, and spirited investigators can certainly set sail. They will quickly learn that anything may be living in this odd body of water. It is assured that there are all sorts of monstrous Hastur-spawn and who knows what else — if you wish to stage an attack on an investigator vessel, feel free to use the game statistics for a shoggoth or other such entity. Creatures of this magnitude are common in the watery depths. See "Tell Me, Have You Seen the Yellow Sign?" for a more thorough description of the lake's inhabitants.

One of the most fearsome and curious aspects of the lake is its changing substance. Unknown to many, when the lake is in its foggy dream-cloud form a voyager may actually travel down into the lake itself, simply by tipping the boat downwards and paddling a course into the deeps of the fog. Such a voyage will be a strange and wondrous experience, and not wholly unpleasant.

Visibility under the fogwater is about fifteen feet. Deep-ocean sounds resonate from time to time, perhaps the low rumbles of some Aldeberan whale. Occasionally one of the lake's inhabitants will drift by through the dim clouds, just out of sight. In such cases the investigators will nevertheless be aware of something truly huge passing them by — worth a 0/1 SAN check.

About eighty feet down the explorers will begin to descend past tower spires, only dimly glimpsed in the fog. Soon it will become apparent that the investigators are surrounded by buildings, in a vast city that lies unguessed at beneath the lake. Nervous investigators will wonder just what they have gotten themselves into. Remind them that they are far below the surface of the lake — should Hastur awaken, and the dreamclouds become water once more, they would surely be doomed.

If they are brave enough to continue, several hundred feet down the boat will come to rest on the bottom, actually one of the many streets in the strange secret city beneath the lake. As the investigators disembark and get their bearings, the fog will slowly drift away until they can see with perfect clarity, revealing stars above. The investigators have gone as far as they can and have arrived at last at the lake of Hali's deepest secret — Carcosa itself. For as you descend into the dream-lake and pass through Hastur's slumber you eventually emerge above Carcosa, and when you reach bottom you are once again in the city where you came from. Investigators will quickly deduce this (Idea rolls are appropriate here, at a cost of 1D8/1D4 SAN) when they see the shores of the lake of Hali still beckoning them from not far away, the lake once again consisting of water, its strange cloud-substance only a memory. If you would like to drive the point home, allow the investigators to see themselves in the distance, climbing into the boat and descending into the lake once more...

Other secrets of the lake are not for discussion here. As the essence of Hastur, the lake of Hali is a strange and wondrous place, not quite in sync with Carcosa. After traversing the dream-lake, one may sense that Carcosa

itself is still in transition. In time, perhaps it will share the essence of the lake more fully. Meanwhile, a journey on or into the lake is a brave undertaking, one that should reward the players with a very curious experience.

The Palace

Standing on the shore of the lake of Hali, where it meets the edge of Carcosa, one may occasionally glimpse a far-off structure across the lake, impossibly far to still be visible. This is the Palace, where the King in Yellow made his appearance and brought the infestation of Hastur. It is the setting for the banned play that bears the King's name, and under normal circumstances should not be reachable by the investigators.

But, hope springs eternal in the heart of every player. Should you wish to form an adventure utilizing the Palace, here are some guidelines.

Before attempting to use this section, the Keeper is strongly urged to read the boxed summary of The King in Yellow play by Kevin A. Ross that appears in both "Tell Me, Have You Seen the Yellow Sign?" and "Tatterdemalion". A short story by James Blish — "More Light", in the anthology *Alchemy & Academe* (Anne McCaffrey, editor) — gives Blish's version of a good chunk of the play's text. While not wholly successful, the story should greatly assist the Keeper in getting an accurate feel for the Palace, its inhabitants, and its immediate history.

Reaching the Palace is the first and most difficult step. Achieving a means of transportation to the Palace would be worthy of a scenario in itself. It may be that when the lake of Hali is in its dream-state, there is a boat sailing within it that will carry the investigators to the Palace. Perhaps a bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth contains a clue. A woman frozen in stone within the Gallery of Shades might have a piece of vital information.

However you choose for the investigators to get there, achieving the Palace is likely to be the climax of an extended Carcosa-oriented campaign. If the lake of Hali is the strangely beautiful soul of Hastur, the Palace is its secret, palpitating heart. The Palace may lie within the lake; perhaps the vision occasionally glimpsed by the investigators is simply a reflection of the real Palace underwater. Such concerns are left for you to decide. The Palace, however, is almost certainly not on the lake's far shore, if such a location even exists. When the Yellow King arrived, the Palace was somehow absorbed by Carcosa, and it was displaced from the shore where it once stood. Or so they say.

The Palace is of great size and great beauty. Standing before it, the viewer is bitterly tempted to weep for lost Yhtill. Indeed, the entire structure radiates a kind of alien sadness. Within, the recent remnants of a great party are evident. When the investigators enter, in fact, it is only a few hours after the initial arrival of the King in Yellow. Time here has in some way slowed almost to a standstill. The investigators may wander the strange, ornate rooms of the Palace unchallenged, but the sound of voices will eventually draw them to the great ballroom.

There they will find the inhabitants of the Palace, standing and sitting in small groups, speaking in low, stunned tones. Everyone here is gaily dressed for a masquerade, though they have all unmasked. Only a few hours previous, it should be explained, the King in Yellow arrived, informing the party-goers of his identity. In that moment the city of Yhtill — wherein

the Palace lay — became Carcosa, and the royal family of the palace learned that they were somehow doomed. They stand around now, morose and uncertain. Any of them will speak with the investigators, seeing them only as familiar party-goers. Little information may be passed on, however — the people of the Palace are truly lost in both mind and soul.

The outcome of all this is up to the Keeper. Terrible dangers may well exist in the dungeons and cellars of the palace, but such amusements are rightly your province. The Palace should be a deeply unsettling but finally incomprehensible place to visitors. Hastur's madness is not a crude, violent spasm but a subterranean impenetrable solitude, indefinable and unyielding. Exploring its heart would not be a wholly pleasant experience.

Packing Your Bags

You can think of this text as a toolkit. Creating a scenario with these tools is still an involved process — otherworldly travel is something that usually crops up only in long-running campaigns, and is then exceedingly risky. Hali is no different in that respect.

The first step, of course, is to come up with a good enough reason for a group of investigators to do such a foolish thing as to travel there. In "Tatterdemalion", they make the journey to find the Yellow King and stop one of his plans. The adventure does sort of lead the players by the nose, though; the more comprehensive rules in this article on sanity travel may be of assistance if you plan to run "Tatterdemalion". But the reasons for travelling to Carcosa are as varied as the reality of Hastur itself. Some of the items given under "how to get there" could easily kick off a rescue scenario — say a diplomat disappeared at a state function while surrounded by swirling dancers, or a friend of the investigators vanished after an old acquaintance from art school came by to do a portrait. Any novel manner of transport will suggest a scenario in itself.

Other possibilities could include recovering some item vital to stopping a fiendish plot. Perhaps an NPC needs the investigators to help him find his bottle in the Whisper Labyrinth, so that he may at last learn the words to a forgotten ritual that needs to be performed.

Once you have a plot in mind, you will need to construct locations, NPC's, and encounters in Carcosa that relate to your plan. No detailed maps should be created — just a general description of a building and what sort of things it contains will suffice. NPC's may be human or not, and will likely be insane. These individuals or creatures may have special advice for the investigators, or may take the form of pursuers dogging their trail.

Locations are perhaps the most important part of your scenario. There will probably be several places for the investigators to go, not all of which will relate to the matter at hand. Decide what each location is used for, what inhabitants might be there, and what sort of SAN/Idea rolls and costs might be needed. You will also need to work up some sort of rough diagram showing connections between the locations to facilitate sanity travel. Physical landmarks do change appearance, but they will retain some sort of spatial relationship with each other. An observatory may move underground, but it will still be in the same general area — for a while.

Time is also important. It does not truly pass in Carcosa, which will thwart

any attempts at making some sort of scheduled rendezvous, but you will need to keep rough track of elapsed game time. SAN costs will often come at somewhat regular intervals (as in the Gallery of Shades) so keeping track of this will be essential.

Special notice should be paid to the times when the lake of Hali becomes filled with cloudy fog instead of water. This article interprets the phenomenon as the dream-state of Hastur. Conditions beyond the lake may change as well, at your discretion. The mists could extend all through the city; a shimmering Yellow Sign may materialize in the night skies (as it does in the illustration on page 27 of this issue); those already under Hastur's sway may suffer a loss of willpower and drive during such times. The lake itself exhibits strange properties while in the dream-state: boats could be encountered drifting along under the surface, perhaps phantom derelicts of sinister portent. Adventures that make use of the dream-state may have things in common with the Dreamlands.. perhaps the lake allows movement into and out of that place. If the idea appeals to you, refer to H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands, from Chaosium, for more ideas.

Finally, you may want to answer for yourself the question of just what Hastur is. This article has referred to Hastur in purposefully vague terms — you may well notice the lack of any detailed statistics for beings encountered in Carcosa, and that is an extension of the confusion surrounding Hastur. In "Tell Me, Have You Seen the Yellow Sign?" it is mentioned that the term Hastur appears in *The King in Yellow* as both a person and a place. The name crops up often in Robert W. Chambers' short stories, but Hastur is not identified as being a god or a man or much of anything. His short story "The Demoiselle D'Ys" has a very minor character named Hastur, a man who works as a falconer. This would seem to only be a bit of inspired mischief on Chambers' part, but who can say?

In many ways, Hastur seems to be a very abstract manifestation of something we cannot understand. Its existence raises many questions — who did write *The King in Yellow*, and how did the author know the details of the coming of the Yellow King? "Tatterdemalion" identifies the writer as a man named Castaigne, but this appears to be incorrect. Two men named Castaigne do appear in Chambers' story "The Repairer of Reputations" and one of them reads the book, but certainly neither one wrote it. One possibility worth considering is that Hali did not exist until the unknown writer created it, making the city, the palace, and the lake into a sort of projected reality, brought into being by the madness of the play's readers. Which came first, the play or the King? Perhaps Hastur knows, but It is not telling.

TUO 1: A Tale of Terror: Little Death

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[This needs some explanation. The original edition of TUO1 did not have this piece in it; Steve sent it in after he read the first edition. In the first mass-market (i.e. more than 100 copies) edition I added this piece to the magazine. Steve had published a booklet collecting dozens of Tales of Terror in this same format, a booklet we sold by mail for a while until they were all gone. "Tales of Terror" continue in TUO to this day.]

Little Death Prayers are said, vigilance kept, but still it is not enough. Still they die. Somebody is murdering children. Naked, nails through both feet and one hand, heavily mutilated and wildly contorted, at least one tiny corpse is discovered per week. It is a terrible way to die, and the police are doing their utmost to catch the perpetrator. So far they have had no luck.

Possibilities:

1. The children are murdered by a gaunt, white haired man. They are found in cheap hotels and derelict buildings, and enough eye-witnesses have appeared to give the police an accurate picture of the killer. However, they have yet to apprehend him: he seems to be able to stay one step ahead of his pursuers.

The man is a fortune-teller, selling his services to the highest bidder – often the underworld. He kidnaps the children, drugs and nails them to the floor. The child then dances a self-mutilating dance, and in it the man can see the future. His clients pay well for the service, which is unerringly accurate, and are able to line up further clients. Within the dance, the man can see his adversaries (including the police), and where they are due to strike next. Thus forewarned, he is able to flee.

2. The children were Dreamers, sacrificed in their sleep by a cult in Dylath-Leen. They are found dead in their bedrooms with no sign of a break-in, having mutilated themselves. The police have no leads at all, and there is nothing obvious to link the children.

The investigating authorities will soon discover that the killings are worldwide. The cult is making sacrifices at a rate estimated at one a night. The sacrifices continue until the cult is somehow disbanded.

3. The police know the killings are ritual, but have yet to identify it. All the children have been dark haired and brown skinned, and the police have narrowed their search to the cults of Polynesia.

The killings are the work of one man, the sole survivor of an expedition to an uncharted polynesian island home to a blasphemous temple, an ancient cult, and unimaginable horror. He stayed far too long, the experience emptying his mind of any lasting reason and sanity. In their place insatiable red demons took up residence.

He returned to civilization some months ago, barely able to function in society. He kills regularly in a vain effort to satisfy the bottomless hunger within his skull.

TUO 1: Creating and Using Mythos Tomes

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[Sigh again. I wanted to encourage people to send in rules-oriented articles, so I wrote one. This system for creating tomes is one that I created for TUO1. I never used the darn thing. Why bother? It more or less works, at least as a good guideline. Just one of those useless articles about game mechanics that populate so many magazines.]

The list of Mythos books in the CoC rules is quite large; experienced players, however, are probably familiar with most of them. And anyone can look them up. To give your campaign some flavor and keep your players on their toes, try creating some new books more in line with the parts of the Mythos that you plan to emphasize. Giving your books some background and flair will add coherency and originality to a campaign. The CoC rules are sketchy in this area, however; some more detailed instructions are in order.

Mythos texts have a number of investigatoristics that you must determine. First is the book's rank. The chart nearby breaks down the CoC list into ranks; take a look at it, and decide about what level of power your book should be. First or second rank books are probably known, published works that make an incidental reference to the Mythos. An unusual one might contain a spell, accidentally presented as a ritual chant or somesuch. Third and fourth rank books are the meat of the Mythos. They are not powerful enough to be a real threat or object of desire, but will give investigators a foothold to confront the forces of darkness with. Books of the fifth or sixth rank are major tomes. They will be found only rarely, and will be jealously guarded. Theft of such a tome will not go unpunished. The seventh rank will be extremely rare, but at least has a chance of being found, often in the library of a high-ranking cultist. At the eighth rank, however, resides the Necronomicon. If you create a book for your campaign at this level, bear in mind that a great deal of responsibility goes with it. Miskatonic University librarians can testify to the problems they have encountered with such tomes. Mere possession of a book of this rank is bound to draw unwanted attention.

Mythos Tome Characteristic Table

Rank	Mythos Points	Multiplier	SAN
1	1-2	x0	1D2, 1D3, 1D6
2	3-4	x0-x1	1D3, 1D4, 1D6
3	5-7	x1-x2	1D4, 1D6, 1D8
4	8-10	x1-x3	1D6, 1D8, 1D10
5	11-12	x2-x3	1D8, 2D4, 1D10, 2D6, 2D8
6	13-14	x2-x3	2D4, 1D10, 2D6, 2D8
7	15	x3-x4	2D6, 2D8, 2D10
8	16-18	x5	10+Special

Once you have chosen a rank, decide on how this book will fit into your campaign. Specifically, what portion of the Mythos does it deal with? Is it a wizard's journal of his experiments with Yog-Sothoth? The trial transcript of a witch of Shub-Niggurath? The diary of a doomed poet who dreams of sunken Rl'yeh? Deciding what area of specialization the book will apply to is important,

since for the investigators it will become a known work (once read) to which they can refer to for specific information. You can place hints and revelations within the book that lead to your campaign; should the investigators encounter the Yellow Sign, and they have a book that refers to Carcosa, you can use the opportunity to point them to a related adventure. A book's value to different groups will also vary with its specialization — cultists of Yig will be only marginally interested in a book devoted to Azathoth. Should unknown enemies become interested in a book, its specialization may give the investigators a clue as to who their opponents are; finding a tome of Nyogtha worship in your mother-in-law's home may raise suspicion. Books can also be broad or narrow in their focus; broad ones will give a smattering of info on a number of obscure topics, while narrow ones will be dangerously specific.

With the specialization and focus of the book in mind look at the range of options listed next to the book's rank. From this, decide how much SAN the book costs to read. At the same time, decide the spell multiplier. This will help define the book and how many Mythos points it should contain; books with high SAN and a low multiplier must have a good deal of Mythos information. Books containing little but spells will be so sketchy in their Mythos information that few SAN will be lost, but the multiplier will be high. Books with both high SAN and a high multiplier are a special threat. Loaded with information and spells, these books should have the highest number of Mythos points available within their rank.

Knowing what sort of contents it may have, decide on the book's reading time. Assume a base time equal to the book's rank in months. If the book has spells, add the number of the spell multiplier. You can decide if the book is written clearly and cogently (as is more likely in a published item) or if it is the mad scribbles of an insightful lunatic. With this in mind, add or subtract up to four months of time for difficulty. You may want to add a couple of requirements here for successful reading: access to a large library, for instance, or rolls on the investigator's history or archeology skills (which could be supplemented by consulting an expert). Anyone wishing to read the book may subtract their EDU/5 from the total number of months.

Now step back and look at your campaign again. You need to work up the book's background, language, and scarcity. Since you know what the book's specialization is, and what sort of contents (information, spells, or both) it contains, decide who wrote it. A wizard? A frightened monk? How old is the book? Is it handwritten or printed? What language is it written in? These questions will give you a convincing backstory for the book and allow you to place it firmly in the campaign.

If the book contains spells, you should decide what sort of spells it should contain. Powerful, god-summoning spells? Lesser protective magicks? By looking at the book's background you should be able to achieve a focus within the spell list: a book that narrowly focuses on the worship of Hastur will not have Contact Deep One. Determining spells for your unique books now is essential; it ensures consistency within your campaign and allows you to plant spells that you think the investigators may need later on.

Lastly, you may want to make some special notes about the book. There is no reason why a book should simply be a book; some, such as *The King in Yellow*, actually cost SAN just to look at the cover. A book may have a guardian or trap associated with it. For instance, a wizard's spell book may be magicked

so that if it is not opened first from the back, a Hound of Tindalos will be released from the crease of the binding. Other books may be wanted by someone special; a cult leader might have people looking out for an obscure text, ready to strike if it turns up. A book may also contain something, such as an Elder Sign embossed in the cover or a slim ceremonial dagger hidden in the binding.

Let's create a sample book by going through this process. First, assume that our campaign focuses on Hastur as the primary evil. We need a book that the investigators can find early on which will lead them into some of the adventures planned and warn them of possible dangers. It should be a lower-rank book, second or third, not something that anyone is actively seeking. The book will, by necessity, focus on the machinations of Hastur in this world. It is primarily a book of information with perhaps one spell and a x1 multiplier. The book is the diary of a writer who slowly grew under the influence of Hastur, written within the last fifty years. Only one copy exists.

The Diary of Randall Sylvester

Rank: 3

Area of Specialization: Hastur and his worship

SAN Lost: 1D8 (solid information in a disturbing narrative)

Spell Multiplier: x1 (one spell is present)

Mythos Points: 6 (a spell multiplier of x2 would rate 7p.; a lower SAN cost would rate 5)

Reading Time: (rank 3, multiplier 1, difficulty +1) = 5 months -the reader's EDU/5

This book is a slim hardbound diary; similar blank ones can be purchased in any bookstore. It records the year-long disintegration of its writer, Randall Sylvester, beginning with his reading of *The King in Yellow*. The early pages of the diary are easily read, but as Sylvester's insanity grows the writing becomes increasingly difficult, degenerating into long ranting passages and obscure poetry. Towards the end Sylvester records one spell, *Enchant Bone Whistle*, which creates an item useful in the summoning of *Byakhee*. The last entry states that he is preparing to use this whistle in conjunction with a summoning spell cast by an unnamed associate to bring one of the winged horrors to their service. The results are unrecorded. This book will serve the investigators well. Should they hear part of a ritual, or see a scrawled *Yellow Sign*, they may perform research in this diary to learn more. We can also plant an adventure hook here; with a successful INT roll, it is possible to deduce where Sylvester lived from the contents of the diary. An adventure can be set there, in which the investigators may discover what happened to the unfortunate man and perhaps who his mysterious associate was...

For some excellent examples of well-thought-out books, there is an unlikely source: *Dragon* magazine. In issues 92 and 97, among others, writer Ed Greenwood presented a series of "Pages From The Mages" which described the physical attributes of unique spellbooks, the story of their authorship (when known), a history of their ownership, and a list of spells (some with variations) known to be within. While geared for a medieval fantasy setting, the descriptions presented in those articles are a great source of information for Keepers looking to add a little variety to their best-sellers' list.

TUO 1: Afterword

[That's it! The rest of the magazine was taken up with "Within You Without You," which you'll find in THE RESURRECTED VOLUME TWO: OF KEYS & GATES. I suppose this may not seem like much (about 13,000 words) but that was TUO 1 (minus, as I wrote, a couple of things). Conspicuously absent is the marvelous artwork by Blair Reynolds and Jeff Barber and the cover border designs by Brian Bevel. My layout skills were non-existent and self-taught (that's NOT a contradiction!) at this point and I had no experience in editing, graphic design, or publishing in general. But we were favored by the gods and ended up with something that I'm still proud of to this day. This is where it all began.]

TUO 2: Introduction to TUO 2

(C)1993 John Tynes

TUO2 appeared in the late spring/early summer of 1991, after weeks of delays. The path of TUO1 from photocopied-for-fun to a nationally (and internationally) distributed publication was quick and confusing. By TUO2, we'd found a business printer in Memphis who could print and collate the magazine at a good price. We were on our third printing of TUO1, and were very excited.

TUO2 saw the debut of one of our most successful projects, the modern-day scenario "Grace Under Pressure." I had wanted to include some sort of gimmicky thing in each issue — a cut-out, a poster, whatever. This dates back to a childhood of magazines like Jack & Jill and World, which had all kinds of little remove-and-cut-apart craft projects, posters, and, to use a phrase learned from TUO writer Kevin Ross, "goo-gaws." Artist Jeff Barber had approached me when we were still working on TUO1 with the desire to do an adventure that included removable floor plans and cardstock miniatures in 25mm scale. He had some ideas about an adventure that took place on the sea floor, but didn't know the Mythos or CoC very well. We collaborated on the project, an "Grace Under Pressure" was born, complete with removable maps, cardstock miniatures, and the like. It was the first of several such unusual inserts we did in the first couple years of the magazine's life — when the print runs were small enough to still do weird stuff like that and hand-collate it together.

TUO2's printing quality was better than TUO1, thanks to the place where we had it printed. But all was not rosy — our new printer shorted us by more than 200 copies from our print run of 1,000, and we couldn't prove it had happened. This was very demoralizing and hurt us economically as well. Worse, we had to keep on using the same printer. No one else could come close to their rates (they were desperate for business) and as long as we counted every single copy before we left the store, all was well.

TUO2 also found us looking to the summer where GenCon loomed on the horizon. I ended up working at the Chaosium booth with a little section of my own to sell Pagan Publishing stuff, and I was accompanied at the con by Jeff and C. Raymond Lewis, whose fiction appears in this issue. In preparation for the con we had t-shirts made with the cover art from the first issue on them, and also produced the first in an annual tradition: our GenCon limited-edition release. 1991's was STARK RAVING MAD!, a 56-page book commemorating the 10th anniversary of Call of Cthulhu. More on that in The Annotated TUO3.

As TUO2 was coming together, I had the privilege to spend a weekend in Iowa at the home of Chaosium and TUO writer Kevin A. Ross, along with Chaosium and TUO writer Scott David Aniolowski. The three of us dubbed the event the Great Midwestern Cthulhu Conference, and the weekend was interrupted several times by friendly calls from other Chaosium writers — no doubt they appreciated the economy of talking to all three of us with a single call! It was the beginning, in some ways, of what Keith Herber dubbed "the new Lovecraft circle," an amorphous group of CoC creators who became colleagues and friends over the next couple of years, drawn together by a common interest in HPL, CoC, and the creative process.

TUO2 was the first appearance of a regular column by one of these creators. "The Case Of Mark Edward Morrison" debuted in this issue, and Mark has provided a regular dose of insight and humor ever since.

This file contains the complete contents of TUO2, lacking artwork and two articles. The first, "Automatic Weapons in Call of Cthulhu" by John H. Crowe, III, has been superseded by John's massive reference work *The Weapons Compendium*, available through Pagan Publishing's mail order catalog. The second, "Grace Under Pressure," is a scenario by Jeff Barber and myself (John Tynes) that re-appeared in revised form in *The Resurrected* *

Volume I in mid-1993. Also missing for obvious reasons is the initial 8-page installment in Blair Reynold' graphic novel "Remnant."

All annotations by me are enclosed in brackets, and are (C)1994 John Tynes.

TUO 2: The Dread Page of Azathoth

(C)1991 John Tynes

[This was a real landmark, in retrospect. Below you'll find the infamous story of the decapitated dog, which led to the even more infamous story of the severed dog's head (covered in TUO4). No, the decapitated dog and the severed dog's head were not from the same dog. Don't ask questions, just read!]

Have you ever gone box hunting? You know, checking all the liquor stores and dumpsters in your neighborhood (assuming that there are liquor stores and dumpsters in your neighborhood) for empty cardboard boxes? It's one of those rituals that accompany moving from one place to another. Somehow, you've got to compress all the detrius of your life into a U-Haul trailer and move. First, you have to pack.

Blair Reynolds, whose artwork graces this issue's cover as well as the inside, moved to Fairbanks, Alaska late last fall. So, he performed the ritual of getting up at dawn for a couple mornings and beating the garbagemen to the dumpsters around campus. There aren't a lot of people out at that time, with the exception of a few zombified joggers, so running into someone else is a little unexpected.

Blair was walking towards a dumpster next to the Biology building when a white truck pulled up ahead. A man climbed out and went around to the back, then leaned in. When he stepped back, he was holding a large, heavy bundle wrapped in plastic garbage bags. The object was about four to five feet long and from the way the man held it, was very heavy. He stumbled over to the dumpster and dropped it in, making a loud crash as whatever it was landed on the trash inside.

By this time, Blair was almost at the dumpster. The man gave him a funny look, so Blair kept on walking. He saw the guy enter the building nearby. After a minute or so Blair came back to the dumpster, watching the building as he did. He saw a light go on in one room. Looking into the dumpster, Blair could see the wrapped bundle, partially sunk into the trash. He looked up at the building again, then shrugged his shoulders and began to lift one end of the thing up, propping it against the wall of the dumpster. Once this was done, he began to peel back some of the plastic wrapping.

At this point, Blair says he thought it might be some sort of art object that the guy's wife was making him throw out. But as he got a little of the bag away, he found something else. Cold fur.

Glancing at the building again, Blair pulled away more of the bags until two paws were exposed. He realized that the object was a large dog, probably a German shepherd. It was quite dead. It was also frozen solid.

Really puzzled now, Blair pulled away more of the wrapping. Something wasn't right about the shape of the dog in the bags. Finally, he saw what it was.

The dog had no head.

Blair says that it had been neatly and cleanly sawn off, obviously after the dog had been frozen. He took an involuntary step backwards; the severed stump of a dog's neck isn't something you see everyday. He then spent a few moments digging through the trash around the dog, trying to find the head. He was sure that the man had only had the one bundle, but he wanted to be certain.

The search turned up nothing; the man had thrown away a frozen headless dog. Blair took another glance at the building and then hurried back to his apartment. There he called the police, telling them what had happened and that he really didn't know if he should be calling them, but...

The whole time, Blair's paranoia was kicking in. He says he started mumbling to himself

about Cthulhu cultists using dog's heads in rituals. A couple of minutes after he called the police, the phone rang. He answered it, and the caller hung up.

That was all the proof Blair needed. Nearly convinced that at any moment a raving lunatic with a pranga was going to come in, he locked the door and loaded a clip into his AR-15 (a semi-automatic rifle). He says that his cats kept giving him funny looks, but he wasn't about to admit the surrealness of his actions.

Finally, the phone rang again. This time it was the police. They had checked out the dog and talked to the guy in the building. Apparently, the man was a faculty member, and the dog was left over from some project. The police suggested that a public dumpster might not be the best place to dispose of lab animals, but didn't ask why he was doing so shortly after dawn. They were satisfied. Blair unloaded the rifle and calmed down – although “Blair” and “calm” are considered by many to be mutually exclusive terms.

Needless to say, the headless dog is still a source of speculation around here. What kind of experiment needs a dog's head but not the body? I've read that a patent has been granted for a process by which a head may be kept alive after decapitation (though “alive” may not be the best term). I have this image in my mind now, of the large sleek head of a German shepherd in a vat of fluid, hooked up to wires and apparatus. In my mind, the eyes stare out, then blink. The mouth opens slightly and then closes again, since barking is no longer an option.

One of the modern ailments often reported to trendy suburban therapists these days is a feeling of disconnection from society. Caught up in work and success and achieving, people say they feel cut off from what matters most.

In my mind, the eyes of the dog catch those of the viewer and regard them sadly.

Disconnected? Indeed.

Jon Cooke, publisher of the Lovecraft Centennial Conference Guidebook mentioned here last issue, has been busy again. The result is *Tekeli-li! Journal of Terror*, a great little magazine that Jon's Montilla Publications has just begun. The first issue features writer Les Daniels, with a profile and several articles as well as an excerpt from his new novel. There's quite a bit more as well: fiction, reviews, movie news, and articles on a variety of subjects relating to the field of terror. *Tekeli-li!* is well written, well edited, well produced and – well, enjoyable! It's available for \$5.50 postpaid by mail from Jon B. Cooke; 106 Hanover Avenue; Pawtucket, R.I. 02861.

Subscriptions to *The Unspeakable Oath* are now available. \$16 will get you four issues shipped to your door by first class mail; overseas subscriptions are \$24 via air mail. Check or money order in U.S. funds only, please, payable to Pagan Publishing – see the address on the inside back cover. I'm sorry, Peter, we still don't do Visa! But maybe someday...

[A word from the present day: As of 2011 those subscription rates are very much out of date; but we do take Visa. --Shane Ivey, editor]

TUO 2: A Tale of Terror — Grim Portrait

(C)1991 Steve Hatherley

[This was the second appearance of a Tale of Terror in TUO, and once again the redoubtable Steve Hatherley was responsible. These have always been favorites of mine.]

Grim Portrait

Dexter Cauldrose is a mildly talented artist, his technique often crude and composition amateur. Despite this, his portraits are sought after by the fashionable rich. The waiting list is several months long and as a result, Cauldrose has a richer lifestyle than many other, far finer, artists.

He is a success because of his novelty value. Cauldrose specializes in gruesome portraits, revealing the subject in death. Sometimes he portrays his subjects lying in state, but often has them disemboweled and brutally mutilated. In some circles, the more brutal the death, the better.

Then, they begin to die.

Cauldrose is the first to go. His self-portrait showed his body chopped to pieces in a barren room (it was the reaction to this painting that led him to identify his market). His body is found in a barren room, chopped up and looking exactly as he painted. At first it is taken to be a very sick joke, but then others begin to die.

Possibilities:

1. Cauldrose's paintings are not so much predicting the future as creating it. Cauldrose himself was killed by an escaped lunatic. Others will become accident victims, suicides, or be mauled by wild animals. Each death is unconnected, except by the extraordinary artwork of Dexter Cauldrose.

The deaths occur at the same rate as the portraits were painted. As the pattern is discerned, worried subjects will be able to determine the time of their demise. There is no way out, except for the destruction of these violent works of art.

2. Before each killing, the subject is approached by a tall black man, elegantly dressed in black. He offers a bargain, a contract. In return for signing a single sheet of paper, covered in indecipherable typescript, the subject will be spared.

At first, the subjects ignore him, only to pay the price. Then, when the first escapes the seemingly inexorable murders, the contract is brought to light. Written in an unknown language, the subject has unwittingly signed away his soul to Nyarlathotep, the Crawling Chaos.

But why does the Outer God want their souls? And when will he collect?

3. The real painter is Cauldrose's insane brother, working from crude sketches and photographs provided by Dexter. Locked in the attic, he lived for nothing but to paint. Then, his condition worsened, and he turned on his brother, dressing the body to look like his art. Now he is wandering the streets, hunting for other subjects.

TUO 2: A Chip Off the Old Blob

(C)1991 Scott David Aniolowski

[Scott has always had a fetish for monster stats! He made his TUO debut with this article, the first of a couple he did along these lines. Lately he's turned this fetish into a Chaosium project, a two-volume compilation of Mythos deities and creatures adapted from Mythos fiction, slated for publication sometime in 1994 I believe.]

According to Mythos references (some all too vague), it would appear that the alien gods of the Cthulhu pantheon are most capable of, and interested in, creating or spawning certain specific beings or races. Whether this is strictly for purposes of being served and worshipped, or to carry on some specific genetic traits, is unknown to the finite minds of humans. This article attempts to discuss, in game terms, a few of these "children" of the gods of the Cthulhu Mythos.

Brothers of Chaugnar-Faugn (Greater Servitor Race)

Description: The Brothers of Chaugnar-Faugn appear as lesser forms of the Great Old One – bloated elephantine horrors with skeletal heads endowed with webbed ears and a trunk that ends in a great, flaring disk. Long intertwined crystalline tusks sprout from the mouths of these creatures. The bodies of the Brothers of Chaugnar-Faugn are human-like, although mottled and stained. These creatures dwell within caves in the Pyrenees mountains of Spain.

Notes: Like their sire, the Brothers of Chaugnar-Faugn appear at first to be statues, totally motionless until driven to gorge upon blood or attacked. Once active, they are not nearly as powerful as their master, although they do possess some of Chaugnar-Faugn's psychic attacking capabilities – these Brothers of the Great Old One can cause a victim to experience horrible nightmares about themselves and their sire, and may entice their victims to come to them, where the monstrosities brutally murder and feed upon the hapless human (see Summons of the Sleeper, below).

Characteristics Average

STR 4D6+30	44
CON 3D6x5	52-53
SIZ 4D6+10	24
INT 3D6+6	16-17
POW 5D6	17-18
DEX 3D6+6	16-17
Hit Points	38-39
Move	20

Weapon Attk% Damage

Grapple	50%	holds immobile for bite
Bite	auto	1D6 CON drain

Note: In combat these creatures attempt to grasp victims and then hold them tightly as the Brother's weird trunk mauls the face of the victim, draining him of blood. This blood drain costs the victim 1D6 CON each round; these points can not be recovered. A Brother can not attack others while it is holding and draining a victim. A successful STR vs. STR confrontation by several people against the trunk could release the unfortunate captive.

Armor: None, however only magic or enchanted weapons may harm a Brother of Chaugnar-Faugn.

Spells: All Brothers of Chaugnar-Faugn know at least 1D10 spells, in addition to Summons of the Sleeper, below.

SAN: 1D4/1D10 when animated – 0/1D6 when in “statue” form.

Summons of the Sleeper

This ability is utilized by the Brothers of Chaugnar-Faugn to attract victims. To use it requires the expenditure of 15 magic points; success occurs only if the victim fails a POW vs. POW resistance roll. If the Summons works, the victim suffers terrible dreams about Chaugnar-Faugn and its brothers; each night that the dreams occur, the victim loses 1D3/1D6 SAN and will attempt to travel to wherever the Brother is. The hapless victim will not know the location or distance, but will always know the direction and will make every effort to travel towards the call of the creature. Each day of travel allows the victim an additional POW resistance roll to break free of the terrible summons.

If at any point the victim succeeds in one of the resistance rolls, the casting Brother may not try to Summon the same victim again for a number of days equal to the victim’s POW. This dream-pull may be used only on those who have had some contact with Chaugnar-Faugn or one of his “Brothers”.

Children of Yog-Sothoth (Greater Servitor Race)

There are actually two types of this being: “Monstrous” and “Human”. Each is listed in a separate entry.

Monstrous Children

Description: “Bigger’n a barn... all made o’ squirmin’ ropes... hull thing sort o’ shaped like a hen’s egg bigger’n anything, with dozen’s o’ legs like hogsheads that half shut up when they step... nothin’ solid about it – all like jelly, an’ made o’ sep’rit wrigglin’ ropes pushed clost together... great bulgin’ eyes all over it... ten or twenty maouth or trunks a-stickin’ aout all along the sides, big as stovepipes, an’ all a-tossin’ an’ opening’ an’ shuttin’... all grey, with kinder blue or purple rings... an’ Gawd in heaven – that haff face on top!” (H.P. Lovecraft, “The Dunwich Horror”)

Notes: The Monstrous Children of Yog-Sothoth are formed when the Outer God somehow mates with a human, creating a hybrid creature. Because of the variable genetics of these creatures, no two are exactly alike. Those that resemble their “father” are of the Monstrous variety (as described above). They have the ability to become invisible at will.

These half-breed children of the All in One grow rapidly, and require great quantities of fresh, raw flesh to feed on. These creatures have an insatiable hunger for knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos and are often educated by both the humans who care for them and their sire, Yog-Sothoth, eagerly learning spells and researching ways in which It may be brought into the world of men.

Because of their brute strength, high intellect, and their ability to become invisible, the Monstrous Children of Yog-Sothoth are a powerful and deadly race.

Characteristics Average

STR 2D6x10	70
CON 2D6x5	35
SIZ 4D6+30	44
INT 6D6	21
POW 6D6	21
DEX 3D6+6	16-17
APP N/A	
Hit Points	39-40
Move	8

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Claw	80%	1D6+6D6

Human Children

Description: "He was, however, exceedingly ugly despite his appearance of brilliancy; there being something almost goatish or animalistic about his thick lips, large-pored, yellowish skin, coarse crinkly hair, and oddly elongated ears...gossips were mildly interested in the fact that [he] had commenced to talk, and at the age of only eleven months." (H.P. Lovecraft, "The Dunwich Horror")

Notes: The Human Children of Yog-Sothoth are formed in the same way as the Monstrous ones are, but they appear human to an observer; they are most definitely not, however. Human Children of Yog-Sothoth grow much faster than normal humans; by age eight they may appear to be fifteen or sixteen years old. The Human Children tend to be exceptionally strong and sturdy from an early age. With more freedom than their Monstrous siblings, the Human Children are free to improve their knowledge through travel and research of their own, although they work towards the same end.

Human Children do not remain human, however; as they grow older, they begin to mutate in strange ways. Their legs grow furry and their feet become goat hooves; their torso begins to bulge and exude slime as appendages emerge from the flesh. This maturing process, once begun in earnest, runs its course over a matter of weeks, and soon the Human Children are unable to pass for human any more.

These creatures eat as humans do, drawing sustenance from ordinary food, but they develop cravings for raw flesh, and quickly learn to catch and eat small animals or even humans.

Human Children may also become invisible at will, but this requires an expenditure of one magic point for every two rounds of invisibility. While they are as rare as the Monstrous Children, the Human Children may present a greater threat; the longer they spend in the world of men, the more cunning they grow.

Characteristics Average

STR 3D6+12	22-23
CON 2D6x5	35
SIZ 2D6+6	13
INT 6D6	21
POW 6D6	21
DEX 3D6	10-11
APP 3D6	10-11
Hit Points	24
Move	8

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
any	varies	as per

Armor: None. However, an investigator's chance of hitting either type of the Children of Yog-Sothoth while one is invisible is equal to his Listen skill divided in half.

Spells: All Children of Yog-Sothoth will eventually know a number of spells equal to the creature's INT.

SAN: There is no SAN loss for seeing a human-looking Child of Yog-Sothoth until it begins to mutate. SAN losses then will vary by how far the mutation has spread (perhaps 1D3-1D8). The SAN loss for one of the Monstrous Children is 1D6/1D20.

Spawn of Hastur (Greater Servitor Race)

Description: Like their sire, the Spawn of Hastur are never clearly described, except that they appear octopoidal and have unspeakably hideous faces. Some references wrongly suggest that the Spawn of Hastur are identical to those of Cthulhu; while perhaps similar in their octopoidal nature, they are most likely not identical races.

Notes: The Spawn of Hastur appear to be aquatic, or at least amphibious, as they are only ever mentioned as appearing with the Unspeakable one in the foul and murky Lake of Hali, although it may be assumed that they are capable of flight, like their progenitor, as well as short excursions over land.

The Spawn attack with fluid tentacles which they use to crush victims, or grasp and draw them into their rubbery sack-like bodies where they are swallowed whole.

Like their Master, these creatures may be summoned to Earth only when Aldebaran is above the horizon.

Characteristics Average

STR 6D6+20	41
CON 3D6+10	20-21
SIZ 6D6+10	31
INT 3D6+3	13-14
POW 5D6	17-18
DEX 3D6	10-11
Hit Points	51-52
Move	6 on land/8 in water/20 flying

Weapon Attk% Damage

Tentacle	75%	1D6+3D6 or hold to Engulf
Engulf	auto	death (must be held first by Tentacle attack)

Armor: Thick rubbery flesh and scales worth 10 points.

Spells: All Spawn of Hastur know at least 2D6 spells.

SAN: 1D3/1D20.

TUO 2: The Case of Mark Edward Morrison

(C)1991 Mark Morrison

[This is the debut of the afore-mentioned column by the mad Mark Morrison of Australia. Mark's wit and wile are legendary, dating back to his many appearances in Dagon magazine.]

Welcome to The Case of Mark Edward Morrison. In future issues I hope to bring you advice and inspiration for disturbing your *Call of Cthulhu* players. This time, however, let me acquaint you with the peculiar circumstance of how I acquired my guiding inspiration: the case.

In August 1990 I made the pilgrimage to Providence, R.I. The city had given Lovecraft life in 1890, and had given his bones a bed since 1937. His centennial year seemed like an important time for me to be there.

What I hadn't allowed for was the treasure trove that awaited me in the bookshops of Providence. I had high expectations, true; I even hoped that in this city of Lovecraft's wanderings I would be able to acquire a volume which had eluded me for some time, Dr. L. Shrewsbury's inadvisable *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon*. In between the lectures at the Centennial Conference I discovered the Brown University bookshop, an outre place known as Other Worlds, the aptly-titled Cellar Stories Books, the potentially perilous Murder By The Book, and numerous antiquarian booksellers. Although I could not find the Shrewsbury volume, these establishments had much to offer, and my spending quickly outstripped my available carrying space. It was apparent that I would need a second suitcase.

I hardly required designer luggage, so the best bet seemed to be to nip into a pawn shop and pick up something cheap and sturdy; it only needed to survive the trip back to Australia. On my way back towards College Hill through one of the more depressed retail areas of Providence, I spied a dusty window containing a dented typewriter, a guitar with no strings, a silent television, and a pile of ragged paperbacks. It looked to be just the place.

Inside was more dust, and further forgotten and timeworn objects. I was the only customer, indeed the only person in the place at all. I browsed, expecting the merchant would be along to help me shortly. I sorted through faded lampshades and sagging bookshelves, through bent bicycles and ancient stereo equipment, through non-descript portraits and unsprung sofas; through junk both old and useless. It seemed I was not in luck, and was about to leave when a thump from behind me attracted my attention.

The thump originated from the counter, and had been made by a tall, sallow man as he placed a worn leather case upon it. I was slightly startled, for I had not seen him enter from the back of the shop; surely he had not been crouched behind the desk the whole time? His shadowed eyes surveyed me as slowly his hands smoothed dust from the ancient portmanteau. I was about to wish him good afternoon, but as I opened my mouth to speak he coughed mildly, pushed the case across the desk at me, and spoke in a soft voice, "Ten dollars, sir. I think it is just what you were after."

I was so astonished that without thinking I fished out a ten dollar note, placed it in his dry hand, seized the proffered handle, and left the shop with my sudden purchase swinging under my arm. Behind me I heard the quiet click as he closed up for the day, and I turned to regard him one last time as his face melted into the deeper shadows of his curious establishment. The last of the sun died and, oddly disturbed, I hastened back towards my room on campus, and the company of my fellow scholars.

Once there I was able to inspect the item. It was old, but sound; the leather was frayed, but not cracked. After a quick cleaning, it looked fine, even respectable. I packed my excess books into it, pausing thoughtfully to regard the gentleman depicted on the back cover of my newly acquired Arkham House volume *Tales of the Cthulhu Mythos*. A peculiar thought

strayed through my mind, but I quickly banished it. I shut the lid and hurried to join my companions for some welcome dinner and normal human conversation.

This should have been the end of the affair. One month after that weekend in Providence I returned home to Australia, and after a sleep heavy with jet-lag and oddly disturbed by dreams of cracked and yellowed pages, I unpacked my things. When I picked up the old leather case I was alarmed to find it far lighter than I had expected; had some international airline thief made off with all of my new books? Angrily I flung the thing open and instantly fell back, retching, as a noxious mist billowed out of it. Weak with dizziness and nausea, I surveyed the poisonous miasma from a safe distance as it drifted out of the hideous suitcase and dissipated. When all seemed clear I leaned across to see what had happened to the things I had so carefully packed there.

Where once I had placed twenty or thirty books, now there was only one. I picked the slim black volume up and read the title off the spine.

It was Dr. Laban Shrewbury's *Cthulhu in the Necronomicon*.

TUO 2: Yeah, But What Does It Look Like?

(C)1991 Chris Klepac

[This very amusing piece was the first TUO contribution of Chris Klepac. At the time, Chris was 13 or 14 years old; TUO3 contains his scenario "The Travesty" which is one of the best-received works we've published. Always years ahead of his age in talent and maturity, Chris continues to write and be weird and presently works as our office manager.]

The Keeper's eyes narrowed over the top of the GM screen. "Before you stands a massive iron door, meticulously inlaid with blasphemous carvings. The door is sealed with lead, and three iron shafts have been placed across it, each imbedded in the walls nearby. Glowing runes and sigils appear to have been hastily but expertly scrawled across the portal's surface. There is no knob or handle of any kind. A scribbled message written in a madman's hand warns 'Death Lies Within'."

James spoke up first. "We open it."

Uh oh. You're the Keeper and you're in trouble. You made a note to yourself that if your players were stupid enough to enter a certain place, they deserved to be eaten by a Cthulhuoid monster. Well, they did, and you don't happen to have an appropriate monster on you. Sure, you can roll up bogus stats, but description is the soul of the game. So here is a simple chart for when you're in a tight spot, or just need some inspiration. Roll D% as many times as you like, or until you roll a capitalized item (those are nouns rather than adjectives). That tells you to stop rolling. Have a blast.

01-02 horrible
03-04 shambling
05-06 tentacled
07-08 evil
09-10 Monstrosity
11-12 horrendous
13-14 mind-blasting
15-16 undying
17-18 unthinkable
19-20 Beast With A Thousand Eyes
21-22 terrifying
23-24 dark
25-26 leprous
27-28 hairy
29-30 Spawn Of (appropriate Great Old One)
31-32 cold-blooded
33-34 screaming
35-36 gibbering
37-38 rotting
39-40 Mass Of Flesh
41-42 kill-crazy
43-44 insane (probably redundant)
45-46 hellacious
47-48 fanged
49-50 Creature From The Stars
51-52 disgusting
53-54 slimy
55-56 writhing
57-58 insect-plagued
59-60 Travesty Of Nature
61-62 vile

63-64 gigantic
65-66 slavering
67-68 unnameable
69-70 Horror
71-72 ancient
73-74 shunned
75-76 dripping
77-78 multi-limbed
79-80 Nightmare Beyond Comprehension
81-82 scaly
83-84 hate-filled
85-86 laughing
87-88 man-eating
89-90 Avatar Of The Void
91-92 bloodlusting
93-94 demonic
95-96 idiotic
97-98 flesh-eating
99-100 Vision Of Death

[A postscript: the "James" referred to in the article was a player in our group during MASKS OF NYARLATHOTEP. He was, quite possibly, the unluckiest player I've ever known. His crowning glory came during a midnight break-in at the Penhew building in London. Attempting to Sneak through a darkened hallway with a fully-loaded handgun, he fumbled his Sneak roll and tripped, drawing the notice of a nearby guard. A subsequent Luck roll was also fumbled, and his gun went off. Finally, a "to hit" roll for the gunshot was impaled - and he shot himself.]

TUO 2: Message In A Bottle

(C)1991 John Tynes

[This feature debuted in TUO1, but due to an oversight The Annotated TUO1 didn't include it. Ah well - I think I'll let sleeping dogs lie and leave it as one more buried treasure for those who happen upon a copy of the first issue. Anyway, here's the second one. "Message" is possibly the most idiosyncratic item in the magazine, reflecting my tastes in fiction and writing moreso than the rest of each issue. Each "Message" is a brief creative work dealing with communication and enlightenment, and the dark costs of knowledge - textbook Lovecraftian themes.]

Every night from eleven o'clock to three a.m. my next door neighbor shines a light up out of his house. It's an invisible light, no one can see it but I know it's there. He doesn't know that I know, and I'm not about to let him find out.

Today while my neighbor was at work I snuck into his backyard. He leaves his bedroom window slightly open for ventilation, even when he isn't there. It's not a good idea, because people can get in your house and you won't know it. I went to a seminar once that the local police gave and they talked all about people getting into your house and the things they might do there. I didn't do any of those things, though, I just wanted to see what he was doing.

The inside of my neighbor's house was kind of dingy. There was a smell like the trash bin behind the chicken restaurant down the street. He had a bunch of dirty dishes in the sink. I looked in his refrigerator and he had tons of food. Meat from the deli, cool whip, real butter, tobasco sauce... I never saw so much food in one guy's place before in my life.

But that wasn't why I was here. His house is only one floor, but I knew there was an attic because you can see a couple of little dormer window-things up there. So I poked around and in the ceiling of one of the closets there was a trapdoor. He had nailed a make-shift ladder into the wall so that you could get up there pretty easily. I climbed up and opened the trapdoor, and then went on in.

The attic was empty, just floor and dust. The sloping roof meant that there wasn't room to stand, so I just had to kind of crouch while I looked.

In one corner of the attic I saw a bundle, wrapped in a sheet or something. I sort of crab-walked over to it and unfolded the cloth. Inside was a metal cylinder with lots of strange markings on it. I couldn't figure out how to get it open. I figure he had to use some sort of psychic brain-wave device to make it work. I tried real hard for fifteen minutes, just stared at it and thought "open" over and over, but it didn't work.

Then I heard a noise downstairs, and I realized that my neighbor must have come back for something. I tried to remember if I had left anything to show that I was here. I think I left the closet door open, but I'm not sure.

That was four hours ago. I can still hear him down there, making noise every so often so that I know he's there. I think he's going to come up here when it gets dark and do something to me. So I've taken the cloth and I'm writing this down, and I'm going to tie this to my key chain and throw it out through one of the ventilation ducts if my arm will reach.

I hope somebody finds this and calls the police, even though I did get in here against the law. And I know that I haven't been out of the hospital for long but I'm not imagining this, I swear, even when I was on the medication I didn't do things like this, so if you read this help me. I finally realized that he wasn't beaming the light into space, he was beaming it into my head so that I wouldn't think straight and would come over here. Please, let me out.

TUO 2: Afterword

(C)1994 John Tynes.

That's all for TUO2! This was a fun issue in a lot of ways but still very clumsy as well. I don't think I really became much of an editor until TUO3 or TUO4, when I began to grasp the rudiments of what makes the disparate parts of a magazine come together into an effective whole. Needless to say, this is something I'm still working on. I can't commit this to the record without mentioning "Remnant," a wonderful graphic novel begun by Blair Reynolds in TUO2. It ran for all of two installments before he abandoned it, but the artwork was stunning and the story very intriguing. TUO2 kicked off our interest in graphic fiction in TUO2, which has been sporadic at best – TUO2 & TUO4 carried "Remnant," while TUO8/9 featured "Bitter Bones & Horrors." We hope to do more with the graphic novel medium in the future.

A final observation: while "Grace Under Pressure" does not appear in this document due to its publication in *The Resurrected*, its importance to our work can not be understated. I believe it was a landmark scenario in gaming, in that it was written from start to finish with the purpose of providing an intense and incredible playing experience, and everything we did in it was directed towards that goal. We avoided the trap of getting caught up in the story to the exclusion of playability, and produced an adventure that, I believe, was truly state of the art entertainment and still is. In addition, it became the impetus for us to begin traveling to conventions, producing multi-media CoC games that push the envelope and successfully straddle the line between normal gaming and live role-playing to the benefit of both. It was our first real creative breakthrough, and set the stage for much of our subsequent efforts.