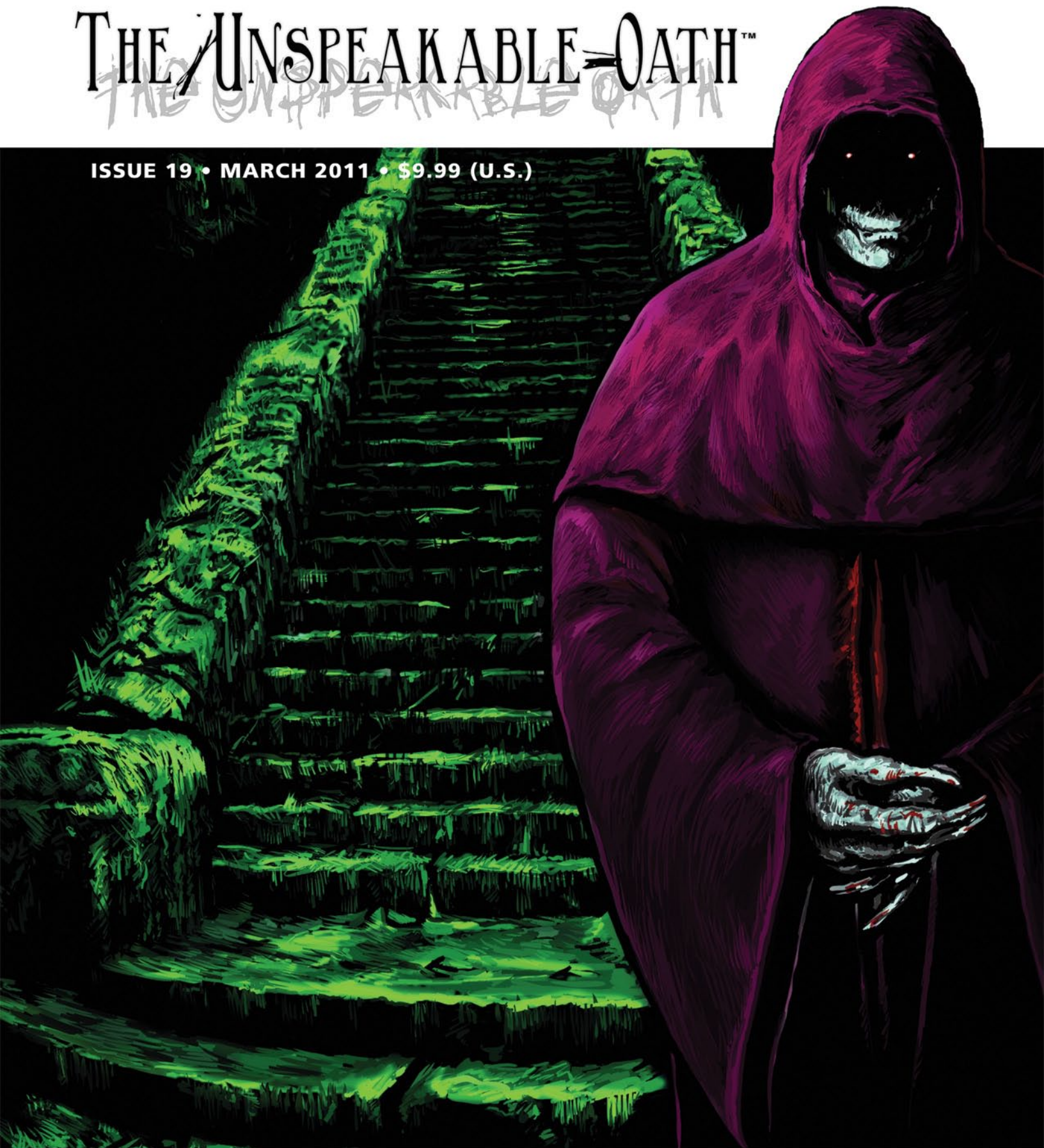


# THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH™

ISSUE 19 • MARCH 2011 • \$9.99 (U.S.)



**A DIGEST OF ARCANE LORE FOR CTHULHU MYTHOS ROLEPLAYING GAMES**

# THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH™

ISSUE 19, MARCH 2011

## CONTENTS

### COLUMNS

---

**THE DREAD PAGE OF AZATHOTH** 2

**THE EYE OF LIGHT & DARKNESS** 7

### TALES OF TERROR

---

**SAWBUCKS** 6

**PROPERTY VALUES** 19

### ARCANE ARTIFACTS

---

**THE DOLLARS OF DAGON** 9

### MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPTS

---

**THE TWELFTH BOOK OF MOSES** 21

**JOY SHUSTERMAN'S BASEMENT** 28

**HENRY DARGER'S SECOND NOVEL** 43

### FEATURES

---

**CTHULHU DARK** 4

**BERNICE CARTFIELD** 10

**PARAMOUR OF Y'GOLONAC** 22

**CHEATING MADNESS** 24

### SCENARIOS

---

**THE BRICK KILN** 31

**SUITED AND BOOTED** 46

### MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

---

**DYING SUNLIGHT** 64

**WRITERS:** Brennan Bishop, Monte Cook, Bobby Derie, Adam Gauntlett, Pat Harrigan, Shane Ivey, David Jacobs, Jeffrey Moeller, Matthew Pook, Oscar Rios, Brian Sammons, Greg Stolze and Graham Walmsley.

**COVER ARTIST:** Dennis Detwiller.

**ILLUSTRATORS:** Dennis Detwiller and Robert E. Mansperger, Jr.

**ART DIRECTOR:** Dennis Detwiller.

**PAGE DESIGNER:** Jessica Hopkins.

**EDITORS:** Adam Crossingham, Dan Harms, Shane Ivey and Greg Stolze.

**FOUNDING EDITOR:** John Scott Tynes.

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:** Shane Ivey.

**EDITORIAL BOARD:** Brian Appleton, Monte Cook, Adam Crossingham, Dennis Detwiller, Adam Scott Glancy, Daniel Harms, Kenneth Hite, Shane Ivey, Greg Stolze, John Scott Tynes and Ray Winninger.

**PLAYTESTERS:** David Barnard-Wills with Kat Barnard-Wills, Kris Handley, Sam Handley and Aidan Jewell; Terence Co; Krzysztof Fabjanski with Maciej Paluszkiewicz, Magdalena Paluszkiewicz, Mateusz Sztraf and Grzegorz Zawadka; Gilbert Isla with Jamas Enright, Richard Gillingham, Nicholas Helton and Abel Vargas; Robert Lint with Ryan Harris, Alex Miner, Michelle Smith and Grace Willard; Randall "WiseWolf" Padilla with Rita Jimenez, Elky Mug, Ernesto Solano and Beatriz Zúñiga; the Veterans of a Thousand Midnights; and Jeff Woosley with Zach Christensen, Randy Dean, Lisa Davis and Kevin Lowe.

**COPYRIGHT:** All contents are © 2011 by their respective creators. *Call of Cthulhu* is a trademark of Chaosium Inc. for their roleplaying game of horror and wonder and is used by their kind permission. *The Unspeakable Oath* is a trademark of Pagan Publishing for its magazine of horror roleplaying. *The Unspeakable Oath* is published four times per year by Arc Dream Publishing under license from Pagan Publishing.

**ORDERS AND SUBMISSIONS:** Love Cthulhu? Put your money where your tentacles are. Our online store is at our website. So are our submission guidelines. The Great Old Ones like it when you submit.

**CONTACT:** Arc Dream Publishing, 12215 Highway 11, Chelsea, AL 35043, USA; shane.ivey@gmail.com; [www.theunspeakableoath.com](http://www.theunspeakableoath.com)

# THE DREAD PAGE OF AZATHOTH

---

By SHANE IVEY

*Call of Cthulhu* doesn't have to be scary. In fact, it's pretty easy to make it anything but scary.

To start with, there are the heroes. Investigators who are supposedly trying to save lives and protect humanity usually act like sociopaths. When a doddering 80-year-old librarian threatens a cultist with torture, you need real dedication to make it look serious.

Then there are the monsters. The most famous and fearsome creatures of the Cthulhu Mythos are tentacle-waving blobs more likely to evoke jokes about hentai than shudders of horror.

And the fundamental, terrible truth of the Mythos, that the universe is so vast and old and dangerous that humanity itself is no more than a meaningless, transitory speck in the void? Welcome to Astronomy 101.

This isn't an issue just with the game. Every day the Cthulhu Mythos gets more and more famous and becomes a punchline to more and more jokes. We who love Lovecraft have been joking about the Mythos all these years, and people who've only seen the jokes don't have a clue about the frights that made them funny. They often don't see why any of it would be frightening at all. With

an Internet connection and 30 seconds you can find videos of real human beings being blown up, shot, tortured, decapitated; there are plenty of things more fearsome than a giant regenerating psychic squid.

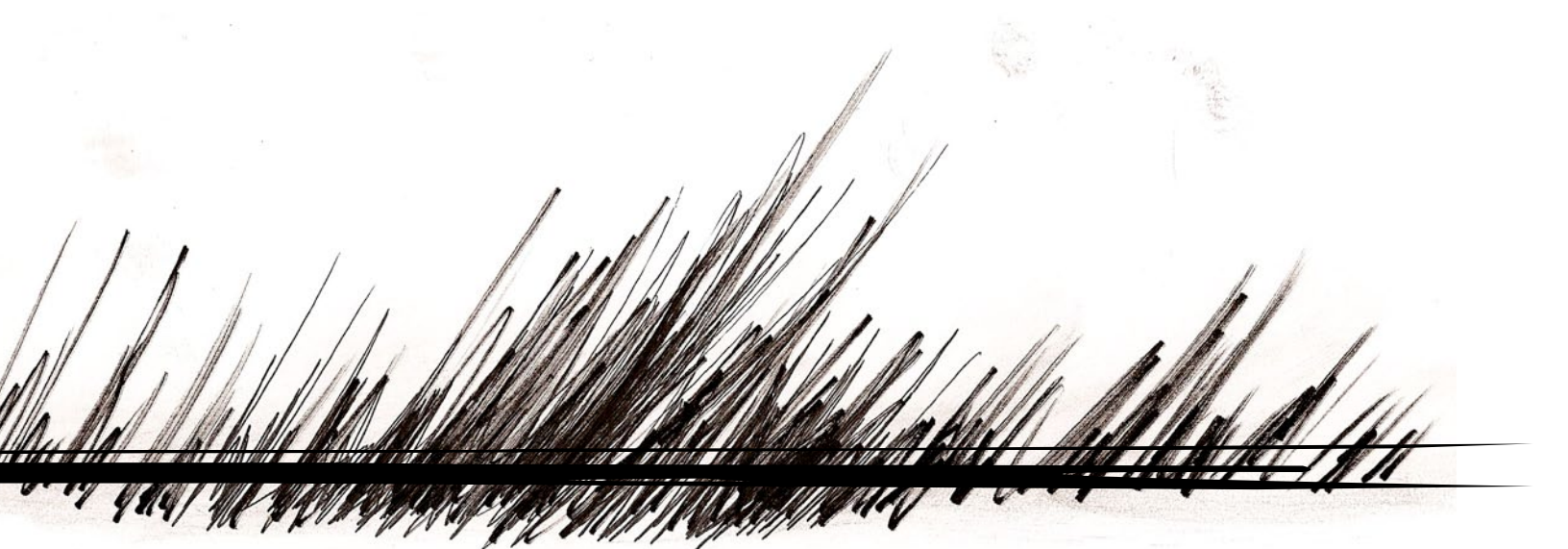
*Call of Cthulhu* isn't always scary. But it *can* be. And that's why it sticks around.

Playing *Call of Cthulhu* for horror means following a fundamental script. The details change but the essence is the same: Make characters you care about face cosmic threats that can destroy them in an instant; strip away every source of strength that might help them stand up to those threats; and discover what they do then.

The *Call of Cthulhu* rules get you most of the way there.

The combat rules give characters all the fragility that horror could possibly need. A typical character can take about six points of damage before being incapacitated, 12 before dying. That's usually one, maybe two attacks if you let a monster get close enough to claw you.

And the Sanity rules trump all a character's sources of strength. Soldiers who have been in combat tell us that to face real fear you need to be motivated by something outside yourself; if it's just you and the fear, sooner or later it becomes too easy to shut down and give in. In *Call*



of *Cthulhu*, that's a roleplaying question. Whether or not a character puts on a brave face for the sake of the next guy—or for the sake of the kids, or for God, or country, or whatever—is up to the player. But that's not always enough to keep an investigator going. The monsters of the Mythos are far more horrifying than mere violence. Any given Sanity roll might leave you unable to choose courage and self-sacrifice, no matter how dedicated you are to the cause.

What *Call of Cthulhu* doesn't give you is that final, crucial ingredient: A reason to care.

In fact, if you're not wary, the deadliness of the rules can keep you from getting the most out of the game. When characters are as vulnerable as they are in *Call of Cthulhu* it's easy to consider them expendable. And when they're expendable, their vulnerability doesn't matter. You're playing their risks for laughs.

To make *Call of Cthulhu* great—to make it a game of horror—the players have to love their characters. When the players love their characters, the threats that can destroy them become dreadful. Their insignificance before entities of age and power and malevolence on a cosmic scale becomes horrible. And their choice to keep fighting against such power, even after courage has failed them before, resonates with depth and meaning.

On that point, the rules don't help you.

So when you're making characters, when the dice have stopped rolling and you're done with the math, when you're fleshing out the investigators' histories and motives, ask a simple question:

*Why do you care about your character?*

It doesn't need to be anything deep. You can flesh out the details as you go. But there's needs to be something about the character that makes you want him or her to thrive. If there's not an easy answer, go back a few steps. Rethink what the character is all about. Make a character you care about.

When every character really matters to the players, even knowing all the risks they're about to face in the game, then *Call of Cthulhu* hits its cyclopean stride.

There may still be laughs around the table. But when the characters matter, there will also be moments that can reach out from the game and touch you—you, the player, safe at the table with your friends—with horror.

That's a game to bring you back again and again.

That's a game you can remember with fear.



# **BITS AND MORTAR**

If you bought *The Unspeakable Oath* in print, anywhere, you can get the PDF free.

[www.theunspeakableoath.com](http://www.theunspeakableoath.com)

# CTHULHU DARK

EDITOR'S NOTE: *CTHULHU DARK* IS A RULES-SUPER-LIGHT ROLEPLAYING GAME ABOUT INVESTIGATING THE CTHULHU MYTHOS AND GOING INSANE. IT USES ORDINARY SIX-SIDED DICE. ENJOY.

BY GRAHAM WALMSLEY, © 2011

## YOUR INVESTIGATOR

Choose a name and occupation. Describe your Investigator. Take a green Insanity Die.

## INSANITY

Your Insanity starts at 1.

When you see something disturbing, roll your Insanity die. If you get higher than your Insanity, add 1 to your Insanity and roleplay your terror.

As your Insanity increases through the game, roleplay your increasing fear.

## DOING THINGS

To know how well you do at something, roll:

- One die if the task is within human capabilities.
- One die if it's within your occupational expertise.
- Your Insanity die, if you will risk your sanity to succeed.

If your Insanity die rolls higher than any other die, make an Insanity roll, as above.

Then your highest die shows how well you do. On a 1, you barely succeed. On a 6, you do brilliantly.

**For example:** You're escaping from the window of an Innsmouth hotel. On a 1, you crash on an adjoining roof, attracting the attention of everyone around. On a 4, you land quietly on the roof, but leave traces for pursuers to follow. On a 6, you escape quietly, while your pursuers continue searching the hotel.

When you investigate, the highest die shows how much information you get. On a 1, you get the bare minimum: If you need information to proceed with the scenario, you get it, but that's all you get. On a 4, you get whatever a competent investigator would discover. On a 5, you discover everything humanly possible. And if there is a possibility of glimpsing beyond human knowledge, you do so on a 6 (and probably make an Insanity roll).

**For example:** You're investigating your great-uncle's manuscripts. On a 1, you find the address "7 Thomas Street" (the next location in the scenario). On a 6, you find that, from February 28 to April 2, many townspeople had dreams of gigantic nameless creatures. Simultaneously, a Californian theosophist colony donned robes for a "glorious fulfilment"; the dreamers included Mr. Wilcox of 7 Thomas Street.

## FAILING

If someone thinks it would more interesting if you failed, they describe how you might fail and roll a die. (They can't do this if you're investigating and you must succeed for the scenario to proceed).

If their die rolls higher than your highest die, you fail, in the way they described. If not, you succeed as before, with your highest die showing how well you succeed.

**Returning to the example above:** You're escaping from the hotel window. This time, someone thinks it would be more interesting if your pursuers caught you. When you both roll, they get the higher die. You are caught.

## TRYING AGAIN

---

If you included your Insanity die in the roll and you're not happy with the result, you may reroll (all the dice). If you didn't include your Insanity die, you may add it and reroll.

Afterwards, look at the new result. As before, the highest die shows how well you do.

Reroll as many times as you like. Each time your Insanity Die rolls higher than any other die, make an Insanity roll.

## COOPERATING AND COMPETING

---

To cooperate: Everyone who is cooperating rolls their dice. The highest die, rolled by anyone, determines the outcome.

To compete: Everyone who is competing rolls their dice. The highest die wins. On a tie, compare second highest dice (then third, fourth etc.). If everything is tied, reroll.

As before, if your Insanity die rolls higher than any other die you roll, make an Insanity roll. If anyone is not happy with their roll, they may reroll as above, but only once.

## SUPPRESSING KNOWLEDGE

When your Insanity reaches 5, you may now reduce it by suppressing Mythos knowledge: for example, burning books, stopping rituals or destroying yourself.

Each time you do this, roll your Insanity Die. If you get less than your current Insanity, decrease your Insanity by 1. And you may continue suppressing Mythos knowledge when your Insanity drops below 5.

## GOING INSANE

When your Insanity reaches 6, you go incurably insane. This is a special moment: Everyone focuses on your character's last moments as your mind breaks. Go out however you want: fight, scream, run or collapse.

Afterwards, either make a new character or continue playing, madly, but retire the character as soon as you can.

## OTHER CLARIFICATIONS

If you fight any creature you meet, you will die. Thus, in these core rules, there are no combat rules or health levels. Instead, roll to hide or escape.

Things within human capabilities include: picking locks, finding R'lyeh, deciphering carvings, remembering something, spotting something concealed, rationalising something horrific.

Things outside human capabilities include: casting spells, understanding hidden meaning, doing things in dreams. You can try such things if you have the opportunity: For example, if you sense patterns, you can try to follow them. However, you won't get the "within human capabilities" die, and might just roll your Insanity die.

A high success never short-circuits the investigation: That is, it never takes you to the end of the scenario, skipping everything in between. Thus, in the example above: even if you rolled a 6 while searching your great-uncle's personal effects, you would not find the co-ordinates of R'lyeh, where Cthulhu sleeps.

When you make an Insanity Roll and succeed, getting your Insanity or lower, this means you keep it together, not that you are fine. When you fail, getting higher than your Insanity, you fail to keep it together.

To play without a character sheet, use your Insanity Die to keep track of your Insanity by keeping its highest face turned to your current Insanity.

## UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

Who decides when to roll Insanity? Who decides when it's interesting to know how well you do something? Who decides when something disturbs your PC? Who decides whether you might fail?

Decide the answers with your group. Make reasonable assumptions. For example, some groups will let the Keeper decide everything. Others will share the decisions.

These rules are designed to play prewritten scenarios, run by a Keeper. If you try improvising scenarios or playing without a Keeper, let me know.

## FINALLY

If you write Cthulhu scenarios and you'd like to turn them into standalone products, by including *Cthulhu Dark* free of charge, email me at [graham@thievesoftime.com](mailto:graham@thievesoftime.com).

Let me know how these rules work for you. My email is [graham@thievesoftime.com](mailto:graham@thievesoftime.com). On [www.thievesoftime.com](http://www.thievesoftime.com), you'll find more *Cthulhu Dark* rules.



# TALES OF TERROR

## SAWBUCKS

DETWILLER

By MONTE COOK

The investigators go to spend some money and discover that one (or more) of their ten dollar bills are identified by a clerk or bank teller as counterfeit. They learn that people all over the community are finding the counterfeit bills. The investigators most likely find this inconvenient but not terribly interesting. That is, until they learn that a surprising number of deaths have been reported in the area as well, and all of the bodies have been found with some of the fake currency.

Nothing else seems to link the deaths. Two bills were found on a man who committed suicide by hanging. Another was found on a woman who was struck by a car. Three were found on the body of a man murdered in an alley in a drunken fight. (The Keeper is free to add more, similar deaths.)

### POSSIBILITY 1: HAUNTED

The bills are haunted. The counterfeiter committed a handful of horrific murders in the same room as he crafted the phony money. The essence of those slain victims, imbued within each bill, haunts any that carry them. The investigators, if they still have any of the counterfeit money with them, begin to have terrible nightmares when they sleep, and hear strange whispers just at the edge of perception while awake. Objects begin to move on their own around them, sometimes in subtly threatening ways. Worse, even if the investigators rid themselves of the money, they soon find it mysteriously returned to their wallets or purses. Eventually, terrible calamities begin to befall those with the bills, or the whispering voices begin to drain their sanity, perhaps driving them to murder or suicide. Only the death of the counterfeiter, who is still at large, puts the ghosts to rest. (Alternatively, some rite of exorcism or properly researched binding spell could solve the problem as well.)

### POSSIBILITY 2: CURSED

The bills are a mind-control ploy perpetrated by a pair of serpent men sorcerers. These recently awakened fiends of ancient times hide among humanity, hoping to exert some mastery over them. Having seen humans' preoccupation with money, they have chosen to use that predilection against them. Using the flesh of shantak birds disguised by spells to appear to be normal paper, the inhuman sorcerers have created the fake currency as a test. Many of the subjects died during the test, either by design or accident, as the serpent men work out the fine details of their sorcerous process. Investigators with the bills may find themselves hearing voices in their heads that are not their own. They may awaken as if from a trance to find that they have taken actions of which they were unaware. Destroying the bills proves difficult because they are not printed on real paper—only the serpent men know how it can be accomplished. This latter fact may serve as a clue, however, as no matter what is done with the bills, or no matter how long they are in circulation, they always appear to be brand new, crisp sawbucks.

### POSSIBILITY 3: TAINTED

The money is not the problem—it's the counterfeiter spreading them. A degenerate individual whose mother had been impregnated in a ritual calling upon an avatar of Yog-Sothoth, the counterfeiter commands powers he does not fully understand or control. His otherworldly essence grows in power and influence with each day, so that now when he spends considerable contact with an object (like the bills, but also his tools, his printing press, and essentially everything in his basement apartment) it is imbued with the taint of the Outside. Each of them is a like a tiny crack in the fabric of our universe. Madness and death follow these objects like a curse, but the true threat is the man, who—if not found and stopped—himself becomes a physical gateway, letting in true terrors from beyond that threaten all mankind.

////////////////////////////////////  
**A TALE OF TERROR IS A SHORT SCENARIO PREMISE WITH THREE DIFFERENT POSSIBILITIES FOR WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON. KEEPERS CAN MINE THEM FOR IDEAS, TAKING THAT WHICH APPEALS AND DISCARDING THAT WHICH DOES NOT.**  
////////////////////////////////////

# THE EYE OF LIGHT & DARKNESS

BY VARIOUS CULTISTS

REVIEWED ITEMS ARE RATED ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TEN PHOBIAS:

**1-3: NOT WORTH PURCHASING.**

**4-6: AN AVERAGE ITEM WITH NOTABLE FLAWS;  
AT 6 IT'S WORTH BUYING.**

**7-10: DEGREES OF EXCELLENCE.**



## THE H.P. LOVECRAFT LITERARY PODCAST

BY CHRIS LACKEY AND CHAD  
FIFER, [WWW.HPPODCRAFT.COM](http://WWW.HPPODCRAFT.COM)  
REVIEWED BY BRIAN M.  
SAMMONS

Do you love Lovecraft? Do you like free stuff? Well, then, that's all you need to know about The H.P. Lovecraft Literary Podcast. Go there now and enjoy!

That's the quick and dirty way to sell this wonderful website and podcast, but it doesn't even begin to do it justice.

The creation of two Lovecraft fans, Chris Lackey and Chad Fifer, this website offers a new podcast every week discussing the stories of HPL. The shorter tales are usually covered in one podcast, while the longer ones are separated into multiple parts and released consecutively. The HPLLP started with Lovecraft's first tale, "The Tomb," and have run through the rest of his catalogue in the chronological order in which he wrote them. As of this writing 97 episodes are available for download and Lackey and Fifer are currently in the Golden Age of Lovecraft, when the Grand Old Gent penned some of his best stories.

They're all free. But, like the infomercials always say, "Wait, there's more."

Listening to The H.P. Lovecraft Literary Podcast is one of my favorite weekly addictions. While there are plenty of choices for auditory editions of Lovecraft's tales, few are this polished, faithful to the sources and fun to listen to as the excerpts (and occasional full productions) here.



# THE EYE OF LIGHT & DARKNESS

< CONTINUED >

Each episode Ping-Pongs back and forth between a well-performed dramatic reading of the story and critical commentary by Lackey and Fifer. This means that no one aspect of the show ever gets stale. Background mood music and sometimes sound effects enhance the dramatic reading. However, what really sells me on this podcast are the hosts.

It is clear that Chris and Chad are good friends. They have a nice, relaxed way that is very easy to listen to. They are devoted to Lovecraft but they're not such fanboys that they gloss over the questionable parts of his work or the times when our favorite author just doesn't deliver the goods. They're surprisingly funny and they can be silly and weird in the same way that my friends and I can be, which I love.

And just in case all of the above isn't enough to get you clicking their way, terrific special guests sit in of the tales from time to time to offer their own two cents on HPL's stories. Robert M. Price, Kenneth Hite, S.T. Joshi, and Stuart Gordon are some of the Who's Who in Cthulhu circles that have joined Chris and Chad on the show.

The H.P. Lovecraft Literary Podcast consistently provides entertaining and informative listening week after week and asks for nothing in return. It easily gets ten out of ten phobias.

What if you played through two of the hobby's most highly regarded campaigns and recorded every single session of both? This is exactly what Paul Maclean has done with *Lovecraftian Tales from the Table*, a DVD that collects the (almost) complete recordings of the classic campaigns *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep* and *Horror on the Orient Express*, as played by the Bradford Players. The end result is over a hundred hours of listening in MP3 format, which is fully supported with interviews with both the players involved and various gaming luminaries, documents and props galore, and PDFs of not just the *Call of Cthulhu Quick Start Rules*, but also the *Freeport Trilogy* campaign and *Cults of Freeport*, provided by the DVD's primary sponsor, Green Ronin Publishing.

Originally available as podcasts via the website [Yog-Sothoth.com](http://Yog-Sothoth.com), *Lovecraftian Tales from the Table* is an incredibly complete package. While audio recordings have served as handouts and introductions to role-playing before, these recordings do many new things well. They work as an introduction to the hobby in a way that the written word never can quite manage, showing us how the game is played. They turn roleplaying into a spectacle that can actually be enjoyed by an audience—an audience of one, usually, but an audience nevertheless. They work as examples for the Keeper who wants to run either campaign. They allow the listener to roleplay vicariously when he has no game of his own. And they serve up a slice of gaming life, warts and all, while revealing that our hobby is fun, intelligent and skilful. Over time, not only do we get to know the investigators, but because of their “table talk” we also get to know the players.

Besides the MP3 files that make up the two campaigns, the DVD includes interviews with the authors plus photographs, handouts, and character sheets for the investigators. The bonus material is just as fulsome, including sample episodes from [Yog-Sothoth.com](http://Yog-Sothoth.com)'s regular podcast, *Yog Radio*; audio recordings of several H.P. Lovecraft tales; scenarios for *Call of Cthulhu*; audio and video interviews with such Lovecraftian luminaries as author Ramsey Campbell and *Call of Cthulhu* creator Sandy Petersen; and interviews with most of the Bradford Players involved in each campaign. The contents are very easy to access and the DVD also comes with an introductory eight-page, full-colour booklet put together by the H. P. Lovecraft Historical Society.



## LOVECRAFTIAN TALES FROM THE TABLE

8-gigabyte DVD

By **PAUL MACLEAN**  
Published by **YOG-SOTHOTH.COM**, \$6.95  
Reviewed by **MATTHEW POOK**

< CONTINUED ON PAGE 57 >

# ARCANE ARTIFACTS

## THE DOLLARS OF DAGON

By **BOBBY DERIE**

Before the transition to paper currency unbacked by gold or silver, the United States of America relied primarily on precious metal coins. Mints were established in such places as Dahlonega, Georgia and Charlotte, North Carolina to capitalize on the gold production in those regions.

Innsmouth, Massachusetts, the old New England trading town, was never authorized as an official mint, since it lacked a nearby gold mine. Still, the ready source of bullion from the Innsmouth refinery attracted the attention of the Treasury Department, and in 1860 the Treasury made a test issue at the Marsh refinery using Innsmouth gold. The proofs were transported back to Washington, D.C., but formal approval was delayed and, with the outbreak of the Civil War, finally abandoned.

The Innsmouth dollars and the dies used to stamp the coins were ordered destroyed. However, rumors have circulated since the 1880s that at least some of the Innsmouth proofs still exist. The dies—broken and unusable—were recovered from the wreckage of a naval vessel in 1893 and displayed in the front hall of the Esoteric Order of Dagon in Innsmouth.

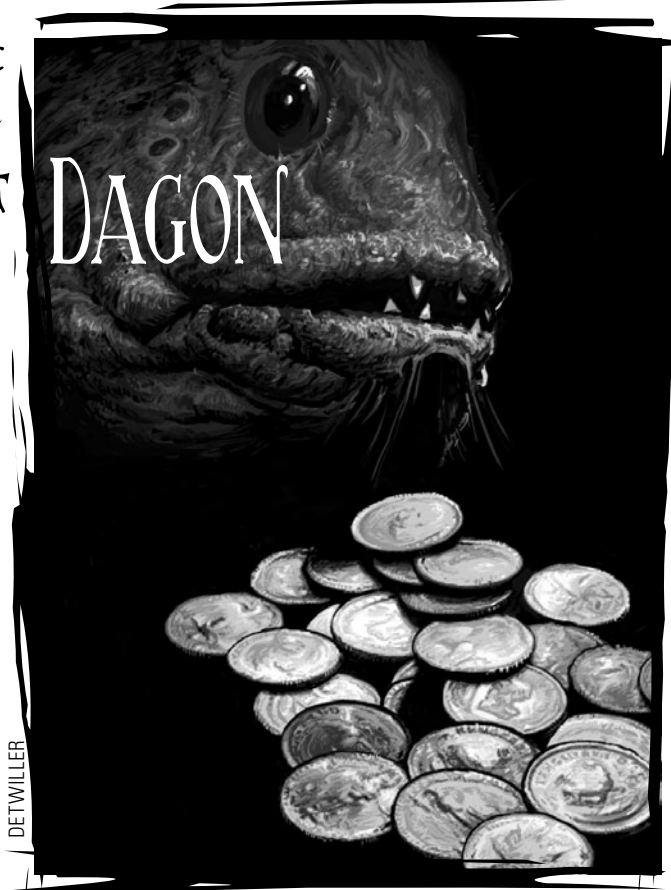
### PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

The Innsmouth Issue proofs consisted of two each of the following U.S. coins: gold quarter eagles (\$2.50), half eagles (\$5), eagles (\$10), and double eagles (\$20). Each coin is dated 1860, with a small “I” mint mark. The coins are 0.900 gold; the remaining 0.100 is made up of various platinum group metals, and the resultant coins are heavier than gold coins of similar denominations.

Besides the composition and mint-marks, the coins contain a few errors. The normal six-pointed stars have been replaced with seven-pointed stars, and the coins lack the motto “In God We Trust.”

### POWERS

Each coin possesses a slight, seemingly “magnetic” attraction to other samples of Innsmouth gold. While it’s not magnetism in the truest sense, the coins tend to stick weakly together, and a coin suspended on a string pulls slightly toward the nearest concentration of Innsmouth gold. Depending on the investigator’s location, this could be another Innsmouth dollar or even a Deep One city!



The dollars of Dagon are especially suitable for enchantments such as Contact Deep One, Curse of the Stone, and Enchant Stone Tablet, and can be used in place of the usual stone tablets when casting those spells.

### USING THE DOLLARS OF DAGON

These coins are relatively easy to work into any campaign that uses American currency. They could show up in a character’s change for a purchase or as part of a numismatics collection. Here are a few other adventure hooks:

Research into the coins’ strange history led a noted collector to shadow-haunted Innsmouth, where he disappeared. The investigators are hired to find him—and the coins.

The Arkham Historical Society put the coins on exhibition. Obed Marsh, still angry at the Treasury, ordered the Deep Ones to recover them. Now that the coins have come to light, the children of Dagon are active again in the Miskatonic River.

Noted gambler Herbert Whateley-Marsh of Boston loses a bet and pays with his prize Innsmouth double eagle. Unbeknownst to the winner, the coin had been subject to an Enchant Stone Tablet spell and drives its possessor to insanity and death unless the investigators intervene.

Counterfeiters have stolen the dies and wish to strike new dollars with them. All they need now is Innsmouth gold. . . .



# BERNICE CARTFIELD

A DELTA GREEN ANTAGONIST

By GREG STOLZE

Bernice Cartfield is an antiques dealer in her forties. She has a grad degree in museum studies from Northwestern and a discreet storefront operation in a prosperous suburban downtown. Never married. More likely to be described as “stylish” than “attractive.” According to her tax forms, her income from her store was \$71,500 last year. She owns the left side of a duplex condominium.

She’s also a sorceress; but more than that, she’s a con artist.

Her exposure to the Mythos came early in her college years. She was pursuing a fine arts degree in Florida and got into a pissing match with fellow student Grant Franklin. Franklin idolized Richard Upton Pickman and she dismissed Pickman as a schlock merchant (and Grant as a schlock merchant manqué). Her rival got hold of a Contact Ghoul spell and made a hasty pact with a flesh eater to abduct her and reveal the reality of the occult to her. Unfortunately for Franklin, after dragging her back to his presence the creature decided the easiest way to complete the agreement was to eat Franklin’s brain. Bernice begged for mercy and (surprisingly) got it, in return for a promise to help the monster burn down the mortuary of a funeral director who knew all about ghouls and had been protecting a local cemetery from them for years.

Bernice was lucky. She didn’t get eaten, she got away with arson and she was never even questioned about Franklin’s death. She went to grad school far, far away with the disquieting knowledge that (1) there are monsters, (2) magic works and (3) there are people out there fighting the unknown.

It would have taken very little to turn Bernice into a Mythos-hunting investigator. She was bright, curious and

capable. But in the process of trying to figure out what was really going on, she fell in with a subculture of knowledge perverts. Her peers (whom she disliked even as she came more and more to rely on them) wanted to find doors and pry them open. Bernice, without even considering it carefully, followed their path instead of trying to seal those gateways shut. She sought magic to protect herself from magic. (And she started learning how to fire a gun. But she didn’t start practicing twice weekly until after her encounter with Percival Bristow, as described on page 12.)

It’s a testament to her resourcefulness that she succeeded (somewhat) at the often quixotic and self-destructive quest for magical power. Of course, in the process she had to lie, cheat, and steal. Still does, really.

---

### “GOT HOLD OF” A CONTACT GHOUL SPELL?

---

**IT’S NOT LIKE GRANT FRANKLIN STUMBLED ACROSS IT IN THE LIBRARY. THE STUDENT BERNICE CROSSED HAD AN UNCLE NAMED JAMES FRANKLIN, A MEMBER OF AN OCCULT ORGANIZATION CALLED THE LAMPLIGHTERS. IT WAS AT JAMES’ HOUSE THAT GRANT FIRST SAW A BOOK FEATURING PICKMAN’S WORK.**

**JAMES WAS IN THE PROCESS OF BECOMING WHAT THE LAMPLIGHTERS CALLED A “HUMBLE ONE”—AN EMPTY VESSEL OPEN TO POSSESSION BY ALIEN POWERS—DURING GRANT’S TROUBLED ADOLESCENCE. (GRANT’S PARENTS WERE DIVORCING, AND HIS FATHER WAS TRYING TO RECONNECT WITH JAMES JUST AS JAMES WAS PUSHING HIM AWAY). DURING ONE OF HIS LAST VISITS, GRANT WAS LEFT SNOOPING AROUND JAMES’ STUDY WHILE JAMES HAD AN EMOTIONALLY RAW SCENE WITH GRANT’S FATHER. GRANT CAME ACROSS HIS UNCLE’S FRAGMENTARY PHOTOCOPY OF *CULTES DES GOULES*. YEARS LATER, HE POKETED THE FILE WHILE HELPING HIS DAD GET JAMES’ AFFAIRS IN ORDER AFTER JAMES’ COMMITTAL TO AN ASYLUM.**

**JAMES HAS, BY THE WAY, GOTTEN MUCH BETTER. HE’S BEEN RELEASED, HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HIS BROTHER OR NEPHEW, AND HAS BEEN ELEVATED TO THE RANK OF SHINING ONE WITHIN THE LAMPLIGHTERS. HE NEVER DID FIND HIS CRUDDY XEROXED FRAGMENTS OF THE COMTE D’ERLETTE’S TOME, BUT SINCE HE WAS IN A FUGUE STATE WHEN THEY VANISHED, HE ASSUMES THEY WERE THROWN OUT WITH THE RUBBISH.**

**(THE LAMPLIGHTERS ARE DESCRIBED IN “THE CULT OF TRANSCENDENCE” IN *DELTA GREEN: TARGETS OF OPPORTUNITY*.)**

---

### BERNICE TODAY

---

Bernice Cartfield is an antiquarian with a reputation as “odd” among other history buffs and “scary” among seekers after mystical wisdom. She does far more transactions with the former but makes almost as much money off the latter, through a careful policy of leavening a little dangerous truth with a lot of lies.

## THE ANTARCTIC EXPRESS

*A retelling of H P Lovecraft’s “At the Mountains of Madness”*



**WHERE THE DEEP ONES ARE:** AG2703 • ISBN 1-58978-103-1 • \$19.95 US

**THE ANTARCTIC EXPRESS:** AG2704 • ISBN 1-58978-111-2 • \$19.95 US

**CLIFFFOURD THE BIG RED GOD:** COMING SOON!



*Find out more online at*  
[www.atlas-games.com/ctbulbu](http://www.atlas-games.com/ctbulbu)

©2011 Trident, Inc. d/b/a Atlas Games. All rights reserved.

When she meets an occultist (and she meets many) Bernice initially tries to make a quick sale of something she can present as magically connected. Some of this stuff is authentic, historical and powerless. Other times, she unloads something fraudulent, or with a false provenance. She never knowingly sells anything with real sorcerous potential on a first date.

If she makes the sale, great. If the buyer declines, she makes an effort to maintain good contacts, even if that means admitting that she “sometimes sells something sketchy to keep the ignorant happy.” She’s friendly and knowledgeable, and she works at drawing her clients out of their shells with a sympathetic ear.

In time, she mentally files repeat clients into one of three categories:

**Sucker.** In Bernice’s eyes, people who want magical power and have no idea about the realities of the Mythos are a gullible resource to be gently fleeced as often as possible. She gets them hooked into purchases of antique (or at least antiqued) Tarot decks, rambling journals and “haunted” pictures. But sometimes they demand results, or they actually try to research that crumbling Latin tome she sold them and find out it’s an old psalter with an artificially aged “Daemonolatrea” cover. If they get pushy or angry, they get upgraded to the next category . . .

**Seeker.** People who’ve had some contact with the real item and want more are categorized as “seekers.” Typically, she plays as dumb as she can, but if they call bullshit on her she comes (partly) clean and very accurately describes the crap she pulls on the suckers. With this confession she implies that she now recognizes the seeker as an equal and considers him worthy her real stock in trade. This usually culminates with a sale of *Codex Peregrini Nefandae* (see page 17). Her goal with these people is to help them self-destruct, full stop.

**Sorcerer.** She meets very few people she considers her equals or superiors. Someone who impresses or frightens her enough merits a treatment that’s superficially similar to her handling of seekers. She’s respectful, comes clean about conning suckers, admits to a deeper level of knowledge, but does not try to trick them into self-destruction. Mostly she just wants people like this to leave her the hell alone. She’s seen too many cases of sorcerer-on-sorcerer violence and has zero interest in winding up smeared across eleven dimensions while her soul rots in the petrified corpse of a dead rat. Money? Information? Addresses? Her genuine mystic tomes? Sure, take it, just don’t hurt her! Now, of course, getting this level of intimidation on someone who knows Vanish and Wrack isn’t easy, but enough hits to her SAN get you there.

Currently, at the top of Bernice’s “Persons To Fear” list is a gentleman named Percival Bristow, the Y’gonolac priest who taught her the Vanish spell and supplied her with the powder package described on page 15. Anyone who killed Bristow would earn Bernice’s profound gratitude. But she has no idea where he is now or what he’s doing, and the terror she suffers in describing him to a sketch artist would force a SAN roll on her, risking a 0/1D6 loss. (Since his transaction with Bernice, Bristow has learned of the Dorian Gray Society, as

described in “The Cult of Transcendence” in *Delta Green: Targets of Opportunity*. He has impressed himself upon them by demonstrating magical skill rather than the money and influence they usually require, and is an Extended Member bucking aggressively for promotion.)

Bernice is also scared shitless by Antoinette DeMonte (see “The DeMonte Clan” in *Delta Green: Targets of Opportunity*), though Bernice knows her in her guise as “The Sicilian.” They competed for the notes of a prominent voodooisant and The Sicilian won. Bernice did, however, get The Sicilian’s fingerprints and has tied them to Charles Matranga. This does not make her feel at all better.

Ginette Wirtz, a servant of The Fate (see *Delta Green*) known as “The Lady of the Land,” is one of Bernice’s clients, and unlike the other two they are still in contact. Ginette is the Network’s specialist in dimensional movement. You want something or somebody moved a great distance, out of a difficult position, into a difficult position? You get Ginette. Bernice helped her fill in some gaps in Keziah Mason’s history and sold her some objects purported to belong to the old witch, including a very skilled forgery of the Elder Thing statuette in the Miskatonic University museum. Bernice has categorized Wirtz as a “Seeker” and is gradually setting up a sale of *Codex Peregrini Nefandae*.

But the next copy of *Codex Peregrini Nefandae* is slated for delivery to Joseph Berg (see the “Tiger Transit” section in *Delta Green: Countdown*), who has made contact with Bernice in hopes of finding a way to mask himself from the Hound of Tindalos that’s pursuing him. They met through mutual connections in the “forged mystic antiques” trade and Bernice thinks he’s delusional. On the off-chance that he isn’t, she wants him summoning something that’s going to kill him without drawing out the process.

## BERNICE'S STORE

Cartfield Antiques is stuffed into a corner of an old building that’s been remodeled too many times. Barely twenty feet across, the store stretches deep back into the structure, lined on opposite walls with bookshelves. Between them is a boulevard of glass-topped tables and display cabinets. Bernice sits at a rolltop near the front, keeping an eye on customers as they exit and enter. At the far rear of the shop floor there are two locked doors. One leads to a lavatory (customers only). The other leads to a rear store-room, far less decorative, almost as big as the storefront. The property Bernice rents is, in fact, L shaped. The sales space stretches the entire length of one side of the building, and the rear storage chamber runs along the building’s back wall. That’s where she keeps the real goods.

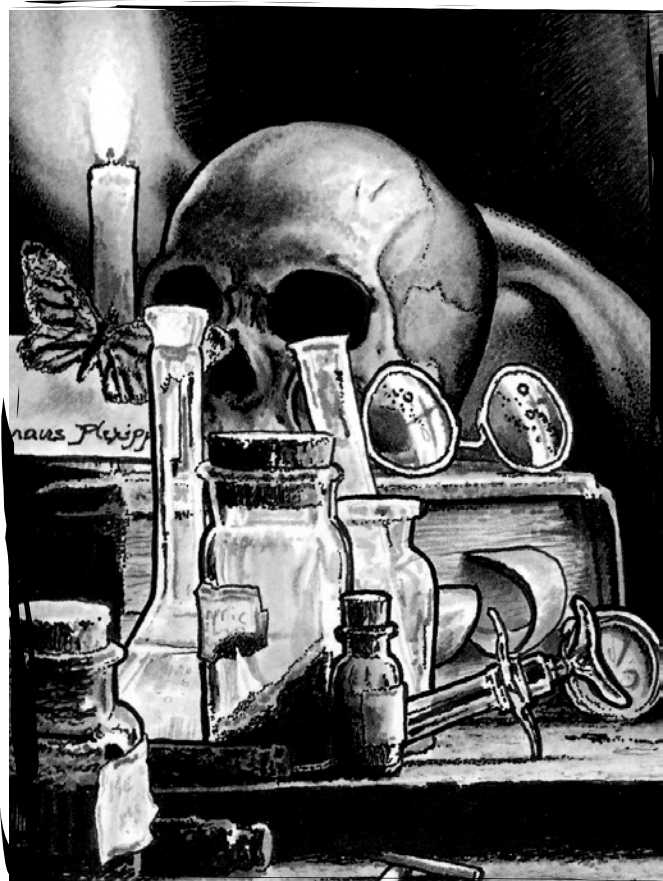
Some things you can find by wandering around the store include:

- A set of antique Persian temple seals.
- A ritual mask of unknown provenance, found in the South Pacific, depicting a green face with a beard of tentacles.

- A black iron pot from colonial times, with authenticity documentation connecting it to Anne Greenslet Pudeator, a woman hanged at Salem for witchcraft.
- Tcho-Tcho temple statues made of distinctive white clay mixed with human blood for a reddish-brown color.
- A book written in antique French, bearing the title *Cultes des Goules*.
- A mummified monkey's paw on a wooden stand.
- Documents from Nazi occult research personnel files, framed in UV-shielding acrylic. They refer to their subjects only by initials, but include grainy photographs.
- A two-headed piglet preserved in alcohol.

This is in addition to the furniture, artwork, ersatz Japanese lacquerware, early-edition print novels, maps, nautical gear, watches, ink pens, cleaned-up farm and kitchen implements, old magazines, political buttons and Art Deco statuary that makes up an antique store. Her collection is 90% what you'd expect, though often a bit cleaner. It's just 10% that's macabre or eerie.

Or fraudulent. The seals are old, but they're commercial, not mystical. The mask was fired no earlier than 1989, and the aging techniques are pretty crude. An identical process was used on those Tcho-Tcho idols, though their details were copied with great fidelity. (The artist even used a pint of his own blood to make a paint or "slip" as the top layer. Breaking the statues reveals the clean clay beneath, where a real Tcho-Tcho temple piece would have blood-clay throughout.) The iron pot's period—only the documents were forged. The copy of *Cultes des Goules* is a fraud, though of far higher quality than the mask. The paw really did come off a monkey, but the piglet's a sewn-together forgery. The Nazi documents are genuine, and provide real information about the Karotechia (see *Delta Green*), but



DETWILLER

half the photographs are fakes appended later to make the package more attractive.

Anyone with a relevant skill over 15% can tell there's something tawdry about some objects, no roll required. Specifically, it's Biology for the pig, History for the seal and Art for the mask. For the papers on Pudeator's pot,

## MISKATONIC RIVER PRESS PRESENTS...

Rivers-

I've been sent these wondrous tomes, and cannot recommend them enough. The tales contained therein are gripping, engaging, and most memorable indeed. Should you choose to invest in them, I'd consider it most wise. Have no fear, your associates will find them most enjoyable. I've enclosed a few photographs of the books should you wish to acquire them from your local book dealer.

Regards,  
Armitage

New Tales of the  
**Miskatonic Valley**

Our Ladies of Sorrow

More Adventures in  
**Arkham Country**

Six New Stories for Classic Call of Cthulhu

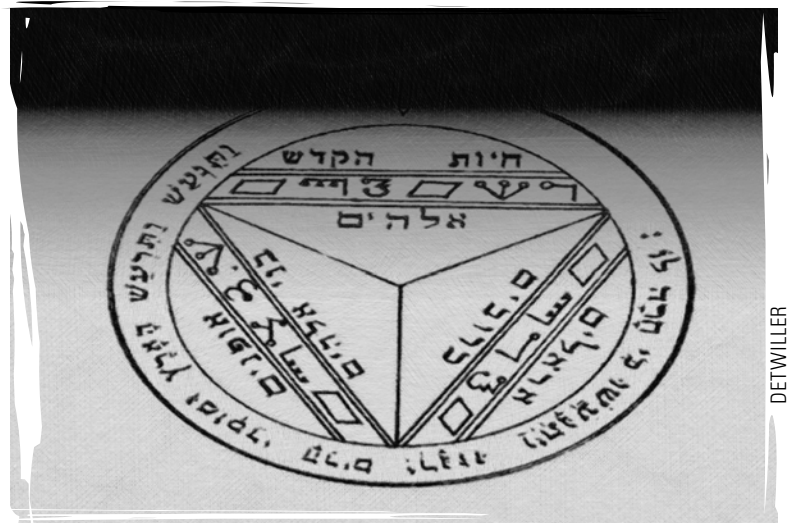
Miskatonic  
River  
Press

a straight Library Use or History roll uncovers lexical inconsistencies. For the book, Occult, Library Use, History or Cthulhu Mythos could determine its inauthenticity for various reasons such as anachronistic phrasing, inconsistent construction, tell-tale signs of artificial aging, or (in the case of Occult and Mythos) because the contents are all bullcrap. The History skill recognizes flaws with some of the Nazi photographs (inaccurate uniform details) with an unmodified roll. They can also be caught with an unmodified Photography roll (from signs of anachronistic processing and photo papers).

These items are placed to gather attention and create a mystique. (Interestingly, Bernice finds a lot of her best stock through judicious use of the Command Ghost spell. By and large, that's led her to genuine, overlooked, but entirely mundane artifacts.) People who ask her about the spooky stuff get spooky answers and suggestions that she has access to sellers of similar "exotic paraphernalia." In fact, she's got a second tier of objects that she's willing to get out for customers on their second or third post-purchase visits, if they seem like "mystic students." These include . . .

- An orphaned gate box. At one time it was part of a pair where an identical box formed the end of a Gate (see the spell "Enchant Gate Box"). The other box has been destroyed, leaving this one useless except—it's eerie. You can't hold it without feeling like it wants you to put your hand in, or like it's colder than room temperature. The interior of the box feels unusually chill and slimy, though there's no tactile or measurable residue once the hand is withdrawn. For about 24 hours after, the inserted limb experiences brief and infrequent trembling, twitches or sharp tingling pains. Also, any small insect that lands atop it instantly perishes. Any that fly into it just disappear.
- A whistle, made of silver and meteorite iron, decorated with 1960s-style psychedelic designs. If used to cast Summon/Bind Byakhee, this whistle gives a +20% to the chance of success.
- An Elder Sign poured in concrete, correctly proportioned but not mystically activated.
- A preserved human fingernail (the whole thing—anyone familiar with medicine, taxidermy or torture can tell it was pulled out of the nail bed) that has an enduring resonance with other-dimensional energies. Every hour a person carries it, there's a 5% cumulative chance that he or she starts seeing invisible entities. (These are the same creatures that become visible with a Tillinghast Resonator.) Unfortunately, every hour there's a 10% cumulative chance that the bearer becomes visible to such entities. What they might do upon noticing him or her is up to the Keeper.

These genuine articles aren't on display—she keeps them locked in a strongbox in the store-room (along with a copy of her *Codex Peregrini Nefandae*, described on page 17). She's willing to unlock them for customers who seem upright and serious. Her prices are exorbitant (requiring a Credit



DETWILLER

Rating roll, or Credit Rating at -10% for the gate box), but anyone who tries to push Bernice around gets a stiff warning that she's not scared (even if, secretly, she is) and that if she decides somebody's trouble, it's a matter of whim whether she has him taken care of by her police friends or her familiars from the spirit world. (She doesn't have any, but if you're at the receiving end of a Wrack spell, a fib about it originating from "Rogziel, Angel of Punishment" is the least of your worries.)

////////////////////////////////////  
 "POLICE FRIENDS"?

**NOT A BLUFF. YEARS AND YEARS AGO, BERNICE CONSULTED WITH DETECTIVES ABOUT AN OCCULT-THEMED SEX CRIME TWO COUNTIES OVER, AND WHEN SHE POINTED THEM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION IT GOT HER A REPUTATION AMONG REGIONAL DETECTIVES AND CORONERS. ABOUT EVERY OTHER YEAR SHE GETS TAKEN TO LUNCH BY SOME LAWMAN WHO WANTS TO PICK HER BRAIN ABOUT MYSTIC SYMBOLISM (OR THE ANTIQUITIES TRADE). MOST OF THE TIME IT COMES TO NOTHING, BUT ON A COUPLE OCCASIONS SHE'S BEEN ABLE TO GIVE GOOD DIRT SIMPLY BECAUSE SHE KNOWS SO MANY OF THE AREA'S WICCANS, PAGANS, HERETICS, SATANISTS, MYSTICS, WARLOCKS, PSYCHICS AND SELF-DECLARED OCCULTISTS.**



That floor safe in the back almost always has a warding stone balanced on the handle: As soon as the stone moves (and it has, in the past, been knocked over by mice) Bernice psychically knows it. Moving or opening the lockbox without alerting her is very difficult. She also has a CCTV camera panning the back room, another on the front, and a creepy looking red string with beads and feathers and little coarsely made hair dolls draped on the strongbox. (All it does is look scary, but it does that well.) There's also a 50% chance at any time that she has a ward stone set by the store room's back door, depending on whether she's received anything large that needed to come in the back. If she feels threatened, she gets far better about keeping that entry covered.

She lives in the suburbs, a twenty-minute drive from her shop—forty-five minutes to an hour if the highway's

clogged by rush hour. She's also consistent about keeping ward stones on the front and back doors of her house. (She has an attached garage, so she can re-enchant the stone there in privacy.) When she's home, she usually has people come to the back door, claiming that her front door sticks and is difficult for her to open.

Not that she's very friendly about having people over. She has three cats in a small space, and the smell is . . . perceptible. (How she manages to keep her clothing aroma-free is a minor mystery.) Home is where she assembles her ersatz Mythos tomes, forges bills of sale for grey-market antiquities, and hides the real gems of her occult gleanings. These include the following.

- A first-edition copy of *We Pass From View* by Roland Franklyn.
- A well-preserved back half of *Sapientia Maglorum* by Ostances.
- Her own notes on hypergeometry. (8 weeks to study, 1/1D3 SAN loss, +2 Cthulhu Mythos.)
- Two packages of strange dust. Each contains about four ounces of pungent, coarse, gray-yellow powder. Each is contained in a heavy-duty plastic freezer baggie, wrapped in clingfilm and mailing tape: Unwrapping it is cumbersome and it's unlikely to leak even with hard handling, but it can be opened in a trice with the box-cutter nestled between the two bundles. Each bundle is a mixture of Dust of Suleiman and Baneful Dust of Hermes Trismegistus. She does not know how to make these, can't replace them once used, and had to pay a very, very high price to obtain them. She regards them as a weapon of last resort against paranormal entities.

All these are kept, along with \$1,000 cash and her passport, in a compact, fire-proof lockbox. She keeps it in her bedside table, right under a loaded Beretta M92 pistol.

# HISTORICAL LOVECRAFT

TALES OF HORROR THROUGH TIME

Jesse Bullington  
William Meikle  
E. Catherine Tobler  
Albert Tucher  
Bryan Thao Worra  
and many more.



TWENTY-SIX TALES that reimagine history and look into the past through a darker glass. Tales that show evil has many faces and reaches through the centuries. Tales that will chill your heart.

Purchase at [InnsmouthFreePress.com](http://InnsmouthFreePress.com), [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com) and many other retailers

## ONLINE PRESENCE

**POSTING AS "LOUDONUN716" ON eBay, BERNICE SELLS "HAUNTED OBJECTS," "BLESSING RINGS" AND "POWER CRYSTALS." HER NATURAL ASSUMPTION IS THAT ANYONE DOING THEIR SORCERY SHOPPING VIA THE INTERNET BELONGS IN HER "SUCKER" CATEGORY. SHE WON'T KNOWINGLY SELL ANYTHING OF REAL OCCULT PROVENANCE ONLINE—ONLY FAKES.**

**SHE TAKES AN AMATEUR'S CARE TO SEPARATE HER ONLINE SALES FROM HER RESPECTABLE STORE (WHICH HAS ITS OWN SEPARATE EMAIL AND eBay ACCOUNTS, "CARTFANT"). THIS MEANS "LOUDONUN716" IS TIED TO A FREE EMAIL ACCOUNT AND A P.O. BOX IN THE NEXT SUBURB OVER. BUT THE MONEY GOES TO THE SAME BANK ACCOUNT AS CARTFIELD ANTIQUES, AND SHE LOGS INTO BOTH ACCOUNTS FROM THE SAME COMPUTERS AT HER HOME AND AT HER WORK. SOMEONE WITH POLICE ACCESS OR A COMPUTER USE SKILL AT 50% OR HIGHER ISN'T EVEN GOING TO NEED A ROLL TO PUT THE PIECES TOGETHER.**

**THE ONLY PROMISES SHE MAKES FOR HER ONLINE CRAP IS VAGUE STUFF LIKE "POSITIVE ENERGY IN LOVE AFFAIRS" OR "PROTECTION FROM NEGATIVE FORCES."**

## GETTING BERNICE ON THE RADAR

Bernice was designed with the idea of using her as a complement to your own scenarios or to published games. Used properly, she can propel investigators into mysteries, break them out of impasses when they're stuck, or sandbag them when things are going too easily. But for her to fulfill those functions, the investigators first have to meet her.

- **The cops know her.** Investigators who are doing law enforcement in her area may have already heard of her in passing. Investigators from outside the area may be referred to her by local cops who want to get the Feds out of their hair as soon as possible.
- **Cyber-stalking.** Simply Googling "occult" alongside the name of her town gets her store's site as a sponsored link. She doesn't want to look obvious about it, but she does want to lure in the curious and the damned.
- **Intellectual connections.** Historians local to her store regard her as an oddball, and chances are the investigators strike them the same way. "New England mysticism? Sorry, I specialize in pre-Wild West Show Bill Cody. But try Bernice Cartfield, she's into that creepy stuff."
- **Mystic connections.** Investigators with recourse to otherworldly sources of information may get directed to her (1) by ghosts she's interrogated or (2) via augury or similar spells because she has more of a poly-dimensional profile than people who've never scribed a hypergeometric sigil.
- **Mystic connections, part two.** Suspects who want to seem cooperative but innocent may blab her name to pushy cops. Or the victim found with his blood all sucked out may have several charges to Cartfield Antiques on his last few months' credit statements.



Once they meet, she's going to judge them and they're going to judge her. Her categories are listed earlier. The investigators probably regard her as . . .

. . . **a resource.** She knows things, but isn't dangerous and might even qualify as a Friendly.

. . . **a riddle.** She knows more than she's saying, but how much she understands (and how much she has right) is anyone's guess.

. . . **a risk.** She's a goddamn sorceress, Jim.

The likely actions and reactions between the investigators and the occultist fall, thus, into a tidy box chart.

Handled properly, Bernice can make many things easier on both Keeper and investigators. If they need a particular ingredient or even a ritual to resolve a mystery, Bernice might be able to get it for them. If they're seeking information about someone in the Mythos demimonde, Bernice provides a perspective that the subject's nervous neighbors and freaked-out school chums lack. She might even ask them to look into a spooky matter on her behalf, thereby sparing the Keeper the Jessica Fletcher "your cousin just died under mysterious circumstances" intro.

But there must always be a price for Bernice's aid, and it always has to be something to give the investigators pause. She could ask for daunting sums of cash or, if that's no problem, she might demand they act as her agents, buying damned artifacts from sorcerers she's too scared to meet in person. She might require them to scare off (or even "neutralize") an enemy who didn't fall for the Codex trap. If she knows they're government agents, she's sure to request guarantees of immunity from prosecution, or even ask them to find pretexts to harass her totally innocent rivals in the local antiques business.

## DO YOU DO EVERYTHING YOUR BOSSES SAY?

**IF THE INVESTIGATORS HAVE ENOUGH INFORMATION TO ACCURATELY DESCRIBE BERNICE TO A-CELL, AND THEY DO SO HONESTLY, DELTA GREEN'S LEADERSHIP FIRMLY SUGGESTS THAT SHE BELONGS IN THE "ENEMY" COLUMN. CELLS WHO DEFEND HER TO THE HARD-LINERS TOO STRENUOUSLY SEE THEIR LEADERS TAKE THEIR ADVICE, APPARENTLY. THEN THEY GET SENT OUT OF TOWN ON A TRIP THAT TURNS OUT BUST WHILE ANOTHER CELL COMES IN TO KILL HER.**

Investigators may try to avoid this by pushing her around, even beating her up or threatening her with trumped-up charges. This can work a few times, (though she does cry and grovel piteously), but give her a Sanity roll each time they intimidate her. After the second failure, she records a rambling, tearful suicide video, mails copies to everyone she thinks might know the investigators or care what they do (along with those friends of hers in the local police department) and hangs herself in her shop. (What's the SAN loss for knowing you drove someone to suicide? I'd say 0/1D4 if the investigators felt "she deserved it," 0/1D6 if they regard themselves as decent human beings or if it somehow comes as a surprise.)

Alternately, if driven hard but not quite that far, she just bails. Her Cayman Islands bank accounts keep her at Credit Rating 35% while fleeing, but she doesn't have a false identity established. She'd attempt to flee to Mexico or Canada, whichever is closer, and then work on trading her U.S. passport to someone else in return for documentation and protection. She knows smugglers in Canada and antiquities forgers in Mexico, neither of whom would hesitate to betray her for the right payout. She'd try to take the lock box from her home if possible, but the stuff in her store would get abandoned.

	SUCKER	SEEKER	SORCERER
RESOURCE	EACH TRIES TO MANIPULATE THE OTHER TO MAXIMUM ADVANTAGE. SHE SELLS THEM NEUTERED CRAP, THEY PUMP HER FOR INFORMATION.	SHE GOES FOR THE HIGHEST MARKUP SHE CAN GET ON A COPY OF HER <i>CODEx</i> AND, IF THEY SURVIVE THE BACKFIRE, WON'T TALK TO THEM AGAIN, PRETENDING TO FEEL TERRIBLE GUILT.	SHE GIVES THEM WHAT THEY WANT, THOUGH REPEATED REQUESTS MAY EITHER GET THEM DOWNGRADED TO SEEKER OR PUSH HER SO FAR SHE EITHER FLEES, FREAKS OUT, OR KILLS HERSELF.
RIDDLE	SHE TELLS THEM ALL KINDS OF B.S. AS THEY INVESTIGATE, MOST OF IT WRONG OR MADE UP, WHILE MAKING AS MANY SALES AS SHE DARES.	IT'S ALL CAT AND MOUSE. THEIR INTEREST IN HER GIVES HER THE CREEPS AND SHE TRIES TO LAY A FALSE TRAIL BEFORE LETTING THEM KNOW ABOUT THE <i>CODEx</i> .	BERNICE TELLS THEM AS LITTLE AS SHE CAN, BUT ANSWERS ALL DIRECT QUESTIONS. SHE POINTS THEM AT ANYTHING SHE THINKS MAY KEEP THEM OCCUPIED WHILE SHE PACKS UP AND FLEES.
RISK	SHE FEEDS THEM DISINFORMATION AND IS COMPLETELY UNPREPARED WHEN THEY TURN ON HER.	PERCEIVING THEIR DISTRUST AND ANTAGONISM, SHE TRIES TO DISCREDIT THEM BEHIND THE SCENES, POSSIBLY DROPPING THEIR NAMES TO POLICE OR TO FANATIC RELIGIOUS GROUPS.	BERNICE RUNS LIKE HELL AT THE FIRST SIGN OF AGGRESSION AND KEEPS FLEEING.

# CODIX PEREGRINI NEFANDAE

This is, in a couple of ways, Bernice's masterpiece. Strictly based on the physical craft involved, it's a forgery of superb virtues. She's always on the lookout for period-authentic paper from the 1600s. Her aging of the leather covers is second to none, largely because she keeps the covers very simple in design and doesn't try to make it look "arcane." She aims this book at seekers, and they're going to care less for the exterior than the contents.

The interiors are done in lovely seventeenth-century calligraphy, using hand-cut quills and ink made from gall and tannin. Careful chemical analysis using a spectrograph or chromatograph could determine that the ink was combined and laid in the last ten years, but without massive resources, the sample size needed for a firm authentication would take a couple of pages out of the book, and Bernice gambles that no real dabbler will sacrifice content for confidence. Especially one who recognizes authentic occult thought.

The content, more than the style, is Bernice's crowning achievement. She has managed a theoretical grasp of hypergeometric principles that exceeds most living (or mobile) sorcerers. She doesn't have the sheer power or obsession that many enchanters possess, but she has actually figured out enough to remove some active elements of spells without having the entire framework collapse into nothing.

That's what's in *Codix Peregrini Nefandae*: a mangled and corrupted version of the spell Summon/Bind Star Vampire referred to in the text as "Call Gyges' Avenger" (Gyges Vocant Ultor)—but the binding element has been cleanly excised. If you cast Gyges Vocant Ultor, it brings a Star Vampire all right. It just can't be used to bind it. The creature remains present 2D10 minutes before Earth passes out of the summoning glyph's alignment pattern, returning the Star Vampire to its native domain.

In addition to Gyges Vocant Ultor, the tome also contains cribbed and paraphrased descriptions of two genuine lesser Mythos deities of the Keeper's choice, some rambling that's deliberately obscure and confusing, and a couple of other rituals. One requires a lengthy fast and the inscription of some unsanitary designs upon the soles of the feet. The other takes less time, promises insight into higher dimensions, and is likely to deliver fume-based brain damage to anyone who actually stirs its mercury-based potion the proper number of times without a high-quality mask.

## CONFRONTING BERNICE

Investigators with a dislike for Bernice may attempt to shut her down, but if they do she wants an explanation. Depending on how heavy-handed they are, she may flee and then call them through a re-routed, anonymous VOIP line to ask what the hell they're doing, and then to swear at them before continuing to run.

Issue 19

# CODIX PEREGRINI NEFANDAE

**IN LATIN, NO AUTHOR LISTED, PURPORTEDLY SCRIBED IN 1641. A WELL-KEPT TOME OF PARCHMENT BOUND IN BLACK OR BROWN LEATHER. IT DESCRIBES OCCULT PHENOMENA AS MATHEMATICAL EXPRESSIONS OF PAN-DIMENSIONAL INTELLIGENCES. EXTENSIVE DIAGRAMS AND ILLUSTRATIONS THROUGHOUT. SANITY LOSS 1/1D4; CTHULHU MYTHOS +1 PERCENTILE; AVERAGE OF 15 WEEKS TO STUDY AND COMPREHEND. SPELL: SUMMON STAR VAMPIRE (WITHOUT BINDING)**

**SOMEONE WHO ALREADY KNOWS A VERSION OF SUMMON/BIND STAR VAMPIRE HAS AN INTx5 CHANCE TO REALIZE THIS SPELL LACKS THE BINDING COMPONENT. SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW THE SPELL CAN ROLL CTHULHU MYTHOS TO REALIZE IT. DETERMINING THAT THE BOOK'S A MODERN ARTIFACT REQUIRES A SUCCESSFUL ARCHAEOLOGY, OCCULT OR ART (CALLIGRAPHY) ROLL. A SUCCESSFUL HISTORY ROLL CAN ALSO CONFIRM DOUBTS, BUT ONLY IF THE PLAYER SPECIFICALLY REQUESTS A ROLL TO SEE IF THE BOOK'S FAKE.**

More guarded agents might talk to her before attempting to shut her down, at which point she asks exactly what she's doing wrong. Depending on their accusations, she has counter-arguments that might ultimately sway them into letting her stay open.

- **You're selling fraudulent occult merchandise.** "You got me. Yeah, I sell fakes. Creepy, scary fakes that satisfy retard collectors so ignorant that they're intrigued instead of terrified. Do you want them unsatisfied? Poking around until they find the real thing? I've seen what the real McCoy does. *Seen* it. I'd no sooner give that to a curious young Goth with more money than sense than I'd give a loaded gun to a ten-year-old. So you can arrest me for selling frauds, if you think that's better than letting the suckers run around until they find something real."
- **You're spreading dangerous occult knowledge.** "You say that like there's any other kind. Look, the people I'm selling this stuff to, you think they'd quit if I sent them away? The won't give up. Ever. They aren't the type, and if they were, I'd be keeping them happy with spooky toys that don't do jack. Real seekers won't be satisfied until they've got a real spell, which means real danger. At least with me, the only ones in danger are the casters. They're determined to play with matches. I make sure they only burn down their own homes, not anyone else's. Some people, the best thing you can do is give them enough rope to hang themselves!"
- **You're playing me for a fool.** "I'd never use that word. Look, I may not be able to get you what you want all the time, and I may not get it right 100% of the time, but if you arrest me or imprison me or drive me off, you're not going to get anything from me. And if you think I'm bad, I can give you the addresses of at least three Aleister Crowley wannabes who make me look like Samantha from *Bewitched*."

## EXTENDING THE PLOT

If the investigators buy Bernice's arguments and let her stay in business, she can remain a double-edged ally—sometimes providing the very resource they need, sometimes sending them on wild goose chases (possibly just as something else bad goes down, because she got paid off), sometimes playing her own game against their interests—until you decide to send her in a different direction. Here are some possibilities.

### THE RESCUE

Bernice's cop friends either call in the investigators (reluctantly, if they're federal) or call on the investigators when Bernice gets kidnapped. She closed her store on Saturday night and never opened it Monday. No one saw her over the weekend, but her car was found, tidily parked, keys in the ignition, motor running and all doors locked on the north side of town. Who took Bernice, and where, and why? More importantly (if the investigators know about her mastery of the Vanish spell), how are they holding her?

### THE TIPOFF

She calls the investigators at three in the morning. (How'd she get this number?) Someone's breaking into her store! Go catch the burglar!

If they ask how she knows this, she says the CCTV went down. (True, though she only checked it after her back-door warding stone moved.) Investigators who rush to the store may find themselves confronting an enchanter (genuine or delusional?), a trio of professional thieves (self-directed, or hired by a determined client?) or a cabal of local lawyers whose exposure to Bernice and her clients has turned them into anti-Mythos vigilantes.

### THE SELL-OUT

Bernice sure is helpful, isn't she? Maybe she even sets the investigators on the track of buying some of that wonderful anti-monster dust (see page 15). But unfortunately for them, at the bottom she's more self-interested than altruistic. She is, in a word, setting them up. Someone in the shadows scares her a lot more than they do, and that patron/sorcerer/entity has decided the investigators must be suborned, contained, disgraced or outright destroyed. Bernice in this matter becomes the big bad's catspaw—unwillingly or with enthusiasm, depending on how the investigators have treated her.

## BERNICE CARTFIELD, ENCHANTRESS, AGE 42

**NATIONALITY/RACE:** AMERICAN/AFRICAN-AMERICAN

STR 11    CON 13    SIZ 11    INT 15    POW 18

DEX 12    APP 12    EDU 18    SAN 30    HP 12

**DAMAGE BONUS:** NONE

**EDUCATION:** B.A. IN ART, UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA. M.A. IN MUSEUM STUDIES, NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

**OCCUPATION:** SHOPKEEPER

**LANGUAGES:** ENGLISH (OWN) 90%, LATIN 35%, SPANISH 30%.

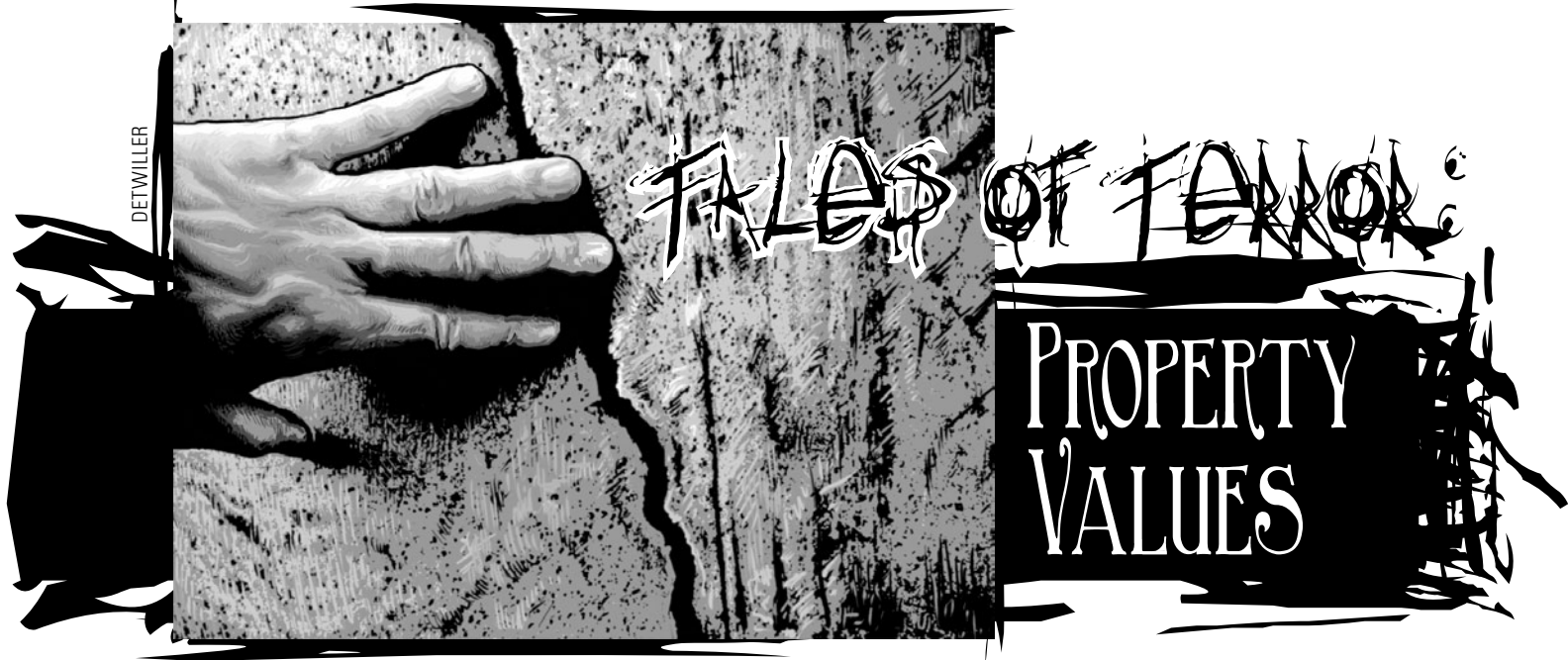
**ATTACKS:** BERETTA M92 PISTOL 45%, DAMAGE 1D10

**SKILLS:** ACCOUNTING 25%, ANTHROPOLOGY 20%, ARCHAEOLOGY 20%, ART (CALLIGRAPHY) 75%, BARGAIN 50%, CONCEAL 30%, CRAFT (FORGERY) 70%, CREDIT RATING 50%, CTHULHU MYTHOS 35%, DISGUISE 10%, DODGE 30%, FAST TALK 30%, HIDE 30%, HISTORY 40%, LIBRARY USE 40%, OCCULT 50%, PERSUADE 45%, PSYCHOLOGY 25%, SNEAK 35%, SPOT HIDDEN 40%.

**SPELLS:** COMMAND GHOST, PRINN'S CRUX ANSATA, SUMMON/BIND STAR VAMPIRE, VANISH, WARDING, WRACK.

**PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION:** BERNICE IS ABOUT 5'9" TALL AND CHUBBY, WITH LIGHT BROWN SKIN AND ODDLY TIDY DREADLOCKS. HER ROUND JOHN LENNON SPECTACLES COVER BIG BROWN EYES THAT ARE BY TURNS MERRY, MYSTERIOUS OR MALEVOLENT. SHE DRESSES IN CONSERVATIVE BUT HIGH-QUALITY CLOTHES, THOUGH THE EFFECT IS OFTEN MARRED BY CLUMPS OF CLINGING CAT HAIR.

**INDEFINITE INSANITIES:** BERNICE IS FRIGIDLY PHOBIC ABOUT SEXUALITY, INCLUDING ANY AND ALL PHYSICAL EXPRESSIONS OF INTIMACY, AFFECTION OR EROTIC SENSUALITY. (DID I MENTION SHE PAID A HIGH, HIGH PRICE TO LEARN THOSE SPELLS? IT WAS A HIGH PRICE. BRISTOW KNOWS HOW TO COMMIT SEXUAL ASSAULT IN THE NON-PLANAR DIMENSION OCCUPIED BY THE LINGUISTIC STRUCTURES HUMANS CALL "IDENTITY.") SHE COVERS THIS UP VERY WELL AND CAN EVEN FLIRT, IN A MILD AND DISTANT WAY, BUT IF YOU TRY TO HOLD HER HAND OR GIVE HER A GOODNIGHT KISS, HER HYSTERICAL DEFENSIVENESS GOES FROM ZERO TO 60 WITH HEART-WRENCHING SPEED. A HUG FROM A WOMAN IS OK. A HUG FROM A MAN WARRANTS A SANITY ROLL. SHE CAN SHAKE A FELLOW'S HAND WITHOUT SCREAMING, BUT SHE STILL WANTS TO.



By ADAM GAUNTLETT

Cracks are appearing in a home. (It could belong to an investigator or an NPC.) Though small at first, the cracks quickly grow larger. The house may be in danger of collapse, which only gets more likely when a chunk of the back garden suddenly vanishes, leaving behind a large hole. The unfortunate homeowner may have to move out while repair works are ongoing, but what caused the problem in the first place?

## POSSIBILITY 1: ORDINARY CATASTROPHE

Unbeknownst to the homeowner, a main water line, half a century old, runs through the back garden of his and several neighbouring properties. This line sprung a leak, and erosion washed out the compacted rubble that served as the house's foundation. The damage is extensive and getting worse. There's no supernatural element here, but neither the water supplier nor the local authorities are willing to take the blame. If the homeowner is to succeed, plenty of Library Use and Law are needed to get someone to do something before the house caves in. Throw in a corrupt city official, willing to take kickbacks, and you have a moral dilemma: commit bribery, or fight the good fight?

## POSSIBILITY 2: WRITTEN IN STONE

The homeowner's crazy neighbour, Bob, has been tunnelling under his own property for decades. His tunnels undermine the homeowner's house, as well as several other properties. He's developed an extensive network, in which he stores every single newspaper, book, restaurant menu or other bit of written trivia he's ever picked up. Funny thing, though: it's difficult to work out where all the tunnels go, and some of the papers in Bob's tunnel system predate Bob by twenty years or more. Do his notes about "digging the maggots out of Her Flesh" mean something? Why the

insistence on written material? Bob didn't keep anything else. Does his belief that the written word has power in its own right somehow have a grain of truth to it?

## POSSIBILITY 3: A SMALL GOD'S RAGE

The homeowner recently acquired an artefact, a small primitive statue made of what seems to be teak, and which resembles a small man with a fat, toadlike face wearing a wide-brimmed hat. Several iron nails have been driven into its body. This fetish, identifiable as central African manufacture, was crafted to be a defender of home and hearth, but as nobody's been sacrificing to it (it's a spirit of real power and it likes palm wine and honey) it has made its displeasure felt by destroying the house. The fetish does this by dancing; each night, after midnight, it hops about on its bandy legs, shaking the house to its foundations, causing bits of it to fall off, blowing huge holes in the ground. If the homeowner owned cattle, no doubt they'd be dying of a noxious blight. Research might reveal the fetish's function and the necessary sacrifice. Only Cthulhu Mythos research can discover that the fetish is linked to an Old One (Nyarlathotep? Shub-Niggurath? Tsatthoghua?), and has a more sinister role: instructing initiates in the rituals of Mythos worship. The owner's first clue comes when he finds it squatting on his chest as he sleeps, whispering blasphemies in his ear. Giving it away isn't a solution: If the owner began sacrificing wine and honey, then the fetish has affection for his worthy disciple and keeps coming back to his house. If he hadn't, then the fetish goes, but not before one last dance to cave in the roof.

////////////////////////////////////  
**A TALE OF TERROR IS A SHORT SCENARIO PREMISE WITH THREE DIFFERENT POSSIBILITIES FOR WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON. KEEPERS CAN MINE THEM FOR IDEAS, TAKING THAT WHICH APPEALS AND DISCARDING THAT WHICH DOES NOT.**  
 //////////////////////////////////////

# MYSTEROUS MANUSCRIPTS

## THE TWELFTH BOOK OF MOSES

BY ADAM GAUNTLETT

*De Laurence's Inverted Development Triangle is given FREE with every copy of this catalogue. The triangle has segments in Seven Oriental Colors and is used by many in developing their Spiritual Natures and their Occult Powers.*

This grimoire is intended for modern campaigns, but can be used in any post-1960s setting.

First, some historical context.

*The Twelfth Book of Moses* is an occult scam that has its roots in antiquity. The Torah are the first five Books, as dictated to Moses by God, but there have been rumours that Moses was granted secret wisdom that found its way into other Books. Written evidence for it goes back to the 4th century: *The Key of Moses*, *Archangelical Teachings of Moses*, *Secret Moon-Book of Moses*, and so on.

Chicago in the early 20th century was a hotbed of immigrant-inspired occultism. If you had a yen for divine inspiration, Chicago was the place to spread the word. William Launce DeLaurence (also known as De Laurence) set himself up as an occult instructor. He went into self-publishing under the DeLaurence, Scott and Company imprint after a bad experience with another publisher. He adopted a vaguely Hindu image, selling his own works (as well as books under his name ripped wholesale from mystics such as A.E. Waite and Levi), and became popular as a wholesaler of magical grimoires and paraphernalia. His works became the mainstay of occult practice in the Caribbean and Africa. They are banned outright in Trinidad; they influenced the Rastafarian movement in Jamaica, where they are also banned; West African magical traditions have become infested with DeLaurence's teachings. Where Europeans and Americans might look to the Far East for occult inspiration, Africans look to the West. To each, the other is foreign and exotic, therefore powerful, infused with magical wisdom.


The above is a broadly faithful account of real-world history; below is the Mythos version.

Though DeLaurence died in 1936, his publishing house lives on. Modern occultist characters should be very familiar with DeLaurence's works. They are ubiquitous; every would-be sorcerer or hippie shaman has at least one of DeLaurence's imprints. They can be found among the possessions of a cultist or on the shelf of any magic store. They are particularly common in areas where Caribbean or West African influences predominate.

Physically, DeLaurence's books have several common elements. They are cheap, mass-produced paperbacks, usually printed in black and white, and are stuffed full of adverts for other DeLaurence products. Many of them reprint information that can be found elsewhere, and their accuracy is questionable. Keepers who want to insert a random DeLaurence tome into their campaign should give the reader no more than +1 to +4 in Occult, with no other benefits.

The legendary *Twelfth Book* is different. It's softcover but is more expensively bound and has a color cover. The Book is devoted to love charms, sex charms, engorged virility, and increased libido. Some say you don't even have to read the contents; just owning the book is enough to guarantee a twofold increase in prowess. It's a 1967 imprint but became very popular during the hedonism of the '70s. It's been referenced in many publications and films, from *The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers* and *Rolling Stone* to *Sex Slaves of Blacula* (1978) and *Night of the Living Dead Porn Stars* (2002), possibly the only homosexual-themed zombie movie ever made (tagline: *It's not just about brains!*). Jimi Hendrix's autographed copy is supposed to be worth a fortune to collectors, not that anyone has seen it since a London auction held in 1983. It is the only DeLaurence publication that interests so-called "serious" occultists, who say that, unlike the usual DeLaurence trash, this book really does contain mystic knowledge.

Some particularly unpleasant occultists claim that the Twelfth Volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki* was plundered to make this *Book of Moses* are not entirely wrong. *The Twelfth Book of Moses* does contain several references to "the dark angel, Yeggilac" who, in return for sacrifices,

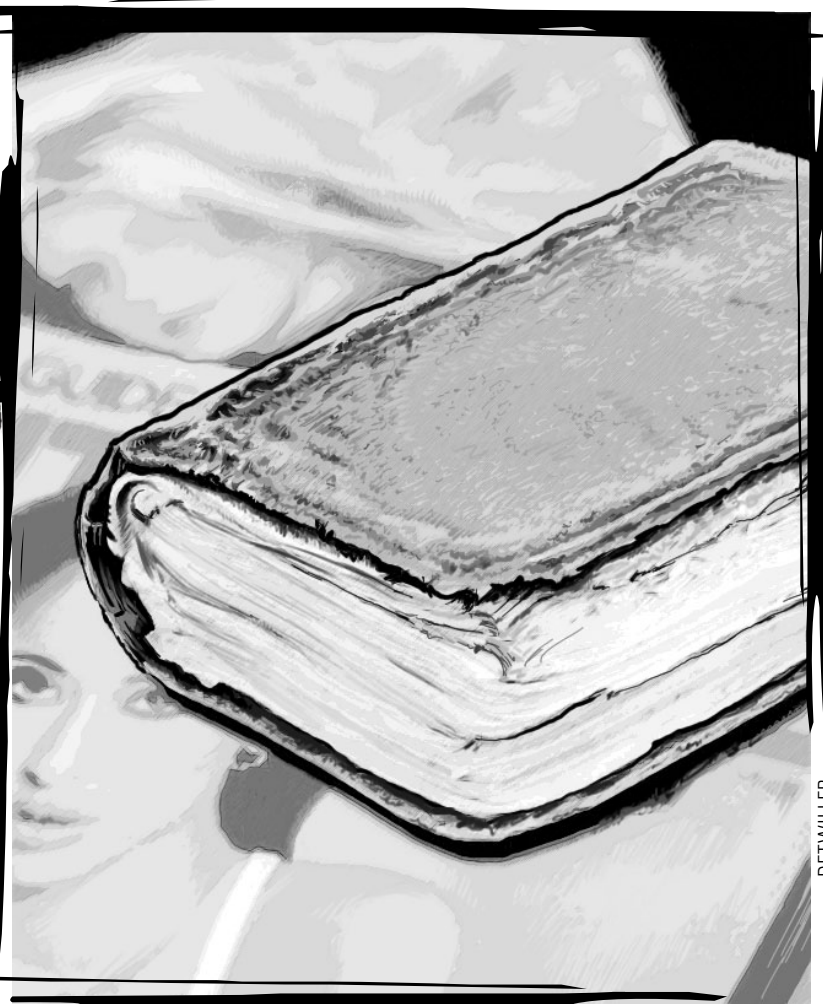


is supposed to shower rewards on the supplicant. However, Mythos scholars soon find, should they read it, that there are important differences between the *Revelations* and this book.

“Seven times seven will be the benefit to the practitioner, should these rites be followed: meditation is key to long, virile life.” The *Book* instructs the reader on how to build a private sanctum in which “the dark angel, Yeggilac” is meant to be appeased, usually in a ritual with sexual elements. Onanism is the least of it; bestiality, necrophilia and acts of extreme sadism are more pleasing to the dark angel. These rituals are to be carried out regularly, at least once a month. If this is done, then the worshipper’s POW is rated at +2 for purposes of Luck, Magic Points and Resistance rolls, though the character’s actual POW (and Sanity) remains the same as before. Sanity cost for regular participation in these rituals is 1D4+1 per month.

Moreover, it is said that there are secret pages inside the *Book* itself, “a sanctum within,” that can be found only by dedicated worship (possibly helped along with hallucinogens). The *Book* “ends” on page 168 and starts again on 175, but if the petitioner is deemed worthy the missing pages reveal themselves. Some scoff, saying this is just a misprint around which the gullible have invented a mythology, but others say that the missing pages show how a special *mandala*, or meditative geometric composition diagram, is to be made. Once the practitioner creates this mental focus, constant meditation using the mandala as a ritual object allows a closer connection with the dark angel. Effectively this is a means of Contacting Y’gononac, at which point the petitioner is given the Old One’s usual choice: Obey me in all things or die.

Skimming the *Book* costs 1D3 SAN and takes 3 hours. Reading it thoroughly costs 1D6+1 SAN, takes a week, confers +3 Cthulhu Mythos, +6 Occult, and the spells



DETWILLER

Dominate and Dream Vision. Should the missing pages be revealed and read, the reader gains an additional +1 Cthulhu Mythos and the spell Contact Y’gononac.

Investigators may find the *Twelfth Book* in the library of a cultist or someone without interest in the Mythos. Thousands were published, and their status as a collectible means they can end up in the most unlikely of hands. Film moguls and rock stars are just as likely to covet a copy as a dedicated necromancer.

Owners who go on to carry out the rituals tend to leave a trail of broken victims, if not corpses; the investigators may encounter the *Twelfth Book* because they investigated a previous owner. Or the investigators might be hired to obtain a copy. The rich and famous rarely do their own legwork and won’t care how the *Twelfth Book* is obtained, so long as they can boast about it at their next party. Of course, the owner might not want to sell, but that’s hardly the buyer’s problem.

There may even be forgeries. The Hendrix copy sold for a fortune but hasn’t been seen in years. If it reappeared on the market, collectors would want to know: Is it the real thing or a fake? If fake, who made it? Enter the experts, the investigators.

# PARAMOUR OF Y'GOLONAC

By OSCAR RIOS

*Those who know me will find me. Those who serve me, even if unknowing, will draw me. They will have their flesh tested, and if found pleasing may embrace me. A universe of pleasure and pain, free of death and remorse, awaits those found worthy to become my paramours. These are the words of Y'gonolac. — Revelations of Glaaki, Volume Twelve, 54:57, 9*

Paramours of Y'gonolac begin as apparently normal human beings who are obsessed with sensate pleasures and sex, and whose activities generate an energy which draws the Great Old One Y'gonolac.

The transformation from human into Paramour of Y'gonolac begins with the individual encountering the avatar form of the Great Old One. The candidate is bitten by the mouths of Y'gonolac and, either by chance or as part of a formal ritual, survives. Damage from these bites does not heal naturally, leaving survivors to suffer from painful open wounds. After enduring this for a year, the victim is given a choice, usually by a worshiper of Y'gonolac but sometimes in dreams sent by the Great Old One itself. The victim is offered healing, enhanced beauty and immortality as part of a high honor: to become an eternal consort of Y'gonolac.

One who accepts vanishes instantly, transported to an underground ruin behind a vast brick wall, where Y'gonolac lurks. There the bond between the candidate and the true, unknown form of the Great Old One is horribly consummated. The candidate reappears, sometimes days later, fully healed. His or her beauty is greatly enhanced and he or she exudes raw sexual appeal. However, the person is no longer human or technically alive; he or she is a Paramour of Y'gonolac, an immortal servitor completely corrupted by the Great Old One, the Paramour's lover, master and god.

The Paramour is the ultimate corruptor and hedonist. Few humans can resist the primal attraction these creatures project; to be near a Paramour is to desire one. Those attempting to resist the seductive charms of one of these creatures must make a POW x 2 check not to give in to its advances. The sexual skills of Paramours are preternatural and those coupling with them experience levels of debauchery few mortals ever reach. During such encounters, Paramours recite passages from the 12th volume of *The Revelations of Glaaki*. Coupling with a Paramour pollutes the mind as well as the flesh, causing the creature's lover to lose 1/1D3 SAN per encounter.

Many worshipers of Y'gonolac were led to the Great Old One's service by its Paramours, and nothing pleases Paramours more than bringing new prospects before their god. The ultimate goal of each and every Paramour is to corrupt someone to serve as the avatar host of Y'gonolac itself.

Strangely, Paramours can feel love and attachment to mortals. They are often nurturing of new cultists, educating them in the worship of their master. However, these creatures are never monogamous. The dark, corrupting energy of their master's lust must be forever spread outward, not confined.

Paramours serve Y'gonolac in other ways. They attract new worshippers, gather information and educate its cultists. These creatures can recite the 12th Volume of the *Revelations of Glaaki* from memory, sometimes creating complete physical tomes for new cultists. Paramours sometimes serve as bodyguards to high-ranking cultists of Y'gonolac and as guardians of its temples. While they are usually solitary, groups of Paramours sometimes gather to assist with important rituals.

**ATTACKS:** A Paramour of Y'gonolac normally appears to be merely an extraordinarily attractive person radiating sexuality. However, it can instantly transform into its true form, a rotting, eyeless corpse marred by gaping bite wounds. The bites suffered when the creature was human reappear now as fully formed mouths with sharp, rasping teeth. Each Paramour has 1D3 of these maws located somewhere on its body.

In combat Paramours move swiftly, clawing at targets with elongated fingernails. These attacks do 1D3+db points of damage. A target struck by both claws in a single round is automatically grappled. The Paramour then embraces the victim tightly, allowing the open maws on its body to deliver bite attacks for 1D4 points of damage each. While the maws bite the Paramour moans, writhes in passion and reacts as if in the throes of sexual copulation. The victim of this horrific attack must make an additional Sanity roll and lose 1/1D4 points. The victim must break the



PARAMOUR OF Y'GOLONAC. LESSER SERVITOR RACE  
RESTORED VICTIM TURNED WILLING LOVER

CHAR.	ROLLS	AVERAGES
STR	4D6+5	19
CON	5D6+6	23-24
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	4D6	14
DEX	4D6+3	17

**MOVE:** 15

**HP:** 18-19

**AVG. DAMAGE BONUS:** +1D4

**WEAPONS:**

- CLAW 45%, DAMAGE 1D3+DB.
- GRAPPLE 55%, DAMAGE SPECIAL +1D3 BITES.
- BITES (1D3) 50%, DAMAGE 1D4.

**ARMOR:** NONE, BUT TAKES MINIMAL POSSIBLE DAMAGE FROM NONMAGICAL PHYSICAL ATTACKS.

**SPELLS:** CONTACT Y'GOLONAC.

**SANITY LOSS:** 1/1D6 FOR SEEING A PARAMOUR OF Y'GOLONAC IN ITS TRUE FORM; 1/1D3 FOR COUPLING WITH A PARAMOUR OF Y'GOLONAC; 1/1D4 FOR BEING SUBJECTED TO THE GRAPPLING ATTACK OF A PARAMOUR OF Y'GOLONAC.

Paramour's grapple to be free of this attack, or else be salvaged in this way until killed.

The Paramour recovers 1 HP of damage it's suffered for every 1 HP it inflicts with its bite attacks.

Paramours are difficult to destroy. They are immune to heat and cold and take minimum possible damage from non-magical physical attacks. As a form of undead they are unaffected by toxins and cannot be rendered unconscious or adversely effected by pressure. Paramours are immune to the effects of smoke and drowning as they don't need to breathe.

If reduced to zero hit points the Paramour vanishes in a flash of light, slowly reforming in the underground ruin where it was first created. This takes 1D20 weeks, after which the Paramour is returned to the surface world by Y'golonac. A Paramour can be permanently destroyed only if reduced to zero hit points by spells or enchanted weapons.





# CHEATING MADNESS

BY BRENNAN BISHOP

Being institutionalized is one of the most traumatic experiences of an investigator's life (aside from whatever it is that got them there) and your game should spend a proper amount of time dealing with it. Ordinarily, insanity in *Call of Cthulhu* takes a character out of the action, whether the investigator is institutionalized for low Sanity or has become an NPC at zero Sanity. But why not find a way to cheat madness and let play continue?

A few good sessions could be squeezed out of an investigator whose insanities are of the playable kind (something other than catatonia or unstoppable homicidal mania, perhaps). If the

character is suffering from frayed nerves or even an indefinite insanity, then embark upon a scenario at the local sanitarium.

Go through the motions of doses of disorienting medication, bizarre encounters with fellow inmates, disturbing interviews with creepy doctors, wary nurses, hostile guards, dull television repeats, shabby surroundings thanks to budget cuts—and, most importantly, how the investigator reacts to it all. Give the character's degeneration and irrevocable detachment from reality the weight of played experience.

## FLAVORS OF MADNESS

Every insanity must be played through in its own unique way. I'm afraid it falls to you and your players to figure out how to adapt a particular madness to play. Someone who has been driven mad by the struggle against the Cthulhu Mythos probably sees the world in a vastly different light than ordinary people. Where a sane person may see a flock of crows perched in a tree outside the window, a madman could see a Hunting Horror, lurking and waiting to get in. The real fun begins when the player realizes, after taking desperate actions to defeat some supernatural threat, that the character's senses are lying. Fun scenes of a character being attacked by monsters can be fully played out before the character finally comprehends he or she has been attacking a friend or another inmate all along. When a real monster does show up, will the madman hold back? Or will he attack again, hoping that this time what's seen is what's really there?

Many things depend your game's time period. Most periods before the modern day treated the insane brutally: Lobotomies, ice baths, straightjackets, hydrotherapy, poorly trained staff, and terrible restraints were all standard at one time or another. A 1920s inmate who is particularly outspoken or troublesome might be medicated into an easily manageable stupor for weeks at a time. Solitary confinement is regarded fondly by most doctors as a method of patient control. Visitations are rare and madness hardly ever gets better; those committed are often seen as practically

dead already. Brutes with clubs patrol the halls and keep the peace, beating submission into those who seem to need it.

In modern times things are much improved. Electroshock therapy has been fine-tuned to actually help people, rather than just blowing holes in their memory and rendering them docile. Medication, training, equipment, and the general upkeep of facilities have all evolved over the years into something that would have barely been recognizable to inmates from the previous century. Of course, so has security. Gone are the thugs and their sticks, replaced by trained guards and cameras. Motion sensors sweep the halls and raise alarms that could be loud or silent, depending on the surprise you want for your players. Infractions are still met with security teams, but they are far more likely to talk calmly and escort an escapee back to his or her room using rewards or a bit of medication rather than a clout about the head. Even violent patients which must be tackled in a rush sustain fewer bruises and less embarrassment. They are not kept in a drug-induced fog for weeks at a time. Usually a few hours, at the most, takes the edge off a patient who comes out swinging.

Perhaps a character is rich enough to afford mental professionals to come visit at home. This way the character has more freedom and comfort as well as access to all those musty tomes on the shelf. This doesn't really change the scenario much. The NPCs are garbage men and postal workers (or household servants for the truly wealthy) rather than doctors



and nurses. Being rich also comes with the benefits of having the best care available to suppress insanity that can't be cured.

It also means physical safety. The monsters and men with knives who come creeping around might face a security system and guards. Of course, the threat may not be monsters from outside but the madman himself who sees all the world's devils in the guards he's paid to protect him. And if the monsters are real, the spells they wield have a tendency to overcome such things as alarms and ornery dogs.

By the way, if you've never used the Dreamlands in a campaign before, now is the time. A dimension fueled by the unconscious imagination of the mad and inventive has never been closer to the waking world than at a mental health facility. Comatose patients can become friends or enemies on the other side of sleep; and beyond that wall maybe those insanities are not so insane after all. Many things done in the Dreamlands can affect the real world. If one can find a door between the waking world and the land of dreams, escaping incarceration has never been easier or more baffling to those left behind. The ghouls use many hidden doorways to crawl out of the Dreamlands, doorways that have nothing to do with falling asleep, and it's not out of the realm of possibility that your player characters could go to sleep, end up in the Dreamlands, and crawl through a ghoulish hole back to the waking world. Whether a character's body comes back to our world, too, or the character must possess someone else is up to you; but having to break one's own comatose body out of a psychiatric ward so one can reenter it is *Call of Cthulhu* gold.

## THE OTHERS

It can be a challenge to have one player in the madhouse while the others are out stomping cultists. Everyone will have a better time if the stories can be woven together.

Would the baddies faced by the group care if one of the stalwart adventurers who opposed them was left undefended in a mental facility? Would they send visions of suicide in hopes of the inmate ending it all? How about an assassin? Or a Gug in an unwanted visit to the Dreamlands? Obsessive cultist enemies won't easily forgive or forget about an investigator who meddled with their plans.

If the group is pursuing a lone Mythos beastie, it could track the character down by scent or whatever it uses to track prey. Many of them know a few spells, so it wouldn't be hard to skirt around security at an institution.

If it's a human threat, that's even better. Not only can they get in through regular means—official channels, visiting other inmates, getting committed themselves—they can do the dastardly ones, too: bribing, blackmailing the staff, threats, old-fashioned breaking and entering, or even pulling off a drive-by shooting during exercise time. A madman telling his friends about terrible things stalking him in the night at the asylum may not have much sway, but it might be more compelling when the gardener goes missing and strange tracks are sighted.

*Here in Pastoral Manor,  
nothing is as it seems. You  
and your pet monsters can't  
trust anybody – not even the  
awesome talking animals. (And  
definitely not the crazy old  
guy with the shotgun.)*



## Road Trip

A revolutionary campaign for

Monsters and Other Childish

Things. See [www.arcdream.com](http://www.arcdream.com).

ADVERTISEMENT

It's easy to shift the focus from the group to one incarcerated investigator. Perhaps the character is mentally suppressing a secret that the other investigators need. Perhaps an item that was taken away when the character was initially processed is something that a cult needs or that tethers a monster to this world. Either way, someone or something wants it back and knows the character had it last. The ritual or world-shattering event is on hold until it's retrieved, and the players rapidly figure out that the attention is on their locked-up teammate.

Then there are all the secrets that investigators keep. The other players still have an apocalypse to stop, but someone should really keep an eye on the companion who went mad to ensure he or she doesn't say anything too incriminating to the authorities. Stopping a deranged cult is a lot easier when the cops aren't tossing your house for dynamite as doctors report illegal activities suggested by the ravings of your unfortunate friend. After all, doctor-patient confidentiality only goes until there is evidence that someone else might get hurt or killed. Many good stories begin with a character spilling his or her guts to a psychiatrist, and so can yours. A whole game could be spent in the past, catching up to the confession by a shadowy figure, only to be revealed when events line up for a certain player in the present. It's a long shot, but it is fun when it works out.

Making the sessions fun and interesting is the ultimate goal. It can be hard to keep all the players involved if you're running half the scenario with a player who is separated from everyone else by padded walls and medication.

If there's no way to involve the other player characters, ask the players if they would mind making mental patients for a few sessions before popping back to their regular characters. After all, it's only fair for them to play a few hours with temporary characters to watch the fate of their low-Sanity friend unfold before that player makes

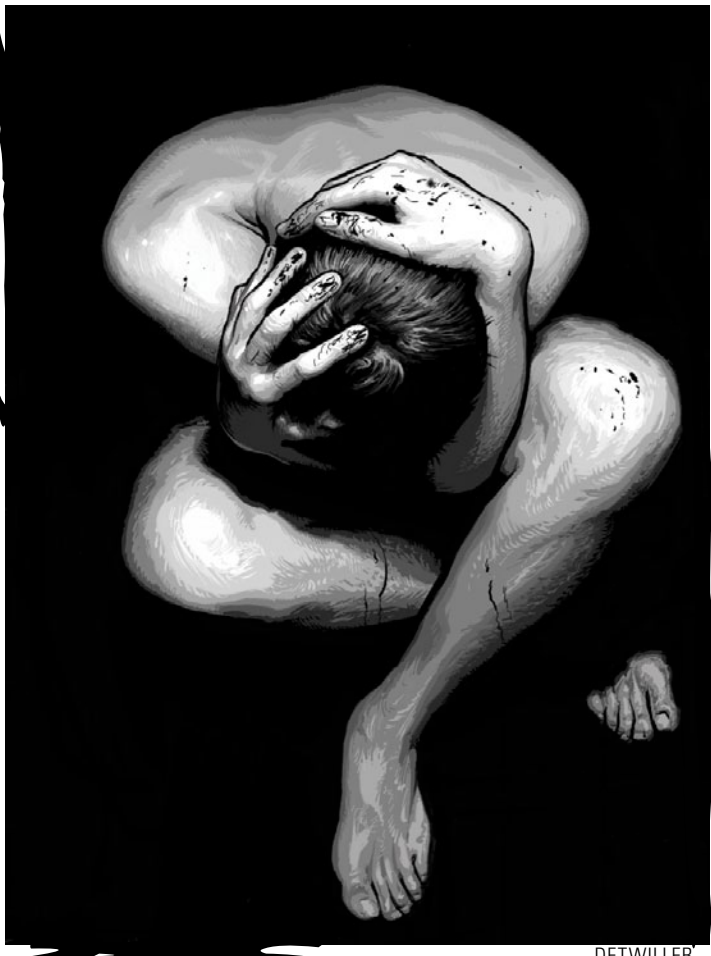
a new character. They could play doctors, nurses, staff, patients, concerned family members, anyone who is at home in an asylum. Together you could craft a miniature campaign where everyone can observe the rants of an inmate before he or she is reclaimed by whatever made him or her that way.

If the players are not interested in that, the possibilities are more limited. You could run the game apart from your usual time with just the single player, playing out that character's final story until it ends and you leave the investigator rotting in a cell. Of course, taking the player out of your regular game to run something individually can take a lot of time, planning, and material as a single player burns through ideas much more quickly than a group does. Running it while the other players are present but are not involved keeps everyone apprised of what is happening, but the other players might not like having the main story set aside for a time. It may be best to give the mad investigator's story no more attention than the other players at the table wish to give it.

## BEYOND ALL HOPE

Characters become NPCs when they reach zero Sanity points because they are too far gone to perceive the world as it is (or, depending on your perspective, to be fooled by the veils that separate human reality from the truths of the Mythos), or to form coherent thoughts, or to do most of the things we take for granted, such as feeding ourselves and keeping clean. Use a final scenario featuring the mad investigator as a player character to explore the nature and depth of the madness, and to establish just what keeps the character from being able to participate in further adventures. If nothing else, it can serve to wrap up that character's story while introducing a new investigator—perhaps one who watched the poor, raving inmate get devoured by something that slipped through the corners of space-time into a locked and padded cell.

# MYSTEROUS MANUSCRIPT (OF A SORT): JOY SHUSTERMAN'S BASEMENT



DETWILLER

By **JEFF MOELLER**

Joy Shusterman's basement is located beneath a quiet house at the end of a middle-class cul-de-sac in the suburbs of a large U.S. city, in a state selected for its lack of the death penalty.

Joy lives alone, does not socialize, and works as a professor of psychology at a private university. She is brusque, unfriendly, coldly clinical and detached, but she has tenure.

Joy conducts legitimate, U.S. government-funded research into the behavior of prisoners, touching on game theory, problem solving under stress conditions, and the formation of social groups and pecking orders. She has connections with the military and with several private prison contractors. She also conducts some illicit research in her basement.

Underneath a carpet in her laundry room lies a heavy, stone trap door. Beneath the trap door is a 20' by 20' by 12' cell, featureless except as noted below: no furniture, no toilet, nothing. Only Joy knows that it is there. Anyone else who ever knew about it found himself or herself trapped in it. A hidden camera in the cell's ceiling links to a secured section of her laptop computer.

Joy is not a cultist. She is, rather, an utter sociopath, and she uses this room to conduct secret experiments into how people react when completely trapped. She watches them beg, bargain, go mad from boredom, and (usually) commit suicide, while she takes copious notes. When she tires of them, she dumps in something to use to kill themselves.

She has been doing this for many years, preying upon those who are not missed, or people who have inconvenienced her funding sources.

Occasionally, she gets an encrypted email from a connection or employer asking her to meet, somewhere out

of the way, to pick up a test subject. She goes where she is asked, and masked men dump someone under sedation into the back of her minivan. She does not care enough about other human beings to ask questions, and as long as her research continues to be funded, she sees no need for them. And her connections do not ask, or care to know, exactly how she gets rid of people.

Ten years ago, Joy decided to see what would happen if she introduced some crayons into the otherwise empty environment. The results were intriguing, so as each subject thereafter was imprisoned, she tossed in something new with them: an occult book, a Rubik's Cube, a religious text, a hobby knife.

The subjects, predictably, began to scribble and mark on the walls and use the books to decorate the cell. The "work" has grown, layer by layer. Those who seem to be making positive contributions to the room's zeitgeist get dropped some food or water down from the trap door in the ceiling, until she decides to move on.

The experiment in the basement really took off, though, when she dumped a minor Mythos tome down the trap door several years ago.

Joy had given a speech at a convention about her (more legitimate) research into the preoccupation of prisoners with fringe religions; she noted that the more isolated one became, the more extreme one's religious views became. When she got home, a FedEx package from somewhere in Virginia was waiting for her, with a false return address. It contained the tome and a note that simply read, "Try this." So she did.

To Joy, the tome had no special meaning or value. She did not even bother to read it beyond the most cursory perusal. It was merely another strange book, another variable.

Careful interaction with her typical sponsors led her to conclude that none of them knew anything about what she has taken to calling the "catalyst manuscript." Joy is mildly worried that her security might have been compromised, and realizes that someone may be running some sort of an experiment on her. But years have gone by without further interference, so she soldiers on. The FedEx envelope itself is down in the basement, incorporated into the project. Its bar code seems to have captivated the attention of several subjects.

But now Joy has a problem. Her last subject somehow just vanished, there and then gone between one frame of security film and the next.

## INSIDE THE BASEMENT

The only conventional access to the basement is the trap door. Joy literally dumps subjects into the room through it, usually feet-first so that the fall is unlikely to do much harm. There are lights set into the ceiling trapdoor, which Joy turns off or on depending on whether she thinks the subject might do something interesting.

Every square inch of floor, ceiling and wall is now covered with ripped-out, annotated pages of occult tomes (including the "catalyst manuscript"), mad crayon drawings, mathematical formulae, doodles, blood, urine, semen and feces. People have gouged handholds in the concrete walls over the years in vain attempts to access the ceiling.

The basement itself functions as a Mythos tome. Each prisoner over the past ten years has built on and synthesized prior "editions." One can "skim" it by undertaking a controlled review of its surfaces, giving up and going home when tired or when it becomes too oppressive. "Skimming" the room takes 200 hours. (It is extremely difficult to sort into anything sensible. The writing is of every size and color, in several languages, and many obscure literary or cultural allusions are made. Some of it is in cipher, and finding the sequence in any one set of ramblings can be challenging). Skimming the basement costs 1D6 SAN and suggests that, if one spent enough time there obsessing over the situation, one might gain preternatural insight into hidden patterns and connections in the world.

To really comprehend the basement, one needs to be trapped in it.

And not just "trapped" in it by a friend who lets you out when you beg loudly enough. When someone starts to feel truly desperate, when the adrenaline starts flowing, when they have tried everything to reach the trap door 12' up—that is when their minds are ready to appreciate the more subtle patterns. That is when the current evolutionary stage of the basement starts to "make sense." There is a pattern to the whole, an exploration of the concept of

escape, from many philosophical, occult, esoteric and hyper-geometric perspectives. After 400 hours of “study” in the basement, desperately searching for a way out, one gains +8 to Cthulhu Mythos, -2d6 SAN, and can attempt to learn by terrible epiphany the spells Augur and Create Gate.

Joy’s basement is difficult to forget. Anyone going temporarily insane from it becomes obsessed with it—tempted to go back again and again, thinking about the whole world through its distorting filter, and constantly noticing elements from it in one’s surroundings.

Is there a functioning Gate, at present, in Joy Shusterman’s basement? Well, not exactly, at least not in the sense of a discrete, stable, reusable portal to another place or time. The information in the basement is not quite so tidy. There is enough information that a madman might be able to make an unstable, one-use Gate even without mastering the spell itself; or at least to unreliably, unpredictably blur the lines of space, time and reality. And of course, the experiment continues, and the basement perhaps becomes more stable, every time a new perspective is added.

## PLOT SEEDS USING JOY'S BASEMENT

1. What a delightful place to dump an investigator who has run afoul of some occult conspiracy! Joy happily observes a new guest descending into madness at the behest of an associate.
2. The person who vanished from the basement appears, having gouged out his own eyes and inexplicably aged twenty years, utterly insane, in some otherwise inaccessible

place, such as a bank vault or the International Space Station. The investigators must try to debrief him and make sense of the situation.

3. Joy has not mentioned to her benefactors that the last person they gave her to dispose of somehow vanished. She is considering imprisoning herself in an effort to figure out how this happened. Her disappearance cannot go unnoticed. Her partners will not be pleased.

### JOY SHUSTERMAN, SOULLESS PSYCHOLOGIST, AGE 60

**NATIONALITY/RACE:** AMERICAN/CAUCASIAN

STR 12    CON 14    SIZ 13    INT 18    POW 18

DEX 12    APP 9    EDU 20    SAN 0    HP 13

**DAMAGE BONUS:** +1D4

**EDUCATION:** PH.D., PSYCHOLOGY, UCLA; PH.D., CRIMINAL JUSTICE, UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.

**OCCUPATION:** PROFESSOR.

#### ATTACKS:

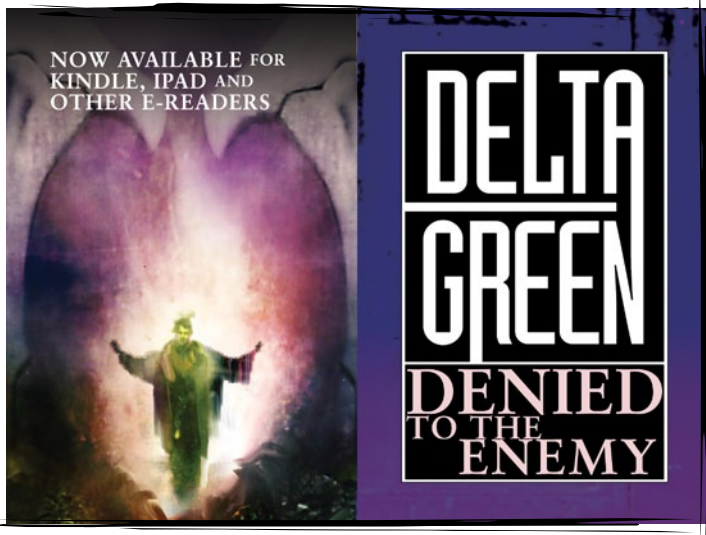
- STUN GUN/TASER 68%, RANGE: TOUCH; STUNS FOR 1D6 ROUNDS.
- ANESTHESIA SYRINGE, 68%, RANGE: TOUCH, 1 HP DAMAGE + POT 25 ANESTHESIA; IF CON IS OVERCOME, UNCONSCIOUSNESS RESULTS FOR 2D10+10 MINUTES.

**LANGUAGES:** ENGLISH (OWN) 99%, LATIN 25%, SPANISH, 30%.

**SKILLS:** ACCOUNTING 25%, ANTHROPOLOGY 35%, BARGAIN 70%, COMPUTER USE 50%, CREDIT RATING 55%, CTHULHU MYTHOS 2%, DRIVE AUTO 35%, FAST TALK 75%, FIRST AID 65%, HISTORY 80%, LIBRARY USE 90%, LISTEN 55%, NATURAL HISTORY 50%, NAVIGATE 50%, OCCULT 60%, PERSUADE 90%, PHARMACY 66%, PSYCHOLOGY 95%, PSYCHOANALYSIS 40%, SPOT HIDDEN 70%.

**SPELLS:** NONE.

**PERMANENT INSANITIES:** SOCIOPATHY, OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE DISORDER.





# THE BRICK KILN

By ADAM GAUNTLETT

## INTRODUCTION

“The Brick Kiln” is a 1930s mystery for *Trail of Cthulhu* set in southern England.

## THE HOOK

---

The investigators are invited to a Sussex country house for a spot of fly-fishing by an acquaintance, Ralph Lockwood. There they encounter the remains of a Mythos mystery and an old haunting.

## THE AWFUL TRUTH

---

The house was built by the artist Stevenson Parrish (1762-1813), a moderately famous Royal Academy painter. Parrish committed suicide after the tragic death of his daughter Emily.

Emily had fallen in with a Brighton branch of the Hell Fire Club. This society delighted in performing necromantic masques for the enjoyment of the Prince of Wales, later George IV. Emily was a favorite altar in their Satanic rituals, but in one entertainment the Club went too far and summoned Mordiggian, which ravaged the group and made Emily his own. Pregnant and desperate, she returned to her father’s house, but the birth proved fatal. Stevenson bludgeoned the misshapen infant and buried them both beneath a brick kiln before taking his own life.

Since that time the link with Mordiggian, through the buried remains, has brought the Manor House closer to the Charnel God’s Dreamlands realm. Rat things and ghouls are preparing the way for the house to become a place of power dedicated to Mordiggian. However, a final blood sacrifice is needed.

Enter Ralph Lockwood and his manservant Tredennick. Ralph rented the house as a vacation spot, knowing



nothing of its history. Tredennick is being slowly driven insane by nightmares inspired by the Charnel God, and will carry out the sacrifice.

## THE SPINE

---

Ralph invites the investigators on a golfing and fishing holiday. He wants their opinion on a piece of artwork he picked up and offers a free vacation in exchange. The villagers at Trevor Major can tell the investigators about the manor house and its infamous owner. Meanwhile at the House strange dreams trouble the inhabitants; rats crawl behind the walls; Stevenson's shadow walks the halls. The ghouls are busy preparing the brick kiln for its new function as altar, and Tredennick's sanity is slowly crumbling.

## THE END

---

The climax of the mystery may be a midnight sacrifice with Tredennick as presiding priest. If the investigators are to prevail, they must at a minimum stop Tredennick; a more permanent victory would mean destruction of the brick kiln, the focal point of the place of power.

## THE INVITATION

One of the investigators receives a phone call from Ralph Lockwood:

“Hi-ho, chirpy! Haven't spoken to you in far too long. Listen, old thing, I've got something here that I want your advice on. Can I persuade you? I've bagged myself a rather nice little spot down in the country—brill-o, lots of fish and a pleasant little golf course next door. I'll put you up, all found, for all summer if you want, and you give me your considered what's-it on the item in question. Say you'll come, old fruit!”

Ralph is cagey on the details. He won't say what it is he wants their opinion on. He does hint that it ought to be worth “a packet—if it is what I think it is.”

Ralph gives them the address and advises them on the best way to get there. See also **Trevor Major**.

The investigators may want to know more about Ralph (core clues):

- *Oral History*: Ralph is a casual acquaintance. He's independently wealthy and spends his time travelling throughout Europe, adding to his collection of art and curiosities. He has a profitable sideline of selling items to other collectors.
- *Occult*: Ralph has a nose for occult collectables, especially incunabula. He often attends weird book sales and can be relied on to find the nugget of gold in a box full of

cross. He doesn't care much for them himself, but knows they can be sold on to others who do.

The following 1 point clues can be had:

- *Accountancy/Credit Rating*: Rumor has it that Ralph is not as rich as he used to be. He took a bad knock in the last crash and may not be far from bankruptcy.
- *Library Use / History*: The spot Ralph chose is, according to the travel guides, a quiet little village in the East Sussex countryside. The guide book mentions the church (“an interesting example of Norman architecture”) and the Manor House (“Georgian, with minor elements of Tudor detailing surviving from the original structure.”). It's off the beaten track, and a challenging drive.

## TREVOR MAJOR

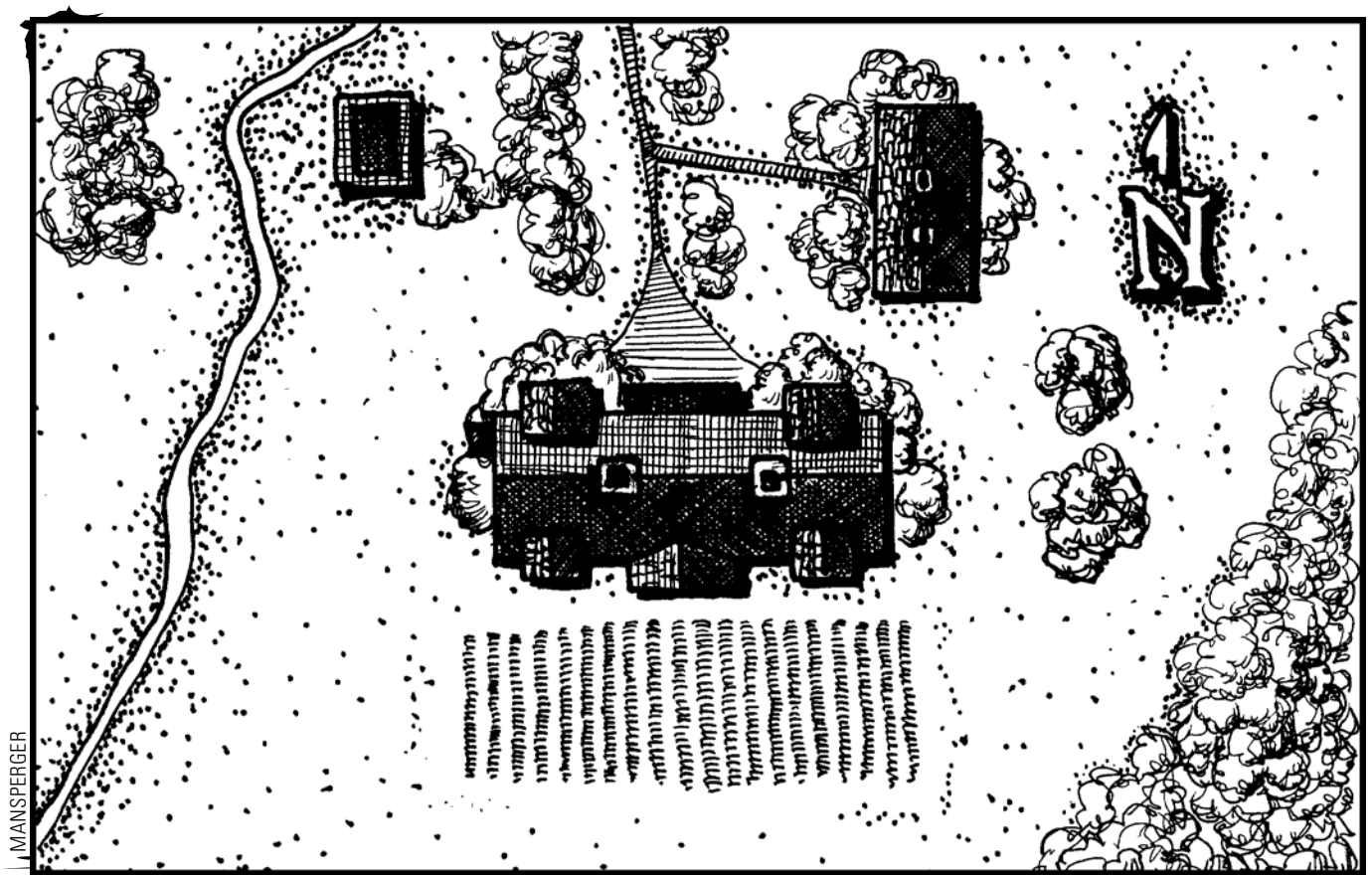
The village of Trevor Major is near England's southern coast. Ralph advises the investigators to catch the train to Barcombe, where Tredennick will pick them up and drive them the rest of the way. He says they can drive down if they like, but warns that the roads are tricky for the uninitiated.

Barcombe is on the Bluebell Line, a picturesque rail journey through beautiful countryside. If the investigators go this route then they might talk to one of the passengers about Trevor Major; see **Talking With the Locals**.

If the characters drive themselves, then a **Preparedness 4 check** must be made in order to guarantee they have the maps they need get to Trevor Major. Otherwise they get hopelessly lost and arrive a day late, having spent a night at a truly atrocious coaching inn, The Huntsman (over-cooked veg and rock-hard beds), along the way. Investigators who make this **Preparedness check** should thereafter be allowed to drive around Sussex without incident; those who do not, cannot. Tredennick has mastered the roads and can drive without getting lost. Those who spend the night at the Huntsman may also spend time **Talking with the Locals**.

If the investigators drive then they pass through Trevor Major on the way to the Manor House. If they do not stop there they may pay it a visit later in the scenario. If they walk, the village is an hour's journey from the Manor House.

Trevor Major is a small village on the South Downs. The village must have been of some consequence, judging by the Norman church and the sturdy Georgian Manor House, but those days are gone. A dozen cottages, surrounded by woodland, are all that is left. There is a post office and general store run by Mrs. Alderson, and also a cartwright, Nyland, who acts as a country blacksmith. There are no other businesses. Investigators may try **Talking with the Locals** or approaching **Mrs. Alderson** or **The Rev. Bullingham**.



## TALKING WITH THE LOCALS

Sussex folk are friendly and approachable. Talking to them gets an investigator the same benefit as successful **Preparedness**; the investigator can now drive without getting lost.

### Core clue:

- *Oral History*: The Manor House used to be owned by “a very important gentleman” who came to a sad end. The owners live abroad and rent it seasonally. There’s a story about the “important gentleman” but nobody remembers the details.

## MRS. ALDERSON

Mrs. Alderson is a vigorous old gossip in her mid-fifties, who always wears black in honor of her late husband Alfred. Talking to her gains the same benefit as **Talking with the Locals**, with these additional **core clues**:

- *Oral History*: The famous gentleman was an artist who went mad one night and murdered his daughter, then poisoned himself, and many locals think he haunts the place. Nobody who lives in Trevor Major will work at the Manor House.
- *History*: Mrs. Alderson can’t remember the artist’s name, but recalls that he died “in the days of the old Prince, just before he became Regent,” and that he was famous for

“a painting about an old Roman . . . Cicero, would it be? I remember Teacher saying . . . [reminisces].” With that information the investigator realizes that the artist is Stevenson Parrish, Royal Academician, whose most remembered work is *The Garden of Cicero*, owned by the Duke of Westminster and on loan to the National Portrait Gallery.

## THE REV. BULLINGHAM

The church, Saint Willebrod’s, is a fine example of (**Architecture / Art History**) later Norman cruciform architecture, with well-preserved detailed patterning around the church door arch.

The curate, Father Bullingham, is a hunting-shooting-fishing Christian who believes in healthy living.

Talking to him gets the same benefit as **Talking with the Locals**, with these additional **core clues**:

- *Flattery / Oral History*: The “famous gentleman” was the artist Stevenson Parrish. Bullingham is a minor Art History expert, and knows that Parrish designed the Manor House. Bullingham has sought out those Parrish paintings that are on public display, and considers him an unsung British genius whose tragic death overshadowed his artwork. He knows that Parrish died “soon after the death of his daughter,” which had something to do with “unfortunate associates” she

# WHAT DO YOU FEAR?



**MONSTERS!**

**UNDEAD!**

**MYSTERIOUS HAUNTINGS!**

**AAAAAAAAAAUUUUGH!**

Coming soon...  
**BUMPS  
IN THE  
NIGHT** from  
Pagan Publishing

- picked up in Brighton. He's not clear on the details.
- For an **extra point** of *Flattery / Oral History*, Bullingham will show the investigator his prize: a painting by Parrish. It is dated 1810 and shows the Manor House on a calm summer's evening as the sun is going down. This is an unusual subject for Parrish, who is better known for his Roman-themed historical paintings. In the foreground is the Manor House's brick kiln; a plume of black smoke stains the skyline, and a male figure can be seen outlined against the glow of the kiln fire. The figure is shoveling something into the flames.

## THE MANOR HOUSE

The house is accessed by private road. It is set in its own extensive grounds, in a lovely spot surrounded on two sides by a stand of ancient trees. To the west farmers' fields stretch all the way to Trevor Major. To the north, east and south are trees and open fields, all of which belong to the Manor. The stream, over which the Manor enjoys sole fishing rights, flows from the north to the west (bisecting the farmer's fields) and south. It is marked to the north by a stone arched bridge and far to the south by a boundary stone.

Directly south of the Manor House are the gardens. They are neglected but it is easy to trace the former flower beds, and some of the flowers still survive amongst the weeds.

Directly north is the private access road. Not far from that road is a ruined building, covered over by ivy and flowering plants. See **Brick Kiln**.

The Manor House is a typical Georgian addition to a Tudor original, with red brick walls, sash windows and an unusual molded cornice at the gable end, which resembles a trail of flowers in bloom.

There are no servants on site. The House is rented seasonally and is empty the rest of the year. The owners have arranged with Mrs. Alderson to have cleaners in once a week and gardeners once a fortnight to keep the House and grounds in good order (more or less) when it isn't occupied, but when it is occupied the tenants are assumed to be taking care of these issues. Ralph and Tredennick are the only people in the house.

### Core clues:

- *Art History / Architecture*: The building is neglected. The gutters are blocked and green mold has spread down the building exterior. Several of the slates have slipped and it is likely the roof leaks. However, it is architecturally interesting, and could be restored if enough money was spent.

The following **1 point** clue can be had:

- *Outdoorsman*: There are many trails through the undergrowth, leading every which way. That ought to

indicate a lot of wildlife, yet there doesn't seem to be any about. There's no birdsong either; the place seems dead. There are holes near the foundations, which may be rat holes.

## THE TOUR

---

Ralph greets the investigators warmly. He shows off the Manor House, saying he knows it seems rough around the edges, but for the rent he's paying it's a bargain.

The interior is standard for a structure of this age and style. There is no indoor plumbing; chamber pots are in each bedroom and there is an outdoor drop privy in the garden. The fireplaces are the only heating, but as it's summer fires aren't needed. There is no electricity. The house might have been piped for gas, but that system has given up the ghost. Lighting is by candle. During the day this isn't a problem. At night, the house gets very dark. The furniture is all the wrong type for a place like this, a mix of Victoriana and cheap modern reproductions, as though it has been furnished on a tight budget.

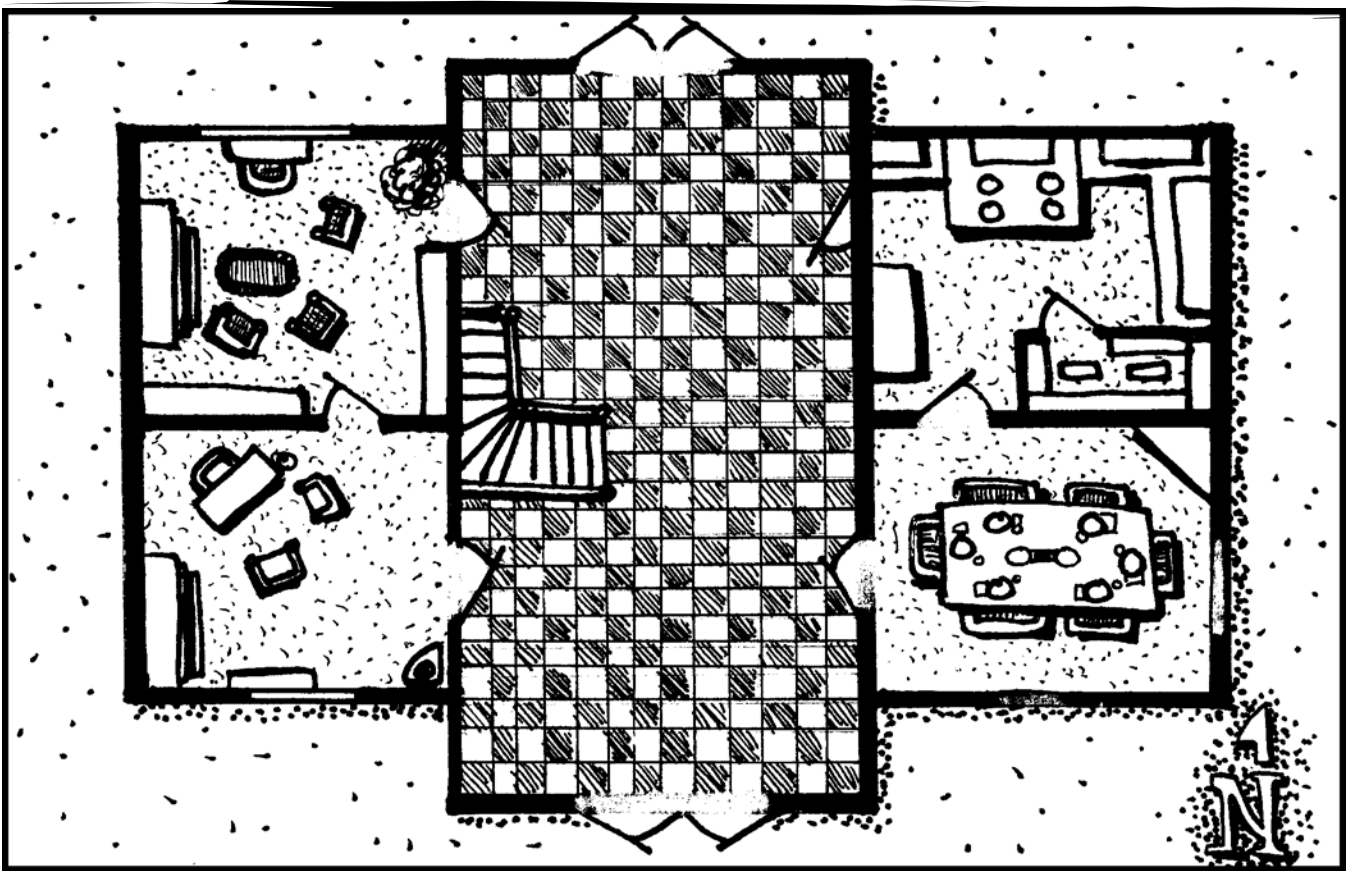
*Hall*: Oak paneled with checkerboard marble tile flooring. A grand oak staircase leads to the upper gallery. The same flower pattern seen outside is repeated here, in a delicate carved vine that flows up every column and runs around each wall.

*Sitting Room (North)*: Bookshelves line two walls and several large leather chairs are arranged near the fire. A writing table sits in front of one of the north-facing windows. A drinks cabinet hidden behind one of the bookshelves holds good scotch, dry gin, tonic, soda water and lemons and limes. The books are a grab-bag of mundane old tomes and sensationalist literature.

*Sitting Room (South)*: Pictures of fishing and trout streams decorate the walls, along with prize catches sculpted and mounted with plaques to tell when and by whom they were caught. There are several hunt trophies, a mangy stuffed fox on the mantle and a huntsman's horn hung above one of the doors. Ralph has made this room his office, and his papers are strewn all over. His golf clubs are stowed behind one of the doors. When he's not out fishing he can be found here.

*Dining Room*: The floor is parquet and the walls oak paneled, which gives the room a dim, cavernous feel. The silverware and plates aren't original to the house; several of the plates and glasses are chipped. There is one locked cabinet for which nobody has the key.

*Kitchen*: This is the best-kept room in the house, thanks to Tredennick. The stove is a wood-burning four-hob Aga, a new addition, which is kept well stocked with fuel. The pots, pans and accessories are also new. An impressive collection of sharp knives and meat cleavers hang near the Aga. Tredennick goes into Trevor Major for supplies. In the



pantry are hares hanging, a ham, plenty of canned goods, vegetables and whatever fish the investigators or Ralph catch.

*Master Bedroom:* This is Ralph's. It is large and airy with a view of the front drive. Ralph is worried by the rats he keeps hearing, and keeps a cricket bat and an electric torch by his bed.

*Guest Bedrooms:* The larger are well-appointed rooms, decently furnished, with good views of the surrounding countryside. Tredennick makes sure they're all aired before the investigators arrive. The smaller rooms at the rear were servants' quarters. These have no decent views and are cold at night. The rat noises are also more obvious in the smaller rooms, as though tribes of rats are scurrying in the roof void or under the floorboards.

*Tredennick's Room:* This was probably intended for the butler as it's larger than the other servants' rooms and has its own fireplace. Tredennick has bought several rat traps and makes sure the cat gets to patrol in here, so the room is rat-free.

*Basement:* This is accessed by a locked door outside the south steps. The half closest to the door is relatively neat, and is where extra firewood and household supplies are kept. The half furthest from the door is full of old packing cases, paintings covered in tarpaulin (some of them Parrishes) and other items the house's owners don't care about.

**Core clues:**

- *Accounting (Ralph):* Even given the building's condition, at the price quoted it's a steal. The fishing rights alone would be worth that.
- *Assess Honesty (Ralph):* Something is on his mind. He doesn't appear to be lying, but he seems agitated. Perhaps he's tired; judging by the rings around his eyes he can't be sleeping well.
- *Art History (Hall):* There is an engraving of Brighton in the summertime, early 19th century. A young woman is in the foreground smiling. The engraving is initialed S.P., with the title *Emily*.
- *Outdoorsman (Sitting Room: North):* A large black cat is sniffing around the bookcase. "We've a rodent problem," Ralph says, "So Tredennick borrowed Jonas here from Mrs. Alderson. He'll soon put us right!"
- *Accounting (Sitting Room: South):* Several of Ralph's papers are from his bank manager. Ralph is deep in the red.
- *Locksmith (Dining Room):* The locked cabinet is easily dealt with. Inside are yellowed newspapers, tattered tablecloths and tarnished silverware. At the bottom are a large rat hole and a nest; the rat must be huge. There are marks scratched on the inside of the door, rather like (unintelligible) writing.

Ralph won't take the investigators into the basement, kitchen or the servant's bedrooms.

Once the tour is complete, he says they should settle in. They should treat the house as their own. After all, they're

on holiday. He says he'll show them his "special item" after they've rested.

## EXPLORING

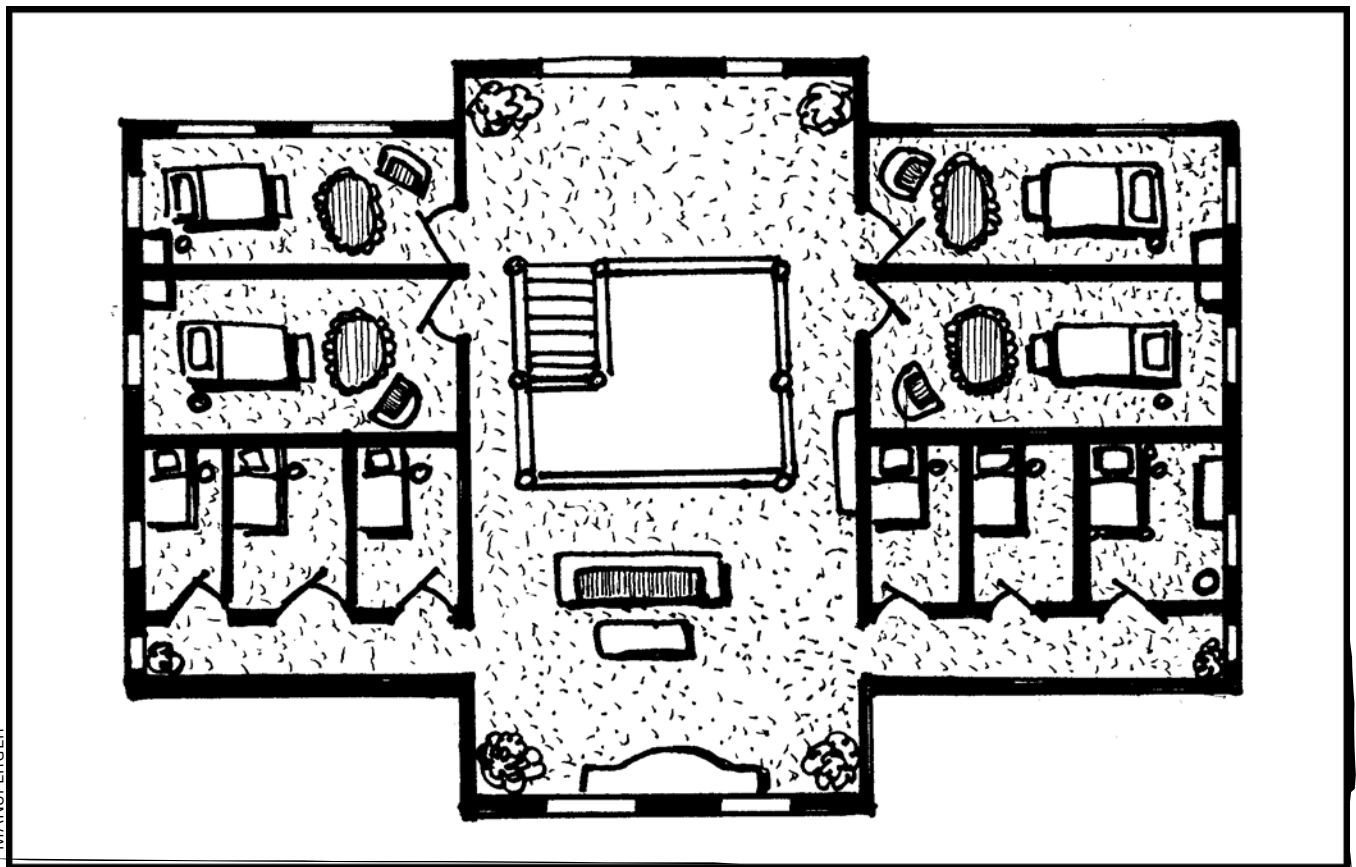
The investigators may explore the house. The following **1 point** clues can be had:

- *Evidence Collection (Tredennick's Room):* Tredennick keeps a diary. He's been recording his dreams, which have become very disturbing. The dreams have cannibalism as a theme. Most of the more disturbing dreams seem had the Manor House kitchen as the setting, with the Aga as an altar.
- *Library Use (Sitting Room: North):* One of the books is about the building of the Brighton Pavilion in the late 18th and early 19th century. The book mentions "the masques, scandalous and shocking, that debauched intimates of the Prince occasionally held," as part of a chapter about the seedier side of Brighton. Richard Whiting, Baronet of Marstone, is mentioned by name. A further **1 point in Occult** recalls that Richard Whiting, known by his pseudonym Orcus, was a leading light of Brighton's Hell Fire Club.
- *Evidence Collection (Basement):* There is a trunk full of Emily's century-old clothes, scrapbooks and memorabilia, including a collection of letters from a man who signs himself "Orcus." Initially he flatters her, inviting her to "our sports, which give the Prince such merriment." Later he becomes businesslike as she

becomes more involved in the ceremonies, and it is clear she and he are up to their necks in sordid revels of a kind that de Sade would enjoy. In 1810 there is a falling-out for unspecified reasons. His last letter says: "As you are aware, events have so overtaken us that there is nothing to be done. I regret this means the end of our association. I must warn you that our mutual friend shall not be compromised, and should you attempt to communicate either with him or with me, the result will not be to your benefit." On the back of this last letter is a charcoal sketch in another hand; the sketch is of some monstrous beast, and is captioned "Prince Mordiggian." The picture was drawn by Emily, from memory.

- *The Last Meow:* The cat, Jonas, can be used in extra scenes. If he's used as a warning of things to come, then his dismembered corpse is discovered at an appropriate moment. The cat isn't merely eaten; his paws have been nailed to the floor and his body cut open and carefully dissected, as though by a miniature surgeon. Stability 2 as the investigators realize this couldn't possibly have been done by animals; a near-human intelligence had to be involved. The cat's eyes are missing; they turn up later, placed by an investigator's bed, possibly on the pillow or in a glass of water left on their bedside table.

An alternative would have Jonas rushing to the rescue during a scene in which the investigators are menaced by rat packs. Jonas disperses the vermin and manages to dispatch one of the Rat Things, whose mangled remains (Jonas doesn't give up his tasty meal easily) the investigators can study at their leisure. Stability 2, and



MANSPERGER



—DETWILLER

Biology notes the unusual, near-human shape of the hands, as well as the monkey-like face with its large blue eyes. If any investigator later tries to use this corpse as evidence that there are such creatures, perhaps in a newspaper article, it is derided as an obvious fake and soundly debunked by scientific experts.

## SOMETHING WICKED

The ghost of Stevenson Parrish lingers. He cannot speak and is mindless. The Keeper should use him in different scenes, whenever needed.

Parrish can be encountered in the following **Stability 2** ways:

- Smoke is seen rising from the brick kiln chimney.
- At night, the brick kiln is seen to glow with a strange red light.
- Footsteps are heard moving around upstairs, or in another room, when nobody can possibly be there.

In these **Stability 3** ways:

- An indistinct figure is seen standing next to the brick kiln, which vanishes as soon as anyone approaches it.
- A figure is seen moving from a room to the hall, but when followed the figure cannot be found.
- A deep, bone-chilling cold envelops the room that the character is in, and the room goes unaccountably dark, even in broad daylight.

In this **Stability 4** way:

- [Sitting Room (North)] A character sees Parrish's decayed remains, sitting in a chair, looking out a window towards the brick kiln.

Each time Parrish appears he is accompanied by frenzied

rat activity. At least one Rat Thing and its minions go to the location of the haunting and stay there for several minutes. This may mean that characters who encounter the ghost are attacked by rat packs. Even if no attack happens, being in a room where the rats are swarming is a **Stability 2** check the first time it happens; afterward no check is needed. The Rat Things prefer to stay in the background, but might be seen directing a rat swarm.

## RAT SWARM (10 TO 40 RATS)

**ABILITIES:** ATHLETICS 5, HEALTH 3/5/7/9, SCUFFLING 3/5/7/9 (INCREASES BY SIZE OF PACK: 10, 20, 30 OR 40).

**HIT THRESHOLD:** 3.

**WEAPON:** -2 (BITE; INFECTION: RECURRING FEVER, **FIRST AID** TEST DIFFICULTY 2 TO PREVENT).

**ARMOR:** NONE.

**STABILITY LOSS:** +0 UNLESS PHOBIC.

## RAT THINGS

**ABILITIES:** ATHLETICS 9, HEALTH 3, SCUFFLING 7.

**HIT THRESHOLD:** 6 (SMALL AND NIMBLE).

**ALERTNESS MODIFIER:** +1. **STEALTH MODIFIER:** +2.

**WEAPON:** -2 (BITE). BITTEN VICTIMS MUST MAKE A **DIFFICULTY 4 HEALTH** CHECK OR CATCH WEIL'S DISEASE, SYMPTOMS BEING MILD FEVER, CHILLS, HEADACHE, EVENTUALLY LEADING TO JAUNDICE, VOMITING, RENAL FAILURE AND DEATH. ONSET IS WITHIN 1D6 HOURS AND AFFECTS THE VICTIM AS IF HURT. IT DRAINS 1 HEALTH PER HOUR UNTIL THE VICTIM REACHES -6, AT WHICH POINT THE VICTIM REQUIRES HOSPITALIZATION. THIS IS MUCH QUICKER THAN WEIL'S DISEASE WOULD NORMALLY BE, INDICATING THE DISEASE'S SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN. THERE IS A TREATMENT, BUT UNLESS ONE OF THE CHARACTERS IS A MEDICAL PROFESSIONAL WHO MAKES A **PREPAREDNESS** CHECK THE CHARACTERS DON'T HAVE THE NECESSARY DRUGS ON HAND.

**ARMOR:** NONE.

**STABILITY LOSS:** 0.

**MAGIC ABILITY:** IT VARIES BY INDIVIDUAL, FROM 6 TO 10 POINTS.

**SPELLS:** CALL/DISMISS MORDIGGIAN, CONTACT NYARLATHOTEP, CONTACT RAT-THING, CONTACT GHOUL, DOMINATE.

There are twelve Rat Things. Each Rat Thing is seldom seen without at least one Rat Swarm. It's up to the Keeper to determine how many Rat Swarms the investigators can handle at once.

## TAKE A BREAK



For reasons discussed in **The Brick Kiln**, below, it is impossible to refresh Pools while at or near the Manor House. However, there is a golf course nearby and a stream. The stream is filled with fat fish. Many happy hours can be spent out there, pitting wits against them.

The nine-hole golf course is in driving distance. It's small, and the clubhouse is a tin shed, but the holes are challenging.

Spending time in either place is an excellent means of refreshing Pools.

## THE BRICK KILN

The kiln is visible from any north-facing Manor House window and from the access road. From a distance it looks like a mound covered in ivy; closer inspection shows it for what it is. The chimney is the only intact part, and rises above the ivy like a grave marker.

This ivy bears a deep purple night-blooming flower not dissimilar to morning glory.

**Architecture (core clue):** The brick kiln once supplied all the brick for the construction of the Manor House. It was abandoned as soon as the house was complete.

**Biology (Core clue):** These flowers cannot be classified and may be very rare. They could be unknown to science—a discovery!

**Cthulhu Mythos** identifies it as a nightshade known in the Dreamlands by the colloquial term Ghouls' Offering. It is sacred to Mordiggian, and is used in garlands on the charnel king's altars.

During the day the flowers are closed, but a few hours before dawn they open up. They shed a spray of pollen, just visible in the morning light, which spreads towards the Manor House and coats it. Anyone within that area is affected by the pollen. This happens regardless of wind direction, as it is a supernatural effect. **1 point Biology** allows an investigator to work out the best time to come to the kiln to witness the event.

This pollen causes an allergic reaction in living creatures. In sensitive individuals it can cause madness or increase the tendency towards ghoulish behavior, turning the victim into a ghoul if exposure is prolonged.

Tredennick does, in fact, become a ghoul if he stays at the Manor House long enough.

For investigators, treat the effect as a **Health** check, **difficulty 5**, with failure meaning that the target suffers strange and terrible rat and/or cannibal-themed dreams. This calls for a **Stability 5** check, and prolonged exposure can drain **Sanity**.

This constant exposure to the pollen means that anyone in or near the Manor House cannot restore Pools.

Once an investigator has seen the flowers, **1 point Evidence Collection** notices that the pollen is scattered all over the Manor House, like a fine yellow powder. Even constant cleaning cannot get rid of all the pollen. If necessary, the Keeper could use flashback at this moment: The investigators have seen the pollen at the Manor House before but not realized its significance until the current point-spend reveal.

**1 point Evidence Collection** notices a sunken patch of earth at the base of the kiln that resembles a grave site. This is where Emily and her baby are buried. A scattering of flowers is placed on her grave each day by the ghouls.

**1 point Outdoorsman** notices several large holes in the earth, rather like fox earths. They seem too large to be animal dens. Four ghouls hide here, coming out at night to conduct their rituals in honor of Mordiggian. They are preparing the kiln for its function as an altar, and act as assistant priests when Tredennick makes his move. The Ghouls stay here unless summoned by the Rat Things.

**1 point Occult** notices the ghouls' chalk marks and offerings, which make the kiln resemble a Voodoo hounfort. These signs are covered during the day by ivy. Those who spend the Occult point also notice how heavy the air feels



here, as though a thunderstorm is brewing overhead; a great power is building, and might explode at any moment.

Destroying the kiln and flowers is the only permanent way to end the threat. The ghouls do anything in their power to protect the kiln, even attacking during the day if necessary.

## GHOULS

**ABILITIES:** ATHLETICS 9, HEALTH 7, SCUFFLING 9.

**HIT THRESHOLD:** 4 (5 UNDERGROUND).

**ALERTNESS MODIFIER:** +2 (+0 IN DAYLIGHT).

**STEALTH MODIFIER:** +1.

**WEAPON:** +1 (CLAW) +0 (BITE). IF TWO BITE ATTACKS IN A ROW SUCCEED, THEN THE GHOUL IS WORRYING THE TARGET IN ITS JAWS AND THE SECOND ATTACK DOES DOUBLE DAMAGE. THE GHOUL NEED NOT ROLL TO HIT AFTER THE SECOND ATTACK, BUT WILL DO NORMAL DAMAGE EACH ROUND.

**ARMOR:** FIREARMS AND PROJECTILES DO HALF DAMAGE (ROUNDED UP).

**STABILITY LOSS:** +0. **MAGIC RATING:** 5 TO 7.

**SPELLS:** CALL/DISMISS MORDIGGIAN, CONTACT GHOUL, CONTACT RAT THING.

## DREAM A LITTLE DREAM OF ME

The following dream scenes can be used as needed; the Keeper can also create more. **Stability** losses, if any, should be capped at 1. The dreams affect only people who have been infected by the Brick Kiln pollen; pollen continues to affect sufferers for one day after they leave the Manor House.

- The investigator wanders through Brighton at night. There is a commotion several streets away, as though a celebration is taking place. Should the investigator track down the celebration he or she finds a coffin, which opens at his or her approach. Hordes of rats flow out to devour the investigator.
- The investigator is in the Manor House. He or she can hear a baby crying but can't work out where it is. In fact the noise is coming from the kitchen; whatever is crying is in the oven. The floors and walls of the kitchen are coated thick with maggots, and rats are swinging from the hanging knives, pots and pans.
- The investigator is in the Manor House. A man and a woman are quarrelling loudly. The man says something about disgrace and shame; the woman, in between floods of tears, protests her innocence. The voices can be traced to Sitting Room (North); the two are Stevenson and a heavily pregnant Emily, but both are long-dead and rotting. They rush to attack anyone who interrupts them.

- The investigator is at a feast in high Georgian style, very elegant. The fellow guests are all humanoid rats, who chatter politely about political gossip and the state of the nation circa 1800. They cheer as the main course is brought on: roast human, preferably another investigator. Emily and Stevenson Parrish are also guests at the feast; Stevenson carves the roast and offers a portion to the investigator.

## RED HERRING

Ralph has bought Mythos-related artwork that he wants the investigators' opinion on.

The boxes are in the stables, a short distance from the Manor House. This red brick structure has not been maintained and its roof is about to cave in. The rustling of small animals (rats) can often be heard, particularly at night.

Tredennick parks Ralph's car here, and there is space for an investigator's car.

The crates are covered with tarpaulin to prevent water damage. Each is marked: "Attention: Fragile" and the bill of lading, stapled to each, is written in **Languages (French)**. According to it, the contents are "ornamental statuary."

Ralph says he found the items at Chateau-sur-Roche in Normandy.

The crates contain tiles made of granite, each marked with a letter; statues depicting featureless gargoyles; and a larger statue presumably intended as a centerpiece. The larger statue is of a faceless man who holds a book and a pen in his hands, as though offering it for someone to sign. Architecture (core clue) realizes that these are parts of a hedge maze. The tiles mark the path to the center, and spell out a message. The gargoyles mark dead ends, while the larger statue would have stood at the heart of the labyrinth.

**Cthulhu Mythos** realizes that the gargoyles are Nightgaunts, and the central figure represents Nyarlathotep.

The lettering, when pieced together, reads "Il qui parle avec Nyarlathotep traite le cosmos; il qui signe le livre a devenu avec l'infini." **Languages (French):** "He who speaks with Nyarlathotep deals with the cosmos; he who signs the Book becomes one with the infinite."

**Occult (1 point)** realizes that the maze is the work of an eighteenth century landscape architect, Giordino Battaci, who allegedly signed his name in the Black Book in exchange for fame and fortune. Battaci's work can still be found at mansions on the continent, but many of his designs were destroyed soon after his death.



The hedge maze would be worth £4,000, provided a buyer could be found for such unusual items.

## ENDGAME

Ralph is an innocent victim. He wants to give the characters a pleasant holiday and get their opinion on his purchase. His plot function may change if Tredennick's madness is easily guessed, but otherwise he remains oblivious until events overtake him. He spends his time bumbling about, dealing with his bank manager's letters, playing golf and fishing.

Tredennick goes mad soon after the characters arrive. How long it takes is up to the Keeper.

Tredennick attempts to sacrifice Ralph or an investigator. If he succeeds, Mordiggian is summoned. **Stability** pool loss is +3 and **Sanity** pool loss is +2 if investigators encounter the Charnel God. The summoning destroys the Manor House (the authorities assume it was a fire), but thereafter the spot becomes a place of power for Mordiggian. It may become the focus of a larger cult or the base of operations for a powerful sorcerer.

Mordiggian's appearance may vary if the Keeper does not already have a set version of Mordiggian in the campaign. Possible alternates include:

- The great Worm explodes up from below the house, scattering brick in all directions. Its pale luminescent bulk squirms in the moonlight, before sinking back down into the depths.
- The Manor House glows with a sickly blue light. For a moment its form seems to shift, changing to a ziggurat temple, with something huge and hideous atop it. Then the structure collapses into a thousand thousand maggots.
- A black mass of near-liquid corruption flows out of the doors and windows of the Manor House. Its walls, weakened by decades of neglect, bow outward and then collapse altogether, pushed beyond endurance by the solid mass of Mordiggian.
- A terrible howling noise is heard, and the shadow of a massive hound obscures the frontage of the Manor House. Rats pour out of the House, as it slowly collapses in on itself.

RALPH LOCKWOOD

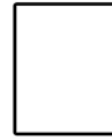
**ABILITIES:** CREDIT RATING 3, FLATTERY 8, HEALTH 8, LANGUAGES (FRENCH, ITALIAN) 2, OCCULT 1, ORAL HISTORY 6, REASSURANCE 6, RIDING 7, SANITY 5, SCUFFLING 4, STABILITY 6, WEAPONS 8.

**WEAPONS:** FIST -2, GOLF CLUB 0.

**ARMOR:** NONE.

**SPECIAL:** RALPH IS PHOBIC ABOUT RATS AND COWERS IN FEAR FROM THEM.

*Sucrose Park. The most  
Rational place on Earth. Too  
bad it's really a prison, a  
giant slave pen for kids who  
have been left behind. But  
they didn't count on you and  
your kick-ass monsters. It's  
time to break free.*



## Road Trip

Sugar-charged for all the energy your

Monsters and Other Childish Things

game needs. See [www.ardream.com](http://www.ardream.com).

**NOTES:** UNLESS THE KEEPER CHANGES HIS FUNCTION, RALPH IS A SLIGHTLY DIMWITTED, IF HANDSOME, PAWN. THINK OF DAVID NIVEN PLAYING THE PART OF BERTIE WOOSTER, WITH TREDENNICK AS HIS JEEVES. RALPH'S ONE TALENT, FINDING OCCULT ARTIFACTS, ISN'T CONSCIOUS; HE'S NO EXPERT IN THE UNCANNY. HE JUST HAPPENS TO STUMBLE OVER INTERESTING AND UNUSUAL ITEMS, OFTEN BOOKS, WHICH HE THEN SELLS AT A TIDY PROFIT. IN MYTHOS TERMS, RALPH IS A CANARY DOWN THE COAL MINE; IF HE CHIRPS OR FALLS OFF HIS PERCH, SOMETHING'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN. HE'S A BIT BLIND TO ACTUAL HAPPENINGS AND SHOULD OFTEN COME ON THE SCENE JUST A MOMENT TOO LATE TO SEE ANYTHING.

### MILES TREDENNICK

**ABILITIES:** ASSESS HONESTY 5, ATHLETICS 6, BARGAIN 6, BIOLOGY 2, DRIVING 6, FIRST AID 4, FILCH 4, FLEEING 6, HEALTH 10, MYTHOS 2, ORAL HISTORY 4, PHARMACY 5, PREPAREDNESS 8, SANITY 3, SCUFFLING 8, STABILITY 3, STEALTH 6, WEAPONS 8.

**WEAPONS:** FIST -2, MEAT CLEAVER 0.

**ARMOR:** NONE.

**SPECIAL:** TREDENNICK HAS SEVERAL DOSES OF SEDATIVE (**HEALTH CHECK 5** OR SLEEP FOR 1D6 HOURS) AS WELL AS TWO DOSES OF POISON (**HEALTH CHECK 6** OR 1D6+4 DAMAGE). HE USES FILCH TO PUT THIS IN SOMEONE'S DRINK OR FOOD.

**NOTES:** TREDENNICK IS A MUSCULAR, CAPABLE MAN WHO SELDOM TALKS TO HIS BETTERS (**PSYCHOLOGY:** HE IS NERVOUS AROUND PEOPLE OF THE MIDDLE CLASS OR ABOVE, AND HIDES THIS BY SAYING VERY LITTLE) AND IS OFTEN SEEN DOING CHORES AROUND THE HOUSE. HE'S WORKED FOR RALPH FOR SEVERAL YEARS AND HAS BECOME

ADEPT AT MANAGING THE YOUNG MASTER. HOWEVER, RALPH'S KNACK FOR STUMBLING OVER THE EXTRAORDINARY HAS LANDED HIM IN HOT WATER MORE THAN ONCE, EVEN BEFORE HE CAME TO THE MANOR HOUSE; HENCE TREDENNICK'S LOW SANITY. HE HAS A FIRM BELIEF IN HOMEOPATHIC REMEDIES, AND IN HIS LEISURE HOURS CAN OFTEN BE FOUND ROAMING THE COUNTRYSIDE LOOKING FOR HERBS AND MUSHROOMS FOR HIS REMEDIES AND THE COOKPOT.

## DRIVES

Should the Keeper want to use Drives to encourage players, consider:

- *Artistic Sensitivity* would feel an affinity for Stevenson and want to find out more about his untimely demise.
- *Curiosity* would wonder about Emily. Who was she? What happened to her? The Curious are the most likely to want to go to Brighton to find out more.
- *In the Blood* would be attracted to the house and grounds. Yes, it has a sinister past, but that's what makes it so alluring. They may never want to leave.
- *Thirst for Knowledge* would realize that something big is about to happen, and if they don't follow up on the mystery they may never understand exactly what it was.
- *Sudden Shock* would have every sympathy for Stevenson and want to do everything possible to prevent the same thing happening to others.



# MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPT HENRY DARGER'S SECOND NOVEL

BY PAT HARRIGAN

*"I view them in their gravity from outside with the sweep of things, and I would care that they die to the last man! I will see to the instability of Shaggai. As it happens unfairly. But will not waver, even at the risk of losing my soul, or causing a building vengeance to be shown in further trials! Gog is too hard to me. I cannot bear it! Let showing him send me to hell, I am my own man. . . ."*

In 1972, after his tenant's relocation to a nursing home, a Chicago landlord discovered in the 81-year-old Henry Darger's apartment an enormous typewritten manuscript. The work, which Darger titled *The Story of the Vivian Girls, in what is Known as the Realms of the Unreal, of the Glandeco-Angelinian War Storm, Caused by the Child Slave Rebellion*, ran 15,145 pages long, containing around 300 illustrations. Also present was an 8,000-page unfinished sequel, and a 5,000-page autobiography in which Darger mentions only once that he was an artist.

*Realms* tells the story of the Vivian Girls, seven "radiant" little girls caught in a war between their own land of Angelinia and the evil empire of Glandelinia. The illustrations depict the girls in a range of scenes, from mild pastoral landscapes to brutal killing fields in which are depicted the mutilated child victims of Glandelinia.

Darger died in 1973, soon after his removal to the nursing home. In the years since, excerpts from the *Realms* have been published (but never the entire novel) and Darger's work has become renowned as an example of "outsider art."

## THE OTHER WORK

But not a single person in this world suspects the existence of Darger's second complete novel—not the unfinished sequel, but a novel written concurrently with the first, matching the *Realms* in length down to the last word, and existing only in the Dreamlands. In his cramped Chicago apartment, Darger would often write, semi-consciously, for twelve hours a day, and for each word he typed in this world, he scribbled one simultaneously in a small wattle hut just north of the Vale of Pnath.

This dream work is titled *The Story of the Veronese Grim, in what has Shone in the Realms of the Real, of the Yuggoth-Antarktos War Storm, Caused by the Slave God Rebellion*. During its 40+ year composition, dreamworld ghouls would often come to watch Darger compose, incidentally digging a fantastic network of tunnels under the hut. Since his death, the ghouls have maintained the hut as a shrine to Darger, where



candles and incense are burned and prayers intoned. The ghouls have bound the dream-novel in human skin, with bone hinges, and they recite passages from it at their religious services. Darger’s dream-illustrations cover every wall of the shrine, which seems to have grown bigger to accommodate the vast number of drawings.

## CONTENTS

The dream-*Realms* matches the waking version in structure and tone, although its narrative logic is even more elusive. In brief, it describes a war (suggestively reminiscent of the American Civil War) between the Roman Catholic Fungi from Yuggoth and the deplorable Elder Thing slaver nation—although neither race bears much resemblance to what investigators with the Cthulhu Mythos skill may know of them. The Elder Things’ slaves are not shoggoths but gods of some sort, albeit gods which are often tortured and massacred.

Some characters, like Glandelinian slaver John Manley, appear in both works, while others, such as Colonel Pernoud and the guerilla leader William Quachil, are unique to the dream-work. The Vivian Girls are represented by an unusual entity (or group of entities?) named the Veronese Grim, which never appears in any illustrations. Many narrative passages seem to have been adapted or plagiarized from other mythos books.

Careful study of both works and their accompanying illustrations reveal a secret history of the universe, which may or may not be true, but which is in any case more compelling than the mundane history known to man. Many questions about the past can be understood only by reading Darger’s work. Additionally, the work grants a deep understanding into the workings of memory and individual identity, both of which are far more flexible than previously understood.

Furthermore, if the keeper wishes, investigators who study both books at length may notice elements of accepted history adapting to incorporate elements of Darger’s worlds. A well-known historical figure such as Robert E. Lee is now known as General Johnston Jacken Manley. References to Darger’s winged “Blengin” creatures may be discovered in the works of John Dee. Glandelinia can be located on maps of Eastern Europe. Soon, legislation is introduced in the U.S. Congress recommending the abolition of the



minimum employment age; if this passes, the next year will bring a law mandating employment for all children between six and sixteen. Slavery and civil war come next.

Whether and how these retrohistories can be corrected is left as an exercise for the kindly Keeper.

## ACCESS

Internal clues in either version of the *Realms* suggest to any Mythos-informed reader the presence of a parallel work in the alternate world: Ghoul-like figures are present in the background of certain images; the geography outlined in the text and illustrations are strongly reminiscent of Pnath.

Experienced dream-investigators may hear rumors of the dream-*Realms* from friendly ghouls. Darger’s ghoul priests are evangelical, and eager to teach anyone about their Lord, but investigators must read the book in the shrine itself, under the eyes of the watchful ghouls, who occasionally break the reader’s concentration with sermonizing or theological discussion. Removing the book from the shrine could start a jihad.

Acquiring the waking-*Realms* is also difficult. Selections from the work have been published, but the complete text exists only in manuscript in the Henry Darger Study Center of New York City’s American Folk Art Museum, where access is granted by special permission only.

This is soon to change. An anonymous benefactor has funded a limited edition of the complete work.



The length and obscurity of Darger's books has so far kept them invisible to occult initiates, but upon the planned publication, sooner or later a Darger aficionado with knowledge of the Dreamlands recognizes the signs in Realms; hears word of the dream-Realms beyond the wall of sleep; and seeks it out to begin the long process of studying it. This gradually, subtly changes the fabric of waking-world history and reality as if they were as malleable as dream.

Investigators eventually find the discrepancies between the waking world and their seemingly false memories too clear and concrete to ignore. Investigation leads them to Darger's work, its recent publication, its hints at a connection to the Dreamlands, and shadowy elements who seek to quietly stifle all enquiry into it. A desperate hunt in the waking world and then in the Dreamlands may ensue, with investigators racing against agents of the Cult of Transcendence who wish to use the books to rewrite the history of their past failures.

In a long-term campaign, Darger's books can be introduced slowly, perhaps as a subplot that later gains dangerous importance. For games that stretch over years of game-time, an investigator might spend his off-hours studying the books in the waking world and the Dreamlands. Investigators with significant time on their hands, such as those in prison or in a sanitarium, could uncover the books' secrets and trigger strange changes in the world.

### THE REALMS OF THE UNREAL AND THE REALMS OF THE REAL

—in English. Henry Darger produced one copy each of the real-world and dream-world novels, neither actually published per se. Rumors that both works can be found in the Library of Celaeno are unfounded. Darger self-bound his real-world magnum opus, but his editors cut apart these volumes to sell the illustrations individually. Selections from the work can be found in several scholarly books, but the complete work has not yet been reprinted; it can be viewed (by permission) in the American Folk Art Museum in New York, New York. The single copy of the Dreamlands work is lovingly bound in twenty volumes and resides in the Pnathian Darger shrine, under the patient but vigilant eyes of three ghoulish priests. *Sanity loss -1/1D3 per month of study of both works together, to a maximum of -30; Cthulhu Mythos +1 per month of study of both*

*works together, to a maximum of +15; also, minus 1D2 points of History per month, to a maximum loss of 30, as Darger's alternate history erodes the world's real history from the mind; sustained exegesis of both works may have drastic reality-altering effects, but reaching this point might take a lifetime or more of study; 60 weeks to fully read and comprehend the waking work, and at least that long again Dreaming—say a year or more of full-time study, literally day and night. This is beyond the scope of most investigators, unless they are professionals involved in studying or publishing the complete work, but only deep contemplation of the full text of both works reveals Darger's true meaning.* Spells: For every three months of studying both works in tandem, a reader may attempt to learn one of the following spells: Body Warping of Gorgoroth, Cloud Memory, Consume Memory, Consume Likeness, Mind Exchange, Mind Transfer. Careful attention to the ghoulish evangelists in the shrine can also grant the spell Dissolve Skeleton, which the ghoulish priests cast on unbelievers to change them into a convenient portable soup (8 MP, 1D10 SAN, 2 rounds to cast; only functional in the Dreamlands; further details in *Call of Cthulhu* 5th Edition).

## REFERENCES

The first three paragraphs of this article are true. Readers interested in learning more about the unusual life and work of Henry Darger are directed to the following resources:

**Film:** *In the Realms of the Unreal*. Director Jessica Yu. Producers Cara Mertes, Susan West and Jessica Yu. 2004.

**Print:** Bonesteel, Michael (2000), *Henry Darger: Art and Selected Writings*. New York: Rizzoli International Publications, Inc.

Edlin, Andrew, and Edward Madrid Gomez (2006). *Sound and Fury: The Art of Henry Darger*. New York: Andrew Edlin Gallery.

**Web:** Henry Darger: [www.hammergallery.com/Artists/darger/Darger.htm](http://www.hammergallery.com/Artists/darger/Darger.htm)

The Henry Darger Study Center: [www.folkartmuseum.org/dargerstudycenter](http://www.folkartmuseum.org/dargerstudycenter)

# SUITED AND BOOTED

A 1920S SCENARIO FOR CALL OF CTHULHU

By ADAM GAUNTLETT

In 1920s London, a Soho printmaker has begun producing a limited run of full-colour prints of an unknown artist's work inspired by the horrors of the Cthulhu Mythos. When the investigators try to track down the printmaker they run up against a formidable adversary: the Titanics, a brutal Soho gang. Who backs the Titanics, and why are they so keen to keep the printmaker safe?

## SOHO SORCERY

The Titanics are a fading force in Soho gangland. Their rivals, the Elephant Boys, are overtaking them, and before long they may be wiped out. However, the artist Patrice Lefevre and his collaborator, the printmaker Frank Dalton, are giving the Titanics magical aid in exchange for protection from their enemies. Of course, there is a price to be paid. They are on course to overreach themselves and fall victim to Lefevre's patron, Nyarlathotep. Meanwhile Lefevre, an American who came to London during the Great War, is determined to get as much of his work done before midnight, August 14th, as possible; for that is Lefevre's appointed time of surrender to his patron and the abyss.

If the investigators are to succeed they need to trace Lefevre, neutralize the threat posed by the revitalized Titanics before Nyarlathotep turns them into a more dangerous force, and destroy as many of the prints as possible before they can reach the outside world.

---

## FROM THE STREETS

**ONE INTERESTING VARIANT TO THIS SCENARIO WOULD BE TO MAKE THE CHARACTERS GANGSTERS, POSSIBLY ELEPHANT BOYS. THAT WOULD MEAN ALTERING THE HOOK, BUT OTHERWISE THE SCENARIO WOULD PLAY AS WRITTEN. THE CHARACTERS WOULD BE TOLD TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR THE TITANICS, ONLY LATER DISCOVERING PATRICE'S ROLE IN THE REVITALIZED GANG.**

---

## GANGLAND

Soho is in the West End of London, bounded by Oxford Street to the north, Regent Street to the west, Leicester

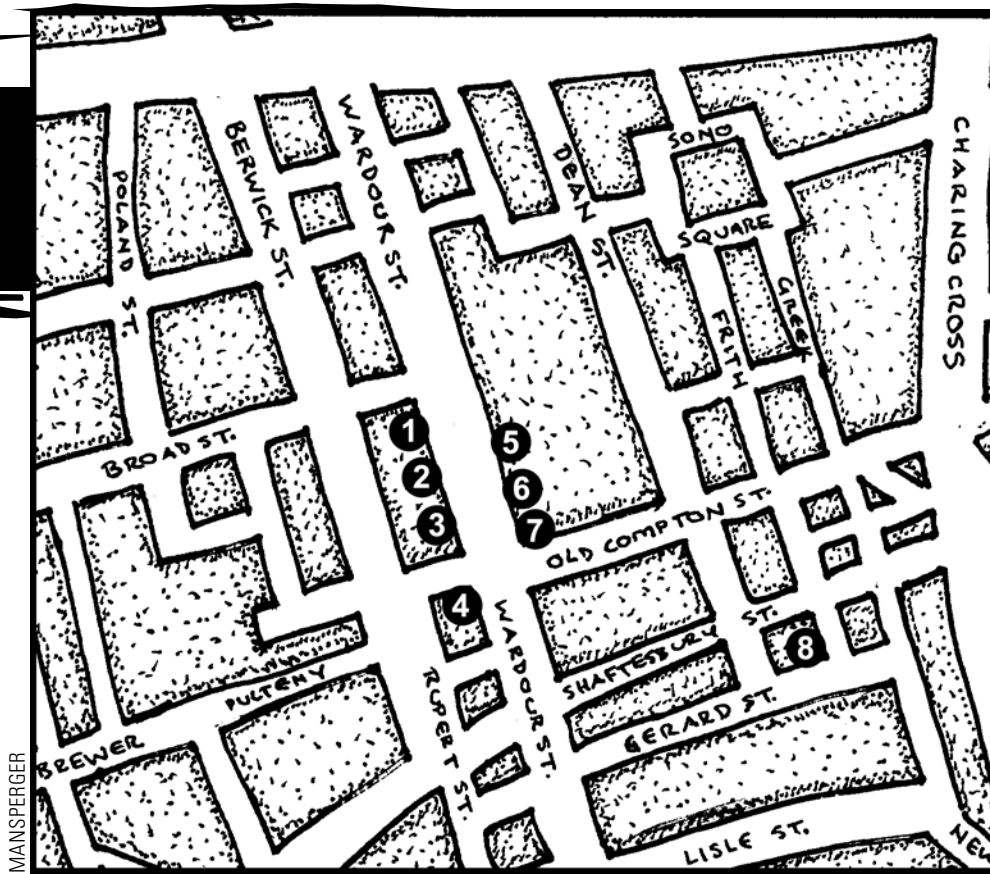
Square to the south and Charing Cross Road to the east. It's about one square mile in area. Traditionally it has been the city's entertainment district, home to vaudeville and dance halls, and in the 1920s filmmakers flock to Wardour Street to set up their studios. There are many good Italian and French restaurants. However, Soho is most famous for crime, particularly gang crime.

Before the Great War, Soho was dominated by three rival outfits coming in from three different neighborhoods: the Macauslands, out of King's Cross, a family of thieves; the Titanics of Hoxton, the sharp-dressing villains of this scenario; and the Elephant Boys, from Elephant and Castle, whose speciality was violence. The Elephant Boys would do anything to anyone; they didn't care who they damaged or how badly. The Macauslands faded out of the picture. That left the Titanics and the Elephant Boys squabbling over Soho's vice, and the Elephant Boys had the edge on the less violent Titanics. Some Titanics saw the writing on the wall and joined the racetrack gangs, far away from the Elephant Boys' stomping grounds. Others stayed in the fight and lost.

Vice in Soho runs the gamut. There are illegal basement drinking clubs, prostitutes of either sex, gambling halls, drug dens, con artists, forgers; anything the investigators can imagine and a good many things they couldn't. Most of these are run by independent operators. Gangs like the Titanics and the Elephant Boys offer these criminals "protection" in exchange for a slice of the profits.

The typical gang member is a strong, violent man in his early to mid twenties. He is never without at least one weapon, from the razor blade concealed in the brim of his cap to his thick, steel-toe boots and the length of lead pipe or the revolver he keeps hidden under his coat. He's a street fighter who never backs down in a confrontation, but often chooses to attack from ambush, striking once or twice with a razor and then fleeing, leaving his victim in a pool of blood. He's not sophisticated and doesn't plan ahead. The gang bosses decide policy; the gang member just carries it out.

The Titanics take particular care of their appearance. They take their nickname from the ill-fated liner, comparing the smart lines and elegant appearance of the ship with their own sartorial excellence. There's no such thing as a sloppily dressed Titanic. That contrasts sharply with the more thuglike Elephant Boys.



- 1 Cinema Soho
- 2 Green's Newsagent
- 3 Mier and Sons
- 4 Leung's Chop Suey
- 5 Dalton & Co.
- 6 Patrice's Flat
- 7 The Turk's Head
- 8 The 43

Investigators might be involved in many forms of Soho vice:

- *Drugs.* Cocaine, heroin and muggles (marijuana) are all easily had. Nightclubs and coffee houses are the main sources. Major narcotic dealers of the period include Limehouse's Brilliant Chang, a suave Chinese who uses his restaurant as a cover and inveigles naive young women into distributing cocaine for him; and Eddie Manning, a Jamaican actor and musician who, with the help of his mistress the Dope Queen, becomes the premier cocaine distributor after Chang is deported in 1926.
- *Nightclubs.* England's drinking laws, particularly after the War, are very strict, and it wasn't long before entrepreneurs opened after-hours drinking dens where the bar girls were compliant and the liquor strong. Kate Meyrick, a determined suffragette and Irishwoman, is the most notorious (in 1926 she's imprisoned for 18 months for bribing police officer George Goddard) and runs some of the best known places: The Cat Burglar, the 43, Manhattan's, The Bunch of Keys. As these places are illegal, anything is possible. In the Falstaff women are known to walk naked from room to room on a ten-shilling bet, and stolen goods are openly bought and sold.
- *Vice.* Aside from blue movies (*The Fall*, starring Cissie as the Goblin Queen, for example), determined seekers after pleasure can find prostitutes of either sex or inclination, willing to do or be done to, so long as they get paid. Whips and chains are no new innovation to Soho vice; *Sex Slaves in a Piccadilly Flat* is practically a documentary. However, in an age when sodomy is still a

criminal offense, blackmail is a significant risk for Soho sybarites.

- *Gambling.* Horse and dog racing are very popular pastimes, and there are many amateur bookies willing to cover a bet. Soho novices should steer clear of Anzac poker: After the War, Australian gamblers and con artists descended on Soho like locusts and made a fortune skinning foolish young card players. Australians are also known to be in control of the various confidence scams that crop up in Soho from time to time.

## THE INVESTIGATORS

Gallery owner Peter Guilfoyle asks the investigators to attend a showing at his Bloomsbury gallery, not far from the British Museum, just north of Soho. He says they were recommended to him by a mutual friend and suggests that, should they be willing, he'd be happy to pay them a retainer to help him with a dilemma.

Guilfoyle's is a small, bustling gallery filled with modern artworks, and on the night of the showing it is host to a gathering of Bloomsbury intellectuals and artists. The theme of the evening is The Modern Century, and several of the artists displayed are in the Surrealist tradition. Free drinks and food are available, and the conversation is sparkling.

Guilfoyle welcomes the investigators and asks if they wouldn't mind meeting in his office briefly before they join the party. He wants their opinion on something.





Guilfoyle, an elegant young man in his early thirties who dresses as though he were still a student at Oxford, is polite and welcoming, but investigators who pay attention (Psychology) may notice he's under a strain and doesn't seem very happy.

Guilfoyle shows them into his office, snags a bottle of red wine for their enjoyment, and asks them to sit. He then shows them a series of prints and says he wants their thoughts on the subject matter.

There are three prints. The first, titled *Meeting at Moonlight*, shows a black magic ceremony held in a jungle glade, with the revellers dancing naked save for the stylized masks that they wear. The second, *Grandmother's Tales*, depicts a young boy being told stories by an elderly woman, but her face is so hideous and twisted it's difficult to believe she's human. At first glance they might be sitting in a darkened room, but closer examination shows it's actually a crypt with coffins and bones strewn every which way. The third, *Rampart Street Blues*, shows a street scene at night. In the foreground is what appears to be a nightclub, with revellers passing in and out of its wide doors. The light that glows from the club's windows is hellish, and there is a mark above the doorway which Mythos-knowledgeable investigators (call for Cthulhu Mythos rolls if in doubt) may recognize as the Yellow Sign.

Artistic investigators realize that the art style is impressionistic, primitive, and very striking. Sanity rolls

are needed for each and every print viewed, each and every time they're viewed, at a 0/1D3 loss. (If you use the "Getting Used to Awfulness" rules, the maximum SAN that can be lost for viewing them is 3 per print.)

Not only that, but those who fail a Sanity roll for viewing a print are plagued with nightmares about the print or the scenes depicted in it. For each of the failed Sanity rolls this lasts one week and provokes a further SAN loss of 1/1D4+1.

The prints are numbered (a thousand prints of each subject were made) and the artist is P. Lefevre. The printer is Dalton & Co, Soho.

Guilfoyle explains that he was attracted to the prints by their vigorous use of colour, but now they repel him. In fact, he can't stop dreaming about them. He's beginning to wonder whether he's under some kind of curse. Not that he's superstitious, he hastens to add, but bad luck has been dogging him ever since he bought the prints.

He wonders whether the investigators can help him. Can a man be cursed? Can artwork be innately evil? He doesn't dare offer the prints for sale through his gallery, but he has noticed similar works for sale at other galleries; he feels uneasy, and wonders what effect they may have on unwary purchasers. What should he do?

Ultimately Guilfoyle is looking for reassurance (and possibly Psychoanalysis). His sanity has taken a battering and he's begun to half-believe things he'd have said were pure nonsense before Lefevre's prints came into his life. That's why he's talking to the investigators rather than art experts; he trusts their slightly eccentric knowledge or perhaps reputation more than he does more pragmatic sources. However, the investigators may have the same concerns as Guilfoyle. After all, the prints are going to find their way into the outside world eventually, and what happens then is anyone's guess.

The investigators may choose to study the pictures further. If so, they may notice that at least two of them, *Grandmother's Tales* and *Rampart Street Blues*, could be linked by subject matter to New Orleans: Rampart Street is an infamous section of the Crescent City, while the crypt in *Grandmother's Tales* could be one of the tombs of the French Quarter. This may involve Craft (Art) or Library Use rolls; Guilfoyle could point these features out if the investigators ask him.

Researching the prints' strange subject matter, perhaps with Occult rolls, reveals that the prints are cleverly designed occult-themed works, with visual tags that draw the viewer deeper into the subject matter. The stars overhead in *Meeting at Moonlight*, for example, are a carefully drawn representation of a night sky in the southern hemisphere in autumn, but there is one bright star that seems out of

place. A Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies this rogue star as Ghroth, the Harbinger. Further study over the course of two weeks finds new and more disturbing hidden messages and provokes a further SAN roll costing 1/1D4, but also allows gain of +1 percentile in Cthulhu Mythos.

## SOHO: UNCHARTED TERRITORY

When the investigators call, Dalton & Co. is shut. A sign on the door tells anyone with a package to deliver to give it to the landlord of the Turk's Head, a pub on the corner. Peering through the grimy windows leaves the investigators none the wiser; it looks as though the place is in use, but nobody's home.

A Spot Hidden roll reveals that standing outside Dalton & Co. attracts attention. Several well dressed young men are lounging around with nothing to do, and they all keep an eye on Dalton and whoever stops at Dalton. These are Titans, as anyone who knows Soho gangs realizes, and they aren't friendly.

Dalton had to go to Liverpool on family business. The shop is shut up and will remain so for two days.

The investigators may try to break in, but unless they're subtle about it the Titans intervene. See **Dalton: Interior**.

They may try asking around the neighbouring shops and businesses: See **The High Street**.

They may go to the Turk's Head: See **Happy Hour**.

They may wait until Dalton reopens and talk to him then: See **Dalton: Interior**.

They may at any moment incur the wrath of the Titans: See **Icebergs**.

Should the investigators try to involve the police, they find that ordinary constables are very reluctant to go anywhere near Soho. The police boxes have been vandalised and broken, and no patrolmen walk its streets.

## THE HIGH STREET

The "High Street" in this case is Wardour Street, running north-south the length of Soho. Near the printer on Wardour Street is a cheap cinema, a newsagents, a chop suey house, a pawnbroker, and several closed shops.

**Cinema Soho:** The cinema is a porn house. The faded posters outside are all of silent movie icons, but inside the only films shown are blue movies, twenty-four hours a day. *I Was a Piccadilly Slave Girl* is an audience favourite. The



ADVERTISEMENT

front-of-house man, Sol Chimes, is grouchy and doesn't want to talk to strangers; time is money, after all. He can however be bribed, and if so he says that Dalton's away for a few days but should be back soon. Chimes knows little about the prints but says that Dalton's American friend, the jazz trumpet player, has something to do with them.

**Green's News:** The newsagents have a sideline in illegal betting. The proprietor, fat Sidney Green, is terrified of the police and may overreact if he thinks the investigators are police spies. He claims not to know Dalton at all, but this is because he pays protection to the Titanics and doesn't want his place smashed up.

**Leung's Chop Suey:** The chop suey house is owned and operated by Tony Leung, a brawny Chinese who claims to speak very little English. The food is good, by Soho standards, and very cheap. Tony admits nothing, but if he feels sorry for the investigators (which means they behaved themselves), he tips them off that the Titanics don't like people asking about Dalton. He won't say more than that; he doesn't want the Titanics to put the squeeze on him.

**Mier and Sons:** The pawnbroker's is run by Arnie Mier and his two sons, Solomon and Isaac. They're a little nervous because the Elephant Boys have been leaning on them, trying to get them to switch allegiance. They own the most profitable business on the street and are the most tempting target. They don't want to get involved in the investigator's

affairs, but Solomon has noticed that some of the prints that Dalton's been selling have what he calls "unclean" overtones. He tells investigators that Dalton gets the originals from an American, a musician who also dabbles in the drug trade. He doesn't know where the American lives, but says he can often be found at the Turk's Head.

If the investigators aren't careful, they attract a violent response from the Titanics. The gangsters are probably following them around by this point, and if the investigators get too nosy the Titanics attack. See the **Icebergs** section.

## HAPPY HOUR

The Turk's Head is a battered old Victorian pub. Part of the interior is divided into small cubbyholes or snugs, each able to fit about five or six people comfortably and eight people cramped. There is a public bar and a Saloon (the difference is that the Saloon has a carpet, two fires and more chairs), and the coal fires give the air a smoky, greasy feel. This is a Titanics pub; there are always one or two of them in the Saloon.

The governor (never landlord; landlord implies ownership), Henry Gibbs, is a lean, pale man who spent time in prison under a different name. His pub is attached to a London brewery, but his rents are so crippling that he's had to take on extra businesses to stay afloat, which is how

*This stupid bunch of cultists  
is going to blow up the whole  
world if they're not careful.  
The whole world! That's even  
worse than being grounded!  
Can you and your monster  
friends save the day?*



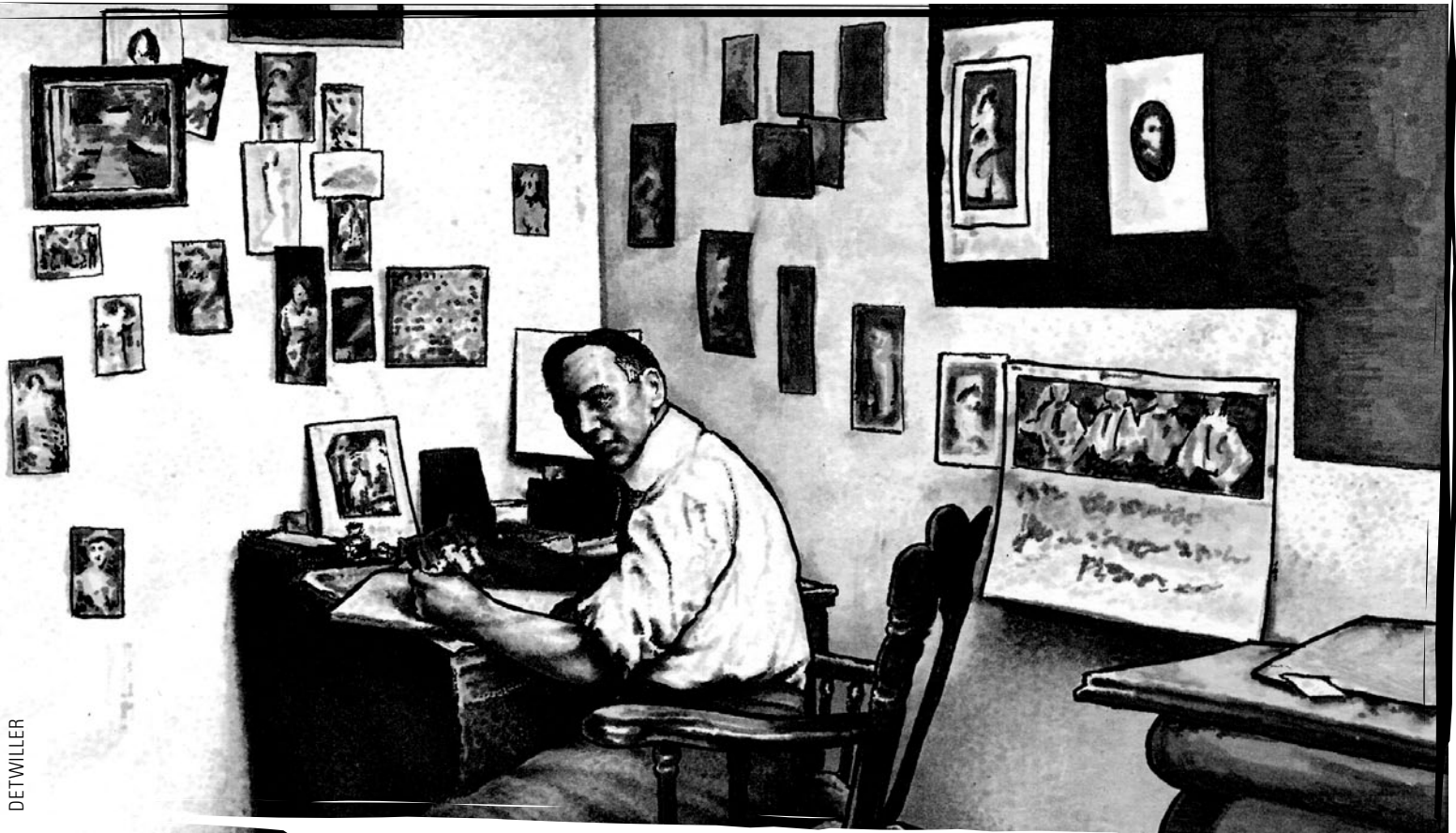
## Road Trip

*A positively apocalyptic campaign for*

*Monsters and Other Childish Things.*

*In print and PDF at [arcdream.com](http://arcdream.com).*

ADVERTISEMENT



he's come to be a fence for stolen goods. He works with the permission of the Titanics and often handles their consignments. The Elephant Boys have threatened him, but so far the Titanics have kept them away.

He says Dalton has been away for a few days but should be back soon, and offers to pass on any messages the investigators may have. If it looks as if the investigators might cause trouble, he alerts the Titanics in the bar.

Patrice Lefevre is here when the characters arrive, and pays attention to them if they make themselves obvious. He lives in rooms two doors down from the pub, and sometimes his band plays at the Turk's Head. He's the only non-white in the pub, and stands out because of that and his somewhat gaudy American style of dress. If he's threatened in any way the Titanics rush to his aid. Patrice is here one night in three, and when he's not in the Turk's he's in his rooms, painting or playing jazz trumpet.

## DALTON: INTERIOR

Dalton & Co., Printers, is a very small, cramped, one-room printworks on the ground floor, with Dalton's private rooms above on the first floor. Dalton is the sole proprietor. He has two boys who work with him, but they don't live on the premises.

Dalton's main income comes from posters and ad prints for London businesses and theatres. However in the back, behind the presses, are twenty cartons full of Patrice's prints, waiting to be distributed. So far Patrice has sold only a few to select London galleries. There are enough here to give nightmares and occasional madness to half the city, were they to get out into circulation. Destroying these prints is key to investigator victory.

Dalton isn't a dedicated cultist, but he's seen enough of Patrice's work to believe in black magic and curses. He won't willingly go against the sorcerer for any inducement.

At night, and whenever Dalton isn't around, a misshapen sack made of black fur sits on top of one of the presses. Inside is a jumble of bones and three cat skulls. This unlovely poppet is Patrice's guard for his artwork: a wraithlike black cat, actually an amalgam of three coal-black felines that Patrice skinned and made into one undead creature. This thing has effective POW of 10 and attacks by matching its POW against the target's POW on the resistance table; if the investigator loses, 1D6-1 CON is lost, represented by ghostly claws and teeth savaging his body. If the investigator wins, the creature loses 1D6-1 POW. At zero POW it collapses into harmless ruin. The creature strikes from the shadows, has three heads and an impossibly long body. SAN loss for encountering it is 1/1D8. Dalton is

protected against it and clears the unpleasant thing away each day before work, putting it in his rooms upstairs. Destroying the poppet makes the creature vanish, but only after three combat rounds, in which time it fades, finally disappearing after the third round. Patrice knows at once if the creature is defeated and comes to investigate, stopping by the Turk's to gather a few Titanics to help him.

Dalton, if he is approached during working hours, says that the prints are the work of an American artist who hopes to make a big impression on the London art scene. Soon, he says, his prints will be in galleries all over London. If asked, Dalton says he'll pass on any message to the artist; he may think the investigators are potential customers.

Whether day or night, the Titanics pay attention to this shop. If anything dramatic happens (e.g., it catches fire), they turn up in numbers (1D6+3) to sort out the problem—and the people who caused the problem.

## ICEBERGS

This section describes the Titanics, their motivations, and their role in the scenario.

The Titanics are a fading street gang. They don't have the numbers or the muscle to keep their territory. The future belongs to the Elephant Boys, who are squeezing the Titanics out of Soho.

For a Titanic, the first rule is look sharp. Nobody respects a man who can't dress to the latest fashions. Second rule is look after your mates and they'll look after you. Third rule is anyone who isn't a Titanic is fair game. Glass them, stripe them, shoot them, bludgeon them. The coppers don't care what happens to some mug down in Soho. Try not to kill them if you don't have to—too many bodies will bring the rozzers in sooner or later—but other than that, stomp 'em flat.

Though most Titanics live in Hoxton, they work (so to speak) in Soho because that's where the money is. But so much money attracts competition, and the Elephant Boys are winning the war because they're willing to go that extra mile (or boot in the testes) to get the job done.

The current Titanics leadership is Edward "China" Skate and Patrick "Paddy" Moynaghan. China is short, a bantam weight who loves to scrap. He's also the thinker of the two, when he isn't going off half-cocked. Giant Paddy is the enforcer. He's the one who knows where the bodies are buried, because he put most of them there. He's also a bricklayer and builder, which helps in disposing of unpleasant remains. Both of them know that the Titanics' days of glory have passed. Had Patrice not turned up, they might have left the gang and sought pastures new.

Patrice offered them a deal. If they helped his scheme, keeping watch over the printers, guarding him, and carrying out such odd jobs as might need doing, he'd add his own strength to theirs. At first China and Paddy were skeptical, but Patrice soon convinced them (by making a rival Elephant Boy boss quite mysteriously disappear, courtesy of a summoned Dimensional Shambler) that he meant what he said. Since then the Titanics, assisted occasionally by Patrice's magic, have regained their old authority. And the work they need to do in return is not difficult.

Bear in mind that the Titanics are not cultists. They know no magic nor do they worship any Outer Gods. They're thugs. But because they need Patrice to keep their territory, they're very willing helpers.

They do not trust outsiders. Investigators may be able to Fast Talk the Titanics into believing they aren't a threat, but the Titanics never believe the investigators are allies. Fast Talk rolls are at half skill if the investigators are obviously posh (middle to upper class) or foreign.

That's how things stand at the moment, but it may change during the investigation or in its aftermath. Paddy doesn't like black magic; it conflicts with his Catholicism, which he stubbornly clings to in spite of everything. China is more open to the idea, and Patrice has begun taking him to orgies in Soho back rooms where he's experienced things that even China finds mind-blowing. He's spent some time talking with a mysterious black hoodoo man (foreign, sure, but so's Patrice and look what he can do) who claims to offer fantastic power in exchange for just a few small favours. It would not take very much prompting for China to fall off the edge and become a Nyarlathotep cultist. He hasn't the dedication or force of will to become a full-blown sorcerer like Patrice, but the hoodoo man says he can fix that for a small fee. . . .

If the investigators don't do something about this, then China eventually becomes the nucleus for a small cult. Paddy drops out of the picture permanently and the Titanics take over Soho's vice rackets. Soon after that, says the hoodoo man, they can expect an important person to arrive in Soho, wanting China's help to smooth the way. If things should go that far, the details are up to the Keeper.

Use the Titanics as a floating force. They are very protective of the printers and Patrice, and intervene if the investigators take drastic action. China may try to have an investigator kidnapped and tortured in one of the back rooms of the Turk's Head to find out what he knows. Otherwise their role is to keep the investigators from getting to Patrice, and to beat up anyone who takes too much interest in Dalton & Co.

## TYPICAL TITANIC

STR 14	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 10	POW 10
DEX 10	APP 12	EDU 11	SAN 35	HP 13

**DAMAGE BONUS:** +1D4

### WEAPONS:

- FIST 65% (DAMAGE 1D3+KNUCKLEDUSTERS+DB)
- KICK 45% (DAMAGE 1D6+1+DB)
- GRAPPLE 35% (DAMAGE SPECIAL)
- HEAD BUTT 45% (DAMAGE 1D3+DB)
- CLUB (LEAD PIPE) 65% (DAMAGE 1D8+DB)
- RAZOR 55% (DAMAGE 1D3+DB)
- HANDGUN 40% (DAMAGE 1D8, .32 REVOLVER)

**SKILLS:** CONCEAL 35%, DRIVE AUTO 45%, DODGE 30%, FAST TALK 35%, HIDE 55%, LISTEN 45%, SNEAK 35%, SPOT HIDDEN 45%, THROW 55%.

## 'CHINA' SKATE

Short; dark hair shining with Brillantine; obsessed with sartorial excellence; talks nineteen to the dozen. Of him and Paddy, China's the negotiator. His dealings with Patrice have made him kill-crazy; he'll shoot someone for scuffing his shoes. China is the main motivator behind the Titans' switch from gang to cult. If he can be dealt with, the Titanic Mythos threat is ended.

'CHINA' SKATE. VETERAN THUG AND NEOPHYTE CULTIST. AGE 24

STR 15	CON 11	SIZ 10	INT 12	POW 14
DEX 15	APP 14	EDU 14	SAN 25	HP 11

**DAMAGE BONUS:** +1D4

### WEAPONS:

- FIST 85% (DAMAGE 1D3+KNUCKLEDUSTER+DB)
- KICK 45% (DAMAGE 1D6+1+DB)
- GRAPPLE 45% (DAMAGE SPECIAL)
- HEAD BUTT 55% (DAMAGE 1D3+DB)
- CLUB 45% (DAMAGE 1D8+DB, BLACKJACK)
- RAZOR 75% (DAMAGE 1D3+DB)
- HANDGUN 75% (DAMAGE 1D8, .32 REVOLVER)
- 12-GAUGE SAWN-OFF SHOTGUN 55% (DAMAGE, 4D6/1D6)



DETWILLER

**SKILLS:** CONCEAL 55%, CREDIT RATING 45%, CTHULHU MYTHOS 4%, DODGE 55%, DRIVE AUTO 45%, FAST TALK 75%, FIRST AID 50%, HIDE 35%, LAW 25%, LISTEN 55%, LOCKSMITH 45%, PERSUADE 45%, SNEAK 60%, SPOT HIDDEN 45%, THROW 55%.

## PADDY MOYNAGHAN

A huge frame and a great slab of a face, pitted with old scars. He tells his rosary when he's bored, the beads almost invisible in his massive hands. He's the muscle, ridiculously huge; killing is nothing to him. He can be persuaded to turn against China, particularly if China has turned more overtly to black magic, but only if his own safety can be guaranteed.

PADDY MOYNAGHAN. THE ENFORCER. AGE 23

STR 18	CON 14	SIZ 17	INT 9	POW 14
DEX 10	APP 10	EDU 10	SAN 50	HP 16

**DAMAGE BONUS:** +1D6

### WEAPONS:

- FIST 70% (1D3+DB)
- KICK 55% (1D6+1+DB)
- CLUB (SHILLELAGH) 80% (1D8+DB)
- SAWN-OFF 12-GAUGE SHOTGUN 70% (4D6/1D6)

**SKILLS:** CONCEAL 45%, CRAFT (CONSTRUCTION) 45%, DODGE 35%, DRIVE AUTO 40%, ELECTRICAL REPAIR 45%, HIDE 55%, LISTEN 55%, MECHANICAL REPAIR 45%, OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY 45%, SNEAK 60%, SPOT HIDDEN 45%, THROW 60%.

## PATRICE LEFEVRE

Patrice is an American whose family, originally Haitian, relocated soon after he was born to New Orleans, where

Patrice grew up. All his life he's wanted to be a big shot, someone special. He had a little talent for a lot of things. He could play the trumpet, could paint, and is a reasonable musical composer, but he never excelled in any of those things. He's merely competent, and lacks the vital spark that would elevate him from forgotten man to celebrity.

But he knew a little hoodoo, gleaned from his father and fellow Haitian immigrants, and could pass himself off as a magic man. For a while he called himself Professor Malinga, selling grave dust and bone trinkets to tourists. But he knew no real power, not until he finally took the plunge and signed Nyarlathotep's Black Book one dark night at a lonely Louisiana crossroads. Nyarlathotep, in the form of a black man with laughing eyes, promised Patrice fame but with a price: After ten years, Nyarlathotep would claim Patrice for his own. The ten-year cycle is nearly up. On August 14th at midnight, the Black Man takes his prize.

Since that time Patrice has known great success. At first he tried his hand as a musician and band leader, and became one of the leading lights of Rampart Street. But Patrice's pride got the better of him, and he shot a man in a petty argument. He had to run for it, and signed up with the Army under a false name. That was how he crossed the Atlantic and ended up in London after the war. He hadn't even cut a single wax cylinder; all his work was soon forgotten as other musicians took his place.

Since then he's devoted himself to painting. He has turned out twenty canvases so far, each of them of horrifying beauty. However, it's not enough for him to just sell those twenty; he wants to reach as wide an audience as possible. That's why he involved Dalton in his scheme, why he wanted prints made of his work; with those he can blanket London with his art. His original works will be even more sought after, then, and if all London knows his name, the world will know it soon after. Dalton may have the prints at his shop, but Patrice keeps the originals at his flat, two doors down from the Turk's Head. When he's not at the pub or playing with his band (he leads a jazz group, the Dixie Professors, who play three times a week in various Soho cellar bars and clubs), he can be found in his flat, painting like crazy. He's a man who knows his time is short and wants to leave a legacy behind him.

In the scenario Patrice is the main antagonist. He resists any attempt to destroy his art and revenges himself bloodily on any who oppose him. If not stopped, soon he starts selling prints of his artwork all over London, creating a frantic buzz in the art world. Who is this new talent, and why are his works so strangely compelling? His disappearance only adds fuel to the controversy, and by then his paintings are on the market. These cause nightmares across London just as the Titanics transform from gang to cult, possibly inspiring other London occultists. Quite a list of achievements for a poor boy from New Orleans.

## MEETING PATRICE

---

The investigators may try to engineer a meeting with Lefevre or perhaps encounter him by accident. Alternatively they may try to gather more information about him, perhaps by asking around in Soho nightclubs, talking to gangsters (the Elephant Boys are very willing to talk), talking to former lovers (Patrice is an enthusiastic sampler of Soho's vice), or talking to other art gallery owners. Bear these facts in mind:

- Patrice never goes anywhere without a Titanic escort. The Elephant Boys are a constant threat. Even when going outside Soho, say to an art gallery, Patrice always has at least two Titanics with him. The only time Patrice is alone is when he's in his flat.
- Patrice is friendly and talkative so long as the investigators aren't a threat. He's particularly forthcoming if they are artists or linked with the art world. Patrice's favourite topic of conversation is Patrice. He exaggerates the struggles he's had and overrates his own abilities. In his version, his parents weren't merely immigrants, they were aristocrats, forced out of Haiti because the political climate was against them. He didn't just shoot a man, he shot the premier gangster of New Orleans and his two bodyguards. He wasn't just a soldier, he was a war hero with a chest full of medals.
- If he thinks he's talking to someone who knows the Mythos, Patrice is even more forthcoming. He knows great secrets, he says; he's Nyarlathotep's personal messenger. Since the world didn't recognize his genius, he's decided to help the Old Ones conquer reality. Of course, it does



DETWILLER

mean cutting short his own career, but since people wouldn't give him the fame he deserved, it's only right that they be denied his magnificence. He knows a fair amount about the Cthulhu Mythos and doesn't need much persuading to talk about it.

- *Talking to gangsters:* This is dangerous if the investigators aren't streetwise enough to be cautious. However, the Elephant Boys are always happy to encourage someone else to have a shot at Patrice. Their own attempts have so far ended in disaster. The Elephant Boys are much more violent and less sartorially correct than the average Titanic. They know who Patrice is and that he has some kind of voodoo power. More than once, an Elephant Boy who crossed Patrice simply disappeared. They know "China" Skate is awed by Patrice. However they don't know anything about Patrice's background, except that he's an American who came over to London during the War and a musician. They know nothing about his art world connections.
- *Former lovers and other Soho contacts:* They all know Patrice as an American artist and musician who has lots of gangster friends. Since Patrice is fond of talking about himself, most of them know his past history, though since he does exaggerate not all of these stories are reliable. Patrice's Soho reputation is mixed. People fear his gangster friends and admire his talent. However, they also know him as selfish, cold-hearted and arrogant, a man who doesn't care what happens to other people so long as he gets what he wants. He's known to have scarred one lover with acid when things ended badly, and there are several other Soho criminals who fell out with him and learned to regret it.
- *Talking to artists and gallery owners:* Very few know Patrice. Those who do aren't sure what to make of him. His talent is unquestioned, but his behaviour is so odd and his Soho friends so uncultured that most in the art world consider Patrice a crank. None of them know his background; most couldn't care less.

## PATRICE'S ORIGINAL ARTWORKS

These twenty paintings can be found only at his flat. They are of terrifying beauty, and each depicts a Mythos-themed subject. Most of them reflect Patrice's life experiences, and they are set in New Orleans, Haiti, the trenches of the Great War, or London. Viewing each costs 1/1D4+1 SAN; and for each failed SAN roll from viewing a painting the viewer gains +1 percentile in Cthulhu Mythos (this applies no more than once per painting, and for a maximum five times) and suffers a month of nightmares, losing a further 1/1D6+1 SAN.

If an investigator gains the full +5 percentiles in Cthulhu Mythos from studying Patrice's paintings, the investigator must roll his or her POW vs. Patrice's original POW of 16 on the Resistance Table. An investigator who fails this check becomes obsessed with Patrice's art. Effectively this

is a long-term insanity which manifests as a compulsion to collect as many of the paintings and prints as possible. To the afflicted investigator, Patrice's paintings are works of strange genius that must be preserved at all costs.

Also to be found at Patrice's flat is a creation he calls Professor Malinga, a suit-wearing scarecrow with a skull for a head which is hung from the door of his bedroom cupboard. It is his defence and warning signal when he's not in his flat. This creature (a wraith) floats up and attacks anyone who enters the flat uninvited. Its POW is 14, and a victim must make a POW vs. POW resistance roll or lose 1D6+1 STR. If the victim wins the roll, then Malinga loses 1D6+1 POW. The SAN loss for encountering Malinga is 1/1D8+2. Destroying the physical remains makes the creature vanish, but only after three combat rounds, in which time it fades, finally disappearing after the third round. As soon as Malinga is activated, Patrice is alerted and rushes back to the flat, stopping only to gather a few Titanics to help him.

If the wraith is too easily defeated, the Keeper should consider having a Dimensional Shambler arrive at an appropriate moment, conjured by Patrice either to wreak havoc, recover the paintings, or both.

### PATRICE LEFEVRE. GIFTED AND CURSED. AGE 28

STR 11	CON 12	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW (16) 13
DEX 14	APP 15	EDU 18	SAN 0	HP 11

**DAMAGE BONUS:** NONE

#### WEAPONS:

- STRAIGHT RAZOR 45% (DAMAGE 1D3)
- .32 REVOLVER 65% (DAMAGE 1D8)

**SKILLS:** ART (JAZZ TRUMPET) 85%, ART (COMPOSE JAZZ MUSIC) 85%, ART (PAINTING) 85%, BARGAIN 45%, CONCEAL 35%, CREDIT RATING 45%, CTHULHU MYTHOS 18%, DODGE 40%, FAST TALK 75%, OCCULT 70%, OTHER LANGUAGE (FRENCH CREOLE) 45%, OTHER LANGUAGE (LATIN) 25%, SNEAK 40%, SPOT HIDDEN 60%.

**SPELLS:** CLOUD MEMORY, COMMAND GHOST, CONTACT NYARLATHOTEP, CREATE WRAITH (NEW SPELL), DOMINATE, LEVITATE, NIGHTMARE, POWER DRAIN, SUMMON/BIND DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLER.



---

## CREATE WRAITH

---

**THIS SPELL COSTS 1D8 SAN TO CAST AND 5 MP, AND REQUIRES A TEMPORARY LOAN OF AT LEAST 1 POW. THE CASTER MUST GATHER THE MATERIALS (BONES, HAIR AND/OR SKIN OF A DEAD PERSON OR ANIMAL) HIMSELF, AT MIDNIGHT, UNDER THE LIGHT OF THE MOON. THE CASTER INVOKES NYARLATHOTEP TO CREATE A WRAITHLIKE ENTITY OF LIMITED INTELLIGENCE. IT CANNOT CARRY OUT COMPLICATED INSTRUCTIONS NOR CAN IT MOVE MORE THAN TEN FEET FROM THE LOCATION OF ITS BODY PARTS. IT MAKES A DEDICATED GUARDIAN AND LASTS FOR AS LONG AS ITS PHYSICAL REMAINS SURVIVE, FADING WITHIN THREE ROUNDS OF THE REMAINS' DESTRUCTION. SOME WIZARDS TAKE PRECAUTIONS SUCH AS BOTTLING THE REMAINS IN PRESERVATIVE FLUIDS TO SLOW DECOMPOSITION; OTHERS SIMPLY REPLACE ONE WRAITH WITH ANOTHER WHEN ITS BODY DETERIORATES TOO BADLY. THE POW OF THE ENTITY DEPENDS ON THE ORIGINAL POW OF THE CREATURE, AND MORE THAN ONE CREATURE CAN BE ADDED TOGETHER TO MAKE ONE OF GREATER POWER. FOR EACH 10 POW (OR FRACTION THEREOF) OF THE WRAITH, THE CASTER MUST INVEST 1 POW OF HIS OWN. THE CASTER CAN REGAIN THE INVESTED POW AT ANY TIME BY DESTROYING THE CREATURE HIMSELF, BUT IF THE CREATURE IS DESTROYED BY ANOTHER PERSON THEN THE INVESTED POW IS LOST FOREVER. THE CASTER INSTANTLY KNOWS WHEN ONE OF THESE ENTITIES IS ACTIVATED OR DESTROYED, AS HIS INVESTED POW GIVES HIM A DIRECT CONNECTION TO THE ENTITY.**

---

## CONCLUSION

The investigators are successful if the prints are destroyed, Patrice is dealt with (keeping him from harming others until Nyarlathotep claims him in some suitably awful manner), and the threat posed by the Titanics as a burgeoning cult is neutralized. SAN rewards include:

- Destroying all known prints: 1D4.
- Destroying the original artworks 1D8.
- Dealing with Patrice: 1D8
- Defeating his wraiths: 1D2 per wraith.
- Neutralizing the Titanics as a potential Mythos cult: 1D4.

Of course, loose ends can crop up in future adventures. There are still some prints out there; Patrice did sell a few (and if the investigators got a 1D4 SAN reward for destroying all known prints, they should then lose 1D4 for realizing more prints exist!). The gangsters may hold a grudge against the investigators. Nyarlathotep himself might be mildly upset that one of this schemes has been thwarted; but then aren't there always other schemes?

**PROGENITOR**  
A *Wild Talents* sourcebook by Greg Stolze, available from Arc Dream Publishing.

"This is probably the best-written supers campaign I have ever run across."  
—RPG Geek review

**HOW WILL YOUR POWER CHANGE THE WORLD?**

# THE EYE OF LIGHT & DARKNESS

< CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 >

Arguably though, what *Lovecraftian Tales from the Table* does more than any one RPG title published in this year, or any other year, is capture and represent what gaming is really like for the many of us, and that is why it deserves not just our appreciation and interest but our applause, too. The campaigns speak for themselves, but these recordings, together with the incredible extra content on this DVD, are worth hours of your time and nine phobias.

reading *The Unspeakable Oath*, but there is one caveat. You've got to have Xbox Live to get this. Yeah, that's kind of limiting, but the good news is that *Cthulhu Saves the World* is only three bucks!

This is the part where I usually discuss whether the game is worth the price, but come on, it's three bucks! A small coffee at Starbucks costs more. This game is more than worth the pittance they're asking for it. You get an 8 to 10-hour main adventure, seven playable characters, nods to Lovecraft, and best of all, silliness. Lots and lots of silliness.

You play as Great Cthulhu freshly awoken and on his way to destroy the world. Too bad a mysterious wizard was waiting and sucked all of Cthulhu's Great Old One mojo away, turning him into a shadow of his former self. Luckily Cthulhu overhears the game's narrator saying that the only way for him to get his power back is to become a true hero. How does one do that in a digital RPG? By being a good guy and helping people out. Naturally that is the last thing Mighty Cthulhu wants to do, but that won't stop him from fulfilling his destiny. So you must gather some friends, delve into a number of dangerous dungeons and do battle with obligatory orcs, the far less common flying hearts, not to mention zombies (which Cthulhu kind of likes), and even deal with a bit of friendly eldritch evil rivalry with Nyarlathotep.

The battle system is the classic turn-based sort with melee attacks, magic spells and skills to aid you in a number of ways. Thankfully, a couple of things set this game apart from the norm. First, each dungeon has a limit to the number of times you face random encounters. If you remember the ancient *Final Fantasy* games you know that is a blessing. There are "unite techniques" that you can use depending upon who is in your party, each with their own special powers. Perhaps the best part is Cthulhu's ability to drive his foes insane (of course), which causes the enemies to take more damage. Because being crazy hurts, I guess.

*Cthulhu Saves the World* is a fun and funny trip down Nostalgia Lane in a hotrod built by Lovecraft. And once again; three bucks! If you have access to Xbox Live, consider this game mandatory. It gets an easy eight out of ten phobias.



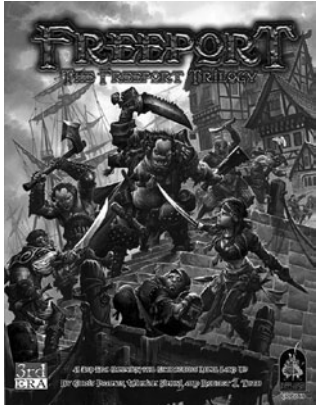
## CTHULHU SAVES THE WORLD

ZEBOYD GAMES, \$3.00  
(ZEBOYD.COM)

REVIEWED BY BRIAN M. SAMMONS

Remember the classic 8-bit RPGs like *Final Fantasy*, *Fantasy Star*, and pretty much anything else with "Fantasy" in the title? Do you find yourself often wistfully saying, "They just don't make 'em like that anymore?" Well, how cool would it be to play one of those retro games but with Great Cthulhu as your main character? Not only that, but you get weapons and armor (after all, the only thing scarier than Cthulhu is Cthulhu with a broadsword), a band of weird allies (like a groupie who is oddly amorous toward our favorite Great Old One), and you travel to such familiar locations as Miskatonic University, Innsmouth and Dunwich.

If that sounds like the game for you, I, and the people at Zeboyd Games, would agree. *Cthulhu Saves the World* is the little indie game they made, I enjoyed, and you need to get it if you are a HPL fan. I know you're that, since you're



## THE FREEPORT TRILOGY: FIVE YEAR ANNIVERSARY EDITION

BY CHRIS PRAMAS, ROBERT J. TOTH AND WILLIAM SIMONI  
PUBLISHED BY GREEN RONIN PUBLISHING, \$27.95  
REVIEWED BY MATTHEW POOK

When is a *Call of Cthulhu* scenario not a *Call of Cthulhu* scenario? When it is a Freeport scenario from Green Ronin Publishing.

This trilogy of adventures (comprising “Death in Freeport,” “Terror in Freeport” and “Madness in Freeport”) originally appeared for *Dungeons & Dragons* between 2000 and 2001. It has since been collected and revised along with extra material to create a complete campaign for first- to sixth-level characters. In addition, several Companion volumes are available for the fantasy RPG of your choice, which make the setting compatible if not this actual campaign. They include both *Savage Worlds* and *True20 Roleplaying*, which makes the Freeport setting compatible with the *Realms of Cthulhu* and *Shadows of Cthulhu* rulebooks respectively.

The setting is Freeport, a pirate city on the Serpent’s Teeth islands. Ruled by a pirate captain known as the Sea Lord, the city has become a powerful force rivalling many nations. Millennia ago the islands were part of the continent ruled by the Serpent People Empire of Valossa. Faithful worshippers of Yig, Father of Serpents, and scientifically and magically advanced, the Serpent People were arrogant enough to ignore the rise of a new faith, the Brotherhood of the Yellow Sign, until it was too late and the Brotherhood summoned their own dark god, a Great Old One known as the Unspeakable One. This shattered both the Empire and the continent into islands, scattering the Serpent People and allowing the rise of humanity and other races.

Enter the heroes, come to Freeport looking for work. They are asked by a cleric of the Brotherhood of Knowledge, Brother Egil, to look for Lucius, a missing colleague. This is not the first time that he has gone missing. Six years ago he underwent a personality change, asking strange questions before disappearing. When he returned, four years later, he was his old self. Shades then, of the Great Race of Yith’s mind-transferring time travel?

The investigation leads into a conspiracy inside the Brotherhood, pointing towards a return of the Serpent People and the Brotherhood of the Yellow Sign, which now includes humans as well as Serpent People. As each scenario progresses, more is revealed, in onionskin fashion, of the Brotherhood’s deadly and far-reaching plots. The trilogy’s climax, unfortunately, is underwhelming given how good the rest is.

*The Freeport Trilogy* is far from straight *Call of Cthulhu*. As a *Dungeons & Dragons* adventure it is more heroic and combative in feel and tone than the stark desperation of classic *Call of Cthulhu*. It is dark for a *Dungeons & Dragons* campaign, though.

Although *The Freeport Trilogy* is not of direct use to most *Call of Cthulhu* Keepers, it has possibilities as the basis for a heroic fantasy campaign set within the Dreamlands. It is a worthy, Lovecraftian-flavoured set of scenarios for *Dungeons & Dragons*, and deserving of seven phobias.



## THE LAST LOVECRAFT: RELIC OF CTHULHU

DIRECTED BY HENRY SAINE  
REVIEWED BY BRIAN M. SAMMONS

# THE EYE OF LIGHT & DARKNESS

< CONTINUED >

Did you ever wonder what it would be like if Kevin Smith of *Clerks* fame directed a Lovecraft movie? Yeah, me neither. But someone did, because essentially that's what *The Last Lovecraft* is. To be fair, director Henry Saine and writer/co-star Devin McGinn don't completely ape Smith's style, but *The Last Lovecraft: Relic of Cthulhu* does have about as much of Kevin Smith's influence in it as it does H.P. Lovecraft's. If you like that silly, rather adolescent type of humor—that kind of sophomoric silliness always tickles my inner fourteen-year-old—then you'll get the most out of this film.

The story begins with a secret organization finding the titular relic. Knowing that the cult of Cthulhu will stop at nothing to get this doodad—for it can bring Big Daddy C up from the depths—they have to give it to a special protector. Who? Well, the last descendant of one Howard Phillips Lovecraft, naturally. Unfortunately, the last of Lovecraft's line is the typical clueless underachiever with the prerequisite smartass buddy. Luckily the friend knows not only a thing or two about H.P. Lovecraft but also a gamer geek (the stereotypes are pretty prevalent here) who happens to know even more about the world that Lovecraft described.

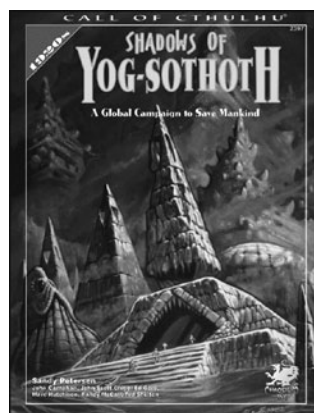
Notice that I didn't say "the world that Lovecraft created"? In this movie the nameless horrors that HPL wrote about are real. Lovecraft was just someone who learned what Man Was Not Meant to Know™ and he wanted to warn others by masking the blasphemous truth as fiction. Since some people really hate that often-used idea, I thought I would mention it.

In any event, the trio of misfits must find an old sea captain named Olaf who has faced the horrors of Deep Ones firsthand. And by firsthand I mean, as he puts it, "fish rape." As the heroes travel across the desert (if you were the recipient of unwanted fishman advances, you'd stay as far away from water as you could, too) they must evade the cult of Cthulhu. Naturally, if they avoided such dangers completely it would be one boring movie, so along the way they run into wacky cultists, Deep Ones and their leader Starspawn, which really doesn't look or act like you would expect in such a monster. Perhaps my biggest "fanboy" gripe was that this big baddie looked more like a reject from *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* than a cosmic-born horror. But that is a minor quibble at best.

*The Last Lovecraft* is essentially a road-trip buddy movie with comedic elements. There is nothing even remotely scary about it. If you're looking for Lovecraftian terror, look somewhere else.

That said, *The Last Lovecraft* is surprisingly faithful to the Cthulhu Mythos. One of the highlights of this film is a very fun animated short on the history of Cthulhu and the Elder Things. You haven't lived until you've seen Great Cthulhu use a triceratops skull to smash shoggoths to death. Sure, there are a few minor changes to and omissions from Lovecraft's canon, but only ultrapurists will get their tentacles in a twist over such things.

At just 78 minutes the movie is a fast ride, and it ends rather too abruptly. While I think the climax could have been handled a bit better, you should take that as a compliment rather than a condemnation. It means that I wanted to see more of our heroes in action, which is a good and rare thing. If you're looking for some laughs mixed in with your Lovecraft, this might be the flick for you. It gets 7 phobias.



## SHADOWS OF YOG-SOTHOTH

BY JOHN CARNAHAN, JOHN SCOTT CLEGG, ED GORE, MARC HUTCHISON, RANDY MCCALL, SANDY PETERSEN AND TED SHELTON WITH LYNN WILLIS, JEFF CAREY AND DON COATAR  
PUBLISHED BY CHAOSIUM, INC. ;  
\$23.95

REVIEW BY MATTHEW POOK

The importance of *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* cannot be overstated. The first campaign for *Call of Cthulhu*, it paved the way for many classics to come and it introduced the concept of the onionskin campaign. This has the investigators stripping away layers of information like

# THE EYE OF LIGHT & DARKNESS

< CONTINUED >

the skin of an onion as the players progress through the campaign, revealing more of the evil cult's plans and coming closer to the heart of the adventure.

In *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*, that cult is the Masters of the Silver Twilight, an international organization dedicated to a single aim. Dread Cthulhu sleeps still in the sunken city of R'lyeh yet stirs as the stars converge. Even though the stars are not quite right, the cult believes it can force the premature rise of the city and release the Great Old One. The campaign against the cult is broken into seven parts, taking the investigators from Boston to New York, then Scotland, California, Maine, and finally Easter Island and the South Pacific.

The campaign opens in Boston in 1928 with the investigators invited to join "The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," a rich, well-to-do, misogynistic fraternity with a reputation for charitable works. When the characters are promoted above the publicly known ranks, the Order reveals the truth, that it worships no earthly god and is awaiting the time when the stars come right and alien deities can reclaim what once was theirs.

The first of several letters directs the investigators to New York, the home of an odd business organisation, "Look to the Future." Its strange actualization ceremonies appear to send individuals into the future who return with fascinating items such as pocket-sized radios and non-stick cooking pans. The items suggest that time travel works; but why does everyone seem so tired?

A second letter asks them to look into the disappearance of a noted American big game hunter and archaeologist from his village home of Cannich in Scotland. There the characters must contend with suspicious locals as well as strange foreigners working at a loch-side dig. Where "Look to the Future" is short and focused, "The Coven of Cannich" is a sprawling affair with almost 20 NPCs for the Keeper to handle. There is also a lack of urgency to the adventure, despite the events it suggests, and the Keeper is very much left to cope on his own.

Back in the U.S.A., a movie mogul hires them to visit "Devil's Canyon" and discover what caused the suicide of the director of his latest movie, the lead actress' death and the lead actor's madness. Set in the Mojave Desert, this has a pleasing sense of isolation as the investigators are menaced by forgotten links to a lost Indian tribe.

What seems like a welcome into the arms of a benefactor turns into a series of increasingly lethal encounters in "The Worm that Walks." Set in Maine, this is the cult's revenge for the investigators' meddling.

Up until now the investigators have been reacting to letters received, but their chance to be pro-active comes in "The Watchers of Easter Island" and the "Rise of R'lyeh," the last two parts of the campaign. With artifacts and clues acquired in previous chapters, the heroes must face the ultimate challenge in *Call of Cthulhu*—to step onto the newly risen island of R'lyeh and prevent the rise of the being at the heart of both the game and the Mythos, Cthulhu himself.

The book itself is rounded out with two separate scenarios, "The People of the Monolith" and "The Warren," which, like the campaign, show their age.

Originally published in 1982, and reprinted in 1989 as part of *Cthulhu Classics*, this campaign has long been regarded as a flawed classic with numerous problems. Its setup is weak and it is difficult to get investigators involved. The links between the chapters are flimsy and awkward, and the constant use of the letter as a plot device is wearisome. The fifth part, "The Worm that Walks," is notorious as an exercise to kill player characters at a point when their knowledge and experience are needed for the last two scenarios. The campaign lacks Keeper advice. Having been written by different hands, it has a rough, incohesive feel.

Chaosium has attempted to address *some* of these problems with these reprints. These begin with "The Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight," suggesting reasons the investigators would join the Order and providing plenty of NPCs for them to interact with. Every NPC is illustrated; each chapter lists selected links between it and the other parts; and there is a little—often too little—Keeper advice for each chapter, though not for the campaign as a whole.

Ultimately, Chaosium's failure to fully address the problems in *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* leaves it still showing its age. Running it is a daunting prospect for any but the most experienced Keepers. Individually, some of its scenarios are creepy little affairs and it gives a genuine reason for the investigators to face Great Cthulhu himself, but until it receives a rewrite, *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth* does not quite live up to its ambitions. It gets 6 phobias.



## MONSTERS

DIRECTED BY GARETH EDWARDS  
DISTRIBUTED BY MAGNET  
RELEASING (U.S.) AND  
VERTIGO FILMS (U.K.)  
REVIEWED BY BRIAN M. SAMMONS

If you've heard about this little movie at all, then you probably heard that it was made for a pittance but looks as good as any Hollywood big-budget movie today and no one knows how writer-director Gareth Edwards did it. While that is undeniably true, good looks can only get you so far. Unless the story, acting and direction are good, all the cool special effects in the world can't save a film. The three *Star Wars* prequels taught me that.

*Monsters* has a slight nod to dear old HPL in the form of the titular critters, but that's as far as the Lovecraftian goodness goes. These beasties came to Earth thanks to a satellite that crashed on the U.S./Mexico border. Little did anyone know that the satellite had some microbes hitching a ride on it. The tiny space bugs didn't stay little for long. Soon, tentacled titans created a no man's land between the United States and Mexico. And so begins this film's not-so-subtle message on current border and immigration problems. Granted, the message isn't as bluntly hammered into your face as in the last couple of George Romero zombie flicks; but when the movie that best tackles this hot-button topic this year is the silly, splatstick *Machete* and not your "high-minded" message movie, then you have failed.

OK, the message is heavy-handed, but is the rest of the movie good? Well, the monsters are really neat and they are used effectively. What could be Cthulhu's cousins are at first seen only partially, at night, cloaked in darkness, or through grainy, green military-style night vision. Much like *Jaws*, this builds both dread and anticipation for the big reveal. When that moment comes it is a good payoff, a testament to technical wizardry.

Sadly, this flick moves at a glacial pace. I could forgive that if the film used that time to build up and flesh out the characters, but it doesn't. The two stars are one-dimensional and thoroughly annoying. There's the jaded photojournalist whose only care in the world is to get great shots of the monsters to make the big bucks. He is asked to return a rich man's wayward daughter to the U.S. as she just so happens to be in the same area. These two remain unlikable to the end. Sure, Mr. Cynical Reporter has the mandatory change of heart, but it feels as forced and unbelievable as the obligatory romantic tension. It's all part of the same paint-by-numbers playbook that this movie follows from start to finish.

If you are expecting an action-oriented sci-fi monster movie—the sort you might expect from a movie called *Monsters*—then you will be disappointed. This film is a slow-moving travelogue of Mexico featuring two characters who you could care less about and who only very occasionally bump into some cool-looking, Cthulhuoid creatures.

*Monsters* gets 4 out of 10 phobias, and it only gets that many for the cool, cosmic, CGI cephalopods.



## AGE OF CTHULHU: DEATH IN LUXOR

BY HARLEY STROH  
PUBLISHED BY GOODMAN  
GAMES; \$12.95  
REVIEW BY MATTHEW POOK

*Death in Luxor* is the first *Age of Cthulhu* scenario from Goodman Games, a publisher better known for its *Dungeons & Dragons* adventures. Set in Egypt in 1926, it is designed for relatively experienced investigators who possess

# THE EYE OF LIGHT & DARKNESS

< CONTINUED >

archaeological or Egyptological experience or knowledge. It can be used to kickstart a campaign but is better added to an existing campaign, perhaps a classic such as *The Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep* or *The Day of the Beast*.

A telegram from Professor Aaron Bollacher, head of the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute, summons the investigators to Luxor. He has discovered a new crypt at Medinet Habu, the Mortuary Temple of Rameses III, one which has clues that could reveal how the pharaoh was able to defeat the Sea Peoples. After a difficult arrival in Luxor, the investigators discover that the Institute has been ransacked, its staff and their families murdered, and the professor is dead by his own hand. The investigators must find out what happened at the Oriental Institute and why, before they become suspects themselves. Could the massacre be connected to Bollacher's archaeological researches? This scenario quickly becomes a three-horse race to get to the site of an ancient evil before it is unleashed. Of course the investigators want to stop this, the cultists want to stop the investigators, and a group of occultists just want it under their control.

Comprising just five or six locations, *Death in Luxor* is strong in roleplaying and interaction with NPCs, though it is a pity that they are thrown away at the scenario's action-

orientated climax. Some players might decry the lack of traditional research needed, though there plenty of well-done clues to interpret, while others will relish the various combat scenes. Where *Death in Luxor* shines is in its strong plot and a background that nicely ties in Mythos elements with events in Egypt's ancient past, both of which are strongly supported with excellent handouts and maps.

Where *Death in Luxor* disappoints is in its historical facts (suggesting that the investigators can fly to Egypt in 1926, for example) and other details (a bar stocks "bichor," either a small fish or a town in India). The five pre-generated investigators are overly pulpy and the *Call of Cthulhu* rules are poorly applied throughout, the scenario lacking either Sanity losses or gains. Few of the NPCs are fully written up or have languages listed.

It is all too obvious that this is Goodman Games' first scenario for *Call of Cthulhu*. It shows in the lack of historical and background detail, the poorly applied rules, and the lack of a map of the Oriental Institute's dig site and the scenario's McGuffin, an idol that the various parties are trying to acquire. For these reasons this is not a scenario for the neophyte; it needs an experienced Keeper to make it playable. The pleasingly pulpy plot gets it 3 phobias.



## IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

This poor bastard failed to listen to *Unspeakable*, the official podcast of *The Unspeakable Oath*. Don't make his mistake!

*Unspeakable* is:

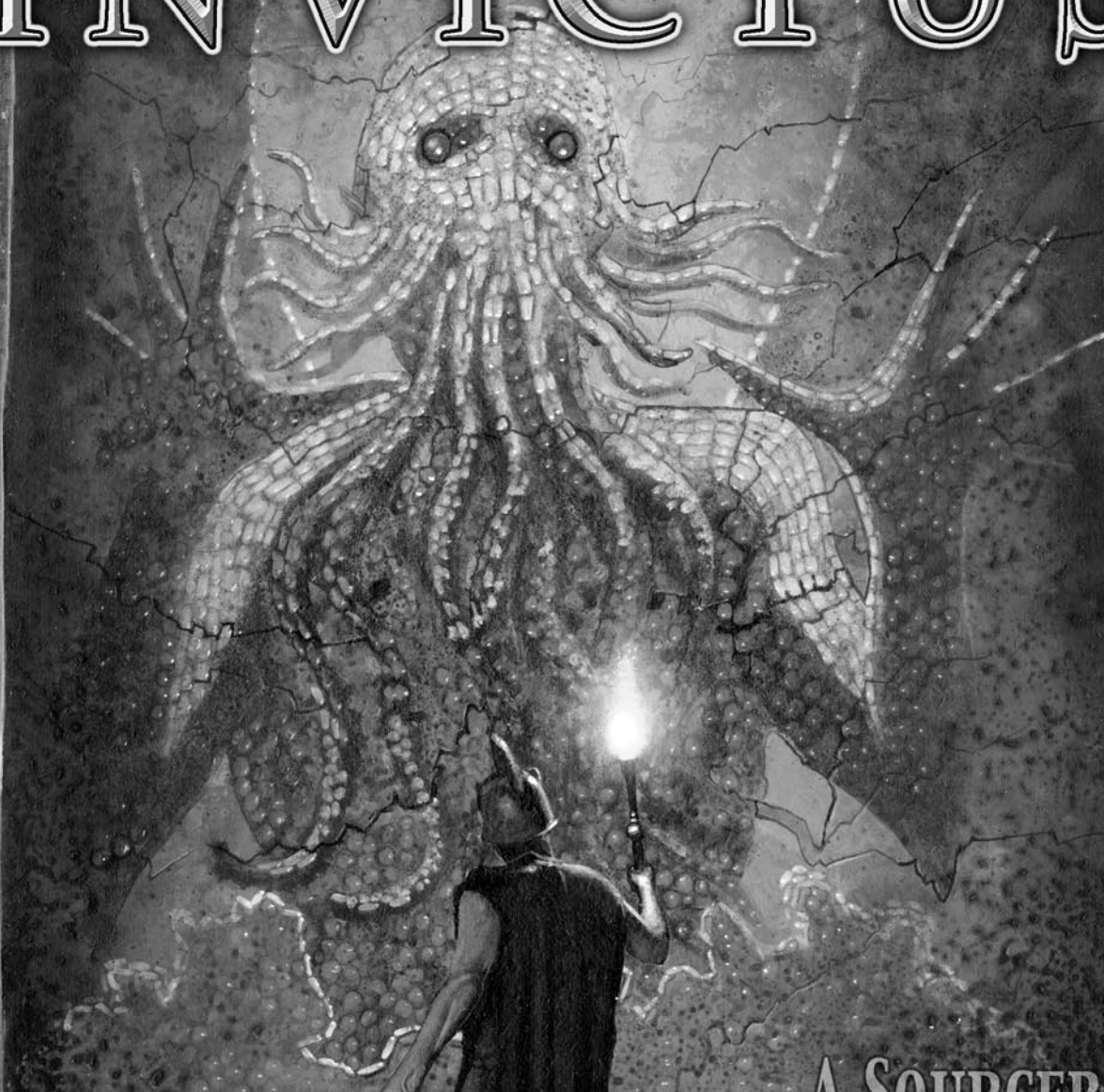
- ≈ Toren "MacBin" Atkinson (The Darkest of the Hillside Thickets, Caustic Soda).
- ≈ Ross Payton (*Zombies of the World*, Role Playing Public Radio).
- ≈ Shane Ivey (editor of *The Unspeakable Oath*).

They and their Cthulhu-loving friends talk about Cthulhu gaming, month in and month out, rain or shine. (That's right. *Even when it's raining.*)

Subscribe to *Unspeakable* at [www.theunspeakableoath.com](http://www.theunspeakableoath.com).

Your organs will thank you.

# CTHULHU INVICTUS



A SOURCEBOOK  
FOR ANCIENT  
ROME



[www.chaosium.com](http://www.chaosium.com)

© 2009



# MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE: DYING SUNLIGHT

BY DAVID M JACOBS

THE DIARY OF SARAH ANTONETTI — 2/17/2011

Dying sunlight refracted through the lens, casting a faint rainbow across the shop's rafters. I stared at the ticket in my hand, then back at the camera, and finally at the figure slinking out the door. Turpie. Kodak Retina. It couldn't be!

Uncle Sam shuffled to the front of the shop, flipped the OPEN sign to CLOSED, flicked the latch in the blink of an eye. "Whatcha gawpin' foah?" he said, wrestling with the trumpet and the jewelry box in the front window. Though he stared out to the street, framed between the words Cash Loans, I could feel his careworn features fold into reproach.

"Uncle," I asked, "you ever heard of John Turpie? Photographer for *National Geographic*?"

He coughed. "Got some in back. Nothin' yer aunt need know about, though." By now he'd made it back to the counter, with the ease of decades' practice. "While yer there, girl, get a broom. Long thing, brush on the end. Seen one befoah?" That same cough—he thought he was being funny.

He rattled the bars across the front window as I swept, leaving me alone with the shop as he dashed off to a "hot date" with one more cough.

Sure enough, there was a stack of *National Geographics* in the back room, about a foot high. The top issue fell open as I fished it from the pile, its binding broken at a photograph of a Melanesian woman, bare-breasted and thigh-deep in the surf. The issue beneath featured an Congolese woman, the one following it an Amazon Indian. Aunt Rosina would be mortified.

Turpie's life earned him a brief eulogy some four years ago; he was withered and old beyond his years, leaving behind a wife, a son and some of print's greatest landscapes. Every artist gives something of himself to his work, it's said. At Turpie's funeral, his wife told the handful of mourners that first he gave it his love, and then his pride, until he had nothing left to feed it save morsels of regret—but these it took gladly.

Sadly, alcoholism and his foul temper denied him Ansel Adams' popularity (and Adams hated Turpie, ever since that fistfight in '54). Turpie never really got on with anyone, but the unique style he took to his grave won him the grudging respect of every art director he ever worked for.

There was something surreal about Turpie's photography, how light wove through his camera's weirdly-etched iris, how colors burnt into the emulsion. His early work—like *Northwest Angle*, near the bottom of the stack—lacked Turpie's perfect radiance, which first saw light in *Fourteen Suns had Faintly Journey'd*, a panorama of impact craters near Great Slave Lake. But there, at the back of the Miss Nauru issue (phosphate mining, had Uncle Sam bothered to read it) was *Sierra de Istatan at Dusk*, unmistakably Turpie's handiwork. And a couple of magazines down from the top, *Quoddy Narrows*.

How many eyes had wondered at Turpie's pictures over the years? How many vistas had he captured with this very camera, still rattling with—oh my God, it's still loaded!

My palms tingle at the camera's touch. My heart races and my mouth's gone dry. I stare again at the lens, but now it seems to stare back, hinting, briefly, at a glimmer in its hidden depths. It holds the last, lost photographs of John Turpie. I have to get this camera to a darkroom.

I have to open it up and see what's inside.

**Entered into evidence by NYC Office of Chief Medical Examiner.**

*NB: dermal bleaching, extreme dehydration; cf. Esther TURPIE (d. 2.4.2011). Salvatore (al. Sam) ANTONETTI states camera was sold for cash in the days following his niece's death.*



MANSPERGER 2K7

Have you ever secretly wanted to be best friends with a magical unicorn? His name would be Dewdrop, and he would talk to you with his thoughts, and he would carry you on his back away from bullies and parents and kids who don't get you, and you'd have such wonderful adventures!

This game is pretty much like that. Except—well, Dewdrop is a little scary. In fact, if you drew what Dewdrop really looks like on your Trapper Keeper, they would send you to the principal's office, then to the school counselor, and then perhaps to a place with a name like Morning Meadows Home for Disturbed and Psychotic Youth.

Welcome to *Monsters and Other Childish Things*, a funny, frightening, action-packed roleplaying game about kids and the people who matter to them most—their friends, family and loved ones.

And their horrifying pet monsters.

# MONSTERS

## AND OTHER CHILDISH THINGS

"What if H.P. Lovecraft wrote young adult fiction, then made an RPG out of it?"—*io9*

"The writing is as good as it gets. I enjoyed reading this book so much I read passages from it to my friends, who kept smiling and laughing."—*RPG.net*

"While it's hard to predict what 2008 will bring, I'll say this: right here, right now, if you only buy one rpg book this year, make it this one. Yes, it's really that good."—*Ovara*

Ennie Award finalist for Best Writing, Best Game, and Product of the Year

**Monsters and Other Childish Things  
(Completely Monstrous Edition)**  
*Hardcover core game book, \$29.99 US*

**Monsters and Other Childish Things  
(Pocket Edition)**  
*Paperback core game book, \$19.99 US*

Arc Dream Publishing  
[www.arcdream.com/monsters](http://www.arcdream.com/monsters)

The *Unspeakable Oath*  
is published by  
Arc Dream Publishing  
under license from  
Pagan Publishing.



**THE UNSPEAKABLE OATH 19**

MARCH 2011

ARC DREAM PUBLISHING

MSRP \$9.99 (U.S.)

[WWW.THEUNSPEAKABLEOATH.COM](http://WWW.THEUNSPEAKABLEOATH.COM)

ISBN 978-098323133-2



9 780983 231332