

H. P. Lovecraft's

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WORLDS

Call of Cthulhu

The Magazine for
Call of Cthulhu

Issue 5

Out of the Ages

A modern scenario investigating the aftermath of the PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT by Gary Sumpter

They Sleep by Twilight

A Twenties scenario of tangled concerns, barely formed fears and mistaken identities

Master of Hounds

A STRANGE AEONS scenario set in the Great Plague of London

The Sword of Sverru

Defenders of humanity or minions of the Mythos?

Constantinople 1000 AD

The people who make this CTHULHU DARK AGES city an exotic and deadly place to visit

The Germine Institute

Stands against the growing darkness, placing itself between Hell and the children it hungers for

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Astrologica Cthulhiana, Dreaming and Time Travel, The believers of Red Hook ... and so much more.

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H. P. Lovecraft's

WORLDS of Cthulhu

The official magazine for
Call of Cthulhu

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1920s: Classic period; CDA: Dark Ages; CoC: General;
d20: d20 Cthulhu; DG: Delta Green; Drm: Dreamlands;
Gas: Gaslight; Now: Modern-day; SA: Strange Aeons

Handouts, maps and character sheets from this issue's scenarios and articles can be downloaded from *Worlds of Cthulhu's* web site at: <http://www.worldsofcthulhu.com>

Welcome to issue five of *Worlds of Cthulhu*. It's a little late and for that I apologize profusely. In the course of preparing *Worlds of Cthulhu #5* we tried to do something different. It didn't quite work even though it was a good idea. However we have learnt the lessons and going forward *Worlds of Cthulhu* should benefit and become an even better beast than it is now.

I'm always drawn to finding themes in any issue that I've prepared even if there was no conscious decision to conform to a theme and *Worlds of Cthulhu #5* is no different. I think the theme of *Worlds of Cthulhu #5* is the Seen and the Unseen. Seen fears and unseen fears provoke different responses, and this issue's scenarios are no different.

Our first scenario 'Master of Hounds' is a return to the one-off scenario, the type of scenario which made the early name of this magazine. Set in plague-ridden Restoration London, 'Master of Hounds' is a flavorsome romp through London's history and its place in the world. Allegory plays a strong role in this scenario as does what is Seen and Not Seen. 'Master of Hounds' is Keris McDonald's first piece in *Worlds of Cthulhu*. I hope it is not her last.

'They Sleep By Twilight' is a scenario designed to be a break from the usual Mythos-busting of typical *Call of Cthulhu* campaigns. The usual approach won't solve this scenario satisfactorily; in fact it will make it worse. Again, what is Unseen is the key aspect of this scenario. Author Aaron Varnek is a regular on the Mythos scene but this his first time in *Worlds of Cthulhu* magazine.

'Out of the Ages' is a classic when-dun-it. Gary Sumpter, the author, is a well known and established *Call of Cthulhu* author. 'Out of the Ages' may start as a by-the-numbers investigation, but again unseen secrets from the past underlie all the events of the scenario, and make it a satisfying experience.

Worlds of Cthulhu's website is in the process of being redeveloped. At www.worldsofcthulhu.com you can find supplementary material to support all the scenarios in this magazine and many of the articles too. We will be playing catch up with past issues as well.

And finally after a long time away, *Delta Green* is finally back, as evidenced by the advert on our back cover. If you've never had the chance to own one of the best *Call of Cthulhu* supplements ever published now is your chance. Together with Scott Glancy's column in this issue, *Delta Green's* future should be assured. Welcome back *Delta Green*. You've been missing in action far too long.

Adam Crossingham
Chief Editor





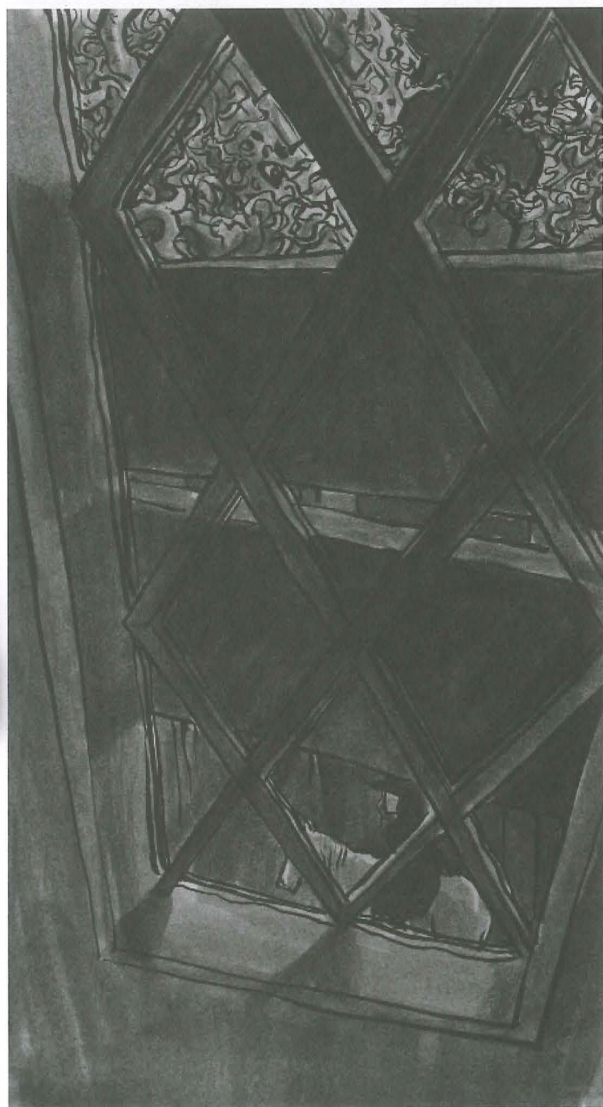
Strange Aeons

Adventure Master of Hounds

By Keris McDonald

Introduction

The year is 1665 and London is in the grip of the Great Plague. One third of the population is dead or dying, and much of the rest has fled: the Royal Court were among the first to abandon the capital. Those who remain are mostly the poor, who have nowhere else to go and no means of bribing their way. The sick are walled up in their houses and the dead are thrown, unmourned and naked, into common pits. The churches are empty while the churchyards are heaped high to overflowing with bodies. London is dying. And in her fever, the city dreams...



Keeper's Background

'Master of Hounds' is a one-off, nightmarish dream-quest into the roots of London's history. Everything except the last scene takes place within the dream version of London. The City, in her crisis, requires someone to renew her strength, to go back to her foundations and re-enact that which created her in the first place. Only then will she have the strength to throw off the Master of Hounds.

When running this scenario, keep player information to the minimum. Don't tell them they are in London. Don't even pass them a character sheet until they've woken up and had a chance to look around them, and to work out that they are children. The characters remember nothing of their waking life, and do not know that the Plague is in progress. Dates and the names of landmarks are for your information as Keeper Notes: the players might be able to work out what is going on, but their characters should be disoriented, helpless and at the mercy of powers beyond their comprehension and control. Dream London is not connected (at least in this scenario) to H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands. Neither **Dream Lore** nor the **Dreaming** skill should be offered as an option. There is no need for Sanity checks either: since the children have no memory of sane reality to compare their current predicament to, they should not lose sanity for any encounter except the final scene ... at which point it's a bit academic really.

Remember that in Dream London the primary logic of events is not causal but symbolic. Time is not linear. Use any tricks you can to keep the players confused, scared but basically on-track. If they completely mess up an encounter and end up dead, feel free to run them through it again – that's the sort of thing that happens in dreams.

This scenario can be run for a solo character (Thomas Craven) or include one or more pre-adolescent siblings. The more players, the more aggressive and ruthless the Keeper should make the challenges. It can also be run with William Cole as a (carefully briefed) PC.

1665 AD

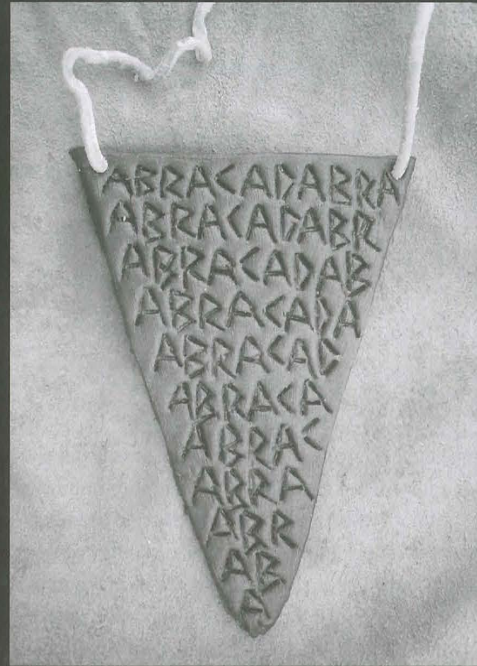
The Great Plague

The characters wake. It is dimly lit, hot and stifling. They are lying in wooden beds with high sides of wooden planks. They have no memories, though they slowly recall their own names, and self examination proves they are small children, filthy dirty, wearing simple tunics and breeches, or dresses if they are female. Catherine Craven

The Amulet:

This amulet belongs to Catherine, who is all but illiterate. It is a triangular piece of slate and the letters are scratched on:

ABRACADABRA
 ABRACADABR
 ABRACADAB
 ABRACADA
 ABRACAD
 ABRACA
 ABRAC
 ABRA
 ABR
 AB
 A



In the waking world the amulet was purchased from a Gypsy as a protection from the Sickness and has no powers. Here it smells of cinnamon and grows warm as it approaches a Gate.

is also wearing a small stone amulet. There is an overpowering smell of flowers. The walls are crumbling plaster over lathes and the floor is made of bare boards. In one corner of the room is slumped a life-sized female figurine composed of flowers and ripe fruit; approaching it will raise clouds of yellow butterflies which have been feasting on the oozing juices. In 'her' arms is a 'baby' made of ripe plums on a framework of sticks. A yellow dog – it looks like a small greyhound, all skin and bones, and is snarling nervously – slinks from under her skirts and vanishes down the stairs. On an *Idea* roll, the character should be surprised: they remember vaguely that all the dogs have been killed. There is a large heap of gold coins in one corner, overflowing a leather bucket.

The windows of the room are boarded over but do have glass in the tiny panes: looking through the boards offers glimpses of tiled roofs choked in briars that are heavily laden with yellow roses. The houses are very close together, and the upper floors, like the one the characters are in, project out over the road. The sky is very dark purple-blue. Part of a cobbled path can be glimpsed. The first person to look out of a window sees a man in a heavy black cloak riding a black horse stop and look up at the house before passing on.

Keeper Notes: Yellow is a bad, bad color throughout this scenario: it denotes uncleanness. The dogs are the Plague itself. Butterflies denote flies in the waking world. Gold denotes faeces. Fruit and flowers take the place of swollen, plague-rotted flesh and spilt blood. The man in black is William Cole, master printer and a family friend, but the characters don't remember him.

It's possible a player may ask what sort of fruit they can see. In Restoration-era England the variety would be mostly limited to old-world species, although tomatoes and potatoes had been introduced on a small scale from the Americas. So it's mostly apples, pears, plums, damsons, blackberries, sloes, rosehips, cherries and, at a push, apricots, peaches, lemons, oranges and figs, these latter being luxu-

ries known to the rich. No bananas. Vegetables at the time might include peas, beans, cabbage and carrots. Turnips were only grown as cattle-feed in the 1660s.

There are two rooms upstairs here. Box-beds and clothes-chests are the only furniture. Butterflies flit about everywhere. Down the narrow stairs are two more rooms: a primitive kitchen and a saddler's workshop – those looking for weapons can find knives among the sheets and scraps of leather. A fruit-man is slumped against one wall. There is a saucer of fine wine on the shop counter, and sitting behind the table is an ancient, wiry, wicked looking woman, Mistress Nellie Fritch, who looks up in shock when the characters first appear. She is busy counting dead flies out of a pouch which she has taken from behind a chimney brick. There is a massive spider on her back, clinging to her shoulders and the graying ginger hair that pokes out from under her bonnet. When she recovers from her surprise she will rise, ask them what they are doing downstairs, and at the first opportunity attempt to grapple and strangle them.

If Nellie dies, hundreds of little black spiders evacuate her body, leaving only the empty skin. The big black spider on her back has one attack on a character then scuttles off.

Keeper Notes: During the Plague, the truly desperate could earn a pittance from the Parish by sitting in with plague-stricken households, nominally to nurse the victims but mostly to watch for death or recovery. These (usually elderly women) would signal the watchmen to break down the boards across the doors and windows only when the disease had run its course and all survivors were free of the plague 'tokens'. Of course, many died themselves. Many were accused of hastening their charges' ends too, and of robbing the dead.

The Master of Hounds

It is assumed for this scenario that the Master of Hounds is indeed a form of the King in Yellow – an entity attracted to urban places – making his move upon the weakened city. If this doesn't fit in with your version of the Mythos then run the Master as simply Dream London's visualization of the Plague incarnate – in that case the Yellow Signs daubed on the doors should just be Christian crosses, and if he – not just his Hounds – kills a dreamer then he inflicts the Plague upon their waking body. His role in the scenario is to harry and frighten the children rather than to block their path or kill them all outright. He can turn up at any point during the descent into history.

Out of the Fraying Paw...

Getting out of the house is not easy; planks have been nailed across the doors and windows. The characters can attempt to improvise tools and force the door (which will get the attention of the watchmen straight away) or tunnel out through the weak walls (slow but less noisy). If the latter course is chosen, the Watch will not notice the children until they are out on the street. A quick glance around them shows that the shadows are deep and well defined although there is no visible sun in the purple sky. The houses are all timber-framed with grey plaster walls between the main supports. Grass grows between the cobbles, wild roses sprawl everywhere and yellow butterflies dance all around them on the still air. On the door of each barricaded house in the road is daubed a symbol in yellow paint; it looks like an 'X'. **Spot Hidden** rolls indicate that the symbol is in fact the Yellow Sign, but those failing the **Spot Hidden** roll will not be able to see that at all. A fire is burning at either end of the street – but when people get close they might be able to see that it is bones burning, not sticks of wood. Yellow dogs creep in the shadows.

There are four men of the Watch tending the bonfires and patrolling up and down the street.

They are heavily clothed despite the oppressive heat and partly drunk. When they see the children they will do their utmost to catch them and return them to the house. Should any child be caught, a man on a black horse will ride into the fray and launch an attack on the Watch, permitting all of the characters to escape in the chaos.

The children wander the streets of Dream London, which are all but deserted. Most people they spot are muffled up in heavy cloaks and will cross the road to avoid them. It is eerily silent, except for birdsong and the sound of a great river in the distance – but even if they go looking for the river they don't find it.

Encounters in the City of Night

- ◆ The sound of hooves follows them intermittently.
- ◆ A laughing, shrieking, naked man rushes out toward and then past them. Roses are growing out of his living flesh (*Idea* roll – particularly around his groin and armpits: this is of course where the buboes symptomatic of the plague mostly manifest) and he is tearing at his skin with his fingernails. Red rose-petals fall from the wounds. He heads downhill howling, "The River! Dear God let me see the river!"
- ◆ A horse-drawn cart bedecked with flowers passes, heaped high with those fruit-people. The driver is also fruit-person, and if

the characters stop the cart it will tilt slowly to one side and fall from its seat to squelch upon the cobbles, the reins still clutched in stiff pea-pod fingers.

- ◆ A man with the head of a bird – perhaps a stork? – hurries down a side-street and enters a house without a yellow symbol on the door.

Keeper Notes: The few doctors who dared remain in the city would wear full black robes, long gloves, hoods and a mask with a bird-like beak stuffed with fragrant herbs to ward off the poisonous vapors thought to cause the Sickness.

- ◆ Music is faintly heard; a procession of dancers is seen at a distance, led by a flautist dressed in pale yellow rags. The dancers



stumble frequently but are dragged to their feet again and dance on.

- ♦ A man comes running down the street, chased by half a dozen of those yellow dogs. They bring him down and start tearing into his flesh, but as he falls the box that he is clutching skitters across the cobbles to the feet of the children. If no one picks up or looks at the box within say, a minute of game-time, it vanishes. The man's body turns to mushy fruit pulp when the Hounds have finished with it.

Keeper Notes: The Box is vital to the City, which it is passing to the characters. It was stolen from the High Altar in St Paul's Cathedral. It is made of ivory and ornamented with silver; inside are slivers of what looks (and tastes) like raw pork. The whole thing smells of cinnamon. No matter if the Box is emptied, next time it is opened it will be full of those pieces of meat again. If the characters do not pick up the box, or they abandon it, then re-run this encounter two streets further along – And then a third time if necessary. If no-one takes the hint, then the children are attacked by a full pack of Hounds and fall unconscious as they are torn to pieces, and the scenario ends as they die of the plague.

- ♦ This encounter only takes place after they have picked up the Box. Riding a yellow horse and wearing a horned head-dress of flowering briar, a pale mask with no eyeholes or features and flowing, tattered yellow robes, the Master of Hounds makes his appearance. He reeks of perfume. The amulet-wearer will feel a horrible sense of cold upon spotting him. The horse is blind; its eyes have been gouged out and its lips cut off, but it is kept moving by cruel spurring and a savage use of the bit. The Master whips his Hounds to heel then looks around for his next prey. The children had better run ...

Just when they are about to be run down, the mysterious rider all in black that they have seen before comes to the rescue one last time, snatching the children up and galloping away. He will take them to his own house.

William Cole introduces Himself

He has lived in the City a long time now – exactly how long, he does not remember. In fact, all his memories are confused and vague. The house, machinery and devils all belong to him, but he is not sure why, or what the machines do. He used to wander the streets of the City extensively, but more recently he has almost given that up and prefers to stay in self-imposed seclusion within his house/ workshop. He is forgetting how to read. He suffers from severe depression: any setback, however trivial, can throw him into a fit of despair and cause him to give up. He has known the Craven family for many years. He remembers being the one who taught the eldest child to read. Matthew Craven, the children's father, is a saddler, but he, like all his family, has been locked away inside his house ever since the Master of Hounds came to power. Cole has no idea who the Master is, only that he now rules the City and is extremely dangerous.



The City works to certain rules. Cole thinks they are as follows:

- ♦ There is no escape out of the City: the boundaries are impossible to reach, but in distant parts he has seen roaring dragons emerge from underground passages and towers and domes of glass.
- ♦ Terrain changes around you: the further you go from places you are familiar with, the more frequently and extremely it varies.
- ♦ Things that you put down tend not to be there when you go back to them.
- ♦ Things that you fear tend to come true.
- ♦ Drinking, eating, sleeping and excretion don't seem to be necessary here.
- ♦ No matter how lost you get, you always find the place you're looking for... eventually.

He has a pair of pistols should he think to look for them.

William Cole's Warehouse

This large building is full of machinery, and the floor is obscured by drifts of printed paper. The machines are huge and shadowy, their function obscure. There are hundred of tiny black imps, complete with pitchforks, running riot through the building. They are insatiably curious and absolutely fascinated by the Box, though they won't touch the stuff inside. They're not dangerous.

Cole is permanently cold despite the terrible heat and will scoop up paper and splinter machinery to get a fire going. Once the children are safe he loses impetus and falls into despair. There is a huge clawed bat upon his back which licks the blood from the slots it bites in his neck, but he does not seem to notice it and though it can be frightened off him it will always keep returning. His answers to the children's questions are vague: he remembers their father as a friend, which is why he was looking out for them. He doesn't know what has happened to the City, or to their father. He will be able, if asked, to identify the Box as the sort used for the Host in a church – and by the looks of that Box, a very grand church indeed.

Only the eldest child is literate. If they search the papers on the floor they will find them to be printed weekly Bills of Mortality. Under the heading 'Difeafes and Cafualties this Week', deaths from Plague account for 4,237 out of 5,568.

Keeper Notes: 'Printer's Devils' is, in the waking world, merely the name for boy assistants to the printers. Cole is intended as muscle to back the children up during their quest. If he's not necessary or they simply give up and let him make all the decisions then feel free to lose him anywhere convenient in a heroic rearguard action against the Hounds.

William Cole was a real historical figure. Surviving through the worst months of the Plague and never failing to print the lists of casualties, he hanged himself in his warehouse in December 1665.

If the characters do not come up with a plan, more Hounds eventually arrive and drive them out of the back door into the streets again – Cole too.

The Angel

Recommencing their wanderings through the streets, the characters may or may not have some idea of trying to return the Box to the place it belongs. Regardless, soon after setting out, they will come to an open space which contains a vast statue of a robed angel – a good fifty foot high, even though the figure is kneeling. The statue appears to be made of lead. It is noticeably cooler in this square and the air smells of sea-spray. The angel has a shallow bowl upturned in one hand and in the other a huge lead scroll which it has unraveled. On the scroll can be seen the words:

To the Beginning

The statue does not move, but if they look back after passing they will see that the angel has turned its head to look at the bearer of the Box. Children who make a *Know* roll will vaguely remember a Bible quotation: “The first angel went and poured out his bowl on the land, and ugly and painful sores broke out on the people” (Revelation 16:1).

St. Paul's Cathedral

They come to a building that Cole can identify as St. Paul's: a very large church with a central tower, the entire building built out of gray and desiccated bone. The churchyard is banked yards high with climbing roses and mounded fruit. The smell from the flowers is so sweet it is almost sickening. Gargoyles climb down the walls and browse upon the fruit. There is no one in sight outside the church but inside it is packed with people. A riotous market is taking place up the main aisle (there are no pews), and everyone is wearing their brightest holiday clothes. Here they can find arch ladies and dandified gentlemen, cloth-merchants, prostitutes of both genders, jugglers, fire-breathers, pig-roasters, orange-sellers, butchers, fish-mongers, candle makers, cobblers and stockbrokers. Everyone is masked as if for a ball. Everyone is laughing and shouting at the tops

of their voices, though the cacophony as a whole sounds more like screaming if you stop to listen to it. People disport themselves without shame, urinating upon the ancient stones, indulging in sex against the pillars and on top of the tombs, stuffing their faces even through their masks with mouthfuls of greasy food. Characters trying to talk to anyone will be frustrated; the revelers stick only to their trivial and excited patter, more like puppets in a show than human beings. This is truly a case of ‘Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die’.

Keeper Notes: This is the old, pre-Great Fire St. Paul's. It has no dome. By the Stuart period it had indeed become very debased and secular, used as a market and a place to pick up prostitutes.

The High Altar of the Cathedral has been stripped of its regalia and the abandoned detritus of a card-game is the only thing upon it. Kneeling in front of the altar is a man in clerical robes; the Dean. He has a bloody hole in his chest where his heart should be and is apparently catatonic. Nothing can rouse him from his trance. But a strong draught laden with a smell of cinnamon can be felt blowing across the cold stones up here. The source of the breeze is an ornate marble tomb, which has been carved in the style of a slightly-ajar arched door draped in cloth: the stone figure of Death, skeletal and cradling a scythe, leans casually against the door, though it is difficult to tell if he's supposed to be opening or closing it. The tomb bears the following inscription:

John Dee, Doctor
1527-1608

Through me is the way to the sorrowful city
Through me is the way to eternal suffering
Through me is the way to join the lost people

This is a dream Gate, and the amulet will react to it. The door will swing open easily under the hand of anyone bearing the Box. All inside is darkness, but where else is there to go?

Keeper Notes: The verse quoted is from Dante's 'Inferno' and is in that context the inscription over the gate to Hell. Dr. John Dee,



magician, cryptographer, spy and alchemist to Queen Elizabeth I, is not of course really buried in St. Paul's.

1583 *AD*

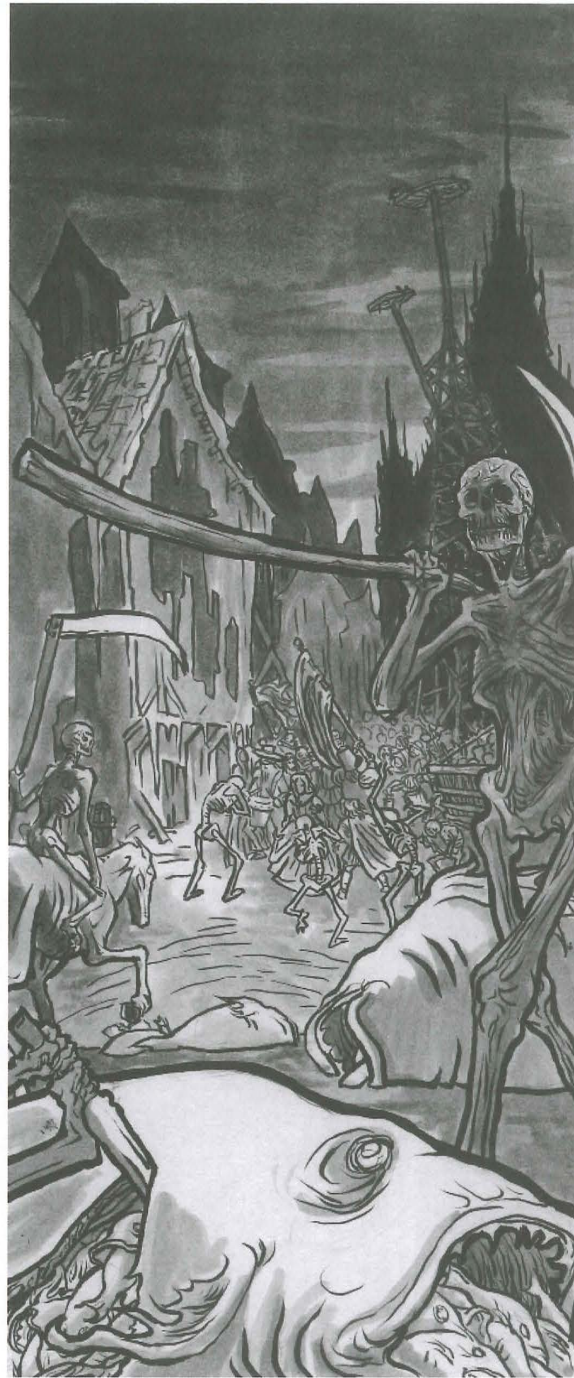
St James' Palace

It is night. The Box is now a round black glass – or possibly obsidian – Mirror, which reflects only the sleeping (i.e. real) face of the gazer. The characters emerge through the wooden frame of a life-sized portrait of Queen Elizabeth I into a wood-paneled, candlelit room containing three people. One is a portly white-bearded man in his fifties, dressed in black robes and a skullcap, brandishing a long wand (Dr. Dee). One is a somewhat younger man with a foxy-looking face and red hair; the tops of his ears have been cropped off at some point (Edward Kelley, Dee's assistant and scriber). The third, seated in a wooden chair, is a middle-aged woman in a hoop-skirted dress that shimmers with pearls (The Queen). She has red hair too, and a face made ghastly-white by makeup. Both men are standing inside a magical circle that has been chalked on the wooden floor, and Dee was right in the middle of waving his arms around and evoking the Angelic Powers. A second circle surrounds the supine figure of a corpse wrapped in a white shroud. The corpse is male and fairly fresh; or at least it does not smell any worse than the other occupants of the room.

A yellow Hound sneaks along the wall and disappears into the shadows under a table as the children get their bearings. There are no doors to this dream-room and the windows are shuttered. The three adults look aghast; necromancy is a capital offense and it must never become known that the Queen has been present at such a ritual. After a moment's silence she orders Dee to 'Seize them!' Dee, stuttering, passes the order to Kelley, who draws out a long knife, steps out of the circle and attacks the characters.

Unless they manage some very quick bluffing, the children are going to get chased round the room and eventually carved to gobbets: Kelley is a ruthless man unafraid of violence. There are no obvious exits, but in fact the circle containing the corpse is another dream Gate. With a successful **Spot Hidden** roll the chalked 'mystical' letters around that circle can be seen to spell out: 'Through me is the way to the sorrowful city'.

Keeper Notes: It's probably best to set this skirmish up with miniatures or some substitute on a sketch map of the room, just so you can ascertain who is crossing which circle. Make the layout as cramped or as spacious as you like. The Gate is only activated by the bearer of the Mirror entering that circle, at which point they will vanish into thin air. Dee will not leave his circle and will flinch away from body-contact with the newcomers; he's nervous that they really are otherworldly entities.



1349 *AD*

The Black Death

The children emerge underwater. The water is stagnant and very cold, and as they bob to the surface they may be able to make out that they are a considerable distance from the banks. None of them have more than a base swimming skill, so be ready with the *Call of Cthulhu* drowning rules (6e rulebook page 57). Just as they start taking physical damage, a hand reaches down from above and hauls first one and then all of them up into the air and drops them in the

bottom of a shallow skiff. Their rescuer turns out to be muffled and hooded in pale robes that obscure his face and hands, and he will not talk to his passengers; he's too busy poling the boat slowly toward the bank. The river is in fact the Thames, though only Cole will recognize it for sure. It is crossed by a single stone bridge lined with houses. Apart from themselves the only other passenger in the boat is a Hound shivering in the bilge (which won't attack unless provoked). The Mirror is now a steel tilting Helm, complete with closed visor.

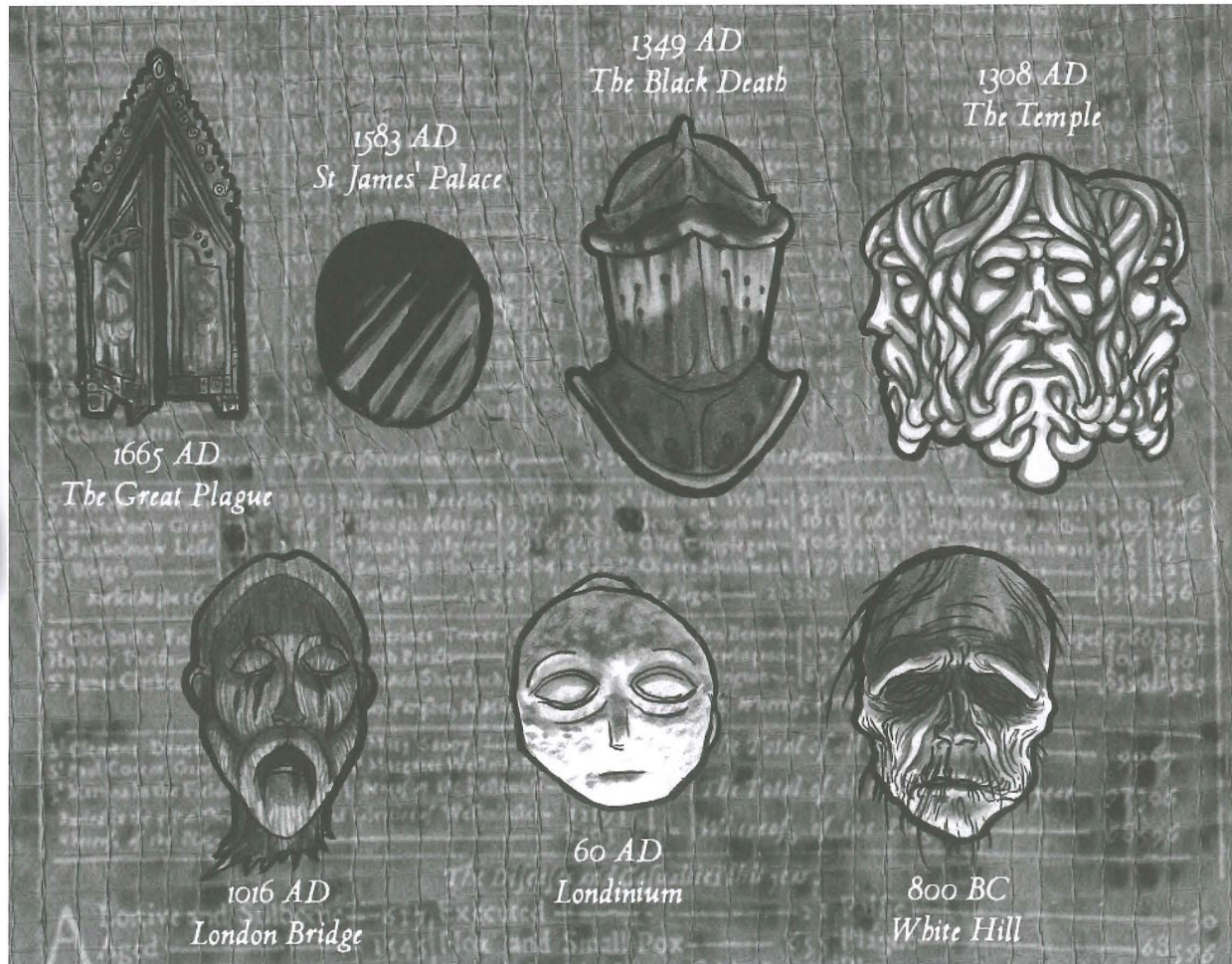
As they draw closer to the bank their surroundings will become clearer. It seems to be night, but the dirty ochre sky is under lit by the flames of distant fires. The City is clearly in the grip of warfare; knots of figures scurry between the buildings, some fighting, some fleeing and some – yellowish, skeletally thin and either naked or dressed in shrouds – pursuing. Many of the pale aggressors move in ranks, like a disciplined army, or ride horses that are nothing more than skin and bone, and wield scythes as weapons. They are rounding up the humans and penning them in crates or under trapdoors or simply massacring them. Laden gallows stud the horizon. Corpses float by on the filthy water; not just humans but the bloated bodies of impossibly large fish too. Faint screaming and, disconcertingly, the sound of musical instruments can be heard.

Approaching the bank they see a fish beached there, its gut sliced open, revealing a mass of smaller, half-rotted fish. The stench is terrible. Yellow dogs flit between the wooden houses, not moving in packs here but singly. The ferryman will wait for them to disembark, and then set out back across the river.

Ascending the slipway they will have to pass three open coffins; in them lay respectively a priest, a king and a peasant, distinguishable only by their clothes as each has been reduced to a mess of decomposed flesh and writhing worms.

As they pick their way up the narrow streets, trying to avoid the attention of those stick-thin figures that are searching for anyone living, they round a corner and suddenly encounter a strange procession; a line of people of every kind, male and female, young and old, rich and poor, saintly and villainous, all dancing hand-in-hand to the sound of the hurdy-gurdy and the violin and the drum. Either side of each living person is a desiccated cadaver, capering and grinning with a manic glee not shared by their dance-partners. The tail of this macabre conga sweeps past, and one unlucky character (pick someone by themselves, or just take the lowest *Luck* roll) is snatched up by a skeleton and dragged into the dance. The only way to escape is a STR vs. STR roll which can be tried only once. If the character fails then the others can bravely join in to attempt a rescue – add their Strengths together for the retry – but if everyone fails then that's it, folks.

Once they've escaped from the Dance of Death the characters come to a stone ruin, a smallish round building unlike anything they've seen, with a crumbled battlemented roof and narrow stained-glass windows. The heavy door hangs open off one hinge and weeds are sprouting between the stones. There's something familiar carved over the door – it's in Latin, but Cole can read it – Through me is the way to the sorrowful city' – and soon from behind them the sound



of hooves is heard and the click of bony feet (or is it the claws of many dogs?) on the stones. Gathering shadows close in, harrying them toward the door/Gate into the round church.

Keeper Notes: Bubonic plague reached Europe in 1348 and swept through the continent killing at least a third of the population. It gave rise, among other things, to a desperately fatalistic, grisly streak in popular art, which emphasized the inevitable end to which everyone would come, regardless of status. This whole scene is intended to work as a 3-D version of The Triumph of Death, by Flemish painter Pieter Bruegel the Elder. If the Keeper is not familiar with that picture he or she should really try to get a look at a print – they're widely available in art books and online. Keepers who like to use musical backings to their scenarios might try the folk song 'The Shaking of the Sheets', sung by Steeleye Span, for the encounter with the Dance of Death.)

1308 AD

The Temple

Once inside, the ruin is suddenly whole once more. This building, despite its strange shape, is in fact a Christian church. Well, probably; there's no crucifix in sight although the carvings and pictures of the saints look familiar enough. Kneeling in a circle and praying silently in the space before the altar are twelve knights in plate and chain mail amour, their white surcoats and cloaks emblazoned with a red cross, their beards long and unkempt. Each has a helmet and sword resting beside him. On the altar is a triptych – a panel painting in three parts – whose leaves are closed, standing between two lit candles. The Helm carried by the children now looks like a bearded Head with three faces, made from silver. It's very heavy now.

The knights will react with anger at the intrusion, then wonder and awe when they see what the children are carrying. They will gesture that the Head be taken toward the altar. But as the characters approach there will sound a pounding of hooves and the corpse-boards will come crashing through the door behind them in pursuit, surrounded by baying Hounds. The knights know an enemy when they see one: they'll leap to put themselves between the dead and the Head. The characters have a few moments to make their escape while the knights are being slaughtered. There's no other door out of here but in gilt letters on the triptych are the words 'Through me is the way to the sorrowful city', yet again. Opening the panels reveals not a religious painting, though, but a Gate onto complete darkness. Still, it's better than what pursues them...

Keeper Notes: The wealthy and powerful order of the Knights Templar fell from Papal favor and the order was issued for its members to be arrested across Europe in 1307 on charges of heresy. They were accused, among other things, of worshipping a Head known as Baphomet. They frequently built round chapels, and the restored Temple Church still stands in modern London as part of one of the Inns of Court, where England's lawyers are based and trained.

1016 AD

London Bridge

The children find themselves on a long wooden bridge that stretches across a broad river, with wooden towers guarding either end. They are considerably nearer one end than the other. Low daub-built buildings with thatched roofs might be glimpsed on the banks. The silver Head is now wooden and painted, with one face and a pious, rather tortured expression, its neck a splintery stump – probably broken off the statue of a saint from some church. The sky is black with storm clouds which shed no rain but flicker with lightning. Black birds – ravens – swoop and croak over their heads.

They don't have long to look about them. The bridge shudders under their feet. Looking down into the waters they will be dumbfounded to see several huge wolves, at least 30 foot long, tethered to the supports of the bridge. The wolves howl and surge forward, the water foaming around their flanks and the bridge groans under the strain: it clearly won't be able to stand much longer. A cracked, inhuman voice booms across the sky, singing the old nursery-rhyme: "LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN, FALLING DOWN..."

The characters have the choice of retreating to the nearest bank – i.e. back the way they seem to have come from – or running for the far bank and hoping they get across before the structure collapses. If they retreat or just stand there gawping, the Master of Hounds (mounted, but without dogs) will emerge from under the nearest tower gate and be upon them in moments. If instead they make a dash for the far bank they will have a four-round head start. Each character must make a *Luck* roll to ensure that they don't trip flat on the rough and shuddering planks. Kind keepers might allow some sort of *DEX* roll to let them keep their feet. Mean keepers might make them roll under their *Luck* every round. On the fourth round, just as the Master catches up with the fleeing group, the bridge starts to collapse and he – along with anyone who fell flat – plunges into the river. The remaining characters may make it to the far gate. Unreadable runic lettering is carved into the lintel. Wooden doors open onto a black void in which distant flames burn. A gust of wind that smells of wet ashes rushes into their faces.

Keeper Notes: Saxon-era London was frequently attacked and sacked by rival bands of Vikings. In 1016 Olaf of Norway's men roped their longboats to London Bridge and pulled it down.



60 AD

Londonium

The children emerge in near-darkness from the porch of a burning temple and descend a flight of marble steps to stand upon a plain, ankle-deep in warm ashes. The Head is heavy in their hands, a crudely carved lump of stone with no hair or ears, just blank and staring eyes over a rough nose and mouth. There were buildings here once but little is left now but stone foundations and the odd pillar, scorched black by flame. Some piles of timber still smolder. The sky toward the east is a little paler, and that's about the only direction to choose. As they travel through this silent wasteland, they will find evidence of a fallen civilization. Among the ashes stand or lay many statues of white marble depicting naked men and women and children, idealistically beautiful once – until someone hacked off their limbs and faces and breasts.

Keeper Notes: This is London after its sacking by Boudicca and her Icenii warriors during her rebellion against the Roman Empire. Persistent or nosy characters may find the remains of bath-houses and an amphitheater if they look, plus any debris of Romano-British life that the Keeper may think of: amphorae of wine and olive oil, carvings depicting Romano-Greek legends or winged phalli, amour, wall-paintings, ruined aqueducts etc. There are far more statues present than there should be if these were simply decorative features; they are standing in for the bodies of the citizens slaughtered by the Britons.

The characters may walk for miles through the devastation, coating them with ash. The sun does not rise. Then suddenly from the shadows 20 warriors armed with iron-headed spears move out. Their hair is spiked crazily with white lime and brown blood and they wear no amour over their bare chests and homespun trousers, but they look quite capable of taking down anyone who defies them. They order the characters to surrender and go with them.

The Red Queen and the Yellow King

The children are led into a ruined building on a hill where a woman sits enthroned upon a chariot. She is very tall, middle-aged, with long red hair, wearing a gold torc at her throat and gold bands up her bare, muscular arms. An iron sword with a leaf-shaped blade rests across her lap. She is accompanied by two teenage girls (her daughters) and three men (druids) dressed in the pelts of a boar, a stag and a wolf, as well as many warriors. She looks up as they approach and studies them with interest. She seems especially interested in the Head they're carrying. Eventually she says, "I have judged this city with flame. Now, how I shall judge you?"

The characters have the opportunity to speak, and how they depict themselves should affect how harsh her attitude is to them.

"I shall judge you by the laws of this place. Think well about the answers you give." And she asks them the following:

Keeper Notes: This is your chance to find out what the players have worked out or guessed is happening. They may choose to answer literally or to speculate. Bear in mind that 'Boudicca' is, at this moment, the eyes and ears of the City herself. She may decide that her chosen heroes are not worthy of the task.

"Where are you?"

"What is that you are carrying?"

"Where are you taking it?"

And finally –

"Who is that behind you?"

And there he is; the Master of Hounds. Seven foot tall on his feet, his pale robes fluttering in a breeze that no one else can feel, he holds himself inhumanly still until the moment he attacks. By now he has no dogs and no horse and is unarmed, though far from harmless. "I am their king," he says. "They belong to me. Give them to me now." His voice is a low hiss that stirs the ash. Boudicca will give to him anyone who answered her rudely or badly. Otherwise she will ask the characters if he is indeed their king, and when they deny it, will pronounce, "Then drive him out for me."

There are several options at this point. The Master is comparatively weak down here, centuries from his stronghold in the Great

Plague: his aim is to force anyone carrying the Head to wake up from the dream. He will attempt to grapple his victim and overcome his or her POW, at which point the child disappears into thin air: the Head falls to the floor and can be picked up by another character. Characters can grab on and join their POW scores together to resist him, but that gives only a very slim chance of success. If Cole is still around he will interpose himself and fight to the death to protect the children, which might gain them a minute or two. If they appeal to Boudicca for help she will, smiling wordlessly, offer them the use of a spear. If they can Fast Talk her or Persuade her to do the job herself then she will step forward and stick her sword into his guts – but to do that your player will need some sort of insight into what it is that’s going on, and of how the Master represents a danger not just to them but to all Britain including the Iceni and their descendants.

If the Queen and the King come to blows both will land simultaneous mortal wounds and freeze in place, tattered yellow robes and red hair hanging in a motionless swirl mid-air. They are at a complete stalemate and it will take the children to break it by completing their quest. The druids will hurriedly brief them about what they must do – see below.

If somehow they manage to drive the Master of Hounds off – they succeed in the POW vs. POW struggle, or they reduce his Hit Points to zero, then Boudicca will explain what they must do next.

If they leave Cole or some other of their number to their fate and just leg it with the Head, then the Iceni let them go and the bearer of the Head will be able quite rapidly to find the next and final Gate, but they won’t have been told what to do or why, so it’s up to them.

If they abandon the Head then this is the end of the road and they simply wake up.

Climbing up the ash-strewn slopes the children reach first a spring of water, then a grove of oaks all hung with the desiccated bodies of animal sacrifices, then finally the entrance to a tunnel. The lintel and uprights are slabs of stone and there’s no room to stand up beyond a crouch. There is no inscription here, only indecipherable Ogham scratches on the rock. This is the last Gate.

It speaks, but the words are in a language they do not know. Light begins to pour out of its eyes and mouth, flooding the chamber, blinding them, piercing their bones...



800 BC
White Hill

Within, all is in complete darkness. No source of light they’ve brought with them will function at all. The Head has become suddenly much lighter in their hands, and feels more leathery than mineral. The walls are of unmortared stone slabs and feel damp and oozing to the touch. Careful fingertip examination might discern spiral patterns graven in the stones. The tunnel spirals too, deep into the mound, and ends at a small chamber where they can just about stand upright. Here shafts in the corbelled roof let in dim beams of moonlight, which pick out a stone in the center of the room. They can now confirm their suspicions that the Head is a real, severed one. It has been air-dried by the looks of things, and has lost all but a few wisps of hair, but is still recognizably male. But when they put the Head on the slab, its lids open to reveal bloodshot eyes, and its dead lips move.

1665
Back Home

The characters wake. It is dimly lit, hot and stifling. They are lying in wooden beds with high sides of wooden planks. They remember who they are; the children of Matthew Craven, saddler in Bonniface Street, London. Those who were overcome by the Hounds or the Dancing Dead are barely conscious and are running a high fever, agonizing buboes swelling in their groin and armpits; for them waking is only a temporary episode before death takes them. Anyone

If You Want to Get Ahead...

According to the Queen or the Druids, there once long ago was a powerful holy object buried here under the White Mount; it was said that it would keep the land safe from invasion as long as it remained there. Perhaps it has been removed. Perhaps it has simply forgotten its duty. Perhaps it's just a story and never happened. If they want to make sure it happened, they must take the Head of Bran into the tomb at the brow of the hill. It's up to them.

The legend of Bran the Blessed can be found in the Welsh Triads. The name 'Bran' means 'raven' and he was one of the Celtic god-heroes of old, King of the Isle of the Mighty. Killed in battle in Ireland, his severed head instructed his followers to return him to the White Hill on the Thames, and to bury it there so that he could protect the realm forever. During the journey back to Britain the head continued conversing. The White Hill is now the site of the Tower of London, where tame ravens are still kept – because if they ever desert the Tower, it is said, the kingdom will fall.

who 'died' in the dream by other means (including being killed by the Master of Hounds) is physically okay but will never dream again. There is an overpowering smell of decayed flesh. Catherine Craven is wearing a small stone amulet. The walls are crumbling plaster over lathes and the floor is made of bare boards. In one corner of the room is slumped the body of their mother, still holding in her arms their dead baby sister. Both are black and swollen. There is a large heap of excrement in one corner, overflowing a leather bucket.

There are two rooms upstairs here. Box-beds and clothes-chests are the only furniture. Flies buzz about everywhere. Down the narrow stairs are two more rooms; a primitive kitchen and a saddler's workshop. The body of their father is slumped against one wall. There is a saucer of vinegar on the shop counter, and sitting behind the table is an ancient, wiry, wicked looking woman, Mistress Nellie Fritch, who looks up in shock when the characters first appear. She is busy counting silver coins out of a pouch which she has taken from behind a chimney brick. When she recovers from her surprise she will rise and ask them what they are doing downstairs. "You should be dead!" she snarls, and at the first opportunity attempts to grapple and strangle them.

But as they're struggling there is a gunpowder explosion and the back wall is blown in. Everyone is thrown to the floor and takes 1D4 damage or 1D6 on a failed *Luck* roll; Nellie's neck is broken. When the dust and smoke clears, men stumble into the room: friends of their father's come to rescue the family from their incarceration. They balk at the corpse of Matthew Craven, check upstairs briefly, and then just as the Watch start breaking in from the front, snatch up any living children and carry them away on horseback to the rural village of Greenwich, beyond the London boundaries. Those children survive the Sickness. So, thanks to them, does the City.

APPENDIX A: Statistics

Thomas Craven – 11 years old				
STR 9	CON 9	SIZ 7	DEX 12	INT 12
APP 10	EDU 7	POW 11	SAN 50	HP 8

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db

Head Butt 20%, damage 1D4+db

Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db

Grapple 10%, damage special

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 30%, Hide 40%, Jump 35%, Listen 30%, Read/Write (English) 35%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 25%, Throw 70%

Equipment: A leather pouch around his neck which holds strong-smelling herbs (rosemary and wormwood).

Thomas is the eldest of the three children and physically the largest. He's strong for his age, though more wiry than bulky. He has brown hair that hangs down low on his neck, and brown eyes. There's a white scar on his cheek where something jagged cut him long ago. He wakes up wearing brown woolen breeches that tie below his knees with ribbons, and a long-sleeved linen shirt of very baggy cut that's tucked into the waistband of his breeches. His shoes are of brown leather that has been turned so the seams are on the inside: they have low heels and hobnails inset for better grip. Between shoes and breeches his shins are bare and patterned with old scars; he wears no socks. All his clothes are gray with dirt and smell like he's slept in them for weeks. His teeth are all present and strong though furred, but his fingernails are black with dirt.



Catherine Craven – 10 years old				
STR 7	CON 9	SIZ 6	DEX 11	INT 14
APP 13	EDU 5	POW 14	SAN 50	HP 8

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3+db

Head Butt 10%, damage 1D4+db

Kick 25%, damage 1D6+db

Grapple 10%, damage special

Skills: Conceal 40%, Dodge 30%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 20%, Jump 25%, Listen 45%, Persuade 40%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 25%

Equipment: Amulet (see box). A pair of tiny scissors on a lace attached to her bodice. A rag doll.

Catherine is, like the other children, somewhat on the thin side. She has the disadvantage in this terrible heat of wearing rather more clothes than the boys: a baggy white linen shirt that ties at the neck and wrists with ribbons, a white linen skirt and, over the top of these, a brown, woolen, short-sleeved dress that laces up at the front. This over-



dress is rather loose and ill-fitting and has clearly been cut down from one belonging to an adult. When she stands up these skirts hang right down to her ankles. All these clothes are gray with dirt and smell like she's slept in them for weeks. She also wears leather turn-shoes on her sockless feet and a white linen cap with a turned-back rim that laces at the nape of her neck. Her hair beneath is brown and straight – like Thomas's – and would hang down to her waist if it weren't held in a bun by the cap and several ribbons. Her teeth are a lot cleaner than Thomas keeps his, and her eyes are green. When she smiles she definitely looks winsome.

Robert Craven – 8 years old				
STR 6	CON 11	SIZ 5	DEX 15	INT 11
APP 11	EDU 3	POW 10	SAN 50	HP 8

Damage Bonus: -1D6
Weapons: Fist 50%, damage 1D3+db
 Head Butt 10%, damage 1D4+db
 Kick 25%, damage 1D6+db
 Grapple 10%, damage special
Skills: Climb 60%, Conceal 25%,
 Dodge 50%, Hide 30%, Jump 45%,
 Listen 35%, Sneak 50%, Spot
 Hidden 30%, Swim 25%, Throw 35%,
Equipment: A small stone with a hole in it on a thong around his wrist. A wooden whistle made from an alder twig.

Robert is a small, thin child, very quick on his feet and nimble with his hands. His hair is brown and a little curly, hanging nearly to his shoulders. He has green eyes the same shade as Catherine's. Like Thomas he's wearing brown breeches that tie just below the knee and, a baggy white linen shirt with ribbon-ties at the cuffs and neck. He has no socks or shoes, but his feet are so hard and leathery (as well as coated in dirt) that he's not at any disadvantage running over cobbled streets. All his clothes are grey with dirt and smell like he's slept in them for weeks. He's lost four of his front teeth and they're yet to grow back, so his smile is cheeky rather than charming.



Nellie Fritch, corrupt old hag				
STR 9	CON 17	SIZ 8	DEX 12	INT 12
APP 11	EDU 5	POW 13	SAN 50	HP 13

Damage Bonus: None
Weapons: None
Skills: Grapple 60%, damage strangle



The Giant Spider, Nellie's Greed:				
STR 16	CON 16	SIZ 11	POW 6	INT 12
DEX 12	Move 10			HP 6

Attack: Bite 50%, damage 1HP + injects eggs under the skin (victim becomes infected with avarice)
Armor: 1 pt chitin



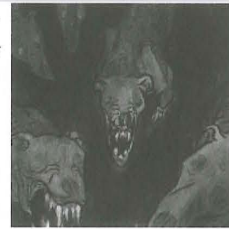
Watchmen, just doing their job, Guv'nor...				
STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 11	DEX 12	INT 11
APP 10	EDU 8	POW 10	SAN 25	HP 13

Damage Bonus: None
Weapons: Pike 40%, damage 1D6+2+db
 Knife 30%, damage 1D4+2+db
 Grapple 40%, damage special
Skills: Be Drunk 75%, Spot Hidden 55%



The Hounds, plague dogs				
STR 7	CON 10	SIZ 4	POW 7	INT 7
DEX 13	Move 12			HP 7

Attack: Bite 30%, damage 1D4 + bubonic plague to waking body if the bite 'kills' the dreamer
Skills: Listen 75%, Smell Prey 55%, Be Cowardly When Alone 60%



The Master of Hounds, nightmare in yellow				
STR 25	CON 106	SIZ 14	INT 50	POW 35*
DEX 27	Move 8/12 (on horseback), or at will			HP 60

* POW 35 in the 17th Century, declines 1 point for each century back in 'time' he travels
Damage Bonus: +1D6

Amour: None
Attack: Whip 80%, damage 1D3
 Flail 80%, damage 1D8+db
 Grapple 90% (on foot only), damage 1D4+db+special: Once grappled, the Master of Hounds can attempt to wake the dreamer with a simple POW vs. POW roll. Should this fail he will vanish ... temporarily.

Spells: None available in Dream London, except Call Nyarlathotep – and no keeper would be that mean, surely?
Skills: Dreaming 100% – he can warp local dream scenery at will. MP cost is normal, but at the Keeper's discretion he regenerates all his magic points back to full every time he is encountered anew.



William Cole – depressed printer

STR 13	CON 15	SIZ 12	DEX 14	INT 12
APP 11	EDU 11	POW 9	SAN 30	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Rapier 45%, damage 1D6+1+db

Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+db

Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db

Pistol (one in each hand) 35%, damage 1D6+1, can fire every round and has infinite reloads in Dream London.

Skills: Dodge 30%, First Aid 40%, Listen 30%, Read/Write (English) 60%, Read/Write (Latin) 40%, Ride 50%, Spot Hidden 80%



Edward Kelley – assistant necromancer

STR 13	CON 13	SIZ 12	DEX 15	INT 17
APP 9	EDU 13	POW 16	SAN 70	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+db

Skills: Fake Angelic Visions 65%, Fast Talk 80%, Persuade 55%, Psychology 40%



The Dancing Dead

STR 18	CON n/a	SIZ 10	POW 13
DEX 18	Move 8		HP 20

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Grapple 85%, damage special

Skills: Dance Till The Stars Fall Down 100%



Iceni Warriors – painted barbarians

STR 16	CON 16	SIZ 11	DEX 12	INT 12
APP 12	EDU 5	POW 13	SAN 50	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Spear 60%, damage 1D6+1+db

Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+db

Skills: Boast 80%, Pillage 55%



APPENDIX B:

Option – Inserting 'Master of Hounds' into an Ongoing Campaign:

This scenario was designed as a stand-alone but could be inserted into a London-based campaign for a change of pace and perhaps to weird the players out a bit. In that case the following changes should be taken into account:

- 1) The characters will remember their real lives and have some Mythos knowledge. They will almost certainly twig at once that they are dreaming. Use the children's character sheets as before but adjust those skills based on the mental attributes of the PC in the waking world – i.e. they retain adult *Know*, *Luck*, **Spot Hidden**, etc., rolls. Combat and physical skills are unchanged: they still have the bodies of little children. The **Dreaming** skill will be of use, though **Dream Lore** won't. They will also have to make Sanity Checks at various points:

Nellie's Giant Spider:	0/1D4
Master of Hounds:	1/1D10 (He sure looks like the King in Yellow!)
The Screaming Man:	0/1
The Triumph of Death:	1/1D8+1
The Three Corpses	0/1D3
The Giant Wolves	0/1D6

- 2) Instead of the final scene where the children wake up into the real 1665, play one more dream scene. The children return to their starting-point but the fruit-people are gone and they are alone in the house. It's night. As they look around they hear a terrible roaring noise and then flames begin to light the horizon, leaping from shingled roof to shingled roof. As they stumble out onto the street – their doors are unbarred and there is no sign of an adult in the house – yellow dogs run past, yelping and aflame. They see walls of fire everywhere: it's 1666 and London is burning... This is the Great Fire that will clear out the crowded old buildings and kill most of the rat population (though very few humans), ensuring the rebirth of the capital and that the bubonic plague will never be such a deadly threat again. Eventually, whichever way they run, flames surround the children and engulf them, but it does not hurt; they feel like they are turning into flame themselves and they hear the triumphant roar of the City in their ears. Then the characters wake up in their normal bodies.

More Sources of Inspiration:

The original dream-city scenarios that inspired this one can be found in *'Horror on The Orient Express'* (Chaosium); in particular the Lausanne and Zagreb episodes.

Peter Ackroyd: *'London: the biography'* (Chatto & Windus, 2000) *Restoration* (Miramax Films)

Alan Moore & Tim Perkins: *'The Highbury Working'* CD (RE:PCD03, 2000)

Ann Cheetham/Pilling: *'The Pit'* (Armada Books, 1987)

An excellent website surveying historical depictions of the Dance of Death etc. can be found at: <http://www.geocities.com/ppollefeys/main.htm>

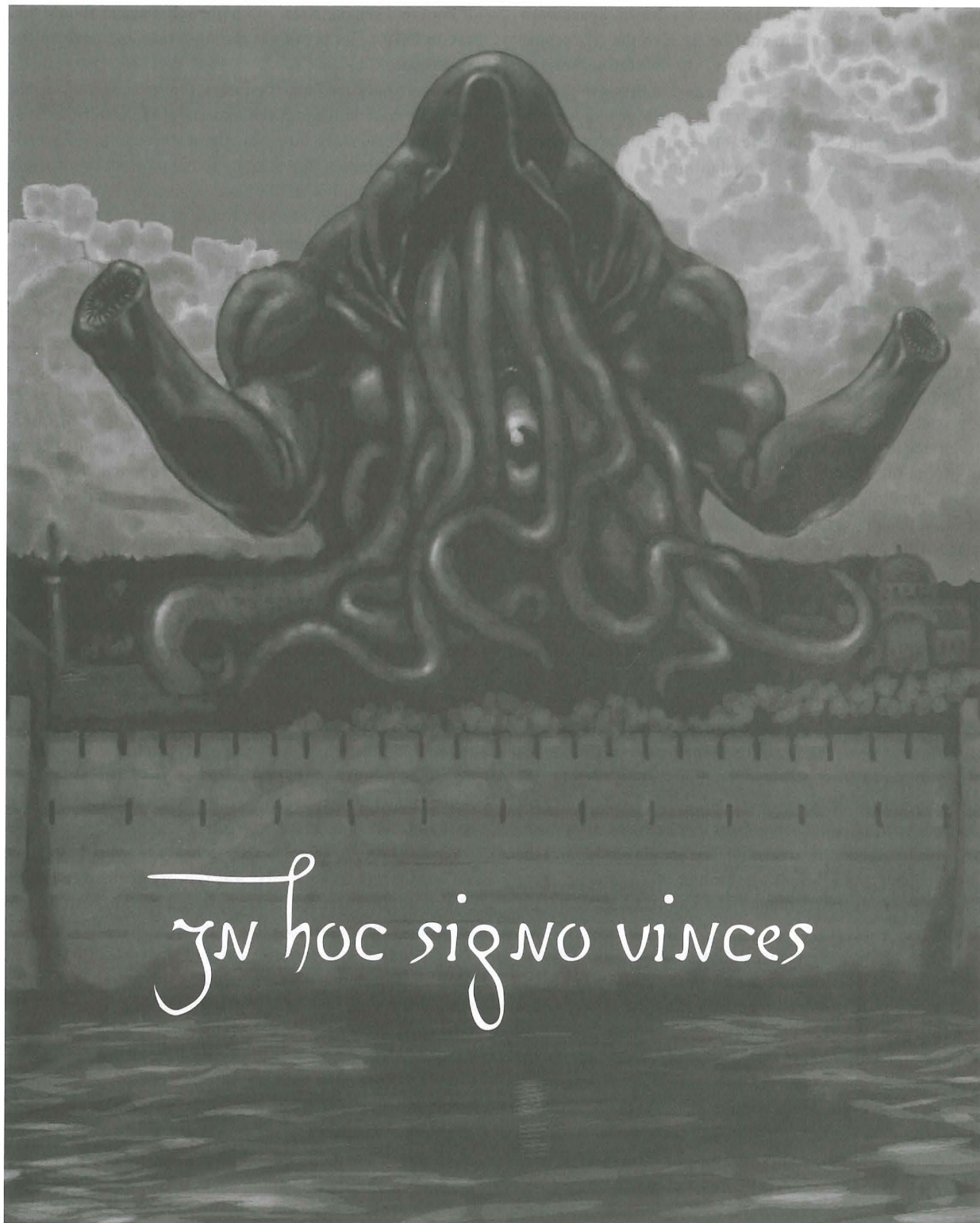


Cthulhu Dark Ages

The Dark Age city

Constantinople 1000 AD

By Chad Bowser



Situated on the western bank of the Bosphorus, Constantinople is a city without equal, and capital of an empire at the height of its glory. In the year 1000, almost all investigators traveling from Western Europe into the Near East, or from the East to West, will encounter Constantinople in one way or another. Whether they are passing through the mighty walls, landing in the harbor, or encountering a ship of the navy in the Mediterranean, Constantinople's influence will be felt. Built upon centuries of learning and conquest, this is one city many investigators will find themselves drawn. Space limitations force this article to confine itself to the city proper and not encompass the entirety of the Byzantine Empire, which stretched from Bulgaria in the west to Persia in the east during the Tenth Century. Rather than a strict geography, this article explores the personalities of the men and women who make *Cthulhu Dark Ages* Constantinople an exotic and deadly place to visit.

The City

Constantinople is known to the Norsemen as Miklagard, the Great City; and that is exactly what it is. If an investigator approaches the city overland from Europe, they are greeted by immense fortifications, and an intricate series of walls known as the Theodosian Walls. He must first pass over a moat, then through a low outer wall with defensive towers and gates. At that point, he faces the much higher inner walls, also guarded by towers. A sea-borne traveler coming from the south, across the Sea of Marmara, across the Bosphorus to the east, or sailing across the Golden Horn north of the city, are greeted by the equally impressive Sea Walls. It becomes obvious to the traveler that Constantinople is a city that intends to repulse invaders, regardless of from direction they march.

Once inside, the traveler is greeted by a melting pot of cultures. Some travelers have commented that you can hear all 72 languages of the world in a single day. Of course, the primary language of politics, commerce, and religion, the three inseparable forces in Constantinople is Greek. Polyglots abound, however, and a translator can easily be hired.

Several sights most travelers see are Hagia Sophia, the Great Palace, and the Hippodrome. All three of these complexes are near each other at the south-eastern end of the isthmus.

Hagia Sophia is the center of Christendom for the Byzantine Empire. An architectural marvel, the dome is held aloft by a series of interlocking piers, allowing it to tower above any church in Western Europe.

The Great Palace, or Bucoleon Palace, is home to the Emperor, his court, guards, and important visitors. The massive complex lies at the south east end of the isthmus, on the coast of the Sea of Marmara. Both the Severan Walls and the Sea Walls about the complex adding an extra layer of security and defense to the successor of the Roman Empire.

If Hagia Sophia is the religious center of Constantinople and the Great Palace is the political center, the Hippodrome is the social center. A massive U-shaped racetrack over 150 meters long, it can accommodate over 10,000 spectators. A place of honor is reserved for the Emperor, who has his own box at the Eastern end of the track surmounted by four large bronze statues of horses. Two teams dominate the chariot racing, the Blues (Venetii) and the Greens (Prasinoi), and political factions in the city are often associated with one team or another. Tensions can run high, and keepers should feel free to have a riot break out during a race and envelop the investigators.

A destination of specific interest to investigators would be the library, which is at the Akoimetes Monastery, west of the Bucoleon Palace Complex. Cynical or cautious investigators may wonder why the gate in the monastery's walls is locked from the outside. The answer, given by local residents is that the monks are hermits, living in a forced exile within the city, much in the same manner as Simeon the Stylite. The monks of Akoimetes never emerge from the walls of their own accord. There is a cistern, garden, and livestock within the walls, enabling a level of self-sufficiency.

It was at this monastery in 950 that Theodorus Philetas translated the *al-Azif* in Greek, bringing forth the *Necronomicon*. Several tomes of interest to Mythos investigators can be found within this Monastery, not the least of which is the *Necronomicon*. Others include the *Black Tome*, *Hieron Aigypton*, *Liver Ivonis*, *Sapienta Maglorum*, and *Testament of Carnamagos*, most of which were stolen from the Imperial Library at the University. Keepers should feel free to include whatever tome is necessary for their plot in this monastery, but this library in no way compares to the mythical library, the Bayt al-Hikma, in Baghdad. (See 'The House of Wisdom' in *Worlds of Cthulhu* #3 for further information about this establishment.)

This library is a dank, miserable affair, adjacent to the catacombs. A monk stands guard at the vaulted entrance 24 hours a day. This never-sleeping monk, Petros, slumps against the wall, bleeding as if from a spear wound. The wound was sustained centuries ago, in a fight against a Stygian sorcerer. Rather than kill the poor soldier, the sorcerer cursed the man to stand constant guard over unholy knowledge until his wound is healed. The only way to heal the wound is with a successful impale on a **First Aid** roll. He challenges people attempting to enter the catacombs, but has grown too weak to actually mount an effective defense.

The library is a veritable maze of shelves, hallways, and dead ends. Any investigator spending more than an hour in the library must make a **Navigate** roll or find himself hopelessly lost. Books are ill arranged and most of the time, the monks do not even know what they have. Investigators are not welcome to enter the library freely. However, if they make a suitable donation to the monastery or the monk standing guard, they can gain entrance. Investigators may wonder how the librarians and other monks have escaped the taint of the Mythos with so many temptations at hand. The simple answer is they haven't. Each monk the investigator encounters is

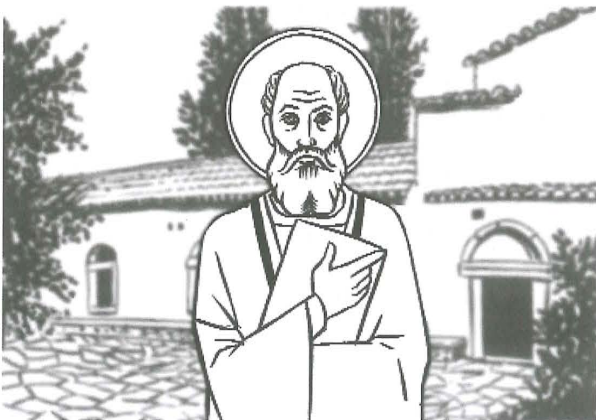
subtly warped by the Mythos. Maybe there are odd protuberances growing under his robes, or he constantly speaks of being observed by the Invaders. One may claim to have a pet creature he calls a zoog. Another monk insists on biting the scalps of visitors. This monastery is the perfect place for keepers to introduce a level of unease among the players just when they think they've reached a safe haven.

Unfortunately for investigators who survive the monks and head to the library, the dank complex is home to a foul creature summoned by Philetas when he was first translating the *Necronomicon*, a stage two Worm of the Earth. This degenerate creature lurks in the shadows, behind alcoves, and under desks feasting upon anything the monks toss down. While it will eat anything, it vastly prefers living food. This particular creature has developed arms, but no legs. It slithers across the floor, hiding in shadows, waiting for the opportunity to feast. It is often accompanied by 1D6 vipers (*Vipera Lebetina*), each with a POT 10 bite.

Worm of the Earth, Stage 2			
STR 9	CON 11	SIZ 5	POW 8
DEX 11	Move 8	HP 8	
Damage Bonus: none			
Weapons: Bite 35%, damage 1D4+poison (POT equal to CON)			
Club 56%, damage 1D4+db			
Armor: 1 point scales			
Spells: Disembodiment			
Sanity Loss: 0/1D6			

Notable Person

Theodorus Philetas, age 98			
Insane Translator of the al-Azif			
STR 10	CON 8	SIZ 12	POW 16
DEX 9	APP 13	EDU 17	SAN 8
			HP 11
Damage Bonus: none			
Weapons: Cudgel 18%, damage 1D4+db			
Languages: Other Language (Arabic) 75%, Other Language (Latin) 83%, Other Language (Syriac) 64%, Own Language (Greek) 85%, Write Language (Greek) 46%, Write Language (Syriac) 45%			
Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 43%, Fast Talk 48%, Insight 52%, Library Use 45%, Occult 65%, Other Kingdom (Syria) 58%, Persuade 20%, Sneak 54%			



Philetas was a promising translator at Akoimetes Monastery before a fateful trip stop in Damascus in 945. While on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he stopped in the Syriac city to rest. He overheard the hushed conversation of two men who were discussing the fate of an ancient scholar who had been ripped apart by invisible monsters in broad daylight in this very city. It is rumored that this scholar had been working on a written work of great wisdom. Fascinated, Philetas began to ask discrete questions and soon learned of a scholar from Baghdad who had just discovered the work. During the night, Philetas snuck up on the Baghdadi's caravan, killed the scholar and stole the tome, fleeing back to Constantinople.

He regaled his fellow monks at Akoimetes with tales of the Jerusalem he never saw, and quickly snuck to the library to translate this work, the *al-Azif*. By the time the translation was finished five years later, Philetas was irrevocably insane, his fellow monks corrupted, and the book, now titled the *Necronomicon*, ready for release upon the unsuspecting West. He and his fellow monks made transcriptions and passed a few of them among the intellectual circles of Constantinople, spreading the corruption. While some monks were transcribing the *Necronomicon*, other monks went in search of more arcane tomes, slowly adding to the library over the 50 years since the original translation. Philetas himself stepped in to correlate several fragments of Graeco-Bactrian text to create *Peri ton Eibon*, a Greek translation of the Hyperborean wizard's work (see box).

Peri ton Eibon

In Greek, trans. and comp. Theodorus Philetas, 960 A.D. Presumed original author: Eibon of Hyperborea. Assembled out of Punic, Latin, and Greek editions of Eibon's work, a few copies of this manuscript have circulated through Constantinople. Philetas referred to the Latin version when in doubt of a particular reading, but a few insights not present in Faber's translation lie within. *Sanity loss 1D6/2D6; Cthulhu Mythos +14; 40 weeks to study. Spells: As per Liber Ivonis (CDA p. 94).*

Whether or not Philetas is still alive is a matter of some speculation around the city. One story told around the Palace is that Uggi Thorleifson, leader of the Varangian Guard slew the monk when he tried to summon a creature outside the monastery. Whether or not the monk was killed, it was shortly after this that the monastery was locked. Another tale is the Philetas who still lurks the labyrinthine catacombs under the monastery, surviving on rats and bodies that his fellow monks throw down to him. The most commonly told story, however, is that Philetas fled east, searching for the fabled city of Irem. Should investigators encounter him, they will find a man with a wild stare, but calm demeanor. His studies into the profane have not only increased his knowledge, but extended his life. Even though he appears to be in his forties, he is at least as twice as old.

Another location of interest to investigators is the University of Constantinople, which was founded by Theodosius II in the Fifth Century. The University is home to schools of medicine, philosophy, law, and forestry, as well as the Imperial Library. Investigators seeking information on most matters should stop by the library, which is surprisingly well organized when compared to the few libraries in the West, and most subject matters are addressed. One area that is woefully underrepresented, at least as far as most investigators are concerned, is the occult. Many of the library's occult books were stolen by monks from the Akoimetes Monastery for their own foul needs, though another Arabic copy of the *Kitab al-Azif* has escaped their notice due to mis-shelving. Despite the paucity of occult books, the University does play host to one interesting source of information that investigators may meet; a resident of the medical college, a Gazi by the name of Sedefkar.

Notable Person

Sedefkar, age 24

Gazi Turkmen murderer and renouncer of Islam

STR 12	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 19
DEX 13	APP 16	EDU 12	SAN 26	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Flaying knife 65%, damage 1D4+db
Sword 23%, damage 1D8+db

Languages: Other Language (Greek) 53%, Other Language (Arabic) 60%, Own Language (Turkmen) 60%, Write Language (Arabic) 45%

Skills: Art (Dismemberment) 53%, Art (Sculpture) 47%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, First Aid 48%, Insight 34%, Library Use 27%, Other Kingdom (Byzantium) 47%, Persuade 74%



Sedefkar is the arguably the most base man in Constantinople. A relative newcomer to the city, Sedefkar is unbelievably wealthy and equally vile. He holds little regard for life and kills without remorse in the privacy of his residence. He maintains a presence at the Medical College of the University, in the hopes of attracting new subjects for his own medical studies.

In time to come, Sedefkar captures a thief who was tempted by the riches rumored to be hidden within the Turkmen's home. Sedefkar takes great relish in slowly flaying the

man alive over a chest of gold. As Sedefkar works, an eight foot tall skinless humanoid with a third eye appears in the treasure chamber. The Skinless One, an avatar of Nyarlathotep, teaches Sedefkar many spells, including how to animate a simulacrum that Sedefkar had aquired. Sedefkar then commits everything he learned from the Skinless One to a series of five scrolls, named after the parts of the simulacrum, "head," "belly," "legs," "right hand," and "left hand."

Religion

Beyond size and grandeur, however, Constantinople is also famous for the role it played in the development of religion. In the Tenth Century, Constantinople is the site of numerous controversies and heresies. In fact, the Tenth Century is the time of the schism, where the Roman and Eastern churches began a separation consummated in 1054. The separation was a long time coming, and marked by periods of heated debate alternating with cool quietude. Some say it was Constantinople's jealousy of Rome's power, while others believed that Constantinople was home to 'pure' Orthodoxy while the Catholicism practiced in the West was a heresy. Still others thought that the Byzantine Emperor, centralizing his power while the West was decentralized, pushed for the schism in a grab for more power. This simmering hatred between the See of Rome and See of Constantinople came to a head in the late Ninth Century when Photius, ally of the Emperor of Constantinople and temporary head of the See, declared all Latins, "liars, fighters against , forerunners of ." Although the two churches mended this rift, a second rift in 1054 tore the two apart.

The head of the Orthodox Church, the Patriarch of Constantinople is a powerful man, with the ear of the Emperor and the adoration of millions. He speaks with infallibility, and seeks no reconciliation with the heathens of the West.

Because of the schism and animosity between the two churches, members of the Order of St. Jerome are persona non gratia in the Great City. Numerous operatives of the Order still live in the city, but any overt action is an unwelcome challenge to the hierarchy, and a sure way to get exiled. The Order now finds itself in a quandary. Rumors of a malefic book, the *Necronomicon*, are circulating through the educated elements of society, and if the Order takes any action in tracking down the tome, it risks exposing itself and being expelled from Constantinople.

The leader of the Order of Saint Jerome in Constantinople, Bishop Armarius, has adopted a wait and see attitude to the *Necronomicon*. Rumors of other evils, such as a cult dedicated to an incarnation of the Magna Mater known as Shub-Niggurath, have surfaced in the past, but investigation by the

Patriarchs of Constantinople 950-1050

Theophylactus (933-956)
 Polyuctus (956-970)
 Basil I Skamandrenus (970-974)
 Antony III Studites (974-980)
 Nicholas II Chrysoberges (984-996)
 Sisinnius II (996-998)
Sergius II (999-1019)
 Eustathius (1019-1025)
 Alexis I Studites (1025-1043)
 Michael I Cerularius (1043-1058)

Emperors and Empresses of Constantinople

John I Tzimisces (969 - 976), regent for Basil
Basil II the Bulgar-slayer (976 - 1025)
 Constantine VIII (1025 - 1028) silent co-emperor
 with Basil II
 Zoë I (1028 - 1050)
 Romanus III Argyrus (1028 - 1034)
 Michael IV the Paphlagonian (1034 - 1041)
 Michael V the Caulker (1041 - 1042)
 Theodora (1042) coempress with Zoe
 Constantine IX Monomachus (1042 - 1055)

Order never turned up any solid proof. Armarius is hoping the *Necronomicon* will also turn out to be nothing.

Notable Person

Bishop Armarius, age 52
Overworked Catholic and head of the Order of St. Jerome in Constantinople

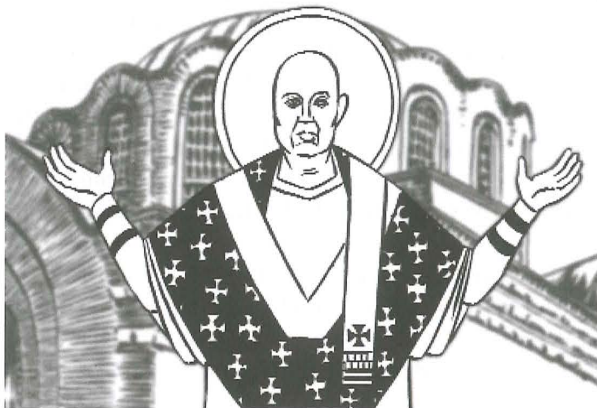
STR 8	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 14
DEX 9	APP 6	EDU 17	SAN 49	HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Cudgel 48%, damage 1D4+db
 Sword 54%, damage 1D8+db

Languages: Other Language (Greek) 76%, Own Language (Latin) 85%, Write Language (Latin) 45%, Write Language (Greek) 46%

Skills: Bargain 53%, Cthulhu Mythos 18%, Fast Talk 48%, Insight 68%, Library Use 45%, Occult 45%, Other Kingdom (Byzantium) 58%, Persuade 74%, Status 65%



Armarius is a man definitely showing his age. He lost his hair to stress several years back and his right ear to a Bulgar when he was a young soldier. He gave up the soldierly life and retired to a Catholic monastery, where his aptitude and organizational skills allowed him to quickly move up the ranks and was soon inducted into the Order of St. Jerome. When the Order of St. Jerome needed a dedicated, willful man, they often called on Armarius. After a brief stint at the Abbey of St. Jerome, Armarius led a band of dedicated monks to

Constantinople, which was recognized as a potential ingress of evil from the East.

His men follow him blindly, but the years have taken their toll on the man. He no longer digs as hard for the facts as he used to, and if there is a pat answer for a problem, he will accept that answer and move on to the next problem. While some may mistake this for laziness, it is actually the coping mechanism of a man who is pulled in too many directions at once.

Armarius is a great ally to any Catholic in Constantinople, and is one of the few open Catholics who can speak their mind without drawing the ire of the Orthodoxy. Regardless of how much he comes to trust anyone outside the Order, he is very reluctant to betray any information about the evils the Order of St. Jerome fights.

Politics

Constantinople is a political city. Although guided by Orthodoxy, it should not be forgotten that one of the names for the Empire became a synonym for political intrigue and complexity. Unlike the hereditary political systems most investigators will be accustomed to, the government found in Constantinople is vastly different. It places emphasis on a rigid, professional civil service and a monarch who is appointed. The civil service is divided into three groups, the Palatine Administration, the Provincial Government and the Central Civil Service. Those three groups can be further divided into two sub-groups, Judicial Officers and Financial Officers. Despite this organized structure, Byzantine politics are dominated by intrigue, murder, and unbridled ambition. After all, the ruler of the Byzantine Empire is the ruler of the remnants of the Roman Empire.

Another difference that will stop many investigators in their tracks is the power wielded by many of the Emperresses. Many of the Emperresses are as scheming and violent as the Emperors. A favorite pastime of Emperresses such as Zoë I is

plotting the downfall of one husband in the favor of another lover.

No discussion of Constantinople and its political system is complete without mention of its third sex, the eunuch. The Emperor, not able to trust those around him, surrounds himself with ritually castrated men, believing, on a basic level, that the removal of the person's manhood removes their desire for power. While several emperors learned that nothing could be further from the truth, the removal of boys' testicles, and, in some cases, penises, can crush a person's sanity, regardless of the rationale.

Normally, those who did not survive the surgery, physically or psychically, were thrown from the Sea Walls of the Great Palace into Boukoleon Harbor. Their failure to survive the ordeal was a sign of weakness sufficient to warrant their death. Not all the failures die, however, and there are several wracked minds and bodies limping through Constantinople, their addled minds open to any and all signs of adoration and information. One such failure, known only as the Black Monk, would find his way to Kiev in the Thirteenth Century.

Notable Person

Basil II (the future Bulgar-Slayer), age 42				
Dynamic Emperor				
STR 14	CON 11	SIZ 9	INT 15	POW 14
DEX 13	APP 13	EDU 12	SAN 70	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Sword 65%, damage 1D8+db

Spear 53%, damage 1D6+db

Armor: 6 point leather and scales

Languages: Own Language (Greek) 60%, Write Language (Greek) 53%

Skills: Art (Politics) 53%, Bargain 43%, First Aid 25%, Insight 34%, Library Use 27%, Other Kingdom (Arabia) 47%, Other Kingdom (Bulgaria) 53%, Persuade 74%, Ride 54%, Status 99%



Basil II Bulgar-Slayer has not yet earned his sobriquet in the year 1000. That campaign, which will last for over a decade, will begin in 1002.

A short, stocky man, Basil II favors the life of a campaigning soldier over that of a court functionary. That fondness may come from the first challenge he faced upon

ascending the throne: two of the greatest landowners of the Empire, Bardas Scleros and Bardas Phocus, were in open revolt. Showing a ruthlessness that was never tempered, Basil II crushed both rebellions and restored order to the Empire. To do so, though, he had to make a deal with the devil. In exchange for 6,000 troops, he married his younger sister, Anna, to Vladimir, leader of the Kievan Rus, a nation viewed by the Byzantines as a barbarous land. After the rebellion was crushed, he launched a campaign into Syria during the 990s that restored a large portion of that region to the Empire.

Unlike many of his predecessors, Basil II prefers to lead from the field instead of remaining safe in Constantinople, and when he is in the city, he still dresses in his military regalia. Because of his constant campaigning, investigators looking for an audience with the Emperor may find themselves traveling into a war zone.

Basil II is not aware of the Mythos, but if an investigator made the threat known to him, Basil II's first response would be to draw up the military and formulate a good offense.

The Military

The Byzantine military, including both the land and sea forces, is one of the largest in the known world. Provincial militias, or thematic armies, as they are known, are part time units primarily used for defense of the Empire's Themes, or regions. It is not uncommon for wealthy families to hire poor peasants to serve as proxies for their sons, who stay safely at home. Whenever commanded by his superiors, a thematic soldier has to muster for duty properly armed and mounted. Even though their primary duty is garrisoning border forts, thematic units are as important as the Tagmatic army and other elite units in times of war. A unit from a theme in Bulgaria may muster and be sent to Arabia to fight the Syrians at a moment's notice. Investigators who are part of a thematic unit, as most men are, will find the freedom their freedom to delve into the Mythos curtailed when a war breaks out.

The Tagmatic army consists of six brigades consisting of 1,000-6,000 men each and is traditionally a more professional army compared to the Thematic units. When not on the offensive, they are used for police duty in the capital.

The Rhos

The Rhos, or Varangians, have a checkered history in Constantinople. At various points in time, they have been traders, mercenaries, or invaders. All that changed at the end of the Tenth Century. In 988, when Kievan prince, Vladimir, converted to Orthodox Christianity he married Anna, sister of Emperor Basil II. In return for a bride, Vladimir gave 6,000 troops to the service of the Emperor. After aiding the Emperor in quashing a usurper, the Varangians, or Rhos,

became the lifeguard of the Emperor. They swore an oath of loyalty to the Emperor, promising to serve him until their death. They also had ceremonial duties. They serve as retainers for the Emperor, waiting upon him whenever necessary. If an issue of treason or conspiracy threatens the throne, the Varangians serve as a police force, investigating the allegations and meting out punishment.

The majority of the Varangians are of Scandinavian descent, but other nationalities are not precluded from joining the ranks. The two most important qualities in a Varangian are loyalty to the Emperor and the ability to swing the fearsome long axe. Other skills such as swordsmanship, archery, and riding are also important. Should investigators decide to take on the Emperor, they are going to have quite a fight on their hands.

Notable Person

Uggi Thorleifson, age 35

Leader of the Varangian Guard

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 17	INT 10	POW 11
DEX 13	APP 13	EDU 08	SAN 55	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Long Axe 78%, damage 2D6+db

Head Butt 75%, damage 1D4+db

Sword 54%, damage 1D8+db

Armor: 6 point leather and scales

Languages: Other Language (Greek) 18%, Own Language (Slavic) 45%

Skills: Bargain 25%, Climb 57%, Cthulhu Mythos 04%, Dodge 54%, Insight 16%, Jump 37%, Other Kingdom (Byzantium) 24%, Persuade 34%, Ride 56%, Status 54%



An able leader, Uggi Thorleifson has been the leader of the Varangian Guard since his arrival in Constantinople in 993. Since his youth, Uggi has excelled on the battlefield, many times taking control of a situation when others had given up hope. The majority of the 6,000 men under his control trust his guidance, but some of the older members watch his leadership carefully for any sign of uncertainty.

A stereotypical Norseman, Uggi towers over many of the southern European residents of Miklagard. His blond hair and blue eyes are suitably exotic that he has no trouble finding a woman when he feels the need, which is every night.

Like many of the Varangians, Uggi pays lip service to the Orthodoxy preached by the Patriarch and espoused by the Emperor. His true loyalty lies with a deity he met during a battle on the remote Shetland Islands. With most of his fellow men dead around him, and Picts advancing across the field, Uggi called out to anyone who would listen. A massive, translucent mass of tentacles with a many faceted eye appeared in the sky, and the Picts fled. Uggi believed he stared the Midgard Serpent in the eye, and won its respect by standing his ground, and to this day has worshipped the Midgard Serpent. In reality, this beast was a Ny'ghan Grii, or Invader (see *Malleus Monstrorum* p. 68 for info and stats), a creature that has sought entry into this world since the time of the priests of Sindara.

Uggi regularly sacrifices animals to the Invader, but has not had another connection. His worship is private. He has told no one else about his encounter and wishes to keep the favor of his new found God to himself. He knows it will take a massive amount of bloodshed to bring his God back, and is planning to put his role as commander of the Varangian Guard to good use to ensure sufficient violence and arterial spray.

The Navy

The Byzantine Navy is a sight to behold. Few nations in the world boast a navy as large, well equipped, or better organized than the Imperial fleet and Thematic Squadrons that defend the coastlines. Just like in the land armies, the Thematic Squadrons serve as defensive units while the elite fleet is the hammer that crushes the enemy.

The Cibyrhaeotic Thematic Squadron is a maritime police force operating out of Cyprus and Rhodes. One of many thematic squadrons that serve as auxiliaries to the impressive Imperial Fleet, the Cibyrhaeotic was the first to encounter the two Deep Ones colonies near Venice and Fantari. At first, this unit lost several ships to the underwater menace, but developed a technique involving Greek Fire that has led to several victories.

Notable Person

Mousoulios, age 41

Strategoi of the Cibyrhaeotic Thematic Squadron

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 13	APP 13	EDU 11	SAN 55	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Sword 78%, damage 1D8+db

Greek Fire 75%, damage 1D6+2/round

Armor: 6 point leather and scales

Skills: Climb 43%, Cthulhu Mythos 08%, Insight 16%, Natural World 64%, Navigate 71%, Own Language (Greek) 55%, Persuade 34%, Pilot (Boat) 73%, Spot Hidden 47%, Status 58%, Swim 81%

Mousoulios began his life as a fisherman on the island of Cyprus before his name was added to the muster rolls of the Thematic Squadron operating from his island. His skill at handling a boat and organizing men did not go unnoticed by

the local administrators who promoted him to strategoi of the entire squadron.

A capable sailor, Mousoulios excels under pressure and is at his best when commanding his small fleet. It was this fleet that first encountered the Deep Ones of Fantari when stopping for supplies. His men were so shocked by the encounter, they panicked, and in this panic, many fell to the amphibian marauders. Believing discretion the better part of valor in this encounter, Mousoulios ordered his men to retreat, which they did. The strategos re-equipped his forces and steeled his men for what they would encounter and returned to Fantari in a month to launch a counterattack. The brazenness of the attack took the Deep Ones by surprise, as did the Greek Fire, and the beasts were forced to fall back.

To this day, Mousoulios has not spoken of the encounter, and has sworn his men to secrecy. To cover up what happened, he reported to his superiors that his force encountered Norman pirates off the coast of Sicily.



A city the size of Constantinople also plays home to numerous organizations, some legitimate, some not, that vie for power in different ways and for different agendas. Some of those organizations that might be of use to keepers are included below.

Greek Fire

Perhaps the most feared weapon in Medieval Europe, Greek fire was put to good effect by the Byzantine army on the land and the sea. A thick, viscous, highly flammable substance, Greek Fire was brought to the Empire by a Syrian Christian named Kallinikos. The substance is rumored to burn under any conditions, even under water; and adheres to anything it hits. Propelled from a hand-held siphon, a user's base chance to hit a target is 05%. If an attack roll fails, the firer must make a halved *Luck* roll or succeed in catching his immediate surrounding on fire. This can be particularly disastrous if the user is on a boat. On a successful hit, Greek Fire deals 1D6+2 damage per round until extinguished. A *Luck* roll is not necessary by the target to see if their hair and clothes catch fire. They do. A successful **First Aid** roll by someone other than the victim can extinguish the flames.

Greek Fire is a particularly horrific weapon. Undergoing a Greek fire attack costs 1D3 Sanity automatically, while watching someone burn costs 0/1D2 Sanity. Any victim of Greek Fire who later sees another Greek Fire launcher, even if not in use, must succeed at a *SAN* roll or lose 0/1 SAN from the painful memories.

The Byzantine army guards the secret of Greek Fire closely and does not share it with anyone.

The Magna Mater and the Brothers of Chrysostom

The Great Mother. The fertile goat from which a thousand young spring. Cybele. Shub-Niggurath. The fortunes of the followers of this fecund beast have waxed and waned throughout the history of Constantinople, but was never as powerful as it was during the First and Second Centuries A.D. The first crushing blow came at the hands of John Chrysostom, who, in the Fourth Century with the Patriarch's blessing, led bands of killers throughout Phrygia, killing any followers of the Magna Mater he found. Later, when Chrysostom was Bishop, he funded similar minded monks who roamed the Phoenician hillsides, destroying any remnant of the worship of the Magna Mater.

As warfare swept the Empire between the Fourth and Tenth Centuries, the monks and their mission were forgotten. The translation of the *Kitab al-Azif* by Theodorus Philetas into Greek brought Shub-Niggurath back into the minds of those who read the newly titled *Necronomicon*, even if the beast is only mentioned in passing. Worship of the Great Mother is slowly twining its tentacles around some of the learned of Constantinople, and integrating itself with worship of the Virgin Mary. Most Orthodox Christians view the concept of a fecund Mary as a heresy, and the Patriarch, Sergius II, has excommunicated any espouse this view.

Although forgotten, the remnants of Chrysostom's monks still exist, living in an ascetic commune deep within the Goreme Valley of Cappadocia. They live in a monastery hollowed out of the soft volcanic rock, worshipping the Christian god as one of anger and vengeance, particularly against women, whom they view as embodiments of the Magna Mater. In fact, many members view the charismatic and fiery Chrysostom as a savior and his exile from Constantinople as the defining factor in their decision to remain in the mountains. As the centuries between the death of Chrysostom and the resurgence on the Magna Mater grow, Chrysostom has taken on a more and more Christlike image in the minds of his monks.

Their numbers dwindle yearly, but the order still tenaciously clings to this world. Members are typically drawn from the ranks of village misogynists and the order's own efforts to grow their number by kidnapping male children, or women, who serve as a vessel for bearing male children. Should the need ever arise for the followers of Chrysostom to take up the sword in the name of the almighty Father again, it's not clear whether they would be any better than those they are fighting.

The Order of St. Jerome attempted to investigate the rumors of a Cult of the Magna Mater when they first came to Constantinople in the early Tenth Century. Their prying proved futile, however, as the people most in the know were reclusive monks who live deep within the mountains and make an effort to avoid outside contact. When the Order proved unable to unearth any evidence of a Cult, they declared all the rumors to be rumors and turned their attention elsewhere.

As a resource for investigators, the order can lend a strong arm and its impressive library. The library is unlike any most investigators would have seen before. There is no scroll, parchment, or vellum. The history of the monks, their beliefs, and knowledge regarding the Magna Mater has been carved into the walls of their monastery over the centuries. Each monk adds to the library as his knowledge grows. Dedication, earthquakes, time, and the innate ability of people to add detail when none is needed have led to a massive living history that is fragmented, circuitous, and in some places, downright confusing. The carvings cover the walls and ceilings of roughly a quarter of the monastery, and without a guide, an investigator is hard pressed to know where to begin.

Skills: Bargain 53%, Cthulhu Mythos 17%, Fast Talk 53%, Insight 35%, Occult 27%, Own Language (Greek) 60%, Persuade 74%, Status 65%, Write Language (Greek) 46%



Anna is a follower of Shub-Niggurath in her conflation as Cybele. A young noble popular in the courts and well known as a persuasive orator, Anna privately denounced her Orthodoxy and accepted worship of Cybele, the the Magna Mater. In public, at the Palace, she still holds to the Orthodox faith.

Several years ago, a friend gave her a copy of Philetas' translation of the *al-Azif*, and her study of that, combined with her study of history as a child, led her to the Cult of the Magna Mater, where she found other wealthy members of the city who grew tired of the Orthodoxy and its constraints. For many, the cult provides a venue and willing parties to indulge some of their baser desires without making their dealings known to the religious powers-that-be. For others, including many of the female members, it is a chance to exercise power above and beyond their limited powers in the court. In the Cult, a woman takes precedence over a man, and the man fulfills her desires and follows her commands. Outside of the Cult, Anna's powers are relatively limited. Even though she sees other women issue orders and exercise political power, Anna is not one of those few women. Although the Empress is a powerful woman, and schemes, plots, and murders in positions of relative servitude. Anna hopes by worshipping Cybele, the goddess will bestow more power upon her.

Notable Person

Anna, age 29

Young lady and follower of the Magna Mater

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 11	POW 12
DEX 10	APP 15	EDU 12	SAN 50	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Knife 48%, damage 1D4+db
Sword 38%, damage 1D8+db

The Annals of the Monks of John Chrysostom

In Greek, by Divers Hands, c.400 AD to present. This 'tome' covers everything from the monks' eating and sleeping habits to detailed accounts of Shub-Niggurath worship in Phrygia. It pulls no punches, and names the names of powerful men and women who have worshipped the Dark God throughout the centuries. Unfortunately, earthquakes have rendered portions unreadable, as have the actions of monks who had personal vendettas against the author of a given section. The legibility ranges from excellent to scribbling, and some monks who had nothing important to add merely recounted whatever they felt like.

Sanity Loss 1D4/1D8; Cthulhu Mythos +10 percentiles; 49 weeks to study and comprehend. Spells: at the keeper's discretion.

The Polyphemoi

Deep within the Roman catacombs that spider web under the city is a cult to Polyphemus, the Cyclops encountered by Odysseus on his voyage home from the siege of Troy. They also firmly believe in the greatness of Troy, and believe that the ancient city will again rise to the greatness it held before the coming of the Greeks. Although many are Greeks by birth, they despise the heritage the Greeks have left behind. If asked, they refer to themselves as Trojans, emphasizing the fact that they are Trojans uncontaminated by the Greek conquest of the city.

The members gain access to the catacombs through the various cisterns and forgotten entry ways that litter the upper city of Constantinople, meeting for the seven inclusive days surrounding the full moon. Their rituals include sacrifice of both riches and living creatures. Symbols of earthly wealth, such as coins and clothing, are defaced so as to no longer be useful while living creatures, humans included, are horribly scarred before being killed on the altar in front of the idol's glaring eye.

Each member must be free of any type of physical imperfection, and any member who falls below exemplary physical stature, whether it be through age, battle scars, or other accident becomes the next sacrifice to the idol they've hidden in the catacombs. Because of this limitation, it is typically only the wealthy who join. The poor have typically been ravaged by disease and are too unclean to be worthy of membership. The poor, however, make excellent sacrifices. Some members of the cult wear white thaubs with a black or blue circle on the face covering. This dress has led many Byzantines to erroneously label the cultists as Muslims.

What the members do not realize, however, is that their dedication is not to Polyphemus, but to an avatar of the Crawling Chaos. The trials faced by Odysseus were machinations of Nyarlathotep, testing the great warrior, and each challenge the Greek faced was brought on by the Crawling Chaos. When the Polyphemoi began worshipping Polyphemus, they were actually worshipping that mask of Nyarlathotep. Whether Nyarlathotep cares one way or another for these worshippers is unknown, but the Polyphemoi believe that their worship will bring Polyphemus and the other Cyclops back, whom the cultists refer to as Askali, and believe were the original inhabitants of Rome. Once the Askali return, the cultists hope their dedication will be remembered and when the world of the Greeks is destroyed, the faithful of the Askali will ascend to positions of grandeur.

Scenario Seeds

The Golden Horn. Members of the Order of St. Jerome need to get from France to Jerusalem, but find little help in Constantinople. Although they're in a Christian city, they find their way blocked at every pass by bureaucracy.

The Enemy of My Enemy. Investigators are battling cultists of Shub-Niggurath in Western Europe when they learn of a Brotherhood east of Constantinople that has fought the same cults for centuries. The investigators must not only track down the Monks of Chrysostom, but convince the Monks that the investigators can be trusted.

Wet Feet and Slimy Skin. The investigators are adrift or shipwrecked in the Mediterranean when they are picked up by Mousoulous and his men on the way to Fantari to attack the Deep Ones. The investigators can aid this startegoi in his own private war and possibly put an end to Deep One predation in the central Mediterranean.

You Say You're a Physician? The investigators are traveling through Constantinople when one becomes deathly ill. They seek aid at the College of Medicine, where a nice, polite Turkmen offers to help them. Alternatively, the sick investigator goes missing and his companions must find him before he loses his skin.

Burning Times. The investigators learn of the *Necronomicon* and come to its source seeking to destroy it at its roots, only to learn that its root is a Christian monastery with a long history.

As travelers will learn, Constantinople is a place of wealth, opulence, and despair. Despite its greatness, the nihilistic elements of the Mythos still nibble at the veneers of civility. As the Empire continues to age through the 11th Century, its decline accelerates, and the Golden Age it enjoyed between 950-1050 slowly withers away.

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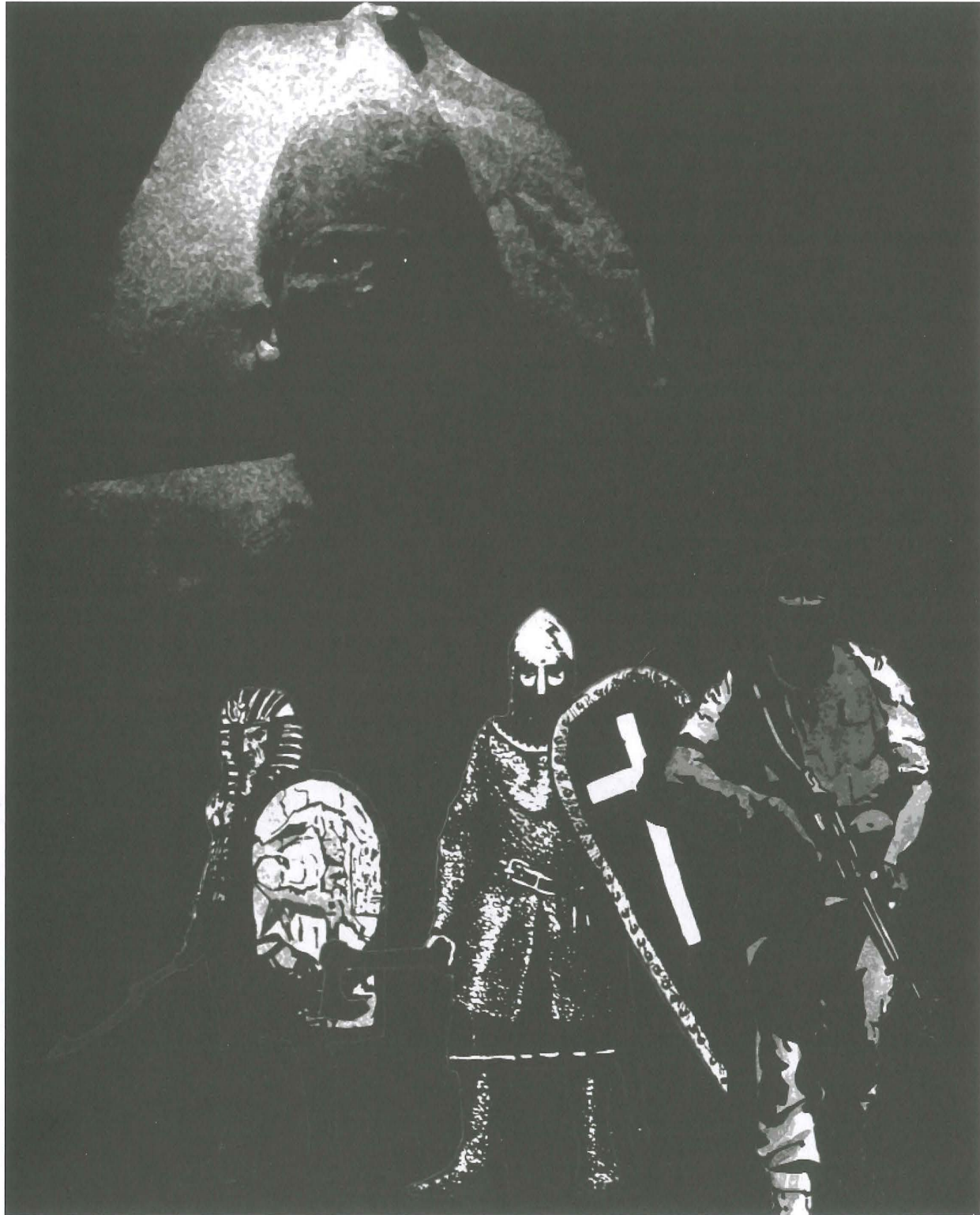
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Monster-hunters fighting a holy war?

The Sword of Snesferu

By Donato Ranzato, Koen Goorickx, Wolfgang Hübner
and Adam Crossingham



Introduction

According to ancient legend, more than 2,000 years before the birth of the Messiah, a truly foul pharaoh rose to power in the time of the Third Dynasty in Egypt. The name of this dark pharaoh was Nephren-Ka, but his worshippers called him The Black Pharaoh. Nephren-Ka revived the worship of dark gods such as Nyarlath, whom he renamed Nyarlathotep. He also found the Shining Trapezohedron and built a temple around it. A champion of Egypt named Sneferu (or Snefru, Snofru and to the Greeks: Soris) overthrew Nephren-Ka, and his name was utterly erased from Egyptian history. However, the dark religions he rediscovered were not forgotten again. Nephren-Ka and his followers fled to the underground catacombs of Kish, where Nephren-Ka sacrificed a hundred victims to Nyarlathotep. In exchange, Nephren-Ka was given the gift of prophecy, and he spends the rest of his days drawing the future of the Earth on the walls of his tomb.

This is where the legends stop, but they did not end.

Nephren-Ka's name was utterly erased from history, but another aspect of the legend was lost in the sands of time. The pharaoh Sneferu knew that his victory over the Black Pharaoh could be only a temporary one. Evil cannot be destroyed, only halted. To make sure that Nephren-Ka could never again rise to the power he once wielded, Sneferu created one of the first secret societies in history; a group of loyal followers, experienced in Egyptian magic and pure of mind. Nobody, except maybe the current leaders, know what its original name was, but today they call themselves Suyûf Sneferu, the Sword of Sneferu, and they still fight their ancient holy war against the foul followers of Nephren-Ka, the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh.

Over the millennia the order has fought an endless battle against the minions of Nyarlathotep. They have booked many victories, but also many defeats. It has become clear

to the masters of the order that they will never win this war as the order is fighting a desperate uphill battle on what is basically the home ground of one of the most powerful of all Outer Gods. A place the dark god has made his home untold millennia before Mankind settled there. Another important factor that has diminished the chance of ever winning this war is that after the arrival of newer, monotheistic religions the old religion has all but disappeared and together with it has gone the support of the gods.

They might never win this war, but the Sword of Sneferu will make sure they will try to stop Nyarlathotep from ever gaining power again in the Egypt, no matter how, no matter the cost.

Why the Sword of Sneferu?

The Sword of Sneferu (they call themselves the Swords for short) isn't your typical anti-Mythos group like *Delta Green* or PISCES. The Swords is not a rational, well-organized and funded "good" (government) group fighting cosmic evil to save mankind. The Swords represents a more gray area of Mythos-fighting. It is a terrorist-like, fanatical, irrational group who will fight innocent Westerners and Mythos threats alike.

The mindset of the Swords reflects the problems of the Middle East. The frustration and resentment of a proud heritage that has been squandered by the West, and at the same time the need of the region to somehow cooperate with the decadent Western World if they want to survive and grow (and in the case of *Call of Cthulhu* setting, vice versa).

This article plays with stereotypes which is part of the pulp magazine tradition (which some could call racist). In the original pulps and in later published *Call of Cthulhu* scenarios Arabs are pictured as shifty-eyed foreigners up to no good, making deals and selling their mothers if they can make a profit. This article portrays the Swords as untrustworthy because of their heritage, rather than as a stereotype, whilst at the same time making them part of the "good" side as they desperately sacrifice their lives and sanity fighting

On the Matter of Egyptian Names

Suyûf Sneferu mixes Arabic Sayf/Suyûf with "Egyptian" Sneferu (and that in an English, not Arabic, form). The problem is that the Egyptian name, Sneferu, was not readable until after the decipherment of hieroglyphs by Champollion in the 19th century. Before that Sneferu was known to the world by the Greek form of his name, Sôris (Greek = Ὀύρηός), including in Arabic texts. The Arabic version would then be Sayf/Suyûf Sûris (note the use of a long U in place of Greek omega). Djadjaemankh (a "living" native speaker of Egyptian) passed the actual Egyptian name on to his followers. "Sneferu" represents a modern scholarly convention, not the actual pronunciation of ancient Egyptian. In Coptic (the latest stage of Egyptian, which used the Greek alphabet, including vowels) the name was probably something like Snofrou. "The Sword of Sneferu" in Coptic would then be something like ne Shôpshu ne-Snofrou (the first ne = plural "the"; Shôpshu = Sword). "Suyûf" for "sword" here is a "Coptization" of an existing Ancient Egyptian word; the Coptic word Shôpshu does not actually exist in reality. If the Keeper wants a real word, you could use ne Gopte en Snofrou (Gopte is actually borrowed from Semitic languages into Egyptian) and can mean "knife" as well (thus really "blade"). However, a better solution might be ne Sçfe ne-Snofrou. Sçfe is a Coptic word meaning "Sword", one that comes from Ancient Egyptian. It is also related to the Arabic word Sayf, so it would be very easy to see ancient Egyptian sefat en Seneferu becoming Coptic ne Sçfe ne-Snofrou and then Arabic Suyûf Sanafrû.

cosmic evil to save Egyptian lives and restore Egypt to a country with influence and power on the world stage.

The reader is reminded to keep in mind that the order is fighting the Mythos on the most difficult battlefield on earth: Nyarlathotep's backyard. They are fighting an uphill battle against a God with an international following. This desperate fight turns the Swords into unsubtle, paranoid and fanatical fighters. You are either with them or against them. They can't win the fight with subtle manipulations through the whole spy-game as they are up against the most powerful and cunning manipulator in existence. They have to pick their fights with care, make sure their backs are covered and strike hard and decisively. As the Swords are too small to fight Nyarlathotep on its own, they "recruit" useful organizations that are free from Nyarlathotep's influence. Sooner or later the cult of Nyarlathotep will find these "pure" organizations and bend them to the Outer God's inescapable will. The Swords are like the Hydra with multiple heads. Nyarlathotep hacks away one head at a time while the Swords try to grow new heads to replace them and to continue their desperate fight.

The Swords will see any group of Westerners investigating the Mythos in Egypt as their enemies and will try their best to chase them away or kill them. They don't want any outside help in fighting Nyarlathotep's followers and certainly not decadent, unbelieving and corrupt Westerners toting firearms and dynamite within the holy temples of Egypt. As the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh is an international organization, investigators based in the United States, the United Kingdom, Europe or even Australia have a chance to run into brothers of the Sword of Sneferu when they go after the foul worshippers of the Black Pharaoh. Whether the Swords are for or against them depends on the ingenuity of the investigators and how open-minded the commander the order has sent is in accepting help from foreigners in the eons-old fight.

Because the Swords have existed for such a long time this article can be used for *Cthulhu Invictus*, *Cthulhu Dark Ages*, *Gaslight*, 1920s, 1930s, *Pulp*, *Cthulhu Modern* and *Delta Green*.

Nephren-Ka

During the last years of the reign of Pharaoh Djoser, a man known as Nephren-Ka came to Khemet. Nephren-Ka was a powerful sorcerer; he brought madness and death to his enemies with a word or a glance. The stories say that he came from an ancient city in the deserts of Arabia, whose name was Irem, the City of Pillars. All who know of this place hold it in dread.

Nephren-Ka impressed the pharaoh with his power and knowledge of things hidden, and Djoser made him Vizier, second only to the pharaoh throughout the land.

Nephren-Ka revived the worship of an old, foul god – the Black Pharaoh. Soon Nephren-Ka and the Black Pharaoh were interchangeable in the minds of the people. Now no one can distinguish their deeds.

Pharaoh Djoser died of a wasting disease, and the sorcerer proclaimed himself Pharaoh. For many years the Black Pharaoh fought with Djoser's sons Sekhemkhet, Khaba and Huni, for control of the land. So great was the power of the Black Pharaoh that few records of Djoser's sons now remain. For a time, Nephren-Ka ruled the land and its peoples.

It was said that Nephren-Ka was served by a huge beast, of which the Sphinx is but a small, inaccurate representation. The voice of Nephren-Ka was said to have been carried throughout the land within a black wind, a wind which destroyed at his whim.

Nephren-Ka built the Labyrinth of Kish, a place of darkness and despair. Here he practiced many foul sorceries.

At last a hero named Sneferu arose, and with the aid of Isis and Bast thwarted the evil magic and slew Nephren-Ka. Sneferu then ruled as Pharaoh, founded the Fourth Dynasty and brought the favor of the gods back to the land.



The Bent Pyramid at Dahshur



A 19th Century drawing of an inscription discovered at the Bent Pyramid and since lost

A pyramid was built to contain the soul of Nephren-Ka and to protect the land from his evil magic. The first pyramid was not strong enough to hold the spirit of the Black Pharaoh and it collapsed. A second pyramid was built, with strange geometries calculated by the priests to withstand the power of the Black Pharaoh. This pyramid stood, and the body of Nephren-Ka was entombed, accompanied by the curses of the priests. Yet a third pyramid was built to guard

the site, lest Nephren-Ka return from death and plague the land.

Pharaoh Sneferu ordered all traces of the Black Pharaoh stricken from the land. Nevertheless, worshippers of the Black Pharaoh remained and schemed for the Black Pharaoh's return. In time, Pharaoh Khafre, son of Khufu, son of Sneferu, drove these evil ones out of the land and into the hideous swamps beyond the cataracts.

The worship of the Black Pharaoh was revived in the time of the Sixth Dynasty during the reign of Queen Nitocris, after the death of her husband Pharaoh Merenre. It was said that she invited the priests and generals who had conspired to slay her brother to a banquet in a subterranean chamber, then opened a secret door and flooded the chamber with the waters of the Nile.

Queen Nitocris unsealed the entrance to the Labyrinth of Kish and learned much from the Black Pharaoh. The land again became a place of darkness and dread. Those who worshipped the true gods were persecuted and lived in fear.

When Queen Nitocris gave birth to a son, whom she named Nephren-Ka, the people rose up and slew her. Her body was buried in a secret place, lest any evil ones attempt to recall her soul.

History of the Swords

The Sword of Sneferu was created a couple of years after Sneferu's victory over Nephren-Ka. Sneferu heard from his court magicians that the vanquished followers of the Black Pharaoh were once again organizing themselves, albeit clandestinely, and that when the moon was dark they once again practiced their foul rites. The court magicians told the pharaoh that they had consulted the Goddess Isis, who had helped them destroy Nephren-Ka, and she had commanded that the pharaoh should create a secret order that could fight the cult on every front, throughout the ages. With the backing of a goddess, Sneferu was quick to give his blessing to the magicians and thus was born the first anti-Mythos organization in recorded history.

While the court magicians searched the realm for suitable members, who had to be both pure of mind and magically gifted, the pharaoh searched his empire for a suitable place to use as a headquarters for the newly created covert group. Together with his magicians he consulted the oracles which pointed him towards the future site of the Arabic capital, al-Fustat. There they established their headquarters and built a temple dedicated to Sekhmet. After the death of their beloved pharaoh the order renamed themselves *Suyûf Sneferu*, the Sword of Sneferu.

Al-Fustat burned down in the 8th Century and was rebuilt in the Arabic oriental style and formed what is called old Cairo today. The reason why Fustat burned down has been lost in the mists of time but according to the current *Sannan* the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh tried to destroy the Swords' headquarters with a massive summoning of fire jinn. Only with the help of the goddesses Isis and Sekhmet did the order repel the attack and survive.



Fire jinn fell from the stars

Lexicon

Sannan (wielder of a sword) – The mysterious Grandmaster of the order.

Maqâbid (sword handles, singular **Maqbid**) – The Masters of the Order. The Masters are the only ones who have a complete overview of all the order's activities and have some knowledge about what they are fighting. They are all experienced, magic-using priests of the ancient Egyptian religion (Isis in particular) but they also have some practical knowledge about the magic of the Mythos.

Ashfâr (sword blades, singular **Shaftr**) – Initiated and non-initiated brothers of the order but the name is also used for an organization, a group, individual persons or even fields of expertise controlled or manipulated by the *Maqâbid*. An initiated *Shaftr* act as a liaison (middle manager) between his *Maqbid* and the rest of the *ashfâr*.

Tillasm (magical artifacts) – These are objects that are useful in the war against the Mythos. Examples of *Tillasm* are stones of Mnar, stones with the Elder Sign engraved on them, but also Kalashnikovs, explosives, surveillance equipment or cat familiars.

Oases (safe houses) – Houses, buildings, catacombs, caves or other places where *Ashfâr* can find refuge, protection and supplies during and after missions.

The Cult of Bubastis

Priests of the Black Pharaoh Nephren-Ka managed to pervert the cult of Bast in the Third Dynasty. Though this corruption was destroyed by the Sword of Sneferu after the dark pharaoh's death it managed to survive and even experience temporary revivals until the time of Cleopatra. Together with the Swords, Bast finally broke the back of compromised Bast worship in Egypt, but survivors scattered throughout the Roman Empire. The perverted cult of Bast has survived into modern times, especially in Britain, though in most places it exists as an underground culture. The success of Nyarlathotep's influence shows clearly in the fact that Bast came to be associated with Artemis, making the transition from being a sun/dawn goddess to a moon goddess. The Swords are still actively hunting worshippers of the foul cult, both domestic as well as abroad. They have yet to encounter the **Sacred Flame of Bubastis** (see *Worlds of Cthulhu #4*), and it is uncertain how such a confrontation would go.

Divine Protection

Shortly after the battle against the cults of Bast, the goddess Sekhmet appeared to the head of the order and announced herself as its spiritual protector. Fragmentary records uncovered by the Swords suggest that Sekhmet is one of the Elder Gods, though their scholars disagree as to whether this is merely a variant form of Bast, adopting the role as thanks for stopping her perverted worshippers, or some other Mythos being previously unknown..

According to Egyptian beliefs, Sekhmet is the lion-headed daughter of Ra, sister of Thoth and goddess of the midday sun. A figure of ambivalent nature, she is also known as one of the 'Eyes' of Ra and is associated with revenge and disease. An overly zealous goddess, she once attempted to destroy all of humanity on the orders of Ra, and she was only stopped when tricked into drinking beer colored to appear as blood. While she brought the plagues that ravaged the land, she also alleviated them, and her priests were renowned as great healers and feared.

As long as the Swords protect Egypt against the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh, Sekhmet gives the masters of the order the gift to speak with cats (both housecats and big cats like cheetahs and lions) as a blessing. When the time approaches the goddess will also show the masters of the order which person is best suited to become their next leader. This "successor" is always born in Egypt and always male. The sign is a birthmark, called the Sign of Sekhmet, which looks like the stylized representation of a sword hilt.

The Sword of Sneferu and Christianity

Egypt came under Roman rule in 30 BC when Octavius captured Alexandria and Cleopatra committed suicide. Roman rule lasted until 395 AD and was followed by 243 years of Byzantine rule.

During the Roman period the Sword of Sneferu perceived early Christianity as inherently weak and powerless, a predominately underclass religion which, beside all religious differences, was the antithesis to their warrior ideals. The history of the Coptic Christians in Egypt during the Roman period is one of constant persecution and martyrdom. They suffered greatly under Roman emperors like Septimius Severus (193-211), Decius (249-251), Valerian (252-260) and, probably most of all under Diocletian (284-305). So much so in fact that up to this day their calendar starts with the date of Diocletian's ascension to the throne (AM=Anno Martyrum). The persecution only ended in 311 AD through a tolerance edict by Emperor Galerius. This peaceful period ended with Byzantine rule and the persecution started again this time by the Nicene-influenced state church under the pretext of the Coptic Christians being heretics, due to their different understanding of the nature of Christ. In reality it was because of the oppressive relationship between occupiers and the occupied.



Christian mobs burned anything heathen

Two years in the 390s AD radically changed the Swords and their perception of Christianity. In 391 AD the order was nearly wiped out and their knowledge destroyed by the Christian persecution of everything heathen. In 392 AD the Swords were forced to become bedfellows of the same people that had seriously damaged them the year previously.

How and why the Great Library was burned in 391 AD has been lost in the mists of time, but one version of the story told by the older *Maqâbid* say that the destruction of the Great Library was started when a Christian zealot accidentally discovered the cache of hidden learning, brought it to the attentions of the church leadership who then had grounds to burn the whole heathen library. In another version of the story the discovery of the hidden collection was prompted by the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh who told the Christian zealot where to look.

While he watched the great library of Alexandria burn the *Sannan* saw his suspicions about the Christians confirmed. Surly those barbarians were in league with the evil one. Theodosius's mob not only destroyed the library, but also most of the manuscripts, scrolls and occult items

the order had accumulated over the millennia and had stored in the catacombs of the library where lost in this act of mindless vandalism. As the Christians defiled and pillaged every sacred artifact they could find the *Sannan* knew he would never trust the Christians again. One careless lapse by the Swords led to their setback. The *Sannan* learned an important lesson from this period of time. Not only carelessness but also the group's own secrecy brought them down. Bringing in a few Christians to the organization might have saved their collection. They didn't and it got burnt.

In 392 AD, emperor Theodosius decreed that all heathen temples were to be closed and heathen worship to be outlawed. Until then the Swords had no problems with following their old religious ways openly (albeit cautiously) and the order had therefore no reason to even contemplate the attraction of Christianity. The previous year's attack and Theodosius's proclamation made it impossible for the Swords to function as they used to, and the order had to adapt to survive. Outwardly they would convert to Christianity, choosing the Coptic faith as it was at least native to Egypt. Over the next two hundred years many of the Swords whole-heartedly converted to the new faith, the old ways retreating to the ranks of the order's inner circle.

The Coming of Islam

At first the Swords didn't trust the new religion that swept out of Arabia and they had no inclination to convert. After all, Jesus was still considered a prophet by Muslims and Christianity was offered some freedoms, and most importantly the new religion came out of the land of the Unknown City and might be compromised. The Swords decided to wait and see, after all Christianity in Egypt had reigned for only 400 years, maybe if they waited another 400 years another religion would come along and take Islam's place. In the 8th century AD, the Swords realized that Islam might actually take over the known world (at this point it had expanded as far as Spain), and the order's leaders decided to convert to the new faith, at least in outward appearance, in order to take advantage of Islam's dominance. The Swords embraced the new faith and quickly rose to power within

its ranks. Cairo had replaced Alexandria as the seat of power in the land, and with it the masters were amongst the most powerful people in the land. In the next centuries the order flourished within a general climate of tolerance and cultural and scientific achievement.

The Crusades

As the Eleventh Century drew to a close the barbarians came again, red crosses painted on their coats, calling themselves crusaders. Amongst these was the Order of the Sword of Saint Jerome, a secret Christian organization fighting the evil creatures of darkness. Through his spies the *Sannan* heard about this group and an endless discussion ensued. Should the order tolerate these Christians, talk to them, treat them as allies? The *Sannan* was against it, he remembered the burning and the looting. His younger brethren did not. They grew up in peace with Islam's tolerance instilled in their hearts. The *Sannan* yielded to their desire to share the burden of the fight and contact was made. A meeting was agreed for July 12th 1099, far outside the encampment of the crusaders who were then besieging Jerusalem.

The *Sannan* and the *Maqâbid* send the most open and tolerant of the younger brethren to discuss the possibility of an alliance against the forces of the Mythos. They came unarmed as was agreed and so did the knights of Jerome. But spies (possibly the Black Brotherhood) send word to Godfrey of Bouillon, the leader of the crusaders, that Christian knights were meeting with heathen Saracens. Godfrey sent out men to lay an ambush and kill the traitors and the heathens. It was a bloody night for both orders. The next day Jerusalem was taken by storm, the city's Muslims and Jews slaughtered. This put an end to the first tentative contacts between the Swords and the order of Jerome. The conservative elements regained the upper hand.

The leaders of the Sword received premonitions from Sekhmet that the Muslims would be the eventual winners of the crusades and she was right. The Swords were very active during the Crusades taking advantage of the turmoil and they managed to infiltrate both sides in order to further fuel the fighting and exploit the situation to harass the Black Brotherhood. In return the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh did the same.

A New Invader Arrives

In the following centuries the order gained the upper hand in its desperate fight against the minions of Nyarlathotep in an Egypt no longer the center stage of world history anymore. The country was ruled by the Mamluks, a warrior elite, who shared the basic values of the Swords and even maintained power after Egypt was conquered by the Ottoman Empire in 1517. With the situation in Egypt under control the order became complacent. At the end of the 18th Century a new invader came, Napoleon Bonaparte. He brought with him a new breed of Nyarlathotep worshippers, westerners and scientific explorers, hungry for the ancient wisdom of Egypt, hungry for the raw power only a god could grant them.



The Crusaders encountered stories of ancient horror

The order was ill-equipped to fight this new danger, because it was at this time that the newly appointed *Sannan* showed, for the first time in the long existence of the order, deterioration in his mental abilities. His mind would slip occasionally into different time periods and what seemed like previous incarnations. The brethren started to worry about their master. His orders were more and more cryptic and the Maqabid tried their best to interpret them as well as they could. Some openly embraced the Western ways in dress and manner, the Kafûr family at the forefront. Others followed a strict interpretation of the old ways like the Zehavi family. The two approaches were symbolized in the early 20th Century by the two places the order used to guard important artifacts; the Ibn-Tulun Mosque and the Egyptian museum.

The tragic events that took place in the aftermath of the ill fated Carlyle Expedition nearly destroyed the order. When the Ibn-Tulun Mosque was attacked in 1925 by the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh under Omar Shakti, the *Sannan* was severely wounded. It took a long time for him to recover and it seemed like his sanity had lost him forever. Now he lives in a state of dreams and premonitions, drifting in and out of consciousness.

With their leader incapacitated, the different factions fought for control. This is the state of the order today.

Modern Times

From the 1920s to the 1980s the order suffered an identity-crisis. The old ways of fighting the Mythos didn't work anymore, or had lapsed and were forgotten. The old Egyptian gods have stopped talking to the *Sannan* and he believed the reason was that Egypt had been torn apart by Western secularism and materialism. The *Sannan* concluded that to keep fighting against the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh he had to re-create Egyptian society along the lines of ancient times when the ancient gods helped the Egyptian people against the influence of Nyarlathotep. The *Sannan* considered any person or group who opposed this goal to be an enemy in league with the Great Messenger.

World War II brought major changes to Egypt in the form of rapid economic growth and thousands of British troops, whose culture and behavior reinforced anti-Western sentiment among Egyptians. By 1948 the order had an estimated 5,000 initiated Brothers and probably double the number of sympathizers. By this time, the Swords had created a new type of *Nasî*; cells of guerrilla fighters who believed that fighting the cultists of the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh was part of their war against Western secularism and the Israeli threat.

During the presidency of Hosni Mubarak the Swords began integrating more into Egypt's political system. At the end of the 1980s the order had managed to maneuver a couple of their members into high-ranking positions within the leading political parties and won influence in parliament.

The order is actively spreading pan-Arabism in several other countries across the Middle East and North Africa. For example, in Sudan the Swords took an active role in the



The Swords are often confused with terrorists today

1990s fighting a Mythos cult lead by an enigmatic Arabian called Aziz who was preparing a ceremony on top of the mountain Jebel Barkal.

Survival

It is a miracle that an order such as the Swords can hold out against the forces of the Mythos for so long. It proves that the order is very powerful and cunning and that it can adapt itself to a new situation when it arises. One might think that this is because the order consists of hundreds of highly-trained members, all fighting the same war with the same goal in mind, but nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, the order consists of only half a dozen members—the masters of the order (see the organization section).

Once the order did indeed have hundreds of members, but as the times changed so did the order. After the coming of Islam, the Swords removed themselves from dangerous public view and retreated in the shadows cast by other, more public organizations. But not all changes have been for the better.

One of the pitfalls of long-lived organizations is that they can lose track of their original goals, means and motivations. This happens with organizations that have existed for “mere” hundreds of years and the Swords—who have existed for thousands of years—have also succumbed to this dangerous trap. They have fought for so long, against such a powerful enemy, that staying alive and fighting the war has become more important than the original goal of the war, namely the protection of the Egyptian people against the cult of Nyarlathotep. The masters have become paranoid, ultra-conservative and dangerously self-absorbed. Everyday is a fight for survival and they will survive, not matter how, no matter the costs.

The Swords have been on their back feet since the destruction of their vast collection in the Great Library of Alexandria 1,600 years ago. For a long time the order has used many different organizations in their fight against the Mythos. Because of the political situation after WW2, they have to relied more and more on Arabic nationalistic or Islamic fundamentalist terrorist organizations. They are trying to use the old ways to fight the new fight and have

had their asses kicked as a consequence. This reliance on terrorist, anti-Western groups is largely based on the fact that the aging order views the Western World as atheistic, decadent and corrupt. They see that the Western World has become more and more like the prophesied Endtimes and thus fighting the West is indirectly fighting the Mythos. As a consequence of their shift from an occult covert war to using conventional terrorism tactics they are doing better against the brotherhood. Unfortunately they have now gained the attention of the US, Israeli and Egyptian governments.

The Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh

The Brotherhood isn't really concerned about the Sword of Sneferu. Their main goal is to act out Nyarlathotep's whims and bring on the Endtimes and Egypt is not very important in the grand scheme of things. But because Egypt is the home ground of their dark lord and many secrets still lie hidden below the sands of the Sahara, they can't let Egypt be conquered by the Swords. The Brotherhood knows that they can destroy the Swords in one swift stroke when their dark lord wishes it, but for some unknown reason Nyarlathotep hasn't give them the order yet to do this. Until they get the order, the Brotherhood keeps the power and influence of the Swords in check by perverting 'recruited' organizations when they become too powerful and thus irritating to them.

So, why doesn't Nyarlathotep destroy the Sword of Sneferu? The answer is simple. The dark lord doesn't relish mindless destruction, his way is the art of subversion and manipulation and he sees it as a sport to try to pervert his most ancient enemy. Even if he doesn't succeed in turning the order to his cause, he will have an amusing time trying.

Fighting from the Shadows

As mentioned above, the masters of the order are not fighting the war themselves. They subvert people and organizations to do the fighting for them. These persons and organizations are called *Ashfâr* (sword blades). These *Ashfâr* are organizations, various groups, or individual persons who are skillful or powerful enough that they can stand their ground against the followers of the Black Pharaoh. Initiated Brothers who are in charge of these smaller, specialized organizations carry with them a stylized symbolic hilt-less sword blade. An initiated *Shafr* (singular) act as a liaison or middle manager between his *Maqbid* and the group(s) he controls. Only a very small minority of the initiated members know about the order. The

Which blade of the Sword?

Holy warrior or unholy killer?



Archaeologist or smuggler

Mammon or the Truth - which is master?



Mason

In it for himself or his country?



Prostitute

Manipulative or oppressed?



majority of the brothers think they have been initiated into a secret, ultra-nationalistic and fundamentalist-Islamic organization that is fighting to regain Egypt's glory and importance in Allah's name.

The order's *Ashfâr* are varied and organized for their objectives. Here are some examples:

Terrorist groups

These are useful for the order's more aggressive missions.

Example: Fists of Righteousness. This terrorist group was founded in 1994 by Abdullah al Massouf, a 42-year old ex-stockbroker. Abdullah was born in Egypt, but lived and studied in London for much of his life. One of his interests is archaeology and he has organized many (illegal) expeditions to ancient places in the Middle-East. In 1992 one of his expeditions was involved in an unknown accident which killed 24 people, among them his wife and children. The cause of the accident is unknown but according to Massouf it all started when a mysterious sandstorm suddenly struck the expedition. Massouf was the only survivor and he had to recover in a local sanitarium. The bodies of the victims were never found. After his recovery he went back to London, collected all his money, and moved to an unknown destination. Since this time he finances a small network of highly-trained terrorists, which so far have only attacked foreign tourists, an Arabian businessman, and

a few government buildings. He is motivated in his quest by the strange dreams he has where the ghost of his wife tells him what to do and whom to kill.

Archaeological Foundations and Smugglers

These are useful for retrieving sensitive information or artifacts, controlling and/or conducting excavations all over Egypt, but also to get important material in and out of Egypt.

Example: The Supreme Council of Antiquities. The SCA is an arm of the Egyptian government with Zahi Hawass as its head (see sidebar). All archaeological work in Egypt must be approved by the SCA and conducted under its oversight. The initiated *Shafr* within the SCA is Mâhir ibn Târiq.

Masonic-like Organizations

These are useful for controlling VIPs, politicians, businessmen and the military.

Example: The Sons of the Mamluks. The Mamluks were Turkish and Caucasian (from the Caucasus Mountains) slaves who served in the mediaeval Egyptian army and ultimately ruled the country until the Ottomans' final fall at the beginning of the 19th Century. This group used to be a *Shafr* whose members were initiated brothers who knew about the order, its goals and its activities, and served as the public arm of the order. Throughout the centuries the Sons of the Mamluks became more corrupt and decadent. Through the machinations of Nyarlathotep the Sons lost much of its power and influence, and slowly became an autistic, Masonic-like organization of elderly, powerful men, who think they are in the know. Their leader occasionally receives messages from the old Egyptian deities through his dreams (or so he thinks).

Prostitution Rings

These are useful for "persuading" powerful men through blackmail to help the order in any way they can.

Example: The order has networks of *oases* scattered across Cairo, Alexandria and the tourist towns of the Sinai. These are fully furnished flats that are serviced by "housemaids" like Samiha and Aisha, who come and go at all hours of the day. Samiha and Aisha are *al-sharmata* or prostitutes who service the *khaligin* – the Gulf Arabs – who come to Egypt to escape the summer heat and have sex. Samiha and Aisha earn in a few days what would take months otherwise, and report everything they see or hear to Mufeed their pimp. Mufeed is a lay *Shafr*, who collates the information and reports it back to an initiated *Shafr*. Mufeed instructs Samiha and Aisha to further entrap promising "marks" who can "help" the Swords later on. This blackmailing activity isn't restricted to the *khaligin*; the order has Egyptian politicians, government officials, imam and business men in their thrall as well.

Escorts and high-class hookers like Heather and Britney work almost exclusively for visiting Arabs in foreign cities like London or Paris. Though less organized than Samiha and Aisha, they know a man like Nasir provides them

Monk
Seeking the Truth, or hiding
from It?



Street Urchin
The future of the Swords?



The Keeper of the Pyramids

The 57-year-old Zahi Hawass is the secretary-general of Egypt's Supreme Council of Antiquities (SCA) and without a doubt the most powerful man in archaeology today.

His nicknames are "Big Zee" and "the Pharaoh", and he calls himself "the keeper of the pyramids". It is Hawass who decides on all matters concerning the pyramids, the Valley of the Kings, the Sphinx, Abu Simbel, 4,000 years of history, and the heritage of 500 kings. No Egyptologist works in Egypt without his permission, and few dare to challenge him and thereby chance his anger. When an expedition finds anything significant the SCA will shut the dig down until Hawass arrives to take over. But many Egyptians – and some foreigners – see him as a hero who has routed the old colonial powers of the English and French, and reclaimed Egypt for the Egyptians. There are strong rumors that Hawass is a high-ranking member of the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh but so far the Swords haven't found any definitive proof.



with the jobs and likes to know everything about their clients for a little extra. Nasir is a *Shafr* who collects intelligence and blackmail material on rich Saudis and others for the order.

'Baker Street Boys' or Small Thieves' Guilds

These mostly consist of street children or handicapped beggars. Useful for information about the "word on the street", to place 'evidence' in the luggage of people, or to pickpocket interesting targets. They are also a good place to start recruitment.

Example: Naji is a tall youth of about 15. He chews sunflower seeds constantly, but is a quick learner and has a good grasp of English and French. Naji is leader of a street gang of street children who steal to stay alive. Naji specializes in targeting rich tourists who leave the well-known tourist trail and find themselves lost in Cairo's backstreets. Naji returns them to more familiar terrain but only after he has surreptitiously relieved them of a wallet or similar for his "help". Naji has just become a lay *Shafr* and hopes to join the glorious order when he has proved his worth to them.

Religious Groups

These are useful for having an overt means to recruit members and study religious books and artifacts. Mainly Christian or Muslim they are spread across Egypt.

Example: The monastery of St. Pakomios. This Coptic Christian monastery is located on the shores of the Red Sea. The monks have dedicated themselves to the fight against the Brotherhood of the Black Pharaoh and the evil that lies beneath the pyramids. For a long time the monks guarded a very powerful Mythos artifact, the dagger of Thoth, which they lost in the 1920s. They are now desperately trying to find the dagger again and to bring it back to the monastery to lock it away for eternity.

Egyptian Magic

Egyptian ritual magic requires one vital component for such things as mental domination. The caster must know the True Name (Ren) of the intended target. This refers to the True Name of any creature with language. Without knowledge of a True Name the spellcaster cannot initiate any degree of mental control over a target; the magic would fail automatically.

Because of this the *Sannan*, all of the *Maqâbid*, and initiated brothers use codenames by which they identify themselves to other members of the order. The real name of an initiated brother is only known to the *Maqâbid* that controls him. The real name of a *Maqâbid* is only known to the other *Maqâbid* and the *Sannan*. The real name of the *Sannan* is only known to him.

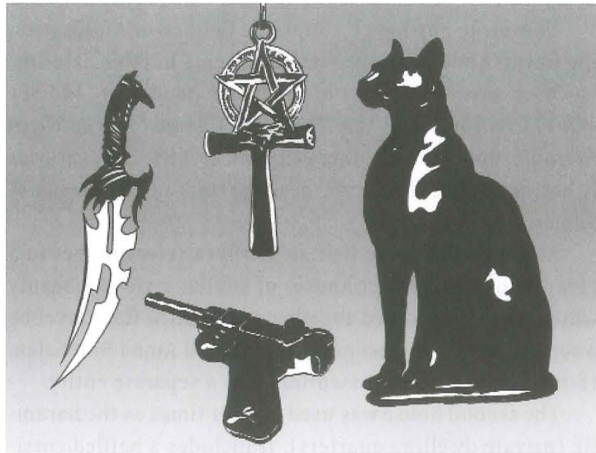
An individual *Maqâbid* together with his *Ashfâr* operate as a self-motivated team, which is only responsible to the *Sannan* and his fellow *Maqâbid*.

The *Maqâbid* uses the Send Dreams spell to communicate with their *Ashfâr*. The dreams are interpreted by the naive brothers as holy dreams sent by the most powerful imam, the Lord of Time, to his faithful. This ensures the total dedication of the *Shafr*, even in so far as he would be willing to sacrifice his life to do the bidding of "Allah".

Each *Maqâbid* can use *Tillasm* as decided by the *Sannan*. These are objects that are useful in the war against the Mythos. Examples of *Tillasm* are stones of Mnar (stones with the Elder Sign engraved on them); also Kalashnikovs, explosives, surveillance equipment and cat familiars.

Instead of safe houses the order has *Oases*; houses, buildings, businesses, catacombs, or caves where *Ashfâr* can find refuge, protection and supplies.

Surprisingly, the *Maqâbid* conduct their secret meetings in the open. They meet in coffee houses or cafes controlled by the order. To the people around them they look just like a couple of elderly men discussing everyday things, like



politicians, weather and the decline of the West drinking coffee and smoking their shishas or water pipes.

The Wielder of the Sword

None of the brothers know who the supreme leader of the order is. Enemies of the order spread the rumor that the leader is an actual Egyptian Ba Mummy who must suck the breath (magical essence) from a living human once every lunar cycle. The only person who has any real contact with the mysterious *Sannan* is the most senior member of the circle of masters. Currently, this *Maqbid* is Dr. Hasan ibn Kafûr and for all aims and purposes can be considered the leader of the order.

Like his father before him, Dr. Hasan ibn Kafûr is the head conservator of the Cairo Museum of Antiquities, a powerful ceremonial magician, the protector of the Kitab al-Azif, the most senior *Maqbid* of the Sword of Sneferu, and the personal assistant of the *Sannan*. He is 75 years old and he is looking for a worthy successor for his *Sannan*

Dr. Hasan ibn Kafûr, age 75 years				
Protector of Occult Secrets, ceremonial magician, senior <i>Maqâbid</i> , and personal assistant of the <i>Sannan</i>				
STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 11	INT 18	POW 20
DEX 9	APP 12	EDU 20	SAN 35	HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Languages: Ancient Egyptian (Hieroglyphs) 90%, Arabic (own) 90%, Demotic Egyptian 65%, English 85%, Feline 45%, French 80%, Hebrew 60%, Latin 45%

Weapon Skills: None

Skills: Anthropology 60%, Archaeology 95%, Astronomy 75%, Bargain 65%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Debate 50%, Drive Automobile 30%, Geology 50%, Egyptian History 95%, Law 50%, Library Use 85%, Occult 70%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%

Spells: Chant of Thoth, Eye of Light and Darkness, Seal of Isis, Voice of Ra, Blessing of Isis, Send Dreams, Speak with Cats (and 1D3 Mythos spells at the Keeper's discretion)

A typical initiated brother of the order

STR 12	CON 14	SIZ 11	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 13	APP 12	SAN 65	EDU 14	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapon Skills:

- Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db
- Kick 44%, damage 1D4+db
- Grapple 40%, damage special
- Knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+db
- Club 30%, damage 1D6+db
- Scimitar 45%, damage 1D8+1+db
- Handgun 45%, damage varies
- Rifle 50%, damage varies
- Submachine Gun 30%, damage varies

Languages: Arabic (own) 80%, Demotic Egyptian 05%, English 15%

Skills: Bargain 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Demolitions 45%, Drive Automobile 30%, Egyptian History 12%, Law 20%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Theology 20%, Throw 35%, Occult 15%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 40%

Spells: At the Keeper's discretion a brother can know one defensive spell like Elder Sign or Blessing of Isis.

Magic of the Sword

Since both the Swords and their foremost enemies descend from ancient Egyptian magicians, the magic they wield is very strong. Due, however, to the organization of the order today, most members don't have access to the full potential of magic.

As their fight forced them to adopt ever changing faces and eventually going underground, the way the Swords view and use magic has changed as well. With Christianity and then Islam's ascendancy, the worship and the magic of the old gods became an underground matter. Most of the order's magic is linked to their early patron goddess Sekhmet but in more recent years the Swords have been using *sharr* (evil) magic more often to accomplish their goals.

According to the masters of the order there are two levels of magic.

1) Magic usable by the *Ashfâr*

This mostly relates to talismans, enchanted weapons and such. The user of these items knows that when he performs a certain series of actions the item responds in a certain way. In most cases the user doesn't fully understand the true powers and potential dangers of the item. This also covers certain spells in which the caster manipulates powers that go beyond his full comprehension without dealing with beings of higher power.

2) Magic usable by the *Maqâbid*

This magic is very dangerous. Certain people (usually with low sanity, which is saying something...) know that by performing a series of actions (usually referred to as a spell or a ritual) they can get the attention of beings from other dimensions with supernatural powers.

Headquarters
of the Swords

To safeguard their headquarters against destruction, the order infiltrated the regime of Ahmad ibn Tûlûn, the Abbasid governor of Egypt and convinced him to build his administrative headquarters and a mosque on top of their headquarters in the 9th Century. Only the mosque still stands to this day; the Mosque of Ibn Tulun—the oldest and largest mosque in Egypt.

It has served for centuries as the public (Islamic) face of the order, but the importance of the mosque was both a blessing and a curse to the Swords, as only the unwise bury honey in an anthill. In the 17th Century the masters of the order decided to build a house right on top of the only remaining entrance to the temple of Sekhmet. This house would be known as the Beit al-Kritliyya, and many legends grew up around it. It serves as the headquarters of the order to the present day and the (real) owner of the house is always the current Grand Master of the order.

The House of Kritliyya

Head towards downtown Cairo to the foot of the Citadel that majestically overlooks Cairo, and there in the quarters of Sayeda Zeynab you'll find the impressive 9th Century mosque of Ibn Tulun.



The Gayer-Anderson Museum or Beit al-Kritliyya

Adjoining the mosque is a 17th Century house that between 1934 and 1942 was occupied by "John" Gayer-Anderson (1881-1945). The house is known as the Beit al-Kritliyya (The House of the Cretan Woman).

Now owned by Egypt's Supreme Council of Antiquities, the Gayer-Anderson Museum, despite its humble exterior, has been used on the sets of the James Bond film *The Spy Who Loved Me*, and the Discovery Channel's *The Great Belzoni*, among many other celluloid credits. For centuries it has also been the secret headquarters of the Sword of Sneferu.

Although the name Beit al-Kritliyya refers in fact to a complex of two distinct houses of similar style and beauty which were later joined together at the third floor level by a sort of bridge, the second house, Manzil Amna Bint Salem (built 1540), is seldom mentioned as a separate entity.

The second house was used in later times as the haramlik (private dwelling quarters). It includes a baffled corridor leading to the central courtyard, adorned with a graceful fountain. An arched recess holds the Bir al-Watawit (the Well of the Bats), which has been the subject of many fantastic stories such as the well is the doorway to the king of bats and his seven beautiful young daughters, or it houses an ancient golden treasure, which has cost the lives of all those who are tempted to find it. In fact, the whole house has been an exceptionally wealthy source of tales for local storytellers, not least because of the presence of the Swords.

Both houses are all that remains of the bustling Ottoman quarter and narrow alleys that developed around the mosque during the 15th and 16th Centuries, when the southern quarters of the city began to spread following the building boom which affected the principal arteries leading to the Citadel, Ibn Tulun Mosque and Old Cairo. The fact that the houses were preserved at all is a miracle in itself, apparently only due to their favorable position. This allowed them to benefit from the comprehensive restoration of the Tulunid Mosque undertaken around 1929 by the Comité de Conservation des Monuments de l'Art Arabe (the Committee for the Conservation of the Monuments of Arab Art).

Around 1834, the houses became the home of the al-Kiridli family. The last owner, the *Maqbid* Sheikh Soliman al-Kiridli, ostensibly sold the property to the government around 1934. A few years later, Major Robert Gayer-Anderson, a doctor and member of the Egyptian Civil Service who was looking for an old building to restore, asked for and was given guardianship of the two houses. He began to work on them at once, often attended by Sheikh Soliman himself.

The interior

In both houses, the most important reception rooms are unusually situated on the first floor, while the ground floor, where one would normally expect to see the principal salamlik, is occupied by a smaller reception room adjoining a corridor, probably used for special visitors. Exquisitely painted and gilded ceilings in both the qa'as and the enclosed maq'ad compete in beauty with the intricately carved built-in cupboards—Gayer Anderson's additions, for the most part—often characteristically Syrian in craftsmanship, and the large windows inset with delicately convoluted mashrabiya. The carefully chosen furniture and



The Goddess Sekhmet

precious objects, among which are several priceless pieces collected by Gayer Anderson, are in complete harmony with the architectural setting.

In the past few decades the house seems to have suffered a certain degree of neglect. The architects attached to the Supreme Council of Antiquities who are in charge of the maintenance of the grounds and the interiors are doing an admirable job, but with minimal backing. While the dedication of those who have been entrusted with the care of the museum is nothing short of admirable, without more financial assistance to allow for intensive care, it is doubtful that Beit al-Kritliyya is equipped at present to defeat the relentlessly destructive gnawing of time.

The Temple of Sekhmet

The House of Kritliyya - although it is very beautiful—is not the reason why the Swords made this location their headquarters. Behind one of the inconspicuous doors marked ‘restricted personnel only’ is a stairway that leads to the deepest secrets of the order. A place where Egypt’s ancient past is directly linked to the present.

When a person descends the stairs he will come upon the foundations of an ancient street that dates from Roman times. The street’s ceiling is made of the foundations of the

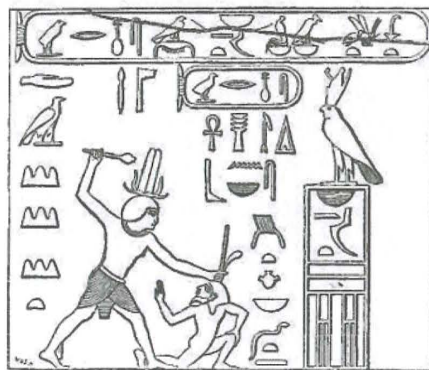
modern buildings above. The street is bordered by statues of sphinxes. It leads to a pylon, the monumental gateway in the form of a pair of truncated pyramids that serve as the entrance to the ancient temple of Sekhmet. When the person passes through the pylon he arrives in a court where a hypostyle supported by rows of columns stands. This is the entrance to the sanctuary; the temple of Sekhmet where only the masters of the order may venture.

The temple is not a single building but a complex of many separate buildings. The whole complex is made of red granite. Here can be found the residences of the *Sannan*, libraries and workshops (where the archives and objects of the order are stored and maintained), the House of the Scribes (where tomes and artifacts are studied), and the Crowned Lake (where new masters are initiated). The roof of the temple is built like an observatory and the ceiling is decorated with stars. Some masters believe that the sky painted on the ceiling show the positions of the constellations when the stars are right and the evil gods return.

In the center of the temple-complex is a sacred grove—the shrine of the goddess herself. This grove is a large hall where the masters “raise the goddess”. The sacred grove or the “Room of the Rising” can only be entered by those who are pure. No Mythos entities, not even Nyarlathotep, can enter this hall. The hall is where, in the late summer coinciding with the Nile floods in years past, the annual festival in honor of Sekhmet is celebrated. At that time, the end of the Egyptian year, come the five unlucky days in which Sekhmet is permitted to destroy humanity unless they perform the proper ceremonies. The hall is also full of cats, not only small domestic cats, but also four large cheetahs that guard it against intruders.

In the next issue of Worlds of Cthulhu we will give you rules on how to play members of the Sword of Sneferu so you can take up the fight against the Brotherhood of the Pharaoh. We describe the secret history of the order, give you descriptions of all the Maqâbid and the mysterious Sannan, tell you everything there is to know about the powerful magic the order wields, and reveal what horrible secrets lie below the Gayer-Anderson Museum.

Inshallah!





Classic Twenties

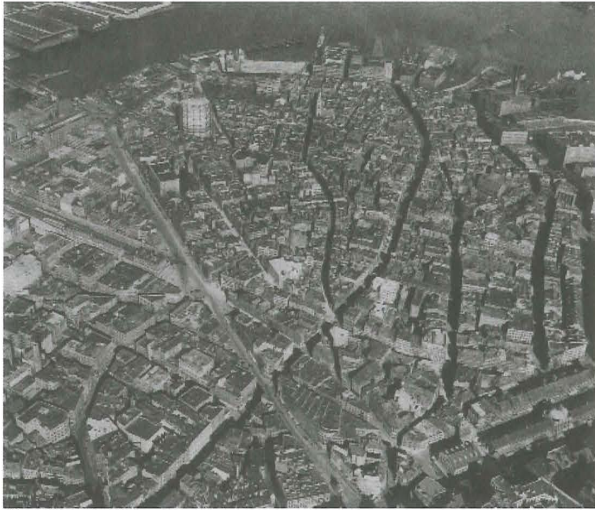
They Sleep By Twilight

By Aaron Varnek



Introduction

It's late July, 1926. The Investigators are asked by Dr. Pendleton, a local obstetrician in the Boston area, to help with a new patient of his. Dr. Pendleton contacts the players because "they know how to handle situations like this." He expects to meet them at his office. Any types of characters except for medical doctors are contacted (although investigators with medical skills are acceptable).



Twenties Boston

Keeper's Info

Dr. Pendleton has "gone round the bend", and believes that one of his patients, a pregnant woman named Meg, is carrying a horrific monster in her womb. She bears a strange tattoo, and worse, her husband is involved in a cult. It is up to the players to discover the truth, and save the baby.

This adventure has two parts: investigating the family, and investigating the cult. The cult is great to frighten and even injure the characters, but overall, the cult is simply a scarecrow to distract the players from the real problem: the Telly family.

Player characters should be familiar with the Mythos; the more the better (especially those with a high Cthulhu Mythos and a low SAN). Avoid medical doctor characters if at all possible.

Keepers should throw this scenario into their usual adventure mix, just to keep players on their toes and remind them that all is not cut and dry in the Cthulhu Mythos, that evil does not always come from realms beyond space and time.

Meeting Dr. Pendleton

Dr. Pendleton works out of Boston. He has helped bring many children into the world, and the local women respect him as befitting his station. He graduated from Johns Hopkins, and has been practicing for the last 15 years. He's in his mid-forties, tall, thin, and frail. He wears thick, round glasses, and has a habit of pushing them back onto his nose.

His office is crowded with books, papers, medical journals, etc. It is dark inside, despite the sunny summer day. The curtains are

drawn, and the air is thick with the acrid smoke of cheap cigarettes. As the investigators are shown in, he and a nurse help clear enough chairs for the players to sit.

If anyone thinks to look around, or mentions that they make a **Spot Hidden** roll (or if the Keeper is generous, secretly roll for each of the players), they notice that a lot of the books



Dr. Pendleton

Pendleton owns are occult in nature (no Mythos tomes, however). If asked about them, the good Doctor states that he finds it necessary to be able to tell the difference between science and superstition. Do the player characters not also read such books? What do their libraries contain?

Once seated, Pendleton asks the nurse to close the door as she leaves, and he peeks through the curtains before sitting. Before he speaks, he quietly sums up the players. Pendleton is suspicious of foreigners, so if any are in the party, he will regard them with distrust, even to the point of being rude and asking them to leave (unless they are obviously a driver, bodyguard, etc.).

Pendleton asks if the investigators were followed as he lights up a smoke, offering one to the investigators.

If someone, for whatever reason, says they were, then Pendleton nods, writes something on a hastily grabbed notepad, and slips it to the players. He then cheerfully escorts them out, thanking them for their time. The note says "Dallia's-7pm".

Dallia's is a local Gentleman's Club (no women or foreigners, of course) where Pendleton will meet the investigators in a private back room. If they meet him here, he will again ask if they were followed. If someone says "yes" again, he will thank them for their time, get up, and walk out. He will hire someone else; adventure over.

If the players say "no" either time they are asked, Pendleton will explain his offer in hoarse, hushed whispers, pausing often to take a drag on his cigarette. He eyeballs each member of the team during his speech to test their reaction (he makes **Psychology** rolls on the players—use this as a scare tactic; the more unstable the players are, the better). If anyone mentions they make their own **Psychology** roll, they will easily note that Pendleton is nervous and distrustful. A critical roll will note that he is paranoid, perhaps even pathologically so.

Pendleton emphasizes the need for confidentiality in this case. Once assured of the expertise of the players and their silence, he begins:

"Six months ago, I admitted a patient into my care. Her name is Margaret Telly, and she's entering the last week of her pregnancy. I thought nothing of her symptoms, until she started to grow both despondent and agitated as her term progressed. Some anxiety is normal for a first child, but, in light of later events, I think there is more than she lets on. Recently, her vital signs are becoming erratic, and she has been losing weight. Also, some of her cravings, are, well... (pause for smoke) ...disturbing. She has confessed to an overpowering desire for meat, preferably rare, and she regularly visits the butcher shop, sometimes just to "smell the store", as she said to me.

Her health is deteriorating, although the baby's heartbeat is normal. Very strong, in fact.

"Furthermore (he stuffs the cigarette in his mouth, squints through the smoke, and shuffles through some papers and charts on his desk)...this is the latest X-ray I have taken of the baby...note the obvious deformity of the spine and arms."

He shows an X-ray photograph of the baby. It is twisted to the side, as if bent in the middle, and the arms seem longer than normal. Anyone who makes a **Medicine** roll will know that it is an unusual image, as X-ray technology is still in its infancy and the effects of radiography on unborn children or even its unprotected practitioners are not yet realized.

"I don't know why I had not noticed it before, but at Margaret's last exam, I spotted a tattoo on her ankle, small, above the heel. It looked like this." Pendleton hastily scrawls a symbol that roughly resembles the Yellow Sign of Hastur (make a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll to identify).

Pendleton takes a drag of his cigarette, and, as the afternoon sun dips, his eyes grow more shaded.

"I think she may involved in a cult. Either her, her husband, or both. His name is Kenneth Telly, and I have only met him once. He was notably standoffish, demanding only to know when the baby will be born. She always pays for her visits in cash, and she lives near the docks, which as you know is home to less-than-civilized individuals. I would like you to investigate her and her husband, find out who they really are, and what they have planned." He pauses.

"And if you think I should terminate the pregnancy."

If asked why, Pendleton looks shocked that the investigators haven't been able to piece it together, but he quietly hints that Mrs. Telly might not be carrying a human baby. A cult might claim the unborn for their own. Or, if it is human, they still might want it for some depraved purpose.

Pendleton offers the investigators the sum of \$300 (or \$50 per player) for the investigation half now, half later. He hopes to have an answer before the date she is due, which, he notes, is on Lammas (August 1, and one week hence), or "Lughnasad, the first celebration of the harvest. This day honors gods of death and resurrection in many ancient cultures." Pendleton reveals this information with a grave tone.

Pendleton's Request

Pendleton would like to know where the investigators are staying, so he can reach the party when needed. He tells the investigators specifically NOT to mention him in their investigations, to make up some story and preserve his anonymity. If the players have any run-ins with the law, Pendleton will not bail them out or back them up. According to him, they met in his office only to ask a few questions about one of his patients.

He gives the players the Telly's address, along with the initial payment. The rest will be ready when they return with their news and evidence (pictures, documents, etc.). "Hopefully, we can avert the horrors before they manifest. Godspeed, gentlemen."

The Real Story of Pendleton

Pendleton should come across as nervous, but serious. He should not seem like the villain. As it turns out, Pendleton is "touched". One year ago, while enjoying a summer vacation with relatives

outside Arkham ("where the hills rise wild"), he witnessed a Mythos event (anything suitably horrific). He suffered an extreme shock, went indefinitely insane, and developed paranoia.

Since his experience—which he will not mention to anyone unless he is a certified alienist (psychiatrist), and even then only after months of therapy and hypnosis—he has researched the Mythos, giving him a small amount of knowledge about the larger machinations of the Great Old Ones, which only fueled his paranoia further. Now, he is starting to see the dark tentacles of the Great Old Ones in his everyday doings, and this is the first instance of his insanity reaching his working world. He truly believes he is doing the right thing by killing the baby.

If the investigators do not convince him to do otherwise with hard evidence, he will terminate Mrs. Telly's baby, trying to make it appear as a complication in the birth. If his own state of mind is ever questioned, Pendleton will fume, berating the investigators for insulting a man of his station. He will then fire them, thinking them part of the cult, and perhaps taking the law into his own hands and attacking the investigators (either socially or physically, the former being much more dangerous than the latter). Unless the investigators call in the authorities in time and present their case, the good doctor will crush the baby's skull with a cranioclast as it exits the birth canal.

Finally, despite all the unfortunate attributes ascribed to it, the baby is normal.

Pendleton's Staff

If Investigators talk to any of the nurses, they will stand by their doctor, noting however that he has become less tidy in the last year or so. Checking the records of Pendleton (available at local hospitals with a **Credit Rating** or **Fast Talk** roll), will reveal that he has delivered roughly 52 babies, seven of which died during delivery, which is not unusual for the time period. The Telly baby is the first of possibly many more maimed or murdered patients unless the players stop the good doctor. These numbers are also available from the Boston Herald files (again, **Credit Rating** or **Fast Talk** rolls to get in), by going through the birth announcements and looking for his name. They can also be found, if someone presents proper credentials (or a critical **Credit Rating** or **Persuade** roll), at the American Medical Association offices in Chicago (a branch can be found in Boston, or a doctor can telegram a request from Chicago).

The Tellys

Margaret (Meg) and Kenneth (Ken) Telly live in a rundown flat near the docks in Boston. Kenneth works long hours in an auto shop and gasoline station that his father owns. He's 20, and his wife just turned 18. They were married almost a year ago, and this is their first child. They both grew up in the same area of lower-class Boston. Margaret's father passed away only a year ago, her mother is in a nursing home, and she has a sister in Denver. Ken's mother and father live in Boston; he has no other siblings.

She stays at home and listens to the radio. Sometimes she goes for a walk and catches a movie down at the bijou, but hasn't been to many lately because of the baby. She has few friends, and will eagerly talk to the investigators, glad of the company.

The Real Story of the Tellys and Their Associations

Kenneth is bored of his wife. Ken and Meg were sweethearts in their mid-teens, and were often out late without chaperones. Their marriage took place under pressure from their respective mothers. Now that Ken has moved out of his parent's flat into his own, he likes his newfound freedom, and would rather not be tied down to his wife. One of his auto shop customers was a young vixen named Celine, an Eastern European bombshell who seduced him and brought him into a cult called Ihme (pronounced ih-may) on a whim.

Ihme has 14 members, and is an offshoot of the Order of the Golden Dawn, which splintered about 20 years ago. Sir Walter Thomas, an Adeptus Minor in the Golden Dawn, left England in the ensuing schism and started his own little cult in the states. He has continued the Crowley tradition of drug use and sexual promiscuity, and Celine is one of his best consorts. She has brought three members to the group, of which Ken is the latest. Celine has sex with men (and women), promising them more if they want to join a new religion. Ken was all too eager to follow this exotic temptress into the decadent, wicked ways of sin. He attends all Ihme's meetings, which are roughly once a fortnight. He tells Margaret that he has to work late on these nights.

Despite all the trappings—books, robes, daggers, hidden passageways, etc., Ihme is harmless...almost.

Celine, it turns out, is also a member of a cult dedicated to an aspect of Nyarlathotep (keepers should choose an aspect suitable to their campaign). She joined the Ihme charlatans to recruit new members (and sacrifices) for her real "family." She is cruelly intelligent, and will stop investigators from breaking up her good thing.

If the players are clever and observant, they can identify Celine as the real threat. Depending if this is a single adventure or part of a campaign, keepers can have Celine die, be arrested, or escape to endanger the players another day.

Margaret would rather believe that her husband is innocent, and that he has been dragged unwillingly into evil. She will encourage the investigators in that direction if her husband's dirty secret is revealed to her. The truth, that he no longer loves her, is much worse than being part of a brainwashing cult. She hopes the investigators can save her husband and bring him back to her, something that is probably as difficult as fighting a shoggoth.

Investigations

In the Newspaper (Boston Herald):

If the investigators make a **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** roll to gain access, and a **Library Use** roll to search, they can find the Telly's wedding announcement from September 19th, 1925—close to the autumnal equinox, if anyone is looking. If clever investigators backtrack nine months from now (or if the Keeper asks for an *Idea* roll from the most paranoid/insane player character), they figure out that the baby COULD have been conceived on Halloween (Samhain or All Hallow's Eve), with the birth coming on Lammas, the harvest day (August 1st).

Mrs. Margaret Telly

Mrs. Telly (Meg to everyone) only wants love, affection and friends, and will believe almost any story the investigators pass off to talk to her (no skill check necessary), unless the ruse is radically implausible or frightening. If they scare her with talk of demon babies, eldritch horrors, etc., she will shy away. If they suggest her husband is in a cult, she will yell at them to get out, but she'll have doubt, and she might call them back inside.

Meg is a short, thin woman (almost too thin to be bearing the baby), with close-cropped red hair. Her pregnancy shows on her like a tentacle. When asked about the baby's size or weight, or it comes up in conversation, she says "It's a monster, all right."

The Tellys live in a small two-room apartment (bedroom and living room/kitchen area). They share a bath with another tenant on the floor, but they do have a back porch that overlooks the bay and shipping yards. It is furnished with the bare minimums: an old sofa, three creaky chairs (two have bum legs), a wood kitchen table with a threadbare tablecloth, some faded rugs and dusty second-hand china, etc.



Meg Telly

It's apparent that Meg tries to make the apartment a home, but she never had the money, and now doesn't have the energy. Her petunias on the kitchen table are starting to wilt. There's an odor of spoiled meat in the apartment, as the icebox isn't keeping the food as cold as it used to (if investigators check, Meg doesn't notice it anymore).

When the investigators show up, she putters about the house as best she can to tidy things up.

Most of her day is spent reading, tending the house, shopping, and a lot of naps. She would like to get to the theater, but being so close to delivery time, she can't.

She is showing some signs of failing health: she's slightly pale, and often needs to steady herself while walking. She looks older than her age, but her girlish beauty occasionally comes out in the way the sunlight catches her face, or the way she giggles at a joke. If any investigator is a medical doctor or performs a **Medicine** roll on her (and can provide sufficient reason to examine her), they can determine that she is not eating as much as she should be. She says that is doctor's orders. (Keeper's Note: doctors in the Twenties typically tried to control the weight of expectant mothers as a "social responsibility").

Mrs. Telly has been eating a lot of meat, lately, though she doesn't know why. She just likes it. (Keeper's Note: It is simply a craving for more iron, as she is slightly anemic; no character from the 1920s would pick up on this).

If asked about her husband, she immediately professes her love for him, and his love for her. She is so happy he's the father of her baby. If asked about "other men", she says she doesn't lay an eye on any of them (which is the truth). When asked about his love for her, or the way he treats her, she'll say "Fine," but a **Psychology** roll

will detect a tremor of doubt. If pressed, or asked about his job, Meg mentions that Ken occasionally works late at the shop. Sometimes when he does, he comes home smelling strange, like incense, instead of gas or grease. For all the time he seems to be working on cars, there isn't much money coming in.

If the investigators can prove that Ken is in a cult (with photos or cult paraphernalia) Meg will beg and plead with them to bring him back to her. She will easily buy the cult story. She just knew it was something like this. She goes to church every Sunday, but knows that there are strange things in the world, and is afraid her poor Ken has fallen prey to them. She won't blame Ken for anything, saying that he is naive, or shy, or just wanted to make friends. Nothing is his fault, and it must be some evil witch that put a spell on him.

If asked to show her ankle, she initially refuses (that's rather improper), but if the investigators insist, or talk her into it (a **Fast Talk** roll), she meekly pulls down her sock to reveal her mark: a red swirling of three lines. It's scar tissue, and **COULD** be the sign of Hastur, but it's not yellow at all. When asked how she got it, she says it was a cycling accident when she was a little girl (true, and a **Psychology** roll confirms this).

If asked about Dr. Pendleton, she says that he's her doctor, and a wonderfully nice man. She trusts him completely. He helped many women in her church with their pregnancies.

If the characters try to hire another doctor for Meg, or if a party member has enough skill to perform the delivery (**Medicine** skill 70% or higher), she will say she wants to stick with Pendleton. If the characters offer to pay for her delivery, she'll want to talk it over with her husband first. She'll be eager to accept charity, but Ken is proud and doesn't want to take handouts; he'll also become belligerent. If the characters have talked to Ken at any time, and he realizes the same people are talking to his wife, he will call Celine and maybe even the police. It should not be a surprise to the players if they find out Ken has locked Meg in their apartment, calls Pendleton, and forces him to perform the delivery at home (where Pendleton will kill the baby).

Meg has been knitting clothes for the baby (a **Spot Hidden** roll will note that the sleeper she's making for the baby has an emblem of a star with an eye in the middle, which Meg says she saw in a magazine—let investigators think this an Elder Sign), but Ken hasn't given her any extra money for furniture and the like (astute investigators will notice there is no crib, no baby blankets, and no toys for the coming family addition).

Meg mentions she is looking forward, if she can afford it, to the Twilight Sleep.

"Oh, all the women's magazines talk about it. They give you some capsules and an injection, and you don't feel or even remember the delivery. It's like a wonderful dream, and when you wake up, you have your baby. And it will be nice to have the nurses care for me...if Ken can afford it." She frowns, and explains that her parents and his parents were born at home, and no one can understand why she would want to pay so much money to go to a hospital. But Meg would like the care that the hospital gives. She's been pinching her pennies as much as possible, but that's not much (see "Childbirth in the Twenties" sidebar).

When the baby does arrive, they will name it Edward if a boy, Virginia if a girl.

WOMEN COMBINE TO SPREAD GOSPEL OF "TWILIGHT SLEEP"



NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—(Special Staff Service) The "Twilight Sleep" child birth method, originated by Paracelsus, is being spread by a group of women who are known as the "Twilight Sleepers." They are active in spreading the gospel of the "Twilight Sleep" in all parts of the country. They are active in spreading the gospel of the "Twilight Sleep" in all parts of the country. They are active in spreading the gospel of the "Twilight Sleep" in all parts of the country.

Twenties Maternity Advertising

Meg, at this point (or some point), yawns and apologizes, saying that she usually takes a nap at this time. It takes her so long to get the pillows all set up, she's usually asleep as soon as she lays down.

If the investigators want to talk to her again, she'll gladly welcome them on any other day.

When Ken returns home after Meg's discussion with the players, she will tell her husband about the visit, perhaps to make him feel a little jealous that professional men wanted to talk to her. If the same characters talk to both Ken and Meg, Ken will get

suspicious of them and start covering his tracks. He'll also inform Celine and ask her what to do (thinking the investigators are police officers).

A Sign of Evil?

If the investigators search the house when it's empty (rare, but a successful **Luck** roll one day might catch Meg going out to do some shopping), the only unusual item they will notice (with a **Spot Hidden** roll and 15 minutes of searching), is a small item wrapped in tissue, collecting dust bunnies, under the bed. If they unwrap it, they see a fang (in fact a tiger's fang, roll **Zoology** to determine), which is etched with a small figure. The figure looks like a man with no face and a long nose, tentacle, or tongue (paranoid investigators should attribute this as a picture of Nyarlathotep). In reality, it is simply a crude etching of a man with a prodigious penis.

This is a talisman Ken received from Ihme. It is supposed to increase his sexual potency (an **Occult** roll will shed some light on this object). It is worthless, and even Ken has forgotten about it.

The Gas Station

The Telly's auto repair and service station is nestled near a road for travelers on their way to other New England locales. It has two petrol

Telly's Auto Repair and Gas



Childbirth in the Twenties

Women revolutionized their role in society during the 1920's. Many of them worked out of the house for the first time while men were overseas fighting in the Great War. They received the right to vote in 1919, and during the next decade their fashion, marked by the rejection of the constricting girdle and the adoption of short 'bob' haircuts rather than long hair that needed hours of maintenance, showed off their new freedom. Childbirth also underwent a huge change.

Previously, most births occurred at the family home, attended by a midwife. New technologies and procedures in science, as well as an increased urban population, contributed to a new interest in the delivery process from doctors.

Women were encouraged to deliver in a hospital, attended by a staff of nurses and doctors who had access to equipment if difficulties arose. Most doctors assumed that every birth was unusual, so they always expected complications. Midwives and natural childbirth began to disappear as medical experts took every precaution to control the situation with drugs and surgery. It wasn't pleasant.

When an expectant mother entered the hospital, she was immediately given an enema, followed by at least one vaginal douche using saline, to which whiskey and often bichloride of mercury were added. Their heads were washed with ammonia, ether, and kerosene, and their breasts and umbilicus with ether. If the woman was from the lower class, her pubic hair was shaved, as it was thought to harbor disease. If she was in the middle or upper class, the hair was merely trimmed. All these efforts were designed to keep everything as clean as possible.

Once labor started, the mother would receive an enema every 12 hours, and, after birth, another vaginal douche. Unfortunately, this obsession with cleanliness did little to prevent germs, instead often spreading the bacteria they were trying to avoid.

The most common way to control the birth process was through surgery. Dr. Joseph DeLee of Chicago published a famous paper in 1920 called "The Prophylactic Forceps Operation" that outlines a process called an episiotomy, and it was quite popular:

"Sedate the woman and allow her cervix to dilate, giving ether when the fetus enters the birth canal. Make a cut of several inches length through the skin and muscles of the perineum, [the area between the vagina and anus], and apply forceps to the lift the fetus's head over the perineum while monitoring the fetal heart via stethoscope. Use ergot or a derivative to contract the uterus, and then extract the expelled placenta with a 'shoehorn maneuver'." The cut was then stitched up.

While all this was occurring, women could expect to have an audience of students present in the delivery room, especially if they were poor. The field of obstetrics was no longer regarded as one of the baser areas of medical specialization, and

many young doctors observed the process as part of their training. Teaching was largely unregulated, as the American Board of Obstetrics and Gynecology was not established until 1930 to lay down some rules for training programs and medical school accreditation.

Feminists began to address the pain and embarrassment of hospital childbirth with a movement called Twilight Sleep, which started at the turn of the century by an Austrian, Dr. Von Steinpuche and a German, Dr. Gauss.

A woman who could afford Twilight Sleep would be injected with morphine at the start of labor, followed by a dose of scopolamine (skoh-pahl-uh-meen), a belladonna derivative, which is both an amnesiac and, better yet, a hallucinogen. As the fetus entered the birth canal, the doctor would use either ether or chloroform to dull the pain, sometimes with another shot of scopolamine. This chemical cocktail regularly removed the pain of birth, but it also was known to eliminate the memory of the event as well. Often, it took at least 24 hours before the mother was even aware that she had given birth.

In Boston, 1914, a homeopathic Boston doctor named Dr. Eliza Taylor Ransom founded a maternity ward as well as the New England Twilight Sleep Association to provide the process to women and to encourage hospitals to offer the procedure. Her efforts were very successful; by 1938, Twilight Sleep was used in almost all deliveries. It wasn't cheap, either: a Twilight Sleep birth and extended post-delivery hospital stay cost around \$100 (or one month's average salary).

Twilight Sleep also had some very dark side effects. Not only did it remove the mother from the birth experience, but it also caused neonatal depression. Women would frequently thrash about during and after labor, injuring themselves, even throwing themselves or their babies out of the bed if they were not properly restrained.

While suffering the intense physical trauma of childbirth, their minds soaked in hallucinogens, what fathomless vistas and eternal dark gods would these poor women experience?



pumps and a small store that sells knickknacks such as penny candy, aspirin, auto parts, oil, gloves, glasses, cranks, and tires. There are some bottles of Coca-Cola available with the purchase of gas.

In the back of the station is a small lot to hold cars, of which there are three currently in residence; a 1919 Chevrolet Touring model 490 that needs some engine work, a 1925 Ford Model T 2-door waiting to be picked up, and a 1917 Studebaker 7 on blocks, rusted out, with the engine missing. The garage where Ken works is strewn with parts and tools.

Mr. Telly usually stays in the front office and pumps gas for customers. If he needs help, he calls his son. They are the only two workers, but the customer volume is low enough that they can handle most of it.

If investigators stake out the station, they may notice that there aren't nearly enough people coming through here to warrant Ken staying late so often.

Mr. Telly

He owns the station. He's gruff, and doesn't tolerate games. He does not like to offer information about himself or his son to strangers, but will bow to authority if someone presents him with a badge or official papers (either police, government, etc.) Failing that, investigators can try a **Credit Rating** roll.

He will not consciously incriminate his son in anything, even if he does make a few disparaging comments about him. He plans on Ken taking over the shop so he can retire. Mr. Telly would rather be at a ball game than at the station.

"He's a little slow, but a good boy. Whadaya want with him?"

If asked about Ken working late, Mr. Telly remarks that he occasionally stays to finish off a job before going home, and that he has the keys to lock up the place if need be. "It'll be his shop when I'm gone. I'd like it better if he slept here instead of..." and he trails off.

As it turns out, Mr. Telly never liked Meg (who's a little slow), and often forgets to conceal it. Being around his son all day, this bile runs unopposed to the ears of Ken, who then takes it home to Meg. His father feels that Meg just married him for his money, and wants to spend every cent rung out of the station. He's not happy about Meg asking to have the baby in the hospital, either. "That costs a damn Rockefeller fortune, just to have a baby. In my day, women squatted and took the pain," he says.

Kenneth Telly

He is a large dark-haired man with a cute, boyish cowlick. He's adorable in a puppy-ish sort of way, but the boyishness will not last, and he does not have the maturity to look dignified. He is often covered in grime and grease, and not very talkative, at least not to male investigators. If any of the investigators are females of APP 14 or more, he will smile and wink at them. If a female investigator does not ignore him or rebuke him for flirting, he will slyly try to remove



Ken Telly

his wedding ring (**Spot Hidden** roll to see him do this).

If asked about his wife, he says he loves her, that she's a good cook, and that they knew each other in school. If pressed, he knows scant details about his wife's life. He thinks she spends his money when she's not sleeping. He doesn't know of her interest in movies, nor her trips to the theater. If the investigators tell him about her hobby, he says "So that's where the money goes!"

If asked about the baby, he says he's happy to be a father, but he's more worried about how much the delivery will cost, and how much a hospital stay will cost. He'd rather just have Dr. Pendleton at the house.

Tailing Ken after work, he stops at a parts store that is really a front for a lower-end speakeasy. Well-dressed investigators (and their friends) or any that succeed on a **Credit Rating** roll will be too "high brow", and will not be allowed in ("Just too much mess in here for you, guv'nor"). If they get inside, Ken won't say much more to them, and head home after one drink. If a female investigator approaches Ken, he'll try to engage in some petting (or more) with her either here or in a nearby alley or back at the shop (Ken's not one for subtleties).

If the players manage to stay hidden, or watch Ken from afar, he'll have a few drinks and a smoke with the boys, drive home, reads the paper, eat dinner, listen to the radio, and fall asleep in a chair before his wife wakes him and tells him to go to bed. He gets up early in the morning to go to work, except on Sundays, when he attends the local Catholic church and hears a long mass in Latin.

Ken Telly is a cad, a jerk, and a heel, but not evil.

Searching the Station

The shop closes at 7:00 p.m. in the summer, unless Ken really is working late (Keeper's discretion). If players search the area, there are a number of things to find:

If they pick the lock or break into the office, Mr. Telly has a bottle of watery Scotch in his desk drawer (which requires an additional **Locksmith** roll to open), as well as various order forms, catalogs for auto parts, advertisements for new car models, manuals, etc. Mr. Telly keeps the hooch around to warm him in the winter and take the edge off his arthritis. The alcohol can be used to threaten Telly into talking (don't forget the Volstead Act/Prohibition is in effect now).

In the garage is a calendar of train cars (**Spot Hidden** roll to notice whenever the players are in the garage). Once a week, Ken has written the letters I-H-M-E on the dates of the meetings (these dates can be whenever you wish, except Sunday nights, but the day after the players discover the calendar is best).

If the players search the three cars, they find, in the trunk of the old Studebaker, Ken's cult paraphernalia: a red robe with gold inlay, a flask of rum, a snuff box with cocaine, some incense, a small silver bell, and a rather nice gold inlaid dagger. These are kept in a

locked wood box (requires a **Locksmith** roll without a key, or, if forcibly opened, roll against the box resistance of STR 12 to avoid smashing the whole thing to bits).

Ken's Tryst

On any night of the Keeper's choosing, Ken locks up the shop, then looks around before going to the car for his paraphernalia. Astute investigators (who make a **Psychology** roll) can tell that Ken is happier this day than any other (he knows he'll be getting sex later). Also, a **Spot Hidden** roll will reveal that he doesn't wear his wedding band on those days. If asked about it, he says he doesn't want to get it dirty while working on a car.

Also, the day after the Ihme meeting, Ken takes cocaine to keep himself awake after last night's debauchery. Investigators who observe him after an Ihme meeting will notice him agitated, irritable, and shaky. A **Spot Hidden** roll while watching Ken the night after a meeting will notice that he slips into the bathroom often and comes back energized.

Research

Ihme, an Offshoot of the Order of the Golden Dawn
Ihme is the name of the Boston branch, or chapter, of the Order of the Golden Dawn (see sidebar). Not much is known about Ihme today, save that it was founded in 1895 (one of three of the original Golden Dawn temples in America). This author has humbly taken the lack of information about this organization as fuel for the following fictional description.

When the investigators research Ihme, or manage to track down the name of Sir Walter Thomas, the group's founder, they won't find much information about the group:

A successful **Library Use** roll in the library will reveal Thomas's name in a state-wide "Who's Who", offering that the 50-ish gentleman has settled in New England from his birth land of Great Britain. He has no wife nor children, but owns considerable land in the Boston area, crowned by an estate at the city's outskirts. He is also mentioned in relation to Ihme, reputed to be an esoteric order of magical study, associated with Britain's more famous Order of the Golden Dawn.

A **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** roll is needed to gain access to the *Boston Herald's* article morgue, and a subsequent **Library Use** roll to catch multiple mentions of Thomas in the society pages. He is often seen with various socialites around his arm, but always a different one. He's often seen in the company of dapper young men, as well, always at large social events or occasions, and usually upstaged by a larger, more important figure.

He had one gallery showing of his own art in Boston in 1921, but it was not well-received.

He is also noted for his generous gifts to Miskatonic University's Astronomy Department.

There are no articles on Ihme specifically, although there are many references to the Order of the Golden Dawn, with many conflicting viewpoints: sometimes it was viewed as the last repository and center of learning for forgotten arts, or sometimes an esoteric lodge devoted to spiritual, magical, intellectual progress, but, most likely, as a degenerate, devilish cult driven by drugs and lust. Tailor this research to your investigators. If the investigators decide to go in blind to the meeting (without doing any research), let them.

Ihme's Meeting

Ihme meets in a large house on the outskirts of the city. This is Sir Walter Thomas's estate, which he bought with his private fortune. Meetings are fronted as a masquerade ball and social party, which gives members a chance to mingle with the "real" guests. Everyone wears masks and formal wear, although some wear nothing BUT a mask. Alcohol and drugs are readily available. Potential Ihme members are chosen ("exposed," as it were) at these gala events. As the night wears on, those specially selected, and the members of Ihme, reconvene elsewhere to continue with a ritual. Investigators can try to sneak into the party, spy clandestinely, or force their way in.

Smooth Talking

If the players try to crash the event, roll **Fast Talk** or **Credit Rating** to get past the doorman. If they come well-dressed (or undressed) with a good cover story (pretending to be anyone of influence, money,

Order of the Golden Dawn

Entire books have been written about this infamous organization founded by Dr. William Wynn Westcott and Samuel Liddell MacGregor Mathers in London, 1888. Enterprising keepers can spend hours of research on this organization if they wish or consult Pagan Publishing's now OOP supplement "*The Golden Dawn*". But for this adventure, it will suffice to know that Ihme, a legitimate branch of the organization, has degenerated into the decadent parties described here, especially after the schisms that broke up the Golden Dawn at the turn of the century. At Ihme, the genuine study of magik has taken a back seat to "having your way" with the rich and beautiful.

Any investigator research into the organization should draw up many entries on the larger order and its various factions, as spiritualism stormed the world. However, very little comes up about the Ihme branch, and any interviews with the founders or followers of the Golden Dawn never refer to it.

or power works quite well), let them inside. Any investigator of APP 16 or higher is allowed in without question, as long as they are reasonably attired (although (s)he will have to make a **Fast Talk** roll to get her “escorts” inside as well).

It will be impossible for investigators to conceal weapons on their persons, unless they are of an “occult” nature (enchanted knives, etc.), in which they can display them in plain sight. If Celine makes her **Cthulhu Mythos** roll, she’ll know what the artifact is, and will encourage the investigator to attend the ceremony, from when she will try to take the object from them. Weapons will be removed by the house staff, and returned when they leave. If they do not comply, they will not be admitted inside.

Sir Thomas doesn’t hide his occult ties; if anyone asks, he admits he is going to engage in a spiritual endeavor, as part of a group related to the “Order” he calls it. He says “Ihme is like a lighthouse of spiritual knowledge for the lost ships of souls adrift in this inhospitable cosmos.” He likes to brag about his leadership and contacts in the occult world, and will encourage the rich, powerful, curious and beautiful into joining.

Neither he nor any of the guests know anything about the Telly baby, nor have they met Meg, nor, moreover, do any besides Thomas and Celine know any of the other guests’ real names or faces (although it’s fairly apparent which of the members are politicians or wealthy businessmen). All the guests very readily and eagerly talk about a New Age of freedom and liberation from the shackles of ignorance, rulers, royalty, government, masculinity, science, technology, capitalism, and/or anything else keepers can come up with.

Celine will immediately notice the investigators and approach them (especially if Ken warned her about them). She wears a long black dress, very low cut to reveal her unfashionably ample bosom. She will ask who they know here at the party. If they mention any name at all, she’ll say that no one knows anyone’s name. Not



Mythos IT Girl: Celine

their true names, at least. She’ll ask who they are looking for, if they are police, and other very direct questions. She is not afraid of the investigators. Mention that she is trying to read them as much as they are reading her. If the investigators come on to her, she’ll laugh and wink and give them a cold shoulder, at least for now. She will invite them to the ceremony later that night, but she won’t divulge any details about it. If the players balk, have Celine flirt with them, insult their courage, or anything it takes to make sure they’re in attendance for the big festival. If they manage to make it to the ceremony, she will do everything in her power to make sure they are “pacified” with every tool available to her: drugs, sex, magic, in that order.

Ken can easily be spotted—he’s the big guy hitting on every attractive woman in the room, including any female PCs. Celine can rein him in if he gets out of line. Ken is too enraptured to recognize any of the investigators here, as long as they leave their masks on. If investigators take their masks off to Ken, and he has seen them before, or if they confront him about his wife or child, or the sin he is committing, he will immediately go to Celine for guidance. If backed into a corner, he’ll fight his way out with his fists. He will leave the party if there are no other options.

Celine and Thomas would much rather let the house staff or the police handle intruders. After all, isn’t that what they’re paid for? And aren’t the investigators the ones trespassing?

Skulking and Lurking

Investigators can easily sneak onto the estate, simply by making a **Climb** roll to get over the eight-foot property wall. However, Thomas owns four guard dogs that are trained to attack intruders. They are kenneled next to the stables, and will bark and threaten any investigators approaching their beds. They are chained on meeting nights, however, and not likely to injure the characters (unless they’re stupid), although their constant barking will draw out a number of house staff to investigate the matter, eager to call the police or scare off the intruders with a few warning shots from a hunting rifle. Use normal dog stats from the *Call of Cthulhu* 6th edition rulebook, page 204.

If the investigators can get a good vantage point to watch the proceedings, away from prying canine or servant eyes, they can witness a few hours of droll social exchanges before the other guests leave the house. The Ihme members and any chosen ones retire to the basement, out of view.

Force

If the players force their way in before the ceremony, they are in danger of being arrested or at least shot at by the house staff, who will immediately call police before arming themselves, and they are not poor marksmen. Until Ihme leaves for the ceremony, the only thing illegal occurring is the consumption of alcohol, and most of the guests have paid their doctors off for a prescription.

Players won’t be able to see much unless they get inside, which is possible with a few **Climb** rolls, and a few more **Hide** and **Sneak** rolls. Keepers can threaten the players with house staff or the dogs, but let them remain hidden until the ceremony starts, and the Ihme members retire to the basement, in which case, the players will need to follow if they are to see anything.

The Estate Grounds

The Thomas mansion is a provincial manor previously owned by a family of physicians and local statesmen that can trace their lineage back to America's independence. The manor was purchased by Thomas just before the turn of the century, when he came over from England and started Ihme. Thomas modernized the mansion, providing for electricity and adding an enclosed wine cellar (built soon after Prohibition started, and to further protect the entrance to the chapel, which was also built by Thomas).



The Thomas mansion

The simplest way to reach the mansion is driving up a long driveway, which curls about ancient trees thick with untended vegetation. Vehicles can only reach the house from the driveway.

Investigators could easily walk from the main road to the mansion, but it takes about 30 minutes in darkness.

In the front of the house is a fountain statue of Apollo. There is no water running; the fountain contains only dead leaves at the bottom.

To the left of the fountain is the garage, which, if this is a ceremony night, is filled with cars, some spilling out into the driveway. Inside the garage are numerous auto-repair tools and spare cans of gasoline.

Behind the main house are the servant's quarters. The manor is kept up by a family of five, the Wilsons, who have been servants here since before Thomas, and remain devoutly loyal, even to the point of protecting and lying about his outré practices.

Behind and separate from the garage, the stables contain three horses: a mare, a gelding, and a stallion. They are well kept but skittish. Investigators passing near them will cause them to get excited, and possibly the stallion will bolt and cause a ruckus (roll **Ride** or similar skill to pacify and control the horses). The riding area is fenced off, but a pathway leads out to some trails that continue for miles in the untamed wilds around Boston. A shed next to the stables contains tack and harness, as well as additional tools for the upkeep of the estate.

A small greenhouse connects to the house by a gravel path and also to a picturesque garden that contains a statue of Venus in a very seductive pose (with smooth marble fingers dallying near her groin). There are some rare flowers in the greenhouse and garden, which

is extremely florid. A **Biology** roll and ten minutes of examination of the flora will determine that Thomas is trying (unsuccessfully) to grow opium poppies. There are no flowers that are "unknown to man." Some are all too well known.

A kennel for Thomas's beloved dogs are near here as well (see "Skulking and Lurking" section, above).

The Manor

The mansion is a beautifully restored and well-kept three story Tudor, with tall, arched windows. Two circular turret towers are on the front corners of the mansion, which faces east. A **Spot Hidden** roll observing the house for five minutes will note that there is a small star-shaped window on the northern tower.

The third story of the house is an attic that only covers the northern half of the building. Except on extremely warm summer nights, smoke puffs from at least one of the two chimneys. There are three entrances into the house: the ornate front doors (with the Green Man as the knockers), the back door to the kitchen, or up the outer stairs to the balcony deck and then into the first floor of the house (the ballroom).

There are large menacing gargoyles on the exterior corners of the walls.

First Floor

The first floor is a model of decorum and European finery.

The foyer opens into a large area with a checkered floor. A sweeping ornate staircase leads to the upper floor. One of the towers on the left opens into a coatroom. A door on the right leads into the Study and Library. An open hallway leads under the stairs to the other rooms of the house.

Study/Library

The only entrance here is the door from the foyer. A fireplace on one wall provides welcome warmth when delving into arcane tomes on cold winter evenings. A window opens up on the east side. The tower here is open and circled through with books, stacks upon stacks. A ladder that rotates around the room allows readers to reach the upper shelves. There are comfortable chairs and a desk with writing utensils. The books are of all varieties: science, astronomy, natural history, religion, history, biography, fiction, occult, etc. Investigators probably will waste a lot of time in this room. Let them.

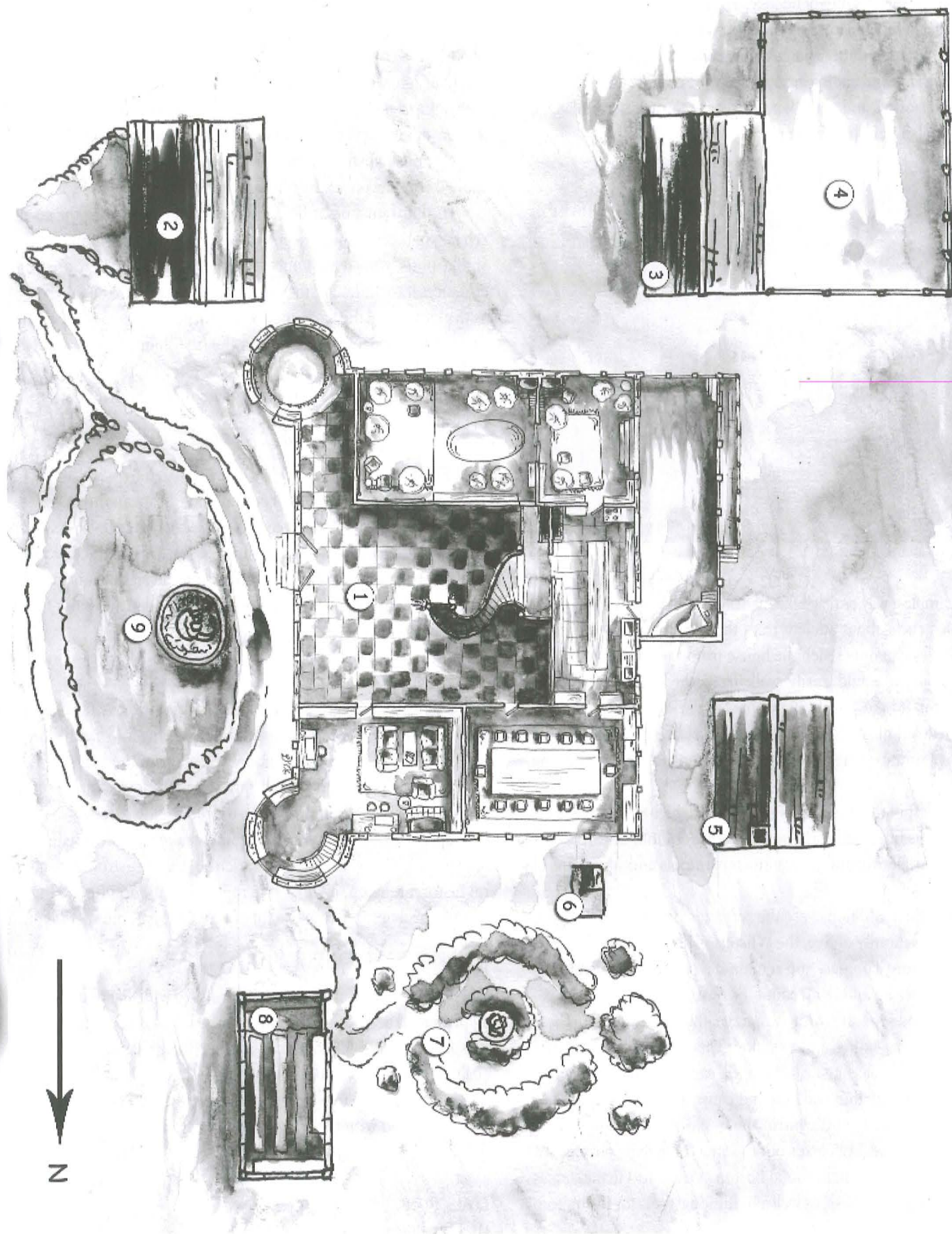
Parlor

The parlor is also an art gallery. It is furnished with divans and chairs, all presented before the paintings. Thomas has good taste in art; he is especially interested in the classical and Renaissance period, especially art that features naked people in classical mythological settings. The best pieces are two by Titian and one by Rubens. A small fireplace is shared with the living room next to it. The two rooms are divided by sliding doors.

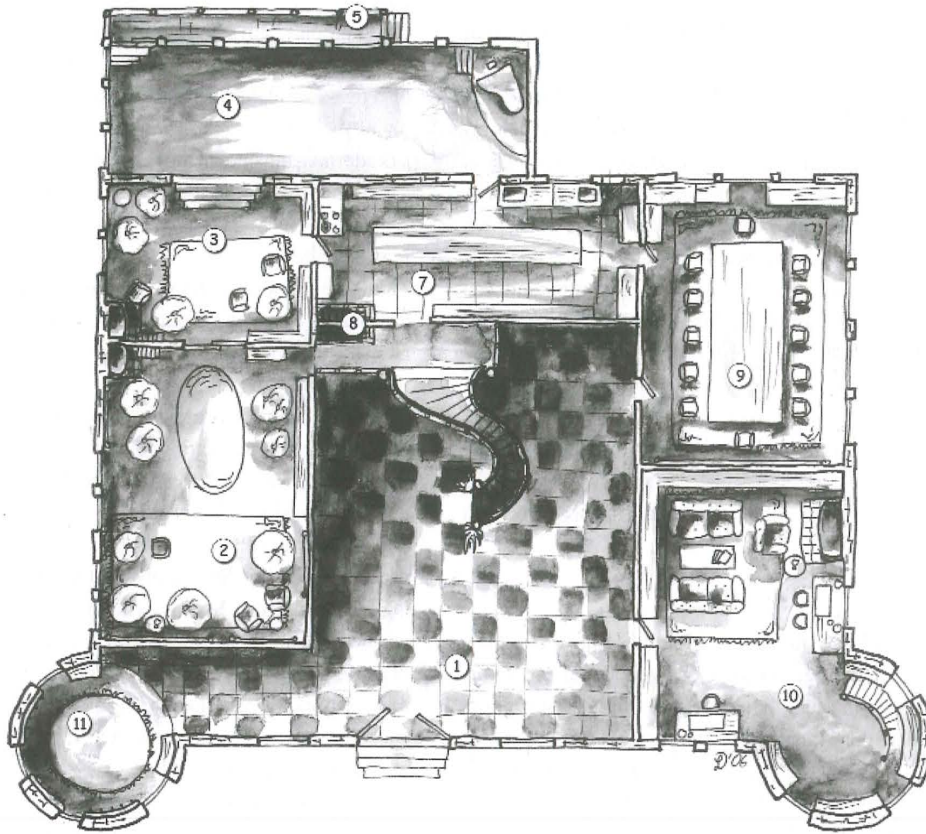
Living Room

Here is where much socializing takes place. More divans, chairs, and the fireplace are ready to contain large groups of people. Some raised steps lead up to the ballroom, which is an extension on the main house. A door leads to the kitchen.

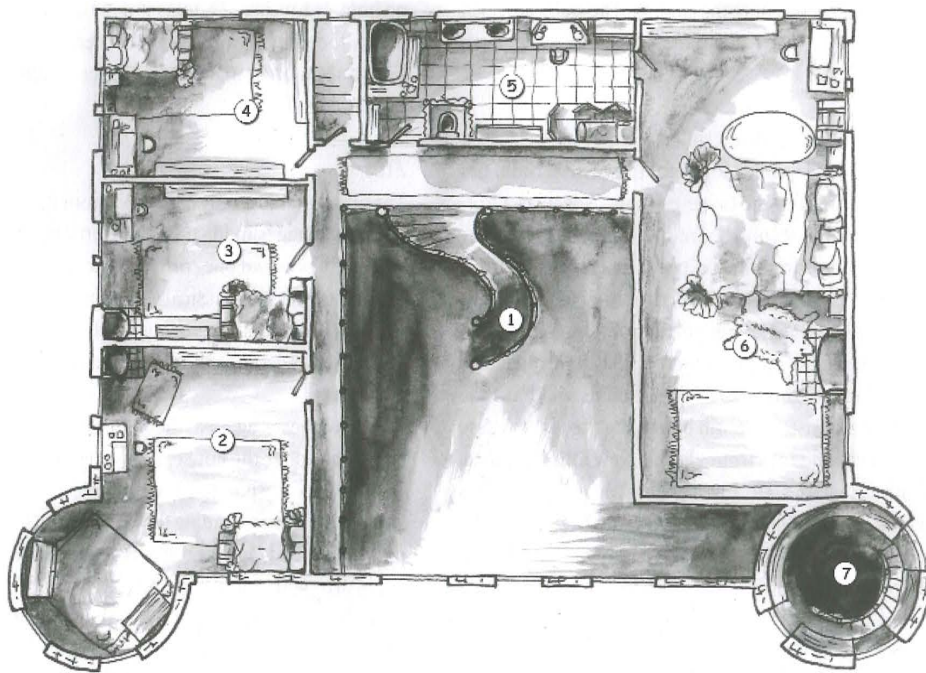
Thomas Mansion and surroundings



Thomas mansion
Ground floor



Thomas mansion
First floor



Ballroom

This room is raised a few feet above the ground floor, and the high ceiling goes up to the second floor. The ballroom has a delicate crystal candle chandelier (one of the few lights using flame in the house), which can be raised or lowered by a rope tied to the wall. It shimmers as party guests dance below. The walls here are mostly glass, and afford a magnificent view of Boston to the south, where the city's glow can be enjoyed on clear nights. Through two ornate French doors, partygoers can rest on the exterior deck to sip their cocktails and enjoy the summer air. A small stage with a grand piano also supports any musicians Thomas has hired for the party. Stairs off the balcony deck lead to the outside grounds.

Dining Room

A class act, with a preparation area for servants to set the food and have it ready to bring to the large oak table, which can seat 12 people, if necessary. The far wall has another large painting of a Dionysian feast.

Kitchen

This is furnished with the latest technology, including a gas stove, a refrigerator (full of toxic gasses used for cooling) and an ice box. A small counter near the door that leads to the dining room allows servants to prepare their trays before they bring hors d'oeuvres or drinks to the guests. A small table and chairs are here for the servants to use for their meals. Also, in the fully stocked pantry is another door that leads down some stairs to the basement.

A .30-06 bolt action rifle (loaded with five rounds) is kept on the top shelf of the pantry, often used for hunting. Extra rounds of ammunition are also here.

Second Floor

The stairs to the second floor are from the sweeping banner staircase. They curl up, past portraits of past Thomas's (all very stuffy, prim, and proper...with jewelry of occult and/or Masonic nature adorning their rings and necks), onto the landing. The stairs are open to the ground floor.

Guest Bedrooms

The three guest bedrooms are relatively similar: four poster bed, chest of drawers, wardrobe, small writing desk, etc. The eastern room has the added benefit of a closet in the tower portion, as well as a fireplace that is shared with the second bedroom (it is possible to hear or spy on the two bedrooms from the fireplace, albeit likely to leave traces of ash and difficult). The western bedroom does not have a fireplace, and the back wall is the top portion of the ballroom, so sounds from any concert still going on there will leak through into this room. On ceremony nights, two of these rooms will have the gear of some of Ihme's cultists, who will be staying the night. These are trunks with stickers and tags from various New England cities, plus the usual clothes, toiletries, etc. Investigators can note the names of the people who are in the cult for future reference (a few are local notables: one judge, two businessmen, a wanted criminal, and a senator's wife...but not her husband).

Bath

This is the only bath in the house, and has been refurbished to include all the amenities: hot running water, flushing toilet behind a screen on a one-step platform. There is also a chaise lounge, linen closet, divinity with mirror, etc. There are many oils and salts in vials and jars adorning the sides of the brass tub (which could easily hold two).

A door leads from the bath directly into the master bedroom.

Master bedroom

This is the *creme de la creme*. A monstrous four poster bed (enough for a harem), bear rug, painted mural on the far wall, and fireplace all make this room the envy of the lower class, especially many of the newcomers to Ihme.

A large oak desk contains much of the accounting information of the estate; an **Accounting** roll determines that Thomas is doing well. There is also a chest of more books, most of which are travel books and business or law guides.

A large rug dominates the room, which has a black field filled with stars, with thin lines of silver thread sewn in the shape of astrological and magical symbols, symbolizing man trying to impose his will over the universe. Staring at it, it almost seems as if man could begin to understand the mysteries of the cosmos, that it might all make sense. The carpet is fraying at one end. Just to freak out the characters, have them make a SAN roll (0/1 Sanity point loss) for staring at the rug too long.

The mural on the far wall shows the classic scene of Prometheus stealing the fire of the gods. It is archetypal enough to also be a representation of Moses coming down Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments. It's supposed to represent Thomas, but the brawny figure, a character out of a Byron or Shelley poem, is no Sir Walter Thomas.

There is no way into the eastern tower from here, for it is walled off (there are books on the other side; it is accessible from the first floor).

The bedroom seems too large for just one occupant. There are no homely touches. Thomas is a man of grand designs, but underneath, there is nothing. Some corners of the bed have never been slept on. On most nights, the non-ceremony nights, Thomas goes to bed alone.

Attic

The upstairs attic is only accessible from the second story door. Here, Thomas engages in his untenable artistic endeavors. An easel and oil paintings crowd one corner, most of which are of naked men and women in pseudo-classical Greek poses. A large statue of a naked Ulysses, bow in hand, crowds the floor. It is painted over by astrological and mystical symbols, thereby ruining much of its appearance.

Two chests against the wall contain extra linens and other expendables for the house. A writing desk opposite holds much of Thomas's correspondence with various occult figures in England and the Continent. Reading these documents (which takes 1D6 hours, and an **English language** roll to read) reveals that Thomas is an effete snob, arrogant, and perverted.

His letters are written to Mathers, Crowley, and other Golden Dawn personages, but their replies are few and far between, usually curt and uninformative (they dislike Thomas). The legitimate Golden

Dawn (now under different names, as the group had many factions and schisms during this time) is ignoring him, and Thomas is continuing to practice. Unfortunately, his lack of skill has only opened him up to far more dangerous, and powerful, magicians (such as Celine). Given a little more time, Thomas will become a puppet of the Outer Gods. Currently, he's only a foolish harlequin.

The latest letter (still unsent), written to one C. Wyndham Williamson II in London, indicates that Thomas is fearful of Celine, who seems to be running Ihme more than he prefers. He uses this fact to launch into a tirade about the "weaker sex". More importantly, Thomas mentions that this is the Birth of a New Age, and the Chosen One will soon make itself known. This is an unfounded guess as Thomas tries to predict the future, but investigators will hopefully make the connection to the baby.

On the other side of the attic is a hand-cranked movie projector and screen for watching the movies Thomas has filmed. A large table beside the projector contains basic editing and motion picture equipment (including the camera). The films are tucked behind the table in metal canisters. If someone makes a **Mechanical Repair** roll, they can watch the movies without breaking anything. The majority of the 12 or so films are of England, often with schoolboys running around and playing with pedigree dogs. One is a rather uninteresting "blue movie" (pornographic) that Thomas bought, showing two overweight women giving pleasure to a bearded man. Thomas also has a few Mack Sennet shorts (Keystone Cops).

The chimney comes up to this room, but there is no fireplace here.

In the northeastern corner is the top of the tower from the library. There is a locked door on the outside, which has a carving of a burning star on it (yes, it does somewhat look like an Elder Sign—which

it isn't, of course). The lock is sturdy, and has a STR 20 to break (or half-chance **Locksmith** roll to open). The key is hidden in a loose brick in the attic chimney (both **Luck** and **Spot Hidden** rolls to discover).

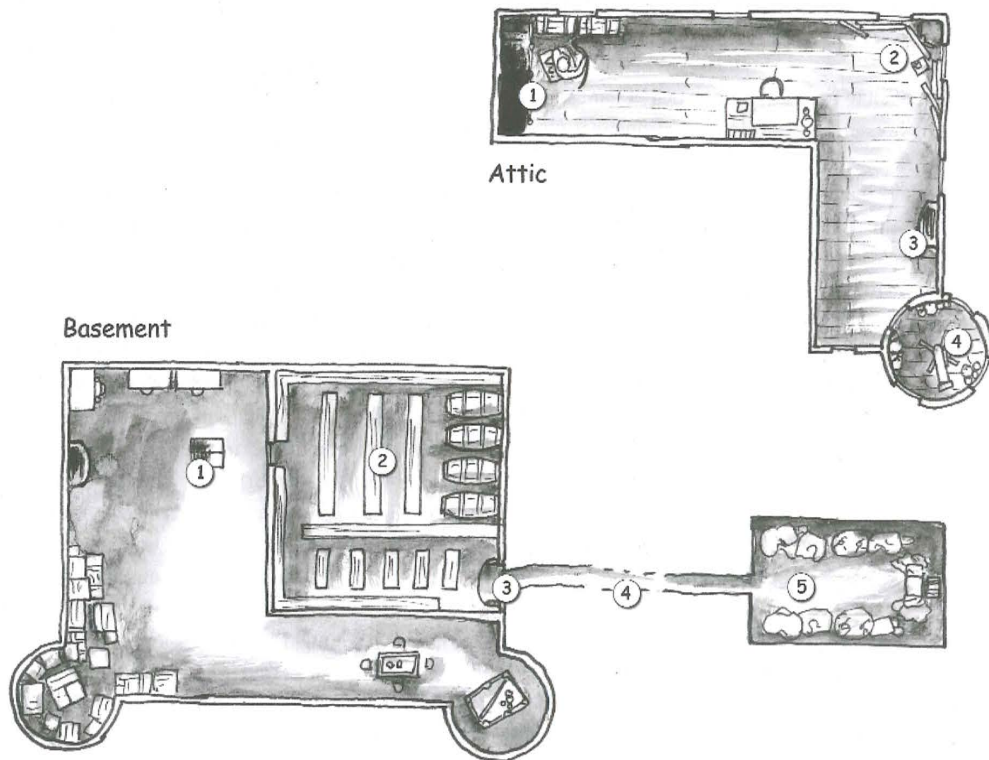
Inside the tower is Thomas's observatory (the small star window seen from outside). A telescope and many astrological charts are neatly rolled and stacked along the side. Wooden shutters open to the eastern sky, offering a magnificent view of the heavens over the Atlantic, opposite the glow of Boston. Also in here is a complete (and heavily annotated by Thomas) copy of *The Golden Bough*, probably the only tome(s) of any Mythos import (1D4/1D6 SAN, +4% Cthulhu Mythos, 25 weeks of study, Spells: Voorish Sign, Journey to the Other Side, Dream Vision). The series (for it is 12 volumes) are in a locked glass case (STR 10 lock to break, open with a successful **Locksmith** roll).

Basement

The basement is accessible via three ways: one staircase starts at the bottom of the grand sweeping stairs, the other is a more mundane set that comes from the pantry in the kitchen. Finally, for intrepid investigators not averse to dirty work, those of SIZ 10 or smaller can attempt (with a successful **Climb** roll) to get in through the coal chute, which is open to the outside.

The main area of the basement is a combination of storage and games room. In the far corner are packed numerous crates and boxes, which are dusty and covered in cobwebs. These are full of various knick-knacks such as stolen artifacts (they have a monetary value for collectors, but nothing of the Mythos), books (of all types, from animal and plant classification to books by the Marquis de Sade, which are reprints of the originals in the library), etc. Two chests

Thomas mansion



contain clothing, one for men and one for women. These chests also have some very risqué items, such as chastity belts, clamps, leather items, lacy bras, etc. Extra tables and chairs are also stacked here.

The gaming area of the basement includes a card table, billiards table, and dart board, all of the finest quality and well used. During ceremony nights, this area is busy. After the casual party is over, though, the basement will be vacated to allow the Ihme members to enter their chapel undisturbed.

A furnace in the back wall heats the majority of the house, including the water. Two larger refrigerators contain enough provisions to keep the party going for almost a week. They are big enough to hide a body in.

If investigators ask to look, or make a successful *Idea* roll, they notice that two walls of the basement (which is only about $\frac{3}{4}$ the length of the house) are new additions. On one side of the wall is a sliding wood panel, a secret door, which should be obvious to anyone looking and making a **Spot Hidden** roll. The panel slides open to reveal Thomas's pride and joy, his wine cellar. Rows upon rows of fine wines are here, worth a small fortune. Some of the bottles have been decanted, and now contain opiates and other drugs. Investigators taking a bottle need to make a POW×3 roll to avoid picking one of the drugged bottles.

The Chapel

In two areas of the basement are the brick bases of the chimneys. The base in the wine cellar, however, has been dug out and opens into a tunnel. This passageway is tight and small, so investigators must duck to get in. Normally, this entrance is bricked up, but on ceremony nights, the bricks are removed and stacked neatly to the side. The chimney, although still working, is not as structurally sound as it once was.

The tunnel follows a long dark hallway (no lights), which smells of musky earth and stone. It opens into a chapel area roughly 20 feet wide, which is barely lit by multiple candle holders bolted to the stone walls.

This area is not open to fresh air, so the smell of semen, urine, smoke, incense, alcohol, and even blood grow stronger as players approach.

A small altar of gilded marble is at the front of the chapel. Resting on it are the requisite cloths, candles, burning braziers, etc. On the sides of the chapel are large blankets and Persian pillows. A small oak chest, banded with iron, sits behind the altar. This contains the ceremony paraphernalia: daggers, robes, incense, salts, scriptures, chemicals, etc. A number of other drugs and oils are in here, too. Again, nothing has any Mythos value. The most important document here, perhaps, is the charter for the Ihme group from the original Morning Star order, signed by MacGregor Mathers.

If investigators are allowed to join the ceremony (Celine would like them to), they will be expected to participate (if they can stomach it). The chapel is too small to remain unnoticed, however, prudish investigators can wait behind the cultists in the tunnel and make a series of **Listen** rolls to figure out what is going on.

Ihme members, of which there are roughly 12, begin by humming a simple tune, and walking single file into the chapel, led by Thomas. The new invites, followed by Celine, come next.

Once inside, the remaining candles are lit, including two on the altar. Members, still humming, suddenly cease. Thomas begins the ceremony by closing off the circle by urinating in a circle around the members. He cuts himself with a dagger and lets a few drops of blood fall into the brazier, adds some phosphorus for effect, says some words from a book that he claims is in Enochian (it's not), and then allows any others to approach and throw something into the brazier. This is usually clothing of some kind, but may be a lock of hair, a wax figure, etc.

More drugs are passed about (hashish, usually) and bourbon to wash it down. The entire group joins in a chant, which rises higher and higher, until the members, enraptured, begin stripping off their clothes. Thomas dramatically adds more phosphorus to the brazier, and attempts to channel a spirit of the other world. He rolls his eyes back in his head, as the group begins to lower themselves and roll around on the floor, naked. Thus in communion with the other side, Thomas slips into the foray of flesh, and the orgy begins.

This lasts for about an hour, with bodies falling over and over one another. Some pair off into the chapel corners, other times they form a long chain of sexually attached bodies. Remind players that Ken is here, and he's very active, trying to conjoin with every female in the room (including our intrepid investigators).

At the end, spent and drugged, people fall asleep on the pillows, arms and legs entwined. Investigators who make a POW×3 roll can avoid exhaustion and the stuffy, cloying press of flesh and smells and remain awake (though if they take any drugs or alcohol, reduce the roll to POW×1).

Celine never falls asleep. When the group is thus incapacitated, she will prick the flesh of some specially chosen member(s), and sacrificially burn their blood on the last embers of the brazier. If she is ready, she will cast Contact Nyarlathotep, who will appear as a tall muscular black man in the smoke, roiling and twisting (Sanity point loss for witnessing: 1D4/1D6).

Stopping Celine

If the investigators do nothing, Celine will contact Nyarlathotep, obtain some unholy knowledge (which could involve the Great Old One pointing at his next chosen victim), and then snuggle down to sleep in the pillows. A few hours later, some people will awaken, vomit, and stagger out. Ken is one of these. He will return home just a few hours before he has to get up to go to work.

If the investigators attempt to stop Celine before she completes her spell, she will use her magic to defend herself, using the spell Mental Suggestion (6e rulebook, page 239) to turn the investigators against one another or killing the innocents in the room.

Gunfire will awaken the other cultists, who will scream and shriek in horror, backed up against the wall in terror. Everyone else in the cult, including Thomas, is oblivious as far as Mythos activity goes, and will have no idea what Celine is doing. The appearance of a true god in his human form will warrant SAN loss from most of the members, some of who will prostrate themselves before him, others will run naked and screaming into the night.

If there is combat, anyone who dies in the crossfire of the investigators should (at the Keeper's discretion) warrant a SAN loss.

If the investigators attack Nyarlathotep, he will immediately change into one of his “terrible forms” (drawn from the Keeper’s imagination), probably killing or driving everybody insane in the room.

If they can manage to disentangle themselves and contact the authorities (with proper identification and evidence), the paddywagon will show up to round up the lot (probably after the party’s over). Celine will be released after only a few hours in jail, during which she will glower at the investigators (if they are there). The other party guests (like Ken) will be released on bail (there goes the money for Meg’s hospital stay) and charged with creating a nuisance (or perhaps some sexual promiscuity or homosexual charges leveled against them).

After searching the house, the cops confiscate the drugs and alcohol, and bust Thomas, who posts bail (a hefty bail) and is watched and warned from future revelries. This will cause a temporary setback to the cult, but won’t stop them from practicing, but it WILL drive Celine off to better pastures...this is too close to endangering the true cult.

Ken will angrily return to the arms of his wife. He will find out from her if the investigators talked to her, and, if they did, he will put two and two together, figure out that they are after him, and will try to hurt them the next time he sees them (probably just running out and punching one of them—Ken’s not a killer).

Proof to Dr. Pendleton

Obviously, mentioning or proving that Ken is in a cult will only confirm Pendleton’s suspicions, and the baby will be killed. Investigators have to somehow keep Ken’s involvement in the cult away from Pendleton, at least until the baby is safely delivered. A simple way is to lie to Pendleton, saying that Ken is innocent (don’t forget, Dr. Pendleton can use **Psychology** rolls against players to determine if they are lying or not). Investigators can also threaten (possibly with Mythos knowledge) Ken so he stays away from the cult.

The Delivery

The delivery occurs at the most dramatic moment in the scenario. The best time would be just before or after a raid on the main cult. But it could be at any time.

Meg will call Dr. Pendleton to let him know the contractions have started. He will bring her into the hospital. If he does not have sufficient information from the investigators, he will make a desperate attempt to contact them. Hopefully, they left contact information with him. If he can’t get in touch with them by the time the baby is delivered (1D20 hours later), he will abort it. Meg will leave notes at home for Ken. If the investigators come to the Telly home while she is in labor, one of the neighbors will tell them where she is (she mistakes the investigators for Ken or friends or family).

During the delivery, Dr. Pendleton puts Meg under the Twilight Sleep (see sidebar). She has a nasty reaction to the drug, and begins lashing out and screaming as her womb is torn asunder. Pendleton will use her adverse reaction as a reason to kill the baby with a cranioclast. He crushes its head as the baby squirms and flops against him, screaming louder than her mother before lying limp. The remains will be packaged up in a bag, and taken to the hospital incinerator.

After labor, Meg is given a large dose of morphine and falls into a fitful, troubling sleep. When she wakes, 1D10 hours later, she won’t remember what happened for a few minutes. If Ken is in jail, dead, or fleeing for his life, Meg must rely on the cold comfort of strangers.

Investigators watching the delivery and subsequent killing lose 1D3/1D6 Sanity points.

If the investigators manage to stop Pendleton from killing the baby, either through proof or force, and Ken is not jailed, he will be here for the delivery. Investigators need to make a **Fast Talk** roll to get into the delivery room while Meg is in labor, simply by claiming to be a doctor or medical student, etc. Hopefully they are dressed for the part.

If the baby is born, Ken will wait outside as the nurses take the baby for washing and Meg sleeps for a few hours. Ken will be there when she wakes up. She won’t remember that she had the baby. Ken tells her.

Investigators gain 1D10 Sanity points if they save the baby.

There is an additional 1D6 Sanity point bonus if they manage to convince Ken to quit his evil ways and stay with his wife.

The baby is a boy.

If the investigators report Pendleton, he will be investigated by the Medical Board (make a **Credit Rating** or **Persuade** roll to convince the authorities, or, if the baby dies, simply report the incident and the charges). A psychological evaluation will deem him unfit for practice, and his license removed. Still, that won’t stop him, and he will become a back-alley doctor, delivering babies for low prices, often killing them and/or their mothers in the process.

The reach of evil is not always as obvious as a horde of hunting horrors flying above the city.

Stats And Sidbars

DR. JOSEPH PENDLETON, age 45

Disturbed Physician

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 10	INT 16	POW 12
DEX 16	APP 14	EDU 20	SAN 25	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: .38 revolver 20%, damage 1D10

Languages: Latin 30%

Skills: Anthropology 30%, Biology 50%, Credit Rating 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 12%, First Aid 70%, Mechanical Repair (X-Ray machine) 20%, Medicine 75%, Occult 50%, Pharmacy 40%, Psychoanalysis 20%, Psychology 55%

Notes: Pendleton carries a loaded .38 revolver with him at all times, but he doesn't know how to use it any more than anyone else (base chance)



KEN TELLY, age 20

Wayward Husband

STR 17	CON 15	SIZ 16	INT 10	POW 12
DEX 12	APP 15	EDU 10	SAN 50	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Boxing (treated as Martial Arts) 55%, damage 2D3+db

Skills: Chase Women 70%, Repair Cars 45%



CELINE

Nyarlathotep Cult Minx

STR 9	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 18	POW 20
DEX 16	APP 17	EDU 16	SAN 0	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Sacrificial Knife 65%, damage 1D4+1+db. Wounds from knife take an additional 1D3 days to heal (**First Aid** will only heal half the rolled amount from each knife wound, rounding down to zero)

Skills: Astrology 45%, Astronomy 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Dreaming 40%, Dream Lore 65%, Handgun 50%, Fast Talk 75%, Knife 65%, Massage 50%, Occult 80%, Persuade 65%

Spells: Contact Nyarlathotep, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Mindblast, Mental Suggestion, Mesmerize (as per 6e rulebook)



MR. TELLY, age 57

Gruff father of Ken

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 13	SAN 60	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Boxing (treated as Martial Arts) 65%, damage 2D3+db

Skills: Mechanical Repair 70%, Sales 45%, Sarcasm 65%



SIR WALTER THOMAS, age 50-ish

Not really knighted, but he says so

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 14	POW 16
DEX 12	APP 14	EDU 18	SAN 70	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: None

Skills: Art (Painting) 30%, Astrology 40%, Astronomy 45%, Credit Rating 80%, History 55%, Occult 50%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 45%, Psychology 40%



MARGARET "MEG" TELLY, age 18

Mother-To-Be

STR 9	CON 11	SIZ 11*	INT 8	POW 9
DEX 14	APP 14	EDU 11	SAN 45	HP 11

* SIZ 10 normally

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: None

Skills: Bargain 50%, Cooking 45%, Sewing 25%, Trivia (Movies) 45%



The Wilson Family (Ihme house staff)

OWEN WILSON, age 53

A Man to Rely On

STR 13	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 12
DEX 16	APP 11	EDU 13	SAN 60	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .30-06 bolt-action rifle from the pantry 60%, damage 2D6+4

Skills: Electrical Repair 40%, History 40%, Listen 35%, Locksmith 50%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Navigate 30%, Rifle 60%, Ride 40%, Spot Hidden 40%



DAVID WILSON, age 26

Stable Hand

STR 16	CON 17	SIZ 16	INT 9	POW 12
DEX 9	APP 13	EDU 11	SAN 60	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db

.30-06 bolt-action rifle from the pantry 30%, damage 2D6+4

Skills: Fist 55%, Jump 45%, Operate Heavy Machinery 40%, Ride 40%, Rifle 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Swim 50%, Throw 50%, Track 35%



WINIFRED WILSON, age 47

Mother and Cook

STR 11	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 10	POW 13
DEX 15	APP 12	EDU 8	SAN 65	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Cooking knife 25%, damage 1D4+db

Skills: Art (Sing) 60%, Craft (Cooking) 65%, Craft (Sewing) 60%, First Aid 45%, Listen 70%, Psychology 50%, Ride 25%, Spot Hidden 45%



MARTHA WILSON, age 21

Maid and Occasional Master's Fancy

STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 9	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 17	APP 13	EDU 10	SAN 50	HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Piercing Scream 50%, damage special. All within 20 feet are stunned and cannot act for one round.

Skills: Conceal 50%, Craft (Cooking) 55%, Craft (Sewing) 35%, Hide 60%, Listen 65%, Ride 70%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 40%



MARCUS WILSON, age 30

The Master's Driver

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 15	INT 12	POW 14
DEX 14	APP 14	EDU 12	SAN 70	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +0

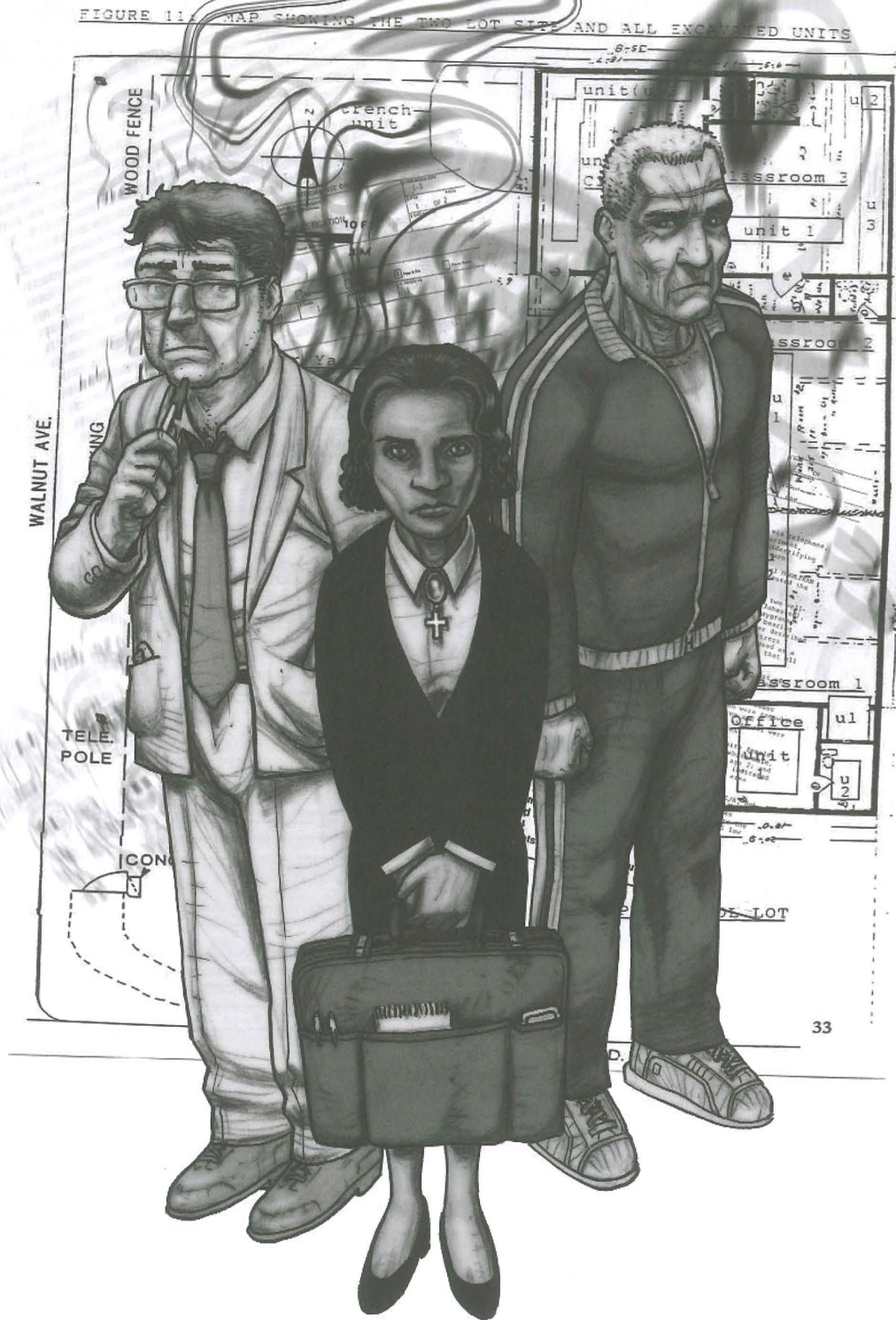
Weapons: .30-06 bolt-action rifle from the pantry 55%, damage 2D6+4

Skills: Drive Auto 55%, Listen 50%, Ride 60%, Rifle 55%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 45%



G Cthulhu Now and Delta Green The Germaine Institute

By Christopher Smith Adair



Mankind is fighting a war, and it is losing. The victims and the casualties are everywhere. The most tragic victims are the youngest, most helpless members of a society on the brink. These innocents are being sacrificed, while the average person and the authorities turn their backs. They won't hear the screams until it is too late.

One small, dedicated group stands against the growing darkness, placing themselves between Hell and the children it hungers for. It is a lonely mission, and the enemy is everywhere. The serpent is coiled in the hearts of men, and only the white-hot light of truth will burn them out.

Dr. Maria Alvarez

Dr. Alvarez worked primarily with troubled youth in her psychotherapy practice. In 1976, she attended a symposium at the University of Notre Dame held by the Christian Medical Association, entitled "A Theological, Psychological, Medical Symposium on the Phenomena Labeled as Demonic". She came to the symposium to network and quench her curiosity. A variety of topics related to the subject were covered during its course, one of which was "demonic possession", and ways in which the medical and psychological community could deal with it. Dr. Alvarez left the conference intrigued, but soon shelved the information in a corner of her mind. It wasn't until 1982 and Susan Short that Dr. Alvarez had cause to recall what she had learned.

SUSAN

Susan Short was serving her probation in a halfway house in East LA. The 15-year-old girl had a history of drug abuse and prostitution, and was beginning a career in pornography when the police picked her up. Dr. Alvarez met the troubled girl while volunteering at the halfway house. Susan Short was sullen and withdrawn, though prone to fits of rage when she felt slighted. Dr. Alvarez began one-on-one sessions with her in the hopes of getting to the root of her problems. After several intense sessions, Alvarez and Short established a rapport, with the young girl slowly feeling more comfortable and trusting. But her problems persisted, and Dr. Alvarez was no closer to finding out the reasons why.

Susan Short came from a broken home, with her father, Jeremy Short, leaving for St. Louis, Missouri when she was five. Her mother, Delia Holmes, was hardworking, doing what she could to take care of Susan and her younger brother, Todd. Susan never actually ran away from home, but spent most of her time on the streets, sometimes staying out for days. She was distant from her mother and estranged from her father.

At this point, Dr. Alvarez suspected that Susan might be suffering from a form of dissociation. She broached the subject of hypnosis with Susan. After some gentle prodding, Susan assented. Under hypnosis, Susan reverted to childhood, and revealed the harrowing abuse she suffered at the hands of her father. Susan's child self told

how her father not only molested her, but forced her to take part in rituals in the basement and subjected her to systematic torture, obviously designed to crush her spirit. The climax of Susan's recollection came with a description of her father's sweating and heaving bulk pressed against her naked body, and the gaping red mouths that opened in the palms of his hands that nibbled and chewed her flesh. With that, Susan Short woke from her trance, shaking and shuddering.

Dr. Alvarez instinctively moved to comfort the girl, but Susan shrieked when Maria touched her, and drew blood with a swipe of her nails across the psychologist's face. Dr. Alvarez jumped back, putting a hand to her wet cheek. Susan curled into a tight ball, sobbing and whispering to herself. Dr. Alvarez came forward again, putting her arms around the young girl and softly rocking her until the crying stopped.

Susan Short now clearly remembered the abuse she suffered as a child. She showed Dr. Alvarez the marks on her stomach, breasts and thighs. Several spots on her skin were marred with red, almond shaped discolorations. Susan had always thought the mouth-sized spots were birthmarks, but now she knew otherwise. After the revelation of her childhood trauma, Susan felt despair and relief at the same time. Her recovered memories placed the events of her life into a new context, and helped explain the formless fears and nightmares that had always plagued her.

Maria Alvarez was left to ponder the ramifications of what she had learned. As horrible and impossible as the girl's story was, Maria believed it. She was convinced that the hypnotic trance had been genuine, and that Susan Short had told the truth, dredging up suppressed memories. The child's psychological defenses had blocked out her father's abuse, allowing Susan to continue to function, rather than collapse entirely. Of course, the effects of the abuse still lingered, and without years of therapy, Susan Short would always be emotionally and psychologically crippled. For the first time, Maria Alvarez had seen direct evidence of spiritual evil.

Dr. Alvarez continued to work with Susan, occasionally using hypnotherapy, which revealed more details of her abuse. Her mother was absent from the horrible scenes, but Susan was convinced of the woman's complicity, blaming her mother for not doing anything to stop the terror. Dr. Alvarez recommended bringing her mother into a session to explore these feelings, but Susan adamantly refused. In the meantime, Dr. Alvarez began researching the occult and networking with other doctors, law enforcement, and religious experts. At this time in the mid-1980s, cult activity and what was becoming known as SRA (Satanic Ritual Abuse), was just beginning to become a concern. Law enforcement was still at a loss over what to do about it, with most agencies treating evidence of cult abuse the same as other charges of child abuse. A few officers in police departments across the country had begun to do their own research on the phenomena, but generally did so without official sanction. Some were becoming known as experts on cult crimes and wrote papers, gave seminars, and spoke with journalists and made television appearances. There was little communication between federal, state, and county agencies regarding the topic, and therefore no database or statistics to rely on or even let departments realize that a national phenomena was developing. But more and more cases were coming forward, in both the legal and the medical arena.

Dr. Alvarez learned what she could, and took advantage of support from other doctors and members of the Christian community. She became focused on her sessions with Susan, and continued her research in her off hours. Dr. Alvarez hoped to help Susan come to grips with her inner demons, since she felt helpless to do anything about the real demon that had tortured her. The police had taken her statements, but without any actual evidence to go on, were not moving forward with a case.

Then Susan disappeared. When she turned up missing for a bed check, the authorities were notified. Dr. Alvarez personally began visiting Susan's old hangouts and the streets where she worked as a prostitute, driving back and forth looking for the young girl. Two days after she went missing, police responded to a report of gunfire at the house of Susan Short's family. Police arrived to find the bodies of Delia Holmes and Susan Short. Susan had shot her mother in the chest, and then put the gun in her own mouth, taking her own life.

Ritual Abuse
Rises and Falls

Public interest in cult activity was growing, and came to full flower during the McMartin case. In August of 1983, Judy Johnson went to police, alleging that her son had been sexually abused at McMartin Preschool in the city of Manhattan Beach, southwest of Los Angeles. The police arrested Ray Buckey, but the DA declined to prosecute due to lack of evidence. Public attention was drawn to these events when the Chief of Police circulated a "confidential" letter to parents of current and former McMartin students. The letter informed parents that Buckey may have molested their children, and that parents should question their children and come forward with any information that came to light. The local media caught wind of this, and soon a public panic arose. Leading child welfare group, Children's Institute International, conducted interviews with hundreds of students, past and present. Interviews determined that 360 children had been abused, and medical tests diagnosed 120 children as having suffered molestation.

The Crusade Begins

Maria Alvarez was devastated by the news. She took a sabbatical from her work, spending most of her time in St. Bartholomew's chapel, praying for guidance and answers. When she returned to work, it was with a new mission. She would do everything in her power to help others like Susan and to stop their continued victimization. To this end she founded the Germaine Institute, which began its life made up of her and two others. Professor John Fowler, a statistics professor at CSU Long Beach, worked as a consultant, compiling data and figures, sifting through the literature on cults, ritual abuse, and demonic possession. Laura Brighting was hired as the office manager. Taking its name from the patron saint of the abused, the Germaine Institute was set up as a nonprofit-making organization, and subsisted off of donations and speaking fees. Dr. Alvarez continued to work as a therapist, putting the majority of her money into the Institute. They operated a small office space in Pasadena, with four desks, two computers, filing cabinets and office equipment squeezed into the one room.

The Institute provided information to law enforcement, religious groups, the media, and individuals. Alvarez provided counseling to victims of abuse and their families, and spoke before doctors, law enforcement, and congregations. She spoke of the dangers of "satanic" movies, music, video games and role-playing games. Violent and sexual media were dangerous, she counseled, seducing the young and impressionable, and building up inside the viewer until it found an outlet.



Soon, the panic spread to the outlying communities, and hundreds of teachers and daycare workers were implicated in a satanic conspiracy. The national media picked up on the events surrounding the hysteria, and soon the whole country was aware of the matter. Other communities in the US and Canada were gripped by similar outbreaks. Preliminary hearings began in 1984, and Dr. Alvarez attended as many of them as she could.

The trial proper began in 1986, charging Ray and his mother Peggy. All counts against other individuals had been dropped after the hearings. Shortly before the trial, Judy Johnson, who had continued in her allegations, was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, and died of alcohol related liver disease. News of her mental illness was kept secret. Again, Dr. Alvarez attended court sessions, spoke with the media as an expert, and followed the proceedings closely. Finally, an incident had occurred that would substantiate the activities of dark cults and the abuses they performed. The trial proved to be the longest in US history, finally ending in 1990. It was also the most expensive, costing the state upwards of \$13 million. In the end, no convictions were made.

In subsequent years, child psychologists have learned how susceptible children are to certain interview techniques, and how easily false memories can be implanted in their minds. The medical evidence brought to bear during the trial has also been shown to be useless. Interview techniques have changed drastically in the aftermath of the McMartin case, and since then, no other Multi-Victim Multi-Offender cases have arisen. The idea of recovered memories in both children and adults has fallen from favor, although there are still many adherents. Organizations such as the False Memory Syndrome Foundation have formed to counter repressed memory claims. By the early 1990s, interest in cults and satanic abuse had waned.

For the second time, Dr. Alvarez's beliefs came tumbling down. The promise that the McMartin case had held proved a devastating blow. Dr. Alvarez was unsure what to do. She considered closing the Institute's doors. She vacillated between a conviction that some sort of satanic abuse had occurred at McMartin, and the fear that both it and every other case was a sham, including Susan Short's. She watched as law enforcement, always unsure of ritual abuse, became even more leery of it. Recovered memories were unsubstantiated, and the statute of limitations had often run out on the cults "revealed" by the subject. Some cops still made cult activity their specialty, but they were few and far between. While corresponding with other believers, she began to suspect that there was indeed a conspiracy, possibly international in scope, and that much of law enforcement and government was either in the conspiracy's pocket, or actively participating in it.

In the meantime, the Germaine Institute remained open. Fowler looked upon his duties as a hobby, and so continued to collate data, designing spreadsheets, graphs, and charts to track incidents of cult activity and instances of recovered memory. Laura Brighting had left two years prior, and had never been truly replaced. More often than not, Dr. Alvarez took care of those duties.

In the spring of 1991, she received a call from an associate, and her life would change again.

Transcript of Billy Bradley's hypnotism session:

Alvarez: "Where are you?"

Bradley: "I'm in the jungle. I've gone out to catch some fresh air, smoke a cigarette. Can't sleep. I never sleep much anymore, not since 'Nam. I'm always ready, wound tight."

Alvarez: "Are you alone?"

Bradley: "Yes. I'm looking at the night sky; it's very clear out here. You can see all the stars. So many out there, not like in the city. Like when I was a boy, out in the fields at night, chasing fireflies. There's one star in particular that catches my eye. It's so bright; it puts the others to shame. Right above me, it seems. I watch it while I smoke, and listen to the insects and monkeys and what-not in the distance. I light up another smoke, still watching it twinkle. I'm almost done with the second cigarette when —"

Alvarez: "What happens, Billy? You're safe, you're just remembering. What happens then?"

Bradley: "It moved. It — It moved..."

Alvarez: "What moved, Billy?"

Bradley: "The star. It just took off, flew off into the distance. Where it was, I can see other stars. Not as bright. They must have been hidden by it. I don't get any sleep tonight."

[Later]

Bradley: "I don't want to go outside tonight, especially not alone. But I'm just lying in my cot, staring at the ceiling. Anytime I close my eyes, I see that star, winking. I'm listening to Johnny snoring away. Finally, I can't take it anymore. I step outside of the barracks, fumbling for my lighter. And then everything goes white. Everything goes white, and I'm floating. Up into the sky, like I weigh nothing. Nothing at all."

[Later]

Bradley: "They're all around me, staring down at me. I can't move, for some reason I can't move at all. In their long thin fingers they're holding tools, like medical instruments." Bradley begins to squirm, sweat beading on his forehead.

Alvarez: "Billy, you're safe here. This is just a memory."

Bradley: "Oh, my Jesus Christ, they're cutting me open! Their faces, the giant eyes, the tiny mouths, they don't smile, they don't frown. Their expressions don't change at all! I'm nothing to them, nothing at all. Then they use something to patch me up, and it's like I was never opened up at all. I look around, and I see the shadows."

Alvarez: "The shadows?"

Bradley: "Yeah, the shadows. Back in the corners, watching, waiting. I can almost see them. I —"

Alvarez: "What is it, Billy? What do you see?"

[Bradley suddenly brings himself out of his trance, sweating and shaking.]

Billy Bradley

Dr. James Turner called Dr. Alvarez to discuss a patient of his, Billy Bradley. Bradley was a Vietnam veteran, who had spent the last few years on the streets. Returning from the war, he had held several manual labor jobs, but never for very long. In the 1980s he traveled to Central and South America, hiring out as a “soldier of fortune”. In 1983, he found himself in Washington, DC, with no clear recollection of how he had ended up there. He made his way across the country, hitching rides and stowing away on trains. Arriving in LA with no money and no prospects, he quickly succumbed to alcoholism and continued to live on the streets. He was plagued by nightmares and formless fears, and often ran afoul of the law for vagrancy and disturbing the peace. Finally, during the summer of 1989, he was committed as a danger to himself and others after he assaulted a bicycle cop in Venice Beach. He was placed in the care of Metropolitan State Hospital, where he was diagnosed with an acute form of paranoid schizophrenia. Dr. Turner was acting as his therapist for one-on-one sessions. Bradley was responding reasonably well to medication, and his illness was considered to be primarily neurological in nature. Turner wanted to explore other possibilities, considering Bradley’s past in Vietnam. Even if his illness was largely due to physical and genetic factors, psychotherapy could prove valuable in making him a functional human being again. After a few sessions, Dr. Turner elected to try hypnotherapy. After his first attempt with Bradley, he called Dr. Alvarez.

Dr. Turner wanted another opinion, considering his own inexperience with hypnotherapy. He knew Alvarez from college, and knew her to be an accomplished hypnotherapist and member of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis. He was only vaguely aware of her work with the Germaine Institute. Dr. Alvarez agreed to sit in on the next session. During the first session, it was obvious that Bradley was not relaxed enough in Alvarez’s presence to allow for hypnotism. The following week, Dr. Alvarez put Billy Bradley into a trance for the first time. Turner stayed for the session, taking notes. Bradley responded to questions directly and intelligently, a dramatic change from the man who could barely string a coherent sentence together, even off of his medication. His voice was strong, self-confident. Alvarez soon brought him to the point in time that had caused Turner to call her in.

After Dr. Alvarez’s first hypnotherapy session with Billy, she and Dr. Turner discussed it over lunch. Dr. Turner found the whole thing unbelievable, but at the same time was amazed at the detail contained in Bradley’s “recollections”. His opinion was that it was all an elaborate fantasy produced by Bradley’s psychosis. The particulars of the fantasy were consistent, both from his own session with Bradley and from Dr. Alvarez’s. While talking with Turner, Alvarez agreed, but pushed for more sessions, to see what else could be uncovered. Any revelations may help in his ongoing therapy. Privately, Maria was curious to learn more. Although she had no personal belief in extraterrestrials, she found Bradley’s story convincing, in the same way she had Susan Short’s. Turner agreed to try more sessions.

Each time, the story remained consistent, with the occasional new detail being described, such as further descriptions of the interior of the ship he had been abducted by. Every time, Bradley

described shadows lurking behind the aliens, shadows that oversaw the operation. And every time, Bradley woke himself up before he could make out what the shadows were. Dr. Turner began to worry that the sessions were doing more harm than good. Dr. Alvarez continued to advocate further hypnotherapy. Dr. Turner relented, but reserved the right to stop the sessions at any time. In an attempt to both learn more about Bradley’s past and to appease Dr. Turner, Alvarez spent more time during the next sessions exploring other aspects of Bradley’s life, including his childhood and his experiences in Vietnam. One aspect of his personality that came forward was his conflicted relationship with figures of authority. He saw authority figures, such as his father, his military superiors, and the police, as both agents of punishment and as admirable, almost godlike beings, which he desperately wished to please and emulate. They were always watching his every move, and he was continually coming up short in their eyes.

As Alvarez explored these feelings, she led Bradley back to his alien abduction. This time, Bradley did not balk, and the shadows were revealed. They were men in lab coats, accompanied by a man in the uniform of a USAF officer. The doctors were taking notes on the proceedings while the tall, imposing figure of the Air Force officer looked on with obvious interest. At this point, Bradley realized that the aliens were actually actors in costumes. Bradley began screaming “You bastards!” over and over, until one of the “aliens” shoved a needle into his shoulder, and everything went black. The next thing he knew, he was on the streets of Washington, DC, confused and alone.

Dr. Turner was dumbfounded. He was even less prepared to believe in government experiments than he was of genuine alien abduction. Dr. Alvarez was as convinced by Bradley’s story as she had been from the beginning. She was unsure what to make of it all, but she felt Bradley was telling the truth. Turner and Alvarez spoke briefly after the session, both unsure of how to proceed. Maria went home, took a hot bath, and went to bed early.

That night, Billy Bradley palmed his medication. Hiding in a laundry cart, he surprised the orderly once they arrived at the laundry room. Knocking the orderly out, he switched clothes with him, and grabbed his identification and keycard.

The next evening, Dr. Alvarez came home and was beginning to prepare her dinner when someone grabbed her from behind, his hand covering her mouth. A husky voice whispered in her ear, “I’m not going to hurt you. Just stay calm and everything will be all right.” Dr. Alvarez complied, hoping to calmly talk the intruder out of whatever he had planned. She was quickly strapped to a chair in her kitchen and gagged with a strip of cloth. She finally saw her kidnapper, and it took a moment for her to realize that the clean-shaven man in front of her was Billy Bradley. Billy told her that he trusted her, and knew she was a good person. He apologized for the rough handling, but she must realize that he was an escapee, and he had to resort to desperate measures. When she agreed not to scream, or otherwise cause trouble, he let her go.

The authorities never found Billy Bradley. He disappeared, and they assumed he had drifted back to the streets, possibly in another town. Dr. Alvarez was questioned regarding his disappearance, but she claimed ignorance, and soon the cops moved on. But Bradley stayed with Alvarez, helped out in the office and read up on the literature. He became convinced that a government conspiracy was stag-



ing abductions, possibly in an attempt to perfect brainwashing techniques. While he did not initially believe in metaphysical evil, he was very familiar with the evil that humans carried. After reading some of the accounts, he began to see ritual abuse in the context of the conspiracy. The brainwashing techniques of the cults were similar to those of the CIA. Bradley delved into CIA conspiracy theories involving cults like the Jonestown Massacre. He suspected that a large number of paranoid schizophrenia cases were actually victims of MKULTRA style experiments, possibly in an effort to create mind-controlled assassins. He shared these theories with Alvarez, and she was open to them. While she believed in evil as a very real force, she had already concluded that some people in power were involved in the cult conspiracy. Alvarez found Bradley's passion attractive, having finally met someone who believed in the cause as strongly as she did. The next stage of the war was about to begin.

A New Crusade

The Germaine Institute still exists, and its public face still operates in much the same fashion. But there is a hidden component to its mission now. With Billy Bradley in her life, Maria Alvarez is no longer content to clean up the pieces of victims' lives after the fact. The new stage began with hunting down Jeremy Short in St. Louis. Short was easier to find than they expected as he had not concealed his tracks. Billy and Maria began surveillance of Short's home. One night, Short came home with a young woman, most likely a prostitute judging by her appearance. Billy waited until the lights went out in the front room and approached the house. He crawled in through a side window and made his way to the bedroom. At first, he thought there was a light on in there, but as he snuck up to the door, he realized that the pale, yellow glow was coming from Jeremy Short himself.

The Germaine Institute and Delta Green

Delta Green agents may cross paths with the Germaine Institute in the course of their investigations. If the Institute discovers the existence of the Skoptsi, they will immediately begin investigating the cult. This can also potentially involve GRU SV-8, with or without *Delta Green*. All three organizations may turn their eyes to the Skoptsi at the same time, and the results could be catastrophic if they can't tell friend from foe.

The Germaine Institute could potentially become aware of the Karotechia. Professor Fowler tracks the activity of hate groups in his work for the Institute, and it is possible that a group with ties to the Boys from Brazil will come to their attention, especially if involved with the occult.

And of course, Majestic-12 and OUTLOOK can be thrown into the mix at any time, considering Bradley's past. The Institute certainly doesn't have the resources to go after them on its own. This could create a marriage of convenience between the Institute and *Delta Green* in their efforts to take out a greater enemy.

While it takes more work to involve PISCES, there are possibilities there as well. The Institute has the possibility of investigating events in the British Isles. The Institute has no particular jurisdiction, and cult activity and government conspiracy anywhere is their business. The Shans' "possession" of hosts would certainly be of interest, and Billy Bradley would find common ground with the Army of the Third Eye. It is even possible that a new branch of the Germaine Institute could open in Great Britain, as the cult scare took root there as well in the last few decades.

If the Institute realizes they are dealing with government agents, their distrust will color all dealings. Finding out that *Delta Green* is a conspiracy within the intelligence community will not initially improve relations. The government is the enemy until proven otherwise, and Billy Bradley doesn't convince easily. *Delta Green* is likely to treat the Institute as yahoos (with good reason) and may not bother trying to improve relations. They may, however, use the Institute as cat's paws. It is also conceivable that they will initially only be aware of the Institute's cover operations, and find their data resources valuable. Professor Fowler could potentially be awarded friendly status, dividing his loyalties if the Institute's secret war is revealed.

Short's naked body was straddling the hooker, who was tied to the bed. His hands were pressed firmly against her breasts, and he made a low animal moan as his head swayed back and forth. Billy froze, watching the scene. Impossibly, it seemed as if Short's fat body was swelling, growing even larger. Then he saw the blood, pouring down the girl's sides, pooling beneath her on the dirty sheets. Billy pulled the trigger of his pistol until the cartridge was empty.

Returning to Los Angeles, Maria acquired some land near Little Rock in Antelope Valley, where she and Billy set up a base of operations. Here they train and plan for their missions. Although Maria maintains her apartment in Pasadena as her official residence, she spends most of her time at the property in Littlerock now. Billy and Maria have gone on many investigations over the years—all of them initiated by professor Fowler's statistical anomalies and patterns, but most end without uncovering any nefarious activity. Billy and Maria often travel incognito, spending time in an area uncovering facts and seeking to bring any cult activity to light. If the occult is discovered, they deal with the situation as decisively as possible, sometimes working to expose the activity, but often attacking the cultists in an attempt to destroy them, or at least cripple them for a while.

David and Sam

In May of 1996, the Germaine Institute staged a raid on a farmhouse near Danville, Kentucky. They were alerted to strange happenings around the area by concerned neighbors. Billy Bradley and Maria

Alvarez arrived in the small community and began looking around. The farmhouse in question had been owned by the Rackham family for generations, and Alvarez uncovered records at the local library that revealed a history of superstition surrounding the family and the area around their home. Strange lights and sound were reported, as well as shadowy figures that lurked around the farms at night. The Rackhams were believed to be witches and grave robbers. In 1862, during the Confederate invasion of the area, several townsfolk took advantage of the confusion to assault the Rackham farm, setting fire to the farmhouse and causing the death of young Cecilia Rackham and her father, Jedediah Rackham. The fire was extinguished by Jeremy Rackham, Jedediah's son. The role of the townsfolk in the incident was revealed in 1902, when Ezra Hillman confessed on his deathbed. He refused to name any of the other conspirators in the crime.

The suspicions still surrounded the family, and the locals believed the Rackhams were part of a cult, blamed for almost any misfortune. They were treated with a quiet distrust and fear. Bradley performed surveillance on the property for several days. One night, he caught sight of a loping figure traversing the fields. Bradley followed at a discrete distance, and made note of the fact that his night vision goggles barely registered his quarry. The figure ducked down and Bradley waited. After a while he cautiously approached, his H&K machine pistol at the ready. The figure was gone. Searching the area, Bradley discovered a hidden tunnel into the ground. He quickly radioed Maria to alert her to his next course of action, and then he descended. He discovered a network of tunnels, stretching in all directions. He headed towards the farmhouse. Near the foundations, he came to an open chamber, littered with cracked bones, many of which were obviously human. Lying in filth amongst



the dead were two naked children, one male, the other female. They seemed barely aware of him. Bradley tensed and spun as he felt a presence behind him. A hunched form bounded into the grotto, drool flying from its doggish snout. Bradley loosed a volley of bullets into it as it leapt on him. As they rolled on the cave floor, Bradley pulled his knife, stabbing the creature over and over in the neck as it clawed and bit him. The monstrosity went slack and Bradley scrambled out from under it. He placed a satchel charge near a wall and grabbed the children. Bradley hustled back to the surface, his sense of direction finding his way with only the occasional misstep. Reaching the open air, Bradley tossed another charge down the tunnel, hoping to cause as much damage as possible.

The children seemed drugged, and if they realized what was happening, they made no sign of caring. He ran with them to the rendezvous with Maria. Once he had put them in her care, he ran to the farmhouse and tossed a series of Molotov cocktails through the windows. Bradley and Alvarez quickly left the area, driving back to Antelope Valley with the children.

The children are named Daniel and Sara Rackham, and

have only the haziest memories of their experiences. Most of their time was spent in the caverns, and their parents told them that that was their real home. Horrible rites were performed by the Rackham family and the “blessed ones,” the corpse-eating dog men of the underworld. Daniel and Sara were told that they would one day be

the “king” and “queen” of the cult. Bradley and Alvarez have “adopted” the children, raising them and trying to provide the love they missed in their early lives. Both children still bear mental scars, and as they near puberty, the situation seems to be growing worse. Daniel is prone to fits of rage, hitting those who frustrate him. No one has discovered the tortures he performs on the local wildlife, and everyone has assumed that the golden retriever ran away, hopefully to return at some point. Sara is withdrawn, and Maria fears that she is bordering on autism. She will go days without speaking if left to her own devices, staring out the window of her room.

Bradley and Alvarez have kept tabs on the area around the Rackham farmhouse, and so far, everything seems quiet. Bradley’s infiltration of the grounds was accomplished with his usual discretion, so

The Germaine Institute's Mythos Materials
 The Institute keeps very few manuscripts that bear the “mark of the devil,” preferring to destroy those that fall in their hands. However, a few have remained in their possession. Aside from what little Mythos knowledge can be gleaned from the Institute’s database, the books are kept at the compound in Littlerock.

Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New-England Canaan
 Language: English; Mythos Gain: +4; SAN loss: -1D3/1D6; Study Time: 8 weeks; Spells: None

Nameless Cults (Golden Goblin Edition)
 Language: English; Mythos Gain: +9; SAN loss: -1D8/2D8; Study Time: 30 weeks; Spells: None

Germaine Institute Database and the files of Professor Fowler
 Language: English; Mythos Gain: +2; SAN loss: -0/1D3; Study Time: 4 weeks; Spells: None

Notes: Keepers may place whatever clues, half-truths, and outright fallacies in whatever records they choose. Investigators using the files as a research tool do not need to take four weeks to study their entirety and will not lose Sanity. The Keeper may impose **Library Use** rolls to find individual facts and files. Characters do not gain Mythos knowledge without reading the files fully.



even if anyone survived the fire at the farmhouse and the explosions in the tunnels, they should be unable to connect the Germaine Institute to the incident. Such is the hope.

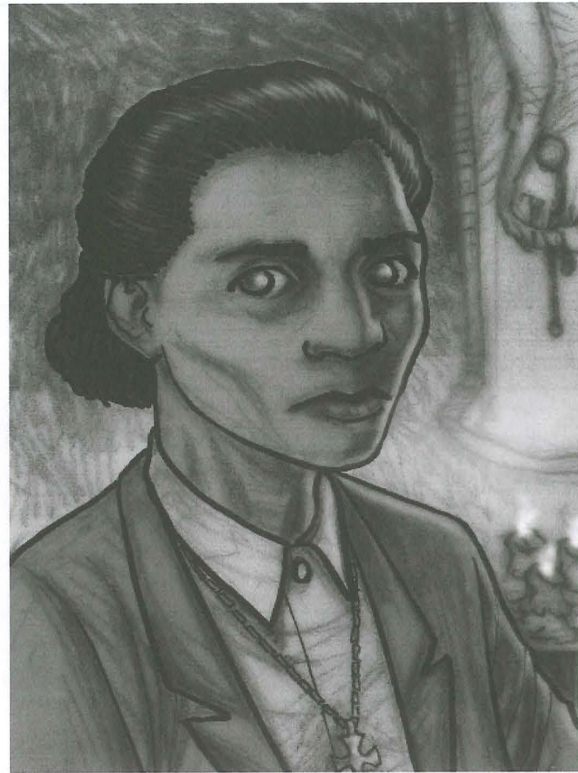
Involving the Germaine Institute

There are a number of ways to include the Germaine Institute in a campaign. They may be used as occasional allies or enemies, switching between the two depending on the situation. They can be used as a resource, relying on their database and their research. They may also be used as the focus and heart of a campaign.

Dr. Alvarez can make an appearance as an expert on ritual abuse, either called upon by the PCs or brought in by the authorities. She might be called upon as a psychologist in the same fashion as she was for Bradley, either for an NPC or even an insane (or apparently insane) PC. She is more likely to believe stories of unspeakable things than the average doctor.

The Institute might be conducting their own investigation during a scenario. The Institute and the PCs may potentially join forces, but there is the likelihood that they will be at cross purposes. If the PCs appear to be meddling with dark forces (performing banishing rituals, carting around dread tomes), Bradley and Alvarez will see them as threats.

The Germaine Institute could be used as a guiding organization for a campaign. Indeed, their activities have many similarities to traditional *Call of Cthulhu* investigations. The Institute can provide safe haven, information, and a driving mission. Alvarez and Bradley are cautious and keep most people at arm's length, but their cause is a lonely one. One of the easiest ways to begin a campaign is to have the player characters involved in an Institute investigation somehow, as victims or bystanders. Bonds can be forged in the fire.



ward in Hillcrest. She moved back to Los Angeles, eventually opening her practice in Pasadena. She is a member of the Christian Medical Association and the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis, as well as the American Psychological Association.

Maria Alvarez is has become more and more driven over the years, and now the Institute's work consumes the majority of her time and energy. Her relationship with Billy Bradley has developed into love, beginning with the bond that resulted from his therapy and growing with their shared mission. Together they raise Daniel and Sara, trying to have some part of a normal life.

She is a steadfast enemy of the occult and "demonic" forces. She has stayed away from the "tainted arts", refusing to use them even in the cause of good. While this could change, it will not be done lightly.

Dr. Maria Alvarez, age 45

Ardent Crusader

STR 9	CON 12	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW 16
DEX 12	APP 13	EDU 24	SAN 44	HP 11

Damage Bonus: none

Race: Hispanic

Education: B.A. Social Work and Psychology, San Diego State University. Ph.D. Psychology University of California, San Diego

Occupation: Psychotherapist, Director of the Germaine Institute

Languages: English 100%, Spanish 85%, Latin 30%

Skills: Biology 30%, Chemistry 30%, Computer Use 25%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 17%, Dodge 30%, First Aid 45%, Hypnosis 60%, Library Use 50%, Martial Arts 25%, Medicine 15%, Occult 55%, Persuade 60%, Pharmacy 15%, Psychoanalysis 65%, Psychology 50%

Important Individuals: The Germaine Institute

Dr. Maria Alvarez

Maria Alvarez is a third generation Mexican-American, born and raised in Los Angeles County. Her family is devoutly Catholic, and her father's mother acted as the matriarch of the family. Very few decisions were made without her counsel. Although her parents' parents had come to the United States to find a better life, they were still very traditional and instilled those values in their own children.

In an attempt to gain some measure of independence, Maria went to graduate school in San Diego, interning in UCSD's psych

Attacks: Kick 40%, damage 1D6+db

Handgun 35%, damage varies

Description: Maria Alvarez is a fit, trim middle-aged woman, with short, dark brown hair and light brown skin. She dresses conservatively in women's dress suits and rarely wears jewelry. She is 5'7" and 115 lbs. She rarely smiles anymore and strikes people as "intense".

Billy Bradley

William Thomas Bradley grew up in Barstow, Texas, hunting, fishing and quarterbacking at Pecos High School. His father was a veteran of World War II, his older brother died in Korea, and he was bred on stories of courage and honor. The rebellious streak that developed in his high school years was quickly suppressed in the face of his father's displeasure. Marvin Bradley rarely needed to lay a hand on his son; the look on his face was usually enough.

Billy Bradley joined the Army shortly after graduating high school. He transferred to Fort Bragg and the 5th Special Forces Group in 1961. He was sent to Vietnam in the summer of 1963, as part of the newly formed Studies and Observation Group. SOG's operations were not contained within Vietnam alone, and Bradley's duties took him to Laos and Cambodia during the course of the war. The Green Berets put their training in unconventional warfare to good use, but death and exhaustion took its toll, and Special Forces was bolstered with more and more soldiers who lacked the training of veterans like Bradley. Bradley volunteered to stay in the field, returning to the States twice when each of his parents passed away. He remained in Southeast Asia until 1971, when 5th Group was returned to Ft. Bragg.

Bradley returned to the States with a Bronze Star and an Army Commendation Medal. His body bore any number of minor scars from the war. After Vietnam, special operations were de-emphasized, and Special Forces started the Special Proficiency at Rugged Training and Nation-building program. SPARTAN sent Bradley to Florida to help build roads and medical facilities for the Seminole tribe. Bradley had difficulty adjusting to life back in ordinary society, and began drinking heavily, getting into fights and was incarcerated for insubordination. He was given an honorable discharge, effectively using up the last of his favors.

In 1982, Billy Bradley was working as a mercenary in Honduras when he ran into an old friend from Vietnam. This friend told him that there were ways to put his talents to use in the service of his country again, and offered to connect Bradley with an agency that Bradley might find work with. Bradley took him up on the offer, and was flown back to the States. The prospective employer was Majestic-12. While still unaware of who exactly he was seeking employment with, he was taken to the OUTLOOK Group facility in Maryland. Here he was run through a battery of simulations overseen by Dr. Yrjo, designed to test his fitness for work with MJ-12. He was

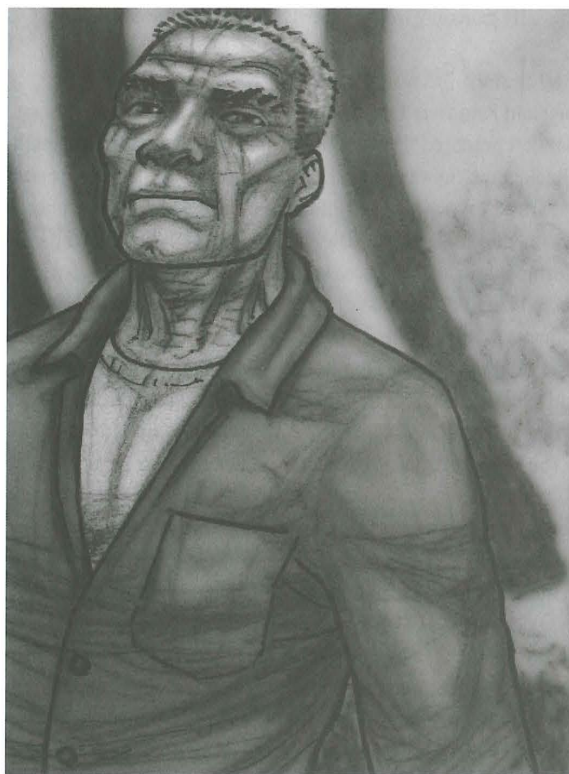
ultimately deemed unfit to work with the secret organization. Though he was a talented killer, it was decided that his anger and unpredictability made him unreliable. He had reacted quite badly to any simulation involving aliens, even relatively benign ones. Yrjo erased his memory from the point before he had been initially approached, and he was dumped on the streets of Washington, DC, where Bradley's growing instability led him to become a member of the itinerant population. Eventually, he decided to return to LA, where he had spent some time after the war.

The drugs and procedures used to erase Bradley's memories were not perfect. Dr. Yrjo was still perfecting his techniques back then, and did not have the use of alien technology yet. While his memories were deeply suppressed, they were unlocked during hypnosis. Billy Bradley now has some recollection of what occurred, and it is possible that more will come with time. Although Bradley remembers hovering shadows watching the simulations, at no time were

personnel present in the simulation itself. Bradley has pieced together certain recollections, and placed the symbolic shadowy figures that orchestrated his torments into his memories of the simulations themselves. He quite clearly remembers the faces of his torturers, and if he ever meets Dr. Yrjo or Major General Schenk, he will stop at nothing to destroy them, even if it means his own demise.

Billy Bradley has found new focus in life, taking part in a secret war with few allies. He has grown to love both Maria and the Rack-

Note: Bradley's background draws upon the *Delta Green* setting. For those who do not wish to use that source material, alternate backgrounds can be used. The easiest method is to keep the background largely intact, but change Majestic-12 and OUTLOOK to some other shadowy government organization. A Mythos-tainted corporation like NWI or a lone "evil scientist" might have performed the experiments. Bradley could also be the victim of Mi-Go experimentation, or of a Yithian mind swap. Or he could simply be nuts.



ham twins. Billy must remain active, becoming edgy if unoccupied for more than a few hours at a time. As he gets older, he shows very little sign of slowing down. He has no desire to fade away.

Sgt. William Bradley (retired), age 64
Unrelenting Warrior

STR 15	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 13	POW 16
DEX 16	APP 12	EDU 18	SAN 35	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4
Race: Caucasian
Education: Army Special Forces, Ft. Bragg, North Carolina
Occupation: Ex-Special Forces
Languages: English 90%, French 25%, Vietnamese 54%
Skills: Climb 65%, Conceal 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Demolitions 56%, Disguise 35%, Dodge 40%, Hide 92%, Jump 55%, Listen 72%, Locksmith 45%, Martial Arts 66%, Navigate (Land) 77%, Occult 14%, Parachuting 47%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 90%, Spot Hidden 73%, Survival 38%, Throw 40%, Track 42%
Attacks: 9mm HK VP70 Auto (Silenced) 53%, damage 1D10
 Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+db
 Kick 43%, damage 1D6+db
 Mossberg Model 500ATP8 12-gauge 65%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
 Bowie Knife 73%, damage 1D4+2+db
 7.62mm Galil Sniper Rifle 72%, damage 2D6+4
Indefinite Insanity: Obsessive Compulsive Disorder, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder
Description: Bradley is 6'0" and weighs 165 lbs.—the majority of it trim muscle. His hair is a silver-gray, kept close to the scalp. His eyes are brown and constantly scanning his surroundings. He rarely smiles, and when he does it is simply the upturning of the corners of his narrow mouth. He generally wears flannels and jeans or sweats.

Daniel and Sara Rackham

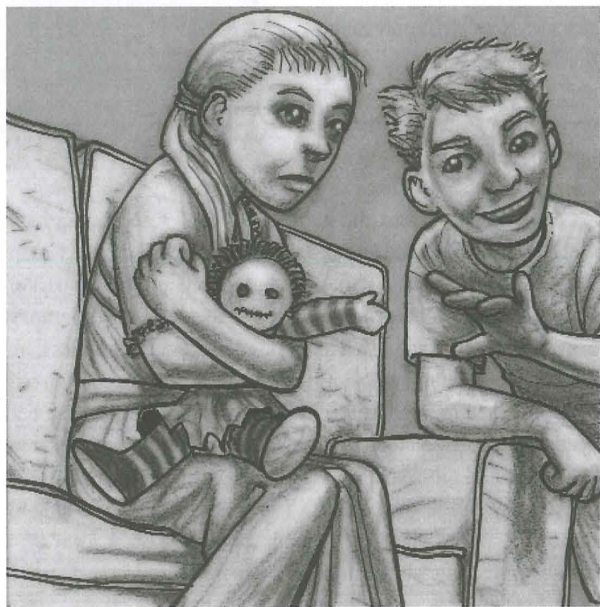
Daniel and Sara were born into the Rackham family of Kentucky, a clan that practiced the worship of Nyogtha. The ground beneath the Rackham farm was riddled with tunnels, a haven to ghouls and worse. These caverns plunged into the darkness of the earth, connecting with the home of the Dweller in Darkness. The Rackhams performed human sacrifice, waylaying passersby and feeding them to their god. Ritualistic orgies were performed, involving the Rackhams and their ghoul kin. Nyogtha occasionally took part in the sexual frenzy. It was after one such visit that little Rebecca was found to be pregnant. Six months later she died giving birth to twins, and they were named Daniel and Sara by their grandfather.

The twins were raised by what remained of the Rackham family and the ghoul clan. They spent most of their life below ground, among the bones. Their diet consisted primarily of meat, including the occasional human corpse. They never had contact with anyone outside the cult. They were both abused and doted upon, and were told that a great destiny lay before them.

Billy Bradley was the first outsider they ever encountered. Much of their past is now forgotten; they were young and often in a drugged stupor. Although they have escaped a life of ritual abuse, their existence has remained the same in some ways. They are kept at the prop-

erty in Antelope Valley most of the time, having been "adopted" by Billy and Maria. They have been home schooled and have had very little regular contact with other children. They generally treat each other well, better than most siblings. They often come to the other's defense in an argument, and would do the same in a physical confrontation.

As the twins near puberty, their dreams have become open to the sendings of their father, Nyogtha. Each night, visions of impossible depths and the ravaging madness that lurks beneath the earth play in their minds. Their fragile minds are slipping further into madness. Once they go completely insane, the twins will be fully in the grip of their father, acting as its agents. When that finally happens, all hope Billy and Maria have for a normal life will die. If the twins reach middle age, they will transform, becoming corpulent, black fleshed things with skeletal faces possessed of dog-like fangs and burning red eyes. Before this happens, the cult that spawned them may track them down.



Daniel Rackham, age 12
Spawn of Nyogtha

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 7	INT 11	POW 19
DEX 12	APP 18	EDU 6	SAN 26	HP 12

Damage Bonus: none
Race: Outwardly Caucasian
Education: Home schooling, 8th grade equivalent
Skills: Climb 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Hide 31%, Jump 31%, Listen 28%, Psychology 15%, Sneak 26%, Spot Hidden 37%, Throw 32%
Languages: English 40%
Attacks: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+db
 Grapple 45%, special
 Pocketknife 40%, damage 1D4+db
Armor: Immune to weapons and bullets that impale, and take minimum damage from all other attacks. Immune to fire, acid, radioactivity, and electricity.
Spells: Contact Nyogtha (learned while dreaming. Not fully conscious of it yet).

SAN Loss: None normally. 0/1D3 Sanity points for seeing the oozing black ichor that he has instead of blood.

Description: Daniel is a beautiful, fair-haired boy with bright blue eyes. His skin is a light tan from the sun. He prefers shorts and T-shirts, and often goes barefoot. Usually, he looks like a normal boy his age, smiling and laughing and indifferently clean. When throwing a tantrum, his face screws up into a mask of venomous rage.

Sara Rackham, age 12

Spawn of Nyogtha

STR 13	CON 18	SIZ 7	INT 12	POW 19
DEX 12	APP 18	EDU 6	SAN 28	HP 13

Damage Bonus: none

Race: Outwardly Caucasian

Education: Home schooling, 8th grade equivalent

Skills: Art (Drawing) 11%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Hide 28%, Listen 31%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 23%, Spot Hidden 38%

Languages: English 45%

Attacks: Grapple 40%, damage special

Armor: Immune to weapons and bullets that impale, and take minimum damage from all other attacks. Immune to fire, acid, radioactivity, and electricity.

Spells: Contact Nyogtha (learned while dreaming. Not fully conscious of it yet).

SAN Loss: None normally. 0/1D3 Sanity points for seeing the oozing black ichor that she has instead of blood.

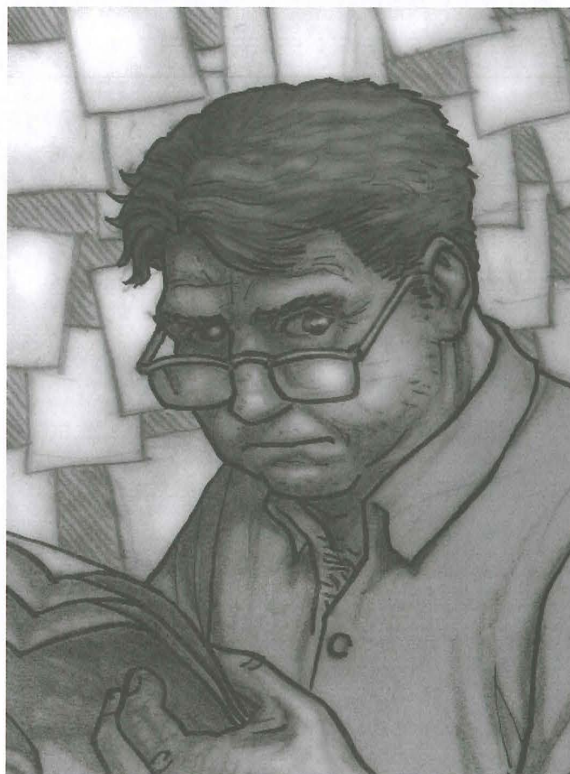
Description: Sara is a pretty young girl, with blonde hair and bright blue eyes. Her hair is long and usually worn in a ponytail or pigtails. She keeps herself clean, and spends most of her time indoors. She can usually be found with her favorite doll clutched to her chest. She often seems to stare right through people, when she looks at them at all. She rarely speaks, communicating through grunts, gestures and head nods, and the occasional change in expression. She prefers to wear skirts and dresses.

Professor John Fowler

Jonathan Fowler spent most of his childhood in Birmingham, Alabama reading. He had few friends growing up, and was often the target of bullying, especially by his older brothers. John ignored them as much as possible, continuing to stick his nose in books on history and science. In school, he showed a great aptitude for mathematics. He left home for college, and continued to find numbers and statistics more fascinating and elegant than other people. He was not without friends, and learned to relate better to people, especially if they shared similar interests.

In 1980, he took a position at CSU Long Beach in the mathematics department, teaching statistics. A couple of years later, he was introduced to Dr. Maria Alvarez by a mutual acquaintance. Dr. Alvarez was just putting together the framework of the Germaine Institute, and she asked him if he had any grad students who might be interested in compiling data for her nonprofit organization. Fowler was intrigued by the project, and had been looking for something else to occupy his mind. He offered his services, and Alvarez gladly accepted.

Professor Fowler has remained with the Institute, treating his work there as a diversion. He himself is not particularly religious, having a vague belief in the existence of God and Jesus Christ. He is disturbed at times by the patterns of abuse that he catalogues. While he has seen enough evidence of ritual abuse, he believes such things are the work of crazed outsiders, rather than an insidious occult conspiracy. Maria and Billy don't go into too much detail regarding their field trips, and Fowler likes it that way. He doesn't need to know the details to know he is doing good.



Professor Jonathan Fowler, age 53

Number Cruncher

STR 9	CON 9	SIZ 10	INT 17	POW 13
DEX 10	APP 9	EDU 22	SAN 65	HP 9

Damage Bonus: none

Race: Caucasian

Education: Ph.D. in Probability and Statistics, Boston University

Occupation: Professor at California State University, Long Beach and statistician for the Germaine Institute

Languages: English 100%, German 43%

Skills: Accounting 63%, Astronomy 15%, Biology 17%, Chemistry 14%, Computer Use 42%, History 47%, Library Use 77%, Mathematics 82%, Occult 9%, Physics 16%

Attacks: none

Description: John stands 5'11" and weighs 150 lbs. His short hair has turned salt-and-pepper in his middle age. He does not wear a beard or mustache, but does occasionally "forget" to shave. He is extremely near-sighted, and wears gold-rimmed spectacles. John habitually chews gum or anything else handy, since he quit smoking three years ago.



Cthulhu Gaslight

The Woman in Yellow

By Fraser Reed



Introduction

The woman walks alone in the moonlight every month. She dresses in yellow. She says nothing if challenged but continues to walk. Young men are drawn to her like moths, her beauty glimpsed in the pale moonlight, acting like to a flame. The gossip amongst the gentlemen of the vicinity has been slowly but surely growing; the beautiful maiden who walks alone after dark, has been known to slow and give come-hither looks to certain men that she passes. She will single out an individual from a group and leads them off - deeper into the darker, less public undergrowth.

The young men chosen by the Woman in Yellow return with unbelievable tales of lubricious activity - undreamt of even in albums of French postcards - and stories of peaks of pleasure never before scaled. It seems the Woman in Yellow has a sexual appetite undreamt of even in high-class whores of the highest technical skill and the basest of morals.

These men reflect in their quieter moments on their time in company of the Woman in Yellow, realizing that nothing like it will ever happen again in their lifetimes. Then the horror starts. Fellows who have enjoyed the Yellow Woman's charms find their good fortune starting to reverse: accidents happen, some insubstantial, some mortally fearful. Gentlemen are found dead by their own hand or in mysterious circumstances. Some are committed quietly to the safety of a private asylum in order to save the family name from scandal as they sink further into madness and depravity trying to recapture what they once had.

A pallor fall across the community, as the next generation is slowly but surely affected in one way or another. The Woman in Yellow still walks in the moonlight every month, but there are fewer souls braving the night air to visit her, and perhaps take momentary pleasure in her charms.

Possibilities

1. An avatar of Yidhra prowls the area seeking new genetic material. The deaths and misfortune of the men the avatar sleeps with are as a result of Yidhra subtly re-writing the avatar's partners' DNA so that they are more susceptible to Fate. The depression is a result of Yidhra's telepathic interference with the partners. There is no cure in the nineteenth century for these afflictions other than magic. In game mechanics, a man who intimately encounters the Avatar suffers POW loss. This is not lost instantly but gradually over a week or two. This will affect Luck rolls and POW based skills. Sanity points are unaffected by the encounter but can be lost through further revelation.
2. A wife scorned is a dangerous woman. Hurt by her husband, Mrs. Edwin Harcourt seeks revenge, recompense, or an insight into infidelity. Perhaps the woman's husband refuses to meet her wanton demands; or she has become tainted by her husband's venereal disease and seeks a salve in sexual pleas-

ure or a revenge on his sex or both; or the woman's husband prefers louche youths whose attention can be purchased with a small gift or three for several hours rather than her company.

When Mr. Harcourt discovers his wife's flagrant indiscretions, he starts upon a course of revenge against his wife's many lovers to regain his lost honor, a course that will end in the death of his wife in the arms of her latest lover. He calculates that a court will never find him guilty of such a 'crime passionnel'.

3. The woman is an actress who lost her mind whilst rehearsing the outré French play 'The King in Yellow'. Running away from the theatre and her stage company, Miss Constance White has fetched up here, wearing little more than the opulent gown she was wearing for the dress rehearsal. Taking on her stage persona as a mask, 'Cassilda' seduces the handsome but doomed young men that cross her path.

As Cassilda Miss White is channeling Carcosa and its effects; Miss White's partners experience strange dreams thereafter filled with fascinating and disturbing images. The longer the dreams continue, the closer the partners will come to reaching through reality into Carcosa. If they do not reach Carcosa through their dreams, entropy will reach out and claim them.

4. Mrs. Ravel is a professional blackmailer. She understands the power of the forbidden, and uses it as bait to lure her prey. She specializes in youths, as they lack maturity and are more pliable - as well as being more fun. Once she has ensnared them, Mrs. Ravel turns the screws starting with letters and ending with a personal visit or two, culminating, hopefully Mrs. Ravel reckons, with a pay-off.

Mrs. Ravel is about to move on to newer pastures, having exhausted the potential of the area. She is going to take one more promenade in the moonlight (or perhaps two), as the widow is almost as addicted to the forbidden as her prey.

5. A local and ancient coven has accepted a number of new witches into its circle. As an initiation rite each new witch has to take a lover, and conceive and bear a child to sacrifice to the Black Man. Each young woman chooses the nights she walks the moors alone, taking lovers from the men she meets. All the women have a similar hairstyle and wear the same yellow dress in order to allay suspicion. The Woman in Yellow will continue to walk the moors until each of the witches have conceived a child from their illicit assignations.

The influence of the coven on the community and its affairs also means that the Woman in Yellow has not become the local scandal that it should be, and that the community's young men are almost being encouraged to seek out the Yellow Woman - she has almost become a local legend - as she walks once a generation or so it seems. The coven will also prepare the excuses for the girls to be away from the community when their time comes to give birth to their sacrifice. The coven isn't unkind enough to make the girls follow through with their sacrifice if they cannot bring themselves to kill their offspring, but these girls will never enter the inner circle of the coven. If the investigators can find one such mother she may be able to shed light on whom the Woman in Yellow really is.

Suggested Locations

The scenery for this adventure seed is important to set the scene. Victorian melodrama rested on the utilization of the last wild areas of the land, such as moorlands. This contrasted strongly against the ever-increasing encroachment of the Industrial Revolution on the land as the towns continually grew throughout the Victorian period drawing workers from the land. Sometimes denouements of the story take place at ancient places in the landscape. Perhaps all of the Woman in Yellow's assignments takes place at a stone circle or a megalith?

In Victorian literature, mysterious women clothed in monochrome clothes walked the moors or country estates after dark. Always alone these women held a secret that the story would explore. Almost always the woman had been put outside of decent Victorian society - sometimes by her own fault or desires, but mostly as a consequence of dealing with unseemly men. Alternatively, if the Keeper's campaign is more urban-based the Woman in Yellow could walk at night in the parks of the growing cities. After dark the fenced-in city parks were locked and became a wild land where the wilder and less savory elements of Victorian society could come out and play. An example of this is London's Hyde Park which became a playground for those with alternative sexualities after dark.

Victorian Moral Dilemmas

A keeper wanting to play with themes and consequences in this adventure seed should consider the conventions of the Victorian mystery novel.

In the dark, the true nature of the mystery woman is always protected by ignorance until pursued. Some people may know part of her story, but the whole story is never revealed until the mystery woman is apprehended.

Until the mystery woman is caught, her motives and intentions are the mystery at the heart of the story. However when the mystery is revealed, the discovery of the woman's identity and her closely guarded secret become the fulcrum upon which the rest of the story turns. The discovery of the woman's story is never the denouement; there are always consequences to the discovery - usually horribly tragic.

A woman's station in life is determined by birth or by marriage. However a noblewoman will always remain noble, even though she may have the basest of morals. Other classes of women have to make the best of what fate allows them and the factors that can be affected by their actions alone.

The mystery woman's end is always tragic; by being a woman that walks alone at night, she has stepped outside of Victorian society's accepted rules and is therefore beyond rescue by respectable decent individuals. Her tragic end, whilst not always deserved, is expected by the audience in order to absolve the woman's guilt in trespassing society's rules. The best the mystery woman can hope for is justice from beyond the grave or asylum cell.

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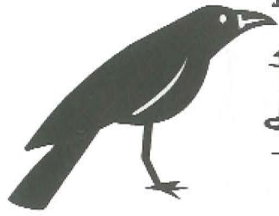
"...makes us glimpse old acquaintances we had not seen for a long time and did not think to see again. We see them from new angles and fail to recognize them for a moment, too. But once we do, we realize we have been given precious coordinates with which to begin to locate ourselves on an otherwise chartless desert of dreams."
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Disturbing Curios for Hard-pressed Keepers

Little Slices of Death

A Dreaming Vignette: The Temple

The Temple has always been where it has been for a millennium or more.

For as long as dreamers and mortals alike can attest the Temple has stood, braced against the elements and the ages. The building is a ramshackle assortment of architectural salvage, insane dreaming and scavenged outbuildings that seems to serve no purpose. No services to a deity or a patron seem to take place within the precincts of the temple.

Instead the temple provides a near dry bed for the night and a bowlful of hot nourishing soup. The price of hospitality is to answer a grueling set of questions asked by the temple's priest. The priest inquires by rote and it is clear that he does not understand everything he asks.

The questions range from the names and the backgrounds of the dreamers, to detailed questions about their beliefs and opinions. The questions finish with seemingly random questions ranging from Dream Lore to obscure facets of even more obscure systems of philosophies. After an hour, the interrogated dreamers are whittled down to two, then for the last hour only one dreamer is questioned.

After this mad and seemingly pointless inquisition, the priest disappears; trying to conceal the look of shock and joy on his face. Dreamers still curious enough to find out the reason for the priest's behavior can follow him back to the vestry. There the priest can be seen scanning moldy tomes. The priest checks one, finds what he wants; then searches another and again finds what he wants in the text. He repeats the process three times more. It has been almost two hours by the time he finishes.

It is now almost dawn, and pitch-black within the temple. Lit by a guttering candle the priest emerges from the vestry looking joyful. Walking to a central altar, the priest wakes the entire party, and then he pushes aside the altar revealing an empty crypt. He plunges his hand into the dark hole and pulls a grimy cylinder from the blackness. The priest prostrates himself in front of the dreamer, offers up the cylinder, and asks if the chosen dreamer if the message is good news. On a negative answer or a positive answer the priest makes the appropriate, polite response.

It is now dawn, and light is streaming through the open entrance of the temple. After placing wine, bread and cheese outside in the courtyard the priest ushers the dreamers out into the daylight. The priest now wears everyday garb, perhaps a little dated, yesterday's robes nowhere to be seen. The priest produces a large bronze key from a pouch, locks the large temple door and walks off into the

distance, pausing only to throw the key into the nearby stream and swing his pack over his shoulder.

Some Possibilities:

1. The verdigris bronze cylinder opens stiffly, containing a piece of rolled, stiff parchment. Cracking with age, the parchment can be unrolled and read. Instead of an undecipherable series of glyphs, or a long dead language, the message upon the parchment is written in English in a very familiar hand - that of the dreamer's best friend.

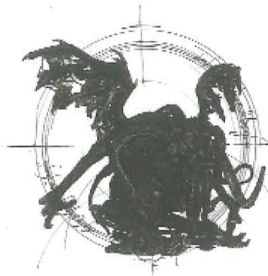
The friend (who may even be one of the other dreamers in the players' party) is requesting help as he or she is trapped in a prison cell on the Dark Side of the Moon, being tortured by moonbeasts.

2. The bronze cylinder contains a faded hand drawn map and a sketch of the recipient's truest wish. The map contains instructions to locate the object of desire. Unfortunately the object is in a land to the far west, unknown to most dreamers. The quest for the object will take many months to reach, after several eventful incidents.

Unknown to the dreamer, someone else is also seeking the object and has been searching for years. It may be the priest or it may be someone else. After a couple of months it becomes clear that an unknown person is trailing them and attempting to dog the party in order to claim the object for themselves.

3. The cylinder and its recipient are cursed. The dreamer who answered all the questions and received the cylinder must serve the temple and wait for their successor to appear one day. Within the cylinder is a parchment that contains details of the next priest. If the new priest attempts to stray more than a mile from the temple they fall unconscious and regain consciousness in the vestry. If the priest is a dreamer, they return to the temple when they re-enter the Dreamlands. There are benefits to being a priest - there is a large well-stocked library; plenty of peace and quiet, a cold fresh stream with large silver fish, and infrequent but interesting travelers spending the night.

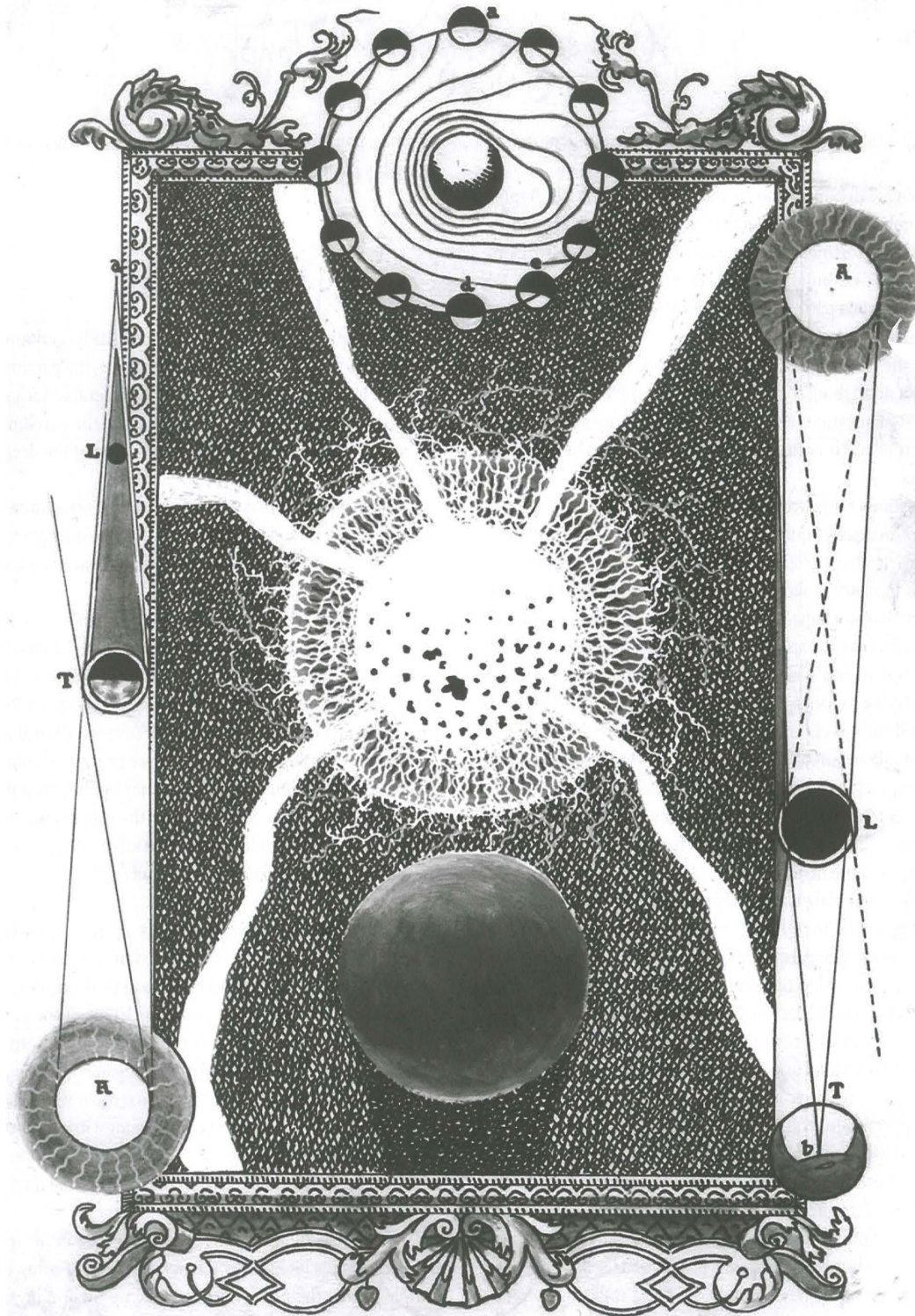
The only solution is for the priest to have his or her friends scour the Dreamlands looking for the next priest, and bring them to the temple so that the next priest can take up their living and release the present priest from his geas.



Malleus Monstrorum

Monstrous Adventure Hooks

Translated from the original German by Bill Walsh



Malleus Monstrorum was recently published by Chaosium. The original inspiration for this book was the German treatment of the source material – *Ye Booke of Monsters* volumes one and two (which were later reprinted by Chaosium as the *Creature Companion*). Whilst much of the German material made its way into the English-language version, not everything did, cut for various reasons. Here we present the adventure hooks that were cut from the Chaosium version – now if you need an adventure idea concerning the creatures and gods of the Cthulhu Mythos just consult this list and *Malleus Monstrorum*, fill in the details and run. Later issues of *Worlds of Cthulhu* will see other unused material in print as well.

The Creatures of the Cthulhu Mythos

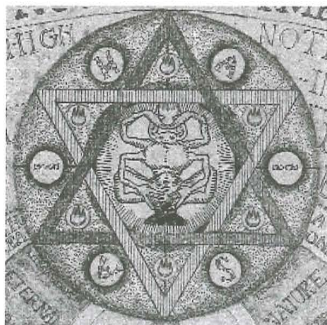
Spawn of Abhoth (page 14)

The collection of curiosities at a well-known university contains a supply of bizarrely formed body parts, mutations and freaks, in large containers full of alcohol for conservation. The somewhat dubious-seeming curator of the collection is excited. Strangely, a short time later, ghastly murders take place on campus and in the streets. Even stranger is that at every murder scene, little pools of medical alcohol were found... Experienced characters, especially those associated with the university, will quickly follow these clues onto the trail of the curator-and his unholy twin who should have died at birth but was preserved by magical means and whose body is conserved in a container. He can control his brother, the curator, telepathically. Can they stop the evil twin's revenge campaign?



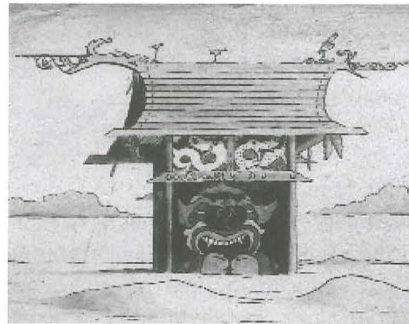
Aihais (page 16)

A group of naturalists and archaeologists witness an incomprehensible event in the New Mexico desert not far from the town of Roswell. An unidentified flying object of unusual metal crashes before their



eyes and smashes into the desert floor. When they attempt to rescue any survivors, they discover the bodies of several Aihais in the wreckage-and a wounded survivor. When the army and FBI eventually arrive, the scientists (the player characters, of course) have a choice: take part in one of the largest conspiracies of all times and fight on the side of mysterious secret agencies against the invaders from Mars; or try to expose the truth behind the cover-up and unmask the governmental authorities collaborating with the Aihais?

Animiculi (page 18)



In winter, a whaling ship that had cruised deep in the Antarctic returns to the hometown of one of the characters. On board the ship is a relative or good friend of the character who gives him a

strange, black, opalescent stone that he found on an iceberg. Alternatively, this relative has died on the voyage home and the stone is found in his effects.

Unfortunately this stone is one of the Animiculi of the Unknown God which soon thaws in the warmth of the character's house and begins its work of annihilation.

A further external group gets involved: an expedition of Elder Things with the assignment of destroying the Animiculus. Even though the Elder Things and the characters are, in principle, on the same side, the Elder Things have little interest in letting their existence be known or even in cooperating. Nevertheless, the weapons that the Elder Things have brought, including a serious cold projector, offer perhaps the only chance for stopping the Animiculus. What role the characters play between the two factions-the Animiculus on the one side, Elder Things on the other-is up to them.

Thralls of Cthulhu (page 28)

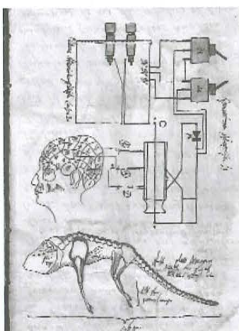


When two sewer workers died recently, the police assumed it to have been an accident and filed the case away. They don't put any store in the statement of another worker who claims to have seen something "horrible, huge, hideous-a monster!" When the characters-chasing rumors that alligators flushed down toilets have mutated into powerful

beasts-become aware of it, they may feel differently. Sooner or later they will indeed happen upon an abominable creature, a Thrall of Cthulhu. But even when they've defeated it, can they be sure that it was the only one?

Greater & Lesser Desh (MM page 32)

Life has dealt a friend a raw deal lately. Lost his wife to another man, began drinking, lost his job as a teacher as a result. A small but pleasant surprise, by contrast, were the old-fashioned spectacles that he found in an antiques shop, with lenses of a very extraordinary material, so interestingly ground, with a fascinatingly ornate frame. And how well he sees with them, as if they were made for him! The characters' joy over the depressed friend's coming back to life a bit only lasts a short time. Soon their friend begins to become more brooding, conducting strange "researches" in his attic, about which he never says anything exact. Even the tragic deaths of his ex-wife and her lover in an accident leave him untouched... Something is not right with him, and one day they find him in a delirium, babbling about the "fantastic, unbelievable, ghastly things" he sees.



The glasses allow him to view behind the veil of reality and see the Desh. While this was fascinating at first, and even useful in eliminating his ex-wife and her lover, the creatures are now turning against him, the more his mind suffers under the unbelievable visions and sights seen through the glasses. And the Desh use his disturbed understanding in order to cross into our world...

Gnomes of Gontswood (MM page 45)

A perplexed friend of the characters reports that strange things are happening in the woods behind his house. It seems that the undergrowth is always growing closer, more compact, completely impenetrable, and so unbelievably fast! Some nights, completely inexplicable noises can be heard and lights can be seen between the trees and bushes... and moving, colossal phantoms...

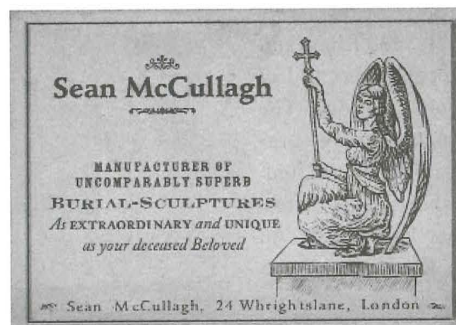


Whoever is causing him mischief and trying to scare him seems to enjoy moving around these cute little stone figures which he had so carefully installed around his lawn-little stone figures that one of the characters had brought him from England...

If they don't seem particularly dangerous at first to the characters, they will quickly learn, by sneaking around in the woods on the trail of "whatever," that the real danger, literally speaking, is smaller than expected-and the Gnomes have powerful allies in the Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath to help them in their effort to make themselves at home in this new land and to care for reproduction. For this purpose, they are building a machine of plants, wood, and earth, filled with nature-magic, which creates new Gnomes which can then spread through the land-in so far as the characters permit it, it goes without saying.

Tomb-Herd (MM page 96)

A few days after the interment of a deceased businessman, an anonymous tip appears which indicates that he did not die of natural causes. During the exhumation which follows, the police surprise an intruder in the family crypt who is occupied with erecting a curious statue. The man is a stonemason by trade and refuses to discuss his purpose. He sits quietly in prison, but he has dangerous friends... Servants of Yog-Sothoth which cross over into our world through the obscure statues he creates and places in cemeteries. Bizarre deaths in cemeteries and in the prison lead the characters onto the trail of these strange creatures and



the statues-which are much too interesting for the characters not to take one of them home, bringing the evil into their house.

Only the destruction of all of the statues created by the insane mason will banish the creatures, but they will hardly permit this...

Nioth-Korghni (MM page 67)



Why did he have to take the last subway train, so late at night? Now your good friend is dead. But what happened? That emaciated, dried-out corpse-it couldn't have been a mugger! Investigations reveal that he's not the first or only victim found in this condition in the subway.

Perhaps the characters will succeed in uncovering the activities of a mentally disturbed subway driver, who happily volunteers for

the last shift on a particular stretch in order to stop in a certain section of the tunnel and feed the Nioth-Korghai living there.

Spawn of Nyogtha (MM page 69)

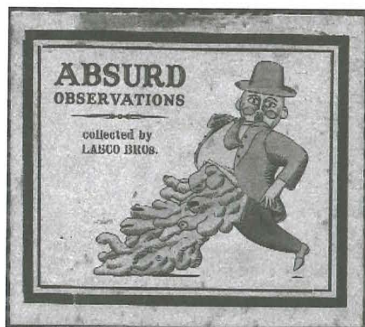
Your friend's wife's phone call was really terrifying-completely hysterical and stammering out of panic, she babbles that her husband's "horribly, horribly sick," that his body is changing in sickening ways, and that he's begged her to lock him in the cellar so that he won't harm her.



Whatever is behind this domestic disturbance, concerned characters will certainly not decline to help, even if it's just getting a drunken friend out of the basement. So they arrive at the isolated country house where they find a terrified, traumatized woman-and an empty cellar with a freshly dug tunnel... Unfortunately, night is falling and their cars have been sabotaged by persons unknown. A long night awaits the investigators while something is out there that wants its wife...

Shoggoth Lords (MM page 82)

Characters in the police might encounter or hear of a Shoggoth Lord named Eight Ball. In any case, they will come to know of him as the boss of the city's most notorious criminal organization, involved



in bootlegging, kidnapping, and murder, and well-known for their extraordinary ruthlessness. Nothing has ever been pinned on him, as he is never seen in public.

During some routine reconnaissance of Eight Ball, the characters witness him, believing himself unobserved, as he takes on his true Shoggoth form and devours someone. This monster must be destroyed, but then there's the fat, bald informer in the Department whom no one suspects...

Shugoran (MM page 84)

The characters accompany a British research expedition along the Ganges in India under the leadership of a well-known anthropologist. One day, all hell breaks loose when



a strange animal is killed and pulled out of the river, though not before it has killed two bearers.

Unfortunately, this creature is the servant of an indigenous sorcerer, a Child of Shugoran. He is extremely annoyed and will continually beset the expedition. Perhaps he will even ask Shugoran himself for help?

Spectral Hunter (MM page 86)



What a coup for the University of Berlin's archaeologists! The discovery of a Germanic settlement near Hanover is on everyone's lips, and the excavation site attracts the press, curious spectators, and specialists from other universities. Then strange deaths begin taking the researchers and assistants

taking part in the excavations. Accidents? Or perhaps it has to do with the unusual altar carved out of a single great stone and covered with frightening reliefs? Is the soul of one such guard residing within and trying to protect this (un)holy site? The characters are commissioned to ask around about local fairy tales and legends which mention a "devil in [the] stone" conjured by settlers to protect an "undreamt of treasure." But reaching the treasures, hidden in a chamber under the altar, requires defeating the "devil."

Seekers (MM page 16)



It's really a pain that having the car fixed has held up the rest of the trip so long. It's an opportunity to look around a little in this little sleepy dump of a town in which so many of the people look somewhat ill, sallow, and pale... Is it something in the water? Whatever plagues the people, they don't miss the chance to regularly attend the tent gatherings of the charismatic wandering preacher who travels around with some followers spreading the word of God. His sermons, the characters will be persuaded, are truly stirring and almost... hypnotic... Some of them feel truly spent afterwards... It may be difficult to recognize the danger that the preacher presents and to undertake anything against him when half of the people in the area are already under his control...

Voormis (page 105)

It was supposed to be a relaxing fishing trip to Serago Lake, Maine, northwest of Portland. But as the characters reach their friend's tidy cabin, they have little time to enjoy the fantastic view of the lake. They are greeted by shotgun blasts, and if they don't overreact, they can overpower their panicked friend. His weekend house looks horrible, windows and furniture destroyed, splashes of blood and strange fur, as if from an animal... He's close to mad, raving about a horrible monster, "a Bigfoot" that attacked him and his wife in the night. Maybe there was more than one of them...



The characters can believe what they want about Bigfoot, but his wife is missing and it would be irresponsible to leave this mystery unsolved. How quickly they come across the connection between the legendary Bigfoot and the Voormis is another matter altogether. In fact, there seems to be more truth behind the North American flavor of Yeti than they might think. Tracks in the woods lead them into dark caves under the earth, where an entire clan of "Bigfoots" reside. In one of the caves they will encounter a burial chamber with some young Voormis, apparently shot at close range with a shotgun. Obviously their friend hasn't been entirely forthcoming...

Travelers (page 91)

A once-in-a-century event! The meteor shower near a small area in the Miskatonic Valley creates incredible excitement among the scholars at Miskatonic University. A research team is immediately put together, which some of the characters will surely join. The research proves more difficult than expected. The woods around the impact site are laid waste for mile around, but the crater is empty. There are no alien stones to secure. It seems as if the meteorite left no trace but the destruction.

The longer the scientists remain in the area, the more malevolent the environment seems to become... One day people are friendly, the next either brusque or stand-offish or strangely mentally absent... Little time remains for the



team to discover the Travelers' infiltration attempts before they themselves fall into the invaders' crosshairs!

Wendigo (page 106)



As luminaries in various academic fields, the characters receive an invitation from the University of Helsinki to take part in an anthropological expedition in the Finnish hinterlands. Explosions at a mine accidentally triggered avalanches which revealed prehistoric ruins apparently erected by a lost, as yet unknown culture.

Arriving at the sensational site, the bitter cold is not the only thing that makes the characters shiver. The ruins clearly hint at a cyclopean city. The further they advance, the more the weather worsens out in the camp, until the first deaths indicate that something besides the scientists is prowling the frozen wastes—an immemorial race perfectly suited to this harsh environment and now disturbed by the curious researchers profaning their ancient holy places...

Deep One Hybrid (page 31)

It should have been a really wonderful sailing trip on the yacht of a wealthy friend... but then there was a horrible typhoon that came of a sudden upon half of the South Pacific and capsized the ship.



Luckily, this little island wasn't far away, and somehow everyone made it ashore in one piece. And the situation isn't all that dismal. A small tribe of natives live on the island and prove to be surprisingly friendly—too friendly? If only they didn't have such wide mouths and waddle so strangely... at least they're exceptionally good fishermen, not cannibals. But what are those croaking sounds that the tribal shaman produces when he

sits on the hill at night near the prehistoric stone figures? Sounds that seem to be answered by something out at sea...

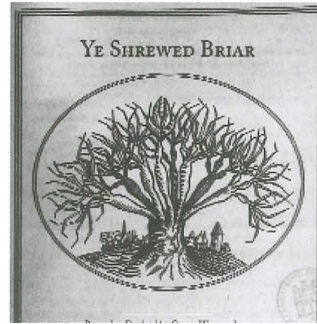
The natives' true colors are quickly revealed. They intend to sacrifice the newcomers to their sea gods. The characters receive some assistance in fleeing from a castaway who has lived for years hidden in a cave with access to the sea, trying to repair his old boat. But the many years that have passed have twisted his mind, and he intends to betray the characters in order to buy his freedom and finally escape the island...

Sons of Yog-Sothoth (👁👁👁 page 117)

A series of livestock thefts around a small community in Kansas becomes connected to Satanic cults after the discovery of some remains in "questionable" condition. Specialists are brought in and asked for a technical opinion. Not a few of the landowners seem very dubious, as do their stories, e.g., about the old Indian ritual site on the hill in the woods. Or crazy Missy Walton... She was pregnant, but none ever saw her child after the birth. Dead? Why wouldn't it be buried in the cemetery, like everyone else? The characters struggle against a wall of rumors and half-truths until they learn that one of the inhabitants, the doctor who's recently moved there, is in possession of an exceedingly rare Mythos grimoire. The invisible creature senses the proximity of this extremely interesting object and is therefore racing and raging around nights through the pastures. If it ever gets the tome's scent, it will never give up. Will the characters be able to destroy this valuable book to calm down the unholy son of Missy Walton? Or will they take the surer route and destroy this unhallowed creature?



Death Vines of Xictotl (👁👁👁 page 110) (ᚧᚢᚢᚢ ᚩᚲᚢ)



This fabulous new plant is the sensation of a small flower shop downtown! Even the characters hear about it from newspaper and radio reports. Perhaps one or another will make the pilgrimage there to admire it and perhaps take the opportunity to pick up a bouquet of flowers for his nearest and dearest?

When, shortly thereafter, a dentist and a boyfriend of a female employee of the flower shop disappear without a trace, as does the proprietor himself, Mr. Mushnik, not long after, the extremely strange behavior of the plant's discoverer becomes clear. The little shopgirl behaves extremely unusually, and the colossal, bizarre plant conceals (and consumes) much... Hopefully the characters will get to the bottom of it before the madman exports cuttings of the giant, man-eating plant around the world!

Fosterlings of the Old Ones (👁👁👁 page 40)

Once a woman bore twins. She was the wife of the director of a circus that traveled the country and which had a freak show. Because she suspected the evil intentions of her husband, who worshipped a dark god, she begged the midwife to take away at least one of the children, before it fell into his hands.

Twenty years later the surviving twin begins to change into a Fosterling. His instincts drive him to seek his lost brother in order to unite with him. The brother was adopted by a wealthy family. The experienced police inspector calls the investigators for help when an uncanny shape seems to threaten them, sneaking nightly across their estate. And who is the obviously mentally disturbed gypsy woman who claims that the millionaire's son is her own flesh and blood? Envy of his brother brings the deformed one to destroy his family. He breaks into the house and slays one after the other, if the characters don't learn enough to stop him...



The Gods of the Cthulhu Mythos
Arwassa (👁👁👁 page 126)

The small community in the American Midwest was never known for a high crime rate. The sheriff's concern is consequently that much greater for the people disappearing in his county. For the last six months, on every new moon, a traveler passing through or a solitary person from the town disappears under puzzling circumstances. No bodies, no clues, no reports of kidnapers. He seeks professional assistance, and artful characters will come across a new cult



which takes its duties very serious. Every month, their godhead must be placated with a sacrifice or it will devour its adherents. While on the cult's trail, the

characters won't just have to deal with humans, because Arwassa's disciples know very well how to use their god's power over the animal kingdom. Hopefully, the characters will realize that the solution that it was such "rabid animals" that carried off the missing is far too simple...

Bugg-Shash (MMA page 131)

Experienced characters doubtless have enemies among the cultists and warlocks of the world. It could be very interesting if one of these enemies were to set Bugg-Shash upon them and the only possibility of escape is permanent flight from darkness.

Constantly "chasing the sun" or avoiding every shadow is anything but easy and will pose a challenge to the improvisational abilities of the players and Keeper.



Cynothoglys (MMA page 143)

The authorities are disturbed by the rapidly rising number of bizarre deaths preceded by strange behavior on the part of victims. Characters involved in the investigation may quickly learn that all the victims had previously visited a traveling exhibition about primitive peoples in the local museum, and similar events have taken place at the exhibition's previous stops. If they view the exhibit themselves, it is not improbable that that one of them will soon be brought under the spell of an obscure stature that is a nondescript item in the collection. Soon a strange fog will wreathe itself around their house, heralding the arrival of something horrific...



Gloob (MMA page 151)

Ever since a pop-eyed seaman sold him an ancient statue of a muscular, naked youth allegedly found in a fishing net, the characters' friend has been suddenly enthusiastic about the mysteries of Atlantis. He possesses a silver-tongued power of persuasion, even managing to raise research funds and convincing the characters to assist



him. They'll probably already be in the middle of the ocean before they recognize that their friend's insanity is pushing them into a watery grave. If they don diving suits to follow him into the labyrinths of the sunken city, every attempt to inhibit his search for the Temple of Gloob and the gate it guards will meet with extremely life-threatening consequences. For that very statue is the last copy that Gloob needs to open the gate which has separated him for aeons from his race of repulsive servitor creatures, allowing them to return to our world...

King in Yellow (MMA page 161)

Fritz Lang is planning a new film; an atmospheric horror piece entitled The King in Yellow. The characters are hired as occult advisors, or are simply actors, extras, or crew members. At first, everything is normal, but the drama quickly gains power over all involved. Actors look entranced, speaking dialogue not found in the screenplay,



bizarre deaths occur. If the film is nevertheless completed, on which Lang will stake everything, the film will transport all the entire audience at the premiere in the largest cinema in Berlin into the world of the King in Yellow. Perhaps Lang just shouldn't have accepted the screenplay from the odd stranger...

Hopefully, the characters can protect themselves against the film's spell and do everything they can to sabotage the project or, if that fails, to track down and render harmless the screenplay's author. Unfortunately they will only encounter him in the world of the King in Yellow...

Isis (MMA page 166)

The characters belong to a free-thinking discussion group with an occult bent, like the Freemasons or the Rosicrucians. Among their rites are exaltations of Isis, which the characters and most other members regard as amusing folderol. Suddenly there is a spate of deaths in the society-the dead bitten to death by venomous snakes.



After initial speculations, Isis reveals herself to some righteous characters and informs them that there are traitors in their ranks who worship far darker gods. These evil ones must be exterminated, and she has set them a good example. In fact, there are increasing numbers of snake-bite deaths, because the traitors have learned what is happening and are perpe-

trating murders in the same style with the help of poisonous snakes stolen from the zoo. The characters must penetrate the circle of traitors without themselves falling victim to a snake attack or angering Isis, who is very interested in the continuation of their cult. Of course it will be very disturbing as the characters don't know who is on what side and will find presumed allies dead the next day.

Kthanid (MMA page 169)

Some characters who have fought the creatures of the Mythos for years may have won the attention and secret favor of Kthanid. Unfortunately, they are highly likely to be not entirely compos mentis... It will be hard for their old comrades in arms to believe them when they describe a monstrous threat which was brought to their attention by a being that, given its description, must be Cthulhu himself (who pays attention to details?). Their doubts could likely see to it that it's almost too late to prevent the coming catastrophe...



Mother of All Pus (MMA page 176)

In the area where one character lives, there is a sudden surge in births of mutant animals, e.g., the proverbial two-headed calf. Some of these survive. Horrified, the character learns that his wife is pregnant, or alternatively a female character is pregnant herself. The terror (along with the potential jealousy dramas in the former case) subsides after the initial horror with the birth of an apparently normal baby.

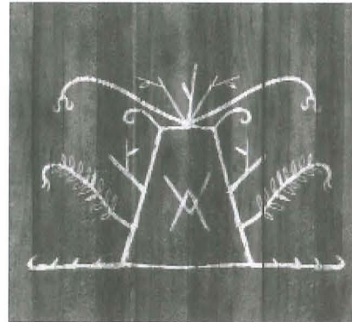
The child, however, is marked by the presence of the Mother of All Pus which caused all the congenital deformities. It carries a split personality. One is that of the completely normal baby of its parents. The other is an enormously evil and above all highly intelligent manifestation of the Mother of All Pus which will attempt to defile and corrupt all life in the area in the most insidious manner possible, by, for example, introducing small amounts of arsenic into the city's water supply.



When the malefactor is identified and the defensive objections of its biological mother can be overcome, the small child will be torn in half by a mass of pus and mucus bursting from its stomach, leaving behind a bloody tenta-

cle which will retreat into the sewers where it must be found and destroyed before it can once again call upon its true mother beginning the cycle again.

Ahtu (MMA page 181)



In the multicultural witch's cauldron of New Orleans, some members of high society have been found with completely disordered minds and abominable scars, wounds, and even amputated limbs. Although most of them survive, they provide

no clues to their torturer. Investigations reveal a common interest in the occult and certain connections to a voodoo cult. What began as an obscure hobby for the bored rich ended in tragedy-and empty bank accounts. Clues lead the characters to Haiti where the cult is not the greatest danger that they meet. The stolen money has been used for bribery in official circles and massive land purchases which serve a far vaster goal. A special cosmic seed is supposed to descend into a special plot of land and spawn this avatar of Nyarlathotep.

If the characters figure this out, they'll have to act fast. The preparations for the summoning of Ahtu and the germination of the seed will soon be complete.

The Hunter in the Dark (MMA page 192)

A group of optimistic prospectors disappears in the vastness of the Australian Outback and the characters, equally adventurous, are asked by their mourning relatives and friends to clear up the whereabouts of the men. On their trail, the adventurers meet a tribe of concerned aborigines who say, that "something is not right in the Dreamtime,



something evil has been influencing it recently." Finally they reach the gold-seekers' camp near Ayers Rock, abandoned and devastated, near a shaft which leads into a seemingly natural cave system. Some fragmentary notes at the site hint at a fantastic discovery, an unbelievable jewel that the prospectors brought out of the shaft-a trapezohedron.

In the depths of the shaft, the characters come across more clues-and corpses, slaughtered disgustingly. And something else seems to reside here... not just the leader of the expedition, now insane, whom they find before a

pedestal where he's mounted the trapezohedron. Something else must have broken forth through the monstrous gate, freed by the madman and now lurking in the darkness. The characters may have a chance to banish the creature again... if only their lights don't go out...

Pazuzu (page 200)

One morning in a Middle Eastern city, e.g., Baghdad, where the characters are studying or on business, one of the characters finds a Pazuzu statuette in the nightstand in his hotel room. When he touches it, it emits a miasma which the character involuntarily inhales. The miasma cannot be driven away either by opening the window or removing the statue.

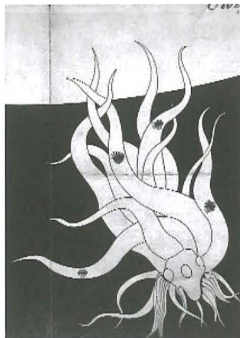


The characters learn of a plague loose in the city. If they look into it, they will learn that every victim, most of whom have died in the interim, found a similar statue in their residence shortly before becoming sick. When plotted on a map of the city, the places where the statuettes were found form a complex geometric symbol at the center of which was once a shrine to Pazuzu. Only a few points remain to complete the figure.

The simplest plan is to stake out the missing points of the figure. At night, cultists or Sand People will appear to plant further statues. Another possibility would be somehow sealing the Pazuzu Shrine, for example, with an Elder Sign, or even by exorcising the Devil with Beelzebub, summoning the demoness Lamashtu!

Othuum (page 214)

An immensely important artifact is pressed into the hands of the characters by a man who whispers "Destroy it!" before he dies in a ghastly manner. As they learn, this artifact is of critical importance for a summoning of Great Cthulhu and absolutely must be destroyed. This can only take place in a particular place which the characters must first reach. Cthulhu senses that an artifact important to his followers is in danger and rouses Othuum and his servants to go after them. The perils which arise as a result (e.g., men with dark glasses pursuing them) can go as far as Othuum himself appearing at the last moment and attempting to stop the destruction. Good for those who've done their homework and are prepared...



Sebek (page 221)

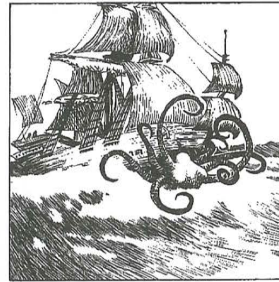


Who would have guessed? A friend of the characters discovers a sensationally well-preserved mummy in Egypt! But after this joyful news arrives with an invitation to come view it, the characters arrive after a long trip to the excavation site only to learn that their friend has died in a horrific accident-torn to pieces by a crocodile. If he had been swimming in the Nile, this wouldn't have been particularly strange. But it was hard to think of how a crocodile could have gotten into his third-story hotel room... Ever more shady characters begin to show interest in the mummy. Does this

have anything to do with the hints in their friend's notes, speaking of a "legendary fifth mummy of a priest of Sebek," and his hopes, unfortunately now without any prospect of success, to learn more about the mummy and Sebek itself in a work by a Ludvig Prinn? Whoever has anything to do with the mummy from now on is in great danger...

Star-Mother (page 228)

EX LIBRIS KAPT.ROSA



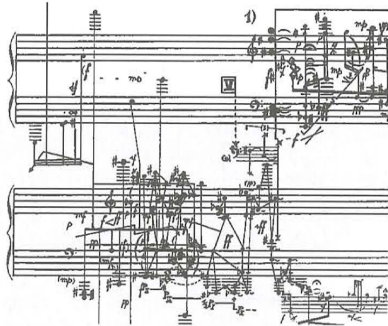
It has gotten late. Early in the evening, the characters docked in a little coastal village on their trip home. With nightfall, something eerie haunts this village... A thick, lightly fluorescent fog rises from the sea and slowly but inexorably pushes through the streets... A panicked radio announcer reports something moving in

the fog, screams, and falls silent. In fact, the undead are coming into the city under the fog, and in the thickest mist on the water lies the bizarre ship of the Star-Mother, stretching out her tentacles under the protection of the fog, sending out her servants to collect an old debt which the seafarers of this village failed to pay a century and a half before... (It can't hurt to watch John Carpenter's *The Fog* for inspiration.)

Tru'nembra (page 230)

Erich Zann is back. Back from the court of Azathoth where he played for the Demon Sultan and learned blasphemous melodies from other abominable creatures.

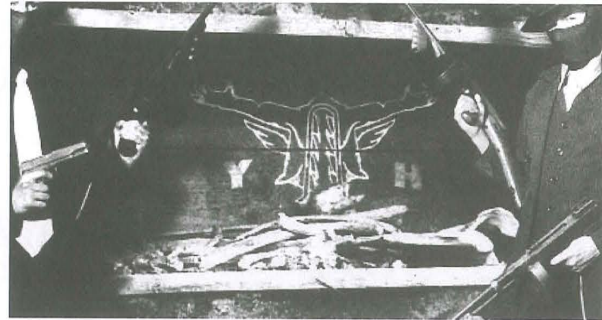
Erich Zann is enchanting audiences in concert halls worldwide. But many of the listeners later complain about head- and earaches, and some of them even die. One shoots himself



in the head; another plunges a knife in his ear; a third smashes his head into a wall. The characters learn of those inexplicable suicides without any connection to Zann and the Outer God Tru'nembra, for whom he serves as a host. But then someone slips them the account that we know today as "The Music of Erich Zann" by H.P. Lovecraft, and they can draw terrifying links between the events it relates and current events.

Erich Zann is Tru'nembra's herald, serving to propagate the suggestive melodies by which it adds to the ranks of its servants, whether through live performances or recordings. The characters have to stop Zann from enslaving humanity! But woe, if a single recording of a concert remains behind, it could be sufficient to pull musically sensitive temperaments under the spell of Tru'nembra...

Yegg-ha (page 230)



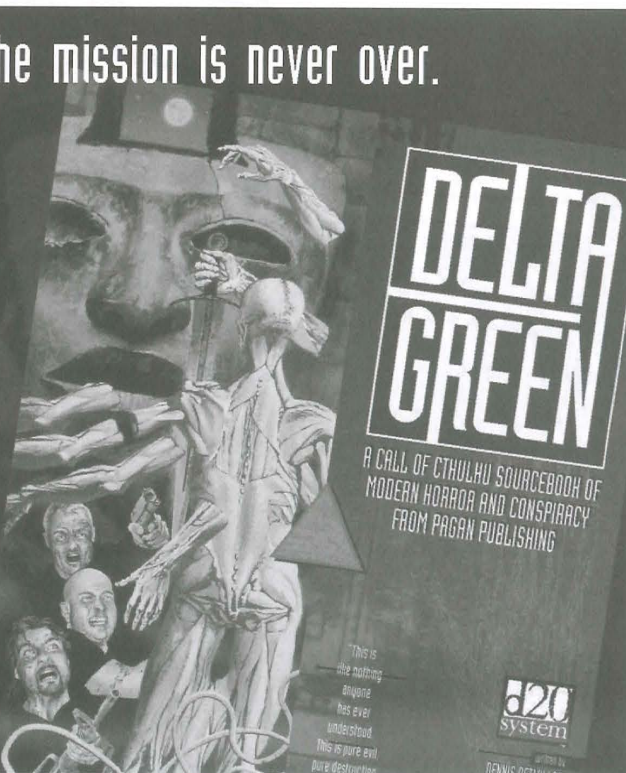
The Faceless Cult is on the trail of Yegg-ha's remains in order to resurrect it. A group of them is traveling along a chosen ley line in England. Ley lines are landmarks and particular places in the landscape that are connected along an imaginary line over long distances, e.g., stone circles, old wells, special intersections, old churches, monasteries, and castles, or other unusual features. The ley line they believe to be "correct" runs over a number of cultic locations a straight line diagonally across England. They seek out each of these places sequentially and conduct ceremonies and sacrifices, because at each of the junctions along the line, a piece of Yegg-ha's remains is buried. Their doings come to the attention of the police and eventually the characters. If they make headway with their inquiries, they'll learn that the ley line that the malefactors are following apparently leads directly to Westminster Abbey—a deadly location for the final resurrection of Yegg-ha...

The mission isn't over. The mission is never over.

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Cthulhu Now and Delta Green

Adventure

Out of the Ages

By Gary Sumpter



People like us, who believe in physics, know that the distinction between past, present, and future is only a stubbornly persistent illusion.

—Albert Einstein

Autistic for all of his 27 years, Travis Beale suddenly—and for no apparent reason—began reciting a string of mathematical equations, over and over again. Beale was examined by specialists and researchers who concluded that he was repeating some incredibly complex, unknown formula. The story briefly gained national exposure and came to the attention of Dr. Charles Gilchrist, a scientist who recognized Beale's formula as a continuation of Einstein's Unified Field Theory—an integral part of a top-secret project (dubbed RAINBOW) during World War Two. Gilchrist, a former Navy scientist involved with Project RAINBOW and now working for a high-tech laboratory on Long Island, convinced his director of the potential value of this discovery. His interest piqued, Lyndon Beaumont of Unitech Frontier sent Gilchrist to investigate; Gilchrist transcribed the formula and discovered—to his amazement—that Beale had not only continued but perhaps completed Einstein's theory. Dubbed Beale's Corollary by Gilchrist, the formula has been put to use in Unitech Frontier's top-secret research.

In order to obtain the funding necessary to conduct such research, Beaumont contacted his old Air Force friend Joseph Coleman—a former senator from California—to lobby Congress. During a demonstration at Unitech Frontier's laboratory, a wrinkle in the fabric of space-time was opened, creating a temporary link to the original project—the notorious Philadelphia Experiment in 1943. This resulted in Coleman becoming electromagnetically attenuated by residual energy; it also brought his existence to the attention of the adumbrali, shadow-vampires inhabiting the weird dimension in which the subjects of the ill-fated original experiment are trapped. That night, during an electrical storm, the adumbrali sent a seeker to find Coleman and bring him back to their two-dimensional abyss.

Keeper's Information

The scenario begins with the death—under suspicious circumstances—of former senator Joseph Coleman, in Washington, D.C.; the players are FBI agents called in to investigate. Keepers using Pagan Publishing's *Delta Green* milieu can adapt this scenario simply by

Project Rainbow

During World War Two, the United States Navy conducted a top secret investigation of Albert Einstein's Unified Field Theory for Gravitation and Electricity and its possible use in the development of electronic camouflage for ships at sea. This research was aimed at using intense electromagnetic fields to mask a ship from incoming projectiles, mainly torpedoes.

In June of 1943, the USS Eldridge was fitted with several tons of experimental electronic equipment. This sophisticated hardware was used to generate massive electromagnetic fields which, when properly configured, would be able to bend light and radio waves around the ship, thus rendering it invisible to enemy observers.

At 0900 hours on 22 July, 1943, the power to the generators was turned on and the massive electromagnetic fields started to build. A greenish fog was seen to slowly envelop the ship, concealing it from view. The fog dissipated, taking the Eldridge with it, leaving nothing but calm ocean where the ship had been only moments before. Project scientists, observing from a nearby vessel, gazed in awe at their unexpected achievement: the ship and crew were not only invisible to radar, but to the eye as well. About fifteen minutes later, the generators were shut down. The greenish fog slowly reappeared and, as it dissipated again, the Eldridge began to materialize. It was soon apparent, however, that something had gone wrong. When project observers boarded the ship, they found its crew disoriented and nauseous.

The original crew of the Eldridge was relieved and replaced for the final test, conducted at 1715 hours on 28 October, 1943. The electromagnetic field generators were turned on again and the ship became near-invisible, only a faint outline of the hull remained visible in the water. Everything was fine for the first few seconds but then, in a blinding blue flash, the Eldridge completely vanished. Within seconds it appeared miles away—in Norfolk, Virginia—in full view of the crew of the SS Andrew Furuseth, a Merchant Marine vessel. The Eldridge then disappeared from Norfolk as mysteriously as it had arrived, and returned to the Philadelphia Naval Yard. This time, most of the sailors became violently ill. Some of the crew were missing; some went crazy; and, strangest of all, five men were fused to the metal of the ship's structure.

The men who survived were never the same again. They were discharged as “mentally unfit” for duty, regardless of their true condition. What began as an experiment in electronic camouflage ended as the accidental teleportation of an entire ship and crew to a distant location and back again, all in a matter of minutes. This incident became better known as the Philadelphia Experiment.

Officially, the Navy denies having conducted any investigations of invisibility, either in 1943 or at any other time, and claims that no documents pertaining to Project RAINBOW or the so-called Philadelphia Experiment exist. Scientists at the Office of Naval Research maintain that, in view of present scientific knowledge, such an experiment is not possible except in the realm of science fiction.

replacing the agents with Delta Green operatives. This scenario contradicts the events in Pagan Publishing's *Eyes Only* volume 3: *Project RAINBOW* with another non-Delta Green canon version of the events of the Philadelphia Experiment.

Phyers' Information

Each investigator is awakened in the middle of the night by the ringing of the telephone. Outside, an electrical storm rages over the city; thunder and lightning crash. On the phone is Assistant Director Andrew Forsyth, who says simply: "We have a situation. Local. Be ready in an hour. I'm sending a car."

The investigators are vaguely acquainted with Forsyth, who refuses to answer any questions, saying only: "In due time, Agent."

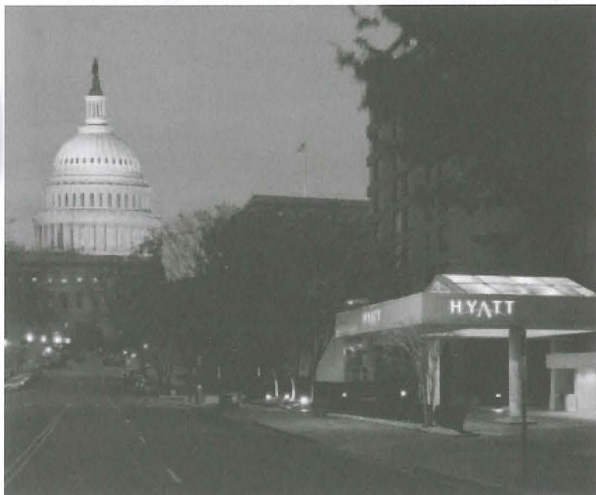
An unmarked, nondescript sedan arrives for each investigator in exactly one hour. The drivers wear civilian clothes and are generally uncommunicative. The rain, driven by gale force winds, drums against the cars; the wipers are barely able to keep up.

Each sedan pulls up, in turn, behind a black limo with tinted windows parked on 13th Street near Franklin Square. Once the investigators have entered the limo, the sedans pull away and disappear into the night.

The Briefing

Assistant Director Forsyth sits in the back of the limo, across from the investigators. "Good evening," he says. "Or should I say morning?" The limo begins to move, and Forsyth hands one of the investigators a slim folder: This is reproduced as Player Aid #1, adjacent. "This is what's interrupting your beauty sleep tonight."

The folder contains biographical information pertaining to Joseph Coleman, a former senator; his photograph is attached. As the investigators examine the file, Forsyth announces: "Coleman was killed this evening. We're en route to the Hyatt Regency, where his body was found."



The Hyatt Regency, Capitol Hill

The Hyatt Regency

The trip to the hotel—located a few blocks away, at 400 New Jersey Avenue Northwest—does not take long. The Hyatt is elegant, the closest major hotel to the Capitol and Union Station. A number of patrol cars are parked out front, their lights flashing. The limo pulls up next to them and Forsyth climbs out. As the agents follow him through the lobby of the hotel, they notice that the storm is letting up: the thunder and lightning have passed, and the rain has slowed to a cold drizzle.

Stepping out of the elevator on the sixteenth floor, the agents are challenged by two uniformed police officers. Forsyth flashes his credentials as he passes by and calls over his shoulder: "It's okay, they're with me."

Down the hall, another uniformed officer stands guard outside room 1608. He opens the door and steps aside as the agents approach. Several people are inside: detectives, mostly, and the medical examiner. The half-naked body of Joseph Coleman lies on the bed. As Forsyth and the agents approach, one of the detectives shakes his head in disgust. "It ain't a pretty sight," he says.

The pale body of Coleman, clad only in a pair of boxer shorts, lies sprawled across the bed, legs dangling over the edge. At first glance, there are no obvious signs of trauma—but the corpse is marked with disturbing geometric patterns of eerie luminescence which shift and move across the skin. Coleman's eyes are frozen open in a look of stark terror. Closer examination reveals that the withered body is nothing more than a dry and crumbling shell—it has been totally dehydrated. Sanity point loss is 0/1D3 points.

The medical examiner is dumbfounded, and refuses to speculate on the cause of death. "Ask me who's going to win the World Series," he says irritably. "Better odds."

Timeline of Events in Room 1608

- 12:15 A.M.: Coleman's body is discovered by Alvin Crawford, a maintenance man
- 12:20 A.M.: Fred Warren, the night manager, arrives
- 12:26 A.M.: Officers Richard Walker and Michael Higgins arrive
- 12:45 A.M.: Lieutenant Tony Escondido arrives
- 01:15 A.M.: Dr. Martin Bruce, the medical examiner, arrives
- 02:00 A.M.: Assistant Director Forsyth arrives with the investigators

Searching for Clues

Although the police have already given Coleman's room a cursory search, the agents may wish to conduct their own inspection:

Hotel Staff:

Alvin Crawford and Fred Warren have already given statements to Lieutenant Escondido, but they are still in the building and can be interviewed. Crawford had noticed that the door to room 1608 was

Room 1608: the death scene



slightly ajar when he arrived to fix a clogged toilet in a room at the end of the hall. On his way back to the elevator, Crawford noticed that the door was still open, so stuck his head in to make sure everything was all right. That's when he saw the body. He went inside and used the telephone to call 911, then used his radio to contact Fred Warren, the night manager. Crawford was afraid to touch the victim, but Warren checked in vain for a pulse. Apart from Crawford and Warren, no one noticed anything suspicious.

Hotel Records:

Coleman checked in shortly after 10 P.M. that evening; an imprint of his American Express card was taken at the front desk. His reservation-for four nights-was made two weeks ago.

Security Cameras:

The hotel has a security camera in the lobby. The tapes can be reviewed in the security office, a tedious-and ultimately inconclusive-process. A critical **Spot Hidden** roll shows Coleman entering the hotel, alone, at shortly after 10 P.M. that evening. Scores of people come and go; none are remarkable or suspicious.

Fingerprints:

The detectives have not dusted for fingerprints, but a forensics team awaits instruction from the investigators. Most of the prints in the room are contaminated, but a few decent ones can be lifted. Results are available within 2D4+1 hours: identifiable prints belong to Coleman and hotel staff-Crawford, Warren, and the maids who make

up the room. Several prints remain unknown; some undoubtedly belong to previous guests.

Wallet:

A leather wallet lies on the floor beside the bed; documents within identify it as Coleman's. Officer Walker found this identification; Lieutenant Escondido took one look at it and called the FBI. The wallet contains credit cards, photographs of Coleman's wife and children, and \$182 cash. There is also a small key, engraved B3, inside the wallet; an *Idea* roll suggests that it might be a locker key, of the type typically found at airports and train or bus stations. (The key opens a locker rented by Coleman at Reagan Washington National Airport.)

Luggage:

Coleman's luggage consists of one medium-sized suitcase. It is unlocked and contains clothing, mostly semi-casual, and toiletries. An *Idea* roll suggests there is about a week's worth of clothing here. A small folder, tucked into an interior pouch, contains flight information. It appears here as Player Aid #2.

All times are local. The three-letter airport identifier codes are: SAN, San Diego Airport; LGA, La Guardia Airport (New York City); and DCA, Ronald Reagan National Airport (Washington, D.C.).

Day Planner:

Coleman's day planner sits on the table where the police found it. It contains a number of brief jottings. It appears here as Player Aid #3.

Player Aid #1 - FBI profile of Joseph Coleman

Form 700-016
Personal Details, Senator

REG. DIST. NO. 81-5-A
FEDERAL FILE NO.: 77435-0-1195

NAME:	Joseph Scott Coleman
OCCUPATION:	Senator, R-Calif. (Rec'd)
SOCIAL SECURITY NO.:	32095903
RESIDENCE:	San Diego, CA
DATE OF BIRTH:	June 28, 1946
SEX:	Male
RACE:	Caucasian
BIRTHPLACE:	Canton, OH
MARITAL STATUS:	Married (Ottavia Richardson, m. 1974)
CHILDREN:	Two (David, b. 1977; Barbara, b. 1980)
EDUCATION:	B.S., Physics, Air Force Academy
MILITARY SERVICE:	Colonel, USAF (1983); Lieutenant Colonel, USAF (1980); Major, USAF (1976); Captain, USAF (1974); First Lieutenant, USAF (1969); Second Lieutenant, USAF (1967); Cadet, USAF Academy (1964)
POLITICAL AFFILIATION:	Republican

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Federal Bureau of Investigation
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Form 700-016

Player Aid #2 - flight information

Wednesday August 9, 2006

Flight report information for California
San Diego and other airports
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214

Sunday August 13, 2006

Flight report information for California
San Diego and other airports
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214

Monday August 7, 2006

Flight report information for California
San Diego and other airports
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214

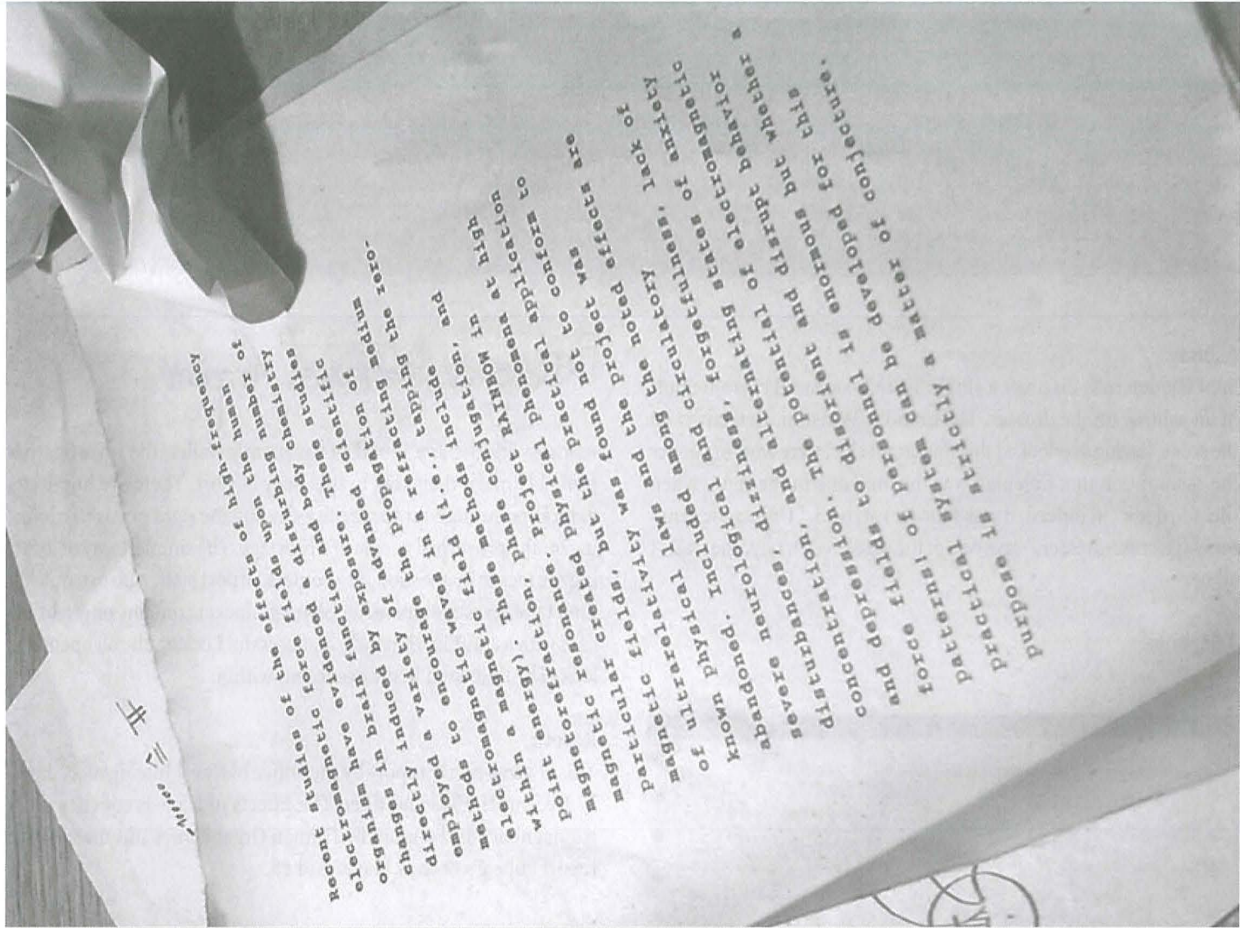
Monday August 8, 2006

Flight report information for California
San Diego and other airports
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MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214
MONTANA, DOR, 442, 1214

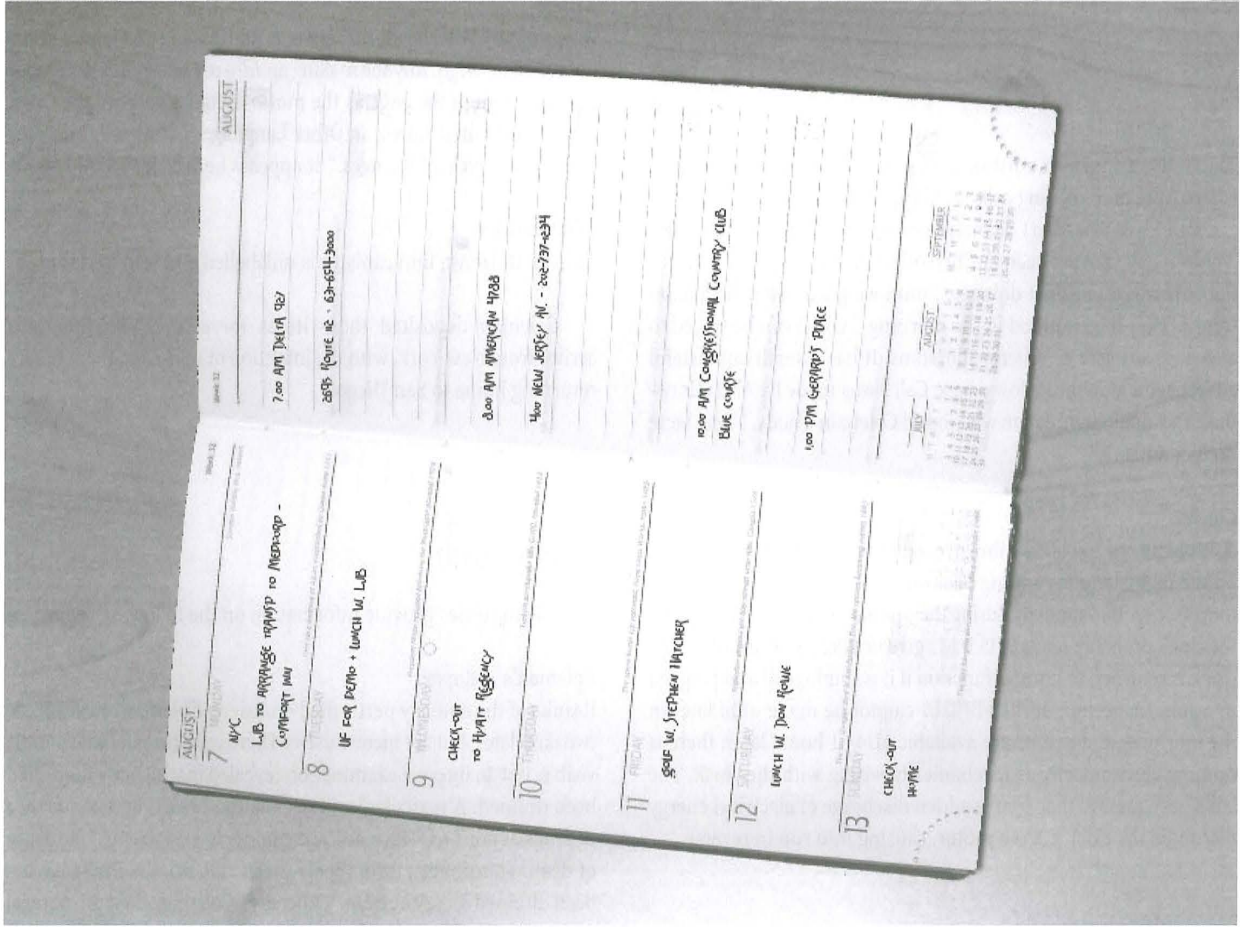
July 28, 2006

Page 1 of 2

Player Aid #5 - summary of ONI report:



Player Aid #3 - entries in Coleman's day planner:



The Senators

The two senators mentioned in the day planner are friends of Coleman. Senators Stephen Hatcher (R-Calif.) And Donald Rowe (R-Ohio) believe they were meeting with Coleman for purely personal reasons; they know nothing of Unitech Frontier or its research. Both men express genuine grief when advised of Coleman's death; they speak very highly of him and become suspicious of investigators asking too many questions about his character or motives.

Ashtray:

Spot Hidden rolls discover a single lipstick-smearred cigarette butt in an ashtray on the dresser. The brand is Winston. Detectives on the scene, having overlooked this important clue, were working under the assumption that Coleman was the only one in the room when the murderer (if, indeed, it was murder) arrived. "Unless the senator was a cross-dresser," says one of the detectives wryly, "he wasn't alone."

Telephone:

Call #	Date	Time	Number	Duration
01	Aug 9, 2006	10:13 P.M.	619-555-4663	0:16:58
02	Aug 9, 2006	10:31 P.M.	703-555-3625	0:06:33
03	Aug 10, 2006	12:17 A.M.	911	0:02:52

The hotel can furnish a list of calls placed from Coleman's room (there were no incoming calls). This appears as Player Aid #4.

Call 1 was placed to Coleman's home in San Diego. His wife and children have not yet been notified of his death. Assistant Director Forsyth advises against doing so "until we get a better handle on things. They'll be notified in the morning." Call 2 can be traced to a local escort service, Cherry Blossoms. It has a small but tasteful advertisement in the yellow pages. Call 3 was made by Alvin Crawford, the maintenance man who found Coleman's body. There were no incoming calls.

Clock:

A **Spot Hidden** roll allows the investigators to notice that the clock on the nightstand is running backwards. Assuming the investigators discover this anomaly during their initial inspection of the room, the clock probably reads 9:45 P.M.-give or take a few minutes. The clock is returned to normal function if it is unplugged and plugged in again. Inspection at the FBI labs cannot be made until later in the morning, and results are available 1D4+1 hours later: there is nothing electronically or mechanically wrong with the clock. The lab's best guess is that some sudden discharge of electrical energy disrupted the clock's servo motor, causing it to run in reverse.

Regan National Airport

Armed with the key found in Coleman's wallet, the investigators probably make their way to this busy airport. There are hundreds of lockers throughout the facility-finding the right one is like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack. The simplest way of locating the locker in question is to contact airport staff, who can quickly direct the investigators to it. Coleman's locker contains only a briefcase with a combination lock. A successful **Locksmith** roll opens the lock. The following items are found within:

Report:

This is a top-secret report by the Office of Naval Intelligence, dated 17 December 1943 and titled *The Effects of High-Frequency Electromagnetic Fields upon the Human Organism*. A summary of the report appears here as Player Aid #5.

Letter:

On company letterhead, this letter is addressed to Coleman at his home in San Diego. Anyone making an *Idea* roll recognizes the phrase at the bottom of the page as the motto on the reverse of the Great Seal of the United States; an **Other Language (Latin)** roll translates it as "a new cycle of the ages." It appears here as Player Aid #6.

Film Canister:

This small 16mm film canister is unlabelled and soldered shut.

Coleman deposited these items for safekeeping upon his arrival from New York, with the intention of removing them before returning home to San Diego.

Research

Routine inquiries provide information on the following topics:

Coleman's Autopsy:

Results of the autopsy performed on Joseph Coleman are available two days later, but are inconclusive. There were no external wounds visible, but an internal examination revealed that all body fluids had been drained. A toxicological examination turned up no evidence of drugs or poisons. The medical examiner has established the cause of death as coronary thrombosis (heart attack), the fluids having been drained post-mortem. Officially, Coleman died of natural

Viewing The Film

Facilities for viewing the film may be obtained at FBI headquarters, where a technician is available to screen the film for the investigators. The canister opens with a faint hiss; the film stock is yellowing and obviously of great age. The film itself is black-and-white and without audio. It is so crudely spliced and bereft of sprockets that it lurches spastically through the projector.

The investigators are viewing part of a film pertaining to an experiment done at sea. It concerns three ships: two are channeling some sort of energy into the third, a destroyer. A **Spot Hidden** roll reveals the designation DE173 on the side of the destroyer. After about a minute, the destroyer disappears into a transparent fog-literally. All that can be seen is an imprint of the ship's hull in the water.

At this point, the film jams in the projector and starts to burn. The technician is able to rescue the film, but not before the last few frames are damaged beyond repair.

causes. Off the record, however, the medical examiner confesses his bewilderment; in 30 years of work in the coroner's office, he's never seen such bizarre circumstances.

Unitech Frontier:

Unitech Frontier is a relatively small research laboratory in Medford, on Long Island, New York. Information is readily available at any library or through the company's Public Affairs Office. Unitech Frontier was founded in 1982 by Unitech Frontier, Inc., a management corporation owned by Lyndon J. Beaumont, a wealthy entrepreneur. This corporation runs the laboratory under contract with the Department of Energy. Unitech has over 100 employees; scientists carry out research in experimental and theoretical high energy, nuclear and condensed matter physics. (Beaumont's letter to Coleman indicates that the latter may have been lobbying Congress on Unitech Frontier's behalf, but no independent confirmation of this can be found.)

Einstein's Unified Field Theory:

Anyone making a **Physics** roll can explain the nature of Einstein's Unified Field Theory; investigators may also visit a library or search the Internet, where a **Library Use** roll discovers the same information. A summary of the theory appears here as Player Aid #7.

DE173:

At the Library of Congress (or a similar facility), a **Library Use** roll reveals that DE173 was the USS Eldridge, a destroyer escort during World War Two. Copies of the ship's listing in the Navy's Official History may be obtained here as well. Contacting the Navy obtains the same information, all of it a matter of public record (but arouses curiosity in official circles). An excerpt from the Official History appears here as Player Aid #8.

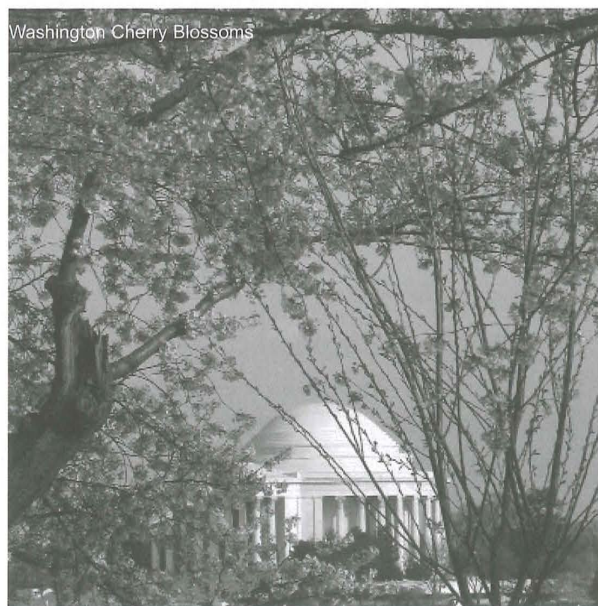
The Philadelphia Experiment:

An investigator curious about the Philadelphia Experiment may attempt a **Know** roll to recall the popular legend; **Library Use** rolls locate the same information at any library. Brian Sanderson of CUPID, met later in the scenario, can brief the investigators if necessary. The Philadelphia Experiment was allegedly an experiment conducted during World War Two on a navy ship, the USS Eldridge, both in the Philadelphia Navy Yard and at sea. The idea was to make the ship invisible to enemy detection, but accounts vary as to whether

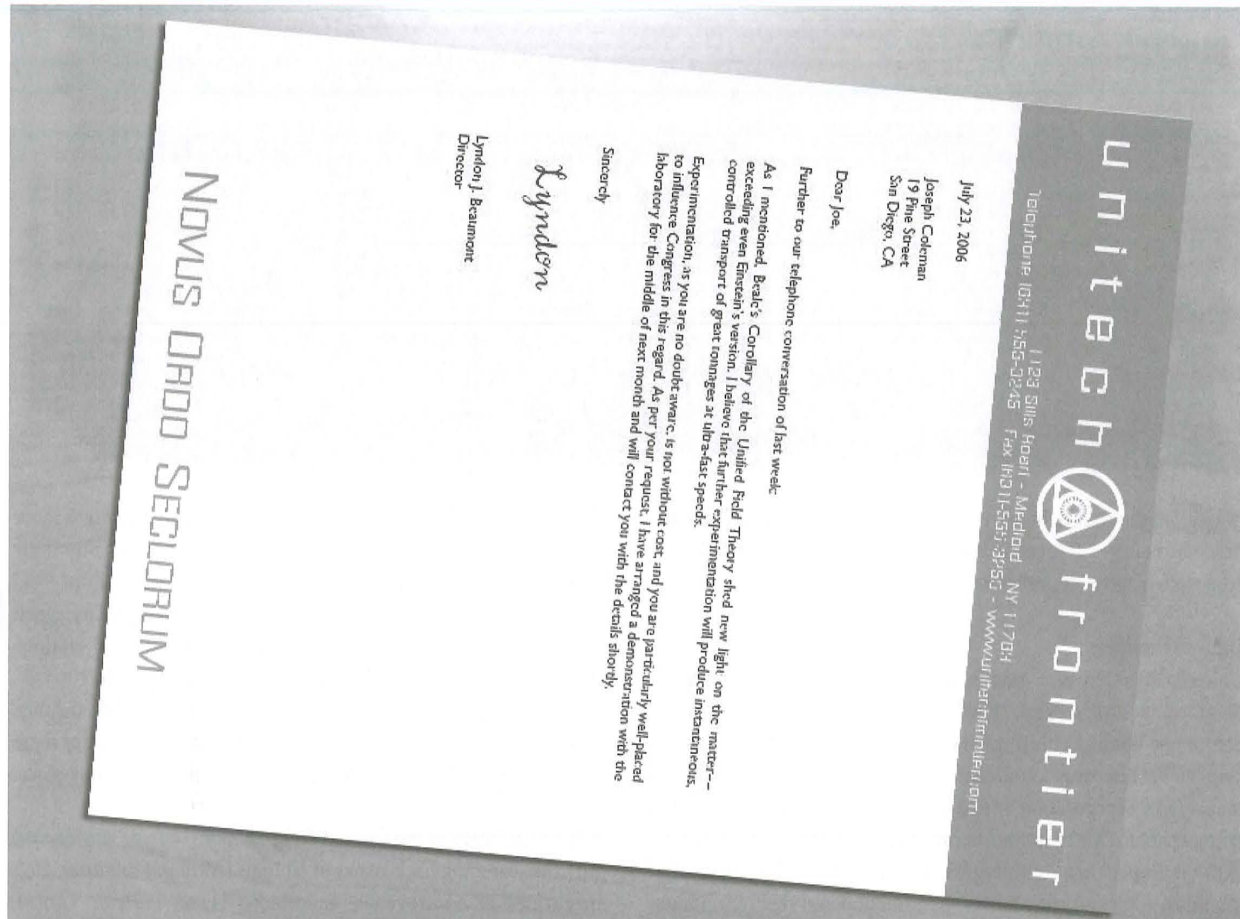
the original objective was to achieve invisibility to radar or a more ambitious goal: optical invisibility. Either way, it is commonly believed that the experiment stemmed from Einstein's Unified Field Theory and involved an incredibly intense magnetic field. The legend says that the experiment succeeded all expectations-for a short time, the ship actually physically disappeared. It appeared in Norfolk, Virginia-three hundred miles away-then reappeared in Philadelphia. A movie based on the alleged incident appeared in 1984, but there has been no solid evidence that the experiment actually took place.

Beale's Corollary of the Unified Field Theory:

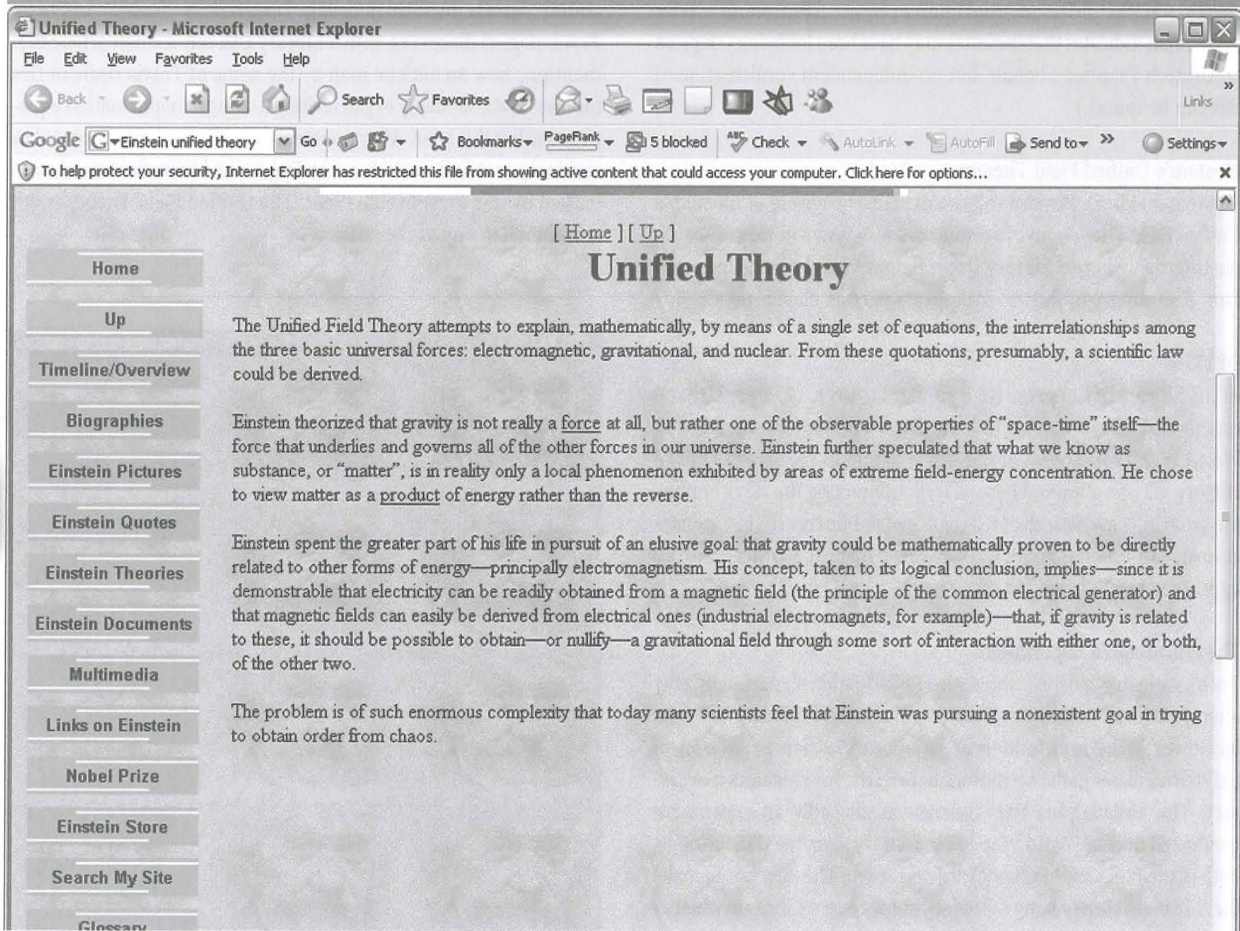
Anyone searching back issues of tabloids (*National Enquirer*, etc), magazines of controversial knowledge (*Fate*, *Fortean Times*), and/or certain medical journals (*Psychology Today*, *American Psychologist*) discovers-with a **Library Use** roll-a small article that mentions how an autistic man by the name of Travis Beale in Des Moines, Iowa, suddenly began reciting a string of mathematical equations earlier this year. After one week, the phenomenon stopped as suddenly as it had started. According to the blurb, doctors remain baffled by this inexplicable event. The Unified Field Theory is not mentioned in any of the articles.



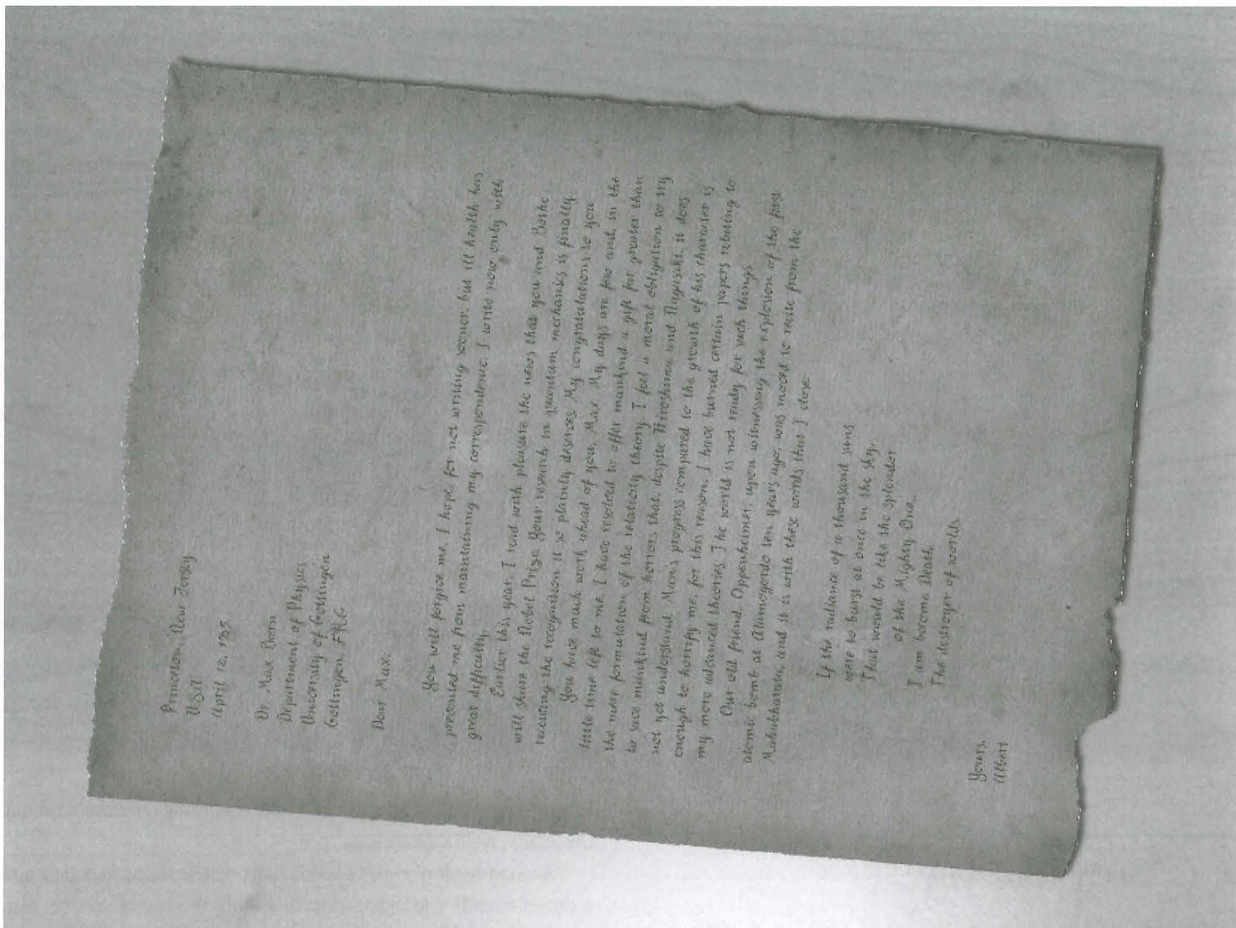
Player Aid #6 - letter:



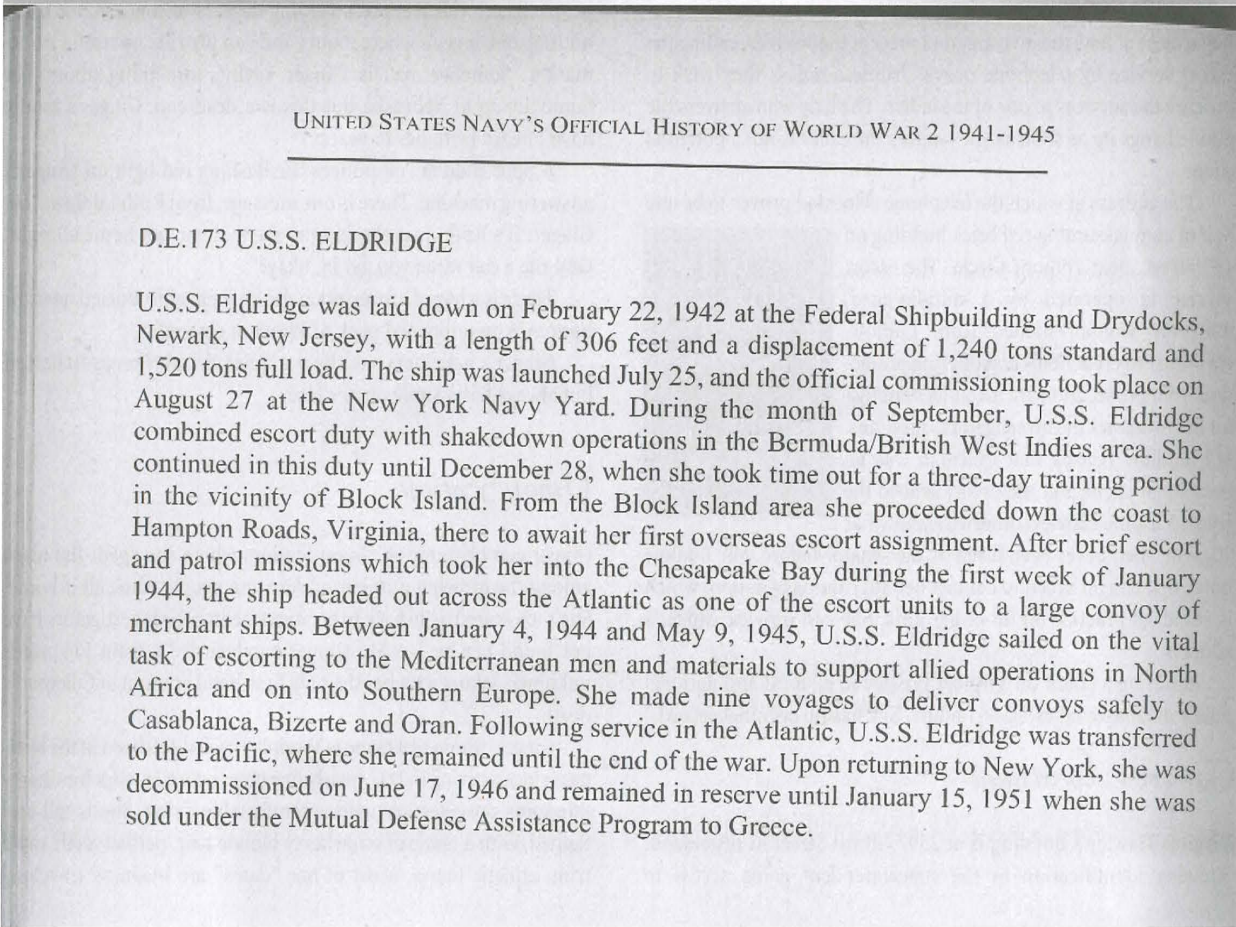
Player Aid #7 - Einstein's Unified Field Theory:



Player Aid #9 - photocopy of letter, handwritten, in German:



Player Aid #8 - The Navy's Official History, an excerpt:



Office of Naval Intelligence - An Optional Enemy

If the investigators begin making inquiries of the Navy, their activities are quickly brought to the attention of the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI). Within 1D8+2 hours, the investigators are under surveillance by ONI agents-dressed in dark suits and wearing sunglasses-who discretely observe their activities. ONI's mandate is to collect and analyze intelligence of significance to Naval operations; it wants to find out what the investigators are doing and how much they know. ONI agents might attempt to intimidate the investigators, but will not resort to violence except in self-defense. ONI's intelligence-gathering activities include wire-tapping.

Once the investigators are under the scrutiny of ONI, whenever they wish to do something relevant to the case, call for a *Luck* roll from the investigator with the lowest score present; failure indicates that someone from ONI is watching. A critical **Spot Hidden** roll (by anyone present) gives the impression of being watched; only if the ONI agent fails his **Hide** or **Sneak** roll can the investigators actually spot the observer.

Typical ONI Investigator, age 35

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 16
DEX 16	APP 12	EDU 16	SAN 80	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Beretta M93 Auto 55%, damage 1D10

Skills: Computer Use 45%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 40%, Law 30%, Listen 50%, Martial Arts 50%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 50%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 55%

Cherry Blossoms

Regardless of how the investigators present themselves, calling the escort service by telephone proves fruitless-unless they wish to procure the services of one of the ladies. The lady who answers the phone hangs up as soon as she realizes the caller is not a potential client.

The address at which the telephone is located proves to be one half of an unassuming red brick building on 19th Street, near Dupont Circle. The escort service is operated by a middle-aged, matronly woman named Ruth Ludlow. Flashing FBI credentials and offering protection from prosecution are incentives enough for her to answer the investigators' questions. Ms. Ludlow reveals that Coleman was an occasional client, but the escort sent to the Hyatt-Virginia Hawley, otherwise known as "Ginger"-had never been hired by the senator before. Ms. Ludlow notes that Ginger failed to contact her after the assignation, which is standard practice for all of her girls. She can provide Ginger's address.



Running a check on Virginia Hawley in all local and national police databases takes 1D4+1 hours. She has no criminal record.

Ginger's Apartment

Virginia Hawley's building is at 2397 Girard Street in Brookland. Showing identification to the superintendent gains access to

Ginger's eighth-floor apartment. There is nothing remarkable about these tidy, well-kept rooms.

A small book next to Ginger's bedside telephone lists perhaps a dozen friends and associates, including the escort service. The people listed within express varying degrees of concern but know nothing of Ginger's whereabouts and can provide no useful information. Someone recalls Ginger saying something about her family living in Nebraska-but this is a dead end: Ginger's family hasn't heard from her in years.

A **Spot Hidden** roll notices the flashing red light on Ginger's answering machine. There is one message, from Ruth Ludlow: "Hi, Ginger. It's Ruth. Just checking to see that you got home all right. Give me a call when you get in, okay?"

There is a bag of groceries on the kitchen table; buried near the bottom is an unopened pack of Winston cigarettes.

Ginger's neighbors say she is a quiet girl who keeps to herself but always has a smile on her face.

Union Station

Ginger can be found at Union Station, where she spent the night among the growing number of destitute people who call it home. She's too scared to go back to her apartment; if the investigators have not found her by 7 A.M., Ginger has boarded a train for points unknown-taking with her the only first-hand account of Coleman's death.

Ginger, whose real name is Virginia Hawley, has been in the business since arriving in D.C. nearly five years ago. Her work for Cherry Blossoms provides her with a comfortable living. She is tall and tanned, with a mane of strawberry blonde hair, perfect teeth and a trim, athletic figure. Most of her "dates" are business travelers,



although she has a few regular clients among political types. Staff at various hotels in the city might recognize a photograph of her.

Investigators who track Ginger down at Union Station find her obviously nervous; **Psychology** rolls reveal that she is clearly terrified of something. She is reluctant to be interviewed but does not resist when identification is shown. She chain-smokes throughout and excuses herself part way through to use the washroom; here she pops some Seconal. When she returns, Ginger is visibly calmer; a **Medicine** roll suggests that she is under the influence of some narcotic, possibly a barbiturate.

Ginger, age 25				
Call girl				
STR 09	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 11	POW 13
DEX 15	APP 16	EDU 12	SAN 61	HP 10

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Kick 50%, damage 1D6+db

Fingernails 45%, damage 1D2+db

Skills: Bargain 40%, Conceal 40%, Credit Rating 25%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 35%, Listen 60%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 25%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%

Ginger's Story

Just before 10:30 P.M., Ginger received a phone call at home from Ruth Ludlow, informing her there was a client waiting at the Hyatt.



Ginger took a cab and arrived shortly after 11 P.M.: "I went up to his room, 1608. He said his name was Joe and he was in town on business, but he wasn't much for conversation-if you catch my drift. He was pretty straight; nothing kinky, if that's important. Later on, around midnight, I'm in the bathroom and there's this knock at the door. I can hear Joe talking to someone, and he sounds kind of annoyed. The bathroom door wasn't closed

all the way, so I can just see through this little crack. I can see Joe talking with this guy who has his back to me, only Joe's not talking any longer, he's backed up near the bed and he's standing there like

he's in some kind of trance or something. For the longest time he just stood there, not moving, but his eyes-I could see the fear in them. His mouth was open, like he was trying to scream. Worst of all, he started to shrivel up. That's the only way I can describe it. I wanted to look away, but I couldn't; I watched him shrivel up and die, right before my eyes. He fell back onto the bed and I sat there hoping-praying-that the guy who'd done that to him wouldn't notice me."

Ginger describes Coleman's "attacker" as wearing a uniform-possibly a cop, but she never got a clear look at him. His voice was low and raspy and she couldn't make out what he was saying.

After that, Ginger says, she grabbed up her stuff, got dressed and fled the hotel-all without looking at Coleman's body. Unless the investigators tell her, Ginger is not aware that Coleman was once a senator.

A **Psychology** roll suggests that Ginger believes what she's saying. The cab company-Capitol Taxi-can confirm the time of her arrival at the Hyatt. Unless the investigators arrest or otherwise detain her, she leaves town that morning and effectively disappears.

Unitech Frontier

Located on the outskirts of Long Island's Medford, the Unitech Frontier complex is surrounded by an 8' high chain link fence surmounted by barbed wire. Frequent signs read: PRIVATE PROPERTY. NO TRESPASSING.

Front Gate: A security kiosk controls entrance to and from Unitech Frontier. The electronic gate is controlled from within this kiosk; it may also be activated from the security desk within the building, and Beaumont has an override switch in his office.

Because industrial espionage is a very real concern, visitors are admitted by appointment only. If the investigators arrive unannounced and flash credentials, the guard calls the building and is advised that Beaumont is unavailable. If the investigators attempt to bluff their way in, a critical **Fast Talk**, **Law** or **Persuade** roll gains admittance. Investigators who have called ahead and made an appointment to see Beaumont have no difficulty getting in.

Beyond the gate, employee parking is to the left and right; straight ahead, there is a circular visitor parking area around a fountain. Employee entrances are accessed by security card only; visitors must use the main entrance.

Security: Hidden security cameras record activity at the security kiosk, all entrances, and the lobby. Videotapes are kept for twenty-four hours, then erased for reuse.

All employees have a security card, encoded with access levels appropriate to their job functions. Each time a security card is used, the name of the cardholder and the location of the door is recorded. Attempting to open a door for which a given security card does not have access also results in the cardholder's name and the door's location being recorded.

The Man from Cupid-an Optional Ally

During a subsequent visit, the investigators are not the only ones with an interest in Unitech Frontier: a beat-up old Chevette with New Jersey plates is parked at the side of the road, a fair distance from the front gate. The car is empty and there is no sign of its owner.

Before long, someone emerges from the woods surrounding the complex and returns to the car. He is a tall, bespectacled fellow with unruly blonde hair and a sparse beard. He wears a pair of binoculars around his neck. If the investigators are nearby or approach him, he introduces himself as Brian Sanderson, President of CUPID-the Center for Unexplained Phenomena Investigation and Disclosure-in Newark, New Jersey.

Brian Sanderson, age 30				
UFO buff				
STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 10	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 60	HP 13

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: none

Skills: Astronomy 45%, Computer Use 55%, Library Use 45%, Occult 35%, Persuade 30%, Photography 40%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 50%, UFO Lore 80%

Sanderson is a likeable fellow who subscribes to just about every conspiracy theory going. The walls of his office-located in the basement of his home-are plastered with drawings and alleged photographs of Bigfoot, flying saucers, and the Loch Ness monster. He believes that the government is withholding indisputable evidence that aliens-and other unexplained phenomena-exist.

If the investigators express an interest in his theories, or identify themselves as FBI agents, Sanderson pushes at his glasses and asks, point-blank: "What do you know about Project RAINBOW?"

If the investigators are ignorant of this project, Sanderson fills them in: "You might know it by another name: the Philadelphia Experiment. Back during the war-1943-the Navy experimented with making a ship invisible. They made the USS Eldridge, a destroyer berthed at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, vanish into thin air. Seconds later, she appeared briefly in Norfolk, Virginia, before reappearing in Philly. The Navy wanted to make a ship invisible, but they ended up teleporting it-and they've kept it secret for over 50 years."

If the investigators ask Sanderson why he's interested in Unitech Frontier, he says: "The Navy couldn't duplicate the Philadelphia Experiment, but they never completely gave up on the idea. One of the scientists from the original project-a guy named Charles Gilchrist-is on Unitech's payroll."

Sanderson is not familiar with Joseph Coleman and he has never heard of Travis Beale.

Lobby: A spacious lobby filled with plants greets visitors. A semi-circular reception desk sits straight ahead, bearing the company's logo and the Latin motto NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM.

Denise Patrick, age 27				
Receptionist				
STR 11	CON 13	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 13
DEX 12	APP 15	EDU 14	SAN 65	HP 13

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Kick 45%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Accounting 55%, Fast Talk 45%, Listen 50%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 40%, Shorthand 65%, Typing 70%



Denise is an attractive, smartly-dressed woman with long dark hair. She is cheerful and pleasant. She directs incoming telephone calls and is eager to assist legitimate visitors. If the investigators have called ahead, she has visitors' badges waiting for them; if not, she can make some up in a couple of minutes. Denise issues a playful bit of advice along with the badges: "Remember to wear these at all times-if security sees you without one, they'll bounce you out of here faster than you can say particle accelerator."

Denise is not aware of Unitech Frontier's secret research. She recalls that Joseph Coleman was a recent visitor-he and Mr. Beaumont were old friends-but she doesn't know he's dead. Denise has nothing but good things to say about Unitech Frontier and Lyndon Beaumont.

A panic button beneath the desk triggers a silent alarm that brings security guards running immediately. A silent alarm is also triggered in Beaumont's office and in the secret research lab.

Security Office: The security office is just beyond the reception area. A one-way mirror allows security personnel to discretely observe events in the lobby. The front gate can be controlled from here.

Five armed and uniformed security guards patrol the complex at all times. Three make regular rounds (separately) of the exterior and interior (except the secret research lab, which is completely off-limits); a fourth guard is stationed at the security office, monitoring the closed-circuit cameras; and a fifth is in the security kiosk at the front gate. The guards are, typically, ex-cops and former military personnel; each has a radio.

Typical Security Guard				
STR 14	CON 15	SIZ 13	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 13	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 50	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db

9mm automatic 50%, damage 1D10

Skills: Dodge 30%, First Aid 55%, Hide 60%, Jump 60%, Listen 55%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 50%

Harrison Pike, a burly ex-Marine with the mentality of a drill sergeant, is head of security for Unitech Frontier. He runs a tight ship because he has to: a breach of security could spell disaster for the company.

Harrison Pike, age 48 Head of Security				
STR 16	CON 16	SIZ 15	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 15	APP 13	EDU 14	SAN 70	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: First/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 65%, damage 1D6+db

9mm automatic 55%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 80%, Dodge 70%, Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 55%, Jump 55%, Law 50%, Listen 50%, Martial Arts 70%, Persuade 75%, Psychology 70%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 45%



Beaumont's Office: Depending on the nature and circumstances of their visit, the investigators are met by Lyndon Beaumont, Unitech Frontier's director. He greets the investigators enthusiastically, with firm handshakes all around. Beaumont invites the investigators back to his office, unless they would prefer a tour of the facility.

Beaumont's office in the Administration wing is tastefully decorated. Photographs of his family-wife, two kids and dog-decorate Beaumont's big oak desk. There are two buttons hidden beneath the desk: one overrides the main gate; the other sets off a silent alarm in the security office. One of the desk drawers is locked; Beaumont carries the only key with him at all times. Inside, there is an unlabelled file folder containing a single sheet of paper. It is a photocopy of a handwritten letter, in German. An **Own** or **Other Language (German)** roll is required to comprehend the letter, which

is from none other than Albert Einstein. It appears here as Player Aid #9.

Lyndon Beaumont is a dapper, polite fellow who exudes a boyish charm. He is proud of Unitech Frontier and its accomplishments, and speaks highly of his employees.

Lyndon Beaumont Unitech CEO				
STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 15
DEX 12	APP 14	EDU 18	SAN 75	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+db

Languages: German 35%, Spanish 35%

Skills: Accounting 50%, Bargain 50%, Credit Rating 45%, Fast Talk 45%, History 35%, Law 20%, Library Use 30%, Persuade 50%, Physics 30%, Psychology 30%



While he acknowledges his friendship with Joseph Coleman, Beaumont denies that Unitech Frontier is conducting any sort of "secret" research. He even denies having sent the letter the investigators may have retrieved from Coleman's airport locker. If the investigators specifically mention the Philadelphia Experiment, Beaumont scoffs: "It's the worst kind of science fiction. A hoax. The kind of mumbo-jumbo you read in the supermarket tabloids, right next to stories about Elvis being alive and well and living in Kalamazoo, or some woman having Bigfoot's baby." Beaumont is, of course, a liar-and a good one: **Psychology** rolls indicate only that Beaumont is suspicious of the investigators.

Beaumont is genuinely shocked to learn of Coleman's death.

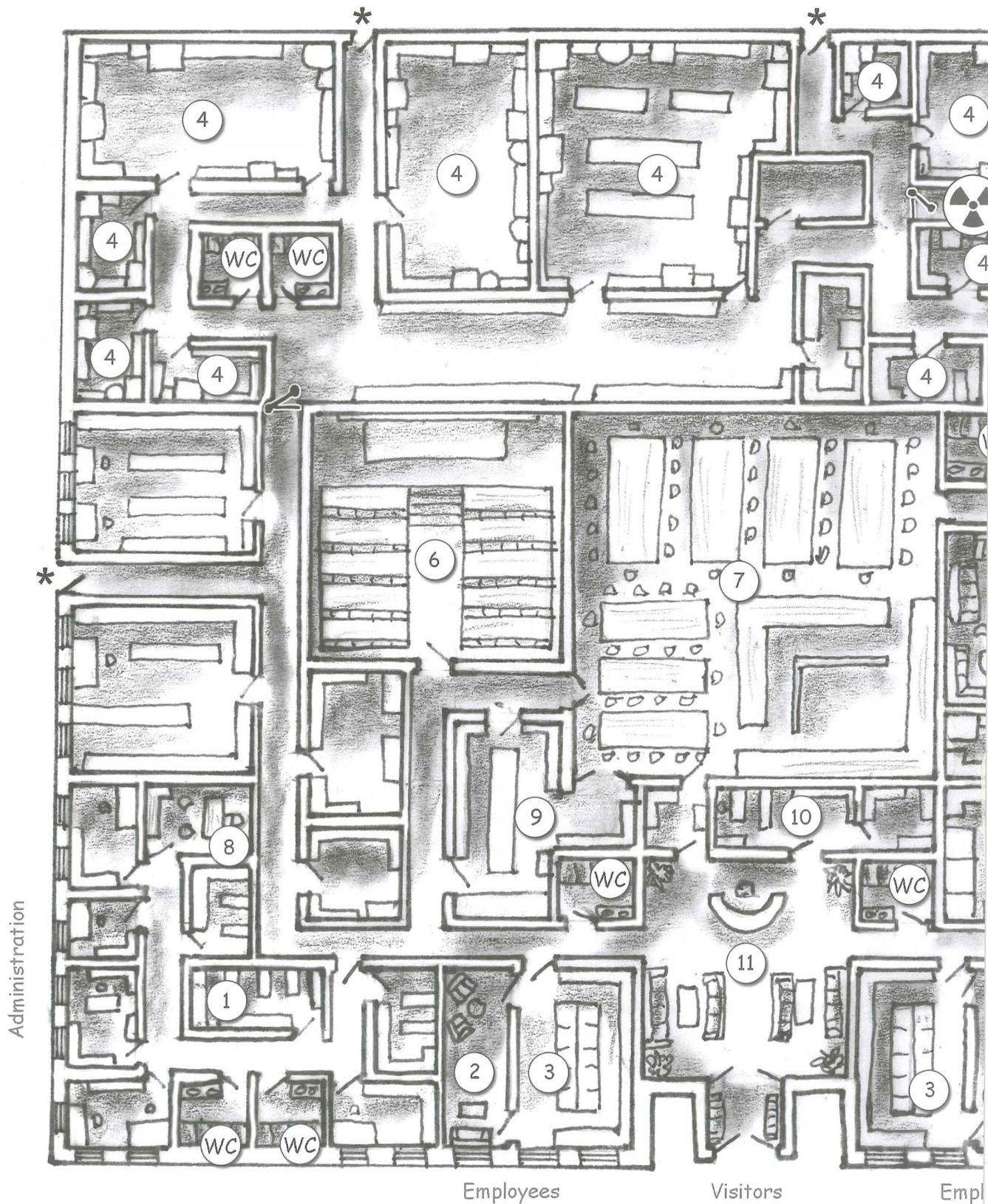
The Research Lab: Unitech Frontier employs a state-of-the-art Alternating Gradient Synchrotron (AGS)-a particle accelerator used for high-energy physics research. Some of its current experiments include: Transverse Energy and Particle Production in Ultrarelativistic Au + Au Collisions; Antinucleus Production; Spin Asymmetry in Inclusive Pion Production with a Polarized Proton Beam; and Chiral Symmetry Restoration in Relativistic Heavy Ion Collisions with Electron Pairs.



Support divisions include: administration; automated services; financial services; human resources; and plant engineering.

Secret Research Laboratory: This research lab is beyond a heavy door marked RESTRICTED ACCESS AREA-RADIOACTIVE WASTE-DO NOT ENTER. The warning, however, is just to keep people out; there is no radioactive waste here. A card reader controls access.

Dominating the lab is a huge magnetron, connected by a pair of thick electrical cables to a superconductor capable of generating more than five million gauss. The flow of electrons is measured by a magnetometer and recorded by a magnetograph. The whole system is monitored by sophisticated computers, and there is a constant thrum of electrical equipment in the lab; when the machinery is turned on, the noise grows so loud as to be nearly deafening. The electromagnetic field generated in the lab is so massive that it bends

Unitech Frontier,
Long Island, NY



-  Secure door: card reader access only
-  Emergency exit: unlocked by fire alarm

light waves-rendering objects invisible through magneto-refraction. Unfortunately, the magnetic resonance results in a violent phase conjugation, tearing a hole in the fabric of space-time and opening a "door" to another dimension.

Access to the Secret Research Laboratory

The following individuals have security clearance to enter the lab: Lyndon Beaumont, Dr. Charles Gilchrist, and Harrison Pike. Pike has argued for clearance for all security guards, but Beaumont, at Gilchrist's urging, has refused.

Dr. Charles Gilchrist is the lead scientist for the project. A few others are involved, but their knowledge is limited. Several technicians also have security clearance for this top-secret project.

Charles Gilchrist, age 83

Scientist

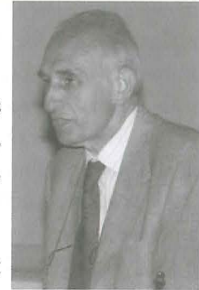
STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 14	INT 18	POW 13
DEX 14	APP 11	EDU 19	SAN 55	HP 12

Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: none

Languages: German 50%

Skills: Credit Rating 45%, Electronics 85%, Library Use 70%, Listen 35%, Persuade 55%, Physics 85%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 50%

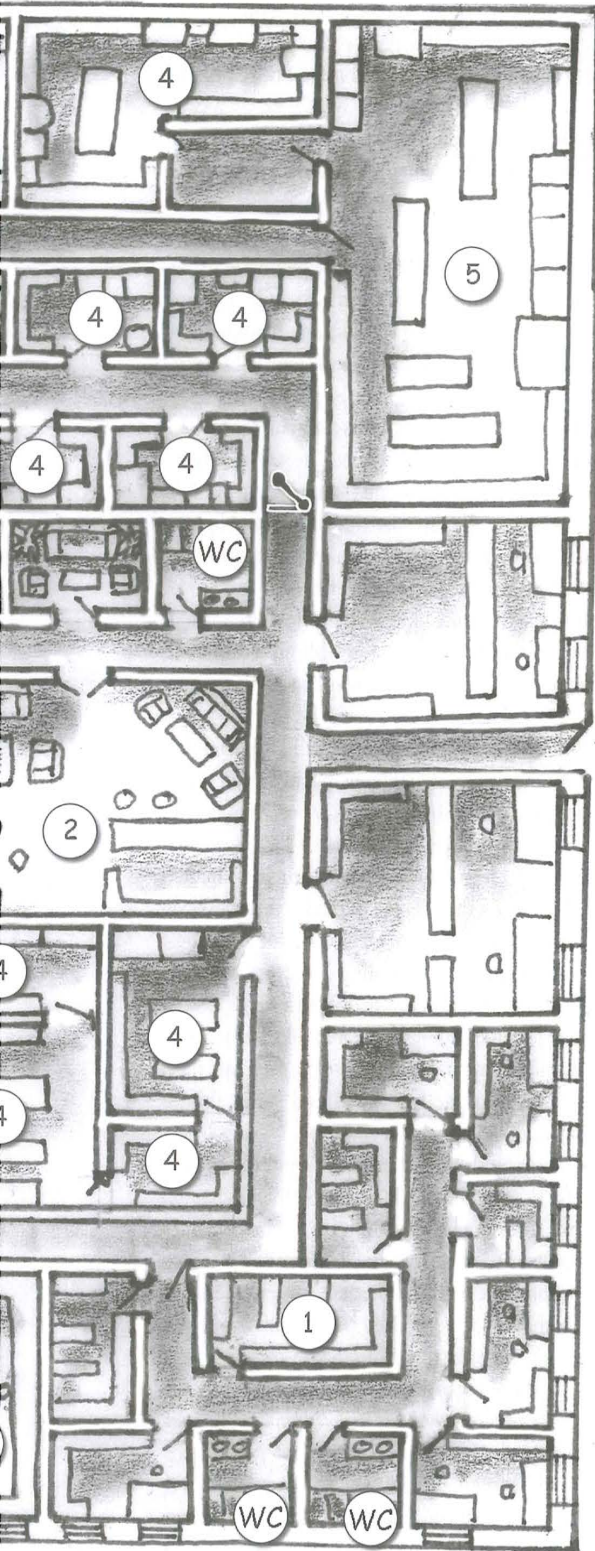


Dr. Gilchrist is in charge of secret research. He is in good health and looks younger than his age. In 1943, when Gilchrist was still at M.I.T., he took part in the Philadelphia Experiment. The results of the original experiment were so impressive that complete success has obsessed-and eluded-him ever since.

Gilchrist approached Lyndon Beaumont a few years ago and convinced him that, if an invisibility device could be developed, Unitech Frontier would stand to make a tremendous profit. Gilchrist's transcription of Travis Beale's corollary to Einstein's theory has helped considerably, but the project has been slow and costly. His capital drained, Beaumont was forced to prevail upon his old friend, Joseph Coleman, to lobby Congress for funds.

Travis Beale

Travis Beale lives with his family outside Des Moines, Iowa; the investigators may visit him there. There are no direct flights between Washington and Des Moines; the investigators must get a connecting flight at Chicago's O'Hare airport. Given sufficient notice, the field office in West Des Moines can arrange to have a vehicle waiting for the investigators upon their arrival.



- WC - Rest room
- 1 - MTG room
- 2 - Staff lounge
- 3 - Lockers
- 4 - Labs
- 5 - Top secret research lab
- 6 - Lecture hall
- 7 - Cafeteria
- 8 - Beaumont's office
- 9 - Kitchen
- 10 - Security
- 11 - Lobby

Human resources +
Financial services

Travis was born severely autistic. He sits, virtually catatonic, all his waking hours. His body in the waking world is a prison, but he experiences many wondrous things in his dreams-including his incredible knowledge of the Unified Field Theory. Travis does not respond to anything the investigators say or do, but if an object (a ball, for instance) is thrown at him, he raises his arms to catch it instinctively. Occasionally he grunts or giggles, or his eyes follow some (unseen) object across the room.

Travis Beale, age 27

Idiot Savant

STR 07	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 18	POW 10
DEX n/a	APP 09	EDU n/a	SAN 50	HP 10

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: none

Skills: Dream 75%, Dream Lore 75%

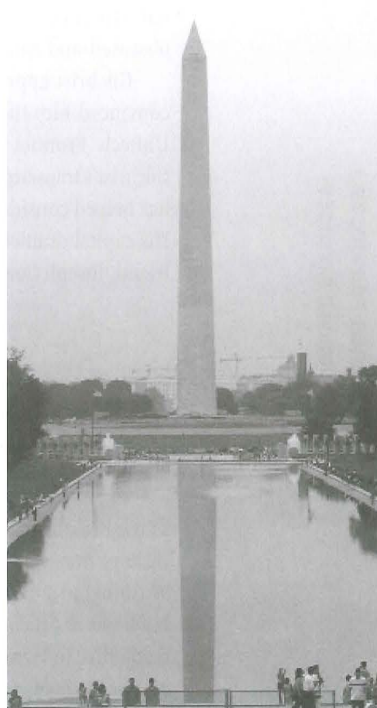


Travis' parents, Martin and Helen Beale, explain that one morning they were awakened by their son's voice. Entering his room, they found him asleep but reciting what appeared to be some kind of mathematical equation. This continued until he was awakened a few minutes later. The family doctor was summoned, but he had no explanation for the phenomenon. Autism experts from Drake University were called in; they too were unable to offer an explanation. Since then, more than a dozen scientists and reporters have visited. The Beales can identify Charles Gilchrist (or a description of him) as being among the visitors.

Travis repeated the equation in his sleep for exactly one week, and then stopped just as suddenly as he began. The phenomenon has not occurred again. The Beales videotaped Travis reciting part of the equation. If an investigator watches it and makes a critical **Physics** roll, he or she recognizes the formula as a modification of Einstein's final (1953) Unified Field Theory. If the equation is repeated back to him, Travis shows no sign of recognition.

It is a string of 16 incredibly complex quantities represented by tensor equations (an advanced type of mathematical shorthand), ten combinations of which represent gravitation and the remaining six, electromagnetism. According to those who have studied the revised version, there is no satisfactory way to explain this final theory in simple terms, since it is so intensely mathematical in its concepts. One thing that does emerge is the concept that a pure gravitational field can exist without an electromagnetic field, but a pure electromagnetic field cannot exist without an accompanying gravitational field.

Various media outlets (television and radio stations, for instance) also have some of the formula recorded, but it too is incomplete. If the investigators are diligent, they might track down a scientist or researcher who has a complete transcript of the formula.



The Rendezvous

One of the investigators receives an anonymous telephone call (which, if traced, originates from a pay phone near the Washington Navy Yard). The caller sounds like an old man, but refuses to identify himself.

"You're investigating the Coleman murder," he says. "You know about Project Rainbow. How would you like to actually speak to a man who was once invisible?"

If the investigators are interested, the caller tells them to meet him "at the green bench on the east end of the Reflecting Pool" at noon. Assuming the investigators arrive on schedule for the rendezvous, they are approached by a rather strange-looking old man—a short, balding, unkempt fellow with a faraway look in his eyes. He appears to be in his eighties.

The old man nods at the investigators, takes a seat on the bench, and gazes into the pool. "I was a Navy officer once," he says at length. "During the war. But they... did things to me. Things you wouldn't wish upon your worst enemy." He taps the side of his head lightly with a crooked finger. "I couldn't take the strain of the experiment, so they put me out to pasture. But I was lucky: I lived."

If the investigators ask for some kind of identification, the old man pulls out a wallet and flashes a worn and obviously outdated ID card: "See? Navy, just like I said." A *Know* roll at half suggests that it is authentic.

The old man can elaborate on the nature of the experiment: "They were trying to make a ship invisible, using advanced technology. The experiment succeeded. It was the crew - us - that failed. We couldn't stand the effects of the energy field. If I knew what I was getting myself into, I never would have taken the assignment."

If pressed for further details, the old man mentions that the Navy was working on some sort of electronic camouflage produced by pulsating energy fields; these fields affected the crew in different ways: "Some saw double, some staggered like they were drunk. A few passed out. A couple even said they passed into another world and saw... things beyond belief."

He holds his hands up in front of his face and peers at them. "Going blank, that's what we called becoming invisible. It isn't so bad; the real danger lies in getting stuck. We called it freezing and one of the men was in a deep freeze for six months. It took five million dollars of electronic gadgetry to get him back."

The old man taps a small device, the size and shape of a pager, at his belt. "This little gadget is the only thing keeping me visible, and out of the deep freeze. Usually a man in deep freeze will crack if it lasts more than a day in our time. Can you imagine what six months of that kind of hell would do to a man? But there are worse hells than that, believe me. A lot of good men died during the experiment—and I pray to God they died, because no one ever saw them again. As

for the rest of us, well... we got discharged as mentally unbalanced. Unfit for duty. Pensioned off!"

At this point, the old man rises and begins walking away. If the investigators follow or attempt to ask further questions, he pauses for a moment and says: "All I have left are questions. It's up to you to find some answers." The old man reaches down and flips a switch on his hip set; he fades from view in a matter of moments. Investigation reveals that he hasn't just gone invisible-he's disappeared! Sanity point loss for witnessing this event is 1/1D4.



The Survivor: James Hallarohan is 84 years old and actually took part in the Philadelphia Experiment. He does not give his name but, if the investigators managed to remember his name from his ID card, naval records confirm that he served on the USS Eldridge as a Lieutenant during the period in question and was discharged because of his "inability to exercise duties due to emotional imbalance." The old man approached Brian Sanderson of CUPID with his story a couple of years ago; now Sanderson has convinced him to contact the investigators, who seem genuinely interested in the case.

CONFRONTATION

If the investigators maintain overnight surveillance at Unitech Frontier, they notice the arrival of a dark blue Pontiac Grand Am. The car belongs to Dr. Gilchrist. Investigators with binoculars might recognize him; those without can identify the scientist with a critical **Spot Hidden** roll. Alternately, one of the investigators gets a call from Brian Sanderson of CUPID, tipping them to the fact that "something is going down" at Unitech Frontier.

There are only a few cars (belonging to security personnel, cleaners, and Dr. Gilchrist) in the parking lot. Brian Sanderson and his Chevette are nowhere to be seen. The facility is quiet, but the investigators must take care to avoid detection (**Hide** and **Sneak** rolls should be made as appropriate). The only activity is in the secret research lab, where Dr. Gilchrist is fine-tuning the equipment-and conducting unauthorized tests. When the investigators arrive on the scene, one such test has gone horribly awry.

The corridor leading to the lab is gloomy and bathed in a misty blue light. Halfway along, Dr. Gilchrist swats at the neon-like blue particles as though they were a swarm of angry bees. The door to the lab is open; several shapes emerge from the mist within. As they approach, the investigators notice that the shapes are actually uniformed men. **Spot Hidden** rolls reveal that the uniforms are Navy; subsequent **History** rolls suggest that these uniforms are of World War II vintage.

Shuffling toward the investigators are those crew members of the USS Eldridge who disappeared during the Philadelphia Experiment. Gilchrist, noticing the sailors for the first time, cries out: "Christ, no! Don't let them take me!" As the sailors draw closer, the investigators note that their features are blurred and indistinct. The

men seem to shimmer and ripple, but they make no threatening moves. The investigators may attempt to assist Gilchrist, but movement through the particle field is at half the normal rate.

Suddenly, Gilchrist bursts into flames. The fire cannot be extinguished, but burns itself out after 20+1D10 minutes, at the end of which time, Gilchrist is dead-charred beyond recognition. The Sanity point loss for witnessing is 1/1D4+1.

The sailors stop just short of the investigators. They fight only in self-defense. The closest one speaks, but his voice is garbled and out of sync with the movement of his lips. The investigators can attempt **Listen** rolls to hear him rasp: "...caught in the flow... deep freeze... not ready for force-field work..."

four Seekers

These are the missing crew of the USS Eldridge, trapped forever between dimensions by the Philadelphia Experiment. Pawns of the adumbrali, they can briefly visit our dimension if someone disturbs the space/time fabric; the seekers attempt to shift that person's mind to the realm of their shadow-vampire masters. Whatever vestige of humanity remains within them also seeks to prevent any continuation of the experiment that condemned them to a fate worse than death.

	STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
Sailor 1	12	12	16	11	15	14
Sailor 2	16	13	13	12	15	13
Sailor 3	14	10	13	11	12	12
Sailor 4	14	11	14	15	12	13

Move: 8

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 25%, damage special

Armor: none

Spells: none

Sanity Loss: none

The scene in hallway begins to crackle and waver, as though it were shorting out. Light fixtures explode and electrical wiring catches fire. Anyone observing from outside sees the building glow with an eerie blue luminescence. A particle-charged mist surrounds the entire building-and it fades from view, leaving only the faint impression of the foundation in the earth. After a few seconds, the building reappears and the mist dissipates. Sanity loss is 1/1D4 points.

For those investigators trapped inside, however, time seems to pass much more slowly. Everything is obscured by the blue mist; the investigators lose sight of the sailors and each other. Strange sounds are heard: the lapping of waves, the groaning of metal under stress; and stranger still, uncanny cries like whale song.

The Realm of The Adumbrali

When the blue mist finally dissipates, the investigators find themselves on what appears to be the deck of a warship. The ship itself glows blue, but all around is darkness—a black void. Of the sailors, there is no sign. Investigators who fail a *Luck* roll find that they have appeared inside the ship—literally. Their bodies are fused with the deck or bulkheads, generally from the waist up. These unfortunates suffer greatly; they lose 1 hit point each round until death. They cannot be separated from the ship without some sort of impromptu amputation—which invariably results in the victim’s death. Sanity loss for trapped investigators is 1D4/1D20 points; for observers 1/1D4 points.

Investigators who fall or jump “overboard” do not have far to fall before coming to the attention of the adumbrali, who infest the void like sharks. Their filaments engulf the hapless investigators in a feeding frenzy.

Two massive generators have been installed where the forward gun turret should be; they distribute their power through four magnetic coils mounted on the deck. Four thick electrical cables, humming with current, run back to the ship’s engine room. In order to reach the engine room, however, the investigators must fight their way past the adumbrali prowling the deck. These shadow-like creatures are only capable of movement in the horizontal plane—forward, backward, left and right.

Adumbrali, Other-Dimensional Shadow-Vampires				
STR n/a	CON 14	SIZ 28	INT 14	POW 14
DEX 10	Move 8		HP 21	

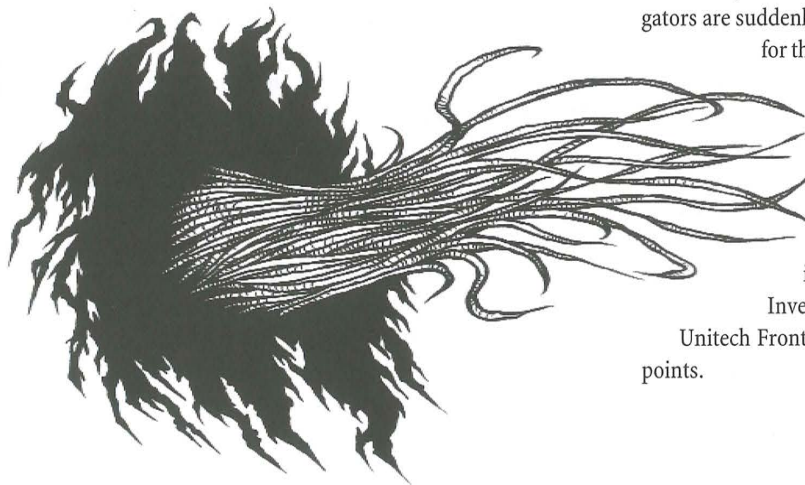
Damage Bonus: none

Weapons: Filament 30%, damage 1D6+STR and CON drain

Armor: none, but immune to all mundane weapons. Only enchanted weapons or spells which affect POW or INT can harm them.

Spells: 1D3 spells, typically those which affect the mind.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6



Engine Room: Filled with bulky electronic equipment, the engine room holds the key to the investigators’ escape. The electrical cables terminate at a circuit box marked DANGER-HIGH VOLTAGE. The only way to escape the realm of the adumbrali is to flip the rusty switch (STR 10 on the Resistance Table), which immediately shuts down the experiment—in both worlds. There is a blinding flash of light, and the investigators find themselves back in the top secret lab. Those who fail a CON roll are unconscious for 1D3+1 rounds, unless awakened. Investigators who were fused with the Eldridge or were overboard are lost.

By now, the lab is burning out of control. The investigators must beat a hasty retreat if they want to escape the conflagration.

CONCLUSION

Out of the frying pan...

As the investigators emerge from the burning building, they find the place surrounded by soldiers with weapons trained. The investigators are taken into custody. Those who are insane (temporarily, indefinitely, or permanently) are put into the back of a truck; everyone else goes in a humvee.

...AND INTO THE FIRE

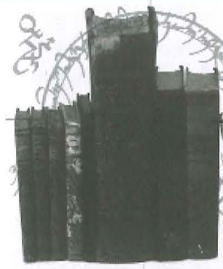
Survivors are taken to Bethesda Naval Hospital and interrogated by uniformed personnel who refuse to identify themselves but have a keen interest in what the agents saw (or thought they saw) in the laboratory at Unitech Frontier. This interrogation is secretly videotaped for later use in discrediting the investigators, should the need arise.

At the end of the interview, the investigators are pronounced mentally unfit and transferred to the Psychiatric Ward, joining their colleagues who had gone temporarily insane. Those who are indefinitely or permanently insane disappear forever—officially listed as killed in the laboratory, along with those who actually did disappear. No bodies are ever recovered.

Shortly after their arrival in the Psychiatric Ward, the investigators are suddenly released without comment. A limousine waits for them outside. Assistant Director Forsyth steps out and gestures for the investigators to get in. Once they’re all seated, he leans in and quips: “What God has put asunder, let no man bring together.”

Forsyth closes the door and watches the limo pull away. Their assignment complete, the investigators are returned to FBI headquarters.

Investigators who participated in the destruction of Unitech Frontier’s unified field research gain 1D12+1 Sanity points.



Cult Exposed: Chapter 4

The Believers of Red Hook

By Daniel Harms



History

The Yezidis are a small, persecuted religious sect of Kurdistan, said to have been founded by the Sufi mystic Sheik Adi (1076-1162). According to their sacred doctrines, when Melek Taus – “The Peacock Angel”, or Lucifer – fell from heaven, the Yezidi tended to his wounds. Since then, Melek Taus and the Creator have made their peace, and the Yezidi still revere the angel as their special link with God. From time to time, Melek Taus and other angels come down to proclaim new revelations to their chosen people. The Yezidi shared one trait with the Ismaili sect of Islam – their religion gives them the freedom to deny their faith to avoid persecution. As such, the Muslims have regarded them with particular hatred, though their status as “People of the Book” prevents them from being wiped out.

Beneath the shadow of the Yezidi once lurked another sect, the Qabidi. This group also placed special reverence in a fallen angel, but theirs was female and unrepentant. The Qabidi hid themselves among the Yezidi, the worshipers of the pre-Muslim earth deity al-Uzzi, and orthodox Muslims who adored Fatima, the daughter of Muhammad. In truth, they worshiped the Black Goat of the Woods in isolated places at the dark of the moon.

Around 1250, a Qabidi mystic had a vision from the Dark Mother. The goddess had entrusted her sect with an important task – the uncovering of a spiritual principle that would make their patron mightier than the Creator. The angel said little more, save to search for this power “as a beggar searches for buried treasure.” These words baffled the Qabidi, who nonetheless searched for the truth behind these words. Exhausting their own lore, the group contacted its Nestorian and Jewish neighbors at first, and later set out along the eastern Mediterranean in source of wisdom that might help their quest.

Through their journeys, the Qabidi found snippets of useful magical lore and spoke with magicians and soothsayers of many backgrounds. In addition, at forgotten sacred sites in Ephesus and Pergamon, they found their goddess worshiped under many names, including Diana, Cybele, Astarte, Hecate, and Lilith. Their wide array of metaphysical readings created a new pantheon, filled with a wide array of spirits and demons. Finally, they became skilled at developing secret contacts over large distances with individuals of many different ethnic backgrounds, an ability that would become useful when the group moved to the New World.

In January 1892, the United States opened its borders to the Ottoman Empire. Many Qabidi, persecuted for their faith in their homelands and following the prophecy, traveled to the New World, often pretending to be Christians persecuted for their faith. Taking up residence in the Red Hook district of Brooklyn, they joined the criminal underworld, working for the opium and slave trades while slowly recruiting among the other ethnic groups crammed into the tenements in this area. While most immigrants networked within their own communities, the Qabidi found strength in tying themselves to a wide variety of individuals of other ethnicities.

The leadership of the cult worked slowly. A group of Believers acquired work in maintenance and uncovered a series of tunnels beneath the town, possibly remnants of an ancient cult from Colonial times. The cult turned these into chapels for ritual as well as

Deity: Lilith, with other subsidiary beings worshiped as demons. Formerly a Shub-Niggurath cult.

Era: The Believers were strongest in the mid-1920s, though its historical roots and tenacity make it appropriate for all eras.

Goals: Maintain control over a criminal empire through rites in propitiation to “demons.”

channels for smuggled goods, while closing off those passages already occupied by unsavory creatures like ghouls or worse things. The area beneath the crumbling tenements near Van Brunt and Visitation was a nexus for these connections. A corrupt minister allowed them to use the Church of Saint Anthony of Padua as a front; when the nature of the group’s rites became known, most of the congregation left. Undismayed, the group took over the church entirely, turning it into a cheap dance-hall. As their power increased, the group brought in illegal immigrants who owed the church for their passage into America, and who were forced to repay it by whatever means available.

Among those smuggled into this country were a few transformed humans from the Qabidi of Turkey and Iraq. Their presence added more legitimacy to the sect’s pronouncements of divine contact with a great mother-goddess. By this time, the rites to Shub-Niggurath had been forgotten due to increased persecution and the American sect’s involvement in more secular matters and recruitment among Christians, Jews, and Muslims. The Believers pronounced the Gof nn Hupadgh to be such traditional demons as Astaroth and Moloch, and turned to the worship of the demon Lilith (see *H.P. Lovecraft’s Dreamlands*, p. 137-38). According to legend, Lilith was Adam’s first wife, cast out of Paradise for refusing to submit to him. She became the mother of monsters who attacked sleepers in the night. The priests’ words were now backed with the physical presence of the demons, and the group flourished.

This was not to endure for long, however. In 1924, the National Origins Act was passed, setting quotas for non-European immigrants. This did not deter the steady flow of illegal aliens through the cult’s networks, but the cult did find it difficult to recruit members who could travel in respectable circles. The Believers also ran into trouble after recruiting Robert Suydam, a wealthy antiquarian and amateur folklorist who had made a study of many groups of Middle Eastern mystics. At first helping with the financing of the society, Suydam balked when the group demanded a ritual marriage with the goddess Lilith, instead marrying a local heiress and setting off on a cruise. The cult – or the goddess – caught up with him on the ship, murdering the couple. Suydam’s body was passed to representatives of the Believers, who hoped to restore him to live to fulfill his duty.

The investigation into this death proved to be the group’s undoing. On June 8, 1925, New York City police officers, led by Thomas Malone, raided the group’s church and tenements. The apartments collapsed, killing police and cultist alike, but the numerous arrests and deportations afterward effectively broke the group’s power. Still, even in modern times, prayers to Lilith and Hecate may be heard in the poorer sections of Brooklyn...

Lilith

Source: *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands*

A fiend in rabbinical lore, Lilith has become the patron of the Red Hook cult. When she does appear, she comes as a sensual, dark-haired woman of incredible beauty. At other times, especially at major rituals, she appears as a beautiful, clearly demonic, and phosphorescent monstrosity. Lilith often engages in sexual acts with sleeping men (draining 1D10 magic points and leaving them exhausted) or observes such acts. In either case, she tries to steal the man's semen afterwards, in order to create the monsters of the night.

All who might be attracted to Lilith must succeed in a POW vs. POW resistance roll upon viewing the goddess or fall under her sway. Victims either stand entranced or carry out any orders that Lilith gives them. Control is regained only when Lilith leaves or if an unaffected person succeeds in a **Psychoanalysis** roll.

Lilith

STR 30	CON 53	SIZ 9	INT 20	POW 25
DEX 20	APP 25		Move 10	HP 31

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Finger Nail Claw 85%, damage 1D6+1D6
Kiss 100%, damage 1D10 MP (may be used to replace those Lilith has used in spellcasting)

Armor: Lilith takes damage from no physical weapon at night. She may invoke divine sanctity, providing her with 10 points of armor, and regenerate hit points by spending a corresponding number of magic points.

Skills: Hide 99%, Persuade 95%, Spot Hidden 99%, Seduce 99%

Spells: All those described for the cult, plus any that the Keeper wishes.

Sanity Loss: None

Ironically, the cult has succeeded in its mission. Deep beneath Manhattan lies Xothra, an aspect of the Old One Yidhra (see *Malleus Monstrorum*, p. 242). Whereas Shub-Niggurath signifies fecundity, Yidhra brings with her the capacity for endless adaptation, having devoured many different lifeforms in her drive for mastery of all environments. The union of these two forces would be the fulfillment of the mystic's prophecy – if it could happen. It is possible the cultists may never find her, but if they did, it is unknown whether they would realize her significance.

Recruitment

The Red Hook sect attracted many members who were illegal aliens. As a fee for entering the country, the Believers asked for loyalty and assistance for its causes. On the domestic front, many promising young people who traipsed through the dance-halls and speakeasies became prey to the cult. In either case, once a candidate witnessed the rites of the Believers, most were afraid of the group's power and willing to do anything for it.

Resources

The sect controls rum-running, drug trafficking, fencing, and even occasional slavery around the Brooklyn wharfs. The Believers have made contacts with the Five Families, but this goes little beyond exchanges of goods and non-interference. Most of the people in Red Hook fear the cult and will not speak against it. The Believers are short on available cash and influence among law enforcement and the wealthy.

Rituals & Ceremonies

The cult typically meets at the dark of the moon in a large room in an underground cavern, used for smuggling at other times. During these ceremonies, they hold feasts, orgies, and worship of the "demons" that make up the cult's leadership. Other ceremonies may be held around Walpurgis (May 1) and Halloween (October 31), as well as on special occasion.

Sacred Texts

The cult's holy text is *The Book of the Unveiling of Wisdom*. Only one copy of this Kurdish text exists, in one of the deep tunnels beneath the church in Red Hook.

The Book of the Unveiling of Wisdom (*Cthulhu Mythos +1%, Occult +7%, 9 weeks, Sanity Loss 1D3/1D6, Spells: Find Gate, Conjure Glass of Mortlan, Command Ghost, Contact Lilith*).

Spells & Powers

The Red Hook cult possesses a number of divination spells connected with finding or dealing with the guardians of treasure.

Believer Spells

Contact Deity/Lilith: The caster must chant the prayer to Hecate given below while falling asleep. Lilith appears and engages in ritual sex with the person, taking 1D10 magic points in addition to the point of POW. The spell may be cast at the dark of the moon, or in an area specially consecrated to the goddess.

“O friend and companion of the night, thou who rejoicest in the baying of dogs and spilt blood, who wanderest in the midst of shades among the tombs, who longest for blood and bringest terror to mortals, Gorgo, Mormo, thousand-faced moon, look favorably on our sacrifices!”

Create Rolang: Operates as Create Zombie, save that the zombie may make a POW×1% roll to remember its past life. Such a zombie usually attempts to destroy itself or its captors.

Hedge Out Lilim: Costs at least 1 POW and a day to cast. The caster must prepare four earthen bowls by writing a spiraling imprecation within and a crude caricature of Lilith at the center. Each bowl is then buried, mouth down, at one of the four corners of an area (no more than 20 feet per point of POW invested on a side). Once in place, Lilith cannot enter the area, use her powers against anyone within it, or send summoned creatures within. Her only tactic is to send her human minions to remove the bowls – if even one is disturbed, Lilith is able to enter.

This spell is not known to anyone on Earth at this time, though the knowledge necessary to create it is available. To do so requires an individual with Archaeology 60%, another (or the same) with Other/Own Language Hebrew 60%, access to a major research library (like Columbia or Miskatonic), three successful **Library Use** rolls (one per day), and a successful **Occult** roll (one try per week).

Wrath of the Succubus: This spell requires 16 magic points, 1D10 Sanity, one day of casting, and a personal object from a woman, who may never be targeted with the spell again. That night, the woman resists with her Power against that of the caster. If she fails, a spirit glowing like moonlight enters the woman’s body as she becomes the instrument of Lilith’s fury for 1D4+1 rounds. Her STR and CON double and her fingernails grow into claws (capable of making two attacks per round at 70%, damage 1D4+bonus).

During the spell’s duration, Lilith completely controls the woman. She may attack others, injure herself, or perform whatever other task the demon finds necessary. Lilith takes particular joy in destroying male children. The only restriction is that she may not assault another woman. When the spell ends, the phosphorescence exits her mouth (Sanity point loss 1/1D4 to witness), and laughter may be heard as Lilith departs.

The high priests have forgotten the significance of most of these, inserting snatches of them into their rituals. Two spells are known well – Contact Deity/Lilith and Wrath of the Succubus – and the priests use them to maximum effect.

Red Hook Tough

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 15	INT 12	POW 8
DEX 13	APP 9	San 0	EDU 8	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+db

Small knife 55%, damage 1D4+db

Small club 45%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Fast Talk 35%, Hide 30%, Occult 15%, Other Language (English) 40%, Own Language (Keeper’s choice) 40%, Pick Pockets 30%, Sneak 40%

Serhad, aka The Demon Moloch

One of the most prominent members of the Red Hook cult, Serhad has almost forgotten his human heritage and his service to the Black Mother. Now he presides over the debauchery and laughter beneath the streets. His tremendous horned head, hooves, and claws make his posturing as a demon quite believable.

Serhad, aka The Demon Moloch, Age 637

STR 14	CON 19	SIZ 17	INT 12	POW 22
DEX 8	EDU 35		Move 10	HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Claw 65%, damage 1D6+db

Gore 70%, damage 1D6+db

Armor: None, but regenerates 1D6 HP per round until dead.

Skills: Bellow Out Orders 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Natural History 55%, Occult 75%, Persuade 45%, Pharmacy 35%

Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Contact Deity/Lilith*, Create Rolang*, Find Gate, Flesh Ward, Wrath of the Succubus*.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6



The Temple of Lilith

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Cult Site

The dance-hall church and the Parker Place apartments cover entrances to a labyrinth of tunnels that worm past storm drains and pipes into the rock beneath Brooklyn. The “demons” who lead the sect often shamble through these tunnels, sometimes hiding in side passages and striking at interlopers. At the nexus of this warren lies the Temple of Lilith, next to an underground inlet of the Hudson Bay.

This place is a huge room, hundreds of feet across. The floor includes several large rock outcroppings that rise like misshapen toads. Scrawled everywhere are incantations in bastardized Hebrew and Greek, symbols from books of black magic, and crude graffiti. If the investigators arrive at most times, only a “demon” or two, plus a few followers, will be present, and most of the room will be left in darkness. During rituals, worshipers light torches and dance around small fire pits while playing flutes and drums. To add to the experience, the cult often burns a mild hallucinogen (POT 8) that may work on susceptible minds to make the worshipers seem like monsters or creatures of legend. Anyone who retrieves samples of this and succeeds in both **Pharmacy** and **Occult** rolls finds that it contains many of the same substances supposedly found in the ointment witches spread upon themselves before going to the Sabbat.

1. **Piers:** Onyx structures that jut out into the water. During non-festival times, they may be used for smuggling in illegal immigrants and illicit substances. When a ritual does occur, the cult favors the drama of bringing a bound victim across the water by boat to be sacrificed.
2. **Court Areas:** These areas typically contain a few braziers, votive candles, filthy cushions, and a comfortable chair or throne where a “demon lord” may sit, surrounded by his or her court.
3. **Tunnel:** This particular tunnel leads up to the dance-hall church above. At appropriate points in the ritual, the sounds of the organ above may be channeled through this passage to make the worship even more ghastly.
4. **Altar:** This chipped and pitted block of stone contains a shallow channel in the top to channel the blood of the sacrifices. Lilith favors bathing in the blood of infant sacrifices, and the cult is happy to oblige her.
5. **Golden Pillar:** On a low onyx base stands a three-foot, intricately carved golden pillar, brought from Kurdistan. Etched into its surface in Kurdish characters is an incantation that may persuade Lilith to remain in this dimension for long enough to preside over a ceremony in her honor when Contacted. If this pillar is disturbed, the link is broken, and Lilith vanishes from this plane. As Lilith usually spends the ceremony crouching on this pillar, this is not as easy as it might seem at first.

Sources: “*The Horror at Red Hook*,” H.P. Lovecraft





Professionally Speaking...

The Photographer

By Daniel Lau and Adam Crossingham

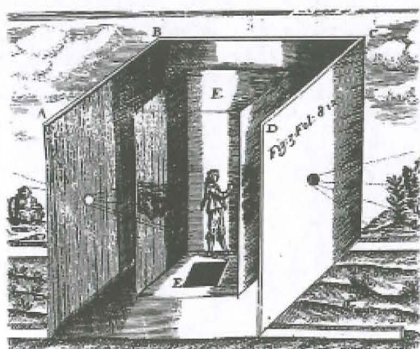


This article describes the developments in photography through the centuries, from the ancient camera obscura to the rise of color photography in the 1930s. And then over to Richard Schuster, a photo journalist who wants to share with you an odd experience...

The ~~Early~~ Days of Photography - 16th to 19th Century

The first “camera” was first described by Abu Ali Al-Hasan Ibn al-Haitham (also known as Al-Hazen) in the 9th Century AD as a “dark room”. Leonardo da Vinci drew and recorded the so-called camera obscura. This was merely a darkened box or room with a tiny hole in the middle of one wall or side. The camera obscura made use of basic optical laws: any object reflects light. Beams of light enter the camera obscura and are projected onto the opposite wall, where they form an image of the original object (e.g. a candle flame), but inverted, standing on its head.

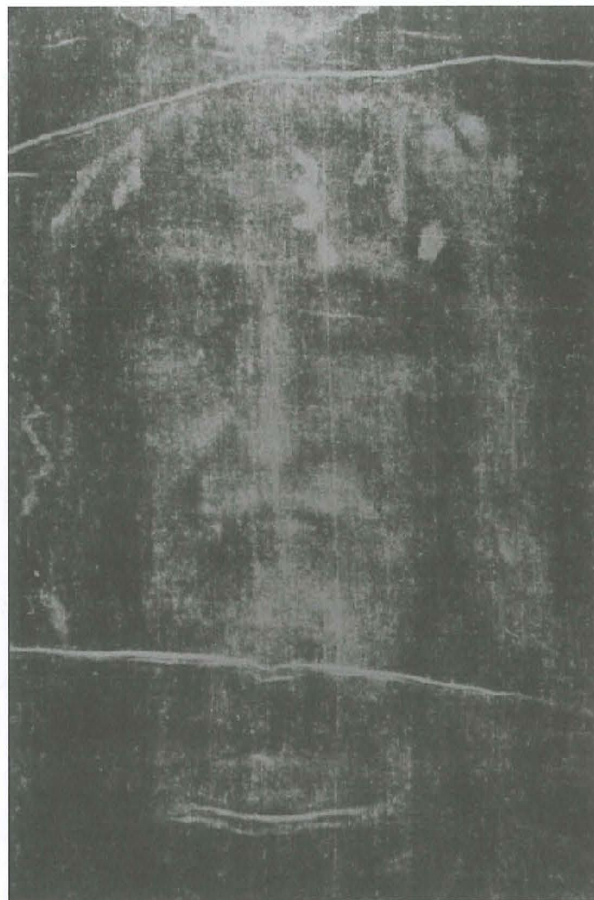
The first camerae obscurae to be constructed were built as real dark rooms in which the audience could sit to watch the miracle, only in the 17th and 18th centuries did smaller versions appear that fitted on a table.



Sketch of a camera obscura – 16th century

More than two centuries went by until 1727 when the German J.H. Schulze from the town of Halle discovered the photo sensitivity of silver salts – an important chemical process that turned out to be the basis of the development of photography. Silver salts, when exposed to light, react and turn black. When the remaining non-oxidized salts are fixated with a liquid, the result is a black and white negative of the photographed object. But it took another hundred years, until 1839, that William Henry Talbot (1800-1877) managed to produce the first photo-negative, thus paving the way for the reproduction of photographs.

But perhaps da Vinci himself already made use of silver salts to create one of the most controversial pictures of all times: the Turin Shroud. The shroud allegedly preserves a negative image of the face of Jesus Christ! Its creation into being is veiled in myths: some say it was just painted, others claim acid vapors left their trace on the shroud, and still others think it might be a photo-negative taken by a camera obscura and preserved by means of silver salts. Opinions on the latter hypothesis are divided, for both the remains of silver salts and huge quantities of iron oxide have allegedly been found on the shroud. Anyway, should the camera obscura hypothesis prove true, it would make for two sensations: the Turin Shroud would be a hoax, but nevertheless the oldest photograph in the world!



The Turin Shroud – relic, photograph or hoax?

In 1840, the American John William Draper took the first picture of the moon, and by 1848 first photos from exotic countries appeared, like the hand-colored photograph of Ramas IV, King of Siam, which was given to Queen Victoria as a present. However the long exposure times of early photography made the depiction of moving objects impossible.

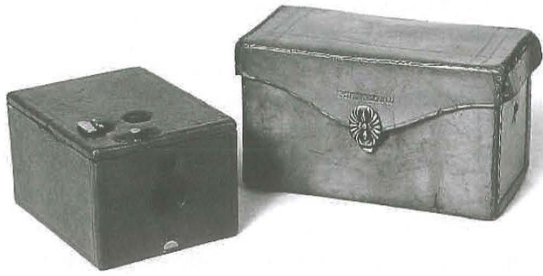
About 1858 Nadar (the pseudonym of Frenchman Gaspard-Félix Tournachon) made the first aerial photograph, taken from a balloon, and by 1860 photography which until then had been quite expensive, had become affordable enough for the middle classes who wanted a family portrait or liked pictures of celebrities.

Due to two further innovations, photography would become popular worldwide in the last quarter of the 19th Century: the first was R. L. Maddox’s discovery of the dry plate negative in 1871; the second was George Eastman’s development of the Kodak Box Camera in the USA in 1888. Eastman (1854-1932) had built a handy camera with a celluloid roll film. At first roll films could only be changed in darkrooms. Each film had a hundred pictures in a round format. When the film was full, you sent the Kodak Box Camera back to the manufacturer and shortly after the developed photos and the camera with a new roll film inserted were sent back to you: “You press the button, we do the rest!” claimed Kodak.

By 1895 the Kodak Pocket Camera was released. It had an improved roll film in cartridge form, which amateurs were able to change themselves, in daylight. You could take 12 pictures with it.

Finally the work of Louis Ducos du Hauron in the 1860s and 1870s and his creation of additive and subtractive methods of color

photography laid the foundations of practical color photography in the 20th Century.

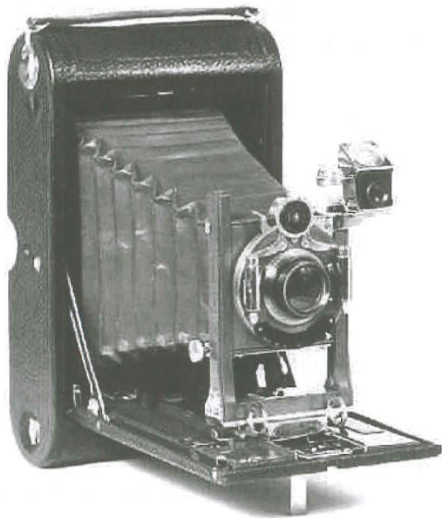


The Kodak Pocket Camera could be loaded with a roll film cartridge.

Photography in the early 20th Century

The dawn of the new century brought the promise of a new development: practical color photography. Development of color photography had started and continued throughout the 19th Century but had remained experimental depending on three filters, up to three cameras and contrasting printing colors.

In 1901 Adolf Gurtner took color photographs with a two-color plate, and in 1907 the French Lumière brothers from Lyon produced the first mass-market autochrome color plates. Despite these groundbreaking innovations color photography remained complicated and the necessary procedures were only known to a few so that it only really took off from the middle of the 1930s.



The Kodak No. 4 from 1906

Well into the 1920s heavy cameras with tripod stands were in common use, and the pictures from this period often gave a static impression, as the subject had to be arranged, due to the tedious adjustment of the camera. The common picture formats were the so-called press format (13×18cm) and a smaller format of 9×12cm.

For their very limited technical possibilities, the small formats on celluloid roll films were still widely ignored by professional

photographers and semi-professional amateurs. Celluloid films were also hard to store and easily ignited, so that many still preferred the good old heavy gelatin dry plates, despite their brittleness.

In 1913 Oskar Barnack, a specialist in precision instruments came up with a handy miniature camera: the Leica, which however only reached the buying public in 1925. The Leica used films with a larger format (24×36mm) recently developed for the cinematograph.



The original Leica of 1913.

Photography in the 1920s

At the beginning of the 20th Century the golden age of the photo-journalist photographer began. Until then most newspapers used engraved drawings as illustrations, but now photography took over as it was more immediate and the halftone printing process was able to accurately reproduce a photograph. The introduction of the wirephoto in 1921 meant that photographs could be sent by telegraph or telephone all over the world. Journalists usually used increasingly handier cameras that could easily be used indoors, so you could take pictures of people without being noticed. Pictures also looked more alive now. The quality of a picture was no longer defined by its brilliance alone, but more by the composition and its emotional impact.

The Kodak No. 1-A Jr., manufactured between 1914 and 1922.

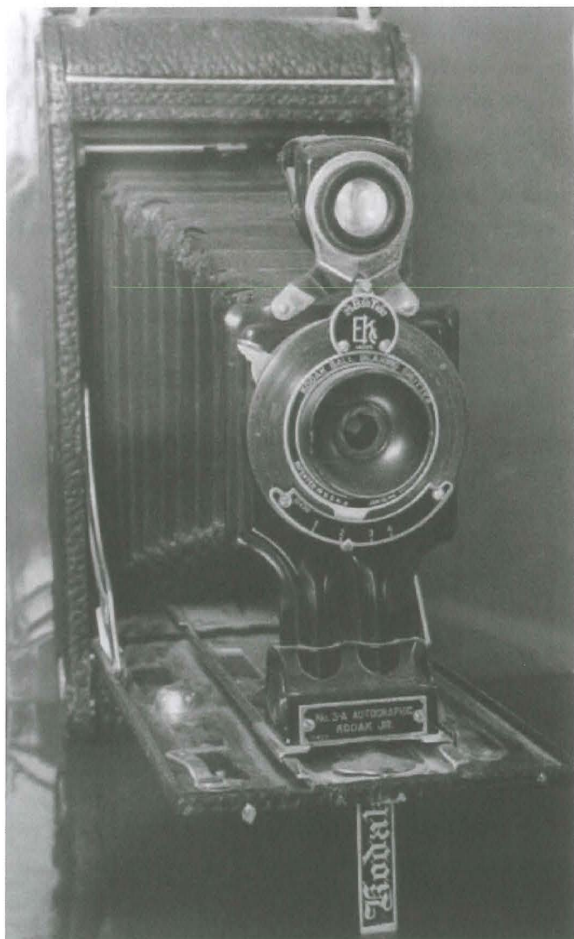


Now photography increasingly became a political instrument of propaganda, as well. By the careful choice of perspective, photos could be abused for diverse political causes, for a one-sided perspective could make somebody appear friendly, dangerous or ridiculous. Taking only a certain focus on a scene could tamper with reality as much as using the distorting effects of a wide-angle lens. It was also the time when photo montage was discovered, and photography lost the pure innocence and objectivity that portrait painting used to have. The saying "Pictures don't lie" didn't hold true any more.

In 1925, the Leitz Company presented the Leica Camera at the Leipzig Exhibition. Because of its small size, it was now possible to take 36 pictures without changing the film! For a professional photographer this was a revolution, and yet it took the Leica another decade to find general acceptance.

Progress from the cumbersome and dangerous flash powder used to illuminate picture subjects was also being made. In 1925, Austrian Paul Vielkötter, patented the first modern flashbulb. German Johannes Ostermeier produced the first commercially available flashbulb, the Vacublitz in 1930, quickly followed by General Electric's Sashalite or GE20 flashbulbs. Meanwhile American Harold Edgerton developed the first electronic flashlight in 1931.

In 1930, scientists managed for the first time to capture atomic particles in flight on film. In 18,000 (!) pictures, four nuclear fissions were documented.



The Kodak No. 3-A Jr. (1918-1927)

The Profession of the Photographer

Photography as an art form has existed for quite a while, but most professional photographers make a living by working for ad agencies or taking family portraits in a photo studio. Others find jobs in the film industry or work for the press.

Income: Lower middleclass or middleclass.

Contacts: Advertising industry, the press, film industry, perhaps camera or film manufacturers.

Skills: Accountancy, Chemistry, Bargain, Fast Talk, Photography (capture), Photography (darkroom), Physics and Psychology

Specialties: Photographers are able to use darkrooms. This skill starts at ½ Photography (capture)%.

Optional: "...it all evaporated in a few hours. Nothing left. You know, all those things in the rivers were seen only on the first morning after the flood. And here's the worst. I tried to photograph it for you, but when I developed the film there wasn't anything visible except the woodshed. What can the thing have been made of?"

If the Keeper allows, a photographer investigator may be able to develop a special film capable capturing alien life-forms like the Mi-Go on film. See the box "Capturing the Unseen" for further information.

The Photographer's Skills

As with any occupation, a photographer uses different skills to complete his job. Some are more important than others.

Art (Photography) (05%)

At its highest levels Photography is an art, where the composition, choice of shot, use of lens and film stock, development and printing all affect the overall impact of the picture.

Use **Art (Photography)** to decide whether the photograph the investigator is taking is going to be artistic or not. A successful **Art (Photography)** roll means the subsequent picture can be considered artistic. A critical success may allow the Keeper to assign meaning and game effects to the photograph if they wish to. If the skill roll is a failure the picture is merely functional.

Chemistry (01%)

Chemistry is required in processing film. Whilst a great knowledge of Chemistry is not required to successfully develop, stop and fix film, a greater understanding of Chemistry will allow the photographer to manipulate his film more easily and towards different desired results. An experienced photographer can create his own developing, stop and fixing fluids to bring about his desired results with a critical **Chemistry** roll.

Fast Talk (05%)

Fast Talk smoothes the way. Photojournalists need this skill as part of their everyday work. A successful **Fast Talk** roll will allow photographers to get past guards or other gate-keepers or quickly convince recalcitrant or reserved people to allow their pictures to be taken.

Persuade (15%)

Successful photographers need this skill if they are portrait photographers or interact with the public or their subjects a lot. A well chosen word or two will enable the photographer to complete his job more easily by persuading his subjects to co-operate fully with him: "Smile! Look at the birdie!"

Photography (Capture) (10%)

Photography (capture) is the skill of taking a photograph. A successful photograph is the result of a combination of choices: film stock, aperture, exposure, lighting, lens, and composition. Each choice can have an impact on the picture taken. This is summarized in games terms as a successful **Photography (capture)** skill roll which produces a photograph that shows what the photographer intended to show. A failed **Photography (capture)** skill roll means one or more of the choices was wrong and the picture may not show what the photographer wanted.

Photography (Darkroom) (½ Photography (capture)%)

Photography (darkroom) is the skill of developing exposed film and making it usable to make prints. First the film is developed to make the latent image visible. Then the developing action is stopped. The developed image is then fixed and made permanent. The film is washed and dried. All these steps need a successful **Photography (darkroom)** skill roll to be completed successfully. A failed skill roll can result in a film becoming damaged, fogged or otherwise unusable.

Printing is producing prints from developed film. Skill can make a vast difference to the final print. Dodging and burning lighten and darken prints and can be selectively applied to different parts of the same print. The speed of the print paper can also affect the quality of the picture. A successful **Photography (darkroom)** skill roll can manipulate a print in the way the investigator wants, hiding or developing detail. A failed **Photography (darkroom)** roll can ruin a print so that nothing is viewable.

Modern day investigators may want to replace this skill with **Photography (digital manipulation)** which works in the same way, with the added advantage that a successful **Photography (digital manipulation)** skill roll may be able to counteract a failed **Photography (capture)** skill, and allow information to be retrieved from an otherwise useless image.

Physics (01%)

Whilst a photographer does not have to know the principles by which photography works, even a basic knowledge can inform the choices a photographer makes whilst taking a photograph. A keeper may allow an investigator a small bonus to their **Photography (capture)** skill if the investigator successfully makes a **Physics** skill roll whilst setting up the shot beforehand. A good **Physics** skill may help in trying to successfully capture images of alien beings (see the "Capturing the Unseen" box).

Psychology (05%)

A good portrait photograph can capture a moment, and almost see into the subject's soul. A good photographer who knows people will be able to see things about them and try to capture it on film. The skill is also useful in getting the best out of the photographer's

subjects. A portrait photographer may choose to roll this skill in addition to their **Photography (capture)** skill if they are trying to capture something about the subject's personality that they want viewers to be able to see.

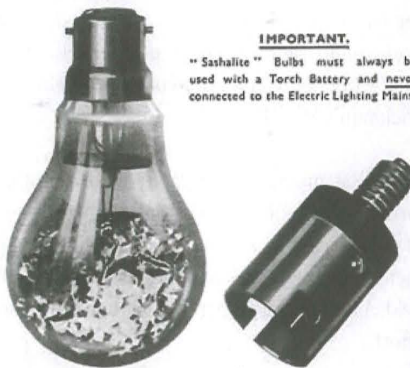
Spot Hidden (25%)

A good photographer should always have an eye open for the out-of-the-ordinary, the extraordinary, or the unnoticed and overlooked.

"SASHALITE" BULBS

Clean, certain and safe. An intense flash is produced by passing an electric current (from an ordinary torch battery) through metal foil in a glass bulb containing oxygen. There is no naked flame, no smell, smoke, noise or dust. You can use "Sashalite" bulbs anywhere: indoors in a drawing room, or out-of-doors on a wet, windy night.

- Baby "Sashalite" Bulbs, each 10/6d.
- Larger "Sashalite" Bulbs, giving a more powerful flash (for taking groups, dinners, etc.), each 1/6
- "Sashalite" Reflector Unit, with 11-inch reflector (without bulb) .. £1 10s. od.
- Adaptor (enabling Baby "Sashalite" Bulbs to be used in Reflector Unit; becomes a permanent part of your flashlight equipment) .. 1/8



Made in England by the G.E.C. for Sashalite, Ltd.

The Photographer's Equipment

Kodak Vest Pocket Model B – popular with the ladies (mid-1920s)

If you want to make snapshots, many manufacturers offer cheap cameras, but outstanding is the Eastman Kodak Company, with four different camera types on offer, from the cheap Kodak Brownie (at \$2.25) to the most expensive Kodak camera at \$4.50.

Good cameras with folding lenses come in three qualities, ranging from a mere \$4.25 to \$28 for the professional.

Black-and-white films are the rule. Each has 6 or 12 pictures and costs between 20 and 50 cents. Having the film developed in a lab is between 9 cents per picture or 5 cents per copy. A complete kit of developing equipment is around \$4.95.

The flashbulb only appears in 1930 – before then objects or subjects have to be either well-illuminated, or a special flash powder has to be used. To light an object correctly needs a successful **Photography** roll. A fumbled **Photography** roll using flash powder may lead to catastrophic effects including fire breaking out, depending on how careless the Keeper judges the investigator's actions to have been.

Other equipment consists of a photometer, light filters, lenses, and tripods. Fake leather camera bags cost between \$1.80 and \$2.25.

Price List for the 1920s:

Object	Price
Kodak Brownie Camera	\$2.25
Better camera	\$4.50
Leica (from 1925)	\$5.10
Pocket Camera with folding lens	\$4.25
Camera with folding lens	\$16.15
Professional camera with folding lens	\$28
Roll film (6 or 12 pictures)	\$0.20 to \$0.50
Roll film (36 pictures) – after 1925	\$0.40
Photo development	\$0.09
Photo copy	\$0.05
Developing Equipment	\$4.95
Camera bag	\$1.80 to \$2.25
Tripod stand	\$2.10

Other forms of Photography

“Well – that paper wasn’t a photograph of any background, after all. What it showed was simply the monstrous being he was painting on that awful canvas. It was the model he was using – and its background was merely the wall of the cellar studio in minute detail. But by God, Eliot, it was a photograph from life!” – H.P. Lovecraft, ‘Pickman’s Model’

As well as normal photography there are other more specialized forms of photography. An investigator wanting to utilize one or more of these techniques in the Twenties should expect lots of experimentation and research before they can get reliable results in the field. A resourceful keeper should be able to make a story out of these efforts.

Infrared and Ultraviolet Photography

The use of light wavelengths outside the human spectrum was known in the 1920s but not widely utilized. The use of infrared photography was more widespread than ultraviolet due to developments during World War I, and any investigator wanting to use these techniques would probably have to research these techniques.

Infrared photography needs both IR filters on the lens to block the visible light, and IR sensitive film to record the picture. A keeper may allow investigators to create their own IR sensitive film, as Kodak are likely the only manufacturer of IR-sensitive film, with successful research and Chemistry and Physics rolls.

Ultraviolet photography is seemingly simpler needing only UV filters and a normal slow-speed black and white film, but getting a successful image is more trial and error than IR photography. Both IR and UV photography can use fluorescence, which need an external IR or UV light source, to ‘excite’ and expose otherwise hidden detail to the film.

Kirlian Photography

Kirlian photography is the photography of capturing supernatural auras. The term was coined by Semyon Kirlian, who accidentally discovered in 1939 that an object on a photographic plate subjected to a strong electric field creates an image on the plate. Kirlian’s discovery however was just a rediscovery of “electrography” – a phenomenon known since the 18th Century and last worked on by Nikola Tesla. Kirlian photography is less useful to the Mythos investigator as it requires the subject to be in contact with the photographic plate and an electric charge. Resourceful investigators might however utilize the technique to provide information about certain objects that only psychics might otherwise provide.

Spirit Photography

Photographs of ghosts and apparitions have been around as long as photography. Ghost photographs have been used by both spiritualists and debunkers to support their claims. The appearance of apparitions on film seems to be a combination of luck, and the nature of the spirit involved. No special equipment or film appears to be required. However investigator photographers who wish to increase their chances of capturing an apparition on film may want to successfully complete the skill rolls outlined the “Capturing the Unseen” box, replacing the **Cthulhu Mythos** skill with the **Occult** skill.

from the memoirs of Richard Schuster, Journalist Photographer

“It was a day like any other. On my arrival at the editorial office yesterday morning, I was given the list with my appointments for the day: the people I had to photograph for our newspaper for one reason or another. First I went to the local swimming pool, where they held the ladies’ county swimming competition, in order to take a shot of the presentation ceremony. So many beautiful ladies in tight bathing suits – I love this job!

Then I paid a visit to Mrs. Gertrude Simmonds whose eightieth birthday it was. Her grandchildren wanted to see her picture on the local news page. Though it was quite cozy at the old lady’s apartment, her overcooked, home-made cake and the little runt that kept barking the whole time – a Yorkshire terrier named Heidi – prompted my decision to take my hat and go early. After lunch at my usual café I went to my third and last appointment for the day. It would take me all afternoon to take pictures at an exhibition of all the works of some young artists for a museum catalogue! My goodness!

When I left the museum yesterday evening and was on my way home, I passed the park as always which is situated next to a dark wood. I had always had the feeling that something... sinister is lurking in there. I sat down on a bench and wrote my diary watching the sunset. All seemed quite normal, quite idyllic.

When the shadows started to melt into each other and the sun was just sinking behind the horizon, out of the corners of my eyes I saw a big, no, a gigantic shadow move among the trees. Did my eyes play a trick on me? For when I turned and looked more closely, there was nothing to be seen... nothing but the huge beech and oak trees. I shook my head at my own strange notion. What a fool I was!

Capturing the Unseen

“The Outer Beings are perhaps the most marvelous organic things in or beyond all space and time—members of a cosmos-wide race of which all other life-forms are merely degenerate variants. They are more vegetable than animal, if these terms can be applied to the sort of matter composing them, and have a somewhat fungoid structure; though the presence of a chlorophyll-like substance and a very singular nutritive system differentiate them altogether from true cormophytic fungi. Indeed, the type is composed of a form of matter totally alien to our part of space – with electrons having a wholly different vibration-rate. That is why the beings cannot be photographed on the ordinary camera films and plates of our known universe, even though our eyes can see them. With proper knowledge, however, any good chemist could make a photographic emulsion which would record their images.” – H.P. Lovecraft, ‘The Whisperer in Darkness’

Photographing beings like the Mi-Go or beings From Beyond is hard as they do not operate on precisely the same laws of physics as humanity or native inhabitants of the Earth. A strong grasp of Physics and some understanding of the Cthulhu Mythos may be necessary to concoct a film emulsion sensitive enough to record alien beings. Specialized filters may also be necessary. Almost certainly the investigator will be forced to consult Mythos tomes to gain the critical insight that will allow them to design a filter or lens, or create a sensitive-enough film emulsion.

Film director Eric von Varnstein was able to create a camera lens able to see beings from another dimension (see ‘*Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*’). Perhaps his lenses fall into the investigators’ hands? Alternatively something like Hauptmann’s Spectacles (see ‘*Day of the Beast*’) could be converted despite the hazards to the user.

Creating a lens and/or film capable of photographing beings from beyond may have to go through these steps:

1. The investigator(s) wishing to create a lens and/or a special photographic emulsion should have **Physics, Chemistry** and **Cthulhu Mythos** skills. The latter is optional if the investigator is going to research.
2. The investigator researches in appropriate Mythos tomes searching for the insight required. The Keeper requests a **Cthulhu Mythos** skill roll at the end of the research to see whether the investigator has made the correct insight and knows how to proceed. Alternatively the Keeper may just dispense with the research and just ask for a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll. An investigator who has knowledge of how Powder of Ibn-Ghazi (main rulebook 6e, p.240) is made, or perhaps the Dust of Suleiman (p.232) may gain insights to the type of filters or film they need to create. Without a successful insight, anything else the investigator does will not work.
3. The Keeper should then ask for a series of skill rolls – design, test and implement – to allow the investigator to create a special lens or filter or photographic emulsion. Generous keepers may allow a bonus to the implementation roll if the design and testing rolls have been successfully made.
4. If the Keeper wishes to implement an element of trial and error into the process, the Keeper should roll a 1D10. If the digit of the investigator’s skill roll is equal or less to the number the Keeper rolled, the investigator was successful. If it does not, then the investigator has something usable but does not quite do what they intended, and has to try again.

Investigators who don’t want to go to these lengths may want to consider fluorescence. An external fluorescing light source could make otherwise invisible beings visible to the human eye and thus normal camera film. By 1920s scientific standards this sort of equipment should be large, bulky and generally impractical, have delicate hard-to-find parts, and a short battery life if portable. There may be other drawbacks as well. Crawford Tillinghast’s projector (see H.P. Lovecraft’s ‘*From Beyond*’) that allowed him to see other dimensions excited only the pineal gland, and cameras would not have recorded what the projector’s users could see.

Magical lens like the Glass from Leng or Goatswood’s moon-lens are less useful to the budding Mythos photographer as they display distant scenes rather than what is in front of the camera.

Lastly, if the investigators are able to get hold of the sacred gem mentioned in the Chronicle of Nath (see Duane W. Rimel’s ‘*The Tree on the Hill*’), they might not need anything else other than a normal camera loaded with normal film. The Gem of Nath reveals details not visible to the human eye either at the time of taking the photograph and normal prints made afterwards.

Finally the Keeper should always remember to apply the appropriate Sanity penalty when the investigators finally see what they couldn’t.

I should have listened to my intuition. What a shock I got when all of a sudden something began wailing from under the trees, not far from the bench I was sitting on. It sounded like a steam train, like a giant breathing out with a sad sigh. I immediately raised my camera and peered into the darkness. By then it had got so dark that I could hardly see anything at all, but luckily I had a flashlight on me, this practical new invention.

Frantically screwing the flashlight onto the camera, I heard something breaking through the undergrowth, moving away from me. I was so curious I disregarded all sense of caution. How careless of me. I got lucky though, for I could as well be dead now. Reaching the edge of the forest I was in for the next shock, for trees thick as arms had been crushed like matches! Their trunks were covered in a suspicious-looking, ill-reeking gooey liquid. Oh my God! Why didn't I run for it? Something BIG appeared in front of me and only the last moment my flash went off. In the glaring light I saw some bulky, treelike THING, only it had tentacles for branches. I felt a nauseating pain in my head and then everything went dark...

When I awoke it was dawn. Everything around me was silent. What had happened? Had it been a hallucination? I had a vague memory of tentacles, slime and... could I still trust my senses? An odd fear of having gone mad struck me. I could not believe what I had seen. Had my mind been veiled from having too much of my beloved absinthe? But no, the trees around me had freshly fallen, some had even been uprooted, and there was my camera with the proof that something DID happen! I rushed home into my darkroom and feverishly developed the pictures – I had a photograph of IT! That THING was still out there! What was it? No it can't... it is impossible....

Not even with the photo as a proof, I don't need that anyway, those tentacles have been planted in my brain for eternity! Whenever I close my eyes, I see that THING before me. God have mercy on me. IT comes for me in my dreams..."



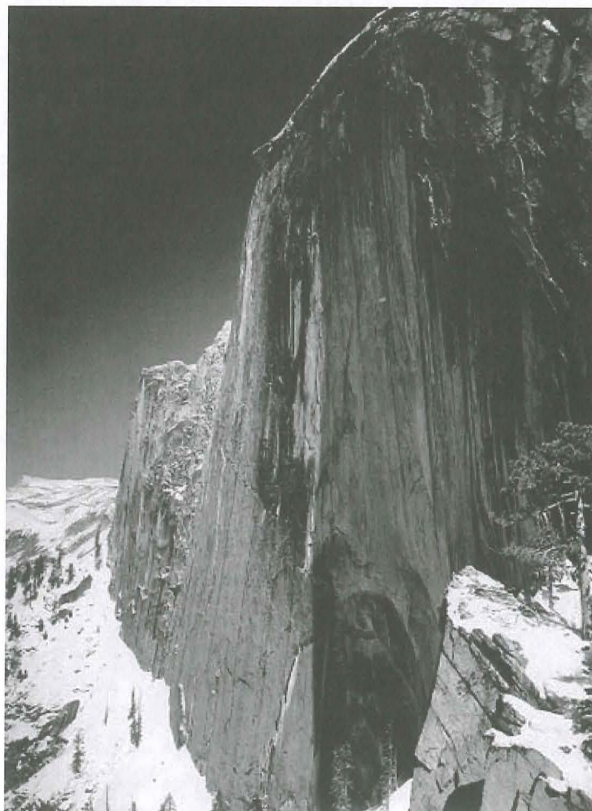
Photographer Personalities of the 1920s and 1930s

Ansel Adams (1902-1984)



The Artist at Work

The American Ansel Adams was probably the most popular nature photographer of his times. From 1916 on, still in his teens, he dedicated himself to nature, after a first visit to Yosemite National Park, a key experience for the young photographer. Adams spent a long period of time in the Sierra Nevada, and in his twenties, he developed his typical atmospheric style – majestic mountain ranges, gaping ravines, barred clouds, winding rivers and other natural phenomena became his trade mark. His career kicked off in 1927 with his famous picture from Yosemite National Park: "Monolith – The Face of Half Dome".



A. Adams, Monolith – The Face of Half Dome (1927).

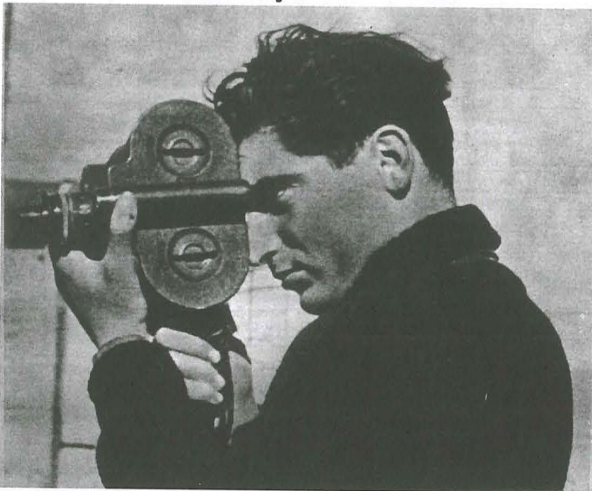
Cecil Beaton (later Sir) (1904-1980)

The Englishman Cecil Beaton worked as a photographer and designer. In the 1920s and later he was well-known for his celebrity portraits and for his creative pictures for Vogue and other fashion magazines.

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-1971)

From an early interest in photography Bourke-White became a professional photographer after a failed marriage, specializing in architecture. She joined Fortune magazine in 1929, and in 1930 became the first American photographer allowed in the Soviet Union, and later recorded the effects of the Dust Bowl. Bourke-White was also the first female war correspondent in World War II.

Robert Capa (1913-1954)



Hungarian Robert Capa first found work as a photographer in Berlin. He fled the Nazis in 1933. He first found fame as a photojournalist in the Spanish Civil War with his image of a soldier being killed. He later famously reported the D-Day landings. He was killed in the First Indochina War.

Imogen Cunningham (1883-1976)

Cunningham began her career with old-fashioned picturesque photos, but under the influence of Edward Weston, Cunningham became one of the most well-known female documentary photographers of the 1920s and 30s. Her close shots, portraits and nature motifs were excellent.

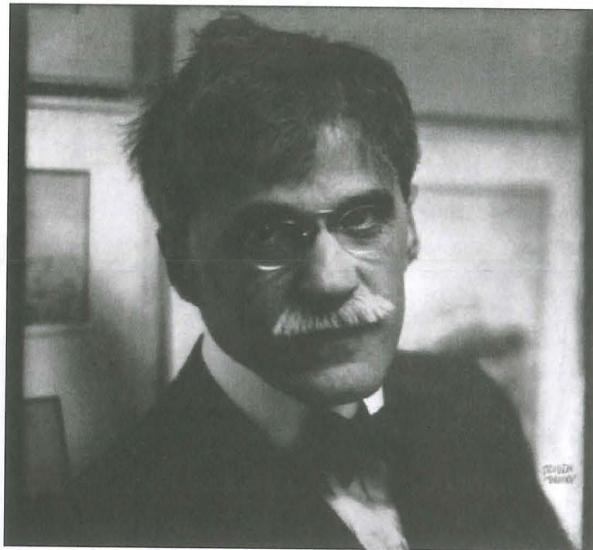
László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)

Moholy-Nagy was a Hungarian photographer, painter, designer and stone carver. From 1923 to 1928 he taught at the German Bauhaus school.

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)

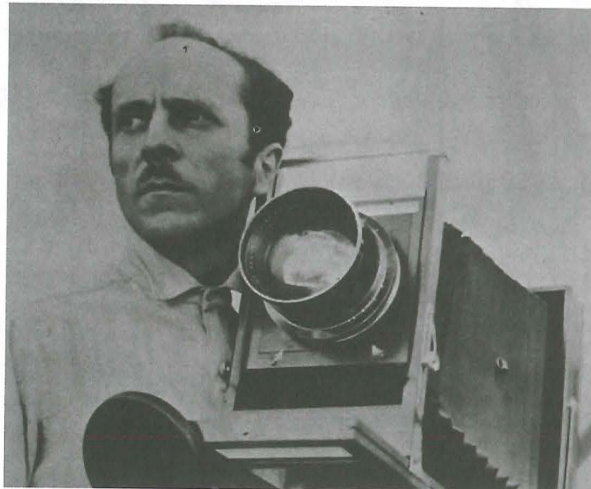
Steichen, born in Luxembourg, emigrated to America and had a great influence on the development of photography as an art form. Together with Alfred Stieglitz he founded the 291 gallery in New York in 1905, an influential exhibition of modern painting. In Paris, he experimented with photography and painting. In 1923 he returned to New York and took pictures of celebrities for Vanity Fair and other magazines. Later he became the curator of a museum.

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)



Stieglitz was a famous supporter of the arts in general and renowned as a portrait photographer. He founded and led a number of galleries and art magazines to raise the general public awareness of photography and modern painting. In 1924 he married the painter Georgia O'Keeffe.

Edward Weston (1886-1958)



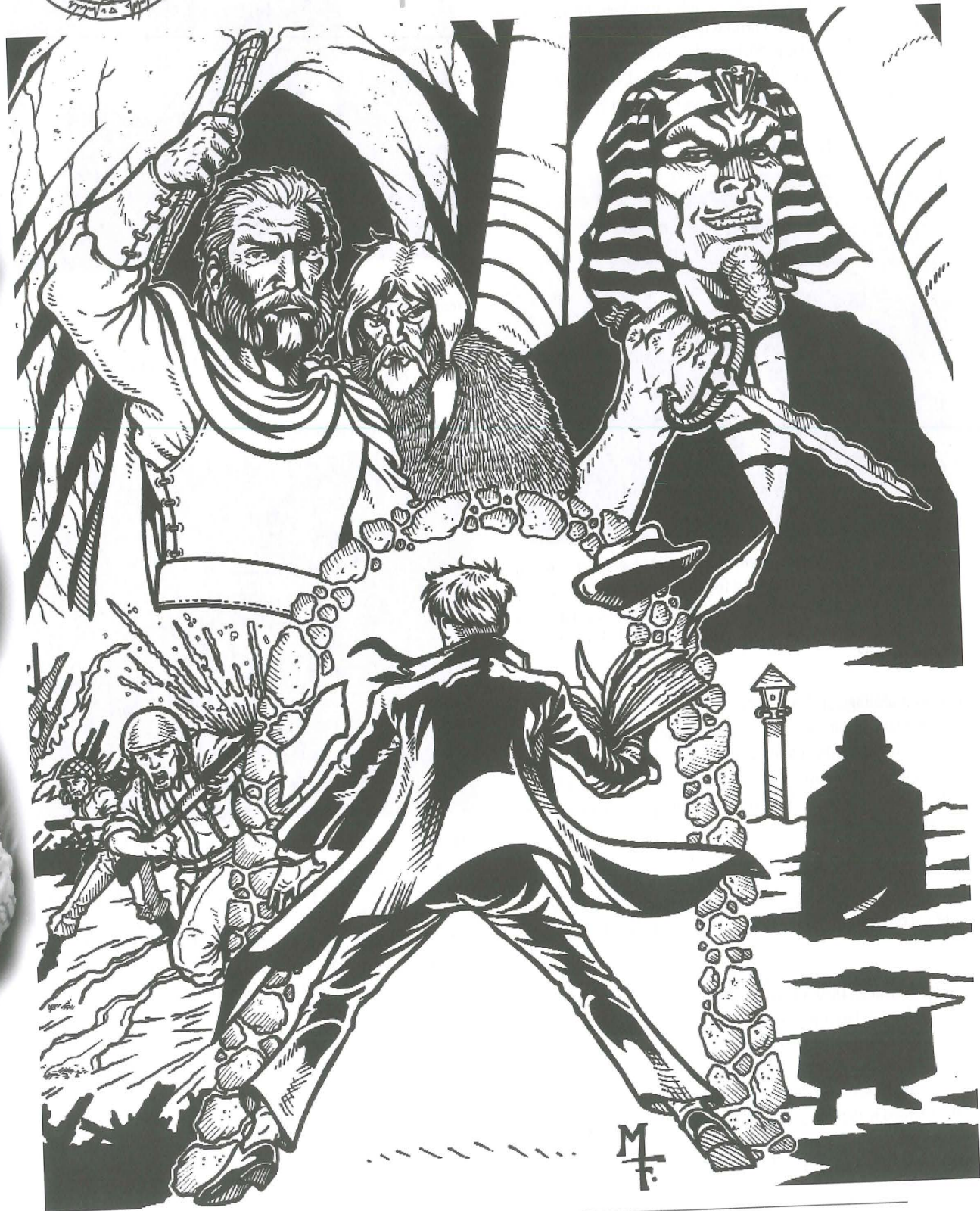
Weston began as a traditional portrait photographer but after 1915 turned to a realistic, documentary style. In the 1920s and 1930s he was renowned for his so-called crisp focus he used to depict nature and calm living objects.

Weston had a great influence on Ansel Adams, Imogen Cunningham and others. He created his most famous series of still-lives between 1927 and 1933 with pictures of sea-shells.



A regular column for

Cthulhu Keeper's Corner



Dreaming of Times Gone By

Another angle on time travel

By Derek Myne

Thoughts on time travel

If like me you have been playing Call of Cthulhu for a few years and you like a little variety then you have probably at some point tried out the different settings for your games. There is now such a wide variety of milieu to choose from spanning a vast period of history, from *Cthulhu Dark Ages*, the 1890s Victorian England through the classic 1920s to modern day *Cthulhu Now* and *Delta Green* and of course there is the Dreamlands.

Should you have decided to try a different period for your next game then it doesn't necessarily follow that your players have to abandon their existing characters and generate new ones specific to that period or setting. You could always consider, given the magical nature of the Mythos universe, that characters from any period could be transported from one setting to another. Time travel, which has played a part in much horror and science fiction writing, can also have a part to play in your games. Indeed the concept of time travel opens up many possibilities, for example; consider a group of Dark Ages characters who suddenly find themselves on the verge of the second millennium and have to quickly come to terms with modern technology. Or perhaps *Cthulhu Now* investigators whose pursuit of a Mythos tome results in their coming face to face with the mad monk who wrote it in 950AD. As well as acting as a plot device, time travel gives the immediate benefit of allowing players to utilize existing, experienced characters that already know each other and have some shared experiences to build upon. For a keeper it allows play to move from one setting to another whilst preserving that "campaign" experience rather than presenting simply another new beginning.

There are a number of mechanisms open to the Keeper for time travel and it is worth reading the notes on this subject in Chaosium's "*Cthulhu by Gaslight*". For the purpose of this discussion I will restrict myself to what I believe to be a new option for Time Travel, the use of the Dreamlands.

Using the Dreamlands for time travel

A simple hypothesis must be subscribed to in order that this can be conceived as possible. That hypothesis being that the lands of Earth's dream are coterminous with all time and space relative to the lands of dream which they represent. Or to put that in simpler terms, the Dreamlands of Earth coexist with all points on Earth at all points in time. It is therefore possible to enter or exit Earth's Dreamlands from any place on Earth at any point in time. The simplest proof of this being that people from differing periods and places can share the same dream. It is quite feasible to share a dream adventure simultaneously with both your great grandfather from Ireland and your great grandson, a seasoned Irish-American. The laws of dream even mean that it is possible to share a dream with

your self from a different period in time! It then follows that if your entry to the lands of dream is a physical entry, rather than sleep or drug induced then it may be conceivable that your exit may lead to a completely different time and place. Note that this contradicts the guidance given in *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands* source book:

"Whether or not he exits through a different place than that he entered by, his waking world point of arrival is always the same as that through which he entered the dreamlands. A character cannot travel in the waking world by using the Dreamlands as a shortcut."

Because of this contradiction I suggest that the Keeper employ a mechanism such as a modified Gate spell to facilitate such travel. Given the power of such travel; instantaneous movement between two points in time and space, I feel that Investigators should be victim to rather than master of any such magicks. I suggest that such a spell be available only in the rarest of grimoires and in the great library of Celaeno.

The Gate of Temporal and Spatial Oneirology

This is a modification upon the spell given in the H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands source book under the title of "The Gate of Oneirology" (page 11).

The spell opens a physical pathway to or from the Dreamlands, to a physical location at a specific point in time (time relative to the destination), the path being one way only. When the gate is created the caster must know both the entry and exit points and must have at some time visited both locations; the caster is therefore required to be an experienced traveler in the land of dream. As such it is impossible for one person to use this spell to facilitate time travel beyond the sphere of his own existence. However, two Sorcerers from differing times and locations could conspire to bring each other together. The spell requires the sacrifice of 4 permanent points of POW (not magic points) and opens a gate which will exist for a number of days equal to the casters remaining POW, this time period is relative to the locale in which the Gate was cast. Objects or entities native to the Dreamlands may not pass through such a gate. Objects originating in the waking world can pass through such a gate, but will be subject to transformation, as is any technology entering the lands of dream. If an object were to be transformed by its original passage into the Dreamlands it would then remain so. Thus, if an investigator took a handgun into the Dreamlands through such a gate, it would be transformed into, say, a slingshot. When the investigator utilized a second gate or another physical passage to exit the Dreamlands, the slingshot would come through, but remain a slingshot. Unlike the simpler spell "The Gate of Oneirology", this spell may not be used to travel to or from Dreamlands other than that relative to the locale of the caster. It is not therefore possible to use this spell to travel, for instance, to the Dreamlands of Yuggoth from here on Earth.

Practical considerations for using this method for time travel

Investigators traveling to the Dreamlands using such a gate, have several options for leaving the lands of dream and reentering the waking world. In particular they may employ any of the physical passageways into the waking world:

"An investigator physically present in the Dreamlands can leave [only] by finding one of the physical paths thereto, such as those in the Forbidden Lands past the Tanarian Hills, the Ghoul tunnels from the Underworld, which lead to the waking world, or similar means. If he walks back up the Seven Hundred Steps to Deeper Slumber, to find the Cavern of Flame, he can exit the Dreamlands by proceeding up through the Seventy Steps of Light Sleep."

I have to admit that I have in the past enjoyed playing out a simple "dungeon bash" through Ghoul tunnels as desperate investigators battle to return to the waking world. I find very appealing the idea of investigators emerging from the tunnels, weary, wounded and peering through the dense graveyard mist, wondering how they will ever get back to Boston and oblivious to the fact that they have returned to the waking world on another continent, some 130 years into a shadowy past. Of course a more adventurous keeper may employ one of the other exits that exist. Bringing investigators back into the waking world stranded in the desert, among the towering pillars of the fabled city of Irem, where the Serpent People or Sand Dwellers may make a pack of slaving Ghouls seem almost preferable!

Of course, a seasoned traveler in Dream may know of the spell "The Gate of Oneirology" and attempt to utilize this to leave the Dreamlands. Unfortunately, if the Spatial and temporal version of this spell was used to enter the lands of Dream the "time slip" will have effectively occurred. The Keeper may decide that as a result of this the destination required by the caster is now somewhat different, locations change over periods of time and the original gate spell requires intimate knowledge of the destination location as well as its relation to one other location. In short this spell should not be allowed to function correctly.

Using a second "Gate of Temporal and Spatial Oneirology" is the only guaranteed method of returning to where you started. Even this should not be easy, call for Luck rolls as a minimum to avoid returning to a point in time where you already exist, the resultant chaos should not take much imagination. Note however that matter passing into or out of the Dreamlands undergoes a transformation, therefore it is not the same matter after this transformation, hence an investigator may occupy the same time and space as an earlier counterpart without the danger of a temporal or spatial rift. Similarly passage through such a gate abstracts the matter from its own temporal and spatial zones the laws of cause and effect no longer applies. An example therefore would be that, murdering your grandparents after traveling back in time using the dreamlands would not cause you to cease to exist!



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Regular observations from the world of
Delta Green
Directives from A Cell

By A. Scott Glancy

Directive 105: Delta Green and the Long War

The 21st Century opened with America ‘discovering’ an enemy that had been making no attempt to hide itself for the past decade. Radical Islamists had been blowing up western interests around the world for the better part of the decade proceeding the 9/11 attacks. Nevertheless, few in the West were particularly interested in picking up that gauntlet no matter how many times the Islamists threw it down. The complacency about terrorism in the 1990s is almost the mirror image of the public panic about the subject in the 2000s. In the 1990s the American public was secure in its belief that the United States government was the most potent and unassailable power on the planet. Today many Americans see their country as helpless and impotent in the face of the Islamists’ fanatical devotion to obtaining a martyr’s death.

So what’s all this got to do with **Delta Green**? Well, following 9/11 there have been huge changes in US intelligence and law enforcement agencies, as well as the US military. In some cases government powers of surveillance and detention have been expanded; in other cases legal restrictions on government power have simply been ignored in the name of national security. New agencies have been created, budgets have been expanded, and new missions and responsibilities have been assigned. The question before keepers and investigators is “Does this situation make it easier for **Delta Green** to pursue its mission, or does it make it more difficult?”

The unequivocal answer to that question is “Yes.”

Pagan Publishing has a number of very radical changes planned for **Delta Green** in the post 9/11 world. Most of these changes are a direct result of the organizational and budgetary changes in the federal intelligence and law enforcement apparatus that followed the terrorist attacks on New York and Washington D.C. The old structure of **Delta Green** was a classic cell structure, much in the fashion of resistance movements and spy-networks. **Delta Green** relied on the idea that members of the conspiracy could find time to be assigned to fictional training cycles, impromptu hardship leaves, and unscheduled sick leave and vacations in order to get away from their legitimate federal job and fight the forces of the Mythos. The new priorities of the “War on Terror” mean that for federal intelligence and law enforcement agents there is no spare time, there is no getting away from the office, there is ducking out of the office. The old way of running **Delta Green** simply won’t work like it used to. More and more **Delta Green** operations would have to be run on the ground by *Friendlies* instead of actual Agents who cannot get away from their legitimate assignments.

So in order to adapt to the new conditions **Delta Green** is going to have to change. None of these changes are set in stone yet, but one of the strongest ideas we’ve considered is having **Delta Green** reunited with its wayward cousin **Majestic-12**. One version of this plan involves **Delta Green** seizing control of **Majestic-12**’s steering committee in a secret coup that purges those members of **Majestic-12** who are compromised or corrupted by their contact with the *Mi-Go*. If **Delta Green** does accomplish this coup d’état, they would gain access to the vast covert resources of **Majestic-12**, but they will find themselves taking control right about the same time the Bush Administration is reacting to the events of 9/11.

Historically **Majestic-12** has not informed presidents of its existence unless the **Majestic-12** steering committee deems such action ‘in the national interests.’ **Delta Green**’s leadership is also suspicious of any kind of institutional oversight, especially the elected kind. The members of **Delta Green** and **Majestic-12** both see themselves as protecting America, and because they take all the risks they don’t believe that anyone else has the right to tell them how to do their job. The last thing **Delta Green** is going to do after taking over **Majestic-12** is tell any president what they’ve been doing for the last 50 years.

If the Bush Administration becomes aware of the existence of **Majestic-12**, it’s going to be a little surprised that there is a massive covert alien technology research agency that’s been conducting diplomatic relations with space aliens for the past 20 years without the president’s knowledge. The first thing the President is going to want to know is why this 20 year relationship with these oh-so-smart-alien didn’t provide either a warning about the 9/11 plot or some technological trinket that could have averted the tragedy. If **Delta Green** is running **Majestic-12** by that time, then the *Mi-Go* and their puppets, the Grays, won’t be providing any more intelligence via *The Report*, any new technological trinkets, nor any assistance with high technology projects. Disappointed with the answer to his first question, the President is going to want to know how **Majestic-12** and its assets can be used to overthrow the Taliban, depose Saddam Hussein and find Osama Bin Laden. After all, **Majestic-12** is a completely black budget project with no congressional oversight. Few in the international intelligence community even suspect that **Majestic-12** exists. If the Bush Administration finds out about **Majestic-12**, they are not going to be satisfied until **Majestic-12** is brought completely under White House control: a completely off-the-books and utterly deniable weapon in the arsenal of ‘freedom.’ I leave it up to the political prejudices of individual keepers as to whether the

White House would use Majestic-12 assets against political opponents or anti-war activists.

If Majestic-12 gets dragged into the War on Terror, it will only hamper **Delta Green**'s mission. While being part of the War on Terror would allow **Delta Green** to cast its nets wider in the search for cultists, sorcerers and others working with the forces of the Mythos, the demands of the actual search for terrorist cells, financiers and propagandists will strain **Delta Green**'s newly acquired Majestic-12 resources to the breaking point. In fact, depending on the White House's mood, Majestic-12 might even be broken up among the various agencies that it shares facilities with. Majestic-12 has very few facilities that it exclusively runs. More often there are Majestic-only buildings at military bases, federal reservations or restricted offices at CIA, NSA and NRO facilities around the world. If the White House is particularly vexed with Majestic-12's inability to predict or deflect the 9/11 terrorist attacks, the entire agency could be disbanded and all its shared assets returned to the host agencies. **Delta Green** could either find themselves in charge of an over-taxed and over-burdened Majestic-12, or in charge of a Majestic-12 that is being pulled apart by other members of the intelligence community jealous of its power.

The other possibility is that the White House has not yet discovered the existence of Majestic-12. In order to prevent their newest asset from being drafted into the War on Terror or broken up and parceled out among the rest of the intelligence community, **Delta Green** would find itself expending a great deal of energy and treasure keeping Majestic-12 hidden from the Bush White House. This will prove far more difficult for than at any other time in Majestic-12's history. George H.W. Bush was aware of Majestic-12's existence from his time as CIA director, Vice President and finally as President of the United States. He was aware that the Grays routinely delivered a comprehensive world-wide intelligence report to Majestic-12 pinpointing the position of every single weapon on the planet - from Soviet SS-20 ICBMs to rusty AK-47s in hands of Somali tribesmen. The Report is immensely large, difficult to analyze and ultimately impossible to confirm through normal intelligence techniques. While The Report would have been useless stopping a hijacking plot that was accomplished with box-cutters and psychotic determination, it seems likely that at some point the former President Bush will ask his son a question along the lines of "What did you learn from your Majestic-12 briefing?"

At that point the President is going to want to know about this so-called Report that the Reagan and Bush administrations found so helpful in winning the Cold War. In fact, the President might become pre-occupied with tracking down The Report and the agency that produced it. As White House staffers and Defense Department appointees fan out to track down The Report and uncover whether Majestic-12 still exists, **Delta Green** may find itself spending more time misdirecting, obfuscating and concealing the existence of Majestic-12, than actually fighting the Mythos. This will require **Delta Green** Agents to cover their tracks even more thoroughly than before they took over Majestic-12. Before taking over Majestic-12 and 9/11, all **Delta Green** needed to do was keep a low profile when conducting a "Night at the Opera." The White House will be actively scouring the country for Majestic-12's personnel, facilities and assets, not to mention any signs of unusual or unexplained activity that might be a sign of a Majestic-12 operation. **Delta Green** will not be able to act

as quickly, decisively or forcefully as they might have first have hoped when they seized control of Majestic-12.

And what of the Radical Islamists themselves? Where do they fit into the Mythos?

My immediate impulse is not to inject the Mythos into Al-Qaeda. If the Mythos is behind every human atrocity and violent philosophy on the planet, the Great Old Ones are not going to remain secret for very long. Not to mention that such ubiquity will leave the Mythos a bit trite. The world of **Delta Green** shouldn't have a supernatural force behind every historical event from the Great Flood to Hurricane Katrina. That can get a bit cluttered.

On the other hand, there is a good chance that H.P. Lovecraft himself would have written an Avatar of Nyarlathotep with a staff job at Al-Qaeda, writing speeches, making suggestions, designing the newest propaganda campaign, but never ever taking front stage.

H.P. Lovecraft was an imaginative and original thinker, except where issues of race and religion are concerned. In that, he was pretty much a product of his time. If he were alive today, I have no doubt that he would see the current War on Terror as nothing less than a war between civilizations- the moral, civilized West versus the savage, barbaric East. Lovecraft wouldn't have had to spend much time contemplating the motives or philosophy of the terrorists. For Lovecraft, the Islamists' suicidal fanaticism would simply be more evidence that Muslims are less human than the white Anglo-Saxon Protestants that populated his native New England.

Lovecraft knew how to play on his audience's fears. In the 1920s and 1930s, one of the most disturbing concepts Lovecraft could deliver up to his readers was the idea that mankind was not special. The God of Abraham does not look down on us. God did not send his one true son down to wash away our sins. We have no souls, there is no heaven and we are nothing more than modestly clever monkeys. It may seem strange to us today that audiences back then would be disturbed by the idea that mankind was not the center of the universe, but it sure worked.

Today, thanks to Al-Qaeda, what scares Americans is Islam, not just Islamic terrorists, but the entire faith of Islam. Many Americans are flat out scared of Islam. I have no doubt that Lovecraft would have mined that vein of xenophobia for all the pulp horror scares he could. He'd have found a way to introduce some swarthy, lean Egyptian man into Bin Laden's circle of advisors: another Mask of Nyarlathotep to whisper dreams of power in the ears of desperate men. It is that desperation that makes Al-Qaeda an attractive target for Mythos infiltration.

Al-Qaeda's desperation is born of their weakness. Terrorism is the tactic of the weak. No political or religious struggle has ever been won by terrorist tactics alone. If Al-Qaeda's goal is truly the re-establishment of the Caliphate, a single Islamic theocratic empire ruling from Morocco to Java, then terrorism isn't going to get them any closer to that goal. All they can manage is to blow up a few planes, trains and discos around the world.

Al-Qaeda needs power. The Mythos has power. At some point some scholar of ancient Arabic will find himself mulling over some fragments of *Kitab Al Azif* (later translated as the *Necronomicon*) and wondering "Would it really be so bad if some of that power was borrowed to save Islam from the Zionists and Christian crusaders?" And that's how devout, righteous people find themselves spilling blood and calling down horrors that stride from star to star.

The Nazi Karotechia, for example, wasn't created to bring the Great Old Ones back to Earth or to venerate the Outer Gods. It was created to harness the supernatural power of the Mythos to serve the Third Reich. The mystical and occult beliefs held by many of the Nazi party's inner circle means that it doesn't strain credulity to imagine the Nazis trying to develop supernatural super weapons. However for Al-Qaeda, there is the added complication of their fanatical devotion to a strict and medieval form of Islam. It somehow seems unlikely that such men would embrace daemonic sorcery as a weapon to fight their godless enemies.

Certainly desperation can lead to bad decisions. And by 'bad decisions' I mean worse decisions than using suicide bombers to bomb Muslim wedding receptions. There could be factions within Al-Qaeda that believe that any means justify the end, and with the dispersed way that Al-Qaeda currently functions it is unlikely that they would be in a position to prevent a group of Al-Qaeda-inspired mad-men from resorting to Mythos magic. The days of a top-to-bottom command structure for Al-Qaeda are gone and have been since the US invasion of Afghanistan. Nowadays Al-Qaeda is more like a clearing house for ideology, propaganda and inspiration for violent Islamist radicals around the world. They issue audio and video-taped speeches and fill websites with Jihadist content. Acts of terrorism become Al-Qaeda-inspired rather than Al-Qaeda-directed.

It's far more likely that an Al-Qaeda-inspired group or individual will turn to the Mythos, than a policy would be promulgated by the core of Al-Qaeda's leadership. In fact, it is possible that Al-Qaeda might be horrified at the possibility that a group acting in their name would turn to the sorcery of the thrice-damned Kitab Al Azif and its daemonic author Abdul Alhazred. The real question is whether Al-Qaeda would do anything to stop such a group from acting in their name?

I doubt Al-Qaeda would actively stop an Islamist group that is executing terrorist operations using Mythos sorcery. When an Al-Qaeda-aligned group led by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi began bombing Shiite shrines in Iraq and the three hotels in Amman Jordan, it

was rumored that Al-Qaeda's leadership had grave doubts about the public relations damage caused by killing their fellow Muslims, even if they were heretical Shiites. Despite these concerns Al-Qaeda did not publicly disavow al-Zarqawi's tactics and even took steps to justify his actions on their websites. Besides, through its propaganda machine, Al-Qaeda has managed to convince millions of Muslims that the 9/11 terrorist attacks were carried out by agents of the Mossad and the CIA in order to justify America's oppression of Muslims. If some group of Islamist terrorists were to perform a human sacrifice to call down Yog-Sothoth on Washington D.C., there is no doubt the soul shattering horror would be blamed on Zionist agents, or the reality of the event would be denied. After all, Holocaust denial is not a lunatic-fringe belief in the Islamic world. It is a widely held belief that the Holocaust has been vastly exaggerated in order to justify Zionist occupation of Palestinian land.

Because **Delta Green** is set in the modern era, albeit in a dark reflection of our world, it is important for keepers to take into account how current events will affect their game-play. To do otherwise would make as much sense as playing a game set in the 1940s and yet ignoring the fact that there is a world war going on. The drawback to doing this in the modern era is that events are continuing to unfold. Any predictions about the future or even presumptions about the recent past can change with a moment's notice. The trick is to take these events into account without getting entangled with the politics of the moment. I am sure that there are some readers out there who are going to view my comments on the Bush Administration as partisan and unpatriotic, and others who will see my comments on Islamic terrorists as racist and xenophobic. As much as I'd like to avoid those sorts of conflicts, they are ultimately unavoidable when writing about current events. The only real responsibility I have is to create a role-playing game environment where the Investigators have to fight impossible odds, defy ugly moral compromises, and ultimately do the things no one else will do to save the world.

Welcome back to **Delta Green**. The mission isn't over. The mission is never over.

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EYES ONLY

BY DENNIS DETWILLER, ADAM SCOTT GLANCY,
SHANE IVEY AND TODD SHEARER.

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WHEN THE STARS ARE RIGHT ...

Cthulhian Astrology by Manfred Escher

ASTROLOGICA CTHULHIAN



21st March - 20th April

ARIES

Planet: Mars, Element: Fire
Cthulhu-Mythos: Cthugha

The coming year lights up for you with sparks of playfulness and spontaneity. You will impress your friends with your fiery impulses, your youthfulness and daring, and kindling ideas will come to you when life's flames are soaring high. You have a burning desire to pass your flame of enthusiasm to the people around, but unfortunately nothing is beyond you when you are in this state.



21st April - 20th May

TAURUS

Planet: Venus, Element: Earth
Cthulhu-Mythos: Shub-Niggurath

You stand firmly planted on the Earth, and this won't change in the New Year. And why should it? Who needs change? Just carry on with whatever you were doing and enjoy life. Follow your passions with no restraints and go for nightly outings in the woods. A practical sense of earthbound reality couldn't be more enjoyable. You will virtually blossom! lä! lä!



21st May - 20th June

GEMINI

Planet: Mercury, Element: Air
Cthulhu-Mythos: Nyarlathotep

They say you are two-faced. But why just two faces? You can wear as many as you wish, for you are a master of multi-faceted communication. Those who know you already call you "sensei of the unforeseen and impossible". Unfortunately, not many people can follow you intellectually really, so this New Year you are also bound to cause a lot of chaos.



21st June - 22nd July

CANCER

Planet: Moon, Element: Water
Cthulhu-Mythos: Nodens

You are always prepared to help others and in an emergency you are capable of great deeds. You have a great talent for sensing wishes and feelings, but your reactions are very tentative and sometimes too late. Kick yourself in the butt this New Year and get out of your protective shell. The world needs romantics like you!



23rd July - 22nd August

LEO

Planet: Sun, Element: Fire
Cthulhu-Mythos: Azathoth

All the world's a stage, so who would begrudge you your wish to be in the limelight? Your whole personal universe only orbits around yourself. So just continue to rejoice in your own glamour and keep ignoring all those dull people around you. After all, it's your party, and all the others have brought along is boring dance music. Pipes are far cooler.



23rd August - 22nd September

VIRGO

Planet: Mercury, Element: Earth
Cthulhu-Mythos: Y'gononac

You only ever go for the optimum results and keep dividing the chaff from the grain. But do not be too suspicious if you feel someone wants to get to know you more intimately. Maybe this wooer can handle your neurotic urge for cleanliness. He will reveal himself with an antiseptic hand kiss.



23rd September - 22nd October

LIBRA

Planet: Venus, Element: Air
Cthulhu-Mythos: Bast

Your appearance is aesthetically pleasing, smooth and stylish. You are a cool, unapproachable diva with the knowledge that good taste is not a matter of debate – at least not your own. In the New Year you will have a pivoting influence on your surroundings, but you yourself will find it hard to decide between two beautiful things. Why not go for both!



23rd October - 21st November

SCORPIO

Planet: Pluto, Element: Water
Cthulhu-Mythos: Cthulhu

Extreme, mysterious depths of soul and an unerring instinct to always rub salt in the wound is your spiritual quality. You are very "deep" and that is exactly why others shy away from you. Only you have got the power to escape your prison. Come to the surface this New Year and let all your dreams come true! Fhtagn!



22nd November - 21st December

SAGITTARIUS

Planet: Jupiter, Element: Fire
Cthulhu-Mythos: Yog-Sothoth

Unbar the doors! Open the gates wide! The whole world lies open – all you need is your new computer-readable travel pass. New horizons and distant cultures are waiting for you to be explored. In the New Year, you might even find the meaning behind all kinds of things, but then who cares about this?



22nd December - 19th January

CAPRICORN

Planet: Saturn, Element: Earth
Cthulhu-Mythos: Hastur

Some things are better left unmentioned, especially when you hold such a responsible position as you do. A clear, precise estimation of the situation can sometimes work miracles. The New Year will bring you the realization that it is not so much about increasing your fame but rather about bringing the great deed to an end!



20th January - 19th February

AQUARIUS

Planet: Uranus, Element: Air
Cthulhu-Mythos: Ithaqua

The realization of Utopia has long been on your agenda. So use the New Year well to start something completely new and crazy. Let your bizarre ideas run wild, take a bird's eye's view and tell a story to the wind. It can not be crazy enough. Who needs sanity points?



20th February - 20th March

PISCES

Planet: Neptune, Element: Water
Cthulhu-Mythos: Hypnos

You are a visionary dreamer looking for transcendental worlds. On the threshold between waking and sleeping you can take a look at your own soul this New Year. By further, partly illegal means, you can even broaden your spirituality. If you feel you are leaving your body, maybe you are doing just that.

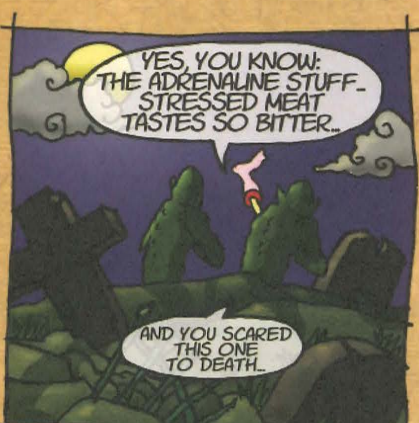
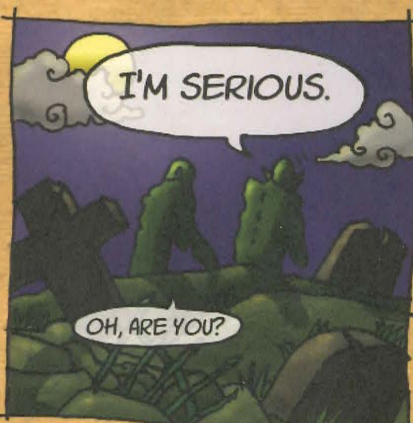
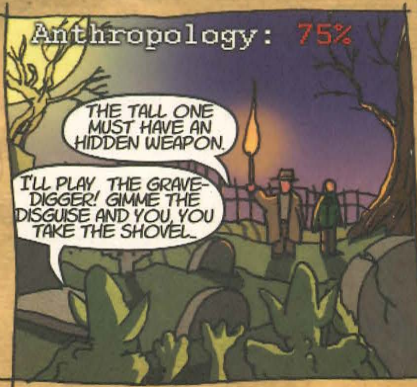
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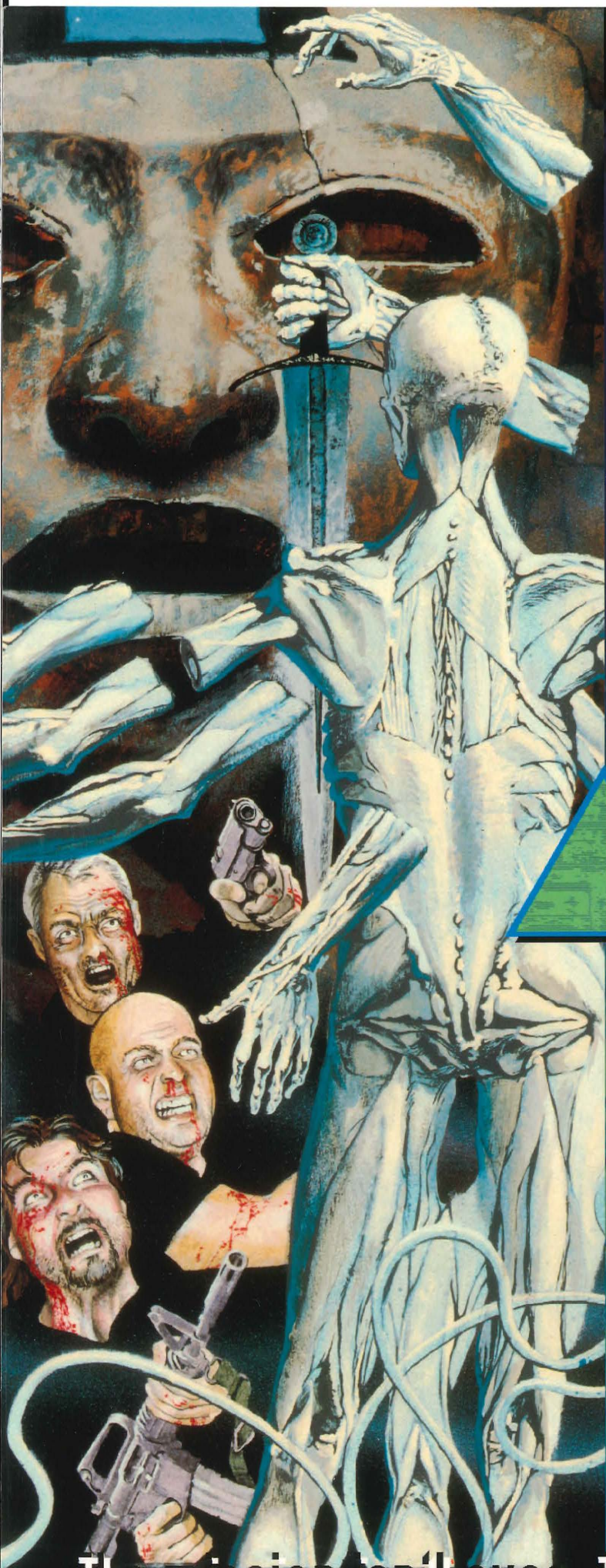
or: Weird Tales from the Old Ones...
A LOVECRAFTIAN COMIC BY FRANCOIS LAUNET

GHOULS!



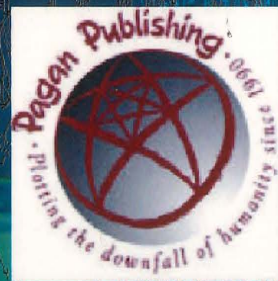
GHOULS HAVE SKILLS, TOO:





DELTA GREEN

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