

Devil's Swamp

Encountering Ancient Terrors in the Hockomock



Ben Burns

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CALL of CTHULHU

presents

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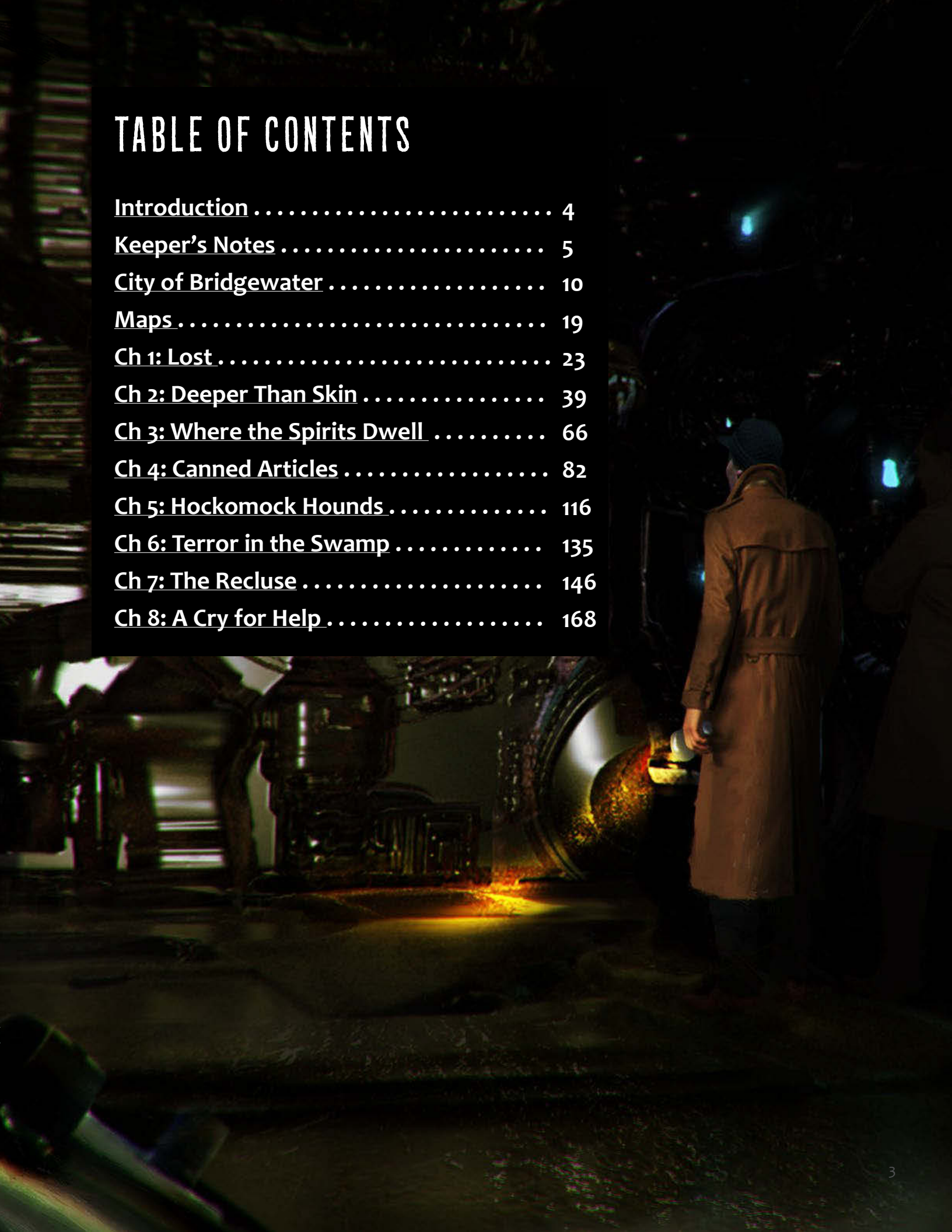
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INTRODUCTION

“On still nights the evil glitter of fox fire or the demonic cackle of a barred owl sent chills up the spines of the early settlers. Hordes of crows rose each morning for the guts of the swamp to ravage farmers’ corn. And from time to time, young girls merrily picking blueberries along the fringes found themselves drawn farther and farther along unfamiliar paths, seduced by the increasing size of the berries until at last they were lost and claimed by the swamp forever.”

Devil’s Swamp is a collection of eight *Call of Cthulhu* 7th Edition adventures based in the Hockomock Swamp, which covers 17,000 acres in Southern Massachusetts. The early colonists from England were terrified by the swamp and nicknamed the Hockomock, “Devil’s Swamp.”

The indigenous Wompanoag Indians had tremendous respect and awe for the swamp and regarded it as a magical and spiritual place. The natives are said to have named the swamp the Hockomock, which means the “place where spirits dwell,” and generally avoided the area. During the desperate times of King Phillip’s War, however, the Hockomock became a refuge and relatively safe place from which to raid their enemies. The Hockomock is also the site of a Native American burial ground that is over 8,000 years old. After the end of the war in 1676, the defeated Wampanoag Tribe was scattered and moved to reservations, the majority going to the Mashpee Reservation in Cape Cod, which would eventually become the Mashpee Township in 1870.

The Hockomock is at the heart of what is referred to today as the Bridgewater Triangle, named in 1970 by cryptozoologist Loren Coleman. Reports of paranormal

activity go back at least 350 years, when in 1760 a “sphere of fire” was reported above the swamp. Ever since, ghosts, UFOs, thunderbirds, monster snakes, huge turtles, giant black dogs, Bigfoot, a mystical race of small humanoids called Puckwudgies, and more have been reported through the years. Many believe the supernatural happenings stretch back even further.

Exploring Devil’s Swamp can often lead to disorientation, lost time, feelings of terror and dread, and a distinct feeling of being watched. Reports of gravitational anomalies, strange screams and incessant buzzing, satanic cults, and the use of witchcraft lie as thick as fog across this mysterious land. In addition, the Hockomock’s natural hazards—black rivers, marshes, ponds, twisting vines, sinkholes, and quicksand—can be just as dangerous as any nameless eldritch horror. Let anyone who travels the depths of Devil’s Swamp be warned!

In this book, we have striven to weave these *Call of Cthulhu* adventures from some of the rich history of the Hockomock—real and paranormal—and the Mythos we all love. We hope you enjoy the stories, backgrounds, art, and excitement this book brings as much as we enjoyed producing it for you.

Ben Burns



KEEPER NOTES

Devil's Swamp has eight scenarios that can be played as stand-alone adventures or played sequentially as a campaign. All the scenarios take place in and around the Hockomock Swamp and the city of Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Note that these are for mature audiences and some of the topics may be disturbing to certain players. Feel free to modify them to fit your playgroup.

There are four main maps provided in the book, two for the swamp and two for the city. Each map has two versions, one for the investigators and one for the Keeper. You have permission to photocopy any maps or images in the book for purposes of using them in your game.

The map for the investigators features all the main areas described in the City of Bridgewater section of this book. These are common areas that all the investigators are aware of or can find easily. When these areas are used in an investigation, the title of the section should make it obvious which area on the map is being used.

The Keeper's map includes locations relevant to a specific adventure. These are numbered as (Area X-Y), where X is the chapter or scenario number, and Y is the sequence number for this scenario. Any adventure entries on the maps that do not apply to the adventure currently being run should be ignored.

There are two areas described in the book that are not on any of the maps. The first is Danvers State Hospital, which is off Highway 24 about 60 miles north of Bridgewater. The second is Mashpee Township, home to the last known descendants of the Wampanoag tribe, which lies 45 minutes southeast of Bridgewater.

Haynes College is a liberal arts college with ten different buildings all within walking distance of each other. The buildings and classrooms are generally left unlocked while any labs, offices, and the library will be locked when not in use. Many of the adventures start in or use the college library, and the stacks will provide a safe place for the investigators to relax and do research. Most of the adventures have associated dates, all in the late 1920s, but the Keeper should feel free change to fit their campaign. These adventures could fit pretty much any timeframe with only moderate changes.

Sometimes, investigators will just start wandering into the swamp, hoping to stumble onto things. While this is allowed, the odds of finding the needle in the haystack should be extremely small. The swamp is a deadly area full of mystery, magic, and the unknown. The Keeper should keep the investigators always guessing as to what is coming next, blocking their path at every turn, rolling for random encounters, changing the time of day, the passage of time, the weather, trails, and more. Don't do so much to frustrate them if they are on the right path, but if they are randomly walking around the swamp, that is the time to pull out the stops.

When in need of a random encounter, roll 1d20 and consult the **Random Encounters Chart** (pp. 6-9).

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS CHART

1. CURSED HOLE

These holes are about 5 to 8 feet across and look similar to the swamp around them. A Spot Hidden roll will discover that there is something odd about the area. If the hole goes unnoticed and someone steps in, they will quickly sink to their waist. Something from below will grab the victim and begin to slowly pull them down. It will take two investigators making successful **Strength** rolls to pull them out (or one critical success). The unfortunate victim will take $1d3+1$ rounds to be completely submerged.

a. The victim must Roll against **Sanity** ($1/1d3$)

b. Anyone looking into the Cursed Hole may make a **Spot Hidden** roll to see a Native American face reaching up through the water; they must Roll against **Sanity** ($1/1d3$) and a POW roll. If they fail the POW roll, they will fall into the Cursed Hole unless someone prevents it.

c. If someone pushes a stick or branch into the Cursed Hole, the stick will be grabbed and pulled down, pulling down the person doing the prodding unless they make a **DEX** roll to let go in time. Once in the swamp, they will be grabbed by the arm or leg and start being dragged down. This will take $1d3+1$ rounds and require the same **strength** tests as above to get out of the Cursed Hole.

2. SINKHOLE

These are natural sinkholes but are particularly dangerous. If an investigator steps onto a part of the ground that is susceptible to a sink hole, they can quickly be dragged down into the hole and covered in mud. For the investigator who triggers the sinkhole, a **DEX** roll is needed to avoid falling in; for anyone within 5 to 10 feet of the sinkhole, a **DEX** roll with a bonus die is

needed to avoid falling in.

Anyone who fails the **DEX** roll will be quickly covered in mud as the ground collapses all around them. The team of investigators will need to act quickly to get them out of the sinkhole before they drown. On the third round after falling in, any investigators in the sinkhole will need to make a **CON** roll. On the fourth round, they need to make a Hard **CON** roll. On the fifth round and every round afterward, they need to make an Extreme **CON** roll. If they fail a roll while under the mud, they will die in the mud.

Anyone drawn into a sinkhole must Roll against **Sanity** ($1/1d6$). If they do not go temporarily insane, an Extreme **STR** roll will allow them to find something that can be used to pull themselves out of the mud. An investigator can roll each round. Watching another investigator get swallowed up by the swamp forces a Roll against **Sanity** ($0/1d3$).

3. QUICKSAND

This is natural quicksand. It can be seen with a **Spot Hidden** roll, if the investigators are attentive as they walk. If running, or not looking, they may just stumble on the quicksand. It looks like the Cursed Hole, above. There is only mud beneath the surface, so while victims do sink faster by struggling, it can take several hours to sink. Retrieval with a sturdy branch or rope is the preferred method. Large predators are known to stalk quicksand to catch easy prey.



4. LARGE PYTHON

These large snakes are found in the swamp and will usually attack when investigators are attempting to cross a pond, are stuck in quicksand, or lost in the dark.

Large Python

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
110	65	70	50	65	13

Damage Bonus +1d6 **Build** 2 **Move** 6
Attacks 1

Constrict (mnvr): Seeks to wrap around its prey, thereafter crushing and then swallowing the victim whole. With a successful attack, the victim is at a disadvantage thereafter (penalty die) and automatic damage is applied each round unless the snake is killed or dislodged by an opposed STR roll.

Fighting 40% (20/8), damage 1d3
Constrict (mnvr), damage 1d6 + db
Dodge 25% (12/5)
Armor: 2-point glistening skin
Skills: Stealth 90%

5. LEECHES

Large leeches can be found throughout the swamp. Anytime someone enters any body of water for more than a few seconds, there is a 75% chance they will find themselves covered in leeches. After 1 round, the victim will suffer 1 hit point of damage every round until the leeches are removed.

6. POISONOUS SNAKES

There are copperhead and timber rattlesnakes throughout the Hockomock. Without a successful **Spot Hidden** roll, an investigator could step on one of these poisonous vipers. The rattle from a rattlesnake can be very unnerving. Copperheads are very quiet, camouflaged, and particularly aggressive if disturbed.

Poisonous Snakes

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
10	35	10	15	50	4

Damage Bonus N/A **Move** 7
Bite 50% (25/10)
Damage 1, plus poison (2D10 damage, halved on Extreme CON Success, onset 6 to 24 hours)

7. MOSQUITOES

A maddening annoyance rather than a true peril, the clouds of mosquitos inhabiting the Hockomock can make life miserable for the unprepared investigator. Mosquitos are most active at sunrise and sunset, though they can be encountered at any time. Investigators enveloped in a cloud of these blood-sucking pests might (at the Keeper's discretion) suffer a penalty die or additional level of difficulty to select skills (such as **Spot Hidden**) as they are distracted by swatting at the relentless little vampires.

8. BLACK BEAR

Black bears are common in the Hockomock during the 1920s.

Black Bear

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
100	65	100	50	50	17

Damage Bonus +2D6 **Build** 3 **Move** 16
Attacks: twice each round, either two claws or one claw and one bite.
Bite 25% (12/5), damage 1D10
Claw 40% (20/8), damage 1D6 + db,
Armor: 3 points of thick fur, fat and muscle tissue.

9. MOUNTAIN LION

These are common in the Hockomock in the 1920s.

Mountain Lion

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
90	50	75	65	100	12

Damage Bonus +1d6 **Build** 2 **Move** 7

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting: 60% (30/12), damage 2d6 + db

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor 2-point fur and skin

Skills: Stealth 40%, Track 25%

10. PUCKWUDGIE

These malevolent creatures can be spotted from time to time. They are 3 to 4 feet tall, and usually carry a blowpipe, spear, or small bow. They love to play practical jokes. Anyone who sees one is probably the target of its prank. They will set snare traps and are known to move or disturb markers placed by people to help find their way out.

Puckwudgie

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
30	40	20	80	90	60	16	7

Damage Bonus -2 **Build** -2 **Move** 7

Skills: Dodge 45% (22/9), Stealth 80%, Survival 70%, Jump 40%

Attacks per round: 1

Fighting Attacks: Puckwudgies usually use blowguns, small bows or a small knife coated in a sleeping poison. A successful Hard CON test will prevent the investigator from going to sleep.

Fighting 40% (20/8) damage 1

Knife 40% (20/8) damage 1d3 + db + Poison

Blowgun 70% (35/14) damage 1d2 + Poison

Bow 60% (30/12) damage 1d4 + Poison

Armor: None

Sanity Loss: 0/1d4 Sanity points to see a Puckwudgie.

Special: Invisibility 1 MP. Puckwudgies can become invisible almost at will. It does cost 1 MP, and it is more of an advanced Chameleon affect. They do this naturally giving them a great stealth skill. If they are transporting a Life Energy orb, that will be visible, even if they are invisible.

11. SPIRIT LIGHT

A small ball of light floating in the air. These will-o-wisps, if followed, will often lead a person to a cursed hole, quicksand, or the lair of giant snake. They have a 10% chance to lead the investigators where they want to go.

12. CULTISTS

The investigators may see robed figures moving away from them. These should always be far enough away that the cultists can escape.

13. STRANGE SYMBOLS

The investigators may stumble upon a sacred grove that will have a strange symbol on the ground or standing upright. It could be as simple as rocks placed on the ground in a certain arrangement, such as a pentagram or Cthulhu symbol.

14. BIRDS

The Hockomock is full of many bird species, from crows and vultures to falcons, hawks, and owls. A swarm of 30 or 40 can be an imposing sight if they attack.

15. ANIMALS

The Hockomock is thriving with an abundance of wildlife. The investigators may see a rabbit, bobcat, deer, coyote, non-venomous snakes, muskrat or porcupine. Most of these will run away as soon as you draw close to them. Usually the animal is identified, after first being heard rustling in the woods.



16. INDIAN SPIRIT

This will be an apparition reliving its final moments before death. Roll randomly for a man, woman, or child that was killed in some horrific manner. This could be from one of the animals in the swamp, invading colonists from the 1600s, or any other manner. Your imagination is the limit.

There is a 25% chance the apparition will interact in some way with the investigators as if it knows they are there, perhaps by calling for help. Assign the appropriate **Sanity** rolls as necessary.

17. ALLIGATORS

Huge alligators can be found in the Hockomock, mainly in the many small ponds and streams throughout the swamp, but it is possible to find them anywhere.

Alligators

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
130	90	130	50	35	22

Damage Bonus +2D6 **Build** 3

Move 6/8 swimming

Attacks per round: 1

Bite and Hold (mnvr): Once they bite they do not let go. Damage 1d10 + db. Followed by db each round while held

Fighting 50% (25/10), damage bonus)

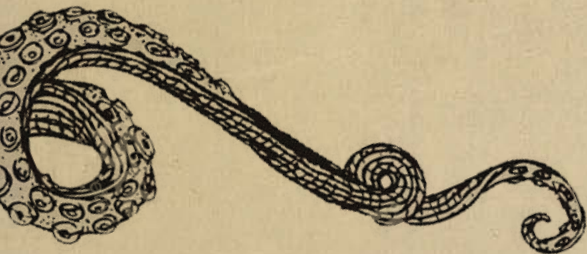
Dodge 17% (8/3)

Armor 5-point hide.

Skills: Stealth 60%, 80% in water

18. DARKNESS

Night falls in the middle of the day. Investigators will become lost unless they can pass a successful **Navigate** roll. When they leave the swamp, everything may or may not return to normal with no time lost.



19. SERPENT MEN

The serpent men have a large base, and generally regard anyone in the swamp as trespassers. The clan here is devolving and so while they have technology they can use, they don't know how to repair it. Sometimes they have reverted to using weapons they find on humans they killed in the swamp.

Serpent Men

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
50	50	50	65	65	80	13	10

Damage Bonus 0 **Build** 0 **Move** 8

Attacks 1

Attack: via weapon type-swords, shotguns, or pistols

Bite: A victim must make extreme CON roll or suffer 1d8 damage.

Fighting 50% (25/10), damage 1d3 + db

Bite 35% (17/7), damage 1d8 + poison

Swords 50% (25/10), damage 1d8 + 1

Dodge 32 (16/6)

Armor (1-point Scale)

Skills: Intimidate 60%, Sciences (Biology) 40%, (Chemistry) 40%, Spot Hidden 35%

Spells: Consume Likeness

20. BIGFOOT

It is possible for investigators to have a Bigfoot sighting. It will always be a brief glimpse as he quickly moves away. Loud growls can be heard on occasion throughout the swamp. If the investigators attempt to track Bigfoot, he will throw trees at them. In the 1920s, they called him a Swamp Ape.

Bigfoot

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
150	90	140	60	70	23

Damage Bonus +3D6 **Build** 4 **Move** 10

Attacks: twice each round with claws or throw tree.

Claw 50% (25/10), damage 2D6 + db,

Throw Tree 60% (30/12), damage 2d6 + ½ db

Armor: 4 points of thick fur, fat and muscle tissue.

Skills: Stealth 60%

THE CITY OF BRIDGEWATER

The city of Bridgewater is a sprawling city with wide streets. Officially, the city is broken into three parts: Bridgewater, West Bridgewater, and East Bridgewater. West Bridgewater sits right up against the Hockomock. Most citizens still consider themselves part of one big city. The people are generally friendly; while the majority don't want to talk about what goes on in the Hockomock, there are a few who won't shut up about it.

Automobiles are making a big push into the city, but the use of horses and horse-drawn carriages is still prominent in the late 1920s. Horse and car share the streets, but not without trouble—wrecks and spooked horses are commonplace. For a small city, they have a very modern transportation system. Electric trolley cars go pretty much anywhere in the city. The main rail line goes to Boston, Washington D.C., and New York City on a regular schedule with 10 runs a day—they pride themselves on getting someone to the city for a Broadway play and back again in time for bed.

HOW TO USE

This section provides a quick reference if the investigators decide to go somewhere not specifically referenced in a scenario. A quick description of buildings, interactive NPCs, and common knowledge goes a long way to helping a Keeper run a game on the fly, concentrating on more important details instead of worrying about naming an NPC during the middle of a session.

The city of Bridgewater is a good-sized town and has numerous businesses that investigators could visit. This list is by no means exhaustive nor is it meant to be. But this should cover the majority of places the

investigators might visit over the course of their investigations.

The Keeper should feel free to expand on this list, enhance the descriptions of the NPCs at these locations, and add in more clues, information, or leads to other cases at these locales.

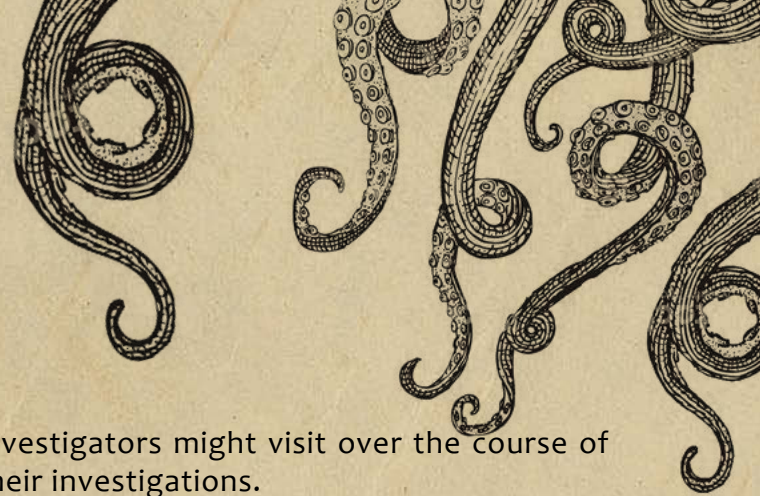
BRIDGEWATER INN - 1

This three-story white building dominates its street corner in the central square. Columned balconies provide an excellent view for those desiring a view of the town square. Two large trees stand like sentries on the small lawn before the front doors.

The Inn has been around for almost 100 years, and was a thriving part of the community during much of the 19th century. In the late 1880s, it almost shut down.

In 1890, a new proprietor purchased the building and renamed it the Bridgewater Inn. He added the third floor, remodeled, and added running water and a fresh coat of paint, bringing the establishment back to its glory days. Even with several permanent residents staying at the hotel, there is still room for travelers.

The modestly sized rooms sport a bed, writing desk, and armoire. The staff is always very helpful, and the dining room serves three meals a day.



BRIDGEWATER POLICE DEPARTMENT - 2

The small waiting area of the Bridgewater Police Department has two wooden benches against the wall and gives a good view of nearly the entire station. A desk with several large stacks of paper sits 10 feet from the door; a small nameplate on this desk bears the name Officer Vargas. There are four other desks in the room. There are three doors out of this room besides the entrance. Two are unmarked, but a sign on the third door reads "Chief Nicholson."

The police department in Bridgewater is made up of Police Chief Nicholson and five other officers. Four of the officers are men, ages 21 to 35, and the fifth is a female officer who stays in the office and is treated more as a secretary than a police officer.

The police station has a large room with desks for the five officers; the one closest to the doors is Doris Vargas's desk. A small office that Chief Wayne Nicholson uses is off to one side.

In the back of the building is a door that leads to four cells. Another door leads down to the basement, where local evidence, reports, and records are kept temporarily—after a year, records are moved to permanent storage at the Hall of Records.

The chief and Officer Doris Vargas can be found in the office at most times of the day. During the evening and night hours, one of the other officers will be on duty.

The four male officers are: Randal Weaver, Frank Jordan, Ramon Ruiz, and Bert Riley. Sergeant Riley runs the night shift with Officer Ruiz.

The police want nothing to do with the Hockomock. They have seen way too many crazy things inside the swamp. All the police are teetering on the edge of insanity (except for Doris). The police will use any excuse they can to not enter the swamp, or to get out of it as quickly as possible on the odd occasion where it can't be avoided. Lost children will draw them out into the swamp, but even then, they will attempt only a brief search before giving up. Among themselves they say, "What happens in the swamp dies in the swamp." Otherwise, they are very responsive within the city limits of Bridgewater.

For purposes of these adventures, the West Bridgewater police are not active at this time, and the Bridgewater police handle all calls from West Bridgewater.

BRIDGEWATER PUBLIC LIBRARY - 3

The Bridgewater Public Library is a modern building with electric lights and a telephone. It is a brick building of only one story but is spread out to cover a lot of ground. Inside are sections for periodicals, reference materials, and non-fiction, in addition to works of fiction. The assistant librarian, Lila Clark, is a tall woman of about 30 years old, with dark hair and glasses. She dresses conservatively, with a long skirt reaching nearly to the floor.

The head librarian is Morris Lewis, who fancies himself the next Mark Twain. He often dresses like the late, great author and can be found in his office most days staring at a typewriter waiting for the next great American novel to come pouring through his fingers. If disturbed, he will often grumble that he is extremely busy and suggest you locate Miss Clark for assistance.



Lila, on the other hand, is very personable and chats up the investigators about the local news, is an avid reader of the *Bridgewater Weekly*, and loves all the local gossip in town. If investigators ask for her help in looking up anything, she will claim she is too busy at the desk. An appropriate roll against a social skill (Persuade, charm or fast talk) will convince her to help. If the investigators tell her they are investigating a story for the local newspaper, they gain a bonus die on their social-skill roll.

CARSON'S OUTFITTERS - 4

Carson's Outfitters is the recommended supply store in Bridgewater for anyone heading out into the Hockomock Swamp. It is a long, low building in the style of a Native American longhouse. Tall people have to duck when entering the front door. Jeremiah Carson, the proprietor, is in his 40s, his hair just starting to go gray, but he is agile, fit, and muscular. He wears sturdy brown leather boots and blue denim overalls over a white shirt.

Jeremiah Carson is kindly and most interested in making a sale. He carries everything an intrepid hiker might need for the Hockomock: maps, compasses, knives, guns (hand and long), ammunition, ropes, boots, netting, traps, rain gear, walking sticks, flashlights, batteries, hats, scarves, backpacks, and just about anything else a would-be swamp explorer would require. His prices are fair, but he will try and upsell customers, insisting that he has only their safety in mind.

COMFORT BRIDGE - 5

This impressive bridge made of three ancient stones spans a small river. The river is about 20 feet across, and the sounds of birds and insects drift in from the nearby Hockomock. A small trail leads through the brown grass and down an embankment under the south side of the bridge.

If an investigator follows the path down the embankment, they can find an inscription carved into one of the stones that make up the bridge. This stone became known as the Solitude Stone:

*"All ye, who in future days
Walk by Nunckatessett stream
Love not him who hummed his lay
Cheerful to the parting beam,
But the Beauty that he wooed
In this quiet solitude
Jy. xxii, lxii."*

The Solitude Stone was carved around 1840 and forgotten, until it was discovered in 1916. Much later, the writing was credited to Timothy Otis Paine, but at the time of this scenario, no one knows who the author was.

CORONER'S OFFICE - 6

This small white building is rather unimpressive. In a small office to one side, a slightly balding man in his 40s, wearing a white doctor's coat, sits writing at his desk.

"How may I help you?" he asks.

Note: It is unusual for a small town to have a coroner's office, but due to the unusual number of deaths over the years, one was established.



Dr. Peterson has been the coroner for Bridgewater for several years. He still uses a black, horse-drawn carriage he parks behind the office. He gets bored often, so if anyone comes into his office he is usually more than happy to talk to them about anything, including active cases and the details of his own coroner reports. Any coroner reports he has prepared in the last two years will be on hand, as he always makes a copy before sending them to the police station.

He is professional in his report writing, but never lists anything that could be considered conjecture or suspect. However, he is willing to talk informally about such things.

DANVERS STATE HOSPITAL

Danvers State Hospital is 60 miles north of Bridgewater. The hospital complex sits on Hathorne Hill and is famous for the Gothic architecture of its main building. It has a great reputation, though it has become overcrowded in recent years and suffers from lack of funds.

This psychiatric hospital is where anyone from the area including Bridgewater will be sent. There are several doctors who work at the hospital, Dr. Nathaniel Lincoln is one of the leading doctors. The visitation policy is relaxed unless a patient is deemed to be dangerous to himself or others.

HAYNES COLLEGE - 7

Haynes College is a small, private liberal-arts institution of higher learning located in southeastern Massachusetts. Founded shortly after the Civil War, present enrollment stands at about 700 students, about three-quarters of whom live in campus housing. The campus is small but well maintained, with a leafy central commons or quad surrounded by solid-looking buildings in the collegiate gothic style. Despite outward appearances, a series of unfortunate financial investments have taken a heavy toll on the school's endowment, leaving Haynes College in a financially precarious position.

Faculty turnover is fairly high, with standout academics often lured away to larger, more prestigious institutions. And yet a few career educators have made Haynes College their home and are fiercely loyal to the school and its students. The college is presently almost entirely dependent on student tuition to meet operating costs, supplemented by sporadic financial infusions by generous alumni. The absence of a strong athletic program further hampers admissions potential and growth. It is doubtful that Haynes College survives the financial storm of the 1929 Stock Market Crash.

Founded in 1840, the college hosts an admin building with six separate college buildings and two dorm buildings, one for male students and one for female students. The school's specialty is instructing teachers, whether it is for primary, secondary, undergraduate, or graduate classes. In particular, it offers

courses to help professionals become effective professors.

Dr. Mitchell Gage is the president of Haynes College. He is a fit man in his early 40s whose hair is just starting to go gray. He dresses conservatively in well-tailored business suits. Always friendly and direct, he gives a firm handshake. While Dr. Gage spends the majority of his days keeping faculty from leaving and fundraising from well-to-do alumni, he can often be found walking the commons and talking with the students.

HAYNES COLLEGE

FRANKLIN L. BRADLEE LIBRARY

The library is a moderately sized, two-story, granite-hewn building, housing some 20,000 volumes. It is open 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Thursday, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Fridays, and closed on weekends. The librarian is Dr. Edwin Nichols and his assistant is Mrs. Laura Remick.

The entrance doors lead to a hall with offices on either side, Dr. Nichols to the left and Mrs. Remick to the right. In front of Mrs. Remick's office is a locked, glass-fronted cabinet. A small sign on it reads "Faculty Authors Collection."

Both Mrs. Remick and Dr. Nichols possess a key to the cabinet, but Edwin learned two years ago not to touch it when he accidentally misplaced one of the folders from inside the cabinet. Since then, he leaves the key in his desk drawer and any enquiries about the cabinet he leaves to Laura.

Just past the offices, on the right, is a small circulation desk. On the left is a room with a locked door labeled "Special Collections." Dr. Nichols has a key, as does Dr. Gage, president of the college. Since Haynes College also instructs future professors at Miskatonic University, it was required to put in a special collection area for books on loan. Since then, the Haynes Library has also built up its own small collection of books, journals, and writings that are not made available without a circulation request.

Beyond the circulation desk, a staircase goes up to an open balcony with rows of bookshelves. The balcony overlooks the main floor of the library, where tables and long shelves full of books are arranged in neat rows. The smell of old books and dusty tomes fills the library, as do many students during normal hours.

Dr. Nichols can be found here most evenings and weekends. He heads up the Bridgewater Preservation Society (see below) and never married after losing the love of his life, Elizabeth, over 30 years ago. Nichols is in his late 60s, but looks like he could be in his 80s. He wears a tweed coat every day, no matter the weather outside, but is friendly and courteous with everyone. His eyes are those of a man who has seen far more than anyone ever should. As a result, he has almost no memories of his many adventures into the heart of the Hockomock.

Mrs. Remick is in her mid-40s and is quite dour with anyone making too much noise, often shushing whispering students and those ruffling pages. She steers well clear of the special collection but knows what it contains and leaves that to Dr. Nichols. Her passion is the Faculty Authors Collection, which she has meticulously checked and verified. If investigators want to look through its contents, Laura will unlock the case and help them find what they need,

with the stipulation that they cannot leave the library with any of the volumes. She will wait for the investigators to be done with the documents and meticulously check them back in.

THE BRIDGEWATER PRESERVATION SOCIETY (BPS)

This society was founded in 1847 to debunk the reports of supernatural and evil activities located in and around the Hockomock. Edwin Nichols was an active member of the BPS for years, but insanity has caused him to lose most of his memories of its activities. Only his notes written decades earlier relate the truth. The BPS keeps a journal of all its cases in the Special Collections room of the library.

The BPS meets at the Franklin Bradlee Library the second and fourth Fridays of the month, or whenever a case pops up. Over the years, its members have proven themselves to be quite resilient when dealing with the supernatural aspects of the swamp. The police, who are very averse to doing any investigating in the swamp, since it is not their jurisdiction and they don't like to die, will often encourage, cooperate with, and even call on the BPS to assist in investigations that lead toward the swamp. This is, of course, as long as the BPS follows the law when pursuing a case.

Edwin Nichols is the head of the BPS and allows members access to the Special Collections room of the library. He will not allow anyone to take a book or any writings from Special Collections out of the library. He finds the majority of his best leads from the *Bridgewater Weekly*. He has paid the *Weekly* to receive the paper early.

While the main focus of the BPS is to disprove the wild stories in the *Weekly*, its agents often are unable to discredit the story, and even find some of the stories to be true.

MASHPEE TOWNSHIP

This small town is made up of a meeting hall, a drugstore-grocery, a school, and small houses stretching out from the center of town. Perhaps 300 people live here, nearly all of whom are Wampanoag. Most of the citizens of Mashpee dress in typical, working-class clothes of the era. The buildings have seen better days and need some repairs and a fresh coat of paint. A large clearing with crude benches takes up a large parcel of land across the street from the drugstore. An older man sits in a rocker on the porch of the drugstore. He is dressed in more traditional Native American clothing and a black feather hangs from the side of his hair.

The Mashpee township lies 45 miles to the southeast of Bridgewater. It will take 90 minutes to 2 hours to drive there due to the road conditions. The old man is Black Feather, the last of the line of shamans that kept the old ways of the Wampanoag people. Black Feather will tell visitors the following stories for \$2 a piece:

- How the land around the Hockomock was stolen from the Wampanoag people.
- How the Wampanoag people sacrificed themselves to lay a curse on the Hockomock.
- How the spirits that live in the swamp will try to pull travelers down into the swamp to join them forever.
- How when a Wampanoag spirit is free, it will travel to the Great Hunting Grounds to live free and hunt as the ancestors of old did. The stories are in Appendix A.

Black Feather firmly believes that the white man butchered his people and stole their land, and that the land should be returned to them. He has sued the state of Massachusetts three times to return the Hockomock and the land surrounding it back to the Wampanoag tribe; the first two attempts were unsuccessful, and he is awaiting a court date for the third.

He will not be particularly interested in helping the investigators unless there is a Native American in the group. If not, the investigators will need to make a difficult Persuade roll with a penalty die. Charm and Intimidate will have no effect. He can be bribed by helping fix up the Mashpee Township, or paying for the repairs, in the neighborhood of \$100 to \$400 depending on the help the investigators are asking for.

** NEWSPAPERS **

THE INDEPENDENT - 8

The Independent is the town's main newspaper, housed in the same 19th century building from which it has operated since its founding. The building is three stories high, its walls are painted white in imitation of marble, and Greek columns complete the classical illusion.

The editor of the Independent is Jarvis Woodruff. If the investigators enter his office, read the following.

Woodruff sits behind a large, well-ordered oak desk populated by baskets of neatly stacked papers and a modern typewriter. A degree hangs a bit crooked on the walls as well as a photograph of Jarvis with the last Mayor. Jarvis Woodruff is a middle-aged man who is just starting to lose his straight black hair. He wears a gray suit and maroon tie, as impeccably dressed as his office is tidy.

The Independent is a weekly newspaper that prints every Wednesday. It prints articles about politics, town issues, reviews of plays in the nearby big cities, and personal ads. While it will report people missing or dead in the Hockomock, nothing that smacks of the supernatural will ever reach those pages.

THE BRIDGEWATER WEEKLY - 9

This paper is considered a gossip-column rag by the Independent and many people in town. While the name suggests a weekly publication schedule, new editions typically come out every 2 to 3 weeks, or whenever a big story breaks. The Weekly avoids printing anything the Independent would print, instead going after the more sensational stories the Independent wouldn't touch. The BPS and Independent have tried to have the Bridgewater Weekly shut down at least twice over the 23 years it has been in operation but have always failed. Despite the hatred, the Weekly is where the BPS gets most of its cases. The BPS is quick to document how the Weekly is printing fake stories. This has led to tension between them, but reporters from the Weekly will sometimes work with the BPS because they know the truth is out there.



The editor is Josh Bennet, who is 32 years old and independently wealthy. His father was a major investor in railroads. When he passed, Josh cashed out and is living off that money. He runs the printing press in an old garage behind his house. He has one reporter on staff, and often writes articles to fill in the remaining space in the paper. Josh grew up in the area and has always been fascinated by the Hockomock. He can often be found hiking around the Hockomock with a camera, trying to catch that perfect shot.

Bret Parker has worked for the *Weekly* for a little over a year. He loves the excitement. He interviewed the farmers and wrote both of the articles in the “Hockomock Hounds” and the “Terror in the Swamp” scenarios below.

ROBERTSON FARM SPEAKEASY - 10

Nothing about this barn appears out of the ordinary. A few cars and trucks are parked nearby. Inside, everything appears normal, save a few horses tied up with the saddles still on. A tall young man in his late teens sits in front of some hay bales wearing overalls and holding a shotgun.

Stan Robertson, one of the proprietor’s sons, is the young man with the shotgun. If a visitor says they need a drink, he will ask for \$1 and then send them behind the hay bales. There, the floor opens to reveal stairs that lead down into a lighted room.

At the bottom of the stairs is a wood-paneled room with dirt floor. The far wall is home to a nice bar and four stools. Four tables with chairs are arranged around the room. An older man, in his late 50s perhaps, stands behind the bar, cleaning a glass with a towel. People of various ages, backgrounds, and professions are scattered around the room drinking.

Light is provided by a mini-chandelier hanging from the wood ceiling, and a catchy big band tune plays from a gramophone on the end of the bar.

The Robertson farm is the only speakeasy near Bridgewater and specializes in moonshine that Conrad brews himself; occasionally, Canadian beer and whiskey will be in stock. It is still in operation because Conrad Robertson and Chief Nicholson fought in the war together, so the police leave this one alone. The Robertson farm is just outside of town near the Hockomock, so when the police get any tips about it, they bury it. But Conrad has his sons keep a lookout and it is well hidden. Other speakeasies that pop up around town are shut down pretty fast by the police.

Farmers that live next to the Hockomock come here often to blow off steam and exchange gossip on what they see in the swamp. Occasionally, college kids find their way here, too.



SHELTERED GROVE RESORT - 11

Sheltered Grove Resort is to the west of Bridgewater, about a mile and a half northeast of Lake Nippenicket. The building is on the high and dry north bank of a large pond fed by a branch of Town River. The pond is part of the resort property, and there are no other houses or properties nearby.

The resort faces south. Its grounds are pleasant, its paths winding through trees and a rose garden. There is a dock with two rowboats tied to it. In front of the building sits a fountain in the classical style—two men and one woman, all with fish tails, hold fish that spew water from their gaping mouths. Wooden benches face the fountain.

The Sheltered Grove is a great place to go for a spa day to get a massage or even a mud bath. More information can be found about the Sheltered Grove Resort in the Deeper than Skin adventure.

TOWN HALL - 12

The Town Hall is a rather new, white two-story building in the middle of town. It holds all the city records. Court is held there twice a week and any city council meetings and elections are held here. People also come here to pay any city fines. The Town Hall Clerk is Elsie Cook, who is 41, has brown hair, and is a widow. Her husband died during the war. She is shy and reserved but is no-nonsense when it comes to running the town's books.



TRAIN STATION - 13

A small covered platform that has seen better days sits next to the tracks. An inside waiting area has several benches and two ticket counters. A board listing departures and arrivals has trains coming from Boston and New York about every 2 hours starting at 7 a.m. and going until 11 p.m.

A balding, middle-aged man wearing a visor and thin wireframe glasses sits behind the ticket window, reading the latest copy of the *Independent*.

A young boy of perhaps 10 is wearing a hat to indicate he is the baggage handler.

CITY OF BRIDGEWATER - KEEPER MAP

TOWN of BRIDGEWATER Plymouth County, MA



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CITY OF BRIDGEWATER - PLAYER MAP



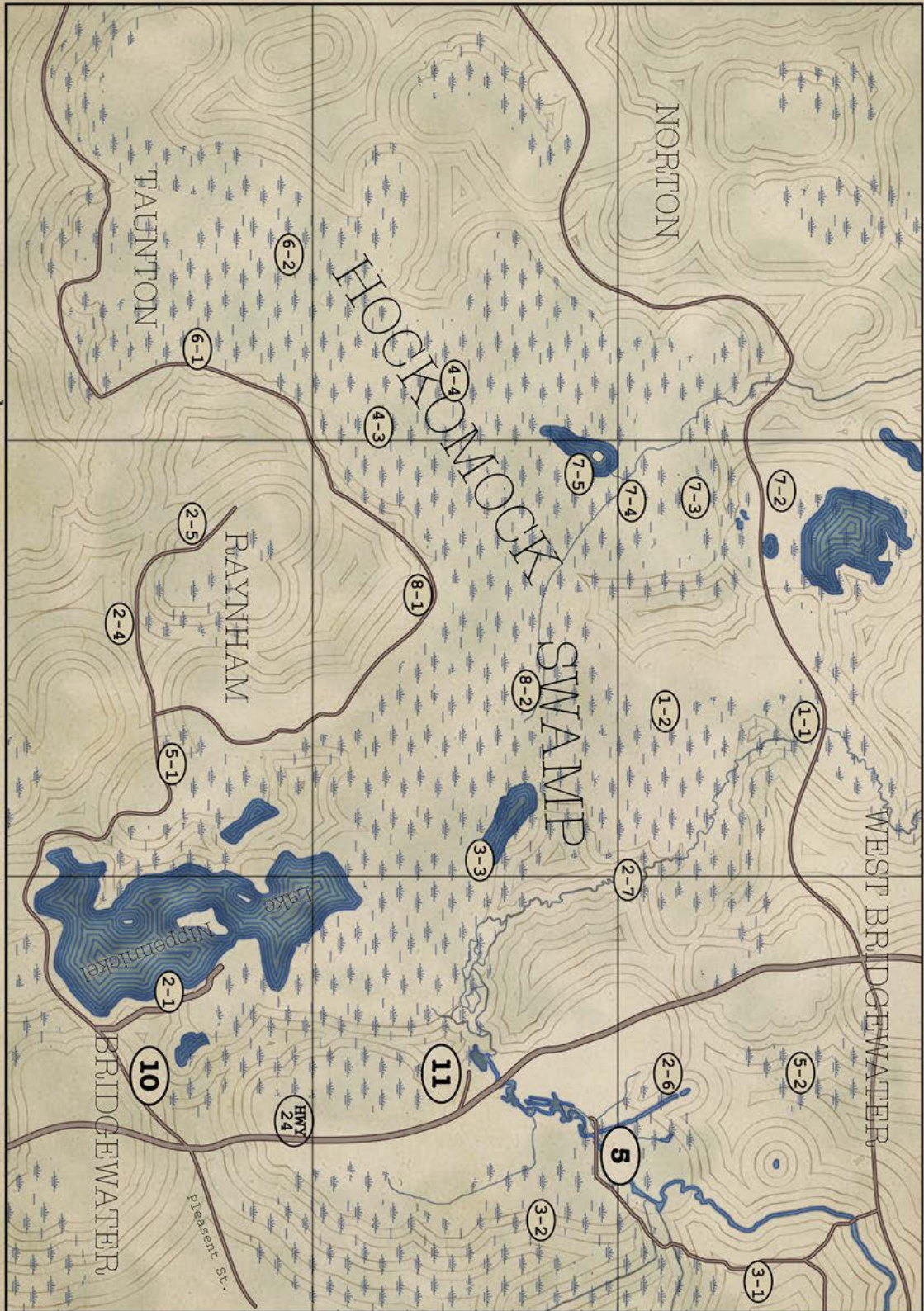
107

HOCKOMOCK SWAMP - KEEPER MAP

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
JOHN BARTRON PAINE, SECRETARY
U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

TOPOGRAPHY
WAR DEPARTMENT
CORPS OF ENGINEERS, U. S. ARMY

MASSACHUSETTS
HOCKOMOCK SWAMP



Surveyed in 1915, 1919
SHEETED IN COOPERATION WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



Edition of 1923.

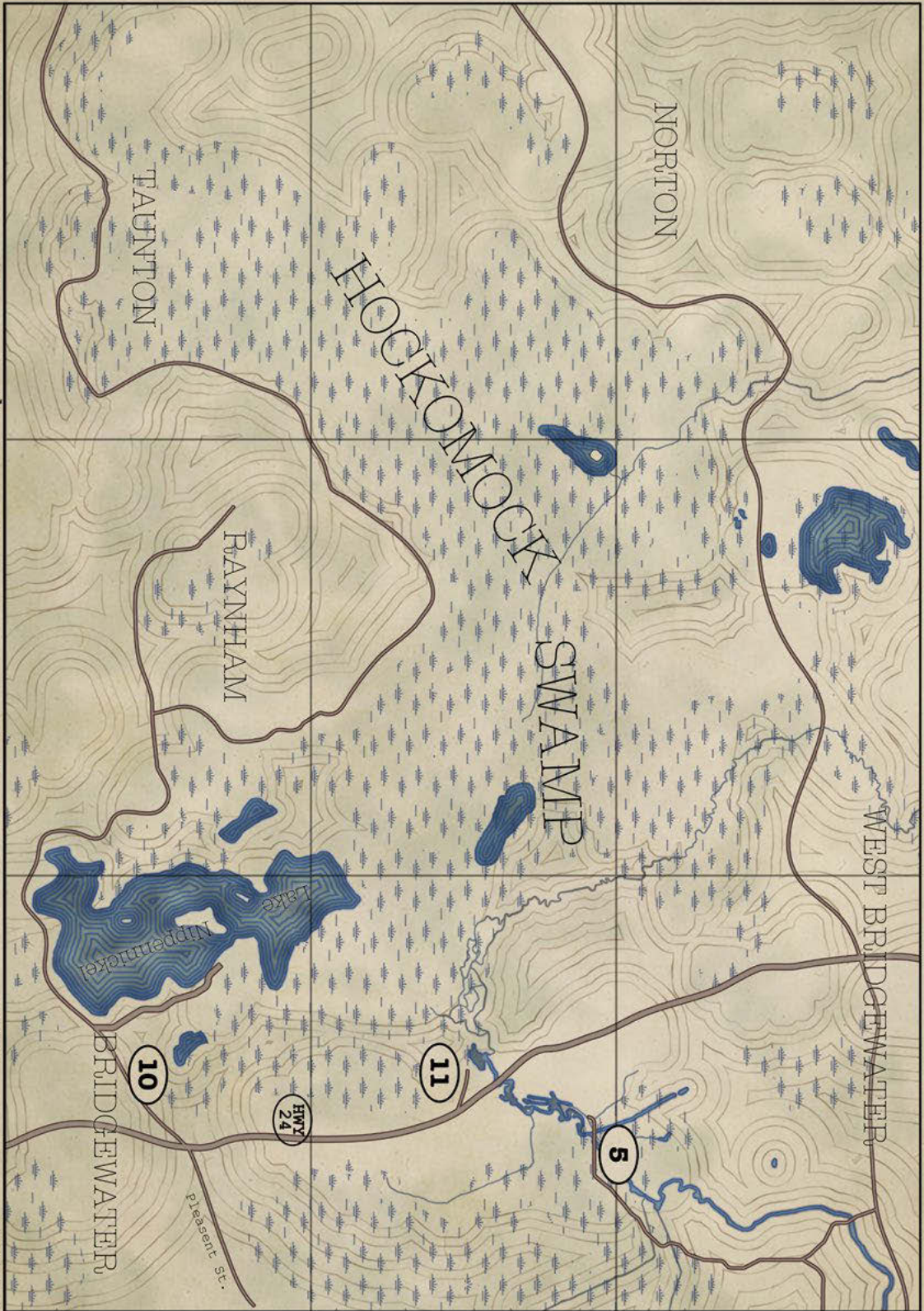
HOCKOMOCK SWAMP - PLAYER MAP

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

TOPOGRAPHY
WAR DEPARTMENT
CORPS OF ENGINEERS, U.S. ARMY

MASSACHUSETTS
HOCKOMOCK SWAMP

Surveyed in 1916-1918
REVISED IN COOPERATION WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



Edition of 1923.

CHAPTER 1

LOST

WRITTEN BY
BEN BURNS



INTRODUCTION

A 12-year-old boy, Jimmy Campbell, has become lost, disappearing from a small farm that sits on the edge of the swamp. The police are asking anyone who is able to come help search for the child before it is too late.

KEEPER'S SECRET

Thirty-five years ago, the serpent men who dwell in the swamp successfully created a human/serpent man hybrid that could pass as human, a creature they named the Changeling. Unfortunately, the transformation drove the creature insane. Despising his makers, the Changeling killed the scientists that created him and fled the lab. He could pass as a human, or he could shed his skin and pass as a serpent man. He also discovered that, by eating the warm heart of any creature he killed, he could become that creature.

His first instinct was to reproduce. He took human form and seduced a woman; the resulting child was, by any measure, a normal human boy until the onset of puberty, when he started to experience the change. The Changeling took the boy into the swamp to teach him about his new abilities. The boy's disappearance brought about the attention of the Bridgeport Preservation Society, who hunted down the creature and killed it in 1906. The boy, never found, was assumed to be dead.

That boy, the new changeling, watched as his newfound father was murdered. He grew up in the swamp, his hatred for men growing steadily, but he knew he had to bide his time and ensure the continuation of his new species. His father had already explained the process of mating with a human, so when he was old enough he assumed his human aspect and had little trouble using his charm on a woman from the town nearby. He

watched from afar as the boy was born. The changeling went about acquiring different forms: a wolf, a hawk, a bear, and more. With each new form, he felt its strength and power coursing through his veins. He discovered that when he was in the form of one of these animals, others of their kind would follow him, recognizing him as their leader, feeling the strength in him.

His child, Jimmy Campbell, is now almost 13 years old, time for him to come of age. Jimmy has gone into the woods to meet his father and learn the ways of a changeling. He can stay human as long as he does not eat a fresh heart. This will become harder and harder as the hunger overcomes him. To stop this, Jimmy needs to receive the blessing of Yig so that the hunger will subside and he won't undergo the change.

CHANGELING

In the extremely unlikely event that the investigators encounter the changeling in its natural form, read the following.

The creature standing before you could almost never be mistaken for a human. Its pale, hairless skin is stretched tight to reveal veins and muscles that threaten to burst through at any moment. Its jaw appears to unhinge as it gapes to reveal huge, yellowed teeth.

At birth, a Changeling appears as a normal human boy. His skin will be fair, with thin red hair that does not look out of place. However, if a Changeling consumes the warm heart of a creature that has just been killed, then he will take on the true nature of a Changeling. He can shed his skin to look like a human, or Serpent Man, or any creature whose heart he has consumed. The more he changes, the more his natural self looks like the creature described above and pictured.

It takes the a Changeling 3 rounds to shed

his old skin and take on a new form: 1 round to shed the old skin and 2 rounds to form the new one. He cannot attack, run, fly, or exert himself physically during the transformation. No clothing is formed, so a Changeling will preserve the clothes of anyone he kills so he can reuse the clothing later. When the Changeling assumes a form, he gains some of the memories and physical stats of whatever he changes into. He does not gain any magic, **Sanity**, or mental abilities. He is fully healed after changing forms. A Changeling may change into a form only one time per day, except for his natural form. If he wants to go into his natural form to attack, this takes only 1 round.

In his natural form, a Changeling can easily be mistaken as a ghoul or ghast. He has white to almost transparent skin and needle-like teeth. His claws are sharp, and he is exceptionally strong and fast for his size. If wearing a disguise, he could pass for human in his natural form.

PLAYING THE CHANGELING

The Changeling wants Jimmy to eat the heart of the wolf he has sacrificed and thus become a full-fledged Changeling. He knows the boy will resist, but it will be only a matter of time before the hunger overcomes Jimmy and he eats the heart.

The Changeling will attempt to delay the investigators as long as possible. He doesn't want to risk the animals he controls any more than necessary but will sacrifice them all to rescue his son during the ritual if necessary. A list of the animals he controls is provided at the end of this scenario. Set encounters are placed along the path the investigators will have to follow to rescue Jimmy and then on the way out.

If an investigator is ever alone in the woods,

the Changeling can try to kill them, eat their heart, and infiltrate the group. Even if the investigator escapes, other investigators that are aware of the Changeling's powers may be led to believe that the returning member of their party has been killed and replaced.

THE SEARCH

You arrive at the farm in the late afternoon. There are more than a dozen cars and trucks parked in the yard along with several police cars. A large crowd of people is gathered off to one side of a small house. A large barn stands in the fields behind the house.

As you approach the crowd, hoping to join the next search party, Chief Nicholson is speaking. "Sorry folks, we are calling off the search. Please go home." A woman in a worn floral print dress slumps to her knees, crying. "No!" she moans as she covers her face with trembling hands. A small girl hugs her saying, "Jimmy will be okay, mommy." The chief walks up to her, "It's over Julia, best you take care of Amy now."

(Area 1-1) The police and some of the searchers followed the boy's tracks to a small pond, where the trail vanished. They believe the boy went into the pond and was killed or drowned. Though there are still several hours of daylight left, the police don't want anyone else to get lost or killed, so they are calling off the search.

The disappointed volunteers give the crying woman their condolences as they take their leave. She pleads for them to keep looking, but soon only the investigators remain.

After everyone else has left, Julia stands. Dried tears have left streaks through the dirt on her face. She recomposes herself with visible effort. “Thank you for staying. I know he’s still alive. I can feel him. I’ve always been able to know when he’s in trouble,” she says as she hugs her daughter closer to her.

There are 3 to 4 hours’ worth of daylight left. The investigators can immediately go into the swamp looking for the boy or they can question the mom and sister first. The father is in town, selling vegetables at the farmers’ market—that alone should tell the investigators how he feels about his son.

THE HOUSE

This old, four-room house has seen better days. The paint has almost completely peeled off, and the windows are caked with a layer of crud. The step to the front door creaks, and one of the posts that holds up the roof is broken, barely holding up a sagging porch roof.

The fields behind the house are plowed and some crops are starting to sprout. A small area to the west of the house has a large dirt patch, where it has been worn from too much traffic in one area. A small outhouse sits behind the house.

Half way across the field stands a barn that looks only a few years old. The red paint, while a bit faded from exposure, still covers the wood. Beside the barn is a stone well, warm with afternoon sunlight.

The house is almost 50 years old and is badly in need of repairs. Upon the birth of their son, the father, John Campbell, immediately knew the boy wasn’t his. Since then he has grown distant, spends too much time drinking at the Robertson farm, and neglects his chores. He does provide for the family, and necessity drove him to rebuild the barn when the old one collapsed. The daughter, Amy, is his.

If the investigators wish to talk to Julia and Amy first, she will invite them into the house.

The inside of the house looks much better than the outside. It is clean and well kept. A couch with a knitted quilt dominates the main room, flanked by a cushioned chair and a rocking chair. A radio sits on a small table against the wall, and a phone hangs on the wall next to it.

From this room, the kitchen in the back room is visible, along with a small dining table. Two other doors lead off this room to the two bedrooms: the parent’s bedroom and a smaller bedroom for Jimmy and Amy.



The mother's name is Julia Campbell. She is in her mid-30s and was at one time very beautiful. Two children, a husband who has lost faith in her, and the struggle to keep up her house have beaten her down.

Julia is distraught. She wants the investigators to find Jimmy before it gets dark. She will say that Amy and Jimmy were out in the field, picking beans. About 9:30 a.m., she looked up and saw Jimmy walking into the swamp. He had been in the swamp many times before, but it felt different this time—it felt wrong. She ran outside to call to him, but he was gone. She went inside and called the police right away. The police came with several search parties. They hiked into the swamp but came out just a couple hours later to report that he was lost, but she knows he is alive, she can feel it. Jimmy has red hair and pale skin and was wearing a gray, button-up, long-sleeved shirt and coveralls.

A **Psychology** roll will reveal that she is concealing something. If the investigators pass an Extreme **Persuade** roll, Julia will confess that she had an affair almost 14 years ago. She still can't figure out why she did it. She will describe how she and John had a big fight that morning over money. After he left, the most beautiful young man she had ever seen—red-haired and fair complected—knocked on the door. All her worries melted away as he swept in the house. Before he left, he kissed her and said he had gifted her with a son. She has never seen him again. She tried to convince her husband that the baby was his, but he seemed to instinctively know that Jimmy wasn't his son. She has never told anyone about the stranger.

Julia will allow the investigators to speak to Amy if they ask. Amy can tell the investigators that she and her brother were picking beans in the field when Jimmy suddenly got up and walked into the woods. If the investigators continue to ask questions and pass a

Persuade roll, she will tell them that she thought she saw a man standing at the edge of the swamp. She will describe the man as very pale, red hair and wearing all black. If they continue to question Amy, a second **Persuade** roll will reveal that this was not the first time she has seen the man.

If the investigators search the children's room, a **Spot Hidden** roll will reveal a loose floorboard. Under the loose board is a small drawing notebook and pencil. The drawings in the notebook start off innocent enough, with usual kid drawings, but start turning darker and darker further into its pages. Drawings of dead animals and people. The next to last page features an illustration of a man's chest ripped open, his heart exposed. The last drawing is of four figures: a wolf, a bear, a man, and a hawk.

Provide players with Handout H1-1.

BRIDGEWATER FARMERS' MARKET

John Campbell stands behind a table with a half-empty basket of beans. There are also squash, zucchini, and other vegetables on the table. He has dark hair and tanned skin and wears coveralls and a red plaid shirt that has seen better days. He is a big, strong-looking man who might be considered handsome if he weren't so beaten down, his face so flushed with alcoholism.

He perks up a bit when potential customers approach. "How may I help you today?"

(Main square between areas 1 and 12) In the days before his wife's affair, before she bore another man's son he came to despise, John was a happy, charming guy. In the years since, he's become bitter and hard, and drinks too much. He heard about Jimmy's disappearance and the call for search parties, but he refused to go. He hopes the

boy is lost to the Hockomock forever. His love for his wife, despite everything, and their daughter, Amy, keeps him at home, providing for the family, but he counts the days until her son and the daily reminder of her betrayal are gone.

If asked why he didn't go search for his son, he will reply that someone still has to make the money in the household, and that the police are very competent. He won't speak about Jimmy not being his son or Julia's cheating unless he is drunk. If pressured about the boy, he will yell at them to buy something or get the hell away. No social skill (**Persuade, Fast Talk, Intimidate, or Charm**) will get him talking. If the investigators provoke him beyond reason, he will blurt out that he hopes the boy is never found, and that will be the end of the conversation. He will pack up and leave if the investigators don't.

ROBERTSON FARM SPEAKEASY

Nothing about this barn appears out of the ordinary. A few cars and trucks are parked nearby. Inside, everything appears similarly normal, save a few horses tied up with the saddles still on. A tall young man in his late teens sits in front of some hay bales wearing overalls and holding a shotgun.

Stan Robertson, one of the proprietor's sons, is the young man with the shotgun. If a visitor says they need a drink, he will ask for \$1 and then send them behind the hay bales. There, the floor opens to reveal stairs that lead down into a lighted room.

At the bottom of the stairs is a wood-paneled room with dirt floor. The far wall is home to a nice bar and four stools. Four tables with chairs are arranged around the room. An older man, in his late 50s perhaps, stands behind the bar, cleaning a glass with a towel. People of various ages, backgrounds, and professions are scattered around the room drinking.

Light is provided by a mini-chandelier hanging from the wood ceiling, and a catchy big band tune plays from a gramophone on the end of the bar.

Conrad Robertson is the bartender. Only the famous Robertson home-brewed moonshine is available this week, fresh from the marshes of the Hockomock. He does have some fruit flavoring he can put into the drink to make a pansy for the ladies. For a \$2 tip, he'll share the following bits of local gossip:

- Wolves have been spotted in the swamp, even though they thought they had killed off the varmints a few years back.
- A huge snake, 70 feet long, has been spotted in the swamp. Old man Merkel's son claims the beast ate his father, but Conrad believes the son did the deed and dumped the body in the swamp.
- John Campbell doesn't believe the boy Jimmy is his son. He swears once the boy's eyes changed, and when he opened his mouth it was full of needle-sharp teeth.
- A Swamp Ape was sighted in the middle of the Hockomock.
- Snake creatures walking on two legs were sighted moving around the swamp.

ENTERING THE HOCKOMOCK

The Hockomock is quite lovely this time of year; the trail, well trampled by dozens of shoe prints, is easy to follow, but it is difficult to tell if the boy came this way. Picking the boy's footprints out of the crowd of search party footprints is impossible.

Eventually the trail turns less solid and slightly marshy. The trail ends in a small pond perhaps 20 to 30 feet across that feeds a stream to the south. The woods have closed in on all sides and going around the water seems almost impossible.

If an investigator makes a **Hard Track** roll or an **Extreme Spot Hidden** roll, they will spot the boy's shoe tracks in the area. Tracking will show them going into the water.

If the investigators attempt to wade through the water, they will find it is over their heads about 3 to 4 feet from shore. If they wade around the edge, they can get to the other side without getting in over their heads. A quick look around the woods will find a log that can be dragged to the pond and used as a bridge all the way across; a successful **DEX** roll will allow an investigator to cross the pond without falling in.

Any investigator that enters the water will find themselves covered in leeches upon exiting. The victims will take 1 hit point initially and then 1 point for every 30 minutes the leeches aren't removed. Also, while the investigators are in the water, or while they are crossing the log, the Changeling will order a massive python to attack. If it suffers 15 or more hit points, it will retreat.

Any investigator actively watching the pond can spot a fast-moving ripple with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll. Failure, or not watching out, means the serpent gets a surprise round and its first-round attack percentage is doubled. If successful, the python will constrict the victim and drag them under the water.

After dealing with the python or driving it off, the investigators can get to the far side of the pond.

ENCOUNTER -- THE WOLF PACK

On the other side of the pond, two sets of tracks, one boy-sized and the other man-sized, lead away through the mud. They lead into the swamp, following a little-used trail. The small trail twists and turns deeper and deeper into the swamp, occasionally fading only to pick up again a few feet farther on. Darkness encroaches as the day slips away. Your flashlights provide some light, but also announce your presence to everything in the swamp.

Growls emerge from the darkness, from behind, then to the left. Your electric torch catches a glimpse of shadows darting quickly through the dark between the trees. Too fast to get a clear shot.

A pack of wolves stalks the investigators. Believed to be extinct in the area, the changeling loved wolves so much that he traveled north and brought a pack of wolves down to the Hockomock to reintroduce them. He loves being a wolf and running with the pack. It is one of the few times he feels like he is part of something. His plan is to sacrifice one of these precious animals to give his son the same sense of belonging.

The wolves are there only to slow the investigators down and scare them. He doesn't want the wolves to get hurt unless absolutely necessary. By circling, howling, and snarling out of shooting range, the wolves should slow the investigators down long enough for the Changeling to accomplish his goal. If he can get the investigators to separate and chase after the wolves, all the better.

ENCOUNTER -- THE HUNTER

You continue down what you think could be the trail, the howls of the wolves far behind you. You're not sure where the trail is leading, or if you are even on the right path. There's been no track or sign of anyone for at least an hour. Something has been whispering in your ear, encouraging you to keep going, and you pray it isn't malevolent.

From up ahead, a gunshot splits the night air. Pushing forward, a call for help rises from off the path. Looking through the trees, you spot an older man in hunting gear clutching a shotgun to his chest. Blood seeps through one leg of his pants.

This is the Changeling in the shape of a hunter he killed some years back. This encounter should be played very carefully. The Changeling is not trying to hurt anyone, just lead them away from the boy. He will claim his name is Bill Webber that he is hurt and needs assistance getting back to town. Obviously, this is a huge waste of time.

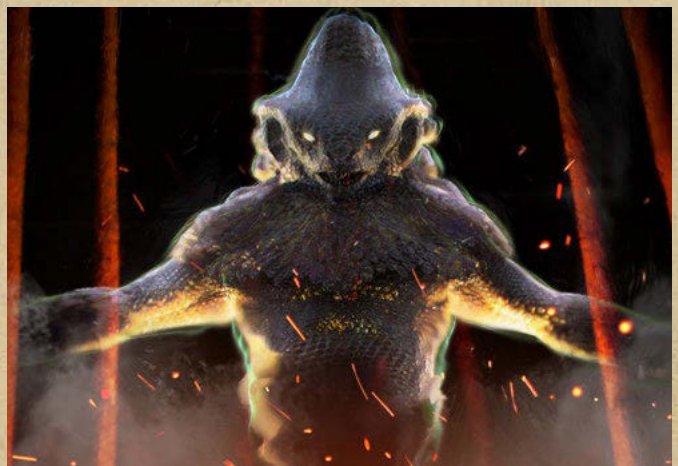
He will say a wolf attacked him, or at least he thought it was a wolf, and the shotgun blast scared it off. He thinks maybe there were even two or three wolves. He will say he was

part of the hunting party, everyone else had already given up and gone home. He will tell the investigators that his wounds are not bad, he just needs some help and a bit of protection to get back to the farmhouse. A successful Extreme **Psychology** roll will reveal that he is lying; any other skill will suggest that he's telling the truth. In fact, the Changeling had one of the wolves give him a superficial bite on his leg.

If the investigators start pointing weapons, wanting to tie him up, or shoot him, the Changeling will use his **Charm Ability** and leap out of the situation and into the trees, going fully defensive. If he is surrounded, and someone shoots, and he **dodges**, there is a good chance of hitting the person behind him. He will try not to get surrounded and leap up into the trees if he feels threatened. If the investigators want the hunter to come with them, he will say he is out of ammo and injured and needs to head back, refusing to go any further. If they agree to take him back, he will gladly lead them all the way to the pond before disappearing.

If the Changeling is injured badly, have the wolves attack while he slips away, shedding the human form to heal if needed.

NOTE: If the Changeling is successful in delaying the investigators by having them return to town, then the boy will have already eaten the heart. He can still be saved by the same ritual and receiving Yig's Blessing.



THE RAT-THING

The urgent whisper in your ear, urging you forward, grows louder. Abruptly it stops, and something scurries up a nearby tree. Too big to be a squirrel, it is dark and fast.

Your light falls on something that appears to be a large rat, but its face is that of an old man. You quickly raise your weapons but stay your hand when it speaks: "No, no harm you."

The investigators need to Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d6). Any attacks against the rat-thing are made with a penalty die. The rat-thing has only 4 hit points and no armor. If attacked, he will attempt only to **Dodge** and then flee. He will try to talk to them a second time, but if the investigators attack again he will give up and the investigators will miss their chance to encounter Y'srillis. If this happens, the investigators have only a 20% chance to find where the boy is hidden.

If the investigators stop attacking the rat-thing, then it will speak to the investigators, but stay in the trees. He will say his master wants to speak with the party but wants assurances that the investigators won't attack, and that they'll hear him out.

If the investigators refuse, the rat-thing will wish them good luck and tell them that the boy is in mortal danger—if the investigators don't hurry, they will be too late. If they agree, the rat-thing will lead them to Y'srillis.

Y'SRILLIS

The small rat creature leads you off the trail to the west and you can see movement up ahead. Your light reveals a figure among the trees, but the shadows and branches obscure most of its form. A human face that somehow doesn't look quite right speaks. "We must make this quick if you wish to save the boy. There is a way to save him, but you may find it...difficult."

If an investigator looks carefully, a successful **Spot Hidden** roll will reveal that the shadow cast by their light doesn't match the shape of the person talking. A successful **Listen** roll will allow the investigator to hear a slight hissing in the speaker's words.

Y'srillis will explain that the boy is the spawn of a creature called the Changeling, a creature believed to have been destroyed more than 20 years ago. A man by the name of Edwin Nichols tracked down the beast while hunting for a lost boy and managed to kill it. Y'srillis and his people researched a spell that would allow them to save the boy, but never found him. Everyone assumed he was dead. Y'srillis will not mention that his people actually created the original Changeling as a cross-genetic experiment between serpent men and humans.

The ritual involves a summoning ceremony that will calm the boy's unnatural cravings. The boy and the spell components must be brought to a sacred clearing at midnight, either tonight or tomorrow night, to complete the ritual. This is the only way to stop the cycle. Y'srillis will prepare the sacred grove. His assistant, the rat-thing, will lead the investigators to the boy now.



When they return, Y'srillis will lead them to the sacred grove.

If the investigators ask questions, he will say there is no time. "Even now, I sense the hunger is taking him. You must hurry!" Y'srillis will then slip into the woods.

JIMMY CAMPBELL

The rat-thing leads you quickly down a barely visible trail through the swamp and into a clearing. Your eyes are immediately drawn to a horrid image of a wolf, still alive, somehow, despite having its chest ripped open. Its heart, barely beating, shines wetly in the moonlight. The whimpers from the wolf are barely audible.

As you move into the small clearing, a rustling noise to your left and a yelp reveals a very pale young man. The blood vessels can be clearly seen through his translucent skin, his ribs and other bones easily seen in his gaunt form. His red hair seems to have faded, his fingernails are lengthening to claws, and his teeth are sharp and pointed.

NOTE: This is assuming the investigators were not delayed. If they were, then the boy will have eaten the heart, the wolf will be dead, and the boy will have blood all over his face and shirt. The boy can still be saved if they complete the summoning of Yig that night.

Investigators seeing the wolf displayed must Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d3).

The boy will not want to go with the investigators. He is cold, the hunger is strong, and he is afraid to disappoint the man who said he was his father. He doesn't

understand how the stranger could be his father, but it feels like the truth. The idea of eating the raw heart is revolting, but his need to do so is overwhelming his natural revulsion.

It will take a Hard **Persuade** or Hard **Charm** roll to convince the boy to come back. Any attempt to **Intimidate** or **Fast Talk** Jimmy will make him run over to the wolf and threaten to eat the heart. If the investigators attempt to take him by force, he will try to bite them and run into the woods, or over to the heart.

THE TRIP BACK

Once the investigators have Jimmy moving, he will be glad to be away from the dying wolf and heading home. He has already started to pick up some of the unnatural speed of the changeling and will sometimes sprint ahead of the investigators.

Meanwhile, the Changeling will be extremely upset over this turn of events. He will have two encounters planned along the way. In the first, he will transform into a hawk and gather all the birds in the area to attack. In the second, he will have a bear attack. He knows that even if they get Jimmy back to town, it's not over.

BIRDS

As you make your way through the swamp, trying to stay on the overgrown trail, you hear a cacophony of birds squawking. You shine your light into the air to see hundreds of crows, falcons, hawks, ravens, and more blotting out the sky. You look on in horror as they turn toward you and dive.

The birds will swoop down to attack, pecking and clawing at the investigators, though none attack the boy at all. Each investigator will be attacked by 12 different birds. The investigators gain a bonus die when shooting, as there are so many it is hard to miss. After 25 birds have been killed, the rest will flee. A shotgun loaded with bird or buck shot will hit 1d6 birds.

Each investigator must Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d3).

BEAR

As you cross the pond you found near the entrance to the swamp, something growls and crashes through the underbrush. Not anything supernatural, but terrifying nonetheless: a fully-grown bear.

The bear will chase the investigators to the edge of the swamp but will go no further. Anyone running with a speed 8 or 9 can make it out of the woods ahead of the bear. Anyone with a speed of 7 or less will lag behind and be caught by the bear unless they take some other precautions.

DR. EDWIN NICHOLS

If the investigators have not met with Dr. Nichols before, he can easily be found by calling the operator, who can patch them through, or by looking him up in the city phone directory. This will give them their first introduction to the Bridgewater Preservation Society. If they call him, he will ask them to meet him at the Haynes College Franklin Bradlee Library.



The library is a moderately sized, two-story, granite-hewn building, housing some 20,000 volumes. It is open 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Thursday, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Fridays, and closed on weekends. The librarian is Dr. Edwin Nichols and his assistant is Mrs. Laura Remick.

The entrance doors lead to a hall with offices on either side, Dr. Nichols to the left and Mrs. Remick to the right. In front of Mrs. Remick's office is a locked, glass-fronted cabinet. A small sign on it reads "Faculty Authors Collection."

Dr. Nichols has no recollection of any changeling or serpent man but will allow the investigators access to the special collections section, where the Bridgewater Preservation Society keeps its notes and records.

A successful **Library Use** roll will allow the investigators to find the journal entries concerning the changeling and the spell to summon the Aspect of Yig.

Provide players with Handout H1-2 (3 pgs).

SACRED GROVE

Soon after you return to the swamp, the rat creature appears and calls out for you to follow him. It does not take long for you to reach a circular clearing that has obviously been prepared for you. Torches have been set in a semi-circle, casting an array of shadows across the neatly kept grass. Within the semi-circle of torches is a stone altar adorned with flowers, fruits, and dead birds. A feeling of power runs through your body as you can feel the energy of the Earth course through you. You feel invincible, as if anything is possible this night.

(Area 1-2) Following the directions on the ritual, the wounded animal must be placed within reach of Jimmy, who must be able to get to it. When the ceremony begins, the spell states that someone must sing the enchantment to summon the Aspect of Yig. It is up to the Keeper if the players must actually sing.

Starting the second round after the ritual begins, the Changeling will begin to send waves of animals to attack and attempt to interfere with the ritual. At the fifth round, the singer may make a **Power** roll; on a critical success (give them a bonus die for singing or if the investigator is a singer), an Aspect of Yig will appear. Otherwise, the singer should roll every turn until they make a critical success or a critical failure (96+). On a critical failure, they must start the ritual over again.

The changeling will attack first with the giant python, then flocks of birds, and then a bear. Finally, he will attack personally, leading his pack of wolves. If the investigator performing the ritual stops to attack, they must start over. Three rounds after the last creature in a wave is defeated, the next wave of animals will attack.

On round 20, Jimmy will eat the heart.

THE ASPECT OF YIG!!

An unnatural wind, that crawls on your skin blows through the clearing, threatening to knock you to the ground. The torches flicker and nearly die, then flare with an ominous green flame. The attacking animals turn and flee into the woods, and you get the feeling that maybe you should as well.

A blinding light appears above the altar and slowly takes the form of a huge human with a head of a serpent. Its yellow eyes penetrate your soul while your mind twists and turns.

An Aspect of Yig has been summoned. When Yig first arrives, all investigators need to Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d8). If any of the investigators goes temporarily insane (loses 5 or more sanity points and passes their **INT** test), they will attack Yig. A sane investigator with a **DEX** higher than the temporarily insane attacker may attempt a grapple to prevent them from attacking.

If no one is able to stop the insane investigator from attacking, either by shooting or throwing a torch or whatever means they have available, Yig will kill the person who attacked him and then disappear. The boy and the heart will be gone.

If no one attacks the Aspect of Yig, then Yig will communicate with and bless the child, Jimmy, to remove his craving to become a changeling by changing him into a serpent man. The task complete, Yig will vanish. Y'srillis will show up to collect the boy to go live with the serpent men. Yig will also kill the abomination that is the Changeling.

As an alternate ending, Yig finds the boy repulsive and purges the serpent man portion from him, so he can return to his mother.

NPCS

Changeling

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
150	90	60	150	60	15

(variable)

Damage Bonus: +2d6 **Build:** 3 **Move:** 12

Attacks: 2 (2 Claws or 1 Bite)

Grapple: (mnvr): The Changeling attempts to bend you back and hold you fast, If he successfully does then the next round he can use his bite to eat your heart out of your chest. A successful STR resistance roll will free you.

Fight: 60% (30/12), Damage 1d6 + db

Grapple: (mnvr): Damage +1d6

Bite: 70% (35/14) must be held from previous round. Damage: death.

Dodge: 75% (37/15)

Armor: 1-point leathery skin (varies by shape)

Skills: Stealth 70%, Tracking 50%

Special: Change shape, he can shed his skin in 1 round and take another form of person or animal whose heart he has eaten in 2 more rounds. This fully heals the changeling. His hit points may change based on his new size. When in the new form, he fights as that creature: giant python, bird, wolf or bear.

Charm: the Changeling has a natural charm spell that all animals and people must make a POW test or look on this person with favor and not attack. They can roll each round. Animals will obey him if he is in their form.

Learn Memories: When a changeling eats a creature's heart, he learns some of the persons memories. Enough they could pass for that person unless he was questioned about specific events.

Forms: The changeling can turn into 4 humans (hunter: Bill Webber, policeman: Mike Ballo, 15-year-old girl: Daphe Strong, thin bald man: Robert King), serpent man, giant python, bear, wolf or hawk. He has a scar under his left eye, that shows up in all his forms.

Controlled Animals: The changeling currently controls 1 giant python, 1 bear, 12 wolves and 20 large birds.

Sanity Loss: 1/1d8 sanity points to see a Changeling in its natural form.

Changeling/Hunter

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
100	90	60	150	60	15

Damage Bonus: +2d6 **Build:** 3 **Move:** 12

Attacks: 1 (shotgun, 1 round left, or as club)

Shotgun: 30% (15/6), damage 4d6/2d6/1d6

Fight: 30% (15/6), damage 1d4 + db

Dodge: 75%

Special: Natural Charm, must pass POW test to attack him.

Jimmy Campbell

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
50	90	40	99	80	13

Damage Bonus: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 10

Attacks: 1 (small claws, or weapon type)

Fighting: 25% (12/5), damage 1d2 + db

Dodge: 45% (22/9)

Armor: None

Rat-Thing

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	INT	MP	HP
10	35	5	90	35	50	7	4

Damage Bonus: -2 **Build:** -2 **Move:** 9

Attacks: The rat-thing will not attack, he will run away.

Dodge: 45% (22/9)

Armor: None, but attacks to hit him while he is running is made with a penalty die.

Skills: Dodge 45%, Stealth 75%, Listen 50%

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 sanity points to see a rat-thing

Wolves

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
65	50	40	65	50	9

Damage Bonus: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 12

Attacks: 1

Fighting: 50%(25/10), damage 1d8 + db

Dodge: 32%(16/6)

Armor: 1-point fur

Skills: Track 90%, Spot Hidden 60%

Y'srillis

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	INT	MP	HP
75	70	60	90	75	100	17	14

Damage Bonus: +1d4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8

Y'srillis is the leader of the serpent people and appears in the adventure "Lost". If he has met an investigator before, it will make the talks go smoother. Because his clan are so few, Y'srillis has little interest in conflict, with humans beyond what is absolutely necessary.

He ardently wishes to preserve his people, and concealment seems the wisest strategy. He believes killing the Changeling and stopping its bloodline will rectify the mistake his people made in creating it in the first place.

Attacks per round: 1 (bite) or 2 (swords)

Swords: A serpent man's sword is made of an alien metal and can cut through most armor. Y'srillis has 2 of them and is highly skilled in their use. Damage 1d8+1, ignores up to 2 points of armor.

Bite: A victim must make extreme CON roll or suffer 1d8 damage.

Fighting: (swords) 75% (37/15) damage: 1d8+1+db

Fighting: 50% (25/10), damage 1d3 + db

Bite: 35% (17/7), damage 1d8 + poison

Dodge: 45 (22/9)

Armor: (1-point Scale) + body shield

Serpent man technology:

Body Shield: When activated this armband, provides Y'srillis and any adjacent allies a 10-point armor versus high-velocity projectile (guns). Slower projectiles and hand-to-hand weapons ignore this shield. It needs serpent men DNA to activate the shield.

Fog grenade: This generates a dense fog, usually used for the serpent men to escape a dire situation.

Skills: Intimidate 70%, Persuade 50%, Sciences (Biology) 40%, Chemistry 40%, Spot Hidden 35%, Language (English) 50%, Listen 40%

Spells: Consume Likeness, Cloud Memory, Bless Blade, Enthral Victim, and Mental Suggestion

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 sanity points to see a Serpent Man

Giant Python

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
150	90	120	90	50	21

Damage Bonus: +2d6 **Build:** 3 **Move:** 11

Attacks: 1

Constrict: (mnvr): Seeks to wrap around its prey, thereafter crushing then swallowing the victim whole. With a successful attack the victim is at a disadvantage thereafter (penalty die) and automatic damage is applied each round unless the snake is killed or dislodged by an opposed STR roll.

Fighting: 40% (20/8), damage 1d3 + db

Constrict: (mnvr), damage 1d6 + db

Dodge: 25% (12/5)

Armor: 3-point glistening skin

Skills: Stealth 90%

Birds (Hawks and Falcons)

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
80	50	70	95	65	12

Damage Bonus: +1d4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 5/12 flying

Attacks: 1 (Beaks and claws)

Fighting: 45%(22/9) damage 1d6 + db

Dodge: 47% (23/9)

Armor: 1-point feathers

Skills: Spot Hidden 90%

Black Bear

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
100	65	100	50	50	17

Damage Bonus: +2d6 **Build:** 3 **Move:** 16

Attacks: twice each round, either two claws or one claw and one bite.

Bite 25% (12/5), damage 1D10

Claw 40% (20/8), damage 1D6 + db

Armor: 3 points of thick fur, fat and muscle tissue.

SANITY AWARDS

- 1d6 Sanity if the python is killed
- 1d8 Sanity if the players killed the changeling
- 1d8 Sanity if Jimmy is saved
- 2 Cthulhu Mythos for summoning Yig and not attacking him

HANDOUTS



H1-1

March 28th, 1883

The Changeling, a new discovery

I will attempt to retell the story as best I can of our encounter with a new creature we called a 'Changeling'. It was unlike any creature we had encountered before. My team has hunted unnatural creatures before including ghouls and ghosts, and we believed that was what we had here, but alas no, it was far more sinister. While hunting strange snake like creatures with arms in the Hookwood Swamp South-West of Boston, we believed we lost one of our team members, Jacob King, a large but quiet man. After hours of searching we discovered him, tired and bleeding from a bite wound. We treated him and returned with him to our camp.

He felt better the next day and rejoined our team. We began to find Serpent People at a much higher rate and at the time thought nothing of it. Jacob was now a better shot than ever before and was far more vocal than he was known to be. Still we thought nothing of the changes or when he insisted our group stay together for safety.

Our normal operation is to separate into 2 teams to cover more ground. And despite Jacob's arguments we did what we normally did. Only 3 hours later the 2nd team found the body of Jacob King. His body was naked and mutilated, his heart ripped from his chest. Other animals had been feeding on him post-mortem and he had obviously been dead for 2 or more days. This begged the question, who was the Jacob King who was with the other team?

When we confronted the creature with the remains of our friend, he darted out of the camp with an unearthly speed we could not fathom. I wasn't even able to get a shot off before he disappeared into the woods. The hunt was on. His trail was easy enough to follow, but when we came upon the discarded skin of a creature we could not identify, we hesitated. It appeared to be human skin, shed like a snake would shed its own. From there the trail disappeared.

H1-2 p1

It cost us most of my team hurting down this killer. With unnatural strength and speed, its ability to turn into any creature it has killed, it was all we could do to kill it. The key was to find it in the short period of time between transformations. It takes him a few minutes to complete the change effect, and that window is when you must strike. In its natural form its skin is white, with sharp claws and teeth.

The Changeling

July 15th, 1883

The snake like people seemed pleased we had killed the changeling and one of the creatures agreed to talk with us. This proved to be a profitable exchange for both sides and the groundwork for a truce was introduced. In addition, more information about the changeling came to light. The changeling was the misbegotten result of an experiment decades ago by the snake people. They sought to create one of their number who could transform into a human and interact undetected with men (whether by magic or by science they did not say). Like Dr. Frankenstein's monster, their creation proved uncontrollable, and they have been hunting it and its progeny (!) since.

After it kills its prey by eating its heart within 24 hours, it can then assume that form and is indistinguishable from others of that species. It may change in and out of forms at will and only takes a few minutes to do this. It reproduces with either the snake people or a human partner by becoming a matching form and mating as normal. The offspring will appear to be normal, if pulled, until its twelfth summer, when it will develop a hunger. Once it has eaten of a heart, it will take on the full features of a changeling. The serpent people have developed a ritual that can be performed on a changeling offspring that will subdue the hunger for many years and prevent the transformation if performed within 24 hours of it eating a heart.

At a clearing under the moon, a circle of fires must be set.

Place the offspring in the circle with the heart of a creature recently killed.

The offspring must avoid the temptation for many minutes, while sandalwood joss sticks are burned.

Meanwhile someone must be singing to Yig to remove the curse from the offspring.

Uk'e vulgtlagin Yig-or,
C'ai'ai 'Fhalma geb ee.
C'mnaben 'ai'grak n'
C'stell'bsna Yig-mnn "

This roughly translates into:

The People pray to the aspect of Yig, We call our father here for answers.

We are worthless, but call for a last one, We pray for Yig's protection.

CHAPTER 2

DEEPER THAN SKIN

WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER SMITH ADAIR



INTRODUCTION

Five thousand years ago, a fragment of a dead planet plunged into the Hockomock Swamp. Deep below the surface, microbes from the meteor intermingled with the sediment and the water, and an already alien life form mutated further. Five hundred years ago, a Wampanoag tribe discovered that the mud in one secluded area of the swamp was especially therapeutic and soothing, increasing healing times. It proved useful in the treatment of skin afflictions, such as insect bites and burns, and even cuts.

Healers continued to gather the mud and mix it into poultices for around 200 years, and it became sacred to the tribe. The tribespeople jealously kept it secret from their neighbors, who marveled at their vitality and long lives. The tribe's continuous use of the healing mud changed both the people and the alien-infected matter, symbiotically linking them until one healer was compelled to dive into the waters. He soon emerged, his body taken over by the mud. In excruciating agony, he attacked his former tribe members until they overwhelmed and dismembered him. The survivors abandoned the area, and the mud festered, forgotten.



Two years ago, the owner of a struggling spa resort, Jerome Fraser, rediscovered the mud while looking for local sources of mineral-rich substances. He contracted Timothy Deering, the young man who had brought him the mud, to supply him with it on a regular basis. The mud baths have become the spa's signature offering.

But just as the mud created tragedy centuries ago, it has begun to do so now. The long-dormant mud has "reawakened" with renewed human contact. Laura Billings walked into the swamp, drawn toward the source of the mud. She went into the water and became one with the mud. Her friend, Delia Clayton, went mad and has been admitted to Danvers State Hospital. Delia's husband George came to a grisly end at the muddy hands of his lover Laura Billings. Awakening from her torpor into mind-shattering pain, she sought comfort from George. He was taken by surprise in the twilight, and her embrace covered him in mud. As she held his struggling, then spasming, body, she felt the pain dissipate. The discovery of his remains sets the scenario in motion.

As the scenario progresses, more calamities occur. Timothy Deering goes missing during a supply run, infected by the microbes. While not as dangerous as Laura Billings, he poses a threat. He is also the best lead to the mud's place of origin. Strange dreams plague those who've come in contact with the mud, possibly including the investigators. Driven by her pain, Laura Billings periodically stalks others. Jerome Fraser becomes more and more obsessed with the "miracle mud" and mistakenly determines that submerging his ailing father in it is the way to restore his health. If the investigators don't act quickly and decisively, tragedy follows tragedy. If Jerome Fraser is eliminated, other interested

parties may move to acquire the mud for their own spas.

In an ongoing campaign, the disappearance of Laura Billings can be introduced during an earlier session (the date of her disappearance can easily be adjusted to suit the game, if need be, by as much as a year). It is big news, after all. This is especially worthwhile in a game where the goings-on of Bridgewater are a frequent topic, and this may seem like just one more piece of gossip. Ideally, it's presented as simply a piece of background while the investigators are busy with other matters. Investigators who choose to look into it soon run out of leads, and the Keeper can simply tell them so or play out the inconclusive interview with Cyril Billings.

SPAS

The practice of bathing as therapy is ancient. Hot and cold springs were especially valued for their supposed curative properties, and those with the means would travel some distance to visit them. The Romans were innovators in the construction of bath complexes, and, as they spread across Europe, they constructed elaborate bath complexes in the lands they occupied.

Public bathing fell from favor in the Dark Ages, believed to be immoral, and even privately bathing too often was considered to be potentially harmful. Hot and cold springs were still often thought to have healing properties, however. In the 14th century, the iron-rich mineral spring at Spa in Belgium gave rise to perhaps the first European bathing resort since the fall of Rome. During the Renaissance, Italian doctors began analyzing the mineral composition of such springs, and the known effects of each mineral on the human body were documented.

Within 300 years, the town's name would lend itself to the term for such health resorts, around the time that the upper classes took to bathing in public regularly again (or bathing their entire bodies at all, really). Places like the restored Roman facilities at Bath, England, became centers of social life in the early 18th century. Physicians prescribed drinking mineral water for various ailments and added physical exercise. In the Americas, British colonists traveled to springs discovered in places such as Pennsylvania, Virginia, and New York.

As understanding of sanitation's value in the 19th century developed, bathing in general grew in acceptance. At the same time, Europeans constructed a number of spas across the continent, primarily inspired by Roman bath architecture. Saratoga Springs in New York grew in popularity until its two Greek revival hotels could hold 500 guests. The supposedly healing waters of springs that had been drunk for centuries in the Western world became the source of bath water as well. Patients and visitors to these spas were often given strict diet and exercise regimens, as well as various other treatments designed to increase their health. The New York spas became known for their social attractions as well, with ballroom dancing, opera, and clubs eclipsing the original purpose of the resorts.

In the 20th century, though the popularity of spas continued, medical experts began criticizing spa bathing for providing no more health benefit than bathing at home. While the spa resorts hung on, day spas began to open as well, such as the first of Elizabeth

Arden's Red Door Salons in Manhattan. Opening in 1910, it offered services such as facial massages and paraffin wax baths for weight loss, as well as more standard beauty salon services. Unlike resorts, business such as this provided guests some of the benefits of spa visits without an extended stay.

MUD BATHS

While not as well known of a spa treatment for most of this history, using mud for healing and therapy is just as old a practice, not only among Europeans but Native Americans. The Dead Sea was renowned for the healing and beautifying properties of its mud during the Classical period. Also prized was mud from the lowland moors of Central Europe. Moor mud has become a part of the treatments offered by spas in Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Germany. A similar mud was discovered at Moor Downs in Waukesha, Wisconsin, and a resort was built there, growing to a hundred guest rooms in the 1920s.

Bathing in mud is used to relieve muscle and joint aches, including arthritis. It is reputed to draw out toxins from the body. It is also believed to be good for the skin, generally softening it and improving its complexion, and it's used in the treatment of skin disorders such as psoriasis.

THE FIRST DEATH

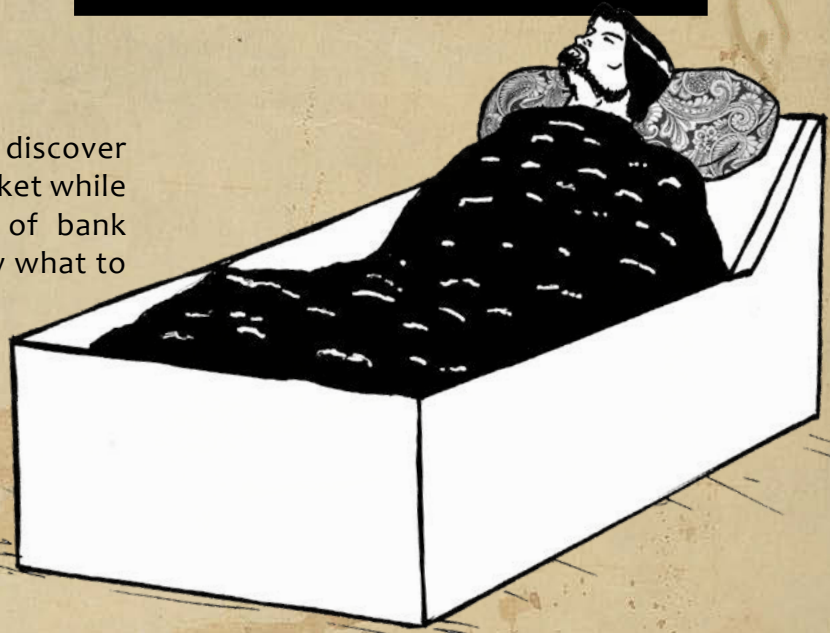
(Area 2-1) On a Wednesday, police officers discover grisly remains on the bank of Lake Nippenicket while looking into the possible disappearance of bank president George Clayton. They don't know what to make of it, and investigators on good terms with the police department are quickly contacted shortly before noon. All the investigators are told initially is that a body has been found "under mysterious circumstances" and to meet the officers at the Nip.

LAKE NIPPENICKET

Colloquially known as "the Nip," this shallow body of water is a few miles southwest of Bridgewater and is bordered by the swamp on all but the southern edge. The source of Town River, its 354 acres have an average depth of 3 feet, reaching 6 feet in places. As part of the area's wetlands and with a sandy bottom, the lake is murky.

Shallow as it is, it is infamous for drownings. While tragedies have certainly occurred here, it's probable that most of the stories are fanciful. Recently, the Weekly ran a story that the lake's snakes are so large that they're eating the fish.

Several police officers are gathered on the southern shore, keeping bystanders away from the crime scene. However, it is a quiet day, and there are no witnesses to question or voyeurs to run off. A rowboat is about 15 feet away, pulled up onto the bank. The police car is parked beside another car, behind a cabin. Chief Wayne Nicholson approaches the investigators once they arrive.



An investigator succeeding in a **History** roll, or a Hard **Know** roll if a local, knows legends of Indian burial grounds on the lake's small islands. Successful **Anthropology** or **Archaeology** rolls, however, note that no evidence of such burials has been found.

The chief explains that the officers came out here looking for George Clayton. Pointing at the cabin, he mentions that it's Clayton's and explains that Clayton often comes out here on weekends to fish, sometimes staying overnight. The car behind the cabin is his, too. Nicholson nods at the boat, saying that they believe that it's Clayton's as well. He walks them over to the remains.

Lying on the muddy bank is a pile of blood-stained bones with traces of muscle, sinew, and hair clinging to them. In addition, the bones are coated in mud. The mud varies in color: some of it is brown, like that on the banks, but much of it is a charcoal black, with a thicker consistency. Seeing the bones requires Roll against **Sanity** (1/1D3 loss).

EXAMINING THE REMAINS

One of the first things noticeable to anyone looking closer is an intact gold molar. This can be used to positively identify the remains as belonging to George Clayton from his dental records. The bones are damaged; they are pockmarked and scored. Needle-width holes tunnel into them at multiple points. Some of the bones are still attached by ligament remnants. If bones are broken and their interior examined, most of the marrow is gone.

A successful **Science (Forensics)** or Hard **Medicine** roll will determine that the muscle tissue has not been cut or chewed. It seems to have been partially dissolved. The marrow was likewise eaten away. Time of death can't be pinpointed, nor can cause be determined.

The scoring on the bones may have been caused by an acid, but no skill check can determine what kind of acid could have caused the damage observed.

SEARCHING THE AREA

Searching the area and succeeding in a **Spot Hidden** roll, an investigator finds several metal artifacts: a belt buckle, some coins, and a score of tiny metal rings. These last are the grommets for shoelaces, recognizable with a successful **INT** roll (but players should be given an opportunity to figure this out for themselves first).

An investigator making a successful **Track** or **Spot Hidden** roll finds boot prints near the boat heading in the direction of the remains. The only other tracks coming to or leaving the area seem to have been made by the police officers and investigators.

LOOKING FOR MUD SAMPLES

Investigators who comb the banks, islands, and surrounding area looking for more of the black mud are disappointed. While there are some gradations in color, any mud on the surface is obviously distinct from the black variety. If they dredge up mud from the lake bottom, the investigators find a darker variety that is closer to what was found on the bones. However, a successful **INT** roll determines that it is, in fact, not quite as dark.



TALKING TO THE POLICE

George Clayton is the president of the Bridgewater Savings Bank. Randall Thurber, the vice president, contacted the police this morning. Mr. Clayton didn't show up for work on Monday and didn't answer Thurber's phone call. On Tuesday, Thurber called again, again to no answer. He then sent the secretary, Melinda Ewing, to the Clayton home, but no one answered her knocks.

George's wife Delia is his only surviving family. She has been staying at Danvers State Hospital for just over two weeks, having been admitted by her husband after some sort of breakdown.

PRIOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE CLAYTONS

Local investigators with Credit Ratings of 40 or higher may make Luck rolls. With a success, the investigator knows the Claytons, at least by reputation, and may very well be aware that Delia Clayton is staying at Danvers for a "rest cure." Such investigators are aware that Delia Clayton's closest friends are Laura Billings and Estelle Winders, and that Laura went missing weeks ago.

THE CABIN

The police have searched the cabin, but the investigators are welcome to look around as well.

The cabin is simple in construction and furnishings. The main area has a wooden chair, a potbelly stove, and a basin for cleaning fish. The bedroom has a small bed, hangers for clothes, and a nightstand. An empty bottle of wine sits beside two wine glasses on the nightstand. One of the glasses has a lipstick stain, and the wine residue in each is dry.

An investigator succeeding in a **Spot Hidden** roll notes dust on the glasses and bottle mouth—they must have been sitting here for weeks.

Searching the room thoroughly turns up a diamond teardrop earring under the bed. This is an **obvious clue**. If no one searches the room, investigators may make **Spot Hidden** rolls, possibly as they begin to leave. With a success, a glint is spotted beneath the bed.

THE EARRING

The earring's setting is gold, and a successful **Appraise** roll identifies it as a high-quality piece. There are three people that the investigators may interact with who easily recognize it: Cyril Billings, Estelle Winders, and Delia Clayton.

Cyril Billings bought the earrings as an anniversary gift two years ago and was unaware that his wife had lost one. He demands to know where they got it. When he checks her jewelry box, either at the investigators' bidding or later, he discovers the other half of the pair.

Estelle Winders says that Laura loved the earrings, a gift from her husband, and wore them on special occasions. She is curious where the investigators found it. Could Laura have been wearing the earrings when



she went missing? (She was completely unaware that Laura Billings had lost one of the earrings.)

For interactions with Delia Clayton, see “Visiting Delia Clayton,” page 47.

The investigators may also try to track the earring down by asking local jewelers. With a successful **Luck** roll, they pick the right jeweler immediately; a failed roll will extend their search by hours. Ernest Martin set and sold the pair. For propriety’s sake as a business owner, Martin only reveals to whom he sold it if an investigator makes a successful **social skill** roll.

THE MUD SAMPLE

The mud can be properly analyzed in a lab with various science specialties. If the investigators don’t have the specialties themselves, they can try to engage someone else’s services, perhaps at Haynes College or at Harvard or Miskatonic universities. If the investigators don’t already have suitable contacts—either established during the campaign or based on their professions—this may require a **social skill, Credit Rating, or Luck** roll. Failing this roll doesn’t necessarily mean that they can’t pay to have someone do it but that it takes longer—results that might normally be available within a day are instead available in a day or two. In the meantime, there is a good chance that tragedy strikes again.

Science (Geology) or **Science (Chemistry)** rolls determine that the mud sample is rich in magnesium, iron, carbon, and sulfur. An investigator succeeding in a **Credit Rating** or **History** roll is aware that similar mud has been used in mud baths since ancient times (see “Mud Baths,” page 42).

A **Science (Biology)** roll finds trace elements of organic material (primarily plant matter)

and microbes. The microbes are diverse and plentiful. Some can be identified and are harmless. There is, however, an unknown bacteria saturating the mud. That it is unidentifiable is not necessarily cause for alarm, since scientists theorize that there are vast amounts of unidentified bacteria on Earth. Nevertheless, it does mean that its effects are also presently unknown.

These bacteria are extremely hardy. Temperature extremes slow their activity, making them inert and killing some, but not all, of them off. Bleach, renowned for its antimicrobial powers, has no effect, and this places the bacteria in rare company.

Otherwise, the mud behaves like mud should. Heat dries it out. It can also be frozen.

DANGERS IN HANDLING THE MUD

The mud is, by and large, safe to handle. There is no evidence of any acidic quality to it. It simply feels and behaves like any other mud.

While separated from the main body of mud, the parasitic bacteria are diminished in function. They cannot devour organic material or fully take over a person’s mind. See, however, “Dreaming in Mud,” below. Conducting a blood test with a successful **Medicine** roll on someone who has been infected by the mud reveals the presence of a small amount of the bacteria.

DREAMING IN MUD

Investigators who come into contact with the mud are in danger of being infected by it. The bacteria are able to pass through organic material, so even getting a small amount on clothing poses a danger. They cannot go through rubber gloves, however. The primary results of brief contact are strange dreams. The dreams are projections from the alien life form

inhabiting the mud's consciousness, primarily centered on its symbiosis with the medicine man.

How the dreams develop is up to the Keeper, based on pacing and other narrative needs. The visions below may come to an investigator all in one dream or be spread out over time. It is recommended that the dreams build unless the exposure happens late in the scenario. If multiple investigators suffer them, they may share the same dreams or each experience separate portions of them. The visions can occur during waking hours, as well; the investigator nods off unexpectedly, perhaps while riding in a vehicle or doing research (see "Looking for the Source," page 57, for visions in Hockomock Swamp). Whether experienced all at once or over time, these intense dreams cause a one-time Roll against **Sanity** (1/1D4 points).

FIRST VISION

The investigator is hurtling through empty gulfs of space at incredible speeds. The lights of innumerable stars come into view, and the investigator rushes toward them. Plunging into the galaxy, the dreamer passes between solar systems until finally entering one. Up ahead, a blue, cloudy planet appears, and, as the investigator draws closer, eastern North America comes into view. Just before landfall, this vision ends.

SECOND VISION

The investigator views scenes of life in a swamp among a Native American tribe. Soon, the investigator realizes that he or she is experiencing this from the perspective of a medicine man. The medicine man uses a thick black mud in healing injuries and paints the skin of tribe members in ritual fashion. This mud is gathered by the medicine man from a secluded pool in the swamp, known only to him. At the pool's edge, he daubs himself with the mud

and goes into an ecstatic state. He leaps into the pool. The investigator experiences the sensation of drowning. The investigator feels the pool's mud adhering to and entering the medicine man's body. Memories of his beloved wife and young daughter fill his mind as he sinks to the bottom. Darkness swallows the medicine man, and, for long moments, the investigator hears the steady beat of the man's heart before waking.

An investigator, either one directly experiencing the vision or hearing a description, who succeeds in an **Anthropology** roll recognizes the Native Americans as belonging to one of the Northeastern Woodlands tribes that once lived in the area. This can also be determined with a **Library Use** roll.

The swamp can't be specifically identified, unfortunately, but anyone who has been to the Hockomock Swamp notes its similarity.

THIRD VISION

The investigator emerges from the pool, caked in mud and burning in unbearable agony. Staggering through the swamp, the investigator comes upon the medicine man's little girl, playing by herself. Blinded by pain, the medicine man stumbles toward her, and she screams when she sees the muddy figure. He snatches her up, holding her close, and he feels the pain dissipate. Looking down, he sees her flesh melt away in tandem with his pain.

FOURTH VISION



The medicine man stalks other members of his tribe, retreating back to the pool once free of agony. When the pain returns, he is driven to kill again. The tribe fights back with weapons and torches, finally overwhelming him and hacking him apart. The vision continues somehow, despite the medicine man's destruction. The smoldering dismembered remains wriggle until scattered by the tribe. The survivors vacate the area.

FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS

VISITING DELIA CLAYTON

Danvers State Hospital is 60 miles north of Bridgewater. The hospital complex sits on Hathorne Hill and is famous for the Gothic architecture of its main building. It has a great reputation, though it has become overcrowded in recent years and suffers from lack of funds.

An investigator who is a doctor or in a position of legal authority can gain access to Delia Clayton's medical records and will be allowed to see her. Otherwise, a **Law** or **Persuade** roll is needed to speak with the attending psychiatrist, Dr. Nathaniel Lincoln, about the case. Without a suitable medical background or a court order, an investigator is not allowed to see her records, but there is nothing important in them that can't be learned from Dr. Lincoln directly.

SPEAKING WITH DR. LINCOLN

Dr. Nathaniel Lincoln is a short man with a square face and thick glasses. He emanates an aura of calm that is difficult to quell. He speaks with investigators in his tidy office.

Delia is staying in a private room in one of the

wards for the "less excited." She was admitted by her husband two weeks ago, after he came home and discovered her in a catatonic state. There is no indication of trauma or any other root cause of her psychosis. Even at her most lucid, she seems largely unaware of her surroundings. She tends to stare upward. The doctor has discovered that her mood seems to improve when she's brought outside in a wheelchair. Dr. Lincoln hopes sitting in the fresh air will be therapeutic and result in being able to get through to her.

SEEING DELIA CLAYTON

Dr. Lincoln allows the investigators to see Mrs. Clayton in his presence. Delia has long dark hair that has been tied back and light freckling on her cheeks and nose. While inside her room, she is mostly unresponsive, looking up at the ceiling and moving her eyes and her head slowly over time (if a player asks which direction she is looking, it is east to west). The only thing that breaks through to her is telling her that her husband has died. Delia is startled and upset, but she quickly reverts to her catatonia. However, if an investigator makes a **Psychoanalysis** roll after this news is delivered, she blurts out that she wants to see the stars. If no investigator has that skill, a successful group **Luck** roll results in Dr. Lincoln getting this out of her while speaking with his distraught patient.

If Delia is brought outside during the day, she stares at the sky, moving her eyes and her head slowly over time (again, if a player asks which direction, it is east to west). She is only slightly more responsive than she was in her room, answering simple questions about who she is but seemingly unaware why she is here. A successful **Psychology** roll notes that she is intently looking for something up above and that this is a source of frustration. Asked what she is trying to see, she replies that she is looking for the stars.

To get more from her, she needs to be brought

outside at night. While it's unorthodox, the dedicated Dr. Lincoln is willing to give it a try. As before, she intently focuses on the sky, and a successful **Psychology** roll notes that she seems more content. A **Psychoanalysis** or **Hard Persuade** roll gets her attention enough to talk a little more. Note that no roll is required to get her to talk if she is asked about mud.

If asked if she knows where she is or where she wants to be, if she wants to return home, or similar questions, she stares intently at the stars and begins to cry. "I want to go home; I want to go home! But I can't get there!"

If shown the earring, she focuses on it long enough to identify it as belonging to Laura Billings, one of her best friends. The pair was a gift from Laura's husband. She then loses focus on this topic.

If asked either about mud or activities with her friends, she tells them that Laura Billings introduced her and Estelle Winders to the spa at Sheltered Grove Resort, including its luxurious mud baths. She wishes she could visit it now: "I must look such a fright!" At this, she becomes upset and starts to convulse. Dr. Lincoln and an orderly quickly rush over. She vomits forcefully, and the attendants are splashed with it. Any investigators who were engaged in speaking are splashed as well, unless they quickly got out of the way when the attendants rushed over (**Luck** rolls may be required if they hesitated at all). Any investigator hit with vomit becomes subject to visions (see "Dreaming in Mud," page 45).

In the aftermath, Delia is sedated, slipping back into catatonia and returned to her room. The investigators are quickly ushered out but anyone who asks to inspect the vomit is allowed to take a sample (though they may have plenty on their person). In any case, once in better light, it is obvious that the vomit includes a great amount of a black substance. If the substance is inspected, it appears to be more of the mud. A

scientific analysis confirms this.

FURTHER VISITS

It is quite possible that the investigators first visit Delia before they have uncovered many other clues. If they return for follow-up sessions, they may speak with her again if they left on good terms with Dr. Lincoln. If their inquiries resulted in her being sedated, they are only allowed to talk to her again with effort. It requires a **Hard Persuade** or **Law** roll (Regular difficulty if the investigator has medical credentials or legal authority).

BRIDGEWATER SAVINGS BANK

The Bridgewater Savings Bank is in a brick building on Main Street near Central Square. In 1926, it is in a new two-story building, not far from the three-story brick building that housed it and various other businesses and services, including the post office, from 1872 until the bank moved into the new building in 1925. It was the town's only bank until the Bridgewater Co-Operative Bank was established in 1902.

(Area 2-2) There is no further information to be found here, but the investigators may visit, especially while trying to determine whom George Clayton was having an affair with. Neither Randall Thurber, a middle-aged man with a red face and prematurely gray hair, nor Melinda Ewing, a petite woman with dark curly hair, knows anything about the affair. Thurber is genuinely upset about Clayton's death, which a successful **Psychology** roll determines. He is aware that Clayton recently committed his wife but didn't pry into the details. Ewing's relationship with her bosses is purely business, as another **Psychology** roll can confirm.

ESTELLE WINDERS

Estelle Winders is tall with angular features and light blonde hair. She is unmarried and lives comfortably on an inheritance. She invites guests into the parlor of her pleasant home, offering tea and pastries.

(Area 2-3) By the time the investigators meet with her, she has probably heard about George Clayton. If so, or if she finds out from them, she is upset. "Poor Delia, first her illness, now what will she do when she finds out?"

While speaking with her, a successful **Psychology** roll notes that she seems exhausted and a little distracted. She brushes it off initially, saying she's just a little tired, but an investigator who succeeds with a **Charm** or **Persuade** roll gets her to say she isn't sleeping well due to nightmares. Asked for further details, she says she can't remember much other than sloshing around in a swamp, hurting people. It's been especially rough the last few nights.

If asked about her relationship with Delia Clayton or Laura Billings, she says they've been good friends since youth. Laura was melancholy for a while before she disappeared, but she rebuffed her friends' attempts at consolation. As she talks about the friendship, she mentions one thing that should pique the investigators' interest: Laura introduced the other two to the Sheltered Grove Resort and its very relaxing, rejuvenating mud baths a couple of years ago. She still visits a couple of times a week, although it isn't quite the same without her friends.

If the investigators show her the black mud or describe it to her, she says it appears to be the same kind of mud used at the resort.

LAURA BILLINGS

Laura Billings disappeared six weeks ago. One of the easiest ways to get details is from her

husband, Cyril. They can meet him either at the large house he owns outside of town (area 2-4) or the office of his lumber company (area 2-5). Cyril is a large man with a bushy mustache and graying temples. If he's aware they are part of an official investigation that may involve his wife, he talks readily. Otherwise, he does so if an investigator succeeds in a **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll.

Cyril and Laura's daughter, Linda, married Leland Thornton of Boston a year ago, and their son, Thomas, died on the Western Front in the Great War.

In the two weeks before her disappearance, Laura kept talking about how she needed to go home, but she had lived in the area all her life. Cyril took her to her childhood home to visit her parents, but she just seemed distracted. On the drive home, the bewildered and annoyed Cyril asked for what she meant by home. She gave no answer, becoming sullen after a while.

After this, she became withdrawn, rarely leaving the house. She still went with her friends to visit the Sheltered Grove Resort. She swore by the mud baths there, which she discovered a couple of years ago. One night, he came home from the office and discovered she was gone. None of her things were missing.

The police report on her disappearance also includes this information. If the investigators aren't working with the authorities, obtaining the police report requires a Hard **Law** roll.



SHELTERED GROVE RESORT

Sheltered Grove Resort is to the west of Bridgewater, about a mile and a half northeast of Lake Nippenicket. The building is on the high and dry north bank of a large pond fed by a branch of Town River. The pond is part of the property, and there are no other houses or properties nearby.

The resort faces south. Its grounds are pleasant, its paths winding through trees and a rose garden. There is a dock with two rowboats tied to it. In front of the building sits a fountain in the classical style. Two men and one woman, all with fish tails, hold fish that spew water from their gaping mouths. Wooden benches face the fountain.

THE BUSINESS

The following information can be uncovered easily through town records, newspaper articles, or conversation:

- The property itself—the grounds and the building—are owned by the 78-year-old Ronald Fraser.
- The land has been in the Fraser family since 1794, and the current building was constructed in 1862.
- It is the residence of Ronald and his son Jerome.
- Ronald is in poor health and has not been seen in public for two years.
- Jerome is legally in control of the property.
- Jerome opened the resort in 1922. It offers vacation stays and spa services.
- The resort business is under Jerome's name.
- There are three employees—Kevin Reed, the gardener; Jill Newman, the spa attendant; and Cecilia Jenkins, the live-in nurse.

The following information may be uncovered in conversation with Jerome Fraser or from his papers:

- Jerome drew inspiration from visiting spas in Europe and the magnificent one in Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
- The business has been struggling since its establishment (it's unlikely he admits this).
- Its supplies need to be shipped in from elsewhere.
- Mineral water is shipped from Fall River, Mass, a town 25 miles south known for its many springs, which provide water for its citizens and industries.
- Crèmes and other beauty products are imported from Europe.
- Jerome is considering adding paraffin wax treatments for weight reduction, modeled after the Ardena wax baths from New York's Red Door Salon chain.
- Jerome is making plans to hire a dietician for the spa.

SPA OPERATIONS

The spa is in the east wing's ground floor, and its large windows catch sunlight in the early part of the day. The door into the spa area from the foyer is open. Either Jerome Fraser or his assistant Jill Newman quickly greets visitors.

The first room of the spa is a lounge, with comfortable chairs and couches. Light reading materials, in magazine, newspaper, and book form, are kept handy. A fireplace provides warmth during cold periods. The walls are decorated with watercolor landscapes and impressionist paintings.



The door into the spa area from the foyer is locked at night and requires a **Locksmith** test to break in.

Jerome's office is adjacent to the lounge. It is tidy and tastefully decorated. His desk contains various papers, including his journal and accounting ledger. The journal is mostly taken up by ideas for his struggling business (see "The Business," page 50, for details, and see Handout—Jerome's Journal for the most interesting entries). Using **Accounting** on the ledger notes that the business has only recently begun to return a modest profit; the mud baths seem to be the primary reason, especially due to their low cost.

Provide players with Handout H2-1.

SPA ROOMS

Also past the lounge is the first of the actual spa rooms. This clean, light yellow pale-walled room has padded seats for guests to relax in while drinking mineral water and receiving beauty treatments.

MUD BATH ROOM

Past the first spa room is the mud bath room. The floors and walls are tiles painted in Classical designs, one wall reproducing a mosaic of a Roman bath. The center of the room houses two large heated clay couches (purchased from John Weber, Jr., who developed them in 1916 for his Moor Mud Baths in Waukesho, WI).

The mud is stored in a cellar below the mud bath room. There is usually enough on hand to administer 10 baths.

GUEST BEDROOMS

The guest bedrooms are in the east wing above the spa. The stairs rise above the door that leads into the spa. Many guests stay here without utilizing the spa services at all, though they are welcome to enjoy the lounge. There are six bedrooms, and there is a bathroom at each end of the hall. While there are guests, the front door is left unlocked at all times (even with no guests, it is rarely locked).

There is currently one couple staying here, the middle-aged Lou and Emily Fine from Boston. They are here for a pleasant escape from the city and spend much of their time outside or relaxing in the lounge or their room. They have not partaken of the spa services.

DINING ROOM

At the rear of the ground floor, the dining room is open to guests renting rooms. Fruit is always stocked in a bowl at the center of the table, and there are bread boxes on a sideboard. Jerome makes breakfast each day and often prepares sandwiches for lunch. Guests must go into town for dinner.

THE PRIVATE RESIDENCE

The west wing is home to Jerome; his father, Ronald; and Cecilia Jenkins, Ronald's nurse. It is not open to the public. There is a parlor and study downstairs, as well as the kitchen. The bed-ridden Ronald remains in the master bedroom. He spends most of his time sleeping. There are no clues in the residence.

JEROME FRASER

Jerome is a fastidious young man who is always smartly dressed in a suit. On warm days, the suit is light in both material and color. He has a fine collection of neckties and bowties. He has light

brown, Brilliantine-slicked hair with swooping bangs.

Jerome takes his host duties seriously and readily converses with visitors. He speaks about his business and ideas for it in a positive light; he doesn't discuss its struggles or possibility of failure without good reason. He quickly becomes wary of those who question him deeply about his business. See "The Business," page 50 for details.

He discusses the mud baths in general terms (their efficacy, their importance to his business, etc.) but guards details of the mud's source. He states after initial hesitation that it comes from the Hockomock Swamp. Pressed for more precise information, he admits that he hasn't been to swamp or know the actual spot. Asked how he gets the mud, he says he has hired a man to gather and deliver it. Asked for more details, Jerome reveals that the man introduced the mud to him.

It takes a Hard **social skill** roll to get Jerome to say any more about this unnamed mud procurer. He's on a supply run currently, and he delivers two pails of mud about three times a week. Jerome says he'll consider setting up a meeting. Due to Jerome's growing obsession with the mud and the resulting paranoia, he won't reveal the procurer's name at this time (it can be found in his journal, however).



If the investigators see Jerome after their first meeting, a successful **Spot Hidden** roll detects traces of black mud under his fingernails or behind his ear.

Unknown to anyone else, Jerome has begun sleeping in a mud bath each night, pouring mud onto the couch and then completely submerging his naked body. An investigator entering the mud bath room at night discovers a mound of mud on one of the couches. While it's big enough to cover a human body, it's impossible to verify this without digging into the mud. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll or search around the room discovers a man's bedclothes folded neatly on a counter. Jerome is peacefully dreaming of interstellar vistas and is unlikely to notice interlopers who don't shout or touch his sleeping body. Awakened, Jerome acts to defend himself and his mud.

JILL NEWMAN

Jill Newman is a round-faced woman with wavy blonde hair and expertly applied makeup. She has a coolly pleasant affect, just personable enough but superficial in her interactions with clients. She takes mud baths along with other beauty treatments here, but this has had little effect on her so far, except for the desired one of luminously fresh skin. If asked about strange dreams, she arches an eyebrow and denies any such thing. A successful **Psychology** roll notes that she falters momentarily; however, this isn't from a conscious lie but a moment's confusion as if trying to remember something just out of reach.

CECILIA JENKINS

Cecilia Jenkins is a skinny, middle-aged woman who ties her brown hair back into a bun while working. Since she stays in the private wing, it is unlikely that the investigators will meet her during the general course of investigation. She keeps her employers' confidence, so won't go into private details of their lives.

THE MUD GATHERER

Timothy Deering is Jerome's supplier. He is a tall, thick man with shaggy dark blond hair in his late 20s. He disappears during the supply run that Jerome may have told the investigators about.

Jerome realizes something is wrong the next day. He expected Timothy either the evening of the supply run or early the following day. Jerome becomes anxious and quickly reports the disappearance.

Investigators may hear about the disappearance from the authorities after Jerome files a report. They may also hear it directly from Jerome. The investigators may contact him again in hopes of setting up a meeting with his supplier and hear about it then. Or Jerome may seek them out himself, either because he trusts them or because he doesn't and accuses them of having something to do with it.

Jerome is now paranoid and anxious, both of which are discerned through a successful **Psychology** roll. He directs the police or investigators to Deering's residence. If the investigators ask him to accompany them, he accepts. Jerome doesn't know exactly where Deering lives, just that it's in an unincorporated area on Town River about a mile from the swamp. He will tell this to investigators even if he initially suspected them of being involved in Deering's disappearance, as long as they deny it and work to defuse the situation. The Keeper might require a Hard **social skill** roll to mend relations if things get especially heated, but Jerome is desperate. If the investigators either quit dealing with Jerome or are unable to salvage the relationship, they should be able to get information from the police.

The investigators may also have gotten Deering's name from Jerome's journal. His address isn't included, but diligent investigators can find it by asking around in the communities

bordering the outskirts of the swamp. This may require a **Luck** roll to accomplish quickly, however. In any case, the investigators probably get to Deering's home after he has returned from his trip, and he is already hiding (see below). Investigators who somehow obtain Deering's address before he returns may see him arrive. Confused, he staggers into the riverbank's reeds unless stopped, at which point he becomes agitated (see "Searching the Area," page 54).

DEERING'S HOME

(Area 2-6) Deering lives alone in a shack in a small community by the river. His neighbors can direct police or investigators to his residence.

The door has no lock, and no one is here. There isn't much in the two rooms of the shack, but there is a crude map of the swamp with an X marked on one spot in the northern expanse.

The map is an **obvious clue**, found by anyone who looks around. This can help guide the investigators to the mud's point of origin (see "Looking for the Source," page 57). If police officers visit first, they ignore the map.

THE ROWBOAT

There is a rowboat pulled up on the riverbank near the shack. Two pails of black mud rest inside, along with a muddy shovel and fishing gear. If police officers visit first, they assume this is Deering's boat and simply jot down that it held supplies. If the investigators tell Jerome about the mud, he soon comes to get it if the investigators don't bring it to him. He may come out to poke around even if he isn't told.

NEIGHBORS

Investigators who ask neighbors about Deering run into Gertie Ludlow, an old woman who says she saw him the night of the supply run. He was

staggering around “all filthy.” She assumes he must have been drunk. If they ask her if he drinks a lot, she says, “Not so I know. But you know how men get. Prohibition is the best thing ever happened to this country.” If police officers visit first, they speak with her and get the information.

SEARCHING THE AREA

An investigator successfully making a **Track** or **Hard Spot Hidden** roll will find a muddy boot print not far from the boat. The mud is black. More boot prints lead into an overgrown area near the river. Deering is crouched in the reeds and bushes, and investigators who succeed in **Listen** rolls hear his heavy breathing before stumbling upon him.

Deering, wide eyed and taking deep, ragged breaths, is caked in black mud. A successful **Psychology** roll determines that he is delirious and frightened—like a cornered rat. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll notes the shotgun lying nearby. If approached without being calmed, he lashes out with fists, fighting until either overcome or calmed. He can be placated with **Psychoanalysis** or an Extreme **Persuade** roll, though he is still wary. If the roll is failed, he starts reaching for his shotgun—the investigators can either push the roll or try to restrain him before he gets it.

While the mud is on him, he remains delirious, unable to understand his surroundings or effectively communicate. If he’s been calmed or restrained, the mud can be wiped away or washed off. His reaction, however, is of screeching terror. He immediately and violently tries to get away, grabbing for his shotgun to hold his “attackers” at bay. He resists as best he is able while conscious.

If the investigators free him of the mud, he soon returns to his senses. He visited the pond where he collects the mud, but he had to wade in farther to dig up enough this time. He slipped and went under, and everything is a confusing dream after that.

He found the mud by stumbling on the pond a couple of years ago. He’d heard that the resort in Bridgewater was looking for local sources of mineral-rich water and mud. He collected some and brought it to the resort to see if he could sell it.

He only agrees to guide the investigators to the pond if one of them succeeds in a **Hard Charm** or **Persuade** roll. Otherwise, he doesn’t want to ever go back there. He’s heard weird stories about the swamp all his life, but he’d never really seen anything strange until now. He offers them his map back at his shack, at least (see “Deering’s Home,” page 53).

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS

As the scenario progresses, more events occur. There is no strict timeline to these; the Keeper may use them to add urgency to flagging investigations or in response to investigator actions.

LAURA BILLINGS EMERGES AGAIN

Laura Billings rests in the swamp after killing her lover George Clayton. The excruciating pain soon resumes, driving her back out.

A SECOND KILLING

She takes her next victim soon after the scenario begins, as early as Thursday, the second night of the investigation. She comes upon a couple of hunters just outside the swamp and attacks, killing one and driving the other mad with her touch before escaping his gunfire.

The survivor, Bill Thorpe, wanders, raving and limply holding his rifle, until someone calls the



police in the morning. He is mostly incoherent, but he brings them to his dead friend. Investigators on good terms with the police soon hear that another mysterious death has occurred. If the investigators are not working with the authorities, they may be the ones to discover Thorpe when they're heading to the swamp to look around.

The corpse of Nick Lang, the other hunter, is lying on a trail about 500 feet from the swamp. The lower half of his face, his neck, and his shoulders are covered in black mud, and his eyes stare at the sky. There are no obvious wounds on his body, so a tentative cause of death is by suffocation. If the mud is wiped away, whatever it covers comes off with it, having been partially liquefied. This includes the flesh of his face and neck, and the cotton fabric of his shirt around his shoulders—only the first couple of layers of skin from his shoulders come apart. This grisliness demands you Roll against **Sanity** (1/1D3). His rifle is nearby; it has been discharged.

Bill Thorpe has a clump of black mud on his shoulder, though the cotton shirt beneath is intact. If examined, his shoulder has a contusion where he was apparently hit with force. He is obviously in shock, repeating, "The mud. It was the mud!" when asked about the incident. His own rifle has also been discharged.

Those searching for spent bullets find none, though the cartridge cases are near Lang's body.

A VISIT HOME

Having been shot by her victims before the mud could fully absorb them, Laura Billings returns to her pool. But she is soon driven by her agony to emerge again, as early as the following night. In another confused search for comfort, she trudges all the way home. If the investigators are staking out the Billings residence, they may make Hard **Spot Hidden** or **Listen** rolls



to see her before she gets to the front door—depending on their distance from that door, they may not be able to stop her before Cyril is injured or worse. The following assumes that the investigators are not there to intervene.

Cyril, wearing his house robe and slippers, hears a thumping at the door and goes to see what's going on. Laura grabs him, and the mud absorbs him. Her pain subsides, and she departs.

Their neighbors hear his screams and see a hulking figure slip away before they can fully react. They call the police. The police officers discover a small amount of black mud on the doorstep and just inside the open door. There is also a splash of mud on the outside of the door at about five feet high. Mixed in the mud on the ground are shards of bone. A single slipper (kicked off by Cyril during the attack) lies on its side a few feet away.

MORE DEATHS

If the investigators do not stop her, Laura continues to emerge and kill. Whom she kills and under which circumstances are up to the Keeper, using previous killings as guidelines. Estelle Winders is a likely target, though there may be more random deaths of opportunity before Laura makes it to her friend's house. She may be pulled back to the spa, perhaps in an urge to reunite with the mud kept there or simply because it's a place of solace. While there, she may slaughter everyone sleeping there or might take only one victim. See "Jerome Tries to Save His Father," page 56, for more details of what might happen at the resort.

.....
SETTING A TRAP FOR THE MONSTER
.....

The investigators may try to set up some sort of patrol on the outskirts of the swamp. That's a lot of ground to cover, so such efforts are unlikely to succeed. If they somehow come up with something to lure her, such as one of her loved ones or a large quantity of black mud, that has a much better chance of working, and the Keeper should reward such planning on the investigators' part. Destroying large quantities of mud somehow (with extreme temperatures, perhaps) is especially likely to catch her attention, even if she is currently resting at the bottom of the pool and the destruction happens miles away. She can't move very fast, though, so she is more likely to stalk the destroyers than rush them while they are in the act.

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THE RAMPAGE OF TIMOTHY DEERING

This event occurs if the investigators don't rescue Timothy Deering. A day or so after his disappearance is reported, he goes on a killing spree in his sparsely inhabited neighborhood. He stalks his neighbors, knocking them unconscious or otherwise overcoming them, so that the mud on his body and clothes can absorb his victims. Once the neighbors realize what is going on and fight back, Deering begins using his shotgun and other weapons to winnow the resistance. It is the Keeper's choice as to whether they finally take him out or if his regeneration helps him slaughter them all and move on to more bloody carnage elsewhere.

The neighborhood's isolation means it is unlikely that police officers hear about the rampage before it is too late. Once Deering moves into more inhabited areas, the police and possibly the investigators are alerted.

JEROME TRIES TO SAVE HIS FATHER

Jerome Fraser becomes more and more anxious as the scenario progresses. At some point, he decides that the only thing that can save his father is the mud. This may be partially in response to being told that the black mud is dangerous—between losing his supplier and the threat of losing what mud he has left, he acts quickly. He brings his father's sleeping body down to the mud bath room and lays him on one of the couches. Once Jerome covers his father's body, including his face, with mud, his father wakes up and feebly struggles. Jerome holds him in place until he suffocates.

In the morning, he wakes Cecilia Jenkins and dismisses her without explanation. The astonished Jenkins asks to see Ronald, but Jerome refuses. She packs and leaves once it's obvious that the watchful Jerome won't relent.

Jerome then informs Jill Newman that he's closed the mud bath room for the foreseeable future, saying that they don't have enough supplies until they can re-establish deliveries. He tells her that he's already cleaned the room, so there's no reason for her to go in there. If the investigators told him that he should stop using the black mud due to dangers it poses, then his reason for shutting down is waiting until the mud's safety can be verified.

Hoping that the mud will restore his father and not fully accepting that he's dead, Jerome leaves the body under the mud. Jerome continues submerging himself in mud at night. While the mud doesn't bring Ronald back to life, it does preserve the body.

Investigators who have met Cecilia Jenkins may learn from her that she's been fired and that she is deeply concerned for Ronald's health.

Estelle Winders, the only one in the immediate future who is likely to care or even notice that the bath is closed, may become anxious when



she learns that she can't partake anymore. She keeps coming back, pestering Jerome and Jill Newman. She begins hanging around outside, trampling on plants while trying to peer in through the windows. The investigators may encounter her on a visit and quickly notice her odd and frantic behavior. Eventually, she's liable to break a window and clamber inside. Afterward, she may head into the swamp, pulled toward the black mud's source (see "Looking for the Source," below).

The investigators may not realize anything has happened to Ronald until they return to the premises during the aftermath to secure the rest of the mud. Finding Ronald's corpse under the mud causes you to Roll against **Sanity** (0/1D2).

LOOKING FOR THE SOURCE

The source of the mud is isolated, and no one came across it for hundreds of years. Timothy Deering, who rediscovered the spot after the tribe vacated the area, can lead the investigators there directly or via his map; see "The Mud Man," page 53. Without his personal guidance, it requires a successful **Navigate** roll to follow the sketchy map. If no one succeeds in the roll, a

pushed roll is required to get back on track and avoid danger—the black mud is hardly the only threat in the swamp. The Keeper may decide that a failed pushed roll still gets them to the source but that they experience a dangerous delay and run afoul of a swamp encounter. Otherwise, they eventually find their way back out of the swamp and need to come up with a different method if they want to go back.

The black mud that has been left behind at attack scenes or stored at the spa can help the investigators find its source. As the black mud gets closer to its source, it pulls almost imperceptibly toward it. An investigator carrying black mud into the swamp sees this with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll if the mud is visible—or feels it with a Hard **INT** roll if it isn't. Once noticed, it can be used like a lodestone with a group **Luck** roll. On a failed roll, the slight movement subsides or perhaps becomes truly imperceptible, stranding the investigators and placing them in danger from the things that haunt the Hockomock. After this, they can follow the black mud again, though the Keeper may require another group **Luck** roll to stave off another delay.

An infected investigator begins experiencing visions soon after entering the swamp. Hallucinations of the swamp and the tribe's village as they were 500 years ago overlap with reality. This becomes more intense the deeper they go, until it becomes difficult to see what's actually in front of them. A **Luck** roll is required to avoid stumbling into something for 1D4 damage at some point. However, investigators at a loss for a way to find the source of the black mud can use the visions as a guide. It requires a Hard **POW** roll by an infected investigator to interpret the visions well enough to find the source; doing so causes an automatic loss of 1D4 Sanity points. As with failing to navigate with Deering's map, the roll can be pushed to avoid danger, and this also causes another 1D4 Sanity loss.

Estelle Winders is experiencing her own visions. Investigators who ask her to help them search the swamp must succeed in a Hard **social skill** roll under most circumstances (and only have that easy of a time of it because she is beginning to be pulled). However, if she has already become obsessed with getting into the mud bath room (see “Jerome Tries to Save His Father,” page 56), an investigator who tells her that the swamp has black mud for the taking gets her wholehearted assistance; no roll is required. Using Estelle Winders as a guide causes a Roll against **Sanity** (0/1D4) once the investigators see her become enraptured by her visions at their behest. They also have an encounter with one of the swamp’s many strange or mundane inhabitants on the way. After safely getting themselves and Winders away from any menaces, they come to the source of the mud.

THE MUDDY POOL

In a muddy, forlorn area of the swamp, sits a pool of murky water, about 100-foot diameter on a low hill (perhaps 25 feet high). Patches of black mud cling to its banks. Boot prints can easily be seen in the area, as well as gouges in the earth where it’s been dug up. The pool’s bottom is roughly bowl shaped.

(Area 2-7) What remains of Laura Billings dreams at the bottom of the 15 feet deep pool most of the time. She emerges when the pain drives her from her torpor. She also awakes if anything touches the mud encasing her, so investigators who plumb the depths of the pool should hope they have good lung capacity. If she finishes off that threat, she rises to take care of any other invaders. She attempts to slip out unseen and attack with surprise, and investigators need a Hard **Spot Hidden** or **Listen** roll to notice her due to her **Stealth** skill.

The investigators may stake the pool out, hoping to catch sight of its inhabitant. If staking out the spot, the investigators may attempt **Stealth** rolls to hide. Otherwise, Laura realizes her refuge is being watched. If there are more than two investigators, she tries to slip away; otherwise, she attacks at an opportune moment. A Hard **Spot Hidden** or **Listen** roll is required to see her, either before she gets away or attacks by surprise.

If someone she cares about is brought to the spot (such as a family member or Estelle Winders), Laura is drawn to them. She still attempts to make a stealthy approach, so investigators must succeed on a Hard **Spot Hidden** or **Listen** roll to realize she is there before she lurches at her loved one.

Destroying a quantity of the black mud somehow (with, say, explosives) brings her out in a fury. She is less likely to try to hide, since she wants to stop the investigators from causing more damage as soon as possible.

Draining the pool of water also enrages her, though she certainly has time to try to sneak up on her enemies in this case. Drainage requires a lot of effort, but a **Science (Engineering)** or Extreme **Know** or **INT** roll (the difficulty is reduced to Hard for anyone with the proper background, such as a farmer or laborer) can be attempted to plan for it. Digging the trenches with proper planning takes 20 work hours, divided by the amount of participants. Without proper planning, it takes twice as long to dig adequate trenches and shore them up. **CON** rolls are required of all participants, and the difficulty rises to Hard if it wasn’t properly planned. Those who fail take 1D4 damage.



SYMBIOTIC REGENERATION

Those who have been particularly infested by the mud, such as Jerome Fraser and Timothy Deering, gain the benefit of regeneration. This may not be noticed by the investigators in the heat of combat. But if the situation warrants it, the Keeper may allow Spot Hidden or other rolls to realize what is going on.

Unlike those two hosts, Laura Billings has become so symbiotically linked with the alien microbes that she continuously regenerates after being otherwise killed. While she has her mud cocoon protecting her, the investigators definitely won't notice anything less than a limb regrowing—the mud itself doesn't regenerate, though it can be replaced with time. If the mud covering her is removed and the full horror of her state revealed, the investigators may notice her regenerative powers while fighting her. This requires a Hard roll, however, since it's hard to tell given her terrible condition.

Once she is reduced to zero hit points, the investigators may not initially realize that she is regenerating. If she believes they're unaware, she waits until she has healed considerably (ideally returning to full hit points) and then attacks if the investigators are still present.

Investigators who know she can come back may continuously cause damage to her with shotguns or fire or any number of other implements. This effectively stymies her for a while (she continues regenerating but keeps getting reduced to zero hit points). In this case, she attacks as soon as they pause.

During playtesting, one group of investigators reduced her to zero hit points while she still had most of her mud casing present. When she collapsed, they poured gasoline over her mud-coated form and set her on fire. After drying out the mud, they broke it apart and saw her skeletal body for the first time. With the soot and her grisly condition, no one realized she wasn't dead until she attacked the doctor examining her "remains."

More fun was had when two investigators defeated her again. An investigator used up his shotgun ammo on her and then wedged a dynamite stick in her ribcage, lit it, and ran. All hopes that this would serve to disperse her body enough were dashed when the other investigator heard a pair of feet running behind them (fortunately, she had doused the wick for self-preservation).

CONCLUSION

There are many loose ends for the investigators to tie up here, and it is quite possible that the investigators aren't aware of all of them. Jerome's madness, for instance, may take them by surprise during the climax. At the same time, if the scenario seems to have come to a satisfying end with Laura Billings's defeat, the Keeper may wish to reveal Jerome's crimes later in the campaign.

The investigators may take measures to protect the source of the black mud from further accidental discoveries. This is relatively easy if the pool has been at least partially drained. It can be filled with earth or cement, burying the mud. Only time will tell whether this is a permanent solution.

Jerome Fraser gave the proprietors of the Mineral Spring Hotel a tour before breaking off negotiations with them. Their brief exposure to the black mud may drive them to seek it out (based simply on

its apparent beneficial properties, even). If the investigators haven't isolated all of the mud and completely hidden the source, more problems may arise in the future.

All those exposed to the black mud, other than Laura Billings, recover in time once they no longer come in contact with it. Timothy Deering loses his regenerative powers and any ill effects immediately upon being cleaned of the mud. Estelle Winders, Delia Clayton, Jerome Fraser, and any infected investigators soon stop having visions. Delia Clayton takes months to recover her sanity well enough to return to the larger world. Jerome Fraser's madness also lingers, made worse if he killed his father and therefore suffers the guilt of it. His regenerative powers fade over the next few days. Blood tests conducted on any of these victims reveal that the microbes are dying off at a steady rate.

SANITY AWARDS

- Defeating Laura Billings: 1d8
- Effectively isolating the black mud: 1d8
- Rescuing Timothy Deering before his rampage: 1d6
- Rescuing Timothy Deering after his rampage: 1d3



NPCS

The Mud Creature

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	MP	POW	HP
100	175	75	45	65	16	80	25

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Build: 2

Move: 7/9 Swimming

Laura Billings appears as a mud-covered humanoid. Her bloodshot eyes can occasionally be seen through the mud, bulging in pain. If the mud is removed, there is not much left of her actual body. It is mostly a skeleton with enough muscle tissue remaining to help operate it. The mud has enveloped her organs.

Slippery: The mud encasing Laura Billings makes her extremely slippery. Anyone trying to grab her with a maneuver suffers a penalty die.

Memory Flood: Those touching her must make an opposed POW roll or be assaulted by memories. These memories include those of the medicine man, as well as Laura's memories before and after being overcome by the mud. This causes stupefaction; the victim loses their next action and may not defend themselves in the intervening time. If still in contact or coming in contact with her again, the victim must make another opposed roll.

Attacks per round: 1

Fighting Attacks: The mud creature typically grabs victims, the better for the mud to absorb them.

Fighting 40% (20/8), damage 1d3 + db + memory flood

Hold (mnvr): If the mud creature holds a target, the mud eats the victim for 1d6+4 CON damage each round, as well as causing a flood of memories.

Dodge 22% (11/4)

Armor: 4-point mud. Sources of great heat (at least a torch) or highly pressurized water reduces the armor by 1 point per round of exposure. If the armor is removed entirely, she is no longer slippery and targets gain a bonus die to resist memory floods. She regenerates 2 hit points per round, including after reaching zero hit points. If dismembered and the parts separated, regeneration is effectively stymied (the individual parts may still live for a while longer, but they aren't capable of much). It takes a STR roll (penalty die if she's still encased in mud; bonus die for appropriate tool, such as an axe or shovel) to dismember her quickly enough (either while she's pinned down or at zero hit points). Otherwise, the parts fuse back together as she continues regenerating.

Skills: Stealth 50%

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 to see the mud creature; 0/1d8 to see her animated corpse cleaned of the mud shell.

Timothy Deering - infected mud gatherer

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
75	80	75	55	60	60	50	60	40	15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Build: 1

Move: 8

Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), damage 1d3 + damage bonus

Hold (mnvr): While infected, if Timothy holds a target, the mud eats the victim for 1d6 CON damage each round.

12-gauge Shotgun (2B) 50% (25/10), damage 4d6/2d6/1d6, Range: 10/20/50 yards, Attacks: 1 or 2, Ammo: 2, Malfunction: 100

Dodge 27% (13/5)

Armor: None, but he regenerates 1 hit point per round while infected. This regeneration stops at 0 hit points and becomes active again if he is healed.

Skills: Climb 40%, Language (English) 60%, Natural World 50%, Navigate 50%, Pilot (Boat) 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 40%.

Jeremy Fraser - desperate resort owner

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
70	120	65	60	75	80	70	80	30	18

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Build: 1

Move: 8

Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), damage 1d3 + damage bonus

Force Mud (maneuver): If Jeremy has mud with him, he can try to force it down someone's throat. This requires grabbing them in one round and another maneuver in the next to cram the mud down. This causes 1d6+2 CON damage each round, and the victim must make an opposed POW roll each round or suffer a stupefying flood of memories. If the victim can act, they may make a Luck roll to cough up enough of the mud to be free of it. A First Aid roll by someone else also dislodges the mud.

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: None, but he regenerates 2 hit points per round. This regeneration stops at 0 hit points and becomes active again if he is healed.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Appraise 45%, Credit Rating 40%, Language (English) 80%, Language (French) 50%, Psychology 50%.

Estelle Winders - the last friend remaining

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
55	70	60	60	55	75	65	70	50	13

Damage Bonus: 0

Build: 0

Move: 7

Fighting (Brawl): 25% (12/5), damage 1d3 + damage bonus

Dodge: 30% (15/6)

Skills: Art/Craft (Piano) 45%, Charm 55%, Credit Rating 50%, Language (English) 70%, Listen 45%, Ride 30%.

Cyril Billings - lumber baron and worried husband

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
70	70	75	50	75	55	50	75	50	14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Build: 1

Move: 6

Fighting (Brawl): 45% (22/9), damage 1d3 + damage bonus

Dodge: 25% (12/5)

.30-06 Bolt-Action Rifle: 40% (20/8), damage 2d6+4,

Range: 110 yards, Attacks: 1, Ammo: 10, Malfunction: 100

Skills: Appraise 40%, Credit Rating 55%, Drive Auto 40%, Language (English) 75%, Law 35%, Natural World 30%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 45%.

Jill Newman - stylish spa assistant

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
65	60	70	75	60	75	65	70	65	13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Build: 1

Move: 8

Fighting (Brawl): 35% (17/7), damage 1d3 + damage bonus

Dodge: 37% (18/7)

Skills: Art/Craft (Beautician) 70%, Charm 50%, Credit Rating 25%, First Aid 40%, Language (English) 70%.

Cecilia Jenkins - dutiful nurse

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
65	50	55	70	75	60	60	75	60	10

Damage Bonus: 0

Build: 0

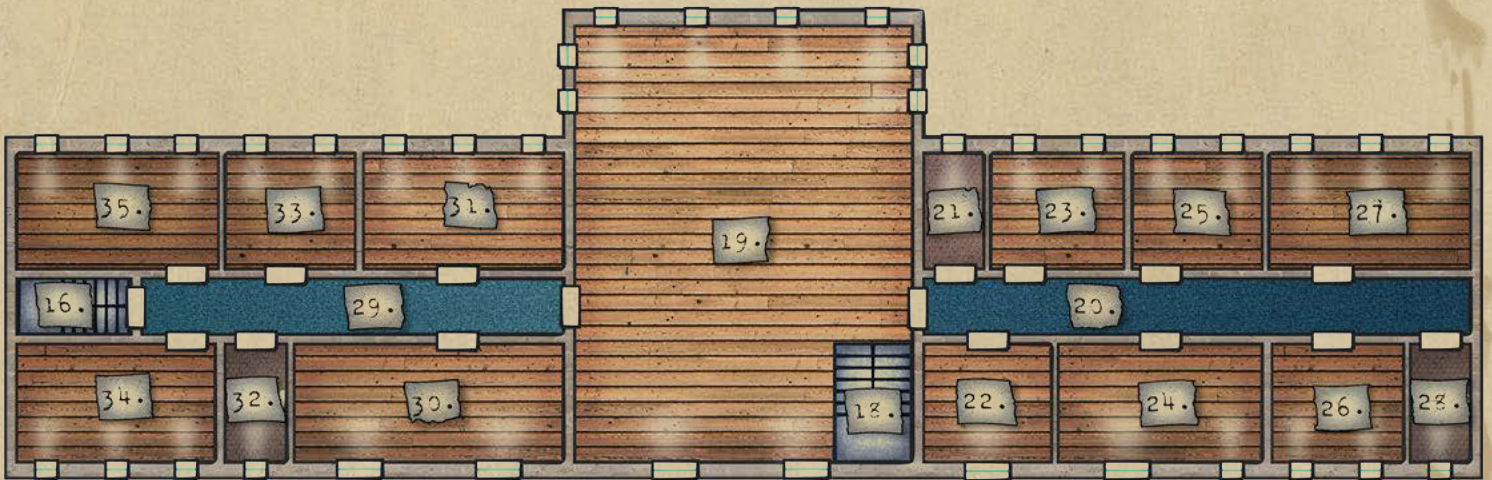
Move: 9

Fighting (Brawl): 30% (15/6), damage 1d3 + damage bonus

Dodge: 35% (17/7)

Skills: Credit Rating 20%, First Aid 70%, Language (English) 75%, Medicine 50%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 40%, Science (Biology) 30%, Science (Chemistry) 35%

SHELTERED GROVE



- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Foyer | 11. Kitchen | 21. Restroom |
| 2. Dining Room | 12. Parlor | 22-27. Guest Rooms |
| 3. Hall | 13. Food Stores | 28. Restroom |
| 4. Lounge | 14. Study | 29. Hall |
| 5. Office | 15. Meeting Room | 30. Master Bedroom |
| 6. Spa | 16. Stairs | 31. Nurse Room |
| 7. Restroom | 17. Group Room | 32. Restroom |
| 8. Storage Room | 18. Stairs | 33. Spare Bedroom |
| 9. Mud Baths | 19. Community Room | 34. Jerome Bedroom |
| 10. Cleaning Room | 20. Hall | 35. Living area |

HANDOUT

Jerome's Journal

1924

June 13 - That mud Timothy Deering brought me seems the real McCoy. It's very rich in minerals, perfect for mud baths. He gets it from somewhere out in those dreadful swamps, but what matters is that it may just save this enterprise. Finally, I have something unique to offer. If even that doesn't entice people to come out to the sticks, then perhaps I can interest someplace like the Mineral Spring Hotel up in Lynn. Let someone come to me for a commodity for once.

1925

March 5 - Father's health continues to decline. I don't know how much longer he has. I'm doing what I can to make the poor fellow comfortable. I've had Miss Jenkins move in to give him constant care. I miss him already, despite sleeping in the room next to his. How could that big, laughing man be replaced by a withered, silent shell?

Sept 20 - It's still a deuced struggle. Mrs. Billings has become quite enamored of my mud baths, and, I must say, they seem to have done her aging skin good. She introduced them to her friends, Mrs. Clayton and Miss Winders, so I have some regulars, as well as the occasional traveler. In a moment of weakness, I started talking to the proprietors of the Mineral Spring Hotel, but I must keep my resolve. It just takes time. Anyway, the idea of giving away my mud breaks me into a cold sweat. They don't deserve it. I'll be damned if I lose everything now.

1926

Feb 8 - I'm not sure when the dreams began. I don't usually remember what my sleeping mind gets up to, but these dreams are certainly vivid. I'm running around the swamps with the savages, getting up to all sorts of hi-jinks. I'm some kind of medicine man, I think, using mud to heal my tribe. I know the Greeks and Romans used mud for that, so I suppose the Indians could have, too. Lately, the dreams have gotten more intense. I've risen from the swamp waters like some kind of vengeful ghost menacing my family and people. After much bloodshed, the survivors get the upper hand, pinning me down and hacking me apart with much effort. It's all very gruesome. I should think I'd be tired, but the mud is truly a wonder. I feel younger and younger.

CHAPTER 3

WHERE THE SPIRITS DWELL



WRITTEN BY BEN BURNS

INTRODUCTION

Dr. Edwin Nichols of the Bridgewater Preservation Society received a letter on the afternoon of Friday, October 21st, 1927 at 2:15 p.m. from Mrs. Pamela Lawrence. The letter reported the very sad news of her daughter's recent death. The police performed only a cursory investigation into her death. Mrs. Lawrence is convinced that her daughter, Angela, was the victim of witchcraft and a curse that lies upon the Hockomock Swamp, only a mile from their house.

Dr. Nichols decided he would have the Bridgewater Preservation Society look into the accident, if for no other reason than to keep Mrs. Lawrence from spreading stories that the death was the result of witchcraft or had anything to do with a Indian curse on Devil's Swamp. Angela's death was the fifth in a series of apparent accidents involving young people in the city over the last two months.

KEEPER'S SECRET

Angela Lawrence's death by suicide was a result of the curse set by the Wampanoag people hundreds of years ago. Little did the Wampanoag know when they enacted their curse, they opened a portal and drew an incarnation of the Puckwudgies' spirit god, Miqu'te, to life. Hundreds of the Wampanoag people were trapped in the rivers of the Hockomock.

Miqu'te has only recently strengthened enough to take on physical form and is ready to build an army of servants to do his bidding. While the many dead natives trapped in the swamp have the required soul trapped with them, their life energy has long since left them. By capturing the life energy from recently deceased humans, Miqu'te can reanimate the natives to do his

bidding and begin to spread his influence.

His plan, however, has been stymied due to the remoteness of the swamp. Miqu'te was worshiped by the Puckwudgies, a small mystical race of humanoids that live in the swamp, but their life energy is incompatible with the humans trapped in the swamp and he felt they were too small to form a suitable army. So Miqu'te is using the small, malevolent race of creatures to lure victims into the swamp. The Puckwudgies were more than eager to help their god, and the unholy alliance was formed. Miqu'te showed them how to capture the life energy of someone who voluntarily gives it up (i.e., commits suicide). By their use of a poison that increases and channels the victim's nightmares, the Puckwudgies have begun to conscript the poor people of Bridgewater into Miqu'te's plan.

The Puckwudgies find a person near the swamp and use a dart from a blowgun to administer their poison to the victim that will enhance their nightmares and draw them to the suicide tree in the swamp. Their favorite ambush location is at the Solitude Stone by Comfort Bridge. Once the victim has carried out the frightful actions the dreams compel them to commit, the Puckwudgies move the body to a nearby river while others collect the life energy and carry it to Miqu'te. Once close enough, the spirit god takes control and activates one of the natives in the swamp. If a reanimated warrior is killed near his river, Miqu'te can use the energy to activate another, and another. He has five servants at the beginning of the adventure. (Adjust down for fewer than four investigators.)

A NOTE ON PUCKWUDGIES

Puckwudgies are a race of mystical people who live in the heart of the Hockomock. They have reddish brown skin, stand 2 to 3

feet in height, and at a distance might look like a human child. They dress in rough skins and have been known to wear paint on their face and arms. They will usually be carrying a bow, a blowgun, and sometimes a spear. Their weapons are almost always coated in poison that will cause sleep, hallucinations, or visions. They rarely kill people directly, though they do enjoy “helping” others commit suicide, up to and including a small push off a high cliff or limb.

Puckwudgies can make themselves invisible, have great stealth, love to play pranks (even deadly ones), and can capture the life energy from someone who just died. In exchange for bringing Miqo'te life energy, they learn the secrets of his arcane knowledge.

HAYNES COLLEGE LIBRARY

You gather into the library hall of the small liberal college. The smell of books surrounds you as you see Dr. Edwin Nichols reading a letter while sitting at a wooden table which is often used for the Bridgewater Preservation Society meetings. He nods to each of you as you find your way into the library and have a seat around the table. Could this be another adventure for your team?

Provide players with Handout H3-1.

Dr. Nichols is good friends with the Lawrence family and has known Angela to be a normal, well-adjusted young lady with the usual hysterias some woman exhibit. The letter, dated October 21st, explains that the police refuse to investigate her death any further and asks if there is anything he can do to help. Mrs. Lawrence has known Dr. Nichols to investigate strange happenings in the Hockomock in the past.

Dr. Nichols will encourage the investigators to at least go speak to Angela's parents, Pamela and John, and see if they can find a more natural, rational explanation than the one Pamela has suggested in her letter.

LAWRENCE FAMILY HOME

243 FOREST ST, WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS

The Lawrence home is a beautiful, well-kept two-story house in a nice neighborhood in West Bridgewater. When you knock on the door, a man in his mid-30s, wearing a suit, answers the door. Inside, the house is spotless and free of dirt and cobwebs. A young woman, with blonde hair, wearing a floral dress, sits on the couch. Her eyes are red and her face pale. A table just off the living room is crowded with food.

(Area 3-1) John Lawrence answers the door, and is cordial enough after having seen people giving condolences all day long. If the investigators mention their connection to Dr. Nichols and the Bridgewater Preservation Society, Mr. Lawrence explains that they are not needed, as the police have already completed their investigation and ruled that his daughter's death was a suicide.

However, Pamela Lawrence will brighten at once, jumping up from the couch to welcome the investigators into their home. She will chastise John:

“Our daughter did not take her own life, you didn't notice her, or how she changed. Something possessed her, mark my words!”

Pamela can tell the investigators that Angela's attitude changed about 2 weeks earlier. She became depressed and upset. Angela had no boyfriends and was a good student in school. She spent a lot of her time

with her best friend, Sally, who lives next door.

If the investigators search Angela's room, they can find her diary.

Provide players with Handout H3-2 (2 pgs). The entries prior to October 7 are standard entries that might be found in any 12-year-old girl's diary. The October 7 entry reads: "Sally and I went to Comfort Bridge today. I have wanted to visit since I heard about it. 'Walk in future days, Love not him with the beauty that he wooed.' So lovely." On October 8 and beyond she begins talking of visions and dreams she is having.

An investigator who makes a successful **Spot Hidden** roll in Angela's room will discover a crumpled piece of paper. On the paper is a drawing of a gaunt, haggard figure walking out of a river. The figure appears to be an Indian.

SALLY JONES'S HOUSE

245 FOREST ST, WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS

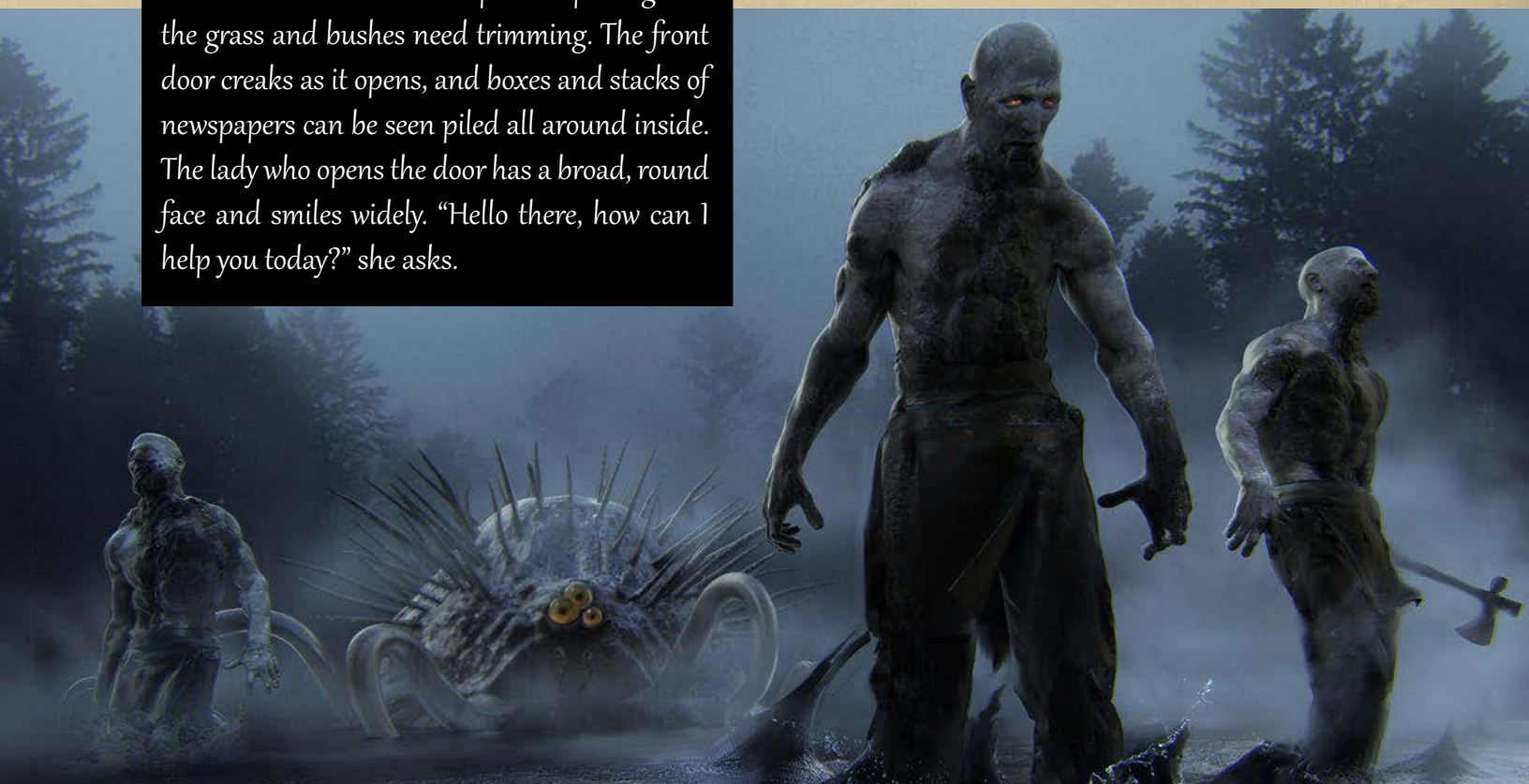
This two-story house is not nearly as well kept as the Lawrence home. The paint is peeling and the grass and bushes need trimming. The front door creaks as it opens, and boxes and stacks of newspapers can be seen piled all around inside. The lady who opens the door has a broad, round face and smiles widely. "Hello there, how can I help you today?" she asks.

Once the investigators mention that they are helping Pamela from next door, she will happily let them into her living room, moving a box off a chair to accommodate the group. She explains that Angela was always a very lovely child and that Angela and Sally had been friends since the Lawrences moved in four years ago. She will also explain that her husband, Steven, is working late tonight—he often works late. She will allow the investigators to talk with Sally as long as she is in the room.

Sally is a young child of 11 or 12 years of age with red hair and freckles. She is very upset over Angela's death and doesn't want to talk about her. In addition, she was told not to go to Comfort Bridge and is afraid she will get in trouble.

If the investigators attempt to **Fast Talk** her, she will get confused; if they attempt to **Intimidate** her, she will cry and her mother will insist they leave.

A successful **Persuasion** or **Charm** roll will convince her to tell them the story from October 7. Angela and Sally had traveled to Comfort Bridge, about a mile from their



houses. Sally had heard that the bridge was haunted, but Angela had heard about the mysterious Solitude Stone under the bridge and wanted to go. When they got there, Angela went down the embankment and under the bridge, where she called out that she had found it.

Sally then heard Angela say, “Ouch, what was that?” Then she came back up and was reserved on the way home. Sally thought Angela was mad at her since she wouldn’t play after that. The one time they spoke, a couple of days before Angela’s death, Angela said she was having nightmares.

Sally can also confirm that Angela had no boyfriends.

THE COMFORT BRIDGE

This impressive bridge made of three ancient stones spans a small river. The water is about 8 feet across, and the sound of birds and insects can be heard coming from the nearby Hockomock. A small trail can be seen in the brown grass, leading under the south side of the bridge down an embankment.

If an investigator follows the path down the embankment, they can find the Solitude Stone with the following inscription:

*“All ye, who in future days
Walk by Nunckatessett stream
Love not him who hummed his lay
Cheerful to the parting beam,
But the Beauty that he wooed
In this quiet solitude
Jy. xxii, lxii.”*

Provide players with Handout H3-3.

As soon as the investigator who is reading the stone completes the last sentence, they



will feel a small pinprick on their neck, as if a small insect had landed on them. Upon investigation, they will find a small thorn less than an inch long embedded in their neck.

The investigator was just shot with a poisoned blow dart. The victim will have nightmares tonight and will be tempted to go commit suicide. It takes a few days before the desire to do this becomes overwhelming, but they will feel the tug that first night. The investigator should follow that feeling.

With a **Spot Hidden** roll, the investigator that was shot can see just the fleeting image of a small child dressed as an Indian ducking behind the ridge that leads up to the road. Even if the investigators all rush the area, there will be no one there.

POLICE STATION

This is a standard police station for a New England small town. The small office has four desks scattered around the room. On the front center desk, behind piles of papers and a small nameplate that reads “Officer Vargas,” sits a woman in a police uniform with black hair and dark brown skin. Three doors lead off this main room. Officer Doris Vargas looks up from her paperwork to greet the investigators with a smile, and asks how she can help them.

If the investigators ask about the Angela Lawrence case, Vargas will sympathize and explain that it was a suicide. If asked to see the police report, she will refuse unless an investigator passes a **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll with a penalty die.

If the investigators gain access to the police files, they will discover the following:

1. Sergeant Riley discovered Angela's body on the river bank.
2. Farmer Johnson's hounds were used to track Angela from her house into the Hockomock, but the trail was lost in the swamp.
3. Angela died of blunt force trauma.
4. The police believe Angela slipped and fell or threw herself on the rocks of the river.
5. No evidence of foul play has been found.
6. The actual scene of the death has not been found.
7. This is the fifth suicide found washed up in the river this month.

CORONER'S OFFICE

This small white building is rather unimpressive. In a small office to one side a slightly balding man in his 40s, wearing a white doctor's coat, sits writing at his desk.

"How can I help you?" he asks.

Dr. Peterson performed the autopsies on all five of the young people who have come into the office in the last two months. He believes they all committed suicide, because the severity of the trauma could not have been caused just by falling. They had to have fallen at least 20 feet, or possibly 10 feet onto some sharp rocks. One or two may have been an accident, but five? No, there is something going on. He also believes the bodies were moved from where they died to

the river, because he found fragments of gneiss, a type of rock, in Angela's wounds, and there is no gneiss in the river. In addition, no water was found in her lungs. Someone dumped her body in the river after she was dead.

THE RIVER

The small river where Angela's body was found is a peaceful stream, just south of the Comfort Bridge, that is only about one foot deep at the middle. Small stones are lying around, but nothing that would indicate anyone died here.

A **Spot Hidden** or **Track** test will find footprints where the police recovered Angela's body but nothing further can be found here.

THE DREAM

ANYONE HIT WITH A DART FROM THE PUCKWUDGIES

You are standing by a shore on a moonless night, where ripples of yellow light rise from the depths. You can see a city below the water that cannot exist. There is music floating up like waves in the water. But then figures surround you, gaunt and pale, grasping at you. You want to scream, but you know if you do you'll never stop. The water ripples again, and a pair of lidless, bloodshot eyes emerges from the water, perched on inhuman stalks. You feel an urge to go look, to follow the sounds, to join the city under the water.

The dreamer must make a **POW** roll. The first night, the roll is Normal; on the second night, the roll is Hard; the third night, the roll is Hard; the fourth night, the roll is Extreme; and thereafter the roll is Extreme with a penalty die until the victim fails.



On a passed roll, the dreamer feels the tug and can follow it if they choose, but they can stop at any time.

On a failed roll, the dreamer will be drawn to the suicide tree. Unless stopped, the dreamer will climb the tree and must make another **POW** roll. On a failed roll, the dreamer will jump to their death. On a passed roll, they will be pushed by a Puckwudgie—they call this assisting.

SUICIDE TREE

HOCKOMOCK SWAMP - DAYTIME

The trees press in close here. A mist lies thick across the ground, and moss hangs heavy on the trees. A particularly large tree dominates the area. This tree looks extremely easy to climb, and a large limb gently slopes upward over what appears to be a bare patch of ground; however, a brief parting of the mist reveals a bed of jagged rocks in a tumbled pile at the base of the tree. The rocks are stained red from the many lives that have ended on those sharp edges.

(Area 3-2) If the investigators search this area during the day, they can find small footprints, but can't track them far before the prints disappear in the swamp. If they check the rocks, the red stains are definitely dried blood, and some look fresher than others. A **Science (Geology)** roll will reveal that the rocks are gneiss.

SUICIDE TREE

HOCKOMOCK SWAMP - NIGHTTIME

Read Location 6, above, as well as this.

A young girl of 12 or 13 stands on the large outstretched limb, her eyes dazed and blank. Small figures, two to three feet high, can be seen moving about in the shadows. They appear to be Indians decorated with war paint and armed with bows and spears. They chant in a low hum that begins to build. What began as a faint hum, soon crescendos to a pounding intensity to create a mesmerizing effect.

Investigators Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d4). The young girl is in a trance and about to commit suicide by leaping from the tree. The Puckwudgies are there to encourage her, assist if necessary, and collect her energy afterwards.

Before the investigators can act, they must pass a **POW** roll to break free of the effect from the chanting. If the investigators attempt to intervene, the Puckwudgies will do all they can to stop them including tripping, attacking with poison arrows to put them to sleep, and generally just slowing them down. The investigators have only one round to react. They can wake the girl by hitting her with something or hurting her in some way. If the investigators manage to wake the girl from her trance, a Puckwudgie will appear on the limb behind her and push her.

If an investigator attempts to dive to catch the girl, he or she must make a Hard **DEX** roll with a penalty die to catch her. The investigator will suffer 1d3 points of damage for jumping onto the rocks, whether they are successful in saving the girl or not.

If the investigators are successful, the

Puckwudgies will hiss and spit at the investigators and then flee. If the investigators fail to wake the girl, read the following:

The young girl steps off the limb. As she approaches the ground, she seems to snap out of her trance and screams, a scream abruptly cut short as she slams into the rocks. The small people cheer and circle the young girl's fallen body as her blood mingles with the stains on the rock. A glowing orb that flickers between blue and green rises from her body and floats over the hands of one of the small people. A whiff of white smoke rises from the body and floats into the trees.

Investigators Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

The humming has stopped and anyone caught in the trance is freed. They must still make a **Sanity** roll if the girl died. The Puckwudgies begin to disappear into the darkness until all the investigators can see is the floating ball of light moving through the trees.

The investigators can attempt to catch an invisible Puckwudgie by following the glowing orb. If the Puckwudgie carrying the orb is caught or attacked, they will pass the orb off to another Puckwudgie to continue the journey. With perseverance, the investigators can follow the orb all the way to the home of Miqu'te.

Alternatively, if the investigators manage to catch one of the Puckwudgies, it will gladly lead them to the river, secure in the belief that Miqu'te will take their energy. A Puckwudgie that is captured will report the following:

- The orb is life energy, which is what the one they worship needs for the bodies to become his warriors.

- Puckwudgie life energy doesn't work, so the one in the river made a deal with the Puckwudgies. In exchange for the life energy the Puckwudgies bring, the one in the river teaches them more magic and knowledge.
- The bodies the spirit god uses are the people who lived here before.
- The Puckwudgie on the limb didn't kill the girl, he "assisted" her.

A captured Puckwudgie is unwilling to go back to town with the investigators, and will free itself of any ropes or handcuffs with very little effort if they head that direction. If dragged kicking or screaming, or unconscious, from the swamp, a Puckwudgie will die and liquefy in a matter of minutes, leaving nothing but a residue on the ground. Any photographs taken of a Puckwudgie will develop with distortions that render the Puckwudgie invisible.

THE RIVER LAIR- DEEP IN THE HOCKOMOCK

The woods of the swamp thin to reveal a small pond. Its calm, still surface reflects the surrounding trees, and for a brief time the area radiates a feeling of peacefulness and serenity. Then the birds and sounds of the swamp fade away, and an uneasy quiet engulfs the area. A faint light emanates from beneath the water.



(Area 3-3) If an investigator approaches the shore of the water, he or she can see that the lights are coming from a glowing figure, rising out of the water. Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d6).

A ripple will then cross the river despite the lack of a breeze. Soon, two slaves of Miqu'te dressed in Indian clothes, faces covered in discolored markings of hundred-year-old war paint, come out of the water to attack. Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d8).

After one of the animated natives is killed, read the following:

As the gaunt figure collapses to the ground, a white mist rises up out of the body and floats skyward. A ball of green and blue energy also rises up out of the body and seems to struggle for moment before it dives into the water of the swamp.

An unending stream of animated natives will continue to come out of the water, two to three at a time. Miqu'te is reusing the stolen energy to reanimate the Indian warriors trapped in the swamp.

If the investigators stay, they will have to fight an unending battle against the reanimated corpses of the over 200 warriors who rest (uneasily) in the swamp. If they somehow can defeat 100, Miqu'te will rise out and fight as well. The Keeper should make it clear that each servant the investigators defeat will release its energy to active the next.

Most investigators will—should—flee at this point. There are two good options available to them. One option is to go back to the Franklin Bradlee Library and research what they have seen. The other option is to go to the Wampanoag shaman at the Mashpee Reservation for help.

BACK TO THE LIBRARY

If the investigators can make a successful **Library Use** roll looking for references to colored orbs coming from the dead or white mist, or reanimating the dead, they can find the following in a journal by Dr. E. Case:

In a highly charged magical environment, a person can see the soul leaving the body in the form of a white mist. This mist will always travel upward regardless of whether a person was good or evil in life. Perhaps judgement comes later, but who among mortals can say?

In addition, there is a colored orb. These can be different colors: red, green, blue, white, or yellow. Possibly more, but those are all that I have observed. I have concluded that this is the life energy of a person, and the color indicates the strength of the energy. The energy orbs of children seem to be the most powerful. It is my belief that this energy can be used for charging the dead to animate them.

Dr. Emmett Case



If a **Library Use** roll is made regarding the Indians in the area, the investigators find the following:

They all disappeared. The war is over, King Philip surrendered. But while we know the Wampanoag people still had almost 200 to 300 warriors left in their ranks, only a handful can be found. We scoured the swamp, trying to find them, and while we lost a few of our men to the dangers of the Devil's Swamp, no natives could be found.

A cold mist has formed over the swamp. The shaman of the tribe has told me that they sacrificed themselves to ensure victory in the war to come. That they have sacrificed their right to travel into the hunting grounds that await them, choosing instead to be trapped forever in the swamp, cursing all those who would live near it.

With a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll, an investigator can recognize the creatures as animated slaves of Miqu'te. If an investigator passes a **Library Use** roll on Miqu'te or his slaves, or if they pass a **Library Use** roll with a penalty die on undead by a body of water, they will find this passage:

The foul creature known as Miqu'te almost always lives in a body of fluid that serves as a portal between times and dimensions. He uses reanimated slaves to do his bidding. He is malevolent and indestructible by any means known to man. He is also known for the dreams that he sends, luring people to come join his ever-growing army of warriors.

On the reanimated warriors, these creatures are worthy adversaries, but killable. These are not the mindless zombies we encountered while in New Orleans, but living creatures, still possessed of their souls and minds, or what is left of them after they have been corrupted. Freeing the soul of a slave makes the host unusable by Miqu'te.

The investigators must Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6) and gain **Cthulhu Mythos** +2.

If anyone searches for what happened to the Wampanoag tribes after King Phillip's war, a **Library Use** roll with a bonus die will find that the majority went to the Mashpee Reservation at Cape Cod. Since then, the reservation has been converted to a township. A **History** roll will also provide this information; if someone specializes in the history surrounding the Hockomock, the Keeper can allow them a bonus die on this roll.



MASHPEE TOWNSHIP

This small town is made up of a meeting hall, a drug store/grocery, a school, and small houses stretching out from the center of town. Perhaps 300 people live here, nearly all of whom are Wampanoag. Most of the citizens of Mashpee dress in typical, working-class clothes of the era. The buildings have seen better days and need some repairs and a fresh coat of paint. A large clearing with crude benches takes up a large parcel of land across the street from the drugstore. An older man sits in a rocker on the porch of the drugstore. He is dressed in traditional Wampanoag Indian clothing and a black feather hangs from the side of his hair.

The old man is Black Feather, the last of the line of shamans that kept the old ways of the Wampanoag people. Black Feather will tell visitors the following stories for \$2 a piece:

- How the land around the Hockomock was stolen from them.
- How the Wampanoag people sacrificed themselves to lay a curse on the Hockomock.
- How the spirits that live in the swamp will try to pull people down into the swamp to join them forever.
- How when a Wampanoag spirit is free, it will travel to the Great Hunting Grounds to live free and hunt as the ancestors of old did. Black Feather firmly believes that the white man butchered his people and stole their land, and that the land should be returned to them. He has sued the state of Massachusetts three times to return the Hockomock and the land surrounding it back to the Wampanoag tribe; the first two attempts were unsuccessful, and he is awaiting a court date for the third.

He will not be particularly interested in

helping the investigators unless there is an Indian in the group. If not, the investigators will need to make a Hard **Persuade** roll with a penalty die. **Charm** and **Intimidate** will have no effect.

Black Feather can be bribed with \$400 that the town needs to fix up the old schoolhouse and town hall. If he is told about how the Wampanoag in the swamp are being used by Miqu'te, he will ask for only \$100, but will do it for free with a successful normal **Persuade** roll. Once convinced to help the investigators, he will explain that he can free the spirits of the Wampanoag trapped in the swamp, but he must be there to do so. He can also let them know it will take a few minutes for him to complete the ritual and that he cannot be disturbed while it is being performed. He just needs to get a few supplies from his house before they go.

BACK TO THE LAKE

Once the investigators have returned to the lake with the shaman, Black Feather will begin to prepare for the ritual in a flat clearing 30 to 40 feet from the shore of the pond. Once he has begun, reanimated warriors will begin to exit the lake, two at a time. The investigators will be able to shoot or take other attacks at them as they emerge and approach and will always go first during a round of combat.

After each warrior is killed, the spirit will rise into the sky while the globe of energy will dive back into the swamp to activate the next one. No more than six warriors can be out of the lake at a time. It takes a native one round to exit the lake; and it will be able to reach and attack someone up to 30 feet away on the second round. This gives the investigators two rounds of attacks before they get attacked, since they always go first.

The reanimated warriors are attempting to get to Black Feather. If there are no more investigators to intervene, they will attack Black Feather; a successful hit will disrupt the ritual, forcing him to begin again. If he can complete 12 rounds without being interrupted, then the ritual will be complete.

NOTE to Keeper: Reduce the number of rounds of combat for fewer investigators, or if they are lightly armed. After the earlier encounter, they should have loaded up on weapons and ammo.

NOTE on dynamite: If dynamite is thrown into the river or swamp, it will have no effect on the warriors, and will only annoy Miqu'te. Dynamite can be used on individual warriors after they have left the lake.



THE RITUAL COMPLETE

Black Feather finally stops his chanting and stands arms aloft. The investigators hear his thoughts as he projects them: "Come my people, you have fulfilled your duty. It is time for your spirit to run free in the Great Hunting Grounds." You see the sky open, and a field of green plain filled with deer, buffalo, and other wild animals can be seen. Wampanoag dressed in their ancient clothing chase after the beasts with spears and bows.

The warriors still attacking stop and collapse to the ground. White whiffs of smoke float upwards into the sky, changing into shapes of people before going into the portal that leads to their afterlife. Dozens of spirits flow out of the swamp, Wampanoag warriors as well as the elderly, woman, and children.

One small native girl in a simple tunic turns to wave, a smile on her face and a tear running down her ghostly cheek. Then she stops, her face transforming into a look of horror. The spirits floating toward the portal begin to be drawn back down. They struggle, but in vain, as if walking into a hurricane. The surface of the pond bubbles as a large mass rises out of the lake. Its dark skin glistens with water as thin tentacles topped with long, spine-like needles coil up out of the water.

Miqo'te has risen. Everyone must Roll against **Sanity** (1d8/1d100). His tentacles will extend out to strike the nearest investigators. It will take 2 rounds to draw the spirits back into the river to be used to animate a dead native.

If the investigators can cut off one of the tentacles, Miqo'te will recoil, allowing the spirits to get away. This will also free anyone held by the tentacles, and the investigators can flee at that point. Miqo'te will be forced to change his plans of rebuilding his army using the spirits of the Wampanoag people.

NOTE on the Sanity Awards. An investigator can only receive the awards for killing a Puckwudgie or Miqo'te Reanimated Warrior one time.

SANITY AWARDS

- **Killing a Puckwudgie: 1d4 Sanity Points**
- **Killing a Miqo'te Reanimated Warrior: 1d6 Sanity Points**
- **Making Miqo'te withdraw: 1d8 Sanity Points**
- **Freeing the Native American spirits: 1d8 Sanity Points**
- **Saving the girl from the Suicide tree: 1d10 Sanity Points**



NPCS

Black Feather

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	INT	MP	HP
45	50	50	45	75	80	15	9

Damage Bonus: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 7
Skills: Library Use 50%, Wampanoag 60%, English 50%, Psychology 50%, Occult 60%,
Dodge 18% (9/3)

Black Feather knows the ritual to free the spirits of the Indians who are trapped in the swamp. It takes 12 rounds, and 5 magic points to cast the ritual. It would take him 1 month to teach someone the intricate steps to cast it. He has all the ingredients needed to perform the ritual.

Miqo'te

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	INT	MP	HP
250	250	400	80	130	200	28	65

Damage Bonus: +7d6 **Build:** 8 **Move:** 8

Attacks per round: 3; Either 3 tentacle or 2 tentacles and 1 bite.

Fighting: (mnvr) Tentacles reach out and grab a victim. Damage 2d10 and held.

Fighting: 90% (45/18) damage 1d8 + db

Fighting: (if Held) Bite 80% (40/16) damage is 2d10 + db

Armor: 20

Tentacle armor 3 and 6 HP

Spells: Miqo'te will always have access to 24 spells.

Sanity Loss: 1d8/1d100 Sanity points to see Miqo'te

Miqo'te Reanimated Warriors

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	INT	HP
70	100	60	12	40	50	17

Damage Bonus: +1d4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 5

Attacks per round: 1

Fighting: 40% (20/8), damage 1d3 + db

Dodge 10% (5/2)

Armor: None

Sanity Loss: 1/1d8 Sanity points to see a Reanimated Warrior

Puckwudgies

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	INT	MP	HP
30	40	20	90	80	60	16	7

Damage Bonus: -2 **Build:** -2 **Move:** 7

Skills: Dodge 45% (22/9), Stealth 80%, Survival 70%, Jump 40%, Language (English) 30%

Attacks per round: 1

Fighting Attacks: Puckwudgies usually use blowguns, small bows or a small knife coated in a sleeping poison. A successful Hard CON test will prevent the investigator from going to sleep.

Fighting 40% (20/8) damage 1

Knife 40% (20/8) damage 1d3 + db + Poison

Blowgun 70% (35/14) damage 1d2 + Poison

Bow 60% (30/12) damage 1d4 + Poison

Armor: None

Sanity Loss: 0/1d4 Sanity points to see a Puckwudgie.

Special: Invisibility 1 MP. Puckwudgies can become invisible almost at will. It does cost 1 MP, and it is more of an advanced Chameleon effect. They do this naturally giving them a great stealth skill. If they are transporting a Life Energy orb, that will be visible, even if they are invisible.

Of the swamp: If a Puckwudgie is killed, he turns to liquid to rejoin the swamp in a matter of minutes. If bottled and taken for analysis, the liquid will appear to be nothing more than swamp water.

Spells: Harness Life Energy 1 MP, Mesmerizing Drums (Enthrall Victim) 2 MP – this is the beating of the drums in the Suicide Tree encounter.



HANDOUTS

May 21, 1927

Dear Dr. Edwin Nichols,

I am sure you are well aware of the news of my daughter Angela's death. While her death was a shock to my husband, John and me, and we are still grieving, I am reaching out to you as a friend for help. The police have condemned Angela's soul to Hell as well as bringing shame to our family by declaring the cause of death as suicide.

I know in my heart and soul that Angela, the sweetest, happiest, and most adventurous child I have known, would never have committed suicide. I have known you for many years, Dr. Nichols, and have had occasion to hear you speak in riddles about the mysteries of the Kockomock and the curse that lies upon it. It is my belief that my sweet Angela was the victim of witchcraft and devil worship in the swamp.

While it has been some time since John and I have visited with you, I am begging you for your help. Can you come by this evening to discuss the particulars of this strange case? You are my only hope. If you cannot help, me, I do not know of anyone else that can help my Angela.

Sincerely,

Pamela Lawrence

H3-1

Angela's Diary

Oct 7: Sally and I went to Comfort Bridge and the Solitude Stone today. I have wanted to visit since I heard about it. Walk in future days, Love not him with the beauty that he wooed. So lovely.

Oct 8: I can't get the stone out of my head. Even the fact that beauty was misspelled, with the 'i' left out and added in as an afterthought. But the true beauty was in the imperfection of the stone. Can there ever be beauty without imperfection?

Oct 9: Strange dreams haunt me, they are calling me. I found myself getting out of bed and going downstairs before I woke. Someone was at the door waiting for me. When I looked out my window, he was there.

Oct 10: The servant returned. Not sure why I think of it as a servant, who is it serving? It's white, gaunt, but it is wanting me to go with him. I feel a desire to go that is hard to explain.

Oct 11: The servant was back tonight, but this time there were three. My mind is screaming inside my head, to run, the hide, to tell someone, but I can't. My heart feels at peace with them. I am torn.

Oct 12: The servants have returned, and in my vision, I go down to them, they grab at me, I try and scream, but I cannot. Why, because I know I would never stop.

H3-2 p1

Angela's Diary

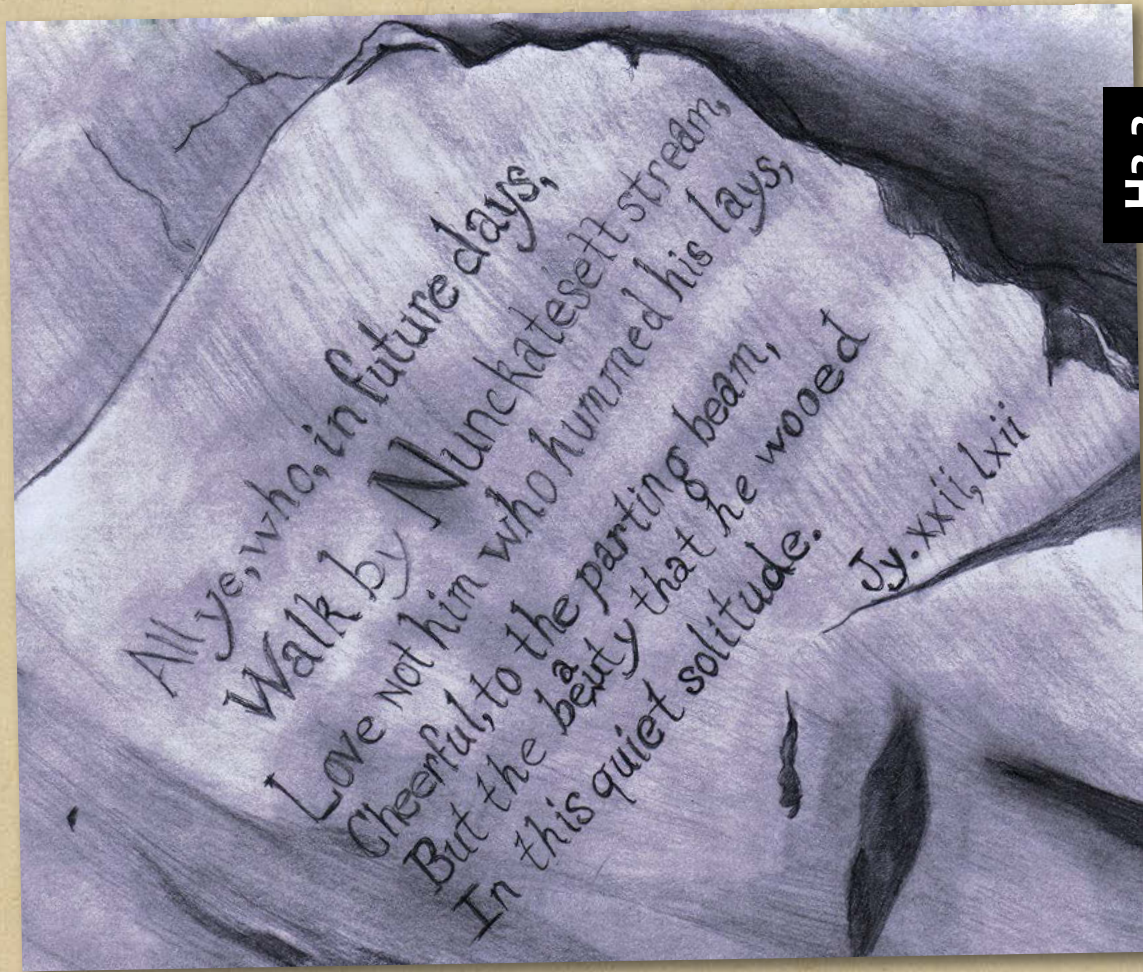
Oct 13: The servants have returned, grasping at me with their pallid, water-logged fingers. I couldn't scream. I wanted to, but I knew if I started I'd never be able to stop.

Oct 14: The servants have returned, grasping at me with their pallid, water-logged fingers. I couldn't scream. I wanted to, but I knew if I started I'd never be able to stop.

Oct 15: The servants have returned, grasping at me with their pallid, water-logged fingers. I couldn't scream. I wanted to, but I knew if I started I'd never be able to stop.

Oct 16: The servants have returned, grasping at me with their pallid, water-logged fingers. I couldn't scream. I wanted to, but I knew if I started I'd never be able to stop.

Oct 17: The servants have returned, grasping at me with their pallid, water-logged fingers. I couldn't scream. I wanted to, but I knew if I started I'd never be able to stop.



CHAPTER 4

CANNED ARTICLES



WRITTEN BY BRIAN COURTEMANCHE

INTRODUCTION

It is mid-October, sometime in the 1920s. The investigators are summoned to Haynes College in Massachusetts at the request of college president Dr. Mitchell Gage. The investigators may already be affiliated with the school (alumnus, current faculty or staff, trustees) or may be outsiders called in or hired for their combination of expertise and discretion. The fall semester is well underway, says President Gage, and one of the college's professors has gone missing. They're filling the professor's course schedule with teaching assistants, but with each passing day the situation is becoming more untenable. Gage prefers not to say more until he can meet with the investigators in person in his office. Could the investigators make room in their schedules for this pressing matter?

Haynes College is a small, private liberal arts institution of higher learning located in southeastern Massachusetts. Founded shortly after the Civil War, present enrollment stands at about 700 students, about three-quarters of whom live in campus housing. The campus is small but well-maintained, with a leafy central commons or quad surrounded by solid-looking buildings in the collegiate gothic style. Despite outward appearances, a series of unfortunate financial investments have taken a heavy toll on the school's endowment, leaving Haynes College in a financially precarious position. Faculty turnover is fairly high, with standout academics often lured away to larger, more prestigious institutions. And yet a few career educators have made Haynes College their home and are fiercely loyal to the school and its students. The college is presently almost entirely dependent on student tuition to meet operating costs, supplemented by sporadic financial infusions by generous alumni. The absence of a strong athletic program further hampers admissions potential and growth. It is doubtful that Haynes College survives the financial storm of the 1929 Stock Market Crash.

Travel to Haynes College in southeastern Massachusetts should be a routine affair. In short order, the investigators find themselves comfortably gathered in the expansive, oak-paneled office of the president. A secretary offers them a choice of coffee or tea. They are greeted by two men: President Mitchell Gage, and Dr. Albert Babcock, Dean of Academics. President Gage is a fit man in his early 40s, just starting to go gray, dressed in a conservative, well-tailored business suit. His handshake is firm and his demeanor friendly and direct. Dr. Babcock is older, somewhere north of 60, dressed in a slightly rumpled corduroy suit, sweater vest, and bow tie. Babcock greets newcomers with a dry, papery handshake and a slightly bemused expression.

After introductions and pleasantries are exchanged, President Gage gets quickly to business:

Professor Emmett Case of the School of Anthropology Studies has been missing since the second week of the fall semester, now going on four weeks. Local and campus police have been to Case's home, finding the man absent but nothing else amiss. As stated earlier over the telephone, the college has filled Professor Case's class schedule with teaching assistants, but the students are starting to openly wonder about the situation. Normally, the school would simply cashier the errant academic, says President Gage, and hire a replacement. However, this particular professor is a longtime, tenured faculty member who has promised the college considerable funds in his estate planning. Thus, explains Gage, Haynes College wishes to make every ostensible good faith effort to locate Professor Emmett Case before regrettably having to make any final decisions on his employment status.

"My colleague, Dr. Babcock, disagrees with my approach," smiles President Gage, indicating the other academic, "thinking we're wasting

the college's resources bringing you in to work on this, but I think your efforts will show the college's good faith and due diligence in this matter."

Dean Babcock clears his throat and smiles gently. "Emmett Case is a good friend of mine, and we've been colleagues for years, so I don't want you to get the wrong impression. Professor Case has been at Haynes for decades. He's gone through something of a rough patch lately with his professional publications, and so I think if he needs some time to himself, we should not be chasing him. That, and the college really isn't in a financial position to be paying for extensive investigations. Emmett will probably reappear and the whole matter sorted out without the college overextending itself. A course both discreet and economically sound."

If investigators seize on Babcock's remark that Case has "lately had a rough patch of publishing," Babcock replies "The campus library has all of Emmett's contributions to the scholarly literature, if you care to read them." He stifles a yawn with his hand. "It's all a bit dry, until the last few articles. I'm sure Emmett is just trying to shake up the field."

President Gage cuts in: "Yes, well, thank you, Albert. I understand your position, but we need to do more. Which is why I'd like these fine folks to report to you, since you're the Dean of Academics and directly oversee the faculty assembly."

Dean Babcock smiles and shrugs helplessly at the investigators, palms outward. "I'm outranked, what can I say?" he sighs. "Folks, let me know what you turn up. I'm pretty busy these days with it being the middle of the fall term, but keep me in the loop."

Assuming the investigators agree to take on the case, the game is afoot!

KEEPER'S SECRET

Professor Emmett Case has for years scoured the nearby Hockomock Swamp for Native American and colonial artifacts from the era of King Phillip's War. He finds something quite unexpected that dooms him: a centuries-old Mi-Go laboratory, ostensibly abandoned. Aeons before, the Mi-Go constructed the laboratory in the swamp, where they conducted biological experiments. For their own impenetrable reasons, the aliens were winding down their operations in the Hockomock around the time of King Philip's War. The stupid humans warring with each other in the area may have proved a nuisance. For all that, the Mi-Go discovered a Wampanoag warrior's corpse murdered by colonials, a tempting opportunity for the Mi-Go to exercise their biotechnical mastery. They collected the warrior's brain from the cooling corpse and revived it, placing it in one of their infamous brain canisters. The warrior's tortured brain learns about the Mi-Go, his new masters. However, when the Mi-Go shutter and abandon the site, the occupied brain canister is left behind like so much discarded luggage. Centuries pass. Miraculously, the brain in the canister survives, not dead but dreaming. Then along comes Professor Case, finding his way into the old abandoned Mi-Go laboratory. He manages to reactivate the brain canister with the machinery found in the lab, reviving the brain within. They have mind-expanding conversations (handily, Professor Case speaks an Algonquin dialect, being an expert in the history and culture of



the Indians of the Northeast). Professor Case begins publishing astonishing articles about forgotten Wampanoag lore, yet they can't be substantiated. His articles become more outlandish, reflecting the bizarre knowledge he receives from the brain in the can. This draws unfavorable attention from both his superiors at the college as well as Mi-Go agents, who suspect that the long-concealed, mothballed lab has been found. Spending altogether too much time at the Mi-Go facility, the unfortunate Professor Case has become the subject of the aliens' attentions. It is up to the investigators to discover what has become of the man after the aliens have had their go at him with their mad science. His fate is not a happy one.

ABOUT DR. ALBERT BABCOCK

Should the investigators make inquiries about Dean Babcock, they learn from faculty and staff that the man is a solid, if bland, administrator of pedestrian values and interests. Originally hailing from northern Vermont, Dr. Babcock came to Haynes College around the same time as Professor Case, spending his first years teaching classics before moving into administrative roles of increasing responsibility. The '20s may roar forward with flappers, Prohibition, and such, but Dean Babcock prefers a steady tread in sensible shoes and a glass of malted milk at bedtime. A lifelong bachelor and something of a workaholic, Babcock lives in a gracefully aging neo-Georgian residence not far from campus. He is a friend to Dr. Emmett Case as well as his superior in the college's pecking order.

DR. BABCOCK'S SECRET:

While the Mi-Go have mothballed their laboratory in the Hockomock, they remain insidiously active in some of the other regions of New England, such as the hills and mountains of Vermont. Alert to the possibility, however remote, that humans may yet stumble upon

their lab buried deep in the swamp, the aliens have set a watchman: poor Albert Babcock. A native of Vermont, Dr. Babcock is a slave, and agent of the Mi-Go. Years ago, those terrible aliens surgically altered Babcock's brain and installed him in the vicinity of the Hockomock as a sort of "sleeper watchdog." Babcock is held in readiness should the creatures ever have need of him regarding their long-dormant laboratory deep in the swamp. When any humans reach the Mi-Go laboratory, a response is triggered in Babcock's rewired brain, no matter the distance. The man is compelled to follow his programming, heading unerringly to the hidden Mi-Go laboratory to confront intruders.

Paradoxically a decent man under a monstrous compulsion, Babcock has watched Professor Case's expeditions into the Hockomock for years with growing anxiety. At the risk of opening himself up to departmental financial review by college officials, Babcock has offered Professor Case opportunities to pursue more plum archaeological assignments farther afield. Case has always stayed fixed on the local archaeological scene, much to Babcock's distress. Reading Professor Case's most recently published works sets off triggers in Dr. Babcock's brain. The dean is no longer sure of himself, dreading a confrontation with his old friend for reasons he struggles to understand.

Babcock opposes the investigators' involvement, claiming that the college can't afford interlopers poking into campus business, while his secret self buzzes with fear at what he may be compelled to do at the behest of



his inhuman masters. Investigators passing a Hard **Psychology** roll while scrutinizing Dean Babcock sense a deep inner conflict within the man. His secrets are confined behind alien gate-keeping devices over which the hapless human has no control. A successful **Psychotherapy** roll might enable Babcock to throw off cerebral inhibitors, but at an unknowable cost to his sanity.

Only Babcock's long friendship with Emmett Case has allowed him to fight his programming and leave Emmet in peace at the Mi-Go facility. But when the investigators locate and enter the lab, this also triggers the "silent alarm" in Babcock's brain. It's too much for the man. Babcock makes for the Mi-Go laboratory, arriving on the scene to silence the witnesses to this unearthly place at the climax of the adventure.

STARTING THE INVESTIGATION:

Investigators canvassing the campus interviewing students and faculty about the missing Professor Emmett Case will find campus denizens exhibiting typical New England reserve. However, with good roleplaying (perhaps bolstered by applicable skills such as **Charm** and **Persuade**), they may learn the following:

- An energetic man in his mid-60s, Professor Emmett Case earned his academic credentials west of the Mississippi but has spent most of his adult career pursuing and teaching the archaeological history of New England.
- He began teaching at Haynes College over 25 years ago, was awarded tenure, and his classes remain popular.
- A career academic too consumed with rooting in the past to marry and have a family, Professor Case keeps a small home on a quiet side street just off campus. He typically walks to and from work, his wiry frame a familiar

sight to those on the campus quad. See the section on Professor Case's home for more details.

- The professor's small office at the college is filled with plaster casts, the odd archaeological specimen, and well-thumbed books and papers. It is described in greater detail further on.
- When not at his home, his office, or in the classroom, Professor Case spends his time ranging the nearby Hockomock Swamp in search of colonial and Indian relics from the region's past. He is assisted in his work by two promising undergraduates, Frank Swinton and Thomas Kidd.
- Professor Case frequently submits articles on New England's Wampanoag natives and colonial past to peer-reviewed archaeological journals, solid contributions all... until recently. Over the last year, Professor Case's articles on the tribal and colonial history of the region have become increasingly sensational and unsubstantiated, resulting in open if reluctant skepticism on the part of peers who once considered Case's articles to be ironclad. This frustrates Professor Case, resulting in several awkward classroom moments where he has passionately professed his disdain for the 'small-mindedness' and 'herd mentality' of the academic establishment.
- Professor Case's most recent articles have appeared not in staid academic journals but in lurid Fortean publications of wild scientific speculation, the type of offering that caters to uncritical and overly-imaginative minds.
- The professor's increasingly colorful articles reflect unfavorably on his home institution, Haynes College, making the administrators squirm. It is only Professor Case's tenured status and commitment to endow considerable funds to the college from his estate that keep the man on the faculty roster. That

position is becoming increasingly difficult for administrators to defend, despite his popularity in the classroom. Professor Case's recent disappearing act may be the last straw.

PROFESSOR CASE'S HOME

The professor's home is a small, Colonial Revival-style residence on a quiet, tree-lined street a few blocks from the Haynes College campus. The place looks reasonably well kept, although the small yard is in need of a good mowing. The detached one-car garage is locked up tight, as is the house itself.

(Area 4-1) Case did not leave a spare key at the office nor under the front doormat, so if investigators want in, they must resort to locksmith skills or brute force.

Within the house, a pile of unopened mail just beneath the front door's mail slot suggests that the professor has been away for several weeks. None of the mail (mostly utility bills and shopping circulars) provides any clue to the professor's current whereabouts. The rest of the house is cluttered and untidy, as befitting the habits of an aging, lifelong bachelor. The kitchen is well stocked, although some of the perishables are going bad, tainting the air with their reek. Professor Case's bedroom is on the second floor; his clothing is stuffed into a dresser and hanging in the closet. His travel valise sits unused in the front hall closet as well. From all appearances, it does not look like Professor Case planned on an extended trip. Hundreds of papers, magazines, artifacts, and personal items—the accumulated effects of an academic and archaeological career—fill the house. Some of these items are mildly interesting, but nothing hints at anything sinister or out of the ordinary. The detached garage smells of old oil and weathered wood. Gardening tools hang from pegs along the walls, but the professor's workhorse Model T

is not parked within.

Searching methodically through the house, garage, and yard is a painstaking process taking 1d4+1 hours, turning up no solid leads.

PROFESSOR CASE'S PUBLISHED ARTICLES

Haynes College Franklin L. Bradlee Library is a moderately sized, two-story, granite-hewed building housing some 20,000 volumes. The library is open 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Thursday, 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Fridays, and is closed weekends.

Within, Mrs. Laura Remick, the assistant librarian, makes a special effort to collect and curate books and journals to which Haynes faculty authors have contributed, in whole or in part. As Haynes is a small college, the Faculty Authors Collection is correspondingly modest, occupying a locked glass-fronted cabinet just outside Mrs. Remick's office. Mrs. Remick has one of two keys to the cabinet. Without Mrs. Remick's help, investigators spend a long day laboriously prowling the stacks, sifting through journals and book chapters. With a successful **Library Use** roll, researchers accumulate a good sampling of Professor Case's contributions to scholarship. Thinking to approach Mrs. Remick for assistance yields significantly more material in much shorter time, as the librarian has already aggregated Professor Case's published efforts in the Faculty Authors Collection. The second key is held by Dr. Edwin Nichols, the head librarian, who is currently on leave.

Mrs. Remick unlocks the Faculty Authors Collection cabinet upon request, with the stipulation that the materials cannot be removed from the Library. The librarian keeps careful track of all materials she has entrusted to the investigators and meticulously checks

them back in when the investigators are finished with them.

Those spending time poring over Emmett Case's contributions to the literature of academia get a general sense that the man's work has been appearing over the course of many years in respected, peer-reviewed journals. Those making successful **Archaeology**, **History**, or **Anthropology** rolls swiftly surmise that the bulk of Case's journal articles detail—with a professional scholar's diligence and clarity—the reconstruction of Indian life and society in southern Massachusetts. Case's writings document the earliest evidence of native habitation in the region, up to and including inter-relations with colonial settlers, culminating in King Philip's War (1675–1678). Many of the articles are bolstered by Case's own artifactual finds in the Hockomock Swamp, the ancestral stronghold of the Wampanoag tribe. The articles are peer-reviewed and sound, if a bit staid.

Articles published over the last year, however, take a much more colorful turn—and from an academic standpoint, not for the better. The more recent articles introduce as facts items that are highly conjectural, bordering on the downright fantastical:

- That the Hockomock Swamp, its namesake being the Algonquin word for “place where spirits dwell,” actually is inhabited by spirits that interacted with native peoples who once inhabited the area. Although shamanistic interactions with the spirit world are quite common among many among many cultures the world over, Case's articles infer that spirit contact in the Hockomock was literal and material, not symbolic or allegorical.
- Some Hockomock shamans would “sleep beneath the bog” for “many seasons,” questing with the spirits among the heavens.
- The spirits would sometimes possess members of the native peoples, whispering wisdom to those who would hear the awful



secrets of the other world. As the shamans would put on the skin of the bear or the wolf, so would the spirits put on the skin of humans to effect marvelous things.

- The native peoples touched by the Hockomock spirits could sometimes travel out of their bodies to the stars with the aid of the spirits. Professor Case asserts that mystics of many cultures practice forms of astral projection. In this case, however, the professor asserts that the Algonquin natives had advanced knowledge of the solar system that would otherwise be impossible for them to apprehend, with cosmic details purportedly known that eclipse the awareness of even the astronomically obsessed Mayan cultures of previous centuries. Despite his earnestness, the professor offers no real evidence to back up these astounding claims, a fact that other scholars are quick to seize upon in the scholarly literature.

- The coming of European colonists and attendant regional strife between the newcomers and the natives disturbed the spirits of the Hockomock. Despite the native shamans' best efforts to 'win over' the spirits to the native side of the conflict, the spirits molested both colonists and natives alike. The natives began to think of the spirits as betrayers and malevolent tricksters. Again, Professor Case offers no concrete evidence as to these assertions, frustrating and angering fellow academics who call him out in the literature.

- Finally, the spirits abandoned their home in the Hockomock, having grown weary of the place and the human disturbances in the region. Once more, fellow academics implore Professor Case in the literature to back up his assertions with scholarly documentation and material evidence.

Professor Case's latest article, published some months ago, is tellingly not found in a reputable scholarly publication but instead in a lurid and

speculative Fortean magazine. In it, Professor Case claims that he is in actual contact with a Wampanoag ancestral spirit who has imparted much information to the scholar, forming the bulk of the material in his previous articles. Professor Case exhorts modern scholars to "throw off their blinders of arrogance and scientific orthodoxy" to fully apprehend and embrace "greater material and psychological marvels." No fellow academics even deign to respond to this last article, which is no doubt a source of great embarrassment to Haynes College.

From a scholar's point of view, Professor Case's articles collectively form a sad arc from the heights of reputable, citable contributions of a career expert to a nadir of unfounded, speculative ramblings of mystical fantasy. It is no wonder that Professor Case's professional reputation is in tatters and his parent institution embarrassed.

PROFESSOR CASE'S OFFICE

The professor's office is located on the third floor of Hunter Hall, the main academics building at Haynes College. The office door is closed but not locked. Within, a battered wooden desk and chair share the space with file cabinets and large maps of various famous archaeological sites pinned to the walls. Papers and academic correspondence fill the desk and file cabinets. A few archaeological curios, such as an ancient Native American smoking pipe, a piece of volcanic rock, and a Peruvian ceramic mask, can also be found.

Nothing found in the office provides clues to the professor's current whereabouts, and nothing of occult significance or related to the professor's current disappearing act turn up in a search of the office.

An adjoining workroom connects to the professor's office through an open doorway. This room is slightly longer and larger than the professor's office, and is cluttered with a large, battered worktable and shelving lining the walls. Hundreds of archival boxes cram the shelves, all meticulously labeled and organized. Brushes, scalpels, clamps, magnifying lenses and other forensic tools litter the tabletop.

While the workroom is excellently organized, going through the contents will take at least a solid day's work. At the end of that time, investigators will have seen a plethora of Native American arrowheads, pottery fragments, beads, and fabric scraps, but nothing of practical importance to their search. When he's not in class, Professor Case's assistant Frank Swinton can most often be found here, hard at work while his mentor is away.

UNDERGRADUATES FRANK SWINTON AND THOMAS KIDD

Asking around campus, the investigators learn that Professor Case's most promising students are Frank Swinton and Thomas Kidd, both in their junior year at Haynes. Swinton and Kidd have both accompanied Professor Case on field trips into the Hockomock and surrounds on the hunt for clues to New England's archaeological and anthropological past. Professor Case's recent activities have affected both young men, though in very different ways.

FRANK SWINTON

Frank Swinton is most often found in a small, cluttered workroom adjoining Professor Case's office in Hunter Hall, just off the campus quad. Here, the young scholar cleans, sorts, and tags all manner of detritus from the region's anthropological past: arrowheads, pottery shards, glass bits, and other cast-offs. These days, Frank is bitterly feeling like a bit of a cast-off himself in the wake of Professor Case's disappearing act. At first brusque and huffy with interviewers, any successful social skill roll (**Charm, Persuade, Fast Talk, even Intimidate**) gets the young man to open up:

Swinton has been assisting Professor Case with his field work since his second semester freshman year. He even switched his major to History to follow in his mentor's footsteps, much to his father's displeasure, who wants his son to major in something practical such as accounting. But now that Professor Case has been gone for over a month, Frank feels abandoned and that he's wasted his semester.

Frank's partner under Professor Case—and sometimes rival for their mentor's approval—is fellow Archaeology student Thomas Kidd, also a junior at Haynes. Thomas hasn't been around the last few days, says Frank. He thinks it's likely that, with Professor Case pulling a disappearing act, Thomas has followed suit by ditching a few classes and heading into Boston to spend time with a girl he knows there (“Thomas just isn't as serious a student as I am, if you must know.”). Not being especially close with his fellow assistant, Frank does not know the name of Kidd's Boston girlfriend (“Sarah, maybe?”) nor who Thomas fraternizes with on campus. Frank is strongly considering chucking it all, dropping History for Accounting, and transferring to another school. “At least I'll be able to patch things up with my father that way,” he grumbles.

Swinton suspects that the professor ditched him (and Thomas) because “he must be on to some great find and he doesn’t want distractions...or to share the credit with anyone.” The young man grimaces. “That, or ol’ Professor Case wrote one too many looney articles and he’s too embarrassed to return to campus.” Swinton affirms that Professor Case’s published articles of the last few months were getting “weirder and weirder,” and that he was having to go to less reputable journals to get them published. Frank says the college library probably has copies.

Swinton has no interest in trekking into the Hockomock Swamp to help investigators track down Professor Case. “That bridge has burned,” Frank remarks bitterly. “As soon as my transcript and credits clear, I’m out of here to make a fresh start of it at Boston University or another school in the city, old pottery be darned.” Swinton glares down at a work table covered in dusty old fragments. Despite his bitterness and recent decisions, Frank is too conscientious a student even now to leave this work unfinished before he departs.

THOMAS KIDD

Contrary to Frank Swinton’s suppositions, Thomas Kidd is not gallivanting around Boston on a fling with a pretty young woman. No, Thomas Kidd took it upon himself to track down Professor Case on his own. The undergraduate was able to locate the professor deep in the Hockomock, but what he saw and experienced there fractured his sanity. Kidd made it out of the Hockomock, but he’s still insane, paranoid, and lurking at the edges of campus, staying out of sight.

Kidd has not been to classes in a week, although there’s been no official response from the college except the possibility of faltering grades. Kidd’s dormitory roommate, chemistry major Lawrence Robinson, has anxiety problems of his own and does not

keep close tabs on Kidd. Robinson assumes that Kidd has gone home to Belmont for a few days or maybe even found off-campus housing and not bothered to tell him. Robinson has been pleased as punch to have the room all to himself this past week and has not shared Kidd’s absence with anyone.

Robinson allows the investigators to sift through Kidd’s effects in the dorm room with a successful **Fast Talk, Persuade, Charm, or Intimidate** roll. Nothing of importance is found; however, it does not appear as if Kidd packed up his effects for an extended absence from his dormitory residence.

FINDING THOMAS KIDD

Finding errant Archaeology student Thomas Kidd is not especially difficult. For every day the investigators spend around the Haynes campus or surrounding neighborhoods, a successful **Luck** roll means encountering a student who has seen Thomas skulking about an abandoned tenement house on Appleton Street, just a few blocks from campus. “Three-story place with peeling yellow paint,” says the student, “Looks a mess. Can’t miss it.”

Investigators readily find the indicated tenement house, a run-down affair set apart from its neighbors by narrow, garbage-strewn alleys on each side and a small paved-over courtyard out back. The first and second stories are currently unoccupied, filthy, and for let. The place is so dilapidated and dumpy that even some of the needier Haynes students have looked elsewhere for economical lodging.

(Area 4-2) The landlord's living quarters are on the third and topmost floor. Fortunately, the fellow is half in the bag most of the time, granting investigators a bonus die to **Stealth** rolls if they scope out the building looking for Thomas Kidd.

Thomas is paranoid and partially amnesiac following his encounter in the Hockomock. He wanders the campus and surrounds in a fearful fugue, too afraid to return to his daily routine, lest vague, horrible forces track him down. He's been sleeping in odd places these last few days, never eats at the same place twice, and has found a temporary refuge in the basement of the old tenement house. An unlocked bulkhead door at the rear of the dwelling admits Kidd to the cellar, which he secures once inside. The dingy basement windows are too small to admit any person larger than a child (SIZ 20 or less). Kidd reasons that he can't go home, not yet, as that would be one of the first places "they" would look for him. He's tired, scared, and confused.

The simplest way to get to Kidd's basement corner is to enter the cellar through a door in the kitchen on the first floor. Another tactic may be to wait Kidd out from the street; the student unlocks the metal bulkhead doors and cautiously ventures forth every day or so. Forcing the bulkhead doors from outside is a loud business that will attract neighborhood attention. The metal doors have 15 hit points and when secured have a **STR** 120 on opposed rolls to resist being kicked in or pried open.

If approached by the investigators, Kidd's paranoid reaction is to flee (these strangers could be in league with dreadful forces!). If he can get outside (or the investigators find him as he's leaving the tenement) Kidd leads the investigators on a foot chase through the neighborhood and nearby campus. Hazards and barriers during the chase might include:

- **DEX** rolls to avoid plowing into knots of pedestrians on campus foot paths or city sidewalks.
- **Jump** rolls to clear low shrubbery.
- **Luck** or **DEX** rolls to cross downtown streets at a run, avoiding a collision with an automobile or tram.
- **Navigate** rolls to cut across campus or through back alleys.
- **Climb** rolls to clear inconvenient fences.

Should Thomas get away, make **Luck** rolls each day until he is spotted again and provides another chance to corner him. Alternatively, the Keeper can privately decide that some of Kidd's paranoia abates, enough that he'll warily engage those looking for him to find out what they want. If cornered or collared while in the throes of full-blown paranoia, a successful **Psychoanalysis** roll talks Thomas down enough that he'll realize the investigators are not there to hurt him. A further, successful **Persuade** roll will convince Thomas to spill what has got him so distraught:

Several days before the investigators were called in to the affair, Thomas decided to look for Professor Case on his own. Not finding the professor at any of his campus haunts nor at home, Kidd decided to check the professor's latest field site, deep within the Hockomock Swamp. He recalls locating the professor near dark, but the professor angrily sent Thomas away. As he was backtracking his way through the swamp, Thomas encountered something that snapped his mind and sent him tearing through the woods in a blind panic. He considers it a small miracle that he was able to find his way out of the Hockomock without falling into a bog or running into a tree and braining himself.

Kidd struggles unsuccessfully to describe just what he encountered in the Hockomock, and just keeping a semblance of self-control while his mind fumbles with the unthinkable is a visible effort, with trembling and cold sweats.

Whatever Kidd encountered in the Hockomock, his own mind walls up the memory, leaving behind a strong dread that he's been marked by something evil and unnatural. No amount of **Psychoanalysis**, **Psychology**, or other interpersonal skills can pry out the young man's suppressed memories of the event.

Despite his recent trauma, Kidd can mark Professor Case's rough location on a map of the Hockomock. Kidd might be convinced with a Hard **Persuade** roll into personally guiding the investigators to Professor Case's field site (Keeper's choice if he or she wants a non-player character guiding the investigators through the swamp.) Perhaps, Kidd reasons, taking others to the site and facing the source of his nameless terror will help him overcome his fear and restore his memories. The young man is more courageous than he credits himself.

The investigators may attempt braving the vast Hockomock Swamp on their own without Kidd's help, trusting in their own **Track** and **Navigational** skills. Keep in mind that the Hockomock covers nearly 17,000 acres, or 26+ square miles of streams, bogs, ponds, forests, and thick brush. Finding Professor Case by simply tramping into all that green is like finding a needle in a haystack. Investigators are welcome to give it a try, risking the perils of the swamp (see nearby section), acquiring mosquito bites and a greater appreciation of the Hockomock's secretive immensity. Pragmatically, it is only by convincing Thomas Kidd to assist them, either as expedition guide or by marking a map, that the investigators stand a real chance of locating Professor Case's field site in all that swamp.

If Kidd personally escorts the investigators through the Hockomock, care must be taken by the Keeper that his participation as a non-player character does not overshadow the actions and decisions of the investigators. At best, Kidd is a jittery guide through the swamp. He likely loses his nerve if faced with any mental

jolt. The Keeper should roll Kidd's current Sanity score (40) whenever the investigators must make a **Sanity** roll. If Kidd fails his roll, he suffers a new Bout of Madness, tearing off into the swamp in a blind panic. A dangerous chase through the bogs and brush to recover Thomas may ensue.

PERILS OF THE HOCKOMOCK SWAMP

The Hockomock is nicknamed the "Devil's Swamp" for good reason: it is a spooky expanse of cold-water bogs and forest teeming with both mundane and uncanny threats. A few of them are detailed below to make the place an atmospheric and sometimes dangerous challenge for intrepid investigators braving its vastness.

Note that these encounters are specifically for the area of the Hockomock directly related to this adventure. This is due to the energy generated by the Mi-Go laboratory.

MUNDANE PERILS:

- Quicksand
- Black Bear
- Snakes!
- Mosquitos
- Lost!
- Wasp nest
- Coyotes
- Fisher Cat

QUICKSAND

Although popularly associated with the steaming tropical jungles of matinee cliffhanger serials, the sucking mud of Massachusetts wetlands can pose a real hazard to the unwary. The viscous stuff can be tens of feet deep and is typically covered by shallow water or boggy grass. The dangerous patches can be spotted with a Regular **Survival** (Swamp) or Hard **Spot Hidden** roll; difficulty levels are a degree more severe at night or if the sinkhole is covered

by water. An unlucky investigator thinks they are crossing through knee-deep pond water or soggy ground when suddenly they plunge into waist or even chest-deep sucking mud. Escaping the stuff requires a Hard **Strength** roll, perhaps with a bonus die if the investigator can grasp a nearby tree branch or root for leverage. Wise investigators travel with friends who can help free entrapped companions. Rescued investigators emerge covered in stinking muck, missing a shoe or boot, and often covered in leeches causing you to Roll against **Sanity** (0/1).

BLACK BEARS

Though not as large as their brown cousins, black bears can still grow alarmingly large. Normally shy and seeking to avoid human contact, a mother black bear can be extremely aggressive if the investigators are perceived as a threat to her cubs. Simply being between a mother and her cubs—knowingly or unknowingly—can provoke a dangerous response. Investigators passing a **Survival** (woodlands or swamp) roll know that the best way to avoid bears is to make a lot of noise, alerting the bears to keep their distance. Not to be trifled with, mother black bears can weigh up to 300 pounds and rise up to almost 6 feet on hind paws; add claws, teeth, and a protectively belligerent attitude, and unfortunate investigators will have a dangerous problem on their hands.

Black Bear

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
100	65	100	50	50	17

Damage Bonus: +2d6 **Build:** 3 **Move:** 16

Attacks: twice each round, either two claws or one claw and one bite.

Bite: 25%, damage 1d10

Claw: 40%, damage 1d6 + db

Armor: 3 points of thick fur, fat and muscle tissue.



SNAKES!

Northern water snakes in the Hockomock are quite common, sunning themselves on rocks or undulating through the water. At 3 to 4 feet long, thick-bodied, and covered in black or dark brown scales, they can be an alarming sight if encountered at close range. They'll bite if scared (1 hit point of damage, negated by thick boots or trousers) but are not venomous.

Far more rare and dangerous are the handful of venomous northern copperhead snakes who make their lair in the swamp. Copperheads prefer the drier, forested areas of the Hockomock, especially if they can find a chunk of rock under which to hide.

If investigators do encounter a snake in the swamp, only one in ten will be a copperhead, the rest being water snakes, milk snakes, garter snakes, or similar species harmless to humans.

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
10	35	10	15	50	4

Damage Bonus: N/A **Bite:** 50% **Move:** 7
Damage: 1, plus poison (2d10 damage, halved on Extreme CON Success, onset 6 to 24 hours)



Northern Copperhead

MOSQUITOS

A maddening annoyance rather than a true peril, the clouds of mosquitos inhabiting the Hockomock can make life miserable for the unprepared investigator. Mosquitos are most active at sunrise and sunset, though they can be encountered at any time. Investigators enveloped in a cloud of these bloodsuckers might suffer a penalty die or additional level of difficulty to select skills as they are swarmed by the relentless little vampires. Stocking up on **citronella oil** bug repellent before venturing into the Hockomock and avoiding exposure at dusk are both wise ideas.

LOST!

The Hockomock Swamp is vast, much of it miles of trackless forest and wetlands. Those delving into the swamp and straying off trails without benefit of map and compass do so at their peril. Getting lost in all that green is a very real possibility. Professor Case's field site is not near any well-trodden trails, necessitating just such a foray into trackless territory. Investigators exploring the Hockomock without compass, map, or guide should make a **Navigate** roll every 1d4 hours to keep from getting lost, even if they stay on the trails (the trails start to look alike, crisscrossing and doubling back on one another after a time). Investigators with a map and compass, or a guide, do not need to make **Navigate** rolls while staying on the trails, or do so with a

bonus die (Keeper's choice). If leaving the trails, prepared investigators must still pass a **Navigate** roll every 1d4 hours or become lost due to the swamp's immensity and disorienting nature. After dark, all **Navigate** rolls increase a level of difficulty.

The Mi-Go outpost at the center of this mystery emits powerful, alien energies that play havoc with magnetized compass readings. The closer the investigators get to Professor Case at the Mi-Go outpost, the more useless their compasses become. When in very close proximity to the Mi-Go outpost, the uncanny energy emissions may cause even stranger environmental effects, such as the sun appearing to rise or set at wrong points of the compass causing a Roll against **Sanity** (0/1).

Investigators who do become lost in the Hockomock can attempt another **Navigation** roll every 1d4+1 hours to properly reorient themselves. A failed roll means another 1d4+1 hours of wandering the woods and bogs before another attempt can be made. At the Keeper's discretion, an investigator's **Luck** score can be substituted for the **Navigate** skill.

WASP NEST

Yellowjacket wasps are aggressive stinging insects that nest in holes at ground level. An unlucky investigator tramping through the ground cover may suddenly step on and infuriate a large nest of these critters, who swarm out to engulf and engage perceived threats for 2d6 combat rounds. Each round, investigators should make a **CON** roll. A successful **CON** roll means lots of painful stings but no hit point damage. A failed **CON** roll results in 1d3 hit points damage worth of painful, stinging welts. A fumbled **CON** roll means that the afflicted investigator suffers an allergic reaction or system shock to the manifold stings. In such dire instances, a follow-up **CON** roll is required; if this too is failed, the investigator sustains a Major Wound, drops to zero hit points, and

begins dying (per the game rules on page 120 in the Keeper Rulebook). Ground-level yellowjacket nests can be spotted and avoided with a successful Hard **Spot Hidden** or **Regular Survival** (woods, swamp) roll.

COYOTES

A pack or two of eastern coyotes claim the Hockomock as their territory. These creatures are generally very shy and avoid human contact, although they may be lured closer if the investigators have a dog with them. Their mournful cries and yips at night may spook urban-based investigators unused to the countryside. Only a gravely wounded, weak, lone investigator would tempt an attack by a coyote pack. Sadistic Keepers may determine that the presence of Mi-Go technology in the swamp has altered the coyotes' basic instincts, maddening them to the point that they are aggressive to humans. Investigators passing a **Natural World** or **Science (Zoology)** roll realize this is very aberrant coyote behavior.

Eastern Coyotes

each pack has 1d8+3 animals

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
35	50	20	35	65	7

Damage Bonus: -2 **Build:** -2 **Move:** 12
Weapon: Bite 30%, damage 1d6
Skills: Listen 75%, Scent Something Interesting 90%

FISHER CAT

Fisher cats are not cats, but small, ornery, carnivorous animals related to weasels and wolverines. They are terrific climbers, adept swimmers, and very good at staying out of sight. Not normally dangerous to humans unless threatened, the most disconcerting aspect of fisher cats are their terrible screeches. The fisher cat's yowls sound very much like a screaming human child or young woman in terrible distress. Heard echoing across the Hockomock, investigators unfamiliar with the

fisher cat's terrible cries must make a **Listen** roll—a failure means the listener thinks it's human screaming and must Roll against **Sanity** (0/1). Keepers can have ghoulish fun with investigators who fail their **Listen** roll—do they run off into the swamp to rescue an imperiled child or young woman? Spotting a fisher cat amid the trees is very difficult (see their **Stealth** skill below). Adult fisher cats, which can grow up to 30 pounds and possess powerful jaws, teeth, and claws, are best left unmolested.

Fisher Cat

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
35	50	10	25	95	6

Damage Bonus: -1d6 **Move:** 10
Bite: 20% damage 1d4
Claw: 40% damage 1d3 + db
 Fishers can attack three times per round: one bite and two claws.
Skills: Climb 80%, Stealth 85%

WEIRD MENACE

- Mi-Go Mystery Lights
- Swamp Gas
- Ghost
- Mysterious Sounds
- A Body in the Swamp
- The Secret Still
- Hidden Watchers

MI-GO MYSTERY LIGHTS

This Hockomock Swamp encounter happens only at night, and just how it happens depends on whether or not the investigators have already discovered the secret Mi-Go outpost.

If the investigators have not yet discovered the Mi-Go outpost and not yet had any direct encounters with the Mi-Go, the Keeper should keep the Mi-Go at a distance and indistinct, to maximize mysteriousness and the shock factor of actually seeing these aliens up close. In this

case, the Mi-Go are multi-chromatic points of light skipping and zipping over the marsh off in the distance.

The aliens are patrolling the Hockomock, having become aware of a disturbance at their long-shuttered outpost. Their fungoid heads glow in hues of blue, green, orange, and violet as they communicate with one another via this visual method. To human onlookers at a distance, the dancing lights look for all the world like ghost orbs or phantom lanterns bobbing along the swamp causing a Roll against **Sanity** (0/1). No other details about the creatures can be discerned, even with binoculars, thanks to the distance, the dark, and intervening foliage. Only veteran investigators who have previously encountered the Mi-Go have a chance (on a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll) to suspect what is actually causing the mysterious lights. Otherwise, the multi-colored orbs are completely baffling. For their part, the Mi-Go may or may not notice the investigators, but will not approach them at this point, preferring retreat and discreet observation.

If the investigators have already had direct contact with the Mi-Go, this encounter becomes very different and dangerous. In this instance, the Mi-Go patrol may be scouting for investigators who are on to their secret. The bobbing, multi-colored lights flit closer and closer until the forms of the Mi-Go are dreadfully plain. Supremely intelligent creatures, the pair of Mi-Go may immediately attack or may mark the investigators for attention at some later time and place of the aliens' choosing.

SWAMP GAS

Rotting vegetation can produce biogas that sporadically releases into the air above the swamp, producing eerie phosphorescent light. The glow expands and contracts, moves about, and can even take on vaguely human shape before flitting away or winking out. Those making successful Occult rolls identify



the phenomenon as will-o'-the-wisps, long associated with the lore of ghosts and fairies. Those passing a **Science (Chemistry)** or **Science (Biology)** roll conclude that the uncanny lights are simply natural emanations of hydrogen sulfide, carbon dioxide, and methane from decaying plant matter.

GHOST

Sentient alien fungi are not the only uncanny beings haunting the Hockomock. Keepers may or may not wish to include this encounter in their toolkit of high strangeness in the swamp. Care must be taken not to dilute the wonder and horror of the central mystery of the Mi-

Go with any sideshow strangeness that might steal the show. However, if the Keeper thinks that the investigators would be intrigued by an actual spectral encounter in the Hockomock in addition to alien terrors, this encounter may serve:

Investigators making successful **Listen** rolls hear the crunch of footsteps in the undergrowth, somewhere ahead. Through the trees, a young boy is spotted, perhaps 11 or 12 years old, wandering through the brush. He can be of native Indian or colonial heritage (Keeper's choice), garbed in clothing not worn in centuries. The boy initially seems unaware of the investigators. If he's approached or called to, the boy slowly turns, revealing a gruesome head wound. Blood courses down his face, soaking his garments, Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d3). The boy appears to be in shock. No matter the investigators' reaction, the boy stumbles forward, hidden by a copse of trees. Then he's gone, simply vanished. No trace of the boy can be found causing a Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d2). Could the Mi-Go's strange machinery in the area be emitting eldritch energies that allow sporadic glimpses into another time?

MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS

Not all ghosts are visible to the eye. The Hockomock guards its secrets, but sometimes whispers terrible things to sensitive ears. On a successful **Listen** roll, the listener hears an echo of the swamp's past: a distant shout, coarse laughter, the crunch of boots on gravel. Perhaps even the sounds of some long-ago battle: phantom gunshots, shouts, the screams of the dying. Always the sounds are far off, obscured by distance. The sounds cease if attempts are made to track them to their source. Is the Mi-Go outpost emitting energies that somehow capture auditory emanations that should be lost to the centuries? The phantom noises cause listeners to Roll against **Sanity** (0/1).

A BODY IN THE SWAMP

The investigators discover a body, badly decomposed, shackled to a tree by a length of thick chain, Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d4). A successful **Medicine** roll determines that the body has been out here for many months, exposed to the elements and animal scavengers. Who was this unfortunate person? Who did this to them? Why? The atrocious crime is unrelated to the present mystery of Professor Case's disappearance and does not appear to be the work of supernatural forces. At the Keeper's option, this sad corpse can be a hook for a later mystery to solve, or simply be a horrific reminder that the Hockomock is a place of many grim secrets.

This gruesome find has the potential to sidetrack the search for Professor Case and derail the scenario, so the Keeper must decide if it's worth the potential shock value. Unless the Keeper decides otherwise, the grim find remains a cold case in the police files. Alternatively, for quick resolution, the authorities are able to identify the corpse as belonging to a Boston gangster or gun moll who disappeared almost a year ago.

THE SECRET STILL

With Prohibition in full effect, the Hockomock provides ample sanctuary for those willing to conjure spirits of a decidedly alcoholic nature. The investigators stumble across just such an operation. There's a 50% chance that Sam White is present, practicing alcoholic alchemy, his shotgun within easy reach in case of trouble. Ol' Sam is friendly enough, provided he is treated with courtesy. He whips up just enough of 'the good stuff' to keep himself and a small circle of friends in high spirits. He has no interest in selling his product or getting involved with criminal gangs. Sam knows nothing of Professor Case nor of any uncanny occurrences in the Hockomock (he's too focused on his distillery efforts), but admits that the swamp can be downright spooky at times. Sam offers investigators a sample of his wares if they promise to keep mum about his activities.

HIDDEN WATCHERS

On a Hard **POW** roll, investigators get the unshakable, unnerving sensation that they are being watched as they tramp through the swamp, Roll against **Sanity** (0/1). All attempts to spot a hidden lurker fail. Is it just nerves, or a sixth sense warning of danger?

PROFESSOR CASE'S FIELD SITE

At last, the missing professor's field site is located: a cleared patch of hard, bare earth near the bank of a wide, murky stream feeding into one of the Hockomock's bogs. A wooden shanty akin to an ice fisherman's hut occupies the space, its makeshift door and one window opening covered with mosquito netting. Outside the hut is a small camp stove (quite cold) and a canvas folding chair. Digging tools lie close by a portable folding table covered with a few flinty arrowheads and pottery shards, some still encrusted with dried earth. The field site has an empty, deserted air about it.



(Area 4-3) A successful **Spot Hidden** roll marks the makings of a newish trail hacked out of the surrounding undergrowth, leading yet deeper into the swamp. Apparently, Professor Case blazed this trail and used it quite a bit, judging from the many boot prints. Thomas Kidd, if he is with the investigators, professes no knowledge of this trail.

Inside the shanty shelter, there's a folding cot, blanket, and pillow along one flimsy wall. Opposite is another small folding table, upon which are a handheld travel mirror, toothbrush (dry bristles), comb, and a few other basic toiletries. A tiny spider has started to strand a web among the toiletries, attesting to their abandonment. Other items in the shack include an opened tin of Union Leader smoking tobacco and a marbled-cover composition notebook.

The composition notebook contains entries scrawled in pencil by Professor Case on his latest work. The entries refer to conversations with a mysterious entity who reveals to the professor very precise details about King Philip's War. The professor seems to accept these depictions as truth. Pertinent entries:

◆◆◆

I've released Frank and Thomas (abandoned them, if I'm being fully truthful) in light of this amazing discovery. While their minds are youthful and more adaptable than many calcified intellects in academia, for their own protection I must keep all this secret, for now. They'll not understand, but so be it. I've relocated my campsite to be closer to the Lab (for that's what I've taken to calling it), with Thomas helping me in this task while none the wiser.



My old studies in the Algonquin language are paying off in unexpected dividends. Or perhaps it is the machinery that somehow helps to translate between minds. We are able to communicate meaningfully; what a breakthrough! Now I only go to town and campus for necessities. Thank goodness the summer has arrived: more time for field work without the distractions of a teaching schedule and committee obligations.



My cerebral friend provided me with further details on the raid that took the lives of four colonists, including two children. As the flames consumed the homestead and those within, the screams of the immolated etched themselves on the spirits of the raiders. Still, he asserts, it was just revenge for the killing of three of their own people just days before. I will try and locate the remains of the homestead; perhaps some artifacts yet remain. My friend could speak more, and has many questions about our time as opposed to his own, but my hand grows cramped and I am tired. Will sever contact now, despite his protestations.



He finally recalls his earthly name: Wampeymuskana. The Others called him by a different name for so long that his tribal name was nearly forgotten. Poor devil! For all that he has seen, and learned, and dreamed over the centuries, his state is not natural. The passages of long years is as nothing to him. He recalls some minor occurrences of his earthly life with amazing clarity, yet other facts, important

ones like his old name, are difficult for him to recall. I privately wonder if his mind is decaying in that thing, physically and chemically eroding over time as surely as wind and rain efface etchings on granite. If so, I must pull from Wampeymuskana as much as possible while time affords us this amazing opportunity.



My latest article submissions have met with censure by the peer-review board. Blinkered fools! Can they not see that these contributions are invaluable primary source accounts of greatest historical and anthropological importance? Wampeymuskana's accounts again and again prove accurate in my follow-on researches. But, frustrated as I am, how can I truly blame them? I have unearthed a veritable trove of evidence that shatters all we know of human sciences, human history, the human experience. Wampeymuskana's accounts are just the beginning. This entire place is a marvel. In time, I'll reveal it all to academia and hence, the world. But, not too soon. Too much, too fast, and the world will combust with the import of such revelations.



Wampeymuskana is worried. He says all our work in the Lab—activating the long-dormant machinery insofar as I have been able—has alerted the Others. How he would actually know this is beyond me. Has he become paranoid, unbalanced? Given his state, it would not surprise me. Then again, so much of the Lab is beyond my comprehension. Why would the Others simply abandon such marvels? Why leave Wampeymuskana behind? It was only by sheer dumb luck that my explorations



TO THE MI-GO LAB

Following Professor Case's trail from his field site to the laboratory is not difficult. The thin track ribbons through the greenery for about a half-hour's walk, the ground becoming increasingly swampy and wet. The eldritch energies emitted by the extraterrestrial technology grow in strength as the trail progresses, as evidenced by shocking effects on the nearby flora and fauna:

- Vegetation grows sickeningly ripe and lush, blooming in polychromatic ghastriness.
- A doe and her fawn flick frog-like tongues into the air, munching on flies.
- Mushrooms and fern plants squeal when trampled underfoot, like tiny animals in pain.
- Two-headed frogs and multi-headed serpents peer at passersby from their perches on lily pads and logs.
- There's a faint whiff of something on the breeze that smells faintly metallic yet also musky, impossible to place.
- If a tree or root is scuffed with a boot or otherwise damaged, the bark peels away and the tree bleeds a rich crimson goo that reeks of infected meat.
- Clouds of mosquitos buzz in what almost sounds like an atonal musical chorus.
- Something that looks like a fat, black-shelled sea crab with a scorpion's tail skitters across the trail, hissing and chittering at observers before vanishing into the scrub. Frightening but harmless; if captured, it is no specimen known to science.

in the Hockomock led me to this place. I study the machinery as best I can, despite Wampeymuskana's protests and my own bafflement at their true functions. Some of them seem almost organic! Perhaps I should not tamper with them, perhaps Wampeymuskana is right, but science must not be denied these new vistas of knowledge! Wampeymuskana's Others have not been here in centuries. They are probably long gone, moved to "other heavens" as Wampeymuskana so quaintly puts it. They'll surely not return.

◆◆◆

Strange lights last night over the swamp, in the direction of the Lab. Did not venture out so late, as the Hockomock can be dangerous after dark. Full daylight now. Must go check on the Lab, see if I can determine the source of those multicolored lights.

◆◆◆

A strange map is drawn in the back of the journal.

Provide players with Handout H4-1.

Provide players with Handout H4-2 (6 pgs).

This weird walk to the Mi-Go laboratory causes travelers to Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d2).



FINDING THE LABORATORY

The laboratory is buried in the muck of the Hockomock, accessible by a metallic pipe or silo some 5 feet in diameter, its rim just at the level of the surrounding mud and water. Whatever hatch or covering may have protected the aperture is not in evidence (it retracted when Professor Case first discovered the laboratory and has not been closed since). Muddy water trickles in rivulets down the interior walls of the shaft from the surrounding swamp. A rope ladder anchored to the rim of the aperture hangs down into the silo. Cool air and the strange hum of unknown machinery wafts up from below.

(Area 4-4) Investigators descending the rope ladder find themselves almost 20 feet below ground in a pentagonal room standing in about 2 inches of scummy water. The ceiling is about 8 feet overhead. Five round apertures, one in the center of each wall, lead to other chambers that radiate outward like cones or pie slices from the central space. An ambient, cool bluish light with no discernible source illuminates the entirety of the laboratory. Purple-black arteries of jagged light course and throb at irregular intervals along all the walls, their purpose unguessable, looking like diseased, varicose veins in living tissue.

SPECIMEN ROOM

This chamber is filled with specimen holding tanks of various sizes, composed of glistening, semi-translucent phlegm or bile that somehow retains its geometric structure. Despite appearances, the stuff is cool and dry to the touch. Within many of the gooey-looking tanks are the skeletal remains of long-dead animals: bears, snakes, coyotes, beavers, bobcats...and humans, among other species native to the region. Fine detail is impossible to discern through the film of phlegm encasing each specimen.

The Mi-Go see through the stuff as clearly as glass. For humans, it is a different experience.

The translucent slime does not resist pressure from the outside, should investigators wish to extend parts of themselves into a given holding tank. However, should an investigator fully step into a tank big enough to hold them, they are imprisoned within. Only a fellow investigator outside the enclosure can reach in to free them. Those within a specimen tank cannot see clearly through to the outside—all is blurry, like staring through glass smeared with petroleum jelly. Limited movement within the confined space is possible, as is normal respiration. Sound is transmitted from within the tank to without, but not the reverse.

The skeletal remains in the tanks tell mute tales to investigators making successful **Biology** or **Medicine** rolls:

- Some specimens of like species were housed together in a single tank and show signs of cannibalism, the strong preying on the weak when they were abandoned at the lab.
- A number of skeletons show signs of gross surgical experimentation. Some bones are fused together into configurations of baffling purport. Living animals undergoing

such modifications would be freakish and tormented.

Examining the bizarre contents of the Specimen Room, both the holding tanks and their contents causes a Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d4).

SPECIMEN SURGICAL LAB

Across from the Specimen Room is a surgical lab where earthly biological specimens meet the bizarre surgical experiments. There are metallic operating tables replete with limb restraints and a plethora of instruments that confound human medical understanding.

Investigators making successful **Extreme Medicine** rolls can guardedly guess at the basic function of some of the implements. Activating them relies on two successive **Luck** rolls: the first to activate a given device and the second to avoid operator self-harm (1d6 damage if failed). Examining this room and its bizarre, disturbing equipment causes you to Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d4).

MI-GO BIOMODIFICATION CHAMBER

The machinery in this space defies all human understanding. The distinction between the organic and the mechanical becomes blurred and academic. There are vats of goo and vats made of goo. Metallic components meld seamlessly into plastic, then into shivering organic matter. Lights blink and eyes wink. Something writhes along a thin plane of perfectly frictionless, transparent metal, emitting fingers of colored light captured by oddly angled glass lenses framing the device. Large, incredibly strong, dull-orange clamps anchored to a semi-organic base spin and twist, open and close, as if building something invisible and out of phase with our reality.

Masters of biomodification, the Mi-Go use this space to surgically alter their own anatomy for varied purposes, separate from the chamber utilized to operate on humans and other earthly organisms. No level of skill in **Medicine**, **Biology**, or related disciplines can fathom the function of these tools.

Staying overlong in this room is dangerous. If investigators start poking around the bio-mechanical objects in this chamber, a **Luck** roll should be made at intervals determined by the Keeper. A failed **Luck** roll means that the unfortunate investigator has somehow activated, bumped into, been injected, been grasped by, or had some other interaction with a device never meant for human contact. The result is horrific injury, infection, disfigurement, or similar misfortune to the tune of 1d6, 1d8, 1d12, or even 2d20 hit points of damage. Witnessing such misadventure will cause a Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d6).

HALL OF DEVOTION

On display in this chamber is evidence of what the human mind might translate as “religious devotion.” Dominating the space are two large idols, each well over a human’s height and somehow affixed to the floor, impervious to shoving and lifting.

The floor of the hall is a spongy, pinkish surface, shot through with silvery, angular lines like stenting through an artery. A grayish, plastic-like trough sits before the horrible icons, filled with what can only be described as dully glowing “liquid light” in which oddly symmetrical lumps of cut black stone about the size of a child’s fist are immersed.

The Mi-Go recognize the power of the Great Old Ones and other cosmic entities, but all semblance to recognizable worship ends there. The true relationship between the Mi-Go and these godlike beings cannot be fathomed by the human psyche. The idols are Mi-Go representations of Nyarlathotep and Shub-Niggurath, respectively. Crafted as they are by the Mi-Go through their lens of experience, humans attempting to establish the idols' identities as belonging to Nyarlathotep and Shub-Niggurath require a successful Extreme **Cthulhu Mythos** roll. If the cut black stone are examined scientifically, a successful **Science (Geology)** roll determines that the black stones do not match any terrestrial mineral specimen.

Each idol vibrates at a molecular rate out of sync with human visual processes, resulting in each icon possibly appearing differently to each human observer. Through an obscene application of Mi-Go technology, the idols appear quasi-animate, though they evidence no awareness of, nor will they interact with, human onlookers. When an investigator gazes upon either idol, choose or roll randomly for what their human optical apparatus delivers to their brain:

NYARLATHOTEP

1. A roiling, amorphous cloud of living darkness cloaked in ebon wings that pulls light from the room, wrapping the thing in a mantle of pure void. A huge, crimson, three-lobed burning eye pitilessly takes in the measure of all before its gaze, dissecting souls with cold, masterful, alien intelligence. Roll against **Sanity** (1d4/1d10).

2. A humanoid shape as black as the space between stars, its form like a hole punched in the fabric of reality. In place of a head, upon the being's shoulders thrusts upward a glistening, crimson membrane flaying the air like an obscene, bloody tongue. Roll against **Sanity** (1d4/1d10).

3. A conical mass of pulsing tentacles, sinews, talons, eyes, cysts, tumors, mouths, and ropy, elastic limbs, all shifting and swaying as if to the rhythm of some inaudible cosmic canticle. The squatting bulk shimmers in a polychromatic riot of colors, slicing into human consciousness like splinters of unholy light. Out of a hundred mouths gabble snatches of terrible wisdom in every language known to earth and many known elsewhere. Roll against **Sanity** (1d8/1d20).

4. A glazed, gunmetal-grey obelisk supported by sprawling insectile legs, their cilia quivering with every draft of air in the chamber. Surmounting the obelisk is a singular crimson eye flanked by a flaring cobra's hood of metallic grey scales. Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

SHUB-NIGGURATH

1. A huge, writhing, leech-like monstrosity, its purple-black hide riddled with screaming, hissing, drooling, fang-lined maws. Roll against **Sanity** (1d4/1d8).

2. A massive, gelatinous, tree-like form of diseased, tentacle-like branches straining skyward and a steaming, bloated trunk venting foul gasses. Cysts along the trunk continually gurgle and rupture, burbling out a milky pus that runs in acidic rivulets along the thing's sides, etching its epidermis in scars. Roll against **Sanity** (1d6/1d10).

3. A humanoid form roughly in the shape of a grotesquely bloated woman, heavily pregnant, with the head of what appears to be a she-goat crossed with a spider. The figure squats atop a pillar of worms, disgorging an endless stream of abominable offspring. Roll



against **Sanity** (1d6/1d10).

4. A writhing body of suckling things, clawing over one another en masse to attach themselves to something that remains concealed, completely cloaked by the vascular-membraned, bat-winged things clamoring for succor. Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

If photographed, the icons develop as indistinct blurs. Their vibratory rate cannot be captured by terrestrial photographic equipment.

The entire chamber suggests alien motives and expressions profoundly at odds with human psychology and experience. It is a glimpse into the Mi-Go's true ethos that eats into the human psyche like a cancerous tumor.

TRAVELERS' ROOM

This chamber contains a trio of empty canisters. These metallic containers resemble a seamlessly sealed paint can with several odd electro-mechanical sockets set in a triangular formation on one section of the exterior. The canisters sit on a built-in shelf along one wall.

Along with the curious canisters, a large device with a central bladder, hoses and clamps, and various slime-coated implements occupy another section of the room. A smaller device in the room has an assortment of lenses, wires, speakers and microphones.

This chamber is where the Mi-Go stockpile inhabitants from other worlds, brains that they've removed from their original biological forms and placed in curious metal canisters to fly those minds through the cosmic void to remote stellar destinations. As this particular Mi-Go outpost has been essentially offline for a few centuries, the so-called Travelers' Room was cleared out of active brains awaiting

transport, except for one. By accident or design, the canister containing the brain of Wampeymuskana the Algonquin was left behind, to be discovered centuries later by Professor Case.

These empty canisters are Mi-Go brain canisters. Closer examination of the small pile of cylinders discovers a fourth canister behind the other three, its lid top prized off. A thick, fluorescent yellow residue clings to the interior of the container like gobs of thick chicken gravy. Unlike the three sealed canisters, this open canister has a file tab glued to its front. In a neat script (Professor Case's handwriting), the tab reads, simply, "Wampeymuskana."

The Mi-Go dispatched to deal with the Hockomock lab situation have had enough of the loquacious Algonquin and summarily discarded his brain. His grey matter now feeds crayfish and slugs at the bottom of a nearby bog.

The large device is partly mechanical and partly biological, the machine used to service the brain canisters, topping off essential fluids, draining spent materials, and maintaining the freshness of the brain within. The machine can also, with a skilled operator, unseal a brain canister and extract its contents, or insert a living brain, properly sealing the canister for interstellar travel. Unskilled manipulation of this device is dangerous: on a failed **Luck** roll, the would-be operator is sliced by a powerful cutting tool, injected by a syringe full of mystery fluid, or similar misfortune. Damage can be a straight 1d8 points, or something more ghastly depending on a failed **CON** roll and the diseased whimsy of the Keeper.

The smaller device in the chamber allows a brain within a canister limited intercourse with the outside world. A successful **Electrical Repair** roll or Hard **INT** roll puzzles out the assemblage of lenses, microphones, speakers, and connective wires, allowing the device to



be connected to the sockets on an individual brain canister. While connected, a canister-encapsulated brain can see and hear the outside world, as well as speak in a synthesized drone.

The investigators are not alone with the machinery in this chamber. In one shadowy corner slumps Professor Emmett Case, leaning against the wall as if for support. He greets newcomers civilly in a haggard, whispery voice. An investigator making a successful **Listen** roll will notice a buzzing, droning undercurrent to his speech, as if he speaks through a tube filmed over on one end with wax paper.

PROFESSOR CASE'S STORY

- The professor says he happened upon this mysterious facility purely by chance about a year ago. It proves to him that the Wampanoag Indians are the descendants of a greater, much more technologically advanced human society that vanished eons ago.
- Professor Case found a strange metallic canister within the facility, and soon figured out how to hook it up to a curious mechanical apparatus, apparently designed for just that purpose. He was shocked to discover that within the canister was imprisoned a human brain, which “came to life” when he reanimated it via the lab’s machinery. The brain in the canister revealed itself as an ancient Wampanoag mind that called itself “Wampeymuskana.” Wampeymuskana was eager to share episodes of its long-ago mortal life with the professor, which Case has used as the basis of his most recent journal articles. Along with listening to the narrative of his new friend, Professor Case continued to study and

unlock the secrets of this miraculous, hidden place.

- Unfortunately, warns the professor, the facility is tainted with radioactivity or some other mysterious and harmful energy. Since his unsealing of the facility, this energy has begun influencing the flora and fauna in the area (perhaps the investigators have seen evidence for themselves). This energy has ravaged the professor’s own body past the point of no return; he warns the investigators to stand well clear of him, since he may now be a contaminating agent. He dares not return to society, and refuses medical treatment, as that would risk spreading contamination. Should anyone comment on the odd quality of the professor’s voice, he attributes this to the ravages of the mysterious energy on his vocal cords.

- The professor also claims that the harmful energy gradually infected Wampeymuskana, who has succumbed and is no more. Professor Case says that he buried the Indian’s scant remains in the Hockomock, so he could be with his ancestors.

- Professor Case says that he has rigged the facility to self-destruct, imploding the whole place down into the swamp, burying “secrets too harmful for modern humanity to explore.” The investigators should leave, immediately, and vow never to reveal what they have learned about this place. The academician says he’ll wait until his visitors are safely away before triggering the self-destruct sequence.

THE REAL STORY

The professor lies. In fact, the “professor” is not really the professor at all, but a Mi-Go wearing the professor’s epidermis like an obscene Halloween costume. Investigators attempting a **Psychology** roll on the professor cannot get a read on him, which may be telling in itself. If the investigators accept the professor’s story at face value and simply make to leave, all will

be well for them—or would have, if not for Dean Albert Babcock.

HERE COMES THE DEAN

The Mi-Go's hapless thrall has been alerted to the presence of the investigators at the hidden lab. Dean Babcock intends to silence those who have learned of the Mi-Go facility's existence. He appears in the lab, coming up from behind the investigators, armed with a readied pistol. When he sees what has become of his old friend Emmett Case (he realizes what the Mi-Go have done, even if the investigators at this point do not), this further enrages the addled academic, who vows to eliminate everyone at the site, including his would-be 'masters,' the Mi-Go. Perhaps an unrealistic goal, but the man is beyond sane thinking.

Nearing the point of nervous collapse, Dean Babcock apologizes for what he must do to ensure that the secret of this facility never leaves the Hockomock. All present must be silenced. Any investigators succeeding on a Psychoanalysis or Psychology roll will realize that Babcock is under tremendous mental strain. It's as if his mind and body are programmed on a set course of action, while another part of him is horrified bystander. "And that goes for you, too!" the man shouts at the form of Professor Case, waving his gun about. "I'll not be slave to your kind any longer!"

For its part, "Professor Case" orders Dean Babcock to cease and desist. It is not a normal human voice but a terrible, buzzing drone, causing a Roll against **Sanity** (0/1). Any investigators making a successful **INT** roll immediately realizes that Professor Case may not be Professor Case at all. This dreadful awareness is confirmed when the "professor" snaps his head in Babcock's direction, and part of Case's face slips and sloughs downward like

a fleshy, poorly fit mask.

All descends into madness as:

- Dean Babcock short-circuits his mental programming. Shrieking in pain and confusion, Babcock selects targets at random and begins firing.
- The Mi-Go masquerading as Professor Case sheds its gruesome human disguise, revealing itself in all its alien horror, Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6). The monster's first action is to neutralize anyone with a drawn weapon or acting aggressively, particularly (but not limited to) Dean Albert Babcock.
- A second Mi-Go (or more at the Keeper's discretion) appears at the lab to help subdue human combatants and prevent any humans from escaping the scene.
- The Mi-Go have no further use for Albert Babcock and summarily kill the man if they can.
- Any investigators who attack the Mi-Go are themselves attacked but not necessarily killed outright. Any investigators who attempt to flee are chased by the Mi-Go with the goal of capture and return back to the lab. Any investigators who cower or submit are, for the moment, left alone by the aliens, who attempt to neutralize or capture more aggressive human specimens.

A DEVIL'S BARGAIN

After a frantic melee, possible flight, and likely capture, the Mi-Go offer surviving humans a deal:

- If the humans are willing to work with them, the Mi-Go promise not to kill them outright. The Mi-Go claim they are simply benign visitors to this planet, that they try to stay out of human affairs, and that discovery of this facility was an unfortunate misunderstanding.

- If the investigators simply submit to a painless surgical procedure, the Mi-Go will let them go. The surgery, they claim, will allow the Mi-Go to implant a small device within each investigator, enabling the aliens to discreetly contact their human allies at point of need.

- The device will also subtly work with the host body's anatomy and physiology, they claim, to gradually prepare the recipient for interstellar travel, should the host graduate to that level of cooperation with the Mi-Go.

More lies. The surgery is not painless, and enables the Mi-Go to track and contact humans who submit to the invasive procedure. The surgery also erases the short-term memory of recipients. The entire Hockomock episode, awareness of the secret facility, and awareness of the aliens is removed from their conscious memories. Those so altered will find themselves back in their homes and places of business, unaware that they were ever contacted about the mystery of the missing Professor Case. They'll perhaps become aware that there are several days in their recent history that are a complete blank. These altered humans will be tracked, monitored, and interfered with by the aliens for the rest of their lives. This may lead to further adventures where the investigators begin to piece together the mystery of those missing days on their calendar.

If any investigators refuse the surgery, the Mi-Go attempt to summarily kill the recalcitrant. If the investigators prove too much of a match for the Mi-Go, the aliens attempt retreat. If the Mi-Go escape, investigators may become embroiled in an ongoing, covert struggle with the aliens and their human agents.

FUTURE HOOKS

- What story will the investigators tell President Mitchell Gage of Haynes College? How will the president and the college respond

to their reports?

- Do the investigators have a lifelong friend in Thomas Kidd? Or has something unfortunate happened to Thomas along the way, necessitating an awkward explanation to his family?

- What of the Mi-Go? Do they simply let the investigators live happily ever after, now that their secret laboratory in the Hockomock has been discovered? If the Mi-Go do interfere in the investigators' lives, what might that be like?

- The investigators have some experience now of the weird doings in the Hockomock. Do they brave its murky confines in search of further mysteries?

SANITY AWARDS

- **Each Mi-Go defeated by the investigators: 1d6 Sanity Points.**

- **Exposing and dealing with Mi-Go agent Dean Albert Babcock in a humane fashion nets 1d4 Sanity Points; however, summarily executing the man results in a loss of 1d4 Sanity Points.**

- **Escaping the Mi-Go laboratory unaltered: 1d4 Sanity Points**

- **Destroying the Mi-Go laboratory: 1d6 Sanity Points**

- **Each investigator gains 2 Cthulhu Mythos points**

NPCS

Mi-Go

Interstellar scientists, clandestine meddlers

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	HP
50	50	50	65	70	65	10

Average Damage Bonus: 0
Average Magic Points: 13

Average Build: 0
Attacks per round: 2

Average Build: 7/3, flying

Fighting Attacks: may use crab-like claw pincers for hand-to-hand battle.

Seize (maneuver): may attempt to grab an opponent of equal Build score or lower, flying them into the sky and then dropping the victim from a height, or else flying so high that the victim expires from lack of oxygen.

Fighting: 45% (22/9), 1d6 + db

Dodge: 35% (17/7)

Seize: (maneuver) can carry away beings of equal or lesser Build.

Armor: Due to their interstellar, extradimensional bodily composition, all piercing weapons (including firearms) do minimum listed damage.

Sanity Loss: 1/1d6 Sanity points lost to see a Mi-Go.

For more information on the Mi-Go, see the Call of Cthulhu 7th edition Keeper Rulebook, page 301.

Dean Albert Babcock

Ph.D., 64, Mi-Go Thrall

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
45	50	60	50	75	40	40	80	30	11

Damage Bonus: 0

Build: 0

Magic Points: 12

Move: 6

Fighting (Brawl): 25% (12/5), damage 1d3

Dodge: 25% (12/5)

.38 Revolver: 35% (17/7), damage 1d10

Armor: none.

Skills: Credit Rating 50%, History 65%, Library Use 50%, Other Language – French 45%, Other Language – Latin 70%, Own Language – English 80%, Persuade 50%, Psychology 45%, Stealth 50%

Frank Swinton

20, Frustrated History Student

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
65	55	55	65	65	65	55	65	70	11

Damage Bonus: 0

Build: 0

Move: 9

Fighting (Brawl): 35% (17/7), damage 1d3

Dodge: 32% (16/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting 35%, Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 40%, Credit Rating 10%, Library Use 40%, Listen 60%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Own Language – English 65%, Photography 30%

Thomas Kidd

20, Paranoid Archaeology Student

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
60	60	70	60	60	55	40	60	40	12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Build: 1

Magic Points: 8

Move: 7

Fighting (Brawl): 40% (20/8), damage 1d3 + db

Dodge: 30% (15/6)

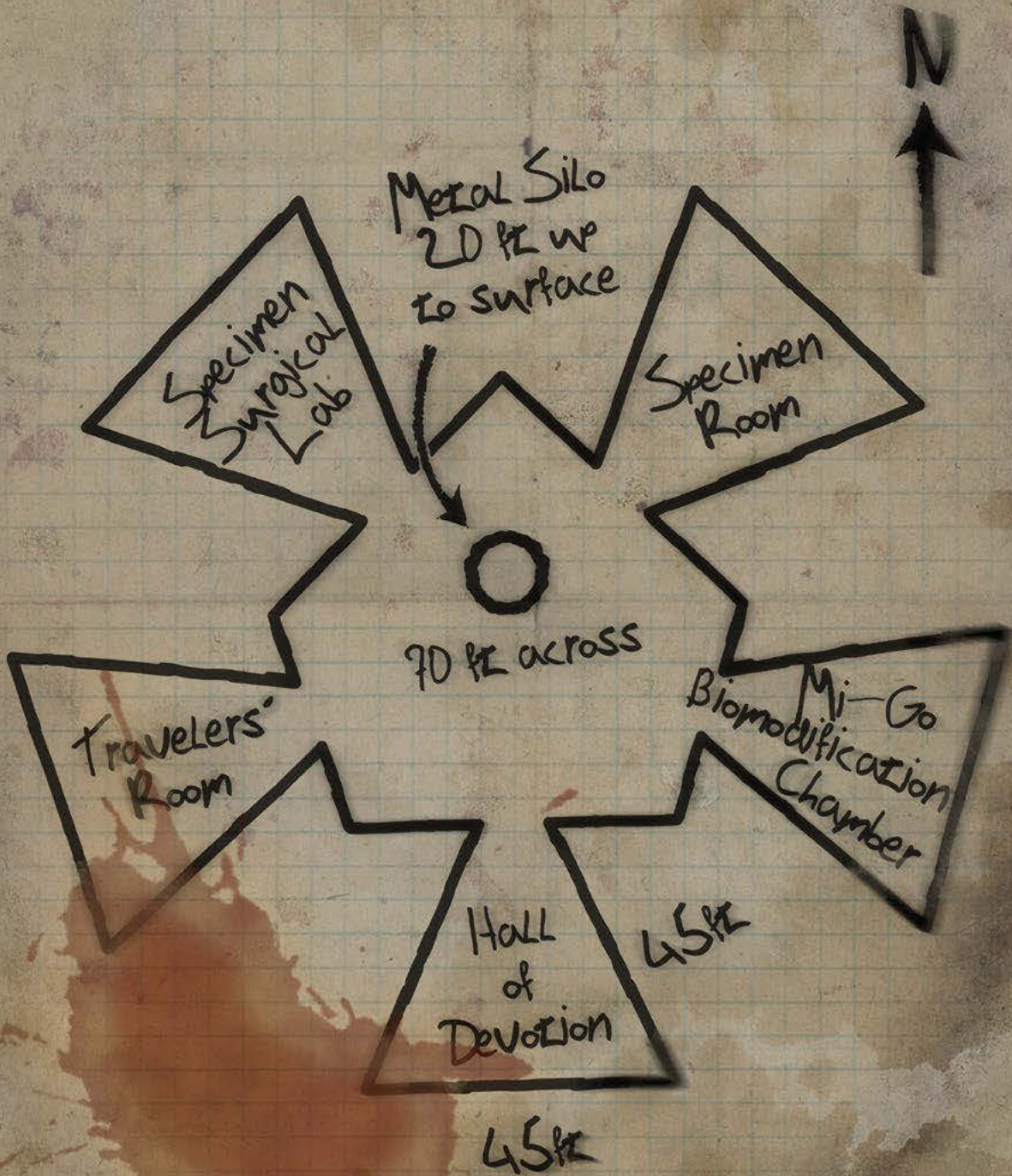
Small Knife: 30% (15/6), damage 1d4 + db

Armor: none.

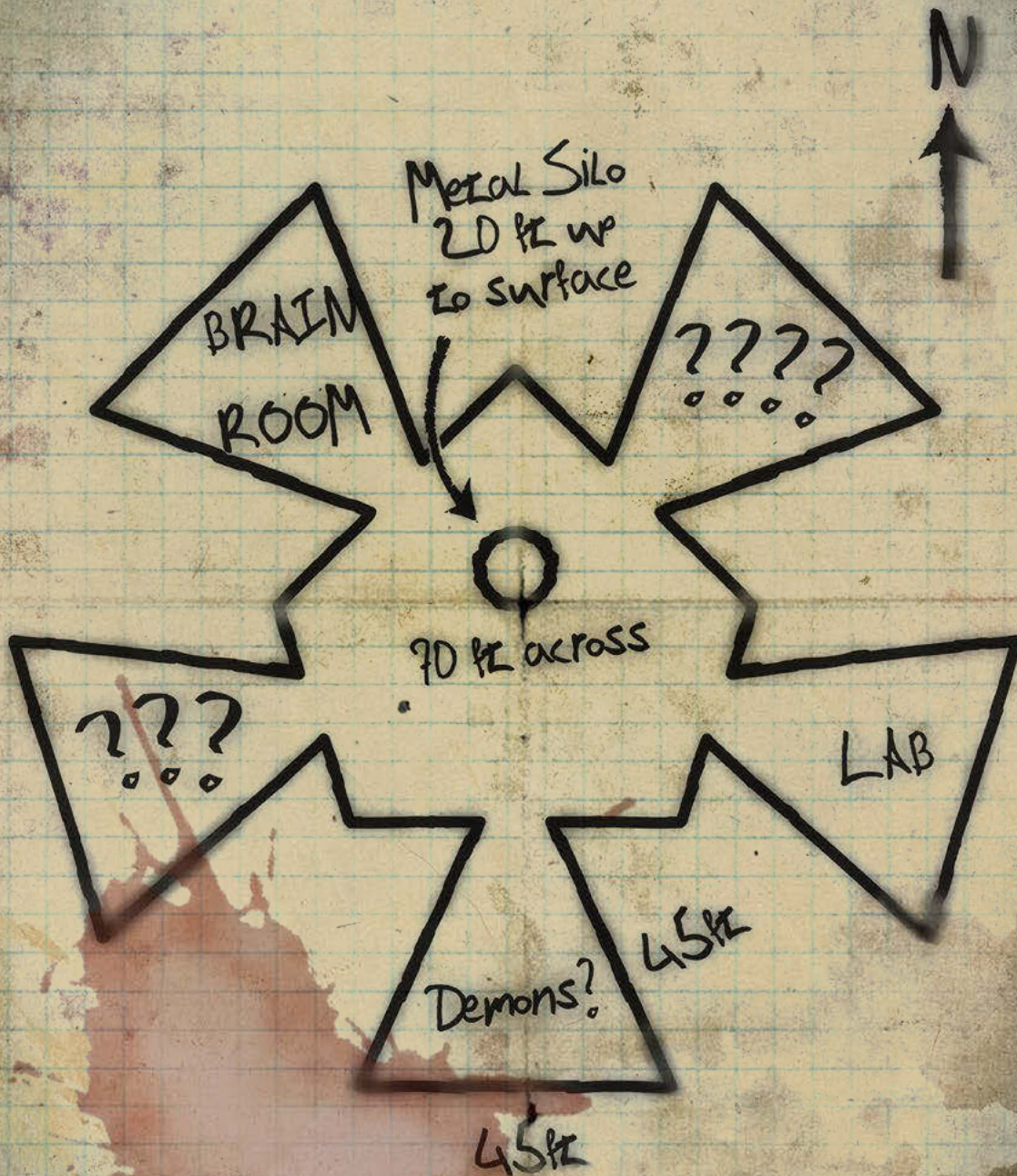
Skills: Anthropology 40%, Archaeology 40%, Credit Rating 07%, History 40%, Library Use 35%, Listen 70%, Natural World 50%, Own Language – English 60%, Survival 30%



KEEPER MAP



HANDOUTS



H4-1

The Journal of Dr. Emmett Case

I've released Frank and Thomas (abandoned them, if I'm being fully truthful) in light of this amazing discovery. While their minds are youthful and more adaptable than many calcified intellects in academia, for their own protection I must keep all this secret, for now. They'll not understand, but so be it. I've relocated my campsite to be closer to the Lab (for that's what I've taken to calling it), with Thomas helping me in this task while none the wiser.

++++
My old studies in the Algonquin language are paying off in unexpected dividends. Or perhaps it is the machinery that somehow helps to translate between minds. We are able to communicate meaningfully; what a breakthrough! Now I

only go to town and campus for necessities. Thank goodness the summer has arrived: more time for field work without the distractions of a teaching schedule and committee obligations.
++++

My cerebral friend provided me with further details on the raid that took the lives of four colonists, including two children. As the flames consumed the homestead and those within, the screams of the immolated etched themselves on the spirits of the raiders. Still, he asserts, it was just revenge for the killing of three of their own people just days before. I will try and locate the remains of the homestead; perhaps some artifacts yet remain. My friend could speak more, and has many questions about our time as opposed to his own, but my hand grows cramped and I am tired. Will sever contact now, despite his protestations.

pg. 2

H4-2 p1

H4-2 p2

He finally recalls his earthly name: Wampeymuskana. The Others called him by a different name for so long that his tribal name was nearly forgotten. Poor devil! For all that he has seen, and learned, and dreamed over the centuries, his state is not natural. The passages of long years is as nothing to him. He recalls some minor occurrences of his earthly life with amazing clarity, yet other facts, important ones like his old name, are difficult for him to recall. I privately wonder if his mind is decaying in that thing, physically and chemically eroding over time as surely as wind and rain efface etchings on granite. If so, I must pull from Wampeymuskana as much as possible while time affords us this amazing opportunity.

+++++

My latest article submissions have met with censure by the peer-review board. Blinkered fools! Can they not see that

pg. 3

these contributions are invaluable primary source accounts of greatest historical and anthropological importance? Wampeymuskana's accounts again and again prove accurate in my follow-on researches. But, frustrated as I am, how can I truly blame them? I have unearthed a veritable trove of evidence that shatters all we know of human sciences, human history, the human experience. Wampeymuskana's accounts are just the beginning. This entire place is a marvel. In time, I'll reveal it all to academia and hence, the world. But, not too soon. Too much, too fast, and the world will combust with the import of such revelations.

+++++

Wampeymuskana is worried. He says all our work in the Lab—activating the long-dormant machinery as I have been able—

has alerted the Others. How he would actually know this is

pg. 4

beyond me. Has he become paranoid, unbalanced? Given his state, it would not surprise me. Then again, so much of the Lab is beyond my comprehension. Why would the Others simply abandon such marvels? Why leave Wampeymuskana behind? It was only by sheer dumb luck that my explorations in the Hockomock led me to this place. I study the machinery as best I can, despite Wampeymuskana's protests and my own bafflement at their true functions. Some of them seem almost organic! Perhaps I should not tamper with them, perhaps Wampeymuskana is right, but science must not be denied these new vistas of knowledge! Wampeymuskana's Others have not been here in centuries. They are probably long gone, moved to "other heavens" as Wampeymuskana so quaintly puts it. They'll surely not return.

+++++

pg. 5

Strange lights last night over the swamp, in the direction of the Lab. Did not venture out so late, as the Hockomock can be dangerous after dark. Full daylight now. Must go check on the Lab, see if I can determine the source of those multi-colored lights.

+++++

pg. 6

CHAPTER 5
HOCKOMOCK
HOUNDS



WRITTEN BY BEN BURNS

INTRODUCTION

“Huge Hounds Haunt Hockomock” is the latest headline in the Bridgewater Weekly newspaper. Dr. Nichols of the Bridgewater Preservation Society has called on his regular members to investigate and squelch these rumors before they are blown out of proportion.

KEEPER'S SECRET

Professor Ingram, a professor at Haynes College, found a strange shard on the edge of the Hockomock. Made of black obsidian, the shard is 12 inches long and etched with strange symbols.

One evening, while tracing the symbols on the shard, he had an irresistible urge to travel into the Hockomock Swamp. There, he again traced the lines and a 12-foot replica of the shard, including the same strange symbols, grew out of the ground. He could not resist the urge to trace the lines on the new obelisk, but nothing happened.

Ingram returned often, studying the symbols, trying to understand them. He even went to Miskatonic Library to do some research, but nothing seemed to draw out the magic he sought. One evening while hiking out to the obelisk, he slipped and fell, cutting his hand. Unbeknown to the professor, several of his students had followed him out on this hike into the swamp; they easily followed his trail of blood to the obelisk.

There, the students observed him place his bloodied hand upon the obelisk. The obelisk came alive, absorbing the blood and wanting more. As the professor completed the symbol on the lower portion of the obelisk, a transformation overtook him. His skin blackened, his bones snapped and reformed, his muscles twisted. In moments, in the

professor's place stood a huge hound made of pure obsidian. Standing 4 to 5 feet at the shoulder, the hound's eyes, tongue, and sharp fangs were all black as midnight, but its eyes glowed red.

One of the students screamed and they ran, but the hound was on them in a heartbeat. The hound knocked the strongest and fastest to the ground, pinning him under its enormous weight. Before the hound could inflict its worst, however, it hesitated and seemed to recognize the student—some portion of the professor was still in there. The hound turned and fled deep into the swamp.

The next day, the professor, human again, confronted the students. While the power of the hound had thrilled him, he needed more experiments, and subjects to complete them. While the hound had scared them, most were willing to join his club; only one of the young women thought it was blasphemous to God and too dangerous. The cult began to meet weekly. The professor shared his findings to that point and began to take them out to the obelisk. He ran test after test. People began to notice the large black hounds running around in the Hockomock.

Professor Ingram is currently running tests on the effects of changing into the hound and back again on his students. He also very close to discovering the purpose of the second set of runes and is working up the nerve to use it. He still isn't sure of the purpose of the top set of runes, but is continuing his research. For this phase of the experiment, he has a student change into a hound and go steal a chicken. The next night, they butcher the chicken for its blood and cook up the chicken afterwards in celebration.

THE OBELISK

LOWER RUNES - THE HOUND

Whoever places blood onto the lower portion of the obelisk is not actually transformed into a hound; it is best described as a battle suit with its own AI. Anyone who is placed into one will use the stats of the hound and not their own. They have a display that shows everything in front of them, with infra-vision, low light imaging, and even x-ray vision. This allows them to see perfectly in the dark and through obstructions such as trees and thick brush, and to identify potential threats and targets. If any investigator activates this part of the obelisk, read them the following:

Your body is twisted and contorted into a shape it was never naturally meant to form. Your vision becomes tinted with red. Shapes of trees, insects, animals, other people, and objects you can't identify fill the screen. Concentrating on a shape zooms in close, revealing internal organs and information such as heart rate and temperature. In addition, numbers appear for different vital areas of the body: the neck, the chest, the head, and more. Zooming out lays out a full attack plan targeting everything within 50 feet, as well as the percentage of success.

The suits were not designed for humans, so the interface works only partially. While someone inside can control the direction they are running, the hound will attack anything it sees as a threat or deemed a target by the controller. The controller can stop an attack; otherwise, the hound will go for the kill. It does meld with the user's mind, so the information on the display is in the native language of the user.

If the suit is reduced to zero hit points, it collapses and disappears, leaving the controller unharmed except for the sanity and magic loss. The controller will lose 1d6 Magic Points and 1d6 Sanity Points when they come out of the suit.

MIDDLE RUNES - DIMENSIONS AS ONE

Anyone who places blood upon the middle portion of the obelisk will be shown all the dimensions at one time. Anyone touching the person who activated this spell will also see the universe in all its dimensions. Read the following to anyone who does this.

The blackness of space surrounds you. Stars climb and play along your hands as you move through the cosmos. Stars pass through your eyes and you see the uncountable races of the universe. Time loses all meaning as you watch entire species crawl out of the mud, flourish into civilization, and die off to plague, war, famine, and enslavement in a matter of moments.

A large creature with tentacles awakes from its underwater lair and rules over Earth, worshipped and feared simultaneously. Humans are dissected, screaming, and their brains placed in canisters. Men plot in secret darkened rooms to summon these creatures.

Non-Euclidean planes of existence are revealed, and spaces that exist in only one, or two dimensions, or four or more. Time is revealed as a man-made sham as realities soar by with no time or time that runs at rates far different than on Earth.

Finally, you find yourself in a vast black plain broken only by the obelisk surrounded by pillars. The name Dilaton reverberates in a chant through your now-fractured mind. Strange men with faces and eyes that constantly morph with the dimensions of the realm encircle the obelisk. They appear to be guiding the images you see. They turn to face you, their full faces offered for your view. The dimensions push in as the men fade from your view. Darkness overcomes you as you collapse.

Whoever invoked the spell, or whoever was touching them when they did, will lose 1d10 Magic Points and 1d20+4 Sanity points. They must fail an **Idea** check or go temporarily insane. They will gain Cthulhu Mythos points equal to their Sanity loss.

TOP RUNES -- TRAVEL TO DILATON'S REALM

When blood is placed on the rune carvings in the top portion of the obelisk, and if the key is within 50 yards, then everyone within 50 yards of the obelisk will be transported to Dilaton's realm. Read the following.

As the blood fills in the lines of the obelisk, a screeching noise, as if someone were scraping a claw across a chalkboard, fills the air. Everyone in the clearing pitches to the ground, overwhelmed with nausea. The ground swirls like water going down a drain. The swamp opens into a churning mass, and you empty your stomachs onto the ground as the ground empties you into the abyss.



Everyone affected by this will lose 4 Magic Points and 1d6 Sanity points. Go to the Dilaton's Realm section at the end of this scenario.

The obelisk cannot be destroyed or damaged.

FRANKLIN L. BRADLEE LIBRARY

You enter the library at the small college in anticipation. Dr. Nichols had been quite insistent that you come right away. You cancelled your plans for the evening to rush over. The smell of old books and dusty tomes encircle you as you stride past the entrance hall and into the main foyer. For such a small college, the collection is quite impressive. A locked metal cage door stood open to your left, which you knew led to the Special Collection section of the library and its more sensational materials.

Dr. Nichols, the head of the Bridgewater Preservation Society, looks rather giddy for someone in his 60s. He is holding the latest copy of the Bridgewater Weekly. How that rag has stayed in print with all its sensationalist stories is beyond you. But you must admit, it is always fascinating to read, even if 90% of it is fiction.

Before you even get a chance to sit at your group's normal table for a meeting, Edwin jumped right in, throwing the paper on the table. "We have a hot one, team." The paper landed on the table and unfolded, revealing the headline: "Huge Hounds Haunt Hockomock."

The investigators are presented a newspaper article that describes the large hounds. The article lists the farmer who reported the nightly theft of chickens from his farm. Dr. Nichols says he has heard of huge hounds being in the Hockomock before, but not for many years.

Provide players with Handout H5-1.

If the investigators do some research looking for stories of big hounds in the Hockomock, a successful **Library Use** roll will find stories dating from 1915, 1904, 1892, 1880, and 1868. That is as far back as the library's newspaper records go. The first success will provide the story from 1915, the second from 1904, the next from 1892, etc. If the investigators notice that the pattern is an incident every 12 years (11 years and 10 months, to be exact), allow them to use a bonus die for the next roll. If they pick the right month for the story, then they automatically succeed.

Provide players with Handout H5-2 through Handout H5-6 for each successful attempt.

The dates coincide with Jupiter's orbit around the Sun. Every 11.86 years, Dilaton's followers allow the small shard of the Obelisk to be found, to spread the word of Dilaton. Only when Jupiter is at its Zenith, every dozen years, is this possible.

A quick synopsis of the articles:

- 1915 – No deaths involved, the hound just disappeared. Sarah Smith witnessed the hound. She was committed to Danvers State Hospital.
- 1904 – Multiple deaths involved. The owner of the shard became homicidal and went on a killing spree, and the hound disappeared.
- 1892 – One death, a small child. After that, the hound disappeared. This was an accident; the controller had not noticed the child until it was too late. He was so overcome with guilt, he killed himself on top of the obelisk, activating the top runes.

- 1880 – No deaths involved, the hound disappeared.
- 1868 – The hound came into the small town and killed one man and was seen a few more times but disappeared soon afterwards. The victim had killed three of the controller's dogs. In all cases, the hounds disappeared because the controller eventually used the top runes and went to Dilaton's realm.

If the investigators search for Dilaton and pass a Hard **Library Use** roll, they will find a single reference on Dilaton. This is a very obscure reference that they will not find unless they search specifically for those things.

Provide players with Handout H5-7.

DANVERS STATE HOSPITAL

Danvers State Hospital is 60 miles north of Bridgewater. The hospital complex sits on Hathorne Hill and is famous for the Gothic architecture of its main building. It has a great reputation, though it has become overcrowded in recent years and suffers from lack of funds.

Visiting Sarah Smith is easy as she has no restrictions placed on her. They would discharge her, but she currently doesn't have a doctor to sign her out, her husband who had her committed 12 years ago is missing, and she doesn't really want to leave. She is elderly, in her early to mid-60s, but still gets around and communicates without any issues. She has made friends here, and has no family left alive. She will gladly tell her story.

“It was winter time, in 1915, and I was behind the house hanging laundry, when this big black dog, bigger than me, came running up, it growled at me and then tore back into the woods. When I told my husband, he called Danvers. A doctor came to see me and told me it was just a hallucination. When it happened the next day, my husband signed some papers



and they brought me here. Damn bastard never even came to visit.”

“I heard he disappeared and the farm was repo’d by the bank. I got no place else to go. Here I get clean sheets, clothes, food, a place to sleep and don’t have to do any housework. Why the hell would I want to leave?” Sarah finished.

Keeper Note: Sarah’s husband Joe wanted to get rid of her, so became the dog and ran into the yard to get her committed, but then went insane and travelled to Dilaton’s realm soon after Sarah was committed.

THE JENKINS FARM - DAY

The Jenkins farm is on the outskirts of the Hockomock, not far from Bridgewater. The single-story farmhouse is rather small compared to other farms along the road, but it is kept up well. The sounds of a hammer echo from around the side of the house.

(Area 5-1) Mr. Jenkins is working at the side of the house, building a stronger chicken coop that he hopes will keep the hound from taking his chickens. He can tell the investigators that the hound always comes at night. He has seen only one. The last time he saw it, last night, he shot it with his shotgun; the hound fled, but he never found any blood and it didn’t look like he had hurt it at all.

THE SWAMP

The swamp starts out on firm ground but quickly becomes marshy and soft. The sponginess of the ground keeps it from holding tracks and soon you find yourself second guessing your attempts to track this creature.

The deeper you go, the more bogs, quagmires, and quicksand you find. Terrors begin to encroach on you. Finally, the tracks end at the edge of a shallow pond and you are forced to wade through the reeds to continue.

If the investigators attempt to **Track** the hounds during the daytime, they can get only so far into the swamp before losing the tracks. A critical success on a **Track** skill will allow them to follow the tracks all the way back to the obelisk. But first they must get by this bog.

When an investigator looks closely at the bog to see how deep it is, read the following.

As you peer deep into the waters of the swamp, a face streaked with war paint rises from the depths. A hand stretches out in a sign of friendship. A voice whispers, “Join us.” You involuntarily reach out your hand and begin to lower it toward the water.

The investigator seeing the image must pass a **POW** roll or fall into the swamp, where they will be taken by the Wampanoag spirit and dragged into the depths to be drowned. If the other investigators don’t stop the victim from falling in, they must pass a **STR** resistance versus the spirit’s **STR** of 90 to pull the victim back up. Failure means the investigator in question is underwater and must begin rolling for drowning. A critical failure means the would-be rescuers have completely lost their grip, and the victim will be dragged to the bottom of the lake, over 30 feet down.

After the investigators have finished with this encounter, they must figure a way across the 25-foot-wide bog or find a way around, which will take over 20 minutes.

For every hour spent in the swamp, roll for a random encounter on the Swamp Random Encounter Chart.

THE JENKINS FARM - FIRST NIGHT

You wait in the dark, a mist covering the fall evening, making it difficult to see past the first few trees into the swamp. It was only a dozen yards or so from the back of the farmer's land to the swamp. Crickets chirp and mosquitos buzz around you.

Mr. Jenkins had moved all but one of his chickens into a temporary pen at the front of his house, leaving one in a very sturdy-looking coop where the hound had previously attacked.

You start to become complacent, thinking maybe this farmer is a couple bales short of full barn, when you realize that the crickets aren't chirping anymore. Your senses snap back to full awareness as you hear a crashing coming from the swamp. Whatever it is, it's coming fast.

You barely catch a glint of red, glowing eyes before something breaks through the trees, leaping 10 feet into the air to land half way between the woods and the fence.

It is huge, standing 5 to 6 feet at the shoulder and nearly 9 feet long. The black skin looks wet and smooth, not like fur at all; everything about this creature, from its stance to its baleful glare, is unnatural.

(Area 5-1) Everyone who sees the hound must Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

If the investigators wait until nightfall and stake out the chicken coop, the hound will show up. If the investigators attempt to shoot at it, the hound will still smash the reinforced chicken coop and flee back into the swamp, the chicken clutched in its jaws.

If the investigators are not arguing with each other, have them make a Hard Listen roll. On a success, they hear cheering coming from the swamp, north and west of the farm. The cheering dies away quickly, though, before they can pinpoint an exact location.

If they try to go into the swamp and **Track** the hound, or head toward where the cheering came from, refer to The Swamp above. If it is their second time into the swamp, use a random encounter other than the spirit bog and roll every 10 minutes for a random encounter at night.

If the investigators suggest building a trap for the next night, Mr. Jenkins will think that is a great idea. A successful Idea roll will give them the idea if they don't come up with it on their own; for particularly hapless investigators, have Mr. Jenkins say he is going to build a trap to catch the hound.



THE JENKINS FARM - SECOND NIGHT

With the trap set, you settle in for the second night of the stakeout. The moon is behind the clouds tonight, making it very difficult to see. The bait chicken sits in a normal coop at the center of the trap. The rest are hidden away in the barn.

It isn't long before you see the red eyes loping in toward the house. The hound springs into the yard but slows just short of the trap, as if sensing something amiss. The hesitancy passes, however, and the hound slowly steps forward into the trap area.

(Area 5-1) All investigators will need to make a new Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6). Remember, the combination of sanity loss from seeing it before and now cannot exceed 6.

As the trap is sprung, the hound will go crazy trying to free itself. It is in full **Dodge** mode to avoid any shots taken at it. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll will reveal that this hound doesn't look the same as the one from the previous night.

Allow a round for the investigators to do what they want, then read the following.

A young woman of perhaps 19 or 20 years of age runs between you and the hound—you barely avert your guns in time before shooting her.

“Don't hurt him, he doesn't mean you any harm!” she screams, holding her hands out, her back to the hound.

The hound frees itself from the trap and bolts for the woods.

The Keeper will have to improvise a bit as to how the hound escapes the trap. If it is a net or bear-type trap, then the hound can tear or shatter the trap with its teeth. If it is a pit, the hound will simply leap out, even up to 20 feet, the deepest a pit can be dug before the swamp's groundwater begins to flood it. The hound will sense any trap involving dynamite and not go near it.

The young lady is Lucy, the student who refused to join the professor's cult. She has been keeping an eye on the other students ever since. This hound is her boyfriend, Jack, who had been transformed once before and told her that he was going to undergo the process again. Her attempts to talk him out of it fell on deaf ears.

Lucy will tell the investigators what she knows and lead them to the obelisk. She wants to help the investigators stop the professor, so Jack will be free of this abomination.

“It started that night we followed Professor Ingram. He found this thing, like an obelisk, in the swamp. It's big, really big, over 10 feet tall. It's in three sections, and we saw him put blood on the bottom part and it turned him into this hound thing. Jack says it's more like a suit, like a suit of armor.

He attacked us, but then stopped and changed back. He convinced our whole Biology class to participate in his study except for me. He made me drop the class. He told me if I didn't participate he'd flunk me. It's witchcraft, I tell you, nothing like I've ever seen.

If you want, I can take you to the obelisk.”

Lucy will answer any questions she can, but she hasn't been attending class, so she knows nothing of Dilaton, or anything beyond what she has already said.

THE OBELISK

Lucy can lead them to the obelisk, but by the time the investigators arrive the professor and students have left.

You break into the clearing and a tall black obsidian stone stretches toward the sky, easily dwarfing you. Runes carved into the stone form odd angles that point up toward the uppermost tip of the obelisk.

The runes call to you to trace the stone, to feed it what it needs. It seems to move and pulse as if alive.

(Area 5-2) Everyone seeing the obelisk for the first time must Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d3).

After the initial shock, the investigators are free to examine the obelisk. Lucy can tell them that blood is required to activate the spells, and that without the key there is no way to reverse the transformation.

If an investigator activates one of the three spells on the obelisk, refer to the Obelisk section on page 118.

Lucy can explain that after each transformation, the professor and the other students travel back to the college and meet in the science building to discuss the experience. As far as she knows, they have not tried casting the second spell yet.



THE SCIENCE BUILDING

Several cars are parked out in front of this plain-looking building, the engines still warm. Down the dimly lit hall, there are several closed doors, but one about 100 feet down is open, and you can hear voices coming from inside.

Lucy whispers, "That's Professor Ingram's classroom."

Several students who are 19 to 20 sit around the room, talking. One of them slips a black stone about a foot long into his jacket. At the front of the room, there is a chalkboard with writing on it.

In an investigator looks at the chalkboard, provide them with Handout 5-8. An investigator that passes a **Science (Physics)** roll can tell that the formula and descriptions on the chalkboard refer to different dimensions with alternate timestreams, and even some dimensions having negative time.

If the investigators confront the students in the science building, the students will confess and confirm that they have been stealing the chickens. They will say that the professor made them do it, and have decided that, while it was fun at first, they were having too many nightmares, their grades were slipping, and they were starting to lose their grip on reality.

If asked, the student will give up the shard and show the investigators how to use it to dispel the hound spell, returning a hound to its human form. They will also say that the professor was going to meet them here, that he had something he had to do first.

If the investigators quiz them about the chalkboard, they will say that this is what

Professor Ingram has been working on over their last few class periods. They can provide the investigators with the same information as the **Science (Physics)** roll above.

Professor Ingram is not currently in the building.

If all the investigators are in the room with the students, read the following:

A middle-aged man in a tweed suit walks into the room, near the chalkboard. As soon as he sees you, he turns and runs out the door he came in.

The professor will jump into his car and speed off before the investigators can stop him. If the investigators race to their car, or if some went after him on foot while other went to get the cars, jump to the Chase section. If they all ran after him on foot, then they will have to go back to their cars; jump to the Swamp Finale section.

If the investigators have the building surrounded, trying to catch the professor, then read the following:

A blue sedan pulls around the corner, a middle-aged man at the wheel. The car starts to come into the parking lot, but when he sees you guarding the entrances the car turns sharply and speeds away.

If the investigators can get to their cars quickly enough to pursue, jump to the Chase section; otherwise, go to the Swamp Finale.

Either way, as the investigators rush to follow the professor, one of the students tells them, "He's heading back to the obelisk. He is planning to activate the second set of runes. Use the shard to stop him, it's the only way."



THE CHASE

The chase proceeds according to the chase rules in chapter 7 of the *Call of Cthulhu Keeper Rulebook*. However, if the investigators catch up to him, a hazard will allow the professor to escape and make his way to the obelisk.

THE SWAMP FINALE

The professor's car is parked at the edge of the swamp, still warm. The professor is running down the trail toward the obelisk. He is very fast for his age. You pursue him down the trail and into the clearing, where you find him standing by the obelisk, his hand bloodied and almost touching the lower runes.

"Who the hell are you?" he demands. "Do you realize how close I am to seeing the universe, to understanding everything?" He pushes his hand against the obelisk.

(Area 5-2) The professor transforms into the hound. Anyone in the clearing watching will need to Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6) for seeing the transformation for the first time. They must also Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6) when they see the hound's final form. (Reminder: no more than 6 points can be lost.)

The hound will leap at the investigators to attack unless they dispel the hound using the shard, as the students showed them, losing 1 **Sanity** and 1 **Magic Point** to do so. Once this is done, read the following.

The hound twitches and begins to morph back into his human self. The professor's head and arms emerge first from the obsidian shell as he writhes in the grass. As the legs and torso convulse and revert, he uses the last bit of his supernatural strength to leap to the top of the obelisk.

"Traitors!" he screams. "All of them traitors! Well I'll show them, I'll show them all! How dare they laugh at me behind my back!" He presses his bloody hand to the third set of runes.

As the blood fills in the lines of the obelisk, a screeching noise, as if someone were scraping a claw across a chalkboard, fills the air. Everyone in the clearing pitches to the ground, overwhelmed with nausea. The ground swirls like water going down a drain. The swamp opens into a churning mass, and you empty your stomachs onto the ground as the ground empties you into the abyss.

All investigators lose 4 Magic Points and 1d6 Sanity.



THE REALM OF DILATON

For what seems an eternity, the world swirls and bucks. Finally, you feel a floor beneath you, smooth, cold, and hard. You slowly open your eyes as the world stops moving. The floor is black obsidian. A number of obsidian pillars, similar to the obelisk, reach for a black, starless sky.

About 100 yards away, a crevasse yawns, stretching as far as you can see in either direction. A dim glow and gentle, warm breeze drift out of the crevasse, and with it, a growing sense of dread.

The investigators are now in the realm of Dilaton. This realm lies between all dimensions and realities. Its borders are malleable, and the laws governing its reality change frequently as different realms and dimensions push their way into this negative space.

When the investigators first arrive, all appears relatively normal. By activating the portal on Earth, the laws of their reality pressed into this one. After a few minutes, another dimension will push in for dominance and things will change.

The laws of this realm change every d6 minutes. Roll on the chart below using a d8 and read the description for that new reality. On a duplicate roll, feel free to roll again.

1. 1 dimension (either height or width) Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

Everything and everyone become a single line, little more than mathematical expressions of points in space. Movement forward, backward, up or down becomes impossible, as those dimensions no longer exist.

2. 2 dimensions, Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

Everything has been flattened. Nothing has any depth. You can move left and right but not forward or backward. You can slide by others, but you touch them as you slide by. You can feel the obsidian columns as you slide between them.

3. 3 dimensions (things look normal).

Things have gone back to normal, or at least you think they have.

4. 4 dimensions (investigators begin to lose form), Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

Holes appear in your body as you become semi-liquid. Floating somewhat, you can now put your arm through a pillar or another person. Your bodies are no longer symmetrical.

5. The investigators are momentarily “unglued” in time and cast back into history to experience an awful event from their past. Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

The Keeper should describe how each investigator is re-living one of their most horrifying experiences. They might be facing a monster, or being bullied, attacked, or belittled. If they are experienced investigators, this will not be hard; for new investigators, rely on their backgrounds. Feel free to modify the Sanity roll if it is an extremely terrifying situation.

6. The investigators see forward in time to the death of one of their number, or some other horrible existence: locked up in an insane asylum, lobotomized, eaten, possessed, etc. Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

The Keeper should come up with a different story for each investigator, or come up with a vision where they all see the same thing. Be

creative and have fun.

7. Multiple dimensions simultaneously; the world moves at different speeds, including the other investigators, the pillars are curved and angled at the same time. Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

You see one of your fellow investigators moving very fast, while another is standing still. Curves appear where there should be angles, and angles where there should be curves. Moving forward causes you to go backward and vice versa.

8. A small portion of our reality is pulled back. Only the spaces between matter appear to have substance. Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d8), Gain 3 points of **Cthulhu Mythos**

The blackness engulfs you, but light surrounds you. You see the organs of your fellow investigators, but only as outlines—you can put your arm through a column and rearrange its structure. The universe is built differently than you had ever imagined. The gods are everywhere, in everything. How insignificant you are now. How insignificant you always were.

NOTE: *The Keeper should not feel limited to these eight, and is free to create whatever dimensions and realities they feel like torturing the investigators with.*

THE CHASM

After the first shift in dimensions, a rumbling passes through the realm. The investigators should make a **DEX** roll or fall down. Just as they are getting back to their feet, the investigators will feel a foreboding of some unknown entity rising from the chasm, a terror they have never known.

DILATON'S SERVANTS

You turn to see five man-shaped beings standing just a few feet away. You never heard or saw them approach. They all wear black robes, and all but one wears an amulet around its neck. Their most striking feature is their six eyes.

All investigators looking at Dilaton's servants must Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

The amulets worn by four of the servants are holy symbols of Dilaton. These devout followers of Dilaton exist in a different time stream. The investigators may encounter them up to three times: once in the future, once in the present, and once in the past. This is the first visit for the investigators, but the final time for the priests, who also do not realize the investigators are in a different time stream. One of the servants is missing his amulet because he gave it to the investigators in a previous (future) meeting. There will be a few minutes between each meeting, enough time for reality to change at least once. Allow the players to discuss what is going on, being able to figure things out before the 2nd meeting is crucial to survival. If they don't correctly assess the situation before the 3rd meeting, Dilaton will rise and it will be difficult for anyone to survive. Each meeting with the followers only lasts a minute or two.

THE FIRST MEETING

The servants will be confused as to why the investigators are still there. They will speak to the investigators in a most urgent manner, asking why the investigators haven't selected a sacrifice yet. They then fade from view.

If any investigator attempts to attack one of the servants, they will all just disappear before the blade or bullet hits.

THE SECOND MEETING

In the second meeting, the servants will inform the investigators that Dilaton is still growing, and one of the investigators will need to sacrifice themselves or he will devour everything.

If the investigators have put all the clues together at this point, they should understand that time is flowing in reverse for the servants, and that in their next meeting they will get the amulet. If they explain to the servants that they haven't gotten the amulet yet, one of the others will give his up and explain that the amulet and the shard are needed to leave.

When an amulet is moved near one of the pillars, a hole will appear. When the shard is slid into the keyhole, whoever holds the shard and anyone touching them will be sent back to Earth. But one must stay behind to be the sacrifice. If the professor or any of the investigators are insane, they will volunteer. There can be more than one sacrifice.



THE THIRD MEETING

Once again, the five servants appear. This time, all five are wearing amulets.

“Welcome to the temple of Dilaton. All are welcome that come seeking knowledge and an understanding of all that is, has been, and shall be.”

As you feel a rumble, and a large shadow is cast upon you. A mixture of reverence and terror passes across the faces of the servants.

“You have disturbed him, why would you do such a thing? Quickly, use this.” One of the servants hands over the amulet from around his neck. “All returning must be touching. Someone must stay.” The servants fade from view.

You cannot help but look at the entity that is floating above the crevasse. Its presence is made up of multiple dimensions at one time. Your eyes instinctively slide away, seeking a reality that your brain can comprehend.

The investigators have come face to face with Dilaton. Roll against **Sanity** (1d10/1d100). Every round they are in his presence, they suffer an additional 1d10 Sanity points, if not already insane. If anyone goes temporarily insane, they will begin walking toward Dilaton. One investigator per round will be devoured.

If the investigator with the symbol approaches any of the pillars, a small hole will appear. If the shard is placed into the hole, it will transport the one holding the symbol and anyone touching them back to the swamp where they left.



THE END SCENE

You awaken to the stench of the swamp and the buzzing of mosquitos. You look up from the bog to see the obelisk as it slides back down into its watery grave. You realize the shard is no longer in your hand, but around your neck is the amulet of Dilaton. The geometric shape is mesmerizing, moving and changing like it is made of different dimensions, until you force yourself to look away.

You realize you will never be able to let go of what you have seen.

If the investigators tried to bring everyone home and thus cheat Dilaton out of his sacrifice, one person, chosen randomly, will not have made the trip back.

SANITY AWARDS

If the investigators never went to Dilaton's realm, and the shard is sealed away and not used, it will return to Dilaton's realm in a month and return in 12 years.

- The investigators receive 1d6 sanity points.

If the investigators returned after the third visit from the servants:

- The investigators receive 6 Cthulhu Mythos points.
- The investigators gain 1d8 Sanity points.
- If no investigators were lost, gain an additional 1d6 Sanity points.

If the investigators returned before facing Dilaton:

- The investigators receive 4 Cthulhu Mythos points.
- The investigators gain 1d10 Sanity points.
- If no investigators were lost, gain an additional 1d6 Sanity points.

Whoever has the amulet gains 5 Magic Points while wearing the amulet.

NPCS

Dr. Ingram

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
55	40	50	100	55	90	20	9

Damage Bonus: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 9
Skills: Library Use 80%, English 80%, Latin 50%, Italian 40%, Psychology 50%, Science (Biology) 80%, (Chemistry) 60%, (Physics) 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Occult 50%, Drive Auto 80%

Hockomock Hound

(anyone transformed into a hound gains the following stats)

STR	SIZ	DEX	HP
200	100	150	25

Damage Bonus: +3d6 **Move** 24
 Gains tactical information on enemies they look at. Suit can detect explosives 80% of the time.
Skills: Dodge 60% (30/12), Jump 70% (35/14), Track 80%
Attacks per round: 3 (Bite / Claw x2)
Fighting: 50% (25/10), damage 1d8 (bite) / 1d6 (claw) + db
Armor: 10
Sanity Loss: 1/1d6 sanity points lost to see a Hockomock Hound

Followers of Dilaton

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
60	60	60	100	50	70	20	12

Damage Bonus 0 **Build** 0 **Move** 7
Attacks per round: 1
Fighting 30% (15/6), Damage 1d3 + db
Armor 0
Dodge 20%
Sanity Loss: 1/1d6 sanity points lost to see a Follower of Dilaton

Dilaton

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	HP
300	400	350	300	200	300	75

Damage Bonus: +7d6 **Build:** 8 **Move:** 8
Attacks per round: 1
Devour:(mnvr) Dilaton can control dimensions and devour 1d6 victims, killing them.
Armor: Anything striking Dilaton will be absorbed into his dimensions doing no harm. Some spells may have a limited effect.
Sanity Loss: 1d10/1d100 Sanity points lost the first round the god is visible and 1d10 Sanity points every round as he changes dimensions.

HANDOUTS

Huge Hounds Haunt Hockomock

While some people see swamp apes, thunderbirds, ghosts and orbs of light, some people these days are seeing huge black hounds. According to Mr. Jenkins, who owns a farm next to the Hockomock, the hounds began to come by his farm nightly to steal one of his chickens. According to Mr. Jenkins they started just a few weeks ago and have increased in frequency since then.

The police have closed the case as being nothing but a case of coyotes getting the farmers chickens. Mr. Jenkins disagrees. "Coyotes are not four foot tall and black as midnight. The last time I shot a coyote with my shotgun, it died, not run off without so much as a drop of blood."

Whatever it was it has already killed three chickens and doesn't seem to be stopping any time soon.

H5-1

Woman Hospitalized for Hallucinations

November 14, 1915

Josh Bennet

The Today was a sad day at the Smith household. Sarah has been having hallucinations of large black dogs, she describes as being made of obsidian. Her husband, Tom Smith, has called the doctors from Danvers' State Hospital so that they can evaluate her.

We had a chance to speak to Sarah who stated, "That wasn't any hallucination, it was as real as you or I. It came 2 days in a row while I was hanging laundry."

Dr. Ramsey from Danvers said "that is was always a sad case, when someone cannot come to grips with reality.

But with the proper medications and treatment, she will be as good as new." When asked if treatment included the controversial EST, or electric shock treatment, Dr. Ramsey had no comment.

H5-2

If the investigators talk with Josh Bennet at the Weekly, he can tell them that was one of his first stories he ever wrote. He went back the next week for a follow-up, but Tom had left town. No one ever saw the hound again, so he assumed they were hallucinations.

Dr. Ramsey is no longer with Danvers Hospital.

Family Slain in Mass Shooting

February 24, 1904

Jarvis Woodruff

The community of farmers that live next to the Hockomock suffered another blow this week as an entire family appears to have lost their lives to an unknown assassin. at his house. Jack Fennel, his wife, Judy and 4 children were all killed from apparent gunshot wounds. The police are still investigating.

Police reports indicate they had been out to the Fennel farm just the day before to investigate a large black hound snooping around the house. While the police found large dog tracks, they never saw the beast, and have ruled out any connection between the two cases.

H5-3

If the investigators track down the police reports of who spotted the hounds, it was called in by a Mr. Hank Stevens. If the investigators attempt to track him down, they can find out he died, six years ago in 1920.

Child Said Killed by Hockomock Hound

Hockomock Claims Another Child

May 16, 1892

H. Dillan

In a very strange account, Mrs. Ann Hackerson claims a large black dog jumped out of the woods into her yard landing on her six-month old son, Sammy. The impact killed the child instantly causing Mrs. Hackerson to scream violently. The hound stumbled backwards, turned and ran into the woods.

When Mr. Sam Hackerson returned that evening to find his son had perished, he was overcome with grief. He went into the swamp in search of the hound, but as of this printing, he has failed to return.

H5-4

Mr. Hackerson was the hound and ran into the yard to surprise his wife and never saw the child. He was so overcome with grief he returned to the woods and traveled to Dilaton's realm. Mrs. Hackerson moved back to Boston and passed soon afterwards. Harry Dillan, the reporter, died in 1912 at the age of 74.

H5-5

Hockomock Hound Sighted

August 8, 1880

H. Dillan

Several witnesses in the last week have reported seeing a large black hairless hound running through the Hockomock. Numerous witnesses describe the hound as 4-5 feet tall, extremely fast, and having glowing red eyes. To date it has not harmed anyone, though a few witnesses did call Dr. Haynes for bouts of hysteria and one case of fainting. Some claim it is the spirit of the swamp come to take retribution for attempting to drain it.

The police chief made a statement today, "I am sure this large dog is nothing more than a stray, or possibly a large wolf. The efforts to drain the swamp are continuing, despite this evil spirt."

All people mentioned in this article are now dead.

H5-6

Stray Dog Kills Man

November 14, 1868

H. Dillan

Mr. Mike Jones was slain today in his home when a stray dog out of the swamp tore his door down and attacked him in his home. Mrs. Jones was beside herself with hysteria. When asked about the attack, Mrs. Jones described the beast as five feet tall, black, hairless skin that glistened like it was wet and red glowing eyes.

She then said it calmly turned and walked out of the house like it didn't have a care. It then ran back towards the swamp. Several other witnesses along the street confirmed Mrs. Jones description.

Everyone in this story has died.

The hounds of Dilaton are worn by the followers of Dilaton who can be found at edge of all dimensions. The suits are made of living obsidian and give the wearer unnatural strength, speed and tactical information. Designed with combat in mind, these combat suits make for the perfect killing machine.

H5-7

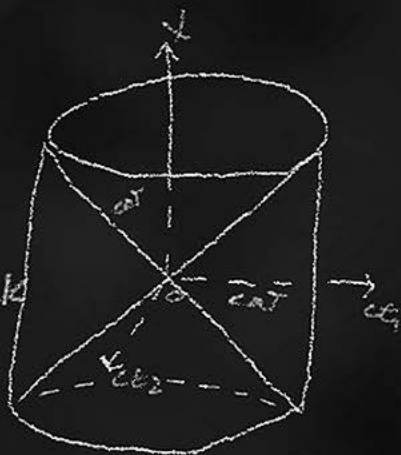
J.W. Dunne
An Experiment
with Time!

$$t_0 = \sum_{n=1}^k \left(\delta_{00} t_0 + \frac{c^2}{16V_0} \beta^2 (S-1) t_0 \right) - \frac{1}{16} \beta^2 S_{\text{ext}}$$

$$\frac{dx_n}{dt_0} = V_{\sigma n}$$

where $\sigma = 1, 2, \dots, k$

Dilaton?



z time dimensions
Is it possible?
More than 2?

Space between
dimensions? the
Origin

All dx_n pushing in
on the origin, which
would dominate?
Hyp: None/All

$$\Delta T = \sqrt{(\Delta x)^2 + (\Delta t)^2} \quad : \Delta T \geq 0$$

I can
 $\Delta T < 0$ inotional time

H5-8

CHAPTER 6

TERROR IN THE SWAMP



WRITTEN BY BEN BURNS

INTRODUCTION

The *Bridgewater Weekly's* headline reads "Flying Terror in Devil's Swamp." A flying beast is terrorizing a local rancher and stealing his livestock. A reward has been offered by the rancher, Mr. John Hampton, to anyone who can rid him of this pestilence.

KEEPER'S SECRET

In the year 1893, a shantak was let loose in the Hockomock. At the time, Edwin Nichols of the Haynes College Library was an active investigator as part of the Bridgewater Preservation Society. His team rid themselves of the shantak by opening a portal to another realm and driving the Shantak through the portal with the help of a summoned nightgaunt. Unfortunately, all of his fellow investigators were killed, driven insane, or went missing in the attempt. This included his fiancée, Elizabeth Sloan, who ran through the open portal in a bout of temporary insanity in the penultimate moments of the ritual. Elizabeth's twin brother, Brian Sloan, was also at the ceremony and went insane. He was later committed to Danvers State Hospital for treatment.

Time in this other realm passes differently than it does on Earth. Though it has been 34 years on Earth since that fateful night and the ceremony that tore Edwin's group apart, only 34 days have passed in that dimension. One hour equals approximately six Earth days, and one day equals one Earth year.

After fleeing through the portal, Elizabeth was found by a group of sandmen. An insectoid race that communicates in a series of clicks and whistles, the sandmen are highly intelligent and have a rudimentary level of telepathy. The portal opened by Edwin and his team led directly into their temple, where the shantak has taken up residence since it was driven

from Earth.

After recovering from her insanity, Elizabeth was able to teach the sandmen some English. Due to their physiology, they have difficulty pronouncing anything beyond some very basic single-syllable words, but they understand it well enough. Elizabeth soon found herself surprised by how eager they seem to be to help her reopen the portal home, but she isn't one to waste the offer of help. The sandmen, of course, are interested only in removing the Shantak out of their temple, preferably into the nearest adjoining reality. It took her a few weeks to teach them the spell and gather the ingredients necessary to complete the conjuration.

The sand-dwellers opened the portal and drove the shantak out of their sacred shrine using their telepathy to convince it that it was being chased by a nightgaunt. The shantak, for its part, prefers the Hockomock, where it has a much larger food supply and plenty of water.

The sand-dwellers carried out their plan without telling Elizabeth until it was done. About 30 or 40 minutes (3 to 4 days on Earth) after completing the ritual and banishing the shantak, the sand-dwellers return to the cave refuge to gather their things for the return to the temple and inform Elizabeth that she's on her own now. They have no further use for her. The sand-dwellers have left the portal open for her so that she can leave as well and stop bothering them.

The investigators' mission is to find a way to get rid of the shantak. They can drive it back through the portal and then seal the portal; however, the sand-dwellers will reopen the portal and drive the creature back into our world. This will take them a few days, which would be a few years on Earth. The investigators can try to kill the shantak, but this will be extremely difficult to do. Their final option is to travel through the portal and

convince the sand-dwellers to open a portal to a different realm and drive the shantak there.

While running this adventure, it is important to keep track of the timeline in the two worlds. The easiest method is to just assume 10 minutes is 1 day. If the investigators travel to the other realm and spend an hour there, six days will have passed on Earth. Elizabeth is currently preparing to return to Earth, but doesn't know about the time difference. She's in no hurry, believing that only 37 days, not 37 years, have passed. She will come through the gate 3 days after the adventure begins, 70 minutes after the portal was open on the sand-dweller's world.

THE HOOK

Hayne's College Library, Friday September 16th, 1927 – 6 PM

You gather in the library hall of Haynes College. The smell of books surrounds you as you see Dr. Nichols reading the Bridgewater Weekly. There has not been a new printing in 3 to 4 weeks, so he is looking at either an old one or the early copy of the next edition that he always seems to get. He eagerly welcomes you into the library. He clears his throat and begins: "It looks like we could have a big one here. A rancher near the swamp is offering a reward to stop a flying terror attacking his cattle."

Provide players with Handout H6-1.

Edwin will encourage the investigators to immediately head out to the ranch house and take the job before every buffoon in town shows up with his rifle.

NOTE: The Keeper should not let the investigators find anything out about a flying terror without having first visited the Ranch and

received, at the least, a description of what they are looking for.

After visiting the ranch house, if the investigators return with a sketch of the beast, or if they see it first hand, a successful **Library Use** roll will allow them to find the journal entry on the shantak that is in the restricted section of the library. If they only got a description, apply a penalty die to the **Library Use** roll.

Provide players with Handout H6-2 (3 pgs).

The journal entry mentions using two spells: Summon/Bind Nightgaunt and Open/Close Portal. The investigators will find one for each successful **Library Use** roll.

Provide players with Handouts H6-3 and H6-4.

Note that Dr. Nichols has no memory of the events from 37 years ago. His mind has blocked all of that away. If the name Elizabeth is spoken to him, he will remember her and begin to cry. With a successful **Psychoanalysis** roll, he will remember most of that night as described in the journal entry. He has carried the guilt for closing the gate and losing his fiancée with him for years. The journal entry also mentions that Dr. Nichols checked Brian into Danvers State Hospital upstate. He again has no memory of Brian, and has not visited him in years.

THE HAMPTON RANCH HOUSE

The two-story ranch house sits with its back to the Hockomock. The Hamptons have owned this ranch for several years. The ranch takes up a dozen or more acres and a small herd of cattle, horses, sheep, and a variety of other animals roam in different fenced areas and pens. It is obviously well tended, though there are always chores to be done on a ranch of this size. A pickup truck sits in front of the house.

(Area 6-1) John Hampton will explain that a large, flying creature has been coming out of the swamp, grabbing one of his cattle or horses, and flying back into the swamp, ripping the animals into pieces and eating it while it is flying. The sights and sounds are enough to drive him crazy.

He will offer \$200 to anyone that can stop the monster. If asked, Mr. Hampton can provide a description of the flying terror.

"It was the size of an elephant, had bat wings with claws. It's a dark gray color and has a huge mouth full of teeth."

If the investigators survey the area of the last attack, a successful **Spot Hidden** roll will find a trail of blood leading into the swamp.

If the investigators are gone more than three days in the swamp, Mr. Hampton will sell their cars, believing them to be dead.

DANVERS STATE HOSPITAL

Danvers State Hospital is 60 miles north of Bridgewater. The hospital complex sits on Hathorne Hill and is famous for the Gothic architecture of its main building. It has a great reputation, though it has become overcrowded in recent years and suffers from lack of funds.

If the investigators follow up on the lead to see Brian Sloan, they will have little problem getting in to see him. He is a low-risk patient. The nurse on duty is Nurse Samatha Tinley, who goes by the name Nurse Tinley. She is in her mid-30s and is getting a bit tired of the overcrowding and lack of funds. The doctor treating Brian, Dr. Lincoln, is currently on vacation.

If asked about Brian's condition, Nurse Tinley will tell the investigators that Brian is very easy to care for. He doesn't do much but sit

there. He hadn't talked in years until about a week ago on his birthday. It was short, but he seemed to be having a conversation with someone named Elizabeth.

Sam leads you to the general breakroom. Brian sits at a table staring blankly at an empty chess board. He looks extremely old; what little hair he has left is gray and thin. He doesn't look up as you approach. Sam says, "Brian, you have some visitors today." Then to you she says, "Good luck, but don't do anything to disturb him. He's a sweetheart."

Talking with Brian will have no effect unless he is asked about Elizabeth. He will then look up say that she came to visit him on his birthday. He says they used to talk on their birthdays, no matter where they were, but except for that once she has not spoken to him in years.

If asked about what she said, he will tell them how confused she was at the time. She hadn't understood how old he had gotten. They only talked for a second, but she had to get back to the desert and the insects.

Brian will then go back into his stupor. If roused again with the name Elizabeth, he will just repeat what he just said as if he had just met the investigators. If the investigators try the Elizabeth trigger a third time, Brian will become agitated and security will come to escort them out.

THE SWAMP

The swamp floor by the ranch is dry, but quickly becomes soft, wet, and squishy. Anyone not wearing wading boots will find their shoes quickly soaked through. The branches reach out with every step, snagging on loose clothing. Thorns scrape against exposed skin. Swarms of gnats and mosquitoes make it difficult to concentrate.

A successful **Track** roll or a **Spot Hidden** roll with a penalty die will allow the investigators to follow the trail through the swamp to where the shantak is nesting. The Keeper should roll six times on the way for possible random swamp encounters; there should be at least one. See the Swamp Random Encounters section for details.

THE NEST

A rancid smell emanates from a clearing up ahead. A faint glow also comes from the clearing, and the animal noises of the swamp have gone silent. The trail has come to an end.

The large clearing is about 60 feet in diameter. In the center hovers a thin, glowing ellipse that gives an eerie cast to the whole clearing. To one side is the source of the stench, a pile of rotting carcasses, including several cows and horses.

(Area 6-2) In addition to what they see, the shantak is perched in a nest about 40 feet up among the branches of the trees. The shantak will ignore the investigators unless they provoke it in some way. If provoked, the shantak will do a fly-by attack, seize an investigator, and retreat up to the nest to eat. If in danger, the shantak will fly away, or possibly through the portal.

THE PORTAL

The shimmering portal swirls in a maelstrom of red, black, and purple light. From the side, the portal appears as a flat sliver of light, but its circular shape becomes apparent from the front. A faint crackling noise can be heard by those within 10 feet of the portal.

The portal is round, but when the investigators approach they will be looking at it from the side. The portal was opened by the sandwellers, and gives off a very colorful swirl of reds, blues, purples and yellows for a very impressive display.

Travel in either direction through the portal is as simple as stepping through. This costs 1d6 Sanity and Magic Points to anyone passing through the portal. The crackling noise grows louder closer to the portal, and arcs of energy arc out onto anyone within a couple feet of the portal. This does no damage but can cause investigators to feel paranoid, and will attract the attention of the shantak.



UNKNOWN DIMENSION - THROUGH THE PORTAL

If any portion of your body breaks the plane of the portal, the swirls of colored energy cascade around you, surrounding and gripping you, pulling you into the other dimension.

After what seems like an eternity, the blinding, swirling colors fade away and a bright light floods your vision. Warm, dry air hits your face.

Sand swirls around you as you step into a desert. A large structure, dedicated to an unknown god, dominates the landscape. Fresh tracks, larger than a man's foot, lead away from portal in the sand and down the side of a hill.

NOTE: Time moves differently here. 10 minutes in this realm is equal to 1 day back on Earth. This is why Elizabeth is still so young. The investigators are unaware of this to begin with, until they meet up with Elizabeth, or unless they figured it out from the clue Brian provided at the hospital. The Keeper should keep close tabs on how much time they spend on this side. If any investigator(s) stayed back on Earth, the Keeper should keep the player groups separate and inform those waiting that hours are passing with no one returning.

The structure is the temple for the sand-dwellers that live at the bottom of the hill and is considered sacred by them. If the investigators look around at the site of the portal, they will notice a set of stones laid out in a circle at the base of the portal. They will also notice this with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll. If a stone is removed from the circle, the portal will close in 20 to 30 seconds (approximately 1 hour of Earth time).

Looking closely at the structure, the investigators can tell it was built for some

unnamed god, and, being half-buried in the sand, that it has not been used for some time except for the large nest built in one of the sheltered areas of the structure. A **Spot Hidden** roll will reveal that the nest is very similar to the nest the shantak has on Earth.

SAND-DWELLER VILLAGE

Following the footsteps and around the corner of the temple, you find a small village of perhaps two dozen small huts set on either side of what looks to be a metal street. The huts are rounded, and don't look large enough for a person to stand up inside.

Several figures in brown cloaks stand in the street. Some of the cloaked figures are riding beasts that look very much like enormous roaches of about 7 to 8 feet in length, standing 5 to 6 feet off the ground.

The investigators must Roll against Sanity (1/1d6).

The small huts are entrances into underground homes. The sand-dwellers will not allow anyone to enter these homes without permission. If asked to see Elizabeth, the sand-dwellers will lead the investigators to the dwelling where she's been staying for the last few weeks, where she is packing and preparing to leave through the portal. When they see that Elizabeth is still in her 20s, they should quickly realize that there is a difference in the flow of time between the two worlds. There are 48 sand-dwellers and 1 sand-dweller priest in the village.

The walls to the underground city are made of a metallic glass and not breakable except by gunfire. The sand-dweller stand 4 to 5 feet high, and their faces are dominated by a pair of large mandibles. They talk using clicks and

whistles. They also have a limited form of telepathy that allows them to communicate with Elizabeth. In her few weeks here, she has taught them some English (single-syllable words only) and taught them how to open the portal so that she could go home.

The sand-dwellers just wanted to get rid of the shantak that had taken up residence in their temple. Their telepathy will allow them to anticipate any attack, so the investigators cannot surprise them. Since the sand-dwellers can anticipate attacks, they will allow the investigators to keep their weapons if they put them away.

The sand-dwellers are wary of the investigators and do not trust them. A compromise will need to be worked out with the sand-dwellers

regarding the shantak, as they do not want it nesting in their temple, but any gate they open here will lead to Earth.

There are a few possible solutions when dealing with the sand-dwellers:

1. The investigators and the sand-dwellers can work together to kill the shantak with a coordinated attack.
2. A new portal could be opened more than 20 miles away from the temple. This will allow the portal to connect to a location other than Earth. The investigators will need to work out a way to drive the shantak toward the new portal and through it.
3. Something reasonable the sand-dweller and investigators negotiate and settle on.



NPCS

Shantak

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	HP
170	70	250	50	50	15	32

Damage Bonus: +4d6 **Build:** 5 **Move:** 6/18
Attacks: 1
Fighting: 45% (22/9) Damage 1d6+db
Bite and hold: (mnvr) Damage 2d6+2+db + held for 1d6 rounds
Dodge: 25%, **Armor:** 9
Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 Sanity points for seeing a shantak

Nightgaunt (faceless ones)

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	HP
50	50	70	50	65	20	12

Damage Bonus: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 6/12
Attacks: 1
Fighting: 45% (22/9) Damage 1d4+db
Seize:(mnvr) held fast for tickle or other attacks
Tickle: 35% (17/7) immobilized for 1d6+1 rounds
Dodge: 35% (17/7), **Armor:** 2, **Stealth:** 90% (45/18)
Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 Sanity points for seeing a nightgaunt

Sand-dweller

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	HP
50	70	80	50	65	60	15

Damage Bonus: +1d4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8
Attacks: 1 **Dodge:** 32% (16/6) **Armor:** 1
Fight: 45% (22/9) Dam 1d4 + db
Electric Staff: 60% (30/12) Dam 1d6 + db + 1d6 (electric charge, stun 1d3 rounds) range 40' or hand to hand.
Skills: Stealth 55% (27/11), Listen 60% (30/12), Spot Hidden 50% (25/10)
Special: Limited telepathy, cannot be surprised attack, always attack first each round.
Sanity Loss: 1/1d6 Sanity points for seeing a sand-dweller

Sand-dweller Mounts

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	HP
120	100	150	20	50	20	25

Damage Bonus: +2d6 **Build:** 3 **Move:** 14
Attacks: 1 **Dodge:** 25% (12/5)
Armor: 3 (tough hide and fat)
Fight: 50% (25/10) Dam 1d8 + db
Sanity Loss: 1/1d6 Sanity points for seeing a sand-dweller mounts

Sand-dweller Priest

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
50	70	80	80	65	90	16	15

Damage Bonus: +1d4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8
Attacks: 1 **Dodge:** 32% (16/6)
Armor: 1
Fight: 45% (22/9) Dam 1d4 + db
Electric Staff:60% (30/12) Dam 1d6 + db + 1d6 (electric charge, stun 1d3 rounds) range 40' or hand to hand.
Skills: Stealth 55% (27/11), Listen 60% (30/12), Spot Hidden 50% (25/10)
Special: Limited telepathy, cannot be surprised attack, always attack first each round.
Sanity Loss: 1/1d6 Sanity points for seeing a sand-dweller priest

Spells:
Blindness: Cost 5 Magic Points, Casting time 2 rounds
 Target eyes are filled with sand blinding them 2d6 rounds. The caster must be able to see the target and the caster must win an opposed POW roll with the target.

Curse of Corsana: Cost 3 Magic Points, Casting time 1 round
 Target suffers the Curse of Corsana, the god of the sand-dwellers. The caster must be able to see the target and the caster must win an opposed POW roll with the target. If successful, the victim is cursed and must roll a penalty die on all rolls.

Sand Storm: Cost 8 Magic Points, Casting time 2 rounds
 A massive sand storm envelops the area for 1d3 hours.

SANITY AWARDS

- Killing the Shantak: 1d8
- Driving the shantak through a portal off Earth: 1d6
- Negotiating a deal with the sand-dwellers to keep the shantak from coming back: 1d8
- Saving Elizabeth: 1d6

HANDOUTS

Flying Terror Grips Hockomock

September 17, 1927

Bret Parker

The Hockomock has thrown the city of Bridgewater and other surrounding cities a wide variety of strange and mysterious stories over the years. These stories include everything from swamp apes, ghosts, huge hounds and even flying terrors. It seems the peaceful super-natural creatures of our beloved swamp have decided the grass is greener, or in the case, the meat is tastier, outside the swamp.

Mr. Hampton from the Hampton Ranch, which borders the Hockomock, is offering a rather sizable cash reward to anyone who can kill the creature stealing his horses and cattle. While this reporter is somewhat skeptical of the rancher's account of the huge flying beast, there was no denying that something or someone killed one of his cows and took it into the swamp as indicated by the blood trail.

July 9th, 1893

We tracked the beast that had been terrorizing the farmers on the edge of town for weeks. It was not difficult due to the blood and carnage it left behind. Upon encountering it, poor Sam lost his mind completely and ran screaming into the swamp. With our difficult task still at hand, we stayed hidden from the creature while we performed the ritual to summon the Winged Shadow.

This was the best plan we had available to us. Our weapons were almost useless on the creature. Due to the size and characteristics we decided it could be some sort of dragon, wyvern or possibly a shantak. Our research at Miskatonic University fit the description of this terror. As best we could recollect.

The creature was huge, easily the size of a small elephant. It had bat like wings with a huge talon on each wing. It was scaly, but had fur on its back and tail. The large teeth in its mouth could rip through meat and bone with ease. I have included a small sketch of the beast.



H6-1

H6-1 p1

Today was a sad day; all went well locating the flying terror. It had not moved from its nest in the upper branches of the maple trees of the area.

We had decided the best plan was to open the portal first, so that when we summoned the Winged Shadow it could chase the dragon creature through the portal.

All went well summoning the portal, though we knew not where it would lead. We just hoped it would stabilize long enough to complete the 2nd spell and have the Winged Shadow do its work before anything from the other side came through. Through the open portal it was a desert and what appeared to be a building of strange design, its purpose we could only guess at.

That is when the flying terror struck. The portal had caught the terror's attention much to our dismay. There were seven of us, since Sam never returned from the depths of the swamp yesterday. The beast killed Bill and John before we got the first phrase of the ritual completed. Gene lost her mind and joined the beast eating poor Bill, before the beast casually ripped her in half. Elizabeth, my sweet Elizabeth, also screamed and ran through the open portal, leaving only Brian, Clarence and myself attempting to complete the

ritual, the terror sitting a mere 20 feet away from us, eating our fellow investigators. We knew running into the swamp, would do us no good, as the dragon was much faster. Attacking it was useless. It seemed the only course of action would be to complete the ritual or to sprint through the portal. We chose to continue.

Luckily for us, the terror is a slow eater, and we were able to complete the ritual. As soon as the Winged Shadow appeared, the terror, screeched out so loud, we were forced to cover our heads and ears. The terror took flight and our Winged Shadow followed him and forced him through the portal. The summoned beast was right on its tail, but as it made its final pass to fly through the portal it grabbed a hold of poor Clarence by the shoulders and dragged him kicking and screaming. Brian feinted dead away. I could see Clarence through the portal being carried until the portal turned into a haze of color.

I moved the ritual stones and the portal soon closed in on itself. I helped Brian back into town. When he awoke he was never the same, having seen his twin-sister run through the portal, to probably never see her again. Whatever happened to Elizabeth and Clarence, I may never know. I am sure their faces will haunt me the rest of my days.

EN

H6-1 p2

H6-1 p3

CHARACTER SPELLS

H6-3

Close Portal

Step 1: Four participants must stand on each side of the portal, North, South, East and West.

Step 2: Each participant must have a stone with the Elder Sign engraved into the stone.

Step 3: Each participant must coat their stone with their own blood.

Step 4: Chant the following 4 times, once by each participant. They then throw their stone into the portal after completion.

"Portal to another realm, you are no longer needed, by the Elder gods and great old ones, close this gate."

"Veni ad regnum non sunt necessaria seni magnis dis vetera obstruere portas."

Sanity 1d6, MP 4, **POW** test to succeed. Use the caster with the highest **POW** for

Close Portal

Step 1: Four participants must stand on each side of the portal, North, South, East and West.

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Step 4: Chant the following 4 times, once by each participant. They then throw their stone into the portal after completion.

"Veni ad regnum non sunt necessaria seni magnis dis vetera obstruere portas."



H6-4

Conjure the Winged Shadow

Step 1: Mix the following ingredients into a paste – Carminic Acid, Xanthan gum, Myrrh resin, and Sulphur.

Step 2: Rub the paste onto a score of stones.

Step 3: Arrange the stones into a pattern with no angles.

Step 4: Build a fire with hot burning coals from maple wood.

Step 5: Chant the following until the Nightgaunt appears.

"Nodens congreget Servos et Servas, veni foras. Et in alis nigrae cutis mea cum vestra embrace periculis. Ego opus meo, et vos in tempore opportuno. Vocationem meam veni."

the test.

Sanity 1d4, MP 4, contested **POW** test to bind. See pages 263 - 264 in the Keeper Rulebook for more information on summoning and binding a mythos creature.

Note that in the Hockomock, it does not have to be a moonless night to summon a Nightgaunt, just nighttime. And the circle of stones replaces the stone with the Elder Sign for binding him. Don't forget the Sanity test for seeing the nightgaunt when it is summoned. Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d6).

The ingredients may be difficult to find in Bridgewater. An occult shop in Boston or New York would carry them. A successful **Science (Chemistry)** test will allow someone to know what each of these are, and they may be available in various labs at the college.



CHAPTER 7

THE RECLUSE

WRITTEN BY JOHNATHAN BAGELMAN

KEEPER'S SECRET

Professor Simon Hodges was a brilliant researcher at Miskatonic University in Arkham, specializing in medicine and anatomy. His studies led him to various tomes in the restricted section of Miskatonic's library, where he became exposed to the Mythos. It gradually wore away at him and became an obsession, and he devoured as much as he could. When he attempted a minor ritual one day out of curiosity, he was amazed to discover that it worked. As he continued his studies, his sanity degraded until he could bear human civilization no longer. Convinced that humanity was doomed, he resigned from the university and retreated with his two sons to a property he bought in the Hockomock Swamp, a cabin on an island in the middle of a lake, far from human contact. There he continued his research into the Mythos with his sons as his assistants. He chose the location because he knew that there was Mythos-related activity in the swamp.

The elder son, Simon Hodges, Jr., was every bit the genius his father was, perhaps more so. The younger son, Edgar, was not so bright, but very strong and quite capable of manual labor. The professor's wife, Eloise, had died in childbirth with Edgar. The professor has resented Edgar ever since, blaming him for his beloved wife's death and favoring Simon Jr., though he tries not to let it show. Simon Jr. sought to please his father and also look after his younger brother. Edgar did pick up on his father's disfavor, which caused him to be jealous of his brother and to desire his father's approval more than anything.

One day, while the boys were out collecting samples their father required for his experiments, an alligator attacked. Simon Jr. pushed his younger brother out of the way and took the brunt of the attack, giving Edgar the chance to fight back and drive off the alligator. He carried his mortally wounded brother back home, where their father tried

everything he knew about medical science to save him, but it wasn't enough. The only way he could save his elder son's life was to resort to an untried Mythos ritual of transformation. It succeeded, but at a cost. Junior was turned into a hideous, slimy monster. He was still humanoid, possessed with remarkable regenerative powers (which were what saved his life), the ability to breathe underwater, the ability to function without sleeping, and more strength and toughness than even his brother (or indeed any human), but his brilliant mind was irreparably damaged. The process drove him insane and, while he retained his innate intelligence, he could no longer communicate his thoughts or process them in the way a human being does. While he was now amphibious, he had to spend most of his time immersed in moisture; he began to live in a partially submerged cave on the edge of the lake, spending much of his time either there or in the lake itself, though he still visited his father and brother. Professor Hodges still loves his elder son, though he would have preferred that this had happened to Edgar instead.

This was 10 years ago. At this point, Edgar is now fully grown, though he still has the mind of a child. The day before the scenario begins, Caitlin O'Brien, a cub reporter for the Independent, a newspaper in Bridgewater, set out alone into the Hockomock Swamp to interview the reclusive professor. While her editor, Jarvis Woodruff, didn't want her to go out there by herself, Caitlin was headstrong and self-reliant, determined to prove herself. After getting directions and equipment for a hike into the swamp, she set out through the swamp to a shack on the edge of the lake owned by an old fisherman named Lucas Devlin, whom she had heard about during her preliminary research in Bridgewater. Lucas knew Professor Hodges and his son Edgar, though he rarely spoke to them. As far as he (or anyone else) knew, Simon's other son had been killed by the alligator. Lucas also told

Caitlin about a “lake monster” that he had sighted a few times (actually Junior), though she did not believe him, partly due to the fact that he drinks heavily. After she found out what she could from Devlin, she charmed him into letting her borrow one of his two boats, so she could go visit the professor, but she never returned.

Caitlin rowed across the lake to the island, but the monster that had been Junior was under the water watching her, and he fell in love. Caitlin arrived at the professor’s cabin, where Edgar answered the door, and he fell for her too. She easily convinced him to let her into the cabin to talk to his father. Professor Hodges reluctantly allowed her to interview him, and then she left in the boat. However, the creature that had been his son could not bear to let her leave. He grabbed onto the boat and pulled himself up, and she went temporarily insane and screamed when she saw him, trying to smack him repeatedly with an oar. He flipped the boat over, sending her overboard. He grabbed her and carried her back to the island. Edgar and their father came outside, drawn by the sound of her scream. Knowing that if Caitlin ever went back to civilization and told of what she had seen his seclusion and privacy would be undone, he took her captive, tying her up in his locked lab.

Since Caitlin’s capture, Professor Hodges has been carrying out medical tests on Caitlin to see if she is biologically compatible with his elder son. He has come up with the idea of trying to mate her with Junior, both in the interests of furthering his experiments and because he wants grandchildren. Edgar is perfectly happy to have her stay, though he would rather have her for himself. However, his father has instructed him to keep his hands off her. Junior would be delighted to mate with Caitlin, but he will not have her against her will, and under the circumstances she would definitely not be willing. After enough time goes by that the professor realizes that they will not mate, he

will come up with the idea to conduct the same ritual that he used on his son on Caitlin, in the hopes of replicating the results of the ritual.

THE HOOK

When Caitlin failed to return that evening, Jarvis Woodruff went to the police, but they were no help at all. Not wanting to wait, he put out a full-page ad in his newspaper’s early edition about Caitlin’s disappearance, asking for assistance in finding her and offering a cash reward for her return. The investigators are the only people to have answered that ad.

Provide players with Handout H7-1.

THE INDEPENDENT

The Independent is the town’s main newspaper, housed in the same 19th century building from which it has operated since its founding. The building is three stories high, its walls are painted white in imitation of marble, and Greek columns complete the classical illusion.

The investigators will be ushered speedily into Editor Jarvis Woodruff’s office once they reveal that they have come about Caitlin O’Brien.

Woodruff sits behind a large, well-ordered oak desk populated by baskets of neatly stacked papers and a modern typewriter. A degree hangs a bit crooked on the walls as well as a photograph of Jarvis with the last Mayor. He will rise in friendly greeting when the investigators enter, shaking their hands and thanking them profusely for their offer of help. Jarvis Woodruff is a middle-aged man who is just starting to lose his straight black hair. He wears a gray suit and maroon tie, as impeccably dressed as his office is tidy.



Woodruff will tell the investigators that Caitlin O'Brien is a brilliant and dedicated young reporter who just started working for the *Independent* last year. She has been eager to prove herself, and when she found out that Simon Hodges, an ex-professor from Miskatonic University, was living on an island in the middle of a lake in the Hockomock Swamp with his young son, she decided it would make a great story if she interviewed him and found out why he had decided to shun civilization. Woodruff had been reluctant to let her go, as travel in the swamp can be dangerous, but she insisted that she could do it. Against his better judgment, he allowed her to go, realizing that she probably would have gone anyway even without his permission. This had been two days ago. That same day, she went to the Bridgewater Public Library to do background research. She also went to Carson's Outfitters to equip herself for the trek into the swamp. The following day, yesterday, she set off into the swamp. She should have returned by evening, but she never came back. He had alerted the Bridgewater Police, who were not very helpful, and they don't have a good track record of finding people who go missing in the swamp, at least not alive. Unwilling to wait, knowing that every moment could be critical, he had put out the ad in the early edition of his own paper in the hopes of recruiting people to search for her.

Woodruff will freely answer any questions the investigators have and will think to supply them with information about which they neglect to ask. He will provide them with a photograph of Caitlin O'Brien that they can show people who might have seen her. Caitlin is 19 years old and pretty, with red hair and freckles, though the color of her hair won't be apparent in a black and white photo.

THE BRIDGEWATER PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Bridgewater Public Library is a more modern building with electric lights and a telephone. It is a brick building of only one story, but it is spread out to cover a lot of ground. Inside there are sections for periodicals, reference materials, and non-fiction, in addition to works of fiction. The assistant librarian, Lila Clark, is a tall woman of about 30 years old, with dark hair and glasses. She dresses conservatively, with a long skirt reaching nearly to the floor.

Lila is happy to talk to the investigators, and if asked she will tell them about Caitlin O'Brien's visit there two days before. She will tell them that Caitlin researched background on Professor Simon Hodges. There are no papers by him at this library (that would require a trip to the library at Miskatonic University in Arkham), though basic information about him can be gleaned from research here. To get Lila Clark to assist the investigators and find this information will require a successful roll on an appropriate social skill (**Bargain** if offering compensation for her time, **Credit Rating**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade**). If she is unwilling to help, or if the investigators do not ask her, they may roll **Library Use** to look up this information on their own. This will, however, take two hours per attempt, though the investigators may all attempt to do the research at the same time.

The following information about Simon Hodges will be found if the research is successful:

- Simon Hodges was born in 1879 in Boston. He attended Miskatonic University as an undergraduate from 1897 to 1901, and then attended Harvard Medical School from 1901 to 1905. He married Eloise Martin and had two sons by her: Simon Hodges, Jr. and Edgar Hodges. Eloise died in childbirth with Edgar.

- In 1905, Simon Hodges was hired by Miskatonic University as a Professor of Medicine and Biology. He soon became tenured. However, in late 1917, disillusioned with the state of the world, he took a sabbatical and moved to a cabin he purchased on an island in the middle of a lake in the Hockomock Swamp. In early 1918, he notified the university that he would not be returning from sabbatical and left its employment entirely.

- The last mention of Simon Hodges is in a newspaper article from August 24, 1918. His son Simon Jr. had been killed in an alligator attack while saving the life of his brother Edgar. The body was never recovered.

CAITLIN O'BRIEN'S APARTMENT

Caitlin O'Brien's boarding house is a small, two-story affair with white stucco walls. The landlady, Mrs. Betsy Davis, is a plump middle-aged woman with brown hair going gray.

(Area 7-1) Mrs. Davis is friendly enough and will answer the investigators' questions willingly, but it will take a successful **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll to get her to let them see her room. She likes Caitlin and is worried about her, having read about her disappearance in the morning paper. She will let them know that Caitlin is kind and always pays her rent on time, and that she last saw her the morning she headed out into the swamp and can tell them she was wearing blue slacks, a red shirt, and a gray scarf.

Caitlin's room is compact, with brown wood-paneled walls, a single bed, and a small dresser containing her clothes. There is a single photograph on the dresser of young Caitlin with an older man and woman. There is also a copy of Life magazine and a copy of the Independent from two days ago. Otherwise the room is clean, tidy and bare.

Underneath the mattress of Caitlin's bed can be found her diary, which can be located with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll from someone doing a general search of the room or automatically in the event someone specifically looks there. The diary contains everyday details of her life, including her wish for better stories that will boost her career as a reporter. In the last few days, entries show her discovery of and interest in the professor living out in the swamp and her plans to interview him, as well as the steps she has taken to do research. Including that she found some interesting details in the library, the supplies she has purchased at the outfitter's (listed in the next section Carson's Outfitters) and of Lucas Devlin, a fisherman who lives on the edge of a river just downstream from the lake, from whom she will have to borrow a boat to reach the island.

The final entry is from the morning she headed into the swamp to find the professor, which states her intention to write about the interview when she returns in the evening, which she never did.



CARSON'S OUTFITTERS

Carson's Outfitters is the recommended supply store in Bridgewater for anyone heading out into the Hockomock Swamp. It is a long, low building in the style of a Native American longhouse. Tall people have to duck when entering the front door. Jeremiah Carson, the proprietor, is in his 40s, his hair just starting to go gray, but he is still spry, fit, and muscular. He wears sturdy brown leather boots and blue denim overalls over a white shirt.

Jeremiah is kindly, and he is most interested in making a sale. He remembers Caitlin's visit to his shop two days prior and will gladly tell the investigators what she bought (and recommend that they make the same purchases). He will highly recommend a compass, warning them that it is too dangerous to venture into the swamp without one, as it is easy to get lost. He sold one to Caitlin, in addition to hiking boots, a backpack, a water canteen, trail rations, an electric torch, and a length of rope. All the above items are available here at reasonable prices. He also sells hunting knives and hatchets, as well as various shotguns and rifles, along with shells and bullets for them. He will point these out and try to sell them to the investigators, warning that alligators and other dangerous denizens inhabit the swamp.

Jeremiah can also sell a rough map of the Hockomock swamp. It has not been fully detailed inside the swamp, but the outer edge is accurate. He can also point out where he thought Caitlin was heading on the map. Point out where area 7-2 is on the player's map.

If asked about what she was wearing, he can tell them she was wearing blue slacks a red shirt and a gray scarf.

THE SWAMP

(Area 7-2) The investigators will need to venture about a mile into the swamp to reach the fisherman's cabin, which takes about an hour. Given the map and a compass, no roll is necessary. They will reach their destination in an hour. However, if they do not have a map and compass, they will have to find their own way or go back to town to get a map and compass (a successful **Idea** roll will tip them off to this possibility). If they try to find their way without a map and compass, a successful **Navigate** roll will be needed. Once this is made, they can find their way back without a roll, as they can also mark their trail. If they all fail at the **Navigate** roll, they waste an hour wandering around lost in the swamp. At this point, make a group **Luck** roll (the investigator with the lowest Luck score must make the Luck roll); a failure will trigger a random swamp encounter. After the encounter is resolved, or if there is no encounter, the investigators must all attempt **Navigate** rolls again. After the first failure, they are lost and cannot find their way back until someone succeeds at a **Navigate** roll. Each attempt takes another hour, and the investigators will have to continue attempting **Navigate** rolls until they either find their way or die trying.

THE DOG PACK

(Area 7-3) After traveling about 30 minutes along the path to the fisherman's cabin, the woods will grow dark as if the sun has set on a moonless night, Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d3). Passing a **Spot Hidden** test will allow an investigator to spot a quick movement of something running to one side or another. The animal will be 2 to 3 feet tall. If the investigators are using their flashlights, they can catch movement and glowing eyes. If the investigators fire in the air, or at the pack, the pack of dogs will flee for a few minutes, but return and encircle the investigators.



Firing a second time will not cause them to run away, but instead close the circle and begin barking, growling, and snarling. The dogs will then charge, leaping in and attempting to bite. If an investigator looks for the “pack leader,” or biggest dog, they will find him if they pass a **Spot Hidden** test. If they wait till the dogs are charging, they must do this with a penalty die.

If the leader is killed, the others will run away, and daylight will return, Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d3). A **Spot Hidden** test on the dog will allow someone to see the dog’s carcass moving, or rather, something inside the dog is moving. If anyone gets within 5 feet of the carcass, the body will split open and a tentacle will quickly reach out and grab an arm or leg, inflicting 1d3 points of damage. Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d6).

Tentacle: Combat: [mnvr] grab – 5’ range, 90%. Damage 1d3. 1 hp. Dodge 70% if it does not grab someone.

Once the tentacle has grabbed a limb, it can be easily hit and will melt into a black goo after it suffers any damage at all. Whoever was grabbed will feel a slight sting in their extremity when the tentacle is killed. If it grabs someone, this cannot be avoided. It has implanted four small eggs parasitically in a circle around the limb. A successful **Medicine** roll with a bonus die will allow them to be successfully removed, but the eggs have a

powerful hallucinogen on them that will have already entered the system.

Approximately one hour after the eggs are removed, the infected area will begin to itch horribly and the victim will feel something moving under his skin. Stabbing the holes with a blade will temporarily ease the feeling on 1 of the 4 holes, while also doing damage. This feeling will return every hour for the next 24 hours, Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d3) every hour. The only way to completely resolve the feeling is to wait 24 hours for the hallucinogen to wear off, or to cauterize the incision sites with a sharp object, like a knife or fireplace poker, that has been heated sufficiently. Damage will be 1d3 points per site cauterized.

If the eggs are not removed from the arm, then they will hatch after 1 hour, taking over the body. The affected investigator will act normally but will eventually attempt to infect others with a tentacle that can come out of his hands or mouth, sting a person, and retract, leaving only the 4 small marks on the persons arm or leg as evidence.

Seeing the tentacle horror infecting someone causes a Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

THE FISHERMAN

Lucas Devlin lives in a small, ramshackle wooden shed on the edge of the mist-shrouded riverbank just 100 to 200 yards from the lake. Smoke rises from the shed’s chimney. Nearby, a small wooden pier juts out into the water. A small boat with a pair of oars is moored to the pier.

The shed is small, barely big enough to hold Lucas and the investigators. It contains a small cot, a table and a couple of chairs, and fishing gear. A wood-burning stove occupies the middle of the shed. Empty bottles of bootleg whiskey are scattered about in plain sight.

(Area 7-4) Lucas is an old man with white hair and plenty of wrinkles. He is a friendly, jovial sort, and due to his slurred speech, it will be clear to anyone speaking to him that he has been drinking recently. He wears blue jeans, a red shirt, and a yellow overcoat. He will be pleased to tell the investigators about Caitlin's visit if asked. He was quite charmed by her, both because of her natural kindness and attractiveness, and because they are both of Irish descent. Caitlin arrived yesterday morning and asked him about the professor and his son, and he told her what little he knows, as he does not talk to them much because "They keep themselves to themselves." He also told her that 10 years ago Edgar's older brother had been killed while protecting him against an alligator attack. He warned her about a lake monster he has seen on rare occasions in the lake. He couldn't tell much only that it was a little bigger than a man, green and slimy, and that it seemed to be looking back at him. However, Caitlin hadn't believed him, presuming he had been drinking. He's been seeing the monster on and off for a dozen years. He will give the investigators the same warning. He says he hasn't seen it in a few years as he doesn't go down there to fish anymore.

Caitlin borrowed one of his two boats to go to the island at the center of the lake, but she still has not returned with it, which has him worried about her. He wants to help find her but is reluctant to lend out his only remaining boat, as it is his livelihood. It will take a difficult roll against a relevant social skill (**Bargain**, **Credit Rating**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade**), and even then, he will insist that the investigators leave him collateral, something of sufficient value in case they don't come back either. Alternatively, the investigators can simply get him drunk enough that he will pass out, and then they can take the boat without his permission. They could try to take his boat by force or **Stealth**, though the latter may require them to wait until it gets dark. He will not fight them, so if they threaten him he will relent,

but he will certainly tell the police when they eventually come by looking for Caitlin, which could have unpleasant consequences. It is also possible for investigators to swim across the lake by rolling against **Swim** (with a bonus die, as they are intentionally entering the water). Failing the **Swim** roll will cause an investigator to begin to drown as per the drowning rules. No **Pilot Boat** roll is needed to row the boat across the lake, though it may be required if something happens to the boat.

THE RIVER

The river runs from northwest to southeast and moves very slowly. Algae covers the top of the water, and ripples from the mosquitos and other insects continually disturb the calm surface. A smell of rotting vegetation hangs over the river and the mouth to the small lake can be seen from the dock.

It is only three to four feet deep, but the mud is extremely soft, and anyone stepping more than a foot from shore will quickly have their feet stuck and sliding their foot out of your shoe or boot will be the only way to free it. Due to the river's having almost no current, it is very easy to paddle up to the lake, no **Pilot** roll is required.



THE LAKE

The monster that used to be Simon Hodges Jr. will be in the lake watching the investigators. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll will let them know that something is in the water observing them, but unless the roll is an extreme success (1/5 of the skill or less), they will not see the Sanity-blasting details. Seeing Junior clearly will cause a Roll against **Sanity** (1/1D6). He is roughly humanoid, about eight feet tall, green, and covered with slime from head to toe, and he has gills. A second successful **Spot Hidden** roll will reveal another boat, overturned and adrift, as well as the island and its cabin out in the middle of the lake.

Once the investigators are about halfway to the island, seeing the overturned boat is automatic. The oars are gone, but they can be found and recovered by diving, which requires a successful **Swim** roll followed by a successful **Spot Hidden** roll. Failing the **Swim** roll causes an investigator to start drowning. A swimmer can right the boat and tow it back to shore with a successful **STR** roll. If the investigators bring it back to Lucas Devlin, he will be grateful and will allow them to borrow it, and he will also provide them with a spare pair of oars. When the boat is turned over the investigators will also find the cover of a notebook that is popular among reporters. The pages have fallen out, but the hand-written name 'Caitlin O'Brien' can be made out on the inside cover with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll.

THE ISLAND

(Area 7-5) The island has a small pier similar to the one outside Lucas Devlin's shack. The professor's boat is moored there. The professor lives in a large log cabin with a chimney. The cabin takes up most of the space on the island. It is possible to walk around the cabin on dry land, but no more than two people can go side by side. The front side of the cabin, facing the pier, has a sturdy front door that is normally

kept locked. A window on the left end of the front side leads to Edgar's bedroom, and another window on the right end leads to the dining room/kitchen, but the curtains are usually kept drawn.

On the left side of the cabin, a septic tank is set into the ground about halfway between the front and rear, aligned with the bathroom. There is also another window to Edgar's bedroom toward the front side of the left wall, and one to the professor's bedroom toward the back.

On the right side of the cabin, there is another window to the dining room/kitchen near the front. There is no window to the professor's lab, however.

The rear of the cabin has a window toward the left side to the professor's bedroom, but, again, no window to the lab. There is a hidden underwater entrance leading through a short tunnel to the pool in the professor's lab. Junior uses this passage to visit his father and brother, and now Caitlin, typically in the evenings. A successful hard **Spot Hidden** roll at the rear of the cabin will reveal the underwater entrance.

When Caitlin was captured by Junior, she dropped a small gold ring near the front door in the hopes that anyone who came looking for her would find it. It is inscribed with the letters C. O'B. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll in front of the cabin will allow an investigator to find it. The front door is kept locked, as the professor doesn't usually want visitors. It will take a successful **Locksmith** roll to pick the lock. The door can also be forced open with an extreme **STR** roll. Up to two investigators may combine their **STR** scores, and multiple attempts may be made, though each attempt will make noise that will alert anyone inside to their presence.

The simplest way to get through the front door



is to knock. Edgar will answer the door, as his father is usually busy in the lab. Edgar is a very big, tough young man, though not very bright. He is nearly seven feet tall and wears simple, shoddy clothes. A successful roll against a relevant social skill (**Credit Rating, Fast Talk, or Persuade**) will be necessary to convince him to bring his father to the door. If successful, he will close and lock the door before going to get his father. He will not be forthcoming with information.

The professor is a middle-aged, balding man with glasses. What little is left of his hair is gray. He wears a gray suit and black tie beneath a white lab coat. It will be difficult to convince the professor to let the investigators inside, as he came out here to get away from people and has secrets in his lab that he wants to keep (including the captive Caitlin). However, he will talk to the investigators at the door. He will freely admit that Caitlin visited him the previous day and that he gave her an interview, but he says that she left and he has not seen

her since. A successful **Psychology** roll by an investigator will indicate that he is not being entirely truthful about this last statement. If the investigators confront him with the ring, he will simply say that she must have accidentally dropped it outside.

In order to be allowed into the cabin, an investigator will need to succeed at a relevant Hard social skill (**Credit Rating, Fast Talk, or Persuade**). Alternatively, it is possible to convince him to let them inside by convincing him that he or she is a scientific peer worth the professor's time. This is done simply by succeeding at a roll against a scientific skill to demonstrate knowledge in a field that will impress the professor. The skills that can be used include **Science (Astronomy, Biology, Chemistry, Geology, Medicine, or Physics)**. If the investigators cannot convince the professor to let them inside, they can resort to force or stealth. If they decide to give up and leave, Caitlin will call out for help, having heard the visitors out front. They will automatically

hear her, but a successful **Listen** roll will indicate that her cries come from the rear of the cabin.

INSIDE THE CABIN

On the other side of the front door is a large living area with a big couch and a couple of chairs. There is a fireplace, which vents through the cabin's chimney. A fireplace poker leaning against the fireplace could be used as a weapon, and there is a tinderbox on the mantle. If an investigator searches the fireplace area, a successful **Spot Hidden** test will allow them to find bits of burnt red and blue clothing. In the left wall, there are three doors. In order from front to rear, they lead to Edgar's bedroom, the bathroom, and the professor's bedroom. A door to the right leads to the dining room/kitchen. A locked door to the rear leads to the professor's lab. However, the lock isn't quite as good as the one on the front door, and it can be opened with a successful **Locksmith** or **Mechanical Repair** roll (or with the key, which the professor always carries). The door can also be forced open, like the front door, but with a Hard **STR** test. Of course, doing this in front of the professor or Edgar would not be wise. It is also possible to enter the lab through the secret tunnel at the rear of the cabin. If the investigators have been invited inside, the professor will not let them into the lab under any circumstances, but he will share food and drink with them and lead them to the dining room/kitchen, along with Edgar.

The dining room/kitchen has a large table with several chairs surrounding it, as well as a stove, an icebox, and a pantry in one corner. Knives both large and small can be found here. If the investigators were allowed inside, one of them can ask to use the bathroom and will be allowed to go off on their own after being told that the bathroom is through the middle of the three doors. There is nothing to stop this investigator from snooping around; though attempting to pick the lock to the lab

will require a **Stealth** roll. Failure means that both the professor and Edgar may make **Listen** rolls; if successful, they will hear the noise and Edgar will be sent to investigate. Attempting to force the door will automatically alert both of them without a roll. Any lengthy absences will arouse suspicion, and Edgar will be sent to check on the guest.

Edgar's bedroom contains little of note. There are two beds (one is Junior's, with whom Edgar shared the room before the transformation) as well as a baseball bat and a baseball that could be used as weapons. Under Edgar's bed in a small gray scarf that would be too small for a man of his size.

The bathroom, likewise, is a small, simple room with no unusual features.

The professor's bedroom contains a full-size bed and a writing desk. There is also a double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun with a box of shells. Upon the writing desk sits the professor's journal, in plain sight.

Provide players with Handout H7-2 (9 pgs).

There are several entries of significance, going back to his delving into the Mythos while at Miskatonic University after gaining access to the restricted section of the Orne Library there. This research began when he was an undergraduate and continued while he was a professor, and they gradually altered his worldview and eroded his sanity. The journal entries become increasingly disjointed and disturbed. In late 1917, he came to the conclusion that humanity is doomed and that





nothing can be done to save it. Events such as the Great War and the Bolshevik

Revolution are taken as proof of this, and he does not believe there is much time left before civilization collapses completely. He purchased the cabin and removed himself and his young sons from society before the end came, and to continue his research in seclusion. His sons became his lab assistants, collecting samples from the Hockomock Swamp, where there are numerous Mythos-related phenomena to study.

The journal entry for August 23, 1918, briefly describes the incident with the alligator in shaky, weary handwriting, as well as the untested ritual of transmogrification that saved Junior's life. The creature that had been Junior possessed remarkable regenerative powers, which were what saved his life, and he developed gills which allowed him to breathe underwater. He lost the ability to speak, though he still seemed intelligent. He was now eight feet tall and green, and his body secreted a slime that acted as a protective coating.

The professor reported Junior to the authorities as having been killed by the alligator. From this point on, Junior lived in the lake, needing to spend most of his time submerged. The professor installed a pool in his lab with an underwater entrance for Junior to come and go. The journal entries also mention a partially submerged cave on the northeast edge of the lake in which Junior took residence, though he apparently no longer needed to sleep. He lived off the fish in the lake and frequently visited his brother and father. During one such early visit on a cold night, the fireplace had been lit, and he reeled away from it, terrified.

The latest entry in the journal, made yesterday, details Caitlin's visit and her capture by Junior. The professor believes she'll be written off as lost in the swamp, just another victim of the Hockomock's mysteries. He intends to mate her with Junior and see if they can produce offspring, provided his tests show that they are biologically compatible. If the investigators don't arrive until the second day for some reason, there will be an additional entry made on the first day. This entry will describe the unsuccessful mating experiment, in which Caitlin reacted in terror to Junior's presence, and he refused to take her by force. The professor had left them alone to see if privacy would help, but it did not. He closes by saying that he will repeat the experiment tonight, and that if it, too, is unsuccessful, he intends to use the ritual of transmogrification on Caitlin in the hopes that she will not be reluctant any longer. If the investigators wait until the third day, it will be too late, and she will have been turned into a monster.

The lab is the most modern room in the cabin; an electric generator in the far-right corner provides power. It contains various scientific equipment and medical supplies. There is a sunken square pool at the rear surrounded by an iron railing except in one spot where a ladder descends into the pool, and an underwater tunnel leads out to the lake. During the professor's mating experiments, he will strap Caitlin to the ladder and lower her into the pool when Junior visits. Otherwise, she is secured with leather straps to the rearmost of three metal lab tables along the left wall. Caitlin is wearing a hospital gown; her clothes having been ruined by her plunge into the lake. Those clothes have since been burned in the fireplace. There is also a desk containing the professor's lab notes in a book that is technically a minor Mythos tome. In addition, there is a fire extinguisher in the near right corner. There are also Bunsen burners as well as chemicals that can be used to start

fires. A successful Chemistry roll will allow an investigator to identify a test tube of white phosphorus, which ignites on contact with the oxygen in the air (which can be done by removing the stopper). The tube can then be thrown as a weapon which, if it hits, will cause 1d6 fire damage immediately and will cause the target to catch fire, for an additional 1d6 damage per round until the target dies or the fire is extinguished (the extinguisher in the lab or submersion in water will do the trick).

The notebook contains details for how to conduct the Ritual of Transmogrification, as well as the Mythos spells Deflect Harm and Wrack, which the professor also knows. Studying the book fully takes 13 weeks and yields +4 **Occult** and +2 **Cthulhu Mythos**. It also describes his experiments in more technical detail than the journal, including his plans for future experiments with Caitlin.

It is a simple matter to free Caitlin, who will be very grateful to her rescuers, but not to get her to safety. The professor and Edgar will resist any attempts to rescue her with force, and they will realize that the jig is up once they know that Caitlin has been found. They will, however, try to take the investigators alive if possible for use as test subjects (his Wrack spell will be useful for this).

THE CREATURE

Worse still, Junior will not allow anyone to take Caitlin away. He will not normally be hostile, but any attempt to take Caitlin out by boat will result in his flipping the boat over. A successful **Pilot Boat** roll can be used to keep the boat upright each round he attempts this. When the boat flips, everyone will be flung into the water and need to make **Swim** rolls or begin to drown. He will then grab Caitlin and bring her back to the house, or his cave if the house is no longer secure. He can be traced back to the cave by following Caitlin's screams (provided she is conscious), or the cave can be

found by circling the lake along the shore, or by finding the reference to it in the professor's journal. He can then be cornered in the cave, and Caitlin rescued.

Junior will not attack the investigators except in self-defense, or if he knows they have attacked his brother and/or father (in which case he will seek revenge). He will also attack anyone who tries to harm Caitlin. His favorite tactic is to pull victims underwater to drown them, but if he must come out of the water he will resort to unarmed attacks, attempting to knock people out, if possible, unless he knows they have killed his father or his brother. He will also protect them if anyone threatens or tries to harm them in his presence.

Junior regenerates 1 HP per round as long as he is alive. It causes a Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6) to encounter Junior. Caitlin has already lost five Sanity from her first meeting with Junior and does not need to roll for seeing him again later. Attacks that impale do 1 damage per hit, and blunt weapons do half damage to Junior (rounded up). Fire, however, does full damage, and he cannot regenerate damage caused by fire. In addition, he is terrified of fire, which can be used to keep him at bay. Junior is amphibious and can breathe underwater as well as on land.

THE CAVE

Junior's cave is located on the northeastern shore of the lake (the river mouth to Lucas Devlin's shed is on the south side). The cave is filled with about four feet of water, but there is a rectangular slab of rock in the middle of the cave where he will deposit Caitlin if he brings her there. Along the back wall is a rock shelf that holds a variety of odds and ends: a faded photograph of a woman, a baseball mitt, and a water-logged copy of "Adventures



of Huckleberry Finn.” The photograph is of Eloise Hodges, Junior and Edgar’s mother.



THE CONCLUSION

Once the investigators decide to try to free Caitlin, the scenario is fairly open-ended. They are free to use whatever tactics they come up with, and what happens next can vary depending on what they do. Assuming they can rescue her, they will be suitably rewarded with cash. If they fail to retrieve Caitlin, each investigator will lose 1d4 Sanity points. The police will conduct a cursory search on the third day, speaking to Lucas Devlin, but not really putting in much effort. They will report that they have found her body, an apparent victim of an alligator attack. This will not be true. Instead, Caitlin will have been transformed into a creature much like Junior.

SANITY AWARDS

- Rescuing Caitlin: 1d8
- Killing the Monster: 1d8
- Killing Professor Hodges and Edgar: 1d6
- Killing the tentacled beast without being infected: 1d6

NPCS

Caitlin O’Brien - 19, Cub Reporter

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
40	80	55	65	75	60	50	55	45	14

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Knife 50%, damage 1d4 (initially unarmed)

Skills: Conceal 40%, Dodge 26%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 40%, History 50%, Library Use 50%, Listen 65, Own Language (English) 55%, Persuade 50%, Photography 40%, Psychology 20%, Stealth 40%, Spot Hidden 60%

Professor Simon Hodges - 49, Mad Doctor

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
40	60	55	50	75	35	85	110	0	12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun 30%, damage 4d6/2d6/1d6

Skills: Bargain 40%, Biology 76%, Chemistry 51%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Dodge 20%, Electrical Repair 40%, Library Use 75%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Medicine 75%, Own Language (English) 99%, Pilot Boat 51%, Psychology 55%

Spells Known: Deflect Harm, Ritual of Transmogrification, Wrack (see the Mythos Spells section below for descriptions)

Edgar Hodges - 19, Hulking Brute

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
80	85	80	45	40	40	50	40	0	17

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1d3+1d4, Large Club (baseball bat) 55%, damage 1d8+db

Skills: Climb 60%, Dodge 53%, Jump 45%, Listen 50%, Own Language (English) 40%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 55%, Throw 50%

Lucas Devlin - 58, Drunken Fisherman

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	EDU	SAN	HP
45	40	65	70	65	55	55	80	50	11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3 + db

Skills: Craft (Carpentry) 60%, Dodge 28%, Electrical Repair 50%, First Aid 65%, Fishing 75%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Natural History 60%, Navigate 60%, Own Language (English) 80%, Pilot Boat 51%, Swim 55%, Track 50%

Simon Hodges Jr. - 22, Transmogrified Swamp Monster

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	INT	APP	POW	SAN	HP
85	100	95	75	85	0	60	0	20

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Attacks: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db, Grapple 65%, damage Special

Armor: Regenerates 1 HP/round. All impaling attacks do 1 point of damage per hit. All blunt attacks do half damage (rounded up). Fire does full damage, and damage from fire does not regenerate and must heal naturally over time.

Sanity loss: 1/1d6 Sanity loss for seeing Junior.

Pack Leader

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
50	60	50	90	45	11

Damage Bonus: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 13

Attacks: 1 **Armor:** N/A

Fighting 60% (30/12), damage 1d6+1

Dodge 52%

Skills: Listen 75%, Scent 90%

Special: Tentacle infestation, can make it appear like it is night when it is not.

Tentacle: Combat [mnvr] grab – 5' range, 90%.

HP: 1 **Damage:** 1d3 + Tentacle Infestation

Dodge: 70% if it did not grab someone.

Infestation: See page 151 for more details.

Pack of Dogs (12-20)

STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
35	50	35	70	35	8

Damage Bonus: -1 **Build:** -1 **Move:** 12

Attacks 1 **Armor:** N/A

Fighting 50% (25/10), damage 1d6

Dodge 42%

Skills: Listen 75%, Scent 90%

CABIN MAP



- 1. Living Room
- 2. Edgar's Bedroom
- 3. Kitchen
- 4. Bathroom
- 5. Lab
- 6. Prof. Hodges' Bedroom

MYTHOS SPELLS

DEFLECT HARM:

Costs 1 MP and 1 **Sanity**. Caster may, with a hand gesture toward an attacker and invoking the names of the Outer Gods, negate any attack from that attacker by spending magic points equal to the damage that would have otherwise been caused. The caster may deflect multiple attacks as long as the caster's hand remains raised and may recast the spell to deflect attacks from other attackers. Attacks that miss cost no additional magic points. The caster may choose which attacks to block and which to allow through but must decide before damage is rolled. If the caster does not have enough magic points to deflect a given attack, the spell is over, and the caster takes full damage.

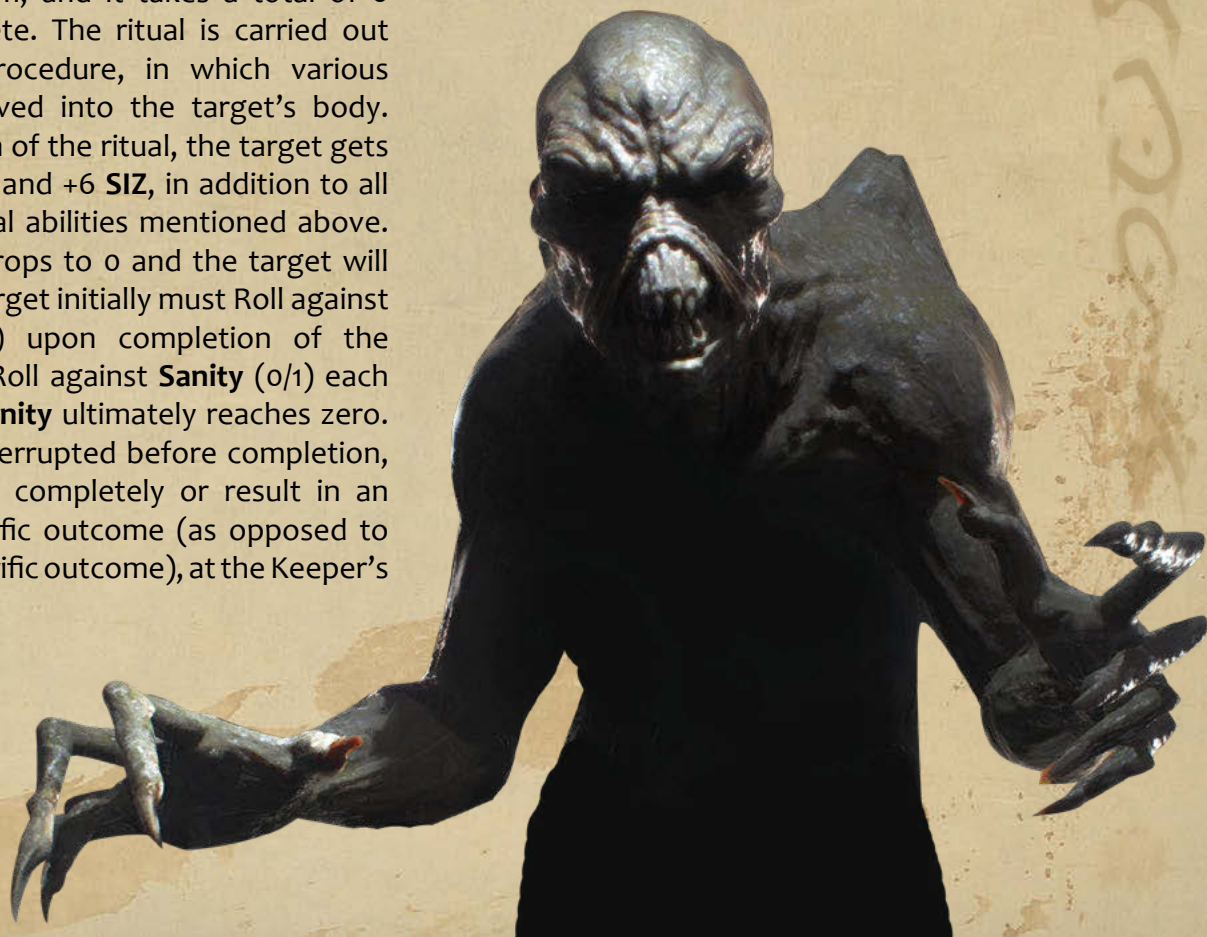
RITUAL OF TRANSMOGRIFICATION:

This ritual is detailed in Professor Hodges's lab notes. It costs 1 POW, 10 MP, and 1d10 **Sanity** to perform, and it takes a total of 6 hours to complete. The ritual is carried out as a surgical procedure, in which various symbols are carved into the target's body. Upon completion of the ritual, the target gets +6 **STR**, +6 **CON**, and +6 **SIZ**, in addition to all of Junior's special abilities mentioned above. However, **APP** drops to 0 and the target will go insane. The target initially must Roll against **Sanity** (2/1d10+1) upon completion of the ritual and must Roll against **Sanity** (0/1) each day until their **Sanity** ultimately reaches zero. If the ritual is interrupted before completion, it can either fail completely or result in an unintended horrific outcome (as opposed to the intended horrific outcome), at the Keeper's

discretion. A good rule is to roll 1d100 against the percentage completion of the ritual. Failing this roll means that the ritual fails, but success means something even worse happens. The ritual, once completed, is irreversible.

WRACK:

Costs 3 MP and 1 **Sanity**. The caster must be within ten yards of the target. For the spell to take effect the caster must succeed in an opposed **POW** roll with the target. If the roll succeeds, the caster must spend one round making bizarre hand gestures at the target, after which the target is consumed by intense agony accompanied by bleeding, blistering, and temporary blindness. The blindness wears off in 1d6 rounds, but the target is incapacitated for 3d10 minutes and also must Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6+1). However, no permanent physical harm is done. Within a day, almost all the physical traces of the spell's effects will be gone.



HANDOUTS

MISSING

Caitlin O'Brien

Reporter for the Bridgeport Independent

Reward of \$100 for her safe return

See Jarvis Woodruff, Editor at the Bridgeport Independent if you can render any assistance

Caitlin O'Brien was last seen heading into the Hockomock Swamp yesterday morning. She should have returned by evening, but there has been no contact with her since then.

H7-1

Journal of Dr. Simon Hodges

April 11, 1906

I have finally gained access to the restricted section of the Orne Library. I've been working at Miskatonic University for several months now, but it took this long to get permission. All the warnings I received about not delving into this material sound ridiculous to me. It will not consume my life or drive me mad. All of it is probably nonsense anyway. I probably would not even have bothered if they had not gone to such trouble to keep people out of it.

May 2, 1906

It has only been a few weeks since I have begun my researches into the restricted tomes, but already I have learned so much! None of it can possibly be true, of course, but it is nonetheless fascinating. These prophecies of the end of the world are the most disturbing. They are very specific, and the astronomical conjunctions they predict, along with accompanying events, are so rare. The

H7-2 p1

time leading up to the end is supposed to be filled with chaos. The whole world is foretold to be at war, which has never happened in all of history. Governments are to be overthrown in violent revolutions, and pestilence will be widespread as well, an epidemic that will kill many millions of people. That has happened in the past, of course. The Black Death killed about a sixth of the world's population at the time. But to have all these things happen in a short span of time? Preposterous! And yet, I cannot shake a feeling of fear.

August 5, 1914

The nations of Europe have succumbed to war. Could this be what the book foretold? Time will tell. Still, as long as America stays out of the war, then it cannot be said to encompass the whole world, and I cannot see people wanting to get involved in it.

April 6, 1917

It has finally happened. Congress has declared war on Germany, and now it truly is a World's War. How long before the rest of the prophecies fall into place? I fear for my sons.

November 10, 1917

The world is in chaos. War has been raging for over three years with no end in sight, and we have been in it for seven months now. Russia has succumbed to utter madness. The provisional government has been overthrown, and they are killing each other with mad abandon. It is only a matter of time until Russia withdraws from the war, which will extend it indefinitely. The Central Powers will now be able to divert their forces to the Western Front. Things are happening just as was foretold in the book I read. Man is indeed becoming as the Old Ones, killing and reveling. I have put in for a sabbatical today. The time to cut ties is approaching. Things still seem civilized here in Arkham, but for how long will that last?

December 18, 1917

Now that Russia has signed an armistice and the maniacal Bolsheviks are running rampant there, I can see that man-kind is doomed. There is no longer any hope for the world. Things will get progressively worse until the end comes. It cannot be much longer before the stars are right, yet people are carrying on as if everything is normal. Do they not see?

The cities will not be safe for much longer. I must do something to protect my boys, preserve them through the chaos to come.

March 11, 1918

Pestilence is now spreading like wildfire, and it has reached New York. This deadly outbreak of influenza is only the beginning. This is yet another sign of the end. The collapse may take some time to play out, but the end is inevitable. By my calculations, the stars will come right at some point in early 1925, but things will no doubt become unbearable as the time gets close. I can delay our move no longer. The cabin I have purchased in the Hackomack Swamp is the ideal location. There we will be protected from the fall of civilization, and I can continue my researches. There are many phenomena of interest there, as well as flora and fauna whose properties I can study. I have formally resigned from Miskatonic University today, and we will move to the cabin as soon as possible.

March 22, 1918

We have arrived at the cabin, and not a moment too soon. The Germans have begun a massive offensive as I had expected

H7-2 p4

and have broken through the lines. However, none of that concerns me any longer. The world will consume itself in agony, but my sons and I shall live in seclusion here, where it is safe.

August 23, 1918

The worst of all tragedies happened today! While my boys were out in the swamp collecting samples for my experiment, they were attacked by an alligator. From what Edgar told me, young Simon had bravely protected his brother, but at a terrible cost. He was horribly wounded, but he had bought enough time for his stronger brother to drive off the beast, after which he carried him back to the cabin. Alas, the wounds are mortal, and none of my medical skills are enough to save him in spite of every effort I've made. There is one chance and one chance only: the Ritual of Transmogrification. I am confident that he will live, but he will be forever changed. Why did this have to happen? Why couldn't it have happened to the other one?

August 24, 1918

The ritual was a complete success. It has imbued my elder son with astounding regenerative abilities, and his wounds

H7-2 p5

are already completely healed! He is now much taller and monstrous-looking, but he is still my son and I love him. He is no longer capable of speech, though he does understand me. He is green and secretes slime that appears to function as a protective coating. He has gills that enable him to breathe underwater, and he prefers it that way. I shall have to modify the cabin to accommodate him. Nobody from what passes for civilization must look upon him, lest they fear him and kill him, but I have no need for outsiders any longer, save to report my son's "death" to the authorities.

October 7, 1918

I have finished the modifications. Now my son can enter and leave through an underwater tunnel that feeds into a pool in my lab, with no risk of that drunken fisherman on the lakeshore seeing him - not that anyone would believe it if he told. Simon still spends much of his time in the partially submerged cave he has found on the northeast shore of the lake, but he visits frequently. He does not appear to need sleep at all any more, perhaps a side effect of the regenerative abilities he now possesses.

December 24, 1918

Tonight when Simon came to visit me and Edgar, he joined us in the main room of the cabin. The fireplace was lit for the first time this winter, as it was a very cold night, and he recoiled away from it in fear. I had never seen him afraid of anything since his transformation. I shall make sure that fire is kept away from him, and the fire extinguisher I keep in the lab is close at hand just in case.

September 6, 1928

I received a visitor today for the first time in years. Apparently there is still a thriving town in nearby Bridgewater, and the collapse of civilization still has not happened. I do not understand the reason for the delay, but it cannot be long now. The pretty young lady is named Caitlin O'Brien, and she is a reporter, of all things. At first I was reluctant to talk to her, but she was very convincing, and it has been a long time since I have seen a woman. I can never love again after loving Elvise all those years ago when Edgar was born, but I had not thought of my sons. Edgar has taken a liking to her as well, but it was Simon's reaction that was the most problematic. He must have seen her when

H7-2 p6

H7-2 p7

she arrived, for when she tried to leave, he overturned her boat in the middle of the lake and brought her back here. Now that she has seen him, she cannot be permitted to ever leave, lest she tell someone and the safety of my refuge be destroyed. I cannot bring myself to kill her, either. However, there is another possibility.

She will be missed, to be sure, but from what Miss O'Brien told me, people wander off into the swamp and get lost all the time, so her own disappearance will not raise too many questions. It appears that Simon loves her, so I am keeping her secured in my lab for him. I will run tests on her to see if she is biologically compatible with him, but I believe Simon will be able to mate with her, and perhaps even produce offspring. I had given up all hope of ever having a grandchild, but it may be possible.

September 7, 1928

I do not understand what has gone wrong. Simon was pleased to see Caitlin and was tender with her, but he refused to mate with her. At first I thought it was my presence that prevented him, so I left him alone with her in the lab for privacy. However, when I returned, my examination showed that there had

had been no mating. She remains terrified of him, but bound as she was, she would have been powerless to stop him. Perhaps it is her rejection of him that is causing his refusal. I shall try again tonight, but if the experiment fails, I shall be left with only one option. If Simon still refuses to mate with Caitlin, I shall perform the Ritual of Transmogrification on her. He may be more willing to mate if she is just like him, and she may be willing then as well.

H7-2 p8

H7-2 p9



CHAPTER 8
A CRY FOR HELP

WRITTEN BY BEN BURNS

INTRODUCTION

A friend of Dr. Nichols, Doctor Rodger Williams, a prominent engineering professor at MIT, is missing. He called to say he would be in town and arranged to have lunch today, but never showed. Dr. Williams is not one to miss appointments.

KEEPER'S SECRET

Thousands of years ago, two factions of serpent men, Yig worshippers and Tsathogghua worshippers, waged a huge war spanning a major portion of the Earth. Small surviving factions broke into small conclaves to hide. One of the smaller groups, worshippers of Yig, fled to their base in the Hockomock Swamp. These Serpent Men attempted to return to their home world through a portal. This is a technology-based portal, instead of the usual magical gateways, which can sometimes be unstable and unreliable. However, when they returned to their base, they discovered their portal had been sabotaged and their technicians had disappeared. They were trapped. The small group of Serpent Men decided to stay put, fortify their base, and wait for the final attack that would destroy their civilization once and for all. This attack never came.

What the Serpent Men of the Hockomock didn't realize was that their base on Yoth had been attacked and completely wiped out by a Formless Spawn of Tsathogghua. When the technicians on Earth got the portal working and opened it, the Formless Spawn began to come through. The portal turned from bright reds and yellows into a deep dark black, and tentacles reached through and grabbed the technicians. Before being killed, the last technician sabotaged the portal, shutting it down and trapping the Formless Spawn in the portal matrix. Centuries later, the Formless Spawn is still trapped, waiting for someone

to open the portal so that it can get out. The Spawn is now weak and hungry and will need to feed before it can free itself.

After a dozen or more years had passed with no attack, the Serpent Men hibernated, waiting for a time when they could show themselves again. After centuries of sleep, that time has finally come. For the last hundred years, they have been working to rebuild their society, their culture, and the portal generator. While they had what was needed to survive, they lacked anyone with the technical knowhow to repair any of their weapons, their shields, or the portal. As their tech fell into disrepair, it could not be fixed. The elderly clung to what tech they had, while the young became more primitive and learned to fight with swords—they were a devolving race. The medics among them worked on a hybrid that could be used to bridge the gap between the new life forms on this planet, humans, and themselves. That is, until they accidentally created the Changeling (see the scenario "Lost"). Their hopes were high that the Changeling could learn from this new, lesser species, but it betrayed them, killed many, including their medics and scientists, and fled.

More decades passed. Some of the leaders have decided that it is safe to venture forth into the swamp and mingle among the humans. Using Disguise spells, they approached the most advanced and knowledgeable in the ways of electricity and engineering, Dr. Rodger Williams, the head of the engineering department at MIT. He was brilliant, but when the Serpent Men showed him the schematics of their portal, he was bewildered. He had never seen anything like this before. This was far beyond his understanding, but he was smart and determined. It took him months of looking at pictures, schematics, and diagrams before he felt comfortable enough to inspect the portal in person. Meanwhile, he had been in correspondence with several top minds in the area to help him, including Nikolai Tesla.

When he went to the Serpent Man base, he saw his visitors in their true form for the first time. As they led him into their home, he came face to face with many more, and when he came into the room with the portal and saw the alien technology in person, it was more than his mind could take. He went completely insane. Now the Serpent Men don't know what to do with him. Should they send him back? Hold onto him, in the hope that he gets better and can help? Or has he become a total liability who needs to be killed? Williams has flashes of lucidity during which he works on the portal, but the time between these episodes grows longer and longer.



HAYNES COLLEGE LIBRARY

Dr. Nichols has called for an emergency meeting of the Bridgewater Preservation Society. This isn't the first time he's called, but this is the first time his voice has had a quiver of fear. As you approach his office, he hangs up his phone and comes out to greet you.

"Thank you so much for coming on such short notice, but I fear an old friend of mine may have gotten in over his head. His name is Dr. Rodger Williams, a professor at MIT. I received a call from him last week. He explained he would be staying at the Bridgewater Inn and would like to meet for lunch today. When he didn't show, I asked after him at the front desk, and was informed that he left several days ago and has not returned. I know he is a grown man, but I fear the worst for my old friend."

Dr. Nichols sits down at the table, well-worn from numerous past meetings. This time, it just feels different somehow.

If asked about the phone call, Dr. Nichols explains that he was talking with the manager at the Bridgewater Inn. He was sure his lunch meeting with the professor was today, as he had noted it in his appointment book. Dr. Nichols can recall the following information from his phone call with Dr. Williams:

- Dr. Williams has been working on an exciting new project for some very strange visitors.
- He had even been consulting with Mr. Tesla in New York on the project.
- He felt he had a breakthrough and that it was time to complete the project.
- He couldn't talk about the project over the phone, but he would explain it in detail over lunch—the lunch he never showed up for.
- Dr. Williams was planning on staying at the Bridgewater Inn during his stay.
- Mr. Nicholas talked with the desk clerk at the Bridgewater Inn and confirmed that Dr. Williams checked in several days ago as planned, then went out one early morning 3 to 4 days ago and has not returned.

This is all Dr. Nichols knows of the case. He doesn't feel that calling the police would do any good, since he has not been missing for very long, and Dr. Nichols suspects the Hockomock is somehow involved.

If the investigators seem stuck as to where to start, Dr. Nichols will suggest starting at the Inn, since that is the last place where he was seen.

THE BRIDGEWATER INN

This three-story white building dominates its street corner in the central square. Columned balconies provide an excellent view of the town square. Two large trees stand like sentries in the small grassy area before the front doors.

The interior walls of the Inn are freshly painted in white and covered in beautiful paintings. The reception desk is directly beyond the front doors, while a dining room is off to the left. The very pleasant smell of cooking food wafts in from the kitchen. The scent is familiar, but you can't quite put your finger on it. A bit spicy, but sweet as well.

The clerk behind the reception desk appears to be in his early 20s, with brownish hair, and wears a hotel jacket.

The clerk's name is Joseph and he is more than happy to help. He will freely tell them that yes, Dr. Williams checked into Room 204 five days ago. Dr. Williams spent a day around town and then left early in the morning four days ago. Dr. Williams was scheduled to check out today, but his belongings are all still in the room, and new lodgers are expected at any moment.

He will not provide the investigators with the key to the room without a bribe or a successful **Charm, Fast Talk, Intimidate, or Persuade** roll—the roll will be Hard unless they also offer to pay for the doctor's room and clear his luggage out. They can also bypass the clerk and break into the room with a successful **Locksmith** roll, or go in through the window.

ROOM 204

This average room has a double-size bed and writing desk against one wall and an armoire against another. A leather suitcase sits on the floor next to the armoire. Some faded pictures hang on the freshly painted walls in the room.

Inside the armoire is a suit and shirt and other clothing. If they search the suit or succeed in a **Spot Hidden** roll, the investigators will find a receipt from Carson's Outfitters. The suitcase has been emptied. Inside the writing table, they find the doctor's private journal.

Provide players with Handout H8-1 (4 pgs).

Written in the journal are the latitude/longitude coordinates Dr. Williams used to meet up with the serpent men on the south edge of the swamp. If the investigators can pass an Extreme **Navigation** roll, they will know where these coordinates are located and how to get to them. Otherwise, they will need to go to the library to find a map. Mr. Carson at Carson's Outfitters can also tell them.

MIT OR MR. TESLA

If the investigators contact the Dean of Engineering at MIT, they will be told that Dr. Williams took a leave of absence and was not expected back for a week. The dean knows nothing of Williams's latest research. If they travel to MIT, they will not be able to gain entrance into his office. If they break into his office, they will find some diagrams of a circular device with electronic symbols on it. An Extreme **Science (Electronics)** roll will allow them to understand that the circular device creates an electromagnetic field that conventional science cannot describe. If the investigators attempt to contact Mr. Tesla, they will be told that he is far too busy for the likes of them. If they make the trip to New York, they will be told he is not in the office and





they do not know when to expect him back. If they do break into Mr. Tesla's lab, they will find a variety of strange devices, but nothing that looks like what was described in the journal.

CARSON'S OUTFITTERS

Carson's Outfitters is the recommended supply store in Bridgewater for anyone heading out into the Hockomock Swamp. It is a long, low building in the style of a Native American longhouse. Tall people must duck when entering the front door. Jeremiah Carson, the proprietor, is in his 40s, his hair just starting to go gray, but he is still spry, fit, and muscular. He wears sturdy brown leather boots and blue denim overalls over a white shirt.

Jeremiah Carson is very friendly and always looking to make a sale. He will remember Dr. Williams as a finely dressed gentleman who came in 4 to 5 days ago. He didn't buy much, as Jeremiah recalls. If pressed for what was purchased, he will pull out a log book, where it shows that the doctor purchased a map and poncho.

Mr. Carson remembers Dr. Williams saying he wasn't planning to go into the swamp; he was just meeting some clients up by the road. They talked about where he was going and the easiest way to get there. He bought the poncho, since it looked like it would rain. Mr. Carson is more than willing to sell the players a map and show them where the coordinates lead.

BRIDGEWATER PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Bridgewater Public Library is a modern building with electric lights and a telephone. It is a brick building of only one story but is spread out to cover a lot of ground. Inside there are sections for periodicals, reference materials, and non-fiction, in addition to works of fiction. The assistant librarian, Lila Clark, is a tall woman of about 30 years old, with dark hair and glasses. She dresses conservatively, with a long skirt reaching nearly to the floor.

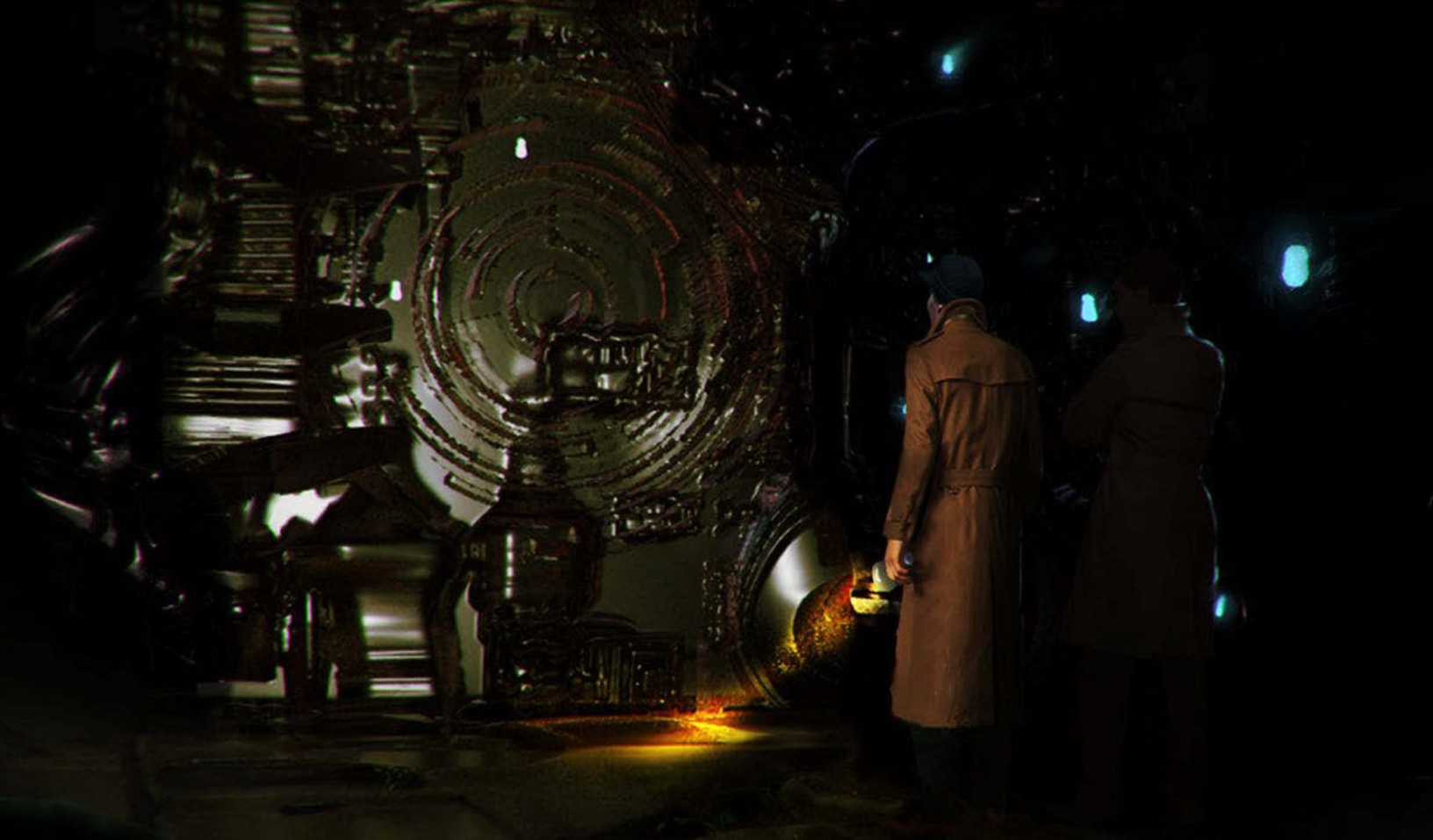
The investigators can find several maps of Bridgewater and the general extent of the Hockomock Swamp in the library. If they pass a **Navigate** roll, they can determine the location of the latitude/longitude points listed in the journal on the map. However, they cannot take any of the maps with them out of the library. If they have a map from Carson's Outfitters, they can mark it on that map.

THE MEETING PLACE

The map doesn't show any roads leading to the coordinates, so you follow the roads to the nearest accessible point. From there, a small dirt road not shown on the map leads deeper into the swamp. A hundred yards down the muddy, unused road is the professor's car, slightly sunk into the mud.

(Area 8-1) Dr. Williams left nothing in the car. It is stuck in the mud and will need to be freed before it can be driven.

If the investigators search the area for tracks, a successful **Track** roll, or a Hard **Spot Hidden** roll, will reveal a set of shoe prints and two other sets of unrecognizable prints. They are larger than a man's foot, and appear



barefoot, not quite human. All three sets of tracks lead into the swamp.

THE SWAMP

The swamp is always damp, humid, and full of mosquitos and other insects. The investigators can follow a small trail that is rarely used. The Keeper should roll for at least one random encounter along the way.

THE GUARD

Up ahead, two hunters appear on the trail. They seem to have just noticed you and are walking your way. They are carrying shotguns and wearing waders. They say hello as they approach. Their accent is unplaceable, but definitely not local.

(Area 8-2) The two hunters are disguised Serpent Men; worried people might come looking for the missing doctor, they have cast a Conceal spell on themselves to appear

human. A Spot Hidden roll will allow someone to see that something is wrong with their shadows. If someone specifically looks at their shadows, give them a bonus die to the roll.

The Serpent Men will attempt to mislead the investigators by telling them that they saw a man in a suit head west several days ago, remarkable because he looked so out of place in the swamp. If asked, they will state they are hunting bear. If an investigator tries a **Listen** roll to place their accent, they will hear a hissing sound in their voice.

The Serpent Men will not join the investigators in the search for Dr. Williams but will encourage the investigators to continue to search for him toward the west. If the investigators insist on continuing down the current path, which has turned east and toward the entrance to the Serpent Man base, 100 yards away, the Serpent Men will want to join in the hopes of leading the search away from the base.

If attacked, they will drop the Disguise spell. Y'srillis will activate his shield, Vit'vinis will call for his pet Giant Serpent to attack, and both will draw their swords. The shotguns are part of the Illusion.

If they are losing badly, they will use a fog grenade and flee to their base, attempting to lose the investigators on the way.

THE DOOR

The trail breaks into a small clearing in the swamp. A set of 10 stones, about 3 feet tall and 6 inches in diameter, are set in a circle that is 10 feet across. Strange runes are carved into the sides of the stones. The tops are cut flat at an angle facing toward the center of the circle. They are covered in moss and mud.

(Area 8-2) If the investigators pass a **Spot Hidden** roll with a penalty die they will notice that three of the stones look slightly worn and have less moss and mud on them.

The three worn stones are the buttons that open the entrance to the Serpent Men's base. After all these years, the Serpent Men have become lax in their security protocols. If the north post is 1, and numbered clockwise, then stones 2, 4, and 7 are the worn stones. To open the entrance, the stones should be pressed in the following order: 4, 7, 2. Pressing the wrong combination sends an electric shock, inflicting 1d6 points of damage to whoever pressed the third stone.

If the right combination is pressed, then a beam of light will glow around the stones and anyone standing in the circle of stones is transported down into the entry hall of the serpent men's base and must Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6). Anyone not in the circle will

stay in the swamp; as they see a light appear to disintegrate all their friends, they must Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6).

THE ENTRANCE - 1

This circular room is 30 feet in diameter. The metal walls appear to be alive—veins can be seen running through the structure despite its metallic appearance. It is even warmer in here than up on the surface. There is an opening on what should be the south wall. On the east and west walls are large circular portals, 6 feet high, that are closed with irised doors. A small pad hangs on the wall next to each of the three doorways. A glow emanates from the walls and ceiling, giving them an eerie green glow.

If an investigator touches the wall, it has a warm, metallic feel. No weapons they possess will damage the walls. Any attempt to shoot the walls will have little effect, but bullets will ricochet around the room and the whole structure will seem to moan and move slightly. All walls in the base are made of this living metal.

The pad by the opening is circular and has 10 buttons on the outside edge. The buttons have symbols on them. With a successful **Extreme Idea** roll, an investigator will recognize these symbols as numbers, with the equivalent of 1 at the top. If the code 4-7-2 is pressed, all living creatures in the entrance room will transport back to the surface.

The two other pads do not have numbers on them and pressing any body part to the control pad will cause the door to open like a camera iris. The serpent men have locked off the west doorway since that portion of the base is no longer in use. If investigators use dynamite, they can breach the door, but all the rooms in

that direction are cold, dark, and unused.

Note: *All tables, chairs, stools, monitors, shelves, etc., have all been formed from the same wall material, as the Serpent Men can shape it to suit their purpose.*

GUARD ROOM - 2

The open doorway leads into a smaller 10-foot oval room. A table that appears to have grown out of the floor dominates the room. The table is slightly angled away from the doorway. A stool or chair is behind the table and also appears to be part of the floor. The design does not look like it would be comfortable for a person to sit in.

This is the guard room for the base. When the serpent men observed the investigators trying out the stones at the entrance, they abandoned the guard room to assemble in a more defensible position at the Defense Hall (6).

If the investigators look at the table, it will appear blank but glows slightly, like a window with a light behind it. If anyone touches the screen, several small, odd symbols will appear on the screen. This is a warning message written in the language of the Serpent Men. If an investigator makes a Extreme **Idea** roll, they will realize that it is a written language and that certain symbols are repeated; of the meaning, they can determine only that it appears to be a warning. While it is the same style as the numbers on the pad, none of the number symbols are on the screen.

The warning message means: "Access Denied, invalid DNA."

If they were to capture a Serpent Man, S'ilthbeh from room five, for example, and

bring him back to this room, he could operate the console. It can present visual and audio feeds from anywhere in the base, the entrance outside, and about 100 yards around the entrance. In particular, they could find the doctor in the medical room and the Serpent Men in the Defense Hall (6) and could hold negotiations with the defenders from here.

THE HALLWAY - 3

The circular door opens into a corridor made of the same material as everything else. The floor is almost flat, with only a slight bow to it, while the walls arch overhead, forming an oval. Lights move along the veins in the walls. The hall is not straight, but curves to the left and then to the right before coming to two more circular doors, one on each side, each with its own control pad. The hallway continues to curve away out of sight.

All the halls in this base look the same except for the Defense Hall (6). If an investigator touches a wall, then a new light will appear there and move away. The Serpent Men can shape the walls of the base to build new rooms and walls as they see fit, though it does take time.

THE STOREROOM - 4

The room beyond this door is initially dark, but the glow from the walls soon lights up the room. Shelves of large crates fill this room. There are strange markings on the crates.

This room holds bedding and other mundane supplies for the laboratory across the hall. The investigators may recognize that some of



the symbols on the crates match those on the control panel from the guard room and other control pads they've seen.

Inside the crates the investigators can find sheets, straps, small vials, larger vials, tubs, gloves (for very large hands), clothing, and other miscellaneous non-technical equipment that might be needed for a laboratory. All of it is made of materials the investigators do not recognize.

THE LABORATORY - 5

This room looks like something out of Mary Shelley's Frankenstein. Scattered around the room are tables full of mysterious instruments, the purposes of which you can only guess at. Half-grown lifeforms float in containers of strange fluid, twitching and emitting light, while still others lie on tables, wired into alien machines. Some of these grotesques are strapped to their examination tables, twisted limbs marked from straining against their bonds.

More strange symbols flash or scroll across the monitors grown out of the walls. One of the creatures, best described as a horrible mutation of a snake and human shoved into the same body, moans in obvious pain. A gouge in one wall looks like it was made by a large claw.

A metallic clanging, like something dropped, comes from the back of the room.

All investigators should Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d6) when looking into the laboratory.

This room was where the Changeling was created. The scientists were hoping to make a human-serpent-man hybrid that could travel into human society. They succeeded, but at a horrible cost. The Changeling was insane and tore up the lab, killing all the scientists and escaping to the swamp. (See the "Lost" scenario for a more complete description.)

Since then, the lab assistant S'ilthbeh has been maintaining the lab. He cleaned up the mess and has been keeping the other experiments alive as best he can. Unfortunately, he is not smart enough to continue with the experiments, but he has stubbornly refused to kill them as the rest of the Serpent Men demand.

S'ilthbeh is a coward and was hiding when the door opened. He dropped his knife, which was the metallic sound heard in the description. If discovered, he will cooperate and answer any questions he can. He doesn't know much about Dr. Williams, but has heard rumors that his people will be able to go home soon. He spends most of his time in the lab, as he has been ostracized from the rest of the community. If the investigators attempt to harm any of the hybrids, he will defend them as best as he is able. If any of the hybrids are killed, he will scream and cry, falling to the floor, sobbing as his "children," as he sees them, die. S'ilthbeh is quite insane since watching the Changeling rip through his peers, co-workers, and bosses. He survived only by hiding under the dead.

He now feels guilty about the attack and feels that if they had just shown more care and compassion to the Changeling, it would not have attacked. Since then, he has cared for the rest of the failed experiments with compassion and has grown very fond of them.

The blades and knives in here are the size of scalpels and would be useless in a fight.

THE DEFENSE HALL - 6

The corridor beyond the storeroom and laboratory narrows until only a single person can pass at a time. The hall then feeds into a funnel-shaped room. On the opposite side, high barricades have been formed out of the same material as the walls. A small gap, just large enough for one person to walk through, remains at the center of the barricade; electricity arcs across this opening. Loopholes set at intervals throughout the barricades look large enough to fit weapons through.

Barely glimpsed forms scurry around behind the barricades, and in moments the loopholes are bristling with weapons.

The Serpent Men have created their defense in this chokepoint of the base. The corridor narrows like a funnel, allowing only one person to enter at a time, while 10 defenders can open fire on anyone coming in. The investigators should hopefully realize this is an unwinnable fight.

If Y'srillis lived through the initial guard encounter above, he will speak with the investigators. At this point he will admit that the Serpent Men have Dr. Williams, but they will not let him go until he has completed his work. A **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll will convince Y'srillis to let the investigators check on the doctor. If anyone can convince Y'srillis that they are an expert in **Electrical Repair**, he will ask them to help.

If Y'srillis is not convinced that the investigators can help the doctor or help fix the portal, he will not let them through. If he is convinced, he will let the investigators through, but require that they put their weapons away first. If the investigators intend to attack, the first

1d2 investigators through the entryway should be killed immediately, stalling the attack. The defensive walls can be harmed by dynamite but not with guns. Anyone attempting to throw dynamite into the room will be heavily targeted. To hit one of the defenders, someone will need to make an Extreme **Attack** roll. The Serpent Men are using a weapon called a 'Srillif', listed at the end of the adventure.

Note: If the investigators convince Y'srillis that they can help, he will lead them directly to the doctor. The following rooms are described for completeness' sake, but most investigators should never see them, except maybe through the monitor in the Guard Room (2).

ARMORY - 7

The lights to this oval-shaped room activate as the door opens. Only about 15 feet deep, the walls of this room are lined with shelves full of a variety of odd-looking armaments, from swords to rifles to other devices no human has ever seen or would recognize.

The door to the armory is locked by a mechanism linked to the DNA of only a few of the serpent men, Y'srillis among them. Inside are a variety



of weapons, swords, shields, grenades, energy packs, armor, and more. Many of the weapons and devices no longer work. The Serpent Men will not allow the investigators to remove any of their technology from the base, under any circumstances.

COMMON AREA - 8

This room has a door, but it is open. Investigators can look in as they pass and see a dozen or more Serpent Men eating and drinking, sitting on odd stools and tables.

This area is a lounge area for the Serpent Men to relax, eat, and drink. Most socializing is done in this room.

TRAINING ROOM - 9

This is a circular 20-foot room with lines on the floor, walls, and ceiling. Two Serpent Men are in here practice-fighting with swords. A third serpent man stands to the side, speaking in an unknown language.

This door is normally closed but not locked. There is a rack of swords on the wall, out of view from the doorway. If the investigators inspect the swords, they can tell the blades are dull.

SLEEPING CHAMBER -- 10

This is a very large room. Strangely shaped objects similar to the stools the Serpment Men use for sitting are lined up in rows around the room. There are 8 to 10 Serpent Men here who stop what they are doing and stare.

A successful Idea roll will reveal that this is a sleeping area. —The strange objects are their beds, grown from the same material as the rest of the base.

HIBERNATION CHAMBER - 11

A gust of cold air blows through the door of this room as it's opened. Rows and rows of Serpent Men sleep on tables stacked four high in this room that stretches on out of sight. Each one is covered in a molded clear material.

This is where the Serpent Men hibernate. There are currently 108 hibernating Serpent Men who will be awakened only if the portal is opened so they can return home, or in the event of a serious invasion.

INFIRMARY - 12

This room has many tables and monitors, similar to the Laboratory (5). There is one Serpent Man in here, guarding over Dr. Williams, who is lying on a table.

The Serpent Man in the room will initially block the investigators but will back off when he sees their numbers and weapons, or if Y'srillis speaks to him.

Dr. Williams is awake but is seriously insane. He feels he needs to finish the work, but his mind is not there. A successful **Psychoanalysis** roll will restore enough of his sanity to get him working. Otherwise, it will take four successful **Hard Psychology** roll to get him working. Y'srillis will not let the investigators leave with Dr. Williams. If the investigators ask for a sedative, they will be allowed administer something, and this will provide a bonus die to the **Psychoanalysis** roll and raise the **Psychology** rolls to Normal difficulty.

If Dr. Williams becomes sane enough to continue his work, he will immediately hop off the table and head to the portal room (15). Y'srillis will not allow the investigators to stop him.

DEVOTIONAL ROOM - 13

In this modest-size 20-foot oval room is a large statue of a giant cobra with arms. Strange symbols are carved into the base of the statue, and the floor is worn.

This is the Serpent Men's worship room. The door to this room will be closed but not locked. There is little of interest in this room. Anyone looking at the statue must Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d3).

CONTROL ROOM - 14

This room features a large panel with dozens of flickering, colored lights. A large window looks out onto a room of immense size. A large circular object dominates the back wall of the room.

This room normally controls the portal and allows those inside to observe the portal room from relative safety. There is communication between the rooms. Only Serpent Men are allowed in this room, and only Serpent Men can operate the control console.



PORTAL ROOM - 15

This immense room is relatively empty save for a thick layer of dust and corners full of cobwebs. A large circular ring, perhaps 25 feet tall, dominates the back wall. The portal ring is made of a distinctly different material than the rest of the base. To the right of the portal is an open panel, and on the floor next to the open panel is a bag.

Investigators must Roll against **Sanity** (0/1d6) upon seeing the portal and the alien technology and recognizing all that those things imply.

If the investigators pass a **Spot Hidden** roll, they will notice that the door to this room is at least twice as thick as any of the other doors they've passed through. If the professor is with them, he will rush over to the open panel and begin to work.



Two Serpent Men guards will also be in the portal room to protect Dr. Williams in the event the investigators try to attack him or stop him. When he finishes his repairs. Read the following:

With a shout of joy, the professor slams the panel shut. It appears to meld into the wall seamlessly. The door to the room closes and the portal begins to power up. Bright lights fill the metal circle and begin to spin. It doesn't take long for the entire circle to fill with a bright white liquid, which then turns into a variety of colors including red, orange, purple, and blue, as the power levels rise. Y'srillis' voice crackles through the room, "Congratulations, Dr. Williams, you have done it."

The colors begin to meld together until the liquid is solid black. Dr. Williams is standing in front of the black liquid, reaching toward the portal, a curious expression on his face.

A tumble of confused, alien words crackle from the control room, sounding increasingly panicked.

An appendage reaches out from the black liquid and grabs Dr. Williams. Wrapping around him several times, the liquid lifts him into the air. The two Serpent Men guards run for the door, but it refuses to open.

A strange alien creature appears in the portal, and another appendage reaches out.

The Formless Spawn is reaching out to grab food and feed so that it can pull itself through the portal. All inspectors must Roll against **Sanity** (1/1d10).

In round 1, it automatically strikes the professor and will attack one other person in the room—roll randomly between the two Serpent Men and the investigators.

Any time a tentacle grasps a victim, would-be rescuers have one round to do ten points of damage to the tentacle. Only edged weapons have any effect. Bullets, explosives, and blunt weapons are useless. If ten points of damage or more are inflicted on a tentacle, it will release its victim. The severed bit of Formless Spawn that falls to the floor will slither back to the portal and rejoin the main body.

This damage and any damage inflicted on the Formless Spawn in the portal does not actually hurt the Formless Spawn at all. The Formless Spawn can devour only one person at a time. An investigator that is grasped but not devoured suffers 2d6 damage. The Spawn will devour Dr. Williams on the second round.

The door is sealed as a safety measure whenever the portal is active. In round two Y'srillis will announce over the loudspeaker that the portal generator is malfunctioning and will not close. The investigators' best option is to damage the walls and circuitry of the portal generator to shut it down. If they fire at the portal ring or the area where Dr. Williams was working, they will inflict damage to the portal. It has two points of armor and will take 200 points of damage before shutting down. Anyone standing still and shooting at point-blank range gains a bonus die to the attack. The panel can be opened with a successful Hard **Mech. Repair** or Hard **Elec Repair** roll. But you cannot be shooting at it and attempting to open it, at the same time. Once opened it has no armor and needs only 100 points of damage to shut it down.

Once the portal has suffered enough damage, it will stay open one more round, the Formless Spawn will attempt to grab more people. When the portal shuts down, anyone in its grasp will be dragged into the portal matrix and consumed.

The Serpent Men have two swords each and will see the value of saving the investigators as it gives the spawn more targets to grab. Starting on turn 2, they will use their swords to try and save anyone caught in a tentacle, though they will save each other before saving an investigator. They will give their spare sword to anyone who asks for it.

If everyone in the room is devoured, the portal will short out and close, leaving the Formless Spawn trapped in the matrix once again. If the investigators are successful in closing the portal, read the following.



Finally, the lights flicker, the swirling lights on the portal subside, and with a screech that will haunt you for years, the dark creature is drawn back into the portal, leaving only the empty ring. Dr. Williams is gone [along with whoever else was killed here]. The door opens, and a dozen Serpent Men armed with a variety of weapons storm into the room, led by Y'srillis. You don't care, as you slump the floor.

Y'srillis looks as defeated as you. "For centuries, this was our hope, our way out. Now that, too, is gone. You need to leave."

As his words finish, darkness overcomes you. You awaken, the sun hanging low in the horizon. You are sitting in your car where you had left it, on the edge of the Hockomock.

NPCS

Formless Spawn of Tsathogghua

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
90	50	150	50	95	65	10	17

Damage Bonus: +2d6 **Build:** 3 **Move:** 12
Attacks: 2 (only 1 bite per round)
Fighting attacks: This spawn favors long tentacles that reach out and grab victims to be drug in and devoured. But it can use whip tentacles
Bite: When the spawn bites, it devours its victims, for purposes of this scenario, they are dead.
Fighting: 60% (30/12), damage 2d6 + db
Grab: (mnvr) damage 1d6 + db
Bite: 30% (15/6), damage swallowed. Bite is 80% (40/8) if previously grabbed.
Dodge: 47% (23/9)
Armor: Immune to all physical weapons. Spells, and fire may affect him. In this adventure, the serpent men swords can slice through the tentacles if 10 points is inflicted, the tentacle is severed and releases the victim if grabbed. This does no actual damage to the Formless spawn.
The spawn cannot leave the gate, so for the spawn to bite, an investigator must be within 5 feet of the portal. The tentacles or whips can hit anywhere in the room. Due to needing to regain its strength there is no limit to the number of victims it can swallow.
If the spawn has no one grabbed, it will attempt to grab 2 victims in the room.
If the spawn has 1 grabbed, it will bite that one, and attempt to grab a 2nd.
If the spawn has 2 grabbed, it will bite one and squeeze the 2nd.
Sanity Loss: 1/1d10 Sanity points to see a Formless Spawn.

Y'srillis Serpent Men leader

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
75	70	60	75	90	100	17	14

Damage Bonus: +1d4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8
Y'srillis is the leader of the serpent people and appears in the adventure: "Lost." If he has met an investigator before, it could make things easier in the talks. Due to the small number of his clan left, he doesn't want to start a war with the humans, and just wants to save his people.

He is hoping Dr. Williams can get the gate up and running so he can take his people home.

Attacks per round: 1 (bite) or 2 (swords)
Swords: A Serpent Man's sword is made of an alien metal and can cut through most armor. Y'srillis has 2 of them and is highly skilled in their use. Damage 1d8+1, ignores up to 2 points of armor.
Bite: A victim must make extreme CON roll or suffer 1d8 damage.
Fighting: (swords) 75% (37/15) damage: 1d8+1+db
Fighting: 50% (25/10), damage 1d3 + db
Bite: 35% (17/7), damage 1d8 + poison
Dodge: 45 (22/9)
Armor: (1-point Scale) + body shield

Serpent man technology:
Body Shield: When activated, provides Y'srillis and any allies within 5' a 10-point armor versus high velocity projectile (guns). Slower projectiles and hand to hand weapons ignore this shield. The body shield needs Serpent Man DNA to activate the shield.
Fog grenade: This generates a dense fog, usually used for the Serpent Men to escape a dire situation.

Skills: Intimidate (70%), Persuade (50%), Sciences (Biology) 40%, Chemistry 40%, Spot Hidden 35%, Language (English) 50%, Listen 40%
Spells: Consume Likeness, Cloud Memory, Bless Blade, Enthrall Victim, and Mental Suggestion
Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 Sanity points to see a Serpent Man



S'ilthbeh

Lab assistant

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
50	40	45	90	40	90	18	9

Damage Bonus: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 7

S'ilthbeh is a coward and outcast from the rest of the clan. He can be found in his lab, where he spends 90% of his time taking care of the failed hybrid experiments of the scientists that created them. He has formed an empathetic attachment to them and will protect them. He can be intimidated into helping the investigators.

Attacks: 1

Bite: A victim must make extreme CON roll or suffer 1d8 damage.

Bite: 35% (17/7), damage 1d8 + poison

Dodge: 20 (10/4)

Armor: (1-point Scale)

Skills: Sciences (Biology) 60%, (Chemistry) 60%, Stealth 40%

Spells: Consume Likeness

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 Sanity points to see a serpent man

Serpent Men

(all other serpent men)

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	INT	MP	HP
50	50	50	65	65	80	13	10

Damage Bonus: 0 **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8

Attacks: 1

Attack: via weapon type listed under serpent men tech below.

Bite: A victim must make extreme CON roll or suffer 1d8 damage.

Fighting: 50% (25/10), damage 1d3 + db

Bite: 35% (17/7), damage 1d8 + poison

Srillif' 60% (30/12), damage 2d8 + stun (CON check or be stunned for 1d6 rounds)

Dodge: 32 (16/6)

Armor: (1-point Scale)

Skills: Intimidate 60%, Sciences (Biology) 40%, (Chemistry) 40%, Spot Hidden 35%

Spells: Consume Likeness

Serpent man Tech: Srillif'- The Srillif fires a beam of heated energy towards its target. You must have serpent man DNA to use the weapon. The clan has 10 operating Srillif's left in their store room. After 20 shots, they must be recharged.

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6 Sanity points to see a Serpent Man

Giant Serpent

STR	CON	SIZ	POW	DEX	HP
150	90	120	50	90	21

Damage Bonus: +2d6 **Build:** 3 **Move:** 11

Attacks: 1

Constrict: (mnvr): Seeks to wrap around its prey, thereafter crushing then swallowing the victim whole. With a successful attack the victim is at a disadvantage thereafter (penalty die) and automatic damage is applied each round unless the snake is killed or dislodged by an opposed STR roll.

Fighting: 40% (20/8), damage 1d3 + db

Constrict: (mnvr), damage 1d6 + db

Dodge: 25% (12/5)

Armor: 3-point glistening skin

Skills: Stealth 90%

SANITY AWARDS

- 1d6 Sanity for slaying the serpent
- 1d6 Sanity for not killing Y'srillis
- 1d6 Sanity for severing at least 1 limb of the Formless Spawn
- 1d8 Sanity for closing the gate
- 1d10 Sanity for saving Dr. Williams

HANDOUTS

Personal Journal of Dr. R. Williams Project: Help

November 12th, 1927 - Tonight I received the same 2 visitors as approached me 2 weeks ago. At that time, 2 men of foreign descent asked if I could help them with a project. They had a device that had been damaged and needed my help in repairing it. I could not place their accents, but I guessed South American, possibly Middle Eastern. When I had asked them to describe the device they were very vague and refused to tell me what the device was used for.

I explained that without further information, I was hardly in a position to help them or to even agree to help them. They politely agreed and left my office. I wrote it off to being a couple of nut jobs with some wild invention they had thrown together in their garage with no basis on scientific method or technology as we understand it.

Still I could not get them out of my head. There was something very odd about them. They preferred to stand in the shadows, and when they left, while they looked normal, their shadows showed something different. Tonight, they returned and this time brought with them schematics of their device. They left me the drawings, and I have to admit, I am intrigued. These schematics are far more advanced and detailed than I would have ever predicted.

November 19th, 1927 - I have had the schematics for a week and it is hard for me to accept that I am in over my head. I am shocked that these 2 novices have designed and created something that I cannot understand, or even guess at its intended purpose.

December 22nd, 1927 - Eureka, I had a breakthrough in the project. Help schematics. The device appears to be some sort of portal. Something of a teleportation to transfer things across distances. Being able to ship supplies across the ocean to hungry nations, or medical supplies, would be the invention of a lifetime. I believe Mr. Tesla had worked on something of this nature, and have an appointment with him early next year.

January 16th, 1928 - The strange visitors returned with the camera I had loaned them. They just dropped it off and left. I just completed the development of the pictures and I am surprised to see the pictures. They have sworn me to secrecy but I am not sure I can contain myself much longer. I will meet with Mr. Tesla tomorrow at his Madison Ave office.

January 18th, 1928 - It was such a pleasure to meet Mr. Tesla in person. He was very skeptical of the drawings when I unrolled them. He refused to hear my conclusions as he claimed he didn't want to be tainted by my beliefs about the device.

H8-1 p1

H8-1 p2

It took him only a little past two hours to realize it was a transportation portal. He was amazed at the possibilities and the use of crystals for memory and the power supply was like none other he had ever seen.

It was then that I revealed the pictures to him, and explained the device had been damaged and that they had asked me to do my best to repair it. Looking over the damage, you could see in the photographs, we were hard pressed to identify where in the schematics the damage was. We looked over the drawings for 2 days before coming to an agreement.

March 2nd, 1928 - Despite knowing where the damage was, it has taken some time for Mr. Tesla and me to decide on the best course of action to repair the damage. I believe I am ready to inspect the device up close and begin to attempt repairs. I was told to contact the strange gentlemen by placing a personal in the Bridgewater Independent. An old friend of mine Dr. Nichols lives in Bridgewater, I will have to call on him, when I am in town.

April 18th, 1928 - We have coordinated a time. I have all the gear I need to repair it, I believe, along with parts and crystals they have available. I am to meet them on the south side of the Hockmock at the following coordinates 41° 59' 8" N x 71° 04' 15" W on May 11th. The hope is to have the device working by the eclipse on May 19th. The thought that their device could be in the Hockmock is cause for concern.

May 10th, 1928 - The day is finally here, I am so nervous; I cannot keep my hands from shaking no matter how many cigarettes or shots of whiskey I've had. I have called my old friend Mr. Nichols to let him know I am in town. We are planning to have dinner next week. I am going to meet my clients who called for my help, those 9 months back. It seems so long ago, and I've travelled so far.

May 11th, 1928 - I could not sleep last night, a shadow of fear and trepidation surrounded me during the night. I have decided to leave my journal behind in the event I do not return.

If you are reading this, please do not try and follow down the paths of madness that has led me. Please inform my wife I love her and she was in my thoughts to the end.

H8-1 p3

H8-1 p4

SERPENT MEN LAIR

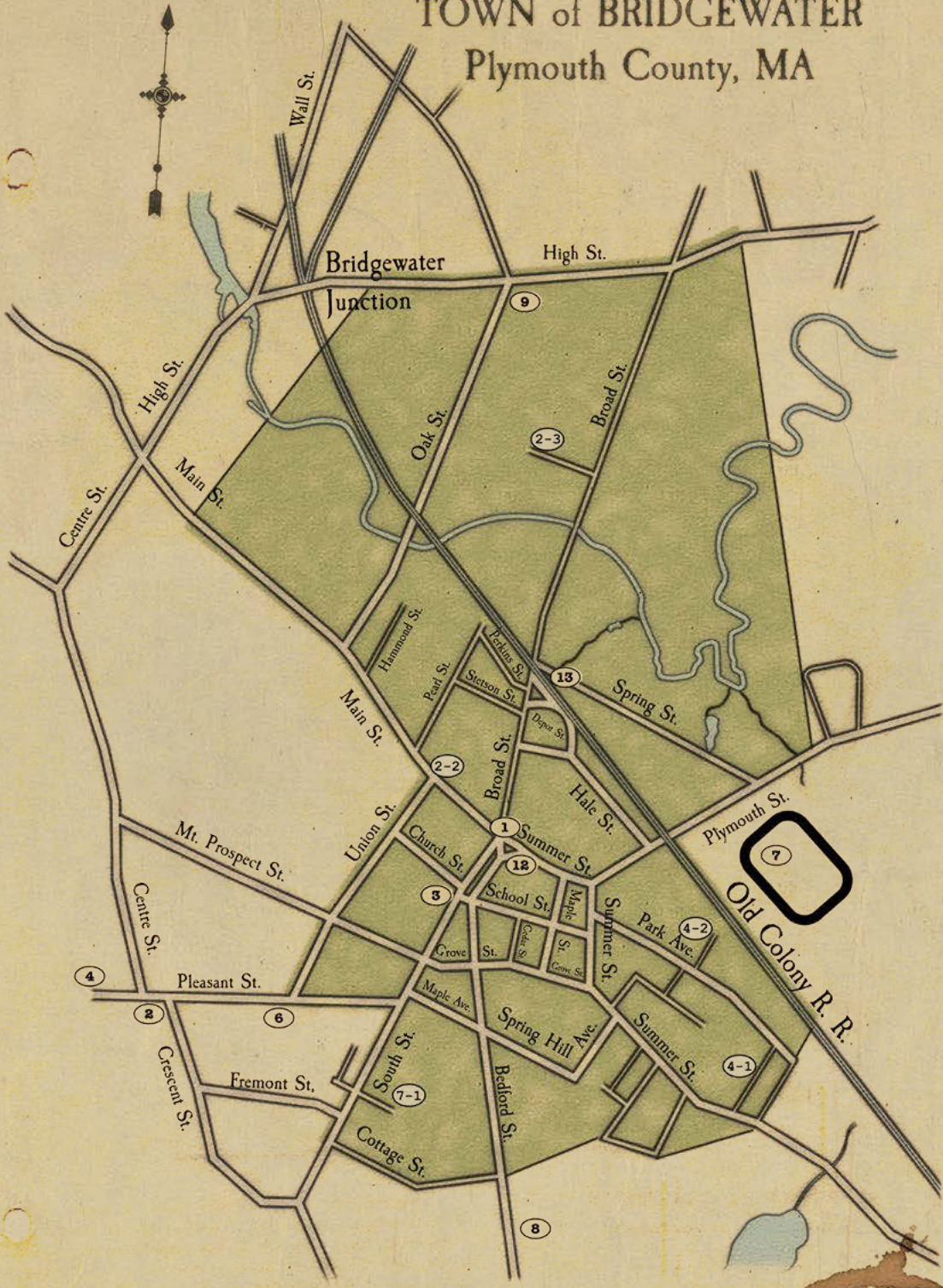
SNAKE PIT



- | | | | | | |
|----|------------|-----|------------------|-----|---------------------|
| 1. | Entrance | 6. | Defense Hall | 11. | Hibernation Chamber |
| 2. | Guard Room | 7. | Armory | 12. | Infirmary |
| 3. | Hallway | 8. | Common Area | 13. | Devotional Room |
| 4. | Storeroom | 9. | Training Room | 14. | Control Room |
| 5. | Laboratory | 10. | Sleeping Chamber | 15. | Portal Room |

CITY OF BRIDGEWATER - KEEPER MAP

TOWN of BRIDGEWATER Plymouth County, MA



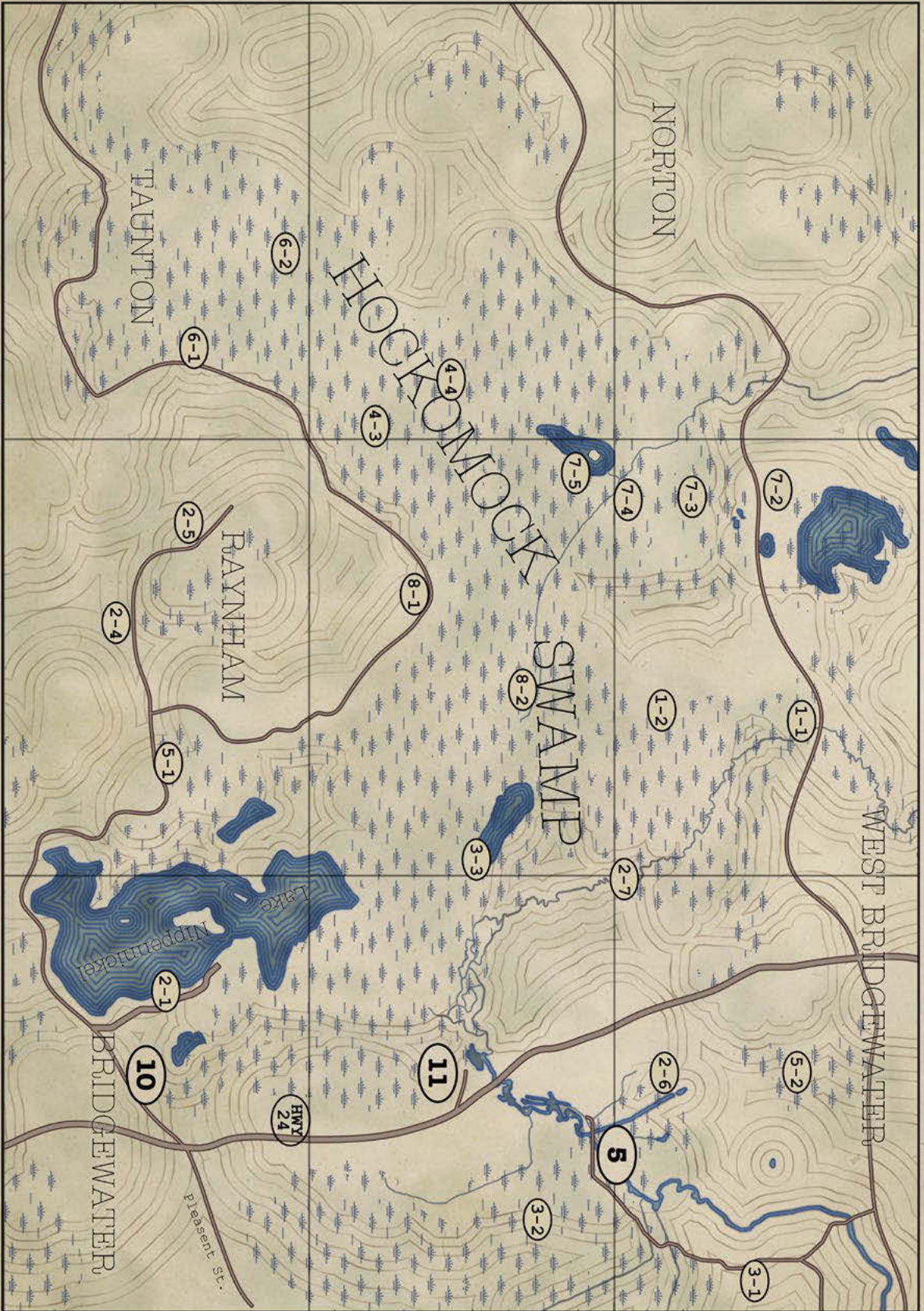
107

HOCKOMOCK SWAMP - KEEPER MAP

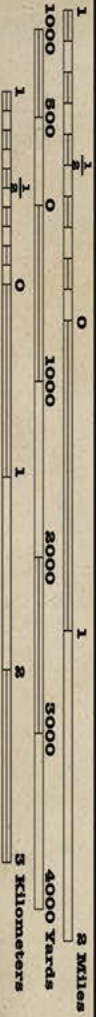
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
JOHN BARRON PARKS SECRETARY
U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

TOPOGRAPHY
WAR DEPARTMENT
CORPS OF ENGINEERS, U. S. ARMY

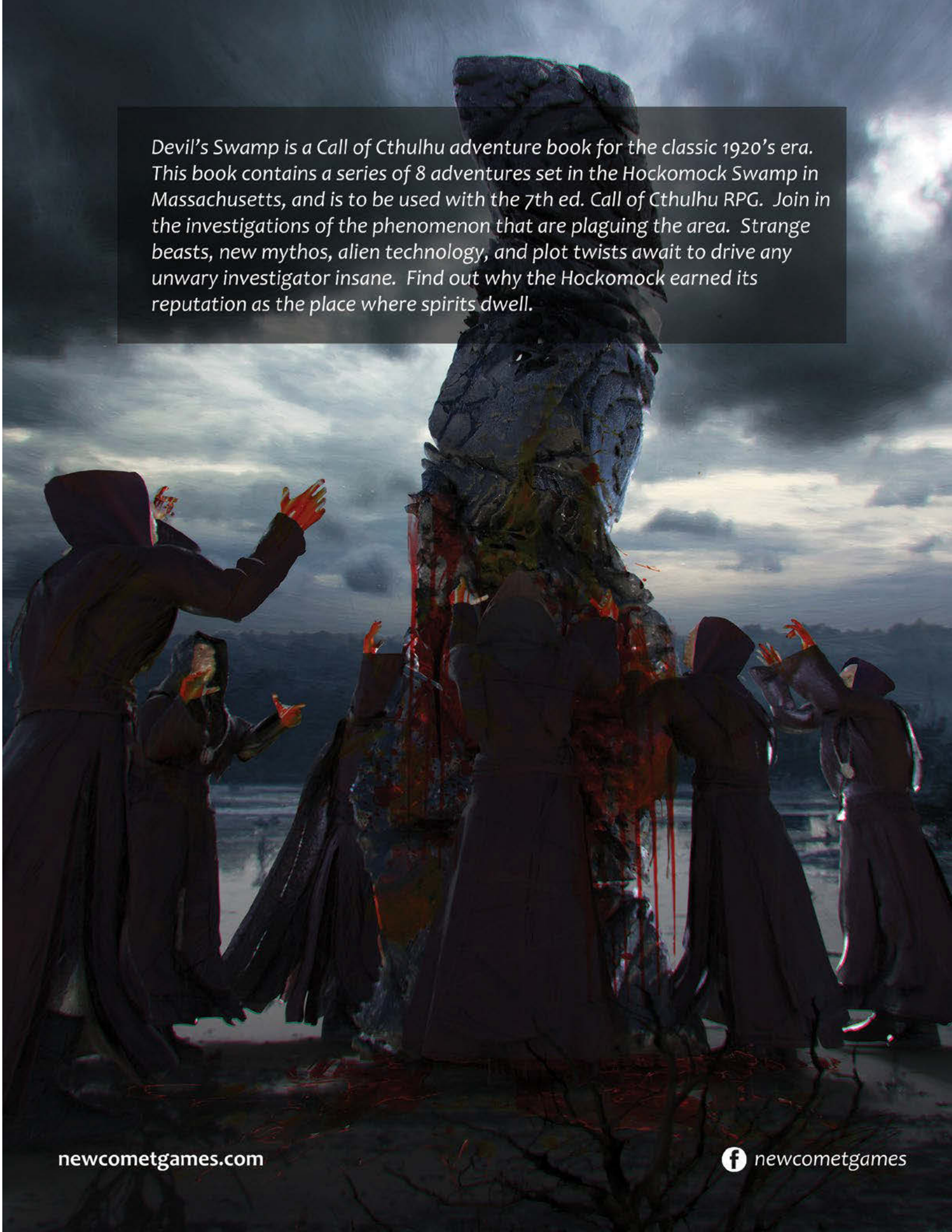
MASSACHUSETTS
HOCKOMOCK SWAMP



Surveyed in 1916, 1919.
SHEETED IN COOPERATION WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



Edition of 1920.



Devil's Swamp is a Call of Cthulhu adventure book for the classic 1920's era. This book contains a series of 8 adventures set in the Hockomock Swamp in Massachusetts, and is to be used with the 7th ed. Call of Cthulhu RPG. Join in the investigations of the phenomenon that are plaguing the area. Strange beasts, new mythos, alien technology, and plot twists await to drive any unwary investigator insane. Find out why the Hockomock earned its reputation as the place where spirits dwell.