

The Mystery At Ogwens Farm

A Call Of Cthulhu Adventure

This scenario is well suited for all players (and characters) of Call of Cthulhu - no matter their experience, whether they are new and have no prior experience, or are old hands who can outstare a Shoggoth.

Foreword

This scenario is well suited for all players (and characters) of Call of Cthulhu - no matter their experience, whether they are new and have no prior experience, or are old hands who can outstare a Shoggoth. No special skills or knowledge are required for its successful conclusion and no real time frame is set for the scenario, so events move according to the pace of the keeper, though things should ultimately move along regardless. That said, it should also be mentioned that this is not a scenario in the truest sense. There's nothing really to investigate; 90% of it will be adlibbed; made up; off-the-cuff. This scenario's roll is to fill out that night, or Sunday afternoon when no one really has anything to do, though it can easily fit in well with any ongoing campaign. The scenario is intended to be set in the modern world of 2000, though names, dates and locations can be changed to suit the individual keeper.

Keeper Information & Player Introduction

Perhaps players can be enticed onto this flight with a seemingly real mission to undertake in another state. Then, to complicate things, just how will the players get their weapons past airport security... Initially, some characters are introduced on the first leg of flight 206, internal cross-state private executive jet, headed from San Francisco to Greenwood (Colorado), with a stop-off at Nevada Flats airport. The overall trip is expected to last six hours. After three hours cooped in the jet with each other, passengers should be glad of a quick stretch at the Nevada strip. Nevada is a 1.00 pm stopover for 15 minutes at which the secondary characters are introduced before continuing on the second leg to Greenwood airport. As each passenger boards they are met by Mercy Mee who welcomes them before pointing them to a seat. She later offers everyone a refreshment of some kind.

As the aircraft waits for lift-off, a voice comes over the intercom: "Good morning, this your captain speaking. I'm Jack Hurt, and with me is my good friend and co-pilot Roger Burton (Hi there). This is flight 206, from San Francisco to Greenwood, Colorado, with a 15 minute stopover at Nevada flats. We'll be cruising at 200 knots at an altitude of 10,000 feet, because anything over that I tend to black out.... Hahahaha.... Only a joke there folks. Ok here we go...

Cabin Crew

Mercy Mee. Cheery, bouncy stewardess. Early thirties. Attractive.
Jack Hurt. Professional Pilot. Dedicated and Calm. What a guy.
Roger Burton. Bored-as-hell co-pilot.

Passengers - San Francisco airport.

Some players. Assorted riff-raff.

Max Kinki. Jovial, easy-going fat businessman. Mid-fifties. Smells of violets(!). Will engage anyone in conversation, what ever the topic.

Grimpen Mire. Glum accountant. Late twenties - early thirties. Quiet. Doesn't talk much. Stares out the window mostly. Just made redundant as a result of company downsizing.

Jane Krankie, and Little Johnny. Unfunny TV comedians. Children love their antics though. Actually both are married. Little Johnny is 40 years old and stands at only four foot eight. He plays the roll of a 13-14 year old, complete with school blazer, cap and catapult. Every week he has an adventure and gets into mischief.

Passengers - Nevada Flats airport

The other players. More riff-raff.

Hillary Clint. Early thirties. Black, and beautiful. Hillary appears to be the professional type executive. She spends the time talking about conferences, seminars, jacuzzis, fashion and what-not, and how she lives it up as a whizz-kid stockbroker (real stockbrokers might see through her with relevant skill use). Actually, she is something more sinister...

Arthur Sixpence II. Early forties. Texan millionaire. Oil, you know. Overbearing. Fat-headed. Arrogant. Me, me, me. I'm so cool. Just look at all my money. If you're so rich Arthur, why are you on this flight?

Sir Michael Flechette. Mid-to-late thirties. Private consultant to the British Conservative Party. Mr. Grey, not very noticeable. Easy to forget he's around. Not very interesting.

Delorean J. Bolstermann. Mid fifties. Owner of Bolstermann Pet Foods. Similar to Max Kinki, though he doesn't smell of violets, and isn't as fat. Admits his pet food chain isn't that big, but hopes to be expanding soon.

During the second leg of the journey, Nevada Flats to Greenwood, Colorado, (a 2 hour 25 minute hop,) little Johnny and Max Kinki go forward to see the pilot. He and the co-pilot are happy to oblige anyone with an interest. At a later stage, Hillary goes forward to see the cockpit, perhaps making a high-powered exec joke at the expense of a player.

Important Information

Hillary boarded flight 206 after fleeing the McTamish Research Centre, five miles from the Nevada Flats airstrip. This secret biochemical facility processed germ-warfare products for use in final conflict situations. Lab c contained "insanity fog-gas", which is sad, because at noon the lab exploded. Though sprinkler systems quickly doused the resultant flames, all external alarms were cut as the result of bad base design or deliberate action. The base crew went mad, and cut the complex off from the outside world. A short killing spree later... believing herself to be immune from the effects of the gas, but in reality, extremely paranoid, Hillary resolved to isolate the special project in lab a. This was the bio-mechanical acidic blob.

Explaining her actions to one of the few intact video surveillance units, she then purged 14 of the 15 secure flasks, taking the other one with her "lest it should fall into the wrong hands..." Her mission then developed as follows - to leave the base, and post a video of the rationale to the authorities. Then - to disappear. Partway through the flight, she imagines a kidnapping is underway, and goes forward to see the crew, where she blows them away with her Glock 17...

Back to the action

BANG, BANGBANG....BANG. The jet suddenly ditches. Here the adventure gets simple. Survive the gun-wielding maniac, and the crash, then head for help. As the aircraft lurches into a dive, Hillary emerges from the cockpit with the Glock 17. Check for surprise (POWx3), those able to act do so at ½DEX, those failing are stunned one round. With a crazy wild-eyed look on her face Hillary shoots...

Max Kinki Grimpen Mire Player Jane Pew Little Johnny Player Arthur Sixpence II Sir Michael Flechette Player Delorean J. Bolstermann Mercy Mee Player

Non player characters are always hit 100% of the time. Hillary must, however, roll to hit players. (Due to the confined space - point blank range - Hillary doubles her handgun attack chance.) Any missed shots shatter a window or penetrate the fuselage causing decompression... Hillary will continue to fight and struggle for as long as it takes to kill her or knock her out cold. As the players try to grapple the gun away from Hillary there's a chance that she involuntarily fires a wild shot which causes decompression (unless somebody is randomly hit). Unless characters are habitual killers or are psychologically deranged they lose 0/1d3 sanity for killing their first person - no matter if it was a life or death situation.

Hillary Clint

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	MOVE	HITS
12	12	10	15	13	12	8	11

Skills: Biology 80%, Credit Rating 80%, Chemistry 80%, Computer Use 70%, Dodge 25%, First Aid 50%, Spot Hidden 35%

WEAPON	ATTK %	DAMAGE
Fist / Scratch	65	1d3
Grapple	50	varies
Kick	45	1d6
Bite	60	1d4
Handgun	40/80	1d10
Pistol Butt	40	1d43

Equipment: Silver attaché case with blob, Glock 17 & magazines (not including clip already in gun).

Decompression Effects

Fortunately, for the players it's not a serious matter. Nobody is going to be sucked through a window or anything. If decompression occurs all players must roll their LUCK (one or two times) or be hit with a flying piece of equipment, be it a pen, a souvenir, a tea tray, or whatever... for 1d4-1 damage.

Crash Stations

As the fight rages the aircraft plummets, somebody should eventually realise that no one is flying the plane. Those able to get passed Hillary to grapple with the controls of this falling bird, barge into the cockpit and see both pilot and co-pilot dead. The pilot slumped over the controls, the co-pilot half twisted round. Bullet holes in their backs, chest and heads. The radio, incidentally, has been hit and is sparking. Another sanity roll (1/1d4) should be made at the sight of the scene. The pilot's window is awash with blood, brain and bits of bone.

The pilot must be unbuckled and hauled out his chair, or at least lifted off the control column before the character can attempt to take control. A PILOT AIRCRAFT (specifically civil jets) check must be made to bring the plane down safely. Regardless of pilot roll the plane IS losing altitude (for whatever reason) and must be brought down - one way or another.

If no one tries to land the aircraft, allow a few rounds of combat then without warning CRASH NOW....

Those buckling in and assuming the crash position survive automatically.

Those seat-belted in take 1d6 damage on a failed LUCK roll.

Anyone free-standing or in a fight must make a LUCK roll. Failing the roll results in the unfortunate taking 3d10 crash damage. Success limits this to 1d10 damage. An impale results in no damage.

The vehicle crashes, skids, rolls over and is torn apart. The players are the sole survivors, unless otherwise killed. 1d10 sanity is lost for this harrowing experience. No prizes in guessing what phobia they can expect to pick up.

Is everybody OK?

They've crashed in the middle of nowhere. A barren landscape of rocks and brushwood. The desert looks pretty unappealing. Distant hills being the only feature, apart from crash wreckage strewn all over, of course. This next scene starts to stoke player paranoia with desolation, isolation, the need to survive, the demand for food, water, shelter, rest, and medical attention. (Without proper first aid or medical supplies players only regain 1 hp on a successful skill use - 2 hp if the roll is impaled. Medicine does nothing.)

After the assorted player upon player arguments, they will begin take note of their situation. Where the hell are they, for example, will be on the minds of some people, others will no doubt will begin to pick through the wreckage to see what they can scavenge before heading for the hills. While searching the broken, twisted, bloody remains the players can find:

Max Kinki: Most recent edition of Playboy. For the articles of course.

Grimpen Mire: Boring financial records.

Jane Pew & Son: Nothing of Consequence.

Hillary Clint: Glock 17 (which players may now have) and two more magazines (both full), ID for the McTamish Research Facility with Hillary's picture identifying her as a Grade A Research Biochemist.

Arthur Sixpence II: Copy of San Francisco Chronicle, Diary purporting to be that of Aleister Crowley (takes 5 - 6 hours to read and causes 1d6 san loss. No spells. +0 Mythos. +5 Occult.)

Sir Michael Flechette: Assorted papers incriminating a certain cabinet minister - adultery, bondage, financial mismanagement... Other secrets include coastal defence charts, written information, diagrams, reconnaissance photos of other countries, (some of which are allies of the US) and six DVD disks.

Delorean J. Bolstermann: Assorted paperwork.

Mercy Mee: Packet of tampons.

Jack Hurt: Wallet with family photos

Roger Burton: Packet of three (one missing, presumed used). Wallet with photo of Mercy Mee.

All carry assorted ID, and a total of \$900 and 1d100 cents can be scavenged. Mundane personal effects also abound. Other stuff include assorted baggage. Searching through it, players require a successful SPOT HIDDEN check to find a bulky envelope addressed to THE STATE DEPARTMENT in WASHINGTON D.C. This package contains a video. Players making a second SPOT HIDDEN roll notice the handwriting on the envelope matches the signature on Hillary's ID badge. (Diligent searching uncovers a silver attaché case, busted open. DO NOT notify the players of this until they have watched the video. Returning to the crash later, they can find the busted-open case, which bears faint scorch-marks, and looked as if it might have held a flask in the Styrofoam compartment. Glass fragments are spread nearby.) Assorted kitchen-ware can be found which can be used as weapons, though players have to specifically state they look for kitchen knives, etc.. A medium sized first aid kit can be found which has enough gauze, bandages and sutures for 5 applications - using this PCs can regain the normal 1d3 hp. While gone, the blob escapes from Hillary's luggage and roams the desert - leaving gruesome little clues

around.

Heading Out

The hills are an hour's walk away (in any direction). With a salvaged first aid and survival pack, players might feel they needn't face the full desert harshness. Eventually, when they skirt around the low hills, they see in the valley a farm in which reinforces calm and relief. The isolated farm to which they travel is deserted, because the farmer is out looking for the downed aircraft. He turns up later, first victim of the creature. Sadly, he is a little deranged, what with the brain damage caused by an unsuccessful acid attack and accompanying sanity loss, and so has at the players with his axe.

The Farm

Surrounding the farm is an old rickety fence. The farm is a curious affair - an elaborate sprinkler system hums away in the background nourishing trees. This is a cherry orchard, and the farm manufactures cherry brandy on a small scale. Points of interest include the main building, a large garage, a small square building with ten pipes emerging from it - clearly the water house - site of a very profitable electrically assisted well, a woodpile, vegetable patch and scarecrow, and chicken coop. Ain't nobody home, should anyone call out. The screen-door to the main building is open and so is the abode.

Main Building

Comprising both the homestead and distillation facility, the building forms an L shape. The main living area is basically a bungalow attached to a two-levelled brick barn. A door in the shared wall allows passage from one to the other.

Living Room

The front door opens directly into the living room which, although cluttered and untidy, has an eclectic arrangement of furniture. Some pieces date from the 1950s, others appear older. Despite this, the living room has a surprising number of modern conveniences: electric lighting, tv, video, radio / tape-deck and record player, telephone, a fish tank with grouper fish (NATURAL HISTORY to identify), and a drinks cabinet with cherry brandy. The telephone is dead. The spacious house appears to be occupied by one or two people by the looks of things. Assorted family photos can be seen hanging on the walls, as can a citation from the United States Navy with an accompanying Medal of Honour.

Bedroom

There's a loaded double-barrelled 12g shotgun under the bed... A mostly empty carton of shells can also be found with 1d10 shells left on a successful LUCK roll, 1d3 otherwise.

Spare Bedroom

This room doubles as a small office. Paper work, invoices and assorted letters are stacked in piles. An old 386 PC (with 40 megabyte hard drive) and printer sits on the desk. It has no modem. A SPOT HIDDEN check when searching these papers, notes that the owner of the Cherry Pie Orchard (since its foundation in 1976), is one Ogwen Siberry, who hasn't kept up the telephone payments, and was cut off yesterday. ACCOUNTANCY rolls while running through other papers reveals that this cash-flow problem is temporary. Obviously, Ogwen was a few bucks short that week. Otherwise, the place does a nice turn over in Cherry brandy, some of which can be found in a neat drinks cabinet, in the living room.

Kitchen

Suspicious types who look round back before entering see a vicious Rotweiller in here. It automatically lashes out at anyone it does not recognise. If Bessie starts to take a pasting, she will make a run for it, even if it means leaping through a closed window, before scooting around the building into the orchard.

Nothing out of the ordinary here. A door leads to the cellar.

Bessie

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	MOVE	HITS
12	12	6	1	7	14	12	9

Skills: Listen 75%, Identify Intruder 100%

WEAPON	ATTK %	DAMAGE
Bite	60	1d6

Armour: 2 point solid muscle

Equipment: Ravaged chew toys.

* Once Bessie has latched on her victim automatically suffers 1d3 damage every round from wound aggravation.

Cellar

Nothing odd down here. No buried corpses, no Indian burial mounds. Just boxes. Odds and ends.

Bathroom

The room is exactly that. It has a bath in it and nothing else. The toilet itself is outside in a small brick privy attached to the kitchen. It's got a wooden door with a crescent cut into it. The door swings out the way and has no lock.

The Distillery

Touring the burbling distillery with its vast copper tanks, the players see nothing but gauges and controls, the loading bay, bottling machinery and bottling materials, Cherry Pie labels, etc.. A flight of wooden stairs leads up to an over looking second level balcony where they can find extra packing crates, boxes of supplies, loading cranes and other assorted stuff.

The Garage

Inside, the players find a tractor trailer, and enough tools to satisfy every need (including one fully-tanked-and-ready-to-go chainsaw). The tractor incidentally is mid way through an overhaul. There is also an old dilapidated red wagon. Isolated off to one side is a large 1000 gallon diesel silo. It is currently $\frac{3}{4}$ full.

What Else

If the players have the video, then now is the time to play it. The video begins with a timer sequence. The day is today. The time is 12:30pm. A black woman (Hillary) steps back from the camera, straightening her hair, tidying her suit and clutching a revolver in her right hand. She occasionally glances round about just to be sure. She's in a white walled room with lab benches, equipment, and what looks like a bank of steel safety deposit boxes lining one wall. All have flashing lights imbedded in the centre, under some control. (Freeze frame or pause identifies 15 such vaults. 14 flash red. One flashes green.) Another visible feature is a swathe of red against another wall, and a pair of boots, just barely visible, around floor level. Frantically Hillary speaks:

"Ohgod, ohgod, come ON. Right, are you there? I hope to fuck this goddam camera's working. Listen, I

don't have time to be elaborate. My name is Hillary Clint, and this is the McTamish Research Centre at Nevada Flats. The video should superimpose a time and date on this. 12:30!? I smashed my watch when Rodgers... uh, never mind that. Check my security clearance with our people in Washington. The McTamish Facility carries Presidential access codes in event of an emergency. I...I think they cut all the alarms when the gas leaked. That was about...uh...thirty minutes ago. Lab c. Some kind of explosion. It knocked out the external alarms, or else the crazies did it... or the fire... sprinklers handled that though. ARE YOU LISTENING? I'm trying to remain REALLY CALM here. This is a REAL SITUATION. It got into the air-conditioning. I don't know what happened to the filters. I guess they screwed up when the power dipped. Okay, I'm leaving the facility. Don't think there are many left. Had to shoot Rodgers. He tried to rape me. I think he raped Frank too, I don't know. Statistically, very few people are naturally immune to the crazy gas. Lucky old me, uh? Well, I'm checking out now. I'm gonna take the jeep over to the airstrip, and get on the next flight outta here, just get out and get way. And I'll be fine. I can't stay here. All the guards are dead. Shooting stopped five minutes before I ran the camera. I'm video taping this, and taking a copy. And when I'm safe, and they can't get to me, I'll post it off to the State Department. I mean, if Lab c was fucked up, what do you suppose'd happen if the stuff in here in Lab a fell into the wrong hands???" She pauses to think before continuing "Okay. See you soon."

She then carefully lifts a silver attaché case onto the desk, checks the catches and reaches for something below the camera. The video then goes black for a moment before changing to a snowy static hiss.

What Now

After watching the video, players may wish to return to the crash-site to search for clues, more valuable equipment, or even the silver attaché case. The return to the downed aircraft is quite unsettling. The uneasy discovery of no bodies perturbs the characters. No victims of the crash remain. Acidic residue covers everything. This is because the farmer was attacked by the blob, which liked the taste. It then consumed the corpses.

Timetable & Other Developments

3pm At the crash-site, Ogwen has stumbled across the creature, and has been attacked. He's badly scarred from the experience - physically and mentally. He retreats. The blob consumes the dead bodies and begins to double in size every two hours.

5pm Players reach farm. Blob is size 2.

6pm Nothing of consequence.

7pm Nothing of consequence. Blob is size 4.

8pm Ogwen finally stumbles home, deranged, with an axe to grind. Seeing his home has been invaded, he tries to sneak around the place. Knowing his home better than the players, he tries to get hold of his shotgun in his bedroom, or the chainsaw. See Later.

9pm Blob is size 8.

11pm Blob reaches the farm. It is now size 16. It can be used immediately or introduced later when it has doubled in size again.

1am Blob is size 32.

Ogwen Siberry

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	DEX	MOVE	HITS
12	10	13	14	12	11	8	12

Skills: Accounting 75%, Brew Cherry Brandy 90%, Drive 60%, Electrical Repair 70%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 80%, Operate Heavy Machinery 70%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 50%, Tend Farm 80%

WEAPON	ATTK %	DAMAGE
Fist	50	1d3
Grapple	30	varies
Shotgun	45	4d6
Axe	60	1d8+2
Chainsaw	35	2d6*

* An impale severs a random limb. Roll 1d100 for percentage shorn off. Sanity loss 1/1d6. Roll POWx5 to avoid fainting. Character also loses 1 hp per round blood loss. A successful FIRST AID check staunches the flow.

Equipment: Axe, Shotgun, Chainsaw

If Ogwen can be taken alive, it is quite clear that this badly scarred mad axe man is... quite mad, having suffered from horrific burns to his head, hands, arms, and torso, brought about with some chemical agent. Gaping holes are spattered in his clothing. Players lose 1/1d4 sanity for seeing the scarring this guy has suffered. Even if he is killed, he lingers just long enough to still deliver his death-bed speech - unless of course - players are not interested: "It's out at the crash. The crash.. ... It was, was...eating the bodies. I thought they were just burned... but it was eating them.... Last exhalation gasp...

Using Ogwen to effect

Ogwen's exact usage is left for the keeper to improvise. Remember, the man is insane (zero sanity; maybe less) so use dramatic licence and have as many and varied events as you want with him. Since this scenario is largely improvised, the keeper is advised to expand on the material given here. Ogwen and his dog have all night to kill the characters. There's no rush. He doesn't need sleep. These are a few things he can get up to:

Watch the house or characters intently, doing nothing else. If spotted and chased he mysteriously vanishes leaving no trace to be followed.

Attempt to kill the invading characters one by one by isolating them. A sudden attack by Ogwen with an axe, chainsaw or cleaver on an unsuspecting character would be so cool. Somebody has to go to the toilet sometime....

Setting up ingenious traps using household tools and loading bay cranes should prove amusing, for a while.

Retrieving his dog, which will still recognise him, will be another concern of Ogwen.

Cut the electricity completely or sabotage it - an exposed power cable will surely give anyone who fixes the problem a bolt from the blue.

Stacked boxes can fall on top of players rummaging about in the stores.

If Ogwen is able he may lead the players on a merry chase where they then cut each other down.

Sanity rolls should be made as based upon certain events either real or imagined. Some of these may be attributed to Ogwen, or something else:

The collapse of a wooden stair case at an inopportune moment • Maybe traces of the acidic blob are found • Shadows are seen. Was it a flitting stealthy killer, or just the player's own shadow • Something drips onto the character from the ceiling • A creak of floorboards behind the character, but no one is there • Billowing curtains from an open window • The door slams shut from a gust of wind • A sudden chill • The grandfather clock suddenly chimes unexpectedly • A sudden unexpected encounter with the blob • The player gets the eerie feeling he's being watched • Gurgles, Rattles and thumps as machinery suddenly switches on and other phantom noises • Maybe a tense scene out in the growing twilight, where the sprinklers suddenly switches on/off as the player explores the orchard • Screams from outside as Ogwen is again attacked by the blob.

Maintain the suspense. Attack the players while they are making preparations. Players might improvise remedies, such as Molotov cocktails, baiting the creature by tempting it after them into the garage before the gasoline is set alight engulfing the blob in a raging inferno... Eventually, some time into the night, let the most successful attempt seem to succeed, then call in the B-52s...

The insistent drone of aircraft reaches the players, (perhaps as they run from the wreck of an exploding garage,) the sky lights up with the glare of a dozen B-52s, carpet bombing the area with napalm in order to destroy the blob. Unless the players have a good reason to avoid the following hit 'em with this...

Airstrike

100% attack chance delivering 1d100 damage. Every 10 damage taken reduces STR, CON, DEX, & APP by 1 point. Survivors face a loss of 1d20 sanity. It's over...but at what cost....

The Blob...

The blob doesn't have statistics - except size, a rate of movement, and hit points. It's a gelatinous blob of acid that creeps, slips, slides and gloops its way around leaving a trail of acidic residue and digested biological material. Sanity loss for viewing it is based upon its size. Size 1-2: 0/1d3; Size 4: 1/1d4; Size 8: 1/1d8; Size 16: 1d3/2d8; Size 32: 1d6/1d20. Given enough food it will double in size every 2 hours. Though for this scenario it will not grow beyond size 32. The Bigger it gets the slower it moves. The blob can envelop one creature per round but it cannot exceed its own size. For example: a size 32 blob can swallow one creature of size 32, two creatures of size 16, or four size 8 creatures. The blob is immune to all forms of damage except intense electricity, heat, or cold - the specifics of which are left to the individual keeper. Magical attacks affect the blob as normal.

Size 1 1d10+7 hit points Mov 6 Size 2 1d10+17 hit points Mov 5 Size 4 1d10+27 hit points Mov 4

Size 8 2d10+37 hit points Mov 3 Size 16 4d10+67 hit points Mov 2 Size 32 6d10+127 hit points Mov 1

WEAPON	ATTK %	DAMAGE
Acid Squirt	60	1d3
Envelop Victim	35	1d8 per round

The blob only has one attack per round and will focus its entire attention on one target per round. LUCK rolls to see who that is. It will either squirt acid or attempt to envelop its intended meal. The squirt has an effective range equal to half its size in feet. If the envelop attack succeeds, the blob will begin to automatically ooze over the target at the rate of 1d3 size points per round. Once the character has been

totally enclosed you might as well check for suffocation too.

Ogwen's Farm

