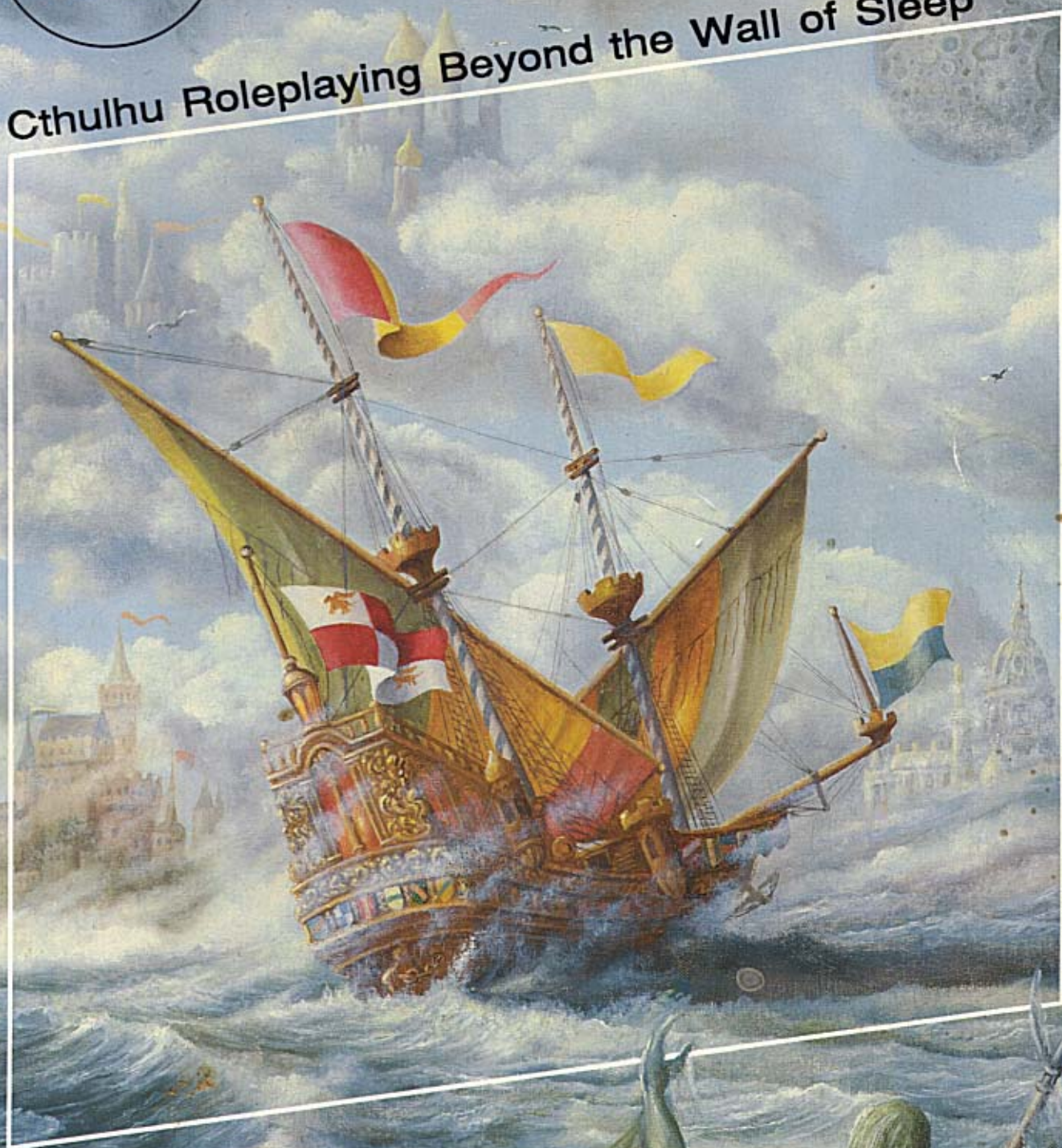


FOR
Call of
Cthulhu®

H.P. Lovecraft's

DREAMLANDS

Cthulhu Roleplaying Beyond the Wall of Sleep



Petersen, Herber, Campbell-Robson, Clegg,
Launius, Morrison, Frances, Willis, Hutchinson,
Okamoto, Bayless, Ramos, Sullivan, Roland.



CHAOSIUM
3302



LEWING

Howard Phillips Lovecraft
1890-1937

H.P. LOVECRAFT'S

Dreamlands

Roleplaying Beyond The Wall Of Sleep

by

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Dedicated To
L O R D D U N S A N Y
Without Whom the Dreamlands
Would Have Remained a Dream

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INTRODUCTION

IN SEVERAL enchanting tales more fantasy than horror, Howard Phillips Lovecraft created a world known as the Dreamlands, to where certain initiates could travel as they slept.

In these stories the descriptions and locations of most cities, places, peoples, and creatures are, at best, vague. The maps and information in this book are perhaps not as perfect as some could wish. Keepers may have their own ideas of where ruined Sarnath lies, or whether one flies north or south to find Kadath. Keepers are encouraged to change the maps to suit their own sensibilities (and to befuddle the players).

Lovecraft's Dreamlands are ethereal and haunting. Things are distorted and slightly unreal there. Much unearthly beauty exists, and a great deal of cosmic terror. Be mindful of this while describing places and beings. Since all the world is a dream, carefully craft it and handle it as such.

This book is a sourcepack for your investigators to explore. You are advised to create great quests for the investigators to

finish, based on the information found herein. We also suggest that the players not be allowed to read this book, for new dreamers should not know the great mysteries.

To use this book, the keeper should read *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*. The keeper might also read one or more of the following Lovecraft tales: *Beyond the Wall of Sleep*, *The Cats of Ulthar*, *Celephais*, *The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, *Hypnos*, *The Other Gods*, *Polaris*, *The Quest of Iranon*, *The Silver Key*, *The Strange High House in the Mist*, and *The White Ship*.

He also may wish to read *The House of the Worm*, by Gary Myers, which contains several excellent tales all set in Lovecraft's Dreamlands. Other possible sources of inspiration are Lord Dunsany and Clark Ashton Smith, most of whose fantastic tales could be considered to have taken place in Lovecraft's Dreamlands or, at worst, on a neighboring world.

— Sandy Petersen

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The Dream- lands



Nasht and Kaman-Thah

Entering the Dreamlands

Four ways are known by which mortals can enter the Dreamlands.

First, an investigator may transport himself or herself there by means of a spell, or an artifact such as Randolph Carter's Silver Key. Unless specified in or by the particular spell or artifact, the keeper determines just where the character appears in the Dreamlands. The investigator's physical body usually remains in a semblance of sleep in the waking world. In any case, only his dream self actually penetrates the Dreamlands.

Secondly, a character may seek out or stumble across a place where the Dreamlands intersect our own world. The Places chapter mentions several such locations.

And a character may die. An experienced dreamer may opt, at death, to have his or her spirit reside eternally in the Dreamlands. The higher the character's POW and skills, the higher rank he holds once a permanent Dreamlands resident.

The final way, of course, is by dreaming. An investigator who has heard or read of the Dreamlands can seek it in his dreams. He succeeds in finding the Entryway with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll. He can try once per 2D6 weeks of dedicated dreaming. A supernatural being such as Nyarlathotep, Yog-Sothoth, or Nodens could teach an investigator how to enter the land of dreams — in which case the investigator finds the Entryway on his very first night asleep. A character with a POW of 18 or higher who is unfamiliar with the Dreamlands may someday blunder across the Entryway in his dreams if he is under psychic stress or stimulation, and if it so suits the keeper.

Dreaming

There are three kinds of dreams. We all experience ordinary dreams. These mostly occur on Earth, though they certainly are normal in the Dreamlands as well. Ordinary dreams have no game consequences. Important ordinary dreams may occur in special situations — a god might send a message by means of an ordinary dream, for instance.

In these pages the word "dreaming" may signify that characters' consciousnesses have shifted to the Dreamlands. Often investigators are referred to as dreamers. Normally, dreamers' physical selves are left behind on Earth — quite literally asleep — while their wide-awake consciousnesses visit the Dreamlands.

A third form of form of dreaming involves a new skill, Dreaming, to create new objects or new life in the Dreamlands. Only the more powerful dreamers are competent with this skill. See the end of this chapter for a discussion of the Dreaming skill.

The Entryway

One night, in his dreams, an investigator may come across a huge stairway leading enticingly downwards

from whatever ordinary dream he is currently having. If the investigator has been seeking the Dreamlands, he probably recognizes this staircase and follows it down. If not, he still may try it out. The stairway leads to the seventy steps of light slumber, by which the dreamer may descend to the Cavern of Flame.

There dwell two hoary priests, Nasht and Kaman-Thah, who protect unwary sleepers from the land of dreams. Every dreamer who arrives here must encounter them. If Nasht and Kaman-Thah have never before met this particular dreamer, they look long and piercingly into his soul, seeing whether or not he should be allowed access to the Dreamlands. If the character's SAN plus his Cthulhu Mythos skill add up to 75 or more, they grant him passage. If not, the two priests expel him and the dreamer awakens, unsure of just what has happened. Nasht and Kaman-Thah are always confronted alone. Even if somehow a number of characters all manage to find the seventy steps of light slumber and descend to the Cavern of Flame together, once they are inside, each perceives himself to be alone with the two priests.

Leaving the Cavern of Flame, the successful dreamer walks down the seven hundred steps to the Gates of Deeper Slumber and emerges in the Enchanted Wood. A party of investigators finds that they all emerge together, though somehow they did not notice each other before. A character who finds his way to the Gates of Deeper Slumber can find the Entryway again in his sleep at any time he wishes. Even if the total of his SAN plus his Cthulhu Mythos subsequently drops below 75, the priests continue to permit him entrance, if they have done so once.

Time In The Dreamlands

A character can normally remain in the Dreamlands for that number of earthly hours equal to his or her POW. Narcotic drugs such as hashish or opium extend the earthly time spent dreaming by 1D6 hours, or more in special cases. Such drugs are, of course, dangerous, and not only in the waking world — a character endangered in the Dreamlands who wants desperately to leave (as did Randolph Carter at the end of *Dream-Quest*, for instance) probably could not, were his or her earthly body drugged.

Nominally, one hour of earthly sleep equals a week of Dreamlands time. Similarly, a character who physically enters the Dreamlands often finds that one hour passes in the mundane world for each week he spends in the Dreamlands. But nothing holds time to one rate in the Dreamlands. Time, like distance, is irregular and elastic. In the city of Celephais, for instance, time does not exist: within its bronze gates, everyone and everything is immortal.

For all purposes, treat time experienced by a party of investigators as identical so long as the investigators stay

together. Differences might exist if circumstances pull the group apart. Similarly there is no hard-and-fast rule about returning to the same time in a series of dreams. The action may pick up as though not a moment intervened between dreams, or weeks may have passed, or even eons. Examine the individual situation to see what is interesting, apt, and fair.

Waking From Dreams

Any time an investigator awakens from a dream, he risks forgetting much of what he learned therein. To simulate this, after the investigator wakes attempt an Idea roll. If it succeeds, then he can remember what happened in his dream as if it had occurred in "real life." If the Idea roll fails, however, the dream experiences and discoveries are not clearly remembered. Confiscate any notes the player kept on his investigator's findings and deny the investigator any experience checks gained during the episode, but retain any changes in Cthulhu Mythos or Dreaming skills.

An investigator may be awakened before his dreaming time is up, perhaps by a loud noise or other startlement in the waking world. To stay asleep in that case, the investigator must get a successful Idea roll. While a character may be thus pulled from the Dreamlands by events in the waking world, it is not possible for a dreamer to will himself awake from the Dreamlands, though certain events can force him awake.

Sanity Gain And Loss

A character regains SAN in the Dreamlands at the normal Call of Cthulhu rate for defeating monsters or enemies. The means of losing SAN are the same as in the waking world, but the effects of SAN loss are not.

If a character loses at least 20% (but not all) of his SAN in a single encounter, he suffers a Nightmare Effect (see adjacent table) at the keeper's choice.

A character who loses all SAN is permanently transformed into the most appropriate horror the keeper can think of. For instance, a person who associated with ghouls might be transformed into a ghoul. The earthly body of such an unfortunate goes permanently insane or dies in its sleep.

NIGHTMARE EFFECTS TABLE

Choose an effect appropriate to the situation, or roll 1D10 to randomly determine a nightmare effect.

- (1) — An object, item of clothing, or organ of the investigator melts away to nothing or becomes loathsome or horrifying (such as a scimitar becoming a snake if the wielder suffered from Ophiophobia). The object is restored to normal on the character's next trip to the Dreamlands.
- (2) — The character suddenly finds himself unable to flee effectively. The hallway seems to stretch on infinitely, he is paralyzed, or he seems glued to the ground, or he can flee only in excruciatingly slow motion. The effect ends after the threat causing the SAN loss is disposed of or leaves.
- (3) — His surroundings suddenly melt away, and the investigator finds himself in a different location. For instance, he might suddenly find himself alone in a locked room with the threat that prompted the SAN loss.
- (4) — One of the investigator's companions (not a dreamer, though), or a nearby plant or animal, is transformed into a horrid monster, probably similar to whatever caused the SAN



The Enchanted Wood

loss. The individual is restored to normal upon the dreamer's next visit to the Dreamlands.

(5) — An old wound, injury, disease, or malformation suddenly reappears to pain, terrify, and inconvenience the investigator. The wound, etc., is restored to normal in the dreamer's next dream.

(6) — The investigator wakes, but no longer knows whether he is awake or dreaming. He is disoriented; he cannot direct his dreaming to a particular person, place, or event in the Dreamlands until an amount of time chosen by the keeper passes, or until the investigator receives a successful Psychoanalysis roll.

(7) — Match the SAN loss against the investigator's INT on the resistance table. If his INT is overcome, he wakes up immediately, with his hair turned gray or white, or beginning to fall out.

(8) — Match the SAN loss against the investigator's POW on the resistance table. If his POW is overcome, the investigator wakes up immediately, afflicted by a nervous tic chosen by the keeper. Depending on its nature, the tic may also reduce his APP or DEX by 1D3 points.

(9) — Match the SAN loss against the investigator's CON on the resistance table. If his CON is overcome, the investigator wakes up and immediately suffers a minor coronary arrest. If a roll of CON x10 or less on 1D100 fails, he dies. If the roll succeeds, he still loses 1 point of CON.

(10) — Any other appropriate effect, as chosen by the keeper. In general, if the investigator's real body is afflicted, he should be forced awake. If only his Dreamlands body is affected, the investigator should have the opportunity to relieve any problem, by getting a successful Dreaming roll and the appropriate expenditure of magic points.

Death And Injury

If a dreaming investigator dies in the Dreamlands, he is shocked awake in his or her earthly bed, losing 1D20 SAN, and losing the power to ever again dream.

Any injuries received in the Dreamlands vanish upon the dreamer's next trip to the Dreamlands.

An investigator physically present in the Dreamlands heals at normal game rates. Such an investigator who dies in the Dreamlands never reappears on Earth.

Food, Clothing, And Equipment

Dreamlands technology is not that of the waking world. Even granting local variations and modifications stemming from the nature of the Dreamlands and the existence of magic there, in general Dreamlands crafts and mechanical accomplishments resemble Earth's, but an Earth centuries past. Instead of machine-guns, scimitars and bows are the common weapons. Rather than railways, most transport is by means of sailing vessel or caravan.

It is the nature of the Dreamlands that no object appears there until its reality has been 'set' in the waking world. This process takes approximately five hundred years. Only objects of forms basically unchanged for that amount of time or greater can exist in the Dreamlands.

Taking Along Paraphernalia

Dreamers arrive naked in the Cavern of Flame, without equipment. One function of Nasht and Kaman-Thah, the two priests there, is to properly garb dreamers passing that threshold. To every dreamer who asks, they provide an outfit of good clothing, a dagger of whatever style is desired, and three loaves of bread, a jug of water, and a hank of spun manna.

An investigator somehow physically transported to the Dreamlands has his clothing unchanged, but items of gear not already embedded in the Dreamlands' reality soon visibly wriggle and twist until in a few seconds they change into Dreamlands equivalents. For instance, a flashlight might be replaced by an Arabian-style oil lamp or a torch, and a revolver might be transformed into a scimitar or a spear.

When such an investigator physically returns to the waking world, his gear does not change back to its former form. In this sense, at least, the Dreamlands' reality is more powerful than that of the waking world.

Two New Skills

Dreaming

The investigator receives this skill the first time he enters the Dreamlands, whether he dreams to get there or arrives physically, starting at a percentile amount equal to the investigator's POW. The investigator gets one experience check in this skill each time he re-enters the Dreamlands and remains for more than a dream week, the skill increasing in identical fashion to any other game skill. An earthly-deceased dreamer cannot increase his Dreaming skill, because as a permanent resident he cannot exit and re-enter the Dreamlands).

Dreaming is used to alter Dreamlands reality. However, it can be performed only in an ordinary dream. Hence the user must be asleep and dreaming, but not within the Dreamlands. The dreamer chooses, consciously or unconsciously, what it is he creates. He may make something small, such as a piece of fruit. Or he may achieve something wonderful. The creation may take a single dream and Dreaming roll to complete, or it may require many successful separate creative efforts, many dreams and much time. King Kuran created the city of Celephais only after many dream-decades, and he is the greatest of all dreamers.

If the dream's creative impulse comes from the dreamer's subconscious, the keeper may decide what is created in whole or in part. Creations normally are not a threat to the dreamer (hence his subconscious would normally not dream up a Deep One to attack him), unless, of course, he is insane at the time.

Magic points must be spent in the use of the Dreaming skill. Especially large or complex objects may require several dream-sessions before enough magic points can be spent to form it. The Dreaming skill attempt is made after all desired magic points are assigned.

The keeper secretly decides upon the value of the desired creation. If the magic points spent equal or exceed the value, and the user's skill roll is a success, then the object is created properly. The Value represents the most important attribute of the object, whether that is size, quality, or whatever, as decided by the keeper. Living things normally have twice the value of their non-living equivalents. A sword might have a value of 9, since the maximum damage it can do is 9. If the sword were specially engraved and bejeweled, it would have a higher value, possibly 15, 20, or even higher, especially if the sword were magic. A dog might be assigned a value

of 8 magic points since its SIZ is 4 and it, being living costs twice that in magic points. A beautiful woman might cost 36 magic points since her most vital statistic, APP, is 18 — since she is living, she'd cost twice that. A painting the caliber of the Mona Lisa might have a value of 50 or even 80. A modest palace might cost 100-200, etc.

Alterations may cost less than outright creations, depending on the nature of the alteration and the keeper's desires. For example, a shade tree transformed to a wooden bench does not have its basic nature (wood) altered, and the creation of the bench, which might normally cost 20, may only cost 5-15. A statue of a woman transformed into a beautiful living woman may only cost 18 points instead of 36, because the basic shape of the object was not altered. If both the nature and the shape of the object are unchanged, the alteration may cost even less, depending on the keeper's decision. Changing a shade tree into a fruit tree might only cost 3-4 magic points.

Such changes are "real" upon the dreamer's next trip to the Dreamlands proper. Objects created personally for the dreamer, such as clothing, tools, weapons, jewelry, money, etc., appear on his person when he enters the Dreamlands. Objects with an independent existence, those created at a specific point within the Dreamlands, immobile objects (such as palaces or trees), living beings, and any other objects so designated by the keeper, exist at their point of creation, and the dreamer must travel there to find them. The dreamer may have no idea where his creation exists and may have to travel great distances to find it, as did Randolph Carter in *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*.

A dreamer normally cannot make an alteration or create an object of more value than his Dreaming skill percentiles. Thus, a dreamer with Dreaming 45 could not make a house of higher value than 45. However, over the course of many creative dreams, he could create a whole village full of such houses. By the expenditure of POW along with the required magic points, the dreamer can overcome this limit, however. For each point of POW expended in the act of creation, this limit doubles. Thus our dreamer with a skill of 45, by spending 1 POW could make an object of up to 90 value. If he spent another point of POW, he could make an object of up to 180 value. If he spent a third, his limit would increase to 360 value. This does not increase his Dreaming skill of 45, however, and if he rolled 46 or higher on his creation attempt, all the POW sacrificed would be wasted.

Normally the created object or alteration only exists for the Dreamer's next Dreamlands voyage. On second and subsequent trips after creation, it is non-existent, or has returned to its original form. However, POW can be expended to make the object permanent. Generally, one point of POW must be expended per act of creation, plus one POW for each point of POW that the creation cost. Especially vital creations may cost more POW, at the judgment of the keeper. For example, a dreamer with Dreaming 45 might spend 2 POW and 180 magic points to make a mansion with a value of 180. If he decided to make the mansion permanent, it would cost 1 POW (for the act of creation), plus 2 POW (because the mansion cost 2 POW to create in the first place). Hence he would spend a total of 5 POW and 180 magic points to form his

new-permanent mansion. This would probably require many nights of concentrated dreaming effort. Of course, if his Dreaming skill roll failed, the POW and magic points would be wasted.

Dream Lore

Percentiles of this skill represent a character's relative knowledge of the Dreamlands. Dream Lore allows the character to know something about a specific Dreamlands location, remember a point of Dreamlands history, recognize a Dreamlands creature, and to identify particular entities as belonging to or not belonging to the Cthulhu Mythos — presumably such beings and creatures are completely alien in nature.

A new skill, Dream Lore has a base chance equal to half the investigator's Cthulhu Mythos score (round down). For every two points of increased Cthulhu Mythos skill, the investigator's Dream Lore increases by one point, whether or not the increase occurs in or has directly to do with the Dreamlands. Dream Lore also increases through experience checks, like any other skill.

Entering Physically

When Randolph Carter wanted to visit his beloved Dreamlands, he simply drifted off to sleep and dreamed his way there. But Carter was a veteran dreamer, a master of the art of controlled dreaming. Most Call of Cthulhu investigators are barely able to sleep at all, let alone control their dreams — especially those whose combined Cthulhu Mythos and Sanity totals less than 75 percentiles. However, there are various methods of getting to the Dreamlands physically, without dreaming at all.

Generally speaking, whenever anyone enters the Dreamlands, physical objects they carry enter with them. As stated, objects the reality of which is not set (i.e., which could not have existed 400-600 years before) transform into their moral equivalents. So transforming, non-living objects cannot become living objects. Hence, a car or truck would become a wagon or cart, but sans horse or ox. However, there might be some way to bring recent technology into the Dreamlands, perhaps by going through another world's Dreamlands, where the same laws do not apply. Keepers are admonished that the fantasy world of the Dreamlands is likely to lose its awe and beauty when machinegun-toting toughs in fast cars start cropping up. Keepers looking for a literary example of this sort of corruption should take a look at what happens to the Territories in the Stephen King/Peter Straub novel *The Talisman*. An interesting scenario or campaign could involve the investigators' attempts to halt just such an invasion of the Dreamlands!

A major physical entry into the Dreamlands is found in the Enchanted Wood, which touches the world of men at two places. The sites of these crossovers are up to the keeper, though we suggest the Black Forest in Germany, the California Redwoods, Transylvania, or Roanoke Island in North Carolina.

Another physical means of entering the Dreamlands is fairly unpleasant. It is clear that the ghouls naturally live in the Dreamlands, and only come to the waking world to

forage and raid (perhaps this is why they are so hard to catch). Carter states when he is in the ghouls' burrows that he is probably nearer the waking world than at any other time. Clearly many ghouls' burrows in the Dreamlands' Underworld lead to picked-over graveyards in the waking world.

Past the town of Celephais, beyond the Tanarian Hills, lie forbidden ways into the waking world, and also to other lands of Dream. Such "other lands of dream" might simply be other parts of Earth's Dreamlands, or they could lead to the Cavern of N'Kai, or any other dream- or nightmare-world of the keeper's choice.

Other entrances are certain to exist. The icy lands of Lomar, from internal evidence, seems a likely candidate for holding at least one entrance to the waking world, though perhaps this entrance comes out in Alaska, Siberia, or Greenland.

An artifact and a spell also relate to physical movement to or from the Dreamlands.

The Crystallizer Of Dreams

The Crystallizer of Dreams is a yellow, egg-shaped object about a foot in diameter which emits a "strange, intermittent whistling." The egg sounds hollow if tapped, and is relatively fragile, yet weighs almost 20 pounds. It has the power to bring objects from the Dreamlands back to Earthly reality. To use it, a dreamer need only go to sleep within a few yards of the Crystallizer. When any dreamer wakes up from a visit to the Dreamlands, everything he wears or grips in his hands returns with him. Even living creatures can be brought through, if they grip him tightly enough.

The stability of such dream-things is incomplete. Within 1D20 hours (roll separately for each object brought to the waking world), dream-things begin to fade, and soon slip back to the Dreamlands. This can be delayed if the dreamer bringing the objects through expends one magic point per object or creature per 1D20 additional hours.

Crystallizers of Dreams are clearly powerful artifacts. They are nearly always guarded by powerful entities, and may be stolen and used only with care. Crystallizers of Dreams are beyond the ability of humankind to create.

The Gate Of Oneirology

This is a spell resembling the Gate spell. However, it opens a physical pathway to the Dreamlands. When the Gate is created, the maker must know the part of the Dreamlands he intends it to open onto. He must have visited the site himself, and know its relation to at least one other area of Dream. The spell requires the sacrifice of 4 points of permanent POW (not magic points) and opens a permanent Gate to the chosen spot. Travel through such a Gate is two-way for dreamers, but things originating in the Dreamlands cannot pass through it. Objects originating in the waking world can return, even if they were transformed by their original passage through, though they would remain transformed. Thus, if an investigator took a flashlight through the gate, it would be turned into, say, an oil lamp. When the investigator brought the oil lamp/flashlight back through the gate, it would come through, but remain a lamp.

It is possible to build such a gate to a Dreamlands besides Earth's own. This costs an amount of POW equal to the cost for so traveling to the spot's waking equivalent. For instance, if a dreamer, having once visited there, wished to build a Gate of Oneirology to Yuggoth's Dreamlands, it would cost him 9 POW, since the Earthly Yuggoth (Pluto) is around 5 quadrillion miles away.

Exiting the Dreamlands

An investigator physically present in the Dreamlands can leave only by finding one of the physical paths thereto, such as those in the Forbidden Lands past the Tanarian Hills, the ghouls' tunnels from the underworld which lead to the waking world, or similar means. If he walks back up the Seven Hundred Steps to Deeper Slumber, to find the Cavern of Flame, he can exit the Dreamlands by proceeding up through the Seventy Steps of Light Sleep.

Whether or not he exits through a different place than that he entered by, his waking world point of arrival is always the same as that through which he entered the Dreamlands. A character cannot travel in the waking world by using the Dreamlands as a shortcut.

If an investigator's dream self is present, he may also leave by means of a path to the waking world. If he takes such a path, as he nears the waking world, he first sees the town in which he lives at a distance, then he can make out his own house, then, as he draws closer and closer, suddenly a blaze of light overwhelms him. He wakes up, his dream over.

An investigator may also be awakened if his body is disturbed in the waking world, perhaps by a loud noise, being shaken vigorously, or a similar startlement. To remain asleep when being so disturbed, the investigator must get a successful Idea roll. While an investigator may be thus pulled from the Dreamlands by events in the waking world, it is not possible for a dreamer to will himself awaken from the Dreamlands, though certain events (such as some Nightmare Effects) can force him awake.

If an investigator awakens when on an adventure, his companions simply notice that he isn't there any more. This disappearance is always fairly natural; he might simply go into his cabin and not return, or they might look up from their places at table and notice that his food has been untouched — and, in fact, that he isn't in his seat anymore.

Any time an investigator awakens from a dream, he risks forgetting much of what he learned therein. To simulate this after the investigator wakes, have him attempt an Idea roll. If it succeeds, then he can remember what happened in his dream as if it had occurred in "real life." If the Idea roll fails, however, the dream experiences and discoveries are not clearly remembered. Confiscate any notes the player kept on his investigator's findings and deny the investigator any experience checks gained during the episode, but retain any changes in SAN, Cthulhu Mythos, or the Dreaming skill. Spells learned are forgotten.

Evoking

the Atmosphere of a Dream

by

Phil Frances

Call of Cthulhu is a game of mood, and atmosphere is one of many elements that contribute towards making it so enjoyable. Yet while the details of mundane objects such as cars, trolleys, and hotel rooms can be largely left to the players' imaginations in 'mainstream' scenarios, the atmosphere required when playing in the Dreamlands must be much more pervasive. Without the correct presentation, players may feel that they are adventuring in an ordinary fantasy roleplaying setting, rather than exploring the realms of dream.

Lovecraft used several tricks to present his dream world which can also be used by keepers in creating the necessary feel; his Dreamlands stories are a mine of atmosphere, and reading at least some of these is strongly recommended. They will equip you with the full idea of dream-adventuring. While it is easy to recognize the Dunsanian style used by Lovecraft in these tales, it is less easy to understand how the mood is built and maintained.

When Lovecraft describes the cities and surroundings of central Dreamlands, such as Ulthar, Baharna, Celephais, etc., he paints these places in solar hues (red, purple, yellow, orange), implying warmth and coziness. He places great emphasis on delicate beauty or strange curiosities within these towns and cities and populates them with contented, superstitious folk always willing to give a traveler a bed for the night. These cities are constructed of exquisite stone such as veined marble, jade, or porphyry, or choice wood like oak, teak, or mahogany. He speaks of beautiful scenes: singing fountains on wide terraces, scented flowers in hushed gardens, a golden dome upon a hill. Occasionally we arrive to see the city bathed in the light of a delicately flushed sunset. Lovecraft often describes cities as we approach by ship or caravan, a device useful to atmosphere as it lodges an overall vision of the place in player minds, simplifying the keeper's task later when they actually enter.

In queerer regions of the Dreamlands, the colors enter the lunar spectrum (white, gray, black, ice-blue); the Plateau of Leng and the dark, uninviting streets of Dylath-Leen are good examples of such places. They seem much rougher and stranger than the solar cities, and are built of ominously dark basalt, or filled with peculiar inhabitants and odd visitors. The descriptions of such dreadful places as Leng, Sarkomand, or Sarnath also involve another method of atmosphere creation: the sly, adroit reference to monstrous things lurking beneath or beyond the surface of reality. Witness the descriptions of the wide-mouthed merchants that come in black galleys to Dylath-Leen, or the fate of the old couple in "The Cats of

Ulthar," or the bulk of the legend of Sarnath ("The Doom That Came to Sarnath"). The measured use of this establishes veins of Lovecraft's beloved cosmic horror which can later be tapped when things begin to go awry. A bookful of examples can be found in *The House of the Worm* by Gary Myers (Arkham House, 1975).

The workings of real dreams provide profitable play ideas. For instance, investigators at some time may undertake a long journey. At the end, the keeper tells them that they have reached their destination, but have no memory of the voyage itself. This mimics the haphazard flow of dreams, the blending of one scene into another, and the subconscious acceptance that something has occurred without questioning it. Every journey should not be like this, if only because the keeper wishes something to occur en route.

Non-player-characters resembling relatives or acquaintances of the investigators may turn up in an adventure, possibly causing the players to wonder if it is their friend or cousin. This can create amusing incidents in the waking world, when Digby Spode, P.I., approaches Dean Miles Johnstone of Oxford University to ask him if he is also Lohs, the baker of Ulthar. And people long dead in the waking world could meet the investigators, for the dead can choose to live on in the Dreamlands.

Adventures could be related to problems or events in the waking life of the investigators; most of the scenarios in this box are good examples of such. A Cthulhu Mythos investigation may be continued as characters search through the Dreamlands for information. The Dreamlands can be a place of escape for investigators; there is rarely justification for having them pursued into Celephais by a horde of dreaming Deep Ones, though there are agents in the Dreamlands itself who could do the same job, and who knows what is happening to the investigators' sleeping bodies?

If you are a deep dreamer, as Lovecraft was, you will find lots of scenarios in your sleeping hours. The rest of us must be content with the odd gem amongst disappointingly conventional dreams. Perhaps you could try nightmare-inducing tricks such as watching gripping horror movies or reading Lovecraft before retiring. Or eating lobster salad or cold pizza.

Although the role of the keeper is emphasized in building the atmosphere, the players, too, have a responsibility to maintain, and the keeper should not be afraid to tell them so. Remember that secrets abound in dreams, oddities should not be probed too deeply, not every curiosity encountered immediately investigated. In dreams, such things are often taken for granted.

Places

by

Scott Clegg, K. R. Campbell Robson, Sandy Petersen, Jacqueline Clegg, Susan Hutchison

RIVER AI: a shallow, slow-moving stream in the land of Mnar. Its waters are dark and green, but safe to drink. Fish of many types dwell herein. As do most Dreamlands rivers, the River Ai starts at a spring in the plains. Only two Swim rolls are needed to cross it. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

AIRA: this city is constructed of beryl and white, gold-veined marble. Its buildings are golden-domed and famous for the lovely murals painted on every wall. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

AKURION: a large gray rock in the lake near Sarnath, a prominent landmark near the shore. At the anniversary of Sarnath's destruction, it is nearly submerged by the lake waters. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

APHORAT: a small port in the far south. It is distant and little-known, though all the sea-trade from Sydathria and the desert of Cuppar-Nombo passes through it. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

MOUNT ARAN: a large mountain rising from the shore to tower miles above the city of Celephais. On moonlit, misty nights, the Gods of Earth ride their cloudships from Kadath to their old haunts on this mountaintop, where they dance as they did in the past when the world was young and mankind not yet too impious to climb high. Mount Aran's peak is perpetually snow-covered. It is notable for the gingko trees foresting its lower slopes. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

BAHARNA: a seaport lying on the isle of Oriab. It is "a mighty city. The wharves of Baharna are of porphyry, and the city rises in great stone terraces behind them, having streets of steps that are frequently arched over by buildings and the bridges between buildings. There is a great canal which goes under the whole city in a tunnel with granite gates and lead to the inland lake of Yath." Parts of the city are built of bricks resembling the ancient ruins on Yath's further shore. The pair of beacons on either side of the harbor are affectionately named Thon and Thal by the natives. Baharna is noted for its artisans who fire the city's famous pottery, and for the bold lava-gatherers who climb Mount Ngranek (but not too high) to get bits of volcanic stone for carving figures. Zebras are the common pack animals. The city is ruled by a congress of retired sea captains and traders who determine both laws and punishments. Tales of the sunken city six nights out of Baharna are told in the taverns of Lhosk. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

BANOF: a valley in ancient Lomar, visible from the topmost chamber of the watchtower of Thapnen. (*Polaris*, HPL)

BASALT PILLARS OF THE WEST: "beyond which simple folk say splendid Cathuria lies, but which wise

dreamers well know are the gate of a monstrous cataract wherein the oceans of Earth's Dreamlands drop wholly to abysmal nothingness and shoot through the empty spaces toward other worlds and other stars and the awful voids outside the ordered universe where the daemon-sultan Azathoth [waits]." (*The White Ship*, HPL)

BNAZIC DESERT: a mild desert in the land of Mnar. The Arab-like people who live there breed and eat three-humped sea-green camels. The people are taciturn, and many are dangerous robbers. The desert itself weirdly resembles a sea bottom, with plants like coral and seaweed. The sands are blue and yellow-green, most of the vegetation is blue, green, or gray, and the animals are likewise colored. The desert becomes most beautiful at night, when luminous animals weave their lairs and move about like living stars. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

BNAZIE DESERT: probably just another name for the Bnazic Desert. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

CASTLE OF THE GREAT ONES: the onyx castle of Dreamlands' gods is atop unknown Kadath. This titanic structure has been seen only by one living dreamer, Randolph Carter. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

CATHURIA: Cathuria is a sort of El Dorado, a fabled city of riches which lies just beyond the Basalt Pillars of the West. Tales of splendid Cathuria have circulated for as long as any can remember. Some dreamers say that there is no Cathuria — that beyond the Pillars of the West lies only the edge of the world and destruction. They say that Cathuria departed the world long since, leaving only the stars in her place. Supposedly Cathuria is most beautiful. A glowing description of it appears in "The White Ship." (*The White Ship*, HPL)

CAVERN OF FLAME: the entrance to the Dreamlands from light slumber. In this cavern dwell the two priests, Nasht and Kaman-Thah. The exit leads down seven hundred steps to the Gate of Deeper Slumber. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

CELEPHAIS: a seaport in the land of Ooth-Nargai, most of its buildings are built of untarnished sky-blue marble and topped by slender minarets. The city walls are topped by gleaming bronze statues of famous heroes. In the center of the city is the temple to Nath-Horthath, where eighty orchid-wreathed priests serve, no priest less than ten thousand years old.

Celephais is the greatest trading center of the Dreamlands. Beings of all sorts can be found in her taverns and bazaars. As in Sona-Nyl, there is no "time" in Celephais. No inhabitant ever ages, and dreamers passing her gates may spend any amount of time herein without having to return to their bodies. However, no one ever

matures either, and children and young animals must be raised outside of the city or else they remain forever young and innocent.

The King of Celephais is a dreamer who lost his life indirectly through drug addiction many years ago. King Kuranos, as he calls himself, resides in the gorgeous Palace of Seventy Delights, built of flawless rose-crystal.

Past the eastern gate is a park, wherein King Kuranos has built a Norman Abbey and a small Cornish fishing village, to resemble his native Cornwall, to which he can never return, now that his waking form is dead. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

CERENARIAN SEA: this sea is crystal-blue, like the waters of the Caribbean. It is chilly, and only mildly salty. Most of the major Dreamlands ports lie on its shores, including the marvelous city of Celephais. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

THE COLD WASTE: the untraversed lands of the Cold Waste conceal Kadath from the rest of the Dreamlands. The wasteland consists mostly of ice-covered boulders. Thousands of miles to the north, beyond the boundaries of the Earth's Dreamlands, lies the mountain Kadath. Huge, nameless, and formless beasts prowl the Cold Waste. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

CUPPAR-NOMBO: both a desert and a city. The ruins are built of limestone and in the evening its high walls are blue. The dark wanderers made the city of Cuppar-Nombo their base when they came to the desert to look for treasure. This desert is sere and dry, and its central area is inhabited only by jackals, reptiles, and poisonous insects. (*The Loot Of Golthoth*, Myers)

DIAKOS: a city, now ruins, which fell to the Inutos during the invasion of Lomar. (*Polaris*, HPL)

DOTHER: a smallish desert city whose brown-skinned people keep mostly to themselves. They do not worship the Great Ones, unlike most Dreamlands residents, but keep the exact nature of their deity a secret. Naturally, fearful rumors are rife about their god's nature, though the people of Dother do not seemingly practice human sacrifice or other abhorrent rites. The city is best-known for the peculiar trade items which are sold by its rather diffident silk-clad merchants. These items include exotically-scented oil suitable for lamps or dipped torches, powerful acids kept in green glass bottles, planks of fine ivory from six to ten feet long, and eerie phosphorescent rocks. The source of these items is completely unknown. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

DRINEN: a city near Cuppar-Nombo, and inhabited by dusky-skinned folk famous for their eerie music, played on flutes, drums, and accompanied by wailing, wordless singing. One portion of the city is called the Pleasure Quarter, and is widely condemned as thoroughly decadent by many people, while envied by others. (*The Loot Of Golthoth*, Myers)

DYLATH-LEEN: an important trade center, mostly built of black basalt. Its thin angular towers give it a distinctive appearance from a distance. "Its streets are dark and uninviting. There are many dismal sea-taverns near the myriad wharves, and all the town is thronged with the

strange seamen of every land on earth, and of a few which are said to be not on earth." Its inhabitants wear odd robes, and are sullen. The city is dangerous. Cutthroats, assassins, and thieves abound. The ruling prince utilizes his Eyes of Dylath-Leen (a sort of secret police) to investigate crime only when important persons are involved. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

THE ENCHANTED WOOD: a new dreamer's first obstacle before attaining the Dreamlands. The 700 steps to the Gates of Deeper Slumber wind down through a gigantic oak tree in the middle of the forest. The oaks of the forest grow to huge proportions and, gnarled and bent, their upper limbs twist to form a living roof above the forest floor. Glowing fungus growths shine with dim green radiance throughout the entire forest.

The Enchanted Wood is home to many weird creatures, including the elusive Zoogs, who live in hollow trees and burrows beneath the oak roots. They know a great deal about the waking world because of their proximity to it. Indeed, the wood touches the waking world at two places (the Redwoods in California and the Black Forest of Germany), and the Zoogs are responsible for some disappearances there. They also know a great deal about the Dreamlands, and their spies infiltrate everywhere.

In the middle of the woods is a haunted tree which grew from a seed that fell from the Moon. The Zoogs ferment magic wine from its sap and fruit.

There are several rings of large stones in the Wood. One is enormous — "a sinister green and gray vastness pushing up through the roof of the forest and out of sight." In the midst of this ring is a great stone slave, in which is set a large iron ring. This slab opens into the Underworld, at the city of the Gugs. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

THE FORBIDDEN LANDS: this hellish land is full of volcanoes, lakes of fire, and bizarre nameless creatures. The lands touch upon the waking world in a number of places, and account for many Earthly disappearances. For each full day spent in the Forbidden Lands, 1/1D6 SAN is lost through glimpses of strange vistas not of any Earthly landscape. King Kuranos of Celephais has forbidden this region to humankind, and any dreamer caught trying to enter is regretfully imprisoned. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

GAK: a city west of Mhor, near the desert wherein the gnawed bones of chimeras are strewn. Gak is well-known for its bright silks and exotic spices, including some spices which have magical effect on the partaker. (*Xiurhn*, Myers)

GATE OF DEEPER SLUMBER: seven hundred steps down from the Cavern of Flame, opening into the Enchanted Wood. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

GOLTHOTH: also known as the Damned, Golthoth is a ruined city in the desert of Cuppar-Nombo. It was the original home of the dark wanderers, some four thousand years ago. It bears many similarities to ancient Egypt. "Songs forget not the greatness of Golthoth's limestone temples and obelisks, nor any rumor of the arts whereby the cyclopean limestone blocks were moved.... Very splendid still are Golthoth's temples, with their images and myriad columns." The ruins are encircled by walls,

and much treasure remains in the city, for most thieves will not brave that cursed place. (*The Loot Of Golthoth*, Myers)

HATHEG: a farming village inhabited by peasants. Two famous personages come from here: Barzai the Wise who was drawn screaming into the sky from Mount Hatheg-Kla; and Atal who witnessed Barzai's fate and moved to Ulthar. Hatheg is run by a mayor-peasant elected every five years. The town boasts only 900 inhabitants and one good inn, The Orchard, known for its quality food and service. (*The Other Gods*, HPL)

MOUNT HATHEG-KLA: the last bastion and dancing-ground of Earth's Gods before they were forced by the curiosity of mortals to move to Kadath. This is the tallest Dreamlands mountain, reaching nearly ten miles into the sky. Eight miles up is where Barzai the Wise met his fate, and a fifty-foot-wide symbol, engraved in the rock, marks his fate. Occasionally the gods still dance on Mount Hatheg-Kla, but no mortal is now daring enough to attempt the climb. (*The Other Gods*, HPL)

HAZUTH-KLEG: a grim, nightmare city. The grim onyx Temple of Unattainable Desires sits across the Street of the pantheon from the low, terrible house of Saaa. One route is named the street of the Tobacconists. "The streets of the city are dark, narrow, and winding, and in too many places the bleak houses lean perilously to shut in the lonely ways and bring certain shuttered attic windows into frightful proximity with the slippery cobbles. Houses all of tottering, grey, lichen-encrusted brick peer oddly through leaded panes.... Sometimes the shadow lanes discovered broad courts opening on the sky, where the hollowed flags still bore sardonic astrological symbols and names of many infamous daemons, and names of some lesser known but infinitely more terrible." Many windows have ladders of braided rope to allow access to the streets. Hazuth-Kleg holds many temples (lit by red lamps) to disreputable gods. (*Hazuth-Kleg*, Myers)

CITY OF HLANITH: a great seaport located at the mouth of the Oukranos. "Here the walls are of rugged granite, and the houses peakedly fantastic with beamed and plastered gables. The men of Hlanith are more like those of the waking world than any others in Dreamlands; so that the city is not sought except for barter, but is prized for the solid work of its artisans. The wharves of Hlanith are of oak." All the city's taverns are located near the wharves, by law. Hlanith's proximity to the waking world causes some of the mirage cities reported in this world from time to time. Hlanith's king is fair and good though he likes the good things in life perhaps a bit overmuch. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

HOUSE OF THE WORM: the "infamous old man had raised up from Hell the House of the Worm." It stood on a round hill in the plain of Kaar, and was the home of the Jailor who protected the world from the children of Azathoth. (*Yohk the Necromancer*, Myers)

IB: ruins on a nameless lakeshore in the land of Mnar, hard by the city of Sarnath. The city's ruins are huge gray blocks of a stone unknown elsewhere in the Dreamlands. At one time, they say, flabby amphibian-things that worshiped Bokrug the water lizard came from nowhere in a peculiar mist and brought the lake and city

with them. When men discovered the lake, they built the grand city of Sarnath and destroyed the monstrous inhabitants of Ib. But Sarnath was cursed and destroyed. Riches are rumored hidden in Ib's ruins. No living man claims to have explored the ruins successfully, save the infamous Yohk the Necromancer, who "found again the spell that was lost with primal Ib, whereby men are transformed into spiders with maimed and broken legs." (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

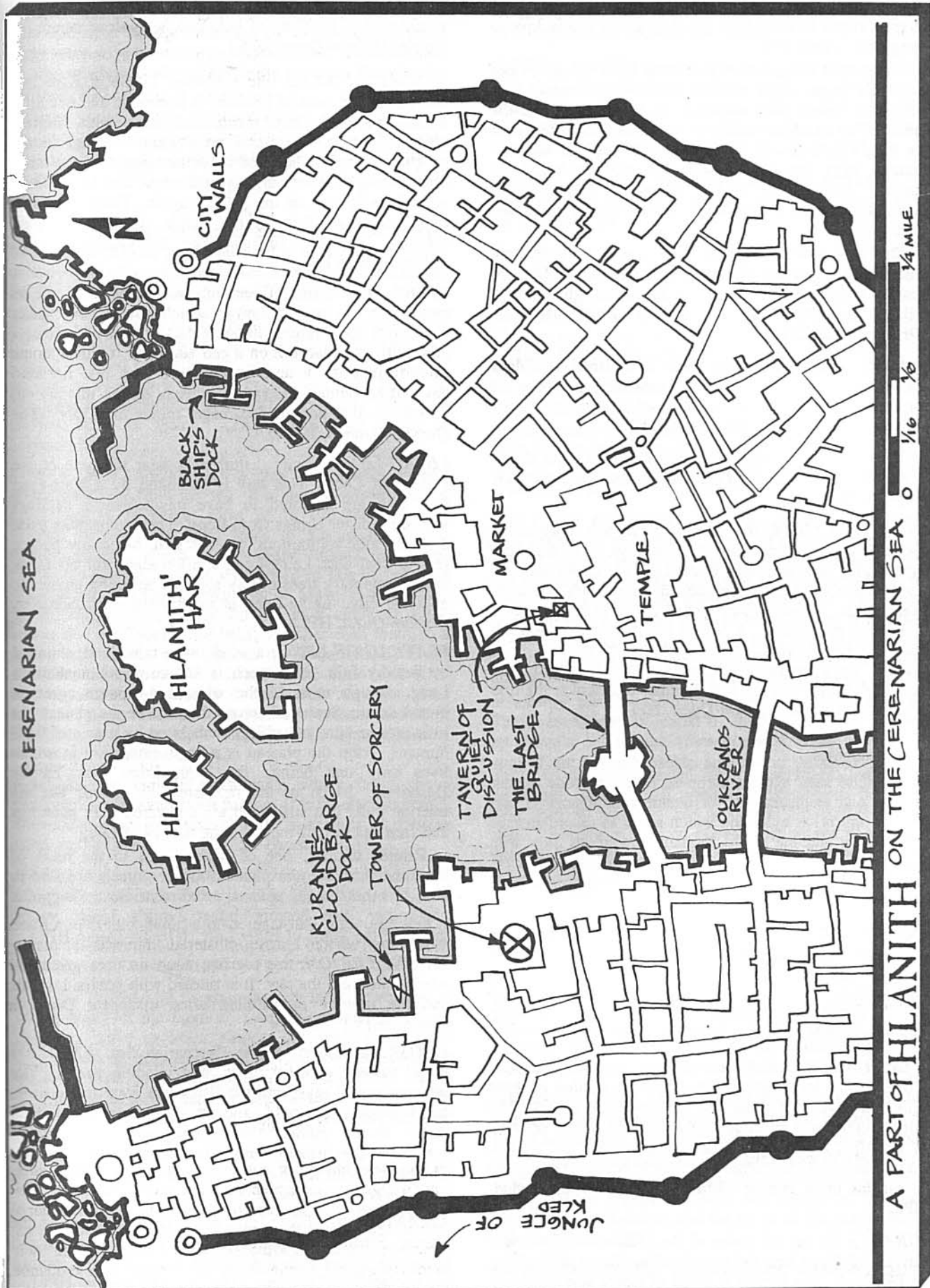
ILARNEK: Ilarnek is one of the oldest cities of the Dreamlands, and once had trade with now-destroyed Sarnath. Ilarnek was built by shepherd folk in years long past. Horses, camels, and elephants are the beasts of burden and mounts of the land, and the city trades jade goblets to Inganok for onyx. After Sarnath's destruction, the citizens of Ilarnek discovered the statue of Bokrug in the ruins and placed it on a pedestal in their tallest temple. Bokrug is a major deity in Ilarnek to this day. Ilarnek is ruled by a council of princes who make decisions jointly. Surrounding the inhabited areas is a wide ring of abandoned buildings but, despite this, the city still boasts a large and thriving population, if somewhat reduced in number from former times. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

ILEK-VAD: a "fabulous town of turrets atop the hollow cliffs of glass overlooking the twilight sea wherein the bearded and finny Gnorri build their singular labyrinths." Its king comes once a year to the temple of loveliness at Kiran. It may well be the "marvellous sunset city" dreamed of by Randolph Carter, which instigated his great quest. (*The Silver Key*, HPL)

HILLS OF IMPLAN: a range of green hills inhabited by bucolic farmers and peaceable peacock-tenders. Phoenixes nest in one section of the hills. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

INGANOK: a northern city famous for its onyx quarries and sometimes called Inquanok. Visible from the sea are "the bulbous domes and fantastic spires of the onyx city. Rare and curious [did] that archaic city rise above its walls and quays, all of delicate black with scrolls, flutings, and arabesques of inlaid gold. Tall and many-windowed were the houses, and carved on every side with a beauty more poignant than light. Some ended in swelling domes that tapered to a point, others in terraced pyramids whereon rose clustered minarets displaying every phase of frequent gates, each under a great arch rising high above the general level and capped by the head of a god chiseled with that same skill displayed in the monstrous face on distant Ngranek. On a hill in the centre rose a sixteen-angled tower greater than all the rest and bearing a high pinnacled belfry resting on a flattened dome. This...was the Temple of the Elder Ones." The old north quarter of the city holds taverns frequented by yak-merchants and onyx miners.

The city is built completely of onyx, and the people trade great blocks of the stone for the goods of other lands. Many of the men of Inquanok work in the onyx quarries, or are traders in onyx. The people of Inquanok are of the race of the gods, being long-lobed of ear and sharp of feature. All the inhabitants learn how to swim and sail from a young age. No cats dwell in Inquanok, nor do any ever board ships bound thither, probably



A PART OF HLANITH

ON THE CERENARIAN SEA

because of Inganok's proximity to Leng. This is a source of great regret to these folk, for they would dearly love to bring cats to their city.

The Veiled King, whose face none has ever seen, rules from his huge onyx palace, which is clustered with balconies, oriels, and minarets. It is rumored that the father of all shantaks resides in the great central dome of the king's palace, and it may well be true, for colossal shantak eggs are often traded for jade goblets from Ilarne. Perhaps the king is somehow related to the mysterious veiled priests whose faces, again, none has seen.

The land around Inganok has vast empty stretches. Only the area around the cities of Inganok and Urg are heavily populated, with scattered farms and quaint onyx villages. In northern Inganok, there is no plant life at all. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

JAREN: a small town in the valley of Narthos. It is drab and dreary, though the fields surrounding it are of surpassing beauty and its walls are of the fabulous onyx of Inganok. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

KAAR: a cold plain, crossed by yak caravans. The House of the Worm is located on the hill Vornai here. (*Hazuth-Kleg*, Myers)

KADATH IN THE COLD WASTE: atop this mountain is the castle of the Great Ones, built of onyx taken from the giant quarry near Inganok. Kadath lies far to the north of Leng, where Earth's Dreamlands intersects with two alien Dreamlands. Kadath is surrounded by an extensive range of smaller mountains. A valley runs straight to Kadath from the Dreamlands, and the mouth of this valley is guarded by a series of mountains carved into statues. Randolph Carter was the first dreamer to discover the true location of Kadath. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

KADATHERON: one of the oldest cities of the Dreamlands, build long ago by shepherd folk who rode horses, camels, and elephants. All of Dreamlands history is kept here on tall brick cylinders which serve as record-storage for the city and the world. Kadatheron trades only with Inganok, Ilarne, and Thraa, and travelers are unwelcome. Kadatheron is ruled by a wise though evil-tempered king. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

MOUNT KADIPHONEK: a peak on the other side of the plateau of Sarkia from Mount Noton in Lomar. A secret cave in this mountain leads to the famous "Heart of Kadiphonek," a heart-shaped formation of rock which glows redly and pulsates with an unearthly beat. Doubtless other things are in here as well. (*Polaris*, HPL)

KARTHIAN HILLS: these hills separate Teloth and Oonai. Some local farmers have tamed a portion of these hills and developed them into vineyards and arbors. The wine therefrom is most sought-after. The wilder sections of the hills, near Mount Thorin, are wooded and sylvan. Fauns, unicorns, and other shy, gentle beings are claimed to inhabit these remote slopes. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

KIRAN: a hill on the banks of the Oukranos. The jasper terraces of Kiran bear the temple of loveliness of the King of Ile-Vad. This temple is made of jasper and covers an

acre of ground. It is empty and silent except for the once-yearly visit of the King of Ile-Vad, who alone enters the temple. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

JUNGLE OF KLED: the Perfumed Jungle of Kled is a rain forest just west of Hlanith. It is chaotic and beautiful in its growth. Only plants and trees with fragrant blossoms or scented wood grow here. Hidden in the jungle are ivory palaces of an extinct people, kept intact by the magic and strange guardians of the Great Ones until there is need of the palaces again. Three important trade routes go through the jungle, two for elephant caravans, and one for ships on the Oukranos river. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

RIVER KRA: a small river with many waterfalls. At its mouth lies the city Thalarion, which covers both banks. The Kra's dark brown water is full of strange minerals and must be boiled before it can be drunk. Otherwise the imbibor falls ill, unable to do more than rest for 1D6 days. If he participates in any activity during this period, he suffers 6D6 points of damage, minus his CON. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

LELAG-LENG: a city disturbingly near the base of the Plateau of Leng. This city is inhabited by a slant-eyed folk who are rumored to have unwholesome dealings with the sinister beings from Leng. They sometimes trade a lovely and voluminous type of silk, but many people fear to deal with Lelag-Leng's silk-traders, for all know that no mulberry trees of any sort can be found anywhere near the city. Lelag-Leng is ruled by a High Sorcerer. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

PLATEAU OF LENG: a wind-swept table-land, shunned by healthy folk. Not much is known about mysterious Leng, though most of the whispered rumors agree in horrid detail. Scattered across the face of the plateau are little granite huts and villages inhabited by a race of half-humans. Atop the plateau is a huge monastery in which lives only one being, the High Priest Not To Be Described. Much of the monastery is ruined, but the interior walls that still stand are decorated with paintings and frescoes of half-men and the history of Leng.

Painted tunnels, one of which leads to the ruins of Sarkomand, riddle the plateau. Other tunnels are said to lead to other times, planets, or dimensions. Shoggoths and other dire horrors infest Leng's lower vaults, guarding the Sigils of Elder Lore. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

MOUNT LERION: this soaring mountain rises seven and a half miles into the sky. It is riddled with goblin caverns, and the unwary or careless often disappear from its slopes. (HPL)

LHOSK: a seaport on the Cerenarian Sea. Lhosk has broad towers, gambrel roofs, and winding streets. The wharves are of teak, and the fishermen wear turbans. Its beach is of white sand, and its ships have rose-tainted sails. Round golden spiders and gulls are common creatures. The principle businesses are trade and fishing. They trade with lands as far off and exotic as Sona-Nyl. (*The Three Enchantments*, Myers)

LIRANIAN DESERT: this desert is as barren as the Sahara. Small tribes of people camp at the few oases and trade rare spices with the folk of Shinara. Their women are accomplished dancers. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

LOMAR: an ancient northern kingdom, founded by folk who fled from Zobnar to escape the advancing ice sheet. They were wiped out by the invading Inutos and the land is now inhabited only by the hairy cannibal Gnophkehs. (*Polaris*, HPL)

MHOR: a fabled city which lies in a vale behind a high stony ridge, which is the East's farthest border. The being Xiurhn, whose soul is the Dark Jewel of immeasurable worth, lives in a high tower with a bronze door in Mhor. (*Xiurhn*, Myers)

LAND OF MNAR: the ancient land which holds Ilarnek, Kadatheron, Thraa, and which once held Sarnath. This country holds the most ancient civilizations and secrets of the Dreamlands. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

MTAL: an island in the Cerenarian Sea which is famous for its crystal-clear water and profusion of shellfish. Gigantic ribbed clams are known from here that are big enough to swallow a galley's anchor and snap its chain. Sea serpents sometimes sport off its shores, while the natives come to watch. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

THE NAMELESS ROCK: a gray and dismal granite mountain rising from the sea. It is nearly surrounded by cliffs ranging in height from 25 to 100 feet. A sea-passage between the cliffs leads to a stagnant, putrid harbor, beneath which live bubbling lurkers that never rise to the surface. On the west shore of this harbor lie a stone wharf and rough-hewn granite town. A road leads north, climbing the rocky surface to a circle of stone where evil ceremonies are held. Another road leads to a sentry post on the northwestern tip of the island, where the cliffs are highest. This island is the main outpost of the moonbeasts on Earth's Dreamlands. At night, their half-human servants perform obscene rituals, and their howls carry for miles, warning off all healthy-minded sailors. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

NARAXA: a river in Ooth-Nagai which flows under Celephais' celebrated stone bridge. It is lovely and placid, with clear water and several small waterfalls as it flows from the Tanarian Hills. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

NARG: the sacred grotto-born river of scented water which flows through Cathuria. (*The White Ship*, HPL)

NARTHOS: a valley holding the River Xavi and city of Jaren. Herds of plains-dwelling okapi can be found there. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

MOUNT NGRANEK: a six-mile-high inactive volcano in Oriab, south of the Lake of Yath. Woodsmen and lava-gatherers brave its lower slopes, but never climb more than a mile up because of the curious creatures dwelling on it. On the southern face of Mount Ngranek, carved 500 feet tall, is the face of one of the Great Ones of Earth. This face overlooks a huge valley of twisted hard lava. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

NIR: a small town on the plain beneath Mount Lerion. It has only one broad high street and is across the river from Ulthar. A great stone bridge spanning the river was built 1300 years before. On moonlit nights, a screaming can faintly be heard from the bridge's interior, requiring a loss of 0/1D4 SAN. Many conflicting legends explain the source of the screams. Perhaps the likeliest is the tale of

an unnamed human sacrifice sealed within the bridge on its completion. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

NITHRA RIVER: a swift blue river. Strange creatures lurk along its banks in underwater grottoes. The Nithra is both wide and deep, if it exists, since only Iranon ever claims to have seen it. Probably the Narthos valley was named after this river. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

NOTON: a peak in the ancient kingdom of Lomar. A pass behind it was the invasion route of the Inutos onto the plateau of Sarkia. (*Polaris*, HPL)

OGROTHAN: a port on the Cerenarian Sea. It is built of shining red and black stone with silver inlays. This port is governed by martial law, and its prince keeps a large force of soldiers. Occasionally, the city is besieged by wild savages from the hills to the west, which possibly explains the prince's paranoia. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

OLATHOE: a marble city of the lost kingdom of Lomar, located on the plateau of Sarkia. It has become legendary for its beauty, even though it is no longer in existence. It must have been lovely indeed, to become proverbial in a land as full of lovely cities as it Earth's Dreamlands. (*Polaris*, HPL)

THE ONYX QUARRIES: the onyx quarries of Inganok do a great deal of business. Past the man-made quarries west of Urg is a titanic pit five miles wide, ten miles long, and two miles deep. The marks of chisels too large to be wielded by any man still remain on the walls. This is the quarry from whence the stone to build Kadath was taken. A steep path leads from Urg into the hills near the Giant Quarry, running between steep cliffs. The path stops suddenly on the edge of the great chasm, and an unwary or clumsy traveler moving too swiftly could topple in. The Great Quarry is feared by humans, for it is haunted by shantaks and urhags. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

OONAI: this city is noted for its entertainers, especially lutists and dancers. All types of pleasures can be found here, and all travelers are welcome, especially wealthy ones. The city is built of marble with gilded domes and doorways. By day it is gray and dismal, but at night it is a wonderland. Oonai sometimes trades with Zak, though Zak has little of worth. All the inhabitants of Oonai have at least one artistic talent. Oonai is ruled by a pleasure-seeking king who bestows wealth and riches upon anyone offering a unique or fantastic talent. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

OOTH-NARGAI: the land that contains the marvelous city of Celephais, its capital. It is bounded by the Tanarian Hills, which border on the waking world and other regions of dream. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

ORIAB: an isle in the Southern Sea on which Mount Ngranek is the dominant geological force. Baharna is the island's main port, connected to the inner lake Yath by a great granite-locked canal. The inhabitants of Oriab wear silken robes, and the nights of the interior are cold. Oriab's inner groves are both the source of the resin exported from Baharna, and the home of the magah birds. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

OUKRANOS RIVER: one of the most beautiful of all the rivers in the Dreamlands. It is both deep and wide, and

the water is crystal clear. Ships easily pass up and down its length. The bridges at the cities of Thran and Kiran are tall enough to permit ship passage. Many species of fish swim in the Oukranos, including some dangerous to humans and many that are edible. The Oukranos is also known as the singing river and willow-fringed river. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

FOREST OF PARG: a land resembling the jungles of the Congo. Tribes of ebony-skinned humans, some cannibalistic, live in Parg. The money-hungry men of Dylath-Leen often send expeditions to Parg to capture slaves and trade for carved ivory. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

QUICKSAND MARSH: Iranon spoke with an ancient man who kept flocks on a stony slope above a quicksand marsh. When the shepherd identified the tales of Iranon as those told by a beggar's son he had known from birth, Iranon walked into the lethal quicksands. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

PILLARS OF THE WEST: see Basalt Pillars of the West.

RINAR: Rinar's walls and buildings are made of large blocks of yellow moss-agate inlaid with copper. This is yet another seaport with frequent communication with Celephais. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

ROKOL: Rokol is a flat, sprawling city of swarthy, cheerful folk. None of its wooden buildings stand higher than 3 yards, by public agreement and for ease of rebuilding. Every few years, Rokol is invaded by enormous herds of gigantic tusked animals (called thunder-beasts by the residents) which completely flatten the town, forcing the natives to move into tents in the wilderness till the monstrous beasts move on. The residents always rebuild. Rokol is ruled by a triumvirate of three dukes. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

SARKIA: a plateau in Lomar, overrun anciently by the Inutos. (*Polaris*, HPL)

SARKOMAND: an alien city which was ruins a million years before the first cave man crept out of the jungle. Sarkomand lies near the foot of the Plateau of Leng and is connected to that city by a series of tunnels. Another tunnel system joins Sarkomand to the Underworld. Sarkomand was once a great seaport and the capital of the almost-humans who serve the moonbeasts. It had six sphinx-crowned gates with streets leading to a vast central plaza where huge winged lions of diorite guard the top of a subterranean staircase. Moonbeasts use Sarkomand as a campsite. Other unwholesome entities doubtless keep Sarkomand free of ordinary folk. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

SARNATH: in its heyday, Sarnath (which lies in Mnar on the shores of the Nameless Lake) was the mightiest city in the Dreamlands, with a population of nearly 50 million people. It was built of white marble, zircon, and other precious stones and minerals.

In its earliest days, Sarnath had a neighbor city, Ib, which was inhabited by hideous croaking beings. The folk of Sarnath grew first wary, then frightened of these creatures and finally slew them and tore down Ib. The idol Bokrug, the water lizard, was taken to Sarnath and ritually defiled once a year on the anniversary of Ib's

destruction. Each year the lake was beset by strange and powerful waves on that day.

A huge celebration was held on the thousandth anniversary of Ib's destruction. Royalty from all the Dreamlands attended a lavish feast upon pain of Sarnath's enmity, but those not of Sarnath felt a mysterious fear and fled suddenly for no reason. None but those of doomed Sarnath know what happened then, for a mist descended over the city and it was destroyed. All that was left was the stone idol of Bokrug, which is now worshiped in Ilarneek.

Not much remains of Sarnath, and those ruins are commonly known to be haunted. Strange lights float over where the city once stood, and alien horrors are glimpsed in the surrounding countryside. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

SARRUB: a city or land famous for its wine. The heady red wine of Sarrub had no like in the world. (*The House of the Worm*, Myers)

SELARN: a city of wood and brick with a fuzzy look to it, as if it wasn't completely there. A great caravan route connects it with Inganok. The ruling prince is little concerned with the numerous strange happenings occurring in his city, such as streets and buildings that appear from nowhere and midnight parades of cackling bony things. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

SERRANIAN: "the marble cloud city...that lies in ethereal space beyond where the sea meets the sky." To reach Serranian one sails from Celephais to the horizon (the point where the sea meets the sky), then over it and up into the sky. What could be simpler? Much of the Cloud City of Serranian is actually a huge castle complex built of pink-veined white marble.

To reach Serranian from below, one must climb the huge spun-gold rope ladder that reaches a mile into the sky to Serranian's lower portions. The ladder is well-made, but the distance excessive, even with the balconies placed periodically along the rope to permit climbers to rest. Two Climb rolls are required to complete the climb safely.

The people of Serranian are extremely pale of skin and hair. They are polite to outsiders and very introverted. Serranian is a possession of Celephais, and King Kuranek rules from it half the time. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

SINARA: a small city on the outskirts of the Liranian Desert. The city is Arabic in flavor and unusual in that the buildings, made of marble, are in the shapes of tents and pavilions rippling in the wind. The folk here are all swart, cheerful, ribald, and boisterous. The only domestic animals are dromedaries, used for riding, burden, and food. One variety of dromedary is raised solely for the delicate garlicky flavor of its flesh. Sinara is run by a Bey who is not hereditary, but chosen for his prowess in battle, singing, and riding. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

THE SIX KINGDOMS: the area around Dylath-Leen. Dylath-Leen and Hatheg are two of the kingdoms, which extend no further north than the Enchanted Wood. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

RIVER SKAI: an important river of the Dreamlands. It is blue-green and, like the Oukranos, wide and swift. The Zuro empties into it. A great stone bridge across the river

connects Nir and Ulthar. Hatheg and Ulthar lie on its banks, and the seaport Dylath-Leen is at its mouth. A smooth road runs from Hatheg to Dylath-Leen along the river shore, and both road and river are well-traveled. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

SONA-NYL: the Land of Fancy, wherein there is no time nor space, no suffering nor death. The harbors are guarded by twin headlands of crystal that rise from the sea to meet in a resplendent arch. The landscapes are clear and pastoral, the cities gigantic and domed in gold. Beyond each vista of beauty rises another more beautiful. The inhabitants are happy, and all are gifted with unmarred grace. Quaint pagodas and white walks are sprinkled amidst carefully-tended gardens and trees. Those leaving Sona-Nyl invariably suffer great difficulties if they try to return. Most never succeed in returning — some say because the gods curse them for rejecting perfection. (*The White Ship*, HPL)

SOUTHERN SEA: this deep blue-gray sea is cooler and saltier than the Cerenarian Sea. When moonlight hits its waters in the right way, its depths are revealed to the lucky watcher. Serranian, the Basalt Pillars of the West, and the mysterious Underwater City lie in this sea which is, at times, a dangerous place to be. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

STETHELOS: a small walled town built of weird azure granite. A violet cloud hangs perpetually over Stethelos, from which water pours continuously into a great pool. Because of the cloud, no normal plants can grow there, only shade-loving foliage and exotic fungi. The town ruler is solemn and melancholy, but loved dearly by the people. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

THE SUNKEN CITY: south of Dylath-Leen in the Southern Sea. "When the water was clear there were so many moving shadows in that deep place that simple folk disliked it...many ships had been lost in that part of the sea. ...Looking over the rail Carter saw many fathoms deep the dome of the great temple, and in front of it an avenue of sphinxes leading to what was once a public square...one could clearly mark the lines of ancient climbing streets and the washed-down walls of myriad little houses. Then the suburbs appeared, and finally a great lone building on a hill, of simpler architecture than the other structures, and in much better repair. It was dark and low and covered four sides of a square, with a tower at each corner, a paved court in the centre, and small curious windows all over it. Probably it was of basalt, though weeds draped the greater part; and such was it lonely and impressive placed on that far hill that it may have been a temple or monastery. Some phosphorescent fish inside it gave the small round windows an aspect of shining.... By the watery moonlight he noticed an odd high monolith in the middle of that central court, and saw that ...tied to it...was a sailor in the silk robes of Oriab, head downward and without any eyes." (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

THE STONY DESERT: a dreary, rocky wasteland around Mount Hatheg-Kla. The stones are of bizarre shapes and sizes, carved into weird forms by the wind. Between the rocks, a thick, gray, ash-like dust rises at every step, burning the eyes and constricting the lungs. From the heights of Hatheg-Kla, the place closely resembles a titanic graveyard, which in fact it may be.

Wise folk avoid the desert entirely. (*The Other Gods*, HPL)

THE SUNSET SEA: that part of the Cerenarian Sea close by Celephais, Hlanith, and environs.

SYDATHRIA: another of the pleasant, fertile regions blessing the Dreamlands. Sydathria is famous for its nuts, spices, and fruits. The natives are vegetarians. The place's name is also spelled *Cydathria*. (*The Doom That Came to Sarnath*, HPL)

TANARIAN HILLS: beautiful as these hills are, located in the uplands of Ooth-Nargai, they are seldom visited. Deformed Things and dreamers from the waking world sometimes enter the Tanarian Hills from the Forbidden Lands, and the soldiers of Celephais patrol the land to keep unwary folk from traveling too far and to greet dreamers from the other side. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

CITY OF TELOTH: a drab gray granite city of square, flat-roofed buildings. The inhabitants are dark and stern. The only plants are down by the river. All must work in Teloth. There is no laughter or singing here — the inhabitants do not approve of such things. Teloth is a city of laborers. Travelers may stay no more than a single day before they, too, are forced to work. There are no inns. Newcomers lodge in the stables until they finish building their own squat, square domiciles. Teloth's king, who also works with his hands, dwells in the tower of Mlin. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

CITY OF THALARION: the City of a Thousand Wonders, Thalarion holds all the mysteries that man has striven in vain to fathom. The city is colossal in extent. Its spires reach so high into the sky that their tops cannot be seen by mortal eye. The grim gray walls surrounding the city stretch far beyond the horizon. Over those walls can be seen a few ominous roofs, adorned with rich friezes and alluring sculptures. The city's pier is near a huge carved gate named Akariel. None have ever returned from this city, for "therein walk only daemons and mad things that are no longer men, and the streets are white with the unburied bones of those who have looked upon the eidolon Lathi, that reigns over the city." (*The White Ship*, HPL)

THORABON: a dying city, in which the walls and buildings are made of a strange translucent substance that bends rather than breaks and accepts no paint. For the last fifty years, the city has gradually vanished — every month or two a house or section of wall melts away into nothingness. For this reason, the folk of Thorabon do not welcome newcomers, suspecting that some such stranger cursed the city in decades past. Hundreds flee the city each year for other lands. Thorabon's acting governor took over when the king fell from the top of his palace as the floor melted away. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

MOUNT THORIN: this mountain is remarkable for its height, towering five miles above the surrounding hills, and for its residents. The lairs of scaly dragon-like creatures are reported on Thorin; in the nearby lowlands entire herds of cattle are eradicated overnight by unknown predators. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

THRAA: like Ilarnekk and Kadatheron, an old city built by primeval shepherd folk, where horses, camels, and

elephants are ridden. It is famous for its beautiful wares. Thraa resembles ancient Egypt in construction and custom. The slim, dark people prefer little or no clothing, and do great business in gold and silver jewelry and in a type of four-foot long scarab beetle. Thraa is ruled by the Grand High Priest of its gods. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

CITY OF THRAN: Thran lies on the edge of the Perfumed Jungles of Kled. "Lofty beyond belief are the alabaster walls of that incredible city, sloping inward toward the top and wrought in one solid piece by what means no man knows, for they are more ancient than memory. Yet lofty as they are with their hundred gates and two hundred turrets, the clustered towers within...are loftier still...and where Thran's gates open on the river are great wharves of marble." The walls are so thick that the gateways are actually tunnels.

None may enter the city without first telling its red-robed sentry three dreams beyond belief. Once inside, a dreamer may well become lost in the bewildering maze of streets. Thran's king is wise and just, though very young. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

MOUNT THURAI: a white-capped mountain where earth's gods once played. Returning there, the gods weep, and men mistake their tears for rain. (*The Other Gods*, HPL)

ULTHAR: a feudal-type city of tradesmen and farmers. Dreamers are most common here, as it is the easiest of all Dreamlands cities to locate and dwell in. It has cobbled streets, peaked roofs, and overhanging upper stories. In the center of the city on its highest hill is the Temple of the Elder Ones, a tall, granite tower festooned with ivy. The high priest there is Atal, who accompanied Barzai the Wise on his fateful climb of Mount Hatheg-Kla.

By law, no man may kill a cat in Ulthar. Cats abound in the city, in vast swarms everywhere that there is sun and space to stretch. Ulthar's shops are guarded by scorpions at night. Somewhere here is the hidden door leading to the Keeper of Dreams, who vends "from his high altar...nothing less prized than men's desires." The city is governed by a burgomaster named Kranon, who holds his position for life. Upon his death or inanition, a new burgomaster-for-life will be elected. Of Kranon's council of advisors, only two have ever been seen — Shang and Thul. Strange stories are whispered of the rest. Kranon is just, but tends to jump to conclusions. (*The Cats Of Ulthar*, HPL)

THE UNDERWATER CITY: see The Sunken City.

THE UNDERWORLD: see the separate Underworld chapter.

URG: a small mining town near Inganok. The only folk here are onyx miners and a few traders. Most are rude and boisterous, and none venture forth at night, for fear of nightgaunts. Urg has no government other than the leading merchants who run the mines. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

VORNAI: a small farming community beneath the round hill atop which the House of the Worm stands. It is entered by the Gate of Mists. The Way of Tombs is a street in Vornai frequently traversed by Yohk the Necromancer. (*Yohk The Necromancer*, Myers)

XARI RIVER: the poisonous Xari in the valley of Nanthos. Its waters are jet black and deadly. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

XURA: Xura is the Land of Pleasures Unattained. It is a countryside of seeming beauty. Its pleasant coasts are bedecked with multicolored blossoms, and from gay arbors can be heard snatches of song and harmony, interspersed with delicious laughter. But if this damnable coast is approached too closely, its true nature becomes apparent. A wind may waft to the viewer the stench of plague-stricken towns and abattoirs. Or he may sight one of the grotesque inhabitants — obscene mockeries of the human race — scuttling along the shore. No man willingly lands on this shore to experience first-hand Xura's charnel gardens. (*The White Ship*, HPL)

LAKE OF YATH: this deep freshwater reservoir lies on the isle of Oriab. Its waters are healthy and monster-free. Yath is said to be bottomless, fed by the Underworld Sea. It never goes dry even in the worst droughts. A canal and locks connect it. It is connected to the Southern Sea by a canal with locks that flows from Yath under Baharna. Many sea captains and rich or influential persons of Baharna have villas on the southern shore. Across the lake from the villas sprawls an ancient ruined city, leagues of vast ruins made of ancient clay bricks. The dismal and rocky ruins are inhabited by noisome and dangerous creatures, and all the lava-gatherers know well never to spend the night there. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

ZAIS: a large town built of alabaster and diamond. Rather than having streets, small streams and rivers are the roads in Zais. Bridges carved with fairies and demons cross the rivers from building to building. The few areas of open land are used as parks. It is always sunset in Zais — there is no true day or night here. The people are fair of skin and dark of hair. They are ruled by a king whose daughter, Nathicana, is said to be the most beautiful woman in existence. (HPL)

ZAK: a city in the land of Zar. It is a park-like place, with only scattered buildings. From the sea, it shows lordly terraces of verdure, and is dotted with the gleaming roofs and colonades of Grecian-style temples. Zak is The Abode of Unformed Dreams. It holds all the incomplete objects and half-dead remains of beings once dreamed but discarded. Anyone seeing Zak's interior loses 1/1D8 SAN. (*The White Ship*, HPL)

ZAKARION: a seaport built of abalone and mother-of-pearl. The city's records are kept on eternal papyrus which can never crumble or rot away, and is taken from the hides of dragons and sphinxes. On these sheets are kept the thoughts of great Zakarion sages, too wise to exist in the waking world. Zakarion is ruled by one of these sages, the wisest man that has ever existed. (HPL)

ZAR: "Up from the sea rose lordly terraces of verdure, tree-studded, and shewing here and there the gleaming white roofs and colonnades of strange temples. [It was] the land of Zar, where dwell all the dreams and thoughts of beauty that come to men once and then are forgotten...among the sights before me were many things I had once seen through the mists beyond the horizon and in the phosphorescent depths of ocean. There too were forms and fantasies more splendid than any I had ever known; the visions of the young poets who died in want

before the world could learn of what they had seen and dreamed. But we did not set foot upon the sloping meadows of Zar, for it is told that he who treads them may nevermore return to his native shore." (*The White Ship*, HPL)

ZOBNA: ancient ancestral kingdom of the Lomarians. Fleeing the advancing ice sheet, the people migrated to Lomar, sweeping aside the primitive Gnophkehs who stood in their way. (*Polaris*, HPL)

ZULAN-THEK: a city in a star-litten plain with a high iron gate. The people of Zulan-Thek fear the dark and their own dead, bolt their doors and shutter their windows at night. Their muffled sextons have the important task of interring the dead in catacombs outside the city walls. Malefactors here are hung on metal hooks until they rot. (*The Return Of Zhosph*, Myers)

ZURO RIVER: the dark green Zuro flows near the city of Teloth and the Karthian Hills. It is swift and cold, though narrow. (*The Quest Of Iranon*, HPL)

Other Places

There are many worlds in the universe of the Dreamlands. Space is ordered somewhat differently, however. While dreaming, air is unnecessary when traversing space. An investigator can fly to the moon (assuming a suitable mode of transportation) in a few hours. Perhaps he can fly to other worlds in only a few days.

In one part of the universe form and shape do not exist, and intelligent gases there ponder the nature of life. Near or beyond their realm is Azathoth's mindless court, from whence only three dreamers have ever returned, of which only one (King Kuranos) was alive and sane.

Other Dreamlands not of Earth have been mentioned by Lovecraft. It would be interesting to see just what a character would encounter in one of them.

Just outside the universe is Azathoth's demon court, where blind and mindless horrors dance gigantically to the monotonous piping of a diabolic flute.

On The Moon

Earth's Moon has its own Dreamlands, inhabited by malign beings. Perhaps these beings have counterparts in the waking universe. The dream moon's atmosphere is breathable by humans, as is all of outer space, though the lunar countryside and land is wholly alien.

Earth's cats frequently visit the moon, as do cats from other planets of the Dreamlands solar system.

The Light Side of the moon is bedecked with strangely unsettling ruins and crumbled temples to unknown gods.

The Dark Side of the moon is the home of the Moonbeasts. They dwell in gray and black cities filled with thick clusters of leaning, windowless stone towers. Their ominous black galleys ply seas of oily liquid. The cratered land is dotted with groves of trees similar to the Moontree of the Enchanted Woods. Great holes in the ground — ruby mines — adorn the rocky countryside.

The Moonbeasts have a variety of horrendous domestic animals and keep herds of their semi-human

servants from Leng all over. These servants are used for all menial tasks not requiring strength.

The Underworld

Three ways are known to enter the Underworld. One is beneath the great stone slab in the Enchanted Woods, another from passageways leading through Mount Ngranek, and the third opens from the ruins of Sarkomand. Ghoulish burrows lead from the Underworld to the waking world, but these are not easily traversed by healthy humans.

The Underworld's northern regions are marked by the grim Peaks of Thok. The southern edge ends in a great cliff, atop which lies a great forest of giant fungi feeding on unmentionable nourishment. An ocean, the Underworld Sea, lends waters to several rivers and lakes in the upper Dreamlands and the waking world. Most of the Underworld is a lightless plain of rocks and boulders.

The Underworld is lit by the pale death-fire, which gives a ghastly gray luminescence to the upper parts of the Underworld, but gives out lower down, such as in the Vale of Pnath where the bholes burrow. The following entries discuss the few known features of the Underworld.

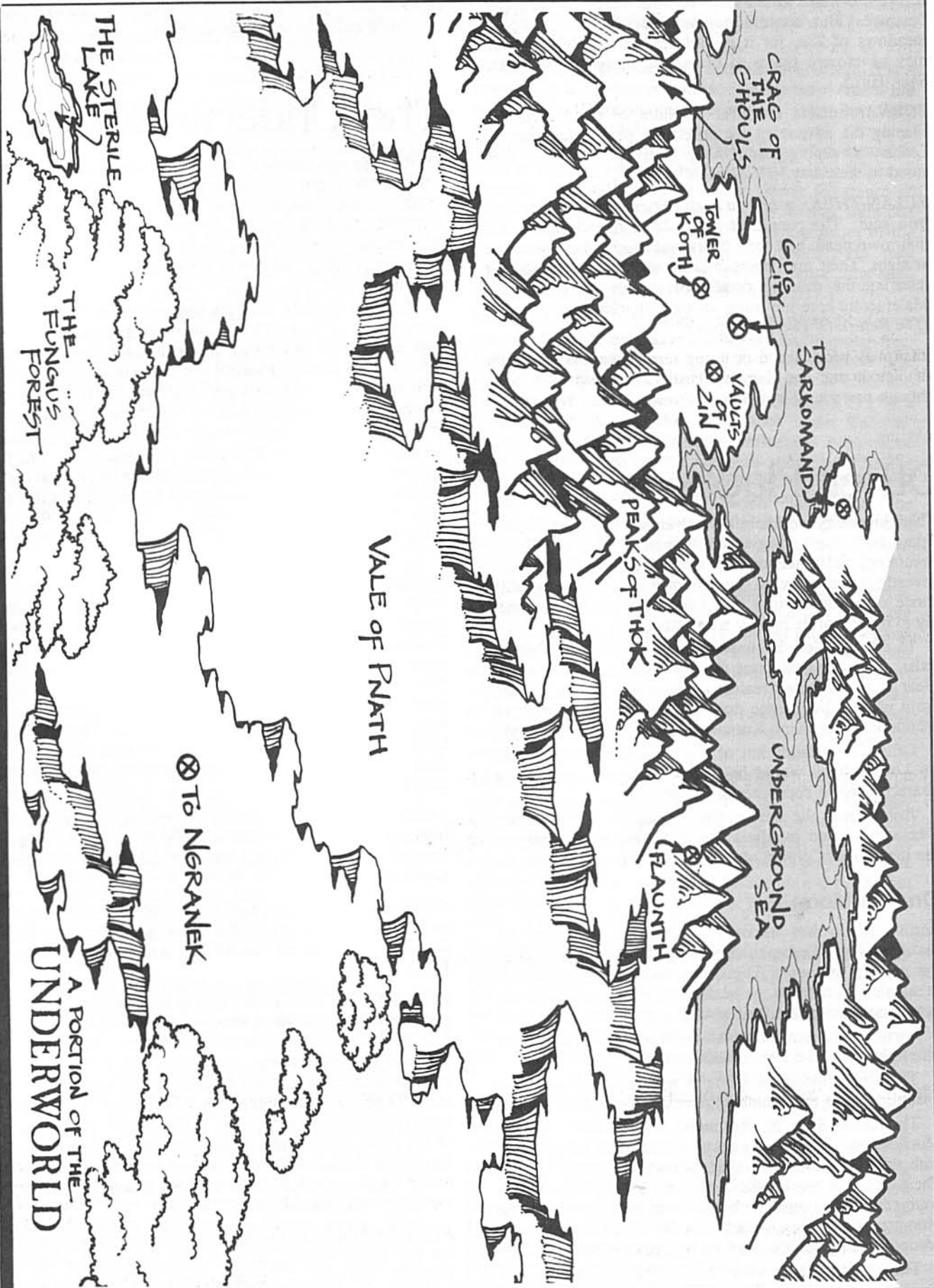
CRAG OF THE GHOULS: this marks the boundary of the domain of the ghouls in the Underworld. It is a huge mountain, taller even than the mighty Peaks of Thok. Several dim plains are scattered over its vast surface, all more-or-less close to the waking world. Passage between these plains is achieved by squalid ghoulish burrows. Some plains are covered with ghoulish relics — gravestones, shattered urns, and broken coffins. The Crag of the Ghouls overlooks the Vale of Pnath, and the ghouls hurl their bony debris down into the Vale when done feasting. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

FOREST OF MONOLITHS: a ghostly, lifeless place, between the Vaults of Zin and the City of the Gugs. Perhaps the monoliths are titanic tombstones. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

GREAT ABYSS: a flight of stairs leading past a pair of twin titan lion statues in the ruins of Sarkomand lead down to this part of the Underworld. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

CITY OF THE GUGS: this city is a stupendous vista of cyclopean round stone towers. The doorways are thirty feet high, as befits their horrid inhabitants. One gigantic tower in the city's center, marked by the Sign of Koth, contains a circular stairway leading all the way up to the upper Dreamlands, opening in the Enchanted Wood. The gugs never dare open the door at the tower's top because of the curse of the Great Ones, who have banished them forever to the underworld, but they have no fear of the tower itself and often chase escaped ghosts to the very top. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

FUNGUS FOREST: this lies south of the Peaks of Thok. As the name implies, it is a vast stretch of obscene fungoid growth. Delicate pale filaments stretch everywhere. Bulbous fruiting bodies and ragged huge



toadstool caps dot the putrid soil. Some of the fungus growths are gigantic phosphorescent cylinders, as tall and thick as the waking world's Sequoia trees. These are often infested with shelves of parasitic fungus. The fungus forest is inhabited only by goblin-beasts and burrowing insect-maggots. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

NIGHTGAUNT WARRENS: chopped into the tops of the bare gray stone of the Peaks of Thok are cavernous tunnels. Inside these tunnels live and sleep thousands of nightgaunts, crowded into fluttering masses. Perhaps they get their peculiar nourishment inside these warrens. From the warrens they float out to the upper Dreamlands, to capture unhappy mortals and carry them to the Underworld. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

PEAKS OF THOK: "Awful and sinister they stand in the haunted disc of sunless and eternal depths; higher than man may reckon, and guarding terrible valleys where the bholes crawl and burrow nastily." These high gray mountains are fairly smooth, resembling many-peaked cones. The ghouls sometimes call them Azathoth's teeth. At their base are fearful black vales inhabited by both named and nameless horrors. At their snowless peaks are the warrens of the nightgaunts. These mountains are the great symbol of the Underworld, and few humans have seen them and returned. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

UNDERGROUND SEA: a vast, salty lake north of the Peaks of Thok. It feeds Yath and several rivers of the upper Dreamlands. Its water is frigid, icy cold. Strange bloated things swim through its astounding depths. Some wise men say that bholes lurk beneath the ocean floor. At

its deepest point, the Underground Sea connects to the Arctic Ocean east of Greenland. Things that escape its icy grip are sources for some of the sea-serpent tales told in the waking world. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

VALE OF PNATH: the largest, and certainly the most famous, of the vales at the base of the Peaks of Thok. This Vale is especially notorious, for it lies at the bottom of the crag of the ghouls, and all the refuse of millennia of feasting is poured into it. A layer of bones at least a mile deep has built up on the canyon's bottom. Monstrous bholes crawl under and through these bones, sensing prey through the vibrations they make, and incidentally spreading the bones all through the Vale, so that the layer is not just at the base of the ghouls' crag. This is one of the favorite sites for nightgaunts to deposit their victims. At the feast of the thousandth year of the destroying of Ib, the king of Sarnath drank "ancient wine from the vaults of conquered Pnoth," which may or may not refer to this dread place. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

THE VAULTS OF ZIN: home of the terrible ghosts, who often make forays to seek food. The vaults are located just beyond the titanic cemetery of the Gugs. The outer sections of the vaults of Zin are a gigantic building, now ruined and earth-covered, resembling a natural cliff. At the base of this cliff yawns a great cavern opening, which leads into the vaults, which are a sort of lesser Underworld to the Underworld itself. The ghosts therein are the primary food source of the gugs. The vaults themselves are long and complex and a human could easily become lost. The main inhabitants are ghosts, but other creatures also dwell therein. (*Dream-Quest*, HPL)

New Spells

by
Sandy Petersen

See also the spells
on pages 8, 67, 72, 86, and 89.

The Dreamlands is more magical than the waking world, and many spells exist in the Dreamlands which are impossible to the waking world. The rules for casting these spells are identical to normal *Call of Cthulhu* third edition magic rules. Unless the spell description states otherwise, no Dreamlands spell has any effect when cast in the waking world. The spells which follow have been arranged by standard category.

New Summon And Bind Spells

SUMMON BLUPE: may be cast anywhere.

SUMMON LAMP-EFT: may be cast only under starlight.

SUMMON MINION OF KARAKAL: may be cast anywhere.

SUMMON SHADE: may be cast only under conditions of absolute darkness.

New Contact Race Spell

CONTACT MOONBEAST: This spell costs 3 magic points and must be cast at a spot moonbeasts are known to frequent. The moonbeasts will usually send one or more of their half-human servants to contact their summoner.

New Contact Deity Spells

CONTACT BOKRUG: this spell must be cast in or near a swamp or lake. Bokrug only responds if his own interests are somehow involved.

CONTACT LOBON: Lobon appears when the caster is alone.

CONTACT NATH-HORTHATH: must be cast in the wilderness. Nath-Horthath sends a lion to bear messages.

CONTACT TAMASH: Tamash appears when the caster is alone.

CONTACT ZO-KALAR: must be cast in a secluded, dark place. The caster must wait there for Zo-Kalar to appear.

Other Spells

ANATHEMA: costs 1 point of Power and 1D6 SAN to cast. It takes only an instant to speak. The caster speaks a Word which takes form in burning letters before his face and dispells certain magic spells. All spells within earshot that are being maintained by an expenditure of magic points are instantly dispelled if (on the resistance table) the Anathema caster's magic points overcome the magic points of the person maintaining that particular target spell. A separate roll on the resistance table is made for every spell that can be affected. In addition, beings which have been brought by means of a Call or Summon spell must resist against half the caster's magic points or be forced back whence they came.

THE AWFUL DOOM OF CERRIT: costs 9 magic points per round maintained and 1D10 SAN when the spell is first cast. It takes 1 round to cast at a range of up to 20 yards. A glistening silvery thread springs from the caster's fingertip. This spell runs molten lead through the marrow of the victim's bones. Each round the spell is maintained, the victim is absolutely incapable of any action save writhing and screaming, and his CON is reduced by 1D6 points permanently.

BLACK BOX: costs 24 magic points and 1D8 SAN. It takes 3 rounds to cast at a range of up to 10 yards. A dark cloud of moaning voices, distorted faces, and clutching hands is formed. Sparkles of sickly light flash

within it. It engulfs and completely screens the target. This spell melts, warps, and mutates the target into a horrifying half-melted creature only part human. His INT and POW do not change, but his APP is reduced by 3D6. Roll 2D6 for STR, CON, SIZ, and DEX. If the 2D6 result is even, add it to the current score. If it is odd, subtract it. If any score except APP goes below 1, the victim dies. An APP of 0 or less may cause anyone seeing the victim to lose SAN (keeper's discretion). The victim must succeed in a SAN roll or lose SAN equal to the total points his statistics were altered by, either up or down. He loses 1D10 SAN in any case.

BLOAT: costs 16 magic points and 1D6 SAN. It takes two rounds to cast and the target must be within 30 yards. If the caster overcomes the target's magic points with his own, the target swells to dropsical proportions, his movement is reduced to 1, and all physically active skills (such as any combat skill, Climb, Jump, Ride, Throw, etc.) are reduced to 05%. This effect wears off in (30 - SIZ) days; so a SIZ 10 victim would be bloated for 20 days.

BOLONATH'S FURNACE: takes a variable amount of magic points, 1 SAN, and takes one round to cast. An immobile shimmering globe of heat, about 4-5 feet across, appears in the air before the caster. This furnace has a temperature of 100 degrees Fahrenheit per magic point expended, but the radiant heat from it is magically limited to the furnace itself. Anything touching the furnace takes 1D6 damage per round per 200 degrees in the furnace. The furnace lasts for 3D6 hours.

CASCADES OF FLORIN: costs a variable amount of Power (not magic points) chosen by the magician when the spell is cast, 1D4 SAN, and takes 2 rounds to cast. This produces rolling torrents of liquid golden power, which sweep into the opposition. The Cascades cover a triangular area two yards wide at the caster and 10 yards wide at the end of the sweep, which can be from 10 to 100 yards distant, at the option of the caster. For each point of POW expended in the Cascades, every living being drenched by them loses 1D6 magic points.

CONCENTRIC RINGS OF THE WORM: 10 magic points, 1D4 SAN, and three rounds to cast. A six-foot-diameter barrier of concentric violet rings forms in the air before the caster. Any physical attack which passes through the rings has its damage reduced by 6D6 points per attack, to a minimum of 0.

CREATION OF VENERABILITY: 12 points per round maintained, 1D8 SAN, and three rounds to cast. Grayish dust blows from the caster's hands towards the victim's face. Each round the spell is maintained, the caster may attempt to overcome the victim's magic points with his own. Each round that he succeeds, the victim ages horribly, losing 1D3-1 points each from his STR, CON, and DEX each round. Also, the victim loses 0/1D6 SAN each round he fails to resist this spell.

CRYSTAL WORLD: costs 8 magic points per hour of duration. It costs 1D3 SAN and takes a single round to cast. A glassy sphere (7-foot diameter) forms around the caster, who is thereby insulated against extremes of heat and cold — even if he is flung into a blast furnace, he is safe so long as he maintains the Crystal World. The globe

is airtight, and continually generates fresh air, so the magician cannot asphyxiate. The magician inside cannot move except by clumsily rolling the globe along the ground, or by being towed or pushed by outsiders. The globe could be broken by a sharp blow or an explosive spell such as the Lavender Spheres of Ptath.

DEFLECTION: the caster may spend as many magic points as desired when this spell is cast, plus 1 SAN. It can be cast instantly. By waving his hand in front of himself, the caster causes offensive spells targeted against him to be knocked aside. To determine whether or not Deflection works, match the magic points in Deflection against those in the attacking spell, using the Resistance table to determine success. If the spell fails to overcome the Deflection, it is knocked aside harmlessly.

THE EMERALD DARTS OF PTATH: each dart costs 4 magic points. Forming any number of darts at one time costs 1D6 SAN total. Takes one round to cast. Green spindles of light spin up to a hundred yards towards their target, each doing 1D3 damage to the victim, and ignoring all armor. The target may try to resist the caster's magic points for each separate dart — darts he resists vaporize harmlessly.

EQUILATERAL SCREEN: costs 10 magic points and 1D4 SAN. Takes several minutes to form. This creates a complex series of intangible geometric lines in front of the caster, formed into a perfect equilateral triangle and deep blue in color. The caster can cause images to appear on the screen by concentrating and thinking of the image he wishes to create. The image appears three-dimensional from a head-on view and can be animated. The caster can change the image from moment to moment. The image cannot be seen from the back of the Screen, which displays only the geometric lines. If the caster ceases concentrating, the image fades. If the caster fails to concentrate on the screen for five or more consecutive minutes, the spell ends.

EVISCERATOR: this gruesome spell costs variable magic points and 2D6 SAN. It takes 2 rounds to cast and has a range of 30 yards. A roiling cluster of black jagged objects, dark violet bursts of fog, and red-yellow bolts of energy are shot to the target, whose magic points need not be overcome. The Eviscerator rips open its victim, delivering 1D6 damage per 8 magic points expended. Armor helps defend against this effect.

FLAMESHIELD: costs 1 point of Power per five minutes the shield is maintained, plus as many magic points as the caster wishes to spend. The spell takes 2 rounds and 1d4 SAN to form. This forms a disk of flame before the caster's hand. The diameter of the shield is one foot for every magic point expended. If more magic points are expended, once the shield is created, the shield can be moved 1 yard per magic point spent. The spells of Halt of Eanora, The Viridian Wind, the White Web of Soren, the Creation of Venerability, and Seraph's Glory are all blocked by the shield if they are cast through it. If the shield touches any living being not made of flame, that being takes 1D6 points of damage directly to its hit points, ignoring all armor.

HALT OF EANORA: costs 4 points per SIZ point of target, 1D6 SAN, and takes 5 rounds to cast. A whirl of white flakes interspersed with rigid lines of marbled

substances is sent forth from the caster to the target object, which can be anything. The target is turned to stone, permanently, though proper use of the Dreaming skill can return it to its former state. This spell has no effect on stone objects. If insufficient magic points are spent to turn the entire target object to stone, then the spell does not work. However, if twice as many magic points as needed to transform the entire target are spent, then the caster can transform only part of the target, at his option (caster's choice as to which areas are spared).

IRONMIND: costs 4 magic points per five minutes maintained. Takes 1D3 SAN and 1 round to cast. Shining beams of light whirl around the caster's head. This spell permits the caster to concentrate powerfully. He becomes immune to the spells of the Woeful Itch, the Serviceable Villein, the Lassitude of Phein, the Ravening Madness, and the Living X. Also, if he is concentrating on anything (such as maintaining a spell), no damage or distraction can cause him to break concentration, though he can do so on his own.

KATARIEN'S HEAT WAVE: costs as many magic points as the caster wishes to spend, plus one magic point for each hour it is kept in operation, plus 1D4 SAN. Takes one minute to cast. For each magic point spent, the temperature near the caster (and for five or ten yards around) is increased by 3 degrees Fahrenheit.

LACE CURTAINS OF HISH: costs 3 magic points per round maintained, 1d4 SAN, and takes two rounds to cast. This spell causes orange and red delicately-patterned forms to dance about before the caster, who can move them at will up to 10 yards per combat round. If the curtains are moved to envelop someone, that individual's visually-oriented skills (including attack skills, Spot Hidden, etc.) are reduced by 50 percentiles, to a minimum of 05%. In addition, any visually-oriented skills aimed at the target by others are also reduced by 50 percentiles, to a minimum of 05%. The target can, of course, free himself from the curtains by simply moving away. The curtains cover an area about six feet in diameter.

LAMBENT FLAME: costs 2 magic points per round the flame is kept in operation, and 1 SAN. It takes one round to cast. A narrow cone of flame springs from the caster's unharmed index finger. The flame may be whatever color he selects, and can be used to ignite a fire, amuse onlookers, or heat a small container. The flame is about as hot as a large candle flame.

LASSITUDE OF PHEIN: costs 8 magic points and 1D6 SAN, taking 2 rounds to cast. If the target fails to resist the caster's magic points on the resistance table, then the target falls asleep. This is a natural slumber, and he can be awakened normally from it. In any case, he will wake up within a few hours.

LAVENDER SPHERES OF PTATH: costs 1D6 SAN. Every 8 magic points forms a single purplish-pink globe of energy. Takes one round to cast. Each globe is about the size of a basketball and all drift, at a speed of 4, towards their chosen target. When a globe collides with any object, it explodes, doing damage of 3D6/1 yard radius. If another sphere is within the area of affect, it explodes, too.

The spheres home in on their assigned target and follow it for up to an hour, when they fade away harmlessly. An Emerald Dart of Ptath pops a Lavender Sphere without exploding it.

LIVING X: costs 8 magic points and 1D6 SAN, and takes two rounds to cast. A glistening pink, crystalline-looking energy shaft is shot up to 30 yards towards a living target, who must resist against the caster's magic points or be instantly immobilized in an upright spread-eagled position, until the target can break the spell by rolling his STR or less on 1D100, trying once per round.

MALENKAMON'S IMPRESSIVE BOLT: costs 24 magic points, 1D8 SAN, and takes three rounds to cast. A violet and jade flare of energy explodes outward toward the chosen target, who is immediately struck unconscious for (30 minus his CON) in days. In addition, he takes damage equal to half the caster's POW.

MANDRAKE: this spell requires a living mandrake root, the sacrifice of several points of POW, and a week of rituals. At the end of the week, a faceless semi-living simulacrum is created with a score of 1D6 in each characteristic of STR, CON, SIZ, POW, and DEX. It has no INT. For each point of POW sacrificed, 2D6 is added to one of the mandrake's characteristics, chosen by the magician. The mandrake is under the magician's mental control, unless he has given it some INT, and does whatever the magician wills it to do. The magician can only control the mandrake when it is within sight. If the mandrake has received INT, it also has free will, and can do as it pleases. Usually such a mandrake is malign and destructive.

MAWS OF PANDEMONIUM: costs 6 magic points per mouth created, 1D8 SAN, and takes three rounds to cast. If the caster overcomes the victim's magic points, the victim's body sprouts one red-lipped mouth which gibbers and moans, in the process draining off his magic points at the rate of 1 per minute. The victim's Sneak skill is reduced to 0% as long as the mouth is active. Once the victim's magic points are reduced to 0 and he collapses, the mouth becomes quiet for 2D6 hours. Then, it once again begins to howl and drain whatever magic points have been regenerated by the victim in the interim.

MINIM: costs 1D6 SAN and a variable number of magic points. It takes two rounds to cast and has a range of 10 yards. This spell forms a long series of rapidly contracting rings which whip towards the target and cause him to permanently lose one SIZ point for every 8 magic points in the spell, unless he successfully resists against the caster's magic points. Once the victim's SIZ reaches 1, each additional 4 magic points cause him to lose a point of CON instead. Each 2 points of SIZ lost also cause the victim to lose 1 point of STR.

THE OBLONG BARRIER: costs 8 magic points, 1 SAN, and two rounds to cast. It creates a complex rectangular pattern of lines, roughly ten feet square. The pattern appears directly in front of the caster, and remains there for ten rounds before fading away. Any attack spells striking the barrier are blocked. Thus, the caster is immune to such spells as long as he keeps the barrier between himself and any attacker. Of course, the caster cannot cast attack spells through the barrier either.

OPAQUE WALL: costs variable magic points, 1D3 SAN and two rounds to cast. It forms a rigid brown wall, covered with cabalistic lines and designs. The immobile wall formed must be square, and is one yard on a side for every 6 magic points expended at the casting. The wall is one inch thick and has a STR of 20. If the wall's STR is overcome by brute force or exceeded by damage, it disappears.

PASSING UNSEEN: costs 10 magic points per minute and 1D3 SAN to cast. This spell turns the target temporarily invisible, though still audible. Clothing or weapons are still visible, so he must strip naked or cast the spell separately on each article of gear or garment. Certain monsters can see invisible individuals.

THE RAVENING MADNESS: costs 12 magic points, 1D8 SAN, and two rounds to cast. If the target, who must be within 30 yards, fails a SAN roll, he loses 5 SAN and immediately suffers a Nightmare Effect. If his roll is successful, he loses only 1D3 SAN. Characters with a SAN of zero are immune to this spell.

SERAPH'S GLORY: costs 6 magic points, 1D3 SAN, and two rounds to cast. A dazzling burst of light explodes, lasting only an instant. It can be used as a signal, to impress other people, to attack darkness creatures such as shades (does 2D6 damage to each shade within 10 meters), or to temporarily blind an opponent (exact effects up to keeper's discretion, but should last no more than 1D3 rounds, or 1D6 rounds if cast in the dark).

SERVICEABLE VILLEIN: costs 24 magic points, 1D8 SAN, and takes three rounds to cast. The caster must be able to gaze into the eyes of the victim, who must be within 10 feet. The victim loses all will of his own if his magic points are overcome, and obeys all the magician's orders to the letter. The magician must expend one magic point per hour to maintain the effect.

THE SILVER SPRAY: costs 1 SAN and as many magic points as the caster wishes to expend. It takes one round to cast. A glistening spray of opaque silvery lines extend from the caster's hand up to ten feet distant towards their target. The spray cancels out all spells it strikes if the magic points in the spray are greater than or equal to the magic points of all spells struck added together.

SOUL STEALER: costs 24 magic points and 2D6 SAN. This spell has a range of 30 yards and takes 2 rounds to cast. A silvery globe about 6 inches in diameter whips towards the target. When it hits him, it passes through him, changes color, and returns to the caster. The globe created by this spell takes the victim's soul from his body. All the victim's INT and all his POW but 1 (which is left in the body to maintain life), is taken into the globe. The globe's color varies with the beliefs and personality of the victim. If the globe, which is as fragile as glass once the victim's soul has been taken, is ever broken, the victim's soul returns instantly to its body. If the body is destroyed, the shock releases the spirit from its globe if the spirit can overcome the globe's owner's magic points with its own. If the spirit is released when the body has been destroyed, it becomes a ghost, at best. The owner of the globe can communicate with the victim by holding the globe and concentrating. The victim loses 1D3 SAN per day he is kept inside the globe.

SPIRAL OF SUTH: costs 12 magic points and 1D8 SAN. This spell has a range of 10 yards and takes three rounds to cast. A greenish-white spiral of light is created, which slowly spins (at a speed of 1) towards the chosen target, which may be up to 100 yards away. The spiral creates a 3-foot-diameter circular hole in the target substance. The depth of the hole depends on the density of the substance targeted. The spiral will penetrate two feet of granite, five feet of wood, or six inches of iron. Any human who does not leave the path of the spiral as it creeps towards him is killed as it cuts a hole through his body.

STABILITY: costs 6 magic points per hour maintained, and 1D3 SAN. It takes two rounds to cast. Thin lines of energy are thrown off the caster's body, keeping him anchored in place. This spell keeps the caster's position in space rigidly unchanged, no matter what his surroundings are doing. It acts as a perfect defense against the Living X and Sundering Hurler spells. It holds the magician steady when he is in a precarious position. It can even be cast when falling from a height, in which case it would suspend the magician in space until the spell ended. The magician resists forcible movement with a STR equal to his POW x2, but if this is overcome, the Stability spell cancels out and he can be moved normally.

STUPEFYING BLAST: costs 16 magic points, 1D6 SAN, and two rounds to cast. A chaotic blast of green and blue energy is sent up to 30 feet towards the target, who must successfully resist the caster's magic points on the resistance table or be struck deaf, blind, mute, and numb. Each hour after being struck, the victim can try to roll his POW x3 or less. After he has succeeded thrice in a row, he is cured.

SUNDERING HURLER: costs a variable number of magic points and 1 SAN. It takes two rounds to cast and the target can be no more than 10 yards distant. A dim wave of irresistible force sweeps its target through the air, depositing it more or less gently at a distance equal to 8 yards per magic point expended. The object lands with 10% inaccuracy — i.e., for each 100 feet it travels, it is up to 10 feet off in some direction upon landing (keeper's discretion as to distance and direction). A magician cannot cast this spell on himself.

THROTH'S STALWART: costs 6 magic points per round maintained, 1D6 SAN, and two rounds to cast. It must be cast upon the magician himself, who radiates a subtle glow and throbs with puissance. His STR, CON, and DEX are doubled for the spell's duration.

THE VIRIDIAN WIND: costs 18 magic points, 1D6 SAN, and takes 4 rounds to cast. A translucent, pale green breeze blows from the caster towards the target area, which can be up to 30 yards away and up to 3 yards in diameter. Everything in the path of the breeze is frozen solid, including living beings. However, the freezing process takes 2D6 rounds to complete, so creatures can move out of the area of effect before they are harmed.

VORTEX OF FAR JOURNEYING: costs 16 magic points, 1D8 SAN, and takes six hours to cast. A black vortex appears before the caster, and a dismal voice speaks from it, asking the caster whether he wishes to be brought. Upon receiving its answer, it rushes upon the

caster and then collapses to nothingness, taking the victim with it. This vortex can carry the caster to anywhere in the dream universe, taking only a few minutes to do so each time. If the caster does not know where he intends to go, the vortex cannot take him there. Thus, "to the dark side of Earth's moon" would be acceptable, whereas "wherever they've taken Jack." is insufficient, and the vortex would ask for clarification.

Once the vortex enfolds the caster, it attempts to overcome his magic points with its own, which are rolled as 1D6 multiplied by a second 1D6 roll each time it arrives. For instance, if a 5 and a 2 were rolled, the vortex's magic points would be 10. If it succeeds in overcoming the caster, he is never seen again. No living human magician knows what happens to the people that are carried off, but it is surmised that they are taken to the vortex's dimension forever. It is not even known if each spell summons a different vortex or if there is only one vortex.

WHIRLIGIG: costs 8 magic points per round the spell is maintained, plus 1D3 SAN for casting the spell. It takes two rounds to cast and has a range of only 10 feet. A gyrating whirlwind of black threads sweeps up the victim, sending him spinning into the air, unless he successfully resists the caster's magic points with his own. His height may be raised or lowered by 10 feet per round per extra magic point the caster expends. When the spell drops, so does the victim, who may take damage from the fall, but in any case is dizzy and unable to stand or act until he rolls his DEX or less on 1D100, trying once per round.

WHITE WEB OF SOREN: costs 4 points per strand created and 1D6 SAN, no matter how many strands are formed. Takes one round to create each strand. This spell forms thick white ribbon-like strands of matter to wrap around the target object, which can be up to 10 yards away. For each strand that wraps around the target, roll a cumulative 1D10. When the total of the 1D10 rolls exceeds the target object's SIZ, it begins to look a bit transparent, along with the strands. The instant that the total of the 1D10 rolls exceed twice the target object's SIZ, the object, strands and all, vanishes in a puff of smoke and a flash of light. If the target is a living creature, the strands wrap around him and prevent him from moving unless he can overcome the cumulative 1D10 rolls with his STR each round he moves. After one minute, if the target has not yet vanished, the strands begin to evaporate at the rate of one per round.

WITHER LIMB: costs the caster 8 magic points and 1D6 SAN. It takes one round to cast and the target must be within 30 yards. If the caster overcomes the target's magic points with his own, he causes the desired limb (arm or leg only) to wither and shrivel, causing 1D8 damage and a permanent loss of 1D3 CON to the victim. The victim and any others witnessing this event lose 0/1D3 SAN.

WOEFUL ITCH: costs 4 magic points, 1D3 SAN, and takes one round to cast. A cloud of glittering motes flutters to the target, who falls into a frenzy of scratching and tearing at his flesh in an attempt to halt the maddening itch. He is absolutely incapacitated until he rolls his CON x5 or less on 1D100. He can try once per round.

Notable Inhabitants and Creatures of the Dreamlands

by

K. L. Campbell-Robson and Sandy Petersen

Notables

Atal

Atal, the high priest of the city of Ulthar, is one of the wisest men of the Dreamlands. It was he who accompanied Barzai the Wise on his ill-fated climb of Mount Hatheg-Kla. Atal is nearly three hundred years old and, though he is feeble in body, his mind and spirit are stronger than in his youth. Atal is old and frail, but distinguished-looking. His snow-white beard is so long it reaches the floor.

He knows much of the ways of the Great Ones, the Gods of Earth, and also knows much about the Dreamlands. He does not like to share his knowledge because of the trouble it can cause but he is easily tricked into disclosing bits of his information despite his intelligence.

Atal spends most of his time in a shrine in the tallest tower of Ulthar, gazing out over the Dreamlands and musing over his youth.

ATAL, High Priest of Ulthar

STR 8 CON 9 SIZ 15 INT 19 POW 27
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 30 SAN 38 HP 12

Skills: Astronomy 71%, Botany 88%, Cthulhu Mythos 60%, Dream Lore 89%, First Aid 40%, Geology 69%, Listen 40%, Occult 100%, Psychology 50%, Treat Poison 30%, Zoology 82%.

Spells: Summon Lamp-eft, Anathema, Bolonath's Furnace, Cascades of Floran, Concentric Rings of the Worm, Crystal World, Deflection, Equilateral Screen, Flameshield, Ironmind, Lace Curtains of Hish, Lament Flame, The Oblong Barrier, The Silver Spray, Stability, Sundering Hurler.

Barzai The Wise

Barzai was a fanatic who tirelessly studied forbidden books. He knew much of the Great Ones and their habits, and knew he could overcome them if need be. But he did not reckon with the might of the Outer Gods, the gods of the void that guard the weak gods of Earth's Dreamlands. Now he is gone forever.

In life he was one of the Dreamlands' mightiest sorcerers, and knew many spells now lost to posterity. The imposing might of his surviving apprentice, Atal, hints of Barzai's skill.

Basil Elton

Basil Elton was once one of the world's great dreamers. In the waking world, he tends a lighthouse in Maine. But he was killed in a vain search for Cathuria, and he can never again enter the Dreamlands. He is trapped forever in the waking world, so is a melancholy fellow, though a good man and eager to help those who can still dream.

BASIL ELTON, Former Dreamer

STR 11 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 20
DEX 13 APP 15 EDU 14 SAN 22 HP 13

Skills: Bargain 25%, Botany 41%, Chemistry 23%, Climb 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 33%, Debate 51%, Dreaming 0%, Dream Lore 78%, Fast Talk 30%, First Aid 60%, Geology 24%, Jump 57%, Make Maps 52%, Navigate 36%, Occult 21%, Psychology 28%, Sail 40%, Sneak 69%, Swim 80%, Throw 56%, Zoology 19%.

Weapon: Knife 60%/47%, 1D6 damage.

High Priest of Nath-Horthath

The High Priest of Nath-Horthath is the expert on gods in Celephais. Though his worship naturally emphasizes Nath-Horthath, he knows many prayers and rituals used

in the worship of other gods. He is nearly as wise as Atal, and knows more about the cults of the gods, as opposed to the gods themselves.

HIGH PRIEST OF NATH-HORTHATH

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 29
DEX 9 APP 13 EDU 22 SAN 48 HP 11

Skills: Anthropology 42%, Archaeology 19%, Botany 20%, Chemistry 32%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Dream Lore 77%, Geology 45%, Occult 89%, Oratory 93%, Psychology 40%, Sing 65%, Zoology 44%.

Spells: Summon Blupe, Summon Lamp-eft, Contact Nath-Horthath, Crystal World, Emerald Darts of Ptath, Flameshield, Ironmind, Katarien's Heat Wave, Lassitude of Phein, Lavender Spheres of Prath, Living X, Seraph's Glory, Stupefying Blast, White Web of Soren.

Kaman-Thah and Nasht

These are the two priests that live in the Cavern of Flame. They neither sleep nor eat, but spend their time between visitors in prayer and meditation. They can tell new dreamers much on proper conduct while in the Dreamlands and are kind and gracious unless provoked. If a dreamer is rude to the priests, he instantly finds himself awake, back in his own body, unable to pass into the Dreamlands. After such an occurrence, he can never again enter the Cavern of Flame unless and until a dreamer friend of his somehow manages to convince Kaman-Thah and Nasht of the reprobate's penitence.

Sanity is not a meaningful statistic for these priests of the lands of dream. They can look upon the form of Azathoth himself without dismay.

KAMAN-THAH

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 24 POW 96
DEX 16 APP 17 EDU 90 SAN n/a HP 16

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 99%, Dream Lore 100%, Orate 100%, Sing 100%.

Spells: all spells possible to the Dreamlands, except for Bind, Call, or Contact spells.

Special Ability: can dismiss a dreamer's physical self back to the waking world at will.

NASHT

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 19 INT 20 POW 82
DEX 18 APP 15 EDU 90 SAN n/a HP 18

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 99%, Dream Lore 100%, Orate 100%, Sing 100%.

Spells: all spells known to the waking world, except for Bind, Call, or Contact spells.

Special Ability: can dismiss a dreamer's physical self back to the waking world at will.

King Kuranos

King Kuranos is perhaps the greatest dreamer who ever lived. He discovered the Dreamlands at an early age, and created the city of Celephais out of his dreams. He is now king of the entire land of Ooth-Nargai and the cloud-carved city of Serranian. In the waking world, he overdosed on drugs, a mere husk of a man once wealthy and powerful, but who ruined himself searching for the Dreamlands. At his death, he found and became king of Celephais. He lived there happily for decades, but has now grown homesick for his native Cornwall, and has built a town near Celephais which closely resembles his lost home.

As an adventuring dreamer, Kuranos traveled in many realms other than Earth's Dreamlands. He is the only dreamer ever to have returned from Azathoth's throne sane and unchanged. Randolph Carter and King Kuranos are close friends.

KING KURANOS

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 34
DEX 15 APP 15 EDU 20 SAN 55 HP 15

Skills: Bargain 67%, Botany 58%, Chemistry 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 44%, Debate 47%, Dreaming 297%, Dream Lore 94%, Fast Talk 34%, Hide 66%, Listen 68%, Make Maps 49%, Navigate 61%, Oratory 94%, Psychology 90%, Ride 86%, Sail 45%, Sneak 56%, Swim 63%.

Weapon: Longsword 92%/85%, 1D8+1+1D4 damage

Spells: Summon Lamp-eft, Summon Shade, Cascades of Florin, Crystal World, Deflection, The Emerald Darts of Ptath, Equilateral Screen, Lace Curtains of Hish, Lassitude of Phein, Malenkamon's Impressive Bolt, Opaque Wall, Passing Unseen, Seraph's Glory, Throth's Stalwart, The Viridian Wind, Vortex of Far Journeying.

Creatures

This chapter discusses important Dreamlands creatures, entities, monsters, and gods. The Dreamlands are home to fabulous creatures not found in the waking world, though they have been described there. Often ordinary animals, such as zebras and elephants, are indistinguishable in appearance and behavior between the Dreamlands and the waking world.

Some of the Cthulhu Mythos entities and creatures of the waking world also exist in the Dreamlands, but they may behave differently there. The Great Old Ones in general seem to have little to do with Earth's Dreamlands. They may be incapable of traveling there, or they may be active on other worlds' Dreamlands. The Outer Gods are fairly active in the Dreamlands, though not often worshiped except by alien monsters. They are best-known through their protection of the Great Ones, the gods of Earth. The Elder Gods are also present in the Dreamlands, but are not much worshiped or well-known.

A new, fourth class of deity is found only in Earth's Dreamlands, not the waking world — the Great Ones, and they are the gods of Earth (Lobon is one, and Nath-Horthath is another). Do not confuse the Great Ones with the Great Old Ones. The Great Ones are the weakest of all the types of deities, and a wise mortal can surpass them in might. However, they are protected by the dread Outer Gods: Nyarlathotep, Azathoth, Shub-Niggurath, and others. So mortals properly revere and worship the Great Ones which, after all, are fairly benevolent towards mankind and are so similar to humans that they can actually breed with them.

All Great Ones share certain characteristics. All resemble human beings, and all share the same general racial type. Their visages are stern and terrible, with long narrow eyes, long-lobed ears, thin noses, and pointed chins. All Great Ones can walk through the air as easily as on the ground, and they can travel between the dimensions at need, to arrive more swiftly at their chosen destination. Some Great Ones may be shadows or versions of various known Earthly deities, such as the old

Roman Gods. The keeper should feel free to invent new Great Ones at will — it is clear that several dozen exist.

The animals listed here are mostly tame draft beasts for the Dreamlands' residents, ones which investigators are likely to hire or to buy as riding or pack beasts. Other Dreamlands animals are fabulous monsters such as basilisks or manticores, unconnected in any way to the Cthulhu Mythos.

Though *Call of Cthulhu* fans will be familiar with the statistics provided in this chapter, some may not recognize the SAN notation, written *quantity / quantity*. The first quantity is that amount or range of SAN points lost with a successful Sanity roll when encountering the creature; the quantity after the slash is the amount or range of SAN points lost if the Sanity roll fails.

Azathoth *The Daemon Sultan (Outer God)*

Azathoth's demon court is held just outside the known universe, and is all-too-accessible from the Dreamlands. Three dreamers have been there in the memory of man, though only one returned alive and sane. For a full description of Azathoth, see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

Basilisks *(Fabulous Creatures)*

Description: These snake-like creatures have ornate crests, ribbed scaly bodies, and evil fanged faces.

Notes: Basilisks inhabit only desolate wildernesses — no matter how lush a land is before a basilisk dwells therein, the monster's presence renders the countryside bleak and barren. Basilisks are personifications of venom. Any stream from which a basilisk drinks is tainted and made poisonous for hundreds of yards downstream. The fumes rising from the ground about its lair are sufficient to stun and kill birds flying overhead.

If a basilisk bites a victim, that individual instantly drops dead, his features blackened and distorted. There is no chance to resist the poison.

Anyone touching the corpse of an animal bitten by a basilisk or touching just the fresh spoor of a basilisk must resist a poison of potency of 3D6. If the poison overcomes the target, he takes damage equal to its potency. If the target successfully resists, he still takes damage equal to half the poison's potency.

The basilisk's breath is venomous, of potency 3D6. Its fumes surround the basilisk to a radius of at least two or three yards (less on windy days). The basilisk's lair may be saturated with dank fumes. An inhaler of the fumes must successfully resist against that on the resistance table with his CON or take damage equal to the 3D6 roll. If the inhaler successfully resists, he still takes half damage. A character might hold his breath when near the basilisk, with the effect of the Drowning rules (see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules), but once he fails a CON roll and inhales, he takes normal damage from the poison.

The basilisk's blood is lethal. Its venom travels up any weapon striking the basilisk, infecting the user with 3D6 poison, just as if he had touched the creature's spoor. The user may attempt a DEX x2 roll to drop the infected weapon before the poison reaches his hand(s).

A basilisk can even project its malignant venom through its glance. Each round, in addition to all other actions, a basilisk can stare at a single opponent and

match its POW against that target's magic points. If the target is overcome, he dies. Otherwise, he is unharmed.

BASILISKS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	2D6+2	19
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	3D6	10-11
POW	1D6+12	15-16
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		12
Move	6	

weapon	attack%	parry%	damage	HP
Bite	30%	none	2D4*	n/a
Glance	automatic	n/a	special**	n/a

* if armor is penetrated, target dies immediately.

** target must successfully resist with magic points against basilisk's POW or die immediately.

Armor: 4 point scales, plus poisonous blood which infects attackers through weapons.

Spells: deadly stare and supernaturally deadly poison.

SAN: it costs 0/1D8 to see a basilisk.



Bast *(Elder God)*

Description: Bast is represented as either a cat or as a woman with a cat's head. In ancient Egypt, she was often shown with a sistrum in her right hand, an aegis surmounted with a lion's head in her left hand, and a small bag slung over her left arm. She is also called Bastet or Ubasti.

Bast is one of the Elder Gods, though she seems to be a lesser one. She may have dominion only over Earth and its dreamland, for the cats of Dreamland's Jupiter are inimical to Earth's cats. Lovecraft himself loved cats, and it is only proper that the Cat Goddess have a position of importance.

Bast was the goddess of the ancient Egyptian city of Bubastis. Her cult eventually came to Italy, and evidence of Bast worship has been found in major Roman cities, including Pompeii. When she was actively worshiped, she was both a deity of the home and a lioness war goddess. Her worshipers always regarded her affectionately. Her cult seems not to have survived among humans, but probably she does not care: all cats doubtless worship her in their savage hearts.

A person managing to contact her, and to gain her good graces by performing unguessable pleasing acts, may gain the ability to communicate with cats, or to transpose his or her soul into the body of a cat.

Notes: like the other Elder Gods, Bast rarely takes action, though perhaps she could be summoned in a ceremony employing one of her statuettes. On rare occasions she may take action against a person who is remarkably cruel to cats. Then she likely acts through her feline minions. If they cannot solve the difficulty, she may come personally. She always appears with an entourage of large, sleek cats, mostly housecats, but including at least one lioness, tigress, or other big cat.

If Bast must fight, she generally sends her cats into battle. If she must participate, she can transform one or both of her delicate arms and hands into the tawny forelimbs of a lioness and swipe with them.

Bast can attack twice a round, using both claw and bite. Her claws and bite ignore any and all armor her



opponent possesses, and always draw blood. A wound made by her continues to bleed, costing the victim one hit point on each succeeding round until the wound is bandaged (successful First Aid), fully regenerated, or magically healed.

BAST

STR 48 CON 25 SIZ 12 INT 35 POW 30
DEX 45 APP 21 HP 19 Move 40

weapon attack% damage
Claw 100% 1D8+3D6

Armor: no natural armor, but note Dodge skill and spells.

Spells: at will, Bast can command all felines, anywhere in the world. She can summon any number of cats to her aid, but they must travel normally to get to her. Bast can heal damage caused herself or to her cats by expending a magic point per point of damage.

Skills: Dodge 300%, Hide 100%, Sneak 100%

SAN: it costs no SAN to see Bast.

Bholes (Independent Race)

Description: bholes dwell in perpetual darkness and have never been seen by any man. Hence no description is available.

BHOLES

characteristics dice rolled averages

STR 2D10x10 210

CON 2D100 100

SIZ STR+1D100 260

INT 2D6 7

POW 10D6 35

DEX 1D4 2-3

HP 190

Move 12

**NO ONE EVER
SEES
A BHOLE**

weapon attack% damage
Engulf 90% swallows
Sting 50% 7D6

Armor: bholes have thick flabby hide counting as armor equal to their POW. A bhole with a POW of 38 would have 38 points of armor.

Spells: bholes know no spells.

SAN: encountering a bhole costs 1D4/1D20 SAN.

Notes: bholes burrow nastily in the Vale of Pnath and, presumably, in other deep holes in the Dreamlands Underworld. Little is known about them, except that they are colossal in size and few dreamers deposited in the Vale of Pnath ever escape them.

They are plausibly related to the interplanetary creatures known as dholes, perhaps being a sub-variety.

If a bhole tries to engulf (swallow) someone, the area affected is circular, of a diameter equal to the bhole's SIZ/20 in feet. For example, a bhole of SIZ 320 would engulf everything in a diameter of 16 feet.

The bhole's sting is located near its mouth, and can be shot out at the end of a long proboscis, like a harpoon. It is normally only used against opponents too large to be easily swallowed, such as the hugest of the spiders from Leng, other bholes, and worse horrors from deep within the Underworld.

The sting/proboscis has a range in feet equal to the bhole's SIZ/3. The sting does damage equal to one-fourth the bhole's damage bonus (round fractions up) and injects a poison with a potency equal to half the bhole's CON. If the target's CON fails to resist the poison, the target takes damage equal to the poison potency. If it resists, however, the target takes only 3D6 damage.

Blupes (Lesser Servitor Race)

Description: blupes are smallish watery-blue creatures. Their form is roughly elliptical, with rubbery protuberances forming head and limbs. They float through the air and have a crisp smell, like that after a heavy rain.

Notes: a blupe destroys a minion of Karakal or fire vampire at touch, though the blupe takes 1D6 damage in so doing. If the blupe has less hit points than the damage rolled, the fire-being is not destroyed — instead, it takes 2D6 damage.

Blupes can douse fires as well, again usually taking damage: a candle flame would not harm the blupe, but a torch would do a point of damage, and a campfire might do 1D6 or even 2D6 as it was extinguished.

Blupes have no effective attacks against humans or normal creatures.

BLUPES

characteristics dice rolled averages

STR 1D6 3-4

CON 3D6 10-11

SIZ 1D3 2

INT 2D6 7

POW 2D6 7

DEX 2D6 7

HP 6-7

Move 7 float

weapon attack% damage
Touch 60% douses flame

Armor: none, but blupes take only minimum damage from any physical attack.

Spells: blupes know no spells.

SAN: it costs 0/1 SAN to see a blupe.

**Bokrug (The Water Lizard (Great Old One))**

Description: Bokrug is a greenish-blue, iguana-like creature about 12 feet long. Its scales are metallic in texture, and its eyes glow bright yellow-green. Feelers on its lower jaw replace the dewlap of a true iguana, and the spines along its back are razor-sharp. It has webbed feet and a tail flattened for swimming.

Cult: Bokrug is one of the few Great Old Ones native to the Dreamlands. At one time its only worshipers were the flabby Deep-One-like beings from Ib who were destroyed by the humans of Sarnath. Bokrug now gets propitiatory worship by the folk of Ilarne, who correctly credit Bokrug with the destruction of Sarnath. This worship has effectively pacified Bokrug.

Characteristics: Bokrug has reptilian patience. His wrath may not descend for centuries upon the hapless descendants of those who wronged him. His utterly destructive and final wrath once completely expunged the mightiest civilization of the entire Dreamlands, Sarnath.

As Great Old Ones go, however, Bokrug is relatively benign. He only takes action against those who harm him or his, and contentedly receives propitiation from fearful humans.

If Bokrug ever appears or is encountered, he is accompanied by at least 1D100 ghosts of the lost people of Ib.

BOKRUG

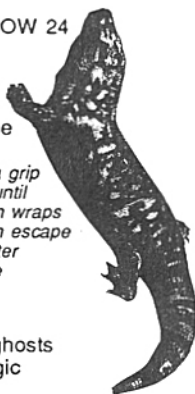
STR 30 CON 65 SIZ 25 INT 10 POW 24
 DEX 20 HP 45 Move 18
 weapon attack% damage
 Bite 80% 3D6
 Tail Lash 80% 2D6+grapple

NOTES — Bokrug can attack twice in a turn. If he successfully bites a target, he can keep a grip and swallow another 3D6 hit points each turn until the target is completely engulfed. The Tail Lash wraps around the struck target and binds him. He can escape only by matching his STR against Bokrug's. After grappling, Bokrug can hurl his victim away, bite him, or simply hang onto him.

Armor: 9 points of armor.

Spells: all Contact spells. Can summon ghosts of the fish-people of Ib at a cost of 1 magic point per 1D10 ghosts.

SAN: it costs 0/1D8 SAN to see Bokrug.

**Buopoths (Fabulous Creatures)**

"In former dreams, he had seen quaint lumbering buopoths come shyly out of that wood to drink...." — H.P. Lovecraft, *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*.

Description: Buopoths are a little larger than horses, but resemble elephants in general outline. Buopoths are pale mauve, with light green mottling over the backs and sides. The skin is soft and felt-like, and the mouth is at the end of a long trunk-like proboscis. The ears are shaped more like human than elephant ears. Along each side of the back are rows of protuberances. Their eyes are large and liquid. Their calls are soft and melodious trumpeting.

Notes: Buopoths live in remote forested areas. They are gentle and skittish creatures which would rather flee than fight. If cornered, a buopoth rolls up its proboscis to keep it out of danger and charges, trying to knock down its opponent, so it can trample him.

BUOPOTHs

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	4D6+18	32
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	4D6+24	38
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	2D6	7
HP		28
Move	8	

weapon	attack%	damage
Charge	35%	match STR against buopoth SIZ or be knocked down
Trample	75%	6D6 to downed foe only

Skills: Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 40%.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see a buopoth.

**Butterfly-Dragons (Fabulous Creatures)**

Description: the lovely butterfly-dragons of Sona-Nyl are insectoid creatures with beautifully-patterned wings, insect-like legs, and long, curved necks and tails.

Notes: these creatures inhabit the blessed lands of Sona-Nyl, feeding solely on nectar, fragrant odors, and silence.

They are occasionally exported outside Sona-Nyl, where tame specimens are of great value. Butterfly-dragons do well in captivity, but breed only in the wild. A few wander outside Sona-Nyl into less blessed lands.

If threatened, a butterfly-dragon responds by emitting a rose-colored mist from glands along the sides of its body.

Anyone inhaling or even touching this mist goes deaf. This deafness persists after a dreamer awakens, though no organic cause can be found, and is curable only by a successful Psychoanalysis roll after 1D6 weeks therapy.

BUTTERFLY-Dragons

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	4D6	14
POW	5D6	17-18
DEX	6D6	21
HP		12-13
Move	8/20	

weapon	attack%	damage
Mist	100%	causes deafness

Armor: 3 points of chitin.

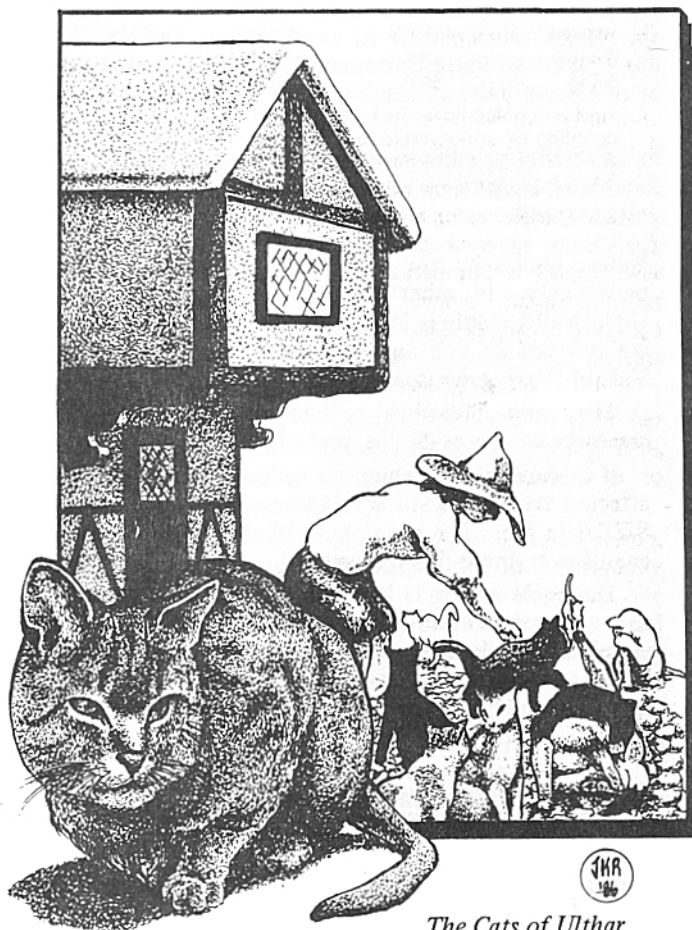
Skills: Dance 95%, Sing 95%.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see butterfly-dragon.

**Cats (Animals)**

Description: Dreamlands cats come in all varieties and colors known on Earth — Manx, Siamese, Persian, etc.

Notes: in the Dreamlands, cats are better-organized than on Earth. They can leap from high places through space to the moon, a favorite stomping ground for them at night. They have their own language, which can be learned only by those lucky people who are friends to cats, truly love cats, and who are willing to expend great time and energy



The Cats of Ulthar

to learn their caterwauling tongue. Dreamlands cats have a message-relay system, similar to the Pony Express. The largest group of cats in the whole Dreamlands is in Ulthar. Cats in the Dreamlands usually attack their enemies *en masse*.

A cat can attack three times in a round. If both claw attacks hit, it will hang on and continue to bite, and rip with the hind legs from then on.

CATS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	1D3	2
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1	1
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	2D6+24	31
HP		4
Move	10	



weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	30%	1D4-1D4
Claw	40%	1D3-1D4
Rip	80%	2D3-1D4

Armor: none.

Spells: able to leap through space to other worlds.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see a cat.

Cats From Saturn (Lesser Independent Race)

Description: these are vaguely cat-like creatures. Their bodies are almost abstract, formed of arabesques and filigrees in many bright hues. At one end is a baroque object identifiable as a head only by its great round multicolored eyes. A reticulated tail is at the other end. From their complex bodies, these cats can unfold two, four, or more legs, each ending in a long whip-like paw.

Notes: these creatures are one foe which Earth cats fear. Like Earth cats, they frequent the Moon's dark side. The cats from Saturn are allied with the moonbeasts.

In each combat round, a cat from Saturn can attack with bite and 1D4 whip-like hooked paws.

CATS FROM SATURN

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	4D6	14
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	3D6	10-11
INT	2D6	13
POW	4D6	14
DEX	2D6+10	17
HP		9
Move	9	



weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	40%	1D6+1D4
Paw	40%	1D4

Skills: Dream Lore 30%, Hide 50%, Jump 90%, Spot Hidden 70%, Sneak 80%.

Armor: none, but due to the nature of the creature's body, all impaling-type weapons do minimum possible damage. A spear doing 1D8+1 points does 2 points on a normal hit, or 4 on an impale.

Spells: each has a chance of knowing 1D3 spells equal to their INT x2 or less on 1D100.

SAN: it costs 0/1D4 SAN to see a cat from Saturn.

Cloudbests (Fabulous Creatures)

Description: cloudbests resemble animated clouds. They can form bulbous eyes, twisted mouths, and long ropy limbs out of their mass at will, as well as retract and absorb limbs and organs into their cloud-like mass when desired. Cloudbests are completely silent at all times.

Notes: cloudbests float freely over land and sea, seeking food. When a likely meal is spotted, the cloudbest drops slowly toward the hapless creature.

A cloudbest can form a limb by reducing its total hit points by 1D6. If it reabsorbs the limb, it regains 1 hit point.

When a cloudbest devours living prey, its SIZ increases by an amount equal to its victim's SIZ. When it reaches a SIZ of more than 100, it ceases combat and floats up into the sky, higher and higher. Finally it bursts into 2D3 smaller beasts, the total SIZ of which adds up to the original beast's SIZ.

If a cloudbest is reduced to zero hit points, it becomes a formless mass of vapors and drifts away, lifeless.

The cloudbest's bite does no actual damage. Instead, match the damage rolled against the sum of the target's SIZ + POW on the resistance table. If the damage prevails, the target transforms into white mist and is sucked up into the cloud's mass, increasing the cloudbest's SIZ by the amount of the victim's SIZ.

The cloudbest's paws likewise do no damage, but when a paw strikes a target, it remains curled around him. For each paw attached to the target, the 'damage' done by each subsequent bite increases by 1D6.

A cloudbest attacks several times per round. It can bite with one mouth per enemy, and also attack with its paws, but no paw can attack more than once per round.

CLOUDBESTS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	n/a	n/a
CON	1/2 SIZ	26
SIZ	1D100	50-51
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		39
Move	4 floats	



weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	40%	1D3 + 1/10th cloudbest's SIZ (round down)
Tentacle-paw	25%	increases subsequent Bite damage by 1D6

Armor: none, but impaling weapons do no damage to a cloudbest. A cloudbest regenerates from damage at a rate equaling its total SIZ (round down fractions) in hit points per round, until death.

SAN: 0/1D6 SAN loss for seeing a cloudbest.

Dromedaries (Animals)

Description: the same as the famous one-humped camels of Arabia. A typical dromedary stands almost seven feet high at the shoulder.

Notes: dromedaries live in deserts all over Earth's Dreamlands and are just as strong, useful, and ill-tempered there as in the waking world. They are rarely used to pull carts because wheeled vehicles are nearly valueless in desert sands.

DROMEDARIES

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	4D6+18	32
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	4D6+21	35
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		10

Move 10

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	25%	1D6
Kick	10%	1D6+3D6
Spit	40%	-1D6 APP

Armor: 3 point hide.

Skills: Go Without Water 85%, Malingering 60%.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see a camel.

**Elephants (Animals)**

Description: the Dreamlands elephants most commonly tamed are rather small, more resembling the extinct African forest elephant tamed by the Carthaginians than any living species.

Notes: elephant caravans are popular in jungle areas, such as the perfumed jungle of Kled. They are widely tamed, docile, and intelligent. Some nations measure a potentate's might by the number of elephants he possesses.

An elephant can attack once per round. If the trunk is used to grapple a victim, he can only escape by overcoming half the elephant's STR with his own STR. Each round following the initial grapple, the victim can be hit by any of the elephant's other attacks with a 100% chance of success.

The tusk attack can impale.

ELEPHANTS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	6D6+22	43
CON	3D6+16	26-27
SIZ	6D6+30	51
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		39

Move 9

weapon	attack%	damage
Trunk	50%	grapple
Rear & Plunge	25%	2D8+5D6
Trample	50%	10D6 vs. downed foe
Tusk	25%	5D6

Armor: 8 point thick hide.

Skills: Smell Intruder 50%, Listen 50%.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see an elephant.

**Fireworms (Fabulous Creatures)**

Description: the serpentine fireworms of Parg creep through the jungle night, glowing faintly from cracks in their segmented armor and emitting little puffs of phosphorescent smoke. They grow from 6 to 40 feet long, and from 1-3 feet thick. Fireworms are completely limbless, and have highly-sculptured segmented armor, colored bright blue and orange.

Notes: fireworms are fairly peaceable creatures which only come out at night. Once every 50 years they swarm in great numbers and devastate the land. After that they die off, and none are seen for a full decade.

At will, a fireworm can burst into flames. When alight, the creature ignites any flammable objects it touches, and adds +2D6 to the damage done by its tail lash and bite. It costs the fireworm one magic point for every melee round it spends in flames.

FIREWORMS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	2 to 12D6	7-42
CON	2 to 12D4	5-30
SIZ	2 to 12D10	11-66
POW	4D6	14
DEX	1D6	3-4
HP		8-48

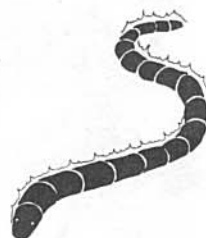
Move 4

weapon	attack%	damage
Tail Thrash	40%	1D3 to 3D6*
Bite	25%	2D6

* the thrash attack does damage equaling half the fireworm's damage bonus (drop fractions). Minimum damage is 1D3.

Armor: 7 point shell.

SAN: it costs 0/1D3 SAN to see a fireworm.

**Ghosts (Lesser Independent Race)**

Description: "...repulsive beings which die in the light...and leap on long hind legs like kangaroos... there glowed in the [cavern] gloom...a pair of yellowish red eyes...ghosts have indeed an excellent sense of smell...something about the size of a small horse hopped out into the grey twilight, and Carter turned sick at the aspect of that scabrous and unwholesome beast, whose face is so curiously human despite the absence of a nose, a forehead, and other important particulars...they spoke in coughing gutturals." —*The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, Lovecraft.

Notes: ghosts are restricted to the underworld and vast dimly-lit caverns. When exposed to direct sunlight, they sicken and eventually die. They are cannibalistic and eat one another as well as other beings they catch. The horrible semi-human bipeds which are ridden by the highly scientific but morally degenerate humans inhabiting the cavern of Kn'Yan may well be relatives of or even examples of ghosts. Ghosts are evidently tamable, though very primitive and savage.

In each combat round, a ghost may kick once with its hooved feet and bite once as well.

GHOSTS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	3D6+12	22-23
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	4D6+12	26
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
HP		20

Move 10

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	40%	1D10
Kick	25%	1D6+2D6

Armor: 3 points of skin.

Spells: none.

Skills: Sneak 70%.

SAN: it costs 0/1D8 SAN to see a ghost.



Ghouls (*Lesser Independent Race*)

Ghouls are common only in the Underworld. They do not feed in the graveyards of Upper Dreamlands, leaving that to the red-footed wamps.

Nightgaunts serve as ghoul forward guards and battlesteeds. Ghouls are described in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

Gnorri (*Lesser Independent Race*)

Description: finned and bearded undersea dwellers, somewhat resembling mermen. They may have two, three, or four arms (a three-armed gnor is asymmetrical, with two arms on one side and one on the other). The gnorri lack legs. Instead their torsos end in a grotesquely long (15-20 feet) tentacle. The spiral undulations of this tentacle are used to propel the gnorri when swimming. When a gnor creeps along the sea bottom, the tentacle slithers ahead like some obscene boa-constrictor, bracing against convenient objects to pull the gnor along.

Notes: approximately 10% of the gnorri are four-armed, 40% three-armed, and 50% four-armed.

A gnor may attack or parry once per arm, in addition to the tentacle attack. Thus, a two-armed gnor can attack once and parry once. If a gnor succeeds in grappling a foe with his tentacle, he usually will try to strangle the foe, or at least pull an air-breathing enemy beneath the ocean surface.

Three-armed gnorri have STRs and DEXs each of 4D6. Four-armed gnorri have STRs of 3D6 and DEXs of 5D6. The statistics are for two-armed gnorri.

GNORRI, Two-Armed

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	5D6	17-18
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+12	19
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		15

Move 5 swimming

weapon	attack%	parry%	damage
Harpoon	30%	20%	1D10+1D6
Buckler	n/a	30%	n/a
Tentacle	50%	n/a	grapple

Armor: 2 point scaly skin.

Spells: a gnor with an INT of 17 or more may know 1D4 spells.

SAN: it costs 0/1D6 SAN to see a gnor.

**Goblins** (*Fabulous Creatures*)

Description: short, deformed, humanoid fairies. All are different. One might have a nose a foot long and a gaping rictus grin stretching three-quarters of the way round his head. Another might have two heads, or legs like stilts.

Notes: Goblins live in haunted forests and ruins. They steal children, cook magic food which they try to sell to unwary humans, and play cruel pranks on hapless travelers. When they appear in groups, it is usually for peasant-type festivities such as marriages, dances, games, carnivals, etc. The famous Goblin Market is located in the hills southwest of Teloth.

Goblins fight with gnarled clubs, sharp two-pronged forks, stone hammers, lead balls swung at the ends of chains, and less describable weapons.

GOBLINS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	1D20	10-11
CON	1D20	10-11
SIZ	1D8	4-5
INT	4D6	14
POW	1D20	10-11
DEX	2D20	21
APP	1D6	3-4
HP		7

Move 8

weapon	attack%	parry%	damage	HP
Club	25%	25%	1D10	20
Fork	25%	25%	2D3*	15
Hammer	25%	25%	1D6+2	15
Ball & Chain	25%	n/a	1D10+1	12

* Can impale.

Armor: no natural armor.

Spells: all goblins know at least 1D3 spells.

Skills: Hide 90%, Sneak 70%.

SAN: it costs 0/1D6 SAN to see most goblins. An especially vile specimen might cost more.

**Gugs** (*Lesser Independent Race*)

Description: "It was a paw, fully two and a half feet across, and equipped with formidable talons. After it came another paw, and after that a great black-furred arm to which both of the paws were attached by short forearms. Then two pink eyes shone and the head of the awakened Gug sentry, large as a barrel, wobbled into view. The eyes jutted two inches from each side, shaded by bony protuberances overgrown by coarse hairs. But the head was chiefly terrible because of the mouth. That mouth had great yellow fangs and ran from the top to the bottom of the head, opening vertically instead of horizontally." — *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, Lovecraft.

Notes: the gugs worship various Great Old Ones with ceremonies so abhorrent that they have been banished beneath the earth's surface. They gleefully eat any surface dweller they can lay their four paws upon. Gugs are huge: an average gug is at least twenty feet tall.

In combat, a gug may either bite or hit with one arm. Each arm has two forearms, and thus two claws, so that the arm strikes twice when it hits. Both claws must strike at the same opponent.

GUGS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
SIZ	6D6+24	45
CON	3D6+18	28-29
SIZ	6D6+36	57
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		43

Move 10

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	60%	1D10+4D6
Claw(s)	40% each	4D6

Armor: 8 points of tough skin, hair, and cartilage.

Spells: some gugs know a few spells. Roll 1D100 for each random gug. If the roll is equal to or lower than the gug's POW, it knows a number of spells equal to the die roll. Otherwise, it knows no spells.

SAN: it costs 0/1D8 SAN to see a gug.



Haemophores (Lesser Independent Race)

Description: haemophores are small beings with webbed hands and feet, and curious W-shaped mouths.

Notes: a haemophore drinks blood and is attracted to bright and shiny objects. It will suck blood from a victim until the haemophore is so monstrously bloated that it is completely distorted and bulging, incapable of movement. Their name comes from their habit of filling up on blood before migrating.

Haemophores move very softly and often carefully investigate potential prey before sucking out blood.

Once a haemophore has bitten a target, the creature remains attached on subsequent rounds, sucking blood and draining 1D3 points of the victim's STR each round until the victim dies.

HAEMOPHORES

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D6+2	5-6
INT	2D6+3	10
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	5D6	17-18
HP		8

Move 7

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	30%	1D3 + blood drain

Armor: none.

Skills: Hide 90%, Sneak 90%.

SAN: it costs 0/1D6 SAN to see a haemophore.



Hagarg Ryonis (Great One)

Description: Hagarg Ryonis doubtless resembles her fellow Great Ones, and like them is comely and human-like. However, her statues always show her in the form of the Lier-in-Wait, a loathsome reptilian creature with black, horny scales. In that form she has six glowing greenish eyes spaced irregularly over its body. Her teeth and talons are made of razor-sharp obsidian.

Cult: Hagarg Ryonis is rarely worshiped by Dreamlands inhabitants except in pleas to avoid her notice. On the rare occasions that impiety or depravity becomes so rampant as to disturb the Great Ones' sensibilities, Hagarg Ryonis is sent to slay and slay until the people have repented. If the Great Ones themselves are threatened (rather than just their sensibilities), Nyarlathotep usually arrives to protect them.

Characteristics: when sent forth, Hagarg prowls the land at will, in the form of the Lier-in-Wait. She prefers to strike from ambush (hence her title). She can shrink her size at will, down to the size of a house-cat or even an insect, to sneak through cracks or to escape notice.

When attacking, she strikes with both foreclaws and her bite simultaneously. Her claws inject an unusual venom. If her victim fails to resist against the venom's potency of 12, he falls into a deep sleep for 1D6 hours. Otherwise, he becomes nauseous, and loses 10% off all his physical skills for the next 1D6 hours. If a victim is clawed more than once, any nausea losses are cumulative, and time spent asleep or nauseous is cumulative.

HAGARG RYONIS

STR 35	CON 32	SIZ 33	INT 15	POW 20
DEX 35	HP 33	Move 15		

weapon	attack%	damage
Claw (x2)	90%	1D4+2D6 + venom
Bite	70%	1D8+2D6

Armor: 10 points of horny scale.

Spells: all Contact spells for her fellow Great Ones, plus Contact Nyarlathotep.

SAN: seeing Hagarg Ryonis as Lier-in-Wait costs 1/1D10 SAN.



Hypnos Lord Of Sleep (Elder God)

Description: Hypnos is often pictured as a sleeping god, "young with the youth that is outside time, and with a beauteous bearded face, curved, smiling lips, Olympian brow, and dense locks waving and poppy-crowned" — "Hypnos," Lovecraft. But this is not his true form, which is as distorted and fearsome as the worst of nightmares. He dwells in the constellation of the Corona Borealis.

Cult: Hypnos is the god of sleep. His nature is tied to the sleep-boundary between the waking world and the Dreamlands, and those who engage in astral travel move through his dominion.

He has had no cult since ancient times. Sometimes foolish men accidentally invoke him or pass the boundaries he has set. Certain mysterious non-human entities living in the Dreamlands worship him and can call upon him without themselves being transformed.

When a human overreaches himself within Hypnos' dominion, or otherwise attracted Hypnos' attention, the Elder God generally reacts by sending down a shaft of light from the sky one dark night. The victim's soul (and often his body as well) is drawn up that shaft, writhing and screaming. As he rises, imprisoned within the beam of light, the hapless victim is gradually transformed into a form more suitable for Hypnos' unguessable purposes.

Hypnos must wait until his victim is asleep before he can attack, since only sleepers are partly in the waking world and partly in the land of dream. He cannot attack a person who is wholly within the waking world or one who is wholly within the Dreamlands (such as King Kuranos). Dreamers in the Dreamlands are especially vulnerable, since if they were to encounter Hypnos, they could be transformed or pulled into the sky at the Elder God's will.

A transformed victim has all of his characteristics permanently altered to whatever Hypnos sees fit. The only limitation is that the Elder God cannot raise any characteristic above 50. The victim's skills do not change, except as his new shape prevents or assists use of them. He may also be given new abilities (such as space travel or vulnerability to sunlight) or lose old abilities (such as vision or the power to cast spells). Generally the target is taken to dwell with Hypnos forever and never returns to Earth again.

HYPNOS

STR 20	CON 100	SIZ 12	INT 80	POW 85
DEX 30	APP 30	HP 56	Move 8	

weapons	attack%	damage
Transform	100%	transformation

Armor: Hypnos is immune to anything which does not simultaneously exist in both the Dreamlands and the waking world. Thus he can be harmed only by dreamers in their dreams, and by deities.

Magic: transformation ability.

SAN: seeing Hypnos in his true form costs 1D6/1D20 SAN.



Beings Of Ib (Lesser Servitor Race)

Description: "The beings of Ib were in hue as green as the lake and mists that rise above it...they had bulging eyes, pouting, flabby lips, and curious ears, and were without voice...[the men of Sarnath] found the beings weak, and soft as jelly to the touch of stones and arrows." — "The Doom That Came to Sarnath," Lovecraft.

Notes: these beings descended one night in a mist, along with the gray stone city Ib and a vast lake. The Dreamlands humans believed them to have come from the moon, and this may in fact be the case. They were wiped out by the men of Sarnath many millennia ago, but more of their race doubtless still survive on the moon or elsewhere. Ghosts of these creatures still haunt the ruins of Ib and Sarnath.

Each round, a being from Ib can strike twice with its paws or wield a human-type weapon.

BEINGS OF IB

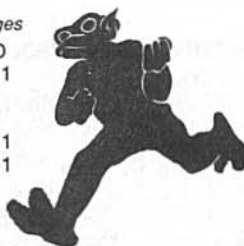
characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	1D6+6	9-10
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	4D6	14
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		13
Move 7 land, 8 swimming		

weapon	attack%	damage
Paw	40%	1D4

Armor: none.

Spells: beings from Ib with POW 14 or more may know 1D6 spells, always including Contact Bokrug.

SAN: it costs 0/1D6 SAN to see a native of Ib.



Karakal (Great One)

Description: Karakal's images portray a handsome smiling man, nude from the waist up and encircled by blazing flames. His temples keep an eternal flame burning. The priests intently watch the flickering of this flame, and claim to thus be able to discern Karakal's will.

Cult: Karakal is the Dreamlands' fire god. The Minions of Karakal, commonly summoned by wizards, are his creatures.

Characteristics: Karakal rarely leaves his sacred Hall of the Flowing Stones in distant Kadath. On the rare occasions he leaves Kadath, he always travels incognito, though a clever observer might guess the god's presence upon, say, seeing an old tinker start a campfire with a touch of a finger. Karakal can emit a burst of flame from his hand by spending 1 magic point. Each such flame burst not only causes damage, but sets the clothing and hair of the target on fire. He can also create immobile walls of fire which last for hours by spending 1 magic point per 10 yards of wall. Anyone passing through one of Karakal's fire barriers takes 2D6 damage.

KARAKAL

STR 35	CON 50	SIZ 15	INT 14	POW 30
DEX 15	APP 16	HP 33	Move 15	
weapon	attack%	damage		
Flame Burst	95%	3D6 + sets target afire		
Fist	95%	1D3+2D6		

Armor: at will, can invoke divine sanctity, which protects him as 10 point armor. He is immune to all forms of heat or cold damage.

Spells: can summon a Minion at a cost of 1 magic point. Can always command all Minions present. Karakal knows all Contact spells for his fellow Great Ones, as well as Contact Nyarlathotep. In combat, can emit a burst of flame from his hand by spending 1 magic point. Each flame burst not only does damage but also sets the target's clothing and hair on fire. Can create an immobile wall of fire up to 100 yards long which gives 1d6 damage to anyone leaping through them.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see Karakal.



Lamp-efts (Fabulous Creatures)

Description: a lamp-eft is a salamander-like creature 2-3 feet long. It floats in the air, writhing its way along with its flattened tail and four paws, but has no wings. It has two huge globe-like eyes, but no mouth.

Notes: a lamp-eft normally inhabits the upper air, descending to the earth's surface only at night. It feeds on ambient magic. It is easily tamed and magicians sometimes keep several as live-in defenses against shades.

A lamp-eft can project a bright beam of white light at a target. If the target's magic points fail against the lamp-eft's on the resistance table, the target loses a magic point which the lamp-eft gains.

A lamp-eft needs to eat 1D6 magic points per day. If not properly fed, it must return to the upper air or its light dims and flickers, and it begins to starve.

LAMP-EFTS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	1D4	2-3
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D3	2
INT	2D3	4
POW	2D6+6	13
DEX	4D6	14
HP		5
Move 6 floating		

weapon	attack%	damage
Tap Ray	automatic	resist or lose a magic point

Armor: none.

Skills: Dodge 70%.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see a lamp-eft.



Leng Spiders (Lesser Independent Race)

See page 41 for this entry.

Llamas (Animals)

Description: related to camels, llamas are only slightly more docile. A llama stands 4 feet at the shoulder and prefers altitudes of over 10,000 feet.

Notes: llamas are used as pack animals in some of the mountains of the Dreamlands. They are too small to ride.

LLAMAS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	2D6+12	19
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+12	19
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
HP		15
Move 9		



weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	25%	1D6
Kick	10%	1D6+1D6
Spit	25%	-1D6 APP

Armor: 2 point hide and woolly hair.

Skills: Climb 60%.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see a llama.

Lobon (Great One)

Description: Lobon is portrayed as a bearded youth, graceful and curly-haired. Crowned with ivy, he dresses in a robe of white samite and crowned with ivy. The spear is his personal symbol, and his statues always show a spear in his right hand.

Cult: at one time, Lobon and his brothers Tamash and Zo-Kalar were worshiped widely. With the destruction of Sarnath, his cult has dwindled.

Characteristics: Lobon dislikes conflict. When faced with danger to himself or present followers, he tries to retreat to another dimension, taking anyone loyal to him along. He will only fight if faced by some creature capable of following him through the dimensions. Lobon fights by emitting beams of clear yellow light from his hands.

His spear is not a weapon, but an emblem. It is rendered impure and loses all its powers if it is stained by blood or even the ichor of an alien race. It cannot regain its powers until Lobon cleanses it in the great Fountain of Alath-Zann at Kadath. Lobon sometimes temporarily lends his spear to valued servants, sometimes for the length of the servant's life. The spear is an extension of Lobon and, if the god somehow lost his power or were destroyed, the spear would also vanish.

LOBON

STR 45 CON 48 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 22
DEX 21 APP 21 HP 30 Move 10

weapon	attack%	damage
Light Beam	100%	destroys 3D6 of target's magic points

Armor: none, but the Spear can emit a shimmering glow at the will of the holder which repels damage at a cost of 1 magic point per 3 points of damage.

Spells: the spear can repel damage, as noted above. It can also provide 4 magic points per round to the wielder, which cannot be saved up. The spear can fly and fly move about at the owner's mental direction, and can carry objects or animals up to SIZ 4 when so doing. Lobon can summon any creature native to the Dreamlands and not connected to another deity by expending 1 magic point per SIZ point of the being summoned. He also knows all Contact Spells for the other Great Ones and Contact Nyarlathotep.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see Lobon.



Magah Birds (Fabulous Creatures)

Description: magah birds are small, beautifully-plumaged, carnivorous birds. Their feathers are long, lustrous, and many-colored.

Notes: magah birds are native to the lower slopes of Mount Ngranek. They capture prey by hypnotic singing. When a magah sings its hunting song, its chosen prey must successfully resist with its magic points against the magah's magic points on the resistance table, or it is

enthralled by the song and can do nothing but move slowly forward toward the lovely feathers of the singing bird. Once the magah strikes, the hypnotic effect is dispelled, and so these birds rarely attack creatures larger than themselves.

MAGAH BIRDS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	1D4	2-3
CON	1D6	3-4
SIZ	1	1
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+12	19
HP		3
Move 10 flying		

weapon	attack%	damage
Peck	40%*	1D3

* The Peck automatically hits a hypnotized target.

Armor: none.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see a magah bird.



Manticores (Fabulous Creatures)

Description: manticores are mountain-dwellers whose bodies resemble those of lions. The creatures are large, and their leonine chests are as broad as that of a bear. Long rearward spines protrude from their hindquarters, throbbing in and out with each breath, like the abdomen of a wasp. Their tails are long and scorpion-like, armed with a sting. Their heads resemble huge, grotesque caricatures of the human face, their wide mouths filled with tusks. Manticores are among the most loathsome creatures of the Dreamlands.

MANTICORES

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	4D6+12	26
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	4D6+12	26
INT	2D6	7
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+3	10
HP		20
Move 11		

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	30%	1D10+2D6
Claw	50%	1D6+2D6
Sting	40%	3D3 + poison

Armor: 4 point tough hide.

Skills: Climb 90%, Smell Food 80%.

SAN: it costs 0/1D6 SAN to see a manticore.



Notes: manticores live in wastelands such as the Forbidden Lands and in dreary mountains. Their favorite food is human brains, and they can smell prey coming from afar. Since they detest the rank stench of another manticore's wet blood, the surest method of traveling through their territory safely is to pour this foul liquid (from a freshly-killed monster) over one's flesh. If a manticore comes too close, it smells the blood stink and departs in disgust.

A manticore can attack twice a round, using either a claw and a bite, both claws and the sting, or the sting and a bite.

The sting's poison is deadly. It injects a poison of potency equal to the creature's CON. On the third round after the poison has been injected, the victim must

succeed in resisting the poison's potency with his CON or he takes damage equal to that potency directly to his hit points. If he successfully resists the poison, he still takes half the poison's potency in damage (round fractions up).

Men Of Leng (*Lesser Independent Race*)

Description: "They leaped as though they had hooves instead of feet, and seemed to wear a sort of wig or headpiece with small horns. Of other clothing they had none, but most of them were quite furry. Behind they had dwarfish tails, and when they glanced upward he saw the excessive width of their mouths. Then he knew what they were, and that they did not wear any wigs or headpieces after all." — *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, Lovecraft.

Notes: The almost-humans of Leng were conquered by the moonbeasts long ago, whom the almost humans received as gods. The men of Leng are vulgar, grotesque creatures, with dubious tastes and desires.

The moonbeasts eat their plumper almost-human slaves, using the leaner slaves to perform menial tasks not requiring strength, such as fetching and carrying, cooking and steering, and serving as go-betweens for the moonbeasts' trade with humankind, for which purpose the almost-humans wear humped turbans to conceal their horns. They trade primarily with Dylath-Leen, sailing long black galleys with the powerful moonbeasts as rowers.

It is uncertain what the dream reflections of the half-men of Leng are in the waking world. Perhaps there are no waking equivalents. Or perhaps they are a foul breed not yet discovered on Earth.

MEN OF LENG

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6+6	13
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
APP	2D6	7
HP		12
Move	8	

weapon	attack%	damage
Spear	25%	1D8+1

Armor: none natural, may wear any.

Spells: a native of Leng whose INT + POW totals 32 or more knows at least 1D6 spells, at the discretion of the keeper.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see a native of Leng who covers up his deformities. If an unclothed one is seen, the sight costs 0/1D5 SAN.

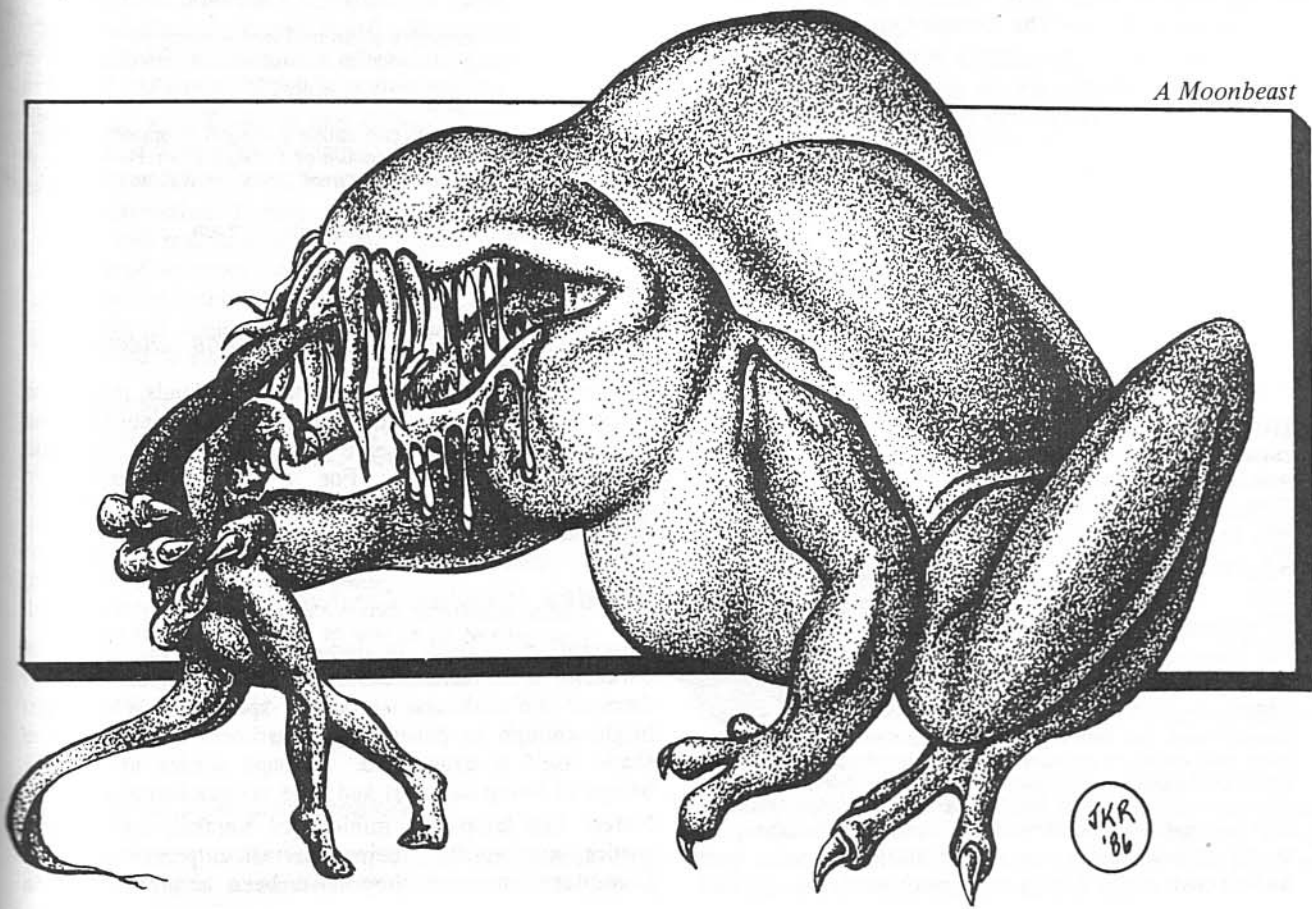


Minions of Karakal (*Lesser Servitor Race*)

Description: minions of Karakal are made of crackling lightning. Their spiderlike legs are black and red lightning bolts which continually vanish and are replaced. Their small black bodies are shot through with flashes of red. They have no visible heads or sense organs. They float in the air, seemingly propelling themselves by making crawling motions with their electrical limbs.

Notes: minions of Karakal normally only ever appear in the Dreamlands when summoned by wizards. They are one of the most common lesser magic guardians in use.

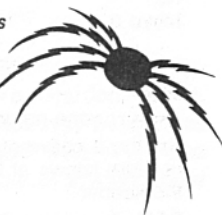
A Moonbeast



The minions of Karakal attack with one of their lightning bolt legs. The strike crackles through the air and sears a blackened hole in the target, delivering 2D6 damage. In addition, the damage done is matched against the target's CON on the resistance table. If the damage overcomes the target's CON, then the target's heart stops and he dies. Otherwise, he survives.

MINIONS OF KARAKAL

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	2D6	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	2D6	7
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		9
Move 6 (float)		



weapon attack% parry% damage

Touch 40% n/a 2D6 + resist with CON or die

Armor: none. Material weapons do only 1 point of damage per hit. An individual striking a Minion with a metal weapon or a natural weapon (such as a punch or kick) does 1 point of damage and then takes damage automatically as if the Minion had struck him. Water harms Minions as it does Fire Vampires. However, Minions are unaffected by other mundane anti-fire techniques, such as buckets of sand or fire blankets.

Spells: Minions of Karakal know no spells.

SAN: it costs 0/1D3 SAN to see a minion of Karakal.

Moonbeasts (*Lesser Independent Race*)

Description: "They were...great greyish-white slippering things which could expand and contract at will, and whose principle shape — though it often changed — was that of a sort of toad without any eyes, but with a curious vibrating mass of short pink tentacles on the end of its blunt, vague snout." — *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, Lovecraft.

Notes: The moonbeasts are an alien race inhabiting the Dreamlands' moon. They serve Nyarlathotep for his favor and enslave other races. If sadism can be said to have any meaning for a race so alien, it can be said that these beings are monstrously cruel, frequently torturing members of other races that fall into their paws. There may or may not be representatives of these creatures in the waking world's universe.

They are able to perceive in the dark without difficulty and ride great black galleys through the skies. Many of their soldiers are members of various slave races.

MOONBEASTS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	3D6+6	16-17
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	3D6+10	20-21
INT	2D6+9	16
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+3	10
HP		17
Move 7		



weapon attack% damage

Spear 25% 1D10+1+1D6

Armor: none, but their peculiar body formations let them take minimum possible damage from firearms (unavailable in the Dreamlands, of course). Thus a pistol doing 1D6 damage would do only 1 point of damage to a moonbeast. With an impale, the bullet would do 2 points of damage.

Spells: all moonbeasts know at least 1D3 spells.

SAN: it costs 0/1D8 SAN to see a moonbeast.

Nath-Horthath (*Great One*)

Description: Nath-Horthath appears as a jet-black-skinned human with blond hair and pupilless silver eyes. He rides and is always accompanied by a lion. Nath-Horthath wears silver chain mail of delicate design covered by an open robe of azure silk. He wears a golden crown set with black opals.

Cult: Nath-Horthath is the god of Celephais, though he has small temples elsewhere in the Dreamlands. Lions are sacred to Nath-Horthath, and may not be harmed by his worshipers except when in peril of life or limb.

Characteristics: Nath-Horthath is easily angered, except by his worshipers, towards whom he has supreme patience. He occasionally even bickers with his fellow gods. If he is provoked, he will always stay to fight at least five rounds of combat, even if he is losing badly. He almost always strikes at the foe with the highest POW, leaving lesser enemies to his worshipers or servant lion.

Each round, Nath-Horthath can cast a fist-sized fireball from his hand, at the cost of 1 magic point per 1D10 damage done by the ball. The fireballs always hit at any range, unless the target successfully Dodges.

If Nath-Horthath engages in close combat, he can pluck a silver war hammer out of the air with which to fight. At the conclusion of the fight, the hammer disappears again. This hammer is an enchanted weapon.

NATH-HORTHATH

STR 60	CON 45	SIZ 24	INT 14	POW 20
DEX 24	APP 18	HP 33	Move 12	

weapon	attack%	parry%	damage
Fireball	100%	n/a	1D10 per magic point
Hammer	90%	90%	3D6+4D6

Armor: Nath-Horthath's chain mail armor stops 15 points of damage. In addition, it doubles Nath-Horthath's magic points for the purpose of defending against attacking spells only.

Spells: Nath-Horthath can cause a dragon to appear by his side for the expenditure of 1 magic point. He knows all Contact spells for other Great Ones, as well as Contact Nyarlathotep.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see Nath-Horthath.



Nyarlathotep, *The Crawling Chaos* (*Outer God*)

Nyarlathotep is well-known in the Dreamlands, though he is not worshiped by humankind. The moonbeasts and other foul creatures serve the Outer Gods to gain Nyarlathotep's favor. For a full description of Nyarlathotep, see the *Call of Cthulhu* rules.

Shades (*Fabulous Creatures*)

Description: a shade is always enveloped in a cloud of darkness, so its form is never seen. Generally the outward form of the darkness is roughly spherical. When light bright enough to penetrate the darkness is applied, the shade itself is evaporated. Perhaps shades are simply beings of living darkness and have no true forms at all.

Notes: like lamp-efts, minions of Karakal, and blupes, shades are another being normally present in the Dreamlands because they have been summoned by a

sorcerer. Shades have no CON, only SIZ, and they have no hit points, either. All damage delivered to a shade is done directly to SIZ.

Shades cannot fly, but can move over any liquid or solid surface. In addition, they can move up sheer walls, or even along ceilings.

Shades take no damage from ordinary weapons, only light sources. Simply exposure to light does not normally harm a shade, and they can even travel in full sunlight. However, if they are actually struck by a candle or torch, they take 1 point or 1D6 points of damage, respectively. The light-beam of a lamp-efl completely destroys a shade, if its magic points are overcome.

SHADES

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	4D6	14
SIZ	5D6	17-18
INT	2D6	7
POW	4D6	14
DEX	2D6	7
Move	7	

weapon	attack%	damage
Tendrils	50%	1D4+1D4

Armor: none, but shades take no damage from ordinary weapons, only light-sources used to actually touch the creature. A torch does 1D6 damage, a candle 1D3. The light-beam of a lamp-efl dispels a shade completely if its magic points are overcome on the resistance table.

Spells: none.

SAN: it costs 0/1 SAN to see a shade.



Tamash (Great One)

Description: Tamash's statues show him with silver skin and coal-black hair and beard. He is small, but well-muscled. He wears a robe of cloth-of-gold and carries a staff of lapis lazuli. Tamash is crowned with gilded laurel.

Cult: as with Zo-Kalar and Lobon, Tamash's cult, too, has diminished with Sarnath's destruction. However, as he is patron of wizards, he will always have worshipers.

Characteristics: Tamash is a master of illusion. He can create and maintain one or more illusions filling a total volume of no more than a cubic mile. These illusions are dispelled by touch. Illusions that cause SAN loss (such as the sight of Azathoth) can be created, but the victim is considered to automatically succeed at his SAN roll

TAMASH

STR 35	CON 40	SIZ 10	INT 17	POW 40
DEX 21	APP 20	HP 25	Move 10	

weapon	attack%	damage
Staff	85%	1D8+2D6

Armor: at will, Tamash can invoke divine sanctity, which acts as 10 points of armor.

Spells: illusion powers, and knows all Contact spells for his fellow Great Ones, as well as for Nyarlathotep. Knows all non-Summon, non-Bind, non-Contact, and non-Call magic spells native to Earth's Dreamlands.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see Tamash.



marred by gray pustules. Their heads are salamander-like, with bulging pale eyes and long, lipless jaws. The forepaws are armed with stout claws for burrowing. After the forepaws, the rest of the body trails off in a long blunt tail, ridged and shaped like an enormous angleworm. No hindlimbs are visible.

Notes: vooniths are a notorious hazard of the swamps and marshes of the Dreamlands. They are voracious and fearless. Some vooniths dig twisting mazes of water-filled burrows just beneath the surface. They attack by erupting from their burrow or pond to grab and drag down their prey, which may be a pack animal or a human.

In an attack, a voonith can use its bite and constriction simultaneously. Once a victim has been enwrapped by the voonith's worm-like hindbody and tail, that victim takes 1D6 damage per round, plus suffocation damage, until the voonith is killed or he breaks free (matching his STR against the voonith's STR each round).

VOONITHS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	3D6+12	22-23
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	4D6+12	26
POW	2D6+3	10
DEX	2D6	7
HP		22

Move 6 walking or swimming, 3 burrowing.

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	75%	1D6+2D6
Constrict	50%	1D6 + suffocation

Armor: 5 point tough skin.

Skills: Listen 50%.

SAN: it costs 1/1D6 SAN to see a voonith.



Wamps (Fabulous Creatures)

Description: "...I heard a diabolic chuckles on the hillside above me. The sound began with a sharp abruptness that startled me beyond all reason, and continued mirthlessly, never varying its single note, like the mirth of an idiotic demon. ...The chuckle grew louder, but for awhile I could see nothing. At last I caught a whitish glimmer in the darkness; then, with all the rapidity of a nightmare, a monstrous Thing emerged. It had a pale, hairless, egg-shaped body, large as that of a gravid she-goat; and this body was mounted on nine long, wavering legs with many flanges, like the legs of some enormous spider. The creature ran past me to the water's edge; and I saw that there were no eyes in its oddly sloping face; but two knife-like ears rose high above its head, and a thin, wrinkled snout hung down across its mouth, whose flabby lips, parted in that eternal chuckle, revealed rows of bats' teeth." — "The Abominations of Yondo," Clark Ashton Smith.

Though the quotation does not draw attention to the fact, wamps have webbed feet, and the outer ends of their legs are splashed with scarlet, causing the creatures to appear as though they had just waded through puddles of gore.

Notes: wamps breed in dead cities. They are drawn to foulness and decay and feed mainly on carrion and unspeakable waste. Wamps normally are solitary, though they sometimes band together. They hunt with smell and hearing and are active in the darkest nights.

Vooniths (Fabulous Creatures)

Description: vooniths are amphibious carnivores. Their overall color is a washed-out pink or sallow yellow,

The bite of a wamp is contaminated. Anyone so unfortunate as to be bitten must succeed in rolling CON x5 or less on 1D100 or he is infected with a loathsome disease. The exact nature of the disease is up to the keeper, but it should always be dangerous and often disfiguring. Possible diseases include fungus infection of the wound site, typhoid fever, leprosy, the bubonic plague, and possibly even Poe's red death. The Treat Disease skill may help the sufferer, at the discretion of the keeper.

WAMPS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	5D6	17-18
CON	3D6+20	30-31
SIZ	5D6	17-18
INT	2D6+3	10
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
HP		24
Move	9	



weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	40%	1D6+1D6 + infection

Armor: 2 points of flabby skin.

Skills: Smell Prey 60%.

SAN: it costs 0/1D8 SAN to see a wamp.

Yaks (Animals)

Description: yaks are shaggy distant cousins to domesticated cattle. They are smaller than oxen, but are still good-sized — up to six feet high at the shoulder hump.

Notes: yaks inhabit only cold lands and high mountains. Yaks are fairly nimble for their size. They are domesticated in the cold northern territories of the Dreamlands.

YAKS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	3D6+24	34-35
CON	3D6+6	16-17
SIZ	3D6+24	34-35
POW	2D6	7
DEX	3D6	10-11
HP		26
Move	10	



weapon	attack%	damage
Charge	35%	1D10+3D6
Trample	75%	6D6 to downed foe only

Armor: 5 point shaggy hair and tough hide.

Skills: Climb 50%, Smell Intruder 25%, Listen 25%.

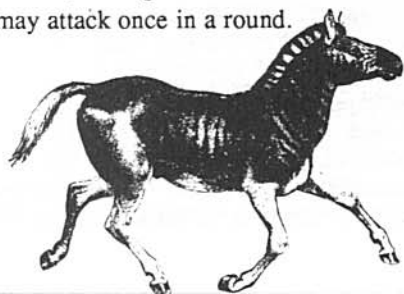
SAN: it costs no SAN to see a yak.

Zebras (Animals)

Description: zebras are very similar to horses, though smaller, quicker, and much more beautifully patterned.

Notes: the domestic zebras of the Dreamlands are only suited to lowlands, not high or cold mountains.

A zebra may attack once in a round.

**ZEBRAS**

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	3D6+18	28-29
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	3D6+18	28-29
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
HP		20
Move	20	

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	40%	1D10
Kick	25%	1D8+3D6
Rear & Plunge	15%	2D8+3D6
Trample	75%	6D6 to downed foe only

Armor: 2 point hide.

Skills: Jump 50%, Smell Intruder 25%.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see a zebra.

Zo-Kalar (Great One)

Description: Zo-Kalar was once chief god in Sarnath, presiding over Tamash and Lobon. He is tall and slender. Both skin and hair are bone-white, but his eyes are solid black. He wears a robe of black satin.

Cult: Zo-Kalar is regarded as the god of birth and death, in charge of the life history of all Earth's Dreamlands residents. He has little worship since the fall of Sarnath.

Characteristics: Zo-Kalar is very melancholy, and travels alone much of the time. He always travels with one or more Shades. He is shy of mortals and keeps clear of them unless absolutely necessary. He can answer questions about the future of a mortal, but only insofar as that mortal's death is concerned. He only gives these answers grudgingly, and at a terrible price.

ZO-KALAR

STR 50	CON 40	SIZ 20	INT 20	POW 25
DEX 20	APP 8	HP 30	Move 12	

weapon	attack%	damage
Touch	95%	reduces target's POW by 1D6

Armor: at will, can invoke divine sanctity, which protects him as 10 point armor.

Spells: can summon a Shade at a cost of 1 magic point. Can always command all Shades present. He can match his magic points against the magic points of any one foe within sight. If he overcomes that foe, he can forcibly turn his foe into a Shade by expending magic points equal to the foe's POW. Zo-Kalar knows all Contact spells for his fellow Great Ones, as well as Contact Nyarlathotep.

SAN: it costs no SAN to see Zo-Kalar.

**Zoogs (Lesser Independent Race)**

Description: "Over the nearer parts of the dream world they pass freely, flitting small and brown and unseen... one can see their weird eyes long before one can discern their small, slippery brown outlines." — *The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, Lovecraft.

Notes: zoogs are small and brown, with a rodent-like body outline. Small tentacles dangle from their snouts, concealing their small sharp teeth.

Zoogs live in burrows and tree-trunks in the Enchanted Wood. Though they live mostly on fungi, they have a taste for either spiritual or physical meat as well, for many dreamers have entered their wood and failed to return.

ZOOGS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D3	2
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	4D6+6	20
HP		5
Move	8	



weapon	attack%	parry%	damage/	HP
Bite	30%	n/a	1D4-1D4	n/a
Knife	25%	25%	1D6-1D4	12
Dart	20%	n/a	1D6-1D2	6

Armor: none.

Spells: a zoog with POW 14 or better knows at least 1D4 spells.

Skills: Climb 60%, Dodge 50%, Dream Lore 75%, Hide 70%, Sneak 70%, Track 50%.

SAN: a zoog causes 0/1D3 SAN loss when viewed.

Leng Spiders (Lesser Independent Race)

Description: huge purplish spiders, with pustulently bloated bodies and long, bristly legs. Their color, a pale mottled violet on their abdomens, shades to indigo on their forebodies, with legs and chelae tipped in black.

Notes: the spiders of Leng are intelligent, dangerous, and gigantic. The smallest new-hatched specimens are the size of Shetland ponies. These spiders live in the mountains of the Plateau of Leng. Spiders big enough to eat small bholes dwell in more remote parts of the Plateau. Some valleys are almost completely webbed over.

Though the spiders are intelligent, they do not normally cooperate, and sometimes feed on smaller specimens of their own kind. The men of Leng have often campaigned against the spiders to reduce the super-arachnid population.

The bite of a Leng spider injects a deadly poison. The target must match his CON against the potency of the spider's venom, which is always equal to the spider's CON. If the poison overcomes the target's CON, he takes damage equal to half the poison's POT. Otherwise, the target takes damage equal to half the poison's POT. A big spider's poison is sure death to a human.

These spiders also use their webs in combat, and can throw their webbing like nets. If the web hits, the target is tangled and cannot escape until his can overcome the web's STR with his own STR.

Most spiders are 10D6 SIZ, but enormous specimens are known — 20D6, 30D6, and even bigger — with characteristics correspondingly increased.

LENG SPIDERS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	8D6	28
CON	5D6	17-18
SIZ	10D6	35
INT	3D6	10-11
POW	4D6	14
DEX	3D6+6	16-17
HP		27
Move	6	

**Entities and Creatures In This Chapter**

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- Azathoth* (p.28)
- Barzai The Wise (p.26)
- Basil Elton (p.26)
- Basilisks (p.28)
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* fuller information is given in the Cthulhu rules

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	40%	1D6+3D6 + poison*
Web	60%	entangle**

* POT equals spider's CON.

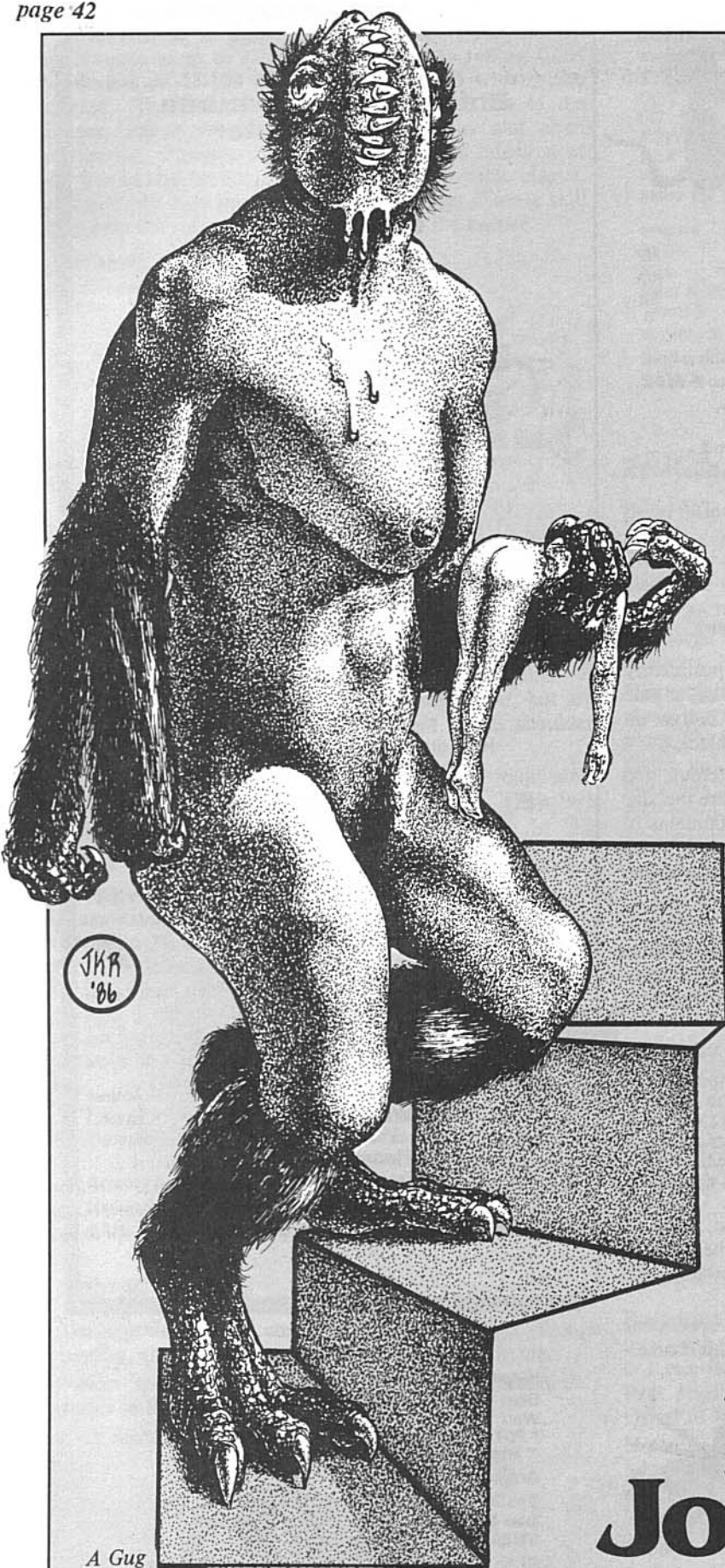
** entangle STR equals half of spider's SIZ.

Armor: 6 points of chitin.

Spells: roll 1D20. If the roll is equal to or lower than the spider's INT, it knows 1D3 spells.

Skills: Hide 50%, Sneak 80%.

SAN: it costs 1/1D10 SAN to see one of these monsters. Bigger spiders (SIZ 20D6+) might cost as much 1/1D20 SAN.



A Gug

Dream Journeys

INTRODUCTION

THIS WORK is a dream come true. Many years ago, I wrote to Chaosium offering to write an H.P. Lovecraft Dreamlands game, based on the popular RuneQuest system. One thing led to another, and *Call of Cthulhu* was the happy result. The wheel has turned full circle, and the Dreamlands have finally appeared as the fifteenth Chaosium supplement produced for the game.

In this new book version, little had needed to be changed or corrected. The color plates are a happy addition.

The Dreamlands demand a scenario background quite different from the typical *Call of Cthulhu* affair. Dreamers, due to the Dreaming skill and their status as outsiders, are much more powerful in the Dreamlands than they are as investigators in the waking world. And usually the risks and benefits of Dreamlands adventures are not as great as those in real-world escapades. Horror can be found in the Dreamlands, of course, but Dreamlands adventure is often oriented toward fantasy, not the terrifying perils encountered in mainstream *Call of Cthulhu* play. Playing nothing but Dreamlands adventures ultimately is self-limiting; the Dreamlands supplement and do not replace *Call of Cthulhu*'s dark vision.

The six scenarios in this book provide a range of Dreamlands experiences, from fantasy-style quests to dark, sordid horrors. They are ordered, starting with adventures best-suited to beginning dreamers and ending with scenarios resolvable only by visitors experienced in the Dreamlands. Individual comments about each adventure follow.

"To Sleep, Perchance to Dream" — this scenario is intended to be your investigators' introduction to the Dreamlands. No threat looms. No SAN is lost. The investigators can slip into the Dreamlands realm easily, almost innocently. The adventure is left open. The players may wish to explore the Dreamlands for a bit on their own, to get to know this bizarre new dimension. Be prepared for such ventures. Feel free to permit them a bit of roving. Let them discover Ulthar, hear of Celephais, perhaps even briefly visit Dylath-Leen or the Jungle of Kled. Soon the players will begin to think of the Dreamlands as an accessible place, though one possibly useless to their investigators' activities in the waking world.

"Captives of Two Worlds" — an adventure proving that the Dreamlands is not only a place of wonderment but one

advantageous to investigators. The rascally Uncle John can be defeated only by adroit use of the Dreamlands. This is not necessarily a simple scenario. A single mistake by the investigators can lead to their deaths.

"Pickman's Student" — this can be your investigators' first intimation that the Dreamlands are not always quiescent. As the Dream-horror blasts the life of Pickman's student, the investigators may understand that the interaction of Dream and Reality is frighteningly unstable. The longest scenario of this book, it may take several evenings to complete. The keeper may wish to save this adventure until the players have one or two Dreamlands scenarios under their belts. After it, investigators and players will be wary in the Dreamlands.

"Season of the Witch" — another invasion by the Dreamlands. While most of it takes place in the waking world, the finale must be in the Dreamlands. Hesper the witch is not as great a threat as Ghadamon in "Pickman's Student," but she is much more personal and wily, and is active in her defense. You may wish to run "Season" before "Pickman's." Do so will permit your investigators to fight off what is, after all, a human's evil use of the Dreamlands before being forced to confront a creature of the Dreamlands.

"Lemon Sails" — an adventure taking place entirely in the Dreamlands. If your players treat the Dreamlands solely as a potential source of clues related to the waking world, or as a threat, then they are not ready for "Lemon Sails." However, if they enjoy adventure for its own sake, then this is an exciting change of pace.

"The Land of Lost Dreams" — for experienced keepers who know well the personalities of their players and who are experienced with their investigators. The scenario demands excellent roleplaying on the part of your players, and insight and incisive vision from you. Before running this adventure, I strongly recommend briefly writing up the encounters and associated conversations appropriate to each investigator before he or she reaches the House of Xura. Don't be dissuaded by this warning: this scenario is likely to be one of the most memorable adventures that you and your players will share.

Pleasant dreams!

— Sandy Petersen

To Sleep, Perchance to Dream

by Jeff Okamoto

An Introduction to the Dreamlands

This scenario introduces the Dreamlands. We suggest that it be your investigators' first exposure to the Dreamlands. The adventure is most playable when each investigator's totalled Cthulhu Mythos and Sanity scores equals 75 or more, but may be played even if this is not so.

This scenario has been designed to be easily integrated into an existing campaign.

This scenario can be used to deliver an important clue or discovery that the players may have missed. Robert Ramsden can be replaced by any person who is due to die in your campaign. The note he leaves at the base of the Gate of Deeper Slumber can hint that he knows the trouble the investigators are in, and that perhaps he can help. When he meets them at Ulthar, he can give them whatever clues or information he possesses, thus simultaneously opening the way to the Dreamlands and proving their worth to the investigators.

Player's Information

Robert Ramsden, an old friend of the investigators and an ardent follower of their exploits, has sent them each a small box of chocolates for Christmas (or Easter, or whatever holiday is nearest the date of the adventure). Ramsden could be replaced by an old client of the investigators, a known non-player-character, or whomever would best fit into your campaign.

Keeper Information

Robert Ramsden, tiring of the dullness of this world, has decided to commit suicide and forever reside in the Dreamlands. His last act was to send each investigator chocolates which have been laced with a drug enabling the ingester to enter the Dreamlands. Ramsden has done this because he likes the investigators and wishes them to share his experiences.

The Dream

That night, those investigators who ate none of the chocolates sleep normally. Those who did have remarkably vivid dreams, in the midst of which they all see a huge stairway leading enticingly downwards. As

each descends, they wander down 70 steps, at the bottom of which is the Cavern of Flame.

Each investigator experiences the following separately. The keeper may wish to talk to them individually or simply specify that all have the same interview in the Cavern of Flame. Inside the cavern burns a huge flame. Standing within are two hoary sages dressed in robes and Egyptian-looking crowns. Behind the two men is a passageway leading outwards. The investigator now notices that he/she is naked, whatever he was wearing in his previous dream.

If an investigator attacks the two old priests, he instead immediately finds himself back in his bedroom, wide awake. Otherwise, however, the interview proceeds as follows:

"Enter and be welcome," says the first old man. "I am Nasht."

"I am Kaman-Thah," says the other. "We congratulate you, [insert investigator's name], on finding the way."

Should the investigator ask something like, "Whither?" Nasht replies, "The way to dreams."

"But before you may pass the Gates of Deeper Slumber ..." continues Kaman-Thah, and the two priests stare deeply into the investigator's eyes. Their stare penetrates to the investigator's innermost soul, exposing all deceptions. If the investigator's Sanity plus Cthulhu Mythos score is 74 or less, Nasht says, "The land of dream is not for you." And the investigator awakens, trembling.

If the total is 75 or more, Nasht says, "You are worthy." The two priests step backwards and bow. If the dreamer decides to leave the way he came, the priests do not interfere. Once he reaches the top of the steps, he awakens in the mundane world. If, instead, he decides to go through the rear entrance, the priests direct his attention to an ornate malachite table, atop which sits three loaves of bread, a jug of water, and a length of shiny, somewhat crystalline wool. Also on the table is whatever clothing the investigator wishes to wear. If the investigator asks about the "wool," Kaman-Thah says, "It is manna, and edible." There is also a small dagger or knife in whatever style the investigator wishes sitting by the bread. The priests encourage him to take any or all of these gifts.

As the dreamer leaves the cavern and heads into the rear passage, he finds that it soon leads to a long, spiralling set of stairs winding downwards. There are 700

steps down. As the investigator descends, the tunnel surrounding him begins to resemble wood. A Botany or Carpentry roll identifies it as oak. At the bottom of the stairs is an elaborate arch cut into the wood. As the dreamer reaches the gate, he sees that he is in a deep forest. The gate through which he will pass is cut into the side of an enormous oak tree — the tree, however, is smaller than it would have to be to contain the stairway he has descended.

As the investigator leaves, he becomes aware of his friends: the other investigators are now with him at the bottom of the tree. The forest is made of colossal twisted trees. Daylight has difficulty penetrating the interwoven branches overhead, and most of the light is provided by glowing fungus growths. At the base of the tree is an envelope addressed to "My Friends." Opening it reveals the following letter:

I know you are probably very confused. Try not to be. You are in the Enchanted Wood, a somewhat dangerous place. Go straight ahead from the gate, do not turn left nor right, and do not listen to the whispers and chirps you'll hear. Soon you'll be in the open lands of dream. You'll soon find a road or a cottage, and be able to ask directions to the town of Ulthar, where I await you.

Sincerely,

Robert Ramsden.

The dreamers now have a goal to reach. They must find Ulthar. As they walk away from the gate, they occasionally hear fluttering, flute-like noises, or insistent faint gibbering. These are, of course, various of the wood's inhabitants, including zoogs and worse. The entire time the investigators spend in the woods these noises continue, and rustling sounds make it clear that they are being followed. As the dreamers reach the edge of the woods, the noises fade.

The Open Fields

As the dreamers leave the wood, they see fertile fields rolling towards a blue river. Smoke rises from the chimneys of scattered cottages, and hedges and roads are evident. Should the dreamers stop at a farmhouse to ask directions, the occupants give them directions and then invite them in for breakfast. The directions given are to follow the river Skai (the blue river visible from the wood) downstream to the village of Nir, then to cross the stone bridge and it is only a short distance to Ulthar. The breakfast consists of gruel and mushrooms.

Following the river, the dreamers see many fish swimming therein. If any dreamer drinks of it, he finds it cold and sweet-tasting. After an hour's walk, they reach the tiny village of Nir, which consists only of a single path with a few buildings on either side. As the dreamers leave Nir, they see a large stone bridge crossing the Skai. The bridge looks solid and permanent. As they cross it, have a POW x1 roll attempted for each dreamer. Anyone who succeeds hears a faint scratching noise as he or she walks over it. The noise is impossible to pinpoint and soon fades. Once across the bridge, the road makes a

couple of turns and the dreamers find themselves in Ulthar.

Ulthar

Ulthar is surrounded by many little farms and dozens of cottages dot the rolling hills around the town. The first thing the dreamers will notice is the plenitude of cats. All sizes and breeds swarm through the city. Most are sleek and well-mannered. The buildings have peaked roofs, and their upper storeys overhang the cobbled, narrow streets.

The people of Ulthar are dressed in clothes that would not look out of place in medieval Europe. Most wear linen or wool, but some have silk garments. Many cats crowd around the dreamers, slinking against their legs and setting up a melodious purring. Should any dreamer shoo the cats away, he finds that not only do the cats leave, but that they do not return while he remains in Ulthar.

The most prominent building is set atop the tallest hill in Ulthar. This is a circular tower graced by ivy growth. Anyone asking about "Robert Ramsden" is told that Ramsden must be the new guest of Atal, at the temple of the Elder Gods. The tower on the hilltop, of course, is the temple.

At the temple, an acolyte brings the dreamers to a waiting room and brings them fruit and drink. Soon, they are taken to the inner shrine where, atop an ivory dais, sits an old man dressed in flowing robes. He seems ancient, yet his eyes are young and bright. "Are you the friends of Robert Ramsden?" And he murmurs, as if to himself, "Yes, indeed, it must be so." And he asks an acolyte to call for Robert, who soon arrives, dressed in satin and cloth-of-gold, and shakes the hands of the dreamers. Atal appears to go to sleep.

Robert, who seems quite happy, speaks to the investigators. "By this time, my Earthly body should be dead. The chocolates I sent you contain a drug which has enabled you to reach this wondrous place. Within this world can be found information that can be useful to you as you pursue your waking goals. But your goals are not mine, and I choose to stay here forever. Ask for me in Celephais if ever you wish my company."

He then proceeds to walk with his guests back down to town, where he treats all the dreamers to a feast at a local public-house. He's willing to answer any and all of the questions the dreamers come up with, subject only to the keeper's whims. This is a chance for the players to learn a little of this strange new world, and a chance for the keeper to enlighten them. Naturally, Ramsden does not know everything about the Dreamlands; there are many places he has never been and has never heard of. Even Randolph Carter, one of the finest dreamers of all, had never heard of such major cities as Inquanok before traveling thereto.

At the end of the feast, the investigators go upstairs to pleasantly furnished bedrooms, and, upon going to bed, find themselves awake in their own home apartment.

Back in the Waking World

The next morning, Robert Ramsden is discovered dead in bed, apparently a victim of suicide. The investigators doubtless soon compare notes and discover that they shared their dream. And so on to further adventures.

Captives of Two Worlds

by Sandy Petersen

*Proving to the investigators that the Dreamlands are far more than just a place of wonder.
The dreamlands are a place of danger and of horror too.*

This scenario requires at least one of the investigators to be a fairly experienced dreamer, and runs well with only a single player, though as many as desired can play at once. The investigators are captured in the waking world by a villainous Cthulhu cultist, who is also a dreamer. Their only hope of escape is to hunt him down in the Dreamlands, where they can force him to let their waking forms go.

The intention of this scenario is to show the players that they can use the Dreamlands to their advantage as an offensive weapon against the horrors of the Mythos.

Investigator Information

Whichever investigator is likeliest is called upon by a young woman, Sally Monroe. Her contactee should be the most competent private eye in the group or, if there is no professional detective in your group, the best-known parapsychologist.

She enters the detective's office, her eyes reddened from weeping. She is young and pretty, if not beautiful. She dresses conservatively, in a dark blue business-like suit and skirt, and silk stockings. She speaks.

"The problem started last month when my dog disappeared. The next week, a friend of mine, Agatha Ross, who had been staying the weekend, vanished. Her body was found two weeks ago. She was murdered. They shot a tramp that they think was the killer, but I don't know. I want you to perform investigations in Bensamin — that's the town's name — and see what you can find out. I'm worried about Uncle John. His life may be in danger.

"I guess I ought to start from the beginning. My name is Sally Monroe. My father, Frederick Monroe, left me

quite a lot of money. I finished college at Radcliffe last semester and my Uncle John kindly invited me to stay with him for a while, until I decided what I wanted to do with my life. Uncle John's a bit of a hermit, but he's my only living relative, and I thought that a bit of peace would do me good after my hectic time at Radcliffe. Uncle John lives in a tiny little burg way back up in Vermont called Bensamin. Everything went just fine for the first few months. Well, almost everything. The locals sure give me the creeps. They're always staring at me and looking at me behind my back. I guess it's just that they don't see many strangers, and are naturally curious. But it sure is creepy. So whenever I got lonely, I just wired money for my friends to come up and visit.

Then my dog disappeared. He was a big dog, too — a boxer. Then, two weeks ago, Agatha, who'd come up for the weekend, disappeared. I thought she might just have up and left on the spur of the moment — that would have been rather like Agatha — but her corpse was found a few days later, stabbed. I would think that a murder like that would set the whole town awl, but they didn't change a bit — still just as apathetic and sullen as ever. The sheriff seemed real friendly and helpful, but I think he only made a token search for the killer. A couple of days ago, his deputy shot a tramp that was caught breaking into a house in Irasburg. He found a knife on the tramp's body, and figured that he must have been Agatha's killer. But I'm scared. I think that the Bensamin people are in on some secret, and that they're planning something. I'm afraid that my Uncle John is in danger. Can you please help me?"

At this point, Sally stops, looks over her shoulder, and continues, in a lower tone of voice, "And there's something else, too. I don't know if I should tell you this, but the night that Agatha disappeared, I went into her room to talk to her for a moment. She was gone, but there was this...scum...in her bed, like the path of a slug. It led to the window and over the sill. I ran outside, and could see the slime oozing down the wall in a long tortuous trail. It went through the garden, and led out

further, but I got scared and went back to the house. The next morning, when Agatha was still missing, I decided it was one of her practical jokes and cleaned up the mess. When her body was found, I told the deputy about the slime, but he said it was probably just pond-scum or mud from the boots and pants of the tramp. But I never saw mud like that stuff. Since then, I've seen that scum one other time. Two days ago, in a long trail through the garden leading toward the house. I'm scared."

Sally Monroe is a wealthy woman, heiress to well over a million dollars. She offers the investigator she has contacted a fee of \$100 a day, not including expenses, plus \$5000 more if he can discover exactly what is going on in Bensamin. This fee is extremely generous, and trying to dicker with Miss Monroe to get more money only succeeds in lowering her estimation of the investigator. The other investigators in your group must either be paid from this fee, or join in for the thrill of the chase (this latter is the obvious choice for dilettantes and parapsychologists). After Sally leaves, let your group thrash out the details, but the next day should see them leaving for Bensamin.

Keeper Information

John Monroe is a small-time occultist who learned too much for his own good. He has come across the Cthulhu Mythos, read the arcane books of that lore, and experimented with the black spells taught in the Necronomicon and elsewhere. In his youth, he discovered

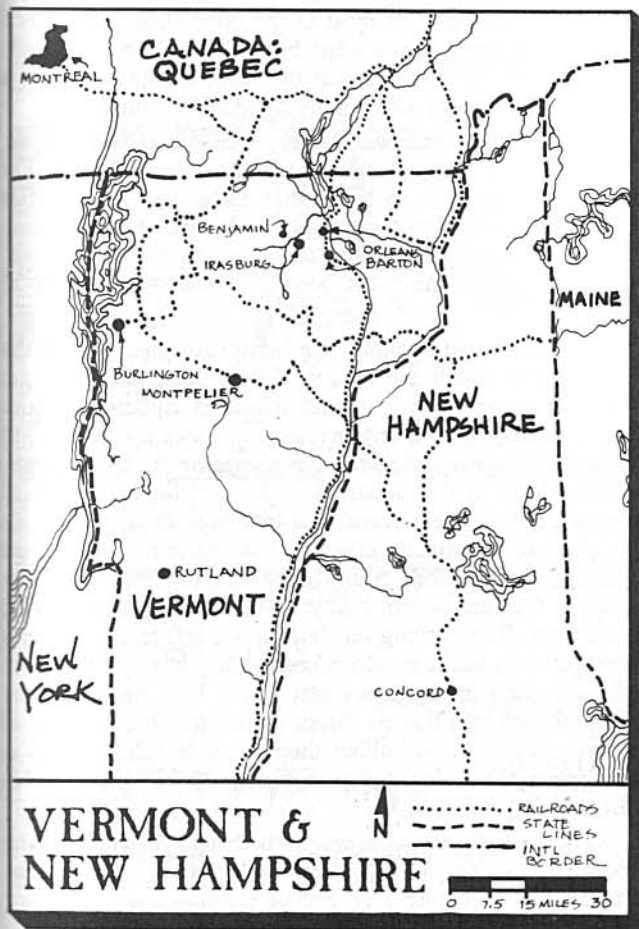
the lands of dream, where he now goes at least once a month. About twenty years ago, he met a fellow-enthusiast from the town of Bensamin, who told him about the town's special proclivities. Uncle John moved to Bensamin and has lived there ever since. He comes of a wealthy family, and at one time had quite a fortune, but has spent most of it on his occult experiments. Knowing that Sally Monroe, heir to his brother's fortune, knows little of business matters, he invited her to live with him, and he has been steadily and falsely using her name to extract money from her bank accounts and sell off her stocks and bonds, all unbeknownst to her. He has not dared to murder her because he knows she has made a will, and he does not know to whom her money will go after her death.

Bensamin is a hamlet of 62 inhabitants. All were born there. All plan to die there. They live off little scratch farms and occasional hunting. Fifty years ago, a couple named Alexander and Carmen Peace came from Louisiana with four friends to found the town. All the inhabitants of Bensamin are descended from the Peaces or their friends. The Peaces and their friends were ignorant, immoral farmers in Louisiana who belonged to the small Cthulhu cult there. During the Reconstruction period following the Civil War, Peace and his wife decided to leave Louisiana, so they robbed a bank and escaped, using the money to pay their passage and build homes in Vermont. Their descendants have continued the Cthulhu cult practices, though they only rarely practice human sacrifice.

When Uncle John arrived in town to join the cult here, he speedily became the town's effective leader — all the natives were grossly inbred, subject to congenital malformations, diseased, and illiterate. Marriage and morals are nonexistent in the animal-like lives led by the townsfolk. Syphilis and alcoholism are rampant, and Bensamin will probably cease to exist as an entity within a generation. Few children are born alive. The Bensaminites are an excellent example of the ultimate deterioration which worship of the Great Old Ones produces in humankind. Even now, many of the townsfolk are so mentally incapacitated that they no longer comprehend their worship of Cthulhu, participating only because their neighbors and relatives insist. Uncle John himself is often afraid of the Bensaminites; their surly attitude and low mentality makes them dangerous.

When Uncle John arrived, he saw the town as a perfect place to begin his grand occult experiment — the transformation of humanity into a superior race, believed by Monroe to resemble the mythic ancient Lemurians. In his experiments, he has infected women and girls, chosen from among the most degenerate Bensaminites, with spawn from Outside. He has done this forty times since his arrival in Bensamin two decades ago. Thirty-two times, the women died horribly. Six times, the women became pregnant, and died at the birth of a monstrous stillborn. Once, in 1916, a terrible Thing broke through the veil between the universes and destroyed half of Bensamin before Uncle John managed to send it back. And once his experiment was successful. His success lives in a wet slough just east of town.

The next stage of his experiment is to crossbreed his "success" with a human woman, to draw one step closer



to true success, but the women in the town are completely unsuitable. All the breedable females who were not diseased have already died in John's earlier experiments—he needs a healthy and strong subject for the next experiment. With Sally's arrival, Uncle John's plan draws near to completion. She is an ideal subject for his monstrous experiment, though she does not know of her part in the great plan. John's preparations proceed apace.

Uncle John's monstrous experiment killed Sally's dog, and also carried off Agatha Ross for unknown reasons. Uncle John called the monster off Agatha, who was physically unharmed, but killed her to preserve his secret.

John now visits the Dreamlands almost every night, to escape the Bensaminites and the squalor of their town. Without his Dreamlands escape, he knows he would soon drop to their level and join them fully, a fate worse than eternal death to his way of thinking. And, as he grows older, and thus nears his earthly death, the lure of the Dreamlands grows stronger. Uncle John fears death greatly, and the eternal life offered by the Dreamlands is a great comfort to him.

Background

The investigators may wish to check up on Bensamin at one time or another. Bensamin itself has no school (and the children never attend the nearby school in Irasburg — on the one occasion the truant officer visited Bensamin, he was beaten up badly), no library, and no literate inhabitants. As will be discovered later in the scenario, as soon as the investigators arrive in town, they are basically made prisoners, so they can have no opportunity to check up on background information after they arrive. But if they are clever enough to stop in Montpelier and gather information before heading on to Bensamin, the following data is accessible.

In any comprehensive Montpelier library, or the extremely large libraries of Boston or New York, a search through Vermont and county histories requires a successful Library Use roll, which uncovers only the bald facts that Bensamin was founded in 1868 by Alexander and Carmen Peace, who came from Louisiana with four friends. The 1920 census town population was 92 people.

A second successful Library Use roll uncovers the military draft records for Bensamin from the years of the Great War. Not a single Bensaminite was found fit for military duty. In response to this finding, a team of doctors were sent to cure whatever conditions were causing this fearful state of affairs, but the total non-cooperation of the Bensaminites caused the eventual resignation of the doctors, and nothing further was done. Involved were Drs. Fairmont, Darry, Madison, and Woodlock, and their (unnamed) assistants.

Dr. Woodlock lives in Montpelier and, if the investigators are there and wishes to interview him, they can obtain the statement titled *The Doctor's Tale*, boxed nearby.

If civic and death records are checked for the town, the investigators find that forty-five deaths from purpural fever (childbirth fever) are recorded since 1900, when the first records were accurately kept. In 1916 a great fire is reported to have ruined much of the town, and eight lives were lost.

If the investigators try to interview the county sheriff, they learn only that he dislikes Bensamin, and is happy to let it stew in its own juices. He is convinced that the tramp he killed was Agatha's murderer, and brooks no denial.

Bensamin

The best way to get to Bensamin is to take the B&M railroad from either Boston or Springfield to the Connecticut River, where the rail line follows the river up to Barnet. From there, the investigators should take the rail to Orleans, where a bus line has regular service to Irasburg. From Irasburg, you must go on foot or pay a local to drive you to Bensamin, which is five miles to the west. Alternatively, the investigators could telephone Sally Monroe, who would drive out to Irasburg to pick them up. The Monroes own the only phone in Bensamin.

However they get there, the investigators finally arrive in Bensamin. As they walk down the town's single street, they see several children playing. As they approach, the children look up and run away. One of the children is clearly a Mongoloid idiot. Left behind as they run off is a lizard, two of its legs torn off — evidently the source of the children's "game." A local man stumps down the street. He has a clubfoot, and his cheek is a mass of sores. A senile old woman rocks in a chair. As the investigators pass, they can see that she has no eyes; the raw sockets are red and inflamed. There are no stores, no post office, and no government buildings, only flimsy gray wooden homes with black shingle roofs. This is Bensamin. At the very far end of town, set apart from the scratch-build huts that most of the population live in, is a rather nice home surrounded by an overgrowth of weeds and woods. A nameplate at the front of the house says "Monroe." This is where Sally and Uncle John live.

Sally and John appear happy to meet the investigators, and Sally in particular is eager for them to solve her mystery. She goes to bed rather early, and John invites the investigators into his den, where he tries to pump them of all the information they possess about the town. He also gives them his story, which appears boxed nearby.

After dinner that evening, the household goes out on the veranda to watch the sunset. Uncle John seems to get quite emotional about it, and mumbles something about "...Celephais ...". If any investigator picks up on this and quizzes Uncle John to see if he knows of the Dreamlands, Uncle John is thunderstruck. He fumblingly denies all knowledge of the Dreamlands and tries to laugh off his "Celephais" comment, claiming that the investigator must have misunderstood. But later on that evening, he subtly tries to find out which, if any, of the investigators are also dreamers. The ensuing conversation is left to the keeper's imagination, but it should become fairly obvious to all but the stupidest investigators that Uncle John knows of the Dreamlands and that he doesn't want the investigators to know that he knows about them. (Uncle John's skills at deception have gotten quite rusty during his time in Bensamin.)

The investigators are put to bed in cots and sleeping bags in the single big guest bedroom at the Monroe house. If there are any female investigators, they are invited to sleep in Sally's room. Uncle John apologizes

THE DOCTOR'S TALE

"I arrived in Bensamin in September 1917, with three other doctors and our assistants. Before we arrived, some government workmen had built us a small clinic, and so we were expecting to find a nice new building in which to work. When we got there, we found that the local folk had broken all the windows in the clinic, stolen both the front and the back door, and set up a pigsty in the front yard. Hardly an auspicious beginning. We managed to get rid of the pigs, put brown paper over the broken windows, and get replacement doors from Irasburg. Then we began our program of examining the townsfolk and prescribing for their ills.

"At least, that was the plan. But not one of the townsfolk would come to our clinic. There is a lot of disease in that town, and we could have done a lot of good, if only they'd have let us. But they just didn't care. They'd rather go insane and die from their diseases than have outsiders like us messing around. The only man that helped us at all was the town's only outsider, Mr. Monroe. The townsfolk seemed to

respect him a little, and so we got him to accompany us while we went house-to-house to examine the locals. At least then they'd let us through the door. But they wouldn't take the medicine we prescribed and they wouldn't do the exercises or activities we ordered.

"It was unbelievable. I can remember one woman who had a great huge cyst in her left cheek, as big as an apple! We decided to take her to Montpelier for an operation to remove the cyst — it must have been horribly uncomfortable, not to mention the disfigurement it caused! But when we went by her house to pick her up and take her to the train station, we found that she'd actually fled the town and taken to the woods so we couldn't take her away to the hospital. And that's just one example. Despite Mr. Monroe's best efforts, they just wouldn't cooperate.

"And they kept trying to drive us off. They killed Dr. Darry's pet cat by stomping it to death. They set fire to the clinic three times — burnt down a whole wing once, with all our records. So what can I tell you? They won. We finally left, stymied. I've never seen anything like it."

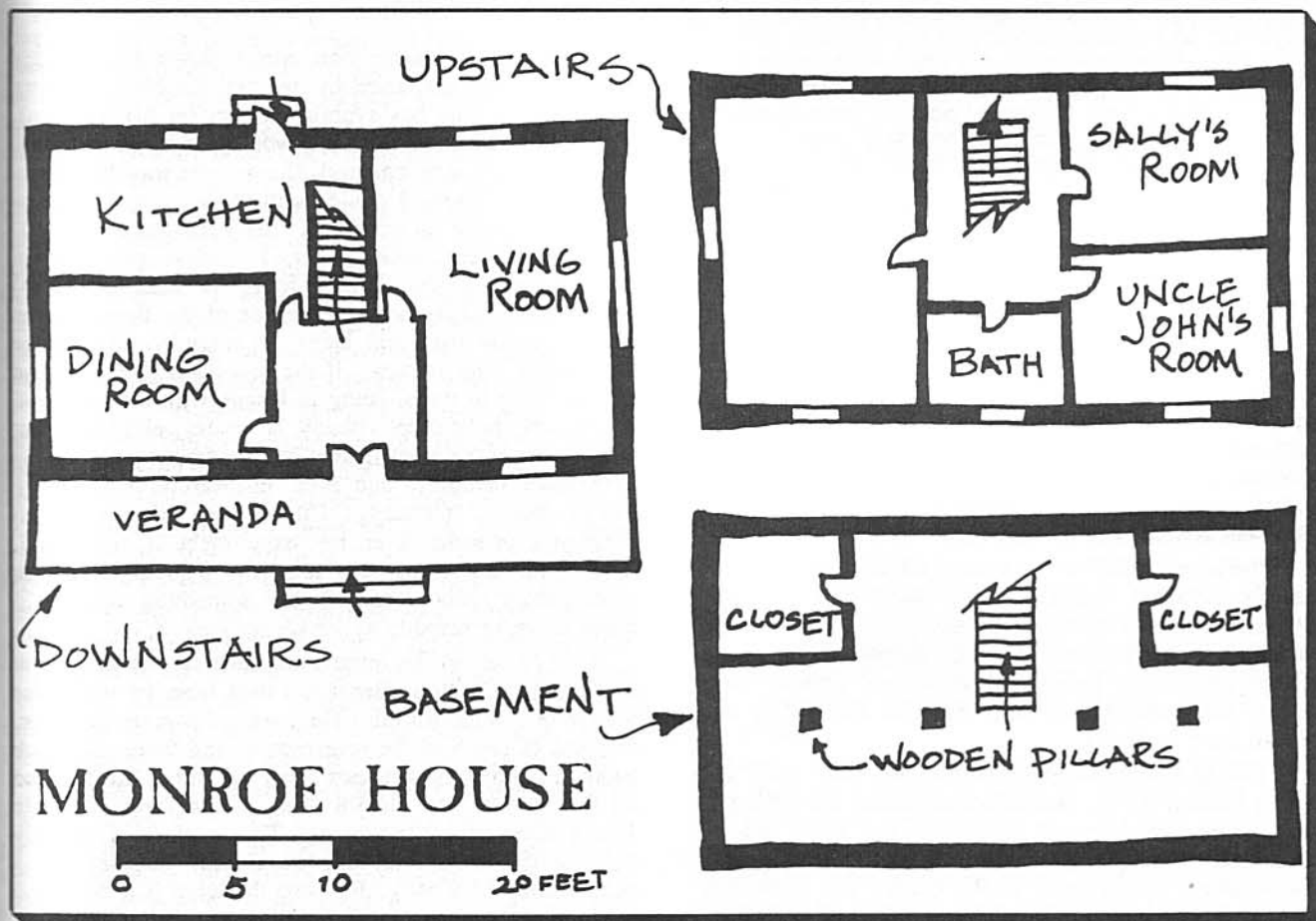
for the rather crowded arrangements, but there is no hotel in Bensamin.

The Trap Closes

At about 4am, investigators (in either the guest bedroom or Sally's room) can each attempt a Listen roll. Success permits them to hear several men and women talking in

low voices outside the bedroom door. If the door is tried, the voices stop, and the door proves to be blocked from without. A glance out the window shows several Bensaminites, well-armed with double-barreled shotguns, Civil-War-vintage rifles, knives, and axes, standing guard.

If the investigators stay quietly in their room, eventually the Bensaminites will burst through the door



UNCLE JOHN'S STORY

"I moved here in 1902. Back then, the people of Bensamin — they like to call themselves Bensaminites, by the way — were just as unfriendly as they are today. They completely ostracized me for the first year. But I kept buying food from them and hiring them on to help a little around the house, and eventually they warmed to me. They didn't really become friendly, though, until 1916, when the fire happened. Almost half the town was wiped out. When I was younger, I served in a volunteer fire department, so I organized the Bensaminites into a bucket brigade and stopped the fire. I even charged into one burning shack to save a baby. Strange, though, the fellow whose son I'd saved seemed more disturbed about the loss of his dog than the fact I'd rescued his son. Anyway, not to play up my part too much, after that, they started to openly respect me. I think that they have 'adopted' me, so to speak, though they still don't let me in on their little town secrets."

If the investigators ask Uncle John about the slime reported in Agatha Ross's bedroom, he seems perturbed. Then he says, "I first moved here because I was very interested in zoology. I had heard from a friend that a sort of huge gastropod had been reported from the area during a period of intense flooding. So I came out to find it. I never did, and as the years went by, I forgot about it and just enjoyed living here — I guess I've never been much for social company, and so the unfriendly Bensaminites suit me just fine. When Sally saw that streak of slime, I immediately thought of the gastropod. But I'm sixty-eight years old, now. I can't go running around in the river bottoms looking for giant slugs. Not only that, I've lost all my connections with the scientific world. But I think that that is what she saw — the trail of the creature that I originally came here to look for. I can't believe that a giant slug could possibly have harmed Agatha, though. I think that the slug crept in the window, frightened Agatha out of her wits, sending her fleeing from the house. And then, out in the woods, she met that tramp that killed her. I'm not sure why she didn't scream when she saw the thing. Perhaps she thought it would hear her and come after her."

brandishing their weapons, and take the investigators captive. If the investigators resist, there will be a brief fight, which the investigators will almost surely lose, after which the surviving investigators are taken captive. The Bensaminites take the investigators downstairs to the cellar and deposit them in chains.

If the investigators try to escape through the window, the Bensaminites outside fire at them and generally discourage such an egress. If the investigators try to burst through the interior door, they end up right in the hands of the dozen-odd Bensaminites waiting outside, who capture the investigators, take them to the cellar, and deposit them in chains.

If one of the investigators knows the Gate spell and begins casting it, the Bensaminites realize something is going wrong and break in before the spell can be completed — once again capturing and disarming the investigators, taking them to the cellar, and depositing them in chains.

Sally, too, is taken prisoner, to her bewilderment and fear.

Imprisoned

The basement prison is completely empty of anything but four wooden pillars and the prisoners. It is dry, at least, and has a concrete floor. There don't seem to be any rats. Each investigator has a big iron cuff hammered closed round his or her ankle, and then a length of chain welded onto the leg iron. A loop of the chain is passed around one of the four stout wooden pillars in the basement and re-attached to the cuff. There is no way to unlock chain or cuff — the captive must be filed or cut free.

The investigators are left in the prison with one woman guard, who is about 40 years old, has black, carious, teeth, and one deformed hand (with but three fingers). She sits at the door, cuddles her shotgun, and completely ignores the investigators and Sally. She only reacts if one of the prisoners seems as though he is trying to break free of his chain somehow (such as by grinding it against the floor). In such a case she stands up, points her weapon at the offender, tells him "Mess wi' yer chain again, and ye die." and then sits back down. If that prisoner tries to break loose again, she empties both barrels into him. Then she reloads and sits down again.

The Guardswoman

STR 8 CON 7 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 9
DEX 12 APP 7 EDU 3 SAN 00 HP 10

Skills: Listen 65%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Weapon: Shotgun 45% (90% at point-blank range, 4D6/2D6/1D6 damage).

In the evening, Uncle John comes down to meet his guests. He is accompanied by two axe-clutching, grinning Bensaminites (one has syphilitic ulcers on his left arm). Uncle John speaks. "Tis a pity you came when you did" (nodding to the investigators), "for tonight was the climax for my experiment. I could hardly have you wandering around, mucking up my plans. My apologies. You will not be held here much longer, I promise you." If an investigator interrupts Uncle John, or asks questions, Uncle John politely waits while one of the Bensaminites strides quickly over and kicks the offender into silence until Uncle John is done. If the investigator then accuse him of lying to them, being in league with the villagers, or any amount of other villainy, he smiles benignly, nods, and leaves. If the investigators beg for freedom, he smiles even more benignly, and says, insincerely (Psychology roll to detect), "Certainly. I'll have no more reason to keep you prisoner after my experiment is performed. You'll all be freed by tomorrow noon." If the investigators ignore him, or say something else, he'll either leave, or respond as the keeper sees fit.

After he leaves, he returns a minute or two later, now accompanied by four Bensamin men laboring under the weight of a huge tin tub. They set it down on the floor, well out of reach of the investigators and Sally, and back away. A slimy form humps itself up within the tub and all the viewers lose 1/1D8 SAN at the sight of Uncle John's successful experiment. The creature is vaguely octopus-like, with four long translucent tentacles and a central lump of a body. But atop the lump is a deformed hairless human head, with bulging eyes and a drooling,

mindless expression. It starts to ooze itself out of the tub, then stops, and stares at the investigators and Sally. Its face changes expression — it seems terrified! And it slimes back into the tub.

Uncle John seems highly annoyed. He says, "Well, perhaps our little friend will become bolder with experience. I'll leave him here with you tonight, and he can get used to you. There's no need to be afraid — he won't hurt you. He feeds only on water-snakes, trout, and other little water-creatures. You're in no danger, unless you get him angry. And one more thing — if the tip of the slightest tentacle of his is harmed, you'll all die extremely slowly, and extremely painfully. I have access to blowtorches, pliers, nails, and hammers. So don't even think about spoiling my experiment in that manner!"

"By the morning, he should be quite used to your presence, and I can complete the next stage of my experiment, which involves you, Sally. You may well be, if not the mother, at least the grandmother of a new race of beings. Look closely at my experiment — he is to be the grandfather." At this, Sally screams and faints. Uncle John looks perturbed. If any of the investigators are women, he opines, "Well, perhaps her nerves are too fragile. I can easily replace her with you (pointing to one of the female investigators) or you (pointing to another). No matter. *Au revoir.*"

Dreaming

That night, the creature sits on the edge of its tub all night long. It creeps up cautiously to the feet of one of the investigators, then becomes bolder and bolder as the night goes on, until its loathsome tentacles have softly entwined around the torso of every investigator at least once during the night. If any investigator attacks it, or makes as if to do so, the creature oozes back to its tub with remarkable speed, and avoids that investigator in the future. Despite Uncle John's warning, there is little that the investigators can do to harm this monster. It has no bones to break, and its organs are too fluid and rubbery to be easily damaged. Perhaps if they had fire, it could be harmed, but all their matches (and everything else from their pockets) have been taken away by the Bensaminites — besides, there is Uncle John's threat to worry about.

Eventually, several of the investigators drop off to uneasy sleep. The investigators should realize that Uncle John knows the Dreamlands, since he spoke of Celephais. So they may decide to travel there in their dreams. If the players are not quick enough to think of this, then whoever is the oldest dreamer simply happens to dream himself into Celephais, with whatever other investigators are most likely. If the investigators try specifically to get to Celephais, the keeper may wish to set obstacles in their paths, such as storms at sea, loathsome monsters from the Forbidden Lands, etc. These are all left up to the individual keeper, who best knows his players, their knowledge of, and their attitude towards the Dreamlands.

Ultimately, the investigators get to Celephais. While walking down the Street of the Ivory Rose, which is paved in onyx, as are all the streets of Celephais, one of the investigators spies Uncle John, dressed in local garb and striding, bold as brass, along the way. Almost immediately thereafter, Uncle John spots the pursuing

investigators, his face fills with fear, and he turns to flee. He races into the yawning door of a huge building and vanishes within its depths. By the time the investigators can get after him, he is far distant.

So now the problem should be clear. Uncle John is somewhere in Celephais. He may have allies or servants here, but it is doubtful that noble King Kuranos would tolerate any evil activities, so perhaps Uncle John is simply a visitor. From here on in, the scenario is up to the direction of the keeper and the players.

UNCLE IN THE DREAMLANDS

Uncle John carries on no diabolic plots here. The Dreamlands are simply a place to rest, relax, and enjoy. Perhaps after he has died and the waking world is no longer accessible to him, such a pleasant existence might grow stale, and he would foment occult plots here as he does now in the waking world, but that time is not yet.

He has only recently arrived in Celephais. Uncle John is fearful of the investigators here, and will try to hide. He has no allies or close friends in Celephais — he is on his own.

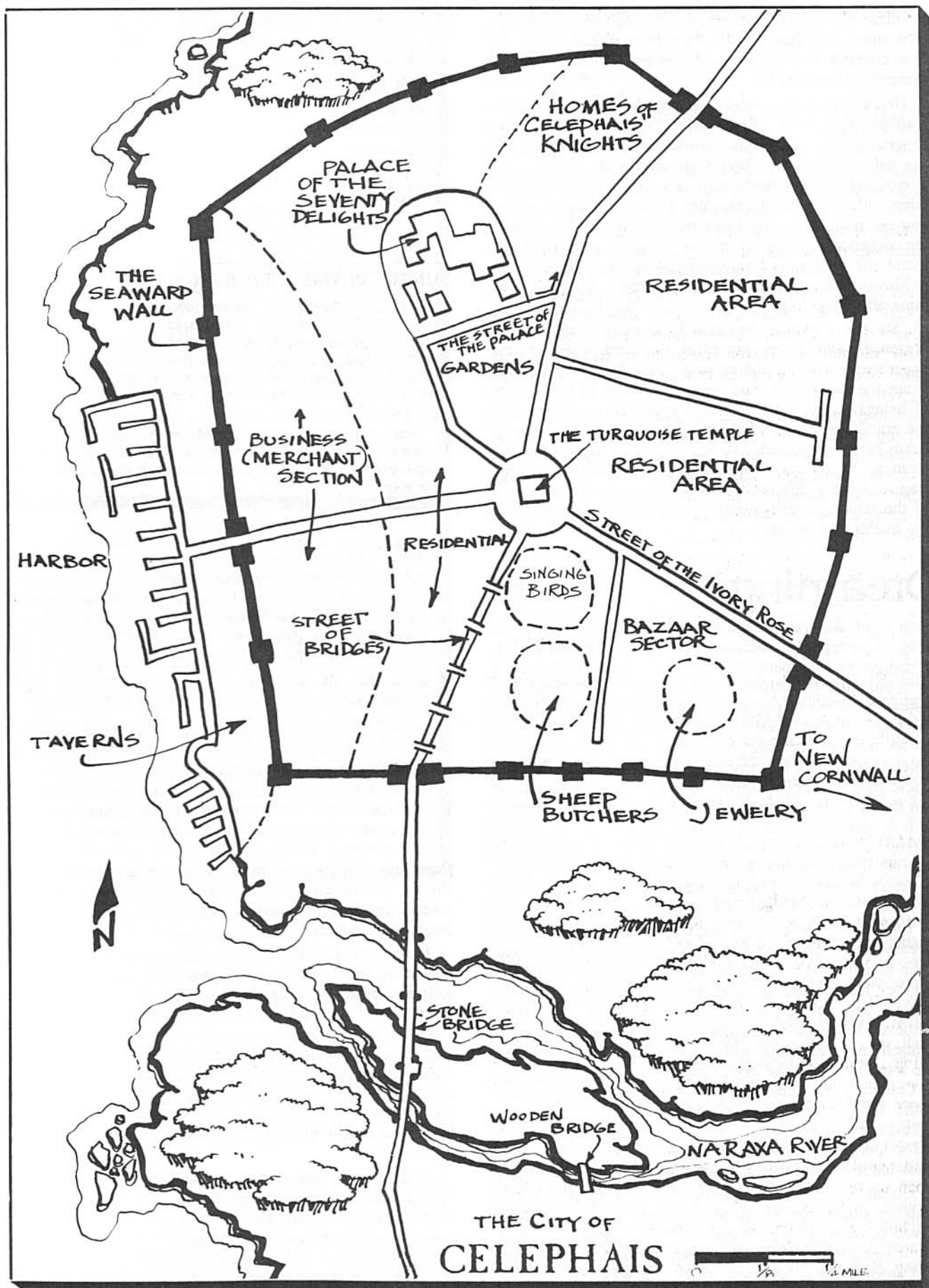
Celephais

Celephais is divided into five quarters (see the nearby sketch-map of the city). Different techniques are needed in each quarter for the dreamers to seek out Uncle John. The keeper must decide for himself in what part of Celephais Uncle John is currently hiding. If Uncle John realizes that the dreamers are looking for him in a particular quarter, he'll stay out of it from then on.

SEAWARD: this area huddles up against the seaward walls. It includes the docks and wharves outside the city, plus the taverns, trading booths, and inns built within the city wall for the convenience of sailors and merchants from distant lands. These taverns are merry, and none are of ill-repute. Those looking for sordid pleasures and brief, loveless liaisons must travel elsewhere than Celephais. This area is bisected by the famous Street of Pillars. As one travels further north through this area, the taverns become interspersed with homes, and finally are replaced by homes.

Here, the dreamers might split up and search the taverns and inns individually, questioning the patrons and jolly innkeepers, asking about Uncle John. For each day the dreamers spend doing this, there is a cumulative 10% chance that they will come across the very inn in which Uncle John is staying (if he is hiding in Seaward). If they then head to his room to confront him, he'll hear them coming, peek through his door, and try to escape through the back window. If the dreamers are smart enough to have stationed a man outside that window, they'll have him caught.

Alternatively, the dreamers might enter a tavern and offer the sailors therein a reward for finding Uncle John. The sailors will immediately rush out and search the quarter, and keep searching the quarter for several days. Uncle John is too sly to be caught by the clumsy sailors, but he will be forced to leave Seaward and cannot enter it anymore.



The Harbormaster's grand office is in Seaward, and all ships that arrive or depart visit with him first. If the dreamers speak with him, and can demonstrate their own sincerity at the expense of Uncle John, he'll agree to forbid all ships to take anyone resembling Uncle John aboard until the dreamers have seen him. The dreamers can demonstrate their sincerity by a successful Oratory, by a successful Dream Lore roll (showing that they are long-term dreamers), or simply by being acquaintances of King Kuranos.

BAZAAR: this area is filled with bazaars of all types, including the Bazaar of the Sheep-Butchers, where the chief of Celephais' cats resides. It also includes the Bazaar of Singing Birds, the Bazaar of Green Jewels, the Bazaar of Violet Jewels, the Bazaar of Red Jewels, and the Bazaar of Cornwall (where objects are made for King Kuranos' imitation Trevor Towers to the east of the city). Each bazaar has a guildmaster who oversees it and knows all that goes on.

The dreamers can speak privately to each guildmaster if they please. If the dreamers are friendly and open, the guildmaster will probably be more than willing to keep an eye out for Uncle John, especially if the dreamers promise to return this favor later. This may be done by bringing some rare object from a distant land as a gift, by encouraging traders in other lands to travel to Celephais and deal directly with the guildmaster, or any other means the dreamers see fit. If, after several dream months, the dreamers have not repaid each individual guildmaster for their kindness, they become perturbed and tell King Kuranos of the dreamers' ingratitude. On the dreamers' next visit to Celephais, they are summoned before Kuranos and asked to account for their inaction. If they cannot satisfactorily account for themselves, they are forbidden to ever again enter Celephais or Serranian.

With the guildmasters watching for Uncle John, he can no longer hide out in the bazaar. He may even be caught by a guildmaster, though this latter should only occur if the dreamers are seriously incapable.

PALACE OF THE SEVENTY DELIGHTS: this is King Kuranos' palace, though he more often now resides at Trevor Towers, in his little mock-Cornwall to the east. Uncle John might hide here, in the gardens or glorious golden hallways of the immense palace. If the dreamers speak with King Kuranos and tell him of their problem, he will order his gold-tabarded knights to watch for Uncle John, preventing him access to the Palace or exit from the city. King Kuranos is wise and just. He needs no convincing to do this, unless one or more of the dreamers have proved themselves villains in the past, in which case King Kuranos will still have his knights watch for Uncle John, but he will also pass a just judgment on the villainous dreamer.

THE GARRISON MANORS: here are the palatial homes and marble stables of King Kuranos' knights, who ride roan horses and wear cloth-of-gold tabards embroidered with a curious design. There is nowhere for Uncle John to hide here. If one of the dreamers asks a knight to watch for Uncle John, the knight takes the dreamer to King Kuranos, in his Palace of the Seventy Delights, where his case is heard.

THE PLEASANT PALACES: this is the residential section of Celephais. Celephais, the city of delight, has no poverty nor hunger, and its citizens enjoy eternal youth and health. Their homes, carved in fine wood and marble, demonstrate this well. Every home has a little garden, carefully tended and nourished. Here there are no "houses," only "homes." This is the likeliest area for Uncle John to hide out. He can evade the dreamers for days, running from street to street, hiding on the rooftops, and keeping on the move.

Running Down Uncle John

Unless the dreamers are quite fortunate early in their search, Uncle John must be brought to ground in the Pleasant Palaces. The keeper must organize the hunt well, decide what part of the Palaces Uncle John lurks in, and set the dreamers on his trail. By asking friendly citizens or enlisting the help of sailors, guildmasters, or King Kuranos' knights, the dreamers will probably eventually be able to catch their quarry. Perhaps they could enlist the aid of the orchid-wreathed priests of Nath-Horthath, who may be able to magically divine Uncle John's current hiding place.

The search should culminate in an exciting chase of some sort, with Uncle John fleeing over the glistening crystal rooftops and clambering up the stairways of glowing golden minarets, while the dreamers leap and scramble after him or pace him on the streets below. This section must be played by ear, and only the keeper can do it properly, using his knowledge of his players and his concept of the Dreamlands and Celephais. Some personalized inhabitants of Celephais are given below for the keeper's utilization.

IBBIX, Harbormaster of Celephais

Ibbix is a wizened, wiry oldster with keen green eyes and a pate as bald as an egg. He knows the name of every ship that leaves the harbor, and can recognize every ship that has ever come into his harbor. He is a famous misogynist, and won't speak in a friendly manner to the dreamers until and unless any women in the group leave. He is an extremely modest man, and abhors excessive drinking — he begins and ends his day on the same pint of rum.

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 17 APP 10 EDU 8 SAN 72 HP 14

Skills: Accounting 59%, Bargain 73%, Boating 85%, Climb 80%, Make Maps 69%, Sailing 93%, Shiphandling 76%, Spot Hidden 94%.

Weapon: Boathook 56%, 1D6+2+1D6 damage

THORSENSE, Guildmaster of the Singing Bird Bazaar

Thorsense is renowned for his enormous girth. He is the heaviest man in Celephais. He runs the Singing Bird Bazaar, where tiny songbirds are raised, placed in delicate wicker cages and shipped throughout the world. He loves music, and when the dreamers meet with him, he'll most likely be listening to a trained chorus of birds singing in harmony. After discussion, Thorsense agrees to seek Uncle John if the dreamers promise to bring him a

singing bird from a distant land someday — perhaps from the Enchanted Wood, or even a shantak egg from the Plateau of Leng.

STR 8 CON 12 SIZ 20 INT 15 POW 17
DEX 7 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 81 HP 16

Skills: Accounting 77%, Bargain 99%, Credit Rating 84%,
Fast Talk 68%, Psychology 62%.

Spells: Crystal World, Lament Flame, Living X, Stability.

HARAGRIM, Knight of Celephais

Haragrim is one of the chief knights of Kuranos, and, indeed, marched on that long-ago journey to find Kuranos and bring him back to Celephais to rule forever. Haragrim's sword is of a magic metal as transparent as crystal, and his leaden mace is carved into the shape of a lion's head. His sword has the magic principle that it may not be drawn from its sheath by a craven coward. Haragrim is stern and fiercely loyal to Kuranos. If he is asked for help in seeking Uncle John, he'll immediately take his supplicants directly to Kuranos.

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 13 EDU 9 SAN 70 HP 14

Skills: First Aid 45%, Ride 87%, Throw 48%, Track 61%.

Weapons: Lance 85%, 1D10+1+3D6 damage
Knightly Sword 73%, 1D10+1+1D4 damage
Mace 60%, 1D10+1D4 damage

Kuranos' Judgment

Once Uncle John is caught, he'll beg for mercy, promising anything to the dreamers if they let him go. If they seem likely to kill him, he'll threaten them — "If you kill my dream-self, my living body'll still live on, and I'll come to you, my prisoners, and kill you all in the most painful manner I know. You've got me here, but I've got you there. Let me go!" Of course, the dreamers would be colossally foolish to actually let him go. The correct procedure is to take Uncle John to Kuranos for judgment. If Haragrim or another of Kuranos' knights is along, he will suggest this course of action.

If the dreamers are too foolish to trust to Kuranos' judgment, and either kill Uncle John or free him, then when they awaken next morning, Uncle John continues with his dreadful experiment, ending in a grim fate for all the investigators. As some slight compensation, the investigators' dream selves will survive.

Kuranos' judgment is wise, once the situation is explained to him. He delivers judgment: "Lest this villain" (pointing to Uncle John), "continue to threaten the health and liberty of these fellows" (pointing to the dreamers) "in the waking world, we shall hold his dream-self captive in the basement of the Turquoise Temple to Nath-Horthath. I hereby command my priests to weave such spells above this villain such that on future trips to the land of dream he shall be incapable of finding the Seven Hundred Steps to Deeper Slumber and hence be forced to dream himself back into the temple basement. We shall so hold this villain until our friends (pointing to the dreamer) do request us to free him. Thus is mine judgment."

Waking Up

If the investigators failed to catch Uncle John in their dreams, then he'll gloat horribly over them in the

morning. He'll proceed with his awful plot, casting great enchantments and ritual songs over Sally and the loathsome monster-experiment, then imprison them together in a closet from whence (in a few months) he hopes to find that Sally has given birth to the Next Stage in his vile plots.

He orders three of his men to march the investigators outside and shoot them dead. These three, among the most moronic and degenerate of the Bensaminites, will be blamed for the murder, and doubtless arrested and executed. Uncle John does not care. The investigators have one slim chance to escape when they are lined up in front of their three executioners and the shotguns are aimed at their chests. If they make a quick break for it, they can engage the shotgunners in melee, try to overpower them, take away their weapons, and then race off before more Bensaminites arrive. This is dangerous, of course, because the shotgunners will be blazing away with their weapons while the investigators are fist-fighting with them, and because the other Bensaminites will come to their friends' rescue in only 2D4 rounds. And Sally is still in the closet with her loathly ravisher. But such are the rewards of failure in the Dreamlands.

HESTER, Executioner One

STR 7 CON 6 SIZ 10 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 2 SAN 00 HP 8

Weapon: Shotgun 30%, 4D6 damage

LESTER, Executioner Two

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 9 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 2 SAN 00 HP 8

Weapons: Shotgun 47%, 4D6 damage
Knife 41%, 1D6 damage

FERGUS, Executioner Three

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 10 POW 8
DEX 9 APP 4 EDU 3 SAN 00 HP 14

Weapons: Shotgun 38%, 4D6 damage
Fist 62%, 1D3+1D4 damage

On the other hand, if the investigators have succeed in capturing villainous Uncle John, he'll come to his prisoners in the morning and order all the Bensaminites out of the house. Then he'll untie the investigators and Sally, beg them for mercy on his dream-self, and tell them to follow him to a back way out of the house, where the Bensaminites won't see them leave. "I'm not so sure that they'll let me just let you go," he confides. Once he's seen the investigators safely off, he flees the state, leaving Bensamin behind forever. However, should his path ever cross that of the investigators again, he can once again be brought to terms, because his dream-self is still a prisoner in the Turquoise Temple of Celephais.

Loose Ends

There are some loose ends left behind in this adventure. What happens to Bensamin? Can Uncle John ever escape from the Turquoise Temple? What about the Experiment? Does it manage to wander off and cause trouble? We have left these questions up to the keeper, as his answers and his players' answers to these questions will be more fascinating than any that we could conjure up. Bensamin can stay in your campaign as a horrible little nest of

degeneration. Unless your investigators feel some overpowering need to stamp it out, it could be left alone, to fester itself into nothingness within a few years.

UNCLE JOHN'S EXPERIMENT

STR 12 CON 29 SIZ 22 INT 5 POW 12
DEX 13 HP 26 Move 7

Weapons: Bite 78%, 1D3 damage
Grapple 90%, special damage

The Experiment grapples twice a round, because of its four tentacles. Its grapple attack is just like a normal grapple, and it can simply try to immobilize its target, strangle him, or hurl him to the ground.

The Experiment is basically cautious and fearful of new things. It is far from perfect — which is why Uncle John wishes to breed it with Sally to make a more fierce order of being.

Pickman's Student

by Keith Herber

An extended scenario in which the investigators discover that the relationship between dream and reality is frighteningly unstable.

The investigators in this scenario should be familiar with the Dreamlands and should have visited it before.

In this adventure the investigators attempt to undo the horrible doom awaiting a Boston artist, Nelson Blakely, a former student of Richard Upton Pickman. The investigators learn the details of his suffering both by investigation in the waking world and by journeys into the Dreamlands. Then they must travel to the Underworld, learn from a ghoul that was once Richard Pickman how to face the Thing that grows beneath the quiet surface of a dark lake, and destroy that Thing — the dream counterpart of the Thing that lives and grows in the sickbed of Nelson Blakely.

Investigator Information

One Monday morning, one of the investigators reads an article in the local paper relating a mysterious accident which befell the young and talented painter, Nelson Blakely. A copy of the article ("Local Artist Falls Victim to Accident") appears nearby; there is also a version of it in the player handouts. The investigator knew Blakely once, though they were not necessarily close friends. The exact nature of this relationship is left to the keeper, but

do not state that he was once the boyfriend or lover of any female investigator.

While the investigator is reading the article, his telephone rings. A young woman is on the other end of the line, who introduces herself as Penny Tilstrom (a Know or Credit Rating roll informs the investigator that she is a young heiress whose name appears irregularly in the society columns), the fiancée of Nelson Blakely. Her voice strains and she sobs in telling her story.

"I met Nelson in the fall of 192- " (two years ago) "at a small art show held in the North End. Nelson was just one of many unknowns at the show, but I was charmed by his work. I spent most of my time at his artist's stall, chatting. Before I left, we made arrangements to meet again the next day. Before long, Nelson moved into my house — please don't think the worse of me. It's not like you think, anyway. We loved each other" [sobs]

"Nelson had more money than ever before. But he became depressed and withdrawn. He fought with his friends and neglected his commissions. He drank heavily and often stayed away from our home for days at a time. He never told me where he had been." [sobs]

"Anyway, I helped pay for his supplies and introduced him to some influential people. And of course, he became famous — you must have seen some of his paintings

[only true if the investigator keeps up on high-society art]. For a while, everyone who was anyone had to have one of his landscapes.

"We fought more and more often. Last January he packed up and moved into a horrible cheap garret in the North End. He wouldn't answer my calls or letters, and it wasn't until his accident that I was able to contact him again. Nelson still hasn't regained consciousness. Since he has no close relatives and no money, I've taken him back. My lawyers have instituted proceedings to have me declared his legal guardian until he recovers. I'm caring for him night and day — none of the nurses will stay, and

LOCAL ARTIST FALLS VICTIM TO ACCIDENT

BOSTON — Nelson Blakely, a local artist, was discovered unconscious in his North End apartment today. Unable to rouse Blakely, his landlord opened the door to discover the young painter lying apparently dead upon his couch. Taken to St. Mary's emergency, the artist remains unconscious at the time of writing.

Police ruled out the possibility of foul play. It is not known how long Blakely lay unconscious nor has the cause of his coma been determined.

Socialite Penny Tilstrom, Blakely's fiancée, has claimed custody of the coma-bound artist.

Blakely was known for portraiture of a characteristically strange, dream-like style.

the doctors don't offer any hope at all." [sobs] "But I'm sure he'll get better. I've seen signs of him improving all along. I'm sure of it. I'm sure of it.

"Please, won't you come visit? If Nelson sees and hears you, he might wake from his coma. Hurry, please."

"I called because early this morning Nelson moaned and I heard him talk in his sleep — doesn't that prove that the doctors are wrong? He can still talk, at least in his sleep, so I know that he can recover." [sobs] "Anyway, I looked in and heard him moaning your name. An operator found your number for me.

Keeper's Information

The information provided by Penny Tilstrom is reasonably accurate. She still carries a torch for Nelson Blakely and this should become obvious as she talks to the investigator on the phone. If the investigator receives a successful Psychology roll as she tells the story of how she came to contact him, he perceives that it is a fabrication. If accused of a lie, she readily admits it, but only if the investigator has already acknowledged that he once knew Nelson. She claims that she lied because she feared he wouldn't believe the truth. In truth, the investigator's name came to her during a terrible nightmare. Nelson, dripping with water, stood at the foot of her bed, groaning over and over again the name of the investigator. She hesitated to reveal this until she was sure she had the right party on the line and that the investigator was sympathetic.

Unknown to Penny, Nelson Blakely is the victim of a being called Ghadamon who resides at the bottom of a dead lake deep in the Dreamlands' Underworld. Blakely, who traveled in the Dreamlands, stumbled upon Ghadamon, and the man's consciousness was captured by the thing beneath the water. Since that night — the night of his mysterious accident — Blakely's body has been metamorphosing as the evil Ghadamon slowly exchanges his essence with that of the unfortunate dreamer.

Deep Ones in the waking world know of Ghadamon's coming, and stand by to assist it.

Once the investigators discover the facts behind Blakely's accident, it should be obvious that Ghadamon must be stopped. They eventually discover that this must be accomplished by traveling themselves to the Underworld.

Nelson Blakely

Born in March of 1897, Nelson Blakely was a foundling left on the steps of a New York City orphanage. Nelson was adopted, named, and raised by a middle-aged childless couple who were not wealthy, but nevertheless provided Blakely with a good education and instilled in him appreciation for the arts.

Blakely's foster-parents died in a train wreck when he was eighteen, leaving him a small inheritance intended to underwrite a college education. He entered Boston College in the late summer of 1915, but became bored with dry academia and before the close of the second semester dropped out of school and took a shabby apartment in the city's old North End.

In the artists' community he found encouragement to develop his talent and was soon living and painting in a small, dirty garret, spending most of his money on canvases, brushes, and pigment. During these years he met Richard Upton Pickman, a local artist of some renown. The obviously-talented Blakely soon became the protege of that strange, obsessed painter.

Pickman told Blakely of the possibility of dreaming oneself into another world, where strange and wondrous scenes could be seen to render onto canvas. Blakely was fascinated. After he left his mentor, Blakely learned the location of a book, *The Book Of Eibon*, a cryptic text mentioned to him by Pickman.

Visiting Harvard University Library, which contained the volume in question, Blakely luckily arrived on a day when the chief librarian was absent. The assistants were unaware that the book was under special restrictions and gave Blakely permission to peruse it. Returning the following day to continue his reading, Blakely discovered the chief librarian had also returned, and Blakely was refused access to it.

Some months later, Blakely became acquainted with Adrian Stimson, a minor occultist and mystic also living in Boston's North End. The two found a commonality of interests and Stimson happened to tell Blakely of a book he possessed, entitled *The Book of Eibon*. Adrian knew that reading the book might be dangerous, but still allowed Blakely to borrow it. With the knowledge gained from this confusing volume, Blakely first entered the Dreamlands.

Drawing on his visions of the Dreamlands, Blakely painted four bizarre dreamscapes. Each was different in subject, but all were the result of trips to the Dreamlands. Shortly after Blakely completed the last of the four, his funds ran out. The inheritance was gone and, in an effort to make ends meet, Blakely was forced to sell the four dreamscapes. One was purchased by Adrian Stimson, but the rest went for low prices to strangers.

A few days after selling the last of the dreamscapes, Blakely met Penny Tilstrom and fell in love. He stayed in her home and she defrayed the costs of his art. Through Penny he entered fashionable society, and there soon developed a demand for his work. Most of his commissions were for portraits, but all contained backgrounds with the weird landscapes and settings in which Blakely specialized. Successful, he began to gain critical notice but, as his success grew, he became depressed. He developed chronic insomnia, preventing him from entering the Dreamlands. As he lost his source of inspiration, he failed to complete many paintings. He became obsessed with what he termed "completion" of the work he had begun with his original series of four paintings. He left Penny, and sought, with the use of illegal alcohol, to plunge back into the world of dreams.

In his depressed state, exacerbated by alcohol, he soon found the Dreamlands again, but his journeys were no longer in the bright sunlit cities of the surface — instead, he wandered about the somber scenes of the Underworld. In his waking hours, he began to paint what he deemed to be his masterpiece — a huge canvas serving as centerpiece to the earlier dreamscapes. The painting was unfinished when Blakely, visiting a mysterious sterile lake, was attacked by the minions of Ghadamon, a Great Old One who lived beneath the oily surface of the moribund pool. Blakely's dream-self was pulled beneath the water of the terrible lake. His comatose body was discovered in the morning inside his locked studio; his lungs were clogged with seawater and to all appearances the man had suffered from drowning. The doctors diagnosed irreparable brain damage from oxygen deprivation, but Penny Tilstrom clings to the hope of his recovery.

The Final Days of Nelson Blakely

During the investigation, important events concerning Penny Tilstrom, Nelson Blakely, and others occur. Actions taken by the investigators may alter these events, but unless the investigators stop the growing menace within the week, the thing in the bed completes its transformation and escapes to the oceans of the real world, negating any chance for SAN rewards.

MONDAY: conditions within the house are as described in the Tilstrom House section. The investigators should first visit Penny and Nelson on this day.

TUESDAY: if the investigators visit Blakely today, they find that his body is considerably swollen and his skin has turned dark blue. A close inspection reveals splits opening in his skin from whence issues a clear, sticky fluid. Viewing Blakely in this condition costs 0/1 SAN.

Penny's SAN has now dropped to 38. There is no overt change in her personality, but a successful

Psychology roll indicates that she is under a great deal of strain.

WEDNESDAY: now Blakely's skin is almost black. His face is swollen so badly that it is unrecognizable. The splits in his skin have grown noticeably wider and several puffy bluish areas mar his body. Each blue spot is surrounded by yellow pustules that occasionally burst to exude a greasy paste. Once in a while Blakely chokes, coughing up pus that runs out his nose and mouth. Penny wipes this away stoically. Nelson seems to have grown larger — perhaps an illusion caused by the extreme swelling, a keeper may suggest. Viewing Blakely today costs 0/1D3 SAN.

Penny's SAN has dropped to 31 and she seems hysterical at times. She is disheveled in a rumpled dressing-gown. Her hair is stringy and her eyes have dark bags beneath them.

Late this evening or early tomorrow morning, several Deep Ones locate and break into Blakely's garret studio through the skylight. They ransack the place, destroying all canvases along with all of Blakely's papers. Before they leave they take the ankh from under the sofa if the investigators have not already done so. Should the investigators visit the studio, they find, amidst the wreckage, waterstains and the horrible fishy smell that always accompanies Deep Ones. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll tells the user that minor Mythos beings have been here.

THURSDAY: Blakely is huge, weighing at least 350 pounds. The swelling has increased, and his neck has almost disappeared. The ever-widening splits are now sealed by a crusty substance formed of the dried fluid that flowed from the wounds. His hair is falling out by handfuls and the bluish swollen areas are now great buboes that quiver at the touch. The SAN loss for viewing Blakely is now 0/1D4.

Penny's SAN is 24. She has lost weight and now is quite haggard. She now begins to insist that she hears prowlers around the house at night. The most damning evidence of her dwindling SAN is her insistence that Nelson is improving.

FRIDAY: Blakely is now a hulk weighing over 400 pounds. His arms and legs are swollen cylinders of blackened meat. Horribly, large buboes have broken open to reveal small deformed animal-like heads about the size of misshapen grapefruits. These heads feed voraciously on the flesh surrounding them and pay no attention to observers unless touched or disturbed, when they snarl and snap mindlessly at their molester, or spit a mouthful of blood and half-chewed flesh at their antagonist. SAN loss is now 1/1D8.

Penny's SAN is down to 17 and it is obvious that her mind is nearly gone. She keeps insisting that she hears voices outside the house at night.

SATURDAY: the sickroom now stinks with a sweet, cloying odor. As the investigators approach the enclosed bed, a large glob of a sticky substance falls off the bed to land on the floor with a disgusting plop. From behind the curtains they hear soft bubbling sounds. If the investigators choose to pull back the curtains, they find a huge, formless mass of brown and blue mucus that must

GHADAMON (*larval Great Old One*)

Description: composed mostly of a bluish-brown mucoid substance, Ghadamon moves about on land with difficulty, dragging itself along by means of sticky, stringy pseudopods which it shoots out from its mass and attaches to surrounding objects. Ghadamon is covered with pustules that develop, quickly swell, then burst to emit noxious gas or to ooze foul slime (often quickly sucked up by a nearby orifice). Several malformed head-like objects float about in Ghadamon's body, occasionally surfacing to peer about. Ghadamon now weighs over a thousand pounds, but will weigh much more after being escorted to the sea and installed in the House of Ghadamon by the Deep Ones.

Cult: none. Ghadamon until now has haunted his lake in the Dreamlands, waiting till the time was ripe to travel to the waking world. Ghadamon was originally created by the science of the Fungi from Yuggoth.

Notes: unless attacked, Ghadamon offers no direct threat to the investigators. Though he is aware of what is going on around him, he cares merely to reach the sea. Only if he is attacked or blocked in his attempts to reach the sea will he begin killing.

If Ghadamon does attack, he can send out 1D10 pseudopod strings each round. These adhere to anyone struck. The next round, Ghadamon pulls the victim to its multiple floating heads. The victim can tear loose from the pseudopod string(s) if he can overcome the adhesive's STR of 10. If more than a single string afflicts him, their total STR is added

together, and all must be defeated in a single resistance roll. Two strings have a STR of 20, for example.

Once a victim has been pulled to Ghadamon, roll 1D6 for the number of heads that can reach the victim each round, biting for 1D3 damage each. The heads can only reach victims that are actually touching Ghadamon.

GHADAMON*characteristics*

STR 45
CON 40
SIZ 35
INT 20
POW 40
DEX 18
Hit Points 38
Move 2/6 swimming

weapon	attack%	damage
Pseudopod	55%	adheres
Bite	100%	1D3

Armor: none, but all weapons do minimum damage. Ghadamon can regenerate 5 points of damage per round. His slimy surface protects him from most heat or fire damage, and only the most intense or prolonged heat harms him (burning down the house might work, though).

Spells: Contact Minion of Ghadamon, a spell that may only be cast in the Dreamlands when near the sterile lake in which Ghadamon once lived. Ghadamon may learn further spells as it matures.

SAN loss: 1D3/1D20.

weigh over 600 pounds. The voracious heads are still present, but are now quiescent. Long, sticky, stringy, pseudopods have formed and attached themselves to the surrounding bedposts and canopy overhead to form a lattice-work of dripping inhuman flesh. Seeing the horror costs 1/1D10 SAN.

Penny's SAN is now 10, and she is definitely mad, though not dangerous to herself or others. She mentions that last night some old friends of Nelson's dropped by unexpectedly. She didn't think to get their names, but they had come because of Nelson's accident. She says that they were very nice and all agreed that Nelson was looking much better.

The visitors were six Deep Ones who have been lurking about the house at night, waiting for the thing growing in the sickroom. The Deep Ones have found a storm drain giving them access to this part of town. They plan to help the mature Ghadamon in his journey to the sea. These are the prowlers that Penny has been complaining about the last few nights, though she has not realized this. In the bedroom is the evidence of the Deep Ones' visit — seaweed, sea-slime, etc.

SUNDAY: Ghadamon's transformation is now complete. The thing weighs over a half-ton. Sometime in the night, the overstressed bed collapsed, though the canopy is still upright and attached to the bedframe. The creature lies quietly, panting slowly and waiting for the Deep Ones to guide it to the sea. The Deep Ones arrive at 8pm and Penny lets them in when they come to the back door. If

investigators are in the house when the Deep Ones arrive, Penny brings the fishy horrors into whatever room the investigators occupy to introduce her guests.

Penny's SAN has now reached the low of 5. If she sees Ghadamon moving down the stairs aided by the Deep Ones, she loses these remaining points, dropping her sanity to zero. She then sits in a corner and stares blankly, giggling madly that she hopes Nelson doesn't stay out too late with his friends.

Additional Events

Encounters with Evelyn Bancroft's occultists may be inserted into this adventure at the discretion of the keeper, bearing in mind the outline of their goals given within the description of the group. They may even be in the area when the Deep Ones put in an appearance. Having no knowledge of the Mythos, and generally low SAN to boot, they will flee or be driven insane at the sight of the gilled monsters. The Deep Ones, for their part, have no reason to do anything but attack the occultists should the humans get in their way. The mangled body of an occultist, found on the Tilstrom property, could provide extra worries for the investigators.

If Jacob's painting has been bought or stolen by any of the investigators, Jacob shows up at regular intervals, sniffing, coughing, and desparately pleading for the return of his treasure. The exact time and place of these encounters are up to the keeper, but good use can be made of Jacob should the investigators be traveling to a

fancy party, eating in a nice restaurant, or any time that the derelict could greatly embarrass them.

Penny Tilstrom's Home

Living in a fashionable part of town, if the investigators have not yet recognized Penny Tilstrom as a young, well-to-do socialite, the sight of her home makes it obvious.



Penny Tilstrom

The investigators are greeted at the door by Penny, who is still quite cheerful and glad to see her visitors. She wears an expensive dressing gown and a little jewelry. As the investigators discover, Penny no longer leaves the house for any reason, explaining that she must be here at all times in case Nelson needs her. On subsequent visits, Penny wears the exact same articles of clothing, day after day after day.

Penny is more than willing to answer any questions put to her by the investigators, once convinced that they wish to aid her fiancé. She hopes that Nelson will wake up if the investigator whom he once knew goes up and speaks to him. She is quite anxious about this possibility and early on in the conversation she requests this.

Upstairs in a room next to Penny's lies the still form of Nelson Blakely on a canopied bed enclosed by curtains. Penny leads the investigators (and any others who decide to come upstairs) to the side of the bed and without ceremony or hesitation draws back the curtains. The investigators each lose 0/1 SAN at the sight.

Clad in expensive blue silk pajamas, Blakely's face is bloated and darkened. His lips are swollen and black, and his tongue protrudes from his mouth. His eyes are closed, and the bedclothes move slowly with labored breathing. His hands have turned dark purple, the nails completely black. The investigator who knew Blakely before notices how heavy the once-slim man has become since last he saw him. Now, he looks as if he weighs a little over 200 pounds. If he mentions this, Penny agrees that she was surprised at how much weight he had gained since moving out on her. She also says that the doctor warned her that his injuries might cause him to bloat a little.

Should an investigator try to open the patient's tightly-closed eyes for any reason, he discovers to his horror that they have grown shut, costing 0/1 SAN to realize this.

Of course, Blakely shows no response to anything the investigators do, much to Penny's chagrin.

Penny shows no revulsion at Blakely's appearance. Perhaps she is used to him, but she should have warned the investigators before throwing back the curtain.

If Penny is asked about Blakely's former mental or emotional state, she says that he was always quick to lose his temper, but she assures the investigators that artists are always sensitive and that Nelson never became violent or threatening. She also states that as time went by he became more and more obsessed with the idea of locating and retrieving the four paintings that he had sold before they met. Penny never saw the paintings but Nelson told her that all four were far superior to his other work. Nelson told her that he had only recently realized how important the paintings were, and now wished to complete the series with a final huge canvas to stand as a centerpiece to the other four.

Penny can provide the investigators with the name and address of the hospital that received Blakely. Here they may meet the doctor who treated Blakely when he was admitted to the emergency room. She also can give them the name of Detective Anthony Ehrling, who was in charge of the investigation into Blakely's accident. She has the address of the garret in which the artist lived at the time of the accident, and can supply the investigators with a key to the room. She says she has paid the rent on the place for the next three months in advance.

It won't occur to Penny to offer, but if the investigators ask for a fee, she will pay up to \$35 a day per investigator without quibbling. More than this causes her to Bargain.

PENNY TILSTROM

STR 9 CON 9 SIZ 9 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 12 SAN 45 HP 9

Skills: Bargain 55%, Botany 35%, Credit Rating 85%, Drive Automobile 55%, Ride 75%, Sing 55%, Swim 45%.

Languages: Speak/Read French 45/25%.

The Police Department

At the station, the investigators discover that Detective Ehrling is on a two-week vacation out of the city. If any character succeeds in a Law or Oratory roll, he is permitted to make a copy of the investigating officer's report (a copy of it is printed nearby, and one also exists in the player handouts).

POLICE REPORT: NELSON BLAKELY

...were called to the scene at 112 Folger Ave. by Andrew Mallin, the owner of the building. Upon arrival, Mallin was found in the apartment beside the unconscious form of a man later identified by Mr. Mallin as Nelson Blakely. Upon preliminary examination, the victim's lungs were found filled with water. An ambulance was called. Artificial respiration was applied, to no apparent avail.

Investigation showed that the apartment was securely locked from within and there were no signs of forced entry. The victim's clothes were soaked with water, as was the couch on which he lay. This water was quite salty. Its source was not determined.

The Hospital

Arriving at the emergency room (where the appropriate records are kept), the investigators meet the doctor who performed the final checkup on Nelson Blakely before the hospital released him to the care of Penny Tilstrom. Dr. Abraham Forrest is quite open and frank. He tells the investigators that he examined Blakely upon Blakely's arrival at the hospital around 11 am. Blakely was not breathing, and upon examination his lungs were filled with a clear liquid, apparently salt water. The liquid was drained and artificial respiration applied while Forrest who had not yet read the police report, assumed he was dealing with someone who had just been pulled out of the harbor. The man's pulse strengthened, and he began breathing again, but the doctor fears that he had suffered brain damage, as he was deprived of oxygen for some time. The still-unconscious Blakely was released two days later to Miss Tilstrom. The doctor's prognosis is bleak. He feels that there is no chance of recovery and has tried (unsuccessfully) to enlighten Miss Tilstrom about this.

Blakely's Studio

The victim's studio is on the top floor of a five-story building in a seedy section of the city. After trudging up

five flights of narrow, dirty stairs, the investigators walk down a short hall to a locked door. Behind the door is single large room, sparsely furnished with a single couch and one wooden chair. Rolls of canvas, stretchers, paints, brushes, and other artist supplies lay about. In the center of the room a large canvas, covered by a tarp, stands upon an easel. If it is daytime, the skylight overhead illuminates the room more than adequately.

Blakely was found on the worn, stained couch. If an investigator checks the fabric, he detects traces of a white, crusty deposit on the cushions. A Chemistry roll proves these deposits to be sea-salt (caused by water spilling from Blakely's lungs and evaporating on the material). If an investigator succeeds at Spot Hidden while checking the couch's cushions, he comes up with a small piece of dried green leaf. A Botany roll identifies it as seaweed. If an investigator looks beneath the sofa, he finds a six-inch-tall replica of an Egyptian ankh, likewise with bits of dried seaweed adhering to it.

Among the boxes on the floor are Blakely's financial records — a bunch of papers stuffed into a large manila envelope without rhyme nor reason. It takes two hours to sort through this mess, which dates back several years. A successful Accounting roll sorts properly through it in a matter of minutes, however. Most of these papers are useless, but four receipts pertain to the sales of Blakely's dreamscapes. These are clearly marked (they are also part of the handouts for this package).

In a different box, the investigators find Blakely's personal correspondence. Excerpts from one of these letters, written by a local sculptor, Robert Baldridge, is of special interest: see the nearby box for it (the handouts have a copy for the players). More about Baldridge occurs later in this adventure. In the bottom of the box is a brown envelope containing a yellowed letter and a small photograph from Pickman, Blakely's mentor (see the nearby box for letter and picture; there is another copy in the player handouts).

BALDRIDGE'S LETTER

Dear Nelson,

I really can't believe you take this dream stuff so seriously. Why, really, I'm sure all of us have some time or another used a dream image for inspiration; in fact, my latest line of statuary was inspired by a dream that I experienced. But as for relying solely upon this as a source of inspiration, I can't possibly believe you to be serious, nor can I recommend this procedure for any serious artist. And what is this talk of Pickman? You speak as though you had talked with him only yesterday. After all, the man dropped out of sight ages ago, probably a suicide, if you wish my opinion.

As for the ability of dreams to predict the future — egad! Are you totally unread? Have you not perused Freud? Or perhaps you have not even heard the name, tucked away in that dirty little hole the way you are, but never mind. That's for witch-doctors and barbaric primitives, an age and culture thankfully far behind. Scientifically yours,

Roger Baldridge

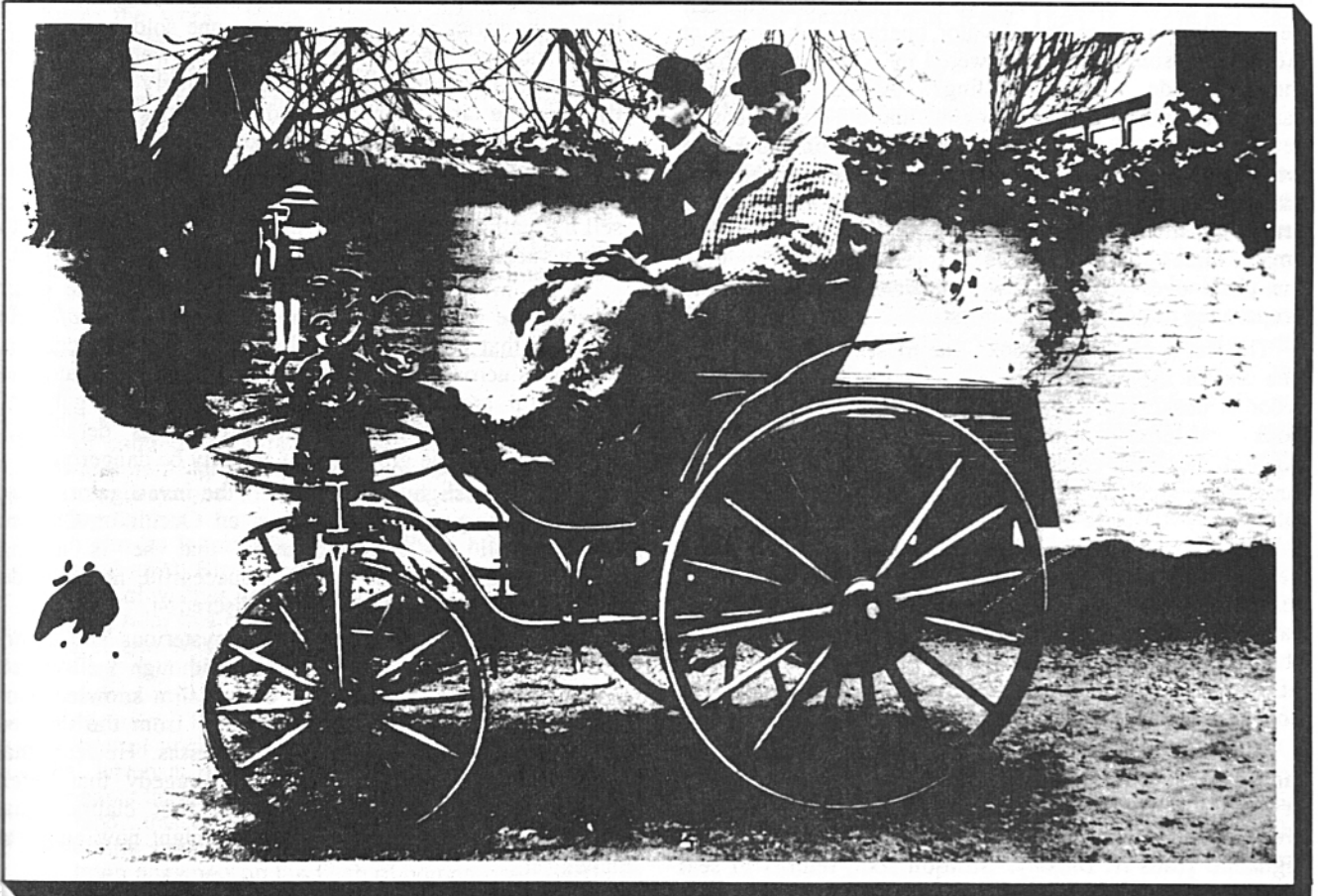


Photo of Pickman (right) and Friend

The investigators may want to check the covered canvas. Whether the characters simply pull the cover off or attempt to peek behind it, the results are the same; a loss of 0/1D2 SAN. The painting itself is far from complete. The surrealistic background has been painted first. The scene shows a completely still lake, surrounded by ruins of ancient temples, broken columns, and strangely headless statues. The stark lake itself ominously commands the attention of the viewer. A successful Dream Lore roll reveals this location to be somewhere in the dark and horrible Dreamlands Underworld. The Peaks of Throk are visible in the background.

LETTER FROM PICKMAN

...and so for reasons of health I have decided to retire, so to speak, and go away from the Boston area, probably forever. You know how to reach where I will be. Come and visit often, but do not forget to bear the sign of Aegyptus when you come. I enclose a photograph of me (and my friend, Eliot) taken some time back, when my health was better.

The Trail of the Paintings

The receipts are not numbered, nor do they contain the dates on which the paintings were sold. Only the addresses and names of the buyers are listed. The order in

which they are investigated by the players is unimportant; there is no special reason to seek out one above another.

One common effect which the four paintings produce is the strange feeling of repulsion felt upon first viewing each dreamscape. Each costs 0/1 SAN.

If your investigators are too stupid to look up the paintings, Penny Tilstrom suggests it, hoping that having the paintings will cure Nelson.

Elder Yuggoth

Receipt

Title: *Elder Yuggoth*

Sold To: A. Stimson

3112 Huntington Ave., #319

An investigator reading this name and receiving a successful Occult roll surmises that this is probably Adrian Stimson, a student of the occult sciences who occasionally writes magazine articles. His local reputation (at least as far as occultists go) is reasonably reputable, and Stimson is not associated with the more eccentric types. He views his studies as a science, not as something arcane and unearthly.

If the investigators check out the address given on the receipt, they find it is a medium-priced apartment house in a lower-middle class neighborhood. The investigators are pleasantly surprised to find an elevator in the small

lobby — saving them a walk to the fourth floor (though necessitating a tip to the elevator operator). A knock at Adrian Stimson's door is answered by a clear voice from the other side, "Who is calling?" Almost any answer satisfies the voice on the other side, and the door opens to reveal a tall thin man, dressed completely in black and with a pale complexion. He invites the investigators in to discuss Blakely's accident, if they mention it, and after arranging themselves on the couch and chairs in the small, three-room apartment, the investigators can look the place over while Stimson repairs to the kitchen to prepare tea or coffee for his guests.

The flat is crowded. Books line most of the walls, and one end of the room is given over completely to a large wooden desk. The top of the desk is strewn with opened books and loose papers, along with a battered typewriter. As a cliché, on a corner of the desk rests a human skull supporting a candle placed in a hole bored in the crown, while perched above it is a dusty stuffed owl, mounted on a branch. Other oddities are also visible: a dried lizard lies on a bookshelf here; a small snake is wound around itself in a jar of formaldehyde; there are numerous small carvings and other strange objects. The books on the shelves consists mostly of works on history and occult titles, along with a comprehensive collection of Russian novels in English translation.

On one wall hangs a painting of a strange desert landscape, in which the ground is studded with spiky crystals. On the far horizon can be see the spires of a weird alien temple. There is no title on the frame, but the signature reads *N. Blakely*. Stimson soon returns to seat himself with his guests.

Stimson is well over six feet tall and is also quite lean. His habit of dressing in black adds to the effect. His longish hair is also black, and his dark eyes seem to glitter with an unnatural intensity. He rarely laughs, but when he does it is usually at a time when no one else does.

ADRIAN STIMSON

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 60 HP 13

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 15%,
Astronomy 25%, Botany 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Dodge
22%, History 80%, Hypnosis 85%, Library Use 60%,
Occult 80%, Pharmacy 35%, Psychoanalysis 15%,
Psychology 65%, Zoology 20%.

Adrian Stimson met Nelson Blakely at a coffee shop two years ago. The two men found that they shared a common interest in the unnatural, and met a number of times for conversation. At one of these meetings Blakely mentioned to Stimson his unfortunate experience with Harvard University regarding access to *The Book of Eibon*. Stimson told Blakely that he possessed an untitled work that sounded very similar to the one described. Stimson loaned his copy to Blakely and through its inspiration, the painter created the four pictures that the investigators are now pursuing. Stimson also says that Blakely never returned the volume. (This is a lie — Stimson is now afraid of the book and does not wish to lend it indiscriminately. It is kept in the nightstand by his bed.)

Stimson explains that Blakely fell on hard financial times and was forced to sell the paintings though he hated

the thought of parting with them. Stimson bought one, the last of the series though not the last one sold, and it now hangs on the wall. The title of the work is "Elder Yuggoth." He adds that he had seen Blakely only once or twice in the last six months and both times he appeared nervous and overwrought. Blakely had lost a lot of weight and talked incessantly about buying back the four dreamscapes. Stimson assured him that he would willing sell the painting back at any time, but advised Blakely to take a vacation and forget about the paintings for a while.

If the investigators think to show Stimson the other receipts, he recognizes the one marked *E. Bancroft*. He explains that this is Evelyn Bancroft, another occultist, who lives across town. Stimson warns the investigators to be careful around this woman, as she has a gang of followers. Stimson actually refers to them as "deranged," and claims that the group might actually be dangerous.

Stimson is slightly paranoid. If the investigators want the man to open up, it requires an Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll to assure Stimson that he is among knowledgeable friends. If this is successful, he may add some information, at the keeper's discretion.

Stimson is sure that something mysterious and otherworldly has happened to the artist. Although well-versed in occult matters, Stimson has only a slim knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos, gained primarily from the untitled copy of *The Book of Eibon* he possesses. He fears that this volume is connected with the tragedy that befell Nelson Blakely and though he at first claimed that Blakely never returned the book, he might now admit to having it.

Stimson also has made a discovery about the painting "Elder Yuggoth." Using techniques of self-hypnosis in an attempt to perform astral travel, he once managed to enter the painted scene on his wall and therein walked about the alien desert depicted. He at first had thought to visit the strange, spired building in the distance, but soon grew fearful and fled back to this world. He has not attempted the feat again. If any experienced dreamer should sleep in the same room with this painting (or any of the other three) he will find that he can enter into the scene depicted. Stimson theorizes that the other dreamscapes can be used in a like manner, but warns the investigator that it might be extremely dangerous.

Stimson may join the investigators and go with them to the Dreamlands if this pleases the keeper. Stimson has never visited the Dreamlands, except for his one trip into the painting, but he is a quick learner. In any case, he refuses to travel to the land of "Elder Yuggoth" again, though he may be willing to experience one of the other paintings.

The investigators might try to get Stimson to hypnotize the Blakely-Thing on the bed, allowing Blakely to briefly speak from the Dreamlands. What clues are gained this way should be provided by the keeper, but the investigators cannot ask questions this way, and must listen to what Blakely is saying. If the investigators lack the insight to seek the Pickman-ghoul, Blakely's tortured spirit might tell them of this possibility.

The Book of Eibon

This version was translated by an unknown nineteenth-century Englishman. A Read English roll is needed to

complete the work. Even a cursory reading discovers certain passages of particular interest to the investigators (see the passages reprinted nearby, and remember also that a player copy exists in the handouts). The copy owned by Stimson is damaged, missing pages from the front and back of the book. Also missing are the all-important notes for the "Spell of Oneiro-Dissimulation." Both of the other available copies in this scenario, one in the Harvard Library, the other owned by a certain Dr. Zeus (described later) are in better condition, and contain this spell.

The Book of Eibon, Excerpts

...and it has been said that another realm, beyond that of common occurrence, lies waiting those who dare to enter. Many have tried drugs and herbs while others recommend to me the use of mesmerism to journey to these bizarre and distant worlds. Within, much can be learned first-hand...others have told of the great artist, Rhydagand, who needed but to paint a picture of whither he wished to journey, and then by sleeping near this drawing was magically transported there...those who would travel in these, the darkest parts of this strange world, do well to protect themselves against the foul dog-like denizens of this unholy realm. This protection is partially afforded by that sign of ancient Aegyptus, the scholar says, the ankh, which is revered as much as anything by the beasts that live in the pestiferous burrows that dot this land...this odd man, traveler to foreign realms, related the story of Ghadamon to me. How the thing had been spawned on the flesh of human brains and secreted beneath a great lake in a fearsome world of darkness where it would lie for eternal ages, feeding, growing, and waiting. This man did claim that Ghadamon is coming and coming soon. I deemed him mad, but soon later he was murdered by the Oriental One....

The Dreamscape of Elder Yuggoth

Viewers are first impressed by the bleakness of this scene, which portrays a vast desert of unnatural colors. Irregular spikes of crystal protrude from the coral sands at random angles. The light, provided by a pin-point sun in a violet-black sky, dances off the strangely-angled surfaces of the crystals. The barren landscape is broken only by the tiny depiction of an oddly-spined temple in the distance.

Stimson has never heard of Yuggoth and does not know what it means. Blakely told him once that the painting was supposed to be of a far-off world in a time long past.

An experienced dreamer can enter this painting if he wishes by simply sleeping in the same room and willing it so. Those who have never entered the Dreamlands must be hypnotized by Stimson first, take appropriate drugs, or undergo other such treatment. Characters entering this painting find themselves standing on the barren desert, perhaps surprised to find how bitterly cold it seems. They would surely die of exposure, were the experience not merely a dream. Near them is a rectangular opening through which they can vaguely see the real world. This is the access point for the painting, and the means by

which the dreamers must leave. There is little in this place aside from the distant temple in the background, at least several hours walk away.

As they near the temple, they see that it consists of a central structure some eighty feet high, octagonal in shape and topped by a great dome of sparkling crystal. This central structure is surrounded by four slender towers, windowless and topped by smaller versions of the same crystal dome. Lengths of clear tubing, a foot in diameter, connect the various towers with the central building and each other while thick fluids of various dull colors and consistencies constantly pump through them with rhythmic pulses. A delicate stairway winds around the exterior of the central building wall several times before ending at a balcony bordering the edge of the crystal dome. At the end of the stairs is a small angular opening — the only access to the interior that can be discovered.

If the investigators should climb the stairs and enter the dome, they find themselves standing on a gallery that circles the top of the building. If they approach the balcony and look down to the floor, they see four of the dread Mi-Go, the fungi from Yuggoth, gathered around a large transparent globe which is nearly twelve feet across and mounted upon a shiny black dais in the center of the floor. The globe is half full of opaque colored liquids, pumped in by dozens of flexible tubes running between it and the floor. Different tubes occasionally flex as their liquid is metered into the mixture circulating in the globe. Each time this happens, the color and the texture of the mixture changes. Next to the fungi, on a stone table, rests a shiny metal cylinder, upright and with its top unscrewed, while the wires that connected it to a small machine now dangle uselessly.

On one side of the room, surrounded by four large dully glowing green crystals placed on the floor, stands a Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath. The thing is motionless, its ropy tentacles standing nearly straight out from the disgusting trunk, as though it were the victim of a terrible shock. The thing quivers under the radiation of the green crystals.

Witnessing this scene costs 2 SAN rolls; one for the Dark Young (1D3/1D20) and one for the fungi (0/1D6). If a character goes even briefly insane, he screams in horror and immediately flees the building, alerting the fungi gathered below. The fungi clamber to a door and any investigators remaining can hear the crustaceous fungi noisily scrabbling up an internal stairway in an effort to reach the intruders. The Dark Young remains motionless within its glowing field.

Fleeing back to the portal on foot takes some time, and the flying fungi easily overtake the slower humans. The fungi are unarmed except for their natural weapons. They attack the investigators until one or more of their number is slain, at which time they fly back to the temple, allowing the investigators to escape. If the characters make no noise, they can go undetected and safely watch the proceedings from behind the balcony.

After a moment or two, the four fungi, who until this moment have been watching the globe intently, withdraw from beneath the table a 10-foot-wide shallow bowl and a device with a wicked blade jutting from one edge. The bowl and the device are both made of a yellow metal covered with carvings. The blade on the device, however,

is apparently made of the same substance as the strangely-glowing green crystals that surround and imprison the Dark Young. Three fungi drag the bowl while another picks up the device and all approach the rigid, unmoving Dark Young. As the Mi-Go enters the glow, the Dark Young shudders visibly. After a moment's hesitation, one Mi-Go plunges the blade deeply into the trunk of the Dark Young and cuts downward. A thick syrup, sickly yellow and with small lumps in it, spills from the wound and other fungi catch it in the bowl. The Dark Young grows more flaccid and its color becomes grayish as more and more of the sticky liquid drips from the wound to fall slowly into the bowl with a grotesque plopping sound. Viewing this costs 0/1D3 SAN.

As the Dark Young dies, the fluid stops dripping. At this moment, the fungi with the bowl carry it quickly to the globe and unceremoniously dump the entire contents into the swirling liquid. Within seconds the fluid in this vessel turns completely transparent revealing that, except for the liquid, it is empty.

Now one of the Mi-Go reaches into the metal cylinder and extracts what appears to be a living, throbbing human brain (lose 0/1 SAN). This is placed in the globe. Because the liquid has such a high specific gravity, it floats about two feet below the surface. The fungi then take, from under the table, a jewel about the size of an egg and place this also in the globe, about three feet from the brain. The fungi then begin to sway and their glowing heads rapidly change color. After a moment the jewel begins to rotate slowly, then it spins faster and faster until it begins to change form and color. It then stops revolving and the characters can see that it is now a living, moving form; though from their distance they cannot actually see what the small creature looks like.

They can, however, see the thing feebly swim through the liquid to the brain, which it seizes with surprising ferocity. The small form starts to burrow into the brain while the fluid reddens from the blood now being spilled into it. The scene remains this way for about a half-hour with the fungi continuing their "dance" the entire time. If the players wait any longer, they see the hoses running to the globe begin to quiver and flex, and the fluid within starts to swirl and clear. At this point the fungi end their swaying and gather closely about the globe to observe. As the fluid grows transparent once more, the investigators see a large thing floating within the globe, rusty brown in color, streaked with putrescent blue. It moves through the fluid with a slow undulation of its body, and occasionally shoots out long, stringy pseudopods that adhere to the sides of the globe, using these to pull itself about. If the characters are as yet undiscovered, they suddenly hear a loud clicking noise, then the name "Ghadamon" is whispered in their ears, just as they suddenly awaken in their chairs with a concerned-looking Adrian Stimson frantically snapping his fingers before their eyes.

A Cthulhu Mythos roll made either during or after the scene reveals that the glowing green crystals, as well as the blade of the device, seem to have been manufactured from something called in Mythos Works "The Seed of Azathoth" and described only as a tool of the fungi from Yuggoth and insects from Shaggai, used to subdue and harm the minions of certain Outer Gods. A second

Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the Thing formed in the globe as a potential major creature or even Great Old One. A third successful Cthulhu Mythos roll against the name "Ghadamon" might recall to the investigator bits and fragments of the Ghadamon legend. The keeper can supply these fragments from the passages contained in handout #7.

If the dreamers attack and overwhelm the four fungi, they can investigate the downstairs. If the glowing crystals are disturbed or damaged (they can be cracked and shattered like any gemstone), the Dark Young is freed, and attacks the investigators with characteristic ingratitude. The transparent globe of liquids proves impervious to anything the investigators can do, as do the flexible tubes sprouting from it. Any investigator foolish enough to stick his hand into the liquid within the globe experiences agonizing pain until he withdraws it again — whereupon he can see that his hand has been withered to uselessness. On the next trip to the Dreamlands the damage vanishes.

Little else is here other than a narrow stone stairway leading down to a damp vault of seemingly immense age. Inscribed on the walls of this chamber are pictures showing how to spawn one of the terrible things that the dreamers just saw upstairs. It shows the small creature placed underwater. One final picture shows a gigantic form of this same creature (Ghadamon) dwelling on an ocean floor. Successful Dream Lore rolls permit the users to realize that the early pictures show the Dreamlands, but the last one is in the waking world. The hideous secret that the carvings hint at causes those that understand this to lose 0/1D3 SAN.

New York At Dusk

Receipt

Title: *New York At Dusk*

Sold to: Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Biggs

1414 Belden Ave. #1130

Anyone succeeding in a Know and an Idea roll connects this name and the ritzy address to surmise that this is Boswell Biggs, the extremely successful owner of a major Boston shipping firm.

The address is a posh apartment owned by the well-to-do couple. Should the investigators call here, they are met at the door by a maid. She calls Mrs. Biggs, who is a tall, striking woman in her mid-forties. She refuses the investigators entry to her residence, but consents to answer a few questions while standing in the doorway. She did once own the painting and says so, but due to her husband's squeamishness she was forced to sell it to a local art dealer, whose address she supplies. Meanwhile, the supposed Mr. B. E. Biggs can be seen in the background, tied securely to his armchair with a heavy length of rope and a bathrobe draped over him. Investigators can also notice a collection of masks and whips on the wall. No other information about the painting can be gained here. Should the investigators attempt a rescue of the bound man, they find that they have invaded a (more or less) peaceful domestic scene and the possibility of arrest by the police is high. Unless someone can placate the invaded and highly offended



couple with a successful Oratory, the investigators could find themselves on the losing end of an extremely costly lawsuit.

At the art dealer's they are informed that the painting, after hanging unsold for some time, was peddled (at considerable loss) to a lesser dealer on the other side of town. The art dealer provides the address of this store.

The second shop proves to be a tiny bookstore in a run-down part of town. The dealer remembers the painting well and who he sold it to — an oldster who goes by the name of Jacob, and who lives just a couple of blocks away. Looking around inside the shop reveals several stacks of so-called pornographic writings presently banned in the city of Boston and the rest of the United States. These include works by D.H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and others.

Jacob's apartment building is incredibly shabby and filthy. The investigators must walk up three flights of stairs past drowsing bums and murderous derelicts crouched in the stairwells and halls. The apartment is on the third floor. After knocking, the investigators hear the sound of numerous latches being thrown back. The door then opens a crack — held securely by a chain at the top. In the crack the investigators see the small dirty face of an old man. His stubby beard still bears cracker crumbs from his interrupted dinner. He has halitosis and looks as though he has not washed in months. This is Jacob.

Jacob is more than happy to let the investigators in to see his treasure, explaining that most of the people around his place don't appreciate good art.

The flyblown apartment contains no furnishings save a small chair, a hotplate, a mattress, and the old table upon which the painting is propped. He has arranged a sheet around it to serve as a frame and two candles stand on either end of the table to provide light. The small chair sits right in front of the painting, pointed at it.

Jacob is fanatically in love with the painting, but can be talked into parting with it if offered \$200 or more (more money than he has ever seen). If the old man agrees to sell the painting, he stands forlornly in the middle of the room, holding his money, and watching the investigators carry out his treasure while a tear rolls down his cheek. The next day Jacob decides he has made a mistake and, carrying the money given him by the investigators, tracks them down to their homes or offices. Here he approaches them, regardless of their present activities, and begs them to sell the painting back to him. Although completely harmless, Jacob has become obsessed with regaining his painting, and pursues the investigators throughout the course of this adventure (or maybe even longer), showing up in the most unusual places at the worst times, pleading to be allowed to buy back his one precious thing.

The Dreamscape "New York At Dusk"

This is a sunset view of the city, just before darkness falls. In the background are the towering skyscrapers of the metropolis. In the foreground is an old cemetery within which squat several leering ghouls, their backs to the viewer. They are obviously preparing to tear into a fresh grave.

Viewing this painting for the first time, as with all the paintings, costs 0/1 SAN. Anyone knowing of Richard

Upton Pickman, the once-famous Boston artist who disappeared some time ago under mysterious circumstances, recognizes that the painting is strongly reminiscent of Pickman's work.

Like the others, this painting can be entered by any experienced dreamer sleeping in the same room with it. The dreamers can easily crawl behind a tombstone or crypt to hide before the ghouls can see them. They can hear the gibbering voices of the ghouls clearly. "Too bad about Blakely, eh?" one says. "Pickman was quite upset to hear about it," a second voice meeps. With that, the ghouls fall to digging up their mea'. If any investigator makes himself known to the ghouls, they turn, their eyes blazing, and chase him. If he can show them an ank, or quickly yells that he has come on behalf of Nelson Blakely, the ghouls, instead of tearing him to pieces, sit back on their haunches and offer to lead him to Pickman. One of the graveyard crypts has a tunnel that leads steeply down into the reeking soil. This tunnel leads the dreamers right into the Underworld in the vicinity of some major ghoulish burrows.

Anyone that tries to wander around the graveyard, even if his intent is only to find a way out, is eventually accosted (and possibly attacked) by ghouls.

Fate

Receipt 3

Title: *Fate*

Sold To: Reggie van Statler
(no address)

Any investigator succeeding in a Know roll remembers van Statler as a millionaire playboy who was killed several months ago in a motorcycle accident. Reggie van Statler lived in an exclusive penthouse, the location of which is easily discovered. However, should they visit the penthouse they are refused admittance by the butler who is still employed by the van Statler family to maintain the unoccupied, but expensive, property. If the investigators ask of the painting, they learn that all Mr. van Statler's sizable art collection was donated to museums. The butler then closes the door and, if the investigators continue to harass him, telephones the police.

Anyone succeeding at a Law roll knows how to obtain a copy of van Statler's will. Therein it is found that the painting "Fate" by Nelson Blakely, was donated to a small but exclusive private art gallery. At the gallery, the investigators meet the owner, Mr. Bluth, who is happy to talk with them. He explains that the painting was hung for a while in the main hall of the gallery, but because of complaints, was taken down and stowed away in the basement.

In the basement, the owner can remove the protective cover and reveal the painting to the investigators. It depicts a canopied, curtained bed, frighteningly similar to the one in which Nelson Blakely now lies. The room in the painting, however, is decidedly different; made of smooth white marble, vast in dimension, and alien in proportion. A heavy stone door on the back wall of the room stands tightly closed. The bed is the only object in the room.

"Note these shadows," Bluth says, pointing to the wall near the bed while he stands behind the painting. "Try moving about slightly to view the painting from different angles." By so doing, the investigators find that somehow Blakely has managed to paint the shadows behind the bed in a way that makes them appear to move and hover threateningly about the walls (costs 0/1 SAN).

"See what I mean?" asks Bluth when the investigators gasp. "So many of our customers complained that I finally had to put the thing away. Remarkable effect though, don't you think? Blakely was quite an artist!"

Bluth is more than happy to sell the painting, but he has heard of Blakely's accident, and counts on the painting to rise in value. He wants \$500 for the painting.

If anyone enters this painting, he can investigate the room, which is filled with a horrifying stench. The shadows on the wall mysteriously undulate and draw closer to the investigator with each passing minute. If he stays in the room for longer than ten dream-minutes, the shadows begin to come off the walls and move towards him, nearer every few minutes, though they draw back at his approach. If he stays longer than sixty dream-minutes, they envelop him, he is blocked from view, and the shadows disperse — and the investigator has been transformed into a shadow himself, to dance on the walls with the rest.

A strange rasping sound comes from the bed. If anyone is so bold as to draw back the curtains on the bed, he sees a dozen rotted corpses squirming atop each other and the bedclothes. As they rub atop each other, portions of their putrid flesh slough off, revealing the stark white tendons beneath. The viewer loses 1D3/1D10 SAN.

If the heavy door in the back wall is pulled open (requires a combined STR of 16), the dreamers find themselves faced with a wall of water that somehow will not pass through the doorframe. It is obvious that this door opens onto the bottom of some body of water, but it takes a Dream Lore roll to identify it as the Sterile Lake of the Underworld. Just beyond the range of sight lies the horrible form of Nelson Blakely looking as he is described in the Dreamlands portion of this adventure. This doorway might provide the dreamers with a shortcut to the bottom of the lake, but they cannot use it until they have obtained the magic fungus also described in the Dreamlands section.

R'lyeh At Dawn

Receipt 4

Title: *R'lyeh At Dawn*
Sold To: E. Bancroft
113 Asbury Blvd.

This painting is still owned by Evelyn Bancroft and the address given is her home, a large three-story structure in a deteriorating neighborhood. Evelyn leads a group of self-proclaimed disciples who occupy the house with her. This group has no occult abilities or powers and is actually just a collection of kooks carefully gathered by Bancroft to do her bidding.

Bancroft greets the investigators at the door. She is in her mid-fifties, slim, and wears her silver hair in a bizarre,

upswept fashion. She habitually dresses in long, tight, gowns and flounces around gesturing with her foot-long cigarette holder. She is gratified to show the investigators the painting, and she and the rest of the household put on their "weirdest best" for the benefit of their company.

ELIZABETH BANCROFT

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 33 HP 10

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Debate 60%,
Drive Automobile 45%, Fast Talk 80%, Occult 35%,
Orate 50%, Psychology 25%.

Languages: Speak French 12%, Speak Latin 17%.

Weapons: 9mm automatic pistol 45%, 1D10 damage

For years, Bancroft has proclaimed herself to be a rival and enemy of the "dark-hearted demon, Adrian Stimson," a charge completely the product of her mind and one that Stimson barely understands, though all the woman's followers are given to understand that Bancroft carries on a deadly psychic war with her "arch-enemy." He met Bancroft just once, several years ago, immediately adjudged her a fruitcake, and since that time has scrupulously avoided any contact with the woman. To her credit, Bancroft has never actually done anything worse than slander Stimson behind his back.

Recently, Bancroft has been afflicted by a series of nightmares, caused by the dreamscape she owns. While she does not understand the nightmares, they have begun to unhinge her already shaky mind. Once she is contacted by the investigators, she will have her following keep an eye on them (this may or may not be noticed by the investigators). If they are seen to associate with Stimson, she interprets this to mean that she has come under attack, the investigators serving as Stimson's lackeys in an organized attempt to destroy her. She retaliates by sending some of her followers, primarily Sonny and Jerry, to attack and harass the investigators. The place and time of these attacks are up to the keeper, but Bancroft's followers will use Bancroft's large, high-powered automobile to transport them.

SHIELA

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 17 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 8 APP 8 EDU 8 SAN 33 HP 16

Skills: Occult 15%, Pharmacy 25%.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3+1D4 damage
Butcher Knife 50%, 1D6+1D4 damage

A woman in her mid-twenties, who has long blonde hair and weighs in at well over 250 pounds, Sheila always dresses in black velvet and is rarely seen without a large, fluffy, white cat named Melkor draped over one arm. At close range, Sheila smells strongly of exotic spices (like garlic). She'll choose one male investigator and make eyes at him through his entire visit.

SONNY

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 8
DEX 10 APP 8 EDU 10 SAN 25 HP 16

Skills: Drive Automobile 45%, Hide 45%, Occult 10%, Pick Pocket 25%, Sneak 80%.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+1D4
Butcher Knife 80%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Wearing wire-rimmed glasses, pudgy and beardless, Sonny is Evelyn's 35-year-old son. Shy and polite

whenever Mummy is around, Sonny indulges in minor sadistic pleasures when out of her sight. He has been twice reported to the police by neighbors who claimed they saw him torturing small animals in the back yard. Mummy has warned him not to get caught again!

KARIN SELIM

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 15 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 35 HP 13

Skills: Climb 65%, Dodge 65%, Fast
Talk 65%, Hide 55%, Jump 55%, Occult 08%,
Oratory 55%, Pick Pocket 65%, Sing 35%, Sneak 60%.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3+1D4 damage
Caliber .38 revolver 35%, 1D10 damage

Karin is of average size and sports a bushy head of hair and penetrating blue eyes. He claims to be now living in a former incarnation of himself. He likes to wear capes and tall boots and usually speaks in (mis)quoted Shakespeare.

PROFESSOR ZEUS

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 10 EDU 18 SAN 35 HP 10

Skills: Accounting 55%, Anthropology 35%,
Archaeology 25%, Astronomy 55%, Botany 45%,
Chemistry 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Debate 40%,
Geology 30%, History 55%, Law 15%, Library Use 85%,
Linguist 10%, Occult 75%, Pharmacy 20%,
Psychoanalysis 20%, Zoology 30%.

The scholar of the group, Zeus is in his mid-thirties, balding and quiet. He is usually at his desk in the living room, poring over some obscure volume of occult science. He is generally lost in thought and vaguely shakes hands if an investigator speaks to him, then turns quickly and impolitely back to his work. If any investigator succeeds at Library Use while glancing over Zeus's bookshelves, he notes a copy of *The Book of Eibon*. This copy is more complete than the one owned by Stimson, and contains the "Spell of Oneiro-Dismissal," which can be used to reverse the exchange being made by Ghadamon at the expense of Nelson Blakely.

Spell Of Oneiro-Dismissal

This spell is only usable in the Dreamlands. It dismisses a dreaming character from thence, no matter how strongly he is bound there. The banishment is permanent, and destroys the target's dream-form. This spell has absolutely no effect on beings native to the Dreamlands. The spell costs a number of magic points equal to the target's POW and takes five minutes to properly intone. It has a range of 10 yards.

Zeus is in better mental shape than the rest of the group, and doesn't notice them very much at all. At the Bancroft home he receives space and as much time as he chooses to study and he also enjoys a certain amount of respect. This is enough to keep him pleased and oblivious to his surroundings. If he can be got out of the house and alone, a successful Debate roll convinces him to leave Evelyn Bancroft's group and aid the investigators by turning his skills and knowledge to their purposes. The professor's possible contribution, in addition to his formidable knowledge skills, is the possibility that he may

discover the spell to reverse the exchange presently occurring between Blakely and Ghadamon.

The latest addition to the household is Jerry, a powerfully-built man in his late twenties. His head is shaved and his arms, exposed by the short sleeves of his tight t-shirts, are covered with vulgar tattoos. He never speaks in the presence of the investigators, but occasionally grins widely, revealing three gold teeth. Jerry has a single pierced ear in which he wears a small ank.

Jerry is a much-sought-after suspect in a brutal, motiveless, axe murder that took place a few months ago. He is completely nuts. Only Evelyn knows that he is a killer, but she believes that she has suppressed his base impulses through her magic and that turning him over to the police would be a gross injustice. If she decides to attack the investigators, Jerry will be put in charge. She knows that, once started, Jerry won't stop until he has killed them or been killed himself.

JERRY

STR 17 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 9 POW 11
DEX 16 APP 13 EDU 3 SAN 5 HP 34

Skills: Camouflage 85%, Climb 80%,
Dodge 85%, Hide 80%, Jump 85%, Listen 85%,
Sneak 90%, Swim 85%, Throw 80%.

Weapons: Grapple 95% (Jerry likes to strangle.)
Hatchet 90%, 1D6+1+1D6

Special Abilities: Jerry has superhuman toughness and tolerance of pain, as suggested by his hit points. He also has special abilities in the Dreamlands, as described later. He gets these powers from Ghadamon, unknown to himself or to Bancroft.

"R'lyeh At Dawn"

Bancroft keeps the painting in a place of honor in the living room, surrounded by various occult paraphernalia. The painting causes 0/1 SAN loss. The scene is somewhere at sea. A bright blue sky is overhead. In the foreground is the bow of a large outrigger canoe — the perspective is that of a person aboard the craft. On the horizon looms a terrible black island; oozing slime and seawater as though it had just risen from beneath the waves. Standing in the center of the island is a great monolithic structure, its planes and angles defying human description. In one wall of the structure a dark opening can be seen.

None of the cultists have identified the scene, but any investigator making a Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes R'lyeh. Evelyn Bancroft knows the word "R'lyeh" only from the title that Blakely gave her when he sold her the painting.

Possession of this painting leads to the eventual experiencing of terrible dreams as though the person had cast a Contact Cthulhu spell. Evelyn won't sell the painting and may even attempt to steal the others if she learns of their existence through the investigators.

If the characters come into possession of this painting and attempt to enter it, they find themselves in the canoe, paddling toward the black island. Once ashore they discover that the only thing of possible interest is the monolithic building, and it contains but one entrance. Stepping into that building may be the last thing these

investigators ever do. Within, squatting on a great throne, waits great Cthulhu.

Robert Baldrige, A Sculptor

Baldrige is a local sculptor and the writer of a letter which may have been discovered in Blakely's correspondence, discussing dreams and other matters. (See the earlier section, Blakely's Studio.)

Baldrige consents to an interview if asked. The investigators find the man to be arrogant and disdainful of Blakely's artistic efforts. He provides little information apropos Blakely, but recalls that the last time he spoke with the man the painter had claimed to have spoken with the spirit of Richard Upton Pickman, an artist long-missing and presumed dead. "I think Blakely's gone to join him, don't you?" laughs the sculptor. "They were both crazy as bedbugs.

"Speaking of crazy," he continues, walking toward a statue covered with a large cloth. "What do you think of this?" And he pulls away the cloth revealing a skillfully executed, life-sized statue of a man, sculpted in the Grecian tradition, but minus a head.

"I call this my 'Headless Period'," says Baldrige cynically. "The rich folks are lapping these up at two grand a crack. Now who's to say who's crazy, eh?" And he laughs again.

Baldrige carries on with his feeble attempts at bored humor until the investigators realize there is nothing more to be gained here. The sculptor possesses the last letter written to him by Blakely, but won't mention it to the investigators unless they prompt him. If reminded, he hands it over willingly. See the box nearby for the text of the letter; the player handouts also contain a copy.

Some time shortly after the investigators have contacted both Baldrige and the occultists, Jerry finds his way here and murders the sculptor. Details are in a morning newspaper article (see the box nearby for a copy

of the story; the player handouts also contain one). If the investigators follow this up at the police station, they are shown the single piece of evidence discovered at the scene of the crime — an earring in the shape of a small ankh. If the investigators did not obtain the letter from Nelson Blakely, it may now come to their attention by way of the police, or they may stumble upon it if they investigate the murder scene.

LETTER, BLAKELY TO BALDRIDGE

...and Pickman told me of how he could be reached. I had in my possession once a painting which I could use to visit him, but I sold it for money. I would be happy for the return of that painting now.

Into The Dreamlands

The investigators should realize that Blakely had been journeying to the Dreamlands in search of suitable subjects to paint. It should be apparent that the ghoul that was Pickman might know what became of Blakely, his former student. All the dream adventure takes place in the Underworld. If the investigators have not located the shortcut there via the painting, "New York At Dusk," they must enter this dark world by a more dangerous and time-consuming route decided upon by their keeper. Once in the Underworld, they must make their way to the southern edge of the great rift that splits this dark world and begin searching for the ghoul burrow that contains Pickman.

The keeper may wish to create some encounters during the Upper Dreamlands phase of the trip. In any case, once in the underworld, the dreamers are terrorized by a creature which changes form between visits. This creature is actually Jerry, of Evelyn Bancroft's entourage, but this should only gradually become apparent to the investigators.

Jerry's Dream Forms

Jerry will be encountered once every time the dreamers visit the underworld, but only after Jerry and the investigators have met in the real world. These attacks occur at a time and place chosen by the keeper and each time the form of the dreaming Jerry is different. Three such forms are provided, and the keeper may invent additional forms if necessary. Only the real-world death of Jerry combined with the destruction of the dream form stops these recurring attacks. Even if arrested and jailed by the police, the mad killer still easily dreams himself into the Underworld in pursuit of the investigators. Jerry's dream-forms attack immediately upon spotting the investigators and fight until dead or all the dreamers are slain. If killed in the Dreamlands, the monster that is Jerry can still return in a new form the next time the dreamers enter the Dreamlands, unless his waking body has also been slain.

He gets this special power from Ghadamon, unbeknownst to Jerry. He loses the ability to reappear in

LOCAL ARTIST MURDERED

BOSTON —Sculptor Roger Baldrige today was found decapitated in his studio. Police are presently without suspects in the grisly slaying.

Police were called to 1662 Whitehead Ave. when a client, unable to rouse Baldrige, peered in a window to see the prostrate form of the artist.

Lying on the floor in a pool of blood was the decapitated corpse, bearing multiple injuries. A search of the building revealed no clues other than one unlocked window. Officers were at first unsure of the victim's identity. When a tarp was removed from what appeared to be a statue that Baldrige was working on, beneath it was discovered the bloody severed head of Roger Baldrige, placed carefully atop the otherwise headless nude statue.

The same killer is believed responsible for another brutal murder several months ago, and is suspect in several other violent crimes. The killer is believed to be male, in his late twenties or early thirties, and quite powerful. He is considered to be extremely dangerous.

Persons with information about this crime should contact the police immediately.

the Dreamlands after dream-death once Ghadamon has either been driven from the waking world or has passed completely to it.

DREAMJERRY WEREWOLF

STR 22 CON 18 SIZ 20 INT 9 POW 11
DEX 18 HP 19 Move 10

Weapons: Claw 45%, 2D6 damage
Bite 30%, 1D10+2D6 damage

Armor: the thick black hair provides 4 points of armor.

SAN Loss: 0/1D8.



A Ghoul

This thing resembles a large, erect, werewolf with a semi-human, vaguely Jerry-like face that is first seen howling from a not-too-distant hill. It races down the hill, slaving and growling, to throw itself among the group of dreamers with fang and claw.

This creature can attack either with two claws or a single bite.

DREAMJERRY WORM

STR 30 CON 15 SIZ 22 INT 9 POW 11
DEX 8 HP 19 Move 8

Weapons: Crush 75%, 1D10 damage

Armor: the rubbery substance of the worm-thing acts as 4 point armor. It cannot be impaled.

SAN Loss: 0/1D10

This horror suddenly erupts from the ground within striking distance of the dreamers. Squeezing its way up out of the dark, stinking matter of the Underworld with cracking sounds and the stench of methane gas, this monsters resembles a huge pale worm. Nearly seven feet long and two feet in diameter, it bears the twisted visage of a screaming, near-human, Jerry-like face.

DREAMJERRY GIANT

STR 28 CON 22 SIZ 28 INT 9 POW 11
DEX 10 HP 30 Move 8

Weapons: Axe 60%, 2D6+2D6

Armor: none.

SAN Loss: 1/1D10.

This form appears much like the Jerry of the waking world, only he is nine feet tall and wields a giant axe. Worse, he is stripped to the waist, revealing his torso as a monstrously large and horrible face. The eyes replace the normal nipples. A huge, fanged mouth leers open across Jerry's powerful stomach muscles.

Pickman Among The Ghouls

The dreamers should seek the ghoul named Pickman somewhere among the burrows located on the northern edge of the rift. This requires a burrow-to-burrow search, and the investigators must deal with the different ghouls that they encounter. While ghouls are certainly dangerous adversaries, they are not nearly as fierce here as when in the waking world.

If the investigators bear an ankh of any kind, the ghouls refrain from attacking them out of hand. Otherwise, anytime a group of ghouls should be met, a chosen dreamer (spokesman) must make an Oratory roll. If this character speaks the meeping language of the ghouls, he doubles his chances of success. Referring to the name of Pickman also doubles chances of success (both referring to Pickman and speaking the ghouls' language quadruples one's chances!). The ghouls, even if unconvinced, do not necessarily attack frontally, but instead amuse themselves by harassing the party with thrown rocks or ambushes from high passes.

If at any time the dreamers demonstrate the ability to cast spells, the ghouls become convinced that they are dealing with a group of sorcerers and leave them alone — the corpses of sorcerers are rarely palatable. The ghouls may also respond to the offer of gifts from the dreamers,

though what ghouls might value is hard to guess. Gangs of ghouls numbering 1D10 or so are normal. Once friendly contact with the ghouls is established, the dreamers are led to Pickman's cave.

Anyone succeeding in a Dream Lore realizes that the ghouls are being remarkably forbearing at all times. If they think to question the ghouls on this, they discover that Pickman has passed the word to refrain from attacking humans in the Underworld until their purpose is ascertained. Pickman, of course, is hoping that a friend of Blakely's is coming. After the investigators leave, the ghouls will revert to their normal, rather terrifying attitudes towards visitors, and future visits on the part of the investigators will not be nearly so pleasant. Pickman's authority, after all, is far from limitless.

Pickman's Lair

Pickman lives in a small cave a half mile away from any major burrow. The artist-ghoul desired a secluded place to work, far from the noise of the crowded warrens. The entrance to the cave is decorated by tombstones of great artists; the markers of van Gogh, Goya, and others are being used to form an arch over the cave opening and as paving stones to keep the floor dry. If called to, Pickman emerges — a large shaggy ghoul clenching a brush and palette. If Blakely is mentioned, he welcomes his guests within his cave. If the investigators idiotically fail to mention Blakely, but present some other reason for their visit, Pickman shrugs his scaly shoulders and turns back to the cave, and the other ghouls present assault the investigators.

PICKMAN THE ARTIST

STR 19 CON 13 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 14 HP 14

Skills: Dream Lore 55%.

Inside the cave, the dreamers are invited to sit down and Pickman answers their questions as best he can. He confirms the dreamer's theories that Blakely had lately visited the ghoul, and Pickman tells them that the last time he saw him, Blakely was planning to travel to the Sterile Lake just east of the Fungus Forest, where supposedly dwells the great larval Ghadamon. Pickman fears that Blakely fell victim to the Great Old One and if the dreamers tell him of Blakely's real-world condition, he is convinced of it.

Pickman knows a little about Ghadamon; how it was placed at the bottom of the lake in elder times; how it has lain there for untold ages — feeding, growing, waiting; how someday Ghadamon would leave the Dreamlands forever to dwell in the waking world. This is what he knows of the legend. Evidently Ghadamon is using Blakely as a vessel to pass to the waking world.

Pickman warns the dreamers to avoid the lake, as he warned Blakely, because of the hideous minions of Ghadamon which live in the lake. Pickman is sure that Blakely was captured by the minions.

If the dreamers decide not to visit the lake, the scenario is basically over. Blakely will be imprisoned forever at the bottom of the nightmare lake; Ghadamon will enter the waking world; Penny Tilstrom will go mad; and each investigator will lose 1D20 SAN for knowing of the catastrophe without being able to stop it.

If the dreamers still wish to visit the lake, Pickman tells them of a long-dead sorceress who in olden times visited Ghadamon in his home on the lake floor. This sorceress knew a secret magic to protect herself from the mindless minions of Ghadamon and could enter the lake and walk beneath the surface undrowned. The sorceress died decades ago, but if there is one thing ghouls know well, it is the location and condition of burial crypts and grounds. Pickman knows the location of the tomb, where her great grimoire was placed for her use after death.

The Quest

Pickman explains that the tomb lies in a great ancient cemetery in a far-off part of the Dreamlands, and though he refuses to leave his work to accompany the dreamers, he makes arrangements with some ghouls from a nearby burrow to show the dreamers a secret tunnel leading to the tomb-place. This tunnel goes on for many miles. Under no circumstances do any ghouls accompany the dreamers through the tunnel — ghouls never visit the sorceress' crypt, and not even wamps go there at night.

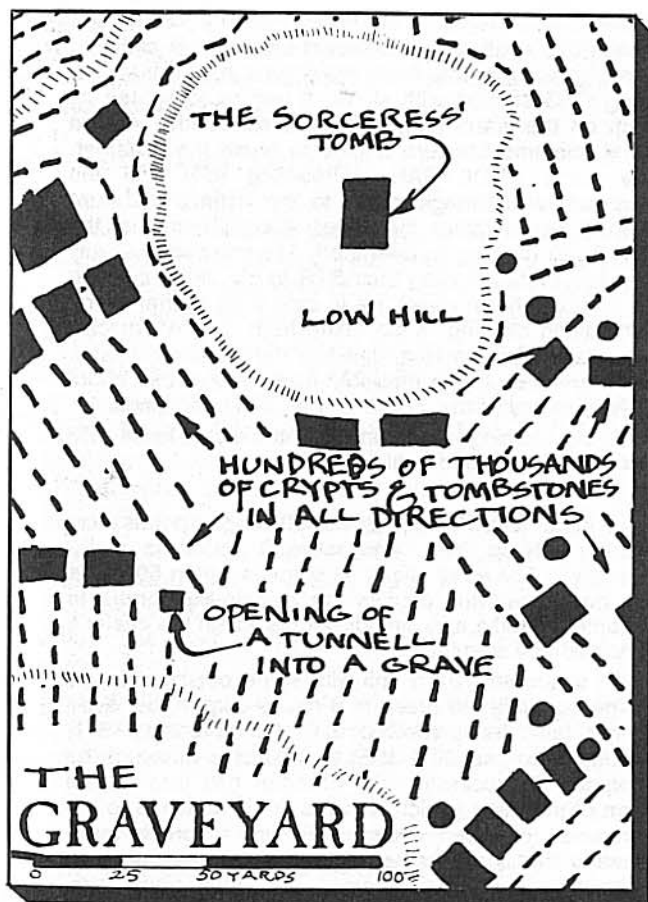
The loathsome ghouls await the dreamers' return at their end of the tunnel. The tunnel is warm, damp, and a little too low-ceilinged for humans, though slouching ghouls would find it quite comfortable. The dreamers must walk for days to reach the end.

The Graveyard

The dreamers emerge from the end of the tunnel to find themselves in a vast cemetery that stretches in all directions. It is night and a silvery mist covers the ground to a depth of a foot or more. The gravestones are shaped of obsidian and ornamented by strips of precious metals which both decorate the edges of the blocks and highlight the strange runes carved upon their surface. A hundred yards off on a low rise stands a large tomb, also made of obsidian, the most impressive structure within sight. Its door stands partially open.

The tomb is that of the sorceress. If the dreamers peek in the partially opened door, they see a barren chamber, four yards wide and six yards long. A shelf runs around the four walls at a height of about six feet above the floor. Placed atop it are thick yellow candles in ornate brass holders and the skulls of unidentifiable animals, all with wicked curling horns. At the far end of the room, upon a block of obsidian four feet high, rests a coffin made of the same material while above it, on the shelf, rests a huge, very worn book.

As mentioned, the door is open, but not far enough to admit anyone of SIZ more than 10. The door can be swung open further, but it then grates, glass to glass, with a hideous shrieking that echoes through the night air of the alien graveyard. The dreamers may fear that this may arouse the sorceress' corpse (or something worse) but not so — it is for effect only. A Sneak roll is required to enter the tomb. If it fails, the sorceress awakens and attacks. In any case, once the grimoire is picked up, the sorceress awakens. The only difference is that if the Sneak roll was a success, she awakens after the dreamers have their hands on the grimoire, so they need only escape her wrath to succeed in their mission. If the Sneak roll failed, they must defeat her to take the book. If a



dreamer wishes to snatch some of the candles or skulls from the shelf, an additional Sneak roll is needed for each object attempted. None but the grimoire prove of any use to the dreamers.

As stated, if the Sneak roll fails, the sorceress awakens. She does not make this known, however, until the dreamer is standing over the coffin actually reaching up to the book on the shelf above. While the dreamer is in this vulnerable position, the sorceress attacks and tries to strangle the character by smashing her clawed hands through the top of the coffin.

If the Sneak roll succeeded, just as the investigators are moving towards the door to leave, she stands up from her coffin, which shatters explosively.

The Sorceress

When the sorceress shatters the lid of the glass coffin, the rest of the sarcophagus breaks into fragments and falls away with an echoing, tinkling sound revealing the blackened corpse of the long-dead enchantress. She is seven feet tall and generally of human appearance, though startling details are noticable. Her feet are single hooves, while through the rotting shroud of black silk, a short but prehensile tail twists and writhes as she rises to her feet. Her face is a crumbling ruin and red coals burn in the pits of her empty eye-sockets. Her jaw, reduced to stained bone, opens and closes spasmodically, gnashing curved, one-inch fangs together with an audible grinding noise. Scraggly patches of white hair still adhere to her skull and a slippery dark blue tongue slides in and out of her mouth like a serpent's.

The sorceress is unable to leave her tomb and can pursue the dreamers no farther than the doorway. From here she will cast spells, such as Raise Corpses.

THE SORCERESS

STR 20 CON 20 SIZ 20 INT 25 POW 20*
DEX 10 HP 20

Skills: Dodge 25%.

Weapons: Grapple 85%.

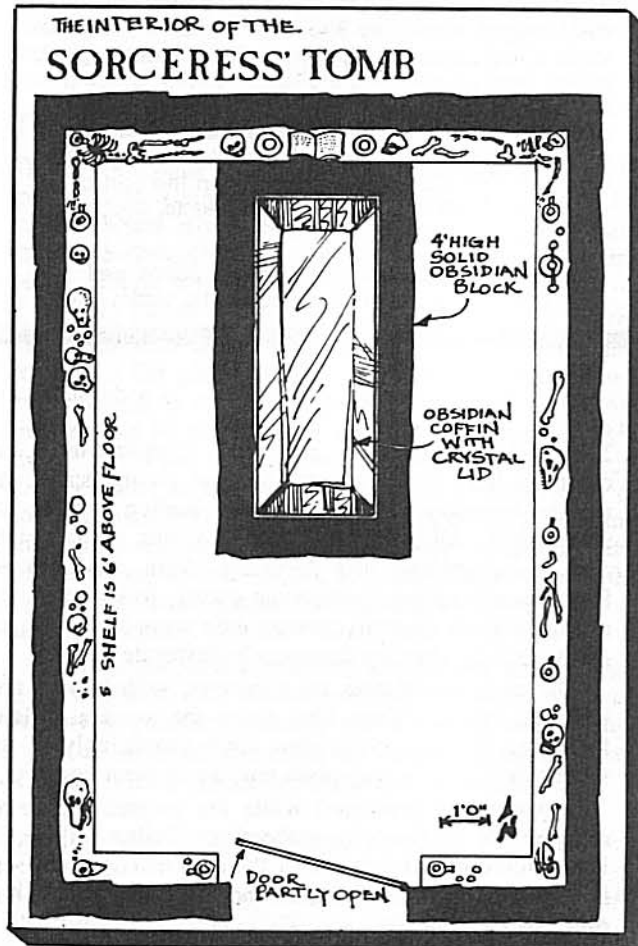
* the sorceress has access to 100 additional magic points stored in another dimension; she casts these before touching her personal magic points.

** the sorceress' main attack is to use her Grapple to reach out with her long curving talons to grip her victim by the throat. If the attack is successful the victim suffers choking damage as per normal Call of Cthulhu rules. However, in addition, the sorceress' claws do 1D10 damage per round, as the sorceress' fingers are pressed with inhuman strength right through the soft flesh, breaking arteries and crushing the victim's windpipe and esophagus. This continues round by round until the victim dies or breaks free by successfully applying his STR against hers in a resistance contest. It is unlikely, however, that her victim will survive the second or third round. Witnessing such a demise costs the viewers 0/1D6 SAN.

Armor: the moist pulpy flesh of the sorceress is already dead, so all weapons do only minimum damage. Once her hit points are reduced to zero, she is totally dismembered, and can no longer cast spells. Her living parts continue to writhe and flop on the tomb floor and may individually attack the dreamers with claws and bites.

SAN Loss: 0/1D8.

Spells: Dread Curse of Azathoth (p. 42, third edition Call of Cthulhu rules), and five new spells — Devolution, Dissolve Skeleton, Explode Heart, Living Clothes, Raise Corpses.



FIVE NEW SPELLS

The five new spells presented here have power only within the Dreamlands: they do not work in the waking world. These spells represent the sorceress' real strength. She uses her spells to maximum effect against trespassers as noted below. These spells are not normally known by any human.

DEVOLUTION: Costs 24 magic points and 1D10 SAN to cast, and takes 2 rounds. Losing a resistance struggle against this spell causes the dreamer, over the space of 1D6 rounds, to descend the evolutionary ladder into a strange, animal-like thing. The victim sprouts hair all over his body and grows a snout. When the change is complete, the transformed dreamer savagely attacks his companions with fists, kicks, and even head butt. Watching a fellow dreamer undergo the devolution causes the other dreamers to lose 0/1D6 SAN.

DISSOLVE SKELETON: Costs 8 magic points and 1D10 SAN to cast, and takes 2 rounds to cast. Losing a resistance struggle with the sorceress causes the victim's bones to vanish, leaving him to collapse on the floor, a heap of folds and quivering flesh. This character soon asphyxiates as he is unable to support himself enough to breathe. A successful Dreaming roll on anyone's part cures him after magic points equal to the victim's SIZ have been spent. Seeing a companion so afflicted costs 0/1D6 SAN.

DREAD CURSE OF AZATHOTH: This is usually the last spell she casts, performed as a last act of vengeance just as the trespassers leave through their tunnel.

EXPLODE HEART: Costs 12 magic points and 1D10 SAN to cast, and takes 3 rounds to cast. If the victim loses a resistance struggle, he feels his heart begin to pound and pound uncontrollably, quickly building in strength and tempo until, after 1D6 rounds, it explodes through the chest of the dreamer, killing him on the spot and reducing the SAN of all witnesses by 0/1D4. A successful Dreaming roll on the part of the victim (only) will cancel the spell's effects, costing the victim 12 magic points.

LIVING CLOTHES: Costs 8 magic points and 1D6 SAN to cast, and takes 2 rounds. The victim cannot

resist this spell as it is directed towards his clothing. The fabric turns into living moving flesh, like that of a slug's. Glistening with slime, it begins to tighten its grip on the warm human body it surrounds. As the cold, clammy creature begins to crush the dreamer, he loses 0/1D6 SAN. Dreaming rolls and the expenditure of magic equal to the victim's SIZ cure him. The character may apply his STR against the (STR 10) clothing to peel it off. His companions may aid him in this, adding their STR to his. If the clothing is completely removed, he is safe from further harm. The living clothing, once taken from its host, quickly dies and disintegrates, leaving the dreamer naked. The dreamer(s) will probably make more fuss about this than any of the inhabitants of the Dreamlands.

If the clothing is not removed, the victim loses 1D3 hit points per round until he dies.

RAISE CORPSES: Costs 50 magic points and 2D10 SAN to cast, and takes 1 round to make effective. The spell raises all corpses within 50 yards of the caster, and causes the zombie-like terrors to attempt to seize and devour targets within the caster's unaided line of sight.

A successful Parry roll with some object allows a target to avoid the grasp of a raised corpse, but even if this fails, he is allowed a final STR against STR struggle (corpse STR 3D6) to break the grasp of the corpse. If successful, the dreamer has torn off the arm of the thing (which remains firmly attached to the dreamer) and can escape. Failure to break away means that the mass of pursuing corpses catch up with this particular dreamer and falls upon him, weighing him down to the ground. They then proceed to devour him slowly and excruciatingly.

Dreamers targeted for such a scene lose 1/1D10 SAN and, if they succumb to a nightmare effect, it takes the form of running in slow motion (or something similar) allowing the otherwise slow and ponderous corpses to catch up with their prey.

This spell does not create corpses where they do not exist. The keeper must rule as to quantity and condition of any corpses present. A corpse thousands of years old, for instance, might rise but be merely impotent dust in human shape, or might be terrifyingly intact and powerful.

The sorceress will not use Raise Corpses until the dreamers have fled the tomb and are racing across the nighted cemetery toward the tunnel leading back to the underworld. All of the dead bodies within the cemetery rise up, crumbling and decaying, from their graves. Rotted hands spring up from the graves, followed by the reeking corpses clumsily pawing their ways to the surface and stumbling after the dreamers in desperate pursuit.

The corpses resemble the sorceress, with hooves and inhuman heads. They also share the sorceress' long flickering tongue, which they flash disgustingly at the fleeing dreamers as they reach out to pull them down.

Crossing the graveyard while the corpses are rising requires the dreamers to make three Dodge rolls each. Each failure means that one of the corpses has risen from the ground near the dreamer and attempts to pull him down by the legs.

Once the dreamers make it to the end of the ghoulish tunnel, the waiting ghouls are happy to relieve any victimized dreamer of any corpse arms still clutching them. The ghouls find the rotten arms delicious, and are not above asking the investigators to go back for more.

This portion of the dream-adventure has the potential to act as a recurring nightmare, since it may require more than one attempt to retrieve the book. Each time the dreamers return to this place, it has returned to the state first described; door partially opened, coffin intact, etc. Differences occur only if one or more of the dreamers have been killed in previous attempts to loot the tomb. These corpses are found lying about the tomb in odd, doll-like postures, inanimate but grotesque. The sight of these familiar corpses costs 0/1D4 SAN. These corpses, too, move and attack if the sorceress again casts Raise Corpses.

The sorceress is more susceptible to magic attacks than physical ones, but the dreamers will probably do best if they can find a sneaky character to retrieve the book, and then run like crazy.

The Sorceress' Grimoire

This book of knowledge is written in dream-symbols universally understandable and requires 2D6 months to read. Fortunately, since one waking-world hour is equal to about a dream-week, only one or two nights should be enough to master the book. The book is untitled, costs 2D6 SAN to read, adds 6% to Dream Lore and 3% to Cthulhu Mythos, and has a spell multiplier of x5. The book contains the spells of Dread Curse of Azathoth, Explode Heart, Dissolve Skeleton, Living Clothes, Devolution, and Raise Corpses. Those five spells, described nearby, can only be cast within the Dreamlands.

In addition, there are two other spells which may be more useful to the dreamers. One is the Spell of Oneiro-Dismissal, identical to the spell found in some copies of *The Book of Eibon*, and it is described under that heading. The other spell is called Assist Dreamer and is described nearby.

Finally, there is a useful bit of information, as shown by the boxed selection from the grimoire, printed nearby. A copy of this is repeated in the player handouts.

THE SORCERESS' GRIMOIRE: *Excerpts*

...in the depths of the fungal forest is found a small pale-blue sphere, veined in purple. These are easily removed and the top part ingested to provide the worshiper the ability to pass by the servants of Ghadamon and thereby pay obeisance. Take care, for growing amongst these are a similar type, but fatal to man and beast...and here Ghadamon shall lie until one shall come for him and Ghadamon shall pass into another realm and there take his place beneath the sea, to grow and wait for the Day. On this day He Who Waits to Spawn will leave his nest and find his terrible cold mate who has awaited him forever. These days, when the Beast shall rampage and dark R'lyeh rise from its watery crypt will see the passage of great Cthulhu....

ASSIST DREAMER

This spell can be cast only in the waking world by an experienced dreamer upon going to sleep. It costs 8 magic points, no SAN, and catapults the dreamer directly to the dark and forbidding Underworld, bypassing the Upper Dreamlands completely.

One unfortunate aspect of this spell, not mentioned in the text, is the location in which the dreamers find themselves upon awakening in the Underworld; the floor of the dread Vale of Pnath, covered with countless bones and inhabited by the strange and terrible bholes.

mushroom that, if ingested, allows a person to walk underwater with no fear of drowning. The dreamers are likely to come here in search of this desired growth.

The fungus forest is huge, and the whole place glows with eldritch lights — blues, greens, violets — all caused by the rampant phosphorescent fungi. Mushrooms, molds, yeasts, and mildew all grow in wild profusion over the ground and each other, covering the diseased trees with their bloated obscene growths. Within the forest it is quite cool, and so damp that fogs and mists are everywhere. This moisture collects on the cadaverous trees and the falling drips of water sound like continuous low rainfall.

Any open wound quickly collects invisible spores suspended in the air and within an hour the wound breaks out in a riot of fungal growth. Each hour the victim remains in the forest, 1 SIZ of him is further infested by the loathsome fungi until his whole body is a mass of filaments and tumors, whereupon he dies. If the dreamer manages to make it outside the forest before death, the fungi rapidly withers and dies in the unfavorable conditions beyond. However, the victim has his STR, CON, and APP each reduced by 1 point per 3 SIZ points covered by fungi before he was cured. This loss only affects his dream-self.

After three hours in the fungus forest, all dreamers' clothing begins to suffer from the effects of fungal growth. This growth is mostly harmless, but the increasing weight of the characters' garments may become uncomfortable. If allowed to continue for more than 10 hours, the cloth mildews and drops away in large pieces, totally ruined. Leather is likewise affected but lasts for 20 hours of continual exposure to spores before it disintegrates.

The Blue Puffballs

This is the fungus mentioned in the sorceress' grimoire. It grows in low-lying areas which tend to be covered by mists. When discovered, the puffballs are about six inches in diameter and of a sky-blue color with deep-purple veins.

Pulling one of the puffballs out of the ground proves easy, but this action is accompanied by a horrifying scream as the growth breaks free. Beneath the puffball and attached to it, the dreamers find a small being less than a foot in height. The tiny thing chokes, quickly dying, and upon examination proves to be part of the fungus itself. In fact the puffball is the exposed brain of the tiny victim. The puffball can easily be cut loose from the small corpse. Each and every time that the investigators rip one of the helpless creatures from the ground, the investigators lose 0/1D3 SAN as they listen to its death rattles.

As indicated in the grimoire, some of the puffballs are deadly poison. If the investigators are unable to use Botany to positively identify the proper specimens, they risk almost immediate death by eating a poisonous one. There is a 25% chance that a puffball is poisonous.

Exploring The Fungus Forest

The fungus forest is trackless and mapless. The investigators, unless they can suggest a clever way to

The Fungus Forest

As the characters learn from the sorceress' grimoire, in the eastern regions of the great fungus forest grows a

mark their path, must wander through this mycological jungle. For each hour that they travel here, there is a 25% chance of an encounter. To determine what is encountered, roll 1D6 on the Fungus Forest Encounters table. Explanations and statistics for the encounters follow under separate headings.

FUNGUS FOREST ENCOUNTERS

roll 1D6	encounter
1	witches
2	slime mold
3	fairy ring
4	parasite
5	Robigus
6	deadly filaments

Witches

This encounter can only happen once. If it is rolled again, reroll or invent your own encounter.

The dreamers stumble upon a small grassy clearing in the middle of the forest. Two old hags dressed in coarse brown cloaks work in the clearing, accompanied by a tall man, dressed in black, and standing with his back to the dreamers. The three take no notice of the dreamers' arrival. If they stay quiet, the investigators can watch as the two crones stoop amidst the grass, carefully scraping seeds into burlap bags.

A Know roll identifies the grass as rye, while a successful Botany roll shows that the grain is infested with ergot, a fungal growth. This fungus contains a number of dangerous alkaloids plus lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD). In the past, eating bread made from infected rye has produced an affliction known as St. Anthony's Fire, a disease in which the victims experience horrifying hallucinations and suffer from madness, gangrene, and, often, death. Recently it has been proposed that many medieval outbreaks of so-called witchcraft and demonic possession can be attributed to the consumption of ergot-infected bread.

If the dreamers remain at the edge of the clearing for any length of time, or if they enter the clearing, the man standing with his back to them takes notice and turns to face them. His features are Caucasian, but he is pitch-black in color — even the "whites" of his eyes and grinning teeth are black. Anyone succeeding in a Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes him as Nyarlathotep and anyone succeeding in an Occult roll recognizes him as the Black Man of the witch-cults. A successful roll in either skill costs the user 0/1D8 SAN. Those who do not comprehend who the man is lose only 0/1D3 SAN.

The man will not move to attack the dreamers and if they are the least bit wise, they will leave the clearing, leaving the trio to their devil's work. If any character should suffer a nightmare effect at the sight of the man, it results in the Black Man looming to colossal size in the dreamer's eyes and causing the dreamer helplessly to give himself over to the man. If his companions do not stop him, he steps into the clearing, Nyarlathotep changes into the monstrous red-tentacled form described in the Call of Cthulhu Keeper's Book, and then he devours the dreamer.

If the dreamers try to disrupt what is going on, Nyarlathotep transforms into the monstrous red-tentacled

form and the two old hags pick up their bags and fly off into the sky, cackling madly.

Slime Mold

This encounter can occur again and again. These creatures are motile fungi like huge slimy amoebas that slide over the ground ingesting any food substance they find. They are difficult to damage physically, but are subject to magic attacks. They vary in size as noted and are found in a wide variety of bright colors. Often, stalked fruiting bodies adorn the mold's upper surface.

Slime molds can easily hide among the fungus growth on the ground or even drop from tree limbs onto victims.

In an attack, the mold simply flows over its chosen target.

characteristics	dice rolled	average
STR	3D6	10-11
CON	2D6+6	13
SIZ	2D10	11
POW	1D3	2
DEX	2D3	4
Hit Points	12	
Move	3	
weapon	attack%	damage
Engulf	35%	1D6*

* the mold stays attached to its victim every round thereafter, doing continual damage from its digestive enzymes. A STR against STR struggle is needed to pull free of the sticky amoeba.

Armor: none, but physical attacks do a maximum of 1 point of damage. Fire or magic works normally. Even if the mold is reduced to 0 hit points, it is not truly 'dead,' merely knocked to pieces. After a few hours, the mold will finish flowing back together and be as good as new. Only fire applied to every bit of its body or appropriate fungicides can permanently kill it.

SAN Loss: 0/1D6 SAN.

A Fairy Ring

This encounter can occur again and again. A large circle of white mushrooms is found. The circle is twenty feet in diameter, while the mushrooms themselves are from six to eighteen inches in height. This ring is inhabited by an elven being, but he will only make his presence known if an investigator standing in the center of the ring calls for him and makes a successful Oratory or Sing roll. If the roll succeeds, the fairy appears suddenly, as if out of nowhere, seated upon one of the larger mushrooms. He is only three inches high and the dreamers must draw close to see him clearly.

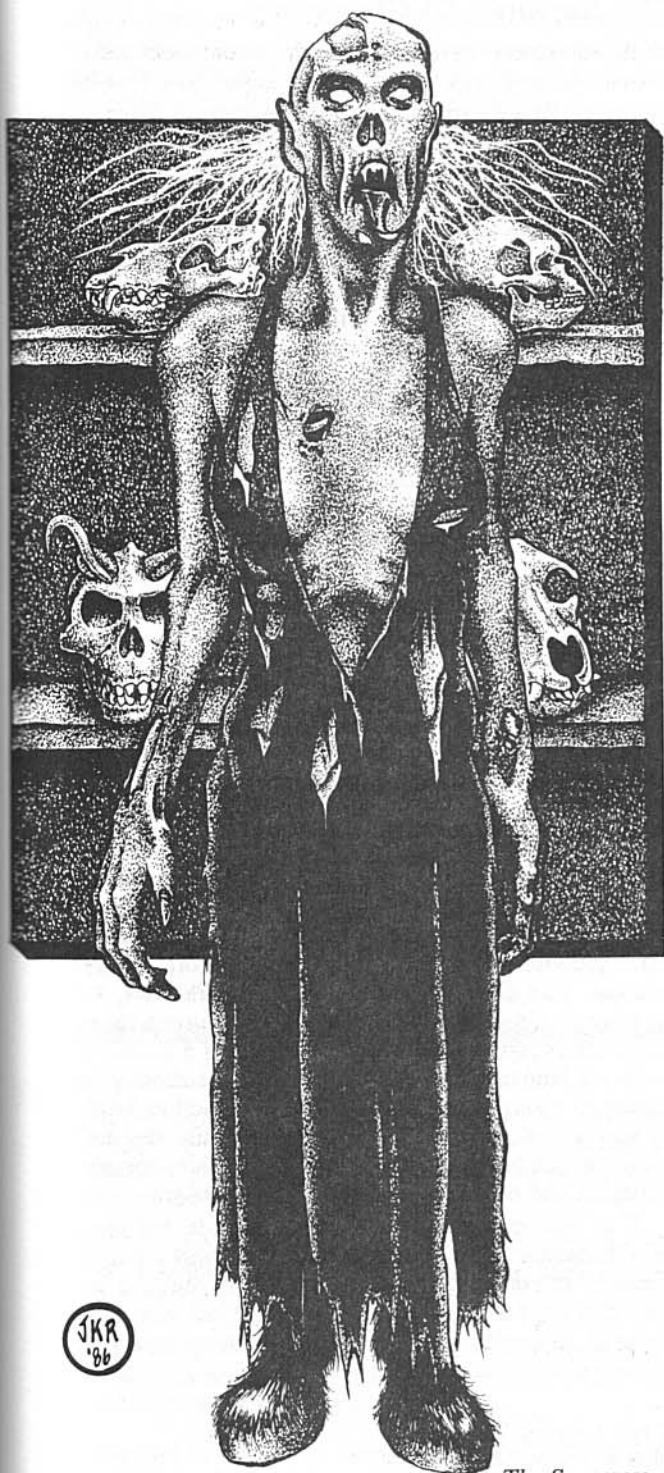
The fairy is a little man, shabbily dressed in an old dark suit and worn top hat. He is shoeless and his feet are oversized, hairy, and possessed of long curved talons. He has no wings.

He is willing to aid the investigators if they ask him politely, and can tell them where the nearest location of the sought-after fungus lies. If the dreamers are threatening or abusive, he disappears in the blink of an eye and never again will this or any other elf appear to the dreamer(s) who threatened him.

The Parasite

This encounter can happen again and again, though after the first such encounter the keeper may wish to have the fungus attach itself to different parts of the body.

A reddish, pulsing blob of fungus drops from a tree onto an investigator's face. The fungus instantly attaches itself, shooting microscopic tendrils into its new host's flesh. The fungus is harmless, though repulsive. It can be forcibly torn away, but the tendrils are left in the flesh, and within the hour the blob has grown back completely. The fungus remains attached to the victim's dream-form forever, unless he finds some way to cure himself, and is his constant companion on any future visit to the dreamlands, lowering his APP to 3.



The Sorceress

Robigus, God Of Rust

This encounter can only happen once. If it is rolled again, reroll or invent your own encounter.

The investigators hear a distant, pleasant piping. It is easy to judge which direction the sound comes from. If the investigators succeed at Sneak, they can approach the source unheeded.

In a small clearing sits a large, well-proportioned man in a throne of white fungus. He is handsome, and is flanked by a horse on one side and a wolf on the other, while upon his shoulder sits a small woodpecker. To either side of this group, and slightly behind them, stands a pair of eight-foot mushrooms, each slowly undulating their caps causing the gills beneath to produce the eerie humming that was first heard by the investigators. Before the enthroned man dance a half-dozen large mushrooms similar to the pipers but slightly smaller. The man smiles and waves his hand in time to the music, obviously enjoying himself.

A successful Anthropology or Archaeology roll reveals this character to be Robigus, the Roman god of rust; a fungus that sometimes infests and destroys grain crops. In olden times Robigus was placated with a festival (called the Robigalia) in hopes that he would protect the crops from being ruined. He is nearly forgotten now, but still likes to recall the honors once offered to him.

If any investigator has failed his Sneak roll, he is noticed by Robigus, as are any dreamers who choose to reveal themselves openly. Robigus is pleased to receive a guest at his party and invites the dreamers to join him.

Robigus seems to be under the impression that the dreamers must participate in the festival, and will not listen to any argument. Robigus simply insists that the character(s) sing for him. Each dreamer has one chance at a successful Sing. If he succeeds, Robigus is highly pleased and is willing to speak more with the dreamer. If so asked, the god can direct the character to the nearest location of the desired fungus.

If the Sing roll fails, Robigus winces, plugs his ears, and calls a halt to the music. "You are right," he admits. "You are certainly no singer and therefore must be a dancer!" With this, Robigus waves a hand and turns the dreamer (should he fail the resistance roll) into one of the large dancing mushrooms already described.

Those who have gone unseen by Robigus can slip away if they wish.

Anyone trying to flee or leave after being invited to stay finds himself transfixed by Robigus' eye and incapable of movement. Robigus can only transfix one person per round.

Those dreamers turned into dancing mushrooms remain this way until freed. This can be accomplished by attacking and killing Robigus (who, as he is connected to Mars, god of war, is a formidable opponent) or more simply by successfully Singing for Robigus, asking a favor, and requesting him to re-transform his victims.

Upon returning to the waking world, anyone turned into a mushroom suffers a minor side effect. A few days later, the investigator's home is infested with mushrooms in the carpets, mildew in the sinks, etc. These are all

normal species and offer no real harm but the rampant growth of the fungus should prove uncomfortable. The mycological assault continues until the character has his home sprayed with fungicide by a professional.

ROBIGUS, God Of Rust

characteristics

STR 30
CON 20
SIZ 15
INT 15
POW 20
DEX 20
Hit Points 18
Move 10

weapon	attack%	damage
Fist/Punch	100%	1D3+2D6
Head Butt	100%	1D4+2D6
Grapple	100%	special

Armor: Robigus's flesh acts as 6 point armor against any weapon.

Spells: (1) can transfix and immobilize any mortal by glaring at him, whether or not that mortal tries to avoid Robigus' glance. (2) Can transform any mortal into the man-sized fungus of Robigus' choice, though he must overcome the mortal's magic points first. (3) Robigus can infest any amount of grain with rust, simply by looking at it and willing it to be so.

SAN Loss: none.

Aside from his three spells, Robigus has only fungus-making magic and, if he is attacked, fights hand-to-hand with the investigators.

The Deadly Filaments

This encounter can occur again and again. Lying among the fungus covering the ground are ropy filaments of snare-fungi that capture unwary dreamers. Anyone failing a Spot Hidden blunders into a tangle of these on the ground. If the investigator fails a Dodge, he is caught by the strands and quickly strangled, using the rules in the Call of Cthulhu Investigator's Book. He is unable to free himself, and if his companions attempt to save him they are likewise attacked. A Dreaming roll expending 1D6 magic points loosens the strands enough for him to try a second Dodge roll. He can keep trying once a round until he chokes.

At the Sterile Lake

As the dreamers have learned, Ghadamon lies a few hundred yards offshore near the center of this small lake. The water laps quietly at the deserted beach while tremendous bolts of lightning split the dark sky. The shore upon which the dreamers stand is composed of broken bits of bone and shell that crunch noisily underfoot while translucent crabs nearly a foot and a half across glide sideways, fleeing the dreamers' approach. The crabs make no sound as they travel across the beach.

If any of the dreamers enter the waters of the Sterile Lake without first eating one of the blue puffballs, he is attacked by the minions of Ghadamon.

Eating one of the puffballs causes the partaker quickly to feel the effects of the magic fungus. With this sensation comes the knowledge that the dreamer can push

the water away from himself by force of will. If he walks down the beach to the shoreline he notices that the salty waters of the Sterile Lake withdraw from his presence. If he sticks a hand or foot into the lake, the water quickly pulls back leaving a shimmering cavity in wherever the dreamer has placed his limb. The dreamer can walk into the lake and a bubble of air is maintained about his person at a distance of about two feet and lasting for about an hour. The bottom of the sea slopes gently. The Blakely-Thing lies only thirty yards off.

The Servants Of Ghadamon

If the dreamers have not already made their presence known, these things flock to them when they first enter the water. The dreamers can see them, darting through the water trailing streams of bubbles. Within seconds, the things surround the individual dreamers and the beasts themselves form the sphere about the character.

These things resemble large black fish with huge jaws and heads that taper back sharply to a narrow, snake-like tail, giving the entire fish a cone-like appearance. They are 3-4 feet long and have brilliant yellow eyes that stare horribly, blankly-cold into the eyes of their victims.

MINION OF GHADAMON

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
STR	1D6	3-4
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D4	2-3
INT	1D6	3-4
POW	1D6	3-4
DEX	4D6	14

Hit Points 7
Move 10 swimming

weapon	attack%	damage
Bite	85%	1D6*

* this attack can also be used to hold a victim and drag him underwater without injury, as occurred to Nelson Blakely.

Armor: 2 points of tough frog-like hide.

SAN Loss: normally these beasts cause only 0/1D3 SAN loss, but when a victim is attacked by a mass of them, this may be altered.

Each dreamer finds himself suddenly completely surrounded by the black fish-things. Unless the dreamers are holding hands or otherwise linked (linking also joins their individual bubbles), they are cut off from one another. The dreamers see nothing but dark jaws, a foot or more in diameter, lined with two-inch curved fangs. If the dreamer fails a SAN roll, he loses a full 6 points. If he suffers a Nightmare effect, the fish-things suddenly move closer, to within a foot of the character. Another SAN roll is now called for, and if the dreamer fails, the horrors close in suddenly as the dreamer's bubble completely collapses and he is devoured in a cloud of blood.

If at least one of the SAN rolls succeeds, the servants of Ghadamon keep their distance and cannot harm the dreamer unless he stays underwater longer than the hour's time that the fungus gives him. No-light can penetrate the mass of squirming fish, so the investigators need torches or lamps to see underwater.

The Larva

As it lies only thirty yards offshore, the body of the transforming Blakely-thing can quickly be found. The

sight costs 0/1D6 SAN. It has the form and features of Nelson Blakely but it is nearly 12 feet long and composed entirely of a quivering, translucent, jelly-like substance. It is barely able to move, but the lips twitch and Blakely's feeble voice is heard, begging for release.

At this point the dreamers have two options. If they can successfully cast the Spell of Oneiro-Dismissal, they can reverse the transference of Ghadamon and Blakely, causing a complete recovery of the artist in a number of days equal to ten times those spent in changing to Ghadamon. If the dreamers have failed to discover or learn this spell, or should the spell fail, the investigators have the alternative of killing the thing beneath the lake, causing the death of Nelson Blakely but also forcing the thing growing in the bedroom of the Tilstrom house to return to the Dreamlands. Killing Blakely is only effective if the transformation is incomplete. If the changeover has been completed, killing Blakely frees his soul from its current horrible state, but does not return Ghadamon to the dream world.

Blakely is easy to kill. His bluish body is fragile to the utmost degree, and even the smallest cut spills the fluid contained within his membranous skin into the lake water, causing death within minutes.

Conclusion

A SAN award of 2D10 points is appropriate for successfully halting the transference of Ghadamon and Nelson Blakely, reduced to 2D8 points if done in a manner so as to cause the death of the artist. If the investigators simply manage to kill Blakely after Ghadamon has escaped to the sea, the award is reduced to 1D8, and Ghadamon remains loose in the waking world. If Penny is rescued from her destiny of madness, the characters receive an additional 1D6 SAN. Permanently disposing of Jerry the axe-murderer awards the investigators with 1D6 more SAN, as well as the commendations of the police, if the investigators took evidence to the cops proving that Jerry was the culprit behind any axe murder.

Season of the Witch

by Richard T. Launius

Earthly investigation leads to a confrontation in the Dreamlands with the witch, Hesper Payne.

Spring brings new life to the sleepy town of Arkham. Trees begin to bud and flowers bloom as love dances in the hearts of youths and maids. Yet the dark past casts a shadow on the signs of the season.

The playgrounds do not carry the familiar sound of children's laughter. Mothers, filled with fear, cling tightly to their children behind barred doors.

The evening streets are barren, save where a few love-struck couples recklessly wander. The avenues reflect the haunted legends of Arkham's past.

Many live in fear of the ancient tales. Others wait and watch. Only a few dare to challenge the Season of the Witch.

Investigator Information

A newspaper article appears in the April 26th edition of the Boston Globe, or whatever newspaper best fits the locale of your campaign. A copy of it is printed in a box nearby.

That same day a Mrs. Prynne of the Arkham Ladies' Historical Society visits the investigators if they live in New England, or telegrams them by urgent wire if they live elsewhere. The historical society to which she belongs has privately learned from police sources that the three old graves were robbed of their contents, not merely dug up. The Society fears that unscrupulous curio dealers from New York City are behind the incident, and that the incident is only the beginning of a concerted attempt to

rob Arkham of the physical remnants of its glorious history.

She is not at all sure, however, why those three graves were chosen; there are many more important sites. She suggests that the investigators first perform research about that. She suggests the Society records, the Arkham Public Library, and Miskatonic U.'s collections.

If the investigators are stuck later in their researches, she may be able to suggest other lines of attack on the problem, at the keeper's option, but it may be convenient for her to visit her ailing mother in Bar Harbor if the investigators begin to lean upon her for ideas.

GHOULS STRIKE ARKHAM

ARKHAM (Mass) — Police report that three graves on the historic Aylesbury Hill Graveyard were violated last night.

The graves were identified as the resting places of Randolph Smith, Sammuel Decker, and Jonathan Cooper. The sites were nearly two centuries old.

The groundskeeper reported seeing a violet light in the cemetery a little after midnight, which may be connected with the hideous crime.

The police suspect that bootleggers may have dug into the graves while looking for a hiding spot for a cache of Canadian liquor.

Keeper Information

Hesper Payne was executed for witchcraft in 1692 in Arkham. As she stood on the scaffold, she spat a foul curse on the city and sent her evil soul to the Dreamlands, where she has waited more than two centuries for the time that Arkham should feel her vengeance.

The time has come. A student at Miskatonic University, Susan Mason, has taken a room in an old Arkham boarding house, known locally as the "curse house," as it was Hesper's home in mortal life.

Susan Mason chose to live in the dilapidated old building because she is a descendant of Hesper's sister. Hesper has been influencing Susan through her dreams, giving her an overpowering desire to research her family history in Arkham.

Hesper's dream influence continued to grow over Susan after she moved into the "curse house." Hesper took complete control of the situation after Susan found an engraving of Hesper in an old book at the Arkham Historical Society. Her resemblance to Hesper was uncanny, complete to a facial mole and a recently-recieved scar on her ear. As Susan mentally reeled from the shock, Hesper's malign influence took psychic control.

With Susan ready to do her bidding, Hesper's plan for vengeance has been put into action. She caused Susan to dig up the graves of the old town fathers and steal their bones away to an underground sanctuary in the woods near the Aylesbury Hill Graveyard. Once there, Susan cast a spell to transport the souls of these men to the Dreamlands, where Hesper took them to a colony of moonbeasts for eternal torture. This has completed the first part of Hesper Payne's curse.

Hesper's final revenge is to take place on Walpurgis (April 30, the night before May Day). A dual ceremony

is planned, with Hesper performing her rituals in the Dreamlands while Susan performs the same spell in an underground crypt in the woods near Aylesbury Hill Graveyard.

Then Hesper Payne's centuries of research in the Dreamlands will bear evil fruit. The ritual will physically transport Hesper, along with dozens of her dream-minions, to the waking world. She will destroy Arkham with the monstrous creatures she brings with her, and evil will once again come.

Research

In the Arkham Historical Society, the Arkham Public Library, and the Miskatonic University Library, information can be found about the men whose bodies were so mysteriously stolen. A separate successful Library Use roll is needed for each bulleted scrap of information.

Randolph Smith:

- Civic records state that Smith was one of the town fathers, and a trapper by profession. He was born in 1623 and died in 1699.
- Court records show that Smith was the main witness against Hesper Payne at her witchcraft trial in 1692. Smith stated that he saw her in the woods southeast of Aylesbury Hill, consorting with the Devil. Much of his testimony was later struck from the record.

- In *Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, a work on witchcraft, the author states that Smith described the Devil as a very tall Negro. Smith supposedly also saw Payne speaking with an unclean goat-like familiar. The goat had peculiar splay hooves and the face of a bearded man with sharp yellow fangs.

Sammuel Decker:

- Civic records show that Decker was Mayor of Arkham from 1685 to 1710. He was born in 1647 and died in 1716.
- *Curiosities in Old New England Law*, a work with a self-explanatory title, states that in Arkham, between 1685 and 1695, one of the Mayor's duties was to maintain the tiny Arkham Jail and oversee all corporal punishment and judicial questioning.
- In an old letter from Decker's cousin to his aunt, his cousin mentions that Decker was personally cursed for his treatment of the imprisoned witches by Hesper Payne, who was hung in September 1692.

Jonathan Cooper:

- Most Arkham city histories state that Cooper was the first lawyer to settle in Arkham. He was born in 1630 and died in 1699. He became a judge in 1690.
- The witch trial court records all state that Cooper was the presiding judge during most of the witch trials in Arkham. He sentenced Hesper Payne to death by hanging and verbally condemned her soul to Hell. For this last, he was later reprimanded by the authorities.

The Aylesbury Hill Graveyard

Investigators visiting the burying-ground during the day can talk to the groundskeeper, Herman Walker. A

successful Fast Talk is needed to obtain any worthwhile information. Alternately, Herman is impressed by anyone with a Credit Rating higher than 40, and will be subservient and eager to cooperate with such elegant people. Herman expects neither a bribe nor a tip, but is pleasantly surprised by either if offered, and accepts, though a Credit Rating of 40+ or a successful Fast Talk is still needed to get information from him.

HERMAN'S STORY

"Well, I was taking the air on the burying-ground during the time of the robbery. I see a hazy glow, kind of violet, over by the holes. And that's all I see.

"The light's a ghost, you know. I know it, and you'll learn it. That light's a ghost. And I know whose ghost — Hesper Payne's. Her that cursed Arkham and everyone in it. I think she's fixing to come back and watch her curse start working.

"And, oh yes. I remember something else, too. I remember a University girl snooping around the robbed graves a few days before they were opened up. I talked to her. Her name was Susan. I think she was studying History. A lot of history students sort of loiter around the older parts of the burying-ground. Looking up birthdates and that sort of thing."

If the investigators wish to examine the gravesites, Herman is glad to show them to the graves. If the investigators do not visit the graves before April 29, they find the graves already filled-in (by Herman) with no clues to be found.

The opened graves are in the oldest part of the grounds. The headstones here are worn and cracked with age. Rotting old trees spread their ominous shadow over the investigators as they approach the scene of the crime.

The investigators find large piles of dirt heaped to either side of each open grave, and decaying wooden coffins thrown atop the heaps. All were pried open from the outside. Each coffin, of course, is empty.

If anyone climbs down into an open grave, he may attempt a Spot Hidden roll. If the roll succeeds, the investigator finds some loose dirt on the east wall of the grave. Examined, the dirt falls away and reveals the entrance of a tunnel up into the grave. Such a tunnel can be found in all three graves. A successful Geology roll reveals that the tunnels were carved from below up to the graves. Realization of this costs 0/1D3 SAN.

If the investigators dig away the dirt around the tunnel, they find it large enough to enter in a crouched position. At this point they should try a second Spot Hidden. If this succeeds, they notice several small hoof-prints in the dirt. These hoof-prints are cloven, and splayed outward in a peculiar fashion.

If the investigators travel into the tunnels, the keeper should have them wander around for a couple of hours and eventually emerge into the light near a drainage pipe emptying into the Miskatonic River. While wander, they should stand about a 20% chance of encountering 1D6 ghouls. No ghoul could possibly pass up the chance to butcher a group of easy targets such as the investigators are while crawling through the dark tunnels.

Ghoul Menaces

All have Hide 60% and Sneak 80%, and move at a rate of 9. Ghouls can attack with both claws and bite in a single round. Seeing a ghoul costs 0/1D6 SAN. If the bite strikes home, the ghoul can worry its victim (see details in the monster description on page 16 of the third edition *Call of Cthulhu* Keeper's Book). In the narrow confines of the tunnel, combat is slightly different. Guns fire at their user's DEX, rather than automatically getting to shoot first before melee combat occurs. Investigator skills with all melee weapons (except fist, head butt, dagger, and knife) are halved. Ghouls are not hampered at all.

ATTACKING GHOULS

	one	two	three	four	five	six
POW	16	18	13	16	11	17
DEX	13	17	10	17	15	11
HP	18	18	13	13	12	17
Claw	40%	25%	55%	30%	55%	35%
damage	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	1D6
	+1D4	+1D4	+1D4	+1D4	+1D4	+1D4
Bite	30%	20%	45%	25%	35%	45%
damage	2D6	2D6	1D6	1D6	1D6	2D6
			+1D4	+1D4		

Other Miskatonic U. Data

As already stated, the university library holds information on Randolph Smith, Sammel Decker, and Jonathan Cooper. It also has a complete collection of local newspapers.

If the investigators visit the History Department and ask about students named Susan, they are permitted to see Dr. Hampton, the department head. If any investigator is a professor from Miskatonic or a history professor from any university or college, Dr. Hampton is happy to help. Otherwise, a successful Oratory roll must be made before he divulges any useful information to these outsiders. Dr. Hampton knows of five History majors named Susan, and can provide their addresses to the investigators.

SUSAN DUGAN — the investigators find her in her dorm working on a term paper about the causes of the War Between The States. If the investigators behave in a friendly, informal manner (as judged by the keeper), and ask her about a Susan that spends time near the graveyard, she says that they must mean Susan Mason, who lives in a rat-infested dump across town. She'll also tell the investigators that Susan Mason doesn't come around school much any more. If the investigators are stiff and technical, however, she won't tell them anything. If any of the investigators makes a pass at her, she flashes a diamond engagement ring in his face and awaits his apology.

SUSAN MASON — the professor says that she became so interested in her family history that she dropped out of school. Her old address was 119 Jenkin St., Arkham.

SUSAN CRAWFORD — her roommate tells the investigators that Miss Crawford has dropped out of school to return home. If any investigators make an attempt to ask other history students about Susan Crawford, a successful Oratory elicits the information that she dropped out rather unexpectedly. One rumor holds that she was pregnant. If the investigators go to her home in South Bend, Indiana, they find the rumor to be true.

SUSAN SMITH — she can be found in the university library, where she works as an assistant. She lives at home and states that she spends no time near the old graveyard. She is backed up in this statement by her family and friends.

SUSAN CRAIG — she is in the History wing grading freshman papers. She, along with Susan Mason, are the only two female History graduate students. She knows that Susan Mason spent a lot of time looking around the cemetery. The last time she saw Susan Mason, she was at the Arkham Historical Society studying the witch trials. Susan Mason lives in the curse house.

The Arkham Advertiser

The investigators can check out the back issues of the town newspaper either at the Miskatonic University Library or at the newspaper offices itself. Only Miskatonic students, or professors from any university, can freely read the back issues in the library. At the newspaper offices, a successful Credit Rating or Oratory roll impresses the office-workers enough to permit the investigator to read the back issues.

One item of information can be obtained for each successful Library Use roll; the available clues are reprinted in a nearby box.

A successful Occult roll identifies May 1 as the date of an important witches' celebration.

NEWSPAPER CLUES

- For the past several years, strange happenings have occurred in Arkham on or near May 1. Articles dating back several years report such things as suicides, disappearances, and even sea monsters.

- newspaper article, April 17th, this year:

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON

For the last few weeks, the spirit of spring has been lacking in the hearts of the citizens. You can see it in the service without a smile at any local restaurant, the absence of people on the streets at night, and the number of people swarming to doctors' offices throughout the city.

It seems that once again many people are having trouble sleeping. Dr. Cox, of the Arkham Sanatorium, reports that there has been a large influx of individuals experiencing nightmares. Dr. Cox claims that many residents of Arkham are still quite superstitious, and therefore suffer from mental stress around Walpurgis.

- newspaper article, April 26, this year:

STUDENT IS VICTIM

Eric Watson, a mathematics student at Miskatonic University, was admitted to the Arkham Sanatorium last night. A boarder at 119 Jenkin St. (an address known as the "Curse House") Eric was found wandering down the street with a blank look on his face and babbling incoherently.

Doctors had no immediate diagnosis.

The Arkham Police

A successful Law or Debate roll is needed to extract information from the harried police of Arkham. If this succeeds, Officer Cobb, the desk officer, informs the investigators that they have no lead on who robbed the graves on April 27. A trail of dirt was found leading into the woods on Aylesbury Hill. The trail ended about a hundred yards into the wood. The case is not an important one, and the police, frankly, have other things on their minds.

If any investigator is canny enough to ask about the "other things" the police are concerned with, and they can succeed in an Oratory or Fast Talk roll, Officer Cobb lets slip that there has been an increasing number of calls related to domestic squabbles, evidently due to people having trouble sleeping. Also, there have been many crank calls from folks claiming to have seen a witch's ghost and a glowing violet light. Such frivolous activity wastes the police's time and endangers everyone, says Officer Cobb, sternly.

Local Historians

If the investigators contact a local antiquarian or can succeed in a History roll themselves, they can find out that a curse was placed on the city by the witch Hesper Payne in the late 1600's. The old boarding house at 119 Jenkin Street was built and owned by Hesper Payne in life.

The Arkham Historical Society

The Arkham Historical Society building is open Monday through Friday, 9am to 5pm. It is closed on weekends. With good reason and if she is available, Mrs. Prynne can get special admittance for the investigators at any respectable hour. There is no watchman. In addition to the information listed in the Research section for Randolph Smith, Sammuel Decker, and Jonathan Cooper, the following material can be obtained about Hesper Payne. A separate Library Use roll is needed for each bulleted piece of information. All this information is buried in long, rather tedious, personal reminiscences and family histories.

- In the *Rondford Family History*, Wm. Rondford (A.D. 1679 - 1734) told his grandson that he personally spied upon Hesper Payne many times when he was 12 and 13 years old. He was too frightened to give evidence in court, however.

Rondford frequently saw Hesper in the woods at night, often with other women later tried and hung as witches. Her presence was always accompanied by a violet light. Thrice he claims to have seen Hesper with a tall, dark man on the eve of the full moon. This man was certainly none other than Satan.

Once, he saw Hesper carrying a goat over her shoulders. This goat had a wicked human face, with long teeth. The hooves were deformed. The goat-thing whispered in Hesper's ear.

- Personal records of various court officers agree that Hesper's confession was ultimately achieved by the use

of a peculiar branding iron. She was branded over her heart with a "Hebrew-looking" mark, by the instructions of Sammuel Decker. Immediately thereafter she made full confession, though she showed no signs of contrition. Judge Cooper demanded her death by hanging, after which she was to be buried in an unmarked grave outside of the cemetery grounds.

- The private diary of Charity Smith, Randolph Smith's oldest daughter, contains an eyewitness account of Hesper's execution:

As the wytych stooode on the scaffold, she spate and cursed the city. Her words cast feer into the hearts of all present. "And bye the powerr of the Dark One I shall rise again from the lande of deep slumber, and mine anger shall be greate. The soules of Randolph Smyth, Sammuel Deckr, and Jon Cooper shall be helde for mine vengeance and torment in the land of night-mares. This towne shall quake and the blackness of death shall rise up and mine power reign supreme once more!" Then was that wycked wych hanged.

A successful Spot Hidden permits the investigators to notice that, in the memoirs of the court recorder of the witch trials, the pages concerning Hesper Payne's trial have been recently torn out. These pages would doubtless have contained much information struck from the official records. If the investigators inform the librarian, she is shocked, and verbally suspects "Susan." If the investigators ask about this Susan, the librarian tells them that a student from Miskatonic named Susan used to come in regularly to study the Witch Trial books. She hasn't come for a few weeks, but the librarian assumes that she was a history student, since nobody else would spend so much time on a single historical subject.

Arkham Sanitorium

The Sanitorium is located on Pickman Street, and is open to visitors between the hours of 11am and 4pm. If the investigators wish to visit Eric Watson, they must succeed in a Fast Talk. However, if one of the investigators is a psychologist or psychiatrist, the investigators are allowed in without needing to make a roll. Dr. Cox, the head of the Sanitorium, will accompany the visitors.

In Watson's cell they find a young man sitting on the edge of a cot staring into space. He looks as though he has not slept for days. Dr. Cox confirms that this is the case. Dr. Cox tells the investigators that Eric has expressed fear of sleep. Eric claims to have strange dreams in which he sees a beautiful woman in old clothes with a hideous goat crouching at her side. Eric says that she called to him and led him to strange lands with the light of a strange violet lamp.

In his moments of sanity, Eric has told the doctors that he sometimes cannot tell whether his dreams are reality or whether his waking moments are just dreams. "A very interesting case," harrumphs Dr. Cox.

If the investigators wish to communicate with him, they must succeed in a Psychoanalysis roll. If this fails, Eric simply sets on the edge of his cot and stares blindly outward, at times reaching towards them with his hands

and waving as if the investigators are some blurred vision.

If the Psychoanalysis roll succeeds, he shares the following dream with them. He repeats what the doctors have already said about Hesper and her goat-like familiar, then describes the scenery as he follows her.

"We pass through a village with cobblestone streets and people dressed in strange costumes. Cats gather at our feet and hiss at the woman with the goat and the people shun her as she passes. We pass open fields and come to a city full of seafaring men and dark taverns. Finally we journey out of this city and come to an old house rotting with time. Behind the house my purpose becomes clear. At an altar stands a huge dark Thing holding a sharp knife. She tells me to lie down, that my blood might fulfill the curse and then I would be as they are, rulers of dreams.

"Then I run away and find myself in my room. But there she stands, the goat next to her and her knife in hand. As I start back to my bed, the goat bites me.

This morning, I awoke lying in bed in a cold sweat. Then I looked down and saw this!"

He holds out his bandaged hand and quickly unwraps it to display a wound. A successful Anthropology or Zoology roll detects that the bite appears to be human- or monkey-like, made by sharp fangs.

As the wound is examined, Eric drifts off again to his blank stare.

Keeper Information About Eric

Eric was and is being influenced from the Dreamlands by Hesper Payne to sacrifice his dream-self in her spell to destroy Arkham. When he awoke, he saw Susan Mason dressed as Hesper, carrying her familiar violet lantern and accompanied by the goat-like familiar Specter.

Susan's intent is similar to Hesper's, to sacrifice Eric's real self as Hesper kills his dream-self to aid in breaking Hesper through into the waking world.

A successful Cthulhu Mythos or Dream Lore roll tells the investigators they need to travel to the Dreamlands to solve these strange events.

The Curse House

Sooner or later the investigators will visit 119 Jenkin St., the old home of Hesper Payne. The three-story structure looks ominous and exudes a feeling of antique evil. It is presently a boarding house, attracting the poor and those curious about the witch legends. Both Susan Mason and Eric Watson were drawn here for the legends and, now, so too are the investigators.

Each resident of the curse house is described separately.

MR. DOMBROWSKI — the landlord. He is in his mid-fifties, bald, and overweight. He seems very stern, and glares at the investigator during their questions. He is happy to tell people about the house, though.

If he is asked about Susan Mason, he states that she is a good tenant, stays to herself, and pays her rent on time.

If asked about Eric Watson, he says that Watson was eccentric from the time he first moved in. Dombrowski knows that Watson was a math major at the University.

He tells the investigators that they are free to talk with any of the residents they wish. Just don't bother Mr. Dombrowski anymore.

GRETCHEN CAMPBELL — No one is at home in her apartment. If the investigators ask other tenants about her, they find that an elderly woman lives there who has not been seen for days. Most surmise that she has gone to Boston to visit her daughter. If the investigators break into her room, they find nothing of use.

DAVE GILMAN — Dave was Eric's roommate, but now, of course, has the room to himself. He is studying for a chemistry examination. He is twenty years old and fairly good-looking. He has known Eric Watson for over a year and considers him to be very intelligent. He knows of Eric's dreams, and credits them to an over-active mind. He tells the investigators that neither his nor Eric's parents were very rich, which is why they have been forced to live in this old dump. If the investigators mention Eric's bite, Dave tells them that most of the residents of this rat-infested place have been bitten in their sleep at one time or another.

If he is asked about Susan Mason, he is not able to say much. He has seen her, and thinks she is very attractive, but not too sociable. She keeps to herself and spends a lot of time studying history.

FRANKLIN McINTYRE — Frank is a Physical Education major. He is tall, strong, and only moderately intelligent. Frank opens his door just a little bit and appears very nervous to the investigators. A rancid stink and faint bubbling sounds emanate from the room. A successful Fast Talk is needed to even keep him at the door. If the roll fails, he slams the door and says he doesn't want to buy anything.

Frank has something to hide, but not anything of great concern to the investigators. He has a crude still set up to make gin from barley. The stink and bubbling noise is the yeast ferment being boiled on Frank's hotplate to distill the alcohol for his gin.

Frank tries at all costs to keep the investigators out of his room. If they manage to get in, he holds out his hands to surrender, since he is sure that they are Federal Agents.

If, instead, the investigators ask the other tenants about Frank's room, they are all aware that he makes and sells bootleg gin to other members of the Athletic Dept.

If the investigators actually get to question Frank, they get nothing from him. The interview should be quite frustrating as Frank gives one stupid answer after the other, till the investigators give up. Then as they leave, he says, "Is it something I said?"

PAUL CHOYNSKIS — Paul is in his mid-thirties and nervously fumbles with a large crucifix he wears around his neck. He is happy to talk to the investigators. He admits that he took Eric to the Sanatorium after he found him wandering through the streets. He does not know what happened to Eric, but believes the supernatural to be behind it, because he saw a violet light emanating from his room the last few nights before Eric went mad. He knows the legends of the light being connected to Hesper Payne's witchcraft, and believes that Hesper's ghost is haunting the house. He plans to move out as soon as he

can get together enough money for a deposit on a cheap apartment in Boston. All he knows about Susan Mason is that she is a fool for living on the third floor, which is where he believes Hesper's private room was.

SUSAN MASON — the steps to the third floor are in worse shape than the other flights. The top of the stairs and the third floor hall are dark and musty. On this floor is only Susan's apartment. If the investigators arrive between the hours of 6pm and 2am, she will not be home. Otherwise, she is there. If she is home, she is polite, but does not allow the investigators to enter her apartment. She'd rather stand out and talk in the hall. She gives no signs of eccentricity, but reacts to the mention of Hesper Payne. She acknowledges Hesper as her many-times-great-aunt and says that she is intrigued with her historically.

Keeper's Information: Susan is now suffering from a split personality. In her waking hours she is perfectly normal, but asleep she falls under the influence of Hesper and sleep-walks to do Hesper's bidding.

SUSAN MASON

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 16 EDU 16 SAN 20 HP 12

Skills: History 55%, Occult 50%.

If the investigators somehow manage to get her back into her apartment, she suddenly passes into a trance-like state. If she is questioned, she says that she and Hesper are one and through their actions her ancestress will have her revenge on this city. If she is asked where Hesper is, she replies, "In the land where great ones slumber, nightmares become reality, and time means naught. Pass through Dylath-Leen." After this, she sleeps.

If the investigators churlishly examine Susan's upper chest to see if she has a brand thereon, such as Hesper was supposed to have suffered before her death, they find a strawberry birthmark over Susan's heart. It is in the rough shape of an Elder Sign (recognizable by anyone that has seen an Elder Sign or who succeeds in a Cthulhu Mythos roll).

After Susan has collapsed, or if the investigators visit when she is not home, they can quietly break into her room with a Mechanical Repair roll (a failed roll indicates that they made noise, and alerted Mr. Dumbrowski).

Susan's front room is stacked with books and papers, mostly related to history and the Arkham witch trials. A successful Spot Hidden while looking under her bed produces a half-eaten raw steak. This was left there by Hesper's goat-like familiar that had been visiting Susan. If it is examined, it seems to have been chewed by a monkey or sharp-toothed human child. If the investigators have examined Eric Watson's hand, they can recognize the toothmarks as similar.

In Susan's back room are heaps of geometry figures, evidently based on the angles of the ceiling of the room. When the investigators look at the ceiling, each loses 0/1D3 SAN because of the peculiar angular shapes which appear to shift as the investigators stare at them. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the ceiling as some type of Gate. If any investigator concentrates on the geometric designs for more than thirty seconds, they begin to whirl before his eyes. If he then immediately succeeds in a roll of POW+INT or less on 1D100, he

passes through the gate and arrives in the underground temple in the woods by Aylesbury Hill. If he fails the POW+INT roll, the whirling figures slow down and stop and he is back to normal. Once a character has passed through the gate, he need no longer attempt the POW+INT roll, but can do it automatically. To the eyes of onlookers, a person passing through the gate suddenly seems to shrink, as though he was moving rapidly far away, though his form is still within the room. All at once he vanishes in a violet glow, and the room is once again normal.

If the investigators stake out the curse house, each night they see a violet glow in Susan's rear window, which represents Susan, under Hesper's guidance, using the gate to travel to the underground Temple.

If the investigator decide not to visit the Dreamlands, but rather to guard Susan to keep her from assisting Hesper, Susan is fine until the evening of April 30, when Specter arrives, she falls completely under Hesper's mental control, and attacks the investigators. Unless Hesper is killed or she is killed or tied up, she will go to the underground temple and sacrifice Eric Watson at midnight of Walpurgis.

Dreamlands

If the investigators have spoken with Eric Watson, they should realize that they must go to Dylath-Leen. If they have not realized this, a Dream Lore roll informs them that the city of "seafaring men and dark taverns" is likely to refer to Dylath-Leen. If they have interviewed Susan in her trance state, she has told them outright that they must go to Dylath-Leen.

Dylath-Leen is most easily arrived at by traveling down the Seventy Steps of Light Slumber into the Cavern of Flame and thence into the zoog's woods. From there, they can go through Ulthar (the "village of cats" mentioned by Eric Watson) and down the river to Dylath-Leen.

Dylath-Leen

In Dylath-Leen, the investigators' attention is drawn to a great black ship in the harbor, from whence a foul odor emanates. If the investigators ask about it, or about Hesper Payne, they are told that the black ship often does business with Hesper Payne.

If the investigators look for crewmen of the black ship, they find them in the seediest bar in town. These fellows wear turbans and strange shoes and gladly tell the investigators that they took Hesper to a far land last week, along with a cargo of three dead corpses. They're glad to take the investigators, too, for a fee. The fee decided upon is up to the keeper, but the crewmen will not dicker too effectively, and settle for a very low price. Once the investigators are aboard and at sea, the crew, who are men from Leng, whip out swords and take them prisoner.

Alternatively, if the investigators are interested, an amiable dockworker could smuggle the investigators aboard the ship, where they could stow away until the ship took them to Hesper. If the investigators agree to this, they must succeed in a Hide roll once aboard. If the

Hide roll fails, they are spotted, surrounded by crewmen brandishing swords, and taken prisoner.

The Cruise of the Black Ship

The investigators are in hiding, or else are prisoners aboard the ship. The ship travels swiftly, its oars moving over-mechanically in unison. If the investigators are overcome by curiosity and peer below decks to have a look at the rowers, they see rank upon rank of noisome moonbeasts, costing the onlookers 0/1D4+4 SAN.

The ship travels south for six days, then makes port at a mysterious dark island, where it docks at a strange village made of windowless metallic buildings. If the investigators have been captured, they are escorted off the ship, taken to one of the metal buildings, and locked up in what appears to be a closet or storage area.

If the investigators have been captured, they can escape their little metal closet with a successful Mechanical Repair roll followed by successfully matching their combined STR against a defensive STR of 28. If they escape the closet, they find themselves inside a huge metal building. If they investigate this building, go to The Dockhouse section below. If they wander out into the main city, go to The Secret City section below.

If they fail to escape, after a few hours five men from Leng arrive with knives to carry them to an inner room and prepare them for torment and death. If the investigators cravenly accept their lot, they are all tortured and killed. Each loses 0/1D10 SAN for the torture section before their dream-self dies permanently. If the investigators are courageous and attack the men from Leng, they may overpower them and escape. If they fail to overpower their captors, they are tortured and killed as described above. Otherwise, proceed as though they had escaped.

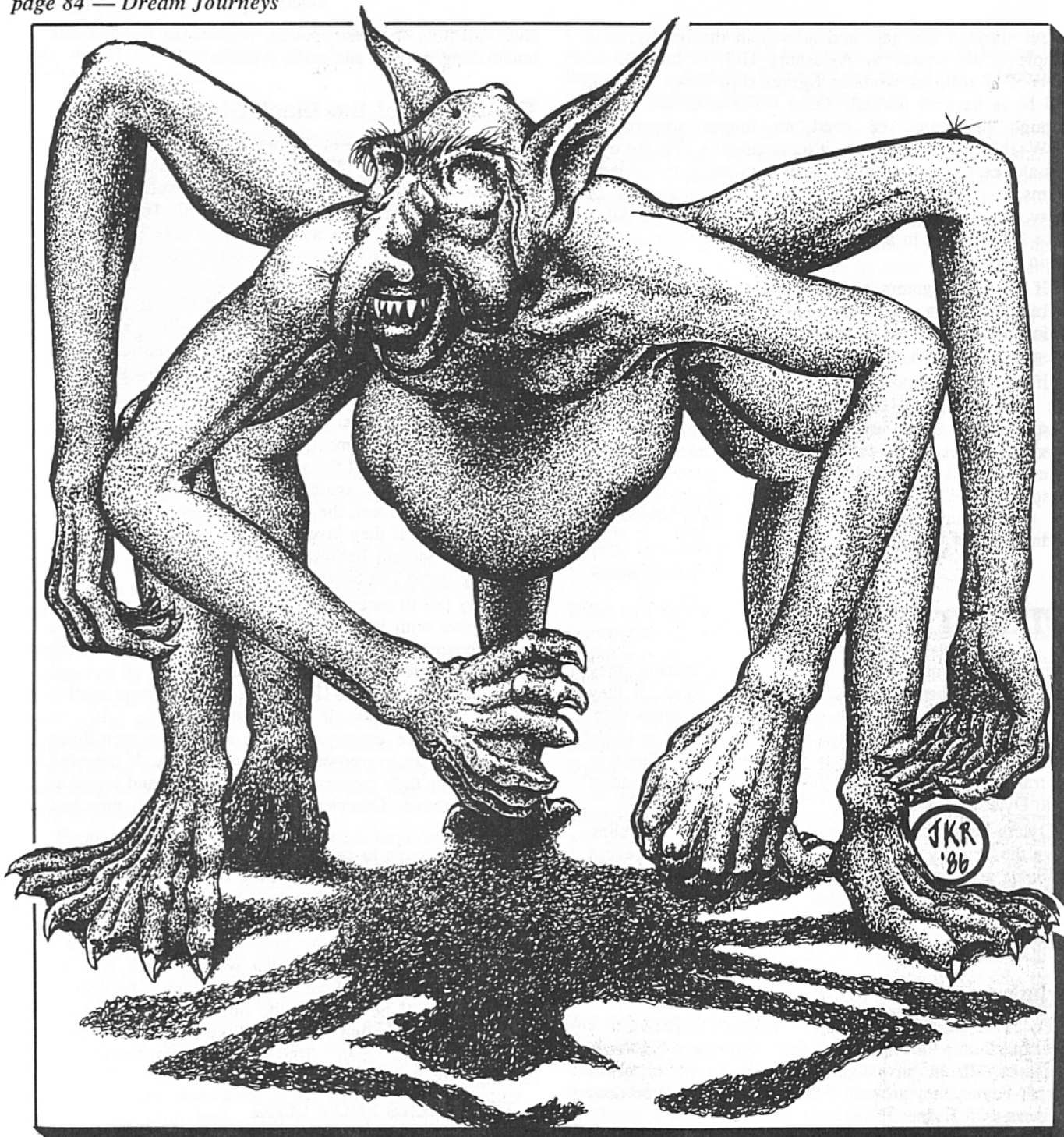
If they manage to capture one of the men from Leng, that man will tell them everything he knows — he has never heard of Susan Mason; Hesper Payne is not currently at the secret moonbeast city, though she has visited it several times; he knows nothing of Hesper's plans; and the dead corpses that were brought here by Hesper are kept somewhere in the Dockhouse, he doesn't know where. If he is freed, he immediately runs away yelling for help and brings a swarm of hopping moonbeasts and men from Leng down onto the investigators.

TORTURERS FROM LENG

	one	two	three	four	five
STR	12	15	9	13	13
POW	11	13	9	11	10
DEX	13	12	11	10	9
HP	12	13	7	15	11
Knife	25%	30%	30%	25%	25%
damage	1D4+2	1D4+2	1D4+2	1D4+2	1D4+2
		+1D4	-1D4	+1D4	

The Secret City

If the investigators have remained hidden for the entire journey, they can sneak off-board at night, when the ship's loathsome crew has gone to bed. While they hide, they can see the crew unload the cargo, which appears to be composed completely of naked human slaves. After the cargo is unloaded, a slippery horde of moonbeasts



pours from the ship's hold and follows the crew into the city.

If the investigators sneak out and wander about the city, they find its streets fairly deserted. Occasional soundless sparks flicker from the tops of the metal buildings. What appears to be a dockhouse, near the shore, is far larger than any other building, and a successful Idea roll informs the investigators that the building is the primary area of activity. All the other buildings prove to be hollow shells containing machinery, moonbeasts, and worse horrors. For each building entered, roll 1D6 and consult the Secret City Encounter Table nearby.

SECRET CITY ENCOUNTER TABLE

roll 1D6	encounter
1	machinery only, no living occupants.
2	cages of human slaves, plus 1D3 moonbeast guards.
3	machinery and 1D3 moonbeasts.
4	machinery and 1D3 moonbeasts.
5	sleeping quarters for 3D6 men from Leng, accompanied by 1D3 moonbeast guards.
6	1D3 moonbeasts and a Loathly Horror (see below).

Moonbeast Guards

The moonbeast guards are armed with spears. Others are unarmed. If the investigators manage to free a cageful of slaves, they discover that the slaves are all drugged, and obey the investigators' orders only slowly and ineffectually. It will take days for the alien drug's effect to wear off.

MOONBEAST GUARDS

	one	two	three
POW	11	12	7
DEX	9	9	6
HP	14	17	16
spear damage	40%	35%	35%
	1D10+1+1D6	1D10+1+1D6	1D10+1+1D6
paw damage	40%	45%	15%
	1D4+2D6	1D4+2D6	1D4+2D6

Spells: *one* — Shrivelling, Contact Hound of Tindalos, Woeful Itch;* *two* — Contact Nyarlathotep, Wither Limb;* *three* — Lace Curtains of Hish.*

* spells described in Dreamlands.

The Loathly Horror

The investigators come across a large tentacled, boiling, leprous Thing sitting in the middle of the floor, being fed half-naked humans in quick succession by the moonbeasts. The monster is devouring the humans as rapidly as it is able.

THE LOATHLY HORROR

STR 36 CON 24 SIZ 41 INT 3 POW 2
DEX 10 HP 33

Armor: 6

Move: 1.

SAN Loss: 1D3/1D20.

weapon	attack%	damage
Tentacle	50%	3D3 per tentacle/round

NOTES: The Loathly H. makes 1D10 attacks per round.

Once a tentacle has grabbed a victim, the victim stays attached until the monster or the victim is killed.

The Dockhouse

When the investigators finally enter the huge metal building, whether they sneak in from outside or escape their captivity from within, they find a huge round room opening onto an internal corridor heading underground. In one corner of the interior is a large structure of glowing lights and vibrating pipes. Anyone touching one of the glowing lights is burned for 1D6 points of damage. A successful Physics or Electrical Repair permits the user to surmise that the structure is some sort of power supply. If it is attacked, it proves impervious to any sort of damage the investigators can wield.

In the middle of the room is a large angular box with a concave lid. Perhaps it is the moonbeast equivalent of a chair. Leaning against one wall is a spear, its shaft made of solid metal. On the floor next to the box-like seat are plates of black stone, laced together with thick wire to form a sort of book. Next to the plates is a disk of curved glass. A rod is attached to the glass disk as a handle. If anyone looks through the glass at the plates, they can read the plates as though written in English. If the investigators spend more than an hour or two in this room, several moonbeasts arrive, and attack upon sighting the escaped prisoners.

Hesper Payne and Specter



The investigators will not have time to read the mysterious black stones here in the moonbeast city. However, if they take the glass disk and black stone book back with them to more civilized parts of the Dreamlands, they can ultimately peruse them at their leisure.

The black plates deal with the worship of Nyarlathotep in clinical detail, as well as dealing with methods of torture as applied to some 17 different alien species, including humankind (interestingly, ghouls and humans are classified as the same species). The plates (call them **The Book of the Black Stones**) add 6 percentiles to Cthulhu Mythos, +10 percentiles to Dream Lore, and cost the reader 1D10 SAN. There is an INT multiplier of x3 to learn the 6 spells contained therein — Contact Nyarlathotep, Curse of Darkness, and four more spells of the keeper's choice. These spells should mostly be chosen from the new spells unique to the Dreamlands.

CURSE OF DARKNESS: A NEW SPELL

This spell should be performed by a group, and is equally effective in the real world and the Dreamlands alike. It costs 1D6 SAN to cast. All participants must sit in a circle around the main spell chanter. All must know the spell, and all chant for at least two or three minutes. Each participant must give up one point of POW except the caster, who may give up no POW, or as much as desired. For each point sacrificed, the spell receives a 10% chance of success. The spell can be cast against any alien being from another plane or dimension. If the spell succeeds, the alien is driven back whence it came, with no chance to resist or evade (unless it can break up the ritual before its completion).

If the investigators progress down the tunnel in the back of the dockhouse, they come to a door (past which the tunnel proceeds) which leads into an extremely large hall. The investigators can get in safely if they can succeed in Sneak rolls. If a Sneak fails, the investigators are spotted by the four moonbeast inhabitants, who immediately attack with foul magic spells. The room is dark, lit only by a dull glow from the tri-lobed eye of a statue of a winged horror. Successful Cthulhu Mythos rolls identify the winged horror as Nyarlathotep.

FOUR TEMPLE MOONBEASTS

	one	two	three	four
POW	15	17	12	27
DEX	10	9	10	8
HP	17	22	22	16
Paw	40%	20%	35%	15%
damage	1D4+1D6	1D4+1D6	1D4+2D6	1D4+2D6

Spells: one — Awful Doom of Cerrit, Emerald Darts of Ptath; two — Deflection, Eviscerator; three — Emerald Darts of Ptath, Black Box; four — Lassitude of Phein, Lavender Spheres of Ptath, Maws of Pandemonium, Whirligig, White Web of Soren.

Gathered on a platform in front of the statue are 4 moonbeasts who, as mentioned before, only detect the investigators' presence on a failed Sneak roll. If the investigators snoop around the room, they find a pile of large angular box-like objects (more moonbeast seats?) and a small heap of spears and less definable weapons. If the investigators remain in the temple room for more than a half-hour, the four figures at the altar finish their

ceremony, turn, and leave. The investigators must each succeed in Hide rolls or the moonbeasts spot them and attack with their magic.

The Torture Chamber

Immediately upon opening the doorway to this room, the investigators hear terrible eldritch screams, as well as great whirring sounds and electrical pops and crackles. In the room are three half-fleshed human corpses strapped to a wire meshwork. The mesh hums and glows blue with magical power, and sparks from it create a weird halo around the corpses. Also sitting in the room are three moonbeasts, all armed with insulated spears, periodically amusing themselves by prodding one corpse or another with a spear or by adjusting controls on a wall. Anyone seeing this loses 1/1D10 SAN. As soon as the investigators open the door, the moonbeasts see them and pursue them in hopes of claiming more playmates for their torture chamber.

MOONBEAST TORTURERS

	one	two	three
POW	17	9	8
DEX	11	5	8
HP	21	15	16
Spear	45%	20%	55%
damage	1D10+1+2D6	1D10+1+2D6	1D10+1+2D6

Spells: one — Emerald Darts of Ptath, Lassitude of Phein, Maws of Pandemonium, Silver Spray; two — Cascades of Florin; three — Eviscerator.

If the investigators manage to beat off or kill the moonbeasts and pull the tortured corpses from off their wire frames (presumably using the moonbeasts' insulated spears to do so), they can speak with the corpses, who prove to be the resuscitated bodies of Randolph Smith, Samuel Decker, and Jonathan Cooper. It is clear from close inspection that the corpses, far from being rotted and decayed, have fresh, if sparse, muscle, sinew, and nerves on their dry bones. Evidently the moonbeasts' treatment is slowly restoring the corpses to full bodily state. The corpses beg the investigators in creaky old voices to return them to their peaceful grave-sleep. They know that Hesper has books that reveal how to do this. They also know that Hesper has already left the moonbeasts' hidden city, and have overheard the men from Leng mention that she is at her home north of Dylath-Leen preparing for Walpurgis. The investigators must hurry, and the corpses need not accompany them. Instead, they creep off to the further parts of the moonbeast island to dig little scrapes in which to lie and gradually return to their former state.

THE REANIMATED CORPSES

	Smith	Decker	Cooper
STR	6	6	8
SIZ	12	16	13
INT	13	13	17
POW	14	15	13
DEX	13	11	16
Move	8	8	8

Note: All three are quite weak. This is natural, for they were all old men at death.

The three corpses, in their half-fleshed state, have the abilities and statistics of animated skeletons, as described in the 1920s Sourcebook, page 28. They will help the

investigators to escape from the moonbeast island by all means possible.

Returning to Dylath-Leen

The investigators could try to escape by stowing aboard a dark ship, waiting for it to leave. This has the disadvantage that the ship may go elsewhere, up to and including the moon itself! Alternatively, the investigators might steal a smaller boat and try to row it back across the ocean to Dylath-Leen. Lastly, they may give up and simply wait until they awake from their dream, leaving the secret island behind.

If the investigators steal a small boat and try to navigate north back through the Southern Sea, a successful Dream Lore, Astronomy, or Navigation skill roll permits them to make it back to Dylath-Leen. Naturally, it takes longer for the investigators to sail back north than it did for the black galley, oared by the noisome moonbeasts, to sail south. It should take the investigators 1D6 weeks to find their way back, plus an additional week for every failed attempt at Dream Lore, Astronomy, or Navigation.

If the investigators stow aboard another of the great black ships, it is up to the keeper as to its destination. It will probably go to another Dreamlands port, though not Dylath-Leen. From this new port the investigators can perhaps escape the men from Leng to board a ship to Dylath-Leen.

Hesper And Walpurgis

Whether the investigators have traveled back here from the moonbeasts' secret island, or whether they did not leave on the great dark ship to begin with, preferring to remain in Dylath-Leen and search for Hesper Payne, they can purchase any supplies they deem necessary here. Traveling north of the city, they come to an old house that looks exactly like the curse house on 119 Jenkin St. in Arkham. On a successful Listen roll, the investigators hear chanting in the woods behind the house.

The house is empty of goods and people — its purpose has been served. In the woods behind the house, the investigators see a firelight flickering in the distance. As they grow closer, they see Hesper Payne standing behind an altar. She bears a striking resemblance to Susan Mason, but her robe is open and the investigators can see the brand-burn over her heart, in the shape of an Elder Sign. Clutched in her hands is a long knife. Laying on the altar is the dream-self of Eric Watson. Crouching beside her is Specter, her goat-like familiar. Behind her are a trio of wamps, chattering mindlessly and awaiting the conclusion of the ceremony.

If Hesper is not stopped, she stabs the man on the stone altar, killing him instantly. At the same moment, Susan Mason in the real world stabs and kills Eric's real body. This act, coupled with the spells and incantations woven over the decades, will complete the spell and permit Hesper and all her horrible servants to cross over to the waking world.

As soon as the investigators are spotted, Specter and the wamps scurry forward to allow their mistress time to complete her spell.

THREE WAMPS

	one	two	three
POW	8	10	12
DEX	12	14	12
HP	30	23	26
Armor: 2.			
Bite	40%	60%	55%
damage	3D6	2D6	2D6

SPECTER

STR 6	CON 12	SIZ 14	INT 10
POW 32	DEX 13	HP 13	Move 10

Weapons: Bite 75%, 1D6 damage
Kick 95%, 1D4 damage

Spells: Specter knows all of Hesper's spells.

Note: Specter can kick once or bite once per round.

HESPER PAYNE

STR 11	CON 12	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW 36
DEX 14	APP 16	EDU 34	SAN 00	HP 12

Weapon: Sacrificial Blade 90%, 1D6 damage.

Skills: Astronomy 55%, Botany 65%, Chemistry 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 80%, Listen 45%, Occult 95%, Sneak 50%.

Spells: Create Gate, Call Nyogtha, Contact Nyarlathotep, Brew Space Mead, Shrivelling, Summon/Bind Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Hunting Horror, Summon/Bind Nightgaunt, Summon Minion of Karakal, Contact Moonbeast, The Awful Doom of Cerrit, Bloat, Concentric Rings of the Worm, Crystal World, Deflection, The Emerald Darts of Ptath, Lament Flame, Lavender Spheres of Ptath, Malenkamon's Impressive Bolt, Passing Unseen, Spiral of Suth, Viridian Wind, Vortex of Far Journeying, White Web of Soren, Woeful Itch.

In addition, she knows the following special spells: Contact Gug, Breach Dream-Barrier. The former spell is self-explanatory, and can only be cast in the Underworld. The second is the ritual she is about to intone to send herself and her companions to the waking world.

Hesper must wait until the ultimate fruition of her ceremony to kill Eric Watson's dream-self. She must wait 4 rounds after the investigators have arrived before she can strike. If she is prevented from killing Eric, she shrieks in frustration and she, Specter, and any living wamps vanish in a cloud of roiling black smoke.

Susan And Walpurgis

If Susan is being watched by the investigators, she attempts to escape and travel through the gate in her room to the underground temple in the woods above Aylesbury Hill. The scene that takes place in the temple is identical to that in the Dreamlands, except that no wamps are present. However, Specter is in both places at once. At this scene, Eric Watson's real body is being sacrificed. In the hours before the ceremony was to take place, Specter created a Gate to Watson's room in the sanatorium and kidnaped him to the underground temple, where he has awaited Susan's knife.

Results

If both Susan and Hesper manage to complete their respective ceremonies, then Hesper suddenly arrives in the underground temple with all her allies, consisting of a

dozen gugs, three wamps, a moonbeast priest (#4 of those encountered in the temple to Nyarlathotep on the secret moonbeast island), and Specter. She kills Susan and sets up shop in the underground temple, burrowing out greater and great tunnels to hide her monsters until the time is ripe for her to send out the gugs to destroy the city of Arkham.

If Susan is prevented from fulfilling her part of the ceremony, but Hesper manages to kill Eric's dream-self, then the ceremony only partially succeeds. Hesper manages to breach the dream-barrier, but she arrives alone, without her allies. She will still try to kill Susan and take over the underground temple, but if the

investigators attempt to prevent her, she flees into the woods to continue her plots.

If Hesper is kept from completing the ceremony, it fails completely.

Rewards

If the investigators prevent Hesper's plan from fulfillment, each receives a 2D6 SAN gain. Saving Susan Mason nets 1D8 SAN, and saving Eric Watson's real-world body is worth 1D4 SAN. Saving his dream-self is worth 1D4 SAN. Receiving the corpse forms of Smith, Cooper, and Decker from their unnatural torment gains each investigator 1D6 SAN.

Lemon Sails

by Phil Frances

An adventure taking place entirely within the dreamlands. Dream travel with no specific waking-world goal.

Introduction

An age past, in Sarnath's frivolous youth, white ships bearing lemon-yellow sails came to the Nameless Lake. The ivory vessels belonged to strange yellow-eyed merchants who vended a heady chartreuse wine unavailable elsewhere. The strangers admitted only that they came from a land called Sarrub. No more could be discovered, despite the efforts of the people of Sarnath. The same crews seemed to return time after time, though centuries passed, and the Sarrubians appeared not to age a single year. The bearing of the visitors was unnerving, as though each one considered himself a king or prince; wise men whispered that the exotic traders shared secrets with the gods, and were party to dreadful, forbidden knowledge. The inhabitants of Sarnath were oftentimes

unsettled by the sight and demeanor of their curious visitors, but none complained, because of the beautiful wine they brought.

Then the trade stopped. The last ivory ship seen in Earth's Dreamlands set sail in haste from the Nameless Lake, leaving three crew members behind. Rumors spread of great disaster upon Sarrub, the wrathful destruction of the vineyards by unknown powers, a horrible end to their entire race. When it became clear that the lemon-sailed ships were not going to return, the three remaining Sarrubians were scorned, enslaved, and separated, and the long-fabled wine now became a treasure fit only for kings. Short years later, with the destruction of Sarnath, most of the wine was lost, making it an even rarer delight. Of the slaves no one knows. If they still miraculously survive after all this time, none recognize them. And surely even they cannot live that long!

Keeper Information

Sarrubians do live that long, however. Mironim-Mer, the central non-player-character of this adventure, is over 10,000 years old, separated from his kin after they were stranded on the Dreamlands of Earth by their fleeing shipmates. Down the long centuries, he has sought the two others who were enslaved also. He escaped his servitude after his master died of old age, but his companions may not have been so lucky. Mayhap they are dead, or have been slaves to generations of masters. Perhaps they are free, and looking for him.

Player Information

The caravan only recently pulled into town. A long string of painted wagons bearing dark-skinned strangers, led by a man wearing a headdress with two horns and a golden disk thereon. They traded beads, and a crowd gathered to watch them sing of distant places, and play joyous tunes on tiny silver pipes. Dancers in emerald-bedecked attire performed for the crowd. Amidst this activity, a lean figure stalked away through the crowd, to sit in the shade of a nearby wall. His pallid skin and dark hair show him to be a stranger to this part of the Dreamlands. His eyes have neither pupil nor iris — just a glistening expanse of yellow. He carries a large ceramic jug, wrapped in straw and slung over his back. And the ebony cat that slinks behind him is almost as queer; its eyes are too large and green for any normal cat, and its unreflecting fur seems more mole-like than cat-like. The stranger's clothes are sailor-fashion, but he obviously has no ship. Now, his woeful gaze falls upon you with a touch of interest, for you are also different than normal Dreamlands folk. He climbs to his feet and now approaches you, his step unfaltering, his curiosity clearly aroused.

Meeting the Stranger

The man is Mironim-Mer, one of the three Sarrubians left behind so long ago. He sits close by the dreamers and asks casually if any of them have heard of Sarrub. A successful Dream Lore allows the listener to recall the tales of the vessels that came to Sarnath bearing weird wine, but none can know more than this. Mironim-Mer proceeds on to various other questions (where are the investigators from? what are they doing?), and works his way finally up to his biggest question: has anyone seen other folk such as him? But none have. At this he sighs, and explains his plight.

"Across the world have I sought my kin. I have seen the delicate minarets of Celephais, the wondrous gardens of Inquanok, the low wooden buildings of Rokol, and the squat stone fortresses of the Gnoph-Keh, but I did not find my friends there. Long ages ago we were enslaved, and taken to different lands. Now I am free, and I seek my kin, but grieve because none have seen them. I have passed through the Forbidden Lands, and delved into the Underworld further than I care to remember, but still they remain lost. Thus I have traveled alone through the many lands of dream. I would be ready to discover lofty Kadath itself if I knew I would find my friends there. Ten thousand years of lonely travel have shown me that they must no longer be on Earth. My soul is wearied, and I am in need of aid and companionship. I know you are strangers also, travelers like myself. Would you be

willing to accompany me on my final journey? I mean to return to Sarrub, for that is the only place I can imagine they could be now. But I fear what I may find. I offer you no payment, and the burden of my sorrow weighs heavy upon me. Show compassion. Will you help me?"

The investigators have two obvious choices: to travel with Mironim-Mer or hardheartedly ignore the impassioned plea of a despairing man. If the investigators crassly ask what profit they can expect from the trip, Mironim-Mer answers, "If you love travel, I offer experience. If you love wisdom, I offer the truth of Sarrub's doom. If you love crass luxury, I offer none, though perhaps there are remnants of the old Sarrubian wine left upon my world — if so, you are welcome to it. I, too, am a dreamer from the waking world, though not of Earth. Help me, and may you be helped similarly in your need."

MIRONIM-MER, Wanderer, Age 10,280

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 16 POW 30
DEX 20 APP 17 ED 1100 SAN na HP 14

Skills: Astronomy 84%, Bargain 80%, Boating 95%, Climb 85%, Dodge 70%, Dream Lore 92%, Hide 85%, Jump 74%, Listen 54%, Make Maps 90%, Navigate 70%, Sing 90%, Sneak 85%, Spot Hidden 88%, Sailing 85%, Shiphandling 100%, Storytelling 100%, Swim 100%, Throw 55%.

Weapons: Whitewood Knife 88%, 1D4+4+1D4 damage
Sling 99%, 1D8 damage.

Spells: Summon Lamp-Eft, Bolonath's Furnace, Brew Space-Mead, Crystal World, Deflection, Ironmind, Lament Flame, Malenkamon's Impressive Bolt, Passing Unseen, Song of Glissande, White Web of Soren, Woeful Itch.

TWO SPELLS

BREW SPACE-MEAD — The same spell as in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules, but it is used for an entirely different purpose in the Dreamlands — space-mead is allowed to soak into the hull of an ordinary wooden boat, and it enables it to sail the winds of outer space, once it has fallen off the edge of the world. The treatment must be renewed every few voyages. A great quantity of space-mead is needed for this purpose, and Mironim-Mer has spent the last few decades in gathering it. Space-mead is not essential for space travel in the Dreamlands — both the black galleys of the moonbeasts and the ivory ships of Sarrub could sail thusly without such aids — but no known Earthly source can provide such boats. Mironim-Mer's ceramic jug contains a sufficient dose of space-mead for a small craft.

SONG OF GLISSANDE: this spell costs no SAN and as many magic points as the caster wishes to expend. It produces a tiny huddle of silver needles just above the caster's outstretched palm; these play a sweetly chiming melody that lingers in the air for 1D4+1 minutes, echoing dreamily away. The number of magic points spent by the caster are matched against the INT of the intended victim(s) on the resistance table, who must be able to both see and hear the needles and be within 20 feet or so. If his INT is overcome, he is peacefully engrossed for the song's duration. After the first round, the caster may move away and the needles remain floating in place, fading slowly away. Anyone happening across the chimes whilst they play must attempt the same INT resistance roll. If a person engrossed by the chimes is shaken roughly or injured, he immediately snaps out of his trance. This nifty little spell has numerous

THE SARRUBIAN SECRET

Sarrubians, beings now apparently extinct, lived an extremely long time in five phases or stages of existence, spanning up to 17,000 years of Dreamlands time (around 100 years of real time). Unlike Earth's Dreamlands, all Sarrub's dream-inhabitants were physically arrived from their waking world. Sarrubians had the ability to physically enter the Dreamlands at will. When in the Dreamlands, the Sarrubians exploited Dreamlands reality to sail through space on ivory ships and trade with other worlds, and used the Dreaming skill to alter their body form to render such trading facile.

Their reproductive cycle was lengthy and complex, and took place only in their Dreamlands. Their first stage of life lasted ten years, and in this period the Sarrubian was a mindless, pink, many-legged creature, thousands of which populated their world's deep green ocean. These were paradoxically preyed upon by the second stage, a small carnivore consisting mainly of bones and teeth. Enough pink first stages existed to ensure that plenty of survivors made it to the second stage, despite the relentless attacks of the predators. The second stage spanned 30 years, after which the creature crawled to the ocean shore, bloated within its shell, and lay inert for several weeks. At this time, the hard shell broke open, and a slimy green reptilian creature emerged. This lizard-like being fed upon other, smaller, creatures for about 45 years, growing slowly but continuously, shedding its skin periodically, and its tail and various limbs throughout the process, until it became an adult Sarrubian — an intelligent, armored and spined alien thing. The new adult instinctively sought the nearest place of habitation. There it was taught to return to the waking world for education and soon learned to travel between the worlds at will, as well as how to change its form via Dreaming to better

allow it to explore other worlds. In this fourth stage, the Sarrubian lived for many thousands of years. When the final stage neared, it became restless. Its personality broke up, and its intelligence quickly waned. Its only desire soon became to return to Sarrub. Upon its return, it crawled to the ocean shore and dried to a husk. Thousands of many-legged pink invertebrates crawled out, eating the body until they could barely walk, then they scurried into the sea, where they soon transformed into the first stage of the Sarrubian life-cycle.

Note the harshness of the Sarrubian life-cycle, involving tough opposition to the being's survival on every stage but the last. For a Sarrubian, the act of procreation was also the first step towards his own personal destruction, and self-sacrifice for the continuation of his species a necessity, not a moral luxury. Unlike many alien species, the Sarrubians rejoiced in an emotion similar to human love, and this was made more poignant by the fact that their own death was ultimately (perhaps not for many centuries) encompassed in the act of their mating. There was obviously a carefully-balanced ecological cycle, based in a favorable habitat. It was perhaps the disruption of this cycle that brought disaster to Sarrub.

However, time moves differently in the Sarrubian Dreamlands; one reason that Mironim-Mer has not felt a particularly urgent need to return ere now. Though centuries of Earthly time have passed, back on Sarrub only a few seasons have gone by. Hence, Mironim-Mer has no reason to believe that things are utterly, seriously, wrong — something has come up preventing their return to Earth's Dreamlands for a few years. That is all. That must be all. Mironim-Mer steadfastly refuses to speculate on what news could have reached his shipmates to cause them to sail without him.

uses; slipping a few men past a dumb guard, avoiding being mauled by a savage manticores, or getting out of a fight with four drunken sailors are three reasonable examples. Mironim-Mer will warn the investigators to look away before he casts the spell, lest they, too be enthralled by its power.

Mironim-Mer is currently in the fourth and longest phase of his life, searching for his kin, particularly his love Kalya-Kaan. He is accompanied by his long-term companion, the cat Fortune.

FORTUNE, Cat, Indeterminate age

STR 1 CON 12 SIZ 1 INT 14 POW 17
DEX 34 HP 7 Move 10

Skills: Hide 100%, Listen 99%, Sneak 100%, Spot Hidden 85%.

Weapons: Bite 60%, 1D4-1D4 damage

Claw 70%, 1D3-1D4 damage

Rip 89%, 2D3-1D4 damage

Spells: Deflection, The Emerald Darts of Ptath, Ironmind, Lassitude of Phein, Mandrake, Minim, Passing Unseen, Stability, Woeful Itch.

Fortune has never been separated from Mironim-Mer for more than a few days. Fortune has a deep, growling purr, and a powerful love for cream.

Mironim-Mer earns a modest living by singing or telling stories for goods he needs. He eats no solid food,

and drinks nothing but alcoholic beverages, though Earth's strong drinks are foul compared to his native wine. He never becomes drunk or violent, despite the large quantities he partakes. He plans to return to Sarrub, to seek his friends and consult the Oracle Mirror, which should tell him where they are, if not on Sarrub itself.

The Search

Mironim-Mer's quest has three basic points of adventure: a journey to the slave markets of Dylath-Leen, on to Sarrub to consult the Oracle Mirror, and a trip to the world of Yundu to rescue the two remaining Sarrubians from the flabby clutches of the awful Wenelians.

The Streets Of Dylath-Leen

The dark towers of Dylath-Leen loom with rigid menace into the sky, overshadowing twisty, narrow alleys that do not always go whither they ought. The dismal city is a horrible mass of such spires, home to thieves and murderers, and less desirable things. The worst of the inhabitants are rumored to venture out at night, when the dark covers their odd forms. Even at noon, Dylath-Leen is a terrible city. Mironim-Mer warns the investigators to be on guard if they are not familiar with Dylath-Leen, for

many dangerous and awful things meet here, and the city rulers choose to see only that which benefits them. Even the natives are swarthy and sullen; perhaps only the cats are trustworthy here.



A man from Leng stalks the streets of Dylath-Leen

Mironim-Mer wishes to visit this dismal city because it is an important slave port, where many queer slaves are sold to even queerer masters. It is a natural place to seek the Sarrubians one last time before embarking on a long journey to Sarrub itself. However, the markets are reserved solely for those who are sold and those who wish to buy, not for curious wanderers such as the investigators. Many of the slaves are bought behind closed doors because of the nature of the purchase or of the purchaser.

The markets themselves are a large ring of wooden buildings around a central enclosure, in which the choice slaves are bought and sold. The outer buildings are used for the purchase of lesser specimens (the aged, infirm, diseased, or non-human). The huts are laxly guarded, though they are not supposed to be, and it is quite easy for a few investigators to slip in (though not a whole group). The inner auction area is bounded by a high wooden fence in which stand gates at regular intervals. Each gate is manned by two burly guards wearing black leather and iron armor, and toting iron tridents and heavy gray shields.

The investigators now are faced with the problem of gaining access past the aforementioned guards to the central markets; Mironim-Mer wears sailor's garb, clearly not a man of wealth. It is doubtful that any investigator is visually impressive enough to gain entrance either. A successful Credit Rating roll is needed to gain entrance past the guards into the slave market — one successful roll permits the entrance of all the party. If no one can succeed at Credit Rating, the guards must be bribed with wine, gold, or jewelry. As a last resort, Mironim-Mer can use his spell Song of Glissande to sneak the party past the dumb guards. Mironim-Mer is none too keen about flaunting magic in such a public and dangerous locale, and only resorts to its use if no other solution presents itself.

As it turns out, unless the keeper invents further adventures for the investigators, the slave market proves to be of little use. Only one trader speaks in a friendly manner to the investigators and Mironim-Mer, and he does recall a tall exotic woman-slave with yellow eyes, but doesn't recall where she went or who sold her. Mironim-Mer decides that it is foolish to wait around. The only place it is now necessary to go is the harbor to buy a boat, and thence to Sarrub.

If the investigators scout around the harbor for a while, they can find an old, wizened man willing to sell his boat to them for fifty gold coins. If this is beyond the investigators' means, Mironim-Mer sighs, and offers Fortune in the deal also. At this, the old man's smile broadens uncomfortably, and his tongue crosses his lips in eager anticipation. Fortune seems none too bothered, and the deal is made. Later, when the party embarks, they find a bundle of sails moving slightly; lifting them uncovers a slightly ruffled but unharmed Fortune, who is obviously capable of taking care of himself. The boat is rather good-sized, and can carry up to eight people, including cramped sleeping quarters and space for cooking.

Mironim-Mer reminds everyone to get warm furs and cloaks for the long trip ahead.

On To Sarrub

Mironim-Mer sets sail once all preparations are made, on a course for the Pillars of Cathuria and thence to Sarrub. On the way, he pulls ashore once in a barren spot to coat the boat's hull with the space-mead he has so carefully kept. Along the way, he and the investigators catch fish and shoot sea-birds for food, catch rainwater for drink, and swim in the sea for exercise and pleasure. It takes many days to reach the Pillars of Cathuria, and shortly thereafter the ship falls off the edge of the world, booming out into the realms of space. Now the intended purpose for the warm clothing becomes clear — it is cold out here.

Once out in space, the blind, mindless larvae of the Outer Gods float ever nearer to the little craft, drawn by their singular hungers and thirsts. All the investigators lose 1/1D10 SAN from the fearful visage of these horrible creatures, which occasionally pass closely enough to reach out and fondle, or nuzzle hungrily. But generally Mironim-Mer is a skillful enough sailor to avoid dense clusters of the horrors and steer away from those that appear too aggressive or noisome.

On the journey, Mironim-Mer seems to perk up, and cheerily explains to the investigators about his race, and even tells them about the unusual Sarrubian life-cycle if the investigators express interest. He does not know what happened to his world. He has not left the Earth's Dreamlands for Earth because once out of the Dreamlands, his natural form would be restored. (He has used up all his Dreaming points, and it would take him several trips to build up enough points to give him a new body on his return.) If the investigators are curious, he'll sketch his natural form on the ship's deck: it is that of a squat, horned and armored reptile-like being, with narrow yellow eyes. It is clear that such a being could not trade easily on Earth's Dreamlands without first taking on a disguise.

After a lengthy voyage, the ship touches down in a frigid, cheerless green sea. This unsettles Mironim-Mer, who mentions that he remembers Sarrub's waters as tropically warm. Here and there float sickly white fleshy corpses, which Mironim-Mer identifies as first-stage Sarrubians. Their fate disturbs him, and he does not speculate on it. A day's travel under cloud-laden skies brings the boat to an icy, forbidding shore, where snow-covered boats stand idle in the water. Disembarking, the investigators are attacked by a second-stager. Previously, these creatures should not have reached shore till they were ready to change. Mironim-Mer regards this as another indication that the old way of life has radically changed.

SECOND-STAGER

STR 6 CON 15 SIZ 5 POW 9 DEX 10
Armor 3 HP 10

Weapons: Claws (x2) 50%, 1D6-1D4 damage
Bite 40%, 1D10-1D4 damage

Notes: can attack thrice per round, with two claws and one bite. The creature is ribbed and bony, with two forelimbs (both spiny and clawed) and no hindlimbs. Its hindbody trails off into a mobile, muscular flipper or tail. Seeing a Sarrubian second-stage life form cost 0/1D4 SAN.

Mironim-Mer directs the investigators to head inland for three days' march, to reach the Temple of the Oracle Mirror. The temperature is well below zero, and the investigators must dress warmly. Fortunately, they should all have good warm clothing left over from their space voyage. It is still uncomfortable travelling. Freezing winds blow off the seas, bringing blizzards and sleet. Along the way, the investigators see weird and terrible sights:

- A dead Sarrubian husk, full of shriveled insect-like first-stagers that have perished in the terrible cold of the world.
- Black-winged figures in the sky, circling over a faraway hill. When the investigators approach, they find only the clean remains of a huge skeleton; the figures are long gone.
- A dwelling containing the frozen corpses of two Sarrubians huddled together for warmth, and a curious mark on the remains of the shattered door.
- Huge shapeless footprints in the fresh snow, with a trail of blood alongside.
- Wandering figures in the dark, staggering aimlessly through the snow. They are never seen close up, and vanish if pursued. Perhaps they are spirits of the dead, though Mironim-Mer does not acknowledge this possibility.

All the corpses seen are humanoid. If the investigators question this, knowing that the Sarrubians are actually nonhumans, Mironim-Mer surmises that the corpses are those of his crewmates, or crewmen from other ships

SECOND-STAGER ONE

STR 7 CON 14 SIZ 7 POW 10 DEX 11
Armor 3 HP 11

Weapons: Claws (x2) 45%, 1D6-1D4 damage
Bite 30%, 1D10-1D4 damage
SAN: 0/1D4.

SECOND-STAGER TWO

STR 8 CON 12 SIZ 5 POW 8 DEX 8
Armor 3 HP 9

Weapons: Claws (x2) 45%, 1D6-1D4 damage
Bite 35%, 1D10-1D4 damage
SAN: 0/1D4

THIRD-STAGER

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 14 POW 14 DEX 15
Armor 5 HP 13

Weapons: Claws (x2) 55%, 1D6+1D4 damage
Tentacles 40%, 1D3 damage + draining

Notes: the wide mouth of a third-stager is surrounded by dozens of fibrous tentacles which grab prey and hold it while rows of sharp teeth suck blood at the rate of 1 STR per round. This STR is regained at the rate of 1 per day if the victim survives. The victim can pull away if he can overcome the creature's STR with his own. Third-stagers used to have needle-like spines in their tentacles that injected paralysis poison into prey, remarks Mironim-Mer. They seem to have lost this ability. Third-stagers have four twisted legs, the first pair of which end in barbed claw-hooks. Their heads end in a gaping mouth surrounded by a beard of tendrils, and their bodies are brown and rugose. Seeing a third-stager costs 0/1D6 SAN.

called back from Earth's Dreamlands. No other Sarrubians seem to be evident, except for larval forms.

There are also dangers to be encountered. The party is likely to be confronted now and again by second- or third-stagers, though the reality of the other things sighted (the owner of the large skeleton, for instance) had best be left to the players' imagination. This part of the scenario should not degenerate into a long string of fierce battles. Emphasize the danger, but don't go overboard.

The Temple of the Oracle Mirror

Eventually the investigators reach Mironim-Mer's destination. The Temple sits on a low hill surrounded by now-empty homes. It is built of white stone, veined with gray; the path leading to it is flanked by broken columns of the same stone. The temple is low, and its doorless entrance yawns darkly. A figure crouches in the doorway, scrambling in the snow with its fingers. As you approach, the figure scurries inside.

Mironim-Mer identifies the figure as the Keeper of the Temple; at least, it wears the Keeper's robe. Perhaps it is shy at the approach of humans — the Keeper never left Sarrub, so always maintained the normal Sarrubian shape.

As they near the temple, a hoarse voice from within shouts, warning the investigators away. "Leave! Doom awaits those who enter! Flee! Flee for your souls' sake!" The Keeper (for it is he) cannot prevent anyone from entering, however, and hides in the shadows if anyone does so, whimpering and cowering pitifully. The temple interior is empty except for small drifts of snow, icicles, and the Mirror, which is set in the middle of the floor.

If anyone approaches the Mirror, the Keeper in the corner begs them not to use it. But Mironim-Mer is adamant, and cannot turn back after so long. He takes a handful of colored crystals from his pocket and scatters them across the surface of the mirror, then he begins a hoarse chant, invoking the Mirror.

The skies outside redden and cloud over as the chant continues. With an outraged scream, a glistening limb reaches out of the Mirror and grasps Mironim-Mer, squeezing the breath out of him. Several green eyes glare balefully from the center of the Mirror, and a thundering voice bellows in a tongue which the investigators cannot understand. It is clear that the Mirror is dangerous. Mironim-Mer is being killed — losing 1D4 from his POW each round. The arm which holds Mironim-Mer is invulnerable to damage — no magic nor attack available to the investigators can harm it. It holds the Sarrubian with a grip that cannot be loosened. Someone among the investigators should be intelligent enough to think of breaking the Mirror. If no one is, then Mironim-Mer dies, and the investigators must perforce leave Sarrub, having failed in their mission. Perhaps the Keeper will agree to travel with them in their boat to navigate their way back to Earth's Dreamlands.

But if the investigators think of breaking the Mirror, there are plenty of chunks of stone lying around with which to do so. When the Mirror is shattered, the arm vanishes, thunder sounds outside, and heavy rainfall can be heard. Mironim-Mer grieves at the Mirror's breaking, and explains haltingly that a wendigo-demon possessed it, and that its influence on the Mirror doubtless exacerbated the disaster which had befallen Sarrub.

The Keeper scurries forward (costs 0/1D6 SAN to see), showing himself as a Sarrubian in natural form, an armored, spiked reptile-thing, squat and hideous. Its face is mobile and expressive. Hoarsely, the Keeper croaks that he was often allowed to gaze into the Mirror under the demon's control. He has watched Mironim-Mer for a long time, and it took all his will to cover the group's purpose from his master. He knows, however, where Kalya-Kaan and Taila-Tane (Mironim-Mer's two shipmates) are held and what their fate has been. Kalya-Kaan and Taila-Tane found each other, and made a skyboat to sail to Sarrub, but they were captured en route by horrible pirate-things, the Wenelians, from the world of Yundu. The Mirror has showed him that they are held in the House of the Single Spire, on the shores of the Circle Island, on Yundu itself. Mironim-Mer thanks him, and leaves hurriedly, having heard enough.

If the investigators ask Mironim-Mer about the Wenelians, he explains only that they, riding green phosphorescent creatures, often preyed upon Sarrubian trading vessels, and that their raids caused woe to many worlds. Of the Wenelians themselves, little is known, and even less of the dread world that has spawned such dire folk.

Outside, the rains are washing away the snow, uncovering many things that are undesirable, but freshening the air. Perhaps Sarrub has not yet been utterly ruined.

To Yundu

Mironim-Mer pushes the boat as fast as possible, now that his goal is within reach. The journey takes a long time, but eventually the black roiling surface of Yundu becomes evident before them. Yundu has no sun: instead, a ring of what appear to be glowing red coals encircles it. Hence, on Yundu there is no day nor night, only eternal sullen twilight. As Mironim-Mer steers the boat downwards, an island becomes visible, its peaks reaching above the filthy-looking ocean waves. This island is in the form of a ring. Perhaps it is a circular reef or, more likely, it is the remnants of an old crater whose inner and outer parts are now filled with liquid, leaving only the mountainous tips of the crater's rim above the surface. The boat touches down on the wrinkled surface of the tarry black liquid which passes for water on Yundu. The boat soon sails within sight of a jagged coast, and the grim towers of an unpleasant city. One building, standing high up on a mountain edge, has a single enormous steeple spearing up into the sky, clearly the House of the Single Spire. The boat can sail in shadow right to the quayside, under the very noses of the Wenelians.

A colossal glowing green horror (1D3/1D20 SAN to behold) with vast bat-wings, and attended by numerous Wenelians, is being unloaded of prisoners and goods further along the dock. Hapless human and non-human slaves are nailed into boxes and floated off by the Wenelians to fates best left unconsidered. A nightmare effect here could result in an investigator being nailed into a crate himself. Away from this area, the town is clearly visible. It is an unearthly gathering of abnormal buildings, tiled streets, black doorways, and dizzy vertical precipices, amidst which the Wenelians float in the dark.

Either a Hide or Sneak roll will permit an investigator to make it from the boat to nearby cover behind some old wooden cases. A failed roll causes one of the loathsome Wenelians to hear or catch a glimpse of the investigators and come over to investigate. If the unwanted curious Wenelian can be disposed of in a single round, it sounds no alarm as it collapses, and the investigators can continue. Otherwise, it manages to emit a piercing hoot, and 2D6 more Wenelians, plus the gigantic glowing monster, hurry to its aid. The investigators and Mironim-Mer will be forced either to return to their ship and sail away or to fight off this new threat before their activities can continue.

THE WENELIANS (*Lesser Independent Race*)

Description: Wenelians are bizarre beings. They float on the air, writhing their way along. Their bodies are bloated and sausage-like, but beautifully patterned in subtle shades of golden yellow, mouse-gray, ochre, and emerald. At one end of their limacine bodies is a wrinkled tubular proboscis. Just above the proboscis sprouts a pair of fan-like appendages somewhat reminiscent of ears and just behind these a pair of long stalks wave, tipped with shiny black globes — evidently eyes.

Notes: a Wenelian can extend or contract its boneless body to an appreciable amount. They fly through Dream space riding horrible green gliding things and raid other worlds aplenty.

In combat, the Wenelians can emit a grainy blue-black vapor which clogs the eyes and ears of their prey. This vapor fills an area 10 meters in diameter, and all skills which require the use of the senses are reduced by 50% when inside. They can also fire tiny calcite darts from their proboscis once per combat round at a range of up to 20 meters. Fortunately, neither the darts nor the vapor are poisonous.

THE WENELIANS

characteristics	dice rolled	averages
SIZ	2D6	7
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	3D6	10
INT	2D6+6	13
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	3D6	10-11

Hit Points 13

Move 6 floating through air

weapon	attack%	damage
Darts	35%	1D8 (can impale)
Vapor	auto.	none

Armor: none.

Spells: Wenelians know 1D4 spells if their INT or less is rolled on D100.

SAN: 1D6.

SOME WENELIAN ATTACKERS

	one	two	three	four	five	six
POW	16	8	12	11	7	15
DEX	15	4	13	8	9	9
HP	16	8	12	11	7	15
Dart	50%	45%	35%	15%	50%	40%
damage	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8
	seven	eight	nine	ten	eleven	twelve
POW	15	11	3	15	6	9
DEX	15	14	13	12	15	16
Dart	35%	30%	30%	30%	10%	40%
damage	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8

THE PHOSPHORESCENT MONSTER

STR 68 CON 29 SIZ 123 INT 2 POW 9
DEX 5 HP 76

Armor: 10

weapon	attack%	damage
Mouth-Scoop	45%	11D6 damage
Wing-Beating	60%	6D6 damage

Notes: this horrific being is over 30 feet high at the shoulder, and costs 1d3/1d20 SAN to behold. It can attack once per round, using either attack form.

The investigators and Mironim-Mer are doubtless intelligent enough to head for the tall House of the Single Spire. This building is easy enough to sneak into, and consists mainly of a seemingly infinite flight of dark stairs, leading to a circular room twenty feet in diameter; Kalya-Kaan and Taila-Tane are chained to staples in the center of the room. Taila is deceased, evidently due to some grievous wounds across his back. Kalya is disheveled and haggard, surrounded by remains of many uneaten meals, and horror is still in her eyes. Mironim-Mer rushes to them and comforts Kalya. He weeps for Taila-Tane.

The staples have a STR of 25, but a successful Mechanical Repair roll can be used to loosen them by 1D10 STR points. Once both Sarrubians are freed (Mironim-Mer will not leave without Taila-Tane's body), the flight down the stairs can be attempted; a solitary Wenelian is encountered on the way, bearing another disgusting meal to the captives. This should present little problem for the determined Sarrubian and his companions.

Getting away from Yundu can present as little or as much of a problem as desired by the keeper, with the group being pursued by Wenelians to the docks, tides being wrong and unnatural, hindering progress. and so forth.

Conclusion

Mironim-mer sails swiftly back to earth, a look of contentment spreading across his face. The destination is Celephais, or wherever else the investigators wish to be dropped off. As for Mironim-Mer, Taila-Tane, and Fortune, they intend to resettle on Sarrub. For such a happy ending, each investigator deserves 1D10 SAN returned to himself. However, if Mironim-Mer's quest ended in failure, for their visions of a world destroyed, each investigator loses 1D8 SAN.

The adventure may not be over for the dreamers, however. The Wenelians may be after vengeance for the stealing of their captives, and Earth itself is not beyond their reach.

To dwell a moment on happier things, Sarrub is partly healed, Mironim-Mer and his love reunited, and perhaps someday in the future white ships with lemon sails will reappear on Earth to vend the heady chartreuse wine from beyond the world again. This may not take as long as one might suspect: remember how differently time flows in Sarrub? In any case, if ever this does happen again, the investigators will certainly be remembered in a most friendly manner by the Sarrubian traders. And, of course, the investigators are now privy to a secret whereby they can sail the winds of space — the space-mead trick.

The Land of Lost Dreams

by Mark Morrison

A scenario for experienced investigators and keepers.

This adventure makes unusual demands upon the narrative and descriptive powers of keepers. Study this adventure carefully before you decide to present it.

The real world location of the scenario is left to the keeper to determine. The outlined events could take place in any city. Unlike most scenarios, this one does not politely wait for the investigators to come to it; it violently attracts their attention.

Neil Bruford is a dreamer, but not a natural one — his nightly journeys to far-off Dylath-Leen are powered by a mysterious drug supplied to him by an equally mysterious gentleman. Now Neil is in trouble; whilst in the Dreamlands he heard of Xura, the Land of Unattainable Pleasures, and determined to visit its enticing shore. On the night of February 11 (waking time), Neil made a fateful journey into the Dreamlands. The next morning his landlady found him sprawled in his garret room, in a coma. He has been admitted to the hospital.

Bruford has indeed arrived in Xura, and has been ensnared by Xura itself, the sum of millennia of human frustration and yearning. An inhabitant of Xura, fueled by Neil's own bitter desires, has captured Neil and is converting him into a gateway of flesh and blood. It will be free to walk in the waking world soon after the investigators first encounter it; the process is complete at midnight on February 14th.

Getting Started

One of the investigators' friends or relatives is sick or injured, and presently in the hospital. How or why is unimportant — the poor fellow could even be there as a result of the investigators' incursions into the unknown (which usually leave a goodly trail of casualties). For whatever reason, the investigators are in General Hospital on the night of February 12th, at 8pm.

The investigators' friend is in high spirits, and has been advised by his doctor that he can expect to leave the hospital in a week. He gratefully accepts whatever flowers or chocolate which the investigators have brought.

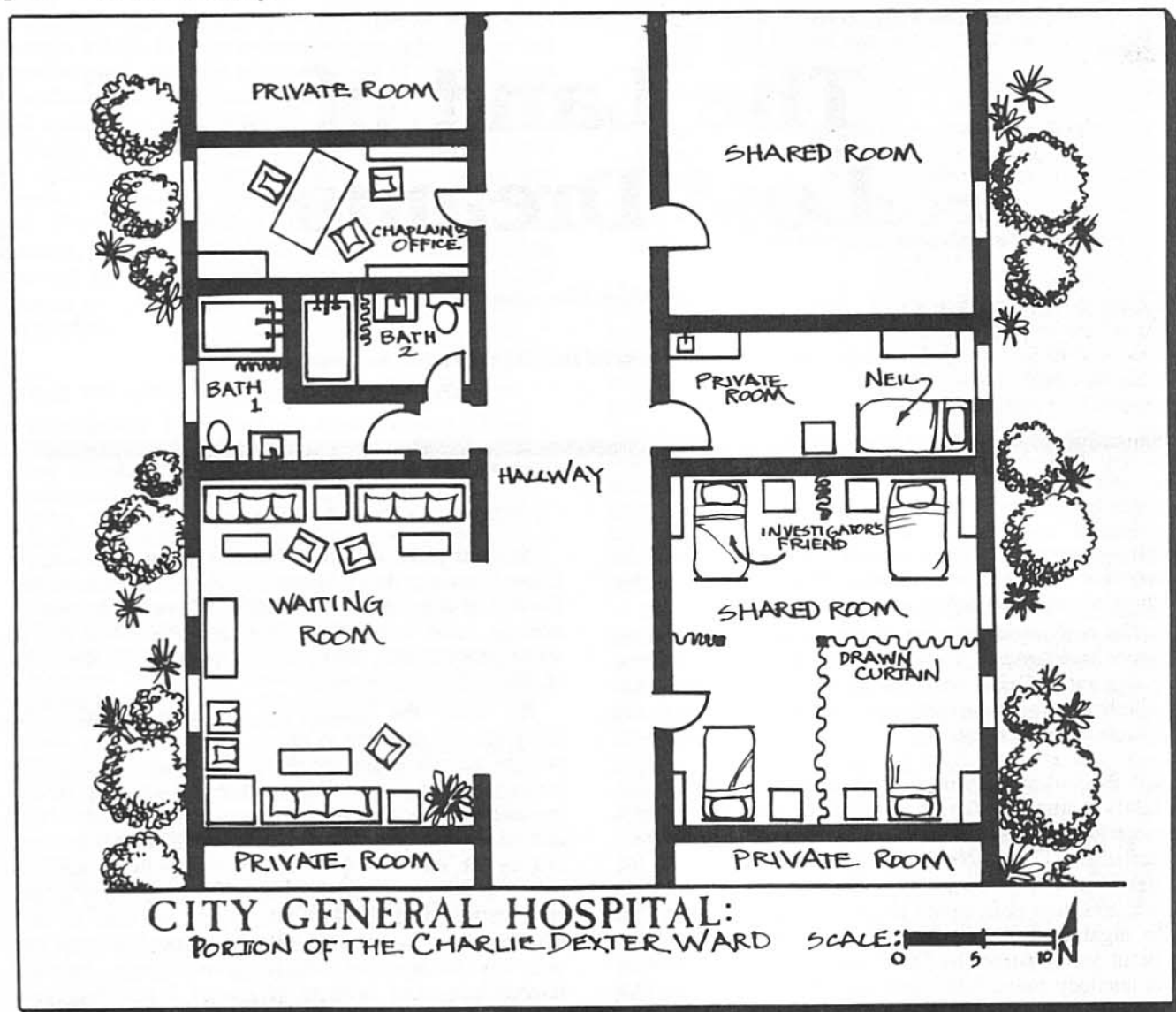
At some stage a Roman Catholic priest, Father Gary Elwood, enters, doing his round of the patients. Father Elwood is a good and kind man, 38 years old and of average build with brown hair and eyes. He enjoys visiting the hospital, where he feels closer to his flock and of more direct use to them.

He visits the patient in the next room. The investigators' attention is drawn to him when he comes out; he all but slams the door, and staggers erratically back into their room. He is white and shaking. If the investigators ask him what's wrong, he waggles his head and stammers (and if they don't say anything, he does exactly the same thing). An Oratory or Psychoanalysis roll, plus efforts to calm him down (getting a cup of tea, etc.) gets him to speak of his fright. He does so in a detached tone, his eyes staring into space: "I visited that poor boy, the one they think has brain damage...he's still unconscious...and because of course I couldn't speak reassuringly with him I just...laid my hand on his forehead, and...and...I think...it moved. It writhed, it wriggled, it was boiling to the touch, it was...evil."

More Father Elwood cannot say. A Psychology roll reveals that he has just suffered a tremendous shock. He knows he has experienced the most palpable manifestation of Satan in his life, and feels powerless to do anything about it. The investigators may well wish to inspect the young man first-hand. He is tucked into a hospital bed, apparently calmly asleep. He is blond, average-looking, in his mid-twenties. He has wavy blonde hair and a struggling beard. He has deep, recent scratches on his right cheek and on both hands. A chart at the foot of the bed identifies the patient as Neil Bruford.

A nurse, Nora Vincent, is busily taking his pulse and blood pressure — she rushed in when Father Elwood came staggering out, and she is relieved to discover that Neil seems all right. She is busy, cheerful and efficient. All Nora knows about Neil is that he is in a coma from a suspected drug overdose. Then, unexpectedly, Neil begins to moan. "That's odd," comments the nurse, and she turns to fetch the doctor. But before she reaches the door, all Hell breaks loose.

Neil's moaning suddenly bursts into a howl. If the investigators haven't entered the room yet, this will



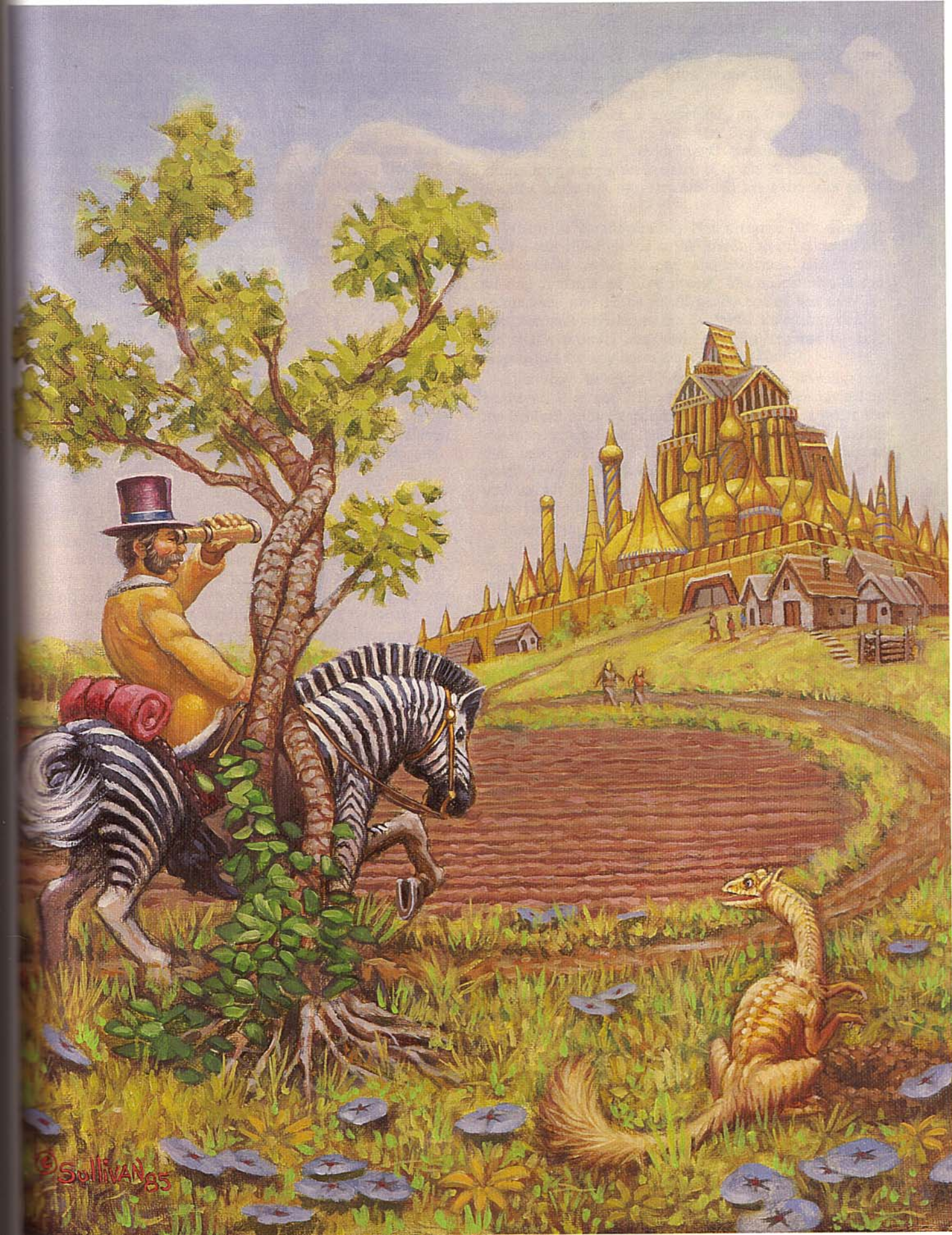
certainly attract them: "No! No! No! No!" he screams, tossing from side to side, then groans softly and seriously, "You cannot! God forbids it! Daoloth forbids it! Eaugh!" as his last moan terminates in a scream. Then he convulses, and great, retching coughs tear from his chest, as blood and tissue spray from his mouth and nostrils. Nora, fearing he will choke, rushes to him to turn him on his side and let the fluid in his throat drain but, as she begins to turn him, his arm sweeps around in a spastic claw-like motion, strikes her across the face, and hurls her twistingly away. She strikes heavily against the wall, splitting the side of her face open and flopping jerkily to the floor.

Neil goes rigid and his whole body begins to tremble rapidly. Slowly, but surely, he rises up from the bed, stiff as a board, until he is standing straight up. His coughing slowly turns into a rumbling roar, while blood and mucus run down his chin, as something unused to human vocal chords prepares to speak through them. At this point all the light bulbs in the ward blow out, detonating in showers of glass and blue sparks. And the guttural roar becomes a voice. It thunders incomprehensible words, shaking the window in its frame, "Throdog Napet

Savathath Thorinol! Hoom Vass Nazer Rytargho!" Then Neil's eyes open. The lids split far wider than is humanly possible, as the eyes bulge hideously outwards, exposing bulbous orange spheres as large as golfballs, veined with red, and glowing with a fiery unearthly radiance.

At this point there is a *thud!* as a nurse behind the investigators, who has run to Neil's room to see what is wrong, passes out. The investigators also lose 1/1D6 SAN.

The horror continues to roar, as its voice shockingly switches to English. "This body must die! I must pass through!" Then it suddenly seems to notice the investigators (at least, it points those horrible pupilless orange eyes at them), and it roars, "You must slay this body! I command you! Obey, else I rend you now, instead of when I pass through!" And it begins to stretch its arms stiffly towards the investigators, who presumably are not idiot enough to obey it. (Well, some investigators might be tempted. If they seem about to let it come through, ask for Idea rolls — anybody receiving a successful one understands that this is not a good idea, and actively stops the others.)



Then the eyes suddenly shut, and the stiff body drops like a board back to the blood-spattered pillow, comatose again. Several orderlies rush in and tend to the patient and the two nurses. One of them pulls up Neil's bruised eyelid to check his pupillary contraction — his eyes are normal. The investigators are hustled out, questioned, and asked to return tomorrow morning at nine o'clock to describe the fit to the treating doctor. If they ask after Nora, they are told that she has suffered a broken jaw, a broken arm, facial lacerations, and might have a concussion. The other nurse, who fainted, is all right, and comes to even as the investigators watch.

Investigations

If they are worth their salt, the investigators are curious and anxious about Neil's obvious possession. They should be glad to talk with Neil's doctor, who reaches them through their hospitalized friend and asks for a hospital conference at 9am (Feb. 13th), in the waiting room conveniently near Neil Bruford's General Hospital room.

The Brufords

When the investigators arrive, the head nurse asks that they wait for Doctor Edelson, who should arrive shortly. In reality, the good doctor will not arrive until eleven. He is presently standing by the road attempting to flag down assistance with his automobile from passing motorists.

At 9:05am, a strange procession rounds the corner of the ward and aims right for Neil's room. An imposing society matron strides purposefully ahead, the ward's head nurse scurrying along beside her protesting loudly. Behind them follow two older men: one is a balding, rather rabbit-like fellow; the other is tall and dominant, and clearly a lawyer. The rabbit-like man is nervous and quiet, while the other's voice booms out clearly, interjecting cogent points of law applicable to the argument travelling ahead of him. Behind them come two powerful-looking youths, dressed in street clothes and wheeling a stretcher. And lastly come a small mob of curious nurses, patients, and orderlies.

Mrs. Bruford has come to get her son. She has heard of last night's incident, and has come with her family to carry him out. The little nervous man is Mr. Bruford, and the other is Langley Westlake, the Brufords' lawyer. The head nurse protests that to remain here would be best for Neil, but she is overwhelmed by Mrs. Bruford's attitude, Mr. Westlake's legalisms, and the whole impossible situation.

Neil's mother is an energetic and domineering woman. An heiress, she was denied nothing in her childhood and has continued this practice into her adult life. The concept of not getting her own way is alien to her. She is 50, and has light brown hair and hard green eyes. Despite her fearsome willpower, she is fairly gullible. Besides Neil, she has two fine healthy sons, Adam and William.

Not much can or need be said about Nigel, Neil's father. A quiet man, he retreats from company, seeking the refuge of his stamp collection. He is a competent, if uninteresting accountant, and looks the part, with sparse brown hair and watery blue eyes. He was originally the

clerk in charge of Amanda's financial matters; she proposed to him. Nigel is too nervous to ever question the wisdom of marrying her.

Langley Westlake is a garrulous old lawyer, but wise enough never to disagree with Mrs. Bruford. He is present at the hospital to provide legal muscle. He sets an intimidating figure, and uses this to his advantage in his practice. He is tall, 64 years old, and has a shock of silver hair.

When the parade reaches Neil's room, Mrs. Bruford casts a tear-filled glance at the investigators, clutches her handkerchief to her bosom, and exclaims "His friends, waiting to visit him! How sweet!" She then storms in and secures her son. He is rolled gently out of bed onto the stretcher, and wheeled to the Brufords' limousine, despite the staff's protests and vows that they cannot be held responsible for any harm that comes to Neil.

This may be rather alarming to the investigators. However, it is not difficult to get themselves invited to the Bruford house, especially as Mrs. Bruford is under the misapprehension that they are friends of Neil's. Failing that, they could just follow the Brufords home. Another possibility is to check with the hospital registrar for Neil's address. It is listed as a boarding house, 17 Sackville Row, run by Mrs. Hannah Krank.

Meanwhile, Neil is borne to the Bruford family home, at 3 Hill Street, a large house in an exclusive section of the town. Neil is reinstated in his old room, with a private nurse. The walls and mantelpieces are bedecked with various athletic and scholastic awards, all of which are for third place or honorable mention, none for first or second place.

If the investigators interview Mrs. Bruford she speaks openly, if tearfully. "You know Neil decided to move from home six months ago. He was not doing as well as he could have been at college, and he attributed this to the drudgery of living with his parents. Neil never quite knew what it was he wanted. He rarely satisfied himself or us. He moved into the house of a dreadful German woman, clear down on Sackville. He visited us every weekend, but he was very taciturn. Why, it took all my energy to pry the least little detail out of him. And the next thing I knew, he was in the hospital. I'm certain that it was that German woman's negligence that led to Neil's accident."

At some stage in the conversation it should become apparent that the investigators are in fact not close acquaintances of Neil's (unless the investigators are particularly deceitful). If and when this occurs, it is up to them as to what story they tell her; she is surprisingly receptive to outrageous tales of alien entities and possession. Not only is she an avid believer in the supernatural, such provides a guiltless explanation as to why her little Neil had been acting so oddly.

Hanna Krank

Neil's landlady is a jovial German widow; her premises in Sackville Row are spacious and clean. An Oratory or Debate with a corresponding tale of private investigation easily gets her to talk about Neil. "He was such a strange young Herr; he slept in late, und hardly ever seemed to vork. Und der smells dat would come from his room! I think he was not the same after his friend disappears.

Both stayed up late one night, und ven Herr Bruford voke up next day his friend was gone. Nobody has seen him since. Two weeks later, I heard a terrible wailing and screeching in der night, coming from Herr Bruford's room. Und der next night der young Herr Bruford has this happen. I find him lying like dead next morning. So sad."

A further Oratory or Fast Talk, urging the importance of the research on Mrs. Krank, persuades her to let them into Neil's room. If this is attempted in German, add 30% to the chances for success, as Mrs Krank is delighted to be addressed in her native tongue.

Neil's room at Hannah Krank's is at the head of the stairs. Within is a sparsely-furnished chamber, with a bed, a desk, two chairs and a wardrobe. Rubbish and dirty laundry are strewn everywhere, a strong contrast with the condition of the rest of the house.

A photograph on the desk shows Neil by the sea, in bathing costume. The image of another individual standing next to him has carefully been scissored out. A Spot Hidden finds the missing part in the litter, another young man. On the back of the photo is written *Me & Darrel 1919*.

A second Spot Hidden finds seventeen sprigs of a strange herb taped to the underside of the desk. A Botany roll can tell only that the plant is from the tropics. Its precise species cannot be determined from these minimal sprigs, though it is obviously a close relative of Indian Hemp. The sprigs are wrapped in a piece of paper, on which the following is written:

HARR HARR HASS HASS KOOM YAR KOOM SSSSS (repeat)

A book of handwritten entries lies open on the desk.

The Diary of Neil Bruford

Neil evidently began this diary after moving out of his parents' home on 23 August last year. He optimistically wrote "My New Life" in big, blacked-in letters on the title page. A Read English roll is necessary for the reader to comprehend Neil's atrocious handwriting. The diary is about a hundred pages long.

The first part tells of Neil's settling into his new abode, with many, though not particularly insightful, observations of campus life. A successful Psychology or Psychoanalysis roll reveals that Neil was a frustrated young man. The diary documents his attempts to escape himself, starting with bootleg alcohol in October. By November he had moved to hashish and opium. It is apparent that Neil sought these as alternatives to the constant disappointment of his daily life. See the nearby box for those entries which most pertain to Neil Bruford's present fate.

FROM NEIL BRUFORD'S DIARY

JANUARY 4 — Today Darrel got me something new, a strange herb, which he instructed me to chew them before retiring. He also wrote a simple mantra for me to recite whilst going to bed. They were cheap, and I'll try anything once.

JANUARY 13 — Tonight is especially dull, so I have decided to try the new herb; I'm all out of opium anyway.

JANUARY 14 — My God, what revelations! The wonder! I chewed a bundle of stems and branches — it released a surprising amount of musty-flavored sticky stuff — and recited the nonsense rhyme about fifty times — it got easier and easier the more I chanted. I fell asleep, with the most incredible dreams, so clear, so real! I woke naked in a bare chamber, and robing myself I stepped out into a strange dark street, where sour-faced people rushed to and fro. I learned the name of the city: Dylath-Leen. Long I dwelt in that strange town, spending the days smoking thagweed with the silent sailors. I heard tales of distant lands: of Cathuria, of shadowed Leng, of Kadath in the Cold Waste. And I caught a glimpse of the woman of my dreams; her name is Bzai-kanaan, a dancer in the Street of Spices. I woke in the morning fully refreshed, yet it seemed I had spent weeks in that dark town. I shall savour the memory for now, but I cannot wait to dream again!

JANUARY 15 — Quizzed Darrel about the herb. He said that his father got seeds for the plant when he was in China during the Boxer Rebellion. Darrel thinks his father stole them from one of the temples. Darrel grew the plants in the college greenhouse last semester and has been chewing them for months. He won't tell me where he learned the mantra. When I told him that I had visited Dylath-Leen, he was astounded, because he had visited there, too, after chewing the weed. Apparently his dreams always start out in the same dark building that I woke up in. Darrel was flabbergasted — I guess he thought that everyone that took the drug experienced their own personal set of dreams, but it looks like we have similar ones.

JANUARY 18 — Life is tedious, and I wish again to see Bzai-kanaan. Shall return tonight to the port of Dylath-Leen, and confess my love for her.

JANUARY 19 — The dream was stranger still. I could not find my love, but I met another woman, whose name was Sarah Farnham. She claimed to be a fellow dreamer from Earth! Together we traveled widely to lovely Celephais and from thence to Serannian, which floats in the sky. And Sarah told me of Xura, and warned me against it; but from what she said, it is clearly the object of my lifelong quest. I woke before I could find where it lay.

JANUARY 22 — Tonight Darrel and I are taking the drug together, to see if we experience the same dreams; if so, the marvelous land could all be real!

JANUARY 23 — I woke alone. I could not dissuade him from his course, and when I woke he had already left. I can hardly bear to think of what he has done. As for myself, I shall continue search for my Bzai-kanaan, and she will lead me to Xura. But I must wait awhile; I do not care to meet him again, he must have time to move away.

FEBRUARY 10 — I can stand it no longer. I dream again tonight. I shall find what I'm looking for, that which I need, have always needed.

FEBRUARY 11 — Damnation! I was so close! Everything went right; I found Bzai-kanaan, and told her of my feelings. She did not react unfavorably, but she wouldn't promise herself to me yet (oh God is there anything in life I can ever have when I want it?), but no man has any claim on her, nor shall one while I live, so I am still full of hope. I learned of Xura, but no sailor would take me there — craven fools!

Finally I took passage on one of those odd green galleons which trade in unthinkable cargo, and of which no men speak but many whisper. Bzai-kanaan came with me. We sailed out of Dylath-Leen, past forgotten Zak, past damned Thalarion, and drew nigh opposite my goal: Xura. From the fair coast I heard a snatch of a beauteous melody, sung as if by some heavenly choir, and heard too the sounds of laughter and gaiety. Bzai-kanaan took my arm, and I turned and gazed at her incomparable beauty. My heart filled with joy, and impetuously I reached for her to take my first kiss...then I woke up in my dismal garret, with a tomat from the neighboring alley pawing at me! I grabbed the wretched beast and hurled it out the window, and I hope it broke all its miserable bones in the fall. So near! Come nightfall I shall return to Dylath-Leen to start my trek all over again; Bzai-kanaan surely has returned to Dylath-Leen to await me.

It is now night, and I have made my room fast against cats and other pests. I shall find my goal tonight in the Land of Dreams.

Here the diary ends. It is not an especially horrific journal, but it is disquieting. Any investigator reading it can add 1 point to his Dream Lore skill.

Darrel Brenton

If the investigators search newspapers dated around the 24th of January and receive a successful Library Use roll, they find a brief report on the disappearance of one Darrel Brenton, age 23. A photograph is published with the article, and the investigators recognize him from the photo in their possession. The article says little, noting only that Mr. Brenton had been staying with a friend and left early in the morning, and had not been seen since.

Further investigations into Darrel Brenton discover that he has been an orphan since the age of ten, that his closest living relatives are some third cousins in Wales, and that no one is looking particularly hard for him. He had no criminal record.

Sarah Farnham

If the investigators scan city records and directories, they can learn something that Neil did not know: Sarah Farnham is real, and lives in town, at 43 Blackrose Street. The Farnhams do not own a phone.

If the investigators drop a note requesting a visit they are invited to come over. But whether they write first or simply drop by, they soon arrive at her parents' modest suburban house. Susan's mother answers the door. If she was not forewarned by a note, she is suspicious and hostile, particularly because she does not recognize any of the investigators. An Oratory or a Credit Rating roll is needed to get past her. She explains that Sarah has recently suffered a breakdown, and cautions the investigators against exciting her. She then grudgingly admits them.

Sarah is a gentle and intelligent young woman. She is in the sitting room playing the piano and quietly singing. The investigators note that she plays very well, before suddenly being chilled by her song:

They say beyond the pillars that the ocean meets the sky, / that the gulf of stars yawns silent to the Sultan's mindless eye; / Though none can pass the archway where the aeons slowly die, / Men say amidst the chaos foul, sweet Cathuria must lie.

When she realizes she has company she ceases her music, and turns to meet the investigators.

No skill rolls are necessary to get Sarah to speak of the Dreamlands. She does so sadly, with a far-off gleam in her eye. She explains that she came across a magic entryway one night in her dreams. Beyond it, she discovered a marvelous and enchanting land, which she found she could return to nightly. She tells the investigators that time there is different from time in the real world, and that weeks can pass in a single night. If any of the investigators are dreamers, she talks over old times with them. She has never met a person in the waking world who knew of the Dreamlands before. The investigators are the first to treat her story with any credibility, except of course the psychologists, who are dreadfully interested by it all.

She had not realized that Neil lived in her town, and is thrilled to learn this. She remembers Neil well from the dream they shared, describing him as an energetic young man. A Psychology roll reveals that she speaks of him with considerable affection. When she hears of his plight she claps her hands in horror, and is almost overwhelmed when she learns he has set off for Xura. "Xura," she whispers, "The Land of Unattainable Pleasures! If only I had known, and now I cannot help him!" At this point she breaks into tears.

When she calms down, she tearfully relates that she has died in the Dreamlands; when taking passage on a ship to Dylath-Leen, in hopes that she could find Neil once more, she was murdered. If she is asked for more details, she says that one night, a strange, deformed-looking man crawled from the sea onto her ship. The crew tended him for a few days, hoping he would recover from his apparent madness and explain his origin. But one night he escaped from his cabin, came to hers, carried her to the boat's railing and threw her into the sea to drown. As her last gasp bubbled out of her, she woke with a scream which roused the neighbors for two doors down; since then, she has been unable to return to the Dreamlands.

Sarah offers the investigators whatever assistance and advice she can provide. The Keeper can use her to prompt the players as needed; after all, she was a moderately experienced dreamer.

Entering the Dreamlands

There is nothing more to be discovered in the waking world. On February 14, Neil dies when the Being from Xura emerges. It should be quite obvious that the only way for the investigators to get to the bottom of this mystery is to enter the Dreamlands. If some or all of the investigators have never entered the Dreamlands before, Neil's strange herb is the obvious route. Even those who are already dreamers may wish to use the herb, to save time in getting to Dylath-Leen.

If the investigators chew the herb and recite the mysterious mantra at least a dozen times each, then upon retiring, they experience the events described in the Falling section, a paragraph further along.

Dreamers who visit the Dreamlands via more conventional methods must make their way to Dylath-Leen as best they can.

Falling

The dreamers drift. Occasionally they brush against each other in their floating descent, or perhaps against some other entity, whisper-soft but with a touch that chills their souls. Sometimes they glimpse each others' distorted faces, illuminated briefly by an unearthly glow.

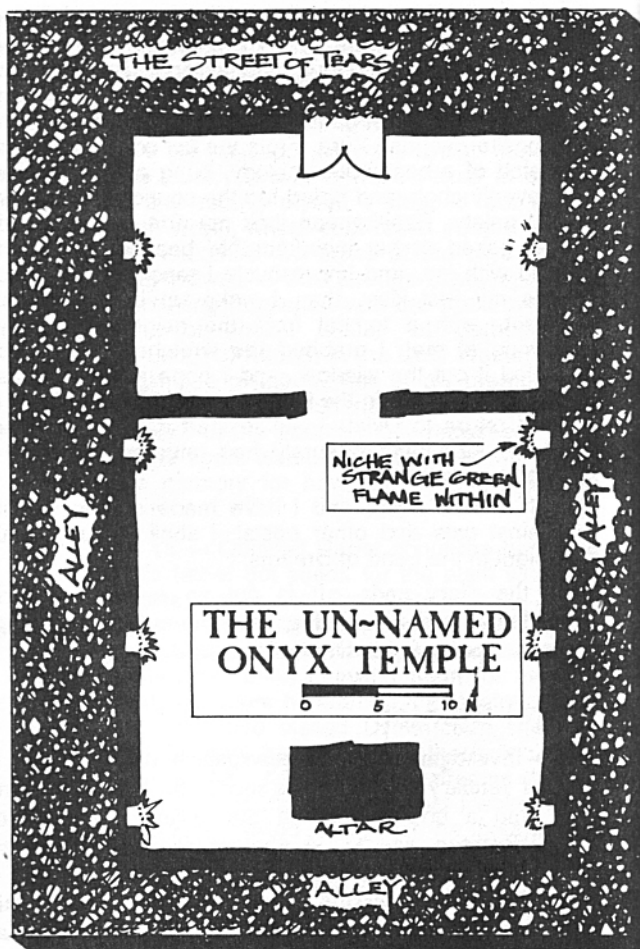
Then they hit the ground, with the strange sensation of an impact which should break all their bones, but which is so gentle as to be imperceptible. They wake.

The dreamers find themselves lying nude on the floor of a black room. They are not sprawled in disorderly fashion — they are flat on their backs in a geometrically precise pattern: a triangle if there are three dreamers, a hexagram if there are six, etc. The room is large and high-ceilinged. No seams, bricks, or chisel marks mar the walls — it is one piece of stone, including the low altar jutting from the floor at one end of the room. The altar is not stained, scratched, or otherwise marked; no runes or icons are visible, no indication of what is worshiped or how it is worshiped. Or if anything is worshiped. Strange greenish flames rise from stone insets in the walls. If any dreamer peers closely at a flame, it bends and reaches towards him, and he feels a strange yearning; for what, he does not know. In the wall opposite the altar an arch opens to another chamber.

In this second chamber is a square black door to the outside world. On pegs to either side of the door hang as many dull black robes as there are dreamers. Whatever the dreamer's size, when a robe is worn, it fits him perfectly.

The dreamers can leave via the door. Looking back at the temple, they see that it has a featureless black exterior. If they ask the locals about it, they are told that it is dedicated to the Unknown God. It is tended by a cowed priest who visits it nightly. If the dreamers wait for night to meet and converse this priest, it does not speak with them — it merely nods and chuckles drily, then hurries inside the temple. If the dreamers follow, they find that the archway from the anteroom to the inner chamber has disappeared — they cannot reach the inner room (where they dropped out of the waking world), nor is the priest visible.

This silent and enigmatic figure is clad from head to foot in black. It tends the Unnamed Temple, filling the



lanterns and replacing the black robes. It also mutters certain prayers to the black altar, but only when alone.

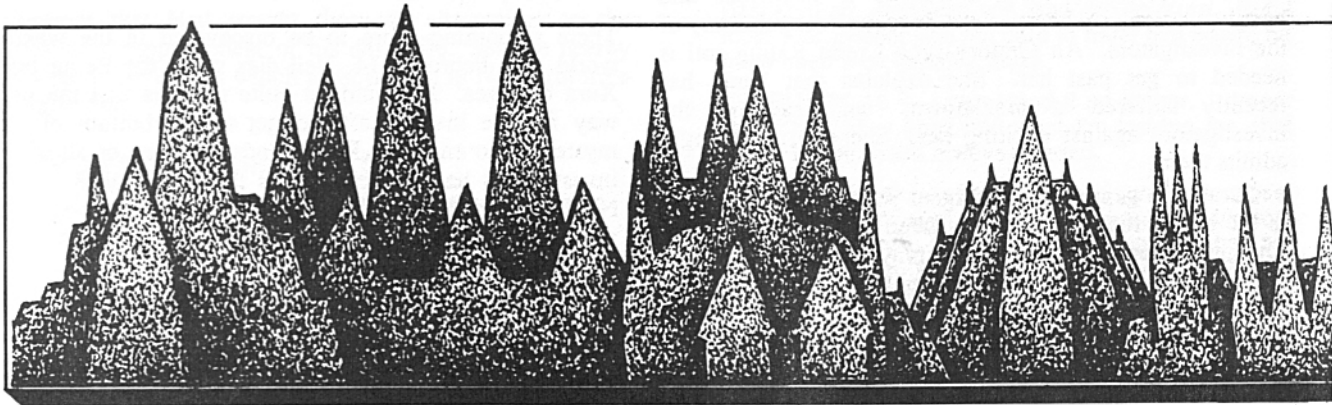
If attacked or threatened, the Priest casts the spell Seraph's Glory, followed by Passing Unseen next round. When the would-be assailants recover their sight (in 1D6 rounds), they are left with an empty black robe and a mystery.

THE COWLED PRIEST

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 22 POW 25
DEX 20 APP 10 EDU 20 HP 16

Skills: Chuckle Enigmatically 100%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dream Lore 50%, Hide 90%, Sneak 90%.

Spells: Oblong Barrier, Passing Unseen, Send Dreams, Seraph's Glory, Voorish Sign.



A Skyline of Dylath-Leen

The temple is notorious, for whenever a citizen of Dylath-Leen walks past this temple, he suffers a sudden longing for something impossible to have at that moment; perhaps a kiss from a loved one who is miles away, or a food which cannot be found in the city (a dreamer might have a sudden yearning for a Chicago-style hot dog, for example). The citizens do not like to speak of this, and those who are particularly bothered by the effect generally dwell no further upon it, but walk down a different street in the future. Such is the wisdom of Dylath-Leen, that dark seaport wherein the dreamers now find themselves.

Dylath-Leen

Dylath-Leen is dark and brooding; not only is it built of basalt, but the sky above seems eternally dismal and gray, much like the blank faces of its inhabitants. Dylath-Leen is visited by ships from all over the world, plus a few other worlds. Some ships are less welcome than others, but more of this later.

The streets of Dylath-Leen are narrow and winding. The Street of Tears, where the dreamers find themselves, is long, and slopes down towards the wharves. Numerous alleys intersect it at crazy angles. Down these byways, the dreamers glimpse less-than-wholesome establishments. Nevertheless, despite the tangled network of alleys and paths, it is rare to become inextricably lost, for one can always make one's way down to the sea easily enough.

Dylath-Leen has a myriad black wharves, and one tall lighthouse. The lighthouse is thin and angular, sharp and menacing, as if its function is to warn ships away from the town as much as to warn them away from the rocks. On the wharves are docked dozens of multi-colored barks, galleys, sailing ships, vessels of all conceivable designs (with a few that aren't), tended by a hybrid swarm of sailors. The jumble of masts cluster upwards as in mockery of the town below, beside which they are docked. Scarlet gulls wheel and soar about the piers and cliffs but, unlike the irritable scoundrels of Earth, these gulls do not fly down and beg or fight for food from men; instead, they stay well clear.

Near the wharves are taverns, inns, gambling houses and other establishments frequented by the sailors. Some are quite rough at times, but generally the managers of these places have beaten a degree of social conscience into their clientele. Here the dreamers can swill the mysterious dark ales and foaming green draughts served here. But the dreamers should be moderate in their

drunkenness, lest their tongues be loosened and they talk of things regarded as unseemly by the taciturn sailors. The dreamers may join those sailors in a pipe of thagweed, powerful stuff which the sailors smoke by the pouchful, but which the dreamers may find to be more than their lungs can handle.

Everywhere can be found the people of Dylath-Leen. They share the common traits of sullenness and reserve, for it is best to remain silent in this city, lest one reveal what one should not. The dreamers encounter all manner of folk. Predominant, of course, are the city's sailors, but here also are merchants, craftsmen, priests, travelers, and even fellow dreamers. In general it takes effort to gain the confidence of the denizens. Once having done so it is easy to lose it by asking unseemly questions about Leng or Kadath in the Cold Waste.

Gods are common in Dylath-Leen, and many strange temples and shrines are found in its twisting lanes. The multitude of deities is impossible to catalog, but if one searched hard enough one could uncover any sect. Such a search would be unwise.

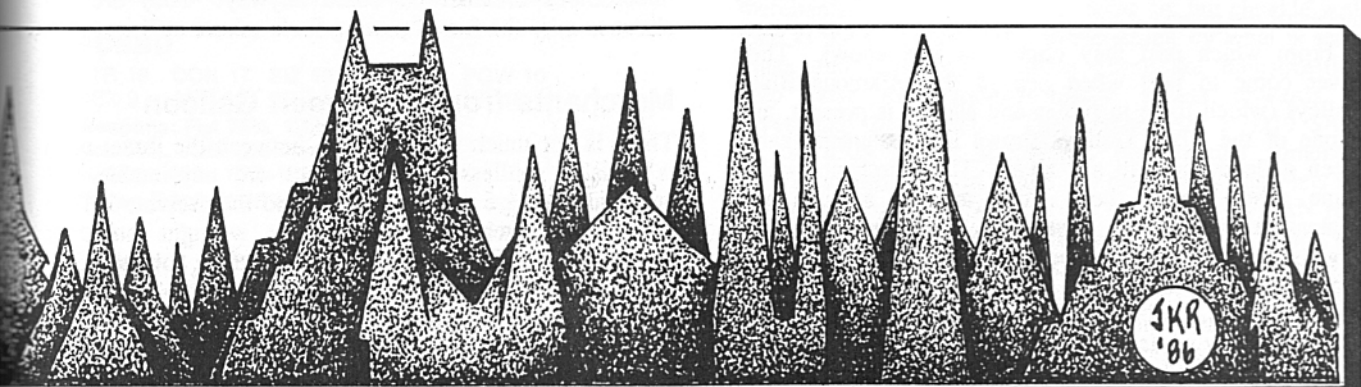
Far above Dylath-Leen sits its Prince, presiding silently over all. When he hears of anything which displeases him, he sends his Eyes, the secret guard of Dylath-Leen, to correct the matter.

All this the dreamers learn as they seek the trail of that fated one from Earth who lies silent in a darkened room.

The dreamers probably, and quite naturally, start asking around after Neil. Eventually, they find someone who knew him — each evening of diligent search gives a chance equal to a Luck roll that the dreamers can find someone who remembers Neil. However, their information is of little value and supplies the dreamers only with the stale news that Neil decided to go to Xura. Everyone thinks he was foolhardy to sail with the green galleons. When he returned from his first voyage, they thought he was superhuman. When they learned that he intended to leave again for Xura by the same means, they thought he was insane. All three assumptions are correct.

Looking For Bzai-kanaan

Of Bzai-kanaan there is no trace, nor can the dreamers find anyone who knew her or of her. With some effort, they can obtain an interview with a swarthy little man who claims to know all the dancers in the city, but no, he



knows of no Bzai-Kanaan. He will not give the dreamers his name, but offers to lead them to an exclusive performance by Korannai of the Thirteen Elevations, the most fabulous dancer this side of the Liranian Desert.

The dreamers may visit the Street of Spices. It is a cobbled street filled with apothecaries, herbalists and alchemists; strange scents, lovely fragrances, and hellish stinks can all be discerned. Nowhere is there any place for a dancer, nor have any merchants heard of one.

In fact, there is only one place that Bzai-Kanaan can be found: in the haunted mind of Neil Bruford. She never existed. She is a phantom, a dream of lost Xura, made tangible to entice Neil, frustration incarnate, to its damned shores.

The dreamers, stymied in their queries, must eventually find their way to the wharves and ask about passage to Xura. This is a resounding failure; one barrel-shaped captain bellows at them "Are you mad? Hungry for death? Dead? Stupid? Innocent?" Whatever reply is made, he says, "Well, I am none of those, so this ship will not go to Xura, nor, think I, shall any other, save perhaps those damnable green galleons."

The dreamers can easily find a fine inn which gladly accepts their custom, and they can question those who frequent there of the matters on which they seek answers.

An odd thing happens at the inn. On the first night, at the window of the dreamers' room comes a soft muffled tapping. Looking out, they see a muffled form sitting on the sill, trying to get in. If they open the window, the form seems to melt away, leaving behind only a strip of diaphanous yellow silk, such as a dancer might wear. But though it is pleasant to the touch and the sight, it reeks of bloated fly-blown corpses. Having delivered this cryptic clue, the form never returns.

The next day a rather putrid-looking green galleon comes to the harbor, and three strange merchants come to stay at the inn.

The Green Galleon

By the time the green galleon docks (the second day the dreamers spend in Dylath-Leen), the dreamers already know much of these ships, for things of the sea are common, almost dominant topics of conversation in Dylath-Leen, much the same as is discussion of the weather or football in the cities of Earth. There is much about the green galleons which the citizens do not know, but that which they do know is unsettling enough. Everyone has his or her own theory as to the missing pieces of the puzzle.

From which port they come, no one knows. They never come to port when one of the infamous Black Galleys (which trade in rubies and slaves) is present, and if one of the Black Galleys shows up, the unspeakable green galleons quickly sail away. The merchants which come ashore from these ships are of a singularly unpleasant appearance: they have abnormally wide, though almost lipless, mouths, immoderately deep-set eyes, excessively thin hands and necks — inhumanly thin, whisper some, ridiculously heavy clothes, and their distasteful dirty white turbans always cover their ears.

They come ashore with fabulous cloth, in silk, cloth-of-gold, and even more marvelous fabrics, some unknown

anywhere else in the Dreamlands, to trade for deformed slaves, left thumbs (generally supplied from condemned criminals or from the hands of their charges by unscrupulous undertakers), and rotting animal carcasses (only the ripest, most loathsome carcasses are suitable). They rarely take other goods. They never take provisions aboard, nor are they ever seen to eat or drink ashore, though they regularly book rooms in the local inns to rest. At times, huge booming voices or evil choruses rise in chants from the depths of the green galleons. One old-timer tells the dreamers in whispers that he once saw something white crawl through one of the green galleon's portholes and swim to shore. He ran to see what it was, and found a dreadful thing, like a flesh-maggot but over a yard long. He killed it with his sword.

All of this the dreamers have learned when the report storms through town that one of the dread ships has docked. The merchants stalk ashore, and head for the Street of Beauty to sell their incomparable cloth. Should the dreamers watch they later see the merchants driving a cart filled with a horrible heap of maggot-riddled flesh and pulled by a pack of sweating hunchback slaves, all newly-purchased.

And that night, the dreamers are further surprised when the merchants turn up in their inn. By now it should be apparent to them that these ships are the only ones likely to sail for Xura, and they can make enquiries regarding passage. The strange merchants are already aware of the dreamers' quest, and their black eyes shine with an evil mirth at the thought of delivering them to their doom; so the dreamers are indeed allowed to travel on that grim vessel. Normally only prisoners and slaves are granted the dubious honour of passage on their putrid decks, but the hopelessness of the dreamers' task and the certainty of their unnatural deaths appeals to the merchants' dark senses of humor.

Having struck whatever bargain the dreamers have sought, the merchants retire to their rooms. They invite the dreamers to share a drink with them, and from their sleeves produce a cobwebbed bottle, still retaining the dust of centuries. The silver liquid poured from the bottle smells of musk and rat-warrens. Any dreamer who partakes of it finds it to have a foul taste at first, which rapidly changes into a pure clean flavor, unlike anything he has ever drunk before. He must then match his CON against the drink's potency of 15 or pass out. Anyone passing out remains comatose for 1D6 days, their ears filled with the silent roaring of the gulfs of space. The merchants find this terribly funny, and cart the unconscious dreamer on board anyway. They are not about to miss the fun of putting fools ashore at Xura.

Merchants from the Green Galleon

There is not much to distinguish between the three: each is equally soulless. Their names are unprintable. If attacked, they are not afraid to defend themselves. If they are slain, a terrible vengeance is wrought on their assassins. The citizens of Dylath-Leen know something of this, and give the merchants a wide berth.

If a dreamer should be so foolhardy as to disrobe one of these creatures and ascertain their foul nature, the SAN cost is 0/1D4 points. Any surviving merchants will make the offender live to regret it (albeit briefly).

MERCHANT ONESTR 14 CON 53 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 4 HP 31Skills: Bargain 75%, Dream Lore 45%, Listen 70%,
Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Weapon: Knife 50%, 1D6 damage

MERCHANT TWOSTR 16 CON 41 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 8 APP 4 HP 26Skills: Bargain 85%, Dream Lore 35%, Listen 80%,
Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Weapon: Knife 50%, 1D6+1D4 damage

MERCHANT THREESTR 15 CON 62 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 9 APP 4 HP 36Skills: Bargain 80%, Dream Lore 40%, Listen 75%,
Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Weapon: Knife 45%, 1D6+1D4 damage

The Thugs

That night two fearsome characters stomp into the inn, making the innkeeper quail and fall over himself to serve them. Each is seven feet tall and three feet wide. Their heads are shaven, and they wear strangely-designed jewelry in their pierced ears, noses and lips. Their only clothes are leather britches and armbands, exposing a disquieting amount of their flesh, which is covered with tattoos of a disturbing nature — demon faces which seemingly peer about, and leer, and gibber.

Both men speak in incredibly high, squeaky voices. If any dreamer laughs at this or makes other snide comments, he has just picked himself a fight with the two juggernauts. One blocks the exit while the other moves in to maim the unfortunate humorist. No one else in the inn dares come to their aid, but each round (including the first) the victim can attempt a Luck roll. If he succeeds, one of the sinister merchants comes from his room and stands silently at the top of the stairs, shaking his malformed head. The yobs notice this, and their ugly faces are turned into masks of fear. The dreamers may not realize why the yobs have changed their tune unless they succeed at Spot Hidden to see the merchant standing in the shadow at the top of the stairs. The curious figure then turns away, as the two brawlers flee the inn.

This pair, Borbo and Dlaný, are two of the meanest and stupidest bruisers in Dylath-Leen. They once worked for the green galleon folk, breaking fingers and killing horses. Now they are on their own. They drink hard, fight hard, and (for them) thinking is also extremely hard.

BORBOSTR 18 CON 17 SIZ 19 INT 7 POW 10
DEX 9 APP 6 EDU 2 SAN 50 HP 18

Weapons: Fist 75%, 1D3+1D6 damage

Kick 50%, 1D6+1D6 damage

Furniture 45%, 1D8+1D6 damage

Thrown Furniture 35%, 1D8+1D3

DLANYSTR 17 CON 18 SIZ 19 INT 7 POW 12
DEX 7 APP 5 EDU 1 SAN 57 HP 19

Weapons: Fist 65%, 1D3+1D6 damage

Kick 60%, 1D6+1D6 damage

Furniture 35%, 1D8+1D6 damage

Thrown Furniture 45%, 1D8+1D3 damage

The next day two huge corpses wash ashore. The fishermen who find them do not pause to speculate on what made the terrible marks on the corpses, or what sight caused the frozen grimaces of absolute terror on the remains of the corpses' faces, but instead wisely weight them down and send them back to the sea.

Journey to Xura

The day after this, on the fourth day since the dreamers came to Dylath-Leen, the green galleon sets sail. The sailors of Dylath-Leen share new theories on those blasphemous vessels. They would make wagers on whether the dreamers will return, but none will bet against never seeing them again. Perhaps it is true that thagweed heightens the wisdom.

It is assumed that against their better judgement, but with little choice in the matter, the dreamers have chosen to sail with the green galleon. If they rejected this plan, they will have to spend another night dreaming to create enough treasure to tempt a normal ship into transporting them. If this is the case, they still cannot persuade the sailors to weigh anchor outside that lost land; instead, the sailors flee once they have put the dreamers ashore, no matter how much they were paid to wait. Henceforth, the narrative assumes that the dreamers have sailed with the malevolent merchants.

On Board

On the green galleon the dreamers can sleep under the awnings on the deck. The hatches to below-decks are shut, but the stench wafting from them is so terrible that each dreamer must succeed in a CON x2 roll or be at half STR. A new roll must be made each day until the roll finally succeeds, whereupon the dreamer has become used to the odor, and no longer needs a roll until he has been away from the loathsome ship for at least a week. The merchants gladly offer to share their horrible food, so it is hoped that the dreamers have wisely brought their own victuals.

The ship looks like a wreck, once the dreamers are aboard. Strands of rotten seaweed are draped over the masts and sides. Emaciated rats and even spidery crabs prowl the deck openly. The dreamers may be foolhardy enough to raise the hatches and gaze below. The merchants do not prevent them doing so, but chuckle with glee as the dreamer gasps, horror-struck by what is seen: ranks and ranks of pustulent blimp-like monstrosities, who raise their maggot-riddled snouts upwards to investigate the intrusion. The viewer loses 1/1D10 SAN. If the SAN roll is successful, the dreamer somehow convinces himself that it was too dark to see, and lets the hatch fall, losing no SAN. But if he misses his SAN roll, he also chances to gaze at the terrible use to which the monstrous half-dead horrors put their carefully-picked hunchbacks, clubfoots, and other slaves; this is a horror which I cannot and must not describe, and the dreamer must lose a further 1/1D10. The felines of Ulthar can teach the dreamers a thing or two about the dangers of curiosity later, if they survive this hellish journey.

The other players must now act fast to save the voyeur, who has just stepped out of his brain for a few moments, as he totters on the brink of the hatchway. A curious monster reaches up to drag the character in. This loathsome creature has a DEX of 13 and a Grapple skill of 50%. The other dreamers must succeed in a Grapple roll to pull their comrade clear. All parties gain +20 percentiles due to the catatonic state of the subject. If the monster grabs its victim first, the dreamers can still pull him out of its STR 23 grasp if they can beat it using STR against STR on the Resistance Table — a maximum of two characters can be involved in this tussle. Meanwhile, the victim takes 1D6 damage while being pulled back and forth, thus bringing him back to his senses.

If the character falls into the dread clutches of the Things below-decks, he is not seen again (that is, not until the other dreamers wake). If the others manage to save the unfortunate, the monsters do not pursue the matter. Those on deck lose 0/1D3 SAN as a ghastly pink tentacle snakes up and pulls the hatch shut.

THE CURIOUS MONSTER

STR 23 CON 50 SIZ 20 INT 19 POW 11
DEX 13 HP 35

Weapon: Grapple 50%, special damage.

The journey to Xura takes about a week due to the phenomenal (and eerie) sailing speed of the craft. As the vessel sails it passes strange lands and weird cities. If any of the dreamers succeed in a Dream Lore roll he can know something of the perils of each land. The toothy merchants only supply the names of the countries.

Zar

This coastline is one of haunting beauty. Strange majestic buildings of many architectural styles rise from green slopes. As the dreamers peer towards shore, each sees something that he once held dear, for Zar is the Land of Forgotten Dreams. One might see a fantastic house, and suddenly remember designing that house at the age of seven, vowing to building and live in it one day; another sees a person they glimpsed one morning in a cafeteria and almost fell in love with, and never saw again; yet another views a gondola punting down a river and recalls how in her youth she had dreamed of being a princess in ancient Venice. As the green galleon sails away from these scenes, the dreamers are each regretful that these notions of beauty and grandeur, are forever lost to them.

The merchants sail away hurriedly from Zar, afraid of something they will not tell the dreamers.

Zak

Next is glimpsed the city of Zak, the tragic Abode of Unformed Dreams. Each dreamer glimpses something in the forests and ruins which he recognizes, but cannot place why or where; an overpowering sense of *deja vu* afflicts each dreamer, for each beholds ideas they once had but rejected. The dreamers look away from this coast puzzled and mystified.

The merchants ask the dreamers if they wish to be put ashore, apparently knowing full well the consequences of such a choice. If the dreamers request to go ashore, the merchants gladly oblige and row away chortling, leaving

the dreamers stranded. Anyone stranded in Zak loses 1D20 SAN a day until he kills himself to awaken, unless the keeper wishes to invent a special scenario to escape, possibly using the unformed dreams, nightmares, and wishes of the city to assist or hinder the dreamers. Zak is surrounded by the pleasant land of Zar, but if Zar is entered, the dreamers can never again leave, and they remain forever trapped in the land of dream, leaving their waking bodies to wither and die.

Thalarion

Dread Thalarion's impossible spires are visible a full day before the ship reaches it. The dreamers are doubtless overwhelmed by the scope of that marvelous and tremendous structure, which exceeds even the highest peaks of Celephais, and are possibly tempted to walk in its wide streets and learn of things beyond their wildest imaginings. Just then a figure is seen struggling frantically through the waters towards the ship from the city. It looks like a man. The cruel merchants are beside themselves with delight, and stop the ship to allow the swimmer to think that he may reach the safety of the vessel. However, when he is within twenty yards of the ship, the merchants load and sight a harpoon- tipped catapult at him.

The dreamers must decide whether or not to intervene. A Psychology roll combined with a Spot Hidden on the swimmer reveals that his features are distorted, his expression quite psychotic, and even his bone structure seems to have been subtly altered. If the dreamers allow the merchants to have their way, the swimmer is shot expertly and pulled aboard. The merchants drag the corpse across the deck, open a hatchway and roll it in. This sight costs the dreamers 0/1D4 SAN, partly because of the brutality of the murder, but also because the dreamers must wonder what becomes of the corpse.

If the dreamers call to stop the merchants from shooting it, the merchants wordlessly stomp away to the other end of the ship, and watch. The swimmer soon arrives at the side of the ship and starts to scale the side like a monkey, howling and blubbering. As it scrabbles nearer, the dreamers see that its eyes are now all pupil, as if expanded by vistas too great to comprehend. The dreamers can elect to shove The Thing That Was Once A Man back into the sea as it reaches the railing, if they can overcome its DEX (16) with their STR (each dreamer can try once — they cannot combine their STRs to do so). If it gets aboard, it peers from side to side, and gurgles in a Scottish accent: "Arrgghh...Thalarion...Lathi...the things I have seen...the THINGS I HAVE SEEN! THE BONES! THE BONES!"

THE MANIAC

STR 16 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 19
DEX 15 APP 3 HP 11

Skills: Climb 90%, Swim 90%.

Claw 45%, 1D4+1D4

Bite 35%, 1D6

And screeching and roaring it madly assaults the dreamers. This being has lost all reason, memory, sanity, rationality, and humanity. Its mind has been seared away by the forbidden revelations of Thalarion. The investigators have no choice but to fight back and kill it. (And when they do, in a bedroom in Glasgow, a man

wakens, screaming and sightless.) This scene costs the dreamers 0/1D3 SAN, and should dissuade them from a visit to the gray walls of doomed Thalarion, though the merchants smirkingly offer to set them ashore here.

The dreamers are worn and haggard from their voyage when, on the sixth day, they reach their destination. The coastline of Xura is wonderful to behold, and at first the dreamers may be greatly relieved, and even eager to land. The Land of Xura appears as a riotous explosion of bounteous color. All manner of beautiful gardens flourish there. Pathways lead off between rows of blossom trees and delightful shrubberies. And they hear too the sounds of Xura; beautiful fragments of glorious melodies, distant delicious laughter, the soft sighing of the trees swaying in the breeze, the cheerful bubble of a dozen little brooks meandering towards the sea. Of its own accord, the ship turns and heads towards the gorgeous coast.

And then the smell hits them.

It is the foul odor of necropoli, wrest asunder and festering beneath the sun. It is the stench of the putrescent pulp of a thousand acres of rotting fruit. It is the charnel fragrance of food and that which should not be food gone rancid. It is the ammonia-stink of an uncovered cesspool a mile across. It is the smell of decay, of rot, of disease, of pestilence, of overripeness, of putrefaction. It is the stink of death.

The dreamers must succeed in a CON x1 roll or fall to the deck, helplessly sick. The merchants laugh wickedly at this unexpected pleasure, and from below-decks comes the booming mirth of something far more horrendous. The merchants lower a boat over the side and, when their passengers are ready, two of them seize the oars and stiffly row the boat ashore. Once they have set the dreamers on land, they push off and return to their dreadful ship, happily rasping a disharmonic song in a revolting language. And a monstrous choir joins in the chorus from the depths of the ship when they reach it. But the dreamers need take no heed of it, for they are by now wandering in the charnel gardens of Xura.

About Xura

Xura is a dangerous place. Not only can the dreamers lose their lives and minds, they can also lose their will to live, their self-confidence, their faith. Their souls.

Xura is a nightmare world from Hell. The dreamers' walk through Xura should be a series of bizarre and disturbing images. Some such images are supplied in the text; some may come from the players themselves, but most must derive from the keeper's own imagination. Mix images and scenes from all cultures and times; Xura is a melting pot for the loss and bitterness of centuries of mankind. The investigators' inadequacies and failings stand side by side with those of Socrates, Augustus Caesar, Herod the Great, Henry VIII, Vincent Van Gogh, Napoleon III, and the legions of history. Go to town on them.

The players are now nearing the end of their search, and a dramatic technique which can be used to heighten tension is to digress occasionally, by making cryptic references to the waking world, where Sarah sits watching over the sleeping investigators; these observations can be slipped in next to your macabre and weird descriptions.

For example, "...and in a room far away there is a monotonous clacking sound, and a mental chanting, 'knit one, purl one'..." or "...and outside a building far away there is a quiet thumping as a branch swaying in the wind insistently taps against a fragile telephone wire." If something happens to affect the character in both states of existence, this too can be described from the other end. By swapping the narrative to the third person you can make the tension unbearable. For example, if a dreamer suffers the Nightmare Effect of nearly having a heart attack, you might say "...and far away a sleeper suddenly stiffens, and a worried woman checks for a pulse and finds none — but no, weakly, the heart beats on, and the sleeper dreams on." And so on. The keeper's job is to simultaneously make the players' experience both as unreal and as real as possible, and thereby to capture the true essence of nightmare.

We have provided no map for Xura. How can one map a changing multiformed dream? No map applies, because only those who dwell here can know where lies the place the dreamers seek, because such a being does not care whether or not the dreamers arrive there. A destination is where you desire to go, and because no desires are attainable in Xura, the dreamers could walk for fifty years and never arrive.

So, this section lasts as long as the keeper wishes. In one part of the gardens is a group of ghouls, one of whom used to be Darrel Brenton, and he can lead them to Neil. So, until the keeper sees fit to have them meet the ghouls, the dreamers must wander without direction or hope. But they don't know that.

The Gardens

The keeper needs the most potent and chilling words in his vocabulary to describe the horror of Xura. After a while mere suggestion will do, and the players' minds can supply additional details.

When they step off the boat, their feet sink six inches into the vermin-infested rot which covers the ground. Pathways stretch off in all directions. Delicate music is audible in the distance, but it can never be reached. Bizarre and horrific events transpire: a dreamer suddenly tumbles into an open grave; hearing a sound to his left, he turns to see a balding man in red and black robes standing in front of a hedge, mumbling "Mine heresy is renounced. I shall not fall again. Mine heresy is renounced. I shall not fall again." And then a huge rotten tendril reaches out from the bush and pulls him in.

Arriving at the top of a slope, the dreamers see in the valley below a golden-haired cavalry officer triumphantly lead his men to victory, smashing their way through a circle of red Indian warriors, but as they gallop clear the corpses of the Indian braves suddenly transform into those of little children, and the ground suddenly opens and swallows up the cavalry. A bearded man flaps past them in an outlandish self-powered flying contraption, shouting happily in Italian, before the craft folds in on itself and devours him, and the bones and pieces of wood fall to earth. Long lines of young men, dressed in British Army uniforms and gas masks, and clutching rifles, march across a desolate desert. As they walk, they turn into skeletons and collapse, their bones falling apart. More weird and tragic scenes occur around the dreamers.

Unattained Dreams

The dreamers are not immune to the haunting mockery of their own failures. With regularity the dreamers see or hear ghosts of their possible pasts: one dreamer sees a blue ribbon lying on the ground — First Prize for the second grade spelling competition, with the dreamer's name on it, yet he remembers well that he did not place in the contest, though he dearly wanted to, and then the ribbon sprouts crab-like legs and crawls away. Another hears a distant violin childishly scraping out a tune, and he remembers the piece — it was always too difficult for him to play, and eventually caused him to give up the instrument, breaking his mother's heart at the time, and then the playing blends into a cacophonous chorus of mocking laughter. Another dreamer is suddenly hit on the back of the head by one of a flock of flying books, and sees that the title of the book is one which he had once had the chance to read and had passed up, and had since been searching for it. Another dreamer sees his old grandmother come walking smilingly by, seemingly not noticing him, before she drops to all fours, changes form into something altogether more terrible, then scampers away. And so on. Each such manifestation costs the dreamer at whom it is aimed 0/1D3 SAN.

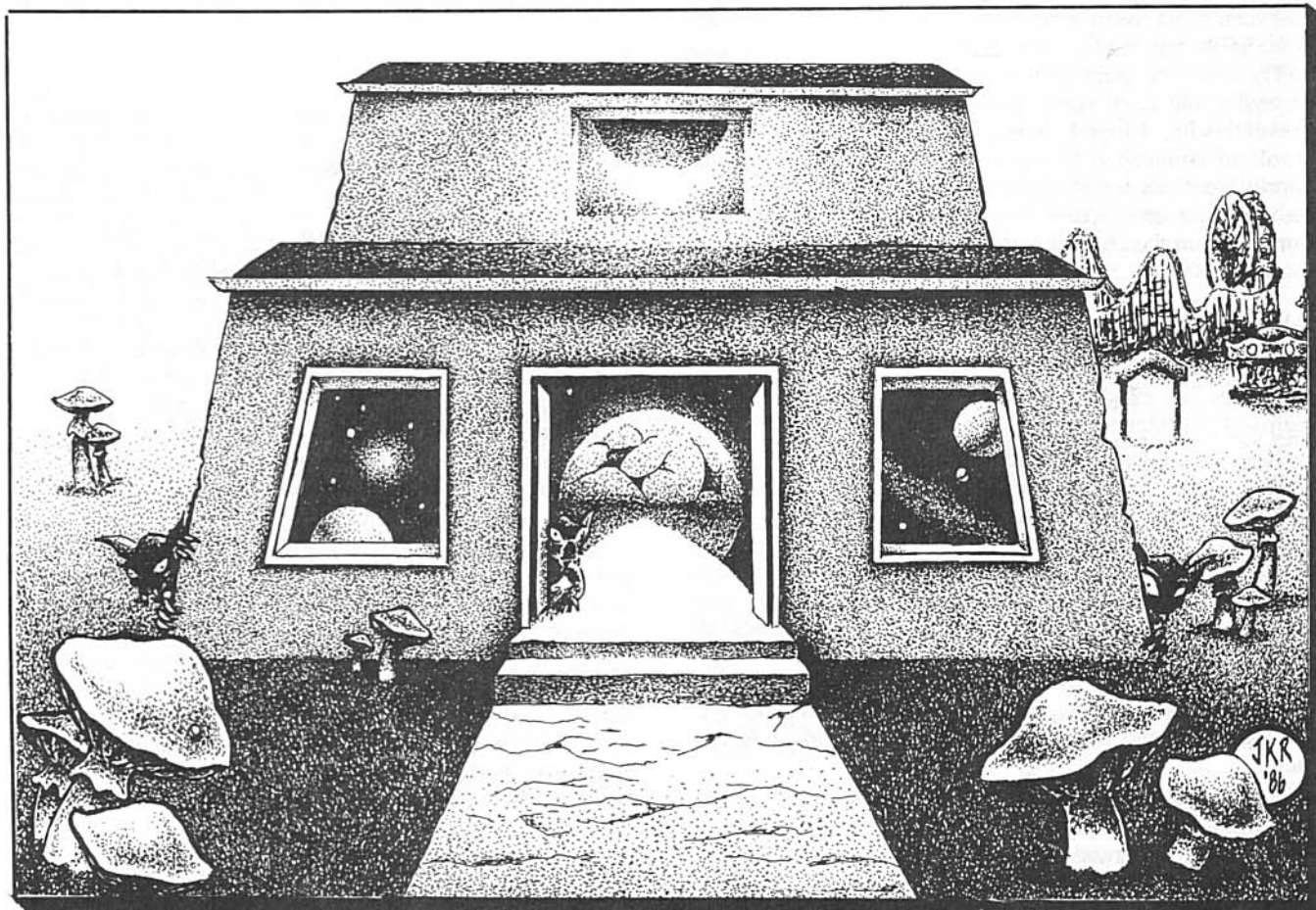
When the keeper senses that the players are heartily sick of Xura, and that they would much rather give up on their quest and go back to the waking world, the means for the completion of their task can be made available. At

this point, keepers might point out (perhaps by an Idea roll) that the investigators can now find the way because they no longer desire to find it.

The Ghouls

From beyond a hedge the dreamers hear a guttural discussion of the gastronomic delights of necrophagy; this is not a particularly intellectual conversation, consisting of such statements as "Meself, I likes the innards best when they're ALL full of worms," or "Me, I'm a marrow man," followed by a sharp Crack! and a disgusting sucking sound. As the dreamers become aware of their unpleasant company, so too do the ghouls detect their approach, and one sticks his face up over the hedge to have a look. Although the features are hideously altered, and though the hair is plastered to the skull in lank greasy strands, and though a nameless piece of moldy flesh dangles from his quivering jowls, the dreamers can still recognize him as having once been Darrel Brenton. This disgusting revelation costs them 1/1D6 SAN, which also includes the SAN loss for seeing the ghoul.

The ghoul that was Darrel cheerfully greets the dreamers, for he recognizes them for what they are: visitors from the waking world. As the conversation takes place, occasional suspicious-looking pieces of meat are flung over the hedge from the other side, and the revolting sounds of a noxious repast continue. He mockingly invites them to the feast, but the dreamers



The House at Xura

doubtless decline; if they peer over the hedge and see what the ghouls are making a picnic of they lose another 0/1D6 SAN.

The dreamers probably ask the ghoul that was Darrel Brenton about Neil Bruford. A thoughtful look crosses his features, he cocks his head to one side, and says "Ah yes, Neil. We fell out, you know. He didn't see that it is any boy's right to become a ghoul. Such times we could be having Neil old boy, you and I, in the lightless caverns! Such times!" But then, for just an instant, a look of unbearable anguish and torment passes through his eyes, and the dreamers know that Darrel Brenton did not choose this life — it was chosen for him. He makes no further indication of his inner agony, however, and puts on his mask of jollity for the rest of the adventure.

"Are you looking for Neil, perhaps?" asks the ghoul that was Darrel Brenton. "I thought that was why you had come, for not many come to Xura, unless they're like us. Oh, yes, you're safe enough, we don't come to Xura to hunt, but to scavenge, if you know what I mean.... As for Neil, yes. We once had a friendship which meant a lot to me. I believe I shall take you to him." With that the ghoul vaults over the hedge and scuttles off down the pathway, hopefully with the dreamers in tow.

The ghoul leads them down a fantastic route, past terrible and wonderful sights: duckponds covered with happy squawking fowls, yet beneath the surface can be seen the yellow bones of hundreds of men, grasping silently toward the air. Past an enormous broken statue, at which a skeletal poet beats his head repeatedly. Past a laughing red and yellow clown pushing screaming people into one end of a grinding machine. And other unsettling sights.

Finally the dreamers arrive at a low crumbling building. The ghoul that was Darrel Brenton shakes the hands of each dreamer (but is not offended if they recoil from his touch), wishes them luck, then bounds away.

Before he passes out of sight, he stops once and calls out "Be seeing you." And with that he is seen no more.

The Soul of Xura

The building the dreamers stand by does not stand itself: it crouches. It is quite small, with only one story and no windows. A wide opening marks the place where the door should be. The walls are of an evil-looking gray rock. Towards the top, the stone seems distinctly rubbery in consistency.

Inside The House

Within is madness. The dreamers see a huge entrance hall devoid of furniture. And the exits — the exits! Each wall has many doors and archways. Passages and rooms open up on the main chamber. A dozen stairwells lead upwards, and as many lead down. Visible are ladders, trapdoors, chutes, elevators, and pits.

The dreamers go through a passage, whichever one they please, and they are split up. It doesn't matter if they were holding hands or roped together — they are separated.

Each finds himself alone in a room, small but well-furnished. Here in this room, he must confront his greatest failure in life. This varies from person to person; some examples follow. The keeper must determine the exact encounter appropriate to each investigator. In each case, the dreamer can speak with the personification of his failure, and the keeper should use all his skills in this conversation. The individual whom the dreamer meets is no illusion — he or she is real, though only a dream.

LOVE: the dreamer, who in this case might be a loner, or a misogynist, stands before a beautiful woman. She rises from her seat, her arms outstretched, and commands, "Love!" And he loves. She is the one woman he could truly have loved, if he had ever been truly in love. And it is clear, from her expression, from her voice, from the look in her eyes, that she loves him dearly, too. She speaks with him lovingly. Yes, she's a real person, living somewhere in the waking world. Yes, she's an illusion of Xura as well, for this is her dream self, the self that she has never been, will never be. For she can never meet the dreamer now. If only he'd been a little less selfish. If only he'd searched, just a little longer, for her. He would have met her. As they touch, she fades, and a back door to the room opens. He passes through.

HATE: the dreamer, who is a rather passive fellow, stands before a tall, dark figure, who steps forward, exposing his furrowed face to the light, and commands, "Hate!" And he hates. This is his Enemy. An Enemy he must despise and fear. The Enemy speaks. Yes, he's a real person, living somewhere in the waking world. If they had met, they would have been grand foes. The Enemy's fornications, plots, and villainy would have undermined honor and justice, and only the dreamer would have had the will and the ability to frustrate him. Ultimately, they would meet in final confrontation, from which only one would emerge victorious. But they will never meet. If only the dreamer had been less apathetic, more eager to seek a purpose to his life. If he had been brave enough to live, rather than just exist.... But the Enemy fades, and a back door opens. The dreamer passes through.

FAITH: the dreamer, who is a skeptic about religious matters, stands before a portly cleric, who reaches his arms to the sky, and commands "Believe!" in a deep golden voice. And he believes. This is the one priest that the dreamer could have believed, who could have proven to the dreamer, with self-sacrifice and fatherly wisdom, that God lives, that hope is not forlorn, that the universe is not unjust, and that all is part of a great Eternal Plan. They speak together. When the dreamer tries to question the priest about religion or religious matters the priest begins to turn translucent and his voice becomes fainter. But this is only the priest's dream form — he really does exist on Earth. If only the dreamer had been less cynical, more willing to risk some of his personality to find the ultimate truth behind the universe. But it is too late. The priest fades from view, and a door opens in the back wall. The dreamer passes through.

Other dreamers might meet their best friend, the father-figure they never knew, etc. You as the keeper should carefully evaluate how the dreamer conducted himself during this interview. If he was crushed by the vision of his failure, but accepted it and seems depressed or

fatalistic (according to his personality), give him (secretly) 3 points. If he reacted violently, trying to destroy the vision or attacking it, give him 2 points. If he tried to deny the vision's reality, pretending or claiming that it is all an illusion, give him 2 points. If he seemed apathetic to the vision, not caring much or acting flippantly about it, give him 1 point.

Keep track of these points. They'll be useful later.

Alone With Themselves

The dreamers now have each faced their Failure. Now they must face the specter of their lost success. As the dreamers each step through into the next room, they find a place special to themselves. Entering from the opposite end of that chamber comes their Ultimate Self. Again, you as the keeper must utilize your knowledge of the persona of each dreamer to describe this.

For example, a professor from Miskatonic University may find himself standing in the ivy halls of Oxford. On the walls are pasted newspaper cuttings of glowing reviews of his books (books which he hasn't written yet, nor will ever). Then, from the other end of the hall comes himself, well-groomed, with a book under each arm and clad in the robes of an Oxford Dean.

A young flapper may find herself in a garage containing the car she would love to own. On the walls are photographs of her winning prestigious races in that car, and then her double rolls in laughing with a handsome man on each arm, whom she sends away and then stands with hands on hips, smiling.

A reporter might find himself in the office of the editor of the New York Times, on the desk is a Pulitzer Prize. Just as the reporter realizes that the name on the prize is his own, himself as the editor bursts in, clutching an armful of copy.

A small-town mayor or councilman finds himself in the Oval Room of the White House, where behind a desk sits himself as President.

Deal with each player one by one. Their Ultimate Self is pleased to see them, and invites them to sit down and have a talk. As they talk, it becomes obvious that the Self is the dreamer. He is the creature who made all the right decisions in life, got all the breaks, and has arrived at a place in life which the real dreamer can never reasonably hope to attain. But, just perhaps, he could have once.

Eventually, the dreamer must react to this vision. Once again, you the keeper must evaluate his reaction. If, in your opinion, he reacts well, and stoically, or accepts himself as he is, rather than as he could have been, give him 2 more points. If he goes berserk, and attacks his tormentor, by pulling down those newspaper clippings, smashing those photographs, or telling his Ultimate Self to go to hell, or even physically assaulting him, give him 1 point. If he claims that this, too is not real, that he never could have been his Ultimate Self, no matter what, then give him 1 point. If he acts unbelievably, amusedly, or apathetically, give him no points.

Just after the dreamer finishes his conversation, the reality of the last two experiences — what he could have been and what he could have shared sinks deeply into him. Now he must successfully overcome his own INT with his POW. However, he can add the number of Points

he has earned to his chances of success. (Thus, if POW was 14 and INT was 14, and he had 2 points to add to his POW, the chance would be 60%). If the roll fails, the dreamer fills with despair and sinks to the floor weeping. Move on to the next player. If the roll succeeds, everything vanishes, and the dreamer is now somewhere else. Then move on to the next player. Not until finishing with everyone before revealing the new location.

When the last dreamer has beaten or been conquered by his Great Failure and Ultimate Self, all arrive together in a gray place. No walls are visible, but a gray ceiling can be seen about twenty feet overhead. Standing free in the room are all those dreamers who got successful results from the POW against INT rolls; those who failed are also there, but each is imprisoned, floating suspended in the air in a separate, huge, tear-shaped crystal. Within each crystal the dreamer can be seen, weeping. It is impossible to release the dreamers or even attract their attention. They are locked in their own misery.

Between the dreamers is a large blob of flesh-colored matter with an enormous face, the face of Neil Bruford.

Before the dreamers can act, a door materializes in the air and then opens. Standing beckoning in the doorway is a figure, clearly seen. The figure is perceived differently by each dreamer, for it is their Perfect Partner. If one of the dreamers has already seen the Woman (or Man) He (or She) Could Have Loved in a previous encounter, this is a different person. This being represents pure sexual and carnal lust — the needs of the body rather than the soul. The tortured brain of Neil Bruford sees Bzai-kanaan standing there and the massive bulk whimpers, and a tear slowly courses down what was once a cheek.

Each dreamer is again involved in a struggle with his own will. Add each dreamer's INT plus POW and multiply the total by the Points he earned in his previous encounters with his Ultimate Failure and Ultimate Self. His player must try to roll that total or less on 1D100. For instance, if a dreamer's INT + POW is 15, and he has a total of 2 points, the player would have to roll 30 or less to be victorious. A failed roll means that the investigator cannot resist his or her Partner's APP of 100, and is helpless not to go through the door. Because everyone is suffering the same crisis simultaneously, those who succeed are unable to assist those who fail. Once all the victims have passed through the door, it vanishes, and there appears in the room as many huge heart-shaped crystals as there were victims. Within the crystals they sit, contented and smiling, but as helplessly imprisoned as those caught in their own tears.

Only a few dreamers remain at this point, if any. The blobby Neil-Thing on the floor turns to them and speaks. It emits the same roaring voice which the dreamers heard coming from Neil's tortured throat back in the hospital ward, so many centuries ago. "Welcome," it thunders, and smiles.

The dreamers must now decide what to do. If they try to speak with one another, they find that each other's voices are inaudible, though they can hear their own voice well enough. If they wish to speak with the Neil-Thing, they can converse amicably enough. It senses that it may soon be beaten, but it is not beaten yet. The players must decide individually, without consulting one another, how to act against it, to save themselves and their client.

Those dreamers that attack or otherwise attempt violence on the Neil-Thing are lost. Calmly tell them that they are supposed to be men and women of learning and vision, of the breed which produced penicillin, and will produce "A Farewell To Arms." All who attack find themselves each imprisoned in a bomb-shaped crystal, fighting and smashing futilely on the walls of their impenetrable prisons. And so, if there is anyone left to fight, the fight must be won with words.

The Neil-Thing's Questions

The Neil-Thing opens its mouth and ask the following series of questions: "Is there a meaning to life? What do you love? Why do you love it? What does it matter? Why do you care?" Once more, the gamemaster must adjudge the appropriateness of the dreamers' answers, rating them on a 1-10 scale, where 1-3 represent the worst answers possible (such as "I don't know!" or "Who cares?" Or "Fuck off!"). Ratings of 4-7 represent answers given according to dogma or answers which are shallow ("The meaning of life is to work for the benefit of the proletariat and ultimate socialist victory." Or "The meaning of life is to have fun." Or "The meaning of life is to work hard and never ask questions") Ratings of 8-10 represent well thought-out answers, no matter what their nature. ("We must understand the nature of God's love to understand human love. We are His children." Or a more humanist alternative, "Since none of us know the meaning of life, let us treat each other compassionately, while we strive to know.")

Now, the Neil-Thing asks the hardest question, "Should you exist?" And the question rings right through the core of each dreamer's heart and soul. The dreamer's own soul, takes over, and answers.

Take the rating and add it to the Points which the dreamer earned earlier in the adventure to derive a total. Now roll 1D10. If the die roll is equal to or less than the total just derived, the dreamer's soul answers "Yes." Otherwise, it answers "No."

But if the answer is affirmative and given here, in the heart of the Land of Unattained Pleasures, then the sentiment and the conviction defeat this being.

If They Fail

If the dreamers are all trapped in one or other of Xura's imprisonments, they stay there for the duration of their sleep. Upon waking, they will have to devise some plan to escape their horrible fate. Until then, every night that they dream, they experience the same sort of dream (for those engaged in teardrop crystals, they are dreams of frustration and failure; for those in heart-shaped crystals, all the dreams are erotic; and for those in the bomb-shaped crystals, all the dreams are violent and bloody).

On midnight, on February 14th, Neil awakes screaming in agony. His back arches, his eyes roll up, and there is a wet tearing sound as he is rent open from head to groin. As his twitching body peels open, a formless black shadow swirls up from his steaming innards and sweeps out of the room, over the city. That cloud bears feelings of insignificance and misery for all who come in contact with it. By the next day it has dissipated and permeated

the entire city. Gangster wars become violent and bootlegging and alcoholism rampant. The suicide rate doubles. The divorce rate triples. Everywhere people gloomily ponder on what they could have been and could have done. Everyone in the city loses 1D6 SAN except the investigators, who because they know why it happened and could have prevented it, lose 2D6 SAN.

Nevertheless, just because they have failed does not mean they are beaten. They could find a way to free themselves and try again. Such an adventure is up to the keeper to plot and determine.

More direct solutions are possible; they know that Neil is going to become a gateway, and the standard way of dealing with a gateway is with an Elder Sign. They could place one on Neil's body, which would prevent the Spirit from passing through him, and thus save his life. However, the instant the sign is removed the Spirit breaks through, and it is unlikely that Neil will have enough presence of mind to keep in contact with an Elder Sign for the rest of his life. But in the meantime, the investigators gain 1D6 SAN, which is lost as soon as they hear of Neil's strange and violent death some time later.

The investigators may think to get the Elder Sign directly on to Neil's body, by way of a tattoo or a scar in the shape of the five-pointed star, enchanted appropriately. However, Mrs Bruford will not hear of this, and if the investigators try, she will forcibly try to prevent them. If they overpower her and eventually succeed in doing their deed, a few weeks later she prevails on Neil to have the tattoo surgically removed. Need we dwell on the grim scene in that operating room should the surgeon succeed?

A less agreeable solution is to seal Neil up somewhere and place an Elder Sign on the entrance. He still dies, but so long as the Sign stays in place the Spirit cannot pass into the world. This callous decision gains no SAN for the investigators.

If They Succeed

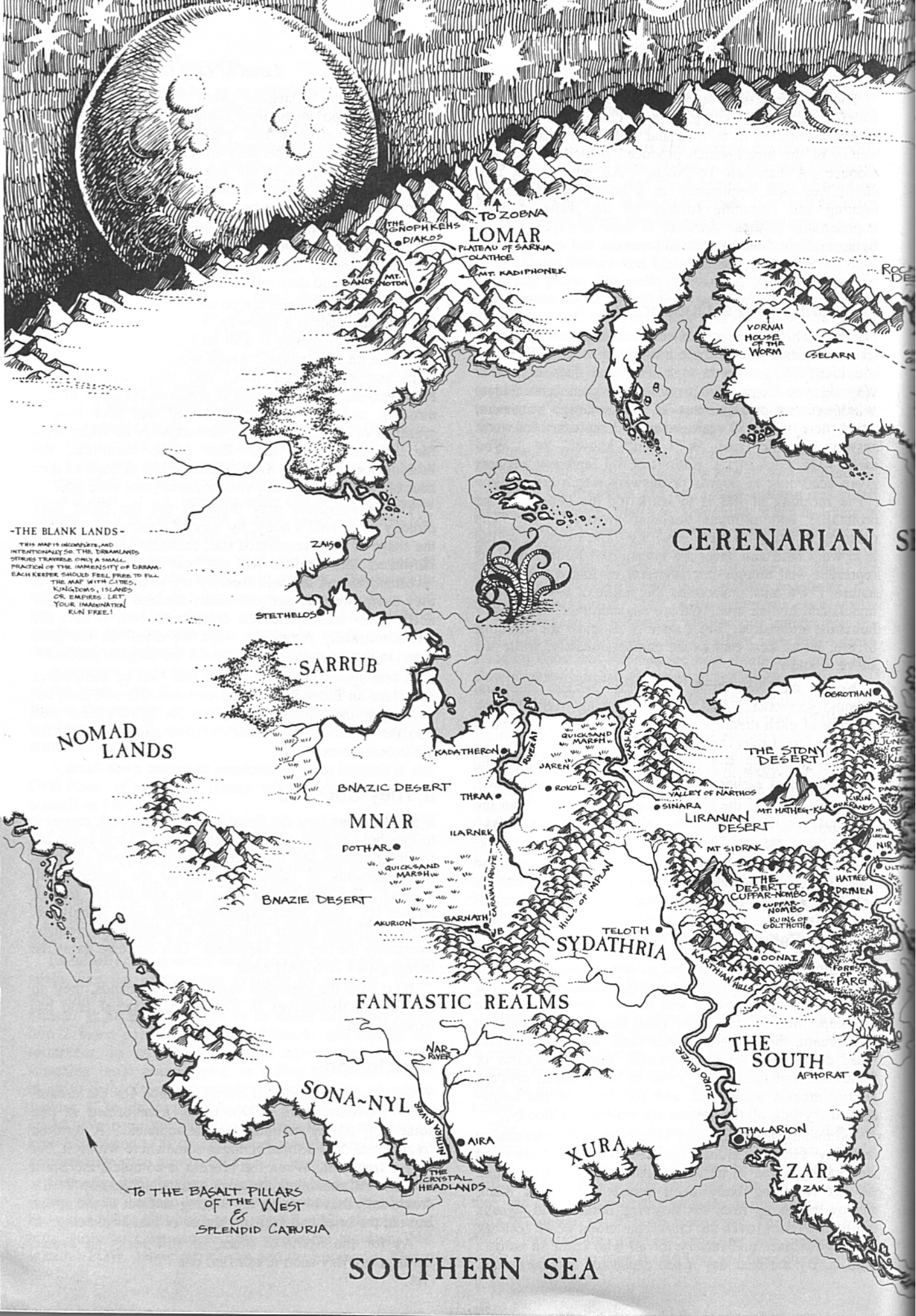
If the dreamers beat the Spirit in Xura, the shock causes it to lose hold of Neil entirely. Sadly, only its will holds his festering Dream Self together, so the dream-self explodes into fragments of pulsating tissue as the dreamers all awaken. The real Neil awakes safe and sound, though shaken up. After these experiences, his SAN is only 48. Sarah selflessly nurses him back to health, and perhaps eventually the two find happiness. This outcome gains the investigators 2D6 SAN each.

Next time the dreamers enter the Dreamlands, they no longer find themselves in Xura. That charnel land has expelled them.

Conclusion

Whatever the outcome, there is no hope for the dream-Neil; the corruption of Xura has transformed it into something utterly inhuman and abominable. A tortured fragment of Neil's mind remains somewhere within it, but only a fragment. When the process is complete the Spirit of Xura will annihilate the alien mass which is now Neil's dream self, thus bringing his waking self out of the coma. But oh, the brief and crimson horror of that awakening....

As for the Spirit of Xura, it still seeks an avatar. Perhaps one day soon it will find one.



-THE BLANK LANDS-
THIS MAP IS INCOMPLETE, AND
INTENTIONALLY SO. THE DREAMLANDS
DETHUS TRAVELER ONLY A SMALL
FRAGMENT OF THE IMMENSITY OF DREAM.
EACH KEEPER SHOULD FEEL FREE TO FILL
THE MAP WITH CITIES,
KINGDOMS, ISLANDS
OR EMPIRES. LET
YOUR IMAGINATION
RUN FREE!

TO THE BASALT PILLARS
OF THE WEST
&
SPLENDID CATURIA

SOUTHERN SEA



TO KADATH
WASTE
KADATH PASS

UNKNOWN LANDS

PLATEAU
OF
LENG

VALLEY OF SPIERS

PREHISTORIC
MONASTERY

THE NAMELESS
ROCK

SARKOMAND

FORBIDDEN
LANDS

OOTH-NARGAI

MARIAN
HILLS

MT.
ARAN

NITRY-VASH

ZAKARONT

INGDOMS

THORADON

THE SUNKEN CITY

NORTHERN SEA

YATH

RUINS

DESERT

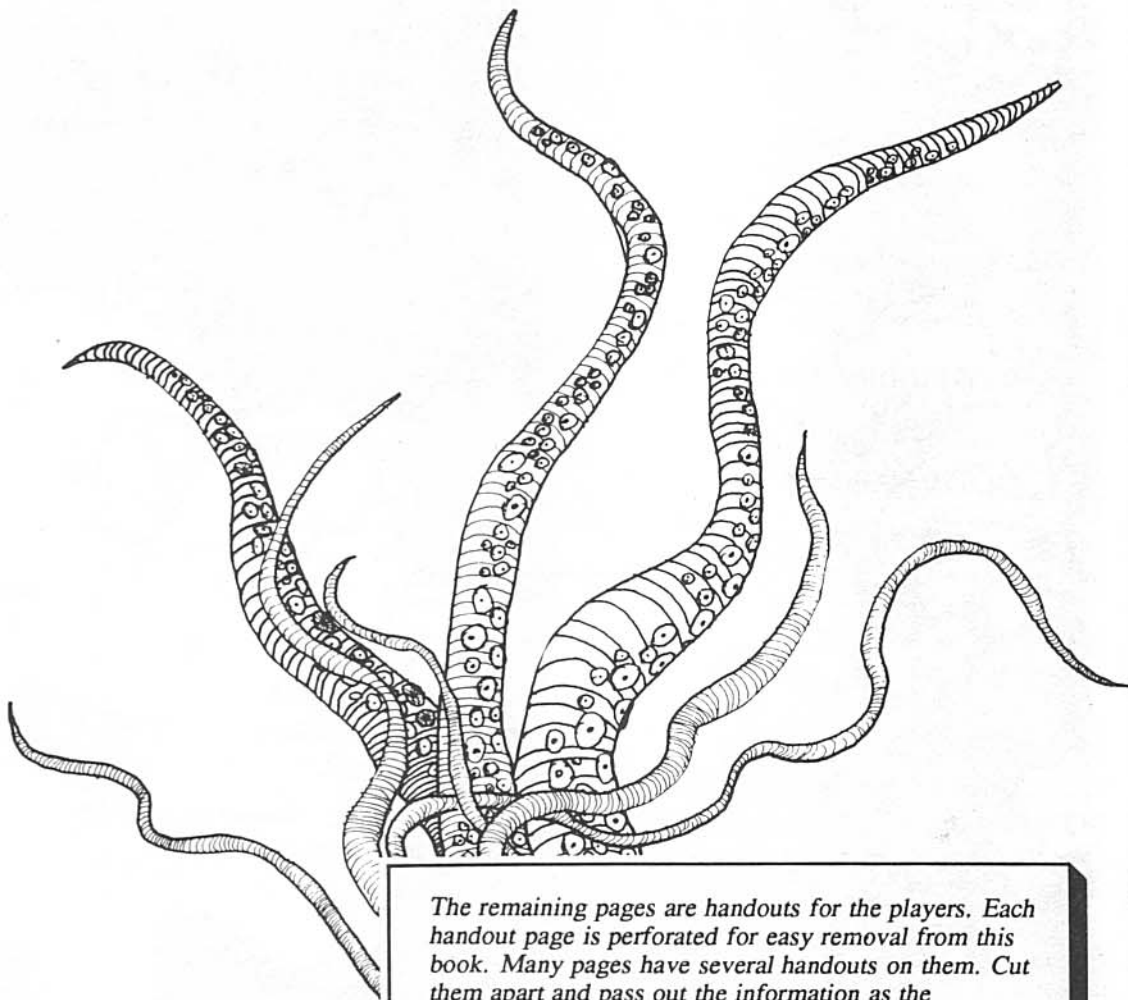
ACCURSED VALLEY

MT. NGRANEK

A PORTION OF

EARTH'S DREAMLANDS

TO MHOR



The remaining pages are handouts for the players. Each handout page is perforated for easy removal from this book. Many pages have several handouts on them. Cut them apart and pass out the information as the investigators stumble over it.

A large folded map of Earth's Dreamlands will be found between the handouts and the rear cover of this book.

Handouts

To Sleep, Perchance to Dream: note attached to tree in Enchanted Wood.

I know you are probably very confused. Try not to be. You are in the Enchanted Wood, a somewhat dangerous place. Go straight ahead from the gate, do not turn left or right, and do not listen to the whispers and chirps you'll hear. Soon you'll be in the open lands of dream. You'll soon find a road or a cottage, and be able to ask directions to the town of Ulthar, where I await you.

So

Sincerely,

Roger Ramosen

THE DOCTOR'S TALE

"I arrived in Bensamin in September 1917, with three other doctors and our assistants. Before we arrived, some government workmen had built us a small clinic, and so we were expecting to find a nice new building in which to work. When we got there, we found that the local folk had broken all the windows in the clinic, stolen both the front and the back door, and set up a pigsty in the front yard. Hardly an auspicious beginning. We managed to get rid of the pigs, put brown paper over the broken windows, and get replacement doors from Irasburg. Then we began our program of examining the townsfolk and prescribing for their ills.

"At least, that was the plan. But not one of the townsfolk would come to our clinic. There is a lot of disease in that town, and we could have done a lot of good, if only they'd have let us. But they just didn't care. They'd rather go insane and die from their diseases than have outsiders like us messing around. The only man that helped us at all was the town's only outsider, Mr.

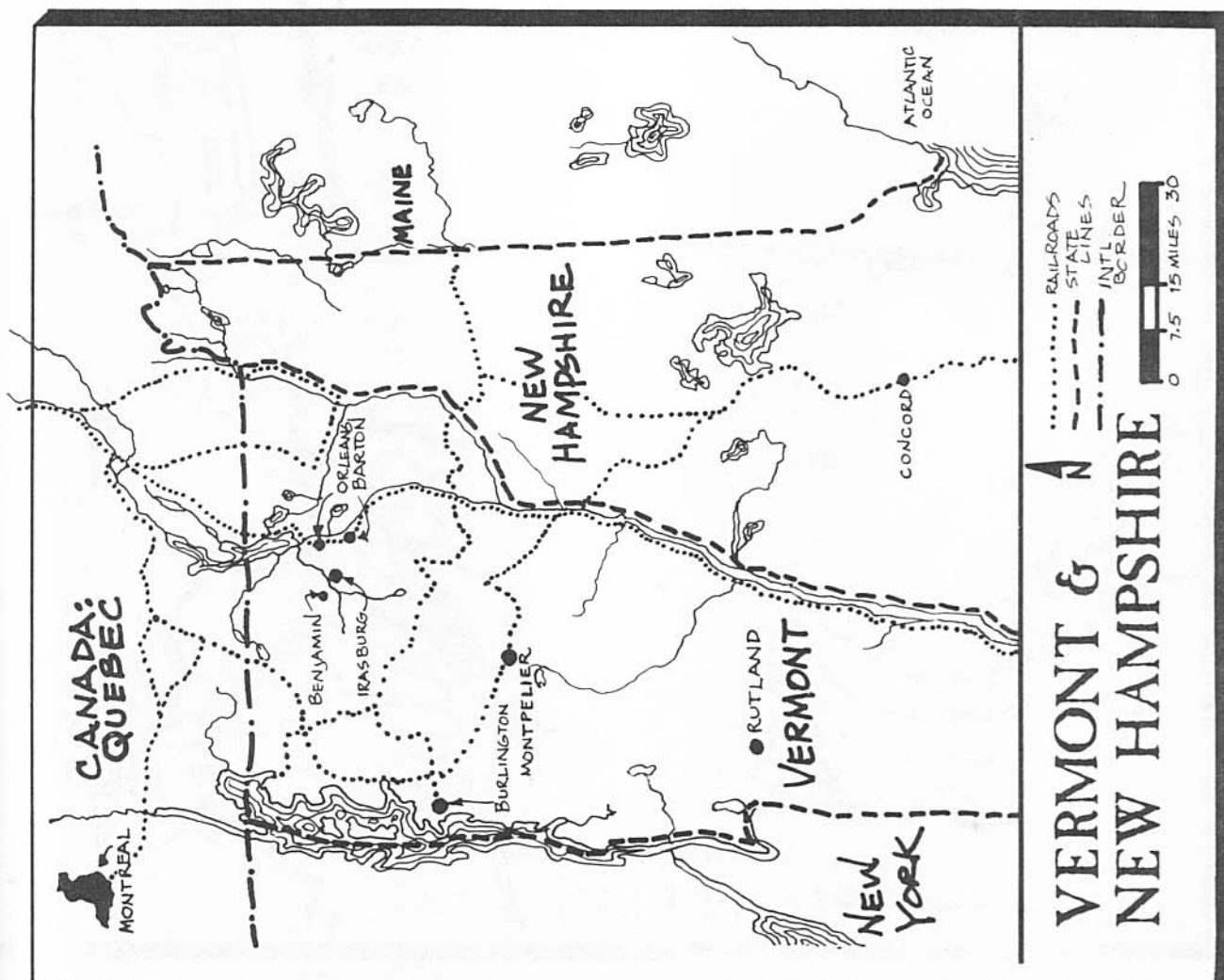
Monroe. The townsfolk seemed to respect him a little, and so we got him to accompany us while we went house-to-house to examine the locals. At least then they'd let us through the door. But they wouldn't take the medicine we prescribed and they wouldn't do the exercises or activities we ordered.

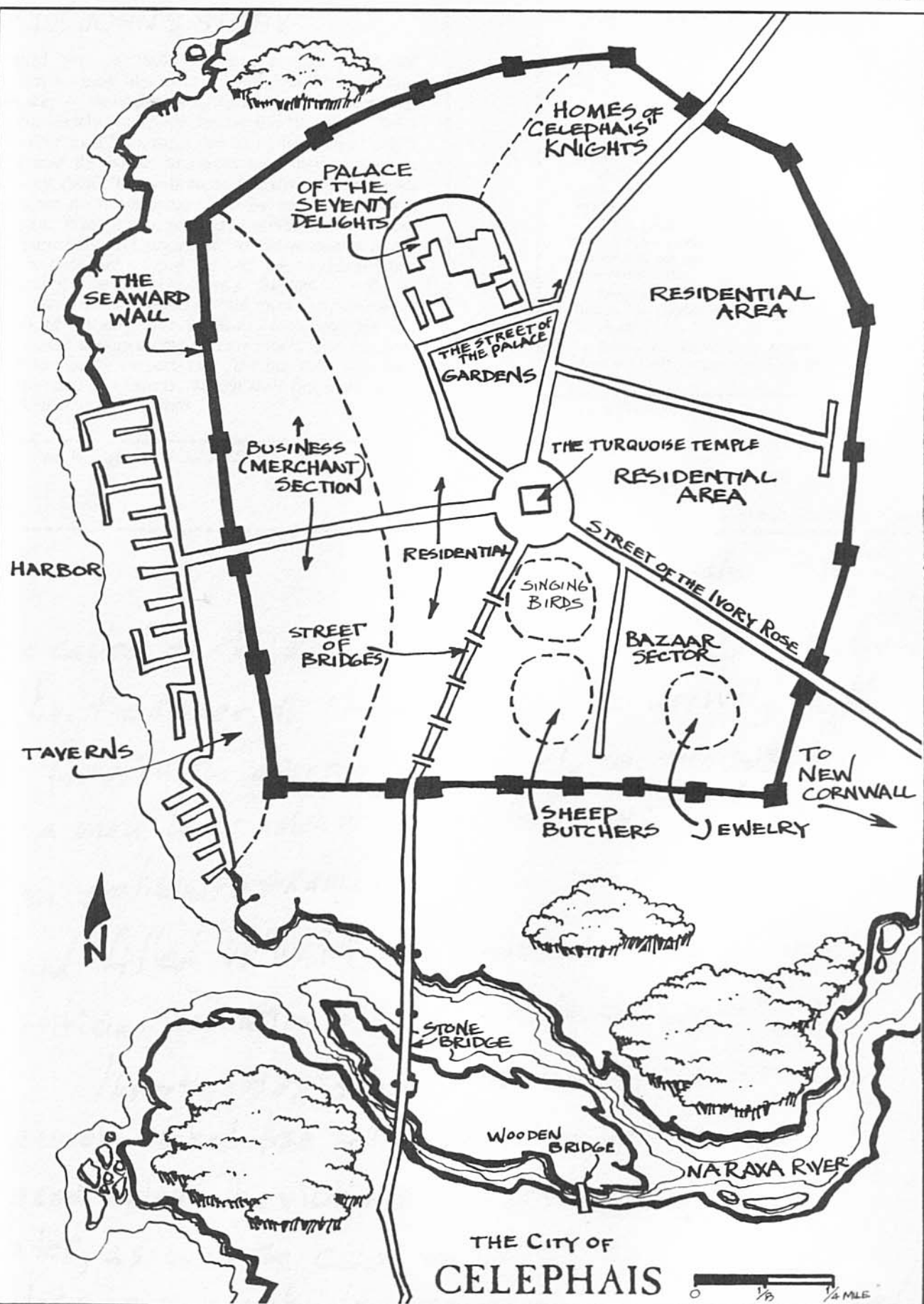
"It was unbelievable. I can remember one woman who had a great huge cyst in her left cheek, as big as an apple! We decided to take her to Montpelier for an operation to remove the cyst — it must have been horribly uncomfortable, not to mention the disfigurement it caused! But when we went by her house to pick her up and take her to the train station, we found that she'd actually fled the town and taken to the woods so we couldn't take her away to the hospital. And that's just one example. Despite Mr. Monroe's best efforts, they just wouldn't cooperate.

"And they kept trying to drive us off. They killed Dr. Darry's pet cat by stomping it to death. They set fire to the clinic three times — burnt down a whole wing once, with all our records. So what can I tell you? They won. We finally left, stymied. I've never seen anything like it."

Captives of Two Worlds: The Doctor's Tale

Captives of Two Worlds: Vermont map.





UNCLE JOHN'S STORY

"I moved here in 1902. Back then, the people of Bensamin — they like to call themselves Bensaminites, by the way — were just as unfriendly as they are today. They completely ostracized me for the first year. But I kept buying food from them and hiring them on to help a little around the house, and eventually they warmed to me. They didn't really become friendly, though, until 1916, when the fire happened. Almost half the town was wiped out. When I was younger, I served in a volunteer fire department, so I organized the Bensaminites into a bucket brigade and stopped the fire. I even charged into one burning shack to save a baby. Strange, though, the fellow whose son I'd saved seemed more disturbed about the loss of his dog than the fact I'd rescued his son. Anyway, not to play up my part too much, after that, they started to openly respect me. I think that they have 'adopted' me, so to speak, though they still don't let me in on their little town secrets."

archives of Two Worlds: Uncle John's Story

LOCAL ARTIST FALLS VICTIM TO ACCIDENT

BOSTON — Nelson Blakely, a local artist, was discovered unconscious in his North End apartment today.

Unable to rouse Blakely, his landlord opened the door to discover the young painter lying apparently dead upon his couch. Taken to St. Mary's emergency, the artist remains unconscious at the time of writing.

Police ruled out the possibility of foul play. It is not known how long Blakely lay unconscious nor has the cause of his coma been determined.

Socialite Penny Tilstrom, Blakely's fiancée, has claimed custody of the coma-bound artist.

Blakely was known for portraiture in a characteristically strange, dream-like style.

Pickman's Student: Newsclip

Pickman's Student: police report

Blakely: Page 2

were called to the scene @ 112 Folger Ave, by Andrew Mallin, the owner of the building. Upon arrival, Mallin was found in the apartment beside the unconscious form of a man later identified by Mallin as Nelson Blakely. Upon preliminary examination, the victim's lungs were found filled w/ water. An ambulance was called. Artificial respiration was applied, to no apparent avail.

Investigation showed that the apartment was securely locked from within and there were no signs of forced entry. The victim's clothes were soaked with water, as was the couch on which he lay. This water was quite salty. Its source was not determined.

Receipt

Date: 2/12

"New York at Dusk"

Sold to: Mr. + Mrs. B.E.
Biggs1414 Park Ave.
1130

Price: \$300.00

Receipt

Date: 2/28

"FATE"

Sold to: Reggie Van Sante
Price: \$225.00

Receipt

Date: 4/26

"R'lyeh at Dawn"

Sold to: E. Bancroft
113 ASHBURY BLVD.

Price: \$75.00

Receipt

Date: 1/12

"Elder Yuggoth"

Sold to: A. Stimson
3172 HUNTINGTON AVE.
#319

Final Price: \$100.00

THE BOOK OF EIBON: A Passage

and it has been said that another realm, beyond that of common occurrence, lies waiting those who dare to enter. Many have tried drugs and herbs while others recommend to me the use of mesmerism to journey to these bizarre and distant worlds. Within, much can be learned first-hand

THE BOOK OF EIBON: A Passage

others have told of the great artist, Rhydagand, who needed but to paint a picture of whither he wished to journey, and then by sleeping near this drawing was magically transported there

THE BOOK OF EIBON: A Passage

those who would travel in these, the darkest parts of this strange world, do well to protect themselves against the foul dog-like denizens of this unholy realm. This protection is partially afforded by that sign of ancient Aegyptus, the scholar says, the ankh, which is revered as much as anything by the beasts that live in the pestiferous burrows that dot this land

THE BOOK OF EIBON: A Passage

this odd man, traveler to foreign realms, related the story of Ghadamon to me. How the thing had been spawned on the flesh of human brains and secreted beneath a great lake in a fearsome world of darkness where it would lie for eternal ages, feeding, growing, and waiting. This man did claim that Ghadamon is coming and coming soon. I deemed him mad, but soon later he was murdered by the Oriental One

Pickman's Student:
The Book Of Eibon:
Selected Passages

THE SORCERESS' GRIMOIRE: Excerpts

...in the depths of the fungal forest is found a small pale-blue sphere, veined in purple. These are easily removed and the top part ingested to provide the worshiper the ability to pass by the servants of Ghadamon and thereby pay obeisance. Take care, for growing amongst these are a similar type, but fatal to man and beast...and here Ghadamon shall lie until one shall come for him and Ghadamon shall pass into another realm and there take his place beneath the sea, to grow and wait for the Day. On this day He Who Waits to Spawn will leave his nest and find his terrible cold mate who has awaited him forever. These days, when the Beast shall rampage and dark R'lyeh rise from its watery crypt will see the passage of great Cthulhu....

Pickman's Student:
The Sorceress'
Grimoire
- Excerpts

Dear Nelson,

I really can't believe you take this Dream stuff so seriously. Why, really I'm sure all of us have some time on another used a Dream image for inspiration; in fact, my latest line of statuary was inspired by a dream I had experienced. But as for relying upon this as a source of inspiration, I cannot possibly believe you to be serious, nor can I recommend this procedure for any serious artist. And what is this talk of Pickman? You speak of him as if you had talked with him just yesterday. After all, the man dropped out of sight ages ago, probably a suicide, if you wish my opinion.

As for the ability of dreams to predict the future — egad! Are you totally unread? Have you not perused Freud? Or perhaps you have not even heard the name, tucked away in that dirty little hole the way you are, but never mind. That's for witch-doctors and bonbonie primitives, an age and culture thankfully far behind.

Scientifically yours,

Dwight Bahntz

and Pickman told me of how he could be Reached. I had in my Possession once a Painting I could use to visit him, but I sold it for money. I would be happy for the return of that Painting now.

LOCAL ARTIST MURDERED

BOSTON — Sculptor Roger Baldrige today was found decapitated in his studio. Police are presently without suspects in the grisly slaying.

Police were called to 1662 Whitehead Ave. when a client, unable to rouse Baldrige, peered in a window to see the prostrate form of the artist.

Lying on the floor in a pool of blood was the decapitated corpse, bearing multiple injuries. A search of the building revealed no clues other than one unlocked window. Officers were at first unsure of the victim's identity. When a tarp was removed from what appeared to be a statue that Baldrige was working on, beneath it was discovered the bloody severed head of Roger Baldrige, placed carefully atop the otherwise headless nude statue!

The same killer is believed responsible for another brutal murder several months ago, and is suspect in several other violent crimes. The killer is believed to be male, in his late twenties or early thirties, and quite powerful. He is considered to be extremely dangerous.

Persons with information about this crime should contact the police immediately.

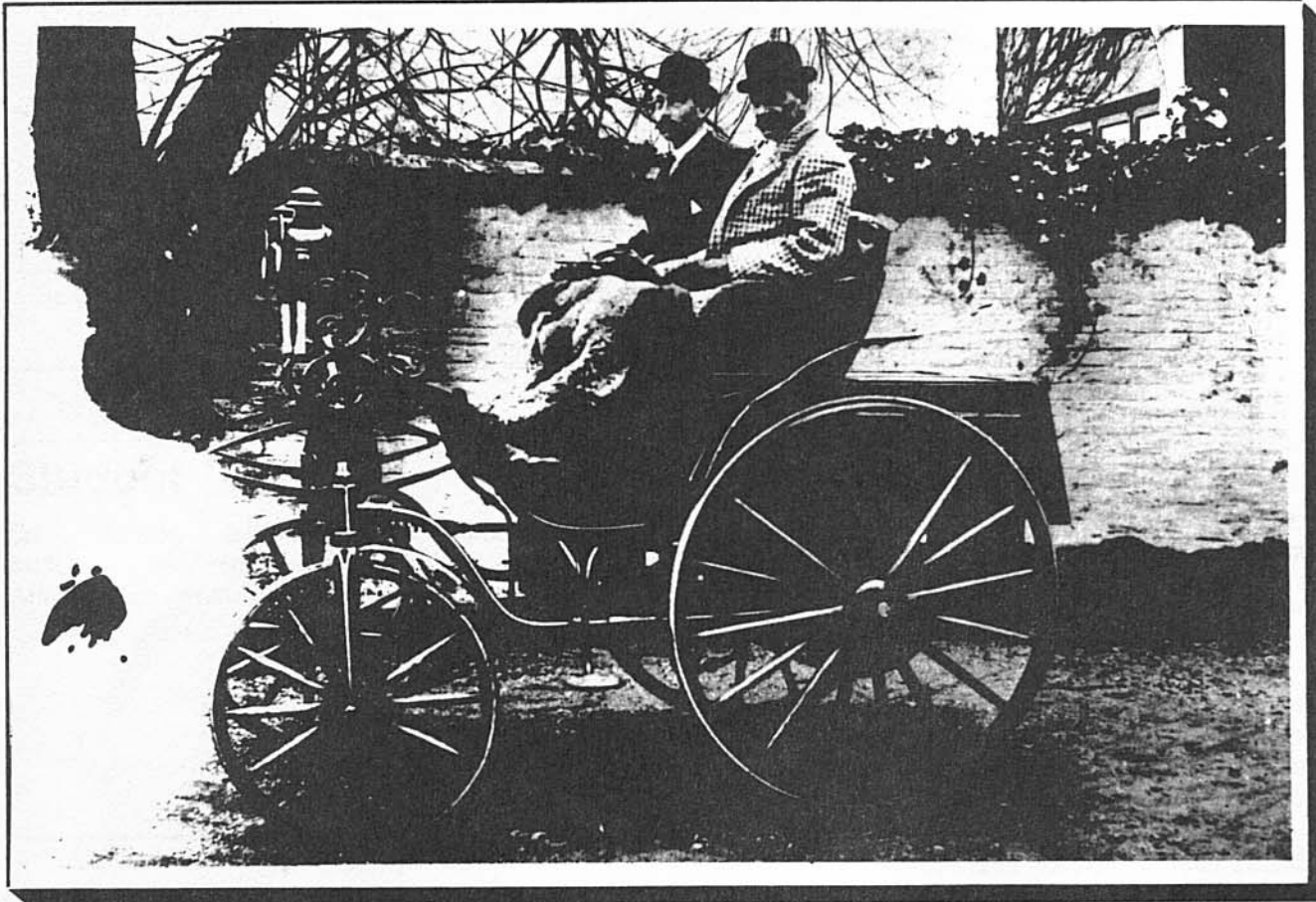
Pickman's Student: letter from Blakely

Pickman's Student: newsclip

Pickman's Student: letter from Pickman

and so for reasons of health I have decided to retire, so to speak, and go away from the Boston area, probably forever. You will know where to reach where I will be. Come and visit often, but do not forget to bear the sign of Aegyptus when you come. I enclose a photograph of me (and my friend, Eliot) taken some time back, when my health was better.

P



Pickman's Student: photo of Pickman

GHOULS STRIKE

ARKHAM (Mass) — Police report that three graves on the historic Aylesbury Hill Graveyard were violated last night.

The graves were identified as the resting places of Randolph Smith, Sammuel Decker, and Jonathan Cooper. The sites were nearly two centuries old.

The groundskeeper reported seeing a violet light in the cemetery a little after midnight, which may be connected with the hideous crime.

The police suspect that bootleggers may have dug into the graves while looking for a hiding spot for a cache of Canadian liquor.

*Season of the Witch:
newsclip*

HERMAN'S STORY

"Well, I was taking the air on the burying-ground during the time of the robbery. I see a hazy glow, kind of violet, over by the holes. And that's all I see.

"The light's a ghost, you know. I know it, and you'll learn it. That light's a ghost. And I know whose ghost — Hesper Payne's. Her that cursed Arkham and everyone in it. I think she's fixing to come back and watch her curse start working.

"And, oh yes. I remember something else, too. I remember a University girl snooping around the robbed graves a few days before they were opened up. I talked to her. Her name was Susan. I think she was studying History. A lot of history students sort of loiter around the older parts of the burying-ground. Looking up birthdates and that sort of thing."

Season of the Witch: Herman's Story

Spirit of the Season

For the last few weeks, the spirit of spring has been lacking in the hearts of the citizens. You can see it in the service without a smile at any local restaurant, the absence of people on the streets at night, and the number of people swarming to doctors' offices throughout the city.

It seems that once again many people are having trouble sleeping. Dr. Cox, of the Arkham Sanatorium, reports that there has been a large influx of individuals experiencing nightmares. Dr. Cox claims that many residents of Arkham are still quite superstitious, and therefore suffer from mental stress around Walpurgis.

*Season of the Witch:
newsclip*

Season of the Witch: newsclip, dated April 26

Student Is Victim

Eric Watson, a mathematics student at Miskatonic University, was admitted to the Arkham Sanatorium last night.

A boarder at 119 Jenkin St. (an address known as the "Curse House") Eric was found wandering down the street with a blank look on his face and babbling incoherently.

Doctors supplied no immediate diagnosis.

Season of the Witch: Excerpt from Charity Smith's diary

Charity Smith's Diary, excerpt

As the wytch stoode on the scaffold, she spate and cursed the city. Her words cast feer into the hearts of all present. 'And bye the power of the Dark One I shall rise again from the lande of deep slumber, and mine anger shall be greate. The soules of Randolph Smyth, Sammuel Deckr, and Jon Cooper shall be helde for mine vengeance and torment in the land of night-mares. This towne shall quake and the black-ness of death shall rise up and mine power reign supreme once more!' Then was that wycked wych hanged.

Land of Lost Dreams: Neil Bruford's Diary

NEIL BRUFORD'S DIARY, excerpts

JANUARY 4 — Today Darrel got me something new, a strange herb, which he instructed me to chew them before retiring. He also wrote a simple mantra for me to recite whilst going to bed. They were cheap, and I'll try anything once.

JANUARY 13 — Tonight is especially dull, so I have decided to try the new herb; I'm all out of opium anyway.

JANUARY 14 — My God, what revelations! The wonder! I chewed a bundle of stems and branches — it released a surprising amount of musty-flavored sticky stuff — and recited the nonsense rhyme about fifty times — it got easier and easier the more I chanted. I fell asleep, with the most incredible dreams, so clear, so real! I woke naked in a bare chamber, and robing myself I stepped out into a strange dark street, where sour-faced people rushed to and fro. I learned the name of the city: Dylath-Leen. Long I dwelt in that strange town, spending the days smoking thagweed with the silent sailors. I heard tales of distant lands: of Cathuria, of shadowed Leng, of Kadath in the Cold Waste. And I caught a glimpse of the woman of my dreams; her name is Bzai-kanaan, a dancer in the Street of Spices. I woke in the morning fully refreshed, yet it seemed I had spent weeks in that dark town. I shall savour the memory for now, but I cannot wait to dream again!

JANUARY 15 — Quizzed Darrel about the herb. He said that his father got seeds for the plant when he was in China during the Boxer Rebellion. Darrel thinks his father stole them from one of the temples. Darrel grew the plants in the college greenhouse last semester and has been chewing them for months. He won't tell me where he learned the mantra. When I told him that I had visited Dylath-Leen, he was astounded, because he had visited there, too, after chewing the weed. Apparently his dreams always start out in the same dark building that I woke up in. Darrel was flabbergasted — I guess he thought that everyone that took the drug experienced their own personal set of dreams, but it looks like we have similar ones.

JANUARY 18 — Life is tedious, and I wish again to see Bzai-kanaan. Shall return tonight to the port of Dylath-Leen, and confess my love for her.

JANUARY 19 — The dream was stranger still. I could not find my love, but I met another woman, whose name was Sarah Farnham. She claimed to be a fellow dreamer from Earth! Together we traveled widely to lovely Celephais and from thence to Serannian, which floats in the sky. And Sarah told me of Xura, and warned me against it; but from what she said, it is clearly the object of my lifelong quest. I woke before I could find where it lay.

JANUARY 22 — Tonight Darrel and I are taking the drug together, to see if we experience the same dreams; if

so, the marvelous land could all be real!

JANUARY 23 — I woke alone. I could not dissuade him from his course, and when I woke he had already left. I can hardly bear to think of what he has done. As for myself, I shall continue search for my Bzai-kanaan, and she will lead me to Xura. But I must wait awhile; I do not care to meet him again, he must have time to move away.

FEBRUARY 10 — I can stand it no longer. I dream again tonight. I shall find what I'm looking for, that which I need, have always needed.

FEBRUARY 11 — Damnation! I was so close! Everything went right; I found Bzai-kanaan, and told her of my feelings. She did not react unfavorably, but she wouldn't promise herself to me yet (oh God is there anything in life I can ever have when I want it?), but no man has any claim on her, nor shall one while I live, so I am still full of hope. I learned of Xura, but no sailor would take me there — craven fools!

Finally I took passage on one of those odd green galleons which trade in unthinkable cargo, and of which no men speak but many whisper. Bzai-kanaan came with me. We sailed out of Dylath-Leen, past forgotten Zak, past damned Thalarion, and drew nigh opposite my goal: Xura. From the fair coast I heard a snatch of a beauteous melody, sung as if by some heavenly choir, and heard too the sounds of laughter and gaiety. Bzai-kanaan took my arm, and I turned and gazed at her incomparable beauty. My heart filled with joy, and impetuously I reached for

her to take my first kiss...then I woke up in my dismal garret, with a tomcat from the neighboring alley pawing at me! I grabbed the wretched beast and hurled it out the window, and I hope it broke all its miserable bones in the fall. So near! Come nightfall I shall return to Dylath-Leen to start my trek all over again; Bzai-kanaan surely has returned to Dylath-Leen to await me.

It is now night, and I have made my room fast against cats and other pests. I shall find my goal tonight in the Land of Dreams.

CALL of CTHULHU®

INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR.... DEX ... INT.... Idea.....
 CON ... APP.... POW ... Luck.....
 SIZ SAN ... EDU ... Know
 Schools
 Degrees
 Damage Bonus/Penalty

Name.....
 Occupation Sex Age.....
 Nationality Residence

MAGIC POINTS

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

HIT POINTS

1 2 3 4 5 6 7
 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21

SANITY POINTS

(Insanity) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72
 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10) ☐	Geology (00) ☐	Psychology (05) ☐
Anthropology (00) ☐	Hide (10) ☐	Read/Write Eng. (EDU x5) ☐
Archaeology (00) ☐	History (20) ☐	Read/Write. (00) ☐
Astronomy (00) ☐	Jump (25) ☐	Read/Write. (00) ☐
Bargain (05) ☐	Law (05) ☐	Read/Write. (00) ☐
Botany (00) ☐	Library Use (25) ☐	Ride (05) ☐
Camouflage (25) ☐	Linguist (00) ☐	Sing (05) ☐
Chemistry (00) ☐	Listen (25) ☐	Sneak (10) ☐
Climb (40) ☐	Make Maps (10) ☐	Speak (00) ☐
Credit Rating (15) ☐	Mechanical Repair (20) ☐	Speak (00) ☐
Cthulhu Mythos (00) ☐	Occult (05) ☐	Spot Hidden (25) ☐
Debate (10) ☐	Operate Hv. Machine (00) ☐	Swim (25) ☐
Diagnose Disease (05) ☐	Oratory (05) ☐	Throw (25) ☐
Dodge (DEX x2) ☐	Pharmacy (00) ☐	Track (10) ☐
Drive Automobile (20) ☐	Photography (10) ☐	Treat Disease (05) ☐
Electrical Repair (10) ☐	Pick Pocket (05) ☐	Treat Poison (05) ☐
Fast Talk (05) ☐	Pilot Aircraft (00) ☐	Zoology (00) ☐
First Aid (30) ☐	Psychoanalysis (00) ☐	 ☐

WEAPONS

Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Impale	Parry%	Hit Points
.....					
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SPELLS KNOWN, OTHER SKILLS, NOTES

Dreaming (POW x1) ☐

Dream Lore (00) ☐

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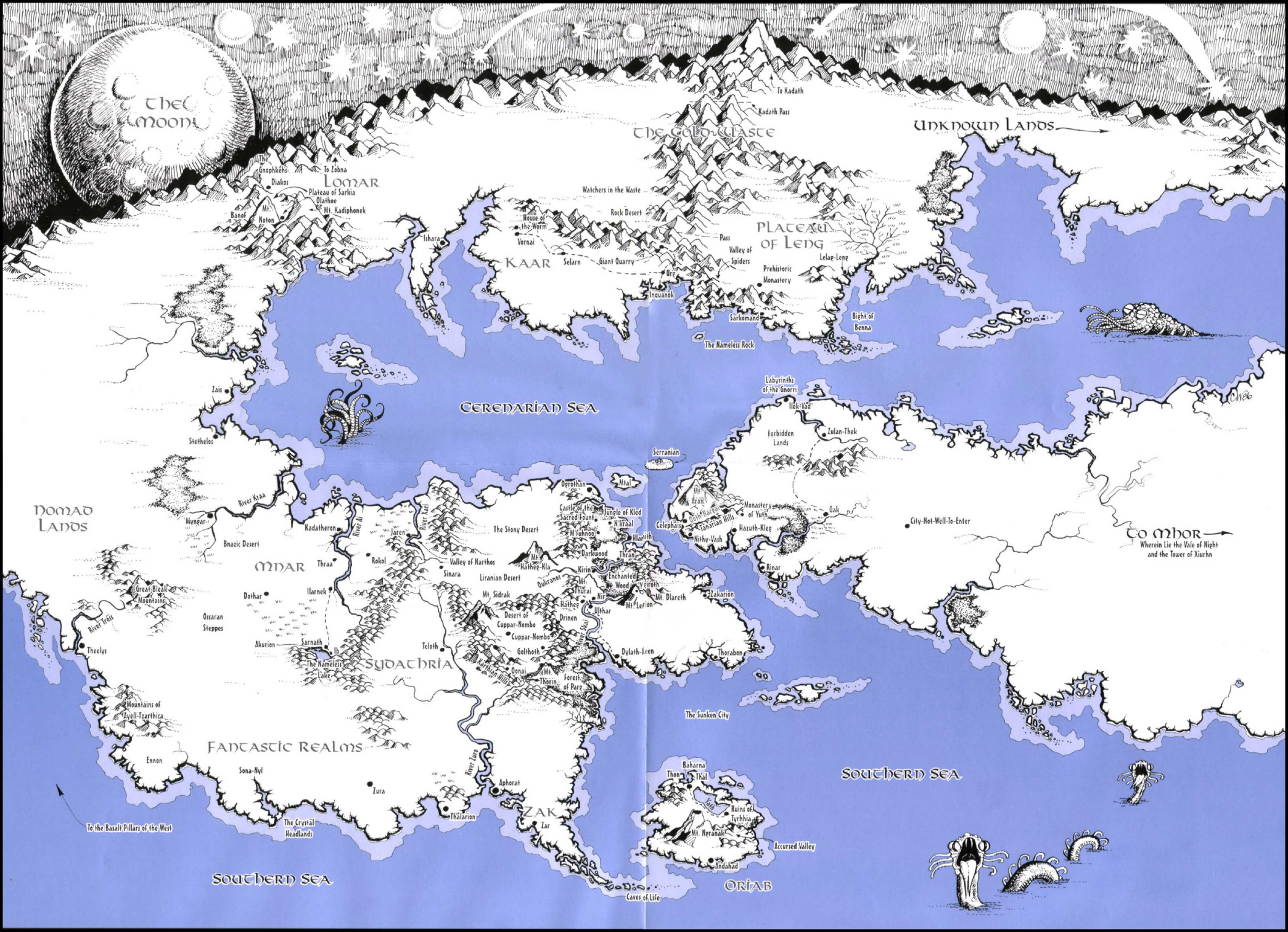
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Cthulhu
Roleplaying
Beyond the
Wall of Sleep

H.P. Lovecraft's DREAMLANDS

CHAOSIUM PUBLICATION 3302

TO DREAM

We all dream. Dreams entertain the mind, and help organize the day's events.

At some time in your dreams, you will come across a huge cavern leading enticingly downwards. If you follow it past the Seventy Steps of Light Sleep, it leads to the Cavern of Flame. There dwell two hoary priests, Nasht and Kaman-Thah, who judge all dreamers and, if they find them worthy, admit them to the Dreamlands. The door opens, and all the world beyond is a dream. There is much unearthly beauty, and great cosmic terror. If you live here long enough, and gain sufficient skill, you can learn to create new objects, new life, and a new reality.

THE DREAMLANDS

This book provides everything needed by the Keeper to run Dreamlands adventures. The Dream Journeys section contains six scenarios including *To Sleep*, *Perchance to Dream*, *Captives of Two Worlds*, *Pickman's Student*, *Season of the Witch*, *Lemon Sails*, and *The Land of Lost Dreams*.

Also included is a map of the Dreamlands. A version of this map is included in the handouts, to be given to the players after their first trip to the Dreamlands.

Finally, the Handouts are items to be given to the players during the scenarios. As a bonus, a variant of the Cthulhu character sheet is also provided which includes the new skills required for dream travel. You are permitted to photocopy this sheet for personal use.

... some of us awake in the night with strange phantasms of enchanted hills and gardens, of fountains that sing in the sun, of golden cliffs overhanging murmuring seas, of plains that stretch down to sleeping cities of bronze and stone, and of shadowy companies of heroes that ride caparisoned white horses along the edges of thick forests, and then we know that we have looked back through the ivory gates into that world of wonder that was ours before we were wise and unhappy.

—H.P. Lovecraft ("Celephais")



Call of Cthulhu is a roleplaying game based on the works of H.P. Lovecraft, in which ordinary people are confronted with the demonic plots of the Elder Gods and their minions. In Call of Cthulhu, players portray decent men and women of the 1920s who unexpectedly have learned dreadful secrets, and who must investigate things unknown and unspeakable. Dreamlands supplements Cthulhu, presenting an extraordinary land-beyond-dreams. You must have a copy of the Call of Cthulhu rules to fully use this material.

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