

FOR
**Call of
Cthulhu**
1920s

TRAVEL IN
SPLENDOR VIA
THE SIMPLON ROUTE
IN A LUXURY CAMPAIGN

HORROR ON THE **ORIENT EXPRESS**



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GIBBONS



HORROR ON THE ORIENT-EXPRESS



BOOK I

CAMPAIGN BOOK

I. INTRODUCTION

The Orient Express

Being a brief summary of the service and its history, from Nagelmackers to the Simplon-Venice-Orient Express, with minor reference to the exigencies of roleplaying.

by Geoff Gillan

THE NAME 'ORIENT EXPRESS' has become a byword for luxury in travel, yet before its inception in the late nineteenth century, luxury was not a word that leapt to the tongues of European train travelers. Long journeys or short, passengers endured hard bench seats, often for days at a time. In the United States, the passenger's lot improved thanks to George Pullman's and partner's invention of the Pullman coach at the end of the Civil War. The idea was rapidly accepted. In such coaches, albeit in no great comfort, passengers could sleep in bunk-like berths during over-night journeys.

One Pullman passenger was a young Belgian engineer named Georges Nagelmackers. During a trip to the United States, he noted the Pullman cars and wondered why Europeans could not obtain the same convenience in travel.

Nagelmackers returned to Belgium determined to offer exactly that. He was a trained engineer and his developments went further than Pullman's car. Nagelmackers pursued the idea of luxury—sleeping cars with beds, basins, and elegant surroundings. He formed the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits (CIWL) after much financial struggle, and the coming and going of many investors. Finally Europe had its first company which solely constructed and operated sleeping cars.

Nagelmackers arranged to have his cars attached to many trains throughout Europe. When the concept of sleeping cars had taken hold, Nagelmackers began the construction of saloon cars and then dining cars.



George Nagelmackers

Passengers throughout Europe responded enthusiastically to this way of transport. Nagelmackers, ever inventive, pursued comfort and civility further. He decided to construct a train consisting of all his rolling stock—the dining car, saloons, sleeping cars—a palatial hotel on wheels which would traverse Europe. He named this train the Orient Express.

In 1882, after much political maneuvering to allow the train to cross various international borders, the Orient Express made its first run. The service did not yet extend from London to Constantinople: since no rail line existed beyond Bulgaria to link Turkey with its frontier, the train went to Varna on the Black Sea, where travelers continued to Constantinople by ship. The initial route passed through middle Europe: Strasbourg, Munich, Vienna, and on to Bucharest. In 1889, the completion of linking track allowed Orient Express service across Europe into Turkey, the gate of the Orient, and to its capital, Constantinople.

The service survived into the new century, braving even an outbreak of cholera in Turkey, when tickets had to be displayed for inspection in a white metal box filled with vinegar. Only the Great War much threatened the Orient Express. Before it, CIWL had acquired luxury hotels in serviced cities to support the travel and comfort of Orient Express users; once global conflict erupted, the company was forced to sell many properties to ensure survival in grim times.

In the year 1906, the Simplon Express began, a new service through the newly-completed Simplon tunnel. This tunnel is still a wonder, an excavation of more than twelve miles through solid alpine granite. Linking Switzerland and Italy, the Simplon service ran from Calais to Milan, later to Venice.

The Simplon Express was intended to surpass the original Orient Express, for the route through southern Europe was shorter and with easier grades. However,

pressure from the German and Austro-Hungarian governments kept the Simplon Express a minor service. These governments wished the Orient Express to remain north of the Alps, strengthening their European communications. But when the Great War began, Italy necessarily became the focus for the service.

During the hostilities, the Orient Express was replaced by various local expresses answering to their individual nations. No longer could a single service cross Europe, its passengers needing no more than a travel permit to cross intervening frontiers.

After the defeat of Germany, Britain and France attempted to maintain their links with their eastern allies, with the new state of Yugoslavia, and with Italy and Rumania. To do so, they did not wish to depend on transit through the newly-defeated Germanic states. So the Simplon Express, which had long languished because of politics, now was nominated by politics as the new direct Orient Express. In 1920, the Simplon-Orient Express was able to run uninterrupted through Milan, Venice, and Trieste to Constantinople. This route soon eclipsed the original Express in romance, mystery, and speed; for most it became synonymous with the name Orient Express.

Branch services still connected cities like Munich and Vienna, but the Simplon-Orient Express became the direct train. It set records during the 1920s for speed across the distance covered. New cars were finished in the distinctive blue with gold trim, now made from steel and with even plushier decor. The Orient Express increased in reputation after snow halted the train 80 kilometers from Constantinople for five days. The single track made moving the cars impossible, but in the true spirit of the Orient Express, the service continued so smoothly that the passengers signed a document commending the staff after the train had been freed.

In 1930, the narrow-gauge Taurus Express began its inaugural run. This train ran from Istanbul across Turkey to points east and south of Aleppo, where passengers continued to Cairo or Baghdad by motor coach. Via motor launch across the Bosphorus, the new service met the Simplon-Orient Express in Istanbul. Passengers could move to and from Baghdad or London in just eight days. The Orient Express became even more indispensable.

Small local services had been added throughout the Middle East, starting in 1927. With various additional European routes already linked to the Simplon-Orient Express, it now became the spine of Europe.

Just before World War II, full rail service connected Cairo, Baghdad, and Tehran with Europe. Until that war, the Orient Express was preeminent on the Continent.

As war spread, German occupying forces suppressed the services one by one, until the Simplon-Orient Express itself was stopped in 1942. The Germans attempted an

ersatz Orient Express, a luxury train for the Nazi elite, but this was short-lived—too many sabotage attempts on it were made by partisans in the resistance movements.

Not until 1946 did the Simplon-Orient Express and its sister services renew operations for a full year, but only so far as Venice. Travel to Istanbul resumed in January of 1947.

The chill of the Cold War descended. Running through Communist countries, ordinary seat coaches of first, second, and third class had to be added. Eastern bloc officials became difficult to deal with, and gave the Simplon-Orient Express a turbulent, uncertain existence throughout the fifties and into the early sixties. When various countries shut their borders, the service was forced to reroute. Ian Fleming provides an account of the Cold War express in the climactic chapters of his James Bond novel *From Russia with Love*.

In the 1970s, services dwindled as airlines began to dominate transport on the Continent. The Simplon Orient-Express became the Simplon Express, and other services dropped the "Orient" from their titles also, becoming local trains. After 1977, direct through-coaches no longer connected Paris with Istanbul and Athens. Recently, in 1982, the Simplon-Orient-Venice Express has begun, re-instating the blue and gold cars and the luxurious rolling stock of the 1920s and 1930s. This nostalgic, exclusive service seeks to recapture the feel of the Orient Express journeys of that time and has met with some success.

Society on the Simplon-Orient Express

To paraphrase E.H. Cookridge in his excellent book, *The Orient Express*, the kind of traveler aboard the train in the years between the World Wars attracts the sort of interest later reserved for movie idols and rock stars. That fashionable elite is chronicled in countless newspapers and magazines; they are the doyens of the Jazz Age. Heiresses and decayed nobles, high-powered gangsters and millionaire philanthropists are the stuff of the Simplon-Orient Express passenger list in its heyday.

Second-class carriages are introduced in the 1920s; late in the decade, third class is added. The contrast leads to even greater awareness of the luxury travelers could enjoy. Orient Express dining services continued to be perceived as the equivalent of first-class restaurants, with the same kind of impeccable formal service.

Monarchs are often passengers, and in many cases have special cars outfitted to be connected to the SOE and taken to special destinations.

Investigators lucky enough to be in first class aboard the Express meet not only the famous rulers and gentry of Europe, but also everyone ambitious enough or rich

enough to pay for entry. American and Argentinean businessmen and every sort of foreign official or diplomat swell the train's ranks.

The proximity of the mighty brings with them those who feed on their vanity—hangers-on, almost-weres, might-have-beens. Many parasitic companions are more snobbish than those whom they flatter.

Though the price is quite steep, respectable-looking folk with the price of a ticket can always ride on the Orient Express. 'Respectable' extends to appearance and comportment, not to function—passengers include paramours and would-be paramours of the super wealthy, gigolos and mistresses and 'actresses' on the way up or down, revolutionaries and autocrats, slave-owners, criminals, drug pushers, psychotics, spies, and assassins. At root, the Orient Express can be no more selective than is humanity.

Because of the multiple borders crossed and because of the relative ease with which this is done, the Orient Express services are havens for espionage agents of all nationalities—in fact the sole murder to have historically occurred on the service was of a British officer accused of spying.

Criminals aboard the trains encompass everything the lone purse- and jewelry-snatchers who work the platforms to small, well-dressed groups of thieves who regularly travel the train, carefully assessing the wealth of would-be victims before striking.

IN THE 1890s

The Orient Express ran full-service throughout the 1890s. This was the first era of the service, in which it established itself in the public mind as the most famous train of all time. The fares in the 1890s were £58 for first class return fare, Paris to Constantinople. A second-class £44 fare was for accompanying servants, who slept in double compartments.

In 1891, Turkish bandits held up the train, and in 1892 a cholera epidemic paralyzed the Turkish frontier. Such far-flung regions seemed all the more wild to the English and American men and women now criss-crossing the breadth of Europe.

This vital life-line ran the old route through Germany and Austria, to the north of the Alps. This service was called the Orient Express.

Coaches then were constructed of wood, but built with the same attention to detail and finish as their counterparts in the 1920s. Many Europeans were first experiencing sleeping cars and contemporary magazines and newspapers took great delight in lampooning the possibilities of so many people thrown together on one train and sharing small compartments. Later thriller writers exploited the close quarters for their sinister possibilities.

Film References

Murder on the Orient Express. Directed by Sidney Lumet; with Albert Finney, Lauren Bacall, Sean Connery and many others. Agatha Christie whodunit, long on talk and slow on pace, but well worth seeing for its splendid recreation of the Simplon-Orient Express in its heyday. Keepers will find it an invaluable tool.

The Lady Vanishes. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock; with Michael Redgrave. Hitchcock train thriller from the 1930s, one of the first films to use the Express as its background. It is never stated overtly that the train is the Orient Express, but be assured that not many luxury trains rattle through the Balkans. Its mid-thirties background is also within hailing distance of the average Cthulhu campaign, so it is worth seeing for a number of reasons, the best being that it is a delightful picture.

From Russia With Love. Directed by Terence Young. Stars Sean Connery, Lotte Lenya, Robert Shaw. Early James Bond entry with its climax taking place aboard the Orient Express. It also has plenty of looks at Istanbul. Keepers should see it just for the fight scene between Robert Shaw and Sean Connery, one of the cinema's all-time greats, and an excellent demonstration of what combat in a confined area like a railway compartment is like.

Non-Fiction Books

The Orient Express. by E.H. Cookridge. The best single book on the Orient Express, its history and services. Cookridge writes for buff and non-buff alike, so the book is always accessible for the general reader. Highly recommended.

The Orient Express. by Jean Des Cars and Jean-Paul Caracalla. A lavish pictorial history of the Orient Express. Sometimes the translation from the original French is clumsy, but the book is a visual delight. Plenty of maps, photos, and reprints of old posters. Worth tracking down.

The Great Railway Bazaar. by Paul Theroux. Not an Orient Express book as such, this details the author's adventures on contemporary services across Europe. Worth reading because no one better combines romance, discomfort, and the feeling of being thrown together with strangers on board an international service better than Theroux. Not essential, but recommended.

IN THE 1990s

First the Orient Express, then the Simplon-Orient Express, the newest luxury train is the Venice-Simplon-Orient Express. It has been rebuilt from original 1920s rolling stock and is in the distinctive blue and gold of the original Wagons-Lits cars. The train is an extravagant exercise in nostalgia, running regularly from London to Venice and back. Passengers are expected to dine formally and the wearing of 1920s costumes is strongly encouraged.

The train now has a complete salon car including a full-size grand piano (a touch which has led to the a-historic inclusion of such a car among the plans found in this supplement). None of the staff will divulge how they got the piano onto the train—it is a secret among the Company.

The setting could be well used for adventurers needing to meet people of power in settings of almost complete luxury—a trip aboard the Orient Express is worth savoring, no matter when and no matter who the passengers are.

THE ONCE AND FUTURE TRAIN

Though no longer the romantic luxury train of the past, and unrelated to the 32-hour (London to Vienna) luxury excursion service of the present, a working Orient Express continues to depart from Paris daily, with the alternating destinations of Bucharest and Budapest. Thus excellence in transportation and luxury in style are presently separated, confounding Nagelmackers' original intention, but both elements still exist. The history of his great enterprise is by no means over.

II. RESOURCES FOR THE KEEPER

Simplon-Orient Express Operations

Describing such a train and its staff for the 1920s, the itinerary, what is not covered or attempted herein, and comparisons with the fictive train in this package.

by Geoff Gillan

THE ORIENT EXPRESS SERVICE was begun as, and in the 1920s continues to be, the ultimate in luxury travel. It rivals the greatest Cunard steamship for opulence and comfort. Passengers aboard this lavish train must remember they are riding with the elite of Europe.

The Simplon-Orient Express has no standard-seat coaches at all; every one of its passengers has an entire sleeping compartment, alone or possibly shared with one other. Its dining facilities are as elegant and its cuisine as mouth-watering as the greatest of Parisian restaurants, even if its menus are necessarily more limited. The capability and aplomb of its staff is legendary throughout Europe: the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits hires only the best chefs, conductors, and managers.

The materials of this chapter are offered for the convenience and consideration of the keeper. Railway buffs should understand that what is truly spoken of here is the Simplon-Fantasy-Orient Express, emphasizing what is estimated to be significant in playing *Call of Cthulhu*. Experts have all of reality within which to be accurate; we have only these few pages within which to generate a useful summary.

Staff

Aboard the train, all staff are uniformed. Staff uniforms are individually blue or white, depending on the position of the person. In inclement weather, great coats are to be worn when any staff need to alight on a platform. The

following positions are presented alphabetically, not in order of importance.

BRIGADIER-POSTIER

In charge of the fourgon or van. There are two or more of these cars, one for passengers' luggage, another for small parcels to be delivered to outlying areas through which the train passes. In the latter case, station-drops are sometimes the only way these places can get important machinery parts and the like. The Brigadier-Postier sees that each parcel is documented and signed-on, for delivery at the appropriate station. He berths in a fourgon.

CLEANER

In charge of all clean-up aboard train. Once a car has reached its destination, it is removed from the train. Cleaners stationed at the terminal take it to a siding and completely overhaul it. These men are Wagons-Lits staff, not locals. Then the car is ready to rejoin the service on the return journey.

CHEF DE BRIGADE

The Chef de Brigade is in charge of the dinner staff under the Maitre D'Hôtel, and of the sleeping-car conductors.

CHEF DE CUISINE

The magician in actual charge of the kitchen; among the greatest chefs of Europe.

CHEF DE TRAIN

In over-all charge of the train of sleeping cars—the commander-in-chief. Importantly for the keeper, he and his assistant control such emergency equipment as two shotguns, the medical kit, and the tool box.

CONDUCTOR (Conducteur)

The most famous job on the Orient Express. Conducting is hard work and the men picked by Wagons-Lits for the Orient Express are the very best in the trade. Each must speak at least three languages to assist with international passengers and staff. A night conductor is scheduled for a car which will be stopping at platforms during the night; he makes certain that the appropriate passengers are awake and ready to leave the train. Usually a conductor is based in a country other than his native one, to increase

his international experience. This worthy bears a pass key allowing entry into any compartment.

CONTROLLER (Contrôleur)

Aboard train, he is the Chef de Brigade's assistant. He also countersigns conductors' papers at important stops to attest that everything is well and that movements of passengers are as planned. At each main terminal station, a controller assists the train staff in repairs or tasks for which extra staff or equipment may be needed, and organizes the workmen who make up the Small Repairs staff.

HEAD WAITER (Serveur-receveur)

Manages the moment-to-moment service in the dining car; he always presents the bill.

MAITRE D'HÔTEL

Chief of the dining car. He is responsible for the staff, the quality of staff, the orderliness of the car, and the service. He always wears tails.

WAITER (Serveur)

Dining car attendant under the Head Waiter. Both white jackets and blue jackets are issued to dining car staff because engine smuts and kitchen smoke often soil white jackets, yet white is the traditional color.



Alas, monsieur, the attack of the vampire has left us only with these poor buffet glasses.

Consideration

The number of staff varies; the long train at Milan is much smaller when it reaches Constantinople. Including baggage men, dishwashers, etc., the keeper has at his disposal at least 25 men of intelligence and discipline, and very likely more. The present-day Venice-Simplon-Express numbers 40, for example.

Engineers, firemen, and brakemen are employees of the various national and private services whose engines and rails are being used.

Staff from CIWL sleep aboard train as they can. Conductors might doze at their night stations; some are mentioned as having small roll-out pallets upon which they might lie down. The Chef de Brigade and other important staff have tiny bunks in the fourgons. Dishwashers and such string hammocks in the kitchen and fourgons.

Other Orient Expresses

Europe, especially western Europe, is criss-crossed by all sorts of intermediate and local rail services which can bring investigators to any vicinity.

The Compagnie des Wagons-Lits provided Orient-Express services—that is to say, the best that money could buy—across much of Europe. Using the Simplon-Orient Express route as a line of departure, connections

Other Orient Expresses

ARLBERG ORIENT EXPRESS — Pris, Belfort, Basle, Zurich, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Linz, Vienna, Pressburg (Bratislava), Budapest, Oradea, Cluj, Sinaia, Ploesti, Bucharest

BELGRADE ORIENT EXPRESS — Vinkovci, Subotica, Budapest,

CRVENI KRST ORIENT EXPRESS — Skopje, Gevgeli, Idomeni, Thessaloniki, Athens.

LJUBLJANA ORIENT EXPRESS — Jesenice, Villach, Badgastein, Salzburg, Munich.

OSTEND ORIENT EXPRESS — Brussels, Liege, Cologne, Frankfurt, Nuremberg; connections to Stuttgart, Prague, and Warsaw.

PARIS ORIENT EXPRESS — Strasbourg, Kehl, Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Ulm, Augsburg, Munich, Salzburg, Linz, Vienna, Hegyeshalom, Budapest.

TAURUS ORIENT EXPRESS—in the 1930s, ran from the Straits of Bosphorus to Eskisehir (with a branch to Ankara), Adana, then to the Aleppo junction: one track then led to Masul, and by bus and a secondary rail line connected to Baghdad and Basra. The other track ended south, near Damascus, and passengers went by bus to Haifa, and then by secondary rail line to Cairo. Late in the decade, service was extended to Tehran.

can be made with other luxury services. For keepers running European campaigns, the railways will be the backbone of investigator movement. Here is a list of main routes, stops, and connections for some of the other Orient Expresses. Since all these services used the tracks owned by a variety of railways, connections to less-distinguished or local services could be made easily. These services did not necessarily co-exist at any one time.

Components of a Train

MANY MODELS OF Orient Express cars exist. The following descriptions are general in nature. Nor did one configuration of train ever exist—fewer or more sleeping cars, for instance, may be required, or an additional fourgon. If train size increases greatly, the engine cannot pull it adequately—a supple-

mentary train of cars would be formed instead. Unlike contemporary diesel engines, two or three steam engines could not be hooked in-series to add power.

From 1922 onward, an Orient Express car is a steel shell mounted on standard iron-and-steel rockers, supporting the wheels and suspension units. Lacking a cutting torch, the exterior walls of such cars are very difficult to break through, and impossible to kick through or pull apart without tools and time. Most interior doors are wooden and not intended to do much more than delay forced-entry. Doors leading between cars are steel, and very strong. Before 1922, the cars were of wooden construction, except the suspension and chassis.

The plans included in this box presume that all cars are of steel construction.

SLEEPING CAR

The passageway is finished elegantly, in dark woods. At one end of the passage is a folding conductor's seat, his normal station while the train is in operation. In the configuration shown, the sleeping car has sixteen berths, some with upper and lower berths making shared compartments, and four single compartments. On the trip west-

ward in this campaign, the berths are numbered and specifically assigned. The sleeping car plan shows for purposes of illustration some compartments in night-time configuration, with the berths lowered and made up, and others rigged for daylight use.

Each compartment is finished in lacquered wood and beautiful marquetry by the English designer, Morison. During the day, the berths fold into seats. A small faucet and washstand within or adjoining the compartment in a separate washroom allows the passengers to freshen up.

Water closets exist at either end of the car. Both water closets and washrooms lock, for privacy, as do the compartments themselves.

A conductor and dining-car attendant bring morning papers and breakfast as required to the cars, always on silver serving trays. Passengers wishing to meet their fellows do so at table, in the dining car, or in the salon car.

DINING CAR

The dining car has tables and chairs, a kitchen, a pantry, and a wine cellar. One version seated fifty-six passengers, providing chairs for slightly more than three full first-class sleeping cars; in mid-journey, three sittings might be required to accommodate all the passengers and staff.

The version included in the plans has been shortened to forty-eight seats, to keep the car in scale with the rest of the train. Note the door mid-way down the center aisle—smokers and non-smokers alike might dine with pleasure.

The finest dishes and the best French wines are available for luncheon and dinner. A Maitre d'Hôtel presides over the car, as in the best restaurants. Elegant table lamps sit on each dining table and suffuse the car with warm glows.

In the kitchen, all food is prepared fresh. The kitchen has its own coal-fired grills and ovens. Food, silver, linens, and china are kept in the adjoining pantry; cool-rooms for wine, etc., also exist.

FOURGON (Baggage Car)

Two or more fourgons are regularly part of each Simplon-Orient Express, at least one for passenger luggage and one for express package delivery. Both include berths where staff sleep; the express-package fourgon has a berth also for the Chef de Brigade. Only one sort of fourgon has been included as a plan in this package, though three are provided. Note the shower in each for staff use.

SALON CAR

Anachronistic to 1923, the investigators' trains always include a salon car—an enormous bar where passengers can sit, converse, scheme, observe, and sip the beverages they desire. In 1923, the dining car fulfilled this function, but historicity would impede play, particularly on the return trip from Constantinople.

The salon car included does not conform to any particular design in use on Orient Express routes.

ENGINE CAB

The cab of the engine is the size of a closet. Nearby illustrations detail the major components of a sample steam engine, including a drawing of a sample cab, looking forward from the tender wall.

Few instruments or controls are needed for a locomotive. The most important control is the regulator handle, which adjusts the amount of steam driving the wheels; thus the regulator handle controls the speed of the locomotive and therefore of the entire train. If the water level is kept up and the fuel constantly shoveled in, and if an investigator knows that the regulator handle is the key to operation, then the engine could easily be driven by an amateur.

Orient Express Configuration

The nominal make-up and order of the train plans included in this box follows. The actual composition of a train was partly contractual and partly a matter of passenger demand. Train car plans are found on pages 12 and 13.

ENGINE and TENDER: steam locomotive with driver and fireman.

FOURGON: parcel service for express and intermediate stops, Paris-Constantinople.

FOURGON: passenger luggage for the Paris-Constantinople service.

DINING CAR: Paris-Constantinople.

SLEEPING CAR: Calais-Constantinople

SLEEPING CAR: Paris-Constantinople

SALON CAR: Paris-Constantinople

SLEEPING CAR: Paris-Athens

SLEEPING CAR: Paris-Trieste

SLEEPING CAR: Paris-Budapest

FOURGON: a second luggage car, as needed.

CATHEDRAL CAR: on the return trip, it inserts itself between any two cars.

The most important gauge is that for steam pressure—too low, and the engine does not provide enough pull; too high, and the safety valves open to bleed off pressure which otherwise would build to a cataclysmic explosion.

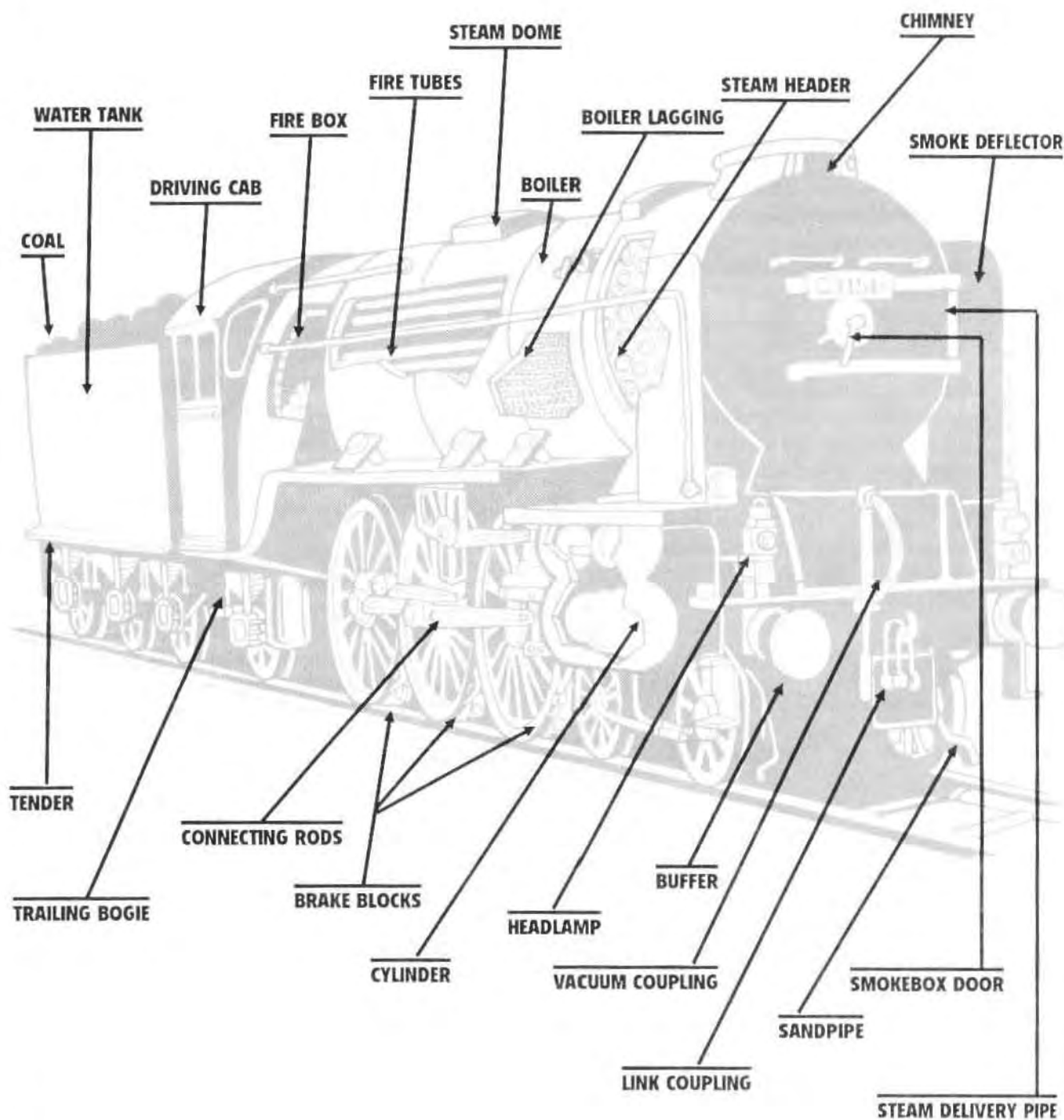
Communications

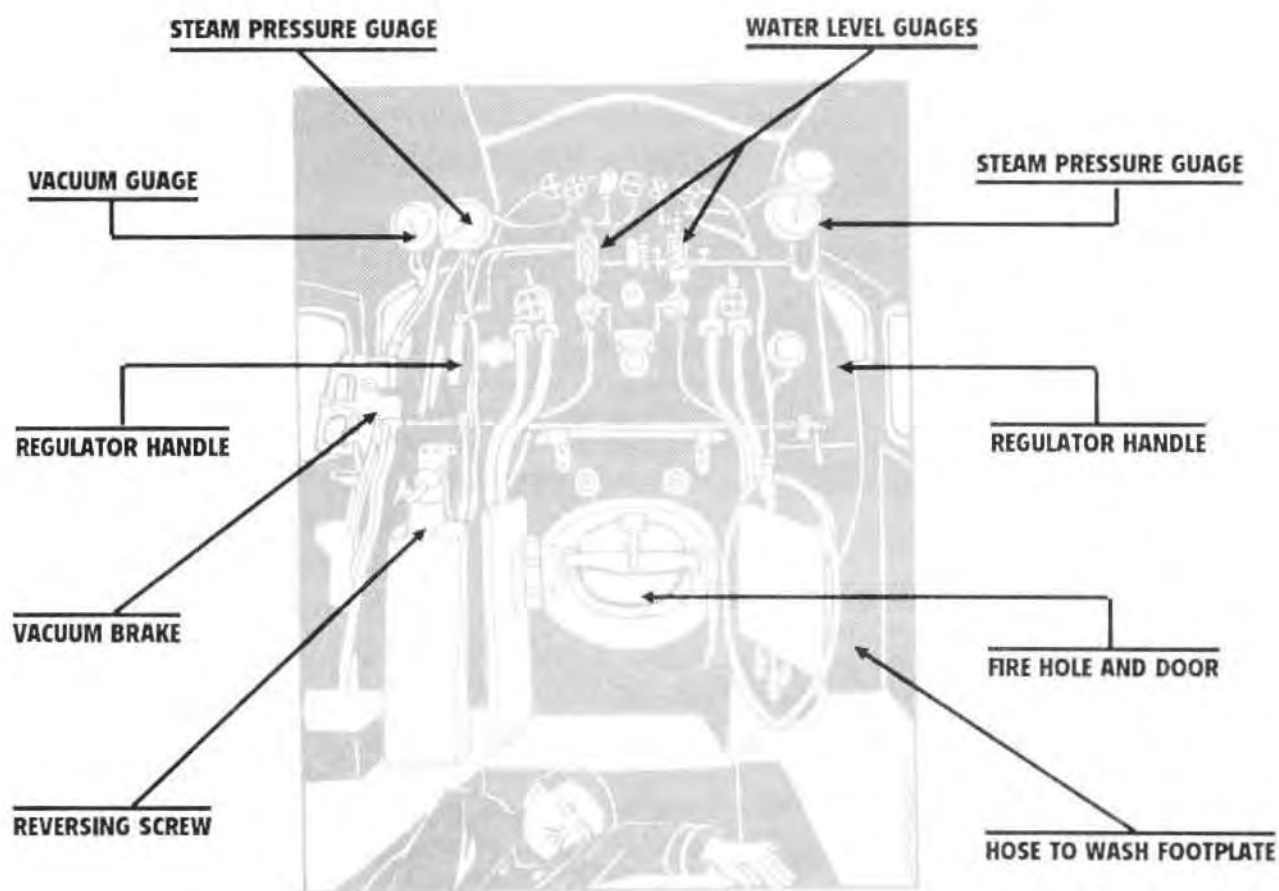
The end doors connecting the cars open inward. The platforms on which passengers stand to step from one car to the next are covered, and specially mounted on rockers for maximum stability. Opaque accordion-fold coverings expand and bolt together to protect passengers from wind and weather, and to prevent deadly falls.

For purposes of this campaign, allow that an emergency cord signaling the engineer to stop exists in each car. Whether this aid actually existed is in doubt.

Telegraphs and telephones are available at station stops, but not aboard train.

Ladies and gentlemen do not raise their voices, but should one shout in a compartment, the occupants in the compartments to either side will hear the cry clearly, as will the conductor and anyone else in the passage.





THE ENGINE & CAB

THE TENDER CONTAINS water which is pumped into the boiler by the engine. The stoker shovels coal to feed the fire, which goes down the fire tubes in the boiler and out of the chimney. This creates steam, which is fed through superheated tubes to intensify the steam's power. This steam then expands inside the cylinders and works the pistons. Then it escapes up the blast pipes.

These are also used to draw the fire gases through the boiler. The steam entering the piston from both sides is controlled by the valve gear. Along with the connection and coupling rods this forms the engine's motion.

The engine and cab shown are for purposes of illustration, and are not purported to have been used for Orient Express service in 1923.

Arrangement of the Cars

The cars' arrangement depends on the destination of the passengers within. Passengers going to Calais from Constantinople are put in the Calais coach. Passengers alighting at Milan would ride in the Trieste car, or wherever possible. At intermediate stops, cars join from different lines—Ostend or Athens, for instance—and branch off. Cars for Bucharest are rerouted at Zagreb. Cars to and from Berlin join the service and attach to the main train at Belgrade, as do coaches to and from Athens. Adding and subtracting coaches is the reason that the train stops for longer periods of time at some stations. In general, conduct or ignore such matters as the keeper pleases.

When Orient Express travelers make short trips, as do the investigators on the east-bound portion of the campaign, they may ride in any appropriate car.

Once a car has completed its run, it is thoroughly cleaned and overhauled by Wagons-Lits staff and brought back in time for the next service.

Emergency Equipment

To deal with emergencies, by company regulation all trains were equipped as follows.

- *A First-Aid Kit:* various medications and dressings.
- *A Tool Box:* 1 axe, 3 saws, 2 crowbars, 2 spades, 1 sledgehammer, 1 drill, 1 wood chisel, 2 hammers, 1 metal hacksaw, 1 chopper (with sheath), 2 long spades, 4 resin torches tied to a plank to prevent breakage, 4-5 fire extinguishers (1 in each fourgon, 2 in the locomotive), 1 can of greasing oil.

Desperate investigators will want to know that the tool box and equipment are carried in the forward fourgon, as are two shotguns, if the keeper wishes.

From The Window

HERE IS A SEQUENCE of towns, landscape, and incident routine to the Simplon-Orient Express, on the itinerary London to Constantinople. Cities detailed in scenarios are noted, but otherwise excluded. We proceed west to east.

In each country, local police check the passengers' passports and visas on boarding or departing from the

train. There is also a customs check at each frontier. The Chef de Brigade is always present during these checks.

Border identity check-points exist no matter which way the train is going; obviously entry checks become exit checks, and vice versa. Similarly, reading from the bottom of this section to the top gives the sequence of encounter east to west. All customs points noted are for incoming passengers and goods only.

LONDON—in Book I. The campaign begins there.

CALAIS—in northern France, an industrial seaport on the Strait of Dover, along with Ostend one of the two regular entry ports for Britons intending Orient Express service. Calais stands on an island bordered by canals and harbour bases. In front of the town hall of Calais is the statue group *The Burghers of Calais* by Auguste Rodin. Calais is a major transit port for cross-channel passengers and mail. This is an Anglo-French customs check-point. The French police check visas and passports.

PARIS—in Book I. Food, wines, and other drinks are taken on here, as are coal and water for the engine.

IN TRANSIT—Across the wintry French countryside from Paris, passing villages by turn bleak and beautiful, the service then steadily climbs into snowy mountains.

FRASNE—the French police check the visas and passports of all those leaving the country.

VALLORBE—after a long tunnel of several miles, the train emerges near this Swiss industrial town. It is a Franco-Swiss customs check-point. Swiss police ride the train from here to Brigue, checking visas and passports.

LAUSANNE—in Book II. Wines and other drinks are taken on here.

MOTREAUX—a town made up of resort communities, winding four miles along the eastern shore of Lac Léman. The 13th Century Chateau de Chillon is nearby, made famous by Byron's poem, "Prisoner of Chillon". The town is a fashionable tourist and health retreat, and a terminus for the mountain railway services. Around it, the mountains gleam with snow.

IN TRANSIT—plunging up the alpine valley of the Rhône. To either side soar glacier-carved granite peaks, dozens above 10,000 feet. The snug valley villages, nestled along these steep, tree-covered slopes, form surprisingly comforting and welcoming pictures, making terrifying vistas homely and enviable.

BRIGUE (Brig)—it flourished during the 17th century; its most prosperous citizen, Kasper Von Stockalper, was known throughout Europe. The town is medieval, and

beautifully preserved; its heart is the old mansion of von Stockalper, with its three towers and arcaded courtyard. Only a few thousand, mostly speaking German or Italian, live there. Coal and water for the engine are taken on here, as is fuel for the heaters in the cars. This is a Swiss customs check-point. For visitors arriving from the Simplon, Swiss police ride the train from here to Vallorbe to inspect visas and passports. For visitors going to Italy, the Italian police board here and ride the train to Iselle to check visas and passports.

THE SIMPLON TUNNEL—the SOE passes through the Simplon tunnel, drilled through more than twelve miles of granite. At a mere 2300 feet above sea level, the Simplon tunnel is the longest and lowest Alpine rail tunnel; the Simplon road in comparison must first rise and then descend almost another vertical mile. The Simplon tunnel ends well inside Italy, and follows the plunging Diveria river down.

ISELLE—at the southern mouth of the Simplon tunnel, Italian police board and ride the train to Brigue to scrutinize visas and passports.

DOMODOSSOLA—a picturesque border town, chief town of the Valle D'Ossola. The town square, the famous Piazza del Mercato, dates from the 17th century. This is an Italian customs check-point.

IN TRANSIT—the train continues to the gleaming waters of Lago Maggiore, where the route abandons the mountains for the plains of Lombardy. In place of the prim Swiss towns, travelers notice outgoing Italians along the railway lines, the backs of houses, and lines of washing after the snow-line is crossed.

MILAN—in Book II. Food is taken on here, as is coal and water for the engine.

VENICE—in Book II. Food is taken on here.

TRIESTE—in Book II. Food is taken on here, as are wines and other drinks, and coal and water for the engine.

POSTUMIA—this is an Italian customs check-point; Italian police inspect the visas and passports of all those entering or leaving the country.

RAKEK—this is a Yugoslavian customs check-point; police ride the train between here and Zagreb to survey the visas and passports of those entering the country.

IN TRANSIT—along the Yugoslav border, the countryside empties, and grasslands and great pine forests predominate. Shortly out of Trieste, the land steadily rises into low hills.

LJUBLJANA—capital of Slovenia, Yugoslavia. Situated on the Ljubljanica River, the city lies in a depression near peaks of the Northern Dinaric Alps. Heavy fogs are frequent. The city is dominated by a medieval fortress, the old quarter of the city lying between it and the river. The

city has an art gallery, a university, an opera house, three art academies and a Faculty of Theology (established in 1919). Food is taken on here.

IN TRANSIT—the tracks follow the widening Sava River downstream to Zagreb, a journey of less than two hours.

ZAGREB (Agram)—the capital of Croatia. Situated on the slopes of the Medvednica Mountains and the Sava River flood plain. It is a city of open squares and parks. It has several art galleries, a university and an Academy



*"All aboard, if you please.
All aboard for the
Simplon-Orient Express!"*

of Arts and Sciences. Many buildings survive from the Middle Ages. In the 1920s, Zagreb was a center of agitation for the Croatian Peasant Party. Croatia had only just (1919) severed ties with Austria and entered into a union with Serbia, Montenegro, and Slovenia (Yugoslavia). The city is an important junction of rail and road lines, and it supports considerable industry. This is a coaling and watering point for the engine. Police board out-bound trains and ride to Rakek, studying visas and passports.

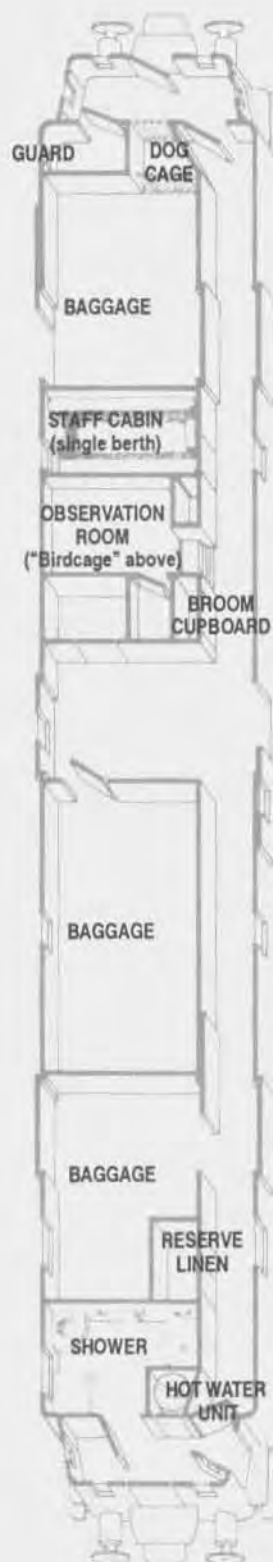
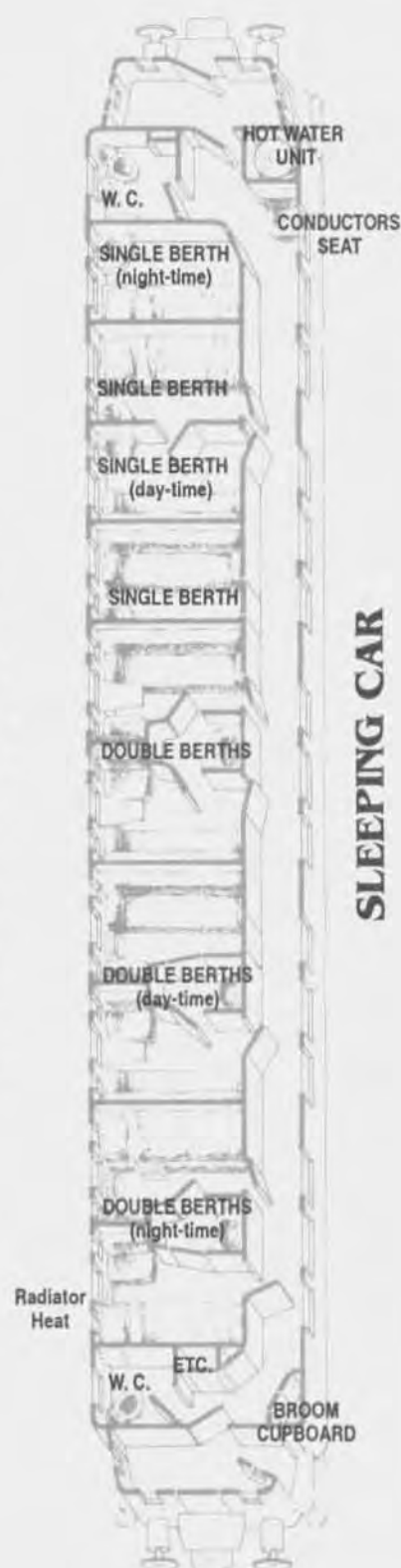
In the campaign, the investigators spend time only in Dream Zagreb, and do not disembark here.

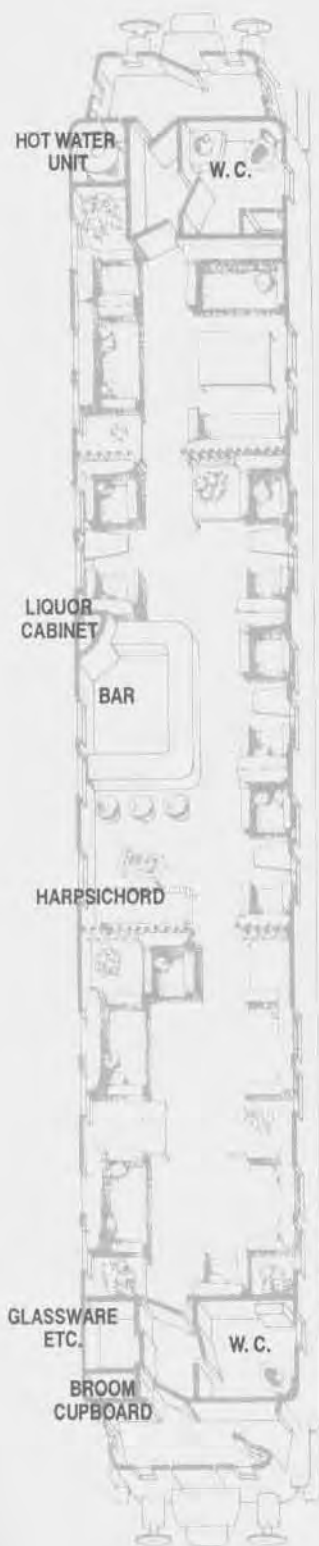
IN TRANSIT—the tracks parallel at some distance the widening Sava; occasional small ships and barges can be seen when river and railway meet again at Brod. Then the tracks border the Hungarian plains, sterile and monotonous steppes of value only as pasture.

BELGRADE (Beograd)—in Book II. Food is taken on here, as is some drink, and coal and water for the engine.

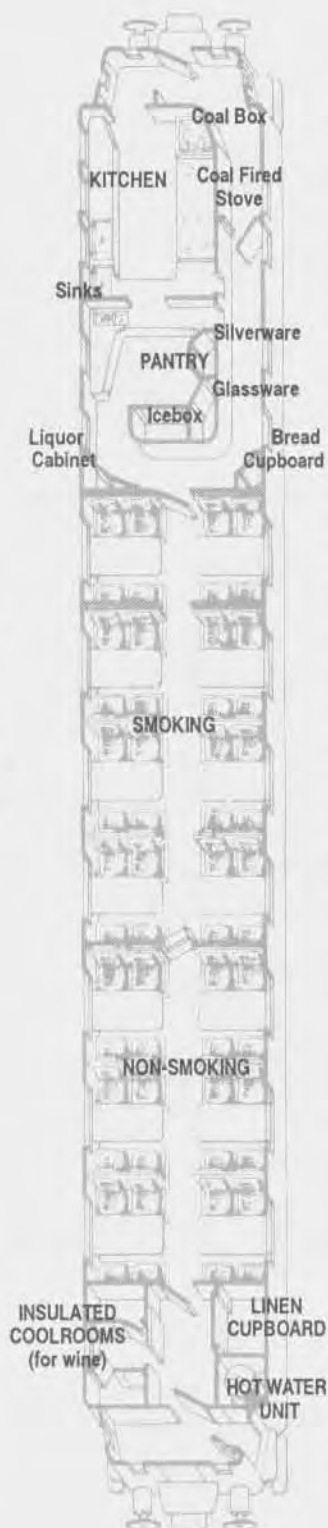
IN TRANSIT—leaving the Danube, the line follows the Morava River upstream. Prosperous farmlands are glimpsed. After the line turns more easterly at Nis, the land becomes more rugged and mountainous.

NIS/PIROT—Serbian police ride between these two cities to study passenger passports and visas. Outside, washes of snow cling in shady hollows.

**LOCOMOTIVE & TENDER****FOURGON (Baggage Car)****SLEEPING CAR**



SALON CAR



DINING CAR (56 seats)



CATHEDRAL CAR

TZARIBROD (Dimitrevgrad)—Yugoslavian customs check-point.

DRAGOMAN—Bulgarian customs check-point; police study the passports and visas of all passengers.

SOFIA—in Book II. Food is taken on here, as is some drink, and coal and water for the engine.

DIMITROVGRAD—a southern Bulgarian town in Khoskovo province, situated in fertile lowlands of the Maritsa valley. It is comprised of three villages, Rakovski, Mariino, and Chernokonovo. Here vegetables grow famously, and many more men leave the farms to work in local coal mines. Not to be confused with the check-point in southern Yugoslavia.

SVILENBRAD—Bulgarian customs check-point; police study the visas and passports of all passengers.

ADRIANOPE (Edirne)—Greek customs check-point; police study the visas and passports of passengers.

TCHERKESSEUI (Çerkesköy)—Another Greek customs check-point. Police study the visas and passports of passengers.

SINAKLI (Sinekli)—Turkish customs check-point; Turkish and Interallied police study passengers' papers.

IN TRANSIT—across the Turkish frontier, the land does not much change, but the dress and comportment does, almost indefinitely. The soaring minarets of the many mosques are the most noticeable architectural change in the scenery.

CONSTANTINOPLE (Istanbul)—in Book III. Food is taken on, as are some kinds of drinks, and coal and water for the engine.

III. ORIENTATION

The Campaign

Introducing a puzzle of six pieces, a succession of villains so cruel that their motives and deeds can only be summarized, and a twisted tale of magic dark and foul.

by Geoff Gillan, Mark Morrison, & Lynn Willis

HORROR ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS is a European campaign, set in the winter between January and March of 1923. Night falls early then, and each night is long and cold. Adventures occur in seven nations, the United Kingdom, France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, and Turkey. All are stops on the path of the Simplon-Orient Express.

The comments that follow presume that the investigators make what seem to the authors to be likely choices. Rarely does anyone make all the likely choices. Be prepared for detours and missed opportunities, and enjoy them. Not much is irrevocable in the narrative, and there are occasional chances to catch up.

The box includes 1921-style passports for United States citizens; if the keeper wishes, these may be souvenirs of the campaign for the players. Player copies of

handouts are found in the separate handouts booklet, except that the Scroll of the Head is on a separate sheet. These player versions are somewhat more decorative than those the keeper retains.

Book II: Through The Alps

LONDON

As the players examine their passports, perhaps, set the scene for "Dancers in an Evening Fog." The investigators are in London, England, where they attend the Challenger Foundation lecture and banquet, featuring their friend Professor Smith. A few days later Smith contacts the investigators, begging their help. The badly burned academician relates how he was nearly killed by cultists, and pleads that the investigators head for Europe to destroy

something called the Sedefkar Simulacrum, a humanoid statue of great antiquity. Its segments have been scattered across Europe.

This Smith is an imposter—actually Mehmet Makryat, a shadowy figure almost always disguised or else magically in the guise of another throughout the campaign. He wishes the investigators to collect the simulacrum; when all six pieces have been found, he will use the completed simulacrum to assume control of a ghastly Cthulhu Mythos cult, the Brothers of the Skin.

Still in London, a clue leads the investigators on a peripheral adventure, "The Doom Train." As the keeper wishes, the investigators learn enough during this adventure to be able one time to create a version of the Doom Gate, and thereby perhaps escape some hopeless situation in the future.

PARIS

In "Les Fleurs du Mal," the investigators research a mysterious man who lived in pre-Revolutionary France, and are drawn to the remains of his country villa in Poissy, a nearby town. There they recover the Left Arm of the simulacrum, and there Fenalik, a vampire, has returned. Observing the search and success, like Makryat he too decides to let the investigators collect the remaining pieces of the simulacrum; when they succeed, he will take the completed artifact and slaughter the finders.

In the meantime, each piece acquired depresses the investigators' chances for successful luck, idea, and know rolls by 5 percentiles each: this is the Baleful Influence, and it operates against whomever owns one or more segments of the simulacrum.

Cut out the Left Arm and present it to the players; they should have a chance to see or own all of the representations their investigators recover.

At Paris once again, the investigators board the Orient Express for Lausanne, Switzerland, to interview Edgar Wellington. He owns a scroll discussing the simulacrum.

Exhibit the train car plans and give them a tour—labeled versions of the cars exist in this book.

On this and subsequent uneventful Orient Express rides, award any investigator who lost Sanity a point of SAN earned in experiencing the wonderful atmosphere and service aboard the Simplon-Orient Express.

LAUSANNE

On the shores of Lake Geneva in "Nocturne," the investigators meet not only the Wellington brothers but the exceedingly cruel Duc des Esseintes, the Jigsaw Prince, who is both a Brother of the Skin and prince of Dream Lausanne. Courageous investigators recover the Scroll of the Head, a special player handout. The 49 illuminated

words and the 22 images on the scroll can be a clue to the successful casting of the Ritual of Cleansing at the end of the campaign. That will save the investigators from horrible degeneration and death.

MILAN

The investigators explore Milan's La Scala opera house to find the Torso of the simulacrum, in "Note for Note." They encounter further evidence of the simulacrum's taint, and perhaps encounter first mention of the Brotherhood of the Skin. This chapter is the shortest of the campaign, and aside from a chase at the conclusion offers straight-forward investigations; to fill an entire evening of play, keepers may need to expand on the ideas in it.

Book III: Italy And Beyond

VENICE

"Love (and Death) in Venice" weaves together the love story of Maria and Georgio, the depredations of Fenalik the vampire, and the bewildered investigators' search for the Left Leg of the simulacrum. Research, Italian Black-shirt fascists, and strange events in Venice offer much incident and detail as the investigators stumble about, searching for the right Gremanci family. If the investigators kill someone here, they'll have to be ingenious in Trieste and when they ride the Orient Express back through Italy at the end of the campaign.

TRIESTE

The ghost of Johann Winckelmann leads the investigators to an ancient medallion in "Cold Wind Blowing." They must bring the medallion to the Iloigor in order to get access to the Right Leg hidden in the Iloigor lair, somewhere in the enormous caverns of Postumia, near the Yugoslav border. As the investigators proceed, Iloigor cultists, Brothers of the Skin, Blackshirts, Fenalik, and seemingly most of Trieste tail them, help them, search their rooms, and try to kill them—let them stumble over corpses everywhere.

DREAM ZAGREB

Fenalik will have his fun. He provides an bottle of a marvelous Sauterne which sends the investigators to "In a City of Bells and Towers," a version of Dream Zagreb. There they encounter fragmentary pages from the journal of J.P. Drapeau, and learn from a hooded stranger just what the end of all knowledge and striving must be. Insanity is the main peril here.

BELGRADE

The curator at the Belgrade Museum receives interesting fragments of statuary from a mysterious source. Once the

investigators' papers are in order, the curator sends them to the little village of Oraszac. Nearby, in the "Little Cottage in the Woods," lives the collector, Baba Yaga, a terrifying Slavic deity. She owns the Right Arm of the simulacrum, and does not let it go without a struggle. She pursues the terrified investigators to Bulgaria.

Book IV: Constantinople & Consequences

SOFIA

In "Repossession," a Brother of the Skin boards the train and attempts to cut off an investigator's head. He fails in that, but pops out an investigator's eyeball and claims it for his own. Horrible visions thereafter dog the maimed investigator, until Fenalik slaughters the Bulgarian Brothers in their cave. He takes the Head, which they have just taken from the university. Now that he has the Head, Fenalik chooses to attack and try to kill all the investigators, in order to seize all six segments of the simulacrum. With it complete, he regains unusual powers, and assumes normal human appearance. The conclusion of this chapter is exceptionally dangerous to the investigators—

at least two are likely to die. The keeper's task here is difficult: the train plans must be laid out, so that the tactical situation is clear, and the fight must be fairly fought. Nonetheless, if Fenalik succeeds, the campaign is over. Possible attack plans are discussed, and options for investigator assistance considered.

CONSTANTINOPLE

Fenalik dispatched, the players will anticipate the campaign's conclusion in "By the Skin of the Teeth." But Mehmet Makryat's plan is still working, though Fenalik was a surprise to him. Now he leads them safely through the defenses of the Brothers of the Skin, and insinuates them into the Shunned Mosque itself. There he exposes his plan, kills his father, and seizes leadership of the cult. He has only to return to London, to begin the cycle of the Ritual of Cleansing. Naturally, he plans to ride the speedy Orient Express back to London.

Importantly, the investigators must learn the terrible truth that Mehmet Makryat can entirely change his appearance by using horrifying magicks, or they will not know how to search him out in the penultimate chapter. Since Mehmet now owns the entire Sedefkar Simulacrum, investigator know, idea, and luck rolls return to normal levels.

A Continent of Horrors by Peter F. Jeffery

EUROPE HAS HAD MORE than its share of horrors—real, legendary, and fictitious—and a full catalogue would surely fill half a library. This idiosyncratic guide can be no more than a starting point for those who wish to probe the subject in depth. Aimed at the English-speaking reader, this summary emphasizes work in English or readily available in English translation.

The evocation of place in the stories cited varies in authenticity. One may be sure that Guy de Maupassant, for example, accurately conveys nineteenth-century France. At the other extreme, such stories as Lovecraft and his friends set in Europe are doubtful sources. I feel inclined to omit all but one or two, except that this is the fiction upon which *Call of Cthulhu* the game is based.

Other English-language authors did know whereof they wrote. Vernon Lee and F. Marion Crawford spent much of their lives in Italy, and both died there. Algernon Blackwood traveled widely and most of his stories are said to have been inspired by incidents in his life.

In eastern Europe stretches the vampire zone, from the Balkans to the Baltic, rich in dark lore. Here the legends of vampire and werewolf are especially strong. Whether or not the keeper makes use of such tales, peasantry who hang out the garlic always add color to a campaign.

Since the publication of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897), the public mind has firmly fixed the source of the vampire plague in Transylvania. Transylvania is a real province—between 1867 and the Great War it was part of the Hungarian half of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In 1920 the province passed to Rumania, though claimed by Hungary. Before *Dracula*, the center of vampirism was elsewhere. Eric, Count Stenbock, wrote "Vampire stories are generally located in Styria; mine is also." Styria is, given post-Great War frontiers, the most south-easterly province of Austria. The etymology of the word "vampire" points toward Turkey and Lithuania.

Twice in the twentieth century war has melted the frontiers of Europe. Nations have

been established and vanished—the listing which follows here is based on boundaries in the 1920s, but many of the references do not date to this period. To add to our difficulties, the names of locations are apt to change with the ebb and flow of frontiers. For example, in Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows" (Lovecraft's favorite weird tale) we find, "Properly speaking this fascinating part of the river's life begins sometime after leaving Pressburg." Consulting a modern map, the reader discovers no Pressburg. That city is now in Czechoslovakia and is called Bratislava. Finally, even should a place-name not have changed, different languages may conventionally re-name the same place, e.g., "Wien" in German is "Vienna" in English.

Countries through which the Simplon Orient Express passes are indicated by means of an asterisk.

Albania — Albania is a mountainous country rarely penetrated by writers of weird fiction. It is certainly within the vampire belt.

ACROSS EUROPE

In "Blue Train, Black Night," the surviving investigators race with the Orient Express back across Europe. They must figure out which passenger is Mehmet Makryat. This is not easy, since he keeps killing innocent passengers and assuming new identities, while his cultist henchmen take advantage of every stop to kill another investigator. As they return through Yugoslavia, Baba Yaga notices and pays a visit.

Near Switzerland, Makryat seizes full control of the train and magically transforms the locomotive to make better speed.

The Jigsaw Prince returns, and tries to make a deal. Competent investigators survive the ordeal without derailing the living locomotive.

LONDON AGAIN

Whether or not Makryat died in the last chapter, the investigators must reach Mehmet's London shop, in "The Fog Lifts," to cast the Ritual of Cleansing and free themselves of the taint of the simulacrum. There the investigators risk performing magic which instead returns Makryat triumphant from the grave. They have a last chance for success, however.

This chapter concludes the campaign. The complete story line is presented in full in booklets to follow.

The Sedefkar Simulacrum

THE SEDEFKAR SIMULACRUM IS A statue, one older than human history, built by unknown hands perhaps as the original pattern, or at least as one pattern for humanity, then cast aside. In human memory, it was first unearthed from the ruins of the nameless city which preceded Byzantium. Since then, men have borne it or parts of it to all corners of the globe, but always the simulacrum wends back to where it was first buried: once Byzantium, now Constantinople, soon to be Istanbul.

In the 11th century, the simulacrum came into the possession of Sedefkar, a *gazi* Turkman who had fallen from Islam and turned against his *amir*. Protected behind the impregnable walls of Constantinople, this evil apostate accrued great wealth. One night he caught a thief in his treasure room, and had the man flayed to death on the spot, that the thief might die in sight of the gold he desired. The unblinking gaze of the statue watched the torture, and that night Sedefkar was visited by the statue's maker, The Skinless One, an avatar of Nyarlathotep.

We should note the *liugat* and the *sampiro*, who venture forth by night wrapped in their shrouds, wearing shoes with very high heels. Will-o'-the-wisps mark their graves.

Andorra — Located in the Pyrenees between France and Spain, Andorra has been independent since 1278. It covers 191 mountainous square miles and in the 1920s had a population of just over 5,000. It is hard to pin any definite horror on this small country, but it may be that some of the eponymous hills from Frank Belknap Long's "The Horror from the Hills" are here.

Austria — Gustav Meyrink is probably the best known Austrian weird fiction writer, especially for *The Golem*. He is also the author of other work of interest, including collections of short stories. Although known for other writings, Arthur Schnitzler has contributed to the genre. Vampire-haunted Styria is evoked in "Carmilla" by J.S. Le Fanu, and "The True Story Of a Vampire" by Eric, Count Stenbock. Of interest is Saki's "The Name Day."

Vienna, the Austrian capital, is the setting for Randy McCall's "The Auction," the first sce-

nario in *The Asylum* (since reprinted in *Cthulhu Casebook*).

Belgium — Jean Ray and Eddy C. Berlin are Belgian, and Julio Cortazar was born there. The atmosphere of Bruges is captured in "The Journal of J.P. Drapeau" by Thomas Ligotti, included herein as part of *Dream Zagreb*. Belgium is also the home of Tintin, whose adventures sometimes contain weird elements.

Bulgaria* — In the domain of the macabre, Bulgaria may be best remembered for Varna, the Black Sea port used by Dracula in sailing to and from England. The local vampire is known as the *krvopijac*, which may be discovered by a naked, adolescent virgin mounted on a black foal. The foal will refuse to step on the *krvopijac*'s grave. The *viukodlak* is the local werewolf.

Czechoslovakia — Josef Nesvadba and Franz Kafka are Czechs. The capital, Prague, is the scene of F. Marion Crawford's *The Witch of Prague* and of Meyrink's *The Golem*. The frontier with Hungary is the locale of Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows."

Danzig — In the 1920s, Danzig was a 'free city' of 754 square miles and a population of over 400,000, mostly German. It had a League of Nations commissioner and an elected senate. Poland conducted its foreign relations. The senate was under Nazi control from 1933. Danzig took a significant role in the real horrors of the world by prompting in part the Second World War.

Denmark — Denmark contributes the tales of Hans Christian Andersen, and the horror of M.R. James' "Number 13," set in Viborg.

Estonia — The most northerly of the Baltic republics, Estonia enjoyed independence between 1917 and 1940. Its linguistic and racial links are with Finland to the north, rather than with Latvia to the south; a keeper using an Estonian setting might raid the *Kalevala* for ideas.

Finland — Lonnrot gathered Finnish mythology into an epic poem, the *Kalevala*, in the nineteenth century. There should be plenty of material useful to the keeper in it. Finland is also the setting of the *Moomin* books.

He demanded worship from Sedefkar, and in return was taught the Ritual of Enactment, which empowers the statue and unlocks its foul magicks, the greatest of which is that the owner of the simulacrum can don the skin of another human and faultlessly assume the guise of that person; but he or she who does this becomes a thing of great uncleanness, and the owner must perform a ritual of cleansing with the statue every four days, or corrupt into something inhuman.

Sedefkar lived well over one hundred years. When he wrote of the simulacrum, he gave it his name, and thus it became the Sedefkar Simulacrum; he had prophesied that one day he would lose the artifact, and he was determined that its secrets should not be lost. Sedefkar composed the Sedefkar Scrolls, five symbolic texts which conveyed most of what he knew.

THE SEDEFKAR SCROLLS

The scrolls are difficult to translate. They are written in the common Arabic alphabet but in part composed in Old Turkish—a very different language—and the mystical ideas it contains are strongly influenced by medieval Greek Orthodox church jargon and by the awful insights granted by Nyarlathotep. Neither is Sedefkar's logic or presentation easily penetrated, since he had long been insane.

The Scroll of the Head contains the history of the statue as Sedefkar could determine it, and those thoughts and memories which seemed pertinent. The Scroll of the Belly treats the worship of Nyarlathotep. The Scroll of the Legs discusses the foundation of Sedefkar's powers, the hideous magicks taught to him by the Skinless One. The Scroll of the Right Hand describes Sedefkar's force of deed, the Ritual of Enactment for the simulacrum. And the fifth scroll, the Scroll of the Left Hand, imparts the Ritual of Cleansing significant to the impure or unlucky hand.

Sedefkar inscribed the last of the scrolls in 1203. The Fourth Crusade breached the walls of Constantinople in 1204. Sedefkar hoped to escape with the conquerors, but was caught in the act of skinning a Knights Templar and then hung on the city walls to die.

Fenalik

War brings its own carrion. An ancient vampire followed the course of the Fourth Crusade, feasting. The hanging Sedefkar was an easy meal. The dying man mistook the creature for a vision of the Skinless One, and babbled to it about the simulacrum and the scrolls.

The vampire found the scrolls and the simulacrum, and held them for nearly six hundred years. Donning the

France* — La Belle France, home of Gilles de Rais and the *loup-garou*, has contributed enormously to the macabre. One scarcely likes to catalog France's contributors to the genre, for fear of offending through omission. Perhaps only Britain and America have produced rosters of weird fiction writers to rival that of France.

Gaston Leroux and Guy de Maupassant are perhaps the best known. Villier de L'Isle Adam and Maurice Level were masters of the *conte cruel*. Others to write fantastic fiction include (in roughly chronological order) Antoine Galland, F. Baculard d'Arnaud, the Marquis de Sade, Paul Louis Courier, Eugene Sue, Theophile Gautier, Erckmann-Chatrian, Joris-Karl Huysmans, Andre Maurois, Claude Seignolle, and Roland Topor.

Keepers drawing on Parisian should bear in mind that modern Paris, with its wide boulevards, was a creation of Napoleon III (1852-70). The Paris of Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame de Paris* was a rather different place. Hugo gives us Quasimodo, one of the two Parisian grotesques beloved of Hollywood, the other being the title character from Gaston Leroux's *The Phantom of the Opera*.

Poe set tales in Paris, most famously "The Murders Of The Rue Morgue." Alas, I suspect that the Rue Morgue was one of the streets demolished by Napoleon III's men. A number of Robert W. Chambers' stories were set in Paris, most notably, "The Mask." On my first reading, I located Lovecraft's "The Music of Erich Zann" here. Also of note is Guy Endore's *The Werewolf of Paris*, based upon the real-life activities of Sergeant Bertrand, whose biography is worth inspection.

The French countryside similarly teems with horror. Amongst the tales of Lovecraft's circle we may note Clark Ashton Smith's *Averoigne* stories, Robert E. Howard's "In the Forest of Villedore," and several of Robert Bloch's tales, including "Waxworks," "The Feast in the Abbey," "Underground," and "The Beasts of Barsac." M.R. James' "Canon Alberic's Scrap-Book" is set in the French Pyrenees near Toulouse. Algernon Blackwood placed "Ancient Sorceries" in northern France, and "Wayfarers" in Haute Savoie. Edith Wharton's *Kerfol* takes place in Brittany.

Stephen Rawling's scenario "Glozel est Authentique" (from the *TOME* book of the same title) is set in central France.

Germany — With the notable exception of Hans Heinz Ewers, the German writers of weird fiction who spring most readily to mind flourished in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Amongst these the easiest to find in translation is E.T.A. Hoffman. Others (in alphabetical order) include Johan August Apel, Baron Fouque, Johann W. von Goethe, Wilhelm Hauff, J. Wilhelm Meinhold, Johann von Schiller, and Johann Ludwig Tieck.

There was plenty of real-life horror in 1920s Germany, the nastiest of which was the rise of the Nazi party. Of interest to keepers was the terrorist organization led by one Fritz Klappe, called Organization Werewolf, which used a flag resembling the Jolly Roger.

On a smaller scale was Georg Grossman, a repulsive mass murderer arrested in 1921. From the fingers authorities found under his bed, he had killed at least three women in the past three weeks. Grossman actually sold human flesh on the black market. In 1925, Fritz Haarmann the 'Hanover vampire' was executed, followed in 1931 by Peter Kurten, the 'Dusseldorf vampire.' Another infamous German mass-killer, Stubbe Peeter, lived in sixteenth century Cologne.

simulacrum degraded the vampire's ability to transform, but also freed him from the need to return to his coffin each day. The ability to adopt new guises freed the vampire, and admitted him everywhere. He fed well, though rarely did he kill, for so-protected he had no desire to produce others of his kind.

When the Crusaders returned to Venice, bearing loot from the sack of Constantinople, the vampire went with them. There he stayed for two hundred years, haunting and haunted by the Queen of the Adriatic's funereal beauty. In the fifteenth century, the vampire moved on. His European travels coincide with a wave of religious hysteria and witch hunts sweeping the continent.

The vampire settled in Paris, as the Comte Fenalik. He had the guise of a human and the tastes of a monster. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, he had a premonition of the statue's loss, but discounted the fear. He constructed a manor in Poissy, at the edge of the Forêt de St. Germain, not far from the Seine. The parties held there became famous, and then infamous. The authorities took notice, and arrested the Comte.

Fenalik arrogantly assumed that his position and influence would free him in a few hours. He went willingly, as a human, and was placed in an asylum. Away from the statue for four days, convulsions hit. The monster surfaced, and Fenalik killed. Thus some at Charenton saw

the Comte for what he was: a vampire. They trapped Fenalik in the basement with prayers and garlic (the prayers did nothing, the garlic pinned him), and bricked up the entrance to his cell. Weakened by the garlic, denied sacrament of blood, and helplessly corrupting without being able to cast the Ritual of Cleansing, Fenalik fell into a life-preserving coma. For now he passes out of the history of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

The simulacrum itself was taken by looters who rifled Fenalik's manor house. Some shared it as a minor prize, and took it apart. In time, the pieces were scattered across Europe. The scrolls were found and removed. The Sedefkar Simulacrum and the knowledge of its use was lost.

THE FATE OF THE SCROLLS

The Scroll of the Head was taken by Louis Malon, the captain of the soldiers who chased away the looters at Fenalik's mansion. In 1915, a descendant of his swapped the scroll to a British soldier for some cigarettes. The British soldier's name was Edgar Wellington, and he still has the Scroll of the Head.

The other four scrolls eventually found homes among the small circle of European intellectuals interested in things Ottoman, who saw them as quaint ravings of a madman. Eventually all four scrolls were acquired by Constantinople's Topkapi Museum—an insignificant part

Germany is not much favored by Lovecraft's circle, although there is Robert Bloch's "Head Hunter," and Eddy C. Bertin's Mythos story "Darkness, My Name Is." Probably the best-known German horror site is Ingolstadt, where Frankenstein attended university and conducted his experiments. The Harz mountains are the location of a werewolf story included in Frederick Marryat's *The Phantom Ship*, which has been reprinted under a variety of titles. Vernon Lee's "The Lady and Death" has a German setting. Algernon Blackwood's "Secret Worship" is located in South Germany, and M.R. James' "The Treasure of Abbot Thomas" is set in Steinfield.

Greece — Greece is the scene for Lovecraft's "The Tree" and Robert Bloch's "The Seal of the Satyr."

Elements from ancient Greek mythology often crop up in stories not set in Greece, notably the god Pan, and Medusa (or just her head). These could be found on their home turf as well. Lovecraft used Hypnos, Greek god of sleep.

Athens is an important location in Matthew J. Costello's solitary adventure, *Alone Against the Dark*.

Holland — Possibly the best-known Dutch author to contribute to the genre is Dr. Herman Schonfeld Wichers, who writes under the pseudonym Belcampo. Part of Lovecraft's "The Hound" has a Dutch setting, as does J.S. Le Fanu's "Schalken The Painter."

Hungary — Hungary is the setting of a major Mythos story, Robert E. Howard's "The Black Stone," Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows" is set on the Czech border.

Few countries have a richer record of real or legendary vampires. In the former category is the celebrated Countess Bathory, tried in 1611 and accused of personally killing 650 girls by biting their necks. Details lurk in almost any book on vampirism. One of the best-authenticated cases of undead vampires comes from the Hungarian village of Haidam, in 1720.

Ted Shelton's scenario "The People of the Monolith," based on Howard's story "The Black Stone," appeared in *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*, since reprinted as part of *Cthulhu Classics*.

Italy — Perhaps the best known Italian writer of the macabre is Dino Buzzati. Espe-

cially worth seeking are the work of Vernon Lee (her stories and her essay "Flavenna and her Ghosts") and F. Marion Crawford (notably for *The Blood Is the Life*, set in Calabria).

Italy was not used much by Lovecraft's circle, although there is Robert Bloch's "The Fiddler's Fee." It was a favorite setting for the more genteel Gothic novels, notably the first of all, Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto*, and Anne Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*.

Diverse parts of Italy are seen in "The Wonderful Tune" by J.D. Kerruish (the Alps), "The Olive" by Algernon Blackwood (the Riviera), and "A Tale of Terror" by Paul Louis Courier (Calabria, in the extreme south). Also notable are "Caterpillars" by E.F. Benson and "The Tower" by Marghanita Laski.

Gregory W. Detwiler and L.N. (ainwyl's) scenario "The Songs of Fantari" (from *Fatal Experiments*) is set on a small island north of Sicily.

Lithuania — This is the scene of *The White Wolf of Kostopchin* by Sir Gilbert Campbell. The word 'vampire' may stem from their common verb *wempti*, meaning 'to drink.'

of a great collection, of interest mostly because of the disgusting free-hand drawings.

Selim Makryat

In the early nineteenth century, a young scholar read the scrolls. The things described intrigued the impious Makryat. Though he fancied himself a rationalist, he also respected the scrolls as prizes relevant to the birth of Ottoman power; personally, he was tempted by them as vehicles for his own cruel sadism. When the procedures worked, the Skinless One had a new worshiper.

Confirmed in his daring, imagining himself the new Osman, Makryat gathered others to him, and taught them some of the magic from the scrolls. In a crumbling empire, they too were impressed by the efficacy of this magic; they faithfully followed Makryat and he founded a cult, the Brothers of the Skin. Among other places, they seized the Red Mosque, an abandoned place of worship, and in time it became known as the Shunned Mosque among those unfortunate enough to learn what went on inside its red-tinted walls.

By the twentieth century, the cult's quiet power was considerable, but Makryat's primary concern was with his own vitality. The magicks in the Scroll of the Belly allowed him to replace every part of his body except his

heart, for a heart was something which the Skinless One lacked himself. Makryat faced inevitable death.

He knew about the Sedefkar Simulacrum, and had long taken it for granted as lost or destroyed. Now he dreamt of recovering it, for the scrolls implied that the owner of the simulacrum would be immortal, though it would be more accurate to say that the owner can replace failing body parts; the owner could still die from wound or injury.

But Selim's vitality is lost. Rather than undertake the quest himself, he sent his son, Mehmet Makryat, to find the simulacrum and bring it to the Shunned Mosque, where the Brothers could bask in its glory and, in their worship of the Skinless One, endure forever.

Should the son succeed too well, and return to depose the father, Selim Makryat taught his most trusted Brother, the Duc des Esseintes, a spell with which to avenge a father betrayed.

Mehmet Makryat

Mehmet has obeyed his father, but Mehmet Makryat is a heretic who believes that the simulacrum should be recovered to give the Brothers great power in the world. Similarly, he considers the Skinless One as a tool for use, not as object for worship.

Monaco — As a setting, Monaco seems more fit for P.G. Wodehouse's fiction than for horror. A number of horror stories concerning gambling could be relocated here; try Pushkin's "The Queen of Spades."

Norway — Probably the best-known Norwegian contributor to the genre is Knut Hamsun, author of such stories as "The Apparition." Stories set in Norway include M.P. Shiel's "The House of Sounds."

The world holds few strange natural phenomena with better potential for roleplaying games than the Maelstrom, the great whirlpool off Norway's Lofoten Islands. The most famous Maelstrom story must be Poe's "A Descent into the Maelstrom," but there is also the collaboration Derleth/Schorer tale "Spawn of the Maelstrom."

Norway is the locale of Marcus L. Rowland's *Nightmare in Norway*, published by Games Workshop.

Poland — The Gothic writer Count Jan Potocki was a Pole, but Poland does not seem popular as a setting for horror fiction. Worth reading is the atmospheric opening passage of Basil Cooper's *The Vampire in Legend*,

Fact, and Art, set in Poland. Local vampires toll bells at night, crying the names of people soon to die. Of these, the *wieszcz* can be of either sex, the *upier* male, and the *upierca* female. The werewolf is the *wilkolak*.

Portugal — Portugal has attracted less attention from horror writers than Spain, but both had Inquisitions. The Portuguese Inquisition is mentioned in Frederick Marryat's *The Phantom Ship*, but in the colony of Goa, rather than Portugal itself.

In the 1920s, Portugal had a radical anti-clerical government but remained a superstitious place. The werewolf is the *laboraz* and the vampire the *bruxsa*. The latter is fond of the blood of children; it has the form of a woman by day, but becomes a bird at night.

Rumania — Rumania is the setting for M.P. Meek's werewolf story, "The Curse of Valedi," but is better known for its vampires. Vlad the Impaler was Rumanian and Transylvania is the country's western province—best known as the home of Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Romanian folklore has plenty of vampires: the *varcolaco*, the *murphy*, the *strigo*, and the *nosferat*. The last named, among other things,

renders husbands impotent. In the east of the country, Wallachia has *strigoli* (which should be killed by inserting explosives) and Moldavia the *drakul* (which appears with its coffin on its head).

Rumania is the setting of the 'Castle Dark' chapter of Keith Herber's campaign *The Fungi from Yuggoth*, reprinted in *Curse of Cthulhu*.

San Marino — The Sublime Republic of San Marino is not large—38 square miles with a population of 13,000 in the 1920s. It has been an independent republic since the 11th century, entirely surrounded by Italian territory. Italian stories could be re-set here.

Soviet Union — Numerous Russian writers occasionally have turned to macabre stories, including Tolstoy, Gogol, Pushkin, Turgenev, and Solzgen. More recently we have Leonid Andreyev and Valery Bryusov. Notable stories include "Viy" by Nicolai Gogol, set in Kiev, "The Abyss" by Leonid Andreyev, "Our Father Who Art in Heaven" by Valentin Katayev, and many more. Vampires include the drought-causing *upierca* and the purple-faced *mjertovjek*. The *volkulaku* is a werewolf.

He has been educated in Europe and England, and he has made greater study of the Mythos than Selim. Whereas time satiated the father's megalomania, the son's thirsts are fresh, virile, and global.

On his quest Mehmet Makryat took three Brothers. He gave each of them his own general appearance, identity, and name. Together they scoured the world, researching, traveling, uncovering. Finally he had a clear idea of where all the pieces might lie, but his father kept him closely watched, and he could not trust the loyalty of his doubles. He hatched his plan.

Returning to Constantinople, he made his full report, promised complete success in the near future, and departed. In leaving, he stole the Scroll of the Left Hand, which discusses the Ritual of Cleansing. He gathered his fellow Mehmetes in London and murdered them, to forever still their tongues.



Mehmet Makryat

Now Mehmet Makryat needs someone to recover the segments of the simulacrum for him. He cannot do it himself, for his father's agents know him and watch for him, and their magic makes any disguise futile. He cannot use any of the Brothers, for they are faithful to Selim. He chooses instead people of whom his father is unaware, people who might go to such effort not for Mehmet, but for an old friend—especially an old friend in dire need—especially to serve the good of humanity. Someone like the investigators.

Fenalik Again

The vampire did not die, but lay in the dark cellar of the asylum at Charenton, forgotten. He was discovered, and unwittingly revived by the director of the asylum. Rotting, twisted, madly hungry, totally insane, at first he sought blindly for the simulacrum. As fresh blood restored him, he grew cunning once again.

Arriving at Poissy, Fenalik learns the investigators seek the statue; and though they can move freely in this new and bizarre society, Fenalik's ghastly form cannot. He decides to let them gather the pieces. When they have the simulacrum complete, Fenalik will kill them all.

Since they do not know of Mehmet Makryat, neither does he.

E.S. Erkes has located two scenarios here, published by T.O.M.E. They are "Secrets of the Kremlin" (Moscow) from *Glozel Est Authentique* and "The All-Seeing Eye of Aiskali" (Crimmea) from *Pursuit To Kadath*.

Spain — Spain enjoys a special status among horror writers. Genteel Gothic writers favored Italy, but the more horrific preferred Spain. Notables include *The Monk* by M.G. Lewis (set in Madrid), *Melmoth the Wanderer* by Charles Maturin (a long portion set in Spain) and Jan Potocki's *The Saragossa Manuscript*. Felix Marti-Ibanez is a Spanish writer whose work should be of interest. Of the two major European Mythos stories, one has a Spanish setting—Frank Belknap Long's "The Horror From The Hills."

Sweden — M.R. James' "Count Magnus" has a Swedish setting. Algernon Blackwood's "The Camp of the Dog" is set amid the islands to the north of Stockholm.

Switzerland — Switzerland has an honored place in the history of horror fiction owing to the gathering of Mary Shelley, Percy

Shelley, Byron, and Polidori on the shores of Lake Geneva in 1816. The most important product of this was Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*. Dr. Frankenstein himself came from Geneva, Switzerland.

Two of E.F. Benson's stories have a Swiss setting, "The Horror Horn" and "The Other Bed." Algernon Blackwood placed a number of stories in Switzerland, including "The Occupant of the Room" and "The South Wind" set in the Dent Du Midi, "The Lost Valley" and "The Attic" in the Jura region, "The Glamour of the Snow" in the Vallais alps, and also "Initiation."

Turkey — Turkey is Islam's foothold in Europe and could be the setting for many an Islamic adventure. It has been suggested that 'vampire' stems from *uber*, the Turkish word for witch.

The scenario "Pursuit to Kadath" by Bob Gallagher, et al., is centered on Turkey (published in the T.O.M.E. book of the same title).

Vatican City — Vatican City is the domain of the Roman Catholic church. Vernon Lee's "Pope Jacynth" may be of interest.

Yugoslavia — During the early 1920s it was still known as the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slavs. It lies directly between vampire-haunted Styria and Transylvania, well within the vampire belt. A celebrated case of vampirism was recorded at Meduegna, near Belgrade, in the 18th century.

Considering the country from northwest to southeast, we may note the following. In Slovenia, the *volodak* is a werewolf. The Dalmatian vampire, the *kuzlak*, is apt to throw dishes and saucepans around kitchens. Croatia's vampire, the *pijavika*, must have its head cut off and placed under an arm or between the legs.

In Bosnia-Herzegovina, the *blautsauger* carries a piece of earth behind its back which it tries to make unsuspecting peasants eat, thus turning them into vampires. The *vukodlak* in Montenegro is also able to turn itself into a large wolf. In Serbia, the *vikodlak* is able to cause eclipses, and the *mulo* boils women in a great cauldron. In Macedonia, one can become a *vryolakas* by a desire to have wine on one's face.

The Investigators

The investigators undertake the quest because Mehmet Makryat, disguised as a friend of theirs, tricks them. Ahead of them Selim craves the simulacrum; beside them, Fenalik waits for the simulacrum's return; behind them, Mehmet follows stealthily, intending to snatch the simulacrum away. Other groups and individuals come to light, all wanting the simulacrum. Can the investigators find it, retain it, destroy it, and stay alive and sane? We shall see.

Sedefkar's Legacies

Some of the physical details of the simulacrum and the Sedefkar Scrolls are presented here. Keepers may need to refer here when the investigators encounter these items, since this summary is not repeated.

THE SEDEFKAR SIMULACRUM

The simulacrum appears to be ceramic, although it is actually no known material. It changes color according to the strength of the light bathing it, from opalescent pastels to rich blues to inky blacks in full sunlight. All the parts are smooth and bland, with lugs and corresponding slots for the pieces to fit together. As more segments are joined, the features become distinctly haunting, as each person is more and more reminded of his or her own features, right down to body parts, moles, and skin texture. All six pieces assembled, the vision of the whole costs each viewer 1/1D6 SAN, as each is reminded of himself or herself, or someone special to him or her.

Each piece is cool to the touch. Assembled, the simulacrum is human-sized, though it weighs rather less than a human would, on the order of 80-90 pounds. Thus it weighs little enough to seem hollow, but when bashed against something it rings only softly, as though solid throughout. Do not be too specific about these mysteries. Imply that the weight and dimensions sometimes change. In effect, the simulacrum should always be portable as a whole, and yet be clumsy enough to carry that it is always an inconvenient nuisance.

Examined closely, perhaps through a magnifying glass or other optical aid, small repeating forms of the segment can be seen to make up a surface design on each segment, as though etched. Thus the head is shaped of tiny repeated heads, the right arm of tiny repeated right arms, and so on.

THE SEDEFKAR SCROLLS

The Sedefkar Scrolls are bundled rolls of flayed and treated human skin, cut into rectangles and stitched together. The script is Arabic, though the language is Old Turkish, an arrangement ordinary in the 12th century.

LOCATIONS OF THE SEDEFKAR SCROLLS

Piece	Location	Scenario
Head	Lausanne	"Nodurne"
Belly	Across Europe	"Blue Train, Black Night"
Legs	Across Europe	"Blue Train, Black Night"
Right Hand	Across Europe	"Blue Train, Black Night"
Left Hand	London	"The Fog Lifts"

LOCATIONS OF SIMULACRUM SEGMENTS

Piece	Location	Scenario
Left Arm	Paris	"Les Fleurs du Mal"
Torso	Milan	"Note for Note"
Left Leg	Venice	"Death in a Gondola"
Right Leg	Postumia	"Cold Wind Blowing"
Right Arm	Orasac	"Little Cottage in the Woods"
Head	Sofia	"Repossession"

Sedefkar chose to write vertically, rather than right to left as was normal.

The writing seems to have been scarred into the treated hide by dripped acid; Sedefkar actually used white-hot needles to sear his words onto living victims. The victims were then slaughtered before they began to heal, and their skin carefully flayed away.

The investigators are likely to be able to study only the Scroll of the Head, which may be recovered during the Lausanne adventure. The image of it is supplied as a separate individual handout, 12-A, in this box. On it are 22 images and 49 illuminated Arabic words; as needed or desired, the keeper might use these numbers as keys which unlock mysteries which the investigators have no other way to solve.

The Scroll of the Legs contains much of the magic of the Skinless One, and most of the new spells encountered in this campaign. The spell descriptions appear in the scenario or scenarios in which they are most likely to be needed; all are noted in the expanded table of contents.

Running The Campaign

The Simplon-Orient Express is the fastest and most comfortable way to travel from Paris to Constantinople. This campaign bends reality by having an Orient Express service pass through when required; in fact, during the winter months there should be only three trains a week; ignore this, for the sake of the game.

There are various Orient Expresses. The Simplon-Orient Express starts in Paris, passes through the Simplon tunnel beneath the Alps from the upper Rhône Valley of Switzerland into northern Italy, and traverses Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to Constantinople, then returns.

All the Orient Expresses are rail services created by the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, which has arranged the routes and scheduling, and provided cars, furnishings, and staff. Locomotives, tenders, and the tracks and stations on which the services run are owned and operated by the various national or private railways involved, contracted with by CIWL. Thus many models of engines are in use, though the service always tries for the very best.

The company has insured that border-crossing formalities and inspections be kept to a minimum, and arranged that border police do their work while the service is in motion—this alone saves the trans-European passenger many hours of travel time.

HISTORICITY

The Orient Express service portrayed in this campaign is in general accurate to the early 1920s, and the keeper may rely on the materials. There is a limit to the usefulness of historical materials in a game, however, since specific information tends to tie the keeper's hands as much as it frees them.

Fairness to players consists of narrating in such fashion that their investigators have reasonable chances of survival and success by bringing to bear intelligence, persistence, and courage. The keeper is not a historian. Historical materials represent sources with which to be ingenious, not rules to be bound by. To echo Mark Twain, never let facts get in the way of a good story.

THE INVESTIGATORS

It is simplest and probably best to postulate that the investigators are in London at the start of play. Perhaps they are traveling, or have completed another adventure which required them to go to London, or have been conducting research; London has for many years maintained great and diverse collections of documents, incunabula, archaeological treasures, and artifacts of all variety, as well as a more subtle and distinguishing resource—the intelligence, experience, and energy of the millions of its inhabitants. Perhaps the investigators are drawn to London by the annual Challenger Trust Banquet Lecture, which opens the London chapter.

The campaign schedule could be hectic. As each adventure is a relatively short train trip apart, little time is left unaccounted for; there are not the wide-open blank spaces of timelessness inherent between discreet adventures. Conceivably, the *Orient Express* campaign could

be completed so quickly that an investigator could participate in the campaign from start to finish without improving any skill.

But the keeper can adjust time as well as space. Some might find it convenient each time the investigators ride the train to a new destination (i.e. from scenario to scenario) that their players may make all appropriate rolls to increase skills. Since this makes for rather concentrated growth, others may prefer fewer stages—just Venice and Constantinople, for instance—for such acceleration. Still other keepers may check off the passage of days in the actual campaign, and halt the action each week or ten days to allow check rolls. Decide on your scheme, and make it plain to the players at the beginning. Few will object to improving their investigators.

As the campaign progresses, the investigators accumulate pieces of the Sedefkar Simulacrum. What do they do with them? Where do they keep them? The problem grows as their collection grows. The segments are too cumbersome for cabin luggage; they are too remarkable to be shown comfortably to customs officers; they are too precious to be left unguarded.

Ominously, the segments have Baleful Influence, as discussed in the Paris chapter. With each segment they gather, the investigators' chances decrease for successful luck, idea, and know rolls. Each new segment of the simulacrum found penalizes those function rolls, five percentiles per piece.

In small counter-balance between chapters, for each tranquil portion of the journey, the keeper may allow restoration of 1 SAN per investigator to reflect the luxury and assurance of Orient Express service. Keep a firm grip here—don't let the investigators yo-yo about to restore additional Sanity.

Playtesting for this campaign revealed a 70% casualty rate, by insanity or by death. Fenalick alone was good for half of the investigator deaths. Have back-up characters ready, take along an unusually large investigating party—three per player, perhaps, though fewer in active use at any one time—and encourage the investigators to keep diaries, leave notes, and to send letters and telegrams, so that others can pick up the threads of the adventure as death and insanity intervene.

THE BROTHERS OF THE SKIN

The revelation of a Europe-wide conspiracy centered in Constantinople is nowhere made in dramatic fashion. The first time at all likely for the cult's mention is in Lausanne, by Edgar Wellington or perhaps by his poor brother. Perhaps the Duc des Esseintes drops the name, to see if it has any effect on the investigators.

The Milan chapter offers some chance for an incidental interrogation of one of Faccia's henchmen; certainly

by Trieste the investigators should be very curious as to who is watching them. Let the name come first, so that the investigators and players have something to which to hook their evidence and their fears.

INCIDENTS ABOARD THE ORIENT EXPRESS

Investigators experience no bumps, rattles, shudders, or indifference of staff normal to rail travel aboard the Orient Express. The Orient Express staff is superb: Agatha Christie describes orders appearing in the dining cars as if by magic, and this being typical of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits staff (in *Mystery of the Blue Train*, not in *Murder on the Orient Express*).

Small incidents may spice up the journey but these will mostly be brought about by the nature of the country the SOE traverses, and be peculiar to that region, or be generated by other passengers using the service. Examine the *Strangers On The Train* booklet for ideas; it is constructed with that—and the opportunity to provide reasonable replacement investigators—in mind. Keepers who try to capture the flavor of each country passed through will need to do some research, though minor notes do occur in the adventures and in the “Operations” chapter itinerary in this book.

Two historical events might be used—a notable robbery and kidnaping of Orient Express passengers occurred near the Greco-Turkish border in 1897. And in 1924, for some six months, four vans were attached to the Simplon-Orient Express. Mysteriously, these were loaded on leaving Paris, then returned empty from Istanbul. Ataturk had banned the Fez; the French were shipping hats and caps in bulk to the Turkish frontier!

THE TRAIN CARS

The keeper may want to regularly lay out part or all of the card-stock train car sections included in the box, whether or not they will be of importance in the episode. The

rhythm is reassuring, and disguises the times toward the end of the campaign when physical position within the train becomes significant. There is a *lot* of train—a car or two usually do.

The compartments aboard train, even aboard the Orient Express, are tiny: an ordinary team of investigators will be unable to fit in one, or even in two if they somehow open the communicating doors. Some keepers will want to ignore the implicit restriction; others will make grateful use of the salon and dining cars.

The Jigsaw Prince's cathedral car is shown only by its first floor; keepers may ascribe and create any upper stories, and in fact the entire shape of that car may periodically change, as the keeper finds convenient.

TWO NAGGING QUESTIONS

What happens if the investigators regain parts of but not all of the simulacrum? Fenalik is the explanation, perhaps even explaining the investigators' failures. Let the missing portions be discovered with the Head, in the Sofia chapter, in Fenalik's coffin.

What happens if the investigators foolishly give the Jigsaw Prince the Scroll of the Head, and he then disappears on schedule? Get them off the train, take more dream drug, and recover the scroll again. That adventure is not provided-for in the Lausanne chapter; the keeper must create the episode, though it need not be a long one.

The Scenarios

Each chapter describes events in relation to a major stop on the investigators' journey across Europe. All such points are on or near the route of the Simplon-Orient Express. As the investigators accumulate the segments of the simulacrum, the danger and horror escalates. The earlier chapters hold moderate physical danger. The later chapters pose increasing threats to life and limb.

NEWS ABOARD THE ORIENT EXPRESS

Keep in mind that only national newspapers are found at newsstands the same day as when printed. American newspapers may take weeks to arrive in European towns. Foreigners may be alarmed by rumors of war and alarmist headlines. Local newspapers can be obtained on board the Orient Express, as can foreign

European papers a day or two old. Conversations might begin by investigators trying to get translations. Use the headlines on the right as conversation starters, topics of discussion and argument among the passengers, or simply to add color and remind the investigators of the volatile times in which they live.

BRITISH PAPERS **The Times, The Standard, The Mail.**
 FRENCH PAPERS **Le Figaro, Le Parisien, Tribune (English-language).**
 GERMAN PAPER **Die Welt.**

January 2

MARK KEEPS SLIDING!

*1 Dollar Equals 7,260
German Marks.*

January 7

FRENCH EXPEDITION CROSSES SAHARA!

*Triumphant Arrival In
Timbuktu!*

January 9

COMMITTEE ON WAR REPARATIONS: GERMANY MUST PAY!

January 9

WRITER KATHERINE MANSFIELD DIES

Death of Tuberculosis

January 10

YANKEES GO HOME!

*Last American Troops
Withdraw from
Germany.*

January 11*

A NEW WORLD WAR?

*French and Belgian
Troops Occupy the Ruhr!*

**(After reparation payments
for the damages inflicted
during the first world war
were delayed, the French
government sent the army to
occupy the industrial heart of
Germany)*

January 11

DEATH OF A DESTITUTE KING!

*CONSTANTIN I,
EX-KING OF GREECE.
A Life of Exile in
Palermo.*

January 13

NAZIS STORM GERMANY!

*5000 STORMTROOPERS
MARCH IN BERLIN.
Spokesman Adolf Hitler
Denounces French
Aggression.*

January 15

FRENCH TROOPS FIRE ON DEMONSTRATORS

Kill 17-Year-Old Boy!

January 23*

"I avenged Jaures!" FEMALE ANARCHIST STRIKES!

*Melle Berthon Shoots
Mr. Plateau,
Secretary-General of the
Ligue d'Action
Francaise.**

**(French monarchist and
anti-democratic party.)*

January 27

FIRST NAZI CONGRESS IN MUNICH.

*No Intervention by
German Police.*

February 1

"Pray For Peace!" POPE PAUL XI ASKS PUBLIC PRAYERS.

*Cites Specter of a New
World War.*

February 1

"LET THE HUNS FREEZE!"

*French occupation of
the ruhr stops all coal
shipments into germany!*

February 1

LANDSLIDE!

*1 DOLLAR EQUALS
47,500 GERMAN MARKS!*

February 2

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

*First Congress of the
French Section,
International Worker's
Party.*

February 5

SOCIALISM IN JAIL!

*HUNDREDS OF
SOCIALIST MILITANTS
ARRESTED!
By order of Mussolini.*

February 10

NIGHT OF TERROR IN SOFIA!

*National Theater
Destroyed by Fire.*

February 10

FATHER OF X-RAYS PASSES ON.

*Wilhelm Roentgen Dead
in Munich at 77.*

February 18

27 DIE IN RAIL DISASTER!

*Strasbourg-Paris
Express Collides with
Second Train!*

March 1

Train-Crash Deliberate? FRENCH AUTHORITIES CLAIM SABOTAGE.

*Communist and
Nationalist German
Conductors Accused.*

March 3

Uncle Sam or Pontius Pilate? U.S. REFUSES MEMBERSHIP IN WORLD COURT OF JUSTICE.

*Fears Further
Involvement in Foreign
Issues.*

March 9

ILLNESS FORCES LENIN'S RESIGNATION.

March 12

FRENCH SOLDIERS ASSASSINATED.

*Paris Holds German
Nationalists Responsible.*

March 14

END OF THE NAZIS?

*German Court Orders
Dissolved All Local
Branches of
National Socialist Party.*

March 15

SUICIDE IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

*A Personal Friend of
the President.
Washington scandalized.*

March 31

TROOPS FIRE ON GERMAN STRIKERS.

*13 DEAD. French Officer
Orders Bloody Revenge.*

April 8

PLAGUE SWEEPS INDIA!

*8000 Deaths This Week.
Government Calls For
Calm.*

April 17

STALIN SHAKEN BY CRITICISMS.

*Vivid Denunciations
Stir 12th Congress of
Soviet Communists.*

April 23

LAUSANNE PEACE CONFERENCE OPENS.

*U.K., Turkey, U.S.S.R.,
Bulgaria, Greece, Italy
Attend.
"A Dove in the East."*

April 26

DUKE OF YORK MARRIES LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

April 27

Disaster At Sea! 237 DEAD IN MOSSAMEDES SINKING.

*Portuguese Vessel Lost
off South-African Coast.*

May 1

Putsch In Munich! NATIONAL SOCIALISTS ARM AGAINST GOVERNMENT.

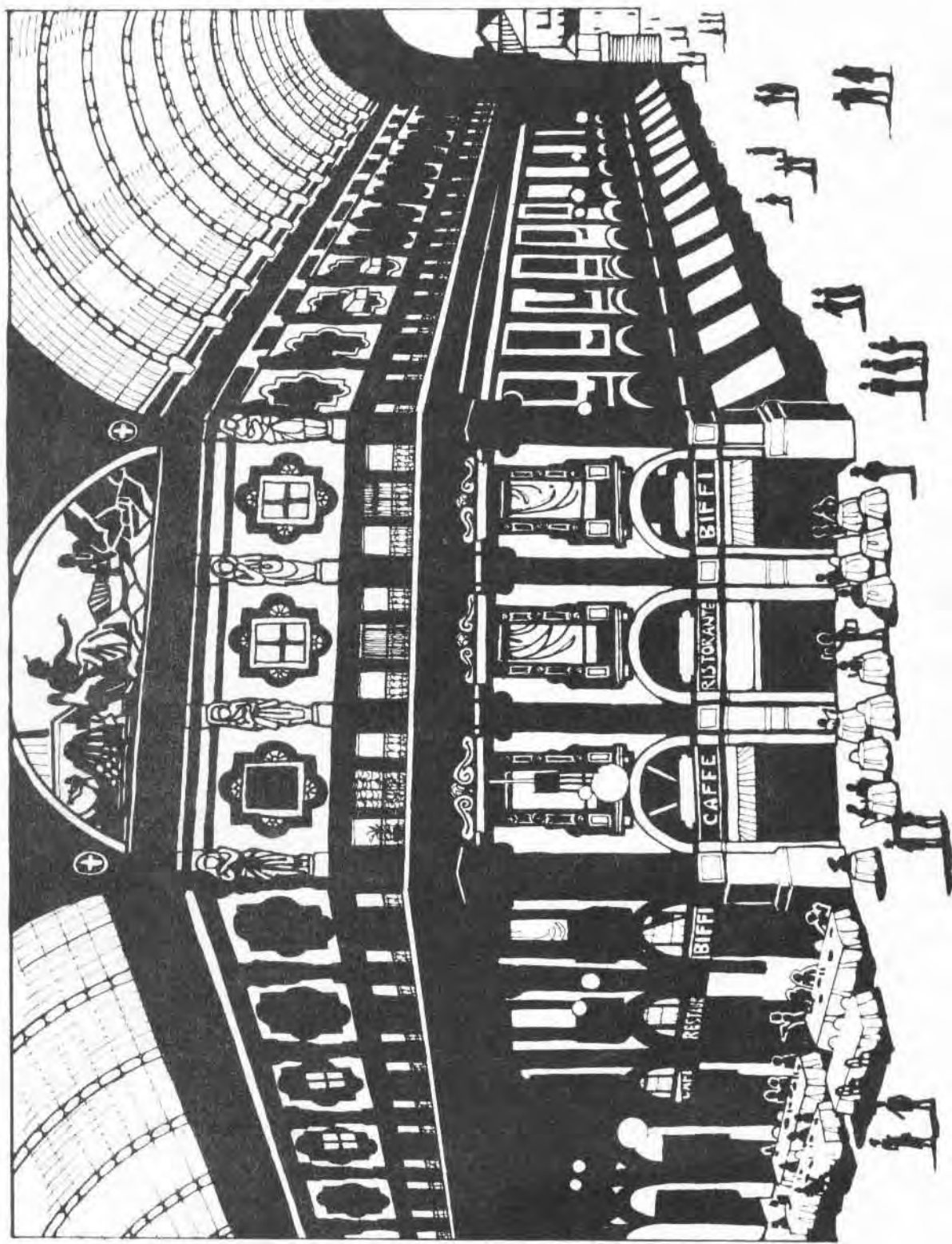
*General Von Lossow
Avoids Bloodshed.
A. Hitler Jailed.*

HORROR ON THE ORIENT-EXPRESS



BOOK II

THROUGH THE ALPS



La Galleria Vittorio Emanuele (VII. Milano)

IV-a. LONDON



Dancers in an Evening Fog

*Wherein the investigators visit the seat of empire,
answer the call of an old friend in need, and a lengthy
journey becomes desirable.*

by Geoff Gillan, with L.N. Isinwyll

THE INVESTIGATORS SHOULD ALREADY be in London. They may have just completed another adventure there, or an interesting auction may be occurring, or they may be conducting research, or a London acquaintance, Professor Smith, may have invited them especially to attend his Challenger lecture.

The narrative assumes that Professor Smith and his manservant Beddows are in use; keepers using other characters must amend player handouts appropriately, or create new ones.

If possible, build Smith into an adventure before running this set of scenarios. If replacing him, use a character already known, perhaps a semi-retired investigator. The investigators should trust Professor Smith or his replacement; previous association can easily accomplish this.

If the keeper replaces Smith with another character, so Beddows should be replaced by a favorite student, perhaps, or a loyal companion. Freedom is nearly complete here, since neither Smith nor Beddows return as substantial characters.

Keepers should be familiar with *The Campaign Book* before proceeding further.

Player Handout #1

What You Know about Your Friend, Prof. Smith

Professor Julius Arthur Smith, Litt.D., Ph.D., is 54, a heavy-set Englishman, a scholar who now devotes

himself entirely to research. He is famed for his whiskers and great curling moustaches that give him the air of a friendly walrus. His disgusting preferences in tobaccos (especially his favorite, a foul, obsidian-hued Balkan Sobranje), his erudite after-dinner stories, and his hearty laugh are trademarks.

Dr. Smith has lived and traveled extensively on the Continent. His specialties are European languages and archaeology; his Litt.D. was conferred by the University of Vienna. In the past, he has aided you in rendering difficult translations. Now his attention has shifted to matters parapsychological, with excellent result.

The professor maintains a town house in St. John's Woods, where he resides when in London. At present it is undergoing renovation, to enlarge his library, and so the investigators must stay at a hotel.

When in London, Smith spends most of his time lecturing at the University of London or reading at the British Museum library. His country home is an estate not far from Cambridge. Margaret, his wife, died in 1919. These days his manservant Beddows, who is at once friend, assistant, and confidant, is his only companion.

The Challenger Lecture

While the investigators are in London, Professor Smith invites them to the latest Challenger Trust Banquet-Lecture, a formal affair hosted by the trustees, who select speakers of clear voice, sound mind, and impeccable credentials to report on original researches or inventions of theoretical or practical importance. These evenings are held roughly once a year, though some years see two or

three such events, while in other years none occur. The trustees, true to their charter and no doubt chuckling in discussion over cigars and port, encourage idiosyncratic and even amusing studies, but by individuals nonetheless able to convey proofs either inherently astonishing or startling in implication. In collective effect, the trustees judge nominees by Barnum's criterion, "Amaze me."



Prof. Julian Smith

Nominees need not be subjects of the Crown; Curie and Marconi spoke here, as did Count von Zeppelin and Edison. Though the event was semi-secret then, Dr. Cavor is rumored to have lectured some months before his disturbing disappearance, levitating a raisin made luminous for purposes of demonstration. A few years from now the trustees select an American astronomer, who demonstrates that the matter of the universe is scattering out like pellets from a fowling piece.

The great formal dinner occurs in the Imperial Institute, in Kensington. The Upper East gallery's stultifying reference collection of standard commercial products is put away in favor of tuxedos, gowns, splendid dress uniforms, glittering jewels, gleaming sabres, and waxed moustaches.

Tonight the speaker is Dr. Smith. His rigorous skepticism and methodical analysis earn him high reputation as a debunker of mediums, spiritualists, fortune-tellers, prophets, holy sites, apparitions, and so on. He has steadfastly refused to give the investigators any hint of his topic for tonight.

Smith is droll, an entertaining and precise man who recounts with relish the clever deceptions (and his cleverer exposures) of charlatans and pretenders. Laughter is general and ongoing.

Smith states that money is usually not the motive for the misrepresentation of impossible powers or events; more usual is the chance for individual notice or recognition of personal qualities, preservation or defense of spiritual belief, or social benefit to the community—as many definitions, actually, as there are individuals.

"There proves to be, however," and here his voice turns serious, "categories of repetitious phenomenon offering no simple elucidation. I refer to the 'poltergeist,' to the 'traveler' who suddenly finds himself dozens or thousands of miles or years from where he stood moments before, and to the 'haunting.' My presentation tonight concerns the last.

"I say 'haunting' and not 'ghost' or 'spirit' because alone of such epiphenomena, haunters can be buildings, lanterns, coaches-and-fours, swords, and so on, as well as men, women, dogs, bears, processions, even armies. World-wide, the store of casual anecdote concerning haunters is enormous.

"And I say 'epiphenomena' because the haunters are not linked with specific observers, and the haunting presumably occurs with or without human witnesses, as we shall see. Thus perception of such an event is secondary to the event itself—epiphenomenal to it.

"The essential characteristics of haunters are simple: the person or thing must have existed, must have disappeared in some sense, and then must reappear once or many times. The location of the phenomenon may stay the same, or may change; that which reappears may be partial and insubstantial, or be as solid and real-seeming as any member of tonight's illustrious gathering. No other conditions are needed."

Dr. Smith then discusses three hauntings in detail—a Breton fishing boat, a Norwegian woman, and a London hansom cab. Slides of each event are projected. Each incident was studied and photographed simultaneously from at least three positions, allowing accurate scaling of the apparitions. The good doctor is able to demonstrate several characteristics shared by the three.

- The three apparitions do not coalesce from points, as most tales describe, but slowly emerge whole from invisible planes, as if passing through what Smith terms the 'curtains of perception.'
- Each is semi-transparent. He traces the clear passage of a wave through the fishing boat, for instance, and shows that the image causes no froth or ripples: it does not resist the water. In other slides, the audience sees the second or third photographers through the image of the apparition.
- Each apparition glows appreciably, as Smith demonstrates by isolating the reflections from nearby objects. Sampling attributes part of the glow to ionization, but not all. Careful indexing of the reflections indicates that the level of ionization varied randomly during each event.
- The rate at which these three apparitions manifested motion was in comparison to normal movement slowed by a consistent half in each case. Smith points



Beddows

With a successful Spot Hidden roll, the investigators notice that their congratulatory conversation is being observed by a dark, mustached man in his late thirties. He wears a moustache bushy enough to be classified as 'foreign' in the investigators' minds. Noticing that he has been observed, Mehmet Makryat makes a gesture of apology, and disappears into the crowd.

The Plot Thickens

Mehmet Makryat has lived in London for some time. He was interested that Smith was to lecture, and managed an invitation—by theft or by murder, perhaps, for either comes easily to him. Noticing their conversation with Smith, he studies the investigators over the next several days. He selects them to be the pawns in his recovery of the Sedefkar Simulacrum and in the elimination of his father, Silem Makryat.

What Mehmet learns and how he learns it depend on previous accomplishments of the investigators, but a group possessing free time and independent means is necessary to his plans; it may be an amusing bonus if investigator successes against the Mythos justify Makryat's personal enmity.

More days of patient sleuthing show that Smith's isolation makes him a proper target. Makryat sends a dimensional shambler to deliver the hapless Smith to the Shunned Mosque in Constantinople. There Smith becomes an anonymous gift, never to return. The poor man knows nothing about the simulacrum, skin-changing, or the Brotherhood; lucky investigators may survive to meet in Constantinople what is left of him.

Makryat then confronts Smith's faithful manservant, Beddows. Beddows is told, and is offered quite explicit proof, that if he does not help Makryat in his abominable deceptions, Professor Smith will never be seen again. With Beddows' frightened assistance, Smith's London home is torched and police suspicions directed toward the manservant. Finally, Makryat summons and murders the three pseudo-Makryats, erasing his own tracks. The plan is in motion.

The Newspapers

Two newspaper articles interest the investigators. The first is on the front page, jumping out and biting the investigators in the most discrete manner possible if they're reading *The Times*, and in the most vulgar, lurid fashion if it's *The Scoop*. The second story requires a successful Spot Hidden roll to notice.

Player Handout #2

Man Dies Three Times in One night

Three Bodies In Hotel.

Each Man Carries Same Identity.

Three slain men were discovered last night in a London hotel, each bearing positive identification as Mr. Mehmet Makryat, of 3 Brophy Lane, Islington. Each had been stabbed through the heart.

Maids at the Chelsea Arms Hotel discovered the remains. The room also was registered in the name of Mr. Makryat.

Bona fide papers identify the trio as one man, the Mr. Makryat who is a Turkish antique and art dealer doing business in this city.

The victims bear superficial resemblances, and each had passed as Mr. Makryat since independently arriving in London three days ago.

Confusingly, the real Mr. Makryat, or at least the man described by neighboring shopkeepers as Mr. Makryat, cannot be found. Police request that he come forth.

The passports of these Turkish nationals record independent world-wide travels for each man over the past three years.

Inspector Fleming of Scotland Yard is at a loss to describe the meaning of the bizarre mystery, but is eager to converse with any other Mehmet Makryats still living.

Player Handout #3

Professor's Home Burns

Fears For His Safety.

Professor Julius Arthur Smith, a figure well-known in academia, was sought today following the burning of his home under mysterious circumstances.

Missing also is Dr. Smith's manservant, one James Beddows. Witnesses saw a man resembling Beddows run from the house just before the fire broke out.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Dr. Smith or Beddows is requested to contact Detective Sergeant Rigby at Scotland Yard's Arson Division.

THE MESSAGE

Whether or not the investigators notice the Smith article, they become acquainted with the situation after an envelope is slipped under the door that evening.

Player Handout #4

Come at once. I haven't long. For god's sake let no-one follow you. J. A. Smith.

The message within is written on the back of Professor Smith's calling card. The impression of Smith's signet ring has been left on a blob of wax closing the envelope. A successful idea roll recalls such a ring being worn by Smith. On the front of the calling card is an address in



The Burned Man

Cheapside, a low-class area of London, hardly the area that Smith would frequent.

The Burned Man

The address in Cheapside proves to be a bed-sitting room in a grimy building on an undistinguished street. When the investigators knock on the door, Beddows cautiously opens it. A successful Psychology roll emphasizes his nervousness, but this state is easily explained by concern for his master and their present hair-raising position.

Makryat is within. To further his ruse, he has disguised himself as a badly-burned Smith, casting a cult spell, Control Skin, to stretch and contort the flesh in horrifying ways.

Inside the room the drapes have been pulled, shutting out as much light as possible. The figure of the Professor can be dimly seen on the bed. Anyone nearing him discerns the intense burns on his face (SAN 0/1D3). A successful idea roll suggests that Smith looks different because his sideburns and moustache have been seared away.

The Professor struggles to sit up. He greets them in a gasping wheeze not at all like his normal booming voice. As he addresses them, his tone grows hoarser and hoarser, until the last sentences are barely audible. It is soon obvious that he will be unable to respond to questions afterwards. In this way Makryat can avoid cross-examination.

His speech is repeated below.

Player Handout #5a

What Professor Smith Says

"Thank God you have come. Because of my injuries, I cannot bear to talk for long, so please listen, and Beddows will answer questions for me.

"I have been on the trail of an occult artifact of great malevolence, the Sedefkar Simulacrum. It is a statue, a source of great magical power. Evil power.

"At the end of the eighteenth century it was taken apart, and the pieces scattered across Europe. I planned to retrieve the pieces, and to destroy it.

"Last night Beddows and I were attacked in our home by Turkish madmen. I think they too seek the simulacrum, but for foul purposes. We barricaded ourselves indoors, so they tried to burn us alive, but we got away. I am afraid to come out of hiding, for these men would stop at nothing. Beddows has a plan for us to escape, but the less said of that the better.

"My notes were destroyed in the fire, unless the Turks have them. They must not be allowed to recover the statue. I ask you, my friends, to collect it before they can reach it.

"Here is what I remember of my researches:

"Paris was where the statue was dismembered.

The owner was a noble, Comte Fenalik, who lost it just prior to the French Revolution. Some part of it may still be in France.

"Napoleon's soldiers carried a piece into Venice when they invaded that city. It was sold to Alvise de Gremancini.

"Another fragment made its way to Trieste at the same time. I do not know what became of it, but look up Johann Winckelmann at the museum there.

"I think there may be a piece in Serbia. Start at the Belgrade Museum. Dr. Milovan Todorovic is the curator.

"One part was lost near Sofia during the Bulgarian War in 1875. At that time things of value were hidden from the invaders, so it may be buried somewhere.

"The final piece was in circulation in Paris just after the Great War, and was sold to someone from Milan. I do not know who.

"That is all I can tell you. You must try to collect it. When you have it, there is only one sure way to destroy it, and destroy it you must. You must. Take it back to its original home, a place in Constantinople known as the Shunned Mosque. There are niches there, in which it once lay. A ritual which will destroy it utterly is included in a set of documents known as the Sedefkar Scrolls, but I have been unable to consult them.

"I am sorry, my friends. For you, for me, for us all. Please do this for me. Go. Go quickly. God help you."

His voice is all but gone. He coughs. Beddows hands him a glass, from which the man on the bed sips, then falls back onto the pillow, eyes closed.

A BELIEVABLE BRIBE

Beddow's eyes are downcast. He silently opens a cupboard, and extracts a valise. Within are 200 new Bank of England £5 notes, one thousand pounds sterling. He hands over the case.

"Gentlemen, my master is in mean circumstances by choice, to evade those wicked men. He wishes to contribute to your success, and desires no accounting. Before this dreadful attack, he had planned to travel via the Simpon-Orient Express. The Orient Express services offer the finest, fastest, and most reliable rail transport on the Continent. And my master is accustomed to comfort."

Beddows clears his throat and falls silent. He answers questions as best he can, but steadily urges the investigators to set off with all speed. Makryat has briefed him carefully, and Beddows does not give the game away. Concerning the Sedefkar Simulacrum, he offers nothing.

Any attempts to follow the Professor after this meeting fail.

If the investigators return to the bed-sitting room, a family has moved in. They do not know the previous tenants, nor where they went.

MAKRYAT UNCOVERED

If the investigators turn suspicious during the meeting and force Mehmet's hand in some way, he surreptitiously summons a Fire Vampire and pretends it has found the Professor. He fakes his own death, and in the ensuing chaos he kills Beddows and escapes.

The Multiple Murders

The multiple murdered Mehmet's were Makryat's henchmen, traveling on wrongfully issued passports. They had been scouring Europe, seeking out the Sedefkar Simulacrum. Their missions completed, Mehmet summoned them to London and murdered them to prevent knowledge of his maneuvers in Constantinople. Leaving the bodies with their identification intact rashly alerts the police to his significance.

If the investigators wish to check further into the killings of the three Makryats, the following avenues can be explored.

THE CHELSEA ARMS

The three bodies were found at this hotel; however, staff there have nothing to add. They refer the investigators to Scotland Yard and Inspector Fleming.

SCOTLAND YARD

Inspector Fleming of the Yard is disinclined to see the investigators, but he listens if the investigators give him reason to think they can help with what he concedes is a puzzling case.

Since the investigators almost certainly have nothing to offer in exchange, he is unlikely to give them privileged information. However, allow one Fast Talk roll each day to pick up information from others intimate with the case. Three points can be learned.

- On each corpse was the identical telegram sent from Paris, saying *MEET ME IN LONDON AT ONCE. URGENT M.*
- Vital details of the slayings were withheld from the press. Each corpse had been partially skinned—one the torso, one the arms, and the last, the legs.
- Mehmet Makryat's shop and home are at 3 Brophy Lane, Islington. A police search turned up nothing.

MAKRYAT'S LIFE

The only people in London with any knowledge of Mehmet's day-to-day existence are neighboring shopmen, art dealers, and the staff at the Museum of Art. All remember

him only vaguely. If shown pictures of the three dead Mehmeds, they identify none of them as the Mehmet they knew: Makryat always affected a disguise as an elderly man.

EMBASSY OF TURKEY

Given reason to do so, the clerk at the Turkish embassy can furnish Makryat's age and birth date (much too young to be the elderly man Londoners knew), his Brophy Lane address, and the recent renewal of his passport.

But the clerk does nothing more; the Turks resent the speculation in London's press concerning Turkish corruption and inadequate passport controls. They angrily maintain that the Makryat passports are forgeries, not duplicates, and that they are therefore a British problem.

If the investigators spend the time and effort to befriend the well-dressed young clerk, Mustapha Köprülü by name, they get one piece of intriguing news: though the Ambassador never acknowledges it, all files containing photographs or personal information for Mehmet Makryat have disappeared.

MAKRYAT'S SHOP

A shop belonging to an M. Makryat exists in Islington. The police have the address, as does the Turkish embassy, as does the London telephone directory, and as do the many guides to London. The *Antique Buyer's Guide* lists it; checking with Sotheby's or any established auction house could also uncover the reference.

In Islington, neighboring shopkeepers say that the shop is run by an old Turk, who just a few days ago closed it and has not returned. They remember him as a taciturn old fellow.

The brick shop is two-storied. A small *closed* sign rests in the shop door's window. If the investigators break in, they find the ground floor showroom filled with unremarkable pieces of Egyptian, Arabic, and Persian brasswork, rugs, and ceramics, some clearly reproductions. The upper floor is living space, for one man of quiet habits. The police found nothing of note here, though thoughtful investigators may be interested that there are no books in the building of any sort, except ledgers. A successful INT roll notices that Makryat's property also lacked luggage, other than a old leather satchel with a broken handle, and that some of the bedroom dresser



Mustapha Köprülü

drawers are half-empty of clothing. Investigators who suppose that Makryat has moved out, abandoning the premises, will not be wrong.

A CURIOUS ACCOUNT-BOOK ENTRY

Makryat's account books and records are shelved underneath the counter. Purchase invoices show that most of his goods were imported from Turkey and the Middle East, or bought from London auction houses.

A successful Accounting roll notices an incongruous consignment note, *one Wrightson special-commission train set*, purchased from the estate of Randolph Alexis some months before. In the ledger of current shop sales, the last item sold was *one Wrightson special-commission train set*, delivered to a Mr. Henry Stanley, Stoke Newington, for one pound. Though Makryat's records are extensive, there are no other trains, toys, etc., ever listed as purchased or sold.

A successful History or Occult identifies Alexis; see "Researching the Original" in the next

A FINAL NOTE

After the investigators leave London, Mehmet returns to the shop at night for a bit of renovation before following after them. This shop comes back into play when the investigators return to London at the end of this campaign. See "The Fog Lifts" in the *Constantinople* book.

Makryat's Shop



IV-b, LONDON and BEYOND

The Doom Train

Wherein persistence in investigations prompts our heroes to climb aboard two very different trains.

by Geoff Gillan, with Mark Morrison

THE DOOM TRAIN SUB-PLOT is a red herring which consolidates the occultist background of Makryat's activities and advances the theories of Dr. Smith; Makryat's shop sold the train set that is the catalyst of the piece.

ANOTHER FINE MESS

The day after the Makryat Multiple Murders appear in the newspapers, a new bizarre story stirs the press.

Player Handout #5b

Man Disappears In Cloud Of Smoke

Spontaneous Human Combustion?

Link To Triple Murders Case?

Police are today investigating the disappearance of Mr. Henry Stanley, 41, of Stoke Newington, who was reported missing last night by his landlady, Mrs. Constance Atkins.

She alleges that she heard a cry from Mr Stanley's upstairs room at eight o'clock. He did not answer to her knocking, and when she opened the door the room was full of smoke, and there was no sign of him.

Mr Stanley is not married. He is a noted train enthusiast and member of the London Train Spotter's Association.

His disappearance may be a case of spontaneous human combustion. Police have refused to comment on this. Similar cases have been reported in England earlier this century. The most recent known was that of Mr J. Temple Thurston, who burned to death in his home in Dartford, Kent, in 1919.

It has been revealed that a model train set found on the scene had been purchased last week from the shop of Mehmet Makryat. That child's toy may have caused the fire.

Readers may recall that three bodies, all identified as Mr. Makryat, were found earlier this week in a Chelsea hotel room. Police have not ruled out the possibility of a link between the two cases.

Keeper's Background

In 1897, Randolph Alexis, occultist and murderer, fled north on the Liverpool express, pursued by London enemies. Hoping to escape cleanly, he attempted to conjure a Gate through the engine-ward wall of his first-class compartment. Disastrously, the cast went wrong. Along with himself, the forward half of the train hurtled into another dimension and utterly vanished, while the rear half derailed into a river at nearly sixty miles an hour, destroying it and killing all but a handful of passengers. Authorities claimed that the front portion of the train sank into the mud and could not be reclaimed, but they themselves did not believe the story.

Twenty years later, driven by the rumors surrounding that extraordinary event and having immersed himself in his father's powerful but unsystematic studies, Alexis' son Albert created another Gate. From his studies he believed that his father still lived, frozen in time in another dimension, and hoped to retrieve him. He keyed the new Gate into a toy train set which had been specially made and painted to be a replica of the missing portion of the train.

Each piece of the resulting model was configured with arcane symbols. After the train inscribed a number of circuits on the tracks, the barrier to the nether dimension collapsed. Burdened with his father's sources, the son repeated much of his father's mistake. Now Albert inadvertently summoned back the original train itself, and was swept up by it as it flashed into and out of existence over the length of the track set-up. Then train and son vanished.

The toy train set languished. A year ago, nearly penniless and no longer with any hope, Mrs. Alexis had the courts declare her son dead and decided to auction his possessions along with her husband's. Makryat discovered the purpose of the train set and bought it, along with

some interesting books of the keeper's choice. When Makryat had learned what he could from the installation, he sold train and track to the hapless Henry Stanley, who inadvertently called the Doom Train upon himself.

As Stanley's landlady acknowledges if questioned, there was no fire, and she does not know from where the smoke she saw emanated. It was from the engine of the Doom Train, the firebox still consuming the same coal shoveled into it in 1897.

The Alexis Family

A successful Occult roll recognizes the name Randolph Alexis. He was an occultist of some notoriety, with links to both the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn and to the Hermetic Order of the Silver Twilight. He shared this interest with his son, Albert Alexis, who also dabbled in the dark arts.

A successful Library Use roll turns up a recent volume on British occultists which notes that father and son both met unfortunate ends: Alexis senior died in a train derailment while traveling to Liverpool in 1897, while Alexis junior disappeared from his home in 1917, believed murdered by person or persons unknown—a few drops of dried blood were found, and the smoke-filled room suggested that the assassins had tried to burn the house in order to conceal their crime.

The Bed-Sitting Room

Henry Stanley lived in a bed-sit in Stoke Newington. The police have long gone. Outside on the pavement is a large chalked sign.

SEE THE DEATH ROOM 6d.

Another sign, handwritten and in the front window, reads *ROOM TO LET*. Stanley's landlady, Mrs. Constance Atkins, has made a tidy profit showing the room to the curious at sixpence a go.

Mrs. Atkins is a firm, vigorous woman, found in hair-curlers and dressing gown no matter what the time of day. She flaps around the investigators the length of their stay saying things like, "Ever so strange it was," and "Quiet type, they're all a bit odd you know, my husband was just like that," and "Here's a photo of Mr. Stanley—I keep pictures of all my lodgers."

She says that Stanley came home at six o'clock, in time for tea. He was excited because he had purchased a new train set ("Imagine, a man of his age!"). He went upstairs at seven, and she did not see him again. He could not have left the house without walking through the sitting room, where she sat reading the latest issue of *Silver*

Screen Stars. A bit later she heard him cry out, and a sort of rumble happened. She knocked straight away, but he was gone, and the room was full of smoke. The window was closed and bolted from the inside.

If asked about the train set, she says that the police took it, since it was an electrical device and seemed to be the only thing in Mr. Stanley's room that might have done him harm.

She answers any other questions with utter glee and little regard to fact. She firmly believes that her tenant has been burnt to a crisp, though where he has gone to she can't imagine. Still, a woman alone has to get her rent one way or another.

Any investigator who pays sixpence can examine the room ("Mind that you don't take anything"). It is a standard cold-water bed-sitting room of the kind inhabited by lonely people everywhere. There is a door in the east wall, and a window in the west wall. The abiding interest of the occupant was trains. The room is full of books and pictures about railways, engines, projects, and history.

Interestingly, the tops of some items bear a thin layer of black soot. And there are dark sooty streaks across the ceiling, in a pattern from north-west to south-east, though Mrs. Atkins has said quite definitely that Mr. Stanley did not smoke. There are bubbles under the wallpaper as though it had been steamed. And a successful Spot Hidden sees long black parallel smudges on the dark floral carpet; these parallel smudges run north-west to south-east also, and a successful know roll notes that they are the width of train tracks apart.



Mrs. Atkins

The Local Police

The dutyman happily supplies all public information concerning Stanley's disappearance, but he knows nothing of the Makryat triple murders, or any connection of that crime with Stanley's disappearance. "That's a matter for those what knows more than me, sir," he says.

If an investigator can receive a successful Fast Talk, Debate, or Law roll, they can talk to the sergeant responsible for the Stanley case, who believes that Stanley has faked his own disappearance. "No doubt we shall learn Mr. Stanley's motive for his deception within the following weeks, sir. This sort of matter has a way of working

itself out." With a successful Credit Rating roll, the sergeant adds that absolutely no evidence of burnt human bone or tissue was found in the room, nor blood, nor sign of violence. "Scarpered out the window, and there's no doubt."

The toy train set was inspected for possible electrical faults. None existed. The voltage was insufficient to cause electrocution. Still, to be absolutely sure, the set, including the track, has been passed on for expert examination to the London Train Spotters' Association, in the person of Arthur Butter, president. The sergeant can supply Mr. Butter's address if requested. In any case, the train set is part of the Stanley estate; ownership of it devolves to Stanley's heirs, whomever they might be.

London Train-Spotters

The headquarters of the association is in Arthur Butter's home in Camberwell. He is a friendly man, upset about the disappearance and possible death of Henry Stanley. "Mr. Stanley was a quiet and likable chap, and a long-time member of the Association."

Butter makes a face if asked about the train set. He says that he ran the beautiful set once, for a moment, to satisfy the police, but that it reminds him of Henry Stanley, and that allows him no pleasure of it.

"Actually," he says tentatively, "the set is in rather poor taste; the model depicts an actual train which wrecked in '97 on the Liverpool run, with great loss of life." Butter does not think that Stanley knew this. "He had a keen eye for the authentic, but not much interest in history, if you divine my sense, gents. It is a gorgeous model, even for a pound sterling."

Butter has put the set in his cellar, leaning against the wall. If the investigators receive a successful Credit Rating roll among them, Butter offers to allow them to borrow the model train and track. "Might be you'll find something, perhaps. As for me, I'll be pleased when the police call round for it." Make what arrangements of custody the players will find reasonable.

If the Credit Rating rolls fail, Butter still offers to let them use it in his basement.

If the investigators have by this point booked their tickets aboard the Simplon-Orient Express, or have decided to travel upon it and tell him so, Butter cheers up, and proceeds to wax rapturous about the wonders of such a trip, overcome with enthusiasm and awed envy. If the Credit Rating rolls failed before, he now ignores his own perceptions, and forces the train set on them. Further, there is to be an Association dinner this evening, and he strongly invites the investigators. "There'll be lots of things to learn about trains," he says.



Arthur Butter

THE ASSOCIATION DINNER

The dinner, attended by awkward, enthusiastic men in ill-fitting suits, is an interesting, if unexciting evening. Instead of saying grace before the meal, Butter asks the members for a moment's silence to pray for the safe return of their friend, Henry Stanley. There are six courses, followed by brandy and cigars.

Keepers may wish to reward the investigators'

attendance with tidbits and traveler's tips about the Orient Express service, gleaned from the front of this book. Much of the conversation is boring technical detail, filled with arcane evocations of boilers and valves, and cryptic discussions of locomotive wheel arrangements, but some words are sound.

- The Orient Express staff is the finest in the world, will assist in every emergency, and they handle the paperwork involved in border-crossings;
- The station in Milan is presently being remodeled;
- Bandits once attacked the train in Bulgaria;
- Snow can halt the train's progress through the mountains in the Balkans;
- The Simplon tunnel is the longest in the world, at over twenty kilometers in length, and 65 people died during its construction;
- Attendants at Sirkecki Station in Constantinople are notorious for losing baggage;
- A little bribery smooths progress across some European borders, but don't try it in France;
- Association member Walter Partridge, who has a cough and is not in attendance tonight, plans to ride the Simplon-Orient Express this season.

More about Walter Partridge can be found in the *Strangers on the Train* booklet in this box.

The Train Set

THE TRAIN TRACK IS MOUNTED on hardwood board, large enough and heavy enough to need several men to comfortably move it. The track is in a peculiarly-twisted figure-eight pattern. There is no scenery, but a series of ramps alters elevations on the circuit. A large new battery provides the power. The model is a small brown and black train, in the style of the 1890s, with two wooden and metal coaches, a massive black engine, and a tender. Each car bears a different serial number and is different in small ways.

On the underside of the board is pinned a gentleman's handkerchief, apparently to protect the surface the train set is laid on. The initials *R.A.* are on one corner of the cloth.

If any investigator specifically says that he or she thoroughly examines the cars, strange symbols of unknown meaning are found to have been scratched on the undercarriage of each car.

If the investigators destroy the train set without summoning the Doom Train, the trapped and cursed occupants must continue to wander in another dimension. Their ghosts haunt the investigators who participated, and they see the train nightly in dreams in which Henry Stanley is glimpsed in one window, screaming. Each night the dreamer loses a point of Sanity until driven into madness. The only way to stop this is to build a second train set—as any good medium or mystic will charge a sovereign to advise.

RESEARCHING THE ORIGINAL

The toy train is modeled on the London-Liverpool express of 1897. In that year, an express derailed, at the cost of many lives. The details of the deadly crash can be found in newspapers of the period or in any good book on railway disasters. Arthur Butter can relate the details, though talking about this train wreck distresses him.

The train derailed northwest of London under strange circumstances, and the engine, tender, and the first two carriages were never recovered from the river in which they were presumed lost. The remaining carriages were totally wrecked. Over one hundred people were killed or lost. Police and railway investigators speculated about anarchist involvement, but no cause for the disaster was ever shown. The diving team found nothing to recover, but the river had been high from unusual rains; writers speculated that the missing coaches had been carried downstream. An unnamed official observed that seventy-odd ton locomotives, at least, were unlikely to drift down-

stream or to drift anywhere, but there are those who find the supernatural in everything. The matter rested, and was forgotten.

The Doom Train

It does not matter which way the train is placed on the tracks, nor in what order the coaches are hooked together behind the tender. Nothing happens until the model train inscribes 1D50 circuits of the course, or as the keeper wishes—the number needed to call forth the phantom train can differ with every summoning.

Once the model train has run the needed number of courses, the real train of which the toy is a replica inevitably arrives, and cannot be prevented or delayed. If the spell is cast out of doors, the entire doom train appears; indoors, the physical limitations of the room in which the train is summoned determine the dimensions of the Gate and the amount of train segment visible at any one time. The investigator acting as summoner loses 3 magic points. The complete description of the spell is found near to Randolph Alexis' statistics at the end of this chapter.

Shimmering track, and the shunting of a large locomotive in a gathering cloud of steam announce the arrival of the train. Engine and coal car pass through objects in the room and disappear into the wall at the other side. Once the first passenger car comes into view (there are only two), the train stops. Sanity loss to witness the arrival of the Doom Train is 1/1D6 SAN.

The train is full of people dressed in 1890s costume. They glide off the train as though onto a platform, and ask the investigators questions, the answers to which they do not listen.

"What time do we reach Liverpool?"

"Where is the conductor?"

"What has been the delay?"

"How has the day become so cloudy and dark?"

"Is another train following? My husband (wife) was to be on board."

Swirling round, drawn like water to a drain, the passengers close around the investigator who set the toy train in action and has thereby become the summoner. They speak as one, "Come with us. Come with us." That investigator is suddenly powerless to resist; indeed, no physical action is taken on the part of the passengers—after they surround the investigator, the summoner finds himself or herself in nineteenth-century dress and on board the train, in the first carriage, surrounded by dreadful companions.

Meanwhile the other investigators (INT x1 rolls or less to keep watching their friend) hear cries for help coming from the second carriage. Those who look that

way see Henry Stanley pressed up against the glass of the second passenger car, eyes wide, mouth screaming.

The First Carriage

Also returned aboard the train, the bland, blank faces of the passengers darken and become insistent. As the train begins to pull out, their eyes roll up until only the whites are exposed, and like sharks they close in around the abducted investigator. They reach out slowly, expectantly. Their skins are bluish and cold, their hair matted and coarsened, and their lips, eyes, and nails unnaturally livid. They smell of old, wet wood. They sigh expectantly. Their garments scrape softly one against the other like gatherings of moths.

Each investigator now must decide whether or not to leap aboard the first car. So little extra time exists that it is fair to press for individual decisions by the players without allowing conferences. Those aboard have no way of knowing where they're going, or when they can get back; but, since the train returned for Albert Alexis and Henry Stanley, and now for the investigators, an idea roll can deduce that the train could return yet another time.

ON BOARD

The narrative presumes that the investigators, or some of them, board the train. If they abandon their friend to his or her fate, they can always change their minds and summon the train again, given time to think. The keeper determines whether their friend has been kissed when the train returns, or whether he or she has found safety.

Anyone aboard the Doom Train loses 3 magic points as it leaves this universe, and 3 Sanity points as his or her situation becomes clear.

Aboard the train, the investigators see that the passengers have cornered the abducted investigator at the other end of the passageway that runs alongside the compartments. He or she fights valiantly against the languid clutch of the dead, but sooner or later must tire; the dead passengers do not tire. Bloody-minded investigators might hack them apart, but the ordinary attacks of guns and knives have no effect. The dead passengers must succeed in the end, and one inevitably will force his or her lips against the investigator's, and suck out the soul. The investigator then becomes one of the dead, while that one whose attack succeeded breathes in the scrap of life, and turns malevolently and ingeniously against any living within reach.

The dead passengers are stupidly persistent, but without strength or passion, capable of being disabled but not hurt. Like flies, they can be swatted away, and like flies they return. Dead passenger statistics exist at the end of this chapter.



"Come with us. Come with us."

When the other investigators charge in, the disconcerted dead draw back for a moment, then begin smiling and cooing with pleasure, and reaching for these new opportunities. No more than two passengers per round may try to grapple an investigator; against such slow-moving attacks, an investigator may Dodge twice in a round.

The investigator may try once per round to break one successful Grapple by receiving a success on a STR against STR resistance-table roll. Failure to break a Grapple gives the grappler one chance per round for a kiss.

Keepers who enjoy it can extend the fighting as long as they like, but all after a few minutes the curtained door between the first and second carriages bangs open, and a man cries, "Through here! Quickly!"

Another great sigh passes through the attacking dead. Each investigator must withstand another round of grappling before he or she can reach the opening. Strange symbols are sketched on the door, principal among which is the inverted ankh. When all the investigators are in, the man bangs the door shut, while the dead passengers moan outside, unable to pass the sigils.

"Welcome to the 9:15 A.M. to Liverpool," pants the man, "although we are currently running, um, rather late. My name is Randolph Alexis."

The Second Carriage

Alexis is little-aged after a quarter of a century, but ragged. He wears his original 1897 suit, now dirty and worn. He is a small man, bald-headed, and thin; his eyes burn with feverish intensity. He is quite insane, though no player should be told that outright. Riding the Doom Train and enduring its necessary menu has scoured him; now even the passing of time is changed indefinitely and unalterably for him.

The second carriage is deserted, dusty, silent. Alexis leads them along the passageway. The compartments are empty, save the last three, the last of which is considered in the next sub-section.

In the first of the three compartments are shredded clothes and some scattered and gnawed bones; Alexis shrugs. "A man has to eat," he says. Still, a successful Spot Hidden roll spies an engraved watch fob bearing the letters A.A. Randolph may have needed to eat someone, but did it have to be his own dead son?

In the second compartment is Henry Stanley, who is sickeningly grateful to see other living humans. Alexis leads them in here.

Outside is a universe gray like fogged photographic plates, through the vapors of which cut innumerable blue-black world-lines of the Doom Train, circling and twisting one dim swathe around the next.

This great wad of passage extends as far as the eye can see—in patches that means many or hundreds of miles. As the investigators watch, the Doom Train palpably moves against the world-lines beyond, whose segmented lengths curl in a dark, gigantic serpentine. Like a ticking clock, the Doom Train lurches forward at regular intervals, and each movement becomes another segment. If they check their watches, however, each watch has stopped.



Randolph Alexis

"When we first came," Alexis remarks in abrasive, nasal tones, "this place was empty of the Train. I see now one day when it will be filled, and then there will be no room for more. When will that be? Time is different here; it seems to me no more than a month since I made my great error, and yet my register," he points to the ceiling where thousands of tiny ticks have been made with uncompromising regularity, "shows so many

episodes of long sleep that I calculate confidently the year to be late 1911."

Alexis and Stanley tell their stories, and answer questions as they can. Alexis has been on the train since 1897. Some passengers who had held out for years have now degenerated, for unknown reasons; perhaps he will, too. Until Stanley arrived, Randolph Alexis had no companion for a very long time. Alexis managed to seal himself into the second carriage, with wards that the dead could not broach. Stanley is frightened, and less than sane; trains have lost all appeal to him. Judging by the skeleton of Albert Alexis, Stanley has good reason to fear.

The Plan

Alexis tells the investigators that he has been working on a way to return the train to earth, but lacks the library he had at his home, and cannot get the pattern right.

His escape project is in the last compartment of the carriage. It is a huge design in a twisted figure-eight pattern, spread flat on the compartment floor, fashioned of human intestines and other offal (SAN 0/1D3). The pattern seems identical to that of the train set. Alexis fusses over it, and says there is something wrong with it, as it will not work. He knows that it can work, because Albert must have succeeded somehow.

Alexis has forgotten that the figure-eight pattern is configured in three-dimensional space—hence the ramps and elevations that Albert Alexis built into his train set. An idea roll suggests this if the investigators don't think of it. They instruct Alexis from memory, and excitedly he gathers bones and bloated organs to chock under the meaty circuit.

Now they need a train. Alexis proffers a human heart, with gray and green arteries dangling. The heart must be pushed around the track for 1D50 revolutions.

If the players have not called for a Psychology roll before, ask for one now. A success indicates that Alexis is insane and extremely dangerous. Had the investigators not come on the scene, Stanley soon would be slaughtered and devoured.

Before the spell is complete, the dead passengers mount a fresh assault, drawn by all the fresh souls. Some climb out of the first carriage and stumble across the roof of the second. One slips off, into the gray void, starting his own world-line of flapping arms and kicking legs. A half-dozen smash through the side windows from above, and clamber into the second carriage.

The investigators must keep the meat-pattern safe and in motion. When the attack takes place, 1D10 circuits of the heart are left to go. Each circuit takes one round. If two people act together, they can accomplish two circuits per round by situating themselves on opposite sides, and passing the heart between, each completing half a circuit. Those pushing the heart in these last rounds must receive successful DEX x5 rolls. Failure means the circuit was not completed that round. A result of 00 breaks the meat-pattern; it must be repaired and started anew (requiring 1D50 circuits to be complete).



Henry Stanley "An Englishman is nothin' without 'is hat."

Back to Earth

The last circuit made, investigators feel the sudden thrum and click of car wheels rolling and clattering over solid iron rails and wooden sleepers; out of the windows they see dark English countryside on a late winter's morning. The dead passengers cringe and gibber, and cease their assault. Some sit or fall suddenly, as the motion drains out of them. Alexis leans against the window, suddenly old and tired, his face suddenly aged, his body shrunk, his

back bowed. Each investigator loses 3 magic points for the return trip.

Call for Listen rolls. Those with successes hear desperate whistle blasts from ahead; the Doom Train is indeed steaming outbound from London on its old track, but a coal train is struggling ahead on the same track, and an alert brakeman has sounded the alarm.

Collision is imminent and nearly unavoidable.

If an investigator immediately pulls the emergency cord, there is no effect—the dead engineer and fireman long since abandoned their posts, and no one is left to actually slam on the brakes. If an investigator runs through the cars, scrambles over the tender, and knows what lever to pull in the cab, a successful luck roll halts the Doom Train before collision.

Otherwise, to save themselves, the investigators must leap from the train into the muddy fields beyond. Those with successful Jump rolls lose 1D3 hit points from the impact; those with failing Jumps take 1D6 damage.

Investigators who ride out the collision on the train lose 4D6 hit points—the massive locomotive and coal cars slam together with fatal, metal-twisting impact. The locomotive boiler ruptures. Stanley always jumps, and is saved, as is Randolph Alexis. All others aboard the Doom Train die. Steam rises from the wreckage and flame licks the splintered coaches. The dead passengers are at peace at last. The collision has occurred about sixty miles northwest of London.

Since the collision scene will raise many questions, survivors may wish not to remain at the site. An inn is not far away; perhaps they stay there a few days, while the line is cleared, and then make their way back to London on an ordinary train.

CONCLUSION

Investigators gain 1D6 SAN each for rescuing Henry Stanley, though that worthy checks into a sanatorium for a few weeks. He is not so keen on trains now; on his return to Ipswich and Mrs. Atkins, he faces down police questions, throws away his train books and memorabilia, and takes up stamp collecting.

The keeper should keep this episode in mind, though. One or more investigators may have learned enough about the Doom Gate procedure to be able to duplicate it at some later time, when it could become a way out when all hope seems lost.

Similarly, Randolph Alexis still lives, though thoroughly insane, lording it over his amazed and decrepit wife for the moment. There may come a time when he is heard from again.

London Researches

THE INVESTIGATORS MAY WISH to do some research. The place to go is the Reading Room of the British Museum Library. Lacking membership in the Peerage, investigators need academic references, a clear statement of need specific to Museum Library holdings, and a waiting period of several days or weeks to allow study of their applications.

Careful research uncovers little. On the subject of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, a Library Use roll draws a blank; on an INT x3 or less roll on D100, some relevant information is deduced to exist in the Bibliothèque Nationale, in Paris.

Concerning the Sedefkar Scrolls, a successful Library Use roll followed by a POW x5 or less result on D100 locates them as being in the Topkapi Museum in Constantinople, just before the Great War.

Research lines that the investigators suggest may be of considerable interest: all of the information concerning the Orient Express, the construction of the Simplon Tunnel, the current political situation in Yugoslavia, etc., etc., is quickly available, as are mountains of information concerning every stop the service makes.

A PORTENT

On the second or third day, the investigators notice a scholar slumped over his books, hat still rudely on his head, apparently dozing. Were the Reading Room busy, or were the man snoring, attendants would have wakened him. But outside the skies are pouring, and most scholars have remained at home.

At some time during the investigators' day, the fellow slowly tumbles off his chair and lays unmoving on the floor. Beneath the hat, beneath the overcoat, beneath the shoes and socks is a skinned corpse costing 1/1D6 SAN to view.

These are the remains of Beddows, although immediate identification is impossible to make. Attached to the corpse is a note written in modern Turkish.

The Skinless One will not be denied.

It is inscribed on human skin, Beddows' in fact. The find causes a scandal, closing the Reading Room for the day. No one knows how the cadaver was placed in the Reading Room, though interns at nearby University College Hospital are immediately accused. The Coroner is able to

identify the corpse as James Beddows after astute police work in tracing the new half-soles on Beddows' shoes.

If the investigators never go to the Reading Room, the newspapers cover the grisly discovery, but the investigators do not learn of it until reading a back issue of *The Times* while in Constantinople.

Makryat left this dubious present for the investigators to stoke their paranoia. From time to time during the journey to Constantinople and back, the keeper should slip in the odd threat or warning written on more of Beddows' back, just to keep the investigators on their toes, prompting them to be circumspect, and thus avoid the cult's notice until the investigators arrive in Constantinople with the entire simulacrum.

Leaving England

Eventually the investigators must leave for Paris and points beyond. From London to Paris, first-class tickets cost a little under £6. The trip takes about eight hours.

The Boat-Train takes them as far as Calais. The land portion of this trip is by rail. The train travels leisurely but without stopping through the English countryside, through Kent, across the Romney marsh grasses, and finally into Dover, a journey requiring a little under two hours to make. First-time English travelers find themselves nonplussed by the comparative dash: few trains in this part of England run without intermediate stops.

At Dover, passengers board the ferry for the coast of France and the city of Calais. There are general rooms aboard the ferry but passengers may have pre-arranged private first- or second-class berths. A first-class ticket aboard the Orient Express does not ensure a first-class cabin on this ferry; passengers must make such arrangements separately.

The crossing ordinarily requires a few hours, but adverse seas and violent storms occasionally make passage much longer—tales of hellish winds and of waves pitching ships about like match boxes are the stock of every seasoned British traveler.

Once at Calais on the French side of the Channel, passengers board a train which is not the Express itself, but one which includes cars which will be linked with the main body of the Simplon-Orient Express. As Orient Express passengers, the investigators ride in such a car. There are often two, known as Calais coaches.

If the investigators have booked on an Orient Express service via the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, then they may make the stopover in Paris as part of a break from their continuous journey. Otherwise they may wish to take a local service and secure their Simplon-Orient Express tickets in Paris.

The journey has begun.

A Word for the Keeper

The keeper now has concluded his or her first or second session of play in this campaign, and should have an understanding of the game styles of the players, and have also made tentative deductions concerning the capacities of the investigators. It is not too soon to emphasize to the players that their investigators must develop ways of recording and communicating what they learn. After they find the first part of the simulacrum, the preservation of the accumulating objects becomes metaphorical for the passing-along of all information, and the question may begin to answer itself.

After Venice or Trieste, the mortal reasons for preserving information should be apparent. When the players begin to treat each scrap of information or each deduction as treasure, then the point has been absorbed.

RESOURCES

The encounter with Randolph Alexis supplies the keeper with a character introduced into the campaign but not defined in it by function. Other such characters exist in the campaign, and keepers are urged to abstract or create more, as they desire. Nothing need be done with them unless and until a specific used develops in the course of the campaign; they are then ready to use, as decorations, as metaphorical door-openers and door-closers, or as components in a supplementary narrative scheme.

Statistics

Dr. JULIUS SMITH, Age 54, Paraphysical Researcher

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 11 INT 17 POW 17
DEX 10 APP 12 SAN 75 EDU 21 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Archaeology 80%, Anthropology 10%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 40%, Bon Mot 88%, Chemistry 10%, Credit Rating 70%, Debate 60%, Detect Fraud 45%, English 85%, Fast Talk 35%, French 80%, German 80%, History 45%, Hyperphysics 05%, Italian 85%, Library Use 50%, Linguist 60%, Listen 40%, Maneuver For Knighthood 60%, Norwegian 65%, Occult 25%, Oratory 45%, Parapsychology 25%, Pharmacy 20%, Photography 45%, Physics 15%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 75%.

JAMES BEDDOWS, Age 62, Manservant to Dr. Smith

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 32 EDU 15 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Bargain 55%, Clean Shoes 75%, Cook 65%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 30%, Etiquette 90%, Fashion 75%.

Control Skin

Allows the caster to meld, bend, and alter the skin of one general body area per casting. This spell costs 1D6 SAN and 5 magic points to cast, after which the caster must overcome the target's magic points on the resistance table unless the target is willing.

Areas correspond to the parts of the Sedefkar Simulacrum: head, torso, right arm, left arm, right leg, left leg. By spending 30 magic points, the entire body can be controlled. Simultaneous castings of body areas require only one Sanity roll, but each casting requires another 1D6 Sanity loss. The spell can change the appearance of a body area or areas enough to make an individual unrecognizable.

Ordinarily the spell affects the skin for 15 minutes, after which the skin reverts to its natural state; if a point of POW is expended along with the 5 magic points, the spell is permanent until undone with a second casting. The Brothers of the Skin use the spell as reward, punishment, and tool. It is essential to them.

Doom Gate

Opens the way to or from a capsule universe, the conditions of which vary by casting, or re-opens the way to or from a particular capsule universe if and only if the caster employs a linking object of reasonable significance—in the adventure, Randolph Alexis's handkerchief on the back of the train set's mounting board did the job.

Save for Randolph Alexis, no man known alive knows how to set up the spell, though Mehmet Makryat now owns the books from which Alexis drew his information. Once the spell is set up physically, as has been seen, then anyone can activate it making the required number of circuits, even without intending to.

Setting up the spell requires 2 POW, 6 magic points, and Sanity ranging from 3 to 10 points, depending on the relative awfulness of the universe requested.

Activating the spell costs 3 magic points. Passing through the Gate so-created costs an additional 3 magic points, plus however much Sanity charged in the original set-up. Passing through the Gate to return to earth also costs 3 magic points.

Doom Gate operates as a special or keyed form of the Gate spell.

Listen 35%, Psychology 45%, Remain Imperturbable 85%, Spot Hidden 60%.

MEHMET MAKRYAT, Age 39, Disguised as Professor Smith

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 14 APP 14* SAN 0 EDU 16 HP 15

*2 as the burnt man.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .38 revolver 70%, damage 1D10
Cult Skinning Knife 90%, damage 1D3+2+1D4.
Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D4
Quoit (thrown) 65%, damage 1D8+1

Skills: Bargain 45%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Disguise 38%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile 40%, English 60%, Fast Talk 45%, French 45%, Hide 80%, History 25%, Library Use 40%, Linguist 20%, Listen 70%, Oratory 45%, Pick Pocket 25%, Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 40%, Skin Human 90%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 85%, Throw 70%, Track 40%, Treat Poison 30%, Turkish 90%.

Spells: Animate Flesh Thing*, Call Avatar of Skinless One*, Contact Skinless One*, Control Skin*, Create Flesh Creeper*, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Melt Flesh*, Skin Walker*, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Transfer Body Part*, Turn To Skin.*

* new spells; see the statistics in the Constantinople chapter of Book III for a fuller run-down, but for now see the nearby box discussing Control Skin.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3 for viewing the burnt man aspect.

ARTHUR BUTTER, Age 51, Train Spotter

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 60 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Oratory 31%, Train Lore 78%.

HENRY STANLEY, Age 41, Missing Train Spotter

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 15 SAN 57 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Hide 27%, Train Lore 58%, Whimper 87%.

RANDOLPH ALEXIS, Age 59, Long-Missing Occultist

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 9 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 11 APP 5 EDU 19 SAN 0 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Rusty Knife 87%, damage 1D3.

Spells: Create Gate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

Skills: Bargain 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 21%, Debate 61%, Fast Talk 69%, German 49%, Hide 37%, Latin 68%, Library Use 43%, Occult 66%, Psychology 45%, Sanskrit 34%, Sneak 44%, Spot Hidden 56%.

TEN DEAD PASSENGERS, Aboard the Doom Train

Since the Passengers are already dead, damaging one in excess of his or her hit points has no effect, unless the stated intent of the investigator is to dismember. Judged partly by the means used, each dismemberment might require a Sanity roll for the successful attacker.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Grapple 30%, damage special
Doom Kiss 20%, damage death by loss of soul

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	14	12	11	9	1	12
Two	14	16	11	9	1	14
Three	13	18	12	9	1	15
Four	14	15	12	9	1	14
Five	11	14	13	9	1	14
Six	15	15	9	0	1	12
Seven	15	12	10	9	1	11
Eight	12	13	12	9	1	13
Nine	14	13	11	9	1	12
Ten	16	12	14	9	1	13

V. PARIS et POISSY



Les Fleurs Du Mal

Wherein the investigators learn some of the strange history of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, and uncover their first segment of it, if they persevere.

by Nick Hagger with Bernard Caleo for Cavollero and Christian Lehmann and Richard Watts for Fenalik

THE INVESTIGATORS are now in France. At this stage, the players should have no special sense of urgency or of pursuit. Their investigators should be encouraged to take their time, to explore, and to learn what they can before confronting the dangers to come.

In each stop-over on this campaign, not just Paris, let the players decide the sort of accommodations they want, and to determine what their investigators wish to pay. Then give the hotel a name and a street address, and sketch its location for the players in relation to the other places the investigators visit. Record this information; the investigators who survive might return in the future.

STOPPING IN PARIS

The investigators must visit Paris in order to board the Simplon-Orient Express, the route of which, as poor Beddows noted, complements in comfort the likely locations of portions of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

Professor Smith's all-too-brief summary of where to go did not indicate what to do, but library facilities in Paris are enormous, famous around the globe. Personal knowledge or inquiry recommends the Bibliothèque Nationale as the natural place to begin research; the Bibliothèque Thiers, near Montmartre, has an excellent collection of histories and materials especially concerning Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary France.

Bibliothèque Nationale

The collections of this great library are located in the center of Paris (58, Rue de Richelieu). The seventeenth-

century building houses vast collections of books, medals, maps, prints, and more. The holdings, begun under Louis XII and enlarged as the private library of successive monarchs, were further enlarged during the Revolution, when the libraries and records of all convents and monasteries were forcibly seized, and placed here to be used by all the people.

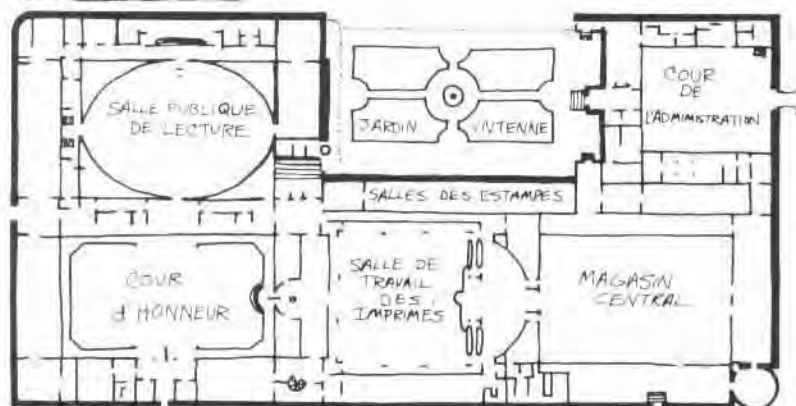
After the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale is the greatest library in the world. Its equivalent of the British Museum Reading Room is the Salle de Travail des Imprimés, open 9 A.M. to 4-6 P.M., by season. It is closed Sundays and holidays. It seats 344 readers beneath nine blue faience domes. Applicants must obtain a ticket from the secretary of the library, which indicates the subject to be pursued; foreigners must include a reference from their ambassador or consul. The reader registers each day, and requests books by form; 10,000 reference volumes are available at hand. No books are handed out in the hour before closing.

If the investigators have been using the library at the British Museum, then proof of this coupled with a letter from their ambassador proves sufficient to gain access, but not immediately. Zeal and bureaucracy being what they are, it takes the investigators three days to be authorized. Smart investigators wrote ahead, securing their library passes while still in London.

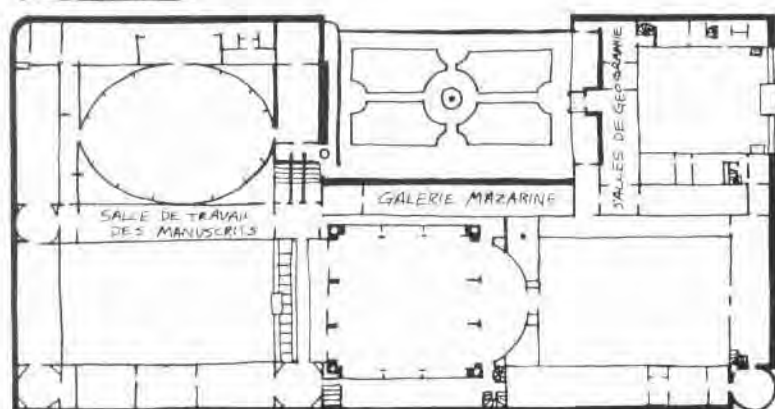
While waiting, they can sight-see and become comfortable in Paris, visiting the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame cathedral, and so forth, and perhaps making an excursion to Versailles.

Bibliothèque Nationale

GROUND FLOOR



UPPER FLOOR



POSSIBLE AID

The materials they require are in storage, needing the assistance of a skilled librarian to retrieve. The documents are in French; investigators of little skill in that language should employ an aide, preferably one comfortable with the penmanship of the period.

One such person is Remi Vangeim, a student at the Sorbonne, who could use the work. He can be contacted via the library, the investigators' embassy, the university, etc. He is a tall, nervous, red-headed fellow in gold-rimmed glasses.

Vangeim is no fool—he knows a good deal when he hears one, and he knows when he is being exploited. If the investigators treat him well, he works hard for them; if they don't pay well, his translations are desultory and his conversations with librarians casual, and he actually spends part of each day writing essays for *L'Humanité*. He will not work for less than 20 francs per day; he will not work well for less than 50 francs per day. If the investigators negotiate honestly, he is glad to openly state these requirements.

In the Library

Once seated, investigator access to the fabulous wealth of the library is still limited. Holding so many unique materials, this institution exists as much to preserve as to distribute. The librarians are not fools; they will not turn the investigators loose to ransack their old and fragile manuscripts, nor are they interested in helping casual and dilatory browsers.

The information that the investigators seek is not easy to find. Specific reference to the Sedefkar Simulacrum, and its owner occurs only in pre-Revolutionary documents. It was a crazy time, and many things were lost or deliberately destroyed; the investigators should never be certain of finding precise testimony. Let the players experience in some small way the tedium and puzzlement as well as the triumphs of original historical research.

Researching Comte Fenalik

If the investigators employ Remi Vangeim, use their Library Use skills, not his; they are directing him in the search.

In order to make the library searches realistic, a number of Library Use rolls are needed. The minimum number of days required for the rolls is given at the start of each new piece of information. Each failed roll adds an extra day to that number, as investigators are confronted by dead ends and chase spurious leads. Only one Library Use roll can be attempted by each player each day. The need for a translator adds an extra day to the total time

elapsed. Successful rolls may accumulate from day to day.

The divisions-by-day of the following sub-sections is nominal.

DAY ONE

One Library Use roll must succeed as they search through common references and modern histories of the period, looking for reference to Comte Fenalik and the statue. A success indicates that the investigators have made a thorough search of available resources and have laid all necessary ground work for the research.

A number of court histories refer to an unspecified scandal in the queen's court on the eve of the Revolution, when a man of the minor nobility was apparently involved in an indiscretion with the queen. After a palace uproar, the fellow was executed without trial. The man was a German count named Fenalik.

DAYS TWO-THREE

Four successful Library Use rolls must accumulate to unearth the diary of a member of the queen's court. It discusses the Fenalik incident and its outcome.

For the most part, the diary records the petty intrigues and affairs which plagued the court. But it also relates an incident involving a "Comte Fenalicheque" in June, 1789. Damaged by water, parts of the manuscript are now illegible.

Player Handout #6

The Comte was like a sun amongst us, shedding his light and making all rejoice in his pleasures. His feasts are said to be the most lavish and lascivious yet seen in our city . . .

It was then that it became apparent that much evil was afoot, and the Queen became angered. The King's men did raid the house, and much was destroyed, and the Comte was arrested . . .



Remi Vangeim

DAYS FOUR-FIVE

After five successful Library Use rolls have accumulated, the investigators take a side trip to the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, not far from the Place de la Bastille. The library takes its name from being housed in what remains of the ancient arsenal of Paris, built by Henri II.

Here they can read the diary of the captain who led the assault on Fenalik's mansion in Poissy, a suburb west of Paris. The officer, one Louis Malon, seemed to have been shaken by the experience.

Player Handout #7

When we arrived, the feast was still in progress, men and women were rutting like rabid dogs. We chased them out, arresting the ones who were not able to vouch for themselves. I sent Huilliam and five others to capture the Comte, while I entered the chambers beneath. I cannot bring myself to describe what I saw there, save that we had entered a cesspool and it was Hell. God protect us.

Many devices of torture lay in many chambers. One of my men found a strange Nuremburg Virgin, which was locked. Fearing to find a fresh occupant, we smashed it open, but within we found only the stinking refuse of some poor wretch long-dead.

It was a dark day when noble vermin such as Pfenalik did descend upon Poissy, and if God does not punish him for his sins, then the King surely will. It was with a just heart that I did give the order to burn the house and those who remained within, though the Comte did howl and scream as though his very soul was burning. We then took him to the place that would be his new home. There may he rot.

DAYS SIX-SEVEN

The last piece of evidence that the investigators can find is the journal of Lucian Rigault, a physician to the Queen. Locating this mention requires the accumulation of five successful Library Use rolls. The journal is in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

Player Handout #8

Two nights later the soldiers of the King went in force to the Comte's villa, to halt his excesses. After they burned his mansion, they brought the Comte before the King's deputy, who then ordered me present to deliver an opinion.

Comte Fenalik was screaming and writhing; it was easy to see that he was mad. As a nobleman and a madman, he could not be executed, so I suggested that a merciful King might place Fenalik in Charenton. The King's deputy apparently decided upon this course, and arranged that Fenalik be taken there. Later the King expressed his approval, and the disposition was made permanent. The last I learned of him was that he had been locked away in a cellar, because he had attacked other patients.

Research has thus turned up two interesting points to investigate, Fenalik's villa in Poissy, and Fenalik's incar-



Comte Fenalik

ceration at Charenton. Their attention turned in either direction, the investigators can learn a bit more about both—but to learn much more, they must go to Charenton and Poissy.

Researching the Asylum

The asylum at Charenton still exists, still protecting the sane from the insane, and vice versa. It is perhaps most famous to late 20th century theater-goers as the final homes of Jean Paul Marat and Comte Donatien Alphonse François de Sade.

A search through recent newspapers, with a Library Use roll, turns up an obituary of the asylum's director, and dedications from friends and colleagues. The article is only a week old. The following is a representative dedication. For more information, see the "Charenton" section further below.

Player Handout #9

DR. ETIENNE DELPLACE

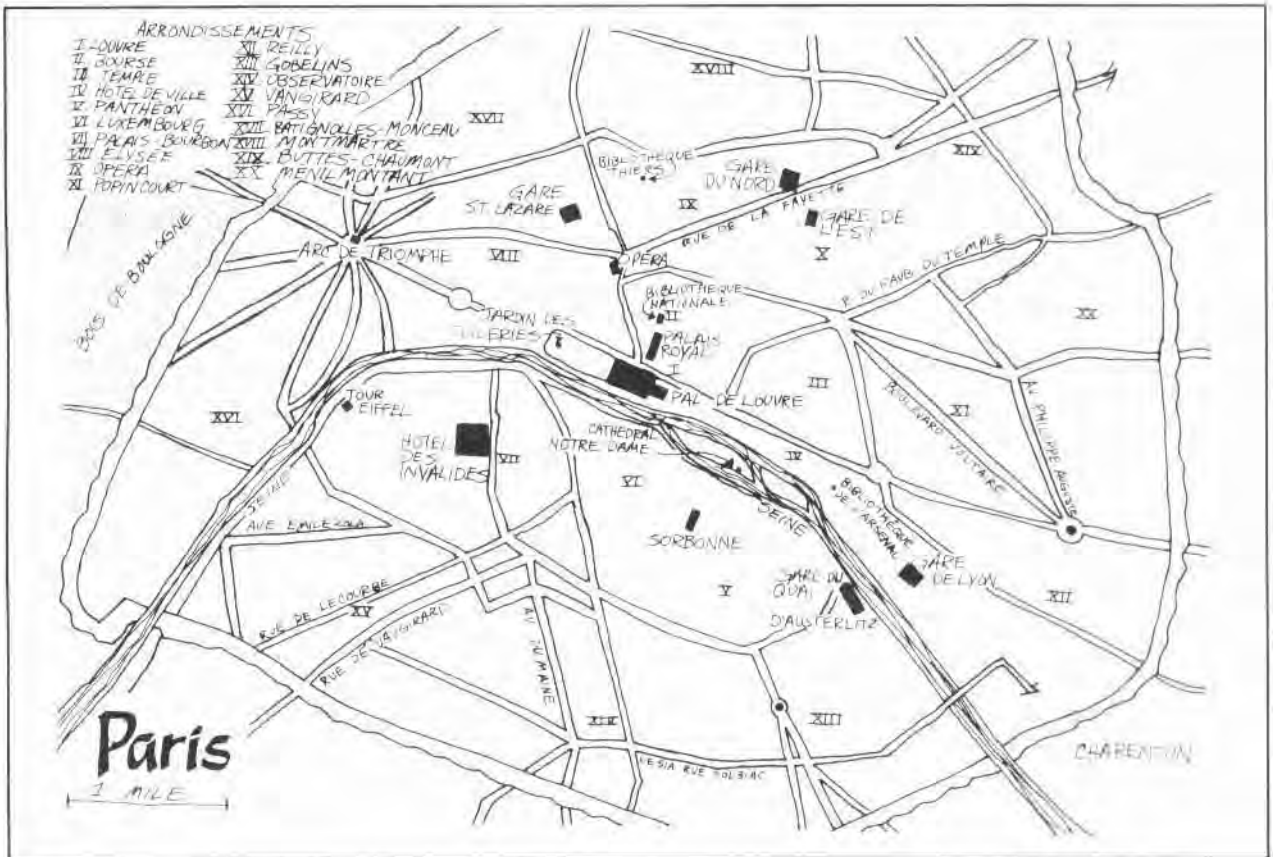
We mourn the loss of our esteemed director, Dr. Etienne Delplace, a man of the highest professional standards and a true pioneer in the field of neurology. His loss by tragic accident comes as a great blow. We at the hospital extend our heartfelt sympathies to his family, hoping that they may overcome their grief in time. Dr. Delplace will be missed by the Charenton community, Paris at large, the glorious nation of France, and civilized men everywhere.

— Dr. François Leroux, Acting Director.

Researching the Villa

Three successful Library Use rolls turn up a bit of information. The Comte's villa was a well-documented architectural oddity. Accounts describe it as a potpourri of architectural styles, ranging from classical Greek and medieval buttresses to fresh-built broken towers imitating Gothic ruins, similar to the English fashion of decorative ruins on country estates.

A set of plans made by a Parisian builder detail the layout of the house, down-leading stairs indicating the existence of an unmapped cellar area. A cameo etching of the mansion's front view exists; studying the drawing gives the investigators the creeps and costs 0/1D2 SAN. The lines of the building are subtly crazed and seem not to be the product of a rational mind.



At Charenton

SEALD AND FORGOTTEN in a cellar, Fenalik dreamt. His body lay on cold stone, mechanically consuming spiders, slugs, snakes, or rats that crept too close to his awful, gaping mouth. He dreamt of cold, of a hunger that would consume the world, and in dreaming he consumed his own memories. He forgot who or why he was. He became a slug, a spider, a snake, a rat—pure instinct. Without the Ritual of Cleansing, Fenalik began to change. His body twisted and warped, and skin hung from his frame like loose clothing. His bones bent and his spine curved until he wasted away in a hunched heap on the floor. Fenalik slept for more than a hundred years.

In employing Martin Guimart as a nurse in 1921, Dr. Delplace unintentionally brought fresh horror and madness to the lives of his patients. A weak man who preyed upon those weaker than him, Guimart found opportunities in the asylum to his liking. After he secured the patients each night, Guimart regularly chose one to take underground, there to be sexually assaulted, then returned to the proper ward. Chasing a screaming patient through

the cellars was a cat-and-mouse game that amused him greatly. Guimart one evening noticed the glint of gold from within a small niche in a bricked-up doorway. His greed overrode his lust, and he took the patient upstairs and returned with a crowbar.

Breaking through the bricked entry, Guimart found Fenalik's twisted body sprawled on the floor, mouth gaping wide. In his greed, though, Guimart noticed only the thick gold rings that adorned its hands, and began to break off two of the fingers to get at the largest rings. It was then that Fenalik struck. Wildly, grimly, in utter silence, the way a spider strikes at a beetle, his arm shot up, and squeezed Guimart's hand, nearly severing the wrist; then it fell back. Blood pumped from Guimart's wound, and the nurse went into shock. Another orderly, Mandrin, found him, as is related below.

In The Asylum

The asylum at Charenton, the Maison Nationale de Santé, is in its current form an enormous structure with roofs and arcades in the Italian style. This institution, founded in 1631, has just changed directors, so the staff feels the upheaval and is reluctant to answer inquiries. They have instructions from Dr. Leroux not to discuss Dr. Delplace's death, which everyone agrees was a tragic and unfortu-

nate accident. The staff greets other lines of inquiry with civility.

OLD RECORDS

If the investigators convey their interest in Comte Fernalik, the investigators are permitted to search through patient records dating up to 1810; later records are thought potentially distressing to families and friends. If one or more investigators are medical men, all the records except current cases and those of political sensitivity are made available if the investigator proposes a line of study which seems to warrant such a survey.

Only with successful Library Use and French rolls can sense be made of some notations. After the entry of his name in the rolls, no further mention of Comte Fernalik appears, not even notice of his death. An idea roll inaccurately suggests that perhaps he died soon after being admitted, before proper bookkeeping began.

Dr. LEROUX

If the investigators present a good account of themselves (and receive a successful Credit Rating or Debate roll) Dr. Leroux, Delplace's successor, grants them a brief audience. He dresses conservatively and well, as might be expected in such an important post, emphasizing a personality concerned with boundaries, authority, and punctilious observance of regulations.



Dr. François Leroux

He politely discusses any aspect of the asylum with them, but if they concentrate on the death of Delplace, his

Paris & The French

KEEPERs WILL HAVE individual conceptions of Paris and things French. This chapter runs more smoothly using those ideas rather than text descriptions. Nonetheless, some general points are true.

This is the densest city in Europe. Within the fortifications of Paris, an area of only 30 square miles, are nearly three million people, and a million more in the suburbs without.

Paris is the quintessence of urban sophistication. After its reconstruction by Baron Haussmann in the 1850s, Paris was truly a modern city. Its long boulevards are lined with elegant terraces. The meandering little streets of the medieval city have been pushed out of sight, though the wandering visitor easily finds charming back streets.

The aesthetic appeal of such a mixture of grandeur and intimacy is obvious, and it attracts every person of taste. The investigators may mix with the *haute bourgeoisie*, sampling the huge variety of shops, boutiques, and restaurants that this great capital city offers to those with money. They may situate themselves on the Left Bank, mingling with the artists who reside

there; English-speaking expatriates in Paris in the 1920s include Joyce, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald.

A guidebook of the time comments, "Forms of politeness are more ceremonious in France than in Great Britain or America." This is true more or less all along the Simplon route. "Men doff their hats in restaurants and cafes, and frequently also in shops, picture-galleries, and the like, though in the theatre they keep them on until the curtain rises. They greet each other by raising their hats. Gentlemen are expected to salute a lady before she bows to them, and, in speaking to her, to remain uncovered until requested to resume their hats. The hat is raised also to any lady passed on the stair of a flat and when a funeral is passed in the streets. Evening dress is usual at the Opera and at dinner in the first-class hotels and restaurants. The afternoon (after 3:30 P.M.) is the proper time for formal calls and for the presentation of letters of introduction, which should never be sent by post. The usual dinner-hour is about 7:45 P.M. In other nations, the dinner hour may well be 10 P.M. or later.

Hotels of every type abound in Paris, from the de luxe to humble pensions. The Carlton (19 Avenue Kléber) and the Majestic (119 Avenue des Champs-Élysées) are among the best. Restaurants and cafes arguably offer the finest food in the world. Taxis are abundant (except, of course, when you want one) and there is a network of buses and trams. The Métropolitain, the Parisian subway system, criss-crosses the city.

Though the actual situation is made somewhat more complicated by the existence of what amounts to commercial and regional coinages, the French franc is in denominations of from 5- to 500-franc paper notes; one hundred centimes make up a franc. The currency trades at about 20 francs to the British pound, but the franc may be discounted by private parties at up to half again that rate. The franc is the nominal currency of operation aboard the Orient Express, though the currency of the nation within which the train is present will be accepted without demur, though the exchange rate may be uncomfortable.

pince-nez pops out and he accused them of scandal-mongering. The investigators are thrown out.

An Important Clue

In the anteroom to Dr. Leroux's office are several open crates; in them are some of Dr. Delplace's books and other personal effects from the several offices and the laboratory that he occupied. The boxes are left here under the eye of Madame Rogniat, secretary to the acting director, a bulky woman of quick intelligence.

Madame Rogniat is uncommunicative. Observant investigators notice that the lid of one crate is partly open. A successful Spot Hidden notices a bound journal or diary, on the blue chip-board cover of which a few words have been written.

*E. Delplace
Evenements 1923*

The investigators may notice the crates as they enter or leave the offices. Madame Rogniat will not allow this material to be looked at or touched, but she may put on her hat and leave the office for a moment, or be diverted in any number of ways; let the players come up with anything reasonable. A successful skill use of some sort—Fast Talk, perhaps, if they speak French, or a Sing roll if they don't—can seize her attention for a moment while another investigator surreptitiously reaches into the crate, and then removes and conceals the journal.



Mme. Rogniat

If the roll to get her attention fails, then call for a DEX roll to remove the book. If the second roll fails as well, the chance is lost.

Player Handout #10

The Journal of Dr. Delplace, excerpts

ENTRY — *A dismaying event last night. A male nurse, one Guimart of 4th Ward, entered the cellars without authorization, and there, after suffering a painful wound to his right arm, collapsed. Another nurse, P. Mandrin, investigated Guimart's absence and, after some time, discovered Guimart on the floor, in severe*

shock. Treatment was prompt and efficacious, but upon regaining consciousness this morning, Guimart began raving to me about 'creatures of the night' and the 'attack of the dead.'

For the moment, I have placed him in room 13, and notified his landlady of his indisposition.

Alas, with Guimart was another man, one unknown to this institution, and in tragic physical condition. Many grave questions must be answered.

ENTRY — *I began to question Guimart about the stranger. Is he a patient? What is his name? How long had Guimart kept him down there? Had Guimart kept the stranger there for a long time? Long enough that the mortar sealing the room had cured to such condition? Had he given him nourishment? How had he survived?*

I am moving the stranger to my private wing, for the moment treating the man as an inconsequential derelict until more evidence is found.

ENTRY — *Even in a fresh bed the stranger's appearance is horrifying. Given small amounts of broth, he merely regurgitates it. He takes no nourishment, yet lives in a catatonic state. Would electroshock revive him?*

ENTRY — *After several applications, the stranger woke, but so weakened that he could not move. He whined and begged in different, and very old forms of Greek and Latin . . . tales of cities crumbling, and of other, darker things. He also spoke gibberish of a sort which seems vaguely Slavic, repeating the names Marash, Gorgynia, and Sofia. What a mystery man! It is almost easier to think we have tapped some form of group mind or racial memory.*

After a few inconsequential notations, the journal ends. All the entries quoted are dated just before Delplace's death.

Paul Mandrin

The Charenton institution is so large that persistent investigators can find discontented employees. The investigators might do nothing more than skulk about and talk to staff going to and from work. Most do not talk, but eventually one is pointed out who will: a pudgy, furtive man about thirty years old—Mandrin.

He has a worried air, and walks quickly toward the rail station, but he stops when called. It was Paul Mandrin who found Guimart in shock and bleeding his life away, and the incident has troubled Mandrin since. A promise of cab fare home is all that he needs; he takes the investigators to a nearby cafe. Over a bottle of decent wine, Mandrin is glad to talk.

- Delplace was probably killed by a fault in the electroshock machine, but no one knows for sure, because Leroux removed the body the next morning, hoping to prevent scandal by withholding the details of Leroux's Grand-Guignol-style electroshock device. Perhaps the patient on whom Delplace worked was killed at the same time.



Paul Mandrin

- In the previous week, Delplace had been preoccupied in studying a patient he kept in his private wing. Mandrin does not know which patient it was, but the new observations began after the Guimart incident.
- He recalls the last thing Delplace said to him, as he left work the night of his death. Delplace passed him in the corridor and Mandrin said goodnight. Delplace was preoccupied. "It is within my grasp, Mandrin," he said. "Each of us holds the key to our whole racial memory. In our dreams we speak languages we have never known. Soon I shall have the proof."
- Mandrin has fresh scratches on his face, from one of the patients. "Yes, it is dangerous work," he tells them. "A little time ago I found Guimart, a colleague, slumped in the basement, bleeding from a terrible wound one of the patients had dealt him. His right wrist was slashed badly. It is not known who attacked him, for when Guimart recovered, his mind was gone. Now he is an inmate, like so many others. This job is a demon, I tell you."
- Mandrin urges them not to tell Dr. Leroux about this meeting. He wants another job, but needs a good reference from this one.

Life Inside

GUIMART

This orphaned bully and pervert knew nothing before his unfortunate meeting with Fenalik. Lacking clear legal authority at present, the staff will not grant an interview with him. Neither his room nor landlady have anything to reveal.

The investigators could have themselves committed, which would enable them to talk to Guimart, but their sanity may not withstand the stay in Charenton—a night close to Guimart might be a night in Hell.

COMMITMENT

Commitment should not prove a difficult task for seasoned investigators. A referral from a doctor will gain individuals voluntary entrance and observation, but in order to get this, the investigator must suffer a genuine mental affliction or convince them with a successful Fast Talk roll.

Failing this, the investigators might impersonate vagrants. The police often transferred them to asylums if they were bellicose or aggressive. Any intelligent scheme should be allowed to work.

Wards of the State find their incarcerations unpleasant. They are placed in large wards filled with all types of people, ranging from the truly insane to the simply misfortunate. Though the psychotic and violent are isolated, the strong still prey upon the weak, and individual cases are often neglected or handled without insight. Each day in such surroundings requires a successful luck roll to avoid losing 1 SAN. Eventually even the healthiest patient is worn down to permanent insanity. They remain in Charenton until they are collected by relatives or manage to escape.

Those who were referred by a doctor receive better care. As private patients they will be given treatment by the staff—immersion baths and massage therapies were often practiced—and their accommodations are commensurate with the amount of money they pay for care. The cure rate for private patients here is 70%.

Nonetheless, once inside the asylum, the keeper is at liberty to inflict on the investigators whatever horrors he or she desires. Did Guimart have some friends?

FENALIK APPEARS

Those in the public wards have a chance to meet Fenalik. At the keeper's wish, the vampire visits one or more investigators late at night. He is curious to learn why they are here; perhaps he overhears them mentioning the Sedefkar, or maybe senses their relative sanity and wishes to know what they seek.

In the dark, Fenalik hovers above the bed of the investigator, slowly coalescing out of smoke. He gently caresses his or her face with icy hands and stinking fingernails, and begins to question, first in Latin and then in French, asking who, what, where and why. If the investigator answers, Fenalik slowly fades away, leaving his lingering touch upon his or her heart. If the investigator



Guimart

doesn't understand the vampire, Fenalik becomes frustrated and hurls the interrogee across the room (lose 2D6 hit points). He vanishes, perhaps to return again the next night, again asking questions in the darkness, perhaps of another investigator. Whatever the outcome, meeting Fenalik for the first time is an unsettling experience, and costs 1/1D4 SAN. See his illustration near the end of this chapter.

Poissy

POISSY IS TWENTY-EIGHT KILOMETERS northwest of Paris, on the Seine, between the river and the Forêt de St. Germain. Investigators can get there by train, tram, or hired car. This small town was once the favored residence of St. Louis. The church of Notre-Dame (built 1130-1140 A.D.) contains the worn font of St. Louis—worn from the belief of residents that scrapings from the font when drunk with water would cure fevers.

In the town hall, the investigators can learn from 18th century documents where the Comte's villa once was. Officials and clerks may be rude and unhelpful to stumbling foreigners who lack good French or a native French translator. An investigator must receive a successful French roll and a successful Fast Talk or Debate in order to pore over the deeds and titles of the village at the time of the Revolution. Keepers must judge whether or not offers of bribes would be taken amiss.

Granted access to these valuable records, a half day and a successful Library Use roll pin down the former location of the Comte's villa, on the outskirts of town. If they have not already found plans to the long-gone villa, the investigators can find them here; the investigators are able to make copies.

Chez Lorien

The site is surrounded by a large crumbling brick wall, obviously of 18th century work. The walls are in part supported by massive climbing rose

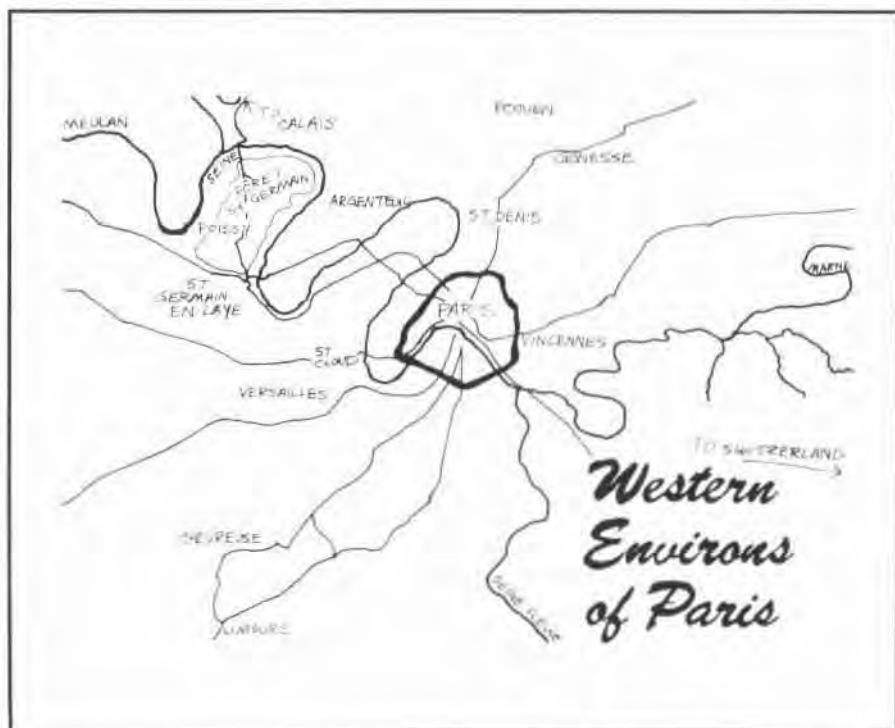
bushes which cover them. They would be incredibly beautiful in the spring, a wall of roses, their perfume filling the area; but now, in winter, they are grim and forbidding, having been pruned back and resembling twisted and knotted barbed wire. Through the gateway (there is no gate) a small, two-storied brick house can be seen. Smoke rises from the chimney, and a warm, comforting light fills the downstairs rooms.

The documents that the investigators have studied make it plain that the razed mansion of Comte Fenalik once stood where the small home now waits.

MEETING THE LORIENS

This is the house of the Lorien family, Christian, Veronique, and Quitterie. Christian is the town doctor. He moved here after completing his training in Paris. Veronique married Christian while he was an intern and she studied history at the Sorbonne. Their child of three years is Quitterie. She is a bundle of energy; curious and beautiful, she attaches herself to whomever interests her at the time, parents or visitors. The Loriens are a happy and contented family, unaware of the horror that lies beneath their house.

The Loriens greet the investigators with a mixture of caution and curiosity. Inviting them in out of the cold, Christian takes the investigators into the kitchen and puts on some coffee. While he does, the investigators can tell their story and explain to him why they have come to visit. Quitterie stands by her father's legs, watching the investigators intently. After a while, she selects one inves-





Christian Lorien



Veronique Lorien

tigator (keeper's choice), and sits on her or his knee, demanding to be entertained.

As Christian Lorien makes coffee, call for a Spot Hidden roll. Investigators who receive successes notice a particularly nasty scar on the back of his left hand which disappears up his sleeve. If asked about it, he explains that when cutting the roses back last year, he injured his hand on the thorns and, despite his best medical efforts, the wound become infected. He was ill for a number of weeks.

Over coffee, Lorien continues to chat with his guests. If they have been honest and have mentioned either the simulacrum or Sedefkar, he recognizes the terms, but cannot remember where. He goes upstairs to ask Veronique if she recalls the names. He explains that his wife is resting in bed; the cold weather has bought on a severe attack of arthritis and he has given her a mild sedative to ease the pain. The arthritis manifests only in her left arm and hand, but do not advance this information unless the investigators ask for it.

THE LETTER

He returns a few minutes later with a letter, which he shows to the investigators. It is addressed to the occupants of the house, it is written in French, and was posted in Switzerland.

Player Handout #11

50, Rue St. Etienne
Lausanne, Switzerland

To whom it may concern,

I realize that I am a complete stranger and that this letter may well mean nothing to you. My name is Edgar Wellington, and I am researching the history of a statue known most commonly as the Sedefkar Simulacrum. I recently came into possession of an old scroll which presents an intriguing description of the item. This piqued

my interest, and I am now endeavouring to trace the simulacrum. My search has lead me to your address.

The name is probably meaningless to you but, through my researches, I have learnt that the last recorded resting place of the piece of art was in the house that occupied your land in the late 18th century. The statue was a unique Arabian artifact, lost during the events of 1789. Its last owner was a German nobleman who once lived where you live today.

Please, I ask that if you have heard any local stories regarding this item, or maybe found any traces of the old house and its possessions on your land which might give a clue as to the eventual fate of the object, would you be so kind as to write to me with a summary of the information.

I apologize for the rather strange nature of my request, but I feel that I should pursue whatever leads remaining to me. I hope that you will not go to any great length regarding this.

*Yours most sincerely,
Edgar Wellington*

Lorien explains that the letter was indeed meaningless to them. It arrived six months ago; owing to one thing and another he has not yet replied to it. He is happy to let the investigators copy what they will from the document—it is not addressed to anyone in particular, after all.

AN ACCIDENT

While the letter is being discussed, Quitterie accidentally jolts the arm of her chosen investigator. Hot coffee spills onto Quitterie's left arm and the investigator's lap. The coffee is not so hot that either is scalded, but the liquid is hot enough to cause discomfort. Quitterie screams like a demon—it is as if her arm has been cut off. Apologizing, Lorien fetches a cloth for the investigator, then hushes his daughter and takes her into the bathroom, where he cleans and soothes her, and puts sweet-smelling lotion on her arm. Remarkably, a long line of inflamed skin can be seen on her left arm.



Quitterie Lorien

Christian asks the investigators how long they intend to stay. If they need to stay in Poissy overnight, he offers them dinner. If the group is small, he also offers to put them up for the night. If the group is larger, he still offers them dinner and then drives them to a hotel in the town.

DINNER

Dinner is cooked by Christian Lorien, and is excellent. Veronique Lorien comes down and is introduced to the investigators. They can see that her left hand is really bent and twisted by the arthritis. A pleasant meal is had by all, except for Quitterie, who went to bed early.

In conversation, Veronique asks the investigators if they like opera; she mentions this because last night she and Christian went to see the famous soprano Caterina Cavollaro sing at the Paris Opera House. It was a wonderful performance.

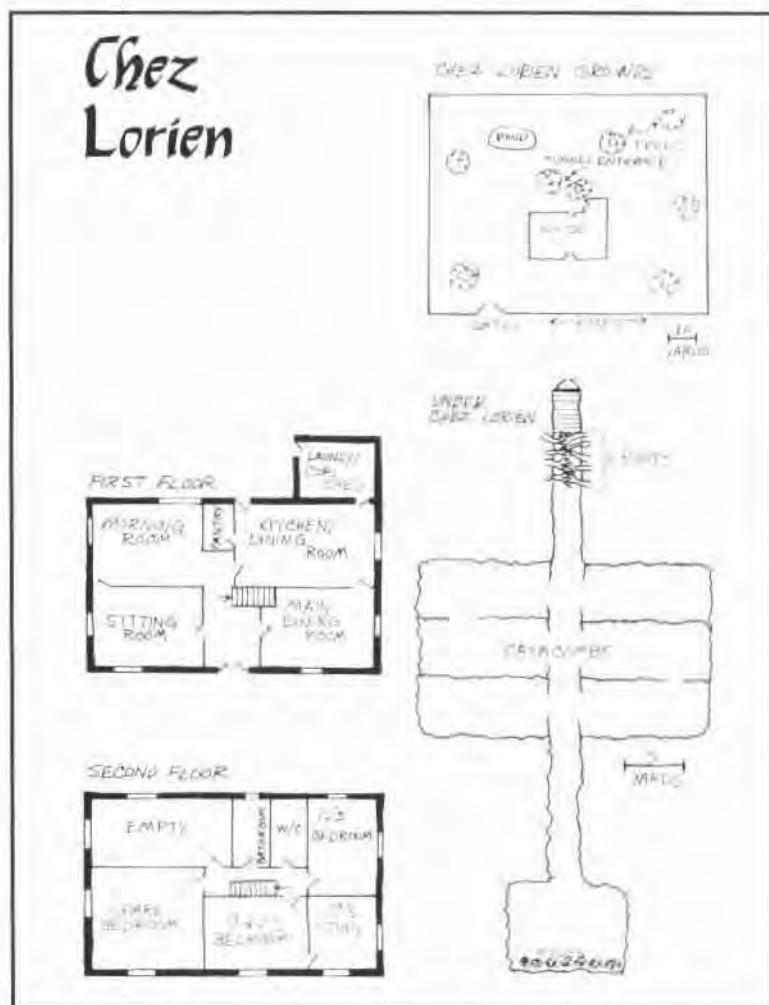
After dinner the investigators can show the Loriens the plans of the old house, if they haven't done so already. Upon seeing the drawings, both become excited and willing partners in the investigators' plans to discover whether the cellars of the old house still remain. The keeper must determine how much the Loriens can help; Christian has patients to attend; Veronique is crippled and yet must look after Quitterie.

A scream from upstairs interrupts the conversation. Quitterie runs down crying as Veronique races to her aid. Clinging to her mother, Quitterie explains that she saw a boogie man at her window. Investigators can see that Quitterie's arm is still livid from the spilled coffee this afternoon. Putting it all down to a bad dream, Christian takes her back upstairs, explaining that no one could climb up the side of the house just to stare in her window.

Unfortunately, Christian Lorien is wrong. Fenalik has followed the investigators. He is presently toying with the idea of killing them all, but has adopted the wait-and-see approach, in case they lead him to the simulacrum.

Les Fleurs du Mal

The night passes uneventfully. The morning is clear and relatively warm. Using the old gate entrance as a base point, a successful Make Maps roll locates the position of the cellar steps in fifteen minutes; otherwise, 1D4 hours and a successful luck roll are needed. The top step is under nearly two feet of earth and charred brick, near the base of a largish oak tree. They must dig. Excavating the long staircase takes the whole of this winter's day; the sun is low and a cold wind is rising when they clear the last shovel of earth away from the 18th step and the old steel door reveals itself at the bottom.



Chains and crowbars are necessary to budge the door, which has both rusted into its frame and become wedged under collapsed brickwork. The door opens with a successful STR x2 or less roll for an individual. Upon opening the door, damp cool air greets the investigators.

The hall beyond leads back toward the walls and outer gate. The foundations of Fenalik's mansion were made by excellent masons and is quite sound, although the roots of nearby trees have pushed through some joins in the stone work, bulging through like thick, pallid snakes, and making movement difficult at points. With a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators notice that each exposed root terminates in a five-way juncture, like arms ending in hands.

Rooms empty off the hall to either side, but there are no wine racks or mounds of old furniture. As the investigators walk down the passage, each room proves to be a prison cell. Some doors are locked, but through the peep holes skeletons can be seen beyond. They realize this is not an ordinary cellar. Several larger rooms contain torture implements, cages, and yet more skeletons—many

suffered and died here. Lose 0/1D3 SAN to witness this. If Christian or Veronique are present, they are shocked and upset to learn what underlies their happy home.

As the investigators wander through this ghastly prison, they eventually become aware of dim light ahead, coming from the final room. A successful Make Maps roll locates this room as exactly beneath the outer wall and gate.

THE ROOM OF THE ARM

The faint glow comes from roses of fantastic colors—aquamarine, violet, orange, and grass-green. These flowers hang from thick rose vines which have an oily black sheen and drip black ichor from long thorns. The vines have grown through the remains of those who died here so that they support the bent and twisted skeletons, which are thus tormented even in death. At the base of the mass lies the left arm of a statue. It glows faintly. The entire scene costs 1/1D4 SAN to see.

This is the Left Arm of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, lying where it crawled to nearly 150 years before, when the soldiers broke up the statue as incidental loot. Its disgusting influence has worked upon the vegetation, warping and twisting what was natural.

Although it doesn't look it, the black ichor is merely surplus sap oozing from the plant under the influence of the arm. The investigators must cut through the vines to get to the arm. Take care to avoid being pricked: a roll of DEX x5 or less on D100, or lose 1 hit point; failing, roll CON x5 or less on D100 to avoid a POT 8 infection. Cutting away the vines completely enough to avoid all damage takes about twenty minutes.

As soon as the vines are cut and the arm removed, the rose blossoms begin to decay. They cannot be saved, nor do cuttings taken later grow.

It is now after sundown. If the keeper wishes, or with any roll he or she finds appropriate, the investigators become aware of a thin mist concentrating in the room (a hand inserted into the mist is made unusually cold, nothing more). This is Fenalik. He is watching, biding his time as he determines what he will do. He cannot turn into mist during daylight hours.

The arm is smooth and relatively featureless, like china, and cool to the touch. When taken away from the roses, it ceases to glow. Once they lift the arm, the mist in the room swirls about, momentarily blinding the investigators. Then it flows eerily out the hall and disappears up into the open air.

If the keeper wishes, give the left arm handout or a photocopy of it to the investigators.

The Baleful Influence

From this time on, the investigators own each portion of the simulacrum they uncover. Until they stop being owners of a segment, the segment uniformly lowers their individual success thresholds for idea, know, and luck rolls by five percentiles each. As they accumulate additional pieces, the thresholds decrease by accumulating five-percentile steps. Thus a successful luck roll result for an investigator of POW 16 would be x5 that or less—80 or less. If the investigator is among the collective owners of three segments of the simulacrum, he or she must receive a roll result of 65 or less for a success, since $80 - 15 = 65$.

Should an owner don the entire simulacrum, the Baleful Influence vanishes.

CONCLUSION

Fenalik has decided to let the investigators live. He will allow them to gather the statue pieces for him, and he will watch over them in his own fashion.

Appropriate state and religious officials should be notified regarding the large number of unburied bodies which lie in the ancient cellar. Once the requirements of decency are satisfied, the Loriens can live out their lives free of the influence of the arm. When the arm is removed from the property, Christian's scar disappears, Veronique's arthritis recedes, and Quitterie's sleep goes undisturbed.

The investigators receive 1D4 SAN each for recovering the Left Arm of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

All Aboard

THE FOLLOWING SECTION introduces events in Milan, yet a chapter away. Keep track of the number of days which elapse in Lausanne, since developments in Milan depend on the passage of a believable length of time.

The Orient Express pulls out of Paris' Gare de Lyon station around midnight. Those boarding make in themselves a brilliant assembly but, especially tonight, a large crowd is gathered on the platform, throwing roses at a vibrant young woman. She is Caterina Cavollaro, the Ital-



ian soprano whom Veronique Lorien praised so highly, and her many Parisian admirers are seeing her off.

She came off-stage at L'Opéra little more than an hour ago, and now she is on her way to Teatro alla Scala, Milan's famous opera house, to perform the title role in Verdi's *Aida*.

Signorina Cavollaro is still excited after the performance, and about her journey to her beloved Milan. She and her friends sit up in the salon car, drinking and laughing. The investigators may join them, and will be welcomed as if they were old friends. Some of the Express staff discretely hover about, at her invitation.

Cavollaro's compartment proves to be next to the investigators. She speaks to them in glowing terms of the beauty and generosity of Milan. She promises to show



Caterina Cavollaro

A Benefit

When the investigators ride the Express, they loll in the lap of luxury and perfect service; at the keeper's option, allow each to regain 1 SAN for any leg of the Orient Express trip in which nothing-untoward happens.

them the city, to take them to "The Last Supper." ("What? No, no—Da Vinci's! And yes, the food is very good in Milan.") She even insists on booking rooms for them at the most beautifully-situated hotel in the world, in the Galleria Vittorio Emanuele. Presumably this is possible because the investigators plan to stop in Lausanne to see Edgar Wellington.

At about two in the morning, Cavollaro sways to her feet, and says she will be back in a moment. Fifteen minutes later she sweeps in, dressed in a silver gown, eyes heavily darkened with mascara, with an ankh on a chain about her neck. She announces that she would like to sing them the aria she will be performing three nights from now. The gathering claps their hands in delight.

This song is important to her, she says, because it was *Aida* she saw at Teatro alla Scala when she was five—her first opera. She was transfixed. Believing a tradition her

grandmother told her of, she sang along with this aria, keeping in mind her fondest wish so that it might come true. She had entered La Scala that evening wanting a horse, but then the opera started and she knew she wanted to be a singer more. And so, she says laughing, for her, the opera has always been magical.

In the aria she is about to sing, she explains, *Aida* is divided in loyalty between the man she loves, Radames, and her father Amoros, who are the two opposing leaders in a great war between the Egyptians and the Ethiopians. She sings, the aria so clear and rich that the tone and the words etch into the investigators' memories. Years later they find themselves humming or singing the glorious melodies of that night. Cavollaro explores the very limits of human song and the human soul.

When she finishes to thunderous applause, she approaches the investigators and offers them front-row tickets for opening night (three days away) in gratitude for their company. Caterina reminds them that she will book them rooms in a hotel in the Galleria, the very center of Milan. With that and "A domani" ("See you tomorrow") she goes off to bed.

The entertainment is ended, but the evening goes on. Strangers become friends, and friends become intimates. A high-stakes game of cards evolves in one corner. And the train roars on through the night.



Perhaps you play poker?

Statistics

REMI VANGEIM, Age 27, Sorbonne Student and Essayist

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 16	POW 13
DEX 10	APP 14	EDU 17	SAN 65	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Bargain 45%, Debate 60%, English 60%, French 95%, German 70%, Greek 20%, Latin 45%, Library Use 40%, Linguist 60%, Old French 65%, Spot Hidden 40%.

CHRISTIAN LORIEN, Age 33, Doctor and Father

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 16	POW 13
DEX 12	APP 14	EDU 19	SAN 65	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Skills: Biology 50%, Chemistry 20%, Cooking 60%, English 70%, First Aid 95%, Latin 15%, Psychology 45%, Treat Disease 85%, Treat Poison 70%.

VERONIQUE LORIEN, Age 31, Historian and Mother

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 15 EDU 17 SAN 70 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0.

Skills: English 65%, German 60%, History 65%, Law 45%, Latin 35%, Library Use 65%.

QUITTERIE LORIEN, Age 3, Daughter

STR 5 CON 9 SIZ 4 INT 13 POW 15

DEX 7 APP 15 EDU 2 SAN 75 HP 7

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Skills: Enchant Adult 95%.

CATERINA CAVOLLARO, Age 27, Opera Star

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 16 SAN 60 EDU 17 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Credit Rating 80%, English 43%, Enjoy Life 85%, Fast Talk 63%, Sing 98%.

Strangeness on the Train

ALTHOUGH HE CAN HIDE almost indefinitely in or upon the Orient Express, Fenalik must come out sooner or later to feed. The evidence he leaves in his wake, coupled with his singular moods and thirsts, may make the investigators aware that someone is following them. That it is the undead Fenalik should not be unveiled before the climax of the Sofia chapter; however, the following section presents a number of incidents which the keeper may care to insert into the narrative to indicate the presence of a mysterious pursuer.

ITEM: Walking the fog-bound streets of some old European city, the investigators hear heavy dragging footsteps echoing their own. A search behind them finds no trace that anyone was ever there.

ITEM: Should one of the investigators or other passengers own a pet, one night aboard the train the animal vanishes from its locked kennel cage. There are no bloodstains; the pet has quietly disappeared, leaving the staff dumbfounded and scurrying with apologies and compensations.

ITEM: Amidst the glitter of the dining car one night, a random investigator senses they are being watched from somewhere nearby. No one in the carriage is paying them any attention, but the investigator knows someone is there.

ITEM: One night the investigators encounter a fellow passenger apparently sleepwalking. The person stands on the rattling platform between two carriages, unseeing eyes staring into the rushing darkness, muttering "You called me, I came," again and

again. Wakened, the somnambulist is confused and embarrassed, remembering nothing of the dream which dragged him from bed.

ITEM: Returning to their berth or hotel room, the investigators find a human outline under the sheets of their bed. Under the covers is every piece they possess of the Simulacrum, lovingly polished and laid out in proper position. No doors or windows have been forced, and there is no other evidence of an intruder. Did the Simulacrum try to reassemble itself?



Fenalik the vampire

ITEM: Opening a window of the train for a refreshing breath of cold night air, an investigator instead gains a lungful of some foul and pestilential odor. It is soon replaced by a reeking gust of engine smoke.

ITEM: The sound of some animal snuffing outside his or her door wakes an investigator. Opening the door shows that nobody is there; nor does the night-conductor recall seeing anyone in the passageway for over an hour. Was it the half-remembered echo of a dream?

ITEM: During the night in a hotel, an investigator makes a grisly discovery after hearing a muffled moan from the next room. Investigation reveals a suicide, a pale bloodless body floating in bath-water turned crimson. The wrists have been slashed open, the hands are nearly severed. But the only razors to be found are in a cabinet on the far side of the room. How strange that this person could cut open their veins and stagger across to the bath without spilling blood on the way.

VI. LAUSANNE



Nocturne

Shadowed by death, our heroes travel in comfort to Lausanne, and there meet several interesting characters, acquire a scroll, and have a very bad dream.

by Nick Hagger

EDGAR WELLINGTON'S LETTER to the Loriens should have intrigued the players. Who is Wellington? What is the scroll he says he owns? Does it have to do with the scrolls Dr. Smith mentioned? What does Wellington know about the Sedefkar Simulacrum? The Orient Express pulls into Lausanne at 6:45 A.M., and departs soon after that in a whirl of smoke and steam, leaving the investigators in a vague group, bleary after the party a few hours before.

A open cafe beckons nearby; as the investigators settle in with croissants, coffee, and warm milk sprinkled with chocolate, perhaps they scan the newspapers and study the scene beyond. This moment of calm is a good time to pass along to each the point of Sanity earned by Orient Express passage from Paris to Lausanne.

The rising sun struggles to pierce the dense blanket of mist shrouding everything. The atmosphere is daunting, alienating; the investigators, finishing their breakfast, momentarily feel very much alone and out of place. As they step outside, a sleepy-eyed porter, Jean-Claude, appears. In the warmth of his office, he can advise them about hotels, transport, and other useful things.

The day is far too early to go calling, and the air too murky to do profitable sightseeing. Presumably the investigators hire a cab, find a decent hotel, check in, and catch up on their sleep.

Rue St. Etienne

Nº. 50 proves to be in a cobblestone courtyard slightly removed from the street, a quiet corner in a placid town. A weathered sign marks the building.

Wellington Fils
Taxidermie
50, Rue St. Etienne

The shop window is dark and lacking a display. Heavy crimson curtains prevent any view of the interior, and similar curtains cover the window in the door. A small sign in several languages declares that the shop is open, but the door is locked. Ringing the bell soon brings Edgar Wellington in response.

Entering, the investigators step into another world. A blazing fire keeps the room uncomfortably hot. Animals of every description pose in surreal, conflicting tableaux. Large vases overflow with dried lavender and other aromatic flowers, but beneath these rich, heady scents are more disturbing odors of decaying flesh, damp fur, and formaldehyde.

Unless the investigators have planned ahead and have written or sent a telegram to Edgar, explaining their purpose, he presumes they are customers. If they speak English, he warms to them in any case, and invites them upstairs for tea.

If they have already contacted him, he is quite excited by their arrival, and makes hurried introductions, again inviting them upstairs. Either way he pumps them for information about England and their travels, all the while being a very generous host.

His generosity is amplified if any of the investigators can receive a successful Credit Rating roll, or if any wear obviously valuable jewelry or well-tailored clothing, since Wellington needs money and hopes to defraud these visitors.

EDGAR WELLINGTON

Edgar is only thirty-five, but appears to be in his fifties. Little hair remains on his head, and dark circles ring his eyes, giving him a haunted look. He is a chain smoker, never seen without a Gitanes cigarette in his mouth. There is something about his movements that speaks of bullying, but the man is perfectly polite and, in his way, shy. His addiction to morphine has lately intensified.

Wellington served in the Great War, and was emotionally destroyed by the butchery he witnessed. Returning to England, he found life at home impossible. His friends were dead, and his family (with the exception of his brother, William) could not understand the returned soldier's pain. He left with his invalid brother and their savings, and found sanctuary in neutral Switzerland. By this time he had developed a mild dependence on morphine, to ease his insomnia.

They settled in Lausanne, for its mix of smallness and cosmopolitan life. The presence of a reputable sanitarium



Edgar Wellington

gives him hope of remedying his brother's condition. He and his brother established a taxidermy shop for additional income, but each receives several hundred pounds a year from the family, remitted by a London solicitor.

EDGAR WELLINGTON'S HOBBY

Though he will not reveal the extent of his knowledge to the investigators, he has an intense interest in the occult. In Lausanne, he met the Duc des Esseintes, who has supplied him not only morphine but a drug which cures Edgar's sleeplessness and frees him to wander in Dream Lausanne.



William Wellington

WILLIAM WELLINGTON

The war unbalanced Edgar and burdened William, his brother, with permanent physical injuries. Head wounds left him mute, and paralyzed the muscles in his eyes so that now he can only stare straight ahead; he must move his head to focus on something moving, rather like a panning camera. Several metal plates which replace portions of his skull were surgically inserted under difficult conditions, and now distort the shape of his head.

William's injuries and low sanity have left him docile and unemotional. He goes through the motions of life mechanically, and appears content to do so. He is not meant to be a major player in this vignette; he should be used to unsettle and disturb the players. Keepers of ghoulish bent might have William always wear a hat, to hide his scars. That should intrigue any investigator who notices the alien shape of William's head.

Lausanne

The small city of Lausanne is located in the French-speaking area of Switzerland; many of the 70,000 inhabitants also speak German. For reasons of beauty, climate, and hospitality, Lausanne has drawn foreign settlers for more than a century: currently more than one in seven residents are not Swiss. The town is built upon hills that descend to the shore of Lake Geneva (Lac Léman), making the majority of the streets fairly steep. Horse-drawn cabs can be hailed from the station and a tram line runs through the city. In keeping with the feel of the scenario, a lone voice calls out hourly from the cathedral, between 8 PM and 2 AM each night.

In Lausanne currently meet what will be the signatories to the Treaty of Lausanne, later in 1923, which in effect establishes the Republic of Turkey, and writes *finis* to the Ottoman Empire.

Taking Tea

After some small-talk, the investigators will broach the subject of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, or the scroll about which Edgar wrote to the Lorient. Before Edgar can reply, the door to the parlor opens and in walks Edgar's brother, William.

William nods to the guests as Edgar introduces them. Edgar appends the introductions by explaining that William's war injuries have left him mute. William then serves himself a cup of tea and sits down at the table, staring at the investigator who was previously talking. This is his way of saying "Please continue." William keeps staring throughout the conversation, hopefully upsetting the investigators.

On the subject of the scroll, Edgar Wellington listens intently to whatever the investigators have to say. He says that he has been unable to uncover much, though a successful Psychology roll suggests that Wellington knows more than he admits.

- He acquired the scroll during the war, trading it from a Frenchman in exchange for rations and cigarettes. The owner was named Raoul Malon, who said only that it had been in his family for some time, and who is otherwise of no consequence in this campaign.
- The scroll is a confusing mixture of Turkish words written in Arabic letters, and he has been unable to translate little of it. (This is not true; he has made a complete translation, though not an insightful one.)
- The scroll refers to an artifact known as the Sedefkar Simulacrum, a human-sized statue either made in or found in the rubble of Byzantium.

- Of the simulacrum, its last owner was a French nobleman, a Comte Fenalik, who lost it after arrest and imprisonment just prior to the French Revolution. All trace of it has since vanished.

Edgar says that his research hit a dead end, and that now he is willing to part with the scroll he possesses. Then he begins to discuss the price. Since a fair amount of their money has already gone into Edgar's drug habit, he aims for as high a price as possible, starting at 250 pounds sterling—U.S. \$1,250.

The investigators are very unlikely to negotiate seriously without first seeing and examining what they want to buy. When they ask to see the scroll, the front doorbell rings, interrupting negotiations.

The Duke Arrives

Edgar strolls downstairs to get the door, leaving the investigators alone with William, who feels unusually social today, and communicates by taking out his notebook and scribbling out inanities such as "A fine day today" and "Welcome to Lausanne."

Edgar returns ten minutes later with a large Frenchman, introducing him as "my old friend, the Duc des Esseintes." The Duke is a dapper, rotund middle-aged Frenchman. His hair is dark and well groomed, his moustaches are tastefully waxed. His eyes are a watery blue. His spats are impeccable.

Edgar describes the Duke as an amateur occultist like himself, and who is also interested in the scroll. Des Esseintes, feigning indifference, replies that he would like to see the scroll before he makes a bid.

Edgar responds that he would love to oblige except that it rests in a bank vault at present. Amicably he suggests that the investigators come along to a meeting of the 7:30 Club tonight, where a deal can be made regarding the scroll, and a pleasant evening had by all.

The 7:30 Club is an informal discussion group which meets on occasion in a local cafe. The regular membership is three, both the Duke and Edgar being members, and whenever possible they bring along outsiders to enliven the conversation.

Having said all this, Edgar apologizes for the fact that he must bid the

50, Rue St. Etienne



investigators farewell, as he has many things to do today, including fetching the scroll.

Before he ushers the company out the door, he asks the Duke if he has the time to furnish the investigators with a brief tour of the city?

"Yes, yes, dear chap, of course, I do," replies the Duke. The investigators presumably have nothing better to do, and accept the company of a man who will prove to be their implacable enemy.

Duc Jean Floressas des Esseintes

The Duke is the last in a long line of boorish French aristocrats; he was a weak and sickly child, the culmination of centuries of inter-marriages, and in adulthood he is decadent and degenerate. His obsession with the artificial, and disdain of the natural, is well-chronicled in J.K. Huysmans' novel *A Rebours* [Against Nature]. This short novel shows what the Duke is really like. Huysmans' novel ends with des Esseintes changing his artificial existence on the advice of a doctor, but he did not long follow that advice.

From 1880 onwards, the Duke became interested in the occult. Tiring of charlatans and tricksters, he sought out obscure texts which hinted at tangible powers and terrible realities. How it pleased him to pierce the lawful and ordered surface of Nature to find true evil and corruption hidden beneath!

He learned of the Brothers of the Skin. Enrolling in the cult, he promised much in order to gain power over his own flesh. The knowledge given to him by Selim Makryat allowed him to transcend his physical weakness. By replacing his own skin with the flesh of others, des Esseintes gained a form of immortality and a limited invulnerability. It has also transformed him into a monstrous parody of the human shape.

Now his body sags and bulges unnaturally, and a multitude of keloid scars criss-cross his entire frame, marks which he is careful to conceal in the waking world but which prompt him to be called the Jigsaw Prince in Dream Lausanne. Only his face is untouched.

Reveling in his new life, the Duke studied deeply. By chance he found a French translation of the *Cthaat Aquadingen*, and from it he learnt of the lands of dream, and how to enter them. But instead of the Lovecraftian Dreamlands of Earth, des Esseintes toured more immediate dream worlds closely related to the waking world.

His first experiment was in Paris. The Duke found himself wandering through a darkly-distorted reflection of that city, a dream of Paris, partly idyllic, mostly nightmare. He was lucky to escape alive from the horrors that lurk in the city's rich history. Experience showed that the

age and current population of the actual city were guides to the relative vividness of that city's dream image. Thus a large old port city would have a vivid, potent dream image, whereas a small rural village might have no dream reflection at all.

After war broke out, entering the dream images of

cities became extraordinarily dangerous, as the collective fears and nightmares of fearful populations stalked those streets. Des Esseintes laid low during the war, making tidy profits from a large munitions portfolio.

Post-war, his curious longevity (a ninety year old man who looked forty), and a string of unsolved murders which clung around him made it advisable to leave

France.



After careful consideration, des Esseintes took his war profits to Lausanne, whose tranquil medieval reflection he conquered. There he became a cruel despot, the Jigsaw Prince, and his madness slowly corrupted the dream image of Lausanne. Turning the dream inhabitants into instruments of his will has left the waking people of Lausanne gloomy and despondent.

In this scenario des Esseintes is referred to as the Duke in the real world segments, and the Prince in the Dream Lausanne segments.

A Tour

The Duke, in showing them the sights, also takes the measure of the investigators. The tour serves to acquaint the investigators with the town and to get them comfortable with the Duke. He appears to be warm and affable, offering cigarettes and sharing jokes. A successful Psychology roll concerning him suggests only that the Duke is a man of many facets, not all of them visible.

THE CATHEDRAL

Walking up from the shop, the Duke takes them to the Cathedral (35 centimes admission). This huge Gothic edifice is one of the best examples of its type, built in 1235-75 and consecrated by Pope Gregory X. Situated upon a terrace, the investigators have to climb 160 steps to get to it. Inside, the huge vaulted nave soars more than twenty meters above. A variety of monuments and stained glass windows decorate the interior of the church.

The Duke points out one of the oldest statues, that of Otho of Grandson, who was killed in a judicial duel in 1398. The hands of the statue are missing. This statue becomes important later when the investigators enter Dream Lausanne.

A separate short tour exhibits the crypts of the church; a successful know roll identifies some of the cathedral's foundations as from buildings long antedating the era in which the great church was built.

CANTONAL MUSEUM AND LIBRARY

The next stop is the Musée Cantonal (60 centimes admission), nearby. Inside this large, recently-constructed, Italian Renaissance-style building is a collection of freshwater conchylia presented to the museum in 1840 by M. de Chaentier; Roman coins, medals, vases, etc., from the ancient settlement on the site of Lausanne; and the cantonal library. The library has over 120,000 volumes.

The order and completeness of the collection, and the large number of people using the facility impresses the investigators.

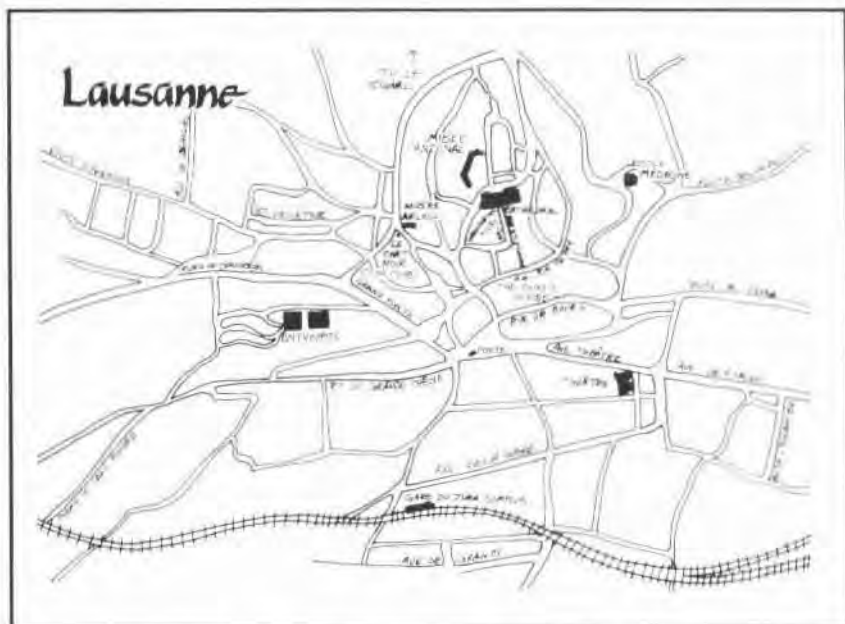
LE SIGNAL

The air now sunny and clear, an uphill stroll of about a kilometer brings them to a marvelous belvedere overlooking all of Lake Geneva. Alpine vistas stretch in every direction. Far to the southeast, the Duke points out the highest Alps, gleaming with fresh, deep snows. "Beyond them," he gestures grandly, "Italy."

LE CHAT NOIR

After strolling several kilometers in the crisp air, tourists need a bite to eat. The Duke leads them to the evening rendezvous. Le Chat Noir is a large, fiercely French cafe, near the Musée Arlaud (which has a fine gallery of European oils), looking out over the Place de la Collège. The cafe offers good food, good local wine, and a convivial atmosphere. It is a ten to fifteen minute stroll from the cantonal museum.

Having led them to the cafe, the Duke bids them farewell. He has a business appointment in half an hour, but says he will see them at about eight o'clock this evening. He offers to organize a more extensive tour for tomorrow.



The Rest of the Afternoon

It is possible that the investigators do not entirely trust the slippery charms of the Duke, and that they may decide to follow him to his house.

He resides in a small two-story town house close to the center of the city, along the Rue du Pré. Every window is barred and the curtains are all drawn. The place is a veritable fort. The only access is from the front. Forcing the front door is difficult (STR 35), but not impossible, and a successful Mechanical Repair roll could unlock the door. The chances of a passer-by are 40% during the day, 15% in the early evening, and 5% at night.

Inside the house are a series of empty, dusty rooms. There is almost no furniture, no carpets, no doors, no signs of habitation. Tracks in the dust lead to a room upstairs, in which rests a chaise lounge and a wool throw. The tracks lead to the only interior door in the house. The door is locked.

The heavy wooden door is of Renaissance-era make, dark-stained and carved with classical figures returning from a successful hunt. Appropriately, the Duke has imprisoned the souls of suicide victims within the door, affording a foul form of defense for scaring away intruders. Any who touch the door suddenly feel incredibly powerful surges of depression, despair, and screaming horror. A Sanity roll must be made, costing 1D3/1D6 SAN. Investigators who go insane from the result become suicidally depressed. Destroying the door (45 hit points) sets the souls to rest.

Stepping through the door, each investigator loses 5 magic points in entering the dream reflection of Lausanne. They find themselves stepping out through the

same door into an identical empty house; at first it will seem as though the door opened onto itself, and that they have gone nowhere. Stepping out into the street, they see that the outside has changed. Leaving the house, they can explore Dream Lausanne and encounter any of the events listed below in the sub-section "Dream Clues." The keeper must decide if Wellington has been taken prisoner yet.

THE TAXIDERMIST SHOP

If the investigators return to visit Wellington, the shop is shut and a closed sign hangs on the door. There are numerous passers-by and schoolchildren now, discouraging any attempt to force entry.

LOOKING IN THE LIBRARY

They might go back to the library. Hunting specifically for Mythos books, two successful Library Use rolls and the rest of the afternoon (the library closes at five) rewards the investigator with a moldy old copy of *Unausprechlichen Kulten*.

If an investigator searches newspaper back issues, and receives both a successful Read French and an Idea roll, he or she notices that the suicide rate in Lausanne has risen from virtually zero before 1914 to one death every month after 1918. This may be ascribed to the effects of the war, or something new and sinister is occurring locally.

An Evening with Max

The planned meal, discussion, and examination of the scroll at Le Chat Noir never occurs. Only the third member of the 7:30 Club arrives, Maximillian von Wurtheim. Max strolls in at eight, introduces himself, and furnishes apologies for the Duke and Wellington, explaining that both men have been delayed by last-minute business, and will be along as soon as possible.

The Duke has put him onto the investigators as potentially-profitable targets.

The meal at the cafe is excellent, unassuming, and cheap. A conversationalist who does not know the meaning of the words 'draw breath,' von Wurtheim entertains the investigators by relating his life story. This story may

be summarized or embroidered as the keeper wishes; Maximillian is not met again.

Blond hair, blue eyes, and six feet tall, von Wurtheim's Prussian lineage is quite apparent. He is not wealthy, nor does he enjoy work, so to survive he lives by his good looks, his innate charm, and the kindness of others. He is a confidence man.

MY LIFE, ACCORDING TO MAX

The story he tells the world is long and involved. It involves an ancestral fortune, a father who dies on his way to change the will, an evil brother who hates Max—all the right ingredients. This heart-wrenching tale lasts three hours; to von Wurtheim's credit, he always tells it well, and the investigators may find themselves quite engrossed, though by the end of it no one believes a shred of it.

As he concludes, the investigators will be presented with the bill—"Ach! My friends, I am sorry, I have left my wallet at home," says von Wurtheim. "Would you be so kind?" He also wonders aloud what keeps the other two. There is nothing for it but to wait until closing time. Perhaps Wellington and the Duke should be visited in the morning. He orders a final round of drinks and coffee, and smiles, "Now, tell me of yourselves."

MAX'S TRUE STORY

At an early age, Maximillian Brüllig decided that the poverty he was born into was not to be his station in life. He decided that those who possessed the wealth owed him some, and he has built his life around that belief. His earliest jobs were in various fine German hotels. By careful observation he learned the habits and patois of the nobility. Upon reaching the age of seventeen, he stopped working, changed his name, and since then has masqueraded as one born to rule.

Behind the Scenes

Until today, Edgar had not mentioned the Sedefkar Scroll to the Duke, not wanting to rouse the Duke's ruthless greed. He hopes that bringing the Duke into the negotiation boosts the price the investigators will pay. What Edgar doesn't know is that the Duke really does want the scroll, and doesn't plan to pay for it. What no one but Edgar knows is that he plans to defraud everybody and skip the country, leaving the remittances to support his brother.

While the investigators are trapped in Le Chat Noir with von Wurtheim, dark deeds occur. The Duke wants the scroll. His fictitious business meeting was merely an excuse for him to give the investigators the slip (after



Maximillian

sizing them up, he saw them as little threat) and to pay Edgar Wellington a call.

Edgar, meanwhile, had gone out only to get materials to make a fake scroll. At six o'clock, his forgery complete, he hides the new scroll beneath his bed and takes a tablespoon of dream drug (and a jolt of morphine), to retrieve the real scroll from its hiding place in Dream Lausanne.

While Wellington slept, the Duke arrives. William lets him in, and the Duke explains that he is going upstairs to have a chat. William, who has been cleaning a small deer, goes back to his work.

The Duke enters Edgar's room, finds him asleep, and notices the spoon, bottle of dream drug, and morphine kit beside the bed. He reads Edgar's diary, which reveals where the scroll is hidden in Dream Lausanne. Satisfied, he stops searching, thus missing the fake scroll under the bed. He decides to kill Edgar and thereby trap him in the Dream Lausanne with the scroll. He is injecting Edgar with a massive overdose of morphine when William opens the door to see if they'd like tea.

William goes berserk and attacks, but the Duke forces him into the kitchen and wounds him fatally with a butcher knife. He slices away a piece of William's skin for his own use, and leaves the shop.

At home, the Duke goes through the rituals required to attach William's flesh to his body. He then rests and prepares to enter Dream Lausanne, to find Edgar and get the scroll.

If the keeper wishes, William is not entirely dead.

Things Get Nasty

The cafe closes at twelve and von Wurtheim bids his dupes a fond good night, once again apologizing for the absence of the others. It will sort itself out in the morning, he assures them. But what has happened to Wellington and the Duke?

The investigators probably return to 50 St. Etienne, to see the Wellingtons, as they may have no idea of the Duke's address—and if they already do, then they have no wish to meet this sorcerer again.

It is overcast; as they walk there, a cold rain begins. When they arrive at the shop, the street is very dark. A gas light on the corner sheds a fitful light. The front door of the shop is slightly ajar. If the investigators close the door behind them, then the police watch notices nothing, and makes no investigation. If the police enter, they interrupt the investigators and discover the murders days earlier than they might have.

Within, everything is dark and ominous. Did the investigators think to bring along flashlights? —too late now. The claws of the stuffed beasts seem to grab at every

coat; their glassy eyes glaring menacingly in the dim light from the street. With a successful luck roll a light switch can be found.

The downstairs is just as the investigators remember. Upstairs, everything is in chaos. In the kitchen, William is dead by stab wounds to the belly and back, a bloody knife dropped beside him. His shirt has been ripped open at the front, and a large flap of skin has been cut from his chest. The expression on his face is one of utmost horror; Sanity loss 1/1D6 SAN to see this.

Edgar's body lies cold and dead upon his bed (SAN 0/1 to see). Medical doctors or pharmacists suspect drug overdose as the cause of death; an examination of the corpse uncovers two fresh needle marks, one among many in the left arm which Edgar (being right-handed) probably made, and a single one in the right arm, difficult to Edgar. Murder would be a logical conclusion.

Ferretting around reveals the following clues; the keeper may decide whether or not some or all clues need finding with die rolls.

- Edgar's diary, open on the floor where the Duke left it.
- A receipt, left on Edgar's writing desk.
- A green bottle of dream drug, mostly full, on which is a label, 'Dream Lausanne.'
- An empty morphine bottle and below, on the floor, an emptied syringe.
- The fake scroll, hidden beneath his bed.
- At the keeper's option, William has scrawled in blood the letters *DUC* somewhere, though intelligent players will have long since not needed this intrusive clue.

Some clues can be noticed and then left behind, but the diary, the receipt, the green bottle, and the fake scroll need to be taken.

If the investigators left the front door open, when their search is well-advanced there is a loud knocking at the front door, and a voice in French calls for Monsieur Wellington. It is the police. Unless the investigators think they can explain themselves, perhaps with a successful Credit Rating roll, they will have to run for it—through the back door, past the disemboweled carcass of the small deer on William's worktable, out into an alleyway, and into the night.

Investigating the Clues

Back at their hotel, the investigators may expect that the police will soon be on their track. Maximillian von Wurtheim, who always looks for advantage, is likely to race to the police next morning when he reads of the death of the

Wellingtons, and surely will mention the investigators to them.

The Simplon-Orient Express comes through at 6:45 A.M., and they might be wise to get on it.

THE SCROLL

The scroll is probably the first thing that the investigators examine. It is elaborately tied, and sealed with fresh red wax. Just looking at the outside, a successful Archeology roll tells the investigators that the scroll is a fake, and that the only reason it looks old is because Edgar must have baked in an oven for awhile. If they bother to break the seal, the scroll is in fact blank—or at least *seems* to be blank, the keeper might suggest, in order to keep the investigators from destroying this useful item outright.

THE RECEIPT

The receipt bears today's date, and is from a local stationer. It is for sealing wax and fine parchment, the instruments of Edgar's simulation.

THE GREEN BOTTLE

The container of dream drug is about the size of an ink bottle. The investigators, of course, will not understand what it does until they read the diary. The contents looks remarkably like muddy water. Holding it up to a strong light, an observer can detect tiny silvery particles suspended in the dank fluid.

THE DIARY

Much of the diary chronicles the pain that Edgar felt in his everyday life, but it also fills in missing pieces concerning what occurred last evening. It takes about an hour to read. Most entries are short.

The diary shows that the Duke interested Edgar in the occult, and provided him with the dream drug, initially saying only that it would combat insomnia. Edgar relates how he visited Lausanne in his dreams, a different Lausanne, and how anything he clutched in his hands as he slept would go into the dream with him. He hid the scroll in his Dream Lausanne shop for safe keeping.

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION

If the investigators need it, allow an idea roll to suggest explicitly that Edgar Wellington took the dream drug to recover the scroll, and was murdered while under the effect of the drug. The logical conclusion is that his waking-world spirit is still adrift in Dream Lausanne, and might be found there.

Taking The Drug

The diary plainly indicates that to get the Scroll of the Head, they must follow Edgar Wellington into Dream

Lausanne by taking the dream drug. The magical drug can be taken in any way the user might desire; swallowed, injected, rubbed into the skin, and so on.

Some investigators will not take the dream drug. Ignore these cowards. No one really knows what dose to take, so things could well get a bit tense until a volunteer goes first. A small sip or a mouthful, the result is the same: the person smiles warmly, says "That tastes awful," gazes about contentedly, and then collapses to the floor unconscious.

Alarmed colleagues are glad to see (use a First Aid roll) that the volunteer has merely fallen into heavy sleep. The keeper should then encourage the rest of the group to join her or him. Sweet dreams.

DREAM DRUG LOGISTICS

Enough drug for all the investigators to take it always should exist.

The investigators might take the drug in their hotel room, or on the train next morning (or, for that matter, at any future point in the campaign). The remainder of the scenario assumes that they take the drug while on the Express; they cannot afford to sleep in and miss the train next morning, since the police may want to detain them indefinitely, but on the other hand they should take it as soon as possible, or the Duke will get the scroll.

If they don't take the drug on board the train, modify the opening and closing scenes of their dream adventure. This is simple to do. If they take the drug on the train, follow the text. If they take the drug in Lausanne, they wake up in Dream Lausanne in the place where they took the drug. See also the Dream Drug entry accompanying the Duke's statistics at the end of this scenario.

Neither the Dream Lore nor the Dreaming skills are of any use in Dream Lausanne, which is unconnected to the Dreamlands. Any skills increase rolls prompted by the Dream Lausanne episode are limited to those for Bargain, Climb, Debate, Dodge, Fast Talk, Hide, Jump, Listen, Occult, Oratory, Pick Pocket, Psychology, Ride, Sing, Sneak, Spot Hidden, Swim, Throw, and Track.

Dream Lausanne

THE DREAMERS WAKE in their compartment in the same positions as when they took the drug. They wear whatever clothes they had on when they took the drug (bad luck if pajamas), and hold whatever they

had in their hands, provided the technology of the item is no greater than 1400 A.D.

The compartment looks the same except the light is off, and the blind drawn. Harsh white light shines from around the edges of the blind. No amount of pushing or shoving raises the blind.

The train is moving slowly. Once they leave their compartment, they can see that the blinds are closed all along the corridor, as are the blinds in the other cabins. Down the corridor they can see that all the other cabin doors are open, except one.

The closed door has been nailed shut, and the smell of rotting meat comes from behind it—this is Fenalik's cabin. No amount of force budes this door and, as they try the door, the train halts. The door at the end of the carriage opens, and brilliant bright light streams in.

Stepping out of the train, the investigators find themselves in a wasteland. The harsh light fills the sky and comes from no identifiable source. All around them extends a limitless plane the color of ash. The air smells bitter and metallic, and the only sound is their own breathing. Free-standing, about thirty yards from the train, is a door. The door seems strangely familiar, but the investigators cannot place it. As they walk towards it, dust rises from their steps and it makes them sneeze painfully. The door is open.

Through the Door

The door opens into the back room of the Wellingtons' taxidermy shop. The shop is reassuringly familiar, yet it is not the same shop they left hours ago. Here everything is more primitive. In place of electric lights, for instance, torches burn on the walls.

Exploring the rest of the shop, the investigators find the door to the upper floor is immobile and that the animals which fill the front room have been so crudely preserved that many of them are decaying.

Out in the street everything seems familiar yet undeniably different. Dream Lausanne is like a gothic nightmare of the real thing. People still rush to and fro (they are always too busy to speak to the investigators), but in medieval costume. The sky has a rich purple tint, like a permanent dusk. Street intersections are occasionally adorned by gibbets, many of them occupied. Everywhere the investigators perfectly understand the language and the writing, though it is not English, or French, or recognizably anything else.

Keepers should add whatever craziness they feel appropriate to the setting.

Dream Clues

As they wander about, partly dazed but still on the lookout for Wellington, the group has encounters which foreshadow events to come in the campaign.

FIRST EVENT

A gaping fissure splits the middle of an empty street. From the fissure an icy wind blasts outward, moaning down the street. Players cannot go up the street as the wind is so strong.

- *This refers to the 'bora,' the cold wind in the Trieste chapter.*

SECOND EVENT

A group of grotesquely-clothed people passes, masked and cowed, costumed as Death, an Angel, a medieval Soldier, a Lion, a Turk, an Assassin, and a Rustic Lass and Rustic Lad. They are flagellants, who wind in procession through the chaos, weeping tears of blood from startling, expressionless, china-blue dolls' eyes. They chant in Latin as they move, and the reek of incense and a distant cacophony of bells follows them. As the bells reach a crescendo, the Lion figure sprouts wings and flies away, closely pursued by the Soldier. Their bloody tears fall on the investigators from above and scald them.

- *This vision refers to the automata from the Venice chapter. A successful History roll here reveals that a winged lion is the symbol of Venice, a city which surrendered to a soldier, Napoleon, in 1797.*

THIRD EVENT

One street is strewn with flowers and bulbs which give off clear, sweet smells. They are garlic plants. A Spot Hidden roll notes that no shadows exist in this street.

- *This alludes to Fenalik in various chapters.*

FOURTH EVENT

An old woman stirs a huge black cauldron, and offers the investigators dinner. If they look into the pot they find it full of skinned, writhing human limbs, slightly steaming: Sanity loss to see this 0/1 SAN.

- *This refers to Baba Yaga in the Belgrade chapter.*

FIFTH EVENT

A street magician displays an empty hat. He inserts first his right arm, then his left, then his right leg and finally his left leg into the hat. Each time he does this his limb is taken by the hat and vanishes. Finally, collapsing to the ground, laughing hysterically, the magician asks for someone from the audience to retrieve his limbs from the

hat. No one volunteers; if an investigator does, nothing is inside.

■ *As revealed in the Constantinople chapter, this stage stunt refers to the awful fate of Professor Smith.*

SIXTH EVENT

At a strangely quiet intersection, the investigators witness a disturbing scene. A gigantic chessboard has been set into the cobblestones, and at either side of the board stands a motionless statue, one black, one white—the players. They are humanoid, yet featureless, and androgynous. On the board people occupy the positions of chess pieces. Each person carries a knife. These ‘pieces’ begin to move as if a normal chess game was taking place. As one piece takes another, the victor cuts the throat of the loser (lose SAN 0/1). Play speeds to inhuman quickness; soon the board is littered with corpses, the black player triumphing over the white. After the final move which grants the black player victory, the white player cracks noisily and falls to pieces, and the black-player statue gratingly turns its head to regard the investigators.

■ *The scene summarizes the competition between Mehmet and Selim which is concluded in the Constantinople chapter.*

SEVENTH EVENT

In the middle of a deserted square, another statue stands. It is large (SIZ 20) and made of wire with what appears to be rags hanging from it. As they get closer they notice that the wire has been crazily woven into a human shape, and that the rags are scraps of flesh snagged on cruel barbs and hooks; lose 1/1D3 SAN to see this.

From the head emerges the sweetest sound the investigators have ever heard. It is like an angel singing, a voice of perfect clarity. The sound brings tears to the eyes of the listeners, and they flee weeping from the square before their hearts can break.

■ *This incident refers to the Milan chapter.*

For Whom the Bell Tolls

After they have wandered for a bit, a bell begins to toll in the town's center. People stop whatever they are doing, and rush towards the source. The human stream eventually fills the Place de la Palud. In the center is a large platform upon which stand three figures: a bronze statue (it is the statue from the cathedral, of Otho of Grandson); a hooded, robed figure; and Edgar Wellington, his hands bound in chains. The hooded figure raises its arms and the crowd falls silent. The figure then speaks, a male voice, horribly familiar.

“Before us stands a man accused of grievous crimes. His criminal conduct in withholding what is due to us renders him our enemy, and hence he must stand trial before us.” At this point the figure casts back his hood and stands revealed as the Duke.

“As Prince and protector of this realm, I appoint myself the judicial representative of the people of Lausanne,” he giggles, “and will see that this rogue gets his just desserts.” At this point the crowd goes wild, cheering the Prince and cursing Wellington. “Is anyone willing to take the part of the criminal in these proceedings?” There is a deathly silence throughout the square.

The investigators should at this point volunteer themselves for the defense. If they do not, Edgar will be found guilty.

If they volunteer themselves, they must walk to the stage, drawing hostile stares and hisses from the crowd. The Prince raises his eyebrows, and nods to the investigators, apparently unconcerned, but a successful Psychology roll shows that the Prince is furious to be so-impeded.

He turns to the crowd and asks, “Is there one among you who wishes to offer himself to justice?” The front ranks of the crowd go berserk as they vie for the Prince's attention. He gestures his choice, and the crowd falls upon the chosen, beating him to death. There are hideous noises beneath the surging mass of people but eventually one person comes forward with the bloody skin of the volunteer; lose 2/1D6+1 SAN to see this.

The Prince accepts the skin with a smile and drapes it over the statue, muttering words beneath his breath. Suddenly the skin seems to merge with the bronze statue, and it begins to breathe. Its eyes open and gaze ahead glassily. The Prince says to it, “You are the overseer. Determine the guilt or innocence of the accused at the conclusion of proceedings.”

A SHORT INTERVIEW

So far, Wellington has not said a word. He stares at the floor, trembling. The Prince magnanimously allows the investigators to talk to the criminal before the trial begins.

He tells them that he arrived here a few hours ago in order to retrieve the scroll, hidden here. He was resting in his room in the shop when the Prince's men broke in and dragged him away. He does not know for what he is on trial, nor why his friend has turned upon him.

Wellington does not know that in the waking world his body is dead, nor will he believe it if told.

His sanity is perilously low. He can offer the investigators no help except to pathetically beg them to save him. “I will give you the scroll, I promise. The Prince has said he will torture me whether or not I give it to him.”



The Trial

THE PRINCE CLEARS HIS THROAT and he announces that the trial has begun. The proceedings consist of three arguments advanced by the Prince. After each argument, the investigators have opportunity to refute the Prince's arguments, and to advance their own. The verdict of the Judge then follows.

In the proceedings, the keeper should be as flexible as possible. This trial is in a city of madness, so there are no rules. The investigators can speak for as long as they like, and say whatever they think is appropriate in Edgar's defense. The investigator responses given are only suggestions. If they find a charge difficult to refute, an idea role can set them on the track. Allow as much roleplaying as possible. A successful Debate roll might increase their score on the grounds of eloquence, but it does not lessen the need for them to speak creatively for the defense.

Uncomfortably, the keeper must be both prosecution and judge. The investigators will naturally be curious about the hideous judge who merely wheezes throughout the trial, making no sign as to having heard what has been said. They will not know whether he is a genuinely impartial figure or if he is magical puppet of the Prince.

Luckily for the investigators, the judge is indeed impartial—he's a statue, after all. In assessing a speech, rate each with between one and four: as a scale, 1 = poor, 2 = fair, 3 = good, 4 = brilliant. A successful Debate roll after a speech raises the score by one point no matter what the content of the player speech.

Don't be too harsh. Don't expect the investigators to deliver watertight refutations; they are doing this without preparation. By the same token, don't let them sit there, saying nothing except "Um, can we make another Debate roll?" It is a trial, it is meant to be hard, but it is also meant to be fun. If the investigators use their heads, then reward them. If they don't, then you can chop them off, figuratively speaking.

Now it's time for the trial. The Prince speaks.

THE FIRST CHARGE

"People of Lausanne! This traitor has refused to cooperate with the duly assigned officers of the realm, in that when he was summoned to present himself before the people's court of Lausanne," he giggles, "he did kick, scream, and protest mightily, and thereby create an uproar in the street, to wit causing unnecessary trouble for officers assigned to conduct him to the court."

"Such behavior aims at undermining the authority of my rule and represents a challenge to the law of my will.

Were he innocent, he would be meek. Were he meek, he would be released . . . in due course. These ancient precepts of my rule being violated, I call for the judge to find him guilty of this charge."

The judge makes no reply, but continues to breathe asthmatically.

The Prince waves his hand to the investigators; they may respond.

Obviously resisting arrest is an insincere charge. Edgar Wellington was woken from his sleep and dragged into the street, not knowing what was happening, and so the investigator who speaks for Edgar should argue along such lines. Law rolls, successful or not, are useless because the trial and the legal system here have no relation to practices in the real world; this is true for all skills relating to human knowledge. In such an imperious place, they'll hardly be wrong if they say what they feel.

THE SECOND CHARGE

"People of Lausanne! The accused is a foreigner, and that his spirited defenders cannot deny. There the Englishman stands, living testimony to his guilt. We of Lausanne pride ourselves on our purity of blood; it is our strength and our glory, for it allows us to feel united under the common purpose of my will. His presence among us is like a cancer, drawing other foreign bodies," he gestures to the investigators, "who must be cut out!"

Though the crowd cheers wildly at these words, the Prince's charge is so ridiculous that it can be attacked in many ways. If they accuse the Prince of being a foreigner himself, he claims to have lived here always, as in Dream Lausanne he has. The Prince in fact will not deny that in to Lausanne first came the Helvetian Celts, then the Romans, then the Burgundians, and then the Holy Roman Empire, though the Prince recognizes no subsequent Swiss nation, only himself. Aside from this, the player can speak of the pointlessness of racism, etc.

THE THIRD CHARGE

"People of Lausanne! We accuse the treacherous enemy before us with the possession of forbidden knowledge. Who knows what secrets a foreigner hides? —and yet hide them he does. This guilty man, before us today, seeking only to deceive us, seeking only his own devious advantage and not the advantage of his Prince or his people, entered our sacred realm in possession of that which only I, as ruler, may obtain.

"What does he plot? Why such concealment? Why hide cunningly what is mine by fiat? There must be some devious reason to do so. He must be punished, for he has secreted the scroll somewhere within this princely realm, like a mine ready to explode beneath our foundations.

"Were he to bring forth the scroll, I should have reason for clemency. But he persists in deceit! He mocks and despises my suzerain will!"

"I call upon the Judge to consider the crimes of the accused, and to determine him guilty as charged!"

After this speech the Prince looks smug, as he should, for he shall surely win. The investigators must rely on their own convictions regarding freedom of speech in order to refute this charge. They might like to argue that knowledge on its own cannot be considered harmful and that only the exercise of knowledge can do harm. This final charge is another attempt by the Prince to locate the scroll.

The Verdict

All speeches delivered, the judge continues to stand there and wheeze. What happens next depends on the players' score. If they score less than seven points total, the judge stiffly raises his arm and points his stump (the hands are missing, remember, and a thin fluid trickles from them) at the Prince.

The Prince laughs and dances about. "I've won! I've won!" like a child. The crowd goes wild. He then turns to Wellington, saying "Where is it, you snivelling piece of dung?"; to which Wellington replies, "I hid it." At this point the investigators begin to fade out, and they wake up wherever it was they fell asleep. They lose 1D6 SAN each as they realize they failed to save Edgar and get the scroll.

If they get seven or more points, the judge raises his arm and points to the investigators. Edgar Wellington's chains vanish and the investigators have won. The Prince is visibly angry, and stamps around the stage. The investigators are now free to leave. The crowd has been silent, as though stunned. They part to let the group through.

As they leave the square, the investigators hear the voice of the Prince say, "Today we have seen justice only partly done. What of the foreigners who defended the criminal? What of their conspiracy? Find them and bring them to me!" The crowd roars in response. The investigators had better run through the empty streets. The entire town is now on their heels.

THE ESCAPE

Edgar Wellington says that the scroll is hidden in his shop. Behind them, they hear the din of the pursuing mob. Inside shop, he scrambles to the body of a stuffed bear, cuts open its chest, and rips wads of packing from within it. Outside, people gather in the street; fists bang on the door. From inside the bear, Edgar retrieves the real scroll. The hammering on the door grows in volume, and it starts to splinter at the hinges. Edgar clutches the scroll to him,

refusing to give it up, and follows the investigators out the back door as the front door gives way.

Returned to the endless plain, the investigators see the train now heading in the opposite direction, slowing beginning to move. If they run they can catch it. They get onto the train just as the first of the mob burst out of the back door of the shop, blinking in the harsh light.

The mob races after the train, gaining on it at first, then falling just short as the Express picks up speed. On board, Wellington and the investigators are irresistibly drawn back to their cabins. And there they all fall asleep.

The Waking World

THE INVESTIGATORS AWAKE ON the real train. On the floor of one cabin lies the Scroll of the Head and the typed English translation of it within, both held by the hands of Edgar Wellington. Edgar Wellington is now only a dream; he fades away the first time they leave him alone in the compartment or the first time he leaves the compartment.

If the latter, it is rather awful to watch him realize that he is now fading into utter extinction: lose 0/1D3 SAN to see this, complete with whatever wails or pleas for help the keeper thinks appropriate, over however much time seems dramatic. Of course Wellington is merely dead; the investigators meet greater horrors in the days to come.

Looking out the window or at their watches, they see that they have slept for up to four hours. They are due to arrive in Milan just past midday. Impress upon them their hunger and thirst; they want nothing more than to go to the dining car and get some food—lunch, if they took the drug immediately after boarding in Lausanne. They certainly don't need more sleep, and the compartment is even more crowded with their strange guest.

ABOUT THE SCROLL

Nonetheless, they may wish to look at the scroll, and perhaps to examine it in Edgar Wellington's company—as dialogue, he may relate some of the material immediately below. What the investigators can see and understand for themselves is related in the player handout which follows after a few paragraphs.

Wellington's scroll is the Scroll of the Head. It is accompanied with a full typed English transcript—Edgar could not read Arabic, and so paid for a translation.

The scroll is the gibbering testimony of a madman. The typescript takes ten hours to read with comprehension, and carries a Sanity loss of 1D4 SAN, conferring Cthulhu Mythos of 2%. The scroll that Sedefkar wrote requires a successful Arabic and a successful Old Turkish roll to understand, and takes 40 hours to comprehend, causing the reader to lose 1D6+1 SAN and gain 5% Cthulhu Mythos.

The scroll's author is Sedefkar the Osmanli. From his descriptions of his city, he lived in medieval Constantinople. Once he refers to the imminent arrival of 'the white destroyers,' and so a second successful History roll dates the scroll as just before the Fourth Crusade, at the start of the thirteenth century.

A paper version of this scroll is included as a separate item in the box; the player version is not found in the handouts booklet.

Player Handout #12

A Sample Passage from the Scroll

I have seen the powers which stalk the night and strike fear into the hearts of all those who worship the false god. I know Him and I worship Him. The Skinless One has spoken to me. He whispered secret words into my heart of hearts and I know what I now must do. I have seen It in visions and It is all that my Lord said It was. In my dreams I have seen Its perfection striding above the ruins of cities. Kings and countries have fallen before it. Even gods must fall before It. I recognized the first time I beheld it as an object of power. Power that would bring the world to its knees. It glistened like the finest pearls. It woke when I flayed alive the wretch who sought to steal my treasure from me. That night He came to me for the first time and told me what to do. I meditated before Its glory. All praise to the One without Skin. I performed the seventeen devotions and opened It for the first time. Within the artifact was soft and smooth. As I ran my hand across Its inner surface it felt like the skin of a newborn babe. I offered four children as sacrifice to my Master. Then I used it for the first time. In His wisdom the Lord of Naked Flesh had made It to my height. In all modesty I believe It was made in my image. Blessed is the chosen of the Skinless One. I have been careful to keep It untarnished. The substance is the color of purity and should not be tainted by that which is unclean. "

The Perilous Lunch

In the dining car, the waiter seats the investigators at an empty table. They slump into the elegant, high-backed chairs, feeling comfortable for the first time in ages. As they await their entrée, they overhear a conversation from the next table. The waiter asks the diner, "Will Monsieur be dining alone today?" The response is "No, I think I will eat with my friends." It is the Duke's voice.

The waiter re-seats him next to the investigators. The Duke smiles warmly, placing a small valise at his feet as he does. "Gentlemen, if you will excuse my hurried bluntness, I come to the point. I want the scroll. You will give it to me or you I will destroy. Your answer promptly, please; I have little time."

FOILING THE DUKE

The Duke, imagining he has them cornered, acts as arrogantly as did the Prince. His presence suggests a variety of responses and situations.

- The investigators can attack him, which is not a smart move unless they have a lot of magic. Combat in the close quarters of the dining car surely means the death of innocent bystanders, but not necessarily the Duke, since melee weapons do no damage to him, and firearms do only minimum damage; enchanted weapons do normal damage.
- If they fight him, the Duke does his best to turn the tables on them by resisting non-violently. If he can, he

Summarizing the Scroll

This scroll was written by Sedefkar the Osmanli. It concerns an item in his possession, the Sedefkar Simulacrum. In this scroll, Sedefkar prophesies that he is soon to lose the simulacrum, and so praises it and makes a record of it in a set of five scrolls.

This scroll is the first of the five, and is referred to as the Scroll of the Head, being the thoughts and history of Sedefkar. The four missing scrolls are the Scroll of the Belly, concerned with the worship of a being known as the Skinless One; the Scroll of the Legs, a series of body-affecting magicks, the foundation on which Sedefkar's power was built; the Scroll of the Right Arm, a ritual which awoke the statue, and is the driving force of Sedefkar's power; and the Scroll of the Left Arm, containing a ritual which balances this power, a necessary ongoing sacrifice.

The scroll is a rambling, insane document. The author has not set down events in any form or order, making it difficult to follow. The most detailed description in the document dwells on the torture and skinning of human beings.

then has them arrested for assault, accusing them of having murdered the Wellingtons in Lausanne. Though the evidence at the murder scene may be enough eventually to implicate the Duke, not the investigators, the weeks the investigators spend in Swiss jails might cost a little Sanity. The Duke meanwhile hides in his private realm, to reappear in the penultimate scenario of this campaign.

- If they give him the real scroll, the investigators lose a vital clue about the simulacrum; nonetheless, they retain the translation, which is good enough for their immediate purposes.
- If they give him the fake scroll, he accepts, since he has no idea what the scroll looks like and does not know of the existence of the forgery—an idea roll can prompt this last approach.
- If they do not give him either scroll, he may very well return to his own table, then Shrivel one or two investigators, to frighten the rest into compliance.



"What has she done with our chair?"

- If they do not give him either scroll, he could still allege their involvement in the deaths of the Wellingtons, and have them arrested. Maximillian von Wurtheim will probably back up his story, though just how closely the Lausanne police listen to these citizens of dubious reputation is up to the keeper.

If the investigators give him either the fake scroll or the real scroll, he takes it without a second look—both look and feel right. He looks

at his Orient Express timetable. "Well, I see we are nearly out of range. I must depart."

Brew Dream Drug

This spell allows the magician to create a drug which facilitates entry into some world of dream. Casting the spell and making the drug takes about five hours and costs 2 Sanity points and 4 magic points to cast. After the first, each additional draught made costs one additional magic point; thus to make 5 draughts would cost a total of 6 magic points.

The drinker of a draught falls asleep very quickly, for about four hours; the subjective length of the dream may be long or short, and memories of the dream may be distorted. Importantly, all who drink of the same drug together are together in the dream.

By the origin and proportion of the ingredients, the caster may make dream entry into a specific area correlative to the waking world, such as a specific city, or to any random place or universe.

A large number of herbs are used in its creation, some commonplace, others mystical and difficult to find. The end result is a thin brown liquid which acts as a mild narcotic, making the mind of the user more relaxed and therefore more in tune with the land of dreams.

This drug does not concern the Dreamlands of Earth, and cannot be used to go there, except by accident.

Enchant Flesh

It allows the caster to preserve and ensorcel 1 SIZ point of the skin and flesh of a victim. The flesh must

be cut away with an enchanted knife and immediately thereafter the spell must be cast upon the skin. The spell takes five minutes to cast and costs the user 10 magic points and 2D4 SAN. The block of flesh so-ensorcelled is now immune to most forms of damage (firearms still do minimum damage, enchanted weapons do normal damage). Furthermore, the flesh will age instead of the caster, adding one year to his or her life.

Unless applied with a Graft Flesh spell, the ensorcelled flesh lasts for (POW of victim) x2 weeks; after that it loses its magical properties and goes the way of all flesh. If Grafted, the flesh lasts forever.

Nominally, then, 10-11 such flesh blocks can completely armor an average-sized human.

This obscene variant of the Enchant Item spell was created by the Duke himself, combining teachings of the Skinless One with other magicks of the Mythos. Selim would kill the Duke for this spell, if he knew he had it. Only the Duke knows Enchant Flesh.

Graft Flesh

This spell allows the caster to graft a piece of Enchanted Flesh to his or her body, and have the flesh and its armoring effects last forever. The spell costs 10 magic points and 2D6 SAN to cast. The lengthy ritual involves two hours of chanting and prayer. The caster must remove from his or her own body a corresponding area of skin (costing 1D4 hit points) before the Enchanted Flesh can be Grafted. After the spell has been cast, the Enchanted Flesh properties become available to the user forever.

He opens his valise, and from it pulls a length of ordinary braided horsehair rope, unusual only in that it has been woven into itself, to form an unbroken loop several feet across. Murmuring a few words, he then picks up his valise, flicks the rope circle above his head with a curious gesture, then lets it drop over him; as it drops, he disappears, along with the chair around which it passed.

It happens so swiftly that most diners do not notice. The waiter does, but his aplomb does not crack. "Gentlemen," he remonstrates, "what has he done with our chair?"

The Duke, as the Jigsaw Prince, has a role to play in the penultimate adventure, "Blue Train, Black Night."

Conclusion

If the investigators gain the scroll, allow each one 1D6 Sanity points. If they should kill the Duke, each gains 1D8 Sanity points for killing such a monstrous entity. If they somehow manage to save one or both Wellingtons, allow another 1D4 Sanity points.

Since there has been so little conscious time aboard the train, and so little service, no Sanity award occurs for this leg of the trip.

The Baleful Influence of the Left Arm continues to decrease investigator idea, know, and luck thresholds by 5 percentiles, reducing their chances to receive successes with such rolls.

Statistics

EDGAR WELLINGTON, Age 35, Occultist

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 13
DEX 15 APP 11 SAN 38 EDU 15 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none; if attacked will not defend himself.

Skills: Accounting 60%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, French 65%, German 45%, Occult 40%, Psychology 15%.

WILLIAM WELLINGTON, Age 28, Taxidermist

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 13 INT 9 POW 14
DEX 14 APP 6 SAN 23 EDU 12 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist* 65%, damage 1D3

* *Attacked, all his frustrations seethe to the surface and he fights like a berserker, swinging until he drops.*

Skills: Stare Unnervingly 100%, Taxidermy 85%.

MAXIMILLIAN von WURTHEIM, Age 26, Confidence Trickster

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 18 EDU 11 SAN 75 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 75%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Credit Rating 40%, Debate 65%, Fast Talk 80%, English 60%, French 50%, German 70%, Oratory 75%.

DUC JEAN FLORESSAS des ESSEINTES, Age 90, Duke/Jigsaw Prince

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 18 POW 19
DEX 13 APP 15(2) SAN 0 EDU 20 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 75%, damage 1D6+1D4

Sword Cane 70%, damage 1D6+2+1D4

Armor: his body is enchanted. Melee attacks and weapons slide off his flesh without causing damage. Bullets striking him do minimum damage. Enchanted weapons do normal damage. His head, however is vulnerable—any attack result which is 10% or less of the attacking skill percentage does normal damage to the head, regardless of the kind of attack.

Skills: Credit Rating* 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dreaming 80%, Dodge 40%, English 70%, Fast Talk 78%, French 90%, German 80%, Hide 50%, Occult 75%, Oratory 55%, Sneak 45%.

* *The police of various cities suspect him of many crimes, all unprovable.*

Spells: Animate Skin*, Brew Dream Drug*, Control Skin*, De-transference*, Dominate, Enchant Flesh*, Enchant Item, Enchant Knife, Graft Flesh*, Melt Flesh*, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

* *new spells; most are found at the end of the Constantinople chapter.*

Sanity Loss: lose 2/1D6+1 for seeing the Prince's body uncovered.

SAMPLE MOB in Dream Lausanne

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3+1D4

Club 45%, damage 1D6+1D3

Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	12	14	13	15	11	13
Two	13	12	12	11	14	11	12
Three	12	13	13	10	13	13	13
Four	15	11	11	10	12	11	11
Five	14	13	11	9	10	10	12
Six	13	10	12	10	9	12	11

VII. MILANO



Note For Note

Wherein the investigators learn of a darkness that has spread over this vibrant city, and the investigators locate the Torso during a less than hilarious night at the opera.

by Bernard Caleo

WHILE THE INVESTIGATORS SLEPT, drifting snow held up the train at Brigue, near the north end of the Simplon tunnel. The track cleared, the Orient Express arrives in Milan half an hour late, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

Scenario Considerations

This adventure assumes that the investigators arrive at least a day later than does diva Caterina Cavollaro. Their visit to Lausanne causes the delay. The opening night for "Aida", for which they have seats reserved, occurs the second night of their stay in Milan.

If the investigators skip Lausanne and arrive with Caterina, the keeper must orchestrate her abduction from under their noses. If they are held up in Lausanne and arrive after Cavollaro said that "Aida" was scheduled to start, postpone opening night until the investigators can be there: no one will be inconvenienced. Management doubtlessly postpones opening night in the hope that Signorina Cavollaro reappears.

BROTHERS OF THE SKIN

Unless the Duke has opened the topic, this chapter represents the first chance for the investigators to hear of the Brothers of the Skin. No specific encounter provides for this—perhaps a captive yields the name, or perhaps it is overheard. Thereafter, continue to mention the name, as it becomes dramatic: the players deserve to know that hereafter they must deal with the organization of madmen whispered of by Prof. Smith in London.

Keeper Information

Caterina Cavollaro has been abducted by Milan's chapter of the Brothers of the Skin. A gaunt, elderly man, one Arturo Faccia, heads it.

Faccia met Selim Makryat in 1906 on a business trip to Turkey, and thereafter returned to Milan to draw a group of Brothers from the ranks of wealthy businessmen and politicians. Faccia owns several factories on the outskirts of Milan, which other Brothers now operate, exploiting the workmen to the utmost.

Faccia is obsessed with the power possible were the entire Sedefkar Simulacrum found and assembled, and has done all he can locate the piece that reputedly exists in Milan—mystics have repeatedly told him that one piece of the simulacrum is in, or has been in, or will be in the city. The persistence of these vague reports has ignited his fantasies and whetted his appetites, and he has spent years in searching for the artifact.

As he inexorably ages, he has come to believe a local superstition. It is said that singing an aria along with the singer on the La Scala stage grants one's fondest desire. In his madness, the simulacrum has come mean immortality, and he has seized upon the La Scala superstition as the key. To improve his chances, he has seized Cavollaro's beautiful voice as well, using the spell Transfer Organ.

(Cultists ordinarily transplant lungs, livers, kidneys, and so on—surgery otherwise impossible in the 1920s. Such life-saving transplants have allowed Faccia to convert Brothers who would otherwise have laughed at him. Thus the Milan chapter is composed of the middle-aged

and elderly rich, whose generous contributions fund its ghastly activities.)

Abducted, Signorina Cavollaro was taken to a warehouse on the outskirts of the city, and there Faccia cast Control Skin on her to make her unrecognizably aged and haggard. He then cast Transfer Organ to exchange their lungs and vocal chords. Cavollaro remains alive so that Faccia can get his own voice back after the experiment.

The two spells performed, Miss Cavollaro suffered both the loss of her appearance and her prized voice. The shock has left her temporarily insane, an amnesiac.

With his new ability, Faccia has decided to practice at night on the deserted streets, where the timbre of the echoes can be glorious. He too has tickets for the opening night of "Aida," where he will sing the aria with the original star's voice, and simultaneously with the understudy.

Faccia is well-protected from inquiry by his reputation for commercial success. One bodyguard, Benito An-

driani, is not a Brother and knows nothing of the connection with the cult. Andriani will have the job of warning off the investigators if they intrude into Faccia's plans. Remarkably, Faccia has not much thought about what Benito thinks of Faccia's new and svelte female voice.

Investigator Information

THE TRANSITION FROM open fields and farms to factories and houses can be seen from the windows of the dining car. As buildings become more numerous, the sky loses the deep clear blue present in the

Italy in the 1920s

Passports

All travelers entering Italy must carry a passport, bearing a photograph of the passport owner. The wife and young children of a passport holder may travel on his passport. No visa is required for British travelers, but United States of America passports require a visa stamp (which can be obtained in London, before departure).

Customs

Everything except used personal clothing is subject to duty, especially food, tobacco, jewelry, new clothes, and playing cards. In practice, small quantities of food and tobacco may be duty-free as a courtesy if declared. Prohibited imports include salt and saccharin. Firearms must be declared and require police permits, or customs retains them until a permit is obtained. A person carrying a firearm without a permit is liable to arrest.

Although antiques can pass without difficulty, customs officers will attempt to prevent the removal of important artistic treasures: this may create problems for the investigators as they take pieces of the simulacrum out of Italy.

Police

There are three levels of police in Italy: the Vigili, or metropolitan police force whose jurisdiction is a single city; the Carabinieri or gendarmes who may be found country-wide; and the Militi, or Fascist Militia. Either the Carabinieri or Militi may carry firearms.

Money

The monetary unit in Italy is the lira (singular, lire plural), which is divided into 100 centesimi. In abbreviation, the lira is written of as L or Lit. About 5 lire equal U.S. \$1, or 25 lire equal 1 pound sterling. However the value of the lire is quite depressed, so that the local value of £1 is equivalent to L110 or more. In game terms, keepers could allow investigators to purchase black market goods at one-fifth of the usual price if paying in sterling, with a commensurate chance of being caught and arrested.

Government

After the Great War, many Italians felt that the gains made during the war were thrown away over the treaty-table. Benito Mussolini exploited this angry nationalism. In 1919, he gathered together groups of youths and veteran soldiers into units modeled upon military com-

mandos. Their official name was Fasci di Combattimento, but they became known from their uniforms as Blackshirts. Blackshirts were initially used to break strikes, and to harass Communists and Socialists. This militancy would later turn against all non-Italians. Local police and officials often turned blind eyes to the Fascists' activities, either in sympathy or from fear.

In 1921, Mussolini formed the Partito Nazionale Fascista (National Fascist Party). Initially they had relatively minor representation in the parliament, but were very influential for all that; no other party could form a government without PNF support. In October 1922, Mussolini was made Prime Minister by Victor Emmanuel III. After changes to the electoral laws, the Fascists polled two-thirds of the vote in the 1924 elections. After the murder of a member by fascist toughs, those parties in opposition withdrew from parliament in protest. By January, 1925, Mussolini had assumed the title Il Duce, and was the dictator of all Italy.

Mussolini's rise to power was opposed in Italy and overseas. In 1926, at least three attempts were made on his life. In the last of these, the would-be assassin was stabbed and beaten to death by an infuriated crowd.



dressmaker, acquiring six wooden sewing forms at the same time.

It has been used by the costumers at La Scala since, who admire it for its solidity but not for the way it resists pin-sticks. Because of its hefty construction it has been removed from the costumers' room to be used onstage, in Act 1, Scene 2 of *Aida*.

Centro di Milano

Following sub-sections describe major landmarks utilized in this scenario, including il Duomo and la Galleria Vittorio Emanuele.

LA GALLERIA VITTORIO EMANUELE

This beautiful arcade opened in 1877. Soon after, its designer Giuseppe Mengoni plunged to his death from the arch that overlooks the Piazza del Duomo. The Galleria is of cruciform arrangement and covered by a hemicylindrical construct of steel and glass. There is a central dome of the same materials. The walls are three tall stories high.

The long arms of the Galleria connect the Piazza del Duomo to the Piazza del Scala; these three architectural achievements form the "centro di Milano."

There are several cafes in the Galleria, Biffi's being the most famous. Other shops are occupied by retailers of clothes, leather goods, jewelry, books, etc. The Galleria is always crowded, but the investigators notice the people's apathetic movement. (See illustration on back cover.)

THEIR HOTEL ROOMS

As promised, Cavollaro booked beautiful rooms for the investigators, right above Biffi's on the third floor, at the crux of the Galleria. She wired ahead for the rooms, but has not yet occupied the suite she booked for herself.

From their balconies the investigators see Milan coming and going below, faces bowed, brows furrowed. Above a mural pictures ancient Egypt—a man approaches a seated woman. Just yards below this, and set all around the Galleria's walls, is statuary.

Their rooms have shelves of guide books to the main attractions of Milan—"The Last Supper," the Sforza Castle, the many churches and gardens, the glorious cathedral, even a book regarding Teatro alla Scala, the opera house.

This last is well-thumbed. It attributes to Verdi the belief that singing along with an aria at La Scala can cause one's fondest wish to be granted. The book contains drawings and illustrative photographic plates. One, pertaining to costume design, includes a picture of a small woman arranging a suit of armor on a large dummy. Though the investigators have no way to know, the dummy is the torso from the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

IL DUOMO

This huge Gothic cathedral took 500 years to build, starting in 1387. The facade houses five sets of massive double doors and is 73 meters across and twice again as long. The great, squat base rises to the astonishing delicacy of 98 spires, a nimbus of needle shapes straining to the sky. The pink and white marbles enhance the movement toward heaven.

Inside the cathedral, 52 pillars support a roof that covers sarcophagi, shrines, fonts, pews, and areas of colored light streaming in via the stained windows.

In daylight hours, one can reach the roof by stair, and from there Milan can be viewed spread out, orderly and untroubled. In warmer weather Arturo Faccia spends hours here, gazing out over the city which he increasingly owns, wondering beneath which inscrutable roof hides the prize of a portion of the simulacrum.

Before the Duomo is the Piazza del Duomo, a tiled open area the size again of the cathedral. The Piazza is a meeting place for locals, tourists, and pigeons alike. To one side of the Piazza an arched entrance opens into the Galleria.

In the Cathedral

If the investigators enter the magnificent cathedral, they meet some interesting people.

In the Duomo, the investigators are seized upon by a priest, Father Angelico, always eager to practice his English. He shows them the wonders of sculpture and architecture which the building boasts. Angelico is a large-boned, vigorous, broad-faced man who seems as much athlete as priest, but a disconcertingly sensitive streak is apt to reveal itself at any time.

As the tour goes on, like most Milanese these past few years, Father Angelico loses energy and enthusiasm. Finally, near tears, he apologizes to them for his weakness, and out tumbles his theory of the Collapse of Milan.

"We Milanese have lost much faith in the One True God. Our lack of animation stems from a soulless devotion to appearance instead of substance. In these dim days, we worship actors and singers. As attendance at mass declines, La Scala's audiences increase. La Scala is the house of evil!" Bewilderingly, he breaks into tears.

Other people in the cathedral are in tears. Near the doors stand three tiny, ancient women in black who work at the costume department at La Scala. Weeping, they light candles for Cavollaro's return, whose picture they proceed to hang from a votive rack. They have no English, but can be followed to La Scala or questioned in Italian with the help of Father Angelico. If questioned concerning evil at La Scala, they glance at one another

and cross themselves, but will not be drawn out any further. Keepers so-inclined might allow an idea roll here: is it coincidence that to cross oneself, one touches each extremity of the torso?

A CRAZY OLD MAN

As the investigators turn to leave the cathedral, they hear clucking sounds. An old man has gone to his hands and knees beside a pillar, obviously looking for something. If they ask to help, he is startled and stands suddenly—a glass jar tumbles from his coat to the tiled floor, shattering and scattering its contents, which consist entirely of dead butterflies and moths.

The man, thin and well-dressed, hurries away. If the investigators remain, they see a chameleon appear and feast on the insect banquet, its independently-moving and strangely-scaled eyes maintaining constant vigil. Then it slips behind a person or a font and disappears. Faccia and his pet rendezvous later on the roof.

If the investigators make a fuss chasing either Arturo or the chameleon, priests move to restrain them. By the time the investigators make plausible excuse, man and lizard are safely away.

A Midnight Episode

As the investigators prepare for bed, Caterina Cavollaro's voice echoes through the halls of the Galleria, singing the same aria that she performed on the train.

Led out of the Galleria, they see police and groups of people, running down narrow streets and into piazzas, but the tall buildings and cobbled streets make it difficult to discern from where the sound comes, though everyone hears it.

A successful Listen roll causes the investigators to turn into a particular alley. As they move down the dim, narrow street, a dry scuttling sound attracts their attention; a successful Spot Hidden roll reveals a chameleon lurking in the shadows. The creature diverts attention



Father Angelico



Arturo Faccia

from Faccia, for it is he singing, and allows him to evade the investigators' notice.

The aria is heard a few more times that night, but stops after a while. Everyone goes to sleep. That night, they dream of singing reptiles.

The Performance

IN THE MORNING, THE INVESTIGATORS wake to notice that the mural set into the wall of the Galleria above their rooms seems to have been vandalized; now the Egyptian woman appears to scream at the approach of the Egyptian man, who now has something like a small monkey or cat painted as sitting on his shoulder. Later in the day, the investigators return to see the mural as they saw it originally, the day before. Was the perception from this morning a trick of light, or some indefinable influence?

The Disappearance

The newspapers are full of Cavollaro's disappearance, which all have now decided must be a criminal act, and not some prank or absent-mindedness on her part: *CAVOLLARO ABDUCTED, OPERA STAR MYSTERY, GIVE AIDA BACK!*

The stories include reports of last night's singing, with speculations and interviews. Of particular interest is the following.

Player Handout #13

Cavollaro's Disappearance: Another Tragedy?

Rosario Sorbello, director of La Scala, announced today that "Aida" would open tonight with understudy Maria Dimattina appearing in the title role.

Sorbello, in response to comments regarding the "ghost voice" of last night and other reputedly unnatural occurrences, said "There is no substance to these stories. They are mere gossip and old wives' tales."

Paolo Rischonti, props manager for the opera, told a different tale. "We thought our troubles were over," he said, "when the costumiers' curse ended with the preparations for Aida, but now the bad luck is on the set itself. People are being injured or falling ill, and props are disappearing. Where will this end?"

Tonight's performance is booked out, but the opera is scheduled over the next four weeks.

Teatro alla Scala

Piazza del Scala is accessible via the Galleria, and has as its centerpiece a large statue of Michelangelo. La Scala itself is a bland-looking building from the outside—the famous opera house is merely large.

The investigators cannot gain entry to la Scala via the front doors, since these are locked until this evening—opening night. The best way in is through the stage door, to be found at the back of the building. Here a Fast Talk or Debate persuades burly (SIZ 18) Marco the doorkeeper to allow them in.

Inside, they soon lose sight of the stage door as strange sights intervene: a ten-foot-high wooden nose against a wall, which will be gone the next time they pass this way; pharaohs sit smoking cigars and playing cards; a trail of stage blood leads underneath a door. Sounds also echo along these walls: sets being built, singers exercising their throats, instruments being tuned, orders shouted and countermanded . . . activity is frantic as performance times nears.

The mood of the cast and crew is a mixture of sadness and confusion over the loss of their star, anticipation of great things done, and pre-performance excitement. Groups gather to cry or to sing together, creating oases and vortexes of sound that wash and intermingle along the corridors, starting and vanishing as suddenly as a desert stream.

Pictures of Cavallaro are stuck up everywhere, garlanded with roses and ribbons; it is as if the singer stares accusingly from every wall, every door. Members of the cast press their lips to these shrines as they pass, worshipping these icons as fervently as Father Angelico feared. The investigators are continually being run past, or shoved aside, or wailed at by wild-eyed singers as they carry on in the tradition of Italian grand opera.

Far from windows, vents, or outer doors, the atmosphere becomes increasingly surreal. A row of plaster limbs are dragged past, tied on a long rope, bumping and scraping. A huge chariot wheel covered in paste jewels suddenly rolls down the corridor, threatening to knock down the investigators (successful Dodge rolls to avoid losing a hit point). Egyptians sporting horrific battle wounds stroll by, cheerfully singing and chattering in tor-



Marco Baldo

Milan

MILAN IS THE BIGGEST CITY in northern Italy, the capital of the region called Lombardy, and after Naples the second-most populous city in Italy.

Milan has a long and celebrated history. In the 4th century it was made capital of the Holy Roman Empire, and so was pivotal to the development of early Christianity. In the following centuries its power grew and it continued to dominate local politics, culminating in the period from the 14th to 16th centuries when the Visconti and Sforza dynasties created the city anew, expanding and rebuilding in accordance with long-term plans. Il Duomo, the magnificent cathedral, was begun in 1387.

Milan's prosperity declined with the Spanish conquest of the 17th century and subsequent rule of the Hapsburgs into the 19th century. The advent of the Risorgimento (mid-19th century) and the unification of the regions of Italy into a single kingdom saw Milan develop once more into an intellectual and cultural focus of the country. By the 1920s it was well-established as the center of big business in Italy.

About 1890, Marxism was introduced to Italy, and it is illustrative of the ideological liberality of the Milanese authorities that papers such as *Avanti-Giornale Socialista* could enjoy wide readership without fear or repression.

As well as being receptive to new ideas, Milanese also enthusiastically pursue the latest styles. Milan is the fashion center of Italy, so there are (even for Italy) a seemingly disproportionate number of well-frequented clothing retailers in the central business district.

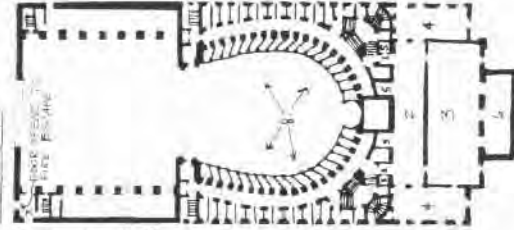
In 1897-99 the Edison Co. installed electric streetcar lines in the streets of Milan, which converge on the Piazza del Duomo much as irregular spokes about a central hub. The Duomo can be considered the very heart of Milan, its imposing beauty allowed space by the piazza before it. The streets that lie close by are packed with four- and five-story buildings, giving the impression of a series of geometrically regular and intersecting valleys.

Da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper," can be found in the church of Santa Maria Delle Grazie, a ten minute tram-ride from the Piazza del Duomo. The picture depicts the moment after Christ has uttered the words: "One of you will betray me," and the surrounding groups of disciples look suitably amazed.

In 1923 Milan, much construction is underway. Buildings are going up or extended. The Duomo is having a facelift and workers scurry up and down scaffolding lugging pieces of pink and white marble to be replaced or cleaned. Some of the multitudinous statues are being removed also. On the outskirts of town, the University of Milan is under construction.

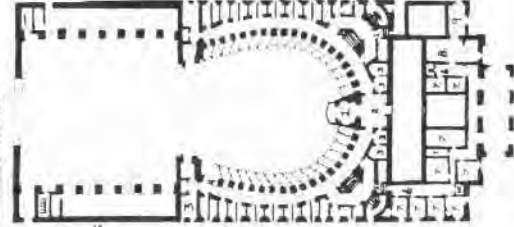


THIRD FLOOR



- 1 ENTRY ROOM
- 2 LOBBY
- 3 RECEPTION
- 4 MEETING ROOM
- 5 SMALL ROOM
- 6 TERRACE
- 7 DANCE
- 8 DANCE
- 9 DANCE

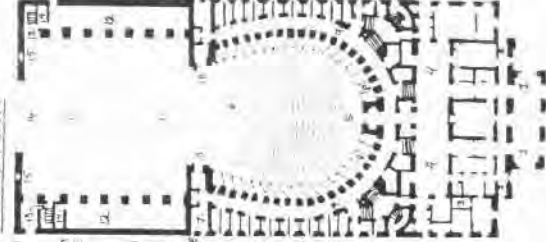
SECOND FLOOR



- 1 ROYAL BOX
- 2 ENTRANCE
- 3 SERVANTS
- 4 BALCONY
- 5 ENTRANCE
- 6 SERVANTS
- 7 CORRIDOR
- 8 KITCHEN
- 9 CLOSET

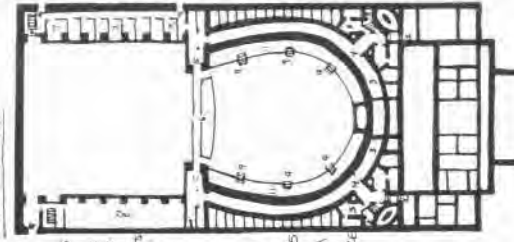
NOTE: IF NO DOOR IS MARKED, IT IS NOT A ROOM ON THIS LEVEL, BUT A BRICK FOUNDATION

GROUND FLOOR



- 1 PORTICO
- 2 ENTRY
- 3 PASSAGE
- 4 SMALL ROOM
- 5 STALLS
- 6 JACUZZI
- 7 CONDUCTOR
- 8 BOXES
- 9 BOXES
- 10 BOXES
- 11 STAGE
- 12 STAGE
- 13 STAGE
- 14 STAGE
- 15 STAGE
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BASEMENT



- 1 SERVANTS
- 2 ENTRY
- 3 TOILETS
- 4 STAIRS
- 5 PASSAGE
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NOTE: IF NO DOOR APPEARS, IT IS NOT A ROOM ON THIS LEVEL, BUT A BRICK FOUNDATION

Teatro alla Scala, Milan

rents. Then a landslide of severed wooden heads cascades down a dark corridor, and forces the investigators down an even darker passage. In the distance the squeak of wood against plaster sounds like giggling.

Only a successful POW x2 or less result on D100 keeps the investigators from becoming lost. Once they are lost, anything less than shouted demands for help are ignored. They feel that they are adrift in a madhouse, where the laws of reality have changed, that they are intruding on a world obsessed by its devotion to artifice and trickery. They are behind the scenes, party to the clockwork demon of art.

After a third group of slaves in foil chains skip past, or after a sidelong glance reveals a baleful eye as big as a dinner table glaring at them between the curtains, each investigator must receive a Sanity roll (lose 0/1 SAN) to resist the idea that their search has no significance or importance, that the theater is reality, and that illusion is the goal to which all activity is directed.

Paolo Rischonti

Rischonti was quoted in the newspaper article. If the investigators seek him out, he is backstage directing a hundred last-minute jobs. He can speak briefly with the investigators, but is obviously very busy.

If asked about the 'costumier's curse,' he will explain. In the last six years, La Scala has not been able to keep a costume designer for more than three months. Every new person fell ill, and furthermore suffered profound disillusionment with the falsity and facades inherent in the theatrical arts.

The illnesses include consumption, pneumonia, gastro-enteritis, asthma, appendicitis, and in a few cases a strange dermatitis on the chest. Management has done everything possible, but has never pinpointed the cause of these maladies. They are overjoyed because the most recent appointment has displayed no symptoms, and indeed seems as immune as the three old women who have worked in the costume department for more than fifty years. The new woman, Luisa Visconti, has been at the job for four months now.

Now the bad luck has moved on, culminating in the abduction of the great diva, Caterina. Rischonti thinks it is a bad idea to go ahead with *Aida*.



Paolo Rischonti

The Costumery

Anyone can give simple-seeming directions to the costume department: a left, a right, up three levels and you're there. To get there though, the investigators must weave their way along narrow corridors lined with anonymous doors, climb rickety flights of stairs, and make choices at intersections neglectfully unmentioned by their guides. Nonetheless, the journey to the costume department is a respite from the backstage madness—at least the people here are stationary and quiet.

The costumers' room is the size of a pullman, filled with material, pins, designs, and cotton. The costumes are stored elsewhere but manufactured here—six dressmaker's dummies are adorned with costumes in various states of development. If the dummies are inspected, all six are wooden.

Four women work here. One is young, Luisa Visconti; she smokes and draws at a desk. The others are the three elderly women from the cathedral—ancients dressed in black who busy themselves at the dummies like dwarves dressing magicians and princesses. They are tiny (SIZ 6) and work nimbly.



Luisa Visconti

Visconti will talk to the investigators, and speaks English, but her mind is on her designs. She is aware of the turnover of staff; in the last few years more than twenty have left, one after the other, an intolerable distraction. She is proud to have remained in good health long past the time that the others averaged.

It is chilly in here. At the back of the room, a successful Spot Hidden reveals a door ajar, opening to a fire-escape landing bathed in weak sunlight. Visconti explains that it gives onto a fire escape and complains that it never closes properly.

If the investigators met the three old women at il Duomo, this time Visconti can act as translator. The trio speak in a simultaneous jumble of voices. They tell the investigators that the six dummies plus an absent seventh are "new" (six years are few if you've worked in the place for fifty years). The seventh dummy, the big one, has been taken downstairs somewhere and they're glad. Though it had no physical effect on them (they are too old and too sure of themselves) it makes them feel uneasy. Still, it was very useful. Costumes made on it never seemed to need adjusting.

If the investigators feel no interest in the dummy, the keeper should nonetheless remember this interview. Keepers who like to guide events might allow an idea roll to pursue the topic of the seventh dummy into the next sub-section.

FURTHER SEARCHES

The lower levels are closer to the stage. The Torso cannot be found in the ever-increasing hubbub and activity. Though stagehands may say that the dummy was thrown out, or bought by a collector, or mangled in an accident, the props manager knows exactly where it is—protected from the bustle behind enormous backdrops and destined for prop glory tonight. Alas, no one the investigators think to ask knows that.

BENITO'S ORDERS

If the investigators have been at all upsetting to Mr. Faccia, backstage provides perfect opportunities for his bodyguard, Benito Andriani. He attempts to conclude all investigations rather messily. Hurling prop spears, falling sandbags, and collapsing curtain bars might be used to permanently dissuade investigator snoops. If captured, Andriani could lead the investigators to Faccia.

SOMETHING NEW

The next morning, all the investigators who went to La Scala wake up with irritated checkerboard rashes across their stomachs and backs. This rash heals each day the victim remains away from La Scala, and worsens each time they return.

Opening Night

Eventually Marco finds the investigators and throws them out, as they seem to obstructing preparations. He tells them to get tickets and come back tonight. As it happens, they do.

Some 3,000 people eddy in the piazza, at the ticket windows, in the foyers, and in the salons of La Scala, but they make none of the animated chatter and gossip usual to opening night. These Milanese have dressed in black. They speak in hushed tones, and avert their eyes. The tone of the evening is funereal.

The bells ring and the somber crowd moves to seats and boxes. The investigators remain on the ground floor, front row center.

From the central chandelier, in which a dinner party could be comfortably held, to the six tiers of boxes which soar up to the shallow domed roof, to the sixty feet of crimson curtain that veils the stage, everything is of epic proportions. It is impossible not to feel dwarfed, and a little awed, by this place. The investigators should feel very small, indeed of the wrong scale.



Benito Andriani

It takes a full five minutes to get to the front row. Their seats are immediately before the orchestra, who by means of squeaks and strums and blurts are tuning their instruments.

At eight sharp, the conductor taps the podium with his baton, a thin sharp sound that finds every corner of the hall. The music begins, a melody familiar to the investigators from Cavollaro's impromptu recital aboard

the Orient Express. The curtain bunches up and up, and up, to reveal on stage a great hall of ancient Egypt. Priests sacrifice plaster lambs at the feet of a statue of Isis, whom they petition to choose a new Egyptian leader. Young warrior Radames sings of his hope to be chosen, and also that, upon his return from the fight against the Ethiopians, he may ask Aida (a captured Ethiopian slave, handmaiden to the Egyptian King's daughter) to marry him. Little does he know that Aida is a princess herself, the daughter of the Ethiopian king and leader. Radames is chosen as the new Egyptian leader and the priests take him away to be presented with his armor.

Aida's tortured aria, the one that the investigators by now know so well, begins. The understudy starts with none of the vocal power or presence of Caterina, but suddenly the whole opera house begins to hum with the resonance of the song. Everybody seems to be singing the piece themselves. Everybody tonight seems to have a secret wish.

Gradually, however, the investigators distinguish unmistakably the voice of Caterina Cavollaro herself, quite close to them. A Listen roll indicates that it is coming from beside them, over the central aisle.

There is a tall, elderly man, whom the investigators may recognize from the Duomo. He has a scarred neck. He sings in exactly the voice of Cavollaro. Perceiving that he sings with another's voice requires that the investigators receive Sanity rolls; lose 2/1D6 SAN. The crowd generally seems to have focused both on the performance and on their own petitions, so this extraordinary event goes almost unnoticed. From Faccia's old, dry mouth spill the perfect notes of a soprano in her prime, exactly as the investigators have heard them twice before.

Next to this amazing singer sits a large old woman, wizened and wrinkled enough to be his mother. She sits slack-mouthed, listening intently to the aria, as though trying to remember something important. A Spot Hidden reveals that her neck is also scarred. She bears a faint

resemblance to Cavollaro—perhaps she is related. If the investigator somehow deduces that this is Cavollaro, a new Sanity roll for 1/1D4 SAN is appropriate.

On either side of them are two uncomfortable looking, well-dressed, middle-aged men, four in all. Benito Andriani is not present; opera is hopelessly above him. Faccia may be recognized (another Spot Hidden) if the investigators met him at il Duomo.

The aria finished, he slumps forwards, breathing heavily. A new backdrop unfurls. The new scene is inside the temple of Phtah. Incense billows out into the audience as Radames strides in, followed by a group of priests, who present him with his sword, his sandals, his helmet—and then a spotlight comes up on what Faccia has dimly sought.

Radames' suit of armor is arranged on a large dressmaker's dummy, the seventh dummy from the costumers' room. The priests lift the amour off; for a second the bare torso swims under the spotlight. It has the look of opalescent marble. The investigators recognize the Torso intellectually, by the sheen and color appropriate to that of the Left Arm, but Arturo Faccia recognizes the Torso by the leap and thrill of his greedy, obsessive heart. He screams in ecstasy, even as the spotlight on the Sedefkar Simulacrum piece dies.

The investigators see that their goal is not thirty feet away, but the moat of the orchestra separates them from it. There is a commotion as the singer with Cavollaro's voice with four more men hurriedly leave their seats and head up the side aisle. The old woman totters after them. Presumably the investigators follow.

Finale

Faccia and his men try to get backstage, but it takes precious minutes for them to convince Marco that they are extras running late, part of the crowd in Act II, scene 2. There is ample time for the investigators to leave the house, then re-enter through the faulty door to the costumers' room.

Now it is a game of cat-and-mouse in the mazes that backstage at the opera and the streets of Milan can provide. The torso has been wheeled off stage by the time the investigators or the Brothers get to it. It can be wheeled along, or a resistance roll against STR 20 can pull the torso off its mounting. It is quite heavy (SIZ 9) to carry, though, and slows down anyone lugging it.

The Brothers are indifferent physical specimens even though most of their viscera comes from healthy dead men. They are confused and taken aback by Faccia's frantic, unexpected demands. Faccia, meanwhile, is left nearly hysterical by the totality of the answer to his prayers. With his perfect soprano voice screaming orders



From Faccia's old dry mouth spilled perfect notes.

at the men, his desire to have the torso overpowers all reason and restraint.

Allow the situation to play out. At some point Caterina Cavollaro's cloud of insanity dissolves and she realizes what is happening. The investigators can have time bought for them as she attempts to throttle her voice out of Arturo's throat. Arturo's companions come to his rescue, prying her off. She stumbles away, as Arturo Faccia sits down heavily, squeaking and coughing, but directing the Brothers after the investigators. They comply, and that is the last time they see him. Fenalik finds him first.

By this time the investigators should have found a cab and driven off. They have stolen a rather large piece of La Scala property, but the sum paid for it in France (50 francs) hardly leaves them open to criminal prosecution. Now they must hide the segment and get it aboard the Orient Express tomorrow afternoon.

Conclusion

The Express departure is delayed. Heavy snowfall in Switzerland has again blocked the tracks. This time the Orient Express arrives at Stazione Centrale an unacceptable five hours behind schedule. The Wagon-Lits staff are soothing and apologetic.

The train pulls out at half past six. The investigators hear a series of explosions behind them in the town. Looking out the windows of the Express, they see behind a magnificent fireworks display. Vitality returns to Milan as the investigators drag out the anvil that had been chained to its neck.

Each investigator gains 1D4 SAN for recovering the Torso of the Sedefkar Simulacrum. Correspondingly the penalty against idea, know, and luck roll successes increases to 10 percentiles if they now possess two parts of the simulacrum.

CATERINA CAVOLLARO

She is alive, but in a body seemingly foreign, and her voice gone forever with the death of Faccia. If the investigators learn the secret of the cult's Control Skin spell, they can return and restore her features to herself. Such restoration gains each investigator 1D8 SAN. But her voice is never restored.

Few believe the crazy old woman's tale at first, but Cavollaro gradually convinces friends with details that only she could know. If she cannot be happy thereafter, at least she is safe for the present.

POSTSCRIPTUM

Remarkably, the investigators are not pursued by Brotherhood thugs, even if their hotel is known. The reason why is soon clear, as the following article suggests. It is

accompanied by a photograph of Arturo Faccia, whom they recognize from their night at the opera.

The cause of Faccia's death is Fenalik, of course, though the body is enough mutilated that vampirism is not a foregone conclusion.

Player Handout #14

Milanese Man Murdered

Police revealed this morning that prominent Milan businessman Arturo Faccia was two nights ago the victim in a bestial slaying, in a seemingly isolated incident.

He had been at La Scala with friends for the opening night of "Aida" and had gone backstage to congratulate performers when he became separated from his companions.

His mutilated body was discovered late yesterday by workmen on the roof of our cathedral. An official at the diocese stated, "It is impossible for anyone to get up there at night. This is the Devil's work."

Milan police would not describe the wounds sustained, repeating merely that they seem the work of a deranged degenerate. Residents of the city are warned to exercise caution at night.

Signor Faccia was a widower, without children. He had recently returned from a business trip to Turkey.

Statistics

FATHER ANGELICO, Age 33, Priest & Translator

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 15 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 14 SAN 75 EDU 16 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none he will use.

Skills: Anthropology 15%, Bargain 35%, Church Doctrine 40%, Church Law 30%, Climb 50%, Credit Rating 50%, Debate 55%, Dodge 35%, Drive Automobile 30%, English 50%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 38%, Hide 30%, History 35%, Jump 40%, Italian 75%, Latin 55%, Library Use 50%, Listen 45%, Make Maps 15%, Occult 10%, Oratory 30%, Psychology 40%, Sing 30%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 55%, Throw 50%.

MARCO BALDO, Age 30, Stage Doorman at La Scala

STR 17 CON 16 SIZ 18 INT 8 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 9 SAN 50 EDU 4 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D6
Grapple 65%, damage special
Broken Chair 55%, damage 1D6+1D6

Skills: Bargain 10%, Climb 55%, Dodge 60%, Follow Orders 85%, Jump 55%, Protect Property 65%, Refuse Entry 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Throw 45%.

ARTURO FACCIA, Age 67, Heads Milanese Brotherhood

STR 8 CON 9 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 9 SAN 0 EDU 15 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Cult Skinning Knife 60%, damage 1D3+2.

Skills: Accounting 79%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 80%, Debate 50%, English 20%, Law 20%, Library Use 20%, Listen 45%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 65%, Turkish 45%.

Spells: Control Skin*, Deflect Harm, Enchant Knife, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Transfer Body Part*, Voorish Sign. * new spells.

Pet: Arturo's chameleon is his constant companion. He feeds it moths and butterflies from a jar in his pocket. This creature is totally unmagical, but stands its ground disconcertingly, and appraises investigators as though they were flies. Faccia uses it in the Transfer Organ spell.

Benito Andriani, Age 24, Faccia's Bodyguard

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 10 SAN 60 EDU 4 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4
Fighting Knife 50%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
9mm Beretta Pistol, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 20%, Concoct Assassinations 45%, Dodge 44%, Drive Automobile 75%, Fast Talk 35%, Follow Orders 55%, Hide 25%, Jump 45%, Listen 35%, Pick Pocket 30%, Psychology 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 55%, Sneak 30%.

SIX BULKY BROTHERS OF THE SKIN, Milan Chapter

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 55%, damage special
Club 65%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Accounting 25%, Bargain 35%, Climb 45%, Credit Rating 40%, Debate 40%, Drive Automobile 30%, Fast Talk 30%, Hide 20%, Jump 40%, Law 15%, Listen 45%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 50%. As keepers wish, the pertinent skills of these executives might be considerably higher.

	STR	CON	SIZ	INT	DEX	POW	HP
One	13	15	15	11	13	11	15
Two	14	13	14	12	12	10	14
Three	14	14	14	11	12	11	14
Four	12	13	12	13	12	13	13
Five	13	12	13	14	11	14	13
Six	13	13	13	12	11	11	13

CATERINA CAVOLLARO, Age 27, ex-Opera Star

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 8 APP 11 SAN 40* EDU 17 HP 13

* temporarily insane.

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Grapple 25%, damage special

Skills: English 43%, Sing 8%.

These statistics reflect Signorina Cavollaro after Faccia has cast Control Skin and Transfer Body Part on her; she is temporarily insane.

Transfer Organ

Replaces any human internal organ with its equivalent from another human, with the exception of the heart, which it cannot move or trade. This effect of this spell is permanent. To cast, it costs 1D8 Sanity points, 1 point of row and 63 magic points. Both participants also lose 1D8 SAN, or 1D10 if unaware the transference was to take place. One of the participants can be the caster.

A living donor must be at hand; for the effect of the spell, it is inconsequential whether or not the donor agrees to the procedure.

A paste is made of blood from both participants, mixed with a little chameleon saliva. Then donor, receiver, and caster are surrounded by a group who link hands and recite an ancient poem; their words direct from them exactly 63 magic points drawn in nearly equal amounts from each chanter. This energy keeps the subject alive during the organ movement.

Using the paste, the spell-caster draws a symbol of the organ to be transferred on the respective chests of the participants. After an hour of meditation and visualization, the caster delves his or her hands into the donor body where the lines are marked. Pinching off major vessels and connecting tubes between thumb and forefinger, the organ is lifted out and placed on a circular stone table. This is repeated for the other person, then the parts are installed in their new bodies and sewn into place.

Control Skin

Allows the caster to meld, bend, and alter the skin of one general body area per casting. This spell costs 1D6 SAN and 5 magic points to cast, after which the caster must overcome the target's magic points on the resistance table unless the target is willing.

Areas correspond to the parts of the Sedefkar Simulacrum: head, torso, right arm, left arm, right leg, left leg. By spending 30 magic points, the entire body can be controlled. Simultaneous castings of body areas require only one Sanity roll, but each casting requires another 1D6 Sanity loss. The spell can change the appearance of a body area or areas enough to make an individual unrecognizable.

Ordinarily the spell affects the skin for 15 minutes, after which the skin reverts to its natural state; if a point of POW is expended along with the 5 magic points, the spell is permanent until undone with a second casting. The Brothers of the Skin use the spell as reward, punishment, and tool. It is essential to them.

HORROR ON THE ORIENT-EXPRESS



BOOK III

ITALY & BEYOND

VIII. VENEZIA



Death (and Love) in a Gondola

Our heroes head east to the city of canals, and there its past glory, present decay, and eternal romance affects everyone, even Fenalik.

by Penelope Love

THE TRIP TO VENICE is a short one, of a few hours total. This leg of the story begins in Milan's Stazione Centrale, where Maria Stagliani is introduced. She too boards for Venice, her home, and the investigators travel with her and witness her reception at Venice station. Events concerning her and the Left Leg of the simulacrum develop concurrently.

Scenario Considerations

This chapter consists of two independent adventures, both potentially deadly, one supernatural and one mundane, each unconnected with the other except through the investigators and the sharing of common time.

"Love" and "Death" interpenetrate from the start. Alas for optimists, whether or not true love triumphs, death usually concludes the Venice chapter.

All material is presented chronologically, and most of the events for "Love" occur during the events of the first four days, as summarized in a nearby box.

Keeper Information

The Left Leg of the simulacrum arrived in Venice with Napoleon's soldiers in 1797. It was bought by a powerful noble and reputed sorcerer, Conte Alvise Gremanci. Fate forced him to donate it to repair an automaton in one of the city's many clock towers, where it remains. None now know of it.

Venice is a cultural glory of Italy and of humanity, but it is no longer a political or economic capital—no chapter of the Brothers of the Skin exists here.

Fenalik, the vampire dogging the investigators' footsteps, succumbs to the atmosphere of Venice (a city he has dwelt in before) and cannot resist the temptation to

Daily Events for "Love"

Day One

Evening. Georgio Gasparetti visits the investigators at their hotel: see "Georgio Calls."

Day Two

Daylight. In the morning the investigators receive a message from Maria Stagliani: see "A Note From Maria."

Day Three

Daylight. This morning the funeral of Maria Stagliani's father occurs: see "The Funeral."

Day Four

Evening. Soon after sunset, the investigators receive a second message from Maria: see "Another Note From Maria." The missive alerts them to Maria's dire need and leads to "Maria's Rescue," the climax for "Love in Venice."



Maria Stagliani

stalk the alleyways, to engage destitute gondoliers to pole him along the canals at the ebb of the tide, nor to engage in a few unduly picturesque murders. His murderous feast leashes general panic in the city.

In London, Dr. Smith told the investigators that the Gremanci family might possess the leg. The investigators should follow this lead; see "The Gremanci Family" below, and subsequent paragraphs.

In the "Love In Venice" sub-plot, Maria Stagliani (young, recently bereaved, well-off) returns to Venice. Two suitors await—Alberto Rossini, a corrupt government official, and Giorgio Gasparetti, a young idealist. Miss Stagliani does not know it, but her father was murdered by over-zealous thugs under Rossini's command, angered after the father refused his consent to Rossini's proposal of marriage. These are the rising days of Fascism, and there is no investigation. The events stemming from this, part tragedy and part farce, involve the investigators while they are in Venice.

The section "Events in Venice" describes happenings as the investigators are busily following the trail; track the days, and describe the mood of the city accordingly.

Death, and Love

The story of Maria Stagliani has nothing whatsoever to do with the investigators' search for the simulacrum.

At Milan an attractive young woman, dressed in black and veiled in mourning, boards the Express. She is Maria Stagliani. Weeping and occasionally sobbing "Papa, papa," she clutches a silver locket and a lace handkerchief patently inadequate to its task. A sober woman in late middle-age, her maid, accompanies Stagliani.

Perhaps offered a friendly smile, or a fresh handkerchief, Miss Stagliani ex-

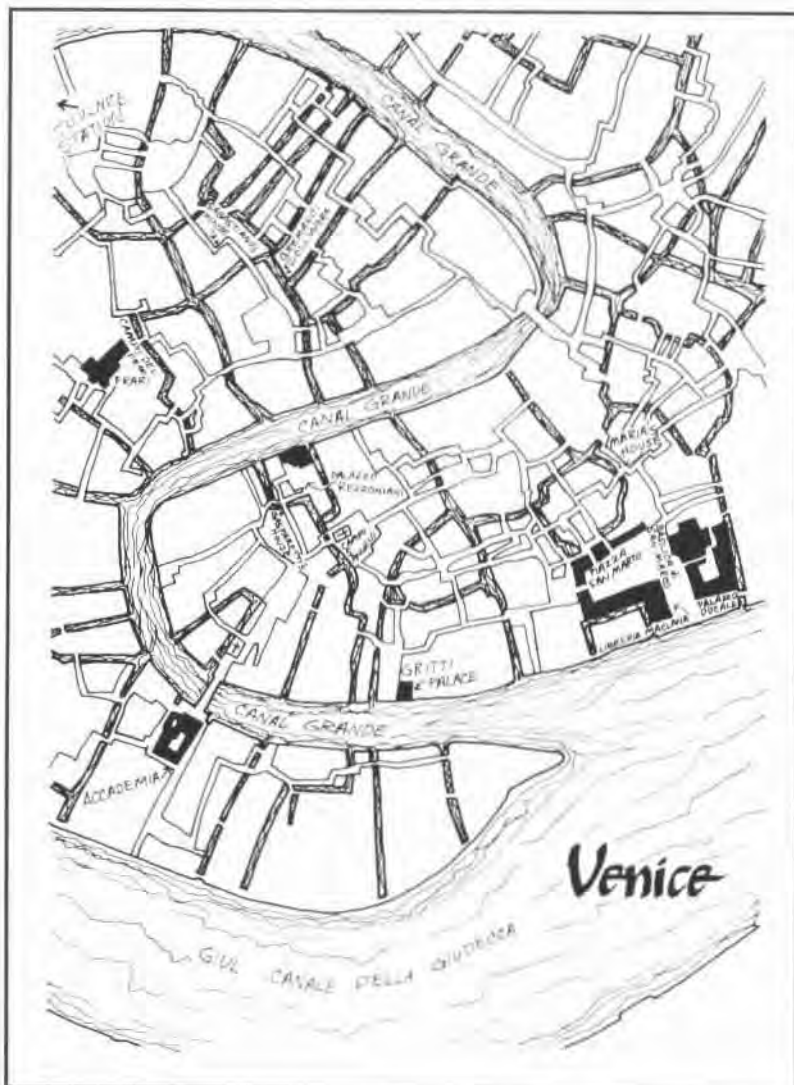
plains in excellent English that her father has died suddenly at home in Venice while she was visiting relatives. She has cut short her holiday and is returning. She shows them a portrait of Papa in her locket. Papa is a not-so-elderly gentleman; his name was Giovanni Stagliani.

AT VENICE STATION

The train pulls in at 5:05 P.M. It is already dark. Investigators can hear distant bells from the many campanili. A successful Listen roll recalls the bells from dream Lausanne. Porters from all major hotels are at the station, eagerly awaiting custom



Maria's Maid



during the off-season winter months. If investigators choose to make their own way, they become lost. Venice is small, but confusing: lost investigators can wander for hours.

Two parties wait for Maria Stagliani at the rail station. There are six Fascists (five younger thugs identifiable by their black shirts), led by a pudgy bureaucrat in a suit. The six approach her first, and the man murmurs insincerely, professing sorrow and endearments, then attempts to lead her and her maid into a government motor launch for the

short ride across the lagoon to the islands. He is Alberto Rossini, a man important in the Venetian Fascist party.

Also waiting for Stagliani is a handsome young man of fiery temper who watches from a distance (Spot Hidden to notice him), and seethes. He intervenes when it becomes clear that Maria prefers not to get into the launch. He races to her defense. She calls him *Georgio*, and begs him not to get involved. The Blackshirts loom threateningly. To Maria's evident distress, they are about to drag off *Georgio*, beat him up, and dump him in a

Venice

VENICE IS A CITY built on islands in a salt lagoon. It is best known for its canals, the largest and most important of which is the Grand Canal. The Grand Canal and islands immediately surrounding it, collectively called the *Rialto*, form the center of the city. Ship and train link Venice to the mainland. The rail junction is at Mestre.

The city's population dipped during the Great War, and is presently about 160,000; with the construction of the new port of Marghera by the Mussolini government, the number of residents will increase to 207,000 in 1928. The island portion of Venice measures about four kilometers east-west, somewhat less north-south.

The main form of transport is by boat: motor launch, *vaporetti*, and the famous gondolas. The *vaporetti* are steam-driven water-buses, seating many passengers and plying set routes. The gondola is the equivalent of a water taxi, long and narrow (32' x 5') with a high stern and prow, and a curtained cabin for the comfort of the passengers, all poled by a gondolier (pl., *gondolieri*). A small gondola seats four to six; a large gondola seats eight.

Venice also has many alleys and lanes, some so narrow an umbrella cannot be opened in them; the maze of secluded courtyards, bridges, archways, tortuous passageways, dead ends, quaysides, and dark overhung back streets is made doubly confusing by the system of street numbering. The city is divided into six districts, and

each district numbers its houses from 1 to 5,000. Only locals know where one district ends and another begins. There is only one true piazza (square) in Venice, the Piazza San Marco. All other squares in Venice bear a less-distinguished term, *campo*. The Piazza San Marco fronts the Grand Canal, the Doges' Palace, and St. Mark's Basilica, this last arguably the wealthiest and most ornate cathedral in Europe.

The basilica (Basilica di San Marco) holds the mummified body of its namesake, St. Mark, stolen from Alexandria in 828 A.D. The structure is inordinately rich in marble, tapestry, velvet, and precious metals—plunder and donations accumulated over centuries. Any wall not covered by gem-encrusted mosaics is ornately carved and gilded, as are many of the statues and pillars. Ceilings are pictures. Floors are marble inlaid and inset. The Pala d'oro, the retable of the high altar within which rest St. Mark's remains, alone is encrusted with 1300 great pearls, 400 garnets, 90 amethysts, 300 sapphires, 300 emeralds, 15 rubies, 75 balas rubies, 4 topazes, and two cameos.

Venice contains many magnificent libraries and museums. The Biblioteca Marciana, for example, houses over 550,000 printed volumes and 13,000 manuscripts, many rare and valuable. The architecture of this edifice, the former mint, echoes Constantinople but is also gothic in the extreme; gargoyles litter every available corner and waterspout. The ar-

chives of the Republic, though damaged by fire, are held in good order at the Franciscan monastery at the Frail.

There are a number of excellent hotels in Venice. Deluxe hotels include the Griffl Palace, the Daniel (a favored haunt of litterateurs and statesmen) and the Cipriani (famed for food and peace). Also available are semi-self-contained bed-and-breakfast flats, *pensione*.

Venice had a long and proud history, but was finally vanquished by Napoleon in 1797. Shortly after, the city became part of the Austrian Empire. Despite her grandeur, both real and legendary, Venice has long since fallen into decay. But the cultural tangibles of her past glory are everywhere manifest: the living city is also a living museum.

The Character of the Weather

Venice in winter is cold, still, and vaporous. Days of rain, rain, rain, and fog alternate with spells of sunny brilliance, when ice crackles on the fringes of the canals. Nights are tomb-like, the houses wrapped in shrouds of mist. lit only by occasional somber pools of lamplight. You can walk for miles at night and hear nothing but the echo of your own footsteps, the sad slapping of water on a tethered boat, the distant clang of a fog-bell, or the deep boom of a steamer at sea. In Venice, on a foggy winter's night, it feels like day will never come.



Portrait of Papa (Giovani Stagliani)

canal. She casts about, sights the investigators, and begs their assistance.

The intervention of well-dressed, rich-looking foreigners interrupts the disagreement. Georgio vanishes. Rossini gives the investigators an evil look; he blusters, asking for their names and addresses. Shown passports, his Blackshirts take copious and laborious notes.

If the investigators make no offer to see her to Venice, Miss Stagliani reluctantly boards Rossini's launch in order to prevent further commotion; before she does, she asks the investigators which hotel they are staying at, so she can take them to see the sights of Venice—if they have no rooms, she suggests the Gritti Palace, not far west from the Piazza San Marco. She murmurs thanks for their intervention. In truth, Rossini intends to do nothing except take Maria to her father's house. She is safe with him for the next few days, but she does not like him.

If the investigators offer to escort her home, she accepts, explaining to Rossini and his Blackshirts that these foreigners are friends of her late mother's—Rossini does not even trouble to summon up a look of polite interest in this play.

On the way to her house, Maria Stagliani offers her thanks and explanations. She declares both her love for Georgio and her loathing of Alberto (he is forty, and fat, and his breath stinks—worse, he spends time with occultists). By the time they reach her door, her anger has faded

into tears for her father and for herself, and she flees into the house with a brief and inarticulate farewell.

Principal Parties

ALBERTO ROSSINI

Rossini is a sleazy sort, desperately attracted to the beautiful Stagliani; while his macho code forbids any action against her until after her father is buried, afterward this girl of good family will need protection—and what stronger man is there in Venice than he? After the funeral he will abduct and marry her before her relatives (now mostly Milanese) can intervene.

The first time the investigators want something from the government, Rossini turns out to be the person in charge of what they are interested in.

Aside from the Fascist party, he is also ambitious in local occult circles, though he has no effective occult power or knowledge.

Rossini's Blackshirt henchmen are thugs of two sorts.

Three are uneducated, gulf-fawing brutes good for following orders and collecting their pay; they leave offerings at the campo shrines, spit over their shoulders, and make signs to avert the evil eye. Rossini plays upon them with his make-believe occult; they will be equally impressed or worried by investigators who do the same.



Alberto Rossini

The other sort of Blackshirts are university students of good family, possessing energy and intelligence but lacking in perspective and wisdom. With Mussolini, they dream of an Italy as mighty in world affairs as once was Rome; the Christian and the occult they count of as equal superstition, though crediting the Church with an important role in Italian family morality.

Their expenses met by the State, these Blackshirts lounge about in groups of six to ten unless tailing investigators, which they do singly or in pairs. Their shadows lurk menacingly in the background over the next few days, scribbling information and intimidating people with whom the investigators communicate. They won't attack investigators unless provoked.

If the investigators go to the Gremanci doll factory prior to the Stagliani funeral, the Blackshirts attempt to intimidate Sebastiano Gremanci. He reacts by contacting

family friends from the campo, and the investigators get their own group of low-life Venetian thugs, most of whom, while very jolly and friendly, are more vicious when provoked than the Blackshirts.

GEORGIO GASPARETTI

He is Maria's hot-headed and idealistic young lover, whose affections she fully returns. Gasparetti is handsome, athletic, romantic, and Italian. He is not too bright, but he means well. His story is told below in the sub-section "Georgio Calls."

The Gremanci Family

THIS SECTION'S POSITION assumes that the investigators are prompt and successful in their inquiries, but keepers should be mindful that the succeeding Events section may work in conjunction with that presented here.

Gremanci is a reasonably common name; twenty households of that name are listed in the Venetian electoral rolls.

Investigators might get a few through the telephone service, but most families have no telephone. The post office will know of more, but many get no mail regularly. Church baptismal and marriage records will show many, but the churches of Venice are multitudinous, and many names repeat. Records of birth are good, if a hospital or doctor participated in the event, not always likely.

Investigators may have to go door-knocking, or burrow through city records and tax rolls to get much done. All the Gremancis are more or less related, but some have not spoken in generations, and the existence of at least one impoverished line has been entirely forgotten by the rest. Of the Gremancis who answer at a knock, some are friendly, some are very suspicious indeed.

Eventually the investigators track down the right Gremanci clan, among whose ancestors is one Conte Alvise Gremanci, a notorious 18th century sorcerer and automaton-maker. For every day spent door-knocking or re-



Antonio Gremanci

cords-burrowing, allow a luck for the searcher with the highest POW. A success locates the right Gremanci. These Gremancis run a family firm situated in Venice for more than three centuries.

The right Gremancis can also be found in a tourist guide which details the legend of Conte Alvise and recommends his descendants' wares; similarly, a successful luck roll locates the reference.

The Doll Makers

The building is of stone, built in the 14th century. Its prosperous facade contrasts with its down-at-heels companions in the campo—a shoddy tourist map-and-bookshop, a fly-ridden cafe, and industrial buildings of pungent odor and uncertain use.

The anteroom to which the investigators are ushered is furnished with prickly, slippery horsehair sofas and antimacassars, their doilies damp with hair oil. The display cases lining the walls exhibit historic Gremanci dolls, mannequins, and the prosthetics sideline launched during Napoleon's Italian campaign.

ANTONIO GREMANCI

The present head of the family, Antonio Gremanci, is an elderly, thin, shrewd, dusty-looking man, who appears to have fossilized about 1890. He does not speak English. His office is lined with enormous, leather-bound general ledgers whose spines are dated in various spidery hands for several hundred consecutive years. He listens politely to the investigators' story (oratory roll, halved if speaking through an interpreter).

If the investigator receives a failure, the elder Gremanci believes they are deliberately lying to him and, after a brief tour of his works, shows them the door. To proceed further, they will have to break in at night (see below).

If the Oratory roll succeeds, Gremanci rings the bell atop his desk, and asks his clerk, a man as elderly and fossilized as Antonio to bring in Sebastiano. Once Sebastiano Gremanci, a nephew, appears, the elder Gremanci puts the investigators in his nephew's hands and dismisses the matter from his mind.

SEBASTIANO GREMANCI

The nephew is plump and jolly man, in his early fifties. He speaks English well. He happily adopts any friendly investigator, invites him or her home for dinner, introduces his wife and eight children, etc., and is cooperative and curious. He and his family are good sources concerning the hysteria that soon sweeps Venice.



Sebastiano Grimanci

CONTE ALVISE GREMANCI

Sebastiano Gremanci knows the family legends about the founder of the works, which he cheerfully relays to the investigators if they ask, as an after-dinner tale. This information can also be found in other sources—histories of Venice if investigators specifically look up the Gremanci family, guidebooks which relate it as a pictur-

esque legend, or gossip from the local campo, since Venetians have long memories.

Reputedly Conte Alvise Gremanci, who gained control of the business in the late 1700s, was a sorcerer. People superstitiously regarded his dolls as magic-imbued containers for his victims' souls. It was said that he made dolls modeled after political enemies, defaced the dolls by burning them or sticking pins into them, and then the enemies thus represented would die or suffer terrible agonies.

Il Conte also made automatons, singing birds, and moving mechanical people, with such craft that they seemed alive. The superstitious declared that he used magical arts to bring them to life. The invading French at the end of the 18th century were the first to recognize the excellence of the Conte's artisans, buying gifts for children and mistresses. His dolls were in every fashionable Parisian nursery in the early 1800s.

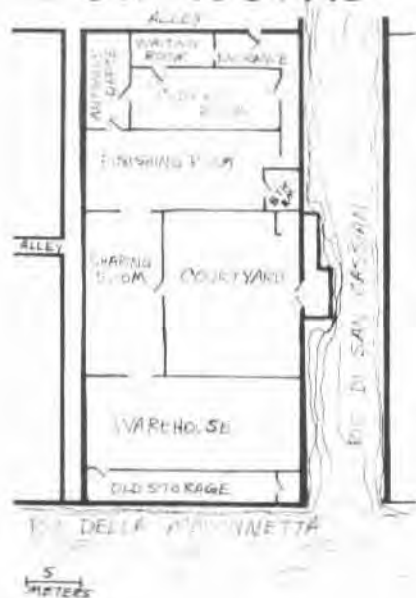
The Doll Works

If the investigators failed to hit it off with Antonio, they will have to break in to take a look around. Entrance after hours is best done via the padlocked doors (STR 25). There is an elderly, superstitious watchman who patrols every two hours and spends the rest of his time drinking cheap red wine in his watchman cubby house, in the corner of the warehouse delivery area.

But the rest of this section assumes that Sebastiano shows the investigators about; unlucky investigators must learn from other sources what he would have said. The factory consists of the anteroom, Antonio's office, a large clerical room, work rooms, a warehouse, a courtyard, the watchman's room, the vault, and old storage room. Of these, only the work rooms, old storeroom, and vault have significance; the rest are not described.



Gremanci Doll Works



THE WORK ROOMS

The first, the Finishing Room, contains two ranks of hand-driven sewing machines and lathes. Six elderly staff are hard at work fitting body parts, inserting eyes, and sewing the soft doll bodies. They nod briefly and politely to the investigators before returning to work. Completed dolls line the walls, as do prosthetic limbs, and completed body parts for mannequins. Cold blue china eyes surround them, staring and unblinking.

The second room is the Shaping Room. It contains the kiln for firing the ceramic doll heads and limbs, bolts of uncut bleached cloth for their bodies, stuffing, and so on. Three youngish men work here. Sebastiano's desk is here also, a small one crammed into a corner from where he oversees deliveries.

THE OLD STORE ROOM

This is the longest room in the building, taking up all the back wall of the works, except for the vault area. The walls are packed with dolls, stacks upon stacks, naked, clothed, soft-bodied, china-bodied. The ceiling is thick with bat-like clusters of artificial limbs; legs and arms, bodies and heads, hung from hooks. Great loops of limbs are slung together like onion strings. As investigators move through the clutter, they can spot ancient limbs

hanging side by side with modern ones. Spotless dolls which say "Mama" when squeezed are next to dolls half-eaten away by time—dolls with dust filming their merciless blue glares. Careless movement tumbles stock, dolls and limbs cascading around them.

Sebastiano follows, beaming proudly and insisting the whole thing is perfectly catalogued. It is not.

The Vault

A musty, damp vault reeks of the canal which runs beneath. It is locked (STR 15), and both key and lock are very rusty. It takes a STR against STR 15 roll and plentiful machine oil to wrench the key around in the lock. The vault has not been opened since the present system of record-keeping commenced in 1890.

The canal behind undercuts the back of the building, and creaks, gurgles, and moans in the night. Its tidal rise and fall causes the vault door to persistently stick closed; roll versus STR 16 to open. If the roll is missed, it is impossible to open from the inside for the next hour or so, until the tide changes.

The corridor of the vault is only one person wide; on either side is deep dark wooden shelving which sags with damp and the weight of thousands of fat brass tubes. Each tube bears Roman numerals signifying the record or records it contains,



The Caretaker

keyed to year and month, but not century. Some months earn but a single tube; busy or complicated months may earn ten or twelve tubes. All the records are long since hopelessly out of order. Spiders and rats scuttle away into the depths of the shelving. Damp grime and mold lies thick across the threshold and furs the shelves and tubes. Researchers rapidly ruin their clothes.

THE GREMANCI RECORDS

They will have to wade through these records for at least a day, and probably several. Sebastiano, initially somewhat disheartened, is soon again whistling tunes from popular operettas, and keen to oblige them as a translator.

No more than two people can usefully search the vault at any one time. At the end of each day's search, allow each investigator to receive either a halved Spot Hidden roll or a halved Library Use roll. When both investigators receive successes on the same day, they have found both relevant tubes. If the investigators give up

after only one roll has succeeded, they find only the pertinent one for 1797.

The documents are mainly daily ledgers, individual invoices and receipts, and matters of intermittent disbursement such as taxes, tithes, and donations, all written in archaic Italian in a variety of faint, crooked hands—so many dolls made, so much clay imported, so many artisans hired or let go, etc. Sebastiano or any literate Italian can read them, as can Italian-speaking investigators who receive successful Accounting rolls.

There are two items of interest in the accounts. The one for 1797 is comparatively easy to find, as the investigators know that this was the year that the Left Leg arrived in Venice. This entry notes that the Conte personally ordered the leg's acquisition. The second entry, revealing what he did with it, does not appear until 1810, 159 months later.

Player Handout #15

August, 1797

The earlier entry is listed under "Sundry Expenses." It lists an artificial leg bought from a French soldier. The soldier left with a new wooden leg and 100 lire. The clerk records this as an example of his master's generosity, and adds that the conte bought the limb because it was composed of some strange material—ceramic, stone, they could not tell—of unusual design.

Player Handout #16

November, 1810

It records that the leg of a statue in the courtyard of the Palazzo Rezzoniani (a noble's palace taken over by the Austrian invaders) was damaged by lightning, and that the Conte Gremanci was for unstated reasons ordered to replace it within twenty-four hours or face charges of treason; but, if he succeeded in making a new leg, he would be put on trial as a witch.

The workmen resigned themselves to the loss of their livelihood, but then a limb of the exact dimensions needed (of "an odd ceramic cast") was found, and the Conte himself fixed it to the statue so cunningly that none could find fault in it. The Austrians, convinced by the earlier purchase record of this miracle, dropped all charges.

THE TRAIL UNCOVERED

The investigators now know the Left Leg went to the Palazzo Rezzoniani in 1810. In the meantime, though, it's time to look at what's happening in town.

Events In Venice

STARTING FROM THE DAY of the investigators' arrival, Venice endures a series of Fenalick-induced traumas. Use these as a backdrop to the search for the Left Leg.

Each daily entry is sub-divided into day and night, and is prefaced by a prediction as to how the investigators spend that day.

Day One

Investigators wake in their Venice hotel. They probably spend the first day getting settled and oriented, and making plans for local inquiries.

DAY

The canal waters take on a distinctly noxious oiliness, until the turn of tide freshens them.

EVENING: GEORGIO CALLS

Georgio Gasparetti turns up at the investigators' hotel. He has just come from a tryst with Maria Stagliani; she told him where to find the investigators. He is extravagantly grateful for their so-far negligible aid, and wishes to ask the powerful signors how he should conduct himself in the present situation.



Georgio Gasparetti

If they like, he takes them for a night walk through the alleys and across the canals, stopping at a cafe in the Campo San Angelo for coffee and cakes. He takes them out again to admire the sea mist as it drifts over the lagoon and shrouds Venice with its vaporous breath.

He declares his love for Maria and, if allowed, pours out his heart. The Staglianis are old Venetian blood, and her father was proud, and refused his consent to Gasparetti's proposal.

Georgio hoped by hard work and dutiful attention to wear down his opposition, but this hope was dashed by the murder of the elder Stagliani. That Maria's father was murdered, he has not doubt, for it was done by Rossini or his Blackshirt thugs. But what can you do, he says with a

charming shrug. Rossini is in the government, and a Fascist. No one can touch him.

Gasparetti comes from a family of hard-working bourgeoisie. He has fashionable leanings towards Communism which he picked up hanging around with students from the university. While the creed is not something he would die for, he has a fair grasp of the metaphors. The love between he and Maria, Georgio finishes passionately, is symbolizes the break-down of the old order, and the emerging power of the proletariat.

The Stagliani funeral is the day after tomorrow, on a small island in the lagoon. Georgio suggests that the investigators attend, saying that Maria would appreciate the opportunity to properly thank them. Until then he plans to lie low, so Rossini will forget him. He intends to appear for the funeral, since it is his last chance to pay his respects to Maria's father. He secretly hopes for something lucky to result from his gesture.

LATE NIGHT

The investigators' sleep is broken dramatically at about 4 A.M. with a great cry of "Morte! Morte" (Dead! Dead!) in the street outside. If an investigator peers out a window, they see a woman run through the fog screaming. She vanishes before they can reach the street, and search is fruitless.

Day Two

Investigators probably spend the second day looking up Gremanci families and narrowing their search for the right Gremanci.

MORNING

Over breakfast, newspapers and gossiping servants inform interested investigators that the woman they saw last night was witness to a grisly murder. By lunch-time, the story is in all the newspapers: the body of her lover was discovered impaled upon a ten-foot iron spike, and torn at the throat as if by a wild beast. The woman is being held by police.

MORNING: A NOTE FROM MARIA

Miss Stagliani's maid delivers by hand a short letter to the investigators, thanking them again for their aid or sympathy, and formally inviting them to the funeral, and to visit her home (address given) while they are in Venice.

NOON

The canals rise, sluggish and choked. The water takes on a detestable look and stench. Just when the foulness cannot be born, once again the turn of the tide releases the worst of it into the Adriatic. As the tide turns, fresh flow-

ers start appearing in the street-side shrines to the Madonna and to St. Mark.

AFTERNOON

Visiting the eyewitness to the murder requires the agreement of several officials, none of whom seem to have anything to gain from agreeing to such a request. If the investigators do gain admittance, she proves to be violently insane. Successful Psychoanalysis and Italian rolls and several hours of time elicit a stream of gabble which loosely translates as "I have seen Satan," followed by a distorted description of Fenalick in action. Following this she attempts to chew off her tongue.

Learning about the murder from the police requires one or more successful Debate, Oratory, or Credit Rating rolls, or a bribe cleverly-enough handled that he who accepts feels a certain righteousness in accepting. The police report that the victim was hurled up onto and impaled by iron railings, ten feet from the ground; evidently the killer was crazed and of almost superhuman strength. Although horribly mutilated, the cadaver had been drained of blood. This important fact is being kept from the public. The lower ranks of both the vigili and the militi are distinctly uneasy about this part of the story, and rumors have started to spread.

NIGHT

That evening, a wave of excitement races through the hotel staff. Investigators learn that the statues in Basilico San Marco wept blood during the evening service, a miraculous omen witnessed by all present. Try as they might, however, investigators cannot confirm this with a first-hand account.

Day Three

Investigators probably spend the third day visiting the Gremanci doll-works.

EARLY MORNING

Over café lattes and rolls, the investigators see in the newspapers the tale of a second grisly murder, that of a gondolier found torn to pieces in his boat. This time police are unable to contain the information, and the story openly states that the remains were drained of blood. Speculation appears in print concerning maniacs, evil occultists, and ghouls.

Seeing the investigators studying the story, their waiter confides that last night merry-makers saw Death poling a gondola down the Grand Canal. "My brother-in-law swears to this." That is true: his brother-in-law did see Fenalick out on a lark, but knows nothing more than he saw something horrible pole past at inhuman speed.

MORNING

The tidal rise of the canals is pronounced and the stench appalling. Gossip amongst the servants (and from Sebastiano) says that foul tidewaters have now crept into low-lying houses and two churches. At least one child who played in the water is now ill, with black blotches spreading across his limbs. People talk of the Black Plague, which ravaged Venice twice in the fifteenth century. Has it returned?

LATE MORNING: THE FUNERAL

The funeral is not a success. The canal stinks. The shallow lagoon beyond is worse. Everybody feels queasy from the smell and the slight, greasy swell of the water.

The coffin, ornately laced, ribboned, and velveteed until it resembles nothing so much as a pitch-black three-tier chocolate confection, creaks oddly at the wrong moments during the proceedings, as though someone was stealthily trying to get out. Georgio Gasparetti (pale, romantic, with artfully mussed hair and eyes he has rubbed red) and Alberto Rossini (pork-like and sweating) spend the entire funeral glaring at each other over the top of it. Miss Stagliani barely notices either of her suitors. No Blackshirt makes an appearance.

There is a reception with food at the Stagliani home. Rossini, Gasparetti, the investigators, many relatives from Milan, and many more Venetian friends attend. The Staglianis lived in a large ground-floor pensione in a four-story building. Four pensiones, each of two stories, are arranged around a central courtyard. There are a further four pensiones above them, taking up the third and fourth stories. The front door opens onto the canal, where there is a *fondamenta* (quay). The back door opens onto a small courtyard shared by the neighboring apartments.

Inside, the furnishings reflect her father's interest in ancient history, particularly the history of Venice. There are many books, oils, busts, medals, prints, and bits of statuary.

This long, somber affair exhausts everyone; can we blame the investigators if they decide to leave long before the sun sets? As they depart, Miss Stagliani extends her thanks. Gasparetti takes the opportunity to leave at the same time, deciding not to further provoke Rossini.

EARLY AFTERNOON: AN INCIDENT

As they boat along, Gasparetti challenges the route chosen, but the gondolier makes a soothing excuse. If a successful Psychology roll is directed at the gondolier, he is noticeably nervous. If the passengers take no action, he leaves them not at their requested destination but at a campo even more run-down than the one that houses the Gremanci factory.



Three Blackshirts

Here Rossini's Blackshirts wait, intending to give every man in the gondola a thorough, scientific beating. They grab the craft when it reaches the quay, and a fight probably ensues on board as they attempt to hustle people off. They don't intend to kill, just to hurt, humiliate, and terrorize. Gasparetti, stricken at having brought the investigators into harm's way, leaps into the fray, calling out for the investigators

to run, swim, or punt. The guilty gondolier clings grimly to his pole, and must be shoved overboard before he relinquishes it (STR against SIZ 13 on the resistance table, or a successful Grapple roll). Georgio is the most severely beaten if there is fighting. He needs help to get back to his lodgings.

The Blackshirts are not armed. If the investigators are, the sight of a handgun brings the thugs to hasty retreat, but regular police are soon on the scene. If the Blackshirts have not fled, they now scatter laughing, and the police only arrest non-Blackshirts. Those arrested can spend the day cooling their heels in jail for starting a public affray before being released: Italian citizens pay bail, foreigners surrender their passports, entailing another day spent idling in government offices to retrieve those documents. Foreigners possessing illegal handguns are arrested, arraigned, and quickly expelled from Italy.

NIGHT

Two huge fish, with recognizable limbs and hands, are seen flopping in the Grand Canal by believers returning from midnight mass. If the investigators are staying in a hotel on that canal, they can see the pair first-hand.

Day Four

Investigators probably spend the fourth day completing their hunt through the Gremanci records.

MORNING

Fenalik, having fed enthusiastically, murdered no one last night, but the newspapers report isolated looting and violent mobs in several parts of the city, as citizen unrest increases.

If the investigators have been keeping odd hours, the servants become suspicious and report them to the police. Investigators may have to cool their heels for hours in official corridors as police and government officials play pass-the-problem, and (more seriously) confiscate their

travel documents until the affair is solved to their satisfaction, and perhaps to their financial advantage.

Moving about the city, the investigators see that the water in the canals is as black and glistening as the breasts of ravens. They see worried scientists from the university taking samples. The stench is not so overpowering today, but it permeates the air everywhere, like gasoline vapors.

If they arrive at the Gremanci factory, it is closed for the day. They will have to rouse Sebastiano from his house.

Meanwhile, hysteria is building in the city. False rumors spread that touching the strange black water causes immediate death. Plague and pestilence herald the second coming! Everyone rushes to church; priests have trouble dealing with their hysterical congregations. Worried citizens start pitching suspicious people into the canals.

LATE AFTERNOON: ANOTHER NOTE FROM MARIA

Miss Stagliani's maid appears at the investigators' lodgings, with another note from her mistress. Rossini's men are holding her captive in her father's house; she believes that Rossini plans to force her to marry him. The maid was allowed out on pretext of visiting a sick aunt. Miss Stagliani requests their aid. Because of Rossini's power, police and civil authorities are useless.

She does not know where Georgio is. He did not come to her balcony last night as planned. She fears the worst. Could they find him and let him know of her plight?

Georgio can be found at the cafe in Campo San Angelo. His face shows fresh bruises and cuts, but he has not lost his sense of humor. The Blackshirts intercepted him last night as he went to meet Maria, and after some battle he led them a merry chase through the alleys.

He vows to rescue Maria and enlists the investigators' aid. He is a man of action rather than one of cunning, and his suggestion of storming the front door may not be favorably received.

NIGHT

A woman claiming to be possessed by the devil is exorcised in the street. All night the sound of a great hound can heard, persistently belling out over the waters. At about 10 P.M., a murderous mob stabs to death an epileptic in mid-seizure.

LATE NIGHT: MARIA'S RESCUE

Miss Stagliani is a prisoner in her own house. Six Blackshirts loiter downstairs—one at each entrance and four in the kitchen, gossiping and gorging on food. Maria's maid is serving them, with a markedly prune-like expression on her face.

It could be that the investigators chase away all of these toughs by feigning or actually provoking a supernatural happening of some kind. It is spooky enough in Venice, and these men are on edge and uncertain, though they feel safe just now. Their laughter and shouts effectively cover incidental sounds the investigators may make knocking out the door guards.

Upstairs, in the morning room lounge two university Blackshirts, chatting archly with Maria Stagliani, who

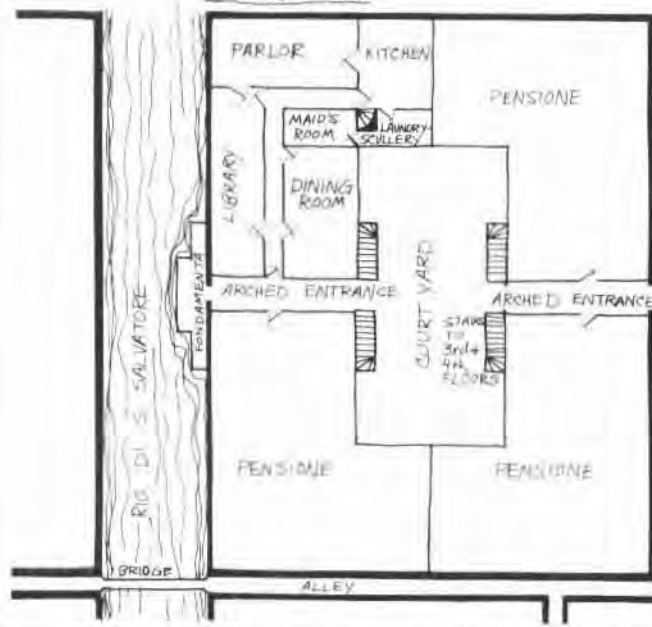
Maria's House

5
METERS

UPPER FLOOR



GROUND FLOOR



sits stony-faced on her divan, twisting her rings nervously between her fingers. Any fight up here would have to be loud and prolonged to penetrate the hub-bub below, and alert those in the kitchen. However, the neighbors might hear, and take up the cry for "Polizia!"

Rossini is absent, fetching the priest to perform the marriage. Fascist relations with the Church are uncertain at present, but plenty of individual priests support Mussolini's populist anti-communism. Rossini returns with the priest just as Stagliani is rescued and the whole party is preparing to flee.

Allow the investigators to resolve this situation. It can hardly do anyone any good to kill Rossini, though Fenalik's activities do provide some unusual cover. Rossini admires Stagliani in his own perverse fashion, and will not hurt her—neither will he die for her, since obsessive lust is not love. Rossini has a derringer hidden in his flab, and may produce it if anyone threatens him physically. In this case Maria shields Giorgio with her body. Rossini does not fire. The best outcome is for the Fascist leader to surrender, allowing the investigators to kick him out or tie him up. He will have difficulty doing so if his Blackshirts are watching.

The priest was hired to perform a politically correct wedding, and was keen to do so, but involvement with firearms and physical force dismays him. Rossini removed peacefully from the room, the priest may very well agree to marry Maria to Giorgio Gasparetti, but not if he is encouraged to interview the couple, and learns of Gasparetti's politics. Not to worry: if a wedding is the solution, Gasparetti knows several leftist priests who'll do the job in short order. The investigators are witnesses. Sign here please.

The couple and Maria's maid may flee that hour to Milan, safely out of Rossini's immediate reach, or they may feel safe now, and wait until tomorrow.

Day Five

You mean the investigators are still in Venice? They must be crazy. Everyone else is. They probably spend the fifth day searching the Palace Rezzoniani.

MORNING

They wake to the stench of incense and smoldering wood. A light drizzle hangs over the city but not enough to disperse the smoke rising sluggishly from several burning buildings in different parts of the city. From somewhere, the investigators cannot see where, echo the stamp of boots on wet stone: troops have been brought in.

At breakfast, the waiters are sullen and uncommunicative, and talk vaguely of witches and communists. No newspapers have been printed today, no one knows why.

The manager of the hotel searches out the investigators and forcefully suggests they stay inside. He helpfully leaves a train timetable, departure times circled in red ink.

People deny knowledge of burning buildings, but smoke repeatedly drifts by during the day. Rescuers are sluggish and only act to stop neighboring houses catching fire. The investigators should remain horribly unsure as to whether or not the burning houses were occupied. The smoke collects in a pall over the city, which thickens as the day advances.

In the Piazza San Marco, which investigators must cross to reach the Palace Rezzoniani, the filthy flood water is thigh-deep, and the normally crowded square deserted except for a few boats. Cafes are closed and have crosses and garlic flowers nailed to their doors. The tidal flooding eased, St. Mark's fills to overflowing at midday Mass. Many of the religious crawl across the stinking plaza in penance, or whip themselves free of sin, or fall in fits, or dance, or speak in gibberish. To their credit, many of the priests try to curb such extreme behavior, but the crowd is possessed by spiritual enthusiasm.

MID-MORNING CALLERS

Alberto Rossini and several very large men in lumpy suits visit the investigators—at the hotel, at a cafe, or in some other place public enough to discourage violence. Rossini is not at all happy about losing Maria Stagliani to a handsome young Communist. He tells the investigators that their stay in Venice has ended. He recalls that Venice used to make an portion of the lagoon illegal to fishermen, because bodies were routinely dumped there. "Those were days, gentlemen, of uncertain public order, such as have returned to us now. The State wishes no incidents involving foreigners. There is a murderer at large in the city. It is best that you leave promptly, tomorrow at the latest."



A Detective with Rossini

EVENING

The night turns foul. A lashing rain washes the campos. People hurry home past the gutted remains of what neighbors swear were witch houses. Doors are barred against the occasional mobs that stalk the streets. Mobs, troops, and police compete to find the murderer. Strangers should expect no mercy. Cries for help are ignored. Tonight like

all nights is a good night for Fenalik. He follows the investigators closely.

Palazzo Rezzoniani

EVERY GUIDEBOOK DISCUSSES the Palace Rezzoniani as a fine 15th-century building, bequeathed to the city in 1859. It is open to visitors all summer but in winter only by individual appointment with the caretaker.

The palace looks across a campo not far from the Piazza San Marco. The Grand Canal is at its back. The palace is a huge and ornate building, built with forethought on an elevated platform twelve steps above the campo. A tall square campanile, or clock tower, rises at the side of the building. The campanile has no statues on the side turned to the street, although it has empty niches for them.

The great bronze doors of the palace are of intricate relief; a winged Venetian lion holds the enormous door knocker in its jaws.

THE CARETAKER

Legal entry to the palace must be arranged with the caretaker, who lives nearby, as any passerby can say. Investigators with a plausible tale and 20 lire achieve their purpose. This polite but unfriendly and incurious man otherwise agrees to admit them a full day later. He says that they should wear warm clothes, explaining that the Rezzoniani is a very cold building.

Yawning and silent, he lets them into the palace and waits by the main doors until about two hours is up, and then he tries to shepherd them outside. He gives up if given 20 lire. After four hours, he only lets up for 40 lire, and after six hours, then 60 lire. By this time he is sullen and suspicious and tired.

He talks of the recent events of the city with evident fear, and will not take investigators to the palace after dark for

less than 500 lire, nor will he stay after locking them in. All the while he clutches his crucifix and mutters ancient prayers for protection.

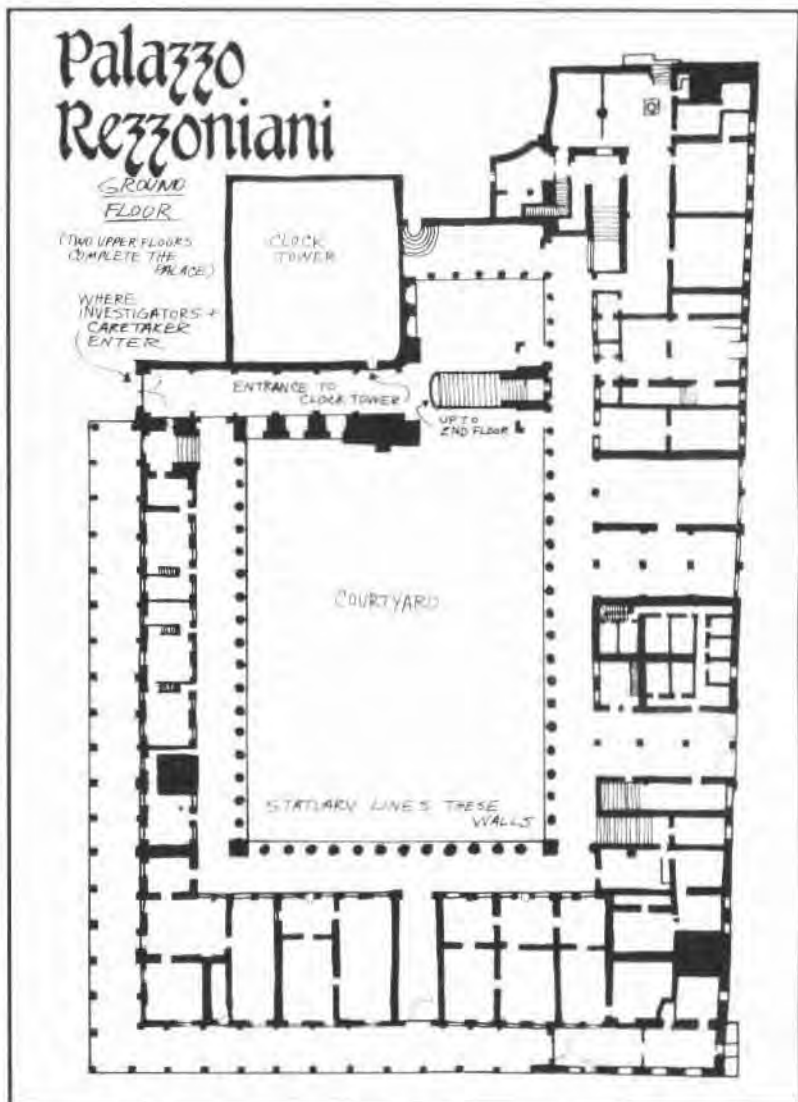
The brief winter sun descends into fog.

Inside the Palace

The human-sized side door opens immediately into ante-chambers. There are no corridors. Rooms open into further rooms, all grand and rich and high, with equally impressive marble staircases leading everywhere. The wandering investigators' breath freezes in the chill, still



The Caretaker



air, even colder in this great ornate tomb than it is outside.

Only the plan for the ground floor services, offices, and servants' quarters are given—the second floor is made up mostly of grand and intimate chambers of much larger comparative size, intended for meetings, balls, and councils. The third floor was reserved for the Rezzonian-is' private apartments.

Closed for the winter, all the carpets are rolled up, so footsteps echo. White muslin cloths cover the furniture. Huge carved marble fireplaces gape coldly. Tapestries and gloomy baroque paintings line the walls.

There are no statues or busts; none whatsoever. The courtyard is a huge affair in the center of the palace. Curtained windows face onto it. If investigators choose to look through the frosted panes, they will have to open them, or they can step through the unlocked interior doors. The view beyond is instantly depressing, showing a vast square bound on all sides by wings of the Palace.

On every free portion of wall, crowded in every niche, on the outside of every story, bracketed in without reference to Renaissance geometrism, perspective, or form are statues, thousands of them, which seem to have migrated here from all over the building, silently, one winter's night. Must the investigators examine every form here for the Left Leg?

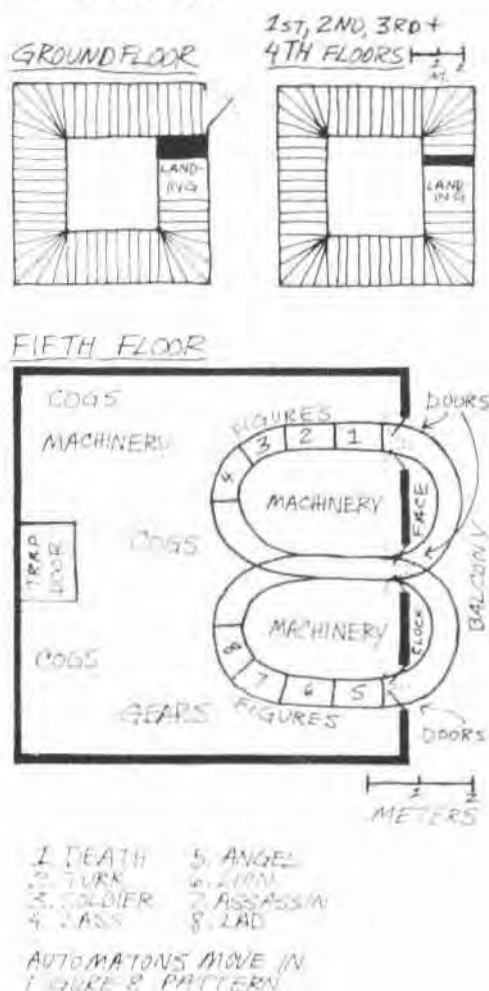
The courtyard is slippery with black ice. After a little searching, or if they take a closer look around, the clock tower five stories above gives out a great clanking and grinding of gears. Then jerkily, but with great precision still, a procession of automatons appears to chime the hour. The figures are Death, an Angel, a Lion, a Condottieri (Renaissance mercenary officer), an Assassin, a Turk, and a Rustic Lass and Rustic Lad, chasing each other in endless mechanical certainty. A successful Idea roll asks to the effect of, "Were a statue to be struck by lightning, where more likely than atop a clock tower?"

The Clock Tower

The entrance to the clock tower is off the main campo entrance to the palace. The single door to the tower is both locked and visible from where the caretaker waits. He does not want them to enter the clock tower, as the stairs are unsafe and the clock mechanism old and dangerous. He will stand firm on this, since his job is on the line, and no reasonable bribe would be acceptable. If pressed, he summons the police with a few short sharp cries. Investigators should think of a cunning way to deceive him or get him out of the way so they could sneak in. Surely the group will not use force on an old man.

The palace can be broken into (or out of) after dark, through any of the many entries. All are of STR 20, and

Clock Tower



opened by a successful Mechanical Repair roll. To escape notice by police, Blackshirts, soldiers, or mobs, a successful Sneak roll might be called for. Note that several entrances open from the Grand Canal side.

Having now come so close to the Left Leg, if the investigators break off for the day and return to their hotel to sleep, all are plagued by painful leg cramps. A successful luck roll for each allows the worst cramps to be in the left leg.

INTO THE CLOCK TOWER

The door to the clock tower is locked, but is only STR 12. Within, the open tower is pitch-black. For light, the investigators must bring their own. There are five stories of

stone stairs and five creaking, rotten landings built of wood 500 years old to cross. Five successively higher slit windows, surmounted by particularly grotesque gargoyles, peer out into the rain. The windows have no panes, and are wide enough for a person of SIZ 13 or less to crawl through. The canal moves sluggishly far below.

The steps are not those kindly-graded, wide, low, and regular ones familiar to 20th century residents; the tower steps soar up at nearly 50°, each step is a foot higher than the next, and barely as deep as an average human foot. Climbers must take care. The stout new railings are a real help.

Finally the stairs reach a narrow landing. Above are narrow wooden stairs and a wooden trap door in the roof. It is padlocked against the idle curiosity of summer tourists, but the lock breaks so easily that if more than STR 16 is exerted, they are taken by surprise at its weakness and all involved must receive successful DEX x5 rolls or less on D100, or tumble down stairs. Uninvolved investigators may attempt to grab falling companions, STR against SIZ. Failing, they start to fall as well. Pitching down the top story does each 1D3 damage. At the fourth landing, a DEX x4 or less roll is needed for each investigator to stop tumbling. Failure means another 1D3 hit points lost for the next set of stairs, and so on until survivors hit the ground floor, very possibly with broken necks. But players should be thankful for the railings; without them, such investigator trips would be directly down the open central shaft, a loss of 6D6 hit points each.

The trap door open, the very narrow stairs (investigators over SIZ 13 must climb sideways) winds up one further story, opening into the clockwork itself.

Inside the Clock

Tall investigators must stoop as vast cogs slowly wind overhead. Short investigators must stretch their legs to climb over interlocking pinwheels and gears protruding from the floor. Unexpected chains descend from the ceiling. This could be a deadly place in the dark.

Within the windswept cupola, the overwhelming impression is of ponderous, inevitable motion. As the investigators advance through this functional confusion, they glimpse some of the automatons, gaudy and sinister in the dim light, frozen mid-stride. Here and there a weapon glints.

Two automatons emerge onto a balcony beneath the hands of the clock at the quarter and three-quarters of the hour. Four emerge at half past the hour, and the full set of eight parade on the hour. Single chimes mark the quarters and half-hours; each hour is fully counted out.

At the appropriate time, the chosen automatons move forward on their fixed stands and out onto the heavy bul-

wark beyond the archway, through doors which slide open before them. They go to a great bell, strike it, and circle one another in a variety of figures and actions. As the hour passes, these tend to be more elaborate. The chimes over, they return, through the opposite doorway.

In the clock, the noise of the bell is loud enough to make one fear for hearing and sanity if near it. The strike of midnight, for instance, is intolerable. While the bell sounds, work must cease as investigators block their ears.

If the investigators are up here at night, Fenalik has followed them. He climbs up on the outside of the tower without effort. He soundlessly reaches the top and stands opposite the clock face, on the automatons' track. He realizes exactly where the left leg of his precious statue is and wrestles with the temptation to grab it and run.

THE AUTOMATONS

These larger-than-life figures are gilded grotesques of their respective types. The following lists how they are paired and how they behave at the quarter hours. The 'triumph' listing simply indicates which figure holds the platform for a moment after the other retreats.

- *Death* (armed with scythe) and *Angel* (armed with trumpet) meet and fight: Death triumphs.
- *Turk* (armed with scimitar) and *Winged Lion* (armed with front paw) meet and fight: Winged Lion triumphs.
- *Condottiere* (soldier, armed with sword) and *Assassin* (armed with huge club) meet and fight: Assassin triumphs.
- *Rustic Lass* (exhibiting dancing leg) and *Rustic Lad* (enraptured, with Bow and Grapple) meet and dance: Rustic Lad chases Rustic Lass off-stage.

Figures with covered legs are carved as solid pieces; only the Turk, the Condottiere, and the Rustic Lass expose significant leg. Scratching the gilt quickly reveals the color of the original material beneath. The Left Leg of the Sedefkar Simulacrum is on the Turk, the ancient enemy of Venice.

Just as the scratch test reveals the true colors, the quarter hour is reached, and the clockwork grinds into motion. The Turk springs forward, brandishing his trusty scimitar. The doors spring open and on a successful Spot Hidden, Fenalik is visible standing by the clock face, five impossible stories high on the outside of the building.

Fenalik, mortified, leaps backwards and vanishes (0/1D3 SAN to see this astonishing suicide), but not before hesitating just long enough to make investigators think that he too wants the leg of the Turk. A successful Spot Hidden roll notes a large bat flying away.

The Automatons

Any serious attempt to stop the Turk advancing (STR 25 or more employed), or to wrest the leg from the automaton at motion or rest disturbs the clockwork, with the results outlined below.

If the investigators let the Turk pursue his normal path, Fenalik hopes the surprise of his appearance can be written off as a trick of the light. The Turk returns into the clock on cue, both legs intact, where the investigators can attempt to disassemble him. It is a tricky job in bad light, requiring a successful Mechanical Repair roll to detach the leg.

Whether or not the investigators succeed, the following events occur.

For a moment after the Mechanical Repair roll, whether successful or failed, everything seems normal. Then the clockwork starts grinding and whirring faster, and a great gabble of stressed machine sounds begin. Gears and saw-toothed ratchets come loose and start falling off. Right next to the investigators and around them and before and behind, the clockwork figures come crazily to life, abruptly spinning and bolting along their figure-eight path, attacking with their normal weapons and with a ferocity made worse by their mechanical movements and fixed faces: lose SAN 2/1D8 to be involved.

Those with successful Sanity rolls see that their actions have disturbed the delicate weights and relations that control the clockwork. It is now breaking down in a spectacular fashion.

Those with failed Sanity rolls are convinced that the clockwork figures have come to life and are attacking them.

Whether or not their Sanity rolls succeed, each investigator in the clockworks must withstand or somehow evade two attacks by random automatons; see the statistics section at the end of this chapter for pertinent information. Each attack lasts only one round.

Those who become insane (temporarily or not) panic and run. They must receive successful idea rolls to think to Jump or to Dodge obstacles

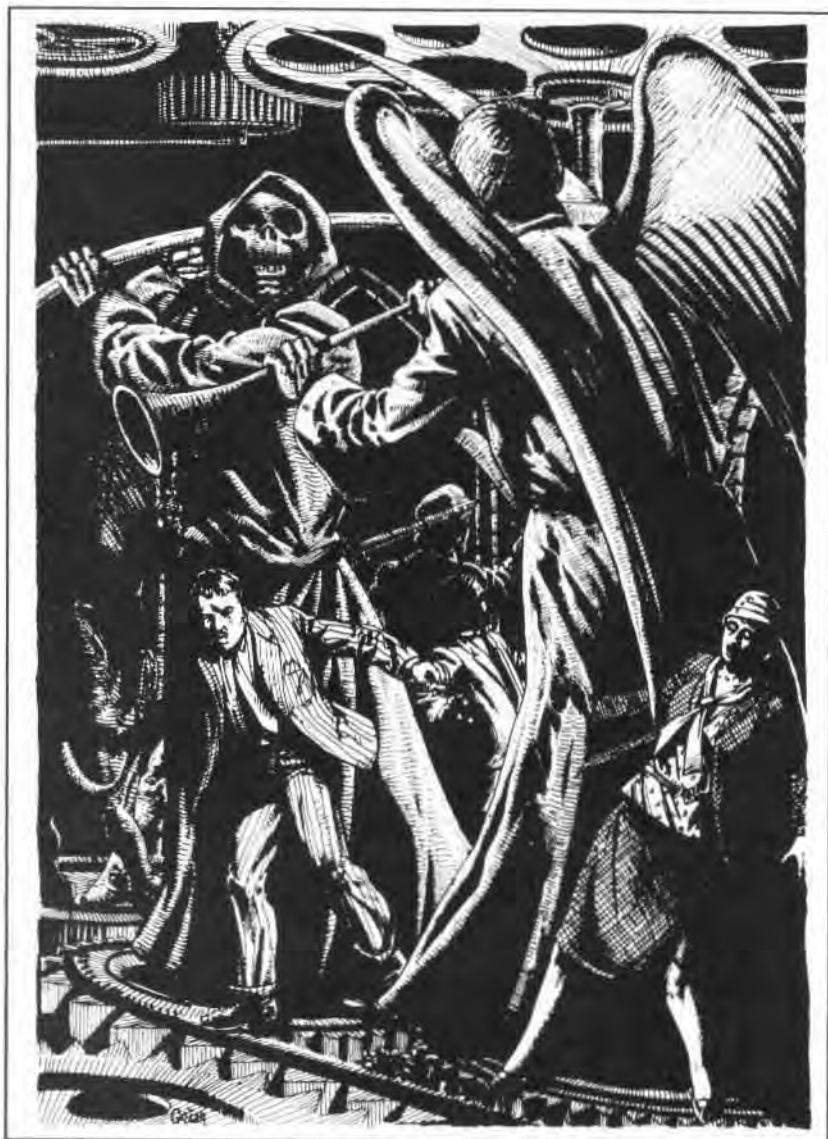
in their path, such as whirring head-high and groin-high cogs or swords or kicking feet. Each loses 1D6 hit points if the chosen roll fails, but regardless of injury they don't stop running until out of the clock tower.

Once the cacophony starts, the investigators have 10 minutes to quit the tower before police, Blackshirts, and mobs converge.

Conclusion

The Left Leg is SIZ 4, heavy and awkward and difficult to hide. If they are caught with it, no one believes the destruction of the clock occurred as other than an irresponsible prank gone wrong. Jail or fines are real possibilities; allow bail so that the investigators can skip town.

Award each investigator 1D4 SAN for recovering the Left Leg of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.



The Automatons Attack

Assuming Georgio survives, the lovers need to get out of town in a hurry to avoid the wrath of either Alberto or officialdom. What better way to elope than on the Orient Express? They think of it if the investigators don't. Bon voyage! The Express leaves for Milan at 12:40 P.M. the next day. If the investigators get to see Maria and Georgio safely off, a feeling of warmth, well-being, and—well—romance momentarily stirs their hearts. Each gains 1D3 SAN.

If the investigators now have three parts of the simulacrum, their luck, idea, and know roll thresholds uniformly reduce by 15 percentiles each.

A REASSURING NOTE

Travelers are advised to be at the train station half an hour before departure, as booking in of the luggage is a very slow process.

As they board, an elderly gentleman, Fenalik, heavily muffled against the inclement weather, is wheeled on.

FENALIK

That night, the investigators dream of a whitish human form which scuttles louse-like, spider-like, crab-like over the exteriors of the hurtling cars, gazing in through curtain slits with dark-circled, hungry eyes. Through the thing's eyes they see absent images of themselves, discussing, sleeping, brushing their teeth, but as abstractly, as objectively as they in turn might look at turkeys or tomatoes—without a trace of sympathy.

The investigators, somehow eavesdropping on Fenalik as he has spied on them, come to feel an overwhelming sense of appraisal, and the glimmer of amusement at things so weak, so yoked together by weakness that they must be obscenely dependent on one another to achieve anything, instead of being glorious in solitude, totally self-sufficient. And then the dream dwindles insensibly into blind anticipation, and even that passes into blackness.

Statistics

ANTONIO GREMANCI, Age 76, Head of the Gremancis

STR 8	CON 16	SIZ 12	INT 16	POW 15
DEX 10	APP 9	SAN 75	EDU 15	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 90%, Psychology 45%.

SEBASTIANO GREMANCI, Age 52, Antonio's Nephew

STR 10	CON 15	SIZ 17	INT 10	POW 17
DEX 7	APP 16	SAN 85	EDU 13	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 40%, English 40%, Italian 50%, Sing 25%, Tell Jokes 65%.

NIGHT WATCHMAN, Age 69, Gremanci Factory

STR 12	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 10	APP 11	SAN 50	EDU 9	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: .32 Revolver 20%, damage 1D8

Skills: Catch Rat 35%, Listen 30%, Spot Hidden 30%.

MARIA STAGLIANI, Age 20, Young Italian Lover

STR 12	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 15
DEX 11	APP 15	EDU 15	SAN 72	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: none.

Skills: Credit Rating 40%, English 50%, French 32%, Italian 65%, Library Use 52%, Venetian History 47%.

GEORGIO GASPARETTI, Age 22, Young Italian Lover

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 15	INT 11	POW 17
DEX 15	APP 17	EDU 12	SAN 85	HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 67%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 52%, damage special

Skills: Climb 78%, Dodge 53%, English 17%, Italian 55%, Jump 64%, Oratory 22%, Sneak 47%, Swim 51%, Throw 38%.

If the Blackshirts catch Georgio alone, they give him a beating for 2D6 damage.

ALBERTO ROSSINI, Age 40, Fascist Leader

STR 10	CON 15	SIZ 18	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 9	APP 8	EDU 16	SAN 50	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Derringer 36%, damage 1D6

Skills: Belittle 53%, Credit Rating 58%, Debate 43%, Listen 46%, Occult 9%, Spot Hidden 55%.

TWO BLACKSHIRT ELITE, Ages 23, University Students

These two idealists will be cruel and calculating in wielding power to establish the New Italy. Their Sanity is 75 each.

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3

Kick 50%, damage 1D6

Grapple 40%, damage special

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	11	12	13	12	16	13
Two	9	10	8	15	13	9

SIX BLACKSHIRT THUGS, Ages 21, Superstitious Brutes

These apes enjoy the power and invulnerability of hunting in a pack. However, they are made nervous by Venice's current climate of dread. Their Sanity is 40 each.

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D4

Kick 60%, damage 1D6+1D4

Grapple 35%, damage special

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	16	15	9	10	8	12
Two	11	13	16	15	6	15
Three	15	9	12	8	9	11
Four	13	11	12	11	10	12
Five	11	11	14	17	7	13
Six	13	8	13	10	9	11

SEBASTIANO'S FRIENDS, Ages 30, Venetian Low Life

These ruffians are stout friends of Sebastiano Gremanci, and therefore willing to help the investigators. Otherwise they would stay out nights drinking, gambling, and being worthless. However, they too feel the strangeness of the times, and may flee at an inopportune moment. Their Sanity is 50 each.

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3

Grapple 45%, damage special

Knife 40%, damage 1D4

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	11	12	11	13	8	12
Two	12	13	12	13	6	13
Three	14	16	10	11	9	13
Four	13	12	11	10	11	12
Five	10	15	9	9	14	13
Six	12	14	12	9	13	13

CARETAKER, Age 66, Palazzo Rezzoniani

STR 10 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 15 POW 7

DEX 12 APP 14 SAN 35 EDU 8 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: high and quavering voice.

Skills: Bargain 35%, English 30%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Spot Hidden 40% Spot Tourist 60%.

SIX POLICE (Vigili)

The police seek to question and arrest first, then ask questions. If fired on, they retreat until reinforced. In hand-to-hand fighting, they seek to disarm, to restrain, or to knock-out opponents.

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 45%, damage special

Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Follow Orders 65%, Law 20%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	15	9	13	13	14	11
Two	14	13	11	11	11	12
Three	13	14	12	11	11	13
Four	13	12	14	10	11	13
Five	14	14	13	10	11	14
Six	14	17	15	8	10	16

The Mob

At several points in this scenario the investigators may encounter a mob of Venetians. The mob is not a rational entity, it is a collection of fear-crazed citizens clinging together for self-defense. This mob has a ringleader egging it on.

Hide, Sneak, or running (investigator DEX against mob DEX 12) let investigators elude the mob. Oratory or Fast Talk (in Italian) can defuse the mob.

Otherwise, the mob roughs up their victim or victims (lose 1D4 hit points each) and tosses them into the nearest canal; each investigator must receive a successful Swim roll or the keeper should begin the drowning procedure.

Investigators who resist when seized by the mob lose 1D3 hit points per round, until ceasing resistance or until unconsciousness or death. Discharge of a firearm scatters the mob and brings the police, who view dimly the killing of any Venetian by foreigners, even in self-defense.

Some individual stats are given below, but keepers are advised to run mobs as a collective entity, as outlined above. Mobs can have as many members as the keeper wishes. The group statistics below are similar to those for Sebastiano Gremanci's friends; they're the sort who would compose a mob, after all.

CARLO CASCANO, Age 35, Ringleader

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 14

DEX 11 APP 14 SAN 64 EDU 9 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4

Club 50%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Listen 50%, Oratory 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

SAMPLE MOB MEMBER, Age 25

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 12

DEX 11 APP 11 SAN 54 EDU 8 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Club 40%, damage 1D6

Skills: Growl Ominously 55%, Listen 25%, Spot Hidden 25%, Wave Torches 65%.

MINI MOB, Ages 25, Venetian Low Life

Damage Bonus: +0

Average Sanity: 45.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Grapple 45%, damage special

Club 40%, damage 1D6

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	11	11	11	14	8	11
Two	12	13	11	13	6	12
Three	14	17	10	12	9	14
Four	13	12	11	11	11	12
Five	15	9	9	10	14	9
Six	12	14	12	9	11	13

The Automaton

STR 20 SIZ 20 DEX 12/18 HP 20 each

Six automaton have DEX 12; Rustic Lass and Rustic Lad have DEX 18. Each automaton can take 20 points of damage before falling to pieces or being effectively disabled. All weapons do normal damage except that no impales occur. For random attack, roll 1D8.

- (1) *Death*: Scythe 50%, damage 1D6 (to legs). If hit, roll under CON x5 or be unable to walk for 1D4 days.

Days can be converted to minutes with a successful First Aid roll.

- (2) *Angel*: Trumpet 50%, damage 1D4 (to head). If struck, roll CON x5 or unconscious for 1D4 hours.

Hours can be converted to minutes with a successful First Aid roll.

- (3) *Turk*: Scimitar 50%, damage 1D6+2 (to torso).
- (4) *Condottiere*: Sword 50%, damage 1D8 (to torso).

- (5) *Assassin*: Club 50%, damage 1D6 (to torso).
- (6) *Lion*: Paw 50%, damage 1D4 (to torso). An internal bellows roars as it attacks—lose SAN 0/1 for the surprise of the first time.
- (7) *Rustic Lass*: Flirty Pirouette (Kick) 50%, damage 1D6 (to torso) plus be thrown for 20 minus investigator's SIZ in feet. This last could be dangerous if near the open doors.
- (8) *Rustic Lad*: Spin, Bow, and Amorous Embrace (Grapple) 50%, no damage, but see next paragraph.

The investigator attacked must resist a Grapple roll or find himself heading for the automaton exit at high speed (one round). Require a Strength roll to break free. The next round, the doors spring open and Rustic Lad does his spin, bow, and embrace, opening his arms to empty air. The investigator needs to receive a roll of DEX x5 or less to grab hold of the bulwark. Failing, he or she falls five high stories (damage 6D6). Succeeding, a successful Climb roll or someone to offer a hand is needed before anything can be done but to hold on.

IX. TRIESTE



Cold Wind Blowing

Our heroes dine with Herr Winckelmann, a personality with a long-term sense of obligation; he introduces them to a powerful contact, and hints toward the Right Leg.

by Russell Waters

THE INVESTIGATORS NOW HAVE another short journey, one placid enough that each earns a point of Sanity. They'll need it: in Trieste, five sets of ruthless villains compete or keep watch, and that's not even counting the ghost.

Much of the action in this adventure can come from keeper-inspired threats, ambushes, mysterious assassinations, rifled rooms, and so on. Read this episode carefully, with an eye to bringing the investigators to awareness of the knotted forces surrounding them in Trieste. How that is done depends on the strengths and predilections of the individual investigators: take care not to overmatch the team. Failing that, this adventure remains short and relatively straight-forward. Succeeding, the chase through the caves becomes a memorable one, chilling in some presentations, brutal in others, and perhaps other yet parody the waves of villains.

Keeper's Information

In June 1768, Johann Joachim Winckelmann, archaeologist, art historian, and librarian of the Vatican, was murdered in Trieste. It is thought that thieves murdered him for some valuable medals which he carried.

Winckelmann, an actual historical figure, died as stated. This adventure proposes that forces of the Cthulhu Mythos were instrumental in his death.

Winckelmann had been aware of the Mythos for years, mainly through his studies of ancient Greek and Roman societies, and the unsavory cults of those times. He kept the details of his discoveries in a private diary and did not disclose them to his Vatican employers.

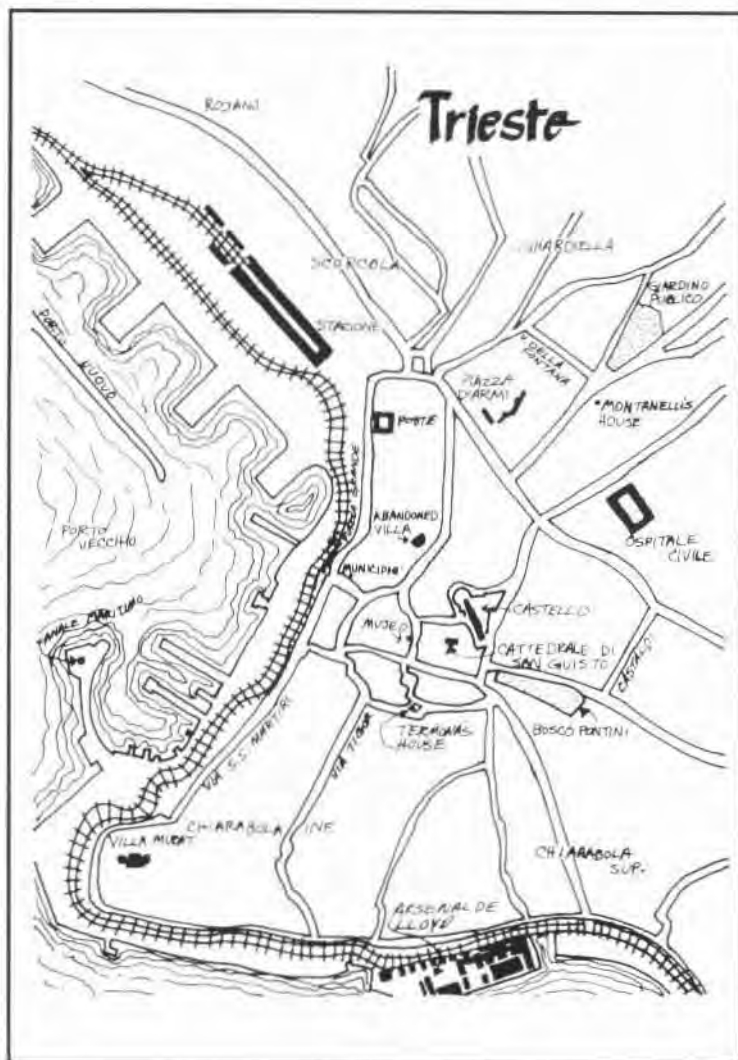
Winckelmann came into contact with a lloigor colony near Regensburg, and was entrusted by them to carry a medallion to Postumia, where another colony existed. The medallion was a Mythos item connected with the worship of the Great Old One Ithaqua, the Wind Walker.

Unfortunately for Winckelmann, he stopped in Trieste, and there was identified as a courier by the leader of the local lloigor cult, one Francesco Arcangeli, who murdered Winckelmann to win the honor of personally presenting the medallion to his masters. However, Winckelmann had hidden the medallion before his death, and to this day no one has found it.

THE LLOIGOR

Years later, the Right Leg of the Sedefkar Simulacrum was brought to Trieste. It was recognized as an object of arcane power by the lloigor cult, who stole it to offer the segment to their capricious masters. The lloigor found no use for the leg, and so it has sat undisturbed in their lair for over 150 years.

The lloigor live in extensive caverns fifty miles to the northeast of Trieste, near the border village of Postumia (*Postojna* and across the border, after World War II). The lloigor serve the Wind Walker, Ithaqua; largely because of them, the destructive wind called the "bora" is so potent in this area. The lloigor drain magical essence from sleeping humans over a wide area, adding this to their own magical power to intensify the bora, and for other spells. The missing medallion is a minor component in the millions-of-years effort needed to effect Ithaqua's permanent return, and plays no other part in this campaign.



Many human lloigor cultists exist in the Trieste area. It is simple for them to know of the investigators, and to be able to move quickly when the investigators reveal themselves by visiting Antoni Termona.

MEHMET MAKRYAT

Makryat traced the Right Leg to Trieste, and suspects that the lloigor have it, since his researches have connected Winckelmann with the lloigor. He believes that Winckelmann must have known the location of the lloigor colony.

Calculating that the investigators might be over-matched against lloigor and lloigor cultists, he has left clues for his father that Trieste may hold one segment of the simulacrum.

BROTHERS OF THE SKIN

No Brothers live in Trieste. Selim Makryat has taken Mehmet's bait, however, and installed some agents there, Turks disguised as businessmen. They watch the lloigor

cultists; when the investigators arrive, these interesting new people arouse attention. When lloigor cultists are also seen on their trail, Selim's men become doubly interested.

THE GHOST OF WINCKELMANN

The final protagonist in this scenario is Winckelmann himself. His ghost haunts Trieste, hoping to fulfill his mission by finally conveying the medallion to the lloigor. He does not wish those responsible for his death, the local lloigor cult, to profit from his murder, and so his spirit seeks someone else to make delivery.

FENALIK

The vampire continues to shadow the investigators, and to enjoy their success. As his goal begins to seem achievable, he has every interest in protecting the investigators. Does he sneak into their rooms occasionally to caress his beloved simulacrum, now tantalizingly re-assembling? Perhaps he leaves behind a waft of his own chanel scent. In the evenings he drifts around the hotel, locating the watchers and understanding their purposes. He then departs for the docks to feast in grand style on hapless innocents far from home, the remains of whom the sea accepts without hesitation.

CTHULHU MYTHOS ROLLS

After the second or third night that the investigators lose 1D6 magic points, astute players will suspect lloigor in the area; when that comes up, the keeper should allow a Cthulhu Mythos roll to allow the investigators to make some sense of the situation. Similarly, allow if asked a Mythos roll after the effect of the medallion of Ithaqua becomes apparent.

Investigator Information

AS SCHEDULED, the Orient Express arrives in Trieste at 7:54 P.M. When the investigators step through the open door of the train and emerge into the vault of the station, the first thing they are aware of is the wind. It howls about the covered platform like an

angry beast, piercing clothing and sucking the warmth from their shivering bodies. Loose dirt and twigs hurtle through the air. Occasionally, a particularly strong gust rattles loose portions of the roof, so that the whole structure echoes and vibrates. Porters, secure in well-buttoned great-coats, assist with the luggage and eventually the shelter of the waiting-room is reached. Porters and passengers alike curse the wind, which they call the 'bora,' a common phenomena in this region.

If the investigators dawdled in disembarking and reaching the interior of the station, they now have to wait for a taxicab. Only motor-driven transport is out tonight; all the horse-drawn cabs have gone home—even the most heartless cabby would not force an animal out into this weather.

The ride from the rail station to the center of town is a short one. Alighting at their hotel, each investigator must receive a successful resistance table roll or be bowled over by the wind as it shrieks through the night: STR against wind STR 14 +1D6. Checked in, and their passports deposited with the hotel or pensione staff, the inves-

tigators can have a light supper and retire to their rooms, falling asleep to the wail of the bora outside.

Asleep in Trieste

With each night spent asleep in Trieste, there is a 30% chance that the investigators lose 1D6 magic points to the lloigor. Whenever that happens, they wake feeling tired, irritable, washed-out, and depressed.

If the magic point drain exceeds the investigator's actual magic points when he or she retired, then the number of missing points becomes the number of hours past normal waking time during which the investigator continues to sleep. The investigator cannot be wakened during this period.

Local doctors are familiar with the phenomenon. They say not to worry, it will pass: "There is always a lot of this minor ailment about at this time of year. A product of the wind, perhaps." No doctor is able to treat the malady, or to provide a scientific explanation of it.

Affected investigators who receive successful POW x2 or less rolls on D100 remember strange dreams of

Trieste

FOUNDED BY THE ROMANS as Tergeste, the city has a long and sometimes stormy history—the fourth restoration of its walls began in 1470.

A trade rival of Venice, it placed itself under the protection of the Austrian emperor in 1382, which led to Austrian possession of the area. Trieste became the major Mediterranean outlet for the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Despite increased trade as a result of the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869, Italian nationalism grew in the town.

In 1910, approximately two thirds of the population were Italian, the remainder being Austrians, Germans, Slovenes, Croats, and other nationalities, all under the sway of the Austrians. Italian troops entered in 1918, and the treaty of Saint-Germain-en-Laye ceded the area to Italy in 1920. City population in 1923 is approximately 225,000.

The city is built around Monte Giusto, a steep hill crowned with a fortress (the Castello). Nearby is

the cathedral of San Giusto. The hill slopes down to the flatlands adjacent to the harbor, which extends inland in the form of the Canal Grande at the northern end of the quay. With the harbor to the northwest, the town extends to the east of Monte Giusto. This eastern region of the town is connected to the harbor district by a tram line which passes through a tunnel (Galleria della Montuzza) under the hill. The tunnel is 380 yards long, and emerges on the harbor side at the Piazza Carlo Goldini.

City hall and the central police station are located near the Piazza Grande, later the Piazza dell'Unità.

Trieste is a major port, and throughout the 1920s between six and eight million tons of cargo passed through it yearly. Before the Great War, it was the most important port in the Austro-Hungarian empire.

Personal transport is available in the form of horse cabs, taxicabs,

or electric tramways along the main thoroughfares.

Local dishes have a strong Eastern flavor, being heavy on paprika and other spices. A large fish market by the quay provides much of the local diet. A local specialty is *sardoni in savor*—sardines marinated in oil and garlic.

Accommodation may be obtained at a number of hotels, or at pensiones, which offer bed and board. The best hotels are the Savola Excelsior Palace and the Hotel de la Ville. Others include the Metropole, the Moncenisio, and the Centrale.

Trieste is at the western edge of the Karst region, hills and mountains which have lent their name as a geological term: this limestone terrain is shot through with sink holes, caverns, and streams which start or end without warning. The nearest well-known cavern is the Grotta Gigante, about nine miles distant, whose largest chamber is a stalactite-laden 780 feet long and 453 feet high.

massive creatures moving in dark, swirling waters, and of a howling monstrosity moving towards them at impossible speed: Sanity loss at that point is 0/1 SAN.

At Death's Door

In London, Professor Smith told the investigators to 'look up Johann Winckelmann when you get to Trieste.' Since this is their only clue for Trieste, presumably they do just that the next morning.

Outside, though not as fiercely as the night before, the bora continues to gust (STR 2 +3D6), making pedestrian excursions uncertain. Fortunately, lengths of chain have been strung along at waist height by the curbside, and locals use these aids with great alacrity. A successful DEX x4 or less roll keeps the visitors safely on their feet and making good progress.

Inquiries may be hampered by language barriers, or potential informants may be busy or laconic. After an hour of inquiries, an amused city clerk acknowledges that Winckelmann may be found at the Museo di Storia e d'Arte (Museum of History and Art), and he gives them directions.

THE MUSEUM

Situated in the Via della Cattedrale, near the top of a steep hill, the museum is adjacent to the Cattedrale San Giusto, and close to the medieval Castello, which is still used as a barracks and magazine.

The museum contains a sizable Egyptian, Greek, and Roman collection. Enquiring after Winckelmann, they are told "Out in the garden," and directed to the Giardino Lapidario, attached to the museum but with a separate 2-lire entrance fee (Sundays free).

GIARDINO LAPIDARIO

The Giardino Lapidario is a terraced garden containing antiquities from Tergeste and Aquileia, and would normally be a charming place to spend a lazy afternoon, but today a freezing wind roars between the statues and pillars. The garden is deserted. A successful Spot Hidden reveals a replica of a Roman temple down the slope, sheltered by plane trees which currently bow before the icy blasts. There is some movement within. It is the only place in the garden to provide any shelter, and the investigators, teeth aching from the cold, quickly make their way to it.

The inside is windowless, and it takes a few seconds for eyes to adjust. Cats curl in one corner, out of the wind. By the far wall, a sarcophagus rests on a marble base. Atop the sarcophagus is a reclining figure, winged and holding a medallion with a man's head in profile. On the side of the sarcophagus is a Latin inscription.

IOANNI WINCKELMANNO

VIII . IVN . AD . M.DCC.LXVIII

Winckelmann, the man they thought to meet, died June 8, 1768!

Any investigator with a successful Archaeology roll already knows about Johann Joachim Winckelmann, father of modern archaeology, but had not realized he died in Trieste. The connection made, or a library consulted, the following sub-section and Handout #17 pertains.

ABOUT WINCKELMANN

The investigators cannot talk to Winckelmann, but they can still learn about him, which must be what Smith intended. Trieste does not have a university; any research must be done at the city library, situated in the Piazza A. Hortis, opposite the Museo del Mare (maritime museum). Library Use rolls should be made, along with Italian rolls as appropriate. Fast Talk might be pertinent, to get immediate assistance with translations, quick access to special library resources, or to the library as a whole. Unless an investigator then receives either a successful Italian roll or a successful Archaeology roll, the rest of the day is needed to learn what Handout #17 relates.



Winckelmann's Tomb

Player Handout #17

Johann Joachim Winckelmann

Born 9 December 1717 at Stendal in Prussia, he died 8 June 1768 in Trieste. The son of a cobbler, Winckelmann's formative years were strongly influenced by a study of Greek, particularly the works of Homer. He studied theology at the University of Halle in 1738 and medicine at the University of Jena from 1741-1742.

His interest in Greek art may be dated from 1748, when he worked as librarian to Count von Bunau. His first work in this area, *Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks*, was published in 1755, and translated into several languages. He became librarian of the Vatican, and moved from his native Germany to Rome.

It was during a trip to visit his home in Stendal that Winckelmann was murdered, after unexpectedly turning back for Rome at Regensburg. He wrote to friends: "I am not what I would wish to be," and mentioned a melancholy which had overtaken him. Winckelmann's traveling companion, an



J. Winckelmann

art dealer named Cavaceppi, insisted that at least they should go to Vienna, but here Winckelmann abandoned his companion and headed for Trieste.

There, he met a man named Francesco Arcangeli, a thief who worked as a cook and pimp. Arcangeli fatally stabbed Winckelmann, apparently during an attempt to steal a number of medals carried by Winckelmann. Arcangeli was arrested, and later executed.

Winckelmann had time to make a will before he expired, in which he left most of his worldly goods to Andrea, a waiter at the hotel at which he stayed. The medallions eventually went to the Museo di Storia e d'Arte, whilst his papers, including a personal diary, were sold at auction to one Giovanni Termona, a local historian.

A picture of Winckelmann is also found, a reproduction of an oil painting by Anton Raphael Mengs made in 1758.

The Termonas

The diary is in the hands of Antoni Termona, a descendant of the Giovanni Termona who purchased Winckelmann's diary. If the investigators ask about Giovanni Termona at

the library, the Termonas are well-known as a family of scholars. They also have success searching for Giovanni or descendants in the records of the Municipio, the city hall.

Antoni Termona is in his late thirties and an active member of the Iloigor cult. He is another in a long line of scholars whom the Iloigor have used to search for the medallion. His failure to date is marked by the empty left sleeve which he wears pinned up to his shoulder, to outsiders apparently a limb lost.



Antoni Termona

A successful Spot Hidden detects occasional movement inside the sleeve, as the tentacular growth grafted to his shoulder by the Iloigor writhes gently. If asked, Termona refers to his missing arm as a war wound, but a successful Psychology roll detects that he lies.

Termona is only too happy to meet someone interested in the diary, since if someone can solve the puzzle, then his remaining arm may be saved. He has the investigators watched closely (see "Cesare Druni," below). He hopes to steal the medallion, kill all witnesses, and offer the prize to his masters.

Termona denies any knowledge of the contents of the diary. "It is an old family curio. No one has ever read it." But he can give the investigators the address of a scholar, Marco Montanelli, who should be able to help them with translation.

Montanelli, not by coincidence, is missing a left leg. Investigators who use his services do not gain any Mythos knowledge (including the spell), since he bowdlerizes the translation. They do learn all of Handout #18.

Termona stresses the value of the diary, and insists that the investigator with the highest Credit Rating keep it with him or her at all times.

Winckelmann's Diary

It could be sensational to read on the train, but Winckelmann made the diary private by writing in an archaic Greek dialect. The fat, handwritten book requires forty hours and at least one successful Greek or Classical Greek roll to gain an understanding of its contents.

Succeeding, the investigators learn of Winckelmann's connection with the Iloigor of the caverns of Postumia. In addition, if the investigators keep the diary for long enough to study it properly (2D6 months), the diary adds +8% Cthulhu Mythos and costs 1D8 SAN. It includes one

spell, Contact Lloigor, which after months of study requires a roll of INT x4 or less to learn.

But Montanelli can furnish a sketchy summary of it in a day and a half, since he suppresses so much of interest in it.

Contact Lloigor

Allows the caster to interview one or more lloigor for so long as the lloigor choose to maintain the contact. To cast, the spell costs 3 magic points and 3 Sanity points. The caster then meets with the lloigor in his or her dreams, where they assume visible form and demand a sacrifice to them of 1D6 magic points.

This spell must be cast immediately before going to sleep, and takes effect only within 20 leagues (60 miles) of a lloigor. Upon awakening, the caster remembers all details of the dream.

Player Handout #18

Winckelmann's Diary

3 MAY — *The Tablet of [indcipherable] is correct, and I have traveled to Regensburg and spoken with the Things there. They have compelled me to carry an amulet to another enclave near Tergeste, in Austria. I am warned not to approach without the amulet, lest I be destroyed. They need this amulet for some dark plan of their own; I fear it will aid them in releasing that which they serve from its frozen Arctic prison.*

15 MAY — *I curse those Beasts, and I curse myself for ever seeking them! Night after night the dreams return, and I get no peace. I do not know how to go on; the art which has been my life is dross, and my fellows but painted masks on grinning skulls. I wear my mask too, and talk of "Art," but beauty has gone from the world, and my words are ashes in the wind.*

1 JUNE — *Arrived safely in Trieste. The dreams that have haunted me since Regensburg continue to lessen, but I fear I shall never fully recover. My one hope is that after I have handed on the amulet, the dreams will altogether cease.*

2 JUNE — *Met a native, Arcangeli, a handsome fellow who promises some diversion. More importantly, through certain signs and words he gives me to believe that he knows of those Entities, and can guide me to their lair.*

3 JUNE — *The dreams have returned. I realize I cannot trust Arcangeli. He has asked to see the amulet as a sign of my appointment as courier, but his manner is sly, and I suspect that he would prefer to carry the amulet himself. I have stalled him, but without his help I cannot reach Them, unless I do that dreadful [indcipherable].*

5 JUNE — *In my despair I weakened and made the ritual and spoke with the Thing that came, and learnt from whence it came. I am sick.*

6 JUNE — *I managed to give that rogue Arcangeli the slip and have hidden the amulet. I am certain now that he intends to steal it, as I came upon him searching my room. I shall have to wait until I am no longer watched, and make my own way to the caverns at Postumia to deliver the amulet.*

7 JUNE — *Arcangeli continues to plague me, and I cannot recover the amulet without his notice. I have discovered that he, along with other members of the local cult which serve those Beasts, attempt to steal every arcane or occult item which passes this way, and make thereof offerings to please Them. I fear that they will find the amulet, denying me the opportunity to fulfill my appointed duty, and that these dreams will never cease!*

In Their Footsteps

Unbeknownst to them, the investigators have accumulated an entourage of followers, watchers, and the curious. Keepers may use these worthies as they see fit, and add more as needed, always remembering to first give the investigators clues or fair warning that these groups and individuals exist.

- Cesare, for the lloigor;
- Helmut, for the investigators;
- a Turkish Businessman, for the Brothers of the Skin;
- random Blackshirts, protecting Italy from vile foreigners;
- a pale stranger (Johann Winckelmann), who appears if his diary is translated;
- confidence men, hustlers, and thieves of all sexes;
- Fenalik, for the investigators while convenient.

CESARE DRUNI

Druni is a lloigor cultist who has been detailed by Antoni Termona to watch the investigators. His suitability for this job is doubtful, as he is tall, thin, and has a memorable shock of red hair with a single black lock. Shortly after the investigators notice Cesare's continuing pres-



Cesare Druni

ence, they see him being waylaid by two Turks, and dragged off. Sometime later (in Trieste or elsewhere), they will see the red-and-black hair and angular face again, this time on a short, fat body. Probably a relative.

HELMUT GROSSINGER

Grossinger was once an investigator himself, one sufficiently successful to warrant the direct attention of the lloigor. As a result, Helmut has no tongue or hands, nor

sanity. He has watched the arrival of the Brothers of the Skin in Trieste with growing alarm and would like to warn people, but as his experiences have driven the poor fellow mad, no one will listen. Through an insane leap of intuition, he recognizes the investigators as kindred spirits, and shadows them. If approached, he gives a comprehensive but totally incomprehensible warning to the investigators, then his horribly mutilated body later turns up.

THE TURKISH BUSINESSMAN

The investigators become aware that a Turkish gentleman in a good-quality suit is staking out their hotel. It does not always seem to be the same man. Perhaps it is the same man with a different face.

THE BLACKSHIRTS

Mussolini's Fascist Party comes to power in Italy in 1924; members of the party have been organized into units known as *fascio di combattimento*. Their name, 'Blackshirts,' comes from their uniform. In 1921 there were 2,300 of these units in Italy.

The keeper may use gangs of hotheaded Blackshirts in this scenario as one more group to harass and bully the investigators. They can be lightly armed, and will use force. They are not intellectuals; a debate never settle matters. Their particular hatred is for Communists and socialists, but they enjoy taunting foreigners and those without swagger.



A Blackshirt

THE PALE STRANGER

On the way back to the hotel after having the diary translated, the investigator carrying it becomes sure that he or she is being watched. Careful looks glimpse at a distance a small, pale-faced man dressed in black. The other investigators do not see this man, nor can the investigator who can see him catch him, if the attempt is made. Keepers, it is whomever you like.

HUSTLERS AND THIEVES

Italy is a place longer civilized than some, and it ignores casual human deviance, given reasonable circumspection. As a port city, and thus even more tolerant, Trieste looks the other way about behavior which might require police or politicians in Boston, Mass.



Helmut Grossinger

If the investigators prowl about the port section at night, they could run into almost anything. The most likely encounter is either prostitution or a request for money from someone who does his or her best to be appealing and sympathetic. Leave the investigators with enough money to get to Constantinople and back to London.

FENALIK

Our vampire intervenes to protect the simulacrum. Does one of the Brothers creep into an investigator room and find the pieces? Perhaps the Brother is found in pieces, when the investigators return.

A Memorable Dinner

Begin this sub-section on the first evening after the investigators have read or had translated the contents of Winckelmann's diary.

When the investigators reach their hotel, they find that the bora, which is picking up as night falls, has torn down the power-lines and that the hotel is in semi-darkness. Carrying oil-lamps and candles, staff bustles about in the gloom. Each room is provided with a candle and matches. A candlelight dinner is being served in the common dining room if they are at a hotel, or in the neighboring restaurant if at a pensione.

It has been a long day, and the appetizing smells coming from the kitchen are too good to resist. However, strange things keep happening to the investigators' food, cutlery, and table, although no one else much notices.

- Between the soup and the fish, imperceptibly over the course of several minutes, the table begins to rise. Just as the investigators realize that they seem to be sinking, the table drops to the floor with a crash, causing other patrons and staff to stare at them.
- As one investigator cuts into a chicken, writhing maggots tumble forth, and inch across the plate toward him or her. Perhaps they want to rescue whatever it is that wriggles on the investigator's tongue! Only that investigator can detect the maggots. Then the maggots disappear.
- One of the wine glasses fills by itself, with a red liquid too thick to be wine. The level rises until the glass overflows, and a pool of what appears to be blood spreads out across the table. The glass rises into the air, inverts itself and then shatters onto the table, amidst the spilled . . . wine.
- One investigator picks up a knife, and finds it burning cold, freezing to the skin so that it cannot be dropped. The knife rises into the air, drawing the investigator with it, and makes repeated stabbing motions in the air. The investigator's hand is covered with blood, as the knife is brandished in the air. The knife drops to the floor. The investigator's hand is unmarked.

These events require a Sanity roll for all investigators, costing 1/1D4 SAN. The investigators draw everyone's attention as they shriek and throw themselves about. A successful Spot Hidden notices among their watchers a pale man dressed in black, who then slips into the kitchen entrance. If the investigators attempt to follow, they are met by an irate cook, who denies truthfully that anyone has passed him in the kitchen.

The Haunted Hotel

The investigators leave in disarray. At the hotel, the power is still out. They collect candles at the desk and mount darkened staircases to their rooms.

The investigator who was given the diary hears his or her name called out but, upon turning, no one is there. If the diary was left in the investigator's room before dinner, the investigator is pushed roughly against a wall, and the word "Tagebuch" (German for diary, pronounced *tar-ge-booch*) is hissed in his or her ear. There is no sign of an assailant.

The other investigators do not hear anything, but all feel a sudden drop in temperature as the investigator with the diary slams against the wall.

Passing down the hallway seems ominously dark, but eventually the investigators arrive at their rooms. Inside, the strange goings-on cease briefly. The investigator with the diary is left in peace unless he or she tries to get rid of the diary. This can be done readily enough, but thrown

into the garbage or into the sea, the diary keeps turning up: on the bedside table, in the pocket of a dressing gown, cold and hard at one's feet in bed. If the possessor of the diary tries to destroy it, he or she feels destroyed; burning pains if fire is used, gut-wrenching cramps if they intend to shred it, etc.—such perceptions cost 2/1D4+1 SAN per each occurrence. The horrible pains always commence just soon enough to prevent actual damage to the diary.

In each of the other rooms, things are worse, though it starts quietly enough.

- Candles are suddenly snuffed out and refuse to relight or, upon being extinguished, burst into flame.
- The door suddenly swings open, apparently forced by the chill breeze that blows through it. Upon being closed, latched, and double-locked, it simply swings open again.
- The fire lit by the chamber-maid burns with an eerie blue light, or suddenly goes out all at once, sending a cloud of smoke and ash into the room.
- The temperature in the room grows colder and colder.
- Comforters are torn off beds, pillows explode into clouds of feathers, furniture starts to slide about.
- This culminates in a frenzy of classic poltergeist activity, as pictures fall and smash, hair is pulled, fires and candles flare into jets of weird flame, furniture flies through the air and the shutters burst inward, shattering the windows and allowing the fury of the bora into the room.

The investigators are literally thrown from their rooms in random states of dress, to land in the darkened hallway. Their doors slam shut and do not open. Apart from the continued smashing noises from beyond those doors, the hotel is in silence, as though no one else had notice anything unusual.

This prolonged parapsychical display costs each investigator 1/1D6 SAN.

A Late Visitor

When the investigators gather their wits in the hallway, they realize that one of their number is missing. What they find then depends upon what the investigator with the diary has been doing, but chances are they must rouse their companion from a sound sleep. He or she has noticed nothing.

As they congregate in the room with the diary, a ponderous knock comes at the door. Before it can be answered, the door swings wide, to reveal a small man with a pale face and black garments. Up close, he is perhaps recognizable from their researches at the library, despite the fact that his face is cadaverous and the door is clearly



Visitation in the Night

visible through his features. They are looking at Johann Winckelmann; lose 0/1D4 SAN.

Aside from the fact of his existence, nothing about the figure of the ghost threatens anyone. In fact, after he sits down, he becomes almost solid.

His voice is harsh and strained; it appears to come from a long distance. It is obviously an effort to speak, so his communications are terse, and his reply to questions no more than an anguished look from the sunken pits of his eyes. If the investigators persist, he tilts his head and raises the kerchief at his throat to reveal a gaping stab wound. Small creatures best not thought upon wriggle into the wound, away from the light: 0/1 SAN to notice.

Winckelmann speaks fluent, somewhat formal German and Italian, as well as excellent classical Latin and Greek. He will try communicating in each tongue. If none

of the investigators can understand him, he attempts mime. If anyone thinks to hand him a bilingual dictionary, the ghost is momentarily diverted by the concision of the scholarship, then comes to the point of his haunting.

If at all possible, have a verbal conversation. Winckelmann will say, among whatever the keeper finds useful, that the Things in the Caves seem to attract magical artifacts of all sorts, and that They will be pleased with whomever brings them the medallion. He knows nothing of the Right Leg, nor of Napoleon or other events after his death; he sees no connection between the medallion and the Right Leg.

A Chilly Walk

Winckelmann indicates that he wants the investigators to follow him. He is not adverse to using force to encourage the reluctant, and he is in a hurry. Unless they act quickly, the investigators find themselves plodding into the night dressed as they are. There is no sign of other guests or staff as they leave, and outside the streets are deserted. The hour is late and the howling rage of the bora, which threatens to tear the investigators from their feet (STR rolls to avoid being knocked down), not to mention freeze them to death.

Winckelmann is totally unaffected by the wind. His hair and clothes hang limply as the bora's ferocity passes through him. The ghost chivvies the investigators into motion, and they find the cold tolerable for a while, though an hour or two of exposure might prove fatal.

The ghost, unimpeded by fierce wind or intervening obstacles, sets a rapid pace, and the investigators must struggle to keep up. If the investigators have taken little or no damage so far, another DEX roll or two on the resistance table might be in order.

Winckelmann leads the investigators a few blocks away from their hotel. He pauses momentarily in a short, curving street before an old, boarded-up villa, and then enters through the door. The door is stuck fast, STR 20 to enter; there is room for two investigators to combine their

efforts. If the investigators break down the door by taking runs at it, when they succeed, they find themselves passing through the ghost inside, who waits just within the door. This is profoundly unpleasant: Winckelmann's own deathless cold obsession with the medallion washes over them, as well as the stench of his decay: lose 0/1D2 SAN.

Out of the wind, it is still bitterly cold. If no one has thought to bring a flashlight or lantern, they are able only dimly to perceive their surroundings. The villa appears once to have been a hotel of some sort: to one side, a counter or reception desk rots amidst the cobwebs. The ghost leads the way down a short flight of stairs into a cellar. A few rats scamper into holes as the ghost moves to the far wall of the cellar, which is made of large cut stones set curiously in steps, so that the wall slopes away toward the ceiling. A successful Archaeology roll suggests that the wall is part of an old amphitheater, and therefore the curve of the street outside follows some bound of the ancient stadium.

The ghost points at the earth of the cellar floor next to the stepped wall, and indicates that the investigators should dig. After scooping aside a century's dust and rat droppings, the investigators uncover a stone floor. The ghost indicates that they should lift the stone revealed there (SIZ 12). Beneath is a mass of rotten leather. It falls apart to disclose the gold medallion.

The Medallion of Ithaqua

The gold medallion is incised on one side with strange hieroglyphs in a language never spoken by human throats, and on the other side with a relief carving of some entity which, whilst parodying the human shape, seems to writhe and shift continually.

The investigator who picks up the medallion feels something akin to an electric shock, and a blast of frigid air sweeps past them out of the medallion. The toucher hears, far off, a terrible howling and feels the unearthly chill of the medallion course up through the arm and reach his or her heart: Sanity loss to feel this is 1/1D3 SAN. If the investigator has dealt with Ithaqua, or with the wendigo, he or she now feels their shadows.

The investigator who first touched the medallion is bonded to Ithaqua, the Wind Walker. He or she becomes immune to cold, indeed revels in it, but also must bear the horror of the cry of the Wind Walker when abroad and the wind is from the north—every day the investigators remain in Trieste or its surrounds, and at the keeper's discretion thereafter. At sundown each day, as Ithaqua stalks the Arctic wastes, the investigator outdoors must receive a Sanity roll costing 1/1D6 SAN, until a total of 6 Sanity points have been lost. Rolls thereafter cost 1 point.



The Medallion of Ithaqua

If the investigator goes permanently insane as a result, he or she travels north as quickly as possible to worship Ithaqua in its frozen domain. The bond continues if the medallion is given away or destroyed, but the Ritual of Cleansing in the Sedefkar Scrolls removes it. After that ritual, the medallion—if the investigators still have it—transmutes from gold to lead, and no longer have effect.

Once the investigator has touched the medallion, he or she becomes very attached to it, and refuses to let it pass out of sight or reach. It is the most natural thing in the world to string the heavy medallion around his or her neck, so that it is always present. Indeed, when the investigators go to the Postumia caverns, it has to be present; keepers should remember this.

BACK TO THE HOTEL

When the investigators look up, Winckelmann has vanished, and never returns. They are freezing, except for the investigator who first picked up the medallion. He or she is quite comfortable. The investigators make their way out of the ruined villa and back to their hotel with minor difficulty. All must battle the bora, but the investigator bound to Ithaqua is not affected by the temperature of the wind, nor indeed does he or she lose magic points to the Iloigor while remaining in the area.

Helmut Grossinger

It is possible that, after Winckelmann's visit, the investigators may wish to visit Termona to gain more information or to return the diary. He is likely to try to kill them, as they now know too much, and have the medallion.

As the investigators head towards Termona's house, Grossinger appears from a neighboring alley, where he has been keeping watch. Although he can give no clear warning with his inarticulate, tongueless cries, his increasing agitation each time they approach the house is obvious. If this fails to make the investigators suspicious, the cultists may well capture, torture, and dismember some or all of them. Perhaps their successors are luckier, or perhaps a merciful keeper allows a Psychology roll to comprehend Termona's intentions.

The Caverns At Postumia

THE INVESTIGATORS SHOULD HAVE sufficient information to prompt a visit to the lloigor caverns at Postumia, fifty miles northeast of Trieste, near the Yugoslav border and the town of Longatico. A local train makes the trip in just under three hours. The station is about a half-mile from the Postumia proper; the entrance to the Grotti di Postumia lies about a mile further on.

Once it becomes apparent that the investigators are leaving Trieste, the lloigor cultists mobilize. Termona and his fellow cultists don't know whether the investigators have the medallion, but continue surveillance just in case. As soon as they are certain the investigators have the medallion (sufficient proof is the investigators entering the lloigor caverns), they act.

The Brothers also follow, closely watching both investigators and cultists closely. They are starting to hope that this episode actually may lead them to a piece of the missing statue.

Into the Depths

The caverns of Postumia are only open to guided groups, who spend about half of the two-hour trip traveling in small trolley cars. The sole daily tour at this time of year commences at noon. Naturally enough, the local guides are members of the lloigor cult. Few visitors brave the foul weather. When the investigators take the tour, they and the lloigor cultists are the only participants. Members

of the Brothers of the Skin enter the caverns after the tour group has moved inside.

If the investigators sneak into the caverns, the same groups are present, but unknown to the investigators.

WHAT THEY SEE

A walkway shares the entrance to the cavern with a river, which flows into the entrance on the left. The river disappears into the darkness, but the walkway leads to a narrow-gauge railway on which run small trolleys for intrepid tourists.

The investigators' guide for the tour is Carlo, a youngish man with a gold tooth. The trolleys at Postumia which the tourists ride are open cars, not unlike those which miners use to transport earth, though with seats, doors, and much more comfort. The railway is over a mile long, but does not extend the full length of the tour; visitors must walk for at least an equal distance. Guidebooks suggest wearing warm jackets and stout boots.

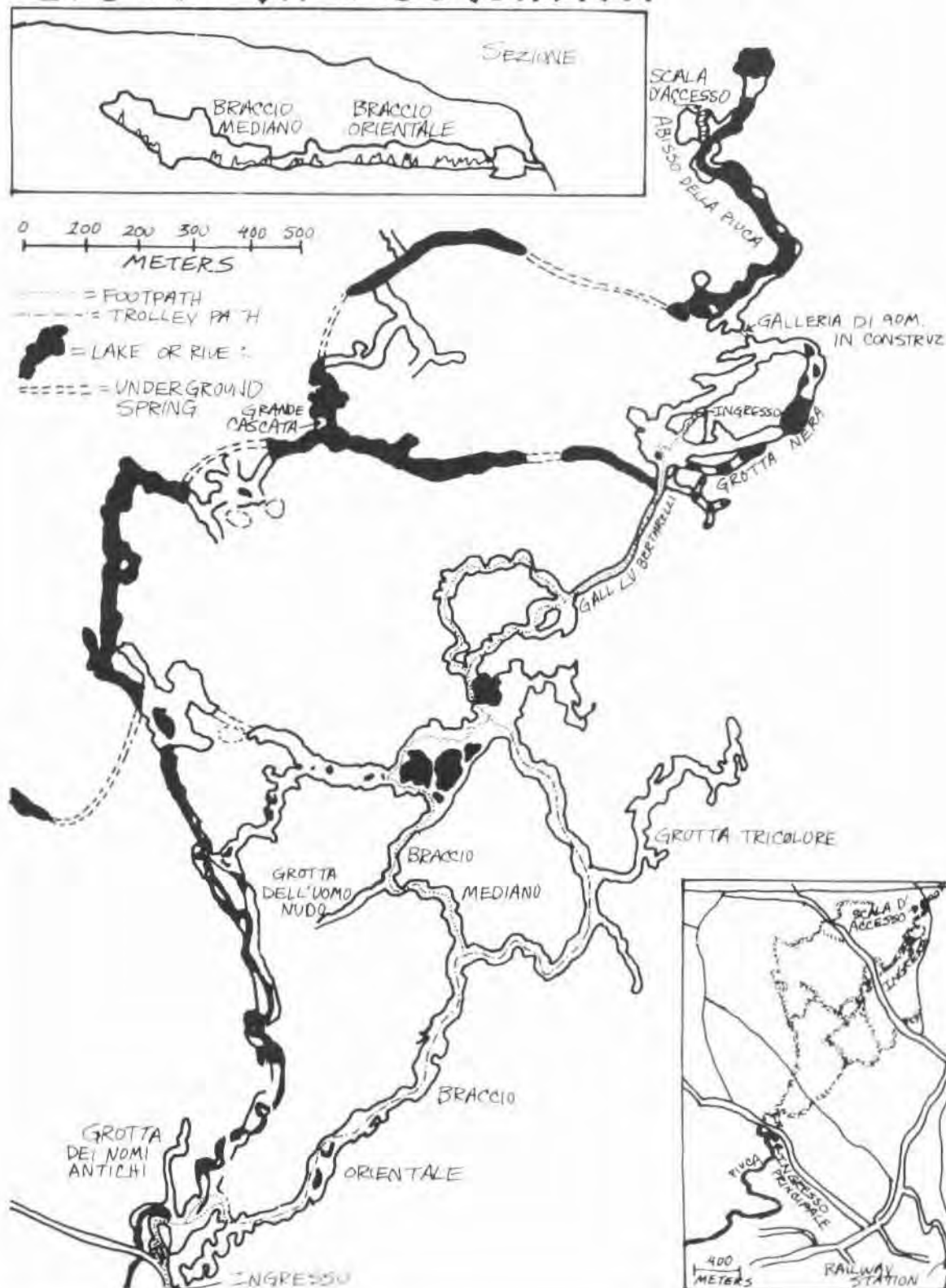
The limestone caverns are glorious, though imperfectly lit. The stalagmite and stalactite formations are considered by many to be the finest in Europe. Sharp beauty can turn to horror, though, and keepers should emphasize the formations which look like exposed brain-tissue, fang-like teeth, a half-buried skull, a gigantic femur, and so on. Carlo fully expects the investigators to be dead very soon, and takes ghoulish delight in pointing out formations whose names he translates as The Sepulcher, Dead Man's Bones, The Brain, and The Beheaded Dwarf.

Some parts of the caverns are flooded, and pools of inky black water reflect some formations to bizarre effect. In some passages flow underground streams, of depths ranging from knee-deep to roof-high. The water is ice-cold and drinkable. Once the trolleys halt, a broad lighted footpath makes accessible additional parts of the cavern complex, but dozens of openings can be seen which lack paths or lights; the investigators see only part of these caverns; new areas continue to be found and explored today.

If the investigators take the tour, the lloigor cultists wait until the investigators disembark and have walked some distance from the trolleys. Then they turn off the electric lighting and move in for the kill. If the investigators sneak in, perhaps using one of the alternate entrances, the lloigor cultists take a shortcut and wait in ambush. Each cultist has a flashlight.

The trailing Brothers of the Skin take exception to the lloigor cult attack, since it threatens to ruin what seems to be a good lead. If they need to, they join in the fight on the side of the investigators. To the cultists' consternation, the Brothers do not need lights—dead men's eyes see just fine in the dark.

Grotte di Postumia



Ideally, the investigators should be left running through the caverns pursued by an indeterminate number of attackers, enough in number that concealment somewhere should seem very attractive. Referring to the caverns map, choose some point for the entrance to the lloigor cavern.

After the shouts of cultists and their lights dim and fade, eventually the investigators will have to find their way out. Perhaps, while wandering through the caverns, they come across weird stalagmite and stalactite formations, reminding them perhaps of unpleasant events on their European tour thus far.

Lair of the Lloigor

Just when the investigators begin to think they may get out without further incident, they hear the approach of a large group of people.

The only cover is behind a formation which looks unpleasantly like a set of needle-sharp teeth. Climbing the slippery formation is not easy, but can be done. Behind the teeth, a successful Spot Hidden roll locates a narrow passage, leading down to a huge grotto. As they make their descent, the keeper might have their right legs begin to tingle, as a way of having them press on.

The shores of the lake are covered with stalagmite formations, and huge creamy-orange stalactites drip from the ceiling of the great chamber. The lake waters are black and still. Just then they hear a huge voice, echoing not in the vast reaches of the cavern, but in the convolutions of their own brains.

**So...
YOU HAVE
BROUGHT IT
AT LAST!**

Telepathic transmissions from the invisible lloigor does not cause Sanity loss in itself, but the unusual nature of the lloigor mind utterly depresses any human who comes in contact with it, to the point of suicide.

Each investigator must receive a roll on the resistance table, matching his or her INT against POW, as each tries to rationalize the despair flooding through them. If INT prevails, the investigator realizes the despair is part of the

lloigor, the 'outside mind;' they are still depressed, but recover quickly. A failure results in investigator loss of faith. He or she wants to return home and forget the quest, or to sit down and wait to die: nothing matters, all is lost. These powerful negative feelings last a period determined by the Temporary Insanity timetable in the rulesbook.

A result of 00 indicates despair of suicidal proportions—companions will have to prevent the afflicted from throwing himself or herself into the freezing waters of the underground lake. Again, determine the duration of this on the Temporary Insanity time table.

The lloigor want the medallion; that is the only reason they have allowed the investigators to find them. The single-minded lloigor do not actively respond to investigator attempts to bargain the medallion for the Right Leg of the simulacrum. They do not care of the investigators take the leg.

The Right Leg

Confronted with powerful mental entities, the investigators probably make sure of their own safety before rummaging about for the leg, but even casual inspection of the area notices an incredible store of random physical items heaped about the shores of the lake, apparently in some order or pattern that appeals to the lloigor mind.

Many of the items are lightly coated by the dripping limestone. The investigators may see the shapes of scrolls and tomes covered with sheets of increasingly opaque stone and quite unreadable, or strange icons and idols depicting oddly-deformed gods. At one place there stands a single column of metal discs, some golden, some tarnished or rusted—amulets and medallions accumulated over 155 years by the lloigor cultists.

The Right Leg is in this wasteland of occult junk, in one stalagmite amongst hundreds. Finding the correct stalagmite takes half an hour, shorter if the investigators receive a successful Spot Hidden roll.

If the investigators have not surrendered the medallion, the lloigor continue to demand it, but make no attempt to hinder the investigators.

Echoes of approaching cultists might put some urgency into the search.

The Right Leg is found, partially encased in a thin film of limestone. Some iron oxide has mixed with the limestone, so that a bloody stain has formed at the top of the leg, making it appear to be recently severed. Blows with a heavy object shatters the limestone sheath enough that the leg can be pulled free. Immediately afterward, a shout is heard from the far side of the lake, opposite the investigators' entrance, and a dozen torches may be seen. The lloigor cultists are coming.



The Lloigor Approaches

Escape

Their medallion obtained, the lloigor are uninterested in the fate of the investigators or of the leg, and consequently do not protect the investigators from their pursuers, who will be cautious until they learn that the lloigor intend no intervention.

But if the investigators have not handed over the medallion before they try to leave, a wave forms in the center of the lake and spreads outward as one lloigor forms a massive, dragon-like body, and the displaced water swirls ashore.

The now-material lloigor surfaces and comes after the investigators, its serpentine bulk filling the tunnel behind them. The earth starts to vibrate. One by one the stalactites forming the upper teeth in the mouth of the tunnel break off and tumble down, mostly sealing the way shut. A voice bellows in the investigators' minds.

**GIVE US
THE MEDALLION!**

If the investigators comply, hurling the medallion at the advancing monstrosity behind them, the lloigor disappears, and the medallion spins into the darkness. The stalactites immediately stop falling. If the investigators hang onto the medallion, each must receive a successful DEX x4 roll or less to squeeze through the lower teeth. Those with successes get through safely; those without must choose between jumping back and being caught by the lloigor or pressing ahead and being hit by a falling stalactite for 1D6 damage (20% chance of impaling for 2D6 damage instead).

Once the investigators are out of the tunnel, they must find their way out of the caverns, pursued by both the lloigor cultists (who want vengeance if the medallion has been handed over), and by the Brothers of the Skin, who want the Right Leg and the location of any other simulacrum parts. Of course, these two groups also fight each other.

If all else fails, Fenalik might appear to keep the investigators alive until all the simulacrum is recovered, but such intervention should not be lightly attempted. Fenalik almost certainly remains in dark safety, intending to embark with the investigators tonight or the next night.

The Race for the Train

Outside the cavern, night is approaching, but the battle between the two cults continues, with the investigators caught in the cross-fire.

The spray of bullets and stilettos is further complicated by the bora, which has reached STR 30 in fury. For each five minutes spent in the open, the investigators and cultists alike take 1D3 hit points damage. Shelter may be found in the lee of hills and buildings, or inside buildings and vehicles. The investigator now bound to Ithaqua is immune to this damage; however, carried on the wind from far, far away he can hear the hunting cry of Ithaqua, which is more chilling than the bora could ever be: lose 1/1D6 SAN.

Trieste is four hours away by car, three hours distant by train. The next east-bound Orient Express departs at 8:14 P.M. On the way, if the keeper wishes, cultists continue to harass them, although these attacks grow less frequent if they move quickly away from Postumia and lie low once they reach Trieste. If they sleep there tonight, once again they risk losing 1D6 magic points.

THE VORTEX

If they still have the medallion, the lloigor attempt one last time to stop them with an implosion vortex, which does 1D100 hit points of damage to anything within a five-yard radius. The vortex takes three rounds to form, and is detectable as a whirling distortion in the air and a sub-sonic throbbing, allowing the investigators a lot of time to escape. The vortex is centered on the investigator carrying the amulet, but does no harm to the medallion; if the others flee in all directions when the vortex starts to form (abandoning their comrade to their fate) then only one investigator is hurt. In any event, the vortex should catch one or two of the pursuers, and their messy expirations should make amusing description. Due to the heavy magic-point cost, only one vortex is sent.

FENALIK AGAIN

Fenalik is also about. The vampire has an active interest in the investigators' welfare, so will rip up any lloigor followers or Brothers he can catch. He is careful not to allow any investigators to see him in Trieste, but they might distantly hear him in action—a successful Listen roll might detect sounds like some wild beast uncaged. They may also stumble through the remains of one or several of his kills. The vampire ensures that no Brothers survive; Selim receives no report of the investigators' identity.

Hiding in Trieste

The investigators may need to spend some time in Trieste, waiting for the next train east. The train leaves at quarter past eight in the evening. Not all of the lloigor cultists went to Postumia, so the investigators must be careful.

Their hotel is being watched. Some strategy needs to be devised to safely recover luggage left there. The partially-collected simulacrum is bulky and not easily hidden; this may draw unwelcome attention to them as a second taxi arrives to carry their numerous bags. Is there a cultist among the hotel staff? The investigators should be made to be nervous, distrustful of anyone, and jumpy at shadows. If the keeper desires, there may be attacks by knife or tentacle-wielding cultists; bear in mind that after their tribulations in the caverns, the investigators may be unable to withstand a concerted attack.

Conclusion

Eventually the investigators board the Orient Express at Trieste and head for Belgrade. They will not be out of lloigor-drain range until past Ljubljana; they'll risk losing another 1D6 points tonight.

Each investigator gains 1D4 SAN for recovering the Right Leg of the Sedefkar Simulacrum. They now may have four of its pieces, raising to 20 percentiles the penalty against all idea, know, and luck rolls for them.

If the investigators did not hand over the medallion to the lloigor, they recover 1D6 Sanity points, knowing that they have helped stave off in a small way the return of one of the Great Old Ones. They also know they should be very careful on their return journey through Italy.

Statistics

ANTONI TERMONA, Age 39, Lloigor Cultist

STR 10	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 11	POW 14
DEX 8*	APP 13	SAN 0	EDU 21	HP 13

* a tentacle replaces left arm.

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: .32 revolver 30%, damage 1D8
Tentacle 50%, damage 1D4

Skills: English 35%, Fast Talk 55%, History 55%, Latin 25%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D4 SAN if the tentacle is revealed.

MARCO MONTANELLI, Age 44, Lloigor Cultist

STR 8 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 8* APP 11 SAN 0 EDU 21 HP 11

* a tentacle replaces left leg.

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: .32 revolver 35%, damage 1D8

Letter Opener 45%, damage 1D3

Tentacle 50%, damage 1D4

Skills: Archaeology 30%, Classical Greek 70%, Debate 65%, English 60%, German 45%, Latin 70%, Linguist 80%, Wheel-chair 50%.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D4 SAN if the tentacle is revealed.

SIX BLACKSHIRT THUGS, Ages 23

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D4

Kick 45%, damage 1D6+1D4

Club 55%, damage 1D6+1D4

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	12	12	13	13	9	13
Two	13	13	12	12	14	13
Three	13	14	12	11	10	13
Four	11	14	14	11	11	14
Five	14	14	16	10	10	15
Six	15	13	15	9	10	14

CESARE DRUNI, Age 26, Red-haired Lloigor Cultist

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 15 SAN 0 EDU 8 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Knife 40%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Skills: Hide 30%.

HELMUT GROSSINGER, Age 33, Insane Former Investigator

STR 8 CON 6 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 5* APP 6 SAN 0 EDU 15 HP 10

* has neither hands nor tongue.

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Listen 75%, Lurk 65%, Spot Hidden 65%.

JOHANN WINCKELMANN, Ghost

INT 14 POW 20

Sanity Loss to See: 0/1D4.

SAMPLE BROTHERS OF THE SKIN

All have dead men's eyes, allowing them to see in the dark.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 40%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Dodge 25%, Hide 30%, Listen 40%, Skin Human 25%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 60%, Track 25%.

Spells: Control Skin*, plus Transfer Body Part* at the keeper's option. See the Constantinople chapter for spell information.

Sanity Loss to See: for noticing obvious sewn-on additions, 0/1 SAN.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	14	12	13	16	9	13
Two	14	13	17	15	14	15
Three	13	14	15	11	10	15
Four	15	13	13	13	11	13
Five	13	15	16	13	10	16
Six	12	13	13	13	16	13

SAMPLE LLOIGOR CULTISTS

Most of the lloigor cultists carry clubs or knives; a few could have pistols. At least one has displeased the lloigor enough to warrant the grafting-on of a tentacle. These new limbs can wield melee weapons normally, and can extend out up to 3 yards from the cultist in a direct attack, in the manner of a whip. The tentacle usually replaces an amputated limb, but might also lash out from a cultist's mouth, or from under an eye-patch, or from the cultist's chest or back, etc.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Club 35%, damage 1D6+1D4

Knife 40%, damage 1D3+1D4

Tentacle 50%, damage 1D4

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 35%, Hide 25%, Jump 45%, Listen 40%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 50%.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D4 SAN for tentacled cultists only.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	15	16	13	14	11	15
Two	16	17	12	13	11	15
Three	17	14	12	13	10	13
Four	18	16	14	12	12	15
Five	16	16	13	12	10	15
Six	14	13	15	12	9	14

SAMPLE LLOIGOR

Extensive notes about lloigor and their interesting abilities exists in the rulesbook, and should be consulted.

STR 42 CON 30 SIZ 65 INT 20 POW 15
DEX 10 HP 48

Move 7 (3 through solid rock in immaterial form).

Damage Bonus: +5D6.

Weapons: Claw 30%, damage 6D6

Bite 50%, damage 7D6

Armor: 8-point hide.

Sanity Loss to See: 0/1D6 SAN if it becomes visible.

X. DREAM ZAGREB



In a City of Bells and Towers

Wherein the investigators think they have arrived at an ancient fog-shrouded European city, but their wine has disembarked them into dreamscape and nightmare.

by Mark Morrison and Thomas Ligotti

THE FOLLOWING SCENARIO is a dream. It occurs on the train between Trieste and Zagreb. The investigators may not know for certain that it is an unreality until the closing stages. It does not advance the plot, although it promises to; it is the Jigsaw Prince's joke, a token of revenge against the investigators.

In this surreal sidetrack on the long and bloody journey to Constantinople, no historical or geographical data is supplied for the actual Zagreb, as the investigators never in fact disembark there.

Nor do statistics exist for this scenario; none are relevant or necessary. The keeper may find it convenient to read most of this narrative out loud to the players.

A Gift

The Orient Express departs from Trieste at 8:14 P.M. The investigators are en route to Belgrade, where the train is due in at 9:00 A.M. the following morning. They are probably exhausted after chasing about in the Iloigor cave, battling the Brothers, and struggling in the bora, and probably famished as well; the journey is an opportunity to eat, relax, and catch up on some much-needed sleep.

First things first, they congregate in the dining car, dine sumptuously, and perhaps toast fallen comrades. Maurice, their waiter, brings dessert and the announcement of a surprise.

"If the party would not take it amiss, a gentleman—" here he turns to bow in the man's direction, and in turning, pauses. "Ah, I see he has departed; your pardons.

However, the rotund gentleman who sat at the far corner table attested to, as he put it, the vitality of your youthful enjoyment, and has sent with his compliments a bottle of his personal wine. If you wish, we can serve it."

Even with a successful know roll, the investigators do not recall the gentleman in the far corner; they have noticed, however, that such gifts, anonymous or otherwise, are not unusual aboard the Orient Express, whose luxury and presentation seem to stimulate generosity in some not otherwise normally noticeable. The keeper should feel free to advise that the wine is not poisoned or harmful. However, keepers, even the scent of this wine is enough to provoke the ensuing dream.

The sommelier proceeds to offer the bottle for inspection. It is a bottle of fine Sauterne, a dessert wine from the

Author's Note

This chapter was originally written as an attempt to capture in scenario form the work of author Thomas Ligotti. Anyone interested in weird fiction is urged to pick up his collection *Songs of a Dead Dreamer*. One Ligotti story, "The Journal of J.P. Drapeau," was a direct inspiration to this scenario. It has been provided here to use as the player handout, and to inspire keepers and players with visions of a shadowy European nightmare.

classic area southeast of the city of Bordeaux. If the investigators inquire, the label is from Château Guiraud-Lafon, a house and vineyard puzzling to the sommelier, but which he believes must border Yquem itself. In fact, such a label does not exist, and the Prince has obtained this wine from nowhere on earth.

The glass of the bottle is nearly black. The cork is sound. Scribbled in ink across the label are four words, translatable roughly as *a dream of the sap*, but implying a complexity of taste and association which could be connected to wine.

un sommeil de sève

The attendant decants at the table if the investigators wish, since the bottle is a gift, exclaiming at the extraordinary clarity of the rich stream. A fine sweetness drifts about the car. Millionaires, statesmen, aristocrats, and poets turn toward the party, all with envy in their eyes. "Superb," the sommelier murmurs. "Gentlemen, a few moments, and I shall pour, if you wish."

If the investigators request his estimation, the sommelier obliges, pouring a thimbleful into the tiny silver cup he wears around his neck on a silver chain. He inhales, and sips lingeringly. "Profound!" he exclaims. "Magnificent! The greatest I have ever tasted! Gentlemen, if you will forgive the informality, for moments such as this I would not trade my service for a dukedom."

Now the investigators raise their fine crystal glasses, enjoy the amber depths of the old wine, and experience a fragrance which evokes the fineness of life. The Sauterne has lost much of its sweetness, but its lingering finish is redolent with rich depths of fruit. A mediocre Sauterne is of little interest, as the saying goes, but a fine first growth like this is beyond words. The dinner concludes with feelings of profound contentment and satisfaction.

The Consequence

The investigators tumble into bed and, in falling, begin to dream. All the investigators who drank of or scented the Prince's Sauterne have the same dream, and their dream is the rest of this chapter; the sommelier and other travelers in the car have disturbing dreams which they cannot remember.

They are awakened by a knocking at 3:10 A.M. next morning. The night conductor is walking along the passageway, waking those passengers who are disembarking at Zagreb. The investigators' names are on his list.

Outside, the station is shrouded in fog, and the tongues of bells can be softly heard, lapping at the chill night air. As the investigators argue with the night conductor, a Listen roll hears someone speaking on the sta-

tion platform. Outside in the dusky whiteness is a stooped figure, gazing at the investigators through the train windows, but for the most part addressing a skull carried lovingly in his hands. He strokes it from time to time, and recites.

*Here's a cheek keeps her color, let the wind go whistle:
Spout rain, we fear thee not, be hot or cold
All's one with us. And is not he absurd
Whose fortunes are upon their faces set.
That fear no other God but wind and wet?*

Well-read investigators recognize the speech as from *The Revenger's Tragedy*, III.v, by Cyril Tourneur. The speaker's face is shadowed in a large hooded cloak, drawn up against the cold night air, and this gives his words a curiously muffled tone. A Spot Hidden notes that all of the investigators' luggage from the fourgon van is on the platform, piled about his feet. He speaks again, addressing the investigators this time:

"What ho!, [investigator name], abed so early? And you too [another investigator name]? Sluggards! Did you plan to slumber like swine and forego one of Europe's great cities, hurrying onwards to your gathering task? Bah! Come, come. I have arranged your stay here. Time flows swiftly, and we have much to talk about ere dawn. Perchance you will permit me to tell you the full strange history of the Sedefkar Simulaerum, and of what you can expect to find on your arrival in Constantinople. Hah! Follow good fellows, and let the Devil steer the course."

He turns and walks into the eddying clouds of gray. His promise of information should goad the investigators off the train. Alas, by the time they have dressed, packed their cabin luggage, and stepped out, the figure is gone. The investigators are cold, and alone on the platform with all their bags. Where the figure stood is a crumpled piece of paper, an unnumbered page from J.P. Drapeau's journal, handout 19. Select a random page from the handout, crumple it, and give it to the players.

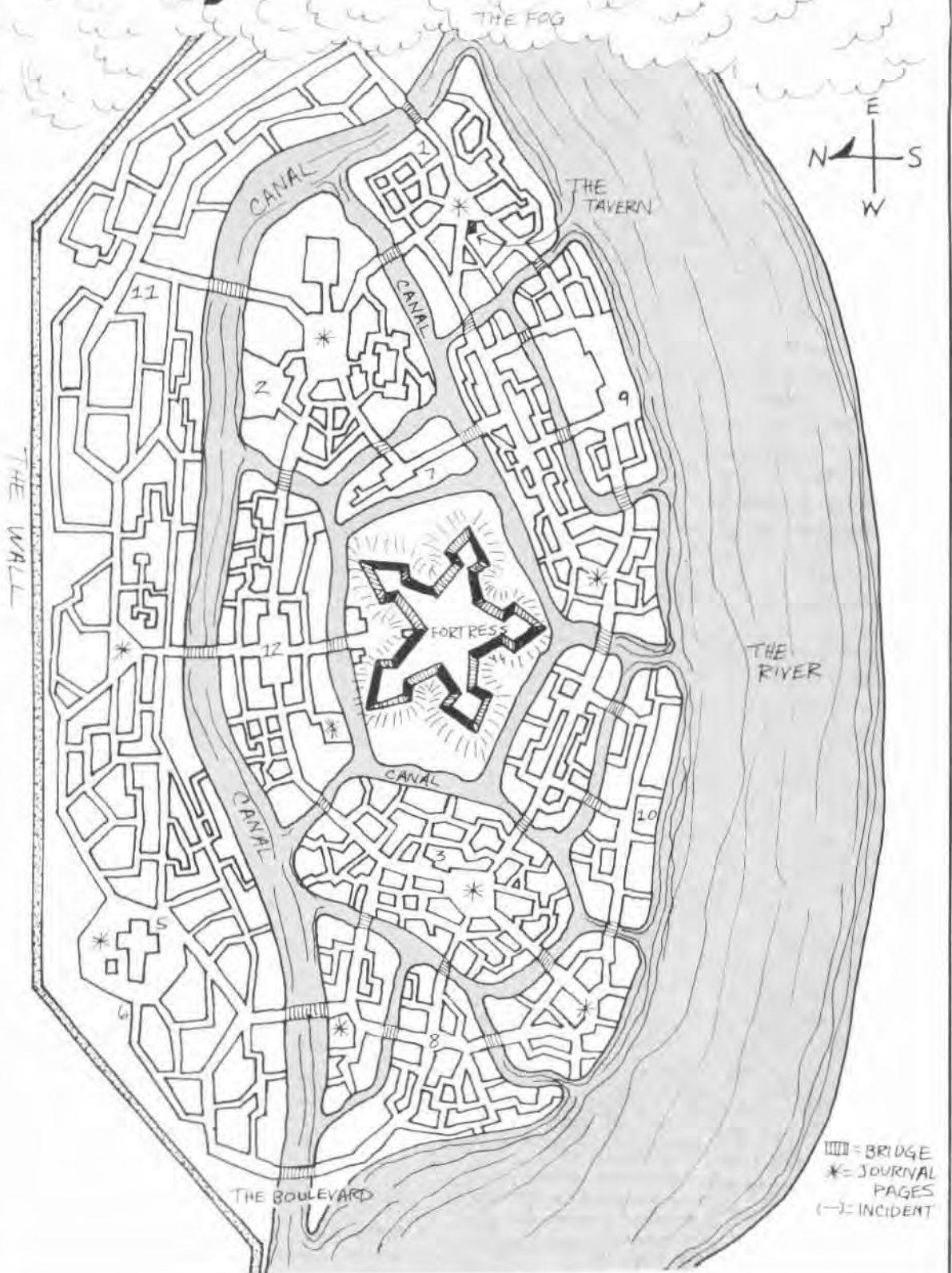
Behind them, the train has not left. The windows are dark; most of the passengers sleep, dreaming of shifting white haze and unceasing bells.

IF THEY DO NOT DISEMBARK

The night conductor expects them to get off here, and all their luggage is on the platform. However, concerted investigator effort will entrench them on the train, and ensure that their journey east is uninterrupted. They are obviously suspicious souls, without curiosity.

If this happens, they get back on the train, and resume their sleep. Soon after they drift off, the train slows to a stop, and there is a knock on the door; it is the night conductor. The train has just arrived in Zagreb, it is 3:10 A.M., and this is their wake-up call. Indeed, the train has

The City of Bells



arrived once more at the fogbound platform; there is the hooded stranger, and there is their luggage being unloaded. Go back to "A Beginning" and start the scenario again. Keep this loop going until the investigators give in and disembark. Now the adventure can truly begin.

A Search

The figure's promise should entice the investigators, so that they hunt for him through the dripping streets, down the murky lanes, across the sluggish canals, and under the yawning arches of this old city; this slumbering colossus of stone and half-remembered histories. The investigators search and marvel, search and wonder, search and quail, search and finally flee back to the station lest the search never end. Sometimes the figure may be sighted ahead ("Come, come!"), or on the opposite bank of a canal ("Hurry on!"), or above on a rampart ("Tsk tsk, dawdling again!"). He is always gone by the time they catch up.

A map is provided. Let them wander where they will. Numbers on the map correspond to sights, sounds and events, recorded below. It is a loose framework only, for those who find comfort in such things, and should be juggled as the keeper wishes. Do not let the investigators miss a favorite scene just because they turn down the wrong alley.

The asterisks on the map indicate points at which the investigators come across a page from the journal kept by J.P. Drapeau. These unsigned pieces of paper are found lying on the cobblestones, or wafting past on a gentle breeze, or crookedly plastered to a wall, or crumpled into a ball as the plaything of a small gray kitten, or aflame in the gutter, or fluttering down from unknown heights. Use the handouts provided or photocopy the journal pages. Cut them apart, and distribute them in the fashion in which they are found—crumpled, burnt, wet, torn, etc. The journal is a story within a story, and will not help the search; but it lends the night more eeriness.

Investigators may unwittingly stray to the boundaries of the map. There they meet unyielding obstacles.

At the north is *The Wall*, a huge surface of stone stretching east to west, without gate, window, or reason. It is sheer and not climbable. The top is out of sight in the fog. Strange sounds are heard distantly from beyond it.

To the south, *The River*, wide, slow, and black. Is it the Styx? Perhaps. Chunks of ice whirl in lazy spirals, quiet testimony to the biting cold of the dark water. No bridge dares to conquer this slumbering wet beast.

To the east, *The Fog* lies everywhere in town, licking its tongue into the corners of the evening, lingering on the pools that stand in drains (to quote Eliot). It lies quiet, and watching. To the east is the place where the fog comes



The Cloaked Man

from, the spawning ground, the birthplace. Here it falls in a carpet so thick as to preclude all vision, a floating ocean of white on white, a null, a void, a blind drawn on unknown terrain.

To the west, *The Boulevard* is a long road with cabarets and theaters and cafes, lit by harsh lamps, brash with noise and color. Barking and laughing, creatures lounge and stroll and preen and tussle arm-in-arm along

this street of short memories. These people shun sleep, fearing it. It is obvious that the investigators' quarry would not cross such a rude and vibrant place, but would instead prefer the soft solace of the mews behind to these fleshly beings loudly gulping breaths in busy lifetimes.

Thus confined by each cardinal point of the compass, the investigators track and trail through quiet stone courtyards, past rusted low iron fences encasing slow tombstones of unknown origin, past walls crumbling from the deathly lovemaking of withered vinery, past statues of uncertain figures worn smooth by age and lichen, beneath square towers housing cracked brass cackling bells, by the ancient fortification standing salient and senile, over placid canals via short carven bridges, and past buildings of all shapes sharing the common traits of age, silence, stone, and dignity. Some high windows weep feeble tears of light into the gloomy streets; but for the most part, the town sleeps, as if its inhabitants are in that state eternally by matter of course.

The investigators may turn to their skills and faculties to aid them in the pursuit, but to no avail. Spot Hidden only reveals unwelcome shadows, or odd features of architecture; Listen detects whispering, or soft sighing; Track denotes strange and vaguely terrible traffic; Psychology on the few inhabitants met indicates that their behavior is perfectly rational—the instability is in the mind of the beholder.

What They Meet

Some of the occurrences below may be disturbing to the onlooker. Request Sanity rolls if the investigators seem disturbed by an event, with a penalty of 1 Sanity point for a failed roll. Events are keyed by number to the map.

As the investigators can only wander, in wandering they meet the following.

ONE

Up ahead in the fog, a hissing and squawking is heard, a slithering of scales and beating of wings. When the investigators pass, all that is to be remarked upon is a stone statue depicting a griffin and a serpent locked in combat.

TWO

A splash of silver on the cobblestones; a fish lies here, waterless and dying painfully.

THREE

Here a shadow casts across the wall, menacing the investigators' own: a tall shadow, bald, with pointed ears, and abnormally long fingers with spine-like talons. It is a shadow cast by a tangle of dead trees in a stone garden.

FOUR

A young man, in the street, on his hands and knees, crawling, upturning and inspecting each and every stone, muttering "It must be here, it must be here," in endless litany.

The bells of the town sound, telling of four, forewarned, forearmed, for naught....

FIVE

A dry chuckling comes from above. A stone gargoyle, as ugly as desire, snickers once more and resumes its motionless vigil.

SIX

A message laid across a patch of earth is written in frost:

but do they dream?

SEVEN

From a fractured wall springs a tree bearing dark purple fruit, bruised globes sagging from over-ripeness. The severed hand of a would-be picker can be discerned dangling from one of the ominous purple spheres.

EIGHT

A flock of children run, patter pitter patter, small cloaks billowing. Their eyes are as white as the moon at its fullness, and just as blank. The infants smile without joy and run by.

(The bells of the town talk, five times, once for each of mankind's senses—but with seven more marks on the face of the clock, is not mankind a limited and incomplete creature?)

NINE

A war of frogs and mice.



Tearful Woman

TEN

A woman lopes and lolls, head twisting, gargling with tear-filled mirth. "I've seen a man ahead!" she cries. "A man, a head! Ahead! Harharharhar!" She weeps for no reason. If the investigators ask where did he go, she replies "Ask the tide, and name the one you seek by his proper title, she can tell you where to find him." And she goes, smiling with blood on her lips.

ELEVEN

A lane where milk seeps slowly. The white liquid flows over the paving, except for one stone, which greedily drinks the gentle trickle. Slurping can be heard. Lifting that stone uncovers a pool of milk and a ring of tarnished silver.

If this ring is presented to the crawling man (see FOUR above), his eyes fill with lust for the object. He takes it, regardless of whether it is offered. When united with it, he sighs "Now is my happiest day, my wedding day, and let Death be my bride." If asked about the stranger the investigators are following, he says "Ah, find the one who knows, and ask for 'He that knows great men's secrets.' But beware, it is not a name to be mentioned often, so be sure to have the right ear."

With that he goes whistling to the river, to board a floe of ice and sing while it melts into the black.

TWELVE

A statue of the Madonna. Below her calm form a wretch has been lashed with heavy rope and left to starve. "Hear my crime, hear my crime, which was to show that any mother's toil is just as great, so why cannot my son be the Son of God also?" The woman is tied—tied?—tide! She is the one referred to by the mad woman of TEN above.

If the investigators ask after 'He that knows great men's secrets,' she replies tunelessly, "'He that knows great secrets, and proves slight, that man ne'er lives to see his beard turn white.' He waits for you at the bridge to the great fort." If they cut the woman loose she curses them, and restrains herself anew.

(Again the bells of the town clamor, six times, in stubborn disharmony.)

From the Journal of J.D. Drapeau

Player Handout #19

I have noticed that certain experiences are allowed to languish in the corners of life, are not allowed to circulate as freely as others. My own, for example. Since childhood, not one day has passed in which I have failed to hear the music of graveyards. And yet, to my knowledge, never has another soul on earth made mention of this phenomenon. Is the circulation of the living so poor that it cannot carry these dead notes? It must be a mere trickle!

There is a solitary truth which, whether for good or ill I don't know, cannot yet be expressed on this earth. This is very strange, since everything—outward scenes as much as inward ones—suggests this truth and like some fantastic game of charades is always trying to coax the secret into the open. The eyes of certain crudely fashioned dolls are especially suggestive. And distant laughter. In rare moments I feel myself very close to setting it down in my journal, just as I would any other revelation. It would only be a few sentences, I'm sure. But whenever I feel them beginning to take shape in my mind, the page before me will not welcome my pen. Afterward I become fatigued with my failure and suffer headaches that may last for days. At these times I also tend to see odd things reflected in windows. Even after a full week has passed I may continue to wake up in the middle of the night, the silence of my room faintly vibrant with a voice that cries out to me from another universe.

Two tiny corpses, one male and the other female, live in that enormous closet in my bedroom. They are also very old, but still they are quick enough to hide themselves whenever I need to enter the closet to get something. I keep all my paraphernalia in there, stuffed into trunks or baskets and piled quite out of reach. I can't even see the floor or the walls any longer, and only if I hold a light high over my head can I study the layers of cobwebs floating about near the ceiling. After I close the door of the closet, its two miniature inhabitants resume their activities. Their voices are only faint squeaks which during the day hardly bother me at all. But sometimes I am kept awake far into the night by those interminable conversations of theirs.

Last night I visited one of the little theaters and stood at the back for a while. Onstage was a magician, shiny black hair parted straight down the middle, with full prestigitatorial regalia about him: a long box to his left (moon and stars), a tall box to his right (oriental designs), and before him a low table covered with a red velvet cloth littered with divers objects. The audience, a full house, applauded wildly after each illusion. At one point the magician divided the various sections of his assistant into separate boxes, which he then proceeded to move to distant areas of the stage, while the disembodied hands and feet continued to wiggle about and a decapitated head laughed loudly. The audience was at great pains to express its amusement. "Isn't it incredible!" exclaimed a man standing beside me. "If you say so," I replied, and then headed for the exit, realizing that for me such things simply do not hold much interest.

I had just finished a book in which there is an old town strung with placid meandering canals. I closed the book and went over to the window. This is an old town, if medieval counts as old, strung with placid meandering canals. The town in the book is often mist shrouded. This town is often mist shrouded. That town has close crumbling houses, odd arching bridges, innumerable church towers, and narrow twisting streets that end in queer little courtyards. So has this one, needless to say. And the infinitely hollow sounding of the bells in the book, at early morning and sullen twilight, is the same as your sounding bells, my lovely town. Thus, I pass easily between one town and the other, pleasantly confusing them.

O my storybook town, strange as death itself, I have made your mysteries mine, mine yours, and have suffered a few brief chapters in your sumptuous history of decay. I have studied your most obscure passages and found them as dark as the waters of your canals.

My town, my storybook, myself, how long we have held on! But it seems we will have to make up for this endurance and each, in our turn, will disappear. Every brick of yours, every bone of mine, every word in our book—everything gone forever. Everything, perhaps, except the sound of those bells, haunting an empty mist through an eternal twilight.

From the earliest days of man there has endured the conviction that there is an order of existence which is entirely strange to him. It does indeed seem that the strict order of the visible world is only a semblance, one providing certain gross materials which become the basis for subtle improvisations of invisible powers. Hence, it may appear to some that a leafless tree is not a tree but a signpost to another realm; that an old house is not a house but a thing possessing a will of its own; that the dead may throw off that heavy blanket of earth to walk in their sleep, and in ours. And these are merely a few of the infinite variations on the themes of the natural order as it is usually conceived.

But is there *really* a strange world? Of course. Are there, then, two worlds? Not at all. There is only our own world and it alone is alien to us, intrinsically so by virtue of its lack of mysteries. If only it actually were deranged by invisible powers, if only it were susceptible to *real* strangeness, perhaps it would seem more like a home to us, and less like an empty room filled with the echoes of this dreadful improvising. To think that we might have found comfort in a world suited to *our* nature, only to end up in one so resoundingly strange!

After serving out the hours of a night in which sleep was absolutely forbidden, I went out for a walk. I had not gone far when I became spectator to a sad scene. Some yards ahead of me on the street, an old man was being forcibly led from a house by two other men. They had him in restraints and were delivering him to a waiting vehicle. Laughing hysterically, the man was apparently destined for the asylum. As the struggling trio reached the street, the eyes of the laughing man met my own. Suddenly he stopped laughing. Then, in a burst of resistance, he broke free of his escorts, ran toward me, and fell right into my arms. Since his own were so tightly bound, I had to hold up his full weight.

"Never tell them what it means," he said frantically, almost weeping.

"How can I tell them what I don't know?"

"Swear!" he demanded.

But by then his pursuers had caught up with him. As they dragged him off he began laughing just as before, and the peals of his laughter, in the early morning quiet, were soon devoured by the pealing of several church bells. Poor lunatic. This was one of the most malignant conspiracies I had ever witnessed; the bells, I mean. (They are everywhere.) This was also what made me decide that I had better keep the madman's secret after all.

As a child I maintained some very strange notions. For instance, I used to believe that during the night, while I slept, witches and monkeys removed parts of my body and played games with them, hiding my arms and legs, rolling my head across the floor. Of course I abandoned this belief as soon as I entered school, but not until much later did I discover the truth about it. After assimilating many facts from various sources and allowing them to mingle in my mind, I realized something. It happened one night as I was crossing a bridge that stretched over a narrow canal. (This was in a part of town fairly distant from where I live.) Pausing for a moment, as I usually do when crossing one of these bridges, I gazed not down into the dark waters of the canal, as I also usually do, but upwards through the branches of overhanging trees. It was those stars, I knew that now; certain of them had been promised specific parts of my body; in the darkest hours of the night, when one is unusually sensitive to such things, I could—and still can, though just barely—feel the force of these stars tugging away at various points, eager for the moment of my death when each of them might carry off that part of me which is theirs by right. Of course a child would misinterpret this experience. And how often I have found that every superstition has its basis in truth.

Out of sheer absent-mindedness I had stared at my reflection in the mirror a little too deeply. I should say that that mirror has been hanging from that wall for more years, I would guess, than I have been on this earth. It's no surprise, then, that sooner or later it should get the edge on me. Up to a certain point there were no problems to speak of: there were only my eyes, my nose, my mouth, and that was that. But then it began to seem that those eyes were regarding me, rather than I them; that that mouth was about to speak things I had no notion of. Finally, I realized that an entirely different creature was hiding behind my face, making it wholly unrecognizable to me. Let me say that I spent considerable time reshaping my reflection into what it should be.

Later, when I was out walking, I stopped dead on the street. Ahead of me, standing beneath a lamp hanging from an old wall, was the outline of a figure of my general size and proportions. He was looking the other way but very stiffly and very tense, as if waiting anxiously for the precise moment when he would suddenly twist about-face. If that should happen, I knew what I would see: my eyes, my nose, my mouth, and behind those features a being strange beyond all description. I retraced my steps back home and went immediately to bed.

But I couldn't sleep. All night long a greenish glow radiated from the mirror in triumph.

A Discovery

When they have been told where to find their quarry, he obliges them by attending there. A single stone bridge leads across the moat of canals surrounding the huge star-shaped fortress; their unknown benefactor waits at the other end. "At last," he barks, and turns to lead them inside.

Doors, grilles, gates, all open at his touch. He takes them upwards, up stairwells both straight and cylindrical, up ladders, up ramps, to the uppermost turret, and then out onto the roof. The city drifts below, suspended in its cushion of fog. He takes the skull out once more, and comments: "How like the mind is this fortress, no? Solid apparently, and holding stores and sally gates, and defensible; but old, and cracked, riddled with time, abandoned by some, conquered by the smallest of things."

If the investigators prod for what he promised to tell them, he holds a hand up against their questioning. "Like you, I once clamored for knowledge, all knowledge; and my wish was granted. I can impart this to you," (and here his voice takes on a pleading tone) "and it will be yours to keep and to safeguard, and I will be . . . will be . . . well, you see my friends, it is only fair to warn you. You have noted this silent white partner I carry with me so fondly," and here he raises the skull, its silent sockets locking patient gaze with the investigators, "it is my own. It could not contain the things I asked it to hold. So sit down, sit comfortably, and I shall tell you all I know, and pass on this accursed burden of enlightenment to you."

Thus he explains his hidden visage and muffled tones. Those who dare may demand proof, and he will sadly lift his hood and provide it: Sanity loss to see his sunken face is 1D2/1D6. Those who fail cringe back in revulsion, and feel their scalps begin to itch and their eyeballs begin to bulge.

The price of his assistance has already been paid. Those who bid him go on reap words flying from his mouth in a black stream. Their meanings burrow into the investigators' brains, carving into their neurons visions of cosmic voids and mankind's insignificance and the true nature of the center of the universe and the unthinkable expanses of the Great Old Ones who shift slowly, slowly in their cold tombs waiting for the earth to grow old and grant return.

One by one hideous secrets of existence are bared, naked and jagged, or implied—the cataclysmic power of the Cthulhu Mythos, the horrible pointlessness of the universe, ghastly prophecies for humanity's future—and every minute the investigators listen, they lose 1D10 SAN automatically and gain the same number of percentiles of Cthulhu Mythos. Their skulls spasm and twitch and seek escape from the damned knowledge which swells their

brains to bursting. Investigators can stop listening at any point. Any investigator who reaches zero Sanity shares the fate of the muffled man; such an investigator is lost forever, and the last thing he remembers is looking down to find clenched in his hand his own bloodied skull, gazing up with a blank accusing stare.

If the investigators do not accept the stranger's offer, or if they try to stop his torrent of secrets once it has begun, he shakes with rage and self-pity. "You are lost anyway!" he cries, his words echoing out into the mist, "for if you have not returned to your beds at dawn, you are doomed to walk the endless night of this place with the rest of us!"

The words are true, and the bells grope towards the striking of seven, seven the magical number, seven to speak the truth of the claim, seven to bring the dawn and with it their imprisonment in this shrouded eternity. In that dread waiting silence, the investigators clearly hear the blast of the train whistle, as the Orient Express prepares to depart Zagreb, inexplicably four hours behind schedule.

A Genuine Peril

They must flee, flee down the tower, away from the ranting figure, down and across the canal and into the streets, running wild and praying for the fragile memory of the way back to the station (each investigator must receive a successful know roll); for the shortest route (a successful idea roll); for the will to keep going (a successful STR x5 or less roll on D100); for the energy (a successful CON x5 or less roll on D100); and for the surefootedness along the crooked lanes (a successful DEX x5 or less roll on D100). Each time a roll fails, that investigator falls in the rush, urges the rest on, and is left behind.

Remember that the successes for idea and know rolls should be uniformly reduced by 5 percentiles per simulacrum part that the investigators possess. Allow no rescues. Allow no rescues.

Then the sky breaks with the dawn and the bells rise in mocking cacophony to usher it in. Some, perhaps all investigators stay behind in the fog, and their consciousness slows dims and dies.

Survivors reach the platform just as the train is pulling out, steam whistling, wheels beginning to turn. They



Cloaked Man Revealed

fling themselves aboard and, with the stranger's words ringing in their ears, run to their cabins.

An Ending

The bells strike seven; they are too late. Their beds are occupied, by themselves, snug, warm and safe. Seeing this is too much, their failure too keen; they fall senseless (roll Sanity, lose 0/1D3 SAN from total disorientation) and come to, in bed, confused, and then the door crashes open and in bursts themselves, panting and pop-eyed, gasping and staring at themselves in bed while the color drains from their faces. Better not to cope with this, easier to moan and sink back onto the pillow and surrender consciousness again and come to, confused, wakened by knocking on the door.

It is the night conductor. It is 3:10 A.M., he says, and the Orient Express has just arrived in Zagreb, their stop. Their baggage has already been taken off. If the investigators protest, he looks concerned, and checks his book; indeed there has been a mistake, the cabin numbers are wrong. His embarrassment is genuine, his apologies are profuse, and he retreats with as much grace as he can muster. Their baggage is brought back on board, and at 3:30 A.M. the Orient Express leaves Zagreb, bound eastward, next stop Belgrade.

As the train pulls out of slumbering fogbound Zagreb, a hooded figure raises a sad hand in farewell. The other hand cradles a bone-white object which does not speak.



"But surely you joke. You are not to disembark at Zagreb?"

THE REAL ZAGREB

If the investigators do decide to disembark here, they find a city totally different from the one they explored. They never see the hooded stranger again. There is nothing here for them.

Conclusion

Investigators who made it back to their beds regain what they lost of their Sanity, up to 2D6 points. What they chose to absorb of the terrible knowledge borne by the stranger in the fog remains with them.

Investigators who did not make the train in time are found in their beds, snoring. They sleep solidly for twenty-four hours; nothing will rouse them. Doctors diagnose it as the sleeping sickness which swept the world in the 1920s. They do wake though, at exactly 3:10 A.M. the next morning, screaming. They continue to wake at 3:10 A.M. every morning thereafter, for the next 1D10 nights, losing 1 point of Sanity a night if the concurrent Sanity roll fails. After that they return almost to normal: thereafter each has an aversion to the number seven, and all shudder at the toll of bells. They regain 1D4 SAN when these nightmares halt.

Investigators who lost their skulls to forbidden knowledge wake mad and raving. Their skulls are in fact still in place, but the minds within them are gone. Such characters are out of play, and must be handed over to the keeper, to escape or be committed or to attack their fellows, as it amuses that kindly soul.

If the investigators stay on the train to Belgrade, those at breakfast in the dining car that morning who are both sane and awake are presented with lavish fare, compliments of the Simplon-Orient Express. The staff serves with flowers and fuss, and sincere apologies for the early morning mistake in Zagreb. It will not, they promise, happen again. And it doesn't.

XI. BEOGRAD I ORASZAC



Little Cottage in the Wood

Wherein the investigators must locate and then persuade an elderly collector to give up an arm; for their efforts, she invites them to stay for dinner.

by Marion Anderson and Phil Anderson

THE ORIENT EXPRESS arrives at Belgrade's central railway station at 9:00 A.M. The station is on the west bank of the Save River, just before that river merges with the Danube; across the Save lays a vast marsh.

The morning is still. Hordes of people in dozens of different ethnic costumes mingle here. Wood smoke and human sweat hang heavy in the air.

Keeper Information

The investigators have one contact, Dr. Milovan Todorovic, curator of the Belgrade Museum. Once their credentials are accepted and he understands in some sense what they desire, he in turn provides a contact, Father Filipovic, a priest in the village of Oraszac, fifty miles south. The priest in turn refers them to an elderly antiquities collector who lives alone in the woods.

This adventure is not a simple errand. The reclusive rural collector is Baba Yaga, a figure of great and ancient power in Slavic myth.

Within a district outwardly Christian, she controls the flow of life, though whimsically and mostly invisibly. A handful of Shub-Niggurath cultists linger here as well, their origins pre-dating the foundation of Byzantium. They chafe at Baba Yaga's reign—she and the Slavs arrived and conquered comparatively recently—and the cultists still dream of displacing the old crone from the wood once sacred to the Black Goat with a Thousand Young. Interested keepers might broaden and emphasize

the friction between these competing deities, and indeed with the followers of Christ, but that material is not developed in this adventure.

Investigator Information

ON LEAVING THE RAIL CAR, the investigators are surrounded by ambitious youths who rip their luggage from the hands of the train porters, load it onto different luggage carts, and attempt to take the bags and boxes in several different directions, all the while talking to the investigators in unintelligible languages. Eventually, the investigators hear a voice calling to them in English.

A youth, neat of clothing and hair, pushes his way through the confused huddle. "May I be of assistance?" he asks in clear, accented English.

Their rescuer introduces himself as Petar Riticht. He organizes their luggage onto one cart, fluently swears at the other youths in a variety of languages, and leads the investigators to the Hotel Excelsior. They see that many other Orient Express passengers are checking in at this

hotel, and Riticht assures them that all the important train travelers stay here.

In moving their surprisingly heavy bags, Riticht learns that they include pieces of statuary. "The Bazaar might be a good place to find new pieces," he remarks. "It is a huge market. Many stalls there sell all sorts of treasures, especially parts of things. It's possible that someone there could have something interesting. If you find what you want, I can get you the best price."

Riticht hangs around until they are checked in and their luggage is seen to, and he has been adequately tipped for his services. He disappears into the crowd. If



Petar Riticht

the investigators wish, he can make himself available later for extended duty as guide or translator.

The time is close to mid-day, and the sounds of tables being laid for luncheon in the restaurant can be heard from the hotel foyer. For five dinars, a sketchy city map and a small hard-bound city tour book in oddly-phrased English can be obtained at a bookstore. The investigators stop for lunch and plan their next moves.

WHAT THEY CAN DO

The investigators are now free to follow what leads they wish. If they require the services of Petar Riticht, he'll turn up after half an hour. Riticht's rates are not cheap, but he is well-educated compared to his peers, and knows his way around Belgrade.

If the investigators travel without a guide, they are periodically confronted by hordes of urchins attempting to make off with anything they can snatch, especially the colorful map. They beg shamelessly for money, food, and favors.

The hotel is a quick walk to the Belgrade Museum, a few minutes more to the Bazaar. Since Dr. Todorovic is at

Beograd (Belgrade)

BELGRADE IS THE CAPITAL both of Serbia and of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slavs; the duality of the definition intimates much about regional politics in the 1920s, and in later years. Belgrade is recognized as the most frequently-destroyed city in Europe; the Turks at one time called it *Darol-Jihad*—home of wars for the Faith.

The royal palace situated in the city center is relatively new, constructed in the past twenty years. Though the site was first settled by Celts in the third century B.C., the buildings in general are relatively new; the only building older than 1830 is the Kalmegdan fortress, built by the Serbians in the 1400s. Everything else was progressively destroyed during the numerous bloody wars fought between the Hungarians, Turks, Bulgars, Byzantines, Austrians, and Serbs.

Belgrade is situated on the southern bank of the river Danube at its junction with the river Save. It

has a cathedral, a university, and a national museum and library. Since the latest destruction in the Great War, Belgrade has been extensively rebuilt and modernized.

Population is currently around 150,000, the majority Serbian. Ethnic Turks compose a strong quarter of the city. That quarter, the *Dorcal*, is not often spoken of by the majority of Serbs, who view the Turks with suspicion, if not open hostility. Turkish rule here ended in 1866, only 57 years ago, within the memories of many.

Decent rail services connect Belgrade with many regional towns. Roads outside the capital are not easily traveled by car at any time of the year.

The Belgrade Museum dates from the early 19th century. It is known for a unique catalogue of Byzantine gold artifacts, and for a large collection of statuary from many periods.

Travelers who use the Orient Express are most likely to stay at the Hotel Excelsior, considered one of

the best in Belgrade. A more modest, but still upper-class hotel is the Metropol, built in 1910, partially destroyed in the war, and since rebuilt.

Facts and Figures

The principal language spoken is Serbo-Croat. An investigator with 10% or more skill in Russian also has the equivalent of 10% Serbo-Croat.

The basic monetary unit is the *dinar* (100 *paras* = 1 *dinar*). British £1 equals about 25 dinars. The kingdom is hungry for foreign exchange, especially British pounds. However, one pound sterling currently purchases the equivalent of £10/17s/2.5d in goods and services at the local level. Black-market money changers may be encountered, offering roughly that rate or as much less as they can manage; the official exchange rate applies in banks, better hotels, shops, and restaurants.

a meeting until three, presumably the investigators stroll on to the Bazaar.

The Bazaar

It is in the Turkish quarter, sprawled along the base of the Citadel—a crowded, noisy hive of activity. The stall holders are a mixture of Turks and Serbs, and tensions between the two occasionally are obvious as angry scuffles break out. Stalls purport to sell ancient artifacts and religious relics. A fortune teller plies her trade. Old clothes and Italian boots, often imported used, intrigue many.

There are hundreds of stalls, and thousands wander between them—all pushing, yelling, cajoling, pondering, weighing, or absently scratching. Perfumes, herbs, meats, spices, motor oil, and horse manure permeates air already thick with human odors.

The Bazaar is a source of exotica, and might further campaign subplots of the keeper's own. Liberally scattered amongst honest merchants and vendors are pick-pockets, pimps, whores, tourists, spies, fanatics, naive country folk, and other useful characters.

THE FORTUNE TELLER

The investigators come across a fortune teller. She's a pleasant old lady with an undeniable air of mystery about her. Her method of divination is an odd one; she takes a freshly laid egg from the black hen that is always in her presence, waves the egg three times widdershins about the head of the subject, then pierces a hole in each end of the egg and blows its contents onto a small wooden tray. She then peers intently at the patterns splashed there.



Vrocha the Fortune-Teller

Whether she performs a divination upon one or all of the investigators, the gist of her reading is uncannily accurate. Keeper, exercise your knowledge of the campaign to best effect. State something about each investigator's past, then make a general prediction of each character's future. The statements should stay open to interpretation but remain relevant. Examples of statements follow.

"You seek something that was once whole and is now apart."

"You are on a long journey."

"There are three who have opposed you."

"Beware the one who is unseen."

"A man you think a friend is your enemy."

"Beware of the man with three faces."

"Iron is safe for you, but iron invites new dangers."

"The three who greet you are as old as man."

And so on. All the while the investigators are at her booth, the black hen stares at them warily, but with a glint of anticipation.

THE ARM

As the investigators tire of the Bazaar and nag at Riticht, who promised them statue vendors, they arrive at roofed stalls laden with larger, heavier items, including chunks of statuary. The investigator with the lowest Spot Hidden roll sees an arm about the right size, color, and shape. An estimate of 'seems right' is the best they can do, since the simulacrum annoyingly changes its appearance every time one studies it.



The Statue Vendor

As they ask the shopkeeper to bring the arm forward for inspection, two burly mustachioed men snatch it away (resistance table roll of STR 17 against that investigator's STR who had the successful Spot Hidden roll). They race off into the crowd.

What ensues is a chase through the market in true pulp-adventure style. The stall owner shouts out to his friends to aid in the chase; some of them do. Soon a band of 8-10 men plus the investigators are in hot pursuit. The fleeing men dodge and weave; shoppers are shoved about to cause distraction; call for Spot Hidden, Fast Talk, Grapple, DEX, STR, and luck rolls, as useful.

The pursuers round a corner, investigators in the lead, and confront the two statue thieves. They are about ten yards away, at the far end of a circle made by a slightly bemused, slightly hostile crowd. One of the men holds the arm like a club, insolently swinging it to and fro. He smiles at the investigators, saunters forward, and at the last possible moment takes a swing at the statue vendor (Club 35%, damage 1D6+1D4).

This is the signal for other men to burst from the crowd to take on these villains. The numbers are about equal; the statue thieves are Turks and the vendors Serbs,

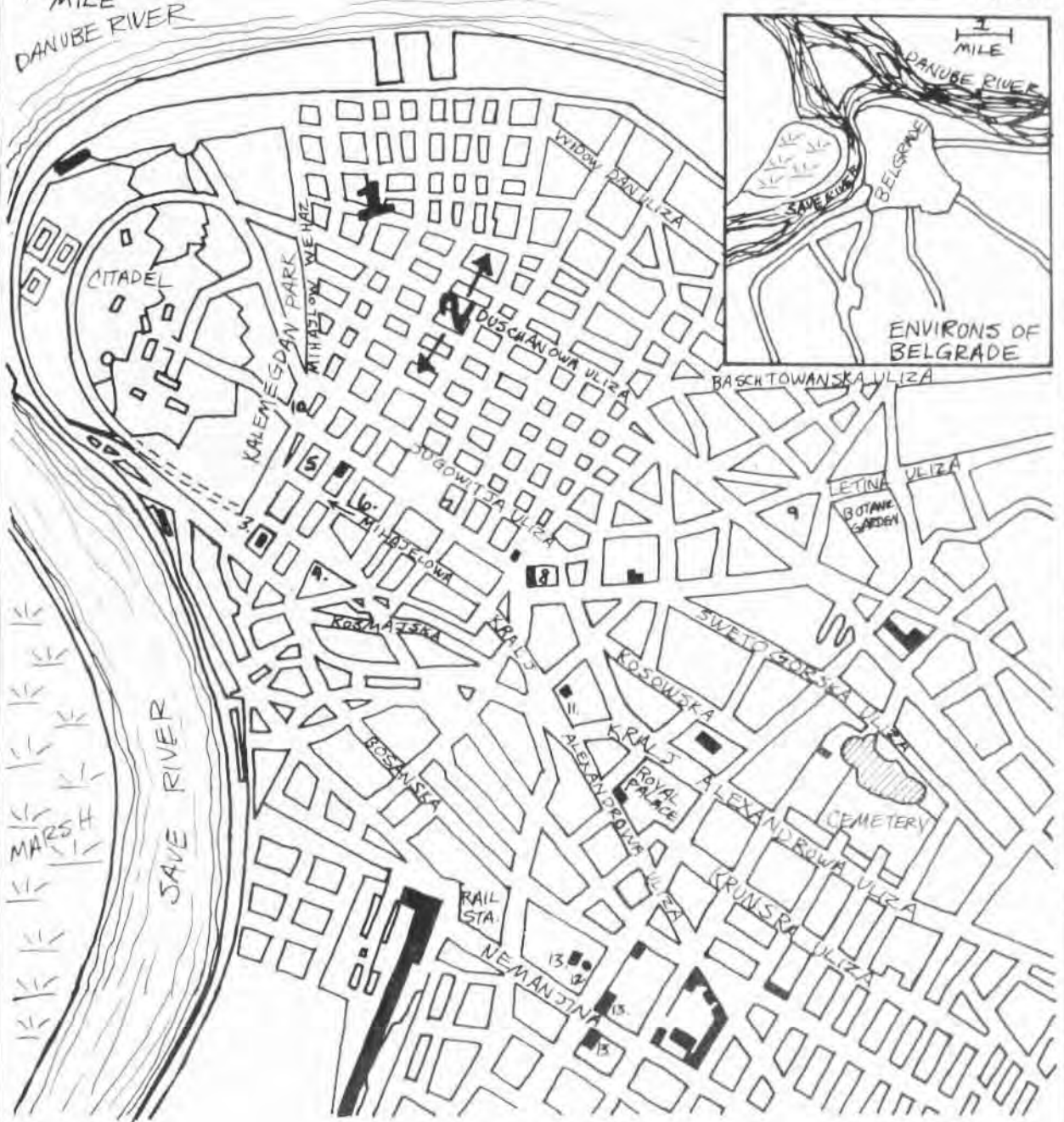
Belgrade

$\frac{1}{4}$
MILE
DANUBE RIVER

- 1 BAZAAR
- 2 TURKISH TOWN
- 3 CATHEDRAL
- 4 BANK
- 5 TOWN HALL
- 6 MUSEUM
- 7 UNIVERSITY

- 8 POST OFFICE
- 9 HOSPITAL
- 10 SCHOOL
- 11 HOTEL EXCELSIOR
- 12 BUREAU OF NATIONAL TREASURES
- 13 GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS

$\swarrow$ = MARSH



if the keeper wishes, or the other way round. The investigators find themselves caught in the middle of a widening brawl. To their frustration, the arm is swung, dropped, or snatched away, always just out of reach, passing from person to person.

The investigators, tired and bruised, extract themselves from the fight having regained the arm. The vendor is also there, bloody-nosed but satisfied. He cheerfully cheats them unless their bargaining skills are good (match Bargains on the resistance table). The selling price stops somewhere between 1000 and 100 dinars.

Petar Riticht helps with the bargaining if the fight was short. He flees if the fight gets big or if the police come, leaving the investigators on their own.

A FINAL MISTAKE

As our heroes walk away with their purchase, the investigator carrying the piece stumbles to avoid knocking over a small child; he or she drops the arm, smashing it. As a know roll or Cthulhu Mythos roll establishes that the breakage proves this arm was never part of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

Muzej Beograd

The Belgrade Museum is a neo-Gothic edifice housing a vast collection of sculpture and oils, with one heavily-guarded room devoted to a collection of Byzantine gold.

The curator, Dr. Milovan Todorovic, is expert in Classical and Byzantine statuary. His office is also a workshop where he currently is piecing together a large Venus from a rubble of fragments left by Byzantine, Turkish, Mongol, or Hungarian (choose one) vandals.

After discussion, and after a successful Fast Talk or Oratory roll convinces him that the investigators are searching for a single piece and are neither dealers nor from competitive museums, he reveals that he has obtained many items from a village priest. Dr. Todorovic believes that the priest acts as an intermediary for someone else; he does not know who.

He remarks that in consequence of the looting of Belgrade during the war, the removal of antiquities from the kingdom is now prohibited without a permit of export. Representatives of museums and other scholars are able to obtain these from the Bureau of National Treasures,



Dr. Milovan Todorovic

located in a warren of government buildings near the railway station. Until a permit is obtained, and shown to him, he will not reveal the village's location.

Bureau of National Treasures

Tracking down the location of the bureau proves time-consuming without someone who speaks Serbo-Croat or Slovene. Investigators who speak German, Albanian, or Russian still need a successful luck roll to quickly find the bureau. English-only speakers need half a day, directed to and fro, shrugged at, smiled at, ignored and given copious amounts of help in languages they don't understand spoken at them slowly-and-loudly. When they find the office, it's closed for a late lunch.

The Bureau of National Treasures is a small office at the end of a long corridor, down steps that appear to lead to the furnaces. The office has a single occupant, a young under-secretary who bears a deep red birthmark covering half of his face, a sign perhaps disconcerting to investigators who know of the Brothers of the Skin.

Vleja Radi, the under-secretary, is quite pleasant, and even speaks limited English. He implies—the investigators should not be too certain—that the permit can be obtained in one of two ways.



Vleja Radi

- Convince him of the sincerity and legitimacy of the request. This requires a successful Debate or Oratory roll and the presentation of credentials. An investigator, for instance, might prove that he or she holds a university post in history, archaeology or something similarly pertinent, and show proper bills of sales for the items they wish to take out of Yugoslavia.
- If an investigator tries a successful Fast Talk or Credit Rating roll on him, he perceives that as an offer of a bribe and, at the keeper's option, begins to speak of his destitute village, the destitute orphans in Belgrade, of his own ill health, and how all charities prefer British pounds. Radi starts at £15, a sum equivalent to his POW. He barely contains his glee if they pay up. Successful Bargains bring down the price, but he'll accept no less than £5 for the short letter and blank form which he officiously dates and stamps.

Investigators who complain about paying a bribe finally find attentive ears. An investigation is launched. Naturally, the investigators must surrender the incriminating documents and the arm, which constitutes the physical evidence. If they are patient, the under-secretary is finally arrested as partner in an antiquities-smuggling consortium; it is by then November of 1924.

Oraszac

ON THEIR RETURN to the museum with the proper documents, Todorovic happily provides the name of the village—Oraszac, pronounced *ora-shach*—and gives directions to it. He also writes a letter of introduction to his contact there, Father Filipovic, the local priest. Oraszac has special historical significance to many Serbs.

Petar Riticht will not accompany the investigators into the countryside. He is a city boy, not an explorer.

The road south from Belgrade is unreliable and motor transport is scarce. The railway is the normal way to move people and goods. Standard-gauge tracks connect Belgrade with Mladenovac, a town some forty miles south. The trip takes nearly five hours.

This line has only one class—peasant. Its carriages are full of families traveling to and from markets with their wares and purchases. Conditions are cramped and noisy, but there is a friendly feeling amongst the solidly Serbian travelers. They happily share food, drink, stories, and songs with the investigators. Baskets of chickens and rabbits, sacks of vegetables, baby pigs on leads, and small children block the aisles.

At some point before Mladenovac, an investigator is confronted by a recalcitrant black rooster occupying his or her seat. It seems to belong to no one. It refuses to budge. Attempts to dislodge the bird result in hoots of amusement from the other passengers, as the enormous bird defends its perch with a beak and spurs which could dent steel.

At Mladenovac, changing trains is a chaotic affair, and great care must be taken by the investigators to ensure that they and their belongings stay together. From here, a connecting narrow-gauge line heads south and west. Oraszac is an additional hour and a half along this spur line, which meanders through hills and woods to the village of Arandjelovac. Before this train reaches its destination, the conductor instructs the investigators to get off at the station for Kopljare or Vrbica. From one of

About Baba Yaga

Europe is rich in female deities whose ancient influence lingers on, even among populations now incontestably Christian. Baba Yaga is one such deity, especially well-known in the western Soviet Union. In the Teutonic tradition, Berchta, Hulda, and the White Lady are all similar figures.

Like the rest, Baba Yaga was once a goddess of the Slavs, but her great powers dwindled as waves of patriarchal conquerors came and, with characteristic panache, slaughtered or stole everything in sight. What power remains to her now manifests mostly as whimsical malevolence of a personal sort—poisoned livestock, stolen children, episodic cannibalism, and so on. If no longer the honored guardian of the waters of life, she still must be propitiated locally to insure oneself safe from her spite.

Her interest in statuary is new. As science unearths the past, its studies inadvertently admit (in the name of reason) shadows of all the fallen faiths. In sending pieces to Belgrade for reconstruction, in a minor way she reconstructs herself.

About Oraszac

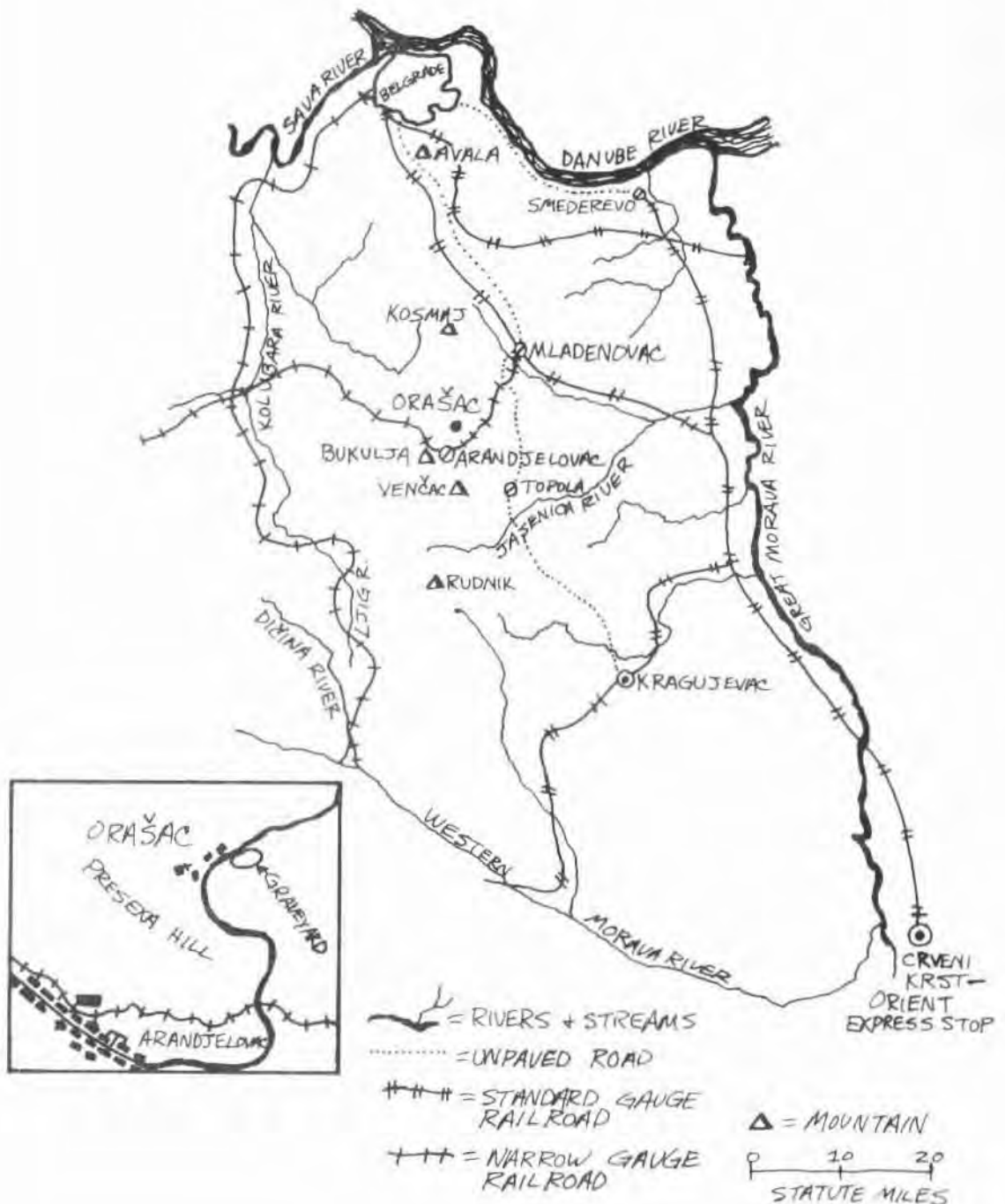
It is named after a long-vanished grove of walnut trees that stood near the present graveyard. Here began the successful rebellion of loyal Serbians against their Ottoman occupiers last century.

Oraszac numbers around 1,600 people, about 800 of whom live in the village. The remainder live on surrounding farms. The village proper consists of around 100 houses clustered around the church and community hall. The market town of Arandjelovac is 6.2 km away. Due to the state of the roads, people here consider that a long journey.

The surrounding area is hilly, rising to mountainous in the north and south-west. Mt. Kosmaj is to the north, the rounded twin humps of Mt. Vencac lie to the south, and the evergreen-clad Mt. Bukulja lies southwest of the village. Further south, Mt. Rudnik nears 4000 feet, the highest peak close-by.

Though Oraszac is an actual village, one dear to the national dreams of many, the residents' depicted aims are fictitious. Real-life travelers who visit this historic village enjoy kindly hospitality—neither Baba Yaga nor dark young have been neighborhood problems for a very long time.

Oraszac Region



those villages, they must hike the remaining three miles to Oraszac.

The investigators soon discover that only they travel to Oraszac. The other passengers point out the wagon track, and then head off across the fields in every other direction but the one to Oraszac.

If the investigators follow the indicated path, they shortly reach the crest of a hill and strike a dirt road. It winds over gentle slopes, where small fields nestle between ancient groves. Here and there are whitewashed cottages surrounded by fruit trees. As the investigators approach the village, many more houses and outbuildings are apparent. Oraszac is no hamlet.

Nice-Seeming Villagers

Dogs bark. Children suspend their games, and peep around the corners of wooden cottages. Housewives call out in Serbo-Croat. Do the investigators understand? If they do not, calling out Filipovic's name brings him quickly; otherwise, a long time goes by before a few men trot in from the fields, among them Todor Nedic.

VILLAGE HEADMAN & FAMILY

Todor Nedic is the spokesman for the villagers. He and his wife Ilija are honored to have foreign visitors. In the house, their large extended family includes Todor's sister Marja, four grandparents, Todor's two sons, their wives, and seven grandchildren.

A big household always has a bit more room. The Nedics can provide beds for two investigators. The others are taken to see the village priest by Todor, who explains to them that it is the priest's duty to provide lodgings, as he has the largest house in the village, and no children. Imagine that, married for twenty years and no children!

He invites them all to join in the evening meal, a chaotic pleasure in which twenty-three or so people sit around tables shoved together and fight over enormous platters and bowls of steaming food.

After dinner, Todor comments that it is a very important night for the village, as there will be a ceremony at which they are all welcome. This ancient ritual is described below.

The headman and his sister are secretly leaders of the ancient cult of the Black Goat of the Woods; they worship



Todor Nedic

Shub-Niggurath. They are among the last adherents in the region to this age-old cult which originated in Byzantine times. They are the dispossessed heirs to the sacred wood occupied by Baba Yaga for more than a millennia.

The Nedics reveal none of this to the investigators, save that should the investigators mention the old woman who is the collector, they do not speak well of her, and warn the investigators against dealings with her.

Todor Nedic has great respect for Father Filipovic, yet he does not approve of the priest's dealings with the old woman. The headman is as sincere in this matter as he could be, as a successful Psychology roll shows.



Father Filipovic

PRIEST & WIFE

Father Filipovic is 49, pleasant, and the only person in the village who speaks useful English; his wife Ibrisa can make herself understood somewhat in that tongue. He is most hospitable when the investigators introduce themselves, but his wife is reserved, niggardly, almost shrewish. Father Filipovic is happy to arrange for the investigators to meet the old woman in the woods whom he and his wife call *grandmother*.

The next morning he provides them with directions, explaining that the cottage is to the northwest, deep in the wood, a good walk from the village.

Unknown to the investigators or to Father Filipovic, his wife is an aspect of Baba Yaga. In this way she observes her enemies, the Shub-Niggurath cultists.

An Ancient Ritual

The villagers know that the spring plantings will go badly without rain. Though the rains have been good so far, they have decided to perform a special ceremony in hopes of extending the favorable weather. Todor Nedic has arranged the rite. Father Filipovic disapproves of the activity, exhorting the villagers instead to place their faith in God.

A family of gypsies have been staying near the village. The headman's wife has been feeding them, as it is good luck to have gypsies near. That evening, the women of the village invite the youngest daughter of the gypsy family into the headman's house. When she emerges, she wears a skirt and cape of thick leaves, her skin smeared

with mud. The villagers await her outside, carrying burning torches.

They lead her from household to household, dancing and swaying, chanting rhythmically. At regular intervals water is ladled over her by the woman of the house she has entered. As she leaves each home, the man of the house hands her a small present.

The visits continue until all of the houses in the village have been entered. The brave girl is soaked to the skin, her teeth chattering in the cold. The women of the village then bathe her, feed her delicacies, bundle her warmly, and escort her and her new trinkets home.

This is a ritual for the Black Goat of the Woods. It is intended to provoke the prodigious fecundity of Shub-Niggurath. A successful Anthropology roll suggests a variety of amusing interpretations, but allow the benign nature of the ceremony to be clear.

The Next Morning

Presumably the investigators at the Nedic home manage to ignore the snoring adults, the scratching dogs, the snivelling children, and get a good night's sleep.

At the Filipovic home, the Priest's wife draws aside one of the investigators. She warns him or her not to trust some of the people in Oraszac—she is not from the village, and finds the local traditions un-Christian. Father Filipovic looks upon the old traditions with interest and amusement, and thinks them harmless customs, but since he is related to a couple of Oraszac families, his attitudes are colored. She is much less tolerant of such events. "The ways of this village have many sides," she says cryptically, refusing to say more.

A GIFT

Before the investigators leave the village to see the old collector, Nedic's sister presses something into the hand of the investigator with the highest POW. It is a bone comb, simply and elegantly carved. It feels old. Speaking no English, but using signs and simple language, she conveys that the comb is a charm against forest spirits. If they are chased into the woods, they should throw it to the ground in front of their pursuers and the wood will protect them. Well, it's a nice gift, whether or not the investigators believe the explanation; it'd be rude to refuse it.

This decorative bone comb, made to hold a woman's hair in place, is six inches wide by four inches deep. It has four long tines, and is intricately carved with small blossoms and tentacular-like vines. A successful Archaeology or History roll identifies the artifact as of early Byzantine design, carved by a Slavic craftsman—too precious to be a casual gift.

About the Comb

It is a talisman enchanted by Ilija Nedic, prepared in case a member of the Shub-Niggurath cult somehow penetrated Baba Yaga's wood. The comb summons dark young of Shub-Niggurath at once. To work, it must be thrown down in a wood or forest sacred to the Black Goat. This done, 1D10 dark young rise from the earth, and immediately begin to search out and devour everyone in the wood not worshipers of their dark mistress.

The Little Cottage

The hut of the old collector is more than an hour's walk from the village. No paths lead to it, and neither villager nor priest will accompany them more than a quarter of the way. Anybody who does soon finds a feeble excuse—"I left the porridge on the stove" or "I've got to water the cat"—to turn back to Oraszac. The investigators are pointed in the correct direction and told to continue on. "You can't miss it. It's very distinctive."

They cross unplanted fields and open woodland, but before long, the dark trees close in and layer upon layer of old leaves and needles muffle the soft forest floor. Entering the forest, travel steadily progresses up a long, gentle slope. Trees and moss swallow every sound, except for the investigators' own footsteps and occasional hushed speech.

The trees grow bigger and older yet. There is a strong smell of humus and the tickling sensation of rotting vegetation. As the limbs of trees intertwine, the sheltered ground gets wetter. Mushrooms, toadstools, bracket fungi, and slime molds coat every surface. Movement slows and becomes unpleasant.

After a long time in the cold, damp air, they enter a small clearing in the forest, where a thatched cottage stands. The cottage is made of a creamy white wood, with an off-white picket fence surrounding a neatly-tended plot in which cuttings have just been set out. A young woman's voice can be heard from inside the cottage, sweetly humming.

The cottage door is shut, and the shutters of the windows are closed. Declarations of care or caution, or a successful Spot Hidden should be told of an odd feeling about the cottage. Investigators are certain that they see movement out of the corners of their eyes, but direct looks show the scene unchanged.

*The Little Cottage*

Kcerca

When the investigators knock, the voice calls them in. Across the lintel wafts the heady smell of newly-baked bread.

Inside the single large room, a fire burns in the grate, and freshly-turned bread steams on a table near the open door of the cooling oven. The walls are crammed with shelves, loaded floor to ceiling with fragments of statuary. Near the hearth, an attractive young woman sits at a tapestry frame, rapidly passing a needle and thread back and forth through the canvas, and singing in time with her stitches.

She smiles and greets them in Serbian. The investigators come to understand it is not the young woman they need to see but her grandmother, who will be home later today.



Kcerca

She introduces herself as Kcerca, busies herself making tea, and offers them slices of the bread topped liberally with a berry spread. Kcerca is the youngest of the three aspects of Baba Yaga. She will not leave the cottage, as she controls the actions of the cottage.

SOME ITEMS OF INTEREST

The deep shelves are packed with bits and pieces of worked stone. If the investigators look specifically for their piece, they see dozens of arms tantalizingly correct, none accessible except by removing dozens of other pieces. A failed DEX roll sends a shelf crashing to the packed earthen floor. Kcerca apologizes for her grandmother's haphazardness and assists them in putting back the shelf and its contents.

Should an investigator examine Kcerca's tapestry (perhaps while she helps clear up statuary splinters), they see a vivid depiction of a peasant village. With a successful know roll, the investigator realizes that Kcerca has pictured a version of Oraszac. A successful halved Spot Hidden roll confirms that the actual villagers are depicted, accurate to the minutest detail, wearing the clothes that the investigators last saw them in (lose 0/1 SAN to understand this).

Baba Yaga Comes Home

While puzzling over the tapestry or praising Kcerca for her artistry, a sound like the flapping of sheets in a breeze

is heard from outside. Footsteps come up the path. A draft gusts through the cottage. An ancient, vigorous woman enters.

She is dressed in embroidered traditional skirts and a cloak, neat and tidy. She walks with a pronounced stoop. Her skin is sun-browned and deeply wrinkled. Large moles dot her face. She smiles a greeting at her visitors, showing her few remaining teeth to be stained dark brown.

Kcerca greets her with a hug, and leads her over to the fireplace, talking animatedly in a language neither pure Serbian nor Serbo-Croat. If an investigator understands any amount of either tongue, a successful Linguist roll reveals the words as from an archaic dialect, but their meaning cannot be made out. During this talk both women glance frequently at the investigators, and many smiles pass between them.

Settling in the chair by the fire, Grandmother greets the investigators in broken but intelligible English, asking them why they are here and what it is that they seek. They must seek something extraordinary; she has very few visitors these days. Those who bother to make the trip to her house usually have good reason.

"You will stay for supper? There will be plenty of time before darkness falls to return to Oraszac."

As Grandmother talks, Kcerca places more wood in the oven, greases a large roasting pan, and peels carrots, potatoes, and onions which she arranges neatly around its edges.

LOOKING FOR THE ARM

Meanwhile, the investigators describe the arm, and Grandmother's eyes begin to flicker rapidly around the room, looking, searching amongst the fragments. Her brow furrows. Maybe it is on this shelf? Maybe that? She has so many pieces. Could they help her find it?

She directs the search. Maybe on this shelf, maybe under that table, maybe wrapped up in that rug? The investigators find dozens of arms, but none appear to be the right piece. Meanwhile, Kcerca places the pan in the oven, and arranges kindling and tinder in the firebox.

Grandmother questions the investigators as they search. "Was there anything unusual about this piece—the color, the age, the size?" Again she looks puzzled, and then her gaze fastens on the highest shelf, high up in the peak of the cottage's eaves.

"There! It is there!" An arm of sorts is wedged half in the rafters and thatch, angled up from a shelf. To reach it, an investigator must climb onto a chair, and then onto a cabinet, and then onto a higher cabinet.

Who's for Dinner?

The Right Arm is firmly wedged in the roofing. While the investigator tries to tug it loose, Kcerca opens the oven door to check on the heat. Murmuring a caution that the investigator not fall, Grandmother sways from side to side, her eyes glazed, and begins singing a ditty under her breath. Then several events happen simultaneously.

- The investigator reaching for the Right Arm feels it come free: it is, in fact, the Right Arm of the Sedefkar Simulacrum. As the arm comes free, the fingers of an adjacent marble arm and the toes of an adjacent leg flex and grasp the investigators's reaching arm in vice-like grips.
- The investigators looking upward realize that the roof is not thatched, but is lined with the hair of the hundreds of skulls leer down at them. They seem to hear laughter from everywhere.
- Grandmother stands to her full height, suddenly well over seven feet tall. She grasps the bread shovel leaning against the oven. Her suddenly long and gleaming teeth glint wickedly sharp as she laughs and slides the flat of the shovel under the feet of the investigator on the cabinet, and unhesitatingly pivots him or her toward the oven.
- The oven gapes huge as it animates and waddles toward the paralyzed investigator on the shovel; its mouth expands to fill half the cottage. Grandmother swings the investigator onto the roasting pan within the oven's fiery maw.
- Kcerca, holding a large kitchen knife, smiling merrily, advances on a second investigator.

Sanity loss to participate in this crazed scene is 1/1D6 SAN for each investigator—2/1D6+1 SAN for the investigator on the shovel.

STAYING FREE

The investigators are on the menu of two powerful supernatural beings. Their sole hope is escape. To do this their players need to succeed with a number of die rolls. The keeper must judge whether to require all the rolls for all the investigators, or whether one or two will do for each. The odds that an average investigator could receive successes for all of the following are very small.

- POW x4 or less on D100 for the investigator caught on the shovel. A success lets him or her instantly comprehend what is happening and to avoid the oven, where the investigator would lose 1D6 hit points per round from burning. Failing the roll, the valiant investigator still might be able to hand out the Right Arm to another of the team.

- A successful D100 roll of DEX x3 or less for the investigator threatened by Kcerca to avoid her blade (1D4+2 hit points lost automatically if the roll fails).
- A successful Dodge roll. All of the shelves have turned into interlaced finger bones. These detach and reach out to grasp at investigator hair, clothing, limbs, etc. Thus the roll could either avoid the grasping fingers or the falling statuary. For a failure, the investigator loses 1D3 hit points.
- A successful luck roll to remain standing as the cottage rises up on huge, gnarled chicken legs, and begins to run into the darkest depths of the forest.
- A successful know roll to find, amongst the dancing bones of the mobile cottage walls, the cottage door.
- An successful idea roll by the investigator who has it to remember to hang onto the Right Arm. If nobody has it, where is it?
- A successful Jump roll to avoid damage in leaping out the door into the passing forest (lose 1D4 hit points if the roll fails).

Since the investigators now possess the Right Arm, their know, idea, and luck roll thresholds now uniformly reduce by 25 percentiles.

Escaping

When they tumble out the cottage door, the investigators see clearly that the fence pickets are arm and leg bones of former victims, each topped with a skull. As they race past, it is still light enough to see those skeletal parts assemble randomly to form horrific bony shapes that chase after and attack the investigators, swinging other bones as clubs: 20% chance to hit for 1D3 damage.

The investigators hear the snap of crushed branches and feel the ground tremble beneath the running legs of the house, which pursues as fast as it can weave between the trees of the forest. Baba Yaga's Hut can stomp with 30% success, causing 1D20 damage. A successful Dodge, Jump, or DEX roll avoids a successful stomp. Sanity loss to be attacked by the running house is 0/1D6-1 SAN.

And louder still, ancient singing punctuated by the clang of stone against metal comes through the tree-tops toward them. Baba Yaga has taken to the air in her bronze mortar, driving it along with her stone pestle. If she can get close enough to an investigator, she swings the pestle as a club (85% chance to hit, damage 2D6 hit points) but they should be able to duck around trees or behind rocks to avoid her. Sanity loss to witness Baba Yaga's aerial pursuit is 0/1 SAN.

USING THE COMB

About now would be a good time to remember the comb. Thrown to the ground, it quickly burrows in and 1D10 dark young spring up in its stead. Their first target is Baba Yaga, who disappears beneath their onslaught.

The comb thrower automatically loses 1D4 SAN, and all 1D3 SAN each for witnessing the shadowy terrors of the dark young—lessened damage because of the darkness and because the things aid the investigators at first.

Any investigator who stops gets entirely too good a look at trees that have mouths, teeth, and writhing tentacles. Sanity loss is the full 1D3/1D20 SAN. Dark young not trying to consume Baba Yaga direct their attentions toward such investigators; successful luck roll to evade the first attack, but lingering investigators are doomed thereafter. The dark young do not pursue beyond the edge of the wood.

Unexpected Journey

Presumably most of the investigators make it out of the wood. They have no idea where Oraszac is—somewhere downhill. There are other villages in the region, of course, and a couple of hours spent stumbling through the cloud-darkened night bring them to one, or at least to a road, one end of which must lead somewhere.

To ask directions, the muddy, limping investigators probably have to wake suspicious villagers; lacking useful Serbo-Croat or Russian, that could pose problems. Successful Linguist and luck rolls eventually communicate their needs to someone, who at least knows where the nearest constabulary is.

The investigators' next move may be to their luggage and to the rest of the simulacrum, since they are unlikely to have taken it on the hike. If at Oraszac, their re-entry into the village may be a quiet one: folk who know how to summon dark young deserve circumspection. Things seem totally unchanged. But at the church Father Filopovic is staring at the desiccated corpse of his wife (Sanity loss 0/1D4 SAN to see).

If there is nothing at Oraszac, then they return to Arandjelovac to wait for the train to Mladenovac or Topola, from whence in turn they go to Belgrade or Crveni Krst.

Depending on the hour of the day, the keeper's mercy, and the investigators' ingenuity, they buy, borrow, or steal a truck, a horse and cart, or some other form of transport.

Crveni Krst is a town of modest size a hundred miles southeast of Belgrade. It is the point at which the Simplon-Orient Express service branches, one service heading south for Athens, and another going east to Sofia and beyond. Here investigators may have to wait a day or more before the next Orient Express arrives, but in the

meantime, they can seek medical attention for injuries, reserve berths on the train, recover, and make plans.

Attack

Whichever way the investigators go, the journey to meet the Orient Express will take some time. The roads range from bad to invisible. The night journey takes at least ten hours, even by motorized vehicle, and exhausts everyone.

Baba Yaga, though severely weakened by her encounter with the dark young, overcame them. To survive, she had to drain the life from her two younger aspects—the priest's wife shrivelled to a husk before his horrified eyes. Baba Yaga is too weak to attack the investigators personally, but her malign influence can plague them while they remain in the area. The keeper is invited to use any of the following.

BABA YAGA'S EMBLEMS

As the investigators pass through another hamlet (one of many), commotion swells. As a villager goes to see what the noise is about, a small girl races around a corner screaming "Aaahh! Aaahh! Tata! Peeleh! Peeleh!" — *Papa! Chickens! Chickens!*

A second later, black chickens swarm after her around the same corner, their glaring-red beady eyes focused on the investigators. There are hundreds of them, and their beaks and spurs are bright and sharp.

Plucked and disemboweled, chickens at the butcher's counter seem harmless enough, and the proverbial rubber chicken has long symbolized the bird's low status in the United States. But a free-running chicken on the attack turns out to be enough to send most people scurrying; even a single bird may overwhelm children or the infirm. Each investigator is attacked by ten fierce birds.

These chickens have wings clipped long enough to allow them to flutter up to the lower branches of trees—this also allows them to peck and claw at human heads, faces, hands, anywhere vulnerable. Each bird is large (five to ten pounds), with feathers obsidian-black. Statistics for the flock occur at the end of this chapter.

Villagers cross themselves and race for the safety of their homes; if the investigators are regarded as friends, they are sheltered as well. The birds continue to smash against the windows, fly down the chimneys, or come in at the eaves until the families organize themselves.

Clubs and brooms clear the interiors of the cottages, and shotguns wipe out the outside attackers. The villagers realize only when cleaning up that they have slaughtered their own fowl, which they thought penned for the night. Dead poultry flops everywhere, forlorn white and brown bodies heaped in clumps and windrows. Moments ago the

birds were all black: Sanity cost to realize this is 0/1 SAN.

The villagers are at first dismayed, and then grow angry. The investigators have brought ill fortune by angering Baba Yaga. "All our birds are dead! You will pay!" The investigators should come up with a few pounds sterling, if they want help.

A MINOR PLAGUE

An investigator starts to itch. Examination reveals a large and ugly rash resembling an ulcerating sore; it is irritating and eventually very painful. Even as they watch, it spreads (SAN 1/1D3). Before long, all of the investigators break out in blotchy open sores, inflicting 1D3 points of damage. After two hours, the sores recede and fade. In the morning, it is as if they never existed.

THE OBSERVING PRESENCE

Until they board the Orient Express, the investigators notice (with or without a successful Spot Hidden) ill-defined figures crouching in doorways, or just out of view in a copse of trees, or briefly illuminated by a lightning flash. Always the figure is female in outline, and always gone whenever investigators look directly at her.

On to Sofia

Either in Belgrade or in Crveni Krst, the investigators board the Orient Express for Sofia, safe at last. Or are they? As the train steams toward the Bulgarian border, the night stirs.

Dimly in the gloom, a huge running shape, like a giant bird—like a house on legs—paces the train, loping on slender, wrinkled chicken legs across hill and field, now visible, now gone. It is Baba Yaga's hut, a house of dead children's bones, following the investigators at its mistress' behest. Pointed out to anyone other than the investigators, it's just not there.

When the moon breaks through the clouds, high across its face careens a hunched figure, also pacing the train. Sometimes it looms near, sometimes it is a distant blot against the stars. It is Baba Yaga, finally caught up with those who bested her. She rides the winds in her huge bronze mortar, propelling it by the grinding of her equally impressive stone pestle. The rasping of one against the other can be heard above the staccato of the train.

Those who lost more than 6 SAN in the little cottage in the woods lose another 0/1D3 SAN for the reappearance of their foe.

Strangely, no attack comes. A successful Occult or INT x1 roll suggests that she cannot touch them while

they are protected by the ribbon of iron upon which the train rides. Aboard the Orient Express, they are safe.

Hours later, the Orient Express arrives at the last stop before the border, and it is here that the investigators realize that Baba Yaga and her malevolent house have gone. As they cross the border, they spot a small cottage by a stream in the nearby woods. As the train whistle howls, the receding hut seems for a moment to be pale as bone—waiting, perhaps, for their return. But a hag and a house of bones, even magical ones, are not that worrisome compared to what they'll face further down the line. *Dovidjenja!*

Conclusion

Each investigator gains 1D4 SAN for recovering the Right Arm of the Sedefkar Simulacrum. As Baba Yaga is obviously still alive, they gain no Sanity for eluding her.

If the investigators now have five parts of the simulacrum, thresholds for their idea, luck, and know roll thresholds are uniformly reduced by 25 percentiles each.

Statistics

PETAR RITICHT, Age 20, Guide and Hustler

STR 13	CON 11	SIZ 10	INT 16	POW 16
DEX 13	APP 13	EDU 4	SAN 80	HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3
Small Knife 40%, damage 1D4

Skills: Albanian 15%, Bargain 60%, Climb 50%, Debate 20%, Dodge 36%, English 30%, Fast Talk 55%, German 35%, Hide 25%, Hungarian 40%, Italian 35%, Linguist 10%, Listen 45%, Psychology 35%, Serbo-Croat 75%, Slovene 65%, Turkish 40%.

STATUE VENDOR, Age 47, He Knows What He Wants

STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 15	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 12	SAN 55	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4

Skills: Bargain 93%, English 5%, Fast Talk 66%, Serbo-Croat 70%, Slovene 69%.

TWO STATUE THIEVES

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 70%, damage 1D3+1D4
Kick 40%, damage 1D6+1D4
Club 35% (parry 25%), damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Dodge 40%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Bigger	17	16	15	11	13	16
Smaller	16	17	13	10	12	15

SIX TURKISH BRAWLERS**Damage Bonus:** +0.**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Kick 25%, damage 1D6

Grapple 25%, damage special

Knife 25%, damage 1D4

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	11	13	13	12	10	13
Two	12	14	12	11	14	13
Three	14	12	10	9	11	11
Four	12	11	12	11	8	12
Five	10	10	14	16	11	12
Six	11	11	11	10	13	11

SIX SERBIAN BRAWLERS**Damage Bonus:** +0.**Weapons:** Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3

Kick 25%, damage 1D6

Grapple 25%, damage special

Thrown Rock 25%, damage 1D4

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	11	16	12	15	9	14
Two	13	9	11	10	17	10
Three	12	12	12	13	11	12
Four	15	7	8	17	13	8
Five	11	12	13	12	10	13
Six	10	12	14	8	11	13

Dr. MILOVAN TODOROVIC, Age 57, Curator

STR 10 CON 9 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 12

DEX 10 APP 10 SAN 75 EDU 21 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.**Weapon:** none.

Skills: Accounting 15%, Archaeology 15%, Art History 70%, Bargain 45%, Credit Rating 65%, Debate 55%, Drive Automobile 15%, English 40%, German 45%, Greek 25%, History 35%, Hungarian 55%, Italian 45%, Latin 30%, Library Use 65%, Linguist 15%, Oratory 40%, Political In-Fighting 45%, Psychology 50%, Serbo-Croat 75%, Spot Hidden 55%, Turkish 35%.

VLEJA RADI, Age 29, Under-Secretary & Smuggler

STR 11 CON 8 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 13

DEX 11 APP 8 SAN 65 EDU 16 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.**Weapon:** none.

Skills: Archaeology 25%, Art History 35%, Credit Rating 35%, Debate 40%, Deceit 45%, English 20%, Fast Talk 45%, German 25%, Greek 35%, History 40%, Italian 35%, Law 25%, Library Use 35%, Listen 55%, Psychology 45%, Serbo-Croat 65%, Smuggle 50%, Sneak 35%.

TODOR NEDIC, Age 55, Village Headman

STR 8 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 9

DEX 11 APP 8 SAN 0 EDU 10 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.**Weapons:** 20-Gauge Shotgun 50%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

.22 Rifle 70%, damage 1D6+2

Knife 80%, damage 1D6

Club 40%, damage 1D6

Fist 75%, damage 1D3

Skills: Botany (Domestic Plant Varieties) 60%, First Aid 50%, Listen 75%, Livestock 50%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Operate Heavy Machinery 60%, Poultry 45%, Spot Hidden 60%.

MARJA NEDIC, Age 52, Priestess of Shub-Niggurath

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 8 INT 12 POW 16

DEX 10 APP 15 SAN 0 EDU 12 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.**Weapons:** Knife 80%, damage 1D6

Skills: Botany 90%, First Aid 75%, Folk History 90%, Gossip 99%, Listen 90%, Spot Hidden 90%.

Spells: Contact Shub-Niggurath, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Summon/Bind Dark Young, Voorish Sign.

FATHER FILOPOVIC, Age 49, Eastern Orthodox Priest

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 8 POW 12

DEX 10 APP 14 EDU 13 SAN 60 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.**Weapon:** none.**Skills:** English 20%, Oratory 80%, Sing 55%, Theology 75%.**Baba Yaga**

She has three aspects: Grandmother, Daughter (Kcerca), and Mother (Filopovic's wife, Ibrisa). The aspects can exist independently or not, as she wishes. Her weapons and skills remain uniform, regardless of aspect. It is possible to kill an aspect, but that aspect soon reappears unharmed.

Damage Bonus: +1D6.**Weapons:** Knife 85%, damage 1D6+1D6

Shovel 85%, target is flung into the oven.

Pestle 85%, damage 1D6+1D6

Armor: only iron harms Baba Yaga—she is impervious to lead bullets, wooden clubs, dynamite, acid, fire, etc.

Skills: Cackle Gleeefully (Hag) 100%, Move Silently 90%, Pilot Mortar 150%, Tapestry 150%.

Spells: best left undefined. Baba Yaga's magic is very different than found in the Mythos. Its essence lies in the power over nature and information. She can also produce a wide range of curses and afflictions virtually at will. Obscure metaphysical conditions determine her movement, especially the speed of her flying mortar. The keeper should strive for an effect of great strength and great weakness, mysteriously mixed.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D6 when her true nature is revealed.**KCERCA, Age 18, Daughter-Bearer Aspect**

STR 30 CON 100 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 17

DEX 17 APP 19 HP 55

IBRISA, Age 48, Wife-Nurturer Aspect

STR 30 CON 100 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 25
DEX 17 APP 12 HP 55

BABA YAGA, Age 78, Grandmother-Judge Aspect

STR 30 CON 100 SIZ 7 INT 16 POW 35
DEX 17 APP 7 HP 54

TEN DARK YOUNG OF SHUB-NIGGURATH

For additional information, see the dark young entry in the Cthulhu rulesbook.

Damage Bonus: +4D6.

Weapons: Tentacle (4 per round) 80%, damage 4D6 + STR drain

Armor: none, but personal handguns, shotguns, spears, etc., do only 1 point of damage each (2 points on an impale) because dark young are made of non-terrene material. Clubs, knives, fire, crashing automobiles, etc., do normal damage.

Skills: Hide in Woods 80%, Look for Food 75%, Sneak 60%.

Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Contact Shub-Niggurath, Create Gate.

Sanity Loss to See: 1D3/1D20 ordinarily.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	44	17	44	12	21	31
Two	46	18	42	21	21	30
Three	41	19	46	19	27	33
Four	41	20	47	19	20	34
Five	43	15	44	17	16	30
Six	38	20	47	17	18	34
Seven	39	17	46	15	19	32
Eight	41	19	43	15	22	31
Nine	42	15	43	13	21	29
Ten	43	16	42	13	19	29

BABA YAGA'S FLOCK

These statistics represent any flock which Baba Yaga takes control of, rather than individual birds. Each round the flock attacks each investigator; roll each attack separately. As birds die, reduce the number of attacks.

Weapon: Pecks and Rips 30%, damage 1D3

Skills: Cluck Menacingly 100%, Dodge 40%.

Sanity Loss to See: 0/1.

STR 25 CON 5 SIZ 50 INT 1 POW 10
DEX 8 HP 50 (1 per chicken) Move 8/10 flying

HORROR ON THE ORIENT-EXPRESS



BOOK IV

CONSTANTINOPLE & CONSEQUENCES

XII. SOFIA



Repossession

Wherein a sure-thing for the investigators falls bewilderingly and bloodily; in losing the Head, they risk in consequence heads even more precious to them.

by Richard Watts

NO LEADS FOR SOFIA exist other than Prof. Smith's somewhat casual statement that 'one part was lost near Sofia during the Bulgarian War in 1875.' Before the investigators need start painstaking research, however, the Head comes to light in its own way, as magical things are wont to do.

Keeper's Information

The undead Fenalik is patient no more; he has been so long away from his beloved statue that his body warps into an ever-more hideous form; his body craves release and renewal; he squirms in his coffin like an adolescent. Trusting that the investigators board the train again as soon as they have found the piece near Oraszac, he goes to Sofia ahead of them.

Situated in necropolitic splendor beneath the ancient city, Fenalik anticipates the juncture of the simulacrum and the completion of his plans. He senses that the Head, the controlling organ of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, is somewhere in the region.

For, perhaps responding in some strange way to the gathering of its parts after centuries of severance, the Head of the statue has surfaced from obscurity. Mehmet Makryat and the Brothers of the Skin are alerted as well to its discovery at much the same time as Fenalik. Chaos soon follows.

ABOUT THIS SCENARIO

Keepers should read this chapter with an eye toward expansion. It would be a shame, for instance, to present the incident of Nikolai-the-Initiate and pass over the actual chase, even though it ends in failure. Won't some of the investigators demand to join in? The discovery of the eyeball must be prompted by something—what? How do the police react?

When the investigators climb aboard the train for Constantinople, lay out the remaining train, which should include the engine, tender, two fourgons, two or three passenger coaches, the dining car, and the salon car. Mentally fix where Fenalik's coffin is, and have the players choose the compartments in which they'll ride, and be sure, if the compartment is shared, that those who share it are identified. This allows the players to make their own mistakes, and to not feel put upon after disaster ensues.

The investigators have thus far gotten off easy—the impending challenge of Fenalik is by far the most dangerous single threat to the investigators in this campaign. The keeper will be sorely pressed to create a convincing narrative that keeps the investigators captains of their fate, that remains honest to the actual roleplaying situation, and that is able to keep the campaign itself alive: who wants to see everyone die now, so far along the tracks? Be alert to procedures and rationales by which the badly-wounded may cling to life.

Alone of the major cities in this campaign, no convincing map of Sofia, circa 1923, could be found.

Investigator Information

ENCOUNTERING THE SNOW-CHOKED passes of the Balkan Mountains, the investigators draw near to a series of horrifying encounters. If the keeper wishes to grant a respite from the action, halt the train for a half day or so to clear the tracks, because trouble begins at the Bulgarian frontier.

The Initiate

In parts further west, few Brothers exist. But in Bulgaria, a chapter of the Brothers of the Skin thrives, with agents everywhere. Naturally new members of the Brotherhood must undergo a suitable test of skill. Thus, as the Express halts briefly at the customs point, an extra policeman boards, hides, then replaces his crumpled uniform with the immaculate livery of the Orient Express.

Dark, lean, panther-like, the initiate notes the investigators at once, and instantly and fatally covets one of their heads, perhaps the man with the highest APP.

As the Express proceeds, the initiate stays alert but relaxed—he can get off anytime, or wait for the other side, miles away, when the border police disembark. Now perhaps the vibrations of the track compel the attention of the target's weary bladder. Perhaps the investigators are now fearful enough that they go to the toilet in pairs, but otherwise Nikolai the initiate strikes without warning, shrieking one phrase again and again as he slashes. If he survives, the investigator later remembers the Bulgarian words, and quotes them to some kindly translator. The phrase means, "Give me your head."

The investigator under attack must resist the initiate's STR 10 against his own by receiving a successful resistance table roll; if he does, his shouts bring rapid aid—and even if the investigator receives a failure, he manages to partially fend off the plunging blade.



Nikolai the Assassin

Nikolai is not able to saw off the investigator's head, but he has time to take an eye, swiftly and efficiently gouging one out of its socket and gleefully severing the connecting nerves. As anxious servants and aghast companions run to the scene, Nikolai the initiate unlocks a sealed outer door and leaps from the moving train, vanishing into the forest still clutching his gory trophy.

The train halts. A search is launched. On the ground near the track, police bring back a ghastly souvenir—a dusty damp blob which cleaning reveals to be a human eye. The victim of the attack may believe it to be his own, but it is the wrong color. Call for general Sanity rolls—lose 0/1 SAN.

The investigator who suffered the attack automatically loses 1D4 SAN. In addition, his Spot Hidden and Track skills suffer a permanent and immediate loss of 25 percentiles, and may never increase above a maximum of 75%. Because of poor depth perception (only one eye), he also loses 2 points of DEX and whatever amount of APP player and keeper can agree to.

The attack over, the investigators can do little more than to treat their mutilated friend. Laudanum or opium would be useful, as their wounded companion shivers in brain-numbing pain. Sleep would be a blessing.

The Newspapers

The train speeds on over plummeting gorges filled with the silent roar of frozen waterfalls. Sofia is only a few hours away. Perhaps they may care to flip through a newspaper to pass the time; local papers were brought on board at the checkpoint. Even if none of them read Bulgarian, they can always look at the pictures.

One photo electrifies them. It shows an elderly peasant farmer, his face a map of weathered wrinkles, hands caked with the dirt of the fields. He holds a head, cradling it lovingly like a mother would her child. It is the head of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

A train guard or porter can translate the more relevant details. The farmer, one Gabor Verboczy, dug up the head in his back field the previous afternoon, cracking a plough-blade in the process. Bundled with it was a small bag of Bulgarian coins, dating to the time of the Bulgarian War of 1875.

The writer speculates that head and coins were buried to be safe from the scouring armies. The statue fragment has been taken to the University of Sofia for further study.

A Medical Complication

Settled down in the comfortless luxury of his compartment, the mutilated investigator soon confronts a new terror, one worse in its way than the loss of an eye. Little

more than an hour after the incident, he begins to see flickers of things that are not there, phantom visions, seen through the empty socket!

- First come glimpses of running endlessly through dark woods.
- Then in the distance, a black car is seen waiting, and into it the observer climbs. Another man cranks the motor, and the vehicle drives off.
- Now a rutted mountain road is negotiated, sometimes at high speeds. Gradually, images form of lower ground, and of more prosperous villages.

These blurry, indistinct visions are horrifying in their episodic power and their intimations of madness, yet cost no Sanity.

At the University

The Orient Express stops at a windswept platform in Sofia Station at 7:00 P.M. In the winter, in a time of troubles, even the restaurants close early; the streets are bar-

ren of people, and the doors and windows shuttered and dark. The investigators can find a hotel and take rooms; perhaps they summon a doctor to see to their maimed comrade.

If they go for a stroll in the bitter wind, they spend their time among the cobbled streets dark with the overhanging stories of black-beamed houses. At one moment, they admire the domes and minarets of the Islamic mosques, the next moment they leap an open drain and side-step a steaming heap of goat dung.

SOFIISKI UNIVERSITET "Kliment Ohridski"

Queries at the university are delayed if none of the investigators speaks Bulgarian or Russian. English-speakers exist—the British and American consuls are two—but no one is willing to be at the investigators' beck and call. English just now is not a language favored in Bulgaria.

University functionaries, their positions serenely independent of gesticulating foreigners, feel no urgency. Finally, the Assistant Doctor-Professor of English arrives; he deigns to answer a few questions and to give a few directions. He warms up and stops stroking his thick gray

Bulgaria

ATHWART THE EASTERN half of the Balkan peninsula, Bulgaria has for millennia been important for the countless trade routes that criss-cross the country.

Within its relatively small area, it exhibits a striking range of geographical features, from swampy plain into the north to the rugged river gorges and mountains which dominate much of the heart of the country. Musala Peak, the country's highest mountain, rises some 9,596 feet. Pine-covered slopes contain countless rivers and glacial lakes, as well as mineral springs—more than half of these springs are quite hot, some boiling as they bubble out of the rock.

The Slavic tribes which settled in the eastern parts of Bulgaria in 6 A.D. assimilated the resident Thracian tribes, thus forming the present ethnicity of the nation. Throughout its history, Bulgaria has had a strong sense of national unity, especially during the long centuries of Ottoman domination,

flowering strongly during the country's struggles for independence in the 19th century.

The most widely-spoken language is Bulgarian, although other Slavic languages, Greek, and Turkish are spoken by scattered minorities.

After the Great War, Alexander Stamboliski, leader of the Peasant Party, became Prime Minister in 1919. Keepers changing the date of this campaign to after 1923 should recall that the military staged a coup in August, 1923, murdering the prime minister in the process. Some months later, after a Communist-Party-led attempt to gain control of the nation failed, Bulgaria became the first country in the world to make communism illegal.

The unit of currency is the *leva*, 25 of which equal one British pound sterling.

Sofia

Humans have lived on the site of Sofia since at least 4,000 B.C. Their

paleolithic traces are often found in the caves which dot the area's river gorges, particularly those on the banks of the Iskar River, which flows through the outskirts of Sofia. The Sardi, a Thracian tribe, established a settlement near its hot mineral springs as early as the 8th century B.C. That town fell to the Roman Empire in 29 B.C.

Sofia reached its Classical-era height under the emperor Constantine the Great, and in 343 A.D. was the site of an important meeting of Christian bishops. The city fell to the Turkish Ottoman empire in 1382, and was liberated by the Russians in 1878. After being declared the national capital in 1879, Sofia and its citizens played a powerful part in the political struggles of the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Its fortunes have languished since the end of the Great War—Bulgaria was allied with the Central Powers—but the city continues to grow in both area and population.

beard if the investigators offer a handsome fee for a few hours of his time; it is he who can instruct a porter to page Professor-Academician A. Chedenko, who has inspected the odd artifact in the newspaper photo. It seems an age before the Professor makes his appearance.

More Episodic Visions

The investigator missing an eye may have stayed in the hotel, or may be accompanying his friends. By now, the flickers have become flashes of several seconds, scenes superimposed with stark clarity across the present in which the investigator stands.

- He walks through a vast and dim cathedral grown of living stone.
- The walls of the gigantic cavern are of mottled limestone, fretted and water-washed by endless running rivulets and half-hidden by rolling clouds of steam.
- On an enormous overhang, Latin numerals are carved over ancient images, cave-paintings of mammoths and deer and men with antlered heads.
- Without blinking or wavering in focus, the vision holds of a fang-toothed mouth of dripping stone, with black-robed figures swirling insanely in a mindless dance beneath it.

For each of these images, the investigator must receive a successful Sanity roll or lose 1 SAN. These new visions are more intense, and more frequent. They have about them a new intimateness, almost like being there in person. In a way, the investigator is: Nikolai has used a Transfer Eye spell, and now wears the investigator's organ as his own.

Losing Your Head

Professor-Academician Alexander Chedenko is a wizened and gnome-like man of indeterminate age, though certainly old. Wise dark eyes owlshly blink from behind his narrow gold-rimmed spectacles, set off by a white mane of hair and beard. The Professor does not speak English, but the professor of English may remain to translate for him, or they can speak Latin, or German, or French. All are invited up to Chedenko's office.

Dr. Chedenko explains that the statue head is in his care. As yet, no one has been able to date the artifact, let alone identify the culture in which it was created. Not even the material it is carved from can be determined. It is most puzzling. He is almost ready to consider it a well-conceived hoax using some new material such as an unusual plastic.

If investigators receive a successful skill roll for History, Archaeology, or Anthropology, Chedenko is happy



Professor A. Chedenko

to show them the head—informed insight is always welcome. A successful Fast Talk may gain the same result.

The workroom containing the head is a short walk away, down a winding stone staircase and along a wide corridor lined with menacing suits of armor. Two huge wooden doors stand closed at the far end of the hallway; the workroom lies beyond them.

When the doors are opened, the scene that meets their eyes is one of pure chaos. Scattered across the floor amid glittering fragments of glass lie the dead or unconscious bodies of three men, while the sole window yawns open, curtains flapping madly in the chill gale.

One man has no head; his body still spurts blood across the room like a twitching fleshy fountain. The head of the statue is missing also, the now-empty pedestal it sat upon is still rolling across the floor. Of the others, one has been bludgeoned to death, and the second is unconscious.

Call for Sanity rolls—the loss is 0/1D6 SAN. Professor Chedenko faints.

Looking out the open window immediately, an investigator sees a black automobile speed away. If the investigator is he who lost an eye, he recognizes the vehicle from his visions on the train.

The unconscious man was beaten senseless by a blunt instrument, with such force that a fragment of bone has been depressed against his brain. Given months, and the right care, he may recover. A successful First Aid roll, combined with a successful Psychology roll, coaxes a few cryptic words from him concerning men in flapping robes who wear shoulders not their own. This interesting but unhelpful testimony given, Dvorchek lapses into a coma from which he does not recover for weeks.

Presumably the investigators send for help. Shortly the scene is overrun by university staff, police, and medical personnel. Chedenko is helped from the room. The investigators find themselves answering all the questions; the interrogation becomes in a sense a forced introduction, and after a while puts the investigators in a position to make requests and have them carried out. The authorities assume that the crime is a Communist attack.

MEANWHILE . . .

It was of course the Brothers of the Skin who have stolen the statue's head, and on a whim they took as well the

head of a staff member. Even now they bear their foul trophies back to their temple, a temple the location of which the one-eyed investigator should have some idea.

Fenalik, too, now pursues the thieves, following them through the sewers and caves and dark places beneath the city. By the time the investigators find the temple, they once again are far too late.

The Library

Either before or after the discovery of the theft of the head, the players may visit the University library.

Several hundred thousand books await perusal, a collection flawed by the number of languages necessary to the holdings. Most are in one or another Slavic language, or German. Translation help can be arranged, but it will take days or weeks to be useful. Should the players ask about information not mentioned below, keepers are encouraged to be creative. Library Use rolls, and judicious language, Occult, and History rolls may prove useful.

- **EYES:** They're the windows of the soul. Certain people have the power of the evil eye—catch their gaze, and wither and die. No one records what happens when they steal yours.
- **HEADS:** Some Langobardi believed that a person's dreams, and hence his or her future, were bequeathed in the head at birth, and that therefore all of life was a playing-out of the original gift of life.
- **HUMAN SOULS:** Kill an opponent and take his head, and his soul is in your power. The Romans said that the Druids kept mounds of skulls in their sacred places.
- **CAVE-PAINTINGS:** Worked by a kind of sympathetic magic; wound an image of the beast and you wound it spiritually, making it easier to kill.
- **SOFIA:** The boxed information about Bulgaria and Sofia given earlier is easily learned; the investigators' sources especially emphasize the many paleolithic remnants in Sofia-area caves. This information allows the investigators to guess the location of the Brothers' temple.

Going to the Temple

From their limited clues, the investigators should easily deduce that the mystery assailants gather somewhere underground, in one of the caves that dot the Iskur River's steep gorges. Idea or Library Use rolls can hint toward this if needed.

(If Nikolai failed somehow to achieve the eye-swap, the investigators receive no clues from visions. Other lines of investigation will be needed. Witnesses may have seen the black car heading north from the university; li-

brary research may indicate that clandestine groups meet in the river caves, found in the same direction; newspaper articles may mention disappearances in the area, and so on. The scenario must be activated in some fashion.)

The investigator who suffers the visions recognizes objects and places along the river, and is thus able to remember the immediate locality of the cavern entrance.

The cavern in question lies three miles north of the city. The investigators may choose to walk along the river bank beneath the skeletal branches of trees, their feet stumbling along the narrowing and rutted dirt track, shadows cast by the whispering pines darkening their eyes; or perhaps hire a rowboat from someone on the wharfs, and thus slowly make their way downstream along the dark mystery of the river.

ANOTHER VISION

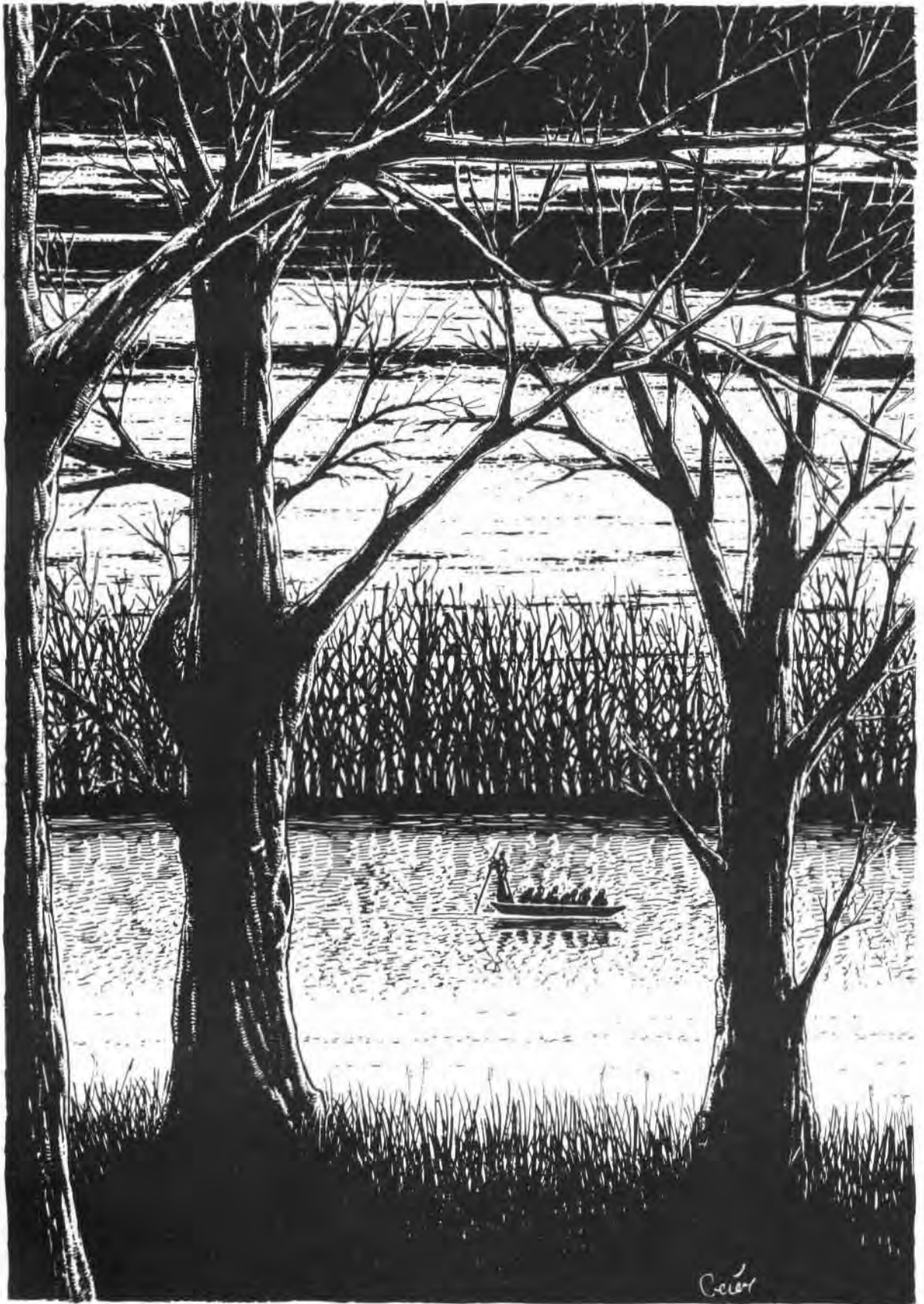
Shortly before they reach the cave, the investigator who lost the eye is once more assailed by terrible flickering visions. This time the content is horrifying. Blood spews in crimson explosions, faces scream and are ripped apart, limbs are dragged from their sockets with impossible force, all acts performed by something not quite seen—some black, blurred, rushing hell-thing. The images slam into the investigator's mind then vanish in a white explosion of pain from the empty socket. Sanity loss to experience this is 1/1D6+1 SAN for the gibbering, paralyzed investigator. Abruptly, the visions cease, never to return. Depicting the ferocity and power of these quick, brutal murders will give the investigators fair warning of their penultimate opponent's capacity.

Almost at the same time his companions find (with a successful Spot Hidden) a black cave mouth yawning beyond a knotted old tree, almost opening up beneath their feet. It seems to breathe; warm gusts of moist air send wisps and curls of steam out into the frigid air.

Underground

Within, the darkness is total. Investigators without flashlights or lanterns but with matches might fashion torches—otherwise they should return later, better equipped. The only sound is the steady drip of falling moisture. The slimy floor is slick with condensation from the hot springs within. Needles of stone stab out from roof and floor, sometimes hidden by swirling clouds of vapor; painted bison and deer race frozen across the veins of rock—the picture gallery noted on the map.

A sulphurous, humid heat wells out from all around. The ever-widening passage-way twists down and around for hundreds of feet, a path only suggested on the map, until at last the investigators reach its end, heralded by the

*The Dark River*

sound of water boiling and bubbling ahead, and an increasing stench of rot and decay.

THE PLACE OF THE HEAD

Fenalik's rage has fallen heavily on the Brothers of the Skin. Power great enough and quick enough to perform this necromantic prodigy should give the investigators pause.

Entering the huge, cathedral-like chamber, resplendent with echoes and shadows, the investigators find dozens of bodies, some in rags of black suits, some in rags of red robes, freshly shredded and scattered across the uneven floor; pools of blood slowly drain away. Sanity loss for this carnage is 1/1D4+2 SAN. Who were these people? Have the investigators seen such beings before, formed of seams and chunks of different flesh?

Medical doctors, especially those with experience in forensics, should have a field day, but a mere First Aid roll can be informative. There is far less blood present than there should be for so many corpses. A successful Zoology roll establishes that no known animal has claws and teeth capable of inflicting such wounds. Any sort of successful medical skill roll shows that many of the corpses are already decayed, but a successful Spot Hidden reveals that the rot is oddly partial; the only parts rotted are ones that by rights should not be attached to these bodies, parts that have been sewn on by sorcerous means—this revelation costs 0/1D2 SAN.

A Spot Hidden roll turns up the corpse of Nikolai the initiate, who assaulted the investigator at the Bulgarian border. His own single eye stares upward—the investigator's missing eye a gelid glob of putrefaction in the other socket. Understanding this costs the eyeless investigator 0/1D3 SAN.

The pre-eminent source of the disgusting stench bottled up in the hot and steamy cave is a fifteen-foot-high heap in its center. Surrounded by a circle of unlit torches, thousands of skulls and rotting fleshy heads are stacked in a pyramid, growing ever fresher toward the still-flat top. How were the heads so-arranged without



disturbance, or ladder, or crane? —a successful idea roll suggests more magic was involved.

Sanity loss for viewing the pyramid of heads and realizing that at least one of their own heads was destined for the ghastly structure is 0/1D3 SAN.

Two successful climb rolls, an incredibly-strong stomach, and a Sanity loss of 0/1D2 SAN lets an investigator physically reach the top. There, out of direct sight in the center of the shuddering platform, is a golden shrine, its velvet pillow still holding the impression of some heavy object. This was, for a few hours or days, the resting place of the Head of the Sedefkar Simulacrum.

Of whatever it was that destroyed the Brothers, there is almost no sign. Track rolls about the cavern find splashes of blood leading up an ever-narrowing crevice towards the surface, finally emerging into the open air

through a SIZ 1 mouth, too small for any human to follow to conclusion.

Other tunnels lead away, most ending in bubbling pools of boiling water forced up from deep below. The smell of blood and sulphur is choking in the hot and sticky air, and all around the investigators, pools of shadow press inward. Might they not better be returning to the surface?

Fenalik Strikes

THE INVESTIGATORS, and the players, are sure to be confused, disturbed, and depressed. After being whirled along on a savage roller-coaster ride of shocks, despair may set in when the quest of the simulacrum seems to have failed.

Further investigations in Sofia reveal nothing. What-ever obliterated the worshipers in the macabre temple has left no tracks. The investigators should realize that there is nothing they can do except board the train and leave for Constantinople. The Orient Express departs at half-past seven in the evening. Full of gloom, the investigators are carried on into the night by the clattering wheels of the Orient Express. They will not have long to brood on their failings, however, for soon after the train leaves behind the cold, sullen streets of Sofia, plunging into the mountains once more, Fenalik makes his move.

Mass Murder on the Orient Express

Fenalik's plan has been realized; the investigators have now recovered or helped him to all of the pieces of the missing simulacrum (except for the head, which it was forced to uncover itself). Now they are no longer of use. That night, the creature attacks.

One by one, he attempts to dispatch the investigators, suddenly, swiftly, and savagely. If necessary, he attacks them together, taking all necessary steps to kill them and take the statue.

Fenalik is a supremely intelligent and cunning opponent, with long years of wisdom with which to baffle and destroy his enemies. However, his desperation to regain the simulacrum makes him careless and over-confident; the investigators must perceive his nature and desires if they are to survive.

Suggestions as to how and where Fenalik attacks occur in the sub-section "Attack of the Vampire." Mechanics and notes for combat are discussed in "Vampire Com-

bat." Possible investigator tactics are considered in "Keeping the Vampire at Bay."

These entries are aids. Keepers are encouraged to make up their own ploys, as well as incorporating and improvising upon investigator actions. Rather than a single drawn-out fight, this should be presented as a series of desperate running battles, Fenalik attacking suddenly from the shadows before retreating again into the protective darkness. The investigators should never know when he will attack, only that sooner or later he will.

This crisis is not just the climax to the Sofia scenario; investigators and players alike should feel that this fight is the climax to the whole campaign. On the eve of arrival in Constantinople, their final destination, they come face to face with the bloodied murderer who has been dogging their footsteps across Europe. Let them think that, after this, it is all over. We know otherwise.

Attack of the Vampire

Some suggested tactics for Fenalik follow.

GAZE

Anyone staring out the windows into the night may find themselves gazing into a pair of burning red eyes, listening to a harsh whispering voice that makes such sensible suggestions:

*It's hot inside,
why not open the window,
let some air in,
let me in,
it's hot inside.*

Match Fenalik's POW against the investigator's on the resistance table; if overcome, he or she is helpless to prevent himself or herself from rising up and opening the window. Immediately after doing so, a scabrous arm reaches in and attempts to drag the victim out into the shrieking darkness. Failure to resist the vampire's STR 32 with his or her STR+SIZ means the investigator is carried kicking and screaming out of sight, although the screams soon stop as the victim is cut open and tossed away. All in the compartment lose 0/1D3 SAN.

HYPNOTIZE

Using his powers of hypnosis the vampire might convince another passenger to make an attack. Such victims are fairly obvious, being slow in speech and movement, almost like sleep-walkers. Nonetheless, even a sleep-walker can fire a gun. If the investigators kill such an attacker, they have killed an innocent, and must lose 1D6 SAN and probably face murder charges later, in a Bulgarian court.



Fenalik Awakes

SHAPE-CHANGE

Fenalik can shape-change. He can seep beneath closed doors as a mist; he can flutter through narrow spaces or across chasms as a bat; he could even prowl the corridors as a gigantic tiger. When he attacks, however, his attacks are always those listed in his statistics.

AMBUSH

He can cling to surfaces. Thus, answering a knock at the door, the responding investigator looks into an empty corridor. Fenalik is clinging to the ceiling directly above the door, waiting to drop on the target the instant the investigator looks into the corridor.

Vampire at Bay

Fenalik hesitates when on the train, because the presence of his coffin aboard leaves him vulnerable if he overplays his hand. The more people he faces, the more he hesitates, because an aroused train almost certainly means disaster for him.

The dining car is thus doubly safe; not only is it noisy and crowded, but it is also the only source of garlic on the entire train. Any investigator receiving a successful Occult roll becomes sure of the stinking rose's effect on the undead. Confident investigators should have no difficulty obtaining several heads from the kitchen—but will that be enough? Fenalik cannot willingly approach garlic. If the investigators use the herb to pin the vampire into a corner, Fenalik lashes out, but feebly. Proximity to the herb halves all of the vampire's skills.

If the investigators somehow barricade their sleeping car with garlic, Fenalik may decide to negotiate, grunting and snarling from a distance in a clearly inhuman fashion. This is a chance for the players to learn a little about the simulacrum that they have been collecting; Fenalik refers to it as "my skin." They should come to realize that they are dealing with a previous owner of the artifact. Its patience and willingness to answer academic questions at this point is limited, however. It demands the statue's immediate return; if this is not met, it threatens to kill one passenger every hour. And it will.

The best way to counter Fenalik's threat is to promise to destroy the statue (one piece for every life is perhaps a fair rate of exchange). This stalls Fenalik and prevents further passenger death, even though actually destroying the simulacrum may not be physically possible, Fenalik has no way of being sure that the threat cannot be made true—the strange iron vehicle he rides is proof enough of astonishing science in this new era. He redoubles his efforts to get at them, but not even Fenalik can tear through the steel skin of the carriage.

Fenalik attacks after dark; once the sun rises, he loses his powers of shape-change and regeneration, and returns to his coffin. The investigators should surmise that the creature must be at rest somewhere on the train. So, if they can hold out against it all night, they can hunt down its coffin (in the rear fourgon) in the morning and destroy it there.

To do this, the 24-hour guard in the fourgon must be convinced; several Fast Talks or other rolls will be needed to conduct a search of coffin-sized freight therein.

Playing Fenalik

Fenalik fights on his own terms. He strikes when he chooses, and always strives to get in the first blow. Even when his hit points drop to zero, he can simply fade into mist and float away, to regenerate quietly somewhere and then come back for more.

Other passengers and Express staff may be dragged into the fray as the keeper sees fit. For each innocent who dies in the investigators' stead, one point of Sanity should be lost.

Temper Fenalik's bloody enthusiasm with the understanding that conspicuous passenger death or extensive damage to fittings brings the attention and participation of the train staff, and they may as a result stop the train. Halting the train aids the investigators much more than the vampire; a prolonged halt almost surely dooms Fenalik.

Only by causing the vampire permanent hit point loss from magic spells or enchanted items can they stop it, or with an impale result with a wooden implement.

The simulacrum parts are themselves enchanted, and used as clubs they can do physical harm to Fenalik. Nowhere is this written, though the idea might be deducible. A simulacrum part does 1D6 hit points of damage for each successful blow.

By whatever means the investigators use to kill it, once Fenalik's hit points reach zero, thousands of years of its unholy existence catch up in one fell swoop. Instead of slowly crumbling away into dust, the vampire explodes, showering the investigators and everything nearby in a pall of foul-smelling ash.

A Wild Card

The investigators, having gotten so far, may at the keeper's choice now be under the observation of Mehmet Makryat, whose magical abilities could come into play if necessary. The keeper should not invoke him unless the campaign is threatened; just overhearing his name at dinner could activate the investigators to effect an alliance—or an attack, perhaps, if they wrongly deduce the meaning

of the London newspaper story concerning the three Makryats.

Since Mehmet reappears in Constantinople pretending to be the character Aktar, he must be disguised or transformed either here or there, should the keeper choose that he surreptitiously intervene.

Conclusion

A thorough search of the rear fourgon uncovers Fenalik's coffin, a heavy wooden crate some eight feet long and tightly locked. Within, nestled on a layer of blood-soaked earth, grins the Head of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, and any pieces of it missed by the investigators up until this

time. Its eyes are blank and mocking. Who knows what sights it has seen?

Reward surviving investigators with a gain of 1D10 SAN for killing Fenalik. If useful, the keeper also may want to award a single point of Sanity (vengeance satisfied) for each investigator who died at Fenalik's hands aboard the train. Survivors also gain 1D4 SAN for recovering the Head of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, with a 1D4 Sanity point bonus if they now have all of the pieces.



I have brought candles for the search.

If they now possess all the parts of the simulacrum, uniformly reduce their idea, know, and luck roll thresholds by 30 percentiles each.

MASS MURDER, MASS PUBLICITY

The worse the fighting with Fenalik has been, and the more passengers who died, the more the keeper must stretch to present the incident in an anonymous, understandable light. What newspaperman would not give page one to a fight to the finish with a vampire aboard the Orient Express? Anarchist plots, Red Menaces, and Hunnish depravities pale in comparison; survivors of the fight with Fenalik become the fêted heroes of civilization.

Because such developments would alter the thrust of the plot, they should not happen. The police believe no tale of a rotting corpse arising and ravishing the train.

If only investigators died, police may choose to believe that another investigator is the murderer, and hold him or her until a likelier suspect surfaces in a few days.

If bystanders died as well, then the police will be inclined to believe that Turkish bandits did it, if the train

stops in Bulgaria. If the train stops in Turkey, then Greek-bandits did it. If the Interallied police first take notice of the crimes, then Soviet or Persian provocateurs did it.

The investigators always should arrive in Constantinople either unknown or under suspicion of grave crimes.

Statistics

NIKOLAI, Initiate Brother of the Skin, Eye-Taker

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 14 APP 10 EDU 6 SAN 0 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Hooked Dagger 85%, damage 1D4+2+1D4
Eye-Gouge 90%, damage is eye plucked out.

Skills: Bulgarian 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 11%, Fast Talk 55%,
Hide 75%, Occult 19%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 45%, Turkish 50%.

Spells: Transfer Body Part.

SEVEN BORDER GUARDS

The customs police want to apprehend criminals and political foes, and to foil the transfer of currencies and of obviously valuable objects. They do this by painstaking scrutiny of usually meaningless documents, and by banging their weapons against door jambs. Occasionally they actually find something.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4
Grapple 45%, damage special
Nightstick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4
9mm Machine Pistol 45%, damage 1D10, burst available.

Skills: Climb 45%, Follow Orders 65%, Jump 45%, Listen 50%, Misunderstand Foreign Language 55%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
Commander	13	13	13	14	14	13
One	13	9	13	14	12	11
Two	14	13	12	14	12	13
Three	15	14	12	12	12	13
Four	13	12	13	12	10	13
Five	15	14	13	11	10	14
Six	15	16	15	8	10	16

A. CHEDENKO, Age 70, Professor-Academician

STR 9 CON 17 SIZ 8 INT 17 POW 9
DEX 8 APP 12 EDU 21 SAN 45 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Skills: Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 85%, Bulgarian 85%,
French 60%, German 75%, History 60%, Library Use 80%.

Fenalik the Vampire

"We find, indeed, a note of something deformed, as it were, something curiously diseased and unclean, a rank wealth of grotesque and fetid details which but serve to intensify the loathliness and horror."

— Rev. Montague Summers, *The Vampire In Europe*.

The ferocity of the nomadic Scythian tribes, who roamed the lands around the Black and Caspian Seas, is well-known. The ancient Greeks recorded that they scalped and flayed alive defeated enemies.

One Scythian chieftain-priest was so bloodthirsty that not even death ended his evil. Three nights after his corpse was laid to rest, the chieftain rose again, now a ravening, bestial thing more terrible and more powerful than before: a vampire.

For thousands of years the thing that became Fenalik hunted, lurking on the outskirts of human society. When it acquired the Sedefkar Simulacrum in 1204, it was able to rejoin that society. Eventually its tastes betrayed it, and so Fenalik came to spend the last one hundred and fifty years confined in the asylum at Charenton.

In appearance, Fenalik is presently a twisted mockery of a man, a feral and emaciated horror whose parchment-like skin mapped with a network of scars and knotted veins stretched tight over its bones; obscenely long arms, tipped with razor-sharp talons, dangle at its sides. But its face is worst of all. Framed by a patchy tangle of knotted and filthy hair, Fenalik's jaws jut forward like a muzzle, thin lips doing little to hide the insane conglomeration of fangs which sprout from his peeling gums. His nose has long since rotted away, leaving only a stinking pit beneath the sloping forehead. More terrifying yet, his bulging eyes that burn with all the evil of its years.

NOTES

Fenalik is unable to move abroad in daylight, since exposure to direct sunlight costs him 1D3 hit points per round. Properly muffled up, though, and especially when shielded by fog or storm, he would be able to make brief forays before technical sundown and after technical sun-up. Vampires seek to cheat the clock, as well as the laws of God and man. Were he to don the simulacrum, of course, he could to go abroad in daylight.

Vampires who respected a religion while alive may show that respect when undead. Fenalik's youth antedates all of the great monotheisms, and the shamans he knew are long-since dead. No extant moral or social appeal has any affect on him.

As monsieur le Comte, Fenalik might very well have practiced the suave eroticism recorded of Dracula, Carmilla, and others. Perhaps, having regained the simulacrum and the semblance of humanity, Fenalik would turn again to such amusements. For now, he forages to survive.

As a man, Fenalik attacks once per round with Claw, Bite, or Gaze; as tiger or wolf, he attacks with Claw and Bite simultaneously; as a bat, he attacks with Bite only; as mist, he attacks with Gaze only.

Proximity to garlic halves all of his skills and attacks.



Is it true about the vampire? Monsieur, I am only a waiter!

FENALIK, Semi-Immortal Vampire, Previous Owner of the Sedefkar Simulacrum

STR 32 CON 14 SIZ 19 INT 17 POW 14
DEX 16 APP 3 SAN 0 EDU 40 HP 17+

+ regenerates 1 hit point per round, but does not regenerate at all in direct sunlight.

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Bite* 80%, damage 1D4+2D6

Claw** 80%, damage 1D4+2D6

Gaze***, match POWs on resistance table

* If a vampire's Bite attack does damage, maintaining the Bite stifles any resistance from the target, and drains 1D6 STR (blood) from the victim each round thereafter.

** With a successful magic point against magic point roll on the resistance table, the touch of a vampire drains 1D3 magic points from the victim, transferring them to the vampire. Each successful roll drains another 1D3 magic points. Magic points so-acquired vanish after the vampire's POW in hours.

*** If the POW against POW roll succeeds, the target is always hypnotized, and can be made to follow simple instructions. If these instructions are self-destructive, the target may roll INT x5 or less to snap out of it at the start of each round.

Skills: Bargain 90%, Climb 95%, Dodge 70%, English 75%, Fast Talk 95%, French 80%, History 20%, Italian 60%, Jump 70%, Latin 35%, Listen 85%, Occult 35%, Oratory 75%, Russian 65%, Scent 83%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 70%, Track 60%, Turkish 75%.

Shapes Favored: bat, mist, tiger, wolf.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D8 SAN. Witnessing a shape-change for the first time costs 1/1D6 SAN.

XIII. CONSTANTINOPLE



By the Skin of the Teeth

Wherein the investigators reach their last stop, and find there betrayal and despair, and the makings of even deadlier puzzles.

by Geoff Gillan

IF THE INVESTIGATORS HAVE SURVIVED Fenalik, they arrive in Constantinople possessing the complete Sedefkar Simulacrum. Having overcome the vicious vampire, they reasonably may expect victory here, at the end of the line.

The keeper might consider allowing the investigators to rest a week or two, to prepare for the dangers to come, since there are no time requirements in the plot. Presumably our heroes still have plenty of money, or at least plenty of Credit Rating. If money is needed, perhaps a wealthy stranger on the train provides some cash, in return for being let in on the fun.

Keeper Information

Concerning Constantinople, Professor Smith told them of two things to be learned here—the ritual they must perform to destroy the artifact, and the location of the Shunned Mosque, where the ritual must be performed.

In fact, of course, the ritual does not exist: no written method destroys the Sedefkar Simulacrum. Professor Smith lied in this, as he did in so much else. The time the investigators spend searching for the ritual and the Shunned Mosque is the time it takes Selim (and Mehmet) Makryat to ensnare them.

Possible sources of written information are the newspapers, the library at Constantinople University, and the Topkapi Museum. Possible oral sources of information are the police, market gossip, and an individual by the

name of Beylab the Perspirer. All are detailed below. To learn anything, the investigators need to know Turkish, or need to employ a scribe-translator.

MEHMET MAKRYAT

Makryat plans that the investigators lose the simulacrum to the cult, preferably at a trap set by Selim Makryat at Üsküdar Cemetery. Once Selim has the simulacrum, he will perform the Ritual of Enactment in the Shunned Mosque to awake its power. At the critical moment of that ceremony, Mehmet Makryat plans to step in and seize control of both the statue and the cult. He arranges for the investigators to be present, to provide a handy distraction at the right moment.

SELIM MAKRYAT

The Brothers of the Skin have a considerable spy network, including staff at the hotels, taxi drivers, policemen, and railway workers. Selim Makryat has set up Feyar, his chief spy and scribe, in the market place, with instructions to attach himself to interesting foreigners.

The leader of the Brothers senses that the Sedefkar Simulacrum is soon to appear, but fears it as well as anticipates it, for several minor prophecies suggest that it may prompt the downfall of his cult. Consequently, he has been trying to strengthen his power by creating a Skin Beast, the cult's ritualistic monster. For the past few weeks he has been gathering the live children he needs for this.

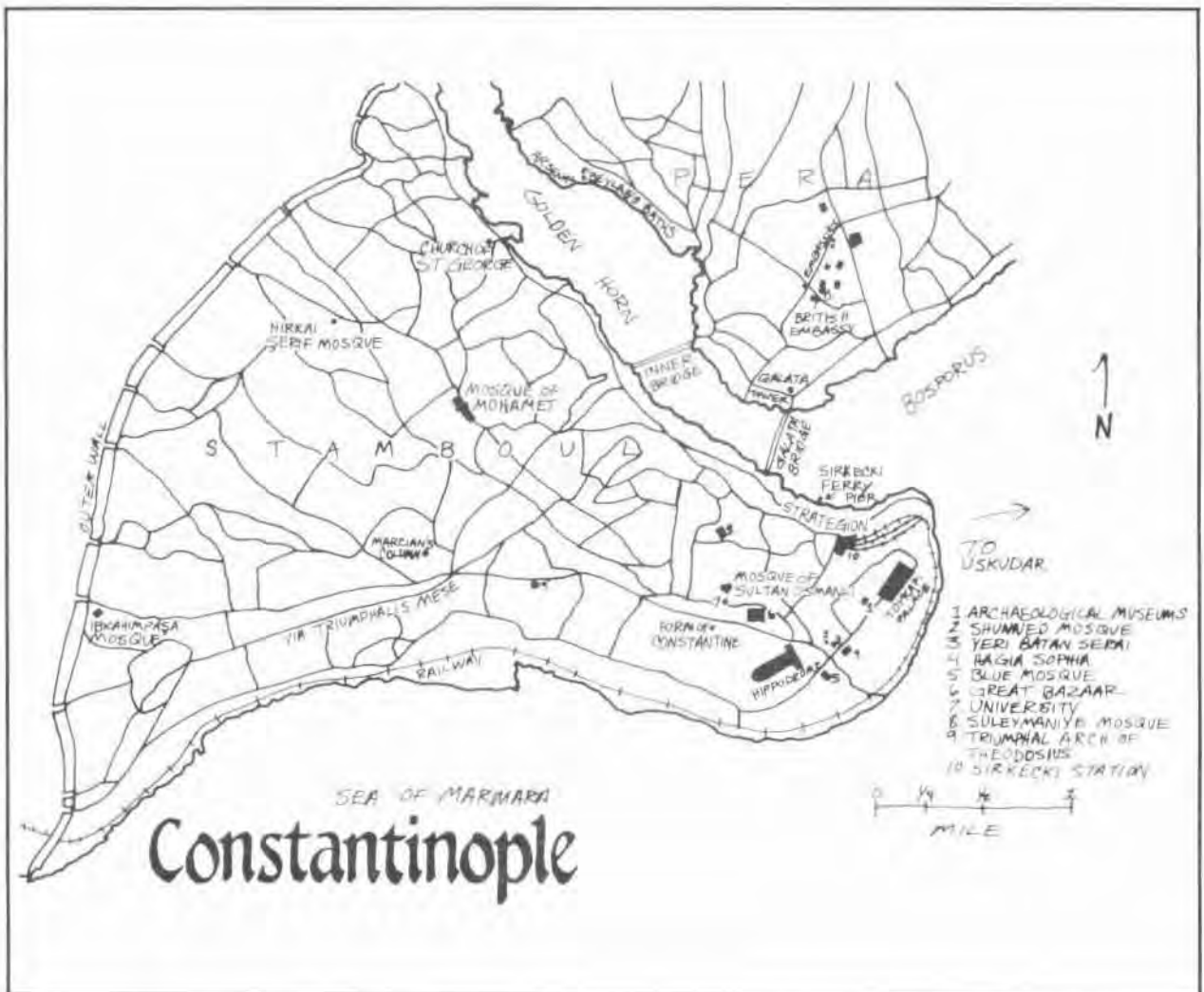
Investigator Information

ARRIVING IN CONSTANTINOPLE, the investigators need to secure their unwieldy baggage from the train. To this end they have one enemy and one ally at the station.

The enemy is officialdom at the rail terminus, in this era one noted for failing to bother about such things as other peoples' belongings. In the frantic bustle of languages and people that is Sirkecki Station, the final stopping-place of the Simplon-Orient Express, all must be ordered and arrayed for customs inspection. This sudden, random imposition of order on chaos is too much for some to bear. Things get lost.

Items belonging to the investigators, especially the simulacrum itself, go astray without very careful precautions. Discussions beforehand with seasoned travelers or Orient Express staff could warn the investigators; the conversation at the London Train Spotter dinner included this information.

If the simulacrum does go astray, the investigators must sort through layers of officials—the baggage office staff, the baggage transfer staff, the customs officials, the assistant station manager, the station master himself. To a man, they promise earnestly to find the missing baggage, and to a man they are true to their words, but the results are astonishingly slow and at first seemingly without effect. Then, 1D3 days later, the missing pieces suddenly turn up at the hotel. Perhaps something from a particular bag is missing, but probably not. The suitcase or trunk has just been somewhere, but somewhere incomprehensible to all involved. "We are most happy you have been enjoying our great city," says the smiling deliveryman.



The investigators' ally is the staff of the Orient Express. The fourgon conductors are mortified if any Wagons-Lits passenger has been inconvenienced. The efficiency of the Orient Express service is demonstrated when all their lost belongings show up intact, only one hour later.

No matter how the simulacrum is returned, upon the return call for a luck roll. If the roll fails, the Brothers of the Skin learn thereby before nightfall that the precious statue has returned to their homeland, and they now know also the identities of those who have brought it.

Accommodations and Defense

As the investigators arrive by the Orient Express, they probably have been pre-booked into Wagons-Lits' own hotel, the Pera Palace, north across the bridge in Pera-Galata. It would be highly unlikely for Wagons-Lits staff not to have recommended this excellent hotel to first-time travelers to Constantinople, since it is good business as

well. This is a standard luxury hotel with local staff and European management, comparable to any in Paris or London. Many more modest establishments are also available.

Especially during this scenario, the investigators must take steps to secure the simulacrum from theft. If in no other scenario, investigators here should always fear what might happen to the statue in their absence.

If the protective steps they take are too obvious, then the Brothers may be tempted to steal the pieces immediately, rather than wait for Selim's plan to work. Cult attempts at theft should be tailored by the individual keeper in light of the investigators' actual circumstances, but the forces deployed by Selim in the old and new city rarely numbers more than a dozen; times are uncertain, and the military are apt to intervene if a large gang is reported.

Any official depository for the statue (police station, bank, railway check-room) may be learned-of by spies for the Brothers. A luck roll measured against the efficiency of the methods employed by the party should suffice, then a second roll to see if the things are waylaid by the offi-

Constantinople (Istanbul)

THE CITY, and all of Turkey, are in the throes of great change. In 1922, Ataturk came to power, promising a unified nation of Turkey, but the British, French, and other allies have occupied Constantinople and certain adjacent territory since 1918. They do not evacuate until Oct 2, 1923. Less than two weeks later, Ataturk chooses Ankara as his capital over Constantinople, reflecting his distaste for the old sultanate, corrupt and riddled with foreign influence, of which Constantinople is the living symbol.

The new military regime controls most of Turkey. It threatens many aspects of former life. Veils and fezzes have been banned; signs of the old regime are crumbling. People's reactions range from the fanatical to the gently philosophic. This ancient city has seen many masters and empires since the ancient Greeks laid its foundation as Byzantium.

Thus the Ottoman Empire is merely the latest empire to collapse; its actual presence is a fic-

tion—the last Sultan, Mehmed VI, fled in 1922. All references to the Ottomans conclude when the Treaty of Lausanne is signed. On Oct. 29, 1923, the Republic of Turkey comes into existence.

Technically, Constantinople does not become Istanbul until 1926, when the Turkish postal service so recognizes it. However, the Turks and Islam generally have long called it Istanbul, taking the Greek phrase *eis ten polin* ("in the city") as its name. The West, long under siege by various Islamic armies, refused to accept any enemy name for so historic a site even after Constantinople fell, and so the Western lands continued to refer to it as Constantinople as late as 1950. Those who prefer Istanbul should use it: in this supplement, the name is uniformly Constantinople.

Recently (1920-22) the Turks have been warring with the Greeks, and anti-Greek feeling runs high. Anything untoward is likely to be blamed on subversive Greek influence. Nevertheless, Constantinople is a cosmopolitan

city, with room for all. Foreigners safely roam the city and enjoy its culture, treasures, and architecture. This gateway to the Orient, redolent with history and mystery, is truly a fitting final destination for the Orient Express.

Money

The nominal unit of currency in Turkey is the Turkish pound (abbreviated TL in the West). It once floated in parity with the British pound, but since Turkey's defeat as one of the Central Powers in World War I, the present exchange rate is about 25% of that. By the end of the decade, the decline comes precipitous, to nearly 10:1 in favor of the pound sterling. In consequence, in Turkey, foreign currency is in private readily accepted throughout the 1920s.

The Present City

The people of Constantinople are mostly Muslim, following the religion of Islam and worshipping in mosques. These domed edifices

cials through their own ineptitude. Keepers should attempt to keep this kind of problem as an undercurrent throughout the scenario.

Finding a Scribe

The hotel staff points out to the investigators that the best way to ease themselves into the city is to use a scribe, who will help them with general knowledge and customs, and with translating Turkish. Constantinople has high adult illiteracy; scribes are regularly employed to write letters and answer official queries.

Confront investigators ignoring such advice with a problem which requires a ready knowledge of Turkish or of local manners—a traffic jam, a stolen wallet, or an arrest as Greek spies could make them realize they are vulnerable here, and need help.

The best place to find a scribe is in the Grand Bazaar in Stamboul. Its eight huge iron gates are drawn open at 8 A.M. Fifty acres of stalls stretch within the massive domed and vaulted halls. Everything is sold here—car-

pets and ornaments, jewelry and clothing, dictionaries and clocks, finely carved chests and brass telescopes; strange peddlers linger in dark corner stalls with the esoteric and the deadly. The investigators pass throngs of eager merchants before locating the scribes. As they do so, they see five large men, Turkish nationals, who close in fast.

As the big men surge forward, they pass close enough to the investigators that our heroes could mistake the men's move as intended attack. If any investigator steps out and engages them in combat, the five are astonished, but fight back alarmingly well, using fisticuffs and body smashes. They quickly make it known, however, that they are not interested in the foreigners at all, but in the small, young scribe beyond them.

The five beat him thoroughly, smash his lap-top desk, and trample his pens, inks, and papers. He puts up a brave fight but is quickly overwhelmed. Satisfied, they leave. If the investigators try to intercede, the attackers wave them away and stalk off, yelling curses at the young man. The

dot a city rightly known as "The City of Mosques." Turkish culture is a very religious one, and cries to prayers can be heard everywhere calling from the minarets, those rocket-like towers which flank the mosques.

Ethnically, the city is mostly Turkish. Substantial minority populations of Jews and Gypsies, and especially of Armenians and Greeks exist.

Constantinople is a city of the sea, bordered by the waters of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. The city is divided into three provinces. Stamboul, the old city, is on the south edge of Europe; Pera-Galata, or the new city—essentially the European quarter—is across the Golden Horn, still in Europe; and Üsküdar is across the Bosphorus, in Asia. No bridge links Üsküdar with Europe until 1973. Passage must be by ferry or private boat.

The city is infamous as one of the dirtiest in Europe. Refuse includes dead pigeons, packs of wild dogs, feral cats, cluttered garbage, and rotting fish. Visitors often find this to be quite overwhelming, and the Allied occupation has probably exacerbated the condition.

Because of the occupation, civil administration generally and police services particularly are tenuous. The handful of interallied police mostly protect European property and rights; much civil authority is left *de facto* to crumbled agencies of the former Sultanate, which are unsystematically overseen and financed—or ignored—by the Allies. Unless one makes oneself most conspicuous, in such circumstances money prevails over justice. Many natives will welcome Atatürk.

Besides the often-superb public architecture and fountains, two special public pleasures here are the tea-houses and the baths. Rarely will women be seen in any of these; the Turkish woman dominates the home but rarely takes her pleasures outside. The Turkish baths are for both sexes, theoretically, and have their own designs and etiquette. The tea-houses are for men; sometimes they are trellis-garden affairs, but most likely crammed and harshly-lit rooms full of smoking men playing backgammon or chess and sipping their tea. Turks drink tea sweet with sugar; milk is considered an insult to good tea.

The Topkapı Museum was founded in 1892, and under the able direction of Hamdy Bey became a treasure-house of things historic and priceless. The nearby archaeological museums were founded in 1836, and the Museum of the Janissaries in 1726.

Transport

Constantinople evolved for the pedestrian, and the horse and cart. Its streets are often narrow and crammed. It is almost impossible to traverse many streets in any automobile. The hundreds of dead-ends often defy the navigational skills of lifelong residents.

All the public transport are versions of the bus or taxi. The city buses and trolleys are usually crowded; the free-enterprise "peoples' buses" are vans, trucks, carts—anything wheeled that can carry passengers. These are often hung with strings of blue beads, to ward off the Evil Eye. There are also private taxis, and those which are shared (*dolmuş*). In the latter, the driver crams in what fares as he can, then cruises along the street or footpath looking for more.

shaking victim gathers his belongings, attempts to repair his desk, and goes on with his daily business.

FEYAR

If the investigators got involved, the little scribe introduces himself as Feyar, in most excellent English. He is a slight and handsome young man with a quick alert gaze and an engaging manner.

"Good people, I am sorry. These men had business with the government which went badly through no fault of my own, though I was their instrument. They can do nothing against the government, so they choose to take their anger out on me. I must apologize. You seem most alarmed." He is disarmingly worried about the investigators and offers his services.

He is also an agent of the Brothers of the Skin, and the beating was staged so that he comes to the attention of the investigators in an unsuspecting way. Though an agent, he is also a brilliant scribe, and in that capacity is quite useful around Constantinople. He participates fully in any research the investigators do, and proves to be an assiduous, perceptive scholar.

If the investigators don't hire him, then he shadows them without being spotted.



Feyar the Scribe

The Newspapers

The two major local newspapers are the *Orient* and the *Tanin*, Turkish-language papers which are the best sources of Constantinople news. Both have their offices in the city. Weeks-old foreign papers can be bought at a premium, but they feature little news of Turkey.

The following story appears in the first Constantinople paper the investigators consult. It is the latest in a series.

Player Handout #20

Rash Of Missing Children.

Police Suspect Slavers.

Questioning Of Greeks.

Today the fifteenth missing child was reported from the city area.

Blatek Mayval, age 7, was taken from the front of his father's tea house in Stamboul yesterday at midday, in the midst of bustling lunchtime traffic.

Police have no immediate suspects, but believe that a slave ring is responsible. The citizens of the city are alerted to watch their children carefully.

In a round up of suspects, the police are interviewing many Greeks, following a report that this country may be the receiver of the stolen infants.

If the investigators search through the back issues at the newspaper offices, they find previous reports of the child abductions, but do not learn anything more.

The children have in fact been stolen by the Brothers, as instructed by Selim. They are being held at the Shunned Mosque.

THE SHUNNED MOSQUE

The newspapers carry no mention of the Shunned Mosque. A Library Use roll takes an afternoon and turns up nothing. If the roll succeeds, the investigators feel sure that their search was thorough, but that there was simply nothing to find. With a successful idea roll, it occurs to them that perhaps the Shunned Mosque is not a public or often-used name.

With the latter in mind, they may use the newspapers for reports of crime adjacent to mosques. A second afternoon spent, and another successful Library Use roll gives them a candidate, the Red Mosque, near the south shore of Stamboul.

The Red Mosque, long abandoned, has acquired a dire reputation as a meeting ground for hoodlums and worse. Those who have valuables avoid it, though it is not far from the Topkapi. One editorial argues that it should be either restored properly or torn down. The Red Mosque is, of course, the Shunned Mosque.

University Library

The university, more accurately described as a college, is located in Beyazit Square in Stamboul, not far from the Grand Bazaar. The staff is helpful, especially to visiting academics; they are eager to promote the school as a seat of Turkish learning which compares favorably with its western counterparts.

- As yet, no mentions of the Brothers of the Skin or any such organization exist, for no one has dared (or lived) to expose their secrets. However, a successful Library Use roll uncovers obtuse references in histories of recent Constantinople to a criminal cult, rumored to have cannibalistic inclinations. These villains are said to gather at what the sole extant guidebook to the city terms "a ruined mosque, of roseate tincture."

- No mention of the Sedefkar Simulacrum can be found. However, successful Library Use and luck rolls uncovers mention of the Sedefkar Scrolls, ancient documents held in the collection at the Topkapi Museum.

Gossip

Places of learning aside, the best source of information in Constantinople are the markets and tea houses, where gossip is rife and all manner of stories old and new can be heard.

THE MISSING CHILDREN

There have been more than twice the reported number of missing children, since many have been taken from very poor homes who have not gone to the authorities or who have been ignored in their complaints.

The freshest gossip is that the son of a wealthy European has just been taken. Now perhaps action will be taken.

MOSQUE, BROTHERS, SIMULACRUM

Asking after the Shunned Mosque, the Brothers of the Skin or the Sedefkar Simulacrum, they face one of three responses. Roll 1D10 each time they ask someone.

- 1 — The person knows of these things, but is too afraid to talk, as a successful Psychology roll reveals. If forced or threatened, they flee.
- 2-9 — The person honestly has no idea.
- 10 — The person is an agent for the Brothers, or an agent is within earshot. The investigators are marked.

BEYLAB THE PERSPIRER

If the investigators look for information in the markets, or the Spice Bazaar, or the Grand Bazaar especially, they always hear whispers of one infallible source of information: Beylab the Perspirer. His haunt is a Turkish bath on the waterfront, in Pera.

Beylab, for the right price, can find out anything about anyone, and many of the voices in the market place speak of him in hushed tones. He likes foreigners, as they pay more than locals. Feyar warns that the man is notorious, and not to be trusted, but wherever the investigators ask, Beylab's name comes up.

To contact him, a message should be sent to the Turkish bath, announcing the time and the day the caller will come; Beylab will make himself available. This should be several days from now, to allow the investigators to complete other lines of research.

Beylab is a man who does not like to be kept waiting; if any appointment is not kept, then the investigators are unlikely to gain a future one.

The Police

The police have hundreds of unsolved cases that might be the work of the Brothers of the Skin, but they emphatically deny any such cult could thrive in modern Turkey. As far as the child disappearances are concerned, this is the work of slavers or bandits, nothing more. The more the investigators push their inquiries, the less appreciative the police become of their presence.

The Topkapi Museum

Part mosque, part palace, part treasure house, part place of learning, the museum is a wonder of Constantinople. However, the officials in the Museum see the Sedefkar Scrolls as a blight and an embarrassment, believing that they show the heritage of Turkey in a bad light. To even learn of them, the investigators must receive a successful Library Use roll while checking the museum's catalogue.

Importantly, the catalogue lists four scrolls as being held.

To gain access to the scrolls, they must convince the Director, Professor Azap, a Turkish traditionalist with a generous distrust of foreigners, especially foreigners with Greek, Slavic, or British surnames.

Mention of the Sedefkar Scrolls does not make him feel more favorable, but if the investigators number among them an academic, and if they succeed in a Debate roll, he agrees to allow



Professor Azap

them to view the manuscripts. They will not be allowed to study them. He will not listen to Oratory, Fast Talk, Bargain, or bribery, unless the investigators can somehow show that their study will enhance Turkey's position within the world, and grant greater respect from Europeans and Egyptians.

Alas, the tubes in which the scrolls rested are empty, save for a note in Turkish.

*The Skinless One reclaims what is his.
Cursed be Garaznet the Thief.*

The Brothers stole the scrolls long ago, but the note was planted here in the last few days, to lead the investigators to the trap at Garaznet's grave in the Üsküdar Cemetery—see the sub-section below, "Beylab Speaks," for more information.

Garaznet turns out to have been a Kurdish scholar who died some four hundred years ago. Little is known of him, except that he left no descendants. He is buried at Üsküdar Cemetery.

If the investigators check the records to see who last handled the scrolls, the only man listed is one Selim Makryat, in 1823. He is otherwise unmentioned in any document.

Out at Night

If investigators wish for night life, they may go to any of the many street cafes and enjoy the belly dancers, an age-old Turkish custom. Some night-life is less welcome.

THE GYPSY AND THE BEAR

At night, they are shadowed by the Gypsy and the Bear. The Gypsy seems innocuous at first, one of many street gypsies, leading his trained bear on a leash. However, the pair are never fully seen, always lurking in half-shadow. Once when they pass by in the street, a successful Listen roll catches the Gypsy's mutter of "Take care, my friends" as he and his pet shuffle away.

On each sighting after that, the Gypsy grows more and more disturbing. Sometimes he and the Bear seem to blend into one fantastic shape, or into separate but disturbing and haunting ones.

The Gypsy is in fact Mehmet, and the Bear a strange creature he has summoned which can alert him to the activities of the investigators at all times. The statistics of the creature are irrelevant, as the investigators should never see it up close, except in its Bear-shape. The keeper may hint that it could be virtually anything. His face disguised again, Mehmet later introduces himself to them as Aktar in "The Gypsy's Tale," below.

THE BROTHERS OF THE SKIN

On their nights out, investigators always face attack by the Brothers. Some Brothers are less subtle than others, and a darkened alleyway full of their master's enemies may be too tempting for the watchers not to attack.

In all such attacks now, the Brothers take as many investigators captive as possible, especially those who seem to know more than the others, or who appear to be leaders. These are spirited to the Shunned Mosque and tortured with the Curse of the Putrid Husk until they reveal the whereabouts of the simulacrum and anything else they may know. Under such torture they should last all of two hours. Then parts of them will be cut off to provide new pieces for the Brothers. This should prove a nasty shock (requiring a Sanity roll) for the remaining investigators when they meet someone who wears one of their friend's limbs (identified by a signet ring, for example).

The Ambassador's Plea

Around the British clubs and hotels there is word that the British Ambassador seeks someone to look into a matter for him. The implication is that he trusts neither the agents available to him nor the Turkish or Interallied police.

If the investigators have been in the news (suffering attacks from Brothers, or present at the murder of Beylab), or if there is some reason that His Majesty's representative to Turkey should know of them (perhaps the odd affair that occurred not long ago on the London to Liverpool line) then Sir Douglas may take it upon himself to contact them. In this case, they receive an urgent summons and a car by which to go to the embassy. It is in Pera-Galata.

Sir Douglas sees the investigators at once. He refuses entrance to any Turkish national with them, including Feyar.

SIR DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD

The Ambassador is a tall, thin, stooped man with a crooked nose and gray hair. He has a habit of clapping his hands together for emphasis while he talks. He is a stuffed shirt, a snob and a xenophobe, but he has the traditional British stiff upper lip and could prove a staunch ally.



Sir Douglas Rutherford

At present he is distraught. Last night his son was abducted, becoming the latest known kidnapping. Dropping all pretext, he implores the investigators, as fellow Westerners in this strange land, to help him find his boy. He offers them money. More importantly, with Rutherford as an ally, they can use his position and influence in the city.

The young Rutherford is named James, age 9. He was last seen in the embassy garden. Sir Douglas suspects the involvement of the servants, and summons the Turks if the investigators wish to see them—these men and women mainly clean and garden; the rest are British. Alert investigators (successful Spot Hidden) sees that one of the staff has curious scars around his eyes and ears. On closer examination, the man (Kuredeff) has eyes that stare out blankly—dead man's eyes. He is a spy for the Brothers of the Skin.

Before he can be questioned, Kuredeff tries to escape. Captured, he screams at them, "The Brothers have the

boy and all the children. You are doomed. The Skin Beast will come. Soon you will sleep in the arms of the Skinless One." Then the tattoo on his forearm begins to writhe as an automatic spell is invoked to prevent him saying too much. His mouth wrenches open and the skin on his face runs like liquid and pours into his mouth and down his throat, choking him (1/1D6 SAN to see this). Rutherford thereafter spares no effort to help the investigators.

The ambassador has a theory that the reported criminal activities around the Red Mosque may be linked with the people who have his son. The police say that they have searched the Red Mosque and found nothing. Rutherford can tell the investigators where the Red Mosque is, and feels that new efforts with the police will meet with no better results. He has, he admits, secret resources of His Majesty's government, but this matter is thus far a private one, and those worthies are committed to certain secret activities along the sizzling Turko-Greek border.

Sir Douglas mentions that he has heard of a man who apparently is an amazing source of information, one Beylab the Perspirer. Perhaps he might know where the children are being held.

Concerning his son, James was playing in the garden when he disappeared, dressed in Turkish robes as he liked to wear. Rutherford says that his son had browned in the sun from his stay in Turkey and enjoyed pretending to be one of the street urchins. Perhaps he was taken by mistake.

Then Rutherford will ponder, "If they took him by mistake though, what was the spy doing here?" Or an idea roll assists an investigator in drawing the same conclusion. Rutherford then realizes that these 'Brothers,' whoever they may be, must spy on all the embassies as a matter of routine. This should not mean anything to the investigators unless they have chosen an embassy for the hiding place for their statue. If so, they find upon returning there that anything they have hidden is gone.

The Red Mosque

The investigators may visit the Red Mosque (the Shunned Mosque). There is only one obvious way in, one kept well-guarded.

The ruined mosque has an air of desolation uninviting to tourists or pious passers-by. Muck and grime are thick upon the walls. Dead animals and rubbish clot the doorway. Two studded front doors, always closed, open into a front chamber.

A half-dozen or more of the younger Brothers lounge about the mosque, some by the front door, some inside the front chamber. They give a good impression of being a disreputable street gang. They try to sell the tourists

'nice things,' goods obviously stolen. They discourage the investigators from entering the mosque.

The front chamber, once a stirring invitation to worshippers of the One True Faith, is now as cold and bare as a tomb. A ragged curtain, which may once have been a priceless Persian rug, hangs at the rear of the chamber, and blocks the view into the vault (or dome) of the mosque.

More of the Brothers lounge here, and they advance menacingly on investigators who make it this far. The investigators had best leave. Nothing incriminating nor any clue can be seen in here.

They find no other way into the place. However, if they watch the front entrance for a day or two, they confirm that none of the gang enters or leaves, implying that those within have another way in and out. See the subsection "The Secret Entrance," below.

Beylab

BEYLAB THE PERSPIRER once feared nothing, but the Brothers have re-educated him in this, and now he is happy to oblige them. The Brothers have had time to warn Beylab to give out only the information which leads the investigators to the trap at Üsküdar Cemetery. Selim has decided that the meeting with Beylab should be as convincing as possible: Beylab will be murdered, as if the cultists are desperate to silence him.

The investigators can pass word in the market that they wish an appointment with Beylab. A time and day is arranged, when they must come to a certain bath-house in Pera, on the north shore of the Golden Horn.

The quickest way there is across the Galata Bridge but that is perpetually jammed with traffic. The keeper should press a bit here: the investigators were warned that Beylab demands punctuality. They must negotiate an unfamiliar part of a foreign city and reach a strange destination before an allotted hour in the afternoon. The bustle and panic of these roads will contrast with the eerie peace and spectral atmosphere of the baths they go to.

THE BATHS

The Turkish bath is an age-old institution, still popular in Constantinople. This particular bath is segregated by rooms (others are segregated by having female customers at certain hours and males at others). All customs in the Turkish Bath are observed equally in the men and

*Beylab the Perspirer*

women's section with one exception: towels are not worn by women, who traditionally go naked.

The Turkish bath is comprised of three significant rooms.

- The first is the *Camekan*, or dressing room, where the customer disrobes and later redresses. After the bath they may recline here and sip tea.
- The second is the *Sogukluk*, a room where the bather lingers in warm temperatures to prepare for the heat of the steam room.
- Finally there is the *Haratet*, the steam room itself. Temperatures here rise to 125 degrees Fahrenheit.

There are five Brothers of the Skin within the baths. One is an attendant, and is sorting towels in the *Sogukluk*. The others are present as customers within the baths, two 'women' and two men. The 'women' are actually male cultists who have been altered so as to appear female.

Meeting Beylab

On arrival, the investigators are told they can only enter the bath as customers, and so must disrobe and go into the *Haratet* in towels to meet Beylab.

Female investigators cannot meet him, because the baths are segregated. There are two attendants and five customers in the female section, two of whom are cultists. The two 'female' cultists are ready to pounce on any investigator ready to cause trouble from her end.

The male investigators may meet the Perspirer. They enter a world without obvious boundaries. They begin to sweat immediately. Steam and haze are everywhere. The floor and the walls are marble. Above, thin shafts of light filter down from star-shaped cuttings in the ceiling, barely piercing the mist. Thick hexagonal blocks called navel stones are arranged around the room, heated from below. The bathers lie on these. Marble washing basins stand in the corner.

On one navel stone sprawls a grotesquely fat man, Beylab, running with perspiration. There are eight other customers, six genuine, two cultists. There are also three attendants in the room, massaging one customer and washing down another with a mixture of soap and water.

When the investigators approach Beylab, he hails them with one upraised fat hand. There is no way to be comfortable in the oppressive atmosphere of the baths except by lying down also. They can stare upwards at the false stars as they listen to him.

He assures them over and over that Beylab knows all, ask what you will, in good (although heavily accented) English. If asked about the cultists, the ritual, the simulacrum, the missing children, anything, he has the same answer, prepared for him by Selim. He tells it very convincingly, since he thinks his continuing health depends on it.

Player Handout #21

Beylab's Statement

"There is indeed within our city a group of maniacs who are said to worship a lost statue. I have heard that this statue is now found. It is a fabulous treasure, and it is said could only be destroyed by one means, a magical ritual. There is a grave of a Kurdish scholar, Garaznet, in the ancient cemetery of Üsküdar, on the Asian side of the city. The ritual you seek lies within it, for this cult you speak of had its enemies, and this man was one.

"The ritual and the statue are two-faced: they can be employed for good or evil. The Kurd knew the good path and used it. Go to his grave, my foreign friends. You will not be disappointed. If you break the statue, you will break the cult. But the city officials, they have no love for foreigners, and there are cultists among them. No, go to the grave of Garaznet. Take picks. Take shovels. Go in the night and pry the tomb's secrets from it. But be cautious."

He stops. The clattering of clogs on stone echoes as customers move about in the haze. Figures can be seen dimly, weaving to and fro. Beylab reaches down, to scoop out cool water over himself, but a cultist attendant jumps up behind him and cuts his throat from ear to ear before he can speak another word: lose 0/1D4 SAN to witness this.

The assassin leaps down from the navel stone. Investigators making a Listen roll hear the roar of flames from below. They have one round to get off the stone before great gouts of flame rip up from beneath and curl around the stone, incinerating the massive Beylab where he lies in his death throes.

The customer cultists continue to act their roles, unless the investigators show signs of pursuing the escaping Brother. A successful Spot Hidden allows any investigator who is looking at the other customers to see the scars around the dead parts of the unclothed Brothers. These are fingers and ears in the case of the males, much more in the case of the females.

The Beylab Thing

Then the flesh of Beylab tentatively slips off the stone, leaving behind its dripping skeleton, the separating bones

tilting and clattering to the marble floor. In the punctuated silence, the new thing of flesh heaves and shakes as it wriggles steaming and molten across the floor. In a few seconds more it has become amalgamated and spread carpet-wide, a vast red-mottled wrinkled surface which pours up and across intervening stone platforms, plainly purposeful, sensate, and malevolent. Sanity loss to see this is 1/1D8+1 SAN.

It attacks the investigator who receives the highest Dodge roll result; if all succeed, call for luck roll tie-breakers. It splashes and wraps itself around the feet and ankles of each victim, scalding and burning as it ascends to the calves and knees. If targeting only one investigator, it covers him in three rounds and stays until the target is dead, then seeks another.

A successful idea roll suggests that anything which burns might be dismayed by water; Beylab's basin of water still rests beside his gleaming skeleton. The Beylab Thing must lose 30 hit points of damage before it dissolves into lumps of inanimate flesh. Nominally, 30 SIZ points of water must be poured on it before it expires. If the keeper likes, a pool can be handy whereto (with suitably horrible sacrifice) the victim's companions can drag man and monster, and there plunge in both.

THE BEYLAB THING, product of Animate Flesh Thing

STR 15	CON 40	SIZ 20	INT 5	POW 1
DEX 8	HP 30	Move 7		

Damage Bonus: not applicable.

Weapons: Touch 90%, damage 1D4** or grapple

**it can attack up to three targets in front of it, dividing its chances for successful attacks as 90%, or as 45%/45%, or as 30%/30%/30%.*

*** it burns anything it touches for the indicated damage per round, until peeled off the victim by matching STR against STR 15 on the resistance table—or it can simply grapple up to three targets, STR 15 to maintain each hold.*

Armor: 7-point rubbery hide.

Skills: Bubble and Hiss 99%, Find a Victim 99%, Flow 99%, Lock On Target 99%.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D8+1

If they choose to flee rather than fighting the Beylab Thing, the hideous screams of the remaining innocents cause a Sanity loss of 1D6 SAN for each investigator.

Üsküdar

NO BRIDGE SPANS the Bosphorus in the 1920s. Investigators can cross over to Üsküdar and the cemetery there by means of the ferry, or by hiring their own boat.

The ferry runs every two hours until 11 P.M. If the investigators wish to excavate in private, they choose the last service, and remain on the south shore until morning. Foreigners boarding the ferry with picks and shovels will look suspicious, and could attract the interest of the police.

Hiring a boat is much more private, but comparatively expensive. A motor launch with captain hired for six or eight hours costs nearly £10.

HAKIM

At the docks is a seedy fisherman, Hakim. He is of dubious repute, but he regularly takes a motorized fishing launch into the Sea of Marmara. When he sees the digging equipment and lanterns, he asks no questions but doubles his fee to around £20, explaining that the wise and circumspect effendis forgot to inform him of the true risk he would run.

Hakim is burly and big-bellied, with shifty eyes. If he thinks the passengers are weaponless fools, then he and his unsavory crew of three attempt to murder them on the way across, dump their weighted bodies into the Bosphorus, and then sail home for a profitable night's sleep.

Hakim is a businessman first; if things look a little dangerous, and the investigators have not told him what may happen, he will likely abandon them on the Üsküdar side. At the very least, he reckons that he deserves additional pay.

Crossing the Straits, call for luck rolls. A success detects another small fishing boat, on a course rather like their own. At all times the craft stays well out of their way. It is Mehmet Makryat.

The Cemetery

Presumably the investigators have brought someone who can read Turkish and Arabic, or have received very careful instructions from the staff at the Topkapi Museum. Perhaps Hakim could do this if no one else comes forward, but the investigators deserve to pay dearly for his services, and must meekly accept his sudden pomposity when he becomes chief scholar in the party.

Monuments of Christian and Islamic faith rub shoulders by section. Many of the stone plaques and markers are of great antiquity. The cemetery is huge. Finding the



Hakim

actual grave of the Kurd takes careful exploration. The winter weather, chill ocean, and the fantastic dark shapes of the monuments combine to make a bleak weirdness appropriate to grave-robbing.

Locating the Kurd's gravestone takes 1D3 hours. Finally located, the grave is so hemmed in by other, later places of rest that only two investigators at a time can dig. Garaznet's mausoleum is of antique carved stone worn almost smooth by time, then seemingly overblown by the dust of centuries. However, if one of the two diggers receives a successful Geology roll, he or she notices that the earth is not compacted as it should be, though it shows no overt sign of disturbance. A successful Track roll could also raise this problem. Perhaps someone has made an attempt to tidy the area sometime in the more recent past.

As the party reach the stone box within which Garaznet was lain, they hear someone approach. Among the jumbled stones shambles a figure strange in the yellow beam of the lamp, a man with loose folds of skin hanging from his body, dressed in rags and showing bared teeth. It gibbers as it comes.

If Hakim or Feyar is present, he identifies the figure as a beggar, a demented old fool known as Companion-of-the-Dead. He lives in the cemetery and babbles constantly to the spirits who, he is certain, are restless and need placating in their loneliness. He is harmless, and hops upon a gravestone and watches their digging with bright eyes and many interjections in Turkish. He whistles a half-tune. "They are restless tonight. Oh yes. They move in great numbers."

Though no one could tell, he refers to the Brothers, busy setting their trap, and not to the dead.



Companion-to-the-Dead

As the investigators clear the area, preparing to raise the gigantic stone slab overlaying the supposed remains of Garaznet, Companion-to-the-Dead encourages them, cackling and clapping his hands. "That's what he needs. That's the way. Get closer to him. Keep him company!" He keeps this up until the investigators wedge their picks and begin to prise up the lid.

Then the old man shrieks, "Don't let him out!" Companion-to-the-Dead lunges at the nearest investigators, fighting like a demon, but only a very weak demon. Once they have shoved or beaten him away, he squats behind a stone and hisses menacingly. The investigators are free to attend to their prize.

An overwhelming stench rises up as they slide open the sarcophagus—CON x5 rolls are necessary to continue to examine the site, or spend the next round paralyzed with nausea. Astonishingly, within is a bubbling vat of flesh. Alas, while it is the wrong body, it's the right grave—Garaznet's remains have long gone elsewhere: what's inside is a Thing planted there last night, formed from a random abductee.

If the investigators acquitted themselves valiantly against the Beylab Thing, there's little justice in putting them over the same hurdle again—if the keeper wishes, this version of the Thing has been instructed merely to grab as many investigators as possible and hold them for the Brothers to gather up. Or perhaps he or she may wish to substitute a Skin Walker (see the spells at the end of this chapter).

If they ran away when confronted with Beylab Thing, or if they killed the first Thing quickly, through a fluke perhaps, then this Thing should attack at least one investigator without mercy, in order to divert and pin the rest. The Thing will be much harder to kill here, in this vast, waterless, grassless cemetery.

STRANGER THING, product of Animate Flesh Thing

STR 15 CON 40 SIZ 20 INT 5 POW 1
DEX 8 HP 30 Move 7

Damage Bonus: not applicable.

Weapons: Touch 90%, damage 1D4** or grapple

**it can attack up to three targets in front of it, dividing its chances for successful attacks as 90%, or as 45%/45%, or as 30%/30%/30%.*

*** it burns anything it touches for the indicated damage per round, until peeled off the victim by matching STR against STR 15 on the resistance table—or it can simply grapple up to three targets, STR 15 to maintain each hold.*

Armor: 7-point rubbery hide.

Skills: Bubble and Hiss 99%, Find a Victim 99%, Flow 99%, Lock On Target 99%.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D8+1

The Trap Sprung

Forty Brothers wait in the darkness beyond, enjoying the joke but not the cold, biding their time to see a fresh holy miracle of the Skinless One, and thereafter capture for dismemberment the infidels so-nominated by Him. While the investigators engage the new Thing, the Brothers spring from hiding and seize the trespassers. They rise from behind stones on all sides; to startled investigators it seems as if the dead have risen everywhere.

Armed and in overwhelming numbers, the Brothers strive to capture their foes, then herd them through the graveyard toward where yet more Brothers wait. The investigators are brought within this new circle, disarmed,

and tied securely to ancient stone monuments. Any weapons are tauntingly placed just out of reach.

The circle parts to admit six cultists carrying a large oilskin-wrapped bundle between them. The bundle bleats, squirms, and whimpers. Following this, four more men bear in Selim Makryat on a chair supported by poles, and stand motionless under his weight. Though never introduced, this Makryat is old and shrivelled. He glares down at the investigators from his makeshift throne.

Through a translator, he quizzes them on the location of the simulacrum, if he does not know already, and about the location of the Scroll of the Head.



Selim Makryat

If they refuse information, he systematically casts Curse of the Putrid Husk on them, a new spell described at the end of this chapter. Almost certainly at least one investigator is driven insane, and babbles everything.

Having learned what he wishes to know, Selim scowls at the investigators. "You are fliespecks beside men of knowledge, and worth nothing to our cosmic lord. You shall die appeasing our master, the Skinless One, and he shall look favorably upon me when I assume the mantle of the Sedefkar Simulacrum. Your agony will satiate his lust to revenge your audacious meddling." He then begins the spell Create Skin Beast.

THE SKIN BEAST

Unwrapped, the oilskin bundles reveal twelve writhing children, alive but in horrible torment. They have been literally sewn together with stout twine—almost randomly by limb, by torso, by nose or ears, wherever sufficient skin might be pulled away from a body, there it has been stitched to another child. A few pitiable victims snivel and wail, but most kneel dazedly, beyond all belief, reason, or tears.

Three large tubs are brought forth. Gesticulating cultists gather around each. The air crackles with dark magical energy, and soon the contents of the vats are heard to sputter and hiss. A smell rises up which reminds the investigators of the Beylab Beast. In the tubs is human flesh, heated to melting with Melt Flesh spells. The contents are then poured over the screaming children.

As the greasy, scalding flesh envelopes them, Selim chants the words of the spell, accompanied by those Brothers whose dead men's tongues can chant the un-

terable secret syllables that accompany the casting. The hot flesh melds the obscene mass into one. As it settles over the children, all that can be seen are their maddened staring eyes, and their mouths through which shoot tentacles of skin. The whole entity begins to undulate, and arms and legs of the children poke through the hardening crust of flesh. It is upon these limbs that the now-formed Beast begins to slowly move, always toward the horrified investigators.

Sanity loss to witness the entire despicable creation of the Skin Beast is 1D3/2D6+4 SAN.

Selim Makryat gives the order to depart, disappointing the cultists who are eager to see the Skin Beast devour their enemies. Selim wants the simulacrum, and sees no need to wait. Investigators whose eyes are not glued to the approaching Skin Beast notice something dark and winged whisked Selim from his chair and away across the Bosphorus into the night.

Escape

The hapless investigators have several ways to free themselves from the horror bearing down on them, and the keeper will think of others.

- They might burst their bonds, in a feat of strength. Each investigator may have one roll only, against STR 20 on the resistance table.
- Companion-of-the-Dead may pop up and cut them free, gibbering and spitting at the Skin Beast. "Nasty. Nasty. Foul oh yes, yes! They're not laughing, not laughing!"
- Just as the Skin Beast is set to pull off someone's face, a dreadful roaring comes and a bear lumbers out of the dark and attacks the Beast. The two fight, and the bear is inexorably overwhelmed and drawn into the Skin Beast's mass. While it is engaged, though, the investigators may flee.

As they escape, some of the departing cultists realize that things have gone awry, turn back, and give chase. Ahead a figure beckons to the investigators, encouraging them in his direction. If they follow him, he leads them straight to his boat, which is hidden among rocks on the shore. It is Mehmet, as the gypsy; that was his 'bear.'

Freed, if they make for Hakim's vessel, they find it moored out in the water and no amount of yelling will make Hakim (or whoever is operating it) come in. Investigators swimming out find that the Brothers got here first, killing all on board and taking what limbs they desired (lose 1/1D4 SAN).

Once on Hakim's boat, they realize it is slowly sinking. The gypsy Aktar (see below) arrives in his boat to

rescue them. If Feyar is still with the investigators, then Aktar the Gypsy exposes him as a spy, and urges prompt disposal. Though the Bosphorus is calm, keepers may want to keep things tense by causing Brothers to pursue the investigators on the return trip.

The Shunned Mosque

REACHING STAMBOUL, Aktar takes the investigators to a tiny cluttered room. There the gypsy settles them and offers tea and bandages. He identifies himself by telling 'The Gypsy's Tale,' below. Even if the investigators were not caught in the trap at Üsküdar,

Mehmet Makryat soon presents himself to them as Aktar, and tells his story.



Aktar

If the investigators have only encountered Makryat as Professor Smith, no resemblance is noted. If Makryat helped them fight off Fenalik during the terrible mass murder, Aktar reminds everyone of someone they have met, but are unable to remember who. If the players are the sort who will chew endlessly on this minor clue, consider reducing Makryat's POW by 1 to let

him disguise himself with Control Skin—his POW always rises to 25 when he dons the simulacrum.

Having already decided how Aktar speaks, the keeper may want to read aloud the following handout.

Player Handout #22

The Gypsy's Tale

"I am Aktar, and I am your friend. I was a spy for Ataturk and his police. I spied against many of my good friends, but I am a loyal Turk and this was for the good of my country. They think I am a gypsy. This is not true, though I am a friend of gypsies. I am a true Turk. I spied upon the men who pursue you, this organization known as the Brothers of the Skin. I spied upon them and reported their activities to the police, but somehow

they stayed out of trouble. Yet I was in trouble. They found me out. I suspect they have friends in the police who told them.

They did not come against me, though. They are cowards, so low that they took my daughter, my only child. I followed them, desperate to learn where my little girl was kept, all the time hoping I could find her alive and rescue her. Then I did find her. I wished I had not. They had done terrible things to her, to a girl of ten. Things taken from her—I cannot say more." He begins to weep. When he regains himself he continues.

"I stole in and killed her where she was kept captive. Then I fled to the gypsy camps. You may say I was cruel to kill my daughter. This is not so. I was kind.

"I learned of the trap they were laying, but I did not know for whom it was laid. You must be strong enemies of theirs. You can help me bring them down at last. To you I will reveal a secret, if you will use it to destroy these men."

Taking stock, the investigators realize that the simulacrum is or soon will be in the hands of the Brothers. They must act fast. If the investigators hid each segment separately, then keepers may wish to stage a pitched battle for one or two pieces by having the cultists and the investigators arrive at the same time. Naturally the Brothers have superior numbers.

Such attempts at preservation or delay presumably concluded, Aktar advises that they go at once to the Shunned Mosque. He knows a secret way into their hide-out. Once they have seen with their own eyes what goes on in there, he wants them to prod the British and French to intervene, since the local police will not respond to his incredible story.

If the investigators are loathe to trust him, Aktar eventually reveals to them the secret entrance to the Shunned Mosque and then enters there himself as a cultist, ready to reveal the presence of the investigators.

The Secret Entrance

The gypsy's secret way is through the Yerebatan Satay, the "Sunken Palace," a huge flooded Byzantine cistern, covering two and a half acres and originally built by Justinian to provide water for his fountains. Aktar leads them there through rough and dark streets, avoiding thieves and packs of dogs. Then a small stone staircase leads downwards. These steps lead to further stairs, dank and musty and, far below, the sound of lapping water.

The stairs simply continue into the water, but tied to an ancient rung, a small boat waits, capable of seating six. Taking the oars, Aktar sends them gliding silently through a world of dark water. Above, fluted stone columns join at the top in huge archways. At the furthest column, even a successful Spot Hidden would detect

nothing unusual, but Aktar reaches up and slides his dagger into a small crack in the center and gradually levers out a door of stone about two feet square. Behind it, a narrow spiral staircase leads down. One by one the investigators are boosted up and in, giving a hand to Aktar, who ties the boat to the open door.

If anyone asks how much further down they must travel, the gypsy answers simply, "To Hell, my friends."

At the bottom of the long, stifling stairs, a stone shaft about five feet high runs out horizontally from them. Before they reach the end of this tunnel, they begin to smell something rotting. The lanterns reveal that the walls of unblemished stone are now coated with a black ooze. The tunnel ends at a door.

The gypsy speaks in hushed tones, "We are now in the realm of the Skinless One."

THE TOMB

Through the door is a tomb, lit by a flickering greenish glow. Here are buried the revered dead of the cult. Hideous carvings represent the secret services of those servants of the Skinless One. Glancing up, investigators can see small apertures in the ceiling. Aktar warns that noise here will reverberate up into the main dome of the mosque—they must be silent. A small doorway leads to an antechamber beyond.

THE ANTECHAMBER

A guard waits here. His eyes and knife hand are sewn-on additions. He must somehow be silenced.

The antechamber is a small room; it holds some 200 scrolls for cult burial services. Most of these are gibberish, but receiving a successful POW x1 roll, an investigator examining the scrolls closely can find one that actually contains the spell Prepare Corpse, a cult spell which de-bones the body, allowing the flesh alone to be stored in massive urns which in turn are buried in the tomb beyond. From here, steps lead up to the Preparation Room above.

THE PREPARATION ROOM

A room little bigger than a closet, there is enough space here to walk around, look at the wares, and then leave again.

Here sit cult preparations, boxes of candles, bottles of minerals, and jars and vials of potions used in magic and in the treatment of their dead.

Cult surgical equipment is here also, and investigators who have been subjected to a cult transplant require Sanity rolls, losing 0/1D6 SAN. Failing the roll, those investigators might manifest signs of previous insanities. There are two kinds of surgical tools: non-cultists get the ones which are stained and pitted with rust and dried

blood; cultists get the perfectly maintained gleaming steel implements.

Alongside the tools, racks of earthenware jars hold strange concoctions. An investigator drinking of them dies immediately (poison POT 30). These are embalming potions, for the rituals needed for making use of non-cult dead skins and limbs.

The door out is merely a curtain, and the way leads into the mosque proper.

There is another chamber directly next door, but this must be reached from the Mosque hall, as there is no connecting door between the two rooms.

THE DEAD PARTS ROOM

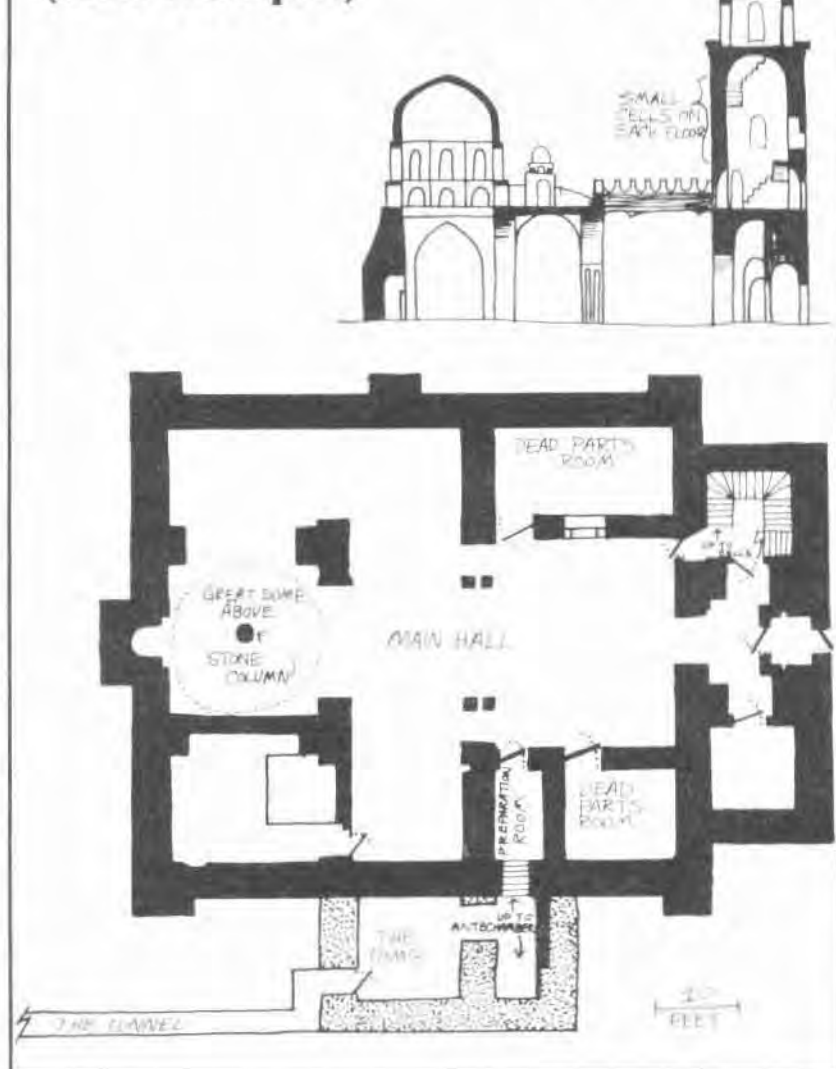
A cold light emanating from a blue lamp lights the room, which holds dead parts of victims. This room is a locker of organs and members waiting to be sewn into bodies of living cultists. A similar room exists at the opposite end of the mosque. Both rooms have a stale smell, but not the odor of decay normally associated with dead things. The blue light is the cause of this: anyone disturbing it or extinguishing it witnesses the immediate and utter corruption of every tissue here. This horrific and overwhelming reminder of mortality requires a Sanity roll: lose 0/1D3 SAN.

The Mosque

From here on, the investigators are in the mosque proper. The preparation for the ritual of the Sedefkar Simulacrum is already underway. Mehmet/Aktar is delighted.

All up the arcades and beneath the hall of the mosque are cultists, over three hundred in number. The investigators can creep out into the great hall and join the throng of cultists, provided they dress casually or inconspicuously; the air of enthusiastic expectation is so great that the investigators find it easy to mingle, as the crowd fixes its eyes on one point.

The Shunned Mosque (Red Mosque)



That area, beneath the great dome, is empty save for a stone column with six niches carved into it. The arrangement of the niches resembles a five-pointed star with a central spoke.

The last of the missing children are brought out under the dome. The ambassador's son, James Rutherford, is among them. These children have not yet been harmed. The cultists tense like an expectant theater audience at curtain-rise. Figures with twitching stitched-on fingers hover near the children, holding needles and thread. Selim intends to end the ceremony by creating another Skin Beast in homage to his master, the Skinless One.

The investigators need a plan of action. Aktar suggests that if they can move forward once the ritual is

underway, he can create a distraction while the others rescue the children.

Now the pieces of the simulacrum are brought out by cultists in red robes and each one placed in one of the six niches. The configuration is not that of a star, but that of a human figure—the simulacrum. The pieces are not yet joined to each other. The robed figures then step back.

Four more cultists carry out Selim and set his chair before the stone column. Everyone tenses as Selim draws from his robe a long parchment scroll and unwinds it. Any investigator near Aktar notices his sharp intake of breath.

Selim begins the ritual. The investigators should position themselves so they can get to the children and dispatch the needlemen. If any of the investigators can understand the archaic combination of Turkish and Arabic in the scrolls, then they understand the following, which may give them pause: "I ask this by the powers of the Sedefkar, by the torment of the flesh to be endured by those corrupted by it."

Then Selim steps into place to be absorbed into the simulacrum. He raises the parchment to say the final words, but Mehmet casts Control Skin on him, sealing his mouth with a huge flap of skin. Selim's magic points are low because he needs to activate the ritual—thus Mehmet easily beats him. All eyes are on Selim as he struggles to negate the attack; it is a perfect moment for the investigators to help the children escape.

As they do, Aktar/Mehmet runs forward, pointing at the investigators, yelling "Foreign spies! Help the master!" Confusion erupts in the mosque.

Mehmet gets to his father and snatches the scroll from his hand, stepping beside the simulacrum niches and saying the final words. This occurs in a matter of seconds. Now the simulacrum appears to close around him, encasing him in armor. The power of the Sedefkar Simulacrum is invoked.

As the simulacrum segments congeal to him, they seem to dissolve, as though being absorbed into his flesh. His body swells to the proportions of the simulacrum, the skin stretching. His head bulges, as do his eyes. He opens his mouth to scream in agony but the scream becomes a peal of maniacal laughter echoing out into the dome above the heads of the assembled Brothers. The cultists are still, their collective breath held.

"Your master's son has returned. I, Mehmet Makryat, am the Skinless One's own hide. Take this imposter." He kicks Selim at the Brothers who fall upon their old master, overwhelmed by the force of the simulacrum and their devotion to the ideal of it. They tear Selim's skin from his body with their nails, and he screeches until dead. Mehmet's proportions subside and he becomes as before. The simulacrum segments appear back in the niches.

"Seize the infidels! Bring them to me alive!" The voice of Mehmet booms over the heads of the investigators as they start to run.

The cultists wheel on the party, eager to serve their new master well in this initial task.

"No longer will the Brothers of the Skin cower beneath the dome of this place, fearing to make their presence felt in the world. With the power of the simulacrum we need serve no one, not even the Skinless One. The simulacrum gives us power of even He, and the Skinless One shall do our bidding, and make great our destiny!"

Capture

It is desirable that some or all of the investigators will be captured. They are taken to the prison in the minaret. Escape from the main hall is unlikely. Guards in the entrance hall of the mosque will block exit that way. If the investigators flee via the secret entrance that Aktar/Mehmet showed them, cultist await them on the steps of the Yerebatan Satay, with more closing in from behind.

However, if the investigators managed to free them, the children are forgotten in the confusion and can escape: Mehmet Makryat has no wish for the Skin Beast. His plans lie elsewhere.

Investigators who managed to escape can aid their fellows from the mosque, or observe Makryat's movements. Having some investigators free in Constantinople at this point could be a useful way for keepers to disclose Makryat's intention to return to London aboard the Orient Express.

THE PRISON IN THE MINARET

The four minarets of the Shunned Mosque share the same layout, combination prison/shrines. Escorted by two Brothers per investigator, they are taken up stone steps, past cult relics of skins and skinless victims dried and withered and hanging on walls, to a level lined with stone cells, like monks' cells. There are three per level, since the minarets are narrow in diameter.

On the way they pass a parade of other prisoners. Some squirm, some beg, others lie propped against walls. Some are native, some foreign. All have suffered cruel amputations of ears, of limbs, of eyes.

One prisoner slams against his door as the investigators pass, drooling hideously and grunting from a mouth which has no tongue. He attempts to grapple the investigators and tear out their tongues to replace his own, with the strength of the insane. The Brothers help fend him off, not gently.

THE CELL

After four levels of this kind the investigators are shut together in the top-most cell. They are chained to the wall by both wrists. Any attempt at escape is brutally put down by the guards, who try for a knock-out first but will kill if necessary. Asking questions of the guards simply brings grunts, indicating that the prisoners should shut up.

The only thing the guards appear to be afraid of is a creature they refer to as *The Flapping Man*. They mumble this name to each other and look about nervously as they are securing the captives. They are keen to get the task over and done with and get out of the minaret as fast as possible. The investigators can hear the guards scampering down the steps.

A sound from within the cell draws their attention. There is someone else in there with them, a shape huddled in the corner, in rags, pallid and horrible. It is a torso and head, with no eyes, one ear, and a working tongue. The rest is gone. Patches are crudely wrapped over the newer amputations, and a stained suit jacket thrown over his shoulders, for warmth. A crimson-stained blanket covers the right shoulder and the crotch. In a bleating, terrified voice, the pathetic figure asks who is there. Investigators have a chance of INT x2 of recognizing their London friend, Professor Julius Smith, who then lapses into unconsciousness again. Hours pass.



Prof. Smith undone

Mehmet Makryat

A jangle of keys in the lock and the door swings open to reveal Aktar, or rather now Mehmet, as he has removed his false beard and neatly combed his hair. Did he bother to change clothes? —probably, on such a momentous occasion.

He lights a cigarette and relaxes against the stone in a friendly and familiar way. He takes great delight in recounting the entire story from his point of view, how he tracked and chose them, and how he duped them—from his initial impersonation of the Professor, to their finding the pieces of the simulacrum for him, to their help in defeating his father. Smugly, he points out that the story of the simulacrum's destructibility was a fabrication; there is no way known to destroy it.

He enjoys his recitation so much that he elaborates further on to the powers of the statue, and summarizes the sorts of powers it allows—especially, in term of the plot, the new ability he has to wear other peoples' skins undetectably. (Study "The Simulacrum Empowered" at the beginning of the next chapter.)

Before he turns to more grandiose topics, he may want answers concerning Fenalik and Fenalik's actions, unless he was aboard the Orient Express the night of the battle. Then he makes his own plans plain.

"For too long the Brothers have been idle, limiting themselves to minor atrocities and the pursuit of petty evils. They slavishly serve the Skinless One, without seeing that He too is in *our* arsenal, fit to be used. With him, we should hold dominion over the earth.

"The first step of my plan will be for me, with the power of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, to assume the position of a man in power. Great, worldwide, Western power.

"I leave for England at once, so I am sorry that I will not be able to see your demise. Unhappily you will not be able to give your limbs in service to the Brothers. Your corruption has begun, you see. It began when the power of the Sedefkar was activated and since you have borne it for so long, you will suffer. I shall let you out of the chains so that you can see the amusing way your bodies pervert—at close range.

"As for myself, I am for the moment protected by the simulacrum. It must be recharged soon, but the corruption will not begin in earnest for one hundred hours, and by then I shall have retrieved the Ritual of Cleansing from London, so I will be whole again soon. As for you, at the end of that time, or shortly thereafter, all of you will become worse than beasts, less wholesome than slime.

"Your slow and agonizing death carries with it much reward from the Skinless One. When you cease to be flesh, you shall be for eternity clasped to his putrid bosom.

"Farewell, then. I left the Professor's tongue in his head that you may while away the days enjoyably before the corruption unfortunately forces you to devour him. Meanwhile I shall dine on better, aboard the Orient Express. *Au revoir.*"



Mehmet Makryat

Prof. Julius Smith

They are left alone with the real Professor Smith, or what is left of him, who has become conscious, and heard all. He can fill in the story. The first thing he knew of this whole affair was when a horrible monster bore him here. Since then he has been imprisoned, and gradually dismembered. A Sanity roll is appropriate when the investigators fully comprehend the fate of their friend, whose genius was wasted merely to snare the investigators (1/1D6 SAN). There is no hope for him now, and he knows it.

There is hope for the investigators. The professor tells of the Flapping Man, an apparition in a cloak of skins who mounts the minaret stairs at certain times. The Brothers believe he is an apparition of rage, an amalgam of all the people sacrificed to their cult. They fear him and flee from him. If the investigators can make the Brothers think that the Flapping Man is among them, their escape will be easier.

The Flapping Man

After an unknown time, a single pair of guards arrive, and nervously unbolt the investigators. One does the unshackling, the other holds a knife at the throat of the person being released. Once released, each is instructed to stand in the far corner, while the guards move to the next person. The door behind them is enticingly open.

The keeper should make it possible for the investigators to overpower the guards at this point. They can be easily tricked into believing that the Flapping Man is behind them; or Professor Smith, forgotten in the refuse, can bite the ankle of the man holding the knife, or trip him up; or the investigators could just rush the pair.

As the investigators steal down the four flights of cells, they encounter no Brothers. In the lower portions of the Minaret hang the trophies of the cult, the flayed skins. If someone donned many of these (lose 0/1D3 SAN to wear such stuff), he or she would resemble the hideous apparition of the Flapping Man from whom the Brothers run—an idea roll might suggest this plan.

When they get to the floor of the mosque, a huge panic is occurring, with Brothers fleeing in all directions. The true Flapping Man has come forth.

The Flapping Man is an apparition skinned and raw. He wears a cloak and loose robes of skins joined together loosely. His eyeballs bulge from their skinless holes in his head and the moment the investigators appear, the Flapping Man heads toward them (lose 0/1D6 SAN).

If they appear friendly to him and hostile to the Brothers in any way, he regards them with a pitying look, chilling in one so devastated himself. He points a skinless finger at them. "This is how many will appear before the



The Flapping Man

task is done. Look well not at the skins, which are the Brothers' to command, but at the hearts beneath, which not even gods can conquer."

He folds his cloak over himself and disappears.

With a successful Spot Hidden, the investigators see that the simulacrum has been removed from the niches beneath the dome. Makryat has taken it and the Sedefkar Scrolls from him.

The Brothers need time to recover, enabling the investigators to run out of the mosque and down streets washed with morning. James Rutherford crouches nearby and sprints to join them. Their last glimpse of the Shunned Mosque is a vision of blood running down the dome. This could be due to the rising sun, but it is not called the Shunned Mosque for no reason.

THE NEXT STEP

The only certain way to London within 100 hours from a place like this is via the Orient Express. Compartments are available. If they find a plane, it crash-lands in Bulgaria, from where perforce they take the Orient Express westward.

Conclusion

The investigators gain no Sanity for this scenario; after all, they have lost dismally. However, some isolated acts are worth reward. Destroying the Beylab Thing or the Stranger Thing nets 1D6 SAN, the Skin Beast 1D8 SAN. Rescuing the children from the Mosque adds another 1D6 Sanity points. Killing or rescuing Professor Smith adds 1D3 SAN.

Now that Makryat has taken the simulacrum, their idea, know, and luck rolls return to normal thresholds.

The successful retrieval of James Rutherford garners the full friendship of the British ambassador, whose references are read with respect in London and at other points around the world. If the investigators are low on funds, Sir Douglas gladly advances any reasonable sum with no repayment expected. If the money does come back to him some day, he will think all the better of them; gentlemen do not forget courteous behavior, in small things or in large.

Statistics

This chapter includes a number of new spells; these are marked with asterisks in the statistics which follow.

FEYAR, Age 29, Agent for the Brothers of the Skin

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 13 SAN 0 EDU 12 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapon: Small Knife 65%, damage 1D4

Skills: Arabic 35%, Bulgarian 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 7%, Debate 40%, Dodge 60%, English 45%, Fast Talk 65%, Greek 65%, Hide 55%, Library Use 60%, Listen 65%, Make Maps 25%, Occult 15%, Russian 25%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Turkish 80%.

Spell: Control Skin*.

Feyar's favorite melee technique is to use Control Skin to pull the skin of his opponent's forehead down over his eyes, totally blinding him for five minutes. He then sneaks up and stabs his foe to death.

SIR DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD, Age 55, British Ambassador

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 14 SAN 63 EDU 15 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: .32 revolver 20%, damage 1D8

Skills: Be Smarter Than He Seems 65%, Credit Rating 70%, Evaluate Port & Sherry 88%, Oratory 55%, Serve the Crown 85%.

BEYLAB THE PERSPIRER, Age 45, The Man Who Knew Too Much

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 18 INT 17 POW 16
DEX 8 APP 9 SAN 71 EDU 12 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapon: none.

Skills: English 35%, Fast Talk 75%, French 25%, Sweat Profusely 99%, Turkish History 85%.

BROTHERS OF THE SKIN, 12 Madman Cultists

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 40%, damage 1D6+1D4

Skills: Dodge 25%, Hide 30%, Listen 40%, Skin Human 25%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 25%.

Spells: Control Skin*, plus Transfer Body Part* at the Keeper's option. Some may know an additional spell or two, such as Create Skin Beast*.

Sanity Loss: for confronting a Brother with obvious sewn-on additions, 0/1. If those additions can be identified as coming from a friend or acquaintance, 0/1D4.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	15	15	9	15	8	12
Two	15	8	13	16	14	11
Three	11	13	16	15	6	15
Four	14	13	11	15	11	12
Five	15	9	12	14	9	11
Six	13	14	12	14	11	13
Seven	13	11	12	13	10	12
Eight	13	12	14	13	11	13
Nine	11	11	14	12	7	13
Ten	14	14	13	12	11	14
Eleven	13	8	13	11	9	11
Twelve	14	17	15	11	10	16

At the keeper's option, particular Brothers may have dead men's parts, heightening some skills. Some ideas follow.

Arms: raise STR to 18, add Grapple 60%, damage special.
Ears: raise Listen to 60%.
Eyes: raise Spot Hidden to 60%, can see in the dark.
Face: change APP to anything from 3 to 18.
Fingers: raise DEX to 16.
Hands: raise STR to 16, add Scimitar 50%, damage 1D6+2+1D4.
Legs: raise Move to 9, add Kick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4.
Tongue: can chant in non-human language.

HAKIM THE UNRULY, Age 41, Seedy Captain

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 9
 DEX 13 APP 8 SAN 45 EDU 8 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Small Knife 55%, damage 1D4+1D4

Skills: Bargain 40%, Estimate Value 77%, Shiphandling 45%.

HAKIM'S CREWMEN, 3 Seedy Sailors

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: Knife 45%, damage 1D4
 Oar 40%, damage 1D8

Skills: Boat 45%.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	10	15	9	11	14	12
Two	13	12	11	10	11	12
Three	14	16	10	9	9	13

COMPANION-OF-THE-DEAD, Age 69, Old Loon

STR 8 CON 18 SIZ 9 INT 6 POW 7
 DEX 12 APP 6 SAN 21 EDU 2 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Cackle Gleefully 65%, Hide 99%, Stay Confident 90%.

The Skin Beast

A Skin Beast can make as many attacks as it has targets. A successful hit does mild damage but the creature then pulls the victim into itself. The victim is engulfed by skin after three rounds. The victim may escape by resisting STR 10 on the first round, STR 20 on the second, or STR 30 on the third. After the third round death occurs, and soon the head of the victim (complete with long fleshy tongue) protrudes from the Skin Beast. Clothing or possessions are left in the creature's trail of blood and mucus.

THE SKIN BEAST, Ritual Monster

STR 30 CON 100 SIZ 50 INT 10 POW 12
 DEX 10 HP 75 Move 10

Damage Bonus: +4D6.

Armor: 5 points; gunfire does half damage.

Weapons: Tongue(s) 50%, damage 1D2 + drag in Absorb 100%, takes three rounds
 Crush 50%, damage 4D6

Skills: Scent Prey 90%.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/2D6; seeing a friend ingested costs an added 1/1D4 SAN.

SELIM MAKRYAT, Age 69, Leader of the Brothers

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 21
 DEX 8 APP 10 SAN 0 EDU 14 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0.

Armor: none, however Selim often casts the spell Skin of the Sedelkar* before going anywhere: this costs 10 magic points and stops 10 points of damage.

Weapon: Knife 120%, damage 1D6.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 15%, Oratory 70%, English 25%, Skin Human 90%, Spot Hidden 85%.

Spells: Animate Skin*, Call Skinless One*, Contact Skinless Ones, Control Skin*, Create Flesh Creeper*, Create Skin Beast*, Curse of the Putrid Husk*, Detransference*, Melt Flesh*, Prepare Corpse*, Skin of the Sedelkar*, Skin Walker, Transfer Body Part*.

FLESH CREEPER

STR 3 CON 3 SIZ 1 INT 5 POW 1
 DEX 15 Move 12 HP 2

Damage Bonus: -1D6, but not applicable.

Weapon: Seal Mouth 90%, asphyxiation damage—use rules-book drowning rules.

Armor: a flesh creeper must either be cut off or reduced to zero hit points, but split the damage from successful attacks between the creeper and the victim.

Skills: Find Designated Target 99%, Leap Onto Face 75%.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D4 SAN; having one stuck onto your face costs a further 0/1D4 SAN.

MEHMET MAKRYAT (Aktar), Age 39, Leader of the Cult

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 18
 DEX 14 APP 14* SAN 0 EDU 16 HP 15

* 10 as the gypsy.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .38 revolver 70%, damage 1D10
 Knife 90%, damage 1D6+1D4
 Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D4
 Quoit (thrown) 65%, damage 1D8+1

Armor: after he has donned the simulacrum, Makryat is immune to the first 10 points of damage from any kinetic attack.

Skills: Bargain 45%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Disguise 38%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile 40%, English 60%, Fast Talk 45%, French 45%, Hide 80%, History 25%, Library Use 40%, Linguist 20%, Listen 70%, Occult 35%, Oratory 45%, Pick Pocket 25%, Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 40%, Skin Human 90%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 85%, Throw 70%, Track 40%, Treat Poison 30%, Turkish 90%.

Spells: Animate Flesh Thing*, Call Avatar*, Contact Skinless One*, Control Skin*, Create Flesh Creeper*, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Melt Flesh*, Skin Walker*, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Transfer Body Part*, Turn To Skin.* * new spells.

PROFESSOR JULIUS SMITH, Age 62, Head and Torso

The Professor has no arms, legs, or eyes.

STR 3 CON 11 SIZ 6 INT 17 POW 17
 DEX 1 APP 1 SAN 17 EDU 21 HP 9

Damage Bonus: -1D6.

Weapons: Bite 25%, damage 1D3-1D6

Trip Up 25%, damage special

Skills: Archaeology 80%, Anthropology 10%, Astronomy 10%, Bargain 40%, Bon Mot 88%, Chemistry 10%, Credit Rating 70%, Cringe 55%, Debate 60%, Detect Fraud 45%, English 90%, Fast Talk 35%, French 80%, German 80%, History 45%, Hyperphysics 05%, Italian 85%, Library Use 50%, Linguist 60%, Listen 40%, Maneuver for Knighthood 60%, Norwegian

65%, Occult 25%, Oratory 45%, Parapsychology 25%, Pharmacy 20%, Photography 45%, Physics 15%, Psychology 55%, Spot Hidden 75%.

THE FLAPPING MAN, Ageless Bloody Apparition

INT 15 POW 20

Sanity Loss to See: 0/1D6 SAN.

New Spells

Animate Flesh Thing

This spell can be used to animate dead skin and flesh, stripping it of bones and recognizable organs, transforming it into a thick, fleshy rug which can move to capture or attack. The cost is 1 magic point per 1 SIZ point animated, and 1D6 Sanity points. The spell takes three minutes to cast.

The Thing so-created can either attack or capture; see the Beylab Thing in the Beylab section for its specific characteristics.

Created, Flesh Things have uniform statistics and capabilities, though the Sanity points and magic points need to make them vary with the subject corpse used.

Call Avatar of Skinless One

Invoking the dread 680th name of Nyarlathotep, the caster causes an artifact or living being to become possessed by an avatar of the Skinless One for one day, or until the caster shall dismiss the avatar, or die. The spell costs 6 Sanity points, 12 magic points, and 1 POW.

If the object to which the avatar is summoned is inanimate, it takes on certain characteristics of life, including its own will; if animate, it takes on certain characteristics of dead matter, including the invulnerability to pain and shock.

The characteristics of 100 CON, 15 INT, and 20 POW never change: movement is always twice that rate possible before possession. Other characteristics and functions vary with that which is possessed, including Sanity loss to see, which is never more than 1/5th in points of the avatar's apparent SIZ. See the Across Europe chapter for the portrayal of it as a locomotive.

Once called, the avatar always adopts and magnifies the tendencies of that which it is possessing; thus it makes a stronger, speedier locomotive in the adventure. But to do so, it always finds a way to cause or promote death and destruction—the avatar is inherently evil, and only evil comes of it.

Call Skinless One

Calling the Skinless One is a major exercise, and one which Selim resorts to no more than once per decade. Freshly flayed corpses must be offered, and each cadaver gives a 1-percentile chance of success: thus 35 sacrifices grant a 35% chance. Exactly 100 magic points must also be expended. If the roll fails, the Skinless One may yet materialize to collect the sacrifices, and takes that number again from among the worshipers (in the case of the example, 35 cultists would be taken as well). If the Skinless One comes, all present lose 1D10/1D100 SAN.

Contact Skinless One

To contact the Skinless One, 2D10 magic points and 1D10 Sanity points must be sacrificed, and a fresh-skinned corpse must be available. The Skinless One manifests in this corpse and, before the corpse liquifies and evaporates, answers no more than three questions. Sanity loss for viewing this is 1/1D10 SAN; seeing the Skinless One costs an additional 1D10/1D100 SAN.

Control Skin

Allows the caster to meld, bend, and alter the skin of one general body area per casting. This spell costs 1D6 SAN and 5 magic points to cast, after which the caster must overcome the target's magic points on the resistance table unless the target is willing.

Areas correspond to the parts of the Sedefkar Simulacrum: head, torso, right arm, left arm, right leg, left leg. By spending 30 magic points, the entire body can be controlled. Simultaneous castings of body areas require only one Sanity roll, but each casting requires another 1D6 Sanity loss. The spell can change the appearance of a body area or areas enough to make an individual unrecognizable.

Ordinarily the spell affects the skin for 15 minutes, after which the skin reverts to its natural state; if a point of POW is expended along with the 5 magic points, the spell is permanent until undone with a second casting. The Brothers of the Skin use the spell as reward, punishment, and tool. It is essential to them.

Create Flesh Creeper

To cast, the spell costs 1D10 SAN and 1 POW; 3 magic points must be expended for each flesh creeper to be created, and a separate star-shaped lump of raw flesh must be hacked from a living human. All flesh creepers have identical statistics.

The spell empowers the flesh to be animate and seek out a magically-designated victim. The caster must know the appearance of the target, and know his or her approximate location.

Once the victim is found, the flesh creeper leaps onto the victim's face and grafts instantly to the skin around the nose and mouth, sealing shut the victim's airways. Once in place, normal asphyxiation rules apply. After a victim dies, the creeper can detach and seek new prey until the caster's POW x minutes have passed; then the flesh creeper dies.

Create Skin Beast

As an act of piety and discipline, this spell is cast only on special occasions. It creates a short-lived creature which absorbs living targets as instructed. One dozen children are sacrificed to make it, and the casting procedure costs 120 magic points, 1 POW point, and 1D20 Sanity points. The spell Melt Flesh is needed to provide additional mass and to meld the mass into one.

Curse of the Putrid Husk

This spell is one of terrifying illusion, and after repeated applications can drive a target insane. The cost to cast it is 10 Sanity points and 10 magic points; to take effect, the caster's magic points must overcome the victim's magic points on the resistance table.

Curse of the Putrid Husk makes the victim feel as though he or she is inside his or her skin, wearing it like a suit of armor. The skin then seems to rot and corrupt, so that the victim feels it outside and inside. His or her outward appearance appears to deteriorate swiftly, so that great rents and tears occur through which internal organs begin to tumble out, after which the target always faints for a few moments. None of the damage (except for the faint) is real, but the Sanity loss to the victim is always 1D10 points. The spell's entire cycle of effect takes about 20 minutes; to cast, the spell takes only a few seconds.

Experienced a second or additional times, the spell is always as terrifying as the first time, though details of the illusion will be different.

As described, the illusory effect of the spell is apparent only to the target. For an extra 5 magic points, the illusion of the spell affects everyone; observers lose 0/1D6 SAN as well.

For 20 SAN and 5 POW, the caster can make the appearances of the spell actually happen. After twenty agonizing minutes, death occurs.

The target has no way of knowing which version of the spell has been cast on him or her.

Detransference

The spell costs 10 magic points and 2 POW, and takes one minute to cast. Match the caster's magic points against the target's magic points on the resistance table. If the caster succeeds, then the spell reverses any Transfer Body Part spells connected with the target. The borrowed organs and members appear in the caster's hands, sodden and rotting. Bereft of vital organs, the target quickly dies.

The spell costs no Sanity unless it succeeds, in which case the rotting parts appear in the caster's hands—that costs 1D10 Sanity unless the caster has had experience as a doctor or nurse.

Melt Flesh

It heats dead flesh to its melting point in one combat round, requiring 1 magic point to melt 3 SIZ points worth of flesh. It takes five minutes, and costs 1D4 SAN to cast. If used on animate flesh, cost is instead 1 POW per 3 SIZ points, and the victim's magic points must be overcome. Seeing the flesh melt off a friend's bones costs 1/1D6 SAN.

Prepare Corpse

This spell neatly de-bones a cadaver, eliminating all bone and cartilage, allowing the flesh to be stored away. The cost to cast is 1D6 magic points and 1D8 SAN. Since it can be cast only on entities without POW, it achieves nothing against the living or undead such as vampires or zombies. Each use requires 15 minutes to cast.

Skin of the Sedefkar

Provides the caster with magical protection equivalent to possession of the empowered Sedefkar Simulacrum. The cost to cast the spell is 10 magic points and 1D3 SAN. For twenty four hours after casting the spell, the subject is protected against all kinetic attacks by 10 points of invisible magical armor. However, each attack reduces the armor by 1 point; e.g., after two bullets, the spell stops only 8 hit points of damage.

Skin Walker

This spell causes a specified grave to open, and the skin of the body within to rise, retain humanoid shape, and to follow some simple instruction. Cost to cast Skin Walker is 1D6+2 magic points and 1D4 Sanity points.

New Spells, continued

Skin Walker, continued

Used in attack, the Skin Walker crawls onto the face of the target and attempts to smother him or her—use the rulesbook drowning rules to play it out.

All human skins nominally have STR 12, but keepers may raise and lower this figure according to recentness or ancientness of the corpse, whether or not it was embalmed, and the wetness or dryness of the grave. To pull off the smothering skin, the target must receive a successful STR roll on the resistance table. Succeeding, the target takes 1D3 damage to his or her face. At the keeper's wish, or perhaps with a luck roll, pulling it off also costs 1 APP.

Sanity to view the Skin Walker is 0/1D6. All physical characteristics are 12 each, with POW 1.

Transfer Body Part

To cast, the spell nominally costs 1 POW point, 1D10 magic points, and 1D10 SAN. If the victim is already dead, it costs 2 POW. More complicated transfers carry heavier costs: 100 magic points are needed for Transfer Head, for instance. There is no requirement that organs or limbs be interchanged.

Preparing for and effecting the spell takes about an hour, including the magical thread, then an additional amount of minutes equal to the actual magic points required. Since the procedure is often clumsy,

the caster usually casts the spell on a second Brother, and helps effect the actual transfer.

The Brothers stake out particular victims for prize pieces of anatomy, e.g. an athlete's legs, a boxer's fists, a diver's lungs, a pianist's hands, etc. The many disgusting variations inherent in this spell need not be detailed.

To return to an original body part requires casting a similarly-arranged spell, *De/transferance*, to achieve. The Jigsaw Prince, in the "Across Europe" chapter to come, knows it, as did Selim in this chapter.

Turn to Skin

This spell turns a non-living surface or artifact to skin and flesh, an action done primarily as religious homage to the Skinless One. The cost is 1 magic point per 10 points of SIZ, plus 1 POW, but the caster can only call on such SIZ as has previously been flayed from victims dedicated to the Skinless god, and thus in that way quantifies piety.

This unconscionable activity creates the Skin Beast, which lives for one hour, and then dissolves into putrescence.

Sanity loss to witness this is 1D3/2D6+4 SAN. Additional description of the creation occurs in the "Uskudar" section of this scenario.

XIV. ACROSS EUROPE



Blue Train, Black Night

Wherein the investigators take the west-bound Orient Express in pursuit of Mehmet Makryat, and thereby find themselves aboard the Express to Hell, sans stopovers.

by Geoff Gillan (Nick Hagger for the Jigsaw Prince)

THE CHASE IS ON. Play this adventure at accelerating speed; it encompasses the entire return journey between Constantinople and Paris. As the first few borders are crossed, the pace can be restrained, as investigators try to identify who is Mehmet Makryat. Hours pass as they meet fellow passengers in the corridors, the salon car, or at dinner, and perhaps become involved with individual non-player-characters. West of Milan, the horror escalates, as Makryat takes full control of the train. Investigators are thereafter subjected to a breakneck ride threatening oblivion to all.

Along the way, old enemies pay new visits to the investigators.

Keeper Information

Mehmet Makryat has taken the identity of the conductor for the first-class Calais coach of the Simplon-Orient Express. He intends to maintain that identity for the whole of the trip. He is to outward appearances Emile Soucard, Wagons-Lits conductor. To smooth passage to London, he arranges for Brothers of the Skin to join the train at later stops.

Other Brothers, masquerading as Wagons-Lits staff, have secreted the entire simulacrum beneath the train, welded within a steel box to the framework of the Calais carriage. To the casual observer, the box appears to be part of the undercarriage.

In Paris, Makryat will recover the simulacrum and proceed to his shop in London, performing the Ritual of Cleansing on himself, then implementing his plan to swap places with the Duke of York.

The reigning King is George V, who rules from 1910-1936. His natural successor is Edward VIII, his eldest son. As it happened, of course, Edward was never crowned, abdicating after a few months in favor of Mrs. Simpson. The second son, the Duke of York, thereupon became George VI, King of England. Makryat has no way to know the future—he merely plans to learn the ways proper to Windsor royalty as the relatively inconspicuous second son, and then to replace the Heir at a suitable time. (Perhaps he stages a fall from his horse, and ostensibly loses part of his memory, then regains it manfully, to the adoration of the public.)

Makryat knows full well that the royal house no longer wields significant political power, but the Windsors are nonetheless fabulously wealthy and enormously influential. Biding his time, Makryat will come to rule the British Empire—unless, of course, the investigators kill him first.

During the return trip, other passengers can help or hinder the investigators. Their characters and aims are detailed in the section "Boarding." When Makryat sees the investigators—and he must see them, since they'll be in the Calais coach—he moves against them, first subtly and then with increasing ferocity against survivors.

Deterioration Effect Table

roll 1D20	Effect
01	sweat heavily
02	strong body odor
03	cracks in skin*
04	growth of thick ropy hairs*
05	skin flakes off*
06	veins swell and bulge out from skin*
07	patches of hair fall out
08	acne*
09	small sores and lesions erupt*
10	sores ooze blood*
11	sores ooze mucous*
12	black fungus sprouts*
13	vomit-like liquids ooze from pores*
14	skin loosens and hangs flapping*
15	skin tightens, threatens to split*
16	something alien moves beneath skin*
17	skin creeps continuously*
18	skin discolors like necrotic tissue
19	eyes distend and cannot bear sunlight
20	roll again; apply to two locations

Body Location Table

roll 1D20	Location
01-03	right leg
04-06	left leg
07-10	abdomen
11-15	chest
16-17	right arm
18-19	left arm
20	head

The Simulacrum Empowered

Once the Ritual of Enactment has been invoked, and the Sedefkar Simulacrum donned, Makryat has considerable powers at call. However, as owner, he must perform the Ritual of Cleansing every 100 hours. If this is not done, his body begins to corrupt.

The simulacrum confers the following powers.

- POW of 25.
- 10-point armor against kinetic damage.
- The ability to assume the identity of another human by donning the skin of that person. This confers the voice

and walk of the person, but not his or her skills and memories. All statistics remain the same, except for APP and SIZ, which conform to those of the new body. One cannot wear any skin more than once; once changed, the old skin is no longer wearable, though it is perhaps identifiable.

Should the wearer be killed, he or she resumes his or her own appearance.

- The ability to Call an Avatar of the Skinless One. This can take any form, as long as a flesh receptacle is available for it to inhabit (this can be prepared with the cult spell Turn to Skin); such a call costs 1 POW, plus half of the caller's magic points. Statistics vary according to the form taken. This spell is unique to the Simulacrum owner.
- The ability to Call the Skinless One without the usual required sacrifices. This costs 2 POW, plus all of the caller's magic points, save one.
- Now in harmony with its owner, the simulacrum no longer lowers luck, know, and idea rolls—those function at Makryat's normal levels.

Investigator Deterioration

Having possessed and lost the Sedefkar Simulacrum, the investigators now must suffer the corruption which Makryat told them about. Their physical decay continues until they learn and cast upon themselves the Ritual of Cleansing.

Every morning after Makryat dons the simulacrum, cause each player to roll CON x5 or less on D100 for his or her investigators. The successful roll postpones decay for another day. Failing, they then must roll CON x5 or less every hour for affected investigators.

Failing the hourly CON roll, the investigator begins to show signs of the infestation: his or her player should thereafter roll once on the Effect Table every six hours. Effects with asterisks involve only one body part: roll on the location table to determine the body area affected.

The keeper describes the actual appearance of these effects. Start lightly, then build up to real virulence.

Boarding

EVEN INVESTIGATORS with return tickets have no booking for a specific day's departure on the Orient Express. Sirkecki station staff inform them that the next Orient Express service is in the evening and

that only first-class tickets are available in the through coach to Calais. These berths are in various compartments—the investigators must share with strangers. The clerk is apologetic but firm; there is no other option.

It is important to the plot to arrange things in this manner; if necessary, it transpires that no other berths are available on the entire train.

Passengers are advised to be at the station half an hour before departure. Their luggage can be checked through, though it will be surprising if the investigators have any belongings left at this point.

The service departs at 4:30 P.M. Attempts to find Mehmet Makryat before departure are fruitless and dangerous. On every attempt, call for a luck roll—a failure indicates that the queries came to the attention of a Brother.

On Skinning Humans

It should not be difficult to remove a human skin intact. Ed Gein, the Wisconsin mass-murderer, is said to have skinned his victims intact with a long slit down the back, but this may be folklore. Start by cutting from ear to ear along the hair line in the back of the head. Then from the middle of this line, I would cut down the back about halfway. The skin could then be peeled off like a rubber glove, using a short curved knife to separate the skin from other tissue, especially at the sticky cartilaginous areas. A long pointed knife would poke through and ruin the hide; ordinary surgical tools would do excellently. So would taxidermy tools.

For a single accomplished cultist, skinning should take less than an hour, perhaps as little as twenty-five minutes. Presumably two or three skinners could work together faster still. Since the skin would be separated from the body at the subcutaneous fat layer, anything which would make this fat more liquid should speed matters. Heat and mild acids might help, and skinning would be better done when the body is very warm.

In order to slip into a captured skin, the evil-doer might lubricate himself with a magical ointment containing baby fat, like the enchanted oil reputedly used by witches to enable them to fly.

About that twenty-five minute skinning process: it may occur to some ghoulish keepers to have a victim skinned alive. This would certainly be an effective torture, but the skin would never escape unspoiled, no matter how well restrained the victim is. And bear in mind that the process will spill a lot of blood.

— William A. Workman.

ON THE PLATFORM

Passengers are harassed by merchants and beggars crowding the platform, since Orient Express patrons always mean good business for those who ply the station. Keep these rug dealers and curiosity brokers insistent, annoying, and oppressive. The investigators should not be able to tell whether these people are what they seem or Brothers of the Skin in disguise. However, no harm comes to the passengers on the platform—that comes later, on the train.

The gleaming blue and gold coaches of the Simplon-Orient Express sit waiting for the investigators. The train is a-bustle with people boarding. Steam rises from an engine well-stoked and ready to roll.

FELLOW TRAVELERS

With the exception of Emile Soucard, who is off-duty only at odd moments, each of the non-investigators in the Calais coach is numbered, and that number corresponds to the number of a berth in the accompanying coach diagram. In the diagram, the lower number of a pair represents the upper berth.

Keepers who have a high number of female investigators, or more or less than five investigators, must alter bookings and berths (and sexes of passengers) carefully, in the light of full understanding of the events to come. Be sure to record changes as they occur. The first non-player-character to be removed in favor of an investigator should be Luigi Martinelli.

Presumably the keeper has a few characters available from *Strangers on the Train* to round out shortages in the passenger list.

When an investigator goes mad or dies, grant that player the role of one of these characters, to keep them in play. Elena Costanza and Rama Ho-Tet are the most likely to get themselves involved.

Emile Soucard

The conductor for the Calais coach, Emile Soucard (Mehmet Makryat) stands on the platform at the carriage door. He inspects the tickets of each politely, and each time salutes. He checks off his passengers as they come aboard.

The real Emile Soucard was a powerfully-built Corsican who made up for his almost-alarming appearance by



Emile Soucard (Mehmet Makryat)

Location of Calais Coach Passengers

- | | |
|-----------|---------------------------|
| 1. upper | Martinelli |
| 2. lower | investigator (male) |
| 3. upper | Jack Gatling |
| 4. lower | investigator (male) |
| 5. upper | Sir Robert Harrow |
| 6. lower | investigator (male) |
| 7. upper | Elena Costanza |
| 8. lower | investigator (female) |
| 9. upper | Count de Bruessy |
| 10. lower | Countess de Bruessy |
| 11. upper | Kurt Groenig |
| 12. lower | Rama Ho-Tet |
| 13. lower | investigator (either sex) |
| 14. lower | Lord Margrave |
| 15. lower | Doña del Garda |
| 16. lower | Danton Szorbic |
| 17. | Emile Soucard (conductor) |



impeccable manners, which Mehmet apes but cannot achieve. Kindly keepers allow a Spot Hidden or idea roll to notice the failure.

The new Soucard is friendly to the investigators. He has seen them from a distance already, so no investigator Psychology roll betrays him now. He greets them affably and informs their porters of the correct compartments. Investigators wishing to observe the arrival of their fellow passengers may loiter on the platform, or peer out a Calais coach window.

(1) Luigi Martinelli

A 57-year-old opera *basso*, Signore Martinelli has completed an extended private engagement in Constantinople, and now moves to a season in London. He has heard nothing of Caterina Cavollero's tragedy in Milan, and is appalled at the news if any investigator acquaints him with it. A loud and aggressive man, Signore Martinelli finds himself very amusing. He also considers himself a fine mimic and practices his impersonations at every opportunity. Investigators overhearing his exercises may draw the wrong conclusions.



Luigi Martinelli, opera star

The first night, Martinelli complains to his investigator compartment-mate about having to climb into the top bunk; he pleads or insists that they swap. He is very overweight, enough that he makes the top berth sag alarmingly. Only the cruelest (and most foolhardy) investigator refuses. When Makryat sends an assassin, politeness saves the investigator's life, since the villain knifes the wrong man.

Martinelli's rich and melodious snores are as loud as thunder; the investigator sleeps badly unless receiving a POW x3 or less result on D100.

The compartments with berths 1 & 2 and 3 & 4 have doors connecting to the same washroom; when one door is unlocked, the other door cannot be opened. Passengers are requested always to keep their doors locked when not using the washroom.

LUIGI MARTINELLI, Age 57, Opera Basso

STR 11	CON 16	SIZ 18	INT 14	POW 15
DEX 8	APP 13	SAN 75	EDU 15	HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Bargain 79%, Be Pompous 55%, Credit Rating 50%, English 25%, Enjoy Food 90%, Fast Talk 65%, French 45%, German 65%, Italian 75%, Mimicry 15%, Opera History 67%, Sing 70%, Spanish 45%, Try New Food 90%.

(3) Jack Gatling

He is a syndicated columnist who specializes in high-profile gossip for American newspapers. Gatling is 32 and slightly balding, but a handsome man none the less, with black hair and brown eyes. He has a world-weariness only partly cultivated. Gatling has heard about the Baron of Blackpool and Doña Margarita, and is on the train to get the scoop.

If he sees a story in what the investigators are doing, he'll make himself a nuisance fast. Wild or outlandish statements they make to him may be circulated all over Europe—he definitely writes about them if any investigator is wealthy or famous.

Sharing with Jack Gatling is no picnic for an investigator trying to keep something quiet. Gatling is under foot whenever he isn't spying on someone else.

The columnist is also good for background on the other passengers, and might make personal observations that could help unmask Makryat. Gatling can relate incidents to which the investigators have not been privy.

The compartments with berths 1 & 2 and 3 & 4 have doors connecting to the same washroom; when one door is unlocked, the other door cannot be opened. Passengers are requested always to keep their doors locked when not using the washroom.

JACK GATLING, Age 32, American Gossip Columnist

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 11 SAN 65/57* EDU 13 HP 11

* The lower Sanity figure applies after Makryat has used Gatling for the *Flesh Creepers*, while Gatling is temporarily insane.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D4.

Skills: Bargain 45%, Bluff 55%, Dodge 45%, English 85%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 65%, Photography 55%, Sneak 80%, Type 20%.

(5) Sir Robert Harrow, Bart.

Wealthy adventurer and man-about-town, Harrow is tall, strapping, and very English. He sports a bristly moustache and a crooked grin; in his forty years he has been

everything from a big game hunter to a member of parliament. He regales any investigator, especially his compartment-mate, with tales of his adventures. When the horrors begin to mount, however, Sir Robert hides in the toilet or gets drunk in the salon car.

He has an eye for the ladies, about whom he frequently exclaims, sometimes boorishly. Apart from his profound cowardice, Sir Robert is pleasant enough. He is Makryat's first choice if the sorcerer needs a new identity.



Sir Robert Harrow, Baronet

AN UNHAPPY INVESTIGATOR

Sir Robert often is unable to sleep. The more he smokes and reads, the more the idea of the ladies next door moves him. Frequently through the night, the cad importunes their favors, alternating between irritating pleas and disgusting assaults upon the intervening door.

The compartments with berths 5 & 6 and 7 & 8 have doors connecting to the same washroom; when one door is unlocked, the other door cannot be opened. Passengers are requested always to keep their doors locked when not using the washroom.

SIR ROBERT HARROW, Age 40, Minor Politician and Poseur

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 8
DEX 14 APP 13 SAN 40 EDU 15 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: Fist 55%, damage 1D3+1D4.

Skills: Angle For Appointment 35%, Billiards 40%, Play Cards 35%, Credit Rating 60%, Flatter 45%, Flirt 55%, Lie 55%, Make Up Amusing Story 65%, Orate 45%, Spend 65%.

(7) Elena Costanza

A woman of obscure background who has earned her money and style. Her dark hair and exotic beauty support Mediterranean origins. She is a British agent. She has heard a rumor of a plan to assassinate the King of England's son from a Brother just interrogated; she assumes that Edward, the elder son, is the target.

She allies with the investigators when she realizes they are up against the same foe, or if she has learned of the investigators' trustworthiness from Sir Douglas Rutherford. She has spent two perilous years in Constantinople. She is intelligent, capable, armed, and well-able to

look after herself. She'll be loathe to reveal her employer unless truly necessary.

Jack Gatling starts the rumor of a spy on the train; no doubt investigators suspect Sir Robert Harrow in preference to this quiet, unassuming young woman.

AN UNHAPPY INVESTIGATRIX

Madame Costanza's female compartment-mate has a hard time. If she has an appearance of over ten and is under forty years of age, Sir Robert makes repeated contemptible efforts to get into their room during the night. To all appearances, Madame Costanza sleeps through the entire affair, and wakes refreshed the next morning.

The compartments with berths 5 & 6 and 7 & 8 have doors connecting to the same washroom; when one door is unlocked, the other door cannot be opened. Passengers are requested always to keep their doors locked when not using the washroom.

ELENA COSTANZA, Age 30, British Spy

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 14 SAN 75 EDU 14 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 22 automatic 60%, damage 1D6
Fighting Knife 45%, damage 1D4+2+1D4

Skills: Bargain 65%, Bluff 75%, Bulgarian 25%, Chat Amusingly 50%, Codes & Ciphers 45%, English 45%, French 40%, Greek 55%, Hide 35%, Italian 85%, Listen 60%, Martial Arts 30%, Seduce 75%, Spanish 55%, Spot Hidden 65%, Track 25%, Turkish 55%.

(9 & 10) The Count and Countess

Henri Matthieu, Count de Bruessy, and his wife, Emmanuelle, are returning from a holiday east. He is stout, hale, and hearty, with a drinker's red complexion and gray hair. She is half his age, of red hair and green eyes, and of sophisticated demeanor. They make an elegant, if loosely-allied couple.

Gossip-mongers, among them that repellent American, Jack Gatling, have seen the Countess with handsome German industrialist Kurt Groenig. Count Henri, who has his own private amusements, is a tolerant and cosmopolitan man whose anxiety is only for his family name. All three do their utmost to avoid Gatling, efforts with which the Orient Express staff are in sympathy.



Madam Elena Costanza,
British agent



Count de Bruessy



Countess de Bruessy

HENRI, COUNT de BRUESSY, Age 57, Aristocrat

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

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: 20-Gauge Shotgun 75%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3
8mm Lebel Revolver 55%, damage 1D8-1

Skills: Accounting 35%, Collect Bents 70%, Credit Rating 85%, English 50%, Evaluate Wine 88%, French 60%, Listen 55%, Orate 65%, Rumanian 35%, Seduce 55%, Turkish 40%.

EMMANUELLE, COUNTESS de BRUESSY, Age 31

STR 12 CON 9 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 11 APP 15 SAN 55 EDU 16 HP 10

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Amuse 75%, Collect Jewelry 45%, Credit Rating 75%, English 30%, French 60%, German 30%, Hold Salons 75%, Read Novels 55%, Rumanian 75%, Sneak 55%, Take What Pleasure Comes 95%.

(11) Kurt Groenig

A young German industrialist, Groenig is just thirty, with blond hair, blue eyes, and a chiselled Teutonic profile which he can soften in an instant to good-natured boyish charm. No woman bothers to resist him, for he makes the moment so enjoyable and the consequences so insignificant. Astonishingly to him, he has fallen in love with the Countess de Bruessy, whom he fears is only using him.

Among men, Groenig is reputedly ruthless, as he helps his father bring back Groenig Fabrikat from its collapse at the end of the Great War.



Kurt Groenig, industrialist

KURT GROENIG, Age 30, Scion of German Industry

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

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

9mm Groenig Automatic Pistol 70%, damage 1D10

Skills: Afternoon Dalliance 89%, Bargain 80%, Create Product Line 55%, Credit Rating 70%, Debate 55%, English 40%, Fast Talk 60%, French 60%, German 80%, Italian 45%, Make Eye Contact 70%, Sneak 40%, Solve Production Problem 77%, Squeeze Out Competitor 89%.

(12) Rama Ho-Tet

A mysterious, wealthy Egyptian, tall and heavy-set. Ho-Tet avoids casual conversation with everyone. He was most annoyed when he booked (at the last minute) and had to accept a shared berth. He deals in Egyptian and Middle Eastern antiquities from a large shop in Alexandria. His silence broached, he is a knowledgeable and pleasant companion.

Ho-Tet is an excellent source of information about rarities and ancient lore. The keeper might use him to plug any gaps in the investigators' knowledge of the Sedefkar Simulacrum's history.



Rama Ho-Tet, scholar

RAMA HO-TET, Age 53, Scholar and Antiquities Dealer

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 18 POW 17
DEX 9 APP 10 SAN 81 EDU 20 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Arabic 90%, Aramaic 45%, Archaeology 75%, Credit Rating 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Debate 50%, Demotic Egyptian 50%, Dreaming 17%, Egyptian Hieroglyphs 55%, English 80%, Evaluate Jewelry 85%, French 55%, Good Taste 89%, Hebrew 40%, History 50%, Library Use 70%, Listen 55%, Occult 40%, Spot Hidden 45%, Syriac 45%.

(14) Lord Margrave

The Baron is a tall, snobbish Englishman with brown hair worn thick and a thin moustache. He has a penchant for bow ties and butterflies; he can speak endlessly on either topic, though on not much else but money.

Gatling and others have hinted that he is having an affair with the fiery Spanish noblewoman, Doña Margarita del Garda, who occupies the next compartment. There

is more to this than it seems: Margrave has been selling piecemeal his estates to the wealthy del Gardas, and is trying to recoup his heritage through romance. Since he is estranged from Lady Margrave, Margrave prefers the scandal of the romance to the scandal of having sold his birthright, although he would prefer to hide both.



Lord Margrave

Lord MICHAEL**MARGRAVE, Baron of Blackpool, Age 45**

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 16 APP 12 SAN 50 EDU 16 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Botany 25%, Butterfly Catching 60%, Butterfly Mounting 30%, Collect Stamps 48%, Credit Rating 60%, Spanish 25%, Zoology 25%.

(15) La Doña del Garda

She is a classic Spanish beauty, widowed without children. She is quiet and tough—she quietly poisoned her brutal husband three years ago. But the heart knows only itself she has fallen for Lord Margrave perhaps because, like her deceased husband, he is so lacking in charm; she does not suspect Margrave's ulterior motives. Having enjoyed a holiday with him, she now returns to Paris. From there, she goes to Madrid while he journeys to London.



La Doña del Garda

Doña MARGARITA del GARDA, Age 35, Spanish Aristocrat

STR 14 CON 17 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 11 APP 14 SAN 50 EDU 13 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +0.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Botany 50%, Credit Rating 70%, English 35%, Fast Talk 65%, Spanish 60%, Wear Black 67%.

(16) Danton Szorbic

A small, rotund, balding man, who wears bifocal glasses, he is nonetheless (aside from Mehmet Makryat) the most dangerous man on board, physically far more powerful than his appearance suggests.

Szorbic is a professional assassin, hired by a competitor to kill Kurt Groenig. Szorbic intends to murder Groenig during the stop in Trieste, and then re-board the train as if nothing had happened. If the crime can be pinned on the Count de Bruessy, so much the better. However, once killings begin on the train, he may use the confusion to cloak his murder of Groenig.



Danton Szorbic, Assassin

DANTON SZORBIC, Age 49, Assassin without a Country

STR 15 CON 18 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 17
DEX 17 APP 8 SAN 37 EDU 10 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 9mm automatic 90%, damage 1D10
.303 Single-Fire Competition Rifle 80%, damage 2D6+3
Grapple 70%, damage special
Stiletto 90%, damage 1D4+1D4

Skills: English 30%, Forge Identity Papers 88%, French 65%, German 25%, Hide 30%, Italian 75%, Make Silencer 65%, Martial Arts 65%, Library Use 35%, Smuggle Weapons 90%, Sneak 85%, Spanish 40%, Spot Hidden 90%, Track 35%, Treat Poison 80%, Use Telescopic Sights 85%.

Five cars are scheduled for Paris: a first-class sleeping car, another first-class sleeping car, a second-class car, and the two front fourgons.

THE FOURGONS

Two guards sleep in each of the three luggage vans. They fiercely resist attempts by investigators to search the belongings of passengers. Here the efficiency and integrity of the Orient Express organization works against the investigators—no attempt at bribery or deceit succeeds. The Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits hand-picks its conductors and other staff; these men are beyond temptation. Rigid honesty is as much part of the special atmosphere of the Orient Express as is its aura of complete courtesy and detailed attention.

A successful know roll suggests that there is also the special parcel-delivery fourgon in the lead, where security will be even tighter. Makryat may have simply expressed the simulacrum to Paris by parcel post, there to be picked up or trans-shipped to London.

In fact, as we know, the simulacrum is welded to the undercarriage of the Calais coach.

The doors to the fourgons can be difficult to open, if the keeper prefers, perhaps only with a halved Mechanical Repair roll.

PASSENGER BERTHS

Obviously compartments must be searched, but these are usually occupied, or are being cleaned, or locked up tight. Only conductors have pass keys—big brass things on lanyards round their necks. Washroom compartments offer some protection from curious eyes, but the locks for these internal doors are no less secure.

Nonetheless, though the Orient Express locks are well-made, they are not elaborate or complex; a successful Mechanical Repair roll opens any of the compartment or washroom doors.

At night, the conductor for the car sits in a chair at the end of the carriage, with a clear view of all outside compartment doors.

DINING CAR, SALON CAR

These semi-public areas are likely to contain staff or passengers at almost any hour. The dining car has enough nooks and crannies, especially in the wine cabinets, to hide the simulacrum, but nothing unusual is there. The locked liquor cabinets in the salon car bar might also hide the simulacrum, but do not. All these cabinets can be specially locked, if the keeper wishes, requiring halved Mechanical Repair rolls to open. All should yield to force, however, with STRs of 16.

Investigator Actions

THE COURSE OF THE SCENARIO is in part dictated by the investigators. Though they do not know Makryat's identity, they may search for the simulacrum while Makryat must stay his hand for a while.

A successful idea roll can establish that searching cars which are not going to Paris makes little sense, and that the investigators should therefore confine themselves to the four or five cars that are going through to Paris. The engine and tender will change several times on that journey, as well, exempting those locations.

ENGINE & TENDER

The engine is the only other place the investigators might choose to search. The searing heat of its innards makes it mostly inaccessible. The tender can be reached by crawling along the roof of the train, and the coal could be sorted through and the water tank explored, but these extended tasks could not be hidden from staff.

A Little Train of Horrors

WHAT FOLLOWS IS a chronology of the adventure which evolves as the train chugs west across Europe, and while the investigators work frantically to find the simulacrum.

Some events hinge on the actions of the investigators, but most will occur despite their best efforts. Some scheduled events are courtesy of Wagons-Lits, others are not.

Day One

The Simplon-Orient Express departs Constantinople's Sirkecki station at exactly 4:30 P.M. and steams slowly around the southern periphery of Stamboul, bound for Paris, Calais, and London. Investigators spend the time in playing Spot-the-Mehmet, in settling in, and in meeting their compartment-mates.

The investigators will almost certainly attempt to switch their compartment assignments, to place two investigators per compartment. Resist their efforts, at least for the first night, unless the players present very good cause.

As on the journey out-bound, the conductor of each car takes possession of the passports, visas, customs forms, and other entry or departure documents required of passengers, so that the guests of the Orient Express are not disturbed by things so petty as national borders. This allows Makryat, as Soucard, to learn a bit about his foes. These documents are passed on to the Chef de Brigade, who accompanies or delegates someone else to accompany the border police, as they satisfy themselves car by car. The ability to sleep through border crossings is one of the reasons travel via the Orient Express is so prized.

All trains are sealed while border inspections occur—don't be rigid, but cause the investigators to deal with the problem as it rises logically.

Night One

On this train, dinner seating is by coach. With stealthy guile and considerable luck, since his new persona has many duties elsewhere and absolutely none in the dining car, Makryat has arranged that a carafe of water poisoned with antimony be placed on the investigators' table. Antimony is a colorless, odorless poison.

He cannot poison their meals since he does not know what they will order, nor is he (as Soucard) even allowed in the kitchen, and the investigators' wines or mineral water will be opened for them at the table. If anyone specifically drinks the water, then normal poisoning rules apply (the poison is POT 10—match that number against the drinker's CON on the resistance table. If the investigator is overcome, vomiting, nausea, and cramps set in within an hour. If the investigator receives a successful luck roll, in the process of regurgitation, he or she vomits up the poison and suffers no further ill health.

The Wagons-Lits staff is horrified, and the Maitre d'Hôtel painstakingly investigates the food and drink which the investigator consumed; he fears food poisoning. He will be stunned to learn that an open water carafe was served without it being requested—not a common event in a society which, for long-standing reasons of health, drinks bottled mineral water or wine as a matter of course. Whether or not a proper water sample is still available, if any of the investigators receive a successful Chemistry roll, traces of the vomit (or the contents of the stomach) can show that the problem was poison. This creates general consternation.

If someone dies, his or her body is taken off at the border. There the Turkish and Interallied Police come aboard and question everyone. This delays the train for two hours; accordingly adjust all times given below.

NIGHT: 11:25 P.M.

The train arrives at the Turkish frontier, where Soucard uses a pretext to leave the Express and send a telegram forward, to cultists at Svilengrad.

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He uses the 24-hour clock. Investigators keeping watch out the windows spot him entering the station if they're quick, a bribe at the telegrapher's window reveals the content of the telegram. Soucard has a 75% chance of noticing the investigators' action, and thereupon changes identities again once across the Bulgarian border.

NIGHT: 12:01 A.M.

The train continues to the border, halting at Sinekli as Turkish and Interallied police board to make exit checks of passports and visas.

If investigators charge Soucard with the poisoning, the Chef de Brigade is outraged. Soucard is a man of long and faithful service and he protests mightily at his being held. The police know the Orient Express staff well, and will require significant evidence before acting on the tip. Soucard returns to his duties.

NIGHT: 12:19 A.M.

The train rumbles on slowly for a few minutes, then stops for a moment as the Greek police enter. If the investigators have made any trouble, the Chef de Brigade hints that the police look especially closely at the investigators' documents—he is hoping for an excuse to put them off the train.

NIGHT: 12:40 A.M.

If Makryat feels he has been spotted before Svilengrad, he creeps into one of the Calais coach cabins and takes the identity of a passenger—perhaps the Doña del Garda, as she has a single compartment. After skinning her, Makryat dresses in the skin and silently drapes Soucard's skin in the compartment of the investigator who was most vocal against him.

In the meantime, Makryat dumps what's left of Doña del Garda out her window. Those investigators who are awake have a Spot Hidden chance to see the body fall; sleeping investigators notice nothing. If anyone sees the body fall and reports it or pulls the emergency cord, Makryat's substitution may be understood, since del Garda's recovered body and Soucard's discovered skin do not match. Anticipate this development. Chances are that the investigators throw away Soucard's skin as incriminating and thus fail to press their case just when most opportune.

The point is important, because the discovery of a murder here logically halts the train while either the Bulgarian or the Greek police (choose one side or other of the border, for jurisdiction) initiate a stultifying investigation—not a good way to start the climax of the campaign. Keepers unready to entertain such a possibility neither plant Soucard's skin nor allow detection when Makryat rids himself of his female victim.

If he has a choice, the Chef de Brigade prefers to discover a murder in Italy, or points further west, where courts and police are more likely to make rapid concessions to the demands of passengers and train.

When Soucard disappears, the Chef de Brigade fears the worst, for Soucard has given long and impeccable service. He launches a thorough search of the train, though one calculated not to disturb the passengers in the

slightest. Investigators who have somehow already gained the trust of the Chef de Brigade might be accepted as volunteers in the search, and thereby gain access to areas normally prohibited to them—such as a baggage car. Lacking evidence, however, the Chef de Brigade has no reason to assume that Soucard is dead, and so the train continues on its progress.

Another conductor assumes Soucard's duties.

NIGHT, 3:20 A.M.

Arriving in Svilengrad, the Bulgarian police board for inspection. Countess de Bruessy takes the occasion to emerge from Groenig's compartment, proceed to the water closet, then go on to the compartment she shares with the Count, who is snoring away. It is no one's business, of course, but if investigators are in the passageway and make gallant gestures, she smiles amusedly. If, however, Jack Gatling looks archly at her at breakfast, she assumes that they gossiped about her to him, and thereafter ignores all the investigators.

The Brothers requested in Makryat's telegram board second-class; unless the investigators keep watch on the station platform, they do not know that anyone has boarded. In fact, however, the Bulgarian police are looking for some Turkish nationalists agitating among the border population; if the investigators bring these Turks to their attention, the investigators have a luck roll's chance of seeing them detained and causing them to miss the train.

NIGHT, 4:35 A.M.

As the train departs Svilengrad, Makryat is in someone or other's skin, and he/she tries to get to the second-class coach and alert the cultists about the investigators.

If possible, the cultists are to ambush the investigators while their targets stroll some station platform, stretching their legs. Makryat is keen not to delay the Orient Express, since he has his own timetable to keep.

Once an investigator can be isolated, he or she is stabbed or strangled, as inconspicuously as time allows, and then the corpse is hidden in shadows. Since the Orient Express staff handles the paperwork as national boundaries are crossed and no roll is taken other than by each coach conductor, no one may notice anything amiss for hours.

Day Two

Before Sofia, dawn comes. Guardian or sleepless investigators see wolves pace alongside the slow-moving train, their breath clearly visible in the chill air. The investigators may suspect that Fenalik or another vampire still

lives, despite the victory on the outward journey. Do nothing to soothe such fears.

If investigators have been attacked in some way, especially by Makryat's Brothers from Svilengrad, Elena Costanza approaches the investigators sometime today.

Breakfast is served. Brave or lazy investigators can order that breakfast be brought to their compartments, where they can eat alone.

DAY, 11:15 A.M.

At Sofia, Jack Gatling jumps off the train and races to send a telegram. Since he waits until the last moment, there's no chance to learn the contents of the message. It is in fact a tattling cable to his newspaper confirming the affair of Countess de Bruessy and Kurt Groenig.

This is another chance for the Brothers to assassinate one or more investigators. The train departs at 11:50 A.M.

DAY, 12:48 P.M.

Having crossed the Yugoslav border, the Orient Express departs Tzaribrod and the Serbian customs police. The Brothers of the Skin should have killed or wounded an investigator by now, though they make no obvious attacks aboard train. Let the investigators take the offensive if they wish; it will make them feel better for a while. In any case, they should continue to be interested in spotting Makryat.

- If Makryat is still Soucard, they overhear the Chef de Brigade complain that Soucard is ignoring his duties.
- If Makryat is Doña del Garda, then perhaps Lord Margrave is heard in the salon car complaining of his paramour's inattention, or her maid notices some change in her, or perhaps the investigators notice how clumsily she has repaired her cosmetics.

DAY, 2:28 P.M.

At Crveni Krst, the Brothers kill another investigator if they can. If they fail, and if Makryat feels his Doña is under suspicion, he/she wanders off with Lord Michael and comes back wearing Margrave's skin—having, with Brothers' help, murdered and skinned the poor man in the station toilet. He slaps himself on the face so that his cheek is red, and dresses a Brother in del Garda's clothes. He has the fake del Garda drive off in a taxi, then exclaims loudly about their lovers' quarrel in the salon car.

Jack Gatling hears about this within minutes, and Makryat/Margrave suggests they talk about it tonight, in his compartment.

DAY, 2:58 P.M.

The train underway again, the journey to Belgrade takes approximately four hours. In addition to the ones detailed

below, the keeper might improvise additional re-encounters, if desired.

If Jack Gatling meets with Margrave/Makryat, as suggested previously, he jokes about the impending meeting to his investigator compartment-mate.

Night Two

They near Belgrade. In the outskirts, the investigators notice a little white cottage, clean and neat and in good repair, squatting among the ruins like a tiger ready to leap (lose 0/1 SAN to see this).

If any investigators descend to the platform, a swarm of black chickens attacks, exactly as happened in the Belgrade chapter; check there for statistics and tactics. These black birds come from nowhere, and after 1D6 rounds vanish as quickly. With a successful idea roll, alert investigators notice the number of attackers suddenly increased when the investigators were close to the Calais coach (where the simulacrum is hidden).

What are Baba Yaga's intentions? When will she strike again? Let the investigators spend an uncomfortable hour here. No cultists attack, because Makryat senses the force of the new attacker, and hopes she can do the job for him. He waits. He has other plans, for later tonight.

The train pulls out at 7:35 P.M.

NIGHT, 8:04 P.M.

Dinner is served. Only a few diners precede the investigators. After they are seated, the Maitre D'Hôtel ushers in an elderly woman and places her nearby. As she straightens up, the investigators see that she is Baba Yaga. Her baleful stares doom the meal—everything is tasteless and cold. Complaints to the Maitre D'Hôtel meet stern assurances that the Duchess should indeed be here. A successful Psychology roll suggests

that he is under compulsion to act on Baba Yaga's behalf.

If the investigators flee the dining car, they find her standing outside one of their compartments, waiting. If they enter another compartment and shut her out, they find her staring in at them through the train window as it races through the frosty night. As they close the curtains, they find her image fused through the glass.



Come, gentlemen, the Countess Escorzy is our frequent guest. Please, I beg you to desist

Call for luck rolls. Investigators receiving failures notice a dim mountainous shape moving through the gloom. It is Baba Yaga's hut, pacing alongside the steadily-moving train, its bizarre chicken legs pumping, keeping even with the coach.

MIDNIGHT

Baba Yaga's harassment ceases. In the meantime, investigators may not have been too preoccupied with the appearance of Baba Yaga to have seen Lord Margrave and Jack Gatling leave the dining car or the salon car, and go to Margrave's compartment—or, if Makryat is still Soucard, then he beckons Gatling with a message—or, if Makryat is still Doña del Garda, then he tempts Gatling with the same scandalous story from her perspective.

Gatling, sure he is onto something good, ignores any investigator cautions. Once alone and secure in the private compartment, Makryat clubs the columnist unconscious, something many have wanted to do in the past, and binds him firmly. After casting Control Skin to seal his mouth, he wakes Gatling and cuts six chunks of flesh from Gatling's belly. With these he creates six flesh creepers. Those prepared, he waits until he believes the investigators are asleep.

NIGHT, 1:13 A.M.

Departing Zagreb, the train reaches the Italian border in two hours.

When only the click of the tracks and the snores of passengers can be heard, Makryat unleashes the flesh creepers. Notes for these ghastly little things occur at the end of this chapter. All have 2 hit points each.

Run this attack fast and furiously. The creepers are tiny—they could be anywhere—they dart out of nowhere—they suck onto people's faces. Give the investigators almost no time to react before the next one strikes. If the flesh creepers win, they continue to make attacks until they die.

He, in the meantime, returns Gatling to his compartment the moment that the investigator leaves it, and removes the Control Skin. Gatling, having witnessed the ritual and his own part in it, is insane. He rolls about in his berth moaning, "They came from me, they came from me." He does not remember who did this, nor thinks to ask for medical help. Only if the investigators examine



"Mon Dieu! Another Scream!"

him, do they learn that six star-shaped lumps of flesh have been cut out of him, all with the same shape as the tiny attackers. Sanity cost to realize this is 0/1 SAN.

NIGHT, 3:17 A.M.

If investigators survive the flesh creeper attack, Elena Costanza reveals to the investigators what she knows: a person named Mehmet, who has affiliation with some members (traitors and heretics in Constantinople) of an organization called the Brothers, is planning to assassinate the King of England's son. If the keeper feels there is a more appropriate time for this information to be revealed, then they should use it. By now Miss Costanza may be demanding explanations of the strange events happening; to get some answers, she is prepared to reveal some information herself.

NIGHT, 3:23 A.M.

At Ljubljana, Makryat lures away Sir Robert Harrow and, with the help of any remaining Brothers, leaves behind the skin of his last victim as well as that of Harrow's corpse. He does this on the platform and hides the remains well. Now dressed in Harrow's skin, he sends a telegram to Milan whose contents are mostly identical to the first one he sent. This time he is very careful about being followed.

NIGHT, 4:05 A.M.

Beyond Ljubljana, the Serbian police begin their exit check, then the Italians begin their entry procedures.

Some time later, the train passes into Italy. Szorbic comes to the investigators and tells them he knows they are looking for a killer. He thinks Groenig is the murderer. He tells the investigators he saw Groenig with the last person they suspected; he is convincing enough that a Psychology roll cannot detect that he is lying.

If awakened, Groenig is affable and slightly bemused by any outlandish claims, but threatening if crossed or pushed too far. He calls the Chef de Brigade, who has no sympathy for the investigators and their wild stories.

Szorbic enters the picture if the investigators have made loud claims about someone who is changing identities—otherwise Szorbic attempts to kill Groenig in Trieste, as he has planned.

Day Three

The train arrives in Trieste at about 8:30 in the morning. If any of the investigators slept after Szorbic came to their compartment, the Iloigor at Postumia disturbed their dreams and took their magic points.

If the investigators did not give back the medallion, then Iloigor cultists take compartments in the Trieste-

Paris coach and attempt to search the Calais coach for it as the train crosses Lombardy.

DAY, 9:32 A.M.

The Orient Express departs Trieste. Between here and Milan, Makryat makes no move, preferring to wait for darkness to try the next assault, which he is sure will clear his own timetable for London. Keepers should have sufficient tasks running the various non-player-characters and defending against investigator accusations.

Investigator and player paranoia should be running high. If there is any information that must be given to only one investigator, for instance, take that player aside to do so, and let the others begin to wonder if perhaps one of them is not now playing Mehmet Makryat. If the keeper likes, have an investigator who goes insane during the trip back come to believe that she or he is the real Mehmet, and then have him or her begin to randomly or episodically plot against the companion investigators. A good roleplayer could be inspired by this option.

If possible, resolve fellow-passenger quirks and the loose ends of such plots before nightfall. After the train leaves Milan, these matters will be distractions.

DAY, 4:10 P.M.

The Orient Express arrives in Milan. Five Brothers of the Skin meet Makryat here. If by luck the investigators are tailing the right suspect, they see the meeting. These cultists are Italian; they book aboard the second-class car.

Night Three

DARKNESS FALLS as the train leaves Milan. The five cultists wait until the Express reaches the mountain grades, which it slowly climbs, and then open a window and clamber out onto the roof of the train. Unseen, they easily move up to the engine. There they attack and kill the crew, taking control.

Investigators looking out the window have a Spot Hidden chance to notice a motionless fireman beside the tracks who has just been pitched out of the cab. When the track curves, so that they can see the front of the train, all observe that an extraordinary blue-white nimbus now clings to the engine. The Brothers are casting the spell Turn To Skin on the locomotive. Slowly it begins to transform.

Meanwhile, the train unexpectedly picks up speed after a few jolts and shudders that astonish the Wagons-Lits staff and any experienced passengers.

Encourage the players to understand that this may be Makryat's strongest effort and that they are now in danger of losing everything.

The upward grades continue. The investigators find it easy to climb onto the roof, and to go forward to the engine—no rolls are needed. The coal car offers convenient cover, if any have brought firearms. The cultists have just finished casting their spell; for a surprise hand-to-hand attack, require a successful Sneak roll or DEX x3.

The train will enter the seemingly endless Simplon Tunnel (nearly 20 kilometers long) in the thick of the combat. At all times then, investigators or cultists who stand up on car roofs or who lean out too far, or who fall from the train risk (luck roll) striking the surrounding walls and being swept away (lose 5D6 hit points).

When the fight ends, the Express emerges from the Simplon tunnel into Switzerland.

The speed of the train is now faster than usual. Ahead, switches are thrown magically to clear the way, as plodding freights on the same track are shunted aside to make way for the untimely Express. It is now running ahead of schedule. Accelerating, it makes no more stops, scheduled or unscheduled: it is no longer the Simplon-Orient Express, and no ordinary human can control it.

A New Development

Regardless of how the cultist battle goes, Makryat has meanwhile called an avatar of the Skinless One to inhabit the locomotive. After this, his POW drops to 23; he has 12 magic points. Make clear that the changes start after the Brothers in the cab have been eliminated, so that the connection of effect to the still-unidentified Makryat seems logical.

Now the locomotive physically changes, as the Avatar takes effect. The engine's iron, steel, and brass become rubbery flesh, thicker and tougher than whale hide. The open firebox door becomes a ravening maw which spits flame and consumes all that is thrown into it. Its controls are now massive, pulsing veins and tendrils, and its gauges glinting, leering eyes.

If an investigator climbs around to the front of the engine, he or she sees the horrific appearance shown on the front of the *Orient Express* box, completed by a three-lobed burning eye which becomes the only headlight. Seeing this, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll confirms this as an evocation of Nyarlathotep.

Nothing the investigators do here much affects what the engine has become. There are no working controls. The living locomotive is not physically invulnerable; in fact, it slows every time the investigators shoot it or seriously stab it, but then it speeds up again—it is too massive for them to hope to disable it.

Floorplan of Cathedral Car

Stairs to upper levels

W. C. (Medieval Style)

Gem Encrusted Throne

Sumptuous Feast

Stained Glass Windows (All)

Balcony (1 of 4)

Entry Way

THE LOCOMOTIVE BEAST, Avatar of the Skinless One

STR 80 CON 100 SIZ 100 INT 15 POW 20
DEX 10 HP 100 Move 20 on rails only

Damage Bonus: +10D6.

Weapons: Spit Flame 50%, damage 1D6 plus ignites
Flesh Tentacle 50%, damage 1D10 and sweeps off train
without successful DEX x5.

Crush Under Wheels 100%, damage 10D6*

*Target must be on tracks; a successful Dodge or Jump roll
gets the victim to safety.

Sanity Loss to See: 1D3/1D20.

A successful know roll establishes that damaging the avatar enough to stop it would probably derail the whole train. Since their speed is now nearly 60 miles an hour, most people aboard would die. Finding Makryat, at which they have been failing for days, promises better results. Presumably they re-enter the train's interior, leaving the whole to hurtle as it will through the night.

If they think to look, all watches and clocks have stopped.

The Cathedral Car

Could things get worse? Yes. They reach and pass through Lausanne like a thunderbolt. As the west edge of town flashes past, all feel a disconcerting hesitation or suspension, as though the entire train had decided to wait just a moment, and then to roar on.

When the train rounds the next bend, they see that an extra car has been added.

If the Orient Express car plans are laid out, add the new one wherever opportune. If the investigators are already comfortable with a particular layout, then make it a new tail-end car, so that unexpected problems of how to get there from here don't arise.

The new car is a weird one, like a tiny gothic cathedral on wheels, and appears to be made of stone. Peculiar buttress-like structures hang off the sides for no apparent purpose; the lighted windows are stained glass. Above the rush of the rails comes the tolling of a bell, strangely distorted, as if from a vast distance. The faint smell of burning incense wafts to them. Surely this new phenomenon is worth investigating.

The avatar and the simulacrum have sent shockwaves through the magical aether. Responding, the Jigsaw Prince has transferred a chunk of Dream Lausanne to the train, and there, secure until the distances become too great and his magic points run out, the Prince waits enthroned for the investigators to come to him. He can sense that the statue is on board somewhere, and he wants to discuss a deal with the investigators. If they hesitate, a young page brings cordial greetings and offers a truce, so that a meeting can take place.

*The Cathedral Car*

Inside the Prince's car, the investigators encounter luxury greater than the Orient Express. Huge tables sag beneath mounds of suckling pig, joints of beef, sweetmeats, fresh breads, and the finest wines and ales. Haunting melodies emerge from behind decorous tapestries. All is bright and clean, and the servants attentive and cordial.

Stairs lead up and out of sight to rooms and towers above, and if the keeper wishes, additional halls can connect laterally on this level as well; the cathedral car can expand its interior to be as large as desired.

On his high throne the Prince waits, wearing only a satin loincloth. The investigators see his true form for the first time: Sanity loss 2/1D6 SAN to see the ghastly seams and slumps between different original bodies, and the livid scars marking where Graft Flesh has been performed.

His hideous bulk lounging upon a gem-encrusted throne, the Prince greets the investigators warmly. He assures them that all past transgressions have been forgiven. He wants the statue, nothing more. Presumably the investigators want to live. Do we have a deal?

If the bargain is struck, the Prince is unbearably smug. "My good friend Selim did not teach his arrogant son everything. A simple spell will show you which aboard the train he is, and then it will destroy him." The spell is Detransference, discussed with the Prince's statistics at the end of this chapter, and quickly taught to any investigator who receives a successful INT x5 roll.

This spell was jealously guarded by Selim, to keep the Brothers firmly controlled by him. The Prince is no fool, and has scrupulously avoided using any Transfers on himself—his longevity stems from his Enchanted Grafted Flesh. However, the Prince is not interested in exposing himself to Makryat's power; he is safe while in the cathedral car, and so he wished the investigators to come to him.

Attacking Makryat

Even if they do not intend to bring the simulacrum to the Prince, the investigators should be eager to learn how to get rid of Makryat. The Prince will not reveal that each casting costs the caster 2 POW; even if the investigators ask directly, he dissembles or lies outright, though he does suggest that the spell exhausts the caster and that no one should cast it more than once a day.

Having learned the spell, they can test it on a suspect. The visible portion of the spell consists of two elaborate hand gestures, followed by a three-syllable word—the whole takes about five seconds to complete. Non-Makryats feel nothing and are totally unaffected.

Makryat has become aware of the Jigsaw Prince, but not of his intentions. He intends to play the skins-game

once more, now trying to capture an investigator and assume his or her identity. Failing that, he takes Elena Costanza instead, though the keeper may wish to keep Miss Costanza as a reserve, if the investigators deserve her.

En-skinned, then, as someone, he/she then accuses the Chef de Brigade of being Makryat. Players should be careful, even though Makryat is low in magic points, if exposed, Makryat attempts to flee, but does not leave the train. Cornered, he offers to tell them where the simulacrum is if they let him go, but by this he intends merely to buy some time—they cannot get at the undercarriage until the train stops, and he will lie to avoid dismissing the avatar.

Presumably the investigators will not now trust a man who has so mislead them and ended Dr. Smith's brilliant career in so horrifying and callous a manner.

The spell applied, Makryat squeezes apart, like putty. Makryat dead, the avatar vanishes, and the engine slows as the fire dies and the drive valves close off. The train halts somewhere not far from Paris, leaving the Swiss, Italian, and French border police a-buzz far behind. Perhaps the investigators take that opportunity to recover the simulacrum, or they wait—see the sub-section "Paris at Dawn" for a little more information.

IF MEHMET MAKRYAT SURVIVES

Escaping, Makryat steals another identity and gets away with the help of Parisian cult Brothers. The Simplon-Orient Express steams in, hours ahead of schedule, well before dawn. Perhaps by car if no trains are yet running, Makryat then heads for Calais, to cross for London and his shop there.

About the Prince

If the investigators are silly enough to return to the Prince's cathedral, he demands they fulfill their bargain. If they refuse, he leaps up and lunges for them. As they are in the Dream realm, his pursuit becomes like a nightmare; they run in slow motion, with the Prince closing on them, drawing inexorably nearer, so that they seem unable to make it out in time. But they do, slamming the door behind themselves—in the Prince's livid face, so to speak. The cathedral car vanishes.

If they don't return to the carriage, it vanishes all the same, soon after Makryat dies.

Whether or not the cathedral car vanishes, the Prince stays on the train if Makryat is dead. He wants the simulacrum and will kill whoever interferes. Play this ruthless bully as nastily as possible.

In a fight at close quarters, the investigators can win if they choose to shoot at his head, but he is mostly invul-

nerable and likely to take a few people with him. A successful Spot Hidden roll suggests that he is neither very strong nor very agile. The investigators might correctly deduce that a group melee attack could simply overpower him. They could Grapple him down, or make a more deadly attack. They might simply lock him in a compartment, since he's too fat to squeeze out the window. This would keep him occupied until he Dominates the guard or some passerby, is freed.

Their best bet is a cold one—to push him off the train while it's still moving.

Paris at Dawn

The engine ceases to be the Locomotive Beast the moment Makryat disintegrates, and arrives in Paris hours before it should, ending the strangest Orient Express trip in history. The engine stands steaming at the Gare de Lyon, while the passengers and crew stream from the train, pale and stumbling. If there are wounded or insane, hospital services are requested; if there are dead, the police arrive as well. Managers and directors from Wagons-Lits descend to reassure, to compensate, and to commiserate. If he survived, the Chef de Brigade is suspended, investigated, and finally reinstated and commended.

If any investigators went insane after Milan, they are placed in Charenton unless their companions make other arrangements. Screaming investigators who refuse to go, reinforce their insanity in the minds of the authorities. If they do damage or injury while resisting, criminal commitment may result.

Now that the train has stopped, and Makryat is dead, remaining investigators can thoroughly search the train. The Chef de Brigade or his surviving assistant helps this time; after what they have seen and been through, they now trust the investigators.

Inside the welding underneath the Calais coach are the pieces of the simulacrum, three of the Sedefkar Scrolls, plus false passports and other papers for Mehmet Makryat.

Inside a large oilskin envelope, newspaper clippings and documents deal with the Duke of York. There is a weekly summary of his movements. If Elena Costanza sees these, she is puzzled: she had assumed that Edward

was in peril. She makes a full report to British intelligence.

The Scrolls

The same difficulties of translation and comprehension exist for these scrolls as for the Scroll of the Head. That scroll is not necessary to understand these.

THE SCROLL OF THE BELLY

This is Sedefkar's mad litany to the Skinless One, a document insane enough to make the reader's skin crawl with revulsion. It confers 7% Cthulhu Mythos, and costs 2D6 SAN to read. If reading it makes someone insane, he or she develops a phobia concerning his or her naked skin, and thereafter goes clothed top to bottom, regardless of weather, comfort, or bath.

THE SCROLL OF THE LEGS

Here are many of the spells of the Skinless One. Time needed to learn the spells is left up to the keeper; some could be mastered quickly, some would take years. Most of these spells are summarized in the Constantinople chapter. The spells are Animate Flesh Thing [x3], Call Skinless One [x1], Contact Skinless One [x2], Control Skin [x5], Create Flesh Creeper [x2], Create Skin Beast [x1], Curse of the Putrid Husk [x1], Detransference [x5], Melt Flesh [x4], Prepare Corpse [x4], Skin of the Sedefkar [x2], Skin Walker [x4], Transfer Body Part [x3], Turn To Skin [x3]. Spell time-to-learn multipliers are appended.

THE SCROLL OF THE RIGHT HAND

This scroll contains the Ritual of Enactment. It can be learned with a successful INT x2 roll; make the roll once for every month of study. This ritual empowers the Sedefkar Simulacrum. Any person who dons the simulacrum without performing this ritual instantly corrupts into viscous matter. The ritual is long and complex, requires the sacrifice of 10 points of POW, and costs 1D100 SAN.

Conclusion

The investigators are still bound; their bodies will continue to corrupt until they acquire the Ritual of Cleansing, or until 100 hours pass and they dissolve into slime. Their salvation or damnation occurs in the next chapter, the final one of the campaign.

SANITY REWARDS

For having destroyed Mehmet Makryat, each investigator receives 1D8+2 SAN; for having destroyed the Jigsaw Prince, 1D6 SAN each; for having recovered the Sedefkar Simulacrum, 1D3 SAN each.



"Gentlemen, we owe you our lives."

Statistics

MEHMET MAKRYAT (Soucard, et.al.), Age 39, Leader of the Cult

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 25*
DEX 14 APP 14** SAN 0 EDU 16 HP 15

* After casting Control Skin on Gatling and then creating the flesh creepers, Makryat's POW is 24, and he has 2 magic points left. His magic points regenerate by the third night. After calling the avatar of the Skinless One, his POW is 23, and his magic points are 12.

** 9 as Soucard.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .38 revolver 70%, damage 1D10

Knife 90%, damage 1D6+1D4

Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3+1D4

Quoit (thrown) 65%, damage 1D8+1

Armor: after he has donned the simulacrum, Makryat is immune to the first 10 points of damage from any kinetic attack.

Skills: Bargain 45%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Disguise 38%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile 40%, English 60%, Fast Talk 45%, French 45%, Hide 80%, History 25%, Library Use 40%, Linguist 20%, Listen 70%, Occult 35%, Oratory 45%, Pick Pocket 25%, Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 40%, Skin Human 90%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 85%, Throw 70%, Track 40%, Treat Poison 30%, Turkish 90%.

Spells: Animate Flesh Thing**, Call Avatar of Skinless One*, Contact Skinless One**, Control Skin**, Create Flesh Creeper*, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Melt Flesh**, Skin Walker, Summon/Bind Dimensional Shambler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Transfer Body Part**, Turn To Skin*.

* new spells;

**new spells found at the end of the Constantinople chapter.

FLESH CREEPER

STR 3 CON 3 SIZ 1 INT 5 POW 1
DEX 15 Move 12 HP 2

Damage Bonus: -1D6, but not applicable.

Weapon: Seal Mouth 90%, asphyxiation damage—use rules-book drowning rules.

Armor: a flesh creeper must either be cut off or reduced to zero hit points, but split the damage from successful attacks between the creeper and the victim.

Skills: Find Designated Target 99%, Leap Onto Face 75%.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D4 SAN; having one stuck on your face costs a further 0/1D4 SAN.

12 BROTHERS OF THE SKIN, Age About 30

These cruel men are all insane, so-rendered by their evil desires. They may decide to capture and not to kill targets who seem to have remarkable beauty, grace, ability to leap or climb, and so forth—attributes which seem worth stealing. These men are of various backgrounds and races.

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 45%, damage special
Stiletto 55%, damage 1D4+1D4

Skills: Dodge 25%, Follow Orders 45%, Hide 30%, Listen 40%, Skin Human 35%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 25%.

Spells: Control Skin*, Turn to Skin*, plus Transfer Body Part* at the keeper's option. *new spells.

	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
One	16	9	13	14	14	11
Two	15	13	11	14	11	12
Three	15	14	12	14	11	13
Four	13	12	15	13	11	14
Five	15	14	13	13	11	14
Six	14	17	15	13	10	16
Seven	16	15	9	12	8	12
Eight	11	13	16	12	6	15
Nine	15	9	12	12	9	11
Ten	13	11	12	11	10	12
Eleven	11	11	14	11	7	13
Twelve	13	8	13	11	9	11

At the keeper's option, particular Brothers may have dead men's parts, heightening some skills. Here are some ideas:

Arms: raise STR to 18, add Grapple 60%, damage special.

Ears: raise Listen to 60%.

Eyes: raise Spot Hidden to 60%, can see in the dark.

Face: change APP to anything from 3 to 18.

Fingers: raise DEX to 16.

Hands: raise STR to 16, add Scimitar 50%, damage 1D6+2+1D4.

Legs: raise Move to 9, add Kick 50%, damage 1D6+1D4.

Tongue: can chant in nonhuman languages.

Sanity Loss: for confronting a Brother with obvious sewn-on additions, 0/1. If those additions can be identified as coming from a friend or acquaintance, 0/1D4.

DUC JEAN FLORESSAS des ESSEINTES, Age 90, Duke/Jigsaw Prince

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 18 POW 19
DEX 13 APP 15(2) SAN 0 EDU 20 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Knife 75%, damage 1D6+1D4

Sword Cane 70%, damage 1D6+2+1D4

Armor: his body is enchanted. Melee attacks and weapons slide off his flesh without causing damage. Bullets striking him do minimum damage. Enchanted weapons do normal damage. His head, however is vulnerable—any attack result which is 10% or less of the attacking skill percentage does normal damage to the head, regardless of the kind of attack.

Skills: Credit Rating* 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Dreaming 80%, Dodge 40%, English 70%, Fast Talk 78%, French 90%, German 80%, Hide 50%, Occult 75%, Oratory 55%, Sneak 45%.

* The police of various cities suspect him of many crimes, all unprovable.

Spells: Animate Flesh Thing**, Brew Dream Drug*, Control Skin**, Detransference*, Dominate, Enchant Flesh*, Enchant Item, Enchant Knife, Graft Flesh*, Melt Flesh**, Shrivelling, Voorish Sign.

* new spells; **new spells found at the end of the Constantinople chapter.

Sanity Loss: lose 2/1D6+1 for seeing the Prince's body uncovered.

New Spells

Create Flesh Creeper

To cast, the spell costs 1D10 SAN and 1 POW; 3 magic points must be expended for each flesh creeper to be created, and a separate star-shaped lump of raw flesh must be hacked from a living human. All flesh creepers have identical statistics.

The spell empowers the flesh to be animate and seek out a magically-designated victim. The caster must know the appearance of the target, and know his or her approximate location.

Once the victim is found, the flesh creeper leaps onto the victim's face and grafts instantly to the skin around the nose and mouth, sealing shut the victim's airways. Once in place, normal asphyxiation rules apply. After a victim dies, the creeper can detach and seek new prey until the caster's POW x minutes have passed; then the flesh creeper dies.

Call Avatar of Skinless One

Invoking the dread 680th name of Nyarlathotep, the caster causes an artifact or living being to become possessed by an avatar of the Skinless One for one day, or until the caster shall dismiss the avatar, or die. The spell costs 6 Sanity points, 12 magic points, and 1 POW.

If the object to which the avatar is summoned is inanimate, it takes on certain characteristics of life, including its own will; if animate, it takes on certain characteristics of dead matter, including the invulnerability to pain and shock.

The characteristics of 100 CON, 15 INT, and 20 POW never change; movement is always twice that rate possible before possession. Other characteristics and functions vary with that which is possessed, including Sanity loss to see, which is never more than 1/5th in points of the avatar's apparent SIZ. See the Across Europe chapter for the portrayal of it as a locomotive.

Once called, the avatar always adopts and magnifies the tendencies of that which it is possessing; thus it makes a stronger, speedier locomotive in the adventure. But to do so, it always finds a way to cause or promote death and destruction—it is inherently evil, and only evil comes of it.

Turn to Skin

This spell turns a non-living surface or artifact to skin and flesh; an action done primarily as religious homage to the Skinless One. The cost is 1 magic point per 10 points of SIZ, plus 1 POW, but the caster can only call on such SIZ as has previously been flayed from victims dedicate to the Skinless god, and thus in that way quantifies piety.

Brew Dream Drug

This spell allows the magician to create a drug which facilitates entry into some world of dream. Making the drug takes about five hours. Casting the spell costs 2 Sanity points and 4 magic points. After the first dose, each additional draught made costs one additional magic point; thus to make 5 draughts would cost a total of 8 magic points.

The drinker of a draught falls asleep very quickly, for about four hours; the subjective length of the dream may be long or short, and memories of the dream may be distorted. Importantly, all who drink of the same drug together are together in the dream.

By the origin and proportion of the ingredients, the caster may make dream entry into a specific area correlative to the waking world, such as a specific city, or to any random place or universe.

A large number of herbs are used in its creation, some commonplace, others mystical and difficult to find. The end result is a thin brown liquid which acts as a mild narcotic, making the mind of the user more relaxed and therefore more in tune with the land of dreams.

This drug does not concern the Dreamlands of Earth, and cannot be used to go there, except by accident.

Detransference

The spell costs 10 magic points and 2 POW, and takes one minute to cast. Match the caster's magic points against the target's magic points on the resistance table. If the caster succeeds, then the spell reverses any Transfer Body Part

New Spells continued next page

New Spells, continued

spells connected with the target. The borrowed organs and members appear in the caster's hands, sodden and rotting. Bereft of vital organs, the target quickly dies.

The spell costs no Sanity unless it succeeds, in which case the rotting parts appear in the caster's hands—that costs 1D10 Sanity unless the caster has had experience as a doctor or nurse.

Enchant Flesh

It allows the caster to preserve and ensorcele 1 SIZ point of the skin and flesh of a victim. The flesh must be cut away with an enchanted knife and immediately thereafter the spell must be cast upon the skin. The spell takes five minutes to cast and costs the user 10 magic points and 2D4 SAN. The block of flesh so-enchanted is now immune to most forms of damage (fire-arms still do minimum damage, enchanted weapons do normal damage). Furthermore, the flesh will age instead of the caster, adding one year to his or her life.

Unless applied with a Graft Flesh spell, the ensorceled flesh lasts for (POW of victim) x2 weeks; after that it loses its magical properties

and goes the way of all flesh. If Grafted, the flesh lasts forever.

Nominally, then, 10-11 such flesh blocks can completely armor an average-sized human.

This obscene variant of the Enchant Item spell was created by the Duke himself, combining teachings of the Skinless One with other magicks of the Mythos. Selim would kill the Duke for this spell, if he knew he had it. Only the Duke knows Enchant Flesh.

Graft Flesh

This spell allows the caster to graft a piece of Enchanted Flesh to his or her body, and have the flesh and its armoring effects last forever. The spell costs 10 magic points and 2D6 Sanity points to cast. The lengthy ritual involves two hours of chanting and prayer. The caster must remove from his or her own body a corresponding area of skin (costing 1D4 hit points) before the Enchanted Flesh can be Grafted. After the spell has been cast, the Enchanted Flesh properties become available to the user forever.

Only the Duke knows Graft Flesh.

XV. LONDON AGAIN



The Fog Lifts

Wherein our heroes seek their salvation, confront a card played from beyond the grave, and end their journey as do all, where first they began.

by Geoff Gillan

THE INVESTIGATORS ARRIVE in London, in sore need of the Ritual of Cleansing which Mehmet Makryat said he hid here. Without it, they die in a few days or less—one hundred hours after losing ownership of the simulacrum in Constantinople.

This final encounter assumes that Makryat died in France, in "Blue Train, Black Night," at the hands of the investigators or by those of the Jigsaw Prince. If Makryat did not die, the conclusion to the campaign is different; ideas for its presentation occur in a nearby box titled

"Alternate Endings," which considers two important possibilities.

The Antique Shop

Makryat's shop is in Islington, its blinds drawn and seemingly as weeks before, when the campaign began. Just before he left London, well after the investigators departed, and after the time that the police entrusted the premises to Makryat's greedy solicitor, the leader of the Brothers returned there and carefully designed a trap which could bring him back to life if his plans failed.

If they visited the shop at the beginning of the campaign, the investigators notice major changes when they creep back in.

In the office upstairs, the carpet has been rolled back and the hardwood floor beneath is carved with an intricate and somewhat disturbing pattern. On the desk is a scroll, at a glance obviously one of the Sedefkar Scrolls. It is tied with a red ribbon. A note in English is next to it.

Makryat's Shop



**Master, as you instructed.
The simulacrum must be present.
Yr. servant.**

The scroll is in the same confusing combination of Arabic and Turkish as the others. Beneath it a handwritten transcript, in the same hand as the note, sets forth a number of unfamiliar words, apparently written phonetically. Fair-minded keepers may allow the investigators idea rolls, or Spot Hidden rolls, etc., to remember that they may have seen this style of handwriting before—a note in the same hand was attached to poor Beddows' body in the British Museum.



The Skinless One

Neither successful Cthulhu Mythos nor Occult rolls make sense of the syllables, which seem to be a short chant. Though the investigators may deduce that these syllables compose the Ritual of Cleansing, they do not. After reflection, Makryat foresaw that he might lose the simulacrum and his own life, and so has arranged his reincarnation as a precaution.

THE RITUAL UNLEASHED

When the words of the transcript are spoken, they act as a conduit to bring the consciousness of Mehmet Makryat to life in the body of the investigator closest to the center of the circle—determine their positions at that moment by calling for luck rolls. The highest result, whether success or failure, determines which investigator is the target.

Match Makryat's current POW 23 against the target investigator's POW on the resistance table. If the investigator is lucky, he (or she) beats back the possession, hearing Makryat's screams inside his own skull, feeling the acid drip of insanity lap against his soul—lose 2/1D6+1 SAN, but saves the day.

More likely, however, the victim's consciousness slowly extinguishes, like a fading projection lamp—his body begins to twist and warp and turn into a hideous mockery of the Skinless One, and in his mind all goes black forever.

Before the remaining investigators, their friend dies; they can do nothing. Request his character sheet, and offer commiseration, then warn that the rest surely face doom; the ghastly outlines of Mehmet Makryat can be perceived shifting inside the livid, splattering form which was their friend.

Makryat has been reborn, but without skin. All his internal organs continually shift and writhe, slithering through and across himself as enormous worms and slugs might course through gelatin. Burning in his forehead is a third eye, which remains fixed with the other two while all else moves. Sanity loss to witness his return is 1/1D10 SAN.

If the investigators make no move, this is a last chance for Makryat to answer questions and tie up loose ends before he destroys them.

That done, shouting his barbaric triumph, Makryat calls for the Skinless One, and turns to attack the other investigators with hands like twisted claws. With each hit scored, Mehmet grows some skin. Then the floor begins to quake as the true Skinless One arrives in the circle. Sanity loss to witness the Skinless One's arrival is 1D10/1D100 SAN—everyone knows instinctively the horrible power of the god condensing before them. Behind him swirls a vortex of glowing-orange clouds and dark smoke.

Makryat directs the Skinless One to attack, yet the god stands unmoved. Screaming hysterically, Makryat commands that, by the power of his ownership of the Sedefkar Simulacrum, the Skinless One must obey. The Skinless One looks at him again, then turns to observe the scattered pieces of the simulacrum.

NONE WEARS THE SIMULACRUM.

The Skinless One's observation is correct. Makryat moves to the pieces, to merge with them. "Obey me, for I am now your master!" he screams.

This is the investigators' chance to act. If they prevent Makryat from donning the simulacrum, he is unable to command the Skinless One. However, the reincarnated Mehmet cannot be killed, and the statue pieces are unbreakable.

If any investigator tries to flee with a piece, Makryat summons a dimensional shambler to fetch it back. If an investigator should manage to don the simulacrum, without performing the Ritual of Enactment, he or she instantly corrupts into slime.

The Skinless One watches impartially, arms open as if ready to receive something. If a piece of the simulacrum is thrown to the livid god, the Skinless One snaps the piece in half with a brittle crackling.

THE USURPER IS UNWORTHY. MY GIFT IS SUNDERED.

When the first piece is broken, Makryat stops dead. His hideous cadaver collapses, lifeless forever. Pieces he might have worn clatter to the floor. If these are thrown to the waiting Skinless One, it breaks each in turn.

When the Skinless One squeezes the head of the statue, for a brief second faces flash across it: Sedefkar's, Fenalik's, Selim's, Mehmet's, the Duke's, and the investigators'. Then it crumples into the hollowness of itself, like a rotten puff-ball from an oak tree.

THE GIFT OF SKIN IS REVOKED.

The last piece destroyed, the Skinless One departs. The broken simulacrum fragments disappear into the center of it, sucked down. Any Sedefkar Scrolls present, including the vital Scroll of the Left Hand, are tugged into the circle and also disappear, unless grabbed and held. Makryat's corpse is dragged down, and any investigators still standing in the circle begin to lose their footing as well—allow a DEX x5 roll or a luck roll to leap clear.

The investigators have won.

Keepers may decide whether or not their corruption continues to ravage them. Logically, the simulacrum gone, its effects stop, or perhaps fade or reverse over time; just as logically, a Ritual of Cleansing may be needed in order to end impairments whose spread has been halted, but whose effects continue.

In the latter case, use the following sub-section.

Scroll of the Left Hand

Obviously the contents of this scroll are not the same as those of the false transcript; to make sure, the investigators merely need read the scroll or have it translated. Fortunately, they are a mere few minutes' taxicab ride from the British Museum, and the important translation and scholarly services which that institution commands or with which it can communicate.

Investigators with sufficient contacts, scholarly credentials, cash, or Credit Rating can have the scroll translated into English in less than a day; it may be a tense time as the hundredth hour draws near.

"Gentlemen," the translator reports, "these writings are most mad and blasphemous, and there is about them a sense of hopelessness utterly blighting to the human spirit. I have completed your commission, and I hope to your satisfaction, but I must state at the outset that I decline all further such work. I fear I shall not sleep well for many weeks."

THE RITUAL OF CLEANSING

To learn the Ritual of Cleansing requires a successful INT x5 or less roll on D100.

This simple ritual must be performed every hundred hours by those contaminated by the Sedefkar Simulacrum. The caster must sacrifice all but one magic point; the Ritual of Cleansing halts the corruption caused by the simulacrum. To reverse any existing effects, 1 POW must also be sacrificed.

The ritual also removes any effects of the Ithaqua medallion encountered in Trieste. At the keeper's option, the ritual may occasionally be of use in future cases of possession, supernatural disease, infestation, and so forth.

THE END OF THE SCROLLS

When the Skinless One withdraws his gift, the Sedefkar Scrolls lose the agent of their preservation, and slowly decompose. Within a week of the simulacrum's destruction, they have rotted away. Unless the investigators learned spells or made copies in that time, the knowledge is lost.

Conclusion

The investigators deserve to regain some Sanity, for this scenario and for the campaign. Keepers will recall that Sanity regained cannot exceed individual maximums.

- For defeating the reincarnated Makryat, 1D10 SAN each.
- If the Skinless One broke the simulacrum, 1D10 SAN each.
- When the scrolls decompose, 1D6 SAN each, for understanding that the power of the Skinless One cannot now be evoked.
- For seeing the defeat of their enemies, survivors of the Constantinople chapter receive 1D4 SAN each.

- For having completed the entire campaign, survivors receive 4D6 SAN each. They may count their remaining limbs and consider retiring from active duty before their astonishing luck finally runs out.

GRATITUDE

In due time, crested watermarked envelopes arrive by courier at each investigator's home, and inside each is a message of appreciation written in ink on very stiff, hand-torn paper. They are from a person very well known in the British Empire. The efforts of the investigators which proved of value to the royal family have not gone unnoticed. Thereafter, survivors traveling within the Empire occasionally encounter unexpectedly deferential treatment, as some bureaucrat or official reads through his lists and encounters the high recommendations therein pertaining to these men and women.

Alternate Outcomes

Significant chances exist that the investigators will choose an ending alternate to that desired by the authors. The keeper should give careful thought to the two possibilities sketched below, and be prepared to launch either of them the same evening as the supposedly climactic encounter.

Investigator Sanity gains for alternate outcomes must be left to the keeper.

Mehmet Foiled

Cunning investigators may not be deceived by Mehmet's phony ritual. Makryat thus remains dead, the Skinless One remains not summoned, and the simulacrum remains unbroken.

That makes for a peaceful conclusion to the campaign, but leaves our heroes in possession of an unholy artifact which they have no means of destroying; they must continue to recast the Ritual of Cleansing every 100 hours.

An additional adventure may be required to put things right. The simplest solution is to con-

tinue to perform Rituals of Cleansing, to translate all the scrolls, and to find a way to call the Skinless One back to reclaim his simulacrum.

Future events are necessarily left to the keeper.

If Mehmet Survived

If Makryat survived the bizarre train ride back to Paris, the keeper must engineer a different climax.

In London, Makryat makes for his shop, there to recover the Ritual of Cleansing. The investigators naturally remember the address, and can get there first, or at the same time. If Mehmet gets there first, he will leave, taking the Ritual with him. The investigators soon weaken and die from the corruption of the simulacrum, and degenerated into festering, unidentifiable puddles.

That may be too sad an ending for most, so presumably a showdown ensues.

If Mehmet escapes, but the investigators manage to save

themselves with the Ritual of Cleansing, the chase is still on. Makryat carries on with his plan to replace the Duke of York, who is vacationing at Balmoral. The authorities will help the investigators if they can prove themselves somehow.

Having Elena Costanza with them would be a big help, and she is likely to offer to go with them to protect the King's son. However, Elena will make the fatal mistake of rushing to the aid of Edward. An idea roll from an investigator may remind her that the King has more than one son. If Miss Costanza has already expired, perhaps Sir Douglas Rutherford could show up, to smooth the way.

This scenario is best left to an entire session. Mehmet will not use the statue again until he is in proximity with the Duke, so he is vulnerable. If Mehmet escapes, with or without the Sedefkar, Keepers may wish to keep him as an ever present threat in an ongoing campaign. Could this person be Mehmet? You never know.

Statistics

MEHMET MAKRYAT, Ageless, Reincarnated Leader of the Brothers

STR 18 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 23*
DEX 14 APP 0 SAN 0 EDU 16 HP -15**

* drops to 21 when calling the Skinless One; magic points fall to 1.

** The reincarnated Mehmet starts with negative 15 hit points. He can add to this all points of damage he does to investigators, causing proportionally more skin to appear on his body. If he takes damage, he merely drops to greater negative hit points—but it takes him longer to re-skin himself. If he reaches positive hit points, his return to life is complete, and thereafter he can be killed as a normal being.

He is not wearing the simulacrum, but for much of the action he has possession of it, degrading any luck, idea, or know rolls made for him.

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claw 70%, damage 1D4+1D4

Armor: has negative hit points, and therewith can sustain any amount of damage

Skills: while under such hysteria-producing tension, Mehmet must receive a successful INT x2 or less roll to attempt any of the following skills. Bargain 45%, Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Disguise 38%, Dodge 60%, Drive Automobile 40%, English 60%, Fast Talk 45%, French 45%, Hide 80%, History 25%, Library Use 40%, Linguist 20%, Listen 70%, Occult 35%, Oratory 45%, Pick Pocket 25%, Pharmacy 20%, Psychology 40%, Skin Human 90%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 85%, Throw 70%, Track 40%, Treat Poison 30%, Turkish 90%.

Spells: until six hours have passed, Mehmet has only 1 magic point and cannot cast any of these spells. Animate Flesh Thing**, Call Avatar of Skinless One*, Contact Skinless One**, Control Skin**, Create Flesh Creeper*, Fist of Yog-Sothoth, Melt Flesh**, Skin Walker, Summon/Bind Dimensional Sham-bler, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire, Transfer Body Part**, Turn To Skin*.

* new spells; **new spells found at the end of the Constantinople chapter.

Sanity Loss to See: 1/1D10 SAN.

The Skinless One

Description: an aspect of Nyarlathotep, it usually appears as a muscular eight-foot-tall human without skin, and sometimes with a third eye in the center of the forehead. Power crackles around the god, and the skin of any human within 100 yards starts to itch.

Cult: the Skinless One is worshiped by the Brothers of the Skin.

Notes: this god usually manifests only in order to attend ceremonies and accept sacrifices.

The Skinning Gaze affects a human at the cost of 1 magic point. If overcoming the target's magic points with its own on the resistance table, all of the target's skin falls away like loose clothing. The victim's movement thereafter is intensely painful, and the victim loses 1 hit point per round until dead.

THE SKINLESS ONE

STR 20 CON 20 SIZ 20 INT 86 POW 100
DEX 20 APP 0 HP 20

Damage Bonus: +1D6 (not applicable).

Weapon: Skinning Gaze 100%, damage 4D6

Armor: anyone who shoots or strikes at the Skinless One develops an unbearable itch in the weapon hand, causing an involuntary miss. Attacks of any kind always do minimum damage. Attacks which manage to eliminate all hit points dispel the Skinless One, but it may return with full hit points in 1D6 rounds.

Skills: Skin Human 100%, Spot Hidden 100%.

Spells: all except those peculiar to other gods.

Sanity Loss to See: 1D10/1D100 SAN.

PLAYER HANDOUTS

FOR ORIENT-EXPRESS



A COMPENDIUM OF CLUES, QUOTES, AND CURIOS
COLLECTED FOR THE KEEPER'S CONVENIENCE.

How To Use This Booklet

Herein is a collection of player handouts found throughout the text. As investigators unearth clues and track down leads these should be given out to players in turn. Handouts add color to a campaign and give players evidence they can pour over at will.

In this respect handouts act as memory. If something doesn't make sense to investigators immediately, the players can refer back to them as events progress. It is the investigators job to use this information to make deductions vital to their success. Like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle (or

parts of a simulacra?) the clues in these handouts are designed to fit together into a big picture.

These handouts may be photocopied, for game use only, or used directly from this booklet. If you wish to cut them out use a razor, or a sharp knife, with a straight edge. Save the cover of this booklet as a folder to keep them together. Handouts are named and numbered and it is a good idea to keep the numbers attached to the handouts until use. It could prove annoying if not embarrassing to halt the game in search of a lost handout at a critical moment.

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What You Know About Your Friend, Prof. Smith

Professor Julius Arthur Smith, Litt.D., Ph.D., is 54, a heavy-set Englishman, a scholar who now devotes himself entirely to research. He is famed for his whiskers and great curling moustaches that give him the air of a friendly walrus. His disgusting preferences in tobaccos (especially his favorite, a foul, obsidian-hued Balkan Sobranje), his erudite after-dinner stories, and his hearty laugh are trademarks.

Dr. Smith has lived and traveled extensively on the Continent. His specialties are European languages and archaeology; his Litt.D. was conferred by the University of Vienna. In the past he has aided you in rendering difficult translations. Now his attention has shifted to matters parapsychological, with excellent result.



Dr. Julius Smith

The professor has a town house in St. John's Woods, where he resides when in London. At present it is undergoing renovation, to enlarge his library, and so the investigators must stay at a hotel.

When in London, Smith spends his time lecturing at the University of London or reading at the British Museum library. His country home is an estate not far from Cambridge. Margaret, his wife, died in 1919. These days his manservant Beddows, who is at once friend, assistant, and confidant, is his only companion.



Beddows

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #1

*Come at once.
I haven't long.
For god's sake let
no one follow you.*

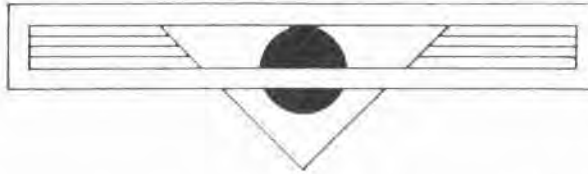
J. A. Smith

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #4

*The Comte was like a sun amongst us,
shedding his light and marking all rejoice in
his pleasures. His feasts are said to be the most
lavish and lascivious yet seen in our city...*

*It was then that it became apparent that
much evil was afoot, and the Queen became
angered. The King's men did raid the house,
and much was destroyed, and the Comte was
arrested...*

PARIS: PLAYER HANDOUT #6



What Professor Smith Says

"Thank God you have come. Because of my injuries, I cannot bear to talk for long, so please listen, and Beddows will answer questions for me.

"I have been on the trail of an occult artifact of great malevolence, the Sedefkar Simulacrum. It is a statue, a source of great magical power. Evil power.

"At the end of the eighteenth century it was taken apart, and the pieces scattered across Europe. I planned to retrieve the pieces, and to destroy it.

"Last night Beddows and I were attacked in our home by Turkish madmen. I think they too seek the Simulacrum, but for foul purposes. We barricaded ourselves indoors, so they tried to burn us alive, but we got away. I am afraid to come out of hiding, for these men would stop at nothing. Beddows has a plan for us to escape, but the less said of that the better.

"My notes were destroyed in the fire, unless the Turks have them. They must not be allowed to recover the statue. I ask you, my friends, to collect it before they can reach it.

Here is what I remember of my researches:

"Paris was where the statue was dismembered. The owner was a noble, Conte Fenalik, who lost it just prior to the French Revolution. Some part of it may still be in France.

"Napoleon's soldiers carried a piece into Venice when they invaded that city. It was sold to Alvise de Gremanci.

"Another fragment made its way to Trieste at the same time. I do not know what became of it, but look up Johann Winckelmann at the museum there.

"I think there may be a piece in Serbia. Start at the Belgrade Museum, Dr. Milovan Todorovic is the curator.

"One part was lost near Sofia during the Bulgarian War in 1875. At that time things of value were hidden from the invaders, so it may be buried somewhere.

"The final piece was in circulation in Paris just after the Great War, and was sold to someone from Milan. I do not know who.

"That is all I can tell you. You must try to collect it. When you have it, there is only one sure way to destroy it, and destroy it you must. You must. Take it back to its original home, a place in Constantinople known as the Shunned Mosque. There are niches there, in which it once lay. A ritual which will destroy it utterly is included in a set of documents known as the Sedefkar Scrolls, but I have been unable to consult them.

"I am sorry, my friends. For you, for me, for us all. Please do this for me. Go. Go quickly. God help you."

MAN DIES THREE TIMES IN ONE NIGHT

Three Bodies In Hotel, Each Man Carried Same Identity

LONDON — Three slain men were discovered last night in a London hotel, each bearing positive identification as Mr. Mehmet Makryat, of 3 Brophy Lane, Islington. Each had been stabbed through the heart.

Maids at the Chelsea Arms Hotel discovered the remains. The room also was registered in the name of Mr. Makryat. Bona fide papers identify the trio as one man, the Mr. Makryat who is a Turkish antique and art dealer in this city.

The victims bear superficial resemblances, and each had passed as Mr. Makryat

since independently arriving in London three days ago.

Confusingly, the real Mr. Makryat, or at least the man described by neighboring shopkeepers as Mr. Makryat, cannot be found. Police request that he come forth.

The passports of these Turkish nationals record independent world-wide travels for each man over the past three years.

Inspector Fleming of Scotland Yard is at a loss to describe the meaning of the bizarre mystery, but is eager to converse with any other Mehmet Makryats still living.

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #2

PROFESSOR'S HOME BURNS

Fears For His Safety

LONDON — Professor Julius Arthur Smith, a figure well-known in academia, was sought today following the burning of his home under mysterious circumstances.

Missing also is Dr. Smith's manservant, one James Beddows. Witnesses saw a man resembling Beddows run from the house just before the fire broke out.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Dr. Smith or Beddows is requested to contact Detective Sergeant Rigby at Scotland Yard's Arson Division.

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #3

MAN DISAPPEARS IN CLOUD OF SMOKE

Spontaneous Human Combustion. Link to Triple Murder Case?

LONDON — Police are today investigating the disappearance of Mr. Henry Stanley, 41, of Stoke Newington, reported missing last night by his landlady, Mrs. Constance Atkins.

She alleges that she heard a cry from Mr Stanley's upstairs room at eight o'clock. He did not answer to her knocking, and when she opened the door the room was full of smoke, and there was no sign of him.

Mr Stanley is not married. He is a noted train enthusiast and member of the London Train Spotter's Association.

His disappearance may be a case of spontaneous human combustion. Police have refused to comment on this. Similar cases have been reported in England earlier this century. The most recent known was that of Mr J. Temple Thurston, who burned to death in his

home in Dartford, Kent, in 1919.

It has been revealed that a model train set found on the scene was purchased just last week from the shop of Mehmet Makryat. That child's toy may well have caused the fire.

Readers may recall that three bodies, all identified as Mr. Makryat, were found earlier this week in a Chelsea hotel room. Police have not ruled out the possibility of a link between the two cases.

Investigations are continuing.

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #5b

50, Rue St. Etienne
Lausanne, Switzerland

To whom it may concern,

I realize that I am a complete stranger and that this letter may well mean nothing to you. My name is Edgar Wellington and I am researching the history of a statue known most commonly as the "Sedafkan Simulacrum." I recently came into possession of an old scroll which presents an intriguing description of the item. This piqued my interest, and I am now endeavouring to trace the simulacrum. My search has lead me to your address.

The name is probably meaningless to you but through my research I have learnt that the last recorded resting place of the piece of art was in the house that occupied your land in the late 18th century. The statue was a unique Arabian artifact, lost during the events of 1789. Its last owner was a German nobleman who once lived where you live today.

Please, I ask that if you have heard any local stories regarding this item, or maybe found any traces of the old house and its possessions on your land which might give a clue as to the eventual fate of the object, would you be so kind as to write to me with a summary of the information.

I apologise for the rather strange nature of my request, but I feel that I should pursue whatever leads remaining to me, I hope that you will not go to any great length regarding this.

Yours most sincerely,
Edgar Wellington
✱

... When we arrived the feast was still in progress, men and women were rutting like rabid dogs. We chased them out, arresting the ones who were not able to vouch for themselves. I sent Huilliam and five others to capture the Comte, while I entered the chambers beneath. I cannot bring myself to describe what I saw there, save that we had entered a cesspool and it was Hell. God protect us.

... Many devices of torture lay in many chambers. One of my men found a strange Nuremberg Virgin, which was locked. Fearing to find an fresh occupant we

smashed it open, but within we found only the stinking refuse of some poor wretch long-dead.

... It was a dark day when noble vermin such as Fenalik did descend upon Poissy, and if God does not punish him for his sins, then the King surely will. It was with a just heart that I did give the order to burn the house and those who remained within, though the Comte did howl and scream as though his very soul was burning. We then took him to the place that would be his new home. There may he rot.

Dr. Etienne Delplace

We mourn the loss of our esteemed director, Dr. Etienne Delplace, a man of the highest professional standards and a true pioneer in the field of neurology. His loss by tragic accident comes as a great blow. We at the hospital extend our heartfelt sympathies to his family, hoping that they may overcome their grief in time. Dr. Delplace will be missed by the Charenton community, Paris at large, the glorious nation of France, and civilized men everywhere.

— Dr. Francois Leroux
Acting Director.

PARIS: PLAYER HANDOUT
#9

Two nights later the soldiers of the King went in force to the Comte's villa, to halt his excesses. After they burned his mansion, they brought the Comte before the King's deputy, who then ordered me present to deliver an opinion.

Comte Fenalik was screaming and writhing; it was easy to see that he was mad. As a nobleman and a madman, he could not be executed, so I suggested that a merciful King might place Fenalik in Charenton. The King's deputy apparently decided upon this course, and arranged that Fenalik be taken there. Later the King expressed his approval, and the disposition was made permanent. The last I learned of him was that he had been locked away in a cellar, because he had attacked other patients.

PARIS: PLAYER HANDOUT #8

The Journal of Dr. Delplace, excerpts

... A dismaying event last night. A male nurse, one Guimart of 4th Ward, entered the cellars without authorization, and there, after suffering a painful wound to his right arm, collapsed. Another nurse, L. Mandrin, investigated Guimart's absence and after some time discovered Guimart on the floor, in severe shock. Treatment was prompt and efficacious, but upon regaining consciousness this morning, Guimart began raving to me about 'creatures of the night' and the 'attack of the dead.'

For the moment, I have placed him in room 13, and notified his landlady of his indisposition. Alas, with Guimart was another man, one unknown to this institution, and in tragic physical condition. Many grave questions must be answered.

... I began to question Guimart about the stranger. Is he a patient? What is his name? How long had Guimart kept him down there? Had Guimart had kept the stranger there for a long time? Long enough that

the mortar sealing the room had cured to such condition? Had he given him nourishment? How had he survived?

I am moving the stranger to my private wing, for the moment treating the man as an inconsequential derelict until more evidence is found.

... Even in a fresh bed the stranger's appearance is horrifying. Given small amounts of broth, he merely regurgitates it. He takes no nourishment, yet lives in a catatonic state. Would electroshock revive him?

... After several applications, the stranger woke, but so weakened that he could not move. He whined and begged in different, and very old forms of Greek and Latin ... tales of cities crumbling, and of other, darker things. He also spoke gibberish of a sort which seems vaguely Slavic, repeating the names Marosh, Gorgynia, and Sofia. What a mystery man! It is almost easier to think we have tapped some form of group mind or racial memory.

SAMPLE PASSAGE FROM THE SCROLL OF THE HEAD

... I HAVE SEEN THE POWERS WHICH
STALK THE NIGHT AND STRIKE FEAR
INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL THOSE WHO
WORSHIP THE FALSE GOD. I KNOW HIM
AND I WORSHIP HIM. THE SKINLESS
ONE HAS SPOKEN TO ME. HE
WHISPERED SECRET WORDS INTO MY
HEART OF HEARTS AND I KNOW WHAT I
NOW MUST DO. I HAVE SEEN IT IN
VISIONS AND IT IS ALL THAT MY LORD
SAID IT WAS. IN MY DREAMS I HAVE
SEEN IT'S PERFECTION STRIDING ABOVE
THE RUINS OF CITIES. KINGS AND
COUNTRIES HAVE FALLEN BEFORE IT.
EVEN GODS MUST FALL BEFORE IT. I
RECOGNIZED THE FIRST TIME I BEHELD
IT AS AN OBJECT OF POWER. POWER

THAT WOULD BRING THE WORLD TO
ITS KNEES. IT GLISTENED LIKE THE
FINEST PEARLS. IT WOKE WHEN I
FLAYED ALIVE THE WRETCH WHO SOUGHT
TO STEAL MY TREASURE FROM ME. THAT
NIGHT HE CAME TO ME FOR THE FIRST
TIME AND TOLD ME WHAT TO DO. I
MEDITATED BEFORE ITS GLORY. ALL
PRAISE TO THE ONE WITHOUT SKIN. I
PERFORMED THE SEVENTEEN DEVOTIONS
AND OPENED IT FOR THE FIRST TIME.
WITHIN THE ARTIFACT WAS SOFT AND
SMOOTH. AS I RAN MY HAND ACROSS
ITS INNER SURFACE IT FELT LIKE THE
SKIN OF A NEWBORN BABE. I OFFERED
FOUR CHILDREN AS SACRIFICE TO MY
MASTER. THEN I USED IT FOR THE FIRST
TIME. IN HIS WISDOM THE LORD OF
NAKED FLESH HAD MADE IT TO MY
WEIGHT. IN ALL MODESTY I BELIEVE IT
WAS MADE IN MY IMAGE. BLESSED IS
THE CHOSEN OF THE SKINLESS ONE. I
HAVE BEEN CAREFUL TO KEEP IT
UNTARNISHED. THE SUBSTANCE IS THE
COLOUR OF PURITY AND SHOULD NOT
BE TAINTED BY THAT WHICH IS UNCLEAN.

MILANESE MAN MURDERED

MILAN— Police revealed this morning that prominent Milan businessman Arturo Faccia was two nights ago the victim in a bestial slaying, in a seemingly isolated incident.

He had been at La Scala with friends for the opening night of "Aida" and had gone backstage to congratulate performers when he became separated from his companions.

His mutilated body was discovered late yesterday by workmen on the roof of our cathedral. An official at the diocese stated, "It is impossible for anyone to get up there at night. This is the Devil's work."

Milan police would not describe the wounds sustained, repeating merely that they seem the work of a deranged degenerate. Residents of the city are warned to exercise caution at night.

Signor Faccia was a widower, without children. He had recently returned from a business trip to Turkey.

MILANO: PLAYER HANDOUT #14

Cavollaro's Disappearance:

ANOTHER TRAGEDY?

MILAN— Rosario Sorbello, director of La Scala, announced today that "Aida" would open tonight with understudy Maria Dimattina appearing in the title role.

Sorbello, in response to comments regarding the "ghost voice" of last night and other reputedly unnatural occurrences, said "There is no substance to these stories. They are mere gossip and old wives' tales."

Pile Rischonti, props manager for the opera, told a different tale. "We thought our troubles were over," he said, "when the costumers' curse ended with the preparations for Aida, but now the bad luck is on the set itself. People are being injured or falling ill, and props are disappearing. Where will this end?"

Tonight's performance is booked out, but the opera is scheduled over the next four weeks.

MILANO: PLAYER HANDOUT #13

August, 1797

The earlier entry is listed under 'Sundry Expenses.' It lists an artificial leg bought from a French soldier. The soldier left with a new wooden leg and 100 lire. The clerk records this as an example of his master's generosity, and adds that the conte bought the limb because it was composed of some strange material—ceramic, stone, they could not tell—of unusual design.

VENEZIA: PLAYER HANDOUT #15

November, 1810

It records that the leg of a statue in the courtyard of the Palazzo Rezzoniani (a noble's palace taken over by the Austrian invaders) was damaged by lightning, and that the Conte Gremanci was for unstated reasons ordered to replace it within twenty-four hours or face charges of treason; but, if he succeeded in making a new leg, he would be put on trial as a witch.

The workmen resigned themselves to the loss of their livelihood, but then a limb of the exact dimensions needed (of 'an odd ceramic cast') was found, and the Conte himself fixed it to the statue so cunningly that none could find fault in it. The Austrians, convinced by the earlier purchase record of this miracle, dropped all charges.

VENEZIA: PLAYER HANDOUT #16

Rash of Missing Children

Police Suspect Slavers

Extensive Questioning Of Greeks

CONSTANTINOPLE—Today the fifteenth missing child was reported from the city area.

Blatek Mayval, age 7, was taken from the front of his father's tea house in Stamboul yesterday at midday, in the midst of bustling lunchtime traffic.

Police have no immediate suspects, but believe that a slave ring is responsible. The citizens of the city are alerted to watch their children carefully.

In a round up of suspects, the police are interviewing Greeks, following a report that this country may be the receiver of the stolen infants.

CONSTANTINOPLE:
PLAYER HANDOUT #20

Johann Joachim Winckelmann

Born 9 December 1717 at Stendal in Prussia, died 8 June 1768 in Trieste. The son of a cobbler, his formative years were strongly influenced by a study of Greek, particularly the works of Homer. He studied theology at the University of Halle in 1738 and medicine at the University of Jena from 1741-1742.

His interest in Greek art may be dated from 1748, when he worked as librarian to Count von Bunau. His first work in this area, **Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks**, was published in 1755, and translated into several languages. He became librarian of the Vatican, and moved from his native Germany to Rome.

It was during a trip to visit his home in Stendal that Winckelmann was murdered, after unexpectedly turning back for Rome at Regensburg. He wrote to friends: "I am not what I would wish to be," and mentioned a melancholy which had overtaken him.

Winckelmann's traveling companion, an art dealer named Cavaceppi, insisted that at least they should go to Vienna, but here Winckelmann abandoned his companion and headed for Trieste.

There, he met a man named Francesco Arcangeli, a thief who worked as a cook and pimp. Arcangeli fatally stabbed Winckelmann, apparently during an attempt to steal a number of medals carried by Winckelmann. Arcangeli was arrested, and later executed.

Winckelmann had time to make a will before he expired, in which he left most of his worldly goods to Andrea, a waiter at the hotel at which he stayed. The medallions eventually went to the Museo di Storia e d'Arte, whilst his papers, including a personal diary, were sold at auction to one Giovanni Temona, a local historian.

A picture of Winckelmann is also found, a reproduction of an oil painting by Anton Raphael Mengs made in 1758.



TRIESTE: PLAYER HANDOUT #17

Winckelmann's Diary, excerpts

2 May *The Tablet of . . . is correct, and I have traveled to Regensburg and spoken with the Things there. They have compelled me to carry an amulet to another enclave near Fergeste, in Austria. I am warned not to approach without the amulet, lest I be destroyed. They need this amulet for some dark plan of their own; I fear it will aid them in releasing that which they serve from Its frozen Arctic prison.*

15 May *I curse those Beasts, and I curse myself for ever seeking them! Night after night the dreams return, and I get no peace. I do not know how to go on; the art which has been my life is dross, and my fellows but painted masks on grinning skulls. I wear my mask too, and talk of "Art," but beauty has gone from the world, and my words are ashes in the wind.*

1 June *Arrived safely in Trieste. The dreams that have haunted me since Regensburg continue to lessen, but I fear I shall never fully recover. My one hope is that after I have handed on the amulet, the dreams will altogether cease.*

2 June *Met a native, Arcangeli, a handsome fellow who promises some diversion. More importantly, through certain signs and words he gives me to believe that he knows of those Entities, and can guide me to their lair.*

3 June *The dreams have returned. I realize I cannot trust Arcangeli. He has asked to see the amulet as a sign of my appointment as courier, but his manner is sly, and I suspect that he would prefer to carry the amulet himself. I have stalled him, but without his help I cannot reach Them, unless I do that dreadful . . .*

5 June *In my despair I weakened and made the ritual and spoke with the Thing that came, and learnt from whence It came. I am sick.*

6 June *I managed to give that rogue Arcangeli the slip and have hidden the amulet. I am certain now that he intends to steal it, as I came upon him searching my room. I shall have to wait until I am no longer watched, and make my own way to the caverns at Postumia to deliver the amulet.*

7 June *Arcangeli continues to plague me, and I cannot recover the amulet without his notice. I have discovered that he, along with other members of the local cult which serve those Beasts, attempt to steal every arcane or occult item which passes this way, and make thereof offerings to please Them. I fear that they will find the amulet, denying me the opportunity to fulfill my appointed duty, and that these dreams will never cease!*

I have noticed that certain experiences are allowed to languish in the corners of life, are not allowed to circulate as freely as others. My own, for example. Since childhood, not one day has passed in which I have failed to hear the music of graveyards. And yet, to my knowledge, never has another soul on earth made mention of this phenomenon. Is the circulation of the living so poor that it cannot carry these dead notes? It must be a mere trickle!

Two tiny corpses, one male and the other female, live in that enormous closet in my bedroom. They are also very old, but still they are quick enough to hide themselves whenever I need to enter the closet to get something. I keep all my paraphernalia in there, stuffed into trunks or baskets and piled quite out of reach. I can't even see the floor or the walls any longer, and only if I hold a light high over my head can I study the layers of cobwebs floating about near the ceiling. After I close the door of the closet, its two miniature inhabitants resume their activities. Their voices are only faint squeaks which during the day hardly bother me at all. But sometimes I am kept awake far into the night by those interminable conversations of theirs.

After serving out the hours of a night in which sleep was absolutely forbidden, I went out for a walk. I had not gone far when I became spectator to a sad scene. Some yards ahead of me on the street, an old man was being forcibly led from a house by two other men. They had him in restraints and were delivering him to a waiting vehicle. Laughing hysterically, the man was apparently destined for the asylum. As the struggling trio reached the street, the eyes of the laughing man met my own. Suddenly he stopped laughing. Then, in a burst of resistance, he broke free of his escorts, ran toward me, and fell right into my arms. Since his own were so lightly bound, I had to hold up his full weight. "Never tell them what it means," he said frantically, almost weeping.

"How can I tell them what I don't know?"

"I swear!" he demanded.

But by then his pursuers had caught up with him. As they dragged him off he began laughing just as before, and the peals of his laughter, in the early morning quiet, were soon drowned by the pealing of several church bells. Poor Lucatic. This was one of the most malignant conspiracies I had ever witnessed; the bells, I mean. (They are everywhere.) This was also what made me decide that I had better keep the madman's secret after all.

As a child I maintained some very strange notions. For instance, I used to believe that during the night, while I slept, witches and monkeys removed parts of my body and played games with them, hiding my arms and legs, rolling my head across the floor. Of course I abandoned this belief as soon as I entered school, but not until much later did I discover the truth about it. After assimilating many facts from various sources and allowing them to mingle in my mind, I realized something. It happened one night as I was crossing a bridge that stretched over a narrow canal. (This was in a part of town fairly distant from where I live.) Pausing for a moment, as I usually do when crossing one of these bridges, I gazed not down into the dark waters of the canal, as I also usually do, but upwards through the branches of overhanging trees. It was those stars, I knew that now; certain of them had been promised specific parts of my body; in the darkest hours of the night, when one is unusually sensitive to such things, I could—and still can, though just barely—feel the force of those stars tugging away at various points, eager for the moment of my death when each of them might carry off that part of me which is theirs by right. Of course a child would misinterpret this experience. And how often I have found that very superstition has its basis in truth.

ZAGREB: PLAYER HANDOUT #19c

Last night I visited one of the little theaters and stood at the back for a while. Onstage was a magician, shiny black hair parted straight down the middle, with full prestigious regalia about him; a long box to his left (moon and stars), a tall box to his right (oriental designs), and before him a low table covered with a red velvet cloth littered with divers objects. The audience, a full house, applauded wildly after each illusion. At one point the magician divided the various sections of his assistant into separate boxes, which he then proceeded to move to distant areas of the stage, while the dismembered hands and feet continued to wiggle about and a decapitated head laughed loudly. The audience was at great pains to express its amusement. "Isn't it incredible!" exclaimed a man standing beside me. "If you say so," I replied, and then headed for the exit, realizing that for me such things simply do not hold much interest.

ZAGREB: PLAYER HANDOUT #19d

From the earliest days of man there has endured the conviction that there is an order of existence which is entirely strange to him. It does indeed seem that the strict order of the visible world is only a semblance, one providing certain gross materials which become the basis for subtle improvisations of invisible powers.

Hence, it may appear to some that a leafless tree is not a tree but a signpost to another realm; that an old house is not a house but a thing possessing a will of its own; that the dead may throw off that heavy blanket of earth to walk in their sleep, and in ours. And these are merely a few of the infinite variations on the themes of the natural order as it is usually conceived.

But is there really a strange world? Of course. Are there, then, two worlds? Not at all. There is only our own world and it alone is alien to us, intrinsically so by virtue of its lack of mysteries. If only it actually were denigrated by invisible powers, if only it were susceptible to real strangeness, perhaps it would seem more like a home to us, and less like an empty room filled with the echoes of this dreadful improvising. To think that we might have found comfort in a world suited to our nature, only to end up in one so resoundingly strange!

There is a solitary truth which, whether for good or ill I don't know, cannot yet be expressed on this earth. This is very strange, since everything outward seems as much as inward ones suggests this truth, and like some fantastic game of charades is always trying to coax the secret into the open. The eyes of certain crudely fashioned dolls are especially suggestive. And distant laughter. In rare moments I feel myself very close to setting it down in my journal, just as I would any other revelation. It would only be a few sentences, I'm sure. But whenever I feel them beginning to take shape in my mind, the page before me will not welcome my pen. Afterward I become fatigued with my failure and suffer headaches that may last for days. At these times I also tend to see odd things reflected in windows. Even after a full week has passed I may continue to wake up in the middle of the night, the silence of my room faintly vibrant with a voice that cries out to me from another universe.

Out of sheer absent-mindedness I had stared at my reflection in the mirror a little too deeply. I should say that that mirror has been hanging from that wall for more years, I would guess, than I have been on this earth. It's no surprise, then, that sooner or later it should get the edge on me. Up to a certain point there were no problems to speak of; there were only my eyes, my nose, my mouth, and that was that. But then it began to seem that those eyes were regarding me, rather than I them; that that mouth was about to speak things I had no notion of. Finally, I realized that an entirely different creature was hiding behind my face, making it wholly unrecognizable to me. Let me say that I spent considerable time reshaping my reflection into what it should be.

Later, when I was out walking, I stopped dead on the street. Ahead of me, standing beneath a lamp hanging from an old wall, was the outline of a figure of my general size and proportions. He was looking the other way but very stiffly and very tense, as if waiting anxiously for the precise moment when he would suddenly twist about-face. If that should happen, I knew what I would see: my eyes, my nose, my mouth, and behind those features a being strange beyond all description. I retraced my steps back home and went immediately to bed.

But I couldn't sleep. All night long a greenish glow radiated from the mirror in triumph.

I had just finished a book in which there is an old town strung with placid meandering canals. I closed the book and went over to the window. This is an old town, if medieval counts as old, strung with placid meandering canals. The town in the book is often mist shrouded. This town is often mist shrouded. That town has close crumbling houses, odd arching bridges, innumerable church towers, and narrow twisting streets that end in queer little courtyards. So has this one, needless to say. And the infinitely hollow sounding of the bells in the book, at early morning and sullen twilight, is the same as your sounding bells, my lovely town. Thus, I pass easily between one town and the other, pleasantly confusing them.

O my storybook town, strange as death itself, I have made your mysteries mine, mine yours, and have suffered a few brief chapters in your sumptuous history of decay. I have studied your most obscure passages and found them as dark as the waters of your canals.

My town, my storybook, myself, how long we have held on! But it seems we will have to make up for this endurance and each, in our turn, will disappear. Every brick of yours, every bone of mine, every word in our book - everything gone forever. Everything, perhaps, except the sound of those bells, haunting an empty mist through an eternal twilight.

Beylab's Statement

"There is indeed within our city a group of maniacs who are said to worship a lost statue. I have heard that this statue is now found. It is a fabulous treasure, and it is said could only be destroyed by one means, a magical ritual. There is a grave of a Kurdish scholar, Garaznel, in the ancient cemetery of Uskudar, on the Asian side of the city. The ritual you seek lies within it, for this cult you speak of had its enemies, and this man was one.

"The ritual and the statue are two-faced: they can be employed for good or evil. The Kurd knew the good path and used it. Go to his grave, my foreign friends. You will not be disappointed. If you break the statue, you will break the cult. But the city officials, they have no love for foreigners, and there are cultists among them. No, go to the grave of Garaznel. Take picks. Take shovels. Go in the night and pry the tomb's secrets from it. But be cautious."

CONSTANTINOPLE: PLAYER HANDOUT #21

The Gypsy's Tale

"I am Aktar, and I am your friend. I was a spy for Ataturk and his police. I spied against many of my good friends, but I am a loyal Turk and this was for the good of my country. They think I am a gypsy. This is not true, though I am a friend of gypsies. I am a true Turk. I spied upon the men who pursue you, this organization known as the Brothers of the Skin. I spied upon them and reported their activities to the police, but somehow they stayed out of trouble. Yet I was in trouble. They found me out. I suspect they have friends in the police who told them.

They did not come against me, though. They are cowards, so low that they took my daughter, my only child. I followed them, desperate to learn where my little girl was kept, all the time hoping I could find her alive and rescue her. Then I did find her. I wished I had not. They had done terrible things to her, to a girl of ten. Things taken from her—I cannot say more." He begins to weep. When he regains himself he continues.

"I stole in and killed her where she was kept captive. Then I fled to the gypsy camps. You may say I was cruel to kill my daughter. This is not so. I was kind.

"I learned of the trap they were laying, but I did not know for whom it was laid. You must be strong enemies of theirs. You can help me bring them down at last. To you I will reveal a secret, if you will use it to destroy these men."

CONSTANTINOPLE: PLAYER HANDOUT #22



DIRECT-ORIENT EXPRESS

Day	arr.	dep.		arr.	dep.
A	..	z1430	London (Victoria) 50	1450z	..
32	1855	1919	Calais (Maritime) 151	1130	1205
Y	2233	2253	Paris (Nord) 50	7 25	8 10 9
A 529	2316	d2350	Paris (Lyon) 151	6 29	6 57
B 168	6 00	6 20	Vallorbe 158	2334	0 08 520
	7 00	7 07	Lausanne 251	2248	2257x
	7 32	7 34	Montreux	2221	2223x
	9 19	9 27	Brigue 251	2014	2037x191
	1005	1025	Domodossola 151	1913	1933
P0	1223	1320	Milan (Cent.) 352	1610	1715
	1705	1730	Venice (S. Lucia) 390	1144	1240
	1954	2014	Trieste 390	8 30	9 32 OP
Y	2044	2110	Pogglioreale Campagna 151	7 23	8 00
B P0	2119	2225	Sežana 151	6 09	7 14
C	0 21	..	Ljubljana 791	..	4 05 OP
B D41	..	1556	Munich (Hbf.) 684	1348	.. D46
E	1753	1815	Salzburg 151	1130	1205 E
Y 735	2152	2208	Villach (Hbf.) 759	7 23	7 50 734
B 907	2300	2330	Jesenice 151	5 07	5 55
C	0 25	..	Ljubljana 793	..	3 45 908
C P0	..	1 07	Ljubljana 791	3 23	..
	3 10	3 30	Zagreb	0 58	1 13
	9 00	9 56	Belgrade 791	1843	1935 OP
	1334	..	Crveni Krst 792	..	1458
P0	..	1343	Crveni Krst 792	1440	..
	1734	1800	Skopje	1050	1110
Y 402	2130	2210	Gevgeli (Yug. T.) 151	6 30	7 10 OP
C	2315	0 00	Idomeni (Grk. T.) 151	6 43	7 25
D 2	1 15	1 55	Thessaloniki 897	4 40	5 25 401
D	1142	..	Athens 897	..	1901 1
C	..	1356	Crveni Krst 802	1428	..
Y 4	1555	1634	Dimitrovgrad (Yug. T.) 151	1208	1248
C	1856	1935	Sofia (Bulg. T.) 151	1115	1150 3
D 546	a0 45	a1 20	Svilengrad 151	3 20b	4 35
5	a4 06	a4 45	Pichlon (Grk. T.) 151	0 19b	0 40b
Y	a5 05	a5 45	Uzunköprü (Turk. T.) 151	2325c	0 01b
D	a1230	..	Istanbul 901	..	1630c 6

STRANGERS ON THE TRAIN



DIVERS PERSONAGES AVAILABLE FOR THE KEEPER'S
PURPOSES, OR AS NEW INVESTIGATORS.

PASSENGERS

The non-player-characters in this book are not integral to the scenarios, unlike those in the "Return" chapter. The characters here are interesting people with whom to rub shoulders, to facilitate keeper sub-plots, to remind the players that their investigators are not the only travelers on the Orient Express, and, if be needed, to press into service as player-characters following unfortunate fatalities or insanities.

Five non-player-characters are staff for the Orient Express. That number does not present the actuality or even the proportion of occupations aboard the Simplon-Orient Express, nor even represent their tasks; these are characters for the keeper to turn to when he or she needs. Orient Express staff are uniformly intelligent, competent, dedicated to service,

and highly motivated. Those who are not already have been transferred or dismissed. Staff characters played too broadly will not be believably employed by an organization of such high standard.

Service itself should not be exaggerated, but should be constant. All Orient Express staff comply with orders: fine service demands anticipation of needs and the satisfaction of dreams; in the best relationships, served and servant become like lovers, between whom respect and integrity replace the lineations of desire.

In concept, such intimate pampering starts both from the regard of equals and from the oppression of hirelings and slaves. Whether such service, even when freely rendered, should in itself exist at all is beyond the scope of these pages.

LIST OF CHARACTERS

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Biff Baxter.....p. 7	Lorenzo Berce (Staff).....p. 25
Colonel and Mrs. Herring.....p. 1	Lorna Cambell-Barnes.....p. 3
Daisy Cannon.....p. 17	Madam Arcana.....p. 19
Doreen O'Bannon.....p. 19	Paul DeGuerre (Staff).....p. 27
Dr. Vincenzo Gaspari.....p. 13	Pierre Marchand (Staff).....p. 25
Emile Duchamps (Staff).....p. 27	Rene Clement (Staff).....p. 23
Francois LaVerge.....p. 21	Roger Whipsnade, Lord Palfrey.....p. 5
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Kay Montague.....p. 17	Walter Partridge.....p. 15
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SIMON JOHNS

Age 6, Horrid English Child

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 5 INT 6 POW 17
DEX 15 APP 13 SAN 85 EDU 1 HP 8

DAMAGE BONUS: -1D4.

WEAPON: Catapult (Slingshot) 44%, damage 1D2-1

SKILLS: Annoy 67%, Deface 37%, Dodge 62%, English 30%,
Hide 80%, Listen 87%.

He is formidable. He is horrifying. He is six years old. His idea of a good time is stink bombs, firecrackers, ink on doorknobs, and frogs in baths. Simon is traveling on the Express with his weary mother to meet his father, a diplomat posted in Venice. Having just started school this year, he is easily identifiable by the green blazer and cap he proudly wears.

In the game, Simon might be used to set up scares that can be defused when the investigators find out he is the cause, or to spook the investigators with naively pertinent questions. Alternately, Simon may be a source of information, invisible

as he to the world of adults—invisible enough, that is, to balance a bucket of ice atop of a half-open door, and to skulk unseen until the trap avalanches down upon the victim.

In a train corridor, someone might notice a sequence of dancing figures scrawled on the wall in differently-colored crayons. These crude drawings have arms and legs sprouting straight out of the bases of the heads (Simon's art work). At another time a green blur rounds a corridor corner and head-butts an investigator in the stomach, winding him or her. Simon leaps up and dashes off, crying "Ice-cream and jelly and a punch in the belly!"

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COLONEL and MRS. HERRING

COL. ANDREW HERRING (Ret.)

Age 67, British Army

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 11 INT 9 POW 11
DEX 15 APP 13 SAN 85 EDU 10 HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPON: .45 Revolver 60%, damage 1D10+2

SKILLS: Camouflage 15%, Credit Rating 50%,
Drink Excessively 55%, English 45%, Military Drill 75%,
Protect Pension 78%.

MRS. AGNES HERRING

Age 66, Wife

STR 8 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 8
DEX 11 APP 11 SAN 40 EDU 12 HP 11

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Acquiesce 55%, Be Exploited 77%, Be
Prompt In Dressing 29%, English 65%, Fetch 68%,
Paint Watercolors 47%.

Impeccably dressed, he struts around the train with his ineffectual wife on his arm. Having served in India and South Africa, he nonetheless complains loud and long about the "filthy bastard wogs," particularly if any of the investigators are non-white. At dinner he demands roast meat and well-done steak instead of any foreign muck; at table, except in a Simplon-Orient Express dining car or in a good British club he continually laments the greasiness of the food and the suspicious amount of garlic in it.

ENTOURAGE

MRS. AMANDA JOHNS, Age 32, Weary Mother

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 8
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 35 EDU 16 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Hairbrush (for paddling Simon) 96%, damage 1D2-1
Slap 78%, damage 1D3-2

Skills: Punish 65%, Catch Simon 22%, Solitaire 73%.

MISS MARY BAXTER, Age 38, Tortured Nanny

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 10 SAN 70 EDU 9 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Hickory Switch 72%, damage 1D3-2

Skills: Catch Simon 70%, Ignore Simon 56%, Dodge 55%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

MR. ALBERT RUMSFORD, Age 42, Devoted Servent

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 10 POW 10
DEX 8 APP 9 SAN 50 EDU 12 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Dress Mr. Herring Promptly 62%, Pack Luggage 89%, Run Errands 75%.

MISS ANNABELLE HAWKINS, Age 38, Mrs. Herring's Maid

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 15 APP 14 SAN 50 EDU 9 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Clean 76%, Attend Mrs. Herring 67%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



KERIM MAHTUK

Age 41, Turkish Financier

STR 11	CON 12	SIZ 9	INT 18	POW 14
DEX 16	APP 15	SAN 70	EDU 15	HP 11

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Accounting 89%, Arabic 55%, Bargain 75%, Bulgarian 35%, Credit Rating 85%, Debate 64%, English 40%, Persian 35%, Fast Talk 45%, French 45%, German 40%, Greek 40%, Italian 40%, Oratory 20%, Read Balance Sheet 85%, Rumanian 50%, Timing 70%, Turkish 90%.

Mahtuk is a Turkish patriot and financier, and among the most important economic leaders of Europe. He goes frequently to London, Paris, and Berlin on missions for his country. Capitalizing on his skills as an investor and banker, he is now fabulously wealthy. Handsome, small, and quick, Mahtuk has a steel trap of a brain and a good eye for profitable investment.

A conservative man, he prefers the same berth, the same seat in the dining car, and always orders the same meal when he dines, all provided with relish by the staff of the Orient Express, who admire passengers who want the best and who have the taste, culture, and sophistication to know what the best truly is.

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LORNA CAMBELL-BARNES

Age 39, Wealthy American Widow

STR 13	CON 16	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 17
DEX 15	APP 13	SAN 65	EDU 15	HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: .22 Rifle 70%, damage 1D6+2. 20-gauge Shotgun 60%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3
9mm Automatic 80%, damage 1D10 Fencing Foil 40%, damage 1D6 if sharpened

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Credit Rating 85%, Debate 55%, English 70%, French 65%, History 52%, Library Use 60%, Occult 15%, Psychology 55%, Ride 76%, Swim 45%.

She an American, the millionairess widow of industrialist John Barnes, who died in a shooting accident three years ago. She likes luxurious travel and accommodations; naturally her favorite transport is the Simplon-Orient Express. A brusque, pithy woman of sensible humor, she is beautiful and discreet, especially if her current partner is aboard the Express. She prefers to travel

alone or in the company of her attentive private secretary, Roger Dipcott.

She is an excellent horsewoman, a fine shot with rifle and shotgun, and a knowledgeable collector of European and Arabic illuminated manuscripts. In season, her Paris salon overflows with gesticulating, expostulating, drunken intellectuals.

ENTOURAGE

ÇÜRÜĞÜ YARAYI, Age 37, Faithful Turkish Bodyguard

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 17 INT 8 POW 8
DEX 14 APP 10 SAN 40 EDU 6 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: .45 Automatic 74%, damage 1D10 + 2
Heavy Epee, sharpened 83%, damage 1D6 + 1

Skills: Follow Orders 62%, Dodge 62%, Glare Menacingly 75%.

YOLCULUK TUTUYOR, Age 26, Turkish Butler

STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 11 APP 14 SAN 60 EDU 14 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 46%, damage 1D3.

Skills: Attend Mr. Mahtuk 70%, Manage Travel Plans 83%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

MR. ROGER DIPCOTT, Age 27, Personal Secretary

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 17 SAN 60 EDU 16 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist / Punch 70%, damage 1D3
Fencing Foil 62%, damage 1D6

Skills: Please Lorna 88%, Amuse Lorna 54%, Take Dictation 12%.

GERTRUDE WENTWORTH, Age 60, Elderly Maid

STR 7 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 7 APP 8 SAN 75 EDU 16 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Listen 8%, Spot Hidden 1%, Attend Lorna 45%, Sleep 96%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



ROGER WHIPSNAD, LORD PALFREY

Age 9, Brat Peer of the Realm

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 8 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 10 APP 9 SAN 45 EDU 5 HP 11

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Bully 36%, Complain 67%, Credit Rating 95%, English 55%, French 6%, Latin 8%, Nag 53%, Pout 88%, Spend 57%, Whine 61%.

Roger Lord Palfrey is the young heir to the Duchy of Derbyshire. He is atrociously spoiled, and daily insists upon ice-cream and pheasant in the dining car. He is outspoken and rude, inquiring in the most tactless manner of any oddities shown by fellow passengers. A phalanx of beleaguered servants and secretaries smooth the way before and behind him.

Roger is never fully content unless he is spending money. His stateroom is cluttered with discarded toys, curios, and other spoils from his shopping trips in cities enroute. Roger is extravagant. He expects only the best of everything and usually gets it. His equally spoiled mother waits to greet him in whatever city the keeper chooses.

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ANDRE / ANDREA STEFANI

ANDRE STEFANI, Age 28, Italian Adventurer

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 18 SAN 75 EDU 13 HP 13

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Chat Amusingly 80%, Dodge 65%, English 45%, Fast Talk 72%, Flirt 75%, French 55%, German 45%, Italian 65%, Oratory 56%, Play Backgammon 64%, Seduce 87%, Sing 61%, Sneak 49%.

ANDREA STEFANI, Age 28, Italian Adventuress

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 18 SAN 75 EDU 15 HP 12

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Chat Amusingly 80%, Dodge 65%, English 45%, Fast Talk 72%, Flirt 75%, French 55%, German 45%, Italian 65%, Oratory 56%, Play Backgammon 64%, Seduce 87%, Sing 61%, Sneak 49%.

This stranger is always of the sex opposite to the investigator upon whom he or she wishes to prey. An investigator may be seduced by this character, form a strong romantic bond with him or her, be fleeced of a small or large amount of money, and then be dumped for another passenger. Other investigators notice that Andre / Andrea dines with a different person each night of the trip. Jealous husbands or wives, jilted lovers, or private investigators may pursue the gigolo character, who in turn may look enough like a second investigator that farcical situations arise—especially if these pursuers are not too intelligent.

ENTOURAGE

ARMAND APPLGATE, Age 45, Butler, Head of Staff

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 60 EDU 18 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Fist / Punch 65%, damage 1D3

Skills: Mangle Servant Staff 84%, Be Attentive 68%.

MISS KAREN LINDON, Age 36, Cowed Head Nanny

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 14
DEX 14 APP 12 SAN 70 EDU 15 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Attend Roger 74%, Appease Roger 65%, Control Roger 12%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

TOMAS INFUEGO, Age 23, Man Servant

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 8
DEX 12 APP 17 SAN 35 EDU 16 HP 10

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapon: .38 Revolver 67%, damage 1D10

Skills: Attend Andre(a) 68%, Be Charming 74%.

MISS CARMINA FERRARA, Age 31, Maid

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 11 INT 8 POW 12
DEX 16 APP 17 SAN 70 EDU 9 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: .22 Automatic 67%, damage 1D6

Skills: Serve Andre(a) 68%, Be Prompt 55%, Clean 55%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



BIFF BAXTER

Age 31, American Movie Star

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 17	INT 10	POW 13
DEX 13	APP 16	SAN 50	EDU 9	HP 17

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D6.

WEAPONS: Fist 65%, damage 1D3+1D6

45 Colt Revolver 75%, damage 1D10+2

.30 Carbine 45%, damage 2D6+3

SKILLS: Acting 19%, Credit Rating 50%, English 45%, Evaluate Livestock 45%, French 7%, Lariat 70%, Look Sincere 85%, Ride 79%, Stand & Model 80%.

Baxter is an important movie star in the United States, and he, his wonder-horse Lightning, and their thrilling episodes have lately become favorites in France and Rumania. All of Baxter's successful films are westerns. Though handsome and dashing, he has a voice alarmingly inappropriate to his image—keepers may have fun inventing exactly what kind. He worked as a cowboy for several years,

and actually performs his own stunts. Baxter is big and fit, but not very smart or well-educated, and alarmingly out of place in First Class. His horse is in its own van, and an agent or factotum for Baxter can be among the other Strangers; all are on a European visit intended to underwrite a new distribution syndicate for Biff Baxter westerns from Marvel Cinema Corp.

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HUMPHREY ENDERLY

Age 52, Insurance Agent

STR 12	CON 17	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW 11
DEX 9	APP 12	SAN 85	EDU 16	HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Accounting 71%, Art History 45%, Bargain 44%, Credit Rating 45%, Debate 56%, Evaluate Jewels 45%, Law 52%, Listen 75%, Make Maps 25%, Psychology 59%, Spot Hidden 64%.

Enderly is a British insurance agent. He is a small, vigorous man with a deep tan and the British love of foreign places. Greece and Turkey are particular favorites of his, as he prefers dry and desolate climes.

Constantinople is his destination. There Enderly is planning to meet with a wealthy client about insuring rare

jewels for a museum tour of Europe. He is no stranger to long journeys by train and he seems relaxed and almost bored in even the most exotic locale. His profession accustoms him to the rigors of travel, wherein he investigates strange matters, disappearances, forgeries, thefts, and fakeries of all kinds.

ENTOURAGE

MR. J. B. BRAMWELL, Age 42, Biff's Manager

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 15
DEX 9 APP 9 SAN 75 EDU 16 HP 13

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapon: .38 Revolver (In Luggage) 58%, damage 1D6

Skills: Identify Real Talent 13%, Spot Potential Movie Star 75%, Lie Convincingly 88%, Promote Talent 65%.

MISS PENELOPE BARNES, Age 26, Social Secretary

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 16 SAN 55 EDU 12 HP 14

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Sharpen Pencils 89%, Ride Coat-Tails 76%, Schedule 24%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

MR. ALBERT SWANSON, Age 37, Underwriter Companion

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 9
DEX 11 APP 11 SAN 45 EDU 18 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Assess Insurance Risks 72%, Draw Up Policy 55%, Detect Forgery 80%, Evaluate Jewels 77%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



SEREGENA ANDROKOVNA RANKENBERG

Age 24, Romanov Princess

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 16
DEX 10 APP 13 SAN 80 EDU 15 HP 11

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPON: .22 Deringer Pistol (2B) 35%, damage 1D6

SKILLS: Credit Rating 55%, English 25%, French 50%, Oratory 56%, Russian 75%, Listen 45%, Intrigue 88%, Politics 58%.

An emigre since 1917, this White Russian noblewoman always travels with a retinue. The retinue includes one lover (handsome, fit and willing to die for her), one female secretary (French), two maids, a footman, and a pair of whining Borzois which must be endlessly exercised up and down the corridor of the Second

Class coach, much to the chagrin of the Second-Class passengers.

A charming but shrewd woman (she has after all survived a spectacularly vicious epoch), the Princess would be withdrawn and aloof at first, but finally a good ally and perhaps friend, unless politics intrudes.

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THE SECRET AGENTS

ROMAN PETROV, Age 36, Cheka Agent

STR 15 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 14 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 9 SAN 70 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: .45 Automatic 80%, damage 1D10+2

Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 60%, special damage

Ice Pick 45%, damage 1D4+1D4 (impales)

Skills: Climb 63%, Dodge 52%, English 20%, Jump 58%, Listen 61%, Spot Hidden 49%, Russian 70%, Throw 46%, Track 34%.

NIKOLAI VASILIEV, Age 41, Czarist Agent

STR 17 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 60 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Pistole '08 (Luger) 55%, damage 1D10

Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3+1D4

Grapple 50%, special damage

Skills: Climb 52%, Dodge 46%, English 35%, Jump 53%, Listen 41%, Spot Hidden 57%, Russian 55%, Throw 33%.

Roman Petrov is an agent of the Soviet Cheka (the precursor of the NKVD and later the KGB); Nikolai Vasiliev is a White Russian counter-revolutionary. Petrov is polite and makes intelligent small-talk. Vasiliev is agreeably intimate, but a habitual thief.

Vasiliev is bound for Constantinople (or Paris, if heading west) to negotiate counter-revolutionary deals—Petrov has orders to liquidate him. Each man knows the other well enough to recognize him. When they board the train, each is ignorant of the other's presence. Both have excellent cover identities. Either or both can be responsible for creating diversions or unusual events.

ENTOURAGE

VLADIMIR VESLENKA, Age 32, Devoted Lover

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 14

DEX 13 APP 16 SAN 70 EDU 14 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: 9 mm Automatic 70%, damage 1D10

Skills: Adore Seregna 83%, Protect Seregna 65%.

MARIE RIMBAUD, Age 28, French Secretary

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 13

DEX 12 APP 12 SAN 65 EDU 16 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Prepare Correspondence 74%, Schedule 86%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

KEEPER'S CHARACTERS:

NOTES:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



YVES ROSTANDE

Age 47, French Restaurateur

STR 9	CON 10	SIZ 18	INT 13	POW 8
DEX 8	APP 11	SAN 40	EDU 14	HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPON: Chef's Knife 50%, damage 1D6

SKILLS: Accounting 30%, Bargain 65%, Bulgarian 45%, Chemistry 15%, Credit Rating 60%, Debate 56%, English 10%, French 75%, Gastronomy 90%, German 30%, Italian 53%, Listen 45%, Psychology 55%, Serbian 35%, Taste 90%, Wine Lore 90%.

Rostande owns a restaurant well-regarded by *Guide Michelin*. Widely travelled and versed in several languages, Rostande seeks novel ethnic foods in many out of the way places throughout Europe. He frequently travel via the Simplon-Orient Express to sample the cuisines of the Balkan peninsula, and to enjoy the sweet delights of the Express' dining service.

Rostande is a great fan of Paul DeGuerre the Chef de Cuisine. He can usually be found in the dining car intently sampling the latest dish. Whenever possible Rostande corners DeGuerre to discuss the finer points of the daily menu. Rostande is a large, portly man, painstaking in everything he does and everything he says.

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RONALD LAKEBY

Age 33, Anglo-French Cat Burglar

STR 12	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 13
DEX 18	APP 16	SAN 65	EDU 15	HP 12

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Appraise Valuables 80%, Climb 76%, Credit Rating 15%, English 75%, Fast Talk 73%, French 75%, German 30%, Greek 39%, Hide 71%, Italian 35%, Jump 70%, Linguist 40%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 87%, Psychology 67%, Sneak 79%, Spanish 45%, Spot Hidden 59%.

Lakeby is a lucky and successful English-French cat burglar, a self-styled "upper-class thief." He plies his surreptitious trade aboard the Orient Express from time to time, but is always careful to make his thefts off the train (so as to establish an alibi and not to eliminate his mode of escape).

He has charm and speaks skillfully a half-dozen languages. If the investigators appear wealthy, or particularly naive, Lakeby will soon make their acquaintance. The Orient Express acts as a net which gathers together wealthy potential prey, and from among which he chooses his next victims.

ENTOURAGE

JACQUES POURET, Age 24, Apprentice Chef

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 9
DEX 13 APP 10 SAN 40 EDU 16 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapon: Chef's Knife 35%, damage 1D6

Skills: Gastronomy 55%, Taste 50%, Plan Menu 35%.

HENRI GESPARDE, Age 35, Attentive Servant

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 8 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 75 EDU 4 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Serve Meal 62%, Be Helpful 62%, Taste 5%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

KEEPER'S CHARACTERS:

NOTES:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



DR. VINCENZO GASPARI

Age 45, Italian Doctor

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 10
DEX 15 APP 8 SAN 50 EDU 21 HP 13

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Biology 55%, Chemistry 27%, Credit Rating 50%, Debate 45%, Diagnose Disease 77%, First Aid 86%, French 40%, Italian 80%, Latin 50%, Oratory 45%, Pharmacy 51%, Psychology 49%, Spot Hidden 53%, Treat Disease 74%, Treat Poison 38%.

As the associate dean of medicine at a prestigious north-Italian school of medicine, he regularly attends medical conferences and makes individual visits to learn new techniques and treatments. The Orient Express service is both quick and reliable, but despite his

considerable wealth, Gaspari is currently travelling second-class. He feels that a first-class ticket is something of a waste. He is tall, middle-aged, somewhat formal; he is a fine doctor and genuine humanitarian.

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LADY MARGARET BRAMWELL

Age 62, English Aristocrat

STR 8 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 9 APP 12 SAN 55 EDU 13 HP 10

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPON: Charlotte and Emily; see reverse.

SKILLS: Credit Rating 70%, English 55%, French 20%, Gossip 65%, Pamper Feline 93%, Play Bridge 71%.

CHARLOTTE, Siamese Cat

STR 4 CON 6 SIZ 4 POW 17
DEX 21 Move 9 HP 5

WEAPON: Claws 65%, damage 1D2

SKILLS: Hiss At Intruder 75%, Refuse To Eat 88%.

EMILY, Siamese Cat

STR 5 CON 5 SIZ 4 POW 15
DEX 19 Move 9 HP 5

WEAPON: Claws 75%, damage 1D2

SKILLS: Hiss At Intruder 70%, Refuse To Eat 94%.

Contrary to the policy of the line, Lady Margaret has secreted her two dearest companions in her compartment: Charlotte and Emily are high-strung Siamese cats. Diamond-collared, spoilt rotten, and nasty; they are noisy when not being pampered. They enjoy raking ankles, ripping silk stockings, and snagging silk cravats. Small missing valuables can usually be found in their bedding; missing passports and visas might be found shredded in their sandboxes (one for each, of course). Though available for comic relief, keepers might also choose to do something horrible to one or both of the conniving felines.

ENTOURAGE

DR. ANTONIO VISCONTI, Age 42, Traveling Companion

STR 12 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 10 SAN 60 EDU 21 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Biology 58%, Diagnose Disease 62%, First Aid 60%,
Pharmacy 60%, Treat Disease 65%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

GERTRUDE ROSEWATER, Age 48, Maid

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 13 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 11 SAN 50 EDU 9 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Catch Charlotte Or Emily 55%, Clean 77%, Feed Cats 61%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



HOMER BANNER

Age 33, American Journalist and Writer

STR 15	CON 13	SIZ 17	INT 13	POW 18
DEX 9	APP 14	SAN 90	EDU 12	HP 15

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPON: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4

SKILLS: Credit Rating 35%, English 65%, First Aid 73%, History 53%, Library Use 42%, Oratory 34%, Pharmacy 17%, Treat Poison 34%, Treat Disease 24%.

A freelance writer for various U.S. publications, Banner could ill-afford a first class ticket, but felt that the best way to travel Europe was aboard the Simplon-Orient Express. He records his impressions of the nations, peoples, and the famous train at the same time. A tall, balding, garrulous man with a large adams-apple, Banner is ignorant and quite naive at times, but people rarely take advantage of his genuinely good nature.

He is a skillful writer, and adept at First Aid, dating from his hospital service during the Great War. His North Carolina country lore includes many home remedies which always seem to work, if he can find the right ingredients. His rumpled suits bulge with pencils, tiny notebooks, and folded sheets of long-hand manuscript. He is amazingly lucky.

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WALTER PARTRIDGE

Age 40, English Train Buff

STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 10	INT 11	POW 9
DEX 11	APP 10	SAN 45	EDU 12	HP 11

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Accounting 48%, English 55%, History 30%, Read Railroad French 27%, Train Lore 90%.

He is a train buff—a walking timetable of services, an encyclopedia of engine types, gauges, and track lengths. His employ is as an accountant in Yorkshire. Partridge is a small man, quiet but full of intense energy which burns brightest when he expounds upon trains. Americans find that the English dialect he then speaks is nearly incomprehensible.

Having saved for years to travel on the greatest of services, the Orient Express, he spends all his time looking at the train and fittings, and discussing operational details

with any staff within hailing distance. When stops are made, Partridge has no idea whether he is in France or Turkey: he runs up and down the platform to inspect the engine or to watch the servicing of an undercarriage. He carries sheaves of dull train data stuffed in accordion files. This crushing bore's consuming passion will not allow him to talk about anything other than trains (or accounting). Nonetheless, on those two topics he can be a helpful resource. He knows nothing about the Orient Express which cannot be learned from staff aboard the train.

ENTOURAGE

MRS. MARGARET BANNER, Age 30, Faithful Wife

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 9 INT 13 POW 9

DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 40 EDU 12 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Make Smalltalk 75%, Oil Painting 26%, Act Cultured 5%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

ALLEN CARMICHAEL, Age 28, Temporary Manservant

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 10 POW 10

DEX 11 APP 10 SAN 50 EDU 9 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Order Meals 57%, File Train Data 31%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



KAY MONTAGUE

Age 29, Social Climber

STR 11	CON 10	SIZ 16	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 7	APP 12	SAN 50	EDU 12	HP 13

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Dreaming 21%, English 55%, Evaluate Class 65%, Evaluate Clothes 65%, Evaluate Jewelry 70%, Fast Talk 23%, Play Piano 24%, Play Tennis 3%, Spot Hidden 31%, Write Copy 45%.

Miss Montague's passion is for high social position, of which she currently has none. She enjoys being with the best people; she travels on the Orient Express whenever she can. She strongly desires to be treated as a friend by any first-class passenger, although her life as an advertising copywriter in London does not fund a first-class berth. How can she gain cachet, or title, or money, or at least mention? Cocaine and alcohol have not proved to be solutions. Marriage is one way, blackmail

another, theft yet a third. Who can predict what might seem opportune? She is tall and gawky, and sometimes desperate. Her quick tongue sometimes betrays her dreams, for to guard against her erratic perceptions, she too quickly snubs anyone who seems not cast from the right mold.

If her snobbish veneer can be pierced and her attention removed from herself, she is nonetheless a good-hearted, usually well-meaning woman.

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DAISY CANNON

Age 22, American Heiress

STR 9	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 11	SAN 70	EDU 15	HP 12

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Credit Rating (Apparent) 40%, English 65%, Listen 61%, Occult 26%, Play Tennis 51%, Psychology 34%, Ride 40%, Ski 42%, Swim 58%.

An American heiress and socialite, Miss Cannon is an opposite to Kay Montague. Plagued by money and status, she wishes ordinary comforts without obligation, and to mingle with people whose lives are purified by genuine emotion. Dulled by the high life but frightened of the unknown, she has booked upon the Orient Express in second-class. This solution, pointless to most, satisfies her. On the Express she can meet people safely and anonymously, hear their stories and, if especially moved, dis-

patch appropriate monies to them by wire from her London solicitors.

Her open charm and friendliness compensate for a plain appearance and undistinguished dress. She has some interest in the occult as an escape, dabbling with fortune-tellers and especially mediums: there is nothing quite so thrilling as a good seance.

ENTOURAGE

AMY VAN PATTON, Age 27, Fellow Social Climber

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 11 POW 9
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 45 EDU 12 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Gossip 69%, Giggle 47%, Evaluate Social Class 50%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

MATILDA SIMPSON, Matronly Maid

STR 11 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 14 POW 8
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 35 EDU 16 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Slap 62%, damage 1D3-2

Skills: Browbeat 76%, Report to Daisy's Mother 83%,
Follow Daisy 32%.

SAM MILLER P. I., Secret Bodyguard

STR 14 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 10 SAN 55 EDU 12 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapon: .45 Automatic 70%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Be Discrete 71%, Report to Daisy's Mother 65%, Hide 68%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



MADAM ARCANA

Age 22, Medium from Marseille

STR 9 CON 15 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 19
DEX 10 APP 13 SAN 95 EDU 10 HP 13

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPON: .22 Single Shot (Derringer) 32%, damage 1D6

SKILLS: Brew Bouillabaisse 90%, English 25%, Fast Talk 67%, German 35%, Occult 35%, Oratory 35%, Psychology 40%.

SPELLS: Contact Dead.

Madam Arcana, a.k.a. Blanche Goulart, is a plump, cheerful woman in her fifties. A widow, she was left comfortably well-off by her husband, Captain Édouard Goulart, but lacking in companionship. She attended a seance to contact her lost love. In succeeding, she discovered that she herself was gifted; if the keeper wishes, Capt. Goulart is her present beloved spirit guide.

At Édouard's instruction, she adopted Madam Arcana as a professional name. Despite the pose, she is a genuine

medium, one sometimes overwhelmed by the emotions and insights sent through her to clients. Consulting investigators receive vague warnings of the perils which lie before them, but the warnings become understandable only in retrospect. Dire things, she warns, "large, dark, and deadly shadows" hover about them. Some keepers might use her predictions to aid investigators who are having trouble with clues, or to forewarn them against specific dangers.

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DOREEN O'BANNON

Age 33, Irish Invalid

STR 11 CON 8 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 9
DEX 8 APP 4 SAN 31 EDU 15 HP 10

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Diagnose Disease 10%, English 75%, Hide 42%, Treat Disease 10%.

Dressed in black from head to foot, including a hat and veil and long satin gloves, Miss O'Bannon speaks to no one while on board. She is the only child of J. Michael O'Bannon, a wealthy Irish shipping magnate. Doreen suffers from a disfiguring skin rash which

covers her entire body, and she is traveling to or from some mineral springs in Turkey in order to effect a cure. In her room one would find jars full of strange-smelling creams and yards of bandages. A nurse accompanies and attends her, and a young servant procures her meals.

ENTOURAGE

CYBELLE FRANCIS, Age 26, Assistant Medium

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 9 INT 13 POW 16
DEX 11 APP 15 SAN 80 EDU 12 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: .22 Derringer 60%, damage 1D6.

Skills: Assist Seance 57%, Contact Dead 12%, Occult 20%.

MARGORIE ENDICOTT, Age 42, Maid and Confidant

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 10 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 10 SAN 70 EDU 9 HP 11

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Converse 76%, Clean 52%, Decorate Arcanely 52%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

ALICE O'MALLEY, Age 43, Doting Nurse

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 13 SAN 65 EDU 18 HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: none.

Skills: First Aid 75%, Pharmacy 45%, Treat Disease 85%.

JIM ALLEN, Age 19, Devoted Servant

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 8 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 10 SAN 60 EDU 3 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist / Punch 70%, damage 1D3

Skills: Defend Doreen 53%, Fetch 85%, Run Errand 65%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



FRANÇOIS LaVERGE

Age 26, Broken-Hearted Lover

STR 13	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 16	POW 10
DEX 11	APP 14	SAN 24	EDU 13	HP 12

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPON: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3+1D4

SKILLS: Admire Mallarmé 55%, Credit Rating 45%, Discuss Racine 71%, English 27%, French 90%, German 55%, Jump 25%, Library Use 65%, Smoke Gauloise 80%, Write Essay 70%.

Asomber young French intellectual, dressed in fine suits of black or charcoal gray, he sits quietly in the salon or the dining car, staring wistfully out the window, reading the same page of *La Chair et le sang* again and again. He repels attempts at conversation with half-hearted, half-mumbled responses or with sullen glares. If pushed he might say that he is not feeling very happy and would like to be left alone. If pressed

any further he clutches at the investigator's hand or coat, imploring "Why did she do it?"

The particulars of M. LaVerge's story are left to the keeper. Somewhere along the journey, he may jump off the hurtling train, a suicide perhaps witnessed by an investigator, unless a female investigator first takes him under her wing.

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JEAN POURVOIS

Age 55, French Manufacturer

STR 16	CON 10	SIZ 11	INT 14	POW 10
DEX 17	APP 9	SAN 50	EDU 12	HP 11

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Bargain 43%, Design Fashionable Goods 65%, English 30%, Evaluate Leather 80%, French 70%, German 38%, Run Factory 78%, Turkish 30%.

Msr. Pourvois' Parisian shop produces fine leather goods. Pourvois often travels to Italy or Turkey to examine and purchase hides of fine leather. Dressed simply in somber plain suits, the curly haired man sits idly over his coffee, sitting alone whenever possible, rubbing together leather samples or biting them into

strange shapes. If he becomes aware that he is being observed, Pourvois merely smiles smugly, and winks in salute. He is an irrepressible fondler of women, and no female attractive to him goes unmolested in the narrow corridors of the train.

ENTOURAGE

KEEPER'S CHARACTERS:

NOTES:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

FI FI DULOUVRE, Age 33, Bored Prostitute

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 9
DEX 15 APP 12 SAN 45 EDU 9 HP 10

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Switchblade 69%, damage 1D4

.22 Revolver 55%, damage 1D6

Skills: Manipulate 85%, Prostitution 78%, Spot Hidden 62%.

JACQUES ARTUAD, Age 44, Bored Manservant

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 9 SAN 55 EDU 6 HP 12

Damage Bonus: 1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Be Surly 80%, Clean 40%, Do Laundry 15%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



FRANKLIN MYERS

Age 37, American Antiquarian

STR 11 CON 9 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 10
DEX 10 APP 12 SAN 23 EDU 16 HP 11

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPON: .32 Revolver 30%, damage 1D8

SKILLS: Archaeology 41%, Cthulhu Mythos 15%, English 70%, Evaluate Manuscript 74%, German 51%, History 60%, Latin 65%, Library Use 70%.

SPELLS: Contact Tsathoggua.

This American antiquarian is a nervous, twitching man, and with good reason. A copy of Von Junzt's terrible *Unausprechlichen Kulten* came into his hands a year ago. In retrospect unwisely, Myers read the tome and then attempted to contact Tsathoggua using a spell in the book. Since then hideous dreams have troubled his sleep, leaving him now at breaking point. In Hungary he hopes to find the Black Stone mentioned by Von Junzt, and thereby throw off this curse.

He carries the tome in a locked briefcase chained to his wrist. In his compartment at night he bars the door and

jams valises against it, even though it is a shared compartment. He tosses and turns in his sleep, muttering fragments of German and older languages, and frequently wakes screaming from Sanity-shaking dreams.

Myers may succeed, or the minions of Tsathoggua on his trail may reclaim the book—that's up to the keeper. If the investigators don't offer aid, one morning in his bed is discovered a wrinkled, crumbling bag, punctured by scores of holes, with bones rattling inside—Franklin's skin (1/1D4 Sanity Loss).

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RENE CLEMENT (STAFF)

Age 50, Senior Conductor

STR 11 CON 17 SIZ 10 INT 12 POW 9
DEX 8 APP 10 SAN 45 EDU 13 HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Bargain 55%, Bulgarian 44%, Courtesy 75%, English 31%, Fast Talk 65%, Flatter 60%, French 60%, German 25%, Italian 40%, Spot Hidden 52%.

Clement is senior conductor, tall and stern, with thinning hair which he oils and combs back flat atop his head. His strong cologne is his sole luxury. Clement will not actually pry into the luggage of passengers, but the existence of all those secrets within suitcases and trunks and hat boxes fascinate him endlessly.

Occasionally he obliquely engages passengers in conversation about unusual luggage, or that which is oddly balanced, or unusually heavy baggage. In this he means no harm nor intrusion, but his impulse to voyeurism remains strong.

ENTOURAGE

KEEPER'S CHARACTERS:

NOTES:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

ARMAND CHAVELLE, Age 28, Assistant

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

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Assist Rene 78%, Fast Talk 26%, Flatter 30%.

RICARDE ALLOU, Age 25, Another Assistant

STR 10 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 10 SAN 75 EDU 11 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Assist Rene 35%, Fast Talk 70%, Flatter 62%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:



PIERRE MARCHAND (Staff) Age 37, Conductor

STR 9	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 14	POW 7
DEX 15	APP 10	SAN 35	EDU 15	HP 12

DAMAGE BONUS: none.

WEAPONS: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3.

Kick 25%, damage 1D6.

SKILLS: Dutch 32%, English 63%, French 70%, Hide 52%, Listen 58%, Spot Hidden 67%.

Marchand is a conductor. A thin, quiet man of great aplomb, he keeps to himself. At night, he is at his station at one end of a first-class coach, ready to respond to calls, immersed in pulp magazine tales of adventures in France's African colonies. Marchand is not a

good conversationalist, as he prefers to observe people from a distance. He fancies himself a student of human nature, and remembers in unusual detail passengers' behavior and the events of each night.

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LORENZO BERCÉ (Staff) Age 22, Ambitious Waiter

STR 15	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 14	POW 16
DEX 13	APP 12	SAN 55	EDU 15	HP 12

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Dance 26%, English 50%, French 39%, Italian 41%, Project Voice 31%, Sing 18%, Tell Joke Badly 67%, Time Food 88%, Understand Intent 89%, Work Unobtrusively 77%.

Banned in London theatrical circles for unmentionable indiscretions, Harold Smith (of Leighton Buzzard, Beds.) changed his name and began besieging various Parisian producers for jobs, though the tips are nowhere as good as on the Orient Express. Alas, neither the Smith nor the Bercé versions have talent that interests audiences, though the Bercé model does make an excel-

lent waiter. One investigator is the namesake of a well-known Parisian showman; Bercé haunts that investigator, hoping for a job in the Paris theater. Alone with him or her, Bercé indefatigably dances in sinks, kisses mops, and croons on one knee.

ENTOURAGE

KEEPER'S CHARACTERS:

NOTES:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

KEEPER'S CHARACTERS:

NOTES:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

PAUL DeGUERRE (Staff)
Age 49, Chef de Cuisine

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 16
DEX 13	APP 12	SAN 80	EDU 16	HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: Kitchen Knife 85%, damage 1D6+1D4

Thrown Bottle 78%, damage 1D3-1+1D4

SKILLS: Brasserie 88%, Bread 94%, English 29%, Poulet 93%, French 70%, Italian 35%, Légume 90%, Mandarin Chinese 21%, Omelette 96%, Poisson 92%, Psychology 51%, Sauce 99%, Sharpen Knife 92%, Soufflé 99%, Soup 89%, Viande de Boucherie 90%, French Wine 96%.

A renowned chef, DeGuerre is a thin, agile man of great deftness and decision, who has found Zen-like beauty in the limitations of his tiny rolling kitchen. Even though defended by sharply-waxed mustaches, his enormous professional pride is brittle, and some trips

leave him glowering with sullen rage. However he can hear almost any personal insult and walk away unaffected. Among gourmet and gourmand circles in Europe DeGuerre is considered one of the best chefs in the civilized world.

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EMILE DUCHAMPS (Staff)
Age 33, Conductor

STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 15	INT 13	POW 17
DEX 14	APP 16	SAN 85	EDU 15	HP 14

DAMAGE BONUS: +1D4.

WEAPONS: none.

SKILLS: Bon Mot 65%, Be Charming 75%, English 30%, French 65%, German 50%, Listen 43%, Oratory 68%, Psychology 54%, Ski 76%, Spot Hidden 56%, Swedish 54%.

Duchamps is a conductor. A friendly and engaging man in his early thirties. His handsome good nature wins him general approval everywhere. The most extreme passenger demand or rudeness merely brings to the surface more charm and more adeptness. He

is calm and collected throughout his shift, always ready to assist the passengers needs. Duchamps fantasizes of being a movie star, and is fascinated by Biff Baxter, but prefers the admiration he garners as a conductor aboard the famous Orient Express.

ENTOURAGE

RICHARD MONTALOU, Age 33, Assistant Chef

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 13

DEX 13 APP 11 SAN 65 EDU 16 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Kitchen Knife 80%, damage 1D6

Skills: Bread 85%, Sauce 90%, Soufflé 88%, Soup 80%.

JEAN RENOUT, Age 28, Pastry Chef

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 11 POW 15

DEX 13 APP 10 SAN 70 EDU 9 HP 13

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: Kitchen Knife 75%, damage 1D6

Skills: Prepare Ingredients 88%, Sharpen Knife 85%, Garnish 75%.

OTHERS:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

ENTOURAGE

KEEPER'S CHARACTERS:

NOTES:

KEEPER ENTRIES

SPECIAL KNOWLEDGE:

SPECIAL SKILLS:

SPECIAL ITEMS:

FAMOUS FACES ABOARD

1890 - 1900

GEORGE NAGELMACKERS — the Belgian creator and founder of the Orient Express. He traveled upon the line to witness its service and to insure its efficiency and comfort.

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL — English founder of the Boy Scout movement and British hero of the Boer War. Baden-Powell traveled on the Express posing as a butterfly collector; in reality he spied for the British. He was made baronet in 1922, baron in 1929.

OPPER VON BLOWITZ — correspondent for The Times of London. He was present on the inaugural run of the Orient Express. Von Blowitz was noted for interviewing statesmen and the famous of the age. Born in 1824, he came from a Jewish Bohemian background. He was a rotund man with whiskers worn in the resplendent mid-Victorian fashion.

LEOPOLD II OF THE BELGIANS — Prince of Saxe-Coburg and cousin of Queen Victoria, Leopold was a close friend of Nagelmackers. Leopold's frequent womanizing in the comparative privacy of his special Orient Express car nonetheless led to much gossip and scandal.

After 1900

GUSTAV MAHLER — since most of his symphonies were scored too massively to be often produced, this composer was best-known in his lifetime as a conductor, especially of the Imperial Opera in Vienna. He frequently enjoyed Express service en route to concerts.

BARON FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD and ALFRED De ROTHSCHILD — members of the renowned House of Rothschild, whose influence in European banking and finance was unrivalled during most of the 19th century. By the turn of the century, other banks and consortiums had become richer and more powerful, but not more famous.

AGA KHAN — Indian multi-millionaire and playboy, racing doyen and spiritual head of the Ismaili Muslim.

COSIMA WAGNER — Richard Wagner's widow, and the daughter of Franz Liszt, she is responsible for the original funding of the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth, and consequently for the continuing existence of the famous Wagnerian festival.

After 1920

AGATHA CHRISTIE — famous English novelist of crime and detection. She would be most noted for *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, published in 1926. She traveled aboard the Orient before her second marriage and then afterwards, with her new husband, Max Mallowan.

MAX MALLOWAN — a British archaeologist, frequently took the Orient Express to Constantinople or Athens, and from there continue to points in the Middle East. He married Agatha Christie, and she shared many of his journeys with him, including the one that inspired *Murder on the Orient Express*.

GRAHAM GREENE — this English novelist would become a great figure in contemporary English letters, in many ways the literary heir to Joseph Conrad. In the 1920s, Greene was best known for *Man Within*, but it would be his best-seller about the Orient Express, *Stamboul Train*, that marked his true success.

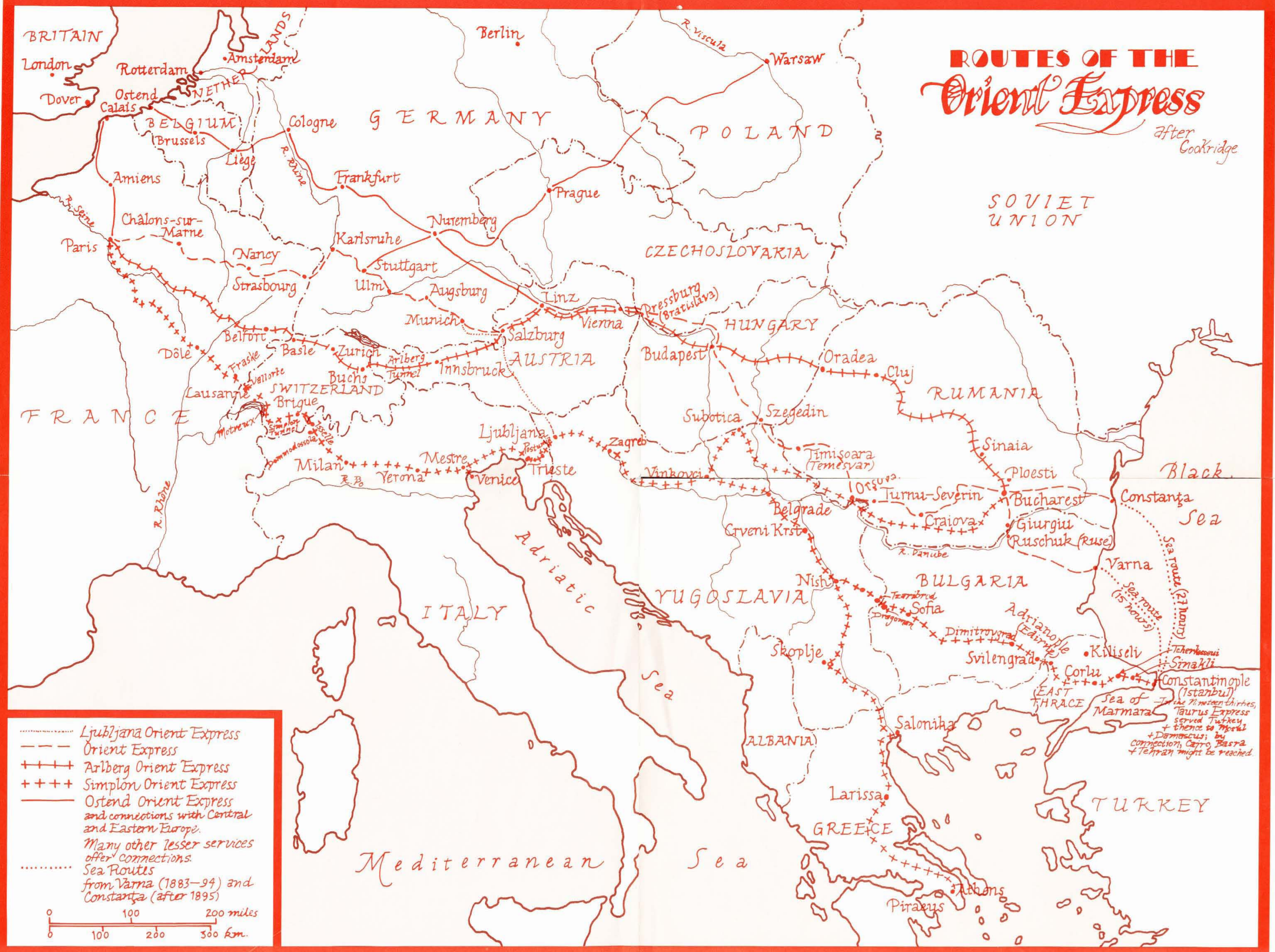
DAME NELLIE MELBA — well-loved Australian opera coloratura, for long the prima donna of the Royal Opera at Covent Garden. Peach melba and melba toast are named after her.

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF — armaments king and millionaire, the mystery man of Europe, probably the man for whom the phrase 'merchant of death' was coined. Despite his notoriety among pacifist circles, Zaharoff was an Allied agent during the Great War, and subsequently granted the Legion of Honor by France, and knighted with high honors by the British crown. He always traveled in compartment No.7 aboard the Express. He was the service's most regular V.I.P. until he retired to Monte Carlo in 1926.

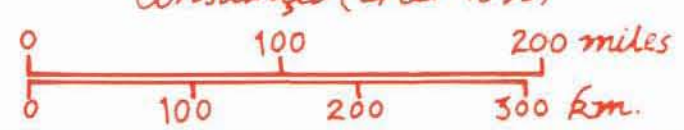
MARSHAL JOFFRE — commander of the French armies during the Great War, journalists often called Joffre 'conqueror of the Marne.' A dining car receipt still exists upon which the Marshall wrote his complete satisfaction with the service accorded him aboard the Orient Express.

DIAGHILEV'S BALLET Russe Dance Company, or the ZEIGFIELD GIRLS, or INTERNATIONAL CIRCUSES — theatrical companies often went via an Orient Express service to engagements throughout Europe.

ROUTES OF THE *Orient Express* after Cookridge



- Ljubljana Orient Express
- Orient Express
- + + + + Arlberg Orient Express
- + + + + Simplon Orient Express
- Ostend Orient Express and connections with Central and Eastern Europe.
- Many other lesser services offer connections.
- Sea Routes from Varna (1883-94) and Constantia (after 1895)



In the Nineteen thirties, Taurus Express served Turkey + thence to Mosul + Damascus; by connection, Cairo, Basra + Tehran might be reached.

CHEMINS DE FER PARIS-LYON-MÉDITERRANÉE SIMPLON-ORIENT-EXPRESS



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PASSPORT



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

I the undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America hereby request all whom it may concern to permit

citizen of the United States, safely and freely to pass and in case of need to give _____ all lawful Aid and Protection.

This passport is valid for use only in the following countries and for objects specified unless amended.

NAME OF COUNTRY

OBJECT OF VISIT

The bearer is accompanied by

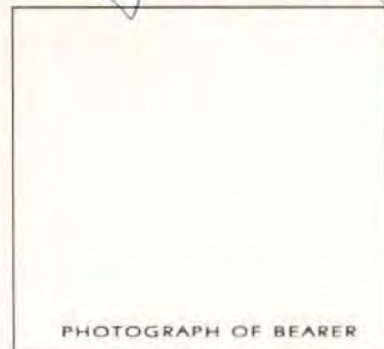


Given under my hand and the seal of the Department of State at the City of Washington, the _____ day of _____ on the year _____ and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and forty fifth.

Bambridge Colby

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION

Age _____ years Mouth _____
Height _____ ft. _____ in. Chin _____
Forehead _____ Hair _____
Eyes _____ Complexion _____
Nose _____ Face _____
Distinguishing Marks _____
Place of Birth _____
Date of Birth _____
Occupation _____



PHOTOGRAPH OF BEARER

SIGNATURE OF BEARER

No. _____

Q.aa

Q.aa

IT IS THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PASSPORT BEARER
TO OBTAIN NECESSARY VISAS

SIGNATURE

Sign below as directed. The passport should also be signed in the space provided therefor in the lower left-hand corner.

.....
(Signature of bearer, to be affixed immediately upon receipt of passport)

.....
(Bearer's address in the United States)

.....
(Bearer's foreign address)

RENEWALS

An American citizen residing in a foreign country and desiring the extension of the validity of his passport should make application therefor to the nearest American diplomatic or consular office.

1-723

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



PASSPORT



DEPARTMENT OF STATE

The Scroll of the Head

HOW TO USE THESE SCROLLS — To gain fullest enjoyment from these scrolls, cut apart this sheet. Industrious keepers might use a modeling knife and cut precisely along the edges of the scrolls. Others might simply use a ruler and clean straight cuts. Then, using a pencil, roll each scroll tightly. Then unroll it, back-roll it, and roll it again to give it that 'used' look. Coffee stains are particularly effective in aging these scrolls. These five pieces together comprise a facsimile of the complete the Scroll of the Head. A small strip of leather will serve as an admirable and convincing tie.

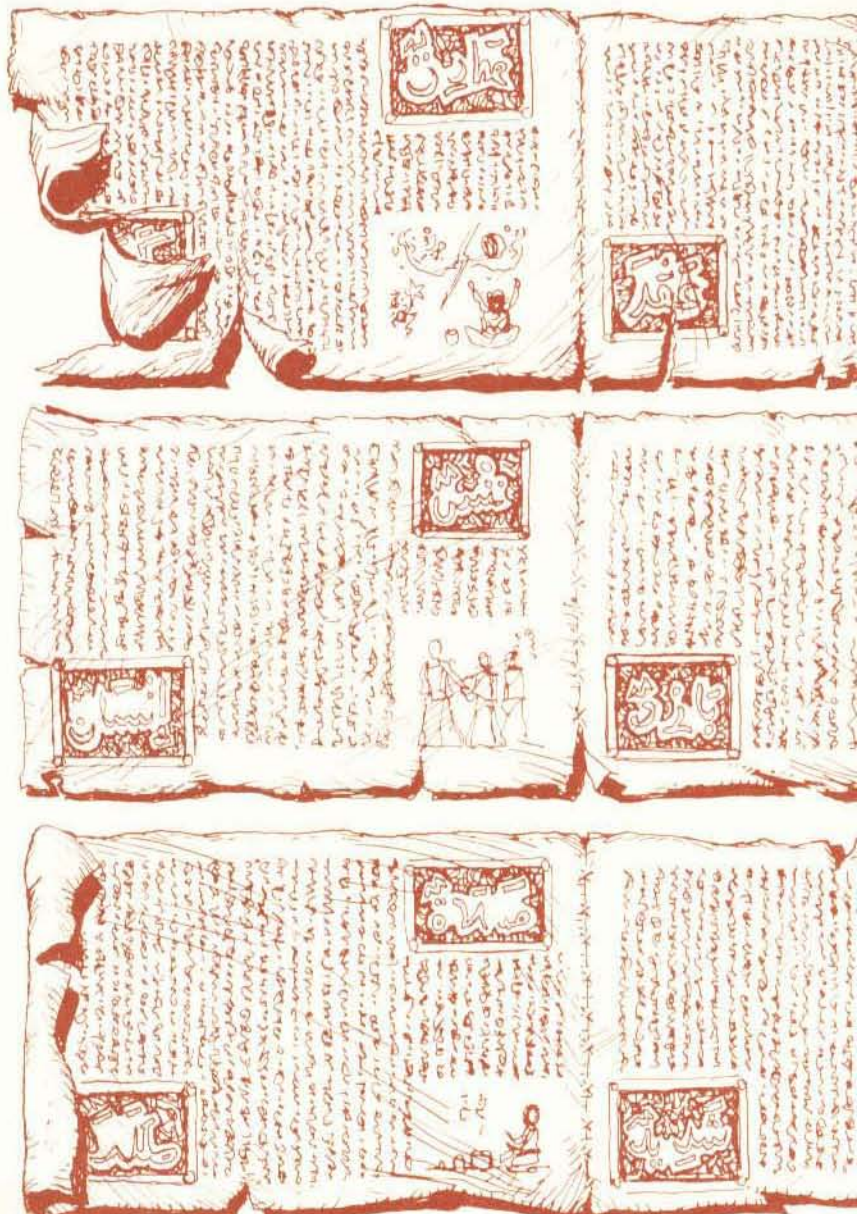
SUMMARIZING THE Scroll of the Head

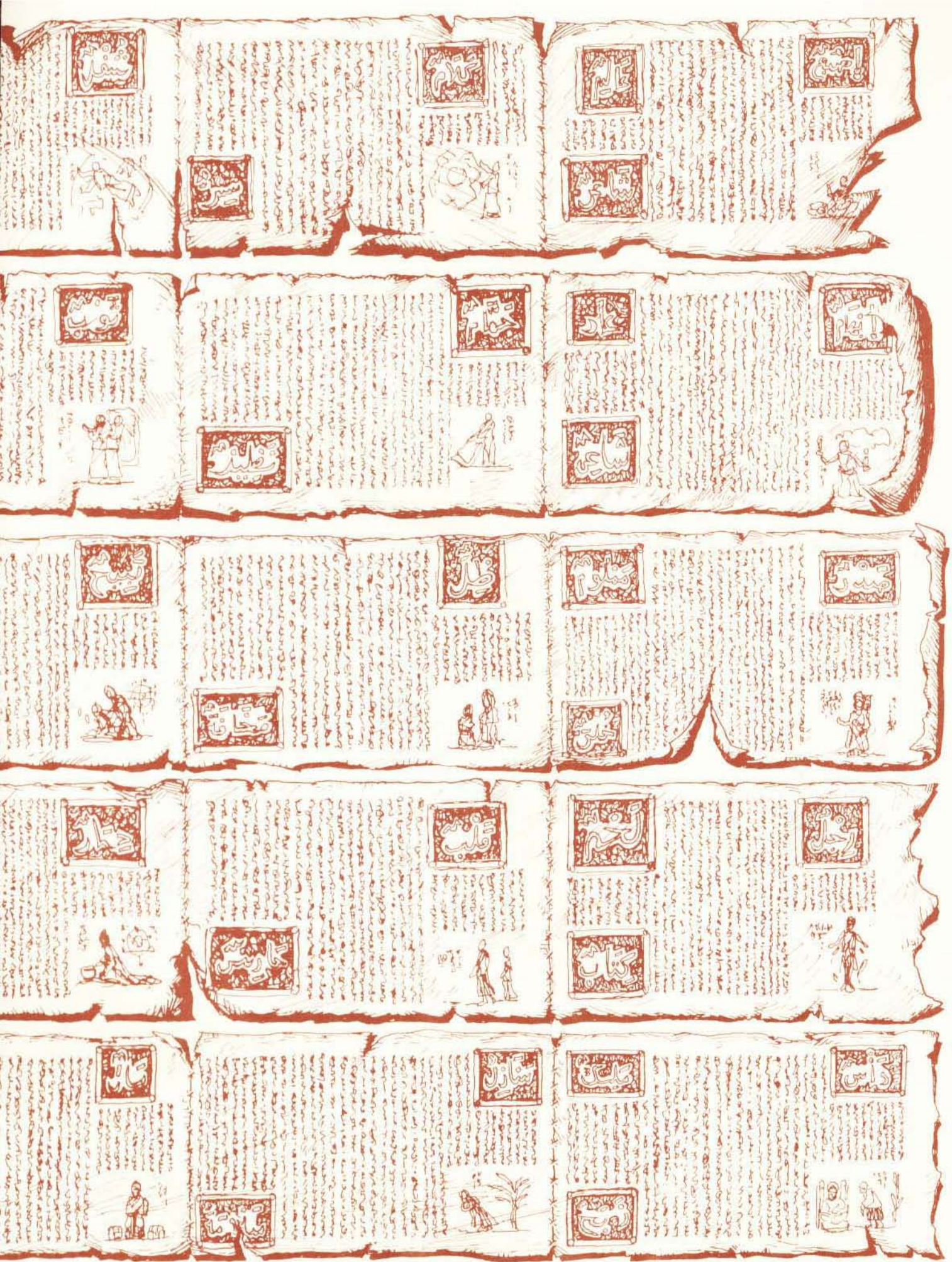
This scroll was written by Sedefkar the Osmanli. It concerns an item in his possession, the Sedefkar Simulacrum. In this scroll, Sedefkar prophesies that he is soon to lose the simulacrum, and so praises it and makes a record of it in a set of five scrolls.

This scroll is the first of the five, and is referred to as the Scroll of the Head, being the thoughts and history of Sedefkar. The four missing scrolls are the Scroll of the Belly, concerned with the worship of a being known as the Skinless One; the Scroll of the Legs, a series of body-affecting magicks, the foundation on which Sedefkar's power was built; the Scroll of the Right Arm, a ritual which awoke the statue, and is the driving force of Sedefkar's power; and the Scroll of the Left Arm, containing a ritual which balances this power, a necessary ongoing sacrifice.

The scroll is a rambling, insane document. The author has not set down events in any form or order, making it difficult to follow. The most detailed description in the document dwells on the torture and skinning of human beings.

LAUSANNE: PLAYER HANDOUT #12A

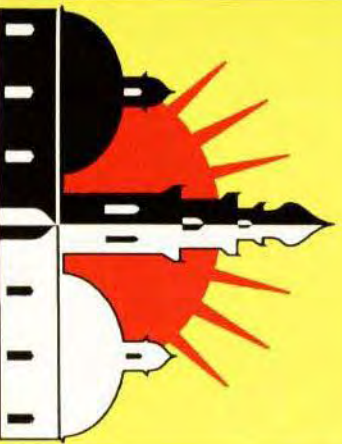






CONSTANTINOPLE

* TURQUIE *



PALAIS PÉRA

* Le Grande Hôtel *