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WORLDS

of Cthulhu

The Magazine for
Call of Cthulhu

Issue 4

The Horrible Lovely House in the Woods

Twenties Horror in Maine's Woodlands

The Voice of the Animals

Modern-day animal experimentation horror in
Ramsey Campbell's Severn Valley

Efficacious Wizardry

A guide to more imaginative spell use in Call of Cthulhu

Cthulhu

Velvet Paws against the Cthulhu Mythos, includes the short scenario "The Black Cat"

Electric Hoe-Down of the Atomic Reptile **Bikini**-Women - in 3-D!!!

A country-fried "Blood Brothers"-style scenario

Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt - the "True" History

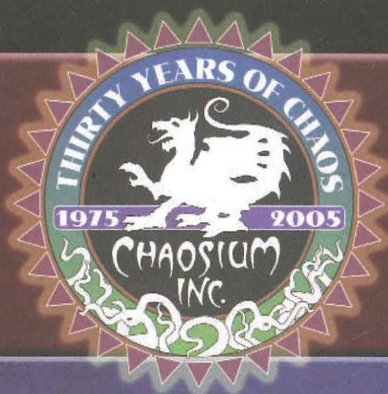
A look at one of the most infamous Mythos authors

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Professionally Speaking: the Cryptozoologist, Cults Exposed! The Sacred
Flame of Bubastis, Keepers Corner: Cthulhu Character Generation,
American Police Weapons between the Wars ... and so much more.

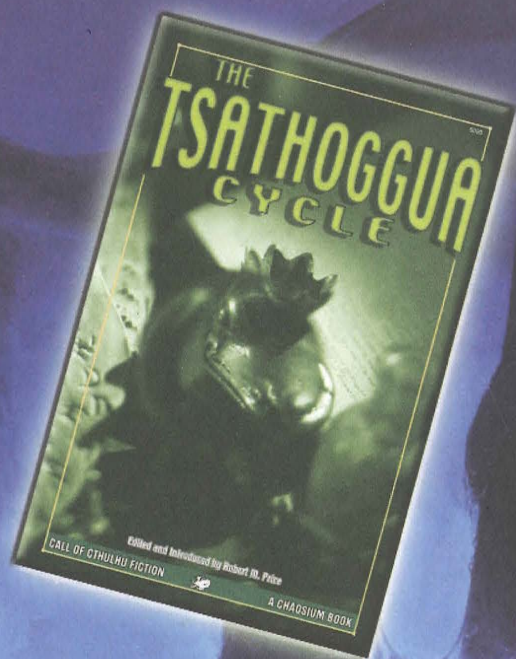
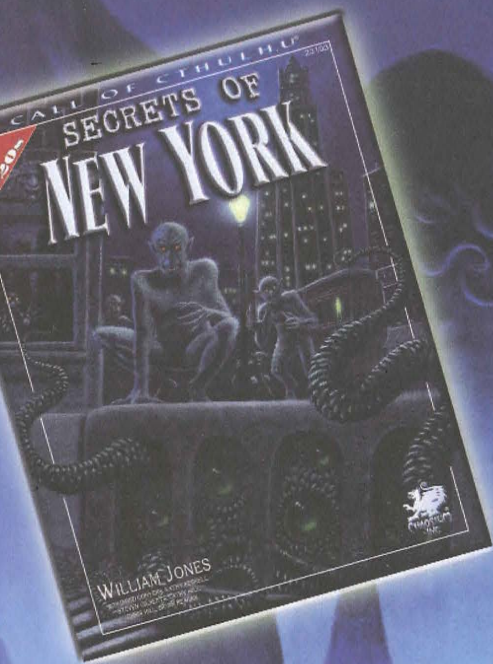
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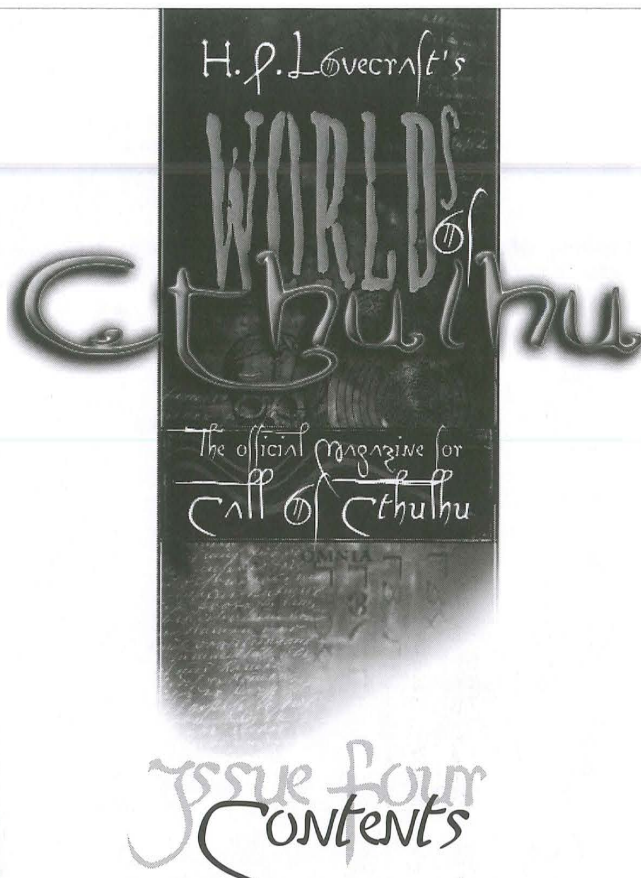
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1920s: Classic period; CDA: Dark Ages; CoC: General;
d20: d20 Cthulhu; DG: Delta Green; Gas: Gaslight;

Now: Modern-day; SA: Strange Aeons

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

Welcome *Call of Cthulhu* fans to the fourth issue of *Worlds of Cthulhu*!

In these pages you will find damned animal experimentation, better wizardry, feline foes of the Mythos, a classic haunted house, more Averroes, the tools of U.S. policing, Country Fried *Blood Brothers* action, the truth about one of the Mythos' most infamous authors, more occupations, more cult weirdness, quick start character generation and the low down on *Delta Green* straight from the source.

'Voice of the Animals' is a great modern scenario set in the Ramsey Campbell's accused Severn Valley. Ostensibly for PISCES agents we've included 'ins' for non-agency investigators as well. I think 'Voice of the Animals' is a great little scenario featuring modern-day concerns and horrors, and some little used Mythos opponents.

In 'Efficacious Wizardry', Dan Harms takes a long overdue look at the spells available to cultists and investigators alike. Magic is an overlooked subject in *Call of Cthulhu*. The rules are basic and little guidance is given to its use. Dan addresses these shortcomings in this article. What to use and when is given the attention that magic and spell use really demands. Now cultists can pack the offensive punch that they really ought to be able to deliver.

I can guarantee that some of our readers will love 'Cathulhu' and a sizable minority will hate it. It all depends on whether you are a cat person or a dog person. Lovecraft was a cat person and so am I, and that's why 'Cathulhu' is in this issue. I've been itching to run 'Cathulhu' since I saw the original article in *Cthuloide Welten*, our German mother magazine. However this isn't simply the German article translated – it has been rewritten and considerably expanded in conjunction with Ingo Ahrens (the original author of 'Cathulhu'), addressing issues missing in the original. Don't dismiss 'Cathulhu' as a one-off or as just plain stupid. Enthusiastic playtesters found the 'Cathulhu' experience a refreshing change from 'normal' *Call of Cthulhu*. Try it and find out for yourself – to make it easier we've included an introductory scenario.

Frank Heller's 'The Horrible Lonely House in the Woods' isn't here because he's the boss. It's here because it's scary. There's a long tradition of good haunted house scenarios for *Call of Cthulhu*: 'The Haunting', 'The Haunted House', and 'The Horrible Lonely House in the Woods' should join them. It's got an unusual set-up that should allow easy insertion into most Twenties campaigns, and a fearsome opponent. Run with attention to atmosphere and pacing this scenario should become a classic haunted house scenario.

'Electric Hoe-Down of the Atomic Reptile Bikini-Women, in 3D!' is an adventure in the style of *Blood Brothers* – a two book series of quirky scenarios that Chaosium published in the early 1990s. *Call of Cthulhu* isn't necessarily all about the Cthulhu Mythos. A change of pace and theme is often refreshing, and that's what the *Blood Brothers* books were all about. And 'Electric Hoe-Down of the Atomic Reptile Bikini-Women, in 3D!' is certainly a change of pace. Think trashy B-movies of the Fifties and you've got it. Hot dang!

We've got great things planned for future issues of *Worlds of Cthulhu*, so this issue is just the start of some great *Call of Cthulhu* gaming.

Adam Crossingham
Chief Editor

Dear Readers,

In the following pages, an assortment of materials for playing *Call of Cthulhu* in all sorts of settings awaits you. The word "worlds" is in our title for a reason.

In the current issue, we present you with a whole new way to play *Call of Cthulhu*, to wit, as cats. We call this setting, of course, 'Cathulhu'. Cathulhu can be played two ways: either in a light-hearted, cartoony vein, or quite seriously. The latter is the original intention of the author, Ingo Ahrens, who also penned the scenario which accompanies the rules in this volume. Cathulhu might help lure some new, distaff players into your group, or perhaps convince a wife or girlfriend who has so far resisted your blandishments. This setting originally appeared in our German-language sister publication *Cthuloide Welten* in 2001 and became enormously popular among our female readership.

In passing, I'd like you to know that I wrote the adventure "The Horrible, Lonely House in the Woods" (found herein) in 1998 with the intention of giving my players—not just their characters—a genuine scare at the gaming table. It was also my entrée to the ranks of Cthulhu authors at Pegasus Games.

But enough from me. Have fun with *Worlds of Cthulhu* #4!

Frank Heller
Publishing Director



A modern day scenario set in Brichester, UK

The Voice Of The Animals

By Christopher Smith Adair



Introduction

Andy Lamb is about to die. Five days ago, Andy broke into a laboratory at Brichester University in order to rescue a chimpanzee being held there. Andy snuck into the building shortly before closing, and broke into the lab when he thought it was safe. He hurriedly ransacked the office space, stuffing a sheaf of papers and some tape reels into his bag. Then he set to work getting Subject #3B out of his cage. The chimp's eyes bulged in fear, and he shrunk back as far as he could in his wire prison. Andy tried his best to calm the frightened creature as he worked the lock. The chimp's head snapped towards the doorway, eyes widening even more, and he let loose a series of short, coughing shrieks. Andy quickly jumped back, crouching behind a filing cabinet. A moment later, the door swung open, and Doctor Blakesly strode into his lab. He flipped the light switch, and walked over to the agitated ape. Turning to look around the rest of the lab, he only caught a momentary glimpse of the ski-masked Andy, as the scared youth brought his flashlight down across Blakesly's skull. Andy pried the cage open, grabbing for the ape while nervously glancing at the form of the doctor, crumpled on the cold floor. #3B's teeth pierced through Andy's cotton work gloves and sinking into the meat of his hand, between his thumb and index finger. Cursing, Andy quickly shoved the primate into a pet carrier, and fled the university. Today, the alien sounds that have been growing in Andy's head will prove too much for his body, as they already have for his mind. Andy Lamb is about to die.

Keeper's Information

The Work of Dr. Blakesly

Dr. John Blakesly was experimenting with the limits of hearing. A professor at Brichester's medical school, Blakesly came across some notes in the school's library from Dr. Fisher, a predecessor professor, which referred to a disgraced Professor Hird.

Having distinguished himself in the study of the human ear, and already having helped in the design of a revolutionary new hearing aid, Blakesly was intrigued by the references to Hird's work. While expecting to be disappointed, Blakesly nonetheless tracked down the location of Hird's house. There he read through Hird's diary and agreed with what he had read in Dr. Fisher's notes: Professor Hird was obviously insane. Then he found a set of notebooks in a trunk, in which Hird documented his studies of the physical nature of sound waves, culminating in his discoveries in that very house, surrounded by the constant vibrations of unknown sound. Insane Hird may have been, but for all that, the man was a genius. Blakesly left most of Hird's belongings behind, but took the notebooks with him.

Blakesly hoped to find new therapies and procedures to help victims of severe hearing loss and defects. Using Hird's notes, he built a device to project various tones and sounds, many beyond the range of human hearing. Then began the animal experiments. After performing initial tests on rats, Blakesly moved to using chim-

panzees. Tests consisted of sensory deprivation, followed by tests involving the sound projection device, and implants designed to modify hearing. Subject #1A's eardrums burst in a fountain of blood during one of the early experiments. His test partner, Subject #1B was found dead one morning, having dug out his own inner ear. Blakesly was not dissuaded. Continuing to perfect the process, Subject #3B was his latest test subject. #3B had been in the lab for 3 weeks, and was recently fitted with his fourth implant. #3B's ordeal has changed him drastically. Blakesly has noted the change in the structure of the chimp's inner ear. The ape's hearing has indeed improved, to the extent that he has begun to hear sounds from the dimension of S'ghluo. Because of this, #3B has become what can only be described as infected with sound. It is this infection that he has passed to Andy Lamb.

Involving the Players

In this scenario, players take the roles of agents of Britain's Paranormal Intelligence Section for Counter-intelligence, Espionage and Sabotage (PISCES). This secret service agency was first revealed in Pagan Publishing's *Delta Green: Countdown*. Familiarity with that work is not required to run this scenario; all the background required is contained herein.

The agents are assembled at eight o'clock in morning on a Tuesday. They have been called to PISCES London Headquarters, and as they wait in the briefing room a gray drizzle slides down the windows. The headquarters is located on the upper floors of the offices of Severn Aerospace, Ltd. in Southwark. After another round of coffee and tea, the door opens and Major Hartfield walks in. Pouring himself a cup of coffee, he quickly passes out dossiers to each agent.

"This is what scant information we have at this time. Yesterday evening, Andrew Lamb was seen leaving Govinda's, a restaurant on Webb Street in Brichester. He walked about a half block down the road when he suddenly convulsed and fell over on the pavement. A crowd gathered around, someone called the hospital, someone else called the police. When the paramedics arrived, Lamb was bleeding from the ears and howling. By the time they arrived at the hospital, Lamb was dead. His body remains at the hospital. The cause of death is currently unknown. The concern is that this death was caused by an unknown viral agent, possibly manmade. It is also unknown whether or not others have been exposed to contamination. Questioning the staff at the restaurant revealed that he was a semi-regular customer whom they knew as "Andy". He ordered Aloo Bengan and ate approximately a third of it. He is described as having a sheen of sweat upon his face, and a haggard, dehydrated look. He appeared to have trouble hearing, as the waiter had to repeat himself several times. At his table, he was seen to mutter to himself, and kept looking around."

"You are to drive to the Brichester Hospital to examine the corpse, and investigate the circumstances of his death. Under no circumstances should word of this situation get out. The hospital administration has already been sworn to secrecy in this matter. Until more is known, public panic is counterproductive. Report back with your findings, and your government will do what must be done."

The folders contain a few pieces of information: digital photos of Andy Lamb's corpse. The face is twisted in a rictus, and there is discoloring in the face, concentrated in the temples and in the region

of the ears. Also included is a map of Brichester and driving directions. The agents have an SUV available to them, which will seat all of them comfortably. All agents have valid MI5 identification.

PISCES

PISCES is a secret agency dedicated to the investigation of paranormal activities in the United Kingdom, and to a lesser extent, the rest of the world. It has been in existence in one form or another for over a century. Today, it operates clandestinely and independently. Only the Prime Minister and the heads of MI5 and MI6 are aware of its existence. Many of PISCES' operatives believe they are working for MI5, in what is known as "the Section". In actuality, PISCES works with MI5 to infiltrate cults, spy on citizens, and appropriate occult materials. PISCES makes full use of laws in the UK that allow the intelligence community to operate with an extreme degree of secrecy. The intelligence community has the leeway to eavesdrop and commit secret searches of property, if the Home Secretary finds it to be in the national interest. PISCES agents diligently hide the occult from public view, resorting to sabotage, kidnapping, and assassination in their covert war.

The directors of PISCES are extremely interested in the outcome of this investigation. First they want to be certain that any threat to their existence is contained. Second, they are interested in the possibility of using the disease as a weapon. The notes of both Blakesly and Hird will also be kept, and pored over for any practical applications. If the agents report the existence of the infected monkey at any point, their orders will be to capture it alive if at all possible.

"Voice of the Animals" without PISCES

Certainly, this scenario is easier to manage with Investigators acting in some sort of official capacity, either as police or other governmental agents. The nature of Andy Lamb's death precludes amateur detectives from talking their way in to poke and prod his body. But this does not mean that keepers who want to use this scenario in a non-PISCES campaign are without options. Perhaps the easiest option is for investigators to be called in as experts. They could be dispatched by the Department of Health, or an investigator might be the coroner for the Brichester Police or on staff at the hospital itself.

If the investigators have no official ties or no qualified medical practitioner/researcher in their number, they will obviously not be performing the autopsy and will likely not be present for it. The investigators can get involved because they knew Andy Lamb or Dr. Blakesly (perhaps they needed the doctor's help with another matter), or because their suspicions are aroused. In this event, the Investigators will have to receive the information second hand, getting to

see photos and reading the autopsy report. Assume that whoever performed the autopsy succeeded in their skill rolls, though it's probably best to have them fail to realize a ape was involved (unless Dr. Blakesly is the tie-in for the investigators).

From there, the scenario can unfold in standard fashion: investigators follow up on clues, interview various parties, and eventually arrive at the farmhouse. Some allowances will need to be made for investigators following in an official investigation's wake. Andy still lives at home, and in their questioning of the street youth, the police never discovered that he often stayed over at his friend Martin's place.

Enquiries

The drive takes a little over two hours. Brichester, with a population of 101,300, is one of the largest urban centers of the Severn Valley. It is the commercial and business hub of the valley, and its university is one of the largest and most respected in this part of England. The city has revitalized in recent years, although there are still areas of the city that are rundown and decaying.

Brichester Hospital

Inspector Hamilton Laurence is waiting for the investigators at the hospital. He is a middle-aged career policeman, sporting short cropped blond hair. He is prepared to help in any capacity possible, well aware that his force is ill equipped for a situation like this. Brichester police's role in this investigation has been to question witnesses and inform Andy's parents. Andy Lamb's body is being kept in a large operating theater. Access is restricted, and all who enter the room must do so in a hazardous material suit. The paramedics who brought Andy's body in and the admitting doctor are quarantined in a separate room while they submit to a battery of health tests and screenings. No evidence of infection will be found, and they will be let go in the morning. If none of the investigators are qualified to carry out the autopsy, Professor Max Woodthorpe is waiting for the investigators before starting. He is security cleared, and is on loan from Exeter University for this case.

Per orders, no autopsy has been done yet. Andy Lamb lays unclothed on a metal gurney. On the counter nearby are two vials, containing what remains of the leakage from his ears. He is a young man with lank brown hair, 5'10" tall and weighing 155 lbs. His open bloodshot eyes stare up at the operating theater's light. His jaw is locked in a contortion of pain. There is dark purple bruising on the sides of his face. The flesh has a greasy pallor. Performing an autopsy on the body reveals several anomalies. A **Biology** roll reveals that there is very little left of the ear structure, but that the remaining structure of the cochlea (the bony, spiral canal at the rear of the auditory system) is enlarged. A **Spot Hidden** roll notices that the remaining canal is rhythmically pulsing. Seeing this causes a loss of 0/1D4 Sanity points. The pulsing soon stops, and never starts again. With another **Biology** roll, the neurons of the spiral ganglion that connect the hearing structure to the brain stem can be seen to have increased beyond normal. Dissecting the brain and making a **Biology** roll finds

an entirely new structure forming in the auditory cortex located in the temporal lobe. Its purpose is inscrutable, perhaps being a complex form of tumor. Performing a blood test and receiving a successful **Biology** roll, an investigator discovers that there is an enormously high white blood cell count, with an average of 75,000 cells in each drop of blood. White blood cells fight infection, with the body creating more in its efforts to protect the body. Leukemia patients are often found to have 50,000 cells per drop.

Andy's left hand has a wound, between the thumb and index finger. Something has broken the skin, and there is purple and green bruising surrounding it. A **Biology** roll identifies it as a bite, and most likely that of some form of primate, a chimp or small child, perhaps. A **Forensics** or **Medicine** roll reveals that the wound is a few days old.

Testing the leakage in the vials and making a **Biology** roll reveals some form of organic liquid mixed in with the blood. An **Idea** roll helps draw the conclusion that the organic substance is the missing portion of the ear, which somehow liquefied and ran down Andy's face.

Aside from the white blood cell count, there is no evidence to be found of viral or bacterial infection.

Govinda's

The investigators may decide to check out this location at 40 Webb Street for themselves. This is a small vegetarian restaurant, serving Indian food to a variety of hippies, college students and office workers. Andy was known here, but not well. He was usually alone when he came here. With a **Luck** roll, the waiter remembers Andy coming in with a young girl who had an elephant's head tattoo on her bicep once or twice.

Researching the Chimp Connection

Investigators who believe that Andy was bitten by a chimp may decide to look into any recent incidents involving primates. Inquiries at the police station turn up the case file dealing with Dr. Blakesly's death and the removal of a test chimpanzee from the laboratory. Dr. Blakesly was clubbed in the side of the head with a blunt object on Wednesday, October 6th, at approximately 11 p.m. He suffered a concussion and fractured skull, and lost consciousness. When campus police responded to the alarms, they were unable to revive him. He died at 11:46 p.m.

The chimpanzee's cage was pried open, and the chimpanzee extracted. Security cameras caught an image of a figure, most likely male, fleeing the scene with what appears to be a pet carrier. The subject was dressed in black, bulky clothing and wore a black ski mask, making identification next to impossible. The subject's height is estimated to be between 5'8" and 6'1", and weight is estimated between 145 and 165 lbs.

The laboratory appears to be the only room in the building that was raided. It is unknown what else may have been taken, although there is a reel-to-reel audio system in the lab, but no tape reels in evidence. It is assumed that the assailant fled quickly, and was unable to cause as much damage as they might otherwise have. No animal rights terrorist groups have stepped forward to claim responsibility. A spokesperson for PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals) has issued a statement condemning the action. At this point, the case remains open until more evidence comes forward.

Investigators may also wish to look into newspaper articles. They may visit the *Brichester Herald's* offices between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. on weekdays. If asked for pertinent articles, the receptionist can bring out the article regarding the incident. Investigators may also check at New Central Library or Brichester University Library for the article. A **Library Use** roll turns it up or a **Luck** roll if a librarian is asked. The article is dated Thursday, October 7th. See Handout 1.

Andy's Parents

Andy's parents, Andrew and Mary Lamb, are in shock. They invite the investigators into their modest home in a working class neighborhood of Brichester. Mrs. Lamb frets over the investigators, constantly filling teacups or offering more biscuits. Mr. Lamb pensively sips tea when he's not nibbling on his wife's biscuits. Patience and sympathy are the best way to draw them out. Investigators who are all business get little more than a tearful mother who says, "I don't know how this could have happened. My boy, my poor little boy!" over and over, until Mr. Lamb ushers them out, complaining about them upsetting his wife.

If the investigators use tact, Mrs. Lamb lets them know that Andy hadn't lived with them for two years. "He were always a troubled boy". "He was trouble, all right", Mr. Lamb adds. Andy dropped out of school and left home, taking to the streets, "living like an animal", as Mr. Lamb puts it, his face screwed up in impotent frustration. They don't know where he was staying, or whom his friends were, but a family friend saw him recently in a slum in Lower Brichester, near Hitchens Row. The Lambs had not spoken to their son since he left home. **Psychology** rolls reveal that the Lambs blame themselves for what has happened to their estranged son.

If the investigators ask if they still have anything of Andy's, Mr. Lamb shows them to Andy's room. They shut the door when Andy ran away, and have not opened it since. Inside, they find a slovenly little room, with some clothes and other effects Andy left behind. Amongst the debris, they find some punk records, and some old anarchist periodicals. With a **Spot Hidden** roll, they find some rolling papers in a drawer. Nothing else of note has been left here.

The Streets of Lower Brichester

During their time in the decrepit, hopeless neighborhoods of Lower Brichester, the investigators would be wise to be on their guard. Acting like authority figures gets them nowhere when questioning the street punks who loiter here, and characters that resort to strong-arm tactics risk retaliation. Investigators who flash their badges are unlikely to face physical harm, but might return to a vandalized vehicle.

No one here knows that Andy is dead yet. Once they know that talking won't get Andy in trouble, it's easier to open them up. With **Fast Talk** rolls and/or bribes of cash or booze, they can question some of the locals about Andy. Andy is described as a mildly annoying guy, who often droned on about various leftist causes, and went on a tirade whenever he saw any of them eating meat. Sometimes Andy would talk about his big plans to strike a blow for the "cause" (although the cause often changed from day to day). His grandiose designs were often met with derision and laughter.

If asked where Andy stayed, the investigators are told to go talk to Harry. Harry is described as a skinny, longhaired man in his early

20's, who can often be found loitering about Garrett Park. Harry was closer to Andy than the others who roam the streets of Lower Brichester were.

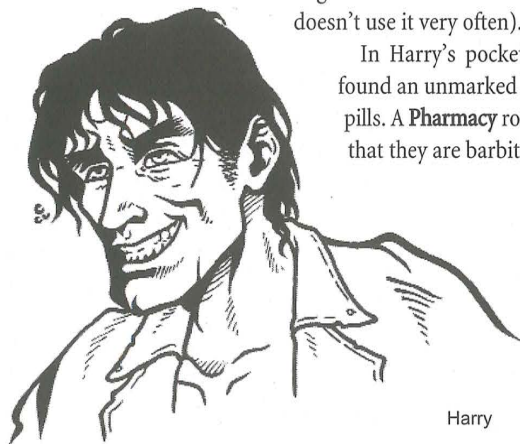
Harry in the Park

No matter what time the characters look for Harry, they find him here, sitting on a bench tossing crumbs of bread to the fat pigeons that swarm about the place. Garrett Park is as shabby and depressing as the rest of the neighborhood it sits in. The park consists of two acres of miserable trees overhanging gravel paths and iron benches. The fountain that squats in the center stopped running 10 years ago. The statues of children holding dolphins have been defaced, with countless vandals covering them with layer after layer of graffiti over the years. Anyone combing through the dry basin can find any number of objects, from soda and beer cans to used condoms and needles.

Harry is a red-eyed youth with greasy hair that hangs in his face. Until the Investigators try to get his attention, he doesn't notice them at all. It doesn't take much to realize that Harry is high. The stench of alcohol that escapes his yellow-toothed mouth tells them what one of the substances he's abusing is. Harry is very difficult to communicate with in his current state. While he is not intentionally evasive, it's hard to keep his attention on any subject for more than a moment. He responds fairly well to threats, however. Investigators who use **Law** rolls to threaten punitive action hold his attention long enough. Anyone who roughs him up gets his cooperation as well. Alternatively, patient Investigators who inform him of Andy's death can attempt a **Persuade** roll to get information out of him. It takes quite a while to calm him down enough to say anything helpful, however. **Fast Talk** rolls get nowhere, causing him to become more confused if anything.

However the investigators get Harry to talk, he tells them that the last he knew, Andy had been staying with a mate of his from school, some kid named Martin. Martin has a flat on Goodall Street, about four blocks away. Harry can actually provide the address (he has a good head for numbers, he just doesn't use it very often).

In Harry's pocket can be found an unmarked bottle of pills. A **Pharmacy** roll reveals that they are barbiturates.



Harry

Martin's flat

The building at 12 Goodall Street has been standing here since the turn of the century, though it doesn't look like it'll be standing much longer. Windows without cracks in the glass are rare, and there is

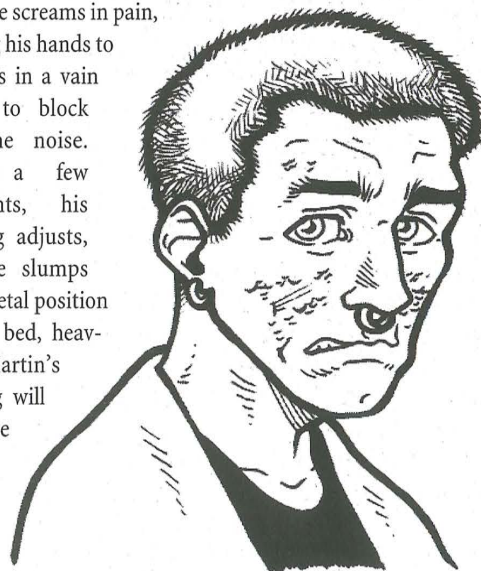
only a hint of the paint that once coated the entry door. Going inside, the investigators see a heavy door with a plaque stating "Manager" on it. Knocking at the door, a surly looking woman in curlers cracks the door and glares at the interlopers. If asked for the location of Martin's room, she jabs a fat finger towards the stairs and croaks, "First door on the right". She then promptly slams the door.

No one answers the first door on the right. Investigators can pick the lock, force the door, or go back to the manager's apartment. As long as no one does something like blow the door open with a gun, the investigators' attempts to gain illicit entry are ignored. Getting the manager to let the investigators into the room requires either a **Law** or **Fast Talk** roll. She mutters under her breath as she tromps up the creaking stairs. She unlocks the door, and tromps back down the stairs, still muttering.

Inside, the investigators find a two-room apartment. The front room consists of a living area with a beat up couch and small television, and a kitchen filled with dirty dishes. A room with a toilet, sink and a small shower adjoins it. The back room is the bedroom, with a single bed in one corner and a mattress with blankets and pillow on the ground nearby.

In the bed lies Martin Groves, wearing headphones hooked up to a stereo system. Martin is an acne-scarred young man, with short-cropped green hair and a nose ring. His eyes are wide open, staring at the ceiling. Martin's mouth hangs open, a bit of drool drying on his left cheek. Investigators may assume he's dead at first, but he is breathing shallowly and he has a pulse, though it is dangerously slow. As long as the headphones remain on and the tape in the stereo continues to play, there is no way to snap Martin out of the trance he is in. "Unplugging" Martin is only the first step, however. Martin's trance continues, as swirling, alien sounds fill his head. Without medical attention, Martin will die in a few days. A **Medicine** roll brings Martin back to earth in a few minutes. When he comes to, he is startled and confused. It may take the investigators a while to realize he can't hear anything. Once he realizes he's deaf, Martin's panic escalates. He thrashes about in terror, wildly attacking anyone around him for three rounds. Then, his hearing comes back, but more acute than ever. He screams in pain,

putting his hands to his ears in a vain effort to block out the noise. After a few moments, his hearing adjusts, and he slumps into a fetal position on his bed, heaving. Martin's hearing will never be fully



Martin Groves

functional again, forever changed by his exposure to the strange tones and harmonies of another dimension.

Soon, the investigators can talk with Martin, although he is still shaken and disoriented. His hearing range continues to shift wildly, requiring him to make a **Listen** roll every time someone tries to communicate something to him. Failure means he is unable to effectively hear the question or statement, either because his hearing has been reduced, or because it has expanded so much he can't pick out what has been said from the sounds of the street and the nearby apartments. But with time and repetition, or using a pad and paper, the investigators can learn the following:

"Andy was staying with me for a bit. I didn't mind, he's a good friend. A few days ago, he said he had something big planned, with some mates from the Animal Liberation Front he'd met. Something about stopping some evil scientists or something. Anyway, he came back one day to drop off some stuff. I saw his hand was all bandaged up, but he just shrugged and said he was in a hurry. He walked out, and I didn't see him after that. I, uh, happened to notice that one of the things he brought was an audiotape reel. I hooked it up and gave it a listen. It was some of the strangest noises I'd ever heard, and I thought it would sound great with some music I've been working on. That's what's on the tape I was listening to when you found me. I guess I made some pretty good trance music", he says with a weak smirk. Martin has no idea where Andy got the tape and other things, or where he went afterwards. He has no problem with the Investigators looking through Andy's effects.

Aside from some clothes and other personal items, Andy doesn't have much. He has two items taken from the lab: the tape reel and the notebook of Professor Blakesly.

Martin owns a nice stereo, a Korg synthesizer, and various other samplers and music machines. The cassette tape in the stereo is his latest ill-fated creation. Side one is labeled "Thee Birth ov Christe"; while side two is labeled "Thee Death ov Christe". The first side is one long electronic track, which has moments of haunting beauty amongst its thumping bass and driving beats. The second side is a recording of the music from the first played backwards, but with the addition of a large number of samples from Blakesly's audiotape.

Martin also owns copies of Aleister Crowley's *Book of the Law* (Occult +2 percentiles), Austin Osman Spare's *Ethos* (Occult +2 percentiles), and Peter Carroll's *Liber Kaos*. All are paperback books from the last few years. There are also several pamphlets and 'zines related to so-called chaos, or personal, magic. Many of these refer to something called "*Thee Temple ov Psychick Youth*", whose symbol is a three armed cross. Several objects in the flat have this symbol drawn or carved onto them. An **Occult** roll tells the investigator that similar symbols can be found in a variety of cultures and in alchemical texts.

Martin can inform the characters that the Temple ov Psychick Youth is a loose network of artists and occultists that exists to share ideas between members. There is no physical temple, existing in publications and it's easily accessed website. It was founded in 1981 by several esoteric artists and musicians, including Genesis P-Orridge, Peter Christopherson, and David Tibet. P-Orridge and Christopherson had been members of the seminal industrial music group Throbbing Gristle, later forming Psychic TV and Coil, respectively. Tibet is also prolific, recording with his project, Current 93

(a reference to Crowley's famous motto, "Love is the Law, Love under Will") and several others, including several collaborations with American horror author, Thomas Ligotti. Investigators may look into these themselves, either because they can't ask Martin or want to verify what he's told them.

Researching Thee Temple in a good-sized library's periodical stacks or on the Internet requires a **Library Use** roll, and confirms the information above. Martin is a perfectly harmless young man with some interests most people would find strange. His recent experience has shaken his sanity and provided him with genuinely esoteric knowledge. If the cassette or Blakesly's recording are left in his possession, he will begin experimenting with them in a few days. Nothing good will come of it.

Blakesly's Recording

The audiotape consists of strange tones and sounds, some beyond the normal range of hearing. The sound recording is one hour long. Listening to either Blakesly's audiotape or the second side of Martin's cassette for more than a few seconds is dangerous. Listeners must make a **POW**×5 roll. If the resistance roll is successful, the character's hearing immediately improves by 1D10 percentiles. Those who fail are entranced by the otherworldly sounds. They remain in the position they were in while conscious, even remaining standing. They can be moved easily, and remain fairly stiff. While entranced, their minds soar through extraterrestrial soundscapes, where strange entities wail and sing. They lose 1/1D10 Sanity for the experience. The only way to awaken someone from the trance is through a **Medicine** roll. Otherwise, the victim's soul remains in far-flung dimensions of sound, while the body wastes away. Upon awakening, victims must make a **CON**×5 roll, or have their hearing permanently changed. The victim's **Listen** score is reduced by 20%, although it can improve normally.

Professor Blakesly was lucky. He only heard the tape a couple of times while making it, and did not succumb to its siren song. After that, he broadcast the recording directly into the ear canals of his test subjects.

Professor Blakesly's Notes

This is a Brichester University spiral bound notebook. It contains tightly hand-written notes, detailing a series of experiments utilizing chimpanzees. It takes an **Own/Other Language (English)** roll to decipher the handwriting, and a half-hour to read through the notes. See Handout 2.



Investigators who are on the ball may come here early on if they make a connection between the bite on Andy's hand and reports of a chimpanzee abduction at the University. Otherwise, they will likely come here once they've found the notebook at Martin's. If they ask about recent experiments with chimpanzees, there are two departments they may be pointed to: Behavioral Studies and Medicine. Nothing untoward is found in the Behavioral Studies department. At the Medical Depart-

ment, Dean Honeycutt immediately recognizes Blakesly's handwriting. Blakesly is also the only medical professor to experiment on chimpanzees recently. Blakesly was found murdered four days before Andy Lamb's death, on Friday, October 8th. His test chimp was taken from the premises. The police are investigating, but so far seem to have turned up nothing. While polite and helpful, the Dean would like to know the nature of the investigators' visit. If informed of Andy Lamb's death following a chimpanzee bite and a possible viral outbreak, the Dean turns quite pale. This is certainly the sort of scandal a university administrator works hard to avoid. The Dean is quick to point out that Blakesly's experiments were not drug related, and that all test animals are screened for disease well before they arrive at the University.

Investigators may talk with others in the faculty, and see his office and laboratory workspace. If asked, fellow workers describe Blakesly as a passionate and driven researcher. They speak in glowing terms of his work in hearing devices for the hearing impaired. He was considered a valuable asset to the University. The staff is still quite upset about his death. If asked about interns who worked with Doctor Blakesly, the investigators are told that Blakesly's one intern, Heather Sumner, quit working with him about a month ago. Blakesly and Ms. Sumner were both circumspect about the reasons for her leaving. Rumors range from a brutal break-off of an affair, to Blakesly dismissing her for some minor mistake, to Ms. Sumner being upset over the recent test subject deaths. Heather is still at the school, and it isn't difficult to track her down.

Blakesly's Office and Lab

There isn't anything much to see in the lab. The door to #3B's cage is still open, swinging lazily in the artificial air circulation. A large reel-to-reel sound system sits in one corner. A computer and mixing board are attached to it. Anyone examining it and making an **Electronics** roll discovers that the system has been modified extensively. The hardware to create and record tones and sounds has been customized, far beyond the range of normal systems.

Blakesly's office is simple and functional. Amongst his files are the notes of Dr. Fisher and the notebooks Blakesly took from Hird's house, both can be found with **Library Use** rolls.

Dr. Fisher's Notes

These notes date from the late 1950s, when Fisher, another medical doctor, James Buch, and a psychologist, Dr. Hanson, were called to a house in the hills between Severnford and Brichester. This house had been used by an ex-Brichester University instructor, Professor Hird. Hird was expelled from the university in the winter of 1927 for physically assaulting another instructor during a disagreement. After leaving the school, Hird vanished into obscurity until 1958, when some students came across a house that had been used by the professor for some time, but was now abandoned. One of the students, Tony Roles, had a breakdown in the house, and his two friends had to lock him in a back room until they could bring help. Fisher and the other doctors from Brichester University came to investigate but left puzzled. The strange throbbing sounds emanating from the surrounding plain were inexplicable, but the psychologist and two medical doctors that made up the team chose to ignore them. They went through Hird's papers

and books, and inspected the strange machine that Tony had destroyed during his attack. Judging the vanished professor insane and his work useless, the professors opted to leave the house and its contents behind. The notes give the general location of Hird's house.

Hird's Notebooks

These notebooks are filled with diagrams and scratchy notes. It takes a **Physics** roll to decipher any of it. With a successful roll, the notes can be seen to be theories relating to the nature of sound, positing places in the cosmos where sound acts like matter. There are ideas for creating receivers that will allow some of these pan-dimensional sounds to be captured. Those reading the notes gain +1% to their Physics skill, and +1% to their Cthulhu Mythos skill. Any further utility to be found in the notes is for the Keeper to decide. Certainly, Blakesly was able to make use of them.

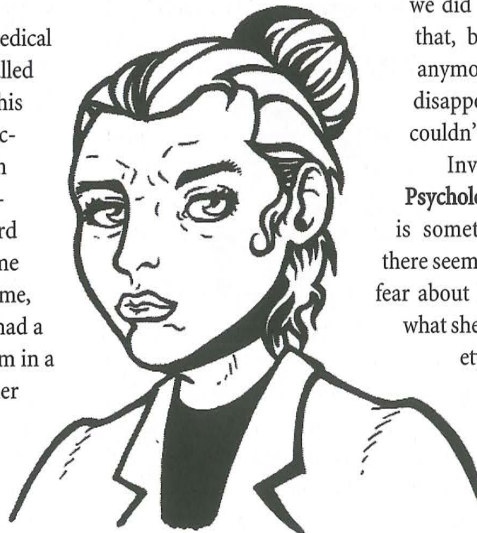
Heather Sumner

If the investigators try to arrange an interview with Heather Sumner, she prefers to do it outdoors, in the Commons, unless it is after sundown, in which case, she suggests a quiet café down the street. She will not, however, insist. There is nothing untoward in her dorm room.

Heather Sumner is a round-faced young woman, with blonde hair cut into a bob. Heather talks quietly, often looking at her hands as she does so. Heather was there from the beginning, up until the incident with #2A and #2B. "I have a lot of respect for Dr. Blakesly. He was a brilliant man, and I was lucky to be his intern. I mostly helped keep things tidy, and fed the chimps and the like. He was designing these hearing devices, and had a tape he'd made that he would play for the chimps. I never heard it. It was good work. It was. It could help a lot of people with disabilities, and we need more doctors like Jon, who can make a difference like that. But I just couldn't... not after... See, I think it's important to do tests like this. You need to be sure... But all that blood. He was crouched over the other one, with the blood dripping from his mouth, like... And his eyes, he was just staring at me, through the cage. And he kept howling, and it didn't sound right. It didn't! Nothing on earth should make

a noise like that! I don't know what we did to make the chimps like that, but I just couldn't do it anymore. Jon tried to hide his disappointment in me, but I just couldn't..."

Investigators who make a **Psychology** roll realize that there is something she's hiding, and there seems to a shadow of guilt and fear about her. If questioned about what she's holding back, her anxiety escalates, and she tries to end the conversation and leave. It will take a **Persuade** roll to calm her down enough to stay under her own accord. Getting her



Heather Sumner

to reveal her secret requires either a **Fast Talk** roll accompanied by a **Law** roll convincing her that things will go very badly if she keeps quiet, or by making a successful **Persuade** roll and telling her that lives could be lost if they don't find the missing ape in time.

After she left her internship, her disturbing experiences stayed with her. Finally, in an attempt to rid herself of the shame and guilt she felt, she confided in an acquaintance involved in the animal rights movement. The acquaintance in question is Jessica Talbot, who lives in the dorms also. Now she thinks this led to the assault on the lab. At this point, she breaks down, convinced that her life is ruined. If she's turned into the authorities, she'll be charged with obstructing the investigation, and therefore an accessory. The Investigators may be able to help in her defense, if they want.

Jessica Talbot

Jessica is a young, thin girl with long brown hair, various facial piercings, and an elephant's head tattoo proudly displayed on her bicep. Her dorm room is cluttered, filled with textbooks, personal books, and other personal items. There isn't a subtle way to get her to open up about her conversation with Heather, or what she did with the information afterwards. She will close up immediately if she is speaking with anyone she knows or suspects to be with the authorities.

She will refuse to answer any questions regarding any subject, and attempt to close the door. She's well aware that she's broken the law, and she is dedicated to her cause. She

has no desire for people to die, and feels guilt over her part

in things, but also has no desire to go to jail either. A **Psychology** roll reveals that she is using her short, terse answers to questions in an attempt to maintain composure. She is definitely hiding something, and it's something big.

Unfortunately, taking her into custody

doesn't do much, either.

She remains uncommunicative, and demands a



Jessica Talbot

The Animal Liberation Front

The Animal Liberation Front (ALF) is an extremely secretive operation dedicated to the animal rights movement. Those who consider themselves members operate independently or in small cells.

Various groups and individuals promoting the humane treatment and some form of rights for animals have existed in the Western world since at least the 18th Century. One organization, the Band of Mercy formed in the UK in 1972, comprising a group of hunt saboteurs who desired more militant action. Beginning with vandalism, it moved on to arson. Two members, Ronnie Lee and Cliff Goodman, were incarcerated in 1975 when they were caught breaking into a laboratory. Arrests like this did not deter further actions, and actually seemed to have the opposite affect as support grew. The ALF formed in 1976, furthering the cause. The Front is completely underground and activists know the identities of their fellow cell members only. There is no central authority, no headquarters. Anyone who wants to can call himself or herself a member, and is responsible for his or her own actions. Members are supposed to follow a set of guidelines.

- ♦ To liberate animals from places of abuse, i.e. laboratories, factory farms, fur farms, etc., and place them in good homes where they may live out their natural lives, free from suffering.
- ♦ To inflict economic damage to those who profit from the misery and exploitation of animals.
- ♦ To reveal the horror and atrocities committed against animals behind locked doors, by performing non-violent direct actions and liberations.
- ♦ To take all necessary precautions against harming any animal, human and non-human.

ALF members know they are criminals, and act accordingly. When they communicate with the rest of the world regarding their activities, they take every possible precaution, avoiding e-mails, using gloves to handle paper and using sponges to seal envelopes. The ALF Press Office acts as their public face, taking anonymous ALF reports and distributing them to news agencies. Media attention plays a large role in their activities, in an attempt to increase public awareness. This was especially effective in the late 1970s and the 1980s, where animal rights activists were often treated favorably in the press, being portrayed as lovable eccentrics.

The mid 1980s saw the creation of New Scotland Yard's Animal Rights National Index. ARNI worked closely with other government agencies to some success, arresting known supporters and the occasional saboteur. As with the Band of Mercy, arrests actually increased direct action in the animal rights community. Because of their high levels of secrecy, the ALF is very difficult to investigate and fight. With no centralized head, its independent arms are extremely hard to pin down.

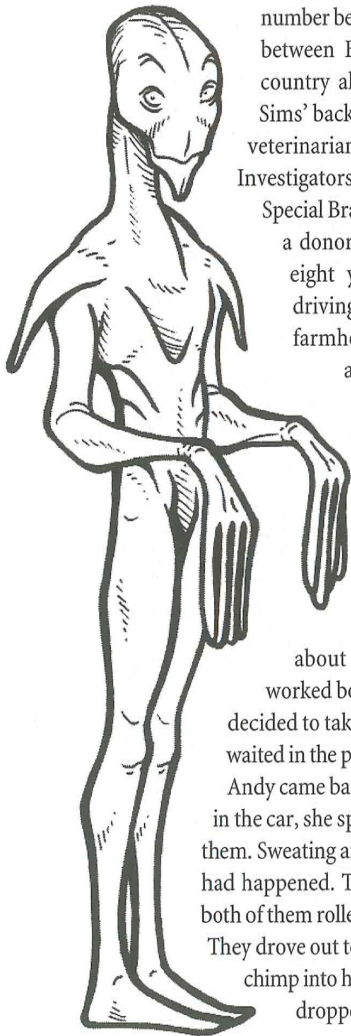
lawyer. Without some hard evidence implicating her, her lawyer advises her to remain quiet.

Looking through her dorm room will be much quicker than waiting for Jessica to come clean. There are several small press newspapers and pamphlets dealing with animal rights issues in her room. With a **Spot Hidden** roll, the investigators find a notepad. Several pages have been torn out over time from the front. The top page is blank, but there is a slight impression from the writing on what had been the previous page. Taking a pencil and covering the area of the impression with graphite will allow the writing to be read with a successful **Own/Other Language (English)** roll. The writing includes the name "Harvey", a telephone number, and driving instructions for a location up the A38 highway northeast of Brichester. No address is provided.

If the phone number is dialed, the phone rings twice, then a horrible screeching sound starts up, seemingly made up of several different tones at war with one another. It is so loud that anyone within ten feet of the phone can hear some of it. If someone hangs up immediately, nothing further occurs. If they keep listening, their minds do their feeble best to interpret the noises, and lose 0/1D3 Sanity points in the process. Within a few moments, the sound stops. The phone that was used to place the call never functions again.

Checking with British Telecom and providing proper credentials they can discover that the phone number belongs to Harvey Sims, who has a house between Brichester and Clotton, in the farm country along the A38. Checking into Harvey Sims' background they can discover that he is a veterinarian, aged 46. He has no criminal record. Investigators running his name through MI5 and Special Branch records will discover he has been a donor to animal rights groups for at least eight years. Investigators using Jessica's driving instructions find their way to Sims' farmhouse. They can also discover the address by looking into his background.

Jessica has wanted to form an ALF cell for some time, but had yet to find people she trusted enough to bring in. Recently meeting Andy, she was taken by his intensity. When Heather confided in her, she told Andy about the conditions in the lab. Andy worked both of them up to the point where they decided to take action. Jessica supplied the car, and waited in the parking lot near the medical labs. When Andy came barreling out of the building and jumped in the car, she sped away as the alarms howled behind them. Sweating and short of breath, Andy told her what had happened. They didn't speak much after that, as both of them rolled the situation around in their minds. They drove out to Harvey Sims' farm and delivered the chimp into his care. Returning to Brichester, Jessica dropped Andy off, and never saw him again.



A Denizen of S'ghluo

The Plain of Sound

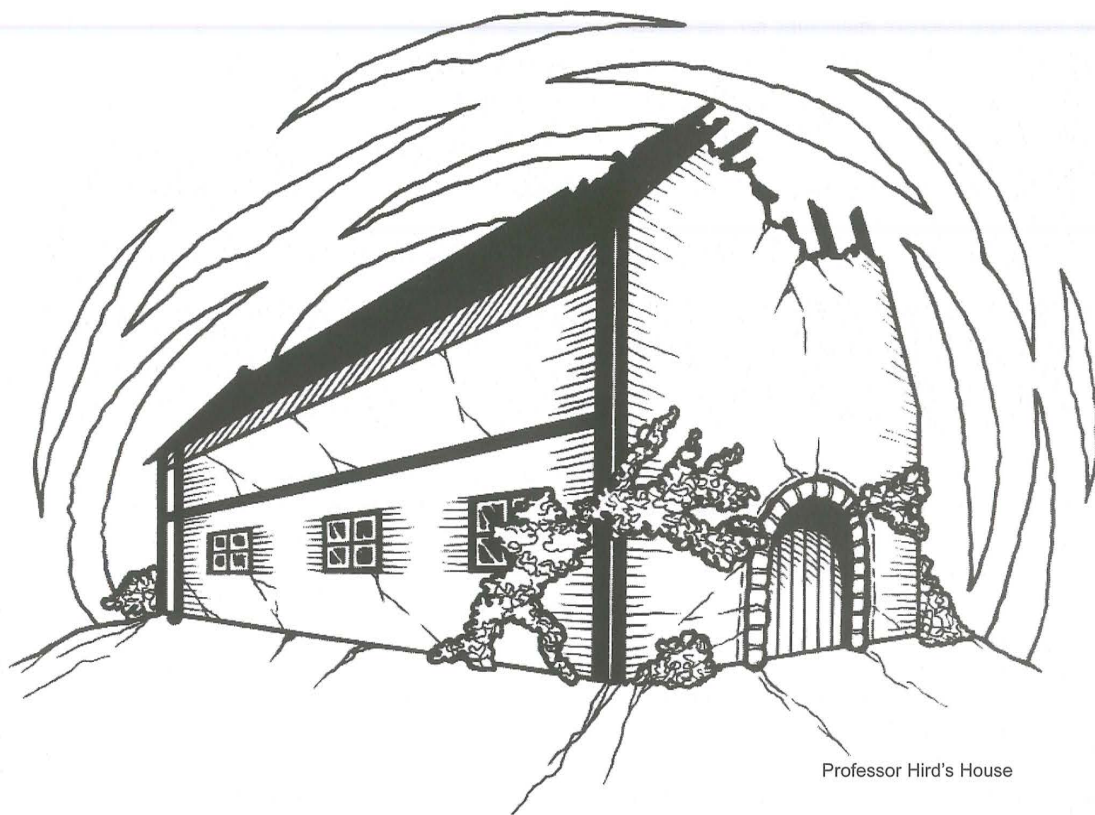
If the investigators make their way to Professor Hird's old house, they will first encounter the arcane sounds of the area. Using Fisher's sketchy notes, the Investigators can look for the house in the rolling hills between Brichester and Severnford. Without any real landmarks, they wander around, with the character with highest POW making a **Luck** roll every half hour. Once that is accomplished, each character can make **Listen** rolls every 15 minutes. With success, a mechanical throbbing can be heard in the distance, and following the sound they find a 400 yard square, flat featureless plain, nestled within four ridges. The only physical structure on the plain itself is a small, one story building on one end of the plain. All around can be heard the thrumming, almost deafening now, consisting of three notes. It is accompanied by high-pitched sounds, fluctuating between inaudible to earsplitting, and a bass hum just barely within human hearing. The source of the sound cannot be discerned. On the plain itself, the feeling of being surrounded by sound becomes horribly disturbing, as if it's a solid or liquid thing threatening to trap its victims forever. Entering the area causes a loss of 0/1D2 Sanity points and another 0/1D2 Sanity point loss for every half hour of being immersed in the spectral sounds.

The house is a four-room affair built of brown stone. The front consists of an arched doorway with two dust caked windows flanking it. Inside is the living area, with wooden furniture, including a bookcase. Amongst the books on physics and chemistry can be found a few books on the occult. These are Pico della Mirandola's *La Strega*, *Discovery of Witches*, *The Red Dragon*, and a nine-volume set of *The Revelations of Glaaki*. Arnold Hird's diary is here as well. To the left of living room is the bedroom, with an adjoining lavatory. The bedroom contains bed, wall-mirror, and wardrobe. A **Spot Hidden** roll finds a fine green substance, sparkling like glass. A **Chemistry** roll with proper lab equipment brings no definite answers as the powder's composition resembles an organic cellular structure, but somehow mineral at the same time.

The long room on the other side of the living area is where Hird kept his translator, a device consisting of a smashed monitor, two feet across, along with bulbs, wires, crystals and tubes. Underneath a collapsed portion of the roof is a rusted stringed sounding board, with a lever, motor and cylinder attached to it. This is a weapon usable against the denizens of S'ghluo.

The Diary of Arnold Hird

This large book is the personal journal of the missing professor. The last entries of the diary detail his year here and his attempt to contact the extra-dimensional beings from his dreams. His dreams contained images of a city and its inhabitants, both of which consisted of sound itself. These beings directed him to the Mao Rite of *The Necronomicon* to aid in their communications, and then *The Revelations of Glaaki*, which held instructions for creating the device known as a translator. The denizens of S'ghluo would create a translator on their end. Hird also constructed a weapon he learned of in Revelations, the only known defense against the sound creatures. He hoped not to need it. The journal ends with his plan to make final



Professor Hird's House

contact with something called Alala. *Sanity loss 1/1D2; Cthulhu Mythos +2; average 6 hours to read and comprehend.* No spells.

Using the Translator

If the screen is replaced, and an **Electrical Repair** roll made, the translator can be operated again, once the diagrams are consulted in Revelations. Hird's journal points out the relevant passage in volume VIII. Positioned correctly, the machine uses the sounds of the area as its power source. The blue light bulb comes on after a few minutes, and an image coalesces on the screen. A landscape of icy mountains appears, covered in alien structures. Most of the strange towers are broken and as the investigators watch, occasional quakes cause the landscape to shudder and more structures collapse, with masonry and boulders avalanching down into the valleys below.

In the foreground can be seen an open plaza, also in ruins. With a successful **Spot Hidden** roll, an investigator notices inhuman corpses amongst the rubble. The strange beings are thin and their flesh seems to be composed of iridescent blue scales. Their bodies are in various states, some crushed, some torn apart. Their blood is a shimmering liquid. Those who view this scene lose 1/1D3 Sanity points, 1/1D4 Sanity points if they also see the bodies.

The Sounding Board Weapon

A **Mechanical Repair** roll is needed to repair this device. Throwing the lever puts the gears in motion, spinning the cylinder and activating the strings. A horrendous noise issues from the sounding board, so loud it drowns out most other sound with a discordant scraping and whining. Every round the weapon operates, listeners lose 0/1 Sanity point. However, all S'ghluoans within 40 feet of the weapon lose 2D8 hit points per round as their bodies are disrupted.

The weapon is bulky, but can be moved. It is effectively SIZ 10, and anyone lugging it around is reduced to MOV 6. The weapon needs to be placed on the ground to operate. It could be placed on a cart of some sort and be much easier to transport.

Researching the Gulf of S'ghluo

Using Mythos sources to investigate the Gulf of S'ghluo or Alala turns up very little. The only sources to deal with the Gulf are volume VIII of *The Revelations of Glaaki*, *Reflections by Ibn Schacabao*, and *The Necronomicon*. The *Necronomicon* and *Reflections* have a brief mention of the realms of sound that make up the Gulf, and of the effects certain sounds in our dimension can have on theirs. They also contain the Mao Rite (Contact Denizens of S'ghluo). This allows dream communication with the S'ghluoans. This ritual will be unsuccessful during the turmoil of this scenario. Revelations has slightly more information, but notes that the ultimate goals of the Denizens are unknown, despite their seeming peacefulness.

Alala is mentioned in only one source, *The Green Book*, the diary of a young girl's experiments with sorcery and her explorations of the haunted woods of the Severn Valley, written in the 19th Century. This diary tells how she would call the Alala to her room at night or while alone in the woods. Nothing more is written.

The Farmhouse Transformed

Harvey's farmhouse lies just off the M5 highway, about 40 km north-east of Brichester. The farmhouse sits placidly, and nothing seems

Tranquilizer Darts

If the investigators wish to capture #3B alive, they should come prepared. They can requisition CO2 breech-loading rifles or pistols to fire darts with from the London office.

Weapon	Base Chance	Base Range	Attacks	Ammo	HPs	Resistance
.50 CO2 Pistol	20	10 yards	1	1	10	12
.50 CO2 Rifle	25	30 yards	1	1	12	12

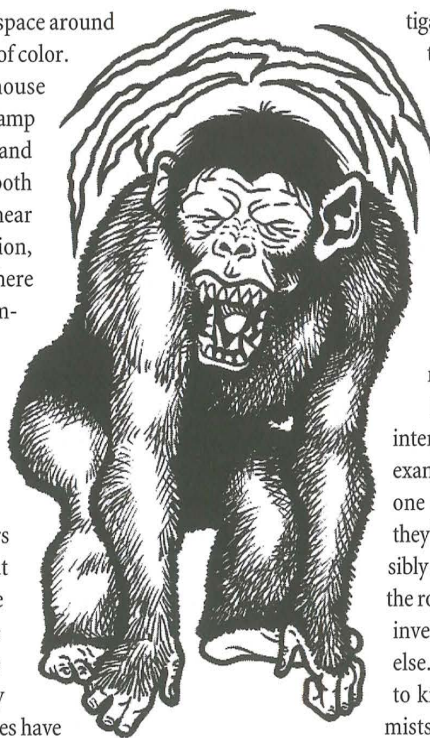
The darts deliver a dose of POT 12 poison, which takes effect in 2 rounds and causes unconsciousness for 1d4 hours. Further tranquilizing agents can be administered in the meantime.

amiss. The stables, the cow pastures, and the chicken coop are tidy, and have not been used for years. No one answers if the investigators knock. The door is unlocked. All of the windows are shuttered. They can be unlocked or forced (STR 12).

If the investigators believe the primate is in the farmhouse, but use proxies to invade the house in their place, those agents are never seen again. Trying to destroy the farmhouse from the outside by setting fire to it or by using explosives may be successful. A fire agitates the chimp, and it will try to escape. An explosion may kill the chimp outright, but if it survives it will once again attempt to escape the burning building. Tear gas is also of minimal use. While it confuses the chimp, it increases its terror exponentially. Several canisters can immobilize it, but will do nothing to stop it from shrieking.

If the investigators brave the building, they walk into a nightmare. The interior of the farmhouse is in a state of flux. Sound becomes distorted; with nearby noise sounding far away, distant sounds becoming amplified, and other bizarre effects. Vision is impaired as well, with the space around them becoming a swirling mélange of color. Physical objects from the farmhouse appear intermittently, a desk here, a lamp there, suspended in a sea of sound and vision. Strange sounds are heard, both alien and mundane. Investigators hear snatches of whispered conversation, laughter and sobbing, from somewhere just out of sight. While in the farmhouse, all **Listen** rolls incur a 20% penalty.

In all this chaos, the investigators must try to find the chimp. #3B is confused and frightened, and is hiding under the bed. He lets out the occasional cry, or chatters anxiously, and it is these sounds that have caused the distortions. The walls between dimensions have eroded so much at this point, that the interior of the farmhouse is rarely solid and normal. The primate's noises have had a disastrous effect on the Gulf of S'ghluo,



Subject #3B

destroying the home of its denizens and killing several of them in the cataclysm. Those that survive have been affected mentally as well as physically. They are bewildered and frantic and will lash out at anyone they come across.

The investigators will wander somewhat aimlessly for a while; the nature of space has been disrupted in this localized area, and distance has essentially lost its terrestrial meaning. Every once in a while, there is a chance that they hear the chimp. Making a **Listen** roll (with the 20% penalty) points a character in the right direction. Generally, have the players make **Listen** rolls once they're done with a sector and are ready to move on. Every time all investigators fail the roll, they set off in the wrong direction. The grid below is used to plot the Investigators' progress. The investigators start at sector 2, and the chimp is at sector 20. Every successful roll puts the investigator's one step closer to their goal. If they fail, roll 1D8 to see which direction they move.

If the roll would take the investigators off of the grid, roll 1D20.

The result is the sector on the grid that they move into. Investigators may also move around under their own power, but this may not be the best way to go about things. No matter what "direction" they head for, each time they move they end up in a random location. Roll 1D8 to determine the direction they move. This means there is no way for them to accurately backtrack, which makes finding a way out problematic. If the investigators separate for some reason, they can try to signal each other verbally. With a **Listen** roll, a character figures out the correct direction to follow the shouts. Otherwise, roll 1D8 to discover which direction they move in the confusion.

Players will undoubtedly come up with creative ways to interact with the bizarre environment of the farmhouse. For example, investigators may rope themselves together and tie one end to something outside. If they move into an area they've already been, they may see the rope up ahead, possibly crisscrossing paths in the swirling colors. At some point, the rope may disintegrate, in whole or in part. Roped together investigators who separate in the mists are as lost as anyone else. Investigators damaging the farmhouse in an attempt to knock down walls may find their efforts helped by the mists. While investigators are unlikely to enter the building by a window initially, they may do so on subsequent attempts, even

using the upstairs windows. Downstairs windows can bring them to one of the sectors (1, 4, 9, 12, or 17) that have a window. Where they end up when using an upstairs window is up to the Keeper, but placing them in sector 6, with their point of entry disappearing behind them works for most situations. They could conceivably appear in sector 20 this way. In general, moving back and forth through an exit should consistently bring someone to the same place, both inside and outside.

Even failing rolls, the characters will eventually make it to the chimp's sector. However, once the strangeness of the environment has lost its novelty, and the players are becoming more frustrated than intrigued, the Keeper may want to allow the characters to stumble upon their goal.

Sectors (see map):

1. A shuttered window floats in the "northern" side of this sector. If the investigators open it, they can dimly see the outside world through it. They may exit through it, if they desire.
2. This is the front entryway. In the "northern" side is the front door. When the investigators first open the door, they see an ordinary room, with a closet to the left, door slightly ajar, and doors on the opposite and right hand side. There is a wooden staircase straight ahead. The landing above is lined with landscape paintings and photographs. There is an umbrella, muddy work boots, and coats in the closet.

Ideally, wait until all the investigators have entered before reality shifts. Suddenly, the walls and objects in the room melt away in a mad smear of colors. The doors and the stairs disappear, except for the front door, and a bit of the wall surrounding it. The coats fall to the floor, but the umbrella and boots have vanished. The investigators lose 1/1D6 Sanity points.

3. A riot of colors swirl here and fragments of the walls appear intermittently.
4. The "north wall" can partially be seen here, along with a shuttered window. Investigators may use it to escape to the outside world.
5. Colors swirl around the Investigators and they can hear something in the distance, like a heavy object being dragged across wood. If they set off in search of it, roll 1D8 to find out where they end up. Once they reach that point, they can no longer hear the noise.

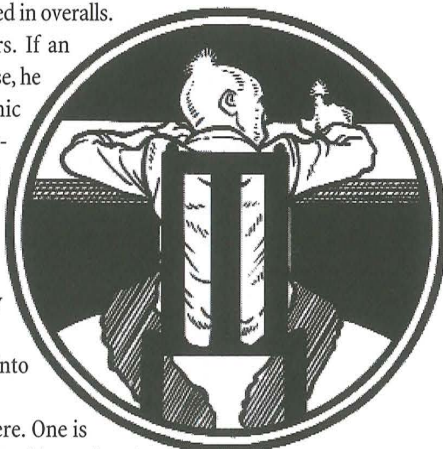
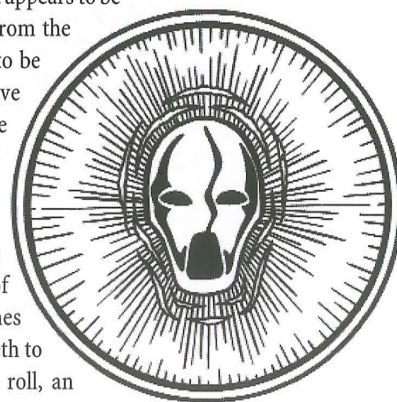
If they ignore the sound, a moment later they have an opportunity to hear the chimp.

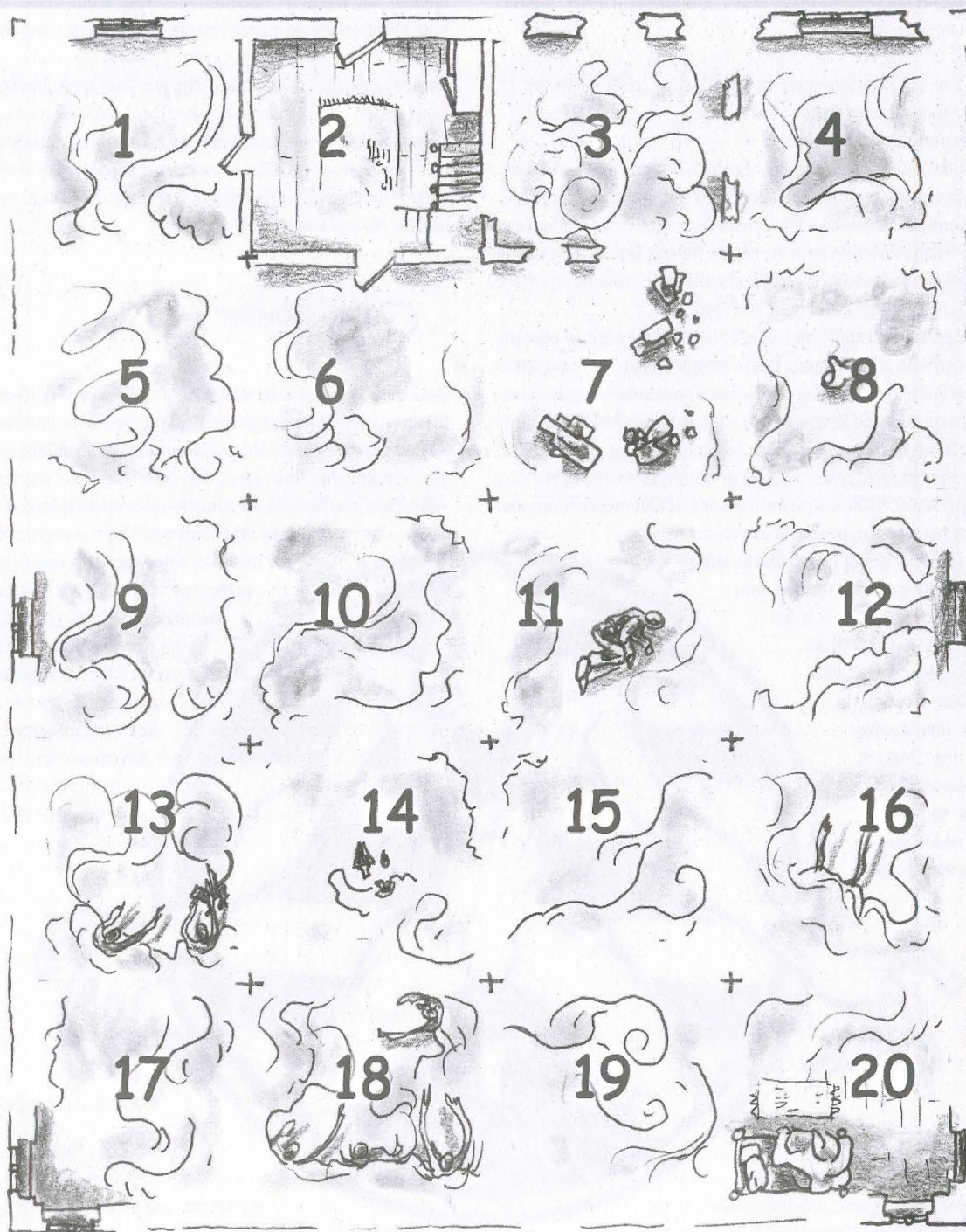
6. Nothing can be found here other than the omnipresent colors.
7. Some rubble can be found here. If they take a closer look, they notice that the chunks of rock appear to be masonry of some sort, and there is a fragment of a carved design on one of the pieces. If taken from the farmhouse, the masonry disappears,

Random Direction Generator	
1D8	Direction
1	NW
2	N
3	NE
4	E
5	SE
6	S
7	SW
8	W

leaving behind a tinkling sound that lingers for a moment. Witnesses lose 0/1 Sanity point.

8. The investigators discover what appears to be a face mask, floating six feet from the "ground". The mask appears to be made of a glossy, reflective substance, and aside from the openings for the eyes and mouth, is featureless. There is no apparent method to affix the mask to a wearer's face. It is surrounded by a nimbus of swirling lights that emit tones that cause the Investigators teeth to ache. With a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll, an observer realizes that the mask operates as a magical power source, allowing a spellcaster to draw on more energy than usual. Anyone who attempts to grab the mask must make a **CON**×3 roll or be thrown back, losing 2D8 hit points. If the roll succeeds, the investigator loses 1D4 hit points, but grabs the mask. The nimbus disappears at that moment. Anyone who presses the mask to his or her face feels a burning sensation as it adheres to the wearer's skin. It cannot be removed, short of cutting of the wearer's first layer of skin. He or she loses 1/1D4 Sanity points. The wearer now has 20 additional magic points. If all 20 magic points are spent, the mask is slowly absorbed into the wearer's face; the wearer and observers lose 1/1D6 Sanity points. If the wearer leaves the area disrupted by the Gulf, the mask simply disappears, causing a loss of 0/1 Sanity point. Returning to this area, the Investigators find another mask.
9. There is a shuttered window to the outside world here.
10. With a **Listen** roll, investigators can hear a whispered conversation somewhere in the distance. No words can be made out. Investigators who attempt to follow the sound move in a random direction. Roll 1D8 to determine the direction. The whispers disappear once they wander in search of it. If they ignore the whispers, they have a chance to hear the chimp chattering to itself a moment later.
11. Here rests Harvey's body, dressed in overalls. His back is to the investigators. If an investigator checks out the corpse, he discovers that Harvey's organic components have been transformed into a glinting, glass-like green substance. If his body is disturbed in any fashion, the body collapses into a fine dust. Investigators lose 1/1D6 Sanity points.
12. There is a shuttered window into the outside world here.
13. Two Denizens of S'ghluo are here. One is caressing the limp body of a cat with one hand. It stands up as both S'ghluoans attack the investigators. Normally, S'ghluoans move much quicker than humans and running away is futile. In the confusing atmosphere of the farm-





Harvey's Farmhouse - this map and an unnumbered player's map are available for download from Worlds of Cthulhu's website

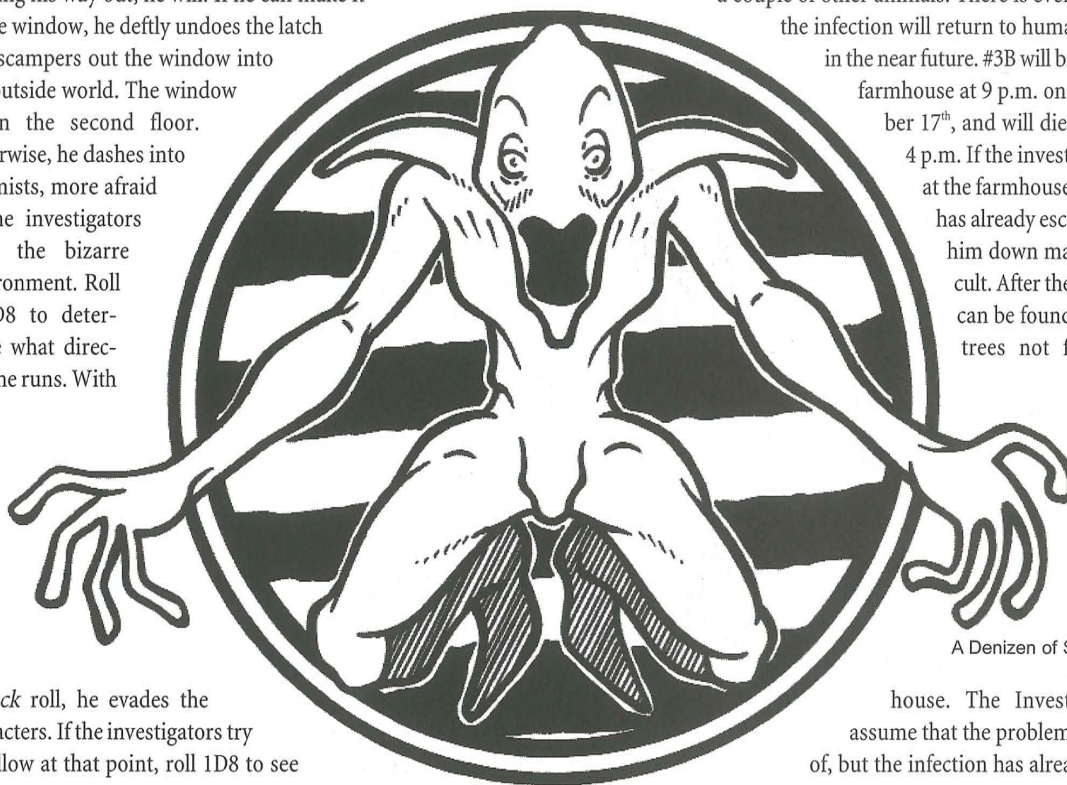
house, anyone running away from the entities shakes them if the character with the worst *Luck* score makes a successful roll. If the investigator fails the roll, the investigators remain in the same sector. If one of the investigators attempting to escape is suffering from reduced speed, such as someone lugging the sounding board weapon, he must make his own individual *Luck* roll to escape. The group roll has no effect on his situation. Investigators may attempt to escape again the following round. If they escape, roll 1D8 to determine which sector they end up in. If

they ever return to this sector, there will be two Denizens waiting here, whether or not any have died.

14. A shattered desk lamp floats at the investigators' feet.
15. Suddenly, the investigators hear the sound of a large vehicle driving at high speed towards them. They instinctively jump out of the way, but nothing's there.
16. A Denizen of S'ghluo leaps from the mists. If the investigators try to escape, refer to sector 13. Anytime the characters return here, a S'ghluoan attacks.

17. A shuttered window floats in the "southwest" corner. It offers an avenue of escape.
18. The investigators are surprised by a group of four S'ghluoans. If the investigators attempt to get away, refer to sector 13. Anytime the investigators find themselves in sector 18, four S'ghluoans attack them.
19. Aside from the swirling riot of colors, nothing unusual is here.
20. Here, in what was once the bedroom, #3B hides under the bed. His mind has no way of understanding what is happening, and he has no idea that he is the cause. He was kept in a cage originally, but when the dimensional walls came crashing down, the cage disappeared and he was set loose.

When the investigators come to this area they see an unmade single bed with an iron frame. In the "southeast corner", a shuttered window floats in the swirling colors. The chimpanzee hears the investigators coming and keeps quiet. In the shifting shadows, it takes a **Spot Hidden** roll to notice him. Anyone reaching under the bed causes the chimp to react, whether or not the investigator is aware of his presence. #3B's main goal is escape. If that means biting and clawing his way out, he will. If he can make it to the window, he deftly undoes the latch and scampers out the window into the outside world. The window is on the second floor. Otherwise, he dashes into the mists, more afraid of the investigators than the bizarre environment. Roll a 1D8 to determine what direction he runs. With



A Denizen of S'ghluo attacks

a *Luck* roll, he evades the characters. If the investigators try to follow at that point, roll 1D8 to see where they end up. If the chimp fails its *Luck* roll, the investigators can accurately follow the chimp.

The investigators would be advised to take care of the primate quickly. Every time #3B is wounded, he lets out a high-pitched shriek of pain. He does the same if he is held in any fashion. If the farmhouse is ablaze, the chimp shrieks in terror as he tries to escape. Tear gas has much the same effect; even if enough is pumped in to completely immobilize him, he screams in terror the whole time. Tranquilizer darts sting and agitate him, but not enough to cause him to shriek. Every time #3B cries out in pain or terror, there is a chance that the frayed strands of reality finally snap altogether. If #3B fails a *POW*×5 roll, the entity known as Alala squeezes through into our world. Alala attacks anything in sight (except the S'gh-

luoans), and has every intention of staying in our world. The farmhouse disappears completely, inside and out. Where the house once stood, nothing can be seen. Anything that enters the area where the house stood enters the otherworldly area. They are in another dimension entirely, and cannot be seen, heard, or otherwise interacted with. The wisest course of action may be to escape as quickly as possible. Now that the physical components of the house have disintegrated, moving off of the grid in any direction brings a character back to the material world.

Consequences

Once the investigators have found out where Subject #3B was taken, they must decide how to go about taking care of the problem. If they do nothing or fail to find him, #3B will die soon from the alien energies wracking his small form. But before that, the starving chimp will escape into the wild, causing the infection to spread after biting a couple of other animals. There is every chance that the infection will return to human civilization in the near future. #3B will break out of the farmhouse at 9 p.m. on Friday, October 17th, and will die on the 19th at 4 p.m. If the investigators arrive at the farmhouse late, and #3B has already escaped, hunting him down may prove difficult. After the 19th, his body can be found in a stand of trees not far from the

house. The Investigators may assume that the problem is taken care of, but the infection has already spread by that point.

Once #3B leaves the farmhouse, it will not take long for the anomaly to disappear. The house will quickly collapse, its structure catastrophically weakened. It will not be immediately obvious to anyone surveying the wreckage that significant portions of the structure are missing. The area will continue to be "haunted", with occasional disappearances and phenomena.

If Alala has entered our dimensional space and remains at large, it will lair in the dimensional pocket created by #3B, emerging occasionally to feed. Disappearances in the area will increase, as Alala prowls farther and farther from his lair. It may take a concerted effort to remove the Great Old One from this dimension, but the pocket will remain and could cause problems in the future. Containing the

area would be advisable, and PISCES will move to do so. Scientists will conduct a variety of tests on the properties of the area, hoping to better understand the phenomenon and discover any practical applications. Armed troops will guard against possible incursions from the area. The ultimate fate of the outpost is for the Keeper to decide.

For saving Martin, the characters receive 1D4 Sanity. For actively stopping Subject #3B, they receive 1D6 Sanity. For finding his body and believing the situation is resolved, they receive 1D3 Sanity, but lose 1D6 once reports reach them of the continued problem. For personally removing Alala from this dimension, they are awarded 1D20 Sanity. Any Denizens of S'ghluo defeated garner 1D4 Sanity, with a maximum of 4 SAN altogether. If a containment zone is created around the dimensional pocket, they gain 1D6 Sanity.

NPC's

Subject #3B

Chimpanzee conduit

STR 9	CON 11	SIZ 5	INT 8	POW 10
DEX 14	Move 10	HP 8		

Damage Bonus: -1D4

Weapons: Bite 45%, damage 1D3

Shriek 100%, causes 2D8 damage to all sound creatures within 40 feet

Grapple 50%, damage special

Skills: Climb 75%, Dodge 38%, Hide 35%, Jump 75%, Listen 75%, Sneak 25%



HARRY, age 22

Street Urchin

STR 8	CON 8	SIZ 9	INT 11	POW 9
DEX 11	APP 8	EDU 11	SAN 40	HP 9

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Pocketknife 25%, damage 1D4+db

Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Bargain 30%, Conceal 30%, Fast Talk 30%, Pharmacy 5%



MARTIN GROVES, age 19

Esoteric Musician

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

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Computer Use 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Elect. Repair 50%, Electronic Music 45%, Electronics 25%, Listen 20%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Occult 25%



HEATHER TALBOT, age 24

Medical Student

STR 11	CON 13	SIZ 10	INT 13	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 13	EDU 16	SAN 50	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Biology 30%, Chemistry 25%, First Aid 60%, Library Use 50%, Medicine 30%



JESSICA TALBOT, age 22

Student and Animal Rights Activist

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 12	POW 14
DEX 10	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 70	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Punch 50%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Art History 30%, Fast Talk 20%, History 30%, Library Use 40%, Literature 30%



PROFESSOR MAX WOODTHORPE, age 56

Pathologist-on-loan

STR 10	CON 11	SIZ 16	INT 15	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 13	EDU 20	SAN 50	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Skills: Biology 75%, Chemistry 65%, Computer Use 25%, First Aid 45%, Forensics 85%, Law 15%, Library Use 50%, Medicine 70%, Psychology 30%, Spot Hidden 50%

THE DENIZENS OF S'GHLUO, Lesser Independent Race, Beings of Living Sound

These entities are composed of sound itself, and live in the Gulf of S'ghluo in some dimension beyond this one. They are able to take a visible form, resembling tall, thin blue humanoids with tiny, shimmering scales. Their eyes are large, white and pupilless. They have long, boneless fingers. They are able to communicate with our world through dreams, and seem peaceful.

	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
CON	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A
SIZ	16	16	17	20
INT	22	21	25	20
POW	27	25	29	32
DEX	22	24	21	20
Move	40	40	40	40
HP	27	25	29	32
DB	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A



Weapons: Sound Blast 25%, damage 1D6 (ignores armor, cannot be dodged)

Armor: none, but immune to physical attacks. Spells that affect INT and POW harm them. Their hit points are equal to their POW score. Spells that reduce POW reduce their hit points as well.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

AAA, Great Old One

He speaks of "the snailhorns," "the blue crystalline lenses," "the mobility of the faces," "the living flame and water," "the bell-shaped appendages," and "the common head of many bodies." But these periods of comparative coherency do not last long. Usually they end when...he screams... "I saw what it took from its victims! I saw what it took from its victims!"—Ramsey Campbell, "The Plain of Sound."

Alala is an entity composed of living, intelligent sound. It comes from the other-dimensional Gulf of S'ghluo, where matter is unknown. When it takes visible form, it appears as a vaguely spherical, green-blue creature roughly the size of an elephant. This form is covered in inhuman faces, with its maws continuously puckering like the mouths of fish. Yellow eyes swim about on the surface, never staying still for long. From the sphere project hundreds of spindly legs with cupped, bell-like pads that it walks upon and feeds with. There is no set number to these limbs; Alala forms them at its whim. Antennae-like structures occasionally protrude from its surface, with blue crystals at the tips of their swaying stalks. These are some form of sense organ. The surface of its body throbs and shifts, ripples and glitters, and a humming resonance surrounds it. As it moves, this hum becomes a sound that could best be described as a million discordant chimes in a tempest.

Alala desires to enter the material dimensions where it can feed its fathomless hunger.

CULT: Alala has no known worshippers on Earth. The Denizens of S'ghluo grudgingly serve it, attempting to open a portal into the material world that Alala may use. In the meantime, Alala occasionally feeds on the S'ghluoans, although they provide it with little nourishment.

ATTACKS AND SPECIAL EFFECTS: Alala is immaterial, and physical attacks have no effect on it. Its hit points are equal to its POW score. It is susceptible to spells that affect INT or POW, and if it loses POW, it loses hit points as well. Certain sounds can affect it as well. It takes 2D8 damage from the sounding board weapon and from the shriek of #3B.

Alala attacks with its appendages, using its suctions to drain the life force from its victims. These drain 1D6 CON each round, and this damage does not heal by natural means. It may only drain a target with one appendage at a time, but may affix suctions to any number of targets at a time, and drain CON from each of them. Those drained of CON begin to stiffen. Those drained of CON have the organic components of their bodies transformed into a fragile, glass-like green substance. In a few days, the body collapses under its own weight, leaving a fine green dust. Seeing a drained corpse costs 1/1D6 Sanity points. As Alala is not a physical entity, there is no way to disentangle from the appendages. If a victim were able to escape Alala's presence, the sucker would remain attached. The only way to detach Alala's suckers is by vanquishing Alala.



ALALA, the Chiming Horror

STR n/a	CON n/a	SIZ 70	INT 15	POW 50
DEX 17	Move 15	HP 50		

Damage Bonus: n/a

Weapons: Suction 75%, damage drain 1D6 CON each round

Armor: none, but immune to physical attacks. Reduced to 0 hit points, Alala disappears, forced back to the Gulf of S'ghluo where it remains quiescent for 1 year before it can return to our world. When it is forced from this dimension, it creates a sudden vacuum of sound. Anyone within 100 feet must attempt a CON×5 roll, or be completely deafened for one month. A **Medicine** roll reduces this time to two weeks.

Spells: whatever the Keeper wishes

Sanity Loss: 1D8/1D20 to see Alala.

Handout 1: Researching the Monkey Connection - Brichester Herald article

CAMPBELL'S	BRICHESTER Herald	Campbell's - Mowton
October 7, 2004 BEST value, BEST read for YOUR town 40p No. 12168		
IS YOUR CHILD A SUPERKID? - p7	14-PAGE TEMPHILL SHOW SOUVENIR - p15-18	THEIR BIG DAY - p33
SHOCKING MURDER CLAIMS HEROIC DOCTOR		
BRICHESTER UNIVERSITY – Last night, an assault claimed the life of crusading Dr. Jonathan Blakesley. Dr. Blakesley, pioneer of many treatments improving the lives of victims of hearing loss, was beaten around the head by an unknown assailant as he worked in his laboratory at the medical school of Brichester University. Police say the doctor lost consciousness and died of his wounds before he could be revived.		
Roz Darling and Edith Pratwell celebrate the efforts of the Land Girls in the Severn Valley during World War 2 at the weekend's Temphill Show.	A chimpanzee was "liberated" from the laboratory, and this goal was undoubtedly the reason Dr. Blakesley's attackers ended his life. No terrorist organizations have come forward to claim responsibility for this heinous deed. Indeed, activists in the animal rights movement have quickly distanced themselves from the incident, with Sarah Halvell of PETA saying, "All life is sacred, both human and animal. This terrible incident is a pointless, inexcusable crime." Police are requesting that any persons with information regarding this crime please contact the Serious Crime Squad, Brichester Police on 01555 237638. Dr. Jonathan Blakesley, a widower, leaves no family. A service will be held at Mercy Hill Abbey on Saturday at noon. By Paul Lemar Crime Correspondent plemar@briherald.co.uk	
	Prof. Blakesley was a world-renowned medical researcher	
Police seek 'headless' flasher Brichester Police are seeking witnesses to a man indecently exposing himself to passer-bys in Lower Brichester. The man is described by police as "short, overweight and sweating". Natural Colours & Shades PERFECT QUALITY FOR BEDROOMS: 100% WASHABLE CARPET WITH NO FIBRE BACK TIGHTENING! PERFECT QUALITY FOR HALLWAYS: 100% WASHABLE CARPET WITH NO FIBRE BACK TIGHTENING! PERFECT QUALITY FOR LOUNGES: 100% WASHABLE CARPET WITH NO FIBRE BACK TIGHTENING! Calverts Carpets		

Friday, April 16:
Have finished the audiotape. It took effort to engineer, but finally able to get system to record recorded tones. Looking on first implant device.

Tuesday, May 6:
Implanted device into test subject #1A. Wait for scars to heal, then make first test.

Wednesday, May 12:
Not successful. #1A's eardrum burst. #1B is ready.

Friday, June 4:
#1A not responding well to tests.

Tuesday, June 17:
Lutken found #1B dead this morning. Had dug out implants. Must requisition more chimpanzees. Also late on implant design.

Sunday, August 15:
#1A and #2B acclimating to devices better. Hear already implanted a second one in #2B.

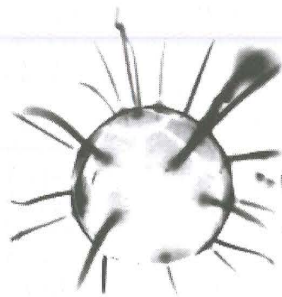
Friday, September 3:
Examined #2A. Attached and ate #2B. Heard them howling from down the hall.

Wednesday, September 15:
New implant design. #3A and #2B ready.

Monday, October 4:
#3A is dead. Heart stopped. Frustrating. #3A and #3B most successful yet. Taken well to second implants. Will try new implant on #3B tomorrow.

Tuesday, October 5:
Noticed change in #2B's inner ear structure. Start attaching fourth implant. Rehearsal of hearing tests yielded excellent results. Am getting closer.

Handout 2: Professor Blakesly's Notes



A guide to spell use in *Call of Cthulhu*

Efficient Wizardry

Call of Cthulhu Spells

A guide to spell use in *Call of Cthulhu*

By Dan Harms



The magic system in the *Call of Cthulhu* game is unusual among role-playing games. In most other settings, magic is a natural force of the cosmos, a tool that may be used by hero and villain alike. A group of characters often includes practitioners of magic, or may be entirely made up of them. The final confrontation with a villain often includes tests of magical prowess, along with wits and weapons.

In *Call of Cthulhu*, this is not the case. Only the most dangerous individuals, those who have given up everything that makes them human in their lust for power and truth, possess these abilities. The players' characters are opposed to their designs, striving mightily to prevent their plans from coming to fruition with only technology and their personal strengths to aid them. Even if a character gains a few spells (or, as in *Cthulhu Dark Ages*, starts out with one or two), the process of learning and putting them to use threatens their own mental stability.

As a result, many spells in *Call of Cthulhu* are largely dramatic devices, invented for their use in a particular scenario. Of course, horror is the keynote of the game, so the use of these spells for atmosphere cannot be dismissed. Still, some keepers may feel at sea due to the lack of information on how to play a person with uncanny power, how to choose the proper sorts of spells out of a paragraph of possibilities, or even whether characters should have these abilities. This article will fill some of these gaps. All page references in this article refer to the sixth edition rule book.

Playing the Mythos Priest

First, I should acknowledge that sorcerers are individuals. Each one should have motivations, plans, needs, quirks, and weaknesses that should be expressed through role-playing. What I will concentrate on here is how to play a sorcerer's knowledge of their spells' capabilities. Most wizards will have more knowledge of this than the Keeper can justify with a quick read-through of a spell description; indeed, some have had centuries to cultivate their knowledge of the occult. Such knowledge need not detract from role-playing, and may even augment it. A keeper who knows how to use spells effectively is better at depicting any spellcaster, no matter if they are calm, erudite, angered, or inexperienced.

When reading a published scenario, be sure to sit down and look over the list of the villains' spells beforehand. Next, consider their strategy. Are there some spells that they might cast on a daily basis, or that they might have set in operation long ago? What spells might they cast if threatened, or if they know outsiders are asking questions about them? Finally, what spells will they cast in a direct, life-threatening encounter?

Spell Strategies:

The Investigated Magician

Long-Term Spells

Before the investigators arrive, the wizard may have some spells in place already. Common ones are wards, enchantments for items and special servitors (such as zombies and skeletons), and those that lengthen the caster's life or provide protection. The Keeper should decide which of these have been already cast.

The Keeper should note any spell at this stage, no matter how minor, that might impact the person's reputation among others. **Bless Crops** might turn out to be a more powerful spell than **Shrivelling**, at least in terms of earning the gratitude of the locals.

Preparation Spells

When the sorcerer realizes the investigators are a threat, other spells may become important. This is a good time to use divinations (**Conjure Glass of Mortlan**, p. 225), intimidating visions (**Send Dreams**, p. 242), or summonings to find out what's going on and prepare for the worst. Any protections should also be ramped up to deal with the possibility of confrontation.

One spell that deserves special note at this phase is **Create Gate** (p. 229), as it is a time-honored method for wizards to escape. It is suggested that the following parameters be applied to this spell:

- ♦ One early *Call of Cthulhu* adventure suggests that creating a gate in three rounds' time is an amazing feat. Most casters will need a minute or two to cast the spell, and that is with a maximum of efficiency. At the Keeper's option, successful **Cthulhu Mythos** or **Occult** rolls may speed the process.
- ♦ To make a two-way gate, another anchoring point must be drawn on the opposite side.
- ♦ To close a gate, a person must disrupt the diagram on either side. A successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll may be tried once per round to do so.
- ♦ Botches on any rolls related to gates should be catastrophic or hideous.

Combat

If a sorcerer must combat the investigators directly, the characters will have an advantage in the showdown. Without a source of magic points, a high POW, or luck, a magician will likely only cast one or two spells before the group incapacitates them. Thus, the key to a successful offense is a good defense. Deploying minions, ambushes, keeping a Bound being close in case of attack, or just casting from a moving car – all of these are tactics that the sorcerer should consider.

With regard to defensive spells, few are really useful when lead or arrows begin to fly. **Flesh Ward** (p. 236) is especially effective, as is **Cloak of Fire** (p. 224), but against a group of armed and determined investigators, few other spells will be effective.

Spellcasters in BRP *Call of Cthulhu* do have an advantage that those in other games do not: their ability to continue a spell or



guns are common, it will have less effect, and is likely to leave a foe crippled and very angry.

Wrack (p. 247) – A good, low-cost way to remove an investigator from combat temporarily. The Keeper should decide if any actions are allowable under its influence.

Even if a spell is not listed here, examining these descriptions can point out pitfalls to avoid. For example, the **Death Spell** and many Dreamlands spells share the trait of requiring multiple rounds to cast.

Summonings and Bindings

Summon/Bind spells (p. 243-246) are old favorites of keepers and players alike. Their long casting time and specific requirements make them most useful when expecting trouble – or starting it. The summoned being can be bound with a specific command, which might be to attack foes, to guard a specific area, to serve as a mount for a quick escape, or to retrieve an object. A canny cultist might even tell the creature to wait in a given area for a few days, and later Bind it for a different assignment.

Most Summon spells have an associated ritual object that may be enchanted to add to the chance of success, as well as to save magic points. A foresighted wizard will enchant such an item beforehand. A foresighted and cunning wizard will have an assistant enchant it, investing it with the maximum POW, and then take it away from the enchanter.

At the Keeper's option, mental pictures of a person, place, or item might substitute for words when giving commands to a Bound creature. In doing so, do not assume that the creature has more knowledge than the person who summoned it does. The monster cannot find a place or person if the magician does not know its location, though they can certainly make a search.

Meticulous keepers might bear in mind the role of the stars in spellcasting. Spells dependent on astrological timing may be cast at different times than the rulebook specifies. Time, as well as date, affects the position of the stars. A cardboard star-finder (see your local science store) or computer program might be of use to keepers who are interested in accuracy and the maximum use of a villain's power. They should also be prepared for the players to discover these basic astronomical facts and use them. One other advantage comes with summoned monsters: In a combat situation, casting a spell like Shrivelling will likely result in the magician receiving everyone's attention (and gunfire). Summoning a creature beforehand ensures that attacks will be split between the monster and the wizard, giving some valuable breathing space.

Speaking with the Gods: Contracting Deities

Perhaps the most challenging spells to integrate into a game are the **Contact/Deity** variants (p. 226-228). Some Lovecraftian purists might object to the notion of talking with a Great Old One. After all, these beings see humanity as little more than insects. This attitude is not

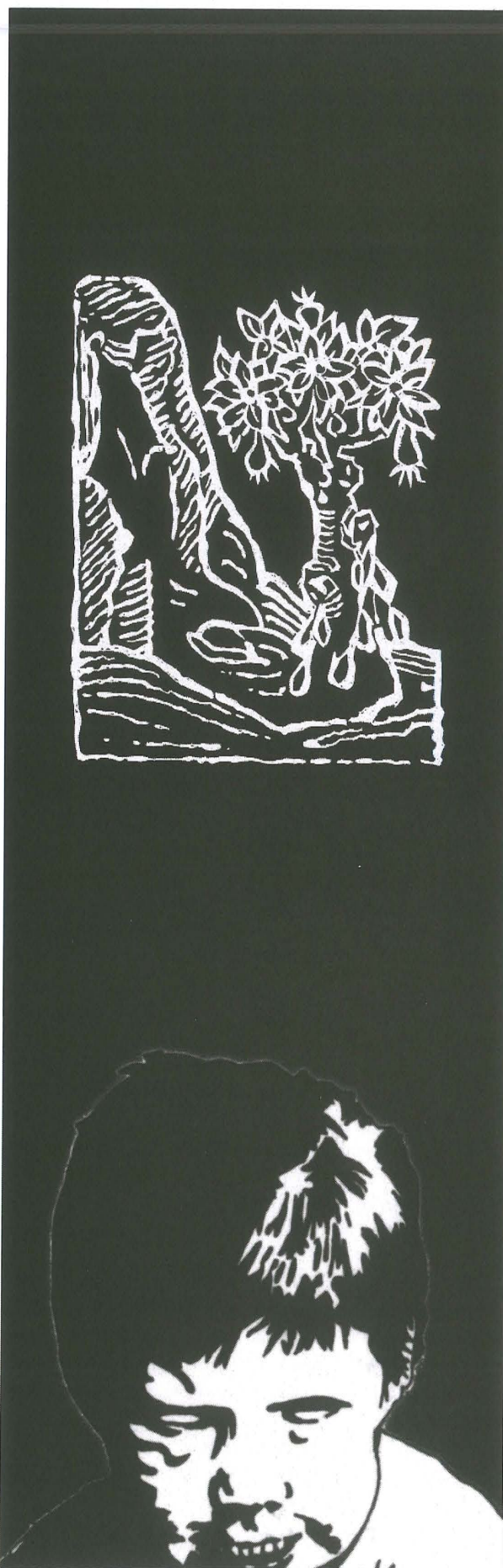
reflected in the source material – Old Ones sometimes interact with humans in the Lovecraft Circle's stories, and Castro maintained that even Cthulhu talked with his faithful in dreams – but it's your game.

This does raise an interesting question, however: how do you role-play a god? For some, such as Y'gononac or Nodens, it seems appropriate to hold a conversation. Others might communicate in a barrage of telepathic images and non-human language, to which the hapless contactee must reply with their own mental pictures. Those Great Old Ones who manifest themselves in dreams might appear intermingled with ordinary nightly images in a disorienting and confusing fashion. In any case, the caster should display proper subservience before the Old One, who after all is vastly more powerful.

In *Call of Cthulhu*, these spells are often used to initiate bargaining, so we must ask what the god's motivation is in all of this. What could a mortal have that a god could possibly want? The answer, "Nothing," may be appropriate for a classic mechanistic Lovecraftian universe, but what if we want to make things interesting? Let's examine another option that may be better able to explain what those sorcerers get out of worship.

Mythos writers such as Robert Bloch and Richard Tierney suggest that the Old Ones feed off humanity's emotional energy. Extrapolating from this idea, a particular Old One might gain more sustenance from having more energy channeled to it. This might be accomplished in any of the following ways:

- ♦ **Human sacrifice:** The fear and distress of a person specially prepared for a god's pleasure is channeled directly to it. This is somewhat obvious, but it can create a moral quandary for some contacters. Not that the Old One cares...
- ♦ **Expanding worship:** Prayers and rites said at the proper places and seasons to the god provide it with the proper "food." A contactor might be asked to found a cult, to create a temple to the Old One, or to restore a forgotten shrine to its former glory. Creating mental images: Emotional energy charged with certain concepts might feed a particular entity. For example, a Cthulhu contactor translates one image from the god as "disseminate the flow of the waves". This could mean creating a movie that takes place on the sea, writing a novel about the ocean, starting a major advertising campaign for a product that shows waves in the background, funding hurricane research, or anything else that affects public perception on a broad scale to bring it in line with the Old One's desires. The effort should be concerted enough that the god sees the benefits – a tricky business at best.
- ♦ **Freedom for the Old One:** This is more of a long-term goal, and it is questionable whether most gods consider it of importance. If one does, it is unlikely to ask for perfect freedom – this is probably far more than one person can do. Instead, a particular service should be performed that brings it closer to its liberation. Discovering one of the artifacts from *Shadows of Yog-Sothoth*, for instance, is a good example of the sort of task to which a wizard might be put.
- ♦ **Other things:** Perhaps the Old One will have a request that is original, even quirky, yet appropriate to its nature. A recent game in my *Averoigne* campaign, heavy with irony in the best Clark Ashton Smith fashion, saw a character fall into Tsathoggua's clutches. The Old One was unimpressed by his attempts at flat-



tery, and insisted that he learn to be more polite to his betters! Such a condition is not appropriate for all campaign styles or Old Ones, but it might be appropriate for Nyarlathotep or the gods of the Dreamlands.

The means for the accomplishment of these ends will be left up to the Keeper. Gods do not care about subtlety or social conventions when they make their demands, so the contactor must negotiate these matters as best they are able.

Conversely, what might a contactor receive from the deity? Some possibilities include:

- ♦ **Power:** The contactor receives a few points in this characteristic. A range of two to three points may be appropriate (remember, the caster probably used one to cast the spell, so these larger awards are reasonable). As a guideline, the Old One should not give more Power than it has in its rulebook statistics.
- ♦ **Spells:** The god implants a spell in the person's head. This should be a spell which reflects the Old Ones' nature, and never one that might be used specifically against It or Its minions. At the Keeper's option, an *Idea* roll might be necessary to remember the spell after the session is over. The Great Old One will likely not care if the transfer is unsuccessful.
- ♦ **Information:** The investigator may only wish to know a particular piece of information. A keeper might decide that an Old One is omniscient, or that it merely knows matters connected with it (Y'golonac's unparalleled knowledge of perversion, for instance). It is also possible the god may refer the person to another being, implanting another Contact spell in their mind...
- ♦ **Cthulhu Mythos:** In the same way as spells can be implanted, so can Mythos knowledge. A base gain of 1D8 Cthulhu Mythos is suggested, along with double the amount in Sanity loss.
- ♦ **Permission to live:** If the character is so brash or foolish as to offend the deity, this might be an option.

Contacting a Great Old One should be exciting and fraught with peril, as the caster is talking with a being that could crush them in an instant if desired. Characters will have to guard their thoughts and words carefully. Any deal struck should be followed through with on the deity's part (after all, otherwise there would be little use for such spells). A character who reneges on their part may be ignored, or struck down by the wrath of the Old One, as the Keeper desires.

Cruel keepers might note that no guidelines exist for ending such a spell. This may be best left in the hands of the Old One contacted. Most will break off contact quickly to cut short their interaction with such minor beings, but an offended god may wait for much longer...

Contacting Monsters

Having dealt with the Old Ones, **Contact** spells for monsters (p. 226) should be much easier to run. Even alien creatures generally require nourishment, desire freedom, and fear dissolution, so a clever wizard who takes precautions should be able to come up with some incentive for a trade.

Given the time between casting and effect, Contacting creatures will be useless in the short term. Many sorcerers will arrange another means by which they can reach their "friends" in a crisis.

Call Spells

Given the number of magic points required, **Calling** deities (p. 222-223) is usually a task for a cult leader and a number of worshipers, or a smaller number of knowledgeable adepts. These are spells for the climax of your scenario, and should not be treated casually. Some cultists may summon a god simply to gain advantage or destroy an area, but these are rare cases.

In previous editions of the game, additional magic points over the number required reduced the time for chanting by one minute per extra point. Keepers may wish to reinstitute this option, fudging the number of cultists present to account for a daring last-minute defeat – or something worse...

Investigator Use of Magic

Many keepers can conceive of nothing worse than investigators having access to the forbidden powers of the Mythos. I've seen many who are desperately thinking of ways to complicate the lives of any character brave or foolish enough to learn even the least powerful cantrip, lest they disrupt the game. It's too early to judge the effects of gaining spells at character creation, as occurs in *Cthulhu Dark Ages*, but I'm sure it has many people in a tizzy.

To me, the whole discussion is ridiculous. From what I've seen, most of this attitude is due to a few factors:

- ♦ A failure to consider the game impact of the spell in question (which is often minimal);
- ♦ A desire to make sure that nothing unexpected happens that might disrupt a scenario (though this often happens without magic); or
- ♦ A perceived need to preach that the Mythos is bad and that the investigators should never become associated with it in any form (the existing rules, especially the mandatory Sanity loss from most spells, should handle this nicely).

I haven't had much trouble from investigators with spells. This may not apply to everyone, but I don't want keepers to rule it out without consideration. A keeper should always consider the nature of their group. If it consists of quiet, thoughtful individuals who try to stay away from the horrors of Mythos knowledge, a useful spell can be a subject for careful consideration and a great deal of role-playing. If the group sees Mythos knowledge as a key to personal power, the Keeper should give out spells more carefully and be prepared for them to become a greater part of the stories. Some games might find them unbalancing, while others might be able to weave investigator use of magic into a tale of Faustian corruption.

Whenever an opportunity arises for the investigators to learn a spell – and check those tomes in advance so you know – make sure you consider the possible effects such knowledge might have on your game.

- ♦ **Downtime:** How much time do investigators have between adventures? On average, a character of above average intelligence has about one chance in three of learning a spell from a book after seven weeks. Investigators who already know spells can teach them to others in a few weeks of leisure. The more time

that passes between adventures, the greater the chance that someone will decide to put the knowledge in that old book to use, or to teach what they know to someone else.

- ♦ **Accuracy:** Some spells might not work as written, or might contain dangerous flaws in them. Some might work properly, but be labeled in an incorrect or misleading manner. (Taking a cue from older editions of the game, you could provide a Summon spell without the corresponding Binding.) You might permit a *Cthulhu Mythos* or *Occult* roll on the investigator's first close look at the spell to warn them of any danger. Once again, such flaws should be used only on occasion, so that learning magic isn't just a waste of time.
- ♦ **Restrictions:** Many spells have limits placed upon their casting – specific places, times, astronomical events, special materials and components, blood sacrifices, and so forth. Remember to rigorously enforce these.

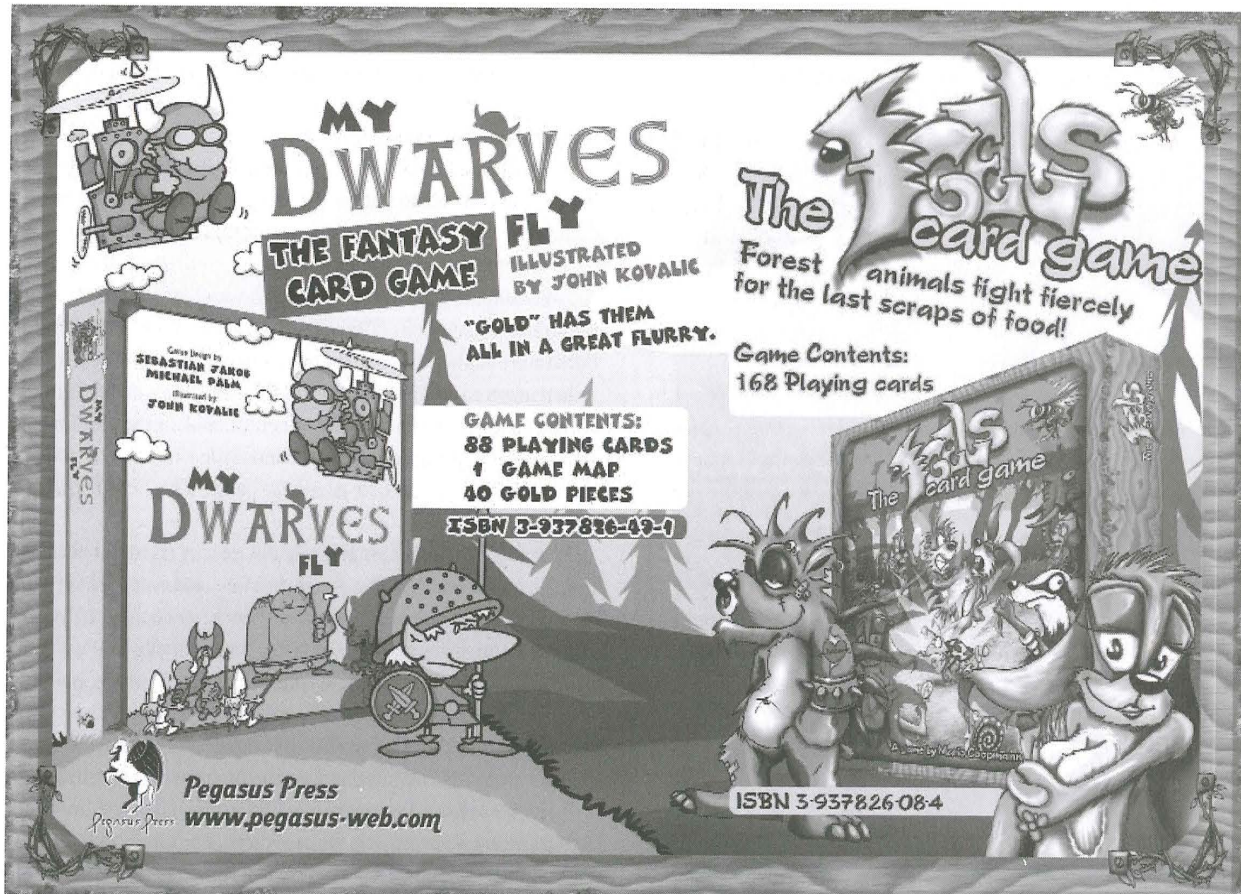
The effectiveness of these restrictions often depends on the exact details of your campaign. I once gave an investigator *Summon/Bind Child of Yig*, but it was only cast once because the investigators rarely found a site sacred to Yig. Many groups will have a hard time committing a human sacrifice, while others may quickly compile a list of people who “deserve” it!

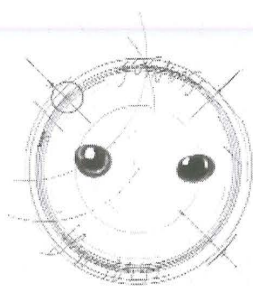
If you like, you might add a few minor yet difficult or disgusting requirements to an existing spell to personalize it. These should be more flavorful than crippling.

- ♦ **Player and character knowledge:** You might not want to say what a spell does the first time the character casts it (though a *Cthulhu Mythos* roll should give them a good idea). At some point, however, it might be best to inform the player of the spell's parameters and effects, so the Keeper doesn't have to bother with it in-game. In other cases, the spell's true powers might remain a mystery until revealed through play.

- ♦ **Possible uses:** In most cases, an investigator knowing a spell like *Attract Fish* will have minimal impact upon the game. Other spells, especially the *Summon/Bind* incantations, have a broader range of possible effects that it may be difficult to foresee. You should talk with the player about how the spell works, and in what circumstances it might be used. Bear in mind that if the player saw a foe use that spell in a particular way, they will want the same advantage.

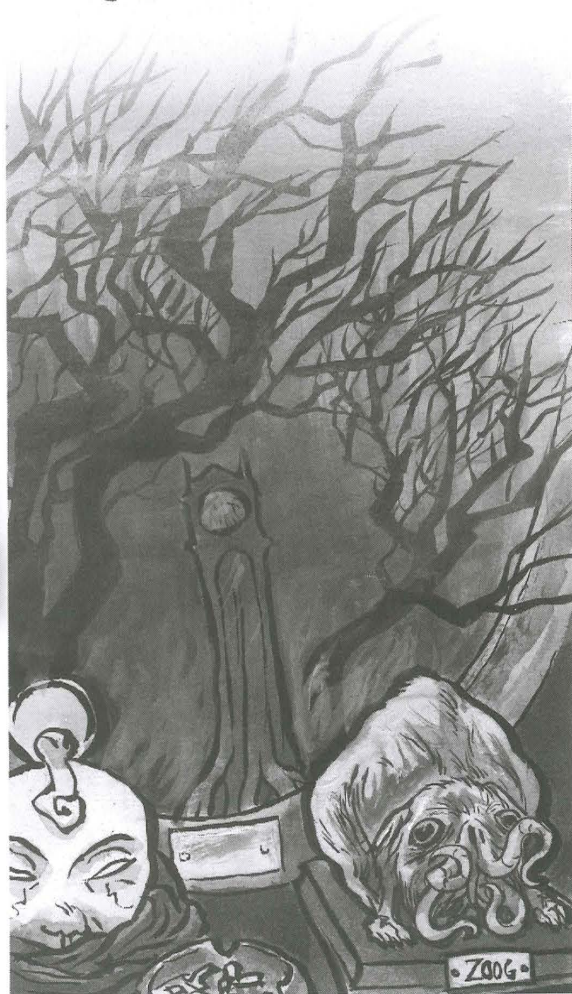
Some keepers are tempted to nullify a spell interfering with a scenario, but this is just as much a mistake as letting a spell ruin a scenario. A well-cast and appropriate spell should always allow for an advantage, but should never be the only way to complete an investigation. To make them ineffectual or necessary is to take away the meaningful choices that make the use of spells in *Call of Cthulhu* a source of drama and role-playing.





Cat investigators of the Cthulhu Mythos

Cathulhu



A Sub-Genre Rule Expansion for
Call of Cthulhu by Ingo Ahrens and Adam
Crossingham & Daniel Harms

With additional material by Julie Walsh

Translated from the German by Bill Walsh

Introduction

"...for the cat I have entertained a particular respect and affection ever since the earliest days of my infancy. In its flawless grace and superior self-sufficiency I have seen a symbol of the perfect beauty and bland impersonality of the universe itself, objectively considered; and in its air of silent mystery there resides for me all the wonder and fascination of the unknown." – *Cats and Dogs*, H.P. Lovecraft

Cats. Aren't they just a little bit uncanny sometimes, sitting there, staring intently at something that we can't see? What sort of invisible monsters do they perceive? And what do they do at night prowling the neighborhood streets?

Cats played a small but important role in H.P. Lovecraft's life. Lovecraft was a notable cat lover (even if he gave his own cat a name exceedingly unpleasant to contemporary sensibilities), and his story *"The Cats of Ulthar"* is fondly recalled by kindred spirits.

Welcome to *Cathulhu* (say cat-thoo-loo), an alternate setting which approaches *Call of Cthulhu* from a cat's-eye view! These additional rules connect the traditional *Call of Cthulhu* RPG with a feline milieu inspired by Akif Pirinçci's *Felidae* and other novels. I highly recommend treating yourself to either the book or the movie adaptation before playing, as well as undertaking a mandatory reading or re-reading of *"The Cats of Ulthar"* and *"The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kaddath."*

Cats aren't the soulless animals that we may take them for. They have their own point of view, social structure, and even culture! Some can read human books, understand speech, and occasionally even communicate with the "Can Openers." Occasionally they will help, protect, or warn their master or mistress when he or she is threatened by the invisible demons that cats sometimes see. They also have the important skill of being able to wander the Dreamlands at will in their sleep—one reason that cats sleep so often and enthusiastically, for they have fewer enemies in the Dreamlands than the waking world and are respected much more there (one thinks of their privileged status in Ulthar).

Playing feline characters instead of human characters demands special skill and sympathy on the parts of both players and keeper. Players who have owned cats and are more or less familiar with them will have the easiest time imagining themselves as cats, but everyone else should give it a try, because an exceptional *Call of Cthulhu* game can be the result.

Character Creation

"Cats are the runes of beauty, invincibility, wonder, pride, freedom, coldness, self-sufficiency, and dainty individuality—the qualities of sensitive, enlightened, mentally developed, pagan, cynical, poetic, philosophic, dispassionate, reserved, independent, Nietzschean, unbroken, civilized, master-class men. The dog is a peasant and the cat is a gentleman." – Cats and Dogs, H.P. Lovecraft

Feline character creation follows these steps:

1. Roll attributes.
2. Choose breed.
3. Choose tricks.
4. Choose spells (optional)
5. Spend skill points.
6. Name the character.
7. Flesh out character.

1. Attributes

Cat characters possess the same Attributes as human characters, only rolled differently.

STR (Strength): 1D3
 CON (Constitution): 2D6
 SIZ (Size): 1
 INT (Intelligence): 2D6+6
 DEX (Dexterity): 2D6+14
 EDU (Education): 3D6+3
 APP (Appearance): 3D6
 POW (Power): 2D6+6
 Sentience: POW×5
 Know: EDU×5
 Idea: INT×5
 Luck: POW×5
 Movement rate: 12

Sanity is replaced by a different statistic: Sentience (SEN). SEN represents the degree to which the character is an intelligent being capable of purposeful actions comparable to a human, rather than simply an animal ruled by instinct. A low SEN has the consequence that some actions (e.g., reading human writing) cannot be completed if a SEN roll fails. A character who experiences something horrible (a confrontation with monsters, the sight of their mistress dead, etc.) must make a SEN roll and lose a certain amount of Sentience Points—exactly like a human SAN roll.

The effects are somewhat different however. A cat character will not collapse into catatonia or the like. Given sufficient loss of SEN, the character will temporarily lapse into feral behaviors, incapable

of carrying out any intelligent, intentional actions. He will chase mice instead of monsters, seek out a neighborhood cat in heat, or flee up a tree from the monster in a panic, remaining there until firemen come to get him down. See the section 'Cats and Insanity' for more details.

Yes, cats have high Intelligence. And yes, they also have Education. This "education" is of course not any sort of diploma or course of study; it generally has to do with "cat things," like knowledge about nature, other animals, humans and their behaviors, etc. A cat can, however, possess knowledge of a scientific field like biology, astronomy, physics, or the like—in any case at a lower level than a human character with an equal amount of the skill. At night, housecats have a lot of time to dig their way through the libraries of their masters instead of garbage cans...

Once the Attributes are rolled, they provide a general idea of the character (the values may be changed at the Keeper's discretion, of course). A low STR may indicate a young cat or a particularly spoiled housecat. A high EDU is typical for purebred cats that have access to a library, living in wealthy households or with scientists or professors. A lower value probably indicates a stray cat, though they are by no means necessarily less intelligent! A higher APP yields advantages in getting humans to do things for you, like sneaking food or the like; it can be a curse, however, if a beautiful queen wants to keep lascivious tomcats at bay.

2. Breeds

"It was a stupendous sight while the torches lasted, and Carter had never before seen so many cats. Black, grey, and white; yellow, tiger, and mixed; common, Persian, and Manx; Thibetan, Angora, and Egyptian; all were there in the fury of battle, and there hovered over them some trace of that profound and inviolate sanctity which made their goddess great in the temples of Bubastis." – Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath, H.P. Lovecraft

The cat's breed is an important factor in its creation, since the consequences of deliberate breeding create dramatic effects in purebred animals. Most cats, of course, are "Domestic Shorthairs," which is roughly equivalent to a "mutt," in dog terms. These mixed-breed animals are by far the most common cats. Any cat with a stray background will be a Domestic Shorthair, and virtually all NPC cats the characters will run across on the streets will be Domestic Shorthairs as well. Purebreds are generally only found in the rarefied air of houses with devoted Can Openers on staff.

Pick one breed from the following list. You only have one choice. Some breeds offer advantages and disadvantages, and some open easy access to Tricks later on.

Domestic Shorthair

The most frequently encountered "breed" or, actually, non-breed is the common alley cat or moggie. This includes most housecats, farm cats, and strays. They are mixed-breeds, and that mixture is reflected in their appearance and their manner. Practically speaking, any characteristic or combination is possible in theory. Wild crosses between housecats and purebreds can develop the most atypical characteristics in appearance, color, and character. Any coloring and build is possible. Body shape is generally medium-sized and powerful with average-length, muscular legs and a long tail.

The “domestic shorthair” is the typical mouse-catcher, house- or farm-cat, or whatever. They are everywhere, living wild or in the company of humans. As a rule, this makes them intelligent, self-confident, and independent. Their often wild or half-wild life (as strays) leads to a healthy constitution and well-developed instincts for the hunt and play. Except for loners living in the wild or particularly shy specimens, they’re well-disposed towards humans and occasionally also enjoy the lazy life.

This “breed” offers the most liberty in creation in *Cathulhu*. It doesn’t receive any bonuses or penalties, since the character-creation process assumes a Domestic Shorthair.

Breed Bonuses: None.

Breed Drawbacks: None.

Breed Tricks: One trick of your choice.

Purebreds

These cats are usually the expensive, pampered pets of humans. As a result, they may have the easiest access to human resources, particularly books. On the other hand, they are generally not very street-wise as a consequence, since their humans generally do not let them out much. If a keeper wishes, he can apply a bonus for Human Lore or Language and a penalty on fighting skills, Healing, Track, Sense of Direction, or similar skills to purebreds. The breeds are listed by period. Earlier periods’ breeds are available in later periods. There are few purebreds in Cthulhu Dark Ages as these would have only been found in Ancient Egypt and Thailand; instead all feline investigators are domestic shorthairs in those dangerous times.

Gaslight Breeds:

Abyssinian (Somali)

Along with the Egyptian Mau, the Abyssinian is one of the oldest cat breeds of all and, like the Mau, approaches the ideal of the elegant, slim, ancient Egyptian cat goddess most closely. They were revered by the Egyptians in antiquity and probably descend directly from the Falb Cat, the ancestor of all cats. The first example was brought to Europe by a British military expedition to Ethiopia in 1868. Abyssinians are usually yellowish-brown in color, the nose leather brick-red and rimmed with black. Their fur is unusually thick, very short and fine, sometimes with black or dark brown tones, with a palette extending from copper-red through blue-gray and faun, to silver. They are of medium size with a slim but muscular build. Their heads are wedge-shaped, their ears large and wide-set. Their slightly almond-shaped eyes are equally wide-set, lending the Abyssinian an alert expression. Their eyes are green, honey-yellow, or hazelnut-colored, and surrounded by a black “lid line.” With a slightly longer coat and a bushy tail, one has a Somali. Otherwise, both breeds share the same origin and characteristics.

Abyssinians enjoy the company of humans very much. They are very trusting and cuddly. They are said to be very brave, are not at all nervous, and only very rarely use their soft voices. In general, they are very clever and intelligent, love to climb, and many can open doors without assistance. Temperament-wise, they are gentle, lively, and cheerful. Left alone too long, however, they frequently become depressed.

In role-playing an Abyssinian, their courage should be kept in mind—not least when it can easily slip over into mischief and carelessness, bringing the character into distress!

Breed Bonuses: +10% to **Climb** skill.

Breed Drawbacks: -10% to **Yowl** skill. Yowl skill can never be more than 50%.

Breed Tricks: *Brave*.

British Blue (British Shorthair)

The origin of the British Blue can’t be reconstructed with certainty. Any numbers of stories circulate around the breed (linking them with Carthusians, Vikings, Crusaders, etc.). In fact, it’s related to the European Shorthair and is frequently confused with the Chartreux.

Its fur is thick and plush, originally blue in color and slightly woolly which makes it somewhat difficult to care for, all the more so since it sticks out slightly. It is very sturdy and muscular, but also heavy with a broad chest and wide head. Its eyes are either orange or yellow.

The British Blue is very devoted and likes the company of people, although once in a while they will decide to live an independent life. Nevertheless, they are frequently “real” housecats and lazybones who must be lifted up in order to vacuum under. They like their food too. They are very low-key, rarely aggressive, and don’t have to be constantly caressed or carried around. In a word, they’re homey.

In *Cathulhu*, they should be regarded likewise. Despite their power, they’re less to be used for athletic feats than their intelligence. Their base value in the skill **Sleep** is 60%, so it’ll be no surprise if the “big guy” frequently takes a nap during play... waking up with a brilliant idea for solving the problem at hand!

Breed Bonuses: +10% to **Sleep** skill. Replace ‘Fight’ result with ‘Flight’ on Insanity Reactions table.

Breed Drawbacks: -1 to CON.

Breed Tricks: *Sleep On It*.

Chartreux

On the basis of their almost identical appearance, this cat is frequently confused with the British Shorthair. The breeds are nevertheless independent of each other. Tradition has it that the Chartreux were bred by Carthusian monks in medieval France. Nonetheless, Chartreux did not reach the USA until 1971.

Their fur is short, thick, and blue; it repels water. Their body is powerful and large to medium-large, compact and muscular. Their chest, back, and shoulders are broad, their legs medium-length, and their paws seem dainty. Relative to their body, their muzzle is rather short, which lends the Chartreux a smiling aspect. Their ears are medium-sized or smallish and sit close together. Their large eyes are either copper-colored or dark orange.

Chartreux seem quiet but powerful with a certain majesty, and they radiate independence. Nevertheless, they are devoted and affectionate to people without being pushy. Their character traits stretch from noble dignity to a certain clownish friskiness. Their voice is quiet; they never caterwaul. Loud noises scare them more than other breeds.

In *Cathulhu*, it’s up to the Keeper’s discretion how the character reacts to loud noises. A SEN-roll is conceivable, short-term stupefaction, a short panic (hanging from the ceiling), and the like. Chartreux with particularly merry dispositions may raise their Cuteness by 10% (but must then play this out appropriately).

Breed Bonuses: +1 to STR.

Breed Drawbacks: Yowl skill can never be above 60% and its effect is correspondingly limited.

Breed Tricks: *Scaredy Cat*.

Egyptian Mau

Like the Abyssinian, a very old cat breed, revered in Egypt then as now. Interestingly, it is forbidden to take such an animal out of Egypt! Which wouldn't have kept a resourceful master in the 1920s from attempting it successfully... perhaps while returning from a successful archeological expedition in the Valley of the Kings? However the breed wasn't widespread in North America until the 1950s.

The medium-length coat of the Mau appears in three colors, silver, bronze, and smoke, all of which sport dark circular markings. The fur itself is very fine, silky, and thick. Their frame is graceful and muscular. They're medium-long, as are their legs relative to their body. They have dainty, small, oval paws. Their heads are wedge-shaped with a slight rounding; their noses short; and their medium-sized slightly pointed ears are wide-spread. Their eyes are almond-shaped and of a pale green hue.

The Mau is very affectionate and playful. It learns tricks easily and is reputed to be able to cup its paws like hands and drink water out of them. Fundamentally cautious, they are nevertheless active, lively, and curious about everyone and everything. They are happy to sit on people's laps or shoulders, and they can even be taken for walks on a leash.

In *Cathulhu*, the breed's potentially dangerous curiosity should be noted, as well as its origin in Egypt and potential starting points for adventures stemming there from.

Breed Bonuses: +1 to DEX. +10% to **Status** skill. +2 to Speed.

Breed Drawbacks: Possesses the drawbacks of the *Curious* trick without the benefits.

Breed Tricks: *Trickmeister*.

Maine Coon

The classic cat of the American Northeast, and thereby a good candidate for a *Cathulhu* character! This breed is popularly said to have sprung from the mating of a cat and a raccoon ("coon" = raccoon), which is of course nonsense. It is most likely the result of cross-breeding in Eighteenth-Century Maine of long-haired cats from Europe. The Maine Coon was very popular in the Nineteenth Century until about 1911, when the breed almost disappeared until the 1960s or 1970s. Consequently, it will be much more likely to find a Maine Coon in a Gaslight or Contemporary setting than in the 1920s, though of course, it shouldn't be ruled out.

Their long, all-weather coat protects them in the coldest winter and suits them on rat- and mouse-hunts on farms. Maine Coons

are enormously heavy (toms weigh up to 20 pounds) and powerful and muscular all around. The long hairs on its large ears give their face a lynx- or bobcat-like impression. A wreath of hair rings the Coon's throat like a mane; their tails are also extremely bushy. In terms of colors, there are all possible variants.

The Maine Coon is a thoroughly friendly and intelligent cat, entertaining and self-confident. They have a lively interest in their environment and will follow their master from room to room, always wanting to be around them. Despite their size, they are gentle beasts, but they possess their humans-not the other way around!

Breed Bonuses: +1 to STR (which can exceed the maximum value of 3) & CON.

Breed Drawbacks: None.

Breed Tricks: *Bruiser*.

Manx

The Manx cat is known as the tailless cat, although in reality, they may have full tails, short tails, or a rise, as well no tail at all. The

history of the breed dates back to the Isle of Man off the coast of England, in the days of the ship trade. It is uncertain whether the tailless mutation began with the island's cats or the ships' cats. The breed has been recognized in the U.S. since the 1920s. Manx may be either longhair or shorthair cats, both of which are double-coated. The shorthair will have glossy, somewhat hard textured guard-hairs, and the longhair will be silky and plush.

The long and muscular hind legs of the Manx contribute to its ability to jump and its speed. They frequently bond with one person or family. Some Manx have been known to retrieve and bury their toys.

Breed Bonuses: +10% to **Jump** skill. Move +1.

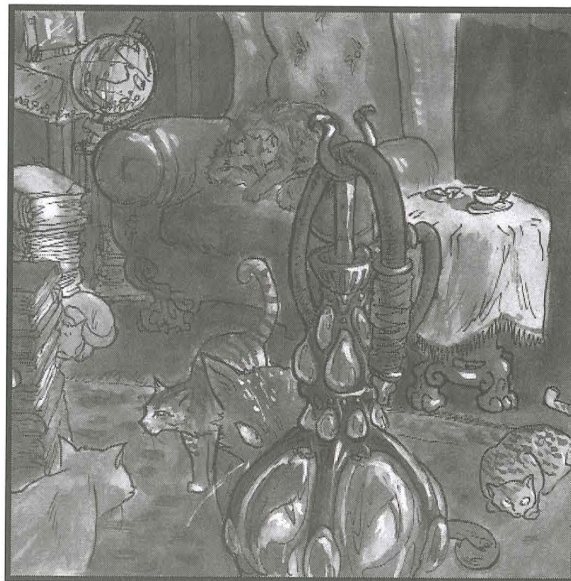
Breed Drawbacks: -1 to APP for their unusual mutation which other cats find disconcerting.

Breed Tricks: *Leap*.

Persian and Angora

An old breed that's well-known for its long fur which appears in up to 60 colors, and a short "pushed-in" nose. In the 1920s, they were not yet the product of breeding that they are today. Angora Cats had a "regular" face back then; narrow with some chest fur and a bushy tail, and a large, sturdy stature.

Persians love the quiet, comfortable life at home and enjoy the comfort of a warm parlor. They are very much inclined towards people. It is no wonder that the modern Persian relies on having its coat brushed and combed regularly (in the wild, a modern Persian wouldn't survive very long). Angora Cats of earlier times were less sensitive, but they still found the comfort and coziness of their domicile very important.



Breed Bonuses: +1 to EDU for its couch-potato mentality.

Breed Drawbacks: -1 to DEX. **Wash** skill's chance of success is halved in particularly messy incidents!

Breed Tricks: *Uh Oh Furball!*

Russian Blue

An old breed which was a guest at the court of the Russian Czars and which, sometimes under the name "Archangel Cat," was imported to England, presumably by seafarers. The body of the Russian Blue is compact, its head round with orange eyes. Its thick, dense fur is naturally silver blue. Modern breeding has altered the breed's appearance somewhat since the 1940s and '50s.

The Russian Blue appears very elegant and charming, but its essence is more reserved and shy. They require sensitive handling and remain forever loyal to their humans. They rarely befriend other breeds, only tolerating them or coming to an arrangement with them. Neutered tomcats are very needful of love, sometimes even markedly naïve. Otherwise, the Russian Blue is a good runner and climber. There are real qualities underneath the beautiful exterior, for they are among the most attractive breeds of all.

Breed Bonuses: +10% to **Climb** & **Cuteness** skills.

Breed Drawbacks: -10% to **Status** & **Streetwise** skills because of reduced influence and reputation in cat society.

Breed Tricks: *I Was Always Up Here.*

Siamese

A very well-known and very old breed, said to originate in Siam (today's Thailand), which bears the reputation of being reserved and rather arrogant. This common stereotype is not always borne out.

The most well-known coloration of Siamese is a cream-colored coat with dark-brown ears, face, tail, and paws. Its fur is short, fine, and easy to care for. The ideal at the beginning of the twentieth century was powerfully built with a not-too-pronounced triangular head shape, and wide-set, large ears. Its eyes are medium-sized, almond-shaped, and typically blue.

Siamese are among the loudest types of cats, and are inclined to jealousy. They want to be included in everything their humans do. They are very intelligent in a naïve fashion, some can even fetch, and others can amuse themselves for hours with a simple toy. They are not happy when alone, and are never willingly left alone. They need to have at least one fellow Siamese in order to avoid catastrophe. A clever keeper will certainly use that and lock a Siamese alone in an unfamiliar, tiny room...

Breed Bonuses: +1 to INT. +20% to **Yowl** skill.

Breed Drawbacks: Demanding of attention. Name one person the character fixates on.

Breed Tricks: *Curious.*

Siberian

The Siberian breed is at least 1,000 years old and has survived the harsh climate of Siberia to become the ubiquitous national cat of Russia (roughly equivalent there to the Domestic Shorthair in the U.S. and Europe). They were first mentioned in England in 1871 but were not imported into the U.S. until 1990. As a result, any Siberian in the U.S. in the 1920s would have been brought here by a European owner.

The Siberian has a triple coat with a dense undercoat and long guard hairs that give the coat its weatherproof qualities. In winter, the cat appears to increase substantially in size due to its coat alone, particularly the large ruff around the head. The triple coat sheds very little other than in spring when the winter coat tends to clump. The Siberian is very round in appearance, with round eyes, ears and face. They are very muscular, large and heavy cats (males can weigh up to 20 pounds) with hind legs somewhat longer than the front legs. Siberians tend to be extremely agile and great jumpers. They are loyal, quiet, and social cats, who often follow their owners around the house and are surprisingly patient with children, often being described as "dog-like" in temperament (unlike most cats, Siberians do not occasionally "decide" that they must be in the next room immediately and bolt).

In the 1920s, their primary Human Language should be Russian, with additional points required to obtain a second, English skill. Players should be encouraged to speak with a Russian accent. Aim for Malkovich in Rounders, settle for Chekov on Star Trek.

Breed Bonuses: +1 to CON, DEX or STR. +10% to **Jump** skill.

Breed Drawbacks: -10% to **Yowl** skill.

Breed Tricks: *All-Weather.*

Twenties Breeds

Birman

Often called the "Sacred Birman," the breed earned the name based on a legend placing their origin with the transmigration of the soul of a murdered Burmese temple priest into his beloved cat. There are no firm facts around the origin of the modern breed. What is known is that around the end of the First World War a pair of Birmans reached France, where they were bred and where the breed remains extremely popular today.

The Birman has a medium-heavy, long body, and relatively short, powerful legs with round paws. The silky coat is colored much like that of the Siamese cat with the face, ears, paws, and tail usually dark-brown or gray-blue, with the rest of the coat egg-shell colored. The Birman is unusual in that their paws are supposed to be colored an even white. According to legend, this coloring is due to the original cat placing his paws upon the priest. Their large eyes are almost round and of an intense blue. A Tibetan is a cat without the classic Birman markings.

In personality, Birmans are not particularly sedate, nor particularly hyperactive; they are lively and enjoy interaction. They generally are strongly attached to one person, normally their owner, are very cuddly and require a lot of attention. Birmans behave in an exceptionally civilized manner, getting along well with other animals and with children.

In *Cathulhu*, a Birman character's player must work in its fixation on a particular person. The loss of that person could lead to especially serious mental problems, or the threat of such a loss could spur the animal to exceptional, incredible feats!

Breed Bonuses: None.

Breed Drawbacks: None.

Breed Tricks: *Fixation.*

Modern Breeds

Burmese

Chocolate-colored Siamese cats were found in England in the 19th Century, but the breed died out there and started again in San Francisco in the early 1930s when Dr. Joseph Thompson brought an appealing walnut-brown female cat named Wong Mau back from Burma. With the help of a careful breeding plan, the Burmese was established as a breed distinct from the Siamese.

Burmese are muscular, surprisingly heavy cats and have been described as a “bulldog-type cat with a sweet, round face.” Their coats are short, with a rich sable brown color and satin texture, although today several lighter colors are also recognized as Burmese, including blue, lilac, red and cream. Burmese have large, expressive golden eyes.

Burmese are playful, intelligent cats. They rule their homes (including the people and other pets) through their charming personalities. Burmese are extremely social, participating in everything that goes on at home and always want to know what’s behind that closed door. They are true lap cats and insist on constant attention from their devoted families. However, since the Burmese’s idea of survival skills is hypnotizing humans with their irresistible eyes to attend to their every need, they have difficulty if left outdoors to catch food, fight off enemies, or avoid cars.

Although it is historically highly unlikely to encounter a Burmese cat in the United States in the 1920s, it is at the Keeper’s discretion. Conceivably one could have been brought back like Wong Mau; if so, it’s first Human Language is likely Burmese.

Breed Bonuses: +10% to **Cuteness** skill. +1 to POW & INT.

Breed Drawbacks: -10% to **Natural World, Navigate & Sense of Danger** skills.

Breed Tricks: *Hypnotize.*

Cornish Rex

These small cats are similar in shape to ancient Egyptian depictions of cats, but originated in a barn in Cornwall, England, around 1950. Unique among cats, the Cornish Rex has a short, wavy, incredibly soft coat with the feel of cut velvet. They have large ears on a comparatively small head. Their bodies resemble greyhounds’ with an arched back, barrel chest and very long, thin legs. Despite its delicate appearance, the Cornish Rex is extremely muscular, capable of quick starts and stops, sharp turns and high jumps.

The Cornish Rex is extremely affectionate and enjoys the company of people. They are also playful and inventive cats. The Cornish Rex often plays games of fetch or catch, or even uses its paw to scoop up and toss small objects.

Breed Bonuses: +1 to DEX.

Breed Drawbacks: None.

Breed Tricks: *Throw Things.*

Korat

The Korat Cat is first depicted as one of the 17 good luck cats in The Cat-Book Poems from the Ayutthaya Period of Thai history (1350-1767 A.D.). King Rama V of Thailand is said to have named the breed when he asked where the cat was from and was told “Korat.” In Thailand today, Korats are also called Si-Sawat cats (see-sah-waht) and are sometimes given as wedding gifts. The breed was first brought

to the United States in 1959. As a result, any Korat in the U.S. in the 1920s would have been brought here by a Thai owner.

Korats are beautiful and distinctive in appearance. Their hair is blue with silver-tipped ends, giving the effect of a silver halo. Their eyes are a luminous green. Their heads are heart-shaped, and the cats are surprisingly heavy for their size.

Korats have very powerful senses of hearing and smell. They are easily startled by sudden or loud noises and do not like to be lifted into the air. A particularly loud noise or strong scent (whether unpleasant or tempting, such as a female in heat) requires a character to make a SEN roll not to react instinctively. Korats are affectionate and like to participate in their owners’ every activity. They are quite active and single-minded in their games.

In the 1920s, their primary Human Language should be Thai, with additional points required to obtain a second, English language skill.

Breed Bonuses: +10% to **Listen & Scent** skills.

Breed Drawbacks: SEN roll not to freeze or flee when confronted with distraction. Cannot take the *All-Weather* trick.

Breed Tricks: None.

Turkish Van

The Turkish Van cat (rhymes with “lawn”) originated in eastern Turkey near Lake Van, which gives the breed its name. They arrived in England in 1955 but did not reach the United States until 1982. Vans are somewhat rarer; much prized in Turkey, and consequently can be difficult to obtain for export. Any Turkish Van in the U.S. in the 1920s would have been brought here by a Turkish owner.

Turkish Vans are frequently confused with the Turkish Angora, which originated in eastern Turkey. The two breeds are quite different in appearance, with the Angora being more delicate, smaller and with long silky fur and more pointed faces. The Van is a large, muscular cat with a more rounded face and medium length, water-resistant fur.

The Turkish Van has two unique features as a breed. First, their coloring is white, other than colored markings mainly on the head and tail. Secondly, they love water and are frequently called “the Swimming Cat.” They have been known to paddle in lakes and swimming pools, and indoor cats will play with faucets and toilets. They are quite mischievous and intelligent.

In the 1920s, their primary Human Language should be Ottoman Turkish (or Armenian, Kurdish, etc.), with additional points required to obtain a second, English skill.

Breed Bonuses: +40% to **Swim** skill.

Breed Drawbacks: None.

Breed Tricks: *Water Lover.*

This is only a brief glimpse into the variety to be found in the world of cats, which should give a first impression for players and keepers who aren’t very familiar-or familiar at all-with cats. Anyone who’d like more information on cats in general or individual breeds in particular can fall back on a rich literature or look around on the Internet, where there are plenty of excellent sites. When deciding on modifications to game statistics, keepers should keep a healthy balance and not allow advantages or disadvantages to become too extreme.

Choose tricks

Each cat has one trick specific to its breed, and one that the player is free to choose (Domestic shorthairs may choose both of their tricks). If one trick is required to take another, the player may select the breed-specific and chosen tricks in whatever order they wish.

In addition, all cats have one instance of *Nine Lives* already, and all cats instinctively know *Leap To the Moon*, whether or not they consciously know or not. Sometimes they just need to be shown, to be able to do it.

Note: Tricks that improve the “success level” of a skill roll are bumping the result of the roll up by one degree of success. A fumble becomes a failure, a failure becomes a success. A success does not become a critical – these have to be rolled normally. In the event of tied opposed skill rolls a trick that improves a skill roll’s success level beats the opposing roll.

Trick Name	Trick Description
All-Weather	You don’t mind the cold, the windy, the wet or the warm. For any weather-related CON roll, this trick adds +2 to your effective score. Prerequisite: Siberian.
Best of Show	You win cat shows. This trick improves the result of your Status roll by one success level. Prerequisite: <i>Show Cat</i>
Bites Off More	You may not be that strong, but sometimes you’re just too stubborn to know you can’t pull home that pheasant. This trick adds +2 to STR rolls on the resistance table.
Brave	You are brave and face your enemies. This trick allows your starting SEN to equal POW×6. Prerequisite: Abyssinian. Cannot have the <i>Scaredy Cat</i> trick.
Bravo	You have embraced the primeval roar that rages in your chest, and fight the enemies of the cats, seeking glory for Bast. Find the enemy! Defeat the enemy! Play with the enemy! Eat the enemy! This trick adds +10% to your Dodge and Scratch skills.
Bruiser	You are big, heavy-boned and have large paws. This trick improves your damage bonus by one class, i.e. -1D6 becomes -1D4. Your SIZ remains the same.
Cat Burglar	You are good at sneaking in and entering places and taking things of value. This trick adds +10% to your Climb and Sneak skills. Prerequisite: <i>Open Doors</i> .
Catch Birds	You can catch birds without a Scratch roll in a non-stress situation. In a stress situation add an additional +10% to your Scratch skill. Prerequisite: <i>Catch Vermin</i> .
Catch Fish	You have the ability to hook fish out of water without a successful Scratch roll in a non-stress situation. Prerequisite: <i>Catch Vermin</i> .
Catch Rabbits	You can catch rabbits without a Scratch roll in a non-stress situation. Prerequisite: <i>Catch Vermin</i> .

Catch Vermin

You can catch mice, rats, spiders or similar without a **Scratch** roll in a non-stress situation. In a stress situation add an additional +20% to your **Scratch** skill.

Cling

You may cling in place to any appropriate surface (drapery, stuffed furniture, people’s sweaters) for several minutes. This trick works with a successful **Climb** roll, so long as you are undisturbed.

Curious

Anything out of the ordinary catches your attention. This trick improves your **Listen**, **Scent** and **Spot** skill results by one success level. Your keeper can give your character one curious impulse per session which they are forced to act upon.



Doolittle

You can understand and sometimes converse with other species of animals. With this trick you can talk with one named non-human species. The Keeper decides if you can talk as well as understand. If you wish to understand other species you must have additional *Doolittle* tricks. This trick merely allows communication, other skills rolls may be needed for the animal to do what the cat wants. Subject to keeper approval.

Familiar

Your former mistress was a cultist. You start with 5% Cthulhu Mythos and +10% Occult, at a cost of 5 SEN. This trick also allows you to choose spells (see below).

Farm Cat

You were born and grew up on a farm. This trick adds +2 to your CON. You also get a free *Doolittle* trick of your choice. **Prerequisite:** cannot be Purebred.

Fence Runner

You are adept at using your neighborhood’s property divisions as a fast route around town. This trick adds +2 to your DEX.

Feral	You have returned to ways of the wild. This trick allows you to reduce your SEN and spend the Sentience Points $\times 2$ as skill points on combat and survival skills. Prerequisite: Cannot have the <i>House Cat</i> or <i>Show Cat</i> tricks.	Legendary Mouser	You are a terror to mice and other small game and probably a descendant of a great family of mice-hunting cats. A cat with this trick is highly priced by humans, especially in rural areas. When you are hunting, this trick increases the success level by one in the following skills: Sneak, Scent, Hide, Jump or Track. The trick may be used once per skill per hunt. The player must announce the use of the trick before rolling the skill. Prerequisite: <i>Catch Vermin.</i>
Fine Whiskers	You have exceptionally fine and long whiskers. Not only do you look good but they help you intimidate other cats and animals and to travel in darkness. This trick adds +10% to your Hiss and Navigate skills.	Lion Heart	You can face Mythos terrors undaunted. With this trick you can choose your own response to a failed SEN roll and ignore the Insanity Reaction table. Prerequisite: cannot have the <i>Scaredy Cat</i> trick.
Fish for Tea?	You can convince a NPC human to do what you want them to do, so long as it is not clearly dangerous. This trick works with a successful Insight roll. Prerequisite: <i>Rumblepuss</i>	Master Thief	You are an experienced cat burglar. This trick allows you to improve the success level of a Climb or Sneak result by one. Prerequisite: <i>Cat Burglar.</i>
Fixation	You are obsessed with one human (usually your owner). Should something happen to that person, and you try to find or rescue them, this trick allows you to perform any trick you don't already have on a successful <i>Luck</i> roll (roll no more than twice a session). Prerequisite: <i>Birman.</i>	Mirror Gazer	By staying very still and gazing deeply into your own reflection in a mirror for several minutes, you can sometimes briefly see what happens in some other locale. With this trick the cat can scry a familiar location that it has visited at least once for 1D4 minutes. Cats with a high POW may be able to use mirror-gazing to see into the Dreamlands at the Keeper's opinion. The base success for Mirror-gazing equals $POW \times 1$. The multiplier can be raised by 1 for every two magic points used, up to a maximum of $POW \times 5$. Prerequisite: <i>Familiar.</i>
Ghost Sight	You are even more tuned into the invisible world than your fellow cats and can see things they can't. A cat with this can see invisible monsters like ghosts and star vampires with a successful Sense Danger roll. Some spells, at the Keeper's option, can still fully or partially prevent detection. Also, the trick does not in any way protect against SEN loss...	Nine Lives	You are lucky and can cheat death. This trick allows you to choose a roll (yours, your companions, or the Keeper's) which led to your potential demise to be re-rolled, once per session. If the re-roll goes in your favor the action proceeds again from that point. You can have this trick a maximum of 9 times at any one time.
House Cat	You live with your Can Opener in their home and rarely leave it. This trick adds +2 to your EDU. Prerequisite: Cannot have the <i>Feral</i> trick.	Open Doors	You have the ability to open closed, but not locked, doors and to use other levers such as toilet flushes. Cats who do not know this trick must make a $DEX \times 1$ roll to open a closed door or use a lever.
Hypnotize	You have the ability to cloud men's minds. You start with a +10% skill in Hypnosis , as per the Keeper's Toolkit (sixth edition rulebook p. 141). As you can't speak with humans, all you can do is keep their gaze on you for a minute or two. This trick is also effective on animals; on a fellow cat, the hypnotizer can perform all of the functions listed in the rulebook. Prerequisite: <i>Burmese.</i>	Rooftop Runner	You are expert at crossing town by jumping from rooftop to rooftop and know the fastest routes. This trick adds +20% to your Nimbleness skill. Prerequisite: <i>Fence Runner.</i>
I Was Always Up Here	You can scale great heights effortlessly! If your character could conceivably reach a particular height, you can simply declare that the cat is on top of it, with no Climb roll or time spent in climbing. This trick is only effective if no one, cat or human, is watching the character.	Rumblepuss	You have a loud and rumbling purr you can turn on and off at will. This trick improves your Cuteness skill roll by one success level.
Land on Paws	You always land the right way up! This trick improves your Jump result by one success level to land safely or minimize damage taken from a fall to the minimum rollable.	Run Like the Wind	You move very quickly. This trick improves your Move rating by +2.
Leap	You can leap great distances. This trick doubles the distance jumped.		
Leap to the Moon	This trick allows you to travel in the Dreamlands. In the Dreamlands, cats possess the ability to jump through space to other worlds. The		

Scaredy Cat	You react badly to danger. This trick allows you reduce your roll by 1 on the Insanity Reaction table. The round following this check, you will take your action before anyone who is not a <i>Scaredy Cat</i> . Prerequisite: Chartreux.
Scholar	You can read one Human Language as well as understand it spoken. It is conceivable that a cat could communicate in writing, using a typewriter (or a word processor in a modern milieu) or meticulously tearing out and arranging newsprint. A cat will only resort to such communication in extremis (or if he believes he can remain anonymous). Such an attempt will require both a successful Human Language roll and a DEX×3 roll, or similar test. Additional read Human Languages need additional <i>Scholar</i> tricks. Prerequisite: <i>House Cat</i> .
Shadow Walker	When no-one is witnessing, and only at night time (and perhaps during full solar eclipses) you can step into a shadow and out from another shadow up to POW×meters away. The other shadow need not be visible from the point of entry. The trick's success depends on a successful Sneak roll and costs 5 magic points to use. Failure results in an embarrassing 1D2 damage. Prerequisite: <i>Familiar</i> .
Show Cat	You are a pedigree cat displayed at cat shows. This trick adds +2 to your APP. Prerequisite: must be Purebred and cannot have the <i>Feral</i> trick.
Sleep On It	You have all your best ideas whilst asleep! Twice per session if you fail an <i>Idea</i> roll, you can make another if you take a quick nap (requires a successful Sleep roll). Prerequisite: British Shorthair.
Sleuth	Some felines like the challenge that a murder mystery presents. And cats are curious animals. Sleuths make good intelligence operators due to their curiosity regarding events happening around them. Once per session, if a course of action is not immediately apparent, the player can ask the Keeper to provide an overlooked clue of the Keeper's choice.
Stray	You have no home or owner. This trick adds +20% to your Streetwise skill.
Throw Things	You know how to pick up and flick objects around. This trick allows you to start with a Throw skill of 10%. Prerequisite: Cornish Rex.
Top Cat	You are a master of the streets. You may be the leader of a cat pack. You know people. You know how to get stuff and info. And food. And a warm place to sleep. This trick improves your Streetwise skill roll by one success level. Prerequisite: <i>Stray</i> .
Trickmeister	You learn new tricks easily. Once per session, make a <i>Luck</i> roll to imitate the trick of

another breed. At the end of the adventure you can permanently learn a trick you successfully imitated on a successful POW×1 roll. **Prerequisite:** Egyptian Mau.

Uh Oh Furball!

Cough! With this trick you can cause all humans in a room to watch you in horror and disgust for 1D4 rounds, once per session. This does not apply in situations of danger.

Under the Feet

You are always around the feet of humans. With a successful **Nimbleness** roll you can cause a NPC human to trip and fall over you without landing on you. Cats who do not have this trick must make a *Luck* roll to avoid being landed on if the target human fails a DEX×5 roll and falls over.

Unsettling Stare

You can make humans nervous with a stare. With this trick you can make a NPC human nervous and leave your vicinity as quickly as possible with a successful **Insight** roll.

Wanderer

You are a wanderer, putting aside the benefits of the cat clan and making your own way in the Dreamlands. Independent and proud, wanderers are the most aloof of all cats as they know they are better than any other cat or person. This trick adds +20% to your **Dream Lore**.

Water Lover

You are drawn to water and it holds no fear for you. This trick allows you to reroll a failed **Swim** roll once per session. **Prerequisite:** Turkish Van.

4. Choose spells (optional)

If the Keeper allows new characters to start with spells, these have to be chosen and learnt. A spell using cat also has to have the *Familiar* trick before purchasing spells. Each spell chosen costs POW×3 in skill points (see below) to choose. These points are spent regardless of the learning roll result. Use the lists in the sixth edition rulebook and *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands* sourcebook bearing in mind physical restrictions on spell casting as outlined in the section 'Cats and Magic'. A chosen spell must be learnt (with a successful roll under INT×3%) to be usable. Spells that are not learnt are available to be taught via a source of the Keeper's choice. This must be done during play or study between scenarios.

5. Skills

As cats have no occupations, skill points are not divided into occupational and background points. The total number of skill points to be spent are computed by the formula (EDU+INT)×5, which is five times the sum of EDU and INT.

The values in parentheses are the base values of the skills. If the Keeper disagrees with them, he may modify them at will. "As usual" means the skill operates in a normal fashion, applied in the context of cats.

Bite (30%): A successful bite does 1D4 damage. Cats can also kill their prey with a second successful bite if they have also successfully **Grappled**.

Climb (50%): as usual.

Cthulhu Mythos (0%): as usual.

Cuteness (APP×3): Making an impression on humans and other animal in various ways: purring, head rubs, cuddly looks, chasing one's own tail, etc. Directs the target's attention onto the character, making the target feel kindly towards the cat. Note: small children are inclined to snatch cute kitties, take them home, and lock them up in their rooms! (See **Hiss/Bite/Scratch!**)

Dodge (DEX×4): as usual.

Dream Lore (10%): Knowledge of the Dreamlands and the things, places, and creatures in them. After surviving adventures in the Dreamlands or spending long stretches of time there, this can be increased at the Keeper's discretion, perhaps as a reward (1D10 or so).

Dreaming (25%): The ability to slip into the Dreamlands and "live" there while one sleeps. One's body remains back in the real world.

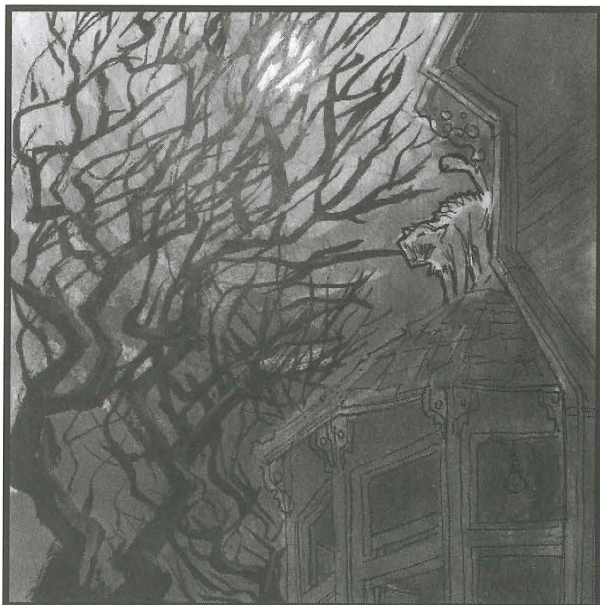
Grapple (25%): as usual.

Healing (10%): With a successful roll, heals 1 HP by licking the wound; a critical success heals 1D3 HP. Cats' saliva contains certain substances which encourage healing. A particularly clever cat with a skill over 75% may even be in the position to cover a comrade's wound with a piece of cloth, or to press on the wound with paws to stop the bleeding.

Hide (25%): as usual.

Hiss (50%): Threatening display with arched back, ears back, etc. Anyone seeing it, man or beast, must make a *Luck* roll in order to stay composed and not flee, back off, etc. A successful roll allows a human NPC to say, "Ah, it's just an animal..." Use this skill to intimidate other cats, animals and impressionable humans.

Human Language (INT×2%): A collective skill representing the ability of the character in all facets of human language-understanding and even speaking (the last only in real emergencies, and only in the Dreamlands!). In general, a cat will only know one language. If a cat knows two, he'll need a second skill, e.g., Human Language (French) or (Latin).



The Dog Says "Woof." The Cow Says "Moo."

Cats and Language

Because of their exalted place in Lovecraft's cosmology, *Cthulhu* considers cats the sole quadruped capable of dealing with the horrors of the Mythos and occasionally saving humanity. Other species do not possess the same type of sentience and skills that cats have. However, if the Keeper wishes to create a more democratic animal kingdom, à la Dr. Doolittle or Walt Disney, interspecies communication can be written into the game.

We suggest the following optional rule if your imagination runs more towards a chatty animal world. For a cat character, each additional species' language is a separate *Doolittle* trick. The player may buy additional *Doolittle* tricks on Other Language (Dog), Other Language (Birds), Other Language (Pig), Other Language (Mouse), etc., as they wish, if their background makes it appropriate. (Farm cats are likely the polyglots in this world.) If residual realism is a concern, the Keeper may decide on a case-by-case basis whether or not the cat can actually speak the language as well as understand it, since a cat will have a hard time producing the necessary sounds e.g., bleat like a sheep.

Human Lore (EDU×1%): Covers Anthropology, Archeology, Biology, Chemistry, Geology, History, Law, Medicine, Natural History, Pharmacy, Physics, Psychoanalysis. These skills are grouped together for simplicity. No matter how high the skill in Human Lore is, a cat character will never know as much as a human with a similarly high value in one of these skills.

Hypnotize (10%): Only available to cats with the *Hypnotize* trick (see above).

Insight (01%): For use on cats as well as humans.

Jump (50%): as usual.

Listen (40%): as usual.

Natural World (EDU×2%): as usual, but with particular emphasis on a cat's point of view. Use the **Streetwise** skill when the cat is in 'town'.

Navigate (25%): Orientation using cat senses, smell, sun location, magnetic fields, and wind. This skill makes it possible for cats to find their way home from thousands of miles away or find their way in complete darkness.

Nimbleness (DEX×2%): Maneuvering especially quickly and gingerly, e.g., not knocking over objects while sneaking across a shelf with Mistress's best china...

Occult (05%): as usual.

Rip (80%): A cat's back legs can rip open and disembowel, or decapitate an opponent, doing 2D3-DB damage.

Scent (50%): "Sniffing" and recognizing things, people, etc. Cats mainly recognize each other via scent – hilarity can ensue if a group of cats is soaked!

"Meow. Miaou. Miaou."

Humans and Feline Speech

In the 1890s and the 1920s only a few individuals had learnt to speak the Cat language, or had been entrusted with its secrets by the cat clans. Passionate cat lovers may have acquired a maximum of INT×1% in Other Language (Cat) by conversing with their pets, which to their surprise worked when they used the skill to talk to the cats in Dreamlands.

Today the existence of books on cat speech (as well as painting!), and the multiplicity of internet chat rooms and mailing lists where cat owners talk 'in character' suggest that the knowledge of cat speech has increased over the last 70 years or so. Cat owners today might be able to claim up to INT×2% in Other Language (Cat), subject to the Keeper's approval.

Scratch (40%): A cat's slashing front paws do 1D3-DB damage.

Sense Danger (10%): A "sixth sense" that warns of imminent danger with a "hairs on the back of your neck standing up" feeling. It's to be used whenever the Keeper finds it appropriate but only when it doesn't interfere with the drama of the plot!

Sleep (50%): Should actually be 100%, but there are hyperactive cats. A sleeping cat can use the **Dreaming** skill to move into the Dreamlands while its body naturally remains behind.

Sneak (50%): as usual.

Spot (25%): As usual. Feline night vision means no penalties for darkness here!

Status (01%): Replaces Credit Rating. Represents the character's position in the cat society of a given area (neighborhood, city district, town...).

Streetwise (01%): Intimate knowledge of the human built environment – the best dumpsters, the places to hide from Animal Control, and the whereabouts of attractive cats of other sexes. The masters of **Streetwise** actually have homes – several of them at once, often. Use the **Natural World** skill when the cat is in a more 'natural' environment.

Swim (10%): as usual. Most cats can swim though they don't like to admit it.

Throw (10%): [Only available to cats with the *Throw Things* trick.] You have the ability to flick and throw small objects.

Track (20%): as usual; when appropriate can be used in conjunction with **Scent**.

Wash (50%): Successfully washing oneself, thereby restoring one's appearance, e.g., after a mud bath (a muddy cat obviously receives penalties to its **Cuteness** skill).

Yowl (50%): The character's power of persuasion. Known to most humans as a miserably loud and pitiful howling performed at night from fences and walls opposite their bedroom windows, yowling can serve as identification, intimidation, warning, or mating call, etc. Use this skill when the cat is trying to impress or communicate with other cats, animals and humans.

6. Names

What name should a player give his furry hero? 'Mittens' or 'Boots' sound a bit foolish when borne by one saving the world from lurking multifarious Cthuloid horrors, as we all know. It is, however, a fact, that cats listen best to names with two syllables that end in a long "e" sound ("Fluffy!" "Kitty!"). In the end, it is of course the owner who decides what to name a pet-however silly. But there is some evidence that, among themselves, cats have their own names having little to do with their "official" name. T.S. Eliot wrote that every cat has three names: "the name that the family use daily," "a name that's particular, | A name that's peculiar and more dignified," and "the name you will never guess; | The name that no human research can ever discover-| But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess." I think that should be inspiration enough!

7. flesh out character

The players should put together descriptions of their cat characters as well as their pasts. There are countless variations: strays, housecats, purebreds... tossed as a kitten with her siblings into a river in a sack, the others died, while she was able to free herself... playful... gluttonous... 'fraidy... brave... fond of children... constant presence in his master's study and familiar with his investigations... every night always gets something good to eat from a chef at the back door of a particular restaurant... in a constant battle for territory with the nasty neighboring tomcat... hates mice and rats... likes to fight other toms... lost an eye in an unfortunate encounter with a dog/cat/human/rat, etc.

The player should also think about the current circumstances of his new character's life: who does he live with? His Can Opener's job? Where does he live? Who are his friends? And many more questions. A player might even care to create a character that's a precise recreation of her own cat. If a whole group did so, the game can even be set in the present with the players, as their own cats, encountering themselves as Can Openers.

How to Play a Cat

'Cats, as a class, have never completely got over the snootiness caused by the fact that in Ancient Egypt they were worshipped as gods. This makes them prone to set themselves up as critics and censors of the frail and erring human beings whose lot they share.' – P.G. Wodehouse

To come up with general truths about the nature and behavior of the domesticated cat is a tricky thing considering how much of a character a cat is. Even cats of the same breed often differ a lot, and then there are many other diversifying factors, like different habitats and kittenhoods. This individuality however allows for the necessary diversity in player characters needed for a dynamic and exciting *Cathulhu* group experience.

Here is a general outline to help you embody a cat in a convincing way. (Proud cat owners here have an obvious advantage: they can do live field studies and what more can you want?)

The Cat – Loner or Social Being?

People are used to see cats as loners, but the opposite has long known to be true: In fact, in larger cat communities, a rich and complex social life starts to unfold. This doesn't mean there won't be any fights or rivalries among individuals (we are talking cats here, after all!). Serious fights may sometimes even lead to the expulsion from the community. Cat communities like these are typically found on farms. In towns, you may find them only in certain places, like grave yards, harbor areas or on industrial estates (that is if municipal animal control do not put a stop to it). Also within smaller subgroups (which are led by the females), hierarchies can be discovered. Loners do exist, but their preference to go their own way does not mean their total and irrevocable exclusion from the community. Male cats in particular are prone to leave their original youthful habitats, while females usually stay on.

Thus in *Cathulhu*, a playing group can consist of animals from the same neighborhood, or a temporary community of loners – forged together by the adventure.

The different available archetypes offer various possibilities for play. There might be a stray tomcat, born in a musty cellar and grown up in back alleys; such a tom (or queen!) will be strong and rough-and-ready, not necessarily an image of intelligence or refinement. By contrast, the purebred cat in Professor Armitage's house, an attentive guest in his library for years, will rely somewhat less on instinct and physical skills, but will have developed a detective's perspicacity and accumulated a great store of knowledge. Then there's the young daredevil, only just moving in, bold as brass, needing to sow some wild oats-sometimes a painful experience which another tomcat of the "eating machine" ilk would try to get through by pigging out, with visible results...

It goes without saying that a balanced group should be composed of a number of different types. Presumably, they don't all have to know each other at the beginning either. The initial adventure can then bring all the quadrupeds together, letting them develop respect for each other and their varied skills.

Hunting in packs as lions do is not known among domestic cats (on Earth at least). The cat is a lone predator. Its method of "sneaking and attacking with a jump" has proved successful through the ages. Kittens are taught how to hunt by their mother, aided by natural a hunting instinct which makes a cat usually jump after anything that looks, sounds or moves suspicious.

To add fun to the game, think up a favorite toy for your *Cathulhu* character, something "your" cat is infatuated with that they can't help but chase and play with, i.e., a toy mouse or a ball of wool or paper.

Every cat character will finally have to construct his own ethics: whether he is well-disposed toward humans, particularly his master, whom he might constantly protect or consider a mere butler.

Cat Talk

If *Cathulhu* characters communicated like real cats, using body language, sounds and scents, it would probably look a bit weird, so the cat characters in *Cathulhu* can talk of course. But to make the

contrasts between human and feline characters stronger, players are encouraged to describe the way their cat actually communicates in a situation. Here are some examples:

If a cat wants to be inconspicuous, it will keep its tail still and upright and go straight for her aim without any distraction, maybe even sneaking and ducking.

A raised bushy tail, on the other hand, indicates aggressiveness and the will to intimidate and impress, while a flattening of the ears indicates embarrassment and fearfulness, which may explode in aggression if the cat is cornered.

For a fight, cats either try to make themselves bigger than they really are, stretching their legs, raising their fur and baring their teeth in a snarl; or as is the case with more timid, insecure animals, they crouch and make themselves smaller. When under attack they want to get the chance of lying on their back and fighting their opponent with the full force of all their talons and teeth.

Cats communicate a lot via scents, either directly or indirectly. The nose of a cat is very sensitive and easily registers the glandular scents of other cats. Rubbing their head against objects or human legs is used to transmit the scent.

These body signals are supplemented and supported by sounds, like meowing or purring. The latter usually signifies a state of bliss, but also has a reassuring and calming effect on ill animals or is intended to mollify others.

Meowing has loads of functions, and not every breed is evenly talkative. Siamese cats are said to be incredibly noisy, something a player character should really make use of, and not necessarily always in the best interest of the group, i.e., when they sneak through a dark vault full of unpleasant things...

The cat nap is legendary and reason for much envy among humankind. But it is really just a nap – cats don't sleep all day long. Short phases of sleep, spread over the day, give a wrong impression. Neither is the nap usually very deep. The cat's senses can still register a lot in this state of light sleep. Noises can easily awaken them, so that a *Cathulhu* character is not so easily taken by surprise.

Cathulhu players should somehow try to take on these characteristics to make more of their characters than just a "furry human being" instead of a, well, exceptionally brave, nosey, talking feline with a foible for the eerie. Typical traits of cat behavior enhance the atmosphere of *Cathulhu* enormously, for instance:

"Gnnnnrrrr... I growl at the slimy tentacled thing coming towards us. It doesn't seem to be impressed? I stretch, raise my fur, hiss and quickly give it a 'swoosh' with my claws. It is still approaching? Oh bother..."

"I think we are in danger. I duck and lay my ears low and stare intensely at the door which is just opening with a screech..."

"I don't know what is so interesting about that old book. But the reading mark looks interesting, I paw at it and play with it and rip at it...[CRASH!]...Uh-oh, that wasn't me!"

Cats react according to their character. Like human beings, some are particularly brave, timid, cautious, obnoxious, playful, witty etc. It will probably take a while and some getting-used-to to integrate the idiosyncratic traits of "your" cat character, but believe me: it's not that much different from playing an orc or a goblin! That is to say if you have ever bothered to let them develop into more than just another ugly person with green skin...

Playing a sentient animal places particular demands upon the imagination of a role-player. Cats, moreover, are the most secretive of pets, frequently opaque even to their owners of many years.

It should be clear to the players that there is an unwritten rule, a matter of course, that the activities and culture of cats is to be kept secret from the world of men—only in the most dire emergencies or if the person in question has justified it, may a human be taken into confidence. What usually happens in these cases is that the cat leads his Can Opener into the Dreamlands and speaks with him there.

As a cat, however, there are many ways to influence the lives of humans, above all becoming active at night because of cats' excellent night vision. Every cat can project himself into the Dreamlands at will while sleeping. Using the **Dreaming** skill, they are even capable of taking the dream-self of a human with them! There—and only there—cats can converse with humans, if they choose. Cats can understand humans and read their written word in the walking world as well, according to their **Human Language** skill. (See above.)

Let yourself be inspired by this article. Be inspired by watching your cat (if you've got one). Browse the numerous free articles and stories on the web and give your *Cathulhu* character a convincing, unique look.

And always remember: Stay fluffy!



Additional Cathulhu Rules

Catnip

Most cats love catnip. Really love it. A good dose of catnip or catmint will make a cat more frisky, playful and agile for several minutes. Then the effects wear off and the cat doesn't experience the same effect for at least two hours.

Once brought into the presence of catnip, a cat must pit their POW against the source's POT (a number between 1 and 20 set by

the Keeper). If the cat does not resist successfully, they must interact with the catnip source (play with the toy, lie in the catnip bed, etc.). The roll is repeated each round until the cat succeeds, after which no further rolls are needed until the cat encounters catnip again.

A cat under the influence of catnip increases their DEX by +2 for the catnip's POT×2 combat rounds, and their ability to climb, jump and pounce are increased by 10% as well. After this period the effects wear off and the cat cannot experience the same high for at least two in-game hours.

Purchasing Additional Tricks

Two methods of acquiring additional tricks are presented here, depending on the keeper's preferred style of play. In the first, tricks are learnt through role-playing. In the second they are bought through play.

Option 1: Mentors-Learning Through Play

Additional tricks may be learnt from older wiser cats that are willing to teach them. In effect these older cats are acting as sages to the younger player character cats. These learning sessions should be presented as role-playing situations, and offer the keeper wonderful opportunities for further adventure hooks. Only when the Keeper is happy that the situation has been played to its fullest potential should she ask the player to make a Learning check. This should be a statistic based roll based on the most appropriate statistic to the trick. For instance *Land on Paws* is DEX-related; *Scholar* is EDU-related, and so on. The roll should be stat×3.

Option 2: Unused Skill Tick Purchase

This method of trick acquisition should only be used if the Keeper decides when skill ticks are recorded. If skill ticks are recorded automatically by the player whenever the skill is successfully or critically used, then this system will not work. Use option 1 instead.

If a player has a skill ticked for later potential improvement, and makes another successful skill roll that results in the keeper allowing them another skill tick, the player may decide to store that second skill tick in a pool that can only be spent on tricks and not skill improvement. Ticks that are not recorded in the pool are otherwise lost. The pool ticks may be spent on acquiring new tricks. New tricks cost four ticks each. The ticks are removed from the pool after a new trick is purchased.

The Deadly Cat Attack

"They would leap seven strong at the throat of an almost-human or the pink tentacled snout of a toad-thing and drag it down savagely to the fungous plain, where myriads of their fellows would surge over it and into it with the frenzied claws and teeth of a divine battle-fury."

— *Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, H.P. Lovecraft

Cats in the Dreamlands do not fight like cats in the Waking World. There, cats are mostly solitary, hunting alone and fighting territorial disputes alone. Only feral cat communities and large cat prides display pack-hunting techniques in the Waking World.

Pack hunting involves one or more hunters tracking down prey whilst other pride members cover flanks and escape routes. Cats in Dreamlands display similar techniques whilst hunting but in combat

use a terrifying method of attack that virtually any enemy will succumb to if there are enough cats.

Dreaming cats attack individual targets en masse. For human sized targets like men, moonbeasts and Saturnian cats, at least seven cats attack at once. Each cat claws and bites the target's exposed and vulnerable areas like limbs, throats and eyes. A cat is unlikely to mortally injure the target by itself, but its attack can occupy or divert the target's attention from a series of attacks that will fatally incapacitate the target.

The aim of the massed attack is to halt and knock the target to the ground. This immobilizes the target and allows more cats to attack. Whilst the target is attempting to defend itself from attacks to its eyes and throat, the other cats attack the target's vulnerable, and now exposed, stomach. A number of cats will rip the target's stomach open and then enter the target's body cavity, causing massive internal damage and a quick but messy death.

In game terms, the massed attacks will 'soak up' the target's limited number of parries so the third or fourth attack onwards will be undefended. This allows the cats to grip with claws or teeth, which allows them to use the Rip attack in the next round. The target may also need to make a resistance roll of SIZ vs. the combined SIZ of the attacking cats to avoid being forced to the ground. Once the cat has inflicted enough damage with a Rip attack – a keeper decided number of hit points representing the stomach area of the target – the cat attacks start to do automatic impaling damage, as the target has no defense against an attack within its own body. During mass combat the Keeper may want to simply multiply the attacks and damage inflicted by the number of cats involved. Human witnesses to a massed cat attack in Dreamlands may need to make a Sanity roll if the victim was sentient.

A Cat's Nine Lives

The alleged "nine lives" of a cat are proverbial. This legend is ascribed in some tellings to the Prophet Muhammad whose cat was sleeping on his robe. When he was called to a council, the cat lay on his sleeve, and because he didn't want to bother it, he tore his sleeve off and left. Muhammad's garments were holy like himself, and thereby Muhammad showed the cat the highest possible respect. Out of respect, he petted the cat on the head three times; three times three is nine, a magic number, and since then cats have "nine lives." In other tales it is ascribed to the Trinity of Trinities (3×3) originating in Ancient Egypt. Some knowledgeable philosophers have debated that the reason that cats have nine lives is that they have no soul, and this is the reason that they make good familiars for sorcerers and witches, and the reason they act as the unofficial guardians of the Keeper of Dreams in Dreamlands.

In *Cathulhu*, players may purchase additional *Nine Lives* tricks in order to cheat death. These are simply checked off when the character's hit points reach zero, allowing the character to revisit the situation that may have caused their demise, and the Keeper and player come up with an unbelievable coincidence (we sometimes say "the helping hand of Bast" instead of "coincidence") which may save the furball from certain doom. Such rescues should be inserted in "dramatic" situations, but should never lead to a simpler solution to the adventure. Anyone maneuvering themselves into a deadly situation with the intention of relying on Bast's hand should be left alone with their hope to see what happens. Well, OK, maybe until the very

last moment... However given the expense of purchasing additional tricks, kindly keepers may want to keep an unofficial tally of near death experiences in the background to pad out trick purchases.

The *Nine Lives* trick doesn't work in Dreamlands. Unlike human dreamers, when a cat dies in Dreamlands in the service of Bast, it is not barred from ever returning to Dreamlands. It can return, though it will bear the mark of the wound that dispatched it from Dreamlands. No cat knows if the number of times it can return to Dreamlands is in fact nine, as most cats learn from their mistakes and never let themselves die in the same manner twice. However, the feline ability to cheat Dreaming death in a limited form is a benefit to feline warriors serving with the Cat Armies – it means that at least once or twice warriors may be as fearless as they wish, as death is no longer a restraining consideration.

Cats and Insanity

"They were searching the house for some unknown source of disturbance which had thrown all the cats into a snarling panic and caused them to plunge precipitately down several flights of stairs and squat, yowling, before the closed door to the sub-cellar." – *The Rats in the Walls*, H.P. Lovecraft

Cats are not immune to the horrors of the real world, and can go insane or feral. Their worship of Bast, an Elder Goddess, makes them part of the real universe rather than the shared delusions of humanity so they know the truth. Their hunting mentality also makes them more suited to survival as well.

Cat reactions to insanity are slightly different to human insanity. If a cat character loses more than five points of SEN in an encounter, keeper should ask the player to roll on the Insanity Reactions table below:

Insanity Reactions table

Roll 1D10	Insanity Reaction	Duration
1-4	Flight – you immediately withdraw from the threat if you can. If you cannot flee, you must Freeze.	Instant
5-6	Freeze – you crouch and lay still trying to make yourself as small as possible to avoid attention. Roll on Insanity table if the threat notices you.	As long as the encounter
7	Appeasement – you actively submit to whatever the attacker wants to do. Roll twice on the Insanity table if the threat notices you, and you survive the encounter.	As long as the encounter
8-0	Fight – you assume a defensive aggression position, but won't attack unless attacked. Roll on Insanity table if you have to fight.	As long as the encounter

If the cat character loses more than 20% of their SEN in a single game hour, keepers should ask the player to roll on the Insanity Stress Disorder table below. This gives an idea to keeper and player as to how the cat might deal with having encountered and survived meeting a Mythos entity.

Insanity Stress Disorder table

Roll 1D10	Insanity Stress Disorder
1	Litterbox problems
2	Excessive territorial behavior including spraying
3	Excessive grooming
4	Self-mutilation
5	Depression
6	Hiding from people and other animals
7	Aggression to people and other animals
8	Loss of appetite
9	Restlessness
0	Sucking/chewing/eating disorder

When a cat character's SEN reaches zero, the cat has gone feral, its consciousness blasted back to pure animal reaction by its experiences with the Mythos, and the character is removed from play. The character may become a NPC if the Keeper desires it. A cat that goes feral may also turn to the 'Dark Side', and willingly embrace the Cthulhu Mythos, especially if it has dabbled with arcane spells before going feral. Many insane cats become the legendary black cats of the witches' sabbats by taking up the worship of Tsathoggua, and gain sorcerous advantages through their devotion. These advantages are beyond the scope of this article, but basically Sabbat cats are larger than normal, immune to fire, and can talk – though it is a language unknown to mankind. These sabbat cats are particularly infamous in the Averoigne region of France. (See *Worlds of Cthulhu* #3 for more information on these cats.)

Cats and Bast

'Thou art the Great Cat, the avenger of the Gods, and the judge of words, and the president of the sovereign chiefs and the governor of the holy Circle; thou art indeed...the Great Cat.' – Inscription on the Royal Tombs at Thebes

In Atlantis and later Ancient Egypt, Bast was the goddess and protector of cats, as well as the goddess of family life. She later became associated with the moon and its connotations of female fertility, as well being a goddess of music and joy. Cats were also associated with the utchat symbol – the all-seeing sacred eye that reputedly has magical powers, and Bast was an 'Eye of Ra' acting as a protector or avenger for the god. Bast's cult centre was at Bubastis in the Nile Delta where Herodotus described enthusiastic celebrations and archaeologists have found tomb-fields of mummified cats.

After time cats became demigods, divinely appointed by the Pharaoh to control vermin in his kingdom's grainhouses, as without wheat there would be no bread. Bast gradually gained aspects of a family protectress, as a home needs to be vermin-free too. In the Egyptian temples, cats were depicted as slayers of the serpents attacking Ra, and may have controlled the asp population as well.

Later in Egyptian history, Bast's clergy was corrupted by a heresy, attempting to model themselves after Bast by creating animal-human hybrids. The heretic movement was quickly eliminated but a small

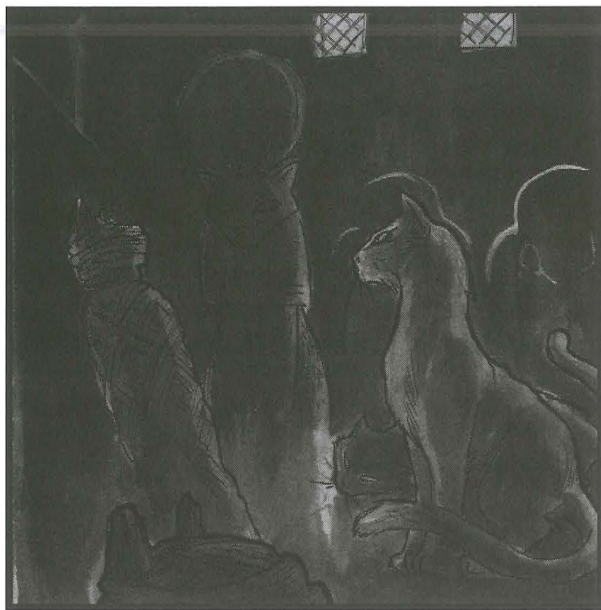
number of hybrids, priests and their followers escaped to the West. The aberration was suppressed and erased from history, but Nyarlathotep undoubtedly was involved, hence the cats' hostility to Azathoth's Messenger. Worship of Bast continued in the Dreamlands as it gradually died out in the Waking World. The damned western city of Golthoth had a strong Egyptian influence and Bast was heavily worshipped there until the city's ruin. The Dark Wanderers, who carried Bast's memory from Golthoth throughout the Dreamlands, also revere her.

Knowing many things about the world and its Dreamlands, cats acknowledge many powerful beings and gods, as it is only prudent to do so. The only deity that the cats of Dreamlands actually worship is the goddess Bast. They remember her patronage in the Waking World, and still honor her so that she may prosper in the Dreamlands. The cats' continued presence in the ancient ruins of the Moon is significant, but what they are looking for is between them and their goddess. Cats are honored to occasionally act as Bast's Eye of Ra, but her intervention in Dreamlands is rare now as she spends time elsewhere. See page 184 of the sixth edition rulebook for Bast's game statistics.

Human investigators wishing to research Bast and her organized worship in Ancient Egypt and the Dreamlands are best advised to find a copy of the *Black Rites of Luveh-Keraph*. A priest of Bast during the Thirteenth Dynasty, Luveh-Keraph recorded liturgies, legends and spells relating to Bast and her companions, the cats.

Feline devotees of Bast may want to consider these additional tricks. The following tricks are only allowed with keeper permission:

Trick Name	Trick Description
Blessed	You are looked over by Bast herself. Should you take damage, this trick allows you to trade 1 or more HPs of damage for 1 or more MPs once per session. Prerequisite: <i>Devoted</i> .
Devoted	You worship and serve Bast. You are probably a member of a cat clan army, such as Ulthar's. This trick allows you to double the damage you do with a successful Bite , Scratch , or Rip attack once per session. Prerequisite: <i>Bravo</i> .
Eye of Ra	You are an instrument of Bast's righteous rage. You wear her holy symbol, an utchat, suspended from a collar around your neck. This trick gifts you with the <i>Bites Off More</i> , <i>Brave</i> , <i>Bravo</i> , <i>Bruiser</i> , <i>Ghost Sight</i> and <i>Lion Heart</i> tricks whilst you still have Bast's favor (keeper's discretion). If you attempt a Deadly Cat Attack (see above) all successful attacks automatically critical. You may also use the <i>Devoted</i> and <i>Blessed</i> tricks twice per session. Prerequisite: <i>Devoted</i> , <i>Blessed</i> and one skill above 90%.



Cats and Magic

*'Was there ever
A cat so clever
As magical Mr. Mistoffeles' – T.S. Eliot*

Cats have a latent magical ability whilst they are in Dreamlands, which is the ability to leap to the Moon from the Earth, and back again. Cats are able to decide where on the Earth they want to land, and by leaping to the Moon and back down again cats can travel thousands of leagues extremely quickly. A cat army can carry travelers with them, the traveler kept from falling to Earth by the massed felines. A traveler can make good progress to their destination if a cat army can be persuaded to take passengers, but recorded instances are rare.

Cats are able to use magic spells and items in the Dreamlands like human dreamers and other inhabitants of Dream. Magic in the Waking World is rarer still but if a cat can learn it, they can use it. Magic corrupts cats as well as humans – cats suffer similar SEN losses from using magic as humans do from SAN loss, so the number of feline magicians is quite low, but adventurous cat sorcerers are not unknown.

Cats are limited to using magic that does not require components or equipment (like a wand) or need words to be spoken in a language other than Cat. Spells that use amulets could be used by a cat if worn on a collar. They cannot use spells that need specific gestures that cats are unable to make. For instance, the spell 'Deflection' can be used by cats because it only requires the movement of an arm (or foreleg and paw), but the spell 'Voorish Sign' cannot because it needs the fingers of the hand to held in a specific way.

Cats are also subject to the spell 'The Petition of Menes' (see box).

The Petition of Menes

Costs 12 MP and 2D6 Sanity. Cast by a devotee of Bast, the spell is a variation of 'Summon/Call Cats', which will call together all felines within a ten-mile radius. The assembled cats will then attack those who have displeased Bast, devouring them down to the bone. If no one who has displeased Bast is within ten miles, the caster has obviously not done his research, and Bast will turn the cats upon the hapless wizard.

Cats cannot cast this spell themselves and find it very hard to resist, but it is thought that only the Dark Wanderers know the incantation.

Cats and the Mythos

'The mysteries of those black outer gulfs whence surely the first terrestrial felines lithely sprang long ago when Mu and Hyperborea were young' – H.P. Lovecraft

Cats are implacably opposed to Nyarlathotep and his machinations. Nyarlathotep is particularly active in the Dreamlands where his servants and agents are continually plotting to bring about a stronger influence of the Cthulhu Mythos on the development of the Dreamlands. Cats bear a grudge against Nyarlathotep for ancient interference with Bast.

The cats are continually fighting the Men of Leng, who are the servants of the Moonbeasts. The Men of Leng are found throughout the Dreamlands, and with them are found conspiracy and horror. The moonbeasts are cruel masters, and take delight in increasing the pain and suffering they can inflict on cats they capture. For cats, moonbeasts are classic representatives of Nyarlathotep: easily frightened, pliable, utterly reprehensible with no moral backbone, and very few vertebrae. It is also a good thing that moonbeasts taste all right as well.

Cats training to be sorcerers or have gone insane sometimes take up the worship of Tsathoggua. The cats' traditional goddess and deity Bast is not happy with dissident cats that follow other gods. Tsathoggua is indifferent to Bast, but welcomes any individual looking for the Greater Truth.

The Cats from Saturn are the worst foe a cat can face. They come from Saturn's Dreamlands. They are large, ferocious and difficult to stop. They are completely alien and this is an advantage against Earth's cats who are easily put-off by emanations from outer space. Only the brave or the foolhardy cat can hold against the Saturn cats, although larger numbers of fellow cats reduces the effects of stellar interference.

Other cats also exist in the Dreamlands cosmos. The heat-sensing Cats from Uranus are occasionally seen on the moon, and seem neutral in the battles between Earth and Saturn. Rumor has it that mysterious cats have been sighted on Mars, and legend tells of alien cats brought to earth with merchants from Sarrub.

A Short Bestiary of Feline Foes

Animal Control

Employed by the city to round up stray cats and dogs, being caught by Animal Control is a one-way trip to the Pound, neutering and worse.

Statistics as per normal humans.

Weapons: Net 50%, damage special

Skills: Hide 40%, Paperwork 50%, Sneak 50%, Track 60%, Veterinary Medicine 25%

Habitat: city streets.

Birds

Crows, magpies or owls. Large enough to fight back, and canny enough to see things.

char.	rolls	averages
STR	1D3	2
CON	2D4	5
SIZ	1D2	1-2
POW	2D6	7
DEX	3D6+18	28-29
Move	8	HP 4

Av. Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapons: Bite 25%, damage 1D4

Claw 40%, damage 1D2

Skills: Dodge 80%, Find Sparkly Thing 100%, Spot Hidden 95%

Habitat: Trees, roofs, buildings, etc.

Cats from Saturn

Inimical adversaries of the cats on the Moon. See *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands*, page 97.

Cats from Uranus

Another strange interloper into Earth's Dreamlands. See *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands*, page 97.

Dogs

Household pets or working mutts like guard dogs. See the sixth edition rule book, page 204.

Dogs, Lap

Silly yapping barking things that interfere with feline plans.

char.	rolls	averages
STR	2D4	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D3	2
POW	2D6	7
DEX	2D6+6	13
Move	8	HP 8-9

Av. Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D4

Skills: Get What It Wants 75%, Track 60%, Spot 60%, Yap Irritatingly 90%

Habitat: wherever humans live

Intelligent Sewer Lizards

Small, albino lizards; descendants of unfortunate reptiles flushed down the toilet in urban legends. But they do exist and are the real force behind global domination plans. Yes, really!

char.	rolls	averages
STR	2D4	7
CON	3D6	10-11
SIZ	1D2	1-2
INT	3D6+3	13-14
POW	3D6	10-11
DEX	2D6+6	13
Move	12	HP 8-9

Av. Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapons: Bite 25%, damage 1D4

Skills: Build Ultra Tech from Junk 50%, Connections 75%, Hide 95%, Scheme 75%, Long Term Planning 90%

Habitat: in the sewers, waiting.

Moonbeasts

Tough, hated adversaries. Pawns of the Men from Leng. But tasty. See the sixth edition rule book, page 168.

Rat King

Rat Kings arise as portents of doom or plague. Joined together at the tail, they have powers over other rats, controlling them with their hive mind powers. They order rat packs to carry out their orders to bring about their terrible plans.

char.	rolls	averages
STR	4D6	14
CON	4D6	14
SIZ	2D6	7
INT	4D6	14
POW	4D6	14
DEX	4D6+6	20
Move	2	HP 11

Av. Damage Bonus: 0

Weapons: Bite 25%, damage 1D3. Can attack SIZ times a round. Bites may be infected.

Skills: Spread Disease 75%

Habitat: somewhere in the dark...

Rat Things

Corrupted followers of sorcerers like Brown Jenkin. See the sixth edition rule book, page 169.

Rat Packs

Verminous followers of the Rat King and immortal prey of cats. See the sixth edition rule book, page 207.

Skinners

Mean sadistic humans who don't like cats. Maybe they're dog lovers, maybe they make coats from cat skins, maybe they're cultists looking for feline sacrifices. Who knows?

Statistics as per normal humans.

Weapons: Knife 45%, damage 1D4+db

Skills: Hide 40%, Sneak 50%, Track 60%, Torture Cats 50%

Habitat: city streets.

Were-Rabbit

Mythical deadly creatures that roam the night.

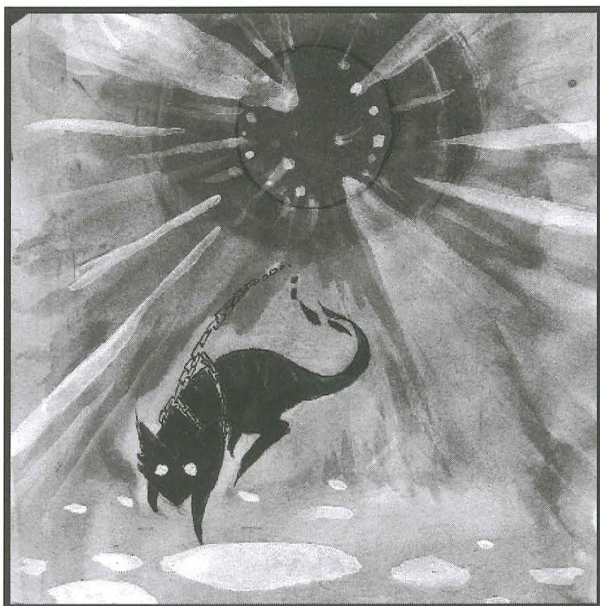
char.	rolls	averages
STR	3D3	6
CON	2D6	7
SIZ	1D3	2
POW	2D6	7
DEX	2D6+18	25
Move	10	HP 8-9

Av. Damage Bonus: -1D6

Weapons: Bite 30%, damage 1D4

Rip Your Head Off 25%, damage instant death

Armor: 1 point fur. Immunity to firearms.



Skills: Look Cute & Innocent 90%

Habitat: wherever rabbits live

Zoogs

Scheming ancient foes of the Cats who can never, never be trusted. See *H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands*, page 132.

What Do Cat Adventures Look Like?

"Beauty-coolness-alooofness-philosophic repose-self-sufficiency-untamed mastery-where else can we find these things incarnated with even half the perfection and completeness that mark their incarnation in the peerless and softly gliding cat, which performs its mysterious orbit with the relentless and unobtrusive certainty of a planet in infinity?" – Cats and Dogs, H.P. Lovecraft

The creative demands on the Keeper are no less significant than those on the players. An adventure for cat characters will play out in many respects completely differently than one for a group of humans. How does one motivate cats to investigate uncanny phenomena, to take risks, and to face powerful opponents, both human and inhuman?

A starting point is, of course, a cat's attachment to a master. If a housecat's domesticity is endangered, a loyal animal will try to help and, if need be, to bring in friends from the neighborhood. For example...

- ♦ The master of a female cat disappears and must be found again-and a dark secret comes to light...
- ♦ In Ulthar the kittens of a venerated cat fighter are kidnapped by zoogs. A group is formed to rescue them...
- ♦ A cat has gone through the books in an old house, reading some Mythos works. She summons a Hound of Tindalos to take care of a powerful rival or a nasty neighbor dog, but the Hound slips out of control...
- ♦ How about an excursion into the ghoulish tunnels of a cemetery?
- ♦ What is the truth about the ghost cat that legends say can be seen in the ruins of an English monastery, fleeing from any human who approaches it?

Many of Lovecraft's stories offer good opportunities for adventures, like *"The Rats in the Walls," "The Strange Case of Charles Dexter Ward," "The Whisperer in Darkness,"* and *"Pickman's Model."* But many well-known, existing adventures lend themselves brilliantly, although they will require a certain amount of effort in converting them.

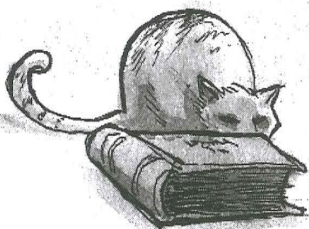
Cat senses are different to human senses and wise keepers should feed information to the players about the feline characters world accordingly. A cat's eyesight is seven times

better in the dark than a human's. Conversely a cat's eyesight is actually worse than a human's in daylight, but this shouldn't impinge play – keepers should overlook this for the sake of playability. A cat's field of view is wider than a human's as well. Cats can hear two octaves higher than humans and a half-octave higher than dogs. A cat's ears act as sound detectors and can pinpoint the source of sounds more accurately than humans – they can judge the source of a sound one yard away to within three inches. A cat's sense of smell is 14 times stronger than a human's. If a cat opens its mouth (called gaping) it can improve its sense of smell even further by allowing scent to waft over its 'vomeronasal' in the roof of its mouth. A cat's whiskers help with navigation and sensation. Whiskers detect minute air currents so a cat knows about obstructions even though it can't see them. A cat really can walk with relative safety in total darkness. A *Cathulhu* keeper should think about his game world from a cat's point of view, and shower his players with stimuli, much more than human characters. Solutions to scenarios can no longer rely on **Library Use** and firepower; instead the cats will have to rely on their senses.

The players and the Keeper should absolutely be aware of the special strengths and weaknesses of cat characters. As a cat, it's no longer simple to open doors and windows, open locks, question people, or rummage through a library. But one can use little hidey holes, dart into houses between people's legs, eavesdrop on conversations without being noticed, jump from relatively great heights, land unscathed on all fours, and much more! There are also stark new dangers like dogs, angry people, cars...

Four-legged characters shouldn't be given obstacles that are too great to overcome. Long trips across America, Europe, and all the continents will be very hard to undertake, unless the cats' owner takes them. How would it be for an educated American cat to travel to Prague with his master and come across some secretive natives in a mystical cat cult which sacrifices newborn kittens to a hideous ancient god? However if the Keeper has a good idea for a long journey plot it shouldn't be discounted. Disney's *The Incredible Journey* is just one example.

The cat's ordinary environment should offer sufficient possibilities for adventure, however, because things that are small problems for humans can possibly represent great adventures for cats! And Lovecraft Country, even Arkham alone, is an enormous stage, in which things will never be boring...



Recommended

Reading & Viewing

Felidae (1994 – animated film), available on DVD (Region 2, German and English audio tracks). Available from www.amazon.de

Allen, Garrison – Series of books starring Mycroft the bookstore cat

Foster, Alan Dean – *Cat-a-Lyst*

Gallico, Paul – *The Silent Miaow*

Jackson Braun, Lillian – “*The Cat Who...*” series starring Siamese cats Koko and Yum Yum

King, Gabriel – *The Wild Road, The Golden Cat*

Morris, Desmond – *Catwatching*

Nelson Douglas, Carole – “*Cat in/on a...*” series starring Midnight Louie

Pirinçci, Akif – *Francis, Das Duell, Cave Canem, Salve Roma* (novels, German only)

Williams, Tad – *Tailchaser's Song*

Zelazny, Roger – *A Night in the Lonesome October*

Bibliography

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Pirinçci, Akif – 1994. *Felidae on the Road*

Hausman, Gerald & Loretta – 1998. *The Mythology of Cats: Feline Legend and Lore Through the Ages*

Lovecraft, H. P. – 1920. The Cats of Ulthar in ‘*Dagon and Other Macabre Tales*’.

Lovecraft, H. P. – 1926/27. The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath in ‘*At the Mountains of Madness*’.

Williams, Chris & Petersen, Sandy – 1997. *The Complete Dreamlands*. Chaosium Inc.

Thanks to the English-language version playtesters:

Wood Ingham, Tim Payne, Rob Lowe, & Dave Ezra; Oscar “Osk” Rios & Co.; Freddy “feel the awesome power of my furball!” Larsson & Co.; Orlock and the Nightmare Theatre Crew; JoMo Rising & Co.; Fin, Fluffy, Lil’ Andy, Emma, N-kun & Spider, the cat from Saturn; and Calum McDonald, DvH, Lady Precious – Maine Coon, “Frank”, Mats “Sooty” Gripensköld, Scott Clarke & Sigge Persson.

Thanks to Jussi Gradistanac for tricks inspiration. Dan Harms made catnip irresistible.

Cathulhu



Daily Name _____
 Particular Name _____
 Secret Name _____
 Sex _____ Age _____
 Birthplace _____ Turf _____
 Stress Disorders _____

Characteristics & Rolls

STR _____ DEX _____ INT _____ Idea _____ %
 CON _____ APP _____ POW _____ Luck _____ %
 SIZ _____ SEN _____ EDU _____ Know _____ %
 99-Cthulhu Mythos _____ Damage Bonus _____

Sentience Points

Feral 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14
 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48
 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65
 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82
 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99

Magic Points

Unconscious 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27

Hit Points

Dead -2 -1 0 1 2 3
 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27

Skill Ticks

Unspent _____ Spent _____

Investigator Skills

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ Climb (50%) _____ | ☐ Sense Danger (10%) _____ |
| ☐ Cthulhu Mythos (0%) _____ | ☐ Sleep (50%) _____ |
| ☐ Cuteness (APP×3) _____ | ☐ Sneak (50%) _____ |
| ☐ Dodge (DEX×4) _____ | ☐ Spot (25%) _____ |
| ☐ Dream Lore (10%) _____ | ☐ Status (01%) _____ |
| ☐ Dreaming (25%) _____ | ☐ Streetwise (01%) _____ |
| ☐ Healing (10%) _____ | ☐ Swim (10%) _____ |
| ☐ Hide (25%) _____ | ☐ Throw (10%) _____ |
| ☐ Hiss (50%) _____ | ☐ Track (20%) _____ |
| ☐ Human Language (INT×2%) _____ | ☐ Wash (50%) _____ |
| ☐ _____ | ☐ Yowl (50%) _____ |
| ☐ _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Human Lore (EDU×1%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Hypnotize (10%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Insight (01%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Jump (50%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Listen (40%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Natural World (EDU×2%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Navigate (25%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Nimbleness (DEX×2%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Occult (05%) _____ | ☐ _____ |
| ☐ Scent (50%) _____ | ☐ _____ |

Tricks

Name	Description
Leap to the Moon	Travel in the Dreamlands
Nine Lives	Reroll one result with fatal consequences
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

Attacks

Melee	%Attk	Damage	Rng	#Attk	HPs
☐ Bite (30%) _____	_____	1D4+db	touch	1	n/a
☐ Grapple (25%) _____	_____	special	touch	1	n/a
☐ Rip (80%) _____	_____	2D3+db	touch	1	n/a
☐ Scratch (40%) _____	_____	1D3+db	touch	1	n/a
☐ _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
☐ _____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

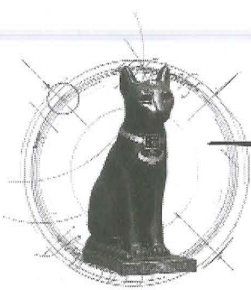
Not investigators of the Cthulhu Mythos
 Cthulhu on the Trail of Cthulhu



Player

Referee

Campaign



A Cthulhu Adventure in Arkham for 2-4 Detectives with Paws & Claws

The Black Cat

By Ingo Ahrens

Translated from the German by Bill Walsh



*"The ancient garden seems at night With hidden griefs the grasses sway,
A deeper gloom to bear, Unable quite to word them -
As if some silent shadow's blight Remembering from yesterday
Were hov'ring in the air. The little paws that stirred them."*

Little Sam Perkins – H. P. Lovecraft



Introduction

The Black Cat is a *Call of Cthulhu* adventure designed for the *Cathulhu* rules found elsewhere in this issue, which is to say it is conceived exclusively for cat-characters. To play, the Keeper should thoroughly familiarize himself with the *Cathulhu* rules. Players can be introduced to the rules and generate their own characters or presented with pre-rolled cats as a surprise.

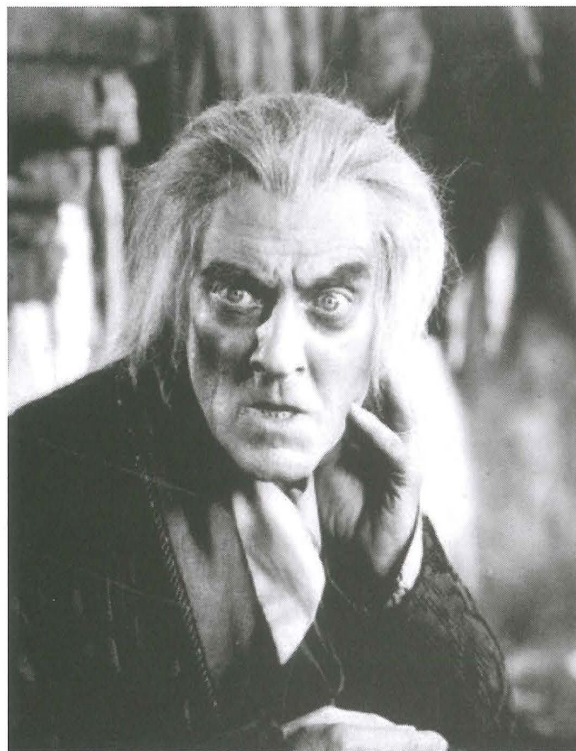
This adventure is set in the Arkham of the 1920s, though it can be relocated to any locale the Keeper desires. Relocating the adventure will require some planning on the Keeper's part to place the crime scene, etc., appropriately.

The Black Cat is conceived of as an introductory adventure for *Cathulhu* and consequently refrains completely from introducing significant complications, global intrigues, and powerful cults. It's difficult enough for the players (and the Keeper!) to role-play an animal as a character and to adjust the game milieu accordingly. So The Black Cat is an adventure that would be laughably simple for human characters, but which offers a group of young, curious, four-footed investigators an exciting first encounter with the Mythos!

This adventure also attempts to make clear that *Cathulhu* isn't intended as pure comedy or parody but is capable of creating serious, atmospheric adventures.

Some locations are referenced in *H.P. Lovecraft's Arkham*. These are marked \$. This book is also very useful for the map of Arkham.

dilapidated over the past few decades. He inherited the house and some insignificant sums of money from his parents.



Fester Montague

Fester developed an inclination towards the morbid early on. As a child he was caught repeatedly trying to dig up graves in the cemetery "for studying," as he asserted. The stern hand of his parents seemed to bring the incidents to a close, but secretly Fester conducted obscure research and when his parents died (they were found some 30 years ago decapitated next to the train tracks with a suicide note, but no heads), despite his alibi and public mourning, it was rumored that he had driven them to kill themselves... or worse.

That was long ago. Fester has made himself scarce in public and spends most of his time in his house or questionable bookshops or certain collections of the Miskatonic University library.

In a hidden cellar room under his house, he conducts—usually incorrectly—various rituals and incantations of all sorts, mixing strange brews of repulsive ingredients which promise (but seldom deliver) various effects. Not long ago he succeeded in concocting a drug that put him into a day-long hallucinatory sleep in which he actually succeeded in entering the Dreamlands. He can barely remember anything about his visit, but it had a side-effect that's impossible to ignore: the Cat from Saturn that's been living in his house ever since. This malevolent creature is, to its great frustration, dependent upon Fester, and his being able to reach the Dreamlands again so that it can return. For now, it is trapped in the Waking World and bound to him and his commands (which Fester quickly found out).

Fester has completely forgotten how to brew this drug (and his recordkeeping is, as you might expect, nonexistent), and its intoxication has induced a slight amnesia. He doesn't exactly know where this monster cat came from. That he can order it around with astounding ease amuses him greatly and makes him want to

The Group

No more than three or four characters should take part in this adventure. If you intend to make this the beginning of a campaign it's probably best to let the players design their own characters. If it's a one-shot deal, or simply an introduction to *Cathulhu*, pre-rolled characters are adequate as well.

This adventure assumes that the characters and their masters and mistresses reside in Arkham. If the scenario is moved to another area, simply make sure that all the characters live there already.

Work out the backgrounds of the individual characters with the players (or simply assign them, in a one-shot scenario), their status within Arkham's cat society, and to what degree they know each other. Should they not know each other, the adventure offers ideal opportunities to bring them together as investigators.

Overview for the Keeper

Fester Montague, 53 years old, has lived since his childhood in a house at 560 South Powder Mill Street, Arkham, that's become quite

"summon" more of these "demons." In the relevant literature (almost entirely crude hodgepodes of witchcraft and Satanism with overwhelmingly useless recipes, spells, and commands), he has run across an interesting-sounding ritual that might work. It requires certain ingredients and tools, one of which is the heart of a black cat.

He tried to catch the first two cats himself, but ended up bitten and scratched horribly. Fester realized he now had his demonic companion which he could send out to bring him the heart of a black cat...

And because Fester is pathetically incompetent at mixing the witches' brew, and because the (useless) ritual keeps failing, he keeps sending out the Cat from Saturn to try again...



A shrill, horrified shriek like an animal in mortal terror terrifies the feline population of Arkham on the night of June 3, 192-.

The characters, wherever they may be, whether on a windowsill, in front of the hearth, or prowling the alleys and streets, perceive the noise as well with their acute senses, while most humans sleep on unaware.

The following morning, the frightful news spreads among the neighborhood cats: Tomtom died horribly that night!

Curious onlookers as well as friends of the poor tomcat rush to the scene, a dirty back courtyard on Walnut Street on the Lower Southside (among them will surely be the investigatively inclined characters. If you like, one or more of them could have had a friendly relationship with Tomtom).

Horrified, a small pack of comrades surround the body of their fellow cat, meowing mournfully. If they press to the front, the characters can see that Tomtom has been torn open. In the air hangs a sweet but old scent of blood, and flies buzz around and crawl on the body.



Murder!!!

Anyone who knew Tomtom will recognize the dead cat unequivocally. He was a five-year-old tom whose completely black coat is now matted and tattered in death, encrusted with blood and dirt. He's lying on his right side, his stomach torn open and gaping exposed to the crowd. All four paws are stretched out, his neck stretched out, and his mouth half-open in a horrible death grimace, his teeth bared.

The sight will cost a friend 1/1D4 Sentience; all others lose 0/1D3 SEN.

Many of the other cats begin to leave the area, their initial morbid fascination passing. Just one more tragic victim of a wild dog or a human, one or the other mumbles, wandering away with little concern.

If they succeed in a **Spot** roll, the characters will notice something strange, however. A closer examination of the remains and the surrounding area will reveal the following facts.

The cobblestones are covered all around with blood where it has run. If a character checks with a **Scent** roll, he'll determine it all seems to be Tomtom's blood and that the deed took place several hours ago. Apparently, the killer didn't suffer any significant injuries.

A **Track** roll in the area will discern some strange footprints in an overgrown flowerbed nearby. With another **Track** roll at -20%, some bloody pawprints on the cobblestones can be found some distance away, heading away from the area and soon disappearing. They seem to be from cat paws, only significantly larger and unusually shaped. Instead the normal round foot-pad impressions, these seem pointy and angular, though each has a different, irregular number of corners. What sort of cat, what sort of animal at all has those kind of paws?!

If poor Tomtom's body is examined more closely, it'll quickly become clear that the heart is missing from his tattered body. All the other organs are at least present, though not in their original place or intact due to the sheer force and (**Spot** rolls reveal) vicious claws and teeth that have torn the body apart.

Little bits of flesh that might belong to the perpetrator are stuck between Tomtom's teeth; similar traces can be found on his claws. Otherwise, his body is covered with scratch wounds and bites.

With a **Know** roll, the characters will remember that in recent days and weeks, other cats have been found killed in such a manner, though none known to them. They don't know any further details about these murders.

If they haven't heard about these previous cases (which wouldn't necessarily be unusual, since many cats die or disappear all the time, leaving or arriving in town, etc.), they can make a **Listen** roll to hear an old, fat tomcat who's been watching them, sighing, shaking his massive head, and quietly muttering, "Poor Tomtom. They took your heart too. How many is that now? You're the fourth? Poor, poor Tomtom."

This may make them curious-does the venerable Benjamin (for that's his name) know more than they? If they try and engage him in conversation, they will need a certain amount of Status for him to reveal the hot trail.

If they succeed, he will mournfully report that Tomtom is now probably the fourth victim of the mysterious "Cat Ripper," as he calls him. He found the first one himself exactly nine days ago, and buried him quietly under leaves and earth. He wouldn't have given it a second thought, but then he was told of a similar case two days later

down by the docks. And the previous one, the third victim, he saw with his own eyes when some excited kittens told their parents of a gruesome discovery. That was three days ago.

Persistent questioning will elicit some further details from Benjamin as well as his personal opinions:

Benjamin found the first cat so killed on South French Hill Street, roughly across from Bayfriar's Church. He buried the cat there as well.

The second body, of which he heard from a tomcat whom he does not otherwise know, was discovered somewhere in Rivertown between the warehouses and the houses on the river.

The third body was found by kittens playing on the ground floor of Keenan's Laundry, 152 East College Street, and was later placed in a garbage can by humans. With a *Know* roll, the characters will remember having heard about this dead cat.

It has occurred to Benjamin as well that all three previous cats and Tomtom have had their hearts removed. It has not occurred to him, on the other hand, that all three of them had pure black coats! The characters can learn this by asking around the other three crime scenes (see below).

Benjamin assumes from the awful injuries that a vicious wild dog is abroad, though no one has seen it—at least no one has seen it and lived. Who knows how many victims remain undiscovered? He guesses that this dog will keep killing until it stops of its own accord some day—if it is a stray and not being trained as a killer by a human.

If the players need a spur to investigate the murders, Benjamin can finally sigh, "Oh, if only there were someone who would run this beast off before there's more bloodshed..."

Shaking his head and meowing sadly, Benjamin trots away, leaving the characters shuddering behind.

If they leave the scene as well, or try to dispose of Tomtom's remains, you can allow them a *Spot* roll to notice a thin white cat sitting in a window on the top story of one of the houses surrounding this courtyard, apparently looking at the scenery. More on this witness in the next chapter.

Crime Scenes & Searching for Clues

This last push should convince even the most reticent characters to take matters into hand and free their community from this foul monstrosity. They will only later notice that the affair has taken a turn in a somewhat different direction, leading towards Something Worse than a bloodthirsty dog.

The characters can continue in various fashions. An obvious course of action is visiting the scenes of the other, earlier murders and questioning the cats in the respective areas what they saw on the night in question, perhaps a dog, where it ran off to or came from, and so forth. Even general questions about any dogs known to be particularly nasty are logical. At the different scenes, and in general,



Walnut Street, Arkham

they will be able to collect many clues which will be gone into more closely below.

The Walnut Street Crime Scene

If during their first examination of this crime scene, a character successfully made a *Spot* roll, noticing the white cat in one of the houses' upper window, the investigators may decide to question her. The building in question is the Simpson Apartments, 648 Walnut Street. The white cat is Madame, the pet of an elderly blind lady who occupies one of the apartments in the top floor. She almost never leaves home, nor does her cat. She receives groceries, etc., from delivery boys from various stores, dictating them lists of things she'll need the next time.

One of these deliveries is almost the sole opportunity for the characters to enter the apartment (and the only possibility for questioning Madame). They can sneak up behind the delivery boy and slip through the door or even hide themselves in a bag or carton with her provisions. No clever solution is ruled out!

Madame, an elegant, snow-white, rail-thin creature will not refuse polite characters information. By contrast, if she's approached rudely or insolently, she will have nothing to do with such ruffraff. She knows very little about what goes on "out there" in the world, because she never leaves or is visited by other cats. Of course, last night she was able to observe the murder in the courtyard below with her own eyes. With a slight tremor in her voice, she describes a formless bizarre shadow that suddenly fell upon Tomtom (whom she of course does not know by name) who was sitting in the moonlight. It was gray and similar to a cat, but with distorted, warped contours and proportions, and at least three times as large as a normal cat! It seemed to come directly out of the moonlight and tore that poor, pitifully screaming cat into pieces in seconds. Then, finally, the monstrosity fled with something in its mouth, disappearing from view. It was definitely no dog; of that Madame is 100% sure. She sees enough dogs crossing the back courtyard. This was something else. What, she's in no position to guess.

The first Murder: The French Hill Crime Scene

Across from the gloomy Bayfriar's Church (\$707) which crowns the hill here, old brick houses crowd against each other. On one of his customary constitutionals, Benjamin found Sammy, a middle-aged black tomcat, torn to pieces here on South French Hill Street, in front of a house of Irish immigrants. He dragged him laboriously with his teeth one street over to a small, overgrown vacant lot where he buried him. The characters can locate the decomposed body there, but they will glean no new information from it.



French Hill

If they prowl a while around the houses, with some Luck, they will hear children playing and talking about a “gray monster” (requires successful **Human Language** rolls) that they’ve recently seen sneaking through the streets at night. It screamed really horribly (in reality, this was Sammy’s death shriek), which woke up a little red-haired boy who rushed to his window, seeing it streak down the street to the south with something in its mouth. This little red-haired boy, the characters can learn by simply following him home, lives in precisely the house in front of which Benjamin found Sammy dead.

Possibly the characters will become interested in examining the genuinely uncanny Bayfriar’s Church (\$707). This boarded-up building of dark brick dating from the Nineteenth Century sits atop French Hill and has been closed up for generations. No one knows why anymore. It’s left up to the Keeper if any further clues can be taken away from here. Perhaps there’s a room hidden in the church where the Cat from Saturn keeps the dogs it kills?

The Second Murder: The Crime Scene Down By the River

Not all that far from Bayfriar’s Church, specifically at the northern foot of French Hill on the river, was the second murder, or so Benjamin heard from a nameless cat. Because they will have no detailed information, the characters will have to prowl around between the old warehouses, storage sheds, and piers, seeking to make contact with local cats. Although almost all cats enjoy roaming around by the river to scrounge up one sort of delicious fish or another, there is an indigenous community of rough, solitary cats, all quite strong. They speak a rather raw slang, but aren’t fundamentally hostile to other cats. They pursue their own interests and regard most anyone who enters their territory with mistrust, especially since the murder, since someone must be responsible for it.

Asking around, the characters will eventually be referred to Ricardo, who found the body, along with two cronies. They will find Ricardo sitting in a rowboat tied up on the dock behind the shack bearing a sign reading Arley’s Boats. (Bert Arley rents small boats and canoes for a dollar a day, for example to fisherman. Sometimes

to smugglers - \$501). Ricardo is a large dark-gray tomcat with slightly unkempt, somewhat longish fur, and some scars on his face which he bears proudly. With him are both his pals, Tick-Tock and Ahab, similarly crusty guys who are under Ricardo’s control and serve as his henchmen. This little cat mafia proves to be quite chatty, if the



Ahab, Rarely Cheerful

characters can make clear their Status, or if not, can at least Persuade them to talk.

Ricardo will then recount in a deep voice their collective patrol of their territory recently.

“Wasn’t far from here. There he was, that guy, literally torn to pieces on some rotting fishing nets that were covered in his blood. Black as pitch he was, poor devil, and his heart, they tore it right out of him and took it with them, looks like. Sad. Very sad thing. We dragged him down to the water and put him in the river. He didn’t need to be out there for everyone to see.”

Asked if he or one of his mates saw or heard anything unusual that night, he remembers having been woken up once that night when the fleas were biting. When he’d rid himself of the pests, he fleetingly noticed a very strange smell, like rotten eggs or that strange yellow chemical, what do the humans call it, sulfage?

These guys have no more information to offer. But if it eventually comes down to a fight with the Cat from Saturn, the characters could do worse than to have Ricardo & Co. at their side. The characters should get in good with them!

The Third Murder: The Laundry Crime Scene

At 152 East College Street stands Keenan’s Laundry (\$717). It’s almost always warm and humid here, due to the quantities of hot water, steam, and machines (steam presses), etc. In addition, there’s an intense smell of detergent in the air, which dulls the senses after a while. It is utterly unlike rotten eggs or sulfur, however.

Here, almost any time of day, the characters will meet the mother cat Phyllis and her boys (as of yet unnamed). Phyllis is still quite horrified by the discovery her kittens made while playing, but she will discuss it enthusiastically. One morning while roaming around, her kittens found a horribly butchered corpse of a cat behind the laundry buildings. He was lying between stacks of wooden pallets

False Leads

If you require or desire to have the characters follow some false leads (or to set up a future adventure), Ricardo could mention “an old thing” that Bert Arley was mixed up in. A few years ago, some college students rented a boat from Arley and made their way to the deserted island. This island (\$401) is in the Miskatonic south of West Water Street between the North West Street Bridge and the North Garrison Street Bridge. On the island they then sacrificed some cats and dogs that they’d bought from a pet store to some devil or demon in a bizarre Satanic ritual. The whole affair came to light and the police investigated. Although it was a while ago and has nothing to do with the current events, a visit to the spooky island could be quite exciting. A moss-covered altar stands there amid a circle of old stones, and it’s said that the witch Keziah Mason and her familiar Brown Jenkin lurk around there... What the characters find there is left up to your imagination. If you don’t want to expand the adventure unnecessarily, you can easily omit this trail.

in front of the delivery door and was already quite stiff. The kittens naturally ran completely terrified to their mother (“and they’re still jittery today!”) who finally went to look herself, still skeptical, along with Benjamin who happened to be visiting.

They were able to observe how an employee of the laundry picked up the cadaver with gloves and walked off in the direction of a garbage can. The little ones hadn’t exaggerated. Phyllis and Benjamin saw clearly that the whole flank of the poor, black cat had been torn open. Was the heart missing? She can’t say, but given the appearance, anything is possible.

Phyllis and her kittens have nothing more to tell. The garbage can has long been emptied, and the body must have ended up at the dump. Benjamin can tell roughly the same story, but he dared to actually look into the can and is positive that the body was missing the heart.



Keenan's Laundry

General Clues & Trails

Humans

Except for the people at the crime scenes themselves, the inhabitants of Arkham are not discussing anything that relates to the cat deaths. Anyone eavesdropping around will always hear one or another rumor about strange shapes in the night, or that terrible dog next door who recently bit the mailman, and the like. There are weird people aplenty in the city, and no doubt someone or other will complain about Fester Montague at some point, but there’s no reason that the characters will take any notice. He’s just one of many oddballs whose neighbors don’t care for them. But if the characters have already come across his name in their inquiries, they will likely find the rumors a confirmation.

Eavesdropping characters can make a collective *Luck* roll at the least-luckiest character’s percentage and *Listen* rolls when roaming the streets to see if they can hear people talking about strange individuals or bizarre events. If they do hear someone talking, they need another collective *Luck* roll for the observation to have anything to do with Fester Montague or the Cat from Saturn (the smell of sulfur, a giant stinking cow, or the like).

Dogs

If the characters ask around a bit whether there are particularly vicious dogs in the area, they’ll get more names than they expect. “Killer,” “Azrael,” “Digger,” and “Rocko” are all names of more or less feared Bull Terriers, German Shepherds, or other dogs of impressive size, strength, and, now, stupidity... Of course there are many dog owners in Arkham and such breeds are show up here and there. When asked, many cats will tell the characters about a mean neighborhood dog that once chased them up a tree “and almost bit my tail off” and the like. One or two of these curs may even have caught and killed an incautious cat. When they look into such dogs, they will find that they generally are kept in cages in their owners’ yards or in a kennel. It will justifiably come to seem very improbable that one of these dogs could be loose at night in the city.

Old Arthur

Strays are a bit different. Feral dogs of all breeds are constantly wandering into the city, poking around in search of food, and then disappearing again. Maybe the murderer is one such vagabond of a particularly malevolent disposition. Inquiries among fellow cats will yield the answer that unknown vicious strays have been seen now and again, but they seldom remain on the loose for long. If they don't disappear of their own volition, they're locked up by the dogcatcher. If the characters dig deeper into the topic, some cats, very young ones for the most part, will bring up the legend of "Old Arthur," which the characters may have been told themselves in their younger years if they lived in Arkham. The story of Old Arthur is one of those fairy tales (with a kernel of truth) that is told to children to scare them or keep them from doing stupid things ("otherwise Old Arthur will come and take you away...").

According to this legend, during the Civil War a powerful black stray dog, allegedly the dog of an Arkhamite fallen on the battlefield, which had accompanied him into battle and torn the throats out of the Confederates, supposedly came back the city. Now this beast, trained to kill, named "Old Arthur" after its master, returned and in a few weeks its rage and thirst for blood claimed the lives over 20 cats and other dogs. Some brave cats supposedly managed to track him to the abandoned farm of his former master where he was hiding out and locked him in the cellar, where he finally was said to have eventually perished. According to the story, a few weeks later someone looked for Old Arthur but didn't find him, his body, or any trace of him... Because there were no more killings, everything calmed down. Only the legend remains to give shivers to naughty kittens...

The characters may consider this an interesting lead. If this is the case, do not discourage them. Let them find the abandoned farm outside of town and make their way into the cellar, eventually finding the skeleton of a dog under some junk. Make this as scary as possible, with spider webs, dust, damp, eerie sounds from rats and other vermin. Let one of the characters suddenly crash through the junk to find himself directly in front of the horrific teeth of Old Arthur—of course, it's his bare skull... This episode has no significance for the plot proper and is simply a diversion and false lead. It can be completely omitted, if you like.



Prowling through Arkham

Unusual Observations

Similar to the listening-around-humans (who of course can't be directly questioned) tactic, the characters will likely also want to keep an ear to the ground among cats to hear if anyone has seen anything strange recently.

This type of "inquiry" shouldn't be too simple, and all information ascertained should remain extremely vague. To begin with, it requires a combination of *Luck*, *Status*, and *Persuade* rolls for the interviewee to remember something comparable and to get them to talk about it. In how far this information actually possesses significance remains questionable.

Subsequently, they will gather a series of rumors which only partially have to do with Montague and the Cat from Saturn.

- ♦ There were once a couple students who sacrificed cats and dogs in a horrible ceremony on the island in the river (see the box "False Leads" above)
- ♦ The old hag Nanny Bumfield (222 South Peabody Avenue) is said to have something against cats. Anyone who comes near her feet gets kicked or hit with her walking stick. Or both. Or worse.
- ♦ Archibald recently disappeared for a couple days. His friends were worried until he reappeared and told them that little Lea Ann Thompson (333 South Sentinel Street) picked him up off the street, thinking he was incredibly cute, dragged him home and kept him locked in her room. It took a while for him to arrange his escape. Archibald doesn't like to talk about what Lea Ann did with him during that time. (Styled his fur, dressed him in doll clothes, adorned him with bows, etc.)
- ♦ A few nights ago, Jimbo was sitting on the roof of a house saw a dog or a very (very!) large cat raced through South Powder Mill Street, disappearing between the houses. It was somewhere between house numbers 550 and 580 or so.
- ♦ Sissy, who lives on the corner of East Washington and South French Hill Streets reports that the house across the way reeks terribly of rotten eggs. She's never investigated why. (Which is good, because the people across the way are quite slovenly and grubby and have simply left a bunch of rotten eggs on a compost pile. They have no dogs or cats, nor are they otherwise suspicious.)
- ♦ Theodore the tomcat reports that Fester Montague of 560 South Powder Mill Street has walled up the window to his cellar. Which is a pity, because there were always plenty of mice in the musty, dusty basement, before he started with all the locks, glass flasks, and old books...

Further Crimes

The characters' investigations will take some time, with one or more nights passing. If the characters are out at night, independent of where they are, there's a certain chance that they will encounter the Cat from Saturn. The Cat will, in general, be on the hunt in a wide radius around the house of its master. If the characters linger in this

radius or around a murder site (perhaps lurking to see if the killer returns to the scene of the crime?), then there's a base chance of 5% per hour on the first night after Tomtom's death. Because the Cat from Saturn is hunting between 10 p.m. and 4 a.m., on the first night there's a maximum chance of 6 hours $\times$ 5% = 30% that the characters run across it. The second night, the base chance doubles to 10% per hour, and the third night it increases to 15%, etc.

Roll whenever the characters are in the right (?) place at the right time. If they are, it then depends upon who sees whom first... Make a group *Luck* roll. If they succeed, they can try a *Spot* roll. If that succeeds, they have spotted the Cat from Saturn before it can discover them.

If they are unlucky, then make a *Spot* roll on behalf of the Cat from Saturn. If it succeeds, then it has discovered the characters. If they have explicitly and successfully managed to Hide, then the Cat from Saturn's chance drops but never to lower than 30%.

Then, depending upon who has spotted whom first and how the characters react (attack, follow, stop a murder, ferret out the ambush, etc.), many different scenarios can play out which cannot be discussed here in detail. Remember that the Cat from Saturn is indeed powerfully strong and dangerous, but it will not start a fight with three or more cats simultaneously, if discovered. It is not sly enough to divide up the group deftly and take on the characters individually. If it is discovered by a larger group, it will therefore withdraw carefully, prudently avoiding being followed, and looking for another hunting ground (which reduces the characters' chances of finding it again to the base chance for the entire rest of the night).



The Cat from Saturn

If it comes to a *mélée*, the Cat from Saturn will employ all means at its disposal and will set upon the probably unprepared characters ferociously. If possible, some of them will be wounded. The characters should realize that their chances in a straight-up fight with this unknown opponent are quite bad. Plans for setting a trap have little chance for success, given that time is short and the area is quite large (and the Cat from Saturn has learned its way around very well).

None of the characters should be killed in the first encounter. If they blunder too badly, the Cat from Saturn can disappear without a trace (!) at an opportune moment. It will not be as scrupulous if one of the characters is a black cat—its victim for the night?

Presumably the characters will attempt to circumspectly follow the Cat from Saturn. In such a case, *Sneak* and *Hide* rolls are necessary in order not to be spotted. Don't forget to roll now and again for the Cat from Saturn (*Listen*, *Spot*, etc.), and to test if it might not be more attentive than the characters. Conceivably they could follow the beast back to Montague's house and see Montague let it back in through the back door (after it "knocks" by throwing its powerful body against the door a few times to let him know it's back).

It's up to you as the Keeper to decide if the Cat from Saturn has found a black cat as prey that night, and if the characters have to try to prevent this murder.

Whether or not the characters discover or observe the Cat from Saturn, it has a 50% chance of finding a victim and perpetrating another killing. The circumstances and location in which the dead cat is found are left up to the Keeper with the sole restriction that the deed must have taken place within a half-mile radius around Fester Montague's house.

They players may come up with the (good) idea of forming a kind of "militia" of cats patrolling the street in pairs or packs, keeping their eyes open, reporting strange events to the characters, and trying to intervene if observing further attacks.

Insofar as they have a chance at succeeding in this, it's first dependent upon Status. The higher their Status, the greater the chance that they have influence and leadership ability to mobilize sufficient cats for this enterprise. According to their Status, up to a 100 "cat's-paws" can be recruited. For every 1% of Status, one cat can be recruited (e.g., 46% = 46 cats). But they must succeed in their Status roll first! If it fails, only easily impressed cats equal to a fifth of their Status are at their disposal. If they roll 00, no cats will join. If they succeed with a 01, then an additional number of cats equal to a fifth of their Status join up!

Let the players organize their militia, create watch plans, and so forth.

A Suspect

The characters can get on the trail of Fester Montague and the Cat from Saturn in many different ways.

One might be drawing inferences from the distribution of the crime scenes and assume that point of origin of all the evil lies at the center. Of course, in order to deduce any of this, they must find a map of the city. Let your players show a little creativity in finding such a map, unfolding it, and the like. Clever players might remember (*Idea* roll) that in the town square and in front of the university library are signs with city maps on them. Not that a passerby might find it strange if a pack of cats were sitting attentively in front of the signs, studying them intently and meowing back and forth as if conversing...

The result will not be definitive, if they try connecting the murder locations with straight lines or the like. Eventually more dead cats may be found moving closer to the "center." The Cat from Saturn is quite comfortable in this area. The victim by the river was almost too far away from its master and was a half-hearted attempt at escaping his spell (of course without success).

If you examine the map, another murder southeast of Montague's house will refine the pattern.

There are other ways of coming onto Montague's trail. Nightly observations, persistent questioning about strange events, and so forth can lead the characters to 560 South Powder Mill Street.



560 South Powder

Mill Street

The windows of this brick house are constantly obscured by dirty, tattered curtains and are usually closed. To look inside, a character can climb a crooked tree in front of the living-room window on the ground floor and climb out on a branch almost to the window. He will also need some Luck, because this branch was half ripped off by a storm which is why it hangs so low. The weight of a cat could bring it down.

Even if this succeeds, there's not much to see because of the curtains already described. A **Spot** roll discloses the silhouettes of furniture and occasionally a form moving in the room. The windows above it on this side of the house are completely covered inside with fabric and are completely opaque to curious gazes.

The house is on a tiny, grassy lot among many similar houses. The lawn is neglected. Dead leaves, old branches, rusty garden equipment and more are lying around. Almost hidden under the weeds, a paved path leads for a few yards from the sidewalk to the porch and front door. The porch and front door are reached by a few steps, because the ground floor is raised about 18 inches, with a cellar below. There are small windows to the basement, but they've all been amateurishly walled up with brick and mortar. The rear part of the house underneath the kitchen does not have a basement.

Permit the characters to roll **Sense Danger**, and their fur will stand on end, because scary vibrations emanate from this house, like a lair of evil...

Floorplans of Montague's house can be found in Appendix 1.

In the Warlock's House

It's likely that one or more characters will attempt to search the house from inside, looking for clues. The following description of all the spaces in the house emphasizes possible problems that particularly affect cats (closed doors, etc.). On principle, Montague keeps all the windows shut when he's not at home. Once in a while, he has to air the place out a little, but he's always home at the time.

All the windows have sashes that must be lifted. The front and back doors are of course always closed. The doors inside the house, on the other hand, are almost always left ajar, either half- or wide open. Exceptions will be mentioned explicitly. Doors that are only closed, but not locked, can of course be opened by jumping up and manipulating the doorknob, if a cat has that trick.

The house is completely wired for electric lights, but there are some candles and kerosene lamps here and there, mostly as decoration or in a storage room.

Ground floor

Porch

On the porch sits an old rocking chair, obviously not used in a long time and falling apart. There are two windows looking into the living room and hall. The porch is surrounded by a railing from which a cat could look into the windows which have obviously not been cleaned in a long time.

The porch is built of wood and is quite old. It's possible for a couple old boards to give way, dropping an incautious character into the crawlspace. Underneath the floorboards are a dead bird or mole or two, weeds, dirt, and a basement window that Fester apparently didn't bother bricking up. If you look at the map of the basement in the appendix, it's the leftmost of the two windows. Fester didn't bother walling it up because it can't be seen from the outside, and from the inside there's been a cabinet in front of it for a long time—since his childhood. The back of the cabinet is heavily mildewed from damp, so shrewd characters can use it as an opportunity to penetrate the basement. It will require some serious scratching, which might not come off particularly quietly. And once in the cabinet, a cat will have to make a **Luck** roll to ensure that last time Montague took his overalls out he left the door a bit ajar and didn't close it so it latched.

The space between the cabinet and the window and wall is too small for even a slim cat to squeeze into, avoiding the interior of the wide cabinet altogether.

Front Hall

Inside the front door, there's a staircase leading up to the second floor directly to the right. Further doors lead to the kitchen, living room, and study. Next to the kitchen door is a door on the right under the staircase. It is always carefully kept closed and locked. Behind it, another staircase leads down into the cellar.

Living Room

Montague doesn't spend much time in the living room. In it are a worn old couch, a number of chairs, a large table, some small tables in the corners on one of which sits one may hear in wonder a radio. On the walls hang pictures, some small, some large, including some family photographs, mostly faded. On cold days, the fireplace gives off a cozy warmth. If there's no fire in the hearth, a character will land exactly here if he audaciously attempts to enter the house by means of the roof and the chimney. He'd need to be very good at Jump or the 'Land on Paws' trick in order to make it down uninjured. Next to the fireplace are a few logs.

Study

Montague spends most of his time here, when he's not in the cellar. He pores over new books that he's acquired from one antiquarian or another. The most important books, however, are all in the cellar. All the others are in the shelves that cover almost every square foot off wall in this room. Almost all of them have to do with the occult in one form or another. They are almost entirely rubbish. In the center of the room is a large desk with a lamp, covered with files and notes. Montague tries to collate supposed facts from various sources, making hair-raising connections between this and that, but only a little bit of his studies are of real use. An observer will find the documents covered in uneducated handwriting and passably good drawings and sketches. It all reads quite weirdly and revolves around rituals for lengthening one's life, summoning demons, and that sort of witchcraft.

The bookcases offer the characters opportunities to leap around and hide in, especially when Montague is sunk in his work again.

Kitchen & Bathroom

Even Fester Montague has to eat. The kitchen is furnished spartanly, with a wobbly kitchen table with four chairs; a sink; an oven fired with wood or coal; shelves on the wall with spices, bags of flour and sugar, coffee cans, etc.; a pantry cabinet (reasonably full); and an old-fashioned icebox. The bathroom is reached through the kitchen. It's relatively narrow but has a cast-iron bathtub and toilet. The kitchen sink serves for hand-washing. The bathroom window is of frosted glass, quite small, and always closed except after Montague bathes (which is quite infrequently).

The same is true for the back door through which one can enter the kitchen. The kitchen windows are also usually closed unless Montague has just cooked something.

The outside of the back door is covered with many fresh scratches, obviously from something with very large, very sharp claws.

Upstairs

Hallway

The hallway is at the top of the stairs. The balusters of the banister are widespread enough that a cat can fit through. A leap from here to the ground floor should pose no problems. The hallway opens onto the rest of the rooms on this floor. A trapdoor in the ceiling leads to an attic which Montague never uses and which contains only dust and spiderwebs. Otherwise, there's a small storage room off

the hall in which boxes of old clothes are stored. The door to this room is always closed but not locked.

Bedroom

A large double-bed with a worn-out mattress that once belonged to his parents is where Montague sleeps at night. Next to a closet full of clothes is another cabinet, an old-fashioned commode with a mirror, basin, and water jug for washing up. In the slightly open drawer (which could be pulled open by an intrepid and skilled cat) of his nightstand, Montague keeps a loaded but ancient .32 revolver with five bullets, which he doesn't know how to shoot very well, as well as pill boxes of unidentifiable pills. Cats may well be able to use the revolver but only as a team, having tricks like 'Throw Things' to hold the gun whilst a cat with 'Open Doors' pulls the trigger. The base chance of cats hitting anything with the revolver is 10%.

Out one window is the roof of the small back porch and bathroom addition. At night, Montague keeps both windows closed, but during the day they are usually half open.

Under the bed sits an old, unused chamber pot that still stinks of urine; otherwise, there is only dust, lint, dead bugs, and lost socks.

Storage

Montague has moved a bunch of old furniture from other rooms into here, covered them with once-white, now very gray sheets. Some of the sheets cover paintings that once adorned the walls, rolled up-carpet, and boxes of clothing belonging to Fester's parents. Montague almost never goes in here, and the door is normally closed but not locked. Under all the junk and the sheets is a good hideout! However, a character in a hurry can easily overlook a vase on a table covered by a sheet and knock it over, which might attract Montague's attention.

Room

This was once Montague's parents' bedroom, before he pushed their bed into his room and put all the other furniture and effects, along with his old bed, in the storage room on this floor. The door is always closed but unlocked. The windows are covered with thick black fabric which has been carefully nailed around the frames. In case of emergency, should sharp claws make short work of the fabric, the windows behind them are always shut.

The room is almost completely unfurnished except for an old lectern that could function as a bookstand (though it does not at the moment). This lectern stands facing a pentagram drawn with white chalk on the bare hardwood floors. Montague copied it out of a book and drew further symbols around it in order to give it more "magical power." Here is where he attempts to conduct his occult rituals and here is also where he took the potion that knocked him for days into the Dreamlands, whence he returned with the Cat from Saturn. Around the pentagram are a bunch of candlesticks with partially burnt black candles in them, each a different length. These candlesticks are tin and copper and they clatter very well if anyone knocks them over. This is also true for the black-painted bowl between two candlesticks on the floor on the opposite side of the pentagram from the lectern. Easy to miss, it's used for burning incense, the scent of which sensitive cat noses can smell still hanging around this room.

Basement

The basement stairs end in a small area divided from the rest of the basement by a dark gray, improvised curtain. In this room there is, as described above, a cabinet in front of the one basement window that hasn't been bricked up. A switch on the wall at the end of the steps turns on the light in Room 2. Otherwise, there's almost no light from the outside, except from the window behind the cabinet-for cat eyes, however, it's probably sufficient!

Room 1

This was once the laundry room, which is why there are still a vat, washboard, and a number of wicker baskets, as well as a completely dusty pile of bed linens. Montague keeps the Cat from Saturn locked up in here because he's afraid of it and is unsure how much power he really has over it. The sturdy wood door is locked tight, and Montague carries the key with him at all times (along with all the others). Only at night, when he lets the Cat from Saturn out to hunt victims, is the room open.

The Cat from Saturn sometimes takes out its fury on the furniture, which looks correspondingly damaged. It has built itself a bed out of old sheets, on which it rests. On the floor lie the remains of food-bones and gristle from scraps of meat that Montague brings it. In addition, it stinks horribly of sulfur or rotten eggs-stronger than anywhere else! It easily comes to the fore of all the strong, bad smells in the room.

Room 2

In this part of the basement, Montague has set up a little alchemist's laboratory.



Fester's alchemy laboratory

Filled with tables, cabinets, free-standing shelves, and shelves made of boards on the walls, the room contains dozens of preserves jars filled with all sorts of obscure ingredients (carefully labeled), glass flasks in various shapes, distilling apparatuses, little basins, a bunsen burner, rubber tubing, and so on and so forth. It's the typical laboratory of a mad scientist, if you will (only Montague is more a bumbler than a scientist). In a closet with the door ajar, there are, among other things, two large sealed glass containers filled with a preserving agent-and the heads of Montague's parents! (Lose 0/1D3 Sentience.)

In amongst all the clutter are more handwritten notes, and in one of the glass vessels the characters will find a preserved organ looking like a heart, maybe from a cat?

The notes here, if successfully read, will indicate that Montague requires a black cat's heart for a brew that will supposedly help him reach the Dreamlands. The characters have found the main motive behind the murders. Further notes are concerned with the Cat from Saturn which at first terrified Montague, who then became elated when he realized that it is apparently at his service. If he could only summon more of these "cat demons!"

Montague can frequently be found down here experimenting. He's on the wrong track with the cat hearts, but believes that, because he's identified the demon as a "cat from Saturn" based on an ancient grimoire titled Petersen's Field Guide to the Creatures of the Dreamlands, a cat heart seems like a logical ingredient.

There are a lot of places to hide here, but also a lot of things to knock over, making a huge racket or even setting off a chain reaction! An orgy of destruction in Montague's absence would set his work back appreciably. Should he find out that cats were responsible, in his fury he will set the Cat from Saturn loose on the cats of the city indiscriminately...

Many of the substances in the laboratory are poisonous or otherwise dangerous if touched (like acids). All-too-curious characters should take care with their paws and sensitive noses! Their noses are already taxed enough, as it stinks of all sorts of unpleasant things down here.

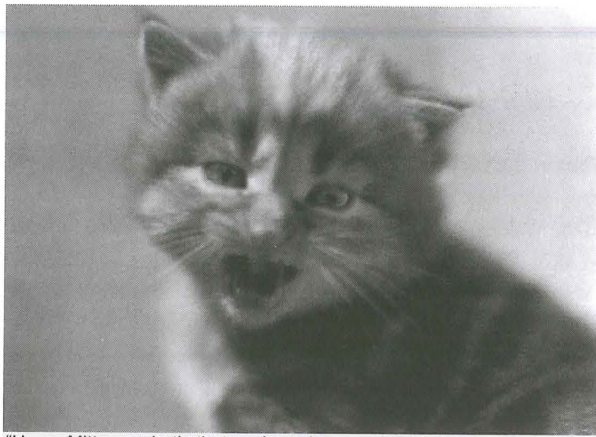
Taking the Initiative

At this point, it's relatively open how the characters take on the now-identified threat. The Keeper is consequently presented with only a few of the possible routes to a resolution here. There's no way to cover every conceivable option in this limited space. If you have exceptionally creative players who try a very unusual approach, you will probably have to improvise. With the information at hand, even this eventuality shouldn't pose too great a problem.

Warn the Humans

The so-called Lassie Method (aka The Flipper Syndrome). Anyone who's afraid or can't figure out what to do can call in the Can Openers. The difficulty here: how do you tell them? Meowing, scratching, and hoping that your master says, "Hmm, Mittens, what's that you're trying to tell me? Or show me? Has Timmy fallen down an abandoned mineshaft and a rotten timber pinned his leg? Is that what you're telling me with 'meow, mrrrow, grrr?' Well then, I'm on my way!"

That only works on TV or in books. But maybe it'd succeed by stealing something valuable from a human right in front of him, in order to lure him down the street, maybe right into Montague's cellar? It's surely a difficult method, but maybe others will occur to the group. In any case, the equipment in the basement and certainly the sight of the Cat from Saturn will make a master more than suspicious and evoke a response from him (calling the police, or the like).



"Hmm, Mittens, what's that you're trying to tell me?"

If this succeeds and leads to the elimination of Montague and the Cat from Saturn, the characters each receive 1D8 points of Sentence back.

Another possibility is trying to alert the authorities themselves directly. Cats with a decent Human Lore will know that the police are the party responsible for keeping order among the Can Openers. If they can find access to a typewriter (preferably with the paper already loaded) or some news print to tear up, perhaps they can compose an anonymous note to the cops. How the police will react to a note reading...

deer poliz
badd maan kilz cattz. 560 soth
pau dr mll rod. go rest hmi.

...is up to the Keeper.

An Attack in the House

Attacking Montague and killing him would allow the Cat from Saturn to disappear from the Waking World. Of course, it's extremely unusual for a group of cats to be able to kill a person. Even if their brutal plan succeeds, this path will cost the characters 0/1D4 Sentence. If the characters follow a particularly gruesome or bloody path in the Keeper's opinion, it'll cost 1/1D6 (at your own discretion). The elimination of the Cat from Saturn will bring 1D4 of those points back. If Montague's body is found and it's clear he was killed by cats, it will bring down the police down on the cats of the city to find the vicious ones who apparently killed a poor old man. Also not entirely advantageous. Perhaps the characters could succeed in making it look like an accident or perhaps a robbery that ended in murder? Of course, he doesn't have to die. Perhaps it would suffice to threaten him in such a way that he understands that he can't continue and should try to free the Cat from Saturn.

Because Montague keeps the Cat from Saturn locked in the laundry room unless it's out on the hunt, it will not be able to come to his aid, if the character's attack takes place on another floor and Montague isn't able to open the laundry-room door. The Cat from Saturn would be happy to be rid of him, but is forced to be loyal to him by a magical bond, and will have to assist him if he's attacked.

Attacking the Cat from Saturn itself in the basement offers it the same potential opportunity to flee that it has in an encounter

on the street. Of course, in this situation, with its back to the wall, it will fight especially aggressively and mercilessly, which the Keeper should take into account. In no respect will it show fear. The more attackers, the more wildly it will fight. If the characters succeed in killing the Cat from Saturn in a fight, they receive 1D8 SEN for this impressive success. One hopes they will not suffer too many losses, making their victory hollow.



Attack Outside the House

An attack on the Cat from Saturn would transpire as described above in the chapter "Further Crimes."

An attempt to take Fester Montague by surprise, e.g., on one of his walks to an antiquarian or while shopping could attract the notice of passers-by or residents. It will likely be very unwelcome if a pack of cats' attacking-much less killing-a human will draw retaliation against the cats of the city. Hordes of cats following him threateningly everywhere he goes and other creepy gestures can scare Montague and unnerve him. The more insightful the characters are here, so much more effective is the intimidation and perhaps the success. A solution without corpses and carnage should be rewarded with 1D8 points of Sentence. If Montague dies without the characters' directly causing it (a heart attack, being killed by the Cat from Saturn after taking the drug and returning to the Dreamlands), they still receive 1D6 points.

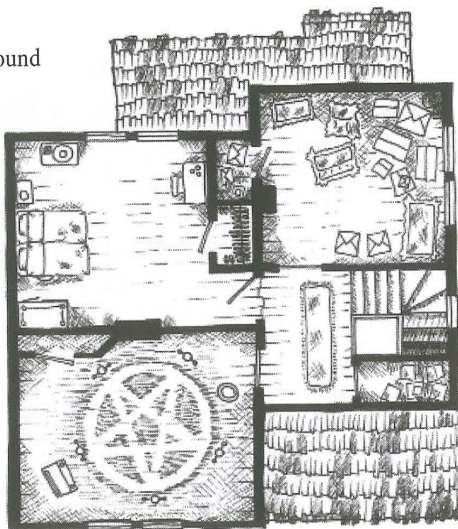
Can't We All Get Along?

The Cat from Saturn is not here of its own free will, but it is absolutely hostile to other cats and is in no way "ready to negotiate." Such approaches will be answered with furious assaults.

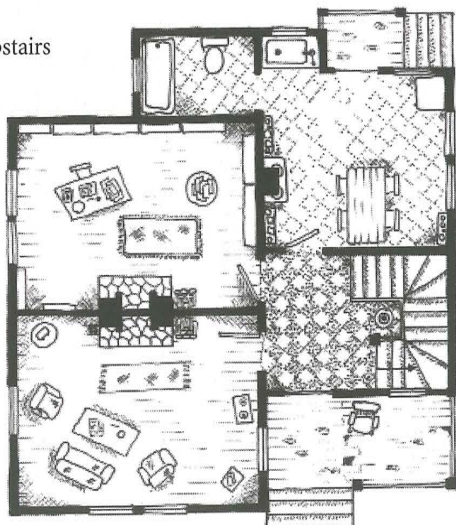
Appendices

1 - Montague's House

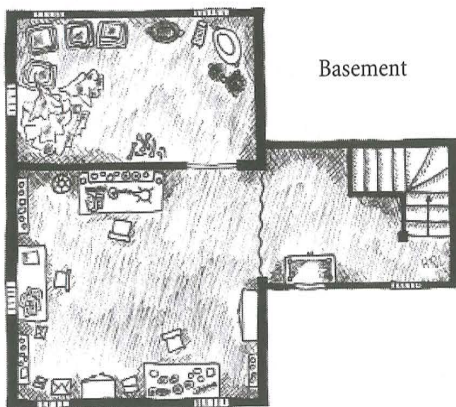
Ground



Upstairs



Basement



2 - Non-Player Characters

The Cat from Saturn

Unhappy about its existence having to carry out Montague's wishes in the Waking World, the Cat from Saturn is just waiting for him to take another drug transporting him to the Dreamlands (Montague is incapable of reaching the Dreamlands on his own). When that happens, the Cat is freed from the spell and will tear Montague's sleeping body to pieces, then return to the Dreamlands to kill his dream-self. If Montague dies, i.e., in an accident or by the characters' actions, it immediately disappears back into the Dreamlands, to the dark side of the moon. This Cat from Saturn isn't particularly large (only SIZ 3); usually, they're significantly larger. It seems to be a young one that Montague's dream-self (in the Dreamlands, he's a "real" warlock and sorcerer) duped and made the cat his servant with a spell that unfortunately brought it with him to the Waking World when he woke.

The Cat from Saturn

STR 14	CON 10	SIZ 3	INT 7	POW 15
DEX 18	Move 9			HP 6

Damage Bonus: +0

Attacks: Bite 45%, damage 1D6

Scratch 60%, damage 1D4+db

Armor: None. Blunt weapons only inflict minimal damage.

Spells: None.

Sentience Loss: 0/1D4

Fester Montague, mad occultist

Montague has been described sufficiently in the introduction. It should be re-emphasized that Fester is anything but a master of the occult. He considers himself one, however, and is convinced that his "researches" will ultimately provide him with wealth and power over other men.

Fester Montague, mad occultist

STR 9	CON 12	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 10	APP 9	EDU 11	SAN 23	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Attacks: Knife 35%, damage 1D4+db

Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db

Fist 50%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 05%, History 20%, Library Use 55%, Listen 40%, Occult 50%

These floorplans are also available as a free download from *Worlds of Cthulhu's* website at <http://www.worldsofcthulhu.com>

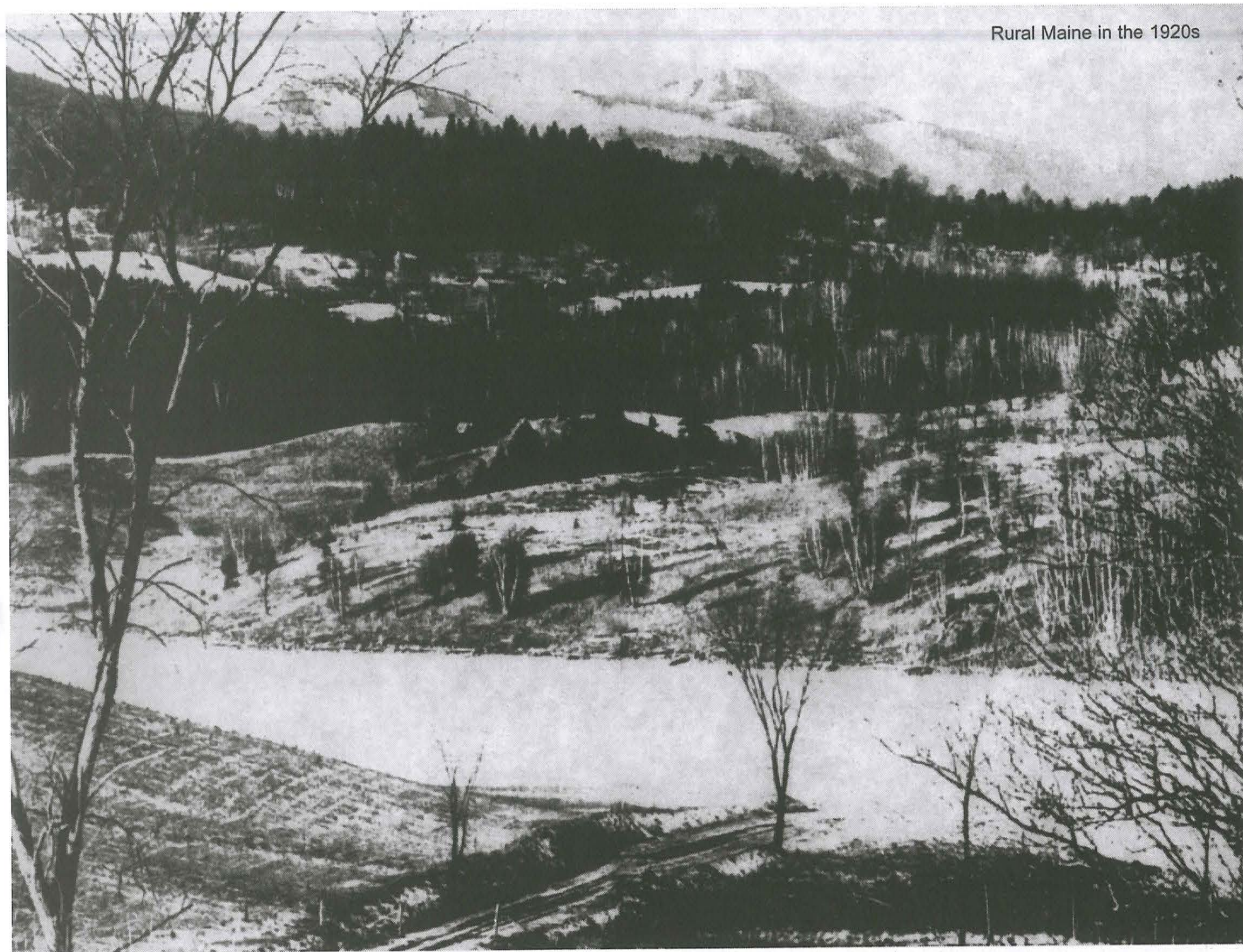


A Twenties scenario set in Maine by Frank Heller

The Horrible Lovely House in the Woods



Translated from the German by Bill Walsh



Rural Maine in the 1920s

Location & Prelude

This adventure is set in northern Maine, where the forests are rambling, ancient, and funereal. The small settlements are scattered like tiny dots amidst the huge expanses of North America's forest primeval. Nature looks on indifferently at man's small gestures of defiance, narrow roads cutting through the woods' murky twilight. Nevertheless, vast swaths of this wild, Ogygian wilderness remain untouched by the pressure of human civilization.

Approximately 70% of Maine's surface is forested, with the only open land a strip along the coast. The forested regions of Maine are also hilly to mountainous, which is to say quite inaccessible and remote. Deer and moose call them home, as do black bears. Cottontail rabbits, squirrels, raccoons, and skunks share the woods with them. Beavers build their dams in the rivers which flow down out of the mountains, and muskrats live along the river banks.

The forbidding appearance of Maine's woods is heightened by the many fir trees and their dark shadows. Fully two thirds of the woods are composed of pine and spruce; deciduous trees are primarily represented by black-cherry trees and white ash.

Our story begins in those enormous, primordial forests where a man can cover hundreds of miles without running across a single sign of civilization.

It is late summer, 1926. The characters are driving through Maine in a car. Why they're driving along the rutted, bumpy roads

between the little hamlets and backwoods villages that rarely consist of more than a dozen houses huddled around a little church and general store isn't important for our tale.

Consequently, the Keeper has the opportunity to integrate this scenario into his own campaign as a tangential adventure if the characters happen to be traveling through the back country of Maine. The House in the Woods is equally good as a stand-alone adventure. In this case, the Keeper has to come up with a reason for the characters to be driving through the forests of Maine at night. Perhaps the characters were invited to a wedding in a small town and are returning to Boston or New York. Perhaps they're seeking out a surly old man in his little shack in the woods, having heard that he was guarding some old books containing occult knowledge, or they're on the way back from such a trip. If neither of these are congenial, perhaps they have visited a friend who's taking the cure in a sanatorium in this quiet, secluded area. Even a simple courtesy call on an acquaintance or a birthday party would work.

In other words, the Keeper's hand is completely free in setting up the adventure.

However it happens, the characters set out on the trip back as darkness is falling. They're driving their own car or, if they do not own one, a borrowed or rented vehicle or conceivably a hired car with a driver. In the last case, the Keeper must be ready to play the taxi or limo driver as a non-player character.

If there are a large number of characters, they'll necessarily take two cars, which is unproblematic for the adventure. More than two cars, however, should not be permitted, because the accident which

will soon befall them presumably won't affect all of the cars, and a functioning vehicle will likely divert the adventure's intended course.

In any case, the Keeper should have the players describe where they're sitting in the car, i.e., driver's seat, passenger seat, back seat, or conceivably even a rumble seat. In order to arouse as little suspicion as possible in the players, it's perhaps judicious to schedule some adventuring before The Horrible Lonely House in the Woods, so that they're caught unawares.

Night has fallen in the meantime, the moon is high in the night sky, and scattered clouds scud past, concealing it. The characters' car rattles happily over the bad Maine roads. They expect to be at their destination in a few hours. This could be home, or conceivably they're hoping to find a hotel in the next town since they couldn't find lodging in the area they were visiting.

Players' Introduction

This section can either be read directly to the players or described in the Keeper's own words.

At the beginning of your drive, lively conversation mixed with raucous laughter and silly jokes. Since then, silence has descended. You all slump in your seats, exhausted, staring into space. The car rumbles over the rutted roads, bouncing through potholes and over frost heaves. Mostly you're driving through heavy forests in which a deep darkness reigns, blotting out the moonlight. Only your headlights cut a wedge of light out of the blackness. Your driver stares into the night, concentrating on avoiding the deepest potholes-and not always succeeding.

The dull hum of the motor keeps alternating with a high whine when the car gamely attempts yet another steep climb. From the back seat, not much more than gray, flitting shadows can be distinguished from the blackness of the night. Who can say what might be lurking out there in the impenetrable dark of the endless woods at this very moment, watching you?

Events Take Their Course

The characters have been driving through the night in the Maine woods for quite a long time, tired and staring into space. The road goes up and down again and again, hill after hill on the often unpaved roads. But then something happens, abruptly snapping the monotony of the drive.

The characters' car has just climbed a hill and is coming around its side. The driver, concentrating on the section of road ahead illuminated by the headlights, has failed to see the figure lurching from the pitch-black woods onto the street towards the car. A man in a dressing gown, face contorted with madness, leaps from the roadside into the headlights' glare, throwing up his arms, presumably trying to signal the driver to stop. This happens so suddenly that the driver can barely brake, much less swerve to miss him. The driver must make a **Drive Auto** roll.

If it succeeds, he can jerk the wheel, and the car steers onto the embankment on the left side of the road, clatters down a short, steep drop, and crashes head-on into a large pine tree with a loud, metallic crack and screech. The fishtailing rear of the car unfortunately clips the man on the street and tosses him several yards in the air. The characters in the car must make a roll against DEX×3 in order to only lose 1D4 hit points. Otherwise, they are severely flung around in the crash and lose 1D6 hit points. After the collision, absolute silence reigns.

If the **Drive Auto** roll fails, then the driver can't react quickly enough and the car runs straight into the man, whose body thuds dully into the radiator grille. The car's occupants glimpse his horrified, uncomprehending expression for a fraction of a second before his body drops under the automobile. The driver reflexively jerks the wheel, the car jounces over the man on the ground with a rumble, goes down the hillside and slams into a tree with the above-described effects. The characters take damage exactly as in the case of the successful **Drive Auto** roll described above.

Additionally, the sight of the terrified man being hit and run over requires Sanity rolls as well: the passengers lose 1/1D4 Sanity points; the driver loses 1/1D6 Sanity points.

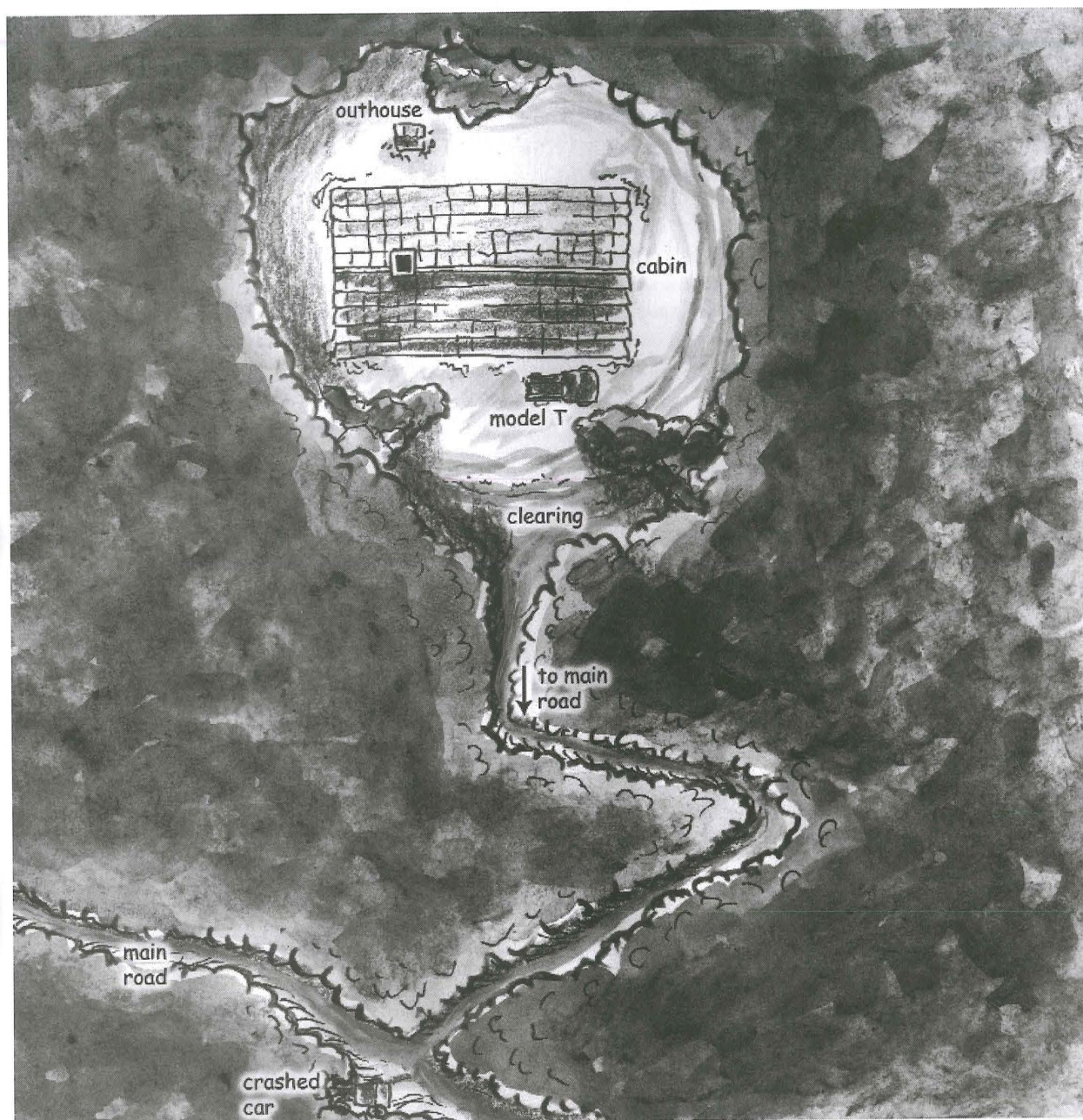
If the characters are in two cars, the driver of the second car must also make a **Drive Auto** roll to avoid running over the man suddenly lying in the road. If his roll succeeds, he swerves (there's no time to brake to a stop) and the car slides under the overhang and crashes into a tree, with effects as above. If he fails the roll, his car bounces over the man, goes into a skid, and slams into the back of the first car, already sliding over the embankment, pushing it even further down the hill and into the tree. The effects are as above with the **Drive Auto** roll failure. Moreover, the occupants of the first car have to make another roll against DEX×3 because of the additional collision. If that fails, they suffer additional injuries amounting to 1D2 HPs. The SAN loss for driving over the man lying in the road is 1/1D3 Sanity points for the passengers and 1/1D4 Sanity points for the driver of the second car.

Finally, everything is still. A final squeak of metal sounds and a punctured tire hisses quietly. Groaning, the characters climb out of their wrecked vehicle. They quickly reach the man in the road. He lies motionless in the street, face and dressing gown covered in blood. He is a forty-ish man, unshaven, with blonde hair. He is of average stature, wearing a dark blue dressing gown and gray, dirt-encrusted slippers.

A **First Aid** or **Medicine** roll tells the characters that the man is severely injured but still alive. They can detect shallow breathing and a weak pulse. A further **First Aid** or **Medicine** roll can carefully rouse the man from unconsciousness. The injured man can do little more than moan softly, but with a **Listen** roll a character can make out that he's repeatedly whispering "Help," and that he once says the name "Jack."



The man in the middle of the road



The injured man's face reflects panic, confusion, and madness. With a **Medicine** roll or halved **First Aid** roll (i.e., a roll at half the skill's value), a character can determine that the lacerations on the man's arms and legs were not caused by the accident, but were pre-existing. His dressing gown is covered with his own, fresh blood, but even more so with old, crusted blood. (The latter is Jack's. See below.)

A careful examination gives no more clues, except that the man wears a wedding ring. If it's taken off his hand, which might be considered extremely tactless, it's possible to read the inscription on the inside. It reads Linda – August 23, 1913.

Inspecting the characters' car(s) quickly reveals that driving on is impossible. The car is sturdy and not all too badly damaged (only a couple tires are unsalvageable), but the characters can't get it up the steep slope back onto the road. The earth is loose here and the car dug itself in fairly deeply, when it left the road. Pure muscle power isn't going to move it.

On foot, it would surely be several hours of trudging through the woods at night to reach the next little town.

The characters will now try and take care of the seriously injured man. Because there's no way to take him into town by car, and carrying him down the road would take hours, the best choice will likely appear to be to find out where the man came from, in the hope of finding a telephone or a suitable means of transportation. Whether the characters take the injured man-Thomas-with them or leave him by or on the road has interesting consequences for the course of the adventure, but either way, he'll die fairly soon of the severe internal injuries that the characters can't detect.

In any case, the characters will initially look around the area. With a **Spot Hidden** roll, they'll spot a dim glow between the trees on the side of the road from which the man leapt in front of the car. They'll find a small dirt path wide enough for a car winding up the hill to its summit. With a good flashlight and a **Track** roll, they'll

also find tire tracks some days old, driving up the path, but not coming back out.

Only 50 yards up, they will come across a dilapidated log cabin in the woods, surrounded by a thick wall of dark evergreens. Warm light beams from one window, and the door is open. A car stands by the door, a new Ford Model T. With a **Spot Hidden** roll, it can be determined that all its tires are flat (punctured). In addition, the starter crank is missing.

Background

The northern forest region of Maine in which the characters now find themselves has been in the sphere of influence of an Indian tribe known as the Abenaki (AHB-eh-nah-kee), an Algonquian-language-speaking tribe possibly composed of a number of smaller tribes who merged after the Old-World-disease epidemics of the Seventeenth Century.

The particular hill on which this hunting lodge was built lies in the tribal lands of an otherwise insignificant Abenaki sub tribe, the Alkondeh Indians, who must have left this area many years ago and no longer exist.

Even before the white man came, bringing new diseases and greater strife, the Alkondeh tribe was reclusive. However, they never had to worry about being wiped out during the frequent and brutal warfare between various Indian groups, thanks not only to their reclusiveness but to the terrible duty that they had to perform and which was well-known to their enemies. Because in the center of the Alkondeh land, a hill rose on whose summit no trees grew, a hill which all the Indians knew to be the prison of an especially evil spirit.

Spirits are almost omnipresent in Indian mythology; it seems as if there's not a tree, rock, pond, or stream that doesn't harbor some sort of spirit. But not all of them are classified as evil; in many cases, they can even help people, if the person knows how to approach them.

The spirit in the Alkondeh's hill is another case entirely. It is stronger than all the other nature spirits, and its sole goal is the spread of death and madness. It is pure evil. It is the Okanda-Hepa.

In order to restrain it, the Alkondeh set up a circle of magic stones on the bald hilltop centuries ago and assigned their medicine man to guard the spirit. After his death, his bones were buried in the middle of the stone circle, in order that his good spirit could continue the guardianship. Thereafter the Alkondeh only climbed the hill on particularly holy days in order to bring the good spirit of the medicine man symbolic gifts to help him keep exercising his guardianship in comfort, e.g., food, clothes, everyday goods.

The evil spirit in the hill was named Okanda-Hepa, "the spirit of the last summer," because it mostly sat passively, waiting in its hill. Only certain years offered it the opportunity to become active at the end of the summer. These years were called years of the last summer. They occurred at approximately 40-year intervals.

As already stated, the Alkondeh tribe no longer exists, scattered to the four winds by the white man. But other Abenakis remembered the tradition and the spirit in the hill, and they conducted the ancient ceremonies for the medicine man's spirit as best they could. Then

in 1889 Nathaniel Fuller, a retired army officer, bought the hilltop land in order to build a hunting lodge on the open summit. He heedlessly tossed the sacrificial goods into the woods and moved the holy stones, using them to build the foundation of his house. In the process, they lost the majority of their protective function. Placed correctly, the stones have the ability to keep the Okanda-Hepa imprisoned in a sort of stasis deep in the hill. As they now sit, built into the foundation of the house, they merely hinder the evil spirit from leaving the vicinity of the hill.

When excavating the cellar, Fuller found the medicine man's skeleton. He hastily reburied the bones, but he found the skull whimsical and kept it as a paperweight. He also kept a pretty little bone flute that the skeleton had on a leather band around its neck. Unknowingly, Fuller had now stopped the spirit of the medicine man from performing his protective duty. Originally, he could keep the Okanda-Hepa from leaving the hill with the assistance of the stone circle. In life, he had his magic flute at his disposal, with which he was able to banish the Okanda-Hepa back into the hill, in case it ever escaped. By separating the head and body of the medicine man's skeleton, the guardian spirit hasn't been destroyed, but he can no longer carry out his task of keeping the Okanda-Hepa in check. His flute will be the only tool the characters have to trap the Okanda-Hepa in the hill again.

Other Abenaki Indians who'd cared for the hilltop since the Alkondeh's demise repeatedly-and vainly-tried to warn Fuller and dissuade him from his project. All of their attempts were met with more or less gentle force. They finally gave up and left the vicinity of the hill, in order to put as much room as possible between themselves and the evil spirit. If the white man was punished for his foolishness, they no longer felt responsible.

Nothing happened for decades. The protective devices were largely inoperative, but the spirit slept on, resting silently in the hill.

But this year, 1926, is once again a year of the last summer. The Okanda-Hepa, the Spirit of the Last Summer, lurks in the hill and tests the weak protective devices. It almost has sufficient power to leave the hill. Almost.

Nathaniel Fuller no longer needs to concern himself with all this, for he died several months ago, leaving the land and hunting lodge to his daughter, Linda Hawthorne. This summer, she wanted to spend a few weeks' vacation with her husband Thomas and son Jack in the cabin, far from the hurly-burly of city life, in the romantic, solitary woods. They arrived five days ago. Linda quickly got the cabin cleaned up and in order. Thomas helped her and took Jack hunting in the woods.

The Indian protective stones, now built into the cabin's foundation, offer a little protection. The Okanda-Hepa can wake but could not yet become active. Unfortunately, while playing in the cellar, Jack cut his arm and some drops of his fresh blood fell on the dirt floor. This accidental blood sacrifice gave the Okanda-Hepa strength. It overpowered the protective runes and became active. Its appetite had grown, and it wanted more sacrifices in order to break free of the remaining magic which bound it to the hill. And it is human blood that gives it strength, particularly that of children, who are full of vitality.

The Okanda-Hepa first possessed Linda, who could offer the least resistance because her psychic defenses were only weakly developed. She punctured their Ford's tires one night and hid the starter crank

in the woods. Then she entered her son's bedroom with a kitchen knife in hand. She dragged the screaming child from his bed down into the cellar. Her husband Thomas awoke in the meantime and arrived in the cellar at exactly the moment that Linda slashed her son's throat with the knife. Horrified, he flung his obviously mad wife aside, but it was too late: Jack was dead. Then he was himself attacked by Linda, suffering defense wounds to his hands and arms. He managed to tear the knife from his wild wife, holding her at bay while he picked up his slain son and fled up the cellar stairs.

Linda recovered and chased after Thomas. He managed to push her down the cellar stairs. With an unnaturally crooked neck, she lay at the foot of the stairs. Thomas had killed his own wife. The whole scene was too much for his mind, which broke under the weight of the experience. He threw the knife down the stairs, brought his son's body back to bed, tucked him in, and told him a bedtime story. He barricaded the trapdoor to the cellar and climbed into bed. The Okanda-Hepa did not become active again that night; it absorbed its newly-won energies and waited for its strength to wax.

The next morning, Thomas went about his daily routine, bringing his dead son breakfast in bed, urging him to eat and chastening him for his lack of appetite. He completely ignored his dead wife in the cellar. His fractured understanding refused to grasp the events of the previous night. He went hunting all day (in his pajamas, because he forgot to change). Acquiring some physical distance from the cabin gave his troubled mind some peace. He gradually realized what had happened the previous night, and as the sun set he returned to the scene of the grisly events.

He attempted to think in peace and quiet. He couldn't get help in the Model T because it was incapacitated. There was no telephone in the cabin. He was in the process of recording his soul's anguish on paper when he heard a car coming down the road. He tore open the door and ran down the forest track. Finally, help! But what transpired is what's depicted above. The Okanda-Hepa, meanwhile, continues to lurk in the hill waiting for a few more victims to free it to spread madness and death across the land. Just a few more victims. And they've just arrived... in the person of the characters...

The Cabin

The clearing in the woods is covered with grass. It's surrounded by large pine trees which appear quite threatening in the darkness at night.

If the characters succeed in a **Listen** roll and a subsequent *Idea* roll, it occurs to them that it's dead quiet in the woods and here in the clearing. There are no animal calls, just the soft creak of the tree-tops in the wind. Animals instinctively avoid the Okanda-Hepa's area of influence, and any character who succeeds on a roll against POW×5 feels inexplicably unwell and threatened.

On the crest of the hill in the middle of the clearing, stands a very large log cabin. The cabin is built of rough-cut tree trunks and has only one story and a flat gabled roof covered with wood shingles. They haven't been replaced since the cabin's erection in 1890 and are consequently somewhat weathered and moss-covered.

The house's windows can be secured with wooden shutters, but at the moment only the bedroom windows' shutters are closed. All the rest are open. The only one lit is the living room; all the other windows are dark. If the characters look through a living-room window, or shine a flashlight through one of the dark windows, the Keeper will find descriptions of the corresponding rooms below.

A brick chimney pokes out through the roof, but no smoke can be seen. The front door is open, with weak light shining from it. The living-room windows are lit up, glowing with the warm light of a gas lamp.

Anyone going around the house will find the back door into the kitchen. It is barred and must be broken open by rolling the character's (or characters') STR against the door's STR of 25. It's easier to force open a window (of STR 15).

At the rear of the cabin, very near the edge of the woods, stands a wooden outhouse. Inside is simply the privy.

Also behind the house stands a large stump, next to which a stack of firewood waits to be split. A large wood axe is stuck in the stump.

An examination of the Ford Model T brings no clues to light. The car is undamaged, but the tires are slashed and the starter crank is missing. By day, characters can hunt for it. With a simple **Track** roll, they'll find a trail of footprints leading into the woods and coming out again. A **Spot Hidden** roll will locate the half-heartedly buried starter crank where the footprints turn around.

The house can be entered without ado through the open front door. An oppressive silence hangs over the house.

The hall is not illuminated, but the door to the living room is open and a square of light falls into the hall from within. This is sufficient to make out the wooden floorboards (in the whole house). The interior walls are also wooden. The ceilings are eight feet high throughout the house.

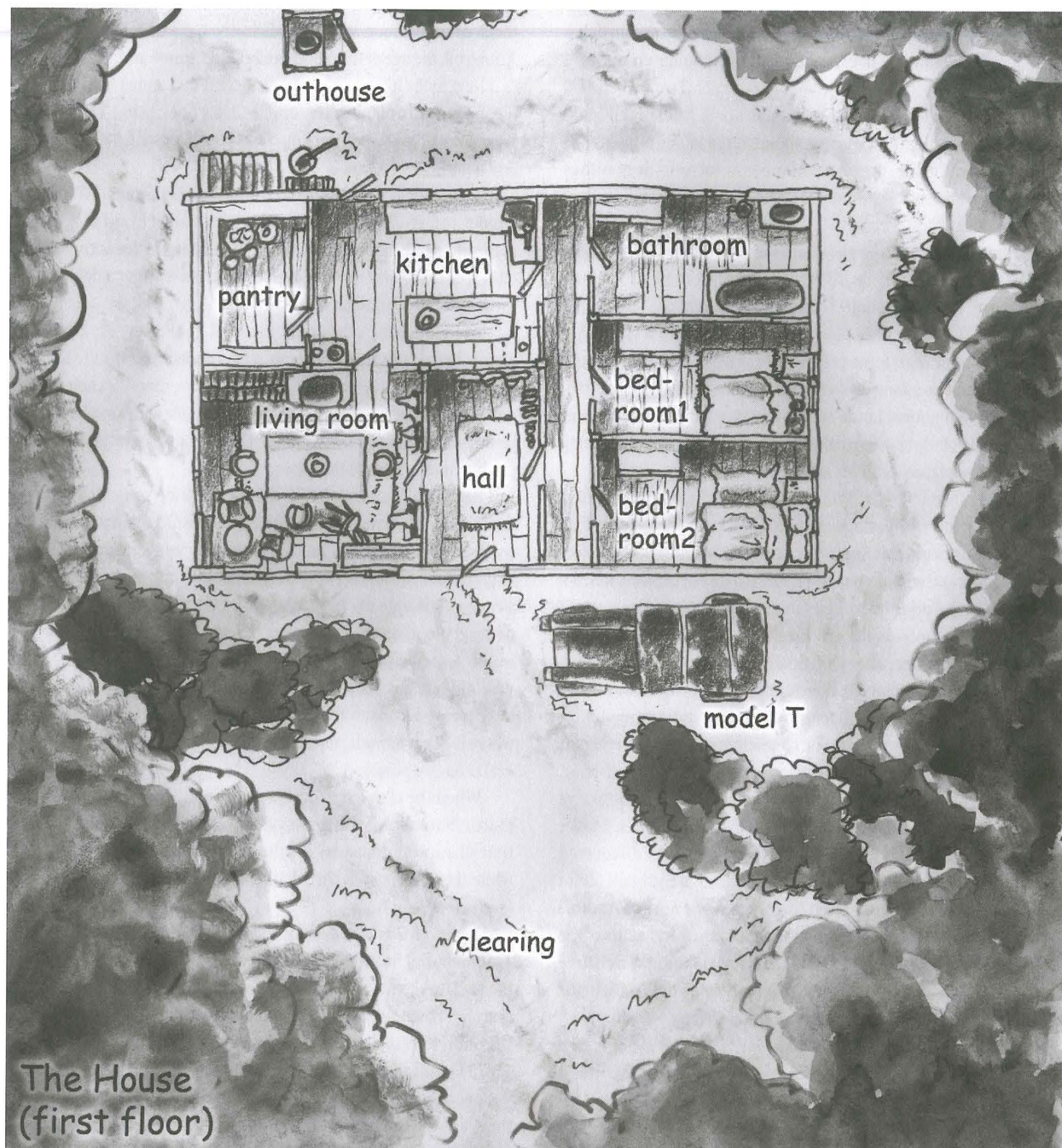
The rear of the hall has plenty of space for a coat rack where women's, men's, and boys' coats hang. Three pairs of women's shoes sit on the floor, next to two pairs of men's and children's shoes. In addition to regular shoes, the man and the child each have a pair of sturdy boots, caked with dirt and mud. Jack and Thomas were hunting in them a day and a half ago.

Thomas wore one of the men's jackets on his hunts. It's heavy because there's a Smith & Wesson M1917 Army (.45 ACP caliber)

What Happens Next

There is no exact sequence of events in the plot of this adventure. This places certain demands on the Keeper, who's obliged to ensure that the characters' stay at the House in the Woods is as suspenseful as possible with the materials at hand. The characters can have an extremely arduous road to the finale, one that's extremely detrimental to their mental health.

What follows is a description of the cabin and an explanation of the nature and capabilities of the Okanda-Hepa. Finally, there's a discussion of what can befall the characters during their stay in the cabin. The appendix contains statistics and handouts.



revolver in the inside pocket. It is fully loaded and there are eight additional cartridges in another coat pocket. The weapon was a “party favor” Nathaniel Fuller brought back from the Great War.

In an inside pocket of another man’s coat is a folded letter from the law firm of O’Reilly & Robertson, which is reproduced in the appendix. On the back of the letter is a simple sketch of the way to the cabin from Bangor. The explanatory comments are in the same hand as the signature on the front. The Hawthornes called upon the attorneys to clarify some questions about their inheritance, and Mr. Robertson drew them the route to the hunting lodge, which isn’t easy to find, on the back of the letter.

With a **Spot Hidden** roll, a panel can be made out in the ceiling, even in the dim light. It is a trapdoor with an eyebolt. Behind the coat rack in the rear of the hall is a broomhandle with a hook attached to the end. It can be used to hook the eyebolt and lower

the trapdoor. A sliding ladder then automatically descends, providing access to the attic. During the day, this is plainly visible without a **Spot Hidden** roll.

The living room is illuminated by a gas lamp on a heavy, slightly battered wooden table in the middle of the room. In the center of the north wall of the room is a large, rough stone hearth, though no fire burns in it. A good-sized stack of firewood is stacked next to it. In front of the hearth is a somewhat worn-out bear trap. Over the fireplace is a rack holding a double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun and a brand new Winchester Model 54 .30-06 rifle. Both weapons are unloaded.

Nathaniel Fuller kept the skull of the medicine man on the mantel. Linda Hawthorne found “that thing” disgusting and hid it in her wardrobe to keep it from frightening Jack.

Three non-upholstered chairs sit around the table. A fourth lies on its back, as if tipped over by someone's jumping up out of it (Thomas did when he heard the characters' car). Two overstuffed armchairs with a little table between them are in front of the south wall. A china cabinet, which also contains some tablecloths, stands against the wall. There are also a number of racks of deer antlers on the walls, a massive stuffed buck's head, and an oil painting of a rearing buck.

A framed picture under glass hangs on the wall. It depicts a man in his late fifties wearing an officer's uniform from the U.S. Army in the Great War. The photo is autographed, reading "Nathaniel Fuller, Col., U.S.A. (Ret.)" in a spirited hand. Next to it is another photo of the same man some years earlier sitting on a bench in front of a house with two young women. This is Nathaniel Fuller circa 1910 with his two daughters, Linda and Emily. When the characters run across the late Linda Hawthorne, they can identify her with the young woman in the picture with an *Idea* roll.

A single shelf is screwed into the wall, bearing a row of books. *In Our Time*, one of Hemingway's early works, is there, as well as various novels about the American Civil War. Among some books about hunting and wildlife, one work seems a bit out of place. It bears the title *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan* (see Appendix). Nathaniel Fuller received the book from a friend as a housewarming present after Fuller had told him about the Indians' ghost stories, the rune-carved stones, and the medicine man's skeleton. The friend thought the book would have to interest Fuller. In the event, Fuller never read it. The characters can find the relevant chapter about the Okanda-Hepa with a *Luck* roll in about a half-hour, once they know what they're looking for (that is to say, after they've studied the hunting diary from the attic). If the *Luck* roll fails, it takes them a full hour to find the passage. If they haven't yet discovered the hunting diary and are simply flipping through the book out of pure curiosity, then with a halved *History* roll, or a normal *Anthropology* roll, they can recall that they are in the ancestral lands of the Abenaki. Thereafter, a *Luck* roll and the corresponding search time will allow the character to find the chapter "Myths of the Abenaki" which contains the story of the Okanda-Hepa. Presumably, however, if they're just looking out of curiosity, the story won't mean anything to them (and the Keeper might merely describe it as a compendium of mythology without providing the handout).

In one corner of the living room, an antique black grandfather clock ticks monotonously, its pendulum swinging back and forth. It chimes on the quarter hour and the hour with a deep, metallic chime.

The kitchen is reached through a further door. It contains a large work table and kitchen cabinets with various kitchen implements like pots, pans, and the like. One drawer contains cutlery, including some sharp knives. There is a sink with a hand pump that, with a little muscle power, provides cold, clear water. A gas lamp on the table serves to light the kitchen, but it's not on at the moment. A wood-fired iron oven which shares the house's only chimney allows for cooking. The back door is secured from the inside by a bar.

In the southeast corner of the kitchen, there is a trapdoor in the floor. Thomas has pushed the heavy kitchen table on top of it, so that one of the legs blocks the trapdoor. With a *Spot Hidden* roll at a -20% chance, a trail of blood drops can be discerned leading to

the door in the floor. With a *Medicine* roll or a one-quarter-chance *Know* roll, the age of the blood can be determined at about 24 hours.

Next to the kitchen is a pantry. It contains canned food, smoked meat, flour, and many other supplies. On a hook hangs Thomas and Jack's most recent hunting kill, three very large rabbits, dead a day and a half.

A corridor leads to the bathroom and the bedrooms. With a *Spot Hidden* roll at -20%, a character detects a trail of blood drops leading from the kitchen door to Bedroom 1. The corridor is completely dark, because it has no windows. Characters without a light source must carefully feel their way down it.

The bathroom offers only minimal conveniences: a bathtub stands here, but warm water must be carried in from the kitchen (in the big pot sitting on the stove). Otherwise, there's a cabinet with hand towels, soap, and ladies' cosmetics. A table with a sunken wash-basin stands next to the window. Over it hangs a large mirror. A pitcher stands next to the basin.

Bedroom 1 is shrouded in darkness. Using some light source, the characters can make out a spartanly furnished room with a simple wardrobe, a nightstand, and a double bed. Someone is lying in the bed. It's Jack, dead, carefully tucked in and his eyes closed as if he's sleeping. The sight of his throat, slit by a kitchen knife, and the traces of dried blood on the bedclothes quickly make it apparent that he is not. A *Medicine* roll reveals that the blonde, approximately ten-year-old boy has been dead for 24 hours. A closer examination of the deceased leads to the discovery of a deep cut on his forearm, where Jack cut himself playing in the cellar. Viewing Jack's body costs 1/1D3 Sanity points.

When the characters find Jack, his body is still stiff with rigor mortis, but soon after their arrival, it will recede. The Keeper should time this appropriately within the course of the adventure, because while the body is stiff, the Okanda-Hepa can't do much with Jack (see below).

Bedroom 2 is also dark. It's similarly furnished to Bedroom 1 next door, but in addition it has an oil painting of a rearing bear on the wall. In the wardrobe are a man's and woman's clothing. At the bottom of the wardrobe are a woman's purse, which contains identification for Linda Hawthorne, giving her maiden name (Fuller), age (35), and address (31 Bellevue Terrace, Boston). A round object wrapped in a scarf sits at the bottom of the cabinet. If they remove the scarf, the characters hold in their hands the skull of Legwasso-Chibai, the Abenaki medicine man, the rest of whose skeleton is buried in the cellar. The skull looks very old. With a quarter-chance *Know* roll or a regular *Archeology* roll, its age can be approximated at 500 years old. An *Anthropology* or *Archeology* roll can determine from the shape of the skull and the condition and manner of wear on the teeth that the skull must belong to an Indian. Linda kept the skull here to keep it from scaring Jack.

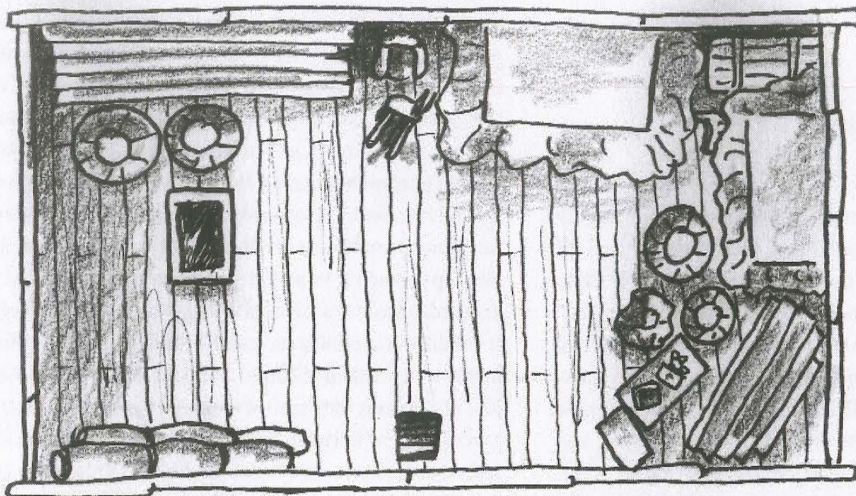
The bed looks used. Thomas's side of the bed, where he slept last night, is completely smeared with blood, now dried. In the nightstand's drawer are two boxes of ammunition for the long guns in the living room, 20 rounds for each weapon. In addition, Thomas's wallet is also in the drawer, with some money and identification for a Thomas Hawthorne, architect, of 31 Bellevue Terrace, Boston.

The attic ceiling is very low. Walking around requires almost constant stooping. It is terribly dusty. All of Nathaniel Fuller's old junk is stored up here, e.g., worn-out shoes, clothing, a broken chair.

Of interest is a wooden chest, with the name Nathaniel Fuller carefully painted on it. The chest is shoved into a back corner of the attic and may be overlooked with a quick look around at night. Consequently, at night a **Spot Hidden** roll is necessary to notice the chest in the dark. During the day, the roll is not necessary.

In the chest are a moth-eaten suit, a well-chewed pipe, a tin of tobacco, a silver pocket watch smashed by a bullet (in the Great War), a bayonet (slightly rusty), and a bone flute (combined SAN cost: 0/1 points). At the bottom of the box is the leather-bound hunting diary of Nathaniel Fuller (see Appendix). An **Own/Other Language (English)** roll is required to read this. Paging through the book takes about an hour. Because the relevant passages are, in any case, at the beginning of the book, the characters can find and read the excerpts reproduced in the Appendix within a half hour. Of course, they won't have the luxury of undisturbed reading time, as will be described below.

The House
(attic)



If the characters push the kitchen table aside, they will be able to reach the cellar by means of the trapdoor. As soon as they lift the door, they will see wooden steps leading down. With a light, they'll be able to see down into an eight-foot deep cellar. It doesn't go under the whole cabin, just under the hall, living room, kitchen, and pantry. The steps are built out of two thick wooden beams with treads (but no risers) fixed between them. Which is to say that someone could stand under the stairs and grab at one's feet from behind...

At the foot of the stairs lies Linda Hawthorne, a woman in her mid-thirties whose head lies at an unnatural angle. She has brown hair and blue eyes. She is wearing her nightgown, which is completely covered in blood. Next to her lies a sharp, equally bloody kitchen knife. If her body is examined, no external injuries can be found, which indicates that the blood on her is not her own. With a **Medicine** or halved *Know* roll, it can be determined that her neck is broken, in all likelihood from a fall down the stairs. Sanity loss is 0/1D3 points. Rigor mortis is still in effect here as well. Like her

husband, Linda is wearing a wedding ring whose inner surface is engraved. Hers reads Thomas – August 23, 1913.

The cellar floor is packed earth. The walls of the cellar have been built out of rough stone. If they are examined more closely (with a **Spot Hidden** roll), some of the heavily weathered stones bear signs of human craftsmanship, with spiral-shaped carvings visible on their surfaces. An **Archeology** or **Anthropology** roll indicates that it's probably Indian work, about 500 years old. With a critical success, the sigils can be attributed to the Alkondeh Indians, an extinct branch of the Abenaki family. A further **History**, **Archeology**, or **Anthropology** roll provides the datum that they were used to protect a magical location. An **Occult** roll reveals that this protective function was probably dependent on a particular arrangement of the stones, in which they surely no longer lie.

The western part of the cellar is full of junk, boxes, suitcases, broken furniture, worn out carpets and curtains, an old stove and much more.

Nathaniel Fuller used his weekend house as a sort of junkyard in order to have more room in his town house in Bangor. Going through all the stuff takes time and yields nothing useful.

The majority of the cellar was used by Fuller as a workshop and for hobbies. It has a heavily used workbench with vices, the walls are hung with a plethora

The House
(cellar)



of tools like hammers, saws, files, and chisels. On the workbench sits an unfinished birdhouse that Fuller was working on shortly before his death.

A long ladder sits along the base of one wall. In addition, nails, buckets, shovels, and hatchets are also to be found.

Two gas lanterns hang on hooks on the walls and refill cartridges for all the house's lamps are in a slightly crooked cabinet. A cast-iron stove stands next to the northern wall, its exhaust pipe winding its way up to vent into the single chimney.

Not to be overlooked is the large, dark blotch on the dirt floor in the middle of the cellar. It can be quickly ascertained that someone lost several quarts of blood here. In addition, it was sprayed with great pressure so that traces can be found on the walls and ceiling as well. This is where Linda, possessed by the Okanda-Hepa, slashed her son's throat.

If anyone digs a little into the earthen cellar floor, they'll find a series of bones buried at no great depth. (**Medicine** or halved *Know* roll reveals they're human.) These are the mortal remains of the Alkondeh medicine man, apart from the missing skull. The remains of some Indian clothing are to be found around the skeleton, as well.

The Okanda-Hepa

Now it's time to discuss the entity responsible for the family tragedy in the hunting lodge: the Okanda-Hepa, the Spirit of the Last Summer. To grasp its origins, it's necessary to look back some thousands of years in history. When the ancestors of the American Indians had only recently arrived on the continent from Asia, a group of holy men, medicine men or shamans from today's perspective, came together and prayed for divine deliverance from a terrible drought. They had run through all the usual methods in vain, and their peoples began to starve. In desperation, they attempted a ceremony that they'd never tried before: the summoning of Asadah, the secret ruler outside the world. They couldn't know that they were calling down Azathoth itself. The catastrophe took its course: Azathoth appeared as an eye of other spheres in the heavens, accompanied by a shrill cacophony of flutes, and traversed the land as a sickly green beam of light. Wherever the beam met the earth, the land was blighted instantly, becoming unfruitful and unusable. Lakes and rivers dried up or became dead salt deposits. Azathoth spent a long time crossing North America, from west coast to east coast, until it suddenly disappeared, returning to its court outside the spheres on an insane, incomprehensible whim. It left behind a barren wasteland in which almost no life at all could survive. According to an obscure Indian legend, such an event was the origin of the deserts in North America.

Where Azathoth touched the earth, fragments of his being remained, each possessing a self-contained, insane existence. These fragments of Azathoth lodged in the earth are recognized in various Indian religions as evil spirits even today. Not coincidentally, they are found at marked elevations in the landscape (hills, mesas, mountain peaks), because that's where Azathoth grazed the earth. Almost all of these fragments were relatively tiny and weak: spirits bound to locations to which their baleful influence was limited. But at least one larger piece of Azathoth was absorbed by the earth, when it grazed the White Mountains, the snow-capped range in

Maine. There lies the origin of the entity that the Indians know as Okanda-Hepa, a fragment of Azathoth in possession of an insane intelligence and the only goal of which is spreading death and madness. The Okanda-Hepa moved across the country, but required long pauses for rest. It required roughly 40 years of rest for every year of activity. Some scholars believe that Pueblo Indians retreated to their isolated, hidden fortresses not to escape enemies, but fleeing from the Okanda-Hepa. They intended to leave their hiding places after it was banished.

About 500 years ago, the Okanda-Hepa returned to its point of departure, the mountains of Maine. At the time, the Alkondeh tribe resided there. They would suffer greatly under the Spirit of the Last Summer. The young medicine man of the tribe, called Legwassochibai ("He Dreams of the Ghost") for his single-minded dedication to defeating the spirit, had no medicine to use against the spirit, and so he traveled to a council of tribal elders to learn from other medicine men. He swore only to return when he had found medicine to use against the spirit. He traveled the land for almost 40 years, met many wise men of other tribes, until he finally returned to his people as an old man with the knowledge of how to subdue the Okanda-Hepa. He arrived just in time, before another "Year of the Last Summer" came around in which the spirit would be active. The Indians moved their camp to the summit of a hill in which they wanted to trap the Okanda-Hepa. They placed basins of water all around in order to have mirrors in which to see when the spirit was watching them. When everything was ready, the old medicine man took up a magical bone flute which he had enchanted using the knowledge accumulated in his lifelong wanderings and began to play. It was an overwhelming success: for the first time, the spirit appeared in the flesh, writhed in hatred and pain, and was banished into the hill. The Indians then erected magical stones with enchanted spiral carvings on the hill in order to keep the spirit in the hill for all time. A few years later, when Legwassochibai felt his time coming, he instructed that he be buried in the center of the stones with his flute so that, in case of emergencies, his spirit would stand ready to combat the Okanda-Hepa forever. He bound his soul to his body in a difficult ceremony, so that it would not depart at death. For centuries, the medicine man's good spirit has been watching over the hill. Only Nathaniel Fuller's separating his skull from the rest of his skeleton has stopped Legwassochibai from being able to complete his appointed task. And he will only be able to help the characters if they re-inter his skull with the rest of his bones.

The Okanda-Hepa awakes every 40 years and checks its bonds. This year, they've gotten very loose...

The Okanda-Hepa is now active again, though the presence of the magic stones (in the cabin's foundation) does keep it from moving beyond the vicinity of the hill. But the blood sacrifice of the child has made it so strong that it can act tonight. Its goal is to obtain enough blood to be able to act in the daylight again. The blood of two humans is sufficient. Otherwise it can only act between twilight and daybreak. For a successful sacrifice, it's not sufficient to force a possessed individual to kill himself, or the Okanda-Hepa could achieve its goal very easily. No, not only must a non-possessed person serve as a sacrifice, but it must consist of a living, non-possessed person whose blood is spilled out onto the cellar floor to be efficacious in strengthening the Okanda-Hepa.

In addition, the magical inscriptions on the stones which still weaken it must be destroyed to finally free it from the hill. To this end, it will attempt to take over a character in order to use him to destroy the runes with hammer and chisel. If he succeeds, the stones' last protective function will fail. If it achieves all its goals, it can move freely and fall upon the settlements of humans once again.

As a fragment of Azathoth, the Okanda-Hepa has no form that can be recognized by the human mind. For humans, the spirit consequently appears-when it can be glimpsed in reflective surfaces-as a naked, sinewy, wolfish, Indian-looking man with wiry gray hair. He has a repellent, lurking expression on his face and long yellow teeth.

Providing statistics is unnecessary, because the spirit can't take on corporeal form.

For purposes of controlling it, it has a Power of 20. At the beginning of the adventure, it has 40 magic points. For every murdered sacrifice, the Okanda-Hepa receives as many additional magic points as the character had Power.

The Keeper can be liberal on this point: the rules shouldn't stand in the way of a suspenseful game. Consequently, the Okanda-Hepa should use all of the abilities necessary as long as it makes sense within the story. But the Keeper must be careful not to misuse the Okanda-Hepa's abilities, because it can be surprisingly easy to wipe out the entire group. Ideally, the Keeper can employ the Okanda-Hepa in such a fashion that the characters can eventually and with great difficulty banish the evil spirit, while suffering some losses to sacrifices; this can be a tense, meager victory in a head-to-head race with the Okanda-Hepa, with the player characters finally emerging, bowed and bloodied, as victors.

Characteristics & Abilities of the Okanda-Hepa

Having awoken from its decades-long sleep and finding its bonds slackened, the Okanda-Hepa can now fall back on a small set of powers available to it in its unbound state. It will use its abilities prudently in attempts to achieve its goals. It is worth noting that the Okanda-Hepa cannot apply its abilities in an unlimited fashion, because it uses energy in the process, gradually exhausting itself. This is represented by the loss of magic points. As said above, an experienced Keeper should feel free to ignore the rule mechanism here, keeping roughly in mind how strong the Okanda-Hepa is at any point and employ its abilities freely in order to evoke the greatest possible horror.

The Okanda-Hepa's abilities are described here in two groups: First, there are skills that the Okanda-Hepa can and will use all the time and which do not cost it many magic points. Second, there are those that it will draw upon if a good opportunity presents itself or if it wants to stop the group from taking a course of action against it. This division is only a crude guideline for the Keeper to have at hand, but of course it doesn't have to be strictly observed. An experienced Keeper will apply the Okanda-Hepa's skills flexibly to scare the players. More on this may be found below in the chapter "Events in the Night."

First Group:

- ◆ The Okanda-Hepa can create illusions that encompass all the senses, e.g., sight, smell, sound, touch and taste. Depending on

the complexity and quality of these illusions, they'll cost it between 1 and 5 MP. Blood running down walls is one conceivable effect. Another could be something like a thin, black branch emerging out of a knot in the wooden wall with slimy purple buds which open up into feathery leaves. Finally, a blossom opens with the reek of putrefaction, dripping pus which smacks down onto the floor. The illusions can also affect the characters directly. Horrible, suppurating boils can appear on them, eyes can open on their whole body, tentacles can grow out of their mouth, or they can appear to suffer grotesque injuries like an exploding stomach, leaving the characters around them draped with their intestines. Or perhaps a character's teeth turn yellow and black, and upon closer examination little blind white worms are winding through the hollow, rotten teeth. Or, the characters spot a red stain on one of their friends' backs. If he takes off his shirt, it reveals a pulsating, bloody boil, swelling with ever more pus, and then finally bursting with a dull pop. Perhaps a character's skin starts to slough off like badly applied strips of wallpaper, baring the wet red flesh beneath. All these illusions will fade after five minutes at most. And after the characters first recognize an illusion as such "because of the time-lapse," they have a chance to see through all future illusions with an *Idea* roll at -30%. Sanity losses for the illusions should range between 0/1 and 0/1D6 points, as the Keeper sees fit. As long as an illusion isn't seen for what it really is, a character loses hit points from a purported wound. But the loss isn't real and is "recovered" at the end of an illusion. Even a "dead" character wakes up in a few minutes, completely unharmed.



- ◆ The grandfather clock in the living room offers the Okanda-Hepa several possibilities. It can, stop the clock, make it chime unceasingly with a hellish din, or make it run backwards, etc. The Keeper should note that this is not an illusion but is actually taking place. SAN loss is 0/1D2 points. For maximum effectiveness, the Okanda-Hepa can use it in conjunction with another illusion: so the hands can spin faster and faster like a maelstrom

while the characters all suffer the illusion that they're rapidly becoming much older, more fragile, and finally collapse on the floor, dead from old age.

- ♦ It has the ability to create poltergeist phenomena. It can move objects, flap shutters, make loud noises like threatening footsteps, and throw small objects through the air (20% chance to hit, damage no more than 1D3 HPs, SAN loss for all the effects together: 0/1D3 points). This costs the Okanda-Hepa no magic points.
- ♦ It can animate the stuffed deer head in the living room, making it look around and snort. This costs it one magic point.



- ♦ The Okanda-Hepa will impede any attempt to flee the cabin by night by "moving" a ring of bushes and vines around the cabin, building a sort of thorny wall. It will do this as soon as the group is searching the house. It will build the barrier of bushes on the edge of the woods, so that it can't be seen from the house at night.

The characters will first notice the barrier only when they try and flee. The wall is not just an obstacle; it will attack any character who tries to move it. Particularly clever characters may attempt to flee over the wall with a ladder into the heights of tall trees. Such characters will learn that the Okanda-Hepa also controls the trees' branches. Any of these plant attacks has a 30% chance to hit and inflicts between 1D2 and 1D6 hit points of damage. There are simply too many plants to destroy them all, so no statistics are given for the "possessed flora." The whole plant-and-tendrils set-up costs the Okanda-Hepa 8 magic points.

Second Group:

- ♦ The Okanda-Hepa can take possession of humans and use their bodies like marionettes. It must succeed in a POW vs. POW test on the resistance table. If it succeeds, it spends 5 magic points and takes possession. Possession can not last longer than an hour. The Okanda-Hepa can only control one person at a time. At the end of the possession, the formerly possessed person has no memory of what's transpired in the meantime. Anyone seeing a possessed character and realizing that he's possessed loses 1/1D6 Sanity points. The Okanda-Hepa can possess an insane character without a POW vs. POW test. Consequently, it will preferentially take over a temporarily insane character.
- ♦ The Okanda-Hepa can also animate the bodies of the dead, like puppets. This also costs 5 magic points. Sanity loss for viewing this varies (see Appendix). It can even animate the rabbits in the pantry, costing it only 1 magic point. The animals can't get loose from the hooks on which they're hung in any case. Anyone seeing this loses 0/1D3 Sanity points. The Okanda-Hepa can simultaneously possess as many corpses as it cares to.
- ♦ It is particularly difficult for the Okanda-Hepa to manipulate the bodies of living humans in its still-bound state. It will use it as a last resort, and only if the characters have found the bone flute, restored the medicine man's skeleton, and a character begins to play the flute. That character's teeth will begin to vibrate, at first inconspicuously, then faster, rattling against each other, and finally smashing into tiny white splinters. The character's mouth is suddenly filled with blood and he suffers agonizing pains, which drive him to the brink of unconsciousness. That character is incapable of playing the flute. This will cost the Okanda-Hepa all of its remaining magic points, no matter how many it has at this point. If the characters refuse to give up, it can no longer stop them. The victim of this attack will need some good false teeth in the future and loses 2 hit points. He loses 1/1D4 Sanity points and witnesses lose 0/1D3.

In addition to these skills, the following characteristics should be taken into account:

- ♦ If the Okanda-Hepa has taken possession of a person, it can be detected by viewing the person's reflection. Instead of the person's normal reflection, the mirror (or other surface) shows a sinewy, naked, hairy man with wild, wiry gray hair, a lupine, predatory face, and long, yellow teeth. (This is how humans see the Okanda-Hepa.) This happens with any reflective surface, e.g., a window when it's dark outside. SAN loss for viewing is 1/1D6 points.

- ♦ The Okanda-Hepa can watch everything that the characters do on the hill, because it “resides” in all inanimate objects in its area of influence, i.e., everywhere on the hill in the woods. It can also possibly interfere early on. The Okanda-Hepa cannot understand human speech, and so can’t eavesdrop on the characters’ plans. The characters can notice the Okanda-Hepa’s watching them. They can observe the above-described lurking figure leaning around a wall or standing behind the characters in any reflective surface. Of course, there’s no one there when they turn to look at the reflection’s source. SAN loss is 0/1D3 points.



- ♦ The Okanda-Hepa’s most significant handicap is that it cannot take on corporeal form.

Events in the Night

The group will presumably carry Thomas Hawthorne carefully back to the hunting lodge. It would be helpful to put together a stretcher or litter, which isn’t hard to do using a blanket and some branches. The obvious course of action is to lay him in his bed in the house, possibly leaving a player character to sit by his bedside.

In any case, they’ll look around the house, finding Thomas’s writings in the living room and getting an initial idea of the tragedy that must have played out here.

The entry to the attic is consciously placed as it is, so that the characters will likely check it out last—which is good, because the decisive clue is to be found in the trunk.

During the first phase of the inspection of the house, the Okanda-Hepa will conduct itself fairly passively. It observes the characters (which they may notice in reflective surfaces which, as noted above, convey an image of the spirit). In one playtest, the characters saw the figure of the spirit reflected in the living-room windows, and they were unable to tell whether the shape was outside the window or inside near the characters. When the characters later find the hunting diary and read how Nathaniel was terrified by the Indian looking through the window, they will conceivably assume that they’ve seen an Indian lurking outside the house—a misleading assumption, to say the least. It’s most effective, moreover, when only one player glimpses the Okanda-Hepa at a time, in order to bring the uncertainty factor into play. If the spirit realizes that it’s been seen, it withdraws. Looking back at the surface, the figure will be gone.

Meanwhile, the Okanda-Hepa will erect its barrier of bushes around the edge of the woods in order to make escape impossible. This obstacle will only be noticed if the characters take a light down to the edge of the woods, because the barrier sits in the absolute darkness of the shadows of the high pines. It is also to be noted that the starter crank for the Model T lies beyond the barrier’s perimeter, which is to say it’s unreachable for the rest of the night.

As the characters’ investigation progresses, but before they’ve found the hunting diary, the Okanda-Hepa begins to instill fear in them. It will rely upon illusions, though beginning with relatively harmless effects (blood from the walls, minor injuries, the pus-dripping branch, but nothing as dramatic as the stomach bursting). The grandfather clock might begin to show irregularities, though the aging vision shouldn’t come into play yet. Poltergeist phenomena can appear in moderate amounts (more to scare than injure the characters). At the end of the investigatory phase, some animation of the deer head and the dead rabbits in the pantry (their whimpering might be noticed by a **Listen** roll from an adjoining room) can occur.

In general, none of the characters will be taken over at this point. Possession should be saved for later as an unpleasant surprise. In one playtest, the situation arose that the group had sent a character into the cellar alone (!) in order to fetch some refill cartridges for the living-room gas lamp. Once in the cellar, the character was possessed by the Okanda-Hepa and began to destroy the magical protective stones in the foundation with a chisel. His colleagues found their friend in the cellar doing so, after several minutes of nervous waiting upstairs.



In this phase of the investigation, the Keeper must show some acute sensitivity to the level of suspense. If the Okanda-Hepa does too little, the characters can come across the hunting diary without any greater scares and begin the banishment of the spirit. In that case, the scenario is "too easy." Conversely, escalating the haunting effects too dramatically leads to the characters simply reacting to them, without looking further around the house. Thoughts of any possibility of banishing the spirit tend to recede into the background. The characters might think that burning the "haunted house" to the ground, for example, will solve all their problems. Since they'd effectively destroy the hunting diary, the skull, and the flute in the process, there is no possibility for a successful resolution of the scenario. Ideally, the Okanda-Hepa will hinder the characters during their search of the house but ultimately won't stop them.

When the characters have finally found the hunting diary, the Okanda-Hepa will employ the remainder of its skills. Now it's in earnest and will barely leave the characters enough peace to read the book. At this point, it will begin using the Hawthornes' corpses as tools. Linda and Jack's bodies will no longer be subject to rigor mortis, and Thomas will have died from his internal injuries in the meantime without ever regaining consciousness.

In playtests, it proved more effective to have the Okanda-Hepa take over all the bodies roughly simultaneously and deploy them against the characters, rather than using them sequentially, allowing the characters to deal with them more easily.

Something like this is conceivable: Thomas (whom the characters falsely believe to be injured and still alive) gets out of bed and goes out the back door. He takes the wood axe out of the stump and attacks the characters when the opportunity presents itself. The Keeper might even enjoy having Thomas spend a little time with the characters, who will doubtless make a fuss about him and want to question him, not realizing that he's already dead. (The Keeper should keep in mind that the Okanda-Hepa can neither understand nor speak English, so none of the possessed corpses will be able to, either.) It will be useful for the Keeper to keep in mind that the Okanda-Hepa knows exactly where each character is at all times. It

can consequently plan the corpses' assault so that they take on as many isolated individuals as possible.

Jack arises from his deathbed and, if possible, arms himself with a sharp knife from the kitchen. If the cellar door is still blocked, he will let his mother out of the cellar. It's also imaginable that the characters will hear the dead mother knocking on the cellar door from below. If they open it, they won't see anyone below, because Linda will hide under the stairs. If a character goes down, she will grab his ankles from behind through the steps, sending him tumbling down the stairs, then attack him with a chisel or other tool from the cellar.

Keep in mind that, while the Hawthornes will arm themselves as best as possible, they will not use firearms, because the Okanda-Hepa does not know how to use them. Possessed corpses might use the long guns in the living room as clubs.

Also during the "reading phase," the Okanda-Hepa will possess one of the characters, one with as little POW as possible or one who's already insane. The possessed character will attack another character at the moment most opportune for sacrificing him to the Okanda-Hepa. Or perhaps he'll disappear into the cellar in order to take a chisel to the magic stones.

Finally, as soon as the characters reconstitute the skeleton of the medicine man and have begun the flute melody, the Okanda-Hepa will use its last weapon, bursting the teeth of the flautist. If the player characters don't give up, the Spirit of the Last Summer will have no further ability to stop them.

The Solution

Fleeing into the night is, as seen, an extremely remote possibility, because the evil spirit can use its powers anywhere on the hill, not just in the house.

In the case that the characters do not defeat the spirit but survive the night, they've also "won" unless the Okanda-Hepa received two human sacrifices, in which case it is able to be active in the daylight. Otherwise, the spirit returns to its rest at daybreak. The characters can use the Model T to flee, since it's easy to find the crank once the bush barrier disappears at dawn and the tires can be patched. Possibly the tires of their own car(s) are also compatible (although some will be damaged, they doubtless have a spare). The characters can then drive to the next town and have survived. If the car's not repaired, the characters have a long hike ahead of them before they leave the evil spirit's area of influence.

Ideally, however, the characters will trap the Okanda-Hepa. To this end, they have to take the skull from the bedroom wardrobe and reunite it with its body in the cellar floor by burying them together. Soon after, Legwassso-Chibai's soul returns to his remains and appears as a ghost to the characters. A smoky vortex of air will rise above the buried bones, and a wise, wizened, ancient Indian will step out of it. He is partially translucent (SAN loss: 0/1D4 points). Now the characters need the medicine man's flute. The ghost explains to the characters using gestures which holes they need to cover to play the melody they need. He will help them until they have played the melody. At that point, the Okanda-Hepa will attack as described

above to prevent the completion of the melody (particularly using the tooth-explosion, as above). If the characters play the entire melody (cost: 8 MP; duration: 2 minutes), the abominable form of the Okanda-Hepa appears for a last time, but for the first time not in a reflective surface, but corporeally and visible to all. But he doesn't look as predatory as before, but rather full of hate (0/1D3 Sanity points loss). A scream bursts from his throat, shaking the house, then growing weaker and seemingly receding into the distance as the image of the evil spirit fades. Finally, everything is silent, leaving the characters alone with the ghost of the medicine man. Legwasso-Chibai nods appreciatively, with the hint of a smile, walks to the cellar wall, and points to the sacred stones. Using the documents they've found, it should be possible for the characters to approximately reconstruct their original positions. In the process, of course, the cabin will have to be torn down.

The characters have banished the Okanda-Hepa. As long as the stones remain where the medicine man placed them and as long as Legwasso-Chibai's ghost remains on guard, the Okanda-Hepa cannot do any damage. It will lurk on in the hill, waiting for the day when the defenses are no longer there... and no one is there to stop it.

Note on Playing the flute (Optional)

If the Keeper has a flute available (like a recorder), he can actually play the flute-playing scene with the players. The Keeper must take the role of the ghostly medicine man, showing which holes must be covered and left open. The players must play the melody on the real instrument according to his instructions in order to banish the Okanda-Hepa.

Rewards

- ♦ If the characters flee the site without having banished the spirit and it's managed to get its two further human sacrifices, all the survivors lose 1D20 Sanity points as soon as the Okanda-Hepa begins to spread death and madness throughout the towns in the area.
- ♦ If the characters have fled without banishing the spirit, but it hasn't taken two sacrifices (and therefore can't leave the hill), the characters only lose 1D6 Sanity points. If the Keeper wishes to emphasize the consequential nature of their decision, they could hear of horrific incidents in the region sometime later and then lose 1D20 more Sanity points.
- ♦ The characters have banished the Okanda-Hepa with the flute, but do nothing further, they gain 1D6 Sanity points.
- ♦ If the characters also ensure that the stones are correctly placed once again, they gain 1D10 Sanity points.
- ♦ If the player characters regularly tend to the hill's defenses (checking on the stones and bones, buying the property from the Hawthornes' estate, etc.), they receive, at the Keeper's discretion, 1D6 Sanity points per year.
- ♦ If the characters treat the late Hawthorne family's bodies with consideration and respect, they receive an additional 1D6 Sanity points.

Appendix

Linda Hawthorne (née Fuller)

Mother, 35-years old, dead

The statistics given are for (dead) Linda, possessed by the Okanda-Hepa.

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 10	INT n/a	POW n/a
DEX 8	APP 4	Move 5		HP 11

Damage bonus: +0

Skills: Dodge 15%, Sneak 20%, Droop Head Absurdly to Side 65%

Attacks: According to weapon, base chance

Fist 50%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 25%, damage 1D6+db

SAN Loss: 1/1D4 as a living corpse

Description: Just 24 hours ago, Linda was an attractive, slim woman in her mid-thirties with well-groomed brown hair and soft brown eyes. Married to Thomas for over 10 years, she tends house and child while her husband is the breadwinner. All this is in the past. Now she's clearly recognizable as a corpse, not least because her head flops around uncontrollably, often hanging at an absurd angle from her broken neck.

Thomas Hawthorne

Father, 42-years old, run over

The statistics given are for (dead) Thomas, possessed by the Okanda-Hepa.

STR 16	CON 15	SIZ 12	INT n/a	POW n/a
DEX 8	APP 6	Move 5		HP 16

Damage bonus: +1D4

Skills: Dodge 15%, Sneak 20%

Attacks: According to weapon, base chance

Fist 50%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 25%, damage 1D6+db

SAN Loss: 1/1D4 as a living corpse

Description: Thomas is a well-built man, five-foot ten inches tall, with blond hair and blue eyes. He is an architect by profession, working mainly in Boston where he lives with his family.

Jack Hawthorne

First human sacrifice of the Okanda-Hepa, 10-years old

The statistics given are for (dead) Jack, possessed by the Okanda-Hepa.

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 8	INT n/a	POW n/a
DEX 8	APP 5	Move 5		HP 10

Damage bonus: +0

Skills: Dodge 15%, Sneak 25%, Look Innocent 70%
Evoke Pity 80%

Attacks: According to weapon, base chance

Fist 40%, damage 1D2+db

Kick 15%, damage 1D4+db

SAN Loss: 1/1D4 as a living corpse

Description: Jack is a normal 10-year-old boy with a thick blond mop, impudent blue eyes, a snub nose, and freckles. The slash in his throat is hard to miss. It emits a disgusting whistling and bubbling sound when the dead boy's reanimated body reflexively tries to breathe and air partially passes through his lacerated trachea.

Notes on Possessed Corpses

If a corpse reanimated by the Okanda-Hepa is "killed" a second time, it's assumed that the body has been so completely incapacitated that the Okanda-Hepa cannot use it any further. It then withdraws from the destroyed body. Macabre-minded Keepers can certainly decide that the Okanda-Hepa will reanimate individual, dismembered body parts and proceed with them individually, e.g., a hacked-off hand acts independently. Sanity loss for this is 0/1D3 points.

If a character dies and is taken over by the Okanda-Hepa, his living corpse once again has the original number of hit points. If these are then reduced to zero, the body is rendered incapable of function, and the Okanda-Hepa withdraws, as above.

As a reanimated corpse, all the character's mental capabilities are replaced by the Okanda-Hepa's, and all his physical skills are reduced by 20%.

Excerpts from the Hunting Diary of Nathaniel Fuller

The book is bound in worn leather. On the inside of the cover is the name Nathaniel Fuller in a vibrant script. Fuller used this book to record his hunting successes; what and how many animals he took on a given day. In addition, he noted where he had sighted what wildlife and in what numbers, drew sketches of the animals' feeding places, and the like. But Fuller's hunting diary is simultaneously a journal in which he recorded everyday events which often appeared interesting to him in the solitude of the woods.

Based on the notes, one can conclude that Fuller hunted here about once a week. His entries begin in Spring 1889 with a visit to the building site and end in the fall of 1925. They break off in 1917 and 1918 during which, according to other entries, Fuller fought with the U.S. Army in France during the Great War. Beginning in 1924 (at that point, he is 65-years old), Fuller no longer hunts regularly, complaining of heart problems and generally failing health. In 1925, the entries stop completely.

The individual hunting entries are not particularly interesting, but the very first entries should be much more so.

April 12, 1889

Today I inspected the construction site for my hunting cabin. That hill is ideal; it doesn't even need to be cleared of trees. That will save time and money. It's a lucky break, finding a clearing in such thick woods right on top of a hill. There might have been some sort of Indian religious site here once. In any case, there's a whole series of carved stone blocks laid out in a sort of spiral. The damned redskins seem to still be hanging around the area somewhere, because in the middle of the whole thing is some sort of wooden rack with some sort of straw doll laid out on it. The whole thing is covered with Indian blankets and artifacts. The workers will take it down, and we'll use the stones for the cabin's foundation. It's my land, and I'm not putting up with any heathen redskin folderol. Coming up the ranks in the Indian wars, I saw how they deal with them out west. "The only good Indian..." as they say.

April 20, 1889

Last week, the men did a good job. They moved the stone blocks to the edge of the clearing and chucked the Indian junk into the woods. Oddly, today I came across four old redskins roaming around my hill, trying to move the stones back. I ran up there and read them the riot act, letting them know that I was the new property owner and they had no business on my land. The oldest of the group, a wrinkled old coot with wiry gray hair stared daggers at me and barked some mumbo-jumbo in his language at me. He kept shouting "Ocondappah!" or something like it. Finally, I got nervous and drew my revolver. They disappeared. I'm going to tell the workmen that if they see this little tribe wandering around my land to throw them right off.

April 27, 1889

They've finally started digging out the foundations. No more Indian problems, after the men fired a gun over their heads. They ran like rabbits, Edgar told me, smiling like a baboon.

April 28, 1889

This morning we received a visit from a young brave in full warpaint! I haven't seen anything like that in years. It was obvious that he was here on serious business. The redmen wanted to talk to me, and invited me into their camp. A wily old veteran like me doesn't fall for a ploy like that. The Indian is sly and duplicitous. I made it clear to the young buck that they'd have to come here, if they wanted something.

This afternoon a group of five Indians arrived, the young brave and the four old men from last weekend. They were all wearing all their best clothes, a ridiculous combination of city clothes and Indian jewelry. The wrinkled old man with the gray hair then addressed me, finally in a fashion I could understand. Warned me that I was building on bad ground here. There was some evil spirit or something living in the hill, the Ocahappa, that has to be kept in the hill by good medicine and magic. It's truly pitiful what the redskins believe. There's some spirit around every corner,

one living in a tree, one in a pond, one in a creek. If we paid any attention to that nonsense, there wouldn't be a trace of civilization in America. We'd all still be living in bark huts. Primitive, heathen superstition.

The work continues. I've made it clear to the Indians once and for all that this is none of their concern.

May 9, 1889

Problems with the men. They're telling me about some spooky Indian medicine man with a bone flute around his neck who keeps watching them work. Bad enough that this would scare grown men, but then they claim that you can sort of see through him. Like a ghost. They say he looks sad and keeps waving his hands, like he's warning them of something. A bunch of grown men believing in a medicine man's ghost, warning them to stop their work. The isolation out there must be getting to them, either seeing things or scaring each other silly. It's really not good to spend too much time alone in the wilderness, unless you've got some iron in your character. Military training has steeled me against such nonsense preying on my mind. In any case, I'm going to have to get some new workers, as the men say they're not going to work on "the haunted hill" any longer.

May 31, 1889

Finally hired new workers. Work finally continues.

While excavating the foundation, the new men found a skeleton buried exactly in the center of the clearing. Must have been an Indian medicine man, or at least that's what his clothes looked like. Good thing the old workers weren't around, they'd have run off like little girls. I took the skull and a pretty little recorder made of bone, they're real curiosities. I had the men bury the rest of the skeleton under the house—a great campfire story.

Of course, it is more than a little odd that the supposed ghost also had a flute. I'll have to keep an eye out for an Indian dressing up like a spook to scare my men off. Of course they'd know that the skeleton was here, and probably wanted to put a little fright into me and my men with their little performance. I'm almost certain that the old workers weren't seeing things, but that the Indians put one over on them.

May 4, 1890

The hunting lodge is finally finished. Under budget, too, since I didn't need to quarry as much stone, since the Indian stones were just as good. The new workers never saw the "ghost." The Indians must have given up their little show.

My guns are cleaned, oiled, and over the fireplace. Tomorrow early, I'm headed out into the woods for some sport with the game in these woods. Man against nature, the greatest and most ancient contest, in which a man's true character shows itself.

May 10, 1890

I'm writing these lines, sitting in front of my hearth. Darkness lies over the woods. A warm, cozy fire crackles at my

feet. The medicine man's skull is smiling down from the mantelpiece. A strenuous but successful hunt.

—Later—

I heard footsteps around the house, and then an old Indian was staring through the window. Startled the hell out of me, that wrinkled face staring at me. Just looking at me. Grabbed my revolver and ran out the front door. It was the old Indian who was here before. He said something like, "Idiot white man. You bring death upon yourself. The ghost of the last summer shall awake and eat you. And all the white men." I don't take kindly to threats, even if they're based in superstition, and let a shot off. Between his feet. He just turned around and walked away. Just to make sure he got the message, I fired a few more rounds off into the air. Don't think I hit him. I hope I never see that old coot again.

Thomas Hawthorne's Notes

Back again. What happened? Why? What was Linda thinking? Why did she do it? Bad. Wrong. Evil. And now, where do I go? The Ford's kaput. On foot? No. Night's too dark in the woods. Wait until morning? No. Not with my family here. My family. I have to check on Jack. Is he still sleeping? Yes, he'll sleep forevermore, my lovely Jack. I remember how he used to say, "Dad, Dad, show me the woods!" We were so happy. Never again. Poor Jack. You cut yourself down in that junk heap of a cellar, your innocent blood spilt. And then again... worse. Never again joy in life. Linda took it all away, and I her. My darling Linda, why, why? Horrifying. Why did you wreck the car, and what did you do to Jack? Blood everywhere. Blood. But not hers. Blood on me. Was it me? Red like blood, blood-red like a deer. Shot, bloody, ran away. Jack couldn't run away. Drip, drip in the cellar. Blood drop, drop. Throat slashed with a knife. Linda, what madness got into you? And me, me too, but I was faster. Bump bump down the stairs. Silence. No more Linda. Jack needs his sleep. Where was I today? In the woods? Not with my family. They don't need me any more. They're gone. Somewhere else. Are there angels? Linda looked like an angel in her white nightdress. Red with blood. White and red. Another night here? I don't don't don't want to stay here. Horrible house. Curse on the daughter? Curse the whole family? Cursed inheritance from the father? Never should have come here. Too late. Little Jack. So young. [Teardrops stain the page] A car? Imagining it or

[The text breaks off here]

April 12, 1888

Today I inspected the construction site for my hunting cabin. That hill is ideal; it doesn't even need to be cleared of trees. That will save time and money.

It's a lucky break, finding a clearing in such thick woods right on top of a hill.

There might have been some sort of Indian religious site here once. In any case, there's a whole series of carved stone blocks laid out in a sort of spiral. The

downward religious seems to still be heaping around the area somewhere, because

in the middle of the whole thing is some sort of wooden rock with some sort of shape all laid out on it. The whole thing is carved with Indian thoughts and

artifacts. The workers will take it down, and we'll use the stones for the cabin's

foundation. It's my luck, and I'm not pulling up with my heathen religious beliefs.

Coming up the roads in the Indian ways, I saw how they deal with them out west.

"The only good Indian," as they say.



April 20, 1888

Last week, the men did a good job. They moved the stoneblocks to the edge of the clearing and dumped the Indian junk into the woods. Oddly, today I came across four

old religious remains around my hill, trying to move the stones back. I ran up there

and read them the riot act, telling them leave. But I was the new property owner and

they had no business on my land. The oldest of the group, a wrinkled old cat with

wiry gray hair, stood before me and barked some mumble-jumble in his language

of me. He kept shouting "Oonsagood!" or something like it. Finally, I got

nervous and threw my cutter. They disappeared. I'm going to tell the workmen

that if they see this little tribe wandering around my land to throw them right off.

April 27, 1888

They've finally started digging out the foundations. No more Indian problems, after the men find a gun, one their heads. They see like rabbit, Edgar told me, smiling like a baboon.

April 28, 1888

This morning we received a visit from a young boy in full warpaint!

I haven't seen anything like that in years. It was obvious that he was here on

serious business. The natives wanted to talk to me, and invited me into their camp.

A wild old woman like me doesn't fall for a play like that. The Indian is shy and

duplicious. I made it clear to the young buck that they'd have to come here,

if they wanted something.

This afternoon a group of five

Indians arrived, the young boy and the

four old men from last weekend. They were all

wearing all their best clothes, a ridiculous

combination of city clothes and Indian jewelry.

The wrinkled old man with the gray hair then

addressed me, finally in English. I could understand. He said that I was

building on bad ground here. There was some evil spirit or something living in

the hill, the Ooshagood, that had to be kept in the hell by good medicine and

magic. It's truly pitiful what the natives believe. There's some spirit around

every corner, one living in a tree, one in a pond, one in a creek. If we paid any

attention to that nonsense, there wouldn't be a trace of civilization in

America. We'd all still be living in bark huts. That's the heathen superstition.

The work continues. I've made it clear to the Indians

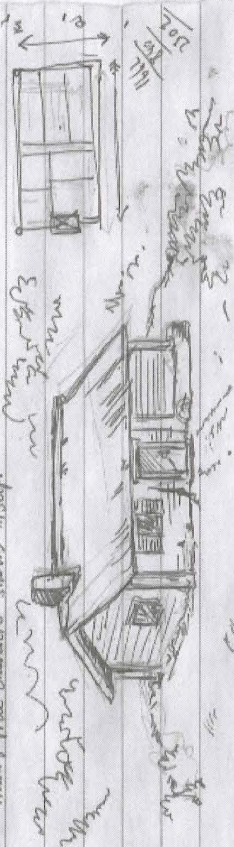
once and for all that this is now of their concerns.



May 4, 1889

The hunting lodge is finally finished. Under budget, too, since I didn't need to quarry as much stone, since the Indian stones were just as good. The new workers never saw the ghost. The Indians must have given up their little shen.

My guns are cleaned, oiled, and over the fireplace. Tomorrow early, I'm headed out into the woods for some sport with the game in these woods. Men against nature, the greatest and most ancient contest, in which a man's true character shows itself.



May 10, 1889

I'm writing these lines, sitting in front of my hearth. Darkness lies over the woods.

A warm, dry fire crackles at my feet. The medicine man's skull is smiling down from the mantelpiece. A strange but successful hunt.

Center -

I heard footsteps around the house, and then an old Indian was shuffling through the window. Startled the hell out of me, that wrinkled face staring at me, just looking at me.

Grabbed my revolver and ran out the front door. It was the old Indian who was here before.

He said something like "What white man. You bring death upon yourself. The ghost of the last summer shall awake and eat you. And all the white men." I didn't take kindly to threats even if they're based in superstition, and let a shot off. Between his feet, he just turned around and walked away. Just to make sure he got the message, I fired a few more rounds off into the air. Don't think I hit him. I hope I never see that old cart again.

May 8, 1889

Problems with the men. They're telling me about some spooky Indian medicine man with a bone plate around his neck who keeps working them work. Bad enough that this would scare grown men, but then they claim that you can sort of see through him. Like a ghost. They say he looks sad and keeps waving his hands, like he's warning them of something.

A bunch of grown men believing in a medicine man's ghost, warning them to stop their work.

The irritation out here must be getting to them, either seeing things or seeing each other

silly. It's really not good to spend too much time alone in the wilderness, unless you've got

some iron in your character. Making training hastened me against such nonsense

paying on my mind. In any case, I'm going to have to get some new workers, so the men

say they're not going to work on "the haunted hill" any longer.

May 31, 1889

Finally hired new workers. Work finally continues.

While excavating the foundation, the men men found a skeleton buried exactly in the center of the clearing. That have been an Indian medicine man, or at least that's

what his clothes looked like. Good thing the old workers weren't around, they'd

have run off like little girls. I took the skull and a pretty little recorder

made of bone, they're real curiosities. I had the men bury the rest of the skeleton

under the house - a great campfire story. Of course, it is more than a little

odd that the supposed ghost also had a flute. I'll have to keep an eye out

for an Indian dressing up like a spook to scare my men off. Of course

they'd know that the skeleton was here,

and probably wanted to put a little fright into

me and my men with their little performance.

I'm almost certain that the old workers

were't seeing things, but that the Indians

put one over on them.



Thomas Hawthorne's Notes

Back again. What happened? Why? What was Linda thinking?
 Why did she do it? Bad. Wrong. Evil. And now there she
 is? The Ford's kept. On foot? No. No! No! No! No! No!
 The words. Wait until morning? No. Not with my family here.
 I have to check on Jack. Is he still sleeping? Yes, he'll sleep
 forevermore, my lovely Jack. I remember how he used to say, "Dad,
 Dad, show me the words!" We were so happy. Never again.
 Dad, you put yourself down in that junkyard & a collar, your
 innermost blood spilt. And then again... worse. Never again, you
 Linda told it all away, and I was. My darling Linda, why, why?
 Denying. Why did you make me say, and what did you do
 to Jack? Blood everywhere. Blood. Out of him. Blood on me.
 What it was? Red like blood, blood-red like a deer. Just, bloody,
 now away. Jack couldn't run away. Oh, dear in the collar.
 Blood deep, deep. That looked with a knife. Linda, what madness
 got into you? And me, we too, but I was faster. I was
 the stairs. Silence. No more Linda. Jack needs his sleep. Where was
 I today? In the woods? Not with my family. They don't need me
 anymore. They're gone. Smokers are. And how again? Linda looked like
 an angel in her white nightgown. But with blood. White and red.
 Another night here? I don't know. I don't want to stay
 here. Horrible house. Look at the wallpaper? Look at the
 white family? Look at the inheritance from the father?
 Never should have come here. You look like Jack.
 So young. A son? Imagining it or

The Lawyer's Letter

O'REILLY & ROBERTSON

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

21 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE, TELEPHONE BANGOR 324

July 29, 1926

Mrs. Thomas Hawthorne
 31 Bellevue Terrace
 Boston, Massachusetts

Dear Mrs. Hawthorne,

On behalf of our firm, I would like to convey the most sincere
 condolences on the death of your father, Nathaniel Fuller.

Your father will always abide in our memory as a dear,
 friendly man whose all-too premature death has affected us deeply.
 We counted him among our clients for many years, developing a
 relationship which might almost be described as friendship. It is
 with grievous sorrow that we shall miss his frank, open manner.

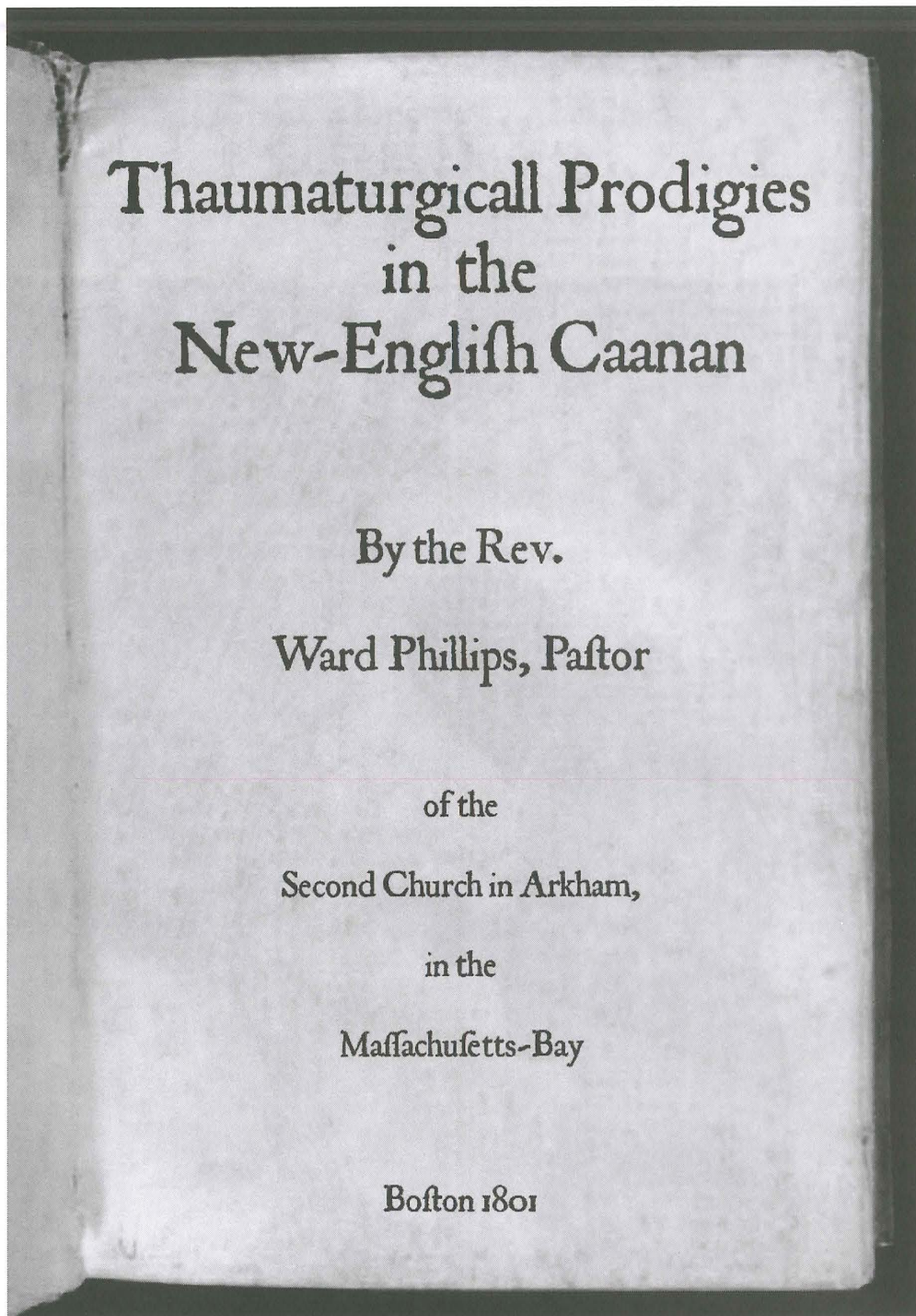
Mr. Fuller always had a good word for you, his daughter, and
 so it will not surprise you that in the last will and testament
 drawn up for him, he left you the bulk of his estate, including a
 special bequest of his hunting lodge in rural Maine near Fendoset
 Creek.

You may pick up the necessary papers at our offices at your
 convenience. We look very much forward to making your acquaintance
 in person.

With highest regards and in deepest sympathy,

Robert H. Robertson

Abner F. H. Robertson, Esq.

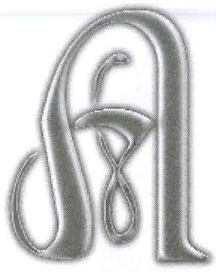


Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New ENGLAND CAANAN

This work can be found in the books on the living-room shelf. It is the 1801 second edition of the book by Rev. Ward Phillips, who published the first edition in 1788. In several chapters, it describes the blasphemous activities of witches, sorcerers, Indian shamans, and other reprehensible magicians in colonial New England. Horrifying sorcery, monstrous births, and terrible Indian legends are all described and reproduced.

On the flyleaf is a hand-written inscription, "Loved the ghost story. Thought you might like this. Best wishes on the occasion of your house-warming. Jacob McDonald, May 6, 1890."

Investigators searching through the book will find a section entitled "Myths of the Abenaki." One story in it tells of the Alkondeh Indians, a sub-tribe of the Abenaki, who lived deep in the woods of northern Maine, very reclusive and avoided by all other Indians. The Alkondeh were said to be the guardians of the hill of the Okanda-Hepa, the Spirit of the Last Summer.



Clark Ashton Smith's

Dark Ages: Averroigne



Insanity and Faith in Averroigne

By Daniel Harms

Our typical view of insanity in the Middle Ages is one of stern-faced exorcists, musty dungeon cells, and accusations of witchcraft. If it pleases the Keeper, he may play in this manner. In the end, however, these ideas say much more about ourselves and our age than it does about medieval times. The Thirteenth Century had quite different notions of insanity than our own, so the Keeper may choose any or all of the following historical facts to dress up her treatment of one of the most memorable aspects of Cthulhu games in any era.

The Cause

A medieval doctor knows of a wide variety of potential causes that might cause a person to slip over the edge of sanity. It is true that some men are born under an inauspicious astrological sign, inheriting a tendency to madness. Nonetheless, the doctors are careful to distinguish inherited mental deficiency from madness.

An excess of any passion ranging from anger to grief to study (those who studied subjects the Church frowned upon were especially vulnerable) to love (a favorite of the troubadours) can bring low even the mightiest. Those who speak of the body's four humors are likely to blame the condition upon one of these substances being in excess in the patients' body. A bite from a poisonous creature or mad dog, or an illness of the body, may also be the cause. Averroigne characters are likely to have their lapses in behavior attributed to drinking to excess.

Even though most ecclesiasts agree that passion, humors, bites or illness were the immediate causes of the affliction; the underlying reason for insanity is always sin. Until this was addressed through confession and other means, the clerics maintain, the root of the condition will remain. They may compare a person in this state to Nebuchadnezzar and Saul in the Bible, using the madness of those worthies as a benchmark.

The popular conception of madness is another matter entirely. The tales of the troubadours about young men who are driven mad for love or by battle have a profound impact on how others perceive madness and how the afflicted display their behavior.

The Symptoms

According to Galen, the brain of every person is made up of three areas. Inflammation of the front portion, to which fantasies were attributed, brings about mania. In this condition, a person gestures wildly and shouts. They may behave in a threatening and perhaps dangerous manner. In extreme cases, they may injure themselves or others in their fits.

A defect in the middle portion of the brain, that is responsible for reason, leads to melancholia. A man affected by this condition avoids his companions, and behaves sadly. Grief is a natural process, but it could turn to melancholia if it is allowed to continue for too long. A scholarly individual might immerse himself in his studies. The afflicted person is often morose and surly, and their physiology might even be affected (hairy people were often said to be afflicted). Melancholia was a lesser condition than mania, but those affected are still watched closely - one could rapidly turn into the other.

The rear portion of the brain controlled memory, and has no effect upon one's mental health.

Within these categories, most of the disorders known to modern psychiatry and *Call of Cthulhu* players can be placed. One condition that was not placed within either was lycanthropy. The person believed that they were a dog or wolf and roamed in lonely places such as graveyards and fields on all fours, howling and behaving like animals.

Insanity & Exorcism

Our popular conception of medieval insanity is bound up with exorcism. The mentally ill, we have told ourselves, was always seen as a sign of possession at the time, and dealt with by the harshest forms of exorcism. This is not necessarily the case; medieval scholars did draw the line between insanity and demonic activity. Of course, the lines they drew were different from our own.

In the earlier part of the Middle Ages (such as that described in the regular Dark Ages setting), many of the old stereotypes were true. Schizophrenics were often diagnosed as demon-possessed, and clerics conducted feverish exorcisms upon them until they gave up the demon (usually via vomiting). By the Thirteenth Century, however, the definition of possession has shifted considerably. Now the usual possession victim is a woman suffering from what we would today refer to as depression and related disorders. The exorcists for this new breed of "demon" were quite different from their predecessors. They still employed prayer and religious fervor, but they were more interested in treating the possessed by listening to them, giving them an outlet for their feelings and convincing them to confess their sins and be free of the demon. Such an exorcist in the Averroigne setting will likely have as much **Persuade** and **Insight** as **Own Religion** and **Occult**.

As for the victims, they had their role to play as well. Their culture had a role for demoniacs, and it was easy for people to fall into the proper role. Instead of being cast out immediately, they were permitted to walk around town under clerical supervision. During this time,

the “demon” was compelled by the name of God to be truthful in all things. Such a demon could not lie, but had to confess the glories of the faith. In some cases, they might even prove their supernatural nature by discovering thieves or pointing out those who had committed sin.

This arrangement was not a conscious deception, but it nonetheless served a purpose for both victim and clergy. The “possessed” person, who was usually female or socially marginalized, got to parade around town and be the focus of everyone’s attention; so long as they kept to the role of the “tame” demon, they could do as they pleased and gain the approval of others. As for the clergy, the words of salvation gained much persuasive power when they came from the mouth of a demon rather than from a mortal. If a person used their knowledge of community affairs to miraculously find “supernatural” knowledge, so much the better.

Keepers who run a game with this material should blur the lines between those who are merely ill and those whose condition derives from more supernatural causes. Not having dramatic exorcisms may be a disappointment, but considerable imagination could be applied to possessed individuals free to wander the town under the protection of the local church...

Treatment

Research into the workings of the human mind has shown that many cultures have treated madness through their own means with some success. By placing a person’s suffering within a context of meaning, preferably one with which they have become intimately familiar, healing of the mind can begin. This, when coupled with a familiar atmosphere away from the shocks of everyday life, can bring about changes comparable (if not equal) to those accomplished through Western scientific therapy.

Characters in *Averoigne* will find some surcease in their faith from the horrors they encounter. The accompanying guidelines will allow Keepers to model this in their games.

According to the *Cthulhu Dark Ages* rulebook (p. 50), a person driven indefinitely insane will recover in 1D6 months. Of course, this does not address the question of what that person is doing over that time.

In general, the person will not be incarcerated unless they are a clear threat to those around them. Their property, if any, will be turned over to a family member or other legal guardian until they

are themselves again. In the meantime, any of the following are appropriate treatments:

Home care: The most fortunate of the mad are taken out of their ordinary routines and are cared for in the home. They find comfort and relief in this relaxing and familiar atmosphere.

Wandering: The person is left to their own devices, to go where they please through town and country. This is the lot of those who have no family capable of caring for them. Usually the person is supported by charity, though the clergy like to discourage this kind of treatment of sinners. It is a rough existence, however; due to their unusual and sometimes violent behavior, these people are denied access to the hospices, monasteries, and churches that often provide benefits to the poor.

Religious devotion: The person may resolve their problems through prayer and meditation. They might also take a pilgrimage, especially to a shrine of a saint known for curing the insane. In France’s Auvergne province, St. Symphorian of Autun (a Christian martyred for lack of piety toward a goddess’ idol) and St. Front of Perigueux were particular favorites.

Those with especial fervor may undergo whipping, whether doing it themselves or asking friends to provide a proper scourging. This could become dangerous, based on the person’s health and the thoroughness of the person doing the whipping.

Medical treatment: Doctors may prescribe herbs or a course of treatment to correct the humoral imbalance in the system.

Music: Given the example of David and Saul, many find that musical entertainment is effective as a supplement to other therapies. Of course, private performances are only available for those with the money to pay for them.

Of course, those who go insane in Muslim countries will find a broader range of therapies.

Faith

In the Dark Ages, rationality is not the bulwark against the irrationality of the Mythos that exists in modern times. Instead, that role is played by faith, a faith that carries with it more certainty than such beliefs do in modern times. Thus, faith can be a great ally against insanity. When it fails, however, the fall is much greater than before.

Who Has It?

During character creation, each player should state if their character has faith, and if so, in what faith they have belief. By default, most

Religious Seclusion

A person who has the leisure to undertake a retreat into prayer and meditation, as well as a guide to aid them in the process, may find strength to go on in their battles against the unknown. For every such month, both the person and their religious counselor should make a matched **Religion** roll. If both succeed, 1D3 Sanity is regained. If one or both fails, nothing occurs. If one or both botch their rolls, the person loses 1D6 Sanity and may not continue treatment with that counselor.



characters can be assumed to have faith in whatever religion is specified in their **Own Religion** skill. This may not necessarily be the case, however. Recent converts to a faith should have points in an appropriate **Other Religion**, and thereby use that rating when making the following rolls.

Some players will also insist upon taking characters who have no faith whatsoever, despite their **Religion** skill. This is almost unheard of during medieval times, and provides none of the mechanical benefits outlined below. Still, the player should be permitted to make this choice.

Any religious belief system (and at the Keeper's option, certain non-religious philosophies) may allow a believer to reap the benefits of faith. The only exception is belief in the Mythos, which provides no security and no mental benefits for its adherents.

After each session, a player may choose whether their character has lost or gained their faith. So long as this is not done casually, the Keeper should note and allow this change. Making such a statement should always be up to the player; no Keeper should declare the faith of a player.

How it Works

Once per session, the character has the option to avoid a mental effect by drawing upon their faith. (This may be signified by giving each player a token that is handed back to the Keeper when they draw upon their faith.) Such an effect might be a failed Sanity roll, or a failed POW vs. POW resistance roll, or the effects of temporary insanity.

After the roll is made, but before the effects are rolled (Sanity loss, spell damage, etc.), the character may draw upon their faith. This allows the character to make a second roll to replace the first, unsuccessful one. If this new roll is successful, it replaces the former one.

If the second roll fails, the player suffers a crisis of faith, as their worldview is challenged by their failure. They immediately lose 1D4 Sanity, as well as suffering the penalties of the previous failure. Those who fall temporarily or indefinitely insane may either give in to abject despair, or overcompensate with a show of religious fervor.

Transfer and Rally

A faith token may be transferred from one character with faith to another. To do so, the character with the faith token must make a successful **Own** or **Other Religion** roll corresponding to the faith of the other player. The character that transfers the token need not have the same faith as the other; they merely need to be able to inspire it in the other. This call for inspiration will replace the character's next action for one round during combat, though it may take place at any time during that turn.

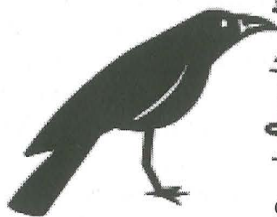
If the **Religion** roll is successful, the faith token is transferred and must be spent immediately to reroll a failed roll or cancel the effects of temporary insanity. If the roll the faith token provides is a failure, both the lender and the receiver will lose 1D4 Sanity.

*Example: The Saracen scholar Abdullah, Derrick and Blackguard have encountered a hideous ghoul. Abdullah and Derrick succeed their **Sanity** roll, but Blackguard does not. Blackguard's player chooses to his Faith token to reroll his **Sanity** roll but again fails. Blackguard loses 4 points from seeing the ghoul and 2 points from his crisis of faith, which throws him into temporary insanity. He falls to the ground babbling.*

*Abdullah quickly considers his friend's condition, not to mention his own lack of martial prowess. While Derrick attacks the ghoul, the good scholar speaks to Blackguard of the glories of the Christian faith. Abdullah's score in **Other Religion (Roman Catholicism)** is 35%, and he rolls a 27%. (Abdullah is Muslim, but he knows the doctrines well enough from being around Franks to say something meaningful to his friend.) Blackguard's skill in **Own Religion (Roman Catholicism)** is a poor 25%, and he rolls an 18 - success! Abdullah's player passes his faith token to Blackguard's player. Blackguard, heartened by his friend's speech, arises and attacks.*

*Two rounds later, the ghoul's claw gets past Derrick's armor and disembowels him in front of Blackguard and Abdullah. Blackguard again fails his **Sanity** roll. He spends his Faith token again to reroll his **Sanity** roll. Again he fails and loses 2 points of **Sanity**, and his temporary insanity returns. He runs screaming into the night. Abdullah wonders if he should rally Blackguard again, but his player has no more tokens, and one glance at the moldy talons of his adversary causes him to quickly depart in the same direction.*





Disturbing Curios for Hard-pressed Keepers

Little Slices of Death

Save the Whales!

By James Roth

"Hold that lantern higher boy!"

The boat rocked gently from side to side as Joe rose to his feet, careful not to slip in the gloomy darkness. The rays of the lantern pierced the shroud of night revealing a rolling mist covering a dark oily expanse of water as far as the eye could see. Joe's only comfort lay in the hope that not so far behind him there would be the far more wholesome lights of the small coastal village he called home.

"Damn this weather, I can't make out the buoys for the cuttlefish traps! Wait... there's one! Hold on boy!"

The boat lurched to the right as Abe reached out with a hooked pole and snagged his target pulling it onboard and in doing so raising a cage from the depths of the sea bottom. Up and up it came.

"Aaahhhh! What trickery is this? An empty cage?"

Pulling the trap out of the water Abe opened the side and tipped its contents onto the boat's deck. A pile of gleaming white cuttlefish shells crashed to the floor, their surface marbled with a black oil-like substance.

"Joe... I don't understand it... What's going on?"

Abe looked up at Joe to see him staring into the distance, his face deathly white, eyes seemingly bulging in the light of the lantern.

"Abe... Look... God save us! Look!"

Following Joe's startled call Abe looked back towards the coast to see an unbelievable sight. Massive shapes moving through the water, their shining backs breaking the surface as they sped to land.

"Whales Joe! They'll beach themselves going that way! What manner of thing could cause them to do that? Joe?"

Joe just continued to stare, unaware of Abe, until his eyes rolled up, legs buckled and he fainted to the deck.

Away from the boat, moving slowly after the whales, the water rippled and a glistening bulbous mass reared itself out of the water and began to push onwards to the shore...

This scene is designed for keepers to use as a brief encounter in an existing scenario or larger campaign. It is also ideal for a "flash game," a thirty-minute session. Save the Whales! is set in no fixed time period. It is designed for any number of players and for players of any ability. Keepers should feel free to adjust the elements and location as needed.

Reputation

The investigators arrive in the coastal village late into the evening, perhaps en route to another adventure. The night is dark, the stars blotted out by a shining moon and mist rolling in from the sea. The village is quiet with the only lights coming from what must be the local inn that is to serve as a guesthouse to the investigators for the night. Approaching the entrance they are welcomed by an elderly couple who make a great fuss to take their luggage and coats and welcome them into the lounge with its roaring fire and rich seafaring décor. At this point the investigators are offered a late evening meal and drinks.

Once the investigators are settled, there is a crashing sound that brings Abe running through the main entrance and into the lounge, knocking over some décor on the way. Cradled unconsciously in his arms, Joe is held forward to the investigators with pleas of aid. Putting the boy down, Abe then tells the investigators all that has occurred this evening from his perspective. Only after his tale is told does Joe come awake with a start and begin shouting about what he has seen in the water 'hunting' the whales, driving them into the beach.

Once Joe is awake he insists on going down to the beach to try to protect the whales believing they are in danger. Abe tries to suggest the boy lie down and jokes the whales would most likely have turned tale by now and headed back into deeper waters. Joe ignores Abe, insisting the whales are in danger and runs out of the inn down to the beach. Abe quickly follows Joe out into the night asking the investigators for aid on his way.

Red sand, black water

Upon heading down to the beach investigators see a small sandy alcove with a dark expanse of water beyond it. The area is not very well lit by the moon so investigators might need

a light source to see clearly; Abe has a lantern if asked. On the sand are four dark shapes that are the forms of a group of beached whales spread across the beach just out of the water. On inspection the whales are still alive. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll reveals they have a number of cuts and bruises to their flesh as if they have been attacked. A successful **Zoology** or **Natural History** roll will inform an investigator that the whales have acted very strangely in deliberately beaching themselves; it will also indicate a heightened level of distress between the animals.

Beyond the whales in the dark oily waves lies a number of other dark shapes bobbing and tossing in the tide. On examination of the shapes in the water, and perhaps a successful **Zoology** or **Natural History** roll, an investigator discovers the remains of whales, broken, ripped and torn apart. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll will reveal there is something else in the water along the beach; some form of oily gelatinous mass rolling in the waves. Any investigator looking so closely into the waves is overcome with a feeling of dread and revulsion causing them to quickly edge away from the water.

If an investigator takes the time to look over the beached whales they may spot that one whale has a gleaming object stuck in its underside. How such an object was lodged in the whale will be a mystery; perhaps it impaled into the creature during the beaching? If removed, the object will glow an eerie red color although the artifact is in fact jet black. Any investigator who views the object may use a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** roll to identify it as an idol of Dagon. All those who fail are forced to look away from the object in disgust at its loathsome outline.

If at any point the object is displayed by an investigator, Joe viewing it becomes ecstatic. In a flurry of activity Joe will try to wrestle the object from whoever holds it with the intention of throwing it into the waves. Although Joe will not explain his actions a **Psychology** roll will let any investigator see he is acting determinedly but quite rationally.

Abe, age 54

Grizzled old fisherman

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 12	POW 13
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 5	SAN 90	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Boat Hook 85%, damage 1D6+db (can be thrown)

Large Pocket Knife 55%, damage 1D6+db

Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 45%, 1D6+db

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 1%, Dodge 45%, Own Language (English) 55%, Fishing 93%, Hide 35%, Natural

History 15%, Navigate 90%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 20%.

Belongings: Boat Hook, Lantern, Large Pocket Knife, Mariner's Compass, Waterproofs

Description: Abe is a life long fisherman who has followed his trade as a way of life since he was a teen, learning to fish with his father. Never before has he been witness to events such as those occurring now.

Joe, age 17

Young fisherman

STR 12	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 12	POW 13
DEX 15	APP 11	EDU 8	SAN 55	HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Large Pocket Knife 45%, damage 1D6+db

Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 35%, 1D6+db

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Dodge 65%, Drive Auto 15%, Fishing 70%, Hide 65%, History (local) 30%, Library Use 15%, Natural History 15%, Navigate 55%, Occult 4%, Own Language (English) 65%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 20%.

Belongings: Large Pocket Knife, Waterproofs

Description: Joe, Abe's son, was a well-adjusted and happy youth until this night. He was content to learn his father's trade while spending much of his free time in the local library reading and learning about local maritime history and mythology. Unfortunately Joe's recent encounter has left him a little crazed and his SAN has therefore been appropriately reduced for the scene.

Shoggoth

Relentless Idol Hunter

STR 68	CON 46	SIZ 84	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 3	Move 10	HP 63		

Damage Bonus: +8D6

Weapons: Crush 70%, damage is db

Armor: None but (1) fire and electrical attacks do only half damage; (2) physical weapons such as firearms do only 1 point of damage, impaling or not; (3) a Shoggoth regenerates 2 hit points per round

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points to see a Shoggoth

Description: "A shapeless congerie of protoplasmic bubbles, faintly self luminous, and with myriads of temporary eyes forming and unforming as pustules of greenish light" - H. P. Lovecraft

Conclusion

There are a number of ways in which the scene might end. If the idol is discovered it is likely to either be kept by the investigators or thrown into the sea as Joe would like. When thrown into the sea, the idol disappears amid a boiling mass of activity between the waves; it is recovered by the Sea Shoggoth and returned to its place in the deep sea. Immediately upon the idol's return to the sea Joe looks relieved and calmed and in time returns to his normal state.

Should the idol not be returned to the sea there is a very real chance that at some later point the Sea Shoggoth will search it out and attack those keeping it; this might well lead in to a further scenario. If an investigator keeps the idol, Joe rapidly becomes crazed and permanently loses his sanity (his SAN reduced by 40). Raging about "Black nightmare creatures from the sea" and "Evil rising" Joe will become psychotic and fall to the beach floor rolling in the sand. Clearly distraught and afraid, Abe grasps Joe lifting him from the sand and takes him back to the village.

In the unlikely event the idol is not discovered by an investigator then at some point in the night the Sea Shoggoth moves on to land and attacks the whale in which the idol is embedded killing it horribly. The idol is returned to the sea and the depths from whence it came.

In the early morning villagers awaken and rush down to the beach to help aid the effort to keep the whales soaked in water until the tide comes in and they can be returned to the sea.

Further Background

There is a rich background to the local coast and ecology that might be related to the investigators at any point in the scene either by Abe, Joe or a villager. The history of fishing along the coast and out to sea goes back as long as human settlement has existed by the shores and is well remembered by local people through generations of fisherman's families.

Tales are often heard on a wind swept night in the local alehouse of the 'blighted reef' out beyond the bays, known to ruin many a boat in rough seas. Beyond the reef a deep-sea trench lies that continues down further than anyone has yet managed to depth. In such an atmosphere wild tales of mermen being caught in nets and of them enticing fishermen onto submerged rocks are not uncommon while great krakens rising from the depths of the trench are not unheard of. Such tales are perfectly normal in such a community of course but few folk would put too much stock in them.

On a successful **Zoology** or **Natural History** roll an investigator might be permitted to already have knowledge of the normal behavior and habitat of the sperm whales that have

beached themselves below the village. Surfacing sperm whales are a well-known sight to sailors who travel the area beyond the reef. The whales most likely use the deep-sea trench as a source for food. Scientists are still trying to ascertain the great depths to which the sperm whale dives; they have been tracked as far as three kilometers below the surface and are known to stay submerged for up to two hours. However, an average dive is about ninety minutes to a depth of about half a kilometer where they feast predominantly on giant squid, no doubt found in abundance in the trench.

Below is a detailed description of their appearance:

"The Sperm whale has a robust body with corrugations in the skin giving it a shriveled prune-like appearance. They grow to be up to fifty feet (fifteen meters) long. The skin is dark gray or brownish gray. It is paler at the front of the head and on the belly, with white fringes to the mouth particularly in the corners. They have one blowhole which gives a bushy blow projected forwards at a sharp angle to the left. The whale has no dorsal fin but it has a distinct triangular or rounded hump two-thirds along the body followed by a spinal ridge to broad triangular and deeply notched tail flukes. A thick 'keel' not seen in many whales runs along the underside of the tail stock."

The reason for the whales' uncharacteristic race towards the shore and eventual beaching is obviously that they were being pursued and attacked by the Shoggoth. The explanation, which might well be conceived by the investigators, is that one whale, either while in the deep-sea trench or over the reef, snagged the idol in his flesh while chasing some prey. Returning to its group it brought the attention of the Shoggoth upon them. Now they are themselves hunted by the idol's guardian until either they are all dead or the idol is recovered.

Other possibilities

It is entirely possible the Keeper might use this scene to confront the players with a serious challenge in the form of a combat with the Sea Shoggoth. This is strongly discouraged except in the case of combat experienced investigators who would be equipped to fight such a monstrosity. The Sea Shoggoth would most likely attack at the point that the idol is discovered by an investigator and removed from the whale.

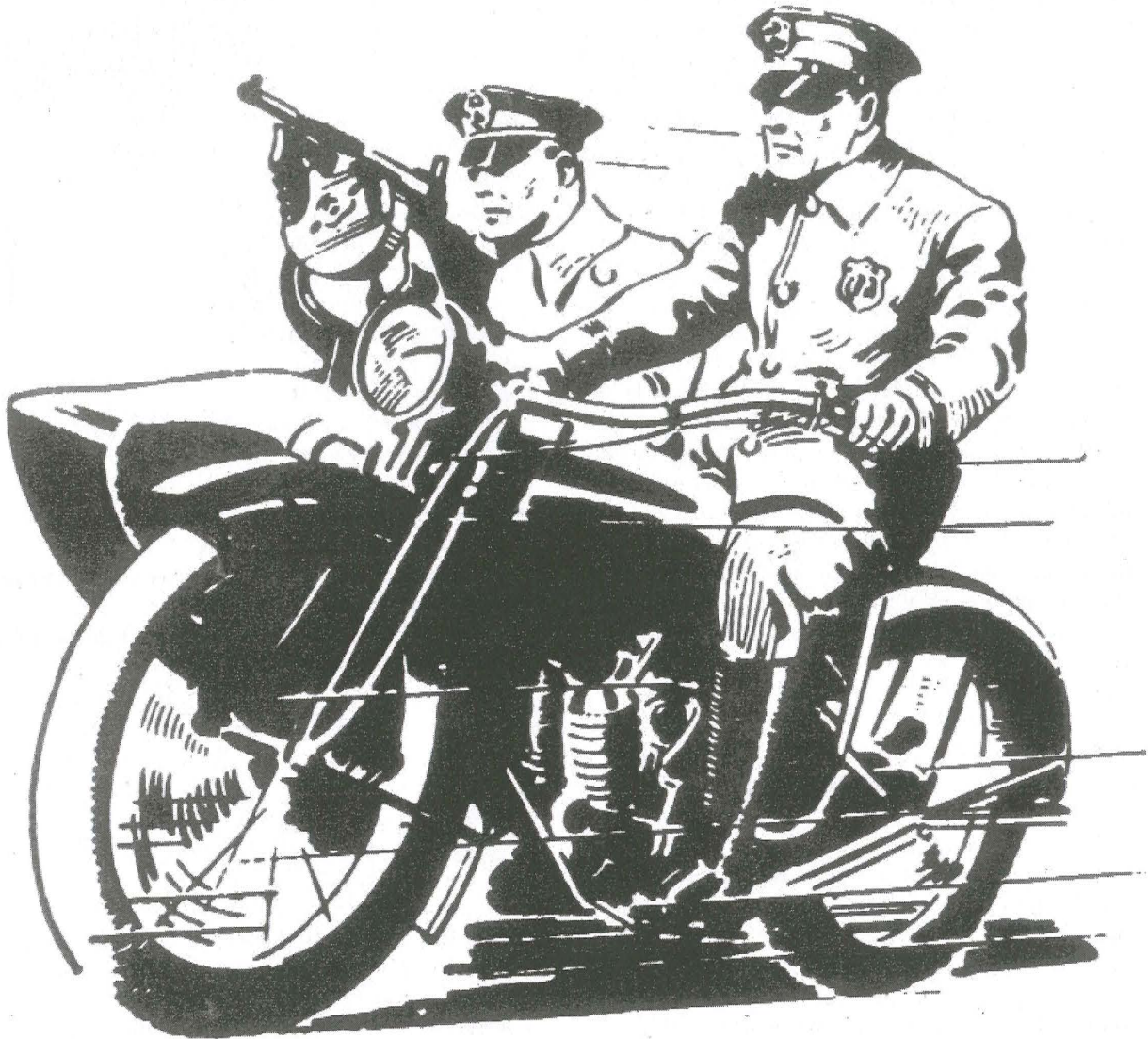
One other possible variation to the scene is that Joe is far more confrontational with his father. Feelings of resentment for being kept in the village without the opportunity for a proper education or the chance to move on to university and escape a life of toil as a fisherman may well surface as events unfold and tempers rise. Whether such feelings might result in Joe becoming far more violent, possibly threatening his father or the investigators in a dangerous or homicidal manor is at the discretion of the Keeper.



... between the Wars

American Police Weapons

By Hans-Christian Vortisch



"On the side of law and order."

– Auto-Ordnance Co. Catalogue, 1929

In the Roaring Twenties and the Pulp Era of the 1930s, American police used a variety of weapons. It may be handy to know what was available, be it for a player who wants a law enforcement agent character, or for the Keeper who wants to judge the fighting ability of police which come to the aid of the investigators.

During the 1920s and 1930s, law enforcement in the U.S. underwent considerable changes. In rural areas, especially in the South and West, lonely sheriffs assisted by a few deputies still served their

communities. The famous Texas Rangers differed little from their predecessors of the 19th century – even though they mostly traded their horses for automobiles.

At the same time, many police departments in the big cities on the East Coast had detective squads that used the most modern investigation methods. A few police departments created the first heavily armed special response units corresponding to modern SWAT teams. For example, the New York Police Department (NYPD) created the NYPD Firearms Battalion in 1925, which would evolve into the Emergency Service Division (ESD) in 1930 (the forerunner of the modern ESU). This unit not only closely co-operated with the

fire department for rescue operations, but also received submachine guns and automatic rifles for riot suppression and the take-down of armed criminals. It quickly earned the nickname "Machine Gun Squad."

During the same period, most of the states also reformed their state police forces or even created a state police. And at the federal level, the FBI was starting to take form, although that agency didn't officially arm its investigators until 1935.

During the entire era, the revolver was the typical American police weapon (in contrast to many European countries, where semi-automatic pistols were already widespread). The revolver was reliable, cheap, and easy to handle and use. In the countryside, it still was quite normal to encounter a sheriff with a Colt M1873 "Peacemaker" in a belt holster. However, technically the "Peacemaker" was obsolete, and it was more and more replaced by modern double-action revolvers. The Colt Police Positive Special and the S&W Military & Police, both in .38 Special caliber, were especially popular. During the 1920s, these guns replaced smaller caliber weapons like the Colt New Police in .32 S&W. Detectives and other plainclothes officers often carried pocket revolvers, usually in a shoulder holster or other concealed manner.

Semiautomatic pistols were not yet popular with American law enforcement officers (a fact that wouldn't change dramatically until the 1980s). Nevertheless, some sheriffs wielded the big-bore Colt Government pistol adopted by the U.S. military. Other pistols were also occasionally encountered, if sporadically. These mainly included designs by John Browning, built by Colt, but also some foreign makes. It is known that some Texas Rangers, for example, carried a German Luger, probably the import variant in 7.65mm Parabellum that was sold as the "American Eagle" in the U.S.

In rural areas, long guns were popular, but city cops on the beat rarely carried them. Shotguns of every description were common, including sawn-off double-barreled guns. Pump-action shotguns were likewise widespread, typically in the form of "riot models," which had short barrels. Lever-action rifles, in particular the various patterns made by Winchester, were popular in the country due to their increased range. They were supplemented in some cases by self-loading rifles made by Remington or Winchester.

"It is almost like a military engagement between the forces of law and order and the underworld army, heavily armed..."

– U.S. Attorney General Homer Cummings, 1933

With the beginning of the so-called "gangster era" in the mid-1920s, many law enforcement officers found themselves insufficiently equipped to deal with the new breed of violent criminals. From the middle of the decade, individuals such as Al Capone, Dutch Schultz, George "Machine Gun" Kelly, the Dillinger-Nelson gang, and Bonnie & Clyde acquired submachine guns, machine pistols, and even light machine guns with amour-piercing ammunition by legal or illegal means. As a consequence, many departments likewise acquired Tommy guns or Browning Automatic Rifles. These were the favorites of the U.S. Coast Guard, the U.S. Border Guard, and many Southern and Eastern urban departments got them. From 1921, the Thompson submachine gun was available. It was not very successful in the beginning, but was picked up by more and more departments in the late 1920s and early 1930s during the gangster craze

– even though the numbers sold were small. (In fact, by 1938 only about five thousand had been sold in the U.S. and roughly the same number exported, which was so little that the Auto-Ordnance Co. almost went bankrupt.)



On the Duty Belt

The following examples should illustrate the kind of armaments found in the hands of the law.

The New York Police Department issued the Colt Official Police revolver and a baton to their cops on the beat. Motorcycle patrols drove Harley-Davidsons with sidecars, which featured a pintel mount for a Thompson submachine gun. The men of the Firearms Battalion/ESU also had submachine guns, plus Remington Model 10 shotguns, Winchester M1892 rifles, Springfield M1903 rifles, and even Colt M1914 tripod-mounted machine guns.

Cops in Providence, Rhode Island, carried the S&W Hand Ejector revolver in .44 Special.

The Chicago Police Department issued the S&W Military & Police revolver in .38 Special, and also had eight Auto-Ordnance M1921 submachine guns.

In Tucson, Arizona, like many Western departments, officers long had to buy their own service arms. In 1930 the city issued an S&W Military & Police revolver as part of each officer's issue equipment.

State police agencies, which were usually patterned after military organizations, had strict uniform and weapons regulations. As an example for typical issue sidearms, the Massachusetts State Police issued the S&W Military & Police revolver, while the New Jersey State Police armed its troopers with the Colt Police Positive Special, both in .38 Special. The Montana Highway Patrol and the New York State Police issued the Colt New Service revolver in .45 Colt. The Utah Highway Patrol issued the S&W Hand Ejector revolver in .44 Special.

The Texas Rangers carried their own privately-acquired weapons, the Colt M1873 revolver, Colt Government pistol, and Winchester M1895 lever-action rifle being especially popular. When

former Ranger Captain Frank Hamer embarked on the hunt for Bonnie & Clyde, he brought his Colt M1873 ("Old Lucky"), a S&W Hand-Ejector in .44 Special, a Colt .38 Super Auto, a Winchester M1895 carbine, two Remington Model 8 rifles, and a Colt R80 Monitor automatic rifle...

Prison facilities such as Alcatraz in San Francisco issued the Colt Government pistol, Winchester M1897 shotgun, Auto-Ordnance M1928 submachine gun, and Federal Gas Riot Gun in the 1930s. At New York's Sing Sing, they also had the Auto-Ordnance M1928 submachine gun.



Typical Police Weapons

Handguns

Colt New Police and Colt Pocket Positive

This double-action revolver was introduced in 1896, chambered for the rather weak .32 S&W, which nevertheless was considered sufficient for police work for some time. It was adopted at the turn of the 20th century by the New York Police Department, as well as many other agencies in the USA and Canada. It continued in service for decades.

Slightly modified, it was re-named the Pocket Positive in 1905 and made until 1940. The FBI adopted it in 1935 (before replacing it with more powerful weapons two years later). Both models were made in a choice of barrel lengths. With a 2.5-inch "snub-nose" barrel, reduce Base Range to 5.

Smith & Wesson Military & Police

This weapon was introduced in 1902, although a virtually identical predecessor dates from 1899. The Military & Police was the most popular revolver of the 20th century (and is still made in almost unmodified form). At the height of its popularity in the 1950s, four in five American cops carried it, but it was already very common in the 1920s. It was introduced together with a new cartridge, the .38 Special.



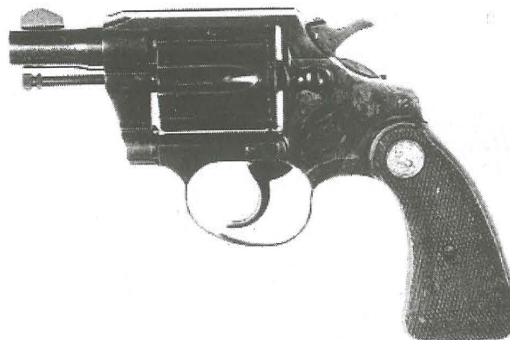
Colt Police Positive Special

In the late 1920s, many police departments upgraded to a larger caliber, especially to the .38 Special. In order not to leave the market to their rival S&W, Colt introduced several guns chambered for this caliber. The Police Positive Special was introduced in 1907 and was made until 1943. It was a popular issue weapon in many agencies.

Colt Detective Special and Colt Banker's Special

The Detective Special was a pocket version of the Police Positive Special with a very short 2-inch barrel. It became very popular with plainclothes policemen and detectives.

The very similar Banker's Special introduced a year later in 1928 was used by the U.S. Postal Service and U.S. railroad detectives.



Colt .38 Super Auto

This semiautomatic pistol debuted in 1929. It was based on the Colt Government, the civilian version of the U.S. military's M1911A1, but chambered for the .38 Super Auto caliber. With the increasing use of bullet-resistant vests, which were initially mainly used by criminals, this pistol found its niche, since its bullets were more capable of penetrating body armor than those of many other contemporary handguns. For this reason, many prominent law enforcement agents and criminals used it, including former Texas

Ranger Frank Hamer and public enemy John Dillinger. The FBI officially adopted it in 1938 for issue to agents working violent crime.

(The penetrating capabilities of the round are difficult to model in *Call of Cthulhu*, since the rules don't distinguish between penetration and wounding. The Keeper should make case-by-case decisions.)



Rifles

Remington Model 8

Developed by John Browning, this rifle debuted in 1906 and was one of the first semiautomatic rifles ever. The Model 8 was available in a number of different calibers. The rifle could be quickly disassembled for easy stowage in a backpack or the trunk of a car (or under a coat . . .). While primarily intended as a sporting weapon, it was also widely used by law enforcement agencies during the 1920s and 1930s – the FBI officially adopted it in 1935.

Its magazine capacity could be increased to 10, 15, or 20 shots by installing after-market parts offered by the Peace Officers Equipment Co. (these were only sold to law enforcement agencies or certified officers, not the general public). Frank Hamer used such an extension on the rifle with which he shot Bonnie & Clyde.



Springfield M1903

This was the standard rifle of the U.S. military, based on the Mauser '98 action. It was used by the FBI.

Winchester Model 1907

A semiautomatic rifle popular with law enforcement agencies and criminals alike, known users including the Texas Rangers, the FBI, and the Dillinger-Nelson gang. The so-called “police model” features sling swivels and an optional bayonet mount. It can be ordered from the factory with an extended magazine (\$7 extra) holding 10 rounds plus one in the chamber.

Shotguns

Ithaca Auto & Burglar

This is a pistol shotgun, basically a factory-made sawn-off shotgun with very short barrels, a pistol grip, and no shoulder stock. It was intended for home defense and to dispatch road kills, but also popular with body guards and criminals. It can be worn in a belt holster. The Base Chance includes a +10% bonus due to the very short barrels.

Remington Model 11A

Patented in 1900 by John Browning, this semiautomatic shotgun was first made in Belgium by FN as the Auto-5. Remington produces it under license from 1911. A riot model with short barrel for police use is available from 1921. The Base Chance includes a +5% bonus due to the short barrel.

Savage Model 520

One of the very first hammerless shotguns, this is a pump-action design by John Browning. Originally made by Stevens in 1904-1920, it was later produced by Savage when they took over the company.

Winchester Model 1912

A pump-action shotgun based on the earlier Model 1897. It was available from 1917 as a riot gun. The Base Chance includes a +5% bonus due to the short barrel.

Submachine Guns

Auto-Ordnance M1921 Thompson Gun

John Thompson's submachine gun was introduced in 1921. Built by Colt, it was sold by Thompson's Auto-Ordnance Company. The gun was accurate at combat distances and pretty reliable. It could fire semi- or full automatic. It was normally sold in a small wooden case together with four 20-round magazines and a 50-round drum (for \$200, although the price was lowered to \$175 in 1928 for lack of demand). Additional magazines were \$3 for a 20-rounder and \$21 for a drum. The famous 100-round drum was \$30, but not quite as popular due to its bulk and decreased reliability (lowers Malfunction number to 94). The M1921 had a forward pistol grip below the barrel and a detachable shoulder stock. With the stock removed, it could be easily fitted into the case or in an automobile (or, of course, in a violin case). There was even a shoulder holster available (\$16.50), which allowed the gun plus stock and four magazines to be concealed under a trench coat.

Although primarily intended for military and law enforcement, the most enthusiastic users of the “Anti-Bandit Gun” actually included rum-running alcohol smugglers, bank robbers, and hit men. However, it didn't take long for police to pick it up. The New York Police Department received it in 1921, the Texas Rangers acquired their first guns in 1922, and departments of cities like Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco followed, as did state police in Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. Some highway police units even mounted the gun on their motorcycle sidecars. At the height of the gangster era around 1930, many more agencies bought it. Even small towns acquired some, although usually only in very small numbers. During the 1920s, however, the highest number of Tommy Guns was

acquired by the U.S. Coast Guard, which issued one to each patrol craft to combat the violent alcohol smugglers. During the 1920s, the Thompson was used sporadically by federal agents such as the "Untouchables" of the Bureau of Prohibition, and was officially adopted by the FBI in 1935. In the South and West of the USA, the submachine gun was also acquired by many large companies, especially in the mining industry which was plagued by strikes. Company security personnel armed with such guns were often deputized.

Tracer and incendiary ammo was available in 1921, and from 1922 there was also a dustshot shell, which was intended as a less-than-lethal option for use against rioters. The shot pellets were still dangerous at short distances, but lost effect quickly at longer range. The shot shell could only be fired from special 18-round magazines.

The M1928 was adopted officially in 1928 by the U.S. Navy for issue to the Marines. It lacked the foregrip and had a lower cyclic rate (RoF 1 or 20).



Machine Guns

Colt M1914

This was a scarce air-cooled belt-fed machine gun mounted on a tripod. Originally a Browning design that appeared in 1895, it had been improved and re-chambered in 1914, but sales were limited. The NYPD acquired a few, and a couple hundred went to the US military.

Colt R75 and Colt R80 Monitor

In 1925, Colt introduced the R75, a modified version of their Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR) which was used by the U.S. military as the M1918. Unlike the military model, the R75 featured a folding bipod. It offered both semiautomatic fire as well as bursts and used 20-round detachable magazines. The R75 was offered commercially and picked up by export customers and U.S. citizens, but also by prison services and police agencies. It was adopted by the Texas Rangers, the U.S. Border Guards, and others. Stolen M1918s were popular with criminals, including Bonnie & Clyde.

The R80 Monitor, which appeared in 1931, was a shortened version specifically designed for police use. It had a muzzle compensator for better control. Almost all of these went to the FBI, but some were sold to the Louisiana Highway Patrol and other agencies.

Grenade Launchers

Federal Gas Riot Gun

Tear gas had been developed during WWI, and became available to law enforcement agencies in the early 1920s. The Federal Laboratories not only made the gas, but also a single-shot break-open gun that fired a 1.5-inch (37×122mmR) grenade which releases a cloud of CN tear gas upon impact. Anybody in its radius is completely

incapacitated until he succeeds in a CON×1 roll (may be attempted once per round). In any case he is completely blinded for 1D6 minutes and his vision is obscured for another 1D6 minutes (halve all vision-orientated skills). Tear gas is effective against Deep Ones, Ghosts, Ghouls, Gugs, Rat-Things, Sand-Dwellers, Serpent People, and Tcho-Tcho.

Firearms and the Law

Legislation concerning the private ownership of firearms was not universal in America. Basically, everything goes. There were no federal laws that sanctioned possession of weapons of any kind at the time, and the situation was similar in most states. In 1927, the Federal Mailing of Firearms Act prohibited the sale of concealable weapons (i.e., handguns) by mail throughout the U.S., but that was a minor inconvenience only. In theory, every citizen could enter a hardware store or hunting shop, pay cash, and leave it with a machine gun and as much ammo as he could carry. He neither needed a weapon permit nor was he required to be registered. In rural areas in the South and West, it was still not uncommon to openly carry a pistol in a pistol belt, and people with rifles or shotguns were a common sight everywhere. A submachine gun would perhaps give cause to raised eyebrows due to its rarity, but would not be illegal.

However, in many areas it was prohibited to carry a concealed weapon – this was in order to control the huge numbers of easily concealed pocket pistols, which were commonly used in hold-ups, gang-related shoot-outs, and murders. Some of the larger cities, such as Chicago or New York, had already outlawed handguns before the World War. Most laws were patterned on the Sullivan Law of 1911 passed in New York. These local laws typically didn't apply to shoulder arms. This led to bizarre situations like Al Capone legally buying three Thompson submachine guns in a local sporting store in 1926 (which were later used to murder some of his opponents), but was later convicted and sentenced to one year of prison in 1929 for carrying a revolver... Sawn-off shotguns were often also regulated due to their very compact size. Wherever specific types of guns were prohibited, however, you could relatively easily acquire a permit to buy and own them. To actually carry a gun outside your own property, a weapon permit was required, which was more difficult to get. This permit allowed those people who could demonstrate a need, such as private investigators or jewelers, to own and carry the prohibited weapons. Both types of permits required you to check with local authorities and the payment of a small fee. Such prohibitive laws were scarce, though – in addition to the cities already mentioned, examples include the entire states Michigan (from 1925) and New York (from 1911).

Despite the relative ease of getting even full automatic weapons, most criminals acquired their arms on the black market or stole them, mainly to cover their tracks. Whilst the authorities didn't register machine guns, their makers did. If you ordered a Tommy gun or a BAR from your local hardware shop (they usually weren't on stock), you had to leave your name and address with the owner, who forwarded them to Auto-Ordnance or Colt. The makers thus had lists of the serial numbers of the guns and their buyers, which they



Clyde Barrow with his collection of stolen BARs

preferred to steal the guns in National Guard armories (Bonnie & Clyde's favorite trick) or even from small police stations. Manufacturers also restricted supply in response to spiraling gun crime. In 1930-1932 Auto-Ordnance sold only to the military (not even to federal agencies!), and from 1932 imposed a strict sales ban to individuals, selling their weapon only to agencies and certified companies including banks and armored car companies, but no longer to sheriffs or employees of such companies. Thus, a Thompson gun, which sold for \$175 without accessories from 1928, could easily cost \$1,500-2,000 on the black market, with its serial number filed off. The going rate for a stolen Browning Automatic Rifle was around \$5,000.

could supply to the police on request. This procedure was easily circumvented by supplying a false name and address (at least 80 Thompson guns were sold to people that were later proven not to exist). Nevertheless, most criminals didn't want to run the risk. They

Weapon Tables
Weapon Tables

Handguns

Make/Model	Caliber	Base Chance	Damage	Base Range	Rate of Fire	Capacity	HP	Cost	Malf	Year
Colt Banker's Special	.38 S&W	20%	1D10	5	2	6i	8	\$25	99	1928-1940
Colt Detective Special	.38 Special	20%	1D10	5	2	6i	8	\$25	99	1927-1986
Colt New Police	.32 S&W	20%	1D8	10	2	6i	10	\$15	99	1896-1907
Colt New Service	.45 Colt	20%	1D10+2	15	1	6i	10	\$30	99	1898-1942
Colt Official Police	.38 Special	20%	1D10	15	2	6i	10	\$25	99	1927-1975
Colt Pocket Positive	.32 S&W	20%	1D8	10	2	6i	8	\$20	99	1905-1940
Colt Police Positive Special	.38 Special	20%	1D10	15	2	6i	10	\$25	99	1907-1995
Colt M1873 Peacemaker	.45 Colt	20%	1D10+2	15	1	6i	10	\$30	99	1873-
Colt M1911 Government	.45 ACP	20%	1D10+2	15	1	7	10	\$40	97	1911-1926
Colt M1911A1 Government	.45 ACP	20%	1D10+2	15	1	7	10	\$40	97	1926-1970
Colt .38 Super Auto	.38 Super Auto	20%	1D10+1	15	1	9	10	\$40	97	1928-1970
DWM American Eagle	7.65×21mm	20%	1D8+1	15	1	8	8	\$30	96	1901-1930
S&W .357 Magnum	.357 Magnum	20%	1D8+1D4	15	2	6i	10	\$60	99	1935-1994
S&W .38/44 Heavy Duty	.38 Special	20%	1D10	15	2	6i	10	\$30	99	1930-1964
S&W .44 Hand Ejector	.44 Special	20%	1D10+2	15	1	6i	10	\$30	99	1907-1964
S&W Military & Police	.38 Special	20%	1D10	15	2	6i	10	\$25	99	1902-
S&W M1917	.45 ACP	20%	1D10+2	15	1	6i	10	\$30	99	1917-1941

Rifles

Make/Model	Caliber	Base Chance	Damage	Base Range	Rate of Fire	Capacity	HP	Cost	Malf	Year
Remington Model 8	.25 Remington	25%	2D6+1	110	2	5i	8	\$50	98	1906-1936
Remington Model 8	.30 Remington	25%	2D6+3	110	2	5i	8	\$50	98	1906-1936
Remington Model 8	.35 Remington	25%	2D6+4	110	2	5i	8	\$50	98	1906-1936
Springfield M1903	.30-06 Springfield	25%	2D6+4	110	1	5c	12	\$50	99	1906-1930
Winchester M1892	.44-40 Winchester	25%	1D10+2	70	2	12i	8	\$30	98	1893-1941
Winchester M1894	.30-30 Winchester	25%	2D6	70	2	6i	8	\$30	98	1894-
Winchester M1895	.30-30 Winchester	25%	2D6	70	2	6i	8	\$30	98	1896-1931
Winchester M1907	.351 Winchester	25%	2D6+3	110	2	6i/11i	8	\$60	98	1907-1957

Submachine Guns

Make/Model	Caliber	Base Chance	Damage	Base Range	Rate of Fire	Capacity	HP	Cost	Malf	Year
Auto-Ordnance M1921	.45 ACP	15%	1D10+2	40	1 or 25	20/50/100	12	\$225	98	1921-1928
firing dustshot		25%	1D10/1D5/1D25/10/30		1 or 18	18				
Auto-Ordnance M1928	.45 ACP	15%	1D10+2	40	1 or 20	20/30/50	12	\$175	98	1928-1942

Shotguns

Make/Model	Caliber	Base Chance	Damage	Base Range	Rate of Fire	Capacity	HP	Cost	Malf	Year
Ithaca Auto & Burglar	20-gauge	40%	2D6/1D6/1D3	5/10/25	2	2i	8	\$35	00	1922-1934
Remington Model 10	12-gauge	30%	4D6/2D6/1D6	10/25/50	1	5i	12	\$45	98	1907-1929
Remington Model 11R	12-gauge	35%	4D6/2D6/1D6	7/15/35	1	5i	12	\$65	98	1921-1948
Savage Model 520	12-gauge	30%	4D6/2D6/1D6	10/25/50	1	5i	12	\$45	98	1920-1930
Winchester M1897 Riot	12-gauge	35%	4D6/2D6/1D6	7/15/35	1	6i	12	\$45	99	1917-1957
Winchester M1912 Riot	12-gauge	35%	4D6/2D6/1D6	7/15/35	1	6i	12	\$50	99	1917-1980

Machine Guns

Make/Model	Caliber	Base Chance	Damage	Base Range	Rate of Fire	Capacity	HP	Cost	Malf	Year
Colt M1914	.30-06 Springfield	25%	2D6+4	110	20	250	15	\$2,500	98	1914-1917
Colt M1918 BAR	.30-06 Springfield	25%	2D6+4	110	1 or 20	20	12	\$250	98	1918-1939
Colt R75	.30-06 Springfield	25%	2D6+4	110	1 or 20	20	12	\$275	98	1925-1942
Colt R80 Monitor	.30-06 Springfield	25%	2D6+4	90	1 or 20	20	12	\$300	98	1931-1942

Grenade Launchers

Make/Model	Caliber	Base Chance	Damage	Base Range	Rate of Fire	Capacity	HP	Cost	Malf	Year
Federal Gas Riot Gun	1.5-inch	25%	5-yard radius	100	1/3	1	12	\$100	98	1925-1970

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A country-fried "Blood Brothers" Scenario

Electric Hoe-Down of the Atomic Reptile **Bikini**-Women - in 3-D!!!

By "Jumpin'" J. Edward Tremlett



This “*Blood Brothers*”-style Scenario is meant for three to six players and can probably be played through in one evening. A quick method to create characters is given at the end, along with a “tough luck story generator” to quickly manufacture appropriate histories for them all.

The band’s composition is largely up to the players, though it’s recommended that at least one of the members be a woman. If you only have three players, you’ll need a drummer, a guitarist or banjo player and one singer, of course.

To be fully realized, this scenario requires that your players take their normal investigatorial mindset and toss it in favor of playing dumb, drunken monster-fodder. They should be encouraged to avoid thinking, and go down in the most forehead-slappingly stupid manner possible. To this extent, be sure to enforce *Idea* rolls: if the character wouldn’t think of it, the player has to role-play accordingly.

Keeper Information

Scenario Set-Up

The players are all portraying members of a country band heading from Tulsa, Oklahoma to Big Tuna, Texas to attend a talent contest. On the way, heading out of Sherman, Texas, they’ll run across a pretty hitcher named Loretta Johnson, who – just by sheer coincidence – is also heading to Big Tuna. But she’s not quite what she seems, and is probably going to bring disaster on them all.



Loretta used to be a lab assistant for Doctor Vernon P. Willy: a government researcher over in Sherman who was working with human DNA sequences. It just so turns out that Dr. Willy was able to use atomic power to re-sequence human DNA on the fly, changing part of the genetic structure to match anything he wanted. So far he’s only been able to affect women and change them into half-reptile monstrosities to fulfill his strange and kinky fantasies, but it’s a start!

Ms. Johnson got wise to what her boss was up to, and planned to get out of there and tell the Feds what was going on. Unfortunately, her story was so crazy that no one she called at the FBI would believe her. Only Agent “Fly” Mullberry of Houston was willing to listen, as long as she could make it to where he was – on stakeout in Big Tuna – and show him some proof. They’ve agreed to rendezvous at the Electric Hoe Down, which he was going to go see, anyway, and she’d wear a red cowgirl hat so he’d know who she was.

So she snuck out of Dr. Willy’s ranch with photos, notes and the container with the special nuclear isotope Dr. Willy uses for his Devolver Ray. She’s put these all in a briefcase and is planning to show them to the Agent in Big Tuna. Unfortunately, Dr. Willy was a smart kind of mad scientist and built a homing device into his

isotope container. So he’s going to follow her all the way to Big Tuna... with several of his “ladies” along for the ride, too.

It can only get worse from there...
Special Effects

Like most *Blood Brothers* scenarios, this can be presented in “3-D.” Possible objects to wave in and out of people’s faces while going “WEEEEoooo WEEEEoooo” are: beer bottles (full or empty), cowboy hats, harmonicas, hooters (fill someone’s bra with large, flesh-colored balloons and keep them handy), six-shooters, guitar necks, glow-in-the-dark plastic dashboard Jesuses and rubber dinosaur heads for scenes where they’re attacked by you-know-what.

If your folks don’t mind playing with a little background music, or you want to have some for the road trip scenes or the hoe-down, pick up some really upbeat but rinky-dink honky-tonk. You can’t go wrong with some Mojo Nixon, and the “Prairie Home Invasion” CD he cut with Jello Biafra would be perfect.

Improvised Weapons

The band doesn’t start out with any weapons at all, so they’ll have to either rely on their fists or make do with their instruments or other musical equipment. Keepers should decide how much damage these things would do, and how much damage they can take before they’re broken.

Information for the Band

It’s a sunny day in late July, with the Oklahoma border sinking in the rear view mirror. The band’s station wagon churns along the road, eating up the prairie grass, rippling asphalt and JESUS LOVES YOU, COWBOY! signs that go for scenery here. Every so often, a green lizard runs out into the road to be squished flat and bake in the late afternoon, Texas Sun.

The band (which your players are free to name themselves) are heading for the small town of Big Tuna, Texas, just south of Cuero. The 7th Annual Earwig Records Electric Hoedown is going to be on in Big Tuna in just two days, and they’re hoping to make good on it. This year’s grand prize is a recording contract with Earwig, which entitles the band to cut a record with them and then go on tour – with someone big for a change. (Runners up get \$50 gift certificates at Ma Olsen’s Music Store and a coupon for all-you-can-eat at Bob’s Fried Chicken and Stuff... but who cares about all that shit?)

Winning that grand prize would sure be a godsend at this point. The band’s been having some hard luck lately, and it seems like everyone’s about ready to go their separate ways. Tensions and expectations are running as high as a mid-prairie oil tower, with everyone wanting to talk about what being stars will be like and no one wanting to even think about losing. Everyone’s kind of nervously eying one another, wondering who’s going to be the first to start the last argument, grab their gear and run...



Something good better happen – soon.

Meeting Loretta Johnson

After going through the city of Sherman, 20 miles over the border, the driver catches sight of a lovely lady by the side of the road. She's brunette and leggy, wearing jeans, a halter top and a red cowgirl hat, carrying a brown briefcase and purse. She has her thumb pointed up at the sky and a hopeful look on her pretty face.

If they slow down – and you know they do – she'll lean over and ask if they're heading south: "I'm heading on down to Big Tuna," she says, her voice as sweet as honey, "so if you could just take me as far south as you're heading I'd be happy to pay for gas." And boy is she happy to hear that they're heading for the same place she is.

It's getting late in the day by the time she gets in and joins them for their journey, and sooner or later they'll need to stop for the night. The Keeper should feel free to ad lib how the discussion of that subject goes. (She'll bunk down with female members of the band, if any, but won't be easily swayed into 'taking the couch' with a male member. If it comes down to it she'll decide to pay for her own, separate room... though this won't happen.)

This is a good chance for the band to role-play the telling of their hard luck stories, hopes and dreams, as well as showcase some of the fractures that are forming in the group. They'll pass by Dallas during this leg of the trip, and the Keeper might want to interject the narrative with little scenic asides.

For her part, Loretta won't say much, other than that she was working as a laboratory assistant in Sherman, but that "didn't work out." She's going to Big Tuna to meet someone about a new job. All the while she keeps the briefcase very, very close to her and doesn't let it out of her sight for a moment.

The "Sleep Cheep"

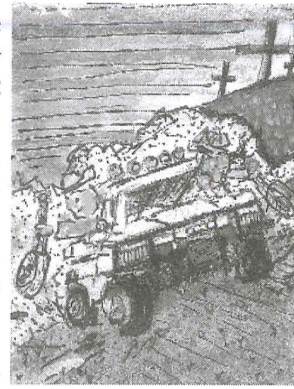
Once the Sun is really low in the sky, it's decided that it's time to stop for the night. A lonely freeway overpass with a no-name gas station and a six-room "Sleep Cheep" motel just next door looks as likely a place as any.

The rooms are \$39.95 a night, with "continental breakfast" (stale doughnuts and lukewarm coffee) included. No, they don't take credit cards or checks. "Checkout's at 10 AM, or we call the Sheriff," the gum-chewing lady behind the counter says as she hands over the keys: "No loud noises after Midnight, y'hear?"

However many folks are in the band, it just so turns out that there aren't enough vacant rooms for Ms. Johnson to have one of her own, if that was an issue. Make a note of who beds down in which room as the players role-play getting their stuff out of the car and into the doubles.

The rooms are a bit on the ratty side, with cheap, wobbly screen doors and windows and AC that seems like it's about to die. Only one room has a working TV, and the rest only get weird signals and fuzzy religious programming. Every room has a black velvet, "burning heart" Jesus painting on the wall.

Ms. Johnson will get ready for bed and charmingly stave off any attempts to "get friendly." She'll talk about anything but what's in the briefcase, though she may have evasive answers about some subjects. She'll keep the briefcase with her at all times, even when she goes to the bathroom.



Doctor Willy Strikes!

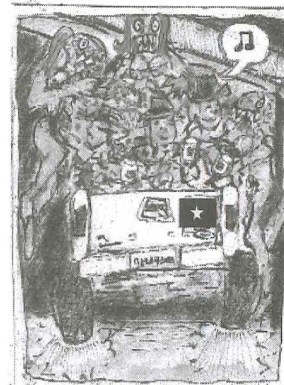
At around 11:30 p.m. a large, white van will pull into the gas station next door. Inside of it are Dr. Willy and 10 of his Atomic Reptile Bikini Women (ARBW). The man tending the gas station will come out to pump some gas for them, and then be dragged inside the back of the van, killed and eaten by the ladies.

Dr. Willy will then send three of his ARBW off to where the isotope is being kept, with orders to get it and Ms. Johnson and bring them back to the van. However, just as they're slinking across the property, heading for the room, the Sheriff's car pulls into the gas station to fuel up...

Just how things go here is up to the Keeper. The most likely chain of events has the Sheriff going up to Dr. Willy's van to ask how long he's been waiting at the pump. When Dr. Willy gets a mite unfriendly, he'll notice that the van has a busted headlight, and proceed to write them out a ticket. Dr. Willy won't have any of that "police harassment crap," and has two of his ARBW's jump out to deal with the Sheriff, who screams, draws his gun and starts shooting.

The noise should attract the attention of anyone who isn't in the room with the working TV. If anyone in the room with Ms. Johnson looks out the window or the door an Atomic Reptile Bikini Woman crashes through it and tries to chew their face off. Even if they don't look, or just sit around going "well what the hell was that?" the ARBW will kick down the door and come in.

Ms. Johnson will promptly scream "No! Don't let them get me...", run into the bathroom, and lock the door behind her. The ARBW's



will very clearly try to get back there to get to her. The band will be in the way...

The band can't count on any outside help. The Sheriff will die without even wounding his adversaries and the gum chewing lady at the front desk has her working TV up full-blast watching "Hee-Haw" reruns. No one in any other room is sober enough to care, either.

Three things could happen here:

- ♦ The band members protect Ms. Johnson by fighting the ARBW off, or keeping them at bay. After a few rounds of combat, Dr. Willy, sensing there's some resistance, will call them back with three short bursts of his police whistle. The band will see the ARBW run like hell for the gas station and get into the back of a white van, which will then drive off at full speed before they can catch them.



- ♦ The band members aren't able to keep the ARBW from getting to Ms. Johnson, and they grab her and run off with her – but not the briefcase. As she's being dragged away, they'll hear her yell "Don't worry about me! Get that briefcase to Big Tuna and give it to Agent Mullberry of the FBI! He'll be at the hoe down... wear the red hat.... aiEEEEEE!" They'll see the ARBW run off for the white van, dragging Ms.

Johnson along, and then they'll get in the back. The van will drive off at full speed before they can catch them, leaving them with the briefcase and the red cowboy hat.

- ♦ The band members aren't able to keep the ARBW from Ms. Johnson, and they mortally wound her. Dr. Willy calls them back right at that moment, and they obey. As she lies dying on the floor of the bathroom, she coughs out: "Don't... don't worry about me... get that briefcase to Big Tuna... give it to Agent Mullberry... FBI... he'll be at the... the hoe down... wear the red hat.... gghh... hhg.. hhhh..." (SAN loss: 1/1D4 points). And as she croaks, the band hears the sound of Dr. Willy's van squealing away from the gas station at full speed.

No matter what happens, the sensible thing for the folks to do would be to call the police. That would ruin the scenario, though, so encourage them to fling their stuff – and any dead bodies – back into the station wagon and drive off before the front desk girl can call anyone.

Anyone who tries to run after the van will see the Sheriff's car. The policeman has had his face chewed off (SAN loss: 1/1D4 points) and still has his gun in hand. They will be able to pillage the handgun, a nightstick and a can of mace from his body and the car if they care to.

On to Big Tuna

It'll take about seven hours of driving to get to Big Tuna from the Sleep Cheep. In that time, the band might want to talk about what happened and what to do next. Feel free to let them, but make sure not to let the band members have any ideas if their players can't make any *Idea* rolls to justify them.

If Loretta is still alive, she won't talk about what just happened, or give out any more information about them. She'll pretend to be scared stiff and largely unresponsive, only saying that she has to get to Big Tuna. Why? She just has to. No, really, why? She'll bawl uncontrollably... and so on.

If Loretta is dead or missing, someone might have the bright idea of looking in the briefcase. Inside are:

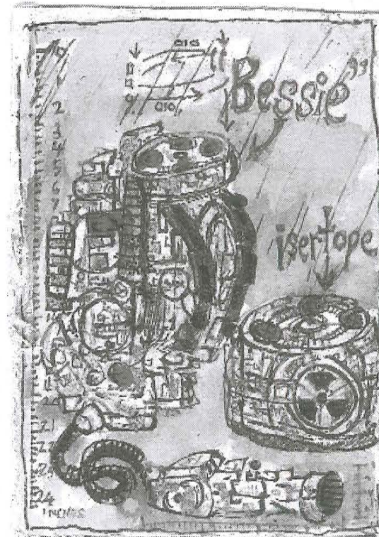
Stacks of notes that Dr. Willy made about what he was up to, which require a **Own/Other Language (English)** roll to understand in part, minus all of that science crap. The Keeper should feel free to ad lib this, but the gist is that Dr. Willy – who makes constant reference to how much he loves Adolph Hitler – has developed a way to turn women into half-lizard creatures using "atomic science." He also goes on at length about how much the government wants to use this for warfare, how his mother made him dress in his sister's clothing, how he thinks Ms. Johnson is turning on him, the dangers of receiving oral sex from something with fangs, etc. etc. etc.

Photographs of ARBW and women being turned into ARBW (San loss: 1/1D4 points)

The designs for what looks like a huge leaf blower backpack. Anyone who can make a **Physics** roll will realize it's supposed to irradiate water and create a "fog" effect with the gun. If someone reads the notes, they'll realize that the backpack was what Dr. Willy used to turn his victims into ARBW.

A metal canister about the size of an old film can with a plug hole in one end. This is the isotope Dr. Willy needs. Anyone who understands the designs for the backpack sees where the isotope is supposed to go. Anyone who understands the notes realize that this is the key component of his process.

Putting all the pieces together – which should require a



cavalcade of *Idea* rolls – the band will realize why they were attacked and why those creatures were after Ms. Johnson, and that they can probably expect more visits from this Dr. Willy. The need to get this stuff to that FBI Agent should be self-evident, but make them make an *Idea* roll for it, anyway.

If anyone's dumb enough to open the canister, everyone nearby is exposed to the contents and gets severe radiation poisoning. They'll be puking within five hours, start losing their hair, and will lose one point of CON and STR per day until dead. So much for their recording contract!

Big Tuna and the Electric Hoe-Down Contest

The exact chain of events at Big Tuna is largely up to the Keeper's kindly nature to determine. He should feel free to base the action around the band's interests. If Ms. Johnson's with them she'll use them as cover to get the briefcase to the FBI guy, but if not then they'll have to do it – provided they want to.

Past that, play it by ear. Don't worry about things going askew or contradicting themselves – these movies are never well-written. Just remember that while Dr. Willy's shadowing them the whole time, he won't make his big move until the Hoe Down itself.

Big Tuna (last seen in David Lynch's movie "Wild at Heart") is a small little, dusty trailer home town with nothing much in the way of civic pride or beauty. The Hoe Down will be hosted at Moe's Party Hall, right about the middle of town, and the contestants are all camping out in Moe's gravel and dust parking lot. This will give the band some cover, but also make sneaking around more difficult.

The show will start the day after they pull into town, going from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., when the judges will make their decision. Sixteen bands will be playing in that time, each one getting a half an hour set. The players' band goes on stage at 4:30 p.m.



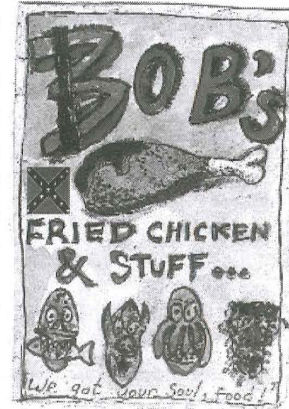
Agent Mullberry will be there, and he'll be looking for a woman in a red cowgirl hat. Whether it's Ms. Johnson, a female member of the band or some guy made up to look like a woman, Mullberry'll find them. Once he has a look at what's in the briefcase he'll be convinced the Bureau needs to step in.

Just about then would be a perfect moment for Dr. Willy to come in with his remaining ARBW's (and a hog-tied, bikini-clad Ms. Johnson too, if he kidnapped her). He'll order his girls to "get the isertope from them slack-jawed, meddlin' banjo boys!"

Chaos will ensue, as there's no emergency exit and the monsters are blocking the only way in or out. On the other hand, there's lots of things to use as improvised weapons: beer bottles, fire extinguishers, pool cues and chairs are very handy. Moe also keeps a 12-gauge, double barreled shotgun under his bar, and Agent Mull-

berry has his gun, but they'll probably be the first folks the ARBW go after.

Dr. Willy has his Devolver Ray backpack on, of course. If he gets the isotope he'll put it in and use it on the crowd, turning the ladies into more ARBW. However, this will be his downfall – the ones he's made before have all been conditioned to obey, but these new ones won't be. They'll tear him to shreds, leaving only a frilly bra, cowboy hat and a haunch with Hitler's leering face on it to mark his passing.



Conclusion

Stopping Dr. Willy is worth 1D8 Sanity points. Saving Ms. Johnson from Dr. Willy is worth 1D4 Sanity points. Getting the remaining ARBW "help" from the government is worth 1D6 Sanity points. (Screwing up and watching everyone die would be -1D10 Sanity points, but if that happens the band'll probably be dead, too.)

Though the contest's venue is ruined, Earwig Records will host another one in the parking lot in a few days. Sure enough, the band will win and get their recording contract. The day is saved, they're all going to be stars: it's Miller time!

Two months later, in a government lab hundreds of miles away, a pretty woman dressed only in her underwear is gagged and hog-tied to a chair. Some guy in a lab coat puts a familiar canister into a large machine that's pointed at her, the woman soundlessly starts to scream and...

Freeze Frame.
Closing credits.
THE END.

Statistics

Non-Player Characters

Dr. Vernon Phineas Willy, age 45

Cross-dressing, lizard-loving, Hitler-reading de-ranked scientist

STR 9	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 17	POW 17
DEX 15	APP 10	EDU 21	SAN 23	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Devolver Ray, 65%: any woman caught in the field effect has to roll her CON against the weapon's power of 16.

If she succeeds, she's fine. If she fails, she will turn into an ARBW in 1D4 rounds. SAN loss to see this happen to someone is 1/1D5 points, or 1D3/1D8 points if it's someone you know.

Skills: Anthropology 50%, "Atomic Science" 60%, Biology 70%, Chemistry 60%, Dodge 40%, Dress in Women's Undies 100%, Drive Auto 50%, Electronics 50%, Medicine 75%

Quote: "I'm gonna make me a race'a atomic supermen, you hear? Ain't no Yankee gonna stop me, neither! Sigh Hail... or something like that..."

Description: A skinny, jug-eared fellow with thick eyeglasses and a tall cowboy hat, Dr. Willy wears a long, white lab coat with built-up boots, frilly lady's underwear and nothing else. He just wants to get his "iser-tope" back into his gun, "Bessie," and turn pretty women into atomic reptile superwomen – and that's about all he'll talk about, too! He also has a tattoo of Adolph Hitler's face right on his butt (SAN loss 0/1D2 points to see this)



Loretta Johnson, age 29

Pretty woman who knows too much

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 16	POW 14
DEX 14	APP 17	EDU 19	SAN 50	HP 11

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: chemical mace 70%, damage stun 2d10 mins

Skills: Bat Eyelashes Adoringly 60%, Biology 50%, Chemistry 34%, Dodge 40%, Locksmith 25%, Medicine 60%, Persuade 60%, Sneak 40%

Quote: "I can't imagine why those monsters are following us, really. Just keep driving? Please?" (bats eyelashes)

Description: A rather pretty woman with long, brown hair, long legs and an endless assortment of low-necked blouses. She has a good head on her shoulders, but she feels that she can't trust a bunch of goofy banjo players with the truth. She might be right, too...



Agent "Fly" Mullberry, age 35

Effa-Bee-Eye fella

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 15	POW 13
DEX 14	APP 13	EDU 16	SAN 60	HP 14

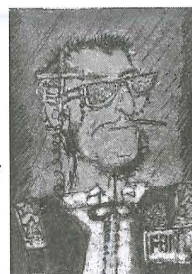
Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Colt Delta Elite auto 65%, damage 1D10+1
Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Accounting 50%, Drive Auto 40%, Law 50%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 65%, Suspect a Group that doesn't even Exist 95%, Martial Arts 45%, Psychology 50%

Quote: "Well... way I reckon it, the truth is out there somewhere... and lady, you are WAY out there. So... what do you know about them there Space Bankers?"

Description: Agent Mullberry's a pug-faced fellow with small eyes, a toothpick hanging out of his mouth and a suit too nice to blend in with. He keeps getting stuck in solitary, nowhere assignments because of his tendency to see vast conspiracies in the simplest things, and he'll go on at length about the Illuminati, Space Bankers and Gnomes of Zurich being behind everything from JFK's death to his burger being cold. He's not sure who to blame Ms. Johnson's story on yet, but give him time...



The Atomic Reptile Bikini Women

STR 18	CON 17	SIZ 10	INT 5	POW 10
DEX 20	APP 0	EDU n/a	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Armor: 2 pts of scales

Weapons: Claws, 30%, 1D6+db

Bite 25%, 1D6+Automatic Worry

The ARBW can either Claw twice a round or Claw once and Bite. If she succeeds in a Bite attack, she'll stop clawing and hang on, doing 1D4 damage per round thereafter until pushed away via a STR vs STR roll.

Skills: Dodge 30%, Hide 50%, Hiss Meaninglessly 60%
Sneak 75%

SAN Loss: 0/1D6

Description: These poor victims of Dr.

Willy's Devolver Ray have been turned into half-reptile monstrosities with the heads and hands and feet of large, scaly lizards. Though they still have all their hair, their skin is shot through with scales and has a strange, oily look to it. And, as the name suggests, Dr. Willy has them dress in skimpy bras and bikinis.



The ARBW aren't very bright and don't remember much of their old lives. The same process that made them look like reptiles caused their brains to atrophy back to primitive levels. All they think about is eating raw flesh and getting enough sunlight, and as long as Dr. Willy gets them enough of both they'll do what he tells them.

Their chief weakness is based on sound, as high-frequency noises cause them pain. Dr. Willy has capitalized on this and uses a police whistle to get them to stop (one long blast), or summon them back (three short blasts). He uses a dog whistle to punish them: a single blast from one stuns them for 2D4 rounds, and causes 1 point of damage.

If any band member figures this out during the hoe-down scene, they could use guitar feedback to stun them. This requires a successful **Guitar** roll, and each roll will render the ARBW in earshot helpless for 1D4 rounds as they hold their ears and hiss.

Creating The Band

Instead of the usual method of Character Creation, have the players make sheets with STR, CON, SIZ, DEX, APP, INT, POW and EDU, and then:

- ♦ give them 60 points to distribute between STR, CON, DEX, APP and POW
- ♦ have them make a 6+2d6 roll for SIZ
- ♦ have them make a 8+1D6 roll for INT
- ♦ have them make a 3d4+3 roll for EDU

Instead of the usual method of giving EDU and INT points into Skills, give them 240 points to put into **Art: Singing** (01%), **Art: Instrument of Choice** (01%), **Bargain** (05%), **Dodge** (DEX x2) **Drive Auto** (20%), **Fast Talk** (05%), **Listen** (25%), and **Sneak** (10%).

Then give them 50 points to put into the four natural weapons – **Fist** (50%) **Grapple** (25%) **Head Butt** (10%) **Kick** (25%) – and the ability to use their instrument of choice as a club-type weapon (25%)

As they go through the Tough Luck Story Generator, they will get bonuses or penalties to their characters. Have them mark it all down, and then – once they're done – calculate *Idea*, *Luck* and *Know*. It's recommended that the INT losses not be allowed to take them below 8, no matter how badly they roll on the Story Generator.

The Deluxe, Down-Home Tough Luck Story Generator

To use this, just follow the instructions. Don't worry about too many history duplications among the band – it'll give the players something to talk about besides tractor pulls, beer and what they're going to do when they get to be stars.

“(Band Member's Name) was born in (roll #1), the child of (roll #2). They said s/he would never amount to much, and after s/he (roll #3) at age (11+2d4) they considered themselves right and threw that brat child out into the cold. After that s/he (roll #4) in (roll #1 again) for a few years, falling into a life of (roll #5). Out of sheer luck s/he met the other members of the band while they were rolling through (roll #1 just one more time) and has been with them ever since. Heee-YAW!”

#1: Roll 1D6

- 1 Lubbock, Texas (-2 INT)
- 2 Tulsa, Oklahoma (+1 INT)
- 3 Pecos, Texas (-2 INT)
- 4 Beeville, Texas (-1 INT)
- 5 Sherman, Texas (-2 INT)
- 6 Big Tuna, Texas (-3 INT)

#2: Roll 1D6

- 1 Strangely well-off but inbred sheep farmers. (+20% to **Accounting**)
- 2 An encyclo... encyclo... however-you-say-that-word salesman and his wife the soap opry queen. (+20% to **Fast Talk**)
- 3 Fundamentalists waiting for the end times in a shotgun shack. (+20% to **Dodge**)
- 4 Fake injuns making cheap necklaces for tourists and drinking themselves into the hospital. (+20% to **Medicine**)
- 5 A honky-tonk singer done went nowhere and her old manager who's now living in Las Vegas with that two-bit singing floozy he done left her for. (+20% to **Art: Singing**)
- 6 A truck driver who was hardly ever there, Aunt Sue, Uncle Fred the Revenuer and Cousin Ted the self-made Stigmatic. (+20% to **First Aid**)

#3: Roll 1D6

- 1 Done beat up Schoolmarm Pritchett right there in class (+20% to **Kick**)
- 2 Done burned down the feed store (+20% to **Explosives**)
- 3 Done wrecked Uncle Joe's 18-wheeler (+20% to **Drive Auto**)
- 4 Done got caught smoking loco weed (+20% to **Pharmacy**)
- 5 Done came home from town with pink hair and a nose-ring (+20% to **Dodge**)
- 6 Done got caught reading funny-books on the crapper (+2 to EDU)

#4: Roll 1D6

- 1 Waited tables in Merle's Greasy Spoon (+20% to **Accounting**)
- 2 Sold broken pencils on street corners (+20% to **Fast Talk**)
- 3 Sold hooch to reservations and loco weed to rich college kids (+20% to **Pharmacy**)
- 4 Sold encyclo... encyclo... however-you-say-that-word door to door (+20% to **Physics**)
- 5 Shouted the word of Jesus out loud in city parks (+20% to **Dodge**)
- 6 Beat up Yankees for fun and profit (+20% to **Sneak**)

#5: Roll 1D6

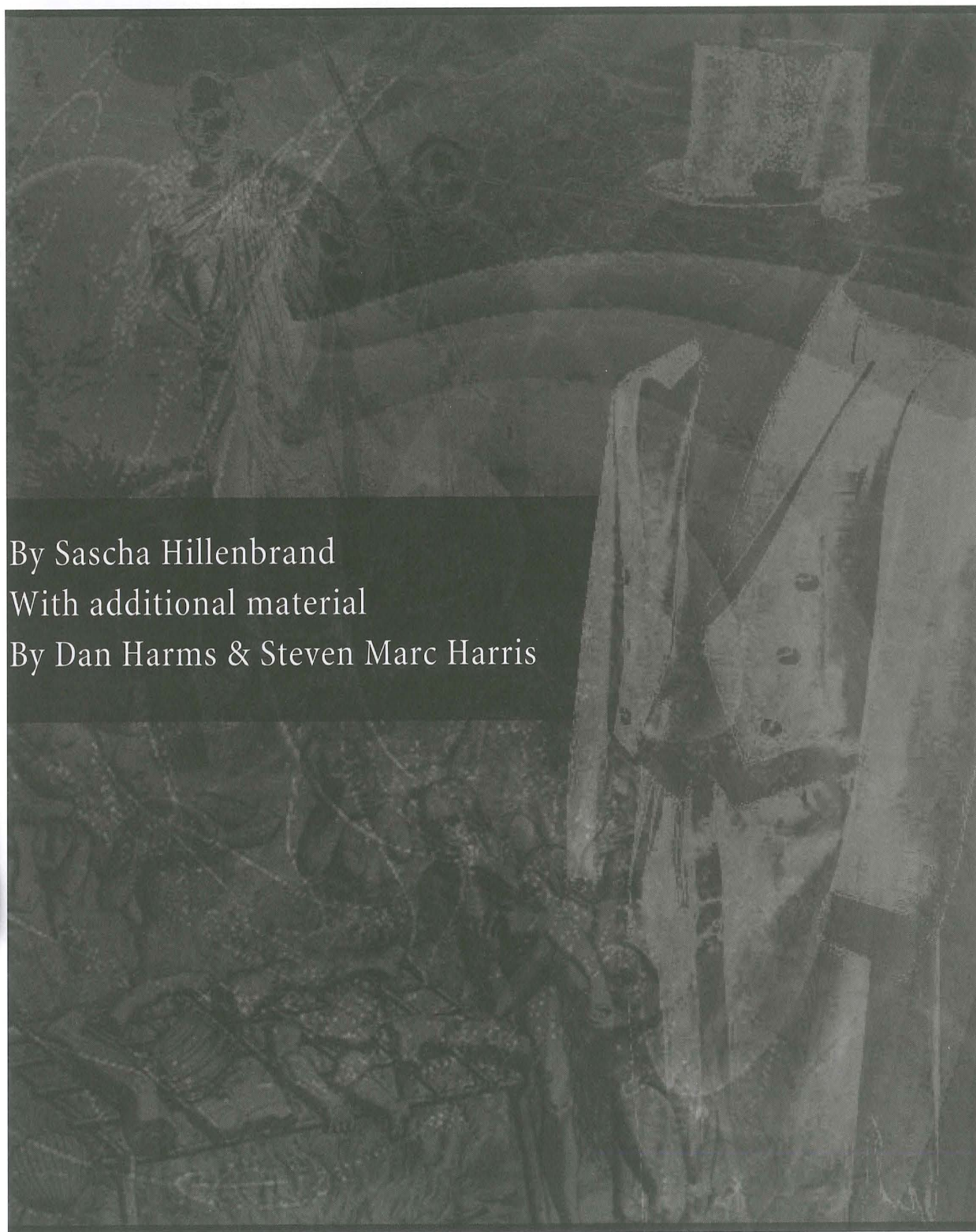
- 1 Mindless violence. (+20% to **Handgun**)
- 2 Desperate alcoholism. (+20% to **Fist**)
- 3 Desperate violence. (+20% to **Knife**)
- 4 Mindless alcoholism. (+20% to **Kick**)
- 5 Mindless and desperate violence and alcoholism. (+20% to **Shotgun**)
- 6 Strange and drunken sexual encounters with what were either large, fuzzy sock puppets or something too hideous to recall. (+20% to **Grapple**)

This Scenario is dedicated to Joe Bob Briggs, Mojo Nixon and all veterans of Ohio University Campus Crusade for Cthulhu's "Bad Movie Nights."



The "True" History

friedrich wilhelm von junzt



By Sascha Hillenbrand

With additional material

By Dan Harms & Steven Marc Harris

"This man dipped so deeply into forbidden things, I cannot wonder that his fate was so strange and mysterious."

Tusmann, from Robert E. Howard's "The Thing on the Roof"

Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt has been collecting and documenting occult as well as forgotten lore from all corners of the Earth for his entire life. He is the author of the *"Unaussprechlichen Kulten"*, or, as this book has become known in occult circles, the *"Black Book"* – a tome filled with forbidden, blasphemous knowledge.

The author's reputation is as redoubtable as that of his book. Both the knowledge collected and accumulated in his book as well as his own life as a researcher of the Mythos and as a world-traveler – let alone his frequent, recurring appearance in the Mythos stories of a wide variety of authors – have turned von Junzt into a fascinating character within the Cthulhu Mythos.

The subsequent remarks on the use of the character of von Junzt in the role-playing game are intended to be suggestions for keepers to integrate him into a campaign or a single adventure and to use him according to circumstances.

Von Junzt's literary father as well as that of the *"Unaussprechlichen Kulten"*, was Conan creator Robert E. Howard, who authored quite a few stories related to the Cthulhu Mythos. In Howard's stories, the book *"Unaussprechlichen Kulten"* holds a place of significance similar to the *"Necronomicon"* in Lovecraft's tales. Lovecraft liked Howard's ideas well enough to incorporate von Junzt's book into this own stories. What is more, it was Lovecraft who assigned to von Junzt his two first names, "Friedrich Wilhelm."



Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt

Who is Friedrich
Wilhelm von Junzt?

Research done by investigators is unlikely to unearth more than the history of von Junzt's life and the circumstances of his gruesome death. Given the rarity of even those volumes on von Junzt himself – John Grant's biography *Von Junzt: The Forgotten Explorer*, Arthur Gottenham's *The Von Junzt Puzzle*, and Alexis Ladeau's posthumously published *Reminiscences of Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt* – even this information will only be discovered at considerable effort.

Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt was born in 1795 in the city of Cologne. The records say that he died in 1840 in Düsseldorf under mysterious circumstances. The son of Ava and Heinrich von Junzt, he was raised in a wealthy home located on the outskirts of Miltenberg. The Von Junzt family fortune came from coal mines controlled from offices located in Cologne where the family also kept a home. In 1804, his mother died giving birth to a younger brother subsequently named Augustus. Though only nine years old, Friedrich found himself forced to become more responsible as his father's grief began to affect his business. According to his own testimony later in life, Friedrich found himself inducted into a local secret society of the more powerful members of the town, including the then owner of Miltenberg castle, Carl Horstig. The group's focus was upon a stone monolith covered with symbols and contained within the castle. Though the society was mostly harmless, its limited metaphysics inspired the insight that informed von Junzt's later work.

Also important was Von Junzt's father's interest in spiritualism. On one occasion in 1807, Friedrich and his father journey to England to meet with various seers who claimed to be able to communicate with the dead. These trips and the costly visits of ever more claimants of spiritual ability took a toll on the family's wealth. By the time Augustus Von Junzt took over the family business in 1822, the Von Junzt family fortune was only a third of what it was before.

Before then, however, Friedrich used his freedom and easily obtained finances to continue his studies and maintain a high standard of living and expensive travel. In 1814, von Junzt enrolled at Berlin University. The next year, he befriended Gottfried Mülder, and this friendship grew more intense when Mülder saved von Junzt's life during a failed occult experiment to establish empirical proof of Aristotle's three souls of man. After graduation, the two friends traveled to Asia, (1818-1819), where monks in the mountains of China permitted von Junzt access via sorcery to the lost city of Yian-Ho and its copy of the *"Ghorl Nigral"* (also called *"The Book of Night"*). After reading it, von Junzt, obviously deeply impressed, had long, intensive discussions about the book's contents with Mülder.

After his first journey to Asia, von Junzt returned to Germany and finished his Ph.D. thesis titled *"Der Ursprung und Einfluss von Semantisch-Magischen Texten"* ("On the Origin and the Influence of Semantic-Magical Texts"). He then taught philology (or linguistics) at Wurttemberg University for four years.



Von Junzt reading the mysterious "Ghorl Nigral".

After his contract finished and was not renewed, he began the next stage in his travels. His brother Augustus, who had made the family business prosperous and disliked Friedrich immensely, was happy to fund his travels away from Germany. While his exact itinerary throughout this period remains a mystery, he is known to have traveled to all corners of the Earth, a tremendous feat so early in the 19th Century. In doing so, his mastery of local cultures and mastery of occult knowledge gained access to innumerable cults and secret societies. In addition, his travels and linguistic skills enabled him to read many unknown and very rare occult books in their original versions. For instance, is he one of the few humans who have read the Greek translation of the "Necronomicon", the exact whereabouts of which von Junzt never revealed. Some say he translated it into German as "Das Buch des verrückten Arabers" ("The Book of the Mad Arab"), a work published posthumously in 1848.

While staying in Paris in 1825, he made the acquaintance of the Frenchman Alexis Ladeau. In 1827, the two of them traveled to America, where they visited New York, Arkham, and Kingsport, also taking a tour of many prehistoric mound sites. In this period, von Junzt published two monographs, one being called "Les Vampires" (1826), and the other "Les Lupines" (1828). In 1828, while on an expedition into the Everglades in search of the lost Spanish town "Puerto de los Infieles", Ladeau contracted malaria and was forced to return to his homeland, yet von Junzt continued his journeys. These included a curious nine-month gap in 1829; the author apparently vanished from Oklahoma and reappeared in Mexico, never speaking of where he had been in the interim.

In 1835, von Junzt finally returned to his family's home to lay down the enormous amount of knowledge he had amassed in his travels around the globe in his "black" book, "Unaussprechlichen Kulten". He invited Ladeau to his home, to help him finish the book. Von Junzt left immediately after the book's completion, and he and Ladeau were never to meet again during their lifetime. To publish his book, von Junzt approached his old friend Gottfried Mülder, whom he had lost contact with after their joint travels in Asia. Mülder had since become the owner of a Düsseldorf-based publishing company and was to publish von Junzt's book with the German title "Von den Unaussprechlichen Kulten". For reasons unknown, though, Mülder waited a full two years before finally doing so. He had received the finished book as early as 1835/6 but did not publish it until 1839, adding a preface of his own writing.

Knowing what we do about the life of von Junzt so far, we get a good idea of what this "Bible of the Occult" might have contained. And there is another thought that curdles the blood: If the blasphemous content of the "Unaussprechlichen

Kulten" is what von Junzt saw fit to make available to the public, of what kind might have been the knowledge even he did not dare to publish?

Much has been written about von Junzt's state of mind. In some parts of his usually rather sober reports in his monumental epic, he seems to be losing it. Some of the things he said whilst alive have been cited as proof of his insanity. Yet his book is a treasure-trove of immeasurable value, its contents being invaluable for those with a serious interest in the occult.

The central thesis of the book – von Junzt's "keys" metaphor – was controversial for its time. For von Junzt, human reason was a slave to human desires and interests. As a result, human society produced, enforced and perpetuated a false view of reality that meshed well with the interests of the human animal. Nonetheless, various events and artifacts, scattered chronologically and geographically, spoke against the truth of humanity's various cultures. These were 'keys' allowing the transcendence of human thought to a deeper understanding of the universe. Some human beings encountered these keys and were forced to acknowledge them and deal with their significance. These attempts spawned secret societies and cults that adapted their own cultures to fit with the new information while recognizing the inability of the society as a whole to accept the 'key,' or using their knowledge of the 'key' to attain power not accessible to others. Von Junzt claimed that, even at this level, the true significance of the 'keys' had been lost as each secret society jealously guarded their knowledge from the other. Von Junzt asserted that he had joined these keys to unlock the grand scheme of the universe. Once this was completed, he said, it becomes appar-

ent that not only are the truths of common society false, but the hidden truths of cults and secret societies themselves are only portions of a much more fearsome whole.

After he returned from his very last journey, which took him to Mongolia and back, von Junzt locked himself into a room at Düsseldorf and began working on a mysterious manuscript the contents of which are still a mystery.

In 1840, six months after his retreat, his friend Alexis Ladeau found him dead in a locked room, strangled by someone or something that left claw marks on his throat. The lock was undamaged, but the mysterious manuscript had been torn apart. Ladeau reconstructed the manuscript, read it, and subsequently burnt it. He then cut his own throat with a razor, writing a single incomprehensible word on the floor in his own blood. (Rumor has it that a few pages from this manuscript, describing how to “contact those Beyond” were buried with Ladeau, but if so, grave robbers removed them in 1942.) When the circumstances surrounding von Junzt’s death became known, many owners of *“Unaussprechlichen Kulten”* decided to destroy their copies.

After the death of his friendt, Mülder deemed it necessary to set down the knowledge von Junzt had gleaned from the *Ghorl Nigral* in writing. Using self-hypnosis, he managed to recall their conversations of old and wrote them down in the book *“Die geheimen Mysterien Asiens – mit Anmerkungen zum Ghorl Nigral”* (*“The Secret Mysteries of Asia – also containing notes on the Ghorl Nigral”*), which he self-published in 1847. However, most of the print run was immediately seized by the authorities, and destroyed. Mülder himself had to flee to Metzengerstein, where he died in an asylum in 1858. Mülder’s book has remained a very important one up to the present day, because von Junzt was probably the only person to ever fully read the *“Ghorl Nigral”*. Investigators will find even Mulder’s version difficult to locate – the Miskatonic copy has been locked up without access after a horrid experience in the Rare Book Room.

The instant sensation that had been the *“Unaussprechlichen Kulten”* was as good as forgotten, and would have remained so had Pierre Sansrire, a French Jesuit monk in St. Malo, not penned a translation in 1843. It was this translation that the British bookseller M.A.G. Bridewall acquired. Recognizing its sensational and gratuitous content and the potential for sales, Bridewell published an English version under the title of *“Nameless Cults”* in 1845. However, this version of *“Unaussprechlichen Kulten”* is incomplete, riddled with Sansrire’s original errors and obfuscation, compounded by a lackluster English translation, and hindered by misleading lurid illustrations.

In 1909, the book was translated from the German and printed again under the same title, *“Nameless Cults,”* by the New York publishing house Golden Goblin Press. This edition had color plate illustrations by Diego Velasquez. Whilst the new translation described all the spells contained in the book, it remained rather vague as regards the performance of the rituals.

Since then, von Junzt’s heirs have prevented several attempts by Arkham’s Miskatonic University to publish an annotated version of *“Unaussprechlichen Kulten”* edited by the university’s faculty.

No more than half a dozen of the book’s original copies are believed to be extant.



Von Junzt – Still Alive?

Might we not assume that a man who was in possession of such knowledge would have used it for his own benefit? Let us just assume for a moment that von Junzt had not really died in such a mysterious way in 1840, but had only faked his death and were still alive even today. Why not have investigators happen upon clues left by von Junzt in pursuit of his current activities, or even have them meet von Junzt in person? What type of being would von Junzt be today, after all this time?

The possibilities are endless, and it is up to the keeper to exactly determine the further history of von Junzt and his personality. What follows are a few sample notes on how to construct a “modern-day” Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt.

How did von Junzt Prolong his Life?

As longtime Call of Cthulhu veterans are aware, death by strangulation is not the barrier to continued quality of life that it might seem to the uninitiated. A number of options exist for returning von Junzt to the living. The most canonical is the use of the Resurrection spell (sixth ed., p. 241) on von Junzt’s remains. The author encountered a cult in Salamanca with knowledge of this technique, and it is quite possible that a suitably-prepared associate – or the cult in question – reconstituted von Junzt using it. Keepers seeking another twist might apply the Wraith (p. 211) or Mummy (p. 207) stats to those below to depict a von Junzt who has succumbed to undeath.

If von Junzt somehow substituted another for himself, the field of possibilities opens considerably. The Mind Transfer spell (sixth ed., p. 239) is a good candidate, with Food of Life (p. 236) and Steal Life (p. 243) also being available



Goals and Motivation

A multi-purpose goal for von Junzt to pursue in an adventure is absolute occult knowledge. Perhaps he is the head of a global organization or secret society. This means he can appear both as the investigators' ally or their enemy. Maybe his true intentions do not become

apparent until the investigation is well underway, adding an unexpected twist to the adventure.

What are von Junzt's financial means and resources?

Given his long life and his many travels, von Junzt has probably managed to amass a significant fortune and gather up contacts without number. It is possible that he has become a silent partner in many a company or enterprise, or that he keeps afloat by selling antiquities, treasures or art, or precious metals. He has seen many important discoveries close up, allowing him to secure his influence in those early days. His assets probably include, but are not limited to, several Swiss bank accounts with enough yields to provide for a comfortable life, property and apartments in all of the world's larger cities, and various sanctuaries in the more remote corners of the world.

His contacts would range from influential members of society or secret circles to various organizations such as intelligence gathering services or police forces around the world. It is doubtful, though, whether all of these are automatically friendly to von Junzt. He is familiar with most of the world's cultures and speaks many languages. This makes it far easier for him to act on the international stage.

Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt

He cuts an imposing figure, being large and of stately build. He is always well groomed and impeccably dressed. He values style, be it in his clothes or in his way of living. He likes good wine, good food, and fully knows how to enjoy the more pleasant parts of life. He is a sensitive, cerebral man who, due to his prolonged life has acquired an immense treasure trove of experience and also of knowledge, above and beyond the occult. His manners, especially when dealing with others, may appear somewhat antiquated from a modern point of view, but are still flawless and befitting a member of the upper class of society. He is an Old School gentleman throughout. And although he acts without scruple when his goals require it, it would be wrong to classify him as cold-blooded – in his opinion; he is just doing what needs to be done to achieve his aims.

This is von Junzt as he presents himself with his guard down. Nonetheless, he spent decades infiltrating and gaining the confidence of suspicious and dangerous cult members. As such, he is adept at disguise, transforming his accent, mannerisms, and appearance to allow him easy entrance to any situation. One common denominator is that he always appears as a person of importance; von Junzt would rather be the mysterious visitor from afar with ancient wisdom than a servant or beggar.

Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt, age 'ancient'

Mythos Researcher and World Traveler

STR 12	CON 15	SIZ 13	INT 18	POW 20
DEX 15	APP 16	EDU 24	SAN 0	HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fencing Weapons (Epée, Rapier) 75%, damage 1D6+1+db

Handguns 60% damage variable

Skills: Anthropology 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 54%, Credit Rating 75%, Disguise 95%, Fast Talk 61%, History 64%, Library Use 70%, Occult 89%, Persuade 86%, Psychology 92%, Spot Hidden 78%, fluent in various foreign languages and ancient languages.

Insanities: Paranoia, Bibliophobia, and Sesquipedalophobia.

Spells: Elder Sign, one life-enhancing spell, Resurrection, Voorish Sign, various Call/Dismiss, Summon/Bind, and Contact spells (see the Unaussprechlichen Kulten entry in the rule book for possibilities), as well as other spells as determined by the keeper.

The Price of Immortality?

If von Junzt lives in the present day he is subject to a number of mental disabilities. Most importantly von Junzt is subject to:

Deep paranoia: Von Junzt knows what the Mythos and its human minions are capable of. He faked his death, and fear discovery. Knowing that the simple turn of a Tarot card could lead someone skilled enough to start digging for information drives him mad. As a result von Junzt takes three different taxis, and always enters buildings in the most surreptitious manner possible. His living area is filled with every conceivable anti-magic and anti-surveillance equipment available.

To a lesser degree von Junzt also suffers from Bibliophobia and Sesquipedalophobia – the fear of long words.

He eternally regrets having penned his own dreaded tome and sees the entire trade of printing as leading mankind down towards corruption. He sometimes wonders, do we write them, or do they make us write them?

Von Junzt finds himself constantly picking and choosing his words carefully to avoid those lengthy multi-syllable words that increasingly to his mind sound like deities of long forgotten pantheons.

When and where may von Junzt be encountered?

After his official death in 1840, it is possible to have von Junzt appear in any of the following eras. This may be in one of the classic Cthulhu settings, such as the Gaslight era of the 1890s or the standard 1920, or even in our modern day. Then again, he may also play an important role in any post-19th Century setting. This does not even need to be the time at which the adventure at hand is set: the investigators might just as well find hints of von Junzt's activities that are relevant for events belonging to the adventure's back story.

A world traveler such as von Junzt has made the entire globe his home. Thus, he may have been, and appear, virtually anywhere. Neither space nor time set any borders and it should be easy enough for the Keeper to introduce von Junzt into his campaign.

Regardless of whether Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt may be one of the main protagonists of the adventure or only a minor player at the side lines, he has the potential of enriching game play.

These are some of the stories that feature Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt or "*Unaussprechlichen Kulten*":

"*The Black Stone*" by Robert E. Howard

"*Children of the Night*" by Robert E. Howard

"*The Thing on the Roof*" by Robert E. Howard

"*Zoth-Ommog*" by Lin Carter

"*Out of the Aeons*" by H.P. Lovecraft and Hazel Heald

See 'The Keeper's List of Lists' in *The Keeper's Companion* 2, pages 90 and 92 for instances of "Nameless Cults" and "*Unaussprechlichen Kulten*" in published scenarios.

Adventure Hooks

The New Edition

Miskatonic University – or any other university – is planning to publish a scientifically edited version of "*Unaussprechlichen Kulten*" including an appendix intended to shed light on the life and works of its author. The investigators are asked to collect sources and facts for this project. While doing their research, they learn not only much about von Junzt and his life but also come to know that someone claiming to be Friedrich Wilhelm von Junzt's heir is hard at work trying to prevent the new edition. This person and his actions now also become the investigators' responsibility, as they need to convince him to give the project the go-ahead – without knowing just who that person might be. They will probably also not initially be aware of the horror they were to release upon humanity if "*Unaussprechlichen Kulten*" were suddenly available on for everyone on the free market...

The Auction

A nearby auction house has issued its latest catalog of occult books. The highlight of the auction is the manuscript copy of *Unbeschreibliche Gotter*, "*Indescribable Gods*," von Junzt's second manuscript thought lost before now. Old friends and enemies of the investigators drift into town, seeking to gain the manuscript by whatever means are available. Despite their efforts to unmask the seller or the manuscript's location by means mundane or magical, it remains a secret.

A lawyer contacts the investigators on behalf of an unnamed client. He wishes them to verify the manuscript's authenticity, providing a supposed passage from the work from an unknown source. The client (who can be uncovered with some effort) is von Junzt himself, who wishes to see if his lost book has been rediscovered. The Keeper is left with a number of options. The book could be authentic, or it could merely be a clever hoax to draw out the immortal author, or just for a shyster to make a quick buck. A member of the Templars (see *'Unseen Masters'*) could be seeking to attract attention to a new Mythos work in hope of its widespread dissemination. The whole affair could be orchestrated by another group of investigators, who have rigged the auction hall with dynamite in order to eliminate a number of their foes. How will the investigators penetrate these shadows to find the truth?

Sources:

The *Encyclopedia Cthulhiana*, *Ex Libris Miskatonici*, the papers of Steven Harris



Professionally Speaking...

The Cryptozoologist

On the track of rare animals and creatures

By Günther Dambachmair with marginal notes by Steffen Schütte

Translated by Robert Yates

Monsters and mythical creatures have always inspired men's imagination. Even after the Industrial Revolution and up until the beginning of the previous century, there remained a belief that animals or monsters could still live, hiding in the still unexplored regions of the earth. Moreover, in the early years of the 20th Century, a number of expeditions took place that produced astounding discoveries: archaeology, geology and field research continually brought to notice exciting finds such as Machu Picchu, Angkor Wat or the skeleton of an extinct dinosaur. Against this background, an offshoot of zoology developed, one concerned with the search and research for unknown species of animals, those considered extinct, or those for which there was no evidence of existence: cryptozoology.



Dragon and monster: illustration from old travel accounts.

Playing a cryptozoologist is certainly an attractive idea, particularly in the *Call of Cthulhu* role-playing game. This article should also serve, however, to illuminate this unknown branch of knowledge; perhaps the characters are sent on a mission by the Society of Cryptozoology or make the acquaintance of a cryptozoological researcher in the field. As ever, though, we must first make a distinction between fact and fiction.

facts

The word "cryptozoology" first appeared in 1955. It was coined by the Frenchman Bernard Heuvelmans, who is considered to be the father of cryptozoology, or the search for unknown species of animals. Heuvelmans is the author of well-researched specialist scientific

books on this subject, his most famous work being *"On The Track of Unknown Animals"* (published in the United States in 1950). It was not until 1982 that he founded the "International Society of Cryptozoology", based in Tucson, Arizona. The aim of this society is to be a storage center for all the research, reports and findings in the field of unknown and undiscovered animals, animals considered to be extinct or "unusual" animal species in general.



Cryptozoologist: the cryptozoologist in the field.

fiction

A fictional society, which we will present below as the "Cryptozoological Society of London", is recommended for the role-playing game. In this way, cryptozoology will have a reasonable basis in *Call of Cthulhu* and, of course, cryptozoological field researches will occasionally touch upon creatures of the Mythos. Moreover, there is no reason why the true secret of the Yeti or the unicorn could not be uncovered in the role-playing game, as long as only a small group of investigators is involved and not the rest of the world – in any case, the knowledge gained in Cthulhu is for the most part unsuited to the general public and, besides, no one would believe what the investigators have seen or experienced.

The Cryptozoological Society of London

In the 19th Century the world experienced a golden age of discoveries. Everywhere, courageous researchers penetrated deep into unexplored lands and extended the limits of our knowledge. In 1858, traveling on board the "Beagle", Darwin collected together all sorts of material for his book *"On the Origin of Species"*. Burton and Speke reached the



Harpy

source of the Nile, and the travels of Stanley and Livingstone shone light even into the dark heart of Africa. The many new and wondrous species of animals which were discovered in the process gave fresh impetus to zoology and also ignited the interest of the general public.

Against this background, a group of scholars in London cultivated their fascination for strange species of animals. These were animals which had mainly been consigned to the realm of fable or were considered extinct. Fascinated by the prospect of still being able to discover such legendary creatures as the unicorn or griffin, they worked their way through dusty old books and sorted through reports, sketches and photographs, but applied to the process the most up-to-date research methods. They christened their science "cryptozoology" from the Greek words for "hidden" and "animal", and called themselves cryptozoologists.

In London on 1st April 1848, 51 scholars, natural scientists, researchers, doctors and antiquarians founded the "Cryptozoological Society of London". Almost £2,000 was collected in initial capital and the society rented premises in the large townhouse at 100 Piccadilly which is still its headquarters today.

From its founding, the society endeavored to gain the status of a 'Royal Society', which would have risen it to the same level as the prestigious Royal Geographical Society, founded in 1830, but the society was denied official recognition – a fate which was to be typical for the whole field of cryptozoology until the 1950s.

Nevertheless, the CSL, as it is abbreviated, continued to grow. In 1920 it had around 120 active members (and a considerable number of subsidiary members) paying an annual membership fee of £100. In return, the society's archives are available to the membership; these are located in the society's rooms, and of course the CSL is also the best place to meet cryptozoologists active around the world.

Sir Arthur Llewellyn-Prewster has been chairman since 1919; he is seen as an eminent authority in this field by cryptozoologists and also by those on the occult scene, but is regarded with amusement by serious natural scientists. All the same, during a trip to America in 1921 Sir Arthur was even able to publicize the Cryptozoological Society of London on the other side of the Atlantic, as a result of which a number of Americans have joined the ranks of the society. There was even a possibility of a "Cryptozoological Society of America" being founded in the middle of the 1920s; however, this failed once and for all in the difficult years following the world economic crisis of 1929.

Active members of the CSL have published a monthly magazine since 1921: the "CSL Review". Already a collection of genuinely scientific articles by various field researchers in its first years, the CSL Review now appears in full color with the twin



Roc



Tengu

objectives of publishing research projects which have been carried out and awakening public interest in cryptozoology.

A member of the Cryptozoological Society can be registered as a "field researcher". These field researchers must be educated in at least two foreign languages, natural history, behavioral research, survival training in the various types of wilderness and the use of firearms. Naturally their observational skills and logical reasoning as well as use of technical equipment (photographic apparatus, seismographs, sextants etc.) are also thoroughly trained. Field researchers are introduced to the customs and traditions of the countries in which they will be traveling. The society provided these field researchers with training, clothing and equipment and also helps in organizing journeys to the furthest reaches of the Earth.

The highest goal of a field researcher is to observe and document unknown animals in their natural habitats. The creature should be observed with as little disturbance as possible; the field researcher's reports are vital to the society. Obtaining evidence such as photographs, samples or even specimens which have died by natural causes are of secondary importance. Capturing or even killing living representatives of a species are strictly forbidden by the society's statutes.



A Thunderbird or something else?



Kelpie: mysterious water-horse of the Scottish lochs.

The cryptozoological researcher as a profession
To play a field researcher, one needs only a somewhat eccentric character who is convinced of the existence of unknown animals or mythical creatures. The field researchers travel on behalf of the CSL to the different regions of the earth, where, armed with binoculars, notebook and hunting rifle, they set out on the trail of strange animals.

Occupational skills: Up to three foreign languages at the player's choice, Anthropology, Biology, Library Use, Natural History, Persuade, Photography, Rifle, & Track.

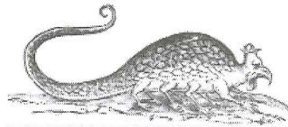
Specialties: EDU+1

Potential Research

There follows a short list of animal species to be investigated, from the archives of the CSL:

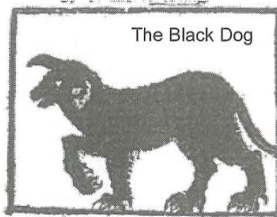
Baku (*Taurelephans tigris*) – an elephant-tiger from South-East Asia, contradictory accounts.

Basilisk (*Ophidiogallus basiliscus*) – a fabulous creature from Central Europe and North Africa, mythical origin suspected. Field researchers are advised to take a mirror with them. Reports of varying significance.



Basilisk

Bigfoot (*Gigantopithecus?*) – the man of the woods from northern North America, also known as Sasquatch. Many accounts, also Indian legends available as sources.



The Black Dog

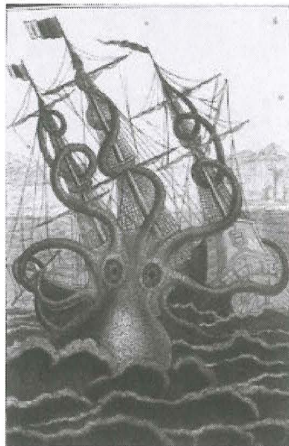
Black dog (*Canis diabolis*) – a supernatural domestic animal of the English moors according to many local accounts and reports.

Dragon (*Draco*) – a fabulous creature with magical powers, often fire-breathing, found in almost all cultures. Lives in

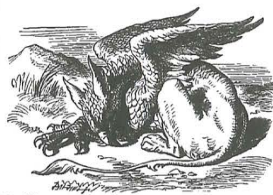
mountains, caves, under water or on islands, often hoarding large quantities of treasure. Oldest source: Redbook of Westmark.

Fairies (*Homo fata vulgaris*) – a wide area of study with its own subdivisions, see the “Little People” sections; sources and sightings of all kinds, dating back to the pre-Christian era.

Giant octopus and giant squid (*Octopus gigantus*; *Architeutis princeps*) – the source of numerous sea monster legends, habitat: deep sea or shipwrecks, in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Sightings by sailors dating back to the 14th century.



Griffin (*Raptanthera gryphus*) – a fabulous creature from Europe and Asia, accounts traceable in many legends.



Griffin

ponds and rivers in Scotland and Northern Ireland, sighting going back to old folktales.

Manticore (*Chiropanthera mantichora*) – a lion-like chimera

Harpy (*Gynaves harpa*) – a bird people, usually female, from the Mediterranean. Accounts dating back to the classical Greek legends.

Kelpie (*Hippotamus uisge*) – a strange water horse from lakes,



Manticora. From ancient Bestiaria.

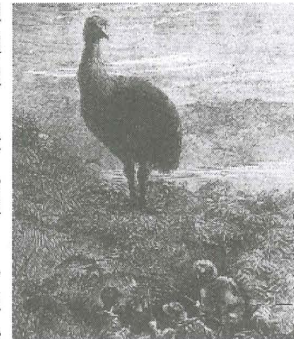
from the Orient, especially Persia. Numerous accounts in Arab countries.

Mermaids (*Pischomnia nympha*) – many local accounts from coastal waters all over the world, varying appearance, bodies have surfaced on the east coast of America near Innsmouth.

Minotaurus (*Buhomo minotaurus*) – an animal-man hybrid of ancient Crete, only isolated findings such as bones, considered extinct.

Moa (*Moa Moa*) – a giant flightless bird from New Zealand, considered extinct, continued reports of still living specimens.

Roc (*Argentavis maximus*) – a giant predatory bird, suspected to be from the islands of the Indian Ocean, or possibly Madagascar. Accounts going back to the “Voyages of Sinbad”.



Moa: encounter with a Moa in the savannahs of New Zealand.

Sea monsters – recent interesting sightings in deep, isolated lakes in Scotland, Ireland and North America. Accounts by Christian monks from Scottish monasteries. (Note: The first “official” sighting of the Loch Ness Monster did not take place until 1933, but Mythos field researchers could, of course, have exciting experiences at the Scottish loch before it became famous.)



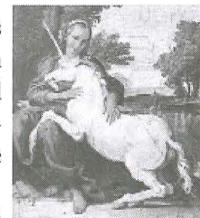
Nessie: famous photograph of the Loch Ness monster taken in 1933.

Sea serpent (*Hydrophiidae gigantus*) – a gigantic inhabitant of the sea, to be investigated in connection with giant octopuses.

Tengu (*Aquilahomo saevus*) – mystical birdman of Japanese mythology, interesting sightings from the last century.

Thunderbird (*Argentavis magnificent*) – a giant bird of prey from North America, last sighted in 1890 by cowboys in the Mojave Desert.

Unicorn (*Equus monocerus*) – a fabulous creature from Europe and India, lives in woods and meadows, possible mystical powers. Possibly confused with the rhinoceros. Very many references, dating back to the pre-Christian era.



Unicorn

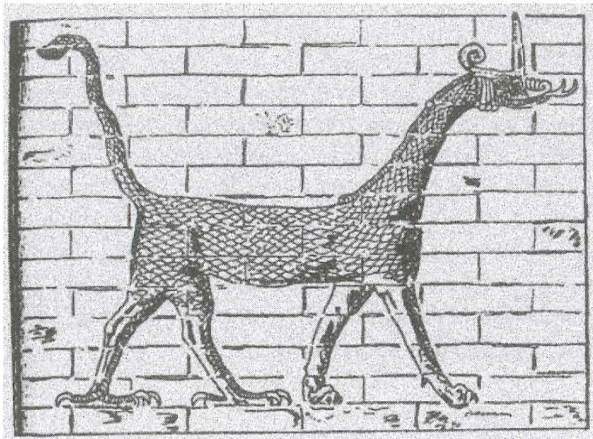
Yale (*Equoaprinocephalus mobiliceros*) – an unidentified animal with movable horns; target area: Africa, used in various representations on weapons, multiple accounts from Bantuland.

Yeti (*Gigantopiceus*?) – a Himalayan snowman, many sightings, possibly missing link between *Homo erectus* and *Homo sapiens*. Mythos investigators may recognize the Voormis here.

Cryptozoological Case Studies

Early successes

Ridicule is a professional risk for the cryptozoologist. Thus, the 1901 reports by European big game hunters of an unknown African animal described as a combination of an antelope, zebra and mule provoked amusement among the experts. Today, this “unlikely” animal, whose existence had long been known of by the local indigenous population, can be admired in any zoo. It is the okapi.



Mesopotamian sarrush or “dragons”.

Dinosaurs in Mesopotamia

Robert Koldewey (1855-1925), the first German excavator of prehistoric Mesopotamia from 1898 to 1917, is the best source that a cryptozoologist could wish for. On the magnificent Ishtar Gate from the reign of Nebuchadnezzar (605-562 B.C.), which was excavated in 1902, proud lions march alongside “enormous bulls” and “fierce dragons”. These animals, called sarrush, which were sacred to the god Marduk, seem reminiscent of the ancestors of the dinosaurs. Koldewey wrote of these creatures in 1913: “If the forefeet were not so obviously cat-like, such an animal could really have existed.” In a publication about the Ishtar Gate probably dating to 1918 (which, by the way, can be viewed at the Pergamon Museum in Berlin), the doyen of German archaeology even suggests that the sarrush may belong to the group of bird-footed dinosaurs.

Ape-men in Central America

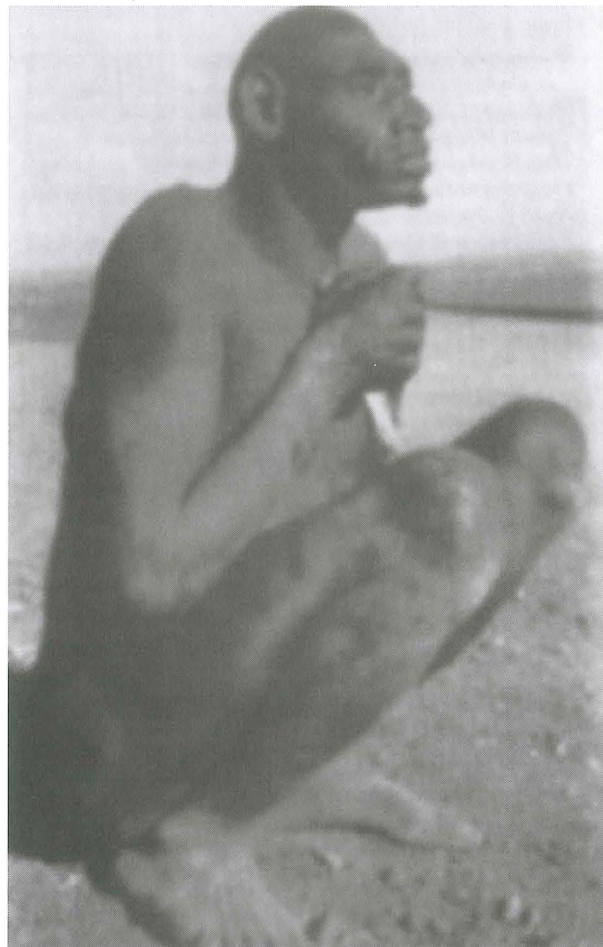
In 1917, the expedition of the Swiss geologist and oil prospector François de Loys was attacked by two hostile ape-men in the Sierra de Perijá of Venezuela. One of the creatures was shot and examined by researchers. The hirsute attacker was said to have been 1.6 meters tall and to have had 32 teeth. Unfortunately (if not usually) the body went missing after an attack by warlike Indians. Only one

photograph (without a measurement scale) found its way into Loys’ notebook and thence from 1929 into public view. There was a hearing of the Académie des Sciences in Paris, an article in the *Journal de la Société des Americanistes* and a sensational story in the *Illustrated London News*.



The Neanderthal in Morocco

In the first half of the 20th Century, south of Marrakesh, there lived a man whose appearance was remarkably reminiscent of those Neanderthal reconstructions that can be found in natural history museums everywhere. Was this creature, who answered to the name of ‘Azzo’, an atavism, a person with a strange handicap or really a last descendant of *Homo sapiens neanderthalensis*? Azzo was first described in 1931; the last photographs of him are from the 1950s. Apart from him, there are supposed to have been several “sisters” with a similar appearance, but which were never captured on film.



Azzo: the Moroccan Neanderthal

Dinos in Black Africa

Africa is full of legends of dinosaur-like creatures, which are said to have survived the end of the dinosaur era in the unexplored depths of the rain forest. Sheer nonsense? At least that is what the German

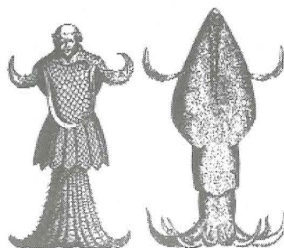
big-game hunter Hans Schomburgk thought when pygmies told him of a creature described as “half dragon, half elephant”. How amazed was Schomburgk when his patron – none other than the renowned Carl Hagenbeck (1844-1913) – in no way dismissed this as absurd. Did Hagenbeck perhaps even organize a dinosaur hunt during the reign of the Kaisers? That Central Africa was the home of the dinosaurs was shown most recently by the famous Humboldt University expedition of 1913, which brought back impressive skeletal finds to Berlin. It may be presumed that the German researchers had cause for concern when their native guards claimed that animals of this kind, which they called “Mokele Mbembe” still exist. And reports of dinosaurs have not stopped even after the Great War. In 1923 Frank Melland visited the Jiunda Swamps in the Congo region, which the natives knew as the home of a flying reptile with a 1.5-2 meter wingspan, which they called “Kongamato”; illustrations of flying dinosaurs in textbooks were identified unequivocally by Melland’s guards as “Kongamato”. According to the account by an English expedition of 1925, of which the then Duke of Windsor was a participant, a native was even encountered who had been attacked and nearly killed by a “Kongamato”. When the victim was shown pictures of a flying dinosaur, he fled in panic.



A sea serpent according to medieval accounts

Undersea horrors

Maritime history has been full of sea serpents and sea monsters since the beginning of time. One of the first “true pre-cryptozoologists” may have been the Dutchman Dr. A.C. Oudemans (1858-1943), who wrote a seminal book about sea monsters at the beginning of the 20th Century, in which he claimed that elongated whales or seals were largely responsible for monster sightings. It can be seen that it never hurts to be imaginative if one wants to explain away cryptozoological evidence. Thus, for example, in 1550 the monstrous cadaver of an “octopus” at least “4 elens” (=2.5 meters) long is supposed to have been brought to the King of Denmark’s Court. This unconfirmed kraken sighting helped the researcher Alfred Lehmann (1858-1921) in his standard work “*Superstition and Magic*” (at least



The fabled sea-monk.

five editions from 1898 up to the Twenties) to explain away similarly unconfirmed sightings of a “sea monk” (see illustration), which had been made famous by superstitious observers of underwater masses.

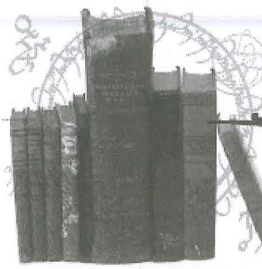
Amusing nonsense and hard facts

Anyone looking for verifiable facts about inhabitants of the deep sea is referred to the outstanding book “*Monsters of the Sea*” by science journalist Richard Ellis (The Lyons Press, 2000). In this book, superstitious myths are collected and compared with real biological knowledge. And what is revealed, for example, about clues as to the existence of giant squids is at least as fascinating as the tale of the mermaids.

“*Secret File: Archaeology*” by Luc Bürgin, (Geheimakte Archäologie, 2002) which pretends to be investigative journalism, offers amusing idiocy about undiscovered animals and mysterious artifacts, such as a spark plug in ancient rock strata and Egyptians in America. However to get the right feeling for this work, one must consider Erich von Däniken (who has, after all, previously been convicted of fraud) to be an international authority on prehistoric research and at the same time believe that an institute called the Smithsonian intentionally sank a shipment of artifacts in the sea in order to support their scientific theories.

Further reading

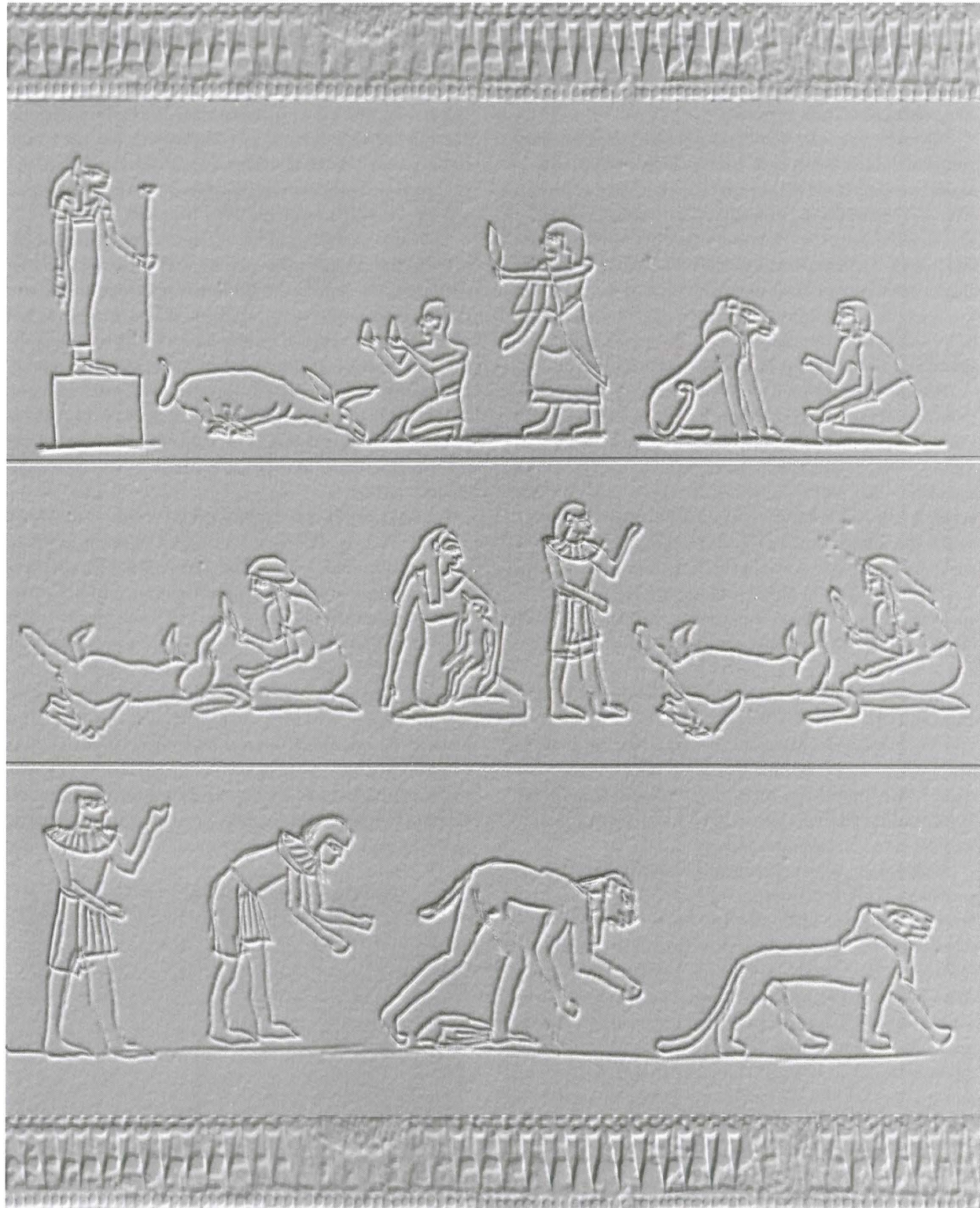
The history of the fictional CSL is based on the wonderful book “*A Natural History of the Unnatural World: Discover What Cryptozoology Can Teach Us about Over One Hundred Fabulous and Legendary Creatures That Inhabit Earth, Sea and Sky*” by Joel Levy (Thomas Dunne Books, 2000). The book seems throughout to be the “scientific work” of the CSL and provides many photographs, pages from sketchbooks and “eyewitness accounts”. The Keeper will find therein any number of handouts suitable for the game, relating to unknown fabulous creatures and monsters.



Cult Exposed: Chapter 3

The Sacred Flame of Bubastis

By Daniel Harms



History

The cult of Ubasti first appeared during the first dynasties of Egypt. Some say that her worship came to the land of the Nile through refugees from Atlantis, though this is difficult to prove. No matter her origins, this early goddess was quite different from the Bast known today. Bearing the head of a lion, she was the goddess of the desert and the beasts within it. She was more feared than worshiped, though offerings might be made to appease her anger and keep her lions and wild cats away from human habitation. Even these small offerings required a priesthood to organize, and a small group dedicated to Pasht appeared.

After some time, an ambitious priest of Bast, Mery-Bast, seized control of the sect. Not content with his goddess' reputation, he sought to expand it and thereby rival the greater cults of the land of the Nile. Toward this end, he sought magical means through which his cult could forge a deeper link with its god. The first experiment, the infusion of a bloodline with the taint of lycanthropy, created a physical manifestation of the god's favor through were-cats. This was merely the beginning for Mery-Bast; he sought to create a living body for the goddess to inhabit on earth. The plan seemed impossible at first, but a shift in politics would lead to its fruition.

Near the end of the Third Dynasty, Nephren-Ka rose to power. He revived the worship of the forgotten deity the Black Pharaoh, also known as Nyarlathotep. As was common in Egyptian history, the temples of Egypt's great faiths - the temples of Horus, Isis, and Ra, and others - were staffed with the relatives of the pharaoh. Thus, one of Nephren-Ka's first acts as ruler was to strike down these priesthoods with his magic, sending a black wind that brought plague and madness through their temples and palaces. Instead of rebuilding these faiths, Nephren-Ka looked to the smaller, local cults of various local patrons and animal-revering sects, so that he might build his own power base on the back of priests who owed their ascension to him.

Thus, one day Nephren-Ka called Mery-Bast to his audience chamber. The pharaoh knew the priest's desires and made him an offer. The priesthood of Bast could resist the Black Pharaoh and be destroyed, or it could aid him and see Mery-Bast's fondest dreams realized. Mery-Bast agreed, joining the priesthoods of Anubis and Sebek under the pharaoh's service. A few priests objected and fled, but most yielded to political expediency.

While Egypt's people suffered horribly under Nephren-Ka's rule, great honor befell the priesthoods who knelt before him. In chambers in the valley of Hadoth, they came before the Shining Trapezohedron and the Haunter of the Dark, rendering him obeisance and sporting with ghouls and less mentionable monsters. The cults gathered tribute from the people, distributing some of the spoils among themselves before passing the rest along to their feared master. New legends were told of the gods. Now Bast was the destroyer who once threatened to devour all of humanity until the other gods made her drunk with red alcohol she thought was blood. She commanded seven evil spirits called the 'shesuru' who struck those who opposed the Black Pharaoh - or whoever it amused them to destroy.

To the cult of Bast went a special prize. Nephren-Ka taught them a secret by which flesh consumed from a creature would impart the

Deity: Bast, also known as Bubastis and Pasht

Era: All. The write-up for this cult is for the modern era, but could be easily transported to others.

Goals: The worship of the goddess Bast, the protection of cats and those whom they are appointed to guard, and the discovery of the group's heritage.

characteristics of the devoured being to the eater's offspring. Further, he introduced them to the ghouls, and hinted that their nature might add hardiness to their breeding stock. While Bast's priests were horrified at first, they soon realized its benefits and used the rite to replicate the best traits of humans and animals in a series of offspring. The halls beneath Bubastis and Elephantine, the cult's main centers, were filled with all manner of blasphemous combinations, in hope of eventually creating the vessel which could be invested with the goddess's essence, creating a living Bast.

This state of affairs could not last forever. Snefru rose to prominence and struck against Nephren-Ka, destroying his power over the kingdom. Mobs attacked Bubastis and Elephantine, leveling both cities to the ground. A corrupt official within Snefru's army had leaked news of the danger to Nephren-Ka and the cults of his supporters. The priests of Bast, their most trusted disciples, and the products of their breeding program crept away in the night, sailing up the Nile. They crossed the Mediterranean, sailed up the coasts of modern Spain, Portugal, and France, and eventually arrived at a spot in Cornwall where the pharaoh had told them to await his coming. He never arrived.

In Egypt, Snefru took the throne as the founder of the Fourth Dynasty. When the time came, he rewarded those who had aided him in his conquest. Among these were a small group of Bast's shapeshifting priests who had left the cult when it turned to Nephren-Ka. Snefru granted them the cult center of Bubastis in exchange for repudiating Mery-Bast's doctrines and becoming protectors of the throne. The priests agreed, and the cult of Bast emerged again.

Left without their ruler, the worshipers in Cornwall withdrew into caverns by the sea to continue their breeding experiments. For hundreds of years the process continued, with each generation of priests keeping detailed records as to the heredity of each crossbreed. Eventually they created what they sought, the being known as the Chewer of Corpses (see box). However, in their strict attention to the breeding program, they had forgotten the rituals - if any - that

What Did You Do with Bast?

The version of the goddess Bast mentioned in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules is a late period figure with some Greek features thrown in. The description of the cult given here - at least the portion after Nephren-Ka's reign - is historically accurate, as is the early depiction of Bast with the head of a desert cat. Of course, these are only how humans view the goddess; the portfolio and preferences of Bast herself are left in the hands of the Keeper.

The Chewer of Corpses

Deep in a series of sea-caves on Cornwall's coast lies the last bastion of Nephren-Ka's Bast cult. All of the members died thousands of years ago, and the mummified bodies of the priests and their monstrous creations line the twisting crypts. Only one living resident remains: the Chewer of Corpses, the immortal culmination of the priesthood's breeding program.

Over the centuries, the Chewer has grown tired of devouring the moldering remains of the other sect members. Driving out the ghouls from their tunnels, it raids Cornwall's graveyards from below, traveling through miles of burrow and abandoned mine to reach its quarries. It has survived for centuries, and barring accident or hostility, it will live many more.

The Chewer might appear regal under other circumstances, with its proud leonine head atop a human body of magnificent proportions. However, the feral look in its eyes, its matted fur, and its cruel, hook-like claws are enough to warn away any who see it. Few do so, and none have escaped.

Chewer of Corpses

STR 24	CON 16	SIZ 24	INT 5	POW 18
DEX 18	Mov 8			HP 20

Damage Bonus: +2D6

Weapons: Claw 75%, damage 1D6+2D6

Armor: 3 points of thick hide

Skills: Hide 85%, Scent Prey 80%, Sneak 95%, Track 90%

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8.

would invest the creature with Bast's spirit. The creature proved to be untamable, and it eventually slew the pitiful remnants of the cult.

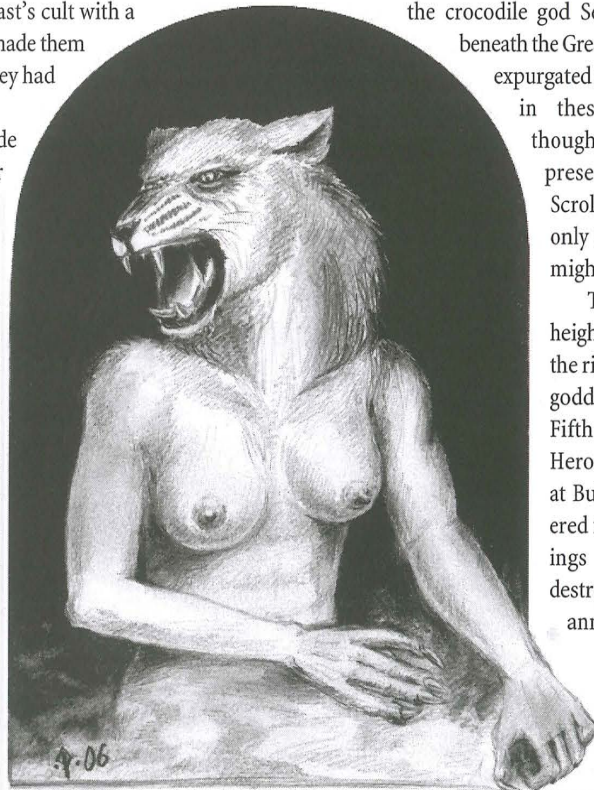
In the meantime, the small Egyptian cult flourished. One of the spells provided by Snefru's mysterious patrons was the "Opening of the Mouth" ritual, a ceremony used to infuse a statue with part of a deity's essence. This provided Bast's cult with a more direct link to their goddess and made them more aware of her whims - at least, they had no reason to believe otherwise.

The priesthood of Bubastis made several changes in its doctrines over the centuries. First, with the Pharaoh's blessing, Bast became one of the protectors of the sun-god Ra, associated with the symbol of the Eye of Ra, and the instrument of his vengeance. The older myth of the goddess as the devourer of mankind was foisted off on another goddess, the lion-headed Sekhmet. As time went on, Bast became associated with music, the protection of women and children, and fertility. Finally, around the first millennium B.C., the goddess' associations came to rest not so much with the lions and wild felines of the desert, but with the beloved pet cats that ate the rats and snakes of both home and farm.

By the Thirteenth Dynasty, the need to assemble the cult's doctrines

into a single document became apparent. A new high priest, Luveh-Kerapht, named after a fabled priest of Bast on Atlantis, compiled the *Scrolls of Bubastis* to record the cult's liturgy, high holy days, and appropriate offerings to the goddess. His exploration of cult archives turned up material on the practices of the Black Pharaoh, the crocodile god Sebek, and the terrors that lurked beneath the Great Sphinx. Though earlier priests had expurgated any notion of the cult's involvement in these blasphemies, Luveh-Kerapht thought them dangerous enough to preserve in a special section of the *Scrolls*, known as the *Black Rites*, where only the most pure and holy of the cult might read them.

The Twenty-Second Dynasty saw the height of Bast's popularity in Egypt, with the rise of a Libyan dynasty that held the goddess in especial regard. During the Fifth Century B.C., the historian Herodotus described the main festivals at Bubastis, when 700,000 people gathered for music, lewd dancing, and offerings to the goddess. The Persians destroyed the city of Bubastis in 350 B.C., annihilating much of the cult's knowledge, but this was hardly the end of this popular deity. When Alexander and then his general Ptolemy took control of the country a few decades later, Bast was identified with the Greek goddess Artemis



The Chewer of Corpses

and with the Egyptian goddess Isis, and these ties kept her alive until the rise of monotheism. The goddess of pleasure's cult moved northward into the Roman Empire and its far-flung colonies. Indeed, it was with some effort that the Empire suppressed her worship later, and her cult continued until the 10th century in Ypres (*Dark Ages Keepers* take note).

In 390 A.D., when the Christian rulers of Egypt destroyed the last images of the gods, the priests of Bast went underground. They carefully hid her small shrines, and their keepers took care to emphasize their god as a simple local spirit or djinn, supplicated only when a beloved pet was injured or ill. This was a vast blow to their pride, but nonetheless it kept the worshipers of Bast, including the shapeshifter bloodline, alive through the centuries.

The cult remained in secret until 1798, when Napoleon's soldiers arrived in Egypt. The monuments and treasures of the ancient land were remembered, excavated, and looted once again. Among these seekers was a young surveyor of mystical bent named Francois de Marigny, a talented sketch artist who contributed to the ten-volume *Description de l'Egypte* written while Napoleon's army was stranded in the land of the Nile. During one of his forays through Cairo, he stumbled upon one of the most important shrines to Bast. Realizing the importance of his discovery, he made contact with the keepers of the shrine. Soon, De Marigny departed for his hometown of Paris with a new wife of the sacred bloodline, a complete (though untranslated) copy of the *Scrolls of Bubastis*, and a burning desire to return the worship of Bast to the modern world. Of course, the surveyor and his wife knew little of the deity's ancient worship, and as the key to the sacred hieroglyphs had been forgotten, their worship was based on Bast as presented in Classical times: a patroness of cats, pleased with the arts and licentiousness.

The Sacred Flame, as they called themselves, met in salons and bordellos in the major cities of France, attracting prostitutes and philosophers alike. At their meetings, cats played around the

Cult symbols over the millennia



9-06

members' feet during recitations of poems and songs

in praise of the feline form, accompanied by indecent jokes and erotic art. These gatherings usually broke up into orgies in which animal masks, rich food, and bawdy music played important roles. Friedrich von Junzt, author of *Unaussprechlichen Kulten* (see the accompanying article this issue), once infiltrated a gathering of the

The Egyptian Cult of Bast

The Sacred Flame is the most powerful cult of Bast in the world, but it is not the only one. A small, loosely organized priesthood of the goddess still exists in Egypt, hiding in the shadows of the country's larger religions. A major center of the cult is in Zagazig, near Tell-Basta, the former site of Bubastis. Few worshipers exist, but the cult is often approached when a cat is sick, or when a person is particularly cruel to cats.

Most cultists in Egypt have other occupations to cover their other work. To create a priest, describe their ordinary skill, and then add **Occult** and **Cthulhu Mythos** skills. Typical spells include Contact Bast, Eyes of the Cat, Implant Fear, and Summon/Bind Cat.

The priests of Bast in Egypt may possess a pure enough bloodline to be shapeshifters. If so, roll the statistics for a lion or panther from the rulebook twice, taking the best number for each characteristic to reflect an exceptional member of the species. (The exception is Constitution -the shapeshifter line passes down a hereditary tendency toward respiratory ailments.) In feline form **Hide**, **Sneak**, and **Track** should be set at 99%, and **Listen** and **Scent Prey** should be 95%.

Sacred Flame, but his book dismisses the group as a mere excuse for excess and debauchery. For the most part, he was right.

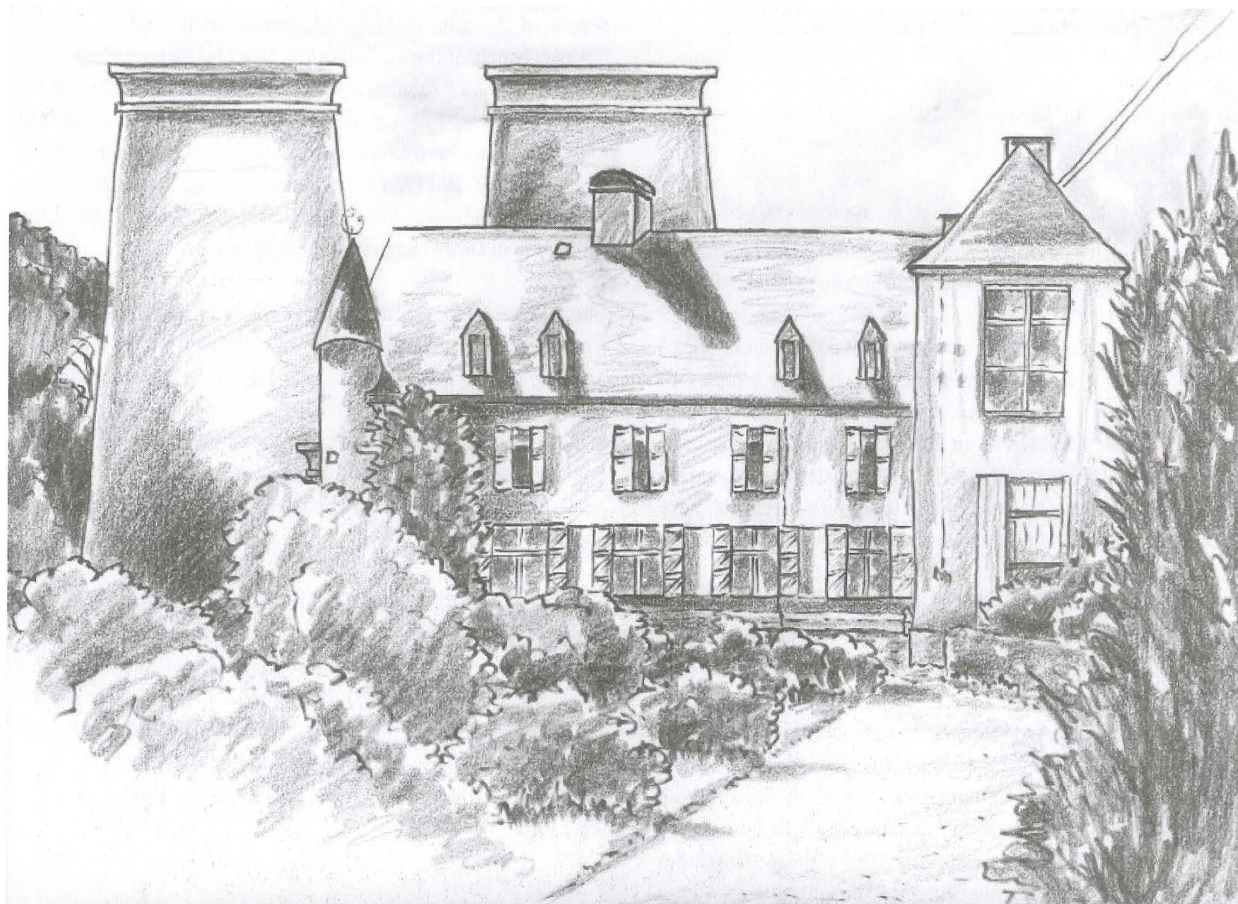
Toward the end of the Nineteenth Century, the cult had degenerated even further, with some local branches integrating Black Masses and other traditional blasphemies into their rites. A small group of Bast priests and priestesses became disgusted with these mockeries, and turned to the hieroglyphics, now translated and widely available, to understand the Scrolls and thereby recreate their old faith. They dismissed the blatant sexuality that had characterized the cult before and discovered Bast's nature as not only a patron of felines, but also a protector of the sun-god. These reformers turned their back on the others, and worshiped Bast in private, while considering their next move. The Egyptian sun-god Ra was clearly nowhere to be protected and no clear substitutes presented themselves. In the end, the group chose to honor the principle of protection itself.

When Le Agence Commerciale d'Information et de Vigilance opened in Paris in 1867, few paid it any notice. The country had seen hundreds of private detective agencies come and go by this time, staffed by individuals of dubious character intent on breaking up happy marriages and families. This did not intimidate the founders at all; they kept the same low profile as they set to work handling their cases with speed and discretion. A quiet reputation began to grow among the rich and powerful, as well as within the ranks of the detective agencies themselves. The agency grew and never looked back.

Today, the Agency has offices in seven countries and caters to a wide variety of security needs. Behind the scenes, the worship of

Bast continues among selected employees. The agency quietly supports two ends in direct support of its goddess. First, it takes some cases for those who cannot pay otherwise and are in dire need of help. In such matters, the agency tries to keep links to the cult to a minimum. (It should be noted that this does not extend to Mythos matters; other groups are more powerful, and the Sacred Flame will not involve itself in an ongoing battle with these forces.) Second, it funds conservation attempts at maintaining populations of big cats in the wild, as well as efforts to find homes for stray cats.

The Agency's head is Mireille Delacroix, a hard-nosed ex-security guard and executive who writes New Age books under the name Vivianne Leo (see 'Cultists'). Recently, an anonymous package arrived at the Agency's headquarters, containing photocopies of pages from Ludvig Prinn's *De Vermis Mysteriis* and Grinnell's *Ghoul-Cults of Bubastis* (see 'Sacred Texts'). From his discussions with the priests of Nephren-Ka, Prinn detailed the ancient practices of the Bubastis cult, their support of the Black Pharaoh, and their flight from Bubastis to an isle to the west (identified in a marginal gloss as Britain). Mireille is reserving judgment on the accuracy of this material until she can investigate it fully. She is terrified by the dark rites described within, but is nonetheless intrigued with what they contain. Depending on what she discovers, it is possible she will turn away from the dark ways of her ancestors and attempt to cover them up for all eternity. Then again, Nyarlathotep may be waiting in the shadows to make another deal...



The Sacred Flame's cult headquarters

Recruitment

As one might guess, the qualities that make for an effective private investigator and those that create a worshiper of Bast do not always coincide. Mireille looks for people who are serious and efficient but nonetheless compassionate, spiritual but not religious, and kind to animals. A few demonstrations of supernatural power are often enough to bring them into her flock. If a prospective candidate rejects her, she may let them go quietly or attempt to drive them insane with odd feline behavior, as the mood strikes her. She has had more success in recruiting outside her agency among scholars and the devotees of her books. As these do not have knowledge of her true identity and are sometimes a flighty lot, Mireille prefers to assign her own people to important duties within the sect.

Resources

The Sacred Flame commands all of the Agency's resources, including its funds, its clients, its manpower, and its contacts. Not a few influential people owe their reputation to the group, and their abilities may be called upon in special cases. The Agency excels in noticing when someone is paying attention to them. Any attempt to investigate the group seriously is likely to be spotted, with surveillance and the compilation of detailed dossiers to follow.

Rites & Symbols

Bubastis, or Tell-Basta (as the site is known today), is considered important enough for pilgrimages, though the present religious climate in Egypt make performing rituals there impossible. Mireille has established a small temple in a basement apartment in one of Paris' fashionable neighborhoods, as well as other temples in secluded properties elsewhere in the world. Another important site is a temple to Bast erected as an exhibit in the Field Museum in Chicago. The Sacred Flame funds its upkeep in exchange for using it for small-scale rituals on an occasional basis. Worshipers may have smaller shrines in their hometowns, where they worship in small groups or individually.

Rituals to Bast occur yearly on the lunar calendar. As a consequence, they move around the 365-day calendar over the course of the decades. Keepers are encouraged to place them wherever they might be useful.

Members of the Sacred Flame can be identified through the talismans they carry. Many carry small votive statuettes of cats or scarabs inscribed with the goddess' name. The substance and age of these varies, but it is generally the best the person can afford. Some of the more devoted have taken to wearing the Eye of Ra, an Egyptian charm signifying Bast's status as protector of the sun god, with a cat's eye gem as the pupil.

When it first came to France, the cult's symbol was a flame in the shape of a cat's head, complete with ears and tiny whiskers. Most of the members now decry this symbol as being trite and undignified.

Sacred Texts

The *Scrolls of Bubastis*, save for one section, have been translated into many languages and make the rounds of the cult's operatives. Mireille keeps the untranslated *Black Rites* in a safe in her corporate headquarters. Less prominent members may encounter the works of Vivianne Leo.

Scrolls of Bubastis (complete with The Black Rites of Luveh-Kerapht): Egyptian hieroglyphs; *Sanity loss* 1D6/2D6; *Natural History and Occult skill checks*; *Cthulhu Mythos* +9 percentiles; 16 weeks to study and comprehend/32 hours to skim. Spells: Contact the Goddess of Cats (Bast), Summon/Bind Cat, Eye of Ubasti, Favor of Bast, Bring Forth the Faceless Master of the Sands (Contact Deity/Nyarlathept as Faceless Sphinx), Call the Black Pharaoh (Contact Deity/Nyarlathept), Summon the Carrion-Feasters of the Desert (Contact Ghoul), Call Forth the Terrible Lord of the Riverbanks (Contact Sebek), Summon and Abjure the Children of the Riverbanks (Summon/Bind Crocodile).

Scrolls of Bubastis (expurgated translations): English, French, German, Dutch, or Italian; *Sanity loss* 1D3/1D6; *Natural History and Occult skill checks*; *Cthulhu Mythos* +3 percentiles; 6 weeks to study and comprehend/12 hours to skim. Spells: Contact the Goddess of Cats (Bast), Summon/Bind Cat, Eye of Ubasti, Summon and Abjure the Children of the Riverbanks (Summon/Bind Crocodile).

Reading the footnotes in the expurgated scrolls provides a base skill of 5% in **Other Language (Hieroglyphics)**.

Ghoul-Cults of Bubastis (from Michael Tice's *Taint of Madness*): This work includes an account of a dream of adventurer Thomas Grinnell. The young Grinnell slept on the hill of Tell-Basta and dreamt of Bubastis during the Third Dynasty, when ghouls and men disported at the goddess' rites. Most see it as a literary curiosity. English; *Sanity loss* 1/1D4; *History check*; *Cthulhu Mythos* +2 percentiles; 3 weeks to study and comprehend/6 hours to skim; no spells.

Complete works of Vivianne Leo (includes such works as *The Spiritual Cat*, *Your Cat's Meow*, and the novel *The Empress of the Cushion*): English, French, Spanish, Italian, and German, plus audiobook of each; no *Sanity loss*, but POW×5% for non-cat lovers to make it through them all; no *Cthulhu Mythos*; *Occult skill check*; 5 weeks to study and comprehend/10 hours to skim. No spells.

Spells and Powers

The higher levels of the cult may have a few of the cat-related spells from the cult's scriptures. Mireille may know more of these, at the Keeper's option.

Contact Deity/The Goddess of Cats (Bast): Opens communication with Bast. The rite requires a statue of the goddess on which an elaborate and costly ritual, the Opening of the Mouth, has been performed. For each attempt, the caster must sacrifice 1 POW and 1D6 sanity points. The chance of success equals half of POW×5 (round up). On second and later tries, sacrifice the same amount and continue to decrease the *Luck* roll threshold to reflect the changes in POW, but halve the *Luck* roll only on the first cast. Bast responds in a vision to the caster. The cult only discovered this spell after Nephren-Ka's reign.

Contact Deity/Sebek: Opens communication with Sebek. For each attempt, the caster must sacrifice 1 POW and 1D6 sanity points. The chance of success equals half of POW×5 (round up). On second and later tries, sacrifice the same amount and continue to decrease the *Luck* roll threshold to reflect the changes in POW, but halve the *Luck* roll only on the first cast. This spell may only be cast on the banks of the Nile. See the *Malleus Monstrorum* or *Creature Companion* for more details on Sebek.

Eye of Ubasti: Costs 3 MP, 1D3 Sanity, and takes one round to cast. A cat must be within the caster's direct line of sight for this spell to be cast. The caster may now see through the cat's eyes, and obtains a limited control over it, causing it to move wherever desired. For each additional minute after the first, the caster must spend 3 magic points. If any action is taken that might put the cat in direct danger, the spell ends. Cult members often take cats with them in woven baskets so they can use this spell.

Favor of Bast: Costs 3 MP, no sanity, and one hour of chanting at dawn. The caster must also make an offering before a cat they have mummified themselves. (This must have been a cat the caster owned for over a year and that died a natural death - otherwise, Bast will be most displeased.) Until the next sunrise, the caster has a +30% bonus (maximum of 99%) to one of the following skills: **Climb**, **Hide**, **Listen**, **Spot Hidden**, or **Sneak**. Only one such spell may be in effect for a caster at once.

Summon/Bind Cat: Brings forth 1D10 regular cats, or one big cat. Magic point cost varies; for each magic point sacrificed, increase the chance for a successful cast by 10 percentiles; a roll of 96-00 is always a failure. Each cast of the spell also costs 1D3 Sanity points. The caster must be in an appropriate habitat, or the spell will not work. This spell may be cast at any time, so long as the caster has a piece of food to entice the creature. If a cat is asked to do something against its nature, the caster must succeed in a **Persuade** roll or have the binding fail for that command.

Summon/Bind Crocodile: Brings forth one crocodile. Magic point cost varies; for each magic point sacrificed, increase the chance for a successful cast by 10 percentiles; a roll of 96-00 is always a failure. Each cast of the spell also costs 1D3 Sanity points. The spell must be cast on the shores of a body of water in crocodile habitat, including the upper Nile, Florida, Central America, India, Southeast Asia, Australia, or South America.

(Real-life Egyptian priests were often called upon to keep fording cattle and people safe from patrolling crocodiles with their magic. Only a few members of the Sacred Flame know it - after all, they have little use for it today.)

Cultists

Typical Vivianne Leo Devotee

STR 7	CON 13	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 13	SAN 60	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: "Help! Police!"

Skills: Fast Talk 45%, Natural History 35%, Occult 10%, Talk about Their Cat 85%

Agency Detective/Flame Initiate

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 14	INT 16	POW 14
DEX 16	APP 11	EDU 16	SAN 50	HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .38 Automatic 55%, damage 1D10

Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3+db

Skills: Fast Talk 55%, Hide 60%, Law 45%, Occult 20%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 55%, Show Discretion 90%, Sneak 60%, Track 65%

Spells: Eye of Ubasti, Favor of Bast, Summon/Bind Cat.

Mireille Delacroix, aka Vivianne Leo

The bloodline of Bubastis, possibly due to its removal from the goddess' homeland, has thinned so much that Mireille is unable to shapechange. She maintains a number of feline powers, however, such as great skill at climbing and jumping, hard retractable nails, and eyes that glow in the dark. As a result, on the rare occasions she ventures among outsiders, she wears sunglasses and gloves at all times. The cultists see these as the blessings of the cat-goddess, and regard her even more highly for them. A shrewd historian as well as cult leader and businesswoman, Mireille continues to read the *Scrolls of Bubastis* and correlate them with hieroglyphic texts, seeking a more accurate depiction of the goddess' worship in ancient times.



Mireille Delacroix, aka Vivianne Leo, Age 47

Cat Cult Leader

STR 13	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 17	POW 24
DEX 20	APP 14	EDU 21	SAN 53	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: .45 Glock 30 automatic 77%, damage 1D10+2
Fingernail claws 65%, damage 1D2+1D4

Skills: Climb 73%, Egyptian Hieroglyphs 83%, English 45%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 65%, Listen 80%, Jump 95%, Own Language (French) 99%, Sneak 90%

Spells: Contact Deity/The Goddess of Cats, Eye of Ubasti, Favor of Bast, Petition of Menes (see *Cathulhu*, this issue), Summon/Bind Cat. Mireille also sees in conditions of low light as well as an ordinary human may on a clear day.

The Country Temple

One of Vivianne Leo's most ardent supporters has set up a temple to the cat-goddess on her estate. In return, the Agency patrols the grounds, and uses the best electronic security systems, including motion sensors and two armed guards, to maintain its safety. The main house of the estate remains much the same, with one wing converted into dormitories for the visitors who come for seminars and retreats.

The temple is paneled with red granite, in imitation of the ancient temple at Bubastis. A small army of cats wander through the entire complex.

1. **The Courtyard:** Surrounded with Egyptian-style columns topped with stylized lotus blossom motifs, this area includes a small fountain, a number of lounge chairs, and several dishes of cat food (servants refill them once a day). Members often come here to relax and discuss private matters.
2. **Meeting Room:** A spacious room ringed with comfortable chairs and sofas, with a television and DVD player in one corner. The middle is kept clear for specific activities. A small bookshelf on the wall includes the works of Vivianne Leo, a number of inspirational DVDs on cats and other topics, and a small collection of magazines and self-help books.
3. **Restroom:** Ordinary but typically French.
4. **Storage Room:** Contains more chairs, ceremonial robes, an easel, a computer hooked up to a projector for presentations, and other such gear.
5. **Outer Temple:** This room is used for Leo's group rites. A large statue of Bast, the work of a leading modern artist, gazes sensually across the room. The room is austere, save for two divans in the far corners. Though this is not common knowledge, these are sometimes used by infertile couples among Leo's devotees who seek the goddess' blessing.

When guests are present, rituals are held here in the morning and evenings. A stereo system hidden in a wall cabinet provides appropriate music, supplemented with the members' cymbals and wood blocks, and the electric lights are dimmed. These rites often include chanting, dancing, and symbolic offerings to the goddess.

When pressed, one of the buttons on the stereo causes the wall behind the statue to slide aside, revealing the temple's last room.

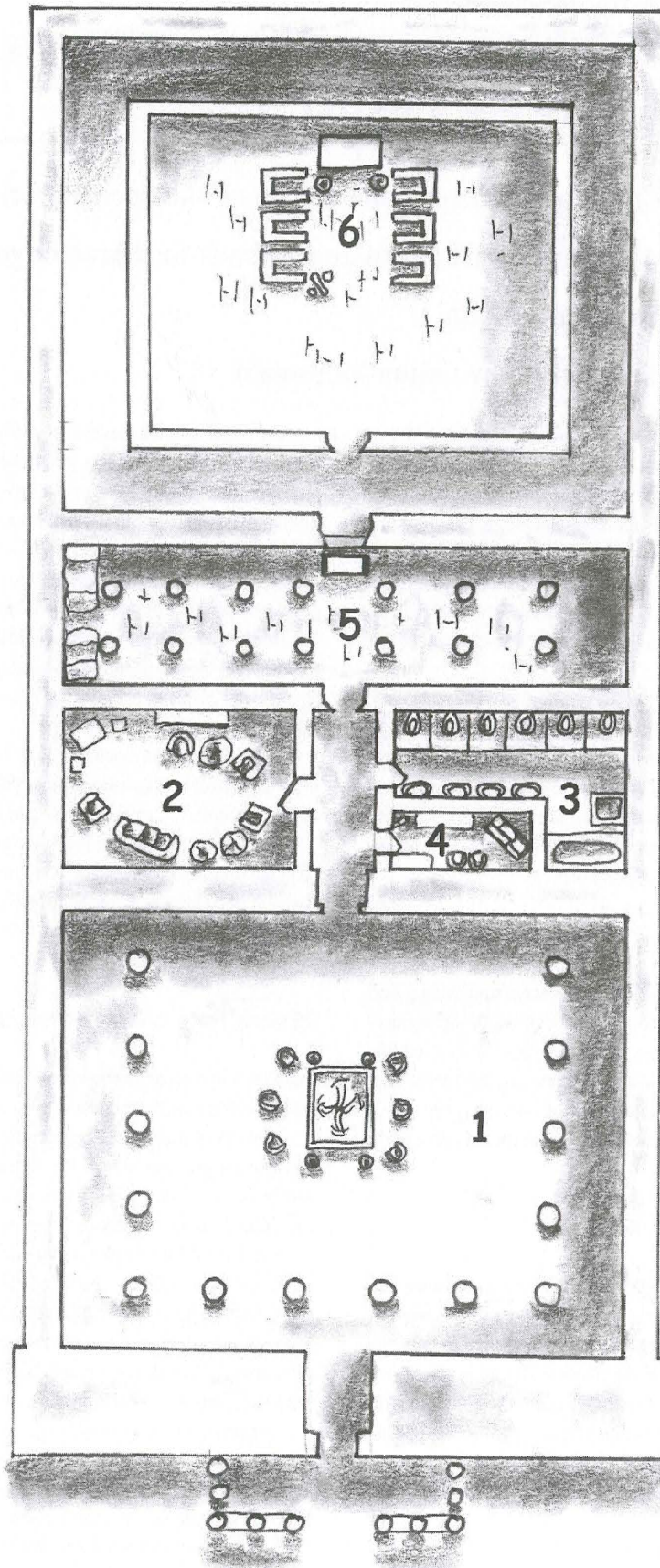
6. **Inner Temple:** This room is only known to the Agency members and the high priests of the cult. Unlike the rest of the temple, this place is only lit with small oil lamps. The room contains bowls for offerings of food and milk, several musical instruments, and a genuine Twenty-First Dynasty statue of the goddess. Murals of the goddess in the prow of the sun-god Ra's boat, slaying the serpent Apep and other monsters of the underworld, line the room's walls.

Unlike the statue in the outer temple, this one has been prepared for the Contact Ritual. Any such rituals occur when groups are not present at the estate or late at night.

Sources

Egyptian mythology; "The Brood of Bubastis" by Robert Bloch; *Complete Masks of Nyarlathotep*, Di Tillio and Willis; *Classical Cats: The Rise and Fall of the Sacred Cat*, Engels; *The Green Eyes of Bast*, Sax Rohmer.

The Sacred Flame's Temple



This map as well as an unmarked players' map can be downloaded from Worlds of Cthulhu's web site at <http://www.worldsofcthulhu.com>



A regular column for

Cthulhu Keeper's Corner

Cthulhu Character Generation... at the Speed of Fright!

An insanely fast alternate approach to character generation

By Thomas Finn

Translation by Calum McDonald

There can hardly be many role-players who are unfamiliar with the following situation: A convention is coming up or alternatively you have rounded up a few people at short notice for what promises to be a gloriously scary *Call of Cthulhu* session at home. Everybody is aware that playing time will be severely limited, and everybody is equally keen to kick off straight away. But before the Keeper can light the fuse and launch his or her dazzling scenario idea, there is one small obstacle that must be overcome: the selection and generation of player characters!

But how is this an obstacle?

As we all know, role-players' favorite pastime consists of lovingly rolling up characters. Some even cart a whole stack of pre-designed characters around with them.

But what if time does not allow for character generation to order? And what happens if players new to *Call of Cthulhu* are to be introduced into this world of Lovecraftian horror?

The conventional approach

The solution adopted by many keepers consists of preparing player characters themselves ahead of time and then distributing the filled-in character sheets to the players. But apart from the fact that not every player will agree to take "just any" character, this method has one major drawback: the mad amount of advance preparation required. And madness should usually remain the preserve of the player characters themselves...

Rules are made to be broken

First, a basic preliminary remark. Everybody who has ever run a role-playing game knows that the actual rules of the game are really only of minor importance. Instead, role-playing games hinge on the acting and characterization abilities of the players. The main function of the rules is to allow predictability and/or unpredictability to enter as a part of certain in-game situations. Many readers may already be shaking their heads in disagreement. But doesn't every system – including *Call of Cthulhu* – include the equivalent of two sets of rules?

1. Character creation rules, and
2. Rules covering specific in-game situations.

The fact is that if a player knows that his safecracker character can open any safe whatsoever in the twinkling of an eye (for example), the game quickly starts to lose its attraction. At the same time, a game completely without rules is certainly conceivable, namely one in which the Keeper rules upon the success and/or failure of specific in-game situations (such as the successful opening of a safe) according to his or her own personal feeling for drama.

However, how many keepers would like to leave themselves open to the inevitable accusations of favoritism? And how many players would want to renounce all influence over a dramatic situation directly concerning their character?

Thus it is not really viable to have no rules whatsoever for dealing with certain in-game situations. This also makes it a good idea to have definite values for skills – and to roll dice against these.

But how do things stand with the (relatively time-consuming) rules of Category 1 – the character generation rules – that form the basis for determining all of the values used in the game? Can these also be circumvented?

Yes they can, and easily too!

Everything can be negotiated!

The tried and trusted method presented here takes a fundamentally minimalist approach – and has a preparation time of practically nil!

It involves merely asking the players what kind of character they'd like to play just before play starts. This is followed by the usual run-through of character name, motivation, background and equipment – and now you're ready to go.

Time spent for five players: about ten minutes!

But wait a moment – how do we handle the determination of characteristics and skill/weapon values? The answer: this is decided by the players themselves – and then noted down upon their character sheets. This should be done skill by skill, and only upon the Keeper's request in a concrete game situation.

The players have now finally achieved full control over their characters!

"Yes, but..." skeptical readers will surely ask, "isn't this method wide open to abuse? Shouldn't character generation rules be able to prevent power gamers from starting all skills at 90%?"

Yes, of course they should.

Cheating, usually practiced by certain players in secret, is limited by the need to make open announcements at the gaming table. The player of gouty old Professor Chalkdust who suddenly and without motivation announces that he has Drive Auto at 75% will immediately expose himself to the others' ridicule. This encourages these players to initially choose far lower values. And who really wants to play with that kind of player anyway?

"Yes, but..." skeptics will say again, "does this method result in characters similar to those created according to the official rules?"

The answer here is an unequivocal yes and no!

Everybody familiar with the *Call of Cthulhu* system knows that characters resembling Indiana Jones need more skill points than players usually have at their disposal during character creation. But if one of the players is set on this kind of character, then why not?

Call of Cthulhu players are usually not interested in playing "superheroes" but prefer completely normal representatives of their historical period. Bearing this in mind, many of the characters created using this method actually end up with fewer (!) skill points than are normally allocated during character creation. And should one of the players nevertheless persist in over-allocating skill points, a few well-chosen words from the Keeper should help sort matters out.

This method always produces a character that really is exactly as the player imagined it.

So how are basic characteristics and hit points allocated?

The answer: exactly the same as with skills. Most of the time these values can also be neglected at first: the players should also estimate their characters' characteristics themselves – but only when required to by the Keeper. Sanity points, hit points and all other values derived from characteristics can be quickly calculated by keepers themselves, according to the situation – or be determined by the players in the same manner.

I have been constantly surprised over and over again by how honestly players estimate their characters' scores, both on their own accounts and in front of others.

Of course, the suggested negotiable method will never completely satisfy those players who enjoy a slower pace of character and campaign development. But two substantial advantages are obvious:

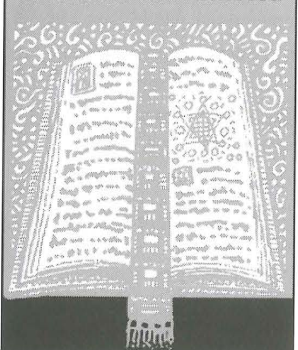
1. A fast start to an evening's gaming need not be held back by lengthy character generation; and,

2. Beginning role-players (i.e. those at conventions) can be introduced remarkably quickly and easily to *Call of Cthulhu* and its most important rules mechanisms.

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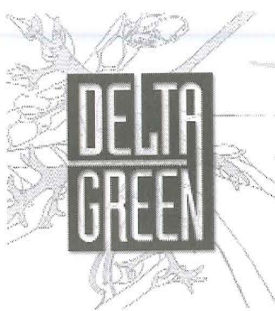
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Regular observations from the world of *Delta Green* Directives from A Cell

By A. Scott Glancy

Directive 104: No Gold Watch.

'Retiring' from *Delta Green*

There has been much written about how new agents and friendlies are brought into the **Delta Green** conspiracy. It's all laid out in the *Delta Green* core book. What was left out of the discussion is how someone gets out of the conspiracy. This has lead to a fair amount of speculation, which I hope this latest dispatch will go some way toward settling. To begin with, there are three basic ways out of **Delta Green**:

- ▲ You want out.
- ▲ They want you out.
- ▲ Or you're dead.

When an Agent or Friendly has had enough, has seen too much horror, lived with fear and paranoia long enough, or has simply burned out, they may tell their Cell-mates that they don't wish to participate in another 'Night at the Opera.' Some burned out agents may worry that **Delta Green** employs a '9mm Retirement Plan,' wherein any attempt to leave the conspiracy ends with the Agent's assassination at the hands of Cell A's "cleaner-in-residence," the near-mythical Agent Andrea. This is what comes of reading too many spy novels. **Delta Green** is not the Mafia. If you want out, **Delta Green** is unlikely to force you to remain, certainly not when the Agent is of low rank or minor importance. Of course, **Delta Green** isn't likely to let new recruits know that they can leave anytime they want. **Delta Green** goes to a great deal of trouble to find and recruit new agents. Considering the work they do, retaining agents can be a bit of a problem. So unless an agent expresses a desire to leave, they will not be told that it is possible.

If **Delta Green**'s leadership in Cell A gets wind of a dissatisfied agent, someone who has decided that joining **Delta Green** was a mistake, the first step is to determine how vital the Agent is to the conspiracy. Most agents provide **Delta Green** with more than just manpower for investigations. They also provide access to intelligence and assets such as crime labs, transportation, weapons and surveillance equipment. Some intelligence and/or assets may be critical to **Delta Green**, more important than the Agent's actual participation in field operations. Cell A might try to convince the Agent that they should still serve **Delta Green** as a Friendly; providing intelligence, services, and assets for the conspiracy, but not actually doing any fieldwork. These former agents would, however, lose their ability to freely contact **Delta Green**. If the Agent agrees to be downgraded, the **Delta Green** cell-network will change all the encrypted cell phone

numbers the former Agent previously used to contact his fellow cell members. His only contact becomes his former cell's Leader, and as a Friendly the former Agent will no longer initiate contact with **Delta Green** for any reason short of the former Agent encountering evidence of preternatural or supernatural phenomena. Generally speaking, the contact between friendlies and **Delta Green** is a one-way street.

Of course, the dissatisfied Agent may not want to continue to participate in the conspiracy even as a Friendly, particularly if the services or assets they are being asked to provide are endangering their career or their liberty. There's only so many times the Friendly can let **Delta Green** agents have access to the FBI crime lab or the National Guard Armory before people start to notice. Many of the services and assets that friendlies provide are more like felonies than favors. Routinely committing major felonies can tax the nerves of even the steeliest customer. So it is not unlikely that a down-graded agent would not want to participate with **Delta Green** operations in any way, shape, or form. If that is the case, **Delta Green** will need to cauterize the connection to the former Agent.

Sure, some hit men could arrive in the middle of the night and kill the former Agent and dispose of the body somewhere it will never be found. Or Cell A could arrange for the former Agent could die of a heart attack, car accident or house-hold mishap. Convenient deaths and mysterious disappearances, however, will lead to curious friends and family asking inconvenient questions about the former Agent's off-duty activities with **Delta Green**. It's even worse if the now deceased former Agent had warned friends and family to be suspicious if anything happened to him. If the former Agent left a journal behind, detailing his battles against the Mythos as a member of **Delta Green**, a mysterious death or disappearance would only add weight to the journal's implausible claims of cults, secret societies and the supernatural. No one believes a guy who claims he worked for a secret government agency... until the brakes go out on his car, he has a heart attack, or falls out of a window onto an exploding bomb. **Delta Green** does not call attention to itself like that. Cutting the former Agent off from their former comrades in **Delta Green** is a cleaner, safer and more reliable method.

Cutting the former Agent off should be easy if the Agent and his cellmates have maintained proper security for their cell. **Delta Green** is organized into 26 active cells with three agents in each cell

and any number of friendlies attached to each cell. Only the Cell Leader of each cell knows how to contact other cells or Cell A. If a Cell Leader is killed, Cell A will see to it that a replacement is assigned, the cell reorganized and new contact information is distributed. If all security protocols are observed, no cell members will know each other's true identities. They are only supposed to know each other's code names and how to contact each other via encrypted cell phones and e-mail. Only the lead cell, Cell A, knows all the Agents, all the Friendlies, and their true identities. If **Delta Green** wants to cut all contact with a former agent, all Cell A has to do is change all the phone numbers and stop servicing the dead drops the former Agent was aware of.

Of course, Cell A will also advise the former Agent to forget everything they knew about **Delta Green**. This is not to say that **Delta Green** ever forgets about the former Agent. There is always the possibility that in an emergency **Delta Green** will contact a retired or even black-balled agent and impose on them to come out for one last 'Night at the Opera.' Cell A maintains a list of all former agents and often updates their contact information for just such contingencies.

When an agent leaves **Delta Green** or is downgraded to friendly, any **Delta Green** Cells and agents who had contact with the Agent are told the former Agent's real identity so that they can take steps to avoid encountering the former Agent in the future. If the serving **Delta Green** agents can't avoid encountering a former agent, because they all have been assigned to the same federal task force or military operation, then they are certainly never allowed to acknowledge their former association as members of **Delta Green**. Agents within **Delta Green** need to know when the status of their fellow agents change, otherwise there could be serious violations of security protocols.

Cell A uses the same methods to cut off agents that **Delta Green** no longer wants to work with, although the admonishment never to contact another **Delta Green** agent or friendly will be delivered as a stern warning, not a friendly admonishment. Getting rid of an unwanted agent is far more dangerous to the conspiracy than allowing a burned out agent to retire, especially if the Agent does not want to go.

There are four basic reasons why **Delta Green** would want to get rid of an agent. First, the Agent proves unsuitable for **Delta Green** work due to a character or personality flaw that was undetected during the Agent's recruitment. This is fairly unlikely since there is a thorough psychological screening process. More likely than not, any character or personality flaw that is interfering with the success of a mission or the safety and security of a cell is actually a sign that the Agent is suffering from mental instability.

The second cause for dismissal is where the Agent is moonlighting in other criminal or espionage activity that could endanger the security of **Delta Green**. Considering the kind of felonies that are a **Delta Green** agent's bread and butter, it would seem strange to think that **Delta Green** would let an agent go because they are engaged in criminal activities, but that is the case. The concern here is not moral, it is practical. **Delta Green** does not want agents who are doing things that are going to draw any attention to the conspiracy.

The third common cause for dismissal is that the Agent proves to be incompetent at conducting field operations or maintaining security for **Delta Green**. Incompetence in the field is the kind of thing

that can wipe out a cell and endanger the entire conspiracy. If the Agent's cellmates or cell leader are unhappy with the Agent's performance, they are the ones who will have to address the problem. The first step is to try to correct the Agent's behavior, but if the Agent continues to be a screw up, the cell leader will ask Cell A to remove the problem Agent from the conspiracy.

A fourth and final cause for dismissal is that the Agent could have been rendered unable to perform their duties for **Delta Green** due to physical or mental injury. Obviously **Delta Green** cannot continue to employ agents who have crippling physical injuries, like blindness, limb amputation or paralyzation. When agents are permanently disabled, **Delta Green** will release them from service to the conspiracy, whether they like it or not. The same is true for agents who are suffering from mental instability, although the depth and seriousness of mental injuries is harder to gauge than physical injuries.

Delta Green doesn't abandon agents who are no longer physically or mentally able to complete their duties for the conspiracy. **Delta Green**'s first step is to work behind the scenes to make sure that the injured Agent will be taken care of by the Agent's parent agency. If the Agent's parent agency's benefits package won't cover the Agent's physical and mental rehabilitation then **Delta Green** will step up and take up the slack. Monies are distributed clandestinely, using multiple launderings through legitimate fronts. If **Delta Green** does not take care of its broken and damaged agents, they will feel betrayed. And if they feel betrayed, they may in turn betray **Delta Green**. **Delta Green** will take whatever steps are necessary to prevent such a betrayal from occurring, up to and including assassination. However, it is always preferable to head off a problem before resorting to assassination.

It is important to note that agents are not kicked out of **Delta Green**, or even downgraded to friendly, if they lose their day job as a member of the federal law enforcement or intelligence community. One of the risks of working for **Delta Green** is that the double-life the Agent leads will lead to disciplinary problems at their parent agency and even dismissal. If an agent loses their status as an employee of a federal law enforcement organization, military branch or intelligence agency, they will not be able to provide the same access to intelligence and assets they formerly did. Nevertheless, they will be able to do field work, even if they cannot rely on their status as federal employees to get the job done.

As mentioned before, removing unwanted agents is done in essentially the same way as agents in good standing are retired. The primary difference is that when an agent is blackballed the exit interview is decidedly less amicable. The departing Agent may even be threatened to keep his mouth shut and steer clear of anything remotely related to **Delta Green**. Of course this does not take into consideration an agent who does not want to go quietly.

It is possible that the Agent may refuse to accept being blackballed from **Delta Green**. The most obvious reason would be ego. No one wants to be told that they are no longer welcome in the club, no matter how dangerous and horrifying that club may be. Agents may also refuse to go quietly because they do not want to lose the relationships they built while working for **Delta Green** or because they have a burning desire for revenge against the forces of the Mythos. Regardless of how badly the ex-Agent may want back in, there is nothing they can do to change Cell A's mind. In fact, if the

ex-Agent continues their attempts to participate with or contact members of **Delta Green**, Cell A will respond with threats, blackmail, and even assassination.

Refusing to keep clear of **Delta Green** is just one of the ways that a blackballed agent can nominate himself to be 'Demoted Maximally.' The other way is to get caught consorting with any group that **Delta Green** believes poses a threat to the conspiracy. Say, for instance, that an ex-**Delta Green** agent begins hanging out at Stephen Alziz's Club Apocalypse, or is contacted by Majestic-12 personnel. Any ex-agent foolish enough to do such things will probably have the gall to be surprised when the assassins dispatched from Cell A arrive to put them down.

Usually when an assassination is called for **Delta Green** treads very, very softly. Covertly eliminating the target, by making it appear as if the target died of natural causes or via some mundane misadventure, is the preferred method of assassination. However, that is not always practical or even necessary. If a blackballed agent is on their way to a meeting with the enemies of **Delta Green**, a meeting that cannot be allowed to take place, **Delta Green** agents will simply gun the rogue ex-Agent down in the street like it's the gunfight at the O.K. Corral.

And this brings us to the third reason an agent is out of **Delta Green**: because they are dead. When an agent or friendly dies on a **Delta Green** operation, **Delta Green** has to make sure that their death will not be connected to the **Delta Green** conspiracy or seen as evidence of supernatural activity. The deceased Agents' cellmates usually handle these kinds of cover-ups. It's up to them to provide the shallow roadside grave or cover up the coroner's report or arrange for a fiery one-car freeway accident to obscure the facts. Sometimes this is not necessary. Often **Delta Green** operations are either

combined with or disguised as legitimate law enforcement investigations. If the Agent is killed while on an authorized and legitimate mission that **Delta Green** just happens to be participating in, there is a good chance the death can simply be reported as being in the line of duty. Of course if the Agent was exsanguinated by a star vampire or frozen solid by Ithaqua, the actual circumstances of the death will need to be concealed from higher authorities, the press and the public.

But whether the Agent or Friendly is killed on a mission or just dies of natural causes, **Delta Green** is going to want to make sure that there is nothing left behind among the Agent's personal effects that could connect him to the conspiracy. A team, dispatched from Cell A, will descend on the deceased Agent's home and office and thoroughly search it for anything that might connect the deceased to the conspiracy. These **Delta Green** "cleaners" will check for diaries, computer files, equipment, trophies, souvenirs, or anything else that might indicate that the deceased had "extra curricular activities."

Such searches and seizures are best conducted completely clandestinely, without any witnesses, thus eliminating the need for disguises or cover stories, and hopefully leaving no sign that a search was even conducted. **Delta Green**'s number one priority is maintaining its invisibility. As long as the conspiracy remains undetected, it can continue to function, continue to fight the good fight. **Delta Green** will defer all other considerations in favor of maintaining secrecy.

The thing to remember is that **Delta Green** is an illegal conspiracy, a ghost inside the machinery that is the U.S. government. Everything it does must be invisible, and that includes the process of retiring, firing and eliminating agents.

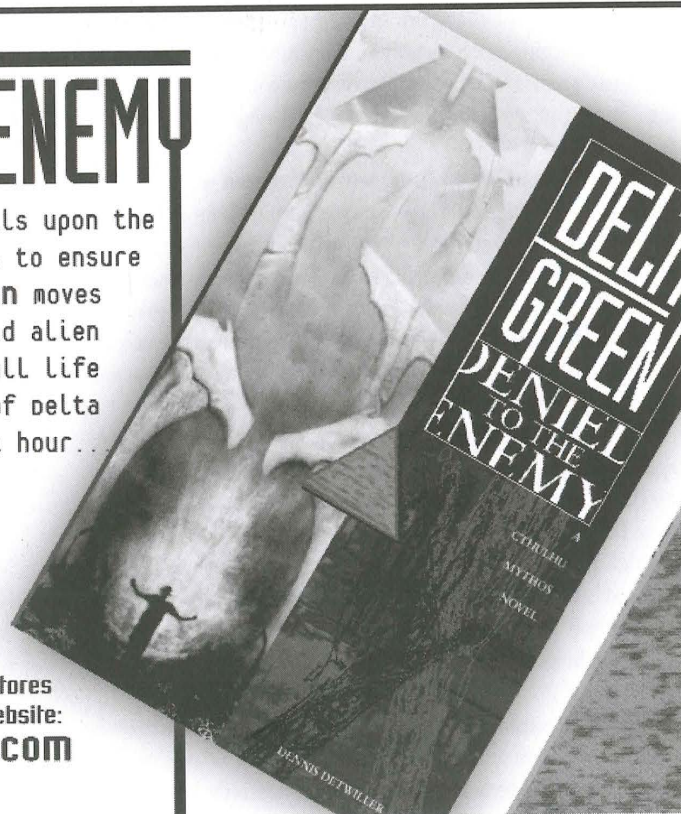
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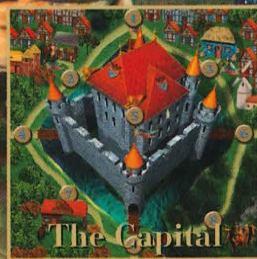
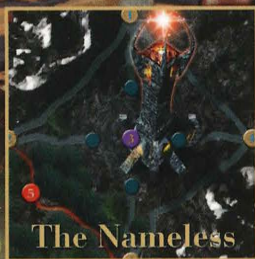
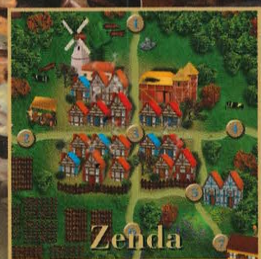
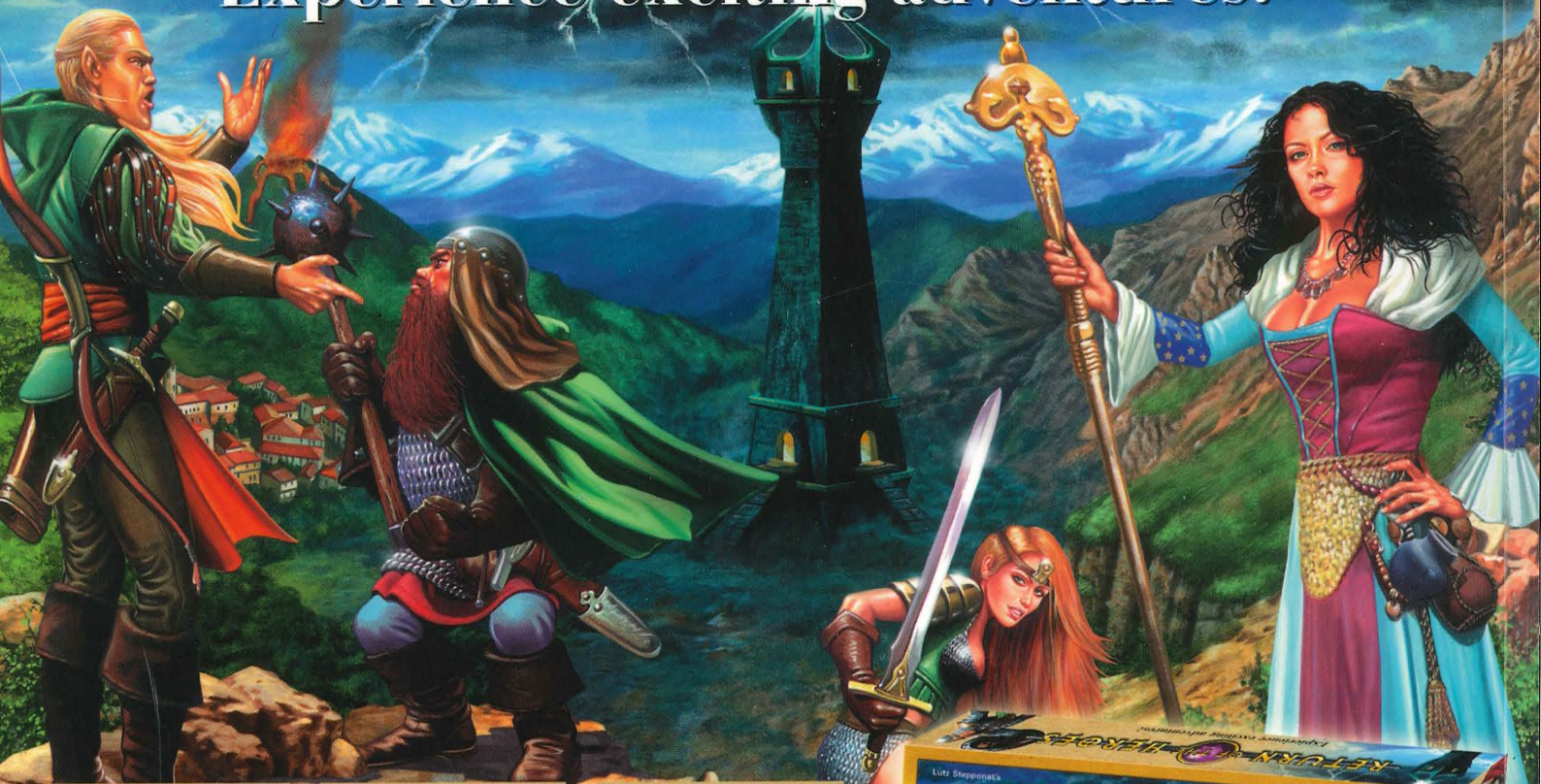


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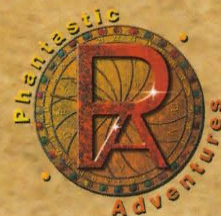
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