

The Vampire of Schwarzbrunn Handouts

Handout Package © 2004 Pegasus Press
Handout Artwork © 2004 by individual creators
Please refer to *Worlds of Cthulhu #1* for the artists involved

Handout 1a: Niceros recounts

SATYRICON OF PETRONIUS ARBITER

when I was still a slave, we lived in a narrow street; the house is Gavilla's now. there, as the gods would have it, I fell in love with Terentius, the tavern-keeper's wife; you all knew Melissa from Tarentum, the prettiest of pretty wenches! not that I courted her carnally or for venery, but more because she was such a good sort. nothing I asked did she ever refuse; if she made a penny, I got a halfpenny; whatever I saved, I put in her purse, and she never choused me. well! her husband died when they were at a country house. so I moved heaven and earth to get to her; true friends, you know, are proved in adversity.

it so happened my master had gone to capua, to attend to various trifles of business. so seizing the opportunity, I persuade our lodger to accompany me as far as the fifth milestone. he was a soldier, as bold as hell. we got under way about first cockcrow, with the moon shining as bright as day. we arrive at the tombs; my man lingers behind among the gravestones, whilst I sit down singing, and start counting the gravestones. presently I looked back for my comrade; he had stripped off all his clothes and laid them down by the wayside. my heart was in my mouth; and there I stood feeling like a dead man. then he made water all round the clothes, and in an instant changed into a wolf. don't imagine I'm joking; I would not tell a lie for the finest fortune ever man had.

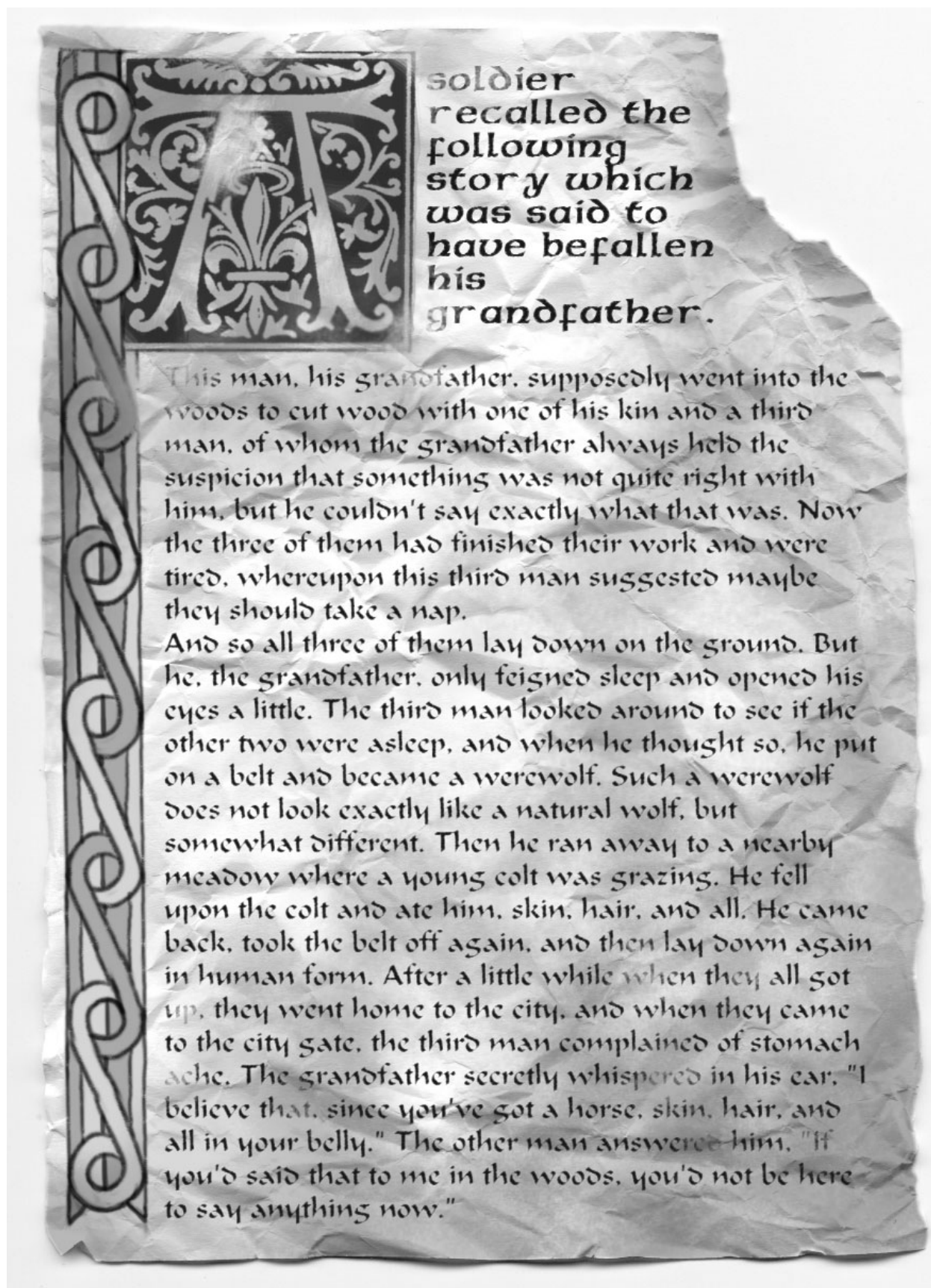
however, as I was telling you, directly he was turned into a wolf, he set up a howl,

Handout 1b: Niceros recounts

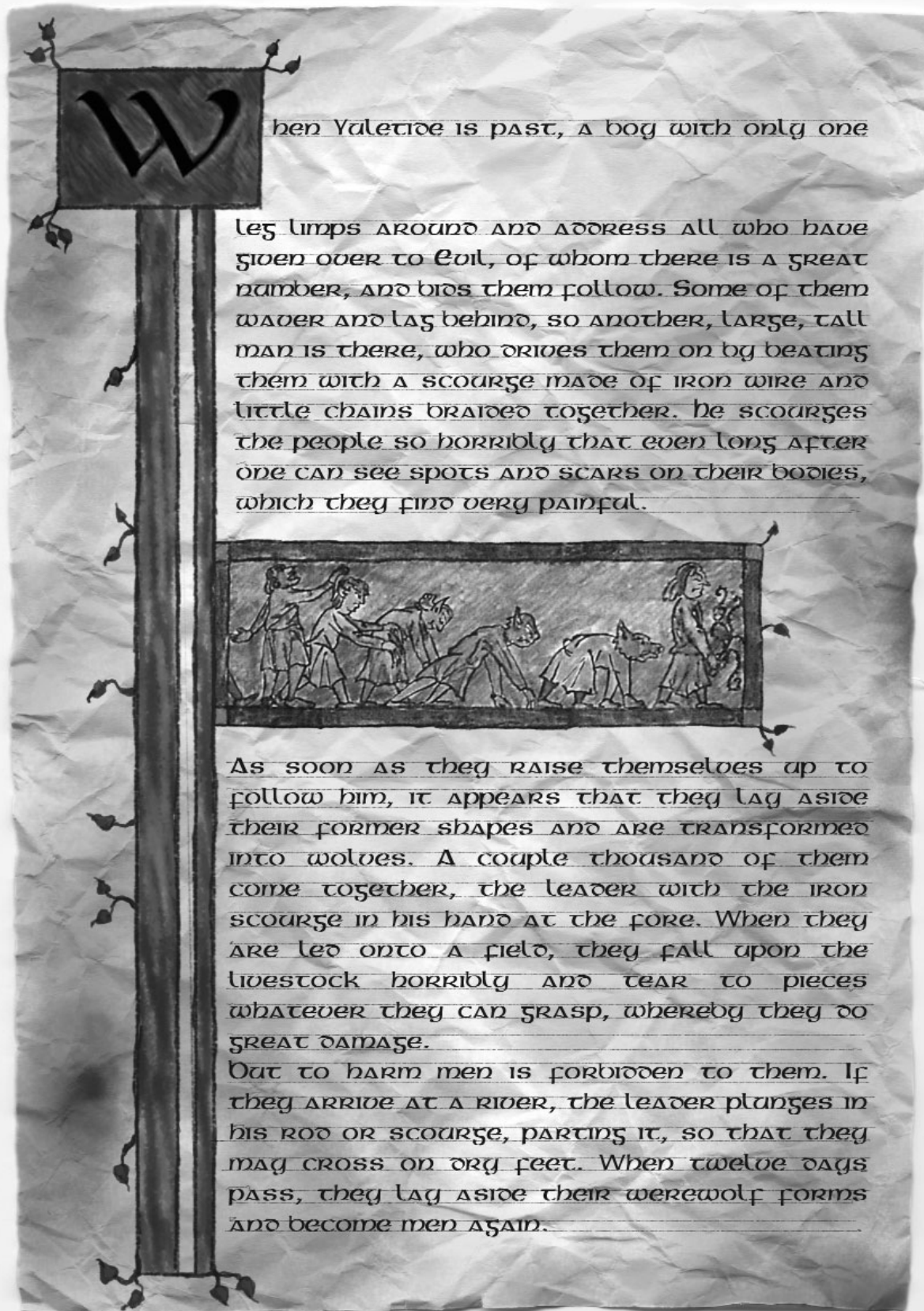
and away to the woods. At first I didn't know where I was, but presently I went forward to gather up his clothes; but lo and behold! they were turned into stone. If ever a man was like to die of terror, I was that man! Still I drew my sword and let out at every shadow on the road till I arrived at my sweetheart's house. I rushed in looking like a ghost, soul and body barely sticking together. The sweat was pouring down between my legs, my eyes were set, my wits gone almost past recovery. Melissa was astounded at my plight, wondering why ever I was abroad so late. 'Had you come a little sooner,' she said, 'you might have given us a hand; a wolf broke into the farm and has slaughtered all the cattle, just as if a butcher had bled them. Still he didn't altogether have the laugh on us, though he did escape; for one of the laborers ran him through the neck with a pike.'

After hearing this, I could not close an eye, but directly it was broad daylight, I started off for our good Gaius's house, like a peddler whose pack's been stolen; and coming to the spot where the clothes had been turned into stone, I found nothing whatever but a pool of blood. When eventually I got home, there lay my soldier a-bed like a great ox, while a surgeon was dressing his neck. I saw at once he was a werewolf and I could never afterwards eat bread with him, no! not if you'd killed me. Other people may think what they please; but as for me, if I'm telling you a lie, may your guardian spirits confound me!

Handout 2: The Werewolf



Handout 3: Livonian Legend



Handout 4: On the Foundation of the Monastery of Schwarzbrunn

given the year of our Lord 771 the fifth day of september this I write of the founding of the monastery at schwarzbrunn that the belief in our almighty Lord may become strong in our hearts and not weaken.

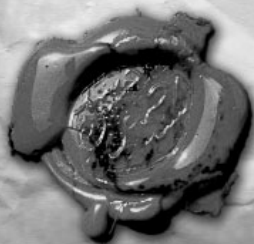
for only belief in him can deliver us from evil as he has delivered us from evil. in memory of this is laid today the foundation stone of the monastery.

think upon the struggles which we have endured and know that only he has delivered us and can deliver us. he who is Lord over man and beast. who may know how great his power is over the unbelievers and the pagans who everywhere attempt to propitiate their idols and reap only sorrow and affliction.

in memory of the lost souls the dead and the unfortunates who could not live to see the founding of this holy place may the Lord have mercy upon their souls.

to the monastery shall belong ten acres of land to be purchased from the men and women of the precinct of the niederwald who in addition shall bring the usual payments in the service of the Lord and who will have henceforth have a haven in the monastery for the redemption of their salvation.

this document of foundation shall be entered in the chronicle of the monastery as well as sealed in the foundation stone so that it will last until the last judgment when he shall divide men by good and evil.



BERNHARD VON WILHEIM
WRITTEN AT SCHWARZBRUNN
IN THE PRECINCT OF NIEDERWALD

Handout 5: Letter of Bernhard von Wilheim

Given the year of Our Lord , the eleventh day of July. This letter is to my successors so that the Lore may never be lost. Know then of the battle that we fought against the invisible servants of the Prince of Elsewhere wherever his terrible domain may lie.

Anno Domini was I summoned to the precinct of Niedergvald in order here to determine what pagan cult had brought about the death of many men. In fact I found the inhabitants to have the most sincere devotion to our Lord and to have completely renounced the worship of the false gods of their forebears. Nevertheless a horror was occurring in the precinct. What seemed at first to be common manifestations of ghosts was revealed to be horrors from elsewhere for the invisible servants of the prince were already multitudinous.

But in my blindness I thought only of ghosts when the objects began to levitate. But soon I had to recognize that the unholy goings-on possessed a much more blasphemous demonic aspect when the malefactor caused the earth to tremble and tore it asunder and burned it completely.

All the exorcisms of the wise Father Umberto Vinculo seemed in vain against the events and I despaired of the fact that I could not stand at the side of the citizens of Niedergvald.

Long did I fight thusly and had no success of my own doing until one night one of the inhabitants—his name is not relevant—made the most frightful disclosures to me. Whoever might have guessed that the piety of this righteous people should be its downfall. They would have banished the one who still knew about the damning horrors.

Without his protection however the invisible ones could cross into the world when the sun is at its highest and begin their demonic works. For there is a connection between here and the domain elsewhere where no man's foot has trod and no man's eye may see.

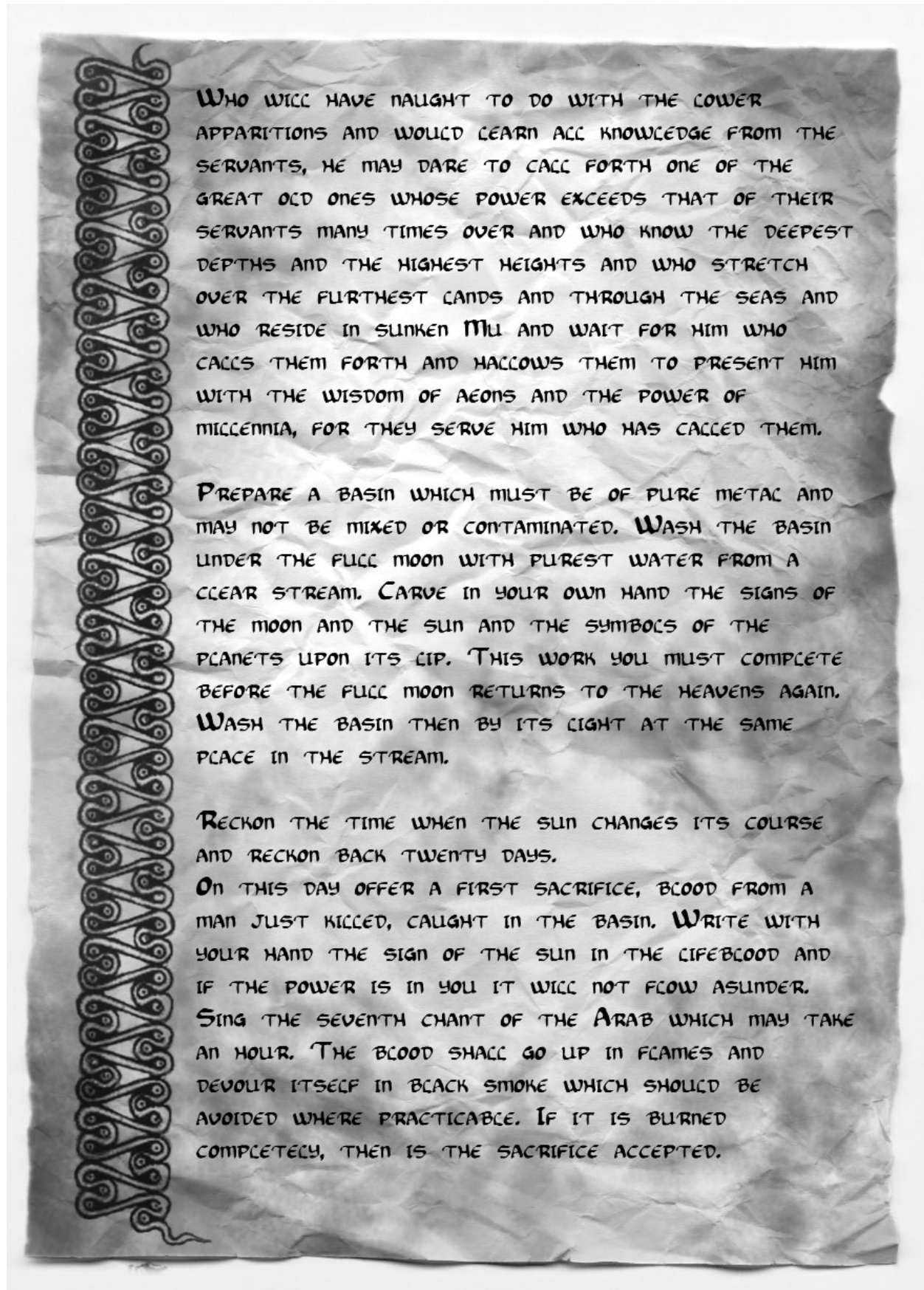
Long did I work together with my new confederate to reconstruct the ways of those who last knew it didn't last very long and we could begin our difficult undertaking. The black candles burned in the circle the air was pregnant with herbs of the Orient well-known to every exorcist and the sigils of the demons of the elements were inscribed in the circle around the entrance and that of the Demon of Night which lives in all things. We sat and sang the exotic chorale not created for the ears of man and which can only with difficulty be put into words. It is the chant of Akhar Ashar as it is found in the sinister Necronomicon the cursed work of the mad Arab.

In this fashion can the way be closed through which the invisible ones came into our world and their prince blasted and howled so that we would be taken by fear and alarm. But his power was broken.

Thus must the ritual be repeated every year when the sun is at its highest or lowest so that the way remains barred to them who come from elsewhere. I wish to build a monastery on this site a holy church above the dark hole and will appoint one of the monks as guardian who will complete the saving works without the knowledge of the others. In the village nearby however a friend of the guardian shall pass on the knowledge.

Bernhard von Wilheim
in the precinct of Niedergvald.

Mythos Handout 1: The R'lyeh Text



WHO WILL HAVE NAUGHT TO DO WITH THE LOWER APPARITIONS AND WOULD LEARN ALL KNOWLEDGE FROM THE SERVANTS, HE MAY DARE TO CALL FORTH ONE OF THE GREAT OLD ONES WHOSE POWER EXCEEDS THAT OF THEIR SERVANTS MANY TIMES OVER AND WHO KNOW THE DEEPEST DEPTHS AND THE HIGHEST HEIGHTS AND WHO STRETCH OVER THE FURTHEST LANDS AND THROUGH THE SEAS AND WHO RESIDE IN SUNKEN MUD AND WAIT FOR HIM WHO CALLS THEM FORTH AND HALLOWS THEM TO PRESENT HIM WITH THE WISDOM OF AEONS AND THE POWER OF MILLENNIA, FOR THEY SERVE HIM WHO HAS CALLED THEM.

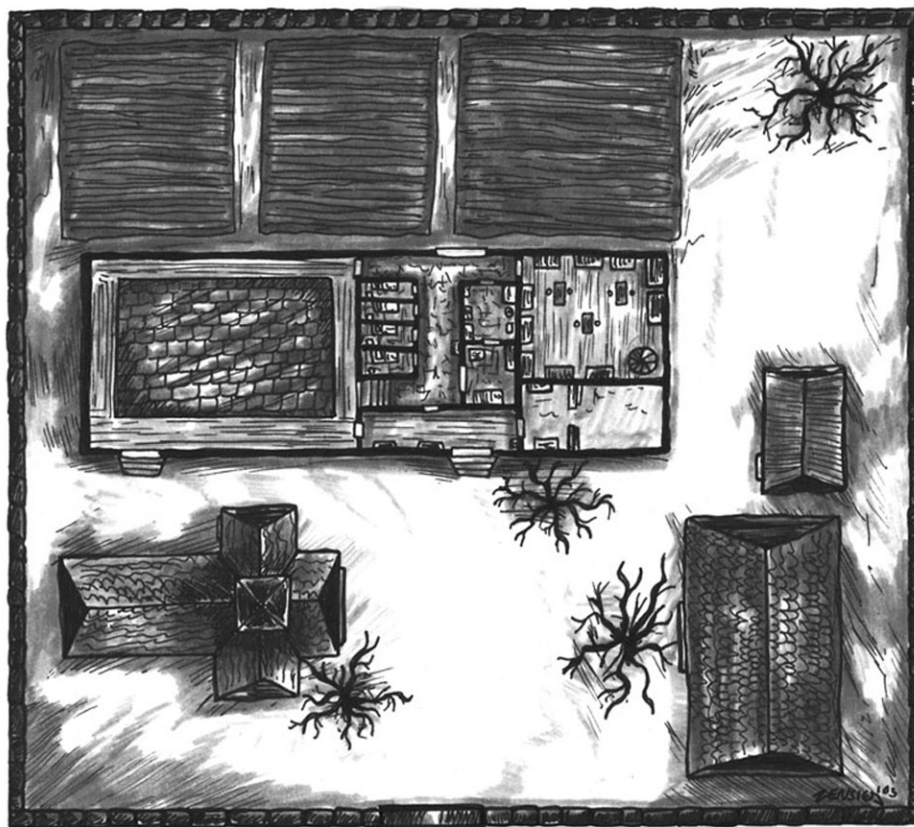
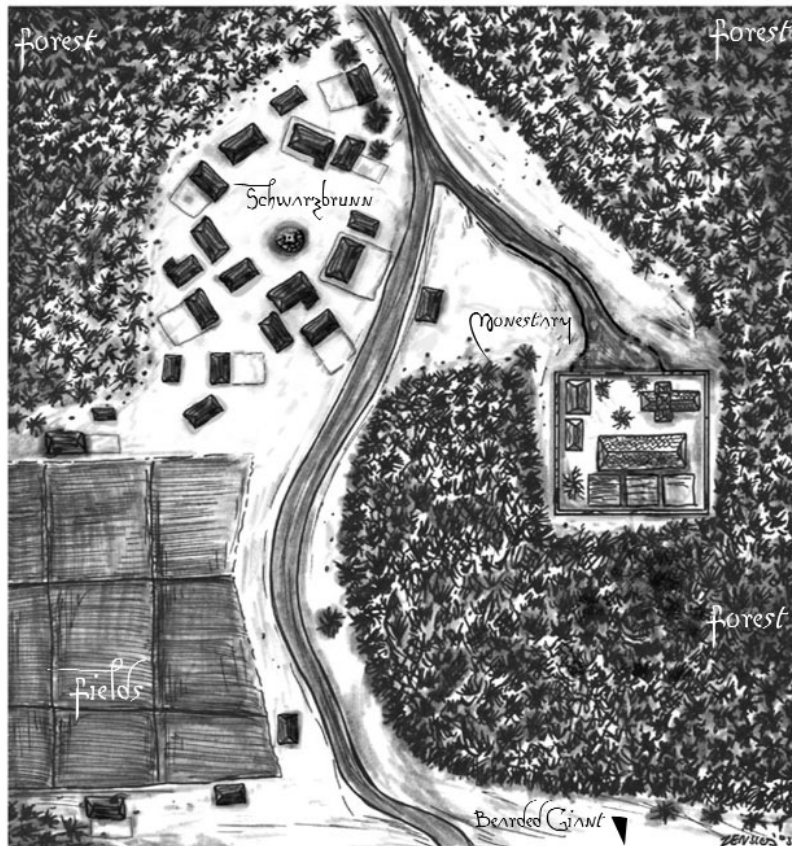
PREPARE A BASIN WHICH MUST BE OF PURE METAL AND MAY NOT BE MIXED OR CONTAMINATED. WASH THE BASIN UNDER THE FULL MOON WITH PUREST WATER FROM A CLEAR STREAM. CARVE IN YOUR OWN HAND THE SIGNS OF THE MOON AND THE SUN AND THE SYMBOLS OF THE PLANETS UPON ITS LIP. THIS WORK YOU MUST COMPLETE BEFORE THE FULL MOON RETURNS TO THE HEAVENS AGAIN. WASH THE BASIN THEN BY ITS LIGHT AT THE SAME PLACE IN THE STREAM.

RECKON THE TIME WHEN THE SUN CHANGES ITS COURSE AND RECKON BACK TWENTY DAYS.

ON THIS DAY OFFER A FIRST SACRIFICE, BLOOD FROM A MAN JUST KILLED, CAUGHT IN THE BASIN. WRITE WITH YOUR HAND THE SIGN OF THE SUN IN THE LIFE BLOOD AND IF THE POWER IS IN YOU IT WILL NOT FLOW ASUNDER. SING THE SEVENTH CHANT OF THE ARAB WHICH MAY TAKE AN HOUR. THE BLOOD SHALL GO UP IN FLAMES AND DEVOUR ITSELF IN BLACK SMOKE WHICH SHOULD BE AVOIDED WHERE PRACTICABLE. IF IT IS BURNED COMPLETELY, THEN IS THE SACRIFICE ACCEPTED.

Player Maps

Schwarzbrunn and environs



The
Monastery
- see keeper's
key on page
40 of *Worlds
of Cthulhu #1*