

FOR USE WITH

THE

9201



ROLE PLAYING GAME

THE IYTEAN MENACE



THE IYTEAN MENACE

A Doctor Who Adventure



THE IYTEAN MENACE

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Introduction



PLOT SYNOPSIS

The lytean Menace is a fairly intricate adventure. The overall course of the adventure is summed up below for the convenience of the gamemaster. Later sections of this booklet go into more detail on individual possibilities and events only briefly touched upon here.

The characters in this adventure are a group of Time Lords and Companions working for the Celestial Intervention Agency, the secret Gallifreyan organization devoted to protecting the universe from harmful influences of all kinds. The CIA has discovered that some advanced artifacts of alien origin have somehow begun to appear on Earth during the 1880s. It is feared that such alien devices could include weapons or other equipment that, in the wrong hands, could radically alter the shape of human history, and, moreover, attract the attention of a potentially dangerous alien agency to the vital Temporal Nexus Point *Earth*. The CIA has thus asked the adventurers to investigate the origins of these devices, and then to take any steps that are necessary to protect the Time Line if they should prove to be a threat.

The mission takes the group to London in the year 1885, during the reign of Queen Victoria. Here, they trace some of the strange artifacts to a retired army officer named Fraser, a collector of curios who has begun to discover some of the extraordinary powers of these strange devices. Fraser is dreaming of conquests using a weapon he has acquired, and becomes a formidable obstacle to the group's inquiries. But it becomes evident that he himself knows nothing of the origin of these devices, and the group must follow the lead from him to a pair of criminals named Jenkins and Bannister. Through these two, in turn, the group discovers the spaceship buried under the streets of London.

Investigation of the ship reveals something of its origins. The vessel crash-landed on Earth after an engine failure almost 5,000 years before; the crew's last act before taking to lifeboats for a perilous interstellar journey was to bury it and its dangerous contents so that its cargo could not be accidentally released. No salvage mission ever

returned, however, and the ship remained buried while civilization sprang up and, eventually, a city was built over the site.

The adventurers learn what the cargo was. This ship was a police vessel, its crew a race of highly-evolved parasites who lived in symbiotic relationship with lesser animals. They were carrying with them members of a band of criminals who had violated an essential law, one prohibiting symbiosis with intelligent races. One of these criminals has evidently escaped. Records show that these creatures cannot control humans as effectively as certain other races. With the aid of chemical compounds taken as supplemental nourishment, however, they can grow, dominate their human hosts, and ultimately reproduce others of their own kind. The refugee is a dangerous criminal, brutal and sadistic.

The remainder of the adventure deals with attempts to locate the creature before it can gain total control over its host and reproduce. There are many possible courses of action open to the adventurers for tracing this alien and stopping it; each major possibility is dealt with in short sections that the gamemaster can consult as player decisions direct their efforts in specific directions.

If the adventurers fail in their task, the creature will be in a position to multiply, and its many offshoots will spread out and infest hosts all around the world, irreparably damaging the Time Line and posing a threat to the stability of the universe.



CONTENTS OF THIS BOOK

This booklet contains all the information needed to play this adventure. In addition to descriptions of all encounters in the adventure, there is detailed background information on the lytean race, the story to the characters.

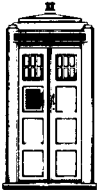
Also included are descriptions of the pre-generated Time Lord and Companion characters and for the major NPCs.

Finally, there are extensive gamemaster's notes. These can be used to get the player characters off to the right start and to suggest various possible solutions to the adventure as well as spinoff adventures for continuing campaigns. There is also a wealth of supplementary background information (which may or may not emerge during the course of play) to help the gamemaster present the story to the players.



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The Adventure



INTRODUCTORY STORY

"Don't know when the diggin's been this 'ard," Jenkins complained, setting down his shovel and producing a large red handkerchief. He mopped his brow with an expansive gesture. "Yer sure 'bout yer ruddy map, mate?"

His partner scowled in the flickering light of the lantern. "Shut up and dig, you bloody fool," he answered, his voice menacing and even. "Another 50 feet, and we'll be right under the bank." In an undertone, he added "Demned Cockney fool."

"I 'eard that," Jenkins said cheerfully. "Don't go swearin' at me, Jack Bannister. Or do yer want ter dig yer own bleedin' 'ole?" He took up the shovel again and pitched in once more, whistling as he dug, his good cheer making his taller, darker partner angrier than ever. Bannister's hands clenched tighter around the shaft of his pick as he attacked the unyielding ground ahead with renewed, savage determination.

After a few minutes of silence, Bannister put his tool aside with a grunt. "This one's about full. You keep on digging, Bert, while I drag it back to the sewer line."

"Roight-o, guv'ner," the Cockney said. Suiting actions to words, Bannister began to manhandle the earth-filled basket back down the narrow, irregular tunnel, while Jenkins kept shoveling spadefuls of dirt.

Suddenly his shovel struck a solid barrier with a jarring clang. "Bleedin' rocks," Jenkins muttered. He tried another spot, higher up, with the same result, and then a third. Finally, the little Cockney straightened up, leaning on his shovel as he massaged his back. "Bit of a big one, that," he said, less cheerful now.

"Damn you, Jenkins, if you keep stopping, we'll never get through," Bannister said angrily, coming up behind him.

"T'ain't my fault yer precious route run up against some big rock," the smaller man protested.

"Well, dig around it, then," Bannister ordered.

"I already tried that, Jack," Jenkins said, his voice taking on a whining note.

"Garn," Bannister growled. He spat. "You make me sick."

He pushed Jenkins out of the way, grabbed the pick, and struck several blows. He, too, stopped, staring at the

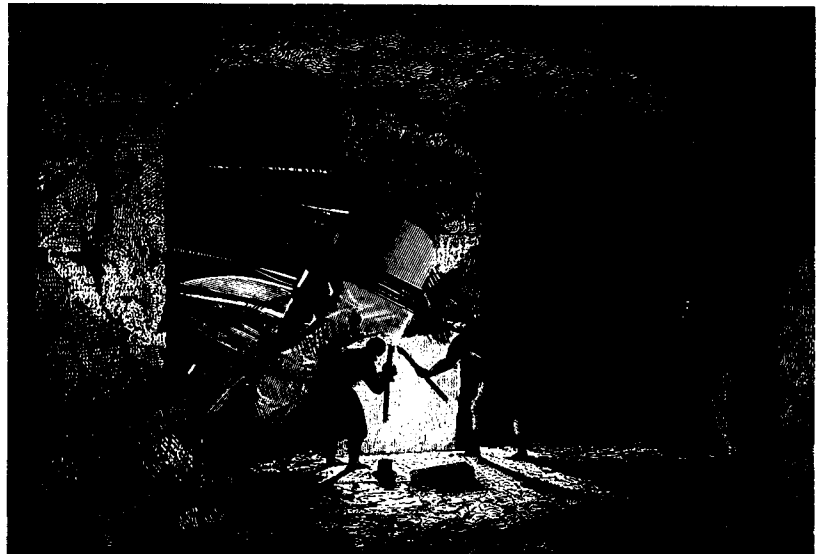
blunted tip of his tool. Then he started in again, this time digging slowly and carefully until the barrier lay exposed to the flickering lantern-light.

"This ain't no rock," he said. "Look, it's metal. Metal, like one of them ironclad battleships they build."

Jenkins pitched in beside him to enlarge the hole.

"Look down 'ere, Jack," the Cockney said suddenly. "There's a 'ole down 'ere." He pointed to the twisted metal that bent inwards near the bottom of their tunnel.

"Let's dig it out," Bannister said. "I don't know what it is, but I want to find out."



"Ain't no reason fer one o' yer ironclad battleships in the middle of Oxford Street," Jenkins protested.

Bannister just glared at him. "Dig out that hole," he said. While Jenkins hesitated, he continued. "Look, all that metal must be made to keep out *something*. Maybe it's some kind of hidden vault."

The Cockney's usual grin returned. "Why didn't cher say so first? I bet you're roight...there's probably gold and silver and jools buried down in here." The two of them went to work again, more eager than before.

"Ain't no vault, an' that's a fact," Jenkins said an hour later, as the two criminals held their lanterns high and looked around them. The hole, a great rent in a huge, metallic wall, was behind them now, while before them was a vast, dark chamber filled with strange shapes. Even the odors of the sewers that wafted down their tunnel smelled less foul and stuffy than this room, and neither Jenkins nor Bannister liked the feeling of watchful emptiness that surrounded them.

Bannister, though, was less frightened of the room than Jenkins, and moved slowly forward until he

came to a wide, curved console standing almost chest-high. Glass-covered dials and gauges reflected the lantern light as he examined it. When he rested his hands on the panel, he thought he could feel a faint vibration. Come to think of it, the metal floor that echoed so loudly under their feet seemed to vibrate with some kind of hidden energy as well.

As he looked down at the console, his eyes came to rest on a small object that seemed to be held in place by an odd metallic clamp. "Hey, Bert," he said softly. "Come look at this." His words echoed hollowly.

Jenkins joined him, his eyes darting everywhere nervously. "Wot is it, Jack?"

Bannister fumbled with the clips for a moment, then removed the slender rod from the panel. "I don't know...but it ain't come from around here. It don't look like nothing I ever saw." He turned it over in his hands thoughtfully.

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"Wot kind of place is this?" Jenkins demanded.

Bannister didn't answer right away; his eyes focused on something far off, beyond the darkness. "I wonder," he said softly. "I wonder...Bert, you remember that French fellow I told you about - that chap Verne?"

"The one with the balloons and the boats that went underwater and things?" Jenkins nodded. "Wot about 'im?"

"He wrote stories about ships that could go to the moon and back, too," Bannister said. There was a long silence. "Don't you see, Bert? This place really is some kind of Ironclad, but not a boat. It's an aether-ship, for travelling to other planets!"

"But who can do that? And wot's it doing under the Capital and Counties Bank?" Jenkins face showed disbelief and scorn. "Talk sense, Jack!"

Bannister shook his head slowly. "Look around you, Bert - this wasn't built on Earth! I'll bet it's been buried here for a long time, long as London's been around, maybe. But it don't come from Earth."

"You mean it's from the Moon, Jack?"

"Maybe so," Bannister said.

"Wot do we do about it, then?"

Bannister smiled. "If there's more of this stuff around," he said, holding up the thin rod in his hand, "then we'll get rich from it, that's what we'll do. We'll sell junk from this thing to anyone who'll pay. We're the only ones who know about this thing, and we'll make a fortune selling gadgets and stuff."

Jenkins grinned. "Wot a notion! Wot an idee! There's all sorts o' rich folks just love ter collect useless stuff. Yer right, Jack!"

"All right, then, let's look around some more and see what else we can find that we can take out with us tonight and sell off."

Jenkins started to turn away, then swung back suddenly. "Yer don't think there's any of these Moon Men people ter stop us, do yer, Jack?"

"Oh, come on, Bert," Bannister replied. "I told you, this thing must have been here for years, since before this city was built. They'll all have been dead for a long time. Don't worry about it."

The lytean knew that time had gone by. Even a stasis pod only slowed the flow of time and didn't halt it completely. But something was wrong; an ordinary trip back to the Prime World did not take so long as this. It should not have noticed the passage of time on so short a trip; outside the pod, centuries must have passed. For it, many cycles had gone by since its last host had been killed, and the Monitors had taken it...many cycles without food, without senses, almost without life. It was hungry, but it knew that only a miracle would free it now. That flicker

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in the smooth flow of awareness so many cycles past must have been a crash or an explosion. The ship's crew was probably gone, but the power cells would maintain the stasis pods aboard until the end of time. And the lytean would perish of multiple deprivations far sooner than that.

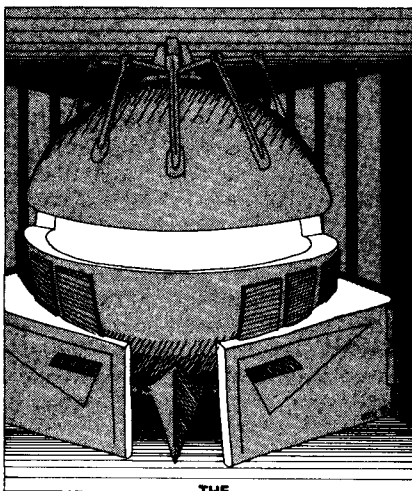
Bert Jenkins set his lantern down on another console and squinted into the gloom. It was the fourth room he'd explored, and the strangeness of this dark, eerie, metallic place weighed heavily on him. He wished that Bannister was with him, but Bannister had insisted that they explore their discovery separately. "We'll find more to cart off 'fore morning, Bert," he'd explained in a patronizing tone.

Maybe Jack Bannister wasn't scared of this ship from the Moon, but Jenkins was. All strange shapes and metal walls, doors too big, and shelves too high off the ground. Jenkins hated this place, and he wanted to be done with it.

But Bannister had said they'd be rich. Jenkins had been working for Bannister for a long time now, making money, and he knew Bannister's schemes nearly always paid off.

Reluctantly, Jenkins took the lantern again, resolving to trust his friend as he had so many times before, and to keep on searching for small pieces to sell. He was too nervous, however, to notice the way the bottom of the lantern banged against a large button set in the console...until it was too late.

Behind the console was a great, spherical shell of dull grey metal, taller than a man and perfectly round. As Jenkins turned away, there came a noise of machinery working, a noise that made him turn back again with a gasp. The sphere moved, the walls rolling back and sliding down until only the bottom half of the globe remained.



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Jenkins stayed rooted to one spot in terror, until he gradually realized that nothing else seemed to be happening. Nothing had jumped out of the opening sphere to attack him, and nothing else was moving or happening around him. All he saw where the sphere had been was a shape like a shallow bowl within the remaining half of the globe, a bowl that seemed to contain a small pool of liquid at the very center.

"Wot's this, then?" Bert said softly. He took a few slow, cautious steps towards the bowl, raising his lantern higher to try and see what the inside was like. It seemed as if the liquid within - more like a thick oil than water - was rippling somehow, but he couldn't be sure in the flickering lantern light. He set the lantern down on the edge of the bowl and leaned forward to see better, bracing a hand on the inner surface of the shallow depression.

Quicker than the eye could follow, the oily liquid moved. Before Jenkins could react, it flowed up the side of the bowl. And at the moment it touched his hand, Jenkins found that he *couldn't* move, even though he desperately wanted to. He could only stand and stare down as the strange liquid gathered around his hand, thickening into a slimy jelly, but at the same time beginning to slowly dwindle before his very eyes.

Freedom! The pod was opening up, and when the walls slid apart, the cycles of slowed time ended at last. The lytean was free again, and it sensed a Life nearby. Now it might feed once more, and see, and act as it had not been able to do for so long.

Though it could not see, or hear, or feel, helpless as it was without a host, the lytean could sense the presence and movement of the Life that was near it. It knew that this Life was intelligent, but it was not giving off the usual double aura of life that told of an lytean riding an unintelligent host. If centuries really had passed outside the pod, then the Monitors who had caught it must be dead, and this Life some other species that had found their ship. Perfect! Unlike others of its species, this lytean had no compunction about riding an intelligent host. Quite the contrary, for an intelligent host's mental powers, in combination with its own, would make it a lord among its own kind. If the Monitors had not interfered, it would have done so centuries ago; now it had a second chance. It would do as it liked, enjoy the pleasures of its host's senses, and nothing would stand in its way!

The Life was close now, and the lytean sensed that the time was right. Using its unerring attraction to Life, it sent out a feeler up the side of the pod until it encountered an appendage. Immediately it jammed the Life's neural network, and gathered itself at leisure. Slowly, working into the pores of the

alien life's tegmentum, the lytean entered its new host. As it distributed its three pounds of protoplasm through the host's body, it began to probe the being's mind. Primitive, ignorant, and stupid compared with its last host. But what a wealth of sensations and impressions! Eyes and ears, nerves with which to touch and taste, a blood supply to tap for food....the lytean really was free.

All that remained was to see if this host was subject to its control, to *The Change*. The lytean probed, tightened its grip on mind and body...

...and Bert Jenkins screamed in anguish. He was still screaming when Bannister found him five minutes later.



THE SUMMONS

The duties of the Time Lords employed by the Celestial Intervention Agency generally take up little of their time and attention. Between assignments, they roam the Winds of Time in their hijacked TARDIS units, pursuing their individual interests and researches. But they are always on call, ready to receive a telepathic summons to action from their superiors. When the message goes out, these Time Lords and their Companions are expected to drop everything as quickly as possible and meet whatever threat the CIA has discovered.

One band of adventurers has received such a summons. Their instructions, passed on by telepathically skilled

Time Lords from the agency, order them to return to Gallifrey for a quick briefing. There is trouble on Temporal Nexus Point *Earth*: the Agency isn't sure how serious it is, but, as always, the sensitive nature of the planet and of the human race make investigation a matter of paramount importance.

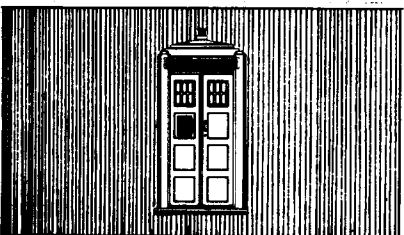
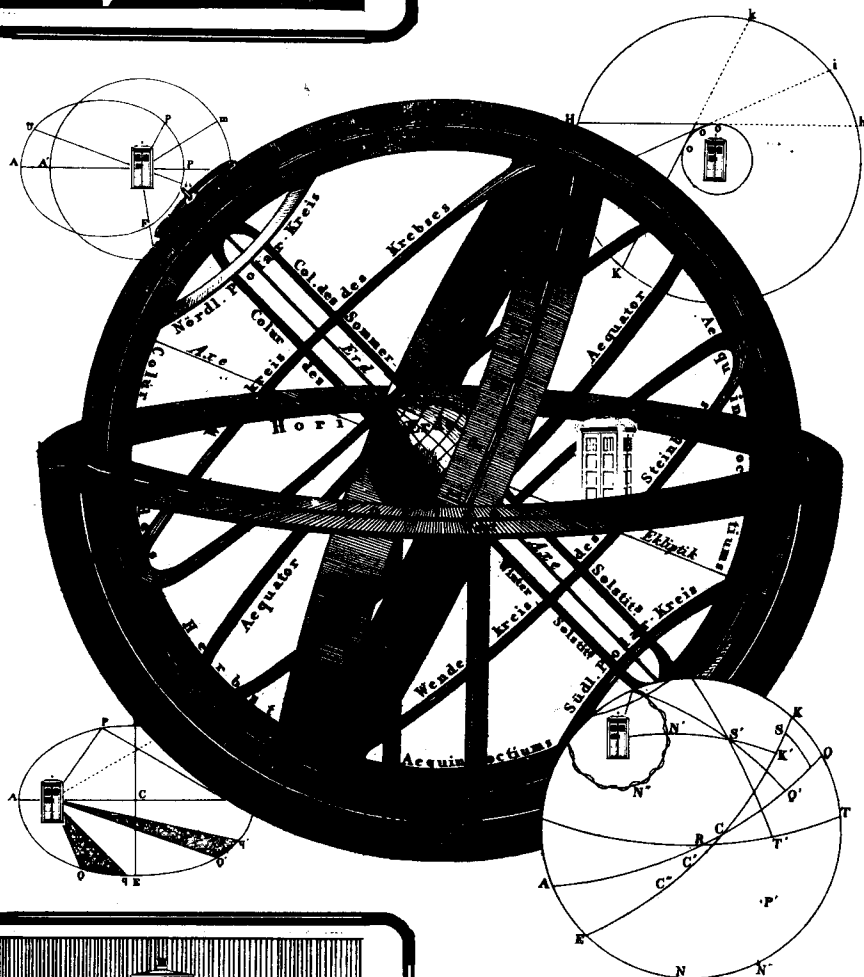
Upon their arrival at the secret CIA facility inside the Capitol on Gallifrey, the adventurers are met by the Time Lady Rowellanuraven, who is the Agency's specialist on Earth history and development. Now close to 10,000 years old (but in this, her tenth regeneration, looking no older than 40 Earth years), Rowella's experience with the affairs of Earth and its peoples are second only to those of the peripatetic Doctor himself. She is no longer active in the field, but the Lady Rowella maintains a position of great importance in the CIA hierarchy.

Rowella explains the nature of her summons. A field operative on Earth in the mid-1980's happened by chance to strike up an acquaintance with an officer of the Royal Navy by the name of Fraser (Lt. Alan Fraser of the aircraft carrier *Indefatigable*.) At the Lieutenant's home, the Time Lord took notice of a very odd heirloom indeed, a large, awkward-looking, pistol-like device that could only have been an energy weapon. When questioned, Fraser claimed that the strange artifact had been in his family for several generations! His great-grandfather had received it as a bequest from an eccentric uncle, one Colonel Malcolm Fraser, in 1885.

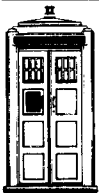
The operative was unfamiliar with the workmanship of the device, but was certain that it really was some kind of energy weapon. That pointed to an alien presence on Earth in or before the year 1885, perhaps in Fraser's London. And, though it would seem this presence, whether it came through Space or Time, had made no lasting impact beyond becoming a curious family heirloom, the CIA could not afford to leave matters to chance. This might be the first warning sign of cracks developing in the structure of Earth's development, cracks that could grow wider.

The adventurers are instructed to visit the city of London in the year 1885, and trace Colonel Malcolm Fraser. They are to learn how and when the weapon came into his possession, and, from there, they must discover its origins. If, indeed, there is a threat to the fabric of the Time Line, the group is to make sure that events flow as they should, intervening as necessary.

Rowella has the TARDIS computer banks updated with information on the Colonel gleaned from Alan Fraser, including some sketchy details on his career and on the location of his home overlooking Portman Square on London's West End.



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ENCOUNTER WITH FRASER

Arriving in London early in 1885, the adventurers have only the single thread connecting the weapon and Malcolm Fraser as a clue to follow. The Colonel's house in Portman Square is the obvious first place to begin inquiries.

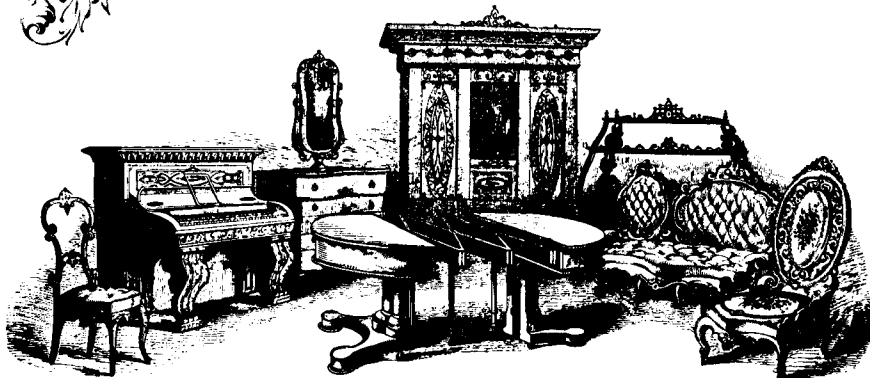
If the adventurers visit the house openly, they are met by Roberts, the butler. He is one of only three servants who are still employed by Fraser. (The others are Mrs. Worth, the cook, and Betty, the maid.) The remaining staff was dismissed some time ago. Roberts shows the party into the drawing room, where Malcolm Fraser comes out to meet them shortly thereafter.

Should the group choose to attempt a covert entry to the house, the situation will be somewhat different. In this case, while examining the Colonel's study, the adventurers will be surprised by Fraser himself, who will have heard noises and come to investigate with his disruptor gun at the ready. The surprised adventurers will have the same chance of learning things as in the first situation, but the tone of the interview will be considerably more hostile on Fraser's part, and there will remain the problem of talking (or fighting) the Colonel out of shooting them all as burglars.

The gamemaster should handle the actual interview according to the exact circumstances surrounding it, taking into account the group's approach to Fraser, and the old man's probable attitudes toward the kind of questions they ask. For instance, Fraser might be better disposed toward them if they claim an interest in Atlantis and Fraser's 'Atlantean artifact', while he will be much more hostile if they claim some kind of official connection with the government that scorned him. Keeping all these factors in mind, the gamemaster may reveal (using the Interaction Matrix or mere common sense) as much of the material that follows as he feels the adventurers should learn during this first interview.

Fraser owns several Atlantean artifacts, all of them guns of some kind. Three of them do not seem to do much of anything when he attempts any kind of target practice with them, but the fourth is still working quite effectively. If only someone at Whitehall would listen, he thinks, they could revolutionize modern warfare with what he has discovered about Atlantean guns. (If the Colonel is very friendly to the group, he may actually demonstrate the gun for them. If he catches them in a burglary attempt, he may do so to prove that he

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has them cornered. Otherwise, he will neither disclose nor demonstrate more in connection with guns.)

A friendly Fraser (or a Fraser made to reveal his secrets by force) may go on to speak of how he acquired the artifacts. A chap named Bannister, whom he describes as a common, shifty sort of blighter, sold him the four guns over the space of the last two years. It was only recently that he discovered that the one still worked. Fraser has not seen or heard from Bannister in several months, which is a real pity; he wants very much to see what other worthwhile Atlantean artifacts the man can sell him. Unfortunately, he isn't sure how to get in touch with Bannister, who always contacted him. There was some talk of the man's owning an import-export firm, or some such, over in the East End, by the Thames docks.

As to how he first met Bannister and came to buy the guns, Fraser says that Bannister came to *him*, not the other way around. He was apparently put on to Fraser by Sir Reginald Carruthers. Carruthers was once a good friend, and shared Fraser's interest in collecting curious or exotic items, but

the two of them had a bit of a falling out a few months ago, right after several pieces in the politician's collection were stolen. Carruthers even accused Fraser of doing it, and that was an affront that couldn't be overlooked! They haven't spoken since, which is a real pity. It would be easier to track down Bannister and his partner if Carruthers would help.

Fraser's manner will become distinctly unfriendly (if it wasn't already) if the adventurers show any sort of interest in taking possession of, or even of closely examining his weapons. He even believes the non-functional guns to be potentially useful, once he masters their secrets, and he has no intention of allowing *anyone* to interfere with his plan for these weapons. The adventurers will not be able to get the guns away from him, save through the use of force. Violence at this early stage should be discouraged as being out of keeping with the CIA policy of minimal intervention. If need be, any attempts to use force at this time can be thwarted by having Roberts arrive, possibly with a police constable in tow, before the party can get to Fraser's locked workshop, where some or all of the guns are being kept for the moment.

At some point during the encounter with Fraser, the group will notice the presence of his granddaughter, Julia, a pretty, dark-haired teenager with an intensely curious manner. They will not, however, notice the fact that she steals out after them when they leave, following them back to the TARDIS.



THE COLONEL'S GRAND-DAUGHTER

Several hours after their first encounter with Colonel Fraser, at a time when the adventurers have gathered back at the TARDIS for a planning session, another planned encounter occurs. Julia Fraser will approach the TARDIS, whatever its disguise, and knock timidly on the door; the view-screen will reveal her features clearly enough to allow her to be recognized. Julia Fraser watched the adventurers enter the TARDIS, and even an unusual TARDIS disguise will not deter her from approaching the temporal vehicle in this manner.

If the group decides to talk with her, Julia has much useful material to relate. The gamemaster is responsible for dealing with such potential problems as confusion or shock should she be taken aboard the TARDIS or otherwise exposed too suddenly to advanced technology or concepts.

Julia saw the adventurers at her house, and overheard much of their conversation with her grandfather. She believes that they can help him, for she is sure that something is terribly wrong with him. The adventurers are the only ones to whom she feels she can turn, because they seem to know things that no one else could possibly know. She implores them to save her grandfather before he does something terrible. Her plea is almost incoherent, but eventually she settles down enough to tell her story.

The trouble started with Fraser's 'Atlantean artifacts', and Julia can relate any information from the previous section that Fraser himself has not revealed. She has lived with her grandfather for almost ten years, since her parents died, and, until very recently, she has remained quite close to him.

About two years ago, her grandfather first began dealing with Jack Bannister, and everything seemed perfectly innocent. It was not until an incident a few months ago that Julia began to worry. One night, while examining one of the strange weapons, Fraser accidentally caused it to fire a strange beam of light that destroyed another piece in his collection. From that night on, Fraser became obsessed with the possibilities presented by this powerful weapon of total destruction.

At first, Fraser wanted to offer it to the Crown, but he was rebuffed at every turn. After a few such bad experiences, he became more secretive and withdrawn, and Julia claims that he began to fear and hate the government and all

it represented. He dismissed most of his domestic staff on flimsy excuses, maintaining to Julia that any one of the servants (except for a few who were known to be extremely loyal to him) might have been spies intent on stealing his discoveries. The Colonel was convinced that the officials he had contacted were planning to take his new weapon without recognizing Fraser's part in the discovery, and the thought seemed to gnaw at his mind.

that he is not a mere crackpot. The only thing holding him back, she thinks, is uncertainty concerning the two men who sold him the weapon in the first place. Might they have others? That, and the last shreds of his old honest character, have so far caused him to stay his hand.

If questioned, Julia confirms that Sir Reginald Carruthers first sent Bannister to her grandfather. He was also one of the people Fraser approached

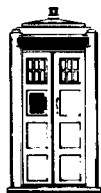


Lately, Julia says, he has stopped talking about his plans even to her, but he continues to work late in the basement workshop, studying all four weapons. A few times she has overheard him talking out loud to no one at all about "showing them what my powers can achieve" and bringing "order to the world, if need be, so they'll all listen." She thinks that he wants to use the weapon to demonstrate its power in a way that will convince all of London

concerning the weapon, but, like everyone else, he thought that Fraser was indulging in one of his flights of fancy. Fraser's interest in the curios Bannister had sold Carruthers made the politician suspect Fraser when burglars stole some of those pieces from his collection one night, and so, after a short and inconclusive police investigation, the two men stopped speaking to one another entirely. Julia knows nothing more about Carruthers (other than matters of public record), or about Bannister or his rarely-seen partner, an ill-favored Cockney by the name of Jenkins.

The results of this encounter will, of course, depend upon the reactions of the adventurers. Julia will go home to her grandfather, promising to let the adventurers know if she learns anything else. Before she goes, though, Julia reiterates her plea for help. She loves her grandfather, and is afraid for his sanity. They must do what they can to save him from himself.

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MURDER ON REGENT STREET

Following their first two encounters, the adventurers will probably wish to look into the affairs of Sir Reginald Carruthers, who evidently is the only other man they can discover with a link to Bannister and Jenkins. If the group should call on Carruthers before they have a chance to meet Julia Fraser, it will turn out that he is not at home, and will not return for at least another day. The adventurers should definitely be armed with Julia's story before they set out to meet the politician.

When they do go to visit Carruthers, however, the adventurers learn of a shocking new development as they travel the London streets. Boys selling newspapers hawk their wares with cries of "Murder Strikes Member Of Parliament!" Sir Reginald Carruthers is dead.

ing through the shattered door; he was quickly lost from sight. Sir Reginald died a few minutes later, repeating over and over the single phrase "I don't know where they are!" The news article also mentioned the previous burglary some three months ago. Scotland Yard has assigned Inspector Newcombe to the case, but there are no leads or significant clues available. Carruthers is survived by his wife, Anne, and one son, Thomas Carruthers.

If the adventurers push on with their investigation immediately, they will find the Regent Street town house swarming with police under the dour supervision of Newcombe. The Inspector is a self-important man with little liking for amateur interference, and will be unlikely to tolerate the adventurers if they persist in poking around.

Should they manage to penetrate the police cordon (or if they wait yet another day until things quiet down), the adventurers will be able to see Thomas Carruthers, the dead man's son. Anne, the other member of the family, will under no circumstances see anyone, and Thomas is not likely to put

up with much questioning unless the adventurers prove to be very, very persuasive or especially clever in their inquiries.

Young Carruthers believes that this murder has something to do with the burglary that happened before. Being closest to the study, he had run to the scene and then tried to break down the study door. He is certain that he heard a sinister voice hiss, "Where did you get the ampoules? You know what I mean – the tubes – the green powder!" His father groaned, then mumbled, "Bannister...sold..."

Just as Thomas began trying to break down the door, he heard the other voice demand, "Where is he? Where are the two of them?"

Young Carruthers remembers that the burglar, whoever he was, took only a small set of odd tubes of some transparent substance that was not glass, each of them filled with a green powder. His father had purchased these from a man named Bannister almost two years ago; they were supposed to come from some exotic Eastern country. Many things of far greater monetary value were left untouched by the robbers, and whoever it was had known precisely where these strange tubes were kept in the library.

The elder Carruthers liked to collect exotic junk of all kinds, his son says. The tubes interested him for a time, but he soon decided that Bannister, the dealer who sold them, was more confidence artist than import-export businessman. As the feeling grew, Carruthers stopped dealing with Bannister, though he kept the tubes safe in his collection and made periodic attempts to discover more about them.

The last such attempt came just before the burglary, when Carruthers held a dinner party for two close friends. These were Colonel Fraser (who also collected curios, and was still dealing with Bannister on a fairly regular basis) and Dr. Henry Jellicoe, a noted medical researcher. Sir Reginald showed his strange artifacts to the two of them, and went so far as to give one as a sample to Jellicoe when the latter suggested that he might be able to analyze it. After Jellicoe left, Thomas overheard a bitter fight between his father and the Colonel, evidently relating to some hare-brained scheme for which Fraser wanted Carruthers backing.

The burglary took place the very next night. Jellicoe and Fraser were the only two people who knew where the collection was kept, and it was evident that the burglar had known exactly what he was looking for and where to find it. Suspicion naturally fell on Fraser first, because he had a known interest in collecting such artifacts. But the police could find no proof; all the accusation did was to make the breach between the two men more permanent.



The news report of the murder tells of the politician's death at the hands of an intruder in his home. Someone apparently broke into the house, showing savage strength by practically tearing a French door from its hinges. Carruthers, who was working late in his study, was beaten mercilessly. Members of the household, bursting onto the scene, caught a glimpse of a short man escap-

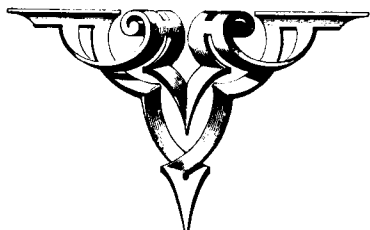
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As for Jellicoe, he had no apparent motive, and nothing was found in his house to indicate that he was in any way involved. Oddly, he claimed that the tube he had taken to analyze was destroyed in a lab accident, though the elder Carruthers always thought it was just an excuse to refuse to return the piece, perhaps out of spite at being accused of the theft. Jellicoe, like Fraser, refused to have anything more to do with his accuser after this.

Though the crimes are certainly related in Thomas Carruthers' mind, he is certain the voice he heard questioning his father belonged to neither Fraser or Jellicoe, and the fleeing figure was shorter, heavier in build, and seemed younger than either of the two men. If one of them was involved with the burglary (and young Carruthers still thinks Fraser the most likely suspect), then perhaps the murderer is a confederate or a confidante.

The gamemaster should remember that Carruthers may not reveal all of this information during a single interview. It should be related as seems logical, given the attitude of the young man (derived from the Interaction Matrix and the overall situation) and the nature of the questions asked. Carruthers will be far less likely to cooperate if he believes the group to be friends of Fraser's; skills and Charisma should be overriding influences during these interviews.



FURTHER INVESTIGATIONS

By this point in the adventure, the group will be starting to take direct action, rather than being guided completely by the gamemaster. This should be encouraged to preserve the sense of freedom of action for the group. However, the shape of events should develop along the same general lines, no matter what they may choose to do.

The main possible lines of inquiry open at this point include investigations into Dr. Henry Jellicoe, into Carruthers, and into Fraser. The two men who would seem to be the keys to the mystery, Bannister and Jenkins, are still quite out of reach. Too little is known about them, and, until they surface, the group will have little luck tracking them down.

Further investigation of Carruthers will produce no further information of importance, though it may cause Inspector Newcombe to take a dim view of the group's activities. Jellicoe can, of course, be questioned or watched (as discussed below). Further questioning of either of the Frasers is unlikely to produce more information, but a watch may be set on the Fraser house, or the adventurers might try to do some housebreaking of their own.

Any (or all) of these options might occur to the players, or, if they seem unable to come up with a plan of action, might even be suggested (perhaps as a result of an Intuition roll). While each of these options may yield some information, the gamemaster's ultimate goal is to work up an encounter with the two London criminals. Without this, it will be virtually impossible to resolve the adventure. Therefore, regardless of the direction the players choose to take, the gamemaster should endeavor to subtly arrange matters to enable this next key encounter to take place eventually.



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DOCTOR JELlicoe

As the second likely suspect in the original Carruthers burglary (and hence, in the murder as well), Dr. Henry Jellicoe may seem like a worthwhile target of investigation. A brilliant medical researcher, Jellicoe's reputation in scientific circles and among his friends and acquaintances is excellent. If the adventurers inquire, they will learn that he is considered a genius in the field of chemical research, and that he wrote several well-received papers on the physical and mental links between physiological imbalances and criminal or lunatic behavior.

Until about three years ago, Jellicoe maintained a consulting practice, specializing in the examination and treatment of nervous disorders of all kinds. He was widely known for his charity, and had a reputation for accepting penniless patients, even obvious bad apples, for the sake of humanity and to further his own research into cases connected with his specialties. A wealthy man, Jellicoe apparently never felt the need to charge any patient, though many paid him anyway out of gratitude for his (usually successful) treatment.

After giving up his practice, Jellicoe became somewhat reclusive, pursuing some kind of research work that evidently did not require living subjects. Though he kept up some of his outside contacts, he became obsessed with his work. Thomas Carruthers claims that Jellicoe's offer to analyze his father's artifact came as a real surprise to everyone. Jellicoe had become so involved with his research that he had even been turning down requests by friends to conduct private examinations or prescribe treatments.

Jellicoe, however, is not easily approached. His home in Cavendish Square is not difficult to find, but the reclusive scientist turns away all visitors. The butler and other household staff members are fanatically loyal and completely incorruptible, blocking any attempt to penetrate their employer's sanctum by bluff or persuasion. Attempts to break in should be discouraged; if such an attempt is made, the adventurers will find nothing of note before they attract the attention of the house's occupants. It should be noted that a night break-in will *not* find Jellicoe anywhere about; his butler, Reynolds, will be the one to apprehend the party. No one will know where Jellicoe is, though they assume he is in his lab working late on his experiments.



The lab will prove to be located on the far side of an enclosed courtyard behind the house, but a servant sent to fetch Jellicoe will report that the door is locked as usual, and that there is no answer from within. Dr. Jellicoe is evidently out.

A break-in is the only way the group will discover this much, but anyone caught will be turned over to the police. How such characters get free is left to the ingenuity of the players, and could become a difficult adventure in itself. If they do not invade Jellicoe's house, their investigations in this direction will be stalled as long as Jellicoe continues to turn away visitors.

If a watch is set on the house, the adventurers will see various servants going about their daily chores, but Jellicoe himself never makes an appearance. Nor does anyone who corresponds with the fragmentary description supplied by Carruthers appear at the house. However, should the adventurers happen to set a watch on Wimpole Street, which runs behind the block where Jellicoe's home is located, they may notice a short, broad-shouldered man emerge at night from a small and rather decrepit building immediately behind Jellicoe's house. The same man always returns in the early hours of the morning. If seen close up, the man seems to be slightly deformed, not quite hunchbacked, but somewhat stooped and crook-shouldered. Any human (though not Gallifreyan) character who comes in close proximity to him will sense there is something inherently evil about this man. Approaching him and attempting conversation will produce no more than a savage snarl; the stranger will push past, lashing out with his walkingstick if need be, seeking safety behind the locked door.

Inquiries around the neighborhood will reveal that the man's name is Ned Hines, and the local people speak of him with expressions of disgust or loathing. The man first began to appear in this area two or three months ago, and is usually seen coming and going in the 12 / The lytean Menace

night or early morning hours. No one knows where he lives or what he does for a living, and no one really wants to find out. He has a terrible (some say bestial) temper, and everyone who has ever met him feels the same kind of revulsion and reasonless hatred for the man.

If the adventurers should think to check property records to learn who is the owner of the building from which Hines is seen to enter and leave, they will learn it belongs to Dr. Henry Jellicoe. He purchased the place some ten years ago, built a walled courtyard to connect it to his home, and is said to use it as a laboratory or research facility of some kind.

The gamemaster should note that this encounter is actually highly unlikely, and should be implemented only if the adventurers should set a watch over all possible approaches to Jellicoe's home. Otherwise, Hines should not be seen or heard of – yet. Attempts to follow Ned Hines will meet with little success, for he will seem to have an unerring instinct for knowing when he is being tailed. Hines will lead any tail on a merry chase into London's seamy East End, to a variety of cheap music halls, houses of gambling and prostitution, and other low dives. At each stop, a *Surveillance* Skill Roll is required to keep Hines in sight, always at Difficulty Level V. Hines will not take any suspicious or criminal actions as long as he knows he is being followed, so the adventurers can do no more than delay his plans by keeping a close watch on him. Hines will never spend more than six to eight hours away from the building on Wimpole Street, and will always return there within that time limit.



A VISIT FROM BANNISTER AND JENKINS

If Fraser's house now becomes a target for a break-in, the adventurers may be allowed to have greater success than was permitted previously, though Skills, Attributes, and the Interaction Matrix should govern their actual success or failure. Fraser's study is on the ground floor, and, according to his daughter, usually contains at least some of his strange guns. Most, however, are usually to be found in his basement workshop.

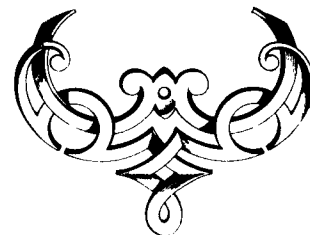
The study is unguarded, and may contain one or two (gamemaster's option) of the smaller guns (the Police Weapons). These are the guns described as being useless. Close examination by a character with *Force Field Technology*, *Electronics Technology*, or by a Time Lord with *Ordinance Construction/Repair* skill gives the chance (at Difficulty Level III) of discovering their true function. They work, but only on living targets.

A descent to the basement workshop will allow the adventurers to hear a conversation in progress. Bannister and Jenkins have at last emerged to visit Fraser, and he has taken them downstairs to discuss a new business deal with them.

The adventurers, however, might not decide to break in. If they content themselves with merely watching Fraser's house, they will observe the arrival of the two men in a hansom cab; these two correspond to descriptions of Bannister and his partner. Though the characters will probably not have time to move in and overhear this conversation, they will certainly be in a position to follow the two criminals when they leave again.

Should this be the case, Julia Fraser will corroborate the fact of the visit from the two criminals. Having spied on her grandfather, she has overheard his conversation with the men. The next day, she will duly report the discussion to the adventurers. Moreover, if the group has paid no attention at all to Fraser's house, neither breaking in or watching it, Julia will take matters into her own hands. She will turn up at the TARDIS with the story of how she listened in on the meeting and followed the two criminals to their lair.

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THE MEETING

One way or another, the adventurers will get a fairly full account of the meeting between Colonel Fraser and the two London criminals. The exact presentation of this material to the players is up to the gamemaster, and will depend on the circumstances involved.

Bannister and Jenkins have been trying to contact Fraser, but he was away the last few times they called. Now, luckily, they have found him in, and Bannister is eager to sell more 'priceless Atlantean artifacts' to the Colonel. His sales pitch is smooth and skilled, but the Colonel grows impatient with the various small items the crook displays for him. Curtly, the Colonel tells Bannister that the time has come to quit playing for shillings and pence. Fraser is tired of buying a few scraps at a time. He wants to make a new deal, one that he thinks Bannister and his partner will like.

Fraser wants all the Atlantean artifacts Jenkins and Bannister have and wants to know the location of the source of their wares. In return, he promises to make them both very rich, richer than they have ever imagined, but only after he has access to their stock of ancient treasures. He has found something, he says, that they obviously do not know about, and he is willing to take them into a partnership that will put all the power and wealth of the Empire at their disposal. Between their resources and his knowledge, he says, there is nothing to stand in their way.

The two con men seem taken aback by Fraser's abrupt outburst. They are suddenly eager to be off, claiming that they will need to discuss this offer before they can give an answer. Fraser warns them to be quick about it, and demands an address where they can be reached so he will not have to wait for them to turn up again. Bannister hastily gives an address, and the two criminals take their leave.

It should be noted that this address is a false one, given to satisfy Fraser. If no one actually follows the two crooks back to their warehouse on the East End, the adventurers will have to wait for them to visit Fraser again to pick up their trail once more. But if Bannister and Jenkins are followed across town immediately (by the adventurers or by Julia Fraser), their small dockside warehouse will be discovered.

If the trail of the two conmen is lost, however, they will turn up at Fraser's house again the next night to give their answer, and this time the adventurers should be in a position to follow them.



THE ATTACK

The night after the meeting between Fraser, Bannister, and Jenkins, more trouble occurs. By this time, Julia has asked the adventurers to keep a watch over the house, if they were not doing so already; she is afraid that her grandfather could do something drastic at any time, and wants someone ready to help if he does.

Well after dark, the characters watching the house see a single figure moving stealthily toward the Fraser home. The figure is short and stout with a suggestion of a hunchback, and will be readily recognized as Ned Hines if the group has encountered him before. If they have not previously encountered Hines, they will know at least that he corresponds to the description of Sir Reginald's killer, obviously up to no good.

The figure waits behind a tree until it sees a light go on in Fraser's study, then sprints towards the house. With sudden, savage violence, Hines smashes through the window, and the adventurers see shadowy figures grappling inside. Then they hear a scream from Julia.

The characters will rush to the rescue. Hines is in the study, with Colonel Fraser sprawled on the floor near him. The butler, Roberts, is also down, his head smashed in by a heavy cane. Julia is at the door, still screaming but too frightened to move. The invader cradles one of Fraser's 'useless' guns in his hands, and is prodding Fraser, demanding in a harsh voice the whereabouts of Bannister and Jenkins.

When the adventurers intervene, Hines is distracted from both Julia and the Colonel for a moment. Fraser tries to kick his assailant, but Hines immediately fires the gun at him. The Colonel seems to undergo spasms in every muscle of his body at once, then goes limp. Hines will then attempt to flee.

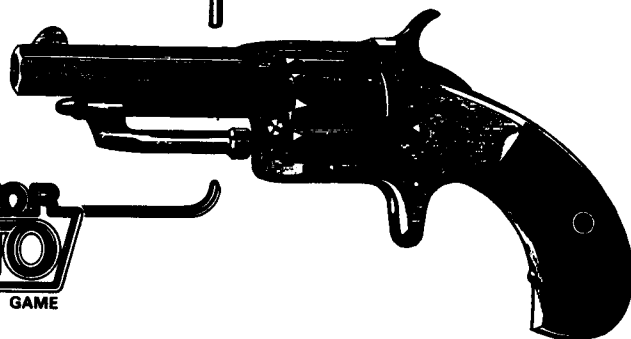
The gamemaster should resolve the combat that ensues. Hines, armed

with the police weapon and able to suffer five times the amount of damage a normal character would take before being put out of action, will have a strong advantage. His immediate goal will be to escape, and the combat should be arranged to enable him to do so. In the dark night, with a thick London fog gathering, he is quickly lost from sight.

Colonel Fraser (and anyone else hit by the police weapon) is not dead. People hit by the weapon suffer terrible muscle spasms, followed by an overwhelming sensory overload—seeing incredibly bright masses of color, hearing painful ringing in their ears, having smell and taste sharpened, and becoming intensely sensitive to temperature, pressure, and other facets of touch. In the Colonel's case, the shock to his system is more than he can take, and, though he lingers on, he will never recover. This, in fact, is the start of the illness that will ultimately kill him. Other, more robust characters will recover entirely; the weapon's game effects are those of a Gallifreyan stun rifle.

About half an hour later, a carriage carrying Bannister and Jenkins arrives, but they bolt when they notice that there has been an obvious disturbance at the house. If necessary, though, they can be followed to their warehouse now (assuming they were not followed before).

Fraser knows he is dying. At some point, in the presence of the adventurers, he repents his plans for using the weapons to overawe the government and take the power and recognition he felt he deserved. Fraser permits the adventurers to gather up the weapons and take them away. The players, however, should be reminded that at least one of the police guns must be passed on to Fraser's heirs; otherwise, a contradiction would occur. (Of course, there could always turn out to have been a fourth weapon that was overlooked, if the players are planning to start to set up deliberate paradoxes). If the adventurers do leave one of the weapons, they should make sure that it is drained of its energy charge (which can be done by any character with *Ordinance Construction/Repair* skill and knowledge of Gallifreyan stunners or of laser-type weaponry).



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TRACING THE CRIMINALS

At some point, Bannister and Jenkins will have been traced to their warehouse. They are obviously a major link in the mystery (even Fraser's assailant does not know how to find them), and so the adventurers will probably turn to them as the next step in their attempts to discover just what is happening.

Many different approaches can be made to the central problem of learning what the two crooks have to do with the devices they have been selling. Among these are surveillance, reconnaissance, interrogation, or persuasion. Inventive players may come up with other approaches. If so, the gamemaster must determine whether or not a specific course of action will actually lead the group to a discovery of any significance.

SURVEILLANCE

The adventurers can endeavor to watch Bannister and Jenkins, hoping that the criminals will lead them to the source of their gadgetry.

RECONNAISSANCE

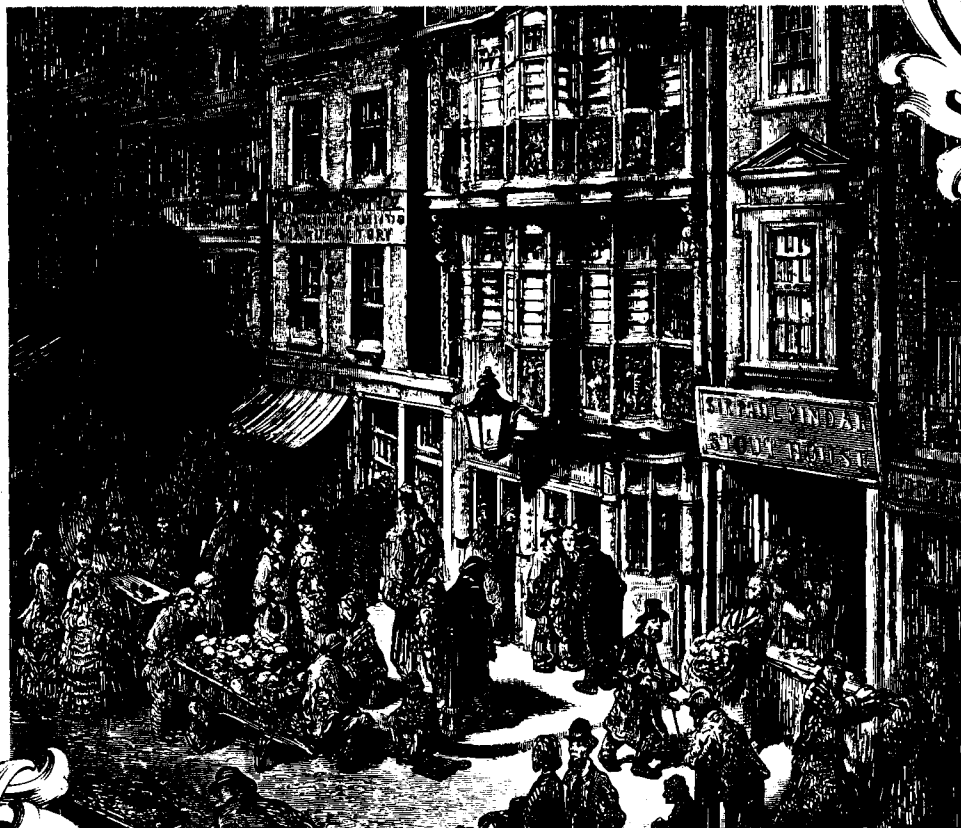
An attempt to break into the warehouse will be resolved according to the skills of the characters involved. The warehouse, however, is almost empty, although a few boxes prove to contain a variety of strange gadgets and other items. Many of them are made of unknown alloys or advanced plastics, and some of them are obviously sophisticated electronics components or devices. Though this confirms that the two crooks have access to a source of high-tech gear, it does nothing to move the adventurers closer to the solution to the problem. These devices do not even possess any sort of written symbology anywhere on them that might reveal their origin or purpose.

PERSUASION

The crooks might be confronted openly, using *Negotiation/Diplomacy* skill and the Interaction Matrix to convince them or trick them into revealing what they know. There are many variables involved in such an attempt, and the gamemaster must resolve the situation according to the actions taken by the characters. Bannister is a tough nut to crack, but Jenkins is nervous and might be coaxed into telling the truth, under the right circumstances.

INTERROGATION

The same sort of information might be obtained by forcible questioning. Violence, however, is not normally condoned by Time Lords, and characters who use such blunt tactics are working outside the ordinary spirit of the game. Consignment to a future adventure involving an army of Daleks or a nest of angry Sontarans is strongly indicated.



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Cast Of Characters



PLAYER CHARACTERS

The following material is intended to allow new players to begin this adventure immediately without first rolling up characters or establishing background information of any kind. They may wish to do so for many reasons; the pre-generated character can serve as an introduction to the game for novice characters (who thus can enter the game without prior knowledge of the exact workings of the rules), or they can be used in cases where there is no time to create new character prior to

Name: Lord ROLLONOVARADNAVASHIR (ROLLO)

Race: Gallifreyan

Sex: Male

Profession: Time Lord

Attributes

STR — Level III

CHA — Level V

END — Level IV

MNT — Level VI

DEX — Level IV

ITN — Level VI

Combat Statistics:

AP:

8

Unarmed Combat, Judo:

Level V



the start of a game session. Gamemasters may wish to use the characters or other elements of this section as starting points for inventing situations will serve as an overall background for the adventuring group. (For example, the origins suggested for the various Companions can hint at past or future adventures, or suggest alternate foibles and problems that the gamemaster could institute instead.)

Use of these characters is *not* required (though some of them do have skills that might be useful in the course of this adventure). No player is ever required to use a pre-generated character, and any player should feel free to alter aspects of a pre-generated character to suit his or her personality or style of play. Thus, a player might use the pre-generated attributes and skills, but build a completely different background or personality from that which

Significant Skills	Level
Artistic Expression	
Sleight-of-Hand	IV
Engineering	
Cartography	IV
Chemical	V
Electrical	VI
Mechanical	VI
Gaming, 4-D Chess	V
Leadership	VII
Public Performance	V
Social Sciences	
History, Earth	V
History, Galactic	V
Space Sciences, Navigation	IV
Survival, Tropical	III
Technology, TARDIS Systems	V
Temporal Science	V
Vehicle Operation	
Ground Vehicles	V
Temporal Vehicles	VII
Verbal Interaction	
Negotiation/Diplomacy	VII
Bluffing	VII

Appearance:

Height: Tall

Build: Slim

Looks: Attractive

Apparent Age: Middle-aged adult

Actual Age: 800+

Regenerations Used: 4

Recognition Handle: Now in his fifth incarnation, the Time Lord Rollonovaradnavashir ("Call me Rollo. William The Conqueror always did") is tall, and slim to the point of being frail. He is goodlooking, with dark hair streaked grey around the temples. Rollo is talkative, outgoing, and with an indefinable air of superiority about him. His taste in dress is erratic, but he has a preference for dark, solid colors and loose clothing.

is given, or might use elements of a pre-generated character's background to give more depth to a character created from scratch. There are any number of possible applications of this material; if nothing else, it gives prospective players and gamemasters additional examples of how characters can be created and fleshed out, using the completely imaginary game setting as opposed to the actual descriptions of characters out of the Doctor Who series.

Although nine characters — three Time Lords and six Human Companions — are provided, most groups should number only three to five for ideal gaming. The variety of characters provided here is strictly intended to give the players a wealth of choice and selection with which to work.

Brief Personal History

Birthplace: Gallifrey

Rollo was among the most vocal opponents of non-interventionist policy on Gallifrey, and one of the original founders of the Celestial Intervention Agency. He was, however, always too much in love with travelling to take any position of responsibility within the organization. Though he works for and with the CIA at need, he also is in the habit of going off in pursuit of his own goals, and so has become involved in many incidents in no way connected with the Agency's operations.

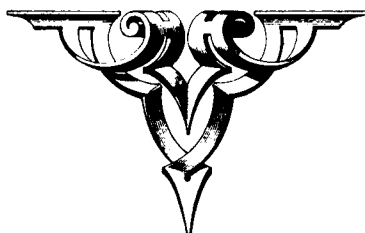
Personality

Motivations/Desires/Goals:

Rollonovaradnavashir is an extremely intelligent and talented individual, with a strong sense of justice and fair play. He has an incurable wanderlust that makes it hard for him to stay in any one place or time very long, and has a tendency to lose interest in things around him if not constantly stimulated. He particularly enjoys games of chance, and his mastery of various sleight-of-hand tricks is often turned to a cheerful enhancement of his chance of winning, but only when he faces opponents who have equal skill or dishonest methods.

Manner:

Rollo is outgoing and talkative; indeed, most find him hard to keep quiet. He is confirmed pacifist ("Ghandi learned it from me, you know"), and resorts to violence only in times of absolute need. Then his favorite recourse is judo. Usually, though, he prefers to talk his way out of trouble, not fight, and such is his charm (and his ability to bluff) that he hardly ever needs to settle a dispute with force of arms.



Name: Lord VOLUSAGASHANISAM**Race:** Gallifreyan (Volusa)**Sex:** Male**Profession:** Time Lord**Attributes**

STR — Level V CHA — Level V
 END — Level V MNT — Level IV
 DEX — Level VI ITN — Level IV

Combat Statistics:

AP: 11
 Armed Combat
 Sword: Level VII
 Staser Pistol: Level VI
 Stun Pistol: Level V
 Stun Rifle: Level V
 Unarmed Combat
 Martial Arts: Level VII
 Grappling: Level V

**Significant Skills**

Administration	Level III
Carousing	Level VII
Climbing	Level IV
Leadership	Level V
Medical Sciences	
General Medicine, Gallifreyan	Level III
Military Sciences	
Ordinance Construction/Repair	Level III
Small Unit Tactics	Level V
Trap Discovery	Level IV
Trap/Ordinance Disarmament	Level III
Security Procedures	
Concealment	Level V
Stealth	Level VI
Surveillance	Level VII
Social Sciences	
History, Gallifreyan	Level III
Law, Gallifreyan	Level IV
Vehicle Operation	
Ground Vehicles	Level III
Temporal Vehicles	Level III
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	Level VI
Negotiation/Diplomacy	Level IV

Appearance:

Height: Average
Build: Average
Looks: Attractive
Apparent Age: Young adult
Actual Age: 170+
Regenerations Used: 2
Recognition Handle: Rather undistinguished in overall appearance, the young Lord Volusa does have the sort of square jaw and level gaze many women find attractive. Highly active, he is aggressive and military in his manner. Volusa's hair is blond, his eyes an odd blue-

green. His bearing is almost rigid, and his dress is intended to be 'correct' (ignorance as to what actually is correct often leads him to make bizarre costume mistakes when visiting new times and places).

Brief Personal History:*Birthplace:* Gallifrey

Only son of Castellian Kelner of Gallifrey, Volusagashanisam was a low-ranking officer in the Citadel Guards at the time of the successive Vardan and Sontaran invasions of Gallifrey (which were foiled by The Doctor). Shame at his father's betrayal of trust prompted Volusa to resign, though he knew nothing of the Castellian's treacheries beforehand.

Personality:*Motives/Desires/Goals:*

Volusa is an angry young man, impatient with the slow march of events, and anxious to expiate the shame he feels his father brought upon him. Unlike most Time Lords, he actively seeks out danger and confrontation in order to prove himself. As his motivations are a matter of personal feelings rather than moral commitment, Volusa's attitudes are often out of step with those of his fellow CIA operatives.

Manner:

Volusa is impetuous, hot-headed, always the first into danger and the last out. He grows impatient at long inaction or complex plans, preferring direct speech and deeds. He is aggressive, but his urge to violence is tempered by the humane principles of his upbringing. He has trouble understanding the more pacific approaches of elder Time Lords like Rollo, however, for his Guards training tells him that there is always a time to fight.

Name: Lady VERIKASDROVERKA (VERIKA)**Race:** Gallifreyan**Sex:** Female**Profession:** Time Lord**Attributes**

STR — Level III CHA — Level V
 END — Level IV MNT — Level VI
 DEX — Level VI ITN — Level IV

Combat Statistics:

AP: 11
 Armed Combat, Staser Pistol: Level VI
 Unarmed Combat
 Martian Zlyznyx: Level V

**Significant Skills**

Administration	Level III
Environmental Suit Operations	Level VI
Leadership	Level V
Medical Science	
General Medicine, Gallifreyan	Level V
General Medicine, Human	Level IV
Pathology	Level III
Psychology, Gallifreyan	Level III
Physical Science	
Chemistry	Level III
Computer Science	Level VI
Physics	Level III
Security Procedures	
Concealment	Level V
Stealth	Level V
Surveillance	Level VI
Technology	
Astronautics	Level III
Computer Systems	Level VI
Cybernetics	Level V
Electronics	Level III
Force Field Systems	Level III
TARDIS Systems	Level V
Temporal Science	Level III
Vehicle Operation	
Spaceship	Level III
Temporal Vehicle	Level VI
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	Level VII
Negotiation/Diplomacy	Level VI

Appearance:

Height: Average
Build: Slim
Looks: Striking
Apparent Age: Mature adult
Actual Age: 250+
Regenerations Used: 1

Recognition Handle: The Lady Verika is a strikingly beautiful woman of average height, slim, with long, dark hair usually worn down to the waist. Her features are finely chiselled and patrician, her eyes green and very expressive. Verika speaks in a precise manner, but, at the same time, often has a hesitant and indecisive air about her. She prefers functional, rather severe and mannish clothing, such as one-piece coveralls or jumpsuits.

Brief Personal History:*Birthplace:* Gallifrey

Verika's parents sought to have their daughter trained in medicine, and, to this end, she studied and worked for several decades. Her first love, however, was always gadgetry, and Verika spent more and more time in the study of technologies of various types as the years went by. Her mentor in the study of Temporal Science, the Lord Bregos, was one of the high-ranking members of the CIA. Bregos recruited Verika on the basis of her technical and scientific expertise.

Since then, Verika has had few assignments in the field, having been considered too valuable as a technician to be squandered elsewhere. But, being restless and eager for adventure, the Lady has taken to regularly stowing away on TARDIS units going out on CIA assignments.

Personality:*Motives/Desires/Goals:*

Verika is uncertain about her own goals in life. Being a scientist and a technician, she most desires order and stability; at the same time, she constantly feels that she is missing something, and so tends to run off on her own in search of adventure. She has a scientist's objectivity, but cannot condone the official Time Lords policy of non-intervention. She is, as The Doctor once put it, "a bundle of nerves waiting for the right impulse."

Manner:

Verikasdroverka is not noted for her ability to make decisions. She has trouble reacting quickly in an emergency, being too much the scientist to respond without reflection. When not called upon to make decisions, though, her intelligence and training combine to make her a very knowledgeable and competent Time Lord.

Name: Jim WATERS**Race:** Human**Sex:** Male**Profession:** Criminal**Attributes**

STR — Level VII CHA — Level IV
 END — Level V MNT — Level IV
 DEX — Level IV ITN — Level IV

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7
 Armed Combat
 Dagger: Level V
 Dagger (Thrown): Level VII
 Unarmed Combat
 Brawling: Level VII
 Grappling: Level VII

**Significant Skills**

Carousing	V
Climbing	IV
Engineering, Mechanical	V
Leadership	IV
Security Procedures	
Lockpick	III
Stealth	III
Surveillance	II
Sports	
Boxing	VII
Swimming	VII
Wrestling	VII
Streetwise	VII
Vehicle Operation, Ground	V

Appearance:

Height: Tall
Build: Stocky
Looks: Average
Apparent Age: Young Adult
Actual Age: 20+
Recognition Handle: Jim Waters is a tall, strongly-built man with black hair and eyes, and a scar on his cheek. He customarily wears jeans and a black leather biker's jacket, heavy motorcycle boots, and carries several knives on his person. Waters is both cocky and quick-tempered.

Brief Personal History:**Birthplace:** Earth, 1956

A native of mid-20th century Chicago, Jim Waters grew up in the city streets and ran with a biker gang. When the rest of the gang was destroyed during a plot carried out by renegade Time Lord The Master, young Waters hid in a coin-op photo booth that turned out to be a TARDIS belonging to Rollo. The Time Lord and the youthful hood ended up working together to defeat The Master's schemes, and the young street kid stayed on afterwards because, in his words, "I don't want to wake up and find out what the mental ward looks like."

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

Intensely pragmatic, Jim's main goal is to get by without getting into too much trouble along the way. He rarely succeeds. Under a tough demeanor, the young man has a strong moral code; he is strongly bound to friends and family, and having lost both, he has adopted his time-faring companions as a new 'gang' to be helped and defended.

Manner:

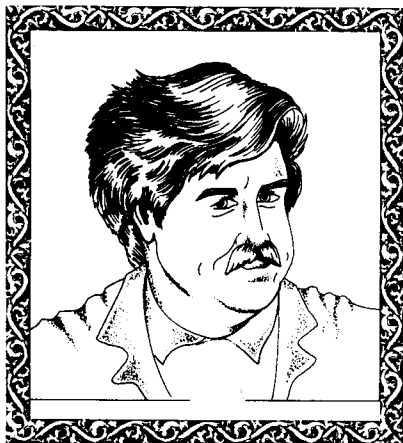
Waters is cocky, full of optimism and self-confidence, but only on the surface. Since running into the TARDIS, he has begun to realize that there are things he can't do without help, and this has made him considerably less inclined to be boastful or foolhardy.

Name: Dr. Michael DUNCAN**Race:** Human**Sex:** Male**Profession:** Physician and Surgeon**Attributes**

STR — Level IV CHA — Level VI
 END — Level IV MNT — Level VI
 DEX — Level V ITN — Level IV

Combat Statistics:

AP: 9
 Armed Combat, Revolver: Level III
 Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level VI

**Significant Skills**

Administration	VI
Artistic Expression, Creative Writing	III
Carousing	VII
Gambling	V
Leadership	IV
Medical Sciences	
General Medicine, Gallifreyan	III
General Medicine, Human	VII
Pathology	VI
Pharmacology	VI
Surgery	VI
Physical Science, Chemistry	VI
Public Performance	VI
Security Procedures, Stealth	III
Sports	
Cricket	V
Swimming	VI
Vehicle Operation	
Ground Vehicle	VI
Watercraft	VI
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	VI
Negotiation/Diplomacy	VII

Appearance:

Height: Short
Build: Stocky
Looks: Attractive
Apparent Age: Mature adult
Actual Age: 32
Recognition Handle: Dr. Duncan is a short man, built like a fireplug topped by an untidy mop of reddish hair. His features are surprisingly handsome, given his build, but these good looks tend to be lost in the generally shabby

appearance that strikes anyone seeing him for the first time. He wears a rumpled medical jacket (that looks as though he'd slept in it) over an ordinary shirt and tie, and carries a variety of odd bits of junk stuffed in his pockets. At times, Dr. Duncan also carries his medical bag.

Brief Personal History:**Birthplace:** Earth, 1951

Duncan was a resident physician and surgeon at a respected Edinburgh hospital when he was shanghaied by the Lord Rollonovarnavashir to care for an injured human Companion aboard his TARDIS. What started as a quick 'house call' turned into a long-term association, as Rollo was forced to travel elsewhere before he could let Dr. Duncan go. The human medical man found that he liked travelling the universe, and some time ago stopped asking to be taken home.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

Michael Duncan is an extremely compassionate man who cannot stand to see people suffer unnecessarily. He is the sort of do-gooder who attempts to single-handedly right every wrong he encounters, and is always inclined to follow his heart instead of his head.

Manner:

Duncan is excitable and emotional, becoming personally involved in almost any crisis he encounters. He makes judgements and decisions rashly, usually based on first impressions, often choosing sides before all the facts are in.

Name: Lt. David SMYTHE**Race:** Human**Sex:** Male**Profession:** Naval Officer**Attributes**

STR — Level IV CHA — Level IV
 END — Level V MNT — Level III
 DEX — Level VII ITN — Level IV

Combat Statistics:

AP: 13
 Armed Combat
 Cutlass: Level V
 Foil: Level VII
 Flintlock Pistol: Level VII
 Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level V

**Significant Skills**

Climbing	IV
Construction	VII
Engineering, Cartography	VI
Gaming, Whist	VI
Leadership	V
Military Sciences, Small Unit Tactics	IV
Security Procedures	
Concealment	VII
Stealth	VII
Sports, Swimming	IV
Trivia, Seamanship	VII
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	IV
Negotiation/Diplomacy	V

Appearance:

Height: Short
Build: Average
Looks: Attractive
Apparent Age: Young Adult
Actual Age: 20
Recognition Handle: Lt. David Smythe is a short, a risticratic young man with long brown hair (caught in a queue) and grey eyes. His complexion is pale, and his features patrician. He prefers to dress in his uniform, that of an officer of Nelson's navy: a blue jacket over white duck

trousers, with a fancy presentation sword and an antique flintlock pistol at his belt.

Brief Personal History**Birthplace:** Earth, 1782

An officer of the British Navy, young Lt. Smythe was rescued when Sontaran invaders captured the sloop on which he was serving, killing the rest of the crew. The Sontarans were stopped by Rollo and Valusa. Volusa and Smythe grew to like one another as time went by, and, when the TARDIS left, the Lieutenant stowed away on board. It was thus he joined the Time Lords on their travels.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

Smythe loves adventure and action, thriving on danger. He has a powerful code of honor and a strong moral sense, and believes his duty lies in helping the Time Lords safeguard Earth from outside threats like that of the Sontarans. He is absolutely fearless, and, in many ways, a perfect match for Lord Volusa.

Manner:

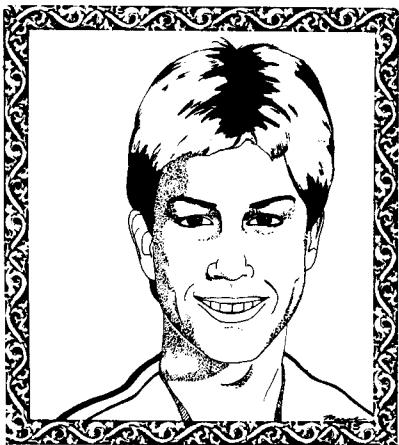
The Lieutenant was raised in an aristocratic family, and often behaves in an arrogant, haughty manner. He is quick to take offense, which leads to his periodically challenging people to duels over real or imagined slights.

Name: Steven REYNART**Race:** Human**Sex:** Male**Profession:** Student**Attributes**

STR — Level III CHA — Level IV
 END — Level IV MNT — Level VII
 DEX — Level VI ITN — Level III

Combat Statistics:

AP: 11
 Unarmed Combat, Grappling: Level III

**Significant Skills**

Administration	V
Artistic Expression	
Synbox	V
Vocal Music	V
Climbing	VI
Construction	III
Earth Sciences, Geology	V
Engineering, Cartography	VI
Gaming	
Chess	VII
Poker	VI
Life Sciences	
Agriculture	IV
Ecology	IV
Public Performance	V
Security Procedures	
Concealment	III
Disguise	III
Stealth	IV
Social Sciences	
Archeology, Earth	VII
Economics	V
History, Earth	VII
Political Science	V
Sports	
Swimming	VI
Wrestling	III
Trivia, English Literature	V
Vehicle Operations	
Ground Vehicle	IV
Watercraft	IV
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	V
Negotiation/Diplomacy	IV
Wilderness Survival	
Cool/Temperate	III
Warm/Temperate	III

Appearance:

Height: Average
Build: Slim
Looks: Average
Apparent Age: Adolescent
Actual Age: 15

Recognition Handle: A slender adolescent, Steven Reynart has short, blond hair and large, hazel eyes. His intelligence and breadth of knowledge are surprising in one so young. He wears a white, form-fitting jumpsuit and carries a small computer box on his waist. Steven is talkative, and tends to give the impression of snobbery and superiority.

Brief Personal History:**Birthplace:** Earth, 2587

Born in the 26th century during the time of the Earth Empire, Steven Reynart is the son of the noted archeologist and historian Michael Reynart. A child prodigy, Steven, at age 15, has earned the equivalent of four college degrees and has an extensive knowledge of Earth history and archeology. He joined the Time Lord Rollo after the latter accidentally materialized at the elder Reynart's digs at the site of Old Sydney in Australia. Fascinated with the Time Lord's casual mentions of witnessing events in history, Steven stowed away on Rollo's TARDIS and has continued with the Time Lord ever since.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

Steven is insatiably curious, interested in knowledge for the sake of knowledge, and prone to poking his nose into places it doesn't belong.

Manner:

Because of a genius-plus I.Q. and a rather sheltered upbringing, Steven is supercilious and snobbish. He enjoys parading his knowledge before his associates and corrects them when they make an error concerning some minor aspect of history. Unfortunately for him, his knowledge, though thorough, is limited to the 'accepted' versions of what happened and why, so that he frequently runs into trouble when the reality of history slaps him in the face.

Name: Lt. Erin GRANT**Race:** Human**Sex:** Female**Profession:** Starship Navigator**Attributes**

STR — Level III

CHA — Level V

END — Level IV

MNT — Level VI

DEX — Level VI

ITN — Level III

Combat Statistics:

AP:

11

Armed Combat, Blaster Pistol

Level VII

Unarmed Combat, Karate

Level V

**Significant Skills**

Engineering

Level

Electrical

III

Mechanical

III

Gaming, 4-D Chess

I

Leadership

VI

Security Procedures

Concealment

V

Stealth

V

Space Sciences

Astronomy

VI

Astrophysics

VI

Navigation

VII

Technology

Astronautics

VI

Communications Systems

V

Computer Systems

IV

Electronics

IV

Transmat Systems

IV

Vehicle Operations

Aircraft

V

Ground Vehicle

IV

Spacecraft

VI

Temporal Vehicles

I

Verbal Interaction

Haggling

V

Negotiation/Diplomacy

VI

Appearance:**Height:** Tall**Build:** Slim**Looks:** Striking**Apparent Age:** Mature adult**Actual Age:** 28

Recognition Handle: Erin has shoulder-length auburn hair and dark eyes, and a lovely figure to match. She is shy around people, but supremely competent in a crisis. Erin wears the

red-trimmed, short white skirt and boots that are the uniform of a female officer in the Space Navy of late Imperial Earth. She usually says little and seems hesitant to get to know people, but, once Erin does get involved, she proves to be decisive and highly-skilled.

Brief Personal History:**Birthplace:** Earth, 2847

Like Steven, Erin is a product of Earth Empire, born in the 29th century. She joined the Space Navy, attended the Naval Academy on the Moon, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant in the Navigation Department of the immense Imperial dreadnaught *Nova*.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

Erin is intensely practical and pragmatic, a born survivor who is slow to become involved. She bitterly hates the Daleks, who killed so many of her friends. She finds the ideas of time travel and the Time Lords fascinating and compelling. Her primary goal right now is to see the universe and explore its wonders, and so the one sure way to commit her to a venture is to threaten to go somewhere that is beautiful or unique.

Manner:

Though trained as an officer and accustomed to leadership, Erin Grant is a shy and reserved young lady. She is reluctant to make personal commitments to others, and hard to get to know. In the presence of "superiors" (such as Time Lords), she rarely offers comments, suggestions, or protests, but her high sense of initiative often causes her to act on her own — sometimes against those superiors' evident wishes, though rarely against a direct order.

Name: Jody LOCKHART**Race:** Human**Sex:** Female**Profession:** Actress**Attributes**

STR — Level III

CHA — Level VII

END — Level III

MNT — Level IV

DEX — Level VI

ITN — Level III

Combat Statistics:

AP:

11

Armed Combat

Automatic Pistol

Level III

Unarmed Combat, Brawling

Level III

**Significant Skills**

Artistic Expression

Level

Dance

VI

Drama

VII

Vocal Music

VI

Carousing

VII

Gambling

VI

Leadership

V

Public Performance

VII

Security Procedures

Disguise

VII

Surveillance

V

Sports, Swimming

V

Technology

Communications Systems

III

Trivia

Earth Fashions, 1980's

V

Vehicle Operation

Ground Vehicle

V

Watercraft

III

Verbal Interaction

Haggling

VI

Negotiation/Diplomacy

VI

Appearance:**Height:** Average**Build:** Average**Looks:** Attractive**Age:** Young adult**Actual Age:** 22

Recognition Handle: Jody Lockhart is a pretty blonde with blue eyes, shoulder-length hair, and a bewildered look about her. Her air of perpetual confusion is only broken at those times when she has some clear-cut task to perform. Though she originally joined the TARDIS wearing a fancy evening gown and high-heeled shoes, she found this outfit impractical for the

day-to-day tasks of dealing with Cybermen, Daleks, and similar problems. Now she tries to adopt a costume suitable for whatever location she visits, often consulting the computer or the people around her to find out what sort of costume is appropriate.

Brief Personal History:**Birthplace:** Earth, 1963

A rising young Australian actress, Jody Lockhart mistook Rollo's TARDIS for an elevator (its disguise at the time, as it had materialized inside an elevator). In her confusion, Jody bumped a switch and found herself stranded aboard the TARDIS when it dematerialized suddenly. Rollo has promised to return her to her own time and place (a London office building in the year 1985), but something always seems to prevent him from taking care of the matter.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

Jody's main ambition is to get home, though she is now quite convinced that she'll never get back in time to salvage her career. (The explanation of how time travel works, and the notion of her returning to the same day and place that she left has so far failed to sink in.)

Beyond this, though, the young Aussie is sentimental, warm-hearted, generous, and eager to help people in trouble. Though time travel baffles her, she thinks it is a magical cure-all for the ills of the world, and is always urging her companions to do something when they come across an unpleasant or unfortunate situation.

Manner:

Jody is very temperamental, capable of wide extremes of emotion. She is inclined to petulance, and spends a lot of time sulking when she is put down by others. She really is a good actress who can feign emotions quite effectively at need, if she can be coaxed to do so. An insecure young woman, Jody needs praise and attention, or she quickly grows bored and wanders off on her own.

THE
**DOCTOR
WHO**
ROLE PLAYING GAME



NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

The characters that follow are the various NPCs who appear during the course of this adventure. Most of them are not fleshed out in quite the same detail as the player characters listed

elsewhere; only the most significant skills are listed for these individuals, and the character descriptions tend to be somewhat shorter as well.

Two characters are given more complete descriptions, however: Thomas Carruthers and Julia Fraser. Though neither is crucial to the development of the story, each has the potential of becoming an ideal new Companion to the Time Lords in the adventure. A player whose character is killed, or a new player who cannot other-

wise be introduced into the ongoing campaign might do well to take one of these characters and complete this adventure, at least, before creating a new one.

Three typical character types (police constables, and male and female servants) are also listed. Many incidental encounters with such characters will occur in the game, and they can be used any time that particular type of encounter takes place.

Name: Jack BANNISTER

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Profession: Con artist and criminal

Attributes

STR —Level IV CHA —Level IV
END —Level III MNT —Level V
DEX —Level IV ITN —Level III

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7
Armed Combat
Dagger: Level IV
Pistol, Revolver: Level III
Unarmed Combat
Brawling Level VI

Significant Skills

Leadership	Level III
Security Procedures	
Concealment	VI
Disguise	V
Stealth	VI
Surveillance	VI
Sports, Bicycle	VI
Verbal Interaction, Hagglng	VI

Appearance:

Height: Average
Build: Average
Looks: Average
Apparent Age: Mature adult
Actual Age: 34
Recognition Handle: Bannister has a short, curly beard and light hair, and generally wears a bowler hat, short jacket, striped vest, high-collared shirt, and white or buff trousers. Though rather common in appearance and manners, he is a very persuasive, smooth talker.

Brief Personal History:

See The Adventure section.

Personality:

Motives/Desires/Goals:

Bannister is an opportunist looking for money. He is a schemer, pure and simple, and though clever, tends to think more highly of his own intelligence than is deserved.

Manner:

Outwardly smooth and charming, Bannister has no real loyalty or honesty in him. He displays some signs of attachment to Jenkins, but is otherwise completely mercenary and unscrupulous. His mind, and often his speech, remain firmly on the fast profit and the easy mark.

Name: Thomas CARRUTHERS

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Profession: Gentleman of means

Attributes

STR —Level IV CHA —Level V
END —Level IV MNT —Level IV
DEX —Level IV ITN —Level VI

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7
Armed Combat
Singlestick: Level V
Revolver: Level IV
Unarmed Combat
Grappling: Level IV
Martial Arts (Baritsu): Level IV

Significant Skills

Artistic Expression, Violin	Level V
Carousing	VII
Gambling	V
Leadership	V
Public Performance	V
Social Science	
History, British	IV
Law, British	VI
Verbal Interaction	
Hagglng	V
Negotiation/Diplomacy	V

Appearance:

Height: Tall
Build: Slim
Looks: Attractive
Apparent Age: Young adult
Actual Age: 21
Recognition Handle: Carruthers is a tall, handsome young man with a snobbish attitude. He is good-looking, with a strong nose and chin and piercing blue eyes. His brown hair is worn fairly short, but with prominent sideburns. Carruthers dresses in an elegant and fashionable manner, never failing to appear in top hat, gloves, and walking stick (which conceals a sword and which his singlestick training allows him to use at the same Proficiency Level.)

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: Earth

Carruthers is the son of Sir Reginald Carruthers. His father was a very wealthy man, and Thomas was raised in a fashionable, aristocratic environment. He has never worked a day in his life, choosing instead to pursue the existence of a dilettante and man-about-town.

Personality:

Motives/Desires/Goals:

Thomas Carruthers is at first driven by a desire for revenge because his father meant a great deal to him. Underlying this is an intense curiosity about everything and anything. He likes to think of himself as a true Renaissance man, with many interests and talents, but, except for occasional fits of activity, he tends to be lazy and without clear-cut goals.

Manner:

Carruthers is extremely class-conscious, looking down on anyone who displays poor breeding or bad manners. His own behavior is always impeccably correct, but others often get the impression that he is sneering at them, no matter what he says or does.



Name: Col. Malcolm FRASER**Race:** Human**Sex:** Male**Profession:** Retired Military Officer**Attributes**

STR — Level III

CHA — Level III

END — Level III

MNT — Level IV

DEX — Level IV

INT — Level III

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7

Armed Combat

Sabre:

Level IV

Revolver:

Level IV

**Significant Skills**

Leadership

Level

VI

Military Science

Small Unit Tactics

Level IV

Security Procedures

Concealment

IV

Stealth

IV

Sports, Horsemanship

IV

Trivia

Atlantean Pseudo-History

IV

Verbal Interaction

Haggling

III

Negotiation/Diplomacy

III

Appearance:

Height: Tall

Build: Thin

Looks: Average

Apparent Age: Old adult

Actual Age: 65

Recognition Handle: Colonel Fraser looks older than his 65 years, his constitution having suffered from his years in the Indian subcontinent. He is tall, thin, and stooped, with grey hair and a drooping mustache. His movements are slow and deliberate. He dresses well, preferring plain, dark clothing cut in a slightly old-fashioned style.

Brief Personal History:

See The Adventure section.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

At the time of this adventure, Fraser has become obsessed with vindicating himself in the eyes of his peers (who think of him as an eccentric, old crackpot) by any means possible, up to and including violent action.

Manner:

Fraser's speech is surprisingly hearty for a man so frail, and it is sprinkled with brusque exclamations ("By Jove!" "Good work, that, what?"). He is not, however, entirely stable, apt to slip quickly from cheerful bonhomie to suspicion, paranoia, and jealousy. He is eccentric and unpredictable, though humans accustomed to the company of a Time Lord will find him tame enough.

Name: Julia FRASER**Race:** Human**Sex:** Female**Profession:** Colonel Fraser's granddaughter**Attributes**

STR — Level III

CHA — Level V

END — Level IV

MNT — Level IV

DEX — Level V

INT — Level VI

**Combat Statistics:**

AP: 9

Significant Skills

Level

Artistic Expression

Musical Instrument, Piano

V

Vocal Music

V

Gaming, Bridge

V

Public Performance

VI

Security Procedures

Concealment

IV

Lockpick

IV

Stealth

IV

Social Science, British History

IV

Sports

Horsemanship

V

Swimming

V

Trivia

French Language

V

Gourmet Cooking

IV

Sewing

III

Verbal Interaction

Haggling

IV

Negotiation/Diplomacy

V

Appearance:

Height: Average

Build: Average

Looks: Striking

Apparent Age: Adolescent

Actual Age: 17

Recognition Handle: Julia Fraser is a striking beautiful young woman with a gentle and compassionate nature. She has long, dark hair worn in a demure bun at the back of her head, and large brown eyes. Julia wears clothing typical of her time and class: long, ruffled, and many-layered, with a small hat perched at an unfashionably rakish angle.

Brief Personal History:**Birthplace:** Earth**Personality:**

Julia is Colonel Malcolm Fraser's granddaughter; her parents perished some time back in a fire that also destroyed their home. The girl, though raised with the strictest propriety, has a rebellious and daring spirit that frequently exhibits itself in actions of an unpredictable (some would say wild) nature.

Motivations/Desires/Goals:

Julia Fraser is a gentle, compassionate girl devoted to her grandfather. She is also restless and often dissatisfied with her lot, and when she was younger, she often wished that she could have been a boy. Her nature is not really at home in the stolid culture of Victorian England, and her actions and desires are often at odds with the expectations of society.

Manner:

Though she attempts to behave with the shy subservience expected of her sex, Julia frequently acts in an impulsive and often daring way that is shocking to the people of her own time. She is, however, generally courteous, demure, and reserved, and, even when she gives in to her inner heart, she takes action in a timid, hesitant fashion—until she becomes so wrapped up in events that her upbringing is left behind.

Name: Ned HINES

Race: Changed Human
Sex: Male
Profession: Hedonist and criminal

Attributes

STR — Level V CHA — Level III
 END — Level VII MNT — Level V
 DEX — Level V ITN — Level III

Combat Statistics:

AP: 9
 Armed Combat
 Club: Level VII
 Dagger: Level VI
 Unarmed Combat
 Brawling: Level VII
 Grappling: Level VII

**Name: Dr. Henry JELlicoe**

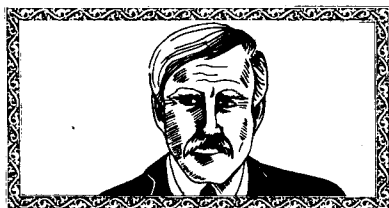
Race: Human
Sex: Male
Profession: Medical researcher and scientist

Attributes

STR — Level III CHA — Level IV
 END — Level III MNT — Level V
 DEX — Level IV ITN — Level III

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7

**Name: Bert JENKINS**

Race: Human
Sex: Male
Profession: Criminal

Attributes

STR — Level IV CHA — Level II
 END — Level IV MNT — Level III
 DEX — Level VI ITN — Level I

Combat Statistics:

AP: 11
 Armed Combat, Dagger: Level V
 Unarmed Combat
 Brawling: Level V
 Grappling: Level IV

**Significant Skills**

Carousing	IV
Gambling	IV
Life Science, Exobiology	III
Medical Science	
General Medicine, Human	IV
General Medicine, Itean	V
Psychology, Human	III
Pharmacology	VI
Physical Science, Chemistry	VII
Security Procedures	
Concealment	V
Stealth	VI
Surveillance	V
Streetwise	IV

Appearance:

Height: Short
Build: Stocky
Looks: Homely
Apparent Age: Mature adult
Actual Age: 55
Recognition Handle: "Hines", the Changed form of Dr. Jellicoe, is an ill-favored creature with a bestial face and aura of evil about him. He is short and broad, heavily-muscled, with long, thick arms. His brownish-red mane of hair flows long and unkempt, and his facial hair is bristly and usually gives the impression of having been left unshaven for several days. His nose

Significant Skills

Administration	III
Artistic Expression	
Musical Instrument, Piano	III
Gaming, Bridge	III
Medical Sciences	
General Medicine, Human	VII
Psychology, Human	VI
Pharmacology	VI
Physical Science, Chemistry	VI
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	V
Negotiation/Diplomacy	IV

Appearance:

Height: Tall
Build: Average
Looks: Attractive
Apparent Age: Middle-aged adult
Actual Age: 55
Recognition Handle: Jellicoe is a tall man with white hair and mustache, and a regal bearing. His eyes are intelligent, his aura one of wisdom and high intellect. Dr. Jellicoe's face is lined with care, especially of late when his expression has become one of habitual melancholy. He wears well-tailored, fine clothes, and carries a walking stick on his travels; however, he rarely

Significant Skills

Security Procedures	
Concealment	VI
Lockpick	VI
Stealth	VII
Surveillance	VI
Sports	
Boxing	V
Wrestling	IV
Streetwise	V

Appearance:

Height: Short
Build: Thin
Looks: Plain
Apparent Age: Young adult
Actual Age: 24
Recognition Handle: Bert is a small man, slight and very agile, with an unremarkable face

is broad and flat, with flaring nostrils, and the eyes, wild and sinister, seem sunken under a heavy brow ridge.

The creature seems almost hunch-backed, but this is more an impression of deformity than a true physical handicap. Despite his appearance, "Hines" wears the best gentleman's clothing, an elegant silk top hat, and carries a walking stick with a heavy gold grip.

People around "Hines" sense his alien nature without understanding it, and experience a feeling of disgust and revulsion in his presence. His evil is almost palpable.

Brief Personal History:

See The Adventure section.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

"Hines" is purely evil, and makes no effort to conceal it except when concealment suits his immediate needs. His harsh, sibilant voice carries menace and hatred, and he is apt to fly into a senseless, violent rage if obstructed. The creature glories in the pleasures of the senses, and is as quickly gratified by bloodshed and fear as by alcohol, drugs, lust, and other sensual stimulants.

leaves his home now (save in the persona of 'Ned Hines').

Brief Personal History:

See The Adventure section.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

Jellicoe's original hope was to discover a way of freeing himself from the baser side of his own personality, so he could better do good without the shackles of the less noble aspect of his own character. This desire was played upon by the subconscious manipulations of the lytean symbiont, who gave Jellicoe the 'inspiration' for the chemical formula that was supposed to accomplish this. In fact, that formula was the drug that suppressed Jellicoe's own will and enabled the lytean to possess him.

Manner:

Jellicoe is a gentle, retiring man, kindly, and basically good. Under the repeated effects of the transformation into Hines, and the deeds his evil alter ego has done, the good doctor has become a haunted, fearful man wracked by guilt. The symbiont, though, has also manipulated his feelings to leave him obsessed with his own experiments, and Jellicoe remains reclusive and anti-social as a result.

and short brown hair. He is agile and quick, almost bird-like, and speaks with a thick, Cockney accent. Bert is usually dressed in coarse workingman's garb; on the rare occasion Bannister allows to him to call on potential customers, however, he wears a light grey jacket and vest, and an ancient bowler hat.

Brief Personal History:

See The Adventure section.

Personality:**Motives/Desires/Goals:**

Bert is a crook, though he's criminal by force of circumstance rather than through any natural ability or inclination. Actually, he's a rather good-hearted man who first began to steal just to survive. He continues his crooked career because of Jack Bannister, his oldest friend, to whom he looks up as an older and wiser brother. Jenkins will do anything Bannister asks.

Manner:

Bert Jenkins is a cheerful Cockney, witty and full of good humor. He is an incurable optimist most of the time, though he is also easily frightened by the unknown. Poorly educated, he is easily led by others, especially Bannister.

Name: Insp. James NEWCOMBE

Race: Human
Sex: Male
Profession: Police Inspector

Attributes

STR — Level IV CHA — Level III
 END — Level IV MNT — Level IV
 DEX — Level IV ITN — Level III

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7
 Armed Combat, Revolver: Level IV
 Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level IV

Significant Skills

Administration	Level VI
Leadership	V
Security Procedures, Surveillance	V
Streetwise	IV
Verbal Interaction	
Negotiation/Diplomacy	III

Appearance:

Height: Average
Build: Fat
Looks: Average
Apparent Age: Mature adult
Actual Age: 35
Recognition Handle: Inspector Newcombe is a heavy man, fat and out of shape. His face is ruddy, and he sweats profusely even in damp, cool London weather. He wields a large handkerchief to combat this perspiration. Newcombe

wears plain clothes, and has a perpetual air of irascible petulance about him.

Brief Personal History:

Birthplace: Earth
 Newcombe is an inspector for Scotland Yard.

Personality:

Motives/Desires/Goals:
 Newcombe is a professional but unimaginative police detective who has a dogged devotion to duty and an unrelenting hatred of amateur detectives and other civilians who get in his way.
Manner:

The Inspector's manner toward the adventurers will be, for the most part, abrupt, abrasive, and hostile.

Name: Typical Police Constable

The adventurers may encounter police constables as a result of illegal actions on their part, or in the course of dealing with Newcombe.

Attributes

STR — Level IV CHA — Level III
 END — Level V MNT — Level III
 DEX — Level IV ITN — Level II

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7
 Armed Combat, Club: Level VI
 Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level VI

Significant Skills

Leadership	Level IV
Military Science, Small Unit Tactics	III
Security Procedures, Surveillance	VII
Streetwise	V
Verbal Interaction	
Negotiation/Diplomacy	IV

Appearance:

Height: Average
Build: Average
Looks: Average
Age: 20 - 40
Recognition Handle: The blue-uniformed 'bobby' wears a uniform with long jacket and high, conical hat.

Name: Typical Male Servant

Includes butlers, such as Roberts and Reynolds, grooms, footmen, valets, and other employees who might be met in the Fraser, Carruthers, or Jellicoe households. They can also be used to represent the cabbies, barmen, and other citizens the adventurers might encounter anywhere in London.

Attributes

STR — Level IV CHA — Level III
 END — Level IV MNT — Level III
 DEX — Level IV ITN — Level II

Combat Statistics:

AP: 7
 Armed Combat, Club: Level V
 Unarmed Combat:
 Brawling: Level V
 Grappling: Level IV

Significant Skills

Carousing	Level V
Streetwise	III
Trivia, Profession	VI
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	IV

Appearance:

Height: Average
Build: Average
Looks: Plain
Age: 15 - 50
Recognition Handle: As necessary to fit circumstances.

Name: Typical Female Servant

Includes housemaids, cooks, cleaning ladies, and so on in the Fraser, Carruthers, and Jellicoe households, plus randomly-encountered barmaids, serving girls, prostitutes, or any other women of the lower classes who might be met in the course of the adventure.

Attributes

STR — Level II CHA — Level IV
 END — Level II MNT — Level III
 DEX — Level IV ITN — Level IV

Combat Statistics:

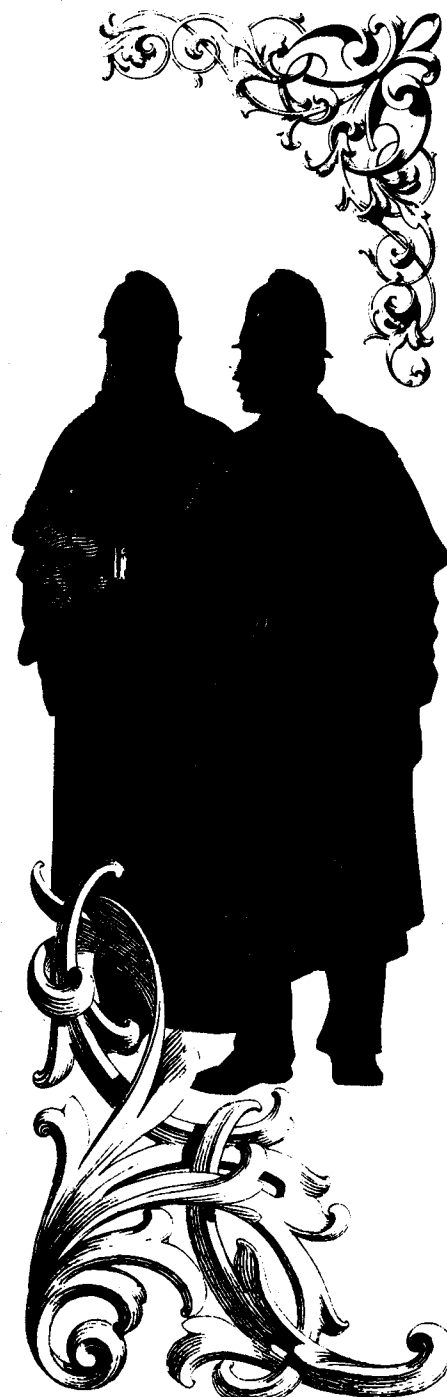
AP: 7
 Unarmed Combat, Brawling: Level II

Significant Skills

Carousing	Level V
Streetwise	IV
Trivia, Profession	VI
Verbal Interaction	
Haggling	IV
Negotiation/Diplomacy	IV

Appearance:

Height: Average
Build: Average
Looks: Plain
Age: 15 - 50
Recognition Handle: As necessary to fit circumstances.

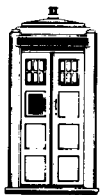


LONDON





Background Information



LONDON 1885

The adventure takes place almost entirely in Victorian England, in London during the early months of 1885. Queen Victoria has been on the throne of Great Britain for 48 years, and the British Empire has emerged as the most important of the colonial powers on the globe.

This is the London of Sherlock Holmes, a well-ordered, serene society. England's last war, with Russia, ended 30 years ago, although colonial uprisings and conflicts have taken place since. By and large, though, peace and stability are the bywords of Victoria's reign, and the horizon remains clear of any threatening clouds of troubles to come.

The Time Lords of Gallifrey have rarely had to take note of the British

Isles during this era of peace and prosperity. The Doctor, that peripatetic renegade of space and time, has twice visited London during the reign of Queen Victoria; once in 1867 when he was tricked there by the Daleks, and again in 1889 when he confronted Magnus Greel, the 49th century time traveller masquerading as the Chinese God Weng Chiang. Other than these two incidents, there are few records of direct interaction with the Victorian English on file on Gallifrey.



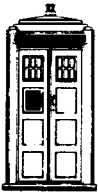
This city block includes 221B Baker Street.

This city block includes Col. Fraser's house.

This city block includes the City and Counties Bank; site of lost ship (underground).

This city block includes Dr. Henry Jellicoe's house.





COLONEL FRASER

Malcolm Fraser was born in 1820, the son of a major in Wellington's army at Waterloo. In 1839, he went to India, joining the Indian Army soon after. Colonel Fraser had an active military career, culminating in the Sepoy Mutiny and the siege of Lucknow, from which he emerged with considerable glory. In 1875, he left the service and returned to England, where he died in 1885 at his London townhouse.

Colonel Fraser was supposed to have been a bit of a crackpot most of

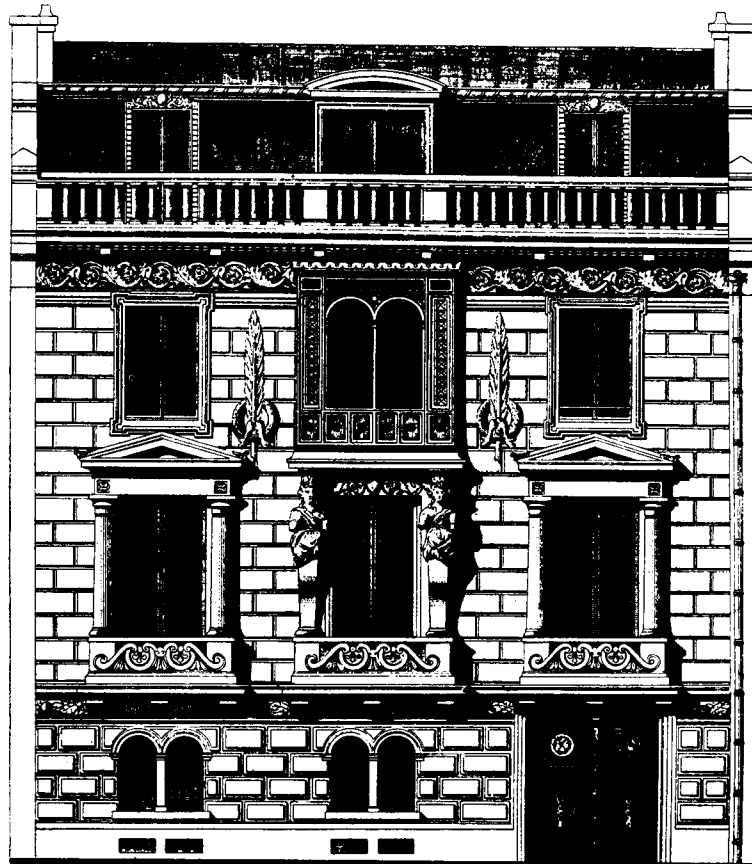
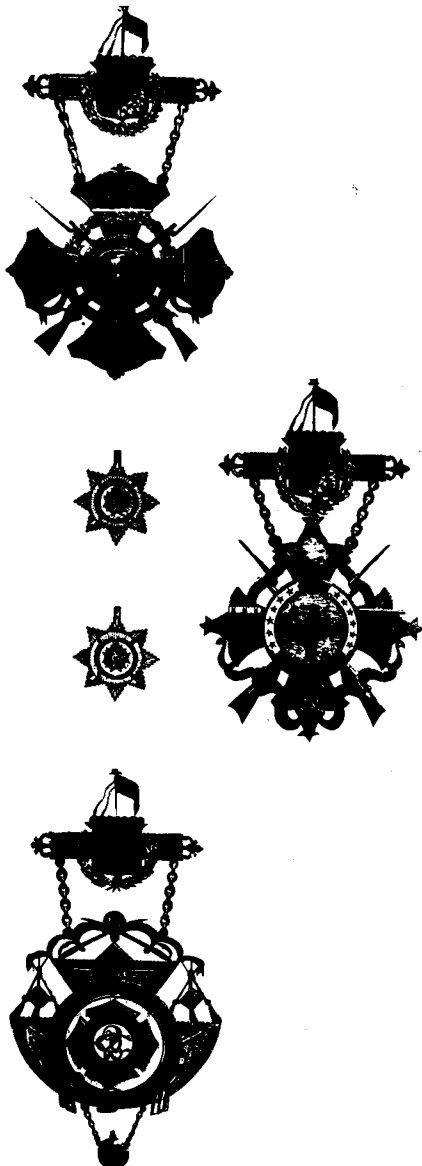
his life, especially in his later years. He was a firm believer in the theories concerning the existence of Atlantis put forth by the American writer Ignatius Donnelly. According to family tradition, Fraser maintained that the strange gun (now a family heirloom) he'd acquired not long before his final illness was actually an artifact of Atlantean culture. Another old family story claims that the Colonel repented on his deathbed of some great but obscure sin that he had committed, or perhaps only planned to commit, before the illness struck him down.

Although Fraser was survived by a granddaughter, Julia, she evidently disappeared shortly after the time of the old man's death; his estate passed to his brother's young children.



THE HOUSE IN PORTMAN SQUARE

Fraser's home is large and impressive, a great four-story structure that frowns down on the street with an air of brooding uncertainty. The elegant, ornate lines are typical of Victorian houses throughout London, but it appears seedy and neglected. One of the trees in the front yard needs to be removed, and there are several windows boarded up in haphazard fashion. It is apparent that either money or attention are wanting here, but there are signs of life in the house, despite its shabby appearance.



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THE IYTEAN RACE

Prior to the near-destruction of their planet in the 2,000-year-long war between the Anar and the Isari, the lyteans had a small but respectable interstellar federation in the Mutters Spiral. Temporal Nexus Point *Earth* was located near the outer fringes of this loose association of worlds.

The lyteans were, like the Rutans, an amoeboid race, but were both much smaller and far less hostile than members of the Rutan Collectivity. Physically, the lyteans massed only three to five pounds each, their bodies being composed of multicellular, nonspecialized tissues capable of considerable alteration of appearance and function. In essence, the entire mass of an lytean body was simultaneously brain, muscles, digestive and respiratory organs, reproductive systems, and just about everything else the being needed at any given time. Although capable of changing shape and consistency, an lytean usually appeared as a thick, viscous, liquid pool when at rest, or as a mobile jelly moving much like an amoeba.

HISTORY

The lyteans evolved as a parasitic intelligence, invading host organisms and from them obtaining greater mobility and other essential aids to survival. In their symbiotic relations with their various hosts, the lyteans fought disease, infection, and injury; in exchange, they drew food and oxygen from the bloodstream of the occupied body. More importantly, though, the lyteans needed their hosts as a source of sensory impressions; their own bodies, though capable of temporarily forming sense organs, lacked any permanent nervous system as higher animals know it. They found they enjoyed the ability to share in a host's senses, and so became increasingly addicted to vicariously sharing the pleasures of their host's mind, body, and emotions.

lytean culture evolved only slowly as the symbionts learned how to manipulate the physical and mental makeup of the hosts they inhabited. Their mastery of the art of tapping into and controlling the nervous systems of their hosts gave them a great deal of knowledge in the fields of bioengineering and physiological manipulation. They found it possible to trigger an actual, physical change in the appearance and structure of a host animal, altering it to suit their needs. If they ended their control over the creature, it would revert to its original form.

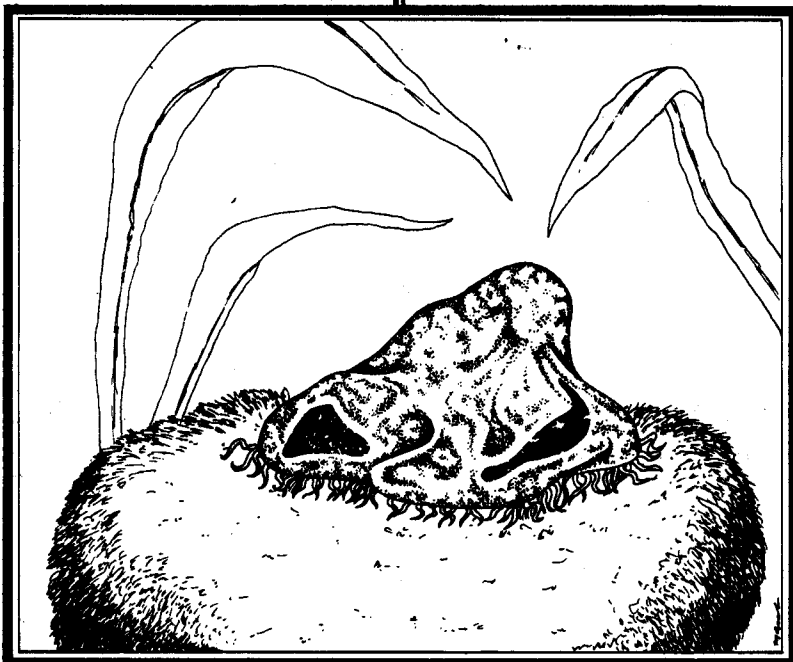
This power was evidently used on their homeworld to create servants of a vaguely humanoid appearance, with hands adapted to tool-making, and with superior senses. In this way, the lyteans achieved a civilization capable of interstellar travel.

In their explorations of nearby worlds, the lyteans first discovered other intelligent races, beings who were sentient tool-makers without the presence of a symbiotic entity. The lytean culture quickly placed a prohibition on symbiosis with intelligent life forms, especially when early research showed that symbiosis could lead to insanity for both members of such a pairing. From time to time, these prohibitions were evidently ignored, but those who violated this essential taboo were hunted down and brought back to face justice. The usual sentence for the lytean was deprivation of a host, which left the criminal very nearly deaf, dumb, blind, and almost helpless.

lyteans reproduced by a budding process, with one entity being capable of producing (under ideal conditions) up to 100 offspring. This could happen only once in the being's life, and required tremendous energy and lengthy periods of preparation and recuperation. Each of the offspring shared the knowledge, memories, attitudes, and thought of the parent. In civilized times, the lyteans generally restricted the number of buds developed to avoid overpopulation, but, in colonizing a new world, a single being could rapidly produce enough descendants to seed a planet thoroughly.

The lytean homeworld was devastated during the Anar-Isari wars, as were several colony planets. Other colonies seem to have been wiped out afterwards by natural disasters, by conquest, or by bombardment by other races such as the Sontarans and the Rutans. Some colonies or small lytean groups may have survived, but none have been discovered.

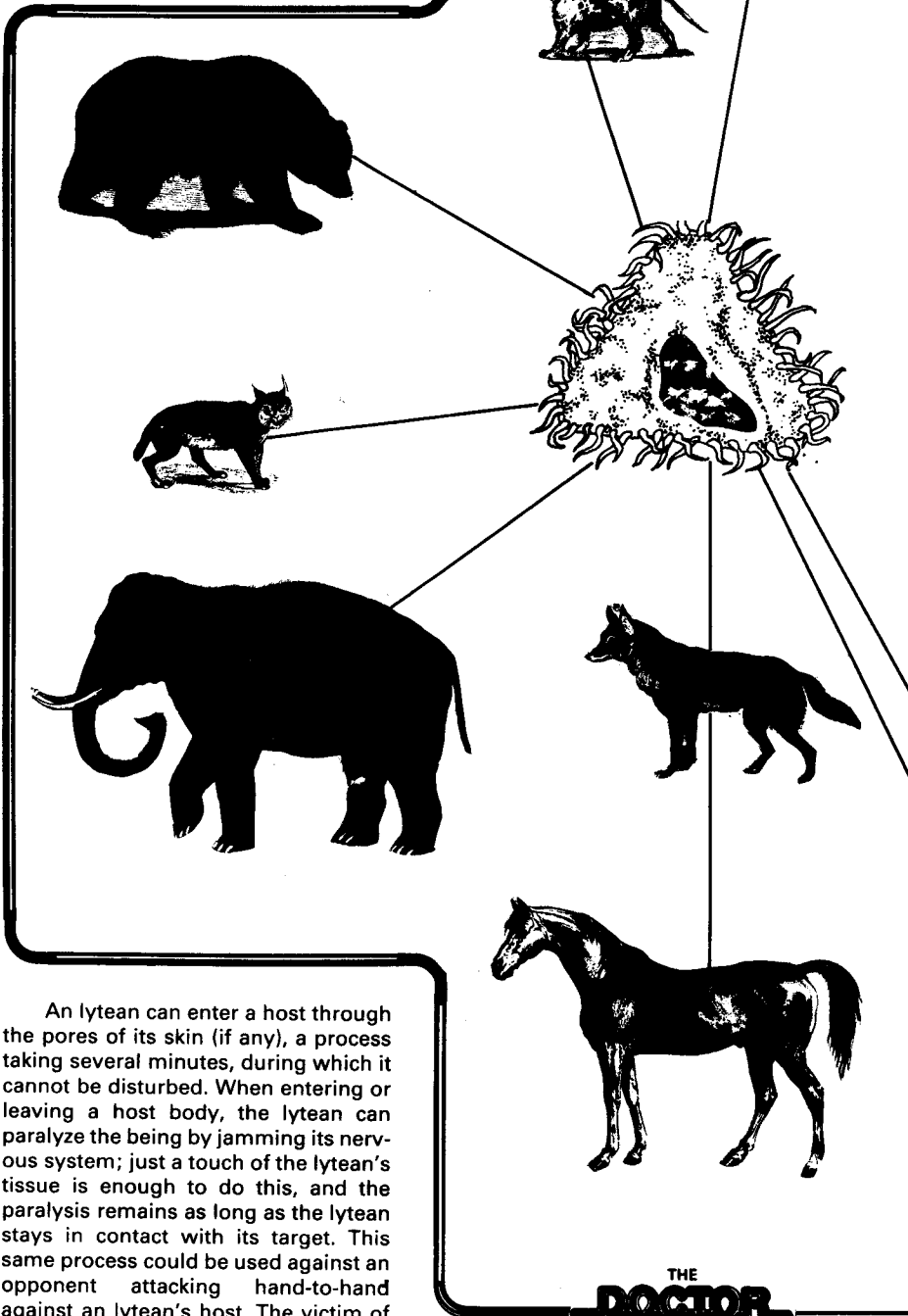
The lyteans did possess an advanced stasis technology that enabled them to suspend time almost completely (at the very slow rate of 100,000:1.) for individuals enclosed within a pod. There is always a chance that individuals or small groups have lingered in such stasis pods and re-emerged much later without creating any major impression on the rest of the universe. The emergence of such an lytean presence at an important Temporal Nexus, however, could have serious consequences, despite the lytean's generally civilized and peaceful nature.



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PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

The lyteans, when not inhabiting a host body, are an amoeboid race without fixed internal or external structures. They are small, massing no more than two to three kilograms, and appear as an oily liquid or a jelly-like mass. Though translucent, no permanent internal organs or structures can be seen; temporary specialized organs may be formed from time to time, but, essentially, the protoplasmic lytean is a constantly shifting, flowing mass of formless, semi-solid matter.



An lytean can enter a host through the pores of its skin (if any), a process taking several minutes, during which it cannot be disturbed. When entering or leaving a host body, the lytean can paralyze the being by jamming its nervous system; just a touch of the lytean's tissue is enough to do this, and the paralysis remains as long as the lytean stays in contact with its target. This same process could be used against an opponent attacking hand-to-hand against an lytean's host. The victim of a nerve paralysis attack becomes rigid, unable to move any voluntary muscle, until and unless the lytean relaxes control or is removed from contact.

lyteans are individually weak, but can control any living thing up to the size of a terrestrial elephant. They flourish in a temperature range similar to that of humans, and are almost completely immune to most physical attacks, both as individuals and while inside a host being. An unprotected lytean can only be killed by weapons that can destroy the entire creature in one attack, such as disintegrators or weapons that incinerate or freeze large areas. A very large explosion, or a powerful, wide-beam laser might also work, but ordinary bullets, lasers, or contact weapons have very little effect. Even cutting an lytean in half does little physical damage, though such an attack would cause serious psychological trauma and stun it for awhile. Eventually, though, the two halves would seek to reunite.

An lytean inhabiting a host can confer considerable protection to the body it occupies. The host can never contract viral or bacteriological infections; the creature can screen out any type of gas, and can even store extra air as a reserve breathing supply at need. Major puncture wounds can be sealed off quickly, preventing loss of blood both internally and externally, and broken bones can be held together for short periods of time. Only multiple serious wounds, total dismemberment, or damage sufficient to destroy the entire host body will put the symbiont out of action.

Luckily, lyteans are generally peaceful, gentle beings. They derive their food from their host, but rarely does this cause any trouble except for an increased appetite. lyteans can also absorb food directly, but do so only if they have no host at hand. Their only natural weapon is their ability to paralyze, and, though they can control a host totally in the absence of an opposed will, their intentions in this control are generally good.

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MANNER

lyteans are basically a gentle, non-violent race. Their ethical ideals forbid symbiosis with intelligent hosts, and the hosts they do inhabit are to be protected from harm. Thus, they do not like to fight, either among themselves or with other races, save in self-defense or at great need. When dealing with renegades of their own kind, their police are known to have used a nonviolent weapon that jammed the host's sensory and motor nerves in such a way as to force the symbiont to flee. This weapon made the host uncomfortable, but rarely did any permanent damage.

lyteans communicated with one another through touch-telepathy. This required either physical contact or a link via an organo-metallic substance that was used as an 'intercom' or 'telephone' network between beings. When in a host body, they would communicate basic desires or actions directly to the creature's subconscious, or could institute The Change, which would alter the host's physical and mental makeup and place it completely under the will of the lytean symbiont. lytean scientists conjectured that an intelligent host's will would first have to be subdued before The Change could be made, and that the conflict between wills in an intelligent host would ultimately lead both subjects to madness. The few case histories of lyteans who tried to dominate intelligent beings would seem to have confirmed this fact.

Many lyteans seem to have been sensualists, delighting in the byplay of sensory and emotional stimuli within the host. They could, at will, link into the nervous system and participate in the host's feelings and physiological reactions, and, for a time, were known as the galaxy's greatest hedonists.



THE IYTEAN SHIP

The lytean police ship is a large vessel, despite the small size of its crew; the lyteans were not overly sophisticated in miniaturization technology, and about 75% of the ship is devoted to engines, fuel, and shielding.

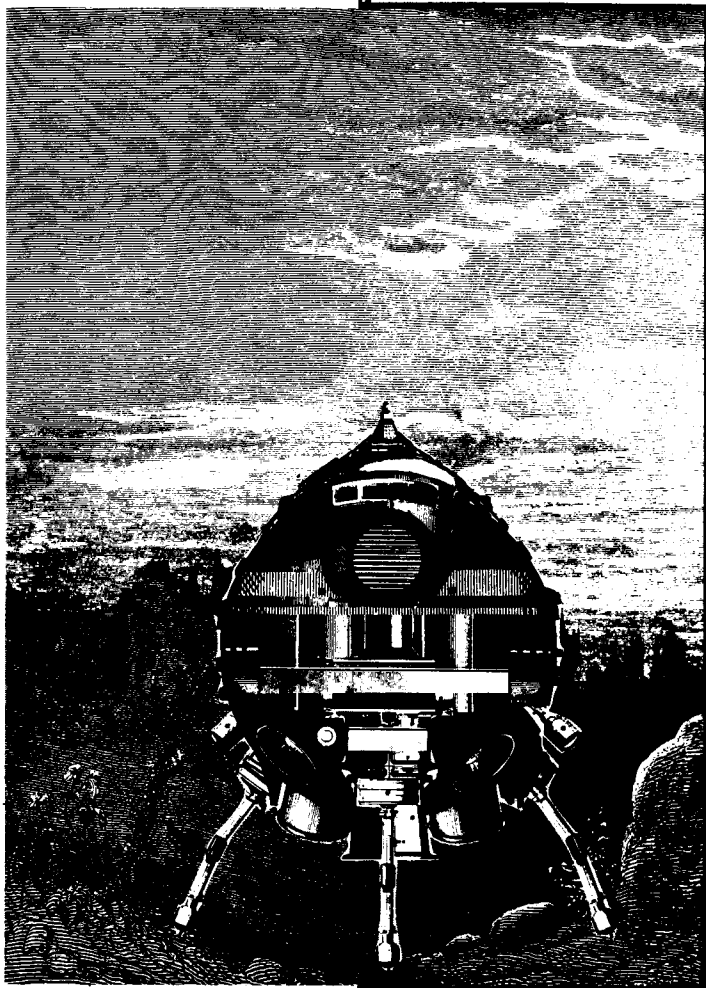
Fittings for the crew are massive by human standards. The hosts used aboard this ship were considerably larger than human beings, and the construction of control consoles, chairs, and quarters reflects this fact.

The lytean vessel has no true weaponry, but does contain two systems that could be used in combat systems. One is a large version of the standard police gun that causes neural and

sensory blockage in any life form with a sufficiently advanced nervous system. The other is an enlarged disruptor/disintegrator used as a digging tool, which the crew used to conceal the ship when necessary.

The ship contains no external clue to its origins. There is nothing like a ship's log on board, nor any other written or recorded information. (The lyteans needed neither, as knowledge passed intact from generation to generation, and contact telepathy served to pass complete information from one being to another.)

There are six stasis pods on the ship. When sealed, lyteans can remain alive but dormant almost indefinitely. There is an emergency locker near the lifeboat bay for storage of digging tools, environmental suits, and so forth.



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LYTEAN EQUIPMENT

The only pieces of equipment aboard the ship that are worthy of note are the various weapons and the supplies of chemicals. These are described in more detail below.

POLICE GUNS

These handguns are shaped like an elongated pistol, and are reminiscent of a shiny, metallic flintlock dueling pistol with a tapered, sealed barrel. These are big and bulky, however, and human-size characters will need to use two hands to aim and fire them. Each is good for ten shots before requiring a recharge from the police ship's power supply.

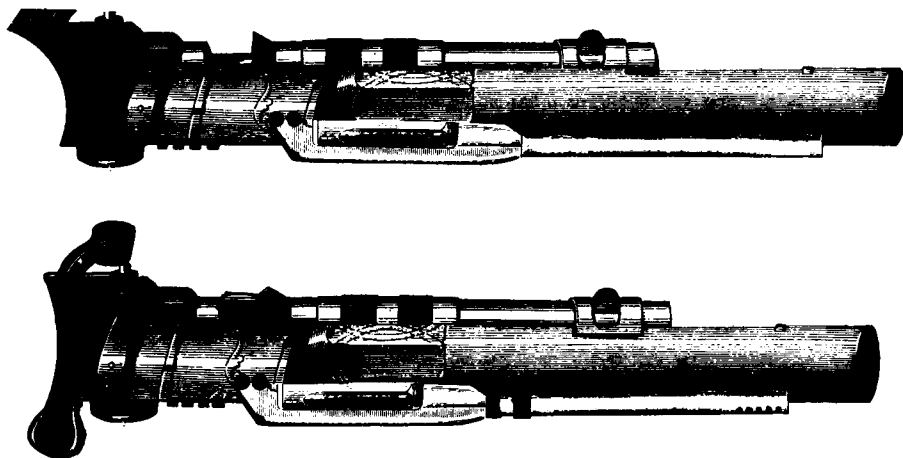
The weapon has the same general effect as a stun weapon, but also will cause sensations so unpleasant as to drive any symbiont out of the target's body. The weapons have no effect on the lyteans themselves, nor any discernible impact on inanimate objects.

DIGGING TOOLS

There are very large and bulky, about the size of a 20th Century bazooka, and similar in shape and construction. The rear end, however, is sealed, and there are a number of dials and levers on the side of the device for recording intensity, spread, and duration of the disintegration field, and various

aspects of power levels and settings.

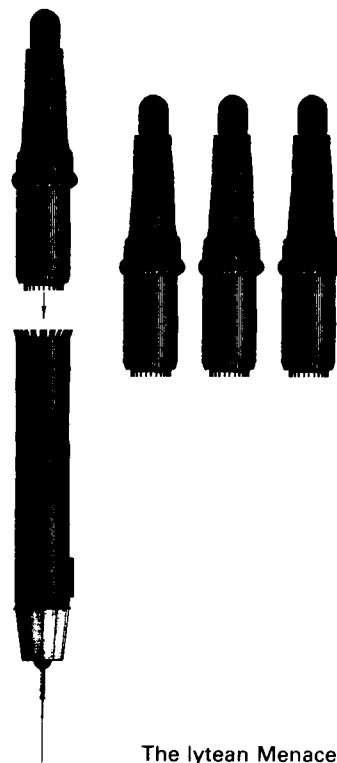
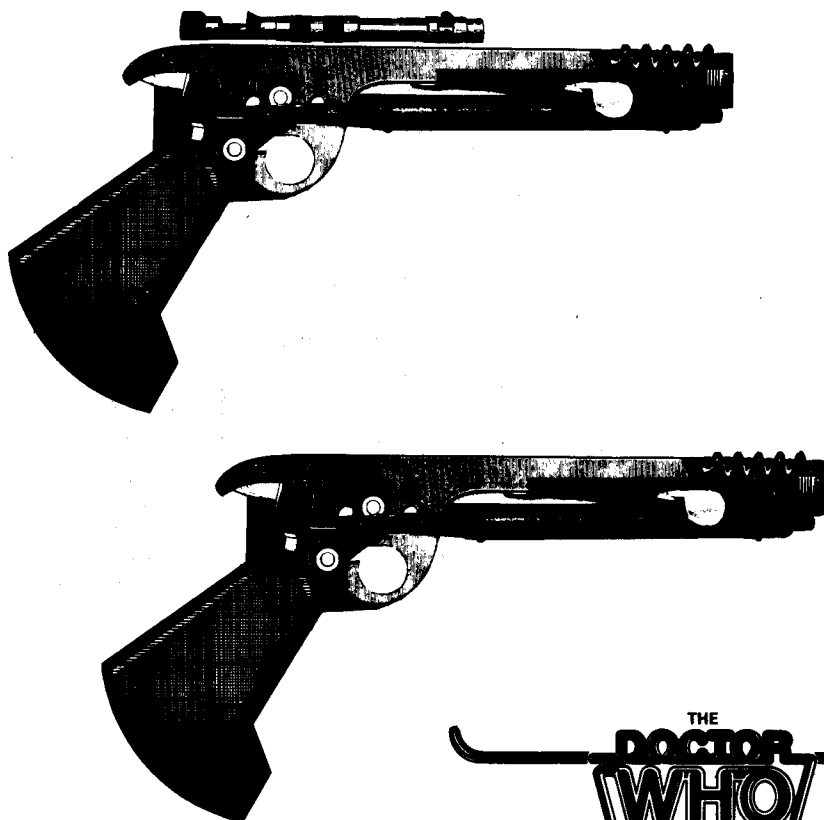
The weapon contains enough energy for 50 shots. It produces a beam (the exact spread of which can be altered) that disrupts matter, annihilating any structure or substance in its path. These are general, all-purpose tools that could be carried almost anywhere.



THE DRUGS

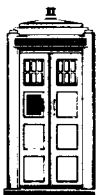
The ship's medical kit contains ampoules of a tranquillizer drug used by the lyteans to calm their hosts in cases of severe trauma. The drugs which come in the form of a green powder.

On board the ship, in the sick bay, there is a chemical synthesizer that can manufacture the same (or other) drugs in far greater quantities.



THE
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ROLE PLAYING GAME

Gamemaster's Notes



GETTING STARTED

CREATING CHARACTERS

The characters in this game should include at least one Time Lord and his or her Companions (Gallifreyan, human, or otherwise). Though it is possible that a Non-Player Character (NPC) could be the Time Lord who binds the group together, this may cause problems for the gamemaster by making the players too dependent upon his direct involvement. It is best if the players have total control over their own destinies, and that will usually require a player-character Time Lord.

One option the gamemaster may wish to entertain is the possibility that some player-characters in the adventure begin as natives of 1885 England. In the *Doctor Who* television series, most Companions begin as incidental acquaintances in a given adventure who help or hinder the Time Lord in that first story, and later join him on a more permanent basis. Players who

wish to join in this way can be given one of the pre-generated NPCs involved in the adventure (young Thomas Caruthers or Miss Julia Fraser are particularly good for this purpose). Alternatively, a brand new character could be created with a Victorian background. Should one of these options be used, the gamemaster will need to set up the story in such a way as to introduce, and then involve, these native characters in an appropriate fashion.

The core of the group, however, remains separate from Victorian London; they are time travellers aboard a particular TARDIS in the company of one or more Time Lords employed from time to time by the Celestial Intervention Agency. Once all preparations have been made, a message is received by the adventurers that sets the story in motion.

CREATING THE ATMOSPHERE

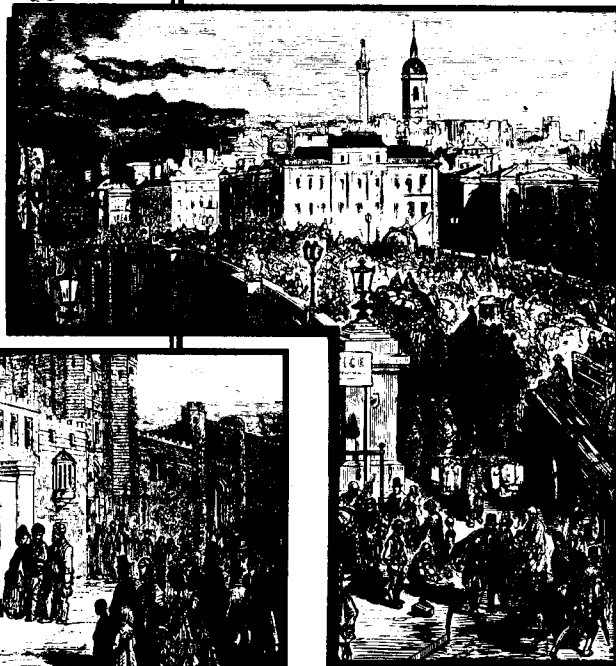
The flavor, or atmosphere, of any role-playing adventure is important. It is up to the gamemaster to evoke the right imagery in his presentation of the game to the players. Simply leading the

group through the story isn't enough because they will find themselves playing an adventure without a distinct flavor of its own.

The Setting

The Victorian English setting of this adventure should be stressed whenever possible, through the descriptions of surroundings and through the attitudes of the people involved. It is a good idea for the gamemaster to become familiar with the setting; good source material would include Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories (and the more recent crop of Holmesian imitators), plus various available books describing Holmes' London and other aspects of Victorian life. The *Dr. Who* TV episode *The Talons of Weng Chiang* is another good source of inspiration for period descriptions.

Even without such background, the gamemaster can still use many resources to bring out the flavor of Queen Victoria's London. The illustrations in this booklet can be used to suggest the dress and appearance of the people, the streets of London, and so forth. Keep in mind, too, such classic elements as London's famous fogs and the distant chimes of Big Ben. Such simple, concrete details can turn a dry description into a vivid image of the world the adventurers must enter and face.



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Using NPC's

The NPCs are the gamemaster's direct window on the adventure world. The behavior and manner of the various NPCs can do more than anything else to bring the adventure to life. Use the character descriptions to give each one a distinct personality, and the recognition handles for easy identification at all times. Remember, too, the culture in which these people have been raised; most of the characters will conform to the prim, straight-laced standards of their society. The players will be reminded of the period every time they run up against these attitudes, as when a female player-character who prefers more 'modern' clothing is reprimanded for indecency in showing too much leg. (In Victorian times, showing the *ankles* was considered 'too much leg'.) Indeed, female player characters will find their stay in 1885 London to be a frustrating experience, just as did Leela in 1889 during the Weng Chang affair.

ORCHESTRATING EVENTS

The early stages of this adventure are concerned with the introduction of the overall problem of the lytean presence; this is presented to the characters through a series of 'planned encounters' that initially serve to propel the group into the story (see **The Adventure** section). These planned encounters will occur no matter what the adventurers choose to do, though the players' actions may influence the way in which the gamemaster chooses to implement these events.

In running this adventure, the gamemaster must be very careful to orchestrate events without appearing to be too much of a puppetmaster. As the planned encounters take place, the gamemaster can and should allow for activities on the part of the group that are not fully covered in this booklet. (That, after all, is the chief reason for having a gamemaster in the first place.) Whenever and wherever information included in **The Adventure** chapter would likely be discovered, it should be presented, even if the circumstances do not quite fit the planned encounters as described. Nevertheless, the planned encounters should be considered as suggestions and starting points rather than absolute necessities, so that the flow of the adventure will be far more natural.



DEALING WITH THE UNEXPECTED

The gamemaster should become familiar with all the information in **The Background** section (available in the TARDIS computer), as well as the following supplementary background. Some of the material here may never have a direct bearing on the course of play, however. When dealing with unexpected events during play, the gamemaster will nevertheless have a rich vein of material from which to draw. With the aid of the background material, he will be able to improvise situations when necessary rather than feeling obliged to slavishly follow the dictates of this booklet. Much of this material will also assist the gamemaster impart flavor and atmosphere to the game.

SUPPLEMENTARY BACKGROUND

A Forced Landing

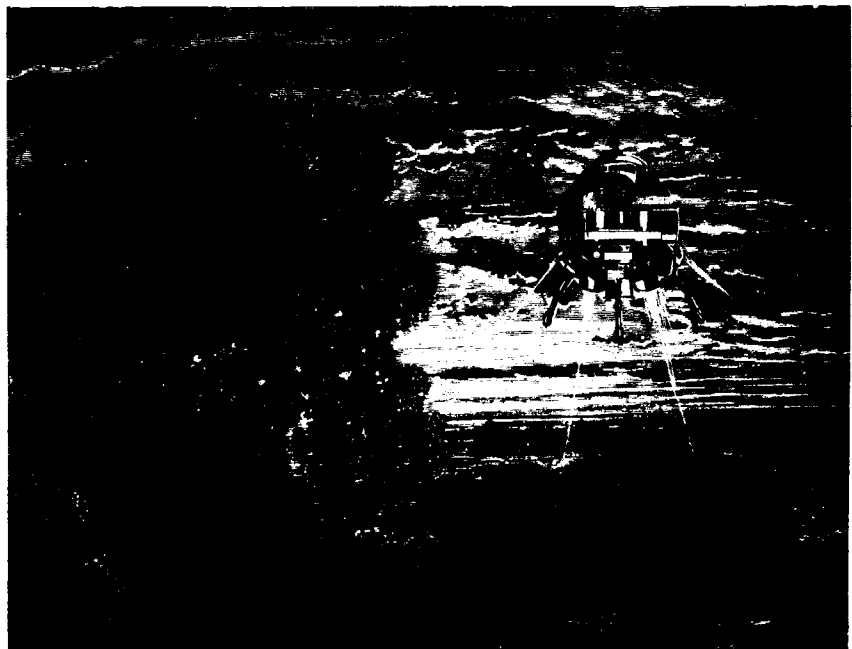
About 3,000 years before the birth of Christ, a starship belonging to the lytean Confederacy developed a major engine malfunction while passing in the vicinity of Earth. Its crew of three landed on the planet to attempt repairs, setting down on the island that would one day become England, at the site where London would one day stand.

Unfortunately, repairs to the ship proved to be impossible. The crew therefore buried the vessel where it stood, using powerful, disruptor-type digging tools, and took a lifeboat to attempt the journey back to their homeworld. They intended to return, for their ship contained a cargo they had every intention of recovering: five dangerous and highly unstable criminals of the lytean race. A police vessel, the ship was transporting these criminals back to Itea for trial.

But the lyteans never returned. Gallifreyan records show that Itea was rendered almost completely uninhabitable at about this time after a clash between the Anar and the Isari. It is likely that the lytean crew was either caught in this annihilation, or arrived shortly afterwards, and thus was unable to mount a return expedition to salvage the lost ship.

The Lost Starship

Centuries went by, and the police ship remained buried. Its power supply was intact, so the stasis pods holding the five criminals remained in operation throughout the ship's long sleep. Civilization came to Earth's barbaric inhabitants, and a crude settlement sprang up near the site of the buried ship's crash landing. The Romans came, and their colony of Londinium grew; eventually it became London, the capital of England and, even later, of the British Empire.



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Still the ship remained undisturbed beneath the northwestern part of the city of London; the city's prosperous West End grew over the site, but it was never discovered. In 1882, however, two criminals digging a tunnel from the sewers below Oxford Street under the Capital and Counties Bank accidentally discovered the lost spaceship, as related in the fiction that begins this book. One of the criminals, Albert Jenkins, accidentally released an lytean from stasis. The creature used its remarkable symbiotic powers to enter the man's body and thus escape undetected.

The Renegade lytean

The lytean that has escaped into London in the 1880s runs counter to many of the moral and ethical standards of its race. Originally a scientist among its own kind, it became interested in the possible effects of symbiosis with intelligent beings. It eventually concluded that the sensory and emotional input of a host that was itself intelligent would be far more intense (and more pleasurable to an lytean) than anything previously encountered among host animals. While experimenting on the frontiers of this forbidden knowledge, it learned to produce drugs that would sap the will of an intelligent being, permitting the lytean to perform The Change to shape the host to the lytean's purposes.

Together with a number of accomplices and supporters, the lytean continued with these experiments until the Monitors (the lytean police corps) discovered their activities. By this time controlling intelligent hosts, the criminals fled, but were overtaken and captured by the Monitors, placed in stasis aboard the police ship, and transported back towards home. By accident, the lytean has now escaped and taken refuge among the humans.

The lytean found that it could not control its first human host effectively; its attempt to do so caused nothing but mental and physical agony. Jack Bannister, the victim's partner, took the stricken Jenkins to the nearby home of a Doctor Henry Jellicoe, whose work with nervous disorders and devotion to charitable causes were well-known in the city at this time. The doctor examined Jenkins thoroughly, but could find nothing wrong. Indeed, by the time the examination was over, Jenkins was fine, though he had no memory of anything that had happened since the time he had tripped the switch on the stasis pod. Dr. Jellicoe, too, had suffered a slight memory lapse regarding exactly what he had done during the examination, but was inclined to put it down to fatigue and the lateness of the hour.

The Will-Sapping Drug

Actually, the lytean had changed hosts during the course of the examination, deciding that Jellicoe offered a more suitable refuge than the ignorant criminal Jenkins. The lytean had been a scientist among its own kind, and it had realized that it would need to devise a chemical tranquilizer to lower the resistance of a host's will before it could freely dominate a human being. As a doctor and a scientific researcher, Dr. Jellicoe offered an ideal source for the chemicals needed to create this drug.

The lytean was not able to gain complete ascendancy over its new host prior to the development of the drug, but it was able to influence the doctor's activities by a more subtle control of

ideas and 'hunches'. Jellicoe became obsessed with the creation of a drug that, he thought, would help him bring out an inner part of himself that would be wholly good, completely moral, and above all human passions and failings. The 'inspiration' provided by the alien presence in his mind led Jellicoe to perfect what he believed was such a drug. Actually, it was a mixture that would slowly sap his will to resist outside domination, thus allowing the lytean to take control.

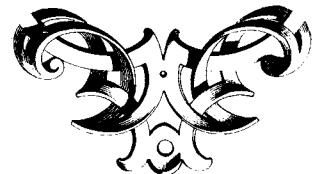
The lytean needed this control to further its own purposes. As long as the human Jellicoe could contest the lytean's control, its dominion over the man would be only temporary. When the drug wore off, it would again be displaced, unable to do more than whisper subtle temptations to the man's subconscious mind. But once the control was complete and permanent, the lytean would be able to safely devote itself to the reproductive budding process of its race with the cooperation and protection of its human host. This would give rise to 100 new offspring of like mind and abilities, a host of allies with whom the lytean could rule the planet.

Although somewhat imbalanced by its association with intelligent hosts, the symbiont is still a brilliant researcher. Using tricks and subtle manipulation, it has led Dr. Henry Jellicoe to create the drug that will eventually enslave him.

The Change

Under the influence of the drug, and for a few hours thereafter, the lytean can cause The Change that transforms Jellicoe's physical appearance and completely controls his mind. Calling itself Ned Hines, among other aliases, the lytean's Changed host performs whatever activities the lytean desires. Some are directly centered on furthering its own goals, while others are aimed merely at seeking the pleasure the lytean has grown to crave.

Where Jellicoe is an elderly, distinguished gentleman, kindly and sympathetic, Ned is almost inhuman in manner and appearance. Smaller than Jellicoe, the Changed body is muscular, rather hairy, and gives an impression of deformity and malice. The lytean cares nothing for humans save as tools for its pleasure, and, in its growing madness, has come to enjoy brutality and death as one more extension of the pursuit of sensory stimulation. Unlike normal lyteans, it is quite capable of violence.



The Change lasts only as long as the human will of Dr. Jellicoe remains subdued. When the effects of the drug wear off, the human side of the partnership resumes domination and the effects of The Change pass away. The lytean can block some memories from Jellicoe's mind so that many of 'Ned's' actions are not remembered when The Change ends, but Jellicoe does know about his alter ego. He believes he created it himself, and is resisting the domination of the lytean. However, the preserved memories of the pleasures of the flesh while 'disguised' in a completely different body are quite compelling, and Jellicoe frequently succumbs to temptation.

What the doctor does not know is that each lapse under the drug's influence weakens his hold over his personality and body. Already the lytean can, if it puts forth a great effort of will, trigger The Change for a short period of time without using the drug. As time goes by, the lytean is becoming more and more dominant, and one day Jellicoe will become completely subservient to the will of his symbiont master.

The lytean Menace

The lytean's chief goal is to attain this total control, for only with a host that can be dominated without a major effort of will for a period of several days or weeks can the lytean take the time to begin reproducing. It intends to bud, producing 100 offspring that will share its knowledge and its attributes; they, in turn, will produce an army of symbiont masters over whom the original lytean (the sole source of the drug needed to cause The Change in humans) will rule as overlord. Because budding will weaken its own control

considerably, the lytean cannot be engaged in a constant fight for dominance; it wants to use Jellicoe as its continued host, however, because he has the facilities it needs to continue its work all the way through the development and growth of its offspring.

The lytean's second major goal is the rediscovery of the buried starship. On board the vessel are unlimited supplies of the alien chemicals needed for the tranquilizer drug. Also on board, in the sick bay, is a chemical synthesizer that can manufacture the lytean's will-sapping drug (and others) in great quantities. The lytean wants this machine so that it can continue to produce the tranquilizer for as long as necessary while setting up a permanent home on this primitive but interesting new world.

The lytean was too disoriented to make note of the route from the lost ship to Dr. Jellicoe's home on the night it was released from stasis, and so does not know how to find it again. Bannister and Jenkins have never reappeared at the Jellicoe residence, but the lytean knows them both by sight and by aura. (lyteans have a strong sense of the presence of life forms, and can learn to distinguish the individual patterns of each from a distance.) It knows that those two men can lead it back to the ship. In the meantime, it also knows that Carruthers has had dealings with the two criminals, so it is to Carruthers that it will soon turn for answers. (See the **Cast of Characters** section for complete character descriptions of Ned Hines and Dr. Jellicoe.) The lytean itself does not receive separate Attributes and Skill because it is unable to function effectively on its own.)

THEFT OF THE GREEN POWDER

Meanwhile, Jenkins and Bannister have continued with their scheme of selling loose artifacts from the alien starship to wealthy collectors. Their

most prominent customers are Sir Reginald Carruthers, an M.P. (member of Parliament), and Malcolm Fraser, a retired Indian Army colonel.

The lytean ship's medical kit contained ten ampoules of the tranquilizer drug used by the lyteans to calm their hosts in cases of severe trauma. This green powder has long since been mixed with other compounds to form the basic ingredient of the will-sapping tranquilizer the lytean criminal needs to control human minds.

Bannister had broken up the medical kit and sold the ten ampoules of green powder to Carruthers. Carruthers chanced to show Dr. Jellicoe some of the artifacts he had recently purchased from Jenkins and Bannister. They meant nothing to Jellicoe, but to the alien within him, who at that time had been unable to get the final ingredient for the drug from any earthly source, they were vital. The artifacts were ampoules from the alien ship's medical kit that contained exactly what the creature needed.

The lytean influenced Jellicoe to borrow one ampoule "for study", and later caused a lab accident that contaminated Jellicoe's mixture with the alien drug. Jellicoe's memory of this was blanked out, however. Thus, Jellicoe's unseen master gained the first dose of its needed drug, took control of its host, and on that night burglarized the Carruthers house to obtain the rest of the ten ampoules. Back in the lab, he mixed many more batches of the will-sapping drug.

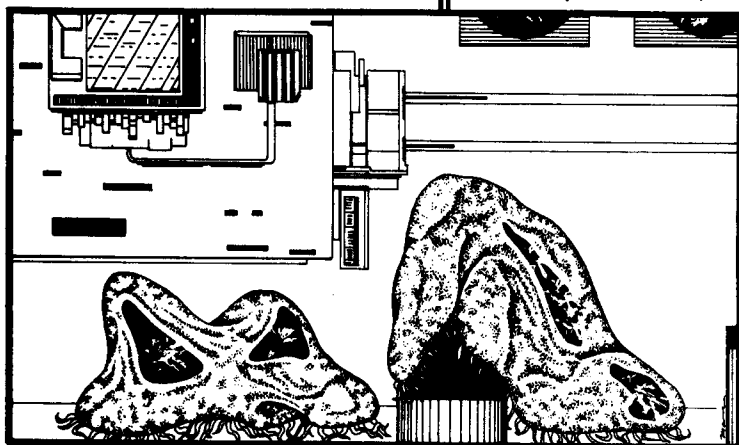
THE ALIEN WEAPONS

Colonel Malcolm Fraser, the other major recipient of the stolen lytean artifacts, is a peppery, retired officer of the Indian army. Despite a distinguished military career, he unfortunately developed a reputation as something of a crackpot before retiring from the service. That reputation has increased in recent years, and there are few who take him seriously.

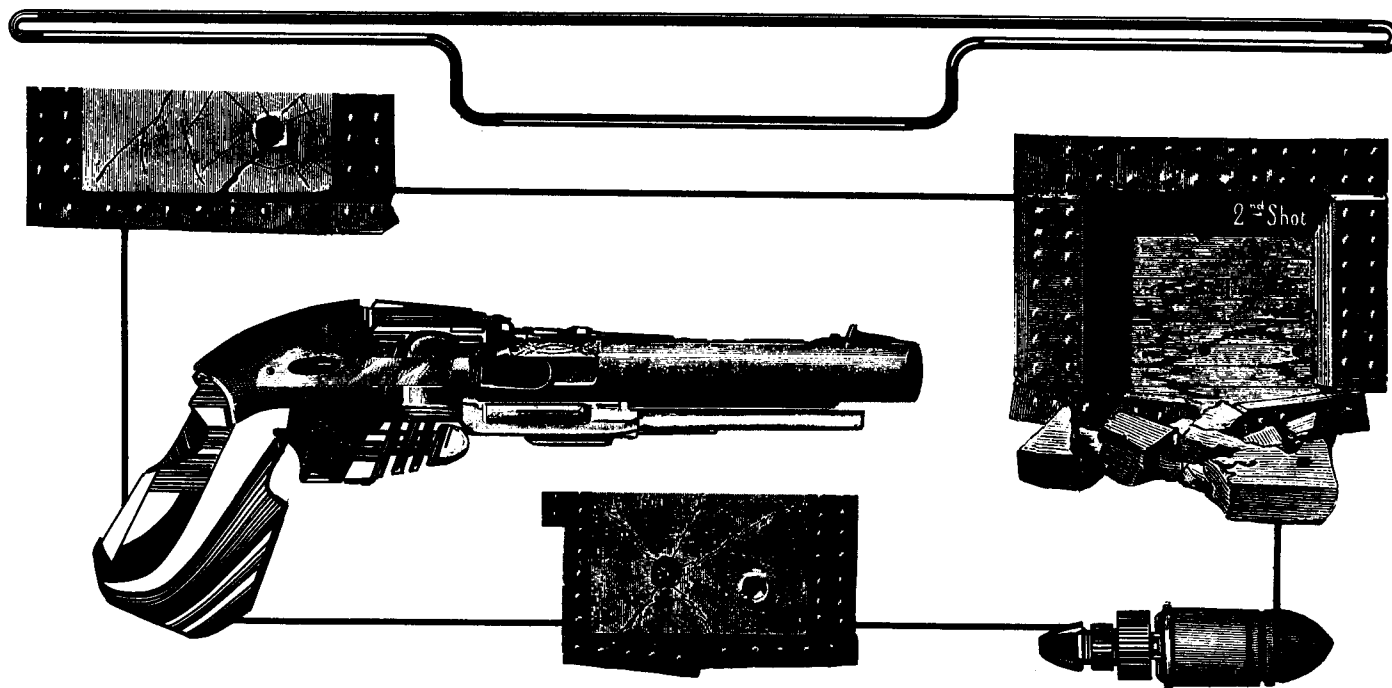
Fraser's interest in exotic souvenirs of foreign lands is well-known, and he is especially noted for his belief in the theories recently (1882-1883) published by Ignatius Donnelly, the American writer. These theories, centering on the Lost Continent of Atlantis, have spurred Fraser's own researches into the common origins of many types of symbols and artifacts found in nations scattered around the globe. When Jack Bannister first visited Fraser, he used the old colonel's antiquarian theories as a springboard to sell the artifacts as "relics of Atlantis", and the Colonel was perfectly ready to believe him.

As a military man, Fraser became especially interested in several gun-like devices. He purchased one of the six digging tools found by Bannister and Jenkins and three of the police guns. While experimenting one day, he accidentally discharged one of the weapons

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and discovered that it projected a destructive force powerful enough to utterly disintegrate an old suit of armor in his study. This device, bigger and bulkier than the largest rifle ever made, was actually an lytean digging tool not unlike the ones used to hollow out the place where the starship was hidden. The Colonel, however, immediately seized upon its potential as a military weapon. There is enough energy in each digging tool for 50 shots; Fraser has fired his five times.

Colonel Fraser approached some military acquaintances with news of his discovery of "an ancient Atlantean weapon that will revolutionize modern warfare." Because of his reputation, the Colonel's attempts to get a hearing with military authorities to pass this new weapon on to the Crown were met with scorn, and the embittered ex-officer's thoughts have since turned to revenge for his ill-treatment. Colonel Fraser is currently laying plans for a 'demonstration' of the weapon that London – and the world – will not soon forget.

Colonel Fraser also has three of the pistol-like police guns. These, however, were a great disappointment to him, as they caused no damage to anything at which they were fired. (The weapons have no effect on the lyteans themselves, nor any discernible impact on inanimate objects.) Colonel Fraser, who has yet to fire at live targets, has almost abandoned these weapons as useless, usually leaving them in his library collection cases. Each police gun is good for ten shots before requiring a recharge from the police ship's power supply. The gamemaster should determine the number of times Colonel Fraser has fired the gun. (See **The Background** section for complete information on the alien weapons.)

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Fraser is still vacillating about his next move, but he has become unstable enough to be a genuine danger if he is not handled with care. He is very eager to find out more about Bannister and Jenkins, wanting to learn exactly where they obtained the artifacts – and how to get more of them. An emergency locker near the empty lifeboat bay contains extra digging tools, among other gear. This cache has not yet been discovered by Bannister and Jenkins. If Fraser were to discover the ship and then the locker, he would obviously be very interested in the disintegrator weapons.

The presence of such weapons on *TNP Earth* poses a great danger to the security of the Time Line, and elimination of the threat they pose is vital to CIA policy. The gamemaster should stress the fact that additional, undiscovered caches of the digging tools could be still present on board the police ship. If even one is overlooked now, it might be found again by accident some time in the future. The gamemaster should use this as an incentive to persuade the group to destroy the entire ship.

THE LONDON CRIMINALS

Meanwhile, Bannister and Jenkins, quite unaware of the problems they have unleashed, are still the only ones who know the location of the alien ship. As both the lytean and Fraser are interested in finding the vessel, the two human criminals are in jeopardy from two directions.

Albert Jenkins and John Bannister are both hardened criminals. Most of their exploits have been petty robberies and simple bank jobs, though Bannister ("Lucky Jack" as he likes to be called) fancies himself as a criminal mastermind. Though Jenkins suffered a temporary breakdown upon the accidental discovery of the lytean spaceship, the two men ascribe it to a "simple attack of nerves". It is barely remembered and never mentioned now.

The two crooks have been quietly selling lytean artifacts for two years now. They stick with small objects, and only release a few at a time so as to avoid too many questions about the origins of their goods. For the most part, they deal with a few well-known collectors of curios and antiquities, suiting their story to meet the preconceived fancies of the potential buyer. The scams have been lucrative, but not excessively so, and the two crooks have settled down to a quiet, well-ordered routine.

They visit the ship only about once a month or so, taking a few interesting items from it each trip. These are kept in a warehouse that the crooks rent on the East End near the docks, which gives credence to their usual claim that these artifacts are imported from distant and exotic lands. Bannister, who is the smoother, better-educated, and saner of the pair, handles most of the actual dealings with customers. Jenkins does whatever odd jobs Bannister needs to further his schemes.

They have not seen Jellicoe since the first night, when Jenkins had his attack. Carruthers stopped dealing with

them months ago, and Fraser was out of London on a short vacation the last time they tried to see him. Of their other contacts, none are particularly important; for the most part, people have lost interest in their wares after a few sales, generally deciding that their 'imports' are merely clever frauds.

CARRUTHERS

Sir Reginald Carruthers, a wealthy gentleman and politician who represents Plymouth in Parliament, lives in a large, stately house on fashionable Regent Street in the West End. His wife, Anne, and their son Thomas live there as well, together with a small staff of servants.

Carruthers has an interest in collecting exotic souvenirs from foreign lands, and has in his study an interesting assortment of weapons and other trophies from the Sudan, Afghanistan, and South America. He is a quiet and dignified man, very much the model Victorian gentleman, conservative in his views but open to progress that will benefit England.

Carruthers was approached about two years ago by Bannister, the more respectable of the two criminals involved with the alien ship. He purchased a few items, including a set of small cylinders containing an odd green powder, but grew more and more convinced that Bannister's "fabulous treasures from the interior of China" were an elaborate fraud. He stopped buying artifacts from Bannister, but not before he had put his friend Malcolm Fraser, a retired officer with a similar taste in curios, in touch with Bannister.

Though he had lost faith in Bannister, Carruthers kept the items he had purchased, adding them to the collection in his study. He showed them to various friends, including Dr. Henry Jellicoe; the latter borrowed one of the small cylinders and promised to investigate its contents. That same night, someone broke into the Carruthers house and stole the entire set of cylinders, smashing many other fine old pieces in the process. The police could find no clues, and eventually Carruthers dropped the matter entirely. He now has no interest at all in Jenkins, Bannister, or the artifacts, regarding the whole affair as "a very bad business." Both Fraser and Jellicoe have become reclusive of late, severing Carruthers' only other links to the mystery. Indeed, he and Jellicoe had a falling-out in the wake of the burglary incident, after the doctor claimed to have "lost" the cylinder entrusted to him.



SOLVING THE MYSTERY

As the planned encounters unfold, the gamemaster should make himself ready to cope with a major shift in the emphasis of the game. Where the group must begin by relying on the gamemaster to subtly lead them into the adventure, the players will eventually learn enough to begin deciding what actions will lead to a solution to the problems posed by the basic adventure situation.



There is no one ideal solution to the game (although some are better than others), and the gamemaster must remember to allow the group to improvise the possible solutions that best suit them. At some point, after they have learned everything that can be learned from the planned encounters, the adventurers must be allowed to make their own way.

to free decision should not be noticed or remarked upon, save perhaps in retrospect.

Although there is no one 'right' way to resolve this adventure, some approaches are obviously better than others. With seemingly endless possibilities, it will be largely up to the gamemaster, armed with his knowledge of the overall situation and game structure, to determine what will happen when the characters move to destroy the lytean menace to London. This chapter section presents certain guidelines and possibilities that are most likely to arise, and suggests the course of events that will follow from certain key decisions the players might make. Even when the characters do not

quite follow any of the particular paths described here, their choices may still at least be close enough to a course of action described to permit the gamemaster to use some of these ideas in implementing his own resolution.

The gamemaster is urged to make events move along rapidly, building to an exciting climax. If the players falter, he should introduce some event or occurrence that will keep things moving. For example, Hines might be made to kidnap one of the characters or Julia Fraser in an effort to learn the location of the starship. Or, the gamemaster might have Bannister and Jenkins see a chance to turn a profit by selling out to Jellicoe/Hines, thus leading the adventurers into some kind of trap. These and other complications can be introduced anytime the characters seem unable or unwilling to go forward, and can preserve the style and feel of excitement that characterizes the *Dr. Who* television series.

FINDING THE STARSHIP

Ultimately, the adventurers will be led to the lytean starship, either by information received from the two criminals, or by following them there and catching them on the spot. In either event, the characters can explore the ship freely (See **The Background** for details on the ship and its contents), and Bannister and Jenkins will eventually reveal their story.

They tell of their initial discovery of the ship during the abortive bank robbery, when the tunnel they were digging from the Oxford street sewer lines

ran up against the metal hull. They found an opening and went inside, discovering a strange series of rooms filled with machines they did not understand. Bannister believed it to be a ship for travelling through the ethers to other worlds, like those described by the French writer Jules Verne, but he thinks it may come from another world than our own.

The two crooks then decided to loot the empty ship and sell the seemingly worthless items they found there to rich collectors for large sums of money. They were able to do this despite the odd fit that Jenkins had the first night, during which he screamed and rolled around like a lunatic. Bannister got him to a doctor who examined him. By the time the examination was over, Jenkins had calmed down again. Though he could not remember anything of what had happened during the fit, he was right as rain thereafter.

Only if directly asked will the two crooks identify the doctor in question as Henry Jellicoe.

As to the ship itself, it contains no external clues to its origins, but a Time Lord character who makes a *Galactic History* Skill Roll (Difficulty Level V) will recognize the design; the TARDIS computer will also identify it if the ship's layout is fed into it. By either of these methods, the characters can discover the fact that the vessel is lytean in origin, and thus unlock the history of the lytean race as presented in **The Background** section. If the players are slow to think of this, a roll against Intuition might be used to allow a hint to this effect. The full background story will probably never be revealed in detail, but the characters may surmise the key

points from the historical material on file and from the fact that the lifeboat bay is empty.

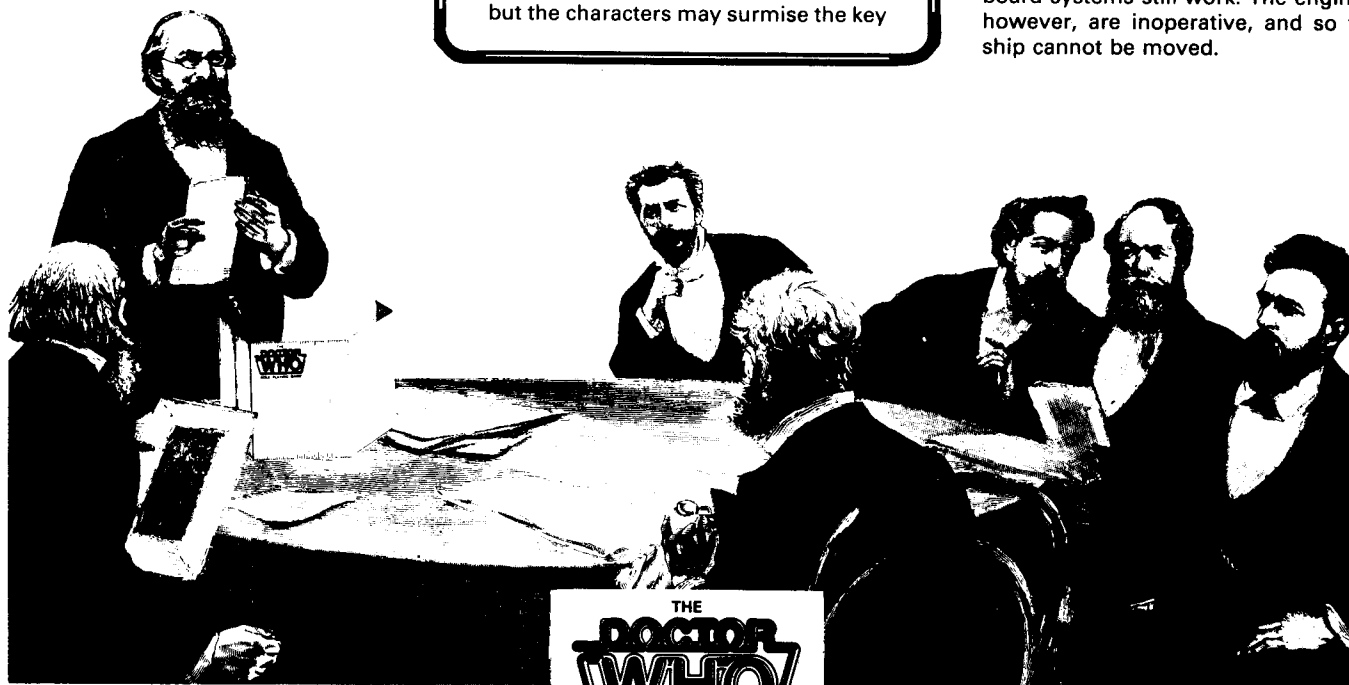
PLAYER PRIORITIES

At this point, the player characters are still faced with two major problems. First, there is the renegade lytean who is evidently inhabiting the body of Henry Jellicoe and using drugs to carry out his Changes into Ned Hines. They know that the alien wants to find the ship again, and its interest in the drugs will, when combined with the general information on racial characteristics, give a clue to its motives. The chemical stores and synthesizers aboard the ship are important to its plans for future domination, both of Jellicoe and of the entire planet.

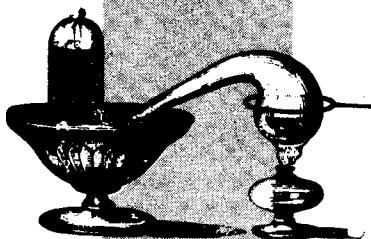
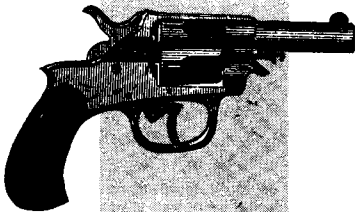
Even if this isn't obvious, however, the lytean must still be stopped before Jellicoe is lost forever to the will-sapping drug and the power of The Change. The capture or death of the lytean fugitive is of first priority.

In addition, the ship holds too many dangers to be allowed to survive. There are four more lytean criminals still sealed in stasis pods. If released, they would seek symbiosis with any living thing they might contact. The escape of additional lyteans could complicate the adventure considerably, but they can also be resealed in their stasis pods.

Instrument panels on board the ship can be recognized and operated by characters who successfully make use of *Astronautics Technology Skill* (at Difficulty Level IV), but all indicator lights burned out long ago. The ship still has a power supply, and most on-board systems still work. The engines, however, are inoperative, and so the ship cannot be moved.



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The lytean vessel has no true weaponry, except for the digging tools and the police guns. Any character with *Ordinance Construction/Repair*, *Electronics*, or *Force Field Technology Skills* could, if he so desired, rewire the systems for either the digging tool or a police gun to produce a feedback effect that would turn the power of the device back on the ship itself, causing the police gun to attack life forms on board the ship, or the disintegrator to build up a charge that would dematerialize the ship and everything in it 30 seconds after firing. This, in fact, is the only way the ship can be completely eliminated without destroying a large section of the city of London. When and how the destruction of the ship is achieved will depend on what the adventurers decide to do next.

SEARCH FOR THE IYTEAN

With the discovery of and investigation of the lost starship, the adventurers have all the clues they need to solve the mysteries they have encountered so far. They now hold the information needed to define the problem, assess the dangers, and formulate a solution. That solution, though, may take numerous different forms, limited only by the ingenuity of the group.

Killing The lytean

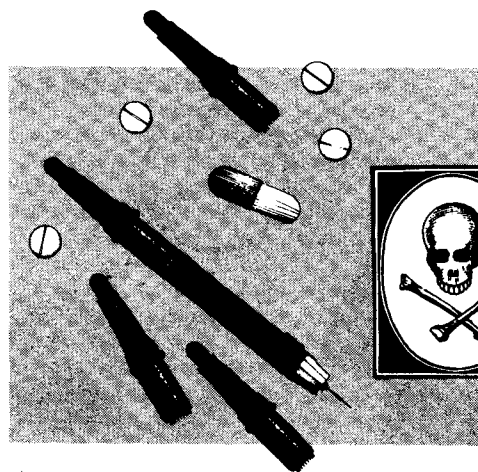
It is obvious that the best way to end the lytean's threat is to kill it, but this is not as easy as it sounds. The death must be quick, and it must thoroughly destroy the creature, for mere wounds will barely slow down either the lytean or its host. Nor will it be enough to kill Jellicoe/Hines. The symbiont will repair most damage, and can always abandon the body if the

need is great. It must also be remembered that the symbiont can escape from almost any trap, so long as it has five minutes and holes the size of human skin pores through which to flow. The lytean could disappear into the ground, if it so desired, reappearing later.

Fire would presumably kill the symbiont if it couldn't escape before the fire consumed it. So, too, would the lytean digging tools, either Fraser's or one of the other weapons aboard the ship. The large, ship-mounted digging tool aboard the police vessel also could be rigged to destroy everything on board, including the lytean if it were lured there.

If the lytean were to escape, destruction of the chemical synthesizer in the sick bay would be a fairly sure way of limiting its ability to cause more trouble, as the creature would be without its vital tranquilizing drug (which contains compounds that cannot be duplicated on Earth.)

Any attempt to kill the lytean, though, must take the life of its host into account. Jellicoe could be sacrificed, but he is an innocent victim of the lytean's power. The ethical and moral position of characters who would do such a thing is weak indeed, very far from the spirit of both the game and the TV series. The gamemaster should be sure to point this out, and the player who would ignore the plight of the unfortunate Jellicoe should face some sort of game-induced retribution for his actions — if only a severe slap on the wrist by the CIA, who are compassionate and unlikely to condone such behavior.



Freeing Jellicoe

It is possible to force the lytean out of Jellicoe's body, which would enable the group to kill or capture the alien. The police weapons were designed to do just that by setting up a complete sensory overload in an lytean's host; this would cause the lytean to flee at once, and would also stun it sufficiently to make its escape sluggish. Another effective approach involves setting up a situation that would so convincingly seem to threaten Jellicoe's life that the lytean is fooled. If it *thought* Jellicoe was about to be burned, electrocuted, or disintegrated, the lytean might withdraw and attempt to flee. Such a maneuver would require suitable Skill Rolls at very high Difficulty Levels to work properly.

Enlisting Jellicoe

Henry Jellicoe is fighting for his life. Under the lytean's influence, he has been working against everything he has ever believed in, and his very will and personality have been slowly slipping away. Although the lytean has suppressed some of Jellicoe's memories, it revels in strong emotions, including guilt and horror. Jellicoe knows that he has killed, and hates himself and his alter ego Hines for that. The doctor could well be the group's most valuable ally.

Any character with *Chemistry* or *Pharmacology* skills will know immediately (and should be so informed by the gamemaster) that drugs might be prepared that would strengthen Jellicoe's resistance to outside domination. Such drugs would enable him to resist the impulse to use the alien chemical, and would help him block memory suppression and other subtle manipulations by the lytean. This would not be a permanent solution, but could at least offer temporary respite from lytean interference while other plans were implemented.

Fortified by such drugs, Jellicoe's remorse would almost certainly find an outlet in a suicide attempt. When normal methods fail (thanks to the symbiont's ability to resist damage), Jellicoe might well attempt to destroy himself with fire or (if he knows about it) with one of the disintegration methods.

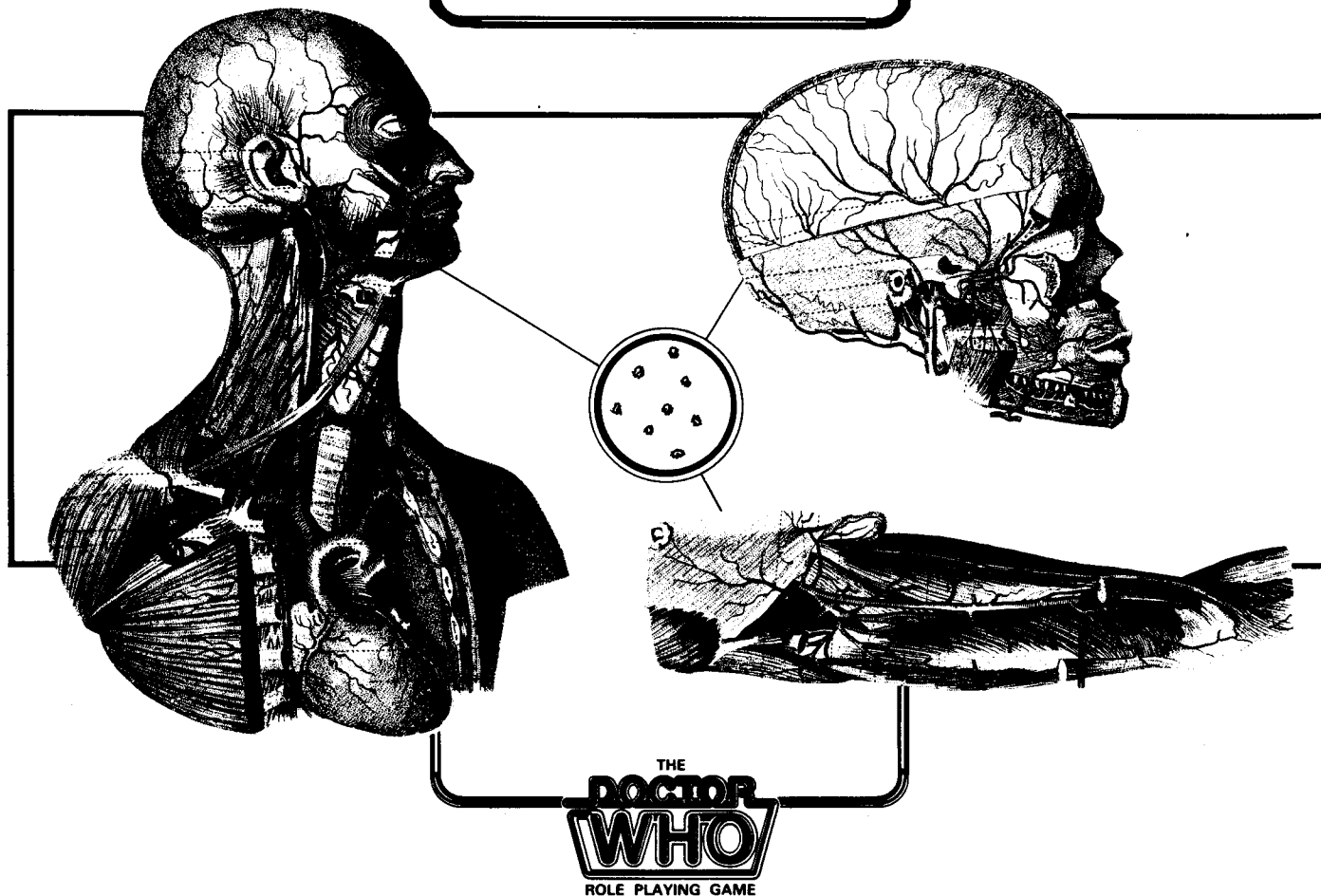
Administering these drugs would not be easy. First, they must be synthesized (a Difficulty Level IV task); then they must be given to Jellicoe. Shots will not work, as the lytean can choose to block at will any needle entering the skin. The only option likely to work is to slip the drugs into Jellicoe's food or drink, although there is still a good chance (roughly even) that the lytean will detect and neutralize the foreign substance. This is also true, by the way,

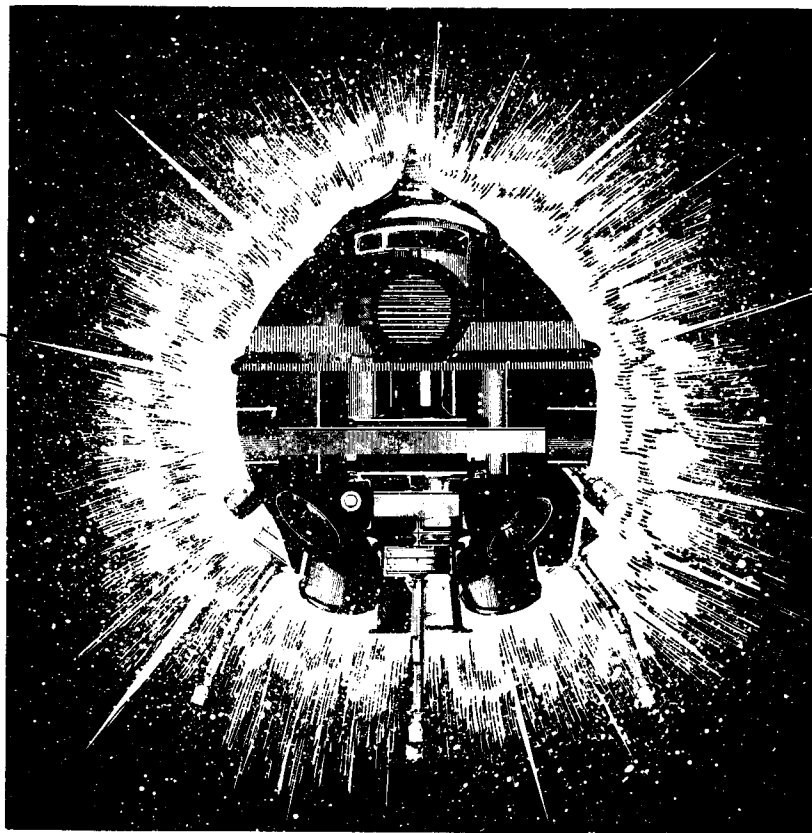
of any poison or knock-out drug, save that detection of these (because they display immediate physiological signs) is automatic.

If Jellicoe can be approached while in his normal form, and, if the group can persuade him to talk with them, he will prove eager to cooperate with them. He sincerely believes that it is his own research that has created his dual personality, and knows nothing about the alien or its goals. There are certain gaps in his memory, including the original examination of Jenkins and the theft of the ampoules from Carruthers; he is not aware of the significance of the alien drugs, and doesn't know why Hines is so eager to find Bannister and Jenkins. Otherwise, he has been allowed to remember most of his other self's actions. Anything done or said in Jellicoe's presence will be known to the lytean, who has full use of Jellicoe's senses at all times. Thus, the doctor's cooperation will be a mixed blessing, even if it can be obtained.

Capturing The lytean

If the lytean can be forced out of the host body, it can be captured rather than destroyed. A completely solid container is needed to hold it, which raises problems in providing food and air without giving it an avenue of escape. The stasis pods aboard the police ship,





of course, can obviate those needs, but it must be remembered, too, that the police ship must also be eliminated.

There is actually very little chance that the lytean can be stopped without being killed. Still, adventurers who are compassionate enough to come up with a viable solution (such as removing the stasis pods and imprisoning the creature elsewhere, or taking it back in time to deliver it to justice on its own world) should be given every chance to do so. Just as gratuitous violence is out of character for a Time Lord, so too is sympathetic behavior completely *in* character. Good role-playing of this kind should always be amply rewarded.

Destroying The Ship

The ship must be destroyed if it is not to offer a perennial danger to the planet. There is no way of knowing how many other dangerous tools or weapons might be found on board, and it is too great a risk to allow such technology to just sit there under the streets of London. There are also several more stasis pods on board containing other alien criminals, and these lyteans cannot be allowed to escape to cause more havoc.

As the effort to make a massive change in Time is more than most groups could easily manage, it is impractical to consider going back in time and eliminating the ship prior to its discovery. Too many variables are involved.

The ship might be placed into a time loop, which will remove any possibility of future danger and has the additional benefit of leaving the lytean criminals on board (though banished for all eternity). However, Time Loops are notoriously tricky to set up, and will require great skill and considerable luck to establish here.

Finally, as was noted elsewhere, the ship's weapons can be programmed to cause a self-destruct sequence that will destroy the ship without disturbing its surroundings. This is the simplest solution; any characters sufficiently concerned about the original lytean criminal to try to save it should be reminded that having the ship destroy itself would kill several other lyteans still in stasis.



PLAYER OPTIONS

When the adventurers have decided exactly what they want to do, there remains the key question of how their plans are to be accomplished. Here their options are even more varied, and these guidelines can only address the broadest possible topics.

CONFRONTATION WITH JELlicoe

The adventurers could seek out Jellicoe (or his alter ego) on his home ground, attempting to force an immediate confrontation. Jellicoe will be as hard to see as ever, with loyal servants ready to bar the way at all times. Thus, the main options here are to break in somehow, or to seek the showdown with Hines on one of his midnight jaunts through town.

Such a course of action will tend to give the quarry an advantage. If Jellicoe's home is invaded, the servants are still at hand, and the adventurers will have to act fast to convince Jellicoe (over the subconscious objections of the lytean) to help them. It is not likely that they could easily administer a counter-drug during a break-in either (unless the only purpose of the break-in is to add the drug to something Jellicoe might eat or drink later, and if the adventurers manage to avoid contact with the inhabitants of the house).

If Jellicoe happened to be surprised in the laboratory, he could easily be persuaded by the lytean to Change into Hines, and would thus become doubly dangerous. Remember that Hines has no compunctions about killing the adventurers, even if the group is hesitant concerning Jellicoe. The same is true of an open-air encounter in the streets of London. Still, any of these expedients might be made to work, depending on the specific plans, skills, luck, and other factors brought to bear on the situation.

CAPTURING HINES

As it is known that Hines wants to discover Bannister and Jenkins, and through them, the ship, the adventurers might think to lure the alien into a showdown on ground of their own choosing. There are any number of ways this trap might be baited, using Bannister and Jenkins, young Carruthers, Julia Fraser, or even one of the adventurers to reveal the location of the warehouse or of the ship itself in a way that Hines cannot miss. The alien will surely follow, and then the trap, whatever it is, can be sprung.

OTHER POSSIBILITIES

The two options presented above cover the major possibilities; almost any plan the adventurers arrive at will probably be variations on one of these main themes. But players can often hit upon some unusual ideas, and the gamemaster must be ready to accommodate any they may consider. Keep in mind that changing events that have already taken place is not likely to work. Any other solution that uses imagination and good planning can be played out as the gamemaster sees fit, using **The Background** and other facets of the adventure as a starting point, the ingenuity and abilities of the players to create the situation, and the game rules and character attributes and skills to resolve it all.

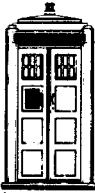
INACTION

If the adventurers choose to do nothing, it is up to the gamemaster to keep events moving along. Several possibilities exist, and many more may occur to those gamemasters with particularly fertile or fiendish imaginations.

One major possibility would be to allow Hines to locate Bannister and Jenkins; perhaps he was still lurking near the Fraser house after his attack on the Colonel and detected the familiar auras of the two criminals when they drove by. He might then have discovered their warehouse, but been forced to postpone a reckoning with them by the time limit imposed by his drug. If Hines can track them in this fashion, he might turn up at the warehouse, or even trail the party to the starship. This could force the party's hand and lead to an exciting showdown, even if the players show no inclination to act.

Another possibility would be a repeat performance at the Fraser home. While the adventurers are elsewhere, Hines might break in, kidnap Julia, and use her to force the player characters to reveal what they know of the starship or the two crooks. This would add the problem of rescuing the girl to their other tasks, and would be very much in keeping with the traditions of the *Dr. Who* television series.

Other spurs to players who seem reluctant to take matters into their own hands can be administered at need. Some groups may rely on the gamemaster's orchestration of events so much that they will require this sort of prodding, while others will be capable of acting freely. Even with groups that can take action on their own, it may be that the gamemaster will want to introduce these complications in the interests of building more tension and excitement into the story.



PLOT COMPLICATIONS

Some possible complications, such as the kidnapping of one or another character by Jellicoe/Hines, have already been mentioned. Following are some other problems that might arise during the adventure to make things more difficult or exciting.

THE IYTEAN TRIUMPH

The adventure as written assumes that the lytean has not yet completely broken Jellicoe's will, and so is subject to a time limit (six to eight hours) for each period of Change into Hines. But it is possible that the breaking point of Jellicoe's resistance is in sight. If this is the case, it is the Hines personality that dominates, and without the use of the drug at that. Jellicoe might be able to assert himself on occasion, but any relaxation of his vigilance would result in the lytean's taking control once again. This will enable the lytean to move about more freely, and will make Hines a more dangerous foe.

OTHER RENEGADES

There are four more criminals aboard the lytean ship, unless, that is, others have been freed accidentally since the discovery of the vessel by Jenkins and Bannister. None of the other lyteans has the scientific knowledge to duplicate the drug that permits The Change to occur, but an lytean criminal who happens to inhabit a human of weak will or evil nature might find it possible to at least strike up a sort of

alliance, or even institute a partial Change (of personality, if not of form) that would cause considerable trouble. A second lytean renegade could complicate life for the adventurers considerably, particularly as it may know the location of the ship and be after some of the weapons and equipment on board. (It might also be searching for the first lytean, knowing that it has the scientific knowledge needed to subdue humans to total lytean control.)

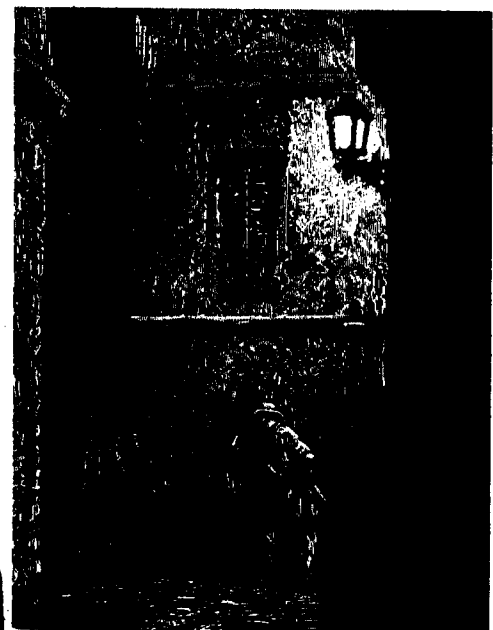
FRASER

As written, the adventure presents Fraser's plans and actions as a red herring to draw the adventurers' attention away from Jellicoe until all the clues are in. The story line works well in that form, but the gamemaster could easily shift the emphasis to make Fraser more of an active danger. If need be, he could even be possessed and partially controlled by one of the other renegades (carried there by Bannister on one of his sales trips); in this case, Fraser would be motivated by the malicious temptations of a symbiont (playing on the original fears and jealousies that made Fraser interested in a violent coup in the first place). He would be a much more evil and dangerous foe to overcome.

The gamemaster can develop this plot complication in any direction desired, up to and including the possibility that Fraser knows the location of the ship to start with, and could show up during a showdown to foul up all the adventurers' plans at a moment of crisis. Again, though, Fraser is not himself basically evil, and he might well repent of his actions and sacrifice himself to eliminate the lyteans.



THE
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TYING UP LOOSE ENDS

Most adventures have a few loose ends, and it is not always possible to explain everything that happened. The gamemaster should decide how much of the unrevealed background, motivations, and activities of off-stage NPCs should be revealed once the adventure is over. (This will depend on the chances of running sequel adventures later; it is even possible that nagging questions about what really happened would prompt a trip back in time. A whole new adventure might be based on an investigation into the period when the lytean ship crashlanded, for instance.)

Following are loose ends that should *not* remain hanging.

THE COLONEL

Colonel Fraser should die or be on the point of death when the adventure ends. He should definitely confess his plans and give the disintegrator tool to the adventurers.

THE RELIC

One of the police weapons *must* remain with the Fraser family. The players can willingly leave one, knowing that it must be discovered in the future to bring them here. If they don't, the gamemaster should invent another plausible explanation: perhaps that a fourth weapon existed, hidden in the old man's country estate; or, perhaps Julia steals one at the last minute as a souvenir of her grandfather's struggle and repentance. The gun discovered in the future must be accounted for somehow, or a monumental paradox will be set up.

NEW COMPANIONS

Though it is not necessary for the group to acquire new companions, Julia Fraser and Thomas Carruthers are eminently suited for the position. Indeed, the Fraser family history hints at such a thing in Julia's case, as she evidently disappeared around the time of the Colonel's death.

Of course, if she *doesn't* stow away on the TARDIS (and that is something the character would be likely to do, given her personality), her disappearance should be explained some other way. Perhaps the shock of what happened was so much that she fled England for some distant land, or perhaps



she and Carruthers fall in love and marry before moving to Canada, the United States, South Africa, or Australia to start a new life. Julia's fate should be made clear, and possibly that of young Carruthers as well.

THE SHIP

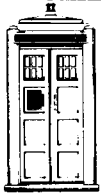
Failure to destroy the lytean starship could prove to be a major embarrassment. The need to do this should be stressed, even if it is necessary to intervene directly with the news that an Underground rail line will run right through the site a century hence. As no ship was excavated in the 20th century, it must be eliminated in the 19th.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

The astute player will certainly recognize a number of key similarities between the lytean affair and the popular Robert Louis Stevenson story published late in the year 1885. The gamemaster is referred to the fictional piece that closes this booklet for a way of tying up that particular loose end.



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TARDIS MODEL 51 PERSONALITIES

The Model 51 TARDIS was distinguished from previous (and later) types by the complexity and size of its on-board computer. In this model, Gallifreyan cyberneticists attempted to provide a computer system so advanced as to be sentient. The original hope had been to eliminate the need for involving Time Lords in observational journeys altogether, substituting a machine which could think and act intelligently under any circumstances. Design modifications abandoned this concept, but retained the motion of a TARDIS which would be more a partner than a tool to Time Lords in the field. For this purpose the Model 51 TARDIS computer was given Cybernetic Personality Matrix which was supposed to mimic Gallifreyan mental and emotional responses.

Unfortunately, the Model 51s never quite worked as intended. Evidently, insufficient shielding or some other basic design flaw left the CPMs open to periodic personality realignments which caused the machines to deviate considerably from their original performance parameters. Thus, while the Model 51 was extremely versatile – an untrained child could run one simply by letting the computer make all settings and operation decisions – it was also erratic in actual function. Bizarre personality aberrations, rarely dangerous but always annoying, interfered with the utility of the model, and most were scrapped as unreliable. A few continue in service, surfacing at Gallifreyan repair centers with remarkable regularity for personality readjustments. Several had wound up in CIA hands as a result.

SIMULATING TARDIS PERSONALITIES

To simulate use of a Model 51 TARDIS, the gamemaster should arrive at a Personality Trait for the machine, as given in the table below. The various traits are described in more detail following the table. Within the limits imposed by its 'personality', the TARDIS is a very versatile machine, able to travel as if operated at performance level no matter what the actual skill of the operator; to diagnose and guide repairs at a similar performance level; to process and correlate data bank entries without being ordered to do so; to operate the chameleon circuit without prior scanning; and do almost anything else the gamemaster decrees is possible.

The problem, of course, is getting the TARDIS to do these things. As long as it is under computer control, the vehicle will respond according to the computer's personality. A 'helpful' personality will act and respond to the slightest unwary suggestion or comment; a 'sullen' one will answer questions only after being coaxed; a 'protective' TARDIS won't open the doors if it thinks something outside might threaten the characters, and so on.

When dealing with the Model 51 TARDIS, *Haggling* or *Negotiation/Diplomacy* skill must be used to counteract the effects of various personality traits. Treat the situation like any normal confrontation with an NPC. The TARDIS can be released to manual control (except for the TARDIS computer system itself), which restores all functions to their normal game abilities – except that the computer will still be subject to the personality trait when used to process data or perform other functions.

Personality traits are not permanent. Any time the TARDIS suffers any type of damage there is a chance of a personality change. The chance also exists each time any kind of jump (except a microjump) is made. This basic chance is a roll of 1-3 on 1D6, and should be checked each time an applicable situation arises. The characters

may also deliberately institute a personality change by making a *Computer* or *Cybernetics Technology* skill roll at Difficulty Level V. This would be done in the hope of getting better computer personality, but the results remain random. Any time a personality change occurs, the table is consulted again and a new trait is implemented.

The gamemaster should never allow the interaction between the characters and the computer to completely overshadow the game, any more than the breakdown of the Doctor's TARDIS's chameleon circuit dominates his television adventures. Use of the Model 51 TARDIS is intended as a minor annoyance and a way of keeping a degree of subtle humor in the game to match that of Doctor Who itself. Taken in this spirit, these rules can create extra enjoyment, but should never be allowed to detract from the adventure itself.

TARDIS MODEL 51 PERSONALITIES

1-2	3-4	5-6
1 Helpful	Sullen	Hostile
2 Stubborn	Cautious	Practical Joker
3 Protective	Complaining	Slow
4 Balanced	Bossy	Haughty
5 Balanced	Balanced	Argumentative
6 Balanced	Balanced	Balanced



THE
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PERSONALITY DESCRIPTIONS

Balanced

The TARDIS performs as intended, without personality flaws or problems.

Helpful

The TARDIS is eager to help, so eager that it often acts *too* quickly or too well. It may move before the group is ready, give more data than is required, etc.

Stubborn

The TARDIS arrives at a given course of action and then sticks to it, attempting to ignore subsequent orders until the first one is carried out.

Protective

The TARDIS does not wish to expose the crew to harm. It may refuse to allow the characters out of the vehicle, or it may ignore orders that would place the group in danger.

Sullen

The TARDIS is reluctant to do *anything*, and sulks.

Cautious

The TARDIS is concerned with its own safety, and will attempt to refuse programming that it deems the least bit difficult or hazardous.

Complaining

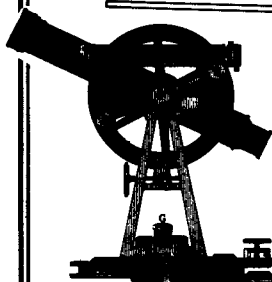
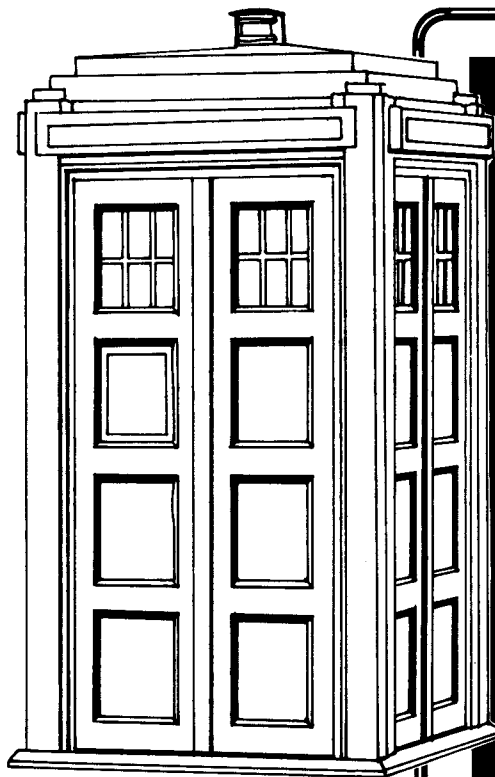
The TARDIS does not like any of the orders it receives, and, though they are carried out, it will make clear its reluctance in no uncertain terms.

Bossy

The TARDIS will attempt to tell the characters what to do. It will program destinations and actions on its own, making suggestions and demands every step of the way unless persuaded to cooperate.

Hostile

The TARDIS is an active danger to the group, and will try to expel, lose, or ignore the group. It will not, however, *directly* endanger them. (Stranding them on a hostile world is fine, but it won't turn off the life support system.)



Practical Joker

The TARDIS develops a low sense of humor. It may falsify readouts, print out insults on the viewscreen, or indulge in any number of other practical jokes.

Slow

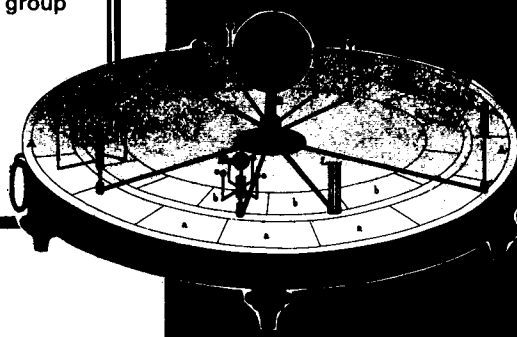
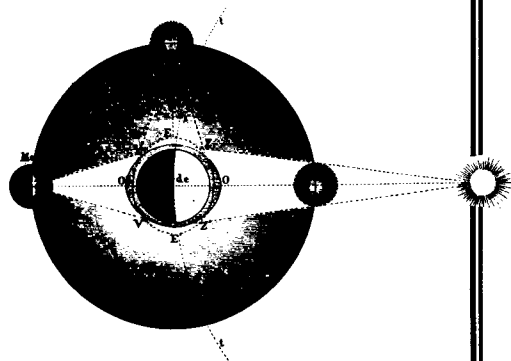
The TARDIS takes its time responding to orders, the length of time being directly proportional to the urgency of the situation.

Haughty

The TARDIS behaves in an arrogant, supercilious fashion.

Argumentative

Each time an order is given, the TARDIS will attempt to point out all possible alternatives and possibilities, and will make every effort to get the group to reconsider their position.





SKILL EXPLANATIONS

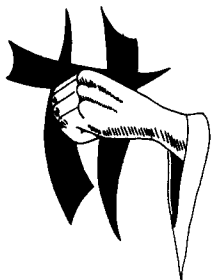
ATLANTEAN PSEUDO-HISTORY

This represents familiarity with Ignatius Donnelly's Atlantean theories, comparative mythology, and other aspects of the pseudo-scientific speculation that argued the existence of the lost continent.



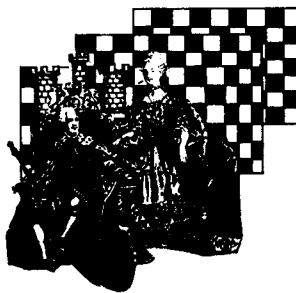
BARITSU

A Japanese martial arts technique, chiefly notable as having been practiced by the fictional Sherlock Holmes. The discipline was an Oriental form of boxing emphasizing use of the hands.



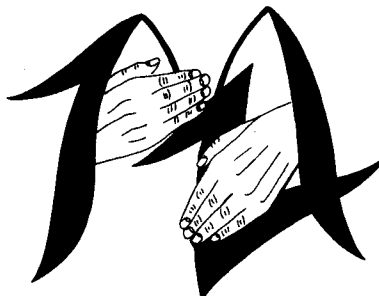
FOUR-DIMENSIONAL CHESS

A Time Lord game adapted from Earth's chess, but involving multiple levels and the ability to dematerialize pieces from the board and have them materialize elsewhere on later turns of the game. The game is very popular on Gallifrey, but humans have a great deal of trouble grasping the variables that govern a piece utilizing 'time travel'.



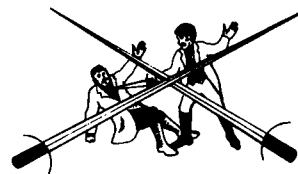
MARTIAN ZLYNZYX

An obscure martial arts discipline created by the Ice Warriors of Mars.



SINGLESTICK

The singlestick was a wooden stave used in training for various types of fencing maneuvers. The singlestick itself (or any walking stick or other short staff used in this manner) is handled as if it were a Dexterity-related Short Sword (Damage = 1D6, DDF -1); characters with the skill can also handle any Dexterity-related Medium Sword with the same skill level.



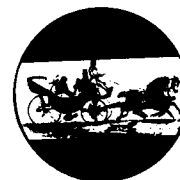
SYNBOX

A musical instrument of 26th century Earth, the synbox is a small box that can be programmed to provide automatic harmony for a vocal music piece. Most synboxes are coded to respond to only one voice.



TRIVIA, PROFESSION

Servants are given this skill to represent mastery of their own duties. A cab driver, for example, would treat this as *Vehicle Operation* for a carriage of hansom, while a butler would use the skill as if it were in *Negotiation/Diplomacy* (for greeting visitors) or any other area appropriate to his job.





OTHER ADVENTURES

The lytean symbionts offer many possibilities for additional adventures, and gamemasters should feel free to experiment. The gamemaster is invited to take the lytean background as a starting point, and from there develop other adventures that can start from (but by no means end with) this basic material.

For example, should one of the renegade lyteans have managed to escape in 1885, a second Victorian-era adventure is possible.

THE RIPPER

In the years between 1888 and 1891, London's Whitechapel District (on the East End) was stalked by Jack the Ripper, the mass murderer none could catch. A surviving lytean, manipulating the mind of some weak-willed individual, might have been responsible, and the adventurers could become involved in an effort to track down the alien.



OTHER IYTEANS

The lytean race almost certainly survived the destruction of their planet and the breaking of their federation by the Anar and the Isari, if only in isolated groups. Given their stasis technology, lytean survivors – some of them willing to resort to any means, even violation of their old taboo against symbiosis with intelligent races, in order to survive – might turn up almost anywhere, at any time, to pose a possible danger to the safety of the Earth, or of the whole universe.

Earth legends are filled with stories of creatures that change shape and personality; might these not have been inspired by an lytean visitation? Perhaps werewolves or other lycanthropes of folklore are memories of the lytean Change imposed on some group of possessed humans.

Adventures await!



THE HUNTERS HOME FROM THE HILL

"Leave it to Rollo to be late," Erin remarked, frowning. We were waiting in the TARDIS, ready to go at last, but as usual the Time Lord had chosen to wander off on his own for a while. Julia Fraser sat alone in the archaic armchair in one corner of the control room. The death of her grandfather, and the rest of the horrible confrontation with the alien that had possessed Henry Jellicoe, had left her shattered. Verika had insisted that she be allowed to come with us, to get as far away from her grandfather's memory as possible. Everyone agreed that it was a good idea, but her grief dampened all of our spirits.

All but one, that is. The TARDIS door swung open, and a boisterous laugh heralded Rollo's return. The Time Lord, still decked out in black cape and top hat, was all smiles and good cheer as he entered the control room. "So sorry to be gone so long," he said, removing the cape with a flourish and tossing it in the general direction of the suit of armor by the door. "I ran into this very nice fellow, and we got to talking over lunch. Time just seemed to get away from me, don't you know."

Verika came in from the other door,

the queer one that sometimes seemed to lead to a hall, and other times to the computer room. I still hadn't figured out how to get where I wanted to go through it. She caught Rollo's last words and smiled at the bad joke. "It usually does," she told him.

He didn't even slow down. "Quite an interesting fellow, really, for this day and age. Writer chap, wants to go out to the South Sea, though heaven knows it isn't what it was when Captain Cook and I were there. Seemed quite interested in this lytean thing, though."

"Captain Cook?" Erin asked, raising an eyebrow.

"No, no, of course not," Rollo said. "Really, now, how could I have told him then what hadn't happened yet, eh? I may be a Time Lord, but I'm surely not a magician, you know. At least, not that kind, what?" As if by way of emphasis, he produced a coin – one of those American Susan B. Anthony things he was so fond of – from thin air, then made it vanish again. "No, I meant this writer fellow. Stevens, no, Stevenson, I think he said his name was. I say, I wonder what sort of things he writes about?"

Verika held up a book she'd been carrying under her arm. "Try this one," she said. "You might find it rather interesting."

He took it from her. "*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?*" he read out loud. "What's it all about?"

"Let's just say," Verika said, grinning, "that truth is still stranger than fiction after all."



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DANGER STALKED THE STREET...

Out in the fog-shrouded night of Victorian London, an evil force was lurking, waiting to strike. A senseless murder, over a strange artifact, was only the very beginning of the terror of **The lytean Menace**. What was the ancient evil, and how had it been awakened? Where would it strike next?

The Time Lord and his Companions had been sent to the capital of Queen Victoria's realm to learn the source of a strange weapon that should never have been on Earth at all. What they found was a web of mystery and deception that led them, step by step, to a confrontation with **The lytean Menace**.



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