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# Lost Pages of Tobin's Spirit Guide

an article for West End Game's Ghostbuster  
RPG

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by *Jonatha Ariadne Caspian and Kim  
Mohan*

## From the Desk of Raymond Stanz

I couldn't be more excited if we found out that Walter Peck, that interfering investigator with the CCHFCS, was really a Class IV repeater! New pages from Tobin's Spirit Guide!

No, wait: let me back up a minute. You might not have heard that Tobin's is being rereleased by GBI. We found a copy of the original, first edition... in a basement of a Manhattan tenement on the brink of demolition! The whole story's in the introduction to the GBI edition being published this November by our printing house, West End Games. The important part is that Tobin's is incomplete.

Unfortunately, due to the ravages of time and Vermin and carelessness on the part of the book's first owners, not all of the pages were intact--or even legible. We made every effort, using the most modern techniques in preservation and reconstruction, to distill as much of the manuscript as possible. And if I do say so myself, we did a very nice job. We even saved some of the pictures!

Anyway, when we were finished overseeing the editing and construction of the new edition, I took the time to send out an all points bulletin to our franchises, offering a reward to the Ghostbusters who tracked down any of the missing Pages.

My efforts were rewarded. The VanWyckhouse brothers, who operate the Ghostbusters of Galilee franchise, uncovered these entries, torn from the book and used as insulation in a Pennsylvania farmhouse wall.

It is the valiant efforts of such brave researchers that will eventually uncover the whole text of Tobin's. Until such time, I must be content to proudly present Lost Pages from Tobin's Spirit Guide. Happy 'Busting!



## The Spirit Sword

From some of the earliest scholars' accounts, the Hunnic race has been looked upon with dread and loathing. They were recorded as fiendish magicians, devilspawn, even companions of the Apocalypse! The Romans and Germanic peoples upon whom they descended held them in mortal terror.

It is true that the Christian writers were much prejudiced against their barbarian invaders, and often ascribed to them fantastical or absurd practices, but the constant mention of magic and spirits in association with the Huns piqued my curiosity. I resolved to conduct my own research into the paranormal tales recorded about the Huns. I was rewarded with the discovery of the Spirit Swords of the Huns.

The Huns who desolated eastern Europe in the 440s and 450s were a barbaric people who worshiped many natural spirits and gods. They never washed their tunics, so as not to anger the water spirits. They believed in the rage of fire gods and the thunder of the swift gallop above all things. Most importantly, their battle implements were possessed of spirits that needed blood to be appeased.

## Spirit Sword

### *bloodthirsty blade*

The sword can use its *poltergeist* ability to fling itself at a victim, and has great accuracy of aim. If it has no master, it may seek to graze the victim, so that it can "taste" his blood. If it has an owner already, it usually aims to kill.

Though swords account for the largest percentage of possessed weapons in researched accounts, it is possible that these vicious spirits also *possess* other implements as well. If a blade seems to move of its own account, or its handlers, though normally cautious, become nick-prone in its presence, then a victim had better take care. Most possessed blades owe allegiance to their masters—but who's to say if the victim is the worthy soul?

|       |   |             |
|-------|---|-------------|
| Power | 5 | Poltergeist |
|       |   | Possess     |

|             |
|-------------|
| Ecto-       |
| presence 11 |

**Goal:** Bloodletting

**Tags:** Ectoplasmic, mindless; in weapon form, tapping, jiggling impatience

Attila the Hun, whom some call the god-king and the greatest conqueror of the tribe, had such a possessed sword.

According to legend, his slave noticed one of the king's oxen was limping. When the servant checked the hoof, he discovered a cut as from a blade. Apparently familiar with the ways of Spirit Swords (else why would he undertake so arduous a task?), the servant searched the whole pasture for the weapon. As he ranged the grasses of the far edge, a great bronze sword, its hilt inlaid with gold and precious stones, flew up from the ground and wounded him on the forearm. He knew it was the weapon destined for his master.

Indeed, the sword did not rest lightly in his hand, but quivered and pulled toward each man the servant encountered on his way to the king. When the bleeding servant reached Attila's audience, the possessed sword is said to have flung itself across the room, burying its point in the wood of the wall after grazing the king's cheek. Blood welled up in the scratch.

It is the king's reaction to this outrageous stunt that most convinces me that Spirit Swords were a well-known phenomenon among the Huns, for what rational king would not have his servant put to death after so iniquitous a deed, if he did not have cause to think it was not the servant's fault? The great Hun demanded no explanations. He simply strode backward and grasped the hilt of the weapon. "This sword," Attila said, "Promises to make me emperor of the world." Hunnic Spirit Swords are blood-thirsty and cruel. They desire to be wielded, and lie in wait for the appropriately forceful man to come upon them. It is said that they determine the worthiness of their victim by tasting his blood: thus when the mighty Attila was buried, his followers all slashed small wounds on their cheeks, that the sword might claim his successor. The sword seems to have been unhappy with its field of choice, for it disappeared.

## Offengufen

The German people are well known for their aggressiveness and industriousness--not necessarily because they have more of these qualities than folk of other nations, but because they display them so forthrightly and forcefully. Where an Englishman demonstrates his energy and drive by simply performing the task at hand and letting the result speak for itself, a Prussian is liable to preface the doing of the work with an announcement: "I am a hard worker, and now I will prove it." By saying this, I do not mean to alienate any readers who may be of Germanic descent. I mention this difference only as a point of information and explanation as to why the spirit known as Offengufen chose Germany as the place where it made its first earthly appearances. The spirit seems determined to teach such arrogance a lesson.

Otto Von Muenchvuden, an enthusiastic researcher from Brandenburg, recorded this fragment about Offengufen in his diary: "September 5th--Was called to Luckenwalde to investigate a curious case of ennui. Upon arrival found the victim, a military man of middle age, stretched out across a chaise longue. Wife said he had been in that posture a week, only rising to procure bread and cheese and ale. He extolled the virtues of inactivity, but in a desultory fashion, often lapsing into slumber. "She had called the doctor and when that good man could find no ailment or disease, called me."

## Offengufen

*easy does it*

The spirit's *control mind* ability is very specific, making the victim think that all he or she wants to do is take it easy. The feeling might pass quickly, but usually it lingers even after Offengufen goes elsewhere—because once a person starts goofin' off, it's awfully hard to stop.

|                   |    |                                           |    |
|-------------------|----|-------------------------------------------|----|
| Brains            | 7  | Efficiency                                | 10 |
| Cool              | 12 | Persuasiveness                            | 15 |
| Power             | 6  | Control Mind<br>Flight<br>Proton Immunity |    |
| Ecto-<br>presence | 10 |                                           |    |

**Goal:** Spread Laziness

**Tags:** Ectoplasmic, intelligent; overwhelming lassitude

"September 12th--Stayed with the von Hest family for a week, but was stymied in my investigation by lack of hard evidence of possession. In fact, harder I worked, more Herr von Hest apostrophized his pleasant state. Have returned to my own estate to check among my library for similar incidents. But I find the day is much too beautiful to spend indoors. The Asters are blooming, and the air is crisp and laden with the scent of apples. I shall begin my research later."

Von Muenchvuden never completed his investigation into the spirit--in fact, his research after this point became quite infrequent, scattered, and superficial.

Offengufen is interesting, because it is a contradiction unto itself. It has affected countless people through the ages, establishing itself as one of the busiest and most energetic spirits we know. Yet at the same time, the effect of the spirit on its victims is entirely in opposition to the vigor and ubiquity of the sightings. To put it as succinctly as possible, Offengufen makes people lazy. The spirit may infect its victim's mind at any time--when he is about to start some job, when he is already hard at work, or when he is relaxing after a job well done and before beginning some new task. It does not limit itself to people engaged at physical labor: it may attack folk enjoying entirely sedentary tasks, such as knitting, reading, or writing.

## Badajoz

Primitive peoples often practiced bizarre or disgusting rituals grounded in superstition; just as frequently their horrors came not from deliberate intent but from practical necessity. A researcher must be careful not to project his own inhibitions upon his subject, especially when dealing with matters of the occult.

Such is true of the Iberian rites of the dead. At least half of these ancient Spaniards were cremated after death, and the reason seems not to be delight in the ghoulish practice, but the sanitary considerations of a hot climate and poor soil conditions. Proper observation of the ritual included the

## Badajoz

### *funerary nitpicker*

This spirit is a strict observer of burial rites, to the point of burying the victim with its own peculiar version of *slime*. But usually, the offender receives warning of the spirit's unhappiness. If he finds the smell of burnt wood in the air, or a film of cinders in his house, it may not be simply effluvia from the factory next door—and he had better check on the grave of old Aunt Bea, for next time, he might not earn so gentle a reminder.

|                   |    |            |   |
|-------------------|----|------------|---|
| Brains            | 5  | Ritual     | 8 |
| Cool              | 3  | Implacable | 6 |
| Power             | 5  |            |   |
| Ecto-<br>presence | 4* |            |   |

\*variable

**Goal:** Proper Observance of Burial Rites

**Tags:** Ectoplasmic, intelligent; whiff of smoke, dusting of ash

ashes resulting from the pyre being carefully scooped up and hurled in small funerary jars. In this way, each of the dead was treated with dignity.

Badajoz was the spirit who watched over Iberian funerals. Sometimes the shade was seen as a spiral of smoke hanging over the stone cold pyre. Ancient writings tell us that this was a signal to commence the jarring of the ashes. More ominously, if the spirit felt the dead were slighted, it visited the responsible party's home as a breath of hot air or the odor of burning flesh. Now the victim had better see to the jarring and internment of the ashes post-haste, because the second warning of Badajoz's displeasure was a coating of ash over the whole contents of the victim's house.

Occasionally, even these warnings were not enough, and the spirit let loose its direct punishment; it filled every room of the victim's house with ash, rendering the dwelling useless. Several sites mentioned by ancient authors as examples of this outcome have been found, and when excavated, produced remarkable evidence of the spirit's work.

Ashes fill the rooms to a level with the ceiling beams, and we can find amphoras of wine and grain, and common household goods, at the depths of the ash. Obviously the victims had little warning of the inundation, for while they escaped themselves, they left behind all of their possessions!

The former occupants of such a house usually failed to re-occupy their dwellings, perhaps believing that such an action would simply anger Badajoz further, but rarely is more than one ash-drowned household in a community discovered, so that we may believe the victim learned his lesson, and Badajoz did not have to make a fourth reminder. In light of the excavating underway in that area of Italy including Pompeii and Herculaneum, I would like to suggest that Badajoz did not confine its influence strictly to the Iberian peninsula. It is known that the Iberians were subjugated by the Roman Empire. I submit that Badajoz was upset by the Roman practice of burning their dead. Its wrath was such

that it could induce the long extinct volcano, Vesuvius, to belch forth a huge quantity of steam and volcanic ash--and by inundating whole towns, make its displeasure felt even to the heart of Rome.

## Mouldenkurdl

I have the utmost respect for chemists and biologists, who have greatly improved our standard of living by discovering facts about the natural world. I say as much to anyone who listens. And in the next breath I tell them that a scientific truth is not necessarily universal--that there are forces at work in our world that defy logical explanation, even though the effects of their presence may be similar to some processes or phenomenon that also occur in nature.

With the advent of the relatively new science called bacteriology, scientists now can prove the existence of forms of life far too small to be seen by the naked eye. And they can say with certainty that these tiny, tiny creatures are responsible for many of the ills of our world. These miniscule pests cause organs to become diseased, food to spoil, and wounds to become infected. I believe the researchers' claims because I trust their methods and do not doubt their honesty. Sadly, most of them do not reciprocate in the way they view my field of endeavor. When a bacteriologist examines a case of spoilage or contamination that cannot be explained on the basis of what he knows, he says that the answer has yet to be discovered and he turns back to crouching over his microscope. When I examine the same case, I have the answer already-- because I believe in the existence of the spirit known as Mouldenkurdl.

The name I gave this entity is a very loose translation of the appellation used by villagers of Poland. The original name has so many consonants set down in such a hideous sequence that I imagine only a Polish tongue would be capable of rendering the proper sounds.

It is from this country that the most vivid and well-documented tales concerning Mouldenkurdl and its insidious activities come. The spirit makes its way in our world by assuming the form of one of the lower species-- some insect or animal that goes unnoticed by people around it, either by virtue of its small size or because creatures of the same sort are in great abundance. In Poland, the most frequently occurring form was the lowly toad; the least aggressive, most innocuous of animals. The story I relate is a typical tale, distilled from many accounts that differ from one another only in small details.

*A Hrubieszow farmer was quite happy with his dairy cattle until one of his best producers suddenly dried up. Thinking that the animal had taken ill, he doubled her feed and took especially good care of her. But after a week, he became concerned lest she infect the herd, and sold her to the slaughterhouse.*

*The next day he was distressed to discover that two of his cows were giving milk that was sour by the time it hit the pail. They too Went to the butcher.*

*The farmer stopped at a tavern to drown his sorrows and tell his tale of woe, and he was overheard by a traveler passing through the area.*

*The traveler told the farmer that he had heard of this sort of thing in his travels, and the solution to the problem was*

simple; watch carefully as the cows are led into the barn, and kill whichever is the last animal to pass through the doors.

That afternoon, the farmer sat by the doorway, sledgehammer in hand. He singled out the cow that straggled behind all the rest, and killed her with a single blow. Just as he closed the doors, a toad hopped across the threshold, but he gave it not a second thought, intent as he was on the removal of the cursed cow's body from his paddock. But at the next milking, he had trouble with yet two more of his herd: one was dry and the other gave milk so putrid he could not bear to smell it. He rushed back into the village, sought out the traveler, and threatened to throttle the man for giving him bad advice.

The traveler asked him to relate his story exactly, leaving out nothing. When the farmer got to the part about the toad, the other man chided him for not following his instructions and sent him home. Now the farmer knew what to do. Next day, he kept a lookout for the toad and, with one triumphant lunge, impaled the creature on his pitchfork.

From that day forward, every one of his cows gave nothing but fresh, sweet milk.

Communication in bygone days, particularly in the relatively backward countries of eastern Europe, was not nearly as efficient nor as sophisticated as we know it to be today. As such, it took a long time for the word to get around about Mouldenkurd! and the spirit's toad disguise was effective time after time after time. (Of course, the spirit itself could not be killed by something so primitive as a pitchfork or the heel of a boot. Mouldenkurd! simply returned to the ether, moved to assumed a new physical form.)

Today we have every reason to suspect that Mouldenkurd! has made its way westward. Nowadays Mouldenkurd! enters a home or a shop in the form of a termite, centipede, or other creature of similarly small size. As any householder

### Mouldenkurd!

*rotten to the core*

Mouldenkurd! uses its *materialize* to manifest as any of a variety of pests (whatever gets the job done). Its talent of *find openings* enables it to get in the smallest crack or hole, and *expensive tastes* means that it goes after the ritziest food it can find—brie over cheddar, sweet cream over nonfat milk. The one dairy product it never messes with is limburger cheese, because the stuff smells pretty rotten already.

|                   |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| Brains            | 4 | Find Openings                       | 7 |
| Cool              | 3 | Expensive Tastes                    | 6 |
| Power             | 4 | Flight<br>Materialize<br>Murphy (L) |   |
| Ecto-<br>presence | 6 |                                     |   |

**Goal:** Spoil Dairy Products

**Tags:** Ectoplasmic, intelligent; sour smell, fuzzy growth

or merchant can attest, no structure can be built so soundly that pests of these sorts cannot find a way in, and no amount of swatting or stomping can guarantee that every one of them has been found and killed.

Rather than spoil milk at the source, Mouldenkurd! creeps into an icebox in a store or a home, crawls up the side of a bottle, and turns the fresh milk into a quart of repulsive-looking, terrible-smelling liquid that an unknowing observer would swear had been left out in the sun for three days. If it finds a piece of cheese, what it leaves behind will be either a hardened block of brownish curd or a rotten, crumbling slab, barely recognizable as what it used to be because it is covered with a layer of nauseating, greenish mould. (The bacteriologists tell us that if cheese or bread develops mould, we can still eat the untainted part after simply scraping off or tearing away the inedible portion. I, for one, hope never to be that hungry.)

A mere two months ago, Shrewsbury and I were flattered to be invited to attend a banquet as guests of honor. We set out from our offices in Middlesex in midafternoon on the day of the event, intending to enjoy a leisurely journey to a manor house near the town of Brentwood, on the northeast outskirts of London.

When we arrived at the site of the town of Brentwood, we were greeted at the door by the man of the house, who also happened to be the president of the Brentwood League for the Investigation of Genuinely Horrific Things. He was very sorry to report that dinner would be delayed for at least two hours. All of the dairy products in the house, meant to be used as ingredients in pastries and vegetable dishes, had inexplicably gone bad even though they had been bought only that morning. He was forced to send servants to town for more supplies.

I smiled, and on the spot decided to change the topic of my address to the assemblage. Instead of what I had planned, I gave them the story of Mouldenkurd!, in much the same form that it is presented here. And I was inundated with a hearty round of applause when, in closing, I observed that it was entirely fitting for this spirit to pay a visit to a group whose initials were B.L.I.G.H.T.