



TRAIL OF THE MONOLITH

TALES OF THE MONOLITH, PART 2



A Globe-Spanning 1920s
Campaign Designed
by
Mike Nagel

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HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT

August 20, 1890 – March 15, 1937

TRAIL OF THE MONOLITH

A TWO-FISTED GLOBE-SPANNING CAMPAIGN FOR THREE TO FIVE INVESTIGATORS

The following scenario is a vastly updated version of the first reasonably good (in my opinion, of course) campaign-style adventure I ever wrote. Oddly enough, in its present incarnation, it acts as a sequel of sorts to *Scales of Time* – which was written considerably later – although it can be run independently as well. As I began the third re-write of the latter scenario (owing mostly to excellent feedback from John H. Crowe and the folks at Pagan Publishing), the two seemed to mesh surprisingly well. The result is a campaign where the actions of the players in the first part lead to some of the conditions in the second.

As does its “predecessor,” this scenario requires characters who have had some experience in the investigation of the eldritch and mysterious. The players themselves should be well versed in how to survive these types of adventures, as the mortality rate in this scenario is potentially high. In *Scales*, the characters were dealing with a fairly impotent cult that was endeavoring to join the big-leagues. In *Trail*, they will be dealing with a full-blown world-wide cult of significant power, and the slightest mis-step can lead to disaster -- or, to quote Captain Edmund Blackadder, “a fate worse than a fate worse than death ... that’s pretty bad!”

If the players are not overly experienced, it is recommended that the game master cut them as much slack as possible, or they will quickly lose interest in both the scenario and the game system itself. There is plenty of death and destruction at the end of the adventure to have to inflict it on the characters while it progresses.

As in all scenarios I write, there is no fixed time-line for the events that occur. If the characters get bogged down in one location for too long, introduce the next step to get them moving again. For the purposes of clarification, a time-line is included later in this introduction, but game masters should not consider it set in stone. If the game master keeps things moving along a a decent clip, the players should be able to get through the adventure in three to five sittings.

It should be noted that the year in which the campaign is run should be after 1924 if at all possible. The reason for this is due to the fact that a large section of the campaign takes place in Leningrad and the Soviet Union -- and until Lenin’s death in 1924, Leningrad was called “Petrograd” (and prior to 1914, “St. Petersburg,” as it has become once again). If Keepers are inclined to run the campaign in or prior to 1924, replace all references to Leningrad with Petrograd.

Having spent my formative years living in Brazil (both Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo), growing up with tales from its unique collection of myths and legends, I had always wanted to write a scenario that took place there. With very little exception, the two sections taking place south of the equator are drawn entirely from my memories and experiences. The sections taking place in Soviet Russia, however, I’ve endeavored to research as thoroughly as possible. Having done so, I’ve found that I very much want to visit some time.

At this point, I’d like to take a brief moment to acknowledge Keith Herber as the creator of Curtis Mathieson, a non-player character who has been a focal point in my campaigns since his first appearance in Chaosium’s “*Trail of Tsathoggua*” nearly three decades ago. Keith also created one of my favorite campaigns, “*The Fungi from Yuggoth*,” (also by Chaosium) and was one of my barometers while writing *Trail* (and if readers detect a “retro-eighties” feel to the campaign, now you know why!). Thanks Keith! Posthumous acknowledgment is also extended to Robert W. Chambers – the creator of Hastur – and James Blish – who brought to Chamber’s creation “more light.”

Combining with “*Scales of Time*”

Trail of the Monolith takes place a several months after the close of *Scales of Time* -- or at least after the investigators have run through a couple of small, unrelated adventures. It also opens in New York City with an event involving law-enforcement, so there should be little difficulty in getting the characters involved.

The most important link between the two scenarios is the acquisition of a chunk of the black rock found in the Serpent City during the latter stages of *Scales*, in addition to the text of the *Dissemble* spell found in Terrance Walters’ abode. Without these two items, there is no way for the characters to stop the cult in the climax of their activities. If the characters were not inquisitive enough to snag these items, there are several opportunities for their acquisition here. Again, it cannot be stressed more strongly that these items are required to halt the plans of the cultists. If they continually balk at their acquisition, the Keeper should make sure that they get them in one way or another. It is possible that inexperienced players could miss these items, but in the event that experienced players do so, their experience bonuses for “victory” should be reduced -- if not eliminated altogether.

“You listened to us; and all the same you stay to see the sign.”

James Blish, *More Light*

CAMPAIGN TIME LINE

Permian Era	Rise and Fall of Serpentmen. Characters visit Serpentman City in Scales of Time.
1618	Ivan Orloff plunders ancient texts in Sinkiang, China.
1743	Grigori Orloff deciphers Chinese texts, summons Lloigor, and goes insane.
1761	Hastur worshiping Mantuxent Indians slaughtered by local milia.
1791	Rev. Ward Phillips discovers Hastur witch-cult and Carcosan monolith.
1812	Lloigor returns to Orloff mansion, current residents are frightened off.
1895	Fyodr Orloff takes possession of Orloff Estate, finds Grigori's diaries and notes.
1898	Orloff moves to London and meets Winston.
1905	Orloff returns to Obdorsk and organizes Ubar Expedition.
November 1906	Ubar Expedition travels to Arabian desert and is lost.
March 1907	da Silva and Mathieson recovered from desert. da Silva delivers Al-Azif to Orloff.
February 1908	Cult of the Unspeakable Father formed.
March 1923	Miskatonic Expedition travels to Plateau of Tsang in Harold Hadley-Copeland's footsteps.
April 1923	Characters become involved in Scales of Time.
September 1924	Miskatonic Expedition continues to Amazon, Chalice of Yig uncovered.
October 1924	Miskatonic Expedition attacked, Chalice put on display in New York City, Mi-Go begin mining monoliths.
November 1924	Miskatonic Expedition slaughtered, da Souza arrives and takes position in American Museum of Natural History, Chalice stolen, Orloff kidnaps Helen Taylor, characters enter scenario. da Souza escapes New York and flees to Germany to take possession of airship. Orloff "adopts" Helen Taylor as his daughter. da Silva and Orloff both head for Plateau of Leng. da Souza delivers the airship.

SCENARIO BACKGROUND

During the Permian Age, a group of Serpentman scientists molded what was to become the single most powerful item of magic ever created. After laboring for decades, the "Chalice of Yig" was completed. Its purpose was to act a source of magical energy that would assist the Serpentmen in their forthcoming battle with the Great Old Ones who would soon arrive on Earth ... to its devastation.

The battle was hard-fought, and the Chalice served its purpose well, until one of the Old Ones discovered the source of the Serpentmen's power and devised a method for its destruction -- a spell known in the ancient, secret texts as "Dissemble."

Upon the casting of this spell, all the energy stored within the Chalice was released in a single devastating blast, whose power not only destroyed the Serpentmen's capital city in the depths of what would become the Amazon rain-forest; it also blew the great Yig into a state of hibernation that would last for millennia. Without his patronage, the race of Serpentmen declined to near extinction, its only survivors having degenerated to near-barbarous levels.

After the Great Old Ones had brought the Earth under their heels, they too were met with an overpowering force and sent into hibernation beneath the waves, or flung back into the stars from whence they had come. Yet their influence still remains, and has been growing over the eons through contact with the cults that have come to worship them.

Many thousands of years later, in the late 18th Century, the inheritor of a Russian mercenary-explorer discovered an ancient text looted from a little-known section of China. It described in some detail the ancient battle between the demigods from the stars, and forecast the time when the stars would once again become right for their return. Incantations were included in this text, describing how these creatures could be contacted as sources of unlimited knowledge and power. Acting on this information, the Russian nobleman went insane and owing to the knowledge he possessed and the ghastly other-worldly things to which he was revealed, he killed himself.

Unfortunately, his actions doomed his legacy to death and madness. After years of struggling with this curse, the family finally befell its wrath when in the late 19th century one of the family members sought to use the knowledge of his ancestors to bring his family supreme power. Using the ancient family texts and those rediscovered within their vaults, Fyodr Orloff sought contact with the Great Old Ones, and from them learned of "He-Who-Is-Not-To-Be-Named," Hastur the Unspeakable. With an urgent need to increase his knowledge -- and finding the resources in his backward, native Russia insufficient -- Orloff traveled to England. While enrolled at Oxford, he met George Winston, an occult scholar, who taught Orloff of the Yellow Sign and together they discovered the existence of the

Kitab Al-Azif, the dreaded Book of the Dead by the Mad Arab. Upon completing their studies, Winston traveled to America and Orloff returned home. Using the knowledge he had acquired abroad, Orloff quickly gained control of the family fortune and began to organize an expedition to search for the original Necronomicon.

In 1906, the expedition to central Arabia in search of the lost mythical city of Ubar – the last known location of the Kitab Al-Azif – ended in tragedy. Those who did not lose their lives, either lost their minds or their memories in an effort to blot out that which they had unearthed. All except for one that is. Of the members of the expedition who survived, the only one who clearly remembers all its horrid details was Francisco da Silva, a young up-and-coming archaeologist and dilettante of Brazilian ancestry. Within a secret chamber hidden in the bowels of Ubar, da Silva located a series of scrolls which spoke in great detail of the Great Old Ones. As he and his team studied them, something arose from the ruins to sew death and madness. Only da Silva and Curtis Mathieson, a newly tenured professor from Miskatonic University made it out alive, the only item in their possession being the third of the great scrolls which make up the Kitab Al-Azif.

With the scroll in their possession and the power it promised, as well as their combined wealth, the triad of Orloff, Winston, and da Silva formed the Cult of the Unspeakable Father and with the promise of unimaginable power began to lay the groundwork for the return of Hastur from his banishment to the Hyades. In this process, only one piece of the puzzle remains, the key to the gate which will allow his coming: the Chalice of Yig, whose misuse had originally sent him into exile.

Upon its destruction in Permian times, the chalice was cracked in two, one of the pieces flung a considerable distance, separated by the pinnacle of the ruined black pyramid upon which it once stood. Over the ages, the proud Serpentman city was engulfed by the Amazon jungle – the Green Hell. Oppressive heat and cannibalistic natives have kept the shards safe over the ages, but recently a group of energetic archaeologists from Miskatonic University have discovered the location of the city and have discovered a portion of that which will bring Hastur the Unspeakable back to the Earth.

As a prophecy, whose age can be measured in millennia comes to fruition, what goes around comes around ... and the horror begins anew.

NEW YORK CITY

The American Museum of Natural History

The graveyard shift has always been a drag, and today – or rather, this evening – has been no exception until a simple ringing of the phone starts the investigators on a trek around the world. Whether they are journalists, police, or historians, the



voice on the other end of line makes a simple statement that peaks their interest: “The American Museum of Natural History has been broken into!” The caller requests the investigators to find out the details and make some kind of report.

Upon arriving at the notable institute on 79th Street, the investigators find several police on the scene, and unless they are a part of the metropolitan police force they will have to make Law or Persuasion rolls to get into the building.

The museum is a gargantuan structure several stories in height, built in Gothic and Romanesque styles. It is recognized around the world as one of the leading centers of anthropological and archaeological study, boasting thousands of collections of artifacts spanning thousands of years. Given the sheer size and depth of both the edifice and the treasures it holds, the better guidebooks suggest setting out an entire day for a visit. Once inside its cavernous recesses, characters may find it difficult to make their way around without a map.

Fortunately, the tide of police officers and public officials making their way to and from the crime scene provide a path of breadcrumbs that leads the investigators into a large cordoned off area bearing a sign inscribed: “Cultures of South America.” Inside this area are dozens of glass-walled displays and encased pedestals flaunting samples of jewelry and dress – both real and mocked-up – belonging to various Indian tribes inhabiting lands of the southern continent. There are also dioramas of advanced cultures, such as the Incas, who have all but disappeared, mighty as they may have once been.

Scurrying amongst these displays are dozens of police officers and forensics investigators, that are paying particular interest to one display whose glass facing has been smashed and the contents glaringly absent. A small card within the case reveals that

it once displayed the remains of a ceremonial container that was found in the Amazon jungle regions near the border between Brazil and Peru.

Wandering around the area, moving from display to display and police officer to police officer is an elderly gentleman dressed haphazardly in a suit that looks like it was the one he wore yesterday and never got a chance to get it pressed. He sports a well-trimmed gray beard and manner, but bears the red eyes of someone who hasn't had much sleep. He is Richard Devon Hodgekins, the chief curator of the museum. Eventually, he'll approach one or more of the characters – if they appear to be there in an official capacity – and request that they take care around the other displays and if they have any idea as to when the stolen object will be recovered. If the characters are anything other than obsequious, he will carry on (again) about how the museum is a major contributor to the economy of the city, and how dare they (the Police) treat the matter at hand as anything other than a top priority. Characters who smack him a couple of times may lose their pensions, but it might be worth it ...

Richard Devon Hodgekins

Curator, age 50

STR 40 CON 45 SIZ 50 DEX 45 INT 80
 APP 60 POW 70 EDU 105 SAN 70 HP 9
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 5 MP: 14 Luck: 70

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
 Dodge 42% (21/8)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (85%), Anthropology (80%), Archeology (75%), Bargain (45%), Credit Rating (65%), History (65%), Library Use (70%), Occult (45%), Speak German (50%), Speak Latin (60%).



Hodgekins has several concerns regarding the theft that extend beyond the damage done to the credibility of the institute with the general public. First of all, the item that was stolen was on loan from Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts as part of an anthropological co-op program. The field studies funded by the museum itself make up only a small fraction of its displays. Most of them are on loan from various universities around the world who turn to them for their expertise when local staff cannot handle the project load. The loss of such a valuable piece may cause several of these donors to look to other institutes like the Smithsonian Institution in Washington or the Royal Museum in London.

Of greater concern to Hodgekins is the scrutiny brought to the security program that he organized for the museum. In order to cut costs, he has been hiring guards who, although effective in their jobs, are not in the country legally. Unfortunately for him, the security guard who was on duty on the night of the robbery

was one such illegal alien, Jose Manuel da Souza.

Eventually, the characters will want to discuss the situation with the guard who was on duty that night. They find him laid out on a bench not too far from the crime scene, with a black and blue bump on his forehead. Attempting to converse with him results in quick intervention by Hodgekins, who insists that he be allowed to rest. Suggestions that da Souza be taken to a hospital to check for concussion are vehemently denied, as da Souza is “obviously feeling better. Isn't that right Jose?” Jose groggily agrees with whatever Hodgekins has to say. Investigators witnessing the interaction between these two who make regular Psychology or hard Spot Hidden rolls notice odd, understanding glances between these two individuals.

When they finally get a chance to speak to him, and Hodgekins is present, da Souza simply states that the thieves broke into the museum somehow (maybe they were hiding until it closed), snuck up behind him, smacked him in the head, and made off with the object. Characters making hard First Aid or extreme Spot Hidden rolls may question this story for a couple of reasons. First of all, da Souza's injury does not speak of an impact strong enough to knock him unconscious, as the strength of that kind of a blow would definitely have caused a concussion that he obviously does not have. Secondly, the wound is in a position which would require him to have seen his assailant, which he claims was not the case. Regardless of what the characters may say, as long as Hodgekins is nearby, da Souza will stick to his story.

As the investigators speak with Jose, successful Anthropology rolls indicate that he is obviously of foreign origin, and his accent and heavy gesturing while talking suggest that he is Brazilian. If extreme rolls are made, characters nail his place of origin to the regions around Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilian capital.

Once Hodgekins leaves da Souza to himself, he makes an effort to contact the characters, either at the museum or sets up a meeting in Central Park. Once alone with them, he tells them what really happened during the night of the robbery. He claims that if he told the tale to Hodgekins, he would probably lose his job and maybe (furtive glances) his life!

In a low voice, da Souza offers the following tale to be read or related to the characters:

“Dat night, I make my walking around de museo, when I hear the laughing like a leetle boy. I went looking, because I thing dat a leetle boy be hiding after the museo is close. When I look, I see something dat I pray to the Santa Maria (he crosses himself) I never see again. In da room I see a leetle dark boy with a red cloth on hee's head an' smoking a pipe. I see heem reach over and break de glass wit only one hand and grab the theeng. I try to cross myself, but I cannot move, because I know that this is not a leetle boy. I know that theese is an evil Saçi, because it only have one leg! I know that theese is an evil Saçi because of its evil smiling and because I can no move! It jump to me with its evil laugh and blow its evil

breathing in my face. After these I no can remember a thing except another guard shake me awake."

The security guard will offer that the lump on his head was probably the result of his head hitting the marble floor of the museum when he passed out.

It should be pretty obvious to the characters that this fantastic story would not be believed by most rational people, particularly the police, which is one of the reasons that he concocted the other, more pedestrian, tale. He normally wouldn't believe in this kind of thing if it weren't for the tales that his grandmother told him when he was a child about the Saçi and how it would appear to terrorize lone travelers in his homeland of Brazil.

The reason that he didn't tell Hodgekins is because he's not sure if he's not behind the robbery himself. After all, he is a very learned man who has probably read many spells during his years of study. Perhaps he was the one who called the Saçi, like some kind of wizard!

If asked why he thinks that Hodgekins would want the item, da Souza mentions that during one of his shifts not long after he started working at the museum, he caught Hodgekins alone staring at the artifact saying something like "You will be mine" under his breath.

What the Characters Don't Know

Jose Manuel da Souza is not all that he seems. He is, in fact, an acolyte in the Cult of the Unspoken Father, and a link in a chain which will eventually lead the characters to the cold Plateau of L'eng.

Upon hearing of the recovery of the Chalice of Yig by the Miskatonic expedition and its subsequent shipment to New York, the leaders of the cult sent da Souza to set up the manner in which it would be recovered. He traveled to New York, gained a job with the museum by offering to work for a dirt-cheap rate (incentive enough for Hodgekins), summoned the Saçi himself and ordered it to steal the artifact and deliver it to the owner of the Winston Book Shoppe. From there it would be delivered to its final destination for use cult activities.

What the cult did not know was that a piece of the artifact was missing until da Souza managed to actually see it. He did catch Hodgekins that night, and did overhear him muttering to himself, but Hodgekins was referring to the missing piece which was being sought by Curtis Mathieson and his party of archaeologists. da Souza saw this as an opportunity to implicate Hodgekins in the theft, in order to quell speculation against him or the cult as the real perpetrators long enough to get the Chalice on its way.

The only real truth that da Souza has spoken was the fact that he hit his head on the floor, an intentional act to lend credence to his story.

Physically, da Souza is a young man of obviously Latin decent in his early twenties. He wears a simple guards uniform when at work that was provided him by the museum. During off hours, he dresses rather inconspicuously in a manner which suggests

that he's from the lower classes.

As would be expected, the forensic investigators assigned to the robbery are unable to find any fingerprints within the case which held the stolen object. Even the outside of the case is clean, as the cleaning staff had accomplished their duties several hours before the theft, destroying any trace of the hundreds of visitors who pass through the museum on a daily basis.

This sparkling cleanliness, however, has made two clues evident. The first are a series of size-six left footprints in great evidence on the floor around the crime scene, as if a small person hopped around barefoot for several minutes. Oddly, these footprints are localized to the immediate area and do not extend to any other part of the museum. The second clue are small traces of burnt matter, possibly cigarette or cigar ash. Later examination reveals this to be an unknown material, structurally similar to burned tobacco, yet sufficiently different to merit further study.

Jose Manuel da Souza Security Guard and Cultist, age 20

STR 55	CON 65	SIZ 55	DEX 50	INT 70
APP 50	POW 70	EDU 45	SAN 0	HP 12
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 8	MP: 14	Luck: 70

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
.32 Revolver	75% (37/15), damage 1d8
Knife	40% (20/8), damage 1d4+2
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos (35%), Speak English (25%).

Jose is also familiar with the Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Saçi Pereré, and Contact Deep One spells.



Hodgekins' Office

Hodgekins' keeps his spacious offices in a top-floor corner of the museum. It is decorated with several pieces of artwork native to scores of different cultures world-wide. All of these items are decorative pastiches with little or no value themselves. Hodgekins professes not to be so arrogant an administrator that he would use legitimate works as decorations that few people would be able to enjoy.

There are three doors leading out of the office, one of which is a small private bathroom. The second door leads into an adjoining suite of offices used by the remaining administrative staff of the museum. The third door leads to the main hallway, and is Hodgekins' private entrance. If threatened in some way he uses this exit, and heads for the nearest telephone.

The collection of mahogany furniture in the office include a matching desk and chairs, as well as a large conference table. A

MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY
ARKHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

One Month Ago

Dear Richard,

I'm happy to report that your faith in our little expedition will soon pay handsome dividends! After several weeks of searching through this "green hell" (well named, I can assure you!), we have found a structure constructed of a black, basaltic rock. And I do mean ONE black, basaltic rock! The construction is absolutely amazing, as we have been unable to discern any seams in the stone. Our excavations have recently revealed the top of an opening into the structure and I hope to be able to gain entry soon. Who knows what treasures await inside?

So far, the only item which we've been able to find should be arriving at your offices within the next few days (my assistants are wrapping it up for shipment as I write this). To help assuage your curiosity, I'm enclosing several photographs of the item in question. As you can see, it is sadly incomplete. To date, we have been unable to find the missing shard, but our search continues. I have made several rubbings of the carvings that cover it and will take them to my associate in Rio. Hopefully, we will together be able to determine their meaning.

That's all there is to tell, so far. Thank you again for your support in this endeavor. I seriously believe that we are on the verge of a discovery of proportions that will rival - if not out-right dwarf - the opening of King Tut's tomb!

Sincerely,

Curtis

Curtis Mathieson, PhD.

between Hodgekins and the Bureau of Immigration on Ellis Island that vaguely describe an anomaly between income tax declaration for the museum's personnel and declared salary information. The letters request a clarification of the museum's employment records including filled positions and salaries paid. A successful Accounting roll allows the investigators to read the word "audit" between the lines.

Another drawer contains a large envelope postmarked from Manaus, Brazil, holding a letter printed on Miskatonic University letterhead. The letter, signed by Dr. Curtis Mathieson, describes the pending delivery of the stolen artifact, and includes several photographs of the item in question. These photographs display a bowl or wide-brimmed goblet carved out of black stone. A large portion - perhaps a quarter to a third - of the item is missing, rendering it useless as a vessel for holding liquids. The quality of the photographs is rather grainy. A successful Perception roll reveals that the surface of the item is covered with glyphs and runes that are impossible to decipher, or even fully recognize, without actually having the bowl in hand.

Attached to the envelope with a paper clip are two pages torn from the magazine "Archeology Today." On each page a brief news clipping is circled in blue ink.

small mahogany chest squats in one corner of the office, and conceals a reasonably stocked dry-bar. The walls that do not house the large windows hold large book cases filled with a wealth of volumes on archeology and anthropology (though nothing out of the ordinary). Also, hanging on one wall is a large oil-painting of one of the the museum's founders: Theodore Roosevelt, Senior (father to president Teddy Roosevelt).

In a locked filing drawer within the desk are Hodgekins' personal business files. Of interest within is a file of correspondence

The Museum Offices are not unlike the office of any low-overhead company. The staff is relatively small with only a dozen full-time employees. The remainder of the staff are masters or doctorate students that have been culled from many of the local universities. The only item of interest to be found are the personnel files, that a successful Accounting roll shows to be incomplete. Nowhere within them can be found mention of the museum's security staff.

If any of the office employees are asked to explain this, they will refer the characters to Hodgekins, who explains that they

Magazine: Archeology Today

Date: Two Months Ago

"Amazonian Expedition Planned"

With the consent of Brazilian government officials, a team of specialists from Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts plan to soon begin an exploration into the depths of the Amazon Jungle. According to the leader of this expedition, the esteemed Dr. Curtis Mathieson, findings during an earlier excavation have uncovered possible proof of a sea-faring society that may have managed to cross the Atlantic to found colonies in southern and central America. Not surprisingly, Dr. Mathieson refused to divulge too many details of this find, but with good-nature, promised a lengthy article for the pages of this magazine once his theories are proved correct. We at AT wish the Miskatonic team the best of luck!

Magazine: Archeology Today

Date: One Month Ago

"Miskatonic Expedition Attacked!"

AT has recently received word that tragedy has struck the Miskatonic project currently underway in the Amazon River basin. Details are sketchy, but it appears that the team was attacked by jaguars late one evening, leaving two students dead and seriously injuring the project leader, Dr. Curtis Mathieson. Dr. Mathieson has been taken to a hospital in Manaus, and will soon be transported to the Brazilian capital of Rio de Janeiro for further treatment. The management of the project has been handed to his assistant, Dr. William Carter. Dr. Mathieson is expected to return to the United States as soon as he is able.

are paid through another budget. He won't go into any more detail on the subject and becomes nervous and irate when pressed.

Hodgekins' Home

Richard Devon Hodgekins makes his residence in a sumptuous penthouse apartment overlooking Central Park. Although he does not flaunt his wealth in his professional life, it is quite apparent at home. His flat sports imported furniture of the highest quality and all the modern conveniences, and even sports a full wet bar amply stocked with produce that – for the most part – predates Prohibition.

Characters may wonder how he manages to support such a sumptuous life-style on a publicly funded salary. The answer is simple: "Old Money." Hodgekins is a dilettante from a very wealthy and well-bred shipping family. Although he did not inherit the family's wealth – not being a first son, and actually thankful for the fact – he was set up with a very healthy trust from which he may draw at liberty.

Hodgekins grew up in the shadow of his elder brother, who was groomed from birth to take over the family business. This gave him the liberty to follow his own interests that led to world history and anthropological study. Given the wealth and influence of his family, he was able to attend the finest schools, travel around the world, and eventually land the job as the chief administrator of the American Museum of Natural History.

Even though he never expressed a keen interest in business, it would be unlikely that he would not be influenced in some way by the actions of his father and brother. It's equally unlikely that

he would be able to rise as far as he has without at least a modicum of business-savvy. Being rather egotistical, he has always been eager that "his museum" should be the best in the world. In order to make this a reality, he has been forced to make more funds available to the more visible aspects of the museum and its operations, resulting in cuts in other areas. More specifically: security.

In order to cut costs, Hodgekins hired his own security team, and funded it out of his own pocket. In order to keep the costs to a minimum, he has hired personnel which have entered the country illegally, bypassing the formalities on Ellis Island. In his experience, these are some of the hardest working men that he has yet come across, and they work for peanuts. Unfortunately, the Immigration and Naturalization Service has been nosing around recently, forcing him to give them the run-around until he can find a way to solve this problem.

The evidence of these activities is found locked in a desk drawer in his study. A financial ledger shows how much the security guards are being paid, as well as the local average for such a position. An Accounting roll quickly shows just how underpaid the security guards are, in comparison to the going rates. A listing of the addresses of all the security guards are included, and folded into the ledger is a letter from James McHenry.

If Hodgekins is confronted with the details of his penny-pinching, he cracks under the pressure and confesses his actions. His confession is truly heart-breaking to those who could really care. He is guilty of nothing more than egotism, and not paying enough attention to the sterling work done by his father and brother.

**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR
Bureau of Immigration**

One Week Ago

Dear Mr. Hodgekins,

It has recently come to my attention that one or more of your employees may not be registered with the Immigration and Naturalization Services (INS), as is required by United States statute. We have tried to contact your offices several times over the past months, but have been unable to obtain a suitable response

Owing to the seriousness of a possible charge against you and/or your organization, it is imperative that you submit your employment records as well as the immigrant identification cards issued to those persons in your employ who are not native to the United States. These will be processed expeditiously and returned. Please make an appointment with this office for the review of these records as the earliest possible date.

I need not remind you of the seriousness of your position.

Respectfully,

James McHenry

James McHenry
Immigration Officer

windows and faded minarets. A walkway leads down to a substantial group of docks, where transit boats bring passengers in from ships anchored in the harbor. Inside, the main hall is a maze of walkways that lead immigrants from one checkpoint to the next, overseen by officers and administrators from an upper balcony that commands the entire area. The stench of humanity held within the walls – particularly during the summer months – can be overpowering. The latter sections of the building hold examination rooms for those immigrants whose egress into the country is in question. The upper floors of the main building house offices of those employed by the Bureau of Immigration. Attached to the main hall are several other structures which include a hospital and a contagious disease ward.

Finding James McHenry's office does not prove to be a problem, as just about any official can point the way. As the characters move past the swarm of immigrants, they notice that many of them are marked with one or more letters in chalk on their clothing. If they ask an official what the letters mean, they find that people so marked will be sent for further testing on one or more aspects of their health. A "T" for example means their teeth have to be checked, an "M" means they require mental testing. For the most part, however, these letters mean that the

persons in question will be denied entry into the country and returned to their place of origin.

James McHenry is a senior immigration officer and a federal agent. He is in his early forties, heavy-set with thinning brown hair that is beginning to gray (much like his place of employment). He shares an office on the second floor of the assembly building with two other officers, all of whom have been assigned to finding and deporting immigrants who have entered the country illegally or -- on rare occasions -- those who were once admitted, and upon reevaluation will have their citizenship revoked. It's a dirty job, which he readily admits, but as they say: "somebody's gotta do it."

The time at which the characters first meet McHenry will determine how he behaves. If they meet him before da Souza's

Ellis Island

Ellis Island, standing beneath the watchful gaze of the Statue of Liberty, was the focal point of immigration to the United States. During the 20's, foreigners seeking citizenship were processed through its great halls and examination rooms. During its sixty-odd year history, over 12 million people were processed here, and during the height of immigration over 10,000 people per day.

Once an open door to immigrants from around the world, at the time the scenario takes place, the island is in a state of transition. Due to strict new immigration laws, the processing center is becoming more of a detention center and a point of deportation. The walls that were once a symbol of joy and hope, have been grayed by disappointment and despair.

The main hall is a large cathedral-like edifice with huge glass



“flight” from New York, he behaves cordially and offers what little he knows about Hodgekins’ suspected harboring of illegal aliens. He pricks up his ears if the investigators mention da Souza, and presses for their interest in the case, being relatively unaware of the robbery at the museum. Any information he can glean from them will be used behind the scenes for his own investigation and the attempted capture of da Souza. If they meet him after da Souza’s escape, he describes the details of the attempted capture as described in the “Bulking Bats in the Bowery” article below.

James McHenry
Immigration Officer, age 41

STR 65 CON 60 SIZ 60 DEX 60 INT 65
 APP 50 POW 60 EDU 80 SAN 60 HP 12
 DB: +1d4 Build: 1 Move: 8 MP: 12 Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 40% (20/8)
 .38 Revolver 65% (32/13), damage 1d10
 Dodge 40% (20/8)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (35%), Anthropology (25%),
 Law (45%), Psychology (65%), Sneak (60%),
 Spot Hidden (65%).



If a necessary part of their investigations (a regular Fast Talk roll), he makes the evidence obtained in da Souza’s rooms available to the investigators. The items are being held in a none-to-secure storeroom not far from McHenry’s office. The door is well marked, and it is an easy effort for an investigator to remember where it is, in case their attempts to persuade McHenry do not bear fruit. The items in question are described in detail in the section on da Souza’s tenement.

The Tenement

Upon information gleaned from Hodgekins or a visit to McHenry’s office on Ellis Island, the investigators find that da Souza currently makes his residence in a run-down tenement in the heart of New York’s Bowery. Characters entering this area must watch their wallets as well as their step while navigating a maze of dark alleys and winos until they reach their ultimate destination.

Stooping on a corner is a five-story tenement constructed of crumbling brick, and seemingly held together by several rusting fire-escapes that crawl precariously up its sides. The odor of poverty clings to the place like a creeping fungus, and characters with low Constitution values may do well to stay outside in the – relatively – fresh air. By day, the interior of the dilapidated edifice is dimly lit by far too few free hanging light bulbs and hazy streaks of light that manage to cut their way through age-stained windows. At night, the investigators find climbing the warped stairway inadvisable without a flashlight. Investigators may also find

da Souza,

I hope that your journey was pleasant, and that you were ably assisted by our maritime friends. It is vital that we develop a close relationship with our sea-faring cousins as our futures lay intertwined.

Included with this letter is a photograph of the object currently in the possession of a foolish old man, who has been unwittingly funding our project. It is common knowledge that he is a poor businessman, so you should find it easy to infiltrate his organization. Once you have established yourself, pay a visit to the proprietor listed on the enclosed card. It has been arranged that he give you a book that is necessary to your endeavors. Use its knowledge to remove the chalice and have it delivered to a location of which you will be informed. Once your mission has been completed, remain in your position for at least a month, and then join us at the mountain. If you find yourself in danger, use the nectar and call for transportation – but not before the chalice has been removed! Our plans may not move forward without it!

Iä! Iä Halinhera!

da S.

Winston Book Shoppe

Buyers and Sellers of Fine Books

741 Bleeker Street
New York City, New York

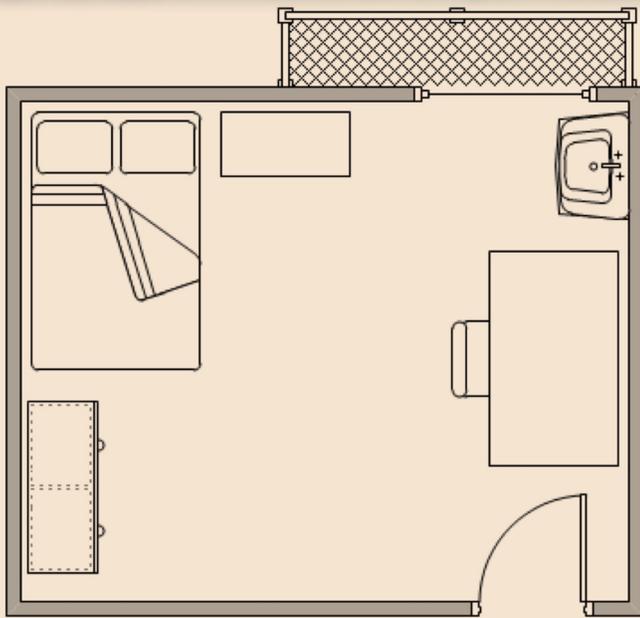
that concerted efforts to move stealthily through the building are uncalled for, as a din of crying children, screaming adults, and vomiting senior citizens ensues twenty-four hours a day. This place gives the term “squalor” a new meaning.

As the characters make their way up to the fourth floor where da Souza’s flop is located, a Power roll should be made for each. Failed rolls result in a character either stepping on the bloated carcass of a dead rat, popping its insides across their path, or having a handful of large cockroaches drop on them from above and scurry into the dark folds of their clothing to probe and tickle. In either case, a Sanity check (0/1) is necessary to absorb the shock if the event (made harder for characters who are necro- or entomophobic).

The door to da Souza’s flat is easily recognizable for the board nailed across it to which is attached a police notice. Trespassers are warned off at the risk of a heavy fine and possible jail time if caught entering the premises. Inside is a reasonably sized room (roughly 20x20 feet) that is in somewhat better shape than its surroundings – though that’s not saying much. Much of the plaster on the walls has chipped away to reveal brick, and the wood floor boards are loose and warped. A shattered window lays uncovered, leading out to one of the rusted fire escapes previously described. Upon closer inspection one may seriously consider whether a burning death might not be favorable to stepping onto this so-called “escape.” The glass from the window is scattered about the room (a regular Idea roll indicates that the window was broken from the outside). Furnishing the room are several pieces of wooden furniture that are broken in many places but still serviceable. These include a single bed and accompanying bed stand, a small writing desk and chair, and a free-standing closet.

The room looks like it was clumsily rifled, as the mattress has been flipped up against the wall, and all the drawers in the bed stand and desk have been pulled out and emptied. The doors to the closet lay open and hold the first item of interest to the characters. Supported by two sets of stacked bricks within the closet is a small slab of stained marble. Closer inspection reveals the stain to be quite thick, and impregnated with fibers. A hard Education or regular Biology roll reveal these to be remnants of chicken feathers and dog hair. The stain itself is, quite obviously, dried blood. There are also several stubs of melted down candlesticks found on the floor of the closet and globules of wax are evident on the marble slab.

Less immediately evident are two items each of which require separate hard Spot Hidden rolls. The surface of the bed stand is quite dusty, and in the dust are two imprints left by items recently removed. The first mark was a large rectangular object that a hard Education roll identifies as the imprint of a book. The second mark is a small circle roughly two inches in diameter. This second imprint differs from the first not only in its size but by the fact that the



Da Souza's Apartment

imprint is blurred, as if the item were clumsily removed (Spot Hidden, hard). A subsequent Spot Hidden roll detects small spots in the dust near the edge of the table, where liquid may have spilled from a container. The second Spot Hidden roll also reveals a floor board that is slightly askew, giving a glimpse of something hidden beneath it. Inside this hiding place are two pieces of folded paper, a business card from the Winston Book Shoppe on Bleeker Street, as well as a photograph of the item stolen from the museum. The first piece of paper is obviously a letter to da Souza, but it is written in Portuguese. The second item appears to be a page torn from a book (the size matches the dust imprint on the bed stand if anybody thinks to check) and is written partly in Portuguese and partly in gibberish.

effect the summons of the dark child, it is required that the caster burn leaves of tobacco of the highest quality, creating rings of smoke. It is within these rings that the beast will arrive, called to the following chant:

*fthaxua, fthaxua hali chuaxän
myraxo! iä! iä! naxalia chuaxän!*

When the beast is fully manifest, its cap must be taken, for without which it holds no sway. The caster may then bargain with the beast for a promise that must be kept.

The Missing Items

The raid by McHenry and his INS pals captured the following items, which are now being held in a storeroom on Ellis Island:

- A copy of a book entitled “Focloro Verdadero,” written in Portuguese and with a page clearly torn from it.
- A small stoppered glass bottle, ornately blown and decorated with silver filaments. The bottle is empty, but a thin layer of resin coatings the insides. If this material is analyzed, and a check against Cthulhu Mythos knowledge is made, the characters glean the Brew Space Mead spell.
- A forged immigrant identification card.
- A ticket stub for a Brazilian passenger ship (the Recife) originating in Niteroi. Investigations into this ship reveal that a passenger traveling under the name of Marcel Verissimo was lost at sea. So far, however, the shipping firm has been unable to find any relatives to whom the tragedy should be reported, nor has anyone come forward to collect insurance. Verissimo was, of course, da Souza who slipped overboard to join a party of Deep Ones who would assist him in entering the country undetected.

What Happened to Jose?

After the robbery, Jose’s stay in New York came to an abrupt halt. Either due to their own investigative initiative or upon information acquired from the player-characters, the Immigration and Naturalization Service finally managed to track down Jose da Souza with the intent of detaining him for eventual deportation to Brazil. A team lead by McHenry made its way into the Bowery and managed to cover all the entrances to da Souza’s tenement.

What the government agents didn’t expect was Jose’s escape through his fourth story window. Upon hearing his captors approaching, Jose grabbed the bottle of elixir from his bed stand and downed its contents -- followed by the rapid chanting of a verse he had committed to memory long previously. In answer to his call, a Byakee soon materialized and shattered his window. Jose mounted the beast which bore him away to safety and parts unknown.

Through the darkness of the building and its environs he made his escape from the INS men, but it was unfortunately witnessed by a local gutter resident who just happened to be looking up at the wrong time. His view of events spawned the following article that appears in the New York Inquirer the day after da Souza’s escape.

The reporter, William Fierenze, is a free-lance writer who submits stories to several local papers, although only the more radical will print them. He is a well-known Libertarian who’s views border on anarchism. If the investigators wish to question him in regards to this brief news clipping he is unable to offer more information, unless the investigators profess to represent the government as embodied by the police or similar agency. In that case, he’ll be more than happy to give them an earful of his views on their oppressiveness and tyranny.

"Bulking Bats In The Bowery"

by William Fierenze

NEW YORK – Once again, proof has emerged that “Prohibition” has failed to show itself in the discarded Bowery section of the city. Rather one-hundred fifty proof. This reporter received news late last night of a raid by the Immigration and Naturalization Service and followed in an effort to reveal the strong-handedness which has, over the past several years, turned the “Land of the Free” into the “Land of the Down-trodden.”

As would be expected of our bumbling public officials, the misadventure accrued nothing more than shattered doors and frightened people who have enough to contend with without the iron hand of the government meddling in their difficult lives. When asked for details of the raid, Agent James McHenry offered the expected “no comment.”

No witnesses were willing to be available to offer any more information on the raid, with one exception whose credibility can be best kept in a bottle of homemade gin. This discarded soul offered the explanation that the target of the INS dragnet was carried off by a “giant black bat that appeared out of thin air.” So much for corroborative evidence.

Perhaps if this gentleman had not been compelled, for whatever reason, to ingest the brew that caused these hallucinations in lieu of a quality, refined brew, he may have been more helpful – or at least a tad more lucid. Perhaps if the government had not clamped down so hard on its immigration policies (once the pride of the Western World) the discontent – if not the downright fear – of the city’s “huddled masses” would not have been increased yet again.

This reporter would like to know when the officials in Washington will discover that legislated morality and a stranglehold on the populace is no way to govern a thriving nation. After all, didn’t we fight a tragic war over these same issues sixty years ago?

Fierenze keeps his office in a small desk in his loft apartment on the lower east side of Manhattan. He can be found their most evenings, with the exception of Friday and Saturday nights when he attends local Libertarian rallies. During the day, he can be found where ever a big-name politician is giving a speech, or where the government is forced to show its darker – albeit often necessary – side.

Physically, he can be described as tall, wiry, and disheveled. His age can be estimated in the mid-thirties, and like all good reporters, he seems to own only one suit – which gives him that hard-working, disheveled look. A pair of small circular glasses are continually sliding down his hawkish nose, and in the midst of flailing arm motions while speaking, he is constantly reaching up to adjust them.

William Fierenze
Reporter, age 37

STR 50	CON 60	SIZ 55	DEX 50	INT 70
APP 70	POW 65	EDU 85	SAN 65	HP 12
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 6	MP: 13	Luck: 65

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	30% (15/6)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Fast Talk (45%), Journalism (70%), Persuade (65%), Photography (40%), Psychology (65%), Read/Write English (80%), Sneak (80%), Spot Hidden (40%).



The Winston Book Shoppe

This small basement store is the focal point of activity for the cult of the Unspeakable Father in the United States, and should be one of the last places the characters visit before they follow clues to sites beyond their native shores.

Located on – or, rather, below – Bleeker Street in Greenwich Village, the store is packed with old collectible tomes from all over the world, and carries the musty smell of old print. Bookshelves line the walls from floor to ceiling, and several smaller, free-standing shelves clutter the remaining floor space. Opposite the main entrance – an iron barred door armed with a small bell to announce visitors – is a small glass counter that contains the most valuable books in the store: first printings of Charles Dickens’ Great Expectations, Samuel Clemens’s Tom Sawyer, and a King James’ bible printed in the 1778. Atop the counter is a small adding machine and cash register, and behind it is a curtain leading to a back office.

Like the sales floor, the office is packed from floor to ceiling with books. A Spot Hidden roll or quick physical examination will show that each of these tomes are marked with a small numbered card protruding from between their pages. Each of these cards coincides with another card kept in a small filing cabinet (similar to a library card catalog) resting on a small, cluttered desk. Each card in this catalog is either blank or lists a name, address – and occasional telephone number – as well as the title of the related book and its selling price. A regular Accounting or hard Idea roll shows that this file contains the listing of special order books.

Resting in a small, simple metal frame on one corner of the desk is a photograph of two gentlemen, one of which is readily recognizable as George Winston if the characters have met him. The other fellow is dressed in a heavy overcoat and sports a simple woven cap, that a regular Anthropology roll indicates to be of eastern European in style. Characters who can make a hard Education roll recognize this rather shabby person to be the Russian revolutionary Leon Trotsky. The year 1917 is crudely inscribed in the lower right-hand corner of the photograph, and any one making a hard Education roll recognizes the backdrop

to be that of Times Square in New York City.

If the characters search through the books in this office for at least one man-hour (and make a Spot Hidden roll), they find one book that is semi-concealed in a dark corner of the stacks and bears no identification tag. This is a first edition of *Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan*. This cheaply bound and printed book contains brief accounts of witch activities in New England during the 17th century. It is likely that any character with Occult knowledge will have heard of this volume and may well have a copy of it in his or her personal library. An examination of the volume at hand reveals that this copy is slightly different from the original in that it contains several hand-written sheets enclosed within its pages.

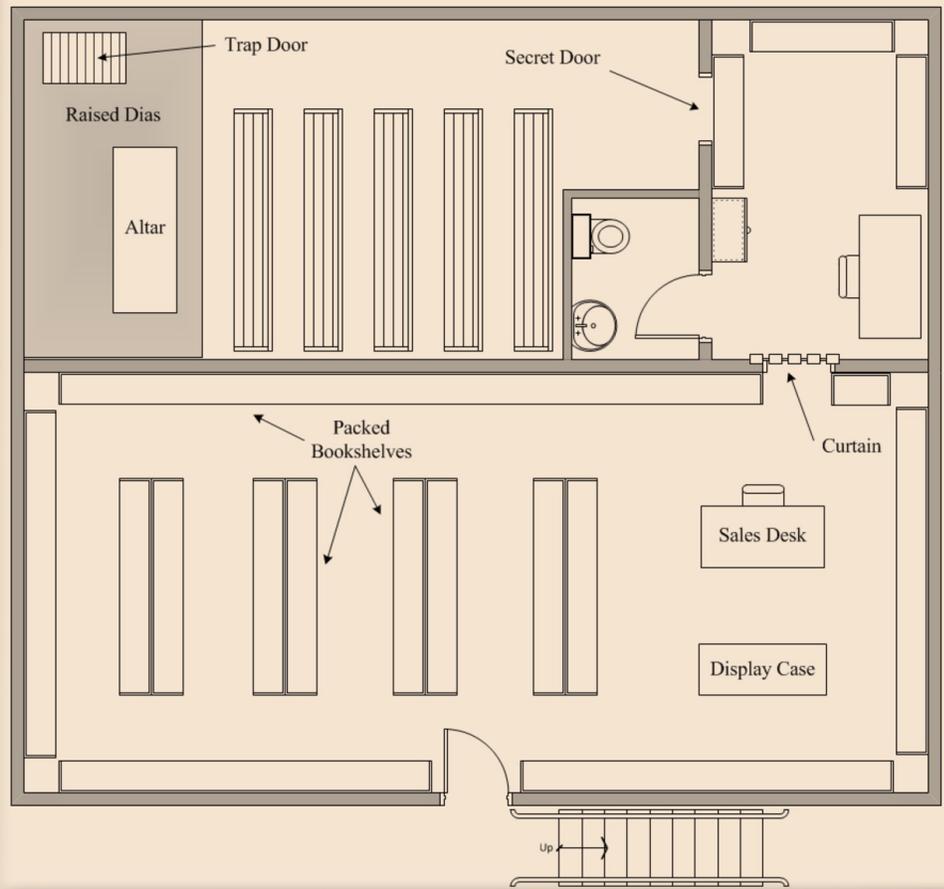
The small desk is cluttered with receipts and ledgers that track the store's business, and is equipped with three drawers. The largest contains hanging files that hold old receipts, tax forms, and blank requisitions. The kind of thing you'd expect to find in a small business office. A small drawer above the first holds several blank pads of paper and stationary supplies. The third drawer -- a wide one located above a writer's knees -- is locked. A regular Locksmith roll opens this drawer without damage to reveal a collection of pens and pencils, as well as the personal correspondence of George Winston, the proprietor. Most of these letters are of no interest to the characters, although if the scenario is used as part of an overall campaign, Keepers may place a hint or two towards characters in other adventures in the form of book orders ("Dear sir, I'm enquiring in regards to my order of von Junzt's Unausprechlichen Kulthen..."). One letter does, of course, catch the investigator's eye.

Posted from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, the letter is hand written on high-quality paper which bears the water mark "FdS."

Enclosed with the letter is a pencil sketch of the Chalice stolen from the museum. The post-mark predates the robbery by several weeks, but a Knowledge roll indicates that it may have arrived only a few days prior to the robbery. A shipping address is also included, care of the Universidade Nacional do Brasil in Rio de Janeiro.

There are two doors leading out of the office, one of which leads to a combination storage room and water closet. The second leads to a narrow set of stairs that lead up to an unassuming loft apartment where Winston takes his residence. Although there is nothing noteworthy about the apartment, a hard Spot Hidden roll reveals something odd about the staircase. One or more of the characters may notice the imprint of a shoe sole on

The Winston Book Shoppe



the front of one of the stairs, rather than on top of one. Another Spot Hidden roll reveals a sliding panel hiding a flywheel. Turning the wheel drops a ten-foot section of the stairs downwards, creating an access to a hidden basement.

At the bottom of the stairs are a series of hooks each from which hang several sets of intricately embroidered robes. With the exception of one that is white, all of them are black. Also at the bottom of the stairs is a large metal girded door. Passing through this doorway -- it is not locked -- gives ingress into a room with the appearance of a small chapel. It is roughly thirty by fifty feet in size and furnished with two rows of dark wooden pews. At the far end is a raised dais and marble altar. Along the walls are several candelabra that provide dim lighting to the room, and hung from the wall behind the altar stone is a large glistening black tapestry, seemingly embroidered with a large yellow sigil which bears a resemblance to the heads of three shepherd's canes flaring out from a central point (The Yellow Sign). Upon the altar is a single small leather-bound book bearing the same mark as the tapestry. Opening it to the cover page reveals it to be a copy of "The King in Yellow" (one week to read, 1d10 SAN, +1%/+4%)

During daylight hours, there is only an extreme chance that a few cultists are present in the chapel. At night, this chance drops to regular and the potential number of worshipers increases to a half dozen. On the night of a new moon, when Aldebaran is high

Addendum to the Treatise on Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan

The Reverend Ward Phillips, Year of our Lord, 1791

This additional accounting has come to light after the printing of the first volume of my studies into the practices of witchcraft in the area of Billington's Woods and its surrounding environs. I hope to add it to a following volume so that those who come after me shall have due record and fair warning of what may come after my passing.

Nigh on three months ago while taking my yearly sabbatical to enjoy the ocean breezes upon the Cape I was approached by an elderly gentleman claiming to have acquired and read my manuscript. He introduced himself as Robert MacFarlane and shewed much interest and insisted upon discussing my researches in detail. Normally I am one to accept the friendliness of strangers and yet this gentleman gave me considerable pause and a sense of unease for which I am unaccustomed. To this day I am uncertain as to why he struck me so. Perhaps it was the way he gazed upon me with rapt attention and unblinking eyes. Perchance it was his odor that though not overpowering certainly gave great hint toward the sea that lay not far away.

Setting aside my unease I was impressed at the familiarity that MacFarlane held with my manuscript as if he had memorized and analyzed it word for word. We discussed my work for several hours before he hinted to me the existence of similar activities in the local area. Could it be that the small village I had chosen as my place of retreat gave succor to a coven? He insisted that such was the case and upon his leaving hinted that I should visit Hancock's Point upon the night of the new moon not three days hence.

Taking his words on faith I sought out the manager of the local inn to inquire where Hancock's Point might be found and was given accurate direction to a spit of land extending into Buzzard's Bay an hour's walk from town. Finding it to be a barren place overgrown with tall reeds and surrounded by high cliffs I sought out appropriate

equipment to make my stay there a comfortable one.

Upon the dark of the moon I made my way in the early evening to Hancock's Point with a small hooded lantern, a looking glass, and a heavy cloak for protection against the sea breezes. By the dim light of my lantern and that of the encompassing stars I passed the time by reading passages from a small bible I always carry upon my person and taking survey of the surrounding cliffs. I had nearly decided that my quest was nothing more than a lark inflicted upon me by a practical joker when my attention was suddenly drawn to a bright light that flared upon a northern cliff top.

Through my looking glass, I could make out the forms of several persons moving about in a manner similar to that of several of the covens I have previously studied. Faint and dissonant chords of music could also be made out above the crash of the breakers. Dowsing my lantern for fear of being seen I endeavored to make my way up the cliff but soon realized the danger and futility of this task without proper light to guide me. Dismayed I approached as far as safely possible and upon sunrise I continued my journey to the site of the ceremony I had witnessed from a distance below.

I was not surprised to find the locale vacant of persons as the activities had ceased not long before. I did however find a large black stone in the center of the clearing reminiscent of standing stones found in the British Isles. Upon close examination, I found that the stone emanated a surprising amount of heat even though the grass and vegetation around it lay unscorched by any fire. Of greatest interest were the series of runes carved upon one of its faces. All were familiar to me in appearance as they were reminiscent of Aramaic with the exception of one that dwarfed the others. Its form can be best described as the heads of three shepherd's staffs flaring out from a central point. Although simple and even common in design I found the rune to be disturbing and viewing it for more than a few moments to be a chore that I would rather not recall.

With a piece of coal and sheet of parchment I managed to rub impressions of several

of the runes before making my way back into town. Upon my return, I made my way to the local constabulary to describe what I had witnessed. As in so many cases before, local officials were unwilling to believe my tale but I was eventually able to bring a constable to the site of the ceremony. To my disbelief as well as that of my companion the standing stone was gone leaving no impression that it had ever existed!

I tried to state my case to the townsfolk but suddenly found them cold to my presence and in some cases even suspicious of my motivations. Entry into local establishments and common areas met with suspicious gazes and ignorance to my needs. I also inquired as to the whereabouts of Mr. MacFarlane, but none I spoke with had ever heard of him. Although I did not feel myself to be in any danger from the townsfolk I felt it best to make my way back to my parish.

Upon arriving I set myself to the task of translating the rubbings I had made. The translation was difficult as the markings though similar were subtly different to those with which I am familiar. To the best of my ability I discovered that the markings read as a prophecy.

And lo a child shall come unto you when the beast (bull?) rises in the west and he (she, it?) will carry the (a?) sign and speak the name of our God (Lord?). The waters of the lake (sea?) shall part and our God shall come to the mountain and lead us to paradise."

Since the translation of this text I have been unable to keep the thought of the larger rune on the monolith out of my mind. When sleeping my dreams are filled by visions of a fog enshrouded lake and ancient cityscapes. I feel that I should recognize these places and yet I fear that I might.

A stranger has recently arrived in Arkham and has contacted me in reference to my work and has claimed knowledge of answers that I seek. I have contacted my friend John Driven and we will soon visit this newcomer.

above the horizon, regular masses are scheduled and attendance is at near capacity (several dozen). George Winston, the high-priest of the American sect of the Cult of the Unspeakable Father is always present in or near the premises, except when he has to step out for necessities.

These ceremonies involve nothing more than reading select passages of the King in Yellow, through which a communion is set up between the worshipers and Him Who Is Not To Be Named. The only participant in the ceremonies that is immune to their effects is the high-priest. While the participants are in a trance, the high-priest draws on the worshipers' power to transfer the chapel to the Lake of Hali where it floats upon its surface until the ceremony is completed. Anyone witnessing the ceremony must make a Sanity roll to avoid panic as a salty vapor begins to emanate from the walls of the chapel and water begins to wash up around their feet. Spot Hidden rolls hint to something -- or several somethings -- moving about in the fog, beyond where the walls of the chapel are supposed to be. Any character who walks into the fog will be lost in Carcosa until they are rescued or manage to find their way back.

George Winston is a displaced Englishman who made his way to New York at the turn of the century. He is a pleasant, well dressed fellow who manages to eke out an existence among his books and is more than happy to discuss them with potential customers. As mentioned, he is also a high-priest of the Mythos, so any discussion of peculiar tomes will put him on guard. He is familiar with most of them (he's read quite a few), and is willing to give superficial descriptions and histories. If asked if he can acquire any of them, he will politely decline -- unless the book in questions is something relatively pedestrian like The Golden Bough or People of the Monolith.

George Winston
Book Dealer and Cultist, age 63

STR 45 CON 60 SIZ 60 DEX 55 INT 80
 APP 65 POW 75 EDU 95 SAN 0 HP 12
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 4 MP: 15 Luck: 75

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7)
 .25 Derringer 35% (17/7), damage 1d6
 Dodge 27% (13/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (55%), Art (50%), Bargain (65%), Credit Rating (75%), Cthulhu Mythos (60%), History (45%), Occult (95%), Read/Write French (70%), Read/Write Russian (35%).



Winston is familiar with the spells Call Hastur, Brew Space Mead, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods, and Create Gate.

Winston,

The fools from the American university have finally uncovered what we have long been searching for. Enclosed is a rough sketch. Unfortunately, the puppet Mathieson sent the piece back to America before I could get a hold of it. As the expedition is being funded by the Museum of Natural History, you can expect that it will be put on display without delay. Once you have it, return it to me. I'm sure that we are but moments from uncovering the missing shard. I do not want any excuses, just the object. Our friends have uncovered minerals appropriate to our task and will soon begin to unearth the monoliths. Now that the child is in our hands, when have completed the chalice we may begin our work in earnest.

da Silva

After their first meeting with Winston, characters may notice that they have picked up a tail in the form of two tough looking gents in a slick looking Packard roadster. If they are noticed and the characters move into confront them, they drive off, only to appear a few hours later. They also easily evade any attempts at



being followed, and if the investigators try to shake them, they give the characters the impression that they have succeeded, only to appear again in a few hours.

These two gentlemen work for the United States State Department as part of an intelligence gathering task force. This group is a precursor -- of sorts -- to the latter day Central Intelligence Agency. They have been given the task of shadowing Winston, as they believe him to be part of an international conspiracy originating in the Soviet Union. Once the characters make their appearance on the scene, they must -- of course -- be thoroughly checked out.

Moving Along

Once the investigators have had the opportunity to meet with Winston, the cult will be alerted to their presence and interest in their activities. As a safe-guard, Winston has them unobtrusively followed. If the characters delay in taking up the leads that will lead them to Massachusetts or even to Brazil, the game master should not hesitate to assault the characters with a cultist attack or two.

The makeup of such an attack is up to the Keeper. Any cultists that the characters interact with are not obviously cultists as they come from all walks of local New York City life. Assailants could be a group of street thugs, bums, or business men -- perhaps even police officers! The one common thread that they all share, however, is that they will be attacked with intricately carved daggers, that an Anthropology roll identifies as in the style of those used by Native American tribes of the New England region. An extreme Anthropology result suggest western Rhode Island as a probable source of the weapon, and such a roll combined with a successful Occult roll associates the design with

the extinct Mantuxent Indian tribe that vanished not long after the War for Independence and was reputed to indulge in human sacrifice and cannibalism.

Winston will not summon any creatures of the Mythos to deal with the investigators unless they prove themselves to be a serious threat to the cult's plans. In this event, Winston's most likely course of action would be to summon a few Byakee to deal with the characters -- most likely to subdue them and then carry them off into space where their blood will boil away in its murderous vacuum. If the characters really manage to get themselves into trouble, he will summon a Servitor to pipe them into insanity.

There is also the seemingly ever present threat of the State Department dogging their trail, from which they will gain temporary relief by a quick jaunt to Mantuxent. Once they show up in Brazil, however...

Regardless, of how they are motivated, the investigators have two possible destinations depending on what their research has turned up: Mantuxent Village, Massachusetts or Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

MANTUXENT, MASSACHUSETTS

Mantuxent is a sleepy little town on western Cape Cod, located roughly half-way down the western coast of that peninsula, about a half a mile from Buzzard's Bay. A chill wind whips in from the ocean during Fall and Winter months, and carries the taste of salt spray in the air. The town can only be reached by a poorly kept county road that bisects it from north to south. The nearest train station is in Cataumet, which lays five miles to the north.

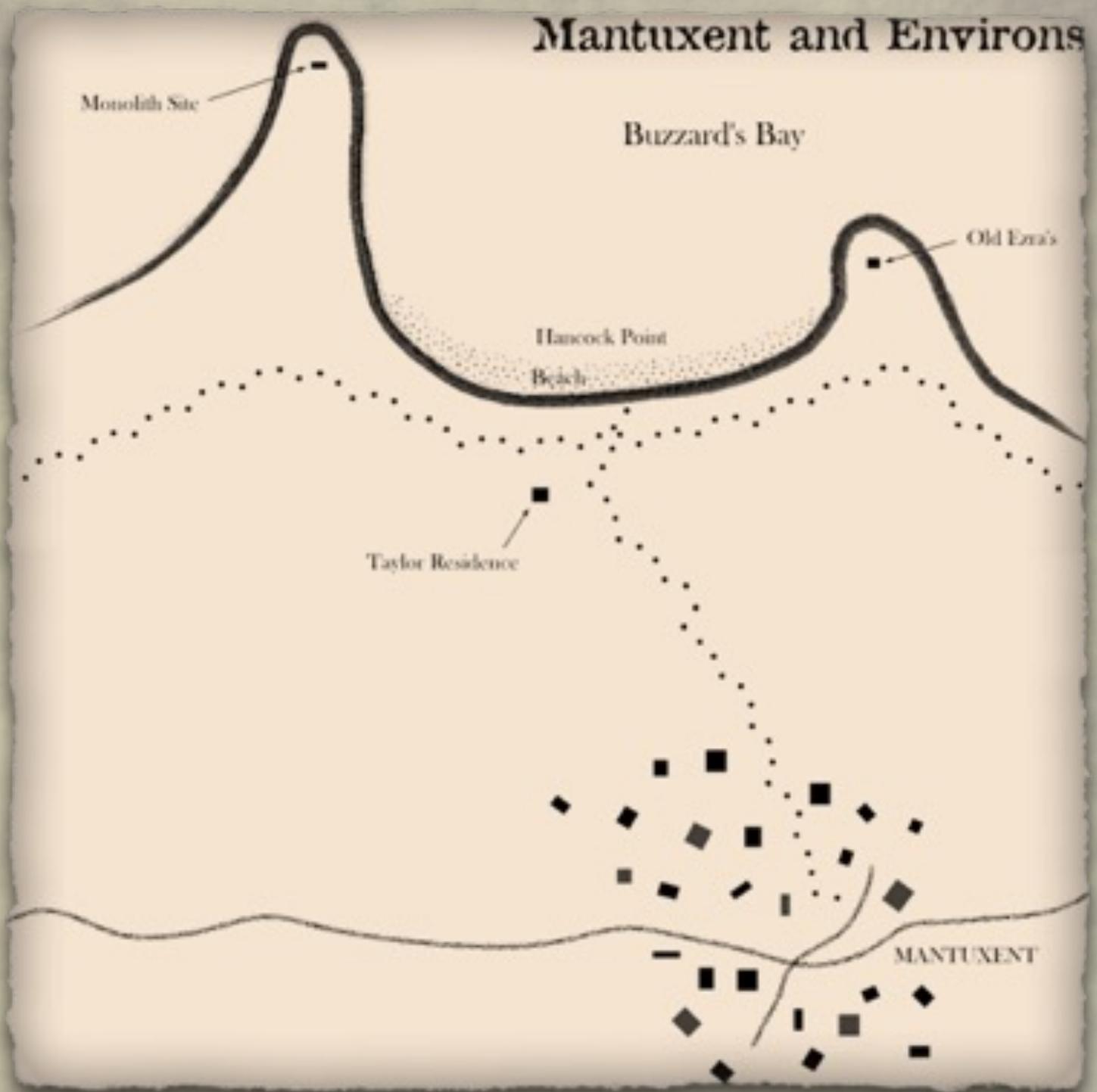
Given its small size and relative self-sufficiency -- plenty of arable land and good fishing are found in the bay -- the town is rather self-contained and has not yet felt the need to vie for the attention of the outside world. Visitors to the region who find a need to stay there can find comfortable room and board in a small boarding house not far from the main road. There are no bars or restaurants in town, and the only businesses that operate on a regular basis are a small general store, a barber shop, and a post/telegraph office. Given the tiny size of the village, there aren't any churches, schools, or doctor's offices to be found; nor is there a police or sheriff's office. When the necessity arises for these kinds of services, the townsfolk relay on neighboring towns.

The population of Mantuxent can be counted in the hundreds, and everybody literally knows everybody else by name. Strangers are instantly recognized, and there is no way in which they might blend in. As the town has so little to attract outsiders, the arrival of strangers is quickly relayed to the townsfolk through an amazingly effective grape-vine.

Current events have put the townsfolk on edge, as newcomers will be met with suspicion ... as the investigators soon find out.

Actually, locating the town may prove to be somewhat of a mystery in itself, as no clue has been given to its exact whereabouts, apart from it being located in Massachusetts not far from Buzzard's Bay. Fortunately, the search area is not too large. A





regular result at Library Use uncovers brief details on Hancock's Point that further narrows the search. According to some brief revolutionary period documents, Hancock's Point was so named as it was used by John Hancock during his vast smuggling operations to load and off-load contraband under the noses of the British. Rumors of a particularly vicious local Indian tribe kept traffic through the area to a minimum, making it an ideal place for that kind of illicit work. The point could be found between

two high-cliffs about half-way down the eastern shore of Buzzard's Bay, and an hour's walk from the nearest village.

During their search for the village, the investigators may discover an interesting, but not unexpected, piece of information. Although the details are taking their time to filter out to the surrounding towns, it would appear that an ugly business took place in Mantuxent not long ago. Apparently, there was a particularly nasty animal attack of some kind – possibly a bear – that killed a couple of the villagers. Local authorities are remaining tight-

lipped about the events, and the townsfolk have not offered any information either. In fact, if the investigators can manage to dig up some dirt on what has been going on in Mantuxent, the news media may be willing to pay for it.

Arriving in Mantuxent

As the characters roll – or walk – down the ragged road into town, they quickly note the suspicious reaction of local farmers and townsfolk. Some stop what work they are doing to stare in silence at them, while others run into nearby houses and quickly reappear in windows with a several other gawking faces. Children playing in their path drop their jump-ropes, jacks and balls to dash out of their way, often shouting to warn parents of the arrival of strangers in the village. Any attempt to speak to the locals results in simple avoidance to outright hostility with what weapons are available – shotguns, garden hoses, rolling pins, whatever can be found.

The investigators are forced to a stop in the middle of the village – just outside the general store – where they are met by half-a-dozen elderly gentlemen, a few of whom are armed with shotguns. If the characters arrive during the latter parts of the day, several teenage boys are also part of this crowd, and are armed with the wrenches and screw-drivers they have been using to tinker with the hulk of a car laying in a small garage nearby.

At the front of this small mob stands an elderly gentleman in attire which befits the rural area. Stepping forward, he inquires as to the characters’ business. He is Walter Marks, the manager of the general store, and for all intents and purposes, the patriarch of the small community. For the most part, any questions the characters ask of him are replied by curt answers, as he endeavors to get the characters on their way again. Only a hard Fast Talk or Persuade result allows them to stay and nose around for any length of time.

**Walter Marks
Town Elder, age 73**

STR 40 CON 55 SIZ 50 DEX 45 INT 70
APP 55 POW 50 EDU 60 SAN 50 HP 11
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 3 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1
Brawl 30% (15/6)
Dodge 22% (11/4)

Armor: none.
Skills: Farming (65%), Persuade (50%).

Assuming that the characters do manage to get on his relatively good side, he explains that the townsfolk are all worked up owing to the death of a village family not long back. Killed by a bear, most like. He’s concerned that some crazy hunters



are “gonna start swarming around the village like ants no doubt doin’ more harm n’ good.” A Psychology roll detects that he may be holding some of the details back, but no amount of coaxing will get him to change his story. If the investigators insist on staying the evening, he tells one in the crowd – Dave Willet – to take them over to “Widow Mabel’s place.”

On the way, no amount of coaxing will get Willet to go against Marks’ story, but a Psychology roll shows plainly that he’s nervous while discussing it. An additional Idea roll indicates that Willet is a bad liar.

The local boarding house is run by an elderly, petit dynamo named Mabel Ellis. Referred to as “Widow Mabel” (yes, she really is one), she is extremely friendly and truly wants to put the characters at their ease, but unfortunately her take on events is the same as Walter Marks.’ For two dollars per person, she can house up to ten people per night, four in two rooms in her comfortable house and the balance in a converted loft in her barn. The cost of the room includes well cooked dinner and breakfast served promptly at eight o’clock in the evening and morning. If asked why the town is so seemingly nervous about their presence, she explains that they so rarely get strangers in Mantuxent. Personally, she’s just thrilled to death about seeing some new faces! “Have another slice of pie, dear.”

**The Widow Mabel
Local Matriarch, age 75**

STR 35 CON 80 SIZ 45 DEX 55 INT 70
APP 60 POW 80 EDU 45 SAN 80 HP 13
DB: -1 Build: -1 Move: 4 MP: 16 Luck: 80

Attacks per round: 1
Brawl 25% (12/5)
Dodge 22% (11/4)

Armor: none.
Skills: Cook (75%), Mother (95%).



Once the investigators are finished with their meal, Widow Mabel tells the gentlemen in the party that she won’t tolerate smoking in the house, and that the usual practice in town is for the gentlemen to walk over to the general store and have a smoke there. The ladies can remain behind for some nice tea and conversation around the fireplace. If some of the characters take her up on this idea, as they approach the general store, a hard Listen roll will overhear the following hushed debate between Marks and Willet:

Willet: “... know that weren’t no bear that killed the Taylors!”
Marks: “What, you think it was one the folk here that did that to them bodies and carried off little Helen? How come we haven’t found her yet? What else could it be?”

Willet: "I told you before, it's them Indians!"

Marks: "Come on son, there ain't been no Indians 'round here in over a hunert years!"

Willet: "But what about how the bodies looked? Old Ezra told me that that's just what the Indians useta do to the good Christian folk back then."

Marks: "How many times I told you ta stay away from MacFarlane? He's just some crazy old man waiting to die. He probably laughs his backside off every time he fills your head with such nonsense!"

At this point, one or both of these gentlemen realize that their conversation may be overheard (perhaps with a failed Stealth die roll causing a clumsy investigator to step on a brittle twig), at which point they bring it to a hasty conclusion – much to the consternation of Willet – and step out on the boardwalk that fronts the general store.

Characters are welcome to light up and even participate in a game of checkers or two – the apparent pastime of many of the town elders. They won't be welcome to begin a discussion on the strange goings on in town, and any effort to do so will meet with annoyance on the part of the townsfolk. Throughout these casual proceedings, Willet looks markedly uncomfortable and eventually makes his way impatiently to his residence not far off.

Any investigator who wishes to question him has little trouble catching up, or finding his home at a later time. His small three room shack is several hundred yards down the main road, set in a copse of trees. He makes his contribution to Mantuxent by raising a good number of chickens for both eggs and slaughter, which he trades for necessities in town, and sells in a farmer's

market in Cataumet every other Saturday for a small amount of cash.

Willet is a strapping gentleman in his mid-twenties, who is reasonably attractive, and sports closely cropped blond hair. After speaking with him for a brief period, characters quickly realize that he is an open-minded fellow who is rather disappointed with his lot in life. Unfortunately, they also notice that he really doesn't have the wit to do anything about it. A chicken farmer he is, and a chicken farmer he shall remain.

Dave Willet
Country Bumpkin, age 25

STR 85	CON 80	SIZ 80	DEX 55	INT 40
APP 50	POW 60	EDU 25	SAN 60	HP 16
DB: +1d6	Build: 2	Move: 8	MP: 12	Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	60% (30/12)
12-gauge Shotgun	45% (22/9), damage 4d6/2d6/1d6
Knife	35% (17/7), damage 1d4+2
Dodge	42% (21/8)

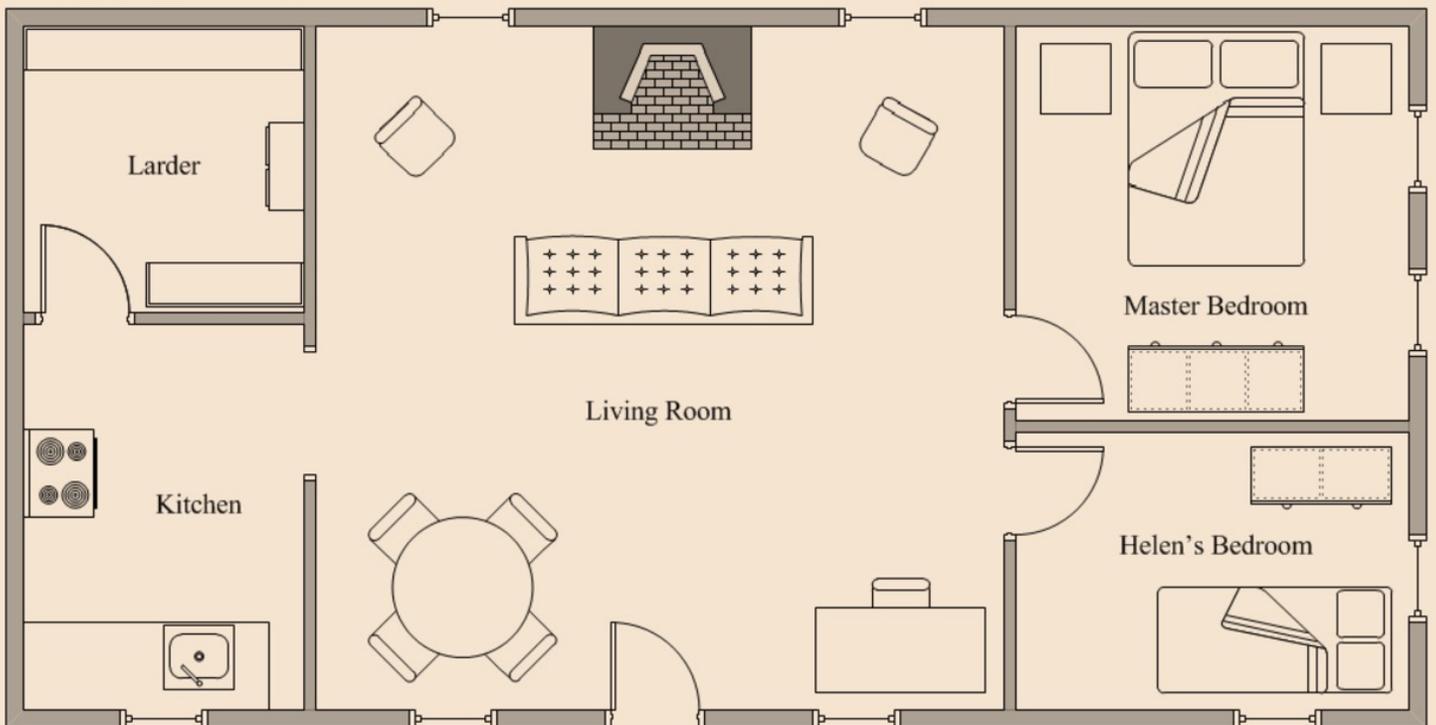
Armor: none.

Skills: Farming (35%), Sneak (60%).

The only thrill that Willet manages to get out of his meager existence is in the time he spends with Ezra MacFarlane, an aged hermit who lives in a small stone hut



Taylor Residence



on a cliff that overlooks Buzzard's Bay. Though shunned by the majority of the townsfolk as a mad recluse, Willet sees MacFarlane as an enlightened sage who can teach him about the world outside of Mantuxent and of the life he will never have. Once the investigators meet MacFarlane, they can make their own determinations.

Characters find Willet rather close-mouthed unless they manage to corral him in an out of the way place. Although he is loyal to the town and its population, he is eager to hear tell of the "outside world" and opens up at the prospect of a little adventure in his otherwise dreary life.

If asked, he describes the Taylor family as a young couple – Henry and Abigail – who lived on a small farm on the outskirts of town where they raised a couple of cows as well as their young daughter Helen, who wasn't much more than seven or eight years old. He remembers them as being very friendly and would often trade milk and vegetables with him for the eggs from his chickens. Like everybody else in the village, they lived hand to mouth, but showed no signs of frustration or disappointment with their lot.

Of the attack on their home, he is unsure of what really transpired as he heard it second hand. He was told that a bear got into their house, killed the couple and presumably carried the child off with it. Willet doesn't believe that it was a bear, and will insist that a band of Mantuxent Indians attacked the couple and kidnapped the child for some cannibalistic ritual. If asked how he came to this conclusion, he mentions that he overheard some of the townsfolk describing the condition in which the bodies were found (disemboweled and with their tongues removed) and says he heard that that's how the Indians killed their victims.

An Idea roll suggests that Willet may be a little too well educated on the local history, and perceptive characters may question how he came by the details on an Indian tribe which hasn't existed for nearly 150 years. Or, they might just ask him about MacFarlane. In either case, he won't divulge any information about him, unless one of the investigators succeeds in making an excellent Persuade roll – at which point he describes him as a hermit who lives on a cliff overlooking the bay. If the characters don't manage to glean MacFarlane's whereabouts from Willet, they can just as easily follow him later that evening.

The Taylor Residence

On the outskirts of town, not too far from Buzzard's Bay, lays a modest home surrounded by a white picket fence. Behind the house is a small barn that still holds the signature stench of cattle, as well as several dozen large milk canisters. To one side of the barn is a small vegetable patch where several plants continue to grow, even though their planters are no longer in evidence. The house itself is a simple affair consisting of two bedrooms (one a master and the other obviously belonging to a young girl), a kitchen, larder, and cozy dining/living area. A large stone fireplace is built into one of the walls and still houses a large cooking kettle within it.

Entry into the house is easy as the stout front door lies in ruins a few yards away. Examination of the door (a Spot Hidden roll

followed by an Idea roll) reveals claw marks indicating that the door was torn from its hinges and thrown aside. Apart from the broken hinges, the door jamb remains intact, with the exception of a few boards that have been nailed across the opening. Upon entering, the first things the characters notice are the stains on the floor and furniture. The attack was obviously a messy one, and the stains run so deep that the furniture will have to be re-upholstered and the floor boards replaced if anyone is to occupy the house again. An excellent Spot Hidden roll also reveals an odd stain just inside the front door that an Idea roll reveals to be egg yolk (splinters of egg shell are embedded within the stain).

Even though a small struggle is apparent, the breakage to items in the house is minimal. As would be expected, the home is modestly furnished and decorated, with nothing of any real value other than sentimental. Another Spot Hidden roll draws the attention of the investigators to the mantel over the fireplace where several grainy photographs are framed. One of these photos is of a small light haired girl dressed in a Sunday frock. She is perched in a small rocking chair and clutches a raggedy teddy bear in her arms. Of note is a mark on her face which is either a birthmark or a flaw in the film. A dark, uneven line runs in the shape of the letter "J" from her right cheek, upwards across her eye, and disappears beneath her hair line. If Willet – or MacFarlane – is asked about this, he will confirm that it is, indeed, a birthmark.

The birthmark is a representation of the Yellow Sign, and is the reason that Helen Taylor was chosen to play an active role in the affairs of the cult of the Unspeakable Father – as the Reverend Ward Phillips discovered during his visit to Mantuxent so many years previously. Apart from the members of the cult (and presumably the investigators if they've run into it before), no one knows that the birthmark represents anything other than an unfortunate physical defect on an otherwise perfect child.

The Hermit of Hancock's Point

The trail that leads to the Taylor residence continues westward toward Buzzard's bay, where it splits into two trails – one heading south and the other north. These two trails skirt a high cliff that drops down to a small beach below. A third trail leads down an age worn pathway to the beach and what remains of Hancock's Point. The spit of land that at one time reached out into this cove has since been covered by the rising tides and is now little more than a sand-bar. Cautious descent to the beach down the cliff path takes about 30 minutes. Trying to cut down on that period may lead to serious consequences, as the drop is sheer, and the rocks below are sharp.

Following the northern trail leads the characters for nearly a quarter-mile to a thatched-roof shack atop the northern cliff. A small trail of smoke seeps out of a chimney and mingles with the ocean breeze. Whether the investigators attempt to be stealthy or not, as they approach the hut, a gravelly voice calls out: "Well, it's about time you got here!"

The voice belongs to Ezra MacFarlane, and the investigators are hard-pressed to find a less attractive individual. Standing a full four feet and weighing in at near 150 pounds, his bulbous

visage is covered with coarse, leathery skin. His pointed nose is made small relative to a wide, thick-lipped mouth and unblinking, bulbous eyes, and what hair remains on his wrinkled skull sprouts in pure white tufts, seemingly at random across his scalp. Characters who have had the opportunity to visit with the natives of Innsmouth, Massachusetts will note a marked similarity between their appearance and that of MacFarlane. In MacFarlane's hand is an active corn-cob pipe that he uses to stress any points he tries to make with visitors.

MacFarlane is in fact the last of a family line that was afflicted with the taint of the Deep Ones. Until the colonization of the Mantuxent area, the eastern shores of Buzzard's Bay were home to a small colony of Deep Ones. With the arrival of the settlers, the populace has slowly been migrating away from the area; either to Y'ha-N'thlei or the South Pacific. Only MacFarlane remains of that old line, and though he bears resemblance to his ancestors, he has never been affected by the urge to join them – though he still waits the day in his little shack.

He is the grandson of the MacFarlane mentioned by the Reverend Ward Phillips in the addenda to *Thaumaturgical Prodigies* in the New England Canaan, and is approaching 100 years of age.

Ezra McFarlane

Wizened Old Codger and Deep One, age ??

STR 40	CON 60	SIZ 35	DEX 45	INT 90
APP 40	POW 90	EDU 90	SAN 70	HP 13
DB: 0	Build: -1	Move: 4	MP: 19	Luck: 90

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	35% (17/7)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos (20%), History (95%), Listen (75%), Occult (75%).

Of his heritage and family history he knows very little. MacFarlane never met his grandfather, as he had been called to the sea not long before the infant MacFarlane was born. His mother died in childbirth, and he was raised by his father – a local fisherman – until he too received the call 70 years ago. He has spent the intervening years sustaining himself on a small vegetable garden and the fruits of the sea (like his father he too is an excellent fisherman – must be in the blood), and studying the history of the surrounding area.

“Old Ezra” – as he's referred to by Willet – can answer just about any question regarding the history of Mantuxent and its environs. Nor has he any inclination to hide this information, and supplies it freely unless the investigators give him some reason not to. A few of the tidbits he can relate are as follows:

Mantuxent was not founded as an actual settlement until the 1850s, but its location has drawn attention since the late 1700s.

Before the Revolution, it was used as a prime smuggling location by privateers the likes of John Hancock (hence the naming of Hancock's Point). The area enjoys relatively clement weather the year round, so it's surprising that no one settled in the area for some time. The reason for this mystery is quickly brought to light when taking into account the tribe of Indians who made the area their home.

The Mantuxent Indians were a small tribe who gave their name to the village that would spring up after their passing. They were one of the few cannibalistic tribes of Indians in North America, whose myth cycle involved the worship of a star-bound deity. During certain seasons, they would sacrifice select members of their own tribe, a ritual that involved vivisection and the consuming of the victim's tongue by the tribal shaman. It was believed that this practice would allow the shaman to speak directly with their deity.

Over the years, as the influx of European settlers grew, the Mantuxent found their numbers dwindling. When the tribe dwindled to a few hundred in number, the tribal elders decided that they would be better served by acquiring their sacrifices from outside their numbers. As the French and Indian War raged on in the 1750s, the kidnapping and sacrifices went unmoled, but once the war came to a conclusion in 1759, the local populace began to take notice. In 1761, several townsfolk disappeared and a local investigation turned up the bodies as well as the culprits. The local militia was called into action, and quickly overran and slaughtered the Mantuxent man by man.

Although the tribe may have been annihilated, evil abhors a vacuum. Word of the deeds of the Mantuxent made their way out into New England and into the ears of local coven leaders. Seeing the holy ground of the tribe as a great source of power, many coven members migrated to the area and quickly took up where the Indians left off, but with much greater subtlety. In this manner was born one of the first cults of the Unspeakable Father. This witch cult flourished on the shores of Buzzard's Bay until the mid-1800s when the continuing influx of population forced their inevitable move underground. As far as MacFarlane knows, they no longer exist ... although recently his opinions have been brought into doubt.

Being the oldest and certainly the most educated of the Mantuxent populace, MacFarlane views the townsfolk with a contempt usually reserved for the dim witted. To him, they are little more than bumpkins with no knowledge of the real world and the wonders it holds. Willet is the only local who earns meager respect from MacFarlane, and that's owing to the formers uncanny ability to put up with his airs. The opportunity to speak with “outsiders” is a boon to MacFarlane, and he is eager to discuss any topic that holds some kind of intellectual value.

News of the characters arrival in town came to MacFarlane through either Willet or his own keen powers of observation, as it's not too difficult for him to tell when something out of the ordinary has happened – be it a simple visit from strangers or a horrific slaughter. “These townsfolk are so easily excited over the simplest of events ...”



MacFarlane can give details on just about anyone in town, and all of them are viewed with an obvious amount of distaste – particularly the town elders who, having spurned him, bask in their own ignorance.

The Attack

The death of the Taylors and the kidnapping of their daughter Helen occurred on the night of the new moon roughly a month (or two if the investigation is progressing slowly) prior to the arrival of the investigators in Mantuxent. Exactly when the attack took place is a matter for the coroners to decide, but MacFarlane is pretty sure it happened near three o'clock in the morning as that was the time when the Indians – and the cult that followed – typically held their sacrifices.

The front door to the house was removed – by a demon, MacFarlane speculates; as a more natural creature would have broken the door down or not even bothered and come through a window if large enough – the couple dragged from their beds (another oddity that lends credence to the supernatural theory) and systematically slaughtered. The couple was eviscerated and their tongues were cut from their mouths in a manner identical to the Mantuxent rituals.

The bodies were found the following morning by Willet while he was making a delivery of eggs to the family. After informing MacFarlane, he informed Walter Marks and the rest of the town elders who in turn summoned the police from Cataumet. Of little Helen, no traces were found.

The South Cliff

One of the lessons that MacFarlane learned from his father was never to spend the night on the South Cliff when the fog has rolled in and the moon does not shine brightly in the night sky. Apparently, this was a sign used by the Mantuxent to hold their rituals and evil still lingers over that promontory.

“Yes,” claims Old Ezra, “the moon was black and the fog was

thick on the night that the Taylors were killed and little Helen taken away to who knows where.”

MacFarlane isn't one to be overly troubled by the unexplained or unexplainable, but when the stars are right, he closes his shutters, bolts his door, and ignores any sights or sounds that emanate from the cliff just visible through the bramble from his little shack. No matter how hard the characters try to press him for information about what he may have seen, he hasn't seen anything (a Psychology roll indicates that he's a bad liar), and he suggests that the investigators should never see anything either ... “if they know what's good for 'em.”

MacFarlane's Hovel

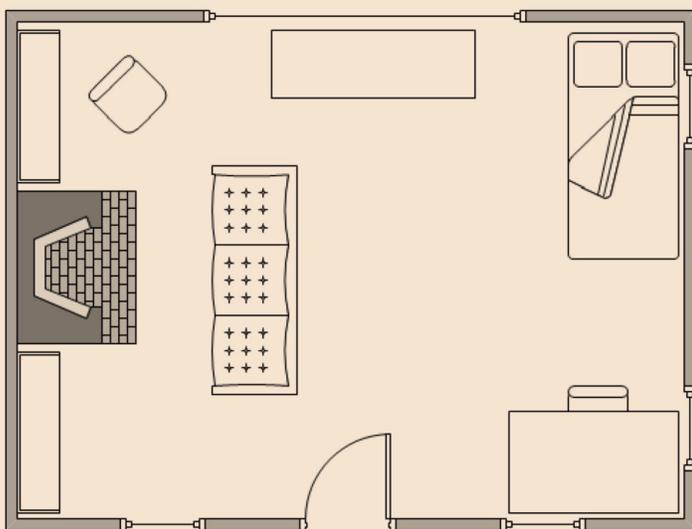
The small shack overlooking what's left of Hancock's Point is a simple one room affair that sports a roof in serious need of re-shingling. A large fireplace and chimney take up the better part of one wall, and the entirety is filled with ancient, patched furniture. The aroma of stale tobacco fills the air, reinforced by the pipe MacFarlane is perpetually puffing.

Scattered about the place are piles of souvenirs (although investigators may consider them refuse) that MacFarlane has recovered from the sea. There are shells of all shapes and sizes, pieces of drift wood gnarled into strange shapes, parts of sailing vessels that washed ashore after they met their fate on hidden reefs, and the bones of fish and sea-going mammals. There are also piles upon piles of books, most of which cover general history as well as the history of New England and the local areas. Unfortunately, these volumes have not been treated very well and hold little value even though some are quite old.

Hidden beneath this pile of books (investigators will have to actively root through them to get a chance at a Spot Hidden roll) is an incomplete and barely comprehensible hand-copy of the Cthaat Aquadingen (this manuscript takes 10 weeks to study and an excellent Cthulhu Mythos roll to decipher, 1d6 Sanity, +1/+2 percentiles, 5 Mythos Rating). It only includes sections on the Innsmouth and Buzzard's Bay Deep One colonies, and contains the spells Contact Dagon and Contact Deep One. On the first page of this manuscript is a note signed by MacFarlane's great-grandfather Asa, that reads “for the Children. 1762” Old Ezra is completely unaware of the manuscript's existence, as there are so many other books that he has yet to read – and will probably never get the chance. If the investigators manage to discover it, MacFarlane refuse sto part with it, and once the investigators have left Mantuxent, MacFarlane will disappear, never to be seen again.

Also of note is a large bronze disk that adorns the mantel over the fire-place. It is roughly six inches in diameter and is adorned with an ornate symbol that covers the better part of its surface. A Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals the symbol to represent the bonding of Father Dagon and Mother Hydra, one of the bases of Deep One religion. Like the manuscript, MacFarlane has no idea of its true meaning, but has a fondness for it as it is a family heirloom. The item is in fact a magical symbol and anyone who is not a Deep One or does not carry the taint must make a Power roll when handling it. Those who fail this roll suddenly feel cold and

Old Ezra's Hovel



clammy, as if they were being dragged below the surface of a frigid pool (Sanity roll: 0/1d3), and – dropping the disk – stumble outside gagging for fresh air. MacFarlane recovers the item, carefully brushes it off and replaces it on the mantel, asking the investigators to be a little more careful when handling his possessions.

Visiting the South Cliff

Following the trail south from the Taylor's residence brings the investigators to the South Cliff that overlooks Hancock's Point. The tree line stops abruptly about forty yards from the edge of the cliff, the open area covered with weedy, dry, ankle-length grass. Characters advancing toward the cliff's edge will have to be careful, lest they slip of the edge and plummet 150 feet into the sharp rocks below.

During the light of day there is little to see on the South Cliff, other than the view of Hancock's Point below, and a whiff of smoke rising from MacFarlane's hovel on the opposite cliff. A hard Spot Hidden roll however reveals the flash of a reflection of something hidden in the grass. A quick examination uncovers the polished head of a porcelain doll that seems to have been dropped in that spot. A return to the Taylor residence and the examination of Helen's room uncovers the rest of the doll's body.

During a moon-lit night, the South Cliff takes on a chill, eerie atmosphere, as the darkness makes it difficult to determine where the cliff ends and open space begins. Moving across the central point of the open grass brings a deep chill to any investigator who fails a hard Power roll, even in the balmy heat of a summer night (lose a point of Sanity).

The central point of the cliff top is a sealed gateway between the normal world and dread Carcosa. During the nights of the new moon, when the Hyades appear over the horizon, a thick fog rolls up from Buzzard's Bay to enclose the cliff. Directly on the chill spot, a large black monolith appears bearing the text of the ceremony that temporarily opens the gate between the Earth (normal reality) and dread Carcosa on the shores of the great lake of Hali. Those participating in the ceremony see the walls and structures of the city loom up out of the fog, and have the opportunity to explore Carcosa. Unfortunately, they will be trapped there unless they can find their way back to the monolith before the fog recedes and the sun rises over Mantuxent. All those participating in or witnessing the ceremony loses track of all the others in the fog, and any who became trapped in Carcosa may be presumed to have wandered over the cliff's edge and washed away by the tide. When the fog dissipates, the monolith will have vanished along with it.

Witnessing the ceremony requires a Sanity roll (1/1d4). Participating in the ceremony causes the immediate loss of a 1d4 Sanity points. Actually, wandering off into Carcosa pretty much puts an end to any investigator foolish enough to do so, unless the Keeper is feeling magnanimous.

Coincidentally, the next new moon over Mantuxent is scheduled to appear – or rather, disappear – within a few days of the

investigator's arrival in the village. If they choose to keep a watch over the South Cliff during that period, those who don't partake in the ceremony get to witness the arrival of three Byakhee (1/1d6 Sanity loss). They flap down through the fog and make their way to the Taylor house, where they each grab several dolls from Helen's room, return to the cliff and flap away to parts unknown. Apart from a hiss or two, they do not interfere with the investigators unless they are themselves interfered with. Slaying any of these creatures indicates to the Cult of the Unspeakable Father that the characters have arrived in Mantuxent and should be dealt with.

Moving Along

After an examination of the Taylor residence and a discussion with MacFarlane, there is little point in remaining in Mantuxent, as the investigators should have a pretty good idea as to how the little New England town fits in with the theft in New York. Their only course of direction is south of the equator to Rio de Janeiro and the oppressive heat of the Amazon Jungle. If the investigators decide to dally for no apparent reason, it gives the cult a chance to locate them and send a few Byakhee (or worse) to deal with them.

Before heading abroad, the investigators must acquire necessary passports and transit papers. These can be acquired in any major city – Boston being the most conveniently located. The characters find, however, that they will need to acquire tickets for ship passage in New York City.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

Depending on the financial state of the characters, the journey to Brazil is either arduous or luxurious. In any event, it takes nearly two weeks to make the trek by steamer or passenger liner from New York and is punctuated by several stops along the way – Miami, San Juan, Georgetown, Recife, and finally, Rio. The journey is relatively uneventful, unless the Keeper is feeling particularly malicious or wants to keep the investigators on their toes.

At each port of call, the characters are given leave to stretch their legs for several hours and indulge themselves in the native culture and atmosphere. As they progress southward, they become more and more aware of the increase in temperature as they move below the equator and into summer. After the first five days at sea, the shipboard stewards begin to hand out salt tablets, and cool iced-tea becomes a staple of the traveler's diet.

Approaching the Tropic of Capricorn, the temperature begins to mellow as the ship pulls into the Port of Niteroi on the northern side of a large bay. Dozens of steamer ships and hundreds of colorful fishing boats bob in the calm waters in the shadow of Sugar Loaf mountain beyond which lies the Brazilian capital city of Rio de Janeiro.

The characters are efficiently debarked from the ship and processed through Customs, making sure that all the appropriate forms are filled out in triplicate and counter-signed in triplicate. They are then hustled into a bleak waiting room with poor air



circulation where they stew for what seems to be an eternity. Moments before they begin to conjecture as to what really happened to the ill-fated Percy Expedition, the door bursts open and a tall, muscular gentleman in a natty, cream-colored cotton suit storms in. "Howdy ladies & gents! I'm Max'll Stark ... pleasete meetcha!" he exclaims in a heavy Texas drawl.

Max introduces himself and informs the new arrivals that he is a representative of the embassy staff, and that it's his job to make sure that everybody gets to where they're supposed to be going with as little hassle as possible. "Us Americans gotta stick together so far from the 'ole U.S. of A!" He makes sure that everybody has got their hotel reservations and if not (which he doesn't find surprising) he organizes appropriate housing. In the case of the investigators, this means one or more comfortable suites in the Hotel DeMilus, that overlooks the world-famous Copacabana Beach. He shepherds the characters onto a waiting bus, that – after a few coughs and a grind – begins to make its way around the periphery of the harbor and into the city.

Maxwell Stark
Espionage Operative, age 42

STR 60	CON 60	SIZ 65	DEX 65	INT 75
APP 60	POW 65	EDU 80	SAN 65	HP 13
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 7	MP: 13	Luck: 65

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
.32 Automatic	70% (35/14), damage 1d8
Dodge	50% (25/10)

Armor: none.

Skills: Bargain (55%), Credit Rating (80%), Fast Talk (65%), Law (60%), Listen (45%), Read/Write Portuguese (75%), Photography (50%), Psychology (65%), Sneak (60%).



As the bus trundles toward their hotel, Stark answers any questions the characters may have about the country and its capital city, as well as any local events that may be noteworthy. If they bring up the Miskatonic Expedition into the jungle and the status of its leader, Dr. Curtis Mathieson, Stark clucks his tongue and shakes his head in dismay. "What a shame," he says. Assuming the characters question him further, he suddenly realizes that they've been out of touch for a few weeks, and produces a folded-up copy of the "Brazil Daily Clarion" (a modest local English language newspaper) and points out an article titled "Archeological Dig Ends In Disaster."

If the investigators do not pursue that particular line of questioning with Stark, or are not baited by his actions, they receive a complimentary copy of the newspaper upon checking into the Hotel DeMilus.

The bumpy, half-hour bus excursion terminates at the revolving doors of a ten-story edifice that stands less than fifty yards from the Atlantic coast-line. Etched into the glass frontage of the building is a stylized monogram that bears the letters "DM" surrounded by the words "Hotel DeMilus." Doormen clothed in smart red uniforms and white gloves remove luggage from the bus and carry it into the well accoutered lobby.

Scattered about the lobby, under slowly turning ceiling fans, are several low tables around which stand several plush armchairs. In these chairs are several individuals well dressed in fine evening wear, armed with brandy-snifters and – in the case of the gentlemen – fat cigars. The vast majority of them seem to be European, and all of them appear to be enjoying themselves.

"Archeological Dig Ends In Disaster"

REUTERS - An archaeological expedition into the Amazon River Basin, from Miskatonic University (Arkham, Massachusetts) met with tragedy a few weeks ago. A weekly supply train uncovered the remains of the ill-fated expedition, their encampment destroyed and all members of the party dead, subjected to a wild animal attack. This fatal attack was the second to strike against the expedition in as many months, a previous attack leaving the party's leader – Dr. Curtis Mathieson, professor of archeology and anthropological studies – gravely wounded. After the first attack, Dr. Mathieson was transported to the nearest hospital, and has since been moved to Rio de Janeiro where he has been spending his convalescence. Contacted through the Universidade do Rio de Janeiro, where he has been studying several of the artifacts uncovered by his co-workers, he commented that he is nearly back to health, and he will soon be accompanying the bodies back to the United States upon completion of legal formalities. Counted among the expedition's lost is Dr. William Carter, a noted professor whose studies and contributions to the field of ancient civilizations are well respected within the archaeological field.

Through a set of glass doors, the investigators spy a restaurant equipped with outdoor tables fitted with large umbrellas, and as people move in and out, a samba-beat can be heard emanating from within.

At the front desk, the concierge checks the investigators into a suite of rooms on the seventh floor, facing the beach. He is a small gentleman of obvious Latin-origin with his thinning black hair "Brilliantined" to perfection and his mustache waxed to a razor's edge. "Bemvindo! Welcome to Brazil!" he exclaims and states that if there is anything they need, they are but to ask. He then rings a bell, summoning a porter to escort the investigators and their baggage to their rooms.

One question that might occur to the characters is their ability to afford what appears to be a seriously swanky hotel. If they confront the concierge with their doubts, he tells them that they should not worry, and that it has all been arranged by Senhor Stark. The characters have the option to go somewhere else of course. If they want to question Stark about it, he's conveniently disappeared from sight. Trying to contact him through the embassy is impossible, as he never seems to be in. This state of affairs may lead the characters to wonder:

Who is Max Stark?

Stark's official title is that of "Traveler's Liaison," with the duties of keeping tabs on all American citizens moving about the country and making sure that they don't get into any trouble which may otherwise damage the relations between Brazil and the United States. In actuality, Stark is a member of the State Department, and a spy. Since the fall of Russia to communism, the seeds of that ideology began to germinate in Brazil and one of the duties assigned to Stark and his ilk has been to track the spread of communism throughout the world.

Several months ago, the State Department uncovered a path of communication between a communist cell located in Rio that led back to Leningrad in the Soviet Union and one Fyodr Orloff. Communication was also traced from Orloff to one Francisco da Silva, a Brazilian plantation owner and to George Winston a book-seller in New York. The contents of these communications are unknown, but State believes them to be instructions transmitted to various communist cells in Brazil and the United States. All of these conspirators are under heavy surveillance in their respective countries and anyone coming into contact with them becomes suspect.

Upon their arrival, Stark is already aware of the character's involvement with Winston in New York, and has them under surveillance. When they first meet, Stark tries to glean the character's purpose in visiting Brazil. Any mention of Francisco da Silva sets off warning bells, as will any attempts to contact da Silva either at the university or at his plantation outside the city. This course of events leads to the following situation.

The Abduction, an event

The first evening following an encounter with Francisco da Silva, there is a knock on the door of the character's rooms. A

bell-boy hands a personalized note to one of the characters who recently visited with da Silva. The note requests that the character in question call down at the concierge's desk for an important telegram from New York.

At the front desk, the concierge asks the character to wait one moment while he checks through his file of messages. While the character waits, a gentleman who was unobtrusively standing at the front desk as well – apparently checking in – jabs the character with a hypodermic and injects him or her with a powerful sedative (a Curare derivative that requires a hard Constitution check to retain 1d6 rounds before unconsciousness). If the character succeeds in resisting the strength of the sedative, he or she has a few moments to act before it knocks the investigator out completely. As soon as it has taken effect, an additional gentleman steps forward and assist the character into a waiting car that speeds off into the night.

Any character who checks to see what happened to their companion finds that he or she was escorted from the hotel by two gentlemen after having taken ill suddenly after some kind of a seizure. Fortunately, one of the gentlemen who came to the character's assistance was a doctor. With regards to the telegram, the concierge has no idea what the investigators are talking about, as none was received.

It is likely that one or more additional characters might accompany their friend to the lobby for safety's sake. They are also disabled, but at a distance through the use of blowguns and darts laced with the same sedative. Given similar effects, these characters also collapse, and awaken the next morning in hospital beds having been diagnosed as suffering from food-poisoning. The rest of their stay at the Hotel DeMilus is free and easy.

The abducted character reappears late the following evening, clothing thoroughly soiled and reeking of alcohol. The only thing remembered about the previous twenty-four-hour period being a very bright light and lots of disembodied voices which whispered incessantly. The character is also weakened, with

Strength, Constitution and Power stats cut temporarily to half their values which return to normal after a full day's rest. An examination of the investigator's body, along with either Spot Hidden or Medicine rolls reveals several puncture wounds on the character's arms.

Under the direction of Stark, the unconscious character was escorted to a waiting automobile and whisked away to parts unknown (but actually the basement of the US Embassy). There, the character was strapped onto a medical table and fed nearly unhealthy doses of lip-loosening drugs like scopolamine, all the while being grilled by Stark and a few other members of State Department staff. Depending on the history of the investigator being interrogated, the results of the process are perceived as disinteresting to utterly insane. Magic Tomes? Jungle Cities? Dark Gods? The prisoner is obviously completely unaware either of any communist conspiracy or utterly off his or her rocker.

Regardless of the perceived mental state of the investigator, Stark perceives an opportunity to accomplish State's aims without direct involvement, and before releasing their charge, decides on a course of action. Through close observation – and occasional covert assistance – they plan on allowing the characters to continue their investigation and, in the process, uncover the plans of the Winston - da Silva - Orloff Triad. In essence, the United States government becomes the character's passport through the rest of the scenario (although by the end of it, they'll wish they had revoked that particular visa).

Universidade do Rio de Janeiro

After having settled in their hotel, the first place the characters most likely want to visit is the national university and Dr. Curtis Mathieson. The hotel can provide simple, accurate directions to the university campus, and are also be willing to provide transport and a driver/interpreter (most likely a student at said campus) for a modest fee.

The investigators notice several things during their brief excursion to visit Mathieson. First, it is unbelievably hot! The shift from winter to summer over the span of a week or two proves difficult to get used to, and the added humidity quickly causes the investigator's clothing to cling uncomfortably. If the investigators did not come prepared for the climate, they must drop some quick cash in a few of the local shops to attire themselves appropriately, lest they succumb to heat prostration. The second item of interest – particularly to Anthropologists – is that much of the activity of the local populace seems to revolve around the beach area. Throughout the day the beach is crowded, as are the multitudes of beach-side cafés that serve not only bathers, but also gentlemen in business attire going about their day-to-day transactions with the aid of a steady supply of exceptionally strong, rich Brazilian coffee. [Note: If a character orders coffee without specifying "American Style" they receive I tiny cup containing a form of coffee so incredibly potent that a hard Power roll is required. If this roll is failed, the result is the temporary loss of Dexterity for



several hours. Yes, it's that strong!] Characters also notice a certain flair for (relative) exhibitionism by members of both sexes in their bathing attire. Rio de Janeiro is definitely not puritan New England!

The university campus is located on the summit of a low hill to the east of the city. Four two-story, rectangular academic buildings enclose a tree-strewn quad that is peppered by benches and stone tables and crowded with the student population. Outside of the quad are a handful of student dormitories, administration buildings, a library, a teaching hospital, and a sports arena. Also, part of the campus is a large church, the "Igreja da Santissima Maria" whose bell tower offers a spectacular view of the city bordering on the Copacabana beach. All the structures that make up the university follow architectural examples of the early 1700s.

The student population is considerably smaller than the large universities located in New York, totaling less than three thousand. The teaching staff is equally small, but recognized as one of the most skilled in the southern hemisphere – particularly in the fields of anthropology, botany, and medicine. Characters with an academic background feel right at home here, and find almost no language barriers as virtually all the local professors speak nearly flawless English, as does a good percentage of the student population.

Given the size of the school, investigators have little trouble determining where Dr. Mathieson can be found. A few simple inquiries also reveal that "da Silva" can be none other than Dr. Francisco da Silva, the head of the Anthropology department. The offices of each are located on the second floor of the "History and Social Studies" building. da Silva's office bears the placard: "Departamento de Antropologia, Diretor." Mathieson's office door is unadorned and his office appears temporary.

Meeting Curtis Mathieson

Mathieson's temporary abode is a small, ten by fifteen-foot office with a large picture window facing down into the quad below. Furnishings are sparse, there being only a couple of chairs, a virtually empty book-case and a desk crowded with books, manuscripts, papers, and sundry objects associated with archaeological work.

The professor is seated behind the desk, right arm in a sling around his neck, endeavoring to write off-handedly – and apparently rather annoyed with his attempts. A stout cane leans against the side of the desk, looking as if it will slide to the floor at any moment. Mathieson himself looks to be approaching sixty years of age, and shows the gaunt signs of a recent hospital stay. This is particularly apparent to any investigators who have had contact with Miskatonic University – either teaching or studying – as they may well have met him or attended one of his lectures. Any characters who succeed with Anthropology or Archeology rolls will have heard of Mathieson's excursions to central Arabia as well as a more recent trek to Greenland (see Chaosium's "Trail of Tsathogghua" by Keith Herber).

Curtis Mathieson

Professor of Medieval Metaphysics, age 63

STR 40	CON 20	SIZ 50	DEX 55	INT 85
APP 65	POW 85	EDU 105	SAN 74	HP 7
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 3	MP: 19	Luck: 85

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	30% (15/6)
Dodge	27% (13/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Anthropology (85%), Archeology (95%), Cthulhu Mythos (25%), Library Use (95%), Read/Write Arabic (65%), Read Hieroglyphics (60%), Read/Write Greek (50%), Read/Write Latin (65%).



The professor is happy to accept visitors, as filling out the requisite government red-tape to have the bodies of his colleagues sent back to America is both tedious as well as depressing. A visit by individuals from the United States, particularly if scholarly – if not actually from Miskatonic – pleases him to no end. He'll do his best to make sure that they're comfortable, and listens carefully to anything they have to say.

His reaction to the character's tale depends on how much detail the characters go into regarding the knowledge they've acquired during their careers as investigators. If they mention the Mythos directly, alarm bells go off, as he's had considerable dealings in that area before. Mathieson is anything but a skeptic when it comes to the discussion of prehistoric civilizations, as the proving of their existence has been his life's dream. Bringing up the subject of the Mythos simplifies any character's Fast Talk or Persuade attempts when requesting information into this subject, if they can first persuade him that they're not cranks. If the Mythos do not come up as a topic of discussion, he answers their questions honestly, albeit superficially.

During their discussions, investigators who make Spot Hidden rolls notice the following manuscripts among the detritus on Mathieson's desk (one roll for each):

- "Prehistory of the Pacific: A Preliminary Investigation with References to the Myth-Patterns of Southeast Asia"
- "Polynesian Mythology, with a Note on the Cthulhu Legend-Cycle"
- "The Prehistoric Pacific in Light of the 'Ponape Scripture'" (Sanity: 1d4; Cthulhu Mythos: +1/+2; MR Rating: 5; Study: 8 weeks; Spells: none)
- "The Zanthu Tablets: A Conjectural Translation" (Sanity: 1d4; Cthulhu Mythos: +1/+2; MR Rating: 5; Study: 8 weeks; Spells: none)

These writings encompass the complete works of Harold

Hadley Copeland, an anthropologist of note who (with an Anthropology roll, or a hard Education roll) is known to be currently occupying a cell in a California sanitarium. Mathieson was well acquainted with Copeland, and was invited to participate in the disastrous Copeland-Ellington excursion to Central Asia but by a stroke of luck was unable to attend. If asked about his interest in Copeland's work (or the books in general), Mathieson explains that both he and Copeland share a common interest in ancient civilizations, and that the project he's currently working on is actually an extension of Copeland's work. If read, the first two manuscripts offer no Mythos material, but increase the reader's Anthropology skill level by 1d6 percent following a hard Anthropology roll. The other two provide the benefits noted.

Given Copeland's current condition, Mathieson does not directly admit to his interest in Copeland's work, unless – as noted previously – he's convinced of the investigator's interest in the Mythos. If he trusts the investigators, he admits that the beginnings of the excavation have their root in the Copeland-Ellington Expedition. Otherwise, he remains rather vague as to why he

went to Central Asia in the first place. "Like Schleimann's Troy, the project was organized owing to hints from legends and lore."

The Expedition

After Copeland's reappearance in 1913, Mathieson did his level best to assist Copeland's physical and mental recovery. Unfortunately, Copeland was too far gone, and completely obsessed with the tablets he retrieved from – presumably – the Plateau of Tsang. As he could do nothing for his friend, Mathieson pressed on with his career and took up employment at Miskatonic University in 1914, where he quickly advanced to a senior position in the Anthropology department. A few years later, he heard of Copeland's commitment to a sanitarium in San Francisco following the release of the Zanthu Tablets paper. Recalling his friend to be of sound mind and good judgment, Mathieson acquired a copy of the paper and was shocked by its contents. Not so much by the subject matter, but by the unequivocally factual nature in which it was presented.

In 1906, both Mathieson and da Silva were included as part of



an expedition into Central Arabia in search of the lost city of Ubar. Like the Copeland-Ellington Expedition, the mission to Ubar also ended in near disaster with the loss of several lives and inflicting Mathieson with “anterograde amnesia” and a heart condition. da Silva also came out seriously shaken, and has never spoken of what he saw. Reading Copeland’s Zanthu paper began to bring back the terrors that he had forced into his subconscious. In an effort to face the resurfacing fears, he began to delve once again into the secrets of the Old Ones, first with the examination of the Eltdown Shards and a subsequent journey to Greenland in 1921. Information garnered from these sources tied back in with Copeland’s Zanthu translations, but when Mathieson tried to speak with Copeland, he found him too incoherent to be of any assistance. At that point, he decided to pick up where Copeland left off, and organized a party to search for the mythical city of “L’eng,” somewhere near the Plateau of Tsang in Central Asia where Copeland’s party met with disaster. It took quite a bit of effort to organize, given previous problems in that area, but the second expedition to Tsang was launched in the Spring of 1923 – ten years after the first ended in disaster.

The journey proceeded without a hitch, and the party was faced with nothing more strenuous than bureaucratic trouble. After several weeks of travel, they found themselves on the glacier-covered Plateau of Tsang, at the foot of what appeared to be an inactive volcano. Here, they did indeed uncover the remains of several structures that may at one time have been part of a great city, but were now nothing more than ruins fighting for survival against a glacial flow and apparently losing the struggle.

The small number of useful artifacts and information that could be recovered from the site paled in comparison to the tragic loss of the Copeland-Ellington party. The level of disappointment was running high, and the decision to return was made. By extraordinary happenstance, on the final day at the site, one of the graduate students uncovered a fossilized plant some small distance up the slope of the volcano. Normally this would not be cause for celebration, but for the team’s botanist who claimed that the plant could not be native to Tsang, and in fact must have come from a tropical climate. Upon the return to Miskatonic, a team of botanists endeavored to pinpoint the origin of the plant, and after several weeks determined the location to be within the Amazon jungle thousands of miles – and an ocean – away from where it was discovered. Given this information, Mathieson hypothesized that the location on the Plateau of Tsang may have been nothing more than a colony of the real location of L’eng – the Amazon River Basin.

Once again, the organizational machinery was put into motion, and another expedition was formed, although again with some trepidation. Recently, another expedition had been launched into the Amazon – the Percy Expedition – that also disappeared without a trace. Not to be put off by the potential discoveries that lay in wait, Mathieson’s team continued with their botanical cross-checking, and narrowed down the potential location of their “El Dorado” to a point in the south-western section of the Amazon Jungle.

From the port of Recife, the explorers made their way to Manaus by pontoon plane, and from there to a trading post deep within the “Green Inferno.” After a three-week trek on foot, fighting off mosquitoes and piranhas, and meeting with elders of several local tribes (some friendly and others not so friendly) the expedition found what they were looking for: a vine and moss covered structure constructed of black, basaltic stone.

Beginning the excavation in earnest, they began to clear an area around the structure in a 100-foot radius. Of particular interest, as the clearing began to deepen around the structure, the team discovered that it seemed to be carved from a single piece of stone, as no seams were in evidence. Within the clearing, several artifacts were uncovered, the most interesting of which was a bowl or vessel of some sort, and formed of the same material as what seemed to be becoming an edifice of some sort. The object was christened with the name “Bowl of Life” as the carvings upon it seemed to depict the birth of something, possibly a legendary hero. A standard set of rubbings and photographs were taken, and the bowl was soon shipped off to New York for further study and display. To the dismay of the archaeologists, however, the item was missing a large section that they assumed had been destroyed by the eons gone by. They were soon to find that this was not the case.

About a week later, two simultaneous discoveries were made. The first was the missing piece of the bowl, which was uncovered at the fringes of the dig area, roughly 25 yards from where the bowl was uncovered. As near as could be determined, the shard was fully intact and – like the bowl – in excellent condition. The second discovery was what appeared to be the top of an entrance into the structure that was slowly being uncovered. All effort was shifted toward the clearing of the entrance way, and after a couple of days, enough space was cleared to allow entry into the dirt-choked structure.

One of the graduate students, Davidson, volunteered to crawl into the structure to give it a cursory once-over. Standing near the entranceway, the echoes of his scrabbling as well as his oaths and exclamations could be heard. “This is incredible! Oh, my God ... amazing! We have to get this place cleared out!” After half an hour of trying to get him to give us accurate accounts of his observations as opposed to simple glee at his discoveries, he could be heard crawling out toward the entrance. He soon poked his head out of the structure, grinning from ear to ear, exclaiming, “There’re stairs, clear of debris, and leading downwards ... who’s with me?” Sadly, his excitement was infectious, and two more students quickly geared up and descended with him into the depths.

Their progress downward could be heard through the echoes of their shouting as they descended. About fifty feet down, they discovered another dirt clogged room, that seemed to be larger than the one they climbed through above. Continuing downwards, their echoes began to fade. Only fragments of sound could be picked out as they disappeared into the depths: “... room ... temple? ... collapsed ... reliefs ... find ... barred ... down ... “

Several hours passed without a sound. Just as preparations were being made to send two more men into the structure to find out what had happened – this time armed, as there was no idea of what kind of jungle fauna may have wriggled its way into the edifice – the echoes of the students returning were heard. Of the three only Davidson emerged, clothing badly mauled and with a ghostly pallor. He was shaking uncontrollably, and ranting phrases that made no sense. “... the darkness! ... all the bones! ... the worms! ... the worms live in the bones and feast on the darkness! ... nothing left ... nothing left but the bones and the worms and the darkness ...”

Once the team managed to calm Davidson down, they decided to go into the structure to see what had become of the other two students. Hearing this, Davidson grabbed one of the pistols and blocked the entrance into the edifice, claiming that he would shoot anyone who tried to go inside as a bullet would be a better fate than what awaited in the depths below.

With Davidson guarding the entrance to the structure, the rest of the team decided it would be best to humor him until he fell asleep and went on with the business of cataloging the other excavated finds. That night, the first attack came and all that Mathieson can recall is waking up in a hospital bed in Manaus.

Mathieson is obviously distressed after relating these details to the investigators. He'll do his best to clarify any points about the expedition, but really knows little beyond the information related. He knows nothing about the second attack, other than what he was told by the officials who delivered the remains that currently await shipment at the university hospital morgue.

Characters who wish to view these remains may do so under Mathieson's authority, and such an examination will require a Sanity check (1/1d6). The bodies have all been obviously mauled by an animal with significant strength and claws of considerable sharpness. The coroner's report suggests an attack by one or more predatory animals, most likely jaguars. Successful Medicine or Biology rolls refute this hypothesis however. Examination shows first of all that the bodies seem to be shredded, but not eaten, so it's unlikely that the animals attacked for food. Second, in order to dispatch so many men, there would have to be a significant number of animals, and jaguars – the suggestion at hand – do not travel in packs. A den of lions might be able to do this kind of damage, but geographic location aside, they aren't known to attack for sport. This leaves the only other alternative as being a local group of Indians, but there was no evidence of an Indian attack (weapons, tracks, bodies, etc). There are cannibalistic tribes known to inhabit the area, but it's unlikely that they would kill and leave the bodies – let alone all the equipment – behind.

If questioned about the bowl shard, Mathieson is unaware of its status. He's been too busy with the legal formalities of shipping the bodies home to examine the expedition equipment. All these items are locked in a storeroom not far from his office, and he gives them the key if requested. A thorough search takes about an hour, and of course determines that the shard is missing. This increases Mathieson's distress even further, but fortunately he still has the rubbings he made which he produces after

shuffling through the piles of paper on his desk.

Examination of the rubbing shows a series of runic characters and hieroglyphic symbols, the gist of which may only be deciphered with a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll. Success, followed by a hard Idea roll indicates that the writing describes the procedure for casting of the Dissemble spell. Any characters who made their way through “Scales of Time” recall that Terrence Walters had a copy of this incantation printed in fairly plain English in his possession. With luck, the investigators may well have this copy in their files back in New York.

Keepers should recall that this spell is the key to success in the campaign, and that at least one of the characters (preferably more) should be aware of this spell and how to cast it. If, due to poor dice rolls or untoward circumstances, the characters cannot glean the spell, they find that Mathieson is working on a translation that should be done in a week or so.

Once Mathieson is aware that the shard is missing and that the bowl was stolen from the museum in New York, he openly postulates that someone is planning to mend the bowl for some sort of use, and judging by what he's translated from the shard so far, that use cannot be to any good end. Given that the artifact seemed to have suffered little damage over so many thousands of years, it's unlikely that it broke so cleanly by chance. Therefore, it must have been shattered on purpose, and only God knows what will happen when it's reassembled.

If suggested that Francisco da Silva might be involved in the plot to reassemble the bowl, Mathieson refuses to believe that his friend and colleague could possibly be involved. Attempts to Persuade Mathieson of this fact will have to be achieved with extreme results. Even then, though persuaded, he has a very difficult time in accepting the fact. Confronting him with proof of da Silva's involvement leads Mathieson to conclude that da Silva is being used by someone else (possibly Orloff, if the investigators recover the letter from da Silva's office). He takes no active part in any plots against da Silva, other than to warn the characters that they should be very careful when dealing with him, as he is a highly intelligent and very powerful gentleman.

Professor Mathieson is available for a couple more weeks, and then returns to Miskatonic with the remains and remnants of his expedition. He is more than happy to assist the characters in any way that he can – within reason, of course, he does have a heart condition – during that period.

da Silva's Office

Investigators have little trouble locating da Silva's office, as it is well marked and only a few doors down from Mathieson's. It is a corner office befitting a department head and can be accessed through its own door, or through the department receptionist/secretary's area.

The reception area is mundane, furnished with a desk, a few chairs, and several filing cabinets that contain the department's records. If approached during normal business or class hours, the staff secretary – Betinha Belem, a well-tanned woman in her late twenties, attractive though tending toward the rubenesque – is there to greet visitors. She only speaks rudimentary English,

so detailed questions in that language are met with a blank stare. If anyone tries to barge into da Silva's office (it is locked when he's not present), she calls security. Although Betinha is very loyal to da Silva, she is completely unaware of his involvement with the Mythos.

Betinha Belém
Secretary, age 22

STR 50 CON 60 SIZ 65 DEX 55 INT 60
 APP 70 POW 50 EDU 60 SAN 50 HP 13
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1
 Brawl 25% (12/5)
 Dodge 27% (13/5)

Armor: none.
 Skills: Accounting (25%), Read/Write English (35%), Shorthand (65%).



According to the plaque hanging on da Silva's office door, his normal office hours are from ten to twelve o'clock on Tuesdays and Thursdays. The rest of the time he is either teaching one of his two graduate level Anthropology classes, or is attending to department business. After five o'clock in the evenings, he is typically found at his plantation outside of town.

Investigators find da Silva's office to be comfortable, but not extravagant. A large wooden desk is located at one end of the room, with two simple leather chairs before it and one behind. A large floor-to-ceiling book case is mounted to an interior wall and is positively bursting with books and files in a slew of languages (a Spot Hidden roll notes Portuguese, English, Arabic, Greek, Turkish, Russian, and Chinese) on various and sundry topics anthropological and archaeological. All the books are mundane in nature, and many are readily recognizable by investigators with skill in these areas. Located beneath the large louvered windows that stretch across an exterior wall is a glass display case. Within are several artifacts that an Archeology roll determines to have originated from all over South America (Incan, Pre-Columbian, Amazon Indian, etc). Hanging from the second of the two exterior walls is a huge relief map whose legend states that it covers the "Plantação da Silva" (the da Silva Plantation). In one of the map's corners is a small topographical map that shows the location of the plantation in reference to the city proper. Scattered about the other walls are photographs of anthropological and archeological excursions, some of which are readily recognizable. A hard Spot Hidden roll turns up a photograph that includes Professor Mathieson outfitted in desert kit.

The only items of import to the investigators are held within the locked desk. In the wide, shallow pencil drawer, the investigators find two steamship passages to Istanbul that are dated to depart in two days. In one of the large file drawers is a locked metal box that holds the following items:

- A photograph of two gentlemen standing in a farm of some kind. A Spot Hidden roll reveals to be a banana plantation. If the characters have met da Silva, they recognize one of the gentlemen to be him. The other gentleman (Fyodr Orloff) is unknown to them. On the back of the photograph are the Portuguese words "O olho da Pedra da Gavea" (the eye of Pedra da Gavea). If the character who is abducted by Stark has this photo on his or her person when "questioned," the photograph is missing when he or she reappears.
- A small black rock, roughly the size of a golf-ball. A fair Geology roll reveals it to be a small chunk of Anthracite, a very dense, very hard form of coal.
- An envelope postmarked from Leningrad in the Soviet Union. The letter within is printed in Cyrillic lettering on what appears to be official letterhead and requires an understanding of Russian. Translated, the text is as shown.

Comrade da Silva,

Here is a sample of what our friends are removing from the Urals and refining in their laboratories for our use. They should have eight pieces of identical proportion to that in America for our purposes soon. Já Shub-Niggurath! The pilgrimage to the Dark Plain shall begin soon. I await your arrival so that at least we may speak the name of our King together.

Orloff

If none of the characters speak Russian, they can easily have the message translated at the University. Of course, the translator gets hung up on the Mythos references and assumes them to be gibberish. Also of note is the source of the letterhead paper itself. The address information translates as "Ministry of Transportation, Leningrad."

University Security

Gaining access to da Silva's office when nobody is around does not prove too difficult a task. From the hours of eleven in the morning to two in the afternoon, most of the students and faculty of the university head for the beach and the sidewalk cafés for a spot of lunch, leaving the campus virtually deserted. If the characters choose to break in at that time, there is only a 60% chance that they are noticed by an idle student or a security guard (or even Mathieson, who's only a few doors away). During evening hours, the chance of detection drops to a 25% chance. There is only one security guard assigned to each of the four academic buildings, each of which makes his rounds ever 30 minutes or so. If a guard catches one or more characters in a sticky position, he tries to hold them at gun-point and blows his alarm whistle to summon other guards to his aid. The guards

have orders to only use their guns if perpetrators try to make a break.

The Plantation

A few miles south of the city, civilization seemingly vanishes into thick forests. Only the main road that continues on toward other large cities along the coast provides any hint of habitation. Dotted the beach-front are occasional, large hacienda-like estates, as well as a multitude of ramshackle, roadside cafes – the latter of which supply the produce of dozens of fruit and cane plantations located in-land. The only evidence of these plantations is the poorly maintained dirt roads that snake upward into the surrounding hills.

Finding da Silva's plantation requires either accurate directions, or a good hour or two of stopping by the bars on the beach where someone may be able to point the way (only a 20% chance). Once the appropriate path has been located, navigating it with anything other than a truck or military vehicle requires a successful Drive Auto roll. If this roll is failed, the vehicle becomes mired in the mud. A fumbled roll results in the vehicle breaking an axle and requiring towing (or abandonment). Assuming that nothing goes wrong during their trek, it takes the investigators roughly 45 minutes to navigate their way from the main road to the plantation's main gate.

“Slow Animals Ahead,” an event

After the characters have been jostled for half-an-hour, the dirt road makes a tight turn upwards. Swinging around this curve reveals an impossibly odd creature in the middle of the road. Trying to avoid the animal requires another driving effort with potential outcomes as noted previously. The simian-like creature is covered from head to toe in thick tan fur, and it's black, flat-faced head seems incredibly small for the bulk of its body. Two incredibly long arms stretch unnaturally forward and end in two, two-inch-long hooking claws. Unable to stand upright on its small flexible hind legs, it thrusts its arms forward in slow, fluid motions and drags itself across the dirt surface of the road. Occasionally, the creature stops dragging its bulk forward long enough to lift and turn its tiny head to stare with black eyes at the investigators.

This odd creature is a two-toed sloth that a Zoology or hard Education roll quickly determines. It poses no threat to the characters and, if left alone, eventually drags itself to a nearby tree that it will dexterously climb and disappears into the forest. Killing the sloth outright nets the characters a loss of Sanity point at the end of the scenario, whereas helping it across the road – to which it responds with a half-hearted grunt – nets them an additional point of Sanity.

Plantação da Silva

Located on a high hillside over-looking the Atlantic, the da Silva plantation encompasses several hundred acres of densely packed banana groves. The plantation is split up into three major harvesting areas, a compound for housing the labor neces-

sary to harvest the crops, and a compound where da Silva's family and the salaried employees reside. Much of the forestation within the sprawling compound has been cleared, giving reasonable views of the entire area and the work that progresses unhindered during daylight hours. Outside the compound, however, the forest is quite dense, and visibility is limited to twenty yards or so.

Throughout the day, hundreds of workers are seen climbing into the trees with machetes to cut down the ripe fruit that is in turn loaded into trucks for delivery to Rio and Niteroi for shipment abroad. The laborers are easily distinguished from foremen by their poor-quality clothing (in many cases not much more than tattered shorts) and generally shabby appearance. Spot Hidden rolls reveal one or two foremen taking a riding crop to the workers to make sure that they perform their tasks with a little more eagerness.

The Main Gates

The entire plantation is surrounded by a seven-foot wire fence that is topped by a spool of barb-wire. The main gates are constructed of similar materials, held in place by a sturdy wooden frame. From dawn to dusk convoys of trucks arrive at or depart from the compound, on a roughly two-hour schedule. If the investigators' vehicle breaks down on the way to the plantation, they might be passed by an in-bound convoy who reports their presence to the guards at the front gate. The drivers of these trucks will not stop, even if the investigators stand in front of them!

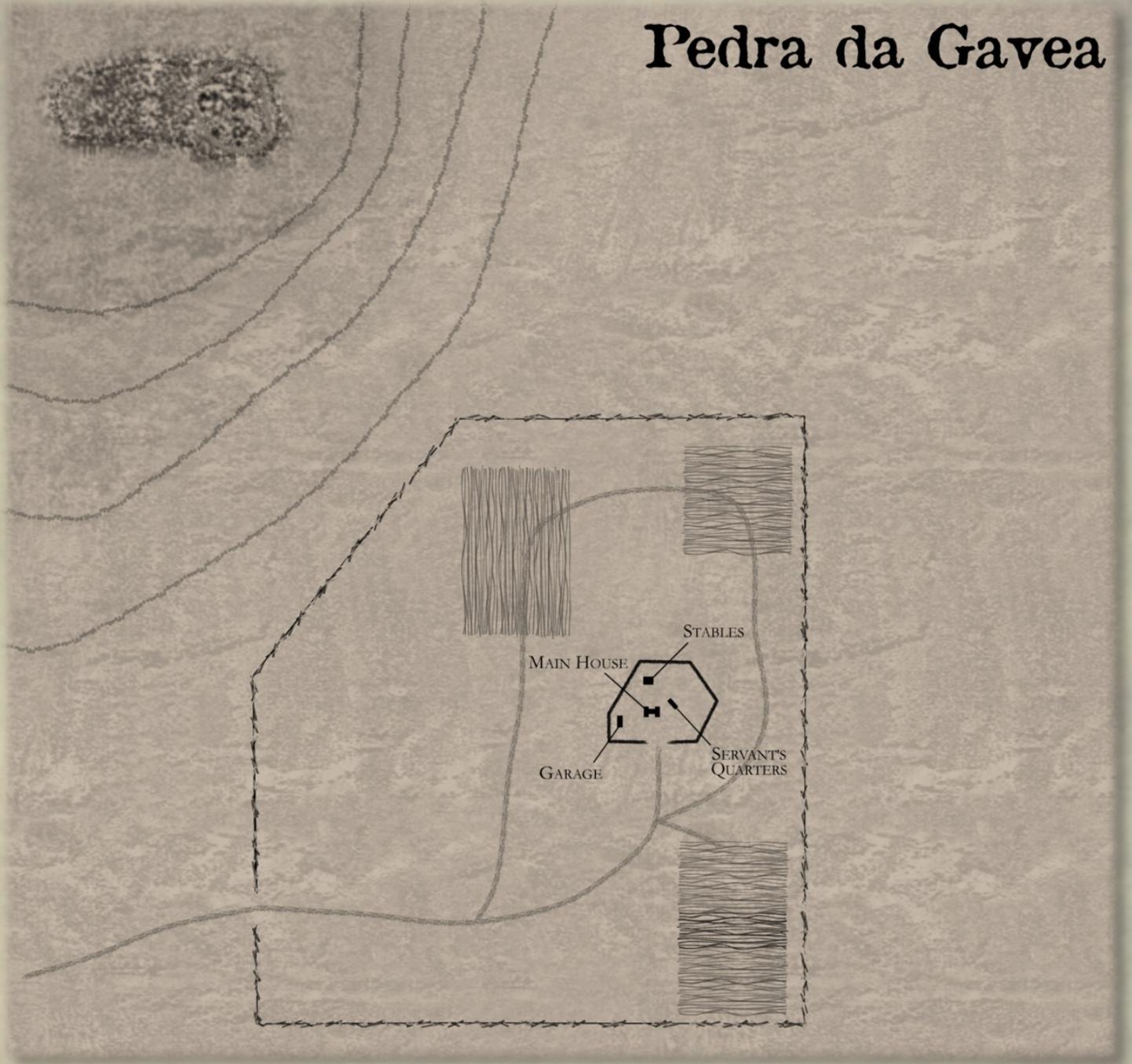
Two guards pass back and forth in front of the main gates, armed with Argentinian M1909 Mauser rifles, and two pair of guards – similarly armed – walk the perimeter. At night, the number of pairs jumps to six, all of whom have been ordered to shoot first, and ask questions later. Just inside the gates is a guard-house containing a small lavatory, a pot of strong coffee and a phone. Visitors to the plantation are stopped, announced, and picked up in a sturdy open-topped vehicle for the trek to the main house.

The Labor Encampments

To all appearances, each of the encampments – one at the head of each of the three banana groves – has the appearance of a relatively well kept shanty town. Investigators with a history in the military and who are old enough to have experienced the Great War first hand, however, feel that they are more along the lines of prison camps, an impression that seems to hover over the entire plantation.

Several large clapboard cabins provide shelter to the workers when daily work is completed. Each of these buildings is furnished with little more than a series of bunk-beds for up to two-dozen laborers. At the foot of each set of beds are two trunks that contain the scant belongings of the beds' occupants. The trunks are simple, but sturdy affairs, and it takes a successful Strength roll to pop the lock on one. Inside of each, the characters find nothing of apparent value, though a Spot Hidden roll reveals that the depth inside the trunks is less than its exterior height.

Pedra da Gavea



An Idea roll reveals a secret compartment in each that holds a set of simple white, hooded robes and a dagger with an ornately carved handle. The butt of the knife seems to represent some sort of globulous, octopoid creature whose tentacles wrap around the grip and hold the blade in place. A Cthulhu Mythos roll indicates that the carving is a representation of He-Who-Is-Not-To-Be-Named.

Clever players might observe that their characters are currently surrounded by dozens of insane cultists. They are of course correct, and should suffer the appropriate Sanity loss for such an observation. Fortunately, none of these lay-members are aware of the characters' purpose at visiting the plantation,

and pose little threat unless attacked outright. Except when called on to worship, none of them go armed, and – in fact – if any are caught with their robes or knives in their possession outside of this period, they are punished ... and occasionally make excellent sacrifices.

Of the several hundred workers, roughly ten percent of them are women. These mostly tend to keeping the encampments clean, cooking two daily meals of rice and beans, and providing entertainment to the foremen. Investigators may notice that there are no children about the camps, and that the youngest workers seem to be in their mid-teens.

The Main House

Located near the southern end of the compound, the main house and its accompanying structures are surrounded by an additional fence similar to that surrounding the entire plantation. The main house is a large, two-story, white-washed, stucco affair similar in style to the colonial mansions found throughout Central and South America. The smaller accompanying buildings are similarly styled. The grounds are well manicured, and a fountain stocked with koi in front of the large house bubbles away. A description of the interior of the main house and its accompanying structures is as follows:

The Hall - Passing beneath a wooden, second-story balcony through the structure's main entrance is a large entry hall. Two wooden staircases run up to the second floor, and large picture windows adorn the outside walls on both the first and second floors. A large crystal chandelier hangs from the ceiling, dead even with the center of an oriental carpet that covers the dark wood floor. Hanging from the walls are large oil paintings of the da Silva ancestors who settled in Brazil in 1754 and built the plantation. The staircases extend from the walls, and are braced by two large wooden beams that also act as support for the hallway balcony above, sporting the family's coat of arms. Beneath each of the staircases are a pair of comfortable lounge chairs and a small table.

The Living Room - Lavishly furnished in leather and wood, this is the main gathering room in the house. In one corner an imported grand piano awaits an audience, and several paintings and murals of landscapes adorn the walls. Most of the paintings are easily recognizable as native locales, but one painting seems to stand apart from the others. This large three by five-foot piece depicts a fog enshrouded lake as seen from the balcony of some stately home or palace (as gleaned from the marble columned banister depicted). The fog is depicted in such a way to give it a seemingly eldritch movement of its own, and to some – upon failure of a Power roll – even seems to be rising out of the painting like the mist from dry ice. This movement has a hypnotic effect on the viewer, and those entranced will have be literally shaken from their reverie, or make a successful Power roll. Those who become entranced by the painting can see the skyline of a city begin to appear at the far end of the lake, that for some unknown reason they know is named "Carcosa." Any character who is entranced by the painting will have to make a Power roll prior to sleeping each night after the enchantment is broken. Failure of this roll results in dreams of the painting, and the character becoming lost in Dread Carcosa until awaking the following morning to the loss of a Sanity point. Escape from these dreams can be achieved only by destroying the painting or by receiving a hard Psychoanalysis result from a character so skilled.

The Dining Room - This room is simply furnished by a very large dining room table and two dozen chairs, with the two chairs at the end of the table being of a higher-backed variety. Large ancestral paintings adorn the walls, as do a few wood and glass cabinets that display decorative place settings. In one corner of the room is a slighted raised area, apparently reserved for

two or three musicians, as there are three chairs and sheet music stands resting against the walls.

The Kitchen - This is a large kitchen with nearly all the amenities one would expect in a good quality restaurant. Against the walls are a large oven/stove, a double sink, and a series of shelves holding a large number of spice containers. In the center of the room is a large wooden chopping block from which hang a variety of carving knives and cleavers. In one corner, a sunken stairway leads through a door into a storage room/larder below.

The Study - After dining, and the ladies have retired to the living room, the gentlemen retire to this room for conversations of a gentlemanly nature and to enjoy the merits of a fine cigar and Napoleon brandy. The room is furnished with several plush, wing-backed chairs as well as an imported British snooker table (a habit da Silva acquired while studying at Oxford – and he's quite good!). In one corner stands a well-stocked dry-bar. On the walls are the heads of several game animals, as well as a collection of five high-quality hunting rifles and shotguns (two 30-06, one Sharps, and two double-barreled 12-gauges). None of these weapons are loaded, but the rounds for them are conveniently located in a locked cabinet directly below their display.

The Office - The walls of this room are almost completely covered in bookshelves, the only significant gaps being for windows. A quick perusal of the shelves reveals an extensive and quite complete collection of works on archeology and anthropology in several different languages. The primary focus of these works appears to be the western hemisphere (Central and South America in particular), although there are a large number of volumes covering the mid-east and the orient as well. Any academician would be thrilled to own this collection! In the center of the room is a large, ornate desk carved of a dark wood similar to that used in the construction of the mansion. In a locked drawer is an envelope containing several photographs of interest to the investigators. The first is a lone mountain – possibly volcanic in nature – surrounded by sparse, ice-covered plain. The second is of a vast glacial expanse, viewed from a great height, surrounded by distant mountains. A successful Idea roll suggests that it is a photograph taken from the top of the mountain shown in the first photograph. A third photograph shows the cleared area of an archaeological dig-site, surrounded by jungle. In the center of the clearing is the top of a jet-black structure that is just beginning to be cleared by the team at hand. The final photograph is of the bowl the was stolen from the New York Museum of Natural History. The only difference is that the bowl is complete in this particular image. This final photograph is of high quality, and a Spot Hidden roll detects no seams in the vessel where the missing shard was replaced. The bowl looks as if it were brand new. In the other desk draws are an expected collection of paper, pencils, and other miscellaneous office accouterments.

The Lounge - This comfortable airy room is furnished with a variety of couches and tables, as well as a quality Victrola located in a corner. Large glass doors lead out onto a second-floor balcony offering a beautiful view of the ocean and the looming "Pedra da Gavea" (see below).

The Master Bedroom - This is the bedroom occupied by da

Silva and his wife Camilla. Apart from the high quality of the furnishings and the extravagance of Camilla's jewelry (assuming the investigators rifle through it), there is really nothing untoward about it with one exception. A very close inspection of the rear wall reveals a catch and a secret panel that slides inwards to reveal a very steep, narrow set of stairs leading downwards. Hanging on pegs just inside this opening are two very ornate black robes, each of which bears a gold embroidered Yellow Sign.

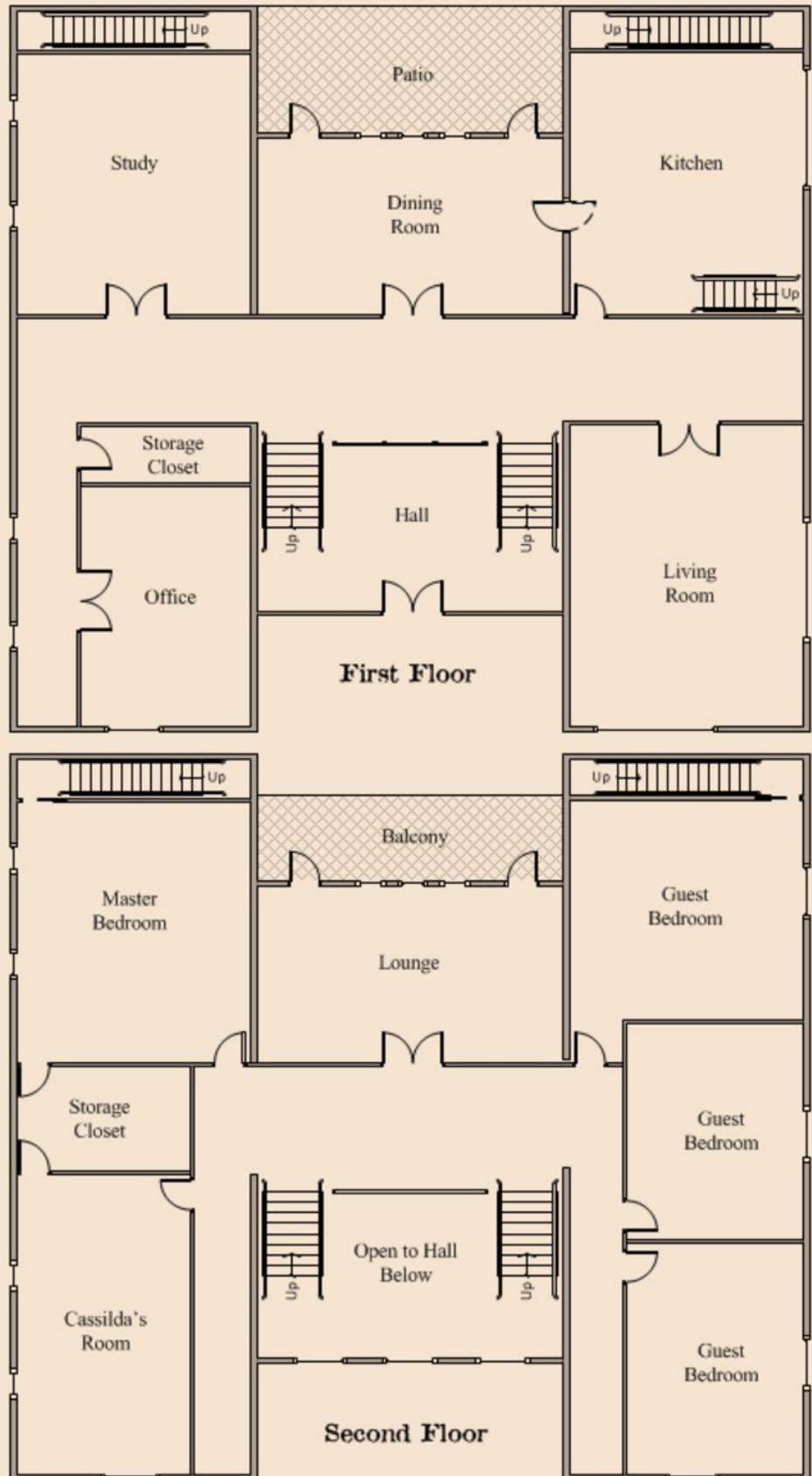
Cassilda's Room - It is easy to determine that this room belongs to a young child, as it is practically overflowing with toys of all kinds. Like the rest of the house, the furnishings are of the highest quality. An access door leads from this room, through a large walk-in closet, into the Master bedroom.

Guest Bedrooms - Like the other rooms in the mansion, these rooms are filled with the highest quality furnishings. Each room is equipped with two large double beds, and an armoire for guest's belongings. One of the bedrooms, like the Master Bedroom contains a secret panel that leads downward. If the investigators give da Silva cause for alarm, he entreats them to stay the evening, and attempts to abduct them from this particular room via the secret passage way.

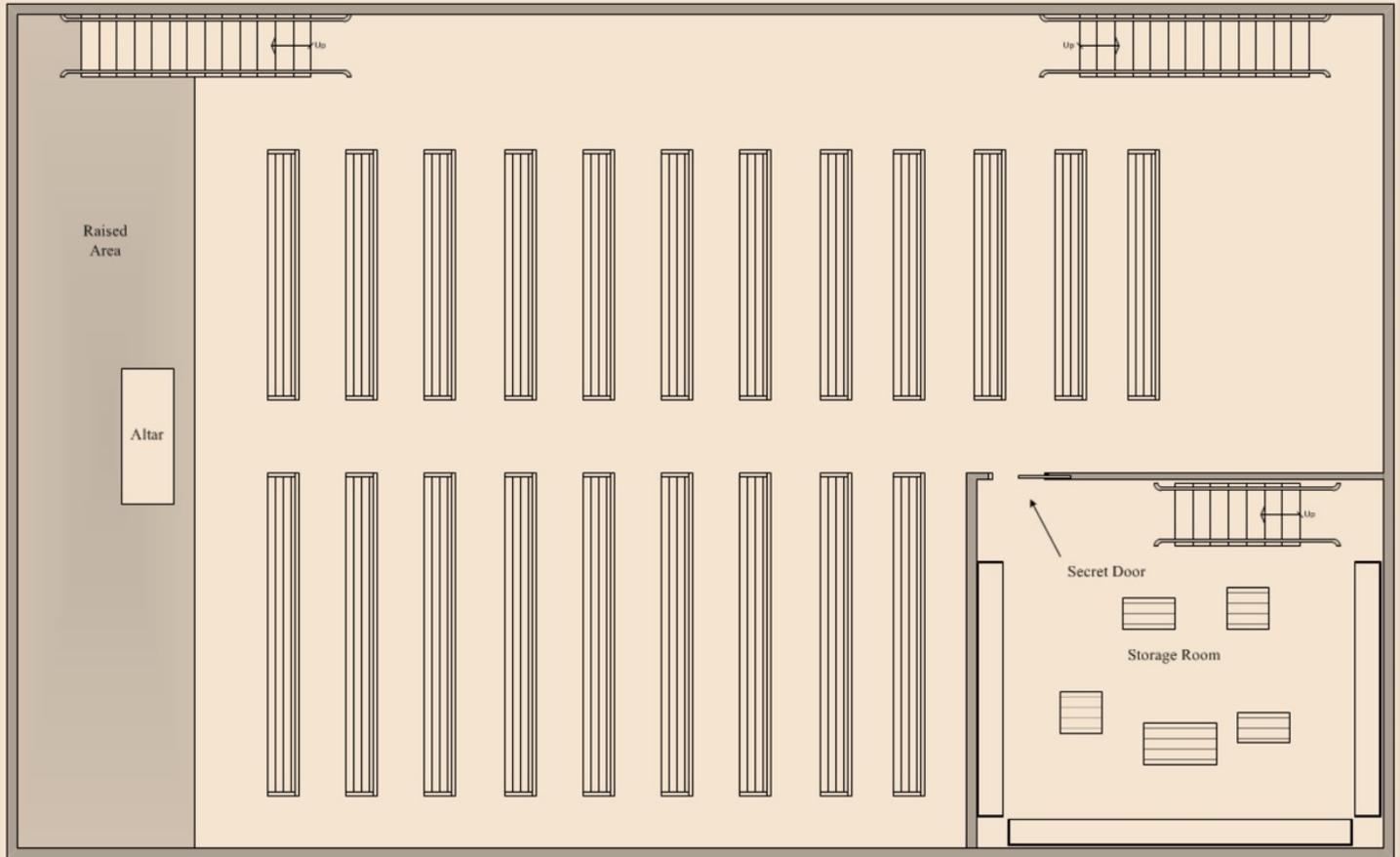
The Storeroom - Located below the kitchen, this room is used as a larder and a location to keep dried meats. The walls are lined with shelves which are packed with a variety of foodstuffs, and several barrels are located about the room, each filled with grains and beans of various types. The shelves at the bottom of the stairs slide outward to reveal the da Silva's hidden chapel.

The Chapel - Hidden below the pleasant exterior of the da Silva mansion is the dark catacomb where the Brotherhood of the Unspeakable Father meet and worship. Accessed through the secret stairways from the mansion's second floor, or via the kitchen's storeroom, this stone-walled chamber is always occupied by at least one to three worshippers seeking to commune with

DaSilva Plantation House



DaSilva Plantation House Basement



their deity. The room is furnished with several rows of pews, providing a comfortable capacity of 50 or more simultaneous worshipers. Lighting is provided by several wall sconces, each of which holds three fat candles. At the far end of the temple is a large altar table that shares a resemblance with the marble-topped tables found in forensic examining rooms. Close examination of the surface of the altar reveals that it may well have been put to similar purpose. The base of the altar appears to be solid, but actually contains a secret compartment (a hard Spot Hidden roll is required to notice it). Within the compartment are two books – the French version of *The King in Yellow* (Sanity Loss: 1d10; Cthulhu Mythos: +1/+4 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 15; Study: 1 week; Spells: none) and a bound series of twelve rubbings, that are copies of the original Zanthu Tablets (Sanity Loss: 1d6; Cthulhu Mythos: +1/+2 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 9; Study: 8 weeks; Spells: Contact Lloigor). Like the chapel beneath the book store in New York City, the services held here also create a temporary transference of the chapel to Carcosa through the contemplation of the *King in Yellow*. Occasionally, however, da Silva also holds services of a darker kind in order to commune directly with Hastur. These are the source of the stains on the altar, as these communions require the assistance of unwilling participants. Beneath the altar is a set of stairs which leads downward into a dark, narrow passage. This passage eventually joins up with the main passage leading from the Temple to the Pedra da Gavea (below).

The Servant's Quarters - This simple structure provides housing for the mansion staff and the plantation foremen. Apart from a small kitchen and common room, the entire structure is constructed of several small fifteen by fifteen foot private rooms. Each is furnished with a simple bed, a dresser, and a small writing desk. Like the laborers, each servant has a storage trunk, the bottom of which holds a secret compartment. Within this compartment are white cultist's robes that are embroidered with gold thread as well as a ceremonial dagger. In addition to these items is a small vial of a thick liquid (similar in appearance to quick-silver). This latter item is a dose of Space Mead.

All the servants and foremen at the plantation are acolytes in the cult to Hastur. During daylight hours, there are usually a handful of acolytes in or around the servant's quarters, and during night hours, this number jumps to a small crowd.

The Stables - Kept here are several fine horses that are used by the foremen to move about the plantation, as vehicle usage is kept to a minimum. In addition, there are two thoroughbreds stabled here – that da Silva races at the local jockey club – and a real brute of a mount that da Silva himself rides about the plantation as well in local polo matches. Next to his devotion to the Unspeakable, his greatest love is to his horses and any mistreatment of them will lead to the direst of consequences (rumor has it that he actually beat a man to death for lashing one of his racers). Also, penned in the stables are half a dozen cows and goats used to draw milk.

The Maintenance Shack & Garage - This large structure is divided into two sections. The first contains the local electrical generator used to light the main house and its supporting structures. There is also various equipment stored here used in the general maintenance and upkeep of the plantation. The second area is a large garage that houses five vehicles – the three trucks used to haul crops, the rugged vehicle used to tool about the plantation (that was probably used to pick up the investigators at the main gate), and a sleek Mercedes Benz. All of these vehicles have their tanks topped off as soon as they are parked away for the evening (there is a large storage tank for gasoline beneath this structure) and are all in excellent condition.

The Temple

Near the perimeter of the plantation, at the end of a seldom used path lays a small stone structure – little more than a few slabs of dark basaltic rock laying atop one another. Within the nearly overgrown structure is a small ten by ten-foot room that contains nothing but a steep set of stairs leading downwards. The surfaces on the inside of the structure have been intricately carved, and an Idea roll (followed by a one point Sanity loss) indicates that the building's interior resembles the inside of some great beast's mouth – and the stairs lead down its throat.

The steep, narrow stairway leads downwards for thirty feet, and characters attempting to navigate it who fail a Dexterity roll, slip and tumble down its length for a point of damage. Anyone in front of a falling character who fails their own Dexterity roll joins the human avalanche. At the bottom of the stairway is a pitch-black passage – roughly three feet wide, by six feet high – that extends away into darkness. There are no light sources in this tunnel other than the lights provided by the investigators, and any prone to Claustrophobia or Scotophobia may need to make a Sanity roll before proceeding.

Nearly fifty yards down the tunnel, a side passage way branches back and away from the main tunnel and terminates below the altar in the da Silva chapel. The main passage continues for another four hundred yards or so, opening up into a circular chamber that is thirty feet across. Wrapping upwards along the walls of this chamber is a five-foot-

wide stairway stretching upward out of sight. Climbing this stairway leads the characters to the top of the ...

Pedra da Gavea

Characters who are unfamiliar with Rio de Janeiro and its environs are unaware that Pedra da Gavea is a place and not a person (although there is some room for debate on that issue, depending on who you talk to). Asking just about any native quickly clears up that issue. Pedra da Gavea – translated as “the rock of Gavea” – is a looming butte-like hill formation that stands roughly 2,500 feet high, and is located a few miles south of the city – very near the da Silva banana plantation.

What gives this geological formation its notoriety is its odd shape. The massive block summit has eroded over the years to look like a monstrosly large head planted on narrow overgrown shoulders, that stares sphinxlike with dead slit-eyes across the horizon of the Atlantic. Rumor has it that the virtually inaccessible eyes are actually caves whose walls are covered with the writings of Phoenician explorers who made it across the wide ocean centuries before Columbus set sail.

The stairway, reached from the Temple as described previously, reaches upward several hundred feet through the core of the mountain and eventually splits off into two passage ways. The first runs eastward and opens up into a cave that is open to the air – the left eye of the Pedra da Gavea. This cave is full of bats, that swarm if disturbed by the investigators (a 30% chance). A Spot Hidden roll reveals well-worn carvings etched into the walls of the cavern, that an Archeology roll determines to be similar to Phoenician. A Cthulhu Mythos roll indicates that



they are in fact the language of lost Atlantis (Naacal?), and if deciphered, discuss the arrival of the Great Old Ones and their hand in the sinking of that continent (the deciphering takes a few weeks, adds a point of Cthulhu Mythos at the expense of a point of Sanity). The second passage continues upward another hundred feet or so and opens up on the windy flat top of the mountain.

Meeting da Silva

As can be seen from his schedule, da Silva spends much more time at his plantation tending to business than he does at the university. Trying to corral him at his academic offices is very difficult, as he gives little time to anyone not currently under his tutelage during his office hours. Even though he refuses to give the investigators any time at the university, he suggests that they travel out to his plantation where they can discuss whatever they happen to have in mind in more comfort. His secretary provides the characters with necessary directions if needed.

Francisco da Silva

Plantation Owner and Cultist, age 43

STR 55 CON 75 SIZ 55 DEX 65 INT 80
 APP 65 POW 90 EDU 95 SAN 0 HP 13
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 18 Luck: 90

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 50% (25/10)
 .38 Revolver 75% (37/15), damage 1d10
 .30-06 Rifle 60% (30/12), damage 2d6+4
 Knife 65% (32/13), damage 1d4+2
 Dodge 40% (20/8)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (65%), Archeology (65%), Astronomy (50%), Credit Rating (75%), Cthulhu Mythos (65%), Listen (30%), Occult (75%), Read/Write Arabic (65%), Read/Write Russian (50%), Sneak (35%), Spot Hidden (35%).

da Silva is familiar with the following spells: Call Hastur, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Summon/Bind Saçi Pereré, Create Gate, Free Hastur, Song of Hastur.

Physically, da Silva appears quite fit for his forty-odd years – although his obviously tailored suits may have something to do with that. He is just under six feet tall, of dark, Latin complexion with thick black hair – beginning to go gray at the temples – and a small neatly trimmed mustache. His most remarkable feature are his steel-gray eyes, from whose gaze it is difficult to depart.

In attitude, he is most cordial and while speaking tends greatly toward unconscious hand gestures. When the characters arrive at the plantation (presumably via a legitimate invitation) he welcomes them with open arms and immediately inquires toward



their comfort – how was their trip, would they like a drink, something to eat perhaps, etc. If the investigators arrive during daylight hours, he escorts them to the sunny balcony outside the second-floor lounge, otherwise he brings them into his study for a fine cigar and a more intimate atmosphere.

While traveling throughout the large estate house, apart from the occasional white uniformed servants, there are two other people of interest that the investigators might encounter. The first is da Silva’s wife, Dona Maria Cassilda da Silva. The second is their daughter, Paulinha Camilla.

Dona Maria is a handsome woman in her mid to late thirties, who carries herself with a bearing that can only be defined as regal. She graciously meets the investigators, offering a hand which – with an Idea roll – she expects to be kissed. Once introductions have been made, she floats off to attend to her own business.

Dona Maria Cassilda da Silva
Wife and Cultist, age 39

STR 45 CON 60 SIZ 50 DEX 60 INT 60
 APP 60 POW 60 EDU 80 SAN 0 HP 11
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 11 Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6)
 Knife 75% (37/15), damage 1d4+2
 Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos (40%), Listen (40%), Occult (60%), Painting (35%), Read/Write English (80%), Sneak (45%), Spot Hidden (35%).



Dona Maria is familiar with the following spells: Call Hastur, Summon/Bind Byakhee.

Paulinha is a young woman in her late teens, and quite shy – a pity as she is at least equal to her mother in beauty. If she enters a room occupied by the investigators, she attempts to sneak out unnoticed.

Paulinha is something of a wild card in the campaign, and it’s up to individual Keepers on how they want to handle her. She is well educated and intelligent, but leads a fairly reclusive life – for the most part trapped at the plantation. She can easily be used as an ally, warning the characters of certain danger at the plantation – even to the point of becoming infatuated with one of the investigators. She could either be a full-fledged cultist like her parents, or a rebellious child who wants out. Regardless, she has a pretty good idea of the cult activities that take place on the plantation, but is unaware of all the details. Whether or not she shares her knowledge – openly or covertly – with the investigators is up to the Keeper.

Paulinha Camilla da Silva**Daughter and Potential Ally, age 16**

STR 35 CON 70 SIZ 40 DEX 65 INT 60
 APP 80 POW 80 EDU 55 SAN 65 HP 11
 DB: -1 Build: -1 Move: 8 MP: 16 Luck: 80

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
 Dodge 32% (16/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: First Aid (35%), Listen (75%),
 Read/Write English (50%), Sneak (55%),
 Spot Hidden (65%).



da Silva's actions are dependent upon actions the characters have taken prior to their first encounter. If he is truly unaware of their intent, he greets them as friends of Mathieson and possibly fellow colleagues in his academic field. He answers any questions they have openly and honestly, provided that said questions have nothing to do with the Mythos. Questions in this vein are shrugged off as fanciful speculation with no basis in reality ("Hah! You know Mathieson well, eh?"). They also alert him to the characters true motivations.

If the characters press points in this area, or their motivations are already known to da Silva, he sidesteps such questioning, and insist that the characters spend the evening at the plantation. Putting up as many as he can in the guest room with access to the hidden stairway, he orders one or more acolytes to abduct the investigators for use in the ceremony described below. If he cannot convince the characters to stay the evening, he sends several acolytes into the city to abduct them there.

Keepers should be advised ... da Silva is a very, very dangerous man who is completely committed to the project at hand, and stops at nothing to see it through. Once he is aware of the character's plans, life for them becomes very difficult!

A Dark Tale, an event

While moving about the house, one of the characters – with a successful Listen roll – overhears a discussion coming from the living room. Within are two people, one a very heavy-set, elderly domestic who is in the process of dusting. The second is a small child, poorly dressed, who is hovering around the old woman's feet, occasionally pulling insistently on the hem of her uniform. The two seem to be arguing about a point in their native Portuguese, and anyone listening (and understanding) hears the following (text by James Blish from 'More Light'):

Child: "Tell me a story."

Woman: "Not now."

Child: "Please, tell me a story. Please."

Woman: "I do not feel like telling you a story now."

Child: "(Menacingly) Grandmother?"

Woman: "Once upon a time ..."

Child: "That's better."

Woman: "... There were two black lakes in the heart of Gondwanaland, called Dehme and Hali. For millions of years they lay there with no-one to see them, while strange fishes bit their surfaces. Then, there appeared a city by the Lake of Hali – "

Child: "That's not a story, that's only history."

Woman: "It is the only story that there is."

At this point, the elderly woman realizes that they are being overheard, promptly shushes the child and they both exit the room.

Atop the Pedra da Gavea

This, the culmination of the characters' investigations in Rio de Janeiro, takes place after they have discovered that da Silva and his cohorts are up to something sinister on their plantation. Whether this is due to attacks on their persons in the city, the abduction of one or more of their compatriots, or sheer, morbid curiosity is up to previous events to decide.

On a dark moonless night, the investigators have decided to infiltrate the plantation for reasons arguably beyond the limits of sanity. Using whatever skills of stealth and secrecy they possess, they manage to sneak past the guard rotations around the perimeter of the plantation, and pass unseen into its boundaries. As they proceed through the groves of banana trees, the Pedra da Gavea looms menacingly above, the crown of the gigantic, eldritch "head" haloed in an eerie glow, as if a large fire were burning atop its cold stone pate.

Soon, the investigators hear the sound of voices, and realize that they are approaching one of the "shanty-towns" constructed to house the plantation's labor force. As they approach, they can see that the local populace is milling about, most of which are wearing what seem to be simple ceremonial robes, whose clean whiteness stands out brightly against the dark surroundings. A Spot Hidden roll detects the presence of a few other people whose garb, though similar in appearance is decorated with bright designs and piping. As far as the characters can detect, all of these people are armed with large curving daggers and long white candles.

After milling about for fifteen minutes or so, the mass of people begins to organize themselves into a two-person wide column, headed by the more ornately clad persons, that begins to advance slowly out of the camp towards the manor house. The candles have been lit and are held high, and the sound of chanting can be heard echoing from within their ranks. The lyrics seem to be little more than gibberish, although characters who either heard the elderly domestic speaking with her presumed grandson or experienced the painting in the manor's living room, may recognize the words "Hali" and "Carcosa" being repeated several times during the chant.

Engrossed as they are in their chanting, there's little chance that they notice the investigators following closely on their tail. As the procession moves slowly toward the manor house, it is

joined by two additional processions, merging in from the other two shanty towns, forming a single large column of over one-hundred strong. This large column, still chanting voluminously approaches the front gates of the manor house, where it comes to a halt before half a dozen more robed persons, two of which are wearing ornately woven black robes. Before this group are several stretchers or pallets bearing the unconscious forms of the sacrifices (possibly associates of the investigators) required for the ceremony to come.

One of the black-clad figures raises his arms and begins a solitary chant in a language unknown to the investigators (a Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals it as Naacal). Successful Listen and Idea rolls reveal the voice to be that of Francisco da Silva. Once he has finished his brief oratory, the pallets are lifted and the procession follows da Silva and his cohorts toward and into the black stone temple. Slowly, the column forms into single-file and proceeds down the tunnel and into the bowels of the Pedra da Gavea, eventually to emerge upon its summit. Two acolytes in decorated white robes remain behind, at the entrance to the stone temple below.

Atop the mountain, large fires burn brightly, illuminating the large expanse of rock. The cultists have formed themselves into large concentric circles that sway back and forth to the rhythm of the mystical chanting. In the center of the rings are the black-clad cult leaders and bound victims. As the chanting continues, a thick fog begins to emanate from with cracks in the dark rock underfoot seeping over the edges of the sparse mountaintop. Heat lighting flashes on the horizon, and in the center of the circle, the tall form of a jet-black monolith begins to materialize (requiring a Sanity roll (0/1) by unseen observers). As the monolith becomes solid, a black-clad leader steps forward and begins to run his hands over its dark surface, and enchant the runes carved into it countless eons ago. The fog thickens and the investigators can perceive the sounds of the ocean below begin to mount until they can hear the breakers all around them. Shallow water begins to gather at their feet, and the light from the stars above begin to coalesce into the bright windows of large, nameless structures. The priests of the Cult of the Nameless Father have transported to mountain top to dread Carcosa.

As soon as the surrounding structures become firm, the bound victims laying before the huge black monolith are sacrificed with the edges of sharp ceremonial blades, their power sucked dry to facilitate the temporary transition. Once the transition is complete, many of the simple white-clad worshipers begin to mill outward into Carcosa in search of sights and sounds unknown. Soon, only the acolytes and the black-robed priests remain.

With a flickering of lightning, Carcosa begins to fade soon after the last of the simple worshipers has disappeared into its maze of streets and alleys. The fog begins to lift, the waters of the Lake of Hali recede, and the brilliant star-lit skies of the Southern Hemisphere reappear once more. The monolith is gone, but the cult leaders remain. They have served the Unnamable well, by the sacrifice of nearly one-hundred and fifty souls, their power to be used to permanently open the bridge from the Lake of Hali.

As a final act, the last dozen cult leaders imbibe the silvery potions they have each been carrying, and enchant a simple series of syllables. Soon, huge bat-like creatures (Byakhee, check Sanity) swoop down from the stars above and lift the remaining cultists into the dark sky, taking them to parts unknown. All that remains of the Cult of the Unspeakable Father in Brazil are the two acolytes who were left behind at the entrance to the black stone temple far below. Their remaining job is to destroy what remains of the da Silva plantation and join their fellows for the final ceremony (it is for them that da Silva purchased the two steamship passages which the characters may have found locked in the desk drawer in his university office).

Throughout this event, the characters are silent witnesses. How they choose to act is up to them. If they try to break up the event by force – possibly to rescue any captured compatriots before their fate is sealed – pandemonium breaks out. Given the pandemonium bordering on sheer chaos that breaks out as the result of disruption, the characters are unable to reach the cult leaders before they can be whisked away by summoned Byakhee. Each character is also required to make a hard Dexterity roll to avoid being trampled by the chaotic mob, and those who fail the roll take a point of damage.

The Dream

After experiencing the ceremony atop Pedra da Gavea, one of the investigators (chosen in the best manner the Keeper sees fit) begins to suffer a recurring dream:

He or she stands upon a stage, a lone bright spotlight shining overhead. Darkness cloaks an audience in deep shadow, their presence only detected by the glinting of their eyes. A girl-child emerges from the shadows, clutching a large, thin book in her hands and offers it to the investigator. The investigator takes the tome, and begins to flip through its pages, each of which carries nothing more than a duplicate of the symbol on the cover. When all of the pages have been examined, and the character begins to shut the book, the child reaches up and, thwarting the action, speaks (text by James Blish, from ‘More Light’):

“I am not the Prologue, nor the Afterword, call me the Prototaph. My role is this: to tell you it is now too late to close the book or quit the theater. You already thought you should have done so earlier, but you stayed. How harmless it all is! No definite principles are involved, no doctrines promulgated in these pristine pages, no convictions outraged ... but the blow has fallen, and now it is too late. And shall I tell you where the sin lies? It is yours. You listened to us; and all the same you stay to see the Sign. Now you are ours, or, since the runes also run backwards, we are yours ... forever.”

The child releases the book and steps back into the shadows, to be replaced by a hooded figure wearing a tattered cloak and dusty clothing. Instead of a face, the figure wears a “comedy”

mask. The figure retrieves the book from the investigator and reaches up to remove the mask. Before the dark features below can be revealed, the character awakens.

As the campaign progresses the character suffers from this dream, and each time, the mask worn by the stranger morphs slightly from a comedy mask to that of tragedy and on towards horror and madness. Each time the character has the dream he or she suffers a one point of lost Sanity. In order to keep the suffering character from going totally insane prior to the campaign's culmination, only have the sufferer experience the dream upon failing a daily Power roll. Near the culmination of the scenario – assuming the character has survived – they begin to realize that the stranger in their dream does not actually wear a mask, a final revelation which causes an additional loss of Sanity. Also, if the dreamer has visited the Taylor home he or she will realize – with an Idea roll – that the child in the dream is actually Helen Taylor, the girl who disappeared from the small village of Mantuxent.

Moving Along

By this point in the campaign, the characters should be in serious trouble and are aware of the fact. They know that something is in brewing in the Soviet Union and that a cult of significant size and power is behind it. If they traveled to Mantuxent, they also may realize the young girl abducted from that small village will play a major role. The question is ... where to next?

The investigators have two choices, they can either travel to the remains of the dig site in the Amazon Jungle in an effort to examine the source of the artifact that holds such a prominent role in the adventure, or they can head directly for the Soviet Union. From a geographical standpoint, the Amazon is the better choice, and Keepers should steer the investigators in the direction – particularly if they do not have a fragment of the black rock from which the Chalice of Yig was forged (the only other opportunity they would have had to acquire one was through the Scales of Time scenario). As has been mentioned previously, a chunk of this black stone is required to succeed in the campaign. Another reason to steer the investigators in that direction is the introduction of another helpful non-player character ... but more on that in the next section.

Actually, getting the characters on their way should not prove difficult, particularly as there are two forces in the area that are more than happy to keep the characters on their toes. Once their investigations in Brazil are completed, Maxwell Stark and the State Department operatives are more than happy to see them on their way. Also, unless the characters were extremely careful, da Silva is no doubt aware of their presence and would like nothing better than to eliminate the threat that they pose – either through cultist attack or some manifestation of the Mythos. In any case, Rio de Janeiro is rapidly becoming a hot location – figuratively as well as literally – and the best option available is to move on ...

THE GREEN HELL

As the investigators can find out from Mathieson, the journey into the Amazon Jungle is a long one that involves several steps. The first goal is to get to Manaus, a large trading center on the Rio Negro (Black River, a major tributary of the Amazon), and capital of the jungle region. Reaching this city can be accomplished by either a chartered plane or by boat, the former choice taking two days – with a layover in Recife – and the latter, five days with several stops along the way. Regardless of the manner selected, the Keeper may want to inject a little layover excitement in the form of a cultist attack at whatever hostel the characters have selected as a resting place. Once the characters have arrived in Manaus, presumably with a map to the dig-site, they need to organize a group of guides to lead them through the dense jungle.

The “Bahiano”

Manaus, despite its remoteness from Brazil's booming coastal trade, is a bustling city. Destined to become a trading capital and a gateway to the riches of the Amazon region, it plays host to hundreds of businessmen, traders, and speculators from around the world. When spending time in its plusher hotels, conversations in German, French, Italian, as well as English and Portuguese are overheard.

Climatically, the city is quite comfortable even though it lays less than two hundred miles south of the Equator, owing to daily rain showers that keep the temperature and humidity levels at tolerable levels.

As the characters seek out a guide to lead them into the jungle, they quickly find out that Manaus is also a fairly close-knit city where news travels fast, particularly among the locals. It seems that all guides familiar with the map coordinates provided by Mathieson are aware of the fate of the expedition that last journeyed to that spot, and refuse to follow in their footsteps. Some cite the difficulty of the terrain, some the dangerous wildlife, and others the savageness of the local tribes of Indians who “worship dark gods and feast on human flesh.” Regardless of whether these beliefs are founded on experience or superstition, no guide volunteers to lead the investigators to what might be their doom. No guides, that is, but one.

When the investigators begin to lose hope in their attempts to find a guide and decide to either attempt the journey themselves or forgo it all together, they are contacted by one of the less savory locals who mentions that he knows of one who would be willing to lead their party ... for a price. After fiddling with his clothes and receiving a “gratuity” from the investigators, the slimy fellow advises them to go to the “Café Amanha” later that evening, and ask for the “Bahiano.” The sleazy gentleman takes his new-found fortune to the nearest bar. If a Portuguese speaking character follows him and succeeds in making a Listen roll, he overhears the following snippet of conversation:

Greasy: “Set me up with a bottle of cachaça my good man!”

Barkeep: “Where’d you get the cash, slick?”

Greasy: “A couple of Gringos are looking to get themselves killed, so I tipped ‘em of to the Bahiano.”

Barkeep: “Well, they’ll probably get what they’re looking for, that guy’s crazy in the head!”

Greasy: “What the Hell? They want to go and he’s the only one who’ll take ‘em. Hell, that’s why he’s here anyways.”

Barkeep: “Whatya mean?”

Greasy: “Well, I ran into him a couple of days after that first group was slaughtered. He said he heard about it and wanted to head out there, but he wouldn’t tell me why. Since the only guy who knows where it is is in Rio, I told him he’s outta luck. He just shrugged and said somebody else would be along soon enough, and now he just sits on that crazy boat of his waiting for somebody to show up. All day on the boat, all night at the Cafe Amanha. Crazy!”

Barkeep: “Here’s your bottle ... don’t drink it to fast or it’ll burn out your insides.”

Greasy: “I can think of worse ways to die! Ciao!”

Greasy then walks off toward the river where he enjoys his bottle. Cachaça is a potent clear brew distilled from sugar cane, and is very similar to 150 proof rum. Every swig requires a decremented Constitution roll to maintain sobriety. If Greasy is approached after this conversation and questioned, the characters

find that he really has nothing more to add.

Later that evening, the characters have little trouble finding the Cafe Amanha, a riverside dive furnished with a poorly kept bar, several rickety chairs, wobbly tables, and a ceiling fan that looks like it stopped working around the turn of the century. A surly barkeep whose appearance gives Greasy a run for his money points out the Bahiano, after a drink or two are purchased.

Seated at a small table overlooking the Rio Negro, the gentleman in question — if that term can be used — leans back contemplatively in one of the rickety chairs, a bottle of golden rum and a shot glass close at hand. He is quite large and barrel-chested, with a thick crop of tightly curled black hair that is beginning to show speckles of gray. Both his blue knit shirt and green shorts are soiled with what appears to be engine grease. Given his dark complexion, his most striking feature are a pair of ice-blue eyes, that lead the characters to believe that he is of a mixed racial decent (an Anthropology result) common to the coastal regions of Brazil: a mulatto. Also of note are two pendants that he wears on a leather thong around his neck. The first is a representation of the upper third of a forearm ending in a fist, with the thumb inserted between and protruding through the index and middle fingers: a “Figa” (as identified by an Anthropology or Occult roll) a type of good luck charm. The second appears to be a large desiccated digit of reptilian origin, although a good Biology roll indicates that it is far too human looking to have come from an alligator or crocodile.

When approached by the characters, he greets them cordially but with suspicion, until he discovers that their destination is the



remains of the Miskatonic expedition. He speaks passable English (and fluent Dutch as well), that he learned from his grandmother. He is quite well educated, and if the characters inquire as to how he ended up where he is — why isn't he better off economically — he points to his eyes, his dark skin, and shrugs his shoulders.

Although he doesn't know exactly where the dig-site is, upon reading an accurate map — presumably the one provided by Mathieson, that he commits to memory — he informs the characters that he can take them there ... for a price. His fee is \$1,000 dollars and a list of high quality supplies that includes a good-sized tent for himself. If the characters don't have this kind of cash on hand, it will take a week to arrange, via radio and telegraph. As justification for his exorbitant price, he simply states that the trip is very dangerous. If the characters balk, they won't find another guide, and he really couldn't care less, as he's got their map memorized, and that is all he's really after.

Who is the Bahiano?

Born Joris (“Juca”) van de Wolf into a well to do shipping family, he grew up in the coastal city of Salvador. His paternal grandparents were Dutch immigrants. Against his grandparents wishes, Juca's father became involved with a local woman, the result of which was an only child who resembled his mother in most respects except for his blue eyes. Later in life he also acquired his father's sturdy build. Until the death of both his parents and grandparents he received a quality education and had a comfortable life-style. Once he was on his own, he soon found out the price of his mixed heritage, and was forced to begin to eke out an existence as a guide for visiting tourists and speculators. He saved his earnings and invested them in a sturdy boat that he used to travel from the São Francisco river to the Amazon.

While leading an expedition into the jungle, the Bahiano — as he had come to be known among the native Amazonian guides — became separated and was quickly engulfed by the thick overgrowth. To his horror, his rescuer was none other than a creature from Brazilian myth and legend — the serpentine “Cuca.”

The Cuca is the last of the Serpentmen on the South American continent, and the sole descendent of their once great civilization. Known as K'ulcalcan, this degenerate female sorcerer is nearly 3,500 years old, and her power has grown to the point of near Great Old One proportions. Fortunately for mankind, she has no cult of followers, nor does she want one. Whenever she happens to encounter a human, she captures them and drains their life-force to extend her own life.

van de Wolf has been one of the very few humans to have encountered the Cuca and lived to speak of it — although due to the results of the encounter, he never has. Before the Cuca could drain his essence, he managed to draw a large hunting knife and separated part the Cuca's fifth finger from her right hand. Her shock at the loss gave him enough time to escape, but as he disappeared into the underbrush the Cuca managed to get off a curse that has plagued him since.

Every night, the Bahiano struggles for the control of his body while it attempts to transform itself into a ravenous beast — the curse of the “Lobisomem.” Since his encounter, he has searched for a cure for the curse among Indian shamans and obscure texts, and his studies have led him to the existence of the Chalice that was uncovered by the Miskatonic team. If he can drink from the Chalice an elixir made of the flesh of the Cuca (the finger that he now wears around his neck), he'll be able to break the curse that has been torturing him.

As soon as he learned through the grapevine that the Chalice had been recovered, he made his way to Manaus in an effort to join the Miskatonic expedition. Unfortunately, he arrived just after its remains and possessions were being sent off to Rio for return to the United States, the location of the site unknown to any who would be willing to take him there.



Joris van de Wolf (aka “The Bahiano”) Mercenary Explorer, age 33

STR 90	CON 90	SIZ 75	DEX 75	INT 85
APP 55	POW 75	EDU 90	SAN 85	HP 15
DB: +1d6	Build: 2	Move: 8	MP: 18	Luck: 75

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	60% (30/12)
Claws (Lobisomem)	75% (37/15), damage 1d4
.45 Revolver	75% (37/15), damage 1d10+2
.30-06 Rifle	75% (37/15), damage 2d6+4
Machete	60%
Dodge	50% (25/10)

Armor: none.

Skills: Archeology (65%), Bargain (75%), Cthulhu Mythos (10%), First Aid (65%), Geology (25%), Listen (75%), Occult (75%), Read/Write Dutch (75%), Read/Write English (50%), Sneak (65%), Spot Hidden (75%), Swim (75%), Throw (45%), Track (60%)



Joris is familiar with the Remove Curse spell.

With the arrival of the investigators, his hopes have risen, and he sticks to them like glue once he's had the opportunity to give the dig site a once-over. He is very intelligent and resourceful, and stops at nothing to acquire the bowl, no matter who gets in his way. If the investigators accept him as their guide, he shows

his resourcefulness and attempts to join their hunt if at all possible. If not, he makes his way to the dig-site, giving it careful examination. Finding nothing of value, he returns to Manaus and picks up the trail of the characters, as they may be able to lead him to the object of his desires. He follows them, always remaining a step behind their progress much like Golum's following the One Ring into the depths of Mordor.

The Inferno

Among the sundry fishing boats, the investigators easily find the Bahiano's vessel as its ragged appearance and questionable river-worthiness stand out. The wooden craft extends just over forty feet from stem to stern and just over fifteen feet from port to starboard sides. The bow deck is piled high with fishing nets and supplies, followed by a ramshackle steering cabin just forward of amidships and a soiled stack. The stern of the ship is covered by a ragged awning that barely manages to keep the sun off the worn deck. Below decks are a forward compartment that is packed to the gills with fishing supplies, two small cabins – one of which belongs to the Bahiano who will not share it – a head, and a heavily soiled engine compartment. The cabin offered to the characters is none too roomy and furnished with one-man bunks and a greasy port-hole.

Most notable on the craft is a huge carving adorning its bows. Glaring menacingly at the waters is a large totem known as a Carranca (a hard Anthropology or Occult roll recognizes it and its significance). The carving measures nearly four feet in height and resembles a creature that could be canine, feline, or even serpentine depending on the point of view. The colorfully painted totem sports bulging white eyes, menacing eight inch fangs and a deep crimson tongue that the ever-present humidity seems to grant a permanent slick sheen. A successful identification of this beast also reveals that this type of totem is typical to the fishermen of the São Francisco river region of the state of Bahia, and is meant to frighten off water-spirits, particularly the malevolent "Negro d'Agua," a shadowy fiend who reputedly capsizes ships and devours their crews. An additional Cthulhu Mythos roll indicates that the totem qualifies as a form of Elder Sign used to ward off the Great Old Ones and their eldritch minions.

At the crack of dawn, the vessel begins its roughly three day, 450-mile trek up-river to the small village and trading post of Jutai, spitting a trail of greasy bilge water in its wake. The first leg of the trip brings the characters down the Rio Negro to the mighty Amazon where they witness the "Pororoça," a true freak of nature. Like oil and vinegar, the black waters of the Rio Negro and the muddy waters of the Amazon meet but do not mingle, causing a nearly flawless dividing line between light and dark. As the boat moves westward towards the source of the world's largest river, and its shores become narrower, the jungle begins to intrude and the heat and humidity become more oppressive.

Nights on the River

Along the way, the shores are dotted with small villages and missions where the many tributaries flow in to add to the river. Two of these, Coari and Tefé are selected by the Bahiano and the

heat as stopping points on the journey. Each sports a small mission and a trading post where the characters can refresh themselves for the evening. Each are populated by black-clothed missionaries, practically naked Indians, and sundry trades- and fishermen – all of whom either avoid the characters or simply think that they're insane if the subject of their destination comes up in conversation.

Each night, the investigators have the option to stay on the boat or at the local trading post. The Bahiano always opts for the boat, and characters may notice that he locks himself into his cabin every evening. If the investigators choose to search his cabin – perhaps while searching the entire vessel – they find that a series of lines and curves are carved into the back of his cabin door. A successful Spot Hidden roll, followed by an Idea roll indicate that the lines and curves form an image similar to that of the Carranca that adorns the bows of the vessel. As odd as it may seem, a Cthulhu Mythos roll indicates that this Elder Symbol seems to have been carved to keep something within the cabin, as opposed to keeping something out of it. During the evenings, the Bahiano keeps the door securely bolted (an extreme Size roll is required to break through). A Listen roll after midnight reveals the sounds of growling and moaning coming from within the cabin. If the investigators break in, they are greeted by the Bahiano in his Lobisomem form and are immediately attacked from the darkness within the cabin.

Near dusk on the third day, the boat bobs up to the small dock at Jutai. Like the previous two stops, the small village sports a mission and a trading post where the Bahiano suggests the characters stock up on any remaining equipment they may need as well as getting a good night's rest. From there on out, they walk.

Goats to the Slaughter

The following morning, while the characters are getting their gear together for the last leg of their journey to the dig site, they notice the Bahiano haggling with the owner of the trading post. Milling about them while they argue are a large number of goats, several of which are eventually led away from the herd toward the characters. There is at least half a dozen of them (one or two per character), and if asked why they were purchased, the Bahiano simply smiles mischievously.

While moving out toward the dig-site, along a path that has been mercifully cut in advance by the previous expedition, the party comes across several streams of various depths (up to chest-deep) and widths (always too wide to jump). The Bahiano stops the group and peers intently at the water. There is a 30% chance that each of these streams are teeming with Piranha. A Spot Hidden roll detects several large golden fish darting to and fro through the muddy waters, and it's fairly easy to determine what they are. In this eventuality, the Bahiano drags one of the goats twenty or thirty yards downstream, slits its throat, and tosses it in the water. As soon as the water begins to bubble and froth, he runs back toward the characters shouting for them to run through the stream as fast as they can. This is the only way to pass through Piranha infested waters without being attacked by these voracious critters.

If by misfortune the party fords an infested stream but does not detect the predators, the Keeper should roll for each pair of investigators crossing. Each player needs to make a Luck roll when crossing. Failure to make one of these rolls causes an immediate attack.

Piranha Attack, voracious fishes

Regardless of the number of potential victims in the water, only one is attacked at a time, until his or her carcass has been stripped clean. If a character is killed in this fashion (a required Sanity check to avoid the loss of a point), the school is too sated to attack again. If the character escapes, however, the next character is automatically attacked until the school can be drawn away by another source of prey. An attack continues for several minutes, until the character can pull him or herself out of the water with an opposed roll between the character's Strength (or an assisting character's Strength) and Size. A failed roll means that the character has succumbed to the attack and has become fish-food (unless the Keeper says otherwise). Each round that the character remains in the water costs a point of damage.

Each day at night fall, the characters pitch camp and notice an odd ritual. As the Bahiano sets up his tent in the clearing, they notice him drawing a circle around the tent with the point of his hunting knife, while quietly chanting something unintelligible. Near the opening of his tent, the duplicates the figure that is carved into the door of his cabin. If he is questioned about his, he says nothing more than that it is a measure of protection, but not for whom. A successful Persuade roll, however, loosens his lips and he reveals the nature of his curse to the investigators — as well as how to neutralize it. In any case, as on the boat, the characters may hear his grunting and moaning coming from within his tent during the night.

Restless Natives, an event

During the hike to the dig-site, there are several opportunities where the party may be ambushed by a Tochín tribe of head-hunters. These cannibals are easily recognizable by their stature, that runs somewhat below average on the whole, and the fact that their front four upper teeth have been filed down to needle sharpness. They wear little more than body-paint — a concoction of crushed leaves and animal (not to mention, human) blood. As weapons, they use five-foot spears and intricately decorated wooden knives, who's edges are flint chips and the sharpened teeth of previous victims. If captured and examined, investigators note distinct similarities between the markings on the Tochín knives and the ceremonial daggers found at the da Silva plantation in Rio de Janeiro.

The Tochín are an ancient off-shoot of the Tcho-Tcho tribes of central Asia and are also worshipers of He Who Is Not To Be Named. Since the downfall of the Great Old Ones and the rise of humanity, the tribe has lived in proximity to the great city and have protected its secrets for thousands of years. Arriving missionaries and explorers have become feasts, with the exception



of the Miskatonic Expedition that was allowed to pass unmolested until such a time as they had recovered the artifact seen in the dreams of the tribe's shaman. It was they, with the assistance of several Byakhee, who slaughtered the university team with such ferocity that those who discovered its remains could only believe that crazed animals could have caused such carnage.

After midnight of the night spent between Jutaí and the dig-site, the Keeper should check for an attack. There is a 25% chance of attack by a party of savages slightly greater in size than the number of characters. There is a 50% chance of attack each night spent at the site and a 75% chance upon the party's return.

When attacking, the cannibals attempt to take out anyone on watch with their spears, and then rush in with their knives and sharpened teeth. If detected prior to their spear attack, watchmen may alert the party with several rounds of leeway. Otherwise, they only have two rounds to get ready for the whooping onslaught.

The Dig-Site

Towards twilight of the second day of their journey from Jutací, the investigators path opens up into a clearing at the base of the foothills that eventually climb upwards into the mighty Andes mountain range. A cursory examination of their surroundings quickly determines that the location is indeed the remains of the Miskatonic Expedition's dig-site. Any doubts are wiped clean by the presence of a large pit that holds the collapsed top of a jet-black structure within its depths.

The entire clearing is roughly forty yards across, and is barren of vegetation other than occasional weeds. Apart from the hole near the center of the clearing, several other areas have obviously been excavated, though not with the same verve as around the black structure.

Incidental traces of the expedition have been wiped clean by daily rain-showers, but a Spot Hidden roll uncovers several small, bare human footprints in the soil. A successful Track roll determines that the prints are not fresh, and are most likely at least two days old. If the party has already been ambushed by the local head-hunters, it should be obvious as to where the tracks came from. If the party has traveled with little incident, the tracks may raise a few eyebrows.

Secondary points of interest at the dig-site are as follows:

A - Secondary Excavation #1

Roughly twenty feet across, this is the spot where the Chalice of Yig was unearthed. The dig appears to have gone down little more than eighteen inches on average, and several small pits are still in evidence. Anyone continuing to dig in this location uncovers several additional artifacts (none of value to the campaign) per day for each Archeology roll made.

B - Secondary Excavation #2

This area is where the remaining fragment to the Chalice of Yig was uncovered. The site is not as extensive as the previous one, but an Archeology roll continues to unearth several artifacts per day if excavated.

C - Secondary Excavation #3

This is the smallest of the three excavations, and an Archeology roll determines that it is the most recent of the three. A Spot Hidden roll in this location detects the handle of a trowel poking up out of turned earth. An additional Spot Hidden roll reveals a wooden stake punched into the dirt that still has a length of string around it, presumably to demarcate the edges of the excavated area. Of the three locations, this is the least disturbed, and an Archeology roll uncovers several artifacts per day.

D - Supply Dump

A Spot Hidden roll in this location detects multiple square and oblong outlines pressed into the dirt, as if several boxes or crates of considerable weight had been set down there. An additional roll detects several small knickknacks — nails, a crowbar, a toilet paper tube, etc — buried in the shallow earth. In one corner of this area are the burned remains of supplies left behind, the only

recognizable items being pieces of charred wood and burned canvas.

E - Staff Housing Area

Like the Supply Dump, the ground in this area has been pressed down with boarding — the marks of which are still evident with a Spot Hidden roll. Investigators searching this area may also notice (with additional rolls) several brass bullet shells lying about in select locations (2d20 are retrievable with a cursory search), as well as the skeletal remains of a human forearm (Sanity roll: 1/1d4). Examination of the arm shows it to be covered with teeth marks, but a Biology roll proves incapable of identifying them.

F - Labor Housing Area

The ground in this area has also been pressed down. The only item in evidence in this area is a filthy but serviceable canvas tent that has been trod into the dirt. A hard Spot Hidden roll also detects nearly a dozen spent bullet casings in this area as well.

G - Latrine

This area is little more than a fairly deep trench dug into the ground on the outskirts of the clearing. The rain has washed the evidence of its purpose away by the time the investigators arrive, but a hard Power roll detects a hint of its usefulness in the air.

The Black Building

At the bottom of an excavated pit near the edge of the dig-site is a dilapidated black stone structure that appears as if it may at one point been a small pyramid. Of greatest interest is the fact that it appears to have been carved from a single titanic slab of basaltic black stone. The top of the structure looks as if an equally titanic sledge hammer had been taken to its point and shattered, flinging shards of the black stone all about the dig-site like loose shale. A large crack runs from the remains of the building's peak, downward to a small opening that has been excavated out to a size of roughly three feet high by four feet wide. Scattered in great evidence around the opening are several dozen spent bullet cartridges, as well as several dozen unused .38 caliber shells.

Crawling inside the edifice reveals a set of three rooms each of which are filled with dirt to a height that only allows exploring characters to crawl around on all fours. Given the depth of the soil filling the rooms, nothing other than their dimensions can be determined. Along with the dirt, there is an abundance of cob-webs through which a path has obviously been cut. Following this path leads to what appears as a bottomless stone stair well. Any characters crawling into this area without a suitable light source may plunge into this pit (and their inevitable deaths) if they fumble a Luck roll. Navigating the ancient stairs also requires considerable caution unless one or more investigators slip and plunge into the depths (a Dexterity roll to navigate; a Luck roll to keep from falling).

After several million years, those investigators who solved the

mystery and foiled the plot in Scales of Time, have finally returned to Yig's great city. Keepers should refer to the plans of the pyramid provided in that scenario while the investigators scuttle through its remains.

Having entered through the pyramid's upper most level, they find another dirt-choked level several dozen feet below them. The dirt level is still quite high, and the cob-webs very dense, but the characters can crawl about this area with little difficulty. Any

The Dig Site



character who has actually been here should make an Idea roll as they crawl around. With a fair result, they acquire a sense of *deja vu* as they rediscover the remains of the dark structure. If at any time the players put two and two together and figure out where they are, all the players should make Sanity rolls (1/1d8).

Plunging down another level, the characters find a single large room whose dirt level is low enough for them to move about on two feet, albeit in a low crouch. Protruding upwards through the dust of the ages is the upper torso of a cracked statue, as well as the remains of one of its outstretched arms. The statue is reptilian in appearance, and a Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals it to be a shattered image of Yig, the father of serpents. Across the chamber, a tunnel leads away for a brief period but it is soon found to be utterly collapsed under the weight of the earth above it.

The Main Temple Level

Upon reaching the bottom of the stairwell, the characters find the only level in the structure that has remained relatively dirt-free, there only being a coating of a few inches depth that rapidly thins out to reveal a dark, flag-stoned floor. The investigators have reached the remains of the main temple.

Since the arrival and subsequent downing of the Great Old Ones on Earth, the temple has languished. Any tapestries and cloaks that may have hung when the investigators last visited have long since disintegrated; leaving only clumps of brittle thread. The great bas-relief of Yig over the raised platform in the great hall has collapsed, shattering the dark altar beneath it as a fitting salute to the inevitable fate of the Serpentman race. The great wall that would drop to seal off the shrine area appears to have been blown inward, shattering the once great communal statue of Yig within. Among the ruins of the shrine, Spot Hidden rolls detect the bleached remains of the bones of those caught seeking solace during the great war with Cthulhu and his minions.

The “History” room holds significant interest, as the fresco depicting the rise and fall of the Serpentmen has been completed, the last few feet depicting the arrival of the Great Old Ones and the destruction they brought with them. Viewing this fresco requires a Sanity Roll (1/1d6) and automatically grants each viewer with an additional point of Cthulhu Mythos. If the fresco is studied for at least a week, and an Intelligence roll is made, investigators determine that the remains of the Serpentmen scattered throughout the world, but that the bulk of them migrated to an island rich in hills and mountains. If a hard Intelligence roll was made, an educated guess suggests that England may be the island in question.

City of Bones

Exiting the main temple through the large, still intact tunnel deposits the characters at the top of a long, narrow stairway leading down into the dark depths of the ruined Serpentman city. The air is extremely musty and humid, and hangs with the scent of decay. As they proceed down the stairs, they find a layer of thick mist swirls several feet deep over the floor of what has since become a vast cavern. At the bottom of the stairs a human

form can be seen sitting in the mist, blond head tipped forward on its chest, arms slumped forwards. If the body is touched, it flips forward to reveal that it is missing everything below the waist (Sanity roll: 1/1d6). Examination of the remains reveal the clothing to be shredded in several places and exposed skin covered with small circular wounds each with a deep puncture in the middle. A Zoology roll equates these wounds with those caused by an octopus or squid, although much larger.

Characters find that walking out into the lingering mist is difficult owing to very uneven footing. It seems as if the ground beneath the mist is nothing more than large loose rocks and kindling. Trying to blow the mist away to reveal the ground proves impossible. If a character reaches down to pull up a sample of what they are stepping on brings a Sanity roll (1/1d6). They are treading on a sea of bones! Every attempt to retrieve a different object results in yet another type of bone, most of which are familiar in shape to human bones, but unfamiliar in type to any Biology roll. Arms, legs, and huge serpentine skulls make up the footing in the ruined city.

Examination of the structures themselves (with an Architecture or Geology roll) indicates that they seem to have been brought down by a massive earthquake. A Geology roll proves this odd, as there are no fault-lines in the area. Also, the strength required to devastate a city would should prove large enough to collapse the entire cavern.

If the investigators spend time to root through the rubble, they come into contact with the manner in which the city was destroyed, so many eons ago. A nest of Cthonians has made the ruins their home, and one of the adults attempts mental contact with one of the characters (the beast has a 90% Power attribute against the character’s Power attribute). If successful, the character suddenly becomes sleepy and lethargic and wants nothing better than to sit down and rest. The Cthonian burrows beneath him or her and then erupts from below to make a meal of the investigator.

Investigators who dally in this area are all subject to Cthonian attacks every 30 minutes. After the first attack, if the characters try to escape — which would be wise — the Cthonians cause a weak earthquake that makes climbing the stairs back into the main temple more difficult. Each climbing character should make three opposed rolls against their Dexterity (25%, 50%, and 75% of the way to the top, respectively). Each missed roll results in a fall of one-quarter the way back down the stairs and a point of damage. Once they make their way to the top of the stairs, they are safe from further attacks.

Moving Along

Following the investigation of the dig-site in the Amazon, there should be little left for the investigators to accomplish south of the Equator. The next step is in getting them on a boat to Leningrad to face the most dangerous and insidious of cult leaders: Comrade Fyodr Orloff.

Doing so without weapons or support of any kind will be next to impossible in such a closed society as the young Soviet Union in the 1920s. This support comes from the surreptitious State

Department staff that one of the characters met intimately in Rio de Janeiro. When they attempt to acquire travel papers at the nearest large city of choice (Recife, Salvador, or Rio), they find — oddly enough — that their travel papers and permits have already been arranged! If the consular official is questioned as to how this happened, he is completely ignorant, and is just as confused as the characters. Regardless, all the papers appear to be in order. In addition, there is a letter of recommendation from an American farming equipment company — K&L Harvester, a legitimate corporation specializing in large farming equipment like combines, tractors, etc. — identifying the characters as salesmen.

At some point during their journey across the Atlantic the abducted character receives a simple white envelope across the face of which are two parallel lines bisected vertically by two additional parallel lines to form a tic-tac-toe grid. Inside is a single sheet of white paper with the typed message:

Do you know the rules?

X marks the spot.

W Pal N W

The characters have just joined the big leagues ...

LENINGRAD, U.S.S.R.

Leningrad is a city plagued by upheaval. The utopia promised by its namesake has yet to unfold and with his recent death does not appear on the horizon. Poverty runs rampant and crime — under the guise of the New Economic Policy (NEP) — rules. As Joseph Stalin in distant Moscow endeavors to wrest control of the vast State, he cracks down on his opponents, specifically Trotsky who makes Leningrad his base of operations and power — a base that is beginning to erode. In an effort to shut down the operations of the black market (that had until recently been legitimized by the NEP), raids into local businesses by the GPU (gay-pay-oo) are frequent and unpredictable. Those who have dealings with foreigners are particularly subject to visits during the dark of night. Those subjected to these visits may reappear none the worse for wear the following morning or disappear forever into one of Stalin’s infamous Gulags.

It is into this environment that the investigators are delivered, through the Baltic Sea and into the Neva River, whose surface is beginning to ice-over with the coming of yet another near-arctic winter. Characters find the current climate to be quite a change from the tropical warmth of Rio de Janeiro or the stifling heat of the Amazon rain forest, and those who — again — did not arrange to be dressed appropriately are in for a rude awakening.

Turmoil Reigns

Despite the current economic state of the region, the harbor is very active. Ships and ferries cut through the thin ice to their berths, past the great Peter and Paul fortress that protects the harbor, to load and unload their cargo. Small boats ply their way up and down the city’s many canals, giving credence to its nickname, the “Venice of the North.” Citizens putter to and fro about their business, cautiously aware of the ever-present gaze of the State Police. Sheltering all is the unique hodgepodge of architectural styles, ranging from golden Georgian domes, to 18th century European, to modern styles.

The characters disembark from their ship into a sterile customs hall, to wait patiently for their chance to be released into the unique city and culture that awaits. After what seems to be an eternity — or at least several hours — the investigator’s papers are scrutinized and they are in turn questioned as to their mission in the glorious Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Assuming that they follow the terms outlined on the papers that were passed to them prior to departure, their travel permits are stamped with a snort from the customs agent and returned. If this turns out to not be the case, suspicion immediately falls upon them, and they find themselves under a GPU magnifying glass for the duration of their stay. One foot wrong, and they may well receive an unwelcome visitor and a tour of the city that they regret.

Upon being deposited on the street outside of the customs office, a rattle trap taxi rolls up to take them to their hotel. The driver, Igor Denisky, only speaks passable English — “hotel?”, “two-fifty dollars”, “my brother live in Chicaaaago” — and any attempts to question him in any language other than Russian proves fruitless. Oddly enough, he accepts payment in Dollars as well in just about any European currency — except Deutschmarks which he thumbs his nose at. Investigators also note that he deposits them before the Hotel Imperial, regardless of where he was told to go, owing to the fact that the Imperial is where all foreign nationals stay and is something of an island of capitalism surrounded by the seas of Stalinist communism.

Igor Denisky Cab Driver and Tour Guide, age 37

STR 65	CON 55	SIZ 65	DEX 70	INT 55
APP 45	POW 60	EDU 30	SAN 60	HP 9
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 9	MP: 12	Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
Dodge	40% (20/8)

Armor: none.

Skills: Drive Auto (70%), Fast Talk (45%), Law (25%), Listen (60%), Mechanical Repair (45%), Navigate Leningrad (95%), Read/Write English (15%).



Any Russian speaking investigators who manage to strike up a rapport with Denisky have an opportunity to acquire a guide to the city. Denisky doesn't run cheap, with each fare costing a couple of bucks. He is not interested in drawing the attention of the GPU and suggests that the investigators tread lightly. If his warnings are not heeded, he contacts the GPU if the potential for a substantial reward is high. Otherwise, he'll simply fail to show up at the next scheduled pickup and the investigators find themselves on their own once again.

The Hotel Imperial

Located on a corner of the Admiralteyskiy Prospect and the Nevskiy Prospect, it rests across Alexander Square from the mammoth Admiralty building. Also within walking distance of the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, the Imperial is an extravagant example of czarist Russia. Unfortunately, the years since the Revolution have faded much of its luster. Beyond the large double-doors is a lobby that is more appropriately described as a colonnade. Huge, intricately carved marble columns support a vast cathedral ceiling that is itself decorated with paintings reminiscent of the Sistine Chapel. A plaque inset into the wall near the entryway shows that the Imperial was built under the patronage of Catherine the Great. There was obviously once a great amount of wealth held with the structure's walls, but it — like the rest of the city — has fallen on hard times.

Of immediate interest is the clientele of the Imperial, who wander to and fro around its vast lobby or find comfortable seating in its well-worn couches and chairs. Investigators readily notice the vast number of languages spoken, though there is a clear emphasis on English and French. Idea rolls assist the investigators in determining that the occupational makeup of the sundry group to be mostly journalists and businessmen, and none of them look particularly happy about their assignments.

Behind an extensive wooden counter is the hotel's concierge. Upon checking in, he requests the investigators' papers that will be returned to them upon their checking out. If the investigators have proven themselves to be suspicious in the eyes of the GPU, their papers are impounded and examined under a microscope — not literally, although near enough. In return, the concierge distributes passes that indicate their stay at the hotel, to be presented to authorities if requested. He also passes them a letter from one Dick Fitzpeters, the head of the American mission in Leningrad.

The characters are also handed the key(s) to their room(s) and told where they are located. No porters or bell hops are available to carry luggage. Much like the lobby, the rooms carry an aura of past glory, but are rather dingy in their present state. The collection of furniture in each includes a high, plush queen-size canopied bed (sans canopy), two wing back chairs upholstered in the finest chintz, and a similarly attired chaise. A chest of drawers, armoire, and small tables — all of which are quite scuffed — make up the remainder of the furnishings. The attached marble

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF STATE LENINGRAD CONSULATE

Date: Today

Gentlemen,

I've received word of your pending arrival, and would appreciate a brief visit whereupon we might discuss your stay in the Soviet Union and how best to apply your skills for the betterment of relations between our two nations. Please send a message to me via the concierge so that we might set up a meeting.

Regards,

Dick Fitzpeters

Dick Fitzpeters
U.S. Economic Attache

bathroom includes a claw-foot tub, toilet, and bidet, all apparently predating the revolution. Meager heat is provided by knocking steam radiators. Large iron-framed windows swing inward and provide a view of the masses in the square below.

While in the hotel, the characters can glean the following information from its clientele, usually over a tall vodka in its small, dark, smoke-choked bar. These tidbits may also be gleaned from Denisky or Fitzpeters (the meeting with the latter whom is described in detail a little further below).

Leningrad: A Snapshot

Investigators may find the opportunity to learn a little about what's going on in the Soviet Union and Leningrad, specifically. Presented here is a brief outline of what they can expect to encounter (and hopefully figure out how to avoid it).

The GPU

The GPU is the "State Political Directorate" and was organized from the ashes of the Cheka in 1922. It is not currently as powerful or repressive as its predecessor, although since Stalin has come to power the number of raids and arrests it has performed has grown significantly. Rumor has it that they have been going after foreign businessmen who are suspected of dealing with the local black-market, something that the Cheka did not do as



Lenin and Dzerzhinskii (the leader of the Cheka) recognized the value of foreign investment under Lenin's New Economic Policy. Some of these foreign nationals have been pulled out of their beds in the middle of the night, and deported. Some rumors float about that others have disappeared completely, never to be seen again; possibly transported to one of the many growing numbers of Gulags (forced labor prisons), but no one is courageous enough to find out.

Note: As a point of interest, the GPU was transformed by Stalin in 1934 to the "People's Commissariat for Internal Affairs" (the NKVD) that was responsible for the vast number of purges while Stalin was in power. After his death, this organization transformed once again into the Cold War KGB.

Leadership Struggle

Since the death of Lenin in 1924, a struggle for power has come about with its two opposing factions headquartered in Moscow (under Stalin) and in Leningrad (under Trotzky). It is becoming readily apparent that Stalin is gaining the upper-hand, as is evidenced by the increasing GPU activity in the city, as well as the decline of the local Trotzkyite newspapers. Rumor has it that Grigorii Evseevich Zinóviev, the local party leader and Politburo member, will soon be forced out of power owing to his anti-Stalin rhetoric.

Economic Struggle

After the revolution in 1917, the Russian — or, rather, Soviet — economy collapsed under several years of civil war. Owing to the resulting famines and general unrest among a disillusioned populace, Lenin instituted his "New Economic Policy," a controlled return to capitalism limited to small businesses and the

import of machinery for use in the larger state-controlled industries. Although the plan worked well to quell the growing unrest, it also spawned a thriving black-market and a breed of agricultural entrepreneurs referred to derisively as "Kulaks." The return of these individuals to capitalist methods was seen as extremely dangerous, and many were brutally executed as examples.

While the NEP began to take hold, much of the economy was supported by foreign aid groups, most notably the American Relief Administration (ARA) that shuttled in millions of dollars' worth of food and medical aid. As the economy began to recover and the threat of famine receded, the need for foreign intervention decreased until the ARA finally closed its official operations down in 1924. The aid provided by the ARA and similar organizations

provided one of the supply points for the growing black-market as the local contacts for these organizations — referred to as "ARA Men" — would stockpile and distribute the aid at a tidy profit to themselves. With the death of Lenin in 1924, as well as that of the ARA, these distributors became one of the first targets of the GPU.

In an effort to remove all traces of foreign dependency, Stalin began a campaign of total collectivization. Unfortunately, for this plan to succeed, he needed a ready supply of cash to build the requisite infrastructure. As he could no longer rely on direct foreign aid, he began to sell off national assets that he deemed to be unnecessary to the socialist state. One of these assets was the unimaginably vast collection of artworks held in the Hermitage — the world's largest art museum. After all, which is more valuable, a tractor or a Rembrandt?

As the campaign unfolds, the three largest groups of foreigners at large in Leningrad are buyers of these assets, sellers of large agricultural and industrial equipment, and the journalists who report their transactions and effects.

Who is Fyodr Orloff?

Fyodr Orloff is well known to the populace throughout Leningrad. Virtually anyone can give the investigators a brief description of the man and his work.

Orloff is best described by the casual observer as a pillar of the community, and one of Lenin's favorite sons. Prior to the revolution, he held a royal title as a count within the court of Nicholas II. After the riots of February, 1917, he threw himself and his fortune behind the efforts of the Bolsheviks and largely bankrolled their take-over during the following October. As an award for his magnanimity in voluntarily forfeiting his vast fortune to the cause of the People, he was awarded by Lenin a high post in the

Ministry of Transportation, and continues to live quite comfortably in this position, as well as a consultant to the Hermitage museum in the field of ancient Persian art — a field of interest on which he spent much of his time and fortune before joining the Bolshevik cause.

There is a fair chance that the person with whom they are speaking recalls that Orloff has been in the local headlines lately, owing to some other feat of magnanimity. He or she is not positive, but thinks that Orloff recently rescued some small child, but is unsure of the details.

Research Sources

There are several locations in Leningrad where investigators can dig up information on historical aspects of the Soviet Union, in particular the University of Leningrad and the Russian Museum. The Hermitage Museum is an excellent source for culture and history foreign to the USSR. In these locations, players find students eager to help them find whatever information they might be interested in. Of course, the character's inquiries will be forwarded to the GPU. Unfortunately, none of the sources provide much insight into occurrences during the past fifty years, and in the case of the Hermitage, whose vast collection of antiquities suffers from a severe lack of organization, research proves very difficult (all Library Use rolls are hard and time expended is doubled).

For more recent occurrences, the characters must turn to the local newspapers, or specifically, the ROST (the Russian News Agency). Unfortunately, events prior to the October Revolution have been purged, so any detail prior to 1917 is unavailable. Any efforts to obtain this type of data must be via telegram — the contents of which will be, again, reported to the GPU and possibly censored if not outright rejected.

Characters also have the option of consulting with the local wire-service representatives (United Press and Reuters). Unfortunately, all the stories sent out by these services are first subject to censorship by local authorities, so odds are that they won't be able to provide much more information than the Soviet news-sheets themselves. On the other hand, investigators may be able to track down the reporters who submitted the stories by making a hard Tracking or Library Use roll. If successful, the reporter is still in town and is conveniently staying at the Imperial.

Recent Occurrences

Hot off the presses is a story concerning an attempted theft at the Hermitage by an insidious anarchistic group that calls itself "Dyx Neizvestnosti" ("Spirit of the Mystic"). Apart from these events, nothing particularly interesting is taking place in Leningrad, the local papers being filled with stories lauding the achievements of the glorious new Soviet state and its citizenry.

Newspaper Articles

The following items can be retrieved from the specified sources. Included with each article is additional information that can be provided by each article's author if they are available

and can be convinced to discuss the detail with a Persuade roll (the investigators may well be GPU agents after all ...). The latter two articles may also be available to the investigators after their first meeting with Mathieson in Rio de Janeiro if the Keeper desires.

If McCauley can be tracked down, the characters find him to be a disheveled gentleman in his mid-forties, who looks like he has spent far too much time in the hotel bar and not nearly enough time in a washroom. Through a watery gaze, he assures the characters first of all that the text of the article was significantly doctored by the local authorities. He's been warned on several occasions that he's taken far too many liberties in his text and is courting deportation. Something he probably wouldn't mind ...

Stephen McCauley

Tired Journalist, age 53

STR 40	CON 40	SIZ 50	DEX 45	INT 70
APP 55	POW 60	EDU 85	SAN 60	HP 9
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 5	MP: 12	Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	30% (15/6)
Dodge	22% (11/4)

Armor: none.

Skills: Fast Talk (55%), History (40%), Library Use (65%), Listen (75%), Oratory (60%), Psychology (70%), Read/Write Russian (80%), Spot Hidden (65%).



He informs the investigators that the so called "Spirit of the Mystic" is actually a group of Rasputin followers who have managed to retain their freedom to the vast frustration of the GPU. Their primary goal, if one believes in this sort of thing, is to bring the Mad Monk back from the dead — or more literally, "awaken him from his long slumber." The Spirit believes Rasputin to be immortal, particularly given the effort it took his enemies to finally put him down. Exactly how they plan on doing this is unknown.

Contrary to GPU reports, the sect is far from captured, and according to unmentionable sources, they actually managed to get something out of the Hermitage of considerable value to their cause. McCauley believes this all to be a lot of mumbo-jumbo and hocus-pocus, but any thorn in the side of the Com-mies is good enough for him.

Included with Article #2 is a grainy photograph that depicts a crowd of people, one of which holds a young girl in his arms. The caption below reads: "Comrade Fyodr Orloff with adopted daughter Valentina and friends." Surrounding Orloff and Valentina are nearly a dozen other people dressed in good quality clothing (relative to what the characters have seen on the streets) as well as military uniforms. Given the poor quality of

“Robbery at the Hermitage Foiled”

Date: Yesterday

UPI, Leningrad – During the early hours today, a gang of anarchists broke into the Soviet People’s national art museum, the Hermitage, in an effort to loot it of its most priceless objects. The Hermitage, which boasts the largest collection of artworks in the world – ranging from ancient Egypt through the Renaissance and into those of modern and impressionist masters – is a source of great pride to the Soviet People. The crime at hand can only be considered a crime against the great Soviet State itself. Fortunately, owing to the great skill of the citizens assigned to safeguard the museum’s treasures, the theft was foiled before any objects could be removed or damaged. In addition, all the perpetrators were captured and placed under guard by local authorities. A spokesman for the State Political Directorate has informed this reporter that the perpetrators were part of an anarchist cell that called itself the “Dyx Neizvestnoti” or “Spirit of the Mystic.” Owing to the full cooperation of the captured members, this insidious organization has been brought to justice in its entirety. Given the rapid conclusion to this affair, the Hermitage will remain open and visitors are encouraged to enjoy its vast collection of beautiful artworks.

By Stephen McCauley, Leningrad

the photographic reproduction in the newspaper, close study requires an excellent Perception roll (reduced to good if a magnifying glass is used) to determine the following items:

The gentleman holding the child is (with a successful Idea roll) the same gentleman in the photograph found in da Silva’s office back in Rio de Janeiro.

The small blond-haired child bears a striking resemblance to the child in the photograph found in the abandoned Taylor residence in Mantuxent, Massachusetts, and if an additional hard Spot Hidden roll can be made, the dark blotch of the child’s facial wine stain can be made out.

Standing in the crowd around Orloff and Helen Taylor are Leon Trotsky as well as the Leningrad party chairman, Zinóviev (an Education roll to recognize the former and a hard Education roll to recognize the latter). If shown to any of the locals, they may be able to point out that two of the other people are the head of the Hermitage, and the chief of the admiralty (one of the unformed characters).

Meeting with Fitzpeters

Soon after the characters have managed to make an appointment via the hotel’s front desk, the characters meet Dick Fitzpeters in person. Fitzpeters is an overworked gentleman who, for all appearances, looks to need several months of sleep. He is

“Hero of the Revolution Adopts Waif”

Date: One Month Ago

ROST, Leningrad – In the spirit of the great Lenin who has left us so recently and so tragically, one of the great citizens of our socialist republic has once again come forward as an example of goodness and charity. Comrade Fyodr Orloff, one of the supporters of the victorious Bolshevik revolution – and close friend to comrade Lenin – has rescued a young orphan to raise in a proper family atmosphere. Pictured, Comrade Orloff and his daughter Valentina Fyodrevna prove an example of Soviet family values. Comrade Orloff has commented in the past on his great concern for orphans, whom he has often referred to as the true victims of the tragic civil war of so few years ago. His valued charity toward these youngsters is doubly enforced by the fact that Valentina suffers from both deafness as well as the inability to speak. We can only hope that the example set by comrade Orloff in his service to the State as well as to its less fortunate citizens can be as well served by the rest of its populace.

the current Economic Attachè and the head of the United States’ Mission in Leningrad – one that is slowly fading in prominence with the emergence of Joseph Stalin as the leader of the Soviet Union. Fitzpeters has seen the writing on the wall in regards to Soviet-American trade relations, particularly owing to a continual repudiation of Soviet debts to the United States. He has been given the task of organizing a slow withdrawal of American assets from the Leningrad area, a very difficult task.

Physically, Fitzpeters is a middle-aged gentleman, in his early fifties, although the current stress he is under has added several years to his appearance. His hair is thinning and nearly completely gray, and a noticeable paunch is visible above his belt, along with an accompanying double-chin.

Dick Fitzpeters Diplomatic Attaché, age 53

STR 45	CON 55	SIZ 55	DEX 50	INT 75
APP 65	POW 55	EDU 80	SAN 55	HP 11
DB: +1d4	Build: 1	Move: 7	MP: 11	Luck: 55

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	35% (17/7)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (75%), Credit Rating (75%), Law (35%), Read/Write Russian (95%).



“Search for the Lost City Continues”

Date: November 19, 1906

REUTERS, London – In the footsteps of the great explorers, another expedition into the unknown will be launched tomorrow morning from Jesus College, Oxford. Several bold explorers under the leadership of Oxford don, Professor John Winsley-Harcourt, plan on journeying into the center of the Arabian desert in search of a mythical city known only as “Ubar,” suspected to be one of the great lost centers of learning, akin to the Library of Alexandria. What makes this expedition of particular interest is its international nature, as sources for its funding as well as some of its participants hail from all over the world. In fact, the expedition – whose exploratory luminaries include the American and Brazilian archeologist Dr. Curtis Mathieson and Dr. Francisco da Silva – has been almost entirely funded by the Russian viscount and local socialite Fyodr Orloff. Count Orloff is rumored to be something of an expert on ancient Persia back in his homeland, and being something of a dilettante, it is no surprise to find him circulating among the local intelligentsia in an effort to extend his knowledge. It is sure that he’ll be awaiting the expedition’s return with baited breath and hopes of further knowledge for the betterment of mankind. As reports of the expedition’s progress are received, they will be published with due haste.

Fitzpeters bids the characters to make themselves comfortable in his cramped hotel room cum office – allowing them to help themselves to a good supply of vodka if desired – and requests the letter of recommendation that they should have received from their representative company (that from K&L Harvester). If for some reason the characters cannot produce this letter, Fitzpeters comments on the awkwardness of this situation, and mentions that the characters won’t be able to legally pass into the interior of the Soviet Union without first obtaining that verification – “The red-tape – pun respectfully intended – is appalling here!” – and offers to send a telegram to K&L in the morning. Players might worry about this, as they’ve never had any real dealings with K&L, but cleverer ones realize that this relationship has probably already been fabricated, so no gratuitous Idea rolls should be allowed here to put the players at their ease. Acquiring this verification via telegram takes a week.

Once Fitzpeters has had a chance to look over the letter, he hands the characters a map of the Soviet Union and a loose-leaf binder that holds a listing of large farms and their administrators (including that of Misha Manyev, the chief clerk of the farm cooperative in Obdorsk, that comes into play later).

There are hundreds of farms listed in the catalog, each with their primary crops. Fitzpeters explains that the investigators

“Expedition Ends in Tragedy”

Date: March 3, 1907

REUTERS, Cairo – Several months ago, contact was lost with the Winsley-Harcourt expedition that was venturing into the southern Arabian desert in search of a legendary city known as “Ubar.” No trace of the expedition had been seen since, and its patrons had tragically given up hope that it would be seen again, when last week, two of its members were miraculously found on the edges of the Arabian “empty quarter.” Doctors Curtis Mathieson and Francisco da Silva were found near death, the latter heroically dragging the former by a makeshift harness fashioned from their tattered clothing. Although both were suffering from heat stroke and dehydration, Dr. Mathieson was by far in the worst condition and is currently in a coma resulting from related heart complications. Dr. da Silva, on the other hand, is recovering and should expect a visit soon from the expedition’s primary patron, the Russian viscount Fyodr Orloff. Apart from these two brave souls, all that remains of the expedition is a single supply pack in the possession of Dr. da Silva, and that he has refused to give up. Surprisingly, given Dr. da Silva’s physical condition, he has proved to be sufficiently uncooperative in the removal of this object – even to the extent of shallow sleep – that the local doctors have allowed him to retain it until he is willing to part with it himself. Given the current condition of the two patients, it is expected that they will remain in Cairo for several weeks before being returned to their respective homes for further rest and recuperation.

(er, salesmen) should select the farms they wish to visit and apply for an individual pass to each. Given the amount of time it takes to get the passes processed by the Ministry of Agriculture, he recommends that they request passes for six to twelve locations ... the standard operating procedure. Once the requests have been put in, it takes several days to have the signed passes returned. In the meantime, Fitzpeters hands each character a local pass that allows them to move freely about the public areas of Leningrad, and strongly advises that they don’t head too far out into the countryside, as the GPU has taken a “strong dislike” to that particular activity.

At the meeting’s conclusion, Fitzpeters shakes each of the investigator’s hands and wishes them the best of luck. He also advises that if they run into any problems, they should contact him directly.

Out and About

During their trip over the Atlantic, the characters found a note directing them on their search for information around Lenin-

grad. This section details the results of following up on that particular clue.

At the Winter Palace

Bordered on one side by the Neva River, and overlooked by the mighty Alexander Column, stands the Winter Palace. Built under the auspices of the Empress Elizabeth by an Italian architect in the late 18th Century, this edifice stands as a monument to the majesty of the Tsars. The monstrous building is roughly two hundred yards long, and consists of 1000-odd rooms and hundreds of staircases. The structure also encompasses one of the world's largest art collections: The Hermitage. Locating this building is little trouble, as anyone in the city can give adequate directions.

Upon taking a close look at the exterior of the building, characters note that many of the windows are equipped with window-boxes that are themselves adorned with wooden cross-hatch frames. A close examination of those window boxes near the north-west corner of the building reveal that the two intersecting members of one of these frames is slightly discolored so as to appear like the letter 'X.' Wedged behind this cross-hatching is a small envelope that contains two tickets for a performance of Tchaikovsky's 'Sleeping Beauty' at the State Ballet two days hence.

At the State Ballet

On the appointed evening, two of the investigators make their way to the State Ballet at the Kirov theater for an evening of culture. Upon presenting their tickets, they are escorted by an usher to a private upper level box, a full twenty feet above the main floor below. The box provides an excellent view from the left-hand side of the stage, and its two rows of seats provide capacity for eight viewers. The balcony is only accessible through an access door in the room's rear wall, that is concealed by a velvet curtain. The occupants of adjacent balconies cannot be seen unless an investigator leans the bulk of his or her body out over the main floor. Doing so requires a Dexterity roll to keep from plunging below to an impact that results in 1d8 points of damage as well as immediate expulsion from the theater — not to mention the suspicion of the GPU officers who are no doubt lurking about the audience.

This particular evening, the box is empty apart from the investigators themselves. If they leave the box for any reason prior to the conclusion of the performance — apart from a brief intermission — they are intercepted by an usher who tends to their needs through broken English. This young fellow does not leave the investigators' side, and does not allow them to disturb the other audience members. Beating him over the head does not



prove effective as there are several other ushers stationed at intervals about the theater, who intervene and summon the authorities. For all intents, the investigators are prisoners within the theater until the show is over.

As the characters enjoy a ballet performance so good that even non-aficionados would be impressed, one of the characters overhears his or her name spoken in hushed tones by a male voice carrying a dandyish English accent. A Listen roll indicates that the voice is coming from a neighboring balcony. If asked who he is, he suggests that the characters refer to him as “Mariinsky” as that was the name of the theater in which they are currently experiencing such a fine performance — before its name was dropped in favor of one that did not allude to the late tsarist regime. Characters easily detect the level of chagrin in his voice upon mentioning that last item.

Mariinsky goes on to inform the characters that he’s been requested to assist them in what capacity he may, but first the characters need to explain their interest in Orloff. Feigning ignorance simply annoys him, and he derides their efforts, explaining that he knows all about the character’s recent involvement with George Winston in New York and Fransisco da Silva in Rio de Janeiro. If the characters spill the proverbial beans as to what they’ve discovered since the robbery in New York, he listens patiently.

Mariinsky is, of course, British Secret Intelligence Service agent Sydney George Reilly (the “Ace of Spies” ... see the sidebar on the next page.) working in conjunction with the U.S. State Department and is well versed in the character’s apparent struggle with reality as he has been in close contact with Maxwell Stark in Rio. He has been instructed to humor the investigators, and go along with their plans in an effort to uncover hard evidence to prove that Winston is an enemy agent under Orloff’s control. Upon hearing their story, he insists that the cult’s activities should be exposed, but without irrefutable evidence, it is unlikely that any agency would act against Orloff, who is considered a hero of the Revolution. Doing so at this point more than likely earns the investigators a one-way ticket to a Gulag. If, on the other hand, the investigators could produce more mundane, albeit incriminating, evidence he may have the power to bring the government into the picture. “This is just the thing that curls the toes of the Gay-Pay-Ooo.”



As he cannot actively participate in the characters investigations, he offers to assist them behind the scenes via a series of “drops.” Indicating that the characters feel under their seats, they find two items:

- The first is a folded piece of paper on which is printed a listing of locations, prefaced by the headline “Sightseeing.” On the list are a total of twenty-six locations. Each of these locations corresponds to a letter in the alphabet. Each day, the investigators are to acquire an English copy of the Daily Worker, and examine the nth word in the first paragraph that corresponds to the current calendar day. If it were the first day of the month, the first word would be examined; if it were the thirty-first day of the month, the thirty-first word would be examined; and so on. The first letter of the word in question indicates which drop to use — counting from top of the list to pick up a message or from the bottom of the list if dropping off a message. In any case, messages should be printed on a piece of paper no larger than three by five inches and folded into quarters. The drops themselves are appropriately indicated by an ‘X’ or an ‘O.’ Questions should be thought through thoroughly before being submitted, as once the game is over, the aid will cease. If for some reason, the characters feel that they’re being followed, they should abort the drop and go to the next one the following day.
- The second item is a small box that contains two Makarov 9mm automatic pistols, fully loaded, with two additional clips each. The serial numbers have been filed off, if examined. “You can never be too careful,” says Mariinsky.

With that information passed, the discussion ceases and Mariinsky vacates the premises. If the characters attempt to follow

Sydney George Reilly
Ace of Spies, age 51

STR 50 CON 70 SIZ 45 DEX 90 INT 80
 APP 60 POW 90 EDU 75 SAN 90 HP 11
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 18 Luck: 90

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 70% (35/14)
 .32 Automatic 85% (42/17), damage 1d8
 Dodge 50% (25/10)

Armor: none.

Skills: Charm (60%), Disguise (40%), Fast Talk (55%), Library Use (45%), Linguistics (65%), Listen (75%), Locksmith (70%), Persuade (60%), Photography (85%), Psychology (70%), Read/Write Russian (90%), Spot Hidden (50%).

Reilly is the only historical character with whom the characters interact in this scenario, thus a little extra detail is warranted.

Reilly is a Russian national, born in 1873. While in his early 20s, he faked his own death (after having run afoul with local authorities) and hopped a ship to Brazil. Here he had the opportunity to fall in with a British intelligence expedition where he saved the life of its members when attacked by natives. As a reward, he was granted British citizenship and a new identity. While in Britain, Reilly married into money and remained connected to British intelligence. In 1899, he returned to tsarist Russia where he successfully gathered intelligence for Great Britain and her allies. Reilly left Europe during the Great War but returned following the Russian Revolution. In 1918, he became deeply involved in the "Lockhart Plot," an attempt to assassinate Lenin and overthrow the Bolshevik government. The plot failed in the eleventh hour and led indirectly to the "Red Terror" resulting the deaths of thousands of dissidents. Reilly met his end in November 1925 where he was lured into the hands of the GPU, interrogated and executed.

One of Reilly's captors described his first meeting with Reilly thus:

"The first impression of [Sidney Reilly] is unpleasant. His dark eyes expressed something biting and cruel; his lower lip drooped deeply and was too slick—the neat black hair, the demonstratively elegant suit. [...] Everything in his manner expressed something haughtily indifferent to his surroundings."

At the point of the characters' first contact at the ballet, Reilly has roughly a year of life remaining. Might they meet again?

him, they find that the door to their balcony has been locked. Picking the lock takes several minutes and a successful Lock picking or Mech. Repair roll (the latter which damages the door). Breaking down the door requires a Strength roll versus the door's Size of 16, as well as a Persuade roll to keep from getting into trouble for damaging State property; failure of which results in a harmless, albeit late-night, interview with the GPU. Regardless of how the characters get out of the balcony, Mariinsky is long-gone, as is the usher that assisted the characters earlier. If the investigators question the Kirov management about the usher, they find that nobody who works at the Kirov fits that description.

Given Mariinsky's actual identity as Sydney George Reilly, if any of the characters are involved with the world intelligence community in some way, a critical Intelligence roll concludes that he may well be the British "ace of spies."

What is the Spirit of the Mystic?

One of the pieces of information that the investigators may have acquired indicates the existence of a cult referred to as the "Spirit of the Mystic." Only superficial information can be acquired about this clandestine organization without Mariinsky's assistance; and if requested, he can put the characters into contact with this group in a matter of days.

The Spirit is a small band of the followers of Rasputin, the Mad Monk (advisor to Tsar Nicholas and his wife Alexandra), who was brutally slain prior to the Revolution. It is the belief of the Spirit that Rasputin will rise again to lead the Russian people into a new age; a belief reinforced by the difficulty in disposing of this intriguing character who was finally drowned in the icy waters of the Neva after being both poisoned and shot numerous times. For his followers, who quickly disappeared into Petrograd's dark alleys upon the assassination of the Tsar, Rasputin left behind a series of diaries that indicate the manner through which he might be brought back from the dead. Written in an archaic Russian, Latin, and mystical symbols, the Spirit has been endeavoring to make sense of them, and acting on each piece of information provided therein as it is brought to light.

Most recently, the Spirit has discovered that during Rasputin's tenure with the Tsar, there were several unnamed members of the Russian aristocracy who held a deep interest in ancient mysteries and those secrets that man was not meant to know. One of these persons — whom the Monk refers to simply as "the Tall Man" — sent several henchmen into the depths of the Persian desert where they brought to him runes of power that could be used to summon up demons undreamed of; and hid these runes amongst the treasures of the Tsar (where the conspicuous may hide the conspicuous). With this tale, the Monk included several pictographs representative of the runes in question. These the Spirit interpreted to represent the concepts of Distance, Travel, and Life; and concluded that with the proper incantations, could be used to resurrect the dead. They then began their quest for the original source of the runes. After several months of searching they discovered a scroll tagged and piled among discarded Persian antiquities within the bowels of the



Hermitage.

Soon after the discovery, the Spirit quickly hatched a plot for the scroll's removal. This they executed with reasonable skill and acceptable losses (five members and an equal number of GPU men), and brought the scroll to their headquarters for closer examination. As the characters' investigations proceed, the Spirit is in the process of discovering that they may have bitten off a little more than they can chew. The scroll is in fact the Third Chapter of the *Kitab Al-Azif* by the mad Arab Abd Al-Azrad — and that which discusses the inhabitant of Carcosa and how he might be freed from the Lake of Hali.

Unfortunately, as the Spirit soon finds out, this particular scroll is of the utmost value to Fyodr Orloff and the efforts of the Cult of the Unspeakable Father as it contains the incantation required to open the gate to the Hyades and is necessary to the completion of their plan. As Orloff is well aware of the value of the scroll, he placed a 'magical tracer' of sorts on it, so that it could easily be retrieved when necessary. As he cannot directly send officials to recover it for him — it may be damaged in the process or he may bring unwanted suspicion upon himself owing to knowledge of the Spirit's whereabouts — he has resorted to magical means to bring about its recovery.

Down in the Sewers

Upon inquiring whom they might get into contact with to reach the The Spirit of the Mystic, the characters are informed through the standard drops that no more than two of them

should be on the Anichkov Bridge (where the Nevskiy Prospect crosses the Fontanka Canal) at 11pm that evening. A stranger will approach them and inquire in English if they are seeking the Kirov Theater, to which they should reply: "Do you mean the Mariinsky?"

That evening, assuming they decide to make contact, they are approached by a shabbily dressed character of medium build that looks in serious need of a shave and perhaps a thorough bath. He asks the characters — in Russian — if they can spare a cigarette and if they do not respond, he motions to them in such a way as to convey his request. Whether or not they actually concede to his request he asks them under his breath — in English — if they are trying to find the Kirov Theater.

If they do not provide the appropriate response, he excuses himself and heads off into the darkness. If the investigators attempt to follow him, the result is a merry chase through the back alleys of Leningrad at the cost of three successful Track rolls. Success results in his leading the characters into an ambush of half a dozen thuggish members of the Spirit. If they fail a Track roll, the characters must make a Luck roll to find their way back out of the maze of alleyways. Each time a Luck roll is failed, they are set upon by several actual thugs (use the same stats for both groups), who make off with their papers and any hard currency they happen to be carrying.

If on the other hand the characters provide the correct response, the shabby gentleman beckons them to follow him. He leads them to the stone edge of the Fontanka Canal and down a

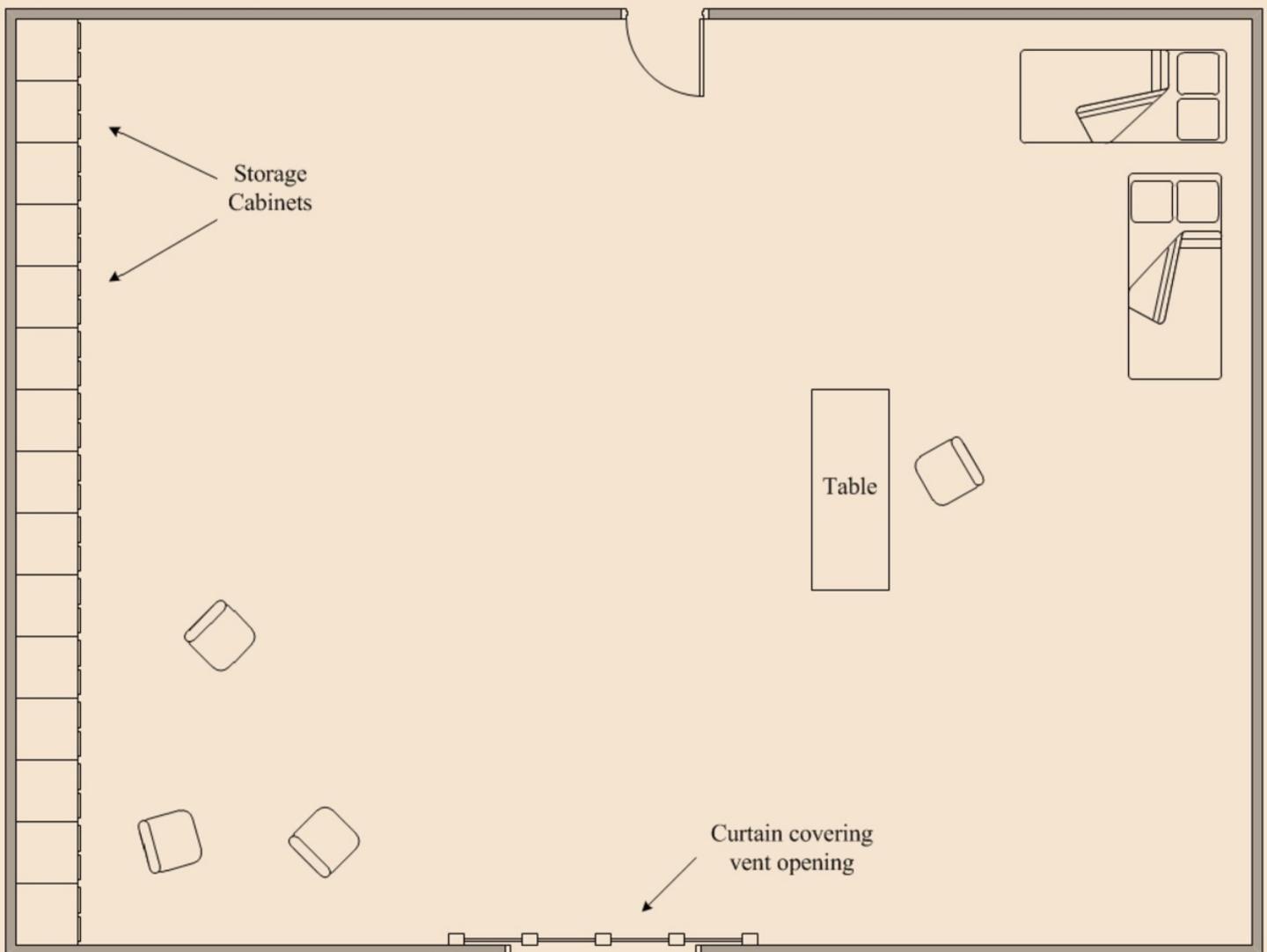
narrow set of slick stone stairs to a small boat below. Sitting at the prow is another person that a Spot Hidden roll reveals to be holding an automatic pistol that is aimed at the investigators. A Psychology roll indicates the fellow is merely being cautious and not threatening. Once they are seated, their contact cranks up a small outboard motor and the boat putters out into the canal where it proceeds in relative silence for nearly fifteen minutes. Neither of the investigators' companions are open for discussion during this brief journey. The fellow at the small boat's prow suddenly stands and beckons the characters to do the same in good, albeit accented English. The characters easily note that the boat is approaching an exposed sewer pipe, roughly five feet in diameter, that sits just above water level. The boat slows, and the fellow at the prow hops into the pipe, beckoning the investigators to follow (requiring a Dexterity roll to keep from falling into the frigid canal). The boat continues on down the canal and out of sight.

After proceeding several yards into the cramped, fetid sewer tunnel; the characters' new companion produces a flashlight

that he shines down into the distance. Apart from a shallow flow of ooze and an unsurprising number of vermin, the sewer is empty. As they forge ahead, the investigator's guide introduces himself as Pavel Petrovsky.

Prior to the Revolution, Pavel was an engineer who assisted in the design and maintenance of the city's sewer system, and can get to just about any point in the city from below. Now, he is nothing more than a glorified maintenance man owing to previous attachments to aristocracy. His English was learned during his education in the United States (the University of Chicago, actually), and his bitterness toward the Bolsheviks has been learned over the past several years, under policies that have destroyed all he worked for. For him, the Spirit of the Mystic is little more than an anarchistic organization geared toward the disruption of the current government. He holds little belief in the mysterious powers of Rasputin, although he did witness the Monk do some odd things — "I believe 'creepy' is your American term." He doesn't know the value of the items stolen from the Hermitage, although other members of the group have become

Spirit of the Mystic Hideout



rather obsessed with them. “What’s so important about a couple of moldy old books anyway?” Petrovsky led the band of thieves into the Hermitage through the sewers and out again after the bloody confrontation with the GPU. It’s unfortunate that a few of his compatriots were killed in the process, but that’s the price of freedom.

Pavel Petrovsky
Revolutionary, age 27

STR 60 CON 80 SIZ 50 DEX 80 INT 65
 APP 60 POW 60 EDU 80 SAN 60 HP 13
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 12 Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 45% (22/9)
 .32 Revolver 50% (25/10), damage 1d8
 Dodge 40% (20/8)

Armor: none.

Skills: Engineering (65%), Read/Write English (65%), Sneak (65%), Track (70%).

Petrovsky leads the investigators on a convoluted crawl through the Leningrad sewer system for nearly an hour, long enough to make it impossible for them to find their way in — or out — without assistance. The tunnels eventually open up into a large chamber, the headquarters of Dyx Neizvestnosti, the Spirit of the Mystic.

The chamber was once a storage depot for sewer maintenance equipment that has been long abandoned. It is furnished with several cots and moth-eaten, discarded furniture dating from the late 19th Century. There are also several metal lockers lined up against one wall, and a large table rests near the center of the room. One of the table’s legs is missing, and is propped up by a stack of small wooden crates. A small slit near the ceiling lets in enough air and light to make the room barely livable, and during evening hours, a heavy black curtain is drawn over it while candles are lit. The meager amount of light shows that the walls and a portion of the ceiling have been almost completely covered in multi-colored, chalk glyphs that a successful Occult roll shows to be protective in nature. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll indicates that none of these wards are of fantastic nature, and more than likely will not stop anything that holds significant eldritch power.

Within the lockers is the cult’s stash of weaponry, which includes three 30-06 rifles, two .38 revolvers, a .32 automatic, and a Thompson sub-machine gun. There are also two-dozen Molotov cocktails, three bundles of dynamite (five sticks each), and several clock-work devices. Hanging from pegs are half a dozen sets of dark coveralls. On the desk are stacked several books, most of which are pedestrian — although sufficiently old to have gained some collectible value — as well as a copy of Rasputin’s



Diaries and a large rolled up scroll. This last item, when unraveled, is a large skin (human skin, if a Medicine or Zoology roll is made, followed by the loss of a point of Sanity) covered top to bottom in runes and an archaic form of Arabic script. This is the third chapter of the Kitab Al-Azif and anyone handling it should make a hard Power roll. Those who succeed find the scroll warm to the touch and that they can feel a faint pulsing coming from the skin as if life-blood were still flowing through it (and lose another point of Sanity).

Milling about the room are several members of the Spirit, a few of whom pull guns upon the entrance of the investigators, and whom are quickly waved down by Petrovsky. As the characters enter the room, the Spirit members go about their business (cleaning weapons, building bombs, eating gruel, etc.), with the exception of an elderly gentleman who is sitting at the large table and going over the books spread around atop it.

On closer inspection, this fellow isn’t that old at all but seems prematurely aged, perhaps from an inordinate amount of stress. He is introduced by Petrovsky as Alexi Milkovich, the leader of the Spirit of the Mystic. Milkovich stands just under six feet tall, sports a head of long, matted gray hair and a face that is wrinkled beyond his years. He is thin, nearly to the point of emaciation, and his clothes hang loosely upon his frame. Although he is only in his mid-forties, a casual inspection would place him in his late-sixties or possibly his early seventies. If offered a hand in greetings, he shakes it weakly with a quivering arm, and the investigators get a good look at his expression in the dull lighting, finding it nothing less than haunted.

Alexi Milkovich
Follower of Rasputin, age 56

STR 35 CON 45 SIZ 60 DEX 40 INT 80
 APP 70 POW 60 EDU 90 SAN 35 HP 12
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 3 MP: 12 Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
 Dodge 20% (10/4)

Armor: none.

Skills: Anthropology (75%), Cthulhu Mythos (35%), History (75%), Occult (75%), Read/Write Arabic (65%), Read/Write English (65%).



Milkovich is familiar with the Call Hastur spell.

Rasputin’s diaries were delivered to Milkovich upon the former’s death, wherein the Mad Monk maintained that if the proper method were found to bring about his resurrection, his remains would most likely prove to play a vital part. To this effect, Milkovich — at the time a member of the student militia — took part in the burning of Rasputin’s remains; and volunteered for the duty of scattering the ashes. This latter duty he did not

fulfill, instead hiding the remains for later retrieval. Although he founded the Spirit of the Mystic for the purpose of continuing the work of Rasputin and perhaps finding a way to fulfill the prophecy of his resurrection, his current studies have led him to doubt that particular goal. He has of course, been studying the Kitab Al-Azif and his sanity has suffered for the effort. He now does little more than study the scroll and debate with himself if he wasn't wrong to get involved in such an endeavor. And yet, regardless of the outcome, he cannot stop.

Milkovich can offer little insight into the activities of Orloff and his cult. He is also unaware of Orloff's previous involvement in the expedition into the Arabian Desert. If the investigators suggest this connection, he admits that Orloff may well be the "Tall Man" to whom Rasputin referred. If the investigators present all the evidence they have acquired to date, the resulting correlations to the Kitab Al-Azif prove too much for Milkovich's tenuous grasp on sanity. He begins roll feverishly through the large scroll on the table before him and babbles away in Russian:

"No! No! It cannot be true ... and yet it must! The signs are right. The process has begun and the formula nears completion. Where? Where is the answer? The key ... the key to bar the door. Copernicus could not have known, but the Arab held the answers. The Arab knew the ways of Velusia. Open the flood-gates ... the blood-gates ... hee, hee, hee ... and all is released!"

The babbling madman grabs a piece of paper and begins copying feverishly a section of the scroll, and any attempts to interrupt him are met with hostility. By peering over his shoulder, investigators examining the scroll notice three prominent images. The first is a rendering of the Chalice of Yig, the second a snow-peaked mountain, and the third a series of standing stones arranged in a 'V' pattern above which is a constellation that an Astronomy or hard Navigate roll indicates as the Hyades. Seeing only this small part of the Kitab Al-Azif is enough to cause a loss of Sanity (Sanity Loss: 2D10; Cthulhu Mythos: +3/+6 percentiles; Mythos Rating: 32; Study: 12 weeks; Spells: Brew Space Mead, Summon/Bind Byakhee, Call Hastur, Free Hastur, Contact Mi-Go, Disemblem).

Milkovich is actually copying down the spell 'Disemblem' from the text of the scroll, one of the many contained therein. He is copying it in Arabic, so a translation is required before it can be used. As the investigators watch him copying away, one or more of them notice something odd upon making a successful Spot Hidden roll.

A Damned Solicitation, an event

Just behind and to the left of Milkovich, a small mote of light appears, seemingly hanging in mid-air. During the course of a combat round (during which the characters can perform some action), this mote extends itself vertically and with an eldritch pop, warps axially into the malignantly rugose form of a Dimensional Shambler (Sanity roll: 0/1d10). In the first round following its manifestation, it makes a grab for two objects with its

monstrous talons — assuming that they are still within grasping distance — the Kitab Al-Azif and the head of Alexi Milkovich. The latter is wetly crushed, leaving the headless corpse to spurt quiveringly upon any nearby investigators and eventually collapse (seemingly in slow-motion) to the stone floor of the chamber (Sanity roll: 1/1d8). The former is gathered up in the Shambler's clutches as it prepares to phase out of existence, its mission completed.

If someone grabbed the scroll as the Shambler was beginning to manifest, it chases down whomever holds it, attacking anyone who gets in its lumbering way. If killed, it dissolves into a malodorous puddle of ooze and is replaced by another Shambler in roughly two hours at the vicinity of the scroll. These attacks continue until the scroll is finally removed and returned to Orloff.

To make matters worse, once the initial carnage is over, investigators who make successful Power rolls detect a burning that a Knowledge roll reveals to be gun-powder. A Spot Hidden roll reveals a short fuse burning quickly toward a bundle of dynamite sticks that may have been ignited by a panicky cult member or errant gun-fire. In any case, the players have three seconds per investigator present (that should be openly timed by the Keeper) to decide what they are going to do. The basic blast of the bomb will kill anyone and anything in the chamber when it goes off. Once outside the room, the characters each take a point of damage for each five seconds that they delay in making a hasty exit.

Assuming they survived the blast, they are found by Petrovsky in the sewers several minutes after the explosion, who wants an explanation of what happened. He's fairly open-minded and accepts most pedestrian explanations, but an accurate detailing of what went on requires a successful Persuade roll if the characters expect his assistance in the future.

The Hermitage

Overlooking the Neva near the Palace Bridge, the Hermitage museum comprises a relatively small part of the vast Winter Palace whose facade stretches two kilometers. Within is one of the world's largest art collections, is comprised of not only the works of antiquity but also recent Impressionist masters acquired from private collections. As of the revolution in 1917, the main sections of the museum have been open to the public.

Unavailable to the general public are the bowels of the museum, that house the staff's offices as well as its monstrous collection of undocumented artworks and antiquities. Nearly every square foot of floor space has been taken up by boxes, crates, and statuary; and the close air smells of must and antiquity. Wandering about the bowels of the Hermitage gives those who are not used to the surroundings a sense of claustrophobia.

Packed into one small corner of the basement are a small number of offices and rooms dedicated to the study and restoration of the museum's collection. Against the walls of the larger of these rooms are a series of floor-to-ceiling wooden filing cabinets that comprise what could sketchily be referred to as the museum's filing system. Nearly every item that has been acquired by the museum is cataloged within these chaotic drawers.

Trying to find a specific item by name takes one person a solid year. Simply browsing with the expectation of finding something of interest is next to impossible.

In the adjoining examination rooms, several easels display various works of art that are being photographed and cataloged. A cursory examination reveals (with an Arts/Crafts roll) works by Matisse and Picasso recently retrieved from a private collection. Once an item has been cataloged and a file made up, the filing clerk locates a drawer that is not yet filled beyond capacity, and the file is inserted somewhere within it ... lost to the ages. The object d'Art is then crated or boxed up and removed to the bowels of the collection – unless it happens to be a piece that the resident party official feels would be inspirational to the people, in which case it is carted upstairs to be placed on display.

The only thread of organization to the operation of the Hermitage collection is that items from similar eras – within a hundred years or so – are kept together in holding lots. So if a casual pursuer of antiquities were let loose in the museum's basement, he or she would find similar items near each other. These lots are scattered about several dozen rooms in the basement.

The upper levels of the Hermitage are open to the public from ten o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock in the evening. At closing time, several guards – distinguishable from the local rabble by the fact that they carry rifles – make a sweep of the museum asking visitors to leave. Anyone found attempting to hide or resist expulsion is arrested. Attempting to access to the lower levels is also easily noticed by a pair of guards at each door. Occasionally, staff members can be seen going in and out of these doors during the course of the day. Trying to gain egress through these doors is met with resistance and possibly arrest (“Sorry Comrade, the facilities are outside ...”). After hours, guards prowl the vast corridors and basement; their attention peaked due to the break-in a short while ago. Anyone found lurking about after hours is shot without question.

Gaining access to the Hermitage is tricky, and up to the inventiveness of the players. Perhaps they can persuade their ways into its files, or maybe they'll recruit Petrovsky to assist them. Who knows? Regardless, there is little of real interest at the museum, unless the characters are willing to dig very deep.

Mythos at the Hermitage

Over the years, the Hermitage has managed to acquire several items of Mythos interest – the aforementioned chapter of the Kitab Al-Azif not the least of them. Below is a listing of several other items readily available to those willing to search for them. Finding each of these items requires the following successful rolls: Russian, to deal with the language barrier; Accounting, to get a grip on the chaotic cataloging system; Spot Hidden, to actually find the item; and a hard Luck roll, just to make it interesting. Characters that succeed in this series of rolls deserve to find one of these items! Keepers elect one from the list or roll randomly for one, and may want to use them as seeds for further adventures.



- Prinn's De Vermis Mysteriis, Latin (1/2; 12 points of Mythos Knowledge; 2 spells)
- Bordighera's Massa Di Requiem Per Shuggay, Italian (0/1; 4 points of Mythos Knowledge; 1 spell)
- Faber's Liber Ivonis, Latin (1/3; 14 points of Mythos Knowledge; 3 spells)
- Medallion: jeweled cat's eye set into stylized silver tentacles. The back is carved with words from a derivation of both archaic German and Latin that make up the spell "Contact Cyaegha."
- Ancient Arabic flute: carved with runes and Arabic symbols. Can be used to summon a Servitor of the Outer Gods at normal costs.
- Scroll: made of human skin and printed in human blood. A Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals the spell "Contact Yog-Sothoth."
- A simple sealed clay urn: containing the intact salts of Amir B'Ahrabi, and ancient Arab wizard. A faded inscription in ancient Arabic describes the spell "Resurrection."

- A small jade statuette: carved to form an octopoid form in an oriental style. The simple Chinese characters simply mention the word “Dragon.”
- An ancient Egyptian statuette: depicting a humanoid form that seems to be a cross between a dog and a goat. The form is clutching a human head by its hair.
- Arabic pictograph: depicting a desert caravanserai, over which flies an indistinguishable form. All who the figure passed over are dead. A caption reads “cold wind of death.”
- Egyptian wall rubbing: depicting the construction of a sphinx. On one side of the building are a group of humans, on the other side large insects – possibly scarabs.
- Alabaster bust: a perfectly beautiful youth with a narrow beard and a garland of poppy flowers about its head. Once per night, the possessor of this item must make a Power roll, or visit the Dreamlands. While there, the dreamer has a 75% chance of encountering Hypnos, whom the bust depicts.

The Ministry of Transportation

A small, discrete building just off the Nevsky Prospect near Znamenskii Square and the rail-yards houses the local offices of the Ministry of Transportation. All shipping to and from Leningrad is coordinated through the bureaucracy housed in this three-story, stone-fronted edifice that has the appearance of a converted warehouse.

During business hours, the first floor of this building – little more than an open space scattered with desks – is packed with merchants and shipping agents, both foreign and domestic, seeking permits to ship their goods. The din is near-deafening, and trying to get anything accomplished requires several days (which is why the characters should allow Dick Fitzpeters to handle that sort of thing). Overlooking the chaos is a huge portrait of Lenin. Particularly insidious Keepers should require a Sanity roll from anyone experiencing this pandemonium for the first time (one point lost). Attempting to question any of the clerks requires a hard Luck roll. If failed, one or more of the manic crowd think the investigators are attempting to cut-in-line and a fist-fight ensues. If successful, the clerk in question won't be able to offer any assistance, and insists that the investigators wait their turn.

Investigators can escape the din by proceeding up a small wooden stairway at the back of the room, but not before getting past the two ubiquitous armed guards. This can be easily accomplished by handing them an invitation for an appointment with the staff above. The second floor is another large single room, packed with small desks and even smaller people who are scribbling and stamping their lives away ... for the greater good of the Motherland. No one looks up from

their work to notice the investigators, unless approached.

The stairs continue steeply upward to a top floor that is organized into several offices. The two largest – both guarded by a rather menacing secretary – belong to Ivan Sobosky, the Party representative, and to Fyodr Orloff.

Sobosky, a sniveling little tick of a man, hates Orloff and is extremely envious of the ease at which he acquired his position. Where Sobosky had to stab his way to the top, Orloff simply purchased his office and the former is quite willing to continue his campaign until he reaches the top. He is quite susceptible to scheming, and any attempts by the investigators to recruit his assistance in incriminating Orloff are twice as likely to succeed. As the local Party representative, Sobosky can easily access Orloff's office – though he needs a good reason. The manipulation of paperwork is little trouble. Travel permits, shipping orders, no problem! If Sobosky is crossed, however, the characters can expect an unpleasant visit from the GPU.

Ivan Sobosky Insipid Bureaucrat, age 32

STR 45	CON 65	SIZ 45	DEX 50	INT 60
APP 40	POW 50	EDU 60	SAN 50	HP 11
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 8	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	30% (15/6)
Dodge	30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (55%), Credit Rating (35%), Law (35%), Read/Write French (45%), Sleaze (95%).



Orloff's Office

Through questioning Sobosky, the investigators find that Orloff is not available for an interview, and has been out of town for quite a while. He has been vacationing with his daughter at his dacha. Sobosky tells them (if the investigators have gained his confidence) that it is a lodge outside of Obdorsk.

Unlike the other offices at the Ministry and around Leningrad in general, that are quite plain and Spartan, Orloff's office is rather plush – no doubt furnished by his collection of pre-revolution furniture. Several large picture windows offer a view of the busy Nevsky Prospect, and a skylight above adds extra brightness to the relative squalor of a government office. A large desk is immaculately kept, giving the impression of either extreme efficiency or a simple lack of work. A small, locked filing cabinet holds personnel files for those currently employed at the Ministry, as well as a selected set of eight shipping bills. These latter items all deal with the shipment of "farm equipment" from Leningrad to Obdorsk. All are appropriately numbered and are dated over the past several months. Adorning the walls are several dozen photographs of Orloff in the company of famous Soviet personalities (Lenin, Stalin, Trotsky, Zinóviev, etc), as well as geographic locations. Depicted primarily in these latter photos are images of a small town on the shores of a large river, both during warmer seasons as well as cold. A backdrop to this location is a large set of snow-capped mountains. A hard Geology or hard Knowledge roll indicates the latter to be the Urals and the river to be the Ob'. A subsequent Idea roll indicates the city to be Obdorsk. Also part of the collection of photographs is a few shots of a large – according to Russian standards – cottage adorned with typical Russian minarets. An additional Idea roll indicates that the photographs of the city and surrounding mountains may have been taken from the depicted cottage, and – if the pictures are stolen – while in Obdorsk can be used to triangulate its rough location.

Orloff's Residence

Players may find the clues available in Orloff's office are rather sparse, given that none of them provide any direct links to Rio de Janeiro or New York. They are, however, sufficient to point them toward the next stop in the campaign – Obdorsk and the Ural Mountains. Given this, they probably want to find out where Orloff lives in Leningrad. Sobosky (or Mariinsky) tells them that he makes his home within the Winter Palace, his rooms not far from those occupied by Lenin himself.

As many of Soviet Russia's high officials take residence within the Winter Palace, breaking into it may prove fatal to the investigators. It is heavily guarded at all times, and any intruders are shot without question. There is also the issue of finding Orloff's quarters within, as the Palace has around a thousand rooms and a hundred stairways!

Orloff's apartment is of no value whatsoever, unless the Keeper wishes to modify this fact for some reason. If the characters still want to pursue this avenue, good luck to

them, although they'll most likely go the way of the Tsar.

Moving Along

By this juncture, the characters should have a pretty good idea of what Orloff and his cronies are up to, as well as how ugly the situation really is. The next step is to find out exactly where the cultists will be performing their ceremony, and how to get there.

The only road leads to Obdorsk and Orloff's dacha in the Urals, and getting there should not prove much of an effort, as transportation can be acquired through the character's cover story and the assistance of Dick Fitzpeters. Once on their way, however, they'll pine for the sweltering heat of the Amazon jungle after suffering on the wastes of frozen Siberian tundra.

OBDORSK, U.S.S.R.

Upon receiving their travel papers – which Fitzpeters mentions are checked whenever they board the train – and acquired proper sets of cold-weather clothing, the characters make their way to the Leningrad rail-yards to begin their 1,500-mile journey beyond the Ural Mountains to Obdorsk on the river Ob' – the westernmost extents of, and therefore the gateway to, desolate Siberia. The trip takes nearly a week, and involves several stops along the way to either change trains or exchange cargo.

Rails to Oblivion

The majority of the train cars are reserved for cargo (containers and flat-beds), the small cramped balance for passengers. As there are no private cabins, the sounds and smells of the other passengers are always present, making any attempts at reasonable rest on the uncomfortable wooden benches that barely pass for seating nearly impossible. The odors of cheap tobacco, halitosis, and the great unwashed hang limply in the air, the only escape being the blasting cold wind outside the train as it rumbles down the snowy tracks. The mobs packed into the train are a diverse, faceless group that dwindles as the journey proceeds, less people joining the procession than leaving it.





One group remains fairly constant throughout the trip. Recognizable not for their rag-tag uniforms, but more for the rifles and carbines they carry slung over their shoulders; members of the new nation's fledgling army are ever present. Given their position in the new order, they are raucous and boorish. No woman (particularly a female investigator) is safe from their unique definition of 'charm.' At least twice per day, one of these soldiers makes a none-to-subtle pass at one of the female passengers. The Commissar (a political assignment equivalent to a sergeant or lieutenant) assigned to watch the men takes these activities in stride, even laughing and joking with the men, provided that things don't go too far (fist-fights, torn-clothing, etc.) as happens occasionally. If things get out of hand, roll a die on the Commissar Reaction Table to see what happens.

Commissar Reaction Table (1d6)

- 1-2:** The Commissar orders a few of his men to drag the miscreant off, who is in turn smacked around a little in the process.
- 3-4:** The Commissar beats the miscreant over the head with the butt of his pistol. The miscreant falls into unconsciousness.
- 5:** The Commissar grabs the miscreant and kisses him full on the lips. The miscreant is so shocked and embarrassed, that he is cowed into inactivity.
- 6:** The Commissar throws the miscreant to the floor, pulls out his pistol and shoots him through the head. He then orders several of his remaining, shocked men to throw the corpse from the train, claiming that he won't tolerate that kind of behavior in his unit. No further problems occur for the duration of the trip.

None of these soldiers speak any language other than their native Russian, and there is only a 10% chance that the Commissars speak English. Attempting conversation with them will more than likely end up in a fight that the Commissar may or may not stop – or even participate in (“bloody capitalists!”). Unless the characters try to communicate with them in a cowed, respectful tone (a successful Persuade roll) there is a good chance that such an attempt is taken as an insult and a fight ensues. The soldiers continue fighting until they fail a Constitution roll. Upon winning such a fight, the character or characters in question are dusted off by the remaining soldiers, patted – or rather, smacked – on the backs and offered cheap vodka and cigarettes (“Eengleesh fight like Kosaks! Hahaha!”).

Another group that seems to keep a steady population during the trek – if it doesn't actually increase – are a ragged, filthy bunch with gaunt features and haunted expressions. They are prisoners on their way to one of the ever-increasing number of Siberian Gulags. There are a handful of prisoners on each of the passenger cars, all of them wearing leg-irons and hand-cuffs. Idea rolls determine that the tattered clothing they are wearing was once of good quality. These people do not establish eye-contact for long, preferring to stare at the floor of the rocking train car. If anyone tries to speak with them, they remain silent; preferring not to get coached by one of the nearby soldiers guarding them. Given that the prisoners were once members of the Russian intelligentsia, there's a good chance (Keeper's discretion, based on need) that at least one of them speaks reasonably good English and can act as a translator between the investigators and the soldiers if needed.

Between each step in the journey to Obdorsk, an event takes place. Each is described in detail below. At each of these evening stops, the characters are given rooms in hosteleries managed by the railroad. The rooms are chill and the beds little more than cots, but thanks to the great new Soviet system, at least the room and board – rotten as it is – is free.

Day One: Leningrad to Vologda

Late in the evening during the first night of their trip to Obdorsk, the characters are awoken by a pounding at the door of their room in the local hostelry. Opening the door, they find three rather serious looking gentlemen wearing dark clothing and dower expressions. Thrusting out a hand, they request to see the investigators' papers.

If the investigators refuse the request, the three gentlemen stare blankly at one another for a moment, peer menacingly at the investigators, and then mention that they will return in the morning. They are never heard from again, but the characters are met by another, similar group of men on the train as it prepares to leave.

If the investigators hand their papers over to these three gentlemen, they examine them closely, holding them up to available light, etc. They then thank the characters and tell them that their papers will be returned in the morning, as they don't appear to be in order. These gentlemen are thieves who steal documents to forge or sell on the black-market. They don't seem to be any more or less reputable in appearance than other GPU officers, but a Psychology roll indicates a lack of confidence noted in other GPU officers the characters may have faced (or perhaps heard about).

These fellows fight if the odds are even, but run if obviously outnumbered. Following them to their hide-out does not prove to be much of an effort, only failing on a poor result. It is a dingy basement apartment with a flimsy front door. Depending on their actions at this hide-out, their ability to leave the following morning is affected. If they go straight to the local GPU offices, they are accompanied by a group of officers, their papers are recovered and they are allowed to go on their way. If they recover the papers themselves and kill one or more of the thieves, the characters are detained by the GPU for questioning for several days in Vologda. They must wait for an additional day or two before the next train rolls in. In either case, if one or more of the thieves are captured, as the characters' train pulls out, one of them spots scaffolding being raised in the town square.

If the characters lose their papers to the thieves, they are detained on the train by the GPU and forced to wait a week for another set of papers to arrive before they can continue their journey to Obdorsk. Resistance is futile.

Day Two: Vologda to Ukhta

A few hours outside of Vologda, in the midst of the vast Russian forest, the characters are nearly thrown from their seats as the train impacts something large on the track. Moments after shaking the cobwebs loose, they hear the sound of gunfire and

can see mounted men riding about the trees outside. Peering too closely results in a window being shot out nearby, with flying glass causing a point of damage.

The train is being attacked by a Red Army unit that has gone rogue and become bandits. They plan to rob the train of its goods, "recruit" any able-bodied men, and eliminate those unwilling or unable to follow their new "cause." What this group of bandits didn't realize, was that this particular train is carrying prisoners to a Siberian Gulag as well as an army rotation. A well-armed army rotation. Shortly after the attack begins, the troops aboard the train leap into action under the command of their Commissar. Maxim machine guns are revealed, and the bullets start flying in earnest.

Keepers should decide the level of action for this battle. The entire thing can be fought out as a *mêlée*, but it might take quite some time to complete. For those Keepers and players who desire this level of detail, statistics are provided for several soldiers and bandits in the Rogue's Gallery located at the end of the campaign text.

The fight lasts for seven full combat rounds, and any characters who wish to get involved in the action may do so. In order to acquire a firearm, each player who states to be looking for such should make a Luck roll each round. Once the roll is successful, a handgun becomes available that still holds a half-dozen rounds. At the end of the seventh round, the brigands retreat back into the woods, and are followed and run down by the train's cadre of soldiers.

There is a chance that the investigators may be injured during the fight. Those characters who chose not to participate in the battle should make a Luck roll when it is over. A poor result causes a point of damage. Characters who chose to participate must make a Luck roll per round. Each poor result causes a point of damage.

During the course of the fight, there is a chance – however foolish – that one or more investigators takes advantage of any weapons they acquire to begin gunning down the soldiers. If this happens, they are automatically shot (the Keeper shouldn't even roll any dice). Any accompanying investigators who do not warn the Russians of their fellow character's actions should make a Luck roll when the battle is over. A fumbled roll results in their execution. A regular roll results in their being thrown into the Gulag outside of Obdorsk, quite possibly to never be seen again. If they managed to previously ingratiate themselves with the Commissar, they might be thrown off the train in the middle of the Siberian tundra.

When the battle is over, the brigands are run down by the soldiers, gathered up, and hung. Under the watchful eye of the Commissar, the brigand's campsite is ransacked and all supplies acquired there from are transported back to the train. Characters examining the area around the train soon find that a few large trees were felled across the tracks (what the train impacted), and these are quickly being removed by the soldiers with explosives.

Soon after, the train resumes its drafty trek towards Ukhta.



Day Three: Ukhta to Vorkuta

As the sun sets, the Ural Mountains loom up in the distance. While the investigators enjoy this beautiful sight, the attention of one or more of them is drawn to the southern horizon with Spot Hidden rolls. Far off in the distance, an object floating just above the mountains is reflecting the dying orange sunlight in their direction.

There is no way to determine what the object is without a telescope or a pair of binoculars (of which the Commissar has the former, and lends it briefly with a successful Persuade or Fast Talk roll). Peering through such a device, the investigators can see that it's a cigar-shaped balloon that a Knowledge roll reveals to be a dirigible. No real detail can be made out at this distance, but an Idea roll determines that its general direction is southeasterly.

After a few moments, the air-ship disappears beyond the southern Ural peaks.

Day Four: Vorkuta to Obdorsk

For the better part of the day, the supply train chugs its way with great effort through a series of narrow passes through the Urals. The air is thin and cold and the heaters on the train don't quite seem to be up to the effort. At last, early in the afternoon, the train breaks free from a narrow gorge revealing the vast, desolate western Siberian plain that stretches cold and featureless beyond the horizon.

With a sudden jerk, the train comes to a stop. A few moments later, one of the engineers enters the characters' car and speaks with the Commissar. Investigators who speak Russian understand that a small avalanche (little more than a snowdrift) has blocked the train-tracks, and the engineer is requesting the soldier's help to clear it. To this request, the Commissar scoffs and explains that his men are not menial laborers. Instead, he orders that several of the prisoners be given the task. They are nearly jerked out of the train, and with insufficient protection against the harsh cold, they are unshackled and put to work.

After about 90 minutes of hard labor, the engineers determine that the tracks are clear enough for the train to proceed safely unhindered. As the guards begin to shackle the prisoners, their skin blue from the cold, one of them – a rather burley fellow – swings his shovel and plants it deeply into the neck of one of the

guards who promptly drops to the ground making a futile attempt to staunch the arterial spray from his severed carotid. The guards are completely taken aback by the prisoner's actions, long enough for him to bolt down the steep mountain-side.

The guards quickly regain their composure, and several of them start after the escapee, the rest bundling the remaining prisoners back onto the

train. The small posse of soldiers follows for only a short distance, and comes to a stop with a quick exchange of words. One of them pulls out a pistol, and takes aim at the fleeing figure. The gun fires and the figure stumbles in the distance but keeps moving. The gun is passed to another soldier who also takes a shot. This game continues for several rounds, until – with a cheer from the shooters – the escapee finally falls to the ground, just over a hundred yards away. The pistol is returned to its owner and the soldiers rejoin their comrades.

If the investigators stay on the train for the duration of this event, all they hear is the gun shots and as the other prisoners are returned to their seats they hear one of the guards mention that one of the prisoners tried to escape. To this news, the Commissar merely grunts an acknowledgment. Shortly thereafter, the train resumes its forward motion, passing by the corpse of the nearly decapitated soldier, his blood steaming and crystalizing in the cold snow (Sanity roll: 0/1). A few moments later, the characters spot the body of the escapee, lying in a twisted heap. A Spot Hidden roll detects a number of bullet wounds on his body, especially the mortal one in the center of his back (Sanity: 0/1).

Two hours later, the train pulls up to its terminus in Obdorsk.

Ghost Town

Obdorsk is a small fishing town on the eastern bank of the Ob' River with a population under ten thousand. Its populace is served by trade that runs up and down the Ob', which is large and swift enough to remain navigable throughout the year – a fact made evident by the town's well maintained waterfront and several barges currently docked there. The buildings are constructed of both wood and stone, all of which are coated with a white layer of thick frost throughout most of the year, only gaining a brief respite during the region's short summer.

Across the river, and settled on the eastern foot of the Urals is a small mining village of Labytnangi, whose product is sent by truck across to Obdorsk and from there either southward into the heart of the Soviet Union, or northward into the Arctic Ocean and on to ports such as Archangel (which was until recently occupied by a western army expeditionary force) and Murmansk.

As the capital city of the Yamal-Nenets national territory, Obdorsk plays host to the area's Soviet bureaucracy, most of which

operates in a large stone building in the town's central square. This building plays host to a clerical staff of nearly a dozen as well as half of a regiment of troops assigned to patrol the territory and quell any unrest they might find.

During the town's brief daylight hours, its population can be seen bustling to and fro about their business, most working around the dock-area or shuttling off in rickety trucks and horse-drawn sledges to Labytnangi and the mines. The majority of these people are native to the area, and are similar in ethnicity to the Inuit peoples of Alaska and northern Canada. The balance of the population is descendant of those who have been settling the area, since Siberia was first explored in the 14th Century over three hundred years previously.

Hotel Yarmak

As distinguished guests of the State, upon arrival in Obdorsk, the characters and their gear are bundled into a horse-drawn sledge at the rail terminus and taken to the best hotel in town. Actually, it is the only hotel in town — the Yarmak. Named for one of the first explorers of the region, the Yarmak is a simple two-story wooden building, not unlike those built by settlers of the American west. A large open area extends upward to the building's roof, surrounded on three sides by a balcony above. Guest rooms off the balcony are accessible from a single staircase. The main floor beneath the guest rooms are the manager's apartment and the kitchen. All the rooms are sparsely accoutered with only the simplest of furnishings.

The manager, Yevgeny Yastreboft is a heavysset dark-haired gentleman, wearing a dirty apron. He and his wife Katya tend to the establishment that they previously owned, before it was taken over by the State two years previously. Their bitterness still shows. All the cleaning and cooking is attended to by these two, even the serving of two meals a day — breakfast and dinner — that in both cases is a combination of heavily crusted bread and fish stew, with bitter tea or searingly strong vodka to wash it down.

Yevgeny Yastreboft
Hotel Manager, age 44

STR 60 CON 60 SIZ 60 DEX 50 INT 45
APP 40 POW 50 EDU 50 SAN 50 HP 12
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 50% (25/10)
Knife 40% (20/8), damage 1d4+2
Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (45%), Electrical Repair (15%), Listen (30%), Locksmith (20%), Mechanical Repair (30%).



Katya Yastreboft
Hotel Manager's Wife, age 42

STR 35 CON 50 SIZ 50 DEX 55 INT 45
APP 50 POW 50 EDU 20 SAN 50 HP 10
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
Knife 25% (12/5), damage 1d4+2
Dodge 27% (13/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (35%), Cooking (65%), Electrical Repair (20%), First Aid (40%), Mechanical Repair (20%).



In evidence during meals is another pair, one an obviously English gentleman and the other his Kazak man-servant. The former — who is never without his pleasantly fuming Meerschaum pipe — is one Brigadier, Sir Henry St. John Whipple-Smyth (ret), late of her Majesty's forces in India. Sir Henry is returning home to England by way of Obdorsk and Murmansk after leading — with the aid of his redoubtable man-servant, Kazan — an expedition into southern Siberia to capture a rare albino Siberian Tiger for display at the London Zoo. In this he has succeeded, and the result of the expedition is currently being held in a cage in one of the warehouses on the waterfront. The two of them are awaiting their export permits, before they can ship themselves and their quarry out of "this God-forsaken wasteland and back to civilization."

Neither of these two fellows knows much about Russia apart from the fact that it's damn difficult to get anything done with the least amount of efficiency, and they certainly have no knowledge of the activities of the Cult of the Unspeakable Father. If, however, the characters mention seeing an airship a few days ago during their journey from Leningrad, they get the following response from the pair:

Sir Henry: "Airship you say? No, can't say I've seen one lately. Fascinating things those airships. Ride smooth as glass, eh what?"

Kazan: "If I may, your Lordship, but do you recall when we passed that barge several days south of here? On it was a partially assembled metal frame that you thought might be an oil derrick. Might that not be a docking station for an airship when completely assembled?"

Sir Henry: "By Jove, Kazan. You might be onto something there! A docking tower for an airship. Now where was that? Just south of Barnaul, wasn't it?"

Kazan: "I believe so, your Lordship."

Sir Henry: "By Jove!"

Apart from this discussion, there is little of value that can be gained from these two (except perhaps a patronage for some further adventures in England). If the characters get bored while in Obdorsk, they can always listen to Sir Henry's tales of his adventures in India or explicit details of his hunting expedition. If in need of assistance, the investigators can try to persuade Sir Henry to loan them Kazan for a brief period, or even try to get the both of them to accompany them on their journey to stop the cult's plan. Sir Henry is always open to an adventure!

Sir Henry St. John Whipple-Smyth
Big Game Hunter, age 63

STR 50 CON 70 SIZ 55 DEX 60 INT 70
 APP 60 POW 70 EDU 85 SAN 70 HP 13
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 5 MP: 14 Luck: 70

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 40% (20/8)
 .45 Revolver 60% (30/12), damage 1d10+2
 .45 Martini-Henry 80% (40/16), damage 1d8+1d6+2
 Knife 35% (17/7), damage 1d4+2
 Dodge 40% (20/8)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (35%), Credit Rating (75%), Drive Auto (45%), Hide (65%), Law (40%), Listen (35%), Natural History (55%), Read/Write French (70%), Read/Write Latin (30%), Sneak (80%), Spot Hidden (65%), Track (70%).



Kazan
Intrepid Manservant, age 33

STR 75 CON 65 SIZ 65 DEX 70 INT 55
 APP 50 POW 60 EDU 45 SAN 60 HP 12
 DB: +1d4 Build: 1 Move: 9 MP: 12 Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 80% (40/16)
 .32 Revolver 45% (22/9), damage 1d8
 Knife 75% (37/15), damage 1d4+2
 Dodge 50% (25/10)

Armor: none.

Skills: Buttle (75%), Climb (55%), First Aid (60%), Listen (50%), Martial Arts (45%), Read/Write English (65%), Read/Write Russian (50%), Ride (45%), Sneak (70%), Spot Hidden (35%), Throw (65%).



Okrug House

The main administration building is a two-story stone structure. Newly carved into the stone above the main entrance in Cyrillic letters are the words "Yamal-Nenets Okrug." The building is divided into three main areas: the upstairs that has been divided into apartments for the twelve clerical positions (including the district manager, party official, and the commander of the local armed forces); the downstairs that houses the central offices; and a wooden expansion to the building that acts as a barracks for the 50-odd troops stationed in Obdorsk. Like the hotel, all these rooms are sparsely furnished.

All the State business that moves through Obdorsk is processed at the Okrug House, and it holds the distinct pleasure of being the only place in the entire town with a telegraph office. It also holds the distinction of actually being relatively well organized, so requests for information are retrieved in only a couple of days — of course, any requests that must be cleared through Moscow take significantly longer.

Characters who wish to surreptitiously examine the files in this office may do so after hours — the offices close at six o'clock in the evening — if they can make it past the single armed-guard patrolling around the building. Once inside, they can search the files if they succeed in Russian, Accounting, and Spot Hidden rolls. If they have a Russian speaker with them (Kazan might be helpful in this respect), all they need to make is a Luck roll to find the only thing that's worthwhile in the entire establishment: the documents matching those in Orloff's office back in Lenin-grad.

Once found, the characters discover that the eight containers of "farm equipment" are currently being stored in "Warehouse C" and that they have been assigned to a barge shipment bound for Gorno-Altaysk in three days. The orders are countersigned by Misha Manyev, the chief shipping clerk. Apart from being in charge of shipping, Manyev is also the resident member of the Cult of the Unspeakable Father and a personal friend of Orloff. He has been charged as the vanguard of the master plan, making sure that the eight monoliths make their way successfully to the Plateau of L'eng. In his position at the Okrug House, any re-

quests concerning shipping pass across his desk, so if the characters officially request information concerning the shipping bills, he inevitably knows of it and acts accordingly — most likely by visiting the current residents of Orloff's estate.

Misha Manyev
Shipping Clerk and Cultisit, age 26

STR 55 CON 50 SIZ 55 DEX 55 INT 65
 APP 55 POW 60 EDU 70 SAN 0 HP 11
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 12 Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
 .38 Revolver 40% (20/8), damage 1d10
 Knife 45% (22/9), damage 1d4+2
 Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (65%), Cthulhu Mythos (45%).

Manyev is familiar with the spell Summon/Bind Byakhee.



Church

Located on the northeast edge of town is the small, onion-domed Orthodox Church. Upon close inspection, it does not look like it's seen a full congregation in quite some time. Several windows are broken and boarded up, and the golden paint on its spires has all but chipped away. Inside it is dusty and unkempt, but apparently still occupied as a large wood stove in one corner of its chapel is still burning and throwing out enough heat to keep the structure comfortable.

Next to the church is a small graveyard surrounded by a spiked iron fence. Against one of the church's exterior walls is a pile of what appears to be wood, stacked to a height of three feet and a width of around ten feet and covered by a tarpaulin. Anyone lifting the tarp must make a Sanity roll (0/1) as they find that it is not a pile of wood, but a pile of dead bodies, waiting for the ground to thaw enough for burial. As the temperatures are so cold, the bodies have only slightly decayed and there is virtually no fetid smell to them at all.

Above the church's main door is a circular window of stained glass, that characters may find interesting. In it are depicted two figures, one presumably that of Christ and the other unknown — possibly Saint Peter. Each of them holds the edges of a golden disk, in the middle of which is a symbol which looks like a skewed pentacle with a red jewel in its center. Occult rolls identify this as a warding symbol of some kind, and a Cthulhu Mythos roll determines it to be an "Elder Sign." Anyone gazing through this window and manages to make a Spot Hidden roll, can see the shape of a building on a high hillside beyond it. This is Orloff's estate, and can be seen a little more clearly from outside the church. Apart from this one oddity, the church seems

normal in all other respects.

Before the altar, a hunched figure in a black cassock kneels on the floor in prayer. The figure stands and turns toward the investigators if approached, to reveal an extremely wizened face, nearly completely concealed by a full gray beard and large bushy eye-brows. His expression never wavers from its seriousness as he welcomes the visitors in Russian, introducing himself as Father Timotheus. If the characters show signs of not understanding him, he tries greetings in Greek and then Latin. If the characters still can't understand him, he blesses them and returns to prayer. Father Timotheus is the church abbot and is a friendly, albeit stern, fellow who can answer most questions given him — within reason.

Father Timotheus
Russian Orthodox Abbot, age 69

STR 35 CON 45 SIZ 45 DEX 40 INT 90
 APP 60 POW 80 EDU 80 SAN 80 HP 9
 DB: -1 Build: -1 Move: 4 MP: 16 Luck: 80

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
 Dodge 20% (10/4)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (25%), Anthropology (35%), Cthulhu Mythos (05%), Occult (30%), Read/Write French (35%), Read/Write Greek (65%), Read/Write Latin (75%).



He can easily explain the pile of corpses behind his church, and informs the characters that they passed from natural causes or are casualties from the local mines. There is really no better place to put them, and their souls have long since departed.

The abbot knows quite a bit about the town and its environs, and knows most of its populace by name, even though they rarely enter his church anymore. This lack of faith he takes as a sign of great danger beyond the horizon, and is why he spends most of his day in prayer. He can answer questions about the townsfolk, where they live, how they make a living, etc. He also knows a little about the history of the town, such as when it was founded, by whom, and under what circumstances. Of most interest to the investigators, however, is the detail regarding the Orloff estate and its current "owner" — a term that's become rather archaic lately, he's sad to say. See the section on Orloff's estate, below, for this detail.

Of the religious purges that have begun under the new Communist regime, Father Timotheus knows little, other than knowing that they are happening. He feels that perhaps his church is close enough to the wilderness that it will simply be passed by, but he knows that this is just foolish optimism. Be that as it may, God's will be done.

Warehouse C

Standing at the base of a long dock that stretches into the Ob' River, Warehouse C is a primitive slope-roofed wooden structure roughly 250 feet on a side and standing nearly 50 feet high. Within are hundreds of packing cases and crates of various shapes and sizes, awaiting transport to points south or east. With the exception of a small corner office, the building is unheated, and those items that have been in storage for more than a few days are easily recognized by the thin layer of frost that covers their surfaces.

Within the small corner office that is inadequately heated by a small pot-bellied stove sits a disgruntled guard/clerk, Misha Bilinsky, whose duty is to make sure that during daylight hours the correct items are routed to their correct destinations and that after hours none of the items make their way to destinations unknown. During evening hours, there is a fair chance that is asleep — more likely, drunk — at his post.

Misha Bilinsky

Guard, Clerk, Vodka Connoisseur, age 41

STR 50	CON 50	SIZ 50	DEX 45	INT 35
APP 50	POW 50	EDU 20	SAN 50	HP 10
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	30% (15/6)
.32 Revolver	30% (15/6), damage 1d8
Dodge	25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (15%), Listen (35%), Spot Hidden (30%).

The only way in and out of the warehouse is through the main shipping doors that are locked after hours, or through a small Judas-gate within one of these doors, that passes directly next to the guard-post. Given the thinness of the warehouse's walls, it is possible for a stout man to chop his way through with an axe, but that would take significant time and effort, as well as attract attention.

Once inside, investigators discover that the method of organization within the warehouse is typical to what they've seen elsewhere. If there's space, drop it. Fortunately, at least, the shipping orders attached to the cases are all visible. Upon close inspection, investigators also discover that identification numbers have been painted directly on the sundry boxes as well, so as to avoid confusion should an invoice fall off.

From experiences and clues they may have already acquired, the characters should know the rough dimensions of the cases holding the mysterious "farm equipment," and it takes slightly less than one man-hour to find them. Of the eight cases defined in the shipping orders, characters can only find seven, unless



they are sought out on the night before they are scheduled for shipment, the eighth still being carved out at the mines. Prying the top off of one of these large crates (each is twelve feet long by five feet wide by three feet high) and peering through the excelsior, they discover that the crates contain not farm equipment but huge slabs of black stone. The measurements of each stone are exactly the same and the angles are perfectly perpendicular with no evidence of shipping damage. The surfaces are so smooth that they don't appear to have been carved or mined in any way; as if they always existed in this form. Any characters that can make a Geology roll upon examining the stones must make a Sanity roll upon this impossible revelation (o/1). Each stone is carved from anthracite (that the previous Geology roll determines), a very dense and hot-burning form of coal and weighs in at three-quarters of a ton. There is no way to move them without a significant amount of help.

If Bilinsky has remained lucid and cooperative throughout the investigator's search and examination of these items, and the "farm equipment" issue is brought up, he claims it to be (quite matter-of-factly, as if this sort of thing happens all the time) a shipping error, and will get it squared away in the morning with Comrade Manyev, the chief shipping clerk at the Okrug House.

Presumably unbeknown to the investigators, all of the stones have been chemically treated by the Fungi from Yuggoth to be totally resistant to all forms of non-magical damage. Even if the characters go so far as to burn down the warehouse in an effort to destroy them, they alone survive without a scratch and are still shipped out on time.

Also in residence within the warehouse, and not the least bit bothered by the cold, is Sir Henry's Siberian Tiger (assuming that its presence has not been modified by the event described below). As the characters search for the crates, one of the characters should be selected by the Keeper at random. Upon turning the corner on a tower of cartons, a gigantic white-furred claw arcs out trying to hit the investigator with a Claw skill reduced to 30% owing to its caged state. If hit, and the character doesn't succeed in a Dodge roll, they take several points of damage. Fortunately, the tiger cage is strong enough to contain this beast, unless...

"Here Kitty-Kitty-Kitty!," an event

If the characters are sitting around waiting for something to happen in dreary old Obdorsk, or if the Keeper wants to mix things up a bit, something horrible has happened. When Sir Henry's tiger was initially placed in its cage, the cage door was never properly secured and the irate feline has finally banged on it enough to jar it loose, freeing itself upon the populace of the small town.

As the characters are wandering about the town during evening hours, the calm cold night air is split with the sound of high-pitched



shrieking that is cut off as suddenly as it came. From behind a building the figure of a man emerges, clutching at his face and throat and collapses to the frosted ground. Upon examining this figure, the characters must make a Sanity roll (1/2) as they find that several large, deep gashes have rent his neck and face, his blood oozing thickly onto the white frost. The man is barely alive, in shock from blood-loss, which is more than can be said for his companion who lays — not immediately visible — against the wall of the building from behind which the first emerged, seemingly tossed there like a rag-doll. The front of this second figure has been torn asunder, entrails steaming in the cold air, and one leg has been completely torn away and is nowhere to be seen. A trail of blood leads off into the darkness, as does (with a Track or Spot Hidden roll) a series of feline tracks easily eight inches across. The blood trail lets up after several yards, and the prints may only be followed with a Track or hard Spot Hidden roll.

Depending on how the characters react to this event determines its outcome. Their own participation is up to them. If they inform the local authorities the army is called out to eliminate the tiger, and in the process, loses half-a-dozen of their own men (to the feline as well as friendly-fire) in addition to several townfolk. Sir Henry is also horrified at the death of the prize he worked so hard to capture. Alternatively, if Sir Henry is informed, he and Kazan fetch their hunting gear and head out to recapture their quarry, inviting the characters to come along if they wish. Whether they go or not, the tiger is recaptured with no additional losses, although there is a 30% chance that a security guard is hit with a tranquilizer dart in the process.

If Sir Henry loses his prize, he'll have no reason to return directly to England and may then be persuaded to accompany the characters on their adventure to Tibet.

As something of a reward for participating in this chilly safari, the characters are awarded with an immediate two-point Sanity bonus if they get the first victim to a doctor before he bleeds to death. They'll need it!

Heading out of Town

There isn't much else of interest in Obdorsk proper, unless the characters enjoy hard, cold, unsatisfactory labor. A narrow, rutted road leads westward out of town, across the Ob' and towards Labytnangi and the mines. Off of this road, a fork splits off southward and winds toward the mountains and then splits again. The high-road leads up a commanding hill and the Orloff estate. The low-road leads to:

The Gulag

Built into a ravine, roughly three miles from Obdorsk is one of the Soviet Union's first of a chain of political prisons — the Gulags.

Two parallel barbed wire fences seal off a natural cul-de-sac that stretches two hundred yards from side to side. In between the fences, two wooden-framed guard towers rise above the floor of the canyon, giving a full view of the prison grounds to the rifle armed guards at their pinnacles. Marching between the guard-towers are sentries and attack-dogs. Nobody can get through the gates without being seen and the sheer cliff valley walls are far too steep to climb. No one who goes in can ever get out without a pardon or a mortal wound.

Within the gulag is a cordoned off compound that is also protected by a double layer of fencing. Inside are three buildings, the office/residence of the camp commandant and a barracks for the guards stationed here. There is also a supply hut. The guards work in over-lapping shifts of six hours, providing twenty-four hours of continual coverage. Twice a day the guards wheel out meals of hot soup and stale bread to the nearly two hundred prisoners currently incarcerated in the camp.

The prisoners are a ratty looking bunch, dressed in threadbare clothing — probably the same that they arrived in — which is rapidly becoming little more than rags and hardly sufficient to protect them from the freezing temperatures. They are housed in three large barracks, that are little more than shacks, furnished with plank bunk-beds and a small coal stove for heat. Standing before these buildings are two structures set aside for punishment. The first is a set of stocks where troublesome prisoners are whipped. Close examination detects drops of dried blood covering its surface. The second item are gallows from which two prisoners currently hang, their bodies motionless in the dead



air, as an example to others who balk the strict regimen of the gulag.

At the far end of the camp, observers can see the source of the prisoner's activities, a crumbling tunnel leading into the base of the mountains above. Prisoners move in and out of this tunnel, bringing bags and buckets of coal out of the mountain and depositing them on a pile at the mouth of the tunnel. Once a day, a truck pulls into the camp and the minerals are loaded aboard it and transported to Labytnangi for transport elsewhere.

The mine is very old and poorly kept, having been taken over by the State for the purposes of punishment and slave labor. Any characters that find their way inside and make an Engineering or Geology roll must follow it up with a Sanity roll (1/2), as tunnel supports are seriously lacking and it appears as if the mine shafts could collapse at the slightest sound. In fact, over the years, several faults and chasms have opened up within the mountains owing to improper mining practices. Exploring these mines for at least six man-days uncovers such a fault that leads into the tunnels below the Orloff estate, as described below.

Accessing the Gulag

The easiest way to get into the Gulag is to be thrown there, an option that may have availed itself to the characters during their trek from Leningrad. Characters can also get in by hijacking the

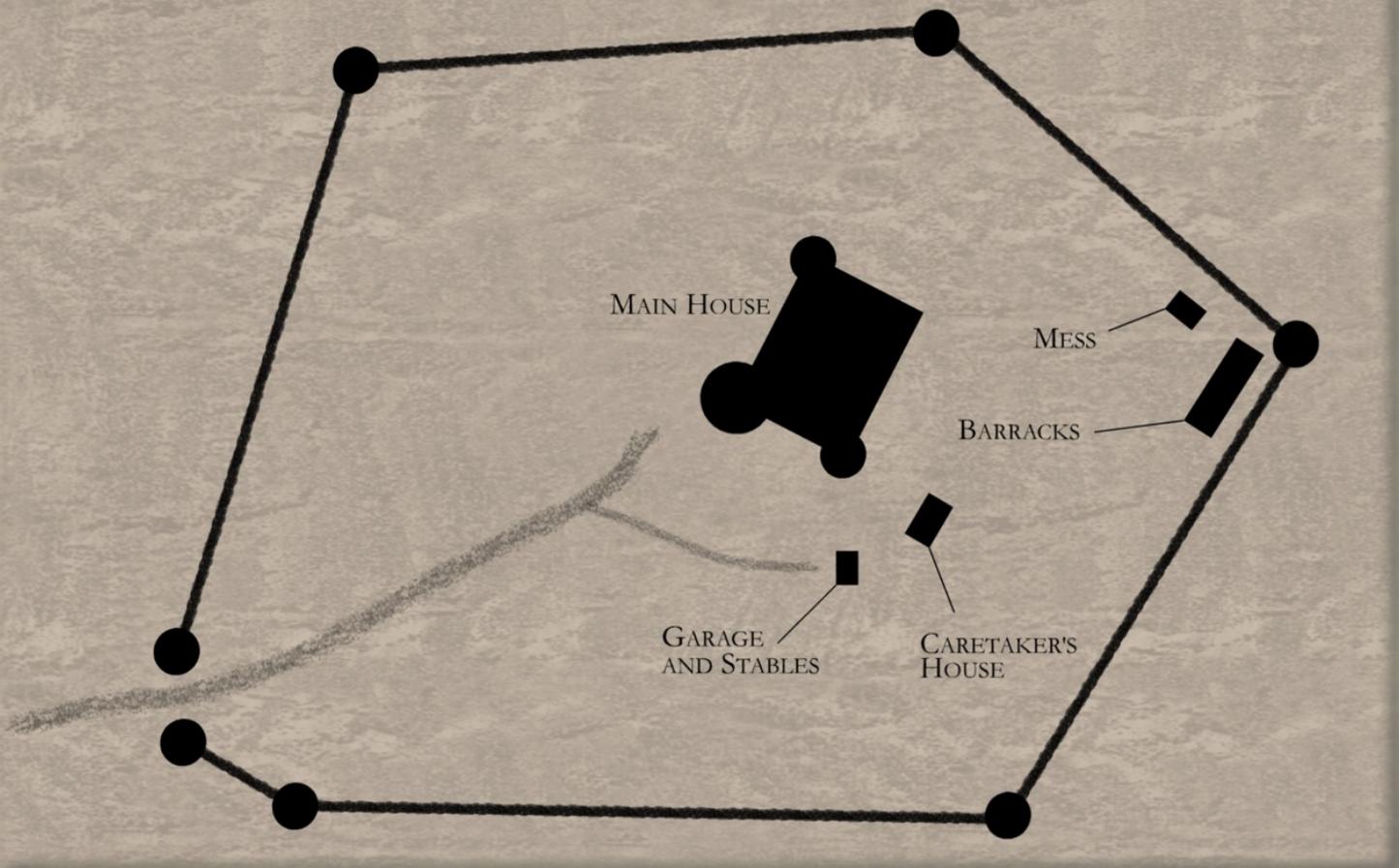
daily coal truck, or through the mines themselves. Other methods are up to the ingenuity of the players. Getting out again is just as tricky, particularly if trying to take others with them.

One card that the investigators might have up their sleeve is a positive relationship with the camp's commander – the Commissar that they met on the train from Leningrad. If the characters are on good terms with him, and manage to get thrown into or caught within the Gulag, he lets them go with a stern warning. Any additional trouble and it's into the mines. In this eventuality, the captured characters rot for six months before being released and returned home as part of a prisoner exchange with the West. Of course, if all the investigators are imprisoned and can't find a way out, they may not want to be released as the world will have radically changed by the time they get out!

The Orloff Estate

Standing atop a bluff overlooking Obdorsk and the Ob' River is what appears at first glance to be a miniature fortress. Fifteen-foot crenellated stone walls surround several acres of land, protecting a large onion-domed mansion within, as well as several smaller structures. Atop the walls are walkways, and at each of five corners, within small onion-domed towers, several small

The Orloff Estate



cannons can be seen protruding over the battlements. The frozen dirt road leads upward between two stoutly constructed wooden gates and terminates before the main house's double-doors.

Peering about the grounds, they appear to be well kept although currently unoccupied. All the windows to the house have been securely shuttered and curtains drawn so that there is no way to see its interior. All the doors are locked, but have a warm touch indicating that the house is heated from somewhere within. The exterior of the house is well maintained, and the gold paint on the minarets seems intact. Investigators who make a good Spot Hidden roll notice that atop the spire of the largest of the house's domes is a symbol that they may have seen before – The Yellow Sign. If the characters do not recognize this symbol, those who make a good Anthropology roll find its presence queer as religious icons are typically placed atop spires and that particular symbol is unrecognizable unless a Cthulhu Mythos roll can be made.

History of the Estate

The Orloff estate was constructed in 1577 as an 'ostrog' – a small fort – for the purpose of guarding one of the passes leading through the Urals into Siberia, by Paulus Orloff a mercenary and adventurer who was charged by Ivan the Terrible. Once built and sufficiently manned to carry out its purpose, Orloff continued as an explorer helping to open the vastness of the eastern wilderness.

Upon his death in 1618, his lands fell to his son Ivan (named for the late Tsar). Ivan also carried on his father's passion as an explorer, leading an expedition into northwest China, an area now known as Sinkiang. There he encountered an entirely new civilization, meeting resistance with the edge of his saber. Upon reaching the ripe old age of 40, and having plundered his fill from the Chinese hinterlands, he retired to his home where he died several years later of a wasting disease that some have speculated to be the result of a curse brought upon himself from sacking pagan temples.

Ivan Orloff died childless, leaving the ownership of the estate open to infighting between several branches of his father's line for several decades. The estate remained empty until another Orloff, Grigori Alexeyevich – a descendant from the sixth generation – took possession fifty years later.

Being a learned man and a student of philosophy – unlike his more energetic forefathers – this latest Orloff moved to the peace of the western Siberian steppe to study and expand his understanding of humanity. His first task was to bring the estate to a livable condition. Legends have it that while cleaning and organizing the estate, he discovered a secret cache of treasures plundered and hidden within the estate. This wealth he used to purchase a position within the societal circles of western Russia, as well as to purchase a handsome wife who eventually bore him five sons and two daughters.

One evening in 1743 he was found wandering about outside

the estate naked in one of the fiercest storms on record. Apparently, he had gone mad for a reason that none have been able to speculate. His wife and family did what they could, but he eventually took his own life by decapitating himself on a sword belonging to one of his ancestors. Distraught by this turn of events, his wife and children returned to western Russia, only visiting their Siberian home one or twice a year for brief periods.

The estate has remained mostly vacant, maintained through the years by a family of caretakers, and occupied on occasion by descendants mostly interested in making sure that the estate was still intact. Since Grigori Alexeyevich Orloff's inexplicable suicide, the only time the house was occupied for an extended period of time was in 1812 as Napoleon marched on Moscow. The retreating Orloffs took shelter in the home of their ancestors, rather than face the 'Ogre.' They remained in residence for three months, and in the middle of an early October night, the entire family loaded what they could carry into their carriages and left. No reason was given, and when the caretakers returned, all they found was a note with the hastily scrawled words:

the house is madness

On the night of their departure, the abbot of the church in Obdorsk claimed to have seen a vaporous form hovering above the estate, and soon after installed the circular window above the church door. His reason for this is not documented.

Since that night, the estate had remained unoccupied for nearly seventy-five years, until the arrival of its current owner, Fyodr Orloff. When he arrived, he did not seem too pleased with his inheritance, being the youngest of several children. He seemed on the verge of selling the estate, having mentioned his intention to the townsfolk. And yet, for no apparent reason he changed his mind and vigorously set about restoring the house to its former glory, importing the finest marble and even restoring the gold leaf to its minarets. Upon its full restoration, he was called back to Moscow to attend his elder brothers; all of whom had become sickened with a pox. Sadly, none of them survived the painful ordeal. Fyodr returned to the estate for a period of mourning and then set off to England to complete his education. Upon his return, he acquired status within the court of Tsar Nicholas II and upon the Tsar's death within the Communist apparatus. With the hero-status he achieved in the eyes of Lenin and Trotsky, he has been allowed to maintain ownership of his Siberian estate, and he visits often.

The Grounds

Within the five-foot thick exterior protective walls, the grounds of the estate are barren and featureless. No vegetation grows that might grant protection to invading forces. Apart from the main house, there are four smaller wooden structures; a large dilapidated building that housed soldiers under the original owner's command. Next to it is an equally decrepit building

that acted as a mess hall. The only thing housed in these buildings now are vermin that can tolerate the cold. Near the main house is a well maintained stable. Horses are not in evidence, but a large flatbed truck is parked inside, its tank full. Between the stable and the main house is a large hut. A small flue protrudes from its peaked roof, and white smoke can be seen emanating from within. This is the humble home of the estate's caretaker Ilya Rostov.

Rostov is a middle-aged gentleman whose features have been aged prematurely by the region's harsh climate. He is also part of Orloff's cult, and has been charged with the protection of the house and the secrets it guards. Any visitors by day are sent away by him at shotgun point, claiming that they are trespassing upon private property (a rather odd statement, given the current situation in the Soviet Union). He shoots any who do not heed his warning, using their bodies as food for the house's "pet" (see below). During the evening, he stays in his hut – occasionally stepping out to walk the grounds – unless Manyev stops by to take care of cult business at the house. Investigators trying to sneak in during evening hours run a 50% chance of meeting Rostov, and at night he won't give any warning before firing.

Ilya Rostov
Caretaker and Cultist, age 46

STR 40	CON 60	SIZ 50	DEX 50	INT 50
APP 45	POW 50	EDU 20	SAN 0	HP 11
DB: 0	Build: 0	Move: 7	MP: 10	Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl	40% (20/8)
.12-gauge Shotgun	40% (20/8), damage 4d6/2d6/1d6
Knife	45%
Dodge	40% (20/8)

Armor: none.

Skills: Accounting (15%), Cthulhu Mythos (10%), History (15%), Listen (35%), Lock Picking (20%), Mechanical Repair (55%), Sneak (65%).

The main house is a two-story structure, surmounted with crenellated battlements and three distinctly Russian onion-domes. The exterior and main interior walls are constructed of stone and are a foot thick. The interior dividing walls are made of stout wood. The entire structure has been whitewashed, with the exception of the domes that gleam golden and wooden decorative molding that has been painted a deep blue-green. There are several leaded glass windows on both the first and second floors, but none are wide enough to squeeze much more than an arm through as they were built with the building's defenses in mind. The only slim openings that are not equipped with a window are those of the "Larder" as described below. The only ways



into the building is either over the roof or through the large double-doors leading to:

First Floor

The Foyer - The entry way forms the base of the largest of the building's three spires. Two staircases curve along the walls up to a second-floor landing, and the height of the room extends upward to the pinnacle of the spire nearly fifty feet from the floor. Looking upward, characters can see a small ledge that runs the circumference of the spire, on which are seated several large gargoyles that peer down on them malevolently. The circular floor is covered with a large canvas tarpaulin, beneath which is a shiny circle of black marble inset with a golden pattern in the shape of the Yellow Sign. A few chairs line the walls that, like nearly all the furniture in the house, are covered with sheets. A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals the traces of a wheel tracks that lead along the stone floor into the right hallway, into the Chapel (described below) and up to and on top of its large altar.

The Study - Several tables and plush chairs furnish this room, and a fireplace is built against the outside wall. Several large pictures hang from the walls, depicting scenes of Russian glory on the battlefield from the 16th Century through the Napoleonic period.

The Dining Hall - This room is furnished with a single narrow table that stretches for nearly thirty feet. A total of twenty large wing-backed wooden chairs surround it. A large fireplace with cooking mountings within is built against the outside wall of the building. The walls are decorated with a collection of medieval banners.

The Kitchen - Forming the base of one of the smaller towers, the kitchen is furnished with several cutting blocks, water tubs and a large circular fire pit in its center. The top of the minaret above is open to the elements, allowing smoke from the cook fire to escape. A set of stairs leads upward to the second floor. Beneath the staircase is a large locked trunk that holds various and sundry cooking items and implements such as pots, pans, cutlery, and the like. The kitchen looks like it has not seen any use in quite some time.

The Larder - Shelves line the three inner walls of this room, and sturdy wooden beams extend across its length. From the beams hang large metal hooks, and from one of the hooks a large side of beef (yes, it is from a steer, nothing outré!) from which pieces have been carved. Several barrels of flower, corn, and other grains are set about the floor. The shelves are empty, with the exception of a few dozen jars of preserves. The room is quite cold, as its "windows" have no glass, leaving the room open to the elements.

Servant's Quarters - These rooms are very simply furnished with wooden furniture, the beds apparently constructed for hay-stuffed mattresses. Hanging on a wall in each room is a small mirror, and under each bed is an unlocked trunk that contains servant's uniforms and similar garments.

Storage - These rooms are quite dusty and piled nearly floor to ceiling with various crates and boxes. If thoroughly searched, a Luck roll from one of the players comes up with something of

significant value (a set of silver cutlery, \$1000 in jewelry, etc). Of course, it's up to the investigators own skills to determine the quality and street price of these items if they are removed.

Officer's Barracks - This room is furnished with half a dozen beds and beside each a writing table and chair. Beneath each bed is an empty trunk. Along the walls hang several colorful banners.

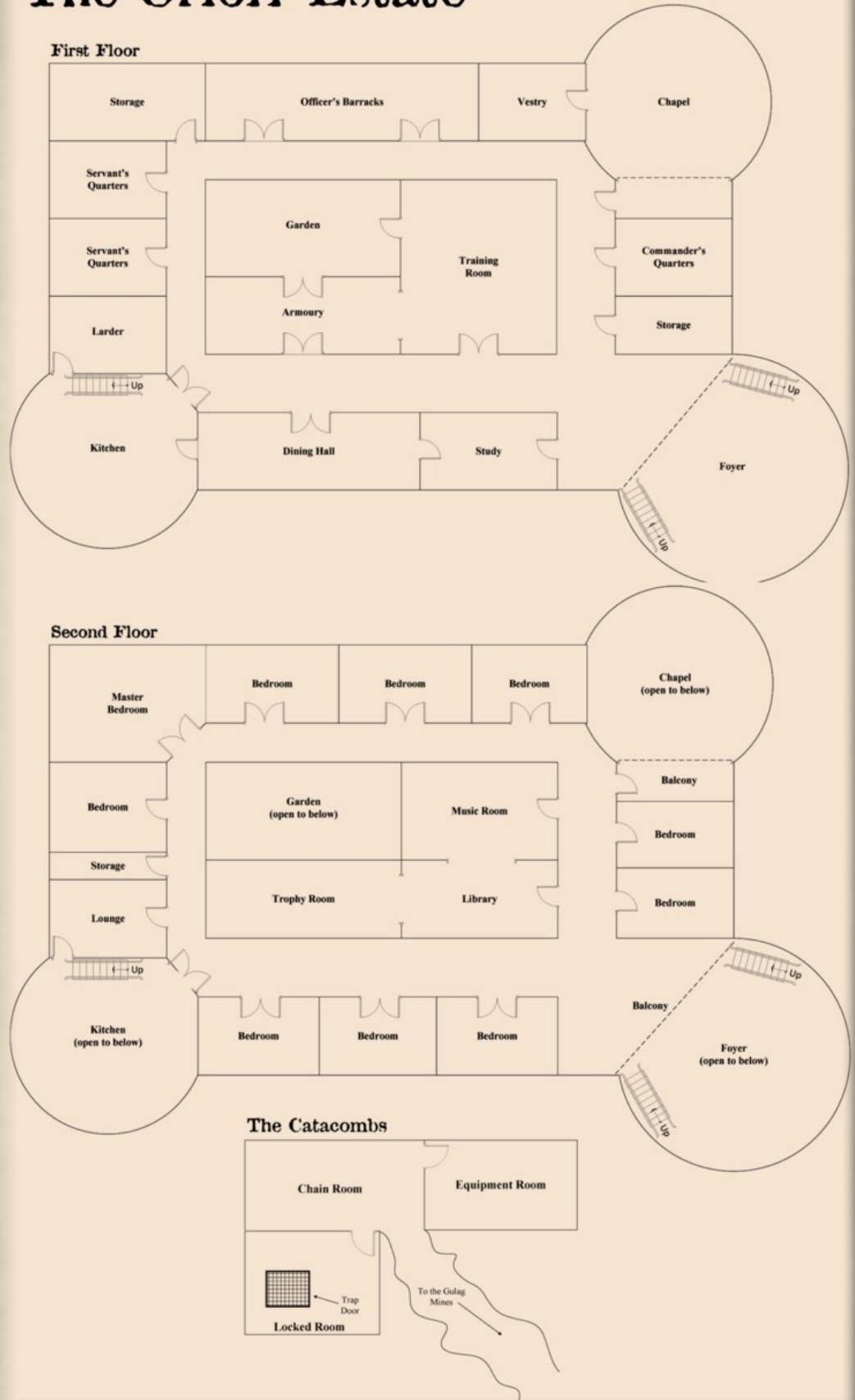
Vestry - This room is furnished with a large free-standing mirror set up in one corner, a comfortable couch and what an Idea roll reveals to be a prayer station, above which hangs a large orthodox style cross. Several sets of orthodox priest's vestments also hang from pegs on the walls.

Garden - This open area houses the only shrubbery and trees to be seen within the estate compound. A stairway wraps upward around the walls to allow access to the roof battlements. A few marble benches set about the garden, its walkways defined by paths of small white pebbles.

Armory - This large room is lined with several wooden racks filled with swords, axes, and pole-arms of various sizes and types. From the walls hang antique missile weapons such as bows and crossbows, as well as flails and balls and chain. Standing in two corners are dummies dressed in 16th and 17th Century suits of armor. With the exception of the missile weapons, all of these items are serviceable.

Training Room - The walls and floor of this room are heavily scarred. At the far end of the room, several target butts, both round and man-shaped, stand a few feet from a wall that seems to have taken much more punishment than the others. From the long walls hang a collection of shields of different sizes and construction — everything from small wood and leather bucklers to five-foot kite shields, some of which

The Orloff Estate



look to have taken a beating as well.

Commander's Quarters - This is another bedroom, but at first appearance it seems much more opulent than the other bedrooms on the first floor. In one corner are a large four-poster bed and a thick mattress. A large desk stands against one wall, as does a large but empty vestibule. Hanging on the walls are paintings of several Tsars, which a History roll reveals as the ones most bent on conquest and expansion of the Russian Empire (Ivan the Great, Ivan the Terrible, Alexis, Peter the Great, and Alexander).

The Chapel - Beneath the last of the minarets is the estate's chapel, where its occupants would worship and confess their sins to the resident priest. Its ceiling extends upward to the dome, past a second-floor balcony. Like the Foyer, there are several gargoyles above, looking down upon the occupants of the room, except that these pitch-black statues are alive! For each character exploring the main house, there are two Nightgaunts above, protecting the entrance to the sepulcher below. The Nightgaunts are charged to attack any who attempt to gain access to the lower levels, but they may not leave the chapel and therefore harass any who escape it. They reseal the passage below once any interlopers have been slain or chased away.

The chapel is furnished with several rows of pews, overlooked by a raised platform centered on the dome above. The balcony above is also lined with several pews in addition to a half-dozen high-backed, padded chairs in the front ranks. In the center of the raised platform is a very large altar, topped with black marble similar to that found in the Foyer. The altar is twenty feet long and seven feet deep, with an equally sized base. Between the top and base, carved into the body of the altar are scenes of religious significance, such as the birth of Christ and his ascension to Heaven.

Close examination of the altar shows that a narrow crack runs evenly about its base, as if it were resting in a slightly recessed area. Further examination (i.e., a Spot Hidden roll) reveals a section of bas relief that, when pressed, triggers a mechanism that causes the entire altar to sink into the chapel floor. Moving very slowly, the altar settles downward thirty feet into the center of a large room below (see the section on the Catacombs below for more details).

The Second Floor

Bedrooms - The rooms so marked are all simple guest rooms that are perhaps more opulently decorated, but nevertheless no more interesting than the servant's quarters on the first floor. Furnishings include four-poster beds, small writing tables and chairs, and large vanities with mirrors. Nothing extraordinary is to be found in any of them, unless the Keeper deems otherwise.

Lounge - This room is comfortably furnished in leather upholstered couches and chairs before a large fireplace built on the outer wall. Near the door leading to the kitchen is a small dining table surrounded by eight padded chairs.

Trophy Room - In the center of this room are two large couches surrounding a low wooden table that sits upon a Siberian tiger skin rug. Nearly all of the walls are covered in animal

head trophies, a collection that a Natural World or Zoology roll indicates must have been acquired piecemeal from around the globe. All kinds of beasts are represented here, but none of them are supernatural in nature.

Music Room - Against the far wall of this room is a raised area upon which rests a baby grand piano, a harpsichord, and a large harp. A large wooden cabinet with locked glass doors display two stringed instruments, a violin and a viola. If these items are removed and examined, they are found to both be of Stradivarius manufacture. Characters with in depth musical knowledge who manage to make appropriate rolls recognize these instruments as being the Stradivarius "Sisters," a pair of instruments that were specially designed to be played in tandem, and are worth a small fortune. Also in this room are several couches and chairs aligned about the walls, leaving space for a highly-polished section of flooring (currently covered by a tarpaulin), that an Idea roll indicates to be a dance floor.

The Library - Being the only room without access to direct sunlight, the library is the darkest room in the house. The darkness seems to be exaggerated by darkly upholstered furniture and walls that are almost completely covered in books. A few free-standing candelabra can be found about the room, that can be set alight. Examining the book collection shows it to be extensive, but not out of the ordinary in any way other than age. The largest percentage of books is editions on science and philosophy dating from the 18th Century, followed by history and literature texts from the last few decades. Several languages are represented, the most common being Russian, English, French, and Latin. The only books that can be classified as 'Occult' in nature are the complete twelve-volume set of Fraser's The Golden Bough and the Oracles of Nostradamus.

Master Bedroom - This is the most lavishly furnished room in the entire house, and seems to be the only one that is being meticulously kept. It is furnished with an over-sized canopy bed, a large desk with a fresh ink well and pad of paper, several comfortable chairs, and a large vestibule filled with fashionable gentleman's clothing (for someone with a slightly larger than average frame). Hanging from the walls is a large vanity mirror as well as portraits of all the previous Orloff family patriarchs, leading back to Paulus. In the far exterior corner, a large fireplace has been built. Within a locked case inside the vestibule is a collection of men's jewelry (watches, cuff-links, etc) that is valued at nearly \$10,000 dollars. The case is eighteen inches long by twelve inches wide, and eight inches deep. Close inspection shows that the interior is not as deep as the exterior appears to be. A Spot Hidden roll reveals an inch-deep compartment that contains an ancient manuscript entitled: 'The Testament of Grigori Alexeyevich Orloff.' This collection of notes, written in Latin, describe in diary format the various studies of this ancestor up until, but not including, the point where he went insane and subsequently committed suicide.

The Roof - The top of the house is constructed of stout timber, covered with resin and a layer of small pebbles of the kind found in the garden. It is surrounded by a four-foot crenellated

wall, and dotted with the flues of the several house's several fire-places. Climbing up to the roof from the garden below provides the investigators with a tremendous view of the surrounding countryside, including Obdorsk, Labytnangi, and the Ob' River. If they can succeed in a hard Spot Hidden roll, they can see wisps of smoke rising from the Gulag further back into the hills at the foot of the Urals.

The Catacombs

The Chain Room - Standing atop the Chapel's altar, the characters descend at an easy pace into a large chamber below. Lined with large stone blocks, this tomb-like chamber is beset by a vast pulley mechanism whose chains rope the walls and ceiling. The altar settles into a large pit, bringing its upper surface level with the chamber floor. A small set of stairs provides access into the pit, allowing a person to reset the triggering mechanism in the altar, causing it to return to its original position above. Standing in one corner of the room is a large cart, with a ball-bearing laden surface roughly fifteen by ten feet in size. The room has three exits, two of which a Spot Hidden roll reveals sets of tracks leading through them.

The Equipment Room - One set of tracks leads into a large room that is piled rather haphazardly (perhaps, 'dumped' is a better word) with a large collection of machine parts. An Idea roll indicates that these components are used in large agricultural vehicles like plows and combines.

The Mine - The other set of tracks from the Chain Room lead into a hewn tunnel roughly ten feet in diameter. All the surfaces of the tunnel are coated with a thin layer of greenish crystal that, if studied with a Geology roll, is found to be not a true crystalline form, but actually composed primarily of carbon and silicon. Idea rolls indicate that there is hardly any echoing in the long tunnel as the characters proceed down it.

One-hundred yards down the tunnel, the characters find that part of the wall has collapsed, revealing a narrow fissure. A Listen roll indicates the sound of low, metallic clanging. An individual with a smaller than average stature can squeeze into this fissure and crawl along for close to fifty yards before an obstruction is encountered. A partially decayed human corpse clad in filthy rags clogs the passage, one arm outstretched (Sanity roll: 1/3). As the character approaches, the rotting, fetid smell becomes evident. The passage is only clearable by pushing this decaying form out of the opposite end of the passage, another forty yards along (requiring another Sanity roll (0/2), as well as a successful Strength roll against a Size of 45). If this is managed, the character pops out with his or her charge in the Gulag mines.

Passing this fissure, the tunnel leads in an exactly straight path on a downward slope (roughly five degrees) for nearly half a mile, and opens into a large chamber. The crystalline sheath of the tunnel stops as the tunnel opens upon this chamber. About fifty feet in diameter, the walls are made up of a hard, black rock that a Geology roll indicates to be anthracite coal. Along the walls, several rectangular gaps have been cut into the stone. The mining work is so exact as to leave no apparent scarring in the

gaps, and the holes measure almost precisely twelve feet high by five feet wide by three feet deep. Against one wall is a large crate similar to those found in Warehouse C in Obdorsk. It rests upon a cart identical to that in the Chain Room. Within is one of the monoliths carved from the walls of the chamber (Note: depending on the actions of the characters, this monolith may already have been moved to the warehouse).

The only other item in the room is a highly-polished silver pole, three inches in diameter that stands in the center of the chamber and runs completely from floor to ceiling. The surface of the rod feels slick and frictionless although no coating is evident. A Listen roll also reveals a low hum emanating within proximity to the pole. A patch roughly five feet in diameter on the ceiling, centered on the rod, is covered with odd, chaotic carvings. Any who examine these runes and makes a Power roll notice that the carvings seem to move in and out of focus and are difficult to examine closely. Any who make a Cthulhu Mythos roll find that some of the runes indicate concepts of travel and distance, as well as cold and solitude.

This patch of runes is actually a gate that takes the characters, at the cost of a Sanity point, to "The Silent Planet" (below). It can be accessed by merely concentrating on the runes and grasping the pole. A character stating that he or she will try to climb up the pole to the pattern on the ceiling is enough to activate it. Doing so causes a character to rise quickly toward the chamber roof and through the gate printed on its surface. Investigators witnessing this must make Sanity rolls (1/2) as well as the transported character (1/3).

The Locked Room - Passing into this large chamber through its locked door, the investigators find it virtually empty, its only furnishings being a large unlocked trunk of undeniable age and a large chair equipped with clasps and bindings. A few feet before the chair is a trap door with a simple bolt inset a few inches into the stone floor, upon which is carved the image of a pentagram that has a stylized eye carved into its center (investigators may have seen this Elder Sign before). Within the trunk are several dozen sets of clothing, a few of quite high quality (at the bottom of the trunk) in excellent condition as well as good quality clothing (at the top of the trunk) that is ragged. Between these is what looks like sets of peasant clothing. There are two dozen complete sets of clothing in all, all of them within the fashions of the last twenty-five years.

The trap door is a three-foot square of stout wood, and opening it reveals a tunnel sloping into darkness at a nearly forty-five-degree angle. This tunnel leads downward for fifty feet and opens into the ceiling of a vast cavern at the center of which is the Great Old One Lloigor, who with Zhar make up the Twin Obscenity.

The existence of the Twin Obscenity was discovered and one-half of it summoned by Fyodr Orloff's ancestor Grigori. Since that time, Lloigor has returned to the cavern when the Hyades appear over the horizon, awaiting sacrifice. Unfortunately for the creature, Fyodr discovered a manner through which he could bind it to the cavern below and use it to draw power and

knowledge. Over the years, he has been feeding it with guests — invited or otherwise. The only way in which Lloigor can escape is upon its own death or the death of Orloff.

If the trap door is open, Lloigor extends rubbery tentacles through it within a few minutes, searching about for food. Although Lloigor cannot leave the cavern, it can extend thin tentacles through the gaps between the stones in the house above. This process causes a slurping and sucking sound that can be detected with a Listen roll. There is a small chance that while exploring some dark corner of the mansion's interior, Lloigor attacks one of the investigators, probing for a gap in the investigator's clothing with a thin tentacle. If hit with any damage, the tentacle retreats rapidly into the cracks in the walls of the house, which in turn vibrate with a bass bellowing coming from the depths. This activity is what caused the frightened flight of the house's Napoleonic occupants.

Lloigor's probing tentacles aren't nearly as deadly as meeting him face to bloat. When struck with one, they take two rounds to find an opening into the victim's clothing and then do several points of damage in a combination of crushing, sucking and digesting. Any witnessing this feeding process must make a Sanity roll (1/3).

The Silent Planet

Investigators traveling through the gate, after a brief moment of disorientation, find themselves sliding down the rod into a small room whose walls, ceiling, and floor glow with a bland

green iridescence. The glow is such that it is difficult to determine where the corners of the room actually are. Set into one of the walls is a golden circular orifice that is covered by a nictitating membrane. The circumference of the circle is covered with odd runes that glow with eerie intensity when approached. Getting within a few feet of the membrane causes it to flip back revealing an alien landscape beyond. The characters have been transported to distant Yuggoth.

Whispers from Exile

Apart from the rod leading back to from where they came, the only other feature within the room that the investigators can see is a waist-high circular stand, three feet across and made of a transparent material. Upon this stand rest five silver canisters, elaborately decorated and outfitted with several odd dials and switches. These are Mi-Go brain-cases, all but one of which is empty. A hard Idea roll reveals how to open one of these cases. An unoccupied case reveals a viscous, malodorous fluid within which hovers a mesh of angel-hair webbing. The occupied case (which is, for the sake of argument, the last one the investigators examine), reveals a living human brain harnessed within the web of filaments, the discovery of which causes a Sanity roll (0/2).

A hard Idea roll indicates how to turn the unit on, so that the essence stored within can communicate with the outside world. When first activated, a stream of incoherent thoughts spews forth from the unit's speaker. The babble comes at such a high



speed that it takes an Idea roll to determine that the language is Russian. The characters can fine-tune the device to squelch the excess thought-noise with an additional Idea roll. Once done, they find that the person within is one Ivan Ivanov, a dissident medical doctor who was sent to the Gulag for opposing the new government's ideals.

The last thing Ivanov remembers is being hustled out of his bed/palette at the Gulag in the middle of the night and removed to a large, hilltop home somewhere nearby. There he was drugged with some kind of tranquilizer – he guesses Sodium Pentothal – from which he must be slowly recovering as he still cannot feel his body. Under no conditions does he believe that he is little more than a disembodied brain hovering inside a metal container, and arguing this point leads him to cease conversing altogether. Apart from his brief tale, he can offer no insight as to where the characters are.

Into the Hive

While in the room, there is a 10% chance that a couple of Mi-Go enter through the membrane to journey back to Earth. If any characters step outside this room, they are confronted with a nightmarish landscape, causing Sanity rolls (2/2d6).

Standing on a long platform built against a cliff-face, the investigators see a vast city built around huge black cyclopean pillars that reach upward toward the bright stars above – that a successful Astronomy roll reveals to be unarguably wrong. All around the characters, the Fungi from Yuggoth go about their business, paying them no heed. Both below and above are more catwalks providing access to hundreds of additional portals to places and times unknown. As the Mi-Go can fly for short distances, no ladders to these other levels are provided; so accessing them requires a Dexterity roll, failure of which results in a death-inducing plummet to the dark depths below (unless the characters have the foresight to tether themselves to something or each other).

On each level, there are nearly 100 gates, all of which are used like the one through which the investigators arrived. Unfortunately, there is no way to determine where they lead, and it's up to the Keeper's discretion as to their individual destinations. Given the number of portals, if the characters don't find some way to determine the one through which they arrived, a fumbled Luck roll when they want to return to their own home leads them instead into another portal and a time and place unknown.

The Mi-Go won't interfere with the characters as long as they remain relatively passive. If they bring attention to themselves through overt acts, dozens of Mi-Go swarm in to take them prisoner and eventually transfer them to their own private brain-cases. If the investigators actually make it back to Obdorsk, the Fungi shut down the gate as their work there has already been completed. This effort results in an explosion in the mines, and any characters who fail Luck rolls take several points of damage as the shafts collapse behind them.

The trip through the gate forces each investigator to expend five magic points. Those characters that don't have enough

magic points for a trip burn an equivalent number of hit points in the form of freezing damage. Characters suffering this damage must make a Sanity roll (1/1d3) as well as those witnessing their frost-bitten friends return through the gate (0/1).

Moving Along

Regardless of the characters' activities or attempts to destroy the monoliths, these are eventually loaded onto a long barge that begins its long journey southward. The only real course of action available to the characters at this point is to stow away aboard the barge – which is very easy to do, given a lot of large boxes and tarpaulins – and accompany the monoliths to their destination. Aboard the ship are several dozen crewmen all of whom are armed at least with large knives, and any who attempt to hijack the ship are mercilessly attacked. Those who are not killed outright are taken prisoner and put into the charge of the only cultist aboard, Misha Manyev.

The barge moves non-stop into the Soviet south lands, passing several large villages and even a city or two. Finally, at a point south of Barnaul, it pulls to a stop against a hastily built dock on the river's western shore. There, in a large open field, the characters behold an awesome sight. Attached by its nose to a large docking tower, a monstrous air-ship stands gleaming in the setting sunlight.

All around, dozens of cultists swarm on and off the barge and airship, moving the monoliths as well as any prisoners to their new transport. Given the mania affecting the area, it won't take much for any characters to slip off the barge and take their places amongst the cultists. Any overt acts against the cultists or the airship results (of course) in their immediate capture.

As the airship rises into the early evening sky, with its cargo safely aboard, cheers and waves arise from the crew of the barge. On the barge, a timed fuse in its hull burns down, setting off several secretly stored charges, causing the barge to immolate skyward in a belching ball of fire. Burning debris and remains are scattered about the countryside as the airship continues its easy trek over the southern mountains.

THE HIGH PLATEAU

The airship proceeds on a southerly journey, passing west of Gorno-Altaysk, over the high Altay Mountains, and into the skies over China. Maintaining a high altitude, the characters find the journey to be little respite from the cold of Siberia that they are leaving behind. As the hours pass, the voyage continues over China's Sinkiang province, toward the great open plateau of Tibet. The ship is strangely quiet, only the steady hum of its collection of large propellers cutting through the monotony. No one seems willing to speak, and a sensation of great expectation hovers along with the ship and its airborne cargo.

At the Plateau

Investigators are free to move about the ship, and they are paid little mind by the rest of the cultists aboard as who but



members of the cult would be on the airship? Apart from the characters themselves, only two others can answer that question. The first is Misha Manyev, who organized the transport of the monoliths from Obdorsk. The second is the man who arranged the journey of the ship from its berth in Germany: José da Souza. Some of the characters may remember him as the guard from the New York Museum of Natural History, whom they met so many months ago. If the characters do not move softly, he is almost certain to remember them. Unless distractions prove otherwise, both da Souza and Manyev spend most of their time in the airship's control room, stepping out only now and again to get something to eat or use the facilities when necessary. During the voyage, there is only a fair chance that the investigators meet one of these gentlemen.

The monoliths are stored with care in the ship's rear cargo room and are kept under guard by two cultists armed with sub-machine guns. These guards have been ordered to shoot the legs from under anyone who tries to pass without being accompanied by either da Souza or Manyev. The only way past these two is by climbing the ship's frame and entering the cargo room from the rear. This process requires three Climb rolls — up, across, and down — and the failure of any results in the character losing a grip and falling. When they hit the fabric sheath around the frame, they should make a roll of the tensile strength of the fabric (a value of 70) against their own size. Failure at this roll indicates that the fabric could not hold their weight, has torn, and the character has plummeted to his or her death. Butterfingers!

If any prisoners have been taken during the Leningrad or Obdorsk sections of the campaign, they can be found trussed up in

one of the main gondola's passenger staterooms (prisoners taken during other sections of the campaign are already at the airship's destination). The prisoners are well looked after as they are soon to be, after all, sacrifices to the greater glory of He-Who-Is-Not-To-Be-Named. They have been lightly drugged and are in a mild and rather suggestible stupor that, if let alone to run its course without reinforcement, wears off in a few hours.

Sinking the Airship, an option

There is one obvious way in which the characters may want to foil the delivery of the monoliths to their final destination, and that method takes the form of several hundred cubic feet of hydrogen. Any struggle that results in a burning object entering one of the gas cells above ignites the cell, setting off a chain reaction that brings the airship plummeting to the ground in a ball of flame. There are two down-sides to this course of action. First, and most obviously, it kills all the characters aboard the airship. Second, the monoliths are not destroyed, only temporarily misplaced. Given this point and the fact that none of the cult leaders are aboard, this course of action is only a temporary set-back, and Orloff is able to continue his plans in the near future.

Soft Landing

The journey to the Tibetan plateau takes a day and a half to complete. As the sun rises slowly in the east, and the airship begins to lose altitude, the characters can see a large, lone mountain rising blackly up in the distance, centered on an expanse of utter solitude.

As the airship passes over the peak of the mountain, the investigators note that a sizable ledge exists at its summit, where

several robed figures are moving about. The investigators also note several crags in the mountain's rough surface that appear to be cave openings. A Geology roll indicates that the mountain is volcanic in nature, and a Spot Hidden roll reveals occasional wisps of steam rising from its surface. Although the vast majority of the plateau is covered in a sheath of glacial ice, the area surrounding the mountain to a radius of half a mile is clear, rocky ground with occasional tufts of grass growing about in small patches.

The base of the mountain is crawling with activity like ants around a hive, and what appears to be a tent-city has been built up around it. Plainly visible are the remains of a city that has been excavated some distance away, perhaps to a much greater degree than by its previous discoverers who eventually met their doom in the stifling jungles of the Amazon.

Clearing the mountain, the landing site for the airship comes into view, dominated by a docking tower similar to that seen south of Barnaul in the Soviet Union. As the ship settles down, scores of robed figures scurry to and fro to bring the ship down smoothly. The ship's engines cut out and it drifts slowly into its berth, as mooring ropes are tied into place. Gang planks are brought up and the ship's passengers and cargo are unloaded.

At the bottom of the gang planks, several cultists hand out robes to the disembarking members, greeting them in a multitude of different languages. All of the cultists are dressed in similar simple white vestments, the only way of determining a hierarchy is by the complexity of the garment's embroidery and piping. One cultist so dressed waits as the airship is unloaded, who greets da Souza and Manyev showing them a warm greeting. A hard Spot Hidden roll reveals this person to be Francisco da Souza, who is more than likely well acquainted with the investigators. Given the odd attempt or two to eliminate them, he is surprised to see them if they allow themselves to be noticed and – if such an eventuality were to occur – immediately orders their capture.

The monoliths are removed from their cargo holds and laid flat in an open area upon large nets, reminiscent of those used to haul loose cargo aboard ocean-going freighters.

Wandering about the area, the investigators find the large crowd of cultists – that numbers in the hundreds – to be full of anticipation. They are basically a happy lot, who don't seem to wish ill or misfortune upon anyone. They all firmly believe that with the arrival of their god, the world will become a much better place and that they will be rewarded for their efforts. The characters only run into trouble with the cultists if they bring it upon themselves.

The First Night, an event

As the sun sets beyond the distant mountains and the cold of the Tibetan night settles over the dark plain, the cultists begin to gather around the resting place of the eight black monoliths. The cultists begin to sway rhythmically to a low piping that seems to echo out of the chill air. Several acolytes – recognizable from their more intricate robes – step forward in pairs toward the

monoliths, mount them and hold the ends of the nets on which the monoliths lay skyward. A priest, that the characters may recognize with a hard Spot Hidden roll as George Winston from far away New York steps into the midst of the swaying cultists and begins to chant a tongue-twistingly impossible set of syllables. His cries are answered from the top of the mountain by a series of echoing shrieks as several huge forms begin to emerge from caverns near its summit and spread wide, leathery wings.

Sixteen dragon-like Shantaks descend on the crowd below, and in pairs take hold of the monoliths' netting, raising them as well as the acolytes into the air. Blowing up a thick haze of dust with their immense wings, the birds carry their charges up to the top of the lone mountaintop, where they are erected during the following day.

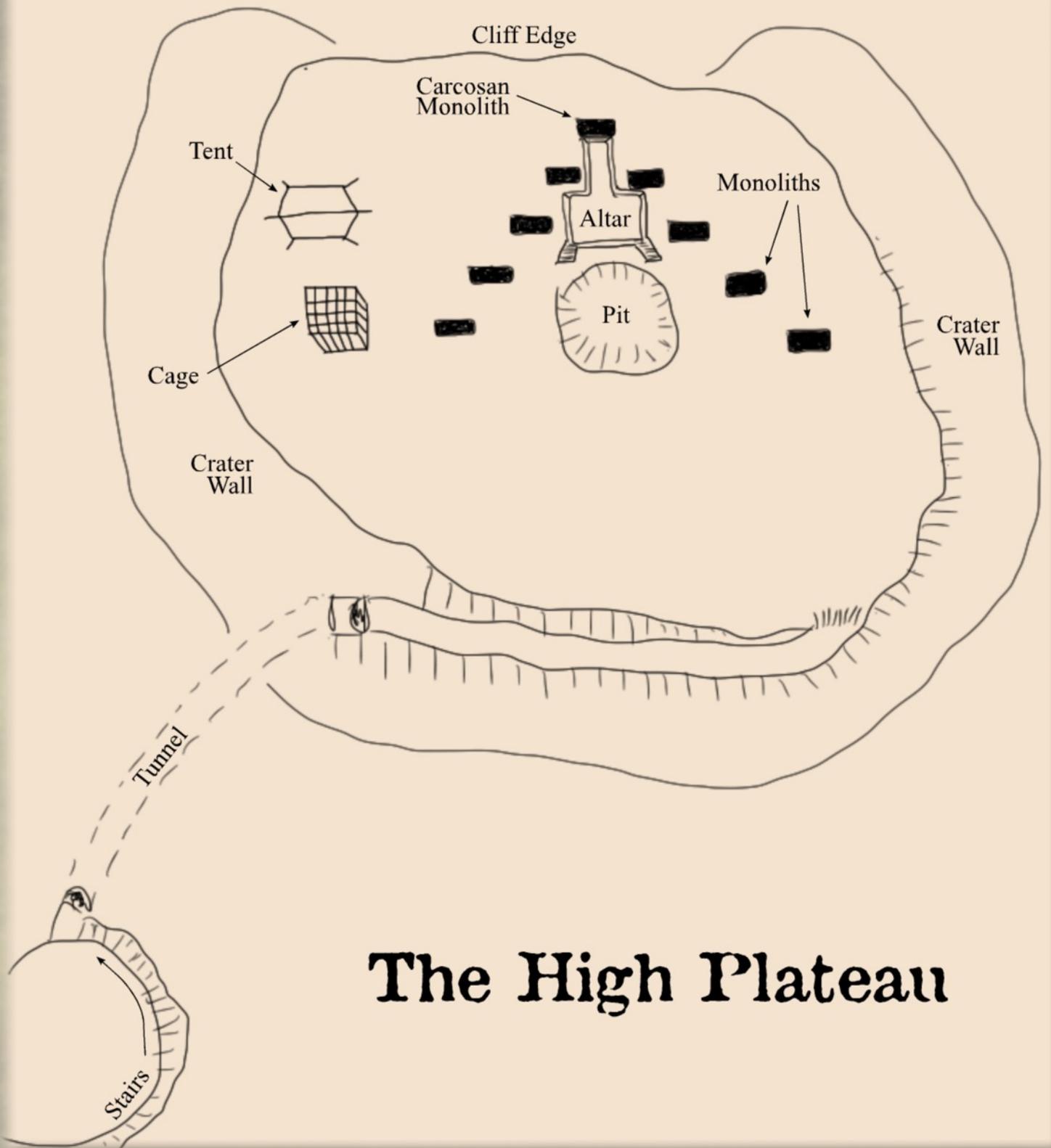
When the Shantaks have disappeared into the dark night, the piping diminishes and the crowd begins to disperse back to their sundry huts and tents. Most suffer sleepless nights in anticipation of:

The Spoken Word

The following morning passes uneventfully, with the passing out of a hot tasty meal to the large band of assembled cultists. What they don't know is that the food has been drugged to make them more suggestible to the demands their leaders will soon place on them. If the characters examine those who have eaten (assuming they have not eaten themselves), they discover a lot of faces that carry intense expressions of serenity and more than one shit-eating grin. Characters who partake of the repast must make an opposed roll between their Constitution values against the drug's Strength of 70. Those who fail become totally suggestible. Characters in this state must make opposed rolls between their Power values and the Power of the person planting the suggestion. If they fail, they carry out the suggestion regardless of potential harm they may bring their friends or themselves.

Like the previous evening, as the sun begins to set, a rhythmic piping begins to well up from parts unknown. The cultists assemble themselves into a long double-column line, and begin to march rhythmically toward the lone mountain and into a crevice at its base. One hundred and fifty yards into the mountain, the tunnel opens up into a wide circular shaft at the top of which the bright evening's stars can be seen. A ten-foot-wide circular stairway climbs the shaft walls toward the top of the mountain, disappearing into the darkness above. The column mounts the stairs and begins its long, slow climb upwards.

The shaft rises 2,500 feet, taking three hours to reach the top of the stairway. Following is another tunnel that opens above a large cleared area at the top of the mountain (as seen from the airship). To one side of this clearing stands a large multi-person tent, next to which is a large cage that holds any prisoners taken during the course of the campaign. At the center of the clearing are the now standing monoliths, arranged into a 'V' formation, the only piece missing being that of its vertex which points directly at the Hyades. In the center of the formation is a vast pit,



The High Plateau

around which each of the marching columns wrap, to approach an ornate platform located at the standing stones' apex.

For those investigators courageous enough to make a run for the tent, they find that it is a canvas affair — roughly thirty feet square in size — that has been subdivided into one large main room and three smaller ten foot square sections. The smaller

rooms are obviously sleeping quarters, each furnished with two beds and camp chairs. In the larger room is what appears to be a portable conference table surrounded by eight camp chairs. Across its length rests the fully unrolled copy of the third chapter of the Kitab Al-Azif. There is nothing else of real value within the tent.

Standing on the platform are several figures, all of whom are recognizable with Spot Hidden rolls: George Winston, Francisco da Silva, Maria Cassilda da Silva, Fyodr Orloff, and little Helen Taylor in whose hands is the Chalice of Yig. At the foot of either side of the platform and at the head of each column stand José da Souza and Misha Manyev.

End of the Road, an event

One column at a time, the head of each column advances forwards and mounts the platform to stand before Orloff and the Chalice. Orloff pulls the worshiper forward over the large bowl and slits his or her throat, allowing the victim's blood to pour forth into it. As the victim's essence is absorbed, the bowl glows briefly with a blue-white light. The corpse is allowed to fall into the vast pit before the altar. Occasionally, a sacrifice is found to be not entirely suggestible and must be thrown bodily with a horrified scream into the pit by either da Souza or Manyev. Witnessing this gruesome procession requires a Sanity roll (2/2d6).

As the festivities proceed, investigators notice that with each new victim, the form of the ninth monolith begins to materialize and gain solidity. The sound of rushing water can also be heard from within the pit, as a layer of thick mist begins to coalesce and creep up the mountainsides. When the last of the lesser cultists has been slain and their essence captured within the Chalice, the prisoners are retrieved from their cage and brought unconscious to the base of the triangle formed by the now nine monoliths.

Orloff takes the Chalice from Helen and places it upon the point monolith as the remaining acolytes and priests chant an incantation. The point monolith begins to glow brightly, and this glow spreads to the other monoliths, from which arcs of light stretch upward that intersect to form a glowing three-sided pyramid. Within the pyramid, whose side opposite the point monolith is open, the characters can see the pit that is hazily concealed within a layer of mist. And from within the pit, something begins to emerge.

Climax #1

As the characters watch in horror, fear rooting themselves into inaction, multiple cilia-like tentacles rise slowly out of the mist. They probe forward tentatively, searching about for signs of life. As they come across the recumbent forms of the prisoners, the tips of the massive pseudo pods split into independent digits and wrap around the sacrifices to draw them back into the mist. With its hunger quenched, the bloated form of Hastur the Unspeakable rises out of the waters from the Lake of Hali. As it rumbles forth, several smaller octopoid forms slurp out beneath it. Like a flock of bats scurrying at the first sign of light, a swarm of Byakhee burst out of the mists to follow.

At the base of the mountain, the surrounding plateau trembles and from below, the spires of an ancient city burst forth through the glacial ice, driven upwards by the obscenity that awakens below.

In the North American desert south west, sounds echoing

across the surface of the earth cause giant bat-like ears to twitch. Below the rippling waters of the South Pacific, a black island begins to rise. And all over the world, serpents scurry for cover.

Climax #2

As Hastur the Unspeakable begins his emergence from the Lake of Hali, the investigators begin to enchant the Dissemble spell, holding aloft the piece of Permian stone taken from the birthplace of the Chalice of Yig. If the Bahiano is near at hand, he realizes what the characters are doing and in a fit of rage – as his hopes of breaking his curse will be gone upon the destruction of the Chalice – he transforms to his Lycanthropic state and savagely attacks the nearest chanting character. Witnessing this transformation requires a Sanity roll (0/2).

When the incantation is completed the air suddenly grows quiet, filled only with the crystalline echoes of splintering glass. A loud thrumming of sound rapidly fills the air as the shattered bowl releases its energy into the monoliths, overloading their ability to contain it. The Carcosan monolith glows blindingly and breaks apart, an effect that cascades to the two rows of supplemental monoliths. Flying shards of anthracite shred Orloff and his followers to ribbons and any investigators who fail their Luck rolls are hit for a point of damage. The gargantuan tentacles that were just beginning to emerge from the mists sink back into the pit.

The wave of imponderable energy sinks into the roots of the mountain, weakening its structure and super-heating the bubbling magma within. In five rounds, the activated volcano begins to blow. Any characters that do not begin the descent off the mountain are caught within the wrath of its eruption. By acting immediately, the unconscious forms of the prisoners can be picked up and carried away by the characters with appropriate Size vs. Strength rolls. Given the urgency of the situation, Keepers may want to add a little bit of an adrenaline boost to the investigators for lifting purposes ... or not.

Descending the winding staircase is tricky while the mountain rumbles. Each character should make a Dexterity roll (a hard roll if burdened with a prisoner) every 500 feet – five rolls, total – or plummet of the edge to their deaths.

It shouldn't take much thought to realize that the volcano is about to blow its top and that the only way to survive is to get very far away. This leaves the airship as the only available option, although the hydrogen within may give the characters pause. The odds are slim, but what choice do they have? Scrambling aboard, an Idea roll shows them how to release the mooring ropes. As they lift upward any type of Piloting skill or a hard Idea roll indicates how to get the engines running, driving the craft away from the erupting volcano. Keepers are encouraged to make this escape as harrowing as possible.

Aftermath

If the characters get away intact, the next question is where to go next. The airship has enough fuel to get them as far as Hong Kong or Eastern Europe, and enough supplies to let them get

there in style. Of course, getting exactly where they want requires a Navigate roll. Unless they inadvertently sail for hostile territory, they should make it back home safely.

Any characters successfully completing the campaign should receive a 1d10 of Sanity as a reward, plus any additional bonus the Keeper feels is justifiable.

Once home, if the characters look into any of the places they have visited over the past several months, they find the following (owing to their own influence or government action):

- In New York, Richard Hodgekins has been removed as the director of the Museum of Natural History by its board of directors. The new director promises improved security and cost effectiveness, as well as several wonderful new displays that entertain as well as educate.
- In Greenwich Village, the Winston Booke Shoppe has been replaced by Guido's Meat Emporium. No traces of the old book store remain, and the back room is now full of beef hung in slabs from the ceiling. Today's special is Prime Rib at 25¢ a pound.
- In Arkham, Massachusetts, Dr. Curtis Mathieson has taught his last class. He retired recently to a small house off the Aylesbury Pike owing to health reasons. He plans on spending the rest of his days doing research and acting as a consultant to the many local learning institutions. He may do the odd seminar or two, but for now he just wants to take it easy.
- In Mantuxent, Massachusetts, a visit to old man MacFarland's hut found its occupant missing. Several sets of large wet webbed foot prints were found just inside the doorway, and a note in the old man's hand that read: "Finally gone swimming."
- In Rio de Janeiro, the Brazillian Army Corps of Engineers has been running exercises in the hills south of the city. Several local plantation owners have complained of explosions in the vicinity of the Pedra da Gavea.
- In the Amazon, a sudden increase in headhunter tribe activity has forced local officials to warn off visitors wishing to travel inland, and a solitaire serpentine form walks erect through ruins while heavy rains wash their traces away.
- In Leningrad, the purges begin under Stalin's dictatorial reign.
- And in Obdorsk, an old priest watches through a circular window as a large estate in the distance is pulled into the ground.

ROGUE'S GALLERY

This section describes the "supporting cast" that the investigators may meet in the course of their investigations. The actual numbers of these individuals are for the Keeper and the situation to dictate. The individuals and creatures below are presented in their order of appearance.

Saçi Pereré

The Saçi takes two forms, that of a small whirlwind or a small one-legged child. When in corporeal form, their only clothing is a bright red stocking cap, and is seen with a fuming pipe. These creatures are akin to genies, and if captured can be bargained with. Unless enslaved by the capture of their stocking cap (the source of their power), they are tricksters and cannot usually be trusted. Regardless, they do their best to twist the will of their masters against them.

STR 60 CON 80 SIZ 40 DEX 90 INT 50
 POW 60 HP 10 Move: 9 DB: 0 Build: 0
 MP: 12 Sanity: 0/1d3

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6)
 Smoke 55% (CON roll avoids unconsciousness)
 Dodge 90% (45/18)

Armor: none.

Skills: Pick Pocket (75%), Sleight of Hand (60%), Sneak (80%).



Byahkee

These creatures are typically summoned to act as mounts for cultists headed to parts unknown. Refer to the Keeper's rules manual for specific abilities.

STR 90 CON 60 SIZ 85 DEX 70 INT 50
POW 50 HP 15 Move: 5/20 DB: +1d6 Build: 2
MP: 10 Sanity: 1/1d6

Attacks per round: 2

Claws 35% (17/7)
Bite 35% (17/7)
Dodge 35% (17/7)

Armor: 2 points.

Skills: Listen (50%), Spot Hidden (50%).

Security Guard

These are run of the mill security guards patrolling museum and university buildings. They are generally innocent individuals without cult associations. Use these generic statistics if the characters run afoul one or more guards. Each guard is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 55 CON 60 SIZ 60 DEX 60 INT 50
APP 50 POW 50 EDU 30 SAN 50 HP 13
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7)
.32 Revolver 35% (17/7), damage 1d8
Nightstick 40% (20/8), damage 1d6
Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Listen (40%), Sneak (35%), Spot Hidden (40%).

Armed Guard

These are more heavily armed guards that are employed to guard the periphery of the da Silva plantation. They are not cult members and are unaware of what's going on within the grounds of the plantation. Use these statistics if the characters attempt to breach the plantations fence line. Each guard is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 55 CON 60 SIZ 60 DEX 60 INT 50
APP 50 POW 50 EDU 30 SAN 50 HP 12
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7)
.30-06 Rifle 35% (17/7), damage 2d6+4
Knife 50% (25/10), damage 1d4+2
Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Listen (30%), Sneak (35%), Spot Hidden (35%).

Generic Cultists

Throughout the course of the campaign, the investigators have to opportunity to interact with various members of the cult of Hastur. In several instances, they may interact with dozens at once. Below are the average statistics for each type of cultist. Each cultist is armed with all weapons noted with each.

Male Laborer

STR 60 CON 50 SIZ 55 DEX 50 INT 45
APP 50 POW 50 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 11
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7)
Machete 25% (25/10), damage 1d8
Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: none (all at base levels).

Female Laborer

STR 55 CON 60 SIZ 60 DEX 60 INT 50
APP 50 POW 50 EDU 30 SAN 50 HP 12
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 25% (12/5)
Knife 40% (20/8), damage 1d4+2
Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: none (all at base levels).

Male Servant and Acolyte

STR 50 CON 60 SIZ 50 DEX 55 INT 55
APP 50 POW 60 EDU 40 SAN 0 HP 11
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 12 Luck: 60

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6)
Knife 55% (27/11), damage 1d4+2
Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos (20%), Listen (45%), Sneak (25%), Spot Hidden (25%).

Spells: Call Hastur, Summon/Bind Byahkee

Female Servant and Acolyte

STR 50 CON 60 SIZ 45 DEX 55 INT 55
APP 50 POW 65 EDU 40 SAN 0 HP 10
DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 13 Luck: 65

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7)
Machete 25% (25/10), damage 1d8
Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: none.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos (20%), Listen (45%), Sneak (25%), Spot Hidden (25%).

Spells: Call Hastur, Summon/Bind Byakhee.

Tochin Cannibals

The investigators may encounter these savages while moving through the green hell of the Amazon jungle. Each savage is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 60 CON 65 SIZ 40 DEX 65 INT 50
 APP 40 POW 55 EDU 15 SAN 0 HP 11
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 11 Luck: 55

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 35% (17/7)
 Spear (thrown) 35% (25/10), damage 1d8 + half DB
 Knife 55% (27/11), damage 1d4+2
 Teeth (Bite) 75% (37/15), damage 1d3
 Dodge 35% (17/7)

Armor: none.

Skills: Grapple (45%), Listen (60%), Sneak (45%), Spot Hidden (35%), Track (50%).

Spells: Summon/Bind Byakhee.

Chthonians

If the investigators manage to encounter one of these otherworldly menaces, their best tactic is to run! The size of these creatures approaches that of a train car, and their multiple prehensile tentacles can stretch forward out of its slaving maw for a dozen yards. Chthonians attack by wrapping one of several extended tentacles around its victim and pulling the prey into its maw. Any prey that is too large to fit is crushed and snapped in twain until it does. Killing a Chthonian out-right is out of the question without high explosives. A trapped investigator's best bet is to cut through the ensnaring tentacle before it's too late. A tentacle's hide is quite thick, and provides a +3 defense against any attack.

STR 260 CON 200 SIZ 260 DEX 36 INT 90
 POW 90 HP 46 Move: 6/1 DB: +5d6 Build: 6
 MP: 115 Sanity: 1d3/1d20

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 75% (37/15), damage 1D3
 Crush 80% (40/16), damage 1d8+Poison
 Dodge 17% (8/3)

Armor: 5 (thick skin).

Skills: Hold & Drain, Regeneration (5 HP per round), Earthquake attacks.

Street Thugs

Leningrad is a dangerous place, even when the Cthulhu Mythos are not involved. Here are the generic statistics for any street toughs (or members of Spirit of the Mystic) that investigators may encounter while moving about that city. Each thug is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 60 CON 50 SIZ 55 DEX 50 INT 45
 APP 50 POW 50 EDU 15 SAN 50 HP 11
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6)
 Knife 55% (27/11), damage 1d4+2
 Dodge 25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: none (all at base levels).

Dimensional Shambler

Investigators encounter one of these creatures while interacting with the Spirit of the Mystic. The creature's goal is to fulfill its mission and not to engage with the characters ... unless they get in its way.

STR 120 CON 120 SIZ 95 DEX 75 INT 50
 POW 60 HP 22 Move: 7 DB: +2d6 Build: 3
 MP: 12 Sanity: 0/1d10

Attacks per round: 2

Claws 45% (22/9), damage 1D8
 Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: 3 (thick skin).

Skills: none.

Document Thieves

While in the Soviet hinterland, maintaining one's identity is critical. The identity of the investigators is valuable not only to themselves, but anyone else who would rather be someone else under the circumstances. Below are statistics for an average document thief that investigators may encounter during their travels. Each thief is armed with all weapons noted below.

STR 50 CON 60 SIZ 50 DEX 55 INT 45
 APP 50 POW 50 EDU 20 SAN 50 HP 11
 DB: 0 Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10 Luck: 50

Attacks per round: 1

Brawl 30% (15/6)
 .32 Revolver 35% (17/7), damage 1d8
 Knife 40% (20/8), damage 1d4+2
 Dodge 25% (12/5)

Armor: none.

Skills: none (all at base levels).

Siberian Tiger

Early in the 20th Century, the Siberian tiger was the largest of the cats. They are known to prey on bears and wolves. Unfortunately, the population of these beasts was significantly reduced during the Russian revolution. The existence of white Siberian tigers has never been verified, which makes the one encountered so valuable.

STR 120 CON 65 SIZ 95 DEX 100 INT 20
POW 50 HP 16 Move: 12 DB: +2d6 Build: 3
MP: 10 Sanity: 0/1

Attacks per round: 2

Claws 70% (35/14), damage 1D6
Bite 50% (25/10), damage 2d6
Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: 2 (thick skin).
Skills: none.

Nightgaunts

Nightgaunts are the Mythos equivalent of "flying monkeys." They act as guards at the Orlov estate, keeping the investigators away from where they should not go.

STR 50 CON 50 SIZ 70 DEX 75 INT 20
POW 55 HP 12 Move: 6/12 DB: 0 Build: 0
MP: 10 Sanity: 0/1

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting 45% (22/9), damage 1D4
Tickle 35% (17/7)
Dodge 35% (17/7)

Armor: 2 (thick skin).
Skills: Stealth (90%).

Lloigor

"For the thing that crouched in the weird green dusk was a living mass of shuddering horror, as a ghastly mountain of sensate, quivering flesh, whose tentacles, far-flung in the dim reaches of the subterranean cavern, emitted a strange humming sound, while from the depths of the creature's body came a weird and horrific ululation. Then I fell back into Fo-Lan's arms. my mouth opened to cry out, but I felt the doctor's firm hand clapped across my lips, and from a great distance I seemed to hear his voice. "That is Lloigor!"

—August Dertleth & Mark Schorer, *The Lair Of the Star Spawn*

Unless the investigators fail at their task of closing the gate to Hastur's arrival, Lloigor is the only Great Old One they might

encounter. For those crazy enough to try tangling with it, here are its statistics:

STR 500 CON 500 SIZ 500 DEX 150 INT 150
POW 130 HP 100 Move: 0 DB: +11d6 Build: 12
MP: 26 Sanity: 1d6/1d20

Attacks per round: 6

Tentacle 80% (40/16), damage 1D6
Grapple 80% (40/16)
Dodge 75% (37/15)

Armor: 22 (thick skin).
Skills: none.

Special: Any character grabbed by one of Lloigor's tentacles is automatically drained of all life, leaving nothing more than a desiccated husk. Witnessing this causes a Sanity check for 1/1d8.

Mi-Go, the Fungi from Yuggoth

If the investigators opt to pass through the gate at the Orlov estate to Yuggoth, they will encounter a slew of Mi-Go. If they choose to interact with them in some way, here are some average statistics.

STR 55 CON 55 SIZ 55 DEX 70 INT 65
POW 65 HP 11 Move: 7/13 DB: 0 Build: 0
MP: 13 Sanity: 0/1d6

Attacks per round: 2

Nippers 30% (15/6), damage 1D6
Dodge 35% (17/7)

Armor: none.

Special: Mi-go may attempt to hypnotize their foes, and may attempt to void light by expending magic points.

Shantaks

The Shantaks are used as transportation for the monoliths by the cult of Hastur. It's unlikely that the investigators will interact with them directly unless they find a way to annoy the Keeper. If they do, here are average statistics.

STR 170 CON 65 SIZ 250 DEX 50 INT 20
POW 55 HP 32 Move: 6/30 DB: +4d6 Build: 5
MP: 10 Sanity: 0/1d6

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting 45% (22/9), damage 1D6
Bite (and hold) 45% (22/9), damage 2d6+2
Dodge 25% (12/5)

Armor: 9 (thick skin).
Skills: Stealth (90%).

NEW MAGIC

Focloro Verdadeiro (book)

Written in Portuguese, this 400-page volume bound in leather describes in detail the various characters of Brazilian myth and legend and endeavors to prove their existence in reality and their relation to deities and demons known as the Great Old Ones. The book was written by one Vasco de Moraes in 1875, and research shows that only five copies were printed. Glancing through the book causes 1d3 Sanity loss. If the book is read in its entirety (3 weeks), the reader gains a point of Cthulhu Mythos and a 5% bonus added to his or her Occult skill. The book has a Mythos Rating of 5. The book includes one spell: Contact Saçi Perere.

Diaries of the Mad Monk (book)

Nearly 300 pages written in tight Cyrillic print on loose pages and bound by thick twine, this manuscript is a one of a kind. It is the diary of Grigori Efimovich Rasputin, the Mad Monk. The diary records Rasputin's interaction within the court of the Tsar, and although it does not name any persons directly by name, much is obviously mentioned about the Tsarina Alexandra. The Mad Monk goes into detail regarding his abilities in spiritual healing and clairvoyance and the impressions that they make on the courtiers. Interestingly, as the diary is read, one gets the impression of Rasputin's growing sense of omnipotence. The last third of the diary becomes very difficult to understand, as Rasputin's mental faculties seem to decay; although some might view these final writings as some kind of keen insight to be studied and interpreted.

One of the final entries reads as follows:

"Today I spoke with a journalist regarding my position within the court. I told him soundly that the fools don't know me. They think I am a sorcerer or wizard and perhaps they are correct. If they must burn me let them do so. But if I burn, so does Russia."

With the exception of Ubar, there are no overt Mythos references within the diary, unless readers opt to interpret the vague writings in such a manner. The diary does hold considerable occult value however, and studying it for four weeks increases the reader's Occult skill by a point. Reading it causes the loss of a single point of Sanity.

The Testament of Grigori Alexeyevich Orloff (book)

Written on loose parchments in 1743, this one-hundred and twenty-seven-page Russian document details Count Orloff's last days, between the time that he finally translated the ancient Chinese texts he had found in a store room in his ancestor's estate, to just before he kills himself. The text begins following a strict analytical method used by western scholars and scientists but at its midpoint, it begins to break down into a rambling series of disjointed notes and comments. The notes give reference to the

"Books of Hsan", but no mention as to whether those were the actual tomes translated by Orloff. Of greatest interest are the following spells included in the text.

- Call Lloigor
- Contact Zhar

Given the archaic nature of the writing, it takes twelve weeks to get through this volume and the contents bestow a two-point increase to the reader's Cthulhu Mythos skill as well as causing a 1d3 Sanity loss. The book has a Mythos Rating of 6.

Kitab Al-Azif, ch. 3 (book)

Printed on human skin, written in human blood, and indestructible by all but magical means, this six-foot scroll is almost entirely covered with ancient Arabic writings and multiple arcane symbols and charts. The largest of these represents the Hyades, that a good Astronomy roll determines. Also, prevalent throughout is the Yellow Sign. This third chapter of the Kitab Al-Azif details the Great Old One, Hastur the Unspeakable and his captivity in the Lake of Hali on the shores of Dread Carcosa. Also mentioned, but to a lesser extent are the Twin Obscenity, Zhar and Lloigor – who dwell beneath the Plateau of L'eng – and the blasphemous space-faring Byakhee who serve them all.

The study of this scroll takes twelve weeks, at a cost of 2d10 Sanity. Perusing the scroll provides a three-point increase to Cthulhu Mythos knowledge, while a full reading grants six points. Spells include:

- Brew Space Mead
- Summon/Bind Byakhee
- Call Hastur
- Free Hastur
- Contact Mi-Go
- Disemblem

Dissemble (spell)

See the New Magic section in Scales of Time for further details.

Remove Curse (spell)

There are several versions of this one, and each is specifically described to counter a specific curse. They all have some aspects in common, however. Each of these spells requires some kind of physical component that must be chanted over for a period of time, depending on how powerful the curse, and then consumed in some way (buried, burned, eaten, etc). Once the ceremony is over, the caster loses one point of permanent Power to counteract one effect of the curse in question. The number of effects is up to the Keeper who created the curse. If the curse reduced one of the character's statistics, the Power cost is two for each characteristic point. The Power can be taken from any magic item that can store Power points, or from any willing persons involved in the ceremony. If the caster doesn't have one of these

sources available, he or she will lose the Power himself or herself. Characters who cast this spell lose a point of Sanity (regardless of other costs).



RESOURCES

In an effort to make Trail of the Monolith as realistic as I could, I turned to several different sources, all of which are listed below. Listed with each resource is a brief description of how I used them. Keepers and players alike are encouraged to track down some of these items, if not only to give them a better feel for the campaign, than simply to increase their knowledge of the period.

Books and Periodicals

Adams, Harriet Chalmers. *Rio de Janeiro, in the Land of Lure.* Washington DC: National Geographic, September, 1920. A pictorial tour of Rio during the Lovecraftian period. Lots and lots of outstanding photographs!

Bland, Alexander. *Leningrad; history, art, architecture.* New York: Dutton, 1965. Basically, a superficial Time-Life sort of book, it provides a wealth of images which visually describe the history of Leningrad.

Central Intelligence Agency, United States. *Leningrad Street Guide.* Washington DC: US Print. Off., 1977. An extensive, albeit modern, street atlas to Leningrad which shows the locations of all the major locations within the city.

De Jong, Alex. *The Life and Times of Grigorii Rasputin.* New York: Carroll & Graf, 1982. Describes the life of the Mad Monk from his birth to death in interesting, readable terms. There is also quite a bit of detail on Siberia from where he hailed as well as Russian society.

Duranty, Walter. *I Write as I Please.* New York: Simon & Schuster, 1935. The rather rambling narrative of a British journalist and his life in Russia during and after the Revolution. Of most interest are his dealings with censorship and interaction with the GPU.

Kirchner, Walter. *Russian History, 7th Edition.* New York: Harper Collins, 1991 An outstanding reference work in which Russian history is provided in a series of readable essays. The greatest feature is that each essay comes with its own extensive bibliography to aid in further research.

Pipes, Richard. *The Russian Revolution.* New York: Vintage, 1990 Without a doubt, the absolute bible on the Revolution. Every single detail imaginable which could have impacted

the Revolution and its outcome is covered in this massive tome. Anyone with the slightest amount of interest in the topic must have this book!

Role-Playing Supplements

Arkham Evil. The. Theater of the Mind Enterprises, Inc., 1983 - One of my favorite campaigns, which details the mining processes of the Fungi from Yuggoth.

Fearful Passages. Chaosium, 1992. This anthology includes the scenario, Sleigh Ride (by Steve Kluskens and Liam Rount) which is the only other scenario to take place in Siberia – albeit the eastern extents. The authors also included a comprehensive bibliography.

Whispers from the Abyss and Other Tales. Theater of the Mind Enterprises, Inc., 1984. This anthology includes a nice fold-out diagram of a Zeppelin, as well as a couple of scenarios which take place on an airship.

Internet

An Italian Abroad. Prospects, #105. URL: <http://csde.aces.k12.ct.us/friends/spbweb/lifestyl/105/italian.html> - Details the building of the Hermitage museum in St. Petersburg.

Centre for Russian Studies. NUPI. URL: <http://www.nupi.no/cgi-win/Russland/> - An excellent resource for Russian demographic information.

Images of St. Petersburg. IntelCross. URL: <http://www.study-abroad.org/russia/ru-imgs.html> - A great collection of photographs.

Lost Treasures of Persia: Perisian Art in the Hermitage Museum. Mage Publishers. URL: <http://www.mage.com/LTP.html> - This page is little more than an advertisement for a Mage publication, but the knowledge that it does provide – the existence of Persian Art in the Hermitage – proved invaluable to my writing of the Leningrad section of the campaign.

Russia: Then and Now. Elk Island Public Schools. - URL: <http://gate.ei.educ.ab.ca/sch/sht/russia.html> - Several well written essays on the Russian Revolution as well as some good photographs.

Siberia: Culture, Economy, Business. Friends and Partners. - URL: <http://www.friends-partners.org/old-friends/siberia/> - An interesting collection of photographs detailing Siberian culture and archeological discoveries.

Soviet Archive Exhibit Expo. URL: <http://sun-site.unc.edu/expo/soviet.exhibit/soviet.archive.html> - An outstanding collection of Soviet archives which detail the actions of those in power during and after the Russian Revolution. The documents concerning life in a gulag are particularly chilling.

Welcome to the New Russia. InterKnowledge Corp. URL: <http://www.interknowledge.com/russia/> - An excellent collection of facts concerning the history, geography, and culture of Russia.

A GOOD CAST IS WORTH REPEATING

The images of the non-player characters found within this text have been used with permission from SilentsAreGolden.com. Here are the actors and actresses “portraying” these characters.

Richard Devon Hodgekins Adolphe Menjou
Jose Manuel da Souza Cullen Landis
James McHenry Creighton Hale
William Fierenze F.W. Murnau
George Winston H.B. Warner
Walter Marks D.W. Griffith
The Widow Mabel Edith Yorke
Dave Willet Buck Jones
Ezra MacFarlane George Fawcett
Maxwell Stark Ian Keith
Curtis Mathieson John Bunny
Betinha Belém Renée Adorée
Francisco da Silva Ricardo Cortez
Dona Maria Cassilda da Silva Natalie Kingston
Paulinha Camilla da Silva Olive Thomas

Joris van de Wolf Malcolm McGregor
Stephen McCauley Hobart Bosworth
Dick Fitzpeters Harry Carey
Pavel Petrovsky Harrison Ford
Alexei Milkovich Nigel Debuiler
Ivan Sobosky Norman Kerry
Yevgeny Yastreboft King Vidor
Katya Yastreboft Helen Holmes
Henry SJ Whipple-Smyth William Desmond Taylor
Kazan Paul Wegener
Misha Skvortsov Jean Hersholt
Father Timotheus Reverend Joesph Vasilon
Misha Bilinsky Adolph Zukor
Ilya Rostov Noah Beery

HANDOUTS

On the following pages are reproductions of the handouts printed within these pages for easy access and reproduction. Permission to print as many of these as needed is granted.



MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY
ARKHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

One Month Ago

Dear Richard,

I'm happy to report that your faith in our little expedition will soon pay handsome dividends! After several weeks of searching through this "green hell" (well named, I can assure you!), we have found a structure constructed of a black, basaltic rock. And I do mean ONE black, basaltic rock! The construction is absolutely amazing, as we have been unable to discern any seams in the stone. Our excavations have recently revealed the top of an opening into the structure and I hope to be able to gain entry soon. Who knows what treasures await inside?

So far, the only item which we've been able to find should be arriving at your offices within the next few days (my assistants are wrapping it up for shipment as I write this). To help assuage your curiosity, I'm enclosing several photographs of the item in question. As you can see, it is sadly incomplete. To date, we have been unable to find the missing shard, but our search continues. I have made several rubbings of the carvings that cover it and will take them to my associate in Rio. Hopefully, we will together be able to determine their meaning.

That's all there is to tell, so far. Thank you again for your support in this endeavor. I seriously believe that we are on the verge of a discovery of proportions that will rival - if not out-right dwarf - the opening of King Tut's tomb!

Sincerely,

Curtis

Curtis Mathieson, PhD.

NOTE: On the reverse of several of these pages is a sheet of advertisements from an old National Geographic magazine. Print that sheet on the reverse of this one to provide a more authentic handout.

Magazine: Archeology Today

Date: Two Months Ago

"Amazonian Expedition Planned"

With the consent of Brazilian government officials, a team of specialists from Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts plan to soon begin an exploration into the depths of the Amazon Jungle. According to the leader of this expedition, the esteemed Dr. Curtis Mathieson, findings during an earlier excavation have uncovered possible proof of a sea-faring society that may have managed to cross the Atlantic to found colonies in southern and central America. Not surprisingly, Dr. Mathieson refused to divulge too many details of this find, but with good-nature, promised a lengthy article for the pages of this magazine once his theories are proved correct. We at AT wish the Miskatonic team the best of luck!

Magazine: Archeology Today

Date: One Months Ago

"Miskatonic Expedition Attacked!"

AT has recently received word that tragedy has struck the Miskatonic project currently underway in the Amazon River basin. Details are sketchy, but it appears that the team was attacked by jaguars late one evening, leaving two students dead and seriously injuring the project leader, Dr. Curtis Mathieson. Dr. Mathieson has been taken to a hospital in Manaus, and will soon be transported to the Brazilian capital of Rio de Janeiro for further treatment. The management of the project has been handed to his assistant, Dr. William Carter. Dr. Mathieson is expected to return to the United States as soon as he is able.



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**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR
Bureau of Immigration**

One Week Ago

Dear Mr. Hodgekins,

It has recently come to my attention that one or more of your employees may not be registered with the Immigration and Naturalization Services (INS), as is required by United States statute. We have tried to contact your offices several times over the past months, but have been unable to obtain a suitable response

Owing to the seriousness of a possible charge against you and/or your organization, it is imperative that you submit your employment records as well as the immigrant identification cards issued to those persons in your employ who are not native to the United States. These will be processed expeditiously and returned. Please make an appointment with this office for the review of these records as the earliest possible date.

I need not remind you of the seriousness of your position.

Respectfully,

James McHenry

James McHenry
Immigration Officer

da Souza,

I hope that your journey was pleasant, and that you were ably assisted by our maritime friends. It is vital that we develop a close relationship with our sea-faring cousins as our futures lay intertwined. Included with this letter is a photograph of the object currently in the possession of a foolish old man, who has been unwittingly funding our project. It is common knowledge that he is a poor businessman, so you should find it easy to infiltrate his organization. Once you have established yourself, pay a visit to the proprietor listed on the enclosed card. It has been arranged that he give you a book that is necessary to your endeavors. Use its knowledge to remove the chalice and have it delivered to a location of which you will be informed. Once your mission has been completed, remain in your position for at least a month, and then join us at the mountain. If you find yourself in danger, use the nectar and call for transportation – but not before the chalice has been removed! Our plans may not move forward without it!

Iä! Iä Halinhera!

da S.

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New York City, New York

effect the summons of the dark child, it is required that the caster burn leaves of tobacco of the highest quality, creating rings of smoke. It is within these rings that the beast will arrive, called to the following chant:

fthaxua, fthaxua hali chuaxän
myraxo! iä! iä! naxalia chuaxän!

When the beast is fully manifest, its cap must be taken, for without which it holds no sway. The caster may then bargain with the beast for a promise that must be kept.

"Bulking Bats In The Bowery"

by William Fierenze

NEW YORK – Once again, proof has emerged that “Prohibition” has failed to show itself in the discarded Bowery section of the city. Rather one-hundred fifty proof. This reporter received news late last night of a raid by the Immigration and Naturalization Service and followed in an effort to reveal the strong-handedness which has, over the past several years, turned the “Land of the Free” into the “Land of the Down-trodden.”

As would be expected of our bumbling public officials, the misadventure accrued nothing more than shattered doors and frightened people who have enough to contend with without the iron hand of the government meddling in their difficult lives. When asked for details of the raid, Agent James McHenry offered the expected “no comment.”

No witnesses were willing to be available to offer any more information on the raid, with one exception whose credibility can be best kept in a bottle of homemade gin. This discarded soul offered the explanation that the target of the INS dragnet was carried off by a “giant black bat that appeared out of thin air.” So much for corroborative evidence.

Perhaps if this gentleman had not been compelled, for whatever reason, to ingest the brew that caused these hallucinations in lieu of a quality, refined brew, he may have been more helpful – or at least a tad more lucid. Perhaps if the government had not clamped down so hard on its immigration policies (once the pride of the Western World) the discontent – if not the downright fear – of the city’s “huddled masses” would not have been increased yet again.

This reporter would like to know when the officials in Washington will discover that legislated morality and a strangle-hold on the populace is no way to govern a thriving nation. After all, didn’t we fight a tragic war over these same issues sixty years ago?

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Addendum to the Treatise on Thaumaturgical Prodigies in the New England Canaan

The Reverend Ward Phillips, Year of our Lord, 1791

This additional accounting has come to light after the printing of the first volume of my studies into the practices of witchcraft in the area of Billington's Woods and its surrounding environs. I hope to add it to a following volume so that those who come after me shall have due record and fair warning of what may come after my passing.

Nigh on three months ago while taking my yearly sabbatical to enjoy the ocean breezes upon the Cape I was approached by an elderly gentleman claiming to have acquired and read my manuscript. He introduced himself as Robert MacFarlane and shewed much interest and insisted upon discussing my researches in detail. Normally I am one to accept the friendliness of strangers and yet this gentleman gave me considerable pause and a sense of unease for which I am unaccustomed. To this day I am uncertain as to why he struck me so. Perhaps it was the way he gazed upon me with rapt attention and unblinking eyes. Perchance it was his odor that though not overpowering certainly gave great hint toward the sea that lay not far away.

Setting aside my unease I was impressed at the familiarity that MacFarlane held with my manuscript as if he had memorized and analyzed it word for word. We discussed my work for several hours before he hinted to me the existence of similar activities in the local area. Could it be that the small village I had chosen as my place of retreat gave succor to a coven? He insisted that such was the case and upon his leaving hinted that I should visit Hancock's Point upon the night of the new moon not three days hence.

Taking his words on faith I sought out the manager of the local inn to inquire where Hancock's Point might be found and was given accurate direction to a spit of land extending into Buzzard's Bay an hour's walk from town. Finding it to be a barren place overgrown with tall reeds and surrounded by high cliffs I sought out appropriate

equipment to make my stay there a comfortable one.

Upon the dark of the moon I made my way in the early evening to Hancock's Point with a small hooded lantern, a looking glass, and a heavy cloak for protection against the sea breezes. By the dim light of my lantern and that of the encompassing stars I passed the time by reading passages from a small bible I always carry upon my person and taking survey of the surrounding cliffs. I had nearly decided that my quest was nothing more than a lark inflicted upon me by a practical joker when my attention was suddenly drawn to a bright light that flared upon a northern cliff top.

Through my looking glass, I could make out the forms of several persons moving about in a manner similar to that of several of the covens I have previously studied. Faint and dissonant chords of music could also be made out above the crash of the breakers. Dowsing my lantern for fear of being seen I endeavored to make my way up the cliff but soon realized the danger and futility of this task without proper light to guide me. Dismayed I approached as far as safely possible and upon sunrise I continued my journey to the site of the ceremony I had witnessed from a distance below.

I was not surprised to find the locale vacant of persons as the activities had ceased not long before. I did however find a large black stone in the center of the clearing reminiscent of standing stones found in the British Isles. Upon close examination, I found that the stone emanated a surprising amount of heat even though the grass and vegetation around it lay unscorched by any fire. Of greatest interest were the series of runes carved upon one of its faces. All were familiar to me in appearance as they were reminiscent of Aramaic with the exception of one that dwarfed the others. Its form can be best described as the heads of three shepherd's staffs flaring out from a central point. Although simple and even common in design I found the rune to be disturbing and viewing it for more than a few moments to be a chore that I would rather not recall.

With a piece of coal and sheet of parchment I managed to rub impressions of several

of the runes before making my way back into town. Upon my return, I made my way to the local constabulary to describe what I had witnessed. As in so many cases before, local officials were unwilling to believe my tale but I was eventually able to bring a constable to the site of the ceremony. To my disbelief as well as that of my companion the standing stone was gone leaving no impression that it had ever existed!

I tried to state my case to the townsfolk but suddenly found them cold to my presence and in some cases even suspicious of my motivations. Entry into local establishments and common areas met with suspicious gazes and ignorance to my needs. I also inquired as to the whereabouts of Mr. MacFarlane, but none I spoke with had ever heard of him. Although I did not feel myself to be in any danger from the townsfolk I felt it best to make my way back to my parish.

Upon arriving I set myself to the task of translating the rubbings I had made. The translation was difficult as the markings though similar were subtly different to those with which I am familiar. To the best of my ability I discovered that the markings read as a prophecy.

And lo a child shall come unto you when the beast (bull?) rises in the west and he (she, it?) will carry the (a?) sign and speak the name of our God (Lord?). The waters of the lake (sea?) shall part and our God shall come to the mountain and lead us to paradise."

Since the translation of this text I have been unable to keep the thought of the larger rune on the monolith out of my mind. When sleeping my dreams are filled by visions of a fog enshrouded lake and ancient cityscapes. I feel that I should recognize these places and yet I fear that I might.

A stranger has recently arrived in Arkham and has contacted me in reference to my work and has claimed knowledge of answers that I seek. I have contacted my friend John Druven and we will soon visit this newcomer.

Winston,

The fools from the American university have finally uncovered what we have long been searching for. Enclosed is a rough sketch. Unfortunately, the puppet Mathieson sent the piece back to America before I could get a hold of it. As the expedition is being funded by the Museum of Natural History, you can expect that it will be put on display without delay. Once you have it, return it to me. I'm sure that we are but moments from uncovering the missing shard. I do not want any excuses, just the object. Our friends have uncovered minerals appropriate to our task and will soon begin to unearth the monoliths. Now that the child is in our hands, when have completed the chalice we may begin our work in earnest.

da Silva

Comrade da Silva,

Here is a sample of what our friends are removing from the Urals and refining in their laboratories for our use. They should have eight pieces of identical proportion to that in America for our purposes soon. *Yä Shub-Niggurath!* The pilgrimage to the Dark Plain shall begin soon. I await your arrival so that at least we may speak the name of our King together.

Orloff

Do you know the rules?

X marks the spot.

W Pal N W



**UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF STATE
LENINGRAD CONSULATE**

Date: Today

Gentlemen,

I've received word of your pending arrival, and would appreciate a brief visit whereupon we might discuss your stay in the Soviet Union and how best to apply your skills for the betterment of relations between our two nations. Please send a message to me via the concierge so that we might set up a meeting.

Regards,

Dick Fitzpeters

Dick Fitzpeters
U.S. Economic Attache

"Archeological Dig Ends In Disaster"

REUTERS - An archaeological expedition into the Amazon River Basin, from Miskatonic University (Arkham, Massachusetts) met with tragedy a few weeks ago. A weekly supply train uncovered the remains of the ill-fated expedition, their encampment destroyed and all members of the party dead, subjected to a wild animal attack. This fatal attack was the second to strike against the expedition in as many months, a previous attack leaving the party's leader - Dr. Curtis Mathieson, professor of archeology and anthropological studies - gravely wounded. After the first attack, Dr. Mathieson was transported to the nearest hospital, and has since been moved to Rio de Janeiro where he has been spending his convalescence. Contacted through the Universidade do Rio de Janeiro, where he has been studying several of the artifacts uncovered by his co-workers, he commented that he is nearly back to health, and he will soon be accompanying the bodies back to the United States upon completion of legal formalities. Counted among the expedition's lost is Dr. William Carter, a noted professor whose studies and contributions to the field of ancient civilizations are well respected within the archaeological field.

22 inches long. 10 bulbs, 60c.; 100 bulbs, \$5.00

The Sultan. Rich maroon-black; a flower of attractive and distinctive coloring. Grow to height of 25 inches. 10 bulbs, 60c.; 100 bulbs, \$5.00

Reverend Ewbank. Soft lavender-violet, slightly shaded silver-gray. Borne on stems 23 inches long. 10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Massachusetts. A long and beautiful flower, clear carmine-rose at midrib, toning off to soft pink at edges. Borne on stems 26 inches long. 10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Pride of Haarlem. Magnificently formed flower of immense size, of a brilliant deep rose, shaded scarlet, with light blue base. Sometimes attaining height of 3 feet. 10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Purple Perfection. Bright glossy purple, large in size and of wonderful substance. Grows to a height of 26 inches. 10 bulbs, 85c.; 100 bulbs, \$7.50

White Queen. A splendid white variety; when first opening pale rose, but quickly turns white. 10 bulbs, 60c.; 100 bulbs, \$5.00

Europe. Deep, fiery crimson, with white base. Flowers large and erect. Height 20 inches. 10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

Glow. The deepest shade of crimson-scarlet; a color of wonderful brilliance, not unlike that of the Oriental poppy. Borne on stems 20 inches long. 10 bulbs, 70c.; 100 bulbs, \$6.00

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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

WASHINGTON, D. C.



“Robbery at the Hermitage Foiled”

Date: Yesterday

UPI, Leningrad – During the early hours today, a gang of anarchists broke into the Soviet People’s national art museum, the Hermitage, in an effort to loot it of its most priceless objects. The Hermitage, which boasts the largest collection of artworks in the world – ranging from ancient Egypt through the Renaissance and into those of modern and impressionist masters – is a source of great pride to the Soviet People. The crime at hand can only be considered a crime against the great Soviet State itself. Fortunately, owing to the great skill of the citizens assigned to safeguard the museum’s treasures, the theft was foiled before any objects could be removed or damaged. In addition, all the perpetrators were captured and placed under guard by local authorities. A spokesman for the State Political Directorate has informed this reporter that the perpetrators were part of an anarchist cell that called itself the “Dyx Neizvestnoti” or “Spirit of the Mystic.” Owing to the full cooperation of the captured members, this insidious organization has been brought to justice in its entirety. Given the rapid conclusion to this affair, the Hermitage will remain open and visitors are encouraged to enjoy its vast collection of beautiful artworks.

By Stephen McCauley, Leningrad

“Hero of the Revolution Adopts Waif”

Date: One Month Ago

ROST, Leningrad – In the spirit of the great Lenin who has left us so recently and so tragically, one of the great citizens of our socialist republic has once again come forward as an example of goodness and charity. Comrade Fyodr Orloff, one of the supporters of the victorious Bolshevik revolution – and close friend to comrade Lenin – has rescued a young orphan to raise in a proper family atmosphere. Pictured, Comrade Orloff and his daughter Valentina Fyodrevna prove an example of Soviet family values. Comrade Orloff has commented in the past on his great concern for orphans, whom he has often referred to as the true victims of the tragic civil war of so few years ago. His valued charity toward these youngsters is doubly enforced by the fact that Valentina suffers from both deafness as well as the inability to speak. We can only hope that the example set by comrade Orloff in his service to the State as well as to its less fortunate citizens can be as well served by the rest of its populace.

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“Search for the Lost City Continues”

Date: November 19, 1906

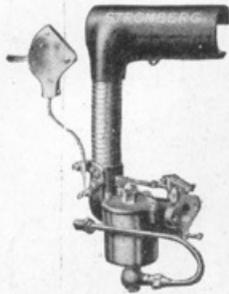
REUTERS, London – In the footsteps of the great explorers, another expedition into the unknown will be launched tomorrow morning from Jesus College, Oxford. Several bold explorers under the leadership of Oxford don, Professor John Winsley-Harcourt, plan on journeying into the center of the Arabian desert in search of a mythical city known only as “Ubar,” suspected to be one of the great lost centers of learning, akin to the Library of Alexandria. What makes this expedition of particular interest is its international nature, as sources for its funding as well as some of its participants hail from all over the world. In fact, the expedition – whose exploratory luminaries include the American and Brazilian archeologist Dr. Curtis Mathieson and Dr. Francisco da Silva – has been almost entirely funded by the Russian viscount and local socialite Fyodr Orloff. Count Orloff is rumored to be something of an expert on ancient Persia back in his homeland, and being something of a dilettante, it is no surprise to find him circulating among the local intelligentsia in an effort to extend his knowledge. It is sure that he’ll be awaiting the expedition’s return with baited breath and hopes of further knowledge for the betterment of mankind. As reports of the expedition’s progress are received, they will be published with due haste.

“Expedition Ends in Tragedy”

Date: March 3, 1907

REUTERS, Cairo – Several months ago, contact was lost with the Winsley-Harcourt expedition that was venturing into the southern Arabian desert in search of a legendary city known as “Ubar.” No trace of the expedition had been seen since, and its patrons had tragically given up hope that it would be seen again, when last week, two of its members were miraculously found on the edges of the Arabian “empty quarter.” Doctors Curtis Mathieson and Francisco da Silva were found near death, the latter heroically dragging the former by a makeshift harness fashioned from their tattered clothing. Although both were suffering from heat stroke and dehydration, Dr. Mathieson was by far in the worst condition and is currently in a coma resulting from related heart complications. Dr. da Silva, on the other hand, is recovering and should expect a visit soon from the expedition’s primary patron, the Russian viscount Fyodr Orloff. Apart from these two brave souls, all that remains of the expedition is a single supply pack in the possession of Dr. da Silva, and that he has refused to give up. Surprisingly, given Dr. da Silva’s physical condition, he has proved to be sufficiently uncooperative in the removal of this object – even to the extent of shallow sleep – that the local doctors have allowed him to retain it until he is willing to part with it himself. Given the current condition of the two patients, it is expected that they will remain in Cairo for several weeks before being returned to their respective homes for further rest and recuperation.

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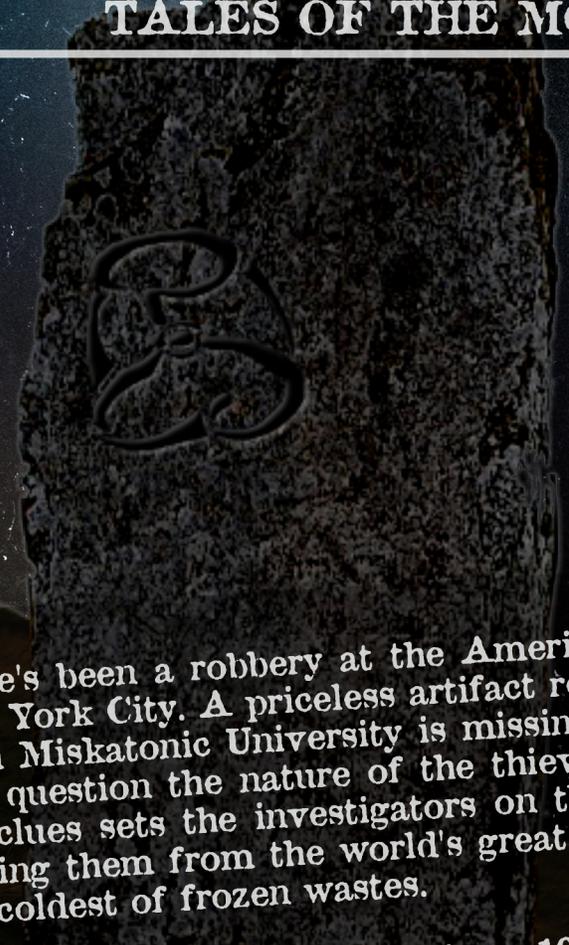


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TRAIL OF THE MONOLITH

TALES OF THE MONOLITH, PART 2



There's been a robbery at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. A priceless artifact recovered by a team of archeologists from Miskatonic University is missing and reports from a witness bring into question the nature of the thieves and their motivation. Unravelling the clues sets the investigators on the path of a world-wide conspiracy leading them from the world's great cities to the densest of jungles and the coldest of frozen wastes.

The Trail of the Monolith is a 1920s-era globetrotting campaign for three to five intrepid investigators that can be played over several sessions. Although it can be played alone, the campaign is prefaced by *The Scales of Time*, and is part of a collection of eldritch adventures written by Mike Nagel and collected across three volumes.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR ...

Mike Nagel is a Charles Roberts Award nominated game designer known for his contributions to the wargaming hobby. He is the author of the *Flying Colors* series of age-of-sail games in addition to *Ancient Battles Deluxe*, *War in the Wind*, and a variety of other titles. He cut his role-playing teeth with *Call of Cthulhu* in the 1980s when the insanity was relatively young and groping. For more information, visit www.relativerange.com.

