



New Tales of the
**Miskatonic
Valley**



STYGIAN FOX



Dedication
FOR DOC HERBER, LYNN WILLIS,
GREG STAFFORD, ALAN BLIGH,
& OTHER WIZARDS WHO HAVE LEFT ON LEMON SAILS FOR
THE DREAMLANDS.

For Tom Lynch
MY MENTOR, MY FRIEND, AND THE REASON, DEAR READER,
YOU ARE ABLE TO READ THIS.
IN 2008 MISKATONIC RIVER PRESS, A SMALL PRESS AND 3RD-PARTY PUBLISHER OF
CALL OF CTHULHU BOOKS AND ACCLAIMED CONTENT CAME INTO BEING, AND IS
SORELY MISSED.

NEW TALES OF THE MISKATONIC VALLEY, 2ND EDITION

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& ALL WHO HAD A HAND IN CREATING
THE FIRST EDITION

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The Thing on My Doorstep

The UPS tracking information said that the packages were out for shipment. But it was snowing. And it was a very important set of packages. Frequent breaks saw me looking out the front window of the house, watching the driveway, hoping the snow wouldn't deter the UPS driver. Finally, around mid-afternoon, the doorbell rang, and I practically flew to the front door. There they were, multiple boxes, all wrapped in thin plastic bags to protect them from the elements. I called my thanks to the truck driver, who waved and steered off into the deepening winter weather.

They had arrived. At long last, they had arrived. These boxes contained fulfillment of a lifelong dream of mine, and one of many Dreams from my partner in the endeavor. I tore open one box, and fell into my desk chair, hardly breathing. With quivering fingers, I launched Skype, and double-clicked on my partner's name.

"How do they look?" Keith Herber, CEO of Miskatonic River Press asked without preamble.

"They look amazing, Doc. Here...take a look." I held up a copy of *New Tales of the Miskatonic Valley* for him to look over. It was a thing of beauty. Simple. Elegant. Published. Miskatonic River Press had entered the *Call of Cthulhu* gaming scene. True, the previous fall we had rereleased *Dead But Dreaming*, a critically acclaimed anthology of Lovecraftian fiction, but this first game book would tell us if we could really make a go of it.

We continued to chat a bit, I flipped through the book, and showed him the page layout, the art, the tables. We discussed plans for me to attend conventions and sell books, and talk up the new company.

Two months later, in the midst of plans for Keith to fly up to New York from Florida to attend an area convention, my cell phone rang. "There he is!" I said. I'd been waiting for his call.

It wasn't him. His wife, Sharon, was on the line.

Keith "Doc" Herber had died. Suddenly. Massive heart attack. Overnight.

Tears were shed. Plans were scrapped. Ideas were shared.

Doc had touched so many lives and worked with so many people, it was hard to imagine what was going to happen now that he was gone. Sharon and I worked it out, though, and we managed to keep the Dream alive...for a time. Doc had taught me enough that, in less than a year, I had learned what was needed to keep the company going. But I needed help. More great game books came out. More great fiction. So many talented people pitched in. Friends were made.

And now...the torch has been passed.

Miskatonic River Press, MRP, carried it high for several years, even after Doc left us.

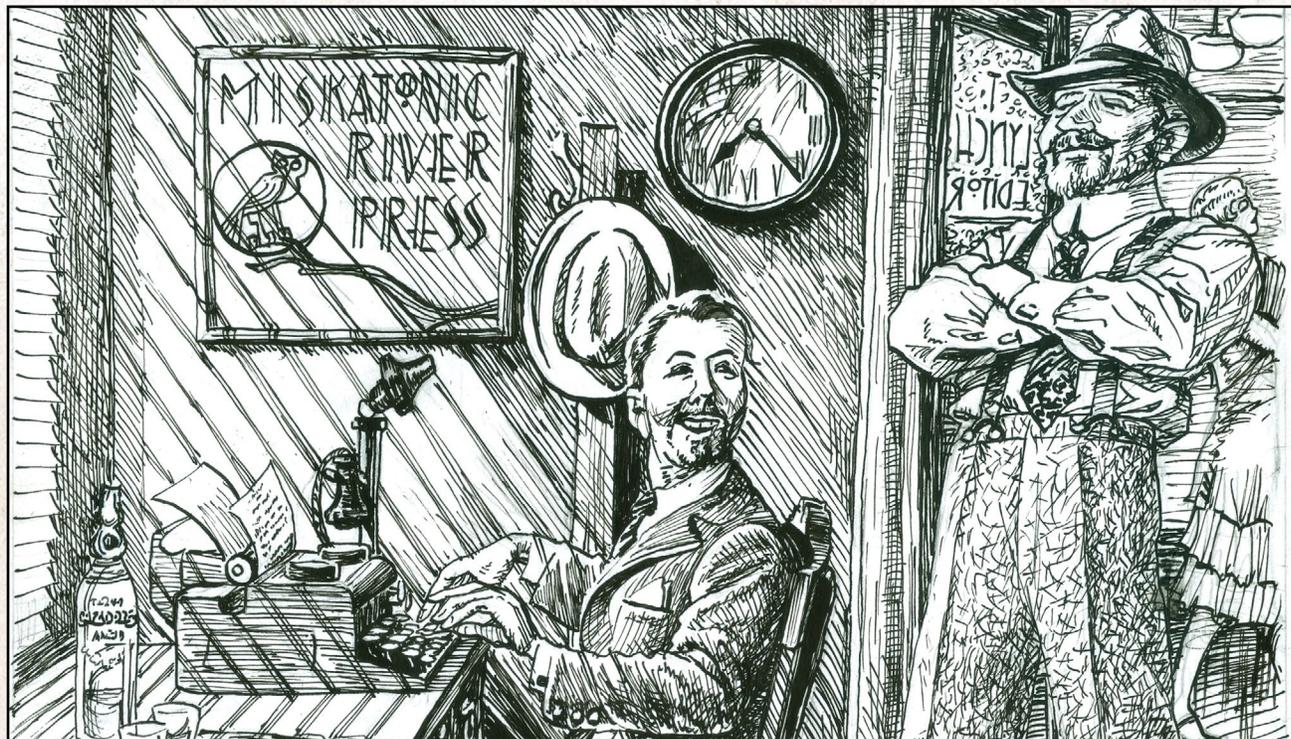
Stygian Fox has the torch now... one of the friends I made through MRP was Stephanie McAlea. Her claws now grip this light, and holds it high to drive back the inky night. Her Dreams are dark indeed, and with her help, Dreams have now become Lovecraftian reality.

Here's to Doc, and to Steph! Ia!

Thanks for all the memories,

Tom Lynch

September, 2019



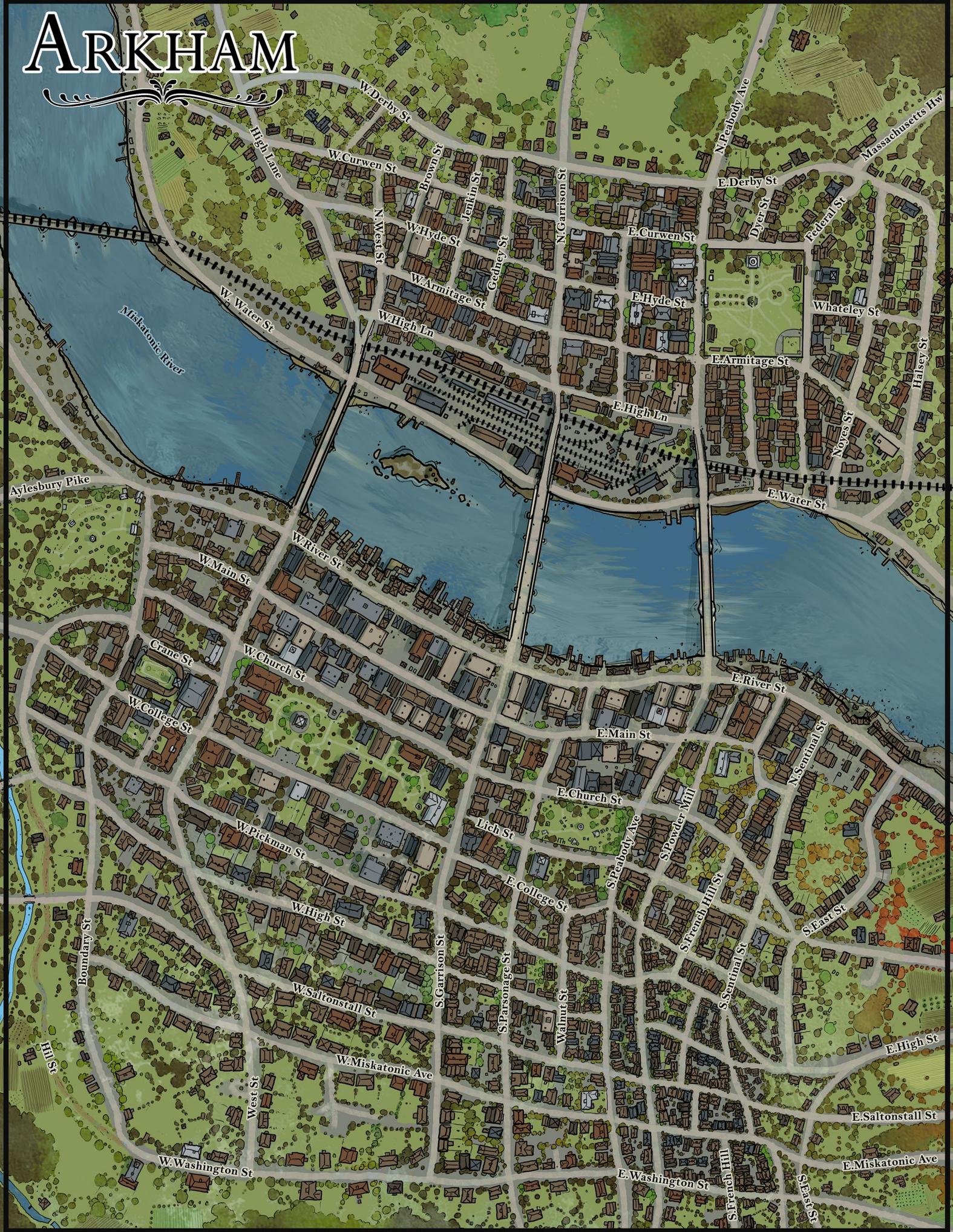
Welcome to

ARKHAM





ARKHAM



THE REELING MIDNIGHT

IT'S THE LATE 1920S AND THE JAZZ AGE HAS FINALLY REACHED PROVINCIAL ARKHAM. SWING MUSIC, PROHIBITION LIQUOR, GAMBLING, DANCE, AND A "LIVE FOR TODAY" ATTITUDE HAVE HAD FAR-REACHING EFFECTS IN THE COMMUNITY.

Spearheading the movement is Countess Ariadne Varga, a displaced Hungarian noblewoman whose family was ousted from their ancestral home in the tumult following the Great War. Fashionable, tasteful in an Old World way, the flamboyant young woman's soirees have brought together people from several different social strata, including some of Arkham's oldest, monied, families, a professor or two from Miskatonic University, and a Bohemian crowd of artists, musicians, and poets. In some circles, these parties—and rumors about what goes on at them—are a major topic of conversation. Many would like to attend, if only out of curiosity, but invitations are not easy to come by, meted out to only a select few.

Just last week, events from one of the Varga parties were recounted in the *Advertiser's* weekly society column, written by part-time journalist and Society Editor Madeline Manchester.

KEEPER INFORMATION

And publicity is the last thing Ariadne, or her Uncle Zoltan Varga, need. Neither Hungarian nor related, this pair of con artists have set up an elaborate scheme to fleece a couple of Arkham's more well-to-do residents, then blow town. Over the past three months, the pieces have all fallen into place. Posing as displaced Hungarian nobility, the pair rented a run-down but serviceable mansion at 863 Halsey Street, in a poorer part of town. Soon after, Zoltan Varga, aka Devon McCoy, fifty-five years old, made contact with his pigeons, a couple of older Arkham residents whom he'd already softened up with extensive correspondence. He began hosting parties at the rented house, inviting an older, somewhat distinguished crowd for evenings of brandy and bridge.

But Ariadne became bored, and soon began inviting her own guests, much to her older partner's displeasure. He complained, but she would not desist, even once, during a heated argument, threatening to blow their cover. In recent weeks she's more than once left the house late

at night, apparently wandering the streets for hours before returning home in the early morning hours. Zoltan's demands for explanations fell on deaf ears.

Ariadne's increasingly erratic behavior troubles Uncle Zoltan, but he's determined to finish the scam. In just a few more days his benefactors will supply him with over \$35,000 in cash, and he and Ariadne will skip town.

ZOLTAN VARGA, A.K.A. DEVON MCCOY

Raised on the south side of Boston, Devon grew up on the tough streets, but early on realized he could make more money using his head instead of his fists. On the road at the age of seventeen, McCoy worked with a mentor, a card sharp known to his few friends as "Harry the Hat" and to hundreds of others under a dozen different aliases. By the time Harry was gunned down in the back room of a Cleveland bar, Devon had already learned everything Harry could ever teach him.

But unlike his mentor, a brash, often foul-mouthed alcoholic, Devon was possessed of charm and a pleasant smile. He soon learned to use it to his own end, his skill



with cards serving as a means to an end, rather than the grab and dash gambling hustles his teacher lived and died for.

McCoy looks on his current Arkham scam as the high point of his career. Once completed, he intends to pack up, and with Ariadne, head for Mexico with enough money to support the two of them comfortably for many years to come.

But Ariadne's behavior is increasingly worrisome. He fears she is cracking under the strain of the long-running scam; the pressure is too great. After all, she's young and relatively inexperienced. It was less than a year ago he met her in Boston, scamming drinks at hotel bars. A shade short of beautiful, she nevertheless had a disarming way about her, a devil-take-the-hindmost attitude he admired. Though nearly twice her age, he fell in love with her anyway.

ARIADNE VARGA, A.K.A. ARIADNE MADDEN

Born to a working-class Boston family, twenty-eight-year-old Ariadne was the middle child in a family of three girls. Neither as smart as her older sister, or as pretty as her younger sister, she grew up feeling slighted and, even as a teenager, began to rebel, sneaking out of the house at night to run with questionable friends, smoke cigarettes, and drink. When at the age of twenty-three she came home pregnant, her father threw her out of the house. She eventually checked into a Boston home for unwed mothers where she gave birth to a son who was immediately adopted out.

Back on the street, Ariadne began combing the bars of seedier Boston hotels, looking for "gentlemen" who would buy her a few drinks, some dinner, and maybe reward her for sharing her charms. If the gentlemen somehow misplaced their wallets shortly after she left their company it was certainly no fault of her own.

But a few years later her life suddenly changed when she met Devon McCoy. A skilled and practiced con-man, the older man read her like a book, calling her bluff only after she'd made a fool of herself playing up to him. Standing up, ready to leave in a huff, he surprised her by inviting her to sit down and paying for her drinks the rest of the evening.

So began their romance—as some might call it. Now under the tutelage of someone she considered a master, she took quickly to his training, learning all she could about spotting likely marks, as well as spotting likely undercover policeman. When Devon revealed his plan to fleece a couple pigeons in Arkham, and that she was to play a major part, Ariadne was thrilled and gratified. She had shown some serious acting skills in a couple routines the pair ran together, and began to think she had a chance of maybe making it big in Hollywood. Devon talked about Mexico

The Gadabout

Keeping Up With Arkham's Social Scene

BY MADELINE MANCHESTER

NEW HALL CHRISTENED

THE GARDEN AT Hall Manor was a gay kaleidoscope of society folk on Friday afternoon for the christening of the newest addition to the Hall family, Addison Davis Hall, born three weeks ago to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hall.

I have mental pictures of the beaming countenance of M. J. Norton of Providence, the proud godfather to baby Hall, as he stood beside his own daughter, Mary Stuart Norton. At their side was Charles Tower, benefactor of Miskatonic University, with, as ever, a charming young woman on his immaculately dressed arm. **The Gadabout did not catch her name, very sad to say.**

Mrs. Hall was beatifically attired in a white crepe gown with which she wore a white hat. Chatting with her was Mrs. Fitzhugh Scott in a smart white costume, to which an attractive rose hat gave a touch of color. Mrs. Norton wore a pretty picture hat and carried a parasol. Her frock had a Parisian touch, with short sleeves and long lace flounces on a short skirt.

Not that the tea and biscuits at the Hall family estate were not delicious, but with the baptism complete, it was time for this reporter to take her leave and make a very special call.



For some time the Gadabout has been hearing tales of wild, loud, Friday night parties taking place in one of the old mansions over in East Town. Supposedly hosted by members of European nobility, I was anxious to learn more. Well, I finally managed to get my hands on an invitation, and away I went.

I can't divulge the actual address, but from the number of automobiles parked up and down Halsey street, it's really not hard to find. Although the mansion is a bit shabby (supposedly it's rented), light poured from all the windows, and the sound of laughter and spirited conversation could be heard all the way to the street. Somewhere, a piano played Boogie-Woogie music.

What a mixed crowd it was! The Gadabout was certainly surprised. In attendance were a couple of well known older gentlemen in the company of our host, and even a tenured professor from the University, whose name you could not tear from me with wild dogs.

I couldn't stay all evening but I had the opportunity to meet the gracious host, a distinguished gentleman from Hungary named Zoltan Varga.

Be assured, the Gadabout will be attending next week's gathering. Stay tuned for more.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER FOR MISS AGNES REILLY

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The Reeling Midnight Papers #1

all the time, but she had bigger plans, plans for the movies.

But the pressure of maintaining her role for an extended period of time was unexpected and has taken its toll. A month after coming to Arkham and assuming the role of the Hungarian Countess, Ariadne began having trouble sleeping. Alcohol had long quelled her sleepless nights, but now it failed her. At her request, Devon supplied her with some sleeping tablets and, once again, she could sleep through the night, nearly dreamless.

Though the tablets seemed to quiet her dreams, her sub-conscious continued its nighttime quests. Driven by guilt over a life misspent, and perhaps even more by the

premature gray hairs she'd recently found in the mirror and plucked, her unwaking self roamed the world of dreams looking for answers, finally finding them at the feet of Atlach-Nacha, the spider-god of time. Making an unholy pact with the god-thing, Ariadne's subconscious now periodically overwhelms her, resulting in nighttime activities even her lover and mentor doesn't guess.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

The most direct method to involve the investigators is via the Wilcox family. The Wilcoxes, whose money is in timber, are concerned their son, young Eugene, the sole male heir to the family fortune, has been attending scandalous parties over in East Town. Middle-aged Edwin and Grace Wilcox worry their son has fallen in with an unsavory crowd, and that would surely hurt the family reputation.

The investigators will meet with the Wilcoxes at the couple's recently built country mansion, south of Arkham, about a mile from the city limits. Invited to sit down and share tea, the investigators are told the story of the Countess.

"She's nothing but a gold digger," claims Grace. "She's after our money."

"We don't trust these people," Edwin says, only a bit more tactful. "They may well be European nobility, but friends have told me they're looking for financing so they can return to Hungary and sue for their properties in the courts. I think they're trying to use Eugene to get to me." More than anything he fears blackmail if Eugene somehow gets involved in a scandal.

Grace pipes up, "I found this in Eugene's dresser the other day," she says, and hands the investigators an engraved invitation. "The party is tonight," Grace explains. "I took the invitation to keep Eugene home, but he just laughed at me." Eugene has been to quite a few of these parties and, as a regular, will have no problem getting in, invitation or not.

The Wilcoxes are willing to pay any reasonable fees associated with investigating the Hungarians, and for spying on their son.

If the Keeper chooses, Grace may show the investigators a mention of these parties in last week's *Advertiser* society column. In any event, the party is this evening, leaving investigators barely enough time to get back to Arkham and change clothes before the festivities begin.

THE NEWSPAPER STORY

The Keeper can provide the investigators with the Reeling Midnight Papers #1 as he or she chooses. A few short paragraphs in the weekly society column, it provides only a bit of additional information.

They will need an invitation to get into the party. If the Wilcoxes have not provided one, resourceful investigators,

given a few hours, can track one down, either through personal contacts or by paying someone on the street to track one down. In truth, Ariadne's been far too liberal with her invitations, and they're not nearly as difficult to find as the Gadabout would have it.

Investigators may wish to speak with Madeline Manchester, but no such person can be found in the city directory. It's actually a pen name used by whoever is writing the *Advertiser's* Gadabout column these days. Currently, the column's handled by a middle-aged woman named Callie Smith. If they somehow locate Callie, they quickly learn she has no information of value.

THE PARTY

As described in the newspaper story, on Friday party nights the stretch of Halsey street between East Derby and Whatley Streets is near filled with parked cars. The brightly lit mansion is easy to spot, even from a distance.

Investigators reach the front walk just in time to find society columnist "Madeline Manchester" in a heated argument with a maid who blocks Madeline's path through the front door. "Do you know who you're talking to?" Madeline asks, her voice growing shrill. The maid, probably in her sixties, answers in unintelligible grunts, shooing away the journalist with her hands. "So be it," Madeline says, throwing in the towel. "We'll see how you people like next week's column!" With that, she turns and storms off, brushing by the investigators, who will have to move to get out of her way.

With their invitation in hand, the investigators can gain entry, though the maid, still angry, eyes them suspiciously before waving them inside.

The mansion is abuzz with guests, mostly middle-aged and younger. There seem to be several dozen people in attendance. Four or five young men and women, students recruited from Miskatonic U, serve guests drinks and food. Piano music and singing pour out of the room on the investigators' right.

A gentleman standing in the foyer, drink in hand, has been watching the proceedings, obviously amused. Once the investigators have been cleared through by the maid, he approaches the group, hand extended.

"Alfred Bates," he introduces himself. "Welcome to the party. I'll apologize for the help," he smiles. He explains the maid is a Varga family retainer from the old country. Named Frida, she is mute and understands only Hungarian. He apologizes for the old woman's brusque attitude. "She does, however, keep out the riff-raff," he laughs. "But I must go mingle now," he explains, then moves off to the sitting room on the right, where someone is playing the piano.

Frida is actually Beatrice "Betty" Harper, a former madam of a Boston brothel now down on her luck. Hired by McCoy to help with the scam by posing as the couple's maid, it proved impossible to teach her even the simplest

TWO TALES OF ARKHAM



Hungarian words and phrases, so McCoy dubbed her a “mute that understands no English.” So far, she’s pulled it off fairly well. She’s in for 15% of the game, but McCoy will cheat her, at least a little bit, and she knows it.

The Keeper should encourage the investigators to split up and mingle with the guests. Moving around in a pack of four or five looks suspicious, and is not particularly sociable.

Most guests prove willing to engage in small talk with strangers. Allow investigators **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** rolls if deemed appropriate, though the Keeper is invited to judge success based on the investigators’ actual socializing.

The rooms of the house are populated with guests, and the Keeper is invited to add more, at his or her discretion. The guests need not stay rooted in one spot all evening, the Keeper is free to have them move around at will.

Allow investigators to have three or four encounters each before ringing the gong that announces Ariadne’s weekly “Invocation to Bacchus” (see below).

THE FOYER

This spacious entry hall features a flagstone floor, well-scrubbed but cracked through in numerous places. A grand staircase reaches up to the second floor, lighted by a large electric chandelier hung from above. A closer inspection shows the staircase recently suffered a slap-dash white paint job, dabbed over the older, peeling paint. The red-carpeted runner shows considerable wear.

From the foyer, investigators see a good-sized crowd in the sitting room to the right, where the piano is situated, and a smaller, quieter gathering in the parlor on the left.

THE SITTING ROOM

By far the more crowded of the two front rooms, four or five guests, drinks in hands, are gathered around the badly tuned grand piano, shouting out an impromptu rendition of “I Love You Truly” while a long-haired young man tickles the ivories. This will be followed up by “California Here I Come,” “It Had To Be You,” “Sweet Georgia Brown,” “Bye-Bye Blackbird,” “Yes Sir, That’s My Baby,” and “Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue.”

The young man at the piano is Eric Luttgart, a music student at Miskatonic University. A child prodigy, master of Mozart and Chopin, he continues to infuriate his instructors by visiting the “negro clubs” in Boston where he hones his boogie-woogie. He is specifically invited here by Ariadne, who loves his playing. On occasion, Eric will break into solo renditions of tunes like Jellyroll Morton’s “Sidewalk Blues” or Louie Armstrong’s “Heebie Jeebies.”

If a male investigator, APP 55 or better, joins in the makeshift choir, he draws the attention of Glenda Barr, a single woman in her early thirties. A widow, Glenda is lonely. Bright and attractive, she will try to latch on to the investigator, hoping to pair up for at least the evening, tagging along wherever her chosen escort goes. She will not brush off easily, and to rid himself of her the investigator

THE REELING MIDNIGHT

will have to be very direct, enough to actually hurt her feelings and make her tear up. On the other hand, a clever investigator can spend the evening with her, using her as cover. She proves a pleasant and personable companion.

Glenda works in the women's hat department at Gleason's Department store on Church Street. Ariadne was a regular shopper, and last week gave Glenda an invitation. This is her second party at the house. She doesn't know Ariadne very well and has no reason question her claim to Hungarian nobility.

On the other side of the room stands a makeshift bar with a surprising amount of liquor—more than a dozen bottles of Scotch, Canadian whiskey, and gin. There is no bartender; guests are invited to serve themselves.

The liquor is another bone of contention between Zoltan and Ariadne. In the beginning, a bottle or two of good brandy was all that was required for an evening's entertainment, but Ariadne's friends wanted something harder.

Not only has the expense pinched the purse strings, but it's also led to louder, more boisterous behavior, the kind of scene Zoltan would prefer not to host.

Although most guests visit the bar at some time or another during the night, two of the more serious drinkers are almost always here. Stewart Portman, forty-three, an independently wealthy dilettante with strong connections in Arkham due to his family name and family money. He collects art and fine books, much of it of an "exotic" nature. His companion is Bartholemew Appley, thirty-six, another independently wealthy young man who singlehandedly raises alcoholism to a near art form.

In recent weeks Ariadne has taken to inviting a selected

male guest upstairs to her bedroom, near the end of the evening. These two gentlemen both hope to be Ariadne's next consort, and are waiting, not too subtly, within earshot of the staircase where Ariadne usually appears.

"She's a free love advocate," smiles the handsome Portman, sipping from his drink. "If you know what I mean," he adds, with a leer.

Appley's already three sheets to the wind, but coherent and witty, as is his usual. As a host to regular Saturday night parties at his own mansion, he can't help but make comparisons. "I'd certainly suggest they expand their offerings of spirits," he says, adding, "though this certainly does the trick." Known to his friends as "Mr. Toad," Appley has a habit of driving off in cars belonging to friends and acquaintances, then leaving them parked wherever he feels like it.

Other than a fondness for liquor, the two men have little in common, and are barely more than acquaintances, and that only because of their regular attendance at Ariadne's parties.

THE LIBRARY

A group of older men are gathered around the billiard table, discussing politics. A **Know** roll identifies one of them as Professor Francis Morgan of the Archaeology department. Morgan and his companions are talking about the likelihood of the current Miskatonic University President taking over the post of town mayor—the rumblings have been going on for some time now. All these men agree the Countess is a delightful woman, though secretly most doubt Ariadne and her uncle are any kind of displaced nobles. They, of course, have no idea that the two are planning to scam a couple of Arkhamites out of their money.

Professor Morgan seems a bit distracted. An investigator may notice he occasionally scans the room, as though keeping an eye out for someone, or something.

Near the fireplace stand a pair of gentlemen: Edwin Tillinghast, owner of a rare book store in town, and Andreas ver Hoven, who owns the local art gallery.

Both men refer to Zoltan Varga as a man of impeccable taste. Varga has tickled Tillinghast's interest with stories of the vast library his grandfather collected and which, as far as Varga knows, is still intact, though in the hands of the "interlopers and thieves." Ver Hoven, for his part, has loaned Varga a few of his less valuable paintings to help decorate the mansion.

A few feet away, three younger men, smoking cigars, are talking professional sports, specifically baseball. Two of them are ardent Boston Red Sox fans, the other a "traitor" who roots for the long-standing rival New York Yankees. Any investigator who stops to listen to the argument is quickly invited into the conversation and asked for their opinion.

The Red Sox took the World Series in 1912, 1915, 1916, and 1918, but have come up dry the last decade. At the

MEET ARIADNE VARGA

"Dahlings." Ariadne says upon meeting anyone the first time. "I'm so pleased you could attend." She extends her right hand to any male investigator so they can kiss it.

Ariadne is as charming and entertaining as they say, and an attentive hostess, making sure investigators know where the food and drink is. She will chit-chat with them, and even recount her and her uncle's harrowing escape from Hungary at the end of the war. "I was but a girl of eighteen," she says.

If investigators press her on the issue, she smiles and makes an excuse to leave the conversation. In any event she won't chat long, as there are many other guests to be greeted.

Any investigator making a **Know** roll has to question why Ariadne extended her right hand. It should have been her left, as etiquette dictates.

TWO TALES OF ARKHAM

same time, the Yankees took the title in 1923 and 1927. “You see,” says Stan, the Yankees fan, “the Yankees are just plain the better team. Admit it.” His pal, John, chides back, “You’ll see,” he tells him, “1928 is going to be our year.” (The Yankees eventually win the season.) The third man, Peter, is silent, staring into his drink. “The Sox threw it away,” he finally says. “They should have never sold Ruth.” “Too late now,” laughs Stan. “They’re cursed,” Peter finally says, still staring into his drink. “I curse them right now. They won’t win a Series again this century. The curse of the Bambino!” then shoots his drink down and ceremoniously throws the empty glass into the fireplace, smashing the tumbler to pieces. (As it turns out, the Sox don’t win again until 2004.)

THE PARLOR

Away from the noise of the sitting room, the parlor hosts a more sedate gathering. In one corner stand a pair of couples in their early thirties, in close conversation, the women laughing at one of the men’s jokes. In the other corner of the room, three women, probably in their late forties or early fifties, sit at a card table chatting, the fourth seat empty. A lean young man stands alone in another corner, drinking from a glass tumbler.

Through the open doors, investigators can see the dining room beyond with a buffet spread on a large table and several couples dancing the Charleston to music from a record player.

The two couples chatting in the corner prove friendly enough. Apparently, they’re here just to find out what goes on at these parties. “Open bar,” says one of the men, hoisting his drink and smiling. The two men, Aaron Hardwick, and Matthew Douglas, are partners in an Arkham cartage firm. Their wives are named Louise and Donna. They know little about the Vargas, other than they “are Hungarian, and had to flee the country for some reason.” They are more interested in discussing labor unions. “Some teamsters were up here from Boston last week,” they complain. “Trying to organize our drivers. We told the drivers if we catch them talking to organizers, they’re fired.” The two smile and clink their glasses together. They’ll win their battle against the union, but within six months they’ll be out of business when local bootlegger Danny O’Bannion’s Lucky Clover Cartage makes them an offer they can’t refuse.

At the card table, the three ladies anxiously watch the doorways. Zoltan Varga had promised to play Bridge with them, but he has yet to make an appearance. One of the women describes Varga as, “simply the most charming man in Arkham.” Another adding, “It’s terribly exciting to be exiled.” Any Arkham resident who makes a **Know** roll recognizes one of the women as Janet Larkin, the Arkham City Clerk, and may wonder what she’s doing here.

All the women have been promised invitations to Varga’s country estate in Hungary, once he has regained his family’s stolen property (he has spoken of the estate at great length to each of these ladies on separate occasions). The

oldest of the three women has slept with the dashing Zoltan once or twice, but will never tell anyone about it.

The young man standing alone in the corner seemingly lost in his drink is an aspiring writer named Dalton Abbott. He’s been courting Ariadne’s favor, offering to write her story of escape and eventual exile from her home in Hungary. She’s been stringing him along for several weeks but has yet to give him the \$200 advance he’s requested and been promised. Without the money, Dalton faces having to go back to work in his father’s taxidermy shop.

Tonight he intends to make the pitch straight to Zoltan, intending to convince him the book he has planned can do a lot to promote the Vargas’ effort to regain their Hungarian properties. “It’s a guaranteed best seller,” he claims, “but I need to get started on the research.” Zoltan will string him along for the time being, but of course, the project never gets off the ground. Dalton will likely end up with a career in taxidermy.

THE DINING ROOM

Music pours out of this room, not nearly as loud as the piano, but loud enough. Back in the corner, a young man stands next to an electric phonograph, changing records every two or three minutes, introducing the tunes as he goes. He’s a 1920s deejay. Two couples are dancing, somewhat hindered by the large dining table spread with food.

MEET ZOLTAN VARGA

Zoltan Varga is an engaging older man who greets his guests with a click of his heels and a short bow. He rhapsodizes on how wonderful a country America is, and how he can’t imagine he would find so many friends willing to accept him and his niece into their social circles and good graces. “If,” he says, “my niece and I should fail to recover our home in Hungary, then we would certainly settle here in Arkham.” He describes the town as “lovely.”

He keeps the conversation off himself as much as possible and attempts to subtly learn the names and professions of the investigators. “And what do you do for a living, sir?” he always asks when meeting someone for the first time.

If an investigator is foolish enough to try to get information out of Varga, he feeds them a line and mentally puts a check mark next to this person. He will not trust them.

Varga (Devon McCoy) is nearly impervious to **Psychology** rolls, and totally unaffected by **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade**. The only thing gained from a successful **Psychology** roll is the sense that Varga is sizing up the investigator, and slyly manipulating the conversation to his own end.

THE REELING MIDNIGHT



The first investigator through the door is accidentally kicked in the shins by a young woman doing the Charleston. She whirls around and apologizes profusely, but if none of the investigators are male with an APP 14 or better, she pays them little attention. Named Ana Washburne, she is an acquaintance of Ariadne who considers herself a poet. She thinks Ariadne and her parties are “simply divine.” The table holds a large spread of food, mostly cold cuts and breads. There is a large pot of “authentic Hungarian goulash” prepared by Frida, the maid.

The young man at the phonograph is named Bobby Hamlin and is the owner of the expensive phonograph, and the similarly expensive records. Proud of the machine, which actually belongs to his family, he’ll boast to investigators “it has almost three watts of power.” It’s certainly louder than any hand-cranked phonograph investigators have ever heard.

Bobby’s an electronics nut and fascinated by stories he’s read about a new device called a television. “They’re for sale now,” he says. “I just have to talk Dad into buying one,” he grins. He’s seriously considering forsaking his father’s banking business to head off to New York and try to get a job in radio “doing something,” he says.

THE KITCHEN

Here the help prepares more food for the buffet, under the guttural direction of Frida, the maid. Dottie Harris is one of the kitchen help, a student recruited from the university. She helps prepare and serve food to guests. Watching her work, it’s easy to see she’s upset about something.

While investigators are in the kitchen, the door to the basement swings open and a young man appears, his eyes red and puffy looking. Dottie Harris rolls her eyes skyward as sweet smelling smoke wafts up from below. Introducing himself as Gordon Checkley, he asks investigators, “Would you like to get hopped up?” and shows them a small paper bag containing a dried green herb. If an investigator accepts, Checkley leads them downstairs to the basement, where his friend Eugene Wilcox waits. The two men light up a joint, then offer it to the investigator. See boxed text to determine the effects partaking investigators might suffer.

Young Wilcox is already quite high from the marijuana, and an empty liquor glass is spotted nearby. Perhaps his parents’ fears are not wholly unfounded.

Happy to make small talk, Wilcox sours if an investigator says anything disparaging about the Vargas. “You sound like my parents,” he slurs. “You know what I’d do if I found out they were lying to me?” he asks. “I’d have to shoot them, I would,” he says, not waiting for an answer, then pulls out of his coat pocket a small, nickel-plated Derringer which he waves around carelessly. “Bang!” he says, then laughs,

TWO TALES OF ARKHAM

putting the gun back inside his jacket. Checkley laughs as well and passes the joint.

Wilcox remains in the basement with his smoking buddy until a gong sounds later in the evening, announcing the beginning of the “Invocation of Bacchus.” If an investigator socializes with Wilcox, they realize the young man is infatuated with the Countess.

REEFER MADNESS

Marijuana is classified as a psychoactive drug. It heightens awareness and users become more sensitive to detail (+10% to **Spot Hidden** and **Listen**).

The drug also alters a user’s perception of time; an hour may feel like two or three. Physical effects include reddened eyes, slurred speech, and physical clumsiness. For additional, specific effects, each player whose character is smoking the drug must roll 1D6.

- 1-2:** Starts laughing and finds it difficult to stop.
- 3:** Feels anxious and uneasy, and wants to leave the party right away and get some fresh air.
- 4:** Starts to chatter away on almost any subject that comes up, then loses his train of thought.
- 5-6:** Hit with a sudden, inexplicable desire to eat food, then heads upstairs to the dining room.

THE CONSERVATORY

This room is built off the back of the house and features a glass-windowed wall and overhead. An older man stands out here, lecturing to two young women who seem entranced by his presence. Gerrhardt Wvinch is a professional psychic and medium, and a friend of Ariadne.

Wvinch is talking to the women about a séance he hosted the other evening with them and Ariadne. If an investigator approaches the trio he hears the man say, in a thick German accent, “...believe there’s nothing to fear. Sometimes things happen we don’t expect,” then cuts it short when he realizes there is a stranger in their midst. “But we’ll try another evening. I’m sure we’ll have more success.”

Thirty-three years old, Wvinch was born in Germany. At a young age, he suffered a serious head injury and now claims he can communicate with the dead. His long hair is silvery-white, and he keeps it combed straight back. He usually dresses in black.

“Good evening,” he says, extending his hand. “Gerrhardt Wvinch, professional spiritualist, at your service,” he introduces himself, bowing slightly.

Wvinch is no charlatan. He does display an actual talent

for communicating with the dead, and charges \$20 per session, whether successful or not. He is more than happy to make small talk with the new arrival and even gives them a card. Before the two young women get restless and head back into the house, while Wvinch tells a story about falling out of a tree when just a young boy, and injuring his head. “Ever since,” he says, “I’ve been able to speak with the dead.” Anyone making a **Psychology** roll on Wvinch realizes the man apparently believes what he’s saying.

He will not extrapolate on the conversation he was having with the young women if investigators are rude enough to ask. As for the Countess, he lifts his glass in a toast. “To her, and all like her,” he says, then downs his drink. He then excuses himself, explaining it’s time to refresh his glass.

THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN

If the investigators manage to catch up with the two young ladies that were speaking with Wvinch, they’ll find the pair more willing to talk. “It was so weird!” blonde Lorraine says. “Like in a movie,” adds Laura, her friend.

The girls explain how Ariadne had hosted a séance party a couple weeks ago, with Wvinch. “There were only six of us,” says Laura. “We sat in a circle around the dining room table,” Lorraine chimes in.

It was a great lark, they say, until near the end, when Ariadne asked Gerrhardt to try and contact her dead mother back in Hungary. “Everything was going fine,” Laura says, “but then Gerrhardt starting growling, and making awful noises.” “Like he was choking on something,” Lorraine says.

Then Ariadne began screaming, and fell out of her chair, trying to get under the table, horrified by something. Wvinch himself tried to stand up, then vomited before falling to his knees.

“Zoltan was really angry,” Lorraine explains. “He was yelling at Gerrhardt.”

Both recovered in a manner of minutes, but it spelled the end of the evening, and everybody went home early. “Too bad,” Lorraine says. “I was next, and I wanted to talk to my dead Uncle Rudolph and ask him where he hid the million dollars.” She elbows her friend in the ribs, laughing. Giggling, the two women head off.

Without realizing what he was doing, Wvinch somehow reached out and made fleeting contact with Ariadne’s



“dream mother” Atlach-Nacha. As horrifying as it was Wvinch has dismissed the event as an anomaly. He has but little knowledge of the Cthulhu Mythos, and no particular understanding.

THE UPSTAIRS

If the investigators wander upstairs before the toast, there is a 25% chance they interrupt an amorous encounter between a couple of guests in the unoccupied bedroom. Otherwise, the room is unoccupied and mainly unused. Large watermarks on the ceiling and one wall testify to the room’s leaky roof.

Nothing of interest is found in Zoltan Varga’s room. In the maid’s bedroom, investigators find a romance magazine lying on the nightstand. It’s in English.

Ariadne’s decorated her room to be as sumptuous and exotic as possible, complete with a lighted vanity, a sitting area, and a four-poster bed hung with heavy brocade curtains. Generic paintings—barely more than calendar art—adorn the walls, and cheap knick-knacks are arranged on shelves and tabletops. A stack of movie magazines fills the seat of a chair.

THE “INVOCATION OF BACCHUS”

At a time chosen by the Keeper, a gong sounds from somewhere in the foyer. Conversations sputter and die, and most of the guests head for the front of the house. Standing on the stairs, Countess Ariadne Varga smiles down on those

FAUX PAS

Despite Professor Morgan’s best efforts to avoid her, at some point in the evening, he crosses paths with Dottie Harris, the student working in the kitchen. Muttered words are exchanged, then Dottie shouts, “You pig!” and tosses a half-empty drink at the older man. “To hell with you and your stupid class,” she says, then stomps out the front door, untying her apron and throwing it on the floor as she goes. Embarrassed by the scene, Professor Morgan wipes himself off, then also leaves the party.

Ariadne is heard to say, “Dahlings, you simply can’t get good help anymore.”

Dottie and her professor had a short fling last semester, then Morgan broke it off, claiming she was “too hot-headed.” He later flunked her in his class, adding salt to the wound.

she believes are her adoring followers. She raises her wine glass and calls out in a clear voice, “To Bacchus, patron of wine and revelry!”

The crowd responds resoundingly, “To Bacchus!” and all drink.

“To love, to life, to youth everlasting! To Immortality!” “May our bell never toll!” roars the response, and everyone takes another drink.

Ariadne glows at her audience then descends the steps to take the hand of a young man waiting near the stairs—none other than Eugene Wilcox, the young man investigators have been hired to watch over. The two chat briefly, then Ariadne places her arm in his, and they walk up the stairs.

Standing nearby, Stewart Portman and Bartholomew Appley, fret and mumble, jealous they were not picked. Appley says good night, then turns and heads out the front door. If the investigators follow him, they see him wander from car to car, finally choose one, then, after some trouble getting it started, roar off in Stewart Portman’s new Lincoln town car.

WHEN GOOD TIMES GO BAD

The party resumes as people return to their conversations, and maybe make another trip to the bar. Ten minutes later there is a loud bang and a crash from upstairs. A gunshot.

A plate is dropped, shattering to pieces on the floor; conversations halt in mid-sentence. Zoltan Varga bolts up the stairs to the second floor, the source of the gunshot.

At the top of the stairs, Zoltan rushes to the closed door of Ariadne’s bedroom. He tries to push it open, but oddly, it springs back on him.

At the far end of the upstairs hallway, a man struggles with a latched window, desperately trying to get it open. It is Stewart Portman.

PORTMAN AT THE WINDOW

It is likely investigators will try to detain the suspect Portman, who appears to be trying to make an escape. He does not physically resist but is verbally abusive. “I don’t need to justify myself to the likes of you! If you have an issue, take it up with my lawyer. I’m leaving.”

Investigators, again, may detain him, he will not resort to violence. If they allow him to push past him, he heads downstairs and out the door, intending to get in his car and drive home.

The lascivious Portman had earlier sneaked upstairs and was listening at Ariadne’s door when the gunshot went off. He panicked, and when he heard people coming up the stairs, tried to escape out the window.

ARIADNE'S BOUDOIR

Zoltan Varga continues to try to force his way into Ariadne's bedroom, but the door is too much for him. With a little help from an investigator or two, the door finally bursts open, snapping loose several narrow strands of an odd, sticky white rope-like substance that had been stretched over the doorway.

Young Eugene Wilcox lies on the floor, his shattered head surrounded by a pool of blood soaking into the Oriental rug. His Derringer lies next to the body, emptied. There are powder burns around the young man's mouth and a gaping exit wound in the top of his head. **Sanity** loss is 0/1D4 points. The bedroom window stands wide open.

Zoltan looks up. "Where's Ariadne?" and bolts to the open window.

Ariadne lies on the ground below, curled up in the dark. She doesn't move. Zoltan rushes downstairs and out the front door.

If investigators want to take a sample of the odd spiderweb material, now is the time. Made partially of dream stuff, the web only survives in our atmosphere for about ten minutes before completely evaporating. Any specimen taken needs to be kept in an airtight container or, again, it will quickly evaporate, leaving no trace of its presence.

ARIADNE IN SHOCK

Ariadne is regaining consciousness by the time Zoltan reaches her side. Her dress is torn in several places, but the shrubbery broke her fall and she doesn't seem to be suffering from any serious injuries; in fact, she shows very few scrapes and scratches.

Back inside, Zoltan seats her in a chair in the library and gets her a glass of brandy. Word of the death upstairs has already spread through the party and most of the guests are taking the opportunity to leave. "The police have been notified," Zoltan says. "Please, if you're not directly involved, I'd suggest you take this opportunity to leave."

He directs Frida to lock away the liquor, then turns his attention back to Ariadne.

The house quickly empties out, but the investigators may choose to linger. Zoltan will again invite them to leave, in stronger terms this time around. If the investigators introduce themselves as agents of the Wilcox family—the parents of the young man lying dead upstairs—Zoltan relents. "Then I'm sure the police will want to speak with you, as well," he grumbles.

Gerrhardt Wvinch walks by, looking more pale than usual. "And you," Zoltan shouts at the spiritualist. "You stay away from her, you and your magic mumbo-jumbo." Wvinch slinks out of the house.

Ariadne, still regaining her senses, keeps mumbling how Wilcox pulled out a gun and threatened her with it. She says she opened the window and was threatening to jump when he suddenly put the gun in his own mouth and

pulled the trigger. She was so startled, she says, that she lost her grip and fell, remembering nothing else until she woke up on the ground, her uncle by her side.

THE POLICE ARRIVE

The police arrive about ten minutes after the shooting. Arkham police detective Ray Stuckey, accompanied by a uniformed officer, gets out of the car, only to be accosted by an angry Stewart Portman, (provided he is not being detained by the investigators). Portman, arrogant as ever, is angered about his missing car and demands the detective do something about it.

"Do you want me to waste time finding your car while there's a dead body up in that house?" Stuckey asks sarcastically. "Let's say we keep the death toll at just one tonight, pal," and shoves Portman aside.

Inside, Stuckey makes a quick examination of the scene, concluding that, as Ariadne has described, it was suicide. "Had he been drinking?" the detective asks. "Not that I know of," answers Zoltan.

A hearse shortly arrives, and the body is taken away. Stuckey leaves to notify Wilcox's parents, and Zoltan takes the opportunity to usher any remaining investigators out. "My niece needs her rest. I'm sure you understand."

THE NEXT DAY

The Wilcoxes mourn the loss of their son Eugene. His sudden death is a near-mortal blow to the father. While he suspected something was amiss, he did not anticipate anything like this and blames the Vargas. Now sure the pair are up to no good, he insists the investigators remain on the job, even though it can do Eugene no good. He will, of course, continue to pay for their services.

Grace, the matriarch, is not surprised by anything the investigators find (except any evidence of the supernatural, which she dismisses out of hand). She knew Ariadne was a "bad egg" from the beginning.

BASIC LIBRARY RESEARCH

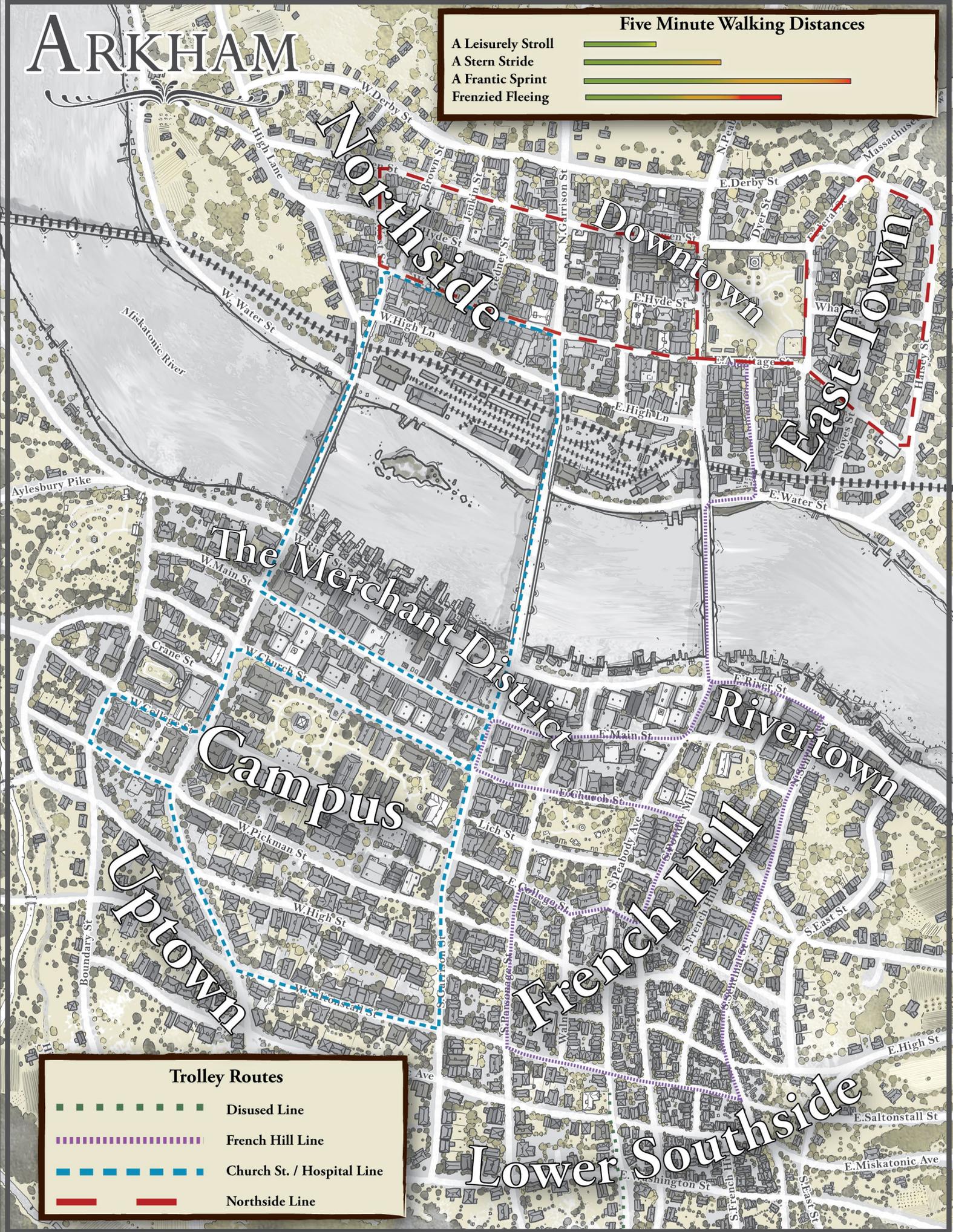
Investigators may choose to do a little research on Hungarian family names, nobility, the aftermath of the Great War, etc. Successful **Library Use** rolls reveal the following:

- ✘ **Varga Name:** Although Varga is a familiar Hungarian name, there is no record of a Varga of royal or noble lineage.
- ✘ **Displaced Nobility:** Similarly, though there was some disruption following the Great War, there is no historical record of political purges, or of refugee nobles forced to flee the country.

ARKHAM

Five Minute Walking Distances

- A Leisurely Stroll
- A Stern Stride
- A Frantic Sprint
- Frenzied Fleeing



Trolley Routes

- Disused Line
- French Hill Line
- Church St. / Hospital Line
- Northside Line

MANTON & MANTON REALTORS

A check of town records shows the house on Halsey Street is managed by Manton & Manton, their office on the Northside, on the second floor of the Tower Building. The company's manager, Terry Manton, is reluctant to talk about his clients, or their tenants, saying only that the Halsey Street tenant has been renting for four months, and the rent is paid on time, every month. "In cash," he winks.

ARKHAM POLICE

The police have nothing on the Vargas, save a single noise complaint filed against them six weeks ago. According to the officer, the Vargas apologized to the neighbor immediately, even offering him a small amount of money—\$20—for his inconvenience. There have been no further complaints.

ANALYZING THE WEBBING

If the investigators thought to take a sample of the sticky strands they found clinging to the back of Ariadne's bedroom door, a **Natural World** roll reveals it to be very much like a spider's web, though much larger, of course.

If they attempt chemical analysis, three successful **Science (Chemistry)** rolls seem to back up the hypothesis, though some of the material's constituents remain unidentified. If they submit it to a laboratory or other skilled chemist, they will get much the same result. In either case, the material barely survives the few minutes required to run the simple tests before it completely evaporates.

TAILING ZOLTAN

Investigators may want to tail Zoltan, to find out what he's up to. But the old con-man is wary. The job is best left to a single investigator, especially one who's not had a face-to-face meeting with the uncle, and even better if different investigators run the tail day to day. The Keeper may allow investigators to use **Disguise**, though it may be tested at some point.

Saturday

Both Zoltan and Ariadne stay inside all day, apparently cleaning up after last night's party. Frida emerges from the house about 1 p.m. to dump a bundle of bloody sheets in the trash can.

Sunday

Sunday morning both Zoltan and Ariadne, dressed for the occasion, leave the house at 10 a.m. and take a cab to catch the late morning mass at St. Stanislaus Catholic Church, on the Southside. After church, they have lunch at a nearby

restaurant. They get back home a little after 3 p.m. and stay in the house for the rest of the day.

Monday

As every weekday, the older man arises early, leaving his house at 8:00 a.m., and heads to a local diner two blocks away, where he eats the same breakfast every morning: French toast with bacon on the side, and coffee.

He then returns home Monday and is not seen outside the house the rest of the day.

Tuesday

Other than breakfast, Zoltan spends most of the day in his house, emerging at 5:00 p.m. and getting into a taxi he's called. The taxi lets him off at an address across town, a large home in the upscale Uptown neighborhood. He spends most of the evening in the house, leaving shortly after 10 p.m. to take a taxi back to the Halsey Street house.

With a little digging, investigators can learn the house belongs to Sylvia Addison, sixty-five years old, a widow for ten years, and heir to a considerable fortune. What they won't learn is that Zoltan visits the widow once a week for dinner, and "entertainment." She has already contributed a few small sums of money toward the legal fund he's established, but in a few short days, he expects her to deliver a lump sum of slightly more than \$10,000.

Wednesday

Wednesday evening Zoltan plays Bridge with a few well-heeled gentlemen in the Uptown neighborhood. His host is one of the marks he's been teasing since before he came to Arkham. Once again traveling by taxi, he arrives at his host's home around 7:30 in the evening, bearing a covered basket with a bottle of brandy in it—a gift for his host.

Zoltan has used the Bridge night to meet and make friends with a number of monied people in Arkham. Losing as often as he wins, he uses the opportunity to work on possible marks. So far, he's scored with two of them.

Thursday

After breakfast this morning, Zoltan unexpectedly heads straight to the train station and boards a coach for Boston. An investigator may follow if he or she wishes.

Once in Boston, Zoltan heads for a nearby park and there meets a man sitting on a bench. The man holds a large manila envelope.

Remaining at a reasonable distance, an investigator making a **Listen** roll hears Zoltan say, "I've brought the money..." "...you have the negatives?" "...are you sure these are all of them?" Although the conversation is cryptic, Zoltan's complete lack of Hungarian accent is impossible to miss. If the investigator then makes a **Listen** roll with a bonus die when the stranger is talking, he hears him call Zoltan "Devon" or "Devon McCoy."

The stranger hands Zoltan the manila envelope and Zoltan hands the man a business-sized envelope, obviously

THE REELING MIDNIGHT

stuffed with something. The stranger makes to shake hands with Zoltan, but the older man brushes him off, stands up, turns his back, and walks away from him.

Zoltan's path takes him right near the investigator, and he will give the investigator a sharp look. Whether or not he recognizes the investigator depends on whether they've actually met, the quality of the disguise, etc. In any event, Zoltan suspects the investigator is following him and if the investigator persists, Zoltan confronts them. His Hungarian accent in full swing, he berates the investigator and promises he'll be attending no more parties at the Varga House. And he means it. This investigator will not be admitted.

If the investigator somehow manages to avoid Zoltan's suspicion, they can follow him to a local, somewhat upscale restaurant where Zoltan enjoys a late lunch before heading back to the train station and Arkham. Once home, he will burn the envelope, and its contents, in the fireplace.

A SLEAZY PHOTOGRAPHER

If the investigator follows the stranger, he'll be led to a small photographer's studio. The owner, Hal Partland, forty years old, unlocks the front door and steps inside, flipping the "Open For Business" sign around as he goes.

Hal Partland has \$2000 in his pocket and a back room full of illegal pornography stuffed into filing cabinets. But he'll assume the investigator who follows him in is a legitimate client.

The investigator may do his best with **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, and **Persuade**, but there's no way Partland will expose his business dealings with the man in the park, nor will he tell the investigator about the back room full of pornographic—and felonious—photos. The investigator will have to resort to an **Intimidate** check with violence, or bribery.

A good beating or \$50 will get the name of Devon McCoy out of Partland. "He's a con-man," Partland says. It will take an extra good beating or at least \$100 to get him to admit he was shaking the old man down. "His girlfriend had me do some magazine photos of her a few years ago. Now, she's decided she wants them back, I guess." If asked what kind of magazine, Partland answers, "Special magazines. You know the kind, magazines for gentlemen." He can tell investigators the woman's name is Ariadne Madden.

Friday

After breakfast, Zoltan heads back to the house, and spends the entire day there, preparing for the evening's party.

MORE BOSTON INFORMATION

If an investigator takes the time and has the right connections, he or she might learn more about Devon McCoy. An all-day search in the morgue of the Boston Globe, coupled with a successful Library Use roll, turns up the name in a 1922 story about a Ponzi scheme broken up by Boston detectives. A man named Devon McCoy was convicted of aiding and abetting and sentenced to a year in prison. If the investigator has, or can forge a connection with the Boston Police Department, they can learn the same thing, though the police add that McCoy has had a few arrests over the years that didn't make the papers. They have only a few complaints about, and no arrests for, a woman named Ariadne Madden. Last known addresses for the pair are a couple of years old and considered useless. However, the address last given by Ariadne is that of her childhood home in Boston's South End.

THE MADDEN HOUSEHOLD

The address is that of a modest row house. Ariadne's father, Dennis Madden, is at home, having retired earlier this year. He is dressed in a dirty sleeveless t-shirt and is three days past a good shave. He tells investigators in a thick Boston accent that, "I got nothin' ta say ta ya about my daughtah or anythin' else." He tells them he hasn't seen her in about five years. "I got two other daughtahs that are good girls. She can go to hell for all I care."

ARKHAM ADVERTISER,

ISER BODY IDENTIFIED AS MISSING MAN'S

BY ROBERTA HENRY

A body found in an alley last week in Arkham's East Town has been positively identified as that of Roger Hudson, 23-years old, a resident and native of Arkham. Hudson went missing last week, according to police reports. The body was in an advanced state of decay, and had probably been lying undiscovered for the better part of a week, according to medical examiner Ephraim Sprague. Although autopsy results are not complete, it is believed Hudson died of a heart attack. Funeral services will be held next week, and Hudson will be buried in Christchurch Cemetery.

WORDING IN WILL COSTS STAMFORD

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TAILING ARIADNE

Ariadne sleeps later than Zoltan, rarely getting out of the house before 10 a.m.—after she's had Frida make her breakfast. She is less wary than Zoltan, making following her an easier proposition. Regardless, as with Zoltan, investigators might want to alternate who tails her from day to day.

Saturday

Both Zoltan and Ariadne stay inside all day, apparently cleaning up after last night's party. Frida emerges from the house about 1 p.m. and puts a bundle of bloody sheets in the trash can.

Sunday

Sunday, Ariadne attends St. Stanislaus Church in the company of Zoltan. After lunch on the Southside, the pair return home around 3 p.m. and spend the rest of the day at home.

Monday

Monday is shopping day. Ariadne's first stop is the Woolworth's store on Church Street, in the Merchant District. She whiles away an hour or two, picking up one or two knick-knacks for her bedroom, then treats herself to lunch at the soda counter—an egg salad sandwich with potato chips, and a lemon Coke.

She'll spend the afternoon prowling the shops in the Merchant District, making a small purchase here and there, gabbing with the shop owners in her thick Hungarian accent. She's well known to most of the merchants and, while rarely spending any large amount of money, she at least makes regular, if small, purchases. She makes sure to pick up recent copies of *Boxoffice* and *Photoplay* magazines, both monthly periodicals catering to film fans.

She heads back to the house around 4 p.m. and spends the evening at home with her Uncle Zoltan.

Tuesday

Ariadne stays in the house past noon, emerging about 12:30 to take a cab to the French Hill district, where she has the cab wait for her while she visits Almen's Flower Shop. A few minutes later she comes out carrying two wrapped bundles of flowers and gets back in the cab.

They continue to the Southside where the cab finally lets her off at the entrance to Christchurch Cemetery. The gates are open and she proceeds into the cemetery on foot.

Several people are visiting the cemetery today, and Ariadne will pay no particular attention to another stranger in the area. An investigator following her finds her stopping at a fairly

senator was renominated in April by his party.

HOUSE FIRE CLAIMS ONE LIFE

BY ROBERTA HENRY

The Arkham Fire Department responded to a call early Wednesday morning to find a house, believed to be abandoned, completely engulfed in flames. The fire was extinguished within an hour, but it was not till the next day a body was discovered amongst the ashes.

Now identified as Bradford Taylor, the 19-year old was formerly a student at Miskatonic University studying biology, but dropped out last semester. Apparently Taylor, estranged from his parents, had been squatting in the vacant structure the last couple months, according to neighbors.

At first thought an arson, the fire has now been ruled accidental, most likely caused by careless smoking.

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The Reeling Midnight Papers #3

fresh grave, where she kneels down, makes a sign of the cross, then places one of the bundles of flowers near the headstone. Back on her feet, she stands with head bowed for a few minutes, as if saying some silent prayer, then takes her leave. A few minutes later, some hundred yards away, she locates a second grave where she repeats the process. Again, the grave appears fairly recent. Finishing her visits, she returns to the cemetery's front gates, calls a cab from a nearby store, and returns home for the day.

If the investigator checks the headstones of two graves she visited they read: Bradford Taylor, nineteen years old, with a date of death two weeks ago, and Roger Hudson, twenty-three years old, his date of death approximately four weeks ago.

Wednesday

Ariadne gets her hair and nails done at Miss Jenny's Beauty Parlor in the Merchant

District. A four-hour process, she rounds off the afternoon with a couple of hours shopping before heading home.

Thursday

Ariadne stays home all day, while Frida leaves to do the shopping for tomorrow night's party. Two gentleman visitors make calls at the house, arriving on foot after parking their cars a block or two away. The first arrives just before noon and spends about an hour at the house. The second man arrives around 1:30. Investigators will not see him leave. Frida returns home around 3:30 p.m.

That evening, Ariadne and Zoltan together build a fire in the fireplace.

Friday

Home all day, likely preparing for the evening's festivities.

THE TWO GRAVES

Investigators will have little trouble matching up the names with some recent events. A little research at the *Advertiser* turns up two recent stories. See *The Reeling Midnight Papers* #s 2 and 3.

THE ARKHAM POLICE

Both cases have been assigned to Detective Stuckey, whom investigators may have already met. Stuckey is brief, almost hostile toward investigators. "Both cases are closed. Accidents. Talk to the medical examiner if you want." He insists the cases are not connected in any way. As per his usual, Stuckey smells strongly of alcohol.

AT THE ARKHAM MORGUE

The bodies of the two victims are long buried, but the autopsy reports, as well as photographs of the two victims, are on file. To gain access to this information, however, the investigators need ties to local or federal law enforcement, or some other official connection. Otherwise, medical examiner Dr. Ephraim Sprague will not allow them to see the files. However, investigators may have past dealings with the medical examiner, enough to convince Sprague to give them the access they want. Or the Keeper might allow **Persuade** rolls if the investigators can present evidence that convinces Sprague something is not right about the two cases. If Sprague is not present, morgue attendant Robert Dent is in charge, and susceptible to bribes. \$10 usually does the trick.

Roger Hudson

The official cause of death is listed as a heart attack. In truth, the autopsy proved inconclusive, as the body had lain undiscovered for nearly a week, exposed to the elements, making it difficult for Sprague to make an accurate call. The body showed evidence of bite marks, particularly around the throat, but, according to Sprague, this was due to animal scavengers that had fed on parts of the body. Sprague notes the body was partially mummified, attributable to the cool, dry weather Arkham had been experiencing that week.

The file contains several photographs of the body, which may cost investigators viewing them 0/1 **Sanity** points. As noted in the autopsy report, the body is notably dried and shriveled. A close-up of the corpse's neck wounds shows significant tissue damage. Any investigator viewing the photo who makes a **Natural World** roll has reason to question Sprague's report. The two, large circular wounds do not look anything like the typical bite marks of dogs or cats.

Bradford Taylor

The report lists smoke inhalation as the probable cause of death, though the report notes the body was severely burned in the house fire, making an accurate assessment difficult.

Photos of the corpse show a badly burned body, arms raised in the "pugilist" position typical of extreme burn victims. Again, viewing the photos costs investigators 0/1 points of **Sanity**. If an investigator made a **Natural World**

roll viewing the previous photographs, this person is sure he spots evidence of similar wounds on Taylor's throat.

THE VICTIM'S FAMILIES

Tracking down the families of the victims should not prove difficult. Both men are listed in the city directory, both residing at their parents' homes.

Roger Hudson's Family

Hudson's parents, Edwin and Beatrice, still mourn the loss of their son. They tell investigators that Roger was "a bright boy" who liked his job as a department manager at Gleason's Department Store downtown, and who seemed to have a career ahead of him. They have no idea what actually happened to him, or how he came to be in that particular neighborhood.

If the investigators can manage a **Persuade** roll, Edwin opens up a little bit. "He was doing an awful lot of socializing lately," Edwin says. "And keeping some late nights. I spoke with him about it once, but he told me not to worry, nothing would get in the way of his job."

Only if the investigators bring up the Varga house, and its Friday night parties, do the parents recall Roger talking about a big house in East Town, and the parties being held there. He had said he'd been invited by one of his customers at Gleason's.

Bradford Taylor's Family

Bradford's mother and father are also mourning, but Bradford's father, Allen, has less good to say about his son. "It's not surprising he came to a bad end," Allen says. "A few months ago he stopped attending classes and then finally dropped out of the university." Allen explains he and his son had "a row" that ended when the elder Taylor told his son to "get out of the house." The Taylors saw very little of him after that, although Martha, Bradford's mother, says he occasionally stopped by the house to visit her, always when his father was at work.

They know nothing of the Vargas or the Friday night parties.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Both young men fell victim to Ariadne's madness. She followed Roger Hudson out of the mansion one night after her party. The couple walked the streets for a while, then Ariadne lured the young man down an alley. Here, she underwent a terrible change and killed him. She quickly covered the body with trash, then fled the scene and returned home.

Two weeks later, again overcome by strange urges, she went walking late at night, and came across Bradford Taylor, who had taken up residence in the abandoned house. Once again, in her madness, she killed the young man and then set fire to the house.

A SÉANCE WITH GERRHARDT WVINCH

If the investigators arrange a séance with Wvinch, he sets the time for the session at 8 pm, to be held in either an investigator's home or a rented hotel room. Wvinch arrives promptly at 7:55, on foot, carrying a large candle in a paper bag. He darkens the room, closing the shades or curtains, then instructs everyone to sit around a table. He lights the candle, sets it in the middle of the table, then sits down. He asks the group to join hands.

"Let your minds relax," Wvinch says. "Let your energy flow to me." He closes his eyes. "Where are you? Where is the one that reached out to me before?"

Nothing happens.

"I beseech you," Wvinch pleads, raising his voice. "Where is the one?"

The candle gutters, as though in a breeze, yet the room has not even the hint of a draft.

"You are here?" Wvinch asks, eyes still closed.

The odor of something burnt fills the room. One of the walls suddenly, and inexplicably, creaks.

Wvinch opens his eyes. "Come to me now!" he demands. Investigators holding Wvinch's hands feel him tighten up, squeezing their hands almost to the point of pain. There are more creaks in the walls. Then, with an unexpected bang, the wooden table top suddenly splits wide open, toppling the candle, plunging the room into semi-darkness.

"I am the mother!" Wvinch screams out, his voice barely human. He bolts upright from the table, his eyes glowing an unearthly red. Two long fangs sprout from his mouth, reaching almost to his chin. Investigators lose 1/1D3 **Sanity** points.

"Begone intruders! Atlach-Nacha reigns here!" he screams. With that, Wvinch twists his head around at an unnatural angle and sinks the long fangs into his own shoulder. He then turns and collapses on the floor writhing violently, foaming at the mouth.

Lights back on, the investigators find Wvinch is now quiet, but unresponsive. In a catatonic state, he needs treatment and should be taken to the hospital. Wvinch is eventually transferred to Arkham Sanitarium where, after 2D8 weeks of treatment he will be deemed cured, then released.

Investigators who make a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll recognize Atlach-Nacha as a spider-goddess once revered by the ancient Hyperboreans. She is said to dwell at the center of the universe where she weaves the webs of time itself. Hyperborean priests and wizards often contacted her through dreams.

Otherwise, investigators might learn this information researching any appropriate Mythos tomes they may have in their possession. At the Miskatonic University Library, investigators might locate a book of speculative myth titled *Tales of Mythic Hyperborea*. One of the stories tells of a young woman who, afraid of losing her youth and beauty, strikes a deal with Atlach-Nacha, who promises the young girl eternal life and youthfulness in exchange for the young girl bearing the spider-goddess' children. Not surprisingly, the story has an unhappy ending.

ODDS & ENDS

A few people at last Friday night's party may have caught the investigators' attention.

STEWART PORTMAN

Assuming they learned his name, Portman is easy to track down through the Arkham City Directory. He will not talk on the phone, and if visited at his sprawling home at 299 W. Pickman Street, is abusive. "You have no business with me. If you do not desist, I will have my attorney contact you."

Portman is innocent of any wrongdoing last Friday night, but his arrogance precludes explaining himself to strangers.

His Lincoln town car, recovered the day after the party, sits in his driveway, a large dent in the front fender. Portman plans to sue Apley for damages.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS MORGAN

Professor Morgan, fearing for his reputation around the university, is hesitant to talk with strangers. He declines meeting with investigators in his office, saying he is too busy. If the investigators can make a **Persuade** roll, he agrees to meet them for a few minutes at a nearby diner.

Asked about the altercation with Dottie Harris, he explains she is a disgruntled student who failed his class. "I tried to help the girl as much as I could," he says. "She, unfortunately, simply does not have the aptitude."

Under no circumstances does he reveal his affair with the student; it would cost him his job.

GERRHARDT WVINCH

Wvinch lives in a modest apartment in the Terrace Building at 611 Gedney Street in Arkham's Northside neighborhood. He will agree to meet with investigators, should they contact him, but only at a local restaurant, not his home.

If asked about the séance he conducted at the Varga house, he admits the evening did not go well. "I'm not always in control of my powers," he confides. "Often I meet spirits I'm not seeking. In the Countess's case, I'm not sure what I came across." If an investigator makes a **Psychology** roll, they realize Wvinch seems almost fearful.

Gerrhardt tells the truth. In fact, he has lately come to actually doubt his abilities. In Germany, as a young boy, the visions and spirits came to him unbidden, often asking for help. Young Gerrhardt helped local police on several cases, one time actually tracking down a man who had murdered two young girls. Since coming to America five years ago, and no longer employed in his father's shoe shop, he turned to his powers in order to earn a living.

THE REELING MIDNIGHT

At first, he experienced a measure of success, by his own account achieving the desired contact at least once out of every four sessions, and most of his clients would, sooner or later, be satisfied. But as time went on, and the money became increasingly important, his abilities seemed to wane. Soon, he was forced to faking contacts, prodding clients with questions he could follow up on, and make his act sound believable. He even resorted to a couple of mechanical contraptions to create sounds in his apartment, and “embellish” the atmosphere. Prior to the events of the ill-fated séance at the Varga house two weeks ago, Gerrhardt had not made a successful contact in over a year and feared his powers had left him for good. Now, although fearful of the spirit that possessed him that night, he is almost anxious to attempt it again, hoping it signals a return of his abilities.

Gerrhardt agrees to a séance with the investigators but insists it be conducted at an investigator residence. He does not wish these inquisitive strangers in his home, where they might discover his ruse. At the very least, Wvinch will insist they rent a hotel room for the evening.

THE LAST WALTZ

Friday night’s party is a comparatively subdued affair, with perhaps half the usual crowd. Some have stayed away out of respect for the young man who last week committed

suicide. Others wish to avoid the place because of a growing sense of potential public scandal.

Zoltan wanted to cancel the affair. He and Ariadne have train tickets out of Arkham early tomorrow afternoon, and, given the suicide last week, he sees no need to draw further attention to themselves. But Ariadne insisted. If it was going to be her last night in town, then certainly she should host one more affair. Her “friends and admirers” would be disappointed if she didn’t. Zoltan finally relented.

Eric Luttgart is here again, at the piano in the sitting room, but the music is mostly subdued. He plays a pop tune, but few, if any, join in. He resorts to a Chopin nocturne. Arrogant as ever, Stewart Portman has chosen to attend and hangs near the bar.

The library is nearly empty, occupied by a single couple, and no one in the conservatory beyond.

A few people mingle in the parlor, conversing quietly. The card table sits unoccupied.

The raucous group in the dining room is much the same as last week and seems unmoved. The young man has again brought his phonograph, and the dancers are as energetic as ever.

A couple of students are here, working in the kitchen while Frida moves through the house, serving the guests. Checkley is in the basement, sharing a joint with a couple of new friends.



ZOLTAN AND ARIADNE

The host and hostess roam about the house, occasionally stopping to chat with guests. Ariadne is bright, and loud, perhaps even more outgoing than usual. Zoltan, by contrast, is subdued, even sullen. He seems to be keeping an eye on Ariadne who, for her part, seems to be avoiding the older gentleman however possible. She finds reasons to leave the room anytime Zoltan shows up.

A CONFRONTATION

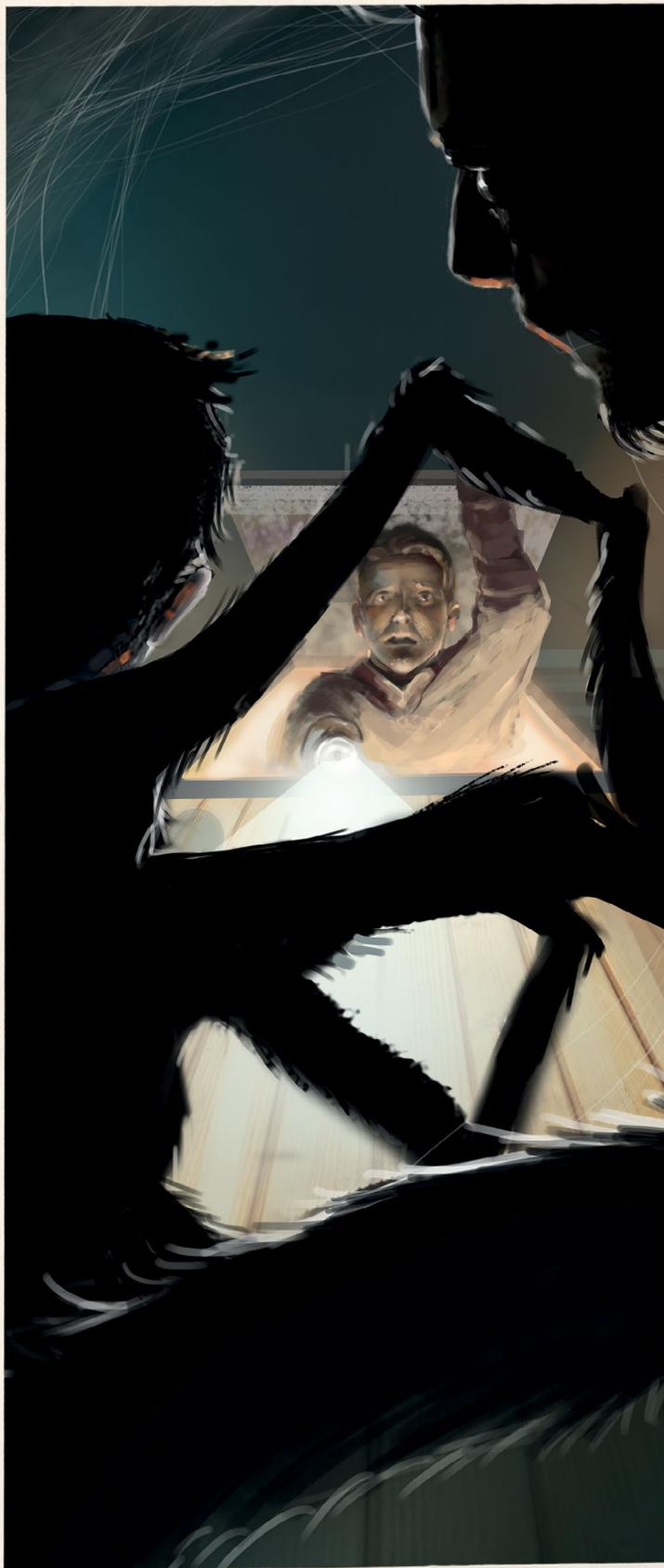
Eventually, Zoltan catches up with Ariadne in the sitting room. Cornering her, he leans over, clutching her arm, whispering something in her ear. He looks angry.

Ariadne listens, her eyes growing wider, then she lashes out: "I've heard enough," she says. "Leave me alone!" She pulls away from him and stalks out of the room, brushing past Portman, turning into the foyer, and heading up the stairs. Zoltan follows, close behind her. "Wait!" he shouts, but she ignores him.

As Zoltan heads up the stairs, Ariadne's bedroom door slams shut. Frida, drawn by the commotion also shows up in the foyer, looking concerned. She stands on the bottom step and, should any guest try to follow the pair upstairs, she will attempt to block their path, gesturing mutely.

Zoltan enters Ariadne's bedroom, slamming the door behind him. Even downstairs their shouts and accusations are plainly heard. There is some kind of commotion, then a sudden strangled scream—a man's scream.

Frida glances up the stairs, concerned, and if no investigators make the first move, hustles up the steps and heads for Ariadne's bedroom. A moment later there's a scream and Frida comes running down the stairs, shrieking at the top of her lungs. "My God! She killed him! She'll kill all of us!" then plunges through the crowd, out the front door, and disappears into the night. Frida eventually finds her way back to Boston and is never seen in Arkham again.



ARIADNE'S BOUDOIR

The room is a shambles. Zoltan lies sprawled on the floor, grasping his throat. He is terribly shriveled, his dead, gray skin peeling off in great flakes. Ariadne's wardrobe hangs open, revealing a dried, shriveled corpse propped up inside. Ariadne is nowhere to be seen, but the window once again hangs open. **Sanity** loss is 1/1D6.

Zoltan is dying. As the investigators approach, he lifts his head on his shriveled neck and gasps "Ariadne..." His eyes roll back in his head, and he vomits up a disgusting mixture of blood and liquefied internal organs, causing an additional 1/1D2 **Sanity** point loss. Zoltan, aka Devon McCoy, is dead.

Whatever investigator staked out Ariadne last Thursday (if any) recognizes the desiccated corpse in the wardrobe as the man who visited the house that afternoon, but was never seen to leave.

Any investigator who pokes his head out the window sees nothing on the ground below. If this investigator is extra careful, and looks up before looking down, he or she has a chance to avoid an attack from above. A successful Dodge roll allows the investigator to duck back inside before Ariadne launches the attack.

If the investigator looks down, or fails a **Dodge** roll, Ariadne strikes with two of her legs, each capable of causing 2D6 points of damage. If both strikes are successful, Ariadne has hooked her victim and drags the unfortunate investigator out the window and up onto the roof, where she attacks with two more legs and attempts a bite, before leaving the investigator, either dead or unconscious, where they lay. Investigators witnessing the victim dragged out the window by the two giant spider legs lose 1/1D2 points of **Sanity**.

Investigators hear a brief struggle on the roof, then something large and heavy scurrying across the top of the house then down a side wall. Seconds later, there is a loud crash downstairs and screams.

ARIADNE MAD

Downstairs, Ariadne has crashed back into the house through the front door, scattering the guests, many of whom were attempting to leave after the ruckus upstairs. More spider than woman, she scurries over the hard floors on eight wildly waving legs. Her face is not her own, but that of some unholy arachnid with five glowing red eyes and sharp mandibles dripping with poison.

She heads into the dining room and grabs Stewart Portman in her clutches, holding him off the floor, over her head. "You've wanted to be this close to me for weeks," she says. "Now you have me!" She nuzzles Portman's ear. He cries out, then faints. If the investigators approach or attack, Ariadne hurls Portman at them, then scurries off into the library, heading for the kitchen "Children!" she cries. "I'm coming for you!"

Completely unhinged, Ariadne runs through the house, randomly attacking the screaming guests, circling her way back to the front staircase, avoiding the investigators' gunfire as best she can, trying to make her way to the attic entrance on the second floor.

TRAPPED

If the investigators do not bring Ariadne down, she eventually finds her way to the staircase and the second floor, possibly picking up and throwing another guest at her pursuers. Once on the second floor, she heads down the hall where, near Zoltan's bedroom door, there is an overhead entrance to the house's attic. She knocks aside the small board that covers the opening, then attempts to scramble up through it. But her spider form is too large for the opening, and she cannot force her way through. Deranged as she is, she will keep trying, even as investigators appear and fill her full of lead. "My babies!" she cries. "My babies..."

Once killed, Ariadne drops to the floor, falling on her back with her eight legs curling up above her, like any other dead spider. Then she begins to change, transforming quickly back into the young woman she was, riddled through and through by bullets.

THE ATTIC NURSERY

Investigators hear a faint scurrying noise coming from the attic above them. Anyone making a Listen roll swears they hear children's voices.

The attic entrance is a good eight feet off the floor. Entry requires a ladder, or at least a chair. Investigators can, of course, boost one of their number up. Panning a light around, the investigator sees dozens of dried carcasses scattered on the dusty floor—rats, mice, even squirrels.

There is a rustling noise in a dark corner, and a child's voice asks, "Mommy? Is that you, Mommy?"

Cowering in the corner, crawling over top of one another, are more than two dozen of Ariadne's unholy offspring, oversized spiders with the faces of humans. The abdomens of smallest specimens are fist-sized, while the largest nearly the size of a basketball. Witnesses lose 1/1D4 points of **Sanity**. On closer look, investigators recognize some of the spiders' faces: the larger children bear a striking resemblance to Zoltan Varga; the smaller ones look like Eugene Wilcox. They all have their mother's red eyes. Witnesses lose another 0/1D2 **Sanity** points.

If investigators approach the clutch of spider-things, the creatures cower in the corner. If attacked, the larger specimens swarm over the investigators—1D4+6 of **SIZ** 25 spawn, and 1D4+6 of spawn **SIZ** 30. The younger, smaller ones flee and cower in corners, crying, "Mommmyyyyyyyyyy!"

The spawns' strength is clearly in numbers. The best course of action is fire since this frightens the creatures,

TWO TALES OF ARKHAM

who flee from it. For setting the house on fire while listening to child-like cries for "Mommy" costs the investigators 2/1D4 **Sanity** points.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

If investigators remain on the scene, they will doubtless have to deal with Detective Stuckey who again shows up just in time to close the barn door. This time, however, he is clearly at a loss, with a house possibly on fire and a body count of at least three, and quite possibly more. This is a perfect moment for the investigators to offer their version of what happened and hopefully escape prosecution. If they manage to get themselves off the hook, award them 1D6 **Sanity** points.

If they managed to kill the Avatar of Atlach-Nacha, award them another 1D6+2 **Sanity** points. If they manage to kill all the Spawn of Atlach-Nacha, award them 1D3 **Sanity** points. If they manage to do all of this and can still keep the name of Wilcox out of the local papers, award them an additional 1D2 points and the sincere gratitude of a well-placed family in Arkham.

NPC'S AND MONSTERS

ZOLTAN VARGA, Master Con Artist

STR 60 **CON** 75 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 80 **POW** 65
DEX 55 **APP** 75 **EDU** 65 **SAN** 65 **HP** 14
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 5 **MP:** 13

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db, or knife 1D4 + db
Firearms (Handgun) 55% (27/11), damage 1D10 (.38 Snub Nose Revolver)

Dodge 27% (13/5)

Skills: Charm 60%, Charm Socks Off Guest 70%, Charm Pants Off Older Women 95%, Disguise 50%, Fast Talk 85%, Language (English) 80%, Language (Hungarian) 10%, Listen 55%, Persuade 80%, Psychology 95%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Age: 55

ARIADNE VARGA, Nightmare Victim

STR 45 **CON** 55 **SIZ** 50 **INT** 55 **POW** 50
DEX 65 **APP** 80 **EDU** 45 **SAN** 44 **HP** 10
DB: none. **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 25%, damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 32% (16/6)

Skills: Charm 65%, Charm Socks Off Guest 85%, Charm Pants Off Male Guest 99%, Disguise 15%, Fast Talk 75%, Language (English) 65%, Language (Hungarian) 6%, Listen 25%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 65%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Age: 28

AVATAR OF ATLACH-NACHA, Formerly Ariadne

STR 125 **CON** 150 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 100 **POW** 100
DEX 150 **HP** 22
DB: +1D6 **Build:** 2 **Move:** 15 **MP:** 20

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 70% (35/14), damage 1D6. A successful bite penetrates any armor and injects a paralyzing venom, requiring an Extreme **CON** check to negate the paralytic effect as well as halve the damage.

Fighting (Strike) 70%, damage 1D6 + db. (6 attacks if standing, 2 if crawling, or 8 when pouncing on a victim.)

Ensnare in Webbing 60% (30/15), tangles victims in webbing of STR 100.

Dodge 60% (30/12)

Armor: 2 points of hairy spider chitin.

Skills: Jump 50%, Sleight of Hand 80%, Stealth 75%.

Spells: Contact Atlach-Nacha, Summon/Bind Leng Spider

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D6+3

SPAWN OF ATLACH-NACHA

STR 30 **CON** 80 **SIZ** 10-30 **INT** 90 **POW** 90
DEX 100 **HP** 9-11
DB: -2 **Build:** -2 **Move:** 10 **MP:** 18

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 40% (20/8). A successful bite doesn't do any appreciable damage, but it penetrates any armor and injects a paralyzing venom, requiring an Extreme **CON** check to the negate paralytic effects of the venom.

Fighting (Strike) 50% (25/10), damage 1D6 damage (1D8 attacks per round)

Dodge 50% (25/10)

Armor: 1 point of hairy spider chitin.

Skills: Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 70%

WASTED YOUTH

THIS SCENARIO CAN BE UNDERTAKEN BY SMALL GROUPS OF INVESTIGATORS, WITH NO PARTICULAR PROFESSIONS REQUIRED. THE CLIMAX IS MORE PHYSICALLY DEMANDING THAN MANY SCENARIOS, AND CHARACTERS WITH EXPERIENCE IN THE OUTDOORS HAVE A CHANCE TO SHINE.

There is no strict timeline for the scenario, though as written the investigators get involved the first few days of June, right after school lets out for the summer. The precise day and date is left to the Keeper.

KEEPER INFORMATION

The 20th century is a time of great change for much of the United States. Industry continues its societal revolution, and workers from near and far are needed to keep it running. Its products promise to make life easier. The rural existence that characterized most of human history is slowly but surely shifting to one more urban and more crowded. These changes are not without troubles, of course. Bring great numbers of people together in a constricted environment, many from different cultures, and is it any wonder that frictions arise? And it is not just the “other” that gives rise to anxiety. The nature of family life itself is shaken by the modern era as older generations try to cope with a new world. But what of the young? They are at a crossroads as well, and while their developing minds perhaps comprehend less than their elders, the effects of these changes on them may have even greater consequences.

Even a sleepy college town like Arkham is not immune to these strains. In recent weeks, there’s been an increase in juvenile delinquency, particularly among grade school children. But this time the cause can be traced to the darksome history of the Miskatonic River Valley, for whatever small comfort that brings.

The Coreys are one family trying to adapt to the modern age. Formerly farmers of Dunwich, the Coreys sold their farm and moved lock, stock, and barrel to a new home in Arkham, which they imagined would provide a better, and more modern, environment for their young son and only child, Elijah.

But Elijah’s found adapting to city life difficult. His attempts to make friends with neighborhood children have met with failure, and his schoolmates view him as a “country rube.” A loner by nature, Elijah used to spend much of his

time wandering the woods and fields of Dunwich, collecting interesting specimens of insects and rocks, and on one particular trip, some odd, black goo.

THE HYPERBOREAN CONNECTION

Millennia ago, colonists from the prehistoric civilization of Hyperborea came to that part of Massachusetts now known as Dunwich. Building a city, the colonists at first flourished, fashioning great temples to their many gods. The greatest of these gods was Zhothaquah, the furry bat-toad said to live somewhere underground. The arch-priest of Zhothaquah’s cult, a wizard named Ouriv Zalothos, was an ancient man, fast nearing the end of his life. Desperate to live on, the aged priest hit upon a plan.

Sacrificing some of the temple’s guardians, the formless spawn of Zalothos’ god, the priest was able to distill an essence of their plastic forms that would house and protect his spirit even as his mortal body died and decayed. As his time of death neared, Zalothos transferred his spirit to the black substance, and his acolytes hid it away in an underground chamber beneath the temple.

But the process was not complete. For the next several years the priests of Zhothaquah were required to perform certain rites and rituals—including the blood sacrifice of Hyperborean children—before Zalothos could rise again.

Unfortunately, before the rituals could be completed, the once thriving colony suddenly collapsed. The Hyperboreans dispersed across the wilds, leaving their temples to fall to ruin, and leaving the spirit of Zalothos still trapped in the tarry ooze hidden in a temple basement.

But Zalothos’ will was strong, and the priest would not be denied. Though it took centuries, Zalothos slowly oozed his way up through the ruins, eventually finding his way to the surface.

ZALOTHOS IN DUNWICH

Less than a year later, an adventurous farm boy named Elijah Corey chanced upon the near immobile puddle of goo. Scooping up the black mess into a Mason jar he always carried with him, the boy unwittingly took the undead wizard home.

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as legal evidence of guilt.

DEADLY CHASE THROUGH ARKHAM

BY ROBERTA HENRY

It was like a scene out of a
crime thriller, or from the
headlines of the New York or
Chicago papers, but it
happened here in Arkham.
Police conducted a chase
through the streets of our town
in pursuit of the car that hit
and killed Mr. Arthur
Hathorne, 65, as he crossed W.
Pickman St. After speeding
through many city blocks, the
fleeing car spun around a
corner too quickly and smashed
into a wall. The driver, Joseph
Dooley, was killed in the crash.

All of this would be enough
cause for alarm, but the
reckless driver in question was
but 13 years old. Needless to
say, the car was not his. He had
stolen it from where one Brian
Pritchard had parked it.

This is a tragedy on many
levels and while our hearts go
out to the dead boy and his
family, our sympathies are
with Mr. Hathorne and his
bereaved loved ones.
Witnesses claim they saw
Joey—as he was commonly
called—smiling and laughing
just before he hit Mr.
Hathorne, and that he
continued to laugh even
after leaving the poor man
dead on the street.

Dooley was a student at
Eben S. Draper Elementary
School.

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beginning with some of Elijah's classmates and neighbors. But the plan failed when the infected children ran amok, destroying property—and in some cases even themselves. Zalothos has a new plan. The boy will lace the food of his fellow Boy Scouts while out on a camping trip in the country. Coupled with the proper chant, this second attempt will prove successful. Zalothos will then have Elijah lead the boys cross-country, back to the location of the ruined temple, and there perform the sacrifices and rituals necessary for his rebirth.

THE BLACK OOZE

This viscous, tarry substance distilled from sacrificed Spawn of Tsathoggua contains the sentient soul of the Hyperborean wizard Zalothos. Although indigestible, the substance secretes toxins that spread throughout a victim's body, eventually reaching the brain, where actual tissue damage can occur.

When Zalothos enticed Elijah to consume a small piece of the black ooze, he forced the bulk of his consciousness into the boy, slowly taking over his mind. In an effort to gain the child sacrifices he needed to be reborn, Zalothos forced Elijah to secretly introduce the substance into the food of some of his schoolmates and in a cupcake he gave to an older neighbor boy, Lou Marino.

These bits contained only traces of Zalothos' essence, and the experiment proved a failure. After an incubation period lasting ten days, the victims began exhibiting changes in their personality, and within two weeks each went on a rampage of antisocial behavior.

Zalothos has a new plan. During a Boy Scout camping trip, he will have Elijah sneak the rest of the substance into the scout's food. After the meal, Zalothos-Elijah will lead the boys in what he claims is an Indian ceremony, but which is actually a Hyperborean chant that will bind the rest of the scouts to Elijah, forcing them to do his bidding.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

Give the players the Wasted Youth Papers #'s 1, 2, and 3, *Arkham Advertiser* articles that have appeared in the paper over the last month.

If any of the investigators are journalists, or interested in psychiatry or sociology, the series of stories may provide enough incentive for them to begin investigations. If the investigators have past connections with the Arkham police, government, or even the morgue, they may be called in to consult on the situation.

The parents of one of the afflicted children might have some connection to the investigators, or possibly they are a friend of a friend. They might offer money to the investigators for their assistance in getting to the bottom of it (especially if they're professional investigators of some



Wasted Youth Papers #1

Before long the priest reached out to Elijah, whispering things in a voice only Elijah could hear, tempting him with promises. A few months ago, shortly after the family moved to Arkham, Zalothos managed to trick Elijah into ingesting a small piece of the black substance. It was then Zalothos' malevolent spirit began exerting real control over the boy, a control that grows greater each and every day.

Needing more rituals and child sacrifices to complete the process that would have Zalothos reborn into a new, and more powerful form, the priest has lately compelled Elijah to introduce the substance into other children's food,



kind). Sarah Reid is a good choice for the Keeper, since she is the one child in Arkham still infected.

Investigators could also become aware of the problem when they suffer mischief themselves. Perhaps they witness one of the incidents related in newspapers. Sarah Reid could get out of her house and do something annoying—such as vandalizing a vehicle—or worse to an investigator, kicking off the scenario.

INVESTIGATIONS IN ARKHAM

Investigators following up on the newspaper stories may want to visit the Arkham Police, the reporters at the *Arkham Advertiser*, Arkham Sanitarium, and the morgue. The Keeper should adjust the descriptions of these locations to reflect any past experiences investigators may have had with these institutions, good or bad.

Following that, descriptions of the families involved in the recent burst of juvenile crime are provided. Due to the broad nature of this investigation it is difficult to predict any group of investigators' exact course of action, requiring the Keeper to make judgment calls regarding when or where the investigators find a key clue.

A successful investigation leads the investigators to the home of Elijah Corey, where they discover the boy is out of

town on a camping trip with the Boy Scouts, ushering in the second part of the scenario, a trek across the Massachusetts wilderness and a likely showdown east of Dunwich.

THE ARKHAM ADVERTISER

Three stories have appeared in the paper over the past month, two written by lead reporter Roberta Henry, the other—the second story—written by part-time stringer Floyd Tobey. Unless investigators have some history with Roberta, she brushes them off, telling them she has no other information. A **Psychology** roll reveals she likely knows more, but isn't sharing. She's still angry she was out of town when the second story broke, and what should have been hers got covered by reporter Tobey.

Floyd Tobey's another kettle of fish. In his mid-thirties, short, a little plump, and going bald, Floyd proves amiable and ready to talk. Too bad he doesn't really know anything, as investigators may suspect after listening to him for a few minutes. Tobey does, however, offer up one piece of intriguing rumor. According to his sources, the Arkham Medical Examiner did find some unidentifiable foreign substance in the body of Lou Marino, the boy who died of a heart attack on the street. Though gullible, Tobey is fastidious about his journalistic ethics, and doesn't reveal the Marino address.

THE ARKHAM POLICE DEPARTMENT

If the investigators have no friends or contacts inside the police department, they'll gain little from a visit here. It's all "official police business" and officers and detectives prove unwilling to discuss the cases.

Even with good connections, investigators find little information of value. "It's these kids, today. They don't have chores or responsibilities. They end up running the streets. Then they get into trouble."

Even a good department contact hesitates to share addresses of the children. This may require a **Charm** or **Persuade** roll, or, more likely, an insistent second visit when the investigators have more evidence.

CHIEF ASA NICHOLS

If the investigators have a positive relationship with the Chief of Police, they can speak directly with Chief Asa Nichols. Investigators who are members of the Rotary Club or the Masons can use these connections to possibly gain an interview.

Nichols is naturally concerned about the recent happenings but unsure of what to do. He's lately feeling every bit his sixty-one years and doesn't hide his bewilderment over current events. He's a good man who feels the world is changing more quickly than he can keep up with.

"You know, we have troubles with some of the older immigrant kids, those Irish and Italian teenagers with nothing better to do. Those I understand a little. But these young boys...some of them are from decent families, even. Is this what we have to deal with now?"

Nichols can tell them none of the children in question had any previous involvement with the police.

If asked if he thinks some sort of disease is to blame for the children's behavior, Nichols says there is no evidence of that. If investigators persist, he warns them that such unfounded speculation will do more harm than good. The problem is societal, he argues, and panicking the public won't help in the least.

THE MORGUE

Arkham's morgue is in the basement of St. Mary's Hospital on West Street. Although both of the deceased boys are long buried, the autopsy reports are filed here.

Arkham's Medical Examiner, Dr. Ephraim Sprague, will not be available on the investigators' first visit, and the morgue attendant, Robert Dent, will not give them permission to see the autopsy reports. Dent knows his job and proves impervious to **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, **Intimidate**,

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decided to try it again. A note left by the girl declared they would commit suicide rather than return but this did not deter searchers.

TEENAGER DIES ON ARKHAM STREET

BY FLOYD TUBEY

Early risers were subjected to a peculiar sight this morning as a teenaged boy ran screaming down S. Peabody Ave. The boy in question was one Lou Marino, who lived on that street. A student at Arkham High, Marino could be heard to shout angry obscenities of the most awful kind. Then, the boy collapsed in the street. Rushing to his side, his neighbors discovered he was dead.

This calls to mind the other recent incident with the car chase involving young Joey Dooley, though in this case the coroner has determined that poor Lou Marino died when his heart gave out. Of course, heart attacks are rare in children, but they are not completely unknown. While this attack may explain his behavior, it seems as likely that illicit substances were involved and that this caused both his actions and his death. The medical examiner maintains that no such evidence was found.

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Wasted Youth Papers #2

and **Persuade**. He is, however, susceptible to bribes. For \$10, he'll retrieve the two reports and give the investigators a few minutes to look them over.

If the investigators leave without seeing the reports and return another time, Dr. Sprague is at the morgue. Unless the investigators are good friends, or can **Charm** or **Persuade** him successfully, he refuses to share the reports. He will, however, confide he found an odd substance in the stomachs of both boys. If some sort of illicit drug, it's like nothing he's aware of. "A tarry black goo," he says. Unfortunately, he's disposed of both samples.

ARKHAM

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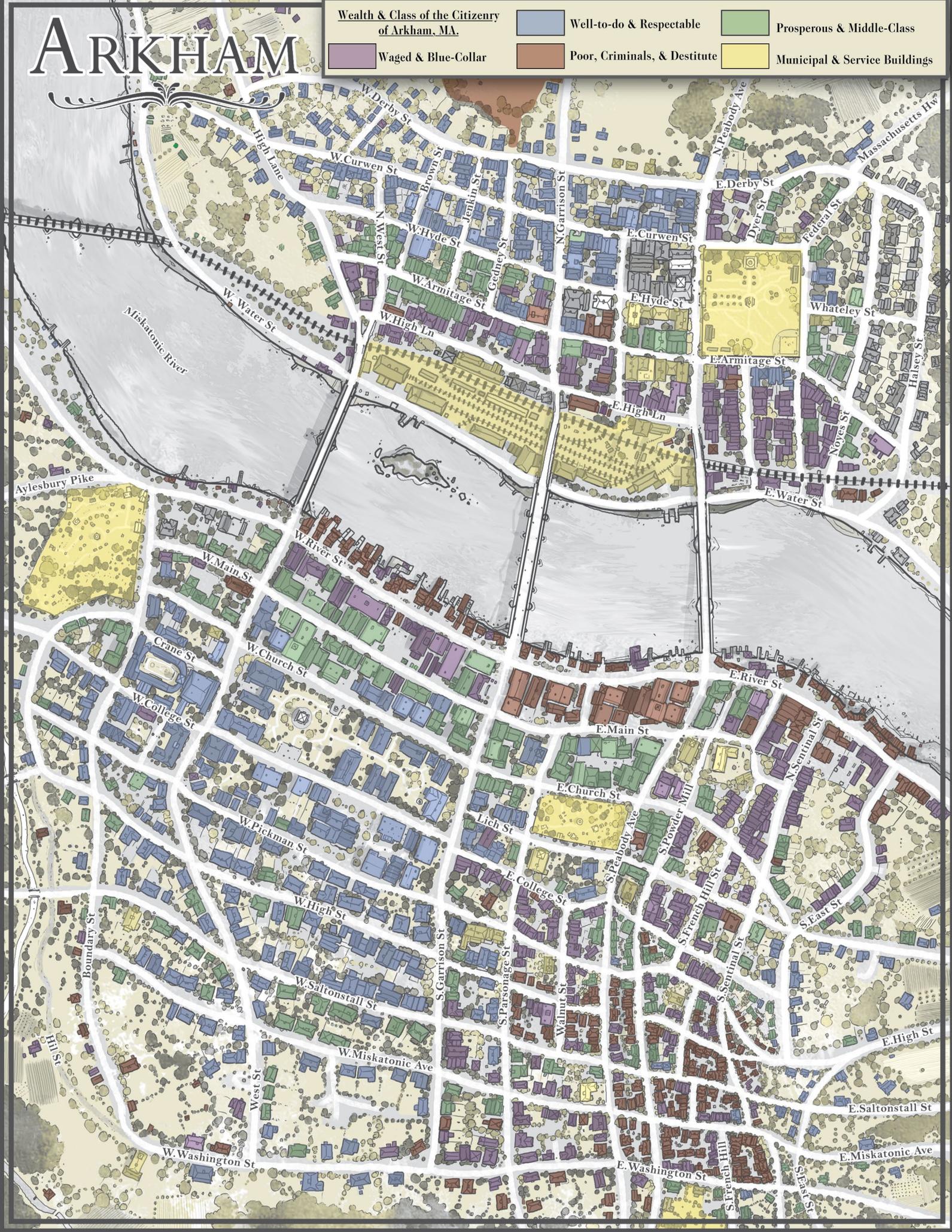
Waged & Blue-Collar

Well-to-do & Respectable

Prosperous & Middle-Class

Poor, Criminals, & Destitute

Municipal & Service Buildings



THE AUTOPSY REPORTS

If the investigators get a look at the autopsy reports they quickly notice two similarities. Both boys had a foreign substance in their stomachs, a tarry black goo, both samples weighing less than four grams. Little or no food was found in either boy's stomach. Both boys showed evidence of brain disease—a significant destruction of actual brain cells.

Neither the mysterious goo or the exact nature of the brain disease is identified, and both are designated “unknown.”

Although not noted in the reports, Dr. Sprague is concerned there may be some sort of communicable disease involved, though he has no idea what it might be.

ARKHAM SANITARIUM

The investigators may go to the sanitarium hoping to learn more about Billy Washburne's condition. Anyone with doctor's credentials or on official business for the police or the government can speak with Dr. Harcourt easily enough. Otherwise, a successful **Credit Rating** roll is needed for investigators to meet with him.

The orderlies are more accessible. Two of them, Jim Bartlett and Tommy Slocum, helped admit Billy. Trudy Houghton, the young nurse who works at the reception desk, is talkative and readily gives the names of these two orderlies, and what their hours are. If the investigators

try to talk to the orderlies while the two men are on the job, they refuse, out of fear of losing their jobs, unless an interview has been authorized by one of the doctors. But either of them can be met outside the sanitarium where the friendly offer of a bite to eat or a tug from a hip flask gets them talking. Otherwise a successful **Charm, Fast Talk, or Persuade** roll is required.

BILLY'S ADMITTANCE

Either the doctor or the orderlies can reiterate what appeared in the newspaper story, while adding a little detail. While the orderlies restrained Billy, Dr. Harcourt attempted to administer an oral sedative—sodium bromide—to calm him down. The first dose of sedative had little or no effect. Harcourt decided to treat with another sedative, potassium bromide, but Billy became even more agitated, convulsing and straining, almost breaking free of the orderlies' grasp. Finally, Jim squeezed Billy's nostrils together to force him to open his mouth.

The second dose had a nearly immediate effect, and Billy threw up a black vomit. His eyes then rolled back, and he fell unconscious. If asked, either the doctor or orderlies can tell investigators that vomiting is not an uncommon response to sedatives, especially in high doses. Making a **Medicine or Science (Pharmacy)** roll provides investigators the same information.

If asked about the vomit, Jim and Tommy say they mopped it up.

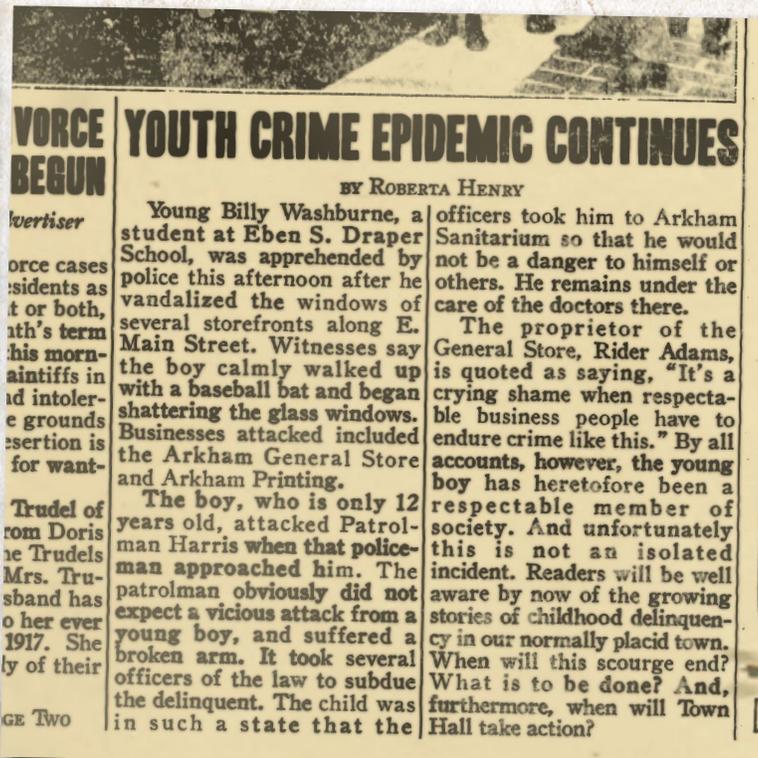
THE PATIENT

Billy is still convalescing in a ward, having regained consciousness the day after he was brought in and sedated. He's still weak, and suffers from partial amnesia. The doctors are keeping him under observation, both for his general health and to try to determine his state of mind. So far his behavioral problems seem gone. He doesn't remember the last few days and has no idea why he would have vandalized anything.

Investigators will only be allowed to see the patient if they are doctors themselves, or have the authorization of Billy's family or the police.

Billy is still groggy but able to answer questions. He maintains he has no memory of anything since two days before the incident. A **Psychology** roll verifies he is being genuine; he can tell investigators very little.

If asked about Elijah Corey, Billy looks confused and then asks, “why do you want to know about that hick?” He says Elijah's a new kid at school from out in the country. “He talks funny and doesn't have any friends.” Billy sees no connection between Elijah and what has happened to him.



EBEN S. DRAPER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

Both Washburne and the late Dooley boy are, or were, enrolled at this public school. Located in the French Hill district, the school teaches children grades 1-8. The student body is primarily from the French Hill and Rivertown areas, working- and middle-class neighborhoods. Classes have recently let out for summer vacation, but many of the administration staff members are still working.

Investigators can try to meet with Principal Elliot Derby, but unless they're here on official business, a **Credit Rating** roll or a plausible story accompanied by a **Persuade** roll is required. He is not allowed to give out student's addresses, and will refuse any request for such information if not convinced the need is dire.

The principal is very conscious that if his school is connected (and tacitly implicated) with the recent rash of delinquent and deadly behavior, his reputation, as well as the school's, will suffer. A large, imposing man, Derby talks a lot about the school's sterling record and the orderly discipline he demands. The children who attend Draper are mostly well-behaved and bright, he says. "They'll grow up to be contributing members of society."

About Billy Washburne

Asked for particulars about Billy and Joey, he speaks well of Billy. Well liked by his classmates and his teacher, Billy never got into any trouble. He excelled in sports, did well with his grades, and was a natural leader.

About Joey Dooley

Derby admits Joey wasn't a stellar student, but there was nothing to indicate he'd do something like steal a car, much less run a man down with it. If the investigators press for details about Joey's record, Derby tells them Joey was something of a class clown. The last time he was sent to the principal's office was after getting in a minor scuffle with a new boy at school. Joey had been teasing him, and the other boy finally threw a punch. Anyway, they were both kept after school and that was that. In fact, they seemed to get along fine after the incident. This was about two weeks ago.

If they ask about the other boy involved, a **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll (if the investigators have been cordial up till now) gets Derby to tell them that the boy's name is Elijah Corey, who recently started school here after his family moved to Arkham. The boy isn't fitting in well, but a lot of that has to do with being new. On top of that, he's not a city boy, so that makes him even more awkward and conspicuous. He won't divulge the boy's address, but if asked where Elijah moved from, he tells them the boy's from Dunwich.

About Lou Marino

Lou Marino also attended Draper until he graduated. Derby won't initially recall the Marino boy, since Lou didn't leave much of an impression on anyone. But if pressed, Derby can check the records and vaguely recall the student, but little else.

About Sarah Reid

If they ask Derby about Sarah Reid, Derby is hesitant to say anything about her, unless the investigators are on official business or it's clear her parents have authorized disclosure. Otherwise, another **Charm** or **Persuade** is required to get him to open up. He's perplexed why such a good girl and student would suddenly start skipping school. She seems suddenly antisocial. Derby isn't aware of any connection between her and Elijah, though they are both in the same seventh-grade class.

New Students

Investigators may also ask about any students who joined the school recently, particularly someone from the country. Derby provides them the same information about Elijah Corey outlined above.

TALKING TO OTHER STUDENTS

Investigators might try to talk to some of the other students in the neighborhoods of French Hill and Rivertown. Note that children of this era generally look at all adults, even strangers, as authority figures, so they're usually easy to approach.

Almost every student investigators talk to seems to like Billy Washburne, who's usually described as "nice" or "friendly." Joey was liked by a good many students, but a few will say he is "mean." Some describe Sarah Reid as "stuck up" or a "goody two shoes," but most are surprised by her recent behavior. Her old friends feel snubbed, since Sarah stopped spending time with them right before summer break. Investigators learn she's been mixing with some of the rougher kids, like Joey Dooley. Lou Marino is known to some of the older students, who say he was friendly enough, but preferred to pal around with other Italians. Lou knew some of the members of the Rocks, the local Italian youth gang, but students say Lou wasn't one himself.

If investigators ask about Elijah Corey, they find the few students who know him don't like him much. They may tell investigators that Billy and Sarah didn't like the "country kid" and that one day Joey got into a fight with him. They made up afterwards, though, and started getting chummy. A successful **Luck** roll means a child knows where Elijah lives and will be willing to tell investigators. One **Luck** roll can be attempted each hour.

HILDA THE COOK

If for some reason the investigators want to visit the school kitchen, they meet Hilda Rasmussen, the school's 55-year-old cook. She knows nothing in particular about the recent events other than what's appeared in newspapers, and she tsk-tsks over the loss of life, particularly the students.

If asked about Elijah Corey, she says she knows the boy. "He's nice young man," she says, "but a little shy." On occasion, he's helped her out in the kitchen, preparing meals for the other students.

THE VILLAGE OF DUNWICH

Exceptionally thorough, motivated investigators may decide to do a little research in Dunwich once it is learned the Coreys hail from there. There is but little information to be found in the distant town.

In the decaying village, the investigators learn Frank's cousin, George Corey, has taken over their parcel of land, which is adjacent to George's farm. Frank and his family are well regarded. Elijah was known to many as a precocious boy, very comfortable in the wilderness. Many people remember seeing him on his long wilderness jaunts.

MEETING THE FAMILIES

If the investigators fail to obtain the addresses of the boys involved in the crimes, most can be tracked down via the Arkham City Directory. All the families involved, save the Coreys, who moved here just recently, are listed in the book. Unfortunately, these surnames are common, each sharing their name with 1D6+1 other families, none of them with any connection to recent events or the families involved. A lot of footwork, a lot of knocking on doors, and then questioning often wary strangers will finally narrow it down for them.

BILLY WASHBURNE'S FAMILY

Billy's family lives at 620 E. Church Street, in a well-kept two-story house on French Hill. Billy's father, Gerald, an office clerk, brings home just enough money to afford one of the better houses in this neighborhood. Billy's mother, Alice, maintains the home with the help of Billy and his older sister, Lisa.

POTASSIUM BROMIDE

ACQUIRING POTASSIUM BROMIDE

Investigators may hypothesize the potassium bromide used to sedate Billy Washburne at Arkham Sanitarium somehow cured him of his condition. Kindly Keepers can call for **INT** rolls. However, the use of the sedative is not necessary for the successful completion of this scenario.

Only licensed physician or pharmacist investigators are able to obtain potassium bromide legally. If they can't convince Dr. Harcourt at the Sanitarium to supply them, they can attempt to compound the chemical themselves with materials from Anderson's Chemical Supply on Armitage Street. An investigator can manufacture their own, provided they can make an Extreme **Science (Chemistry)** or **Science (Pharmacy)** roll.

ADMINISTERING POTASSIUM BROMIDE

The medicine can be administered orally, or with a hypo dermic needle. The infected children will do everything in their power to avoid being treated, and one or more adults will be required to hold them down.

As soon as the potassium enters the bloodstream the child convulses, vomits up the black formless spawn matter, then falls unconscious. The matter steams and bubbles, and investigators making a **Spot Hidden** roll will swear up and down they saw it twitch.

The child wakes up the next day, weak and with no memory of anything beginning a day or two before they were infected. Children who have hosted the spawn matter for a week or longer fall comatose for several days and suffer some measure of brain damage.

The family members are worried about Billy's health and at a loss to explain recent events. Billy's always been a well-behaved boy with a good disposition, but the parents say he didn't seem himself the last week or so before the incident—he was sullen and unresponsive. At dinner, he would just trail his fork through his food, hardly eating a bite. When asked if something was troubling him, he told his mother "to mind her own business." The family is unaware of any other trouble in his life, or anyone who might be connected.

JOEY DOOLEY'S FAMILY

Joey was raised by his widower father, Patrick, in a small house at 149 E College Street, in French Hill. Patrick Dooley is a large man who works on the docks. Wary of strangers,

it takes a **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll to get him to open up, unless the investigators are here in some official capacity. Patrick is still in shock over his son's death, speaking of the boy in the present tense much of the time.

Asked about his son's behavior, he says, "The boy's always had a bit of a mouth on him and I've had to take the belt to him now and then, but he's been sassing more than usual lately. Then he steals some candy from down the cor-

ATTACK OF THE J.D.s

This event can occur any time the Keeper chooses, possibly even used to open the scenario. The investigators must be visiting the French Hill or Rivertown neighborhoods at the time of this event.

A pair of young twins, a boy and a girl aged eleven, launch an unprovoked attack against the investigators. If the investigators have parked a car in the area, the attack begins with acts of vandalism committed against the auto. If the investigators do not have a car, the attacks are directed against their persons.

WHACK A CAR

If the investigators have parked their car nearby they are only a hundred yards away, still within earshot, when they're startled by the sound of breaking glass. Turning in the direction of the noise, they see a young boy standing in front of their car with a baseball bat, and one of their headlights broken out, glass all over the street.

Before the investigators can move or even shout, the youngster has already re-positioned himself and knocks out the other headlight with a solid whack. From the investigators' vantage point, they don't see the boy's twin sister crouched down on the other side of the car, driving a knife into their front tire—but they do hear an unexplained "pop" and watch their car sink a couple inches.

If the investigators shout at the vandal, the boy jumps on the hood of their car and yells, "You go to hell, fuddy-duds," then swings the bat again, taking out the windshield. His sister pops up from where she's crouched by the front wheel, a pretty blond girl in pigtails, and sticks out her tongue at the investigators before dodging out of sight to attack the rear tire.

If the investigators just run toward the boy and their car, he ignores them completely, continuing his attack on the vehicle, denting hood, fenders, etc. His sister, having finished off the front tire, goes and does the same to the rear, cutting through it before the investigators get near enough to stop her.

ROCK ASSAULT

If the investigators don't have a car, the two children attack them on the street, from a distance, throwing rocks at their victims with mean accuracy. The boy has his baseball bat, and if the investigators come after him, he does not hesitate to swing on them. His sister carries a small kitchen knife and attempts to slash anyone who comes after her.

GARY WOODBINE

STR 50 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 40 **INT** 60 **POW** 60
DEX 65 **APP** 65 **EDU** 30 **SAN** 60 **HP** 11
DB: none **Build:** 0 **Move:** 9

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 55% (27/11), damage 1D3 + db, or baseball bat (1D8 + db)

Throw Rock 55% (27/11), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 65% (32/13)

Skills: Stealth 40%.

Age: 11

MARY WOODBINE

STR 40 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 40 **INT** 60 **POW** 65
DEX 75 **APP** 70 **EDU** 30 **SAN** 65 **HP** 11
DB: -1D4 **Build:** -1 **Move:** 8

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db, or knife 1D4 + db

Throw Rock 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 65% (32/13)

Skills: Stealth 50%.

Age: 11

The investigators should have little trouble subduing the children, but it will certainly cause a ruckus, with neighbors coming out of their homes to see what the trouble is. If things get really out of hand, someone may even call the police.

Despite all, Gary and Mary's parents, who live just a few doors down, are likely apologetic and ashamed—providing investigators have not unduly harmed the children. They offer to pay for any damages.

Depending on circumstances, the parents may allow an experimental treatment with potassium bromide, or at least be willing to sit and talk with investigators. These two children have shown symptoms similar to others. For the most part happy and well behaved, the twins turned sullen and untalkative the last few days, and their appetites fell off.

If anyone asks, the parents tell them both children attend Eben S. Draper Elementary.

ner store. And then he does this thing with the car.” Patrick shakes his head. “You know, I thought things were looking up there for a bit, but now all this.” If asked for more details about Joey’s interest in girls, he says that he’d heard that Joey had been seen in the company of Sarah Reid, a pretty girl from the Eben S. Draper school.

If asked, Patrick says that Joey hasn’t seemed to have much of an appetite lately.

LOU MARINO’S FAMILY

Lou’s parents, Cristofero and Maria, along with Lou’s five-year-old sister Annie, and his father’s mother, Antonella (who speaks no English), live in a house at 508 S. Peabody Ave. near W. Pickman Street, also in the French Hill district. The home is old but kept up. Chris owns a small general store with a lunch counter on the Lower Southside.

The family is still upset over Lou’s death. While the family is polite to strangers who call on them, they don’t feel up to discussing the particulars of Lou’s death. His family does not see any connection between their son’s death and any of the other incidents in town. Asked about Lou in general, they speak of him in very favorable terms. He was a good kid. He didn’t have a lot of friends, but he had no enemies. He kept to himself a lot.

If asked about Elijah and the Coreys, the Marinos say they live next door and are good neighbors. They have done a good job of cleaning up the abandoned house, which improved the neighborhood. They know Elijah came around a couple of times to talk to Lou when the Coreys first moved in, but since Lou was a few years older and the two didn’t have much in common, they didn’t develop much of a friendship.

SARAH REID’S FAMILY

Sarah lives with her parents, Wallace and Marion, in a small home at 208 S. Powder Mill Street. Sarah is an only child. Her father is employed at Arkham Printing.

Investigators find Wallace and Marion eager to talk with anyone who can offer hope for their daughter. They speak in glowing terms of how she used to behave: polite, sociable, got good grades, and never needed discipline. That’s all changed the last few days. They recently found out she skipped class a week before the school session ended, and then she refused to tell them where she’d been. A couple days later, Marion asked her daughter if she’d seen her pearl earrings. Sarah said she didn’t know where they were, but then Marion found them later in Sarah’s drawer, rolled up in a pair of socks. Confronted, Sarah claimed not to know anything about how they came to be there. Sarah continues to be rude and dishonest. The parents have never experienced anything like this and don’t know what to do. They

are very worried though, in light of recent events. They’re concerned she may have fallen in with a bad crowd.

Her parents are keeping a close eye on her now that school is out. They say she mopes around and hardly eats. The only times they allow her to leave their sight is if she is in the company of another, trusted, adult.

Speaking to Sarah while she is infected proves fruitless since she won’t cooperate in any genuine manner. She proves evasive from the start, then becomes rude and insulting, then finally turns nonresponsive. A **Psychology** roll reveals there is something deeply wrong with her, as though she’s devoid of any human empathy.

If Sarah is forced to take potassium, she vomits up the foreign matter inside her, a few grams of the black, plastic substance. Sarah has carried the substance longer than the other children and has suffered some brain damage. As soon as she vomits up the black goo, she falls into a coma that lasts eight days. She unfortunately suffers from severe problems with her short-term memory the rest of her life.

SARAH’S DIARY

If the investigators ask to look around Sarah’s room, the Reids oblige, though they insist on accompanying the investigators. The bedroom seems typical for a girl Sarah’s age. The only thing of interest is the young girl’s diary. After some hesitation, her parents will let the investigators read it. The diary is mostly tedious, but there are some entries near the end that are pertinent. Give the players *Wasted Youth Papers #4*.

ELIJAH COREY’S FAMILY

The Corey home is a medium-sized one-story house located at 510 S. Peabody Ave., right next door to the Marino house. The father, Frank, works as a night watchman for a warehouse in Rivertown, leaving for work at 5:30 p.m. and returning at 6:30 a.m., every day save Sunday.

Belinda—and Frank, if he’s around—are both approachable. They are concerned about Elijah. They moved to town only a few months ago, and their son has had a hard time fitting in. They’re aware of the recent troubles and worry Elijah might get mixed up in it.

The couple is still adjusting to their new life but seem determined to make it work. Investigators making **Psychology** rolls sense a profound feeling of loss in the Coreys, as well as anxiety about the future. It is possible they miss Dunwich more than they admit, to each other or even to themselves.

WASTED YOUTH

Dear Diary,

That queer country boy was gawking at me again today at school. I saw him and so did everyone else. Judy teased me and called him my new boy friend. Well he's not and I don't like him. He talks funny and is very dumb. I wish he'd never come to our school and that teacher didn't put him in the desk next to mine. No one likes him. He should just go back to where he belongs.

Dear Diary,

Elijah passed me a note in class today. I pretended to crumple it up but I kept it anyway to see what stupid thing it says. I read it later and it says he wants to see me after class to show me something special. I don't think so!!! Now Joey and the country boy are best friends, I guess. Joey's almost as awful as him so they can be friends all they want but I'm not going to be friends with either of them.

Dear Diary,

Elijah gave me another note and this one said that it doesn't matter what I think or if I won't meet him. He has magic and he's going to make me love him anyway. He's going to take me away to some enchanted castle. And he just keeps staring at me and it's making me a little scared.

ELIJAH'S NOT HERE

Elijah is currently on a camping trip with the Boy Scouts, the couple explains. Frank thought the Scouts might be a good way for Elijah to meet and make new friends, as well as give the boy a chance to get out in the fresh air. Frank tells

investigators Elijah used to spend a lot of time wandering the wilds back home.

More and more, the boy's been spending time alone, seemingly lost in his own little world. Belinda has even heard him talking to himself a few times. Worse, he's been shirking his chores, and wandering off without permission. He's not taking proper care of himself and hardly eats a thing. Then in church last week, he burst into laughter during the sermon and wouldn't stop, even after being taken outside and given a hiding by his father. The boy didn't cry, or even protest. When it was over, Elijah looked Frank in the eye and said, "You won't be able to do that to me much longer." If Belinda is alone, she'll confide Frank turned a bit pale at that. If Frank is there, a **Psychology** roll reveals something about the experience disturbed him. If pressed, Frank says, "it was as if he was someone else altogether—like looking into the eyes of a wild animal."

The Coreys can show them Elijah's bedroom, if asked. The room's a bit messy, containing the boy's various nature collections: insects, interesting rocks, some bird bones, a dried toad, etc., as well as Elijah's drawings. One drawing shows a thin figure dressed in robes, tiny stars dancing above his head. Surrounding the figure are small black blobs of various shapes and sizes. Another drawing shows a fat, furry frog with long, bat-like ears. The squatting figure appears asleep. Investigators making a **Cthulhu Mythos** roll realize the picture is of Tsathoggua, and the blobs in the other drawing might be his formless spawn.

SARAH CUTS LOOSE

As long as Sarah Reid's infected, her desire to cause mayhem increases with time. While under her parents' watchful eyes, she keeps it mostly in check, cunningly realizing that she needs to regain their trust. The Keeper can have Sarah run amok at any point in the scenario, adding some extra excitement. Ideally, this happens while investigators are surveilling her, but they can also find out about it after the fact. The Keeper should tailor Sarah's actions to fit the situation. There are some ideas, below, to use as inspiration.

If Sarah is asked about Elijah, or knows that the investigators have read her diary, she regards the investigators as a threat. The Keeper could have her sneak out of her house and hunt down the investigators. She is cunning and realizes that she is not a strong combatant, especially against a group of adults. Keepers can plan Sarah's actions to suit their individual games, but an ambush in an investigator's home late at night is one way to do it (possibly with the investigator's own weapon). This encounter should be more disturbing than lethal (though it could be the latter if things go horribly awry). Being attacked by a little girl with murder in her eye costs 0/1D2 **Sanity**.

Investigators who watch the Reids' house may be disturbed to see Sarah staring out her window in the middle of the night, possibly right at them. However, she is not necessarily aware of their presence. Instead, she is looking out at the world in eager anticipation of freedom.

The Keeper can choose to have Sarah's mother drop her off to play with a neighbor, Jill Lang. Under the distracted supervision of Jill's mother, Miranda, Sarah gets a hold of a kitchen knife and murders the Langs. (It costs 1/1D6 **Sanity** points to see the mutilations a child has committed upon them.) Then she walks out the front door, clutching the knife folded inside her sweater. If the investigators follow her and fail a **Stealth** roll, she tosses the knife when she gets the chance, perhaps while leaning over a bridge railing across the Miskatonic River. She screams for help if confronted by the investigators. The investigators must make a successful **Persuade** or **Fast Talk** roll to calm passersby, and Sarah slips away if she gets the chance. If she gets away or she doesn't know she's being followed, she comes across a mother pushing a baby stroller along the river bank. After she pushes the stroller into the river, a successful **Swim** roll rescues the baby. On a failed pushed or fumbled roll, the investigator still rescues the infant but takes 1D6 damage from gulping down river water.

THE BOY SCOUTS GO CAMPING

Elijah is on a nearly week-long camping trip that began a day before investigators became involved in this scenario. His parents can tell investigators the scouts are camping near the Winthrop farm, about eight miles west of Arkham, north of the Miskatonic River. If the Keeper judges the investigators have convinced the Coreys their son is in danger, a roll is not required. Otherwise, a successful **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll must be made. If Frank is present, he insists on accompanying the investigators.

There are other ways investigators might learn the location of the campsite. The Rotary Club provides support for the Boy Scouts in Arkham, both financial and organizational. If investigators simply ask where local scouts go for their outdoor activities or camping trips, they are told about the campsite at the Winthrop farm. The scout leader's name is Dudley Robinson.

THE CAMPING TRIP

The Winthrop farm is reached by taking the Aylesbury Pike out of town for about seven miles before turning right on a dirt road. Following this dirt road, investigators cross a wooden bridge over the Miskatonic River, then drive another three miles to reach the farm, located on the left.

THE WINTHROP FARM

As investigators approach the farm, dark clouds gather overhead, signaling a summer thunderstorm on its way. No matter the time of day, the investigators' approach is signaled by the barking of a dog.

The farm's owner, George Winthrop, is out working by his barn when the investigators pull up, his Labrador retriever, Chief, at his side, the source of the barking. Winthrop doesn't get a lot of visitors, but he's friendly to his unexpected company, especially if the hour is not too late. Chief ignores Winthrop's commands to be quiet and continues to bark until at least some of the investigators have offered a hand to be thoroughly licked.

George introduces himself and asks the investigators their business. If the investigators impress upon him the urgency of the situation, he proves cooperative. But George's simple exterior hides a sharp mind. His high **Psychology** skill identifies liars easily (**Fast Talk** rolls are at Extreme difficulty), and, if the investigators misrepresent themselves, they'll waste precious time trying to dig themselves out of the hole with George. The farmer will eventually relent—his high **Psychology** can also identify someone sincerely apologetic—and offer to walk the investigators over to the campsite.

THE CAMPSITE

The site is in a clearing about half a mile northwest of the farmhouse, near the woods. Comprising five tents and a fire ring, the campsite is uninhabited. "Maybe they're off on a hike," George suggests. But anyone examining the camp quickly determines the camp was quit in a hurry. If daytime, there is still a small fire burning in the ring of stones and dirty cooking utensils left in a pile, waiting to be washed. If late at night, the fire is all but burned out, and the tents are suspiciously empty.

WHAT HAPPENED IN CAMP

Elijah prepared the scouts' last meal and laced their food with the remaining bits of black ooze. Then, even before cleanup, Elijah insisted on leading the group in what he claimed was an American Indian chant he had learned as a boy in Dunwich.

The chant, of course, was nothing of the sort. It was actually a Hyperborean spell that, combined with the ooze

THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

The Boy Scouts of America was founded in 1910 by Chicago publisher W.D. Boyce who, having visited London and learned of scouting programs there, decided American youth could benefit from the program. The BSA's stated purpose at its incorporation was "to teach patriotism, courage, self reliance, and kindred values."

With the migration of families from farms to cities during the early part of the 20th century, there were concerns among some people that young men were no longer learning patriotism and individualism. The YMCA was an early promoter of reforms for young men with a focus on social welfare and programs of mental, physical, social, and religious development.

Edgar M. Robinson and Lee F. Hanmer became interested in the BSA movement and convinced Boyce to turn the program over to the YMCA for development in April, 1910. Robinson enlisted Seton, Beard and other prominent leaders in the early youth movements. In January, 1911, Robinson turned the movement over to James E. West who became the first Chief Scout Executive, and scouting began to expand across the U.S.

the boys had ingested, turned them into loyal followers of the possessed Elijah.

Elijah and his new followers waited until Scoutmaster Robinson had gone to his tent for a few minutes, and then quietly slipped away. When the scout leader discovered the boys missing, he went looking for them. To his great misfortune, he found them.

The boys are heading for the buried temple of Tsathoggua, nearly fifteen miles away. Once they reach the temple site, Elijah plans to sacrifice his fellow scouts, one by one, until the process of his terrible rebirth is accomplished. He needs a minimum of six sacrifices to reach this end.

FORMING A RESCUE PARTY

It is obvious from the campsite that something has gone wrong. While investigators may balk, some suggesting a return to Arkham where the police can be notified (the Winthrops are miles from phone service), George Winthrop insists they form a search party to go looking for the missing scouts and Scoutmaster Dudley. If the Coreys are present, Frank is also anxious to look for the boys.

If the investigators refuse to begin the search, George and Chief, possibly accompanied by Elijah's father, head out without them. At best, the investigators can convince George and Frank to take a few minutes to prepare for the hike.

It's quite likely the investigators are unprepared for an

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extended hike through the wilderness. Unless they have specifically stated otherwise, their clothes are likely typical wear for the times—hats, ties, and suits or suit coats for men, dresses and stockings for the ladies. But their car may contain a few things to help them.

Summer thunderstorms are common this time of year so it's reasonable to allow them an umbrella or two stashed in the car, possibly even a pair of galoshes in the trunk. They might have a weapon or two in the vehicle, which they'll almost certainly want to bring with them.

George takes this opportunity to retrieve his shotgun from the house and, if dark or nearly so, grab a couple kerosene lanterns. At the Keeper's discretion, he might also be able to provide a weapon or two for the investigators.

FOLLOWING THE BOYS

The investigators have to track the Boy Scouts over a variety of terrain and **Track** rolls are called for at regular intervals. If the investigators have Chief with them, he will do the tracking, and his high skill is of benefit to the party. If Chief is somehow lost, investigators will have to rely on their own **Track** skills.

A failed **Track** roll does not mean the party has lost the scouts, only that they waste time following a wrong path. Once they realize their error, the investigators can back-track to their

original position, and then pick up the correct trail from there. (These **Track** rolls may not be pushed.)

Although this guarantees the party eventually catches up with Elijah and the scouts, failed rolls cost them time, and this lost time is reflected in how the climax plays out.

The Keeper should assume the scouts have a thirty-minute lead on the investigators. Every time investigators fail a **Track** roll and waste time following the wrong path, the Keeper should add another fifteen minutes to the Boy Scouts' lead. It takes Elijah thirty minutes to properly perform each sacrifice, so the more time the investigators waste while lost, the more Boy Scouts will die.

If the investigators convince George to go back to their vehicle before beginning the pursuit, the Keeper should assess them a fifteen-minute penalty. If they spent an inordinate amount of time arguing with Winthrop, the Keeper should consider assessing them another time penalty.

TRACKING WITH CHIEF

Unlike trailing dogs such as bloodhounds, Labradors track their quarry by airborne scent. Labradors don't need to sniff a possession to start tracking, instead they range about, picking up traces of scent in the air, pointing or circling when it's been located. Chief often wanders far ahead of the group while following his quarry's scent.

Empathetic by nature, Chief likes the Boy Scouts, who

visit and play with him, and senses the urgency of George and the rest of the investigators. He is loyal almost to a fault, and selflessly risks his own life in any confrontation the investigators might encounter.

THE PATH FROM THE CAMPSITE

A fairly obvious path leads from the Boy Scouts' campsite into the woods. Chief, alerted to urgency of the situation, stands and barks in that direction, and is nearly impossible to ignore. There are numerous Boy Scout tracks on the path, but if an investigator takes time to look, he spots a set of adult footprints among the rest. Judging from the stride, it's obvious the man was running.

Following the path, the investigators find the pine and cedars growing thicker as they plunge deeper into the wood. Light barely reaches the forest floor. Footsteps are cushioned by the thick layer of fallen needles.

Investigators unfamiliar with the local wildlife might ask George what to expect. He tells them there are no wolves, or any cats bigger than bobcats or lynxes, but black bears might be encountered. Copperheads and timber rattlesnakes, while uncommon, are also a potential danger.

DEAD DUDLEY

A quarter-mile into the woods, the investigators find the body of Scoutmaster Dudley, covered in blood, slumped up against a mossy rock. The top of his head is caved in. Flies and ants crawl and buzz around him. Next to him is a jagged stone the size of a grapefruit, covered in a sticky mixture of blood, brains, and skull fragments.

Seeing the murdered Scoutmaster costs 1/1D4+1 **Sanity** points. Be sure to roll for any NPCs present. Bouts of madness will be of the short-term variety, though long enough the Keeper should consider assessing another fifteen-minute penalty.

Close investigation of the corpse finds numerous lacerations and stab wounds on the arms and torso. If an investigator makes a **First Aid**, **Medicine**, or **Science (Forensics)** roll, he or she concludes the cuts were made with a small blade, like a pocket knife. The body is still warm.

Shocked by the death of the scout leader, George and Frank will nonetheless want to press forward. Despite what investigators may suspect, George and Frank find it impossible to believe the scouts could be responsible for such a heinous act. They speculate on any number of possibilities, some quite farfetched, such as a bear attack.

The path continues on the other side of the clearing.

If the investigators have not yet visited their vehicle and the farmhouse for equipment, George and Frank both agree now is the time. The Keeper should charge them another fifteen minutes lost time, however.

THE TRAIL OF TERROR

As stated before, **Track** rolls are required to stay on the right path. The group will always recover from a failed **Track** roll, but loses time.

The Trail of Terror is divided into a number of waypoints that pose a variety of problems for the investigators. At the conclusion of each of these waypoint scenes the investigators may be called upon to make another **Track**

TREKKING THE WILDERNESS

The Keeper should emphasize the difficulty of traversing this near wild terrain. Thick undergrowth provides plenty of opportunities for investigators to get caught up in burrs and brambles that catch in clothing, skin, and hair. Rocks work their way into footwear as well.

Even before the rain, the river valley is a moist environment, and investigators will be crossing a lot of streams and working their way around ponds, which means muddy patches, sometimes near bogs. Once the rain starts, the party stands to get drenched whenever crossing open land.

Investigators have lots of opportunities to encounter poison ivy, poison oak, and poison sumac, all endemic to the region. Exposure to these plants requires a **Hard CON** roll. Failure causes an allergic reaction, and the rash that develops is irritating and distracting. It usually takes a day for the rash to appear, so it probably has no effect on the scenario, but Keepers may want to plague investigators with it afterwards, even requiring a penalty die on some rolls.

The Keeper may also choose to menace the characters with spiders, including the black widow (its venom is a mild poison; see entry on the **Sample Poisons** table, *Call of Cthulhu Keeper Rulebook*, page 129). Less venomous spiders are unlikely to cause real damage, but the bites can still be annoying.

All this moisture can lead to illness, as well, attacking immune systems and requiring a **CON** roll. The Keeper might require **Luck** rolls to avoid sneezing while hiding or sneaking, or while doing something that requires concentration or fine motor skills.

Basically, the Keeper should draw occasional attention to the inhospitable environment. While it's unlikely to have a direct effect on the outcome, the Keeper might factor the inappropriate clothing of the investigators into the timing of the chase, along with all of the other obstacles. The scouts are fairly well prepared for their own journey, after all.

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roll to pick up the trail. The results of a failed **Track** roll are described in the first entry after each waypoint scene that requires a roll (i.e., 2a., 3a., and 6a.).

No **Track** roll is required to find and follow the well-worn path leading away from scene of the scoutmaster's murder, deeper into the woods.

1. A HIGHWAY

A two-mile hike along the hilly, wooded path takes more than a half-hour, finally depositing the investigators on the edge of an unpaved, two-lane highway. Lightly trafficked, a single vehicle passes by only once every 1D6+4 minutes during the day and early evening, and almost never after 10:00 pm.

If investigators spot a vehicle and flag it down, the driver has seen nothing in the area but, at the investigators' request, finds a telephone somewhere and calls the State Police, though it will do little good.

In the meantime the Boy Scouts, hearing Chief's distant barking, realize they're being followed. They step up their pace, but also take time to lay a few traps for their pursuers.

The party should make a **Track** roll shortly after leaving this waypoint.

2. SOME TRAIN TRACKS

2a: If the party fails their **Track** roll, they wander north, away from the actual trail, eventually finding themselves on the edge of a sprawling swamp that blocks their path. Too deep and too broad to cross, if the investigators realize their error, they can backtrack and pick up the right trail, losing fifteen minutes' time. If they stubbornly insist on skirting the swamp, they find it turning them back in the opposite direction, and nearly encircling them. They can still turn back, but now they've lost thirty minutes' time.

2b: Following the correct path, the party traverses another two miles of woods, crossing three small streams in the process. The first two streams are barely more than a few inches deep, proving little obstacle, but the third is nearly a foot deep, and nearly eight feet wide. A series of rounded stones provides a potentially dry path, but an investigator must make a Hard **DEX** roll to cross without slipping and plunging one of their feet into the cold water, soaking shoe and sock. The simplest method is to take off your shoes and socks, and cross through the water with pants rolled up.

A half-mile later, the investigators emerge from the woods to find themselves on the edge of an overgrown corn field. The Boy Scouts' trail through the scrub proves easy to follow.

Another half-mile and they come upon a small embankment with a set of train tracks running north and south. About this time the investigators hear a crack of thunder and the skies open up. Rain pours down on the party.

On the other side of the tracks, the investigators plunge back into the woods. They will need to make another **Track** roll.

3. A DEADLY SNARE

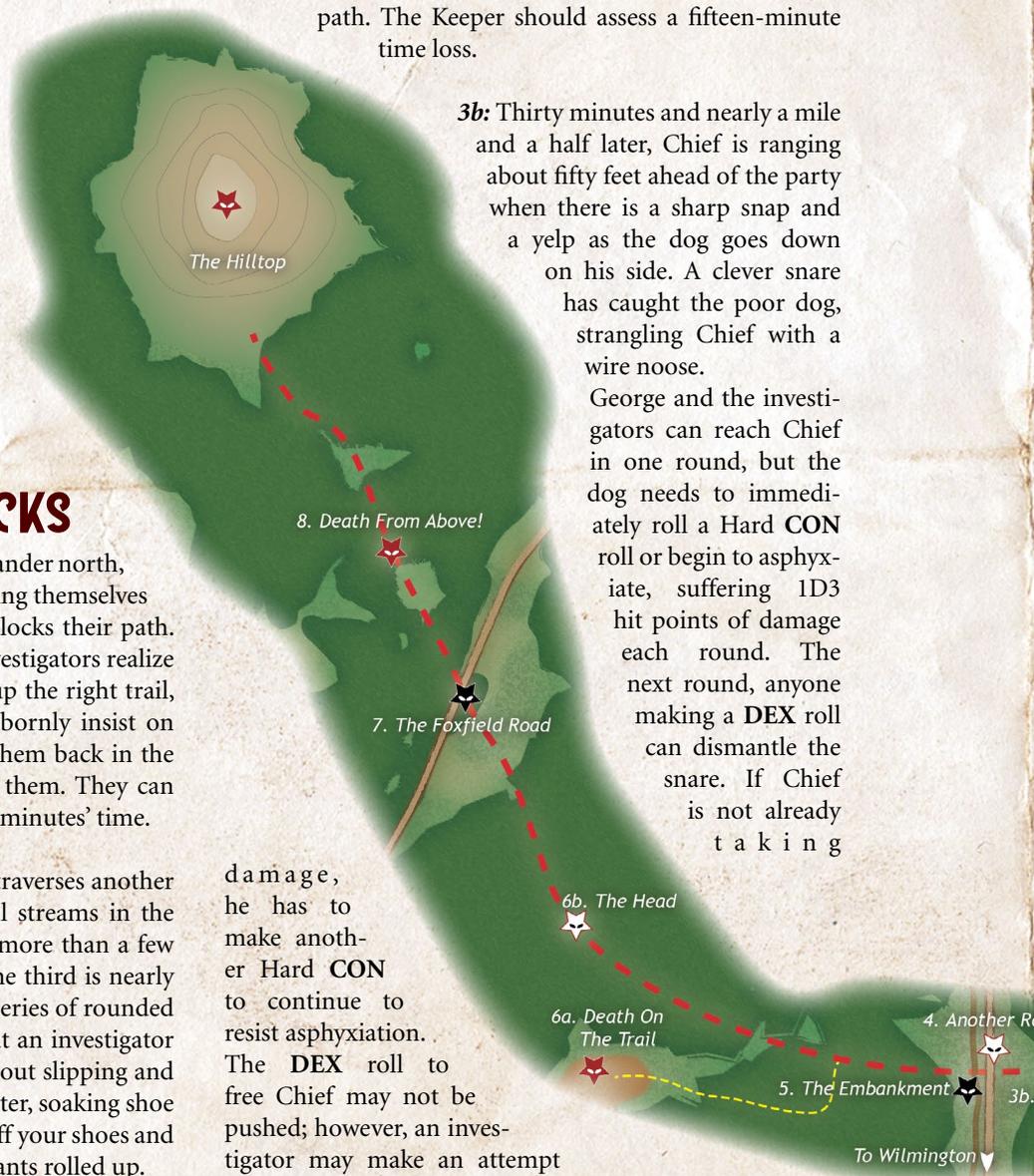
3a: A failed **Track** roll has the investigators wandering the forest in circles for about fifteen minutes before they finally stumble on some footprints that put them on the right path. The Keeper should assess a fifteen-minute time loss.

3b: Thirty minutes and nearly a mile and a half later, Chief is ranging about fifty feet ahead of the party when there is a sharp snap and a yelp as the dog goes down on his side. A clever snare has caught the poor dog, strangling Chief with a wire noose.

George and the investigators can reach Chief in one round, but the dog needs to immediately roll a Hard **CON** roll or begin to asphyxiate, suffering 1D3 hit points of damage each round. The next round, anyone making a **DEX** roll can dismantle the snare. If Chief is not already t a k i n g

damage, he has to make another Hard **CON** to continue to resist asphyxiation. The **DEX** roll to free Chief may not be pushed; however, an investigator may make an attempt each round until succeeding. If freed, **First Aid** will heal Chief 1 hit point. If Chief dies, George looks stricken—his eyes well with tears.

No **Track** roll is required to reach the next waypoint.



4. ANOTHER ROAD

Three quarters of an hour later, and roughly two and a half miles, the investigators emerge from the woods, finding themselves standing before another dirt road. Twenty feet of clear space stands between them and the road. On the other side is a high, steep embankment, a sign of the hills and deep valleys beyond.

From their vantage point the investigators can see a late model Chevrolet, parked halfway onto the far shoulder. If nighttime, the car's headlights are on.

Two people lie on the pavement, near the parked car. If dark, a **Spot Hidden** roll is required to see anything more than a couple dark objects.

Approaching closer, the party finds two people lying dead on the pavement, a man and a young boy. The boy is crumpled up in an awkward position in front of the car, obviously a scout—and obviously dead. The middle-aged man lies at the side of the car on his stomach, a crude spear protruding from his back. Blood from the man's numerous wounds form a dark pool around the corpse. **Sanity** loss is 1/1D3 points.

The dead boy is one of the scouts, accidentally killed when, attempting to keep up with his fellows, he dodged right into the speeding car's path. A large dent in the front left fender of the car is evidence to the fact. The driver, who got out of his car to help, was set upon by the rest of the scouts, who killed him with knives and crude spears.

Both corpses are still warm.

It requires no **Track** roll to spot evidence that a group of people have recently climbed the steep, muddy embankment on the far side of the road.

5. CLIMBING THE EMBANKMENT

Climbing the slippery embankment on the other side of the road proves a challenge, and the deadly scouts have done as much as they can to make it worse.

The steady rain has soaked the earthen embankment, turning it into a mudslide. Reaching the top requires a suc-

cessful **Climb** roll, or the investigator is sent slipping and sliding back down to the shoulder of the road. No damage is incurred, but the mud just adds to the misery most of the party is probably already suffering. Those who gain the top find success has its own disadvantages—the Boy Scouts have set a snare for their pursuers.

If Chief is with the group, he tries to tip them off. Having learned from his last encounter with a trap, he's onto it. Standing near the top of the embankment, he barks furiously, refusing to move forward. Investigators can make of this what they will.

If Chief is not there, or his instincts are ignored, the first person to reach the top accidentally grabs hold of a tripwire, releasing a heavy log the scouts left suspended from the overhead tree branches. The log falls flat on the very edge of the embankment, and then bounces and rolls its way down to the highway. Persons on the embankment are in the bouncing log's path if they fail their **Luck** rolls. Those in the path can choose either **Jump** or **Dodge** to avoid it, with those failing suffering 1D3 points of damage. The person who triggered the trap does not have time to **Dodge** or **Jump** and suffers an automatic 1D6 points of damage.

If the investigators pay attention to Chief, and specifically state they are searching for a trap, anyone carefully reaching over the embankment will find the trip wire. But if they fail a subsequent **DEX** roll, they accidentally set it off anyway, suffering the same consequences described above. Once the trap is discovered, it is fairly easy to trigger safely, or investigators can simply move down the road a few yards and climb the embankment there.

From here, the trail moves into deep woods of beech and oak, climbing steep hills, and following low-lying glens. After fifteen minutes of hiking, the investigators need to make another **Track** roll.

6. DEATH ON THE TRAIL

6a: If investigators lose the path, they wander south, eventually finding themselves in a low-lying rocky area. While wandering in this area for fifteen minutes, trying to pick up the trail again, the investigators must make a group **Luck** roll. On a failure, they disturb a fat timber rattler, which strikes without warning. Rattlesnake venom is a strong poison (see the entry on the **Sample Poisons** table, *Call of Cthulhu Keeper Rulebook*, p. 129).

6b: Once back on the right path, the investigators travel through nearly three miles of thick woods before Chief, if he is still with them, suddenly halts in his tracks and sets up a plaintive moaning. If Chief is absent, the group simply stumbles onto the scene.



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Here, in the middle of the path, mounted on a stick rammed into the dirt, is the decapitated head of a Boy Scout—eyes open, tongue lolling from its mouth. Nearby lies the body, rolled into the scrub at the side of the trail, barely hidden from view. **Sanity** loss is 1/1D6.

The unfortunate scout fell ill on the trail, likely a result of the ooze Elijah slipped into his food. Vomiting up the noxious substance, the scout was suddenly freed of Elijah's control and tried to run. But the other scouts surrounded and killed him, and then mutilated his body and mounted his head on a stick. The scouts hope the horrible display will put pursuers off their trail, at least for a little while.

Elijah made good use of the scout's death, turning it into a sacrifice used to call in some supernatural help investigators soon meet.

No **Track** roll is required to reach the next waypoint.

7. FOXFIELD ROAD

A two-lane dirt highway, reinforced by corduroy timbers, leads north to the town of Foxfield, and south across the Miskatonic River to the Aylesbury Pike. North of the Tewksbury fork and south of most of Foxfield's farms, the road is little trafficked.

The other side of the road plunges the investigators back into deep woods

8. DEATH FROM ABOVE

A mile farther in, Chief once again comes to a halt, this time growling menacingly, bristling his back even as he tucks his tail between his legs. If Chief is not with the group, an Extreme **Listen** roll detects a subtle rustling in the branches above, just a few yards up the path.

In any event, once the investigators move forward, a dark form suddenly swoops down from the branches above them, diving down on the nearest investigator. It maneuvers on broad wings, looking much like a small manta ray covered in dark brown fur. The creature, summoned from some unknown plane by Elijah, attacks by wrapping itself around its victim's head. Unless investigators had some forewarning—either Chief or a successful **Listen** roll—the creature gets a surprise attack with a bonus die, while investigators and their allies are unable to act until the following round (including dodging and fighting back). Unsurprised investigators with guns ready gain their normal bonus to initiative and may be able to get a shot off before it attacks. If the creature misses, it swoops by and then turns to line up for its next attempt.



Chief will certainly join in the fray. When attacking a feeding nightmare, his bite does not endanger its victim. The Keeper may want to add one or more additional creatures to this encounter for particularly large, robust groups.

THE HILLTOP RITUAL

The first sign of the scouts the investigators get is when, a mile later, between an opening in the trees, they spot the boys atop a domed hill about a quarter mile away. If nighttime, the scouts' handmade torches illuminate the scene. The distance is great, and, unless the investigators have binoculars, details are difficult to make out. The Keeper should customize the scene depending on how much time the investigators lost and, subsequently, how many sacrifices have already occurred.

The scouts are standing in a circle on the hill, with two boys in the center of the circle, one of them kneeling while the other stands behind him. If the investigators have managed to reach this spot without suffering any time penalties, they have arrived just in time to see the last few seconds of the first sacrifice. Depending on time lost pursuing the scouts, one or more scouts may already lie dead on the hilltop.

As they watch, the boy standing behind the kneeling boy plunges a knife into the back of his victim's neck, followed by the encircling scouts falling upon him with spears and jackknives. In a moment he is dead. Witnesses suffer a 1/1D4 **Sanity** loss.

The actual number of scouts depends on how close the party has stayed on the trail. Each sacrificial ritual requires thirty minutes. Likely there is more than one victim lying dead on the hilltop by the time investigators arrive.

DISRUPTING THE CEREMONY

Investigators will certainly want to bring these activities to an end. If they hesitate, George and Frank insist they push forward.

If reasonably quiet about it, the investigators can approach the foot of the domed hill without detection, leaving them about fifty yards away from the boys. The hill is curiously barren and there is no way they can get any closer without being instantly spotted.

If Elijah and the scouts spot the investigators, they move into a defensive position, the scouts lining up in front of Elijah, home-made spears and Boy Scout jackknives at the ready. Investigators may attempt to negotiate, but Elijah will have none of it, insisting the investigators leave the area. If the party starts moving forward, Elijah takes action.

Mumbling and crooning in a strange language, he casts a spell upon one of the boys that unleashes the ooze within him. As investigators watch, the chosen boy begins to twitch and shudder, then his skin suddenly darkens, the features fade from his face, and he becomes one with the ooze, turning into a black, plastic form that rushes down the hillside toward the investigators.

Elijah continues casting spells on his loyal followers, sending them against his attackers, though he requires three rounds of rest between castings.

If Elijah is caught alone or runs out of minions, or if the investigators are steadily advancing against him, he makes his final desperate move and casts the spell of rebirth on himself, despite the fact he is still short of the sacrifices required.

With a quick ritual of the hands and the shout of a power word, "Zarriqua-kal," Elijah begins transforming before the investigators' eyes.

Elijah suddenly doubles over, retching on the ground. His back swells, bursting his shirt, revealing a glistening black hump that grows bigger every second, even as it sprouts flopping human appendages that flail blindly. A face appears in the black hump. It grins, and then grows into a head, while its long legs find the ground beneath it. It rears up on the long, newly grown, and spindly legs, lifting what's left of the shrivelling Elijah off the ground, leaving the barely conscious boy dangling from its side, like a long-dead conjoined twin. Zalothos wades into the investigators, attacking with his two claws, a tentacle, and his bite. Each round, the remnants of Elijah can either attack once by clawing at an investigator or cast *Swell Mind*, using Zalothos' *POW* and magic points.

THE POTASSIUM BROMIDE

It is possible for the investigators to incapacitate the scouts before some, or any of them, are transformed into horrors. The scouts will react as described earlier, vomiting up the black substance and soon recovering, although remembering nothing of events since the last time they ate. Elijah's a different story.

If Elijah is given potassium, he convulses violently, his eyes roll back in his head, and he forcibly vomits up a nearly brain-sized mass of the black matter, directed at the nearest person's face. It receives a bonus die for this first attack, but it can be avoided it with a **Dodge** roll at any level of success (fighting back is not an option). It costs 1/1D6 **Sanity** points to see the formless matter.

If it lands on the person's face, it spasmodically thrusts a portion of its substance into the person's throat, attempting to suffocate him or her. The victim must make a **Hard CON** roll each round or begin to asphyxiate. Anyone, including the victim, can try to wrench the black matter off the victim's face with a *Fighting* maneuver. If the ooze lands on the ground first, it launches itself at a victim the following round (which can be avoided with a successful **Dodge** roll). If the attack succeeds, the victim must make **Hard CON** rolls as above.

After five rounds, or after killing a victim, the spawn matter shudders, dies, and then liquefies. There is nothing, unfortunately, that can be done for Elijah.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

Hopefully the investigators can rescue some of the boys and get them back to civilization. If the investigators haven't realized the efficacy of potassium in the treatment of the infected children, it is possible the doctors eventually realize it. But it will be too late for Sarah Reid by the time the doctors make that connection, because the spawn will have completely devoured her brain by then. The scouts suffer some brain damage, but they will recover.

If any of the children are killed or seriously injured by the investigators, there will very likely be legal consequences, unless the investigators have covered up their actions quite well or can somehow convince authorities of the need for such actions.

The investigators gain 2D6 **Sanity** points for stopping the ritual. They also gain 2 **Sanity** points for each child they save. If the people of Arkham are aware the investigators were instrumental in saving the children (and other potential victims), the investigators gain 1D6 to their **Credit Rating** skills as well.

NPCs AND MONSTERS

SARAH REID, infected 12-year-old

STR 30 CON 40 SIZ 35 INT 55 POW 45
DEX 70 APP 75 EDU 35 SAN 35 HP 7
DB: -1 Build: -1 Move: 8

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 35% (17/7), damage 1D3 + db, or kitchen knife (1D4+2 + db).

Dodge 50% (25/10)

Frenzied Grapppler: Sarah is considered to be Build 0 when initiating or reacting to grappling maneuvers.

Skills: Fast Talk 30%, Stealth 50%.

Age: 12

FRANK COREY, worried father

STR 75 CON 65 SIZ 70 INT 65 POW 55
DEX 65 APP 65 EDU 60 SAN 55 HP 13
DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 8

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge: 32% (16/6)

Skills: Listen 30%, Natural World 35%, Navigate 20%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Age: 33

BELINDA COREY, worried mother

STR 50 CON 70 SIZ 55 INT 55 POW 60
DEX 55 APP 70 EDU 45 SAN 60 HP 12
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 8

ATTACKS

None above base.

Skills: First Aid 35%, Natural World 30%.

Age: 30

GEORGE WINTHROP, farmer

STR 65 CON 60 SIZ 75 INT 60 POW 65
DEX 55 APP 55 EDU 60 SAN 65 HP 13
DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 6

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 30% (12/5), damage 1D3 + db, or hunting knife 1D4+2 + db

Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) 40% (20/8), damage 4D6/2D6/1D6, or 1D10+6 with slugs (He usually has a shell loaded in one barrel, and a slug in the other)

Skills: Listen 35%, Natural World 40%, Navigate 25%, Psychology 90%, Spot Hidden 30%, Stealth 20%, Track 20%.

Age: 42

CHIEF, faithful companion

STR 45 CON 65 SIZ 30 INT 15 POW 35
DEX 70
DB: -1 Build: -1 Move: 12

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 50% (25/10), damage 1D6

Skills: Listen 75%, Track 70%.

TIMBER RATTLER

STR 20 CON 35 SIZ 10 INT N/A POW 20
DEX 55 HP 4
DB: -2 Build: -2 Move: 8

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 40% (20/8), damage 1D2 + db + poison (2D10 damage, Extreme CON check to only take half damage).

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2

HYPERBOREAN NIGHTMARE

STR 70 CON 70 SIZ 40 INT 30 POW 50
DEX 75 HP 11
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 4/12 flying MP: 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Enfold and Choke) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 + 1D10 point POW drain beginning on the second round.

Enfold and Choke (mvr): If the nightmare succeeds in an attack, it enfolds itself around its target's head, and the victim is forced to the ground. On the following round, the nightmare forces its long, rasping tongue down the victim's throat, causing 1D3 damage and draining 1D10 POW each round. The nightmare is nearly impossible to pry loose, and anyone attacking it endangers the struggling victim. On a killing blow with any

WASTED YOUTH

weapon more substantial than a knife, any excess damage passes through to the victim.

Armor: 2 points of tough hide.

Skills: Stealth 90%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6

FIVE VICIOUS SCOUTS

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5
STR	45	40	45	40	40
CON	55	50	60	45	65
SIZ	45	35	40	40	40
INT	50	55	65	60	40
POW	40	50	60	65	45
DEX	45	60	50	70	75
EDU	45	40	35	30	40
SAN	30	40	50	55	35
HP	10	8	10	8	10
DB:	none	-1	none	-1	-1
Build:	0	-1	0	-1	-1
Move:	8	9	9	8	8

ATTACKS

Fighting 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db, or pocket knife 1D4 + db

Fighting (Spear) 45% (22/9), damage 1D6+1 + db

Dodge: 45% (22/9)

Frenzied Grappler: The scouts are considered to be one Build higher when initiating or reacting to grappling maneuvers (i.e., Build 0 for #2, #4, and #5, and Build 1 for #1 and #3).

Skills: Stealth 50%.

ELIJAH COREY, lost boy

STR 40	CON 55	SIZ 40	INT 70	POW 55
DEX 75	APP 65	EDU 35	SAN 0	HP 9
DB: -1	Build: -1	Move: 8	MP: 11	

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db, or pocket knife 1D4 + db

Fighting (Spear) 40% (20/8), damage 1D6+1 + db

Dodge 45% (22/9)

Frenzied Grappler: Elijah is considered to be Build 0 when initiating or reacting to grappling maneuvers.

Skills: Stealth 50%.

Spells: Swell Mind.

Age: 12

THE HYBRID SPAWN

STR 45	CON 70	SIZ 60	INT 40	POW 50
DEX 90				HP 13
DB: none.	Build: 0	Move: 12		

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 40% (20/8), damage 1D6 + db

Fighting (Tentacle) 60% (30/12), damage 1D6 + db

Fighting (Whip) 90% (45/18), damage 1D6 + db

Armor: Plastic form provides 1D2 points of protection against any weapon.

Skills: none above base.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6

ZALOTHOS REBORN

STR 100	CON 100	SIZ 90	INT 145	POW 130
DEX 90				HP 19
DB: +1D6	Build: 2	Move: 7	MP: 26	

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 40% (20/8), damage 1D6 + db

Fighting (Clawing Arms) 90% (45/18), damage 1D6 + db (2 attacks)

Fighting (Elijah's Scratching Claws) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3

Fighting (Tentacle) 60% (30/12), damage 1D6 + db

Dodge 45% (22/9)

Armor: Zalothos' new form absorbs 1D3 points of damage. He is also immune to the greater damage of an Extreme success against him (i.e., non-impaling weapons don't automatically do maximum damage; impaling weapons roll for damage as normal and don't do extra damage).

Spells: Cause/Cure Blindness, Contact Tsathoggua, Gate, Swell Mind.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D10

THE THING FROM INSIDE ELIJAH'S HEAD

STR 80	CON 70	SIZ 5	INT 40	POW 50
DEX 100				HP 7
DB: none.	Build: 0	Move: 12		

ATTACKS

Fighting (Fling Itself at Someone's Face) 45% (22/9), damage per "Asphyxiation and drowning," pp. 411 of the *Call of Cthulhu Keeper's Rulebook*.

Armor: The thing is immune to all physical damage but is vulnerable to magic.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6

A NEW SPELL: SWELL MIND

This spell requires only a round of casting time and is accomplished with a short chant and the expenditure of 10 magic points. For the spell to take effect, the caster must succeed in an opposed POW roll with the victim. It takes effect the same round of the casting, bringing the victim to his or her knees as the victim's brain begins to swell, pressing against the inside of the skull. This causes 1D3 points of damage every round until the caster is killed or otherwise disabled. Meanwhile, the victim is incapacitated.

If the victim is reduced to 0 hit points, the brain has swollen past limits and breaks through the skull, emerging through the cracked skull as a whitish mass that spills on the ground as the victim dies.



See the wild,
rising hills of

ADWICH



DUNWICH COUNTRY



SPIRIT OF INDUSTRY

HIGH UP IN THE MISKATONIC VALLEY, NEAR THE MASSACHUSETTS-NEW HAMPSHIRE BORDER, LIES THE REMOTE, SELDOM VISITED VILLAGE OF DUNWICH. A SIMPLE PLACE—SOME WOULD SAY A BACKWARD PLACE—DUNWICH IS A SMALL VILLAGE WHERE ALMOST EVERYONE KNOWS EVERYONE ELSE. PLACES LIKE DUNWICH ALWAYS HAVE A FEW INTERESTING STORIES, SOME SKELETON IN THE CLOSET OR A LOCAL LEGEND THAT MAKES FOR GOOD READING. AT LEAST, THAT’S WHAT HARVEY GEDNEY, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE *Arkham Advertiser*, HOPES FOR.

For over three years he’s had a standing offer: If anyone can offer irrefutable proof of ghosts—a haunted house or the like—the newspaper will print the story and pay them a \$500 reward. So far, all such claims have proven nothing more than hot air.

Gedney recently received a letter, written in antique, at times questionable, English. It told a wild story of a haunted sawmill where some young boys were cut in half, lengthwise, back in 1806. The author of the letter, Herman Blake, of Dunwich, claims the mill was shut down after only a few years because no one would work in the place. It seemed anyone spending any amount of time there suffered from horrible nightmares. Most of the local residents today still claim the place is haunted. Gedney assigned part-time reporter Floyd Tobey the story, and Tobey’s hopeful he’ll get a good article out of all this. January is a slow month for news.

The trip up to Dunwich is never easy, but this time of the year makes it a real adventure. Roads are wet from melting snow, and slick spots of ice can put a car off the road. But Tobey is determined to get his story, and has made arrangements to meet with Herman Blake, and find out if there is any truth to this tale.

Although this scenario is written to take place during January or other winter month, Keepers should find it easy to adjust the details to suit other seasons of the year, even the height of summer.

KEEPER INFORMATION

Herman and Nancy Blake are about to lose their farm to the bank unless they come up with \$250, and fast. In desperation, they wrote to the *Arkham Advertiser*, telling them about the 1806 sawmill and its dark history. Their hope is the *Advertiser* will find proof the place is haunted, netting the couple the \$500 reward. This would allow them to save their farm and have some money left over to help them get back on their feet.

Aside from interviewing the Blakes, reporter Floyd Tobey also intends to track down a former Miskatonic University history student named Harold Bishop. Bishop is said to be an expert on Dunwich history, and Tobey hopes to get some more information about the history of the sawmill to help flesh out his story.

There are several potential dangers in this scenario. The first is the local cult of nature worshiping pagans known as the Believers. This group does not want stories of their village’s strange goings-on posted in the newspapers. Such stories might draw unwanted visitors, asking unwanted questions and looking into things best left undisturbed. To this end, the cult assigns a top member—schoolteacher Marie Bishop—to infiltrate the team of investigators, monitor their activities, and possibly sabotage their efforts. But Marie herself is curious about the legend of the sawmill and quite likely will join forces with the investigators to solve the mystery once and for all.

Another potential danger is no-good locals obsessed with finding the hidden stash of “Wheateley gold.” Long ago, the Wheateley clan made use of an alchemical process to create small amounts of gold, which they would then mint into coins. The actual process is long lost but there are still plenty of people in Dunwich convinced the Wheateleys have a secret gold mine somewhere, or at least a lost vault filled with gold coins. Some of the residents are actually willing to kill to gain this information. Chief among these are local moonshiner, Amos Wheateley, his cousin Lem Wheateley, and the degenerate Potters—Temple Potter and his two cousins, brothers Jubal and Jedediah. These five men are convinced the outsiders poking around the old mill are on the trail of the Wheateley treasure. Violent and ruthless by nature, they are more than ready to arrange an “accident” in order to get the investigators out of the way.

A TALE OF DUNWICH

The final danger is the mill which, in fact, is truly haunted. Over a century ago, while still under construction, mill supervisor Avern Whateley botched a spell while attempting to fuse a benevolent spirit into the four great saw blades. This ritual was supposed to give the mill a “friendly soul” and ensure prosperity for the new venture. Unfortunately, the spirit turned out a malevolent one, with a thirst for human life and blood. This spirit was responsible for killing a trio of boys who broke into the mill just before it officially opened, and for the nightmares that plagued workers for the few years the mill remained open and running. Investigators may discover ways to drive this evil force from the sawmill and Dunwich, but doing so proves perilous.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

There are numerous ways investigators might become involved. They could be well known paranormal investigators, hired by the *Advertiser* to accompany Floyd Tobey and assist him on the story. Or investigators could be sent by Dr. Elliot Mills, a professor of history at Miskatonic University, with the mission of persuading his once favored student, Harold Bishop, to return to Arkham and finish his degree. They may even have read a teaser blurb in the *Advertiser*, hinting at an upcoming article about a haunted mill in Dunwich Township and decide to make the trip out of sheer curiosity. Maybe reporter Floyd Tobey is a cousin

of one of the investigators and concerned relatives want someone to look after him. Should the investigators show up and offer to help Floyd, he happily agrees—as long as investigators pay their own expenses, of course.

FLOYD TOBEY

Now in his early thirties, Tobey comes armed with a small camera on a collapsible tripod, a portable typewriter, a trusty pad and pen, a reliable flashlight, warm winter clothing, and a good pair of boots. Big on details, Floyd has carefully planned this trip to the last detail.

He’s a pleasant man, barely passable at his job, but likable. A little too short, a little too pudgy, starting to lose his hair, what Tobey lacks in journalism skills he makes up for with enthusiasm. A skeptic through and through, when faced with proof of the paranormal he may go to pieces.

He drives a well-maintained 1922 Ford Model T that, while chilly due to lack of a heater, will handle itself admirably on the sometimes slick highway that is the Aylesbury Pike in winter. Tobey’s a very careful driver.

And he’s more than happy to have company along for the ride, suggesting the investigators might be willing to pay for the gas. He has room for three passengers, or a cramped four, but warns investigators that he intends to transport some of the locals around during his visit. Parties larger than three may have to acquire an extra vehicle and instead follow Tobey out the Pike. The reporter is scheduled to meet with Herman Blake at Osborn’s General Store—the town’s only commercial establishment, at noon, tomorrow (or a day or two from now, at the Keeper’s discretion).



PART ONE: ARRIVING IN DUNWICH

Leaving Arkham early in the morning, Tobey and the investigators reach Dunwich by 11 a.m., an hour early for their scheduled appointment with Herman Blake. A few of the locals—regular loungers at the store—are gathered around the pot belly stove, seated in their usual chairs, or on wooden boxes. Two are engaged in a game of checkers while the rest make small talk about weather, crops, bank loans, etc. They don't much cotton to strangers, but Tobey approaches them without introduction, trying to chat them up, asking questions about the old mill.

The men prove reticent, and say very little to the reporter, telling him only what is commonly known (see below). One of the loungers, Zebulon Whateley, is a long-time member of the Believers. As soon as the investigators leave the store Zebulon goes to inform Mother Bishop of the strangers' arrival. By 2 p.m. Mother Bishop has assigned her favorite disciple, Marie Bishop, to offer her "assistance" to the outsiders.

COMMONLY KNOWN FACTS ABOUT THE MILL

The sawmill, opened in 1806, is to this day the largest structure in Dunwich. Tragically, shortly before the official opening, some local boys broke in during the dead of night. No one knows for sure what happened, but the boys' savagely mutilated bodies were discovered the next morning. The three had apparently been held down and sawed into planks, like timber, crotch to crown. The mill supervisor, Avern Whateley, quickly came under suspicion and several days later an angry mob lynched him for the crimes.

Regardless, the mill opened on schedule, but workers soon complained about nightmares, then began quitting. Within a couple of years the mill, unable to employ a workforce, closed, never to reopen.

FLOYD TOBEY'S SCHEDULE

Tobey is a very organized man and likes to keep a tight schedule. He's arranged to meet Herman Blake at Osborn's General Store at noon. He then intends to spend the rest of the afternoon at the home of Herman and Nancy Blake, interviewing them, then, later, have dinner with Squire Sawyer Whateley, the owner of the mill. Squire Whateley has agreed to rent Tobey the property for one week, so he

can conduct a thorough investigation. Tomorrow, Tobey plans to visit Harold Bishop and talk to him about the history of the sawmill. Later that day, he plans to tour the property first hand, and maybe even spend some of the night there. Tobey hopes that with these three interviews, and his first-hand experience in the Dunwich sawmill, he'll have more than enough material to write his article.

Investigators who have brought their own transportation may want to do some investigating on their own, preferring not to keep to Tobey's inflexible schedule. If investigators push Tobey to visit the mill earlier than scheduled, their pleas likely fall on deaf ears—particularly if Tobey has the only transportation.

Investigators attempting to break into the mill on their own face possible charges of trespassing and burglary, so they need be careful. They may want to simply visit the village, or hike or drive the township roads. The Keeper may allow the investigators to **Persuade** Tobey to visit the mill early, deviating from his schedule, with the scene "Tobey Takes a Fall" playing itself out early in the scenario.

HERMAN & NANCY BLAKE

Herman Blake arrives at the general store just before noon, on foot, having walked a mile over hard, frozen ground to meet Tobey and the investigators. After a round of introductions, the party loads up into their vehicles and drives back to Herman's farm.

A rustic home, the farmhouse is neat and clean, and Nancy makes every effort to make her guests feel at home. She offers everyone coffee and some homemade apple pie while building a large fire in the front room fireplace at the same time. Herman and Nancy are simple but proud people who've been having a few difficult years with bad crops and mounting debt. Their clothing is old but their home seems in good repair, cleaned from top to bottom to impress the rare visitors.

Asking about the mill, investigators will again learn only the most commonly known facts. The Blakes know little in the way of details, but swear up and down the place is truly haunted. Herman says, "It gives everyone nightmares, and those boys were sawed into pieces. If any place has got spooks in it, it's that one." Nancy agrees with everything her husband says. Investigators making a **Psychology** roll realize the couple is probably embellishing the tale.

At some point, one of the Blakes asks if it is possible to get half of the reward money now and the other half after the paper "gets their story." Tobey apologizes, telling them it isn't up to him. The policy of the paper is to only pay the reward once the haunting is proven. Tobey will, however, offer to pay the Blakes money if they'll allow the party to stay at their home for the duration of the investigation. "We can camp out in the parlor, you won't even know we're here. The *Advertiser* gives me eight dollars a day for board-

ing and expenses, would that be enough?" Cash strapped, the couple quickly agrees.

When the Blakes are later out of earshot, Tobey will ask the investigators to kick in their fair share of the expense.

A VISITOR

Before long there's a knock at the door. Opening it, Nancy finds Marie Bishop standing on the frozen stoop. Ushering her inside, Nancy's surprised when the visitor hands her a large basket filled with milk, bread, some ham, eggs, and butter. "I hope it's not rude of me to drop by like this," she says, "but I heard we had guests in town, and I so wanted to meet them."

The Blakes introduce Marie as "our local Schoolmarm and Township Clerk." Marie is bright, witty, and strangely modern for a place like Dunwich. She enjoys good conversation and meeting outsiders. Marie was educated at Radcliffe College but came back to Dunwich because "this is my home."

Marie offers to help Tobey and the investigators any way she can, telling them she can guide them anywhere they need to go. She also says, "Some folk may be a bit hesitant to talk to people they don't know. I'd be happy to make formal introductions for you." Tobey immediately accepts. "That's an offer we can't refuse. Thank you so much, Miss Bishop."

DINNER WITH SQUIRE WHATELEY

Around 6 p.m. Tobey, along with the investigators and Marie Bishop, pack up and head back to the village where they have been invited to have dinner at the home of Squire Sawyer Whateley. Living in a large Georgian home—the finest in Dunwich—this decorated Civil War veteran is also the biggest landowner in Dunwich. He is eighty-four years old, walks with a limp and a cane ("took a rebel round at Stanton's Hope"), but is surprisingly fit for a man his age. While not a member of the Believers cult, he knows a good deal about them. A leading Dunwich citizen, Squire Whateley serves as Justice of the Peace.

Upon seeing Marie Bishop with his visitors he says, "Ah Marie, I didn't expect to see you here, but I can't say I'm surprised. Come in girl, you're always welcome at my table."

Dinner is hearty and delicious, consisting of roast duck, stewed vegetables, freshly baked bread, and buttered carrot cake for dessert, all prepared by the Squire's cook and housekeeper, Pastel Harris. Conversation is light, war stories—both Civil and Great War—what's going on in Arkham, country living versus city life, the weather, and the rest. Asked about the mill, the Squire offers the commonly known facts, adding, "I don't think my great uncle killed those boys, to be honest. People just got all riled up, horrible thing what happened. Anyhow, folks wanted to blame someone, heated tempers and all. Before you know it poor

old Avern was strung up and that was that."

At the end of dinner, Floyd Tobey passes Squire Whateley an envelope containing \$35, the week's rent for the mill. Squire Whateley, in turn, gives Tobey a ring of nine keys, explaining he's not sure which key opens what, but the collection should unlock everything on the grounds. The old judge asks the reporter and the investigators not to break anything and tells them to be careful when exploring. "That old place has seen better days, mind you," and wishes them luck. Unless the investigators have made other boarding arrangements, they'll return with Tobey to the Blake farm, where they can turn in for the night. Before they leave the Squire's home, Marie bids them good night, explaining she has only a short walk home.

THE BELIEVERS, A RURAL CULT

Unlike many cults, the Believers of Dunwich are a self-defined group, worshipping no specific deity. Whether as a result of environment, or the cross-breeding of specific bloodlines—most notably the Bishop and Whateley clans—a high percentage of Dunwich residents exhibit signs of extra-natural powers such as telekinesis, mind reading, ESP, and other phenomena.

Having fled Salem during the witchcraft hysteria, drawn to this area by strange dreams, those individuals with signs of special powers bonded together in a fraternal organization intended to both protect its members and to help develop members' powers. As such, the twenty or so active members run the moral gamut from white to nearly black, as their individual personalities dictate. Some, like Marie Bishop, are positive influences on the community; others harbor old grudges and resentments. Only the strict code of the Believers keeps the more dark-minded of the cult from acting on their impulses.

The current senior member of the Believers is Charity "Mother" Bishop. Rumored to be over 120 years old, and blinded by cataracts, she spends most her time sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch of her ancient home. Mother Bishop is a seer and consulted on all but the most trivial of matters concerning the cult.

Mother Bishop's protégé is thirty-two-year-old Marie Bishop. College educated, charming and inquisitive, Marie poses no threat to the investigators and, quite the opposite, may prove rather helpful. Marie, under proper conditions, is capable of teleporting herself over sizable distances, up to several miles, using the ley lines that crisscross Dunwich and the surrounding area.

A good number of Dunwich residents know of this centuries-old organization, but never discuss it with outsiders. A good many more locals suspect its existence but do not speak of it out of fear of reprisal.

Dunwich Township



1 Mile to the Harold Bishop's Home

Harsen Road

1,800yds to the Mill Area

Mill Road

Allen Road

Bishop Street

Whateley Street

Parson Street

Sawyer Street

Backwater Road

Hutchins Road

Marie Bishop's Home

Cemetery

Osborn's General Store

Bishop Street

Place Street

Carrier Street

Hutchins Road

Whateley Street

The Common

Home of the Squire Whateley

Meeting House Hill

Dunwich Rd

1,600yds to the Home of Mother Bishop

Johnson Street

Farr Street

Wilson Road

River Road

Dunwich Road

Wilson Road

Sawyer Street

Miskatonic River

1 Mile to The Blake Farm

PART TWO: SETTLING IN

Morning in Dunwich begins with a hearty breakfast prepared by Nancy Blake and Marie Bishop—pancakes with maple syrup, sausage, and coffee. Investigators might be surprised to find Marie already there, even as they arise. If asked, she explains she caught an early morning ride with a neighbor coming out this way.

Today, Tobey's schedule has him visiting local historian Harold Bishop for an interview, followed by a visit to the mill.

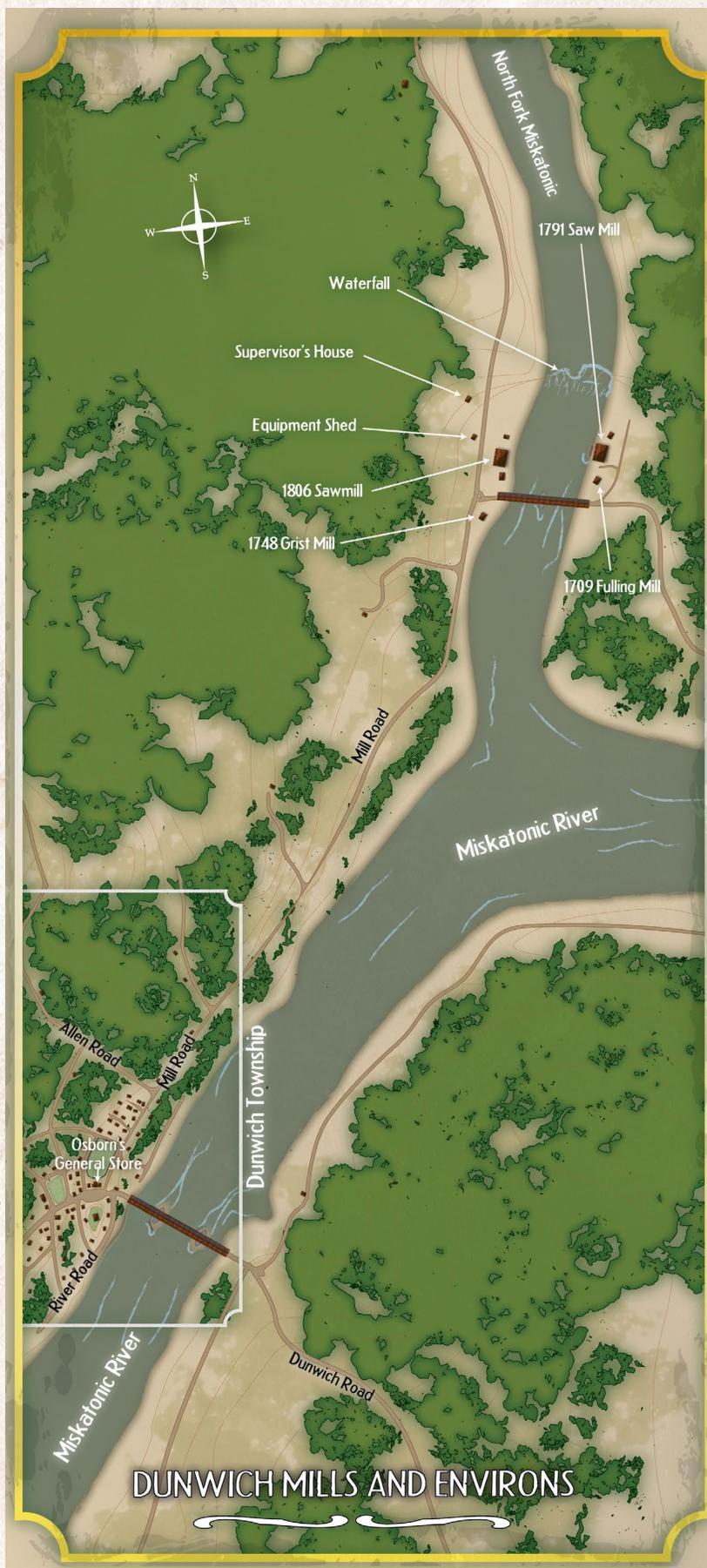
In the meantime, news of the outsiders has spread across the village and unfortunately reached the ears of Amos Whateley and Temple Potter.

BEING FOLLOWED

Beginning this morning, Lem Whateley starts following Tobey and the investigators wherever they go. He's been ordered by Amos to tail the party, following after them in a decrepit Model T of far earlier vintage than Tobey's. He is to report on what the investigators are up to. Lem isn't very subtle, so it's likely investigators detect his efforts. If confronted, the hulking Lem reacts angrily, denying he's following anyone, and tells them threateningly, "I'm just doing what I'm doing. I suggest you do the same." For the moment he won't take any aggressive action, but that changes soon enough.

PASSING THE MILLS

The most direct path between the Blake farm and Harold Bishop's is down South River road to Dunwich Road, then make a right over the bridge crossing the Miskatonic River. Then take the first left at Mill Road and follow that north to Stubbs Road and make another left. Harold Bishop's is the second farmhouse on the right. This route takes investigators right past several abandoned farms and homes, as well as several of Dunwich's closed and abandoned mills, including the reputedly haunted 1806 sawmill.



Tobey stops the car when Marie Bishop points out the infamous mill. Getting out of the car, he grabs his camera, then sets up to photograph the area. “We’ve got a few minutes,” he explains, proudly. “We’re running ahead of schedule.”

The mill itself is a large wooden structure with a pair of massive waterwheels jutting out into the Miskatonic River. Over a century old, the building seems sturdy, though definitely showing signs of its age. Just north of the mill, a waterfall cascades down from the north fork of the Miskatonic River, covering the area with a freezing mist that leaves a thin coating of ice on everything. Footing in the area is tricky at best. Several other mills in the area are mostly in ruins.

Investigators lingering near the mill must make a **POW** check. If they succeed, nothing happens, but anyone missing the roll loses a single point of **Sanity** while suffering a sharp pain in their temples. They also feel an eerie vibration, experience a loud buzzing in their ears, they are suddenly overwhelmed with inexplicable feelings of helplessness and dread, all passing within a few seconds. Neither Tobey nor Marie Bishop are affected. Marie’s high **POW** leaves her nearly immune; for game purposes, assume Tobey made his roll.

After taking a good look around, and snapping a dozen photos, Tobey hurries everyone back to the car and the trip to visit Harold Bishop resumes.

MEET HAROLD BISHOP

Following Marie’s directions, the investigators arrive at the home of Harold Bishop. Marie tells them he’s a distant relation and explains, “there are Bishops all across Dunwich, and he’s from another branch of the family. We’re related, I’m just not sure how.”

The man answering the door looks a typical Dunwich resident, and it is hard to imagine he once pursued a history degree at Miskatonic University. Nevertheless, Harold Bishop proves intelligent, well read, and the closest thing to a local history expert Dunwich has.

Harold welcomes his visitors and invites them in to have a sit by the fire in his parlor. He’ll offer them tea, serving the pot with a plate of cookies. Harold asks about goings-on in Arkham, focusing most of his questions on the University. Investigators making a successful **Psychology** roll realize Harold’s body language indicates he misses being a student. If investigators deliver the message from his former mentor, asking him to return to school, Harold says, “Yeah, I wish I could, but I can’t.” If the investigators ask him why, he answers, “Oh, well, you know, it’s a lot of work running a farm. But ya’ll came to talk about the mills, not me, right?”

THE HISTORY OF THE MILL

Harold Bishop knows the common history of the 1806 mill with a few extra details most people are unaware of. These are listed below.

- ✘ The boys who died were named David Jenkins, Rob Allen, and Danny Cahill.
- ✘ The three boys were all teenagers and well-known troublemakers.
- ✘ Avern Whateley was never formally arrested and instead was lynched by a mob on April 13th, 1806, without the benefit of a trial.
- ✘ Avern lived in the supervisor’s house, right across from the mill.
- ✘ Avern’s wife, Elizabeth Whateley, remarried within three months of her husband’s death and moved to Kingsport, causing quite a scandal.
- ✘ The stories about nightmares among the workers at the mill cannot be verified historically, as it was never documented. However, such tales were widely circulated across the area and have become local legend.
- ✘ Avern is said to have used old gold coins to pay for things, connecting him to the legend of the Whateley gold.

THE WHATELEY GOLD

If the investigators ask about the Whateley gold, Harold is more than happy to explain:

“Back in the eighteenth century the Bishops and Whateleys of Dunwich used gold coins for trade. Even as the local economy declined, their supply of antique gold coins seemed steady. People became suspicious. There were stories about hidden chests filled with gold, secret family mines—some people even suggested a mystical origin for the seemingly endless supply of gold. Wilbur Whateley was using these gold coins as recently as a few years ago. Over the years lots of folks have looked high and low, turning the village upside down. As far as I know, nobody has ever found it.”

VISITING THE MILL

The visit with Bishop over, Tobey is anxious to get back to the mill. At the site, Tobey and the investigators find easy entry once they are able to identify the key that opens the front door. Inside, investigators find the floor covered with patches of ice and the footing slippery. The interior of the building is large and sprawling, frozen sawdust covering the

A TALE OF DUNWICH

floor between stacks of abandoned, aging lumber. There are a number of holes in the roof and snow accumulates inside the mill, drifting up in corners.

Investigators searching the mill find little out of the ordinary, other than the appearance the mill was abandoned hastily. Lumber cut over a century ago is still stacked, ready for delivery. Workman's tools, mostly rusted, litter the workbenches. Tobey and Marie Bishop both take a good look around, the reporter taking notes and snapping pictures as he goes.

At some point, a random investigator searching the mill hears a terrible noise coming from right beside him, an inhuman and menacing growl that causes him or her to roll their **Sanity** or lose 0/1 points. In the end, the source of the sound is nothing more than a large, rather startled opossum, hissing noisily at the investigator who has accidentally cornered the animal. If the investigator backs off, the opossum scampers away and finds another place to sleep.

THE SAW BLADES

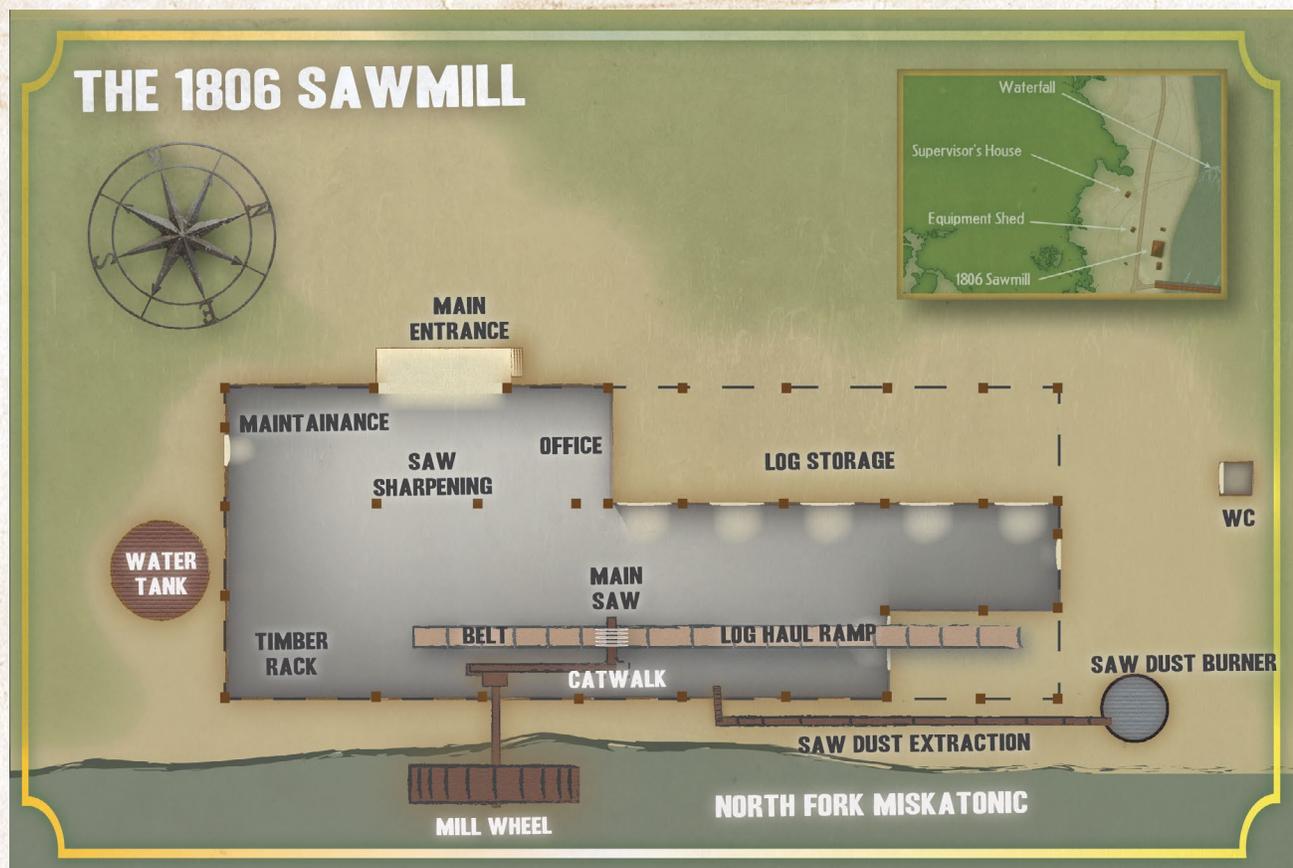
The one anomaly in the mill is the four long, reciprocating saw blades. Nearly eight feet long, mounted in a box-like device, the four rip blades were used to slice timbers into boards. Despite over a century of disuse, the blades are in nearly perfect condition, without a spot of rust, and still sharp to the touch.

Any investigator spending time near the blades must make a **POW** check, with those passing the check left unaffected. Investigators who fail the **POW** check are drained of a single point of **Sanity** and experience a sense of menace, almost paralyzing them with fear. The sensation, and the resulting paralysis, passes quickly, leaving those affected shivering as they break out in a cold sweat under their heavy winter clothing.

Investigators bold enough to touch the blades must make a **Hard POW** check, or be drained another **Sanity** point. Those who fail the check suddenly feel the area vibrating, and get the impression the blades are somehow hot and slick. Investigators get a momentary flash of blood splattering over the area. Again, this impression passes quickly and, while disturbing, it cannot be documented or proved.

TOBEY TAKES A FALL

While investigating the upper catwalks of the mill, reporter Tobey suddenly lets out a cry and stumbles backward, crashing through the old wooden guard rail and falling to the floor below. Tobey ricochets off an old workbench then lands hard on the icy floor. Knocked temporarily unconscious, he suffers a small, bloody wound to the head. Anyone making a successful **Medicine** roll can assess his injuries and discover Tobey's shoulder dislocated, as well. Marie Bishop rushes over, saying, "We need to get him out of here, he needs a doctor."





If one of the investigators is a doctor, or at least has medical training, they can treat Tobey back at the Blake farm. If the team is without a doctor then Marie guides them to the home of Tucker Jones in Dunwich village, the area's physician. Although his medical license long ago lapsed, he's a competent doctor who quickly diagnoses and treats Floyd Tobey's injuries, snapping the reporter's shoulder back into place, and rigging a sling for the injured arm.

Though badly bruised, none of Tobey's injuries are life-threatening. Tucker Jones allows the injured man to leave as long as he's accompanied by someone who promises to watch over him and make sure he doesn't fall asleep the next four hours. "Ye might have a concussion, you know?"

Although Tobey's injuries are comparatively minor, he is fearful, and will not return to the mill. Even talking about it brings on a case of the shakes.

TALKING TO TOBEY AFTERWARDS

Back at the Blake farm, Tobey seems disturbed. If asked what happened he pauses to think a moment before saying, "I must have slipped on the ice and taken a bad step." Anyone making a **Psychology** roll knows he's not only lying but terribly frightened, as well. If investigators make a **Persuade** roll to convince him to talk more about what happened, he'll say he "saw something" and felt something shove him backward over the railing. The something he saw was a boy standing in the shadows who, turning towards Tobey, was cut in half, from crotch to crown. Tobey quickly says, "Overactive imagination, mind playing tricks on me, I'm sure."

Tobey then shifts gears and admits he won't continue the investigation. "I guess I have enough to write the article. I really intended to have a better look around, but I think I've got enough to write the story." He asks the investigators if they could look around the supervisor's house beside the mill, take a few pictures for him and then drive him back to Arkham tomorrow.

This upsets the Blakes, who immediately asks if this means they won't get the reward money. Mr. Tobey says, "That'll be up to Mr. Gedney, my editor. But I wasn't able to conduct a full investigation. While it looked promising, there is nothing I can prove. I'm sorry but no, I don't think he'll approve paying out the reward."

At this point Nancy begins to cry, embracing her husband saying, "Oh Herman, what are we going to do now? We're going to lose the farm!" Herman quickly hushes her, holding her close and saying, "Don't worry Nancy, we'll be alright. It'll work out somehow." If Herman is questioned by investigators, he'll confess the First Bank of Aylesbury is about to foreclose on their farm, and they need to come up with \$250 fast. If investigators offer to give or loan the Blakes the money the proud couple refuses saying, "We can't accept charity, thank you. We're working folk. We'll manage, but thank you kindly."

CHOICES

Investigators now have a few choices. They can agree to take a few pictures and a quick look around the supervisor's house before driving Tobey back to Arkham, or they can refuse to return to the mill area at all, choosing instead to head back to Arkham with the injured reporter first thing in the morning. Should they choose either of these options the Blakes lose their farm, the mystery remains unsolved and the scenario ends in failure.

In the investigators take over the investigation and attempt to get to the bottom of all this, Keepers should proceed to "Part Three" of the scenario. Marie Bishop will offer to assist the investigators. Herman and Nancy will be overjoyed, going out of their way to make the investigators and the injured Tobey as comfortable as possible.

PART THREE: MYSTERY OF THE MILL

In the supervisor's house are clues about what has gone on in the mill, and how to possibly put an end to it. Investigators can learn what went wrong with the special ritual Avern Whateley performed, and perhaps even be led to find a small stash of the famous Whateley gold. With the right information, investigators can attempt to rid the mill of the malevolent spirit residing there. However, this task will be complicated by the actions of Amos and Lem Whateley, along with a trio of degenerate Potter allies.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE

Investigators going out to their vehicle(s) the next morning find a windshield smashed, the hood forced open, and several hoses and wires cut or ripped out. Repairing the vehicles requires two hours of work and a successful **Mechanical Repair** roll. If the Blakes are asked who could have done this, they claim ignorance and apologize for this having happened on their property. If investigators are unable to make the repairs themselves, Herman Blake can do it for them. However, this keeps the investigators away from the mill area for most of the morning, even if

they decide to forego the vehicles and walk.

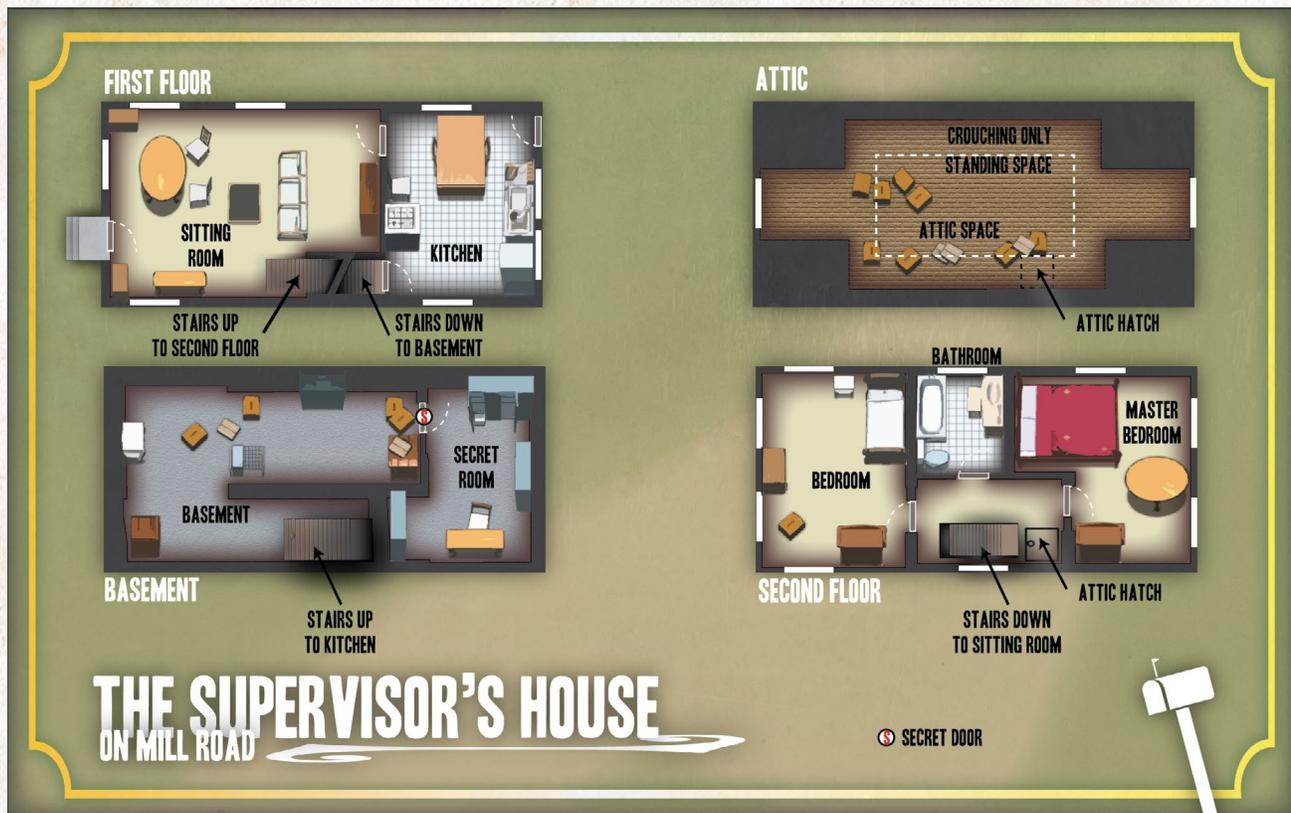
Lem Whateley doesn't shadow the investigators this morning because at the moment he's helping search the mill. If investigators fail to notice his absence, Marie Bishop mentions it, explaining that Lem is likely the culprit and the sort that gives country folk a bad name. She promises to report this to Squire Whateley as soon as possible. Keepers should have Lem resume his duties later today and once again begin tailing the investigators.

RETURNING TO THE MILL AREA

Investigators returning to the mill area should make a **Spot Hidden** roll. If successful they notice fresh horse dung in the area. Inside, investigators see fresh boot prints on the snow-covered floor and evidence the place has been roughly searched—things are knocked over, equipment moved about, boxes emptied and the like.

THE SUPERVISOR'S HOUSE

Investigators can gain entry to this house using the keys given to them by Squire Whateley. The house is two stories tall and, like the mill, has holes in the roof, sagging floorboards, etc. Other than some old furniture and fading papers, investigators find little here without making successful **Spot Hidden** rolls. Important clues are located in the attic, basement and master bedroom.



THE MASTER BEDROOM

If investigators check underneath the rotted bed and make a **Spot Hidden** roll, they find a loose floorboard which, if lifted, reveals a small metal box, securely locked. The box is heavy, and none of the keys supplied by Squire Whateley will open it. The box must be broken into with a **Locksmith** roll, or a Hard **STR** check to pry it open, or by inflicting 5 points of damage to the lock to disable it. Inside is an old flintlock pistol, not in working order but still an antique worth \$25 to the right buyer. The box also contains three one-pound gold ingots with a current value of approximately \$975. These ingots were made from five-pound lead weights, like those found elsewhere in the house. There is also a set of dies, once used for minting gold coins. With the value of the pistol and gold found here, investigators have more than enough money to pay off the Blakes' debts, should they choose to do so.

THE ATTIC

Investigators exploring the attic disturb a family of raccoons who angrily exit through a hole in the roof. Anyone making a successful **Spot Hidden** finds a wooden box filled with papers and books. One of the books is a small leather-bound journal, embossed with the initials "A.W." on the cover, which once belonged to the late Avern Whateley. If this book is located while Marie Bishop is present, she'll ask to look at it first and then try to keep it out of the investigators' hands, citing matters of privacy, and stating it should be handed over to Squire Whateley.

If investigators skim through the journal, they find drawings of strange symbols, chemistry notes, sketches of indescribable creatures, and fragments of spells. More than two-thirds of the book is illegible, the pages long ruined by dripping water. The last few entries are important, detailing what Avern Whateley tried to accomplish, and how it went wrong. It also lists his plan to rectify things, written just before he was lynched. See the "Spirit of Industry Papers #1."

THE BASEMENT

Investigators find the basement damp, cold and cluttered. A successful **INT** roll reveals the basement is shorter than the house above by almost twenty feet. Anyone making a **Spot Hidden** roll here locates a loose, discolored brick which, when pressed, releases the latch of a hidden door. A portion of the brick wall can then be swung open on perfectly balanced hinges to reveal the hidden room beyond.

Inside are several dusty, cobweb-covered bookcases filled with jars, bottles, and various containers. There's also a worktable with mortar and pestle, chemistry tools, and a half dozen five-pound lead weights. Hanging on the back wall is an astrological chart listing various positions of the stars, planets, and moon dated 1800–1820. This is Avern Whateley's alchemy laboratory where, among other things,

AN OLD JOURNAL

The Journal of Avern Whateley

Language: English

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2

Cthulhu Mythos: +2 percentiles

Mythos Rating: 10

Study Time: 1 week

Spells Available: none.

This leather-bound journal, embossed with the initials A.W., is about 8 inches across, 12 inches long and two inches thick. It has sixty pages, of which only the last twenty are legible. While it once held several spells and valuable alchemical formulae, all these pages are ruined. The last third of the book is mostly a journal of the alchemist and minor wizard Avern Whateley, who was lynched by a Dunwich mob in early 1806.

he turned small batches of lead into gold. If Marie Bishop is here, she tries to explain this away, saying that maybe a former owner of the house was a chemist or pharmacist.

THE AMBUSH

At some point on the third day of the investigation, Amos Whateley becomes convinced the outsiders know something about the hidden Whateley gold. He orders Lem and the Potters to bring the investigators to him so he can find out what they're up to. Soon after, Lem Whateley, along with Jubal and Jedediah Potter, attempts to ambush the investigators. They may attempt this in or around the mill, or they may choose to waylay the party by blocking a remote section of road with their own, decrepit Model T, then jump the investigators when they get out of their car to help the stranded motorists.

The presence of Marie Bishop is a problem. Even the dimwitted Lem recognizes that causing her undue harm will bring the wrath of the village—and the Believers—down on his head. The plan is to have Jedediah throw a sack over her head then beat her unconscious while the other two jump the investigators and beat them down. Jedediah joins in the fray anytime after Marie is disabled.

If investigators manage to kill, capture or fight off the trio, Marie Bishop summons Constable Tristram Whateley and tells him what happened. Tristram takes control of the situation by either arresting the trio, organizing a search party for the fugitives, or arranging for their bodies to be transported back to the village. If any of the attackers are killed, Marie testifies the investigators were attacked without warning or provocation, and only acted to defend themselves. The constable will accept this and not arrest the investigators. He will

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March 14th, 1805

My conversation with Mortimer yielded many secrets. M spoke of a ritual he ~~learned~~ learned while trading in the Caribbean whereby a benevolent spirit could be placed within an ~~animate~~ inanimate object and thereby impart upon it a soul. M claimed to have performed this ritual on his schooner, bonding the vessel with such a spirit. Since then he ~~says~~ says the Sarah Elizabeth performed things no other ship could do, weathering storms that would have shattered a normal vessel, somehow finding its way through deepest fog, being resistant to damage and somehow easier to maintain. His men say the schooner is 'lucky' and that those serving upon her always feel as if a ~~guardian~~ guardian angel were watching over them. If he could do this with his ship why couldn't I do that with the new mill? Construction should begin this spring, which gives me enough time to ~~replicate~~ replicate the ritual. Unfortunately, cousin M had the spell cast for him by a freed African slave and did not learn the arcane ritual personally. Some details are sketchy.

August 23rd, 1805

The ritual proved very difficult. Pure silver needs be blended into the steel of the mill's saw blade that which I consider heart of the mill, just as the central mast would be the heart of a ship. I'll need to have the

blade made in Kingsport and shipped here. When the blades are installed I'll complete the ritual, summoning a ~~ben~~ benevolent spirit and binding it to the blades. The blades must be kept in place within the mill lest the spirit be torn free from the binding. If these blades ever need be replaced, this will ruin the spell but my cousin assures me that his schooner seldom needed repairs after being bonded with the spirit. I have hopes that many years will pass before the saw blades ever need ~~be~~ replacing. The expense of the silver and the cost of construction have been considerable. I've used nearly all my chemicals and half of my lead to cover the costs. I require additional supplies for my lab.

February 18th, 1806

The blades arrived last week and were installed today. The mill is nearly ready; just a few last minute things, like painting, installing worktables and furniture, remains to be done. The ~~first~~ first of the three rituals is complete. I've two more to do with the final one conducted the night after the mill opens. I intend to use the spiritual energy of a handful of people I've invited to tour the mill. Good, pure hearted, and positive sorts of people to help attract just the right sort of spirit. Six more weeks until the mill opens, all is ready.



however strongly suggest they leave Dunwich as soon as possible, explaining, “These men have kin and I can’t be everywhere at once. Enough blood’s been shed, so you’d best get going, understand?”

Should the locals win out, they leave Marie Bishop lying where she fell and haul the unconscious investigators to a nearby abandoned farmhouse. Waiting here is Temple Potter, who, after searching the investigators, binds them securely with rope. Temple questions the bound investigators about what they know of the Whateley gold, giving each a severe beating as Lem, Jubal, and Jedediah stand aside, looking on. Temple plans to eventually murder his captives once he’s learned all he can from them. He will use a rusty kitchen knife he found at the abandoned farm and plans to leave their bodies in the root cellar. Once the situation reaches a flashpoint, Keepers are invited to introduce one of the following rescue plans.

FARMHOUSE RESCUE

If the investigators are captured and the Keeper does not wish the scenario to end with their murder, there are two options for affecting a rescue. The first involves Marie Bishop leading the local constable and his men to where the attack took place, then following tracks back to the farmhouse where the investigators are held captive. The second has Marie Bishop summoning a party of the Believers, then

locating the attackers and prisoners using the Augur spell. Keepers can choose whichever option fits best, considering events prior to the investigators’ capture.

The Constable’s Rescue

Constable Tristram Whateley arrives with a posse of armed men just in the nick of time. The constable orders everyone to come out with their hands up. Temple hands Jubal a pistol, telling him to shoot anyone approaching the house, then tells Jedediah to kill the prisoners before any of the posse gets inside. Temple Potter and Lem Whateley then sneak out the back door and escape into the hills. The posse moves toward the house, and Jubal fires a few shots at them, missing terribly. The posse fires back, wounding both of the Potter boys, then rushes the farmhouse. The investigators are saved.

Jubal and Jedediah are captured, and eventually confess to everything, but deny anyone else was involved. The pair makes up a story about the investigators attacking them and how they were only defending themselves. Constable Whateley doesn’t buy a word of it and has them hauled off. The investigators are freed and should be thankful the battered Marie Bishop led authorities here.

A TALE OF DUNWICH

April 7th, 1806

Something went wrong. Three boys were found dead, sawn in half, blood everywhere! I'm going to be ruined. Why did they have to break in? How did the spell go wrong? I checked the blades and somehow the ritual was ~~not~~ completed already. I have no idea how this happened but I know one thing, the spirit within the saw blades is a dark and vile thing, a malevolent force of evil. You can feel it as you draw near, I suspect it's more powerful than it's letting on, as well. What sort of soul does the mill now possess?

If the other Believers find out what I've done, ~~then~~ there will be trouble. I was warned against my bonding experiments before, they'll react badly should they learn I was responsible. God forgive me for those boys, I need to find out what happened. Maybe the silver was tainted? Maybe someone completed the ritual before I could?

April 12th, 1806

Elizabeth has confessed to taking half of the silver I sent her to deliver to the foundry in Kingsport. I don't yet know what she did with it, but I'll find out. She ~~she~~ disobeyed me, she stole from me, and she tells me she has a lover. Why did I marry such a woman? I told her that it is her fault those boys are dead and she threatened to tell the others what I was doing in the mill. She said she hates me. I've locked her in her room and cursed her, she'll not speak ~~any~~ another word until I free her of the enchantment. I'll deal with the whore later, she's where she can do no further harm now. Tomorrow, after the work shift ends, I will go to the mill and knock the saw blades out of alignment. It may take a while, but I can't risk anyone finding out. I'll try to make it look like the ~~other~~ blades were installed improperly and came loose during operation. People are looking at me with suspicion. They say I had the only keys to the mill the night the boys died. Some are already whispering names, thinking there is a murderer among us. I wish it were true, some mortal lunatic and not the demon that now resides in the mill. Perhaps it is not too late.

The Believers' Rescue

Marie Bishop gathers her own posse and comes to the investigators' rescue herself, arriving in the nick of time with Zebulon Whateley, Wesley Corey, and Corey's parents, George and Emily. These members of the cult all live near the mill, where the ambush most likely took place. The Believers silently storm the house, using a mix of fists, clubs, and spells to save the investigators. Temple Potter and Lem Whateley manage to rush upstairs then drop outside from a window and again escape into the woods. Marie Bishop effects this rescue only if she feels the investigators can be trusted with the Believer's secret. If investigators are planning to banish the evil spirit from the mill, they'll have done much to gain her trust.

After the rescue, Marie talks to the investigators while Zebulon Whateley tends to their injuries, possibly even using a healing spell. Marie explains who the Believers are, that she is a member, and asking them to keep the group's existence a secret. Marie tells them that her people will track down and deal with Lem and Temple. She also says if the investigators are still willing to confront the evil lurking in the mill, she will help them.

PART FOUR: THE DEMON OF THE SAWMILL

If investigators discover the clues left by Avern Whateley, they might have some idea how to banish the malignant entity within the old sawmill. Otherwise, they might attempt to spend the night, hoping to provoke nightmares or worse from whatever is haunting the mill. This section deals with the evil spirit bound to the mill blades, how it can affect its environment and what it does when threatened by investigators.

WHAT WENT WRONG IN 1806

Avern Whateley hoped to bind a benevolent entity to the mill, containing it within the saw blades. Through no fault of his own, the blades were incorrectly crafted, lacking the proper amount of silver mixed with the steel. The blades became a vessel for any sort of spirit seeking a connection to the physical world. Many of these entities are dangerous, anxious to cause harm to the living. Before Avern could properly complete the ritual, a malicious entity entered the blades. This spirit made the sawmill its home, like a hermit crab claiming an abandoned shell.

THE DEMON OF THE MILL

The spirit inhabiting the mill's blades feeds by draining the mental stability of the sentient creatures around it. Simply put, it devours sanity and spreads madness in return.

Since the murders of the three boys more than a century ago, the spirit has practiced moderation, implanting nightmares in people spending time in the mill and slowly draining their sanity. However, this eventually drove everyone away from the mill, and for over a century the spirit has been alone, eager to feed once again. The investigators are just what it needs.

THE CREATURE'S POWERS

The entity has six basic abilities it can employ within the area of the mill, and it may use up to two of these abilities at a time. Some of these powers can be used but a limited number of times per day.

Self Motion

The enormous mounted blades can animate of their own accord, no matter what safety locks are engaged, even if the blades are disconnected from the waterwheel via the clutch. At any moment these blades can spring to life, rocking forward and slashing any unlucky investigator with the four great tearing ripsaw blades. Victims might be slashed by the teeth, or merely crushed by the heavy wooden frame that holds the blades. In either event, damage is 1D6+2 points. This power can be employed as often as the entity wishes.

Menace

The entity can create a feeling of menace and fear, often combined with inexplicable physical sensations such as mysterious vibrations, odd odors, or sudden temperature changes. This power extends for up to a hundred yards around the mill and can be used an unlimited number of times per day. Those inside the mill must make a Hard POW check while those outside the mill require a Regular POW check. Those passing the check are unaffected, while those failing are drained a single **Sanity** point. This is the entity's way of saying "hello" while also enjoying a small snack.

Implant Nightmares

The entity can implant a nightmare in the mind of anyone spending more than an hour inside the mill. The next time the victim falls asleep, a terrifying dream manifests, draining 1/1D4 points of **Sanity**. This is the primary way the spirit feeds itself and the reason the mill closed just two years after it opened. This power can be employed up to six times per day.

A TALE OF DUNWICH

Telekinesis

The spirit can cause objects within the mill to move. These manifestations can be simple, like tripping someone down the stairs or pushing a box off a shelf. They can also be aggressive, like holding someone down on the conveyor or shoving a reporter through a railing. Moving objects weighing less than twenty pounds cost the entity nothing, and such movements can be performed an unlimited number of times per day. Moving heavier objects can be performed only five times per day. Those struck by such telekinetic forces typically suffer 1D6 points of damage.

The entity can also hurl objects at a victim, which hit 50% of the time. Actual damage depends on the type of object, a wooden box causing 1D4 points, while a heavy iron tool might cause as much as 1D12 points of damage. Anyone seeing items moving on their own, being hurled at them, or feel themselves being hit by a telekinetic force must make a **Sanity** roll against a loss 0/1D2 points.

Illusion

The entity can create illusions, no larger than SIZ 90, attempting to drain sanity from a victim. The illusions are always horrifying, sometimes powerful enough to drive a target temporarily insane. Illusions last about a minute and drain 1/1D6 **Sanity** points from the victim. The spirit can employ this ability up to four times a day, using this power to both feed and protect itself.

Paralyze

The entity can cause a victim's muscles to lock into place, effectively paralyzing them. To resist this, attack a target must make a **POW** check or be paralyzed for 5D6 minutes. Affected individuals experience such terror they are required to make a **Sanity** roll against a loss of 0/1D2 points. This, the creature's most powerful ability, can only be employed three times per day. Failed attempts to paralyze a target do not count against this number. The entity used this ability, in conjunction with Telekinesis and Self-Motion, to murder the three boys back in 1806.

DESTROYING THE CREATURE

The entity's one weakness is the focal point of the bonding, the four saw blades. If the blades are removed from their housing, the enchantment is dispelled and the spirit residing within destroyed. Of course, the malevolent entity does everything in its power to protect itself.

To destroy the entity, investigators must either physically remove the saw blades from the wooden housing, or significantly damage the entire assembly. Removing the saw blades requires an hour of work and four successful **Mechanical Repair** rolls. These rolls require the investigator to be in close physical contact with the sawmill blades. Should the entity employ its Self-Motion ability at that particular moment—almost a certainty—the investiga-

tors immediately take 1D6 points of damage regardless of the outcome of the **Mechanical Repair** check. The entity might also employ its Telekinesis or Paralyze powers in conjunction with this attack.

Damaging the mounting assembly might be less risky but requires a great deal of force. Investigators must inflict at least 50 points of damage to the mount using a heavy item like a maul or pickaxe. Investigators with explosives may have an easier time destroying the saw blade assembly. If all else fails, investigators could set fire to that section of the mill. While these last two options will free the blades from their housing, destroying the entity within, investigators may very well cause damage to the entire building if the fire gets out of hand.

If the entity is driven from the saw blades it issues an ear-piercing cry, heard for miles around, followed by a burst of sparks that fill the air with the odor of ozone. Anyone in the mill at this time is blinded and deafened for fifteen minutes and must make a **Sanity** check against a loss of 1/1D3.

Squire Whateley's reaction to the damage depends on the level of destruction caused by the exorcism. Investigators carefully dismantling the saw blade mounts will not draw the ire of Squire Whateley. If investigators instead smash the mounting and knock the blades out of alignment, Squire Whateley demands they pay him \$50 for the damage caused. Investigators starting a fire in the mill will likely cause significant damage to the structure. In this case, the Squire will demand full repayment of at least \$200, and as much as \$2000, depending on the extent of the damage. If the investigators can calm Squire Whateley with a lengthy and believable explanation, and a successful **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll, he may let them off the hook.

CONCLUSION

This scenario can end successfully in many ways. The reporter Floyd Tobey writes his story and meets his deadline. It will be a small article that doesn't bring Dunwich too much unwanted attention. In it, he states he was unable to prove the existence of ghosts. His editor, Harvey Gedney, is satisfied with his efforts but of course, declines to pay the Blakes any reward.

Unfortunately for Herman and Nancy Blake, failing to procure the \$500 reward from the *Arkham Advertiser* means they stand to lose their farm. The Blakes' farm can be saved in a number of ways. The investigators may have found the hidden gold in the supervisor's residence and use this to pay off the money owed to The First Bank of Aylesbury. If the Blakes are given more than the required \$250, they'll be able to buy new seed, livestock and fertilizer to help them get back on their feet. If the farm is saved, investigators earn the eternal gratitude of Herman and Nancy Blake along with an additional sanity award.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

For driving the bound spirit out of the mill, award the investigators 1D8 **Sanity** points. If they manage to save the Blakes from foreclosure, award them another 1D3 **Sanity** points.

NPCs AND MONSTERS

FLOYD TOBEY, mediocre reporter

STR 45 **CON** 45 **SIZ** 45 **INT** 55 **POW** 50
DEX 45 **APP** 55 **EDU** 70 **SAN** 50 **HP** 10
DB: none. **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), 1D3 + db

Dodge 22% (11/4)

Skills: Art/Craft (Photography) 50%, Charm 30%, Climb 25%, Credit Rating 35%, Drive Auto 55%, Fast Talk 15%, Jump 15%, Library Use 65%, Persuade 25%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Age: 34

MARIE BISHOP, Dunwich schoolmarm

STR 50 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 45 **INT** 85 **POW** 100
DEX 65 **APP** 65 **EDU** 80 **SAN** 85 **HP** 11
DB: none. **Build:** 0 **Move:** 9 **MP:** 25

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 32% (16/6)

Skills: Accounting 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Drive Auto 55%, History 35%, Language (English) 85%, Law 25%, Library Use 80%, Occult 65%, Persuade 70%, Ride 65% Science (Anthropology) 15%, Science (Archaeology) 10%, Science (Astronomy) 55%.

Spells: Augury, Bind Enemy, Call Horned Man, Dream Vision, Evil Eye, Warding.

Age: 32

LEM WHATELY

STR 80 **CON** 85 **SIZ** 85 **INT** 45 **POW** 45
DEX 45 **APP** 40 **EDU** 25 **SAN** 33 **HP** 17
DB: +1D6 **Build:** 2 **Move:** 7 **MP:** 9

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), damage 1D3 + db, or club 1D6 + db

Dodge 55% (27/11)

Skills: Climb 45%, Drive Auto 45%, Jump 45%, Listen 65%, Ride 45%, Stealth 55%, Track 45%.

Age: 28

JUBAL POTTER

STR 75 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 75 **INT** 35 **POW** 45
DEX 55 **APP** 35 **EDU** 20 **SAN** 28 **HP** 14
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 9

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), damage 1D3 + db, or club 1D6 + db

Dodge 50% (25/10)

Skills: Drive Auto 30%, Listen 50%, Stealth 65%.

Age: 28

JEBEDIAH POTTER

STR 70 **CON** 65 **SIZ** 65 **INT** 40 **POW** 45
DEX 60 **APP** 40 **EDU** 20 **SAN** 29 **HP** 13
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 9

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db, or club 1D6 + db

Dodge 55% (27/11)

Skills: Drive Auto 35%, Listen 60%, Stealth 70%.

Age: 24

Explore charming

FOXFIELD





FOXFIELD



Herber Hill

Crystal Quarry

The Old Congregates

The Heights

"The Three Ladies"

The Fox River

Foxfield

The Southern Farmlands

The Heart of Foxfield

Foxfield Road

The Miskatonic River

The Aylesbury Pike

To Tewksbury & Lowell

To Arkham & Kingsport

To Lawrence & Andover

Whipple

Brewster

Clegg

Allerton

Pearson

Fox River Falls

Fire Tower

Copley

White

Sutler

Taggart

Abbot

Parker

Poynton

Sawyer

Latham

Palson

McCourt

PROOF OF LIFE

THE SMALL TOWN OF FOXFIELD IS LOCATED NORTHWEST OF ARKHAM, ALONG THE AYLESBURY PIKE. THE POPULAR, AND LONG-STANDING TOWNSHIP SUPERVISOR, HENRY BARNES, HAS REPORTEDLY RECEIVED DEATH THREATS, MOST LIKELY FROM SOMEONE WITHIN THE COMMUNITY. THE STRUGGLING POPULATION, NOW NUMBERING LESS THAN A THOUSAND PEOPLE, IS USUALLY IN ACCORD, BUT DEVELOPMENTS OVER THE PAST YEAR HAVE DRIVEN A WEDGE BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THE FORMERLY TIGHT-KNIT COMMUNITY.

A lumber company has offered to lease a large tract of undeveloped township land in the hills north of town. There, the company hopes to harvest top-quality hardwoods from the stands of oak and maple. This deal would prove an economic boon for the struggling community. Not only would the lease pay the township well, but the new industry would also provide a fresh economic base for businesses in the town.

Supervisor Barnes, also the head of the local Unitarian Church, at first backed the proposal but now stands foursquare against it, citing the "desecration of God's domain" as his main concern. His position has until now received the support of two of the three town council members and a small majority of the townsfolk. Unbeknownst to Barnes, however, one of the council members is thinking of changing her position.

While no one can prove the source of the death threat, most suspect Ike Copley, a local farmer and long-time political opponent of Barnes.

KEEPER INFORMATION

Ike Copley is indeed responsible for the scrawled death threat left on Barnes' front door, but Ike never had any real intent to harm the supervisor. Drunk at the time, and angry over a public humiliation he'd suffered, Copley merely wanted to scare his rival. The town supervisor's real problems lie much deeper, underneath the hills north of town.

The northern hills are home to a small but ancient Mi-go research station. Hidden behind a waterfall, the Mi-go lair is linked to the main colony in Vermont by way of a Gate. Desiring a low profile, the Mi-go have only rarely disturbed the inhabitants of the region, despite the fact

and also the local
Arkham, MA Post
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TENSIONS RUN HIGH IN FOXFIELD

By Roberta Henry

FOXFIELD, MA.—This usually peaceful small community of less than a thousand souls is abuzz with rumor. The popular Town Supervisor, Henry Barnes, also pastor of the Foxfield Unitarian Church, has apparently received a death threat, according to Massachusetts State Police Lieutenant Graham Tolliver.

"A note was posted on the front door of Supervisor Barnes' home," Tolliver explained to this reporter. "There are several suspects, but at this time we're not ready to make any arrests. Unfortunately, the victim disposed of the evidence before we could thoroughly examine it."

Speculation is the death threat came from one of Barnes' constituents, possibly angry over Barnes' opposition to leasing some of the township land to a lumber company. Tempers in this small, usually peaceful, community are running high, and it is rumored Supervisor Barnes was actually involved in a physical confrontation with one of his constituents on the street just a day or two prior to the alleged death threat.

Unfortunately, Supervisor Barnes has declined to be interviewed for this story.

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Optometrist
237 W. Main Street
Ph. 8754

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Proof of Life Papers #1

they've been here for centuries. However, when the Mi-go learned of the possible timber lease in their territory, they felt forced to take action.

With Supervisor Barnes leaning toward signing the lease, the Mi-go six weeks ago abducted his two children from their home and carried them off to their hidden lair in the hills, telling Barnes the children would not be harmed if he blocked passage of the lease.

Offering Barnes proof of life, the Mi-go next night delivered two brain canisters, along with the machines needed to communicate with the canisters' occupants. Barnes visits with his two children most every evening, plugging them in so he can read to them. He is by now quite mad.

Barnes claims he sent the children away to a boarding school in Arkham. His sister-in-law, Sarah Brock, who had been the family's housekeeper since the death of Barnes' wife, Helen, has also moved out, according to Barnes. The truth is far more terrible. When Sarah, worried about the two children, talked of "going to the authorities" the Mi-go abducted her and carried her back to their lair, where she still remains. In the meantime, Barnes does all he can to block the timber lease.

This scenario should be staged in early autumn or late spring, during the school year rather than summer.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

Investigators may get involved in the mystery in several different ways. Henry Barnes may be a friend or family member of one of the investigators. An old friend of Barnes might hire a private investigator to look into the death threat Barnes received. Journalist investigators might want to follow up on the story printed in the *Arkham Advertiser*. See "Proof of Life Papers #1."

A HISTORY OF FOXFIELD

Located approximately twenty-five miles from downtown Arkham, Foxfield is reached by driving out the Aylesbury Pike for nearly an hour then turning right on the unpaved Foxfield Road that runs north and crosses the Miskatonic River. Foxfield Road is of the corduroy type, unpaved, and reinforced by timbers that provide traction and footing even during the rainy season. It also makes for a teeth-jarring, bumpy ride. Bear right at the fork (the left fork leads to Tewksbury) and four miles up the road, travelers arrive in the town of Foxfield.

Founded in 1729, the town proper lies mostly on the southern bank of the Fox River, which flows east-southeast before joining the Miskatonic River a few miles down-

stream. A small farming community, Foxfield joined the industrial revolution in 1843 when the Pickering family of Salem bought the old Sutler sawmill on the north side of the river and replaced it with a large woolen mill. The mill prospered and many of the local farmers shifted from raising crops to breeding sheep, selling the wool to the mill. Planned from the outset as an idealized industrial community, worker housing was built next to the mill, providing lodging for the many immigrant workers drawn to the area. There was even a small chapel where the workers could celebrate Catholic mass. With local Yankees hired to supervise the workforce, Foxfield soon found itself home to a mix of French Canadians, Belgians, Poles, and Lithuanians. While there was occasional friction between the locals and the newcomers, the mill workers mostly kept to the north side of the river in what came to be known as Mill Town, and the local population, appreciating the economic growth provided by the mill, found a reason to tolerate them.

With the advent of the Civil War, the mill was expanded to fulfill contracts to provide woolen goods for the manufacture of soldiers' uniforms. But by the late nineteenth century business had slowed, and portions of the mill were shut down and workers laid off. In 1911, a disastrous fire burned the structure beyond repair. Fully insured, the Pickering family chose not to rebuild, moving out of Foxfield and deeding all their properties, including the ruined mill, to the town.

Without the mill, the local economy all but collapsed. Most of the immigrant workers moved out, leaving Foxfield mainly to the Yankee descendants of the farmers who founded the town. Although still a proud community, Foxfield has nonetheless begun to deteriorate as small businesses close and unoccupied buildings go neglected.

The central town enjoys electricity from the local power company, but neither the southern or northern farms are electrified. Phone lines are up, connecting most of the farms with hand-cranked wall phones that require an operator to make connections.

A few citizens own automobiles or small trucks, but horse-drawn wagons are still the norm, and in the case of the rustic northern roads, all but required.

Foxfield does not have a police force. There is a Town Constable in residence, but most real law enforcement is handled by the Massachusetts State Police.

SUPERVISOR HENRY BARNES

Age thirty-five, Henry Barnes is a Boston native who moved to Foxfield twelve years ago, taking over duties as pastor of the Foxfield Unitarian Church. Married to the former Helen Brock, the young couple had their first child, a daughter named Mary, a few months after they settled in Foxfield. A son, Robert, was born three years later.

The college-educated Barnes proved a good choice for Foxfield. He quickly got involved in community matters and, after less than four years in town, was elected to the post

PROOF OF LIFE



of Township Supervisor. It was during his first year in office that his wife, Helen, was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. A year later she was dead, leaving Barnes to raise their two young children alone.

Within weeks of his wife's death, Helen's older sister, Sarah, moved to Foxfield to help out with the housekeeping, and to look after her young niece and nephew. Settling into the Barnes household, she, like her sister before her, was quickly accepted into the Foxfield community.

Barnes, as head of Foxfield's only church, and as Township Supervisor, has become a respected figure, especially in the years following the death of his young wife. Barnes has served four consecutive terms as Supervisor and is up for re-election in six months. Under normal circumstances, he would be a shoo-in, but controversy over the timber lease has left an opening for his political rival, Ike Copley.

IKE COPLEY

A conservative by nature, Ike Copley has long stood in opposition to Barnes, arguing vociferously against many of his rival's positions. Copley has twice run for Supervisor against Barnes, losing handily both times. Although the de facto leader of the farmers north of the Fox River, he's rarely been able to raise enough opposition to Barnes to overrule his decisions. But lately, with the increasingly heated debate

over the timber lease, Ike may have found an opening.

When the mill was abandoned in 1911, most of the southern farmers gave up raising sheep and turned their land back to food crops. The rocky, hilly northern farms are less adapted to agriculture and, as a result, the northern farmers have suffered more than their southern counterparts. And some of the timber is on property owned by northern farmers, so they stand to gain even more.

The farmers north of the river are often referred to as the "Congregates" or "Old Believers." These are families who, years ago, broke ties with the original Foxfield Congregational Church when the membership voted to go Unitarian in 1844. Barnes' liberal Unitarianism is a constant source of irritation to Ike Copley and his strict, old-school beliefs. There are long-standing rumors about the Congregates circulating among the townsfolk, but in truth, they merely practice the severe, Calvinistic Puritan religion of their forefathers.

ARRIVING IN FOXFIELD

The town of Foxfield lies approximately four miles north of the Aylesbury Pike. During the ride up the bumpy, corduroy Foxfield Road, investigators see numerous farms located along both sides of the road. Narrow, sandy roads branch off, providing access to other farms along the route.

Mailboxes on posts stand at these intersections. Though many of the farmhouses are ancient, most are in good repair. The low stone walls lining the road are neat and well maintained.

Arriving in Foxfield proper, investigators find a small town of older buildings, some needing a fresh coat of paint, but otherwise, most are in good repair. A couple of automobiles are parked on the main street, along with a horse and wagon tied up in front of Parker's General Store (the buildings on the street still provide hitching posts).

The tall steeple of the brick Gothic Revival Unitarian Church dominates the skyline. If the investigators explore farther up the street, past the church, they come to the Fox River and the ruins of the abandoned mill looming over the far bank. It's the dry season, and the river is barely more than a trickle. Downstream, an old covered bridge crosses the Fox River, and a dirt road leads past the mill, toward the northern farms.

PLACES & PEOPLE

PARKER'S GENERAL STORE

Standing on this spot for over 120 years, Parker's General Store long served as a tavern and inn, with four rooms available for rent on the second floor. With the advent of prohibition, the bar was converted to a lunch counter serving breakfast and lunch, catering mostly to the single male population of the town. The floors are wood, and the walls unfinished, with exposed beams. Lanterns and hand tools hang from hooks and nails, with canned and dry goods lining the shelves. Though well worn, the place is quite clean and organized. Owned and operated by the middle-aged Louise Madsen, the store also serves as the Foxfield postal sub-station.

LOUISE MADSEN

Louise's father, Arthur Madsen, bought the place from Old Man Parker some thirty years ago. Arthur passed ten years later, leaving the business and its property to Louise. Married once, Louise's husband—a notorious drunk—left her early in their marriage and she has been on her own ever since. She is childless and lives in one of the rooms above the store. Louise is also the Foxfield Town Clerk.

Louise is friendly, and happily welcomes visitors. She can provide investigators with meals for thirty-five cents, and is willing to dust off the upstairs rooms if they need a place to stay. She will charge the investigators a dollar per night, per room. Louise is also a good source of general information about the town and its inhabitants.

Louise's hired help is a local named Rodney Greene. In his early thirties, Greene is a tragically wounded veteran of the Great War. Struck in the head by artillery shrapnel, battlefield surgeons replaced the missing portions of his skull with steel plate and sewed up his shredded scalp as best they could.

Rodney will be sweeping the floor, back turned to the door, when investigators arrive. Turning to look at the group of strangers, the sight of Rodney's misshapen head and face costs each investigator 0/1 **Sanity** points. (For more about Rodney, see below.)

WHAT LOUISE KNOWS

Foxfield History

Louise can relate the general history of Foxfield, with particular knowledge about the mill, its demise, and the effect on the local economy.

Supervisor Barnes

Louise is a member of the Unitarian Church, and a good friend of Henry Barnes. She can tell the story of how Barnes and his family moved to town to take over the Church and, sadly, the death of Barnes' young wife a few years later.

She knows Barnes' two children, Mary and Robert, and speaks well of them. "Reverend Barnes always reads to them. They're a couple of smart little cookies," she says. She mentions that young Robert can sometimes get "a little rambunctious," but adds the two children are mostly well behaved and well mannered.

Louise may mention she has missed the children the last few weeks. If asked why she'll tell investigators that Barnes enrolled the two children in a boarding school in Arkham six weeks ago. "And their Aunt Sarah left to go back home a couple weeks later," she adds. "Without the children to look after, she moved back to Providence to nurse a sick friend, I'm told."

Sarah moved into the household after the death of Barnes' wife, to look after her widower brother-in-law and his two children. "I sometimes worry about him, rattlin' around all alone in that big old house," Louise says. Barnes resides in the Pickering Mansion that overlooks the river and the ruined mill on the far side. The house is rented to the church pastor for a dollar a year, as the church trust fund dictates.

Barnes and Copley Conflict

Louise, of course, knows both men well. She is a strong supporter of Henry Barnes, though she does express some reservations about his stubborn opposition to the timber lease. "I think the majority of the townfolk are in favor of it now." Ike Copley, she tells investigators, is one of the old "north farmers" with property the other side of the river.

She is not a big fan of Copley but dismisses the idea that any death threat he might have made was actually serious. "Ike's a hothead and capable of a lot of things," she says. "But not murder."

She witnessed the altercation between the two men the day before the death threat was found and, while it is true Copley threw the first punch, which caught Barnes on the face, she'll tell investigators Barnes responded with two quick punches of his own, leaving Copley on his knees in the dusty street, gasping for breath.

Town Records

As Town Clerk, Louise has complete access to all the town records, currently stored in a nearby large house known to most as "the old Pickering House." This spacious house was home to the Pickerings before they built the mansion on the river.

The town records are public records, though Louise proves reluctant to open them to outsiders without substantial reason. The building is kept locked, and Louise will have to be present while investigators search the records. "And I have to leave Rodney in charge of the store while we're over there," she complains.

Offices of The Foxfield Courier

Louise also has the keys to the closed and shuttered office of the now-defunct Foxfield Courier newspaper. As with the town records, Louise will insist she be present if investigators want to check the newspaper files.

MORE ABOUT RODNEY GREENE

Greene joined the army in 1916, at the age of eighteen, and was shipped overseas less than a year later. Wounded in France by an artillery shell, he barely survived. Once a handsome man, his head and face are terribly misshapen, and rudely scarred by the hurried battlefield surgery he suffered. His I.Q. is probably near seventy, and the left side of his body is partially paralyzed, forcing him to walk with a lurching gait. Though a little slow, he clearly remembers his former life, including the sweetheart who, after seeing his injuries, left him for another man and then moved out of town. Rodney never speaks of this, though Louise might tell the investigators the sad story.

Rodney lives with his mother, Ida, in a small house just across the street from the store. Rodney spends most of his free time at the schoolhouse, where he helps out with chores, dusts erasers, and plays kickball with the schoolchildren. He is completely harmless and treated with a special respect by the townsfolk.

If questioned, he proves shy. He has little information to offer other than he lives around the corner with his mother. If asked about his injuries, his smile fades and, without answering, turns back to his sweeping. If Louise is present, she frantically signals the investigator to avoid such questions, but it will likely be too late.

THE MAILMAN

On any visit to the General Store, anytime the Keeper chooses, the investigators may have a chance encounter with Foxfield's mailman, Sydney Etzler. A widower in his mid-sixties, Sydney is an employee of the U.S. Postal Service. Foxfield mail is delivered to the general store by truck. Here Etzler sorts the mail, then delivers to the town and southern farms in a small Ford Model T pickup truck. In the afternoon he hitches up a horse and wagon at the Foxfield Farm Implements store and makes his deliveries to the northern farms.

Any investigator speaking with Sydney will catch a hint of alcohol on the old man's breath.

If asked, Syd cautions investigators against trying to take an automobile up there. "Chances are you'll get stuck," he says. Sydney has the following information:

Supervisor Barnes

Sydney likes Barnes, though he confesses he doesn't often attend church these days.

The Timber Lease

He admits that leasing of the forests would pay the town well, but he hates to think of "those beautiful hills left barren." Sydney truly enjoys the peace, quiet, and beauty of the area when he delivers to the north farms. He receives a

<p>of the Glas- rbeds of the of Ardenlee sgow News" ad at a dis- gnth of each ngth of the vered by the flowers; the The effect very grand.</p>	<p>tric company, was precipitated 30 feet to the roof of a building, by the giving away of a pin on the pole which he had mounted yesterday afternoon. No bones were broken, but he received serious internal injuries.</p>	<p>the whippie n from home se remarkable st he has been a eirous was he employed as a Indian in the he was also to his services h cents. He wa car at the dep article that be inside and be one, not know the door with He pounded a might, but cou only thing to take things ea a stop.</p>
<p>& CO. TON, MASS. Proof Safes.</p>	<p>THE HAUNTED WOODS? (BY YOUR EDITOR) Some things seem to run in ten-year cycles: drought, pestilence, disease, and politics. So, once again, this editor is hearing tales of "strange voices" in the woods north of town. This story is so old I think I it has cobwebs on it.</p>	<p>It arrived i which was its boy was relea position. He had no 50 cents and t way home. He eat with a por started to bea train. He was line of busine as he got on. Once he hic managed to g he was found off and after</p>
 <p>to think I want of all kind 100,000 in use. contents. o that great fire, lected to intense in the Great</p>	<p>"They were buzzing and swearing at us," claims one witness, who says he was assailed by the voices while returning home late one night from visiting a neighbor. He thinks said witness should curtail his visits to said neighbor, and should also stay away from said neighbor's still. And they call this the "Age of Enlightenment"?</p>	<p>NEW BOAT FOR MISK RIVER LINE (BY WAGON NEWS)</p>

regular paycheck from the government and consequently doesn't worry much about the money the lease would generate.

Ike Copley

He finds Ike Copley likeable. "Oh, he's a flinty old s.o.b.," he says. "But he's honest and hard working. All the people up there are like that. It's hard to make a living on some of that land."

The Congregates

He says the Congregates are nothing but old-school Congregationalists. "Ike preaches in his barn every Sunday."

SHIRLEY SUTLER

Shirley Sutler is a close friend of Louise, and one of the three town council members. The two often share lunch together at the store's counter, and she may be encountered by investigators during any visit to the store.

To date, Shirley has sided with Barnes on the issue of the timber lease but, unbeknownst to most, she is ready to change her vote. If she votes yes, Barnes will be defeated and the measure passed. Unfortunately, the day after Shirley changes her vote she will be found murdered and beheaded, her corpse left lying in the streets.

Supervisor Barnes

She is a strong supporter of Barnes. Voting against him on the timber lease will be the first time she has ever seriously opposed him.

The Timber Lease

She will not reveal to anyone, even her friend Louise, she intends to change her vote.

Ike Copley

Shirley doesn't much care for Ike Copley, or Ike's younger brother Zeke, who holds a seat on the town council.

The Congregates

Shirley is dismissive of the Congregates. "They're honest people," she says, "but backward."

OTHERS

Parker's is a nerve center and gathering place for the town. Almost everyone in Foxfield shows up here sooner or later. The Keeper should feel free to introduce characters, including both southern and northern farmers, as he or she sees fit.

FOXFIELD FARM IMPLEMENTS & STABLE

Run by Richard and Dora Slate, both in their mid-fifties, Foxfield Implements carries a complete line of tools, plows, harnesses, seed, fertilizer, etc. While not a thriving business, Foxfield's farming community keeps the enterprise going.

There is a stable behind the store. A horse rents for thirty-five cents a day. For seventy-five cents a day, investigators can obtain a horse and wagon, with seating for four or more. Investigators wishing to visit the north farms may opt for horses or wagons when traveling the bad roads in that area.

Richard Slate serves as Foxfield's Town Constable, though his duties are few. On the rare occasion Foxfield actually needs real law enforcement, the State Police are called. Richard Slate's duties are usually limited to lecturing a delinquent youngster when some ill-advised prank gets out of hand.

Richard's wife, Dora, is the Town Coroner. Not medically trained, her responsibilities are little more than signing death certificates for townsfolk who die of natural causes or the occasional accident. Anything more serious warrants a phone call to the county medical examiner.

Richard sits on the town council and staunchly backs Barnes on every issue. Despite the business it might bring his store, he remains opposed to the timber lease, believing it will eventually leave the area barren and devastated.

THE RODNEY GREENE HOME

Just across the street from Parker's General Store, a couple doors down, is the home owned by Ida Greene and her son, Rodney. Ida is in her early sixties. She smiles a lot, but her eyes are care-worn; she still grieves over the wounds her only child suffered at the hands of war and is further saddened by her son's broken romance and the fact she'll probably never see grandchildren.

Ida is the town's telephone operator. A small switchboard stands in her front parlor. An honorable woman, Ida never listens in on calls and will be offended if anyone suggests she does.

Ida attends church every Sunday, in the company of Rodney.

Supervisor Barnes

"He's a good person," she says, "but a hopelessly stubborn man," referring to the timber lease. And she mentions that he's "been acting strange lately." Rodney has told her a couple of the school kids said Barnes stays up all night, talking to himself, or reading out loud. The two students, Betty Ward and Bobby Kirtland, Ida describes as "scalawags," but

she believes the stories are probably true. “Also,” she adds, dropping her voice to a whisper, “last week I saw Pastor Barnes leaving his house, and he locked the front door.” No one in Foxfield has ever felt the need to lock their doors, but suddenly Pastor Barnes has adopted the practice, further raising Ida’s suspicion.

The Timber Lease

Ida makes no bones about it, “this town needs the money.”

THE OLD PICKERING HOUSE

Currently housing the town records, this Gothic Revival two-story brick home was the first residence of the Pickering family in Foxfield. It was built in 1843, the same year as the mill. The larger “Pickering Mansion” was built several years later, with younger generations of the Pickering family continuing to occupy this earlier home. Deeded to Foxfield after the 1911 fire, the town has long hoped to renovate this building and turn it into an official town hall. But funds do not allow this, and it currently serves as the storage area for town records. The building is locked, and the key held by Louise Madsen, the Town Clerk.

A diligent search of the records, at least sixteen man-hours, along with a successful **Accounting** roll, shows that over the last few years town expenses have exceeded the budget by almost \$2000, and there is no clear indication of where the extra money came from. If the investigators ask Louise about this, she proves evasive, telling them, “oh, these records are probably not complete.” The records were originally stored in the basement of the house, but a spring rain flooded the cellar two years ago and some of the records were destroyed. If the investigators press the issue, Louise turns defensive, and investigators may find gaining further access to the records difficult.

OFFICES OF THE FOXFIELD COURIER

The Foxfield Courier went bankrupt in 1922. A flourishing local paper published twice weekly during the hey-day of the mill, after the devastating fire the paper simply ran out of advertisers and subscribers. The former owner, Wilson Keyes, relocated to Salem and died a few years later of heart disease at the age of seventy-seven. Locked and shuttered, investigators have to go through Louise Madsen to gain access to the building and the newspaper files. As with the town records, Louise will insist on being present during any search.

Once inside, investigators find the building nearly empty. The owner sold or gave away all the equipment—desks, chairs, typewriters—before moving out. Only the large and

very heavy printing press remains, dusty and covered with cobwebs, standing in a back room. The newspaper archives are kept in a smaller third room, in tall wooden cabinets, also festooned with webs. Making a quick scan of all the files, from 1867 through 1922, takes twelve man-hours. Investigators must state what they are looking for and make successful **Library Use** rolls to gain the following information:

Pickering Mill and Family

A successful search uncovers numerous stories about the Pickering family, including marriages, births, and deaths. Investigators learn the founder of the mill, Aaron Pickering, was a savvy investor with an idealistic streak. In the early days, the mill is held up as a model of modern industry that includes housing and other services for its employees. But when Aaron’s oldest son, Bertrand, takes over the reins in 1874, the tone of the stories changes. Wages are cut, and worker injuries are more frequent. Bertrand spends less money on the town. By the time the third generation takes over, a grandson named James, the mill is often vilified, even once called a “sweatshop” by the paper’s fiery editor. A special edition of the paper in 1911 recounts the great fire that destroyed the mill. Later editions run stories about the debate over to rebuild or not, with a final storytelling about James Pickering’s decision to not rebuild and the family leaving town. Later editions hint at, but fall short of accusing, James Pickering of burning his own property for the insurance money. Calls are made for an investigation, but it never happens, and the story gradually disappears from the pages of the *Courier*.

The Congregates

Several references are made to the Congregates of the northern farms, but nothing damning or even suspicious. They are sometimes called “the Old Believers.”

Strange Occurrences:

These small stories will likely go unnoticed unless investigators specifically state they are looking for them. They are few and far between. See the “Proof of Life Papers #2 and #3.”

FOLLOW-UPS

If investigators ask around town, they find most of the populace has heard stories of the haunted woods. Some can tell investigators the Indians that originally inhabited the territory spoke of “voices in the woods.” Few, if any, take the stories seriously.

Most of the adults in Foxfield know of Whipple’s death. Most believe it was suicide. A heavy drinker, Whipple seemed to be suffering from dementia, often claiming that from his fire tower vantage point he could see things moving around in the woods. “Things that ain’t natural,” he would say. Most believe, in his demented state, Whipple actually committed suicide by throwing himself over the rail.

As the story goes, he hit the ground head first, smashing his head to pieces on an outcropping of rock.

Dora Slate, the town coroner, issued the death certificate, ruling Whipple's death an accident. If questioned on the matter, she may reveal it might have been a suicide, but with no proof, and no suicide note, she ruled it an accident, so as not to tarnish the Whipple name. If an investigator makes a **Persuade** roll, Dora opens up more and tells the investigators that, as smashed to pulp as Whipple's head was, there was surprising little brain matter at the scene.

Sydney Etlzer, the mailman, was Elias Whipple's drinking buddy. Whipple used to tell him stories about the voices. He doesn't think it was a suicide or an accident. "Where were his brains?" he asks. "You tell me that, eh?"

THE FOXFIELD UNITARIAN CHURCH

The Unitarian Church, with its towering brick steeple, is hands down the largest, most impressive structure in town. Built in 1846 and completely financed by Aaron Pickering, this massive brick Gothic Revival structure was built after the Foxfield congregation voted to change the original Congregational Church to the modern, far more liberal, Unitarian faith. The church seats three hundred parishioners and on Sundays is near filled to capacity.

The church is supported by a trust fund established by Aaron Pickering. It provides for church maintenance, a small salary for the pastor, and living quarters for the pastor's family in the Pickering Mansion.

Next to the church, on the east side of the building, lies the cemetery. With hundreds of graves, some dating back to the eighteenth century, the grounds are dominated by a large, white marble mausoleum with the name Pickering inscribed over the door. Buried within are Aaron Pickering and his wife Anne, along with Bertrand Pickering and wife Emma.

The front door of the church is always unlocked. If the investigators visit here for the first time—during daylight hours—Pastor Henry Barnes is present. Working in his office, he hears the front door open and rises to meet the visitors, a smile on his face.

HENRY BARNES

The thirty-five-year-old Henry Barnes is a sincere, charming, educated man who greets his guests with a broad smile and an extended hand. "Welcome, my friends."

Though driven completely mad by his children's abduction, he shows no sign of insanity. He maintains his poise and dignity and willingly indulges in conversation with the investigators. Depending on how the investigators become involved in this story, it is possible he is expecting them. Whatever the case, he will downplay the conflict between him and Ike Copley, even going so far as to ignore the death threat he received. "Ike's just blowing off steam," he tells them, "I am in no fear for my life." He says he threw the threatening note away.

Foxfield History

Barnes can relate a general history of the town, with particular emphasis on the mill, and how its destruction crippled Foxfield. He can tell the investigators he moved here with his family twelve years ago.

Ike Copley

"He's a good man," Barnes tells them, "he's just a little too set in his ways." If asked about the fight between the two of them, Barnes smiles wryly and says, "We had a little scuffle. A disagreement over town policy. It was really nothing."

URDAY, APRIL 29, 1922.

**MORNING
SHIFT
CLOCK**

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Adopt Day-
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Continue to
standard Hours,
grass Acts.

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**WATCHMAN DIES
IN ACCIDENT**

(BY WILTON KEYES)

It is with great regret we announce the death of Elias Whipple, who last Tuesday fell to his death from the fire tower in the north hills.

Born in Foxfield in 1862, to Abraham and Ruth Whipple, Elias Whipple was known to all in Foxfield as a decent man, dedicated to his job as town Fire Watch.

Bad health in recent years had left Elias unsteady, and it's believed that while atop the tower he suffered a dizzy spell, and fell over the railing to his death.

Services for Elias Whipple, who has no surviving family, will be held this Friday in the Unitarian Church. Burial will be on the church grounds.

A successor to his position of fire watch has not yet been named.

**CHARGES AGAINST
ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE**

(ASSOCIATED PRESS)

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HARD WOR

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Herald

The Timber Lease:

If asked, Barnes explains his opposition to the lease. "It is God's country," he says. "No temple made with hands can compare," quoting early American naturalist and Sierra Club founder John Muir. Any investigator making a **Know** roll will recognize the quote and its source.

Barnes invites the investigators to tour the north part of the township. "You'll see what I mean," he says, "I've spent many an hour on walks through those beautiful woods." He cautions against the use of an automobile, though. "The roads are pretty patchy up there." He recommends they rent a horse and wagon from Foxfield Implements. "But plan your trip carefully," he warns, "when the sun goes down it gets awfully dark. You don't want to get lost up there at night."

His Family

Asked about his family, Barnes' demeanor noticeably changes. "I lost my beloved Helen seven years ago," he says sadly. "She's buried in our cemetery out there."

If asked about his children, he smiles. "Robert and Mary are the light of my life. I miss them very much." He can tell investigators the two are currently enrolled at the Brookdale private school in Arkham. He explains that students near Mary's age have to take a bus to Bolton for high school grades. "I'd just as soon she'd not," he says, "and I didn't want to separate the two, they're so close."

The children have been gone for six weeks. His sister-in-law, Sarah, moved out four weeks ago. "She's nursing a sick friend in Providence," he explains.

If investigators follow up on this, they may find that neither child is enrolled in Brookdale, or ever has been, but it should be noted the school will not divulge this information willingly. It will take a personal visit to the school in Arkham and a successful **Fast Talk** roll to gain the information. If Barnes is confronted with it, he dismisses it with a simple, "someone's obviously mistaken."

The Town Meeting

There is town meeting scheduled for tomorrow night (Keeper's option regarding exactly which night), held in the church, with Barnes presiding. Barnes will invite the group to attend, so they can see for themselves what goes on with the timber lease.

If Barnes fails to invite them, the meeting becomes obvious to any investigator in town, as people begin showing up early at the church. Town meetings in Foxfield are well attended social events, drawing as many as two hundred people. With the hotly disputed timber lease the only issue on the agenda, this meeting will be exceptionally well attended.

CHURCH RECORDS

Investigators may wish to peruse the church's records. The parishioner records are kept in a room the other side of the building from Barnes' office. Barnes will likely give them access to the records, though he probably inquires what they may be looking for. The church's private financial accounts are also kept in this room, in a separate, locked, cabinet.

Parishioner Records

This is a record of church members' marriages, births, and deaths. Going through the files thoroughly takes at least eight man-hours and yields absolutely nothing of interest.

Church Accounts

These are the church's financial records, kept in a locked wooden filing cabinet on the other side of the room. Barnes will not grant the investigators access to these accounts, citing privacy issues. Simply breaking into the cabinet is not difficult, though it will leave it badly damaged. A successful Locksmith roll will open it without leaving visible evidence.

It will take six man-hours to go through the records. A successful **Accounting** roll reveals there seems to be almost \$2000 gone unaccounted for over the last few years. If the investigators have already discovered the excess monies in the town accounts, an **INT** roll tells them Barnes has been siphoning church funds to the town. This is in violation of the trust account that keeps the church running and could conceivably cost him his job. Barnes colludes with the Town Clerk and two members of the town council—Shirley Sutler and Richard Slate—all for the benefit of Foxfield. As much as anything else, these actions have made Barnes the popular figure he is with those few people who share this secret.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE

Built by Aaron Pickering, this four-room schoolhouse now operates from a single room, with but one teacher. Miss Aida Simpson, nearly fifty years old, tries to handle a class of thirty-four students spread across grades 1 through 8. High school students, grades 9 through 12, take a bus to Bolton where they attend Bolton High School. Many choose not to and drop out of school instead.

If the investigators stop by after class lets out at 3 pm, Rodney Greene will be there, playing kickball with two younger students, a girl about twelve, and a boy about the same age. Rodney waves hello to the investigators and insists on introducing them to his young playmates, Betty Ward and Bobby Kirtland, both students at the school. Betty and Bobby were classmates of the Barnes children, and Betty was particularly close to Mary Barnes. She says she misses her friend. All they know is that the two Barnes children were sent away to boarding school in Arkham.



“He’s kinda strict,” Betty says about her friend’s father. “He made Mary study the Bible all the time.” An exaggeration, but with some truth to it. On the other hand, some would say Betty and Bobby’s parents could be a little more strict, as the two seem to have the run of the town and are often seen out late at night.

SCHOOLMARM AIDA SIMPSON

Aida has been teaching at the school for almost twenty years and remembers a time when all four classrooms were operating and Foxfield taught its own high school grades. “Now, so many of our students are dropping out after eighth grade, sometimes sooner,” she laments. “The tragic irony,” she explains, “is that with so few jobs here, most of them eventually move to Bolton looking for unskilled jobs in the mills.”

She has taught both Mary and Robert Barnes and says they were both good students, although Robert sometimes had trouble staying in his seat. If asked about the two children being sent away to boarding school, she knows very little, other than they are now attending the Brookdale School in Arkham. “It was rather sudden,” she says. She may note she’s not seen the two children since.

THE SOUTHERN FARMERS

Investigators may wish to backtrack on their drive into town and visit some of the farmers living along Foxfield Road. Heading south out of town, the farms are frequent, right up until one reaches the Miskatonic River and the Aylesbury Pike beyond.

The southern farmers have done better than their northern counterparts since the loss of the mill and its revenue. Reducing the size of their sheep herds, the southern farmers were able to convert much of their land, rock-filled as it is, to food crops.

Most are Unitarians, and backers of Henry Barnes, but many express concerns about his stubborn opposition to the timber lease. Family names include Abbott, Parker, Sawyer, Sutler, and Taggart.

BARNES' RESIDENCE

Henry Barnes resides in the spacious Classic Revival home originally built by Aaron Peabody, and locally known as “the Pickering Mansion.” Part of the Unitarian Church trust fund, it is provided nearly rent-free (\$1 per year) to the church’s pastor and his family.

The house is graced by tall columns on a wide front porch that overlooks the river and the now burned mill. Furnishings are rather old, and some quite worn. This furniture probably should have been replaced from the church’s operating fund, as advised by the trustees, but Barnes chose to spin the money into the town account, to help with the budget.

Barnes is usually gone most of the morning, attending to church and town matters and doesn’t return home till 1 p.m., when he prepares himself a lunch of canned soup. Most days he spends his afternoons reading, then prepares himself a simple dinner before retiring early. If Barnes is at home when the investigators visit, he invites investigators in for tea and sits down to chat with them. If Barnes is not home, the front and back doors are locked, and all the windows latched.

A CLUE OR TWO

If the investigators gain an opportunity to search the house, they find little in the way of evidence, save a couple of letters lying atop Barnes’ desk in his study on the first floor. The letters are from a Boston law firm, Quigley & Sons, which administers the church’s trust fund. Both letters, one dated two months ago and another just three days old, inquire about certain irregularities regarding the church funds and requesting clarification. The tone of the second letter, while still polite, is more pressing than the first.

A MYSTERIOUS OBJECT

If investigators search through the desk drawers, they find, in the lowest drawer on the right, an oddly shaped object made of stone. Nearly eleven inches long, the object consists of a five-sided shaft approximately an inch and half in diameter, with a broader, five-sided “knob” on top, looking much like a large bolt lacking threads. The stone is highly polished, black with a hint of green, and flecked with streaks of gold. A closer examination reveals the shaft is carved with shallow, intricate curves and angles. A successful **Science (Geology)** roll establishes this stone is of non-terrestrial origin, possibly carved from a piece of meteor.

This is a Mi-go key that can open the secret rock door behind the waterfall in the north township. Barnes uses it to visit the preserved bodies of his two children, currently held hostage in the Mi-go lair.

If the investigators abscond with this item, Barnes soon discovers it missing and, if there is no evidence pointing to the investigators, assumes it has been taken by the Mi-go. He hikes up to the waterfall at the first opportunity and confronts the Fungi from Yuggoth about the matter. Once the Mi-go realize the key has been stolen they will do everything possible to track it down. The investigators could be in for a lot of trouble if the Mi-go trace the stolen item to them.

THE CELLAR

Stairs in the kitchen lead down to the stone-walled cellar. A lot of junk is stored down here—old magazines, a wooden chest—but nothing of interest to the investigation.

THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOMS

Investigators searching the second floor of the house discover that one upstairs bedroom is securely locked. A successful **Locksmith** roll opens the door, or it can be shouldered in with a Hard **STR** roll. Inside, the investigators find an empty room, unfurnished save for the tall mahogany wardrobe standing against the far wall, and a small dining table with but a single chair facing the cabinet.

Atop the table is a worn copy of the Bible along with a thick photo album. Perusing the album, investigators find numerous pictures of Barnes and his family, including pictures of the two children growing up, at first with their mother, Helen, and later, after their mother’s death, with their Aunt Sarah.

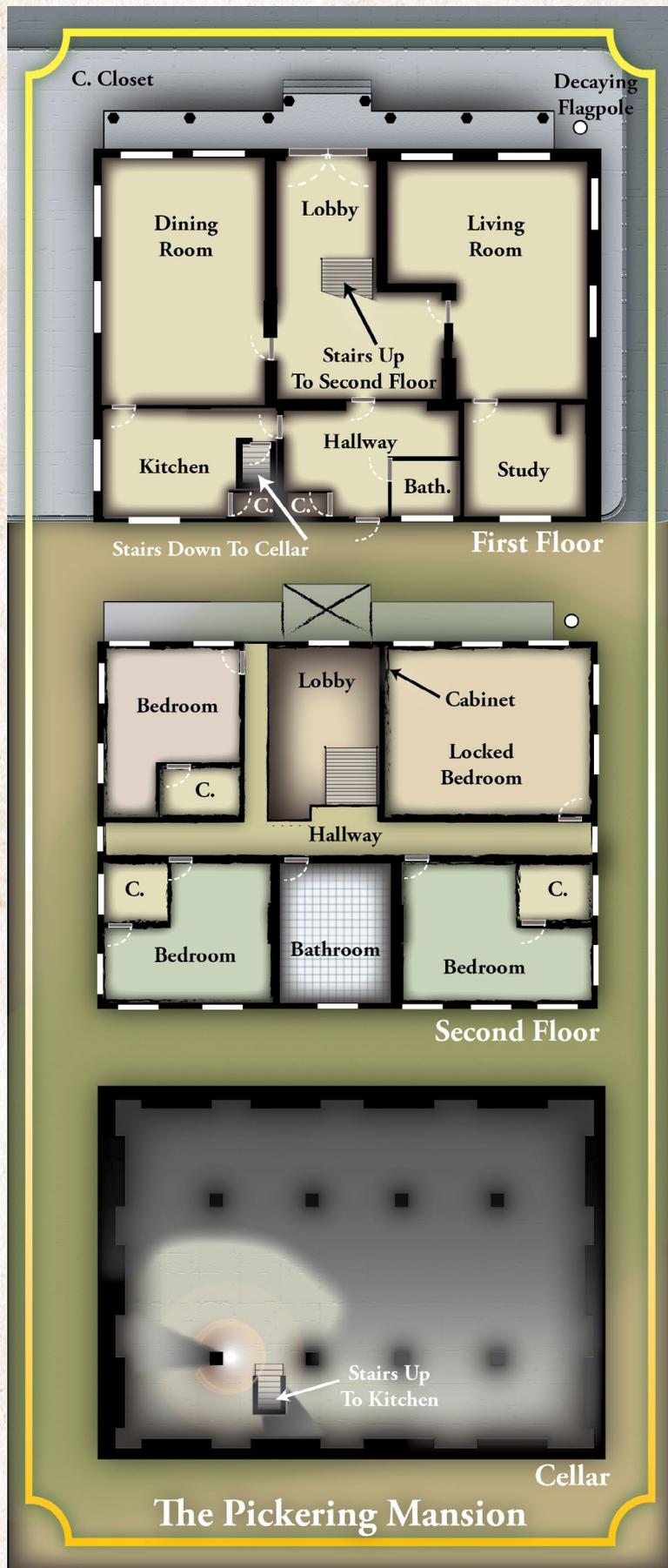
The cabinet’s twin doors are closed and crudely fitted with a metal hasp and padlock. It requires a successful Hard **Locksmith** roll to open this high-quality lock. Otherwise, investigators will need at least a crowbar to pry open the doors, or a screwdriver to remove the hasp. Inside are two Mi-go canisters housing the brains of Barnes’ abducted children, along with three alien machines used to provide the disembodied brains with sight, sound, and voice. The machines are currently disconnected, but wiring them up is self-evident, specifically shaped plugs and sockets guaranteeing a proper hookup.

ROBERT'S CANISTER

If plugged in, Robert seems healthy, almost happy. He keeps telling people he wants out of wherever he is, but otherwise he seems stable. **Sanity** loss for hearing Robert is 1/1D2 points.

MARY'S CANISTER

Mary has completely lost her mind. Once hooked up, she does nothing but scream. Her father never hooks up the voice machine anymore. **Sanity** loss is 1/1D4.



THE COVERED BRIDGE

Once called the Pickering Bridge, this classic New England covered bridge is now referred to simply as the Foxfield Bridge, the name it's listed under in most historic registries. Built in the early days of the mill, with Pickering money, it replaced the earlier simple wooden bridge and is still sturdy today.

Horse hooves clomp pleasantly on the wooden timbers, echoed back by the peaked wooden roof, nearly covered in green moss. On the other side of the bridge, the road turns left and follows the line of hills to the north, past the ruins of Mill Town and the Pickering Mill, and to the northern farms beyond.

MILL TOWN

Consisting of four large dormitories and several small single residences, these neglected wooden structures have fallen to ruin the last few years. One residence, near the small Catholic chapel, is mostly intact and still inhabited.

THE MILL TOWN SQUATTERS

This small, single-family dwelling is home to Rose Chylinski and her son, thirteen-year-old Peter. A widow, Rose's husband, Wojciech, had worked at the mill for several years before the devastating fire of 1911 took away his job. While most of the immigrant families moved out of Foxfield—many of them to Bolton, where mill jobs were available—the Chylinskis stayed on, taking advantage of the rent-free housing while Wojciech worked part-time as a handyman around town, or as a farm laborer. Brought down by a case of the flu, Wojciech died in 1921, leaving a widow and a young son. Rose earns what money she can, most often working as a laundress for the some of the town folk. She also takes in sewing.

Rose knows little of town matters, but she is fond of Pastor Barnes. He has more than once helped out the struggling family with a few dollars, or a basket of food purchased at Parker's. But recently she's seen Barnes acting strangely. She will not mention it unless pressed by the investigators or tricked with a **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll.

If she opens up, Rose can tell the investigators that, over the last six weeks or so, she has seen Barnes leaving his house late at night, carrying a dimmed lantern with him, crossing over the river via the concrete dam before disappearing into the wooded hills. It appears suspicious to Rose because, instead of taking a quick walk to the covered bridge, then following the road up through Mill Town, Barnes instead chooses to make a shortcut over the concrete dam next to the mill, getting his shoes soaked in the process. Rose has seen Barnes make this journey on at least three occasions.

Thirteen-year-old Peter is nearby, at the edge of the river, where he is catching frogs, tossing them up in the air, and batting them with a heavy stick. He is barefoot and dirty. His clothing is a little too small for him, and patched and sewn. A school drop-out with little interest in pursuing a job, Rose worries what will become of the boy.

If questioned, Peter offers little information of value. He seems to be interested in nothing more than stalking

and killing small animals. He'll indulge the investigators with stories of the squirrels and rabbits he's trapped and killed. If the investigators put up with this long enough, they might hear him talk about the "scuttlers" he sometimes finds in the woods. He says they jump fast, but you usually can kill them with a good stick. "They bite, too," he says, showing the investigators a small, apparently recent, wound on his forearm.

THE RUINED MILL

This sprawling, three-story structure, as much as thirty feet wide at some points and nearly eighty feet long, lies along-side the Fox River, a burned-out ruin surrounded by rubble and tall scrub. The wooden walls, charred by the fire, still stand but are slowly collapsing. Little remains of the roof, burned away in the fire, and the interior has been left exposed to the ravages of rain and the cold New

SCUTTLERS—A KEEPER'S TOY

Scuttlers are small, gray, crustaceous creatures. Looking much like oversized ticks, they are the undeveloped young of the Fungi from Yuggoth. About eight inches long, these Fungi spawn cling in great numbers to the underside of female Mi-gos, feeding on a reddish lichen that grows there.

Notoriously bad parents, the Fungi from Yuggoth pay scant attention to their offspring. The young frequently accidentally fall off their mother-hosts and run free, desperately searching for another adult female host. Many times, they never find a new host and, after two weeks, die of starvation, their bodies quickly disintegrating in the same manner as adults.

The secret Mi-go lair is currently headed by an exceptionally large female who frequently travels out of the cave. She is the main source of the Scuttlers investigators will encounter in this scenario.

Scuttler encounters occur most frequently north of the river, where the Mi-go move about. South of the river, one or two might be found in the Barnes home, a result of recent visits by the female Mi-go leader.

Scuttlers avoid direct sunlight and seek shelter from the light in deep woods or inside buildings. At night, they move about freely. They are quick and capable of climbing trees. Hungry Scuttlers will drop down on investigators, or scurry out from behind bookshelves, or jump from the brush and attack, mistaking the human form for a possible adult Mi-go. They leap on their victims and, holding on with tiny multiple claws, sink their fangs into their victim's flesh, causing 1 point of damage while injecting a small amount of venom. Their **Jump and Grab** attack is very effective (90%) but if an investigator is aware of the Scuttler, they can avoid the attack with a successful **Dodge** roll.

If a Scuttler succeeds in its attack, it holds on to deliver another bite the next round. Investigators making a **DEX** roll can pull the bugger loose and throw it down. Nearby investigators can also help. Once on the ground, a scampering Scuttler can be stomped with a successful Hard **DEX** roll, which automatically kills the thing. Up to two additional investigators, if nearby, can also attempt a stomp, again using a Hard **DEX** roll to judge success.

The poison is non-fatal but inflicts an additional 1 point of damage. The effects of the toxin show up within ten minutes. Nausea, usually leading to vomiting, followed by a slight fever and localized swelling, redness, and pain in the area of the bite for the next twenty-four hours.

Scuttlers are solitary, and encounters with them rarely include more than one of the nasty little creatures.

A TYPICAL SCUTTLER

STR 5	CON 5	SIZ 5	INT 5	POW 5
DEX 15				HP 1
DB: none.	Build: -2	Move: 5	MP: 1	

ATTACKS

Fighting (Jump and Grab) 90% (45/18), damage 1, plus 1 point venom.

Skills: Stealth 90%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D3 on first surprise encounter, 0/1 on subsequent encounters.

A TALE OF FOXFIELD

England winters. The great water wheel, broken off at the shaft, lies motionless and rotting in the water. The concrete dam, however, is still intact, water spilling over the edge. The dam can be used to cross the river, but the water running over the dam's slippery top edge requires an investigator make a **DEX** roll, or take a tumble. If an investigator slips, there is a 50% chance they fall into the mill pond and suffer no more than a thorough soaking. The water is only chest-deep, and there is little or no chance of drowning. If the investigator falls the other way, it is a six-foot drop to the rocky riverbed which at this time of the year is covered by less than a foot of water. A successful **Jump** allows the falling investigator to land on his feet without suffering injury. Failure results in an investigator suffering 1D2 points of damage—likely a twisted ankle or a sprained wrist.

All the doors of the building are boarded up, and several weathered “No Trespassing” signs are nailed to the outside walls, hoping to keep children from exploring the place and possibly injuring themselves. The boarded doors present little obstacle to anyone determined to gain entry. While a crowbar may be required for the doors located on the east and north ends of the building, the boards on the main double doors on the south side of the building are so weathered they can be pulled loose by hand.

If Peter Chylinski is with the investigators, he can show them his “secret entrance” near the north door. A hole in the wall allows any investigator a **SIZ** 65 or smaller to wriggle through the opening.

INSIDE THE MILL

The interior of the mill is indeed a dangerous place. Rubble-strewn floors are weak, often near collapse. The riskiest sections are marked on the map with an “X.” If the weight these areas can bear is exceeded, investigators fall through to the floor below them.

If the investigators have brought young Peter Chylinski along, he can warn them about most—but not all—of the weak spots.

GROUND FLOOR

This is the largest part of the mill. The wooden floors are covered in rubble, dust, and animal droppings. Some light filters down through openings in the second floor, but it is fairly dark, and artificial light of some sort is helpful. Two Xs mark weak spots in the floor (both known to Peter). If an investigator or investigators stand or walk in these areas, there is a danger the floor will collapse and dump them into the partially flooded cellar of the mill. The western X can hold up to **SIZ** 100 before collapse. The eastern X can hold no more than 70 **SIZ** points. Falling into the basement results in 1D3 points of damage as investigators plunge into the stone cellar half-filled with three feet of scummy water.

There are two ways to reach the second floor of the mill. A badly burned staircase is the most obvious choice. Wobbly, and missing a couple steps, Peter often uses it and



deems it safe. However, if more than one person ascends at a time, there is a danger of a collapse when combined SIZ points exceed 100. If the stairs collapse with investigators on them, they are allowed a **Jump** roll to lessen injury. If successful, the investigator takes only 1 point of damage. If they fail the **Jump**, they suffer 1D3 points of damage.

Opposite the staircase is a permanently mounted wooden ladder fastened to the wall but obscured by rubble. Known to Peter, investigators need to make a **Spot Hidden** roll to find it on their own. If the rubble is cleared, the ladder proves sturdy and the investigators can safely gain the second floor.

SECOND FLOOR

Considerably smaller than the sprawling ground floor, the second floor presents a similar scene—rubble and fallen timbers. Three weak sections of floor are marked with Xs. Peter knows of the weak spots at the western and center X but is unaware of the third weak spot near the southeast corner of the building. The western and center spots can hold up to 70 and 60 SIZ points respectively. The third spot can hold no more than 50 SIZ points before collapsing. Investigators falling through this weak spot suffer 1D6 points of damage, plus an additional 1D3 points of damage when they collapse the floor below them and crash all the way into the flooded cellar.

A burned staircase leads to the third floor. Capable of holding up to 70 SIZ points before collapse, it is wobbly but comparatively safe. A collapse will cost climbing investigators 1D3 points of damage, reduced to 1 point if the falling investigator makes a successful **Jump** roll.

THIRD FLOOR

This floor once held the offices of the woolen mill. Roofless and open to the sky and elements, nothing remains of the low interior walls that once divided the space, either burned away in the fire or decayed by years of exposure to the elements. Half the floor is missing, again burned away. Poking around, investigators may find the half-melted remains of office chairs, adding machines, and typewriters.

SCUTTLETS IN THE MILL

At the Keeper's discretion, one to three Scuttlers may be hiding in the ruins, a favorite refuge for the light-fearing creatures. If a Scuttler appears and Peter Chylinski is with the party, Peter moves quickly to bash it with the heavy stick he always carries, shouting "Aha! Gotcha!" when he crushes the Scuttler into unrecognizable goo. Examining the nasty mess left, a **Natural World** roll indicates the creature is of no known species. The remains of the creature do not last long, dissolving into a thick sticky liquid within half an hour, which then evaporates completely over the next two hours.

THE NORTH ROAD

This is the single road that provides passage to the northern farms and the woodlands beyond. Deeply rutted, alternately sandy or muddy, it is in no way fit for automobiles. If investigators insist on using an auto, the Keeper should feel free to inflict upon them flat tires, getting stuck in mud holes, overheating, breaking a suspension component, or anything else that comes to mind. Horseback, or horse-drawn wagon, is the way to go in the north end of the township. Travel on foot is also possible, though slower.

The north road heads west past the mill and along the shore of the mill pond. On the right, no roll is required for the investigators to notice the tall metal fire tower perched atop a high hill some two miles away. Sunlight glints from its roof, drawing the investigators' attention. As the road turns north, still following the line of hills, the tower is lost from view as stands of great hardwood trees border the road. Then the road climbs a gentle incline as the trees thin out, giving way to hilly, but open farmland.

THE NORTHERN FARMS

These farms suffered most from the loss of the mill. Set on high ground, hilly and rock-strewn, the sheep they raised for the mill once brought them a fine profit. But the land is less fit for crop farming than the southern flatlands. Trying to convert these properties to food crops has proved a limited success. Many of these farmers are in deeply in debt to banks in Bolton and Arkham.

The north farmers are sometimes called "Old Believers," or "Congregates," a reference to their descent from those who split from the Foxfield Congregational Church when it converted to Unitarianism in the mid-nineteenth century. Many of the Congregates gather on Sundays at the Copley farm, where Ike preaches fire and brimstone sermons in his barn.

All the Old Believers are Copley backers, for both political and religious reasons. Nearly all them stand a chance of directly gaining money from the timber operation. Most have timbered property, but it is worthless unless the company gains access to the whole of the northern hills.

Any of the northern farmers can direct the investigators to the sandy road leading to the fire tower. All of them know of the death of the former watchman, and some will comment on the fact that, smashed as Whipple's head was, there didn't seem to be any remains of his brains.

Northern farm family names include Clegg, Copley, Pearson, Whipple, and White.

THE IKE COPLEY FARM

Ike Copley's farm is the third farm on the left, about a mile up the road. In all likelihood, Ike is home when the investigators stop to visit.

Ike, in his early sixties, is a flinty old New England farmer. Rarely smiling, gruff with answers, he is nonetheless a hard-working, God-fearing man. He is the chief political foe of Pastor Barnes. Ike's younger brother, Zeke, has a seat on the three-person Township Council.

Ike admits to nothing regarding the scrawled death threat. Done in the heat of the moment, he's regretted this ill-thought action ever since. Asked about the physical confrontation the two men had on the street, he claims Barnes threw the first punch.

He doesn't care much for the investigators. He views them as outsiders brought in by Barnes to cause trouble.

THE FIRE TOWER

The road leading to the fire tower is narrow and very sandy. Impassable by automobile, it is even too much for a horse-drawn wagon. Horseback or on foot are the best ways to handle the narrow, sandy road that climbs to the summit of the hill and the tower atop it.

The tower stands at the summit of the hill. Forty feet high, built almost entirely of galvanized steel, it was paid for with a state grant a local congressman won for the struggling community a dozen years ago. Included in the grant is the watchman's salary, paid six months of the year, during the fire season. Since the death of the original watchman, Elias Whipple, the town has gone without a fire watch and diverted the state money into the town treasury. A wooden sign, once mounted on the tower, lies face down on the ground. Flipped over, it reads: "Keep Off—Authorized Personnel Only." Investigators may also notice a large outcropping of rock nearby, the spot where Elias Whipple bashed out his brains.

A simple ladder mounted on one of the tower's legs leads to the top and the cupola that shelters the watchman. The cupola is surrounded by narrow catwalk with a safety rail, the ladder reaching the catwalk through an opening in the walk itself. Climbing the ladder is no great task, provided an investigator does not suffer from vertigo or a fear of heights. Emerging through the opening at the top, and gaining the catwalk, the investigators enjoy a commanding view of the area, including the town and distant farms to the south, and the northern farms to the west. A large, hand-cranked siren is mounted on the catwalk rail, near the ladder, faced south toward town. Its wail can be heard for miles, and it has been used a couple of times by prankster children to set the town in a panic. The door to the cupola is nearby, tightly closed. The windows are so grimy it's impossible to see inside the small watchman's shelter.

The door is unlocked, but unknown to the investigators

there are two school children hiding up here—Betty Ward and Bobby Kirtland, who investigators may have met at the school. Up to no good, when they heard adults below and then footsteps on the ladder, they hurriedly put their clothes back on then huddled down, hoping to avoid detection.

When an investigator opens the door, Betty lets out a shriek. If the investigator opening the door fails a **Sanity** roll, they lose 1 point as they stumble back against the guard rail. If the investigator makes a **DEX** roll, he regains his balance. If the roll is missed, the investigator begins tumbling backward over the rail. If there is another investigator close at hand, they can try to make a grab for their companion. A successful **DEX** roll allows them to grab hold of their friend and pull them back to safety. If all rolls fail, the investigator tumbles over the rail and takes 6D6 points of damage when he smashes onto the rock outcropping below. Witnesses to the event must roll their **Sanity** roll or lose 1D2 points.

The two kids are afraid they may get into trouble. If investigators assure them they won't tell their parents or the schoolmarm, Aida Simpson, the pair is more than willing to tell the investigators anything they want to know, and even offer to spy for them. They know next to nothing about the timber lease, or town politics. Both children's parents are Barnes supporters, though Bobby says that his dad said, "Pastor Barnes should just go ahead and sign the lease."

Pastor Barnes: Here they know more. "He's weird," Bobby says. "He sits upstairs in his house and talks to himself—for hours!" "And he goes out late at night sometimes," chimes in Betty. "We tried to follow him once, but it was too dark to see." Barnes carries a low burning kerosene lamp on his late-night excursions. If asked where Barnes went, they answer, "he crossed over the dam and headed straight up into the hills." Bobby mentions the narrow footpath that's nearly invisible from the road. This path is a shortcut that leads to the hill and the fire tower, and then to the waterfall farther north. If investigators have not taken stock of their surroundings they may ask "What waterfall?" Bobby and Betty will both point out the window toward the northeast. "That one," they both say.

THE WATERFALL

Clearly visible from the top of the fire tower, the Fox River Falls is a wide, sixteen-foot drop of crystal-clear water splashing into a pristine pool below. A rocky grotto, decorated by ferns, it's beautiful enough to make investigators think that maybe Barnes is right to oppose the timber lease. Stripping this land would certainly destroy its natural beauty.

It's about a half-mile walk downhill from the tower to the waterfall, and close-up, the falls are even more beautiful. See "Lair of the Mi-go" below for more information.

EVENTS IN FOXFIELD

During the investigation, certain events take place around town. Suggestions are offered as to when such events occur, but it is ultimately up to the Keeper to use them when most appropriate, depending on the pace and play style of his or her group.

BARNES' LATE-NIGHT WALKS

Investigators may learn of Barnes semi-regular late-night walks. One possible source of this information is Betty and Bobby, the two children investigators may have encountered at the school or in the fire tower. Interviewing Rose Chylinski, a Mill Town squatter, may also uncover this information.

Barnes usually leaves his home around 11 p.m., long after everyone in town has gone to bed. With his kerosene lamp set at minimum, he slips out the front door that faces



away from town, then carefully makes his way across the slippery dam to the other side of the river. Past the mill and across the north road he mounts a narrow path that leads up through the wooded hills. Once over the first rise and out of sight, he turns up the lantern and proceeds to hike past the fire tower, around the hill, and straight for the waterfall.

Once at the falls, he makes his way along the muddy bank that leads behind the waterfall, then disappears behind the splashing cascade. He emerges hours later and slips back to his home before anyone in town rises.

Behind the falls is a secret entrance to the Mi-go cave. Perfectly disguised by the surrounding rock, it can only be opened by inserting a special stone key carried by Barnes and the Mi-go.

Following Barnes on his late-night jaunts without being detected is difficult. Investigators cannot carry illumination without being spotted by Barnes and will have to rely on moonlight. A large company of investigators will be spotted regardless of any precautions they take. He is best followed by a single investigator, one with a good **Stealth** skill.

THE TOWN MEETING

Town meetings are held twice monthly, in the Unitarian Church. Well attended, town meetings provide residents with a social outing while at the same time attending to business. Tonight's a special meeting, called to discuss the timber lease. By 6:45 p.m., fifteen minutes before the meeting is scheduled to start, the church is filled to capacity, with standing room only. Seating is open, but over the years the northern farmers have congregated on the right side of the aisle, and the townsfolk and southern farmers on the left. Tonight, the church is filled, so some of the southern farmers have spilled over to the other side of the church.

The Township Council consists of three voting members. Formerly elected at large by township voters, a provision in the township charter now has the council members elected by district. One each from the southern farms, the northern farms, and the town proper. The Town Supervisor chairs the meetings but does not have a vote.

Left to right, the investigators see Barnes on the far left, dressed in a suit coat, standing at a wooden lectern, gavel in hand. Seated behind a table, facing the room, the three town council members consist of—left to right—Richard Slate, representing the town, and a loyal supporter of Barnes and all his policies. Next to him sits Shirley Sutler, representing the southern farms, and another Barnes supporter. On the far end is Zeke Copley, Ike's younger brother, who opposes Barnes, and votes against him on most issues.

At 7:00 p.m. sharp, Barnes knocks his gavel on the lectern and calls the meeting to order. "We've called this special meeting of the town council to once again consider the timber lease being offered to us by Crestfield Lumber, who wish to harvest the hardwoods in the northern hills of the township. As this matter has been discussed at length

many times, I call for discussion of this measure to be passed over, and an immediate vote of the council taken. All in favor of—"

"Hold up there," shouts Zeke Copley, standing up and pounding his fist on the table. "People deserve to be heard out on this matter!" And a rumble goes up on the right side of the church as the northern farmers' nod agreement.

Supervisor Barnes gives Zeke the floor. The younger Copley then spouts on about how the southern farmers don't care if their northern neighbors go bankrupt, and have their lands seized by "the unholy bankers of Bolton and Arkham."

When Zeke finally finishes his speech, the vote is held. Richard Slate backs Barnes, voting once more against signing the lease. The crowd's eyes turn to Shirley Sutler, who has repeatedly voted against the lease in the past. "It is with some regret," she begins, "that I find I have to change my position. For the good of the township, I vote we sign the lease with Crestfield Lumber."

A roar goes up from the crowd, and the northern farmers are on their feet, cheering. Ike Copley steps out in the aisle and, shaking his fist at Barnes, says, "There ya go, ya heretic bastid! How do you like those apples?" One of the southern farmers confronts Ike and a shoving match begins. It seems an actual fight may break out.

Barnes sees his chance and, banging his gavel on the lectern, calls the meeting adjourned, shouting over the crowd. Meanwhile, a frustrated Zeke tries to cast his deciding vote, but to no avail. He cannot be heard over the din.

"We are in a church, a house of God," Barnes shouts, his deep voice easily carrying over the noise of the crowd. "We will continue this meeting two days from now, when tempers have cooled." Humbled, but still grumbling, the townsfolk disperse and leave the church, the matter as yet officially undecided.

Barnes, fearing for the life of his children, immediately contacts the Mi-go and relates to them the events of the evening.

SWING VOTER MURDERED

The day after the town meeting, one of the townspeople (or possibly an investigator) stumbles across the mutilated body of Shirley Sutler. Barely concealed at the side of a road, or behind a town building, her head has been rudely separated from her body and cannot be found. Seeing the headless corpse lying in a pool of congealing blood costs an investigator 1/1D4 **Sanity** points, plus an extra one point if they make the surprise discovery themselves.

If investigators do not make the discovery themselves, the switchboard in the Greene House goes crazy, and the buzz races across town. Investigators will hear of it and likely visit the scene. If the investigators are late to the scene because they were out of town, or for some other reason,

the police have already arrived and are keeping onlookers from getting close enough to see the corpse. Investigators may use their credentials, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** to get a closer look. In any event, they may notice that Supervisor Barnes is conspicuously absent from the scene. **INT** rolls can help, should the investigators fail to notice this on their own, or it could be mentioned by an NPC.

The Massachusetts State Police may question the investigators if they were the ones who discovered the body, though they will likely be ruled out as suspects. The body will be taken to the County Medical Examiner's office for an autopsy. No immediate arrests will be made.

FOLLOW-UP

Investigators, perhaps at the urging of Louise Madsen, Richard Slate, or other townsfolk, may head to the Barnes house to see if they can find the Town Supervisor. Reaching the house, they discover both doors locked, and the shades drawn on all the windows. Repeated knocks at the door elicit no response.

Locksmith, or a couple of heavy shoulders can force open either the front or back door, giving investigators access to the house. Barnes can be heard somewhere on the second floor. He seems to be arguing, even pleading with someone, though no responses are heard.

Barnes will be found sitting at the table in the now unlocked second-floor bedroom, his clothing covered in blood. A large butcher knife lies on the floor, next to a bloody handsaw. Shirley's mutilated head is also on the floor, near the table, the crown of her head rudely sawn off. Her brain sits atop the table in a pool of blood. Barnes is begging the brain to tell him why she changed her vote while apologizing for what he had to do, "but I had to save Mary and Robert. They're in terrible danger." His **Sanity** is now zero and will remain that way the rest of his life.

Sanity loss for witnessing this scene is 2/1D6.

At the Keeper's option, the mahogany wardrobe may be open, revealing the two brain canisters and the machinery that drives them. If the investigators have not taken the carved stone key that opens the Mi-go lair, it is lying on the floor, next to Barnes' chair.

At the Keeper's option, Barnes may hand himself over to the investigators and go quietly, or he may panic and attack the investigators, trying to escape. He is unarmed, and likely easily subdued. He babbles mostly incoherently, but in doing so provides whatever information the investigators are lacking to complete the scenario—the location of the waterfall, the use of the stone key, etc.

THE IKE COPLEY-THING

While the murder and decapitation of Shirley Sutler will delay the town meeting and the vote on the timber lease, the Mi-go know that it will buy them only a little time. A more drastic plan will be put into play, a final desperate gambit intended to put the issue to rest once and forever.

Ike Copley will be abducted from his farm that evening, just a few hours after the murder of Shirley Sutler. Taken back to the Mi-go lair, the Fungi perform a radical brain surgery that replaces part of Ike's brain with a piece of Mi-go machinery that allows them to program the man's behavior. It consists of several spinning brass wheels and a few twinkling lights.

Reported missing by Ike's wife, Zeke mounts a search for his brother, but to no avail. The following evening the Fungi turn the Ike Copley-Thing loose with a can of kerosene and a torch. He begins setting fires in the northern woods, attempting to burn down the entire forest, guaranteeing the Fungi will not be disturbed. It's a desperate plan, but the Mi-go are running out of options.

When the fires start breaking out, the investigators may be drafted to find the arsonist behind the fires and stop them. In that capacity, the investigators eventually come across the lurching, shambling Copley-Thing. All but mindless, the Copley-Thing pursues its programmed goals, fighting with the investigators only if they attempt to thwart its mission. Sadly, there is little they can do but put what's left of the man down. Reaching 0 hit points, Copley goes rigid, jerking as though suffering an epileptic attack, then falls over flat on his back. The body continues to spasm while smoke pours from the alien machinery protruding from Ike's head. The machine then destroys itself in a small explosion, scattering what's left of the farmer's head across the ground, and across the investigators' clothing.

LAIR OF THE MI-GO

The Mi-go have operated their small research center in the hills above Foxfield for several centuries, dating back to a time when only Indians roamed this land. They have long maintained a low profile, wishing to avoid detection, a task that became more difficult when the white men came and settled in the area.

The secret entrance to the Mi-go lair is hidden behind the waterfall in the north end of the township. A cunningly contrived secret door in the rocks behind the falls can be opened with the Mi-go stone key. A **Science (Geology)** or **Hard Spot Hidden** roll locates the outline of the pentagonal door and the place where the key needs to be inserted. Pressing on the stone covering the keyhole causes a small section of the rock to retract, leaving a five-sided opening exactly the size of the key. Inserting the key, and following the subtle twists and turns of the key's carvings (**Extreme DEX** check, or be forced to remove the key and try again),

A TALE OF FOXFIELD



triggers the mechanism, allowing the door to slide smoothly out of the way, revealing a low narrow tunnel, again pentagon-shaped, and less than three feet across, that leads back into the hillside.

If investigators lack the key, they can still locate the keyhole as described above. While impossible to unlock without the stone key, the keyhole itself is just about the right size for a stick of dynamite. A single stick will destroy the keyhole and much of the surrounding rock, disabling the door that seals the tunnel. With a few minutes' clearing of rubble, the shaft is uncovered.

SCHEMES OF THE FUNGI

As much as the Mi-go desire to keep running this operation, it is not as important as avoiding discovery by the humans. If and when their last option fails (Ike Copley as arsonist), they begin making plans to abandon the site, gathering equipment and anything else moveable, and escaping through a Gate back to the main colony in Vermont.

Events leading up to the climax help determine the state of things in the secret lair. The investigators may arrive at the site only after all the Mi-go have left the scene. Or they may still be in the process of closing the operation down, with at least some of the creatures still on the site. The Keeper shall decide, depending on investigator actions and the climax the Keeper wants to run.

THE SENTINEL

If the investigators arrive at the waterfall while the Mi-go are still clearing out, they run afoul of a hidden sentry positioned atop the waterfall, concealed by rocks and scrub. Armed with a lightning gun, the sentry opens fire on the investigators as soon as they show signs of going behind the waterfall.

If a sentinel is present, the secret door hidden behind the waterfall is standing open.

THE HORROR IN THE HILLS

Once the investigators have located the door and, one way or another, opened it, they find it leads to a smooth pentagonal tunnel, three feet across and about twenty feet long, sloping down into the hill. An eerie purplish light is seen at the end of the tunnel, and a deep sub-sonic throbbing of machinery is more felt than heard.

Investigators have to crawl on hands and knees to make it through the tunnel before it empties into the rock chamber of the complex. If Mi-go still inhabit the complex, the first investigator through encounters 1D3 of the extra-terrestrial creatures. The large female Mi-go, the leader, meets

the investigators as soon as he or she sticks their head out of the tunnel, attacking with her nippers. Her underside is crawling with Scuttlers, and any successful attack against her results in 1D3 Scuttlers dislodged from her underside. These orphaned young hit the floor and, 50% of the time, go after the investigators with their **Jump and Grab** attack. Others run away. If the lead Mi-go is killed, the other two Fungi retreat, disappearing through the strange looking Gate machine that stands nearby, passing between the two crescent horns which arc blue from tip to tip as the Mi-go fade, then disappear.

ENTERING THE CHAMBER

Scuttlers are common here, providing a painful nuisance to investigators exploring the Mi-go complex. The Keeper should use them as he sees fit.

Once through the tunnel, investigators find themselves in a domed, roughly circular chamber almost a hundred feet across. The soft purple light illuminating the cave comes from pentagonal shaped modules, each six inches across, that dot the ceiling and upper walls of the domed cavern.

At first glance, investigators see, in the center of the room, a five-stepped podium ten feet across. Atop the podium is an arching pair of crescent-shaped shafts, looking almost like elephant tusks. An occasional flash of blue arcs across the two-foot gap that separates the tips of the crescents. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies this as some sort of Gate.

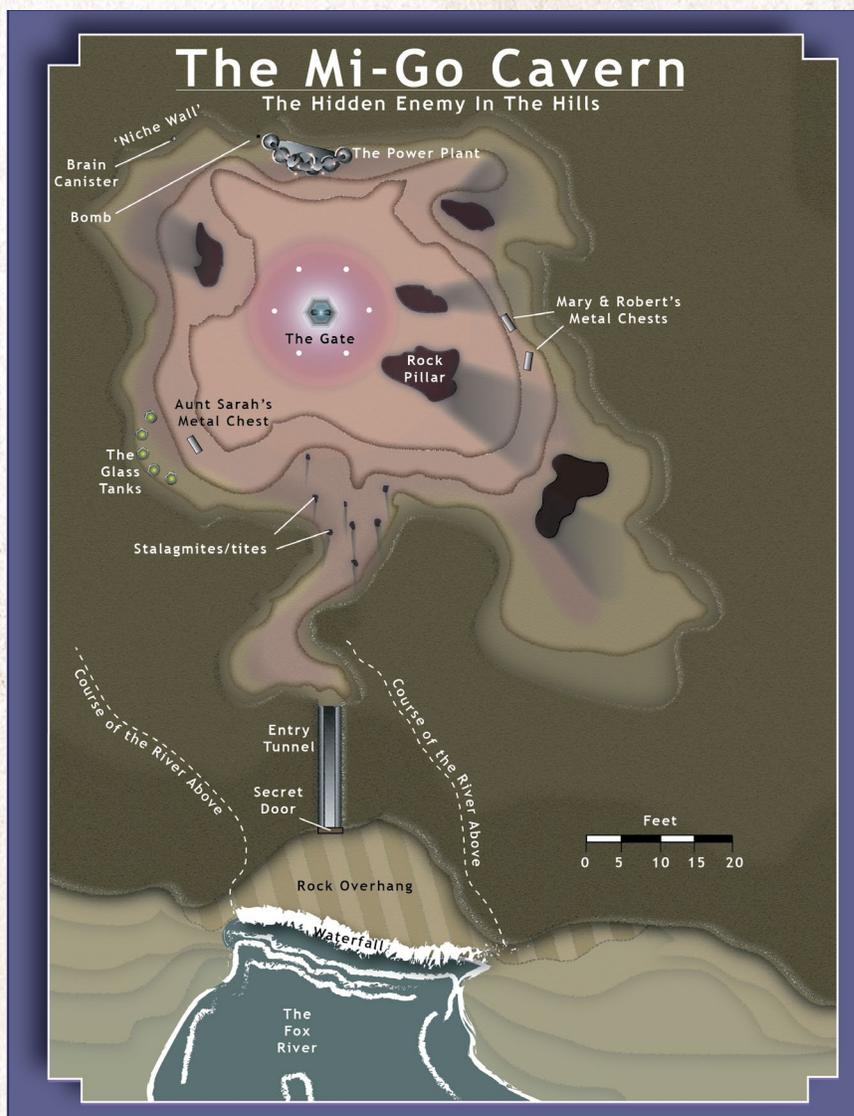
On the left, some thirty feet away, an array of five glass cylinders line the wall. Ten feet tall, they are illuminated and filled with some kind of bubbling, yellowish liquid. Each of the tanks holds some indiscernible object. A large metal chest, eight feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high sits in front of the tanks. On the other side of the chamber, investigators see two more of these chests.

The rear of the cavern is dominated by a large piece of machinery, nearly twenty feet high, the source of the deep throbbing noise. It is decorated with lights flashing in varying, seemingly random patterns. The wall to the left of the machine is marked by a series of deep niches carved into the wall, each about two feet high. All are empty, save one, which holds a Mi-go brain canister.

THE GATE

This complex piece of machinery, a Mi-go Gate, is linked to the main colony in Vermont. Standing atop a stepped podium, the actual Gate consists of the two horn-shaped crescents that nearly meet at the top. A panel mounted on the podium is covered with a baffling array of lights, switches, and dials.

An investigator might attempt to use the Gate, but it will be the last thing he or she ever does. Tuned to the physiology of the Mi-go, the Gate is deadly to humans. Anyone stepping through it, from either direction, is immediately spit out the other side, nothing but a heap of steaming flesh stripped of skin and hair, and lacking a skeleton. Blind, unable to breathe, the unfortunate would-be Gate user can only twist on the ground for a couple of minutes then die. Witnessing this event costs investigators 1/1D6 points of **Sanity**.



THE GLASS TANKS

On the far-left wall stand the five pentagonal glass tanks. Nearly ten feet tall, including the two-foot high bases, the bubbling tanks are three feet in diameter and illuminated from within.

Approaching the tanks, investigators see that each contains some sort of semi-human form. Investigators lose 0/1 points of **Sanity** at the sight and realize that approaching closer may prove even more disturbing. At ten feet away it is clear the objects in the tanks are semi-human forms, apparently female, but grossly misshapen. The specimen in the far-left tank is the largest. The smallest specimen, no more than a foot long, is in the tank on the far right.

Investigators' attention will be attracted by movement in the left side tank. On closer examination, it's found to contain the lower portion of a human torso, with three legs, one of the legs substantially larger than the other two. From the thigh of this larger leg protrudes a woman's head. Sightless, eyes covered by cataracts, the head gapes forward, mouth slowly opening and closing. The sight of this causes a **Sanity** loss of 1/1D4. Anyone who has examined the photo album back in Barnes' house recognizes the face on the head as that of the missing Sarah Brock, Barnes' sister-in-law and former housekeeper. Those making this connection lose another 1 point of **Sanity**, regardless of rolls.

The rest of the tanks contain further horrors of the same theme. **Sanity** losses should be greatly reduced, even eliminated if investigators examine the rest of the tanks. Tank 2 contains a normal sized arm from which grows a grossly misshapen human form about half the size of normal, and with a double head joined at the sides. Tank 3 contains a normal foot from which sprouts an array of slowly waving human arms, like the limbs of some grotesque starfish. Tank 4 has a human hand from which grows a complete, fetus-like human, tiny arms folded against its chest. The last tank, Tank 5, holds a human ear which is growing a globe of flesh. Close inspection shows the globe of flesh shows signs of developing eyes and a mouth.

THE METAL CHEST

Made of some slick, silvery metal of non-terrestrial origin, opening this chest proves difficult, requiring that small, square panels mounted atop the lid be shifted in different directions until the cover springs open on its hinges, emitting a hissing sound while white vapors pour up and out of the box. It requires a successful **INT** roll to decipher the combination of moves required. An investigator can push the roll, but they risk hurting themselves or the box, at the Keeper's discretion.

Inside the chest is what's left of Aunt Sarah. Multiple amputations have taken her right leg, left foot, left arm, right hand, and right ear, all currently growing grotesque clones in the nearby tanks. Various vivisections have left her missing organs, insane, and mute. Once the lid opens, she begins thrashing around wildly, trying to escape her metal coffin. **Sanity** loss is 1/1D6 points. Sarah's **Sanity** is 0,

and she's a pretty hopeless case. If investigators decide on a mercy killing, charge them each 0/1 points of **Sanity**.

Upon learning of Sarah's intent to contact the authorities, the Mi-go kidnapped her, brought her back to this place, and have been experimenting on her ever since.

TWO MORE CHESTS

Two more chests, identical to the one described above, stand on the opposite side of the chamber. If the investigators have managed to open Aunt Sarah's chest, the same method applies to these chests. If not, it requires an **INT** roll to successfully raise the lids, as previously described.

These chests contain the bodies of Barnes' two children, Mary and Robert. They lie here, in suspended animation. They are unharmed, aside from the tops of their heads being cut off and their brains removed. The neatly cut skull caps, complete with scalps, are carefully laid on the children's chests. **Sanity** loss is 2/1D6+1.

THE BRAIN CANISTER

A single brain canister occupies one of the many niches cut into the rock wall. Presumably, there were other canisters here, but most were taken back to Vermont via the Gate. There is a tag attached to the canister, but the Mi-go written language is indecipherable. If somehow translated it says: "Watcher."

Only when hooked up to the proper machines will the resident of the canister be able to identify himself as Elias Whipple, the alcoholic fire watch who fell to his death in 1922.

THE MACHINE

This gigantic collection of cylinders and pipes stands at the rear of the cave. Nearly twenty feet tall, it emits a deep thrumming sound that resonates through the chamber. An investigator making an **INT** roll can surmise it is some sort of power plant.

If investigators explore the machine, they find, hidden behind it, a polished black cylinder that doesn't appear to be part of the machinery, but instead looks to have been wired up hastily. An **INT** roll suggests it might be a bomb.

Just about the time the bomb is discovered, investigators hear a thump noise, and the array of lights on the giant machine changes tempo and begins flashing in a distinct pattern wholly unlike the seemingly random flashing seen up till now. The timer on the bomb will run for another 1D6+5 minutes, then trigger the bomb which explodes with tremendous force, vaporizing the machine, collapsing the cavern in on itself, and burying any remaining Mi-go evidence under tons of rock and rubble. Any investigators in the chamber at the time of the explosion will be killed and buried. Investigators crawling out the tunnel will be propelled forward by the blast and spit out the other end, suffering 2D6 points of damage from burns and broken bones.

Attempting to short circuit the bomb by yanking one of the wires results in an immediate explosion. Only an investigator who can make an Extreme **Know** roll will be able to disarm the mechanism without disaster. Any failure results in an immediate explosion.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

As written, this scenario offers little chance for the investigators to save the two children. Optionally, the Keeper may want to leave one unarmed Mi-go hiding behind the large machine. By use of sign language and threats, the investigators might force the Mi-go to put the brains back in the children's bodies. The alien surgical procedure takes less than an hour for each child. The Mi-go, not wishing to die in an explosion, will reset the timer on the bomb to allow for the surgeries. It will be up to the investigators to let the helpful Mi-go escape through the Gate or die at their hands.

Discovering and witnessing the destruction of the Mi-go lair is worth a **Sanity** award of 2D6 points. If the investigators manage to save the two children, award them an additional 1D6+4 points of **Sanity**.

As a last resort, investigators may choose to take any or all of the brain canisters, along with the machines, back to their homes, hoping that somehow, someday, they might find a way to save the canisters' inhabitants.

NPCS AND MONSTERS

HENRY BARNES, Supervisor and Pastor

STR 75 **CON** 70 **SIZ** 70 **INT** 75 **POW** 75
DEX 65 **APP** 80 **EDU** 80 **SAN** 23 **HP** 14
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 15

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge: 35% (17/7)

Skills: Accounting 30%, Archaeology 10%, Art History 15%, Climb 40%, Credit Rating 35%, History 30%, Language (English) 80%, Language (French) 45%, Language (Greek) 20%, Language (Latin) 35%, Library Use 45%, Listen 25%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 15%, Ride 15%, Science (Anthropology) 10%, Science (Biology) 10%.

Age: 33

IKE COPLEY, Old Believer

STR 70 **CON** 75 **SIZ** 60 **INT** 55 **POW** 60
DEX 55 **APP** 55 **EDU** 50 **SAN** 60 **HP** 13
DB: +1D4 **Build:** 1 **Move:** 9 **MP:** 12

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 27% (13/5)

Skills: Climb 40%, Credit Rating 15%, Electrical Repair 20%, First Aid 50%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Natural World 35%, Operate Heavy Machinery 35%, Persuade 25%, Psychology 15%, Ride 25%, Track 30%.

Age: 36

LOUISE MADSEN, General Store Proprietor and Town Clerk

STR 50 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 50 **INT** 65 **POW** 55
DEX 55 **APP** 50 **EDU** 50 **SAN** 55 **HP** 11
DB: none. **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 11

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 35% (17/7), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge: 27% (13/5)

Skills: Accounting 70%, Credit Rating 65%, Library Use 49%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 20%, Ride 25%.

Age: 33

RODNEY GREENE

STR 55 **CON** 45 **SIZ** 50 **INT** 35 **POW** 40
DEX 35 **APP** 20 **EDU** 40 **SAN** 40 **HP** 9
DB: none. **Build:** 0 **Move:** 8 **MP:** 5

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 20% (10/4), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 17% (8/3)

Skills: Climb 20%, Jump 10%, Natural World 10%.

Age: 31

SYDNEY ETZLER, Mailman

STR 60 **CON** 60 **SIZ** 50 **INT** 55 **POW** 55
DEX 50 **APP** 50 **EDU** 40 **SAN** 55 **HP** 11
DB: none. **Build:** 0 **Move:** 5 **MP:** 11

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 25% (12/5)

Skills: Drive Auto 65%, Natural World 25%, Navigate 30%, Ride 25%.

Age: 64

A TALE OF FOXFIELD

SHIRLEY SUTLER, Councilwoman

STR 55 CON 60 SIZ 45 INT 65 POW 60
 DEX 55 APP 60 EDU 60 SAN 60 HP 10
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 12

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3 + db
 Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) 50% (25/10), damage 4D6/2D6/1D6 (Shotgun)
 Dodge: 27% (13/5)
Skills: Accounting 20%, Credit Rating 35%, Persuade 45%, Ride 25%.
Age: 34

RICHARD SLATE, Town Constable

STR 55 CON 55 SIZ 60 INT 55 POW 50
 DEX 50 APP 55 EDU 50 SAN 50 HP 11
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 5 MP: 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 + db
 Dodge 25% (12/5)
Skills: Accounting 60%, Credit Rating 65%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 25%, Ride 75%.
Age: 57

DORA SLATE, Town Coroner

STR 45 CON 55 SIZ 45 INT 55 POW 60
 DEX 55 APP 65 EDU 50 SAN 60 HP 10
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 12

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 30% (15/6), damage 1D3 + db
 Dodge 27% (13/5)
Skills: Accounting 70%, Credit Rating 65%, First Aid 55%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Medicine 15%, Persuade 35%, Psychology 30%, Ride 55%.
Age: 55

BETTY WARD, 12-year-old

STR 35 CON 70 SIZ 35 INT 55 POW 55
 DEX 65 APP 70 EDU 30 SAN 55 HP 10
 DB: -1 Build: -1 Move: 6 MP: 11

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3 + db
 Dodge 32% (16/6)
Skills: Climb 45%, Fast Talk 25%, Jump 35%, Listen 65%, Persuade 30%, Spot Hidden 45%, Stealth 70%, Swim 50%.
Age: 12

BOBBY KIRTLAND, going on 13

STR 55 CON 70 SIZ 45 INT 50 POW 45
 DEX 60 APP 55 EDU 30 SAN 45 HP 11
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 9

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 30% (15/6), damage 1D3 + db
 Dodge 35% (17/7)

Skills: Climb 55%, Fast Talk 10%, Jump 65%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 10%, Spot Hidden 35%, Stealth 60%, Swim 55%, Throw 65%.

Age: almost 13

AIDA SIMPSON, school teacher

STR 45 CON 60 SIZ 45 INT 70 POW 60
 DEX 50 APP 65 EDU 80 SAN 60 HP 10
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 12

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 30% (15/6), damage 1D3 + db
 Dodge 25% (12/5)
Skills: Accounting 40%, Archaeology 10%, Credit Rating 30%, History 40%, Library Use 65%, Natural World 20%, Persuade 25%, Psychology 25% Science (Anthropology) 05%, Science (Biology) 15%, Science (Chemistry) 05%.
Age: 48

TYPICAL SOUTHERN FARMER

STR 70 CON 75 SIZ 60 INT 55 POW 55
 DEX 60 APP 55 EDU 40 SAN 55 HP 13
 DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 8 MP: 11

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 40% (20/8), damage 1D3 + db
 Dodge 30% (15/5)
Skills: Credit Rating 15%, First Aid 50%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Medicine 10%, Natural World 50%, Operate Heavy Machinery 65%, Persuade 20%, Psychology 15%, Ride 25%, Track 30%.
Age: mid-30s.

TYPICAL SOUTHERN FARM WIFE

STR 55 CON 70 SIZ 50 INT 55 POW 55
 DEX 55 APP 60 EDU 40 SAN 55 HP 12
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 11

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3 + db
 Dodge 27% (13/5)
Skills: Accounting 20%, Craft (Farming) 55%, Credit Rating 15%, First Aid 50%, Medicine 10%, Persuade 25%, Psychology 10%, Ride 10%.
Age: 20s on average.

PETER CHYLINSKI, youth at risk

STR 65 CON 60 SIZ 45 INT 45 POW 50
 DEX 70 APP 45 EDU 40 SAN 50 HP 10
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 55% (27/11), damage 1D3 + db
 Dodge: 65% (32/13)
Skills: Climb 85%, First Aid 35%, Jump 85%, Listen 75%, Locksmith 35%, Natural World 30%, Navigate 85%, Spot Hidden 65%, Stealth 65%, Swim 75%, Throw 85%, Track 70%.
Age: 13

PROOF OF LIFE

TYPICAL NORTHERN FARMER

STR 70 CON 75 SIZ 60 INT 55 POW 55
DEX 60 APP 55 EDU 40 SAN 55 HP 13
DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 8 MP: 11

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 30% (15/5)

Skills: Credit Rating 10%, First Aid 50%, Mechanical Repair 65%,
Medicine 15%, Natural World 55%, Operate Heavy Machinery
65%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 15%, Ride 35%, Track 40%.

Age: 30s.

TYPICAL NORTHERN FARM WIFE

STR 55 CON 70 SIZ 50 INT 55 POW 55
DEX 55 APP 60 EDU 40 SAN 55 HP 12
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 11

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 27% (13/5)

Skills: Accounting 20%, Craft (Farming) 65%, Credit Rating 10%,
First Aid 60%, Medicine 10%, Persuade 45%, Psychology
15%, Ride 15%.

Age: 20s.

THE IKE-COPLEY THING

STR 110 CON 45 SIZ 60 INT 30 POW 30
DEX 45 HP 11
DB: +1D6 Build: 2 Move: 7 MP: 6

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 40% (20/8), damage 1D3 + db, or torch,
1D3+1 + db

Sanity Loss: 1D4/1D6+1

MI-GO SENTINEL

STR 55 CON 55 SIZ 60 INT 70 POW 65
DEX 75 HP 11
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 7/13 flying MP: 13

ATTACKS

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting attacks: Fungi from Yuggoth may attack in hand-to-hand combat with its two crab-like claws.

Seize (mnvr): Alternatively, they may try to seize the victim (of their build or smaller) and then fly into the sky to drop the victim from a height or take the victim so high that their lungs burst.

Fighting (Nippers x2) 35%, 1D6 + db, or Seize mnvr (as above)

Electric Gun 35%, damage 1D10. Anyone hit by the Electric Gun must make a CON check or fall unconscious for 1D6 rounds. If the roll is fumbled, the target suffers cardiac arrest and dies unless immediate medical aid is received.

Dodge 37% (18/7)

Armor: All impaling weapons do minimum damage.

Skills: Stealth 80%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 to see a mi-go.

MI-GO LEADER

STR 65 CON 65 SIZ 70 INT 80 POW 75
DEX 75 HP 13
DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 7/13 flying MP: 15

ATTACKS

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting attacks: Fungi from Yuggoth may attack in hand-to-hand combat with its two crab-like claws.

Seize (mnvr): Alternatively, they may try to seize the victim (of their build or smaller) and then fly into the sky to drop the victim from a height or take the victim so high that their lungs burst.

Fighting (Nippers x2) 35%, 1D6 + db, or Seize mnvr (as above)

Dodge 37% (18/7)

Armor: All impaling weapons do minimum damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 to see a mi-go.

MI-GO #2

STR 55 CON 55 SIZ 60 INT 70 POW 65
DEX 75 HP 11
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 7/13 flying MP: 13

ATTACKS

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting attacks: Fungi from Yuggoth may attack in hand-to-hand combat with its two crab-like claws.

Seize (mnvr): Alternatively, they may try to seize the victim (of their build or smaller) and then fly into the sky to drop the victim from a height or take the victim so high that their lungs burst.

Fighting (Nippers x2) 35%, 1D6 + db, or Seize mnvr (as above)

Dodge 37% (18/7)

Armor: All impaling weapons do minimum damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 to see a mi-go.

MI-GO #3

STR 50 CON 60 SIZ 60 INT 65 POW 60
DEX 70 HP 12
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 7/13 flying MP: 12

ATTACKS

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting attacks: Fungi from Yuggoth may attack in hand-to-hand combat with its two crab-like claws.

Seize (mnvr): Alternatively, they may try to seize the victim (of their build or smaller) and then fly into the sky to drop the victim from a height or take the victim so high that their lungs burst.

Fighting (Nippers x2) 35%, 1D6 + db, or Seize mnvr (as above)

Dodge 37% (18/7)

Armor: All impaling weapons do minimum damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 to see a mi-go.

Catch some winks in

HUGSBY





MALICE EVERLASTING

KINGSFORT, THE CITY IN THE MISTS, HAS BEEN HOME TO MANY MYSTERIES SINCE ITS FOUNDING IN 1639. AN OLD, QUIET CITY, THESE DAYS IT ENJOYS A REPUTATION AS A PEACEFUL SEASIDE RESORT. EACH YEAR, VACATIONERS VISIT ITS FINE RESTAURANTS AND ITS ART GALLERIES OR SPEND THE DAY SAILING. WITH THE COOL KISS OF AUTUMN, THE TOURISTS DEPART, LEAVING KINGSFORT RESIDENTS TO THEIR NARROW, WINDING STREETS AND MIST-SHROUDED SECRETS. THIS SEASON IS DIFFERENT. THE END OF SUMMER BRINGS NOT ONLY SHORTER DAYS BUT A BLIGHT OF PAIN AND SUFFERING INFLICTED ON SOME OF THE CITY'S OLDEST FAMILIES.

It all started three weeks ago when the *Kingsport Chronicle* reported resident Simon McDonald had been stricken with a mysterious illness. The man, who'd seemed in perfect health just days before, suddenly went totally blind. Six days later another resident, Bernard White, suffered the same affliction. Two more victims followed closely, both suddenly losing their sight. None of the victims live near each other, work together, or even know one another. They hadn't eaten the same food, nor drank from the same water fountain. Doctors at the local Congregational Hospital are at a loss to identify the cause, let alone treat it, or discover how it spread.

Fear now grips the sleepy coastal town. No one knows who will be next, or how to protect themselves. With few answers from local authorities, no one feels safe anymore. The people of Kingsport are demanding answers and reassurances, but there are none to be had in the "city in the mists."

KEEPER INFORMATION

In the early 1690s, Kingsport was home to Matthew Chandler, a candle maker, warlock, and worshipper of the Great Old One, Y'gonolac. For many years Chandler served his dark god, kidnapping travelers and the occasional resident for ritual sacrifice in the hidden chamber beneath his home. Chandler disposed of these bodies by placing them in weighted barrels and sinking them into the bay on dark, moonless nights.

On a fateful day, a fisherman's net snagged some of these sunken barrels and, opened, their grisly contents were discovered. Some of these corpses were identified as locals who'd mysteriously vanished in recent months. The barrels, sealed with wax, were easy to trace to the town's candle maker.

The warlock had seen the boats gathering over his dumping spot in the bay, observed the growing mob, and knew his time was short. He quickly made preparations to ensure, if not his escape and survival, his immortality and eventual return.

Chandler conducted a hasty magical ritual that tied his soul to this world, whatever might happen to his material body. The spell allowed the warlock to remain in this world as a "ghost," ready to possess another body. The final act of the ritual required the severing of the warlock's left hand, which would become an anchor for his consciousness. After treating his grievous wound, the warlock hid the severed hand in the secret temple connected to his basement, bricked over the narrow passage, and prepared to escape.

Abandoning his home, he evaded capture until nightfall, then tried to slip away in a small boat. But the mists failed to conceal him, and the crew of a small fishing boat cornered him, then hauled him aboard their boat. Beaten and arrested, Matthew Chandler was returned to Kingsport to answer for his crimes. The next day the murderer was tried, hanged, and his home burned to the ground. Suspecting him of witchcraft, they cremated Chandler's body and ground the bones to dust. As a further precaution, the warlock's remains were mixed with sea salts then scattered on various patches of consecrated ground as a ward against his possible return. Unfortunately, these precautions would prove insufficient; his missing hand—the key to his immortality—was never found.

In 1750, a new house was built on the site, constructed on the old foundation after it was discovered still intact. It was then the spirit of Matthew Chandler, tied to this spot by his hidden severed hand, began attempts to possess a new body. Meeting with failure time and again, Chandler accomplished little more than terrorizing the series of occupants of the house. Most of those he targeted suffered from terrible nightmares, eventual insanity and, in one case, a victim was driven to suicide. For much of the house's history, the place has remained vacant, with owner after owner hastily moving out. Gaining control of a new physical body

TWO TALES OF KINGSPORT

had proved more difficult than Chandler anticipated.

All this changed in 1913 when a young couple named Pine moved into the house. Instead of molesting the couple, Chandler's spirit chose to lay low, biding its time. Two years later the wife gave birth to a son named Ronald, and Chandler saw his chance. The spirit of the warlock now focused its efforts on the defenseless newborn. It took thirteen years, but eventually Chandler succeeded, and he took control of the body of young Ronnie Pine. By this time Ronnie's father was dead—killed in a work accident when Ronnie was ten, leaving the young boy in the care of his widowed mother.

Once under full control of the warlock, the possessed Ronnie Pine imprisoned his mother in the house, keeping her alive in hopes of converting her to the worship of Y'golonac or, failing that, offering her up as a sacrifice. The warlock then broke through the bricked-up wall and uncovered his hidden temple, gaining access to his Mythos tomes and magical artifacts. Chandler resumed his worship of the malignant Great Old One and eventually found a suitable vessel for his master, a local woman named Norma Farr. Then the possessed Ronnie Pine began to exact his revenge on the descendants of the fishing boat crew who'd captured and beat him centuries ago.

Using the *Cause Blindness* spell, the warlock has blinded four of his five intended victims and is now preparing to go after the last one. However, this is only the first part of his plan. Soon, he will send them horrifying nightmares and, finally, arrange for their murders. With each passing day, the warlock grows ever more confident, and ever more dangerous.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

Investigators can become involved in this case in a number of ways. Learning about the case is easy enough, as the area newspapers have covered each of the story's new developments, listing details on each of the four victims. The authorities may even ask investigators in law enforcement, detective work, or the medical profession to look into the matter.

KINGSPORT

This scenario has investigators visiting many places around Kingsport. The town is broken up into seven neighborhoods: Harborside, The Hollow, Central Hill, Southshore, Downtown, the West Side, and Hilltown. Addresses listed here also include the name of the neighborhood.

PART ONE: ELUSIVE LINKS

The key to opening up this case is discovering what the victims have in common. Other than being natives of Kingsport who can trace their families back to the 1600s there is nothing obviously linking them. The victims are as follows:

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p. m.

sher. **HONESTLY REPORTING BY**

NO. 52 **KINGSPORT, MASS., A**

UBLIC ROUP

STUDENT STRUCK SUDDENLY BLIND

KINGSTON LOST

BY STANLEY CARTER

18-year-old John Placard, a freshman enrolled at Miskatonic University, was struck suddenly blind two days ago while waiting for a bus in downtown Kingsport. He was quickly rushed to Congregational Hospital where doctors held the young man for observation. At the time of this story, physicians have yet to make a diagnosis.

While interviewing the doctors it was learned that two other Kingsport citizens have suffered afflictions similar to young Placard. Both Simon McDonald, and Bernard White have been admitted to, and treated at Congregational Hospital.

While as yet undecided regarding the cause, the attending physicians were quick to rule out any communicable disease, and Kingsport residents are to be reassured they are in no danger.

NO CLEWS IN BOMBING OF PUBLISHER'S HOME

FAMILY OF HOLES IN MANSFIELD HOME AT TIME OF BLAST-NO ONE

Forest S... aged 31, of missing Su... his home a... Monday m... 20 men, m... were sent o... was locate... ing, having... on Kingspo... fore at Roy... that he wa... night, stop... night. His... After a... to have sta... woods for... lowed by h... posse.

CHAI WOI

SPOKA Archie F. ly charged Katherine Spokane u and slaying

OFTEN IT FOR ASON

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Malice Everlasting Papers #1

MALICE EVERLASTING

Simon McDonald

Simon, forty-two years old, is married and the father of two adult girls. He was the first stricken blind on October 20, while out fishing. Simon's family lives at 820 Ship Street, between Barrel and Silver Street, Harborside. He is currently at home and fed up with the probing of doctors. He'll talk to investigators but only to please his wife, Miriam, who urges him to cooperate.

Bernard White

Bernard, thirty-five years old, is a carpenter who works at F.W. Illsley & Sons, the local shipwrights. A childless widower, he lives alone at 185 High Street, between Carter and Brush Streets, in The Hollow. Mr. White is currently confined to Congregational Hospital, where he is undergoing a series of tests. Bernard went blind on October 25 while getting dressed for church and is deeply depressed by his condition. He'll gladly answer the investigators' questions in the hope that someone can help him regain his sight. As he says, "there ain't much use for a blind carpenter."

John Placard

Eighteen years old, John is a student living at 555 Holt Street between Green and Hall Streets, Southshore. He is a freshman at Miskatonic University, planning to study chemistry. John lost his sight on November 1, while waiting for a bus. He is now home with his widowed mother, Virginia Placard, and visited often by Abigail Waite, his high school sweetheart. Placard is in good spirits, saying his affliction should clear up any time now, and claiming he's starting to see shadows and light. Both Virginia and Abigail are in good spirits, commenting that John is slowly recovering. Investigators making a successful **Psychology** roll realize John is lying about his recovery, probably for the sake of his mother and Abigail.

Scott Forrester

Scott, fifty-one years old, is a loan officer for the First Marine Bank of Kingsport, and lives nearby on 460 Caldecott Street, Downtown. He is currently confined to a room in the Congregational Hospital. His wife, Martha, spends most of her time at his side. Forrester was stuck blind during his lunch hour just a day ago, November 5. The couple has two married daughters, both living in Arkham, as well as a son who was killed in the Great War. Mr. Forrester seems more concerned about upsetting his wife than recovering from his affliction. Martha Forrester is with him whenever visiting hours permit, usually reading him the paper, or chatting while holding his hand.

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is unknown. The loss is \$2,500 to \$3,000 with \$1,500 insurance. It seems likely that there will be further installations of hydrants on the Martin's Beach road where the water main is located.

ANOTHER MAN SUFFERS BLINDNESS

BY STANLEY CARTER

Although authorities have cautioned against speculation that might cause undue panic, the *Chronicle* feels it is the duty of this newspaper to report all and any news of value and service to the community.

Yet another citizen has been struck by sudden, seemingly irreversible blindness. Scott Forrester, an employee at The First Marine Bank, inexplicably lost his sight two evenings ago, while reading the newspaper in his home.

Authorities have cautioned this newspaper about spreading undue panic, but the editor of this publication feels the public has a right to know.

Is there some sinister disease stalking our streets? Authorities seem at a lost to explain these recent events.

SEEKONK, MASS. MAN IS KILLED ON STREET

Malice Everlasting Papers #2

INFORMATION GAINED

Investigators who question all four victims may realize they have several things in common. Some of this information is rather obvious, the rest can be obtained by questioning them and by possibly making a successful **Know** roll, with a bonus die if investigators are natives of Kingsport. Investigators can learn all the victims are male, all of them currently the last of the family line, and all are descended from old Kingsport families that date back to colonial times.

THE PAPERBOY

The warlock, now in the body of thirteen-year-old Ronnie Pine, will be keeping an eye on anyone unduly interested in his victims. He has no wish to be discovered and captured a second time. Ronnie has recently started a part-time job as a paperboy for the *Kingsport Chronicle*. This way he'll have access to the latest developments in the case.

He currently uses the name Ollie Mattock, which is how his employers at the *Chronicle* know him. He hopes the fake

TWO TALES OF KINGSPORT



name will keep people from tracing him back to the home of Ronnie Pine and the secrets the warlock keeps in the basement of the house. Traveling home, usually on his bike, the warlock never takes a direct route. Instead, he takes a roundabout path, trying to identify and shake anyone who might be following him.

Ronnie spends much of his time outside Congregational Hospital, selling newspapers. He'll actually be keeping track of police and doctors involved with his victims. Ronnie is friendly and tries to chat with anyone visiting the part of the hospital where Scott Forrester and Bernard White are being cared for. Once he discovers the investigators are looking into the case, he'll attempt to befriend them.

The warlock tries to pry information out of the investigators. He'll take out a pen and pad, saying, "I want to be a newspaper reporter when I grow up." Ollie also tells them, "I've been following this case myself, looking out for suspicious characters creeping around the hospital." If the investigators take the bait and ask him for details, he tells them the story of "the mysterious sailor" (see below, "The Paperboy's Red Herring"). The paperboy tells investigators, "Maybe if I can help you solve this, the *Chronicle* will make me a reporter!?"

After the warlock learns who the investigators are, he'll start making their life difficult. He may cast spells against them, arrange an accident, or send some of his monstrous minions to deal with them.

THE PAPERBOY'S RED HERRING

Ronnie tells investigators he's spotted a mysterious man at the hospital who's shown up every time a new victim arrived. He describes the man as wearing a thick overcoat, boots and a "Greek fishermen's hat." Ronnie also claims the man walked with a limp and pulled the hat down over his eyes whenever police walked past him. Ronnie shows the investigators a small Kodak Brownie camera, saying, "next time I see him, I'll try to get a picture."

None of this is true. Ronnie's description is generic enough to fit any one of a dozen fishermen in Kingsport, and the style of hat is especially popular with the town's Portuguese fishermen. As the scenario progresses the paperboy may tell investigators he's spotted "the mysterious sailor" elsewhere in Kingsport, especially if something violent, unusual, or supernatural has occurred there.

KINGSPORT — A CENTURY BY THE SEA

CHAPTER VI
THE WITCH HYSTERIA HITS KINGSPORT

In preceding chapters we have described how the remarkable happenings unfolding elsewhere in New England had caused many to flee to the relative safety of Kingsport. However, in time, the hysterical beliefs that had brought so much harm to Arkham, Salem, and other towns also came to blight our own town. In all there were five documented cases of "witch activity" reported in Kingsport — the 'facts' of most echoing the same kinds of illogical reports made in other localities.

The most unusual case involved a collection of sunken barrels discovered in the bay, each of the barrels found to contain the remains of a different missing person. The barrels were traced to one Matthew Chandler, the town candle maker. He'd fled his home by the time authorities set out to arrest him, evading capture until after dark, when the crew of the fishing boat *Melanie Rose* apprehended him on the bay, trying to escape in a stolen boat. The posse of fishermen had been organized by Reverend David Appleton, a man who played a key role in the arrests and convictions of many of those accused of witchcraft in Kingsport.

The trial was notable in that Mr. Chandler was the only person ever put on trial that was willing to openly confess his crimes, according to some reports, actually taking pride in them. This trial also had the most witnesses, with all five men who captured him appearing in court. Unlike many witnesses in these cases, those testifying against Chandler were all highly respected citizens. Samuel Forrester, Jacob McDonald, Goodwine White, James Placard, and Reverend Appleton all claimed to have witnessed the accused performing acts of magic during his attempts to escape them. The last unique part of this case was the disposition of the accused's body. After being hanged, the body was cut down and burned and, in a final act of outrage, citizens ransacked the Chandler residence then burned it to the ground.

POLICE AND DOCTORS

Investigators may feel the need to speak with the local police and doctors but there is little to be learned from them that hasn't already been reported in the *Chronicle*. The honest and easygoing Chief Tristram Crane heads Kingsport's Police Department (601 Turner Street, Downtown). He currently believes this to be some sort of medical crisis as there is no evidence of a crime being committed.

The Chief of Staff at Congregational Hospital (401 Summit Street, Central Hill) is Dr. Matthew Harris, a surgeon and longtime resident of Kingsport. Outwardly he claims these cases seem to be some sort of stroke that has damaged the optic nerve, but he doesn't really believe it. To other physicians, he confides he has no idea what caused the condition, but he has ruled out poisoning, trauma, and infection. Dr. Harris is currently treating Scott Forrester and Bernard White, running further tests trying to discover the cause of their blindness.

PART TWO: A WINDOW INTO THE PAST

As the investigation moves from interviews with victims and officials, to delving into books and historical records, things become increasingly dangerous. Matthew Chandler has been caught and killed once, now he'll do whatever necessary to keep that from happening again. As investigators start digging into the past, the warlock moves to block them every step of the way, often with murderous intent.

MONSTROUS MINIONS

The warlock Matthew Chandler, now in control of the body of Ronnie Pine, has some dangerous forces at his disposal. Among his arsenal of spells he has the ability to summon and bind Fire Vampires. He also possesses a potent magical item which he calls "the Sack." The Sack allows him to summon a limitless number of creatures known as Children of Y'gonolac. While relatively weak, these abominations are dangerous, and always attack in numbers. They are totally obedient to Matthew Chandler, no matter what body he currently inhabits.

RESEARCHING THE VICTIMS

There are three likely places the investigators can conduct research attempting to discover further links between the victims. These are the Kingsport Public Library at 906 Howard Street, Downtown; Talbot Hall (town hall) at 607 Turner Street, Downtown; and the Kingsport Historical Society Museum, 210 Carter Street, in The Hollow.

KINGSPORT PUBLIC LIBRARY

The elderly librarian Letitia Comstock oversees this small, rather unremarkable facility. A severe woman, she proves helpful if needed. Investigators may attempt a **Library Use** roll here to research possible links between the four afflicted men. A successful check yields the information, found in a book called *Kingsport—A Century by the Sea*, written in 1888. This is a history of Kingsport, chronicling the years 1639-1739. See "The Malice Papers #3."

A POSSIBLE ATTACK AT THE LIBRARY

Ronnie Pine recently visited the Kingsport Public Library where he tried to find and destroy any references to events concerning the witch hysteria of the 1690s. Unfortunately, before he could locate the book *Kingsport—A Century by the Sea*, the librarian chased him out of the building. Miss Comstock caused quite a scene, accusing the paperboy of trying to steal books. Since then the warlock has been plotting his revenge.

Keepers may choose to have the warlock strike at the investigators when they visit the library, using his spells. The elderly librarian can either be struck blind using *Cause Blindness*, or suffer a massive heart attack caused by Chandler's *Stop Heart* spell. The warlock hopes to silence her before she can tell her tale of a young boy lurking around that very section the other day. "They just come in here to steal the books, you know?" But more than that, the warlock still holds a grudge against the old, ill-tempered woman for publicly embarrassing him.

TALBOT HALL

Talbot Hall is the location of the City Clerk's office where deeds, birth and death certificates, permits, and other documents are stored. Wanda Drake, age forty, is the City Clerk and manages the office. She's an amateur antiquarian with

MALICE EVERLASTING

a curious streak who'll eagerly help investigators locate some of the older records they require.

Investigators may research three matters here, provided they've discovered "The Malice Papers #3." Each of the following pieces of information requires a successful **Library Use** roll. If Wanda Drake is actively assisting, the investigators may add a bonus die to this roll. The three lines of research are:

Victims' Bloodlines

Verify if the four afflicted men are descendants of the fishermen who captured and then testified against Matthew Chandler.

The bloodlines of the four victims can be determined by a search of city birth certificates. The four blind men—Simon McDonald, Bernard White, John Placard, and Scott Forrester—are direct descendants of men involved in the trial of Matthew Chandler. This also reveals that each of these men is the last living male heir of their families.

The Appleton Bloodline

Discover if the fifth crew member, David Appleton, has any descendants.

These records also reveal David Appleton does have a living descendant in Kingsport, a Wallace Appleton, age 37. His current address is 204 Harper Street, on the West

Side, which can be learned with another successful **Library Use** roll, or a **Hard Know** roll for any investigator actually a resident of Kingsport.

The Warlock's Home

Locate the original site of Matthew Chandler's home, currently 112 Parson Street in Hilltown.

The location of the warlock's home is the hardest to find, requiring a **Library Use** check with a penalty die, though this is easily countered with Mrs. Drake's assistance lending a bonus die. These records show where the house once stood and the disposition of the property since that time. These facts are contained in a number of documents; a summary of the information is listed in "The Malice Papers #4."

Investigators who are residents of Kingsport realize, with a successful **Know** roll, that this is the infamous Funt House. It's one of those landmarks locals whisper about and warn their children to stay away from. Long rumored to be haunted, nothing strange has happened there in over a hundred years. Investigators not native to Kingsport but working with Mrs. Drake learn about the house's dark reputation from her.

ABSTRACT of TITLE of *112 Parson Street (Lat 810, Prospect Hill)*

NO.	GRANTOR.	GRANTOR'S WIFE OR HUSBAND.	GRANTEE.	INSTRUMENT.	DATE OF INSTRUMENT	DATE OF FILING.	BOOK.	PAGE.
1	Town of Kingsport		Harrison Chandler	Sold	1661	1661	C	83
	House constructed by Chandler on Lat							
2	Harrison Chandler		Matthew Chandler (son)	Inheritance	1682	1682	2	190
3	Property abandoned	after fire. Reverts to Town of Kingsport				1692	C26	61
4	Town of Kingsport		Thomas Canderson	Sold	1747	1747	210	11
	House built on site, utilizing existing foundation					1750	213	126
5	Thomas Canderson		Kenneth Ober	Sold	1774	1774	241	7
6	Kenneth Ober		Brian Funt	Sold	1830	1830	401	99
7	Property boarded up,	ownership reverts to Town of Kingsport on tax lien				1855	439	221
8	Town of Kingsport		James & James Corp	Sold	1891	1891	496	175
	Permits issued to renovate house							
9	James & James Corp		Gabriel Pine	Sold	1912	1912	525	16
10	Gabriel Pine		Julia Pine (wife)	Inheritance	1920	1920	539	310

FIRST CERTIFICATE. We hereby certify that this is a true and complete Abstract of the title to above described land, as it appears on the Records of Essex County, in the State of Massachusetts; that we have carefully examined these Records, and have given all conveyances of whatever kind that we could find on record in regard to this land, and all mortgages and other incumbrances not yet released. We further certify that each deed has been examined separately, and found to have been correctly executed according to law, except as shown as annotated remarks on the reverse side of this abstract. We have also examined the Judgement Docket for the last ten years, and the Tax books for the last three years, and have shown all judgements unsatisfied, and all delinquent taxes, in the respective columns on the reverse side of this abstract.

..... 19

THE FUNT HOUSE, THE REAL STORY

The actual reasons for the dark rumors surrounding the property at 112 Parson Street in Hilltown can be uncovered if investigators are willing to spend some additional time researching at Talbot Hall. Keepers should allow them three more **Library Use** checks. For each successful roll they discover one of the following facts:

- ✘ Thomas Caulderson and his family moved out in 1752, after living there only two years. The family later sold the property at a significant financial loss.
- ✘ Kenneth Ober died in the house after hanging himself.
- ✘ Brian Funt also died in the house, murdered by his sixteen-year-old daughter, Sandra. Sandra Funt also killed her mother, Emma, and her uncle, Wilson Vinton, all of them with a kitchen knife. Sandra was found dead in the house, committing suicide in the living room with the same knife she used to murder her family.

A Certain Attack at Talbot Hall

While there is much information to be had at Talbot Hall, investigators will need to invest a great deal of time (four hours per **Library Use** check) to find it. If they've already made contact with Ronnie Pine, the warlock realizes that clues found at the City Clerk's office may lead investigators to expose him. The warlock wants to remove the threat these records pose and takes action.

Shortly after closing, Ronnie escorts four Children of Y'gonolac to Talbot Hall. He'll use either his bike, hiding the writhing creatures in a basket, or have his friend, Norma Farr (see below), drive him there with the creatures hidden in her car trunk. At Talbot Hall, the creeping Children are introduced into the building through a back window and ordered to kill anyone in the records area. Wanda Drake, who's working late, will be viciously attacked, along with any investigators who remain working after the office closes. If alone, Wanda is found dead the next day, in her office, covered in what appear to be animal bites. If authorities are alerted, the office is closed to the public for a week, preventing investigators from obtaining possibly valuable information.

If the creatures succeed in their mission, they leave the building and head for a nearby storm drain. Here they hide until retrieved by Ronnie Pine or are discovered by investigators. A trail of blood, leading from the victims to the drain, is discovered with a successful **Track** roll. This trail fades quickly due to street and foot traffic, and is ruined by 11 am the next day. If investigators discover the Children of Y'gonolac lurking in the drain, the creatures emerge and fight until destroyed.

KINGSPORT HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM

This two-story Georgian mansion has been renovated into a privately funded museum, currently overseen by Curator Aaron Hart, an elderly man in failing health and more than a little senile. Hart asks for membership cards from anyone wishing to conduct research. Investigators will have to join the Historical Society in order to gain access to the records stored here—a one-year membership costing \$15, apiece. Even after having joined the Society, and possibly visiting frequently, Hart will demand to see their membership cards every time they visit. The old man's short-term memory is not what it used to be.

The first floor of the museum holds numerous nautical artifacts such as compasses, figureheads, ship models, etc. The second floor houses the society's library, containing a complete run of the *Kingsport Chronicle* newspaper and several undiscovered mythos tomes among its vast collection. While both collections are interesting and valuable, there is nothing on these two floors even remotely helpful to investigators. Hart explains the "really old records" are kept in the attic of the building. The attic entrance is a narrow retractable stairway right across from the curator's upstairs bedroom. Hart also says, "I haven't had a chance to sort through them all yet, but you're welcome to have a look if you like."

THE ATTIC

The material here is kept in old wooden boxes, stacked about in no particular order. Records here are mostly in poor shape, with documents falling apart, water damaged, and in some cases rather moldy. Many of the books stored here have separated from their bindings, falling apart when handled.

Keepers should impose a penalty die to **Library Use** rolls made while searching these records. A successful roll uncovers a smattering of records from the trial of Matthew Chandler. Though badly damaged, some parts of the document can still be read. See "The Malice Papers #5." This record of Mathew Chandler's trial is the most damning to the warlock. He is aware of this and if investigators move to retrieve these papers, the warlock may move to stop them.

A FATAL FIRE

Ronnie Pine waits for the investigators to enter the attic, then moves to get rid of both them and the documents in a single stroke. He quickly sets fire to a pile of raked leaves in a nearby yard and uses this to summon a Fire Vampire. When it arrives, Ronnie points to the Historical Society Museum and orders it to "set fire to the second floor of the building and kill anyone trying to exit the attic." It happily obeys, trapping the researching investigators inside the burning building.

MALICE EVERLASTING

Matthew Chandler, unlike others accused of witchcraft, never claimed to be innocent. He was proud of the atrocities of which he stood accused. When the constable announced in court that the accused had murdered nine people, Matthew Chandler stood up and corrected him. He announced brazenly that he had, in fact, killed seventeen people but that only nine bodies had thus far been discovered. It took the judge many minutes to restore order.

the fishing boat crew then came forward, one by one, to explain how they captured the accused. Each told how they spotted the small boat he had stolen and pulled alongside it in the dark. This surprised the fugitive, as he was not a capable sailor. They claimed he pointed his hand towards James Placard, who then began screaming and fell to his knees. Citizen Placard related that he felt as if a great dagger had been thrust into his heart. The accused is said to have attempted to raise his hand again, but further devilry was halted as the rest of the crew swarmed the small craft and beat the fugitive unconscious.

binding him proved difficult, explained Citizen White, as the accused was missing his left hand. The stump of his wrist appeared to have been hastily bound and then thrust into molten wax to seal the wound. Witnesses claimed to have seen the accused with both hands just a day earlier. When asked about his missing hand the accused would only smile and proclaim that he had misplaced it. He then looked at the men who had captured him and stated that the missing appendage was "the hand of vengeance" and that it would turn up eventually. The crowd once again erupted in outrage.

Chandler proclaimed that both The Lord and Satan were the stories of children and that his true master was a being called Igollanack, who took pleasure from offerings of blood and acts of unholy lust. Some who listened screamed, others wept, some with blood running from their noses. Reverend Appleton and some of his men, who were experienced dealing with witches and warlocks, then wrestled the accused to the floor and gagged him. This halted the horrible effect of his words and the trial was able to continue.

the body was cut down and burned that evening. The bones ground into powder and the remains mixed with salt from the sea, divided into several bundles and scattered on widely separated patches of consecrated ground. A search of the Chandler home turned up no sign of his missing hand. Soon the frustrated and still enraged mob pitched torches into the residence, burning it to the ground.

TWO TALES OF KINGSPORT



Investigators have a couple of options to escape the blaze. They can attempt to rush through the burning second floor to the stairs, or they can use the single attic window and wriggle through it. Either method has risks, but remaining in the attic, the room filling with smoke and heat, is slow suicide. The fire comes as a complete surprise to investigators, who, beginning the second round of the fire, start to suffer from the effects of the suffocating smoke (see the “Other Forms of Damage” Table in the *Call of Cthulhu Keeper’s Rulebook*, p. 411).

THE ATTIC WINDOW OPTION

The easiest way for investigators to escape is to locate the attic’s single window, hidden behind a stack of boxes and only located with a successful **Spot Hidden** roll. However, only a single investigator can exit through it per round, forcing those waiting to suffer further rounds of suffocating smoke. The window is also quite small. Investigators take 1 point of damage for each point above SIZ 50 as they wriggle, scrape and force themselves through the narrow opening. Once through the window, investigators then face a drop to the ground below, taking an additional 2D6 points of damage from the fall, reduced to 1D6 if they can make a successful **Jump** roll.

THE SECOND FLOOR OPTION

The only other choice for the investigators is to plunge down the attic stairs to the burning second floor, and from there find their way to the ground floor and out of the building. Only two investigators per round can move down the narrow folding stairs to the second floor; the others must remain in the attic, waiting their turn while suffering possible smoke inhalation. Having gained the second floor, investigators must then rush through the flames to reach the staircase leading to the ground floor. A **Luck** roll is required to avoid flames and falling beams during this passage. Those who fail suffer 1D8 points of damage while a successful roll reduces damage to 1D4.

Before descending the stairs to the ground floor, they pass the curator’s bedroom. Investigators notice the elderly Mr. Hart lying unconscious on the bedroom floor. He is at 0 hit points due to the smoke inhalation but can be rescued if investigators carry him out of the burning building. Keepers should mention two important items located here, a large potted fern and a four-gallon fish tank.

At the top of the stairs, investigators pass near the lurking Fire Vampire. Currently, it’s hiding amid the flames and will attempt to kill anyone trying to use the stairs to the ground floor. The creature rushes forward, blocking

the investigators' exit, attacking one of them each round. Investigators can rush past it, hoping to survive its attacks, or they can use a second-floor window to leap from the building, suffering 1D6 points of damage. Or they may attempt to defeat the flaming adversary.

DEFEATING THE FIRE VAMPIRE

Investigators likely have no means to defeat the horror sent against them. However, there are two items in Aaron Hart's room that can be used as weapons. Investigators hurling the soil from the potted plant at the fire vampire do 1D3 points of damage to the creature. Likewise, those pouring the contents of the four-gallon fish tank over the creature inflict 8 points of damage, destroying it.

If the investigators fail to destroy the Fire Vampire, it flees when the Kingsport Fire Department arrives. It has no wish to face a fire hose or bucket brigade.

THE FIRE'S AFTERMATH

Investigators who escape the burning building will be met by various Kingsport authorities. They'll be questioned by the Chief of the Kingsport Fire Department, Nolan "Smoke" Paxson, as well as the local chief of police, Tristram Crane. These men will want to know how the fire started, though they suspect the forgetful old curator Aaron Hart is the cause. If investigators can concoct a story that fits their predisposition, they are satisfied.

Anyone speaking to the authorities about "living balls of fire" or "undying wizards" might be detained, charged or even committed for psychiatric evaluation. If Mr. Hart or anyone else has died in the fire, the authorities treat it much more seriously. If no one was seriously injured, Chief Paxson will rule it "an unfortunate accident" and drop the matter saying, "these things do happen."

Investigators who are injured are taken to Congregational Hospital, bringing them back into contact with the friendly local paperboy, Ollie Mattock. The disguised wizard will try to "help" investigators any way he can, sneaking items into their room or aiding their escape from the hospital against doctor's orders. In return, he'll want to know "what they've learned so far."

FURTHER RED HERRINGS

The undead wizard Chandler takes this opportunity to feed investigators a bit more disinformation. He'll give the investigators a roll of film from his Kodak Brownie, explaining it has a picture of the mysterious sailor on it. He explains he again spotted the man over in Harborside, going into the old Derby warehouse. "I haven't had time to get the film developed yet."

PART THREE: THE FINAL THREADS

At this point, investigators may have gathered enough information to unravel the mystery that plagues Kingsport. They quite possibly have escaped one or more close calls as the warlock attempted to destroy both evidence and those seeking it. Investigators must now act on what they've learned, hopefully putting a stop to it. And they must act quickly because soon Matthew Chandler will begin sending mind shattering nightmares and packs of Children of Y'gonolac to attack his blinded victims and their families. Bodies start turning up, covered in human-like bites.

Investigators have three likely courses of action: develop the paperboy's roll of film and identify the "mysterious sailor" dwelling in the old Derby warehouse in Dockside; they can track down, question, and possibly warn the fifth intended victim, Wallace Appleton; visit the notorious Funt House, built atop the foundation of Matthew Chandler's destroyed home. Each path could well prove deadly.

THE PAPERBOY'S CAMERA

If investigators develop the film, they receive nine photographs of a man matching the description the paperboy gave them. In this series of photos, the sailor appears to be wandering Harborside, eventually entering a dilapidated, abandoned warehouse. The man in the photo is actually a simple wino who was given the coat and hat he wears—along with a bottle of wine—by the warlock's accomplice, Norma Farr.

Any investigator making a **Know** roll realizes a roll of film of this type typically can make twelve exposures. If the clerk is questioned, he blushes and lowers his voice. "I can't print those pictures," he says. "The boss will fire me." If questioned about the negatives, he is chagrined and hands them over to the investigators.

These three negatives show portions of a woman's body, dressed in undergarments. The woman's face isn't shown but it is obvious she is rather large. It can be surmised from the photos the woman took the pictures herself, attempting to display herself for the viewer. Mathew Chandler had no idea these photographs were on the film. Norma Farr, not knowing the camera would be given away, took these of herself as a gift to her "new friend." If she learns the camera was given away, she'll keep silent about these special photos, not wishing to displease Ronnie.

DOCKSIDE HUNT

Investigators searching Docksides for the mysterious sailor won't experience a lot of trouble finding him. The location of the old Derby warehouse is well known to most of the locals, who can quickly direct investigators to the building. Area residents also recognize the man in the photos, if investigators show them. They say they've seen him around the area from time to time but don't know who he is or where he lives. "Just one of those hoboes who lives down by the old warehouses," they all say.

While the old warehouses closest to the water have been converted to apartments, those further inland have not. These are mostly abandoned, padlocked two- and three-story buildings. It is a rundown area, with plenty of garbage, rats, and a fair number of vagrants. The Derby warehouse is typically chained shut, but a back door has been forced open. Inside live four homeless men, presently gathered around a trashcan filled with burning rubbish.

While dirty and rough, these men are not looking for any trouble. Unless pushed into defending themselves they take no hostile action toward the investigators. If shown the photo of the man the investigators are looking for, they immediately recognize him. However, they deny knowing the man, as they do not wish to turn in one of their own in case the man is in trouble. If bribed with money, food, or alcohol, and assured by investigators they mean the person no harm, the men direct investigators to his whereabouts, saying, "Melvin's upstairs, sleeping one off in one of the offices, you can't miss him."

MELVIN WADE, RED HERRING

The "mysterious sailor" can easily be found upstairs. He's asleep and hungover, having finished off a bottle of wine given him by Norma Farr. The man's name is Melvin Wade, a homeless unemployed sailor and alcoholic. He is filthy, smells bad, and is obviously in poor health. Melvin has no information to offer about mysterious fires, monsters, warlocks, murders, or anything else concerning the investigation. He isn't even aware of the highly publicized cases of blindness. Investigators making a successful **Psychology** roll realize he's telling the truth. Unfortunately, once questioned by investigators he'll have served the warlock's purpose—as bait. The trap will be sprung and everyone in the warehouse will suddenly find themselves fighting for their lives.

SILENCING THE RED HERRING

Norma Farr and Matthew Chandler have transported a carload of Children of Y'gonolac to the Derby warehouse. The creatures are commanded to hide inside the building. Most are lurking under garbage, inside boxes and cabinets, behind crates and desks, waiting for someone to discover

and talk to Melvin Wade. Once this happens, they emerge from hiding and try to kill everyone in the building. The creatures fight until all their victims are dead, or the last of their squirming numbers fall. Should any of the creatures survive, they'll make for the nearest storm drain and wait to be picked up, much like they did in the attack on Talbot Hall. The warehouse is infested with the creatures, with eight hidden on each of building's two floors. The four hoboes on the first floor will be killed first, their screams echoing through the vast open space of the warehouse.

WALLACE APPLETON

Mr. Appleton is a handsome twenty-nine-year-old bachelor. A lawyer, and heir to a considerable fortune, he lives on Kingsport's West Side, at 204 Harper Street. The Appleton family is not only one of Kingsport's oldest families, but they are also among the wealthiest. Wallace is friendly and personable, comfortable dealing with anyone regardless of their social standing. Getting past his butler, Charles, is another matter. Charles is the only person to ever open the door at the Appleton residence. No one without an appointment is admitted in to see "Master Appleton" unless they make a successful **Fast Talk**, **Persuade**, or **Credit Rating** roll. If all attempts fail, investigators raising their voice will be heard by Appleton, who comes to the door, sorts the problem out, then dismisses Charles and invites the investigators inside. He apologizes for Charles, who he describes as an old family retainer. "Charles is a bit over-protective at times," he explains. He invites them to his study, offers them chairs, and tells Charles to prepare tea.

Appleton has studied his family's history and is aware his ancestor David Appleton was involved in the witch hysteria of 1692. He'll speak proudly about the "witch hunter" in the family with a tone of amusement and skepticism. To him, it is little more than a charming anecdote. Wallace Appleton also mentions he possesses some of his ancestor's belongings including "an old medallion and David's handwritten Bible."

If investigators ask to see the Bible and the medallion they'll need to make a successful **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll to gain access to the items. If investigators have already explained the link between the men afflicted with blindness, namely the witch trial of Matthew Chandler, this roll is made with a Bonus die. If investigators can convince him to loan them the items, Appleton agrees, stipulating that it should be for one week only. "I don't pretend they hold much value outside my family, but they are dear to me," he explains.

At this moment, while investigators are still chatting with him, Wallace is suddenly struck blind. Aware of the other cases of sudden blindness in Kingsport, Appleton does his best to stay calm, though he obviously strains to do so. Butler Charles becomes very upset, accusing the investigators of somehow causing his master's affliction.

Unless investigators calm Charles down with a successful **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** roll, he summons the authorities, claiming the investigators have “somehow poisoned his master, Wallace Appleton.” There is, of course, no evidence of anyone poisoning anyone, but investigators may find themselves once again being questioned by Chief of Police Tristram Crane.

Once investigators manage to quiet things down, Appleton, ever in control of his emotions, calmly asks the investigators to drive him to the hospital. Before leaving, Appleton orders Charles the butler to provide the investigators with the Bible, and the amulet.

THE FAMILY HEIRLOOMS

The two family heirlooms are kept locked away in a rolltop desk in Appleton’s study. Only Appleton and the faithful Charles know where the key is kept, though breaking into the desk poses no particular problems.

The Amulet of Damietta

This first item is a palm-sized gold amulet engraved with Egyptian hieroglyphs as well as some strange, indecipherable runes. Thousands of years ago this magical amulet was created as a defense from possible possession by malevolent forces. A person holding or wearing this item is totally immune to any form of possession.

The Amulet of Damietta can also be used as a weapon. If touched to someone possessed, the relic forces the invading entity into an opposed **POW** check against the holder of the amulet. Using the amulet this way costs the wielder 2 Magic Points. Once the Amulet of Damietta cleanses a possessed person, they are safe against further possession for the next ten days.

The item can also project its protective power as a field around itself, costing 4 Magic Points for every 5 feet of protection, per round, with a limit of 25 feet. For example, an investigator with 14 magic points wields the Amulet of

Damietta against a man possessed by a Shan. They use the artifact to project its power in a 15-foot radius, instantly draining the investigator of 12 MP. This then forces the Shan into an opposed **POW** roll.

The Bible of David Appleton

This very old, handwritten bible ends in several dozen pages of journal entries. These entries detail the efforts made by David Appleton to uncover and destroy some of the cults infesting Kingsport between 1677-1709. It mentions the Great Old Ones Tulzscha, Oorn & Y’gononac as well as the mental parasites known as Shan.

PART FOUR: THE HAND OF VENGEANCE

The Funt House sits squarely in Kingsport’s poorest, most run-down area. The neighborhood is home to many Portuguese immigrants, among them the Pine (formerly Pinéro) family. Ronnie Pine, age thirteen, was born in this very house. He lives here with his widowed mother, Julia.

Things are much different these days. The house is now home to the warlock Matthew Chandler, who possesses the body of the innocent teen, Ronnie Pine, while Ronnie’s mother, Julia Pine, now insane, is held prisoner by the warlock. The secret underground passage has been reopened and the hidden abhorrent temple recently restored to use. Chandler has recruited Norma Farr to the worship of Y’gononac, and she has become Matthew Chandler’s devoted minion.

THE DARK STORY

Chandler began working on the newborn baby Ronnie Pine as soon as his proud parents brought him home from the hospital. It took years, but finally, several weeks ago, Chandler was able to take full control of the young boy.

Once in control, the warlock moved against Julia Pine, knocking her unconscious and imprisoning her in the house. He then broke through the bricked-up basement wall to gain access to the temple beyond. Here, Chandler reclaimed his most prized possessions, including a complete collection of *The Revelations of Gla’aki*, the enchanted Sack, and his long-ago severed hand, partially preserved by a coating of wax.

Attempting to turn her to his cause, Chandler read the entire *Revelations of Gla’aki* to the captive Julia Pine in hopes of converting her to the worship of Y’gononac. Instead, she completely lost her mind, her sanity shattered by the dark knowledge. Hoping she’d eventually regain

The Appleton Bible – Journal Notes

Language: English

Sanity Loss: 1/1D3

Cthulhu Mythos: +1/+3 percentiles

Mythos Rating: 4

Study Time: 12 hours (Journal portions only)

Spells Available: none.

A leather-bound Bible, handwritten in English by an Appleton ancestor. Mostly unremarkable save for the journal entries in the back pages.

TWO TALES OF KINGSPORT

her faculties and join him in worship, the warlock sneaked into Arkham Sanitarium looking for a strait-jacket and some restraints. To his surprise, Chandler stumbled across an ally and someone who could eventually serve as a vessel for his master.

ENTER NORMA FARR

It was at Arkham Sanitarium that Chandler met and befriended a heavy-set woman some twelve years his senior. Norma Farr, a nurse who works in the dementia ward at the sanitarium, proved an easy recruit for the cunning warlock, and she quickly fell under his spell. Soon, she was

Malice Everlasting Papers #5

Part 4

I asked the judge to order the body burned. I then personally mixed the remains with salt from the sea then scattered them on holy ground. This way the warlock can have no earthly anchor for his spirit and thus be unable to remain a menace to the living. The fiend's missing hand troubled me greatly so I urged the townsfolk to join me burning down his accursed home. It's been two years without sign of the warlock's return, and I am hopeful the warlock's missing hand was destroyed in the fire. If ever the evil should return, if Matthew Chandler should ever manage to cheat death, I have the amulet ready.

This holy relic, passed down through my family for countless generations is my most precious possession. I was told the Templars took it as a prize during the sacking of Samicetta in 1213. It is a bane to evil forces possessing a human form. The mere touch of this amulet is often enough to rid a victim of demonic influence for at least a period of time, if the wielder is strong of heart and faith. If one dare not approach the possessed, this holy power can be cast outward by force of will. The wielder of the amulet can extend this power some feet away but there is a cost. Doing this repeatedly, or from great distance brings about a most profound exhaustion from which it takes many days to recover.

I tried to use this relic on Matthew Chandler, in the hopes the man was being controlled by a demon. But he simply smiled at me and said that no, his own soul was darker than my "foolish Christian fairy tales of demons and angels." The acts, the horrors, the dark deeds were truly his own. Now I shall be watching for his return. If his words were not just lies meant to terrorize his captors then he is as dangerous as any demon or devil.

helping him in every way, from gathering information, to obtaining restraints and drugs for his prisoner, and following his every command. The lonely woman, desperately desiring acceptance, found it in the oddly intelligent and knowledgeable young boy who always seemed able to tell her what she most wanted to hear. Her physical size—six feet tall and close to three hundred pounds—is what really caught the warlock's attention.

Mathew Chandler recognized her as a perfect vessel for his master, Y'gonac. Additionally, she would be his insurance policy. If anything happens to him, she's been instructed to place his wax coated severed hand near one of the near-catatonic men housed in her ward. These individuals would be easy to possess if Chandler was somehow driven out of the body of the young boy. Secretly, Norma hopes this happens sooner rather than later, as she's anxious for her newfound friend to inhabit a more mature body.

With Norma firmly at his side, and insurance plans in place to guard against failure, Chandler is ready for the next phase of his revenge—driving his victims mad, then unleashing his monstrous minions against them.

THE FUNT HOUSE

This house is small and rather neglected. It needs painting, the windows are covered in a layer of grime, and unraked autumn leaves lay thick on the tiny front lawn. If Norma is home (at the Keeper's discretion) an old Dodge Model DC truck is parked in the street nearby.

If investigators go to the Funt House openly and knock on the door there is a 50% chance of no answer and a 50% chance that Norma Farr will answer the door. Norma explains the house's owner, "her friend Julia," isn't home and that she can't let the investigators in. She asks them to come back another time, possibly tomorrow. Norma informs the warlock of the investigator's visit as soon as possible. He tells her to wait for him on the boat and that if he doesn't contact her in two days to enact "the plan." (See page 117, "The Plan.")

If no one answers, and investigators decide to break into the house—or if they choose to break in without knocking—the Keeper decides who they find in the house, and where. The cultists and their prisoner could be down in the temple, conducting rituals and trying to convert Julia Pine by reading aloud from *The Revelations of Gla'aki*. Or Chandler and Norma could simply be sharing a meal or relaxing, while Julia is left sedated in the guest room. Ronnie and Norma might not be home at all, running errands or enacting some sinister deed while their prisoner remains securely tied to the guest room bed. If possible, the Keeper should make sure that if there is a confrontation with Chandler, Norma Farr either escapes or is not present (see "The Plan," page 117.)

TALKING TO RONNIE PINE

If Norma Farr is not home, investigators may encounter Ronnie Pine himself. The warlock may or may not answer the door if investigators call at the house. If he answers the door, he attempts to disguise himself, so as not to be recognized as Ollie Matlock, the paperboy the investigators know. He'll speak only briefly with investigators and won't willingly allow them into the house. If asked about his mother, he'll tell investigators she's very sick, unable to receive visitors or come to the door.

The Keeper should note that Chandler's high **Psychology** score makes the warlock a very skilled liar. However, investigators by now may realize that Ollie, the friendly paperboy, may not be such a friend at all. Investigators may recognize Ronnie Pine and Ollie Matlock as one and the same, should the warlock's **Disguise** roll fail.

If the warlock catches anyone breaking into his home, he'll call the police or possibly fire on the intruders with his revolver, justified to the authorities by the fact that he was simply defending his home.

INSIDE THE FUNT HOUSE

The Living Room

This dusty room contains some simple furniture, a cluttered bookcase, and a radio. The room doesn't appear to be in use. Investigators searching here and making a successful **Spot Hidden** roll find an invoice: a berthing charge for a vessel named the Silver Seahorse. The bill lists the docking berth as 27-A, Cabot Wharf, Harborside.

The Dining Room

This room appears recently dusted, with two places set. Dishes are clean and in the cupboard. There are partially burned candles on the table—the house lacks electricity.

The Kitchen

This room is also clean and has seen recent use. There is fresh food in the icebox, along with a few leftovers. Anyone making a **Spot Hidden** roll in the kitchen finds a small, unlocked box hidden under the sink.

In this box is a current map of Kingsport, with some circles on it. These mark the locations of the blinded men's homes, as well as Kingsport Public Library, the offices of the *Kingsport Chronicle*, and Kingsport Historical Society Museum. There is also a pamphlet from Arkham Sanitarium with a list of four men's names scribbled on it. These are the names of patients currently housed in the Sanitarium. They're all semi-catatonic males, in otherwise good health, between twenty-five and fifty years of age. Also stored here is a fifty-count box of .38 caliber pistol bullets, with eighteen missing.

TWO TALES OF KINGSPORT

The Bathroom

This room has been freshly cleaned and has seen much recent use. A search of the room reveals a number of feminine items: cosmetics, lotions, etc., along with a large woman's girdle and undergarments, freshly washed and hung to dry over the shower curtain rod.

The Master Bedroom

The bed is neatly made. On the nightstand is a vase filled with fresh flowers. There is a hand-cranked Victrola with a record still on the turntable, "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" by Carl Fenton & His Orchestra. In the dresser, half the clothing appears to belong to a young man, likely in his teen years, while the remaining clothing is that of an older, rather large woman. Under the bed is a medical bag with standard first aid supplies, and a woman's suitcase. The last item of interest is a small seamstress' dummy with the early makings of a set of purple and black robes draped over it. The garment is obviously for a rather short and slender figure.

The Guest Room

This room contains a bed fitted with leather restraints, a night table cluttered with bottles of pills, a glass, and a half-full pitcher of water. If investigators look under the bed, they find nothing other than a bedpan. The Keeper has the option to have the bound and insane Julia Pine restrained here. If she isn't here, she'll be downstairs in the temple, likely being read to by Matthew Chandler.

The Basement

This cluttered basement has a walkway cleared through the boxes, aged furniture, and sacks of old clothing. This path leads to a heavy Persian rug that's been hung against the wall, held up with an

old clothesline tied to some pipes. Beyond the rug, to the left, is a downward sloping twelve-foot long passageway that leads to a natural cavern below the house. The rug muffles sound between the temple and the rest of the house.

THE TEMPLE OF Y'GOLONAC

Occupying a large underground cavern beneath the house, the temple of Y'gonac is divided into three sections. The first contains an array of torture instruments and restraint devices, some mounted to tables. Chains are mortared into the walls and floor while a large table covered with iron spikes, pliers, and hammers occupies the center of the room. Julia Pine is often kept prisoner here, gagged and strapped to a chair. If freed, she sits motionless, indefinitely insane and suffering from catatonia.



The middle of the room has a large open space where the floor slopes down dramatically in bowl-like fashion. The floor is coated with a thick, foul-smelling oil. This is where Y'gononac appears when summoned by the hidden spell triggered by reading the twelfth volume of *The Revelations of Gla'aki*. A small bookcase holds the complete set of *The Revelations*.

The rear section of the temple contains an altar, decorated with a very old, six-foot wax statue of Y'gononac. At its feet is an offering bowl, freshly stained with blood. Next to the statue is a closed barrel containing the remains of a half-dozen recently sacrificed cats and dogs. **Sanity** loss is 0/1. Investigators making a successful **Spot Hidden** roll find something interesting while examining the statue. The mouth of the left hand is hollowed out, and damaged, as though something has been removed. This is where Matthew Chandler's missing hand was hidden (see below, "The Plan").

A large, oiled leather sack lies on the floor, obviously containing several objects. Anyone approaching the sack notices things stirring within. Slowly these creatures begin climbing out of the sack, twittering in child-like voices, their fat bodies slapping on the floor as they tumble forth.

THE SACK AND THE CHILDREN OF Y'GOLONAC

The Sack is a Gate Y'gononac uses to send a nearly endless supply of his loathsome spawn to aid Chandler in his misdeeds. 1D4 Children of Y'gononac emerge from the sack each round, with a limit of twenty per day. They are small, appearing as deformed, eyeless children dressed in rags, with tiny mouths in the palms of their hands. They attack with three bites per round (both hands and their mouth) while swarming blindly over their victims, their senses of smell and hearing compensating for their lack of sight. They are temple guardians, attacking any enemy of Y'gononac they encounter. They continue to emerge from the sack until someone wisely ties it shut. Burning, cutting or otherwise ruining the sack easily destroys this priceless artifact of evil. The sack requires weekly sacrifices of at least SIZ 50 points, required to retain its power. The sack only functions for a worshipper of Y'gononac.

THE WARLOCK REBORN

The warlock Matthew Chandler, inhabiting the body of Ronnie Pine, is an intelligent and dangerous opponent. A skilled liar, a fair shot with Gabriel Pine's old .38 revolver, and a competent spell caster, the warlock does not hesitate to kill anyone threatening his plans. In addition to the pistol, he carries a switchblade in his pocket, and a blackjack tucked into the back of his belt.

The key to temporarily defeating the warlock is to drive the possessing spirit out of Ronnie Pine's body, forcing it

back into the mummified hand currently held by Norma Farr (see below, "The Plan"). This can be accomplished in a couple different ways.

Kill Ronnie Pine

If the physical body of Ronnie Pine is killed, the warlock's spirit is immediately ejected and forced back into the hand. This is the worst of the two methods, as it costs the life of an innocent teenage boy, an unwilling victim of Matthew Chandler's possession. Investigators will likely have to explain to authorities their role in the death of Ronnie Pine.

Use the Amulet of Damietta

This powerful artifact has the power to drive the spirit of Matthew Chandler out of Ronnie Pine's body. If the investigators are successful, the warlock's spirit returns to the mummified hand and is unable to re-possess the boy for ten days. Once freed of the warlock's influence Ronnie instantly collapses, slipping into a deep coma from which he awakens a week later, unharmed, without any memory of anything that has occurred over the past few weeks.

PART FIVE: HELL HATH NO FURY

Should investigators defeat Matthew Chandler, driving him out of Ronnie Pine's body by either method, their work is far from done. Unless they recover the warlock's severed hand, the nightmare begins all over again a few weeks later. Matthew Chandler left nothing to chance this time, a plan is in place to deal with any "temporary setbacks."

THE PLAN

Should Mathew Chandler be forced back into the mummified hand, protecting it becomes Norma Farr's top priority. At the first sign of trouble she'll try to get as far away from the warlock as possible and hole up aboard her vessel, the sailboat *Silver Seahorse*, and wait for Ronnie. If he doesn't show up within two days, Norma returns to her job at Arkham Sanitarium. The nurse then sneaks the warlock's severed hand into the dementia ward where she hides it near one of the four catatonic men held here. Within 2D4 days this person suddenly awakens, apparently suffering from amnesia and showing a distinct change of personality. Matthew Chandler will have successfully possessed the patient's body. This new body, an adult male, greatly pleases Norma Farr. The pair then escape the facility, Norma sneaking the warlock out in the dead of night.

TERROR ON CABOT WHARF

Barely in use, Cabot Wharf is typical of most of the nearly abandoned docks in Kingsport. Currently, there is only a single sailboat docked here. While waiting for Ronnie, a very nervous Norma Farr will be watching the wharf for anyone approaching the *Silver Seahorse*. If she sees anyone suspicious nearing the boat, she realizes her friend, Ronnie, is likely dead. Her sailing skills are low, making a hasty escape impossible. She becomes confused, loses her temper and panics.

Norma boldly steps out of the sailboat and onto the aging wooden wharf, all the while hurling curses at the investigators. As she emerges, she begins changing form. Her body bloats, her head disappears between her shoulders and vicious mouths spring open in the palms of her three-fingered hands. If the investigators want the mummified hand of Matthew Chandler, they'll have to go through Y'gononac to get it.

DEFEATING Y'GOLONAC

While a truly fearsome and terrifying opponent, a well-armed and prepared group of investigators has a fighting chance of defeating him. While 75 hit points are a lot, Y'gononac's lack of armor is definitely in the investigators' favor. Investigators can also take the initiative as the Great Old One charges down the deserted wharf towards them.

The wharf is sufficiently deserted that combat should be complete before local authorities arrive. If Y'gononac defeats the investigators, Norma resumes control of her body and escapes to Arkham with Chandler's hand still in her possession. If the party is victorious, the Great Old One falls, transforming back into the body of Norma Farr within moments. Either way, the aged wharf is in near ruins by the end of combat.

Investigators, should they win the battle, can recover the mummified hand of Matthew Chandler. The hand is currently on board the *Silver Seahorse*, below deck, inside Norma Farr's medical bag. Any investigators searching there, or making a **Spot Hidden** roll, quickly locate the grisly object. The investigators should still have enough time to make a hasty retreat before authorities arrive. If not, they had best be prepared to deliver a really convincing story to the police. With Norma Farr's dead body lying nearby, it may take investigators more than a few **Fast Talk** rolls to escape arrest.

DESTROYING THE HAND

To fully succeed, the investigators must first drive the spirit of Matthew Chandler out of Ronnie Pine. With the spirit now forced back into the mummified hand, Chandler can be destroyed by burning it, grinding the bones into dust and mixing the remains with salt. If this is done, the last of Matthew Chandler's ties to this world are broken and his spirit destroyed. At the moment this is completed, everyone whom the warlock struck blind completely regains their sight—just as suddenly and mysteriously as they lost it. If investigators manage to accomplish all this, the scenario ends in success.

THE FATE OF RONNIE AND JULIA PINE

Investigators must make arrangements for the catatonic Julia Pine and her possibly comatose son. Investigators should, at the very least, alert local authorities. With proper medical and psychiatric help both make full recoveries within a year's time.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

For each Child of Y'gononac destroyed award the investigators 1 point of **Sanity**, with a maximum of 5. If the investigators managed to save the elderly curator, Aaron Hart, from the museum fire, give them 1 point of **Sanity**. For saving Julia Pine and getting her into a hospital, award them 1D3 points. Driving out Matthew Chandler and saving Ronnie Pine brings an award of 1D10 points. Killing Ronnie Pine costs them -1D10 points. Defeating Y'gononac brings an award of 1D10 points. If the investigators managed to destroy Chandler's mummified hand containing his spirit, sight is returned to all Chandler's victims, bringing an award of 1D6 points.

NPCs AND MONSTERS

RONNIE PINE, Possessed Teen

STR 50 CON 70 SIZ 50 INT 65 POW 80
 DEX 75 APP 60 EDU 70 SAN 0 HP 12
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 16

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db, or knife (1D6 + db), or blackjack (1D3 + db)

Firearms (Handguns) 55% (27/11), damage 1D8. (.38 Revolver)

Dodge 50% (25/10)

Skills: Charm 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Disguise 50%, Fast Talk 70%, Listen 65%, Occult 45%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 65%, Sleight of Hand 60%, Spot Hidden 70%, Stealth 65%.

Spells: Call/Dismiss Y'gononac, Cause Blindness, Cloud Memory, Enthrall Victim, Nightmare, Stop Heart, Summon/Bind Fire Vampire.

Age: 13

THE CHILDREN OF Y'GOLONAC (4)

STR 35 CON 55 SIZ 25 INT 55 POW 35
 DEX 50 HP 8
 DB: N/A Build: -2 Move: 5 MP: 7

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 30% (15/6), damage 1D2

Dodge 20% (10/4)

Skills: Listen 80%, Scent 80%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

FIRE VAMPIRE

STR N/A CON 35 SIZ 1 INT 55 POW 65
 DEX 80 HP 3
 DB: N/A Build: -2 Move: 11 flying MP: 13

ATTACKS

Fighting (Touch) 85% (42/17), damage 2D6 burn (investigators succeeding at a CON check only take half of this damage) + 1D10 magic points from the victim (versus an opposed POW roll—if the target wins, the fire vampire loses 1 MP).

Dodge: 40% (20/8)

Armor: Most material weapons cannot harm them, including bullets, etc. Waters costs a Fire Vampire one hit point per half-gallon poured over it. A typical hand-held fire extinguisher does 1D6 hit points of damage per round and a bucket of sand costs it 1D3 hit points.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 to see a fire vampire.

THE CHILDREN OF Y'GOLONAC (16)

STR 35 CON 55 SIZ 25 INT 55 POW 35
 DEX 50 HP 8
 DB: N/A Build: -2 Move: 5 MP: 7

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 30% (15/6), damage 1D2

Dodge 25% (12/5)

Skills: Listen 80%, Scent 80%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

NORMA FARR, Loyal Accomplice

STR 70 CON 60 SIZ 75 INT 60 POW 70
 DEX 55 APP 45 EDU 70 SAN 0 HP 13
 DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 7 MP: 14

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 50% (25/10)

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 08%, Drive Auto 35%, Fast Talk 60%, First Aid 60%, Intimidate 60%, Listen 50%, Medicine 35%, Pilot Boat 30%, Science (Pharmacy) 50%, Stealth 60%.

Age: 25

THE CHILDREN OF Y'GOLONAC (unlimited)

STR 35 CON 55 SIZ 25 INT 55 POW 35
 DEX 50 HP 8
 DB: N/A Build: -2 Move: 5 MP: 7

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 30% (15/6), damage 1D2

Dodge 25% (12/5)

Skills: Listen 80%, Scent 80%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

Y'GOLONAC, Great Old One

STR 125 CON 625 SIZ 125 INT 150 POW 140
 DEX 70 HP 75
 DB: +2D6 Build: 3 Move: 10 MP: 28

ATTACKS

Attacks per round: 1

Fighting attacks: Being vaguely humanoid, Y'gononac can kick and punch.

Bite (mnvr): In combat against more than one enemy, Y'gononac uses his mouths to devour and destroy foes. Damage done by the mouths does not heal naturally and INT and POW loss is permanent, since the suppurating wounds never close.

Fighting (Brawl) 100% (50/20), damage bonus

Fighting (Bite) 100% (50/20), damage 1D4 (non-healing), and -5 INT and -5 POW each round

Armor: none.

Spells: Summon/Bind and Contact spells, and whatever else the Keeper thinks appropriate.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D20 Sanity points to witness a human-to-Y'gononac transformation; 1/1D10 to see Y'gononac.

The
Neighbourhoods
of
KINGSPORT



Harborside

South Shore

The Hollow

Central Hill

Downtown

Hill
Town

The West Side

THE NIGHT WAR

THIS SCENARIO ASSUMES THE INVESTIGATORS LIVE IN EITHER ARKHAM OR KINGSPORT, OR THAT THEY ARE ABLE TO SPEND CONSIDERABLE TIME IN THESE TOWNS. THE KEEPER MAY BE ABLE TO USE THIS ADVENTURE DIRECTLY ON THE HEELS OF “MALICE EVERLASTING” SINCE IT BEGINS WITH AN INVESTIGATOR REQUIRING A HOSPITAL STAY IN KINGSPORT. THE ADVENTURE CAN BE RUN WITH ANY NUMBER OF INVESTIGATORS OF ANY OCCUPATION OR EXPERIENCE LEVEL, AS MOST OF THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN A SERIES OF VERY VIOLENT DREAMS. THE KEEPER MAY NEED TO ALTER THE NUMBERS AND SKILLS LEVELS OF THE SCENARIO’S OPPOSITION FOR PARTICULARLY SMALL OR LARGE NUMBERS OF INVESTIGATORS. NOTE ALSO THAT WITH SOME ALTERATION THIS SCENARIO MIGHT BE USED IN A MODERN DAY CAMPAIGN, WITH WILLSON MCKENNA BECOMING A VETERAN OF THE VIETNAM WAR, AND THE MUDDY TRENCHES OF EUROPE BECOMING THE MUDDY JUNGLES AND RICE PADDIES OF SOUTHEAST ASIA.

AUTHOR’S NOTE

The noted fantasist William Hope Hodgson was one of H.P. Lovecraft’s favorite authors, and in many ways, his books *The House on the Borderland* and *The Night Land* prefigured the type of cosmic horror for which Lovecraft would become famous. Hodgson volunteered for service during the Great War, and despite being seriously wounded and discharged, he recovered and rejoined the army on the front lines. In 1918 he wrote to his sister:

“The sun was pretty low as I came back, and far off across that desolation, here and there they showed—just formless, squarish, cornerless masses erected by man against the infernal Storm that sweeps forever, night and day, day and night, across that most atrocious Plain of Destruction. My God! talk about a Lost World—talk about the end of the world; talk about The Night Land—it is all here, not more than two hundred odd miles from where you sit infinitely remote. And the infinite, monstrous, dreadful pathos of the things one sees—the great shell-hole with over thirty crosses sticking in it; some just up out of the water—and the dead below submerged...If I

live and come somehow out of this (and certainly, please God, I shall and hope to) what a book I shall write if my old ‘ability’ with the pen has not forsaken me...”

A few weeks later Hodgson was killed in an artillery shelling near Ypres, Belgium. This scenario was inspired by Hodgson’s works and is dedicated to his memory.

KEEPER INFORMATION

Willson McKenna was eighteen years old when he volunteered to join the American Expeditionary Force to help the armies of Europe fight the Hun in early 1918. He could not have imagined the horror he would face there, in the endless rain, the ever-present mud, the lakes of blood, the constant shelling, the sudden death, the senseless destruction—living not just minute-to-minute but second-to-second. Private McKenna saw more death in his first week than a doctor back home might see in a lifetime. One dark night McKenna and a handful of other soldiers were assigned to raid enemy forces in nearby trenches. Unlike his more seasoned companions, McKenna was sorely unprepared for such brutal close quarters combat, but he had angered his commanding lieutenant with some triviality and this was his penance.

They killed with shotgun and club, knife and grenade, bayonet and fist. McKenna saw only the mud and blood and mangled bodies. As the blood dripping warriors returned to their own lines, sniper fire took their first casualty of the night. On they crept through the barbed wire and shell holes. Then machine-gun fire took down half their number, and as McKenna and the other two survivors crawled away on their bellies the shelling began. The shells burst right in their midst, and in a panic, McKenna leaped to his feet and began to run. The next shell threw him into a shell crater, where he lay dazed but unharmed for hours. Regaining his senses, he laid there, too terrified to move, all the next day. Finally, in the dark of night, an Allied patrol found him, still paralyzed with terror. They carried him back to his trench, where he learned that he alone had survived the raiding party.

And then Willson McKenna did what any sane person would do having gone through what he had: he broke down. The close shell bursts had physically affected his

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mind, yes, but what he had seen had done its damage as well. The young man was sent to a field hospital to recover, but the war ended while McKenna was still recuperating. Willson McKenna was sent home, disgraced by his breakdown.

At home in Arkham, McKenna still suffered, physically and mentally. He had frequent headaches which affected his ability to concentrate, and the medication he took for it left him dull-witted and tired. But the dreams were far worse. In the dreams, his damaged brain amplified the horrors of war—monstrous creatures now haunted the eternal darkness of the trenches. And in those dreams, Willson McKenna abandoned his companions to their deaths, and their pitiful cries echoed across the terrible battlefield to where he lay, paralyzed, in the shelter of the crater.

McKenna's mother thought he just needed a good rest and suggested the lovely atmosphere of the nearby seaside town of Kingsport might do wonders for Willson's condition. Instead, the dream enhancing atmosphere of Kingsport made the dreams far worse, plunging Willson McKenna into a coma, where he is trapped on the battlefield of his nightmares. Taken to the Congregational Hospital on Central Hill, McKenna lies dying in his dreams. To make matters worse, everyone who comes into contact with him in Kingsport shares his nightmares, to one extent or another. Now hospital personnel sleep restlessly, with vague memories of dreams of a distant war.

And an investigator hospitalized in Kingsport shares a room with a young man whose dreams threaten to drive them all mad.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

One of the investigators has been hospitalized in the city of Kingsport. This may be the result of a previous adventure in the Keeper's campaign; otherwise, the investigator is taken to the Congregational Hospital as a result of some accident, or perhaps food poisoning from a local restaurant. The affected investigator ends up sharing a room with another patient,

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a coma victim. The hospitalized investigator has been visited by his companions so that they too are affected by the dreams caused by the comatose Willson McKenna.

In order to throw the investigators off-guard, this scenario begins in media res, as they suddenly find themselves plunged into a terrible darkness-drenched landscape of war, destruction, and death. While the investigators may quickly guess they are dreaming, only after they have awakened should they be told that one of their number has been hospitalized and that the others have visited him or her.

The Keeper should determine which investigators, if any, fought in the Great War. Any who are veterans retain their rank in the dream, and in addition, they suffer only half of the rolled **Sanity** losses for non-supernatural events (e.g. gory deaths, horrible injuries, body parts, etc.). The Keeper also needs to keep track of each investigator's **Sanity** loss, as when the dream ends the overall totals are halved since it's just a dream.

NIGHT ONE: THE NIGHT WAR BEGINS

Read each of the following introductory paragraphs to a different investigator, chosen randomly. Repeat or vary as needed.

DREAM BEGINNINGS

Dream One

You are in pitch darkness. Fumbling about, you find walls that are slimy and wet, and almost within arm's reach from each other. The floor is sucking mud, and you feel yourself sinking if you stop moving. Somewhere behind you, something big moves with a disturbing sucking sound along the muddy passage. As you flee your unseen pursuer, a massive explosion sends you stumbling forward....

Dream Two

Some massive concussion has jarred you out of bed. The room is pitch black, and the ground feels like soft, wet earth. A doorway is barely visible in the dim light, and somewhere beyond it is a confused babble of voices. As you creep toward the door, a man bolts past, barely visible, but clad in a helmet from the Great War, and carrying a bayoneted rifle. As you reach the door, a second man slogs through the mud. "Get your gear!" he cries. "We're going over the top in five!" He grabs you by the arm, and he and others behind him carry you along in the rush....

Dream Three

You awaken in a pitch black room, just as a massive explosion rocks the ground and peppers you with dirt and dust from above. A rectangular opening reveals dim night light ahead, apparently the only exit. As you grope toward the doorway, you see a rifle propped just inside the door. A second titanic blast sends you stumbling out of the dark chamber, which collapses behind you. The rifle clutched in your hand, you find yourself on your knees in several inches of mud at the bottom of a trench....

Dream Four

You are fumbling down a dark corridor, bumping into unseen turn after unseen turn, like a rat in some pitch-black maze. Finally, you see a dim light ahead. As you charge toward it there is a massive explosion somewhere ahead of you and a man stumbles out of a black doorway and falls to his knees in the trench almost at your feet. It is your fellow investigator, clad in a mud-caked greatcoat and steel helmet from the Great War....

THE DREAM

The investigators find themselves in a network of muddy trenches, some alone, some with other soldiers, and some with their fellow investigators. The Keeper may wish to keep an investigator or two separated from the others for a bit, perhaps to meet in the trenches as they prepare to charge over the top, or even out in No Man's Land. Each is clad in a mud-caked heavy greatcoat and a steel helmet and burdened with heavy boots, an ammo belt, a backpack filled with various supplies, a canteen, a gas mask, and an M1917 .30-06 rifle with bayonet attached. The coat and helmet provide 1 point of armor, which is lost if the coat is discarded. Any investigator who served as an officer also has a .45 revolver holstered on his belt.

The night sky overhead is dark and gray, with thin wisps of lighter ash-gray clouds—but not a sliver of moon nor even a single star. Investigator-veterans don't recognize this place from their war-time service. From above, outside the trench, comes intermittent rifle fire, the chatter of machine guns, and the distant thump of mortar explosions.

The investigators have only a few moments to observe their surroundings before they are ushered into a trench crowded with dozens of dirty men, their eyes haunted. A handful of officers pace the trench behind them, whistles at the ready, revolvers in hand ready to shoot anyone who doesn't make the charge. The investigators are pressed toward the ladders along with the other men; anyone who refuses is threatened with execution, and perhaps even shot on the spot. Other soldiers tug at the reluctant men's sleeves, "You've at least got a fighting chance out there, friend. Buck up." Moments later the thick air is sliced by countless shrill whistles, and men clamber up the ladders in a roaring charge. Once more, the officers threaten laggards

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with their revolvers and then they too climb up into the teeth of death.

The battleground above is a chaos of mud, barbed wire, shell craters, gunfire, and shouting men. As the first wave of attackers reaches the surface the sky overhead is streaked with arcs of pale flame as flares are launched to expose the men racing across the devastated landscape, like cockroaches across a kitchen floor. Men fall like wheat before the scythe, some screaming, some limbless or headless, others hang like scarecrows on the ever-present wire.

Charging investigators need 1D4+1 rounds of movement to reach an area of relative safety. Each round of movement requires a **Luck** roll to avoid some mishap, as detailed on the table above. If a **Luck** roll is failed, roll 2D6 and consult the “Random Movement Event” table, using the appropriate modifiers. This table is used in other parts

of the scenario, where the modifiers come more into play.

Once the investigators have reached cover on the battlefield, they are free to go where they like. All around them men have died, and are still dying, some of the wounded screaming from nearby, in No Man’s Land. Any separated investigators may be found by their fellows as they crawl through the muddy, bloody chaos. Gunfire. Explosions. Smoke. Flares across the sky.

CROSSING THE NIGHT WAR

Unfortunately for the investigators, they have no choice but to ride out the nightmare this first night. Once they have pursued leads in the waking world and discovered the cause of their nightmares, they can seek out Willson McKenna on

RANDOM MOVEMENT EVENT TABLE

ROLL 2D6:

1 or less: No effect!

2: A bullet hits your helmet, knocking it off, and knocking you down. Take 1 point of damage and begin next round in a prone position.

3: A mortar strikes several yards away and a soldier’s tattered body flies twenty feet through the air to land in your path. Lose 0/1D3 **Sanity**.

4: A wounded man crawls up to you, grabs you around the legs and croaks, “help...me...” then vomits blood on you and dies. Lose 0/1D2 **Sanity**.

5: A mortar explodes close enough to send you to your knees. Another soldier stops to help you up, but a bullet rips through him, splattering you with his blood as he falls atop you. Lose 1/1D4 **Sanity** and begin next round from prone position.

6: A legless soldier lies screaming in your path. Lose 1/1D3 **Sanity**.

7: A severed head rolls to a stop at your feet, its open eyes staring up at you. Lose 1/1D4 **Sanity**.

8: A headless corpse falls at your feet. Lose 0/1D3 **Sanity**.

9: A flying object knocks you down, inflicting 1 point of damage. It’s a severed leg—lose 0/1D3 **Sanity**.

10: A grenade explodes several yards away and you are struck with shrapnel for 1D3 damage. Then lose 1/1D3 **Sanity** as you realize part of the shrapnel sticking out of your shoulder is a human jawbone.

11: A grenade explodes a few yards away and you suffer 1D6 points of damage. You are knocked off your feet and remain prone for the next 1D3 rounds.

12: You stumble into a coil of barbed wire, snaring yourself on its barbs, suffering 1D3 points of damage. You can either:

A) yank yourself free, requiring a Hard **DEX** roll. Failure indicates you remain trapped and must roll **Luck** next round or roll again on this table with a +2 modifier, or:

B) wriggle out of the snared coat, abandoning it, and its armor value. Make a **Luck** roll next round, or roll again on this table with a +1 modifier, or:

C) spend 3 rounds cutting yourself free with wire cutters (if you have them). Make a **Luck** roll each round or roll on this table again, without modifiers.

13+: A stray shot grazes you, inflicting 1D6 points of damage.

Modifiers

Hiding in cover: -2

Firing from cover: -1

Prone, or crawling in the open: +0

Charging forward: +1

Standing in the open: +2

THE NIGHT WAR

the fields of The Night War. For now, the Keeper is free to use the following Atmospheric Events as he sees fit. Note that these situations should occur throughout the three dreams of The Night War, along with some additional, different ones each night. As such, the Keeper need not and should not use all of these incidents during a single dream. In addition to these events, the Keeper may wish to have the investigators occasionally roll **Luck** to avoid having to roll on the “Random Movement Event Table” as they enter zones of enemy fire.

The investigators may also encounter other human soldiers as they cross the battlefield. These meetings are largely left to the Keeper to create as desired, but no more than 1D6+1 or so soldiers should be encountered. They may aid the investigators caught in a dire situation or vice versa. They behave as if the unnatural horrors of The Night War were commonplace, and they fear them as much as they fear mortal foes. The Keeper may also wish to introduce an encounter with normal German soldiers. The Germans treat investigators and horrors alike as enemies.

Note the enemy lines change constantly throughout the dreams of The Night War, and the investigators may find themselves fleeing in the opposite direction from one area of enemy fire into another fire zone. As the landscape changes, previously visited locations may vanish altogether,

perhaps even moments after the investigators leave.

The Keeper should feel free to introduce areas crossed with mazes of barbed wire which the investigators must either bypass or carefully navigate. See entry #12 on the “Random Movement Event Table” above for possible wire related hazards.

The investigators should occasionally come across empty trenches or bunkers where they can find temporary shelter and catch their breath, bandage their wounds, or plan their movements. If an investigator decides to explore the eerie, cramped, muddy passages and underground chambers, he or she should attempt a **Luck** roll. Note that they may need light sources to explore deeper, darker areas. If the roll is less than 1/5 the character’s POW, he or she has found one of the asterisked items from the list below, subject to his needs and Keeper’s discretion. If the **Luck** roll succeeds but is greater than 1/5 the character’s POW, the investigator finds one of the non-asterisked items or some other useful trinket—matches, oil lantern, bayonet, etc. If the roll fails, those in the area are attacked by one of the following, chosen by the Keeper: 1D6 Skull Soldiers, 1D6 Gas Mask Men, a Trench Crawler, the Ghost Gas, or an artillery shelling. These events are described in the “Encounters” section, below (the Trench-Crawler is in the similar section of “Night Three”).

WEAPONS OF THE NIGHT WAR

Name	Base Skill %	Damage	Range	Attacks/Rnd	Ammo	Malf.	Impale
Bayonet (hand)	Fighting (Brawl) 25%	1D6+2+db	Touch	1	N/A	N/A	Yes
Bayonet (rifle)	Fighting (Spear) 20%	1D8+2+db	Touch	1	N/A	N/A	Yes
Trench Knife	Fighting (Brawl) 25%	1D8+db	Touch	1	N/A	N/A	Yes
Trench Club (spiked)	Fighting (Brawl) 25%	1D8+1+db	Touch	1	N/A	N/A	No
Rifle Butt	Fighting (Brawl) 25%	1D8+db	Touch	1	N/A	N/A	No
.45 Revolver	Fighting (Handgun) 25%	1D10+2	15 yards	1 (3)	6	100	Yes
Flare Pistol	Fighting (Handgun) 25%	1D10+1D3 burn	10 yards	1/2	1	100	No
M1917 .30-06 rifle	Fighting (Rifle) 20%	2D6+4	110 yards	1	5	100	Yes
Browning Auto. Rifle	Fighting (MG) 20%	2D6+4	90 yards	1 (2) or full auto	20	100	Yes
M1917 Machine Gun	Fighting (MG) 20%	2D6+4	150 yards	full auto	250	96	Yes
Grenade	Throw 20%	4D10/3 yards	STR/5 yards	1/2	1	99	No
Mortar	Artillery 01%	6D10/ 6 yards	500 yards	1	Separate	100	No

TWO TALES OF KINGSPORT

Possible Foraged Items

- ✘ *M1917 Rifle & 3D10 rounds
- ✘ *Very pistol (flare gun) & 2D6 flare rounds
- ✘ Steel Helmet
- ✘ Greatcoat
- ✘ Bandages
- ✘ Gas Mask
- ✘ Trench Club
- ✘ *Grenades (1D4+1)
- ✘ *.45 Revolver & 3D10 rounds
- ✘ Periscope
- ✘ Wire Cutters
- ✘ Trench Knife
- ✘ *Browning Automatic Rifle & 1D3+1 full magazines
- ✘ *Mortar & 1D6+1 rounds

ATMOSPHERIC EVENTS

- ✘ 1. Even though it's night, several dozen ravens roost in the barbed wire, feeding on the corpses caught hanging there. They glare at passing investigators.
- ✘ 2. The investigators come across a field of dead soldiers from both sides. As they pass, the dead begin to speak, talking about their lives, their families back home, complaining of the dark, "it hurts so bad, why haven't I gone to Heaven?" This calls for a **Sanity** loss of 1/1D3 points. A successful **Language (German)** roll notes the enemy soldiers are saying similar things.
- ✘ 3. The dead may speak throughout these nightmares. They may be found hanging in barbed wire or lying dead in the mud or a shell hole or trench. They may utter warnings, offer cryptic clues, or curse and mock the living.
- ✘ 4. Flares streak across the sky bathing everything in an eerie pale light. Any investigator making a **Spot Hidden** roll sees the vast black shape of a distant mountain looming over the battlefield. Anyone who spots the mountain and makes a **Hard POW** roll notices the dark shape resembles a man glaring down on the devastation, which incurs a 0/1 **Sanity** loss. The brooding mountain is a figment of McKenna's subconscious, a vision of his scornful father, whom he has never been able to please.
- ✘ 5. As the investigators wade through a muddy area, a **Listen** roll reveals a muffled grunt. Below them, half buried in the mud, are numerous corpses, groaning as the living tread over them. Witnessing this costs 0/1D3 **Sanity** points. The dead are mindless and offer no assistance.
- ✘ 6. Within a large crater left by an artillery shell are a dozen makeshift crosses, some half submerged in the deep pool at its center.
- ✘ 7. An investigator stumbles over something in the mud—a fallen cross. The party realizes they are in the midst of hundreds of crosses carpeting a makeshift cemetery. If the Keeper desires, the dead may begin to whisper and moan, as in the corpse field above, calling for a loss of 1/1D3 **Sanity** points.
- ✘ 8. With a **Listen** roll, an investigator hears a scuffle nearby. Peering over a crater rim, investigators see a clearing ahead, filled with wriggling shapes. Approaching closer, or making a **Spot Hidden**, or illuminating the spot with a flare, they see dozens of severed limbs and body parts and maimed bodies struggling in the muck—still at war despite the lack of brains to direct their hate. This calls for a loss of 1/1D4 points of **Sanity**.
- ✘ 9. If the Keeper desires, he or she may give the investigators a brief glimpse of the Colossus of Corpses (see Night Two: The Night War Continues) crossing the battlefield in the distance. A **Spot Hidden** roll sees something briefly illuminated across the battlefield, a thing that seemed to walk like a man, but several stories high. **Sanity** loss is 0/1 for catching a fleeting glimpse of this unknown titan.
- ✘ 10. The investigators are flanked by several dozen allied soldiers marching silently toward enemy lines. The soldiers ignore the investigators entirely, neither stopping nor speaking as they march relentlessly onward. Later, during this same dream, the investigators hear the distant shuffle of a massed marching group. These are the same men apparently, only with numbers slightly reduced. Their bodies and faces are streaked with grime and blood, and here and there a soldier carries a terrible wound. Again, they pay no heed to the investigators. **Sanity** loss for seeing the depleted and dilapidated force is 0/1 points.

THE MEDICAL TENT

This is the first extended event the investigators encounter during the first dream of The Night War, either shortly after the first charge or after one or two of the above atmospheric incidents. Again, the investigators come across a fire

OPTIONAL INSANITY IN THE NIGHT WAR

The following section is a variation on the normal rules for investigator insanity. When an investigator loses 20% of his current **Sanity**, rather than rolling on the Indefinite Insanity Table, the Keeper may wish to have the investigator suffer one of the Nightmare Effects from the following table, derived from the rules in H.P. Lovecraft's Dreamlands. Some effects are hallucinations suffered by the insane investigator, while others physically affect him or her. Their duration is largely left to the Keeper to determine.

NIGHT WAR NIGHTMARE EFFECTS

Roll 1D10 or choose as appropriate:

- 1: The investigator's weapon jams or is out of ammunition. A melee weapon may be dropped or lost.
- 2: The investigator finds himself sinking in the mud, or already stuck. A Hard **STR** roll (one roll per round) is needed to pull himself out, or the combined Hard **STR** of any others helping him or her. All physical skills are halved until he is freed.
- 3: A strand of barbed wire creeps across the ground and snares one of the investigator's limbs. The wire cuts the victim for 1D3 damage and must be removed with wire cutters or a Hard **DEX** roll (one roll per round). The character is at 1/5 of normal **DEX** while trapped.
- 4: A dead or dying man on the battlefield suddenly grabs the investigator by the ankle or arm and says...something. It may be a warning, a curse, something related to another case, or a total non sequitur. Only the affected investigator hears this cryptic utterance.
- 5: If the insanity was brought on by the sight of an enemy, the investigator flees in terror for a few moments, finding shelter in a crater, behind an embankment, etc.—only to turn and find the same enemy waiting for him or her.
- 6: The investigator sees the silhouetted anthropomorphic mountain turn its baleful attention to him or her, its eyes suddenly blazing upon him like vast searchlights, blinding him or her for several seconds and following him or her for several more. Only the affected investigator sees this hallucination.
- 7: If an enemy has caused this insanity, that entity now singles out the affected investigator for its attacks or other intentions.
- 8: The investigator suddenly finds himself alone, transported to some other part of the battlefield away from his companions. Keeper's discretion as to how far away he is sent, and how long it takes him to rejoin his friends.
- 9: The investigator slides into a deep crater or short trench whose muddy sides are too slick and steep to easily climb. Unless his companions are able to rescue him, the investigator must succeed at an Extreme **DEX** check (one roll per round) to escape the steep pit. Enemy creatures eagerly pursue the trapped investigator into the pit.
- 10: The affected investigator looks around and sees all of his companions lying dead around him, perhaps slain by the monsters that caused this insanity. No amount of shaking will awaken the fallen—they are dead. The investigator may be jarred from this effect if he attempts to kill himself, or after he wanders away from his "dead" friends. Again, this is a hallucination that affects the insane investigator only.

zone, calling for 1D4 **Luck** rolls, each failure requiring a roll on the "Random Movement Event Table." Reaching cover, they are safe from the massive explosion of an artillery shell which obliterates the few allied forces nearby. Two allied soldiers bearing a stretcher fall into the investigators' cover. One's head has been sheared off by the blast, the other is left strangely unmarked. Both are dead, and the sight calls for a loss of 0/1D3 **Sanity**. The figure on the stretcher rolls over into the mud, moans, sees the investigators and croaks, "medical tent...the light...take me...to the light..." The man lapses into unconsciousness and, examining him, the investigators find he is wounded in the shoulder and belly.

If necessary, allow the investigators an **INT** roll to realize the medical tent the man talks about is illuminated. **Spot Hidden** rolls make out a dim yellowish light in the

distance, back toward the enemy lines. If an investigator made a Hard success on the **Spot Hidden** roll, that investigator has seen a different light, a dim white one on a rise behind them, in the opposite direction.

If the investigators carry the wounded man toward the yellow light, call for at least one more series of 1D4 **Luck** rolls, each failure calling for a roll on the "Random Movement Event Table." After they have traveled some distance in this direction, the man on the stretcher wakes up. "What are you...doing?" he asks. If told they're heading toward the light the man gazes in horror toward the yellow light. "No!?" he cries. "Not that light! The Gas Men are there! No! The white light! Take me...to the white light!" He passes out again. If the investigators have had it easy thus far, call for another 1D4 **Luck** rolls to avoid rolling on the "Random

Movement Event Table”; otherwise, let them reach the white light without serious incident.

As they near the white litten area, any investigator who lives in Kingsport, or who has spent more than a few days there, and who can make an **INT** roll, sees the hospital tent is on a rise that for some reason calls to mind the Congregational Hospital atop Central Hill in that city in the mists. As they approach the almost circus-sized tent, the investigators hear screams and groans coming from within. Outside, a rail-thin man clad in a bloody apron puts down his cigarette and waves the investigators and their wounded charge inside.

Inside are dozens of cots containing men, or parts of men, all drenched in blood, many with missing limbs, some holding their guts in with both hands, others with shattered skulls showing splattered brains, some with faces punched in by great chunks of shrapnel. Anyone entering the hospital tent loses 1/2D3 points of **Sanity** for seeing this mass of shredded humanity. A handful of weary men with bloodstained clothes and bloodstained hands move among the moaning, screaming wounded, administering morphine injections with one hand and—almost to a man—holding cigarettes in their mouths or free hands. In a far corner, masked men in aprons work with scalpel and saw, eliciting screams from the men they try to save. In a corner, an agitated man barks into a field telephone, “What? Well, you tell West to go the Devil!” and slams down the receiver.

Two aproned men take the wounded man from the investigators, and another motions them to a corner where coffee and sandwiches await. There, more bloodstained men stand smoking in grim silence. A **Spot Hidden** roll spots several containers of ether within arm’s reach of the smoking doctors. Warned about their danger, the men smile wearily. “If the ether doesn’t get us, it’s just as likely a stray shell will. One way or the other, we’ll be out of this hellhole,” responds one, then they return to their smoking. They can be engaged in further conversation but have little pertinent to tell the investigators. Asked about the Gas Mask Men, the medics tell them the Gas Mask Men are the mask-wearing fellows who collect bodies—living and dead—and use them to create more of their own—or maybe worse, though no one knows for sure. Asked about the supernatural elements encountered, the doctors merely say, “Some of ‘em go home when they get killed out there. Some go to Heaven, some to Hell. But some...some don’t. Some stay here to keep fighting. And so it’ll be till the last of us is dead.”

Wounded investigators can get treated here, gaining 1D6 points at the hands of the well-practiced medics. If the investigators linger too long though, the Keeper should have shells begin dropping, falling progressively nearer the tent. Unless the investigators take the hint and flee, they are caught in a titanic blast when a shell does finally explode next to the tent, igniting the ether and creating a fiery explosion. Anyone still inside the tent suffers 6D6 points of damage; anyone who barely escaped still takes 2D6 damage.

ENCOUNTERS

Most of the following encounters reflect the twisted memories and dark fears conjured by McKenna’s damaged brain. Note that not all these creatures need be met during the investigators’ first nightmare tour of The Night War. Two additional nightmares lie ahead, so there should be no hurry to get all these horrors into play right away.

SKULL SOLDIERS

Among the most commonly encountered combatants on the fields of The Night War, Skull Soldiers are undead soldiers clad in the uniforms of the U.S., Britain, France, Germany, or others. Regardless of the uniform they wear, the Skull Soldiers consider all living soldiers their enemies, and attack on sight. The Skulls may be freshly dead, skeletal, or anything in between, with missing limbs and numerous wounds not uncommon, and most have skulls for heads. They are completely silent, never breathing, speaking, or crying out even when wounded. If a skull soldier makes a **Hard INT** roll it may fire with its rifle; otherwise, it charges to the attack with its bayonet.

GAS MASK MEN

The Gas Mask Men are similar to the Skull Soldiers in that they are common, and relatively weak enemies. They too may be found wearing any uniform, but they also wear the old-style flannel, or the newer small box respirator gas masks, giving them a frightening appearance: snouted, goggle-eyed, and implacable. The Gas Mask Men serve the Ghost Gas, for whom they procure the bodies of freshly killed soldiers, which they then burn in great bonfires to feed the gas. The investigators may encounter the Gas Mask Men on the battlefield, bearing stretchers laden with their prey, and mistake them for their fellow men—to their subsequent horror when the Masks turn to attack them. Like the Skulls, a Mask may fire its rifle if it makes a **Hard INT** roll. Otherwise it lunges with its bayonet.

CRATER THINGS

Crater Things live beneath the mud and water at the center of random shell craters and are usually found one at a time. They appear as human soldiers lying wounded and helpless, half submerged in the water and mud. In reality, their lower extremities end in two thick tentacles which they use to anchor themselves in the muck while they pull their prey below the surface and consume them. They attack by luring their target within arms’ reach then grabbing them and trying to drag them beneath the surface, constricting their prey under the mud and water.

THE GHOST GAS

The Ghost Gas is a terrifying cloud of mustard gas animated by the spirits of the dead. It appears as a large cloud of yellowish-green smoke within which ghostly faces appear and disappear. The Ghost Gas emits a constant but quiet hiss, like a rasping exhalation as it creeps low across the ruined ground. It attacks by engulfing its prey and choking them with its poison fumes. It is also fed by its servants, the Gas Mask Men, who burn the bodies of dead soldiers for the Ghost Gas to absorb.

ARTILLERY

The desolate battlefield occasionally comes under attack from artillery shelling, falling heedlessly among enemy and ally alike. When these explosive shells start raining down, the investigators should run for their lives to seek cover. The artillery barrage is foreshadowed by a terrible shrieking sound as the shells tear through the air toward their targets. A war veteran instantly recognizes the sound; others need an **INT** roll to understand their peril. Anyone who understands the meaning of the screaming shells must roll for a loss of 0/1 **Sanity** points. The first shells strike 1D8

THE NIGHTMARE WARRIORS

SKULL SOLDIERS, Dead Combatants

	Roll	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10
STR	3D6	50	40	65	45	45	55	25	20	65	60
CON	3D6	60	70	85	55	65	65	55	35	60	35
SIZ	2D6+6	65	60	50	50	60	80	75	80	60	75
INT	3D6	55	60	25	40	30	90	55	60	90	55
POW	3D6	40	60	55	50	70	65	35	50	25	45
DEX	3D6	45	65	35	60	30	60	75	70	60	65
HP		12	13	13	10	12	14	13	11	12	11
DB		none	none	none	none	none	+1D4	none	none	+1D4	+1D4
Build		0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	1
Move		7	8	8	8	7	7	8	7	8	7

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 35% (17/7), damage 1D3 + db, or bayonet (1D8+2 + db)

Firearms (Rifles/Shotguns) 35% (17/7), damage 2D6+4. (.30-06)

Armor: 1 point of heavy clothing.

Skills: Listen 35%. Spot Hidden 35%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3

GAS MASK MEN, Evil Combatants

	Roll	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10
STR	3D6	55	40	50	75	55	50	45	35	65	60
CON	3D6	25	55	70	60	45	50	60	40	35	60
SIZ	2D6+6	75	70	60	70	65	55	80	70	70	65
INT	3D6	55	45	40	60	65	60	75	40	45	50
POW	3D6	55	50	35	55	60	25	80	50	45	45
DEX	3D6	50	45	55	70	50	55	50	40	70	60
HP		10	12	13	13	11	10	14	11	10	12
DB		+1D4	none	none	+1D4	none	none	+1D4	none	+1D4	+1D4
Build		1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1
Move		7	7	7	8	7	8	7	7	8	7

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (17/7), damage 1D3 + db, or bayonet (1D8+2 + db)

Firearms (Rifles/Shotguns) 30% (17/7), damage 2D6+4. (.30-06)

Armor: 1 point of heavy clothing.

Skills: Listen 30%. Spot Hidden 30%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

CRATER THINGS, Lurking Combatants

	Roll	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10
STR	4D6	80	65	80	40	60	45	70	45	75	100
CON	2D6+6	65	50	80	75	55	55	85	75	90	50
SIZ	2D6+6	75	80	80	50	65	70	75	75	55	75
INT	3D6	75	50	50	20	45	35	55	70	20	80
POW	3D6	40	45	60	25	40	60	55	75	50	50
DEX	2D6	35	25	40	30	50	20	10	35	55	40
HP		14	13	16	12	12	12	16	15	14	12
DB		+1D4	+1D4	+1D4	none	+1D4	none	+1D4	none	+1D4	+1D6
Build		1	1	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	2
Move		4	3	4	3	3	3	3	3	4	4

ATTACKS

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D4 + db.

Entangle (mnvr) If a Crater Thing hits with both grapple attacks, it drags the victim into the grasp of one of its leg-tentacles, which does 1D8 constriction damage each round thereafter, unless the victim breaks loose of its grasp by overcoming it with an opposed **STR** check.

Armor: 2 points of rubbery hide.

Skills: Appear Human 65%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4



x20 yards from the investigators. The shelling lasts for 1D6 rounds, and each round the shells fall twenty yards closer than the last barrage, perhaps pounding right past them across the battlefield. Investigators who throw themselves into a crater or trench are protected enough to give them a **Luck** roll each round to avoid damage, though they may be showered with earth or even partially buried by the explosions. Failing the **Luck** roll, the investigator takes 1 hit point of damage for every 5 points rolled above his **Luck** number. A fumbled roll means the shell lands right on top of him, killing him instantly. If the Keeper wishes, the investigators may find a trench deep enough to fully protect them from the bombardment. Anyone caught without cover takes full damage from the exploding shell: 10D6 within two yards, 9D6 within four yards, 8D6 within six yards, and so on.

THE NIGHTMARE ENDS

The Keeper should allow the investigators to explore part of the blasted landscape of The Night War, experiencing several different minor encounters and at least two or three combat encounters before the nightmare finally comes to a merciful end.

The end of the nightmare begins with an artillery bombardment some ways off, at a safe distance from the investigators. For several minutes the shells whistle downward and detonate in the mud. The last such shell lands nearby, causing a violent earth tremor that throws the investigators to the muddy ground and continues rumbling even as the shells stop falling. Regaining their footing, the investigators see the mud bubbling and heaving in the crater left by the shell. Suddenly the mud in the center of the crater drops, then collapses into a massive sinkhole, threatening to engulf the investigators. As they flee, the ground behind them continues to collapse into the yawning pit. Each investigator must roll D100. The Keeper then reads the following information to the investigators, beginning with whoever rolled the highest and continuing down the list in order of the highest to lowest rolls. The Keeper may have to improvise or alter an existing passage if there are more than four investigators left at this point.

- ✘ 1. Turning away from the crater to run, you slip and fall, skidding down the sloping side directly toward the gaping sinkhole. The earth falls away at your feet as you try to scramble back toward the crater rim. If another investigator has stopped to help, you grab his hand just as the ground collapses beneath you. Unfortunately, you have doomed the two of you, as your weight pulls your despairing friend into the abyss with you....
- ✘ 2. You try to run but the mud clings to your boots and you fall while the ground continues to sink behind you. You grab a barbed wire post and hang on for dear life, but then there is only air beneath you, and you hang suspended above the abyss. Still,

the earth around you collapses into the sinkhole, and you find yourself deeper and deeper within the pit. Something falls past—an undead soldier with flesh like a mummy's. It grabs you as it falls, pulling you away from the post and plunging the two of you into the darkness below....

- ✘ 3. Curse your luck—you've caught your leg on barbed wire. The earth falls away behind you, then beneath you. You find yourself dangling upside down in the deepening pit. Struggling to look up, you see the top of the pit now impossibly far above you. Then, just as you drop into ultimate darkness, you see something else falling into the pit, something manlike, but too big to be a man. The last thing you hear is your own scream....
- ✘ 4. You see a solid rock spur ahead, if you can only reach it. You hear muddy earth collapsing noisily behind you, then you reach the rock and turn to look back. Hundreds and hundreds of yards across, the muddy sinkhole is devouring the entire battlefield. You see shapes—some like men, some not—fall into the growing abyss. Wire and barricade and trench and ruin and crater, all vanish into its maw. Then it reaches your rocky perch and you stand looking into the black pit below. Somewhere across the vast crater comes the sound of a thousand screaming men and, silhouetted in the distance, a huge manlike shape struggling in the mud before it too falls endlessly into the dark maw of the crater. Even as you watch it disappear, your rocky perch tips and then you too are falling, falling, falling....

DAY TWO: AWAKENING

The next morning, after the investigators awake from their nightmares, they must make an **INT** roll to remember their dream in its entirety. Those failing have only vague memories of certain portions of the dream, forgetting details and particular incidents. The Keeper should now halve each investigator's total **Sanity** loss and apply it to the characters as they convince themselves the terrors of the night were merely a very bad, very realistic dream. Note that since this nightmare lasted several hours of game time, an investigator losing 20% of his starting **Sanity** total does not go indefinitely insane as a result of the ordeal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DAY ONE

The Keeper should now outline the events leading up to last night's terrible dreams of The Night War—specifically the events of Day One. They now learn that on the previous day one of their fellow investigators was stricken with a sudden injury or illness while visiting the seaside city of Kingsport. The other investigators then visited this person in Kingsport's Congregational Hospital. While they were visiting their hospitalized friend, an investigator making a successful **Listen** or **Medicine** roll learned, in passing, that the patient in the neighboring bed is in a coma. Also, anyone making an Extreme **POW** check (or the lowest such roll, if none succeed), recalls hearing a random hospital employee complaining of poor sleep due to nightmares he had the night before.

As a change of pace, the Keeper may wish to keep the hospitalized investigator confined to his bed during the entirety of this investigation, especially if he or she is seriously wounded or ill. Also, it should take the investigators more than a single day to interview all the individuals in Arkham and Kingsport who have knowledge of Willson McKenna and his wartime experiences.

KINGSPORT AND THE HOSPITAL

Presumably, the investigators are concerned enough to seek out the cause of the vivid wartime nightmare, especially when they realize they have all shared the same dream. At the Congregational Hospital, if the hospitalized investigator has bothered to ask the nurse about his roommate, he's been told his name is Willson McKenna, age 28. McKenna is from Arkham and had been visiting Kingsport when he collapsed and fell into a coma two days ago. He hasn't awakened and his condition is worsening. A **Charm**, **Fast Talk**, or **Persuade** roll made while interviewing the nurse reveals that the attending physician, Dr. Neuberg, says McKenna's condition is "very grave indeed." Asked about any nightmares she's lately had, the nurse says she hasn't had any she remembers but mentions she's slept badly the past couple nights. Her friend who works in housekeeping has slept badly, as well. Other than Dr. Neu-

berg, none of the hospital employees know that McKenna served in the Great War.

If the hospitalized investigator makes a **Luck** roll, Willson McKenna's mother, Janice, comes to see her son. If they succeeded on a Hard **Luck** check, Willson's father Evert will come along, too. See the "Arkham Investigations" section for information the parents can pass along.



TWO TALES OF KINGSPORT

If they wish, the investigators may inquire with other hospital employees as to any nightmares they may have had. There is a 50% chance the person asked is offended and refuses to answer the question; a 20% chance the person hasn't had any bad dreams they can remember; a 15% chance they've slept poorly; and a 15% chance they vaguely remember strange dreams of darkness and war and death. Even outside the hospital, they see people nodding off or overhear complaints about lack of sleep. If asked, these people reveal they too slept poorly or had terrible dreams. This discovery costs the investigators 0/1D3 points of **Sanity** when they realize how widespread the nightmare epidemic may be.

Young Dr. John Neuberg can be found in the hospital 60% of the time, otherwise, he is seeing to his private practice in his Back Street office. He won't discuss the details of McKenna's condition unless he knows and trusts the investigators. Otherwise, all he will say is McKenna has been in a coma for two days, during which time he has weakened physically, and that his prospects are not good. If Neuberg trusts the investigators, he reveals McKenna suffered a severe neurasthenic shock to his brain from an artillery shelling in the Great War. McKenna's regular physician, Dr. Horton Wilson of Arkham, prescribed medication for frequent headaches and loss of balance. Dr. Neuberg says, "he might have a few days, or he could go in a few hours. There isn't much we can do but hope he pulls out of it himself. Then again, as much as he's suffered, maybe he's better off just fading out like this. No pain, just die while asleep." Dr. Neuberg can give the investigators the address of McKenna's parents in Arkham, and, if they have gained his confidence, a letter of introduction to Dr. Wilson, as well.

ARKHAM INVESTIGATIONS

Willson McKenna was born and raised in Arkham, where he still resides. Investigators will likely travel up to Arkham in order to research McKenna.

THE MCKENNA FAMILY

Evert and Janice McKenna live with their son in a narrow two-story house in a lower-middle-class neighborhood on North Sentinel Street, south of the Miskatonic River on the east side of the city. Evert manages the clothing department of Gleason's Department Store while Janice works at Keenan's Laundry on East College Street, not far from their house in Rivertown. Both are found at their places of employment during the day, and at home only in the evenings.

Evert McKenna is a tall, balding man in his early 60s, with a somewhat sour disposition that turns even less pleasant when discussing his son, Willson. Evert says Willson was never a strong person, and even weaker when he

came back from the war. A shell went off too close to him, the doctors said, damaging his brain. Hospitalized, Willson missed the last few months of the war and has been on expensive medication ever since. Evert got Willson a part-time job at Gleason's, but his illness prevents him from working too much. Most of the time he spends sitting in his room, staring into space. It doesn't take a **Psychology** roll to see the elder McKenna is sorely disappointed in his son, and maybe always has been. Any investigator who saw the silhouette of the mountain in *The Night War* and likened it to a brooding man may make a Hard INT roll which, if successful, allows the investigator to realize Evert McKenna resembles the looming mountain. If the elder McKenna is chastised for dismissing his troubled son, he throws the investigators out and tells them not to come back.

Janice McKenna is a small, plump, profoundly sad woman in her early 60s. She loves her son dearly and blames herself for his current plight. She had thought if Willson stayed a few days in the pretty seaside town it might clear his head and cheer him up. Instead, she worries she might have killed him. She tries to visit Willson when she can get away, but Evert is reluctant to see the boy.

If Mrs. McKenna is asked, she allows the investigators to see her son's room, in the cramped attic above. With more than two people in it, the tiny room is crowded, and there is little to see: a bed, a dresser, a doorless wardrobe with a couple of suits and dress shoes, and a few old history books. "Willson used to love to read, but he can't concentrate anymore, and it gives him such headaches..." Mrs. McKenna comments.

There are no physical clues here, but an investigator looking out the window sees a willow tree in the backyard, a sight which means nothing now but may eventually aid in finding McKenna on the blasted plains of *The Night War* later on.

If the McKennas are asked about the specifics of their son's service in the Great War, and how he received his injuries, they can tell what little they know. Willson's regiment, the 23rd Massachusetts Volunteers, was stationed in the north of France in 1918. Willson had been there only a few months when he was sent out on a raid one night. When the raiders didn't return, they were given up for lost. The next night a friendly patrol found Willson lying in a crater, cold and wet and dazed. They carried him back to their lines, where he was sent back to an aid post, which in turn sent him to a shock ward where he stayed for several months until the war ended. When he came home, he still had headaches, dizziness and an inability to concentrate, as well as a severe aversion to loud noises. All he would say about the fighting that night was that everyone else died and he couldn't understand how he had lived when they were all so much more experienced and brave than him. The McKennas remember the names of only a couple of Willson's platoon mates: August Kirke, and Alan "Tol" Tolbert, both of Arkham.

DR. HORTON WILSON, MD

If the investigators seek out Willson McKenna's regular physician, he reveals nothing unless presented with a letter of introduction from McKenna's parents, or from Dr. Neuberg in Kingsport. Dr. Wilson has visited McKenna in the Kingsport hospital but has nothing to add to Dr. Neuberg's diagnosis. Unless McKenna somehow comes out of his coma, Dr. Wilson believes the young man will be dead in a matter of days. "There's nothing anyone can do. But given the boy's suffering over the past ten years, perhaps it's better this way?" Dr. Wilson seems deeply saddened by McKenna's plight.

BROTHERS IN ARMS?

The investigators can find August Kirke listed in the Arkham city directory. Speaking with him by phone or in person, they find that he is now Lieutenant August Kirke, and very proud of the fact. The tall, handsome, arrogant Kirke was a corporal during the war and remembers Willson McKenna well. He was just a kid, afraid of his own shadow, he tells investigators. When he went out on that last raid, no one expected him to come back, the poor little rabbit. They found him cowering in a hole, having abandoned his companions to die. Kirke has no proof McKenna left his fellows behind, but how else could the boy have survived? If specifically asked to do so, Kirke can draw an extremely crude map of where the lines were and where McKenna was found (see "The Night War Papers #1"). Asked if there's anyone else around who might know more about McKenna, Kirke suggests they try asking Major Charles Hart at the Armory just off Independence Square. Failing that, they could try the Miskatonic Valley Veterans Home, just around the corner from the Miskatonic University sports field. "Brace yourself if you go there, though. You'll not see the likes of what you find there anywhere this side of Hell." Asked what he means, Kirke frowns and says, "shrapnel wounds, gas victims, amputees."

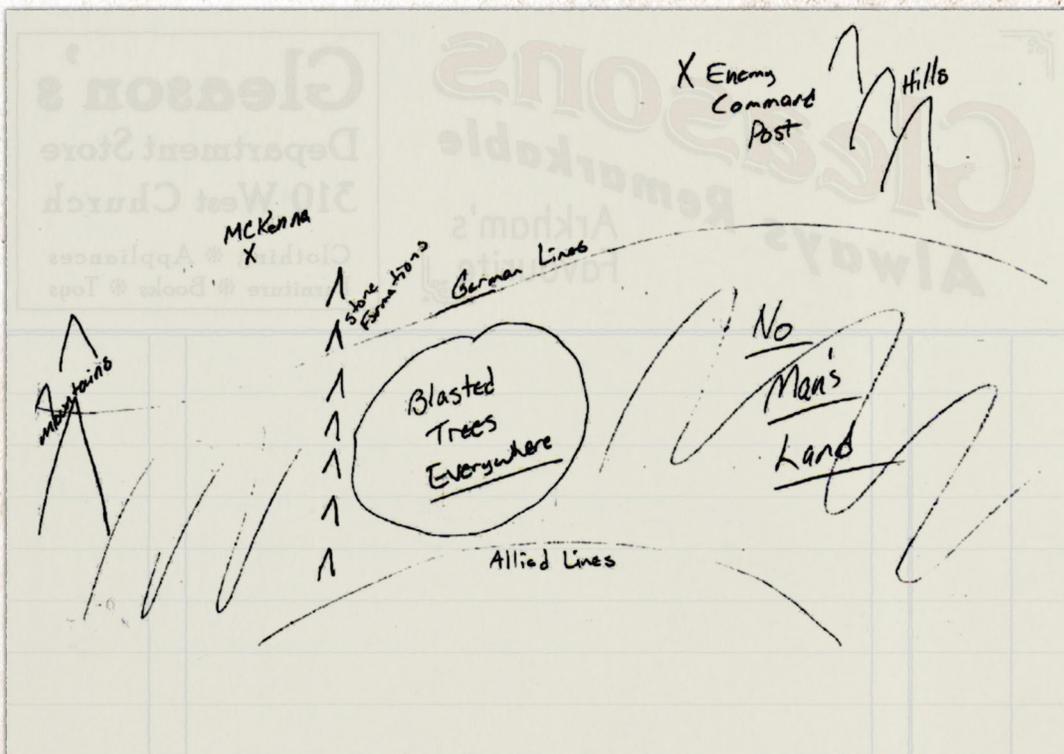
THE NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY

At the Massachusetts Guard Armory, after a few minutes of waiting, the investigators can see Major Hart, a short, stout, sweaty man. Hart doesn't remember McKenna, but he knows Lieutenant Kirke and remembers Corporal Tolbert, a member of the National Guard who works as a mechanic at an automobile repair shop. Hart can also look up army records to see who else might have served with McKenna. He comes up with two more names: Christopher Carnell, who lives in the Miskatonic Valley Veterans Home; and a Thomas Linche with an address on East River Street.

ALAN TOLBERT

Alan "Tol" Tolbert is found working in an auto repair garage. Willing to talk with investigators, he is happy for an excuse to take a cigarette break. He remembers McKenna.

"The kid always had it rough, from the moment he set foot in the mud. He wanted to fight for his country, but he just wasn't cut out for it. He never moved fast enough for that s.o.b. Lieutenant Suydam, so the bastard sent the kid out on a trench raid one night. Sent that green kid out to go tooth and nail with the Hun in the flippin' dark. Nobody knows what happened, but the next night we found McKenna curled up in a crater, out of his head. Nobody else made it back but him, and the boy was really messed up. Suydam thought maybe the kid was faking, but the blood running out of both his ears said different. Prick Suydam got his



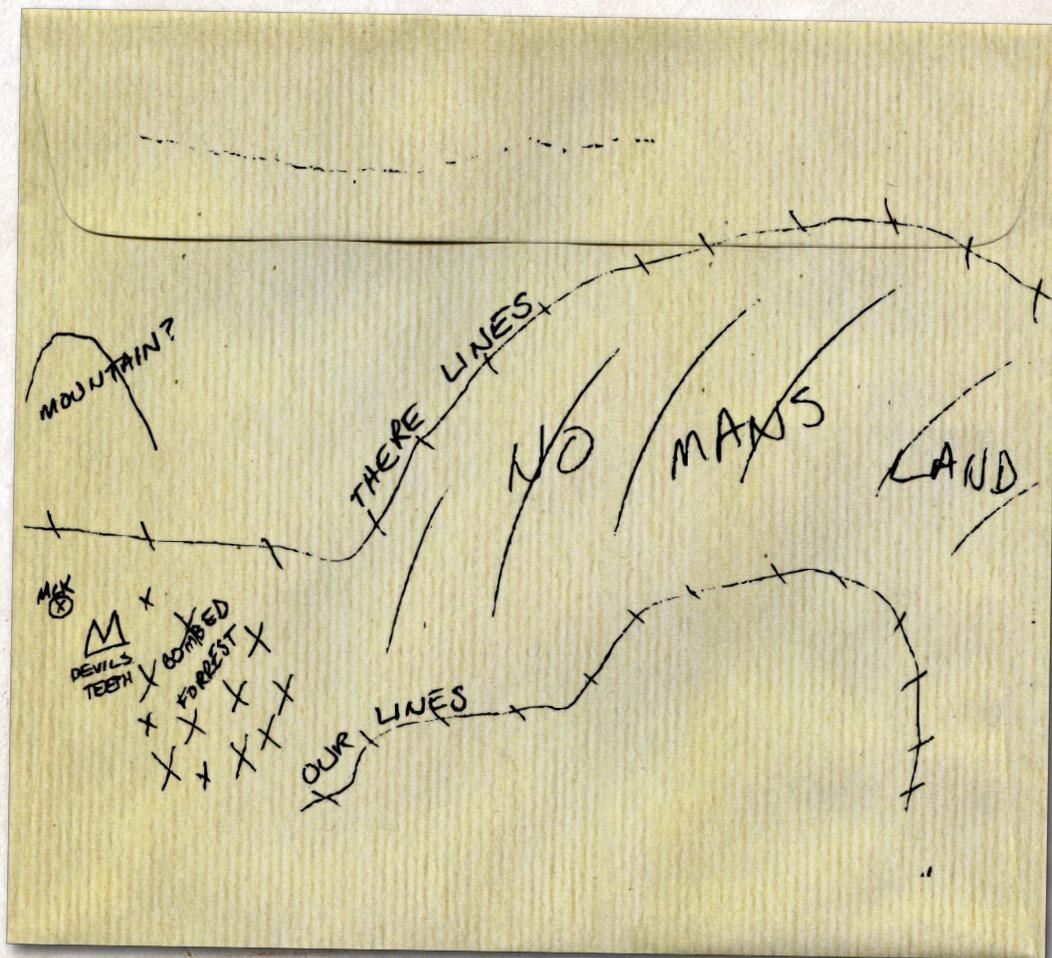
The Night War Papers #1

TWO TALES OF KINGSPORT

a couple months later. I wish I could have seen how brave he was when they hauled him back to the field hospital minus a leg and a half. At least Suydam was lucky enough to cash out rather than hanging on like that poor kid."

If asked, Tolbert can give some specifics about the area where McKenna was found and can draw a map similar to the one drawn by Lieutenant Kirke (see "The Night War Papers #2").

"Tol" remembers the names provided by others, but says they won't find Linche at the address the investigators have, "Cause that house ain't there no more. Tore it down years ago. He's at the Borden Arms these days." The Borden Arms is an Arkham boarding house located at 488 W. High Lane.



The Night War Papers #2

THE MISKATONIC VALLEY VETERANS HOME

At the Miskatonic Valley Veterans Home, the investigators are met in an entry hall by a duty nurse who asks their business. She regrets to inform them Christopher Carnell died the night before last. He was 46 years old, and suffered from severe respiratory problems due to a gas attack, along with losing his left eye. He died in his sleep.

As the investigators speak with Nurse Creary, a pair of disabled veterans pass by at the far end of the hallway. One is entirely covered in bandages, save a single peering eye, while the other hobbles about on crutches, missing one leg from just above the knee and one arm from just above the elbow. Investigators lose 0/1 **Sanity** point for seeing these disfigured soldiers. Creary knows of no one else in the home who might have served with McKenna. If the investigators decide to try their luck asking other residents of the home, Nurse Creary warns them that many of the occupants are horribly disfigured by their injuries. If they persist, the investigators see several maimed and disfigured men, none of whom know anything about Willson McKenna. Their tour of the home costs them 1/1D3 points of **Sanity**.

THOMAS LINCHE

Thomas Linche is found in his dingy room at the Borden Arms, but only if a random investigator makes a **Hard Luck** roll. Otherwise, Linche is off somewhere getting drunk. He returns 1D3+1 hours later, ready to sleep it off. If he's caught sober, Linche is somber but helpful. If inebriated, he is intensely bitter about his service in the Great War, cursing the arrogant officers and the beastly Huns and the ungrateful government for not taking care of the veterans once they got home, all shot to pieces and coughing up mustard gas and carrying around memories of that god-damn war in their heads.

Linche says McKenna was a good kid, but the war was just too much for him—too much for anybody with a good Christian soul. Asked what happened to McKenna, he says the raiding party went out and never came back. They found the kid the next night, his mind shattered. Linche tried to cheer the kid up, but McKenna kept mumbling he must have left the others behind, that the shells started falling and he just started running, damn fool. Anyway, they sent him back to a field hospital for shell shock, but they don't really do anything there, as the army figured most shell shock victims were faking anyway. But not that

kid. He was really done in. Asked if he's dreamt of the war recently, Linche replies, "only every goddamn night for the past ten years."

Shown the battlefield maps drawn by his fellow soldiers, Linche says Tolbert's seems more accurate, but he doesn't know much from maps. If he has been drinking, Linche is in tears by the end of his interview with the investigators, a circumstance which costs them 0/1 point of **Sanity** for reminding the man of the worst time of his life.

NIGHT TWO: THE NIGHT WAR CONTINUES

Again, due to having come within close proximity to Willson McKenna in the dream-rich city of Kingsport, the investigators again dream of The Night War, regardless of where they spend their night. Even investigators slain during Night One are dragged back into this second dream. If they try to avoid sleep by drinking coffee, or taking amphetamines or other drugs, the Keeper is urged to have them crash hard the following night, perhaps making their final nightmares far more potent and deadly than they would have been normally. This is left to the Keeper to judge as he sees fit. The Keeper should again keep track of each investigator's **Sanity** losses, as these totals are to be halved once the dream ends.

THE DREAM BEGINS

The investigators find themselves huddled in the same dark, mud-clogged trench, again clad in uniforms of the Great War and carrying military gear. The sky is dark, cut only by the occasional wisp of cloud or the dim arc of a flare. Machine guns and rifles chatter, and artillery crashes in the distance.

As the investigators make their way through the slippery passage, they come upon a trio of soldiers sitting against the side of the trench, smoking cigarettes. If an investigator is an officer, the three snap to attention; otherwise they merely look up disinterestedly. An **INT** roll may recognize one of the men—Thomas Linche, looking more than ten years younger than the drink-added version investigators may have met in Arkham. (If they interview Linche after seeing him in the nightmare, he won't remember them.) If the investigators ask about Willson McKenna, the men say he went out on patrol earlier and hasn't come back. With a successful **Fast Talk** or **Persuade** roll the investigators can convince the three soldiers to accompany them in their search for McKenna and the missing patrol. The soldiers don't recognize anything on the Kirke and Tolbert maps the investigators may find they have with them, but they can ei-

ther direct or lead the investigators toward the approximate area the missing patrol was last seen headed.

Keeper's Note: If Private Linche is killed during this dream, he dies in real life too, the victim of a heart attack brought on by alcoholism and the terrific stress of this nightmare. In such an event, each investigator loses 0/1D3 **Sanity** points for possibly hastening the man's death.

EVENTS AND ENCOUNTERS

The Keeper should consult the lists of "Atmospheric Events" and "Encounters" from Night One to create the tale of the investigators' travel across the battlefield during this second nightmare. A few new encounters are described below, along with some variations on elements from the first dream. And as before, the Keeper is urged to occasionally have the investigators cross fire zones, each requiring 1D4+1 **Luck** rolls, with each failure calling for a roll on the "Random Movement Event Table." The Keeper should also introduce other soldiers and allow foraging for gear as outlined in Night One.

The investigators may have the rough maps of where Willson McKenna was found, but identifying the landmarks on these maps is difficult, due to the fluid nature of The Night War's battlefield. They may need to seek help locating these landmarks from others in the dream or use another method to find the missing young soldier. Again, these sources of information and methods of finding McKenna are discussed below.

THE MEDICAL TENT

The investigators may wish to visit the medical tent—if it still exists—to query those within about McKenna's whereabouts, or details of the map. Due to the fractured logic of dreams, the tent exists even if it was destroyed in the first night's dream. The investigators should have to cross at least one fire zone to reach the pale-lit tent. Curiously, the people they meet, and the conversations they have, are almost identical to the first night's dream of this place. The only differences may be the investigators' questions about McKenna and the landmarks on the maps they may have with them. The investigators lose only 0/1D3 **Sanity** points from seeing the wounded and maimed here on this second visit.

Each investigator should make a **Hard Luck** roll, and those who succeed find a wounded soldier who recognizes the area depicted on the map. The soldier can give directions toward the area, but he says it's pretty far off, and very close to the enemy lines. Again, if they linger here too long, the medical tent comes under artillery fire that eventually destroys it, as described in Night One.

THE STRETCHER BEARERS

At some point in their voyage across the dark, blasted landscape, the investigators come across a group of 1D6+1 stretcher bearers gathering up the bodies of the fallen. As the investigators approach, a Hard **Spot Hidden** recognizes the stretcher bearers as Gas Mask Men. The investigators can attack or avoid the scavenging menaces if they are spotted ahead of time, otherwise the silent masked horrors drop their carrion and attack.

THE BROODING MOUNTAIN

Investigators who realized the dark shape of the mountain looming over the battlefield resembled a man, and who subsequently recognized that figure as McKenna's grim father, may wonder at the mountain's significance in the dream. A **Psychology** or Hard **INT** roll theorizes that perhaps, like McKenna's father, the mountain is "looking down on" Willson, and that he perhaps can be located by following the mountain-father's gaze. Estimating where the mountain is "gazing" requires an Extreme success on an **INT** check, which each investigator may attempt only once per night.

THE SENTINELS

As the investigators cross a wasteland of shell craters, corpses, barbed wire and barricades, a **Spot Hidden** roll notes the heads and rifles of several entrenched Skull Soldiers. They are facing into the No Man's Land the investigators are crossing. If more than one successful roll is made, the investigators see the heads and rifles of countless Gas Mask Men facing toward No Man's Land from the opposite side of the field. This dilemma costs the investigators 1/1D4 **Sanity**. As they throw themselves flat in anticipation of the barrage to follow, they note that neither side has moved an inch. They continue to stand, mute and unmoving, as the investigators crawl out of the potentially lethal crossfire. At no time does either side ever move.

SNIPER!

A shot cuts through the eerie silence of the investigators' trek across The Night War. This first shot is at a random investigator or accompanying soldier and does normal damage. If an investigator makes a **Luck** roll he is able to find cover from the sniper. If unable to find cover, another shot is fired two rounds later.

Investigators making Hard **Spot Hidden** rolls spot the muzzle flash of the sniper's rifle and may try to flank him. Failing this, each investigator needs a **Stealth** roll to slip away from the murderous rifleman, any failed **Stealth** roll may bring another shot from the sniper, who can fire once every two rounds.

The investigators can also fire back, but they only hit the sniper on an impaling roll, and then only for normal damage. If the sniper is killed, it's up to the Keeper whether he wants the rifleman to be a regular Skull Soldier, or perhaps an enemy from the investigators' past, living or dead. If the latter, the Keeper may wish to have him or her utter some witty or cryptic comment on their previous encounters before he or she dies, smiling grimly.

THE SILENT MARCHERS

Like Night One, the investigators at some point meet a group of soldiers silently marching toward enemy lines, their numbers at the same reduced level the investigators witnessed in the previous dream. As before, the soldiers ignore the investigators at first pass. Later during this dream, they will again be seen trudging across the battlefield, again reduced, battered, and weary. If an investigator approaches them and asks about Willson McKenna, the figures march silently on. All but one. This one wearily turns and points, wordlessly, into the distance; then he rejoins his endlessly marching comrades.

GAS!

The most feared weapon of the Great War was mustard gas, which didn't kill immediately, but could take days or weeks to slowly, agonizingly destroy its victims. Even those who survived could be left permanently crippled by its effects. Now, as the investigators cross the darkness of The Night War, several gas shells fall nearby. Allow each investigator a **Spot Hidden** roll to note the pale yellow smoke or fog emanating from these fresh shell craters.

An investigator who was in the war recognizes the dread gas drifting toward them. If there are no veterans among the investigators, an **INT** roll is allowed. Anyone who recognizes the weapon and its horrible effects loses 1/1D3 **Sanity** points. If they try to outrun the gas, an investigator needs to succeed at a Hard **STR**, **CON**, or **DEX** check (whichever is highest) or suffer the effects of the gas. Anyone donning a gas mask must roll **DEX** to put it on correctly, otherwise he or she only gets half the normal protection provided by the mask. War veterans automatically put the mask on correctly and may help one other person do so before the gas reaches them. When the gas reaches the investigators, its acid tongues burn each of the investigators for 1D4 points of damage, calling for a further **Sanity** loss of 1/1D4 points. Those in masks suffer no further damage, but the burning is painful enough—reduce their **DEX** by 1D6x5 points for the remainder of this dream.

Anyone caught without their mask must make an Extreme **CON** check. Those who don't succeed suffer the full effects of the mustard gas—3D6+3 points of damage, applied at a rate of 2 hit points per hour, for the remainder of the dream; and all skill checks require Hard successes (also for the remainder of this dream), as the gas burns

THE NIGHT WAR

their eyes, lungs, skin, and makes breathing sheer agony. If investigators succeeded at their Extreme CON check, they only take half the damage, applied at a rate of 2 hit points per hour, and do not suffer any penalties to their skills.



THE MORRIGAN

In an incident similar to one described in Night One, the investigators come upon an area scattered with corpses, some on the ground, some hanging in the wire. Scattered about on different corpses sit three glaring ravens. As investigators pass, they hear voices behind them. When they turn back to look, they see the ravens have grown much larger, and are now nearly the size of large dogs. “What do you want?” croaks one of the birds. Investigators lose 0/1D2 points of **Sanity** hearing the bird speak. The ravens say their names are Morrigan, Nema, and Macha, known together as the Morrigan. A **Folklore** or halved **Occult** roll identifies these names as those of a trio of Celtic war goddesses known for their bloodthirsty ways.

If the Morrigan are asked about Willson McKenna, they croak among themselves for a few moments, then one says, “I don’t know where he is, but I could find him for you—if you make it worth my while.” Asked what she wants in exchange, the other ravens momentarily squabble, but finally the speaker says, “I’d like to be able to see into your world again. I’d like an eye. One of yours would do nicely.” The investigators can do as they wish, but if one agrees, the raven has him or her lie down on their back so the croaking goddess can messily scratch out the eye with her sharp talons. The raven then plucks out one of her own eyes, devours it, and clumsily pokes the investigator’s eye into its grisly empty socket. Witnesses lose 1/1D3 **Sanity** for seeing this. The actual victim suffers 1D6 Hit Points of damage and loses 1/1D4 **Sanity** points. The raven, deal made, then flies off, wheeling into the dark night. The other ravens continue to dine, occasionally croaking in what sounds very much like laughter.

1D3 hours (and perhaps as many encounters) later, the raven returns. She gives the investigators precise directions to where McKenna lies, cold and paralyzed with fear, in a shallow crater close to the enemy lines. “Good luck,” cackles the Morrigan. “You’ll need it. And thanks for the peeper.” With that, all three ravens soar off into the night, croaking uproariously.

An investigator who surrenders his eye has all sight related skills halved during this and all subsequent dreams, whether in this scenario or in other dream-related adventures, for the rest of their career. In addition, if the investigator fails a **POW** roll, he or she may also lose

sight in the missing eye in the waking world, temporarily or permanently, as the Keeper desires. The Keeper might also wish to have the maimed investigator suffer mysterious visions caused by the Morrigan's use of his eye—fodder for further adventures in this world and others.

THE COLOSSUS OF CORPSES

The investigators may have briefly glimpsed an enormous man-like form crossing the dark horizon of The Night War in their earlier dream. That form was the Colossus of Corpses, a fifty-foot tall creature made up of dozens of human bodies, their flesh and bones folded into its massive frame. It walks the battlefield, scooping up freshly dead bodies and pressing them into its rubbery skin, which absorbs the corpses, feeding the Colossus's endless hunger. The thing has only the vaguest of human feelings and memories, and its voice is the voice of the multitudes suffering within its variegated form. Its eyes are large battery-powered spotlights which cast their restless gaze about, searching for prey. The Colossus hates the Gas Mask Men and the Ghost Gas, for they harvest and destroy the very food the Colossus requires. These two forces clash memorably in Night Three.

The investigators first spy the thing in the distance, striding across the landscape. They may try to **Hide** from it if they wish. If a random investigator makes a **Luck** roll, the party can find shelter in a trench and evade the gaze of the Colossus. If the investigators fail their **Hide** roll, or flee from the Colossus, it strides toward them, smashing and grabbing its victims and pressing their bodies into its own. The creature flees if it takes more than half its Hit Points in damage. Any investigator, living or dead, subsumed into the Colossus's body is trapped there during Night Three unless his companions can rescue him by slaying this giant flesh golem.

ARTILLERY FROM HELL

As the investigators approach the area where they believe McKenna might be found, allow them to spot one or more of the landmarks indicated by their maps or mentioned by other witnesses—a blasted forest, two stone spires like the Devil's Teeth. And in the distance, a **Spot Hidden** roll picks out the unlikely shape of a willow tree standing alone amidst this shattered landscape. An **INT** roll made by anyone who saw the willow tree outside Willson McKenna's window in Arkham recognizes that very same tree, here, amid all the madness. Surely McKenna can't be far away.

Unfortunately, even as they slog toward what must be their final goal, McKenna's self-destructive subconscious surges forth and, just as the night before, the sky is suddenly cut by the sound of distant explosions, a whistling in the air, and the approaching concussions of artillery shells. Let them run for cover, let them run for McKenna. Have each roll D100, and then let them all die in the shelling, beginning with the highest roll first. The investigator who makes

the lowest roll nearly reaches an old shell crater before he or she is hurled forward by the blast and smashed to the ground. As they lie dying in the muddy crater, vision darkening, they see a youthful figure cowering next to them.

DAY THREE

The next morning the investigators awake from their nightmares, exactly as before. Those failing **INT** rolls have only vague memories of some parts of the dream, while successful rolls indicate they remember the nightmare in its entirety. Once again, the Keeper should halve the total **Sanity** point losses incurred during the nightmare and apply them to the investigators. And again, since this nightmare lasted several hours of game time, any investigator losing 20% of his **Sanity** does not go indefinitely insane as a result of the ordeal.

There may be other lingering effects of this nightmare. Any investigator who took the full effect of the mustard gas now suffers a minor case of pneumonia, resulting in a temporary loss of 1D6x5 **CON** points, recoverable at a rate of 5 points per day. An investigator who sacrificed his eye to the Morrigan may still be blinded or may suffer weird visions brought on by the Morrigan's use of his eye.

There may be other bizarre effects as well. Each investigator should make a **Sanity** roll. Any investigator who fails this **Sanity** roll should suffer at least one of the following Nightmare Effects, as many as one such hallucination per every 10 points rolled above his current **Sanity**, rounded up. These hallucinations recall events or encounters from The Night War, now carried over into the waking world. Each of these flashbacks costs the sufferer 0/1 **Sanity** points and lasts so briefly he or she can't be sure what saw. Certainly no one other than the affected investigator sees any of these manifestations. Choose these visions as appropriate for the individual's experiences in The Night War.

- ✘ An investigator visiting the hospital gets a glimpse of a passing doctor, clad in a horrifically blood-stained apron and mask.
- ✘ An investigator briefly glimpses a uniformed, rifle-toting soldier walking within a group of passersby on the street.
- ✘ The investigator hears the staccato report of machine gun fire and imagines bullets ricocheting off the side of the nearest building, sending splinters of wood flying. Passersby may be alarmed by the investigator's frantic ducking and covering.
- ✘ A flare arcs into the clear sky above.
- ✘ Out of the corner of his eye, an investigator sees something huge and man-like pass behind a nearby multi-story building.

- ✘ Crossing a street, an investigator sees several bloody, bullet-riddled bodies littering the pavement, or lying scattered in a nearby park.
- ✘ Dead soldiers are seen everywhere, standing on street corners, in the hospital cafeteria, beside a parked car, in the window of a house, etc. If Private Linche died during the dream, he might be one of the soldiers seen, at a cost of an additional 0/1D3 **Sanity** points.

MCKENNA'S CONDITION

On the morning of the hospitalized investigator's third day of recuperation, he awakens from his terrible nightmare to find Drs. Wilson and Neuberg quietly discussing the case of the patient in the neighboring bed. Both doctors look grim, and a **Listen** roll allows an investigator to hear Wilson whisper McKenna probably has no more than a couple days to live, if that. As before, the doctors won't discuss details of Willson McKenna's condition without having some reason to trust the investigators. If asked, Dr. Neuberg has had no nightmares but admits to sleeping poorly. Dr. Wilson, however, has had nightmares, though he can't recall what they were.

OTHER INVESTIGATIONS

The investigators probably haven't yet interviewed all of McKenna's fellow soldiers or other interested parties and may continue their inquiries along these lines during Day Three. As with the previous night, they may try to stave off sleep with countless cups of coffee or drugs, but regardless, anyone who had the first nightmare is again sucked into tonight's dream, the final assault of The Night War.

NIGHT THREE: THE NIGHT WAR ENDS

Once again, those who have come in contact with Willson McKenna are involuntarily dragged into his nightmares of the Great War, regardless of their location and any efforts they've made to avoid sleep. Even those who died in previous nightmares are pulled in. The Keeper should again keep track of each investigator's **Sanity** loss, as these are again to be halved at the conclusion of the nightmare. Note that any investigator previously captured and subsumed into the Colossus of Corpses does not enter this dream unless, or until, he is rescued by his companions, who must kill the Colossus to save him or her.

THE DREAM BEGINS

The final dream begins exactly like the previous night, investigators finding themselves again crouched in a dark, muddy trench, kitted out with their Great War gear and weapons. Tonight, the sky is black, starless, yet cloudless, with infrequent flashes of lightning along the horizon.

This time the investigators find themselves alone in the trench. Climbing out and making their way across the ruined landscape, they see very few normal soldiers and only a few other enemies or groups of enemies. If the investigators somehow managed to avoid last night's dream, they may meet the young Private Linche described in the previous night's dream. As before, if Linche dies in this nightmare, he dies in real life as well, causing each investigator to lose 0/1D3 **Sanity** points in the waking world when they learn of the veteran's death.

Now the investigators probably have a goal in mind—find and rescue, or possibly kill Willson McKenna. They should have maps showing his approximate position on the battlefield, and may even have almost reached him before they were annihilated at the end of the last nightmare.

EVENTS AND ENCOUNTERS

As with previous dreams, the Keeper should use some of the "Encounters" and "Atmospheric Events" described in Night One and Night Two, applied as the investigators cross The Night War, along with a few new encounters as described below. Also, allow foraging in trenches and among the dead. Again, if all of the investigators somehow avoided the previous night's dream of The Night War, the Keeper should introduce events from Night Two over the course of this dream, as desired or required—possibly The Medical Tent and The Colossus of Corpses. The Keeper should also have the investigators occasionally forced to cross fire zones, calling for **Luck** rolls to avoid rolling on the "Random Movement Event Table" from Night One. Another terrifying gas shelling shouldn't be out of the question either.

THE MEDICAL TENT

If investigators have already visited the medical tent more than once, their third visit finds it destroyed. Debris is strewn for hundreds of yards in every direction. Bodies—and body parts—lie charred and scattered about. There is no one here and nothing left to help the investigators in their quest. The devastation calls for a loss of 0/1D3 **Sanity** points.

THE TRENCH CRAWLER

This encounter occurs as the investigators make their way through an abandoned trench littered with corpses, supplies, and debris. Near a collapsed portion of the trench, an investigator hears a grunt, and there, partially buried in the mud, lies a wounded Allied soldier, his hand reaching out imploringly, his face streaked with mud and blood. If an investigator approaches and tries to pull him out, the soldier grabs the investigator with both hands then rears up out of the mud. The soldier is, in fact, a ghastly, caterpillar-like conglomeration of human torsos with multiple shoulders and arms, pelvises with numerous legs, all surmounted by a human head. The abomination is nearly twenty-five feet long, a clumsy carnivore eager to capture more prey to devour and add parts to its grisly body.

THE SILENT MARCHERS

Once again, the investigators see the same weary troop of soldiers making their way across the battlefield. Only a handful of battered men remain, silent and haunted as they trudge off into the darkness, ignoring the investigators.

Later, as the investigators near the area where they believe Willson McKenna is to be found, they see the last of the silent marchers, a lone figure stumbling toward them out of the gloom. He is alone, helmetless and weaponless, and he staggers to within a few yards of the investigators before collapsing. The expression on his dead face almost seems to be...relief.

THE COLOSSUS AND THE GHOST GAS FIRES

The investigators may have previously lost some of their number to the wandering charnel giant, the Colossus of Corpses, and an INT roll guesses that any living victims might be rescued if the Colossus is somehow destroyed. The Keeper is free to set up this encounter as desired, perhaps by having the investigators spy the Colossus passing in the distance and following it to retrieve any lost companions. Or they may accidentally come upon the Gas Mask Men just lighting their pyres to burn more corpses for their "god," the Ghost Gas.

Whatever the specifics, the investigators come upon 2D6+6 Gas Mask Men busy building a huge bonfire, preparing it for the dozens of fresh corpses they have hauled to the spot. Meanwhile, the jealous and angry Colossus of Corpses has sought them out and is about to wade into combat with them, planning to take the gruesome spoils for itself. As the struggle plays out, the dreaded Ghost Gas comes to join the fray. Roll for **Sanity** every time one of the participants arrives on the scene.

If the investigators do nothing, the Colossus strides into the midst of the Gas Mask Men and within a couple

of rounds has swatted, stomped, or kicked half of them to death. The Ghost Gas then drifts into the midst and the Masks rally and begin to regroup. The Ghost Gas swarms about the Colossus's legs, drawing out the life forces of its corpse components, weakening the Colossus, even as the giant golem sears the screaming Ghost Gas with its burning searchlight eyes. But it's a battle the Colossus cannot win, even though it may damage and weaken the Ghost Gas during the battle. The immaterial Gas monster and its masked servants eventually bring it down, and as the dying Colossus stumbles about, limp human forms fall from its bulk, scattering themselves across the field, most dead and mangled.

The investigators can either ignore this conflict, watch it from a distance, or try to intercede. An INT roll might guess that they can even the odds a bit by taking the Colossus's side at first, then later destroying it once the Ghost Gas and its servants are felled. If the Colossus goes down, an INT roll notes its searchlight eyes are still lit, and the Ghost Gas is warily avoiding them.

If the investigators can reach the searchlight eyes of the fallen Colossus, they can use them as weapons against the Ghost Gas, and its servants. Each searchlight requires a STR of 60 to maneuver and aim, with the chance of hitting the target equal to a Hard DEX check of the investigator aiming the device. Each successful searchlight attack causes 1D8 points of damage per round. The Ghost Gas can also be attacked with flare guns or fire (the Masks have a big fire burning already). The Ghost Gas and its servants won't bother to pursue the attackers should they flee, preferring to burn and feed on the many corpses scattered about them.

PRIVATE MCKENNA'S WAR

Perhaps for the second time, the investigators enter the area depicted on the maps drawn by Willson McKenna's fellow soldiers. First, they must enter the charred forest, shattered trees with limbs broken off by artillery shells, withered and seared by mustard gas. Here the Keeper should have each investigator roll 1D6 Luck rolls, as machine gun fire suddenly rips through this dead zone and mortar shells burst amid the desolation. Each failed roll indicates a roll with a +1 modifier on the "Random Movement Event Table."

Reaching cover, the investigators spy the twin columns of the Devil's Teeth ahead. As they cross the blasted ground heading toward the spires, Spot Hidden rolls note the lonely willow tree in the distance. Anyone who saw the view out the window of McKenna's room in Arkham recognizes the very same tree from the young man's backyard. Can McKenna himself be far away?

Approaching the vicinity of the willow tree, the investigators find countless shell holes filled with mud and water, a good many containing corpses. If the investigators begin crying out for McKenna, the area suddenly explodes with

THE NIGHT WAR

the whine of machine gun fire. To reach cover, each investigator must make 1D4 **Luck** rolls, each failure indicating an unmodified roll on the “Random Movement Event Table.” Once they reach cover, a Hard **Listen** roll identifies the sound of sobbing coming from somewhere nearby. A second Hard **Listen** roll is necessary to figure out the direction of the sobbing. Following the sound over open territory, another 1D4 **Luck** rolls are needed to avoid rolling on the “Random Movement Event Table.”

Allow each investigator a Hard **Spot Hidden** roll to spot the youth crouched and shivering in a nearby shell crater. The investigators can rush to his side, but only after rolling a single **Luck** roll to avoid an unmodified roll on the “Random Movement Event Table.”

Willson McKenna, shivering and crying in the muddy bottom of a deep crater, appears much younger and healthier than the older, wasted figure who lies dying in a hospital bed an ocean, a decade, and a nightmare away from this terrible place. McKenna is unhurt, but too terrified to move, though he fears for the lives of his companions. And looming above the crater where he lies, the black anthropomorphic silhouette of the mountain glares disapprovingly down on the young man. Anyone who looks up and sees that foreboding figure loses 0/1 point of **Sanity**.

“We were on patrol. A trench raid. God, they killed so many of those men, just beat them to death, shot them in the face, stabbed them in the guts with a bayonet, oh my Jesus. They stripped the insignia off their uniforms, had to

know who they were. We were...we were...coming back...a sniper blew off Kenny’s head. I mean, one minute he was there, and then he didn’t have a head. We got into the wire and the machine guns got Michael and Keith. We started crawling then...and then the bombs started dropping, closer and closer. Oh my God! Closer and closer! God! I started running, I just left Gerry and Stephen and Francis and I just ran! Oh God, they’re still out there! Oh Jesus! I hear them calling for me sometimes....”

The investigators must decide how to deal with the hysterical and terrified McKenna. He doesn’t want to move and doesn’t think he’s capable, though he doesn’t seem to be injured. The investigators may decide the most prudent and perhaps merciful course is to put the young man out of his misery here in the lonely wastes. This is done easily enough with a bullet to the head, though McKenna’s terrified screams for help or mercy automatically cost the investigators 1D6 points of **Sanity**. This ends the nightmare, and the investigators awaken the next morning.

If the investigators try to take McKenna to safety, the battlefield—triggered by McKenna’s subconscious—bristles with gunfire and mortar shells until they decide this is too dangerous a tactic. Each round they must roll **Luck** to avoid rolling on the “Random Movement Event Table.” McKenna also rolls, and if he is killed the dream abruptly ends. See “Dawn,” below.

On the other hand, a Hard **Psychology** roll guesses McKenna needs to find the men from his patrol; otherwise



he's afraid to leave the shelter of the crater. The investigators must help the unarmed McKenna to his feet and half carry him wherever they plan to go. As soon as they leave the shelter of the crater—for whatever reason—the battlefield comes alive with gunfire and mortar fire which continues for the remainder of the nightmare. All around the investigators the battlefield is awash in the chaos of combat as dozens of Allied soldiers charge and fire and seek cover and die. They are totally oblivious to the investigators.

If they want to try and find McKenna's lost companions, they might try calling out and listening for replies. Unfortunately, McKenna's companions are all dead, and only he hears their ghostly replies over the raging battle. McKenna can lead the investigators toward his fallen comrades, but each such passage requires 1D4 **Luck** rolls to avoid rolling on the "Random Movement Event Table" with a +1 modifier. As long as they are seeking his companions, McKenna doesn't need to make these rolls, as his guilty subconscious is already at war with itself.

Reaching cover beside one of McKenna's fellow trench raiders, the investigators find a corpse, either shattered to pieces by an artillery shell, shot full of holes by machine gun fire, or otherwise mangled by the machines of war. **Sanity** loss is 0/1D3 points. As McKenna comes face to face with his companion the dead thing stirs and speaks to the suffering young soldier. "Go home, McKenna," says the first victim found. "There was nothing you could do. Nothing you *can* do. We're dead, and it wasn't your fault."

If the Keeper thinks the investigators have had too easy a time of it so far, McKenna may not accept the release his first dead companion offers. Calling out again, only McKenna hears one of his dead fellow raiders responding to his cries. As they hurry to reach the fallen man, call for another 1D3 **Luck** rolls to avoid rolling on the "Random Movement Events Table" with a +1 modifier. Again, the dead thing stirs (no **Sanity** loss this time) and attempts to release the guilt-ridden Willson McKenna from his nightmares. "You're not to blame for us dying, son. Go. Live. This place is for the dead, and you're not welcome here. *Go home.*"

McKenna's search for his fallen comrades can go on as long as the Keeper desires, with the young man and the investigators scurrying from cover to cover to find and question the dead, each of whom implores McKenna to give up the dead and try to live.

If and when the Keeper decides to end the scenario—surely no more than a couple interviews with dead soldiers should be necessary—the battlefield suddenly falls strangely silent. The gunfire stops. The mortar shells stop falling. As McKenna and the investigators lie cowering under cover, the sky lightens in the east. Unaided, McKenna rises to his feet as dawn crawls across the blasted landscape. He steps into the spreading light.

"My God," he mutters. "It's over. The war is over."

DAY THREE: POSSIBLE ENDINGS

The investigators awake with the dawn. As before, the Keeper should halve all **Sanity** losses accrued during this nightmare, and any investigator failing an INT roll has only foggy and incomplete memories of his nightmare.

If McKenna died in the dream, he has died in the real world as well. On the other hand, if the dreaming McKenna was made to realize his friends were dead through no fault of his own, the Keeper is left with two options: McKenna either comes to grips with his guilt and survives in the real world, or he accepts his guilt and dies anyway. The exact outcome is left for the Keeper to decide. And regardless of the outcome, McKenna doesn't recognize the investigators at all.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

If McKenna dies without accepting the deaths of his fellow soldiers, the investigators lose 0/1D3 **Sanity** for their inability to help the young man face his guilty conscience. If the investigators help McKenna learn he wasn't responsible for the deaths of the other trench raiders, each of them should be rewarded with 2D8 points of **Sanity**. If McKenna died in spite of their efforts, the reward should be only 1D8 points. Part of this reward comes with the understanding that they have saved Kingsporters and perhaps others from the plague of McKenna's nightmares.

The investigators may have decided McKenna's wartime nightmares and their deleterious effect on others required drastic action. If they slew him on the nightmare battlefield, or perhaps in his hospital bed in the waking world in an effort to save the populace, this mercy killing costs each of them 1D6 **Sanity**. If they killed him in his hospital bed and failed to sufficiently hide their crime they may also be charged with the young man's murder, calling for a loss of at least 1D6 Credit Rating points, or considerably more if they are actually found guilty.

Assuming McKenna survives and has overcome the guilt which caused the terrible nightmares afflicting him and anyone who came in contact with him in the dream-rich city of Kingsport, he resumes his life in Arkham. Now freed from his subconscious fears, the young man is able to live out his life in relative normalcy.

Investigators who successfully used their skills, combat and otherwise, during their dreamtime experiences may roll

THE NIGHT WAR

for skill increases, but only 1D6 points may be gained per skill. In addition, all surviving investigators may roll for a normal increase in their **Dreaming** skill, even if they don't have a starting percentage in that skill.

If the investigators slew any of the nightmare creatures encountered in The Night War, they should also receive a **Sanity** reward equal to half what is lost for encountering a creature of that type, rounded up. For example, if they killed a Skull Soldier, they should receive a reward of 1D2 points. Killing the Colossus of Corpses they should net 1D4 points of **Sanity**. Only one such reward should be gained no matter how many of those monsters are killed.

After the third night of nightmares caused by Willson McKenna's dreams, the waking world returns to normal. No more do Kingsport's residents—or the investigators—have nightmares of the Great War. Nor do the investigators suffer any more flashbacks of the war during their daytime activities. One way or another, The Night War has come to an end.

NPCs AND MONSTERS

WILSON MCKENNA, Troubled War Veteran

STR 45 CON 45 SIZ 60 INT 70 POW 50
DEX 55 APP 60 EDU 70 SAN 35 HP 10
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 40% (20/8), damage 1D3 + db, or bayonet (1D8+2 + db)

Firearms (Rifles/Shotguns) 35% (17/7), damage 2D6+4 (M1917 .30-06)

Dodge: 27% (13/5)

Skills: Accounting 20%, History 45%, Language (English) 75%, Language (French) 30%, Library Use 35%, Listen 45%, Spot Hidden 35%.

Age: 24

GHOST GAS, Spectral Predator

STR N/A CON N/A SIZ 270 INT 70 POW 90
DEX 90 HP 54
DB: N/A Build: N/A Move: 6 MP: 18

ATTACKS

Asphyxiation 100%—Everyone within the Ghost Gas must make an opposed **POW** roll against the Ghost Gas' **POW**. If the Gas wins the opposed roll, the victim loses 1D6 **HP**. For each point lost, add 1 **HP** and 5 **SIZ** to the Gas.

Armor: Normal weapons and cold don't affect the Ghost Gas. Fire does normal damage. Striking it with a torch (normal Fighting (Brawl) skill) does 1D6 points of damage. A flare gun does normal damage against it, as do explosives.

Skills: Sense Life 55%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8

SNIPER, Long Distance Slayer

STR 45 CON 65 SIZ 70 INT 25 POW 60
DEX 55 APP 30 HP 13
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 7 MP: 13

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 30% (15/6), damage 1D3 + db, or bayonet (1D8+2 + db)

Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) 40% (20/8), damage 2D6+4 (.30-06 Rifle)

Dodge: 27% (13/5)

Armor: 1 point of heavy clothing.

Skills: Spot Hidden 45%.

THE COLOSSUS OF CORPSES, Walking Death

STR 530 CON 450 SIZ 500 INT 60 POW 65
DEX 40 HP 95
DB: +12D6 Build: 13 Move: 12 MP: 13

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 35% (17/7), damage 1D6 + db, or swat (1D8 + db)

Armor: 2 points of tough skin.

Skills: Listen 30%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D8

Note: Because of its huge size, all attacks made against the Colossus are granted a Bonus die.

TRENCH CRAWLER, Carrion Collector

STR 75 CON 65 SIZ 295 INT 55 POW 50
DEX 40 HP 36
DB: +4D6 Build: 5 Move: 8 MP: 10

ATTACKS

Attacks per round: 2

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D6 + db

Grapple (mnvr) If two grapple attacks succeed, the victim is grasped by additional limbs, indicating 2D6 damage done each round thereafter unless the victim breaks free by overcoming the Crawler's **STR** with his own, in an opposed **STR** roll.

Armor: 2 points of rubbery hide and clothing.

Skills: none above base.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6

Enjoy the fishing in
MASHMOUTH





INNSMOUTH



A MOTHER'S LOVE

A DESPERATE MANHUNT FOR A GANG OF BANK ROBBERS BRINGS THE INVESTIGATORS TO SHADOWED INNSMOUTH. THE LOCAL LAW HAS RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO HELP. AS THE INVESTIGATORS SCOUR THE CRUMBLING CITY FOR THE FUGITIVES, THEY RISK STICKING THEIR NOSES WHERE THEY DON'T BELONG. THE ONLY THING MORE DANGEROUS THAN THE POWER OF AN ELDER GOD OR THE RAGE OF A SCORNE D LOVER IS A MOTHER PROTECTING HER CHILD.

KEEPER INFORMATION

Ten years ago, Tobias "Frog" Sisk left his hometown of Innsmouth to go fight in the Great War and never returned. He moved to Chicago in 1919 and fell into a life of crime. By 1924 he'd formed a gang, terrorizing banks around Ohio. But as Sisk aged, his Innsmouth blood awoke. His hair thinned and his already prominent lips widened, earning him the nickname "Frog." Unable to resist the urge to return to Innsmouth, Sisk took his gang on the road. Crossing the state line gave the Bureau of Investigation (BOI) the excuse they needed to join the hunt.

Yesterday, the Frog Gang hit the Cooperative Bank of Ipswich, making off with \$6,000. A deputy fired several shots at the fleeing Dodge but failed to stop it. They were last seen taking the narrow road to Innsmouth.

The deputy's shots struck Abe Duncan and damaged the engine. The car died a mile outside of Innsmouth. The robbers pushed it into the saltmarsh and hid it off the road, proceeding on foot. Duncan died a half mile later.

Sisk led his remaining gang to an abandoned warehouse he used to play in when he was young. They intend to hide out for a few days, then steal a car or boat to escape. Little does his gang realize, Sisk has no intention of leaving.

Today is April 6, 1927. However, if a Keeper prefers a different date, the events should unfold prior to July of 1927, when Robert Olmstead visited it in Lovecraft's tale.

Author's Note: *It is strongly recommended that Keepers be familiar with the short story "The Shadow Over Innsmouth." Much of the information provided throughout this scenario assumes a basic knowledge of this well-known setting. To repeat all of the wonderful details about the town would require far more word-space than this scenario allows.*

For the sake of continuity, several NPC personalities appear from the Chaosium title "Escape from Innsmouth" (1992). Used with permission. Keepers do not need that supplement to run this adventure, but there is consistency between them.

INVESTIGATOR INFORMATION

The robbery in Ipswich will bring the investigators to shadowed Innsmouth. The most logical reason for their involvement is that they are with law enforcement, determined to take Sisk and his gang dead or alive. Agents of the BOI and Massachusetts State Police would work with the Innsmouth Constabulary to capture these criminals before they hurt anyone or manage to escape the tightening net. This is the most ideal role for the investigators. It is strongly encouraged that at least one investigator is with the BOI.

Alternatively, the investigators might be private detectives, such as Pinkertons, who have been hired by one or more of the Frog Gang's victims. They could also be Bounty Hunters seeking the reward on these fugitives. Or the investigators could be reporters, hoping to be the first to break the story of the gang's capture and get a photograph of the notorious criminals' arrest. If the investigators are with any of these alternate roles, it will require significant roleplaying when interacting with law enforcement and to keep the investigators at the forefront of the investigation.

BACKGROUND

Eighty years ago, the coastal town of Innsmouth was taken over by the Esoteric Order of Dagon, a cult of Deep Ones wishing to breed with humans. Resisters were killed in one terrible night, leaving only the faithful and those too frightened to resist. Neighboring towns believed it was a plague that wiped out half the population. Ever since then, the once thriving community has degenerated into a shadow of its former glory. The official census reported a population of 556, though the shy residents and numerous abandoned buildings give it an impression of being half that. Residents develop the "Innsmouth Look," a

A TALE OF INNSMOUTH

term referring to the narrow heads, scabby, blue-gray skin, bulging eyes, early baldness, shriveled ears, and wrinkled neck skin that seems to worsen as they age. Neighboring communities shun Innsmouth and its inhabitants. It appears in no local maps or guidebooks. No one speaks of it outside of hateful whispers. The residents of Innsmouth are happy with that.

One resident, Tobias Sisk, hated Innsmouth and yearned to escape it. As children, twenty years ago, Tobias and his best friends, Grace Deckert and Thomas Haines, played along Innsmouth's decrepit streets. One day they broke into an abandoned warehouse and discovered a hidden grotto beneath. They rang a strange bell suspended above a pool. Eventually, several Deep Ones swam up to investigate, including Tobias's mother, Mary Sisk. She scolded her son for playing with things he could not yet understand but also told him that if he ever needed her, to ring the bell four times and she would swim to the grotto.

Tobias called her several more times over the years, coming alone, and by lamplight he talked with his mother, sharing the joys and frustrations of childhood. He expressed his unhappiness in Innsmouth, but she assured him he would learn to love it. She gave him a gold bracelet and told him that while he could not use it yet, one day it would protect him. Mary told him to keep it secret, so Tobias hid it inside the cave.

As the hybrid blood in Tobias's body recently awoke, beginning his metamorphosis, he dreamt of his mother

and those secret rendezvous. In his dreams, she told him to return home, and like any good son, he followed his mother's command.

CREATING ATMOSPHERE

Innsmouth is a town with many secrets that has descended into decay. This should never be forgotten during the entire course of the adventure. Roofs sag atop crumbling, worm-eaten buildings. A cracked bell tolls every hour, the hands of its tower clock missing. Keepers should regularly mention these details to create a mounting sense of dread and unease the longer the investigators stay in town.

Most of the residents are Deep One Hybrids and exhibit the Innsmouth look. The townsfolk are suspicious of these outsiders and lawmen who have invaded their sanctuary and will do little to hide their contempt. Conversations will abruptly silence as the investigators enter a room or turn a street corner. Many locals will avert their eyes from the investigators, while others will stare at them with open curiosity. Neither should feel particularly welcoming. Interactions with most of the locals will be short, the residents answering most questions nonverbally with nods, shrugs, even the occasional grunt. Locals will feel more comfortable if the investigators are in the company of Constable Birch.

There are few cars in Innsmouth and a noticeable lack of dogs or cats. Any bloodhounds or other dogs brought in to assist with the manhunt will become agitated within a half-



mile of the town, whimpering, crying, and unable to perform. This unusual behavior should be noted by any of their handlers who don't understand what is affecting their dogs.

Most of the buildings are vacant and left to decay, their paint peeling and weeds growing from neglected window boxes. Many of the abandoned homes and warehouses are boarded up. Several of these house residents who have advanced in their transformation so far that they are kept from the public eye. Others contain horrors such as shoggoths or the deformed hybrid monstrosities with malformed features such as tentacled faces and underdeveloped wings. Investigators should feel the eyes watching them from darkened windows and cupolas. A **Hard Spot Hidden** will catch an inhuman silhouette or a bulging-eyed face before heavy curtains fall back into place, provoking a **Sanity** roll (0/1). The local law enforcement will actively try to steer the investigators away from any streets and building that house these secret residents.

If investigators interview anyone who may have known Sisk (such as Constable Elliot Ropes) and ask about known friends or associates when Sisk was growing up in town, they will be told that Sisk spent most of his time with Grace Deckert and Thomas Haines. Haines died in the war, but Grace Deckert still lives in Innsmouth.

THE FROG GANG

Not a lot is known about the gang, but police have assembled some information that the investigators receive at the start of the adventure.

THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

The BOI will be leading the investigation. Because of the manhunt's size, they will use the state and local police to aid them. Their objective is to capture Sisk and his gang alive and to recover the stolen money. If nothing else, the Frog Gang's crime spree will end in Innsmouth one way or another.

If the investigators are not BOI agents, the federal investigation will be led by Agent Jack Malone. Due to the limited telephone system in Innsmouth, Malone will set up his command center in an Ipswich hotel. The truth is that he finds the Gilman House hotel unsettling and will use the excuse and his power to stay elsewhere.

If the investigators are BOI agents, then Malone will assign them the task of stopping the gang but will remain in the Boston office, requesting daily telephone reports. Because Innsmouth is the most likely place that the outlaws are hiding, he will order them to stay in the Gilman House so that they may be available to deal with the culprits at a moment's notice. If the investigators don't think to do so, he will tell them to assign the limited State Police to guard-

ing the East India Marine Merchants Bank and the Marsh Refinery, and patrolling the docks and outer roads, leaving the investigation to the players' investigators. There are six state police officers at their disposal.

Local police in Ipswich, Essex, and Rowley have set checkpoints at the roads to Innsmouth outside of their towns, as well as along the abandoned railway track. Malone is confident they have the Frog Gang trapped long enough for the agents to find them.

THE COOPERATIVE BANK OF IPSWICH

Located on Market Street in Ipswich, the bank is the last known sighting of the Frog Gang. This is where the investigation will likely begin after the two-hour drive from Boston. The bank has reopened but is slow. A worker on a ladder is plastering over a hole in the ceiling. Witness interviews will say that Sisk and three accomplices stormed the bank shortly after 1:00 pm on Tuesday, April 5. Sisk fired a single revolver shot into the ceiling and told everyone to lie down. Kammire robbed the people in the lobby as Soto and Duncan plundered the safe. The entire incident lasted little more than two minutes. Witnesses will say that they knew Sisk was from Innsmouth before they knew who he was because he had the "look."

Deputy Geoffrey Kinsella heard the shot from down the street and arrived as the gang was escaping in a Dodge sedan. Wynne was at the wheel. Kinsella emptied his .38 revolver at the fleeing robbers and knows he struck one because he saw blood splatter an inside window. Soto returned fire with a Thompson submachine gun, forcing Deputy Kinsella to dive for cover. The sedan was last seen racing east along the road to Innsmouth.

LOCATING THE ABANDONED CAR AND DUNCAN

The car is hidden in the saltmarsh reeds thirty feet off of the elevated road between Ipswich and Innsmouth. Investigators making a successful **Spot Hidden** along the road will notice it. If they fail to find it, they will be notified of its discovery within two hours of first reaching Innsmouth.

The front wheels of the black sedan are completely sunken in mud and it will require a truck to pull it out. The rear window is broken. Four bullet holes mar the exterior. Blood, broken glass, and several .45 caliber shells litter the inside. The area stinks of spilled gasoline, marsh rot, and a strange fishy odor. Any bloodhounds will become restless when they encounter the fishy stink.

Investigators making a Regular **Spot Hidden** or **Track** roll will notice footprint, including several large, webbed prints around the car (Deep Ones). If they make a **Hard Track** roll, they will find the older footprints of the culprits leading off into the marsh toward town.

A TALE OF INNSMOUTH

Department of Justice, Bureau of Investigation

TOBIAS "FROG" SISK, 29, LEADER

5'11" Thinning brown hair. Large green eyes. Abnormally wide lips. Dislikes being called Frog.

Born in Innsmouth, Massachusetts. Served in the 28th Infantry Division during the war. Relocated to Chicago 1919, then Cleveland in 1921.

Criminal Record: 1920, Chicago, served nine months for stabbing a man who called him "fish lips." Suspected of multiple burglaries. Linked to nine bank robberies and fifteen car thefts in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts since 1924.

REWARD: \$400.

ABE DUNCAN, 30, CO-LEADER

6'2" Blonde hair. Blue left eye, brown right eye. Prominent nose. Walks with a limp.

Born in Chicago, Illinois. Served in the 28th Infantry Division.

Criminal Record: Known safecracker. Suspected of murder in a 1926 robbery in Pennsylvania.

REWARD: \$300.

PEARL KAMMIRE, 24

5'4" Curly brown hair. Purple knife scar along left cheek. Known for extremely violent temper.

Born in Peoria, Illinois.

Criminal Record: Multiple arrests for larceny and prostitution starting in 1919. Bludgeoned a bank teller with a pistol butt in Ohio, 1925.

REWARD: \$200.

ROBERTO SOTO, 28

5'8" Black hair, brown eyes. Moustache. Slender build. Known for taunting victims by inserting guns into their mouths.

Born in Puerto Rico. Moved to New York in 1918. Worked as an auto mechanic.

Criminal Record: Convicted of car theft, Chicago, 1920. Suspected of arson.

REWARD: \$200.

TEDDY WYNNE, 31, DRIVER

6'0" Bald. Brown eyes. Large build. Missing portion of right ear. Reputation for being a fearless driver.

Born in Minooka, Illinois.

Criminal Record: Bootlegging, car theft, assault. Struck and killed a 15-year-old boy while fleeing a robbery in Ohio.

REWARD: \$200.

Following the trail, or a **Spot Hidden** check to notice the circling buzzards, the investigators will discover Abe Duncan's body. His bloated corpse is partially submerged and has been picked at by animals. Blood stains a poorly bandaged gunshot wound in his left side. A successful **Medicine** roll will verify that this was done by a .38 and is the cause of his death (the shot fired by Deputy Kinsella). Duncan's .45 holster is empty.

Investigators disturbing the body will be attacked by a pair of Carnivorous Crustaceans. These strange animals can grow up to a foot in length. They resemble crabs and prehistoric trilobites, and are commonly found in areas inhabited by Deep Ones. A successful **Science (Biology)** or **Natural World** verifies that these resemble no known species.

Investigators will lose the Frog Gang's trail shortly past Duncan's corpse.

THE INNSMOUTH CONSTABULARY

The small Innsmouth police force operates from the Innsmouth Jail at 504 Main Street. It has a working phone and a single battered police car. All members of the constabulary are hybrids loyal to the Esoteric Order of Dagon.

CHIEF CONSTABLE ANDREW MARTIN

The Chief Constable is an imposing man with a flat nose, scraggly blond hair, and bulging blue eyes. His principal concern is the death of Tobias Sisk and his gang. He sees Sisk as a traitor for leaving Innsmouth and Sisk's bringing such unwanted attention to the town is unforgivable. Martin understands that there a lot of eyes on Innsmouth and that dead or missing officers will only make matters worse. He wishes to steer the investigators away from certain areas of the town that house its more sinister secrets. He will attempt to assign Constable Nathan Birch to accompany the BOI agents, claiming that since the locals are leery of outsiders, Birch could greatly help the investigators when dealing with them. Martin will report all activity back to the Order, and if the investigators learn too much about Innsmouth he will arrange for some "accident" to befall them before they can leave town.

CONSTABLE NATHAN BIRCH

Birch is a pudgy man with stooped shoulders hidden beneath a ratty overcoat. He hides his hands in his pockets as much as possible to conceal their pronouncedly webbed fingers. (Hard **Spot Hidden** to notice because Birch uses **Sleight of Hand** to hide his deformity.) His wide grin borders between friendly and sinister. Birch is crafty and will

try very hard to earn the investigators' trust, pretending to share small confidences with them. He carries a sawed-off shotgun beneath his coat. If the investigators are not with any law enforcement, Birch will follow them under the guise of keeping them out of trouble since there are dangerous criminals on the loose.

CONSTABLE ELLIOT ROPES

Constable Ropes is a hulking and ugly hybrid with scaling skin and a protruding jaw. His stubby fingers curl into his palms like loose fists. He has a croaking voice and speaks as little as possible to outsiders. Ropes remembers Sisk from their youth. He calls Sisk a dreamer who was never content with what he had, leaving his daddy to die alone.

Innsmouth Police Details about Tobias Sisk

- ✂ Tobias was born January 20, 1898, to Ezekiel and Mary Sisk.
- ✂ Tobias left Innsmouth in 1917 to fight in the Great War. No one has heard from him since.
- ✂ Mary Sisk died during childbirth. (Lie—She is a Deep One.)
- ✂ Ezekiel Sisk died of pneumonia in 1925. (Lie—Ezekiel took to the water in 1925.)
- ✂ The Sisk House is located in the Northern Residential District at 407 Hancock Street. It has stood empty since Ezekiel's departure.

If asked for, the death certificates for Ezekiel and Mary Sisk are available at the Innsmouth Assembly Hall's Hall of Records. The certificates are all in order, but investigators will notice that they are listed as "Buried at Sea." If they ask why that is, they will be told that many followers of Father Dagon choose this option of burial. A **Psychology** roll may detect that there is more to the story than just that.

DR. ROWLEY MARSH

The local doctor operates out of a small brick storefront on Main Street. His son Ralsa practices law in this building as well. Neither of them have renewed their licenses in years, but investigators will need to make a successful **Law** roll to see them. Doctor Marsh is Innsmouth's Medical Examiner and will perform any medical or autopsy needs.

He is stocky with flaky skin and a jutting jaw. He brushes his thin hair forward into a widow's peak and walks with a cane. Being a grandson of Captain Obed Marsh, Rowley is ashamed of his apparent inability to complete his transformation. His work has suffered because of this and is extremely sloppy.

THE ESOTERIC ORDER OF DAGON

Based in the former Masonic Temple, a black sign above the pediment reads, "Esoteric Order of Dagon," in faded gold letters. The heavy door is locked and off-limits to non-worshippers. Outsiders caught inside the sacred temple will likely never leave.

The Order is ruled by Robert Marsh, great-grandson of Captain Obed Marsh, the Order's founder. Robert is an advanced hybrid and hides his deformities beneath voluminous blue-green robes. He will not willingly meet with the investigators and gives his followers orders to say that he is unavailable.

Pushy investigators demanding entry will be met with one of the lesser priests who will ask them to leave unless they have a warrant. There are always 1D6 lesser priests in attendance.

THE MARSH REFINING COMPANY

Situated alongside the Manuxet River the Marsh Refinery occupies a blocky brick structure. Once it had produced large numbers of gold ingots, but now only one of its chimney stacks appears to be operating. The half-dozen part-time workers are all hybrids. The business is owned by Barnabas Marsh but the day-to-day operation is managed by his grandson, Jacob.

Senior BOI Agent Jack Malone fears that the Frog Gang might attempt to steal any gold within the refinery and will order one State Police officer to guard it at all times.

EAST INDIA MARINE MERCHANTS BANK

This dingy brick building is one of the oldest in Innsmouth and was constructed when it was a bustling port. Now it stands nearly vacant with only one or two tellers at any time. It houses a small Marine Merchants museum that displays many artifacts from around the world as well as models of Innsmouth's most famous ships. There is almost no capital in the bank's ancient safe, but the BOI will still assign one State Police officer to patrol the bank in case the Frog Gang decides to strike it.

THE HARBOR

Situated at the mouth of the Manuxet, the Innsmouth Harbor is lined with abandoned stone and brick warehouses. Rotting and warped wharves jut into the harbor. Many decayed and half-sunken boats bob along their sides, still

tied with moldy mooring lines. A fishy stench dominates the area. A shattered lighthouse stands at the end of a weathered stone breakwater that protects the harbor from the Atlantic.

Sand from the Manuxet has choked most of the harbor, leaving it only seven or eight feet deep in most places. A few fishing boats navigate the narrow channels. Most people encountered in this area are shuffling Deep One Hybrids that reside in the fisherman shacks along the shore.

Fearing the Frog Gang might try to steal a boat to escape, Senior Agent Jack Malone will assign two State Police officers to patrol the area.

THE GILMAN HOUSE HOTEL

Located on New Town Square, Innsmouth's only hotel is the five-story Gilman House. Rooms are \$2 a night and no meals are provided. Guests are advised to visit the Innsmouth Café (also on the square). The rooms are simple, dusty, have poor and often missing deadbolts. Each has a single bed, a single window, a washbasin, and an old dresser that might or might not have all of its drawer handles. Rooms can connect by a single door between them. There is one shared bathroom per floor and no fire escapes (a violation of state safety regulations). State and Federal police will be housed on the fifth floor. Any other guests will be placed on the fourth.

The elderly daytime desk manager, George Habbit, is human, and completely loyal to the Order. He is quiet and feigns partial deafness to avoid answering any questions about Innsmouth. Questioning him will require a Hard **Charm** or **Persuade** check to get most basic information. A successful **Psychology** roll will reveal the old man is less deaf than he pretends (his hearing is in fact quite good).

The night manager, Charles Gilman, is a sullen-looking hybrid. Gilman is 26 and has no memory of Tobias Sisk save for a vague recollection before Sisk left for war.

The hotel's single telephone is located at the desk.

Many nosey guests at the Gilman House are dealt with in the night. However, with the currently heightened police presence, Gilman will not resort to kidnappings at the hotel outside of the direst circumstances.

The third floor houses three of the more advanced hybrids, barely capable of passing as human in even the dimmest light. At night, a successful **Listen** check will hear the occasional footsteps or their croaking, slobbery voices muttering below. A fishy smell permeates the entire third floor. Depending on how long the investigators stay in Innsmouth, these residents will be quietly escorted to a different location around 2 am on the second night until the interlopers have left. Anyone caught witnessing this will be dealt with.

USING THE TELEPHONE

All calls made through Innsmouth's limited telephone system are routed through the switchboard operator, Moira Pierce, a 58-year-old hybrid operating out of her house. Moira listens to strangers' calls and reports any suspicious activity to the Order and to Chief Constable Martin.

All calls going in or out of Innsmouth must go through the switchboard. If Moira suspects that any caller might share information about Innsmouth's secrets, she will abruptly terminate the call, apologizing that she is unable to reconnect them.

OCCURRENCES IN TOWN

Several events may occur while the investigators explore Innsmouth.

LOCAL CHILDREN

As the investigators are exploring the town, they will encounter several dirty children playing skip rope in the streets. The children sing a familiar-sounding nursery song, though the words have been changed.

(Set to Ring Around the Rosie)

*Look beneath the water
You will find the father
Dagon! Dagon!
Iä! Y'ha-nthlei!*

If the children are asked as to the song's meaning, they will giggle, say something to the effect of, "he's in the water," then run away. There is no helpful information to be gained, but the encounter should help establish the mood for the adventure.

SHOGGOTH'S SONG

A spring thunderstorm rolls in on the first night, starting at 11:30. Flashes of lightning will momentarily illuminate the sky, silhouetting the angular roofs and casting harsh shadows across the streets. During the height of this storm, one of the shoggoths hidden in the slums will begin piping "Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!" This call will be answered by another on the opposite side of town. This will continue for two minutes. With the sound of the thunder, rain, and crashing waves in the harbor, it will require a **Listen** check to hear (Regular difficulty if outside. Hard difficulty if the investigator is inside a building), provoking a **Sanity** roll (0/1). Because of the storm and echoes, the source of the piping will be impossible to pinpoint.



MISSING POLICEMAN

On the morning of the second day the investigators are in town, one of the State Policemen is missing. Keepers can decide if the officer was scheduled to patrol one of the town locations or was to have been in the hotel. There is no trace of the officer at all, save any effects left in his hotel room. Chief Constable Martin will claim the Frog Gang must be at fault. Or if the officer was stationed at the harbor, it's possible they fell into the water during the storm and were swept away. "The current is deceptively strong."

In truth, the officer stuck his nose in where it didn't belong and the Esoteric Order of Dagon had him killed.

WYNNE'S APPEARANCE

This scene can occur at any time or location the Keeper desires. Teddy Wynne, the gang's getaway driver, saw something outside the hideout window and has gone insane. He has stolen \$1,200 from the heist loot and has made a break for it, desperate to get out of town. Either on foot, or by stealing a car or boat, it makes no difference to him. Wynne will be erratic. He will make no sense as he shouts that he saw "things" in the water.

He will be armed with his .38 pistol, but Keepers may want to have him attack and disarm one of the State Police officers prior to encountering the investigators. If investigators shoot him down, Wynne will fall, loose money spilling from his jacket and fluttering down around him.

Wynne will shoot at anyone trying to stop him, but investigators may hide behind cover and attempt to talk some reason into him. If an investigator makes a Hard **Charm** or **Persuade** roll to talk Wynne down and possibly surrender or give up his friends' hideout location, Wynne will say, "Toby is one of 'em too," and take his own life. The manner in which he does this (self-inflicted gunshot, charging into a hail of bullets, jumping out of a window, or biting off his tongue and bleeding to death) is up to the Keeper. He will never reveal the hideout's location.

THE SISK HOUSE

Located at the corner of Hancock Street and Southwick Street is the crumbling two-story home where Tobias Sisk was raised. The lock on the front door is crude, granting a bonus dice to **Locksmith** rolls. Otherwise, it can be broken with a successful **STR** check.

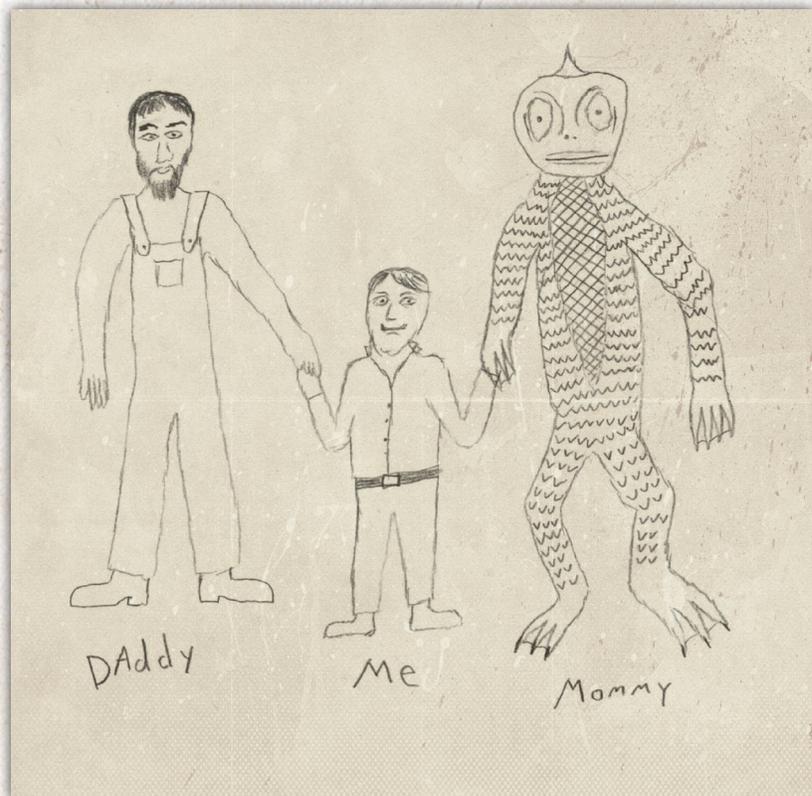
A single board is nailed across the rear entrance, but the door itself is ajar. Leaves have blown inside and are scattered across the floor. Rain from the open doorway has rotted the wood just inside the back door. Investigators that don't attempt to bypass the rotting boards will need to make a **Luck** roll. Failure indicates that a board breaks. The investigator will need to make a successful **DEX** check or suffer 1D2 damage as their foot plunges through the soft wood.

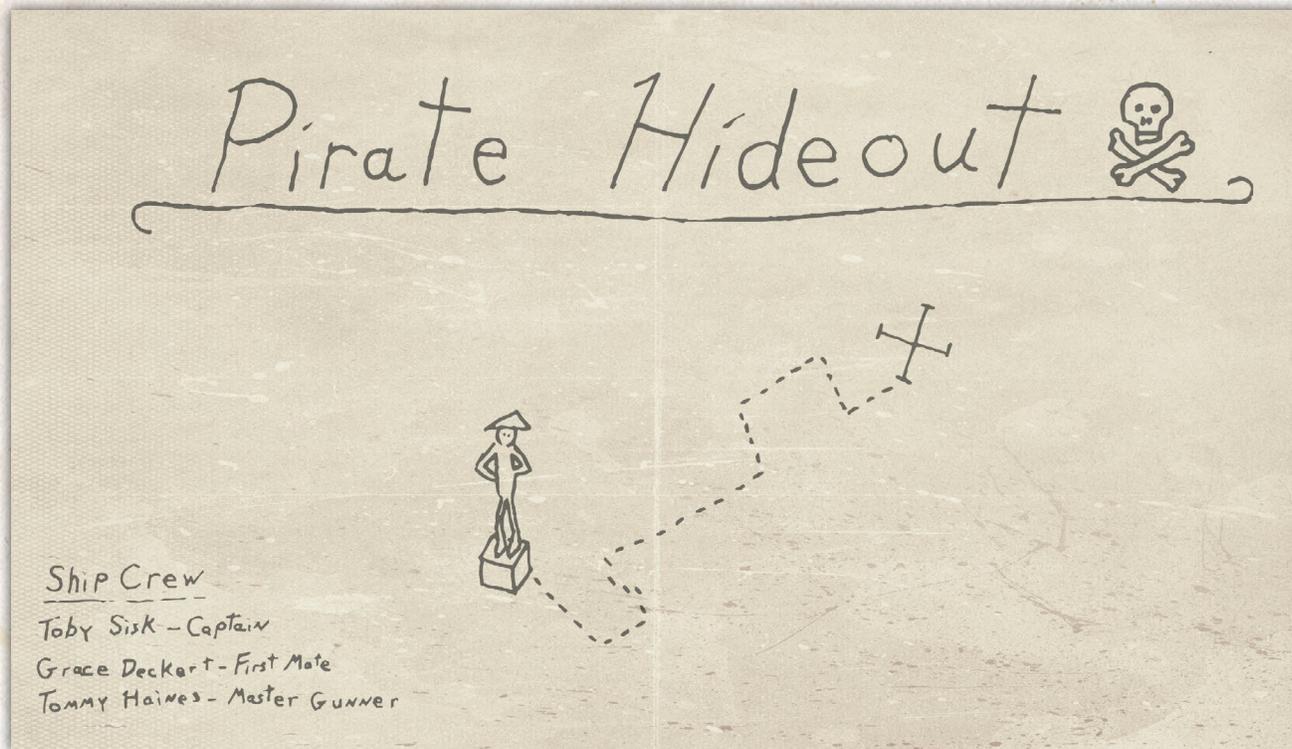
The house is dark. The power has been disconnected for years. Save for a radio, couch, and utensils that were looted (the reason for the broken door) everything inside is as it was when Ezekiel Sisk departed. A successful **Spot Hidden** will note that there are no photographs of Mary Sisk on display (or to be found anywhere).

The creaking stairs will incur a Penalty Die for investigators wishing to use **Stealth** skills.

Except for dust and a rat nest in the mattress, Tobias Sisk's room is unchanged since the day he left for war ten years ago. A successful **Spot Hidden** roll will discover a picture tucked inside the dresser. Drawn on butcher's paper when Tobias was nine, the image depicts two crude human figures holding hands, one labeled "Daddy" and the other "Me." Tobias is also holding the hand of a hideous frog-headed monster. Much detail was given to its scaly skin and webbed feet. It is labeled "Mommy." Investigators making a successful **Cthulhu Mythos** check will need to make a **Sanity** roll (0/1).

A successful **Spot Hidden** will also find a rolled paper inside an old beer bottle. This is a crude map that leads to "Pirate Hideout." A successful **INT** roll can make it clear that the image of a figure standing atop a square block is





that of the Obed Marsh memorial statue located at the intersection of Fall, South, and Marsh Streets. Of course, the investigators must have explored Innsmouth enough to have encountered this statue before they can make this conclusion. It is also possible they could mistake the statue depicted as the headless Revolutionary War Memorial statue located at the corner of Church and Fish Streets.

Starting from the image of the statue, a dotted line wanders before coming to a large X. The left side of the page lists the “Ship Crew.” Beneath that are the names Toby Sisk – Captain, Grace Deckert – First Mate, and Thomas Haines – Master Gunner. Following the map from the Obed Marsh Memorial to Sisk’s hideout will require a **Navigation** or **Hard INT** roll due to how crudely it’s drawn.

GRACE DECKERT

Born and raised in Innsmouth, Grace Deckert works at the local fish packing houses. While her hybrid blood has begun transforming her body, Grace is still fairly attractive. She conceals her thinning, brown hair beneath a hat and wears large men’s shoes to cover her oversized, webbed feet. The slight bulge to her fiercely green eyes is softened by wire-rimmed glasses.

Growing up, she spent all of her time with Tobias Sisk and Thomas Haines. Many called them the Three Musketeers. She fell in love with Sisk and he promised to marry her when he returned from the war. Instead, Haines was killed in action, Sisk never returned, and Grace was left heartbroken and alone. She never married. Instead, Grace plunged herself deep into the worship of Father Dagon and Mother Hydra, becoming a well-respected priestess.



A TALE OF INNSMOUTH



Her former relationship with Sisk is no secret, though locals know better than to talk to her about it. If asked, she will explain that Sisk was her fiancée and that she hadn't even known he was still alive until she heard about his crimes on the radio last year. She has had no contact with him in ten years. A successful **Psychology** roll will reveal this to be true and detect the underlying anger she still holds.

If asked of any places she believes Sisk might be hiding, she will suggest his family home or the abandoned railway station where they used to go hang out. She won't think of the old "Pirate Hideout" where she, Sisk, and Haines used to play when they were children. If investigators bring her the map found in the Sisk House she will tell them where it is but will want to come with them under the pretense that maybe she can help talk him into surrendering. Her rank in the Esoteric Order of Dagon means that any followers helping the investigators won't argue with her and will try to coax the investigators into letting her join them. Investigators will have to use **Charm**, **Persuade**, or **Intimidate** to refuse the offer, but even then, Grace will go to the hideout using a different path than the investigators.

Alternatively, if the investigators missed discovering the map in the Sisk House, or become stuck in the investigation, Keepers could have Grace remember the hideout and tell them about it.

Years of anger about Sisk leaving her, and jealous hatred toward his reported girlfriend, Pearl Kammire, has finally boiled into a rage at the idea Sisk might be using their old childhood hideout together. That was where she and Sisk had first kissed. Grace intends on killing Pearl with her *Breath of the Deep* spell and then killing Sisk with her ceremonial knife for his betrayal.

THE HIDEOUT

The Frog gang is hiding inside one of the many abandoned brick and stone warehouses near the southern side of the harbor, two blocks from the water. Slatted upper windows give a commanding view of both the water from one side and frontal street from the other. Heavy chains with rusted padlocks seal the doors. The locks can no longer be opened. Sturdy storm shutters cover the large windows. A tarnished brass plaque on the front lists the former owning family as Waite. There are two working entrances to the building.

The first is a grate along the northern side. Hidden behind a weedy pile of broken bricks, the grate appears in place but can be easily moved aside. A successful **Spot Hidden** will reveal footprints near the brick piles, while a successful **Track** will confirm that the prints belong to four individuals leading to the grate, and one set of prints (Wynne's) exiting sometime later.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Investigators entering the warehouse, either by crawling through the open grate or by cutting the door chains, will find themselves in a cluttered maze of debris. Stacked barrels and crates form narrow walkways. The center of the warehouse has been mostly cleared out, save for a pair of old horse carts.

It smells of dust, old wood, and rat droppings. The only light is what little finds its way through the shutter gaps and a single kerosene lantern hanging beside one of the carts, now serving as the gang's table. Unless they bring a light or open the doors or window shutters, investigators will receive a Penalty Die on all **Spot Hidden** rolls for the first five rounds until their eyes adjust to the gloom.

Roberto Soto has positioned himself along the upper walkway, performing the role of lookout. If he hears or sees the authorities closing in, he will notify Pearl Kammire below. Once it becomes clear that the police intend on entering, he will fire from the upper slatted window above the front or rear entrances. Because the windows are on opposite sides of the building, it takes one full round for him to move between them.

If he hears or sees the investigators once they're inside, he will hide in the upper loft and wait for a good moment to ambush them once they're in the open. A Hard **Spot Hidden** or Regular **Listen** check will notice him.

The second entrance is a wide double-trapdoor. Tobias and his friends discovered this when they were children and descended the stone steps into an underground grotto they named, "Pirates Hideout." A pool in the back of the cave leads to a flooded tunnel out to the harbor.

An eight-foot-long bronze tube bell hangs from a chain above the pool, the bottom foot of the bell below the water surface. The bell, covered in strange archaic symbols, was erected in the early days of the Esoteric Order of Dagon's plan to smuggle Deep Ones into the town. It hasn't been used for this purpose in over fifty years and has since been forgotten. Anyone striking the bell will notify the Deep Ones. For this reason, Tobias has ordered his gang not to touch it and has forbidden them entry into the grotto. None of them could swim the six hundred feet of pitch-black tunnel to escape, so there's no reason they should be down there.

Tobias has yet to sound the bell to summon his mother. He's afraid of what she'll say or do because of what he has done. He dug up the bag of "pirate loot" he and his friends had buried here so long ago and among the shiny buttons,

seashells, and other baubles, he found his mother's bracelet. While it did nothing when he was a child, now that his Deep One blood has awoken, it grants him access to the *Wrack* spell. Tobias has decided that if the authorities find the hideout, he will use this spell to slay his enemies, destroying the threat he brought to his beloved Innsmouth, and only then would he call his mother. If he hears the alarm or fighting above, Tobias will emerge from the trapdoor set to destroy the attackers.

If the fight goes poorly, and Tobias knows it is lost, he will return to the grotto and summon Mary Sisk for her help and forgiveness.

Desperate to know if her son is safe, Mary Sisk waits in the harbor for the bell's toll. If she hears it, even once, she will hurriedly swim up the flooded tunnel to see her son. It will take her 6 rounds from the ringing of the bell before she arrives. If the bell is rung, and it is not Tobias, or worse yet, those seeking to harm him, she will attack with all the fury of an angry mother.

WANTED



Tobias Sisk, 29 years old. 5'11". Thinning brown hair. Large green eyes.

If you have any information concerning this person, please notify the authorities.

\$400 REWARD

THE REMAINING FROG GANG

TOBIAS SISK

Tobias' already weakened sanity cracked with the death of his long-time friend and war-buddy Abe Duncan. Once breathing the Innsmouth air and reclaiming his mother's gift, he lost all grip on his humanity. His shirt and shoes have been discarded, revealing the scabrous skin beneath. His large feet are webbed. He carries his pistol tucked into his trousers and the strange bracelet glistens from his right wrist.

PEARL KAMMIRE

Pearl's sanity began crumbling when she first suspected that she was pregnant with Tobias's child. She's in her third month and is only now beginning to show. As Tobias's physical condition rapidly deteriorated, her fears for her baby have only grown. She hasn't told anyone about the pregnancy but will, if anyone attacks her (in hopes of getting them to lower their guard). Once combat begins, and she knows all is lost, she could be talked into surrender (Bonus Dice to **Intimidate** or **Persuade** rolls to convince her to give up if she is below half hit points).

Once the hideout has been discovered, she will notify Tobias and then hide, hoping to sneak up on any intruders with her knife.

ROBERTO SOTO

Roberto has no intention of being captured. He's embraced the mythological gangster lifestyle and considers dying in battle to be glorious. But if he has the chance, he'll flee for the docks and steal a boat. He's currently hiding in the upper loft, checking the slatted windows and keeping an eye toward the grate entrance in case the coward Teddy Wynne comes sneaking back. If combat starts, he will fire from behind cover. He has set up several places he can use as firing positions onto the lower warehouse.

AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARS

The Innsmouth constabulary will not allow Sisk to be captured. If need be, Birch will shoot Sisk and claim he saw a gun. Grace Deckert will happily use *Breath of the Deep* on Tobias even if he's unconscious or in custody. Chief Martin will insist that Sisk's body be turned over to him, and that any autopsy be performed by the Innsmouth coroner. It will require a **Law** roll for him to grudgingly allow it out of Innsmouth.

What the investigators have witnessed in Innsmouth will determine whether Chief Martin intends to let them live. While they may have seen many unusual things, as long as the investigators don't pry too hard into them, he'll offer simple excuses and tell them that the case is closed. If the investigators witnessed magic, such as *Wrack* or *Breath of the Deep*, he might offer explanations referring to the 1846 epidemic that decimated the population and how the warehouse hasn't been used since those dark days.

If Mary Sisk makes an appearance, any Innsmouth residents present will immediately turn their attacks on any outsiders that might have seen her. A few well-placed shotgun blasts will mask any claw wounds on the dead investigators' bodies when they're turned over to the authorities.

MARY SISK'S BRACELET

The thick bracelet is of a whitish gold alloy with a pink coral stone at its center. There is a distinct aquatic theme to the flowing, tentacled design. A **Science (Anthropology)** roll will link it to similar pieces housed in both the Newburyport Historical Society and the Miskatonic University Museum in Arkham. A successful **Appraise** will determine an estimated value of \$200, though investigators aware of the anthropological connection can get five times that with collectors.

Its magical powers are only usable to someone with Deep One blood. Followers of Dagon will instantly know the artifact's significance.

Constable Martin will insist the piece is of great local significance. He will truthfully say that he does not know how the item came into Sisk's possession. It will require a separate **Law** check for him to allow the bracelet to leave Innsmouth, and only under the promise that it be returned shortly.

REWARDS AND REPERCUSSIONS

Investigators who assisted in the killing or capture of any known fugitives will split any reward money between them. Remember that members of law enforcement, being public servants, are ineligible to collect any bounty for criminals.

Recovering the stolen money earns the investigators 1 SAN point.

Investigators who manage to capture Roberto Soto or Teddy Wynne alive receive 1 SAN for each of them. If they capture Pearl Kammire, saving her unborn child, they earn 1D3 SAN. However, investigators who kill Pearl Kammire, while knowing of her pregnancy, lose 1D4 SAN. Capturing Tobias Sisk and bringing him to justice earns them 1D3 SAN, while killing Tobias Sisk gives them 1D4 SAN.

Killing Mary Sisk earns them each 1D6 SAN.

NPCs AND MONSTERS

JACK MALONE, Senior BOI Agent, Hands-Off Supervisor

STR 50 CON 65 SIZ 60 INT 75 POW 60
 DEX 55 APP 50 EDU 70 SAN 52 HP 12
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 6 MP: 12

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 60% (30/12), damage 1D3 + db
 Firearms (Handgun) 70% (35/14), damage 1D10. (Colt .38 revolver)
 Dodge 27% (13/5)
Skills: Drive Auto 55%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 60%, Law 55%,
 Persuade 40%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Age: 40

Quotes: "Half the job is solving crimes. The other half is politics."
 "You represent the Bureau, and therefore the United States government."

TYPICAL STATE POLICE/BOI AGENT

STR 60 CON 60 SIZ 55 INT 65 POW 50
 DEX 55 APP 55 EDU 60 SAN 50 HP 11
 DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 55% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db, or nightstick 1D6 + db
 Firearms (Handgun) 60% (30/12), damage 1D10. (.38 Colt revolver)
 Firearms (Shotgun) 50% (25/10), damage 4D6/2D6/1D6. (Pump 12-gauge)
 Dodge 40% (20/8)
Skills: Law 55%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 55%, Stealth 45%.
 Age: varies.
Quotes: "We'll catch these crooks, one way or another."

TYPICAL POLICE BLOODHOUND

STR 35 CON 50 SIZ 35 INT N/A POW 35
 DEX 70 HP 8
 DB: -1 Build: -1 Move: 12 MP: 7

ATTACKS

Fighting (Bite) 50% (25/10), damage 1D6 + db
 Dodge 42% (21/8)
Skills: Listen 75%, Smell 95%.
Sanity Loss: 1/1D6
Quotes: "Woof"
Note: Dogs will become agitated and whine within a half-mile of Innsmouth, refusing to perform unless an **Animal Handling** roll is made. Once inside Innsmouth, they will not be able to follow a scent and will require a Hard **Animal Handling** check every 12 hours or they will attempt to flee town.

CARNIVOROUS CRUSTACEAN

STR 45 CON 10 SIZ 5 INT N/A POW 35
 DEX 50 HP 1
 DB: none. Build: -2 Move: 4 MP: 7

ATTACKS

Fighting Attacks: These creatures attack through stealth, silently creeping up on their prey (**Spot Hidden** to notice their approach), then hooking their claws into their victim's leg. They hang on tenaciously with a 45 STR until they are either forcibly removed or killed. They inflict one point of damage per round. Suffering a surprise attack from one requires a **Sanity** roll (1/1D3).

Fighting (Claw) 40% (20/8), damage 1 point

Dodge 35% (17/7)

Armor: 2 points.

Skills: Stealth 60% (in water 80%).

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2

ANDREW MARTIN, Chief Constable, Deep One Hybrid

STR 80 CON 70 SIZ 80 INT 65 POW 70
 DEX 50 APP 40 EDU 40 SAN 0 HP 15
 DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 8 MP: 14

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 75% (37/15), damage 1D3 + db
 Firearms (Handgun) 55% (27/11), damage 1D10+2. (.45 revolver)
 Dodge 30% (15/6)
Skills: Climb 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Drive Auto 35%, Jump 45%, Law 40%, Listen 55%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 60%, Stealth 40%, Track 25%.
 Age: 31
Quotes: "I won't be having random house searches. This is America and we have laws." "If Sisk is in this town, we'll find him."

NATHAN BIRCH, Wily Old Constable, Deep One Hybrid

STR 75 CON 70 SIZ 75 INT 60 POW 60
 DEX 75 APP 50 EDU 45 SAN 0 HP 14
 DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 8 MP: 12

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 65% (32/13), damage 1D3 + db
 Firearms (Shotgun) 65% (32/13), damage 4D6/1D6. (Sawed-off double-barrel 12-gauge)
 Dodge 37% (18/7)
Skills: Drive Auto 55%, Jump 55%, Law 45%, Listen 40%, Psychology 25%, Sleight of Hand 55%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 50%, Track 40%.
 Age: 37
Quotes: "The locals can be a bit suspicious of outsiders. They'll be more comfortable if you have a familiar face with you."

A TALE OF INNSMOUTH

ELLIOT ROPES, Brutish Constable, Deep One Hybrid

STR 85 CON 80 SIZ 80 INT 50 POW 45
DEX 60 APP 30 EDU 35 SAN 0 HP 16
DB: +1D6 Build: 2 Move: 8 MP: 9

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 85% (42/17), damage 1D3 + db

Firearms (Handgun) 35% (17/7), damage 1D10. (.38 revolver)

Dodge 35% (17/7)

Skills: Climb 55%, Law 10%, Listen 30%, Spot Hidden 35%, Track 45%.

Age: 26

Quotes: "Sisk shoulda' died in the war. Saved us a heapa' trouble."

DR. ROWLEY MARSH, Rueful Physician, Deep One Hybrid

STR 40 CON 45 SIZ 65 INT 70 POW 80
DEX 40 APP 40 EDU 90 SAN 0 HP 11
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 4 MP: 16

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 35% (17/7), damage 1D3 + db, or scalpel 1D4 + db

Dodge 20% (10/4)

Skills: Credit Rating 65%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, First Aid 60%, Law 20%, Medicine 50%, Persuade 55%, Psychoanalysis 30%, Psychology 50%, Science (Biology) 25%, Science (Chemistry), 40% Science (Pharmacy) 45%.

Age: 68

Quotes: "I've delivered every baby and signed every certificate of death in Innsmouth for forty years. Don't tell me how to do my job."

ROBERT MARSH, Devoted High Priest of Dagon, Deep One Hybrid

STR 65 CON 75 SIZ 70 INT 80 POW 110
DEX 65 APP 30 EDU 70 SAN 0 HP 14
DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 8 MP: 22

ATTACKS

Fighting (Claws) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 + db

Fighting (Sacrificial Dagger) 70% (35/14) 1D4 + 2 + db

Firearms (Handgun) 35% (17/7), damage 1D10. (.38 revolver)

Dodge 40% (20/8)

Skills: Archeology 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 75%, History 55%, Jump 50%, Listen 40%, Occult 65%, Science (Anthropology) 40%, Science (Astronomy) 55%, Science (Biology) 35%, Spot Hidden 50%, Stealth 45%, Swim 85%.

Spells: Breath of the Deep, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Father Dagon, Contact Mother Hydra.

Age: 46

Quotes: "Intruders must pay the price."

JACOB MARSH, Friendly Refinery Manager, Deep One Hybrid

STR 50 CON 65 SIZ 55 INT 65 POW 65
DEX 65 APP 45 EDU 60 SAN 0 HP 12
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 13

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 25% (12/5), damage 1D3 + db

Dodge 32% (16/6)

Skills: Accounting 65%, Credit Rating 55%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Factory Management 55%, Fast Talk 80%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 55%, Science (Chemistry 20%), Science (Geology) 45%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Age: 27

Quotes: "We'll certainly tell you if we see anything." "Good luck on your hunt."

Use these stats for any NPCs as needed.

TYPICAL HUMAN RESIDENT

STR 55 CON 60 SIZ 55 INT 65 POW 50
DEX 65 APP 55 EDU 50 SAN 50 HP 11
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 8 MP: 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db, some residents may have various weapons such as knives (1D4 + db) or clubs (1D6 + db).

Dodge 32% (16/6)

Skills: Listen 50%, Stealth 46%.

Age: varies.

Quotes: "I'll keep an eye out for anythin'."

TYPICAL HYBRID RESIDENT

STR 65 CON 65 SIZ 52 INT 65 POW 50
DEX 65 APP 55 EDU 50 SAN N/A HP 11
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 8/8 swimming MP: 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 45% (22/9), damage 1D3 + db. Hybrids can use any weapon humans can.

Dodge 32% (16/6)

Skills: Jump 45%, Listen 50%, Stealth 46%, Swim 60%.

Age: varies.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4 to see an advanced and undisguised hybrid. 1/1D6+1 if encountering a particularly monstrous specimen. Those are usually locked safely away.

Notes: This is a typical hybrid. Hybrid priests have a POW of 75 and know 1D4 spells. Choose from: Breath of the Deep, Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Contact Father Dagon, Contact Mother Hydra, Curse of the Putrid Husk, Shriveling.

Hybrid Quotes: "I ain't seen nuthin'."

Hybrid Priest Quotes: "You cannot enter the House of Our Lord."

A MOTHER'S LOVE

TEDDY WYNNE, Desperate to Escape Town

STR 80 CON 50 SIZ 85 INT 60 POW 50
DEX 60 APP 48 EDU 40 SAN 38* HP 13
DB: +1D6 Build: 2 Move: 7 MP: 10

*Temporarily insane

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 65% (32/13), damage 1D3 + db

Firearms (Handgun) 60% (30/12), damage 1D10. (.38 Colt revolver)

Firearms (Shotgun) 40% (20/5), damage 4D6/2D6/1D6. (Pump 12-gauge, taken from policeman)

Dodge 35% (17/7)

Skills: Drive Auto 65%, Intimidate 50%, Jump 45%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Spot Hidden 40%, Stealth 50%.

Age: 31

Quotes: "I've seen 'em. Devils everywhere!"

GRACE DECKERT, Scorned Lover Seeking Revenge, Deep One Hybrid

STR 60 CON 55 SIZ 50 INT 60 POW 55
DEX 60 APP 55 EDU 70 SAN 0 HP 10
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 19

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 + db, or knife 1D4 + 2 + db

Dodge 35% (17/7)

Skills: Jump 45%, Listen 40%, Occult 50%, Science (Astronomy) 55%, Spot Hidden 45%, Stealth 60%, Swim 70%.

Age: 28

Spells: Breath of the Deep

Quotes: "Toby trusts me." "I've spent ten years wishing for him to be alive. I can't let him die now."

MARY SISK, Worried Mother, Deep One

STR 65 CON 50 SIZ 80 INT 65 POW 55
DEX 60 APP 10 EDU N/A SAN 0 HP 13
DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 7/10 swimming MP: 11

ATTACKS

Fighting (claw) 45% (22/9), damage 1D6 + db

Dodge 30% (15/6)

Armor: 1 point of scales

Skills: Jump 30%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 60%, Stealth 35%.

Age: 9,529

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

Quotes: "Get away from my son." "Mommy is here."

TOBIAS SISK, Deep One Hybrid, Desperately Seeking Redemption

STR 65 CON 65 SIZ 70 INT 60 POW 60
DEX 60 APP 45 EDU 50 SAN 0 HP 13
DB: +1D4 Build: 1 Move: 7 MP: 12

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 + db

Firearms (Handgun) 65% (32/13), damage 1D10 + 2 (Colt 1911 .45)

Dodge 40% (20/8)

Skills: Drive Auto 45%, Jump 40%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 55%, Stealth 60%.

Age: 29

Spells: Wrack

Sanity Loss: 0/1D4

Quotes: "You'll never take me from my home."

PEARL KAMMIRE, Terrified Mother-To-Be

STR 55 CON 65 SIZ 45 INT 75 POW 65
DEX 70 APP 55 EDU 50 SAN 45 HP 11
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 13

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawl) 65% (32/13), damage 1D3 + db, or switchblade 1D4 + db

Firearms (Handgun) 50% (25/10), damage 1D10. (.38 revolver)

Dodge 35% (17/7)

Skills: Charm 60%, Drive Auto 40%, Intimidate 55%, Jump 30%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Stealth 65%.

Age: 24

Quotes: "You wouldn't shoot a pregnant woman."

ROBERTO SOTO, Unwilling to Surrender

STR 60 CON 60 SIZ 55 INT 55 POW 50
DEX 75 APP 70 EDU 50 SAN 30 HP 11
DB: none. Build: 0 Move: 9 MP: 10

ATTACKS

Fighting (Brawling) 50% (25/10), damage 1D3 + db

Firearms (Handgun) 60% (30/10), damage 1D10+2 (Colt 1911 .45)

Firearms (Submachine gun) 45% (22/9), damage 1D10+2 (Thompson SMG)

Dodge 50% (25/10)

Skills: Drive Auto 45%, Jump 45%, Language (English) 50%, Language (Spanish) 50%, Listen 50%, Pilot Boat 55%, Spot Hidden 60%, Stealth 50%.

Age: 28

Quotes: "You'll never take me alive!"

HANDOUTS AND MAPS


Gerhardt Winch
Spiritualist & Adviser
 Call: Misk-1451


The Reeling Midnight Bonus Handout #2

The *Gadabout* Keeping Up With Arkham's Social Scene

BY MADELINE MANCHESTER

NEW HALL CHRISTENED

THE GARDEN AT Hall Manor was a gay kaleidoscope of society folk on Friday afternoon for the christening of the newest addition to the Hall family, Addison Davis Hall, born three weeks ago to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hall.

I have mental pictures of the beaming countenance of M. J. Norton of Providence, the proud godfather to baby Hall, as he stood beside his own daughter, Mary Stuart Norton. At their side was Charles Tower, benefactor of Miskatonic University, with, as ever, a charming young woman on his immaculately dressed arm. The Gadabout did not catch her name, very sad to say.

Mrs. Hall was beatifically attired in a white crepe gown with which she wore a white hat. Chatting with her was Mrs. Fitzhugh Scott in a smart white costume, to which an attractive rose hat gave a touch of color. Mrs. Norton wore a pretty picture hat and carried a parasol. Her frock had a Parisian touch, with short sleeves and long lace flounces on a short skirt.

Not that the tea and biscuits at the Hall family estate were not delicious, but with the baptism complete, it was time for this reporter to take her leave and make a very special call.

For some time the Gadabout has been hearing tales of wild, loud, Friday night parties taking place in one of the old mansions over in East Town. Supposedly hosted by members of European nobility, I was anxious to learn more. Well, I finally managed to get my hands on an invitation, and away I went.

I can't divulge the actual address, but from the number of automobiles parked up and down Halsey street, it's really not hard to find. Although the mansion is a bit shabby (supposedly it's rented), light poured from all the windows, and the sound of laughter and spirited conversation could be heard all the way to the street. Somewhere, a piano played Boogie-Woogie music.

What a mixed crowd it was! The Gadabout was certainly surprised. In attendance were a couple of well known older gentlemen in the company of our host, and even a tenured professor from the University, whose name you could not tear from me with wild dogs.

I couldn't stay all evening but I had the opportunity to meet the gracious host, a distinguished gentleman from Hungary named Zoltan Varga.

Be assured, the Gadabout will be attending next week's gathering. Stay tuned for more.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER FOR MISS AGNES REILLY

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The Reeling Midnight Papers #1

ARKHAM BACCHANAL

Come One, Come All
 to the
Varga Estate
 863 Halsey Street
 on
Friday Evening
 at
Eight O'Clock

The Reeling Midnight Bonus Handout #1

ARKHAM ADVERTISER,

BODY IDENTIFIED AS OUR MISSING MAN'S
 BY ROBERTA HENRY

A body found in an alley last week in Arkham's East Town has been positively identified as that of Roger Hudson, 23-years old, a resident and native of Arkham. Hudson went missing last week, according to police reports. The body was in an advanced state of decay, and had probably been lying undiscovered for the better part of a week, according to medical examiner Ephraim Sprague.

Although autopsy results are not complete, it is believed Hudson died of a heart attack. Funeral services will be held next week, and Hudson will be buried in Christchurch Cemetery.

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The Reeling Midnight Papers #2

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HOUSE FIRE CLAIMS ONE LIFE

BY ROBERTA HENRY

The Arkham Fire Department responded to a call early Wednesday morning to find a house, believed to be abandoned, completely engulfed in flames. The fire was extinguished within an hour, but it was not till the next day a body was discovered amongst the ashes.

Now identified as Bradford Taylor, the 19-year old was formerly a student at Miskatonic University studying biology, but dropped out last semester. Apparently Taylor, estranged from his parents, had been squatting in the vacant structure the last couple months, according to neighbors.

At first thought an arson, the fire has now been ruled accidental, most likely caused by careless smoking.

ALIT!

The Reeling Midnight Papers #3

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ing the case held that while blushing nowadays is a rare phenomenon and might arouse suspicion, it is not yet accepted as legal evidence of guilt.

DEADLY CHASE THROUGH ARKHAM

BY ROBERTA HENRY

It was like a scene out of a crime thriller, or from the headlines of the New York or Chicago papers, but it happened here in Arkham. Police conducted a chase through the streets of our town in pursuit of the car that hit and killed Mr. Arthur Hathorne, 65, as he crossed W. Pickman St. After speeding through many city blocks, the fleeing car spun around a corner too quickly and smashed into a wall. The driver, Joseph Dooley, was killed in the crash.

All of this would be enough cause for alarm, but the reckless driver in question was but 13 years old. Needless to say, the car was not his. He had stolen it from where one Brian Pritchard had parked it.

This is a tragedy on many levels and while our hearts go out to the dead boy and his family, our sympathies are with Mr. Hathorne and his bereaved loved ones. Witnesses claim they saw Joey—as he was commonly called—smiling and laughing just before he hit Mr. Hathorne, and that he continued to laugh even after leaving the poor man dead on the street.

Dooley was a student at Eben S. Draper Elementary School.

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Wasted Youth Papers #1

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decided to try it again. A note left by the girl declared they would commit suicide rather than return but this did not deter searchers.

TEENAGER DIES ON ARKHAM STREET

BY FLOYD TOBEY

Early risers were subjected to a peculiar sight this morning as a teenaged boy ran screaming down S. Peabody Ave. The boy in question was one Lou Marino, who lived on that street. A student at Arkham High, Marino could be heard to shout angry obscenities of the most awful kind. Then, the boy collapsed in the street. Rushing to his side, his neighbors discovered he was dead.

This calls to mind the other recent incident with the car chase involving young Joey Dooley, though in this case the coroner has determined that poor Lou Marino died when his heart gave out. Of course, heart attacks are rare in children, but they are not completely unknown. While this attack may explain his behavior, it seems as likely that illicit substances were involved and that this caused both his actions and his death. The medical examiner maintains that no such evidence was found.



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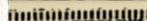
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TENSIONS RUN HIGH IN FOXFIELD

By Roberta Henry

FOXFIELD, MA.—This usually peaceful small community of less than a thousand souls is abuzz with rumor. The popular Town Supervisor, Henry Barnes, also pastor of the Foxfield Unitarian Church, has apparently received a death threat, according to Massachusetts State Police Lieutenant Graham Tolliver.

"A note was posted on the front door of Supervisor Barnes' home," Tolliver explained to this reporter. "There are several suspects, but at this time we're not ready to make any arrests. Unfortunately, the victim disposed of the evidence before we could thoroughly examine it."

Speculation is the death threat came from one of Barnes' constituents, possibly angry over Barnes' opposition to leasing some of the township land to a lumber company. Tempers in this small, usually peaceful, community are running high, and it is rumored Supervisor Barnes was actually involved in a physical confrontation with one of his constituents on the street just a day or two prior to the alleged death threat.

Unfortunately, Supervisor Barnes has declined to be interviewed for this story.

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Optometrist

237 W. Main Street



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Wasted Youth Papers #2

Proof of Life Papers #1



VORCE BEGUN YOUTH CRIME EPIDEMIC CONTINUES

BY ROBERTA HENRY

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GE TWO

Young Billy Washburne, a student at Eben S. Draper School, was apprehended by police this afternoon after he vandalized the windows of several storefronts along E. Main Street. Witnesses say the boy calmly walked up with a baseball bat and began shattering the glass windows. Businesses attacked included the Arkham General Store and Arkham Printing.

The boy, who is only 12 years old, attacked Patrolman Harris when that policeman approached him. The patrolman obviously did not expect a vicious attack from a young boy, and suffered a broken arm. It took several officers of the law to subdue the delinquent. The child was in such a state that the

officers took him to Arkham Sanitarium so that he would not be a danger to himself or others. He remains under the care of the doctors there.

The proprietor of the General Store, Rider Adams, is quoted as saying, "It's a crying shame when respectable business people have to endure crime like this." By all accounts, however, the young boy has heretofore been a respectable member of society. And unfortunately this is not an isolated incident. Readers will be well aware by now of the growing stories of childhood delinquency in our normally placid town. When will this scourge end? What is to be done? And, furthermore, when will Town Hall take action?

Pale

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Wasted Youth Papers #3

Dear Diary,

That queer country boy was gawking at me again today at school. I saw him and so did everyone else. Judy teased me and called him my new boy friend. Well he's not and I don't like him. He talks funny and is very dumb. I wish he'd never come to our school and that teacher didn't put him in the desk next to mine. No one likes him. He should just go back to where he belongs.

Dear Diary,

Elijah passed me a note in class today. I pretended to crumple it up but I kept it anyway to see what stupid thing it says. I read it later and it says he wants to see me after class to show me something special. I don't think so!!! Now Joey and the country boy are best friends, I guess. Joey's almost as awful as him so they can be friends all they want but I'm not going to be friends with either of them.

Dear Diary,

Elijah gave me another note and this one said that it doesn't matter what I think or if I won't meet him. He has magic and he's going to make me love him anyway. He's going to take me away to some enchanted castle. And he just keeps staring at me and it's making me a little scared.

March 14th, 1805

My conversation with Mortimer yielded many secrets. M spoke of a ritual he ~~learned~~ learned while trading in the Caribbean whereby a benevolent spirit could be placed within an ~~inanimate~~ inanimate object and thereby impart upon it a soul. M claimed to have performed this ritual on his schooner, bonding the vessel with such a spirit. Since then he ~~has~~ says the Sarah Elizabeth performed things no other ship could do, weathering storms that would have shattered a normal vessel, somehow finding its way through deepest fog, being resistant to damage and somehow easier to maintain. His men say the schooner is 'lucky' and that those serving upon her always feel as if a guardian angel were watching over them. If he could do this with his ship why couldn't I do that with the new mill? Construction should begin this spring, which gives me enough time to ~~copy~~ replicate the ritual. Unfortunately, cousin M had the spell cast for him by a freed African slave and did not learn the arcane ritual personally. Some details are sketchy.

August 23rd, 1805

The ritual proved very difficult. Pure silver needs be blended into the steel of the mill's saw blade that which I consider heart of the mill, just as the central mast would be the heart of a ship. I'll need to have the

blade made in Kingsport and shipped here. When the blades are installed I'll complete the ritual, summoning a ~~ben~~ benevolent spirit and binding it to the blades. The blades must be kept in place within the mill lest the spirit be torn free from the binding. If these blades ever need be replaced, this will run the spell but my cousin assures me that his schooner seldom needed repairs after being bonded with the spirit. I have hopes that many years will pass before the saw blades ever need ~~not~~ replacing. The expense of the silver and the cost of construction have been considerable. I've used nearly all my chemicals and half of my lead to cover the costs. I require additional supplies for my lab.

February 18th, 1806

The blades arrived last week and were installed today. The mill is nearly ready, just a few last minute things, like painting, installing worktables and furniture, remains to be done. The ~~first~~ first of the three rituals is complete. I've two more to do with the final one conducted the night after the mill opens. I intend to use the spiritual energy of a handful of people I've invited to tour the mill. Good, pure hearted, and positive sorts of people to help attract just the right sort of spirit. Six more weeks until the mill opens, all is ready.

April 12th, 1806

Elizabeth has confessed to taking half of the silver I sent her to deliver to the foundry in Kingsport. I don't yet know what she did with it, but I'll find out. She ~~was~~ disobeyed me, she stole from me, and she tells me she has a lover. Why did I marry such a woman! I told her that it is her fault those boys are dead and she threatened to tell the others what I was doing in the mill. She said she hates me. I've locked her in her room and cursed her; she'll not speak ~~any~~ another word until I free her of the enchantment. I'll deal with the whore later; she's where she can do no further harm now. Tomorrow, after the work shift ends, I will go to the mill and knock the saw blades out of alignment. It may take a while, but I can't risk anyone finding out. I'll try to make it look like the ~~blade~~ blades were installed improperly and came loose during operation. People are looking at me with suspicion. They say I had the only keys to the mill the night the boys died. Some are already whispering names, thinking there is a murderer among us. I wish it were true, some mortal lunatic and not the demon that now resides in the mill. Perhaps it is not too late.

April 7th, 1806

Something went wrong. Three boys were found dead, sawn in half, blood everywhere! I'm going to be ruined. Why did they have to break in? How did the spell go wrong? I checked the blades and somehow the ritual was ~~not~~ completed already. I have no idea how this happened but I know one thing, the spirit within the saw blades is a dark and vile thing, a malevolent force of evil. You can feel it as you draw near, I suspect it's more powerful than it's letting on, as well. What sort of soul does the mill now possess?

If the other believers find out what I've done, ~~then~~ there will be trouble. I was warned against my bonding experiments before, they'll react badly should they learn I was responsible. God forgive me for those boys, I need to find out what happened. Maybe the silver was tainted? Maybe someone completed the ritual before I could?

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THE HAUNTED WOODS?
(BY TOWN EDITOR)
Some things seem to run in ten-year cycles: drought, pestilence, disease, and politics. So, once again, this editor is hearing tales of "strange voices" in the woods north of town. This story is so old I think I it has cobwebs on it.
"They were buzzing and swearing at us," claims one witness, who says he was assailed by the voices while returning home late one night from visiting a neighbor.
He thinks said witness should curtail his visits to said neighbor and should also stay away from said neighbor's still. And they call this the "Age of Enlightenment"?

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Proof of Life Papers #2

URDAY, APRIL 29, 1922.

MORNING WATCHMAN DIES IN ACCIDENT
(BY WILSON KEYS)
It is with great regret we announce the death of Elias Whipple, who last Tuesday fell to his death from the fire tower in the north hills.
Born in Foxfield in 1862, to Abraham and Ruth Whipple, Elias Whipple was known to all in Foxfield as a decent man, dedicated to his job as town fire watch.
Bad health in recent years had left Elias unsteady, and it's believed that while atop the tower he suffered a dizzy spell, and fell over the railing to his death.
Services for Elias Whipple, who has no surviving family, will be held this Friday in the Unitarian Church. Burial will be on the church grounds.
A successor to his position of fire watch has not yet been named.

DRIFT, and Humors
"Did you see parading six miles the morning till then standing up speeches?" asked "I did," said they?"
"They're the morally opposed six hours a day."
DUNBONS
"The right kind a compliment in "Well," said fully, "that depends on the circumstances. Some glow of satisfaction after I have related coated story to from the domestic wife tells me with I'm 'truly gifted Herald

SHIFT CLOCK
Throughout the **April Day** Planning Plan
Continue to **General Excuses**, **press Acts**.
right serving will M. Sunday in action's largest roller cities or in every nook states, notably card.
be on standard w before Com- them permits- ing themselves and stock ex- radiating out he four or five e coast will be time.
after an active opposition, is footsteps of its k, Albany and light time, but

CHARGES AGAINST ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE
(According to Board)

Proof of Life Papers #3



HONESTLY REPORTING E

NO. 52 KINGSFORT, MASS., A

**BLIND STUDENT STRUCK
SUDDENLY**

BY STANLEY CARTER

13-year-old John Placard, a freshman enrolled at Miskatonic University, was struck suddenly blind two days ago while waiting for a bus in downtown Kingsport. He was quickly rushed to Congregational Hospital where doctors held the young man for observation. At the time of this story, physicians have yet to make a diagnosis.

While interviewing the doctors it was learned that two other Kingsport citizens have suffered afflictions similar to young Placard. Both Simon McDougal, and Bernard White have been admitted to, and treated at Congregational Hospital.

While as yet undecided regarding the cause, the attending physicians were quick to rule out any communicable disease, and Kingsport residents are to be reassured they are in no danger.

**NO CLEWS IN BOMBING
OF PUBLISHER'S HOME**

**FAMILY OF HOLES IN MANSFIELD
HOME AT TIME OF BLAST-NO ONE**

**OFTEN
IT FOR
ASON**

There are many instances of men who cater to the public's desire for sensational news. One such instance is the case of the Kingsport Herald. The paper's editor, Mr. [Name], is known for his sensational reporting. He often publishes stories that are highly exaggerated and lack factual basis. This has led to a loss of credibility for the paper and its readers.

**CHAI
WON**

SPOKANE
Arcine F. [Name]
ly charged
Katherine
Spokane un
and slayins

is unknown. The loss is \$2,500 to \$3,000 with \$1,500 insurance. It seems likely that there will be further installations of hydrants on the Martin's Beach road where the water main is located.

**ANOTHER MAN
SUFFERS BLINDNESS**

BY STANLEY CARTER

Although authorities have cautioned against speculation that might cause undue panic, the *Chronicle* feels it is the duty of this newspaper to report all and any news of value and service to the community.

Yet another citizen has been struck by sudden, seemingly irreversible blindness. Scott Forrester, an employee at The First Marine Bank, inexplicably lost his sight two evenings ago, while reading the newspaper in his home.

Authorities have cautioned this newspaper about spreading undue panic, but the editor of this publication feels the public has a right to know.

Is there some sinister disease stalking our streets? Authorities seem at a loss to explain these recent events.

**SEEKONK, MASS. MAN
IS KILLED ON STREET**

cal storm. The shower... north and... A ten de... e resulted... placed in... t by light... and mid... oit which... did slight

at Wal... plintering... crossarms... onin, who... the street... ock pain... t 84 above... time, the... es in two... wer and a... ature.

re station... larn for a... caused by... cupied by... Fred La... not be es... cted to be

reports no... ommission... the police... eat in re-

Malice Everlasting Papers #1

Malice Everlasting Papers #2

KINGSPORT — A CENTURY BY THE SEA

CHAPTER VI
THE WITCH HYSTERIA HITS KINGSPORT

In preceding chapters we have described how the remarkable happenings unfolding elsewhere in New England had caused many to flee to the relative safety of Kingsport. However, in time, the hysterical beliefs that had brought so much harm to Arkham, Salem, and other towns also came to blight our own town. In all there were five documented cases of “witch activity” reported in Kingsport — the ‘facts’ of most echoing the same kinds of illogical reports made in other localities.

The most unusual case involved a collection of sunken barrels discovered in the bay, each of the barrels found to contain the remains of a different missing person. The barrels were traced to one Matthew Chandler, the town candle maker. He’d fled his home by the time authorities set out to arrest him, evading capture until after dark, when the crew of the fishing boat *Melanie Rose* apprehended him on the bay, trying to escape in a stolen boat. The posse of fishermen had been organized by Reverend David Appleton, a man who played a key role in the arrests and convictions of many of those accused of witchcraft in Kingsport.

The trial was notable in that Mr. Chandler was the only person ever put on trial that was willing to openly confess his crimes, according to some reports, actually taking pride in them. This trial also had the most witnesses, with all five men who captured him appearing in court. Unlike many witnesses in these cases, those testifying against Chandler were all highly respected citizens. Samuel Forrester, Jacob McDonald, Goodwine White, James Placard, and Reverend Appleton all claimed to have witnessed the accused performing acts of magic during his attempts to escape them. The last unique part of this case was the disposition of the accused’s body. After being hanged, the body was cut down and burned and, in a final act of outrage, citizens ransacked the Chandler residence then burned it to the ground.

ABSTRACT of TITLE of *112 Park Street (Lot 810, Prospect Hill)*

NO.	GRANTOR.	GRANTOR'S WIFE OR HUSBAND.	GRANTEE.	INSTRUMENT.	DATE OF INSTRUMENT	DATE OF FILING.	BOOK.	PAGE.
1	Town of Kingsport House constructed	by Chandler on Lot	Harrison Chandler	Sold	1661	1661	C	83
2	Harrison Chandler		Matthew Chandler (son)	Inherit- ance	1682	1682	P	190
3	Property abandoned	after fire.	Reverts to Town of Kingsport				CB	61
4	Town of Kingsport House built on site,	utilizing	Thomas Anderson existing foundation	Sold	1747	1747	210	11
5	Thomas Anderson Kenneth Oler		Kenneth Oler	Sold	1774	1774	241	7
6	Property boarded up,	ownership	Brian Hunt reverts to Town of Kingsport	Sold	1830	1830	401	99
7	Town of Kingsport Permits issued to renovate house		James & James Corp	Sold	1855	1855	439	221
8	James & James Corp		Gabriel Pine	Sold	1891	1891	496	175
9	Gabriel Pine		Julia Pine (wife)	Inheritance	1912	1912	525	16
10					1920	1920	530	310

We hereby certify that this is a true and complete Abstract of the title to above described land, as it appears on the Records of Essex County, in the State of Massachusetts; that we have carefully examined these Records, and have given all conveyances of whatever kind that we could find on record in regard to this land, and all mortgages and other incumbrances not yet released.

We further certify that each deed has been examined separately, and found to have been correctly executed according to law, except as shown as annotated remarks on the reverse side of this abstract.

We have also examined the Judgement Docket for the last ten years, and the Tax books for the last three years, and have shown all judgements unsatisfied, and all delinquent taxes, in the respective columns on the reverse side of this abstract.

Matthew Chandler, unlike others accused of witchcraft, never claimed to be innocent. He was proud of the atrocities of which he stood accused. When the constable announced in court that the accused had murdered nine people, Matthew Chandler stood up and corrected him. He announced brazenly that he had, in fact, killed seventeen people but that only nine bodies had thus far been discovered. It took the judge many minutes to restore order.

the fishing boat crew then came forward, one by one, to explain how they captured the accused. Each told how they spotted the small boat he had stolen and pulled alongside it in the dark. This surprised the fugitive, as he was not a capable sailor. They claimed he pointed his hand towards James Placard, who then began screaming and fell to his knees. Citizen Placard related that he felt as if a great dagger had been thrust into his heart. The accused is said to have attempted to raise his hand again, but further deviltry was halted as the rest of the crew swarmed the small craft and beat the fugitive unconscious.

binding him proved difficult, explained Citizen White, as the accused was missing his left hand. The stump of his wrist appeared to have been hastily bound and then thrust into molten wax to seal the wound. Witnesses claimed to have seen the accused with both hands just a day earlier. When asked about his missing hand the accused would only smile and proclaim that he had misplaced it. He then looked at the men who had captured him and stated that the missing appendage was "the hand of vengeance" and that it would turn up eventually. The crowd once again erupted in outrage.

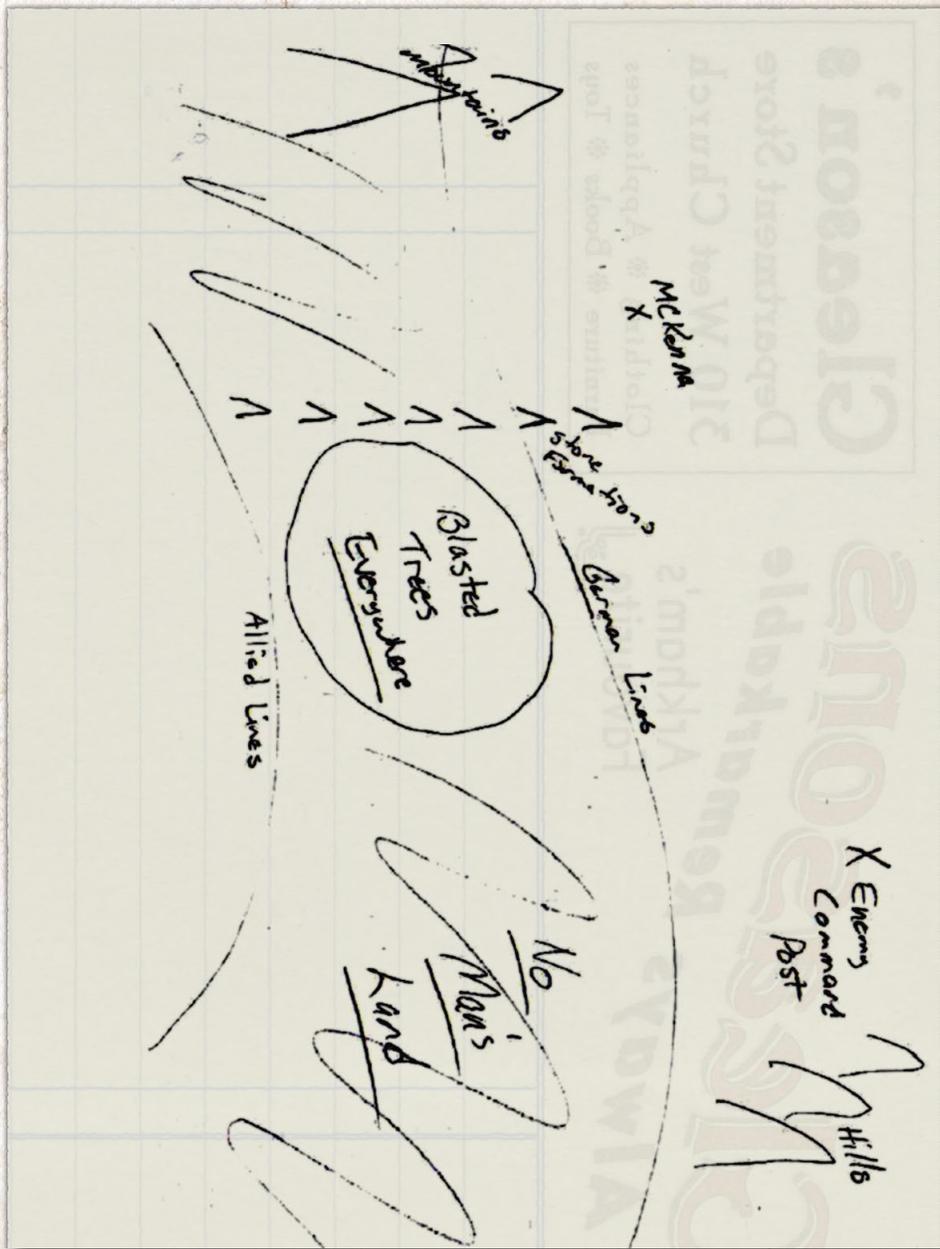
Chandler proclaimed that both The Lord and Satan were the stories of children and that his true master was a being called Igollonack, who took pleasure from offerings of blood and acts of unholy lust. Some who listened screamed, others wept, some with blood running from their noses. Reverend Appleton and some of his men, who were experienced dealing with witches and warlocks, then wrestled the accused to the floor and gagged him. This halted the horrible effect of his words and the trial was able to continue.

the body was cut down and burned that evening. The bones ground into powder and the remains mixed with salt from the sea, divided into several bundles and scattered on widely separated patches of consecrated ground. A search of the Chandler home turned up no sign of his missing hand. Soon the frustrated and still enraged mob pitched torches into the residence, burning it to the ground.

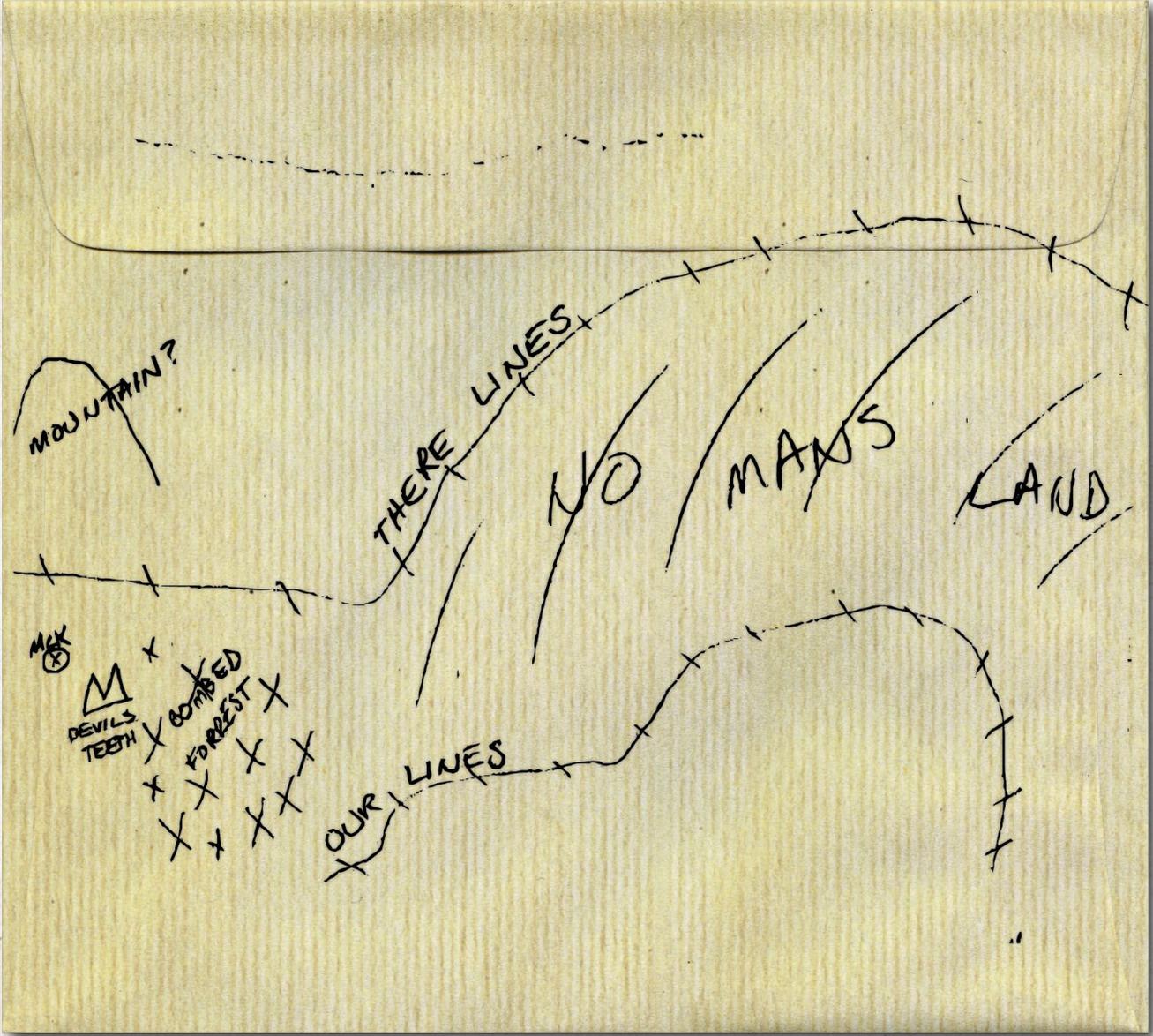
Part 4
 I asked the judge to order the body burned. I then personally mixed the remains with salt from the sea then scattered them on holy ground. This way the warlock can have no earthly anchor for his spirit and thus be unable to remain a menace to the living. The fiend's missing hand troubled me greatly so I urged the townfolk to join me burning down his accursed home. It's been two years without sign of the warlock's return, and I am hopeful the warlock's missing hand was destroyed in the fire. If ever the evil should return, if Matthew Chandler should ever manage to cheat death, I have the amulet ready.

This holy relic, passed down through my family for countless generations is my most precious possession. I was told the Templars took it as a prize during the sacking of Damietta in 1219. It is a bane to evil forces possessing a human form. The mere touch of this amulet is often enough to rid a victim of demonic influence for at least a period of time, if the wielder is strong of heart and faith. If one dare not approach the possessed, this holy power can be cast outward by force of will. The wielder of the amulet can extend this power some feet away but there is a cost. Doing this repeatedly, or from great distance brings about a most profound exhaustion from which it takes many days to recover.

I tried to use this relic on Matthew Chandler, in the hopes the man was being controlled by a demon. But he simply smiled at me and said that no, his own soul was darker than my "foolish Christian fairy tales of demons and angels." The acts, the horrors, the dark deeds were truly his own. Now I shall be watching for his return. If his words were not just lies meant to terrorize his captors then he is as dangerous as any demon or devil.



The Night War Papers #1



The Night War Papers #2

HANDOUTS, MAPS & PRE-GENS

Department of Justice, Bureau of Investigation

TOBIAS "FROG" SISK, 29, LEADER

5'11" Thinning brown hair. Large green eyes. Abnormally wide lips. Dislikes being called Frog.

Born in Innsmouth, Massachusetts. Served in the 28th Infantry Division during the war. Relocated to Chicago 1919, then Cleveland in 1921.

Criminal Record: 1920, Chicago, served nine months for stabbing a man who called him "fish lips." Suspected of multiple burglaries. Linked to nine bank robberies and fifteen car thefts in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts since 1924.

REWARD: \$400.

ABE DUNCAN, 30, CO-LEADER

6'2" Blonde hair. Blue left eye, brown right eye. Prominent nose. Walks with a limp.

Born in Chicago, Illinois. Served in the 28th Infantry Division.

Criminal Record: Known safecracker. Suspected of murder in a 1926 robbery in Pennsylvania.

REWARD: \$300.

PEARL KAMMIRE, 24

5'4" Curly brown hair. Purple knife scar along left cheek. Known for extremely violent temper.

Born in Peoria, Illinois.

Criminal Record: Multiple arrests for larceny and prostitution starting in 1919. Bludgeoned a bank teller with a pistol butt in Ohio, 1925.

REWARD: \$200.

ROBERTO SOTO, 28

5'8" Black hair, brown eyes. Moustache. Slender build. Known for taunting victims by inserting guns into their mouths.

Born in Puerto Rico. Moved to New York in 1918. Worked as an auto mechanic.

Criminal Record: Convicted of car theft, Chicago, 1920. Suspected of arson.

REWARD: \$200.

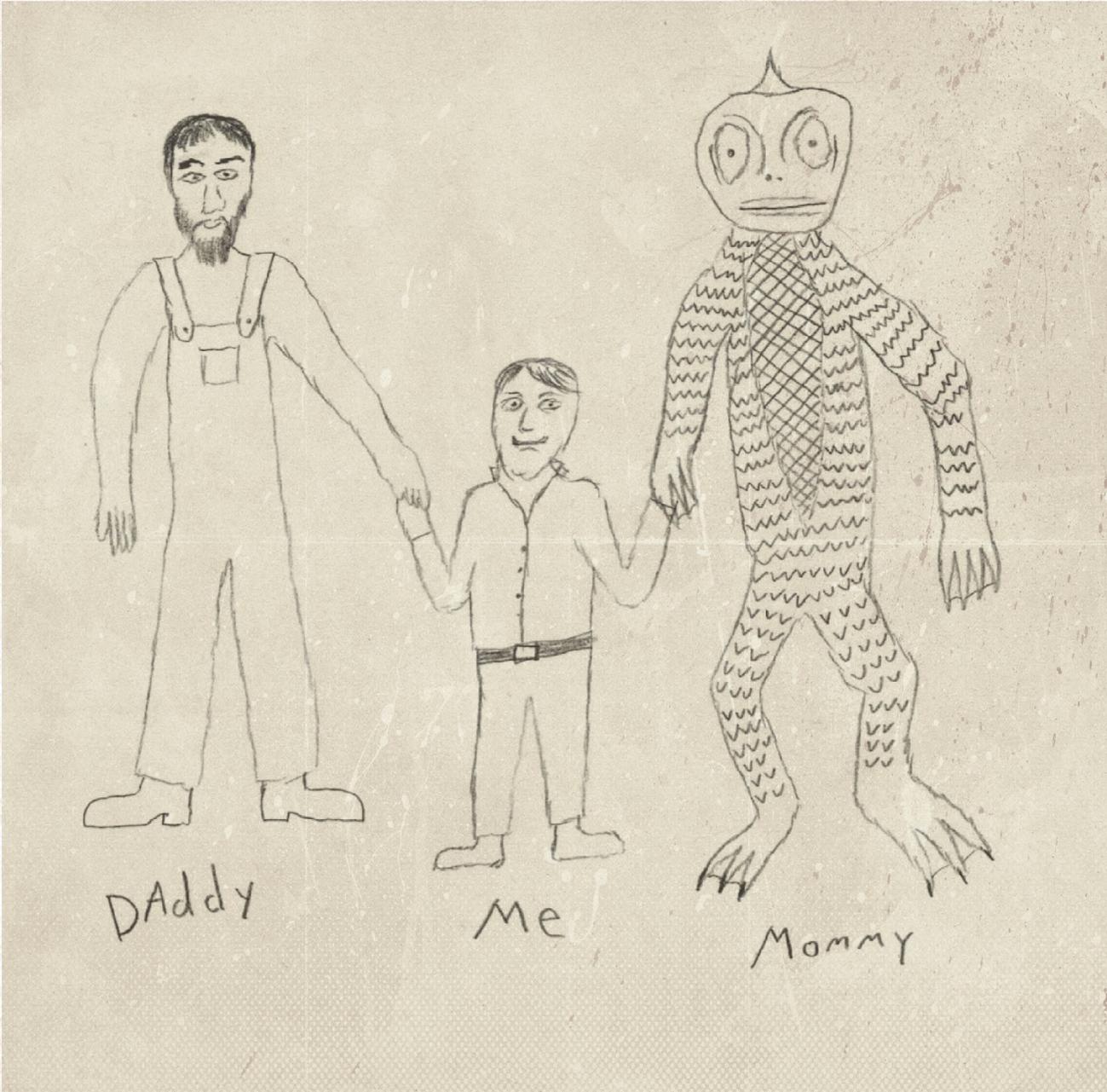
TEDDY WYNNE, 31, DRIVER

6'0" Bald. Brown eyes. Large build. Missing portion of right ear. Reputation for being a fearless driver.

Born in Minooka, Illinois.

Criminal Record: Bootlegging, car theft, assault. Struck and killed a 13-year-old boy while fleeing a robbery in Ohio.

REWARD: \$200.



Pirate Hideout

Ship Crew

- Toby Sisk - Captain
- Grace Deckart - First Mate
- Tommy Haines - Master Gunner



WANTED



Tobias Sisk, 29 years old. 5'11". Thinning brown hair. Large green eyes.

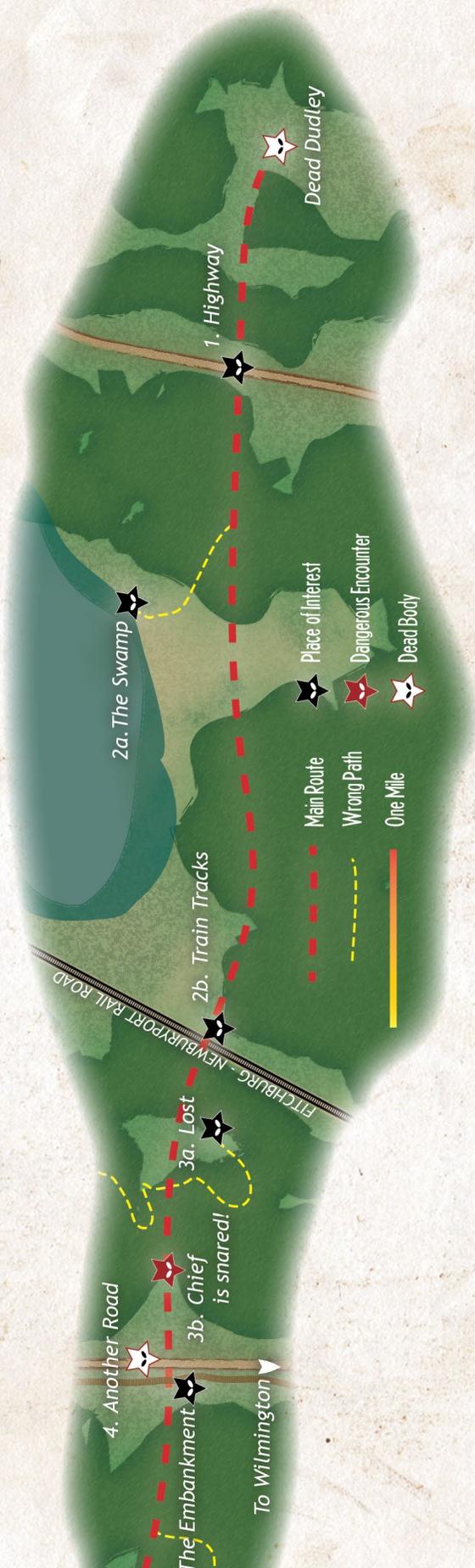
If you have any information concerning this person, please notify the authorities.

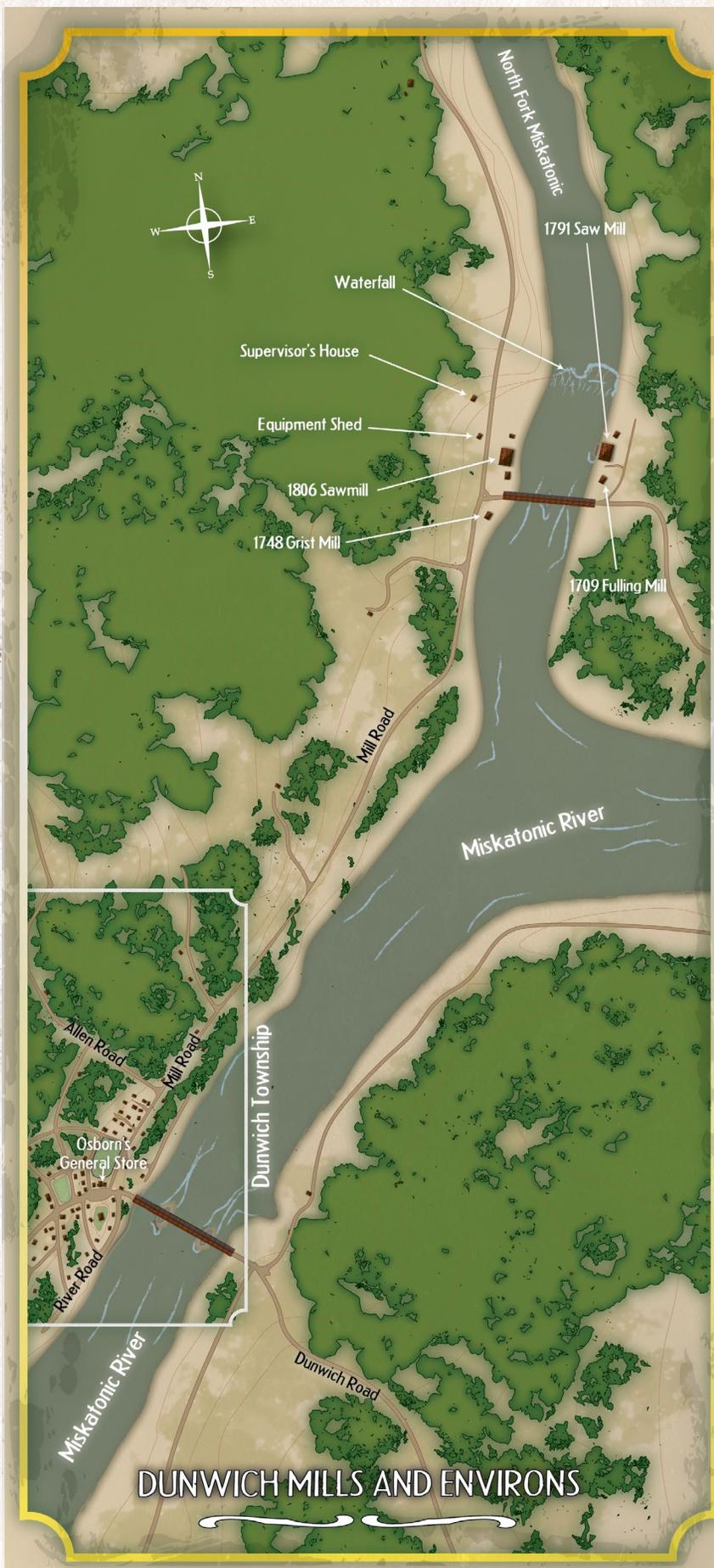
\$400 REWARD



HANDOUTS, MAPS & PRE-GENS







DUNWICH MILLS AND ENVIRONS

THE 1806 SAWMILL



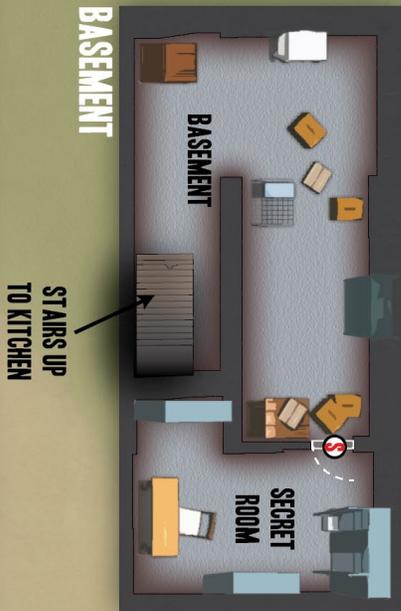
THE SUPERVISOR'S HOUSE

ON MILL ROAD

FIRST FLOOR



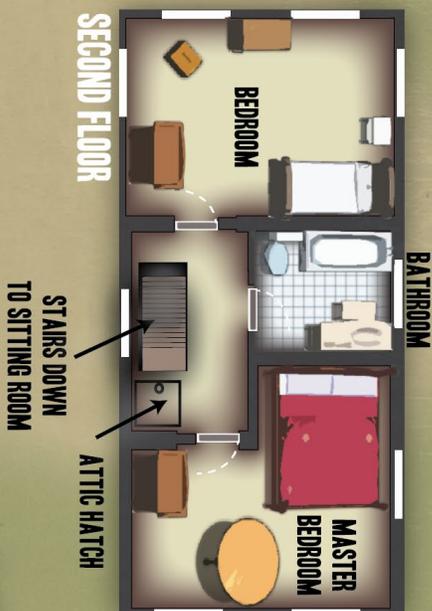
BASEMENT



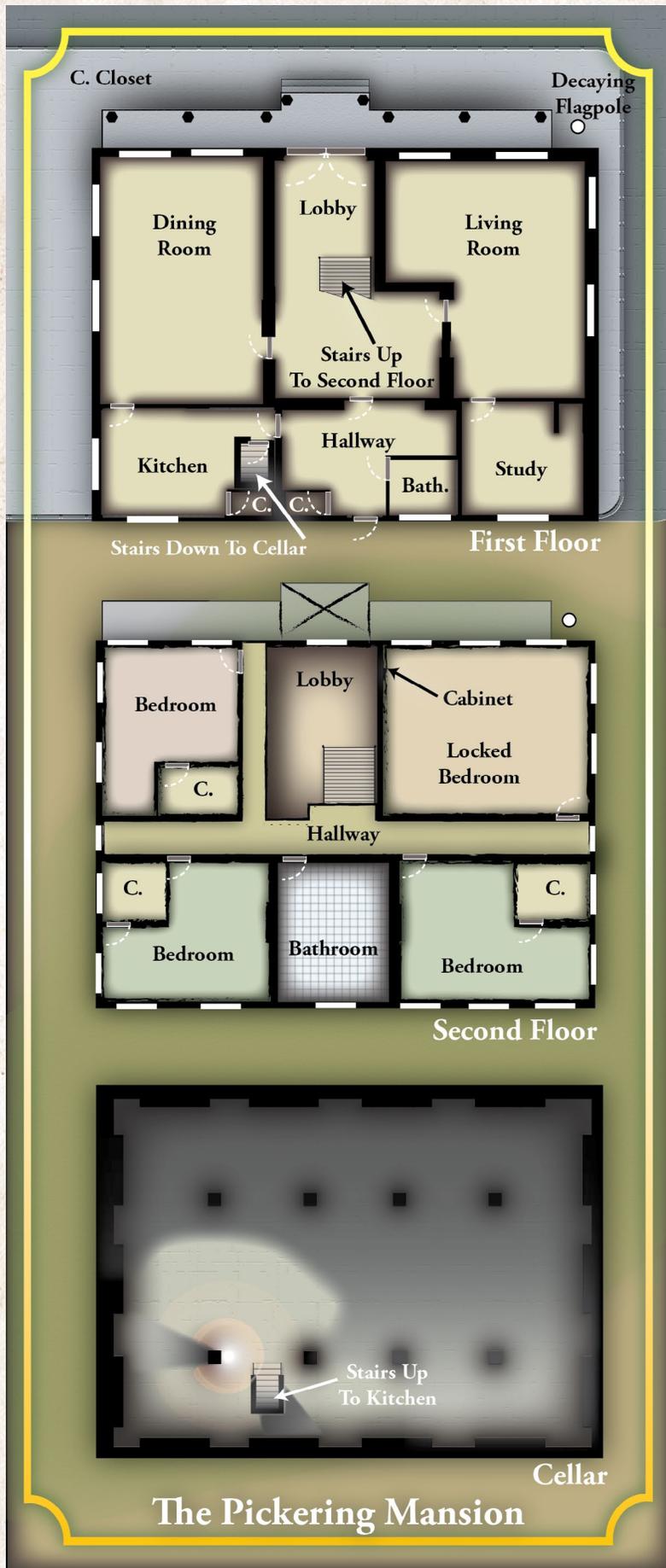
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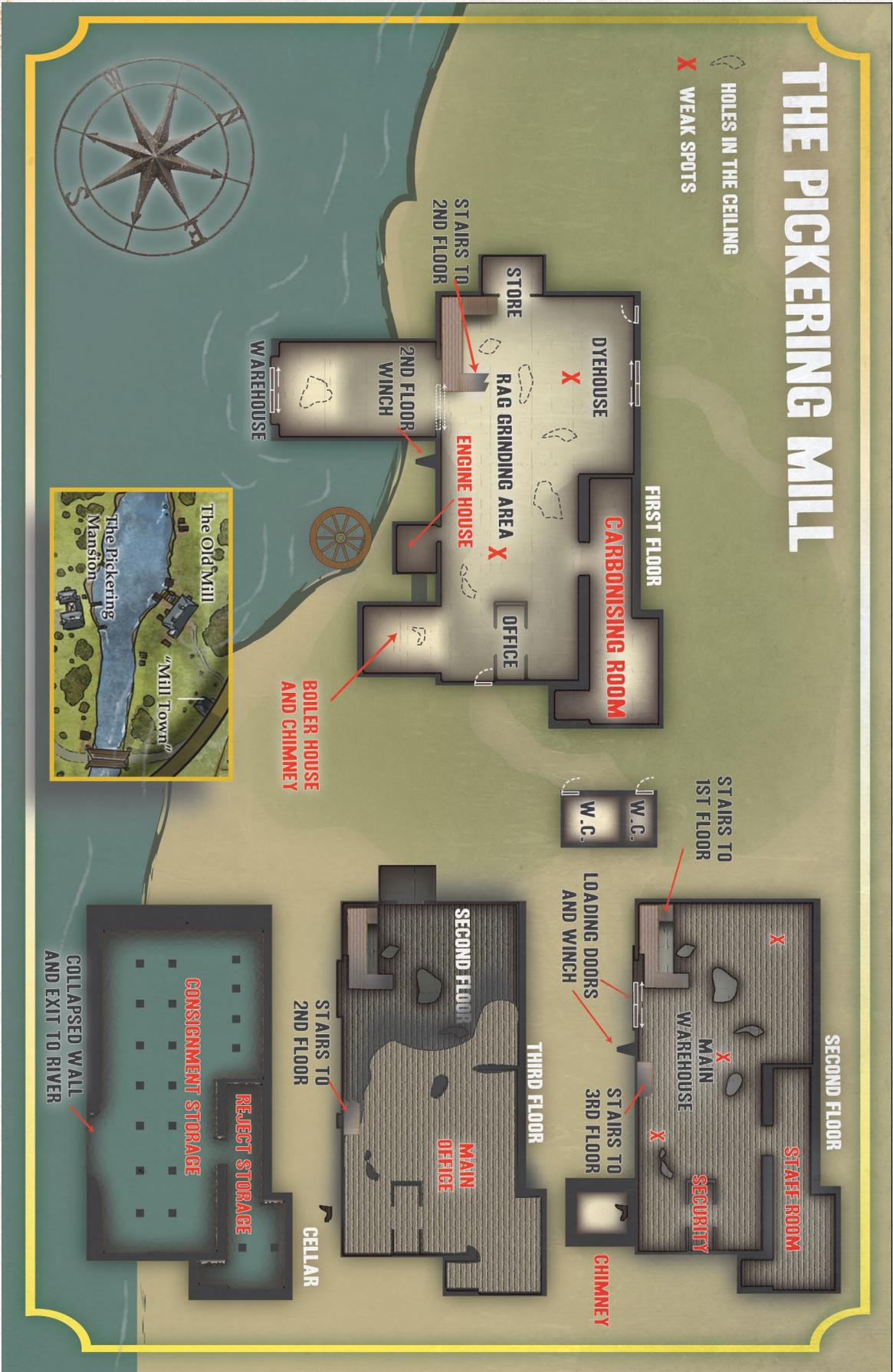
SECOND FLOOR



 SECRET DOOR



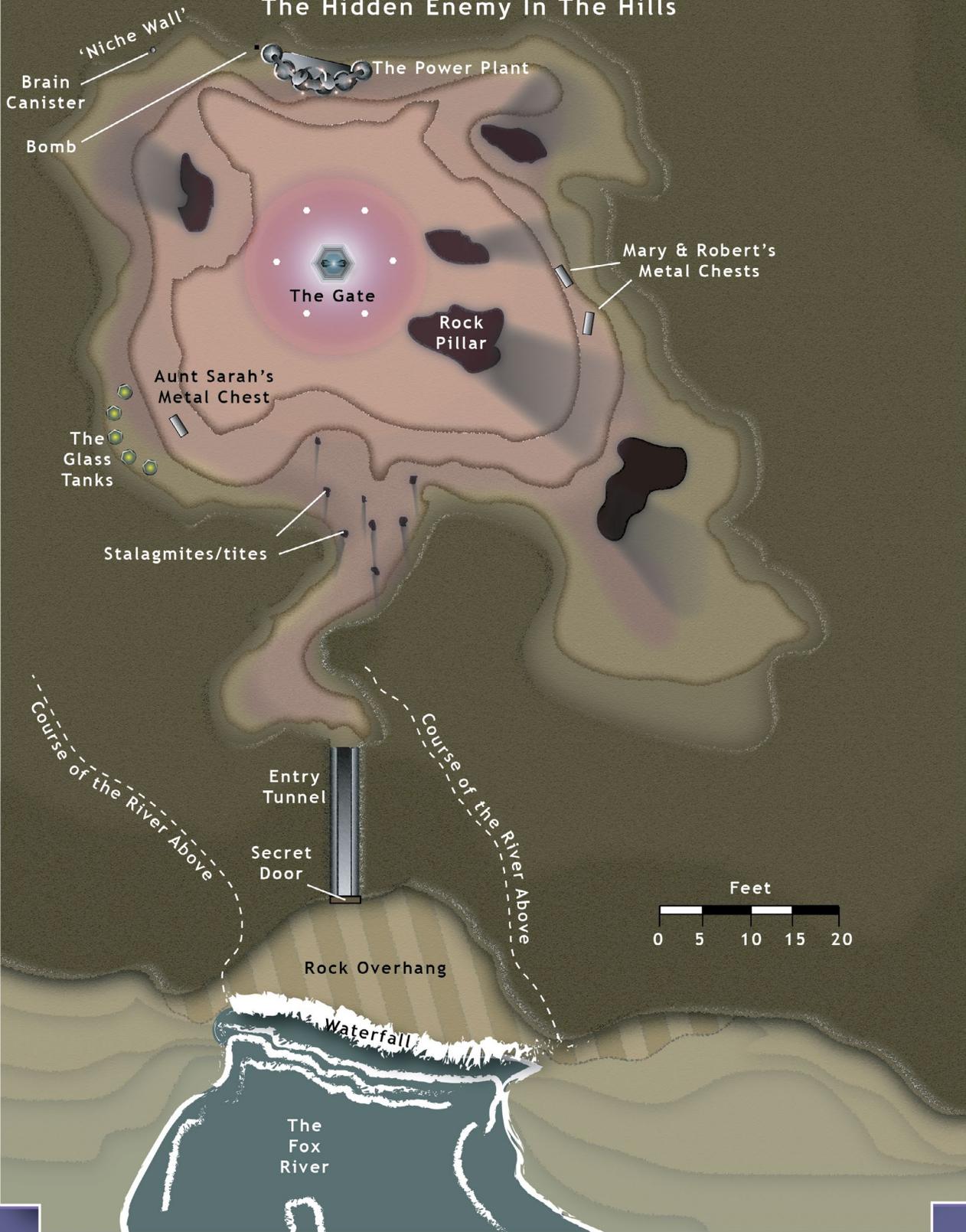
THE PICKERING MILL





The Mi-Go Cavern

The Hidden Enemy In The Hills





MU PLANE PLACES SECOND IN AIR DERBY

WEATHER FORECAST

Arkham and vicinity—Fair today; cloudy tomorrow.

Boston and vicinity—Mostly cloudy local showers in north portion.

TEMPERATURES

Boston 66
Chicago 68
Denver 48
New Orleans . 76
Los Angeles . 62

FINAL EDITION

IN TODAY'S ADVERTISER

EDITORIAL Page 2
WANT ADS Page 6
SOCIETY Page 4
RADIO Page 5

ARKHAM, MASS. The Advertiser

THOUGHT OF THE DAY
The country needs more parks; but where will we find waste paper to fill 'em?

VOL. LIX.—NO.—162

Outside 4th Zone (1 year) Daily and Sunday, \$17;
Daily Only, \$12; Sunday Only \$6. By Mail (1 year).

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1928.

HOME EDITION **** PRICE THREE CENTS.

ARKHAM PILOT FINISHES 2ND IN AIR DERBY

KANSAS FLIER REGARDED AS CERTAIN WINNER OF \$5,000 FIRST PRIZE

MINES FIELD, Los Angeles, Sep. 11 (AP)—While national air race officials checked elapsed time of the 21 class A airplanes that arrived here yesterday in the first of the feature transcontinental air derbies, two more caravans of serial racers approached the finish line here on the trek from New York.

Although the official announcement of winner was not expected before Wednesday, pending checking of control sheets and contesting planes, Earl Rowland, of Wichita, Kan., was regarded as certain winner of the \$5,000 first prize.

Rowland's trail-blazing Cessna was believed down nearly an hour ahead in elapsed time of the American Moth, flown by William Akeley, an Arkham resident and amateur Miskatonic U. air club flier. Akeley landed in the dust stirred by Rowland's propeller, and is believed to be winner of the \$2,500 second prize.

Tex Rankin, of Portland, Ore., piloting a Waco, landed third, followed in order by W. N. Emery, jr., Bradford, Pa., in a special racing plane, and Theodore W. Kenyon, of Boston, flying a Silver Sentinel.

Thirty-seven planes took off from New York last Wednesday in the race.

DANFORTH'S DISAPPEARANCE HOAX, DECLARES SHERIFF

Dragging Sumner's Pond for Missing Man's Body



CROWDS OF CURIOUS WATCH DRAGGING OPERATIONS

While county and city officials were still in a quandry as to an explanation of the mysterious disappearance of Lawrence Danforth, hundreds of curious people lined the banks of a swampy pond south of Arkham where the

body of the missing insurance agent is being sought. His battered hat and slashed coat, the only clues to substantiate a foul play theory, were found in an abandoned pit near the pond, a short distance off the Kingsport Road.

HARDEN QUESTIONS WITNESSES IN NEW PROBE OF MYSTERY

Re-examination of all witnesses was launched today in the baffling disappearance of Lawrence A. Danforth, thirty-five year old insurance agent, as investigators reverted from a theory of robbery and murder to that of hoax.

An all day search for a body in the lonely fields and water holes about the gravel pit and cement block plant near Sumner's Pond by Arkham airfield, several miles south of town, yesterday, proved fruitless. No indications of a murder or attack were discovered.

Morgue attendants supervised as men dragged a pool, four to ten feet deep, a short distance from the location where Danforth's abandoned automobile, with his torn coat and battered hat, was found last Friday morning.

Sheriff Albert Rankine, in charge of the investigation held today, declared he was satisfied that Danforth was not murdered, and asserted indications now are his disappearance is a hoax.

Captain of Detectives Luther Harden of the police department was asked to take a hand in the investigation and he launched his probe today by ordering all persons who have been questioned by the county authorities to be brought into his office at police headquarters, beginning at 9 o'clock this morning.

HOME IS RANSACKED

BURGLAR LEAVES NOTE SAYING HE WILL RETURN AGAIN.

The burglar who last night forced an entrance to the home of Mrs. Mildred Estheridge, 288 W. High st., in the absence of the family, is one who hates to disappoint the clientele.

Mrs. Estheridge returned home and found the place thoroughly ransacked, although apparently nothing was stolen. "I'll be back some other time," read the note which Mrs. Estheridge found on the table.

RENEWED SEARCH FOR BOSTON GANG KILLER

Boston Police Department today announced it was re-opening inquiries into the brazen gun murder 5 months ago of gang figure "Harry the Hat," a veteran card-sharp of the city's south side.

Mr. "Hat" was gunned down in a back room of a Cleveland bar by two persons whose identities have remained elusive to police. For months the murder was assumed the work of Arthur Brass, a known

criminal gunman who himself fell afoul of a motoring accident 5 months ago which left him in a coma. Yesterday, Mr. Brass finally awoke from his long sleep and was interviewed by Patrolman Gerard Owen, establishing for himself an airtight alibi for the "Hat" murder.

Boston and Cleveland police are now seeking another man, Devon McCoy, who is believed intimately involved with the murder.



DO YOU POSSESS INCONTROVERTIBLE PHYSICAL EVIDENCE of the existence of ghostly phenomena? Will that evidence survive a scientific scrutiny? If yes to both, you may be eligible for \$500 offered by Advertiser editor Harvey Gedney as genuine reward for curing his inveterate scepticism on such topics. Contact this paper to stake a claim. No hoaxers.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

ARKHAM ADVERTISER

389 W. Armitage St., Arkham, MA.
ADVERTISER PUBLISHING CO.
Harvey Gedney, Publisher

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Only, 80c; Sunday Only 38c.
One year . . . Outside 4th Zone Daily
and Sunday, \$17; Daily Only, \$12;
Sunday Only \$6.

Telephone MISK 90**Member of Associated Press**

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credited in this paper and also the local
news published herein.

Entered at the Arkham, MA Post
Office as second class matter.

Rules of Advertising

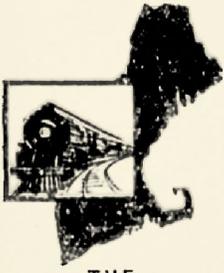
Copy for display advertising must be
received in the office of the *Advertiser*
on the day previous to publication.
This company will not be responsible
for insertion of copy received on day of
publication. Closing time on readers,
locals and classified ads, 9.00 A. M.
on day of publication.

The *Advertiser* assumes no financial
responsibility for typographical errors
in advertisements, but will reprint that
part of an advertisement in which the
typographical error occurs.

We reserve the right to revise or omit
any copy that is objectionable.

Transient advertising payable in
advance.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1928



**THE
CANNON BALL**
to Boston

When business calls
you to Boston, this fast
train will take you
there now in exactly
three-quarters of an hour.
Leaving Bolton at
8.00 A. M.—Arkham
8.49—Manchester 9.10;
into Boston at 9.30!

It is free from motoring incon-
veniences and hazards. You can
rest, read, or work as you ride!

It leaves Boston on its
return trip at 1.30 P. M.

**BOSTON
AND
MAINE
RAILROAD**

**QUESTIONS WITNESSES
IN NEW PROBE**

Among those summoned
were Danforth's wife, Mrs
Bettie Danforth, thirty-four,
and the assistant manager of
the insurance department at
the Miskatonic Valley Savings
Bank, who was Danforth's
immediate superior. Also
questioned was Mr Elliot
Stieglitz, a prominent local
insurance broker with offices
in the Tower Professional
Building in Northside.

Danforth lived at Derby St,
Northside, and has two
children, Ralph, ten, and
Warren, four.

He disappeared last Thurs-
day night, after supper, telling
his wife he was going to drive
to Kingsport to make collection
among his insurance policy
holders. He was seen by
acquaintances travelling
Arkham's southern neighbor-
hoods, heading towards
Kingsport on Peabody ave.,
and in his car was a basket of
fruit he had purchased from
friends in Lower Southside.

GAVE UP DRAGGING

Morgue workers gave up
their dragging operations last
night after carefully searching
all the surrounding fields and a
pool of water near where the
car was abandoned.

"Sheriff Rankine said he is
satisfied there is no body there,
so we quit," said Morgue
Superintendent Benjamin
Cowley. "He said he is satisfied
there was no murder, but that
this disappearance is a hoax."

Mr Cowley said, however,
there is still a faint possibility
that a body may be concealed
in either of two other larger
ponds a quarter of a mile from
the first pond, but these would
not be searched.

While loath to accuse a man
of Danforth's apparently
excellent reputation—a diligent,
conscientious worker, loving
husband and affectionate
father—with deliberately
planning his own disappearance
to cover up financial trouble or
an affair of the heart, detectives
were working on the case point
out there have been numerous
similar cases where "another
woman" was involved.

DEFALCATION INSTANCES

Instances of defalcations by
trust bank employees have been
numerous in the history of
crime, they point out, and
Arkham a few years ago had as
one of its most baffling myster-
ies the disappearance of Charles
B. Ward, a wealthy heir, which
had several points in common
with the Danforth case.

Capt. Harden's independent
investigation will continue; he
states that public submissions
are also welcome.

ARKHAM'S JUVENILE DELINQUENCY EPIDEMIC

By Harvey Gedney, editor.

Juvenile Delinquency — or
'J.D.' as it is often termed — is
a problem with many parts,
and it means different things to
different people. If we agree
upon the definition that a
delinquent act is one that is
contrary to law then it follows
that a juvenile delinquent is a
young law breaker. No
amount of circumlocution can
reduce the status of a young
lawbreaker or change him into
a privileged character. Unfor-
tunately it has become the
fashion to minimize the crimes
of children as though the size
and age of the law breaker can
reduce the social and economic
damage he does.

We should not confuse our
feelings of sympathy for
unfortunates with wrong; nor
should we be too squeamish to
mete out punishment where it is
unmistakeably due. Society will
improve or perish as it places
true moral and social values
upon desirable behavior as well
as upon desirable conduct. A
correspondant wrote to me,
courtesy of this newspaper,
recently expressing concern over
Arkham's recent spate of 'J.D.'

infractions. In part he said:

"I am no expert, but I believe
that a great deterrent would be
the publication of the names of
transgressors, the names of
their parents and their address-
es. I think that parents would
be much less lazy in the correc-
tion of their children, if their
own prestige were involved. At
present the mischief-makers
seem to have no discouragement
whatsoever..."

As a publisher, father, and
disciplinarian, I am forced to
concur with this correspond-
ent's sagely remarks.

The problem of juvenile
delinquency is older than the
pyramids of Egypt and will
continue with civilization.
What we can always do is make
sure that our delinquents do
not get an untrue picture of
civilized life. We should do
everything possible to orient
them and to curb their destruc-
tive tendencies. Every age has
its special patterns of living.
Look to the future, children of
Arkham, and shy away from a
destiny where you are bound to
the instruments of darkness,
through weakness of will!

Rewards for Buried Arkham History

Do you possess knowledge or artifacts pertaining to
the witch-hunters of Arkham, active about the time of
the hysteria of 1692? I am a descendent of one of
the worthy men of that cohort, Mr. David Appleton,
and seek urgently to obtain further information about
the activities of my ancestor. All genuine responses
gratefully received, and material information which
further my researches will be handsomely rewarded.
Write: Wallace Appleton, 204 Harper st., Kingsport.

TONIGHT!

8⁰⁰ P. M.
at the

BALLARD AUTO LOT

THE
SILENT KNIGHT

A COSTLY full feature picture which took a year
to make—a dramatic trip through one of Amer-
ica's largest plants—a graphic exposition of the super-
ior advantages of the world's most advanced type of
automobile engine.

Admission Free. Children under 16 admitted only if
accompanied by parent or guardian.

BALLARD'S AUTO LOT

"MEMBER MISKATONIC VALLEY AUTOMOTIVE ASSOCIATION"

cnr High lane and Marsh street

Phone 7353

Editor's Mail Bag

DIVERSITY, NOT WINDOW DRESSING

At a recent speech to
Merchant Ward businessown-
ers, selectman Milt Inquines
made much play of his commit-
ment to promote a diversity
among the ward's representa-
tion, going so far as to crow
about his "extensive achieve-
ments" in "diversification"
Arkham's town council.

But does this ring true?

Selectman Inquines might
assert he is a promoter of equal
access to the Merchant Ward's
committees and investment
budgets, but one needs only
look at the record-books to see
that almost every works
program approved by Mr.
Inquines has been awarded to a
member of his close circle of
friends and club-chums.

Equal access, sir, is not saying
one thing and doing another.
That is mere window-dressing.

Dr. Daniel Hart.

KEY TO THE MYSTERY

After floating in the Atlantic
Ocean for 42 years a sealed bottle
has been washed up on the
American coast. We understand
that the country is being
ransacked for a corkscrew —
London Humorist.

ARMY TANK KILLS GIRL

FIRST RECORDED MISHAP OF ITS
KIND OCCURS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Sept. 11—An
army tank ran over and killed a
girl spectator during maneu-
vers near Camphill today.

The accident, first of its kind
ever recorded, occurred while
the Royal Tank battalion was
returning from a mimic battle.
The tank emerged from behind
a truck and crushed the girl
while horrified spectators
looked on. The girl was identi-
fied as Miss E. Smith, aged 19,
of Haywards Heath.

rich flavor
in every
golden drop
HASTUR'S
Mustard

**BERNARD
EVANS**
Optometrist

237 W. Main Street
Phone 8781

BODY NOT IDENTIFIED

INDIGO SPRING ACCIDENT VICTIM'S BODY AT BOLTON, REJECTED BY KIN OF ANOTHER MAN

BOLTON—The body of a man who was killed by a B. & M. train, near Indigo Spring just south of Ross's Corners, early in the morning of Labor Day, lies in an undertaking establishment still unidentified.

Relatives of Jeremiah Coleman could not identify the body. They, however, stated that they have a brother by the name of Jeremiah Coleman, believed to be living in the vicinity of Indigo Spring. They asked that authorities help to locate him.

The body was shipped to Bolton after H. F. Watermann, superintendent of the Ross's Corners rail siding, had checked identification by telephone. B. & M. authorities shipped the body, thinking it was Jeremiah Coleman.

Jeremiah Coleman has a sister named Mrs. Dennis Crowmarsh, of 174 Powder Mill st., Arkham, and relatives living in Ipswitch and Newburyport. He also has a brother, a priest in Providence.

BUTTERFLY ON LIP; HOW COME

LONDON—Doctors are issuing a warning against the latest craze among society women here, that of tattooing their lips.

They say that it is a painful process which will take a great deal of getting off when its adopter tires of it.

Doctors approve, however, the custom among women of having some dainty device—usually a butterfly or a gold veiled regal face—tattooed over disfiguring scars.

DEATHS

MANY TO ATTEND RITES AT ST. MICHAEL'S FOR DROWNED OFFICER

Many veterans of the various branches of service in the World War, friends in Arkham Public High School, theatrical groups, military organizations and many personal friends will be among the mourners in St. Michael's Catholic Church on Wednesday morning at 10, when a solemn requiem high mass will be offered over the remains of Lieut. John O'Reilly Kelly, 31, of the Mass. 23rd Volunteer Regiment, National Guard.

Lieut. Kelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin A. Kelly, Newburyport, lost his life in an accident near Aylesbury on Sunday morning, while hurrying to keep an engagement with another Arkham man, Dr. Francis Morgan, presently supervising archaeological work near Dean's Corners. He had gone to a party on the banks of the Miskatonic upstream of Aylesbury on Saturday night with a newspaper man, and to get back to Dean's Corners to make his appointment with Prof. Morgan in time to keep his engagement, secured a seat in a late night motorboat from Aylesbury to Lunenburg. The boat left shortly after midnight with a complement of passengers, all strangers to Lieut. Kelly.

A DANGEROUS BEND

In rounding a dangerous turn at a bridge pier a woman in the party was thrown overboard, and Kelly, on a seat at the side of the craft, was similarly hurled into the water by the sudden turn. The bodies of the two people were not recovered from the water, very deep at this point, for several hours.

Dr. Percy Lake, a boyhood friend of Lieut. Kelly, arrived in Arkham with the body. Through him the father learned details of the accident.

Aylesbury police said they were mystified at first as to how Lieut. Kelly became a member of the party. Dr. Lake's explanation of how his friend got a "pick-up" from the party aboard the speed boat in order to keep an appointment with Dr. Morgan made clear the reason for Mr. Kelly's presence on the boat.

Lieut. Kelly's parents received telegrams of sympathy from a score of their son's friends. Among the messages was one from John Dwight Sullivan, commander of the Aviator's Post, American Legion, New York, of which Kelly had formerly been a member. Lieut. Col. Aubrey Bridgeton of Arkham's Mass. Guard Armory also sent his condolences and will attend the service at St. Michael's.

Father Paul Sheene will officiate the funeral. Interment in Christchurch Cemetery. Undertaker Jasper Eleazar has charge of the arrangements.

KING—Sept. 10, 1928, Ellen Munnis, wife of the late Alexander King.

Funeral Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock from her late residence 382 Federal street. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. Remains may be viewed Thursday evening from 7 until 9 o'clock. Interment in Christchurch Cemetery.

SEAHORN—Sept 9, 1928. John J., beloved husband of Ella Jones Seahorn and father of John jr., brother of Christian, Nicholas, Wilham, Anthony, Mrs. H. Snowstein, Mrs. John Peek, Mrs. Carlo Peek and Mrs. L. Hiset.

Funeral Friday morning at 9 o'clock from his residence on the Arkham-Bolton road, stop 23, thence to The Silver Sentinel Lodge, Bolton, where a believers mass will be celebrated at 10 o'clock. Friends and fellow lodge members are respectfully invited. No contributions required. Home open for friends Thursday evening.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks to those who so kindly assisted us during the illness and death of our dear wife and mother, Emma Fowler, especially those who donated the use of their cars and votive tubs and gave the beautiful flowers; also Father Morency, the Arkham S.P.C.A., and Mehler's Funeral Parlour.

SAMUEL L. FOWLER, MRS. L. G. SCAMMELL and FAMILY.

ELEAZAR'S FUNERAL HOME

549 S. French Hill st
Undertakers & Embalmers
Phone 1313 License 1697-9972
Night Call: Szymanski's, 574 Walnut.

THE COBWEB PARTY

A NOVEL FUNCTION IN WHICH YOUNG AND OLD MAY PARTICIPATE WITH PLEASURE

A pleasant fad in entertaining, first popular with our forebears in the decade before the turn of the century, is making a resurgence among Arkham's society set. That diversion is the cobweb party. It provides merry-making for both grownups and juveniles.

The hostess in providing for her entertainment secures as many yards of narrow ribbon or colored worsted yarn as she expects guests. The threads are not necessarily of the same length, but vary according to the fancy of the manipulator. Fastened to the end of each ribbon is some trinket, which acts as a prize. These souvenirs may be as costly or inexpensive as one pleases.

The lengths of ribbon or yarn, each with its prize securely fastened to the end, are carried in and out of one another, forming a grand tangle, the ends being secreted behind bookcases, cabinets, sofas, chairs, tables, and in every conceivable nook. The fun begins with the endeavors of the guests to untangle the cobweb by searching out a clue which will lead to the discovery of a hidden prize.

Finally, once the bright bits of ribbon are all traced to their hiding places, the lucky person who has captured the greatest number of prizes receives one grand souvenir. For a lady, this might be a dainty kerchief with a spider's web embroidered; for a gentleman, a spider scarf-pin is appropriate.



LIGHT BLENDS WITH MUSIC IN KINGSFORD WOMAN'S INVENTION

A basic patent for an invention to blend light with music has been granted to Mrs. Mary Carter Hazlitt. Mrs. Hazlitt has been conducting experiments in the blending of light and sound for 27 years. She believes that her patent is the first granted for a new means of expressing human emotions in rhythmic form.

While music is being rendered by singer, violinist, pianist or orchestra, Mrs. Hazlitt's apparatus floods the performer with lights of varying intensity. The fluctuations in light are intended to enhance the emotional and intellectual appeal of the music. The apparatus may be operated with a keyboard.

Years of training in music, of professional experience as a concert pianist, of study of physics, mechanics, physiology and psychology went into the achieving of the results now recognized by the granting of the basic patent.

Mrs. Hazlitt was born in Beirut, Syria, the daughter of Samuel and Sara Tabet Zann. She came to the United States when a girl of eleven. After she left school she took up the study of music.

HIDDEN—but are they SAFE?

ARE your little articles of value scattered around in makeshift hiding places, easily accessible to thieves, subject to loss by fire, and recorded only in your memory?

Why take chances? Put your valuables in your own strong-box in our vault. The cost is small, the protection great.



ARKHAM FIRST BANK AND SAFE DEPOSIT CO.

150 E. Hyde Street
Dial M1SK-192



Kill Rats Without Danger

A New Exterminator that is Wonderfully Effective yet Safe to Use!

K-R-O is relatively harmless to human beings, livestock, dogs, cats, poultry, yet is guaranteed to kill rats and mice every time.

Avoid Dangerous Poisons
K-R-O does not contain arsenic, phosphoric acid, barium carbonate or any other deadly poison. Its active ingredient is squill as recommended by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture in their latest bulletin "Rat Control."

Many letters testify to the great merit of K-R-O. "I fed K-R-O to three rats, two of my wife's hens and the neighbor's cat. The rats died, and the hens and cat suffered no ill effects. K-R-O is one of the best Rat Exterminators I have ever seen."—Fred V. Dors, Wilber, Neb.:"

SOLD ON MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. 75c at your druggist or direct from us at \$1.00 delivered. Large size (four times as much) \$2.00. K-R-O Co., Springfield, Ohio.

K-R-O KILLS-RATS-ONLY

The Gadabout

Keeping Up With
Arkham's Social Scene

BY MADELINE MANCHESTER

NEW HALL CHRISTENED

THE GARDEN AT Hall Manor was a gay kaleidoscope of society folk on Friday afternoon for the christening of the newest addition to the Hall family, Addison Davis Hall, born three weeks ago to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Hall.

I have mental pictures of the beaming countenance of M. J. Norton of Providence, the proud godfather to baby Hall, as he stood beside his own daughter, Mary Stuart Norton. At their side was Charles Tower, benefactor of Miskatonic University, with, as ever, a charming young woman on his immaculately dressed arm. The Gadabout did not catch her name, very sad to say.

Mrs. Hall was beatifically attired in a white crepe gown with which she wore a white hat. Chatting with her was Mrs. Fitzhugh Scott in a smart white costume, to which an attractive rose hat gave a touch of color. Mrs. Norton wore a pretty picture hat and carried a parasol. Her frock had a Parisian touch, with short sleeves and long lace flounces on a short skirt.

Not that the tea and biscuits at the Hall family estate were not delicious, but with the baptism complete, it was time for this reporter to take her leave and make a very special call.

For some time the Gadabout has been hearing tales of wild, loud, Friday night parties taking place in one of the old mansions over in East Town. Supposedly hosted by members of European nobility, I was anxious to learn more. Well, I finally managed to get my hands on an invitation, and away I went.

I can't divulge the actual address, but from the number of automobiles parked up and down Halsey street, it's really not hard to find. Although the mansion is a bit shabby (supposedly it's rented), light poured from all the windows, and the sound of laughter and spirited conversation could be heard all the way to the street. Somewhere, a piano played Boogie-Woogie music.

What a mixed crowd it was! The Gadabout was certainly surprised. In attendance were a couple of well known older gentlemen in the company of our host, and even a tenured professor from the University, whose name you could not tear from me with wild dogs.

I couldn't stay all evening but I had the opportunity to meet the gracious host, a distinguished gentleman from Hungary named Zoltan Varga.

Be assured, the Gadabout will be attending next week's gathering. Stay tuned for more.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER FOR MISS AGNES REILLY

A surprise miscellaneous shower was given Saturday evening at the home of Mrs. Daniel Reilly, 456 Church street in honor of Miss Agnes Reilly, who is soon to be married to Edward F. Archer.

Miss Agnes received a number of handsome gifts, games and music were enjoyed and a buffet luncheon was served.

An element of mystery was added to proceedings thanks to the anonymous gifting of an ornate carved box of Egyptian-style. It is believed quite ancient, and of considerable value.

666

Cures Malaria and quickly relieves Biliousness, Headaches and Dizziness due to temporary Constipation. Aids in eliminating Toxins and is highly esteemed for producing copious watery evacuations.

FLORENCE HINTS SHE AND JOHN WILL WED

MISS FLORENCE PEABODY was back in Arkham today from Europe, \$1.50 richer because John Billington did not meet her at the rail terminal. She won bets from girl friends who toured with her.

But the eldest daughter of Mayor Peabody has an "understanding" with the son of Arkham's wealthiest land owner. That is how she described their relations. She added that reports of an engagement were "premature."

When Captain Harvey, a military man who shared a compartment with Florence on her journey from New York, asked when the wedding was to be, she confided to him "not before Christmas."

GOES HOME AT ONCE

Miss Peabody was met by her mother who took her at once to their Uptown home. Asked if she would not like to be married at the extravagant Billington mansion she answered, "Oh yes, that would be thrilling," and then regretfully, "But there isn't much chance of that. You see John has got to work and earn some money."

Informed that there had been rumors her engagement was to be announced September 15 she said she "didn't know a thing about it" as she had been away and would have to "find out" when she saw her mother.

'UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER'

Specifically asked if it were not true that she and John Billington had an understanding she said, "We understand each other. Yes we have our own understanding."

"Were the reports of your engagement perhaps premature?" She laughed merrily.

"Yes, premature, that's a word."

Florence and the Billington heir first met while the two were students at Miskatonic. He showed a marked preference for her as a dancing partner and reports have been current for some time that they are engaged.

What Does Your Child Want to Know ?

Answered by
BARBARA BOURJAILY



CAN WE EVER GO TO OTHER PLANETS?

I hardly think we can, because

It's freezing cold out there.

We'd need big leathery wings to

Carry cans of intellect and air.



MISS FLORENCE PEABODY



Dishwashing can be made an easy task now!

DISHWASHING remains, in many homes, the *only* task that still comes near to drudgery....

Modern appliances throughout the rest of the house... but in the kitchen the same old sink still lingers on.

Absurd, isn't it?—when modern sinks that make dishwashing *far* easier, are priced within the reach of every home?

Don't fail to see the display of modern sinks at the attractive *Kroger's* show-room.

KROGER'S DEPARTMENT STORE

cor. S. Garrison & Main (SW)



MAY LADIES BEAUTY SALON

PERMANENT WAVE \$6.00
Special Price for Sept. Only

Best grade material will be used. Each permanent will have French marcel effect. Note—"No lotion or home-made dope will be used on your hair." Long and grey hair will be \$8.00. Haircut 50c, Shampoo 50c, Finger Wave 50c, Marcel 75c, Arch 75c, Retrace 25c.

Phone MISK. 4484 for app't

MAY LADIES BEAUTY SALON

122 W. High St ARKHAM

RADIO PROGRAM

FEATURES ON THE AIR

[Eastern Standard Time]

- 6:00 - Voters' Service: The Presidential Campaigns—WEAF
- 8:00 - Eveready Hour; Weyland Marsh, Tenor—WEAF, WEEI
- 9:00 - LaPalina Hour: Orchestra, Quartet, Soloists and La Palina Boys—WABC
- 9:00 - Dark Adventure Radio Theater; Dagon—WJZ, WBAL

TUESDAY, SEPT. 11

[By The Associated Press]

Programs in Eastern Standard time. All time is P. M. unless otherwise indicated. Wavelengths on left of call letters, kilocycles on right.

- 491.5—WEAF New York—610
- 12.45 - Afternoon Features
- 5.00 - Dinner Music
- 6.00 - Voters' Service
- 6.15 - Stoneyard Sketches
- 7.00 - Musical Miniatures
- 7.30 - Sterling Nies Singers
- 8.00 - Eveready Hour
- 9.00 - Cliquot Eskimos
- 9.30 - Dance Music (1 1/2 hrs.)
- 454.3—WJZ New York—660
- 12.00 - Orchestra and Features
- 5.00 - Dance Music
- 5.30 - Burra Miners
- 6.00 - Musical Programs
- 7.00 - Rhythmic Staples
- 8.00 - Tone Pictures
- 8.30 - Masters Minstrels
- 9.00 - Dark Adventures Radio Theater
- 10.00 - Slumber Music

- 309.1—WABC New York—970
- 6.00 - Orchestra
- 7.00 - Look To The Future
- 8.00 - Cellar Knights
- 9.00 - LaPalina Hour
- 10.00 - Songs, Dance Music
- 285.5—WBAL Baltimore—1050
- 4.00 - Sala Music
- 6.30 - Dinner Music
- 7.30 - Soprano and Piano
- 8.00 - WBAL Ensemble
- 9.00 - Dark Adventures Radio Theater
- 10.00 - Marylanders
- 508.2—WEEI Boston—590
- 5.00 - Big Brother Club ; News
- 6.00 - Pilgrims of the Light
- 7.30 - Sterling Nies Singers
- 8.00 - Eveready Hour
- 9.00 - Cliquot Eskimos
- 461.3—WNAC Boston—650
- 5.00 - Juvenile Delinquents
- 5.30 - Dinner Dance
- 6.30 - Pearl's Before Orchestra
- 7.00 - Organ Recital
- 7.30 - Tunnels Below
- 8.00 - WABC Programs (3 hrs.)

Stars in New Film



CHARLEY FARRELL JANET GAYNOR

The two well liked players in "Seventh Heaven" appear together in another picture, which is said to excel their former one in power. This is "Street Angel," and in it Miss Gaynor and Farrell are said to achieve new laurels in moviedom. It will be the attraction at the Amherst all week.

LUXOR BALLROOM

In celebration of the inaugural Arkham Egyptian Fair, there will be dancing tonight and Saturday at the Luxor Ballroom, 158 West street. Tonight the program of old-fashioned and modern dances will have a pharaohic theme and be in the charge of Earl P. Tathony with music by the Tutankhamun Orchestra. On Saturday night Billy Shuffy and his orchestra will play. There will be no midweek dance.

"EXCESS BAGGAGE" AT TELE

Behind the scenes in America's vaudeville theaters, one of the most interesting locales in the world, is portrayed accurately for screen purposes for the first time in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Excess Baggage," now at the Tele-News Theater with William Haines and 'Patty' as the stars.

GHOSTS OF BAYFRIAR'S SOUNDLY SLEEP

A SPECIAL INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY FLOYD TOBEY; PART OF A SERIES.

Up on the crest of French Hill sits the boarded-up and derelict husk of Bayfriar's Church, a local landmark but one whose history is largely unrecorded in Arkham's official records. If one believes the accounts of certain of the French Hill residents, Bayfriar's Church is a haven for ghostly manifestations.

As part of *Advertiser* editor Harvey Gedney's ongoing quest to become cured of his skepticism about all things ghoulish, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gist suggested that this reporter pay a visit to the old place of worship, seeking for themselves the \$500 reward offered by Mr. Gedney.

Having walked the streets of French Hill for more years than I care to mention, I have many times passed the looming edifice but never previously had I passed through the twisted metal gates that separate the abandoned church property from Church street. Stealing myself with all my journalistic training, I entered into the over-grown yard. While certainly there had once been some kind of pathway, it had long surrendered to a tangle of weeds and brambles. This left me tentatively weaving my way between fallen grave markers, eventually reaching the boarded-up door of the Church itself.

Arrangement having been made with the appropriate office in Town Hall, who presently holds the keys to the building, one of the side doors had been unboarded and unlocked ready for my entry. Sadly, of the the doughty Town Hall official who was supposed to remain present to accompany me inside, there was no sign. Perhaps the lure of a late-afternoon nap was too great for him.

Unperturbed, I ventured in alone. As one would expect from decades of abandonment, dust and cobwebs have done much to conceal any former grandeur of the place. Of ghostly presences, I saw none whatsoever.

Up and Down The Miskatonic Valley

WHITHER FOXFIELD?

On Wednesday last, *The Advertiser* published an article reporting the existence of a cartel of out-of-state industrialists who had surveyed the region between the mighty Misk and the New Hampshire border, in search of dormant lumber towns from whom to purchase rights or even to outright buy out disused mills. One of the towns mentioned in that article was Foxfield.

Since the article went to press, *The Advertiser* letters desk has received several letters inquiring after Foxfield, which it seems is place that has been forgotten by many Arkhamites.

A typical example of these letters is that of Mrs. Albert Gaffney of Northside who had previously encountered Foxfield during her genealogical researches into her own family, but had been told that the town had been long ago abandoned to the ages. "Hearing that Foxfield has been resurrected as a place on God's earth, I am now naturally curious to visit. Can you tell me more of Foxfield and what one might expect should one take the trip 'out west'?"

The township of Foxfield lies approximately twenty-five miles from downtown Arkham, reached by driving the Aylesbury Pike for about an hour then turning right on the unpaved Foxfield road which leads north. This unpaved corduroy type road soon crosses the Miskatonic and, after a teeth-jarring bumpy ride takes one to a fork, the right arm of which leads one four miles to Foxfield (the left arm leads to Tewksbury).

The collapse of the mill inevitably led to a sharp decline in the population of Foxfield, with large numbers of workers departing to find work elsewhere.

Today, Foxfield remains as a proud township, but one whose days of glory are in the past.

Founded in 1729, the town of Foxfield lies mostly on the southern arm of the Fox River, a tributary of the mighty Misk. A small farming community, Foxfield joined the industrial revolution when, in 1843, the Pickering family of Salem bought the old Sutler sawmill and converted it into a large woolen mill. The mill prospered and many local farmers took up the raising of sheep, selling wool to the mill.

Foxfield was planned from the outset as an idealized industrial community, with substantial housing built to accommodate the many migrant workers attracted to the area. With local Yankees hired to supervise the workforce, the town soon found itself a delightful mix of French Canadians, Belgians, Poles and Lithuanians.

With the advent of the Civil War, the mill was expanded to fulfill contracts to supply goods for the manufacture of soldiers' uniforms. However, by the 1890s business had slowed considerably, leading to the closure of parts of the mill and the laying off of many workers. In 1911, a disastrous fire destroyed the mill beyond repair. The Pickering chose not to rebuild, and signed all properties (including the ruined mill) over to the town.

The collapse of the mill inevitably led to a sharp decline in the population of Foxfield, with large numbers of workers departing to find work elsewhere.

Today, Foxfield remains as a proud township, but one whose days of glory are in the past.

The witching hour of midnight is, they say, when spectral forces come out and so I elected to stay perched on a pew (assisted by a handy thermos of coffee) until well after that time had come and gone. Nothing, save for a random gust of wind

knocking an old book off an even older shelf. In short, Mr. Gedney's \$500 remains secure.

[Post scriptum: my editor advises me that still another claim has been made in search of the 'ghost bounty,' this time a lonely haunted sawmill in the wilds of Dunwich. Stay tuned.]

Buy the New Victrola

with RCA Radiola Combination. 1929 Models Now On Display at (Easy Payments).



RADIO CENTER

Easy Payments 205 1/2 W. Main Street Dial M1SK-1773 Sole Agents for Kurtzmann, Brambach, Autopiano, Schiller Pianos

BEAVER THEATRE BOLTON

Tuesday, September 11

Tim McCoy and Joan Crawford in "The Law of The Range"

ALSO COMEDY "Broke Out"

Coming Wednesday Charlie Chaplin in "THE CIRCUS"

FIRE INSURANCE

Automobile & Home st 3A/350 W. Armitage

STIEGLITZ & SONS

TARANOWSKI'S BAKERY

Brown st, Northside & Church st, Merchant FRESH BREAD * FINE CAKES * FANCY PASTRIES MAGAZINES * TOBACCO

ADVERTISER WANT ADS

The Advertising on *The Arkham Advertiser* Want Ad Page is carefully scrutinized for the protection of readers and high-trade advertising. However, the Advertising Manager will appreciate an immediate notification when a reader feels that he has been injured by any misleading statement. We pledge a full and impartial investigation of any such complaint.

LOST and FOUND

LOST—Bank book, Arkham First Bank acct 61261. Handsome reward.

WHAT'S LOST IS FOUND—

Have you an heirloom in your family's storied past that has become 'lost to the ages' at some time, perhaps decades or centuries ago? We have a revolutionary new method which may assist the re-discovery of such items. Highly scientific, utmost discretion. Reply Box A-216

FOUND—Spider's web stick pin on French Hill trolley Saturday last; fell from the lapel of a well-dressed foreign gentlemen jostled by the sudden ascent of the car up the ramp to Peabody ave bridge. Reply A-727.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

BE IT HEREBY KNOWN—

At the meeting of Town Selectmen on 4 September, a motion submitted by the Mayor, for the creation of a monument to honor the returned soldiers from the recent World War, passed unanimously. This monument shall be erected in Independence Square beside existing war memorials.

WHILE THE TOWN COUNCIL holds comprehensive records of Arkham boys and men who served, details of decorations and other service honors is uneven. Therefore, a general call is being made for veterans to contact Town Hall to ensure details are correct. In particular, members of the following units are requested to respond:

1. The 23rd Mass. Volunteers: Kirke, Carnell, McKenna, Tolbert.
2. The 26th Infantry ("Yankees"): Munson, Flucker, West, Fokker, Inquines, Webb.

BY ORDER, ARKHAM TOWN MANAGER.

HELP WANTED

SALESMEN—want a few salesmen to sell a well known product on straight commission; opportunities unlimited. Inquire at the Powder Light Lamp Factory, 366 Water street.

YOUNG MEN—18 to 21, will employ seven who would like to travel to the "Green Mountain" regions of sth Vermont with transportation paid and chance to earn big money. Permanent Work. Mr Van Deusen, 519 E. Church.

THREE LADIES PART TIME—Outdoor dignified work for old established concern. Good income. Write Box A-22.

WANTED—Shoe salesman or saleslady with some selling experience for Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. Steady employment. Reply giving experience had and telephone number to Krogers Dept. S

BIG PAY, STEADY WORK—where you are your own boss and an opportunity to build up a business in household products that will pay you a handsome income for life. Experience unnecessary. Write for new plan. McNess Co., Room 14, Freeport, Ill.

WANTED—An expert chemist, must be skilled in acids. Professionals, no hobbyists. Must be familiar with unusual metals, skills with geology or metallurgy a boon. Apply for position at post office, box 14, with contact information. Good pay.

TO PARENTS

Imperfect eye-sight may be interfering with your child's progress at school.

BERNARD EVANS

Optometrist and Mfg. Optician
237 W. MAIN STREET PHONE 8781
32 YEARS IN ARKHAM

MISCELLANEOUS

CCCC — AD FA BDC JE
GG. HAAC DA FFB.
AA FF JIB ACA. EEB
BDC HD PEAAAA.

TO THE LOATHSOME

'MR. TOAD'—Let it be known to all that your noisome habits of making off with automobiles belonging to others, shall no longer be tolerated. While a joke to you, sir, these incidents are no laughing matter. If the Arkham police will do nothing to curb your narcissistic ways, a cohort of your peers will be only too pleased to mete out corrective punishment.

A STRANGE THORN—

It is said in some Eastern cultures that the Varg plant has a most unique toxin, one which opens one's mind to any number of opportunities. Reply Box A-199.

LATE NEWS FLASHES

BOLTON—The so-called 'Icebox' Bandits went on trial today for the death of Mass. State trooper, Irving H. Nelson. Difficulties were encountered due to two of the allocated jurors expressing an opposition to capital punishment. The trial will run for at least two weeks.

SERVICES OFFERED

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR—We furnish high-class detective services throughout Arkham. No job too big, none too small. PETE SMALL DETECTIVE AGENCY, 510 S. French Hill, dial 4121

WORLDWIDE CLIPPING—Special interest or general topic coverage. 520 Jenkin.

GIRL HUNG

Her arms around her Dad's neck and begged him to buy a FADA Radio Set.

Maneli's Music Store

ALBERTO MANELLI

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ARKHAM FUEL AND COAL

M U
REMINDER FOR ALL STUDENTS
Fall term for Freshmen begins
Saturday, September 15
For Former Students, September 19

KINGSPORT



The McDonald Residence

John Placard

Talbot Hall

The Congregational Hospital

Kingsport Public Library

The Forrester House

First Marine Bank of Kingsport

Kingsport Historical Society Museum

Kingsport Chronicle

Bernard White

The Appleton Residence

The Funt House



A woman with long, wavy hair, wearing a wide-brimmed hat and a long, light-colored dress with dark polka dots, stands in a field of tall, dry grass. She has her hand on her hip and is looking off to the side. Next to her is a large, woven basket. In the background, a large, multi-story house with a gabled roof and several windows is visible, surrounded by more tall grass. The sky is overcast with dark clouds and several birds are flying in the distance.

ANGELA BASTABLE DILLETANTE

CHARACTER FOLIO

Born to moneyed country farmers in the Dorset market town of Blandford Forum, Angela Bastable always knew she was never going to be the good little girl that her parents so desperately wanted her to be. An only child, she constantly flouted her parent's rules against associating with the farm children and was regularly dragged home covered from head to toe in mud and muck. A natural tomboy, Angela prided herself on being able to run faster, climb higher and fight better than her playmates, despite being smaller and slighter than most of them. Her parents frequently despaired of her, and her father usually referred to her as "the urchin" whenever news of her latest outrageous escapade reached his ears.

Angela's behaviour didn't improve as she got older. She insisted on smoking a clay pipe whenever she could, frequently got drunk with the farmhands, and fought any man she decided she didn't like the look of (which was most of them). She seemed destined to unrepentantly disgrace her family when the unexpected happened; she fell in love.

He was the son of a prominent lawyer in town, and the heir to an impressive fortune. He was everything she was not; poised, cultured, and genteel. There was no way these polar opposites should have fallen for each other, but they did. Somehow, his presence calmed her tempestuous nature, while she awoke in him a passion previously unsuspected. Together, they each completed the other. In an ideal world, they would have been happy together to the end of their days. Unfortunately, this is not an ideal world.

He was called away to war and died drowning in mud in a trench in France. Distraught, Angela fled England, determined never to return to the home that reminded her constantly of what she had lost. When her parents died a few years later, she liquidated her inheritance and has continued to travel the world, trying to outrun her pain. She has yet to succeed.

Angela is a fiery tempered tomboy who enjoys shocking people with her outrageous behaviour. She drinks, smokes and sleeps with whoever she wants, though none of it really touches her. She's on the lookout for something to make her feel truly alive, even if it kills her. Sometimes, she hopes it will.

1920s CLASSIC ERA

CHARACTERISTICS

NAME Angela May Bastable
 PLAYER _____
 OCCUPATION Dilletante
 AGE 27 PROMOUNS She/Her
 RESIDENCE Arkham, MA.
 BIRTHPLACE Dorset, England
 WAR SERVICE? None

STR **45** ²²/₀₉ DEX **75** ³⁷/₁₅ INT **75** ³⁷/₁₅
 CON **35** ¹⁷/₀₇ APP **40** ²⁰/₀₈ POW **80** ⁴⁰/₁₆
 SIZ **55** ²⁷/₁₁ EDU **74** ³⁷/₁₄ MOVE **8**

MAJOR WOUND **5** M9 H.P. **9** TEMPORARY INSANITY _____ INDEF. INSANITY **16** **80** / **99**

HIT POINTS

DYING	0	1	2	3
UNCONSCIOUS	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19

INSANE

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

PHOTO _____
 SANITY

CALL OF CTHULHU

LUCK

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

MAGIC

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

MAGIC POINTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	40 ²⁰ / ₀₈	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fight (Brawl) (25%)	50 ²⁵ / ₁₀	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	40 ²⁰ / ₀₈
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Art/Craft (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	29 ¹⁴ / ₀₅	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)
_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	60 ³⁰ / ₁₂	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%)
_____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	20 ¹⁰ / ₀₄	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hvy. Machine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	40 ²⁰ / ₀₈	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)
Credit Rating (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other)(01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride Horse (05%)	30 ¹⁵ / ₀₆	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU)	65 ³² / ₁₃	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> English	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____

WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attack	Ammo	Malf. No.
Fight (Brawl)	40	20	08	1d3	Touch	1	---	100
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

COMBAT

DAMAGE BONUS **0**

BUILD **0**

DODGE **52** ²⁶/₁₀

BACKSTORY

Born in Blandford Forum in Dorset, England

In the year of 189- on the 19th day of November

to Joan & Richard

who were Estate and Farm Owners in Dorset

I was A Tomboy and an embarrassment to my parents until the age of 18

when I became a country debutante Then the Great War came and I Lost my beloved Arthur to drowning in a mud filled Flanders trench.

My demeanour is Boisterous, adventurous, tempestuous, loyal.

I like smoking my clay pipe but detest Financial privilege

My goal is To live and love however I choose. To find someone who can truly make me feel alive or die trying. Some days, I hope I will join my Arthur.

My nicknames are "The Urchin" My Religion is Lapsed Anglican

The most beautiful moment I have experienced was Giving Billy Danwell a bloody nose for picking on his sister.

The Most Terrible Moment I have Experienced Was Getting the news that Arthur had drowned in the mud. Any hope I had of a normal life ended then.

I appear Pretty when I can be bothered but I'm rugged and won't put up with bloody nonsense. I was once described as 'Handsome' while in trousers. I appear confrontational... because i am. So what? I look like I can take care of myself. I'm tall.

My Ideology is Atheist. "If God exists, he is cruel and uncaring."

My Treasured Possessions my clay pipe andd the engagement ring Arthur gave me.

My Traits are Stubbornness, Hard working, Independent. Hedonist.

My injuries are Only mild childhood scars from climbing and falling from too many trees in my youth. Broken hearted.

My phobias are None

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts _____



SCARS

My injuries are

My phobias are

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts

Entities Encountered

EQUIPMENT, CASH, & POSSESSIONS

Spending Level \$50 Cash \$300 Assets \$30,000

Cigarettes, tobacco, pipe, engagement ring, lighter, hip flask

WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT ON THE PERSON

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Right Side

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Left Side

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Right Side

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Left Side

Right Hand

engagement ring

Left Hand

Skirt or Trousers

Front Right Pocket

lighter

Skirt or Trousers

Front Left Pocket

Cigarettes

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Right Pocket

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Left Pocket

In Boots

Right Side

hip flask

Left Side

Hidden reserve cash

Backpack

Other Pockets

Handbag or Satchel

Cash, house keys, dated
make-up, compact

Kit Bag or Large Sack

Home

Pretty clothes, working clothes,
hats.

Rock climbing kit, rock axe

A fine and large collection of
alcoholic spirits.
"Bugger Prohibition!"

<p>Pretty clothes, working clothes, hats.</p>	<p>Rock climbing kit, rock axe</p>	<p>A fine and large collection of alcoholic spirits. "Bugger Prohibition!"</p>
---	------------------------------------	--

STRANGE SYMBOLS & DIAGRAMS FOUND



Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success:	Fumble 100/90+	Fail >skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ¼ skill	Critical 01
--------------------	-------------------	----------------	--------------------	-----------------	--------------------	----------------

Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

Major Wound = loss of ≥ ½ max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized, then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

PERSONAL SECRETS & VICES

A worrying risk-rich lifestyle. A Psychologist or Alienist might conclude it was almost wantonly suicidal.

YOU

Char. _____
Player _____

NOTES & FRANTIC SCRIBBLINGS



CARL ETHERIDGE BOOK DEALER

CHARACTER FOLIO

Young Carl Etheridge didn't know much growing up in Kansas City, other than he hated it and wanted desperately to get out. A childhood case of influenza left Carl with a severely weakened constitution, and he became quiet and introverted. Branded a hopeless dreamer by his father — his mother having passed before Carl was three — young Carl spent much of his childhood buried in books and decided that he wanted to be either an author or a librarian when he grew up. Sadly, such opportunities were rare, and he settled for teaching. Still, he never stopped dreaming of an escape to some of the faraway places he read about as a child, and when a beautiful Easterner began to pay him attention, he seized the opportunity.

Petra Cole was the daughter of a civil engineer, Arthur Cole, who was working on improvements to Kansas City's infrastructure, and she was greatly taken with the quiet, bookish Carl. After a brief courtship, they were married, and the newlyweds began to long journey back to Boston to meet her family. Unfortunately, the Cole family, Boston brahmins of the old school, were less than impressed with Petra's new husband, and made their pleasure known by cutting her off without a penny. Carl took more and more work to support his new wife and their hoped-for family, spending months away from Boston. Petra, while fond of Carl, really didn't mind his absence very much, as it gave her more time to enjoy the city that was her home and to assist her father in the family business.

That life too, came to an end, when Petra was killed along with her father during the collapse of a building he was inspecting in Philadelphia. Carl was alone, in a city in which the only family he could lay claim to wanted nothing to do with him. Thankfully Petra had been well-insured, and the money that came to Carl gave him enough to leave Boston and buy a small bookshop in the coastal town of Kingsport. Here he deals in maritime books, sourcing finds for Boston collectors and auction houses. Some of the books he has seen pass through his hands have been very odd indeed. Still, he has plenty of time to read, and dream of faraway places across the waves.

1920s CLASSIC ERA

CHARACTERISTICS

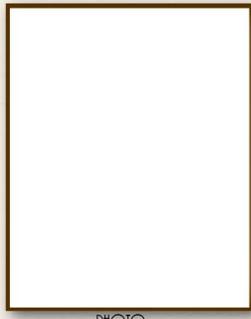
NAME Carl Etheridge
 PLAYER _____
 OCCUPATION Book Dealer
 AGE 29 PROMOUNS He/Him
 RESIDENCE Kingsport, MA.
 BIRTHPLACE Kansas City, MO
 WAR SERVICE? Medical Refusal

STR **45** ²²/₀₉ DEX **65** ³²/₁₃ INT **75** ³⁷/₁₅
 CON **25** ¹²/₀₅ APP **55** ²⁷/₁₁ POW **70** ³⁵/₁₄
 SIZ **65** ³²/₁₃ EDU **80** ⁴⁰/₁₆ MOVE **8**

MAJOR WOUND **5** M9 H.P. **9** TEMPORARY INSANITY _____ INDEF. INSANITY **14** **70** / **99**

HIT POINTS
 DYING 0 1 2 3
 UNCONSCIOUS 4 5 6 7
 8 **9** 10 11 12 13
 14 15 16 17 18 19

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



PHOTO

SANITY

CALL OF CTHULHU

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

Magic Points
 M14P.
 0 1 2 3 4 5 6
 7 8 9 10 11 12
 13 **14** 15 16 17
 18 19 20 21 22

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	55 ²⁷ / ₁₁	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fight (Brawl) (25%)	40 ²⁰ / ₀₈	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	65 ³² / ₁₃
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	60 ³⁰ / ₁₂	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	30 ¹⁵ / ₀₆
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Art/Craft (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	55 ²⁷ / ₁₁	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	55 ²⁷ / ₁₁
Credit Rating (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	40 ²⁰ / ₀₈	<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hvy. Machine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other) (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	60 ³⁰ / ₁₂
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU)	80 ⁴⁰ / ₁₄	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride _____ (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> English			

WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attack	Ammo	Malf. No.
Fight (Brawl)	40	20	08	1d3	Touch	1	---	100
'25 Derringer	30	15	06	1d6	3 yds	1	1	100
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

COMBAT

DAMAGE BONUS **Nil**
 BUILD **0**
 DODGE **37** ¹⁸/₀₇

BACKSTORY

Born in Penn Valley Park in Kansas City, Missouri
 In the year of 189 on the 6th day of October
 to Martha & Johnathan
 who were A Homemaker and a Historian in Penn Valley Park
 I was A Student of history until the age of 20
 when I became A Teacher Then the Great War came and I Attempted
to enlist but was refused due to poor health. After a tragedy I became a Book Seller
 My demeanour is Calm, withdrawn, and introspective
 I like the smell of a new book but detest the ignorant
 My goal is To leave the tragic loss of my beloved wife Petra behind and lead a more
quiet life in dreamy Kingsport.
 My nicknames are _____ My Religion is lapsed Protestant
 The most beautiful moment I have experienced was My wedding day to Petra Cole

The Most Terrible Moment I have Experienced Was Receiving the news that my
darling wife had dies, along with her father, in a biulding collapse in Philadelphia
 I appear Friendly but quiet. Mostly thought of as harmless. Oten regarded as
intelligent and studious but can feel superior to others when pushed. Smartly
tailored and ever punctual.

My Ideology is to foster peace and knowledge
 My Treasured Possessions 1st ed. of Jules Verne's From The Earth To The Moon
 My Traits are Understading, forgiving, studious, and prone to melancholy
 My injuries are emotional and deep

My phobias are None

Mundane Books and items 1st ed. of Jules Verne's From The Earth To The Moon.
bought as a birthday gift by his parents.



SCARS

My serious injuries

My gained phobias

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts

Entities Encountered

EQUIPMENT, CASH, & POSSESSIONS

Spending Level \$10 Cash \$80 Assets \$2,000

1st ed. of Jules Verne's From The Earth To The Moon, bought as a birthday gift by
his parents, a good pen, a decent wardrobe for a man of his credit rating suitable for
many different pastimes, a large kit bag, a magnifying glass, a copy of Appleton's
Railroad Guide 1920 (New England), keys to bookstore and home, 4-seater Lin-
coln-L automobile, '25 derringer and 30rds

WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT ON THE PERSON

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Right Side

1st ed. of Jules Verne's From The Earth To The Moon

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Left Side

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Right Side

'25 Derringer and 6 loose rounds, a good pen

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Left Side

Right Hand

Left Hand

Skirt or Trousers

Front Right Pocket

Skirt or Trousers

Front Left Pocket

Keys, Cash, Billfold

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Right Pocket

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Left Pocket

In Boots

Right Side

Left Side

Backpack

Other Pockets

Kitbag

a magnifying glass, a copy of Appleton's Guide, a change of clothes for any purpose

Automobile

a large kit bag, a magnifying glass, a copy of Appleton's Railroad Guide 1920 (New England),

Home

a decent wardrobe for a man of his credit rating suitable for many different pastimes	4-seater Lincoln-L automobile	23 loose rounds for his '25 derringer
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STRANGE SYMBOLS & DIAGRAMS FOUND



Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success:	Fumble 100/90+	Fail >skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard 1/2 skill	Extreme 1/3 skill	Critical 01
--------------------	-------------------	----------------	--------------------	-------------------	----------------------	----------------

Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

Major Wound – loss of 2/3 max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound – **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound – **Dying**

Dying: First Aid – temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

PERSONAL SECRETS & VICES

YOU

Char. _____
Player _____

NOTES & FRANTIC SCRIBBLINGS



CONRAD T. FRANKLIN

PUGILIST

CHARACTER FOLIO

Since he came to North-East in his early twenties, Conrad Franklin has made something of a career out of being underestimated, but those who get to know him soon realise that there is far more to this handsome fella than just his looks and his wiry frame.

Born in Chicago, Conrad was the son of a doctor for his local community and was expected to follow in his father's footsteps. Alas, his inclinations appeared to be more technical than medical, and it soon became clear that Conrad was destined to be an engineer instead of a doctor. "Henry Ford has seen the future, Pops".

Conrad was studying in technical college when the Great War broke out. Trapped between the great powers, France became the Western Front and was devastated by heavy fighting. Conrad struggled to return to his family emotionally after the war. Troubled, Conrad left the Windy City, eventually securing lodgings in Boston. However, life in Boston was not easy. Constantly assumed to be stupid or a criminal by the average white American, Conrad found work hard to get. Boston is an Anglo-Irish town and men of color were often discriminated against. Unable to capitalise on his mechanical training, Conrad was at a low ebb when he saw a man being set upon by a gang of toughs outside a Boston speakeasy. Conrad put his wiry physique to good use, easily besting the toughs in a brawl that left all four of them sprawled unconscious in the street. A bystander saw an opportunity and introduced himself to Conrad as a local fight promoter. Taking the young man under his wing, he began to build him up as a fresh contender, billing him as the "Colored Pretty Boy".

To his great surprise, Conrad took to the ring well. Under the tutelage of several trainers, he learned to put his reflexes and his reach to good use, gaining something of a following in the Boston boxing community and amongst crowds of all colors and creeds. His skill and success brought him to the attention of the notorious gangster, "Blackie" Brucetti, who presented Conrad with a substantial bribe to throw a major fight. Seeing a way out of the fight game, Conrad took the bribe. Things went badly wrong when the fix was exposed by a crusading journalist for the Boston Globe, and Conrad lost his license to box. Desperate for money, Conrad started fighting illegal, unlicensed bare-knuckle boxing matches. So far, he has avoided serious injury to himself or his opponents, but he knows it's only a matter of time before someone gets hurt, or worse.

1920s CLASSIC ERA

CHARACTERISTICS

NAME Conrad T. Franklin
 PLAYER _____
 OCCUPATION Pugilist/Boxer
 AGE 32 PROMOUNS He/Him
 RESIDENCE South Boston
 BIRTHPLACE Chicago, IL.
 WAR SERVICE? France

STR **70** ³⁵/₁₄ DEX **45** ²²/₀₉ INT **80** ⁴⁰/₁₆
 CON **65** ³²/₁₃ APP **70** ³⁵/₁₄ POW **40** ²⁰/₀₈
 SIZ **70** ³⁵/₁₄ EDU **72** ³⁶/₁₄ MOVE **8**

MAJOR WOUND **7** M.I.P. **13** TEMPORARY INSANITY _____ INDEF. INSANITY **8** **40** / **99**

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

PHOTO

HIT POINTS
 DYING 0 1 2 3
 UNCONSCIOUS 4 5 6 7
 8 9 10 11 12 **13**
 14 15 16 17 18 19

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

SANITY

CALL OF CTHULHU

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

M.I.P. **8**
 0 1 2 3 4 5 6
 7 **8** 9 10 11 12
 13 14 15 16 17
 18 19 20 21 22

MAGIC POINTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fight (Brawl) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Art/Craft (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hvy. Machine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other)(01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	<input type="checkbox"/> French	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Italian	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU)	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride _____ (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<input type="checkbox"/> English		

WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attack	Ammo	Malf. No.
Fight (Brawl)	65	32	13	1d3+db	Touch	1	---	100
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

COMBAT

DAMAGE BONUS **+1D4**
 BUILD **1**
 DODGE **62** ³¹/₁₂

BACKSTORY

Born in Minne Haha, Chicago in Illinois, U.S.A.

In the year of 189- on the 23rd day of April

to Agnes & William

who were A Homemaker and a Doctor of Medicine in Brighton Park

I was A Student until the age of 15

when I became A Mechanic Then the Great War came and I Enlisted as a Private to serve on the Western Front

My demeanour is Calm and supportive like a friendly, quiet giant

I like Italian food but detest Manipulative people

My goal is To prove to my Pops that I chose the right career by taking care of him and Momma when they retire and to look after the defenseless

My nicknames are "Pretty Boy" My Religion is Presbyterian

The most beautiful moment I have experienced was Having a German soldier thank me for rendering first aid when he was gravely wounded

The Most Terrible Moment I have Experienced Was Watching my friend "Cornfed" Williamson take an artillery round to the chest and just be obliterated

I appear Handsome, well-dressed to a modest budget and standard, with kindly eyes and warm but modest smile. I have staring, frightening eyes when angry

My Ideology is Democratic and self-sufficient

My Treasured Possessions are my boxing gloves

My Traits are Honesty, integrity, protective, a little judgmental

My injuries are Numerous small boxing scars, slight 'Cauliflower' ears

My phobias are None but slight nervousness around autos backfiring and balloons

Mundane books, and artifacts _____



SCARS

My serious injuries

My gained phobias

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts

Entities Encountered

EQUIPMENT, CASH, & POSSESSIONS

Spending Level \$2 Cash \$9 Assets \$90

Boxing gloves, smart shirt, braces, smart pants, boxing shorts and leather shoes, beat-up bill clip, socks, key to well-kept lodgings of a 'poor' standard, 3 auto maintenance manuals, The Green Book for African-American Travellers.

WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT ON THE PERSON

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Right Side

[Empty box for equipment on upper right side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Left Side

beat-up bill clip with \$7

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Right Side

[Empty box for equipment on lower right side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Left Side

The Green Book for African-American Travellers

Right Hand

[Empty box for equipment on right hand]

Left Hand

[Empty box for equipment on left hand]

Skirt or Trousers

Front Right Pocket

\$2 in loose bills and change, key to lodgings

Skirt or Trousers

Front Left Pocket

[Empty box for equipment on front left pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Right Pocket

[Empty box for equipment on rear right pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Left Pocket

[Empty box for equipment on rear left pocket]

In Boots

Right Side

[Empty box for equipment in right boot]

Left Side

[Empty box for equipment in left boot]

Backpack

[Empty box for equipment in backpack]

Other Pockets

[Empty box for equipment in other pockets]

Handbag or Satchel

[Empty box for equipment in handbag or satchel]

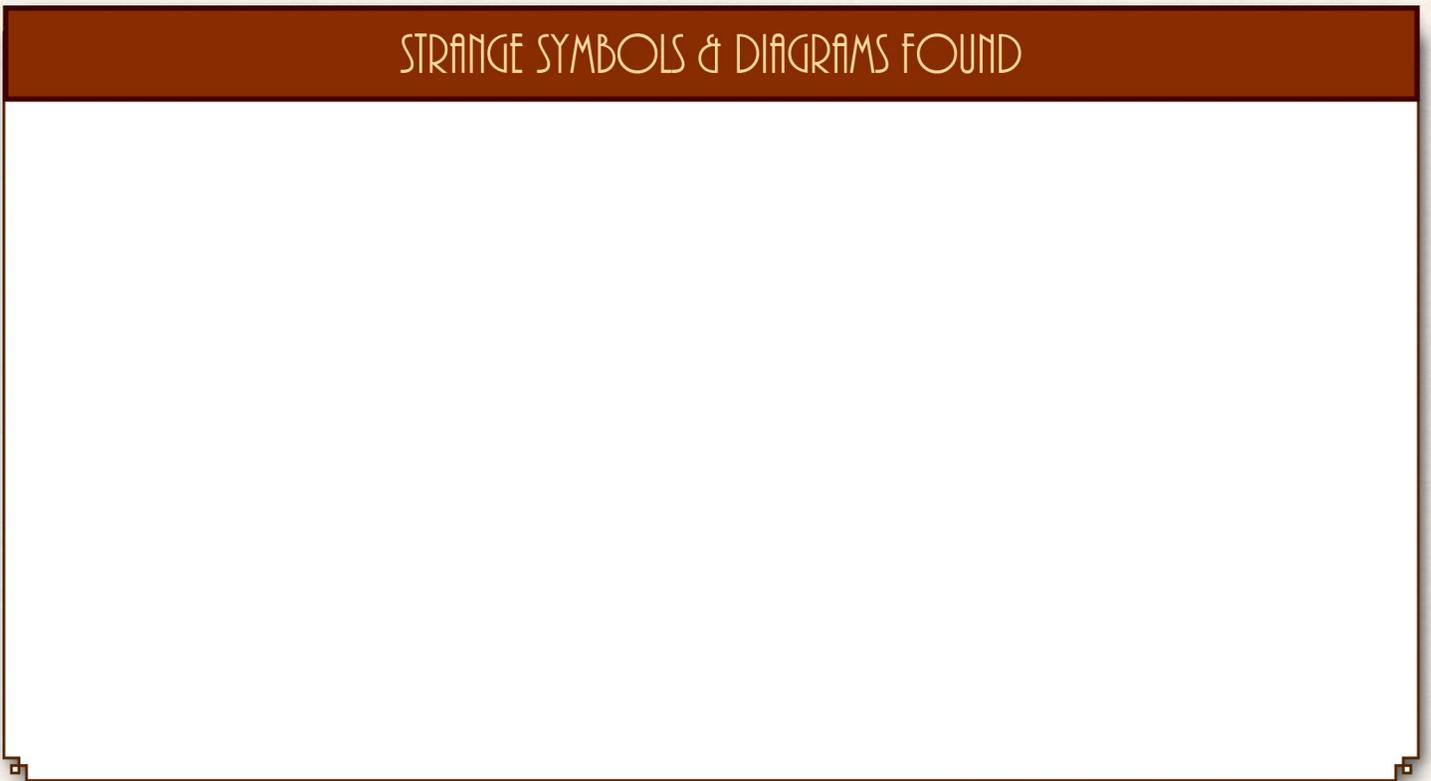
Kit Bag or Large Sack

Boxing gloves, towel, boxing shorts and leather shoes, 1 auto maintenance manual

Home

smart shirt, socks, smart pants, casual wear, braces, suspenders	2 auto maintenance manuals	

STRANGE SYMBOLS & DIAGRAMS FOUND



Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success:

Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard 1/2 skill	Extreme 1/3 skill	Critical 01
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Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

Major Wound = loss of $\geq \frac{1}{2}$ max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

PERSONAL SECRETS & VICES

YOU

Char. _____
Player _____

NOTES & FRANTIC SCRIBBLINGS

FATHER MICHAEL CALHOUN

CATHOLIC PRIEST



CHARACTER FOLIO

At 33, Father Michael is the youngest priest in Bolton, an industrial town not far from Arkham. Despite this he is well-regarded in the Church, and commands the respect of his flock.

Born in Arkham, and raised on the weird legends of the witch-haunted town, Michael has always had a belief in the hidden powers behind the world. As a child — the youngest of three brothers — the grace of solemnity of the Roman Ritual fascinated him, and it wasn't long before he felt the call to God. His family reluctantly agreed with his decision, and he entered the Seminary straight after college.

Michael's faith only grew stronger throughout his studies, and he left the Seminary determined to preach God's word as best he could. After spending five years in Boston, the Church saw fit to send him to Bolton, where he ministers to a flock of poor immigrant mill workers; mostly Irish, Polish and Italians, none of whom seem to like each other much.

In recent years, Michael's sense of the underlying powers of the world has resurfaced, haunting him with eerie dreams. He has begun to wonder if there is something wrong with Bolton and the surrounding towns, or worse if there is something wrong with him. Michael's faith was recently tested, when he discovered that the priest he had been sent to replace had died by suicide, rather than from a brief illness as he had previously been led to believe. The reasons behind that suicide remain obscure, but the thought has haunted Michael, not simply because his Church superiors lied to him, but because his brother in Christ has surely damned himself.

Father Michael is an intelligent and well-educated man, with an interest in both the natural and supernatural worlds. He has read extensively on the history of the occult and is an excellent judge of character. Over the years he has built up a small personal library of works on the supernatural, a fact that might cause concern were it to reach the ears of the Church fathers. In college he played a little football and he still tries to remain fit through regular exercise and sports.

1920s CLASSIC ERA

CHARACTERISTICS

NAME Fr. Michael Calhoun
 PLAYER _____
 OCCUPATION Catholic Priest
 AGE 33 PROMOUNS He/Him
 RESIDENCE Bolton, MA.
 BIRTHPLACE Arkham, MA
 WAR SERVICE? none

STR **70** ³⁵/₁₄ DEX **65** ³²/₁₃ INT **90** ⁴⁵/₁₈
 CON **55** ²⁷/₁₁ APP **40** ²⁰/₀₈ POW **60** ³⁰/₁₂
 SIZ **75** ³⁷/₁₅ EDU **86** ⁴³/₁₇ MOVE **7**

MAJOR WOUND **7** M.T.P. **13** TEMPORARY INSANITY _____ INDEF. INSANITY **12** **60** / **99**

HIT POINTS

DYING	0	1	2	3
UNCONSCIOUS	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19

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

SANITY

CALL OF CTHULHU

LUCK

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

MAGIC POINTS

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

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%)	40 ²⁰ / ₀₈
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fight (Brawl) (25%)	50 ²⁵ / ₁₀	<input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry	66 ³³ / ₁₃
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Christ. Theology	
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Art/Craft (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)	45 ²² / ₀₉
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)	60 ³⁰ / ₁₂
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	50 ²⁵ / ₁₀	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)	
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	25 ¹² / ₀₅	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)	
Credit Rating (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	75 ³⁷ / ₁₅	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)	
Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	35 ¹⁷ / ₀₇	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other)(01%)	46 ²³ / ₀₉	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	<input type="checkbox"/> Latin	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	45 ²² / ₀₉	
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU)	80 ⁴⁰ / ₁₆	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	
	<input type="checkbox"/> English	_____	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride _____ (05%)	

WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attack	Ammo	Malf. No.
Fight (Brawl)	50	25	10	1d3+db	Touch	1	---	100
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

COMBAT

DAMAGE BONUS **+1D4**
 BUILD **1**
 DODGE **32** ¹⁶/₀₆

BACKSTORY

Born in French Hill, Arkham in Massachusetts, U.S.A.

In the year of 189- on the 9th day of December

to Barbara & Unknown

who were A washerwoman in French Hill

I was a good student and breadwinner (delivery boy) until the age of 12

when I became a seminary student Then the Great War came and I served to minister religious support to the community of Bolton, MA as their priest

My demeanour is Suspicious and questioning. Easy to admonish the guilty

I like Italian food but detest secrets

My goal is To provide a comfortable future for my Ma, to keep my 2 brothers on the straight and narrow, and to find out why my predecessor killed himself

My nicknames are Father and Padre My Religion is Catholic

The most beautiful moment I have experienced was Seeing my Ma's face full of joy as I was ordained.

The Most Terrible Moment I have Experienced Was Taking confession from a wicked killer and learning after he was killed that 3 girls were still captive somewhere

I appear Moodily handsome, energetic, brooding, and determined. When the situation calls for it I'm also hugely compassionate and comforting. I'd be the first to fight hard against evil to protect the innocent short of violence.

My Ideology is There is a higher power in Jesus Christ. We're all His children.

My Treasured Possessions My Ma's photo and a crucifix supposedly from my Da.

My Traits are Generous, forgiving, protective of my flock at St Bart's, Bolton

My injuries are None

My phobias are None but I often worry about failing a member of my flock. I am surprisingly worldly-wise and non judgmental of certain lifestyles and therefore unconcerned about scandal.

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts _____



SCARS

My injuries are

My phobias are

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts

Entities

Encountered

EQUIPMENT, CASH, & POSSESSIONS

Spending Level \$50* Cash \$270** Assets \$27,000*

* represents church funds not for personal use ** represents personal savings

Crucifix, robes, trousers, shirts, priest's collar, bible, wallet, hip flask containing Lime cordial, good shoes, country shoes, heavy overcoat. A small library of occult volumes held in a secret room in a retirement home for priests that he visits regularly.

WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT ON THE PERSON

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Right Side

[Empty box for equipment on upper right side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Left Side

wallet, hip flask containing Lime cordial,

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Right Side

[Empty box for equipment on lower right side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Left Side

[Empty box for equipment on lower left side of jacket]

Right Hand

[Empty box for equipment on right hand]

Left Hand

[Empty box for equipment on left hand]

Skirt or Trousers

Front Right Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in front right pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Front Left Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in front left pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Right Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in rear right pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Left Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in rear left pocket]

In Boots

Right Side

[Empty box for equipment in right boot]

Left Side

[Empty box for equipment in left boot]

Backpack

[Large empty box for equipment in backpack]

Other Pockets

Crucifix (around neck)

Handbag or Satchel

[Empty box for equipment in handbag or satchel]

Kit Bag or Large Sack

[Empty box for equipment in kit bag or large sack]

Home

At my church----- robes, trousers, shirts, priest's collar, bible.

At Home----- trousers, shirts, priest's collar, bible, good shoes, heavy overcoat.

St Columba's retirement home
A small library of occult volumes held in a secret room in St Columba's retirement home for priests that he visits regularly.

NOTES & FRANTIC SCRIBBLINGS



JONATHAN "JOHNNY" LOGAN

DRIVER (BOOTLEGGER)

CHARACTER FOLIO

If there's one thing Johnny Logan loves more than fast women, it's fast cars. From an early age, autos have fascinated Johnny. As a youth, he spent afternoons he should have been in school at the local auto shop, elbows deep in the guts of some flivver, learning how to fix them, tune them up and make them go faster. He was a quick study, adopted by the mechanics as a kind of mascot, though if truth were told he taught them as much as they taught him. When he was old enough to see over the hood, he took his first ride, and the course of his life was set. As soon as he was old enough Johnny ditched school and started working full-time in the auto shop, tuning the cars brought in by local hoodlums. He developed a knack for helping them outrun the cops, and it wasn't long before he had enough money saved to make a down payment on an auto of his very own. As soon as he had the thing — a broken down jalopy everyone else thought fit for the junkheap — he had it sitting in a corner of the garage, stripped down to the frame. Over the next few months the car was lovingly rebuilt, piece by piece, until it gleamed, almost as good as new. The older mechanics teased him about his "baby", until he started it first time and drove it out of the garage with a deep-throated growl. They didn't tease him much after that, even after he named the car Baby.

After that, it seemed only natural that Johnny's mechanical skills would be matched by his talent as a driver. It seemed that every hour he didn't spend fixing cars, he spent behind the wheel of Baby. Some joked that he might have been born there.

Running a car isn't cheap, however, and Johnny began to supplement his wages from the garage with side jobs taken from Boston's criminal element. Johnny gained a name as a reliable courier, a hard-working man who could get a package from a to b without interference from the Bulls. Johnny's intimate knowledge of the Boston backstreet gave him the edge when avoiding the cops, and Baby's souped-up engine had enough speed to outrun almost anything. Johnny finally quit Boston when what he'd been told was a simple pick-up turned into being used as a getaway driver for a bank heist that went sour. Baby took a few bullets, and that was enough for Johnny. He kissed Beantown goodbye, and took to the sticks.

These days Johnny works during the day as one of Arkham's few cabbies, and during the night as a runner for local bootleggers. He's toughed up in the intervening years, and rides with a pistol in the glove box and a sawn-off shotgun under the dash. He still loves to work on cars and helps out in an auto shop just off the pike from Dean's Corners at weekends. He's an affable man but doesn't have many close friends. There's only room in his heart for Baby, his first and only love.

1920s CLASSIC ERA

CHARACTERISTICS

NAME Johnny Logan
 PLAYER _____
 OCCUPATION Driver/Bootlegger
 AGE 31 PROMOUNS He/Him
 RESIDENCE Peabody St. Arkham
 BIRTHPLACE Boston, MA
 WAR SERVICE? None

STR **65** ³²/₁₃ DEX **55** ²⁷/₁₁ INT **75** ³⁷/₁₅
 CON **65** ³²/₁₃ APP **40** ²⁰/₀₈ POW **55** ²⁷/₁₁
 SIZ **60** ³⁰/₁₂ EDU **70** ³⁵/₁₄ MOVE **8**

MAJOR WOUND **6** MIND P. **12** TEMPORARY INSANITY _____ INDEF. INSANITY **11** **55** / **99**
 HIT POINTS: DYING 0 1 2 3
 UNCONSCIOUS 4 5 6 7
 8 9 10 11 **12** 13
 14 15 16 17 18 19

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

CALL OF CTHULHU

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

MAGIC POINTS
 0 1 2 3 4 5 6
 7 8 9 10 **11** 12
 13 14 15 16 17
 18 19 20 21 22

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fight (Brawl) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Art/Craft (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hvy. Machine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other) (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU)	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride _____ (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/>

WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attack	Ammo	Malf. No.
Fight (Brawl)	64	32	12	1d3+db	Touch	1	---	100
'32 Revolver	60	30	12	1d8	15yds	1 (3)	6	100
12" Shotgun	60	30	12	4d6/2d6/1d6	10/20/50 yards	1 or 2	2	100

COMBAT

DAMAGE BONUS **+1D4**
 BUILD **1**
 DODGE **27** ¹³/₀₅

BACKSTORY

Born in South Boston in Boston, MA, U.S.A.

In the year of 189- on the 1st day of January

to Lucia Margerite & Patrick Logan

who were A Homemaker and a Factory Foreman in Boston

I was A Student until the age of 15

when I became A Mechanic Then the Great War came and I watched as others went off to war.

My demeanour is Devil-may-care driver, affable but private

I like driving fast but detest Bulls (the cops)

My goal is To look after 'Pops', the elderly owner of the auto shop he helps out in, who Johnny has come to regard as a second father.

My nicknames are "Track Star" My Religion is none

The most beautiful moment I have experienced was The day I got my car 'Baby' to reach her maximum speed and left a car full of coppers in the dust.

The Most Terrible Moment I have Experienced Was When I nearly died in a hail of bullets after a bank heist went bad. I had signed up as a courier, not a getaway driver

I appear Cheerful and approachable if you know me but can project an aura of threat if you don't know me. Suit always pressed. Always clean shaven.

My Ideology is Science has all the answers. What an age we live in!

My Treasured Possessions Baby (looks like a standard car, moves like a sports car).

My Traits are Gambler and risk-taker

My injuries are Numerous small scars from light crashes. A half-moon scar over right eye where he was "scope-bit" (injured by scope recoil on a rifle)

My phobias are None

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts _____



SCARS

My injuries are

My phobias are

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts

Entities Encountered

EQUIPMENT, CASH, & POSSESSIONS

Spending Level \$10 Cash \$40 Assets \$1,000

Hat, good suit, casual clothes, black stealthy clothes (balaklava, black pants, gloves, black sweater), Keys to home and 'Baby', Pistol +50rds, Shotgun +48 shells, Engineers manual for 'Baby', Box of anti-tire tacks (2 uses), Vehicle tool box, cash.

WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT ON THE PERSON

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Right Side

[Empty box for equipment on upper right side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Left Side

[Empty box for equipment on upper left side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Right Side

[Empty box for equipment on lower right side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Left Side

Pistol +18rds,

Right Hand

[Empty box for equipment on right hand]

Left Hand

[Empty box for equipment on left hand]

Skirt or Trousers

Front Right Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in front right pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Front Left Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in front left pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Right Pocket

Keys to home, cash.

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Left Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in rear left pocket]

In Boots

Right Side

[Empty box for equipment in right boot]

Left Side

[Empty box for equipment in left boot]

Backpack

[Empty box for equipment in backpack]

Other Pockets

[Empty box for other pockets]

Handbag or Satchel

[Empty box for handbag or satchel]

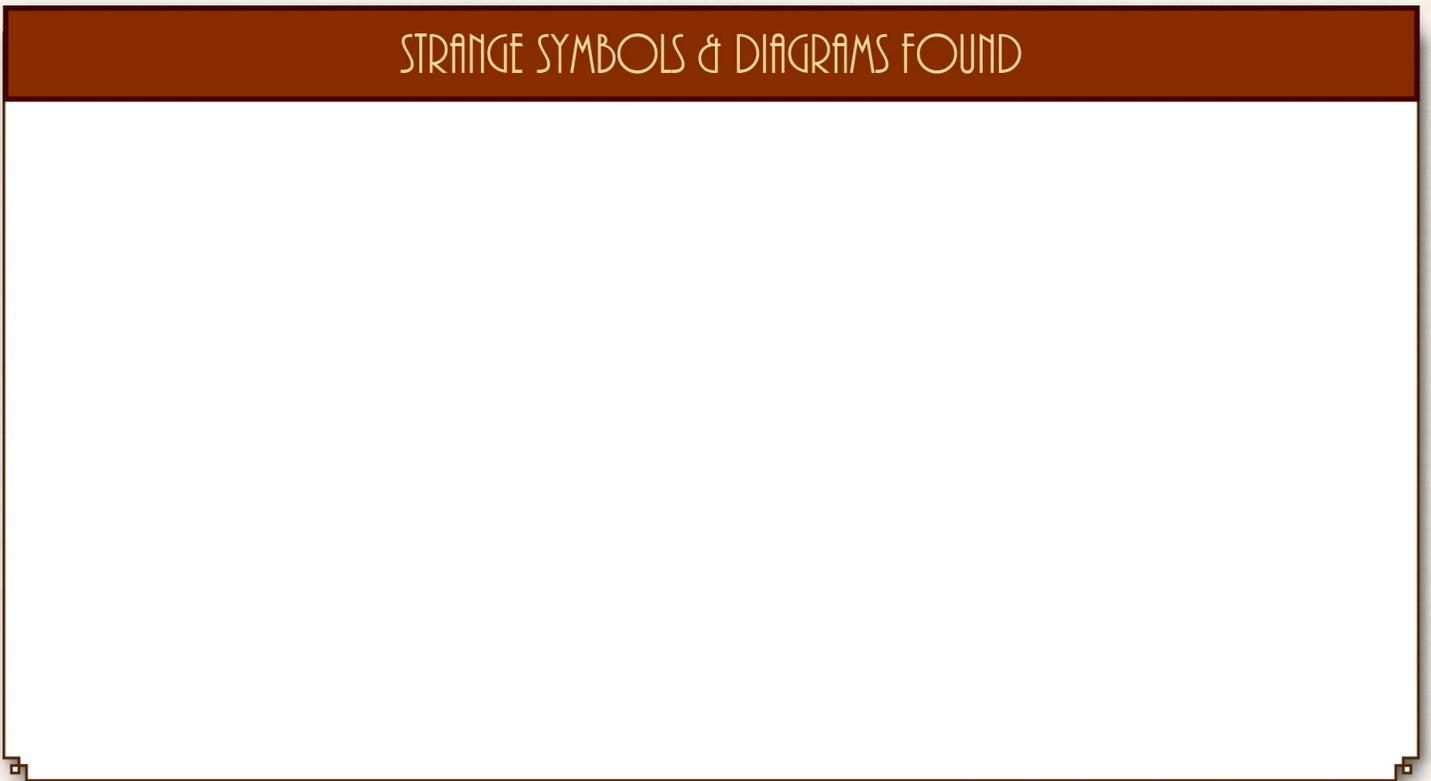
Kit Bag or Large Sack

black stealthy clothes (balak-lava, black pants, gloves, black sweater), Shotgun + 24 shells, 32 rds for revolver.

Home

<p>Hat, good suit, casual clothes,</p>	<p>[Empty box]</p>	<p>'Baby' 24 shells for shotgun, Engineers manual for 'Baby', Box of anti-tire tacks (2 uses), Vehicle tool box.</p>
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STRANGE SYMBOLS & DIAGRAMS FOUND



Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success:

Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard 1/2 skill	Extreme 1/3 skill	Critical 01
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Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

Major Wound = loss of $\geq \frac{1}{2}$ max HP in one attack

Reach 0 HP without Major Wound = **Unconscious**

Reach 0 HP with Major Wound = **Dying**

Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

PERSONAL SECRETS & VICES

An almost obsessive pride over his car 'baby' and the vulnerabilities associated with that.

YOU

Char. _____
Player _____

NOTES & FRANTIC SCRIBBLINGS

RHODA GOLDSTEIN

PHOTOJOURNALIST



CHARACTER FOLIO

Ask anyone to describe Rhoda “Goldie” Goldstein, and the phrase they invariably use is “tough as nails”. The foul-mouthed, cigar-chewing photojournalist has seen it all, and done it all too. In a male-dominated, dog-eat-dog career, Rhoda learned to be tougher, quicker and sassier than any of her male colleagues. The only girl in a family of five brothers, Rhoda grew up being able to give as good as she got. Her brothers taught her to fight, her father taught her how to cuss, and her first lover taught her how to use a camera. She fell in love with the art of photography, took the camera, left her lover, and set out to make her fortune.

Rhoda’s big break came when she was the first on the scene of a brutal triple murder — a pure fluke, it had taken place in her apartment block. Her shots of the blood-soaked bodies and the axe-wielding perpetrator, madness glittering in his eyes, got her a job on the night shift of the New York Post. Rhoda quickly made a name for herself as a photographer who never took no for an answer. Her talent for sneaking past police lines to get the juiciest, goriest pictures earned her the nickname “Bloody Rhoda” in the bullpen. Her hard-drinking, foul-mouthed, no-nonsense attitude earned her less flattering names from her male colleagues, but Rhoda couldn’t have cared less.

The good times came to an end when her photographs of a particularly unpleasant gang-related murder showed evidence that somehow failed to make it into the investigation. Suspecting that the cops had been paid to look the other way, she went to her editor. That night, her apartment building burned to the ground. Rhoda took the hint and left town. Unable to bring herself to move too far from her family,

Rhoda has settled in Massachusetts, working for the Arkham Advertiser. What she had assumed to be a sleepy college town is turning out to be anything but, however, and her nose for news is leading her to believe that there’s something very odd about her new home. More people go missing than is normal for a small town, and there are curious hints in the local legends that have piqued Rhoda’s curiosity. Currently Rhoda is torn between the need to keep a low profile, and her need to find out what’s going on.

1920s CLASSIC ERA

CHARACTERISTICS

NAME **Rhoda Goldstein**
 PLAYER _____
 OCCUPATION **Photojournalist**
 AGE **32** PROMOUNS **She/Her**
 RESIDENCE **Ins.Sq., Arkham**
 BIRTHPLACE **Queens, NY**
 WAR SERVICE? **None**

STR **45** ²²/₀₉ DEX **75** ³⁷/₁₅ INT **70** ³⁵/₁₄
 CON **45** ²²/₀₉ APP **50** ²⁵/₁₀ POW **60** ³⁰/₁₂
 SIZ **45** ²²/₀₉ EDU **76** ³⁸/₁₅ MOVE **8**

MAJOR WOUND **5** M9 H.P. _____
 TEMPORARY INSANITY _____
 INDEF. INSANITY **12** **60** / **99**

HIT POINTS

DYING	0	1	2	3
UNCONSCIOUS	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19

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

SANITY

CALL OF CTHULHU

LUCK

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

MAGIC POINTS

	0	1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22					

<input type="checkbox"/> Accounting (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fast Talk (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Law (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Science (01%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Anthropology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Fight (Brawl) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Library Use (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry
<input type="checkbox"/> Appraise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Listen (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Archaeology (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Locksmith (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Sleight of Hand (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Art/Craft (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Handgun) (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Mech. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Spot Hidden (25%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Photography	<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms (Rifle/Shotgun) (25%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Natural World (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Survival (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Charm (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid (30%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Navigate (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Swim (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Climb (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> History (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Occult (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Throw (20%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Credit Rating (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidate (15%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Op. Hvy. Machine (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Track (10%)
<input type="checkbox"/> Cthulhu Mythos (00%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Jump (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Persuade (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Disguise (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Other)(01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Pilot (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Dodge (half DEX)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychology (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive Auto (20%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____	<input type="checkbox"/> Psychoanalysis (01%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
<input type="checkbox"/> Elec. Repair (10%)	<input type="checkbox"/> Language (Own) (EDU)	<input type="checkbox"/> Ride _____ (05%)	<input type="checkbox"/> _____
	<input type="checkbox"/> English		

WEAPONS

Weapon	Regular	Hard	Extreme	Damage	Range	Attack	Ammo	Malf. No.
Fight (Brawl)	40	20	08	1d3	Touch	1	---	100
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

COMBAT

DAMAGE BONUS **0**
 BUILD **0**
 DODGE **37** ¹⁸/₀₇

BACKSTORY

Born in Queens in New York
 In the year of 189- on the 14th day of July
 to Sarah & Efrayim
 who were A Homemaker and a Kosher Grocer in Queens
 I was A Student until the age of 14
 when I became able to help at home Then the Great War came and I watched
too many good men go to war and not come back.
 My demeanour is confident, social, and hard living
 I like whiskey and cigars but detest corruption & bigots
 My goal is To progress to whief reporter t the Arkham Advertiser

My nicknames are "Bloody Rhoda" My Religion is None. Active Atheist.
 The most beautiful moment I have experienced was Exposing a former NY council
nan for philandering on expenses and watching his wife throw his stuff out
 The Most Terrible Moment I have Experienced Was Watching my apartment building
burn and 3 neighbours die knowing it was my fault.
 I appear Gutsy, tough, casually dressed, tousled hair, bright lipstick, and beret.
Sometimes I appear slightly tipsy. Sometimes it's an act to appear harmless.

My Ideology is Atheist. Happy to tell others how wrong they are (except my family)
 My Treasured Possessions my camera that I ... er... borrowed from my ex.
 My Traits are Hedonist, a good cook
 My injuries are none

My phobias are None
 Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts _____



SCARS

My injuries are

My phobias are

Arcane tomes, spells, and artifacts

Entities Encountered

EQUIPMENT, CASH, & POSSESSIONS

Spending Level \$10 Cash \$30 Assets \$750

Camera, film, flash bulbs, make up collection, '38 Revolver +20 rounds, Flashy party
clothes, Small Arkham Apartment near the university, trail clothes, Flashlight.

WEAPONS & EQUIPMENT ON THE PERSON

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Right Side

[Empty box for equipment on upper right side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Upper Left Side

[Empty box for equipment on upper left side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Right Side

[Empty box for equipment on lower right side of jacket]

Jacket or Cloak

Lower Left Side

[Empty box for equipment on lower left side of jacket]

Right Hand

[Empty box for equipment on right hand]

Left Hand

[Empty box for equipment on left hand]

Skirt or Trousers

Front Right Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in front right pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Front Left Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in front left pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Right Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in rear right pocket]

Skirt or Trousers

Rear Left Pocket

[Empty box for equipment in rear left pocket]

In Boots

Right Side

[Empty box for equipment in right boot]

Left Side

[Empty box for equipment in left boot]

Backpack

[Large empty box for equipment in backpack]

Other Pockets

Camera around neck

Handbag or Satchel

film, flash bulbs, lipstick and mirror compact, '38 Revolver +20 rounds, keys, cash, notepad & pen

Kit Bag or Large Sack

trail clothes, Flashlight.

Home

Flashy party clothes in Small Arkham Apartment near the university	trail clothes, Flashlight.	
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STRANGE SYMBOLS & DIAGRAMS FOUND

Skill & Characteristic Rolls

Levels of Success:	Fumble 100/96+	Fail > skill	Regular ≤ skill	Hard ½ skill	Extreme ⅓ skill	Critical 01
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Pushing Rolls: Must justify reroll; Cannot Push Combat or Sanity Rolls

Wounds & Healing

First Aid heals 1HP; Medicine heals +1d3 HP

Major Wound = loss of $\geq \frac{1}{2}$ max HP in one attack

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Dying: First Aid = temp. stabilized; then require Medicine

Natural Heal rate (non Major Wound): recover 1HP per day

Natural Heal rate (Major Wound): weekly healing roll

PERSONAL SECRETS & VICES

YOU

Char. _____
Player _____

NOTES & FRANTIC SCRIBBLINGS

KICKSTARTER BACKERS

Adam Alexander
Man of Mystery

Aiden Watson
Doctor of Geology

Ariel Teague
Novelist

Ashton Sinclare
Cultist of Yig

CJ MacLean
retired adventurer

Darren J Pawluk
Feline Herdsman & Mayor of Ulthar

David S. Robinson
Alienist

David Seibert
Firefighter

Ellis Mostyn
Miner

Erik Hansen
Mad Scientist

Gustaf Nilsson
Antiquarian

James Braswell
Investigator

James Bray
Bartender

James 'The Great Old One' Burke
Professional Instigator

James G. Carroll
Pharmacist

James Ambrose Irving
Postman

James Shevlin
The Unknowable

Janek Respondek
Musician

J. C. Howel
Fighter

Jean François Nahas
Master of the Unknown

Jeffery Callahan Stonebender
Cult Leader

Jeremy Otway
Bartender

Joerg Sterner
Private Pastry Chef

Jonathan "Johnny-boy" Sullivan
Private Investigator & Occult Specialist

Jonh "Widow Flayer" Hoer
Loan Shark

Joshua Godfrey
Drifting Jazz Artiste

Jude Rowe
Locksmith

Kevin Lemke
Master of the Unknown

Leon C Glover III
Symbolic Logician

Lynn Lung Ly
Medical Doctor

Maya Kühn
Aristocratic Adventuress

"Professor" Micheal Elliott
Master of Hyperparabolics
in the Imaginary Plane

Michael Laitinen
Occult Specialist

Michael K. Schoolik
Investigator

Mitake Takeo
The Unknowable

Dr. Nicholas Arkham (Corkigian)
Director of the Abnormal Nuclear Ethics Institute

Oskar N. Lilleås II.
Professor of History

Peter Taylor
Senior Vice President
in charge of Pocket Fluff

Petra Theresia Coret
Master Librarian

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~ Attorney-at-Law ~

Ralph Kelleners
Book collector

Raven Shadowz
Investigator

Dr. Regex Parser
Desperate Perl Hacker

Rickylee Leonard
⇒ Costume & Makeup ⇐

Rob "Hobbes" Tayloe
Metallurgical Engineer
Rock & Cave Man

Robert Black
Journalist

Rufus Stanley Norman
⇒ Librarian ⇐

Ryan Daffer
Radiation Engineer

Søren Hagge
⇒ Shipping Agent ⇐

Stormquiss
Fortune Teller

Tellgryn
Historian

Tony Parry
Dilettante

Turk Frank
Medical Doctor

Vitas Varnas
Actor

Dr. William Stowers
⇒ Alienist ⇐

Zane Fleming
Actor

DUBino, Nethescurial, David Sansom, Neil Mahoney, Christopher Martel, Chris Westbrook, Bill Fugler, Luciano Vieira Velho, Chad Oliver, William David Miller, Kristopher Rodrigues, Michael Beck, Alex Moore, Robert Andersson, John Steemson, Ian Sandford, Chris Miles, Razbaque Dirge, Franck Florentin Nathan Hostetter, Paul Barrowcliffe, Sean McLaughlin, Masaya Sengiku, Craig Hewitt, robert kim, Emanuele Lillo, Momosnyxl, Scott Uhls, olivierp10, Mitch Harding, J.J., Yrvi, Callum Stoner, Taloncor, Armen, Johnathan Byerly, Tracey Carvill, Jason Beighel, recrispi, johnny lin, Marin Suzuki, Jeff Evertt, Tahd Inskepp, Rob Bates, LUIS DIEZ, Jonathan, Robert G. Male, Andrew James, Erik Suhr, Filippo Franco, Phillip, Dag, Torleif Petersen, MaelstromUK, Neil, 이수진, Doug Wilson, Luke Radke, Daniel Brandt, Greg Larson, Henrik Hellbom, incandescens, Blake Roberts, Mad Tinker Gnome, Jordi Rabionet Hernandez, James Lister, Shannon Mac, Christopher "Kier" Conroy, Jen-Tse Dong, Chris Braun, Henrik Ripa, Mark Carter, Susanna, Simon Jennings, Fr. Thomas Bailey, OSB, Breon Halling, Eva-Maria Schaber, Matt Y, Lisa Kruse, Brandon Reich, Patrice Mermoud, Szaltax, Colin Packenham, えちごや, Paul Woods, Michael Van Altena, John Daly, Church Campos, Tom Shen, John Scherer, Daniel Tan, Magnus Nordlander, Aaron Koelman, Danial Carroll, Steve Beer, Two Starving Gnolls, Jeff Swanson, Nicolas Voss, Thomas Thetford, Casey Kirkpatrick, Jean-Charles Thériault, Justin M. Strahan, Ian Weeber, Robert Strahan, Jimmy Hill, Marc Salleras, Jamie Le Rossignol, Thomas Janny, Doug Portman, Dan Baldwin, Glenn Vatnsdal, David Queen, Lippai.Peter, Jim Clunie, Aske Trankjær Furunes, Marie, Jack R. Friedman, Steve Summersett, Karsten Brand, eric sanday, Cooper Vaughn, Karl Frost, David Bagdan, Elias Atanarjuat, Loren Dean, Brandon Watkins, CoolWhipKid, Jef Wilkins, Roger Haxton, Daniel Minton, Julio Ángel Escajedo, Baz Kha, yukihiro_terada, Nagyo, Andrew Bignall, Lily Liaw, Quentin Earle, Matthew Jones, Sean Murphy, Dragon's Roost Press, Ariel Villa, Migihidari, Nbaer, Heresy, Takumi Mundy, drew craker,

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