

A FAN MADE CAMPAIGN FOR
ARKHAM HORROR
THE CARD GAME

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

CAMPAIGN GUIDE

Based on the works of
LEWIS CARROLL

Fantasy Flight Games
ROSEVILLE, MN

2021



"In THAT direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter: and in THAT direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

- Lewis Caroll, "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland"

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PREFACE

Alice in Wonderland is an eight-part campaign for *Arkham Horror: The Card Game* for 1 - 4 players. This campaign is based on *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, *Through the Looking-Glass*, and several other poems by Lewis Carroll, and further adapted to the mythos of *Arkham Horror* with a few other connections and tweaks.

Expansion Icon

The cards in the *Alice in Wonderland* campaign can be identified by this symbol before each card's collector number.



Campaign Setup

To set up the *Alice in Wonderland* campaign, perform the following steps in order.

1. Choose investigator(s).
2. Each player assembles his or her investigator deck.
3. Choose difficulty level.
4. Assemble the campaign chaos bag.

Chaos Bag

» Easy (I want to be sane):

+1, +1, 0, 0, -1, -2, -2, \$2, \$2, ➤, ⚡, 🐾:

» Standard (I want to be mad as a march hare):

+1, 0, 0, -1, -1, -2, -2, -3, -4, \$2, \$2, ➤, ⚡, 🐾:

» Hard (I want to be mad as a hatter):

+1, 0, -1, -2, -2, -3, -4, -5, -6, \$2, \$2, ➤, ⚡, 🐾:

» Expert (I want to be mad beyond human comprehension):

0, -1, -1, -2, -3, -4, -5, -6, -7, -8, \$2, \$2, ➤, ⚡, 🐾:

Continue to Prologue on page 8.



PROLOGUE

The incident was at first assumed to be a case of fatigue and paranoia. A traveling Englishwoman by the name of Alice Liddell collapsed screaming as the train arrived at Arkham's Northside station. Other passengers tried to console her, but Ms. Liddell was in a state of sheer panic. "The man dressed in newspaper... the goat and the beetle... you saw them too, didn't you?" she plead to the onlookers, but they only shook their heads in bewilderment. "It's still following me, after all this distance... how far will be far enough?!" The young woman's panic quickly mounted, and the passengers called for the conductor to escort her off the train. She begged them not to keep her, that she must continue her journey immediately, but her protests were ignored.

Who could believe such a preposterous story? You yourself might have doubted her too had you not also seen these strange figures that Alice described in the brief moment before she collapsed.

You depart the train as soon as possible, but find no trace of Ms. Liddell on the platform. Porters tell you that the police got involved and decided to take her to Arkham Asylum for temporary care. You wrinkle your nose at the prospect of the infamous sanitarium doing her any sort of good. Whatever Alice saw on the train must have existed, however briefly, and you must speak with her to find out what it was and why it fills her with such a powerful dread. You head home to prepare to have an in-depth talk with Ms. Liddell.

Arkham has long been plagued by the weird, ghoulish, and arcane. It may not have been as big a shock to you as it might have been to others, but the fact that a foreigner was affected immediately upon arriving in Arkham strikes you especially oddly. As you gather your things at home, your mind runs over the hundreds of possible evils that could be haunting Ms. Liddell, each less pleasant than the last. You pocket some weapons and extra materials on the off chance that you'll have to confront anything sinister.

Your own house lies across the city from the asylum, giving you plenty of time to speculate as you trek over to Arkham's downtown district. You hope that it's just your eyes playing on your fears, but the city seems darker than it should be for a summer afternoon.

Proceed to Scenario I - Alice in Wonderland on page 10.



SCENARIO I

ARKHAM IN WONDERLAND

You enter the asylum and approach the receptionist, expecting a long and tedious chain of permissions, but are pleasantly surprised to find that Alice can be freely visited. Ms. Liddell was quite cooperative upon her arrival and was granted a furnished room without restraints. An orderly escorts you down one of the less unpleasant halls and into Alice's room. She sits on the edge of the bed with her hands folded, and her head snaps up as you enter, apprehension plastered on her face. Once you make it clear that you believe her story, however, Alice relaxes visibly, but her worried expression remains.

"What you saw was a dream," she explains slowly, "one from my childhood of a strange place called Wonderland. How innocent it once was..." her voice trails off and she begins to tremble. "When I was younger, I believed it to be a real place. It all

seemed so real to me then, and it was that belief that drew the attention of something dark. A great and terrible creature that dwells in shadows and feeds on dreams. But rather than devour Wonderland, the creature strengthened it... no, raised it like cattle. Fattened it. Wonderland became more vivid and real than I ever imagined it could be, and it grew beyond my ability to control. Now, in recent months, my dreams have begun to manifest in the real world."

Her story is utterly fantastical, but you find yourself drawn in even more. Alice continues with deep terror beginning to surface. "The creature is using me to bridge the gap of reality. It wishes to merge the waking world with Wonderland in order to consume them both. It began in my hometown in England, where the world began to unravel around me. I fled, hoping to find a way to escape it, but it follows me no matter where I go." Alice looks to you with exhausted desperation in her eyes. "And now that I cannot leave, it is only a matter of time until your own city of Arkham begins to unravel too. You must find a way to stop this being, for your own sake if not for mine. Please, you must find a way!"

You reassure Alice to the best of your ability and depart the asylum, wondering how you can even begin this bizarre task. As you exit, the familiar sight of Arkham's downtown district ripples before your eyes like a band of hot air in the summer, slowly beginning to distort. Before you can act any further, a grinning mouth appears before you and a striped cat soon blossoms around it. "Welcome to Wonderland," it suddenly purrs, "or perhaps you had better welcome Wonderland instead. The longer you wait, the more of it there is... and the less of you there may be. Gurathnaka is hungry, and it is very nearly supper time."

Continue to Setup on page 12.

Setup

- » Gather all cards from the *Arkham in Wonderland*, *Warped Reality*, and *Gurathnaka's Shadows* encounter sets. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



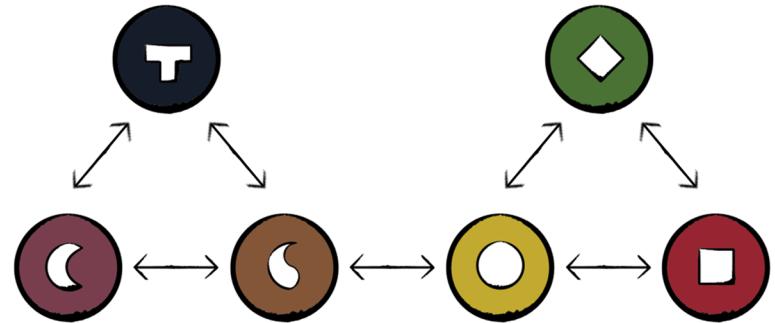
- » Set the *Cheshire Cat* encounter set aside, out of play. This set is indicated by the following icon:



- » Set the following cards aside, out of play: Abandoned House, The White Rabbit, and The Looking-Glass.
- » Put the Arkham Asylum, Bank of Arkham, Independence Square, Newspaper Office, Curiositie Shoppe, and Train Station locations into play with their non-Wonderland sides revealed. Each investigator begins play at Arkham Asylum.
- » Shuffle the remainder of the encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

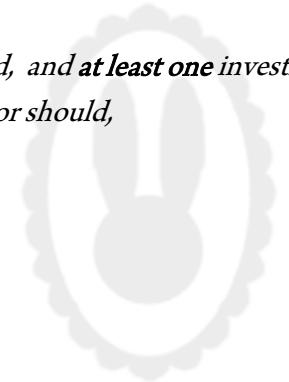


Suggested Location Placement



When the game is complete:

- » If at least one investigator is defeated, and no investigators resigned, the defeated investigator should,
 - Go to page 14.
- » If at least one investigator is defeated, and at least one investigator resigned, the defeated investigator should,
 - Go to page 16.
- » If Resolution 1 (R1) was reached
 - Go to page 18.
- » If Resolution 2 (R2) was reached
 - Go to page 20.



...from page 13 (Investigator Defeat, No Resignation).

The city flows like an ocean, sweeping you away and nearly swallowing you in the chaotic mass. You are battered and crushed between bricks and cobble-stones as the landscape swirls around and around, folding in on itself with each rotation.

As you wonder if this could already be the end, a deep pit carried by the city's shifting current draws alongside you. You waste no time in taking the chance to escape the crushing city-scape, pulling yourself in and beginning to plummet down a seemingly endless shaft.



Go to page 18.

...from page 13 (Investigator Defeat, Some Resignation).

The city flows like an ocean, sweeping you away and nearly swallowing you in the chaotic mass. You are battered and crushed between bricks and cobble-stones as the landscape swirls around and around, folding in on itself with each rotation.

As the city whirls around you, the strange mirror from Alice's house floats by, untouched by the roiling chaos. You can see one of your comrades on the other side of the glass, reaching through the rippling surface out toward you. You grab on for dear life, and are barely pulled inside to safety.



Go to page 20.

...from page 13 (Resolution 1).

The terror of diving into the pit quickly fades to apprehension, and soon curiosity. The counted seconds stretch to minutes, though easily tracked by the constant ticking of the clocks lining the walls of the rabbit hole. Just as you wonder if you might very well fall infinitely, the ground suddenly rises below you, and you land with surprisingly little impact. Rising to your feet, you spy the fleeting form of the white rabbit once again sprinting down a long corridor before you. With no way back up, and Arkham likely in shambles anyhow, you have little choice but to continue following the strange creature.

The corridors wind endlessly, diverging and converging like the tunnels of an ant colony. Doors fill every part of the walls, no two alike in shape, size, or style. Your curiosity is stifled, however, as you find each solidly locked. With no alternative but to continue down the hallway, you soldier onward in pursuit of the rabbit.

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators went down the rabbit hole.*

» Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.



Go to page 22.

...from page 13 (Resolution 2).

The sound of Arkham's collapse vanishes completely as you cross through the glass. You glance backwards to see only blackness with splashes of color and shapes, churning slowly. You're not sure if you can return the way you came, or if you even want to, with the way that the city was being torn apart. You stand transfixed until the heat and crackle of the fire beneath the mantle rouse your thoughts. This is no time to be waiting and wondering. You must find what lies beyond the mirror.

- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators went through the looking-glass.*
- » Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.



Go to page 22.

...Welcome to Wonderland.

"I do hope you'll forgive our cold hospitality. A welcoming committee simply couldn't be arranged." The Cheshire Cat appears before you, its grin ever constant. For the first time since the danger started, you at last have a moment to chastise the cat. Appearing and disappearing, helping you and hindering you, it only proves to muddle your understanding of the bizarre events. "I'm afraid I can't help it," the cat purrs serenely, "my nature is madness. Everyone is mad in Wonderland, you see. You yourself are beginning to go mad, or else you wouldn't be here." You'd like to refute the cat, but you feel as if you are already walking a path of madness in trying to save Arkham from these bizarre occurrences.

The Cheshire Cat orbits you slowly, observing you from all angles as it speaks. "Still, I am a creature of Wonderland, and it is in my best interests to preserve my home, just as it is in your best interests to preserve yours. Quizzically, Alice has entrusted you with both." The cat rises up to stare you in the eye at an uncomfortably close distance. "You'll carry on, of course, but how will you carry on? Like a surgeon, cutting out the infection?" Its head detaches to punctuate the point. "Or like a miner, blasting all to oblivion?" The cat's body scatters as if blown apart, but the head remains eerily in place. "Whether you trim gently or tear it out by the roots, any future is preferable to being consumed utterly. Alice would agree, I should think. Assuming she is still lucid after being made into a gateway, of course."

The cat's head fades away, leaving only its grin behind once more. You have a lot to consider and a long road ahead.

- » As you travel through Alice's dreams, the fate of the mad realm of Wonderland also rests within your hands. Each denizen that you aid or destroy has a direct effect on the stability of the dreams. It may seem like a simple choice to cooperate with and save everyone you can, but the stronger Wonderland is, the more easily Gurathnaka can use it to strike out against the waking world. Will you protect Wonderland while bolstering the shadows? Or will you burn it away as you cauterize the wounds that the Eater of Dreams inflicted on Arkham?
- » How will Alice's psyche fare as you traverse her strange dreams? Be aware of anything that could help preserve her sanity.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude: The Dodo on page 24.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude: The White Queen page XXX.

THE DODO



The endless march down the corridor of doors ends at long last as the hallway dead-ends in a small enclave. In the center of the area stands a glass table with two curious objects on top: a bottle labeled "DRINK ME," and a cake with the words "EAT ME" written in its decorations. You scan the walls for any other way forward, and are shocked to discover an open door, only one that is scarcely knee high and impossible to squeeze through. With endless wandering as your only alternative, you resolve to find a way through. Minutes pass without success, and you return to consider the strange refreshments on the glass table. If this truly is part of Alice's dreams, then there's a chance that they might not be dangerous, and perhaps might even help. You pop the cork on the bottle and take a wary sip, but the drink's effects quickly flow through you. At first, it seems like the room is growing larger, but

you soon realize that you are shrinking! You brace for the worst, but find that the effect stops as you reach the right height to easily pass through the tiny door. At long last, you make your way forward to the sights and sounds of a vast sea.

A scene of commotion catches your eye as you step over a small dune and look down toward the shoreline. A motley pack of animals dashes about, seemingly without direction or destination. From the center, a Dodo shouts words of action as he runs a short rut in the sand. "Yes, that's it! Up that sandhill there, down the other side! There's no faster way to get dry!"

Dry? The suggestion seems absurd when most of their paths wander into and out of the surf. You walk over to investigate the bizarre event, and notice the animals are in a sorry state as you approach closer. Some of the less hardy creatures have collapsed completely, while others don't appear to be breathing whatsoever. The Dodo urges them onward all the same, seemingly oblivious to their exhaustion, let alone its own. "The race must be run... until the race is won... come, you must join us..."

» Any one investigator may choose to add Strange Refreshments to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

The Investigators must decide (choose one):

» *"We have to stop them from hurting themselves."*

Go to page 26.

» *"We want nothing to do with this nonsense."*

Go to page 28.

...you intervene.

You hold the Dodo in place and assure him that the race is over. "At last!" the Dodo cries out, "The race is over... and everybody has won!" The other animals ease to a stop, collapsing onto the sand with relieved groans. "There must be prizes for the winners..." the Dodo rasps, and he looks to you with a wild look as his frail body shivers with exhaustion. You rifle through your pockets and produce a number of random items, which the animals grab covetously.

As the surviving racers begin recovering, the Dodo hobbles back over to you. "Fair play is satisfied! We have been running the Caucus Race ever since the pool of tears ran into a sea! Now at last, we are truly dry!" You humor the bird with a polite nod. "Finally, we can return to more academic pursuits. Perhaps I may educate you on several matters?"

You depart from the bizarre spectacle, following the shoreline steadily. Landmarks are far and few between, making the beach seem endless in either direction. As you ponder where to head next, the sound of the sea wind changes, and you hear faint tones resembling Alice's voice, though the words are indiscernible. You look out over the surf, and to your astonishment, the tide recedes all at once, leaving behind an arrangement of stones and shells. The debris portrays a vague map of your current position, with a series of arrows pointing down the beach and then inland. You breathe a sigh of relief as you make mental notes of the map's layout. No matter what lunacy may lie ahead, this is Alice's dream at its core. You don't know what degree of influence she holds over Wonderland in this state, but it's one less burden on your shoulders.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Boons," record *The Dodo*.
- » Add 1 ♀ token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-A: A Sea of Troubles on page 32.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Skip to Scenario III: Lucid Nightmare on page XXX.

...you stand aside.

You give the Dodo a firm "no" and take a few steps back to let the strange animals continue their race without you. You're not sure what stopping them would accomplish, if anything, but you don't have time to reason with these deluded creatures. Before you can continue on your way, a rapid change sweeps over the runners. Each frantic step they take sends out a noise like a cracking bone, and their gaunt bodies begin to wither even further. The Dodo urges the racers to continue, even as his own body begins to skeletonize. "Onward... ever... onwa—" the Dodo's final urging is cut short as his bones take one final lurch forward and collapse onto the sand. You stare in bewilderment as the rhythmic sounds

of the sea and wind replace the bedlam of the race. Perhaps Wonderland is just as unstable as Arkham at this point.

You depart from the bizarre spectacle, following the shoreline steadily. Landmarks are far and few between, making the beach seem endless in either direction. As you ponder where to head next, the sound of the sea wind changes, and you hear faint tones resembling Alice's voice, though the words are indiscernible. You look out over the surf, and to your astonishment, the tide recedes all at once, leaving behind an arrangement of stones and shells. The debris portrays a vague map of your current position, with a series of arrows pointing down the beach and then inland. You breathe a sigh of relief as you make mental notes of the map's layout. No matter what lunacy may lie ahead, this is Alice's dream at its core. You don't know what degree of influence she holds over Wonderland in this state, but it's one less burden on your shoulders.

- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Banes," record *The Dodo*.
- » Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience as he or she gains insight into Wonderland's stability from the creatures' deaths.
- » Add 1 ♀ token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-A: A Sea of Troubles on page 32.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Skip to Scenario III: Lucid Nightmare on page XXX.



INTERLUDE
THE
DODO

The crash of waves dulls as you make your way up the beach. Each step through the shifting sands seems weighted further as you reflect on your choices and hardships. Could your journey's end finally be over the next sand dune? Does Alice's dreamland keep building upon itself infinitely? Or is Gurathnaka actively warping Wonderland, keeping you from your goal no matter how far you may travel? Dogged determination pushes you onward even as you question your steps. Someone has to try to undo this madness, and if not you, then who? Slowly you proceed, for good or ill.

A scene of commotion catches your eye as you step over a small dune and look down toward the shoreline. A motley pack of animals dashes about, seemingly without direction or destination. From the center, a Dodo shouts words of action as he runs a short rut in the sand. "Yes, that's it! Up that sandhill there, down the other side! There's no faster way to get dry!"

Dry? The suggestion seems absurd when most of their paths wander into and out of the surf. You walk over to investigate the bizarre event, and notice the animals are in a sorry state as you approach closer. Some of the less hardy creatures have collapsed completely, while others don't appear to be breathing whatsoever. The Dodo urges them onward all the same, seemingly oblivious to their exhaustion, let alone its own. "The race must be run... until the race is won... come, you must join us..."

» Any one investigator may choose to add Strange Refreshments to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

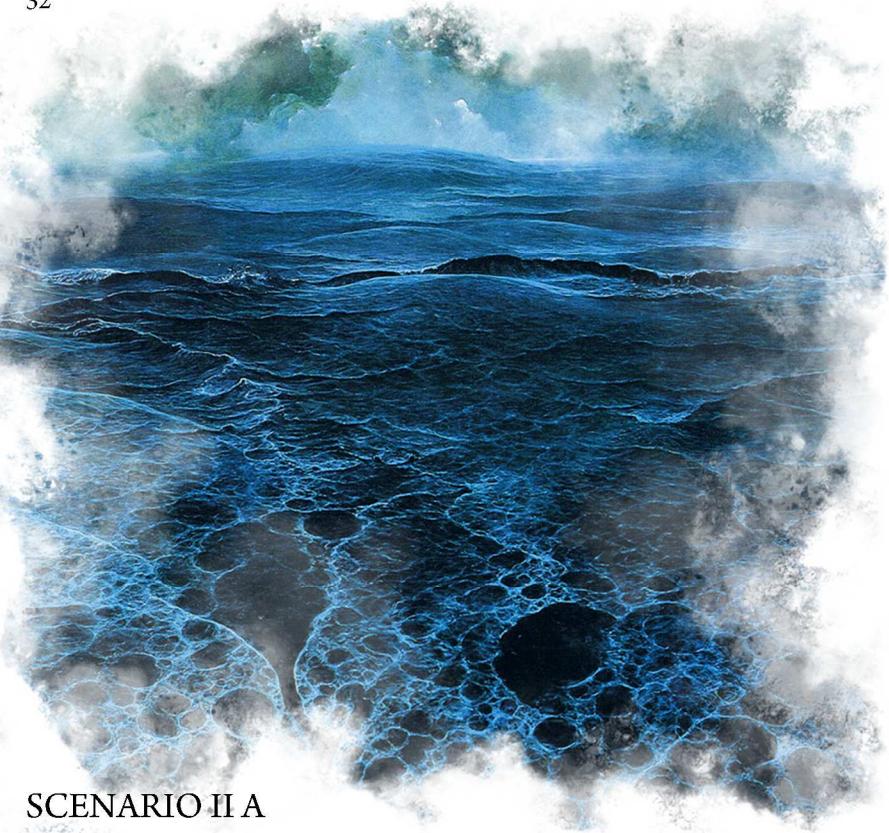
The Investigators must decide (choose one):

» *"We have to stop them from hurting themselves."*

Go to page 26.

» *"We want nothing to do with this nonsense."*

Go to page 28.



SCENARIO II A A SEA OF TROUBLES

The scenery continues for mile after mile until at last you find an anomaly. Some distance up the beach from a saltwater pool and near the edge of a dense forest sit the remains of a quaint cottage. It looks like a disaster photograph, with the thatch roof exploding upward and the wooden walls splintering out, but with each piece suspended in air. You approach the house cautiously, and as you circle the building, you see the White Rabbit - the same one that traversed Arkham not long ago! The rabbit wails anxiously to two other figures that regard him sadly - a man and a lizard. "My house, my poor house! Oh the monster that must have done this!"

The dirt-caked man shakes his head forlornly and strokes his chin as he surveys the damage. "And a monster that didn't even finish what it started, your honor! It didn't think to let the pieces fall before it vanished away!"

"Never you mind the pieces, Pat!" the White Rabbit snaps, "Call someone to put it back together! Oh, how late I shall be..."

You take a half step forward, only for the grinning head of the Cheshire Cat to wink into existence before you. "The poor rabbit, not a roof over his head to speak of." The cat's paw appears and gestures toward the shattered house. "As Gurathnaka claws at your world with its front, its back nails gouge into Wonderland. The shadows crept at the corners until now, only seen by those who also lurk in the dark, solitary as oysters." Its eyes glance in the direction of the beach and vanish, leaving only its smile to linger a few moments after. You have only a few seconds to consider the cat's words.

"You there!" You look down from the suspended grin to see the White Rabbit looking up at you haughtily. "Standing with idle hands when there's a monster about! Come come, help Bill to find this beast and drag it back! It has much to answer for!" His finger points to the lizard who tips his cap back at you hesitantly.

Before you can reply in any fashion, the White Rabbit turns back to the cottage and resumes his despairing. You rub the back of your neck, at a loss for words as you weigh your options. Forced into work as you are, there's a chance you might learn something by venturing out into the surf.

Continue to Setup on page 34.

Setup

- » Gather all cards from the *A Sea of Troubles*, *Gurathnaka's Shadows*, and *Cheshire Cat* encounter sets. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- » Check the Campaign Log. Gather the cards from the *Wonderland Boons* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Boons" and the cards from the *Wonderland Banes* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Banes." These sets are indicated by the following icons:

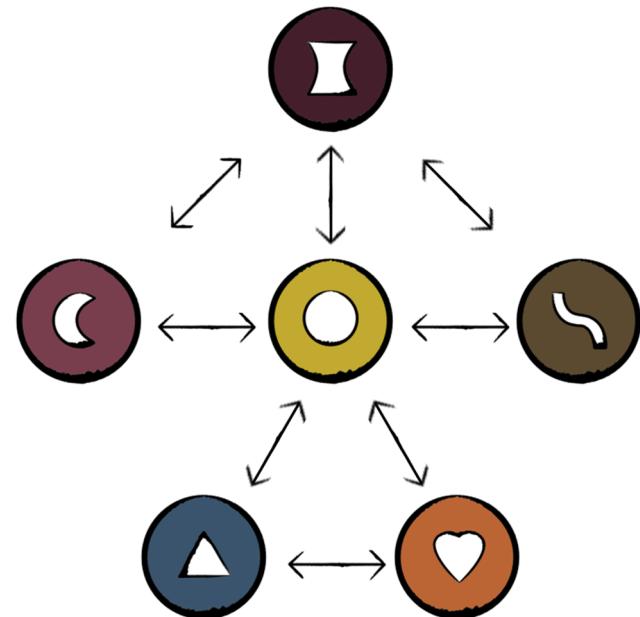


- » Set the *Walrus and Carpenter* encounter set aside, out of play. This set is indicated by the following icon:



- » Set the following cards aside, out of play: The Eldest Oyster, both copies of Deep Lurker.
- » Put the White Rabbit's House, Sandy Strand, Tidal Pools, Sheltered Shallows, Twining Reef, and Rocky Outcropping locations into play. Each investigator begins play at White Rabbit's House.
- » Put Bill the Lizard into play at White Rabbit's House.
- » Put The Cheshire Cat (Grinning Guide) into play in the lead

Suggested Location Placement



When the game is complete:

- » If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated)
 - Go to page 36.
- » If Resolution 1 (R1) was reached
 - Go to page 38.
- » If Resolution 2 (R2) was reached
 - Go to page 40.

...from page 35 (No Resolution).

SHADOWS
BURST FROM
THE WATER



AND BEGIN
TO CONSUME
THE LAND.



...from page 35 (Resolution 1).

Darkness eats away at the beach behind you as you escape the calamity. The White Rabbit watches anxiously towards the commotion, and begins to panic as the darkness sweeps inland. "The monster has returned!" he shrieks, taking terrified backward steps, "Not my house, anything but that!" He scrambles through the cottage door and shuts it tight before you can dissuade him. You try to reason with the rabbit, hoping to bring him to his senses, but he remains locked inside in quiet terror. As the shadows advance, you have no choice but to turn and flee. You look back over your shoulder to see the White Rabbit's house vanish into the advancing darkness with the crunch and shudder of timbers.

Gradually, the flowing shadows creep to a halt, and like a riptide sweep back out to sea at the same speed that they consumed inward. Wherever the darkness recedes, the landscape it leaves behind is warped and cracked. You retrace your steps hesitantly, returning to the ground where the White Rabbit's house once stood. Only scratched stone from the foundation remains, with no trace of the rabbit to speak of. You can only speculate why the shadows lashed out as they did. Perhaps your presence drove them ravenous for the taste of the real world, or perhaps they are merely running wild as their master occupies itself with Arkham.

- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the Walrus and the Carpenter* were completely obliterated.
- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the White Rabbit was consumed by shadows*.
- » Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Caterpillar on page 46.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Dodo on page 30.

...from page 35 (Resolution 2).

The dark creature's destruction sends out a force like the opposite of a shockwave. A wall of stillness sweeps outward from the remains, and for a minute you can hear the blood rushing in your ears as the shadows evaporate before you. The swell of the sea returns slowly, and the taste of the salt air rouses your senses. The beach behind you seems brighter and warmer than before, and you take exhausted steps back inland.

Further back, amid the sedge grass and small dunes, you find the Walrus and the Carpenter lying in wretched states. The sand around them is stained with darkness, and the last driplets of shadow leak from the corners of their mouths as they lie groaning. "A rotten bunch... it's shellfish poisoning, I'll wager..." the Carpenter mumbles as he clutches his stomach. The Walrus can only grunt painfully in agreement as it rolls to one side. After everything this pair did to the oysters, and you besides, you must decide what to do with them.

- » Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- » Count the number of oysters on locations at the end of the scenario. If there are 2~~more~~ or more oysters on locations, each investigator earns 2 bonus experience.

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» *"They're no further threat to anyone like that."*

Go to page 42.

» *"We've taken enough risks. Let's finish them."*

Go to page 44.

...from page 41 (They're no threat).

In spite of everything, the two gluttons are as much a part of Wonderland as the oysters are. Everyone has to eat something, after all. You take a small amount of time to help them recover from their possession. The Walrus and the Carpenter give you no thanks, but they do comment on their experience of being overtaken by the shadows with rather embellished details.

The sand transitions back to dirt as you return to the White Rabbit's house. You find that the suspended fragments of his house have collapsed down, and the rabbit is now fussing over the mess. "Dear, dear, another mess! Where is that workman? He may as well have been another monster, for all the good he did!" The White Rabbit snorts in frustration and turns toward you. "And you! Have you brought the monster with you?" You do your best to explain the ordeal, and the rabbit nods along with growing look of disturbance on his face.

As you end your tale, the White Rabbit jerks with a sudden twitch and grabs for his pocket watch. "No, no, I'm even more late now! I must hurry! Must find my gloves, or the Duchess will be furious!" He dashes towards the door, having completely dismissed you in his hurry. You quickly try to question the rabbit further about Wonderland and the dangers ahead, but your words fall on deaf ears. The rabbit is absorbed in his new task utterly and will not spare a moment for anything else. You depart with a sigh, resigned to spend your precious time elsewhere. However, between the oyster's advice and your triumph over the shadows here, you feel as though you are on the right path.

- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the Walrus and the Carpenter have lost their appetites*.
- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the White Rabbit survived the monster's attack*.
- » Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience as the Walrus and the Carpenter tell you about their corruption.
- » In your Campaign Log, record 2 tally marks under "Strength of Wonderland."

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Caterpillar on page 46.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Dodo on page 30.

...from page 41 (They're still a threat).

Weakened as they may be, the greedy duo is responsible for plenty of destruction and death already, and might rampage again, given the chance. You quickly and quietly dispatch the Walrus and the Carpenter, who offer no opposition whatsoever to their demise.

The sand transitions back to dirt as you return to the White Rabbit's house. You find that the suspended fragments of his house have collapsed down, and the rabbit is now fussing over the mess. "Dear, dear, another mess! Where is that workman? He may as well have been another monster, for all the good he did!" The White Rabbit snorts in frustration and turns toward you. "And you! Have you brought the monster with you?" You do your best to explain the ordeal, and the rabbit nods along with growing look of disturbance on his face.

As you end your tale, the White Rabbit jerks with a sudden twitch and grabs for his pocket watch. "No, no, I'm even more late now! I must hurry! Must find my gloves, or the Duchess will be furious!" He dashes towards the door, having completely dismissed you in his hurry. You quickly try to question the rabbit further about Wonderland and the dangers ahead, but your words fall on deaf ears. The rabbit is absorbed in his new task utterly and will not spare a moment for anything else. You depart with a sigh, resigned to spend your precious time elsewhere. However, between the oyster's advice and your triumph over the shadows here, you feel as though you are on the right path.

- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the Walrus and the Carpenter ate their last meal.*
- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the White Rabbit survived the monster's attack.*
- » Each investigator earns 2 bonus experience.
- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally marks under "Strength of Wonderland."

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Caterpillar on page 46.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Dodo on page 30.

INTERLUDE

THE CATERPILLAR



There are no established roads through the dense woodlands. Each trampled trail you find works aimlessly back upon itself to the point where you make better progress forging your own path. You walk for hour after hour, staving off the strange creatures and trying your best to make sense of the baffling landscape. Your progress is further hampered as a thick fog creeps over the woods. You can barely see the distance from one tree to the next, slowing your pace to a staggered walk. Gradually, you discover an aroma mixed in with the fog, faint but strangely exotic. The fog slowly transitions to smoke, giving you no further vision, but a clear trail. You follow the strengthening smell to a secluded copse, covered on every available surface by a hundred varieties of mushroom.

Atop one of the mushrooms sits a large caterpillar lounging with a hookah beside him. His eyes rise to meet yours, but he reacts with complete indifference. "Who are YOU?" the Caterpillar demands with smoke streaming from his pursed lips. You open your mouth to explain, but the insect holds up one of his many arms. "Explain once you are the correct size." He breaks off a piece of his toadstool seat and holds it up lazily. "This will correct you." You accept with no small amount of consideration, assuring yourself that this is the one case where you would reasonably take mushrooms from a talking caterpillar. Within moments of taking the bite, you shrink down to a minuscule size. Satisfied with looking down at you, the Caterpillar takes another long drag of smoke before he continues. "The other side will make you grow larger," he instructs, breaking off another piece from the opposite side of his mushroom and offering it to you. "Now speak. Who are YOU?"

It's a difficult task explaining the events that brought you here, made all the more uncomfortable by the Caterpillar's apparent lack of interest and attention. "Stop," he orders at last, drawing upward slightly, "Where you have been and what you have done are quite different from who you are." You try to tell a bit of your background and motivations instead, but the Caterpillar remains dismissive of your story. "You are not the same as you used to be," he accuses with a snort, "Everyone changes, but you have changed far too quickly. Discover yourself once more." His many hands extend, offering his hookah pipe down toward you.

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» *"Alright. It wouldn't be the weirdest thing I've done today."*

Go to page 48.

» *"No way in hell am I smoking whatever crazy hash you've got."*

Go to page 50.

...Tripping.

You take several short puffs of the hookah before your vision blooms with color. You look to the Caterpillar and find him steadily watching you, perhaps the only anchored figure in the swirling smoke around you. As the moments pass, you find that the color isn't a figment of your vision at all, but rather a projected light that forms a small mote in the surrounding smoke. The points of light quickly multiply, shining through the haze in a mosaic pattern. You look down at yourself to see the colors beaming back onto your body. Where each light shines, a different facet of yourself manifests. Courage and conviction intermingled with fear and apprehension. Talent and ineptitude in equal amounts. Shadows creep in at the edge of each facet, only to be banished by the overflow from other connecting lights. The display cascades in front of your eyes with increasing violence, overwhelming your senses and spiking into your mind. You lose track of the time as moments slip by in dazzling flashes.

Suddenly, your eyes snap open. You are lying on the ground, nothing above you but the clouds of smoke, and no sound but the rushing of blood in your ears. Your muscles slowly relax as your breathing normalizes and the forest ambiance fades back in. The smoke parts around the stoic face of the Caterpillar, still watching you intently. He scrutinizes you carefully, then at last gives a satisfied nod and long exhale of smoke. "You have found yourself, then," he states drollly, returning to his reclining position. "When you change now, it will be for the better." You don't know what the Caterpillar expected, but you weren't prepared for this sort of introspective crisis. Were you still yourself? Was this all to spark some future change in you? Or was it preventing a change by making you conscious of it now? You rise with the intention of

pressing the Caterpillar on what he just did to you, but to your surprise he has vanished completely back into the smoke. You wait tensely, but in vain as even the exotic scent that led you to the Caterpillar fades away. All you can do now is continue on your search through Wonderland, a little warier if nothing else.

Left once again in the hazy woods, you try to find your bearings to continue on your way. With few landmarks, the task seems left to chance once more. The eerie silence is gently lifted as a small current of air begins to blow through the forest. The fog separates around a long funnel of rushing air, providing you with both vision and a path through the forest. You follow the wind, hearing faint notes in the rushing air that remind you of the everyday sounds of Arkham. Could this be Alice's doing, manipulating her dreams to lead you home? You cling to your memories as you follow the current of air hopefully forward.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Boons," record *The Caterpillar*.
- » Each investigator searches the collection for a random basic **Madness** weakness and adds it to his or her deck for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-B: Tempest in a Teapot on page 54.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Scenario II-A: A Sea of Troubles on page 32.

...No Thanks.

The Caterpillar's indifference sours as he angrily yanks the pipe back at your refusal. "If you refuse illumination, then regret will be your only teacher!" he snaps, sticking the pipe back into his own mouth. You scowl in annoyance and prepare to give the Caterpillar a good talking to, but you stop mid-breath. As the insect bitterly puffs on the hookah, shadows from the surrounding glade begin to collect inside him. With each inhalation, he grows larger and more alien. His scowling face grows feral, and he gnaws on the pipe the more it changes. You take several steps back from the Caterpillar as he draws upward in a predatory stance.

Remembering the mushroom, you quickly devour the second piece he gave you, growing back to your normal size just ahead of the Caterpillar's own transformation. The monster does not stop swelling, however, and you flee the smoky glade as trees splinter and fall behind you. You focus on the mad dash ahead, still unable to see ahead more than a few yards, but spurred onward by the sound of cracking timber and scuttling of a dozen insect legs. Something lashes out at you, barely missing your side and forcing you to veer off and slide down a mossy slope. You barely keep your balance and crawl into a hollow log for respite. Moments stretch to minutes, but the sounds of the mutated Caterpillar have vanished completely into the surrounding haze. You wait in shaken silence for a few minutes more before finally crawling back out warily.

Left once again in the hazy woods, you try to find your bearings to continue on your way. With few landmarks, the task seems left to chance once more. The eerie silence is gently lifted as a small current of air begins to blow through the forest. The fog separates around a long funnel of rushing air, providing you with

both vision and a path through the forest. You follow the wind, hearing faint notes in the rushing air that remind you of the everyday sounds of Arkham. Could this be Alice's doing, manipulating her dreams to lead you home? You cling to your memories as you follow the current of air hopefully forward.

- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Banes," record *The Caterpillar*.
- » Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience as you discover how quickly the shadows can infect Wonderland's citizens.
- » Each investigator searches the collection for a random basic **Injury**, **Curse**, or **Omen** weakness and adds it to his or her deck for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-B: Tempest in a Teapot on page 54.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Scenario II-A: A Sea of Troubles on page 32.

INTERLUDE

THE CATERPILLAR



There are no established roads through the dense woodlands. Each trampled trail you find works aimlessly back upon itself to the point where you make better progress forging your own path. You walk for hour after hour, staving off the strange creatures and trying your best to make sense of the baffling landscape. Your progress is further hampered as a thick fog creeps over the woods. You can barely see the distance from one tree to the next, slowing your pace to a staggered walk. Gradually, you discover an aroma mixed in with the fog, faint but strangely exotic. The fog slowly transitions to smoke, giving you no further vision, but a clear trail. You follow the strengthening smell to a secluded copse, covered on every available surface by a hundred varieties of mushroom.

Atop one of the mushrooms sits a large caterpillar lounging with a hookah beside him. His eyes rise to meet yours, but he reacts with complete indifference. "Who are YOU?" the Caterpillar demands with smoke streaming from his pursed lips. You open your mouth to explain, but the insect holds up one of his many arms. "Explain once you are the correct size." He breaks off a piece of his toadstool seat and holds it up lazily. "This will correct you." You accept with no small amount of consideration, assuring yourself that this is the one case where you would reasonably take mushrooms from a talking caterpillar. Within moments of taking the bite, you shrink down to a minuscule size. Satisfied with looking down at you, the Caterpillar takes another long drag of smoke before he continues. "The other side will make you grow larger," he instructs, breaking off another piece from the opposite side of his mushroom and offering it to you. "Now speak. Who are YOU?"

It's a difficult task explaining the events that brought you here, made all the more uncomfortable by the Caterpillar's apparent lack of interest and attention. "Stop," he orders at last, drawing upward slightly, "Where you have been and what you have done are quite different from who you are." You try to tell a bit of your background and motivations instead, but the Caterpillar remains dismissive of your story. "You are not the same as you used to be," he accuses with a snort, "Everyone changes, but you have changed far too quickly. Discover yourself once more." His many hands extend, offering his hookah pipe down toward you.

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» *"Alright. It wouldn't be the weirdest thing I've done today."*

Go to page 48.

» *"No way in hell am I smoking whatever crazy hash you've got."*

Go to page 50.



SCENARIO II B

TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT

The scattered paths of Wonderland offer no more safety or direction than its wilderness. Whether the roads have always been tangled or whether Gurathnaka has twisted the dream land is unclear, but you keep up your trek regardless. At a crossroad at the edge of a large patch forest, you stop to consider carefully, only for the Cheshire Cat to appear once more on a branch above you. "I remember this spot well," he purrs, sweeping both his front paws to either side, "In that direction lives a Hare, and in the other lives a Hatter, both quite mad." You give an exasperated sigh. Most of the citizens of Wonderland have been more than a little unhinged, but for the cat to make a note of these two speaks to just how crazy they might be. "They are likely to be at the hare's house, as it is nearly tea time. Then again, it is always nearly tea time with those three." The cat fades away once more before you can get any more details. You puzzle over the cat's words carefully. Tea for three, but he only mentioned the hare and hatter. You expect it was the

cat's way of guiding you to the third figure while maintaining its cryptic madness.

You follow the weaving road toward the Hare's house, unsure of what to expect. The path veers off into the woods, but very quickly dead ends in a small cottage. The house looks uninhabited, but the sounds of laughter and clinking of china lead you around to a side garden. A long table stretches out across much of the small garden, stacked high with tea cups and pots, bread and butter, and all other manner of refreshments. The Hare and the Hatter sit across from one another, conversing loudly, though their words seem like complete gibberish to you. In the center of the table, a Dormouse peeks out of a teapot, disheveled and looking quite exhausted. He looks up with drooping eyelids as you approach, looking as though he had something important to say but quite forgot it. Before you can greet each other, the Dormouse's eyes close and he sinks back into the teapot with a long sigh.

All at once, as the Dormouse sinks to sleep, shadows sweep in from the edges of the garden. You leap into one of the chairs, only for the Hare and Hatter to turn their attention to you with offended expressions. "No room, no room!" they chide, seemingly oblivious to the encroaching darkness. You brace for the wave of shadows, but instead, you feel a flutter in your stomach as your chair rises into the air. The table and other chairs follow in short order, rising just above the consuming darkness. "It's very rude to sit down without being invited, you know!" the Hare continues. The Hatter nods in agreement before chiming in. "But since you're here, try to guess this riddle, if you can!" You nod half-heartedly at the tea party hosts as you begin to figure your way out of this dilemma.

Continue to Setup on page 56.

Setup

- » Gather all cards from the *Tempest in a Teapot*, *Warped Reality*, *Riddles & Games*, and *Cheshire Cat* encounter sets. These sets are indicated by the following icons:

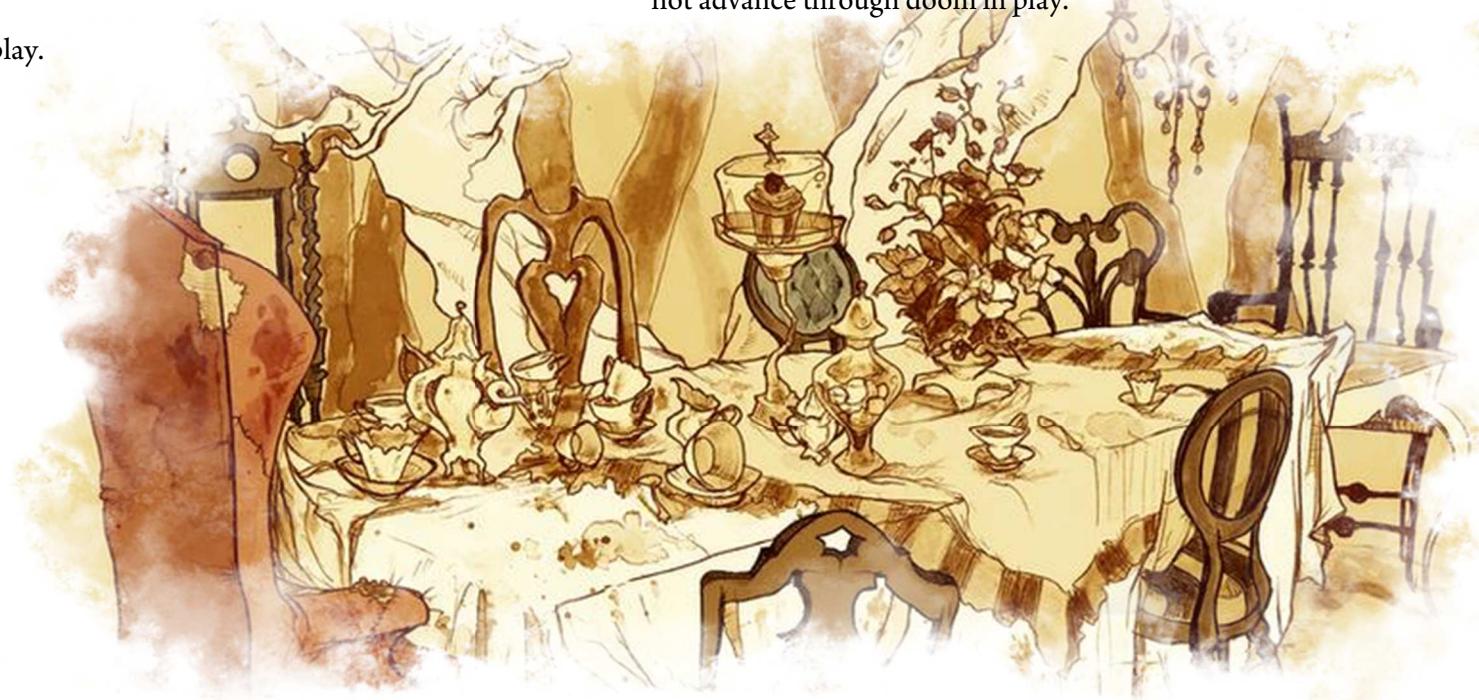


- » Check the Campaign Log. Gather the cards from the *Wonderland Boons* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Boons" and the cards from the *Wonderland Banes* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Banes." These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- » Set The Dormouse card aside, out of play.

- » Create the Seat Deck. This is done by taking the sixteen Empty Seat locations and shuffling them together.
- » Put the Center of the Table and Head of the Table locations into play. Draw a number of locations from the Seat Deck dependent on the number of players and put them into play revealed. (see Suggested Location Placement on the next page):
 - For 1 player, put five Empty Seat locations into play.
 - For 2 players, put seven Empty Seat locations into play.
 - For 3 players, put nine Empty Seat locations into play.
 - For 4 players, put eleven Empty Seat locations into play.
- » Put The Cheshire Cat (Grinning Guide) into play in the lead investigator's play area.
- » Put the 'c' agenda deck into play above the 'a' agenda deck.
- » Doom cannot be placed on the 'c' agenda, and the 'c' agenda cannot advance through doom in play.



Chair Locations

For this scenario, most locations are much smaller than average. Only one investigator or enemy can occupy a **Chair** location at once. Investigators cannot enter **Chair** locations that are occupied by another investigator or enemy. Investigators at **Chair** locations may swap positions with other investigators and enemies using the abilities listed below. Swapping positions occurs simultaneously in all cases and does not provoke attacks of opportunity.

Because of these restrictions, investigators at **Chair** locations are considered to be engaged with each non-aloo enemy at each connecting **Chair** location. Players may engage, attack, evade, parley, and activate effects as if those enemies were at their location. Enemies may also attack and activate effects as if they were at the engaged investigators' locations.

After an enemy enters a **Chair** location, it engages all investigators at all connecting **Chair** locations. Failed attacks against enemies engaged with multiple investigators do not deal damage to other investigators. If an investigator moves while engaged with any amount of enemies at **Chair** locations, those enemies make attacks of opportunity normally, but do not move after attacking. If an investigator or enemy would move to an investigator's location via a card effect, move them to the nearest empty **Chair** location instead.

When an enemy would move between two **Chair** locations, but its path is blocked by another enemy or an investigator who did not trigger this movement, swap its position with that other enemy or investigator. Swapping positions occurs simultaneously in all cases and does not provoke attacks of opportunity.

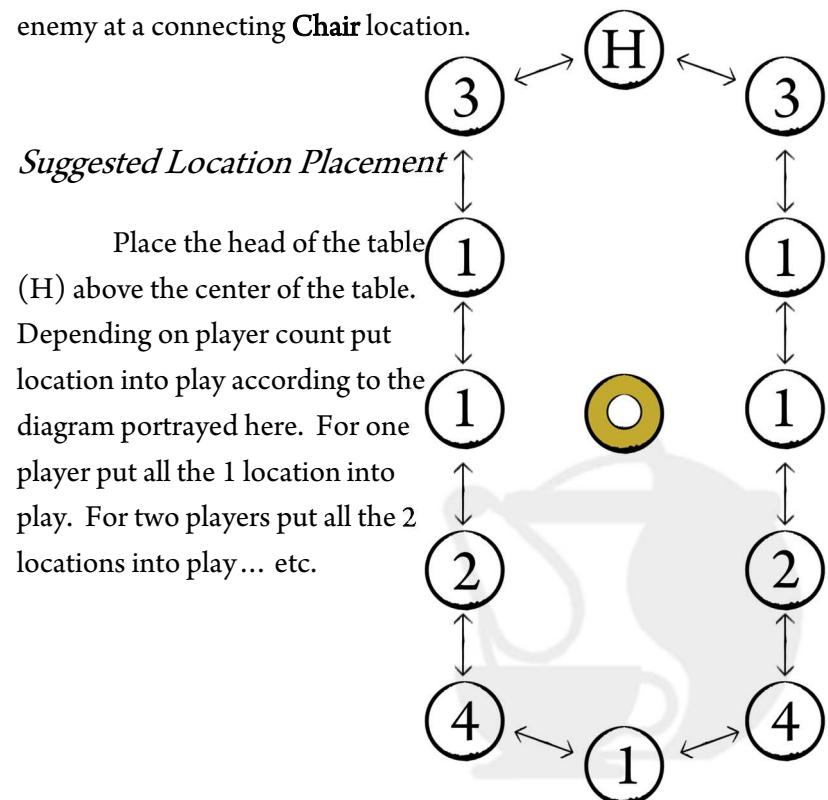
Investigators at **Chair** locations may commit cards to skill tests performed by investigators at connecting **Chair** locations. Card

effects or abilities that target or trigger from investigators or enemies at your location may target investigators or enemies at a connecting **Chair** locations instead. Card effects or abilities that target or trigger from investigators or enemies at connecting or other locations are unchanged. Investigators at **Chair** locations may interact with cards in the threat areas of investigators at connecting **Chair** locations.

Investigators may take the following two actions at any time during the scenario:

② If you are at a **Chair** location: **Move**: Swap positions with an investigator at a connecting **Chair** location. This action does not provoke attacks of opportunity for the other investigator.

③ If you are at a **Chair** location: **Parley**: Swap positions with an enemy at a connecting **Chair** location.





- » Put The Hare (Harebrained Host) into play at Head of the Table.
- » Put The Hatter (Mercurial Milliner) into play at the Empty Seat across from Head of the Table. The Hatter and The Hare begin the game exhausted. Each investigator begins play at a different unoccupied Empty Seat location. Ignore all forced effects on locations during setup.
- » Shuffle the remainder of the encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

When the game is complete:

- » *If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated)*
Go to page 62.
- » *If Resolution 1 (R1) was reached*
Go to page 64.
- » *If Resolution 2 (R2) was reached*
Go to page 66.
- » *If Resolution 3 (R3) was reached*
Go to page 68.
- » *If Resolution 4 (R4) was reached*
Go to page 70.
- » *If Resolution 5 (R5) was reached*
Go to page 72.

...from page 61 (No Resolution).

THE
INVASION
SHADOWS



ENLIST THE
TEA PARTY.

Go to page 64.



...from page 61 (Resolution 1).

Shadows wrap around you like snakes as you fall through the inky darkness. You can't move, can't see, can't breathe, everything grows faint. Just when it seems certain that the end is upon you, the shadows freeze. You are suspended for a moment before they recede suddenly, sliding off of you like water. The darkness evaporates, leaving you in one of the tea party chairs once more. The Hare and Hatter are nowhere to be seen, no trace of them remaining. Mere feet away, the shadows condense around the Dormouse who is fast asleep once more, but whimpering and kicking as his nightmares overwhelm him. There is no chance to save the poor creature, and you retreat from the garden before you are caught up in the shadows' embrace again.

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the Hare, Hatter, and Dormouse were consumed by shadows.*

» Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

Check the Campaign Log:

» *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*

Proceed to Interlude - The Duchess on page XXX.

» *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*

Proceed to Interlude - The Caterpillar on page 46.

...from page 61 (Resolution 2).

"An excellent riddle! Let's have another!" The exclamation snaps you out of your thoughts, and you turn to see the Hare and Hatter still seated around the table, sipping tea and smiling congenially. You keep your distance, remembering how they behaved during the earlier chaos, but they act as though nothing had happened. "Come now, a bright guest like you can surely think of a riddle we haven't heard before!" the Hare invites, bounding over to escort you to a closer chair. Your thoughts jumble and your words stumble, but your recent experience inspires a question. When can you be in the dark and in the light at the same time? The duo scratch their chins and tap their spoons idly, spending several seconds in thought. Finally, the Hare draws upward and raises a finger. "When it's day out, but you've no idea what's going on!" he proudly proclaims.

"No, no! It's quite the opposite!" the Hatter scoffs, "When you know exactly what is going on, but it's dark all around! After all, it was pitch black only a moment ago and we knew precisely what happened!" You raise an eyebrow at the suggestion that they were aware of the danger the entire time. The Hatter pulls you closer and lowers his voice to a whisper that's somehow louder than his speaking voice. "Everyone is mad here, you know. The things that make sense, well, those belong in Alice's world. And the shadows are rather picky. Why, poor Dormy here started making sense and they went after him just like that!" You press the two mad partygoers further, and to your surprise, they divulge plenty of details about Gurathnaka and his brood.

The Dormouse gives a long sigh and smiles faintly as he continues waking up fully. "They may be mad, but friends are friends. I'm quite surprised - and happy, mind you - that you didn't give them a thrashing for their trouble."

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the Hare and the Hatter thoroughly enjoyed your company*.
- » Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- » Each investigator earns 5 bonus experience from the the Hare and the Hatter's information about the shadows.

...from page 61 (Resolution 3).

The sound of labored sobbing rouses you from your thoughts, and you look down toward the end of the table to see the Hare trying to rouse the corpse of the Hatter with a fresh cup of tea. "It isn't all that bad, is it? Darjeeling, you know... it really is..." He collapses down into his chair, and soon all sounds of crying fade. The Hare sits motionless with a pained face, staring off into the distance, pupils twitching slightly. The loss of his companion seems to have cracked the Hare's mind entirely.

The Dormouse shakes his head pityingly as he looks to the Hare. "Poor fellow. They were inseparable, you know, even in the midst of all this madness." He looks up at you with a mix of resentment and acceptance on his face. "Do make their sacrifice count. There is plenty of work ahead, and it all hinged on your survival here."

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the Hare couldn't cope with the Hatter's death.*

» Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

...from page 61 (Resolution 4).

The sound of pitiful wailing snaps your mind back to the present, and you look down toward the end of the table to see the Hatter wringing his hat in his hand as he looks over the corpse of the Hare. "You don't know the answer, do you? Well... well here's an easier one! You'll guess it... in no time..." He stands for only a moment longer before he collapses into his chair, murmuring nonsensical riddles to himself. The loss of his companion seems to have cracked the Hatter's mind entirely.

The Dormouse shakes his head pityingly as he looks to the Hare. "Poor fellow. They were inseparable, you know, even in the midst of all this madness." He looks up at you with a mix of resentment and acceptance on his face. "Do make their sacrifice count. There is plenty of work ahead, and it all hinged on your survival here."

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the Hatter couldn't cope with the Hare's death.*

» Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

...from page 61 (Resolution 5).

You take your time recovering, scanning around the table as you wait. There are no signs of any of the tea party guests, least of all the Hare or Hatter. The mad pair attacked you repeatedly during the chaotic event, and you had to defend yourself. If you hadn't survived the ordeal, then Alice's mind may have been lost forever, and the two of them with it.

The Dormouse stands on the table, looking at each empty seat and sighing wistfully. "If only it hadn't come to this," he states with a sorrowful tone, "and if only they'd been more helpfully mad." The Dormouse turns to you as his expression hardens. "The shadows must be cast out of Wonderland, or events like these will happen again."

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the Hare and the Hatter were cast into the shadows*.

» Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

...The Doormouse.

Another ordeal behind you and many more to go. The Dormouse clammers onto your shoulder as you depart the tea party garden. "Wonderland is disorganized, more than usual," your new companion explains, "and you will need my help in sorting through it all. Should your own thoughts become similarly cluttered, I shall help sort them out as well." You shake your head in disbelief that you would be grateful for the help of a talking mouse, but here in Alice's dreams, anything that doesn't intend to be your enemy is already a great help.

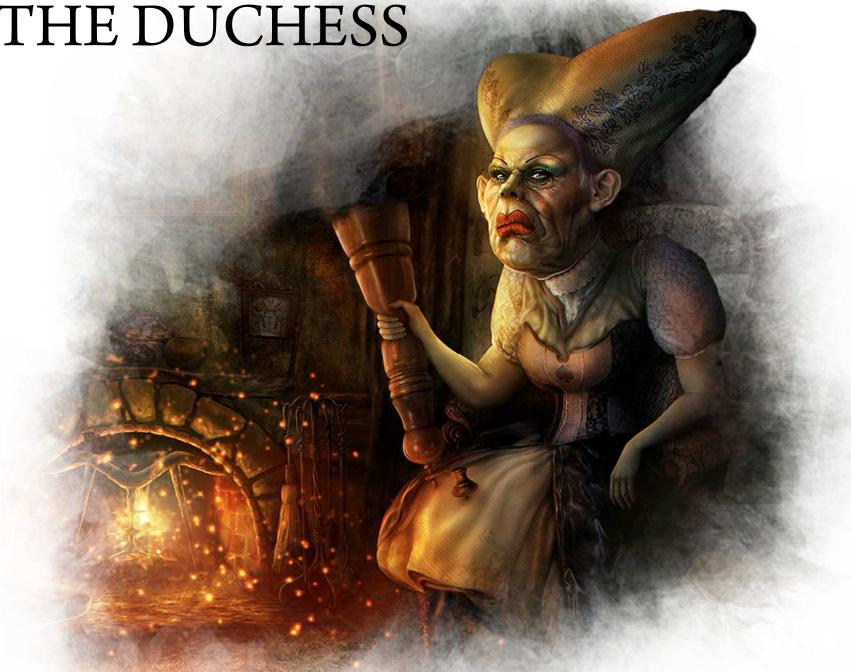


- » Any one investigator may choose to add The Dormouse to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.
- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Duchess on page 76.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Caterpillar on page 52.

THE DUCHESS



It's a rare enough event to find any sort of hospitality in the vast expanse of Wonderland, so the sudden appearance of an English country manor gives you definite pause. You advance quickly to the manor and shout a greeting to the two figures seated outside the main door. Both are dressed in the fine uniforms of aristocratic servants, albeit one is a frog and one is a fish. They glance at you lazily but do not rise from their seats, only sighing wistfully.

An awful commotion sounds dully through the door, although the two footmen seem not to hear it. "If you've more messages, you'll simply have to wait," the frog footman croaks at you, "we've been waiting for weeks and we still can't get in." You ask if the door is locked. "No," the fish footman burbles, "but it's a footman's job to let people in, and if we're not inside, well..." The two footmen sigh a second time and go back to staring up at the sky

dumbly. You give the footmen a nominal thanks and open the door for yourself.

The inside of the manor is utterly chaotic. Toppled furniture and display pieces litter the floors, and the wallpaper has been shredded systematically. Each step brings you closer to the source of the noise, which you can only guess is a monster of some kind by the shrieking, clanging and scrambling you hear emitting from the kitchen. Determined not to be caught by another of Wonderland's surprises, you ready yourself for a fight before you enter.

You burst through the kitchen door just in time to dodge a thrown piece of crockery. A woman in the regal attire of a duchess stands beside her cook, both of them staring down an enormous shadowy boar, but both also looking more annoyed than frightened. The Duchess scolds the monster severely and hurls pots and pans while her Cook does the bulk of the fighting with any utensils at hand.

"You'll catch a beating yet!" the Duchess shrieks as she grabs for more dishes. The Cook hurls a butcher's cleaver at the boar, who swats it out of the air with a feral cry. "Pepper! The air must be thick with pepper!" the brutish noblewoman clangs two ladles together as she calls again and again for pepper. The Cook staves off the monster with a carving knife as she joins in the calls for pepper. As you prepare to take action, you spy a lone pepper grinder sitting atop the counter next to you.

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» *"Pepper the pig? I mean... sure, might as well try it."*

Go to page 78.

» *"Pepper won't do a damn thing against this monster."*

Go to page 80.

...Pepper the Pig!

You grab the pepper grinder, half-questioning your own actions and half-assuring yourself that Wonderland has its own bizarre logic, even if you can't make heads or tails of it. The handle whirls around easily, grinding the peppercorns and sending out a cloud of spice far denser than you expected. Seconds later, the entire kitchen is blanketed with pepper. You hold your nose, but the sneezes escape you all the same. The shadowy boar joins you in wild sneezing while the Duchess and Cook, who are completely unaffected, cheer, still hurling dishes at the beast. You can't make out a thing, but you can tell that the sneezes of the beast are growing more and more frenzied, until a single mighty expulsion clears the room of pepper, along with a fading shadow creature.

In the spot where the monster once stood, a baby with pig-like features lies in a bundle of cloth. It wails loudly, still sneezing as the Duchess prances over to pick him back up. "There! That will teach you to throw a tantrum just to annoy us!" You lower your weapons and scratch the back of your head in confusion, but the Duchess is completely delighted and the Cook has returned to preparing some unappealing soup. "Come now, sing with us, dear! Speak roughly to your little boy, and beat him when he sneezes..."

You exit the Duchess' manor to find the two footmen exactly where you left them. They look to you with the same dull expressions as before. "Got what you came for?" the frog footman asks drearily. You're not really sure how to respond, but the fish footman doesn't give you a window to speak. "I doubt it," he bubbles, "or else this message wouldn't have arrived." He gestures to an enormous letter leaning up against the courtyard stones with your name written across the envelope. You wonder for a moment who could possibly know that you would be at the Duchess' manor

for such a brief span of time, and the answer soon occurs to you: Alice herself!

You had hoped that getting help in the form of a letter would have been more direct and clear than the other forms of assistance Alice had given you. Unfortunately, you find the letter to be a jumbled mess of unrelated words. Is Alice's ability to contact you really this limited? You study the paper for several minutes wondering just what the message is trying to convey. Some of the words you recognize based on your recent experiences, while others hint at challenges and dangers you have yet to brave. You carefully discount the out of place words until the remaining ones begin to make sense as directions. You double and triple check the letter, doubting your ability to make sense of this weirdness, but ultimately set off again through Wonderland if for no other reason than to leave the chaotic manor behind you.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Boons," record *The Duchess*.
- » Add 1  token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-C: Bleeding Hearts on page 84.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Scenario II-B: Tempest in a Teapot on page 54.

...That Won't Work.

Your own means have carried you through the trials of Alice's dreams so far, and you see no reason to doubt your own abilities now. You advance on the beast and combat it on your terms. The screams from the Duchess and the Cook reach a deafening pitch, but you continue the fight in spite of them. For minutes you probe and strike, wearing down the monster's energy gradually. At last, the shadowy pig shrieks in panic and leaps out the kitchen window to escape your assault.

You turn back to the Duchess and her Cook, expecting a tiny bit of gratitude only to see them both frothing with fury and eyes wide with malice. "Brute! Callous wretch!" the Duchess bellows, gritting her teeth, "you've savaged my boyish pig! My piggish boy!" You can barely form a response as the two pelt you with any dishes and utensils they can reach. From what little the Duchess and her Cook say coherently, you realize that the boar monster was once the Duchess' son, and was somehow transformed into the frightening creature you just drove away. No explanation you give placates the crazed duo in the slightest. You beat a hasty retreat to the relative safety of the manor's hallway as you dodge the debris. The shouts and wails of the two madwomen echo after you, though neither makes any attempt to follow you out.

You exit the Duchess' manor to find the two footmen exactly where you left them. They look to you with the same dull expressions as before. "Got what you came for?" the frog footman asks drearily. You're not really sure how to respond, but the fish footman doesn't give you a window to speak. "I doubt it," he bubbles, "or else this message wouldn't have arrived." He gestures to an enormous letter leaning up against the courtyard stones with your name written across the envelope. You wonder for a moment

who could possibly know that you would be at the Duchess' manor for such a brief span of time, and the answer soon occurs to you: Alice herself!

You had hoped that getting help in the form of a letter would have been more direct and clear than the other forms of assistance Alice had given you. Unfortunately, you find the letter to be a jumbled mess of unrelated words. Is Alice's ability to contact you really this limited? You study the paper for several minutes wondering just what the message is trying to convey. Some of the words you recognize based on your recent experiences, while others hint at challenges and dangers you have yet to brave. You carefully discount the out of place words until the remaining ones begin to make sense as directions. You double and triple check the letter, doubting your ability to make sense of this weirdness, but ultimately set off again through Wonderland if for no other reason than to leave the chaotic manor behind you.

- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Banes," record *The Duchess*.
- » Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience as you see how the shadows can mutate something to such an unrecognizable state.
- » Add 1  token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-C: Bleeding Hearts on page 84.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Scenario II-B: Tempest in a Teapot on page 54.

INTERLUDE

THE DUCHESS



It's a rare enough event to find any sort of hospitality in the vast expanse of Wonderland, so the sudden appearance of an English country manor gives you definite pause. You advance quickly to the manor and shout a greeting to the two figures seated outside the main door. Both are dressed in the fine uniforms of aristocratic servants, albeit one is a frog and one is a fish. They glance at you lazily but do not rise from their seats, only sighing wistfully.

An awful commotion sounds dully through the door, although the two footmen seem not to hear it. "If you've more messages, you'll simply have to wait," the frog footman croaks at you, "we've been waiting for weeks and we still can't get in." You ask if the door is locked. "No," the fish footman burbles, "but it's a footman's job to let people in, and if we're not inside, well..." The two footmen sigh a second time and go back to staring up at the sky

dumbly. You give the footmen a nominal thanks and open the door for yourself.

The inside of the manor is utterly chaotic. Toppled furniture and display pieces litter the floors, and the wallpaper has been shredded systematically. Each step brings you closer to the source of the noise, which you can only guess is a monster of some kind by the shrieking, clanging and scrambling you hear emitting from the kitchen. Determined not to be caught by another of Wonderland's surprises, you ready yourself for a fight before you enter.

You burst through the kitchen door just in time to dodge a thrown piece of crockery. A woman in the regal attire of a duchess stands beside her cook, both of them staring down an enormous shadowy boar, but both also looking more annoyed than frightened. The Duchess scolds the monster severely and hurls pots and pans while her Cook does the bulk of the fighting with any utensils at hand.

"You'll catch a beating yet!" the Duchess shrieks as she grabs for more dishes. The Cook hurls a butcher's cleaver at the boar, who swats it out of the air with a feral cry. "Pepper! The air must be thick with pepper!" the brutish noblewoman clangs two ladles together as she calls again and again for pepper. The Cook staves off the monster with a carving knife as she joins in the calls for pepper. As you prepare to take action, you spy a lone pepper grinder sitting atop the counter next to you.

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» *"Pepper the pig? I mean... sure, might as well try it."*

Go to page 78.

» *"Pepper won't do a damn thing against this monster."*

Go to page 80.



SCENARIO II C

BLEEDING HEARTS

Rarely in Wonderland do you see anything uniform or well-ordered, so it strikes you especially strangely when you happen across a grove of trees that have grown inexplicably into heart shapes. The glade itself is also shaped like a heart, tapering inward toward an especially large tree with a red door embedded in it. Whoever - or whatever - created this grove may be able to help you in stabilizing Alice's dreams. You step through the door without delay.

The other side of the door might as well have been another world, as it leads to a vast garden surrounding an enormous castle. The same heart patterns adorn each flowerbed and topiary bush, most decorated in a bright red color. You have only a moment to consider who would be so fixated on hearts before a platoon of strange figures approach you. The figures look like playing cards in all four suits, but each with heads, hands and feet. The fact that they brandish spears at you vindictively takes some of the humor out of their appearance. You raise your hands to diffuse the situ-

tion just as the ranks of the cards part.

Another regal figure walks proudly but aggressively toward you. From her appearance, and connecting the look of the castle around you, it could only be the Queen of Hearts. She keeps her jaw tightly clenched as she regards you with suspicion. After a few moments, she begins to speak in a tone that suggests inner rage. "And who are you to intrude upon my castle?!" she accuses gruffly, "Just the sort of unseemly type to skulk and thief!" You try to smooth things over with the intimidating monarch, but she scoffs openly at you. "Don't contradict a queen! You appear scant moments after my tarts were stolen away, on my unbirthday, no less, and you try to claim coincidence?! Rubbish and lies! Off with your head!" She storms away, still bellowing for blood, and her entourage of soldiers merely bars your exit. You wait for a moment in confused silence as nobody attempts to take you away for execution. Either this is commonplace, or the executioner isn't a real go-getter.

The Cheshire Cat appears beside you once more, watching the queen and her soldiers depart. "Heady times indeed," it purrs, "and you have the great luck of being here at the crux of it. The queen does love her tarts so, nearly as much as she loves a good beheading." The cat's head floats away from its body as he speaks to punctuate his statement. "They'll have a trial shortly, I should think, but were I you, I wouldn't want my name at the top of any lists. Blame is the name of the game at the Queen's court, and you would do well to learn it quickly. But I've every confidence in you. You've a good head on your shoulders... for now." It vanishes once more with a wide grin, leaving you to figure out how best to save your neck from the headsman's axe.

Continue to Setup on page 86.

Setup

- » Gather all cards from the *Bleeding Hearts*, *Card Guards*, *Riddles & Games*, and *Cheshire Cat* encounter sets. These sets are indicated by the following icons:

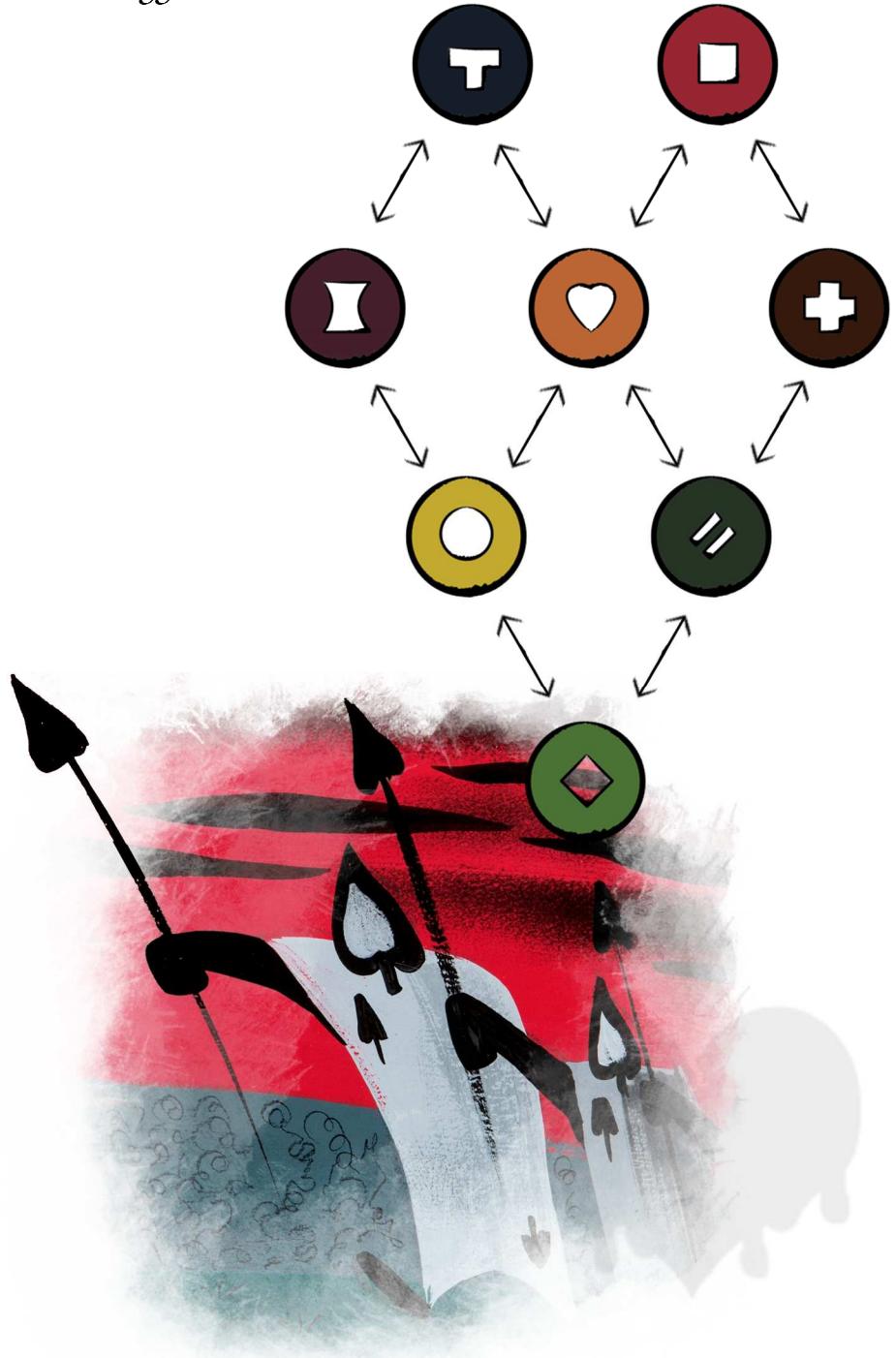


- » Check the Campaign Log. Gather the cards from the *Wonderland Boons* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Boons" and the cards from the *Wonderland Banes* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Banes." These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- » Set The Knave of Hearts card aside, out of play.
- » Put the Rose Garden, Croquet Grounds, Hedge Maze, Throne Room, Courtroom, Dungeons, Kitchens, and Guard Barracks locations into play.
- Each investigator begins play at Rose Garden.
- » Put The Queen of Hearts and The King of Hearts into play at Throne Room.
- » Put a copy of Royal Suspicion into each investigator's threat area with 3 resources on each from the token pool, as blame.

Suggested Location Placement





- » Set the remaining copies aside, out of play.
- » Put The Cheshire Cat (Grinning Guide) into play in the lead investigator's play area.
- » Shuffle the remainder of the encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

When the game is complete:

- » *Before resolving any other resolution, if no resolution was reached **and** at least 1 investigator was defeated. The defeated investigator reads investigator defeat.*
 - Go to page 90.
- » *If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned.)*
 - Go to page 94.
- » *If Resolution 1 (R1) was reached,*
 - Go to page 94.
- » *If Resolution 2 (R2) was reached,*
 - Go to page 96.

...from page 89 (Investigator Defeat).

"A perfectly simple case!" the King of Hearts declares, banging his gavel. He looks to the jurors who all nod enthusiastically and hold up chalkboards with "guilty" scrawled on them, most with a variety of spelling errors. "No evidence or witnesses to speak of! Never has a verdict been reached more swiftly, I dare say! Guilty on all charges, off!"

"-WITH YOUR HEAD!"

the Queen shouts over the King to finish the phrase. Your protests are drowned out by the continued shouting of the Queen and the cheering of the crowds, who all eagerly await the pending sentence. The card guards haul you out of the courtroom toward a bloody chopping block in an open courtyard. The executioner stands beside it, running his thumb over the blade of his axe to test its sharpness. "Not to worry, I'm a professional." he assures you in a surprisingly pleasant tone, "Just one quick chop and that'll be the end of it. You won't feel a thing.

» Each investigator who was defeated is **killed**.



» *If all investigators were defeated,*

Go to page 92.

» *If there were survivors and no resolution was reached,*

Go to page 94.

...from page 91 (Execution.)



» The investigators lose the campaign.

THE END

...Resolution 1.

You've managed to convince the Queen's courtiers and guards that you couldn't possibly be the thief, at least long enough for you to make your escape. Back in the heart-shaped woods now, you put your back to the door in the tree and collapse to the ground. The disorganized chaos of the rest of Wonderland is almost a relief compared to the nonsensical bureaucracy of the Queen of Hearts. You rest for a short while before standing slowly, using the tree to brace yourself. Before you can finish standing, however, you are violently thrown to the ground as something slams against the opposite side of the door. You scramble back from the door in time to see it ripped from its hinges by a shadowy claw.

Through the open portal, you can see that the Queen's castle has devolved into pandemonium as shadowy monsters claw it apart rapidly. The ornate palace and gardens crumble and scatter as the creatures rampage in their pursuit of victims. The shrieks and wails of the courtiers and guards are only outmatched by the fierce and violent cries of the Queen of Hearts herself. She may have been a match for the shadows on her own terms, but as Gurathnaka's minions consume her court and palace, they grow too much even for the bloodthirsty royal to overcome.

You continue your escape before you risk death a second time, fleeing back into the surrounding woods before the shadows can overtake you. The enraged echoes of the Queen's voice reach you long after you lose sight of the glade, but they are finally and suddenly stifled, and a stark stillness falls over the forest. You steady your nerves and continue through the woods, checking over your shoulder periodically.

- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the Queen's castle was consumed by the shadows*.
- » Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - Gryphon and the Mock Turtle on page 106.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Duchess on page 82.

...from page 89 (Resolution 2).

Your opportunity to attack arrives as the shadows rush out toward the Queen in her overemotional state. You strike at the dark creatures, expecting the Knave to join you, but he stands and stares at the Queen, taken completely aback. The Queen has seized her executioner's axe and is focusing her anger toward destroying the advancing shadows. You slow your own assault and eventually stop to join in the Knave's staring as the Queen slices the dark minions to ribbons, screaming for blood and murder all the while. It feels like barely any time has passed before every last shadow in the Queen's palace has either fallen to her furious assault, or retreated away from the castle. Neither you nor the Knave had predicted this outcome at all, but it certainly was effective.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the Queen destroyed the shadows in a fit of rage*.
- » Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

Count the amount of blame in play at the end of the scenario:

- » If there is 3 \bowtie or more total blame among all copies of Royal Suspicion,

Go to page 98.

- » Otherwise,

Go to page 104.

... Very Suspicious.



Even after brutally dispatching the shadows, the Queen's anger isn't satisfied yet. She marches toward you with fire still burning in her eyes and the executioner's axe still in hand. Someone is going to die for what she just went through, and you are still at the top of her list. You look to the Knave and he looks to you, his eyes narrowing. Is he prepared to sell you out to save his own head? Are you prepared to do the same? You have little time to think the dilemma over before the Queen cuts you short.

The investigators must decide:

» *"We did it for your own good, your majesty."*

Go to page 100.

» *"This was all the Knave's idea, and he stole the tarts."*

Go to page 102.

...loyal subject.

Even with death looming, you have to admit that owe the destruction of the shadows largely to the Knave and his plan. Before he can speak, you vouch for the Knave and try to calm the Queen, but unfortunately she's beyond reason. She swings wildly at you both, and you scatter while she screams for her guards. You flee through the palace, wondering how you might escape her clutches, when the Knave pulls you into the hedges. He leads you down a circuitous route that avoids the guard patrols and gradually winds its way to the door in the tree.

"I don't suppose you'd mind if I tagged along for the time being?" the Knave asks you with a hint of uncertainty in his voice, "I won't be welcome in the court anymore by any means, and... I really must admit, I didn't expect any sort of loyalty from you. The least I can do is return it." One surprise deserves another as you've gained an unlikely ally in the scheming nobleman, though you're relieved for it to be a beneficial surprise this time.

You make a swift departure from the Queen's court with the knowledge and experience under your belt to help you combat the shadows wherever they may lurk.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » Any one investigator may choose to add The Knave of Hearts to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - Gryphon and the Mock Turtle on page 106.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Duchess on page 82.

... 'twas the Knave.

The Queen's attention snaps to the Knave at your quick accusation. The nobleman's nerve fails him as he tries to deflect blame back at you while the Queen advances. He finally tries to flee, but too late as the axe swings. In one clean motion, the Knave's head launches from his shoulder and rolls to a stop several yards away. You try to slip away as well, but the sudden arrival of a battalion of card guards hems you in close to the Queen. Tense seconds pass, but finally the Queen turns to you with a pleasant expression on her face, in contrast to the blood on her hands and dress. "You've done me quite a service in finding the thief and saving us the trouble of a trial! And such service deserves a reward! Seeing as my executioner has been lax in his duties, I hereby award you the rank and responsibilities of royal executioner instead." She shoves the axe into your hands and strides demurely away, leaving you disturbed, but alive.

You make a swift departure from the Queen's court with the knowledge and experience under your belt to help you combat the shadows wherever they may lurk.

» Any one investigator may choose to add Executioner's Axe to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - Gryphon and the Mock Turtle on page 106.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Duchess on page 82.

...it wasn't us.

Even after the shadows have been chopped to bits, the Queen keeps up her furious attacks, dicing them into yet finer bits while screaming about her tarts. You and the Knave wait until the Queen has worn herself out before you dare approach her. She whirls around to meet you, but her expression has lifted to a smile. "Vermin of some sort, I might have guessed that they would steal my lovely tarts!" The Knave quickly affirms her false suspicion and you nod in agreement, not wanting to provoke the Queen any further. "If only I wasn't forced to dispose of them myself. I require a new executioner!" The Queen's eyes settle on you at once and she shoves the axe into your hands. "You will do, my congratulations." She marches off, calling for the fresh batch of tarts on the double as she goes.

The Knave pulls you aside as soon as the Queen is out of sight. "I hadn't expected success on that scale, or... any scale, really. I had intended to take my leave as soon as the shadows had been drawn out, but you really did complicate things, for the better, I must say. All of this is I suppose to say... I do owe you quite a bit. If I can assist you - within reason, of course - then I shall be eager, willing to do so." Within reason, he says. There's none of that to be had in Wonderland, but you'll have plenty of use for the Knave's underhanded talents all the same.

You make a swift departure from the Queen's court with the knowledge and experience under your belt to help you combat the shadows wherever they may lurk.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » Any one investigator may choose to add The Knave of Hearts to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.
- » Any one investigator may choose to add Executioner's Axe to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - Gryphon and the Mock Turtle on page 106.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - The Duchess on page 82.

GRYPHON AND THE MOCK TURTLE



The shadows have kept you on edge for too long already in your journey. Even in an open field where the sun beams down on you from above, you scan the horizon in constant search for any sign of approaching darkness. Have the shadows been curbed at all by your efforts, or are they unstoppable while their master prepares to feast on Arkham? The questions tax your psyche further as you continue your trek through Wonderland.

Your vigilance finally pays off as you spot an airborne figure moving toward you at great speed. You brace for a fight, but it wheels up high above you, circling like a vulture around a dying animal. You remain still on the sunny field, dreading what the strange entity might be all the while. Tense moments pass before the figure descends in a surprising burst of speed and lands in the tall grass before you. The strange beast before you is equally split between eagle and lion: a gryphon in the flesh if ever there was one, and it regards you curiously as it settles its wings.

"Another visitor to Wonderland? How very peculiar!" It leans uncomfortably close to you and strokes the underside of its beak with one claw pensively. "You've chosen a poor time for sight-seeing, I'm sorry to say. The stability of the place has been lacking, and those shadowy beasts have been gnawing about like termites!" Your relief at meeting a more congenial resident of Wonderland is quickly replaced by your unease at the Gryphon's statements. The Gryphon takes note of your concern and nods sagely. "Curious to see the trouble yourself? My, but you're a morbid sort, but it just might take such a sort to sort through it all!" The Gryphon chuckles and puffs up a bit at his own play on words, reveling for a moment before turning his side to you. "Come, come, don't shy away now! The only way to see the state of things is from the air!" Again you find yourself with conflicting feelings. On the one hand, this could help you gather information easily, and even assist in your travels. On the other hand, however, being hundreds of feet up in the air on the back of one of Wonderland's capricious creatures could prove fatal. Your curiosity wins out in the end, however, and you climb onto the Gryphon's back gingerly.

Check the Campaign Log:

» *If there are **3 or fewer** tally marks under "Strength of Wonderland",*

Go to page 108

» *If there are **between 4 to 6** tally marks under "Strength of Wonderland",*

Go to page 110.

» *If there are **7 or more** tally marks under "Strength of Wonderland"*

Go to page 112.

...the shadows wane.

The Gryphon ascends with a half-cry half-roar, and you grip into its feathers for dear life. Your view changes rapidly as you rise above the treetops and can see for miles in every direction. Wonderland appears to be coming apart at the seams, but for all the damage done, the darkness is scattered and weak.

"Satisfied?" the Gryphon probes, "The view is much less dismal from the ground." You consider the state of Wonderland and the shadows once more briefly before you nod. At once, the Gryphon wheels back down to earth, swooping this time toward a quiet lagoon on the edge of a vast body of water. "Come, I know just the thing to liven your spirits after such a sight! My friend the Mock Turtle is quite a songster, to say nothing of his education!" You try to envision just what a mock turtle might look like, but the creature the Gryphon lands next to doesn't match any of your ideas. The Mock Turtle resembles a sea turtle but with the head of a cow. He sits at the water's edge, staring down into the pools with a smile on his face, but tears leaking from his eyes. "Ahoy and what ho!" the Gryphon calls out, "enjoying the dance?"

"It's a sight for sore feet," the Mock Turtle murmurs with a nod. You give the creature a hesitant hello and he waves a flipper at you without looking. His attention is firmly fixed on the waves in front of him. You stand beside the Mock Turtle and look into the water, seeing at once a bizarre spectacle. Sea creatures of a hundred varieties dance together in a complicated but stately fashion just under the water's surface. The Mock Turtle splashes his flippers in the surf in time with the muffled music, still sniffling but enjoying himself.

Not wanting to ask the Mock Turtle bluntly, you take the Gryphon aside and quietly question why the creature is in such an

emotional state. "The poor fellow knows the state of Wonderland as well as I do," the Gryphon responds with a pitying glance at its friend, "he often used to cry in his spare time, but now that he's found something serious to give him sorrow, he's doing all he can to distract himself." The Mock Turtle hums to himself as the dancing continues, utterly enthralled. "It's for the best, don't you know!" the Gryphon chuckles, "no sense dwelling on such grim matters!"

You frown at the Gryphon's statement. Sitting by idly is only going to help Gurathnaka in its conquest. You warn the two creatures of the dangers the hungry shadows could pose if left unchecked. The Mock Turtle covers his ears with two flippers and shakes his head, while the Gryphon scowls at your stories. "Such topics aren't polite, not one jot!" the Gryphon scolds you. The Mock Turtle nods with a whimper and chimes in after. "There's so much misery to be had, only let us ration it! Let us sing of soup and schools, and join the lobsters in their quadrille!"

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the shadows have been weakened by Wonderland's instability*.

» Based on the difficulty level, add the following chaos token(s) to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Easy: -2 **Standard:** -3 **Hard:** -4 **Expert:** -5

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» "*Get up! This is your chance to make a difference.*"

Go to page 114.

» "*Fine. When your world falls apart, don't come crying to me.*"

Go to page 116.

...the shadows loom.

The Gryphon ascends with a half-cry half-roar, and you grip into its feathers for dear life. Your view changes rapidly as you rise above the treetops and can see for miles in every direction. Your exploits have struck a tenuous balance between the stability of Alice's dreams and the shadows' grip on both worlds.

"Satisfied?" the Gryphon probes, "The view is much less dismal from the ground." You consider the state of Wonderland and the shadows once more briefly before you nod. At once, the Gryphon wheels back down to earth, swooping this time toward a quiet lagoon on the edge of a vast body of water. "Come, I know just the thing to liven your spirits after such a sight! My friend the Mock Turtle is quite a songster, to say nothing of his education!" You try to envision just what a mock turtle might look like, but the creature the Gryphon lands next to doesn't match any of your ideas. The Mock Turtle resembles a sea turtle but with the head of a cow. He sits at the water's edge, staring down into the pools with a smile on his face, but tears leaking from his eyes. "Ahoy and what ho!" the Gryphon calls out, "enjoying the dance?"

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Not wanting to ask the Mock Turtle bluntly, you take the Gryphon aside and quietly question why the creature is in such an

emotional state. "The poor fellow knows the state of Wonderland as well as I do," the Gryphon responds with a pitying glance at its friend, "he often used to cry in his spare time, but now that he's found something serious to give him sorrow, he's doing all he can to distract himself." The Mock Turtle hums to himself as the dancing continues, utterly enthralled. "It's for the best, don't you know!" the Gryphon chuckles, "no sense dwelling on such grim matters!"

You frown at the Gryphon's statement. Sitting by idly is only going to help Gurathnaka in its conquest. You warn the two creatures of the dangers the hungry shadows could pose if left unchecked. The Mock Turtle covers his ears with two flippers and shakes his head, while the Gryphon scowls at your stories. "Such topics aren't polite, not one jot!" the Gryphon scolds you. The Mock Turtle nods with a whimper and chimes in after. "There's so much misery to be had, only let us ration it! Let us sing of soup and schools, and join the lobsters in their quadrille!"

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the shadows maintain their grip on Alice's dreams.*

» Based on the difficulty level, add the following chaos token(s) to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Easy: -3 **Standard:** -4 **Hard:** -5 **Expert:** -6

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» "*Get up! This is your chance to make a difference.*"

Go to page 114.

» "*Fine. When your world falls apart, don't come crying to me.*"

Go to page 116.

...the shadows churn.

The Gryphon ascends with a half-cry half-roar, and you grip into its feathers for dear life. Your view changes rapidly as you rise above the treetops and can see for miles in every direction. By your reckoning, Wonderland is very nearly pristine, though the darkness roils on the horizon no matter where you look.

"Satisfied?" the Gryphon probes, "The view is much less dismal from the ground." You consider the state of Wonderland and the shadows once more briefly before you nod. At once, the Gryphon wheels back down to earth, swooping this time toward a quiet lagoon on the edge of a vast body of water. "Come, I know just the thing to liven your spirits after such a sight! My friend the Mock Turtle is quite a songster, to say nothing of his education!" You try to envision just what a mock turtle might look like, but the creature the Gryphon lands next to doesn't match any of your ideas. The Mock Turtle resembles a sea turtle but with the head of a cow. He sits at the water's edge, staring down into the pools with a smile on his face, but tears leaking from his eyes. "Ahoy and what ho!" the Gryphon calls out, "enjoying the dance?"

"It's a sight for sore feet," the Mock Turtle murmurs with a nod. You give the creature a hesitant hello and he waves a flipper at you without looking. His attention is firmly fixed on the waves in front of him. You stand beside the Mock Turtle and look into the water, seeing at once a bizarre spectacle. Sea creatures of a hundred varieties dance together in a complicated but stately fashion just under the water's surface. The Mock Turtle splashes his flippers in the surf in time with the muffled music, still sniffling but enjoying himself.

Not wanting to ask the Mock Turtle bluntly, you take the Gryphon aside and quietly question why the creature is in such an

emotional state. "The poor fellow knows the state of Wonderland as well as I do," the Gryphon responds with a pitying glance at its friend, "he often used to cry in his spare time, but now that he's found something serious to give him sorrow, he's doing all he can to distract himself." The Mock Turtle hums to himself as the dancing continues, utterly enthralled. "It's for the best, don't you know!" the Gryphon chuckles, "no sense dwelling on such grim matters!"

You frown at the Gryphon's statement. Sitting by idly is only going to help Gurathnaka in its conquest. You warn the two creatures of the dangers the hungry shadows could pose if left unchecked. The Mock Turtle covers his ears with two flippers and shakes his head, while the Gryphon scowls at your stories. "Such topics aren't polite, not one jot!" the Gryphon scolds you. The Mock Turtle nods with a whimper and chimes in after. "There's so much misery to be had, only let us ration it! Let us sing of soup and schools, and join the lobsters in their quadrille!"

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the shadows grow stronger with each passing moment.*

» Based on the difficulty level, add the following chaos token(s) to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Easy: -4 **Standard:** -5 **Hard:** -6 **Expert:** -7

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» "*Get up! This is your chance to make a difference.*"

Go to page 114.

» "*Fine. When your world falls apart, don't come crying to me.*"

Go to page 116.

...sadder but wiser.

The task of opposing Gurathnaka is too important for you to allow this apathy. You go to great lengths to explain the threat of the shadows, ignoring their protests. You spare no detail in the power, the relentlessness, and the wanton destruction the shadows are capable of. The Gryphon brushes off each grim retelling, and the Mock Turtle shakes his head woefully, trying not to listen. It is only when you begin talking about Arkham's destruction that the conversation seems to affect them.

You describe the chaos and madness that engulfed the city when last you saw it. Each place and person you once held dear will be lost forever if you can't find a way to root Gurathnaka out of Alice's dreams. The Mock Turtle bursts into a fresh cascade of tears while the Gryphon draws upward indignantly. "That is quite enough!" he bellows, "the poor fellow has delicate sensibilities, you know! And now that you've-"

"No..." the Mock Turtle blubbers, placing a flipper between the two of you, "what's made me sad is that... is that I've been so intolerably selfish... we both have..." the Gryphon's beak opens in shock and he stumbles over his words, but can't voice any protest to the statement. "To think that such sorrow was inside you... we simply must help." The Gryphon regains his composure quickly, and though he still looks irritated at being made to look callous, he nods with a grumbling agreement.

You feel more than a little drained from dealing with the two hodgepodge creatures as you set back on the journey through Wonderland. You try to orient yourself from what you recall of the landscape from the back of the Gryphon, but it's all somehow wrong. Once again, Wonderland seems to be shifting to keep you out - or at this point, in.

As you stare about the jumbled countryside, a single feather drifts into view, much like one from the Gryphon's own coat. You look up to see hundreds of feathers floating on the breeze, slowly shifting into a long line that winds through the trees and over the rolling hills. You have a feeling that you have Alice to thank once again for helping you navigate this madcap world.

You march forward, following the feather trail while it lasts, but your thoughts drift backward to the view from the Gryphon's back. The balance between Wonderland's stability and Gurathnaka's advance is more precarious than you first imagined. Questions and fears mix in your mind with each step forward. Will the discoveries and insights you've gained be enough to beat back the shadows from Arkham? Has Arkham already been reduced to irreversible ruin? Or will you even be able to escape from Wonderland back into the real world at all? Each question returns you the same answer: you won't know until you've tried. With everything else in Wonderland so uncertain, the one thing you have to trust is your own decisions, come what may. You press on, for better or worse, braced for the consequences.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Boons," record *The Gryphon and the Mock Turtle*.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-D: Wild Snark Chase on page 126.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Scenario II-C: Bleeding Hearts on page 84.

...ignorance is bliss.

"There's no need to be impertinent!" the Gryphon snaps as it shelters the Mock Turtle under one wing, "if you don't enjoy the ways that we handle our affairs, then you're welcome to exclude yourself from them!" The two delusional creatures return to watching the strange dance in the surf, refusing to acknowledging you any further. With a resigned sigh, you turn away to rediscover the path, when you notice the daylight around you beginning to dim.

Wisps of shadow creep along the ground toward the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle, seeping inside them like water to a sponge. You back away cautiously, hoping that they will continue to ignore you even as the shadows begin to corrupt them. The tears that drip down the Mock Turtle's face darken until he cries dark liquid rivulets, while the Gryphon swells in size to match its overflowing pride. Not wanting to risk another attack, you make a swift retreat from the darkening scene.

Your steps are suddenly halted as you feel a tug at your back, as if you had been leashed. You look down and discover that your shadow stretches far behind you, as if tethered to the Gryphon and the Mock Turtle. They turn to you, the one with a predatory eye and the other with trickling darkness on his. "You musn't go..." the Mock Turtle moans with a distorted tone. "There is only sorrow out there... come and sit..." the Gryphon echoes hollowly. You struggle forward desperately as you feel yourself being reeled back toward them, until at last you jerk forward with a snap. With the tether gone, you waste no time in making your escape.

You feel more than a little drained from dealing with the two hodgepodge creatures as you set back on the journey through Wonderland. You try to orient yourself from what you recall of the landscape from the back of the Gryphon, but it's all somehow wrong. Once again, Wonderland seems to be shifting to keep you

out - or at this point, in.

As you stare about the jumbled countryside, a single feather drifts into view, much like one from the Gryphon's own coat. You look up to see hundreds of feathers floating on the breeze, slowly shifting into a long line that winds through the trees and over the rolling hills. You have a feeling that you have Alice to thank once again for helping you navigate this madcap world.

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- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Banes," record *The Gryphon and the Mock Turtle*.
- » Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience as the investigators have witnessed a shadow transformation firsthand.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-D: Wild Snark Chase on page 126.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Scenario II-C: Bleeding Hearts on page 84.

...the shadows churn.

The Gryphon ascends with a half-cry half-roar, and you grip into its feathers for dear life. Your view changes rapidly as you rise above the treetops and can see for miles in every direction. By your reckoning, Wonderland is very nearly pristine, though the darkness roils on the horizon no matter where you look.

"Satisfied?" the Gryphon probes, "The view is much less dismal from the ground." You consider the state of Wonderland and the shadows once more briefly before you nod. At once, the Gryphon wheels back down to earth, swooping this time toward a quiet lagoon on the edge of a vast body of water. "Come, I know just the thing to liven your spirits after such a sight! My friend the Mock Turtle is quite a songster, to say nothing of his education!" You try to envision just what a mock turtle might look like, but the creature the Gryphon lands next to doesn't match any of your ideas. The Mock Turtle resembles a sea turtle but with the head of a cow. He sits at the water's edge, staring down into the pools with a smile on his face, but tears leaking from his eyes. "Ahoy and what ho!" the Gryphon calls out, "enjoying the dance?"

"It's a sight for sore feet," the Mock Turtle murmurs with a nod. You give the creature a hesitant hello and he waves a flipper at you without looking. His attention is firmly fixed on the waves in front of him. You stand beside the Mock Turtle and look into the water, seeing at once a bizarre spectacle. Sea creatures of a hundred varieties dance together in a complicated but stately fashion just under the water's surface. The Mock Turtle splashes his flippers in the surf in time with the muffled music, still sniffling but enjoying himself.

Not wanting to ask the Mock Turtle bluntly, you take the Gryphon aside and quietly question why the creature is in such an

emotional state. "The poor fellow knows the state of Wonderland as well as I do," the Gryphon responds with a pitying glance at its friend, "he often used to cry in his spare time, but now that he's found something serious to give him sorrow, he's doing all he can to distract himself." The Mock Turtle hums to himself as the dancing continues, utterly enthralled. "It's for the best, don't you know!" the Gryphon chuckles, "no sense dwelling on such grim matters!"

You frown at the Gryphon's statement. Sitting by idly is only going to help Gurathnaka in its conquest. You warn the two creatures of the dangers the hungry shadows could pose if left unchecked. The Mock Turtle covers his ears with two flippers and shakes his head, while the Gryphon scowls at your stories. "Such topics aren't polite, not one jot!" the Gryphon scolds you. The Mock Turtle nods with a whimper and chimes in after. "There's so much misery to be had, only let us ration it! Let us sing of soup and schools, and join the lobsters in their quadrille!"

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the shadows grow stronger with each passing moment*.

» Based on the difficulty level, add the following chaos token(s) to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Easy: -4 **Standard:** -5 **Hard:** -6 **Expert:** -7

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» "*Get up! This is your chance to make a difference.*"

Go to page 114.

» "*Fine. When your world falls apart, don't come crying to me.*"

Go to page 116.

...the shadows loom.

The Gryphon ascends with a half-cry half-roar, and you grip into its feathers for dear life. Your view changes rapidly as you rise above the treetops and can see for miles in every direction. Your exploits have struck a tenuous balance between the stability of Alice's dreams and the shadows' grip on both worlds.

"Satisfied?" the Gryphon probes, "The view is much less dismal from the ground." You consider the state of Wonderland and the shadows once more briefly before you nod. At once, the Gryphon wheels back down to earth, swooping this time toward a quiet lagoon on the edge of a vast body of water. "Come, I know just the thing to liven your spirits after such a sight! My friend the Mock Turtle is quite a songster, to say nothing of his education!" You try to envision just what a mock turtle might look like, but the creature the Gryphon lands next to doesn't match any of your ideas. The Mock Turtle resembles a sea turtle but with the head of a cow. He sits at the water's edge, staring down into the pools with a smile on his face, but tears leaking from his eyes. "Ahoy and what ho!" the Gryphon calls out, "enjoying the dance?"

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» In your Campaign Log, record that *the shadows maintain their grip on Alice's dreams.*

» Based on the difficulty level, add the following chaos token(s) to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Easy: -3 **Standard:** -4 **Hard:** -5 **Expert:** -6

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» "*Get up! This is your chance to make a difference.*"

Go to page 114.

» "*Fine. When your world falls apart, don't come crying to me.*"

Go to page 116.

...the shadows wane.

The Gryphon ascends with a half-cry half-roar, and you grip into its feathers for dear life. Your view changes rapidly as you rise above the treetops and can see for miles in every direction. Wonderland appears to be coming apart at the seams, but for all the damage done, the darkness is scattered and weak.

"Satisfied?" the Gryphon probes, "The view is much less dismal from the ground." You consider the state of Wonderland and the shadows once more briefly before you nod. At once, the Gryphon wheels back down to earth, swooping this time toward a quiet lagoon on the edge of a vast body of water. "Come, I know just the thing to liven your spirits after such a sight! My friend the Mock Turtle is quite a songster, to say nothing of his education!" You try to envision just what a mock turtle might look like, but the creature the Gryphon lands next to doesn't match any of your ideas. The Mock Turtle resembles a sea turtle but with the head of a cow. He sits at the water's edge, staring down into the pools with a smile on his face, but tears leaking from his eyes. "Ahoy and what ho!" the Gryphon calls out, "enjoying the dance?"

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» In your Campaign Log, record that *the shadows have been weakened by Wonderland's instability*.

» Based on the difficulty level, add the following chaos token(s) to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Easy: -2 **Standard:** -3 **Hard:** -4 **Expert:** -5

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» "*Get up! This is your chance to make a difference.*"

Go to page 114.

» "*Fine. When your world falls apart, don't come crying to me.*"

Go to page 116.

INTERLUDE

GRYPHON AND THE MOCK TURTLE



The shadows have kept you on edge for too long already in your journey. Even in an open field where the sun beams down on you from above, you scan the horizon in constant search for any sign of approaching darkness. Have the shadows been curbed at all by your efforts, or are they unstoppable while their master prepares to feast on Arkham? The questions tax your psyche further as you continue your trek through Wonderland.

Your vigilance finally pays off as you spot an airborne figure moving toward you at great speed. You brace for a fight, but it wheels up high above you, circling like a vulture around a dying animal. You remain still on the sunny field, dreading what the strange entity might be all the while. Tense moments pass before the figure descends in a surprising burst of speed and lands in the tall grass before you. The strange beast before you is equally split between eagle and lion: a gryphon in the flesh if ever there was one, and it regards you curiously as it settles its wings.

"Another visitor to Wonderland? How very peculiar!" It leans uncomfortably close to you and strokes the underside of its beak with one claw pensively. "You've chosen a poor time for sight-seeing, I'm sorry to say. The stability of the place has been lacking, and those shadowy beasts have been gnawing about like termites!" Your relief at meeting a more congenial resident of Wonderland is quickly replaced by your unease at the Gryphon's statements. The Gryphon takes note of your concern and nods sagely. "Curious to see the trouble yourself? My, but you're a morbid sort, but it just might take such a sort to sort through it all!" The Gryphon chuckles and puffs up a bit at his own play on words, reveling for a moment before turning his side to you. "Come, come, don't shy away now! The only way to see the state of things is from the air!" Again you find yourself with conflicting feelings. On the one hand, this could help you gather information easily, and even assist in your travels. On the other hand, however, being hundreds of feet up in the air on the back of one of Wonderland's capricious creatures could prove fatal. Your curiosity wins out in the end, however, and you climb onto the Gryphon's back gingerly.

Check the Campaign Log:

» *If there are **3 or fewer** tally marks under "Strength of Wonderland",*

Go to page 122

» *If there are **between 4 to 6** tally marks under "Strength of Wonderland",*

Go to page 120.

» *If there are **7 or more** tally marks under "Strength of Wonderland"*

Go to page 118.



SCENARIO II D

WILD SNARK CHASE

The forest around you grows darker and more tangled with each step. It reminds you of the witch-haunted woods on the outskirts of Arkham in several respects. Each echoing sound might be some eerie creature stalking your steps, or another of Gurathnaka's shadows hungering for your essence. Your worries escalate as the clear path you'd been following dead-ends in a bramble patch. You scan the tangle for any sign of a way through or around, but without any promise. Your eyes return to the path you arrived by, only to find that the forest has swallowed it without any trace.

It's almost as if the woods themselves were actively working to confuse you, like many of Wonderland's other denizens. Now at a loss for direction, you stumble forward through the rough terrain as long as the fading light allows. Each passing moment gradually amplifies your fear of being ambushed out from the darkness. You press on until finally, at the foot of a gnarled tree, you make a campfire from the fallen branches to wait out the night.

Not an hour into your rest, you are awoken by the clanging of a bell and the clamor of nearby voices. You rouse yourself from sleep and find that your campfire is somehow missing, though a purring chuckle directs your attention above your head. The Cheshire Cat holds the burning logs in two paws, waving them like signal lanterns. Noticing that you've awoken, the cat grins and sets the fire back down before disappearing once more. A crowd of ten figures rushes eagerly into the clearing around the tree, only to stop with groans and sighs. "Tisn't a Snark at all!" a proud looking man cries, waving his bell for attention. "Though Snarks are handy for striking a light, this one's been lit by someone or other." The hunters seat themselves around your fire with several shows of exhaustion. "At least it wasn't a Boojum..." a man with a baker's hat mutters as he wipes the sweat from his brow thankfully.

"We'd all have vanished away were that the case!" the Bellman retorts, seating himself beside you. He looks you over for a moment as if just noticing you and stands once more. "By chance, would you also be hunting a Snark?" You shake your head and explain that you've gotten lost in the woods here. "What luck, we're lost as well!" he exclaims with a smile, "but a Snark's the cure for that! A Snark is useful for a great many things, and finding one's way surely might be one of them. You're quite welcome to join our search... pending your profession." You look to the hunters and see a banker, a butcher, a beaver, and others all with jobs beginning with "b." You think for a moment and tell the Bellman that you could be considered a bodyguard, and he leads his fellows in a cheer. "Just what we chiefly need! We'll find the Snark in no time at all now! The Tulgey Wood may be dense as a dunce and thicker than thieves, but we'll find the Snark in spite of it!"

Continue to Setup on page 128.

Setup

- » Gather all cards from the *Wild Snark Chase*, *Warped Reality*, and *Cheshire Cat* encounter sets. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- » Check the Campaign Log. Gather the cards from the *Wonderland Boons* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Boons" and the cards from the *Wonderland Banes* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Banes." These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- » Place The Jabberwock next to the agenda deck, out of play. Set the rest of the *Jabberwocky* encounter aside, out of play. This set is indicated by the following icon:



- » Set The Vorpal Blade card aside, out of play.

- » Create the Trail Deck by performing the following steps in order:

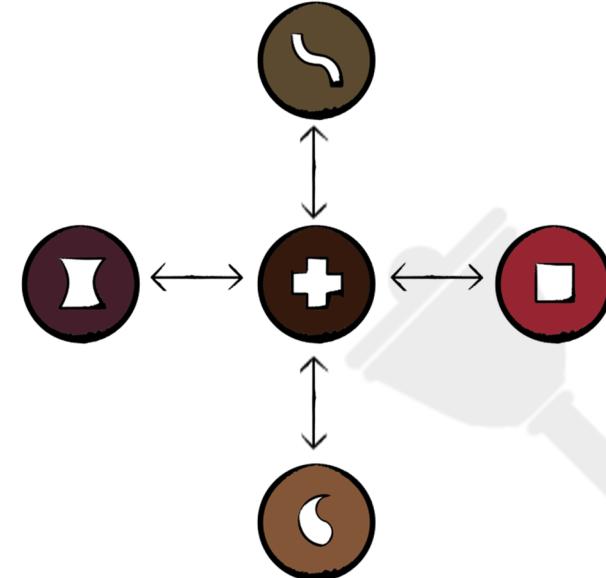
- From the nine story cards, start with The Baker's Trail, story side up.
- Choose two of the following four cards at random and add them on top, story side up: The Butcher's Trail, The Beaver's Trail, The Barrister's Trail, The Banker's Trail.
- Choose two of the following four cards at random and add them on top, story side up: The Broker's Trail, The Billard-Maker's Trail, The Bonnet-Maker's Trail, The Boots' Trail.
- Set the remaining story cards aside, out of play.

- » Do not shuffle the Trail Deck. The top card of the Trail Deck is considered to be in play for resolving its forced effect.

- » Put the Tumtum Tree, Field of Chasms, Mound of Crags, Narrow Valley, and The Wabe locations into play.

- Each investigator begins play at Tumtum Tree.

Suggested Location Placement





- » Put The Bellman into play at Tumtum Tree.
- » Put The Cheshire Cat (Grinning Guide) into play in the lead investigator's play area.
- » Shuffle the remainder of the encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

When the game is complete, before resolving any other resolutions:

- » *If no resolution was reached and at least 1 investigator was defeated. The defeated investigator reads investigator defeat.*
Go to page 132.
- » *If the Jabberwock is in the victory display,*
Go to page 136.
- » *Otherwise,*
Go to page 138.

...from page 131 (Investigator Defeat).

Badly beaten and half-mad, you stumble deeper into the Tulgey Wood. Now even more lost than before, you hope that you can last out the night before the shadows close in on you. Moments pass fearfully until you spot movement out of the corner of your eye. At first, the form looks like one of the shadows, but as it grows closer, there can be no doubt. It's a Snark! You start to call for the hunters when you notice a hint of malice in the creature's eyes. The Bellman didn't mention anything like this about the Snark. You rapidly rack your brain until you recall a comment about something called a Boojum. From what the hunters discussed, it's a creature that resembles a Snark, but should you meet it, you will softly and suddenly vanish away. You look up and realize too late that it's a Boo-

» Each investigator who was defeated is **killed**.

» *If all investigators were defeated,*

Go to page 92.

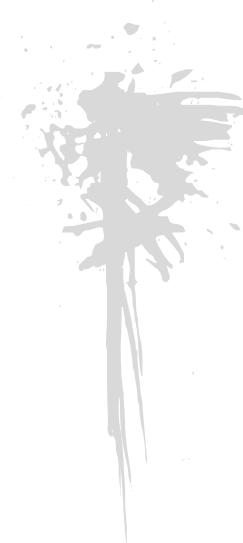
» *If at least one investigator resigned and the Jabberwock is in the victory display,*

Go to page 136.

» *Otherwise,*

Go to page 138.

...from page 133 (into thin air).



THE END



...left it dead.

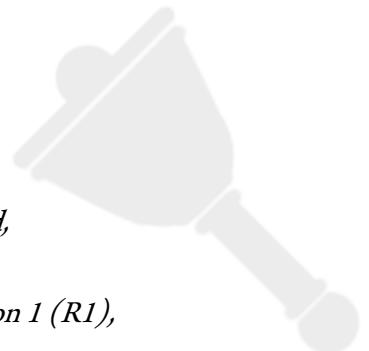
Again and again the horrible Jabberwock swoops in to attack you, and each time you beat the monster back. The beast drips with a foul ichor from its wounds that grow with each skirmish, and yet it continues its assault without any hesitation. The Jabberwock grasps at you with a furious howl, and you strike back hard and true. Your final blow separates the creature's head from its body in a fantastic shower of gore, and the hulking body collapses to the forest floor, twitching and spasming. You recuperate slowly, put off by the monster's death throes, but still alive with a feeling of victory slowly building inside you. The nearby members of the expedition look to you with surprise and tell themselves that you could certainly use an extra ration of grog for saving them from the beast.



- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators took the Jabberwock's head.*
- » Any one investigator may choose to add The Vorpal Blade to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

» If Resolution 2 (R2) was reached,
Go to page 140.

» Otherwise, continue to Resolution 1 (R1),
Go to page 144.



...burbling into the night.

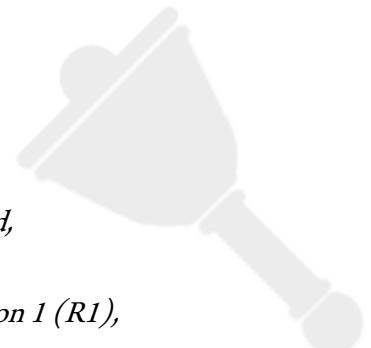
The vile creature relentlessly attacks both you and the other hunters throughout the wood. Try as you might, you simply cannot find a pattern to its attacks nor pin it down for any decent length of time. The Jabberwock seems to have a particular hatred for the blade that the Bellman uncovered, striking at your sword arm each time it ambushes you. In desperation to avoid becoming another victim, you throw down the strange sword, and the Jabberwock seizes it at once. It focuses its attacks on the blade as you flee to a safer distance, only turning around once you hear the snap of shattering metal. With a roar of triumph, the monster vanishes once more into the night, leaving you to nurse your wounds with the few members of the expedition who survived its fiery wrath.



» In your Campaign Log, record that *the Jabberwock still haunts the Tulgey Wood.*

» If Resolution 2 (R2) was reached,
Go to page 140.

» Otherwise, continue to Resolution 1 (R1),
Go to page 144.



...Resolution 2.

The Snark looks up at you meekly, almost tamely, as the other hunters gather around to view their prize up close in the fading darkness. Questions fly and theories puncture each other until the Bellman gathers everyone's attention once more. "We have found success, or rather success has found us, given the circumstances! Three cheers for the Bodyguard who first laid hands on the beast!" The hunters cheer and call for a celebratory feast, but with only the Snark available to cook, they agree it would be a terrible waste.

The Snark in the meantime sits quietly in the center of the group. The many purported uses for the beast seem beyond its capabilities, but for its ability to lead you safely out of the woods. The Snark - and you by extension - must know every inch of these woods by now, for all that you covered during the chase. For minutes at a time, it studies each of the hunters in turn before directing its attention back at you. The creature is observant, another quality that no doubt helped it stay out of harm's way until recently. You stare into the Snark's eyes, and you lock for several seconds before it speaks to you in perfect English. "I've been told it's rude to stare."

- » Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- » Resolve whichever of the following is true (choose one):
 - If there is more than 1 \blacklozenge horror on The Snark, in your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators controlled the Snark*. Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience.
 - If there are more than 1 \blacklozenge clues on The Snark, in your Campaign Log, record that the investigators *puzzled the Snark*. Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience.
 - If there is more than 1 \blacklozenge damage on The Snark, in your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators intimidated the Snark*. Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience.
 - If there are more than 1 \blacklozenge resources on The Snark, in your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators tricked the Snark*. Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience.
 - If no other option is true, in your Campaign Log, record that *the investigators intrigued the Snark*.
- » Each investigator earns 2 bonus experience.

...Resolution 3.

Before you can respond or put the Snark to use, the Bellman returns from the discussion with a bottle in one hand and his bell in the other. He offers you the bell to drink from and sloshes the bottle around as if ringing it. You politely decline. "I'll celebrate your diligence another time, after we've celebrated the catching of the Snark," he posits. You urge the Bellman to save any partying at all for after you've left the increasingly darkening woods. "Quite sage," the Bellman muses, "were I not the leader of this venture, you'd make a fine one indeed. Your duty and honor should now be the first use of Snark!" He gathers the hunters around you and the creature, watching expectantly. You ask the Snark to take you all out of the Tulgey Wood, if it can. It nods, shrugs, twitches, twirls, and suddenly-

You stand at the forest's edge, with the first rays of sunlight beginning to weave through the trees. The hunters all clap and cheer and call for grog as they marvel at the sudden change. You look down to the Snark, but the creature has vanished away completely during the transition. "Masterful once again!" the Bellman applauds. "We'll save the rest of it for a rainy day - or snowy, should the seasons permit - but in any case, I call an end to the hunting of the Snark!" The various hunters all congratulate each other and wander away from the clearing by themselves or in pairs, seemingly unconcerned about the sudden disappearance of the Snark.

Finally, only the Bellman remains standing next to you.

"Through all the months and weeks of hunting, it never occurred what might proceed the finding of the Snark. Should you have another expedition in mind, I would gladly pass the days as its leader." Another ally would be welcome as you traverse the rest of Wonderland to save both Arkham and Alice, and so you tell the Bellman just enough about your journey to recruit him without any fuss.

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » Any one investigator may choose to add The Bellman to his or her deck. This card does not count toward that investigator's deck size.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - Humpty Dumpty on page 146.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - Gryphon and the Mock Turtle on page 124.

...Resolution 1.

Regrets fill your mind as you flee the Tulgey Wood. You're frustrated by fleeing the woods ungracefully, by not catching the Snark, and by even joining the hunt in the first place. The echoes of the other hunters gradually reaching their own untimely ends reverberates between the trees. Each short series of shouts and shrieks inevitably ends in a sudden silence. The distant sound of the Bellman's ringing is the last thing to fade into the night, bringing an end to the disastrous expedition.

You take only a few steps more before a rushing sound of air builds behind you. You turn in dread to see a blanket of darkness sweeping over the forest, extinguishing every speck of light in its path. Not wanting to strain your luck any further, you break into a sprint. Your own lights flicker and begin to fade as you keep just ahead of the advancing wave. Step by step you maneuver over the rough terrain, daring not look back again, until a ray of morning sun blinds you suddenly. You collapse down in confusion and exhaustion, expecting the worst, but the wave of darkness has receded once again."

- » In your Campaign Log, record that *the Snark and its hunters were never met with again.*
- » Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Interlude - Humpty Dumpty on page 146.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Interlude - Gryphon and the Mock Turtle on page 124.

INTERLUDE

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Another obstacle blocks your passage through Wonderland, this time in the form of a vast brick wall. It stretches towards the horizon in either direction, making you doubt if a way around it exists. Climbing doesn't seem to be an option either, as it stands at the height of a house without any possible footholds. Exasperated, you begin walking its length in hopes of finding any kind of door or passage through.

Some distance down the wall, you spot a rotund figure perched atop it. As you draw close, the silhouette of an egg with legs grows clearer. You doubt your own eyes for a moment, but who else could it possibly be but Humpty Dumpty from the old nursery rhyme? He sits atop the wall with his eyes closed and his fist on his chin (or at least the part of his body that passes for his chin) in deep thought. You call up to him, but he hisses down at you.

"Don't speak! Move away! Or you might bring the end about quicker!" Humpty spits at you, trying to remain oblivious to you. You insist in confusion, and finally he looks down at you with a mixture of annoyance and dread. "Now you've done it! I was safe while I was deep in ponderance!" You question whether the word means what he thinks, but he shakes his head - or himself, rather. "When I use a word, it means precisely what I wish it to mean! Otherwise, what good would it be?" You decide not to press him on that point and ask again about the end he mentioned earlier.

"The end, don't you see? The others may not see it, but surely you can. I can recognize one of Alice's ilk when I see one, not from Wonderland at all. You know as well as I that this land is but a dream, and I, drawn from a sad and dismal tale, am doomed to a gravitic fate!" You begin to see Humpty's worries. Sat on a wall, had a great fall, couldn't be put back together again. You assert that the children's story and his existence are two separate things, but his expression only grows darker. "It's no use! The printed word is my fate, and that's the end of it. It's simply my means to an end, and always has been." Humpty's stare grows unfocused, and he begins to wobble atop the wall.

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» *"You're only locked into fate if you choose to accept it."*

Go to page 148.

» *"Your fussing is only making it worse for yourself."*

Go to page 150.

...unpredictability.

"Accept?!" Humpty scoffs, steadying himself to continue his tirade. "Why I've a good mind to come down there and show you precisely why I should accept it!" He begins to clamber down the wall, more sliding than climbing and slipping at several points, but he reaches the ground unscathed. Humpty wags a finger up at you as he continues ranting. "Simply don't accept it, what an utterly intangible thought! What reason should I have to believe that I should survive a fall from up—" he points up to his former perch and pauses in thought, "-up there. Down to... here?" Humpty takes a quick stock of his surroundings and kneads the grass beneath his shoes as the truth dawns on him. "I'm... vivacious! Undisturbed! There was no great fall or failure to repurpose my pieces!" He leaps into the air and clicks his heels in joy as you simply stand by and watch, bemused. Humpty revels for a few moments longer before he grabs your hand and shakes it vigorously. "Well met indeed, then! You've assuredly granted me a new perspective. Why, I might do a great many other things now that I've regained myself!" You tell Humpty to take it easy for a while, not wanting to turn him into a daredevil. His fate is his own, but an egg's still an egg.

With the matter of Humpty Dumpty behind you, the problem of the wall remains. The wall might very well be infinite, if Alice's dreams are, and without so much as a tree to use in scaling the wall, you'll have to double back and find another way. Before you can act, however, the sound of scraping bricks meets your ears. You scan the wall for the source of the sound, but you can't pinpoint it. Upon closer inspection, the entire wall seems to be trembling slightly. A tremendous rumbling begins to sound through the bricks, and you take several steps backward, looking down to either end of the wall. The top layer of the wall rises like a wave,

and a ripple of displaced masonry works down from either end, looking to meet up at your spot. You leap backward even further as the bricks collide with a crash, and a cloud of powdered mortar obscures your vision.

The dust settles quickly in the silence of the aftermath, and the wall before you has been cracked at the top, with loose bricks now forming a rough ramp upward. Once again, you can only attribute such swift and dramatic assistance as Alice's influence on her own dreams, helping to guide you along. With another obstacle eliminated, you climb the mound of debris and easily pass through the fissure in the brick wall

- » In your Campaign Log, record 1 tally mark under "Strength of Wonderland."
- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Boons," record *Humpty Dumpty*.
- » Add 1 ♣ token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-E: Sibling Rivalry on page 154.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Scenario II-D: Wild Snark Chase on page 126.

...inevability.

"Fussing?!" Humpty screeches, "it is factually reasonable to fear doom from this height! Suppose I wobble further like this!" he rocks himself from side to side to prove his point, making himself more unsteady as he does so. "Or back to forward like so!" He tilts out over the wall and back as he further demonstrates his fear. You try to get Humpty to stop his hyperbole, but he doesn't listen at all. "It's vital for the both of us that you understand the peril I could find myself in! And if you don't believe me, then—" Humpty stops mid-sentence as he realizes his wild rocking has upset his balance completely. He claws at the bricks in a moment of panic, but it's too late to stop from careening over the edge. You try to help break his fall, but his wild earlier motions send him on a strange trajectory. Humpty's wail of terror ends abruptly as his body crashes onto the ground, shattering like a vase. You shake your head at the egg's shortsightedness and look over his remains. It would be an impossible task fitting him back together, and whether or not that would actually revive him is anyone's guess. There isn't much you can do now but press on and hope that Wonderland's other inhabitants will be more open to reason.

With the matter of Humpty Dumpty behind you, the problem of the wall remains. The wall might very well be infinite, if Alice's dreams are, and without so much as a tree to use in scaling the wall, you'll have to double back and find another way. Before you can act, however, the sound of scraping bricks meets your ears. You scan the wall for the source of the sound, but you can't pinpoint it. Upon closer inspection, the entire wall seems to be trembling slightly. A tremendous rumbling begins to sound through the bricks, and you take several steps backward, looking down to either end of the wall. The top layer of the wall rises like a wave,

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- » In your Campaign Log under "Wonderland Banes," record *Humpty Dumpty*.
- » Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience as he or she has gained some insight into the psyche of Wonderland's citizens.
- » Add 1 ♣ token to the chaos bag for the remainder of the campaign.

Check the Campaign Log:

- » *If the investigators went down the rabbit hole,*
Proceed to Scenario II-E: Sibling Rivalry on page 154.
- » *If the investigators went through the looking-glass,*
Proceed to Scenario II-D: Wild Snark Chase on page 126.

INTERLUDE
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"Don't speak! Move away! Or you might bring the end about quicker!" Humpty spits at you, trying to remain oblivious to you. You insist in confusion, and finally he looks down at you with a mixture of annoyance and dread. "Now you've done it! I was safe while I was deep in ponderance!" You question whether the word means what he thinks, but he shakes his head - or himself, rather. "When I use a word, it means precisely what I wish it to mean! Otherwise, what good would it be?" You decide not to press him on that point and ask again about the end he mentioned earlier.

"The end, don't you see? The others may not see it, but surely you can. I can recognize one of Alice's ilk when I see one, not from Wonderland at all. You know as well as I that this land is but a dream, and I, drawn from a sad and dismal tale, am doomed to a gravitic fate!" You begin to see Humpty's worries. Sat on a wall, had a great fall, couldn't be put back together again. You assert that the children's story and his existence are two separate things, but his expression only grows darker. "It's no use! The printed word is my fate, and that's the end of it. It's simply my means to an end, and always has been." Humpty's stare grows unfocused, and he begins to wobble atop the wall.

The Investigators must decide (Choose one):

» *"You're only locked into fate if you choose to accept it."*

Go to page 148.

» *"Your fussing is only making it worse for yourself."*

Go to page 150.

SCENARIO II E

SIBLING RIVALRY

The places in Wonderland where the fields and trees meet tend to spark the greatest suspicion in you. The illusion of safety in the wide plains makes the darkened forests look all the more sinister. Shadows flit around every fallen log and bed of moss, making each step forward a nervous one. Where will Gurathnaka's hungry minions strike from this time? As if to answer your question, a pair of dark claws extend from a rotted stump, but before you can beat them back, a shaking sound echoes from within the woods, and the shadows retreat. Curiosity strikes you at the swift result, and you head a little deeper into the woods to find the source of the noise.

Even after what you've seen in Wonderland, the sight that greets you seems far-fetched. Two rotund figures of indeterminate age stand in a clearing, fighting back and forth over a small object. It takes a moment of observation before it occurs to you that the two look exactly like Tweedledum and Tweedledee from the old nursery rhyme. They're currently tussling with each other over a toy rattle, which you quickly identify as the source of the strange

noise from before. You look to the edges of the clearing and confirm that each wild shake of the rattle causes the creeping shadows to shrink away. Strange as it seems, it may help your mission to get that rattle.

You step closer to the two and try to interject, but the twins look to you indignantly. "It's rude to interrupt!" Tweedledee snaps at you with a sneer. "Contrariwise, it's polite to say nothing at all!" Tweedledum chimes in. They ignore your attempts at reasoning and bargaining as they return to their tug-of-war. "It's my rattle and I shan't let you take it!" Tweedledum grunts at his brother. "You've had your fun! It's my turn now!" Tweedledee spits back. The two pull on the rattle until a wooden crack echoes out, and each collapses back with half of it. "You broke it!" Tweedledum cries out, though his brother shakes his head and sneers "Didn't!" The pair storm off before you can intervene or mediate, shouting threats of war at each other.

You sigh in irritation. At first you consider just snatching the pieces of the rattle away from them, but your plan is quickly stifled by the sudden appearance of two massive armies of figures. One battalion is made of living playing cards, and the other of living chess pieces, each siding with one of the Tweedles, who are busy strapping household objects to themselves for protection. The Cheshire Cat appears between you with the same telltale grin, but a roll of his eyes. "Tweedledum and Tweedledee agreed to have a battle. Surely you know the rest," it purrs as the combatants take places across a small wooded valley from each other. Once again, you've been caught up in the nonsense of Wonderland's strange citizens. Still, if at all possible, you've got to get your hands on that rattle.

Continue to Setup on page 128.

Setup

- » Gather all cards from the *Sibling Rivalry*, *Card Guards*, *Chessmen*, and *Cheshire Cat* encounter sets. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- » Check the Campaign Log. Gather the cards from the *Wonderland Boons* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Boons" and the cards from the *Wonderland Banes* encounter set whose names are listed under "Wonderland Banes." These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- » Set the Monstrous Crow card aside, out of play.
- » Put The Cheshire Cat (Grinning Guide) into play in the lead investigator's play area.
- » Choose one of the two Northeast Slope, Northwest Slope, Southeast Slope, and Southwest Slope locations at random and put them into play. Remove the other versions of Northeast Slope, Northwest Slope, Southeast Slope, and Southwest Slope from the game. Then, put the Overgrown Dell, West Hill, and East Hill locations into play.
 - Each investigator begins play at Overgrown Dell.
- » Put Tweedledum (Troublesome Twin) into play at West Hill and Tweedledee (Troublesome Twin) into play at East Hill.

- » Search the collected cards for 1 **Soldier** enemy (2 **Soldier** enemies instead if there are 3 or 4 players) and put each one into play at a different **Slope** location. Pawn enemies cannot be chosen.
- » Shuffle the remainder of the encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

When the game is complete:

- » If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated.)
Go to page 94.
- » If Resolution 2 (R2) was reached,
Go to page 96.
- » If Resolution 5 (RS) was reached,
Go to page 96.











Design Notes

Hope you enjoyed this campaign! Creating it was quite a journey! This campaign originally began as a 3-part campaign, consisting of *The Tatterdemalion*, *Electric Nightmare* and *Starfall*, but I quickly realized, along with a few playtesters, that the setting and story was too interesting to leave so quickly.

The framework of *Arkham Horror LCG* is really a medium to tell stories in — and I knew that deep space sci-fi horror is a genre deeply connected to Lovecraftian themes and would have to be explored by custom scenarios eventually. I originally did not want to make it because it would have been very simple for a sci-fi themed campaign to stray in tone from the Arkham Files universe, but when I finally figured out a way to bring the investigators into the future that wasn't too ridiculous, and how to incorporate the mythos in a way that fits the universe without being too obvious, I just had to create the campaign. *The King in Yellow* is my favourite Ancient One, with the way it plays with psychological horror and perception of reality, with a certain theatrical flare, and the Path to Carcosa is my favourite campaign released so far, so it was only natural for a virtual reality-bending memory-involved campaign to become a loose sequel to the Path to Carcosa. Hastur is not the Ancient One most would associate with deep space, which is precisely why it fits so well.

I hope this campaign satisfies the need for a deep space sci-fi campaign. I tried to incorporate as many sci-fi tropes that are to be expected from a "sci-fi" campaign organically as possible while keeping the tone and writing style of FFG's stories. I do hope more people will explore the story space of sci-fi with the Arkham framework, perhaps even further in the future than I have, maybe

something closer to a space-opera? Or even a pure adaptation of the Alien series. But for now, that will be it from me in this grim future setting.

Anyways, I do hope you all enjoyed this campaign. Alas, it's time to work on the next one, whenever I have free time, in these *dark ages*.

-Axolotl





Credits

- » **Designer:** Axolotl
- » **Special Thanks to:** MJGrenier, bluehg (Pat), Ekthelion, Jaxtraxi, Éole, Syndicateassassin, The Beard, Zow Martinez, Spencer Wilkinson, Goober, Knot_I, CSerpentine, DerBK, Dr. Jack Science, Zinjanthr0pus, LordHypnos, toastsushi, HarrisonF, **Tofu Mushroom** (who played the WIP version over 10 times!), Cud-dlyZombie, dantrolene, zyloemm, Gold, Curtis, Thoth, Tran-man, Iados_Kairon, zzorba, Pax Cecilia, SpiritReacher, Jam, Lew, ArtemisHarp and their stream on twitch, Kodab Games and their stream on twitch, PlayingBoardGames and their youtube channel, the MythosBusters discord, the SCED developers, Jefferson, bigstupidgrin, TerranChef, Serendipigans, Pug-tato, brandonglee123, mnBroncos, AnJoPeC, Argus, etc. (Hope I didn't forget anyone.) Thanks to those mentioned above for unspeakable help, whether intentionally or through discussion, without them this campaign would not have been possible.
- » **Design framework:** MJ Newman, Nate French and everyone involved in Arkham Horror: The Card Game at FFG.



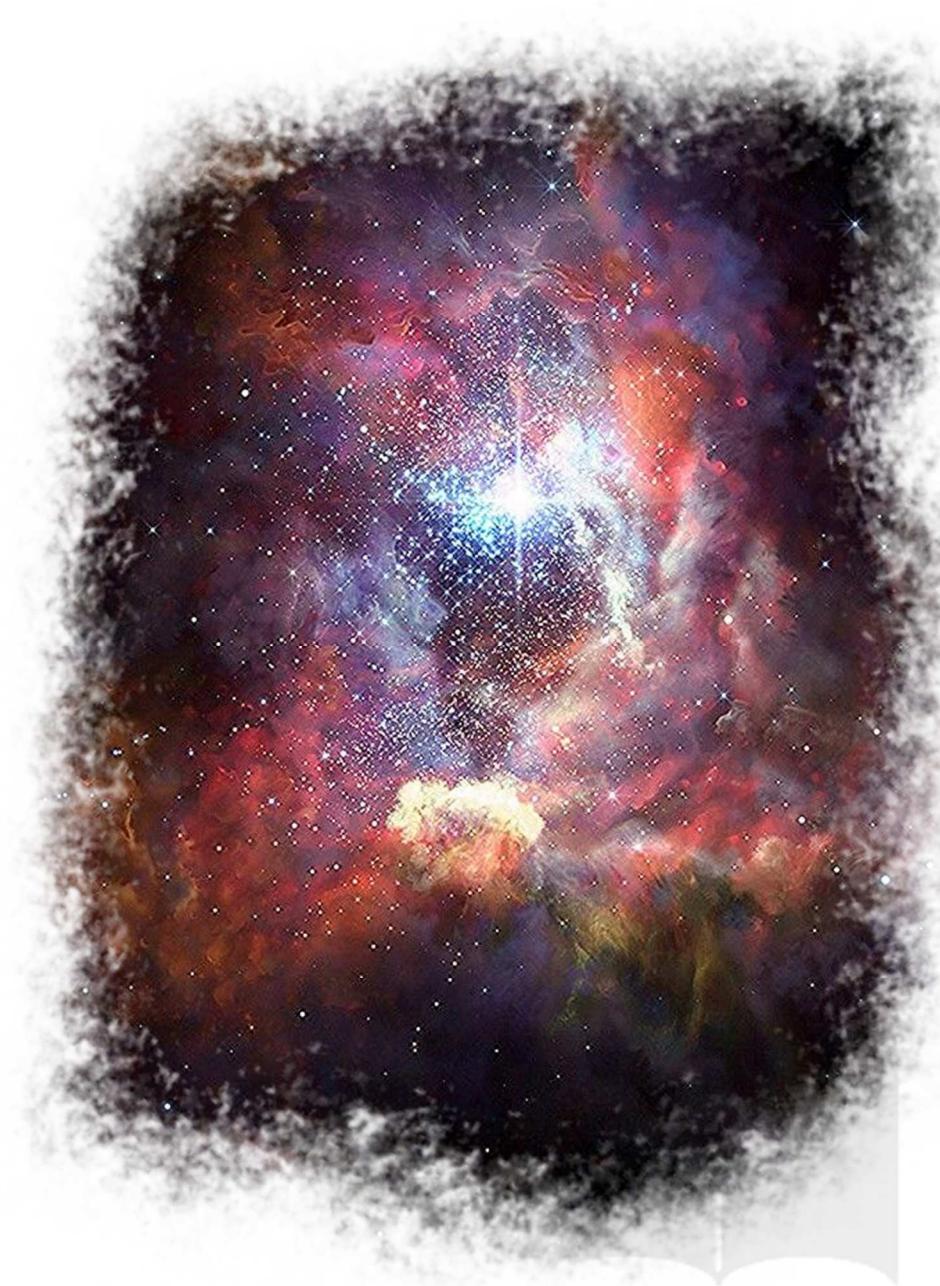
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EPILOGUE

Humanity may have perished along with its star, but not all life in the universe is aligned with the Ancients Ones. The fungoid Mi-Go scientists escaped the solar system with the infinite trove of knowledge they collected from observing the humans. The descendants of the Mi-Go would live on, and colonize many galaxies in search of more knowledge to satisfy their ravenous curiosity. And yet, after billions and billions of years, the net entropy of the universe continues to increase, slowly and steadily. The stars go dim, one by one, until what the beings that descended from what was once the Mi-Go must survive by extracting the negligible amount of radiation released by the only celestial bodies remaining in the universe — black holes. And still, after a finite but uncountable time, even the black holes will evaporate ...



Go to page 138.

EPILOGUE

Despite all odds, humanity survived the second apocalypse. Beneath the light of new stars and amidst the dust of the dead, humanity enters a golden era of scientific development and prosperity. When the white dwarf that used to be the sun extinguishes, mankind will have colonized half a galaxy worth of stars. Some of the worlds will succumb to the madness of the Ancient Ones, but most will survive — and thrive.



And yet, after billions and billions of years, the net entropy of the universe continues to increase, slowly and steadily. The stars go dim, one by one, until what the beings that descended from what was once humanity must survive by extracting the negligible amount of radiation released by the only celestial bodies remaining in the universe —black holes. And still, after a finite but uncountable time, even the black holes will evaporate...

Check the Campaign Log:

» *If Mi-go safely returned to their home world,*

Go to page 136.

» *Otherwise,*

Go to page 138.

...life finds a way.

But humanity is not alone. They have encountered countless alien species throughout the universe and shared their knowledge and advancements towards finding a way to reverse entropy. The final piece of the puzzle was information that had been collected by the Mi-Go scientists of Yuggoth — the data within six human brains that once populated a kindergarten class on Earth, before the Ancient Ones first awakened. And thus, with the essential help of the Mi-Go, the Royal Family of Carcosa was imprisoned in their mad realm of Carcosa once more, and yellow stars rise again in the rebirth of a brighter universe.

THE END

» In your Campaign Log, record that *Hastur and Tassilda are imprisoned in Carcosa once more, and the universe vanquished the inevitable... For now.*





...And when all the black holes do disappear, and all that is left is a vacuum of vastly separated photons and electrons, life in the cosmos will cease to exist. Our universe succumbs to a cold and empty death, leaving behind a world of maximum decay and infinite dark matter — A world that was once known to some as Carcosa.

» In your Campaign Log, record that *the realm of Carcosa overtook our universe, and Tassilda rules over the black stars.*

THE END
