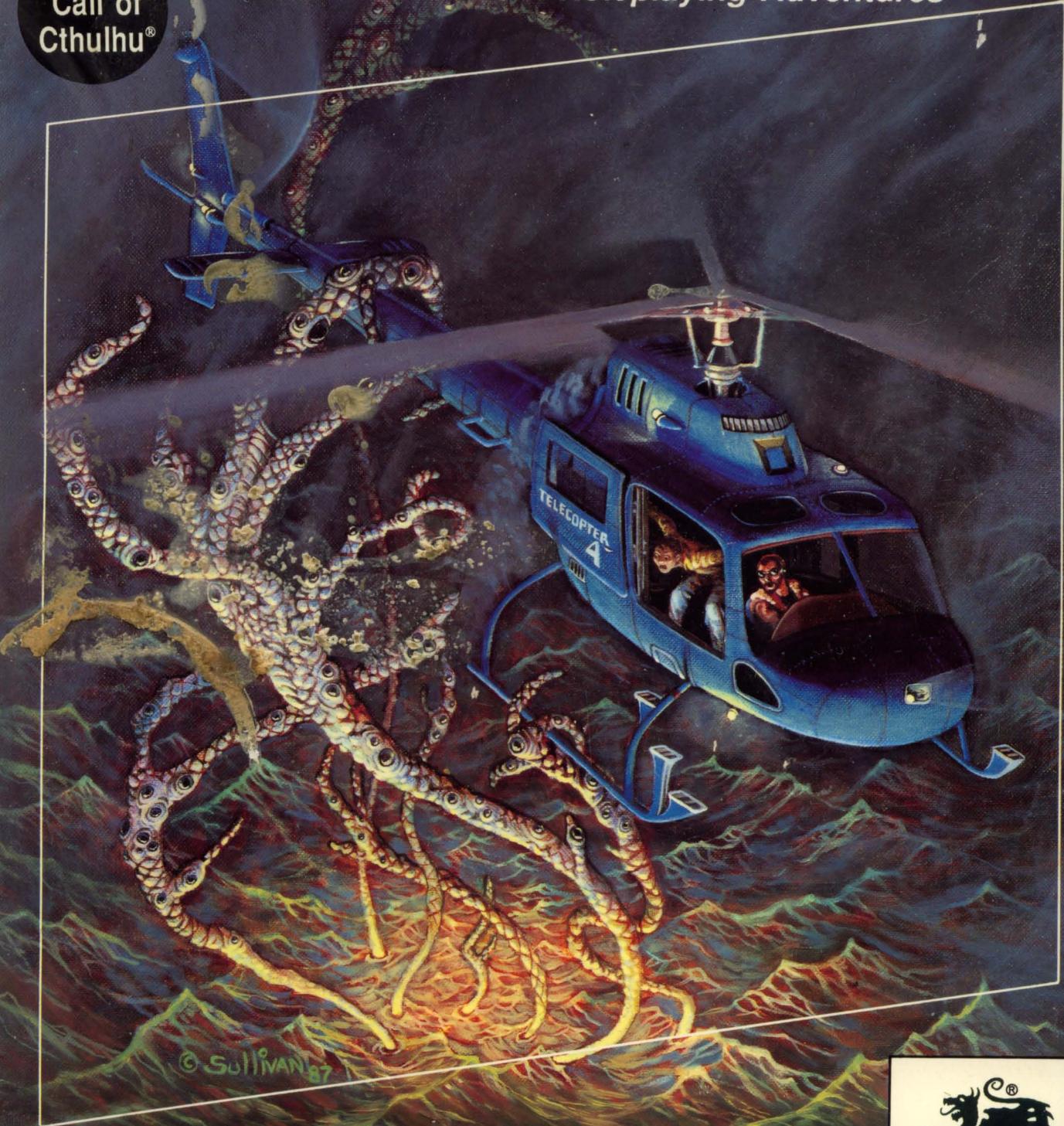


CTHULHU NOW

FOR
Call of
Cthulhu®

*Modern Firearms, Forensics, and Occupations,
Plus Four Modern Roleplaying Adventures*



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Barton • Herber • Petersen • Szymanski
Thomas • Willis • Workman



CHAOSIUM INC.

CTHULHU NOW

Modern Background and Adventures for Call of Cthulhu Roleplaying.



Howard Phillips Lovecraft
1890-1937

Cthulhu Now

*Modern Adventures and Background
for Call of Cthulhu® Roleplaying*

William A. Barton

Keith Herber

Sandy Petersen

Michael Szymanski

G. W. Thomas

William W. Workman

with Lynn Willis

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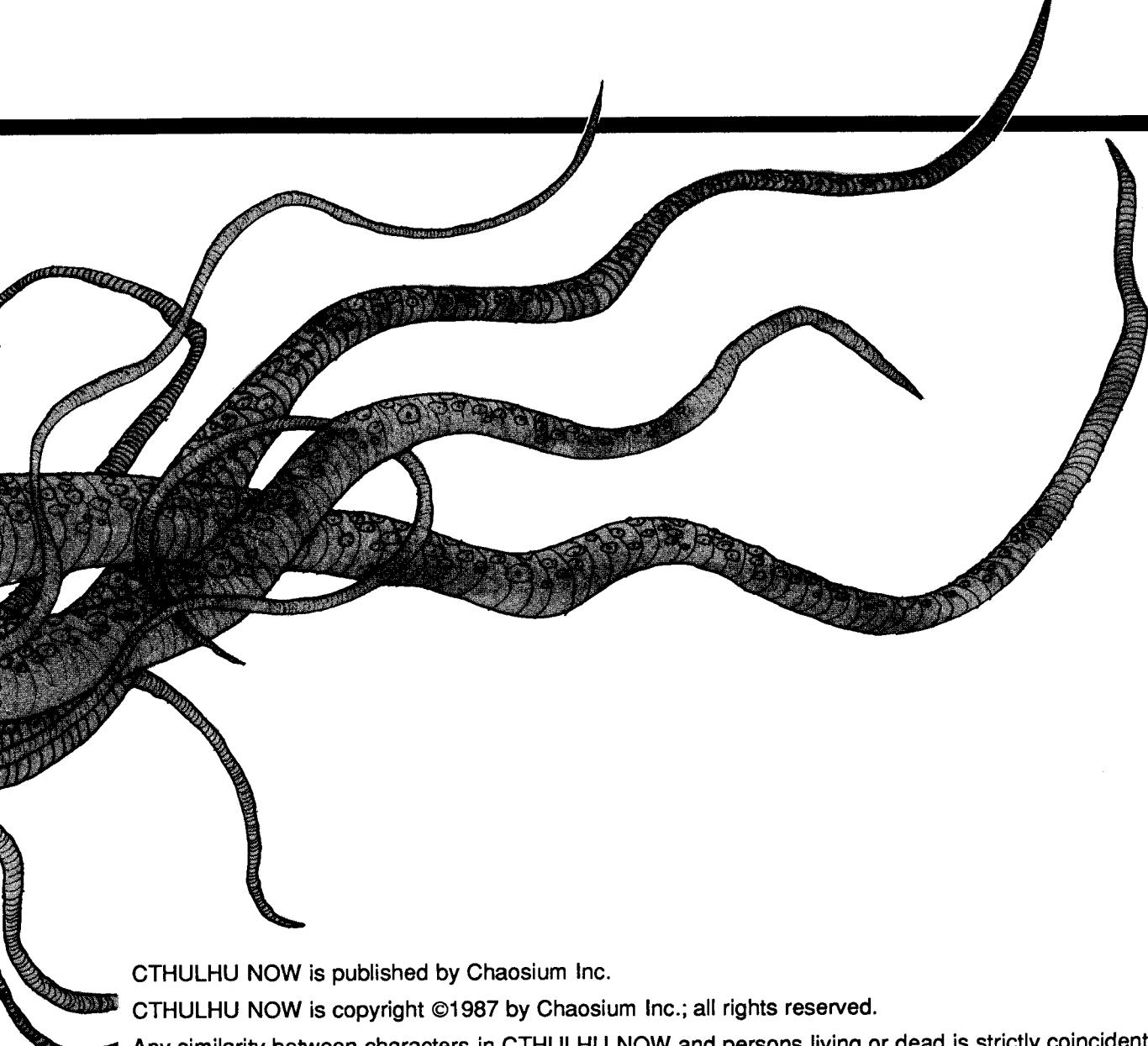
firearms, etc. Ron Leming

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Chaosium Inc.

1987



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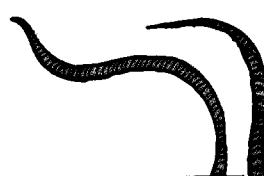
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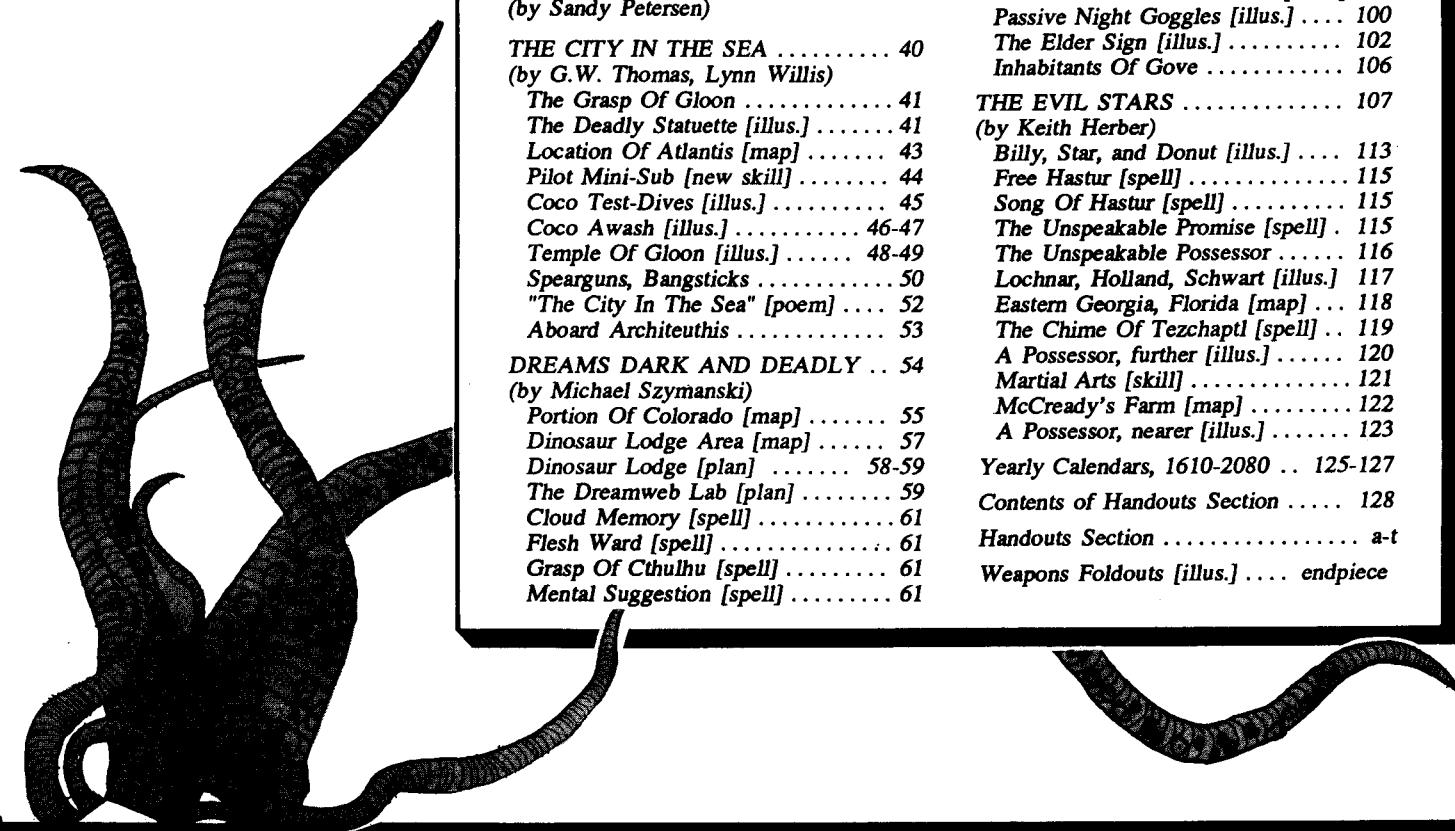
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Introduction

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age. — H.P. LOVECRAFT.

CALL OF CTHULHU fans have long wanted guidelines and adventures for Cthulhu games of today, wishes which this modest book aims to satisfy.

Playing in the present-day makes adventure backgrounds transparent: keepers and players already know airline ticket prices and candy bar brands, travel distances and travel times, the capabilities of automobiles and telephones, the significance of clothing styles, the likelihood of meeting a policeman on foot, the usefulness of contemporary library search techniques, the actual capabilities of personal computers, etc.

No player can be certain how much current technology evens the struggle with the awful powers of the Cthulhu Mythos, and that is just as well. Occasionally it may be handy to have (choose one) a CB radio, or a thinsulate parka, or a supersonic aircraft. But the Mythos takes sanities and souls as well as lives: more equipment just slows the pace of a panicked investigator. Keepers, have no doubt that the answer to the question, "Don't all these gadgets help?" is "Not much!"

After all, the investigators confront immortal beings who accomplish interstellar and extradimensional travel at the flick of a wing, who grasp the fundamentals of space, time, and energy in ways incomprehensible to us, whose memories encompass the creation and destruction of civilizations, species, and entire worlds — such entities are unlikely to be undone by better assault rifles and satellite photos. Perhaps the powers of the Cthulhu Mythos feel a dim, cold amusement as they see us strain toward powers a tiny bit more like their own. Perhaps new inventions even open the way for Mythos encroachment. Certainly no microchip or patent medicine defends against treachery, betrayal, deceit, or any ill of the human heart.

We may deploy stronger physical force than in the 1920s, but investigators who now attempt to quash the Mythos with weapons and gadgets will still wish that they had not — as then. And, as then, the job of the keeper remains to fairly evoke feelings of darkness, isolation, helplessness, and terror in ways which no television or hydrogen bomb can dispel. ■



Contemporary Investigators

*What they know, who they are,
what they do, and
how much cash they need.*

The Undetected Conspiracy

Do governments or scientists now know about Cthulhu? The vast extent of the Mythos renders this quite likely. Certainly modern governments, as intrusive as they are, could hardly be ignorant of shadowy secret forces, cults, and entities beyond normal ken.

In the winter of 1927-28, the US military assaulted Innsmouth, Massachusetts, dynamited the town's waterfront, and dispersed the hybrid human/Deep One population throughout the military prison system. A submarine torpedoed and damaged the Deep One city of Y'ha-nthlei which lay just off the coast. This is the most celebrated action ever taken by the federal government against a Mythos threat.

No government is likely to take swift or effective action against entities as diffuse, as a-geographical, or as powerful as those comprising the Mythos. By the time the military moved in, Innsmouth had been controlled by the Deep Ones for 82 years!

The federal government might never have intervened were it not for the experience of a lone man who happened to enter the town, fall afoul of the inhabitants, escape alive, and make continuous frightened appeals to the proper authorities. Even if properly informed, the authorities must be convinced to order actions which will doom their careers if they prove mistaken. Bureaucrats are always reactive, and need persuasion as well as evidence.

Since then, military surveys have covered the world by aerial and satellite photograph and radar, and classified sonar maps of the sea floor exist, with unprecedented resolution. The polar regions, Tibet, the Amazon basin, all the once-mysterious places of the world have been measured, photographed, walked through, overflowed, and often fought over.

Various departments and bureaus must contain disconnected information and random bits of data. If someone were to direct a major cross-agency correlation of facts and figures, the full extent of the Mythos threat might

soon be obvious. Perhaps this has been done, and the ill-fated individual scrutinizing the results went mad, or wisely decided that the information he had gathered was best left hidden for the sanity of humanity.

In the main, authorities do not look for or see evidence of Mythos occurrences, because they do not know what to look for, or even that they should be looking.

DEEP ONE CITIES: today, the entire sea floor has been mapped by military sonar. Why have no evidences of the Deep Ones' highly developed civilization come to light? Perhaps the Deep Ones find it simple to fool our crude sonar or feed us indetectably false signals. We know no way of doing this, but we should not project our own deficiencies onto their alien science. If this is the case, our maps of the sea-bottom may be grossly inaccurate. We have no means of discovering this except by sending a submarine several miles down to visually inspect every square inch of submarine terrain.

Alternatively, perhaps our sonar maps merely show the undersea cities as rocky or rough portions of the sea floor. A Deep One city does not give off the signature of a human population center. The Deep Ones do not use fire or other heat sources, so their cities emit no unusual thermal radiation. Any incidental light used could not penetrate the miles of water to the surface, and so would be invisible to us. A Deep One city may produce noise, but mysterious underwater noises are part and parcel of every underwater scan we take. Those noises are not likely to represent what we think of as cities. Until we learn what to look for, the Deep Ones' secret is safe.

CHTHONIAN TUNNELS: mankind has barely begun to plumb the Earth's secrets. The number of mines we have dug deeper than a mile number about a dozen. Oil wells drilled deeper than two miles are similarly few. The Earth's crust under the continents is up to forty miles thick, all potentially habitable territory for the chthonian species. Chthonian tunnels could riddle the Earth's crust, but we would never know it without drilling into one.

THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS: the narrative "At the Mountains of Madness" speaks of a stupendous mountain range (over 30,000 feet high) hiding an alien ice-covered city in Antarctica's interior. While Antarctica is still far from well-known, such mountains should have been sighted and mapped by aerial survey. Why have they not been detected? The most plausible answer lies in an examination of the narrator's motives. His express purpose in setting down his story is to dissuade further antarctic exploration. He must have realized that his attempt could fail, or even attract hapless explorers to the site. One obvious way to forestall discovery was to make outlandish claims as to the height of the mountain range. Adventurers seeking Himalayas-class peaks would tend to overlook ones less massive, but perhaps more sinister. No doubt the latitude and longitude given for the city and its mountains is purposely erroneous as well.

CULTISTS: the worldwide presence of the Cthulhu cult seems to have gone uncorroborated since Professor Angell's monumental work of the mid-1920s. By its nature, this cult is secretive and difficult to study. In addition, most Cthulhu cults nowadays are located in so-called civilized nations or even urban areas; spots traditionally avoided by anthropologists. But a more sinister factor is involved with the cult's secrecy. Professor Angell died mysteriously only a few months after uncovering the first evidences of the Cthulhu cult. No doubt other professors have independently discovered the existence of the cult, and also have been murdered for their pains.

MAGIC: modern science still has no experimental evidence for magic. Good reasons abound. Mythos techniques take months to learn, and often have no visible effect. Those who know magic rarely are motivated to share their knowledge with others. Additionally, the "magic" of the Mythos is actually alien science. It bears no more resemblance to the conventional occult than non-Euclidean geometry bears to horse-racing. Those few scientists open-minded enough to experiment with magic generally study the ordinary black arts and, naturally enough, get no results.

IN CONCLUSION, investigators should not expect any government to lead in dealing with the mysteries of the Mythos, though government archives may prove useful. Local authorities, such as the police, are likelier to prove helpful and sympathetic to investigators. Unfortunately, local authorities are also likelier than the federals to be infiltrated and/or intimidated by Mythos forces.

New Skills And Descriptions

COMPUTER USE (*base chance 00%*): enables the user to get a computer to do what he wants it to. This may involve writing a program, understanding what a program

Alterations To Old Occupations

ANARCHIST

This occupation is no longer valid. Drop it.

PRIVATE EYE

The occupations of undercover cop, secret agent, former FBI man, etc. are identical to Private Eye in skills received.

PROFESSOR

Add Computer Use to skills received.

SOLDIER

Add Electronics to skills received.

New Occupations; Skills Available

BUSINESSMAN

Accounting
Bargain
Computer Use
Credit Rating
Debate
Fast Talk
Law
Oratory
Psychology.

ENTERTAINER

Bargain
Fast Talk
Listen
Pharmacy
Play Musical Instrument
Psychology
Sing
any one other skill as a personal specialty

CIVIL SERVANT

Accounting
Computer Use
Debate
Fast Talk
Law

PILOT

Astronomy
Credit Rating
Electrical Repair
Electronics
Listen
Mechanical Repair
Pilot Aircraft
Spot Hidden

TRUCKER

Bargain
Drive Automobile
Electrical Repair
Fast Talk
Mechanical Repair
Operate Heavy Machinery

COMPUTER PROGRAMMER

Accounting
Credit Rating
Electronics
Library Use
any one other skill as a personal specialty

does, retrieving obscure data, breaking into a security-locked system, etc. Depending on what is being tried, the attempt may take half an hour or a full working day. If the attempt fails, the user may try again. If the attempted use is quite difficult, the user needs a special success. If the user's player rolls 96-00, then the attempt seems to have succeeded, but actually has subtly failed, which may not be noticed for some time. The keeper may wish to roll the dice to determine the success of this skill.

This skill is not needed for microcomputers, except when writing complex programs. Investigators need to learn to operate microcomputers but, once they have learned, they can automatically succeed in using them. No special skill is associated with the ability.

EXAMPLE: Harvey Walters Jr. tries to write a program to classify all the names in the New York City telephone directory by ethnic background. The keeper declares this to be a difficult task, and decrees that Harvey Junior needs a special success, each attempt lasting one full working day. Junior's Computer Use skill is 40%; for the first four days the keeper records successive rolls of 44, 66, 51, and 72, all failures. Gamely plugging away, Junior gets a 97 on day five: the keeper rules that the program appears to work, and Harvey Jr. begins the mountainous printout. Alas, unknown to Harvey Jr., a bug in the program classifies all names ending in "S" as ethnic Albanian. Perhaps the heir to the proud Walters tradition notices the problem when he sees that he, himself, has been categorized as Albanian.

ELECTRONICS (*base chance 00%*): the skill of diagnosing and repairing defects in electronic equipment. Simple electronic devices can be made. This skill differs from Electrical Repair in that the older skill deals with such items as electric motors and building circuitry, whereas this skill deals with klystron tubes, transistors, semiconductors, and integrated circuits. While a user of Electrical Repair could rewire a house or hot-wire a car, a user of Electronics can fix a computer or bypass an electronic detection system. Unlike Electrical Repair, a user of Electronics always needs proper electronic parts to make repairs: without the right chip or motherboard, he or she is out of luck. A successful skill roll does indicate what parts are needed to fix the device. Sometimes both Electronics and Electrical Repair are needed to repair or create a device.

PHYSICS (*base chance 00%*): permits the investigator to use and understand devices involving acoustics, optics, electromagnetism, and nuclear physics. The user may not be able to create an atomic bomb, but the skill does permit the user to understand how such a device works.

PILOT AIRCRAFT (*base chance 00%*): this skill is the same as in the 1920s, but, with the multiplicity of modern aircraft, is now divided into categories of civil prop, civil jet, airliner, jet fighter, and helicopter. Each type of aircraft counts as a different skill. However, a character with skill in airliner or jet fighter can operate civil prop or civil jet aircraft, and a character with civil jet skill can operate civil prop aircraft. But the ability to fly a light civilian aircraft (such as a Cessna) does not confer the ability to fly a jet fighter. Helicopters are now common and likely to be chosen by investigators. Skill in flying

any helicopter gives no ability to fly any type of fixed-wing aircraft, and vice versa.

Investigator Income

Author, Businessman, Computer Programmer, Gangster: to determine an author's yearly income, roll one D8 twice, and multiply the first result by the second, yielding an amount ranging from 1 to 64. Then multiply that number by \$1,000, to determine the yearly income. A character making less than \$6,000 a year may have a second job which pays the rent, perhaps working as an auto detailer or as a counterperson at a fast-food restaurant. This second occupation is menial and low-paying ($1D4+4 \times \$1000$), from which the character is fired after becoming a full-time investigator.

Dilettante, Professional Athlete: establish the yearly income by multiplying together the results of three separate D6 rolls, giving a range from 1 to 216. Multiply the sum by \$1,000. A character receiving less than \$10,000 or so usually lives at home with his or her (perhaps wealthy) family.

Doctor, Lawyer, Pilot: roll two separate D10s and multiply the results, giving a range from 1 to 100. Multiply the sum by \$1,000. If the result is \$10,000 or less, the person makes \$10,000 yearly, perhaps as an intern or Vista volunteer.

Civil Servant, Historian, Journalist, Parapsychologist, Policeman, Politician, Private Eye, Professor, Soldier, Trucker: roll two separate D6s and multiply the results, giving a range of 1 to 36. Add 4 to the result, then multiply the final total by \$1,000.

Entertainer, Farmer: roll two separate D6s and multiply the results, giving a range of 1 to 36. Multiply that amount by \$1,000.

Hobo, Missionary: no income: they subsist on charity at all times. Missionaries, however, receive savings (see below) as if having an income of \$10,000 yearly.

Investigator Savings

To determine an investigator's savings, divide his or her yearly income by 1D100, then multiply the quotient by the investigator's INT. Express the result in dollars: the amount is the investigator's total savings when starting play.

EXAMPLE: Harvey Walters Jr., a journalist, rolls a D6 twice, getting a 3 and a 2, respectively. Multiplying the two numbers yields a 6. Adding 4 to the total makes 10, and multiplying that times \$1,000, he ends up with a salary of \$10,000 a year — a reasonable amount for Enigmatics Magazine's cub reporter. Harvey Jr. then rolls 1D100, getting a 45. Dividing \$10,000 by 45 gives \$222, which is then multiplied by his INT of 17 for a total of \$3,774 in savings.

Monthly Living Costs

Prices for room and board vary enormously around the world. The costs given below include the total amount

Monthly Living Costs Around The World

Argentina \$550	Ghana \$400	Portugal \$650
Australia \$750	Guatemala \$500	Samoa \$250
Austria \$1050	Haiti \$900	Scotland (UK) \$1250
Belgium \$1100	Honduras \$500	Singapore \$400
Bolivia \$400	Hong Kong \$800	South Africa \$800
Brazil \$300	India \$300	Soviet Union \$900
Canada \$900	Indonesia \$350	Spain \$850
Chile \$400	Ireland \$950	Sweden \$800
Colombia \$400	Italy \$950	Switzerland \$1250
Costa Rica \$700	Jamaica \$850	Tahiti \$750
Denmark \$850	Japan \$1200	Taiwan \$750
Dominican Republic \$600	Korea \$800	Thailand \$800
Ecuador \$500	Mexico \$250	Tonga \$250
Egypt \$350	Netherlands \$900	Turkey \$400
El Salvador \$350	Nigeria \$700	United States \$1000
England (UK) \$950	Norway \$950	Uruguay \$450
Fiji \$550	Panama \$700	Wales (UK) \$950
Finland \$950	Paraguay \$450	
France \$1000	Peru \$200	
Germany (F.R.) \$1050	Philippines \$550	

needed for room and board, electricity and heating bills, transportation, and entertainment. Assume that the investigator is from the United States, and is approximating the standard of living which he or she is used to. All prices are given in American dollars.

At these levels the investigator lives in a cheap apartment and mostly cooks and eats at home. Transportation costs assume taxi rides and bus service. Entertainment covers going to the movies, video rentals, and similar inexpensive fun. These costs are close to minimum. But much can be saved if an investigator is willing to eat only rice and beans, is willing only to walk or to ride a bicycle, and always happily sleeps in \$3-a-night flea-trap hotels.

Most investigators should spend more than these minimums, probably much more, to live in a more luxurious style, attend the theater, eat at fancy restaurants, and rent a car.

If the nation your investigators wish to stay in is not listed here, go to a neighboring or similar nation to determine a living cost. For instance, Venezuela is not listed, but its living cost can be assumed to be similar to that of Colombia.

For China, investigator status probably is that of tourist: assume \$3,000 per month cost. If alien resident status has been wrangled, assume \$400 per month.

Travel; Travel Costs

Travel has changed since the 1920s. Railroads and ships are now rarely used for long-distance travel. Passenger liners have been relegated almost exclusively to luxury cruises. Investigators in a hurry use aircraft.

Investigators can travel almost anywhere in the world within 24 hours by aircraft. Prices vary by season and class, but a rough rule of thumb is that it costs about \$300

per 1000 miles traveled. Popular, often-visited places (such as Japan or New York) often have special discount flights available.

Destination / Round-Trip Ticket Cost From U.S.

Africa (south of the Sahara) / \$1600
Australia / \$1200
Europe / \$1000
Far East / \$1200
Near East / \$1300
South America / \$800

Average Yearly Incomes; Taxes

The following table gives yearly salaries for various occupations in the year 1980.

Occupation / Average Yearly Income

Businessman / \$28,000
Civil Servant / \$20,000
Doctor / \$60,000
Farmer / \$13,000
Lawyer / \$45,000
Manufacturing Worker / \$15,000
Professor / \$25,000
Salesman / \$14,000

Taxes

Taxes have risen significantly since the 1920s. Sales taxes vary by state, from 0% to 7.5%, with an average of about 4%. The Value Added Tax (V.A.T.) of Great Britain operates similarly to the U.S. sales tax, but is 15%. State taxes approximate 2% to 4% of income. U.S. federal income tax varies from 5% to 20% of one's gross income, depending on how much you make. Those making \$30-40,000 a year are taxed most heavily, as a percentage of their income. ■

CTHULHU NOW

A New Investigator Sheet For
CALL OF CTHULHU®

INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR.... DEX ... INT.... Idea.....
CON ... APP.... POW ... Luck.....
SIZ SAN ... EDU ... Know

Schools Degrees Damage Bonus/Penalty

Name..... Occupation Sex Age

Nationality Residence

MAGIC POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

HIT POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

SANITY POINTS

(Insanity	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18								
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Fast Talk (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Pick Pocket (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Anthropology (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	First Aid (30)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Pilot Aircraft (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Archaeology (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Geology (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Psychoanalysis (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Astronomy (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Hide (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Psychology (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bargain (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	History (20)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Read/Write Eng. (EDU x5)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Botany (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jump (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Read/Write. (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Camouflage (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Law (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Read/Write. (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Chemistry (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Library Use (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ride (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Climb (40)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Linguist (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sing (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Computer Use (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Listen (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sneak (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Credit Rating (15)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Make Maps (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Speak (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Cthulhu Mythos (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Mechanical Repair (20)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Spot Hidden (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Debate (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Occult (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Swim.(25)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Diagnose Disease (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Operate Hv. Machine (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Throw (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dodge (DEX x2)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Oratory (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Track (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Drive Automobile (20)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Pharmacy (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Treat Disease (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Electrical Repair (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Photography (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Treat Poison (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Electronics (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Physics (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Zoology (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>

WEAPONS

SPELLS KNOWN, OTHER SKILLS, NOTES

Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Impale	Parry%	Hit Points
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

New Equipment

*Wherein are considered
some portable devices
fashionable or otherwise useful today.*

This section, like the following firearms section, considers equipment legally possible for United States investigators to own in the United States. Possession is a matter of law as well as wealth, at least when considering potentially murderous devices or devices which tend to put their owners beyond the reach of the law.

Bulletproof Vests

Bulletproof armor has been available for centuries. In the early Renaissance, suits of armor were "proofed" by firing matchlocks at them at close range.

Modern body armor is categorized by threat level. Threat Level 1 is intended to protect against low-powered handguns. Threat Level 2 defends against high-powered handguns and submachine guns.

Level 1 and 2 bulletproof vests are available from police specialty shops, some gun stores, and similar sources. All bulletproof vests are hot to wear, and restrict the user's action to a greater or lesser degree. Reflect this in play by a flat percentile loss from the wearer's Climb, Dodge, Jump, Swim, and Throw skills and all melee weapon attacks and parries.

Level 1 body armor, made of Kevlar nylon cloth, is comparatively light. Such a vest can be concealed beneath a jacket or sport coat. Any observer suspecting a bullet-proof vest may attempt a Spot Hidden to notice the vest. In fact, Kevlar can be tailored into a sport jacket or suit, though the cost is considerable: for a suit, figure \$5000 for a suit coat and trousers or skirt; for a sport coat only, figure \$3000.

A Level 2 vest is more bulky. Normally, such vests are worn outside one's clothing, though they could be concealed under a windbreaker or heavy coat. Level 2 protection is not directly tailor able to become ordinary-seeming garments.

Protection lent either by Level 1 or Level 2 body armor is not perfect. The bullet's impact against the vest passes directly to the target's body. This blunt trauma can cause serious injury, even death, though the bullet itself may not penetrate the vest. Some experts claim that this type of body armor is vulnerable to blades. If the keeper

wishes, Levels 1 and 2 can be considered to give no protection against a knife or other bladed weapon for which an impaling roll result can be achieved.

Furthermore, even the best bulletproof vest only covers the wearer's chest and abdomen. Whenever a shot hits an individual wearing such protection, and the optional hit location rules are not being used, roll 1D6. A result of 1-3 indicates that the bullet struck the target's unprotected head, arms, or legs, while a 4-6 result indicates that the bullet struck the vest, and that its effects are appropriately reduced.

Heavier body armor, Levels 3 and 4, is available, but is neither flexible nor light. Reinforced with titanium, steel, or ceramic plates, such armor is much too stiff and bulky for most active use. It cannot be concealed under anything less than a rain poncho or loosely-belted trench coat. Levels 3 and 4 protect against standard rifle bullets and armor-piercing bullets, respectively. Commonly called flak jackets, such armor is commercially unavailable.

Bulletproof Vests

Protection	Threat Level	Skill Loss	Armor Points	Cost
Light Vest	1	5%	6	\$200
Heavy Vest	2	10%	8	\$400
Lt. Body Armor	3	20%	10	\$2000*
Hvy. Body Armor	4	30%	12	\$4000*

* Nominal price only. Such armor is normally unavailable to private citizens.

Non-Lethal Weapons

A variety of self-defense weapons are available which can instantly incapacitate an attacker without killing him. Most take out an assailant with a single hit, making them, in a very real sense, more effective than handguns. No doubt such weapons will continue to increase in popularity as they become more effective.

ELECTRICAL STUNNERS: easily concealed, hand-held, battery-operated devices which must be thrust against a target to be effective. The user's Fist/Punch skill determines the chance of success. Most of these weapons have a simple hand grip from which extends a pair of

blunt steel prongs. Some models send blue sparks between the two prongs with a loud crackling noise intended to frighten off muggers. Some also flash a bright light to make it hard for an attacker to see the user at night (-10 percentiles from the attacker's chances of hitting the user with any hand-to-hand weapon). Such devices can cost from \$60 to \$100, depending on quality and options. The batteries are usually good for 2 to 5 minutes of continual use.

When the stunner hits a target, match the target's CON against a 3D6 roll. If the target resists the stunner's effect, the target is only stunned for a number of combat rounds equal to half the 3D6 score. If the target resists the stunner with a special success (one-fifth or less of the roll needed), he or she is stunned only for that round. If the CON is overcome, the target is stunned for a number of minutes equal to half the 3D6 score rolled. If the roll is 96-00, the target must immediately match the 3D6 roll against his or her CON a second time: if the second roll also overcomes the target's CON, the target dies of a heart attack.

A victim already incapacitated may be stunned again, but is only stunned for as long as the longest time rolled. *EXAMPLE: A mugger stunned three times for 8 minutes, 10 minutes, and 16 minutes, respectively, stays out of action for 16 minutes.*

Normal clothing won't block the stunner's effect, but very thick clothing or boots may do so. Stunners are only effective against the following monsters from the *Call of Cthulhu* rulesbook: Deep Ones, Ghasts, Gugs, Sand-Dwellers, and Serpent People. A monster's natural armor is subtracted from a stunner's 3D6 roll before matching it against the monster's CON.

Mi-Go are affected by stunners as well — they are not stunned, but take 1D6 damage from the stunner hit.

MACE: a tear-gas concoction which comes in a small aerosol-spray can, used for self-defense. Mace has a range of about six feet and is directed against the target's face to cause immediate incapacitation. The user need only succeed in a roll of DEX x5 or less to squirt the foe right in the eyeballs. The victim is completely incapacitated until receiving a successful CON x1 roll on D100, which may be attempted once a round. In any case, he is completely blinded for 1D6 minutes and his vision is obscured for another 1D6 minutes after that (halve all vision-oriented skills, especially combat skills). A can of Mace costs about \$15 and holds about 30 squirts.

Mace is effective against the following monsters from the *Call of Cthulhu* rules: Ghasts, Ghouls, Gugs, Sand-Dwellers, and Serpent People. Old Ones and members of the Great Race are partially affected by Mace — they suffer no pain, but are blinded. Since these latter entities have effective non-visual senses, reduce all vision-oriented skills by 10 percentiles for 2D6 minutes.

BLINDING-FLASH GUNS: these flashlight-like devices are usable only at point-blank range. They emit extremely bright flashes of light intended to temporarily dazzle targets as defensive measures. When such a device is flashed in a target's face (no skill roll is needed), he is blinded for 1D6 rounds, and his vision obscured for 3D6

combat rounds after that. While his vision is obscured, all sight-oriented skills are halved. When the gun flashes, its bulb burns out, and a new bulb must be screwed in, taking one combat round. The batteries powering the device are good for dozens of flashes.

If the target knows that such a device is present, he may attempt to shield his eyes or turn his head. Give such an alert individual a Luck roll to avoid the flash.

Blinding-flash guns are only effective against the following Mythos monsters from the *Call of Cthulhu* rules: Byakhee, Deep Ones, Ghouls, Gugs, Sand-Dwellers, Serpent People, and Shantaks.

Ghasts and Hunting Horrors take 1D6 damage from a blinding-flash gun directed against them at point-blank range, and generally respond by preferentially attacking an individual wielding such a weapon.

Blinding-flash guns cost \$110. The flashbulbs cost \$6.00 each.

Scopes And Laser Sights

Iron sights are fine against near targets, but telescopic sights are needed for long-range shooting. An effective scope and mount can be purchased for about \$100.

A typical scope doubles the user's base range, but not range multiples past that. For instance, when used on a rifle with a 100-yard base range, the attacker could use his or her full attack skill up to 200 yards away. His or her skill percentage would be halved from 200-300 yards, halved again from 300-400 yards, and so forth.

Higher-quality scopes of greater magnification and price increase the base range further, tripling it for \$200, quadrupling it for \$400, and multiplying it by five times for \$800.

Telescopic sights have one great disadvantage: if the weapon is dropped or bumped, the scope is knocked off-center, and becomes useless as a gunsight, though it can still be used as a little telescope. If the weapon is dropped or struck heavily enough, the scope might even break! Resighting a scope can be tricky, and is best done from a clamped firing position on a range where the distance is known exactly.

Scopes can be fitted to rifles and pistols, but not shotguns. A scope-mounted pistol cannot be holstered without destroying the alignment of the scope.

Another interesting aiming aid is the laser sight, which uses a laser beam to project a red spot of light on the place where the bullet will strike when fired. This adds +5 percentiles to the user's chance to hit at all ranges but point-blank. It is reputedly demoralizing for a target to spy the ominous red circle painted on his or her body. Laser sights cost about \$500.

Night Viewing Equipment

Binoculars, telescopes, and gunsights are available which give the user a good, clear image in all but total darkness. Even more useful, a number of rather grotesque-looking visors are manufactured which, strapped to the user's face, permit the user to see in the dark.

Such night-viewing equipment falls into the basic categories of active and passive. Active equipment works

in conjunction with an invisible infra-red lamp or searchlight beam. The goggles contain an image converter which transforms the infra-red radiation into the visible spectrum. The lamp itself is large and heavy (with a bulb as large as 5 inches across) and is normally mounted on a vehicle.

The viewer can see only what such an infra-red beam directly shines upon. The source of the beam is easily seen by anyone equipped with night-viewing goggles (or by the several types of monsters able to sense infra-red). Advantageously, though, an active night finder can be used even in the utter darkness of far underground.

Active night-viewing goggles cost about \$400. The projection lamp costs another \$100-\$200.

Passive equipment, such as starlight scopes, operate by electronically amplifying available light, and work in all but complete darkness. Most have a restricted visual field. A battery is required, generally good for about 72 hours of continuous operation. Passive night-viewers are extraordinarily expensive, running from \$7,000 to \$10,000. They are also nearly impossible to find and generally disapproved of by authorities. Ownership of such devices may not be legal in a particular state. A picture of a standard U.S. Army night-viewer can be found on page 100 of this book.

Double Set Triggers

Hunting rifles can be purchased with a double set trigger for \$60 extra. Such rifles have two triggers. The gun does not fire when first trigger is pulled — this action merely cocks the weapon. The second trigger fires the weapon after only a tiny bit of pressure. When firing at a target at extreme range, the pull on the trigger is much less likely to twitch the rifle by a tiny degree and send the bullet off-course. Rifles so equipped add +5 percentiles to the users' chances to hit when firing at more than double base range. These 5 percentiles cannot more than double the users' chances of success at such range.

Scuba Gear And Accessories

To go skin diving, one needs a fairly impressive array of equipment. The buoyancy control is absolutely essential, as it maintains the swimmer's depth in the water. The device commonly called an "octopus" is also important. This bit of gear has several tubes running from the air tanks to the buoyancy control, your mouthpiece, and to a second mouthpiece which permits a buddy to breathe out of your air tanks if his tanks go bad (voiding any need to share mouthpieces). Experienced divers state that a knife and gloves are required as well. The main purpose of the knife is to bang on one's own air tanks as a signal to one's friends.

One must be taught to properly use scuba gear. Once the essentials are learned, use the Swim skill to operate this equipment. An air tank's supply of oxygen varies with the depth and temperature of the water. Investigators at a depth of 60 feet get only 10-20 minutes per tank of air. Those staying at 15 feet below the surface can get an hour's breathing from the identical tank.

Scuba Equipment / Cost

Air Tank (single, 80 pounds)	/ \$120
Air Tank Refill	/ \$5
Buoyancy Control	/ \$350
Dive Log	/ \$10
Dive Master With Boat	/ \$25 †
Flag	/ \$20 **
Gloves	/ \$16
Knife	/ \$25
Light	/ \$100
Mask	/ \$60 *
"Octopus"	/ \$200
Rubber Raft	/ \$5
Signal Whistle	/ \$10
Slate	/ \$10
Snorkel	/ \$15
Speargun	/ \$100
Swim Fins	/ \$100
Underwater Camera	/ \$170
Wet Suit	/ \$225

* mask with prescription lens much more expensive.

** to show position.

† per person per day.

Nuclear Weapons

What about nukes? They're clearly the most destructive weapons available to mankind. Shouldn't even the horrors of the Mythos take pause before trying to destroy a species with such awesome might? Not necessarily. Many of the Great Old Ones must chortle in glee at our access to such self-destructive power. There are indications that Nyarlathotep may have assisted humanity in creating the first atomic bomb.

Nuclear weapons are, of course, completely inaccessible to investigators. Such weapons cannot, despite media suggestions, be home-made or stolen — numerous skilled and dedicated groups have tried for decades to obtain such bombs. All have failed. Investigators are unlikely to succeed where well-funded fanatics have failed.

Even so, it is possible to imagine situations in which nuclear bombs may be used in *Call of Cthulhu*. Perhaps the investigators have managed to contact and warn the military of a nation possessing nuclear weapons. Would the military, if desperate enough, resort to nuclear explosions to save the world? Only the keeper can answer this question. It is difficult, however, to imagine a situation in which non-nuclear weapons could not answer the need as effectively and with less cost in life and time.

The final question is always, "What happens when we nuke Cthulhu?" The answer is, of course, "He reforms fifteen minutes later. But now he's radioactive!" ■

Firearms

*Herewith a clutch of contemporary weapons;
legally obtaining automatic weapons in the U.S.;
silencers; unaimed shots; guns and the law; etc.*

THE WEAPONS AVAILABLE to modern-era investigators are not particularly superior to those available during the 1920s: in general, modern weapons are no more accurate, no more concealable, no more powerful, no more reliable, and have no greater range than those of that earlier era — saving modern automatic weapons (more reliable) and the new magnum handguns (slightly more powerful).

Military weapons are now much lighter in weight, and are generally fully automatic, providing an awesome volume of fire. Neither benefit is particularly advantageous to an investigator, however, since investigators rarely make 50-mile hikes with full pack, nor can they legally possess burst-firing guns. In a modern Cthulhu campaign, just as in a 1920s campaign, firepower alone is capable of solving few investigatorial problems.

Illegal groups such as terrorists and cultists often may have access to submachine guns and the like since, unlike investigators, they are outside normal society, live hunted lives, and need not obey society's laws and standards.

The Firearms Tables

Tabular categories for the firearms table occur as in the *Call of Cthulhu* third edition rules, with two exceptions.

The *dollar cost* column now includes the price of the gun and the cost of one round of the gun's ammunition. Normally, pistol cartridges come in 50-round boxes, and rifle cartridges come in 20-round boxes: a box of .32 automatic bullets nominally costs \$20 (40 cents a bullet). A 20-round box of .444 Marlin ammo lists at \$19.

Also added to the table is a column headed *malfunc-*
tion number. With any attack die roll result equal to or higher than the firing weapon's malfunction number, the firer's weapon does not fire. If the weapon is a revolver or bolt-action rifle, the problem is merely a dud round. If the weapon is an automatic weapon, pump-action, or lever-action gun, then the malfunction is a jam.

Fixing a jam takes 1D6 combat rounds plus a successful Mechanical Repair or appropriate firearm skill roll (i.e., one's Rifle skill could fix a jammed rifle, but not a jammed pistol or shotgun). The user can keep trying until succeeding, or until destroying the gun on a Mechanical Repair result of 96-00.

When firing bursts, the reliability of a weapon decreases by 3 percentiles. Thus, when firing an M-16A2 on full-auto, the gun jams on a D100 result of 94-00: its malfunction number is then 94.

Handgun Descriptions

.22 SHORT, LONG, or LONG RIFLE: the .22 rimfire is one of the most widely-used rounds in the world, and comes in the noted major varieties. A revolver or lever-action rifle which fires the long rifle (LR) round can use all three rounds. Generally, less expensive weapons fire the weaker rounds. Damage is identical for all .22 rounds, but range is not. The .22 round is used in all types of pistols and rifles. Automatic pistols and non-lever-action rifles generally use only the LR shell.

The infamous "Saturday Night Specials," banned in the United States in the mid-1970s, were mostly cheap .22 revolvers which fired only the short round. Zip guns, used by street gangs lacking access to real handguns, usually fire a .22 round. Some .22 revolvers hold nine rounds instead of the usual six. These slightly bigger handguns cost about \$20 more than average.

Rather than list all the bewildering diversity of .22 handguns available nowadays, few of which will be popular among investigators, a typical revolver and a standard lever-action rifle are described. Keepers whose investigators desire a wider variety of .22s must phone their local gunshops for details.

.22 MAGNUM: a more powerful .22 round, used in both revolvers and rifles. A .22 Magnum revolver can also fire regular .22 rounds.

.25 AUTOMATIC: these flat, miniature automatic pistols are excellent "hideaway" guns, suitable for secreting in one's purse or hip pocket. Excepting derringers, they are the smallest pistols available.

.30 MAUSER: one of the first and most famous automatic pistols ever made, the "broom-handle" Mauser. Its powerful round is still occasionally used in rather large automatic pistols.

Firearms Tables

Handguns

<i>name</i>	<i>shots per round</i>	<i>damage</i>	<i>range (yards)</i>	<i>ammo</i>	<i>dollar cost gun / ammo</i>	<i>malfunction number</i>
.22 Short	3	1D6	10	6	190 / .05	00
.22 Long	3	1D6	15	6	190 / .06	00
.22 Long Rifle	3	1D6	20	6	190 / .07	00
.22 Magnum	3	1D6+1	20	6	205 / .15	00
.25 Automatic	3	1D6	15	6	125 / .35	99
.30 Mauser	2	1D10	25	10	600 / .50	99
.32 Automatic	3	1D8	15	8	240 / .40	99
.32 Revolver	3	1D8	15	6	150 / .30	00
.357 Magnum	1	1D8+1D6	20	6	330 / .50	00
.38 Automatic	3	1D8	15	6	265 / .35	99
.38 Special	2	1D10	15	6	250 / .45	00
.44 Magnum	1	2D6+2	30	6	350 / .60	00
.45 Automatic	1	1D10+2	15	7	450 / .50	00
.45 Revolver	1	1D10+2	15	6	340 / .45	00
9mm Parabellum	2	1D10	20	8	450 / .45	99

Rifles

<i>name</i>	<i>shots per round</i>	<i>damage</i>	<i>range (yards)</i>	<i>ammo</i>	<i>dollar cost gun / ammo</i>	<i>malfunction number</i>
.17 Remington	1/2	1D10+1	160	3	820 / .75	00
.22	1	1D6	40	15	230 / .07	99
.22 Magnum	1	1D6+2	80	5	250 / .15	99
.220 Swift	1/2	1D10+1D8	150	3	600 / .65	00
.30 Carbine	2	1D8+1D6	80	15	240 / .50	93
.303 Enfield	1/2	2D6+3	110	5	200 / .85	00
.30-30 Winchester	1	2D6+3	90	6	250 / .65	98
.30-06 Springfield	1/2	2D6+3	110	5	150 / .85	00
.300 Winchester Magnum	1/2	1D8+1D6+3	120	3	550 / 1.05	00
.44-40	1	2D6+1	50	11	430 / .65	99
.444 Marlin	1	1D8+1D6+3	90	5	330 / .95	98
.375 H&H	1/2	2D8+3	100	3	770 / 1.25	00
.378 Weatherby	1/2	1D10+1D8+3	120	3	960 / 2.05	00
.458 Winchester Magnum	1/2	1D10+1D8+3	80	3	900 / 1.70	00
.460 Weatherby Magnum	1/2	2D10+3	110	3	1100 / 2.60	00
Garand M1	1	2D6+3	110	8	250 / .85	00
Mauser 98K	1/2	2D6+3	110	5	200 / .85	00
M-14	1	2D6+3	110	20	780 / .80	97
SKS Carbine	2	2D6+1	90	10	400 / 1.00	97

Shotguns

<i>name</i>	<i>shots per round</i>	<i>damage</i>	<i>range (yards)</i>	<i>ammo</i>	<i>dollar cost gun / ammo</i>	<i>malfunction number</i>
.410 Gauge, slug	2	1D10+2	40	5	240 / .70	00
.410 Gauge, shot	2	1D10	10	5	240 / .40	00
		1D4	20			
20-Gauge, slug	2	1D10+4	30	5	280 / .75	00
20-Gauge, shot	2	2D6	10	5	280 / .70	00
		1D6	20			
		1D3	50			
16-Gauge, slug	1	1D10+5	30	5	310 / .80	00
16-Gauge, shot	1	2D6+2	10	5	310 / .70	00
		1D6+1	20			
		1D4	50			
12-Gauge, slug	1	1D10+6	30	5	330 / 1.00	00
12-Gauge, shot	1	4D6	10	5	330 / .80	00
		2D6	20			
		1D6	50			
10-Gauge, slug	1	1D10+7	25	5	700 / 1.40	99
10-Gauge, shot	1	4D6+2	10	5	700 / 1.20	99
		2D6+1	20			
		1D8	50			

Firearms Tables

Assault Rifles

<i>name</i>	<i>shots per round</i>	<i>damage</i>	<i>range (yards)</i>	<i>ammo</i>	<i>dollar cost gun / ammo</i>	<i>malfunction number</i>
AK-47 * or AKM *	2 or burst	2D6+1	90	30	1000 / 1.00	98
AK-74	2 or burst	2D8	120	30	N/A	97
Barrett Model 82	1	2D10+4	110	11	3000 / 5.00	96
Enfield IW	2 or burst	2D8	120	30	N/A	98
FN FAL *	1 or burst	2D6+3	100	20	800 / .80	97
G-3 *	1 or burst	2D6+3	100	20	600 / .80	97
Galli AR *	1 or burst	2D6+3	110	20	1100 / .80	98
M16A1 *	2 or burst	2D8	130	30	660 / .60	94
M16A2 *	2 or **	2D8	130	30	N/A	97
SIG 510, Stgw 57 *	1 or burst	2D6+3	100	20	2200 / .80	96
Steyr Rifle *	2 or burst	2D8	130	42	900 / .60	97

N/A: not for sale to individuals; possibly not for sale to most governments.

* *burst capability unavailable for civilians.*

** *3-round burst only.*

Submachine Guns

<i>name</i>	<i>shots per round</i>	<i>damage</i>	<i>range (yards)</i>	<i>ammo</i>	<i>dollar cost gun / ammo</i>	<i>malfunction number</i>
Beretta Model 12	2 or burst	1D10	40	20/32/40	N/A	97
Heckler & Koch MP5	2 or burst	1D10	45	15/30	N/A	97
Ingram MAC 10	2 or burst	1D10	25	32	N/A	96
Ingram MAC 11 *	3 or burst	1D8	20	32	400 / .35	96
Madsen	burst only	1D10	40	32	N/A	98
Mini-Uzi *	2 or burst	1D10	25	32	550 / .60	98
Skorpion SMG	3 or burst	1D8	20	20	N/A	96
Sterling SMG	2 or burst	1D10	40	34	N/A	98
Sterling MP	2 or burst	1D10	25	34	N/A	98
Uzi SMG *	2 or burst	1D10	40	32	630 / .45	98

N/A: not for sale to individuals; possibly not for sale to most governments.

* *burst capability unavailable for civilians.*

Grenade Launcher

<i>name</i>	<i>shots per round</i>	<i>damage</i>	<i>range (yards)</i>	<i>ammo</i>	<i>dollar cost gun / ammo</i>	<i>malfunction number</i>
M79 "Blooper"	1/3	3D6:2yds	10	1	N/A	99

N/A: not for sale to individuals; possibly not for sale to most governments.

.32: a caliber quite popular in the 1920s, but now of little appeal, though still available. Cartridges for the .32 revolver and automatic differ and are sold separately: the two types of ammunition are not interchangeable.

.357 MAGNUM: popular among police as well as civilians. The well-made Colt Python (which costs about \$650) is the best-known gun firing this round. Most .357 Magnum revolvers can also fire the .38 Special round. These guns are bulky for shoulder holsters, though carriable that way. Rarely, automatics chambered for the .357 Magnum can be found, at prices double that of the revolver.

.38 AUTOMATIC: this caliber seems to have been largely superceded by the 9mm. A variety of smallish, fairly-concealable .38 automatics are still manufactured.

.38 SPECIAL: one of the most common gun types used in America today. In general, whenever a villain or hero displays a revolver on a TV crime drama, it is a .38 Special.

.44 MAGNUM: the biggest handgun around. These huge pistols won't fit in shoulder holsters, but greatly impress bystanders. An automatic pistol firing a round titled the .44 Auto Mag is sometimes available (priced around \$800 and holding seven bullets). The .44 Auto Mag performs similarly to the regular .44 Magnum but is much less common and, hence, much more expensive.

.45: the original .45 Colt was the gun that won the West, and these large-caliber revolvers are still fine guns. The .45 automatic is the famed US Army pistol, which is big,

heavy, old, proven, tough, and durable. Many other .45 automatics are available, most similar to the Army Colt.

9mm PARABELLUM: probably the most popular chamber size in the world. The famous Luger pistol fired such a cartridge. An enormous variety of 9mm automatic pistols exist, and many police departments have adopted this as their standard caliber. Many submachine guns, such as the Uzi, also use the round. Investigators willing to pay \$100-\$150 more than average can get fine-quality 9mm pistols with magazines holding as many as 15 bullets. An occasional 9mm "pistol" with a magazine holding 20 or even 30 cartridges is available! These latter are generally altered submachine guns modified for sale to civilians, and are fairly inaccurate (15-yard base range rather than the usual 20 yards).

Rifle Descriptions

Many of the weapons described here (such as the .30 carbine) were once standard army issue, but are now considered obsolescent or unfashionable and are relegated to gunshops and to Third World.

.17 REMINGTON: a super-high velocity rifle intended for shooting varmints. It shoots a very light, flat-trajectory bullet at the highest velocity of any commercial round.

.22: see description for the .22 handgun.

.22 MAGNUM: the rifle described is a lever-action carbine. Bolt-action rifles are also made. These have 4 round clips, cost about \$190, and have a fire rate of 1/2.

.220 SWIFT: like the .17 Remington, a gun generally considered a varmint rifle. Perceptive investigators, however, may recognize that this high-velocity firearm is powerful and exceptionally accurate.

.30 CARBINE: originally the M1 and M2 carbines of World War II. The regular army eventually declared the round too weak for military tasks, but before then tens of thousands of soldiers enjoyed its light recoil and ease of use. Various states' National Guards maintain .30 carbines, as do the armies of Japan, Korea, Mexico, the Philippines, Taiwan, Morocco, etc. Several police forces outside the US employ such weapons.

.30-06 SPRINGFIELD: the standard US Army rifle until World War II, and used by the Marines during most of the war. It is a fine, accurate gun, and has long been available to civilians.

.300 WINCHESTER MAGNUM: recently, the West German army did a series of tests in an attempt to find the most accurate cartridge possible for a high-tech sniping rifle. They concluded that the .300 Winchester Magnum was the best round for the job. Ordinary hunting rifles firing this cartridge can easily be obtained.

.303 ENFIELD: this is a reliable, powerful rifle used by the British in the two world wars. The Enfield rifle can be found all over the world in both military and sporting versions. It is still officially employed in a few Commonwealth territories.

.30-30 WINCHESTER: a lever-action carbine with a good strong round. It was immortalized in the TV Western, "The Rifleman."

.375 H&H: the most common big-game rifle. It is not so huge as to be grossly unwieldy, and the cartridges are not so ridiculously expensive as the bigger magnum rounds. If your investigators buy safari rifles with which to shoot Cthulhu monsters, the odds are good that they'll walk out with .375 H&Hs or possibly .444 Marlins. These two are the heaviest guns normally available at gunshops.

.378 WEATHERBY: the Weatherby gunsmiths, located in England, produce a line of high-quality, high-priced, heavy-duty rifles and a line of special rounds made only for their rifles. Weatherby guns are excellent, but one must go to a specialty shop to find them.

.44-40 CARBINE: this is a lever-action carbine with a history dating back to the days of the Wild West. Many of the Sioux warriors who defeated Custer's cavalry at Little Big Horn used such carbines.

.44 MARLIN: this is, quite simply, the most powerful lever-action rifle around. It is often used for big-game hunting.

.458 WINCHESTER MAGNUM: the biggest American-made hunting rifle. It fires the second-most-powerful sporting round in the world, exceeded only by the .460 Weatherby Magnum.

.460 WEATHERBY MAGNUM: the heaviest Weatherby rifle, and a true elephant gun. Unfortunately, as with all the Weatherby line, they are available only in a scattering of gunshops.

GARAND M1: the standard US Army rifle in World War II and the Korean War. It proved reliable, sturdy, and accurate. Thanks to it, an average American soldier had firepower twice or three times that of his German or Japanese foe. After the war, use of this rifle spread all over the world. It is still being manufactured, and is purchased not only by civilians but by US National Guards, Greece, the Philippines, Taiwan, Turkey, several Latin American countries, etc. The Italian army uses a version of it rechambered to take the standard NATO round (which, in game terms, is identical to the Garand 30-06 round).

MAUSER 98K: this rifle armed Germany during both World Wars and was sold all over the world to armies, paramilitary forces, police, and civilians. It is still seen today, though it is no longer manufactured. It fires an 8mm round.

Shotguns

Most contemporary shotguns are pump-action or semi-automatic. The guns on the table are assumed to be pump-action. Semi-automatic shotguns cost about 50% more than their pump-action counterparts, carry up to 8 rounds in their magazine, and jam on an attack roll result of 99-00 (98-00 for 12-gauge weapons).

Assault Rifles

We here classify modern-style military rifles. Prices given are for semi-automatic civilian versions of these weapons. Some of these guns have no such versions; for them, no prices are listed.

AK-47 or AKM: the most popular military rifle of the 1960s and '70s. It uses the Soviet 7.62mm bullet. It is still deployed in vast quantities by Third World armies around the world. Eastern European soldiers and second-line Soviet troops use a slightly revised version, the AKM, which is identical to the AK-47 in game terms.

AK-74: the modern Soviet rifle, firing a 5.45mm round. This weapon is not available commercially, nor has it yet been used outside of Russia. It is included only on the chance that investigators get mixed up with Soviet first-line troops (which God forbid).

BARRETT MODEL 82: an enormous weapon (weighing 35 pounds and over five feet long) originally designed as a semi-automatic sniper's weapon for the US Army. It fires the colossal .50 caliber Browning machine gun round, and can be purchased on the civilian market. Investigators who want the most ridiculously-powerful gun possible may desire to punish themselves by purchasing this monster. It has a bipod and a scope permanently mounted on it. It cannot be fired from a standing position, for obvious reasons. One reasonable investigatorial use for this weapon would be to swivel-mount it on a small boat or cross-country vehicle.

ENFIELD IW: the newly-adopted British standard army rifle. It appears to be a rather nice weapon, firing the .223 round, though it certainly looks anachronistic seen carried by the Royal Guard.

FN FAL, G-3: the FN is a Belgian weapon, and one of the most popular military rifles in the world. It has been slightly eclipsed by the similar West German G-3. Both guns use the 7.62 NATO cartridge. Between the two of them, these guns are found on every continent, employed by 74 nations as different as Australia, Bangladesh, Mexico, Norway, and Zambia.

GALIL: the modern Israeli rifle which is loosely based on the AK-47. It has become renowned because it is one of the few Western rifles which has been proven in action. It uses the 7.62mm NATO round, though a .223 version is also available. The military version of the Galil has a 35-round magazine.

M16: the standard American assault rifle got its baptism of fire in Vietnam. Its cartridge, the .223 Remington, is becoming the standard NATO round. The newest version of the M16, called the M16A2, can only fire single shots or 3-round bursts. To simulate the greater control this gives, increase the user's attack chance by 20 percentiles (instead of the nominal 15) when shooting off bursts.

SIG 510, Stgw 57: the Stgw 57 is the standard Swiss Army rifle. The SIG 510 was developed from it and is identical in game terms except for caliber. The guns have been sold to Chile and Bolivia. The SIG 510 uses the standard Nato round (.308 Winchester), but the Stgw uses a 7.5mm bullet made only in Switzerland.



STEYR RIFLE: an Austrian weapon of unusual appearance. Versions are made with many different barrels, intended for use as submachine guns, carbines, rifles, and even light machine guns. The rifle version is the only one available for the civilian market, and is described here. With its transparent magazine, a user can tell at a glance how many bullets he has left. It uses the .223 bullet.

Submachine Guns

BERETTA Model 12: pretty-looking (for a submachine gun). It is used by armies scattered across Africa and South America. It is also the standard submachine gun of the Italian Army. As with most modern submachine guns, it fires a 9mm round.

HECKLER & KOCH MP5: a submachine gun which is more accurate than most weapons of its ilk. It has been used extensively by West German anti-terrorist forces and can be seen in the hands of other European police units as well. Some of these weapon have a burst control device fitted, causing it to fire either single-shot or in 3-round bursts. When firing 3-round bursts, the user's chance to hit is increased by 20 percentiles rather than 15 percentiles, just as with the US Army M16A2. It uses the 9mm round. An extremely small version of the MP5 (only 13 inches long) is available, intended to be hidden inside a pocket or glove compartment. This version is identical to the normal version except that its magazine normally holds only 15 rounds.

INGRAM MAC-10: this compact and sturdy machine pistol is only 11 inches long with its wire stock folded up. The most common version fires the 9mm Parabellum round, but another model is also available which fires the .45 Colt automatic round. The .45 caliber guns do 1D10+2 damage, have a range of 20 yards, carry 30 rounds in the magazine, and only fire 1 shot per round in single-shot mode. This gun is specially designed to accept an unconventional type of silencer (called a suppressor) which does not reduce the bullet's range. Ordinary silencers can also be fitted to the MAC-10, but a MAC suppressor cannot be used on any other gun.

INGRAM MAC-11: this is quite similar to the MAC-10, but is even tinier. It fires the .38 automatic round, is less than 9 inches long, and can be carried in a large shoulder holster. Both 16- and 32-round magazines are available for this gun. The 32-round magazines cannot be used in a shoulder holster. A single-shot civilian version is available. As with the MAC-10, a suppressor is available but, of course, is illegal for civilian use.

MADSEN: a Danish submachine gun firing a 9mm bullet. It was exported heavily to Latin American and Southeast Asia in the 1950s. It is simple and reliable, but cannot fire single shots — only bursts.

SKORPION: a Czechoslovakian machine pistol which is supplied to paramilitary and military forces in various nations connected with the Soviet Union. It is quite small and light, and can be carried in a shoulder holster. Unusually for an East European weapon, the Skorpion fires the .32 automatic round.

STERLING: the standard British submachine gun. It is reliable and compact, keeping true to the British tradition in firearms, and fires a 9mm round. This submachine gun is used by several U.S. police forces. A semi-automatic version is also made for police use, as a sort of long-range pistol.

STERLING MP: a tiny version of the standard Sterling made for use by commandos or police SWAT teams. It also fires a 9mm round.

Grenade Launchers

The M79 "Blooper" looks and operates rather like a huge single-barreled, break-action shotgun. This device is in use with many nations. It must be reloaded after each shot, hence the low rate of fire. The explosive grenade does 3D6 basic damage with an explosive radius of 2 yards. In addition, a wide variety of vari-colored smoke and flare rounds are available. The Grenade Launcher skill (base chance 25%) is used to fire a Blooper. The user's chance to hit is normally doubled, since the target isn't the enemy himself, but the ground near his feet. If the user misses, randomly determine where the round lands (1D6 yards away is a reasonable amount), as the explosion may still injure the target. A malfunction indicates that the grenade is a dud and either does not fire or does not explode upon landing.

Firing Bursts

Fully automatic weapons can fire in bursts. For each shot fired in a burst, the attack chance rises 5 percentiles. However, an attacker's skill cannot be more than doubled by this method. Roll once for all attacks against a single target. If the attack succeeds, roll an appropriate die to determine how many bullets actually hit. For example, if 8 shots are fired, 1D8 is rolled to determine the number of hits. If 3 shots are fired, 1D3 is rolled. Only the first bullet impales if an impaling hit is rolled. If more than one target is attacked, the user loses one shot per target aimed at. Each target must be rolled for separately when attacked in this fashion.

When firing a burst, increase the chances of weapon malfunction by 3 percentiles. Thus, an AK-47, which normally only jams on a roll of 98-00, jams on a result of 95-00 when firing a burst.

EXAMPLE: Corporal Ho Chan, on guard somewhere in Tibet, hears a strange noise in a nearby gully. Without warning, three crazed cultists attack. Ho wheels his AK-47 and empties it into the onrushing kooks. His gun has a 30-round magazine, and he has a 35% Rifle skill. He loses one shot for each target aimed at, since he is firing at more than one, so he only gets 27 total shots.

He aims 20 shots at the meanest-looking cultist and divides the other 7 shots as evenly as possible between the remaining two, which gives him 4 shots against the second and 3 shots against the third. He would normally add +100% to his chances to hit against the first cultist, since 20 shots x 5 equal 100, but the best he can do is twice his own skill, or 70%. He rolls a 37 — a hit! He also rolls 1D20 to determine the number of bullets hitting. The result is 12 and the first cultist is blown away.



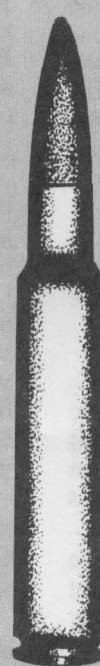
5.45 x 39 Soviet



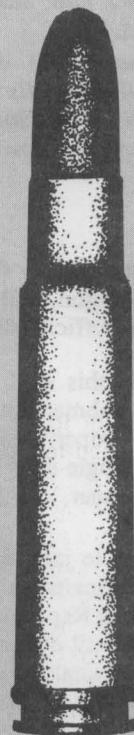
7.62 x 39 Soviet



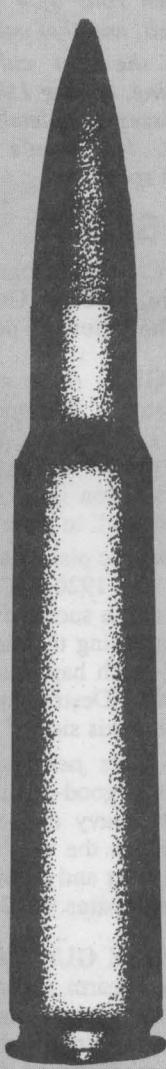
7.62 x 51 NATO



30.06 Springfield

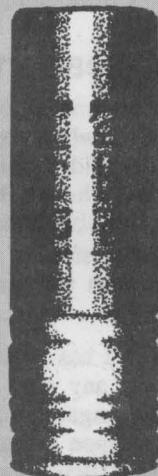


.460 Weatherby

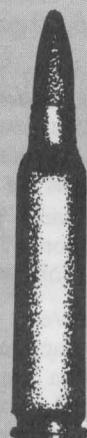


.50 Browning

9mm Parabellum

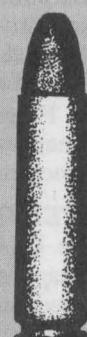


12 Gauge Shotgun

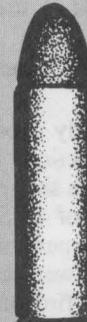


.223 Armalite

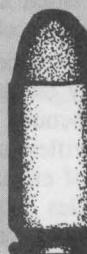
.30 Carbine



.375 Magnum



.45 Automatic



On the second cultist, Ho has 4 shots, adding 20% to his skill for a total 55% chance. He rolls 14, another hit, and then rolls 1D4 to determine how many shots hit. Three hit, and that cultist is killed, too.

For the last cultist, Corporal Ho has 3 shots remaining, adding 15% to his skill. He rolls 94 on 1D100 and misses completely. The last cultist closes for melee combat. Ho Chan's gun is empty — now it's bayonet against spear.

Gun Skills

Call of Cthulhu recognizes five present-day firearm skills: Handgun, Machine Gun, Rifle, Shotgun, and Submachine Gun. The following definitions are official rules.

HANDGUN: (*base chance 20%*) this skill is used with any pistol. Extremely small submachine guns (the MAC-11, Mini-UZI, etc.), more properly called machine pistols, can be used as pistols in single-shot mode. When such a weapon is fired in this manner, use the attacker's Handgun skill to determine success.

Automatic pistols are still likely to jam, though less so than in the 1920s. Clearing the jam takes 1D6 combat rounds and a successful Mechanical Repair roll. The user can keep trying till succeeding or until destroying the gun trying (which happens on a Mechanical Repair roll result of 96-00). "Destruction" means that there is no way to fix the device this side of a gunshop.

The *shots per round* column on the firearms table assumes a good-quality gun. Cheap light handguns are made in heavy calibers, such as .357 Magnums. Such guns reduce the user's shots per round below the norm, as their blast and recoil is greater than that of a well-made pistol, and pains the firer's gun hand.

MACHINE GUN: (*base chance 15%*) this skill is used for any firearm mounted on a bipod or tripod, whether single shots or bursts are fired. Many modern machine guns can be fired both as light machine guns from bipods or as medium or heavy machine guns from tripod mounts. When firing from a bipod, use the Machine Gun skill when firing bursts and the Rifle skill when firing single shots. When firing from a tripod, use the Machine Gun skill.

RIFLE: (*base chance 10%*) permits the user to fire any type of rifle, whether lever-action, bolt-action, or semi-automatic. When a military-style assault rifle is used to fire a burst, use this skill.

When a shotgun fires a rifled slug, use the attacker's Rifle skill, not his or her Shotgun skill.

The shots per round for rifles depends partly upon the weapon's caliber, but mostly on its type of action. Bolt-action rifles have a shots-per-round of 1/2 (one shot every other round). Lever action rifles have a rate of 1. Semi-automatic rifles have a rate of either 1 or 2, depending on the gun's caliber (heavy rifles receive the lower rate of fire). Fully automatic weapons, of course, can fire bursts.

SHOTGUN: (*base chance 30%*) permits the user to fire any scattergun of any gauge. A shotgun's load expands in a spreading pattern, so the user's chance to hit does not decrease with range, though the damage done decreases

since the velocity and number of pellets striking the target decreases. In addition, when firing at targets beyond 10 yards, more than one target can be hit at a time. All targets must be standing within a yard of one another. From 10 to 20 yards, up to 1D3 targets can be hit with a single attack roll. From 20 to 50 yards, up to 1D6 targets can be hit with a single attack roll. Roll damage separately for each target struck.

Many shotguns, intended for hunting, are made with a choked (tapered) bore and (usually) a long barrel. Such guns may not fire rifled slugs, but their range is twice that of normal shotguns.

Double-barreled shotguns can be sawed-off. Most pump-action and semi-automatic models cannot be. A sawed-off shotgun does full damage for its gauge up to 5 yards distance, and does minimum damage for its gauge from 5-10 yards. It is harmless beyond 10 yards. Thus a 12-gauge sawed-off shotgun does 4D6 damage up to 5 yards away, and 1D6 damage to 10 yards.

When a shotgun is used to fire a rifled slug, use the attacker's Rifle skill instead of his or her Shotgun skill. For a slug fired from a sawed-off shotgun, use the Handgun skill: the slug has half normal range.

At least one shotgun is under development with the ability to fire bursts. The firepower of such a weapon boggles the mind, and makes one's collarbone twitch severely in anticipation.

The shotguns described in the firearms table are all assumed to be pump-action models. Unlike those used in the 20s, they do not jam, even on a roll of 00. Semi-automatic shotguns do jam on an attack die roll of 00. Investigators using a double-barreled shotgun (only) can fire both barrels at once. A single attack roll is made and, if a hit is scored, the victim(s) are struck by both charges. Such a blast is probably the most devastating physical attack possible in *Call of Cthulhu*.

SUBMACHINE GUN: (*base chance 15%*) this skill is used when firing any machine pistol or submachine gun. A few submachine guns (basically the Skorpion, MAC-11, and Mini-UZI) are so small that the Handgun skill is used when firing single shots from them.

Obtaining Automatic Weapons

Investigators are likely to desire automatic weapons, if only for their rather spectacular effect when posing in the mirror. In the 1920s, tommy guns could be purchased at Sears & Roebuck, but since that time the law has moved in, and such weapons are no longer easily accessible.

Federal law permits private ownership of automatic weapons by collectors. To obtain such weapons, a strict procedure must be followed.

STEP ONE: for several years now, it has been illegal in the USA to manufacture or import any new automatic weapons for civilian use. The investigator must find a previously-registered automatic weapon whose owner wishes to sell. This is perhaps less difficult than it might be, since several gun suppliers own such registered weapons and are willing to sell or buy at any time. However, the investigator's choice is always going to be limited. The gun supplier is unlikely to have even a half-

dozen automatic weapons for sale at any one time and, of course, private owners rarely wish to sell more than a single gun.

STEP TWO: assuming the investigator has found a registered automatic weapon which is for sale, he must now send an application plus \$200 to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms to gain a collector's permit.

STEP THREE: once application has been made, the investigator must wait 6 to 8 weeks for it to be approved or disapproved. If he has ever been convicted of any felony or certain misdemeanors (violence or drug-connected violations), it is automatically disapproved. A permit can also be refused for other reasons: an investigator who has spent time in an asylum, for instance, is unlikely to receive a permit.

STEP FOUR: if the permit is approved, the investigator still may not be able to legally own an automatic weapon. He or she must now fulfill any state or city laws which apply. Generally, these are much more rigorous than federal laws. In California, for instance, regardless of federal law, private ownership of automatic weapons is not permitted. (It is possible even in California to make a special appeal to gain such permission, though the process is involved.)

STEP FIVE: if the investigator manages to fulfill all state and federal obligations, all he or she needs now is purchase the weapon — if it's still for sale after all the delay. It is illegal for the investigator to take the weapon out of his or her home except when traveling to a registered firing range. The weapon may not be loaded except within the investigator's home or at the firing range. It may be illegal to fire the weapon at home, depending on local laws. Finally, the investigator must get special government clearance each time he or she takes the weapon out of state.

- Unsurprisingly, full-auto firearms are extremely expensive. Here are some sample prices: M-16 \$1200; used Uzi SMG \$650; new Uzi SMG \$2000; Galil rifle \$700; AK-47 \$1500; MG-34 machine gun \$2400; M-60 machine gun \$2300 to \$4000; Browning L-30 machine gun \$2200; Sten SMG \$150 to \$8000 (depending on quality); Ingram MAC-11 \$400.

Concealed Weapons; Silencers

CONCEALED WEAPONS: legally carrying a concealed weapon is deceptively easy. An investigator must demonstrate a valid reason for needing a concealed weapon and obtain a permit from his or her city police department. This permit is good in other cities, but it must be obtained from the city in which the investigator resides.

Customarily, the police do not issue concealed-weapon permits to anyone whom they do not know. Certainly no felon or suspected felon could obtain such a permit. Each police department has its own practices beyond this, and the actual proportion of permits issued varies enormously from city to city. San Francisco and Oakland are only seven miles apart, and Oakland has half the population of San Francisco. However, San Francisco has issued less

than half a dozen concealed weapons permits, while Oakland has issued several hundred.

As a practical matter, a concealed weapon can be used for little that an unconcealed weapon (worn on the hip, say) could not do just as well.

SILENCERS: silencers are illegal. All silencers must be obtained from the underground market or made at home. Interestingly, do-it-yourself silencer kits can be purchased and these, for arcane constitutional reasons, are legal in many U.S. areas, though making and using silencers with them is not.

Silencers are long, thick tubes attachable to the muzzles of firearms. They are used solely to muffle the sounds of gunshots. These devices work by using a series of baffles both to slow down the bullet and to muffle the noise made by its firing. As a silencer is used, these baffles are weakened and then ruined, and the gun gradually becomes louder and louder. After a hundred shots or so (less, if using powerful cartridges like the 9mm parabellum or .45 ACP) the silencer is worthless. It must be unscrewed and replaced.

Silencers halve a gun's range. A silenced .38 automatic, for instance, has a basic range of 7.5 yards.

Not all guns can take a silencer. Most revolvers and automatic weapons, for instance, cannot. Normally, a gun's barrel must be specially prepared, though a few guns (notably the Ingram MAC-11) come with barrels specially threaded for this purpose. Silencers only work on comparatively low-powered bullets. A silenced M-16 rifle, for instance, is not only ludicrous but impossible. Many modern submachine guns have specially-made silenced versions for covert operations. Some even fire specially-made bullets for silenced work.

Silencers cannot be used in conjunction with holsters. Up to ten inches long, silencers are normally carried separately and then screwed on to the gun before firing.

Normal price for a silencer on the underground market, assuming one can be found at all, is about \$200. A do-it-yourself kit costs about \$100, but both successful Mechanical Repair and Handgun skill rolls are needed to make and fit the device correctly.

Silencers cannot be fitted to shotguns. However, a special silent shotgun round, called the Teleshot, is manufactured, and persistent investigators might be able to get hold of some. They are not illegal to own or fire, are made for 12-gauge shotguns only, have a 10-yard range, and do only 1D8 damage.

Breaking The Law

Player-investigators may wish to obtain illegal firearms. If they attempt this, the keeper is perfectly within his rights to give them grief.

Until 1980-1981, a moderate sale of illegal weapons operated within the United States. Then a major crackdown came: the little pipelines funneling weapons out of military bases were closed and the dealers and buyers themselves were imprisoned *en masse*. Today, despite depictions in television and film, it is practically impossible to purchase illegal automatic weapons within the United States.

This rule, sadly, does not apply to foreign states, especially in the Third World. The Philippines police, for instance, estimate that over 500,000 illegal firearms are floating around their country. But purchase of such firearms may be complicated: remember, the investigators are trying to hand over huge amounts of cash to criminals possessing automatic weapons. What could be likelier to lead to disaster? And, of course, smuggling automatic weapons into the United States will not be easy.

An alternate means of obtaining an automatic weapon is to buy a semi-automatic version of some military firearm and convert it, though many civilian models are altered slightly from the military guns to make them difficult to illegally convert to full-auto. The civilian version of the Uzi submachine gun, for instance, fires from a closed bolt rather than an open bolt, making the weapon seriously overheat when illegally converted to fire full-auto. Special conversion kits for transforming a semi-automatic firearm into an automatic one are available for purchase, through the same kind of legal loophole permitting the sale of silencer kits. These kits are specific as to gun type and cost about \$75. If you own, say, a semi-automatic Thompson submachine gun, you'll need to find a Thompson submachine gun conversion kit.

To convert a semi-automatic weapon to full auto, the user must succeed at both a Mechanical Repair and a Rifle skill roll. If you are using a special conversion kit, your chances for success at either skill roll are doubled. Failure at either roll ruins the gun (and the kit, if you used one), though the weapon itself might be repaired by a professional gunsmith.

It is extremely dangerous to use or keep an illegal automatic weapon in the USA. Depending on the route the investigators used to obtain their weapons, they may have one or more of the following agencies on their trail: the CIA, the FBI, Treasury agents, the police, military intelligence, and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms. This sobering prospect is darkened by a standard police procedure: when automatic weapons are suspected, the forces of law don't mess around — the police will call the SWAT team, the FBI will probably have a sniper handy, etc.

Using an automatic weapon in a foreign nation can be even more dangerous, depending on the nation. Police and militia in nations troubled with insurgency, for instance, are quite likely to shoot first, without asking any questions at all. Since such nations are generally also the easiest places for the investigators to obtain illegal arms, they can get into big trouble fast.

These guidelines should not be applied rigorously to cultists or terrorists. Such groups live, work, and function outside the law. They lack the cultural and personal ties of normal investigators, and forge or do not own such every-day documents as driver's licenses and credit cards. Their confused background trails render them much more difficult to trace, even by modern data-processing techniques.

New Combat Rules

AIMED SHOTS: this rule is only useful in combination

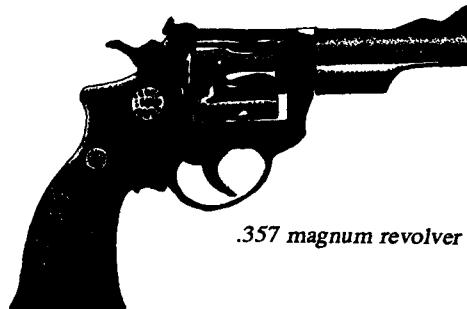
with the optional hit location rules. An investigator may reasonably want to shoot a foe in a specific location — wishing to wing a fleeing cultist in the leg to keep him alive for questioning, for instance. Or he may want to hit the threatening Deep One in the head before it finishes the sacrifice.

An aimed shot can be made with either a melee or a missile weapon. To take such a shot, the user makes only one attack in the round, no matter to how many shots his weapon normally entitles him. The investigator then fires at half his or her DEX, representing the extra time needed for steady aiming. Roll the attack normally. If the die roll was less than half the user's normal chance to hit, then it struck the target in the chosen area. If the roll was greater than half the attacker's skill, but still equal to or less than his or her normal skill level, the target is hit in a random location. This random roll may result in the bullet hitting where originally aimed, so the investigator's chance for a successful aimed hit is a bit better than it first seems. A result higher than skill level is a miss, of course.

BIG TARGETS: in general, big things are easier to hit than little things. For every 10 SIZ points or fraction thereof that a monster is larger than SIZ 20, add 5 percentiles to an attacker's base chance to hit. Let's face it: Cthulhu is so enormous, it's hard to imagine being able to miss him (barring insanity on the part of the firer). This rule only applies to firearms.

EXAMPLE: Harvey Walters Jr. levels his pistol at a gug. He has the base skill of 20% with his pistol, and the gug is SIZ 62. This is 42 points higher than SIZ 20, so Harvey Jr. can add 25 percentiles to his basic chance to hit, making his base chance 45%. However, the gug is standing 30 yards away, and Junior's pistol only has a 20 yard range, so his chances are halved (for long range) to 23%. If the gug had been at point-blank range instead, Junior's chance would have been doubled to 90%, making him almost certain to hit. Injuring the creature is another matter.

UNAIMED SHOTS: the shots per round given for different weapons in *Call of Cthulhu* assume that the firer has some desire to hit his target and thus takes time to aim. If a character simply wants to blaze away, he can get off 4 shots per round from any pistol or semi-automatic rifle or 3 shots per round from any lever-action or pump-action gun or 1 shot per round from any bolt-action weapon. However, the firer's chance to hit with any of these shots is reduced to 20% or less of his normal skill, as modified by range. Any hit is considered to be an ordinary hit unless the die roll was 01-05, in which case it is considered to be an impale. ■



.357 magnum revolver

Forensic Pathology

*Medicine and the law
in the 'three ages' of Call of Cthulhu:
what's possible to investigate.*

FORENSIC PATHOLOGY, ALSO KNOWN as medical jurisprudence, is the study of medicine as applied to matters of law. It was first practiced by the Greeks who, in 500 BC, established that only physicians, not laymen, could give testimony regarding the cause of a death. Medical expertise has been applied to legal issues ever since, but it was not until the 19th century that medical and technical advances made forensic pathology indispensable to the field of criminal investigation, particularly in cases of violent death.

The First Period: 1890-1900

Jack the Ripper and Sherlock Holmes, between them, inflamed the imagination of the western world. With equal enthusiasm, readers devoured accounts of real-life crime (especially murder) and detective fiction. Readers were particularly eager to know what tricks of detective skill or medical science the police employed to trap a dastardly culprit. Ordinary doctors, gunshop owners, and insect collectors became overnight celebrities because police asked for their advice to help solve cases. The same could happen to *Call of Cthulhu* investigators, should they become involved in a normal murder investigation.

The study of medical jurisprudence was well-established in 1890. Formally appointed forensic pathologists did not exist, but there were a few doctors well-versed in anatomy who had made "morbid pathology" their business. A good doctor of the time could usually distinguish between death by natural causes, by accident, by suicide, or by murder. Often particular points of a death could be determined weeks or even months after it had occurred. Investigators may not care about the particulars, but the keeper (in the guise of the courts of the day) certainly should. If, for example, a victim died quickly of stab wounds, the defendant could claim that he had stabbed in self-defense, without meaning to kill. But if a discerning doctor could prove that the victim had been left to bleed to death, a verdict of deliberate murder was likely.

If the body was fresh (a day old at most), the time of death often could be determined within an hour or two. If the body was older (a week, say), the time of death could be figured only to within a day. Other clues might be found on the body. It might bear the impression of the killer's hand, as in the case of a strangling; this would give the pathologist a good idea of the killer's size. It might also be possible to tell if the killer were right- or left-handed. If a knife or other weapon was used, the pathologist could describe it with a fair degree of accuracy by studying the wounds. Samples of the murderer's hair, blood, skin, or clothing might be found on the victim's body, perhaps lodged under the fingernails or clenched between the teeth. Finally, the body (or its clothing) might bear marks, such as abrasions from dragging, which indicated the killer's actions (and therefore his intent) after the murder.

In fact, by 1890, the science of forensic pathology had advanced about as far as the unaided eye would allow. Further progress would have to be made in microscopy, immunology, and spectroscopy. Still, most police departments had no pathologists on their staffs, and had to call in practicing physicians for advice.

Few coroners had any medical training, and those who did were trained in clinical pathology (the treatment of living persons) rather than morbid pathology. Their determinations in cases of homicide were triumphs of ingenuity rather than science. Coroners frequently called in physicians for second opinions, and relied on the advice of specialists in toxicology, entomology, or similar arcane studies.

In this period, player-investigators might enter directly into a murder case if they possess high skills in Botany, Zoology, Chemistry, Treat Poison (which also helps identify poisons), or Diagnose Disease. Spiritualists, phrenologists, or other quacks might also figure prominently: a regular circus for an imaginative keeper.

The established Victorian method of criminal record-keeping, the anthropometry system, was introduced by Alphonse Bertillon in 1882. This system included a

detailed written or verbal description of the criminal: his or her general appearance, notable mannerisms, scars and other distinguishing features, and so on. Then painstaking measurements were made of those body parts thought to be fixed in adulthood: the length of certain fingers, dimensions of the jaw, diameter of the head, and so on. Finally, if possible, the criminal was photographed in front of a grid or other measuring scale, to confirm the written measurements.

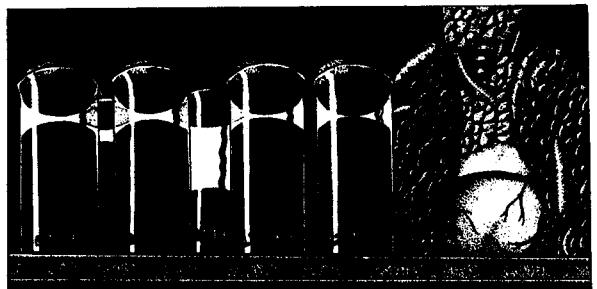
Sadly, this three-fold system was proving unwieldy in 1891. Because of the number of variable measurements and descriptive terms, as many as 30 separate files, completely cross-indexed, needed to be maintained in order for the system to be effective. Few police departments were equal to the task. Matching the criminal with his file was equally difficult, since it required that there be a witness to the crime, and that the witness describe the criminal with scientific accuracy. Not many victims could tell one, for instance, the diameters of their assailants' heads. By 1895, police departments were looking for a better system. The scaled photographs proved to be useful, however, and are still effective today.

Police were photographing the scene of the crime, especially in the United States. The poor quality of some of these photographs suggests that the officers were more enthusiastic than skilled, particularly in their use of flash powder. But high art was not required; even a bad photograph would end debate on important points, such as the location of the weapon in relation to the body. Larger police departments soon learned that it paid to have an expert staff photographer. Smaller departments could at least train officers in the essentials of good photography. If circumstances allowed, a professional photographer might be called in: an avenue for player-investigators with high Photography skills to become involved in a case.

Fingerprinting was not much used in the 1890s, though Juan Vetusich introduced the first fingerprint registry in 1891. Under his system, fingerprints were divided into four classes: internal loops, external loops, whorls, and arches. Unusual features were noted case by case. Again, the problem lay in filing, and later finding, the prints. In order to identify a criminal, it was necessary to compare a set of fingerprints left at the scene of the crime with every set of prints filed under the same class. This might be done by superimposing slides from two magic lanterns, but more often it was done by hundreds of men with magnifying glasses.

Usually it was not done at all, except as a last resort. It was easier to round up all the suspects and take their prints as needed. "All the suspects" had a broad meaning. In a murder case, for example, a round-up might include pickpockets, prostitutes, mental patients, and hobos, plus anyone previously arrested for carrying illegal firearms, disturbing the peace, or just acting suspicious (keepers take note). As often as not, such roundups failed to produce matching prints. But, if a match was made, a conviction was not far off. By the middle of the decade, every major police department included fingerprints as part of a criminal's file.

Blood typing was unknown in the 1890s. Pathologists had access to the benzidine test, which could be applied to suspicious-looking stains; a positive reaction (denoted



average human blood volume
is 5.5 liters

by a blue-green color) indicated that the stain was blood. A few substances other than blood also gave a positive reaction, but these were rare enough to be discounted in most investigations. The test required only a minute amount of blood; even dried blood would do, if it was not old or contaminated. By 1895, the test had been refined in sensitivity and gave fewer false results; it was even used successfully on laundered bloodstains. The benzidine test was easy to perform. Any investigator with a Chemistry skill of 25% or higher could do it.

If a larger amount of blood was present, it could be collected and subjected to the precipitin test. This procedure, which grew out of immunology research in the 1880s, involved injecting a rabbit or other small animal with human blood and blood extracts over a period of time. The animal then developed a reaction against human blood. The suspect stain was then added to an extract of the rabbit's blood. If the stain was human blood, a grayish precipitation barrier would form between the two substances within about twenty minutes. The precipitin test was more precise, but also more limited. It required more blood than the benzidine test and the blood, while it could be dry, had to be very fresh. Forty-eight hours was about the outside limit; older blood could not be tested reliably. Moreover, the blood of certain apes gave the same positive reaction as human blood. Apes figured into few murder cases, however, and the precipitin test was considered strong evidence in court.

Player-investigators won't be able to often administer the precipitin test, not because the test is difficult, but because sterile equipment and previously-injected rabbits are needed.

Ballistics was a limited study in the 1890s. An expert could identify the caliber of a gun by its bullet, and might be able to name the manufacturer. From the location of the entry wounds and the presence or absence of powder burns, he could often tell the relative positions of killer and victim. Usually an ordinary doctor needed to make such determinations, however, because ballistics experts were even rarer than forensic pathologists.

Human hair helped to obtain a few convictions, but was of limited use in investigations. Even the best doctor could only say that one strand of hair was very similar to another, of the same color and length. In court, hair was considered strong, but circumstantial evidence. One advantage of hair is that it clings tenaciously to natural cloths such as wool and cotton and often survives conventional laundering.

Dental records were unorganized, if they existed at all. Laundry marks were much more useful in identifying a victim, and sometimes the murderer.

The Second Period: 1920-1930

The forensic pathologist of the 1920s had much in common with his predecessor of the 1890s. He still worked long hours at a gruesome and difficult job. He was still underpaid. But he had better tools to work with. The microscope had been greatly improved to show more detail more clearly. The spectroscope, strictly experimental in the 1890s, was now able to identify brands of gunpowder or unusual chemicals. The chemicals used in forensic testing were more refined and less prone to error-making contamination. When in doubt, the pathologist now had educated peers from whom to ask advice. The pathologist no longer practiced a science of his own devising: he had colleagues and probably students as well.

Respected freelance pathologists existed, a good occupation for an investigator-doctor.

Police were better-trained as well. It was more difficult to become a police officer, and much more difficult to become a detective. A metropolitan detective usually had to take additional training in skills such as psychology, interrogation, dictation, photography, and first aid. Police were also better-armed, for many countries, including Great Britain and the United States, suffered a wave of violent crime following World War I, behavior normal to any society following a major war.

In the U.S., this crime wave was aggravated by the organized crime resulting from Prohibition. Criminals began to use guns and automobiles, and police were forced to do the same. Most police cars and weapons were powerful military surplus models, unsurprisingly since so many soldiers went on to become police officers. The phrase "Stop, in the name of the Law!" became "Stop, or I'll shoot!"

In 1901, Edward Henry was made Assistant Commissioner of Scotland Yard's Criminal Investigation Department. He wasted no time in introducing a fingerprint registry system which he had developed in India while serving as Inspector General of Police. His system was similar to Vetschich's, but differed in one vital respect: under Henry's system, each fingerprint was described numerically. That is, each of the four kinds of fingerprint was assigned a number. Another number indicated how many ridges the print had, yet another indicated their spacing, still another the type and location of scars or other notable features, and so on. In the end, each print was described by a long formula, and could be filed numerically. If a fingerprint was found at the scene of a crime, its formula could be quickly worked out and it would then be compared with known prints having the same or very similar numbers. This might be as few as ten or fifteen print sets out of a file of thousands.

In its first year, Edward Henry's fingerprint registry identified 1,700 criminals, thrice as many as the Bertillon system in use the previous year. By 1920, Henry's system was used all over the world. The Bertillon system was discarded; only the useful scaled photographs survived. Police took prints of every person who was arrested, even on the most trivial offense, in case the prints showed up later. Investigators who are arrested (not necessarily convicted) for any reason had best beware: the police just

might take fingerprints from all those pickaxes and shotguns found in the old cemetery.

Also in 1901, Karl Landsteiner discovered the four basic blood types: A, B, AB, and O. Landsteiner's research was intended to prevent violent reactions to blood transfusions, but it did not take pathologists long to apply his findings to the field of criminal investigation. Like the precipitin test, blood-typing tests relied on one type of blood reacting against another. Type A blood reacted against type B blood by forming a clot, and vice versa. AB blood reacted against no other type, but all other types reacted against it. Type O reacted against any other type, but was never reacted against. A given bloodstain had to be tested twice (for both blood types A and B) and the tests might have to be repeated two or three times to confirm the results, so a lot of blood was required. Only the four blood types were known in the 1920s; the Rh factor was unknown until 1940.

Photography was proving even more useful in police work. Detectives were better-trained in the use of a camera, and the camera itself was lighter, sturdier, and more reliable. In the darkroom, photographers experimented with developing techniques to extract more information from a photograph. They might increase contrast to distinguish between vague details, such as wrinkles and bloodstains on a pillow, for instance, or they might enlarge part of a photograph to reveal details of a man's face.

Photography using X-Rays (radiology) and ultraviolet light (fluoroscopy) usefully supplemented visible-light photography: visibly similar substances often reflected radiation of different wavelengths differently. For instance, detectives might be faced with two seemingly-identical documents, one genuine, the other a modern forgery. One paper might glow brightly under ultraviolet light while the other did not. Metals in modern inks blocked X-rays; natural inks would not. In addition, X-rays could be used to inspect suspicious packages or fragile corpses. Ultraviolet light could reveal the presence of dried stains, including blood, semen, or urine. Even thoroughly laundered blood, undetectable by any other means, could be spotted under ultraviolet light.

Some police departments employed stereoptic (3-D) cameras, which had been used during World War I to pinpoint factories and other installations. They were of some use in forensic analysis. Triangulating the double camera images ended any dispute about size, distance, or location. Unfortunately, 3-D photography has always had a spotty history, and the technique was never widely used.

The study of ballistics had come into its own. An expert in the field could identify a particular kind of gun through marks left on the cartridge by loading mechanisms and retracting claws. If the gun was later found, a cartridge could be run through it and conclusive similarities between the two cartridges could be demonstrated to the court. Powder burns, left when a weapon was fired a few inches from a victim, could be distinguished from powder residue, which occurs at ranges of up to five feet. Sometimes it was possible to

analyze the powder and determine the manufacturer. Rifling marks on the bullets were not considered individualistic. Only some abnormality in the barrel of a gun produced distinctive marks.

Human hair was still a dubious clue. In a few cases hair similar to the victim's was found on the suspect, and hair similar to the suspect's on the victim. This was considered extremely convincing evidence. Pubic hair was particularly damning.

Dental records had been used to confirm the identity of some victims, but no one had been identified on the basis of dental records alone. Dentition had never been used to identify a murderer. Styles of laundry marks and laundry mark codes were still handy in identifying John/Jane Doe victims. Since some customers disliked having numbers stamped all over their clothes, some laundries began using invisible ink, which could be revealed under an ultraviolet light.

Handwriting was being studied extensively in the 1920s. An expert could determine whether two documents had been written by the same person, even if the handwriting were disguised. He might be able to determine a writer's education and psychological constitution.

Police departments throughout the world recognized the effectiveness of undercover agents and informants, techniques pioneered by Scotland Yard in the late 1890s. Investigators with high skills in Disguise, Pick Pockets, or an appropriate foreign language might be approached by police detectives for help on a case. This is a good way for investigators to get minor criminal offenses off the books, a typical informer ploy.

Public appeals for help always enjoyed some success, especially if a reward was offered. Motion-picture theaters made this technique even more effective. Along with previews and news clips, movie-goers might be treated to a picture of a murder victim, along with an appeal for clues to his or her identity. Keepers may find this a foolproof way to get sluggish player-investigators into a case.

The Modern Era

Criminal investigation is now a science practiced by specialists. Old-style jack-of-all-trades detectives are now found primarily in small communities. Large police departments distinguish between enforcement and investigation.

Enforcement officers start with basic training in driving automobiles, using handguns, and fighting hand-to-hand. Some may learn specialized, even paramilitary, skills such as crowd-control, sharpshooting, or bomb deactivation. Special equipment for enforcement officers may include electric stun guns, laser-sighted rifles, tear gas, or portable X-ray machines, depending on the police department's wealth.

Detectives start with the same basic training, but go on to learn how to interrogate suspects, how to gain informants, how to disguise themselves for undercover work, or how to collect evidence for the pathologist.

Detectives might use lie detectors, microwave snoopers, infrared cameras, and so forth. But most of the hundreds of devices available to modern detective work are useful in investigating continuing crimes such as drug trafficking, not for most murder cases.

In addition to law enforcement and investigation, large police departments contain an administrative branch which takes care of legal matters and paperwork, and a technical support branch handling fingerprints, ballistics, and other lab work.

The modern forensic pathologist is a specialist, not a general practitioner. A large city might have several medical experts performing forensic analysis and nothing else. Often these experts are attached to the Coroner's Office. Specialists also exist in forensic toxicology, forensic chemistry, forensic dentistry, and forensic serology. These latter may be freelance consultants, perhaps even player-investigators. In addition, police occasionally consult with practitioners in related fields, such as psychology or radiology.

More thoroughly educated, forensic pathologists have advanced technology at their disposal and use it routinely, so fewer clues escape them. Poison is a good example. The 1920s boasted many fine chemists and toxicologists, who could detect poison in any corpse if they looked for it. But they looked only if the death was attended by suspicious circumstances. Now, all post-mortem examinations include a thorough chemical testing of the blood and sometimes the organs, so poison may be found even if none was suspected. Hospitals also do extensive blood testing, if the victim survives long enough to get to one.

Rural police do not have vast laboratories or forensic specialists, but need not go without such aids. Local universities and hospitals contain excellent laboratories, and it is comparatively simple to pack evidence, including entire corpses, in dry ice and ship it off for analysis. This presents yet another route for player-investigators to hear about a case, since they tend to hang around university libraries. If no ambulance service is available, they might even be hired to transport the evidence!

Most countries have a national crime-fighting organization which maintains laboratories to assist local forces. The enormous FBI Crime Laboratory is one example. Pathologists from these agencies travel to the scene of the crime with as much equipment as can be managed. These national agencies also keep huge fingerprint files, organized along the lines of Edward Henry's system, but with long descriptive formulae. Computers do the sorting, so search time has not grown substantially, even though now millions of prints are involved.

National fingerprint files were devised to keep track of federal offenders: murderers, kidnappers, and traitors. But most agencies happily file any print that comes along. National files typically include the prints of criminals, statesmen, military personnel, and persons with high-security jobs. Concerned parents often submit their children's fingerprints. Airline disasters have prompted many frequent flyers to send in their own prints. This body of reference makes fingerprints more useful than ever in criminal investigation.

Hundreds of murder victims as well as their murderers have been identified by their fingerprints. It is easy in the case of the victim, since the pathologist doesn't have to search for prints — they're right there on the body. Pathologists can sometimes reconstruct fingerprints damaged by fire or decay.

It is sometimes possible to get a murderer's prints, even if they are months old. This requires that the prints be undisturbed and protected from the elements. One method for lifting old prints is to apply many thin layers of a very fine adhesive powder to the print. The powder sticks to the oil in the fingerprint, and it is slowly built up. Then the print is dusted with a layer of fluorescent powder and photographed under ultraviolet light. Under perfect conditions, police have succeeded in finding prints almost ten years old. Note that a print this old cannot be lifted; it must be photographed where it stands. Advances in photography have made the science indispensable to the criminal investigator. High-resolution films can be blown up to poster size with little loss of detail.

High-speed films now need very little light for exposure, and take clear images of fast-moving objects in good light. Error-proof film, usable by untrained officers, develop itself instantly. Cameras can be fitted with infrared devices, motor attachments, microscopes, or telephoto lenses.

Larger police departments have a professional photographer on the staff. He is drilled in police procedures and requirements. Smaller departments at least train their officers to use conventional camera equipment. Player-investigators wishing to get a photograph of the body must pose as (or be) journalists. In addition to visible-light photography, a forensic pathologist can examine a corpse or other evidence using infrared light, ultraviolet light, ultrasonics, neutron radiography, and X-ray. In this way, he can get a complete picture of the victim's anatomy before cutting him open. This is helpful in preserving evidence, especially if fire or decay render the body fragile.

Karl Landsteiner's work on blood typing has been advanced, by himself and others, throughout the century. Six blood types were known in the 1930s. The discovery of the Rh factor in 1940 extended this to twelve. Dozens of blood factors were discovered in following decades. Those most useful to pathologists are the Lewis Secretions (three types), the MN/Ss factors (nine types), and the P factor (two types). It was found that not one, but 38 Rh-Hr factors exist; twenty-eight of these can be tested using simple agglutination (clotting) reactions.

In fact, there are literally millions of possible blood types, though most of the factors involved are genetic or involve hormonal reactions, too subtle and delicate to be helpful in murder investigations. Even the several hundred blood types which can be tested by simple agglutination reactions are of use only to the clinical pathologist. This is because in the hospital, the doctor has the option of taking two or three blood samples a day — for a month if need be, and under perfectly sterile conditions. The forensic pathologist is forced caused to rely on the four main blood groups most of the time. Very old blood (a

week, say) cannot be typed at all, but a spectroscope can be used to determine whether it is human, and detect drugs or other chemicals.

Of great importance has been the discovery that about 75% of all humans are *secretors*, which means that chemicals indicative of their blood type occur in their urine, semen, vaginal secretions, perspiration, and saliva. Thus, if the murderer is a secretor, his blood type can be determined by examining a sweaty handkerchief. Chemical analysis, however, always requires a substantial amount of blood to work with; that is, one needs enough of a given chemical to cause a discernable reaction. For very small amounts of blood, the microscope is the most useful tool. A microscope cannot determine the blood type, but it can detect the presence of certain diseases (such as sickle-cell anemia or malaria), a few drugs, and distinctive chemical irregularities.

If the pathologist knows what to look for, he can examine blood or tissue with an electron microscope. This device uses a beam of electrons capable of resolving images at the molecular level. Trace metals, industrial toxins, disease bacteria, even viruses can be photographed in this manner. Note that investigators rarely get to even see an electron microscope, let alone use one. An electron microscope weighs several tons, and has a permanent staff of technicians. Researchers sign up to use them in the same way astronomers sign up for time at a major telescope.

Ballistics became a refined science with the invention of the comparator microscope late in the 1930s. This device reflected the image of two bullets onto one viewing lens, where they could be scaled and photographed. As early as 1941, rifling marks were found to be as individual as fingerprints. By 1980, a chemical analysis of powder residue within a cartridge could determine not only the manufacturer, but sometimes even the lot number of a particular bullet. Moreover, powder residue tests have been refined so that traces can be tested for on the suspect's skin even a week after the gun was fired. This test is far from foolproof; many industrial chemicals give the same positive result as gunpowder residue, and many others cause false negative results. But residue testing is still good, if circumstantial evidence.

A ballistics expert can also detect limited-edition or special-issue weapons by cartridge markings. He can easily distinguish between different types of guns. Criminals have responded to these developments by disposing of their weapons after use, or using homemade zip guns in the mistaken belief that they don't leave traceable marks. (They don't leave rifling marks, but do leave distinct gouges in the bullet.) A favorite strategy among amateur criminals is to use the most exotic weaponry available, feeling that the ballistics people will never be able to figure it out. This rarely works, because the large national crime labs have files on almost every weapon in existence.

Human hair is still used as evidence. It is still not considered indisputable, since hair does not possess the individuality of fingerprints (as far as we know). But the forensic chemist can often match the brands of shampoo, coloring, and so on with those used by the suspect.

Another promising use for hair has come about as a result of the recent drug-testing controversy. Most drug tests involve analyzing the suspect's blood or urine for a given drug. But most drugs only stay in one's system for a few days, a week at most.

The new hair testing involves sampling the suspect's hair and cutting the hairs into short sections. Each section is tested individually. Nearly everything you ingest eventually finds its way, in tiny quantities, into your hair. More importantly, it stays there, making a sort of historical record, as it were, of your intake for the last few months. Each section of hair, like the rings of a tree, indicates a period of time during which a drug was used. It is even possible, by repeating the tests, to determine whether drug use was light, medium, or heavy. It has sometimes been possible to determine, for example, that a suspect started using cocaine occasionally, then frequently, and has been a serious addict for the past six months. So far, hair-testing has only been used by drug-enforcement agencies, and its use is still controversial. Perhaps someday it will be commonly used to detect slow-acting poisons in a victim's hair. We know that arsenic, for instance, turns up in a victim's hair and remains there for years after death.

Dental records have served to confirm the identity of thousands of murder or accident victims. Bite marks have been used to identify criminals; many criminals have dental records because of work done when in prison or at a mental institution. Dental records are not perfect: we have no method in place to describe similar or identical teeth, and many cases of mistaken identity have resulted from over-reliance on dental records. Dental records aside, the teeth themselves can be valuable clues. Their condition reveals a lot about the victim's diet; this gives a good estimate of his former economic condition and may provide a clue as to where he once lived. The nature and quality of dental work, or the lack thereof, provide similar information. Because dental techniques are changing rapidly, in the case of very old skeletons dental work can be used to determine the earliest or latest possible times of death. "Very old" in this sense means decades, however, not centuries.

The most important new tool in the study of criminal medicine is the computer. Computers do more than speed up the search for, say, fingerprints; with millions of prints on file, and a lengthy descriptive formula for each one, they make the search possible. Computers are also being used as an investigative tool. For example, a computer can be linked to a pair of oscilloscopes to graphically compare two voices, as in a kidnaping case.

Two old techniques, the police sketch and the composite photograph, may be replaced by the computer. Both techniques are used to obtain a likeness of the suspect from a witness' description. Both have been only moderately successful. The problem with composite photographs is that the witness must try to construct a unique face from among a limited catalog of features, mixing this nose with that mouth, and so on. Sketches allow more variety, but the end result is still a sketch, and many persons have trouble making the mental transition between a sketch and a real-life image or photograph.

Using the computer photo-imaging system, a detective builds the witness' description into a computer graphic image which, like a sketch, can be sculpted at will. Photographic samples of skin, hair, scars, shadows, etc. are then used to "paint in" the image. The final result is quite similar to an actual photograph. Moreover, if the witness is able to give a good profile view as well as a frontal view, the two can be used to generate a three-quarter view of the suspect's face.

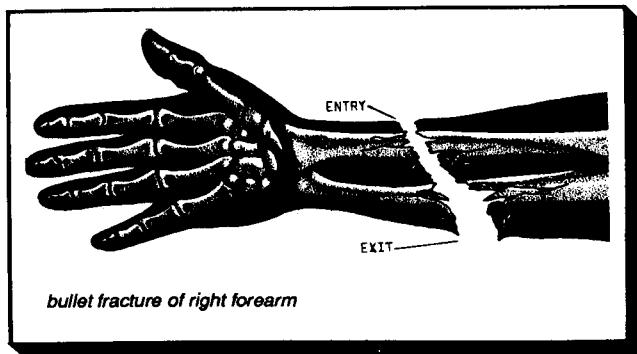
Programmers continue to try to design photographic images which can be tilted and rotated at will.

Similarly, police programmers use computers to update old photographs. A photograph of a known criminal can be fed into the computer, and the programmer adds numerical descriptions of the criminal's age at the time of the photo, the time elapsed since, and some rough guesses about hair growth. The computer then "ages" the photograph. This experimental technique has met with some success. The reader may have seen such computer-generated photographs hanging in the Post Office and not known it.

Someday computers may make it easier for police to reconstruct damaged or decayed faces from the skull, and do so in three dimensions. The technique of bone reconstruction has been around for about a decade. The basic idea is that every person's skull is covered with dozens of distinctive pits, knobs, and channels. These are the places where the muscles of the face connect, or along which they lie; the size and shape of these irregularities is directly related to the size and shape of the muscles which used to cover the face. A person sufficiently skilled in sculpture and forensic anatomy can sculpt a reasonable likeness from clay and latex. Unfortunately, few people are skilled in both sculpture and forensic anatomy. Computers may someday help by scanning the skull and reconstructing the face.

With or without computers, bone reconstruction works surprisingly well, when the case justifies the time and effort it requires. At least one murder conviction has already been obtained in which the only hard evidence was part of a skull.

Despite all this, crimes are still solved as they were in the 1890s. Even the finest forensic methods and computers cannot solve a crime, only answer a detective's questions and provide him with confirming or exonerating evidence. The questions are still asked by a man, and the solution of a difficult crime is still up to the man, not a machine. It may always be so.



About The Coroner

The office of Coroner is an English invention, first mentioned in the Articles of Eyre (1194 AD), but probably instituted earlier. The coroner investigated deaths, particularly violent deaths, on behalf of the Crown. It was his duty to determine if foul play was involved and to attend to the distribution of the dead man's estate. This was to ensure that local sheriffs were not murdering the king's loyal subjects and grabbing their lands.

As it happened, this useful office survived the feudal system which created it. The Coroner's Act (1887) redefined the British coroner's duties to suit modern needs, and is the model for the office in the United States.

In theory, it is the coroner's responsibility to assure the propriety of any death occurring in his county or district. In practice, the coroner only holds inquests in cases of sudden or suspicious death. This includes such common occurrences as traffic accidents, fires, etc. In these cases, the coroner's report serves chiefly to determine liability. The coroner also investigates any deaths in which there is suspicion of suicide or murder. If a physician, for any reason, refuses to issue a death certificate, the coroner holds an inquest. The death of any unknown person, or any death occurring in a prison, earns the attention of the coroner. An inquest resembles a trial in some respects.

A jury of twelve laymen (possibly player-investigators) is drawn up; the coroner acts in the capacity of a judge, except that he is allowed to instruct the jury in matters both of fact and of law. The inquest is to be conducted *super visum corporis*, upon view of the body. Originally, this was taken to mean that the entire jury had to witness the autopsy. To laymen without medical training, watching a post-mortem examination was unpleasant and uninstructive, and some jurors flatly refused to do it. In recognition of this, England's Coroner's Amendment Act (1926) reinterpreted the law to mean that that only the coroner himself needed to attend the autopsy; the jury needs only to view the results, not the actual corpse.

Evidence is given under oath, and some court rules (like perjury laws) apply, but proceedings tend to be informal, since the civil rights of a suspect are rarely involved. In fact, an inquest does not normally concern itself with suspects at all. The purpose of an inquest is only to determine when, how, and by what means the deceased met his death, whether by natural causes, disease, accident, suicide or murder. The coroner has the right to indict a suspect, but rarely does. If police arrest a suspect, the coroner usually adjourns the inquest till a court hearing is held. The autopsy is still performed as soon as possible.

The Coroner's Amendment Act required that a coroner be a barrister, solicitor, or physician. The same is generally true in the United States. Though barbers, dog catchers, and carpenters serve as coroners, most are doctors or lawyers. Other specific duties of the coroner vary by district. In harbor towns, for example, the coroner may determine liability and distribution of goods in the event of shipwreck. The London Fire Act (1888) provides

that London coroners make similar determinations in cases of death by fire. In most of the United States, the coroner takes over as Chief of Police if that officer is unable to perform his functions. In no event, however, can the coroner be affiliated with the prosecution or district attorney's office. In all the states, the coroner can order an autopsy at will, and can instruct the sheriff to exhume a corpse.

The institution of the Coroner's Office is found only in English-speaking countries, and not in all of them. In Scotland, the office exists under the title of Procurator Fiscal. In Germany, the coroner's duties are split, with a legal administrator handling matters of law and a doctor attending matters of medical fact. In France, a jury of twelve medical and legal experts is drawn up each year. In effect, this amounts to a panel of twelve coroners, operating under its own direction.

In the United States, there have always been problems with the Office of the Coroner, including charges of corruption, apathy, incompetence, and ignorance of the law. The largest problem has been that coroners are often not medical men — they simply consult medical experts if they feel the situation warrants it. Of course, this means that the coroner sometimes misses evidence suspicious to a qualified pathologist.

In some states, the Office of the Coroner has been abolished in favor of an Office of the Chief Medical Examiner. This office is just what it sounds like, a strictly medical office responsible for investigating causes of death. Elsewhere, the Coroner's Office exists in a variety of forms; some states have the equivalent of a Chief Medical Examiner, but he is still called a coroner. In some states a coroner must be a qualified physician and demonstrate a working knowledge of the law. In other states, an applicant must merely state that he is not a convicted felon. Finally, some counties elect their coroners, and others appoint them.

Keepers have pretty free hands in generating non-player coroners. When in doubt, lean towards the medical, since this seems to be the trend.

Keepers should not confuse the coroner with the forensic pathologist. The two are sometimes the same but, in general, the coroner is an officer of the law who is familiar with medicine, while the forensic pathologist is a doctor who specializes in matters of law.

A Few Points Of Fact

An adult human of 150-160 pounds contains nearly six quarts (about five liters) of blood. Dead bodies do not bleed; they drain. As soon as heart action stops, blood begins to pool in the lower parts of the body. It begins to clot within an hour or two, and discolors the skin. (This is how forensic pathologists can tell if a body has been moved.) The discoloration is called post-mortem lividity; it should not be confused with bruising. Bruising can occur before or after death. It can be distinguished from post-mortem lividity by cutting the skin. If the blood has

escaped from smashed vessels, it is a bruise. The amount of blood which has escaped tells the pathologist how long before or after death the bruise was inflicted.

A living person has a normal temperature of 98.6° F. A corpse cools to the surrounding temperature within about twenty-four hours. Cold weather speeds cooling; fat and clothing slow it. One degree per hour is a good rule of thumb for the cooling rate. Immediately after death the body becomes very limp and relaxed. Rigor mortis may set in as quickly as fifteen minutes after death, or as slowly as 14 hours afterwards. Usually it takes place in five or six hours. Rigor mortis affects the upper parts of the body first, and takes about six hours to creep down the corpse. It begins to disappear in about 30 hours, starting again at the upper part of the body. It is generally gone within 36-40 hours.

Rigor mortis is often confused with cadaveric spasming. Cadaveric spasming is an immediate stiffening of the body, caused by great tension at the time of death. This is what causes the suicide to clench the weapon in his hand; it is impossible for a murderer to successfully simulate this. Cadaveric spasms can also be caused by severe shocks to the nervous system, as in the case of a blow to the head.

Flies might lay eggs on a corpse within ten minutes, and maggots may be feeding with 24 hours. Eggs are usually laid on moist parts of the body first, as under the lips and eyelids. Insects of one kind or another are always present within 24 hours, as long as the outside temperature is above 40° F. The body begins putrescence in three to five days. Heat and humidity speed this process; in tropical climates, putrefaction may occur within a day. Generally, a body completely rots in five to nine weeks. Blood decays about three times as fast as the body. Bones, of course, may last for decades and, in very dry climates, the corpse may mummify.

After about a week, the body may become bloated with gas. The gas slowly escapes over the next few days, and the tissues collapse and become gelid. Blisters filled with fluid or gas sometimes form on the skin. Raised or suspended limbs darken and wither within a week. Skin covering the abdominal organs turns a greenish color. In some cases the whole body becomes phosphorescent.

In suicide cases, women seem to prefer razors, ligatures, and poison. Men prefer knives and guns. A cut across the wrist and throat is usually accompanied by small "hesitation marks." If a gun is used, the suicide usually moves clothing out of the way, so that the muzzle can be placed directly against the skin. Women rarely shoot themselves in the face, but men do.

It is not possible to strangle oneself with the bare hands. A suicide may hang himself with a ligature, or drug himself and lean against an edge, like a coffee table. Hanging is an extremely rare form of murder.

Poisons are not as subtle as is generally imagined. Strychnine, for example, causes hours of agonizing convulsions, alternating with periods of paralysis. A little

research in this matter can reward the keeper with realistic and grisly poisonings. Different poisons have been popular at different periods of time, often because the poisoner thinks the substance not detectable. Opiates were popular in the 1890s, especially among suicides. Pest killers were popular in the 1920s. Industrial chemicals are much-used today. Arsenic is still a proven favorite, and has been through the decades.

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Medical Emergency Equipment

by Jay J. Wiseman

The author is a former ambulance crewman. He has regularized the information for the sake of playability. Actual times, amounts, etc., vary.

What first-aid resources are useful in the late 20th century to *Call of Cthulhu* investigators? When calling an ambulance, how much help can be expected? In the field, what equipment and skills might they need? Two levels of expertise and associated equipment are discussed. With both, patients must quickly arrive at hospitals, or lose the effect of emergency treatment.

EMT Equipment And Training

Emergency medical technician (EMT) training takes about 200 hours, and gives an investigator the ability to employ additional equipment. The training cost varies, as the keeper sees fit; the cost of the equipment amounts to about \$1400.00.

BANDAGE KIT: 25 4x4" gauze pads, five rolls of 3" bandage, four triangular bandages, ten packets of disinfectant, two rolls of 1" tape, one pair of bandage-type scissors that cut clothing, straps, and boots, and one obstetrical kit. This kit dresses five minor and two major wounds, and can handle an uncomplicated childbirth. Kit cost is \$100.00.

BASIC DIAGNOSTIC KIT: one stethoscope, one blood-pressure cuff (may also be used as an arm tourniquet), one pen-sized flashlight, one oral and one rectal thermometer, and one reflex hammer. The user needs a watch to count pulse and breathing rates. Kit cost is \$200.00.

OXYGEN EQUIPMENT: one oxygen tank (a heavy tube about 6x18" inches) and supplies, to provide 60 minutes of oxygen. This equipment can give artificial respiration to a non-breathing victim, though someone must constantly operate the equipment. Oxygen mitigates any cardiopulmonary problem, and can mitigate shock, coma, physical trauma, and some poisons. Equipment costs \$500.00.

cont. on p. 128

Hit Locations: An Option

*A set of rules which offer
more realistic-seeming damage results for Call of Cthulhu,
including hit locations for most Mythos monsters.*

HIT LOCATIONS ARE OPTIONAL. Any decision concerning hit locations in *Call of Cthulhu* is entirely up to the keeper. Only he or she can decide whether added realism is worth the trouble involved.

What Is A Hit Location?

Most physical blows actually must land on a particular part of the body. To simplify the determination of just where, the roleplaying game *RuneQuest* divided the human body into categories of location, which herein have been adapted to *Call of Cthulhu*.

When using hit locations, the successful attacker rolls 1D20 for the hit location of his strike. The following table gives the D20 result necessary to hit a specific area and a description of that area for human targets.

HUMAN HIT LOCATION TABLE

1D20	location	description
01-03	Right Leg	right leg from hip joint to foot
04-06	Left Leg	left leg from hip joint to foot
07-10	Abdomen	hips to just under the floating ribs
11-15	Chest	floating ribs to neck and shoulders
16-17	Right Arm	entire right arm
18-19	Left Arm	entire left arm
20	Head	head and neck

Each hit location has allotted to it an amount of *locational hit points*. The number of points per location is a function of the individual's *total hit points*, as shown on the table below. The points allotted to the various locations always add up to more than the character's total hit points.

An attacked, injured, poisoned, etc., character who loses all total hit points is dead. No area of his or her body may have been completely disabled, but the character still bleeds to death, dies of shock or general trauma, etc.

As a character takes injury, mark off the hit points from the character's statistics: remember that each point

of damage must be marked off twice, once from the location actually hit (the locational hit points), and also from the total hit points ("HP") entry.

EXAMPLE: there are two kinds of hit points, total and locational. An investigator with 14 total hit points has 5 locational hit points in his abdomen, head, and each leg, 4 in each arm, and 6 in his chest. The locational points total 34. However, when the investigator loses 14 total hit points, he still dies.

For any human character, find the exact number of hit points per location with the following formulae:

- points per leg, abdomen, and head each equal 1/3 of the total hit points;
- points per arm each equal 1/4 of the total hit points;
- points of the chest equal 4/10 of the total hit points.

Always round up fractions. For convenience, the actual points per location as derived from total hit points 6 through 18 are given in a table nearby.

LOCATIONAL HIT POINTS FOR HUMANS

location	— total hit points —				
	6	7	8	9	10
each leg	2	3	3	3	4
abdomen	2	3	3	3	4
chest	3	3	4	4	4
each arm	2	2	2	3	3
head	2	3	3	3	4

location	— total hit points —				
	11-12	13-15	16	17	18
each leg	4	5	6	6	6
abdomen	4	5	6	6	6
chest	5	6	7	7	8
each arm	3	4	4	5	5
head	4	5	6	6	6

Effects Of Damage

Whenever any injury does damage equal to half or more of the user's current total hit points, check for shock (see page 18 in the third-edition *Call of Cthulhu* rules). A location is considered to be "crippled" if it has been reduced to 0 or fewer hit points. General effects of crippling are discussed below.

A limb cannot take more than twice its undamaged points in damage. Thus, a 3-point leg hit for 7 points subtracts only 6 points from total hit points, the remaining point of damage having no effect. A limb hit for twice its maximum hit points in a single blow is maimed or severed. The victim bleeds away his or her remaining total hit points at the rate of 1 per combat round until the bleeding is stopped with a successful First Aid roll.

LEG HITS: if a leg is wounded, the victim's movement is halved. Someone with only 1 hit point remaining in his or her leg can only move if assisted by another person. If a leg is crippled, the limb is useless and the investigator must fall, not doing anything else that round. The victim may attempt to crawl away or to fight from the ground on succeeding rounds.

ABDOMEN HITS: when the abdomen is at 0 or fewer points, both legs are useless and the victim must fall.

CHEST HITS: when the chest is reduced to 0 or fewer points, the investigator falls and begins to bleed to death at the rate of 1 hit point per combat round. This continues until the bleeding is stopped with a successful First Aid roll.

ARM HITS: if an arm is wounded, halve the victim's percentage skill in any skill requiring use of the injured arm. If an arm is crippled, the limb becomes useless and the investigator must drop anything in that hand.

HEAD HITS: when a target's head is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points, he or she falls unconscious.

AREA ATTACKS: many monster attacks do not strike a specific part of the body — the formless spawn's Bite, the dhole's Engulf attack, and the flying polyp's Wind Blast are examples, as are attacks delivered by a colossal monster (a deep one's Claw attack hits only one location, but Cthulhu's Claw attack destroys the victim's entire form at once). In any such *area attack*, damage done is subtracted from the target's total hit points, but not from his or her locational hit points. Application of First Aid is still advised.

If a target wears some sort of body armor and is hit by an area attack, the armor is effective only if it covers the target's entire body. Even whole-body armor is worthless against monsters such as the shoggoth, which literally sucks its victims apart.

Hit Locations By Monster Type

Normally, roll 1D20 to determine location when attacking monsters, just as when attacking humans. However, when engaged in hand-to-hand combat, some monsters are so huge that hit locations are a bit absurd. If an investigator

is hacking at a Star Spawn's leg with a cavalry saber, don't bother to roll for hit location — the investigator hits the leg he or she's standing beside.

For unique creatures, such as Cthulhu, Nyarlathotep, or Y'Golonac, exact hit points per location are given.

For races of creatures, such as byakhee or deep ones, the hit point fraction per area is given. For instance, the deep one leg hit-point fraction is 1/3, so a deep one with 20 hit points has 20/3 or 7 hit points in each leg (always round up). For creatures such as fire vampires which have only one location, the word *all* is merely noted.

Creatures with the ability to regenerate normally do so separately in each location. Thus, an adult chthonian regenerates 5 points of damage in each injured location each round.

A body area reduced to 0 hit points is crippled and can no longer function. Unless noted otherwise, monsters do not suffer from the effects of bleeding or shock. Tentacles, claws, arms, legs, tails, and wings are considered to be limbs, and so never take more damage than twice their hit points.

WING HITS: any injury to a flying monster's wing halves its flying speed. If a wing is crippled, the creature is grounded or, if in flight, must glide to a landing. If the wing is maimed or severed (*i.e.*, has taken double damage), the monster falls to the ground.

• ABHOTH

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	90



• ATLACH-NACHA

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Back Leg	01	9
L Back Leg	02	9
R Hinder Leg	03	9
L Hinder Leg	04	9
Abdomen	05-11	20
R Foreleg	12	9
L Foreleg	13	9
R Front Leg	14	9
L Front Leg	15	9
Head	16-20	17

• AZATHOTH

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	1-20	300



• BYAKHEE

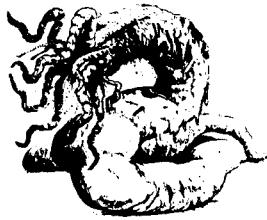
location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Leg	01-02	1/3
L Leg	03-04	1/3
Abdomen	05-08	1/3
Thorax	09-13	2/5
R Wing	14-15	1/4
L Wing	16-17	1/4
R Claw	18	1/4
L Claw	19	1/4
Head	20	1/3

• CYAEGHA

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	160

• CHTHONIAN

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Hindbody	01-04	1/3
Midbody	05-08	2/5
Forebody	09-12	2/5
Tentacle 1	13	1/5
Tentacle 2	14	1/5
Tentacle 3	15	1/5
Tentacle 4	16	1/5
Tentacle 5	17	1/5
Tentacle 6	18	1/5
Tentacle 7	19	1/5
Tentacle 8	20	1/5



NOTES: if its hindbody, midbody, or forebody is crippled, the chthonian cannot burrow; its crawling speed is halved till the damage is regenerated. If the creature's midbody or forebody is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points, the creature is incapacitated and can make no attacks until it has regenerated. Damage to a chthonian's tentacles do not count against the creature's hit point total. However, crippling a tentacle reduces by 1 the number of tentacle attacks the creature can perform each round. Hence, if 2 tentacles were crippled on a given round, the creature could only attack with 1D8-2 tentacles (see the rulesbook's Chthonian description for full details). A crippled tentacle which was sucking a victim's body fluids falls away from the victim.

• CTHUGHA

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	130

• CTHULHU

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-02	54
L Leg	03-04	54
Abdomen	05-06	54
Chest	07-08	54
R Wing	09-10	54
L Wing	11-12	54
R Arm	13-14	54
L Arm	15-16	54
Tentacle Mass	17-18	54
Head	19-20	54



NOTES: as per star spawn of Cthulhu.

• DARK YOUNG OF SHUB-NIGGURATH

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Legs	01-06	1/3
each Trunk	09-16	2/3
Tentacle 1	17	1/4
Tentacle 2	18	1/4
Tentacle 3	19	1/4
Tentacle 4	20	1/4

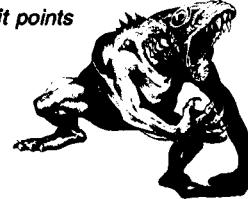


NOTES: a typical Dark Young has 1D4+1 legs. Divide the "Legs" hit location (01-06 on the hit location table) as evenly as possible among the number of legs rolled. Each time a leg is reduced to 0 hit points, reduce the creature's speed by 1. If the Dark Young has only one leg left, its speed is 1. If all its legs are crippled, it is immobilized. If its trunk is reduced to 0 or fewer hit points, the horror is incapacitated.

• DEEP ONE: as per human. A deep one's swimming speed is reduced by 3 for each limb crippled. A deep one with one functional limb swims at a speed of 1.

• FATHER DAGON or MOTHER HYDRA

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-03	19
L Leg	04-06	19
Abdomen	07-10	19
Chest	11-15	22
R Arm	16-17	14
L Arm	18-19	14
Head	20	19



NOTES: Father Dagon's or Mother Hydra's swimming speed is reduced by 3 for each limb crippled.

• DHOLE

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Tail	01-04	1/3
Hindbody	05-10	2/5
Forebody	11-17	2/5
Head	18-20	1/3

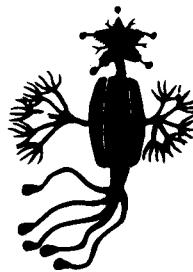


NOTES: when a dhole's tail is crippled, halve its speed. If its head is crippled, the creature can no longer try to swallow prey nor spit its loathsome goo, but is not incapacitated. If the hindbody or forebody are crippled, the creature cannot crawl nor burrow, but can still attack.

• DIMENSIONAL SHAMBLER: as per human.

• ELDER THING (Old One)

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Leg 1	01	1/4
Leg 2	02	1/4
Leg 3	03	1/4
Leg 4	04	1/4
Leg 5	05	1/4
Torso	06-08	2/3
Tentacle 1	09	1/4
Tentacle 2	10	1/4
Tentacle 3	11	1/4
Tentacle 4	12	1/4
Tentacle 5	13	1/4
Wing 1	14	1/4
Wing 2	15	1/4
Wing 3	16	1/4
Wing 4	17	1/4
Wing 5	18	1/4
Head	19-20	1/3



NOTES: each leg crippled subtracts 1 from the creature's walking rate, so that if all five legs are crippled, it can only slither along at 3 yards per round. Each wing crippled subtracts 1 from the creature's flying or swimming speed. However, if it is reduced to 1 or fewer wings, it can no longer fly. Crippling the head or torso incapacitates an Old One.

• FIRE VAMPIRE

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	all

• FLYING POLYP

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	all

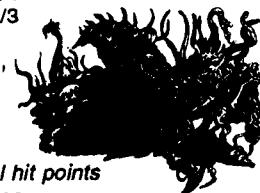


• FORMLESS SPAWN OF TSATHOGGUU

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	all

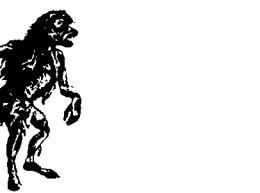
• GHAST

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Leg	01-04	1/3
L Leg	05-08	1/3
Abdomen	09-11	1/3
Chest	12-15	2/5
R Arm	16-17	1/4
L Arm	18-19	1/4
Head	20	1/3



• GHATANOTHOA

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	120



• GOHUL: as per human.

• GNOPH-KEH

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Hind Leg	01-02	1/4
L Hind Leg	03-04	1/4
Hindquarters	05-08	2/5
R Mid-Leg	09	1/4
L Mid-Leg	10	1/4
Forequarters	11-15	2/5
R Foreleg	16-17	1/4
L Foreleg	18-19	1/4
Head	20	1/3



NOTES: crippling the hindquarters immobilizes both hind legs and prevents the gnoph-keh from rearing up to attack with all four claws. Crippling the forequarters immobilizes both middle legs, preventing the creature from attacking with the front two paws. The gnoph-keh loses 2 from its movement rate for each leg immobilized or crippled.

• GREAT RACE OF YITH

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Base	01-04	1/3
Body	05-12	2/3
R Pincer	13-14	1/3
L Pincer	15-16	1/3
Feeding Head	17-18	1/3
Sensory Head	19-20	1/3



NOTES: if the base is injured, the creature's movement is halved, and if the base is crippled, it is immobilized. Crippling the feeding head has no immediate effect beyond the hit point loss, but crippling the sensory head blinds the creature (it does not incapacitate it, because the Great Race's brains are not in their heads).

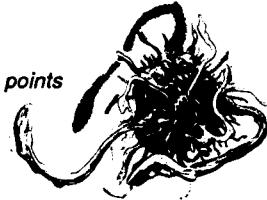
• GUG

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Leg	01-03	1/3
L Leg	04-06	1/3
Abdomen	07-10	1/3
Chest	11-15	2/5
R Lower Arm	16	1/4
R Upper Arm	17	1/4
L Lower Arm	18	1/4
L Upper Arm	19	1/4
Head	20	1/3



• HASTUR

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-14	150
R Tentacle	15-16	30
Center Tentacle	17-18	30
L Tentacle	19-20	30



NOTES: injury to a tentacle does not affect Hastur's total hit points. If one of Hastur's tentacles is crippled, he can send out a replacement from his body by reducing his body's hit points accordingly.

• HOUND OF TINDALOS

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Hindleg	01-02	1/4
L Hindleg	03-04	1/4
Hindquarters	05-09	2/5
Forequarters	10-14	2/5
R Foreleg	15-16	1/4
L Foreleg	17-18	1/4
Head	19-20	1/3



NOTES: crippling any limb reduces a hound's movement by 5. Thus, after it has lost two limbs, it can no longer move except by flying. Crippling the hindquarters renders both hind legs useless, and crippling the forequarters renders both forelegs useless. Crippling the head makes the creature incapable of attacking with its tongue, but does not otherwise inconvenience it.

• HUNTING HORROR

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Tail	01-03	1/3
Abdomen	04-08	1/3
Chest	09-14	2/5
R Wing	15-16	1/4
L Wing	17-18	1/4
Head	19-20	1/3



NOTES: crippling the tail or abdomen prevent the hunting horror from using its Tail attack. Crippling the monster's chest or a wing prevents it from flying.

• ITHAQUA

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-02	42
L Leg	03-04	42
Abdomen	05-08	42
Chest	09-13	50
R Claw	14-16	32
L Claw	17-19	32
Head	20	42



NOTES: Ithaqua has a hit location table slightly altered from human because the Windwalker has no feet.

• LESSER OTHER GODS: these creatures can come in almost any shape. It is best for the keeper to develop his or her own hit location table when needed, perhaps using one of the hit location tables in this essay as inspiration.

• LLOIGOR

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Tail	01	1/4
R Hind Leg	02-03	1/3
L Hind Leg	04-05	1/3
Hindquarters	06-09	2/5
Forequarters	10-14	2/5
R Foreleg	15-16	1/3
L Foreleg	17-18	1/3
Head	19-20	1/3



• MI-GO

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Hind Leg	01	1/4
L Hind Leg	02	1/4
Abdomen	03-06	2/5
R Mid-Leg	07	1/4
L Mid-Leg	08	1/4
Thorax	09-12	2/5
R Wing	13-14	1/3
L Wing	15-16	1/3
R Foreleg	17	1/4
L Foreleg	18	1/4
Head	19-20	1/3



NOTES: damage to a mi-go's legs or wings do not count against its total hit points. If either hind leg is crippled, the creature cannot stand erect, and must crawl on all six legs. If it is reduced to 2 or fewer legs, it can no longer crawl at all.

• MOON BEAST

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Leg 01-03	1/3	
L Leg	04-06	1/3
Abdomen	07-09	1/3
Chest	10-12	1/3
R Arm	13-15	1/3
L Arm	16-18	1/3
Head	19-20	1/3



NOTES: moon beasts can alter their hit points per location in the same manner as star-spawn.

• NIGHTGAUNT

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Leg	01-02	1/3
L Hind Leg	03-04	1/3
Abdomen	05-08	1/3
Chest	09-13	2/5
R Wing	14-15	1/4
L Wing	16-17	1/4
R Arm	18	1/4
L Arm	19	1/4
Head	20	1/3



• NODENS

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-03	10
L Leg	04-06	10
Abdomen	07-10	10
Chest	11-15	12
R Arm	16-17	8
L Arm	18-19	8
Head	20	10



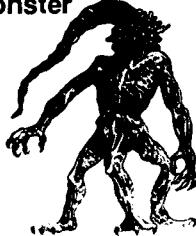
• NYARLATHOTEP: The Black Man

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-03	5
L Leg	04-06	5
Abdomen	07-10	5
Chest	11-15	6
R Arm	16-17	4
L Arm	18-19	4
Head	20	5



• NYARLATHOTEP: The Clawed Monster

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-02	24
Center Leg	03-04	24
L Leg	05-06	24
Body	07-11	35
R Claw	12-14	24
L Claw	15-17	24
Head	18-20	28



NOTES: this entity has a thousand different forms and as many hit location tables. The above are two sample shapes.

• NYOGTHA

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	60

• Old One: see ELDER THING

• SAND-DWELLER: as per human.

• SERPENT PEOPLE: as per human

• SERVITOR OF THE OTHER GODS

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Tentacles	01-08	special
Body	09-17	1/2
Head	18-20	1/3



NOTES: Servitors continually form and absorb tentacles. Any hit on one of the creature's tentacles slows the rate at which it is absorbed. Thus, for each tentacle hit which does damage to a Servitor each round, the Servitor attacks with 1 less tentacle on the following round. Thus, if it were hit once, it would attack with 2D3-1 tentacles next round, instead of the full 2D3. Treat any result less than 1 as 0.

• SHANTAK

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Leg	01	1/4
L Leg	02	1/4
Abdomen	03-06	1/3
Chest	07-11	2/5
R Wing	12-15	1/3
L Wing	16-19	1/3
Head	20	1/3



• SHOGGOTH

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	all



• SHUB-NIGGURATH

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	145

• SHUDDIE M'ELL

location	1D20	locational hit points
Hindbody	01-04	33
Midbody	05-08	40
Forebody	09-12	40
Tentacle 1	13	20
Tentacle 2	14	20
Tentacle 3	15	20
Tentacle 4	16	20
Tentacle 5	17	20
Tentacle 6	18	20
Tentacle 7	19	20
Tentacle 8	20	20

NOTES: as per chthonians.



• STAR-SPAWN of Cthulhu

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Leg	01-02	1/3
L Leg	03-04	1/3
Abdomen	05-06	1/3
Chest	07-08	1/3
R Wing	09-10	1/3
L Wing	11-12	1/3
R Arm	13-14	1/3
L Arm	15-16	1/3
Tentacle Mass	17-18	1/3
Head	19-20	1/3



NOTES: these entities do not have a fixed form and can change their proportions. Do not alter the 1D20 roll (unless you feel especially ambitious). The creature's hit points are transferred between locations at will. Thus a star-spawn with 75 hit points, nominally giving it 25 points in each location, could shift 24 points from an arm to a leg, giving that leg 49 hit points and reducing the arm to 1. No area may be increased in hit points beyond the creature's total hit point number. (This sample star-spawn could not increase its leg to greater than 75 hit points.) A location may be reduced to 0 or fewer hit points, which incapacitates it.

• STAR VAMPIRE

location	1D20	hit point fraction
R Hind Claw	01-03	1/3
L Hind Claw	04-06	1/3
Hindbody	07-10	1/2
Forebody	11-14	1/2
R Foreclaw	15-17	1/3
L Foreclaw	18-20	1/3



• TSATHOGGUUA

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-03	25
L Leg	04-06	25
Abdomen	07-09	25
Chest	10-12	25
R Arm	13-15	25
L Arm	16-18	25
Head	19-20	25



NOTES: Tsathoggua can transfer his hit points between locations, as do the star-spawn of Cthulhu. In addition, he can contract his bulk into a single rotund mass, giving him only one hit location containing all his hit points.

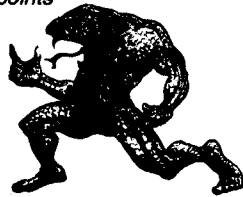
• Y'GOLONAC

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-03	25
L Leg	04-06	25
Abdomen	07-11	30
Chest	12-16	30
R Arm	17-18	19
L Arm	19-20	19



• YIG: Human Form

location	1D20	locational hit points
R Leg	01-03	24
L Leg	04-06	24
Abdomen	07-10	24
Chest	11-15	28
R Arm	16-17	18
L Arm	18-19	18
Head	20	24



• YIG: Serpent Form

location	1D20	locational hit points
Tail	01-06	24
Body	07-14	28
Head	15-20	24

• YOG-SOTHOTH

location	1D20	locational hit points
Sphere	varies	varies

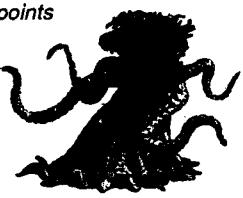
NOTES: Yog-Sothoth can arrange his 400 hit points among as many spheres as he desires. Each sphere may be attacked separately. He can transfer hit points from sphere to sphere when they are in contact, but the various spheres are often sent flying about separately.

• ZHAR

location	1D20	locational hit points
Body	01-20	100

• ZOTH-OMMOG

location	1D20	locational hit points
Base	01-03	30
Body	04-09	45
Tentacle 1	10-11	23
Tentacle 2	12-13	23
Tentacle 3	14-15	23
Tentacle 4	16-17	23
Head	18-20	30



NOTES: if Zoth-Ommog's base is crippled, he is immobilized. ■

• QUADRUPEDS

location	1D20	hit point fraction
Right Hind Leg	01-02	1/4
Left Hind Leg	03-04	1/4
Hindquarters	05-09	2/5
Forequarters	10-14	2/5
Right Front Leg	15-16	1/4
Left Front Leg	17-18	1/4
Head	19-20	1/3

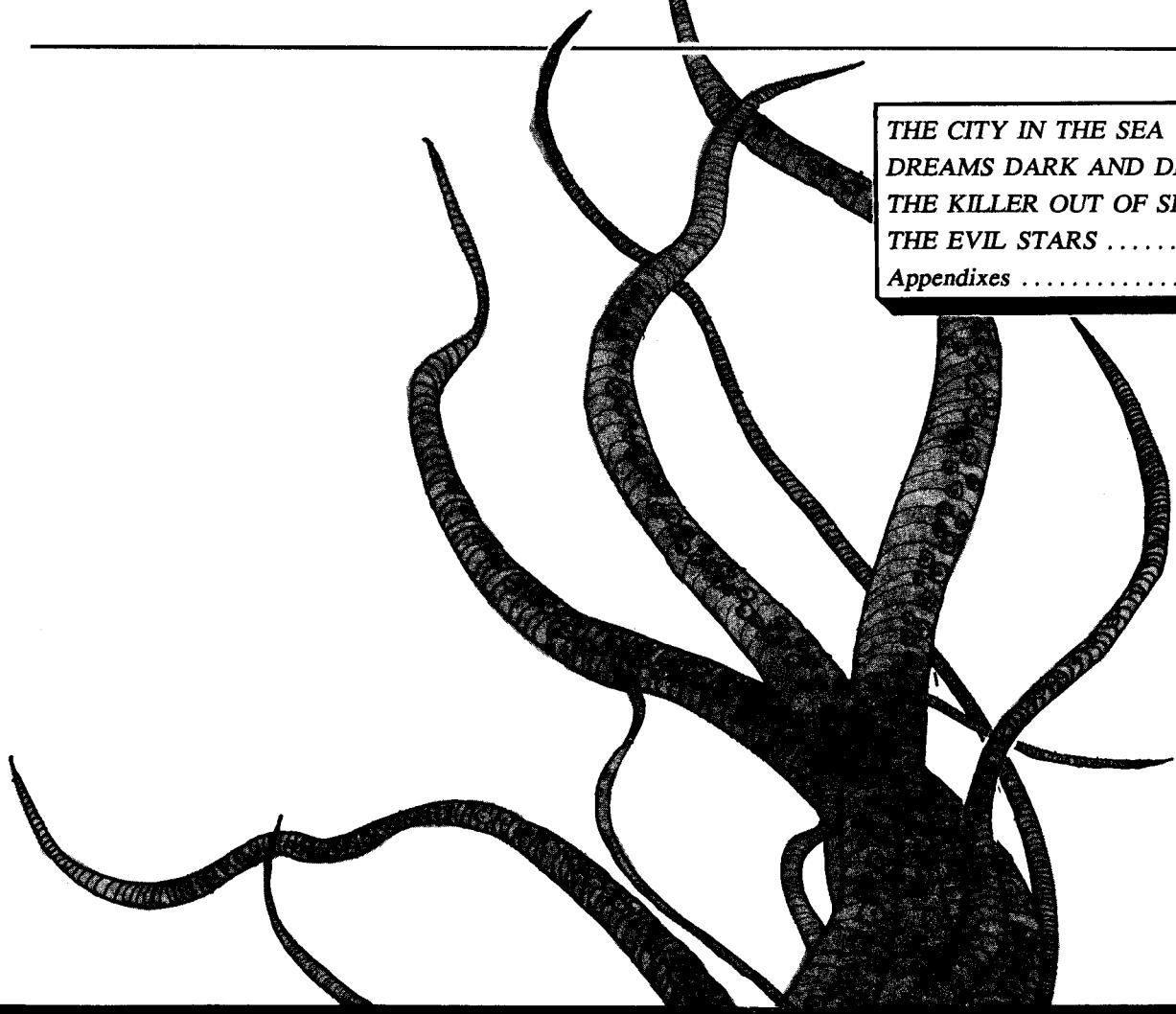
Keepers will want to customize the quadruped location table when presenting an unusual four-legged mammal such as the elephant, or in general when using larger reptiles, shifting 1 or 2 points from the body to make up trunk, tail, etc.

SMALLER NATURAL ANIMALS: Animals smaller than dogs (cats, mice, birds, etc.) have total hit points, but not hit locations.

Insect swarms receive that number of total hit points commensurate with their total mass, but not hit locations.

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The City in the Sea

Wherein the investigators trust to modern science as a guide to fabled realms beneath the sea, and test their courage at trust's end.

*Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.*

— Edgar Allan Poe.

THIS ADVENTURE IS FOR no more than four investigators. The limiting size is dictated by the capacity of the *Coco*, a mini-sub important to the story.

The adventure starts, as many do, with a knock at the door of one of the investigators. A parcel from a relative is hand-delivered. The lawyer presenting the package informs the investigator that his or her Great-Uncle Bernard has passed away. The investigator immediately remembers kindly Great-Uncle Bernard, who lost both hands at the wrists fighting Malay pirates, and who had to make do with two hooks and a pen-holder.

Before he died, Great-Uncle Bernard bequeathed the contents of the parcel to the investigator, plus \$100,000 in cash, after taxes. Assured that he or she can drop down to the office anytime and pick up that amount, the investigator opens the parcel.

Within the box is a eight-inch-high statuette, the semblance of a nude male wearing a laurel leaf wreath. Of yellowed ivory, the figure is handsomely carved, in excellent condition, and of obvious antiquity.

A scrawled note in Great-Uncle Bernard's necessarily-wretched handwriting notes briefly that he chose the investigator in question because, out of all the family, he or she was the only person interested in the unusual. The unusual statuette was purchased by Great-Uncle Bernard while vacationing in the Canary Islands, and was reputedly found in those waters. Nothing about it seems mysterious but its origin.

Probably the lucky beneficiary is going to celebrate. Have the player relate what happens. He or she may as well have some fun with the inheritance, because it is not exactly free.

A few weeks later, the owner begins to dream of strange titan cities beneath the waves. Watery granite towers and barnacle-encrusted temples haunt the sleeper's consciousness. After a week of these bizarre images, one scene begins to reoccur — a dark basalt temple of enormous size from whose door and multitudinous windows emanates a faint glow. Above the temple's entrance is a ten-foot-tall bas-relief version of the statuette which the investigator inherited.

A successful Idea roll suggests that, if the figurine is destroyed in the wrong way, the dreams may never stop. A successful Occult or Cthulhu Mythos roll suggests that perhaps the statuette must be taken to the sunken city, wherever that is.

Sooner or later the investigator brings this episode to the attention of the other investigators. Powerful forces are afoot.

Keeper Information

The statuette is an extension of a demonic entity, Gloon. This malign being has no other purpose than to cause pain and suffering. Gloon is imprisoned within the temple which the investigator is dreaming about. There Gloon serves as the guardian of a dimensional gate, evidenced here by the light visible through the temple door.

Gloon was bound to the temple eons ago, before Atlantis fell, and cannot leave the place. The statuette and several others like it were fashioned by Gloon, and (beyond the temple door) represent his only manifestation in this plane.

Once he or she has touched such a statuette, or even a fragment of it, the owner suffers terrible dreams. Eventually and with considerable glee, Gloon sucks the owner's soul into the statuette which then transmits it to the temple under the sea. There Gloon feeds on the helpless soul and delights in the agonies he causes. It is his only hobby.

With Gloon in the temple are two Servants of Gloon. Unlike Gloon, they can leave the temple's confines. The Servants see to the transmission of the statuettes toward land.

When giving this scenario, time the interval so that the investigators are aboard the *Architeuthis* before the owner of the statuette begins to lose appreciable Sanity. See the boxed section, The Grasp Of Gloon, nearby.

The Grasp Of Gloon

Gloon strikes anyone who owns one of his figurines and who touches it with bare skin. One week after the temple begins to dominate the target's dreams, the dreams become incredibly real and intense. The dreamer can feel icy deep-sea water on his body and taste its salt. As the dream progresses, the dreamer feels the water pressure increase, as though sinking far into the sea.

Waking the first time, the target's bed is damp with what seems to be cold sweat. But the amount of liquid increases nightly: soon the target cannot fail to understand that he or she is being drenched with seawater nightly. In about two weeks after that, bits of rotten seaweed and perhaps a small deep-sea shrimp are found upon waking.

Now the end nears. The target begins losing Sanity at the rate of 0/1D3 a night. When Sanity reaches zero, all resistance ends: Gloon sucks the victim's soul from its body, down to the temple under the sea. There the victim's soul is tormented for a few unbearable hours, then destroyed.

When the soul dies, so does the body, mysteriously drowned in bed, lungs filled with seawater.

Giving away a statuette merely starts a new owner on the same path; the original owner is still doomed.

Destroying a figurine by means of strong acids or intense fire is a bad mistake. Destruction of the statuette dooms the present investigator without recourse and does not stop Gloon from using his other statuettes.

Library Research

The first three items can be found in any library of more than a few thousand volumes. The keeper may want to yield them after a single successful Library Use roll.

The English translation of the U-boat diary is available only in major libraries, quoted as a lengthy appendix in a psychology textbook. It requires a second successful Library Use roll to find.

"The Temple," a short story by H.P. Lovecraft. It recounts the tragic voyage of a World War I German U-boat after taking aboard the head of an ivory figurine, one of remarkable similarity to that one currently owned by the hapless dream-victim investigator. "Our men...found



the deadly statuette

in his coat pocket a very odd bit of ivory carved to represent a youth's head crowned with laurel. My fellow-officer...believed that the thing was of great age and artistic value...."

"*The City in the Sea*," a poem by Edgar Allan Poe. It describes a vast city lying at the bottom of the sea.

The Encyclopedia of Classical Sculpture, a multi-volume work outlining various styles. The book emphasizes how much is yet to be known about the sculpture of antiquity. The investigator's statuette seems to be most like certain ancient Hellenic sculpture.

The Casebook Of Hallucinations, quoting, among other many other materials, the diary of a German World War I U-boat captain. The tale is essentially identical to Lovecraft's story, "The Temple." Realizing that Lovecraft did not simply invent the story costs the reader 1D4 SAN: "...the great columns and frieze, both decorated with sculptures of inexpressible beauty; obviously portraying idealized pastoral scenes and processions of priests and priestesses bearing strange ceremonial devices in adoration of a radiant god. The art is...largely Hellenic in idea, yet strangely individual...imparts an impression of terrible antiquity...."

Dr. Walter Bowers

Soon after the investigators develop interest in the statuette, its owner receives a letter from Dr. Walter Bowers, head of Miskatonic University's Department of Archeology. The letter is reprinted nearby.

Bowers has been collecting evidence for the existence of Atlantis. He believes that the tiny wreathed sculpture comes from Atlantis, and he has assembled a handful of similar artifacts, all completely unmagical, in support of his contention. Each of these fragments is unimpressive singly, but in Bower's eye together they demonstrate the existence of a culture previously unsuspected.

Now Bowers is almost ready to set forth on a field expedition to locate this lost culture. The expedition is nearly complete. But budgets are tight these days, and his operating funds inadequate. Apparently the mention of the word "Atlantis" convinces many potential donors that he, Dr. Bowers, is a crank. He inspects the statuette carefully (he is not the owner, so the small sculpture has no effect on him), makes a few noises of confirmation, takes six stereoptical polaroids of the statuette, then asks the investigator for money.

Dr. Bowers knows (from the insufficiently-discreet attorney) that the investigator has inherited a large sum from Great-Uncle Bernard, and hopes the investigator will donate some to the university's cause. Apparently by accident, Bowers quotes the U-boat diary description of the temple as evidence of the discovery he anticipates.

The investigators should confer. If they try at all, Bowers will let them join the expedition in return for a substantial donation, one in excess of \$50,000. Bowers needs them as much as they need him: though his expedition is funded physically, he has no money for salaries and other operating costs.

Letter From Dr. Bowers

Dear —

Your Uncle Bernard's attorneys have referred me to you. I express my condolences upon his untimely demise, and ask your forgiveness for what may seem to you an undue intrusion.

Your uncle had in his possession an ivory statuette of a nude youth wearing a crown of laurel leaves. This figurine he believed of Hellenic origin. At the time he sent photos of it to my department, we agreed with that analysis, though we could not classify the statuette's style or guess at its origin.

New information has greatly altered our view. I took the liberty of contacting your uncle's lawyers, who informed me that the statue has passed into your possession. It is imperative that I personally inspect this artifact, as well as talk to you about a related matter.

Please let me know what time is most convenient to you. You may reach me care of the University, or by telephoning me to the University, extension 663. If I do not hear from you within a few days, I will attempt to contact you again.

Sincerely,

Dr. Walter Bowers

Bowers is wildly enthusiastic about his chance of success. No one has ever looked where he is going, and no one has ever had the equipment he has to make the search. "I did some pretty fancy wheeling and dealing," he says. His enthusiasm charms the investigators, but a successful Psychology roll shows that he is intently ambitious, and perhaps not a little ruthless.

With a little negotiation, the investigators can secure some of the rights of the discovery for themselves. Though the artifacts must belong to Miskatonic U., they can get the rights to and make their own deals for personal journals, videotapes, logs, photos, etc., and a portion of the credit for any discovery. It is impossible to estimate how many millions of dollars could be commanded by the co-discoverers of Atlantis, but the figure is very large.

Bowers squawks and complains, but concedes. The investigators can come if they help finance the expedition (and save Bowers the pain of a second and third mortgage on his house). If, however, the investigators fail to get their terms in writing, they will be pursued endlessly by Bowers' lawyers whether the expedition succeeds or fails.

Investigator Training

While last-minute preparations are being made, the investigators receive intensive training at Miskatonic University's Institute of Oceanic Studies.

The first course of study lasts a week. Each investigator learns the skill Pilot Mini-Sub to a percentile equal to his or her EDU + DEX. Have each player write in that new skill on the investigator sheets of participants. The Institute's 2-man and 6-man mini-subs at their Arkham docks are identical to the ones aboard the *Architeuthis*, now sailing toward the expedition's initial destination: Praia in the Cape Verdes Islands.

The one thing that everyone quickly learns is to stay below the surface when in a mini-sub. They are not surface craft, and have all the handling characteristics (and comfort) of a 50-gallon oil drum.

For three more days, the investigators are taught how to use the REX (Rigid EXoskeletal) individual research suits. These suits are rather like armored space suits in the completeness of their environment, except that they are not buoyant. They allow the wearer to routinely operate at oceanic depths of 800-1000 feet. Each suit can support life for about four hours before needing cleaning and recharging with electricity, air, water, and liquid food. They are large enough that the wearer can squirm about and move his or her hands in and out of the arms to eat, scratch, etc.

A REX has the equivalent of 8 points of armor and a utility belt including common tools, a specimen basket, a focusable variable-intensity hand flashlight, a knife, and an 8mm underwater video camera.

Halogen examination lights are built in to either side of the clear face mask. Each suit prominently bears an identification number: the investigator numbers are N-1, N-2, N-3, etc. An stroboscopic emergency beacon perches on the crown of the helmet. The head of the suit does not turn, so visibility is relatively bad, but two small rear-view mirrors improve matters, given enough light to see anything.

Each suit has been fitted for an advanced radio capable of reaching more than a hundred miles through water. Unfortunately, the radios are delayed in production, and

none of the suits presently contains any communication gear. Investigators communicate by gesture, by touching helmets, or by tapping on air tanks with their knives to get attention.

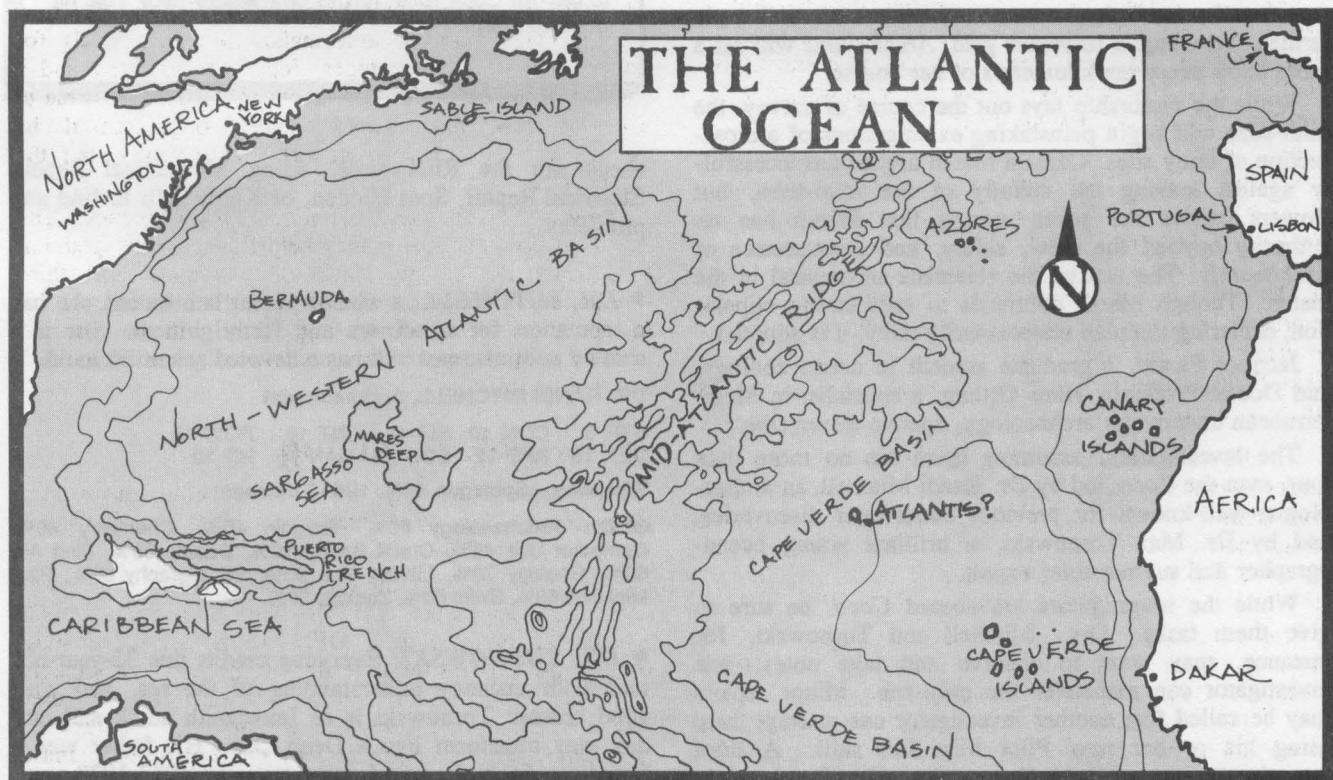
The wearer can walk around in a REX, but as often uses a device called a wedge to pull him or her through the water. A wedge consists of a battery-driven motor, a shielded propeller, a pair of handles to hold on with, and hand-operated bow planes with which to alter course.

Movements left or right are made by using only one of the two planes, which means that a turn with a wedge always means rising or lowering in the water, unless the wedge is turned off and manually reoriented. The unit moves at 4-5mph in stationary water. Each battery charge lasts two hours at full speed. The wedges are usually clipped to the outsides of the mini-subs in a quantity equal to the rated number of the crew.

Hunting For Atlantis

While the investigators complete their last-minute training, the expedition's ship *Architeuthis*, named after a species of giant squid, sets sail from Arkham for the Cape Verde Islands.

When the investigators are ready, they fly from Boston to Lisbon, re-emplane at Lisbon for Dakar, emplane again for Pedra Lume in the Cape Verdes, there picked up and brought the 140 miles to Paia aboard the Institute's amhibian aircraft. The whole trip lasts an exhausting 17 hours. They still arrive before Bowers and the *Architeuthis*, who anchor in the choppy roadstead the following afternoon.



The crew gets a day's shore leave while the ship resupplies. The following evening, *Architeuthis* departs for the broad seamount which Bowers deduces to be the location of Atlantis, at roughly 23.5°N by 33°W.

The *Architeuthis* is an 8000-ton motorship designed for deep-water research. Her low superstructure, wide beam, and deep keel give her exceptional stability. She has special collection tanks adjustable for temperature and water pressure and a decent cargo capacity.

Twin driveshafts and screws flank a deep, dammable scallop in her stern. There mini-subs may be raised from or lowered into calm water. An emergency hatch well below waterline lets *Coco* attach directly to the ship without surfacing, if weather conditions become difficult. The two-man subs do not have airlocks, and cannot use this facility. Further details about *Architeuthis* can be found on page 53.

A new vessel, *Architeuthis* is mostly automated, with a complement of five officers and 14 sailors. Normal scientific staff can range up to forty scientists, technicians, and specialists. For this voyage, the vessel is much undermanned. Bowers may have achieved a coup in having this fine ship assigned to his project, but the animosity created may cost Bowers his job at the University if the expedition fails.

Architeuthis carries one 6-man mini-sub, the *Coco*, and two 2-man mini-subs, *Rover One* and *Rover Two*. *Coco* can make 9 knots submerged, and stay out for up to 72 hours; the *Rovers* make 6 knots and can stay out for 12 hours.

As they head northwest, the scientists confer. They agree that the motorship will systematically criss-cross and map the plateau, an area of perhaps a thousand square miles, with deep sonar to uncover structural regularities. To create a reference grid, *Architeuthis* will set a radio buoy every ten kilometers of her course.

While the motorship lays out the course of survey, the mini-subs will begin painstaking examinations of a cross-section of buoy sites. Captain Marsh argues unsuccessfully against leaving the vicinity of the mini-subs, but Bowers carries the point, noting that Marsh has no authority beyond the crew, safety, and maintenance of *Architeuthis*. The rest of the scientists are neutral in the matter. Though Marsh continues to state strong opposition, declaring the plan unnecessarily risky, it is adopted.

Jacques Picard, a graduate student in ocean zoology, and Doctor-Professor Hans Ortung, a specialist in Mediterranean underwater archaeology, operate *Rover One*.

The investigators, assuming there are no more than four, man the *Coco*, led by Dr. Randi Mitchell, an archaeologist well-known for previous underwater discoveries, and by Dr. Max Tornowski, a brilliant young oceanographer and submersibles expert.

While the investigators are aboard *Coco*, be sure to give them tasks. Drs. Mitchell and Tornowski, for instance, may want to observe and take notes; one investigator can maneuver the mini-sub. Minor repairs may be called for; another investigator can attempt them using his or her new Pilot Mini-Sub skill. A third investigator may spell the first as pilot. The fourth might

NEW SKILL

Pilot Mini-Sub

With this skill the user can operate small submersible craft. Practical navigation, handling, hazards, seaworthiness, ingress and egress procedures, cargo capacity, and manipulator arms are all covered by this skill. The keeper determines when a submersible is too complex for one person to operate. After basic training, the operator's initial skill percentile equals his or her EDU + DEX.

Weather In This Adventure

The weather, though usually sunny and warm, worries everyone. An endless line of squalls and cyclones is bred off the African coast, and some disturbances march across these latitudes to become hurricanes. Even with satellite pictures to guide them, local conditions in these waters are uncertain. Captain Marsh states that the expedition will have adequate warning of lengthy bad weather.

Using her stern recovery area, the mother ship can take the mini-subs aboard in winds of up to 30 knots.

As the scenario continues, mention the weather, the height of the waves, the wind direction, etc., so that the players are fairly warned that weather at sea is important. If the investigators persist in surfacing the mini-sub during the adventure, begin to call for Luck rolls: failing characters take 1D2 hit point damage.

check out the REX suits, using Mechanical Repair, Electrical Repair, Spot Hidden, or Know rolls to find any problems.

- **DR. MITCHELL:** a woman in her late forties, she has a reputation for steadiness and forthrightness. She is a shrewd administrator and has a devoted scientific mind.

DR. RANDI MITCHELL, Archaeologist

STR 8 CON 10 SIZ 10 INT 18 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 20 SAN 70 HP 10

Weapons: Speargun 45%, 1D6+2 damage

Skills: Archaeology 80%, Bargain 45%, Chemistry 40%, Computer Use 45%, Credit Rating 70%, Debate 50%, First Aid 60%, Geology 70%, Library Use 90%, Photography 55%, Pilot Mini-Sub 68%, Swim 80%, Zoology 30%.

- **DR. TORNOWSKI:** Everyone credits this 32-year-old man with uncanny understanding of the sea, and with good reason: Tornowski is of Innsmouth stock and one day may transform into a Deep One. His father was a foundling from the great destruction of 1927-1928, and

was raised as a government ward. Tornowski is ignorant of his heritage, and as of yet shows no trace of the Innsmouth Look.

DR. MAX TORNOWSKI, Oceanographer

STR 16 CON 12 SIZ 17 INT 15 POW 10
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 18 SAN 30 HP 15

Weapons: .38 Revolver 45%, 1D10 damage
Speargun 50%, 1D6+2 damage

Skills: Chemistry 60%, Computer Use 70%, Credit Rating 35%, First Aid 60%, Geology 30%, Library Use 55%, Photography 34%, Physics 70%, Pilot Mini-Sub 90%, Swim 100%, Zoology 85%.

Others Aboard the *Architeuthis*

- **CAPTAIN MARSH:** Peter Marsh is an old hand out of Boston, who served in World War II, Korea, and Vietnam, and the Antarctic after retiring from active duty. "Paint-Locker" Marsh loves the sea, and swaps stories with the best. His favorite tale is of being a green ensign on a *Fletcher*-class destroyer in the great typhoon of '45, off the China coast, as 150-foot waves crashed like avalanches around them. When he is drunk, he tells how he got his nick-name; the keeper may choose any desirable explanation.

PETER "PAINT-LOCKER" MARSH, Captain

STR 16 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 12
DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 14 SAN 35 HP 13

Weapons: .45 Automatic 50%, 1D10+2 damage
30-06 Rifle 35%, 2D6+3 damage
.50 Machinegun 25%, 2D6+3 damage
Knife 60%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Skills: Accounting 35%, Astronomy 45%, Boating 75%, Make Maps 75%, Orate 30%, Pilot Mini-Sub 19%, Psychology 40%, Shiphandling 95%, Speak Korean 25%, Swim 80%, Tell War Stories 85%.

- **PORFIRIO MELENDEZ:** The ship's executive officer and second-in-command. From the Dominican Republic, Melendez has had wide experience in several navies and merchant marines, and knows how to do many things. He once played second base for the Portland Beavers.

PORFIRIO MELENDEZ, Executive Officer

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 10
DEX 15 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 40 HP 13

Weapons: .45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage
Speargun 35%, 1D6+2 damage
Baseball Bat 60%, 1D8+1D4 damage

Skills: Bargain 56%, Boating 90%, Drive Automobile 45%, Electrical Repair 55%, Fast Talk 70%, First Aid 78%, Make Maps 60%, Occult 25%, Photography 50%, Pilot Mini-Sub 75%, Shiphandling 55%, Speak English 55%, Speak Portuguese 70%, Speak Spanish 85%, Swim 90%, Zoology 25%.

- **ANDY GREELEY:** Greeley is a stocky man of 45. He is capable and intelligent sailor, and a good man in a scuffle. A pudgy man, Greeley puts away enormous amounts of food. No pie or cake is safe from him.

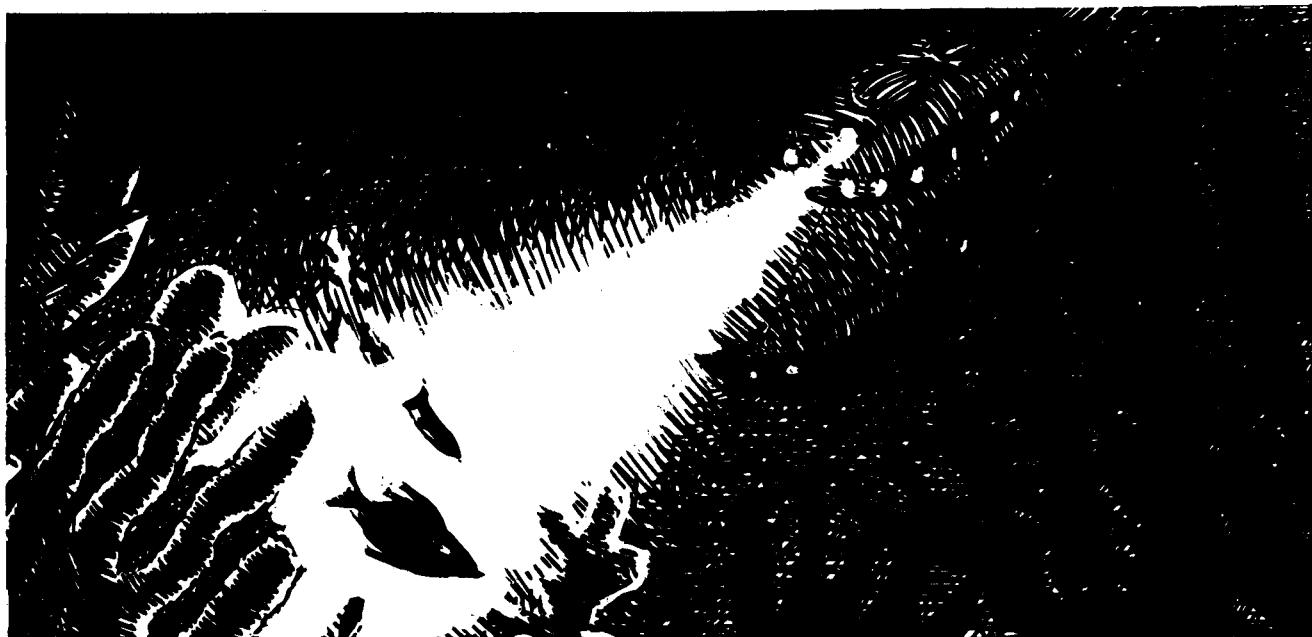
ANDY GREELEY, Bosun's Mate

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 11 SAN 60 HP 15

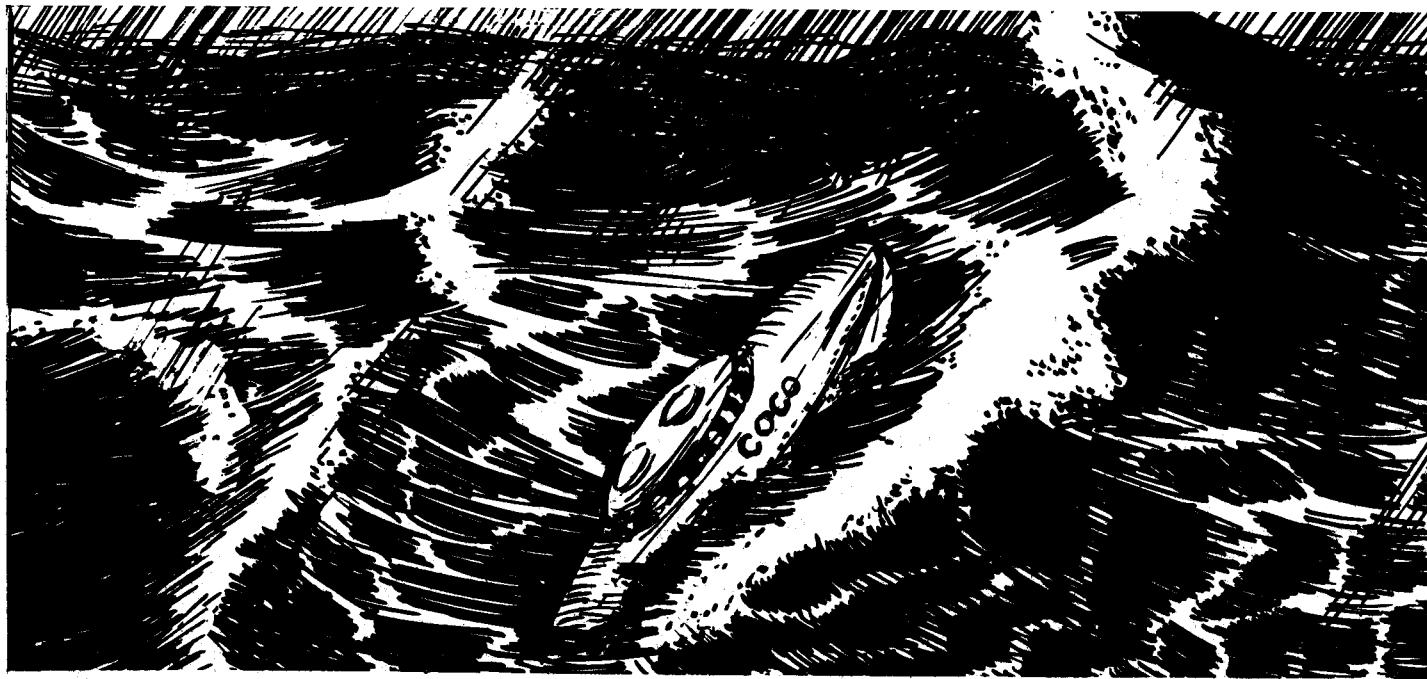
Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, 1D3+1D4 damage
.45 Automatic 40%, 1D10+2 damage
M-16 Rifle 80%, 2D6 damage
Knife 60%, 1D6+1D4 damage

Skills: Astronomy 15%, Boating 55%, Camouflage 40%, Climb 50%, Drive Automobile 85%, First Aid 50%, Jump 30%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Pilot Mini-Sub 50%, Shiphandling 60%, Sneak 30%, Speak Vietnamese 25%, Swim 75%.

- **DR. WALTER BOWERS:** He takes ferocious interest in his archaeological expedition. An efficient administrator, he is stultifyingly dull when expounding his favorite hobby, the study of pre-Homeric Greece.



Coco test-dives in the shallows

**DR. WALTER BOWERS, Archaeologist**

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 11
DEX 9 APP 14 EDU 20 SAN 53 HP 12

Skills: Anthropology 67%, Archeology 90%, Computer Use 30%, Credit Rating 66%, Cthulhu Mythos 3%, Law 45%, Linguistics 30%, Library Use 98%, Read/Write Greek 67%, Speak Greek 55%, Zoology 20%.

• **SOME SAILORS:** Fourteen men serve *Architeuthis*. They are all New England natives who have worked together for several years. None are armed. The keeper may reuse these six if more are needed, and should feel free to eliminate them one by one for dramatic emphasis or any other need.

SOME SAILORS

	Anilov	Burton	Carls	Doro	Erhard	Fink
STR	12	10	12	11	16	14
CON	14	9	12	13	15	13
SIZ	12	11	12	9	12	13
INT	15	11	13	9	13	14
POW	13	6	10	7	17	14
DEX	13	9	12	12	7	10
APP	7	12	7	8	7	12
EDU	10	10	11	13	7	12
SAN	68	27	26	32	91	76
HP	12	10	12	11	14	13
Listen	40%	25%	25%	35%	60%	25%
Spot H.	45%	40%	45%	55%	40%	45%
Fist/Punch	70%	55%	50%	50%	65%	45%
D. Bonus	1D3	1D3	1D3	1D3	1D3	1D3

The First Day's Search

A dull time for the investigators. *Architeuthis* begins the systematic mapping of the underwater plateau, but an electrical failure aboard *Coco* keeps her aboard the mother ship. *Rover One* does dive, but almost immediate-

ly surfaces, also with an electrical failure. Later, the investigators may reflect that Tornowski probably sabotaged both craft.

Day Two

The damage to *Coco* was from an electrical fire of undetermined origin. Tornowski makes slow, painstaking repairs. At mid-day, *Rover One* reports that it is surrounded by a gigantic school of dolphin. Videotapes that night show the creatures swimming about the sub by the hundreds, almost completely obscuring vision.

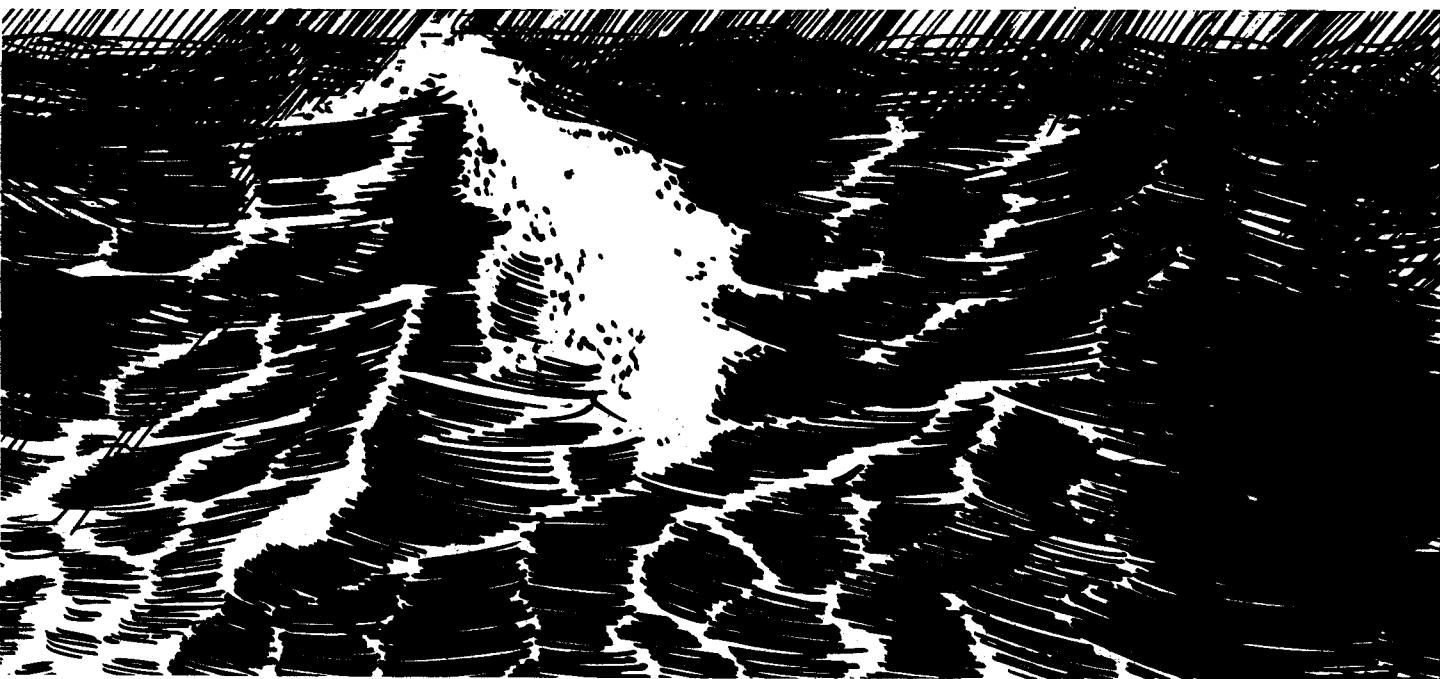
Day Three

A cyclone shoves 30-foot swells through the area; *Architeuthis* attempts to continue crisscrossing the plateau, but must suspend operations and turn to the weather. No dives are made, though the weather calms in the later afternoon.

The plateau's surface varies in height; most of it is several thousand feet down, but parts are as high as 100 feet below the water surface. Portions of what seem to be a valley flanked by low mountains can be pieced together on the charts.

Tomorrow is forecast as fair weather. Both subs are ready. The *Architeuthis* will drop them 15 kilometers apart over the center of the plateau, perform another mapping pass, then return and pick up her children. The third submarine, *Rover Two*, remains as usual with the mother ship in case an emergency arises. Marsh logs that he disagrees with this deployment.

A great flock of jaegers, predatory sea birds rather like large seagulls, collects around the ship in the afternoon. Sullen and wheeling at first, near evening the birds attack anyone who ventures on deck, forcing all hatches and



Coco awash in a squall

portholes to be dogged shut. After night falls, the birds disappear. The incident cannot dampen Bowers' impatience for the next day's exploration.

Day Four

Early in the morning both *Rover One* and *Coco* are launched. The radio buoys make an excellent navigation grid, and the two-way channel to *Architeuthis* is loud and clear. The mother ship forges ahead, to return that afternoon.

The crew of *Coco* consists of Mitchell, Tornowski, and the investigators. Encourage the owner to bring along his or her statuette. It can't do any good aboard *Architeuthis*.

Though everyone watches for it, the enormous school of dolphin make no appearance. The craft surveys a not-very-interesting plain, then slowly makes its way up a long slope. About three hours after launch, request Spot Hidden rolls. Those who succeed notice an outcrop that appears to be strangely regular. The spot is in a small ravine, difficult for *Coco*'s manipulator arms to reach, though close enough to the surface that some light penetrates the water. Suggest that the investigators don their REX's. Whoever gets there first may have the striking honor of rediscovering Atlantis. As operator of the mini-sub, Tornowski must stay behind.

The air-lock accommodates two at a time. Naturally everyone will wait, in the interests of fair play, until they are all outside the sub. Call for Dexterity rolls. The investigator who receives the lowest result gets to the outcrop first. Sure enough, beneath the barnacles and sediment is stone paving, carefully cut and set. This is a photo opportunity of the first order: *Coco* trains her lights so that everybody gets good shots with their videocameras. Conversation must be conducted by touch or gesture; the REX radios are not yet installed.

Though Dr. Mitchell is in charge, let the investigators make as many decisions as possible. Dr. Mitchell may often be overwhelmed by the magnitude of the discoveries, and gladly leave the more mundane aspects of exploration to her companions. Further, both Tornowski and the owner of the statuette are undergoing astonishing changes; use those changes to punctuate *Coco*'s encounters.

Now that they've noticed the ancient structure, the party sees that it is a road, broken but leading along the mountain. When it turns down, it becomes a long staircase. The lower end of the staircase is lost in gloom; no clue hints at its destination.

Coco tags along if the party decides to follow the staircase down. The walkway drops to about the 900-foot level. Every so often (at exactly hundred-step intervals, if someone's counting), the staircase is interrupted by a huge trench. On either side of the trench are architectural remains, indicating that the staircase once crossed the trench in a beautifully-arched bridge. The trenches themselves are dark and murky, haunted by timid octopi and squat, toad-faced fishes.

If the second trench is explored diligently, a successful Spot Hidden uncovers the remains of what appears to have been a stone boat, about 15 feet long. It is now inhabited by a huge, leprous octopus, which oozes forth and flees when approached.

Three trenches down, near REX depth limit, a crumbled stone plaque is visible, set by the side of the stairway. If it is examined, it proves to be an engraved diagram. The main pattern is composed of concentric circles. Tiny geometric shapes are scattered seemingly at random over the pattern. Dr. Mitchell positions herself to videotape the diagram. A successful History roll suggests a similarity to Plato's outline of Atlantis.

Before it can be examined too closely, a random investigator is struck from behind and almost knocked into the trench. A dolphin swims away, having rammed the investigator while everyone examined the diagram.

The blow is stunning. The investigator takes 3D6 damage, less 8 points for the armor provided by the REX gear. As the party recovers from this unprovoked attack, they glimpse the dolphin wheeling, gathering speed for a second ram.

Every 1D2 minutes, another dolphin shows up and joins the attack. Then a third, and so on. This continues until all the explorers get inside the sub, which takes about 5 minutes.

The dolphins attack every thirty seconds or so. Whatever victim is targeted (choose at random) must receive a successful Swim roll if to lunge aside at the last instant and avoid the attack. Only knives are clipped to the REX gear. When a dolphin zooms past, its target (and the explorer closest to him) can each try to attack the mammal with their knives. Any dolphin losing more than half its hit points breaks off its attacks.

Reuse the nearby killer dolphin statistics as new ones join the attack or replace those who have been retired by injury.

When the party straggles back inside *Coco*, worse news follows. As Mitchell and Tornowski administer First Aid, Tornowski says that the radio gear has burned out, and that they have no replacement parts aboard. Anyone who gets a successful Electrical Repair roll sees that one of the circuit boards is indeed damaged, but only because a soldering-iron tip was shoved through it.

If accused of the deed, Tornowski denies it. Mitchell, tight-lipped, takes control and heads *Coco* back to the rendezvous point: it is nearly five hours before the mother ship returns, but maybe they can make contact by flare

once they surface. Tornowski is haggard. Ill, he exhibits the Innsmouth Look, as a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll about his appearance or condition reveals.

KILLER DOLPHIN 1

DEX 10 Armor 4 HP 19

Weapons: Ram 50%, 1D6+2D6 damage

KILLER DOLPHIN 2

DEX 11 Armor 4 HP 18

Weapons: Ram 55%, 1D6+2D6 damage

KILLER DOLPHIN 3

DEX 11 Armor 4 HP 19

Weapons: Ram 60%, 1D6+2D6 damage

KILLER DOLPHIN 4

DEX 11 Armor 4 HP 20

Weapons: Ram 45%, 1D6+2D6 damage

KILLER DOLPHIN 5

DEX 12 Armor 4 HP 18

Weapons: Ram 70%, 1D6+2D6 damage

KILLER DOLPHIN 6

DEX 11 Armor 4 HP 17

Weapons: Ram 65%, 1D6+2D6 damage

Lost At Sea

Aboard the *Architeuthis* there is alarm when radio contact with *Coco* is lost. That afternoon, the ship picks up *Rover One* on schedule, but there is no sign of the 6-man sub carrying the investigators. Both 2-man subs are launched at *Coco*'s buoy, but find nothing, despite wide and frenzied searches. Both are finally taken back aboard well after midnight, and the crews turn in for a few hours of sleep. Captain Marsh keeps three look-outs on deck the entire night, but no flare is seen.



Overwhelmed by his on-going metamorphosis into a Deep One, Tornowski has done damage less obvious than the sabotage of two circuit boards. He has reversed the readings of the main and auxiliary compasses, and has scrambled the calibrations of the radio-buoy locator. *Coco's* navigation gear is not meant for serious ocean voyages; the craft is soon beyond range of the buoys.

Dr. Mitchell heads the little sub toward what the instruments tell her is the location of the *Architeuthis*; actually she actually is going north and west, the error magnified by a 3-knot westerly current. By mid-afternoon, when they should have met, the mother ship and *Coco* are more than ten miles apart. For the moment, the mini-sub is on its own.

As the hours pass, Dr. Mitchell has more and more trouble holding her position. The sub surfaces every 15 minutes to look for the mother ship, but the winds increase through the afternoon, tossing the little rotund craft and forcing her down. Very quickly everyone learns not to open the top hatch to take looks around; from every bounce of every wave, poor *Coco* takes on 5-10 gallons of water. The clouds lower. *Coco's* flares, though she still has plenty of them, have less and less chance to be seen.

Mitchell asks the opinions of the investigators. Listen seriously to their suggestions, and try them out. Needless to say, nothing should work. Allow the investigators to participate in the decisions for signalling, surfacing, etc., so that they feel responsible when the procedures fail. Tornowski sullenly takes no part in the discussion.

The one suggestion that must be stymied is that they abandon the *Coco* and take to the life raft on the surface. Mitchell might suggest that the killer dolphin will be even greater menaces to a fragile life raft, but the simplest way to block the idea, and that's not a bad one, is to have Dr.

Mitchell point out that the sub is still safe and usable, and will be for two more days, and that after *Coco's* batteries are dead is time enough to evacuate her.

The sub is cramped, everyone's clothes are wet, and everyone needs a bath. Mitchell takes the sub down to the bottom, little more than a hundred feet down here, and settles it so that everyone can get some sleep. An hour later, everyone is roused by Tornowski's screams. He points through a viewport and shrieks that there are people outside. Though the sea is strangely luminous, all that can be seen are hordes of dolphins.

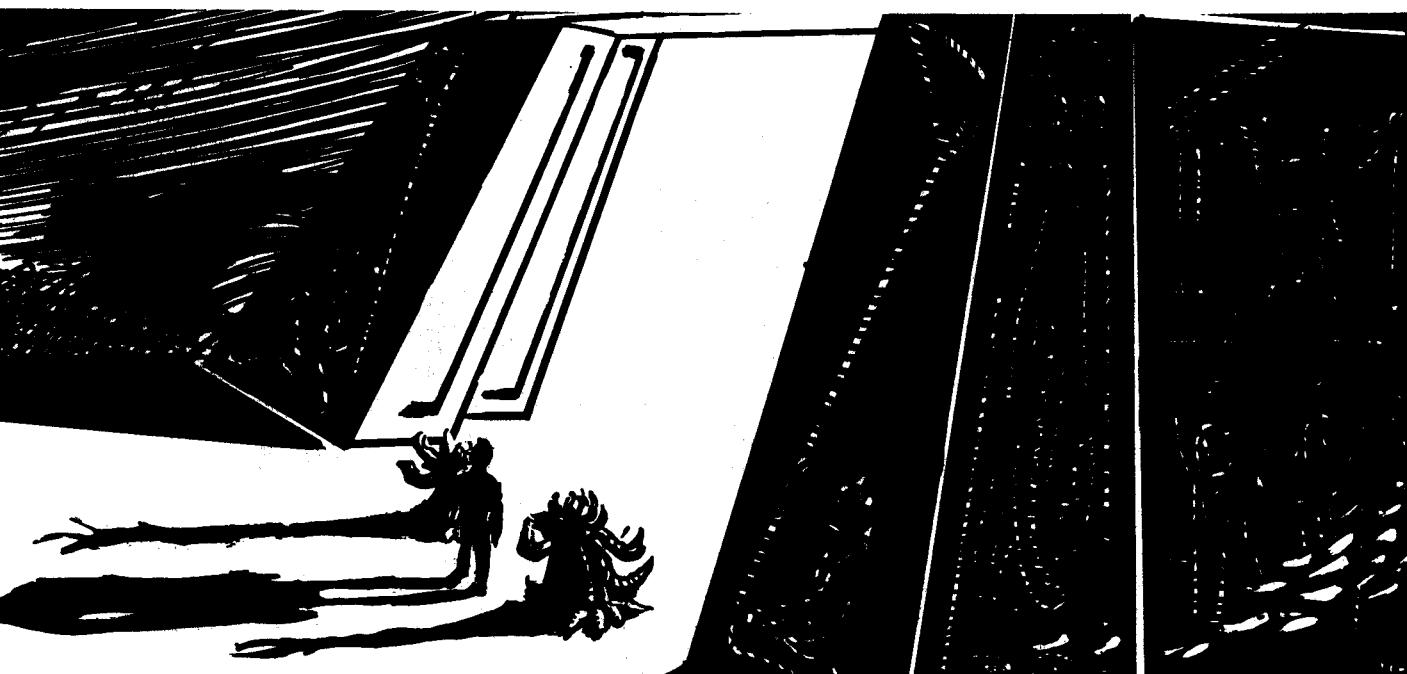
But anyone peering outside the sub who receives a special Spot Hidden roll (1/5th of the normal chance for success) momentarily glimpses bloated corpses bobbing through the water alongside the dolphins. The vision costs 0/1D3 SAN. Everyone else only sees the dolphins. Max continues to shriek until calmed (with a successful Psychoanalysis or Psychology roll) or drugged (the sub's medicine chest contains standard drugs and pain-killers).

In the next few hours, anyone awake sees Max's transformation accelerate. His hair begins to fall out and his neck wrinkles up. He looks as terrible as everyone else feels. When morning comes, the glow in the sea the night before is replaced by vague light from a cloud-covered sun.

The First Temple

Breakfast is interrupted by vigorous thumps on the sub's hull. Alas, it is not rescue: the dolphins have returned. Now, lacking individual targets, they zero in on the mini-sub, 50-100 at a time pushing and jostling it along the sea bottom.

Gasp, Mitchell sets the sub in motion, and the attacks taper off. But when she turns the sub around, everyone sees a veritable wall of dolphin approach, and



the temple of Gloom

begin to shove against *Coco*, tilting her and causing ominous creaks and groans from her joints. It does not take a successful Idea roll to figure out which way to go. And, though the dolphins could easily outrun *Coco*, so long as she heads away from them, they do nothing.

About half an hour later, the mini-sub approaches a high hill bearing several apparently-intact structures. Request a Sanity roll for the investigator who owns the statuette: he or she recognizes the buildings from the nightmares which continue to leave him or her exhausted every morning. The cost is 0/1D4 SAN. Dolphins cavort in and around the ruins, but do not threaten *Coco*.

Max Tornowski also becomes excited, mumbling "he's waiting for us, he wants us," and similar gibberish. His skin begins to peel as though he'd suffered a bad sunburn. The skin beneath is glossy and inflamed, and quite painful in appearance, though Max shows no sign of discomfort. A successful Spot Hidden shows that Max no longer blinks his eyes, and that his eyes don't fully close even in sleep. Everyone can see that his eyes look glazed and buggy. Dr. Mitchell tells Max that he is sick, and has been relieved of all duties. Privately, she also tells the investigators to keep an eye on him and to accept no instructions from him.

The dolphins have scattered after their impressive assault earlier in the day. Mitchell takes *Coco* to the surface. It is raining buckets, and the wind is gusting from the northeast at about 15 knots. Visibility is zero. There is nothing to do but put down again, though Mitchell cannot help but point out that it is more comfortable in the sub than tossing around out there in a liferaft.

Mitchell suggests that they go back to the buildings they've found. Whether not they survive, she says, the opportunity is too wonderful to miss. If the investigators agree, they head toward the most interesting structure, a huge cylindrical building with an external stairway spiraling up around it. After eons, the great stone blocks composing the edifice are still in place, though parts of the stairway have crumbled away. The doorway at the base, if there ever was one, is buried beneath yards of mud, but a three-yard-wide crack at the top promises ready access.

She'll let three investigators go with her to examine the ruin. The *Coco* carries two spearguns and four bangsticks; Mitchell takes a speargun. Have each investigator choose one of the remaining weapons, in case the dolphins return.

As before, Tornowski stays behind. But now one of the investigators guards him, as well as pilots the submarine.

The cylinder proves to be quite strong, as its survival all these millennia suggests. It is completely hollow inside, with a diameter of about a hundred feet. It is lit only by the tiny lights of the team. Arranged around the interior of the cylinder are three statues. As the party travels around the building, peering at the statues, they can see only one at a time; as their headlights do not pierce the murky water far enough to illuminate the statues to either side.

Spearguns

To fire a speargun, use the Rifle skill for targeting. The spear does 1D10 damage. A speargun has an effective range of 20 feet. A spear which misses may be rewound from the attached line and reloaded: this procedure takes 6 combat rounds.

In this adventure, *Coco* has two spearguns available.

Bangsticks

A bangstick is a four-foot-long pole with a shotgun shell at its tip. When rammed into the side of a target, the device discharges, delivering 4D6 damage. Use any melee skill for it, including Fist / Punch. It takes two combat rounds to reload a bangstick.

The party has four bangsticks and 20 shotgun shells available.

The first statue they spot is mostly rubble, but its finely-fashioned, bat-eared, rather toad-like head is still intact, lying before its torso in an enormous empty stone tub. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the statue and tub as a fane of Tsathoggua.

The second statue is a tiny, perfectly-wrought horror, a semblance of an elongate blind squid. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes it as a chthonian. A ring of broken stone skulls encircles it.

On the side of its dais is a circle through which an irregular bisecting line is inscribed. A successful Geology roll suggests that the line is a schematic depiction of the Mid-Atlantic Rift.

The final statue is a 30-foot-high laurel-crowned image of a naked youth. It is identical in all respects but size to the small idol owned by the investigator. The front of its dais shows two things. One is a bas-relief of a temple, the dark temple seen in the investigator's dreams, while the other appears to be a floor plan of the temple. According to the floor plan, the dark temple is evidently mostly empty within. A disk circled by stylized flames is carved in the center of the plan. The party returns to the craft after copious taping of the site.

Tornowski's Change

Once all are inside, the other investigators notice that the owner of the statuette is crying. His or her attention called to the tears, the owner is surprised. The owner feels overwhelmed by a strange emotion, but had not realized tears were falling. With a successful Idea roll, the owner realizes that the dream-temple is not far off, and points the direction.

The sub comes to a valley on the ocean floor, on the side of which sits a dark rock-wrought temple. Seeing this, the statuette's owner loses 0/1D6 SAN. It is the temple from the dreams, and he or she somehow feels joyful, terrified, and anticipatory.

The mounting presence of the Cthulhu Mythos suddenly overcomes something in Tornowski, who produces a gun. Dr. Mitchell tries to calm him, but Tornowski brutally lashes the gun barrel across her face, splitting her ear and leaving her unconscious in a puddle of blood. Tornowski threatens everyone, swearing to blast the sub's hull if they don't stand back. He demands the statuette. His long-delayed change to Deep One, catalyzed by Gloon's proximity and the figurine's presence, is at hand.

Whether or not Tornowski gets the statuette, he climbs into the airlock and exits, without any REX gear. Just before he leaves, he fires a shot through the wall of the mini-sub, and an incredibly strong jet of water sprays across *Coco*. The flow is too strong to be blocked from inside the craft. One investigator must be detailed to tend to Dr. Mitchell, still unconscious, who must be lifted and locked into her REX gear, or drown.

To patch *Coco*, one of the remaining investigators must successfully receive a Pilot Mini-sub roll, to remember and perform emergency power-down procedures, and two Dexterity rolls, to get into his or her REX suit, and to get outside and perform the repair before the mini-sub is irretrievably flooded. If no one gets the full sequence of successful rolls, everyone manages to get into their REX suits, but *Coco* shorts her circuits in a burst of sparks and dies, becoming a dark smudge on the ocean floor.

If anyone can get a successful Spot Hidden roll, he or she glimpses Tornowski in the sea outside. He immediately convulses and vomits blood, dropping the statuette. But he continues to metamorph, and within seconds more becomes a Deep One. A pack of dolphins converge on the new monster and swim off with him. Anyone watching through a porthole loses 1/1D6 SAN. The statuette remains behind on the sea bottom.

In the gloom, the investigators can hardly not notice that a bright flickering light suddenly appears within the temple.

Coco's airlock can be undogged manually, but resists with STR 16. If the hatches cannot be undone, the bangsticks can be used to blast through the observation ports, though the ports are large enough only to exit SIZ 24 or smaller individuals (including their SIZ 10 REX units). No sufficient cutting gear is aboard or attached to REXs. An investigator who cannot get out either way is trapped, and dies in four hours.

The Second Temple

Dr. Mitchell revives and can fend for herself. The investigators outside can head towards the surface if they wish, but Gloon's curse will then remain. The survivors need to have a head-to-head talk to decide on a course of action. The rest of this section assumes that they head toward the lighted temple.

Between the foundered *Coco* and the temple can be dimly seen the remains of U-29, (see Lovecraft's story "The Temple"), now a lifeless hulk.

The temple is an immense structure, made entirely of black stone. It has one floor and a gigantic doorway. From ceiling to floor, it is at least fifty feet high. As the investigators approach, the light fades to nothing. The

GLOON, Lesser Outer God

Gloon appears identically to the statuette, a handsome nude young man, though standing well over ten feet tall. His laurel wreath, as incongruous as his own unprotected self here on the sea floor, is carefully set around his brow.

Gloon's touch penetrates through armor or clothing to cause exceeding pain and agony in the recipient as his flesh explodes into a festering mass of boils and scabs. This does 1D3 damage to the victim per round for 1D6 combat rounds after the touch has ended. The agony also causes the target to lose 10 percentiles off all skills until the wounds have been cured.

Once reduced to 0 hit points, Gloon transforms to his true form, then dissolves and vanishes back to his own plane. Gloon's true form is that of a wattled, slug-like horror.

GLOON

STR 40 CON 60 SIZ 35 INT 14 POW 50
DEX 17 Move 6 HP 40

Weapons: Touch 60%, corruption damage *

Armor: none.

SAN Cost: none, normally. Seeing Gloon's true form costs 1/1D10 SAN.

Two Servants of Gloon

The Servants look like miniature versions of the entity Zoth-Ommog. They stand about seven feet tall. Each can attack once a round, with either tentacle or bite.

Each has 3 points of thick, blubbery skin, and each regenerates from all damage done, at the rate of 3 points per combat round. Reduction to 0 hit points dispels the creature. SAN cost to view is 1/1D10.

SERVANT ONE

STR 13 CON 40 SIZ 20 INT 10 POW 12
DEX 12 Move 6 HP 30

Weapons: Bite 45%, 1D6+1D6 damage
Tentacle 45%, grapple (1D6 constriction damage on each successive round; REX armor resists until overcome, see Elder Thing tentacles in rulesbook).

SERVANT TWO

STR 16 CON 35 SIZ 20 INT 10 POW 14
DEX 10 Move 6 HP 28

Weapons: Bite 45%, 1D6+1D6 damage
Tentacle 45%, grapple (1D6 constriction damage on each successive round; REX armor resists until overcome, see Elder Thing tentacles in rulesbook).

exterior of the temple is covered with representations of ancient Atlanteans, including the image of Gloon as the wretched youth.

Entering the temple, the divers' lights show empty slime-covered stone and an octopus or two. Minutes after arriving, though, a light appears. At first it is only the size of a pea, but grows rapidly in intensity. The light expands into a huge sphere. From this portal emerges Gloon and the two Servants of Gloon.

Ending The Adventure

Though time is running out for them, the investigators have advantages which become obvious as they maneuver. The Servants of Gloon cannot attack anyone within ten feet of the idol. And Gloon cannot leave the temple: exiting it immediately reduces the number of opponents.

Placing the statuette into the glowing light within the temple (this light remains as long as Gloon and his Servants are active) expels Gloon and his Servants and sends the statuette to another plane as well, and prevents Gloon's return to Earth. Gloon and his Servants attempt to stymie this at all times.

If the idol is returned to the temple, even if it is not destroyed in the glowing light, the visions end and its possessor is cured. Do not forget that the Servants of Gloon will try to kill the investigators with or without the idol, chasing them towards the surface if necessary. If the idol is not returned to the temple at any time, the possessor continues to suffer the visions and lose 0/1D3 SAN per night till thoroughly mad.

Once the task is completed or Gloon is otherwise conquered and the statuette left behind, the investigators can swim to the surface. On the surface, the investigators must tread water and hope that *Architeuthis* shows up.

A life raft is inside *Coco*. A bold investigator might swim down to *Coco*, enter the water-filled sub, drag out the collapsed raft, then release the compressed-air cylinder which explosively fills the raft with gas, rocketing it to the surface within seconds.

In the raft is a survival kit, and in the kit a flare gun. As the weather subsides, the flares bring *Architeuthis* at flank speed, her deck bloody and littered with feathers from repeated jaeger attacks. Without the flares, the investigators may bob around the ocean like corks for several days until the Institute's amphibian aircraft finally finds them.

All concerned do much better in their REX suits, tied together and to the raft, than by abandoning the suits and suffering exposure. For the second and successive days without the suits, each survivor loses 1D6+1 hit points; with the REXs, subtract 1 hit point every other day.

Whatever the investigators do, their tale of it will be worth listening to. Whether *Architeuthis* herself makes it back to land, or whether the videotapes which the party took contain images on them, is for the keeper's sweet imagination to declare. Major prizes and honors are rewards too great for mere investigators to immediately command; certainly several dangerous expeditions are necessary before all the dangers of the Atlantis seamount have been defeated.

If the investigators manage to rid themselves of the statuette, the owner of it receives 1D6+1 SAN and the others each get 1D3 SAN. If the investigators manage to expel Gloon and his gang, they receive 2D6 SAN each. If Mitchell and all of *Coco*'s investigators survived, hand out an additional SAN point for that. ■

THE CITY IN THE SEA

*Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad
And the worst and the best
have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.*

*No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The veil, the violet, and the vine.*

*Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.*

*There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.*

*But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.*

— Edgar Allan Poe

Aboard Architeuthis

One or more investigators may stay aboard *Architeuthis* while the chosen four dive with Mitchell and Tornowski. Keepers might inject a parenthetical episode aboard *Architeuthis* or summarize events on the mother ship as part of end-of-adventure tidying-up.

Jaeger Attacks

Pomarine jaegers are large nautical birds with wingspreads of four feet or more, marked with dark brown above and white beneath. They have strong, wide-opening beaks, cruelly downturned and raptor-like. During flight, jaegers resemble gigantic barn swallows, though they behave more like huge gulls. These intelligent, persistent birds patrol the seas, rarely touching land.

The flock that Gloon summons numbers 2000-3000 jaegers, assembling in the late morning, wheeling closely around the ship, darkening the sun. A successful Zoology roll establishes that this is unusual and ominous behavior. The birds attack mid-afternoon, targeting humans first. Lacking human targets, the birds do general damage to the ship.

Large swooping birds, jaegers need room. Not more than 10 jaegers can attack a human in a combat round. Damage done depends on the number of birds attacking: roll 1D10 to learn the number. If 1-5 attack, no damage is done; if 5-9 do, the target loses 1 hit point automatically; if 10 do, assess the target 2 hit points. (These keen hunters rarely miss human-sized targets.) A successful dodger loses no hit points. Learn if investigators will dodge before the round begins.

If using hit locations, add 6 to each result: upper body attacks are likelier. Results above 20 count as 20.

Foiling The Jaegers

Investigators may need to go on deck during a jaeger attack to bring in equipment, rescue shipmates, stow gear, repair antennas, raise mini-subs, etc.

Architeuthis can withstand hurricanes; she is a mobile fortress of great strength. Her hatches are dogable and impervious to beak and claw; her SIZ 14 ports are of thick, tempered glass, each sealable by a metal hatch. *Architeuthis* is water-tight and bird-tight. While investigators stay inside, the jaegers can do little to them.

Foul(Fowl!?)-weather gear can armor an individual. Hats, jackets, pants, and boots are tough and offer little purchase for claws. If foul-weather gear is worn, subtract 1 from the 1D10 jaeger attack roll result.

The 20 sets of fire-fighting gear include gloves, jackets, and helmets impervious to beaks and claw, and respiration equipment protecting the face and neck. For it, subtract 3 from the 1D10 jaeger attack roll result.

Architeuthis has an exterior sprinkler system pumping salt-water spray over all or part of the exterior. Once activated, no bird will fly into that water curtain.

A stream from a firehose can immediately sweep away avian attackers from a victim. Handling the astonishing force of a firehose takes two experienced fire-fighters or three novices. The experienced aim at and envelope their target with automatic success; novices have only a 40% chance per combat round of hitting a target with the bucking, squirming hose.

(If a novice investigator holds the nozzle, call for a luck roll: failure means the hapless victim took the full impact of the stream for 1D6 damage. The handle on the side of the brass nozzle adjusts the pressure from a vicious stream to a gentler enveloping spray.)

The engines' fuel mixture can be changed to create dark, thick smoke. Chemists might be able to make artificial smoke. If the wind is light, and if *Architeuthis* slows or halts, dense smoke can halt the attacks by blinding and confusing the birds.

Details Of Architeuthis

WHEEL DECK: includes the bridge, associated radar, radio, navigation, and computer gear, an emergency electrical generator, various antennas, and the motorship's single stack. **Weak points:** the antennas; the single stack, though screened, is blockable by 30-40 jaegers who decide to sacrifice themselves; the ventilator stacks are screened but blockable by birds.

OFFICER'S DECK: includes quarters for the ship's officers, expedition leaders, a small messroom and galley, an arms locker, etc. **Weak Points:** small, easily blocked ventilation shafts; no electrical generator.

STAFF DECK: longer than officer's deck, it includes further scientist and technician quarters, and mess, lounge, and sanitary facilities for them. There are four 15-man lifeboats here, two each to port and starboard. **Weak Points:** ventilation by porthole or air conditioning system; no emergency electrical generator.

MAIN DECK: open fore-aft continuation of staff deck. Forward are cargo holds, booms, and winches. Aft, mini-subs are stowed, launched, and recovered. Two 20-man rafts are here. **Weak Points:** none.

SCIENCE DECK: the first three decks were superstructure; science deck is amidships within the hull. Here are labs, workbenches, small offices, refrigerator and pressure compartments, collection tanks, a scientific library, computational and data-processing facilities, a small machine shop and repair facility, and an emergency electrical generator. Though in the hull of the ship, this deck has small portholes. **Weak Points:** independent ventilation system easily clogged by birds.

BELOW DECKS: most of the hull. Includes two cargo holds, ballast tanks, regular electrical generators, fresh water tanks, miscellaneous storage, the engine room, drive shafts, and fuel tanks. There are no portholes. **Weak Points:** engines and ventilation dependent on blockable main deck / wheel deck shafts; few exits.

CONNECTIONS: (1) port and starboard exterior ladders connect the antennas, wheel deck, officer's deck, and staff deck / main deck. (2) Fore and aft interior stairs connect wheel deck, officer's deck, staff deck, science deck, and below decks. (3) An exterior aft ladder connects main deck with the top of the stack. (4) An interior ladder leads from wheel deck to the antennas. (5) Four doors open onto main deck from staff deck. (6) An emergency hatch links the engine room to the science deck. (7) An emergency hatch links science deck to the after portion of main deck. (8) Two emergency hatches link cargo holds 1 and 2 to the forward portion of main deck. (9) An airlock below decks opens into the sea.

Dreams Dark And Deadly

*Wherein our heroes journey to the high country
of Colorado, to investigate untimely madness and other
strange goings-on beside the bottomless depths of a mountain lake.*

SOMETHING SINISTER is taking place at the Windthrope Institute for Dream Research. A girl has been driven mad, people are disappearing, and the world's worst nightmare is about to become reality. The Institute has developed a technique by means of which dreams can be studied directly, but inadvertently producing a channel through which the obscene will of Great Cthulhu now works upon the unsuspecting researchers.

That will, the *chorazin*, the portion of Cthulhu's being most psychically accessible, has been invited by the methodical intrusion of the Dreamweb into humanity's collective unconsciousness. The chorazin has tapped into and made limited use of the Datamaster computer.

Great Cthulhu's id-like, viscous will replaces rational thought altogether, seeping like water to dominate alike matter and the immaterial. The chorazin's propensity is to create a dream simulacrum of itself, and then to give that image reality, freeing an avatar of Cthulhu to stride freely and fill the world with terror and bloodshed.

Through their dreams, Cthulhu's chorazin influences his victims' personality and behavior, subtly turning them into unwitting servants.

As they sleep, Dandridge and his staff, as well as anyone else who has entered the Dreamweb, receive the fierce desires of the chorazin. This control takes the affect of common somnambulism, or sleepwalking. Asleep, the staff carry out their orders ruthlessly and to the letter, awaking the next morning with no memory of nocturnal rambles.

Dandridge and Fielding were the first to succumb. Fielding was compelled in his sleep to reprogram the Datamaster, and spent months doing so. Naturally, no memory of this was retained in his conscious mind, so he will be as surprised as anyone by the hostile abilities to which the chorazin can put the Datamaster.

One by one, each of the staff has been subverted to Cthulhu's needs. And the effects of this subversion can soon become apparent to the attentive observer. But when the investigators arrive on the scene, they too may fall prey to the dreams of the Sleeper in R'lyeh.

- Two red herrings may divert the investigators for a while. The name "Dinosaur Lodge" has nothing to do with the plot, nor do allosaur skeletons or saurians hypothetically lurking in Holly Lake. Likewise, the underwater caverns of Holly Lake, though of interest to geologists and probably fascinating to aqualunkers, are a diversion. Both can arise in conversation, but keepers should not elaborate on those ideas without consideration and preparation.

Player Information

Nora Pope, cousin to one of the investigators, has worked as a maid at the Institute since its opening. Three days ago, Nora supposedly suffered a drug overdose which has left her hospitalized. Nora and the chosen investigator have known one another since childhood and periodically keep in contact.

Nearby is reprinted Nora's last letter and a handout summarizing the situation as the related investigator sees it. Give this handout to the player whose investigator you have chosen to be Nora's cousin. Nora's mother has forwarded a clipping from the *Clauson (Colorado) Gazette*, giving the official view of the incident, and it also is reprinted nearby.

The Secret History Of Dinosaur Lodge

Clauson was settled in 1865 by twelve pioneer families from Ohio, who found in the isolated valley rich soil and adequate water for farming and abundant uplands grazing for cattle and sheep. Though it prospered, the community was isolated much of the year.

Half an hour's drive from Craig, Colorado, Clauson remains isolated today. Near Holly Lake, not far from Clauson, several superb allosaur skeletons were discovered. One was later mounted for display in the lobby of what became Dinosaur Lodge in 1950, a popular vacation spot.

In the 1920s, Clauson was ideal for someone seeking privacy and seclusion; one such person was Abner Gilman. Late in the spring of 1928, Gilman arrived in Clauson and purchased the tract of forestland surrounding Holly Lake. Here he constructed a main house, a guest house, and a carillon tower, collectively then called Gilman Lodge. The Lodge was destined for darker purposes than recreation.

Gilman and his family had fled the dire fate which befell Innsmouth in the winter of 1927-28. The Gilmans bore the taint of the Deep Ones. They were loyal members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon and hoped to establish a new colony, far from the destruction of Innsmouth. The caverns of Holly Lake suggested a secure location for a new Deep One colony. Abner used strange gold brought from certain Pacific islands to purchase the Holly Lake property and to construct the lodge.

As the children came of age, they returned to Innsmouth to acquire suitable spouses. The first to undergo the transformation was Abner's sister, Martha, who took

Player Aid #1

You Are Nora's Cousin

You are Nora Pope's first cousin. You have known Nora since she was an infant, and have kept in touch by occasional letter since you went your separate ways. It is completely against Nora's straitlaced personality ever to take drugs of any kind. She is a teetotaller, does not smoke, and has been known to refuse Coca-Cola because of the caffeine content.

Now she lies comatose in a hospital, and the newspaper account of her hospitalization states that a wide assortment of illegal drugs were found in her room. Were the drugs planted in her room? By whom? Why?

You realize that publicizing this fact may alert your quarry, reducing your effectiveness as an investigator. You and your fellow investigators will travel to the Institute to find the answer.

Player Aid #3

Institute Worker Treated

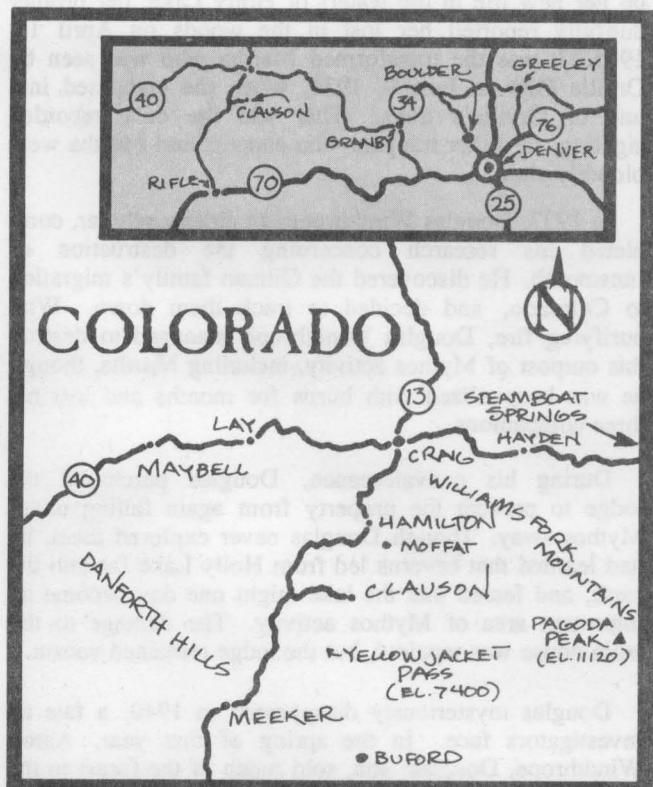
A lay worker at the Windthrope Institute was removed by air to Denver Memorial hospital last night for emergency treatment.

Miss Nora Pope, a maid at the Windthrope Institute for Dream Research, was reported to be in guarded condition.

Sheriff's deputies reported that an assortment of psychogenic drugs was found in Miss Pope's room.

The Institute occupies Dinosaur Lodge, just east of Clauson.

— *Clauson Gazette*.



Player Aid #2

Nora's Last Letter to You

Dear Cousin;

Another day's sweeping and dusting is done. This joint is such a sprawl that by the time I'm finished, it's time to begin once more!

I doubt it'll be a problem for me much longer. I'm not happy here; the workers all seem OK -- most of them -- but the place gives me the cold shivers, so like the man sez, "Ah b'lieve Ah'll be moving on, Miz Jessie."

Maybe it's just the bizarre dream research, but I feel like something awful fierce is going to happen soon and I'd just as soon be in another state when it does. Or it might be that goofball Fred Butts who weirds it around in the woods every weekend. I know I get the most putrid nightmares every time I close my eyes.

The volunteers who come in for the dream experiments are interesting and friendly, though often objects of pity. One poor devil couldn't get to sleep to save his soul. He told me that if he got three hours of sleep in a night, he felt lucky. Now, he's doing much better. I'm sure the Institute does some good. I'm still not comfortable here.

I often swim in the lake, though the waters are quite cold. The people say that there are underwater caves from it that go for miles.

Anyway, if your next letter is returned stamped "Return to Sender," you'll know what happened. I'll write again as soon as I get settled wherever I wind up. Maybe I'll go back home for a month or two to catch my bearings. I've heard that pay is good in Alaska. Maybe I'll wind up there!

Yours for lower heating bills.

Everyone's favorite cousin,

Nora

up her new life in the waters of Holly Lake; her brother dutifully reported her lost in the woods on April 18, 1935. It was the transformed Martha who was seen by Orville Pike on June 9, 1936, when she blundered into one of Orville's traps. This was the only recorded sighting, for other trappers who encountered Martha were bloodily slain.

In 1937, Douglas Windthrope, an elderly scholar, completed his research concerning the destruction of Innsmouth. He discovered the Gilman family's migration to Colorado, and decided to track them down. With purifying fire, Douglas Windthrope managed to destroy this outpost of Mythos activity, including Martha, though he was hospitalized with burns for months and lost his three companions.

During his convalescence, Douglas purchased the lodge to prevent the property from again falling under Mythos sway. Though Douglas never explored them, he had learned that caverns led from Holly Lake far into the earth, and feared that the lake might one day become an important area of Mythos activity. The damage to the main house was repaired, but the lodge remained vacant.

Douglas mysteriously disappeared in 1940, a fate all investigators face. In the spring of that year, Aaron Windthrope, Douglas' son, sold much of the forest to the Rocky Mountain Timber Company, who logged parcels of the property until 1947, when the company went bankrupt.

Now renamed Dinosaur Lodge, the property was rented to a succession of entrepreneurs and vacationers until Aaron's heir, Lawrence Windthrope, decided that it was the ideal site for his Institute.

Only Lawrence knows the lodge's history, for he inherited the journals of his father and grandfather. Lawrence keeps this information to himself, but may reveal it if the investigators prove themselves foes of the Mythos. In that case, Lawrence relates the true history of Dinosaur Lodge, but does not mention the journals without good reason.

The Fate Of Nora Pope

Nora Pope was the maid at the Institute. Quiet and unassuming, the classic girl-next-door, her youthful innocence aroused Gilbert Manes' obscene lusts, and he attempted to force his repulsive attentions on her. She threatened to tell Dr. Dandridge, and have Manes fired. The possibility of losing Manes' services was unacceptable to the chorazin.

On the terrible night, Nora strolled the shores of Holly Lake, some distance from the Institute. The dream-image of a Formless Spawn appeared and pursued her into the woods where, among the shadowy trees, she was blocked by a Dark Young. She was herded back to the lake, where the visage of a Star Spawn rising from the waters plunged Nora into the depths of insanity.

Nora is now quite mad, and has been removed to an asylum in Denver. She is catatonic, unable to communicate, and no help to the investigators. She is not permanently insane, and should recover with proper care, but not till this scenario is long over.

Ellen Cody, who was Nora's closest friend at the Institute, can tell inquiring investigators that Nora actively disliked Gilbert Manes, and often remarked that "something is fishy about him." She didn't care much for Torrence Dandridge, either, and felt he was a phony. Nora's feelings for Lawrence Windthrope were mixed. "He's so strange," she once said, "Like he's keeping some horrible secret."

The night Nora was driven insane, Torrence Dandridge was apprised of the unnatural goings-on by Dr. Weemes, an eye-witness to the event. Dandridge was unsure who or what was behind the tragedy, but quickly realized that an official investigation could cause trouble. He cast his Cloud Memory spell on Dr. Weemes, erasing his memory of the event and his contact with Dandridge, then visited Nora's room and planted a number of recreational drugs where a casual search would easily uncover them. Dandridge has convinced himself the shocking apparitions were aberrations, unconnected to his work.

Getting Into The Institute

If Nora's cousin and his fellow investigators telephone or write the Institute and truthfully identify themselves, Torrence Dandridge replies personally and tells them that nothing more can be learned about Nora's tragic accident.

If they show up in person, they are politely refused access to the Institute for unspecified security reasons, though Dandridge does permit Nora's cousin to remove the girl's personal effects from her room, providing the cousin presents proof of identity. None of her effects are the least suspicious. The drugs have been confiscated by the sheriff.

Wise investigators gain free access to the Institute by presenting themselves as volunteers for the Dreamweb experiments, of which Nora had written. If they attempt this, they are welcomed and soon ensconced in the main house. They are currently the only volunteers, and are given a day to settle in and become acquainted with the project before their first Dreamweb session.

The players should familiarize themselves with the area map (Player Aid #4), the lodge plans (Player Aid #5), the lab plans (Player Aid #6), and the standard release form (Player Aid #7).

No one hinders the investigators' movements or actions in any way. Give the staff list (Player Aid #8) to the investigators after they have been at the Institute one day.

Player Aid #7

STANDARD RELEASE FORM**The Institute and the Dreamweb**

The Institute studies and monitors dreams, primarily through the use of an amazing technological innovation called the Dreamweb, a device simple in concept and awesomely complex in construction and operation.

The Dreamweb monitors minute electrical impulses and chemical changes in the brain of a sleeper, translating them into bits of data decipherable by a computer. This data becomes a video image transmitted to one or more recording sites.

By inducing minor chemical changes in a sleeper's bloodstream and applying electrical stimuli, dreams can be slightly altered, though the precise nature of the induced changes is still unpredictable. Our research proceeds slowly, with great care.

The web is not dangerous; the attached Datamaster computer controls all input, and a failsafe system is installed. Researchers monitor all test dreams and can even kill the intense fear produced by a nightmare.

The Dreamweb is contained in a circular, glassed-in chamber at the center of the lab building. In the middle of this chamber is a plush examination couch which promotes deep relaxation. Dozens of electrodes are taped to key points on the subject's head and body. Wires from the electrodes extend to banks of sockets mounted on the curved wall, giving the chamber a rather spidery look when in operation — hence the name Dreamweb.

Around the outside of the web chamber are banks of consoles displaying the input from the monitoring electrodes. Researchers can track incoming data while simultaneously observing the dreamer through windows. You may feel a bit like a goldfish in a bowl. Don't worry. The observers are there for your protection. Each of the five monitoring stations, as well as the two observation areas, are equipped with viewing screens on which dreams are displayed.

Your Job And Ours

Your job is simply to dream. We are grateful for your cooperation. There is nothing which you must do. We are gathering data now; your dreams will eventually let us develop hypotheses and test them.

In return for what we hope is a pleasant mountain vacation, please limit your trips to town, and please don't speak about our work to outsiders. The responses you get can easily invalidate many specific experiments and waste the hundreds of thousands of dollars that are being spent. For this reason, experimental volunteers who violate our guidelines must be dismissed from the Institute.

However, you do have free run of WIDR's grounds: we have no secrets from our friends. As part of the acceptance procedure, you must each fill out a medical and psychological history and undergo an in-depth psychiatric examination. Past evidence of psychiatric maladies does not limit your chances for acceptance — such volunteers are actively sought.

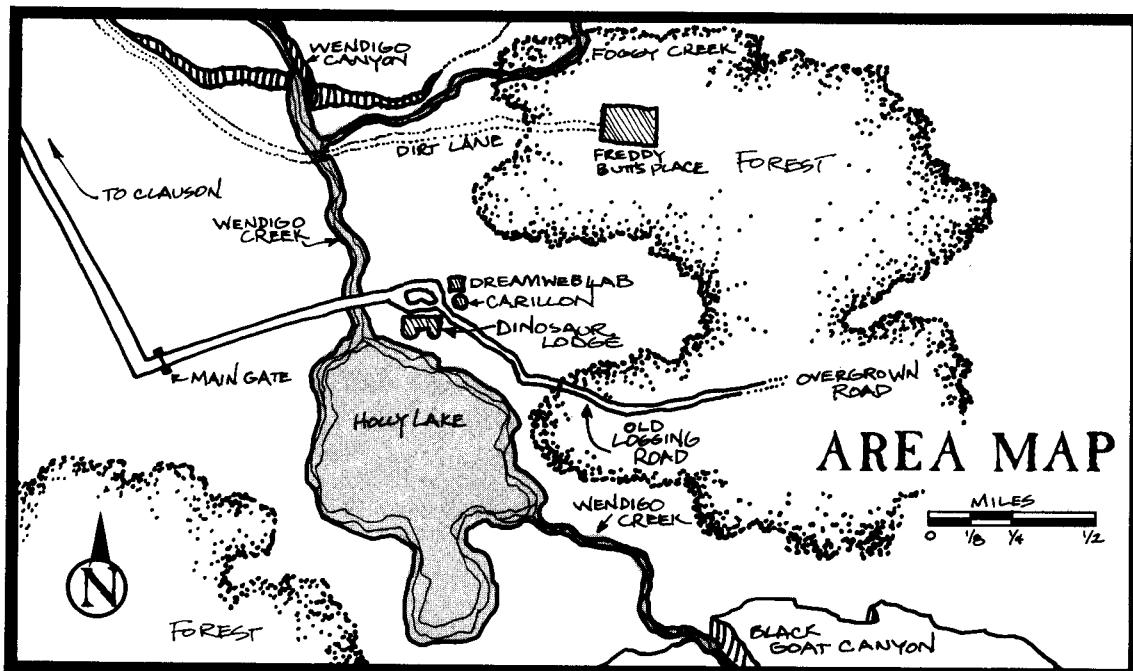
Yes, if you wish, you may view your own dreams, though not those of anyone else, since they are your property under new Procreative Rights legislation. We advise that the impact of what we call self-viewing can be devastating to unprepared individuals.

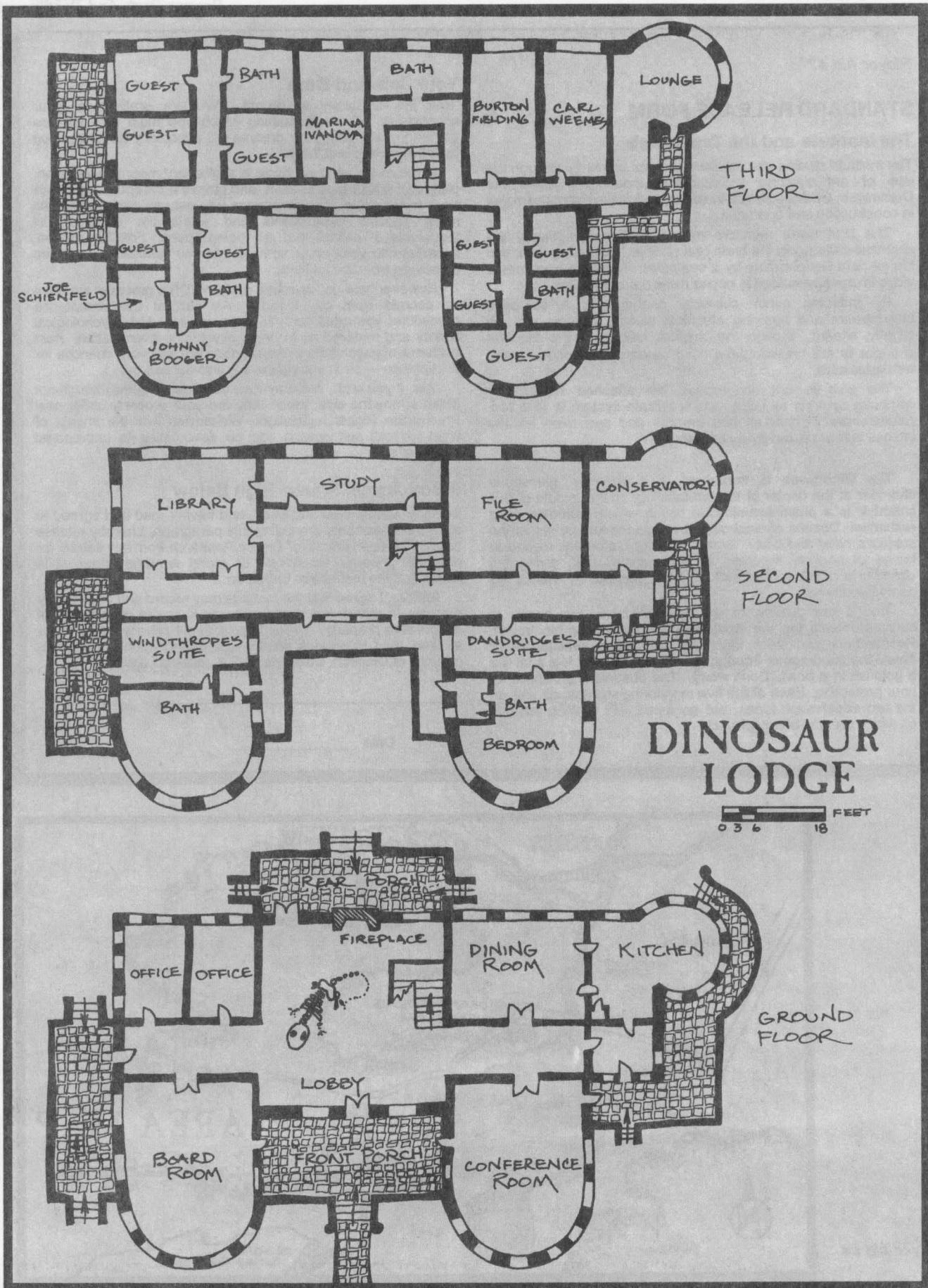
If You Agree, Please Sign Below

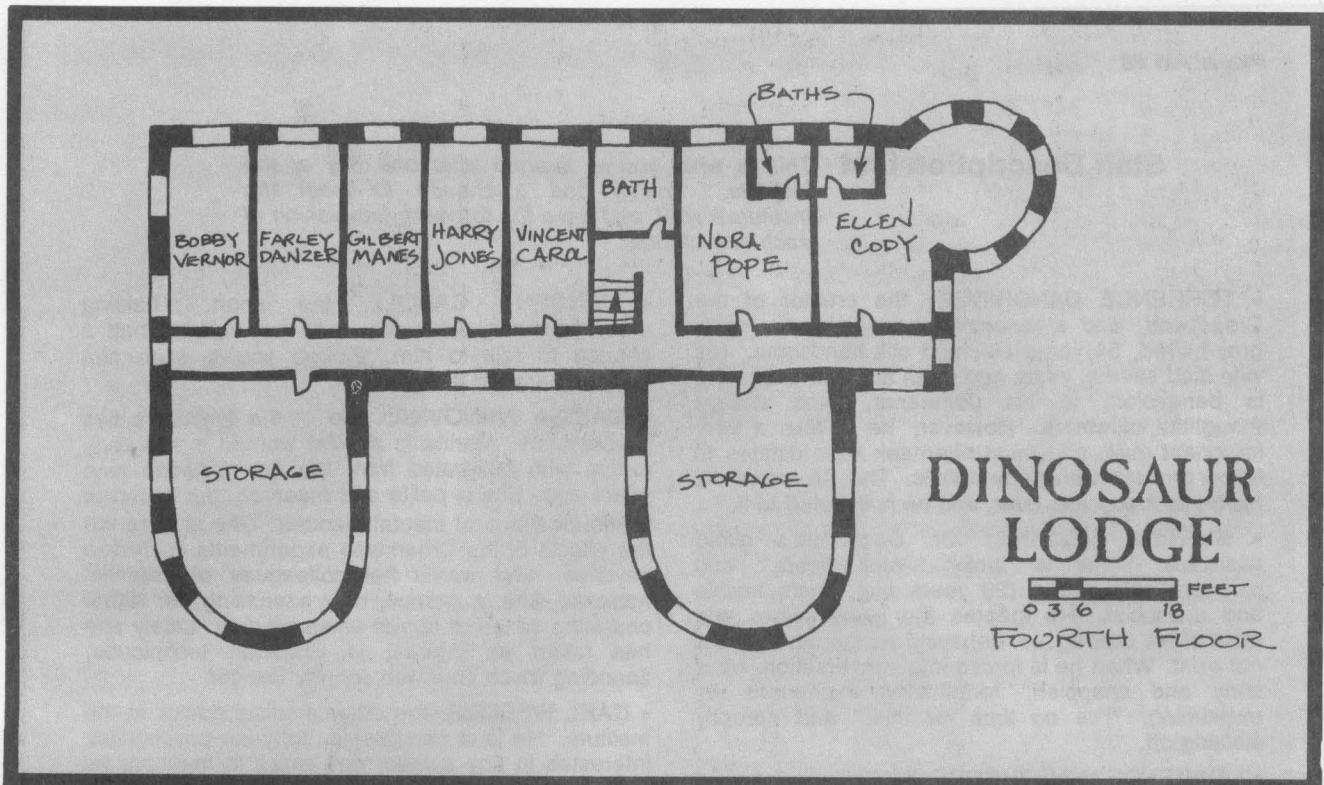
Being of sound mind and body, and having read and agreed to all of the statements preceding this paragraph, I hereby release the Windthrope Institute of Dream Research from any liability for physical, mental, emotional, or moral damage either while residing at the Institute or thereafter.

Further, I agree that the Institute may record and analyze my dreams. In return, the Institute agrees to act as conservator of my creative property, agrees to protect my privacy now and for all time, and to provide weekly counseling upon the Institute grounds at Clauson, Colorado, U.S.A., should I desire it.

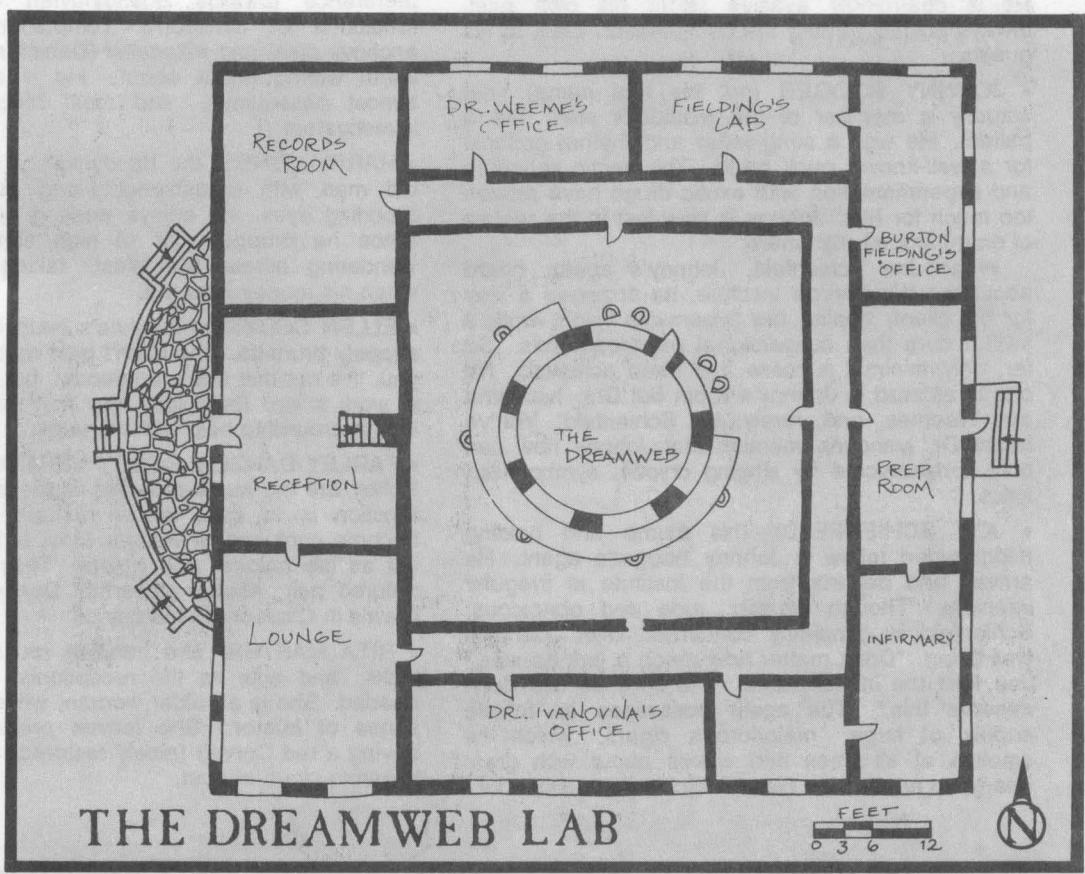
Date _____







Player Aid #5



Player Aid #6

Player Aid #8

Staff Description List

This is what you've learned after one day at the Institute. You've had a chance to meet the Institute's staff, and have the following impression of each one of them.

- TORRENCE DANDRIDGE: the creator of the Dreamweb, and a renowned academician. He is gray-haired, 54 years old, and still handsome. His wife died several years ago in an airplane crash. He is benevolent in his demeanor, and always thoughtful of others. However, he is also a very important man, and must often ask subordinates to follow through with petty details. The Dreamweb is his biggest success ever, and he is devoted to it.
- BURTON FIELDING: Dr. Dandridge's gifted assistant. He is lanky, mop-haired, and comparatively young (29 years old). He's hostile and antisocial. He ignores the investigators and most of his colleagues, behaving as though they did not exist. When he is forced into conversation, he is surly and snappish, terminating exchanges by exclaiming, "I've no time for this," and abruptly stalking off.
- LAWRENCE WINDTHROPE: this tall, silver-haired gentleman is the Institute's administrator, and chairman of the Windthrope Foundation. Lawrence is a jovial fellow with an easy laugh. He's very friendly, and interested in everyone's past history. He is charmingly evasive about his own past, always politely turning the conversation back to his guests.
- JOHNNY BOOGER (not his real name): not actually a member of the Institute's staff, but a patient. He was a song-writer and rhythm guitarist for a well-known punk band. The hectic schedule and experimentation with exotic drugs have proven too much for him. Johnny is now lost in the realms of drug-induced nightmare.
- When Joe Schienfeld, Johnny's agent, heard about the Windthrope Institute, he arranged a stay for his client, hoping the Dreamweb might work a swifter cure than conventional psychoanalysis. So far, only minimal success has been achieved. No one is allowed in Johnny's room but Drs. Ivanovna and Weemes, and, rarely, Mr. Schienfeld. You've heard Dr. Ivanovna mention that Johnny now can only communicate by singing cryptic, symbol-filled lyrics.
- JOE SCHIENFELD: this plump and balding middle-aged fellow is Johnny Booger's agent. He arrives and departs from the Institute at irregular intervals. Though caustic, rude and obnoxious, Schienfeld is genuinely concerned over Johnny's well-being. "Don't matter how much a jerk he was," Joe tells the investigators. "He sure as hell don't deserve this." The agent possesses an infinite supply of large, malodorous cigars, which he smokes at all times and waves about with great energy to emphasize his talk. Schienfeld talks a lot.
- VINCENT CAROL: the short, balding groundskeeper. He's shy, and you haven't had a chance to talk to him, though you've seen him puttering around the grounds.
- MARINA IVANOVNA: one of the Institute's two psychiatrists. Marina is a quiet woman in her early forties who emigrated from the Soviet Union nine years ago. She is polite and reserved, but expert in the foundations of mental disorder. She studies the effects of the Dreamweb experiments on testee psyches, and warns her colleagues of potential hazards. She is serious, only exercising her rather charming sense of humor when off-duty. Lately she has taken an interest in Rogerian techniques, spending much time with Johnny Booger.
- CARL WEEMES: the other medical doctor at the Institute. He is a personable, forty-ish psychiatrist, interested in any subject one cares to mention; he sees in the investigators new sources of stimulating conversation.
- GILBERT MANES: This squat, homely fellow is the Institute's chef, and is quite proficient, with a preference towards Scandinavian dishes. His renditions of Jansson's Temptation (a potato-anchovy dish) and *frikadeller* (Danish meatballs) are worth writing home about. He is always polite, almost obsequious, and most respectful to the investigators.
- HARRY JONES: the handyman, a gruff 27-year-old man with unfashionably-long curly hair and brooding eyes. He enjoys working with his hands. Since he dropped out of high school, he has wandering across the West, taking menial jobs when his money runs out.
- ELLEN CODY: the Institute's housekeeper, a tall, shapely brunette. She hasn't paid much attention to you. It's not that she's unfriendly, but she has a lot of work to do. Especially now that Nora Pope's no longer around to help with the work.
- FARLEY DANZER, BOBBY VERNOR: Farley and Bobby are the nurse-orderlies at the Institute. Their function is to care for or restrain patients who become confused or violent. Most of the time, they act as lab helpers and gofers. They are a good-natured pair, always cheerful. Danzer sometimes brawls in Clauson on his day off.
- RITA MAETER: she handles routine secretarial tasks, and acts as the receptionist when one is needed. She is an older woman, without much of a sense of humor. She leaves precisely at 5pm, driving a red Corvair (nicely restored) and leaving a towering cloud of dust.

Dramatis Personae

DR. TORRENCE DANDRIDGE: Dandridge is a well-meaning but dangerously misinformed humanitarian. Three years ago, he was approached by Burton Fielding, who had created and constructed the prototype of the Dreamweb. Dandridge immediately realized the implications. He provided lab facilities and made it possible for Fielding to continue his research in secret.

As work progressed, Dandridge saw that the Web could mold the minds of the subjects, changing the very personalities of the people worked on. Criminals could be reprogrammed into useful citizens. Hardened unemployables could be transformed into productive workaholics. The possibilities were endless! Torrence Dandridge would be the savior of the world.

Rationalizing that his reputation would ensure a larger development grant, Dandridge published the Dreamweb as his own invention, cheating Fielding of all but nominal credit. The project was awarded a huge government grant and the Windthrope Institute for Dream Research was founded. Dandridge convinced the furious Fielding to join him and continue his work with the advanced technology supplied by the Windthrope Foundation. Fielding had no choice but to comply, if he wished to remain a part of the Dreamweb project.

Dandridge himself participated in many early experiments with the Web. During these first sessions he accidentally contacted the chorazin, impulses not so far

removed from Dandridge's own. True to its own nature, the chorazin amplified into an obsession Dandridge's desire to remake humanity. Now Dandridge will defend the Web at all costs, resorting if necessary to the .45 revolver kept locked in his desk.

Through the chorazin, Dandridge also has greatly increased magic points and four spells. Dandridge misinterprets the effect of these as beneficial results of his extensive Dreamweb experience. If he suspects that the investigators mean him ill, he'll use his spells to thwart them at every possible turn.

Since he is an unwitting dupe, Dandridge possesses nothing to identify himself as a minion of Cthulhu. He knowingly used his Cloud Memory spell on Dr. Weemes, erasing the doctor's recollection of the events causing Nora's madness. Dandridge did this because he feared for the project. He's not sure what happened to Nora, but feels that it was an aberration which had nothing to do with the project and cannot happen again.

Dandridge is unaware of the activities of Gilbert Manes, and will be as surprised as everyone else if and when Manes reveals his true colors. Dandridge then decides that Manes was an evil man trying to sabotage the project, becoming even more determined to see it through to completion.

The keeper should remember that Dandridge is a victim, not the villain of this piece. The investigators may even ally with him, though in any real crisis his programming takes over. But if Dandridge is convinced of the

DANDRIDGE'S SPELLS

Cloud Memory

Each use costs 1D2 SAN and 1D6 magic points. The spell takes effect immediately. Range of the spell is 100 yards — the caster must be able to see the target, and the target must be able to receive the caster's instructions. If the caster's magic points overcome the target's on the resistance table, the target's mind is mentally blocked in respect to one specific incident. If the incident was terrifying, the victim may thereafter still have nightmares vaguely relating to it. If the spell fails, the event in question becomes more vivid in the target's mind. The caster must know the specific event to be blocked)) he cannot command something vague like "Forget what you did yesterday;" he must speak of a specific event, such as "Forget you were raped by a monster."

This spell cannot block knowledge of spells or of the Cthulhu Mythos unless the knowledge is firmly tied to a specific event, nor can it undo a Sanity loss, though it could make the target forget that he or she saw the horror which caused the loss.

Flesh Ward

Each use costs 1D4 SAN. Each magic point spent in casting the spell gives the caster (or his chosen target) 1D6 points of armor against non-magical attacks. This protection wears off as it blocks damage. Thus, if a character had 12 points of Flesh Ward "armor," and was hit for 9 points of damage, his Flesh Ward would be reduced to 4 points. Once cast, it may not be reinforced with further magic points. The spell takes 5

rounds to cast, and lasts 24 hours or until all the "armor" is used up. Flesh Ward gives no protection against enchanted weapons.

Grasp Of Cthulhu

Each use costs 2D6 magic points per minute, and 1D6 SAN for the initial cast. It can be extended as long as desired with no additional SAN cost, but the caster must continue concentration. The range is 10 yards. This spell is instantaneous, and more than one person can be affected simultaneously, but each extra target costs an additional 2D6 magic points per minute.

Resolve this spell on the resistance table, matching the caster's POW against the target's POW. If the caster wins, the victim feels a crushing pressure and is held immobile, as if wrapped by the mighty tentacles of Cthulhu. If there are multiple targets, it is possible for one target to be overwhelmed while another fends off the effect. For each minute the spell lasts, the target temporarily loses 1D10 STR; if the target's STR drops to zero or less, he or she falls unconscious.

Mental Suggestion

Each use costs 8 magic points and 1D8 SAN and takes 3 rounds to cast. The sorcerer can cast it on his target at any distance, so long as he can see him. The sorcerer must overcome the target's magic points with his own. If successful, the target falls under the caster's control for one round, doing whatever is commanded of him. This can include suicide attempts or attacks on friends.

evil that has taken root at the Institute, he can assist the investigators enormously. To so convince him, they must present concrete evidence and succeed at Oratory. Otherwise, Dandridge rejects their evidence out of hand.

TORRENCE DANDRIDGE, Psychologist

STR 12 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 16 POW 40
DEX 14 APP 13 EDU 22 SAN 54 HP 12

Weapon: .45 Revolver 25%, 1D10+2 damage

Skills: Accounting 30%, Anthropology 20%, Cthulhu Mythos 21%, Debate 25%, Library Use 45%, Occult 20%, Oratory 25%, Psychoanalysis 30%, Psychology 20%, Read/Write Latin 45%.

Spells: Cloud Memory, Flesh Ward, Grasp of Cthulhu, Mental Suggestion.

BURTON FIELDING: A genius without academic credentials, Fielding constantly tinkers with the Datamaster computer or the Dreamweb components, or loses himself in countless pages of complex and indecipherable equations. His knowledge of the Dreamweb is extraordinary for one who is supposedly an aide; perceptive investigators soon notice that Torrence Dandridge always defers to Fielding when asked technical questions concerning the Web.

This is, of course, because Burton Fielding is the web's actual inventor. Though he has accepted a position as Dandridge's assistant in order to continue his work, he has continued his research in secret, for he is determined to unmask Dandridge's fraud.

In the once-sealed-off cellar of the lab building, Fielding has nearly completed a three-dimensional dream imager, which can be used to monitor a subject's sleeping visions. This development easily rivals the Web itself in sophistication. Fielding plans to unveil it publicly and receive the acclaim due him. When he has thus proven himself scientifically, and ensured his future, he will expose Dandridge before the world.

Bitterness, frustration, and his need for secrecy have made Burton a hostile and antisocial man. He works on his project late at night during the weekends, when the project personnel are asleep or in town. He often returns to his room as late as 5am; a schedule making him a late sleeper on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, and contributing to his bad temper.

If the investigators find his secret three-dimensional imager and confront him, Fielding breaks down and tells his tale of woe. If the investigators promise to keep his secret, he is extremely relieved and grateful; so much so that he cheerily apprises his new allies of the following facts:

Someone is using the Dreamweb. More than once Fielding has found the Dreamweb activated and linked to the Datamaster, and he knows for a fact that everything was switched off when the building was closed the night before. (*These late-night intrusions are the doing of Gilbert Manes, delivering his sacrifices to the chorazin in the Datamaster.*)

There is a mysterious power drain. Approximately three percent of the electricity entering the Institute is channeled elsewhere; he has no idea to where. (*The chorazin siphons off this power for its own needs.*)

Someone has broken into Fielding's room. This has happened several times, though nothing has been taken. The young inventor believes the culprit was Dandridge, searching for new data on the Web. (*Fielding's suspicions are correct, but Dandridge's searches have not found the records. They are in a concealed niche in the lab building basement.*)

He fears the Web. Fielding, rather reluctantly, reveals a great personal fear concerning his invention. It seems that the Dreamweb can be used to control a subject's dreams as well as record them — Marina has done so several times while charting the reactions of violent patients. Such control makes the Web perfect for interrogation or torture.

BURTON FIELDING, Uncertified Genius

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 17 POW 18
DEX 13 APP 15 EDU 20 SAN 90 HP 13

Skills: Computer Hardware 75%, Computer Software 75%, Debate 25%, Dreamweb Technology 80%, Electrical Repair 50%, First Aid 40%, Library Use 50%, Listen 35%, Psychology 35%, Read/Write Latin 45%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 40%.

LAWRENCE WINDTHROPE: The Institute's administrator, and chairman of the Windthrope Foundation. When Torrence Dandridge appealed to him to fund the Dreamweb project, Windthrope saw the Web as an opportunity to strike a telling blow against the Mythos and its darkling ilk. Only Windthrope has not yet been subverted by the Web. A recluse valuing his privacy, he has not participated in the experiments.

The Windthrope family has been involved in the struggle against the Mythos over three generations, beginning with Douglas, conqueror of the foul Gilman family. When the Dreamweb concept was presented to him, Lawrence thought it both economic and ironic to put the unused, ill-reputed Gilman Lodge to work.

Lawrence is an expert in the occult, and his eyes have long been opened to the eldritch horror besetting the human race. He gives full credence to the bizarre journals of Douglas and Aaron Windthrope, his grandfather and father respectively. For some years, Lawrence carried on the fight and has so far avoided an abominable retribution. But he is now a septuagenerian, and his investigatorial days are done. Now he hopes to die peacefully in his sleep.

Lawrence believes that the Web is a valuable tool, which might one day be used to insulate the human mind against the monstrous dream sendings of the gods and horrors of the Mythos. At present, Lawrence suspects that a minion of Cthulhu has infiltrated the institute. He has yet to identify the fiend, and suspects everyone, especially the investigators — as outsiders they are constantly poking their noses where they aren't desired.

Though Lawrence is sociable enough, a Psychology roll notices that his eyes are grim and hard, the legacy of a lifetime of monster-hunting. If he is convinced of the investigators' good intentions, he'll let them into his confidence concerning the unknown malefactor he believes is interfering with the research, and perhaps teach them a spell or two.

Windthrope is old and weak. He hasn't employed his spells for over a decade, and would do so only in

extremis. Until his benign nature is discovered, he will no doubt remain a prime suspect of the investigators: he's a little too interested in the investigators, as he attempts to ferret out the servant of Cthulhu.

LAWRENCE WINDTHROPE

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 17 POW 19
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 25 SAN 60 HP 13

Skills: Accounting 40%, Anthropology 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 35%, History 50%, Law 25%, Library Use 50%, Occult 90%, Psychoanalysis 45%, Psychology 45%, Read/Write Arabic 45%, Read/Write Greek 40%, Read/Write Latin 40%, Speak French 35, Speak German 35%, Speak Latin 40%.

Spells: Brew Space Mead, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Elder Sign, Shriveling, Summon and Bind Byakhee, Summon and Bind Nightgaunt, Voorish Sign.

JOHNNY BOOGER: The former entertainer is lost in a drug-induced nightmare. He is rarely violent (a 10% chance per night), but then the punker's STR leaps to a frenzied 18 for the duration of his seizure, usually no more than 3-4 minutes.

Johnny is acutely attuned to the horrific emanations permeating the Institute's atmosphere. Johnny senses every Mythos-related event occurring anywhere on the Institute grounds, though his interpretations of these events are influenced by his own experience; these visions now make Johnny's recovery impossible.

Though he will not speak, he can still sing. He is allowed to keep an acoustic guitar in his room and, as he strums it, he sings of the terrors he sees to. This is the only means through which he will now communicate, even with Dr. Ivanovna or Joe Schienfeld. Any attempt to remove the guitar triggers a violent seizure.

No one is allowed in Johnny's room but Drs. Ivanovna and Weemes, the orderlies Danzer and Verner, and Mr. Schienfeld. If the investigators present a convincing reason and succeed at Debate, Weemes grants them a brief interview with the patient, remaining present during the visit.

The songs of Johnny Booger are vague and disturbing, filled with formless horror. When he was sane, his work was quite conventional. Though his songs were always dark and cynical, the undefined terrors he sings of now are quite new. Joe Schienfeld likes this trend a lot and hopes that, when Johnny is cured, he doesn't lose his new talent. As the keeper, feel free to use any of the verses provided below or to write your own. Johnny may need a variety of responses to the investigators.

(1) *In the woods, the tree that walks
Terror from the sky,
Snakes with wings, fish that talk,
Evil can not die.*

(2) *Vampire stars,
Physics mangled,
City formed of unkind angles.*

(3) *Eyes of glass,
Arms of steel,
Everything you think turns real.*

(4) *In the water,
When you cross the weave of dreams
Dead and
gone ain't what it seems.*

(5) *The time has come,
the gate appears,
Ending the fascist realm of years;
A trembling mountain of green gelatine
Steps into the sun as man's age ends.*

During this adventure, Joe Schienfeld is likely to die. When this happens, Johnny composes a little dirge, and sings it to the first person to enter his room after Joe's death. He never repeats it, forgetting the lines entirely.

*He knew too little, saw too much
No escaping the nightmare's clutch —
Evil in the guise of man,
Child of the deep sea's clan;
Gone to death with no good-bye,
But with strange eons even death may die.*

JOHNNY BOOGER

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 12 SAN 32 HP 13

Skills: Bargain 35%, Compose Music 55%, Credit Rating 75%, Fast Talk 30%, Play Guitar 89%, Play Saxophone 55%, Sing 85%, Spot Hidden 20%.

JOE SCHIENFELD: Johnny Booger's caustic, rude, and obnoxious agent, who nonetheless is genuinely concerned for Johnny. Joe carries large, malodorous cigars, which he smokes at all times and waves about with great energy while talking. Except for his taste in ties and a habit of calling everyone "Baby," Joe is innocent of wrong-doing. Joe is also a classic snoop. He has prowled about the Institute, poking around and spying on the staff.

He is aware of the nocturnal comings and goings of Ellen Cody, Harry Jones, Burton Fielding and Dr. Weemes, though he doesn't know where they go or what they do when they get there. When the investigators first meet Joe, he openly comments upon the strange hours kept by some of the staff: "Damnedest thing. More people coming and going in the middle of the night than broad daylight." If questioned, he gladly relates everything he knows, spicing it up with the following puerile suspicions.

Torrence Dandridge: "A weaselly little suck-up. He's got plans of his own. You can smell it on him."

Marina Ivanovna: "Spunky broad who knows what she's on about."

Lawrence Windthrope: "Funny old twitch. Always reading rotten old books, with no pictures or nothing. Can't figure what he's getting out of this place."

Burton Fielding: "Hiding secrets. That boy keeps to himself too much. He needs to get into town, instead of twiddling with his gizmo."

Joe's curiosity dooms him. On the third night of the investigators' stay, Joe stumbles upon the nocturnal doings of Gilbert Manes, and becomes a sacrifice to the Datamaster. Manes deposits the corpse on the lake shore. When Joe is found, he appears to be the victim of a fatal

heart attack. If an investigator succeeds at an Idea roll while examining the body, he realizes that Joe's ever-present cigar is in fact not present. It lies beneath a control console in the Dreamweb lab, where a Spot Hidden discovers it.

JOE SCHIENFELD, Agent

STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 14 SAN 75 HP 13

Skills: Accounting 50%, Bargain 45%, Fast Talk 40%, Law 35%, Oratory 40%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 35%.

VINCENT CAROL: now under the assumed name and identity of Vincent Carol the groundskeeper, this man was a government witness who delivered damaging evidence against underworld kingpins, who in revenge took out a contract on him. A grateful Justice Department gave Carol a new identity and relocated him out of state, seeing to it that he was financially well-supported. Though Carol carefully works part of each day at the Institute, he draws \$3000 a month from the government.

Comfortable for now, Carol fears that his enemies will catch up with him. He is inordinately distrustful of newcomers, whom he avoids unless cornered.

A successful Spot Hidden made when an investigator is outdoors reveals Vincent, half-concealed by the shrubbery, apparently hard at work. If the Spot Hidden roll is a special success, the investigator realizes that Vincent is observing him rather than attending to his duties. Vincent is attempting to determine if the investigator could possibly be a hired assassin. If accused of spying, he maintains that he was doing his job and just stopped for a momentary breather.

Should Vincent Carol feel in any way threatened by the investigators, he'll pack up and attempt to flee the Institute; it is up the Keeper to decide if the Datamaster lets him do so.

VINCENT CAROL, Groundskeeper

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 11 SAN 75 HP 12

Weapon: .45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage

Skills: Accounting 25%, Bargain 30%, First Aid 50%, Law 35%, Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Drive 45%, Hide 30%, Move Quietly 47%, Pick Pocket 30%, Psychology 35%.

MARINA IVANOVNA: Marina wants to break new ground, to use the Web to identify the deep psychoses of her patients and thus, help treatment. This has proven successful in several cases, but Dr. Ivanovna is also aware that the process may be reversible, with horrendous results. She thinks the risk is worthwhile. A male investigator of APP of 13+ may be able to Fast Talk information from her, one successful Fast Talk per fact.

- Since Nora Pope's trauma, the conditions of all the patients rapidly worsened. Marina sent her patients (except Johnny Booger) to other institutions while she discovers the reason.

- Since the night Nora went insane, her fellow researchers have grown care-worn and grumpy. She has found herself displaying these symptoms, though she is at a loss to explain them. (*This is caused by the chorazin's nightly bombardment of dream sendings.*)

- Johnny Booger had a particularly severe attack on the night of Nora Pope's tragedy, with hallucinations so severe that he was sedated. Before he went under, Johnny screamed "S'all around us! Can't get away 'cause s'all around us!" Since then his condition has deteriorated, and he is sedated frequently.

- Marina is certain that someone has entered her room more than once to examine her private records. (*The intruder is Torrence Dandridge, paranoically keeping tabs on her.*)

DR. MARINA IVANOVNA, Psychiatrist

STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 16
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 24 SAN 80 HP 11

Skills: Anthropology 35%, First Aid 45%, Law 25%, Library Use 45%, Listen 30%, Psychoanalysis 50%, Psychology 50%, R/W/S English 70%, Read/Write Greek 30%, Read/Write Latin 30%, R/W/S Russian 85%, Spot Hidden 25%, Swim 30%.

DR. CARL WEEMES: the good doctor has ample time in which to pursue outside interests, for he suffers from insomnia and rarely gets more than four or three hours of sleep a night. This does not inhibit his work at the Institute, which consists mainly of monitoring the physical condition of Dreamweb volunteers.

Dr. Weemes has noticed that the Dreamweb experiments leave their subjects unaccountably weakened, though the condition rarely persists for more than a day. (*This phenomenon is the result of the chorazin's appetite for magic points, sucking off 2D6 each time a subject enters the Web.*)

Occasionally the good doctor interrupts his late-night studies to take a stroll along the shore of Holly Lake. Often up and about at this late hour, he knows of the amorous relationship between Ellen Cody and Harry Jones. He sees no reason to publicize this knowledge.

Weemes was out for a constitutional on the night that Nora Pope was driven insane, and believes he must have been quite near the girl when that tragic event took place. He has not mentioned this to anyone, but a Psychology roll indicates that he feels disturbed and uneasy whenever Nora Pope is being discussed.

If questioned, the doctor reluctantly admits his secret, adding that near the time Nora had her breakdown, he must have fallen asleep. According to his watch, he lost a whole hour. Further, he says that when he awoke on the forest floor, his heart was beating wildly, as though he had been exerting himself.

In reality, the unfortunate doctor ran to Torrence Dandridge with his tale, who promptly led Weemes back into the woods, and then applied his Cloud Memory ability. The experience is now mercifully erased from Weemes' mind, though his subconscious retains a faint memory, manifested in the doctor's newly-acquired fear of snakes.

After this revelation, Weemes goes on to say that he thinks someone has been sneaking into the records room at the Dreamweb lab and rifling the files of Dreamweb volunteers. He's not sure of the interloper's identity, but is certain that he is a member of the research staff. (*This person is Torrence Dandridge, who keeps surreptitious copies of the subjects' files.*)

DR. CARL WEEMES, Psychiatrist

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 16 APP 12 EDU 19 SAN 75 HP 11

Skills: Diagnose Disease 55%, First Aid 75%, Library Use 40%, Listen 40%, Pharmacy 30%, Psychology 45%, Read/Write Latin 55%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 50%, Treat Disease 50%, Treat Poison 40%.

HARRY JONES and ELLEN CODY: Harry Jones has been a nomad since dropping out of high school. He came to the Institute a few seasons back and found a reason to hang around a bit longer than usual — Ellen Cody. They fell in love. The discrete young couple often meet at night at various locations on the Institute grounds, staying out late; they may be sluggish during the daylight hours. If investigators are outside at night, they have a 40% chance to notice Ellen or Harry moving through the forested grounds toward a rendezvous.

Harry is most displeased if the couple is disturbed. He may even take a swing at the intruder. Ellen, though, thinks it all an amusing joke. Once tempers have cooled, Harry apologizes for his outburst, and any punches he has landed. If questioned about suspicious activities, Harry and Ellen tell the investigators that they've seen Burton Fielding sneaking over to the Dreamweb lab late at night. They have no idea what he'd be doing there. The pair also confide that they often see Dr. Weemes strolling along the shore of Holly Lake at the late hours. This information is forthcoming only if Ellen and Harry's secret romance is found out.

HARRY JONES, Handyman

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 75 HP 13

Weapons: .45 Revolver 50%, 1D10+2 damage
Rifle 45%, 2D6+3 damage

Skills: Electrical Repair 45%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Operate Heavy Machine 35%, Ride 45%, Track 30%.

ELLEN CODY, Housekeeper

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 13 APP 13 EDU 15 SAN 75 HP 11

Skills: Accounting 55%, Bargain 30%, First Aid 50%, Listen 40%, Psychology 30%, Ride 40%, Swim 50%.

GILBERT MANES: the institute's chef, is always polite, almost obsequious, and most respectful to the investigators. His name is really Luther Gilman. He is the last descendant of the family which once owned Gilman Lodge. Like his ancestors, he carries the taint of the Deep Ones (he is, in fact, 3/8 Deep One by blood). He is a fanatic Cthulhu cultist and eagerly looks forward to the time of his transformation. But he is also a creature of vengeance, with a plan.

During his off-duty hours, Manes prowls the highways and railroad yards in the region, stalking unwary hobos and hitchhikers. Employing his Dominate and Enthrall Victim spells, he lures his victims to his car and transports them to the Dreamweb, where they are drained dry of POW (not merely magic points, as in the usual Dreamweb sessions). The soul-eaten corpses are buried in the deep forest.

MANES' SPELLS**Dominate**

Each use requires 1 magic point and 1 SAN. The effect is instantaneous. Pit the caster's POW against the target's POW on the resistance table; if the caster succeeds, the target must obey the commands of the caster for the duration of the next round. Dominate affects only a single target, and has a maximum range of 10 yards.

The spell can be cast and recast as often as the caster wishes, allowing the target to be uninterruptedly controlled for some time. Each recasting requires a POW against POW resistance table roll and the loss of 1 SAN and 1 magic point. Recasting takes but an instant, and commands can be given in the same round.

The commands must be intelligible to the target, and must not violate the target's basic nature (commands to murder a friend or commit suicide usually fail, for instance), or the spell is broken, in which case it must be immediately recast for successful effect.

Enthrall Victim

Each use costs 1D6 SAN and 2 magic points. The caster must be able to speak calmly with the spell's target for it to take effect. After a round or so of talking, he can match his magic points against the victim's. If overcome, the target stands struck dumb and numb till brought out of the trance by direct physical damage or similarly drastic events.

These evil deeds are performed late at night. Through the chorazin's Datamaster sensors, Manes pinpoints the location of the Institute's staff and volunteers, and easily avoids discovery.

Finding him out is no easy task. To cover his numerous absences, Manes pretends a liking for cross-country hiking. He actually knows next to nothing about this pastime, nor has he any knowledge of the local trails, a fact which might trip him up under close questioning.

Manes is ruthless and contemptuous of the human race. Should he but suspect that an investigator is onto him, he won't hesitate to feed the "interfering ape" to the Dreamweb. If he is unmasked and cornered, Manes pretends that he is the sole cause of the horrors at the Windthrope Institute, hoping to conceal the chorazin's intangible control of the Datamaster.

GILBERT MANES, Chef

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 19
DEX 15 APP 07 EDU 15 SAN na HP 12

Weapon: Knife 40%, 1D6 damage

Skills: Accounting 25%, Cthulhu Mythos 40%, Fast Talk 25%, Hide 30%, History 25%, Library Use 40%, Listen 45%, Occult 55%, Psychology 35%, Read/Write Latin 40%, Spot Hidden 30%, Swim 99%.

Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Dominate, Enthrall Victim, Grasp of Cthulhu, Shrivelling

FARLEY DANZER and BOBBY VERNOR: Farley and Bobby are the live-in nurse-orderlies at the Institute. They tend any patients, restrain any violent patients, and do odd jobs and errands for the Institute. A good-natured pair, they have a cheerful word for staff and patients alike, though Farley has a reputation for brawling in Clauson on his day off.

When not needed by Dr. Ivanovna, they'll be happy to run errands or do lifting and carrying for staff members and investigators. They are oblivious to strange doings at the Institute. They have never undergone a Dreamweb session, nor do they have any desire to.

FARLEY DANZER, Nurse-Orderly

STR 16 CON 17 SIZ 17 INT 11 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 75 HP 17

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3+1D6 damage
Kick 75%, 1D4+1D6 damage

Skills: First Aid 55%, Ride 40%, Spot Hidden 30%, Throw 60%.

BOBBY VERNOR, Nurse-Orderly

STR 17 CON 12 SIZ 17 INT 11 POW 09
DEX 11 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 45 HP 12

Weapon: Fist/Punch 55%, 1D3+1D6 damage

Skills: Climb 65%, Sneak 35%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 40%.

RITA MAETER: Miss Maeter is the staff secretary and receptionist at the Dreamweb building. She is reliable and down-to-earth, and mostly without humor. Alone of the staff, she lives off the grounds, in Clauson. If the keeper needs an early victim, she can be sacrificed without compromise of the plot in any way.

RITA MAETER, Secretary

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 9 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 13 APP 11 EDU 12 SAN 65 HP 11

Skills: Accounting 20%, Bargain 35%, Credit Rating 30%, Drive Automobile 40%, Fast Talk 15%, First Aid 35%, Library Use 30%, Psychology 10%, Read/Write English 70%, Ride 25%, Sneak 20%, Swim 45%.

Dinosaur Lodge

Dinosaur Lodge has been completely restored by the Windthrope Foundation. The walls are oak-paneled, and the rooms well-furnished. The place is more like a vacation lodge than the housing facility of a research center, which the broad verandas and sunlit rooms emphasize.

Impossible to ignore, just within the main entry is a gigantic mounted skeleton of an allosaur, poised menacingly toward the visitor. The housekeeper cleans and polishes the cool brown bones.

The first floor contains general access rooms, the kitchen and dining room, and offices. In these offices are found all the forms, applications, and waivers which volunteers are required to fill out before entering the Dreamweb program. The second, third, and fourth floors are devoted to the staffers' rooms as well as those rooms assigned to the investigators.

Observant players notice that this places the investigators in a handy position to observe the staffers' comings and goings, at least for those staffers with whom they share a floor. (The storerooms might be good places in which to lure and trap investigators.)

Lodge Leads And Herrings

Several villains exist in this scenario. To stay concealed, they are likely to point guilty fingers at innocent parties.

Dr. Dandridge has been surreptitiously checking the files of Drs. Ivanovna and Weemes; he has photocopied a number of these files in an effort to determine which of the Dreamweb volunteers have the strongest will (i.e., highest POW) and can thus undergo the longest sessions with the Web (i.e., afford to lose the most magic points). This is not illegal, though it is unethical and its secrecy personally offensive. Dandridge keeps the activity secret, because he feels guilty about his search — a superman hunt, which once he would have derided.

If questioned, Dandridge, will try to draw attention away by planting these photocopies in Burton Fielding's room, where they can be found with a successful Spot Hidden while searching.

Beyond Dandridge's puerile problem, evidence aplenty is available in the main house. The investigators must sort out the clues and arrive at the correct conclusion before it is too late. The following items are of especial interest.

- **DANDRIDGE'S SUITE:** On a shelf are several well-thumbed books on dreams and dream research; a successful Know or Psychology roll permits an investigator to recognize that these books are undergraduate-level works, not ones that an expert in the field would study.

Over Dandridge's desk in his sitting room are four framed diplomas, all in psychology; a successful Idea roll notes the absence of any certification in electronics. Many plaques and other recent awards make up an impressive wall display.

Three SVHS video tapes are in a locked drawer of Dandridge's desk (a successful Mechanical Repair roll picks the lock, while breaking open the drawer with a tool automatically succeeds). These tapes are labeled DAVIDSON, Scott; BURTON, Karyn; BUSH, Nathan. A search of the Institute's patient file shows that these three individuals were past volunteers for the Dreamweb, since released. The tapes are of uninteresting dreams.

- **FIELDING'S ROOM:** unlike Dandridge, no recognition is displayed on Fielding's sparse walls, though a computer print-out is taped to the side of a filing cabinet. It proves to be Fielding's record of all his university-level courses and advanced study. A successful Idea roll shows that the classes are arranged by year, and that Fielding's imagination wavered for several years, then began to gnaw on and race through specific courses, while dropping others and simply failing to attend many more. He has attended six universities, but has no degrees whatever. Fielding has short-circuited the comfortable university system, studying only what he needed when he needed.

A locked file cabinet (a successful Mechanical Repair opens it, as does prying at the drawer with any metal tool) is stuffed with technical abstracts. A successful Library Use roll uncovers a highly-technical, trail-blazing monograph on advanced dream research by Fielding, but only with successful Computer Use and Psychology rolls can a reader understand just how good the paper is.

On a Spot Hidden attempt, investigators look behind the filing cabinet and discover the files which Dandridge planted there (this folder won't be here if Dandridge has never been suspected of anything). It contains photocopied reports on the mental and physical condition of specific Dreamweb volunteers. All are written by Drs. Ivanovna and Weemes as private records. Highly confidential, they should not be in Fielding's room without permission.

- **LAWRENCE WINDTHROPE'S SUITE:** searchers quickly notice the abnormal carvings displayed. Several statuettes are scattered about the suite, octopoid in nature and carved of green-veined soapstone. A painting above the mantel depicts a horrendous circle of half-human entities crying at the moon. A brass plaque gives the title and painter: "Ghouls Baying," by R. U. Pickman.

Moving the picture aside reveals Windthrope's wall safe behind it. This wall safe locks with a key. It can be opened easily by professional safecrackers, by a Mechanical Repair roll result of one-fifth or less of normal skill level, or by the key pickpocketed from Windthrope's pocket. Inside this safe is an assortment of private papers (such as Windthrope's will, leaving everything to the Foundation) and a moldy book in English published in the late 19th century, titled *Ponape Scripture* (described in *Call of Cthulhu*, third edition, page 68).

A scrapbook lying beside his bed contains newspaper clippings, all devoted to arcane and mysterious events, none more recent than 1940. A few clippings concern Dinosaur Lodge. These are reprinted nearby.

In the floor-to-ceiling bookcase to the right of the door is a huge collection of occult books. The dullest-looking is a fat folio entitled *Basic Herbology*. If and only if the investigators declare that they intend to examine each of the 500+ books on these shelves (a process taking at least eight man-hours to do thoroughly) do they learn this volume's secret. The book is hollowed-out: within it are the diaries of Douglas and Aaron Windthrope.

Reading these tomes costs 1D3 SAN each, and each raises Cthulhu Mythos by 3 percentiles. Douglas' diary contains many references to the *Necronomicon* and details his struggles against the dreadful Gilman family, containing all the history contained in the section of the scenario entitled The Secret History of Dinosaur Lodge. Aaron's diary details his discovery of, and struggles against, a race of huge, tentacled, burrowing entities he calls (confusingly) the Deep Ones.

- **GILBERT MANES' ROOM:** in a sleek Deco-style chest of drawers, the top drawer has the initials *L.G.* inscribed on the inside. A bookcase contains volumes about local history and a scrapbook displays all the *Clauson Gazette* clippings included in this adventure.

In the back of the scrapbook is a photograph taken in the early 1930s, a family portrait of a man, two women, and four nearly-adult children, all decidedly homely. A successful Library Use made while leafing through the history books uncovers a duplicate of this photograph in the book *Colorado Today* (published 1931), in a chapter on wealthy landowners. The caption there reads, "Abner Gilman and Family."



some survivalists

•**VINCENT CAROL'S ROOM:** Vincent has replaced the lock on his door. To open the new lock requires a roll result equal to or less than one half the investigator's Mechanical Repair.

A successful Spot Hidden made while searching the room locates an envelope addressed simply to PO Box 369, Clauson CO. The return address is the United States Department of Justice. The letter within is gone. In the top drawer of Mr. Carol's bureau are three credit cards and documents for a new checking account. The account's current balance is over \$20,000. The cards were issued and the account was opened all in March of last year.

The Lab Building

This two-story structure used to be Dinosaur Lodge's guest house; it has undergone drastic renovation. The staff spends most of their time here, either in the Dreamweb chamber or in their offices, where research data is stored.

The lab building is reasonably secure. The doors are kept locked, day and night. None of the outside locks can be opened by anything other than the appropriate key, a trained locksmith, or a great deal of force (a bolt-cutter or hammer and cold-chisel, for instance, could cut through the lock). The Records Room has a keypad combination lock which requires a successful Electrical Repair roll at one-fifth or less of the investigator's skill level to open.

All of the first-floor windows are burglar-alarmed; getting through them without activating the alarm system

requires a successful Electrical Repair roll at one-fifth or less of the investigator's skill level; failure sets off a loud clang in all the buildings.

Though electrical lines bring in power from the outside, the winter winds frequently break the lines. Emergency power for the Datamaster and other Institute requirements comes from a pair of generators buried beside the carillon tower.

Player Aid #11

Witchcraft At Gilman Lodge Confirmed

Sheriff Bart Clay today released an official report on the deaths of Abner Gilman and his family, and the string of bizarre occurrences connected with Gilman Lodge.

According to Sheriff Clay, the entire Gilman family was involved deeply in pagan occultism. Evidence indicates that the Gilmans were responsible for the robbery and murders of at least two vagrants, whose bodies then suffered unGodly rites.

The crimes were uncovered by Douglas Windthorp, a noted alienist from London, England. Mr. Windthorp, researching occult phenomena in Massachusetts, followed indications of such activity to our area and investigated with discretion.

Mr. Windthorp states that he found a sacrificial altar at Gilman Lodge, with all the trappings of black magic. Soon after, Abner Gilman approached, and a struggle ensued between Gilman and Mr. Windthorp.

In the struggle, the building caught fire. A portion of the house burned, claiming the lives of the entire Gilman family. Mr. Windthorp also suffered severe burns, but survived.

He was driven to Rifle and put aboard train to Denver and the Acheson Hospital, where he continues to improve. This valiant man, so far from home, deserves our succor and friendship.

Though the occult shrine was largely destroyed, Mr. Windthorp's discoveries are substantiated by subsequent findings made by sheriff's deputies at his direction.

The remains of the sacrificial altar were still present at the lodge, and dredging operations on Gilman Lake have produced two bodies. The sheriff's office refuses to confirm tales of ritual cannibalism.

—Clauson Gazette, Oct. 20, 1937.

Player Aid #9

Woman Wanders From Picnic

Martha Gilman, sister of Abner Gilman, owner of Gilman Lodge, was reported missing Tuesday.

Miss Gilman, visiting for the summer, evidently became lost in the woods. Her absence was reported by her family, and neighbors helped in the search.

—Clauson Gazette, June 10, 1936

Player Aid #10

The One That Got Away

A weird tale was told today by Orville Pike, a local trapper. Mr. Pike claims one of his traps near Holly Lake snared something quite different from the expected fur-bearer.

Mr. Pike reports, "A foot taller than me when it reared up, and built like a bear! But it wasn't no bear. Had oozy green skin like a frog, big pop-eyes like a fish, and paws the size of pie plates. It could have torn me to ribbons if I got too close, which I didn't! I lit out of there like a bat out of —, and I'm never trapping Holly Lake again. That there thing can have my traps, and welcome to them!"

Orville's audience agreed that this was one of his best stories ever. Mr. Pike's visions have entertained his patrons for more than ten years. We look forward to his next creative endeavor.

—Clauson Gazette, September 7, 1937.



The second (upper) floor remains in bare-wall condition, save for some structural supports required by the local building code. This floor consists of what were once three suites of rooms, now devoid of furnishings or decoration. In two of the suites, the lath and plaster have been stripped away.

Nothing of special interest is here, but the keeper may find the location handy as a red herring, or as the scene of one of the chorazin's death traps. Cutting through the floor to break into the lab below would certainly be easy, and none of the second-story windows are hooked to the burglar alarm.

THE DREAMWEB: the machine is described in the handouts. It is contained in a circular, glassed-in chamber at the center of the lab building. In the middle of this chamber is a plush examination couch. Outside of the web chamber are banks of consoles displaying input from the monitoring electrodes. This setup allows researchers to track incoming data while simultaneously observing a subject through the window.

Each of the five monitoring stations, as well as the two observation areas, are equipped with viewing screens on which the subject's dream is displayed. A side effect is associated with undergoing a Dreamweb session: 2D6 magic points are drained off during the course of the activity. This 'weakening' phenomenon has been duly noted by the researchers, and so no subject is scheduled more frequently than one session every three days; since the magic points are regained with a good night's sleep, no problems have arisen. (*The chorazin drains the magic points to assist it in creating dream-holographs of Mythos monsters.*)

The dream tapes (they are Super-VHS format) may be viewed using any SVHS machine in the Records Room and offices of the Lab Building. A compatible VCR is also located in the Upstairs Study of Dinosaur Lodge. The dreams stored in the tapes in the Records Room are those of paid volunteers. Those belonging to private patients of Dr. Ivanovna are kept in her room, under lock and key in a small cassette cabinet; no one views these tapes but the doctor.

Video cassettes of the dreams are kept in the windowless Records Room, securely locked away in carefully-labeled storage cabinets. Only the research staff has access to this room, which is locked by a combination lock. Entry requires a four-digit combination entered on a keypad located just to the right of the door. Three consecutive failures to enter the correct code triggers an alarm in the main house. A special success at Electrical Repair is needed to bypass the keypad without alerting the security system.

A typical dream tape presents the viewer with a series of disjointed images and events unfolding like scenes from different plays. Typical dreams include visions of flying, nightmares of nudity in public, visiting a friend or relative who has recently died, etc. All the taped dreams are quite prosaic. The keeper may exercise imagination in creating a selection of dreams and nightmares, but include no reference to the Mythos.

The Lab Building's Basement

Anyone investigating the normally-locked (successful Mechanical Repair roll to open the STR 20 door) basement, finds a large room cluttered with conduits, pipes, empty boxes, and a few auxiliary components for the Dreamweb overhead. A successful Spot Hidden roll shows that while most leads seem to exit to the outside of the building, a few disappear through an interior wall, the door to which is stoutly (successful Mechanical repair roll at half or less of investigator's skill level, STR 35 door) locked. There is a sign on the door.

DREAMWEB CLEAN ROOM Do Not Enter

A successful Idea roll indicates that such an elaborate device as the Dreamweb is likely to have a dust-proof area. But the assumption in this case is false. Within the door is a primitive but efficient laboratory set up around a weird device attached to numerous control and monitoring instruments. The device consists of a ten-foot-in-diameter circular platform with a hard, transparent surface, beneath which is visible a precise arrangement of glass lenses.

Around the platform, and attached to it by curving plastic struts are four smooth-edged rectangular consoles. The inner surfaces (towards the platform) of these consoles are also transparent, and reveal more glass lenses within. A duplicate of the platform is suspended from the ceiling, and is connected to the four consoles by finger-thick fiber-optic cables.

It should be fairly obvious that the device is connected to the Dreamweb itself. This complex machine is Burton Fielding's Dream Imager.

No one else knows about this device, and its discovery causes quite a stir. Fielding, of course, becomes frantic upon the revelation of his invention, and tries to destroy it before it falls into Torrence Dandridge's hands. Dandridge immediately claims credit for the machine, saying that he didn't want to reveal its existence till he was sure it worked.

When Dandridge claims this, Fielding flies into a frenzy and attacks Dandridge, screaming abuse. Once the two are separated, Fielding tells the whole sordid story of Dandridge's thefts, which Dandridge of course denies. The investigators must sort out the truth from the lies, and determine what bearing they have on the mystery they face.

The Carillon Tower

This is a thirty-foot circular tower of stone blocks. It now houses an elevator, the normal access to the Institute's emergency power and to the Datamaster computer. When Dinosaur Lodge was a vacation attraction, this structure originally held a carillon (a number of differently-toned musical bells) which tolled out a short, sonorous tune each half hour.

When the lodge was renovated, the carillon's innards were replaced with the elevator's lift mechanism. The

outside door to the tower is always locked, and a Mechanical Repair roll of half or less the investigator's current skill level is needed to pick the lock. Not far away from the town is a second exit, a concrete stairway leading to a steel door underground. That door is STR 100, and has no outside handle or lock.

Both doors are wired to the alarm system: a Spot Hidden locates the alarm trigger, and an Electrical Repair by-passes it; if the alarm is not bypassed, an alert is sounded in the main house, and the Datamaster is immediately made aware of unwanted intruders. In the latter case, a deadly trap awaits snooping investigators below.

A successful Spot Hidden roll reveals a small concrete cover a few feet from the stairs. Beneath the cover is a capped and locked pipe, the fuel feed for the generators' diesel tanks. To the other side of the stairs are air intakes and exhausts for the generators.

Within the base of the carillon tower is an elevator leading down and stairs leading to the elevator mechanisms above. By the doors stands a narrow length of pipe topped by a palm-sized disk perforated by a keyhole. This is the elevator call-plate, which requires a key or a successful Electric Repair to activate. The elevator car always returns to the basement when not in use. If the alarm is tripped, the car remains below till the security system is reset. The elevator is equipped with an emergency trap door in the ceiling, and a distress phone which rings the main house.

The complex beneath the carillon tower is divided into three sections: storage, the generator room, and the Datamaster computer room.

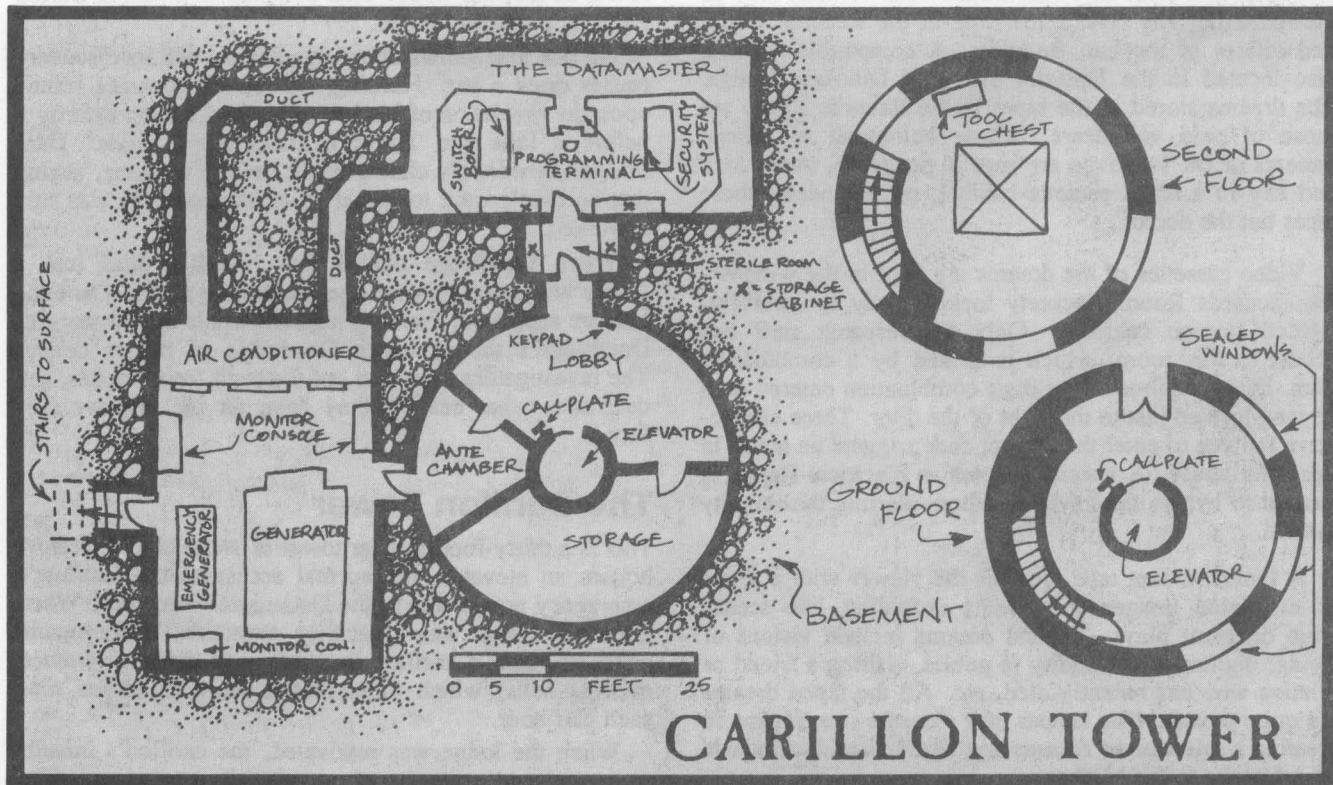
The power plant contains the Institute's emergency generators, plus a large air cleaner and air conditioner servicing the computer room. Three small consoles monitor and control the machinery; these inputs can be overridden by the Datamaster. The two generators are the Institute's source of emergency electric power, and the chorazin will kill to protect them. When in use, the generators have about a week's uninterrupted supply of diesel.

The back door to the complex is here, opening directly to the surface by disengaging the massive locks. Unless the alarm first is turned off by flipping the switch inside the door, opening the door triggers it.

The main junction box for the complex's electricity is also here.

To get into the computer room from the elevator, the correct four-digit code must be entered into a keypad beside the sliding glass doors to get into the sterile chamber. On the floor before these doors is a black pad twice the dimensions of a welcome mat. This is a tacky pad, which uses a harmless electric current to remove dust particles from the clothing of anyone entering the sterile room. Apart from the air conditioning ducts, this is the only entrance to the Datamaster room. A television camera watches the area.

As a first line of defense, the chorazin can boost the power of this pad, charging it to a level potentially fatal. Any investigator stepping onto the lethal tacky pad must match his or her CON against the pad's charge of 20. Failure to resist on the resistance table causes electrocution, while even success brings a stunning jolt and 1D6 damage.





The sterile room is an airlock, preventing outside air from contaminating the filtered, temperature-controlled atmosphere of the computer room. Lockers to the right and left of the sliding glass doors contain lab coats, which must be donned before setting foot into the programming room. Once the air in the sterile room has been filtered, the inner doors slide open.

The Datamaster can turn this room into a deathtrap, by locking both sets of doors and pumping the air out of the sterile chamber. Each round the investigators remain in the chamber, they must succeed at a CON roll, beginning at CON x5, then going to CON x4 on the next round, and so forth. When a CON roll is failed, the investigator passes out.

Once all investigators have passed out, they die in a matter of minutes. The sliding doors are tough, resilient glass, but can be broken. Match the damage of any attempted attack against the doors' STR 14 on the resistance table. If the damage overcomes the doors, the glass shatters and new air is sucked into the chamber. Since there is a partial vacuum in the chamber, when the glass is shattered, everyone inside must succeed at a Luck roll or take 1D4 damage from the flying shards.

The Datamaster itself covers three walls of this room, and has a single terminal. Two metal consoles on either side of the doorway contain hundreds of shiny OSD disks. These airtight consoles are always locked, but can be opened with a successful Mechanical Repair roll. A security camera swivels menacingly in each of the room's four corners.

The Powers Of The Chorazin

Always keep in mind that the chorazin, by means of the Datamaster, controls the Institute's power, phones, and security system, as well as the subconscious wills of the staff. Any combination of these can be used to lure the investigators into a trap, or misdirect them from an important clue.

Prepare a number of ruses luring investigators to their doom. Once the investigators have caught on to this ploy, the chorazin abandons this approach and sends sleep-walking staffers on errands of murder, or has Dr. Ivanovna consign one or more investigators to the madhouse. Following the flow of resistance, the chorazin creates a web of lies, false accusations, and circumstantial evidence to breed suspicion. Some possible ploys follow.

IMPERSONATION: the Datamaster is equipped with a sophisticated voice synthesizer; with this, plus audio tapes from the security system, the computer can simulate the voice of any of the Institute staffers, or even of the investigators themselves. By tapping into the switchboard, the chorazin could ring an investigator and, using the voice of a friend, lead him to his doom. Calls to the outside world can be rerouted, so that an investigator may think he is talking to the sheriff when in fact the computer is at the other end of the line. False information can be given, and red herrings scattered in all directions. A phone call can even be diverted or cut off in mid-conversation, if the Datamaster detects an investigator discussing a dangerous subject.

BLACKOUTS or ELECTROCUTION: electricity for the security system can be diverted, to cause blackouts (covering the comings and goings of Gilbert Manes or imager-created monsters), or to provide a 1D10+3 damaging jolt to anyone touching anything metal in the carillon tower, including the locks.

FORGERY, TRAPS: The Datamaster is equipped with a printer, with which the chorazin can forge typewritten notes from one investigator to another, thus baiting traps. An investigator might receive a message such as the following: "Urgent that I see you. Meet me tonight on the old logging road, at midnight. Come alone, and say nothing to the others. Don't even speak of it to me — too many ears listen in." At the rendezvous, the hapless investigator is attacked by a monster (if the imager is in operation), or by madness-inducing dream images of monsters (if the investigator's psychological profile indicates he would be vulnerable to insanity), or by a bushwhacking Gilbert Manes, who will wear a mask to avoid identification. Should the investigator survive the initial attack, Manes retreats, and the chorazin must try again another time.

A most convincing lure is a fellow investigator's own voice on the phone, urgently requesting a friend's presence. "Listen, I can't talk now. I've found something at the carillon tower. Don't let anyone know you're coming. I'm just inside the tower — I'll leave the door unlocked for you." This sets up the investigator for a potent electrical shock when he or she touches the door of the carillon tower.

USING FIELDING: Burton Fielding is clearly intelligent and skilled enough to track down the source of the web's power drain (used to supply the Datamaster's security system). Yet he does not. In fact little does he realize when each night Gilbert Manes brings a sacrifice to the Dreamweb, that it is Fielding himself who, sleepwalking, activates the program which dooms another human being to hideous death!

USING IVANOVNA: Dr. Ivanovna carries in her mind a complete psychological profile of each of the volunteers at the Institute. If the investigators begin to cause trouble, the chorazin attacks through her in a most deadly manner. While she is taking a nap one afternoon, she'll rise from her sleep in a somnambulistic trance. While in this trance, she appears normal, though her movements are sluggish and her eyes unfocused (these details can be noticed only with a successful Spot Hidden roll).

She'll ask the investigator under suspicion to enter the Dreamweb for a brief session. When she injects the drugs used to control the sleeper's fears, she'll covertly give an overdose, inducing a massive heart attack (the investigator dies if failing a CON x4 roll on 1D100). A successful Pharmacy roll made while she prepares the serum enables the sleeper (or any other observer) to notice (before injection) that she has seriously erred in concocting the serum. If this is brought to her attention (or just after her victim suffers the heart attack), she'll snap out of her trance, remembering more or less what she had just done, but believing it an accident.

More subtly, the chorazin may induce her to believe that one of the investigators is a dangerously-ill psycho-

path. She'll carefully document her beliefs and amass evidence, using both personal interviews and the investigator's dreams, then present her theory to Dandridge and Windthrope. They, having no reason to doubt her word, will be obliged to present the evidence to the Moffat County court and have the unfortunate investigator placed under restraint and sent to Craig for 90-day observation. Marina is happy to show her evidence to any investigator disposed to doubt her word.

A Psychology roll indicates that she is thoroughly convinced of her conclusions (which she is). But a successful Psychoanalysis roll made while perusing her documents permits the user to realize that much of her evidence is dubious. In any case, her surprise revelation should cause consternation in the investigators' ranks.

MENTAL CONFUSION: the staff suffers because of the alien imperatives placed into their minds. As the situation intensifies, they show clear signs of this turmoil, complaining of headaches and lack of energy. The programming is contrary to their natures and desires. Their minds are continually trying to free themselves from the dreadful bondage. This, plus the physical strain of their enforced nocturnal activities, is beginning to affect the health and efficiency of the staff.

ORDERS TO KILL: any staffer directed to kill another human being (this does not apply to Ivanovna's using drugs to cause a heart attack or Dandridge defending the Datamaster from harm) must receive a successful POW x3 roll or the command fails. If the command fails, the internal conflict is overwhelming, and the staffer collapses, not to awaken for 1D8 hours.

Anyone under attack by a sleepwalking staffer can attempt a Spot Hidden to notice that his assailant's eyes are glazed and unfocused. The staffers are basically good people, who should be portrayed in a sympathetic manner. They would never hurt anyone. When the investigators realize this, the horror of the transformation into murderous automatons becomes acute.

SENDING DARK DREAMS: one of the chorazin's mightiest powers is the ability to send Cthulhu's own hideous consciousness into others' minds. Normally, this is only possible to members of his cult or when R'lyeh is above the ocean waves. But the Windthrope Institute has given Great Cthulhu an outlet. Anyone taking a turn in the web becomes psychically linked to the web, and is receptive to whatever visions Cthulhu may send.

With the Dreamweb, the chorazin can identify and intensify specific phobias or secret fears of investigators by inducing appropriately terrifying nightmares. If an investigator has no special phobia, the chorazin may attempt to implant one through a Dreamweb session: be imaginative when presenting such a vision. Should the chorazin attempt to create a new phobia, the investigator must receive a Luck roll. If the roll is equal to or less than the investigator's POW, he resists the influence. If the roll is higher than his POW, but lower than the Luck roll, the new fear is implanted, but fades after a week or two. If the Luck roll fails, the investigator has his new phobia till he dies. A phobic target who is strongly exposed to his phobia or who is forced to act against it loses 0/1D6 SAN.

Such induced or intensified phobias are used to good effect by the chorazin. For instance, if a character is caused to receive a fear of snakes, the chorazin causes sleepwalking staffers to walk out into the woods and gather a whole squirming mass of the creatures, then ease open the investigator's door one dark night and dump them on the carpet.

DIRECT PSYCHIC ASSAULT: if an investigator gets too near the truth, the chorazin may make a direct psychic assault by attempting to steal the victim's soul while he or she sleeps. The target of such an attack is plunged into a chaos of horror from which escape seems impossible. In this dream, he or she is sucked into the sky, whirled through the air and plunged into the depths of the sea, into the very tomb of Cthulhu. There, in the vast blackness, slumbering Cthulhu stirs and reaches toward the victim as packs of ravening sea-shoggoths swarm near. At this point the victim's player must attempt a Luck roll.

If the roll fails, the target loses 1D10/1D100 SAN. If the roll succeeds, he can force himself awake before the dream has progressed to its ultimate grim finale, losing only 1D10 SAN, but receiving Thalassophobia (fear of the sea). The only good to come of this experience is that the investigators have an important clue as to the source of their difficulties. Once a victim of this type of assault has gotten a successful Luck roll, he is forever immune to such an attack from Cthulhu.

INTANGIBLE DREAM CREATIONS: the Dreamweb's operation has provided magic points drained from experimental subjects. With them, the chorazin can summon forth intangible dream-images of any Servitor race, costing the chorazin magic points equal to the creature's SIZ. Thus, a Deep One's image can be formed for about 14 magic points.

By the time the investigators enter the scenario, the intruder has stored about 200 magic points. It continues to receive more magic points at the rate of 2D6 per dream-session. Since the investigators are the only experimental subjects at the moment, it should not be difficult to keep track of the chorazin's magic point supply.

These summoned creatures are wholly intangible, and fade into nothingness if touched. They can only cause SAN loss, no physical or magical damage. Once the investigators realize that the summoned horrors are not real, SAN rolls made against them always succeed. Such phantoms are the means by which Nora Pope was driven mad: after several horrific creatures, her mind could not stand the SAN loss. Against the investigators, however, the first image will be that of the allosaur skeleton, frighteningly animated and ready to kill.

The dream sendings are used only in attempts to drive an investigator mad or to protect the carillon tower, the vital contents of its underground facilities, or the Dreamweb. Anyone attempting to leave (if the chorazin has isolated the Institute) encounters at least one such dream sending on the narrow lane leading out to the highway; the image attempts to force the fugitive's vehicle off the road, after which the specter vanishes without trace.

SUMMONING SERVITOR RACES: the Dream Imager is Burton Fielding's secret project, and he has no idea that he has created more than what he had hoped for: when the imager is linked to the Dreamweb, it will become possible to create a three-dimensional representation of a subject's dream, complete with sound.

However, the imager is also of enormous use to the chorazin. Once it is made operational, Cthulhu can use it to bring through dream-images of Servitor Races, just as described in the previous section. But these imager creatures are real.

Such summoned creatures appear on the imaging platform, costing 1 magic point per point of SIZ. If allowed to escape, the creature roams the grounds at will, posing a serious threat to anyone out at night. The imager will not accept a creature larger than SIZ 22, conveniently small enough (barely) to squeeze out of the building without untoward destruction.

Gilbert Manes is aware of the imager's properties, and once Fielding hooks it up, he will attempt to use the device to generate other Mythos horrors to plague the investigators and make the Institute a more fitting dwelling-place for Great Cthulhu. These creatures can be killed in the normal manner. By destroying the Datamaster and thereby severing the link between the Dreamweb and the chorazin, these horrors return automatically to their benighted lairs.

Player Aid #12**Dinosaur Lodge To Reopen**

Dinosaur Lodge, west of Clauson and long unoccupied, has been designated the future home for the Windthrope Institute of Dream Research, scheduled to open in March.

Funded by the prestigious Windthrope Foundation, the institute is to explore the nature and causes of dreams.

Dr. Torrence Dandridge, spokesman for the Institute, says, "Our research may lead to effective treatment for psychological disorders."

The Institute has been opposed by local citizens. Frederick Butts, Clauson-area native and property-owner adjacent to Dinosaur Lodge, says, "These academics have no right to spoil the land's natural beauty with their blacktop roads and construction machinery."

—Jan. 9.

Player Aid #13**Institute Opponent Served Injunction**

Frederick Butts, vocal opponent of the Windthrope Institute for Dream Research, was today served a court injunction to prevent him from interfering with the institute's construction.

The institute claims that Mr. Butts has continuously harassed work crews and deliverymen, and has verbally threatened to prevent the opening of the Institute.

Mr. Lawrence Windthrope, who requested the court action, could not be reached for comment.

—February 6th

The Clauson Gazette

The stories can be found at the newspaper, in old newspapers in the fourth-floor storage rooms of the lodge, or at the Clauson City Library. They are printed on pages 68 and 74. A successful Library Use roll uncovers each article. Lengthy conversations with Windthrope or Weemes disclose the same information.

Following Up

If the investigators go to Clauson for additional information, they uncover some disturbing testimony.

THE RAIL YARD: the yard is north of town. It is no more than a haphazard arrangement of metal sheds and cattle pens and a couple of sidings. Beneath a few scraggly trees about a hundred yards distant, a few hobos occasionally make temporary home.

Three wary men are staying here. They'll try to move away if an investigator approaches. Any investigator succeeding at Psychology can tell that their gazes are hostile. Should the investigators corner a single hobo, his fellows move in to join him, to ensure another of their number does not mysteriously vanish.

A little charm and a Fast Talk coaxes these men into telling what they know. For every five bucks in bribe money the investigators shell out, the chance of success at Fast Talk is increased by 5 percentiles. The hobos claim

Player Aid #14**Threat On Highway**

Frederick Butts was arrested Wednesday morning following an incident on the new access road to the Windthrope Institute.

Witnesses state that Mr. Butts ordered the foreman to call off his men and go home. When refused, Mr. Butts allegedly fired two shots through the windshield of a parked dump-truck.

Mr. Butts is charged with trespassing, assault and malicious destruction of private property.

Lawrence Windthrope, administrator of the Institute, could not be reached for comment.

—March 1st

Player Aid #15**Local Character Vanishes**

Sheriff's deputies spent most of yesterday conducting a search for "Railroad Joe" Mullenberger, a local character who made his home in and around the Clauson rail yard for the past decade.

Joe was reported missing by several citizens who regularly gave the old fellow hot meals.

Searchers so far have turned up no trace of Joe, nor have deputies uncovered evidence of foul play. The search has been called off, but residents seeing Railroad Joe are urged to call the sheriff's department.

—June 3.

Player Aid #16

FOUND: On the upper Wendigo Canyon trail, one bedroll and backpack containing two flannel shirts and a pair of jeans. Owner should contact Sheriff McFarlan in Clauson.

—August 6.

that they have noticed no lurking strangers but, despite their efforts to stick together, one of their number vanishes weekly.

The Clauson area used to be paradise for hobos. Last year at this time at least twenty vagrants camped near the trainyard. No more. The mystery disappearances over the last few months have frightened them off. One hobo, named Kentucky, was with Railroad Joe the night he disappeared.

"We was sittin' by the fire, me 'n' Joe, splittin' a can of beans when, all sudden, Joe puts down his spoon, gets up an' shuffles off. I ast him where he's goin, he says for a walk. How'd ya figure? Leaves the best meal we'd got in three days an' goes for a damn walk. Well, it was the unluckiest walk he ever took. He ain't come back yet!"

Further questioning produces similar stories about other disappearances. In each witnessed case, the victim became slightly dazed, after which he wandered off. One fellow followed his friend when the friend fell into this stupor — neither of them was seen again.

These disappearances are the work of Gilbert Manes.

THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT: Sheriff McFarlain is more than happy to show the investigators the still-unclaimed bedroll and backpack. They are stored in a closet filled almost to capacity with camping gear and clothing.

"This is the most junk we've ever got," he tells the investigators. "People seem more careless than ever." He goes on to say that most of the items were found at roadside camps, where cross-country hikers had stopped to spend the night. Smaller items could easily have been misplaced, but it puzzles him that gear such as backpacks could have been forgotten. "A pack's pretty basic equipment," he says.

If questioned about missing persons, Sheriff McFarlain is willing to help, but knows little more than what is in the papers, except that Railroad Joe was one of six vagrants known to disappear over the past six months. He believes there are others, but such men are hard to keep track of, and their disappearances are rarely reported. No one has reported any missing hikers,

The sheriff has words about Mr. Frederick Butts: "Freddy works at the railroad yard. He's a hard worker, but he bugs the other guys almost to tears explaining how the world's gonna end and how they should get ready. Every weekend, Freddy, his drinking buddies, and their girlfriends take off to his place in the woods to practice living in the wild."

"I had to arrest Freddy a couple times because of problems with the Institute. He says the Institute was bad for the woods, but it's the first time I ever heard Freddy worry about the environment. He's just mad that the place opened nearby, where it might interfere with his privacy.

"If you fellows are thinking of visiting Freddy, think again. His place is like a fort; nothing goes in or comes out unless he knows it — specially on the weekend, when the whole crew's there. He's even got guards. Between the snares and guard dogs, you'd be lucky to get there in

one piece. Course, Freddy's careful. He knows that if he ever actually hurt anyone, I'd have to take him apart."

If asked about witchcraft at the former Gilman Lodge, the Sheriff says he's heard the stories, but hasn't any information. He offers to let the investigators dig around in the records cellar, though. Two successful Library use rolls turn up essentially the same information present in the newspaper article. The corpses discovered at the lodge were never identified.

AROUND TOWN: Clauson-area folk are friendly and outgoing, and nearly all of them (except for one snarling survivalist friend of Freddy Butts) think the Institute out at Dinosaur Lodge is a good thing for the community, and like the people there, though they don't see much of them.

A few old-timers remember the stories about the Gilman family, and the accusations of witchcraft and human sacrifice, and one or two will hint that even more horrible things went on out there. But nobody now has any first-hand information. "People come, people go," folks agree, rocking comfortably on their porches, "It's not like it used to be." They tell the investigators to try the newspaper. For pointed testimony, see page 81.

Freddy Butts, Survivalist

At one time or another, the investigators may visit Freddy Butts' woodlands hideaway. The visit may not be comfortable.

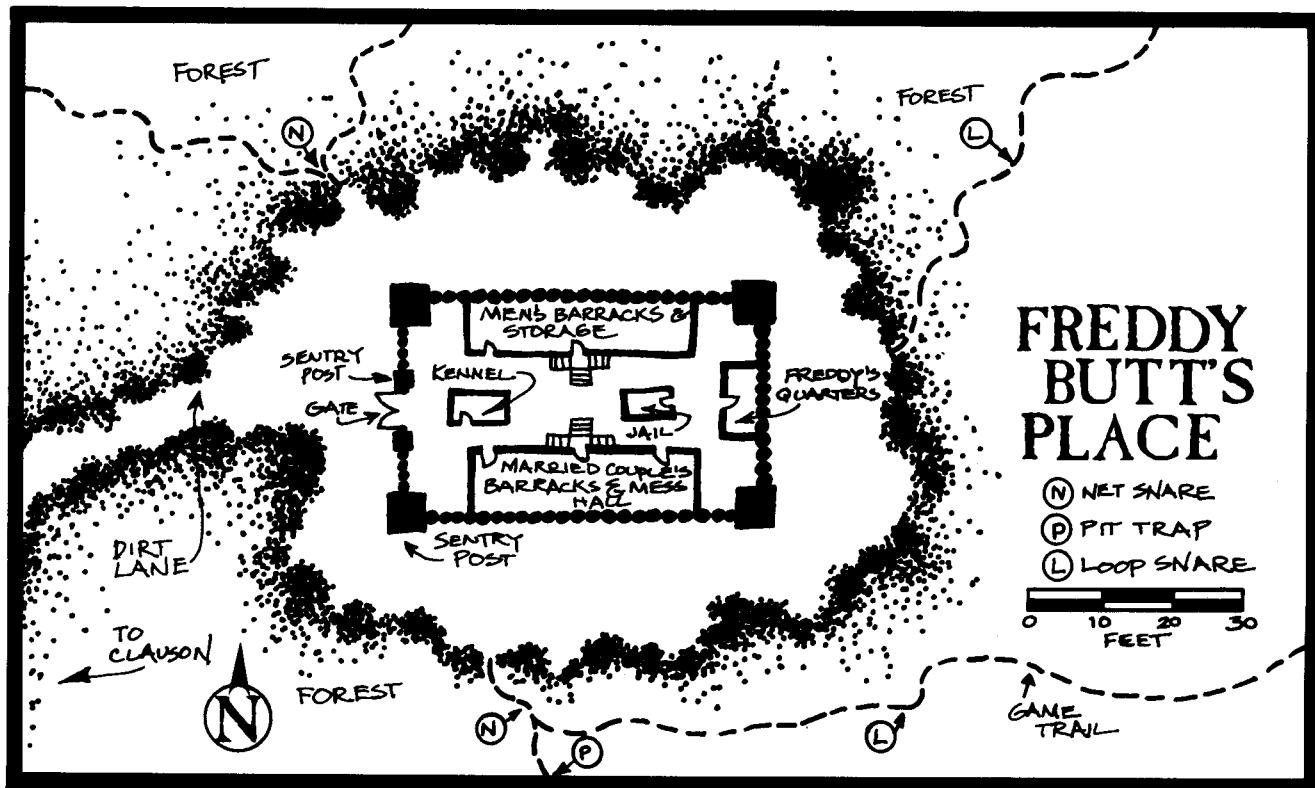
Anyone approaching the property from the road is met by a pair of rifle-toting survivalists, each leading an attack dog ready to sink teeth into an intruder. In no uncertain terms these hostile individuals order the investigators off their private land under threat of the law.

Freddy's place can be approached through the woods via well-trodden game trails, used by the survivalists for their maneuvers; one such trail opens onto the old logging road on the Institute property, and can be found easily. These trails are patrolled on a regular schedule, and anyone traversing them in either direction stands a 25% chance of meeting an armed sentry, who reacts identically to the manner used by the pair guarding the dirt lane.

In addition, the game trails are heavily trapped with loop snares. Every person walking to Freddy's place must attempt 1D3-1 Spot Hidden rolls. A failed roll causes that person to be snagged by a foot and picked up into the air, dangling upside down. This grotesque problem costs no hit points, but should embarrass any investigator captured by the survivalists.

More safely perhaps, the pine forest is relatively free of undergrowth and can be crossed without a trail, though a successful Track roll could be necessary to find the stockade the first time.

Anyone caught on Freddy's property is arrested and charged with trespassing — Freddy is a stickler for law and order when it applies to someone else. All prisoners are roughly escorted to the compound, there to be brow-beaten by Freddy.



Fort Freddy

Freddy and his friends have constructed a stockade identical to the cavalry forts portrayed in movies about the Old West. Standing in several acres of cleared land, the fort boasts four guardhouses and two small guardposts on either side of the gate. These posts are usually not manned. The entire compound is made of tarred pine logs. Rough-stone fireplaces provide winter heat. The illusion is only spoiled by the use of nails instead of wooden pegs and the glass windows in all the structures.

The common bond of the group is that though civilization is deservedly doomed, its fall may be survived and that something more ascetic and virile (like Fort Freddy) may be built from its ashes.

The two largest buildings have two floors, the upper levels serving as barracks. A kitchen and mess hall are located beneath the married couples' barracks, with a storage area under the single persons' barracks.

Freddy interviews captured trespassers in his quarters, which also serve as his office. If the investigators have been caught and brought to him by one of his survivalist friends, he is unhelpful, but if the investigators made it on their own to the compound he is impressed with their woodcraft and slightly more friendly.

Staying at Freddy's place at any time are seven dogs and four survivalists, with two more survivalists and a pair of dogs guarding the dirt lane. On weekends, fifteen survivalists are present. Freddy won't attack the Institute except on a weekend, when his forces are strongest.

His followers respect Freddy and obey his orders, believing that one day their lives will depend on what he is teaching them. Once exposed to the horrors of the Mythos, they become jumpy, and more prone to violent reactions; once they attack the Institute, only Freddy Butts will be able to control them.

Nine dobermans live at the compound. Since two of the dogs are on guard duty by the dirt road, seven run free within the compound at any one time. If the investigators wound or kill one of the dobermans, the

About The Fort

Fort Freddy's log palisade is a uniform 12 feet high; the individual logs are sharpened at the top to make it harder for any climbers. Average width of the palisade is one foot.

The corner blockhouses are about 20 feet high at the roofline. Lateral firing strips extend around all four sides of the emplacements at the 5.5 foot level. An interior ladder and latchable trap door provides access. Four men could fire from within a blockhouse. The blockhouse walls will stop pistol and rifle fire, but not .50 machinegun bullets or heavier projectiles.

The gates are strong enough to stop the impact of an automobile. The smash of a 4-ton-or better truck will knock both gates from their hinges.

All the roofs are of red cedar shakes, upon which is applied massive amounts of fire retardant.

survivalists become permanently hostile. Such action convinces Freddy that the Institute is up to no good and should be silenced.

FREDDY BUTTS: once a sergeant in the Marines, now Freddy devotes his life to surviving the end of the world. He, with a handful of friends, is a week-end survivalist: at least two days each week Freddy lives off the land on his property adjacent to the Windthrope Institute, honing combat skills and preparing for disaster.

Firmly convinced that civilization must be crushed by its own stupidity and that an economic collapse will pave the way for anarchy, Freddy is determined to survive this chaos by making his home a fortress.

Mr. Butts comes on as a dangerous, trigger-happy gun nut, a reputation that may bring him under suspicion

when things start going wrong at the Institute, but his bark is worse than his bite. He believes in strict right and strict wrong, and (in his eyes) the Windthrope Institute is wrong. As anyone can tell the investigators, Freddy opposed the Institute from the beginning. Freddy made such a pest of himself that Lawrence Windthrope was forced to get an injunction against Freddy's interference. These events are faithfully recorded in the *Clauson Gazette*, copies of which can be found in the storerooms of the lodge or in Clauson (see handouts).

The Butts family originally settled in the area years before the Gilmans arrived. Freddy's memory is rich in tales of dark goings-on at the lodge. These tales were passed down from father to son, told and retold before blazing campfires as ghost stories to frighten and entertain the children. The stories, and not any environmental concerns, color his feelings about the Institute.

He's not exactly sure what went on at the original Lodge, and his beliefs are heavily influenced by science-fiction movies. Was it the site of a secret government project to create mutants? Maybe a secret society of Satanists was trying to summon the Antichrist? In any case, as the situation at the Institute deteriorates, he'll become frantic. He fears and distrusts scientists, psychiatrists, and computers, and may well feel himself forced to take drastic measures.

THE SURVIVALISTS

FREDDY BUTTS

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 9 EDU 14 SAN 56 HP 14

Weapons: Commando Knife 40%, 1D6+1D4 damage
.357 Magnum Pistol 55%, 1D8+2 damage
.30-06 Bolt-Action Rifle 45%, 2D6+3 damage

Skills: Bargain 25%, Camouflage 55%, Drive Automobile 45%, Electrical Repair 30%, First Aid 45%, Hide 40%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 30%.

SURVIVALISTS 1-6

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5	#6
STR	13	12	14	11	15	10
CON	14	15	13	16	12	17
SIZ	13	11	16	9	17	10
INT	13	12	11	10	9	8
POW	10	11	9	12	8	13
DEX	11	13	10	15	9	16
APP	10	11	12	9	13	10
EDU	14	12	16	13	12	12
SAN	50	55	45	60	40	65
HP	14	13	15	13	15	14
Pistol			Pistol	Rifle	Shotgun	Rifle
Attk%	35%	45%	40%	25%	55%	30%
Shots/Rd.	2	1/2	1	1	1	1
Damage	1D10	2D6+3	1D10+2	2D6+3	4D6	2D6

DOBERMANS 4-9

	D-4	D-5	D-6	D-7	D-8	D-9
STR	14	13	12	11	13	10
CON	14	8	16	12	9	7
SIZ	11	8	12	9	9	9
POW	7	6	5	6	7	9
DEX	14	16	12	14	14	13
HP	13	8	14	11	9	8
Move	12					

Weapon	Bite	Bite	Bite	Bite	Bite	Bite
Attk%	35%	65%	40%	45%	30%	50%
Damage	1D8+1D4	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8	1D8

SURVIVALISTS 7-12

	#7	#8	#9	#10	#11	#12
STR	12	11	13	10	14	9
CON	13	14	12	15	11	16
SIZ	14	12	17	10	18	11
INT	12	13	11	12	10	10
POW	11	12	8	11	6	12
DEX	12	11	14	10	15	
APP	11	12	13	14	9	4
EDU	12	12	11	14	12	12
SAN	55	60	40	55	30	60
HP	14	13	15	13	15	14
Shotgun		Rifle	Rifle	Rifle	Pistol	Rifle
Attk%	35%	40%	35%	45%	30%	20%
Shots/Rd.	1/2	1	1	1/2	1	1
Damage	4D6	2D6+3	2D6+3	2D6+3	1D10+2	2D6+3

SURVIVALISTS with DOBERMANS

	#13	#14	#15	D-1	D-2	D-3
STR	12	11	13	12	12	11
CON	13	14	12	12	10	10
SIZ	11	9	14	8	13	8
INT	12	11	10			
POW	9	10	8	7	8	6
DEX	10	12	9	12	13	12
APP	9	10	11			
EDU	13	11	15			
SAN	45	50	40			
HP	12	12	13	10	12	9
Dobermans						
Move	12					

Weapon	Bite	Bite	Bite	Bite	Bite	Bite
Attk%	45%	55%	70%	45%	50%	65%
Shots/Rd.	2	1				
Damage	4D6	2D6+3	2D6+3	2D6+3	1D10+2	2D6+3

The Survivalist Attack

While a court order forbids Freddy entrance to the Institute's grounds, Fort Freddy is so close that he or one of his friends is bound to encounter one of the chorazin's dream-creatures. For each day of investigation there is a 5% cumulative chance that such an encounter occurs, triggering Freddy's paranoia. When this happens, Freddy instantly assumes that the old nastiness has begun again at the Lodge. He has no trouble convincing his cronies that an armed assault on the Windthrope Institute is the one way to "make sure those nuts don't kill anyone else."

Freddy and his friends move swiftly, occupying the Institute and holding everyone prisoner, and conducting a thorough search of the grounds. Since this is a night raid, one or more survivalists likely comes face to fang with some Mythos denizen sent to defend the Dreamweb. Set up the encounter so that these worthies can run screaming past the investigators.

Freddy may listen to reason, even at this point, and anyone succeeding at both Orate and Debate might convince him that the Institute staff and visitors are not responsible for these midnight horrors. If the investigators tell Freddy everything they know about the situation, a 10 percentile bonus can be added to their Debate and Orate skills for this roll.

Should Freddy be convinced by the investigators, he concludes that the Dreamweb is the cause of all that's happened, and takes steps to destroy it. The survivalists have nine pounds of plastic explosive, and Freddy orders the entire amount to be placed in and around the Dreamweb lab and in the cellar. The instant Freddy and the survivalists bring out the plastic explosive, all the Datamaster-linked defenses are activated. The result is a small-scale war, in which the investigators perform as an independent squad.

The keeper should exercise restraint in playing out this little drama, leaving the resolution of the scenario in the investigators' hands. The survivalists are by no means infallible, and the investigators should find ample opportunity to escape or to thwart the mini-invasion. Anyone, including non-player-characters, who is outside on the evening of the raid may attempt a Spot Hidden to notice the armed survivalists moving in on the lodge.

In such an attack, Gilbert Manes tries madly to escape his captors and rush to the defense of the web. Though he'll avoid using his spells except when alone, he won't be concerned about how he escapes or who gets hurt in the process, affording the investigators a glimpse of Manes' true personality.

Cthulhu Rises

At the start of the scenario, Gilbert Manes has been supplying the chorazin with human sacrifices for some time. The chorazin has 1050 points of POW and is prepared to generate an avatar of Cthulhu. On the second or third night of the investigators' stay, the attempt is made.



the destruction of the carillon

A vague image of Cthulhu forms in the waters of Holly Lake, distorted at first, and shot through with flickering lines and snow, like bad television reception. Every night or two the experiment is repeated, the image continually gaining resolution, until the supply of POW is built up to 1130 points. At that time the image is fully realized, ready for the investment of reality. Anyone observing the lake witnesses the experiment and loses 1D4/1D10 SAN.

Manes continues his sacrifices every night (adding 3D6 POW from a hapless victim per night) till the required POW is attained. Once the amount of POW reaches 1080 points, the Datamaster isolates the entire Institute, taking over complete control of the switchboard and security system, possibly preventing anyone from leaving. Only Gilbert Manes can move freely.

At the 1100-point mark, or whenever the investigators uncover Cthulhu's vile plot, Manes preys upon the Institute staff and party of investigators, murdering them one by one till the plot is foiled or the entire 1130 points are stolen. Further, and from this time one, anyone linking with the Dreamweb is automatically drained of all magic points, causing collapse and temporary coma.

On the night that 1130 points are attained, a dream image of Great Cthulhu forms in Holly Lake. The stolen POW is released in the form of a hissing cloud of white-hot plasma, incidentally destroying the carillon tower and the adjacent buried facilities, including the Datamaster itself. Anyone foolish enough to approach this churning blob of energy is engulfed by a pseudopod-like outlash and scorched to a charred mass. Observers of this horrible scene lose 1/1D8 SAN.

The plasma cloud drifts over Holly Lake and descends, turning it into a frothing cauldron. In the moonlight, the clouds of steam rise far into the sky. From this seething, churning chaos emerges the dream image of Great Cthulhu, now only slightly transparent and outlined by flickering points of bright green light like sullen lightning. As the investigators watch in horror, the ooze and slime from the bottom of the lake creeps up the inside of the image, transforming it into pulsing flesh of the Great Old One. Seeing Cthulhu's dream-form costs an automatic 1D10 SAN.

Remember Gilbert Manes' murdered victims? They are not intended to have a peaceful rest. Now that the moment of Cthulhu's transition is at hand, the bodies of these wretched souls, at least a hundred in number, rise from their graves to take one final journey. As they converge upon Holly Lake, these foul corpses, rotten with corruption, begin to dissolve, draining off into formless plasm and oozing into the lake. This amoeboid mass then melds together to form the physical components of the bizarre organ which in Cthulhu substitutes for a brain. Witnessing this macabre exodus of the dead costs 1D3/1D8 SAN. The walking doomed do not attack, though they are horrifying enough. If someone seeks to impede their progress, they only attempt to push the offender out of the way.

This entire recreation process takes almost twelve hours. When the last zombie tumbles in and the manifestation is complete, the avatar of Cthulhu becomes real, and all viewers lose 1D10/1D100 SAN.

Foilng A God

If the investigators can interrupt this process, even at this late point, they can stymie the appearance; if not, then the avatar of Cthulhu is free to ravage the countryside. The generation of the avatar can be stopped by several means.

ELECTRICITY: the plasma hologram creating Cthulhu's body can be ionized, ruining the formation process and dispelling the chorazin's accumulated points of Power. The best way to do this is using high-voltage electricity. Any large structure made of conductive metal, or even high-tension cable thrust into Cthulhu's image could be electrified and thereby destroy it. Plenty of high-tension wire exists at the sub-station not far from Clauson. Rowboats are moored at the lake.

The investigators probably need to tap main power lines, since Dinosaur Lodge's generators are destroyed when the cloud forms. While making the attempt, Mythos creatures already formed in the imager may threaten the investigators. Gilbert Manes, too, tries to stop the investigators by every means possible. Once the avatar of Cthulhu is fully formed, mere electricity no longer does harm.

EXPLOSIVES: a large explosion will disrupt the plasma hologram, destroy the zombies, and put a stop to the process. Such an explosion must be large, requiring a dozen pounds of plastic explosive or two boxes of dynamite.

STOPPING THE ZOMBIES: if not enough zombies reach Holly Lake, the avatar's brain-organ is incomplete. In this case, when the creation process ends the finished monster collapses back into the lake water, to splash feebly and aimlessly a while, moan hideously, then lie quiescent until dissolution a few hours later. At least 30 of the approximately 100 zombies must be prevented from reaching the lake in order to incapacitate the avatar.

Since the zombies are non-combative, stopping them is easier than it might be. A zombie must be destroyed or crippled to be stopped — merely shooting a zombie with a gun does no good. Chopping off a zombie's arms and legs or cinderizing it with a gasoline bomb are quite effective. Another possibility would be running down and crushing zombies with a car or truck.

If the generation of Cthulhu fails, the zombies cease activity and become ordinary corpses.

Cthulhu Walks The Earth

If the avatar is completed, it is in fact not yet the end of the world. This Cthulhu is alone in his freedom: the remainder of the inhabitants of R'lyeh are still trapped in their own prisons, awaiting the proper conjunction of stars to release them.

Even so, the effects of Cthulhu's release are disastrous. The first night following his release, everyone within ten miles have their Sanities tested. Those who receive a successful roll are unaffected by Cthulhu's raging mental barrage. Those failing fall prey to the assault, and react in one of the following ways, to be chosen by the keeper:



the avatar begins creation

- 1) the victim develops a severe migraine-like headache, lasting 1D20 hours;
- 2) in a fit of temper the victim picks a fight or deliberately smashes something;
- 3) in a horrible nightmare, the victim loses 1D6 SAN;
- 4) undergoing temporary insanity, the victim develops a phobia.

The investigators must now labor under threat of this new and horrible danger. Venturing to Clauson, they find total chaos. Riots break out. Looting and arson consume the town. Murders and suicides mount.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the avatar of Cthulhu establishes himself, transforming the Institute into a base of power. He begins summoning an assortment of monsters, allowing them to roam the grounds at will, corrupting what they touch.

More importantly, each night the Old One's influence increases at the rate of one mile per night. One day this living nightmare of madness and death will consume the whole world. Before then, the investigators can have a riotous time trying to destroy Cthulhu's current avatar. Since this version of himself is only a dream-image and not the real thing, once the avatar's hit points are reduced to 0 despite regeneration, he is dispelled, and Cthulhu is once more centered in his tomb in R'lyeh.

If this avatar of Cthulhu is hard-pressed by the investigators, he may move elsewhere, forcing the investigators to seek him out, perhaps using newspaper accounts of new mass insanity and violence.

Victory

If the investigators prevent the chorazin from creating Cthulhu's image, they may each receive 1D20 SAN. This may seem like a great deal but they have, after all, defeated Cthulhu, though not in person. If, in addition, they expose and capture Gilbert Manes, they receive 1D6 additional SAN. Finally, they receive 1 SAN for every non-investigator at the Dreamweb staff (including Dandridge and Johnny Booger) who still lives at the end of the scenario.

If they expose Dandridge, they receive Fielding's eternal gratitude. After the results of the Dreamweb, Fielding may not work on dream-imaging equipment again, but he will certainly continue scientific research, and can serve as a source of information and scientific background when the investigators need to consult someone reliable. ■

Getting Around In Clauson

Downtown Clauson centers on the intersection of Main Street and Clauson Road, where also blink the only traffic signals in town. Clauson Valley National, the only bank, is at the northwest corner of that intersection. Next to the bank is the Sheriff's office and a four-cell jail. The *Gazette* offices are just west on Main Street.

About an eighth of a mile north on on Clauson Road is the grade school and high school. Another eighth of a mile north is the railyard, in open country. The trees and houses stop just before the yard.

Additional Information

The following individuals and places have or contain useful or misleading tidbits of information. Idle questioning around town turns up these statements.

Dory Lincoln: she remembers as a girl that her parents were frightened of the old Gilman Place, and warned her never to go anywhere near.

Nathaniel Lincoln: Dory's husband, he recalls that once something floated down Clauson Creek that caused a great to-do in the town, but he never found out exactly what. The children told themselves it was a human head that still talked, but only because that was the worst thing they could think of.

The Clauson Barbereria: Joe Bidwell, the owner of this barbershop, renamed it to see if he couldn't get some of the Mexican folks to come in, but that tactic hasn't done much good. Joe says that Franklin Morton, who owned the *Gazette* in the 1930s, was a nut on witches and ghosts and such, and that he made a lot more out of the death of the Gilman family

than they probably deserved. He states emphatically that it was only Morton's influence with the Sheriff that kept the Englishman from being tried for murder.

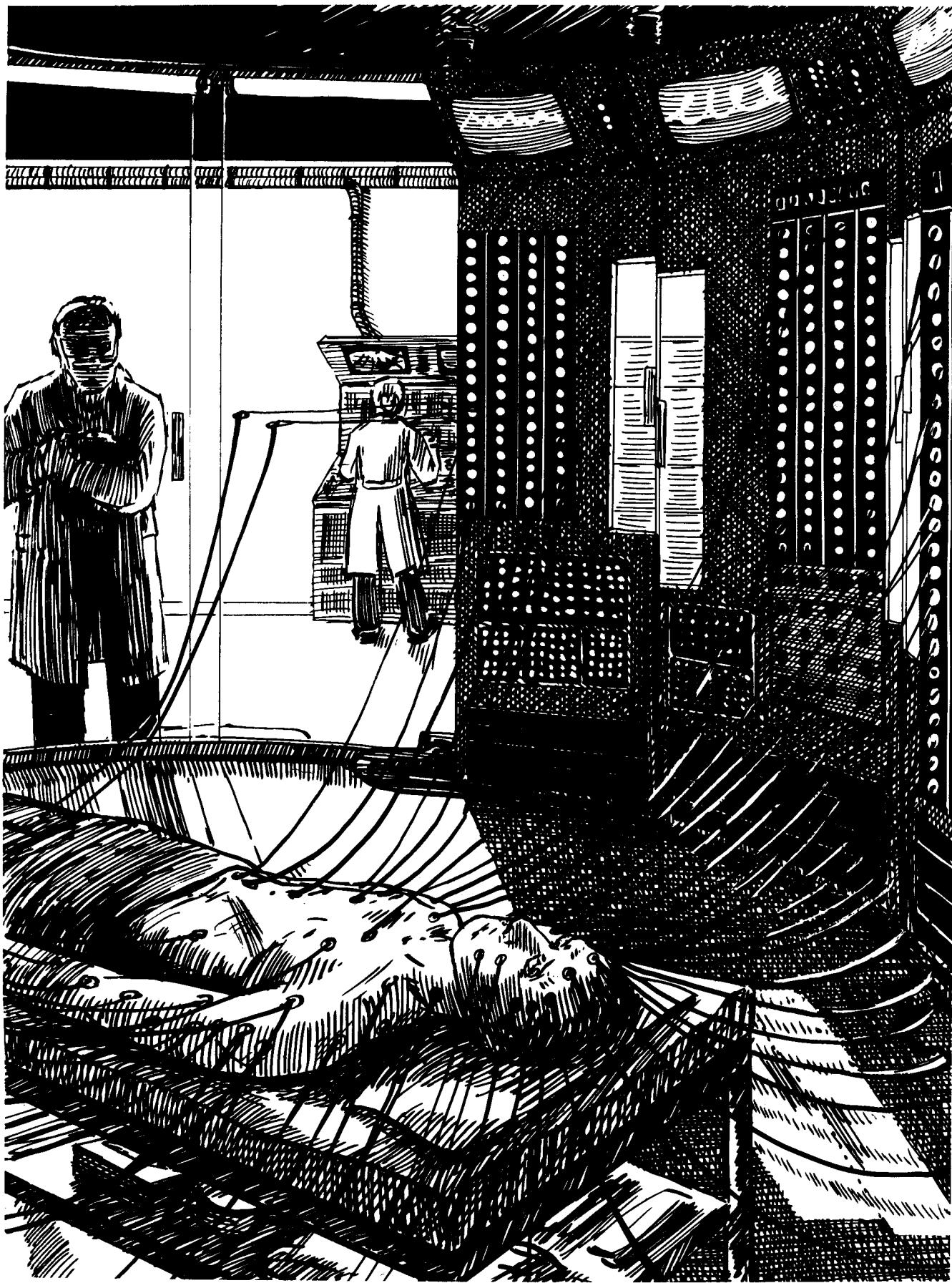
Melissa Stemmer: former teacher of English and journalism Clauson High, now retired. She agrees with Bidwell that Morton's articles were not backed by good evidence. In fact, she thinks that maybe the (*Denver*) *Rocky Mountain News* made fun of the subsequent inquest. The back issues show that she is right.

Paul Baumscooter: a clerk at Clauson Hardware and a friend of Freddy Butts, Paul is also suspicious of the Institute, because he's seen cars he thinks are from there poking around town late at night.

Imelda Jurgen: Rita Maeter's landlady. She says that the Institute has been pressuring Rita to move to the Institute. If a female investigator is present, Mrs. Jurgen finds a way to confide in her that she thinks Dandridge wants to "pressure poor Rita into more than just moving, if you catch my meaning."

Joe Ben Perry: yard man at the local transportation department gravel dump, and another friend of Freddy Butts. He says that many long-time Clauson residents moved away after the Gilmans died, because they were afraid of reprisals.

Miguel Serriza Zaporte: a local ranch hand, in the country illegally, but everybody likes him and protects him. Miguel usually sends everything he makes to his family in Mexico, but a few weeks ago his boss gave him a \$20 bonus and ordered him to eat a good dinner in town. Driving back, pass the railyard, he saw an old tramp walking in the moonlight, with arms outstretched like a zombie in an *Il Santo* movie. That frightened Miguel, and made him consider returning to Mexico.



The Killer Out Of Space

*Wherein the investigators keep abreast with current events
both astronomical and mundane
by encountering a traveler who specializes in memorable visits.*

THIS ADVENTURE CONFRONTS our heroes with an utterly alien terror, a sentient thing identical to that one immortalized in Lovecraft's "The Colour Out of Space."

The Colour has hitched a ride to Earth on the space shuttle *Atlantis* and is eating citizens of Kansas, increasing its strength as it attempts to protect its young. The investigators, trapped by federal quarantine, must identify the Colour as the cause of the mysterious ailment which killed the astronauts and now claims the lives of the townspeople. They must then find a way to defeat the nearly-indestructible entity. They must do this while eluding puzzled authorities, unless they convince the government of their expertise — no easy task.

This scenario is challenging. The Colour is no standard Mythos creature: neither the Cthulhu Mythos skill nor poring over Mythos books enlighten investigators as to its nature or give them clues for dealing with it. The Colour's incorporeality makes it difficult to harm or contain. Investigators need to observe and plan carefully to defeat it. Hints of the Colour's vulnerabilities are available within the quarantined area and various non-player-characters may provide assistance. In the end, only sharp investigatorial wits can end this invasion of Earth by a deadly Colour Out Of Space.

- All statistics for this scenario are found at the end, including the Colour Out Of Space. The general description and species statistics for Colours are found near the beginning of this adventure.

Investigator Background Data

This provides information available to the investigators before as the scenario begins — news broadcasts, TV reports, and interviews. The keeper may want to feed this information to the investigators over the course of a different scenario, prior to running this one. If your players think the reports relate to the earlier scenario and then dismiss them as red herrings, so much the better.

NASA continues to release press reports of the mission's progress, reporting that all is well with the shuttle

and the astronauts and that the mission is proceeding as planned. Rumors of disaster are vehemently denied, and the mystery glow is reported variously as a camera flaw or a reflection of sunlight from McAfee's visor or the nearby satellite. Reports from tracking stations around the world confirm that the shuttle is still in orbit and on schedule.

By the end of the first week of the *Atlantis*' flight, the media clamors for more word of the shuttle, while NASA continues to state that all is well and that the mission is progressing normally.

The True Story

NASA's optimistic press statements bought time, but no solution to a serious problem. An infection or contamination of some sort gripped the astronauts. Shortly after the glowing cloud rushed inside the shuttle bay, radiation levels rose dangerously. The cloud quickly disappeared into the shuttle, and the astronauts were unable to locate it, though radiation levels eventually dropped to a safer levels.

After the *Challenger* disaster, the agency became even more sensitive to any appearance of danger to astronauts. Mission Control broke the public com-links as soon as it became apparent something unusual was happening.

Soon after, the shuttle's video cameras periodically malfunctioned, sending only blurry glows to the ground instead of the usual crisp images. After the first such malfunction, all the astronauts became ill. They felt drained and weak, and their skin began to deteriorate. While NASA doctors attempted a diagnosis, the crew members declined alarmingly. Instruments registered occasional jumps in radiation levels aboard the shuttle, but nothing provoking such symptoms.

The progress of the ailment suggested a disease rather than a poison, but followed no known pattern. Reluctantly, NASA officials concluded that the shuttle had encountered interplanetary contamination.

narrative continues on page 87

Player Aid #1**CBS NEWS-BRIEF**

"The space shuttle *Atlantis* lifted off on schedule at 8:45 this morning from the Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral. Several hours into the flight, all systems are go on this, the most ambitious of shuttle missions since the disastrous Challenger flight of 1986. Mission Control at the Houston Space Center indicates a smooth flight so far. CBS News will follow the flight of *Atlantis* during its history-making two weeks in space."

Player Aid #2**CBS EVENING NEWS**

CHARLES KURALT: There was concern at Mission Control early this morning when *Atlantis* flight commander Gordon McAfee reported that the shuttle had just passed through a 'glowing cloud.'

Aside from a slight jump in external radiation levels, the shuttle has experienced no difficulties. NASA scientists have refused to speculate on the nature of the cloud.

This is the third day of a planned two-week voyage for *Atlantis*.

We have in our studios the noted space scientist, Dr. Karl Leathergan. What do you believe the shuttle encountered, Dr. Leathergan?

DR. LEATHERGAN: Charles, we are only beginning to understand the mysteries of the universe. This cloud through which the craft passed resembles the so-called 'firefly' phenomenon encountered by John Glenn in the first U.S. orbital flight during the early Mercury missions. That, as you recall, proved to be probably nothing more than crystallized waste products from the craft itself.

But this incident is different. I believe it to be caused by the Earth's magnetic field, probably in conjunction with the Van Allen Belts of high-intensity radiation. A cloud of gas or ions was trapped and contained by the powerful magnetic fields of our planet, pulled from the Van Allen Belt and maintained as a glowing cloud, much as reported by *Atlantis*.

The radiation burst reported by Colonel Gordon McAfee, my close personal friend, corroborates the theory.

Player Aid #5**HELLO AMERICA**

Reports continue to circulate throughout the Arab-speaking world, claiming that the communications breakdown suffered by *Atlantis* was fabricated by the United States, in order to test a nuclear targeting device over the Persian Gulf.

A State Department spokesman indicated this morning that there was no basis to the rumors, terming them so ridiculous as not to need formal comment.

Atlantis-prompted riots have broken out in Cairo and Karachi, and a major protest and rally is scheduled in Tehran this afternoon.

Player Aid #3**CNN CONTINUOUS COVERAGE**

The view is from a camera positioned in the shuttle bay. Astronaut McAfee is performing an EVA in the shuttle bay, working to retrieve a malfunctioning satellite.

He loses a tool that floats off, and the camera pans to follow the tool. As the tool drifts by, the camera picks up an brief glow emanating from the shuttle's side, then its bay, after which the glow moves toward the airlock, leaving the camera's view. The TV commentator wonders aloud what caused the glow. The live pickup from the shuttle transmits one of the other astronauts asking "Mac" (Colonel McAfee) to hurry up and come inside, "We're picking up a higher radiation reading than we should be."

The camera's view picks up McAfee moving back toward the airlock door as the voice linkup with the shuttle breaks, followed almost at once by the camera winking out. The scene returns to Mission Control. (pause) "And we've lost the feed from *Atlantis*. Our live coverage will return momentarily with a statement from Mission Control. In New York, here is Bernard Shaw.

Player Aid #4**EYEWITNESS EVENING NEWS**

Houston's Mission Control reported this afternoon that a serious malfunction aboard *Atlantis* prevents voice and image communication with the shuttle craft for the time being.

NASA spokesmen emphasized that telemetrical communication continues, and that the flight of *Atlantis* is not threatened. A news conference to answer questions about the situation has been scheduled for 10am Central time tomorrow.

Player Aid #6**CABLE CHANNEL 81 (The Hot One)**

This is Wayne Rucksacker, with the latest *Atlantis* rumors for all you conspiracy fans.

First off, a double-wacker: ITEM! The glowing streak appearing on camera shortly before the communications breakdown was the creep of a thermite sabotage fire (thermite is hot stuff, folks!) that the Japanese set to destroy the spacecraft, preventing us from making some crucial tests to grow complete transistors in outer space. And here's the twist: NASA is going to stage a crash landing in the Pacific next week, hoping that the Soviets will believe that *Atlantis* successfully stationed her ultra-secret NDD over the Persian Gulf. Wack! By the way, NDD stands for Nuclear Dispensation Device. Wow! 'This is a dangerous world, Senator.' Wack!

ITEM! Here are the last moments of *Atlantis*! This is pirated tape, folks, so get those VCRs ready: 8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 wack! This is half speed. See that glow? Look at that! It actually flowed over the edge of the shuttle. Need I remind you what happened when we could NO LONGER SEE?



the crash-landing

Colour Out Of Space

(Greater Independent Race)

Description: the Colour is a sentient organism which manifests itself as a color. It is not a gaseous being; it is insubstantial. When it moves it is visible as an amorphous, glistening patch of color, roiling and shining in shades of its pale colors that match nothing in the known spectrum. This patch moves over the ground in a living fashion. It may also enter the air, suffusing it with its glow. When it feeds, its victim's skin and face are suffused with the glow of the Colour.

The Colour's size depends on how much life force it has sucked from its victims. It begins this scenario slightly larger than man-sized. The Colour itself is noncorporeal, though its passing can be felt like the touch of a slimy, unhealthy vapor. It is radioactive, and its presence can be registered by geiger counters as an unusual and distinctive burst of radiation. It can be tracked in this way. Modern light-intensification viewers spot it as a much brighter patch of luminosity; infrared viewers are useless.

Before attempting to use this entity in a scenario, keepers are strongly urged to read "The Colour Out of Space," by H. P. Lovecraft.

Notes: the Colour is a being from the depths of space, a wanderer from a part of space where natural laws differ. It has a life cycle. The adult Colours create embryos, which are harmless in themselves. The embryos are three-inch spheres, seemingly hollow within. If such a sphere is shattered, the embryo is destroyed. Once an embryo is deposited on the fertile soil of a planet, it begins to germinate. After a few days, the outer shell dissolves and the new creature, termed a larva for the sake of convenience, emerges.

The larva is a jelly-like entity which can grow to great size. As it infiltrates the ecological system, local vegetation exhibits a tremendous, yet unhealthy, growth. Fruit tastes bitter. Insects and animals are born deformed. All plant life begins to glow faintly at night with the Colour. The vegetation begins to move at night, twisting and writhing as though in a strong wind, even in a dead calm. After a while, even the animals and humans — especially those it has fed upon — shine with the extra-spectral light of the Colour. Spot Hidden rolls are needed to notice this at first, but eventually it is obvious to any viewer. After a few months, the larva changes, into a young Colour.

The young Colour begins to make brief trips away from its lair to feed, and begins to drain the life-force from the area which was previously infected by the larva's influence. When it has drained enough energy, it departs the planet for space, there to work out the final stages of its cycle.

In growing to departure strength, a Colour must drain all life-force from about five acres of land rich in animal life. Without large animals such as cows or pigs, or high-Power sources such as humans, it must drain a larger area, perhaps as much as 10 or 20 acres. The area drained is ruined thereafter. No plant life can grow on the burnt-looking soil.

A Colour's abilities are inhibited or diluted by bright light, which is only natural, since it is itself a form of light. It spends most daylight hours in dark, cool hideaways, preferably underwater. Cisterns, wells, lakes, reservoirs, and oceans all are suitable.

When feeding, the Colour matches its POW total against its victim's total magic points. For every 10 full points by which the Colour exceeds its victim, it drains 1 point each from its victim's STR, CON, POW, DEX and APP, and gives the victim 1D6 damage (regardless of the characteristic points drained). Each POW point drained is added to the Colour's POW. Other characteristic points stolen are metabolized to sustain the creature. If the Colour's POW is less than that of the target, it cannot feed on him.

The victim of an attack feels it as a sucking and burning sensation. An actual sucking sound may be audible. A victim who has been fed upon is withered and gray in color, with sunken depressions and hideous cracks and wrinkles.

Young Colours, with low Power scores, find it difficult to feed on high-Power victims such as humans. They manage to do so by means of Mental Attack. A Colour can infect and weaken the minds of all sentient beings near its lair. For each day of residence in the Colour's vicinity, each person must match his or her INT against the Colour's POW successfully or lose 1D6 magic points and 1D6 SAN. Magic points destroyed by the Colour in this manner cannot be regained normally until the victim has left the area.

Unfortunately, the victim is also drawn to his home by the Colour. This influence becomes increasingly irresistible as the victim's will weakens. If the victim makes a conscious decision to leave the area, he must roll his current magic points x5 or less or he must stay, passively resisting any attempt to be removed. Anyone who goes mad as a result of the Colour's influence actively resists any effort to be removed.

A Colour can focus its energies to disintegrate a hole through almost any material. Harder substances resist the effect better than others. It takes one minute and 1D6 magic points for the Colour to disintegrate a cubic yard of concrete. The same effort melts only a

cont. on p. 87

COLOUR OUT OF SPACE

characteristic	roll	average
STR	1D6 per 10 POW or fraction	3-4
SIZ	equal to POW	10-11
INT	4D6	14
POW	2D6*	10-11+
DEX	2D6+12	19
Move 20/20 flying		

Weapons: Feed 85%, 1D6 damage + characteristic loss **
Mental Attack: automatic, 1D6 magic points + 1D6 SAN
Disintegration: automatic destruction
Grasp: 60%, grapple damage

Armor: none, but no material attack, even magic weapons or flame, harm it. It is vulnerable to magic attacks which destroy POW, to the Elder Sign, or to strong magnetic fields: the last contain it.

Spells: none.

Skills: none.

SAN Cost: seeing a Colour costs 0/1D4; seeing a victim costs 1/1D8.

* initial POW; it may increase thereafter as it feeds.

** drains STR, CON, POW, DEX, and APP from victims on a Feed attack.

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cubic foot of solid titanium alloy or several cubic yards of pine wood. Normally, the target substance is excavated in the shape of a tunnel or pit. The sides of the hole appear melted, but no heat is generated in the disintegration process.

Finally, the Colour can solidify part of itself, becoming translucent, and gaining the ability to use its STR, which is set at 1D6 points of STR for every 10 POW the Colour possesses. It can use this STR to grapple humans and hurl them into its lair where it can feed in peace, to grab weapons used against it, or to manipulate objects.

narrative continued from page 83

In part, the NASA specialists were correct. The shuttle had picked up a contamination unimaginably horrible, a noncorporeal creature feeding on the astronauts. Such a creature had visited Earth before; a hundred years before, one landed as an egg, imbedded in a magnetic meteorite that crashed to ground outside of Arkham, Massachusetts. It grew by feeding on the life energy of local plants, animals and people until it was powerful enough to launch itself back into space, through the magnetic field, and into interstellar space.

Such is a Colour's normal life cycle: embryos plunge to a planet's surface within special meteors, grow to adulthood, and return to the vastness of outer space. The Colour encountered by the astronauts had been preparing to bear its young. However, Earth's solar system lacks the necessary type of meteor in which to implant the embryos. The Colour orbited, trapped by Earth's magnetic field, seeking something suitable in which to breed. There it remained for eons, still alive, still waiting, heedless of the eternities that passed.

The path of *Atlantis* took it through the cloud that was the Colour. As the shuttle ripped through space, the creature fastened onto it, clinging and eventually entering the ship. The Colour was the glowing form picked up by the EVA camera.

Once inside, the Colour took up residence. Embryonic Colours are feeble, and must wait till their target's will weakens before they can feed. Not so the adult, which struck at once and began to feed. While it fed on his companions, the Colour kept McAfee alive, its psychic energies sucking at his soul, gradually driving him crazed with fear and terror, hoping that he would soon forget his training and eagerly leave orbit. The shuttle's safe return to earth was of utmost importance. Below, on the blue world, was food. And food was most necessary, for the shuttle's hull was now nearly filled with fragile globes, each an embryonic Colour. McAfee went mad not only from the influence of the Colour, but also from the horror of watching his friends weaken and die while he and the authorities below could do nothing.

NASA's problem was without solution. If the shuttle remained in orbit, the astronauts would die. If it landed, the very real danger existed that whatever had infected the crew might spread, leading to the nightmare of a plague from space. While decontamination and isolation

procedures existed, no one knew whether they would work on an extraterrestrial disease which could survive the rigors of outer space. Landing on Earth could spread the contagion. Every course seemed to lead to disaster. Finally, paralyzed as they were by indecision, the choice was taken out of NASA's hands.

McAfee came to believe that the authorities had abandoned *Atlantis*, intending to leave the plague ship forever in orbit. McAfee disconnected the ground circuits and prepared for manual reentry. Though now insane, he was skilled, and the Colour was lucky. In the hours before dawn, *Atlantis* came down on an empty highway just outside the small town of Gove, Kansas.

The Investigators Enter

The keeper can inject the investigators into the quarantine-zone-to-be in several ways.

- The best way is to catch the investigators as they travel across country. Perhaps they are returning home from a successful investigation in Colorado. Perhaps they are on their way there. Perhaps they are taking a well-deserved vacation. Whatever the reason, the investigators are cruising down on Interstate 70 through Kansas at this scenario's start, no doubt listening to the radio.

One investigator recalls that an acquaintance, Dr. Willis Hargrave, a retired space medicine specialist, lives nearby. Hargrave worked for NASA during the Mercury and Gemini programs. The keeper can invent the exact nature of the investigator's relationship to Dr. Hargrave. Perhaps the investigator took a university course taught by Hargrave after he left NASA. With all the news concerning *Atlantis*, the investigator is naturally reminded of the man. He also recalls that, the last time he spoke to Hargrave, the doctor left him a standing invitation to drop in anytime. Perhaps this is the time. Maybe Hargrave knows something about the shuttle mystery.

- The investigators may receive a call for help from a friend, possibly Hargrave. He's discovered the hard way that the quarantine has nothing to do with anthrax — he is now a victim of the Colour. He manages to get a call off on one of the NASA team's open lines, in which he tells the investigators "...the shuttle brought it down...quarantine...not anthrax...sucks and burns...."

The line goes dead. The investigators must break into the quarantine area to learn what's happened. They may even encounter Dr. Wordsworth at a roadblock, loudly demanding to be permitted inside to discover the fate of his friend Hargrave.

- If enough of the investigators have scientific credentials (appropriate skill levels of 50% or more), NASA may call them in as consultants, particularly if they have a reputation for dealing with the unusual. If this occurs, the scenario becomes more straightforward: the investigators must discover the existence of the Colour; determine it to be the cause of the mysterious ailment afflicting the townspeople; find the Colour; deal with it. They have federal resources behind them from the start, and ample opportunities to conduct outside investigations, either in person or by computer linkup.

Welcome To Gove

The investigators arrive as the sun is setting. Gove is a small farming community off main highways. The land is rolling, with lots of wheat fields.

The investigators have no problem finding Willis Hargrave's house, on the southeast edge of town. The modest home surveys an ocean of ripening wheat beyond. The area is quiet and bucolic, save just across the road. Directly across from Hargrave's house is a large junk yard surrounded by a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. The junk yard is heaped with wrecked autos and topped with a gaudy billboard showing the grinning face of a plump man and announcing: "Buddy's Best Wrex. Come Right In." A loud humming is audible. Above the fence, the tops of three cranes are visible at opposite ends of the yard.

As the investigators pull up to Hargrave's single-story house, Hargrave comes out onto the porch to greet them. He is a plain-looking, rugged man, appearing more like a farmhand than a former space scientist. He wears jeans and a flannel shirt. Hargrave recognizes his acquaintance among the investigators, inviting them all inside. He insists they spend the night, as it's already after dark. They can get a fresh start in the morning.

If anyone comments on the huge junk yard across the street, Hargrave rails about his neighbor. "That SOB," Hargrave spits, describing the junk yard's owner, "slimed his way in here five years back and put up that eyesore. Turns out he's just outside a squiggle in the town boundary. Now I've got a junkpile to admire if I want to sit on my front porch.

"A couple of months ago I sued him because one of those cranes dumped a pile of metal on top of my bicycle when I leaned it against his fence for a few minutes. He paid for the new bike, but he's gotten even by leaving those damn machines of his buzzing all night long, so I can't sleep for the racket. I complained, but he said, 'Never know when I might have to fire them up to wreck a Caddy!' My only consolation is that it must cost him a fortune to keep them running. The man's tight with a dollar, so I figure I've only got a few weeks before he gets bored and turns them off again."

After his tirade, Hargrave winds down and apologizes to the investigators for getting crochety. He'll answer any questions the investigators put to him about the junk yard and its owner, Abihu "Buddy" Streep. He doesn't know the man well, and doesn't want to.

As they enter, Hargrave warns them that he has another overnight guest, so they must make do with the couch and some cots, which he proceeds to set up in the living room. He's already promised his other guest the guest bedroom. But he won't permit the investigators to stay at the local motel.

He warns the investigators that his other guest is a bit unusual — Dr. Wordsworth, a physician from Emporia. The man is Hargrave's friend. Hargrave has known him since childhood and says that he is a fine man with a keen mind.

Hargrave takes the investigators to the screened-in back porch and introduces them to Dr. Vincent Peter Wordsworth. Dr. Wordsworth is a stern-looking fellow with iron-gray hair and black horn-rimmed glasses. When the investigators enter, he is reading from a large, well-thumbed King James Bible and spooning blackstrap molasses from a quart jar into his mouth. When introduced, Wordsworth stands and shakes their hands, displaying a warm smile and cool, firm grip. He tells them to call him Pete, and says, gesturing to Hargrave, "'A faithful friend is the medicine of life.'"

Introductions over, everyone sits down to small talk. Dr. Wordsworth specializes in internal medicine and advocates a diet including wheat germ, molasses, and 5000mg doses of vitamin C. He shows how sugar seems to weaken the body: that a hand holding a sugar cube seems physically weaker than the same hand without the cube. If the investigators try this arm-wrestling trick, resolve it as a POW against POW resistance roll, Dr. Wordsworth against each investigator, one at a time.

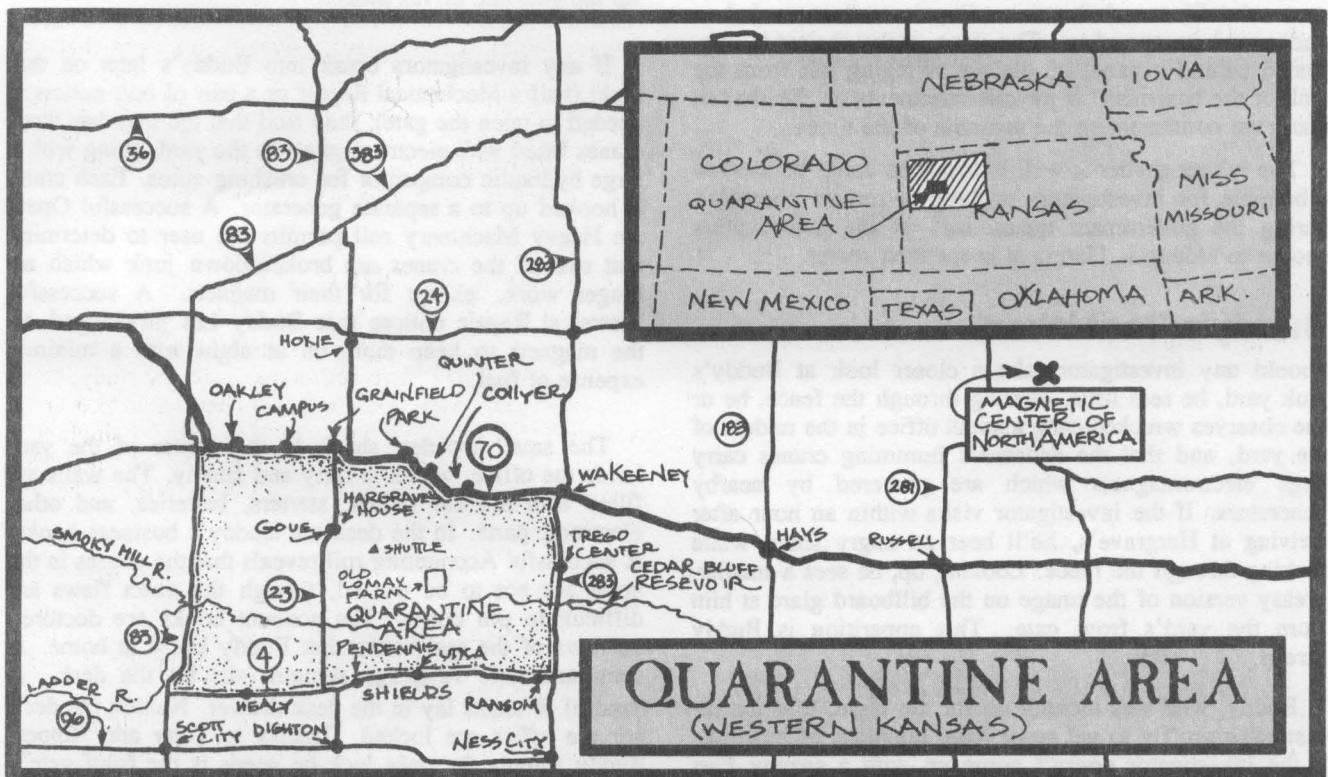
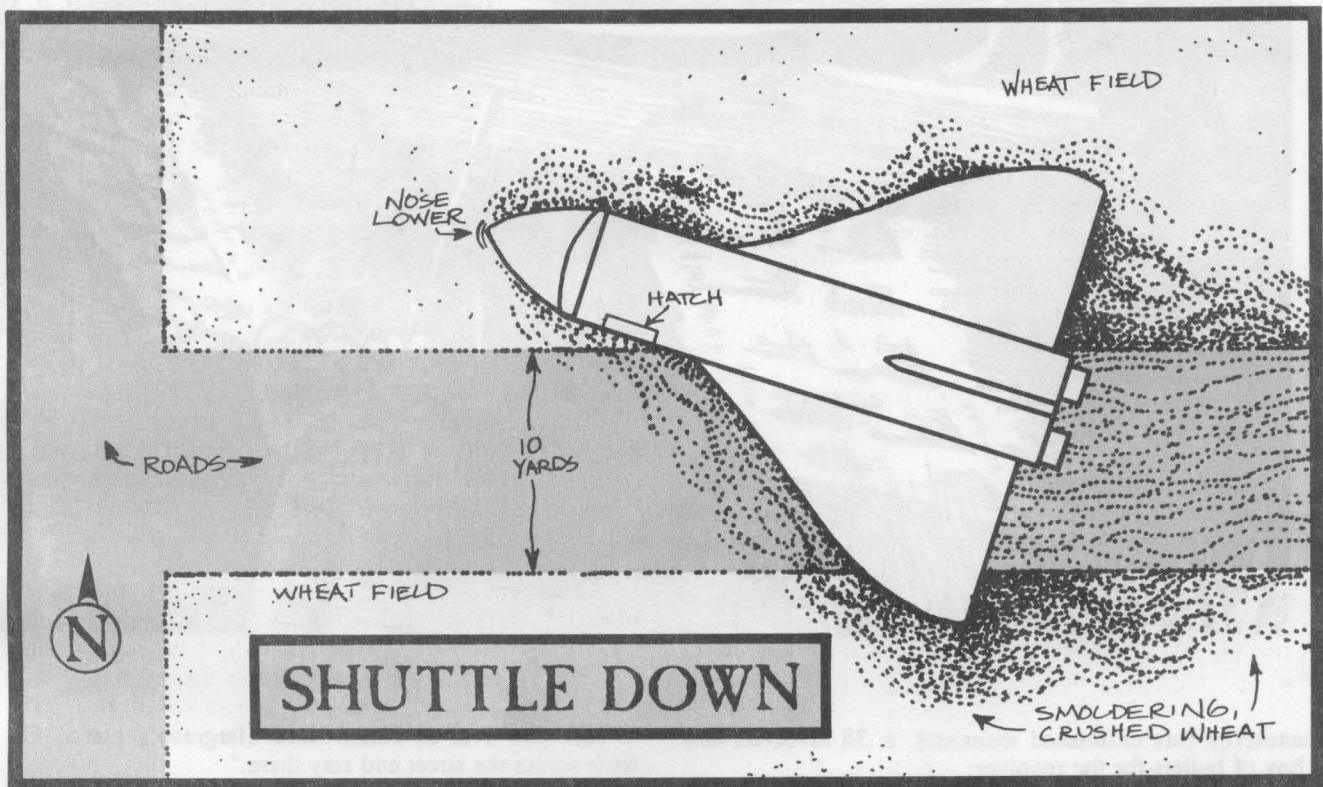
If Hargrave is asked his opinion on the shuttle mystery, Hargrave bemoans the fact that things are so different from when he was in NASA: the military payloads are everything now. He thinks the rumors may be true, that the shuttle blackout has something to do with military satellite systems. "Remember the last time the Iranians leaked a story like this?" he asks, referring to the Iran arms uproar of the late 1980s.

Wordsworth then pipes up to state that a strong defense makes sense, biblically speaking. If someone tries to argue with him, saying (for instance), that Christ was the Prince of Peace, not War, Wordsworth points out that Christ never condemned a soldier nor asked one to give up war. Hargrave, however, blandly observes that one shouldn't try to prove anything with negative statements, and turns the discussion to thoughts of sleep. Pete Wordsworth needs an early start tomorrow; he has patients to visit in Emporia. Hargrave helps the investigators bed down and wishes them good night.

Hargrave's House

A single-story, ranch-style house with a facade of brick on the front, it has a large living room, a dining room and kitchen, a bathroom, two bedrooms, a library-study, and a basement. The back door in the kitchen leads to a broad screened porch looking out over a lawn with a single tree. About 100 yards behind the house the wheat fields start. The house faces west and Buddy's Best Wrex. The rear of the house faces east.

Hargrave's library is full of medical journals and technical and professional books on medicine, especially space medicine. Many of the books are new; Hargrave keeps up with the field. The only popular book in the library is a copy of Fred Hoyle's *Diseases from Space* (theorizing diseases from comets, etc.). Nothing else is accessible to a layman, and none of the books are useful should investigators turn to them in an attempt to find a method to combat the Colour. In Hargrave's desk is a





manuscript (his unfinished memoirs), a .38 revolver, and a box of bullets for the revolver.

In the basement is a fallout shelter, built in the 1950s. It was there when Hargrave bought the house, and he has turned it into a pantry. The cots on which the investigators sleep are normally stored in it. On one shelf sits a bulky, old-fashioned geiger counter. It still works, but a successful Electrical Repair or Physics roll is needed to understand its operation. The door to the shelter is concealed behind a panel of shelves swinging out from the wall of the basement. If anyone comments on the shelter, Hargrave comments on the paranoia of the times.

The fallout shelter is well-hidden and could be used as a bolthole for investigators wishing to remain concealed during the government quarantine. If the investigators choose to hide in it, Hargrave keeps their secret.

Buddy's Best Wrex

Should any investigator take a closer look at Buddy's junk yard, he sees little. Peering through the fence, he or she observes wrecked cars, a small office in the middle of the yard, and that the enormous humming cranes carry huge electromagnets which are powered by nearby generators. If the investigator visits within an hour after arriving at Hargrave's, he'll hear an angry shout while looking through the fence. Looking up, he sees a smaller, greasy version of the image on the billboard glare at him from the yard's front gate. This apparition is Buddy Streep.

Buddy, who was locking up for the night, tells the investigator gruffly to get away from his place of business. If the investigator doesn't come up with a snappy Fast Talk rejoinder, Buddy displays a small pistol and blusters,

"I saw you over at Pencil-Neck Hargrave's place. Get back across the street and stay there."

Whether or not the investigator denies knowing Hargrave, Buddy warns him, "Buzz off before I sic the dogs on you." After chasing the investigator off, Buddy goes inside, drives out in a gleaming restored Edsel, locks up the gate and drives away.

If any investigators break into Buddy's later on that night (half a Mechanical Repair or a pair of bolt-cutters is needed to open the gate), they find that the man has three cranes fitted with electromagnets in the yard, along with a large hydraulic compactor for crushing autos. Each crane is hooked up to a separate generator. A successful Operate Heavy Machinery roll permits the user to determine that two of the cranes are broken-down junk which no longer work, except for their magnets. A successful Electrical Repair notices that Buddy has jury-rigged all the magnets to keep them on at night with a minimal expense of fuel.

The small wooden shack in the center of the yard holds the office, which is dirty and smelly. The walls are filled with old car radios, starters, batteries, and other electronic parts. In the desk are Buddy's business books. A successful Accounting roll reveals that the entries in the book are not to be trusted, though the exact flaws are difficult to pin down. The account books are doctored versions of the real books that Buddy keeps at home. A semi-automatic 12-gauge shotgun sits by the desk. A handful of shells lay in the desk drawer. Neither the desk nor the office are locked. Thanks to Toby and Ripper, Buddy figures the only lock he needs is the front gate's padlock.



the check-point

Toby and Ripper are a pair of German shepherds that Buddy lets run free at night. During the day, he keeps them in a pen beside the office. Any investigator entering Buddy's at night (or even peering through the fence) is confronted by their snarling, snapping jaws. The only way to get by Toby and Ripper is to knock them out or kill them. Their stats are found at the end of this adventure.

Shuttle Down

About 3am, everyone but Pete Wordsworth wakes to a sonic boom, and a long rumbling crash to the east. Peering out of the back of the moonlit house reveals smoke curling up a few miles off, as if the wheat fields are smoldering. Hargrave speculates that an aircraft has crashed or a meteor landed. Astute players may realize the truth even if their characters are unlikely to guess correctly: *Atlantis* has come down east of Gove.

In the next few hours, various stations broadcast reports of meteors and UFO sightings, one claiming a meteorite strike in western Kansas. If the investigators have a police-band radio, they pick up confused broadcasts between local police, making it clear the authorities have no idea what is going on. If the investigators scan across the dial, they pick up a newscast that not only mentions the UFO sightings in the Midwest, but repeats a NASA bulletin that the flight of *Atlantis* is still proceeding as expected.

Hargrave decides to head out and see what has happened (he had trouble sleeping, anyway). He asks if anyone wants to come with him. Attempts to call the authorities and report the event are thwarted by tied-up

lines. Pete Wordsworth has slept through the entire event, and can be heard snoring in the guest room. If the investigators wish, Hargrave wakes him; otherwise, Hargrave suggests they let him sleep.

At The Crash Site

After a bouncing few minutes drive through the winding dirt roads among the wheat fields, the car (Hargrave's or the investigators') nears the spot from which smoke still rises. Above the stalks of wheat is clearly visible a large, white, fin-like shape, the tail fin of the space shuttle *Atlantis*.

As the investigators turn onto State 23, they see the shuttle clearly. It has made a dangerous landing on State 23, coming to rest partly in a wheat field. The smoke comes from the smoldering wheat, set alight by the heat of the shuttle's nose and belly. Only a chance afternoon shower prevented a conflagration. The shuttle's nose is down and crumpled, as its front landing gear collapsed in the rough landing, yet is mostly intact.

If any of the investigators has brought a geiger counter, it registers higher-than-normal radiation around the shuttle, and a successful Know or Physics roll establishes that such readings are likely from an object just down from orbit. The level is not dangerous.

No movement is visible around the shuttle, though through the cockpit windows a pale light moves visibly. Just as the investigators arrive, the hatch behind the cockpit cracks with a hissing release of pressurized air and slowly opens.

If the investigators wish, they can position themselves in the wheat fields nearby to watch from concealment. In any case, they see the hatch slowly open and a ladder thrown out from inside. A man-sized form in a flight suit is visible as a silhouette against the pale emergency lighting from within. The shape slowly, painfully, climbs through the hatch and begins a slow descent of the ladder.

He makes no response if hailed by the investigators. As they watch, the astronaut makes it about half way down the ladder, then slips and falls the rest of the way to the ground. He moves feebly, then simply lies there. Just then a glow becomes visible in the shuttle hatch — an unnatural and unhealthy color, causing the onlookers' hair to stand on end.

The glow is no color of Earth, and none of the investigators either can describe it or comprehend it. It gives off the same sort of harsh, weirdly dim light as that emitted by an ultraviolet lamp, yet is not blue, green, violet, or any other known color. Upon seeing it, the investigators each lose 0/1D4 SAN as a result.

Before anyone can do more than stare, the glow shoots out of the window like a pulse of light, heading over the wheat fields toward Gove. From the moment it appears until it vanishes in the distance, any geiger counter present goes wild, registering high radioactivity.

If no one volunteers, Hargrave attends to the fallen astronaut.

When the group reaches the astronaut, they can clearly see his face in the beam from a flashlight Hargrave produces. An Idea roll is needed to identify the man as astronaut Gordon McAfee, so distorted are his features. Seeing the stricken astronaut costs 0/1D6 SAN. His face is gray in color, his flesh seemingly dry and brittle. His skin is flaking off in chunks and rent with deep, dry fissures so crevasse-like that they should be oozing body fluid. His hair has become so brittle that clumps of it lie around his head, broken off in his fall from the ladder. He appears shrunken, as if his body were now too small for his flight suit.

A successful Diagnose Disease roll reveals that McAfee's appearance bears no resemblance to radiation poisoning. The astronaut now begins to mutter unintelligibly. A successful Listen roll picks out his words. He is saying, again and again, "They knew. Did they know? ...Sent us up there...it could get us...they knew...did they know?" And so on.

If the investigators wish, and if they hurry, they can study the inside of the shuttle before the authorities arrive. It takes only a few seconds to get up and down the ladder. An investigator failing to protect his or her hands before touching the ladder is burnt from its heat; 1D3 damage.

Inside the shuttle, strapped to their seats, are the rest of the astronauts. They are quite dead, nothing but gray, brittle shells costing 0/1D6 SAN to see. If the keeper feels especially fiendish, he may allow one of the astronauts to still be barely alive. The bodies cannot be removed without shattering them (possibly costing another 0/1D4 SAN). Crumbling tissue or hair samples from any astronaut or from McAfee are obtainable if the investigators think of it.

If the investigators are bold enough to try to look in the cargo bay, a success at Mechanical Repair is needed. Only one try can be made before NASA forces arrive. If the investigators succeed, they see that the bay is packed with thousands of brittle iridescent spheres, each about three inches across and sparkling in a weird color they have never seen before. If they try to break one of the spheres, it shatters with a nervous little pop, leaving nothing behind. (Keeper's note: when the shuttle crashed, the Colour enveloped the spheres to protect them from breakage.)

Before the investigators can do more, a successful Listen roll reveals the distinctive sounds of helicopters approaching from the east. If they'd rather not be caught by the authorities (whether because they distrust the government or simply because they don't want to be detained and interrogated), the investigators must leave the site at once.

Hargrave is ambivalent about wanting to talk to the authorities. He'll go along with whatever the investigators decide. If the investigators leave well before the choppers arrive, they can escape with a successful Drive Automobile. If they time it too closely, they'll also need a successful Luck roll to avoid being spotted by a helicopter. The keeper can modify these rolls as appropriate: if the driver fails to specify he is driving without the lights on, halve any evade rolls.

Should the investigators wait to greet the authorities or fail to escape, they are detained by soldiers in NBC (Nuclear/Biological/Chemical) suits. They are held until morning, when Dr. Hudson and Gen. Drako arrive. Should the investigators actually be so unenterprising as to fail to go to the crash site, they must learn what happened later, probably from Hargrave, who'll begin actively cooperating with the authorities at this point.

The Quarantine

If the investigators try to pick up more news on the radio or police band, they find the airwaves reporting the same meteor fall as a few hours before. If anyone calls the police, he or she is thanked for the information and informed that state highway 23 has been closed temporarily. The lights of helicopters around the crash site are visible from the back windows of Hargrave's house, but no other activities or sounds are apparent, except for Pete Wordsworth's snores in the guest room. Eventually the investigators should realize that little more can be done that night. If they do return to the site, they are, once again, interned by the military and held for Dr. Hudson.

Early the next morning, the investigators and Hargrave are awakened by Pete Wordsworth singing a cheerful, off-key wakeup march, two lines of which, "Wake for the day is dawning, / Wake for the day is long," he repeats over and over. Wordsworth briskly completes his morning exercises and is ready to return to Emporia. He gives each of the investigators a miniature edition of the Four Gospels for their spiritual well-being, and a recent reprint about vitamin C from *Prevention Magazine* for their physical needs.

If the investigators do not bring up the shuttle crash with Wordsworth, neither does Hargrave, who says later that he figured he didn't want to involve his friend in the matter: Pete has a lot of important work to do.

Hargrave fixes breakfast for the investigators as they wake up and discuss the past night's events. He sends one for Karo syrup and white bread from the pantry in the fall-out shelter, which gives the investigators a chance to learn of that facility if they haven't already. As they watch Wordsworth drive off, Buddy pulling up at his junk yard across the street. Pete shouts a cheery greeting as he passes, to which Buddy responds with an obscene gesture.

If they check again, the investigators find that a Kansas City news station is saying that NASA will soon release a bulletin "of local concern." Almost immediately after discovering this, through the front window they spot a National Guard jeep with an uncovered .50 caliber machine gun mounted in back pulling up in front of Buddy's. The four occupants wear strange clothing like raingear which completely covers the face and body. A successful Know roll identifies the clothing as NBC (Nuclear-Biological-Chemical) protective gear.

As they watch, two soldiers walk over to Buddy. Two more armed soldiers in combat gear wait beside the jeep.

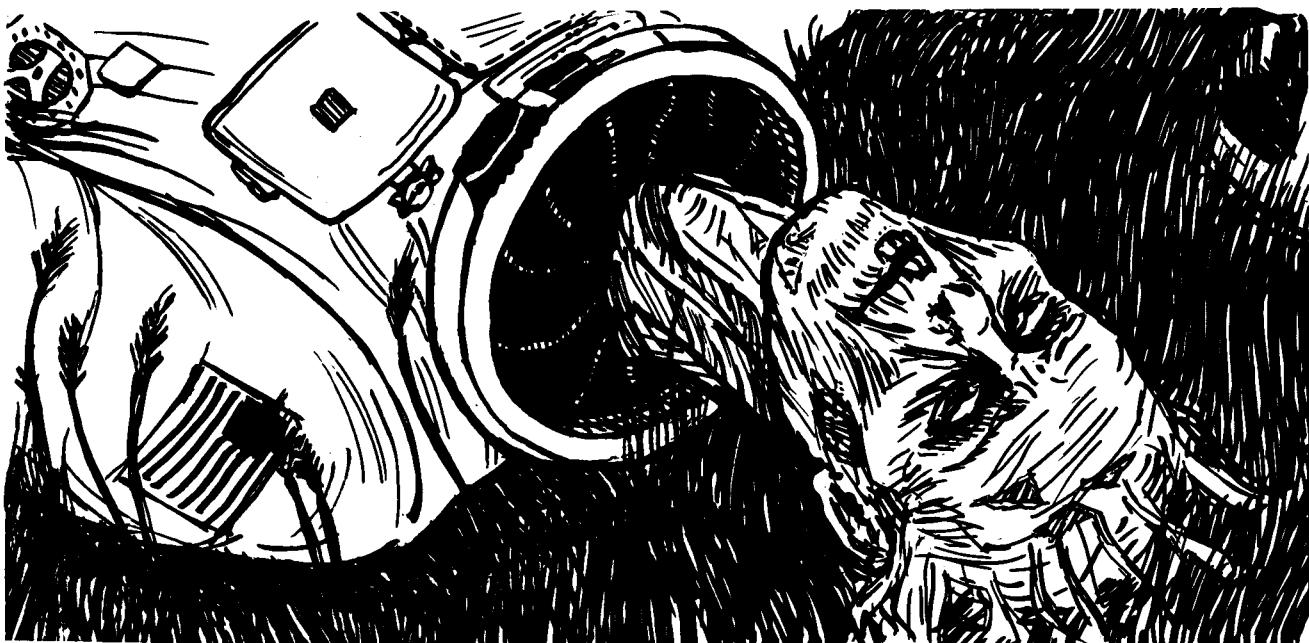
The conversation is inaudible, but its course is obvious. The officer seems to be giving Buddy orders. Buddy gesticulates heatedly and obscenely, but when the officer starts to get angry and stabbing at Buddy's chest with his forefinger and the soldiers at the jeep prepare their weapons, the junk man visibly wilts. Shouting angrily, he locks up the yard and gets in his Edsel. One soldier gets in with him and Buddy drives off. As Buddy and the soldier leave, the officer and the other soldiers walk toward Hargrave's house.

If the investigators want to elude the authorities, Hargrave willingly hides them in the fallout shelter, closing the shelf wall behind them. He promises not to tell of their part, but insists it is his duty to go with the soldiers, to see if he can help. Once the investigators are in the shelter, they cannot hear what's going on in the rest of the house. If they wait a reasonable length of time (an hour or so), when they emerge, Hargrave and the soldiers are gone and all is quiet. They won't see Hargrave again unless they go to or are picked up by the authorities later in the scenario.

If the investigators greet the soldiers along with Hargrave, they are told (in muffled, Darth-Vader-like tones) that they are being evacuated because of a serious outbreak of anthrax. The soldiers' NBC suits would lend credence to this claim, had not the investigators seen the shuttle site. If they protest, the officer informs them that he has his orders, he plans to fulfill them, and all present must leave with him. The investigators are moved to the Gove Motel, where they must remain so long as the region is under quarantine. However, they are free to move around the town. If the investigators reveal that they were at the crash site, they are detained until Hudson and Drako arrive.

Now all the radio and TV stations are carrying the news of a vast quarantine district being set up in western Kansas. Remarkably, none of the stations mention the *Atlantis*. All the phones continue to be dead.

The investigators aren't alone long before they hear another car pulling up in the driveway. As they cautiously peer out, they see Pete Wordsworth getting out. He knocks and, if there is no answer, uses a key Hargrave gave him to get in. Wordsworth is happy to see them, and expresses astonishment at what has just happened to him. "I was just turned back at a roadblock on the Interstate.



McAfee's last moment

There were soldiers in those yellow nuclear suits and even a tank, a vile-looking thing with a gun longer than my car!"

The soldiers were Kansas National Guard. They said no one could enter or leave the area because of an anthrax breakout. "Anthrax!" Wordsworth snorts. "Poppycock!" He continues in this vein, winding down after a while or if the investigators stop him. He listens attentively to whatever the investigators tell him.

About Anthrax

In the absence of an investigator who knows about anthrax, Wordsworth supplies this information. Anthrax is chiefly a disease of herbivores, spore propagated, which may be acquired by humans through contact with the hide, flesh, etc., of infected animals.

Anthrax is deadly to animals, but not seriously contagious in present human society. In humans, anthrax usually appears as a sore in which a black necrotic center develops. If not checked, blood poisoning ensues, which may become general and lead to death. Though a dangerous disease, penicillin treatment predictably brings quick improvement, and an excellent anti-anthrax serum exists.

Much more rarely, pulmonary and intestinal infections occur, of much more life-threatening potential.

If the investigators wonder why Pete was turned back rather than detained, he tells them that the soldiers seemed to have no orders to hold anyone — doubtless a typical military snafu. If they take him into their confidence about the shuttle crash and what they saw, they find themselves with a stout, if somewhat overbearing ally. If they tell him about the Colour they saw, Wordsworth is confused, uncertain whether it was a cloud of exotic gases or a minion of the devil. After consideration, he decides that it was a demon, and prepares himself for the spiritual battle he believes is to come.

Quarantine Headquarters

By late morning, Gove County is quarantined, sealed off by the Kansas National Guard and Army regulars from Ft. Riley. I-70 is closed, and traffic re-routed north to U.S. 24. The area bounded by I-70 on the north, U.S. 283 on the east, U.S. 83 on the west, and State 4 on the south is in the quarantine zone. Gove is the only town completely in the zone. The area includes the shuttle crash site. The media state that a serious anthrax breakout, the worst of the century, is occurring, and that no one is allowed into or out of the area for the present.

The authorities have resorted to lies because they are dealing with something beyond their experience. They don't know why McAfee brought down the shuttle, what killed his fellow crewmen and is killing him, or why his mind has cracked. They are frightened and are willing to take any measures to ensure that the apparent shuttle contamination can be contained.

A NASA scientific team has arrived at the shuttle site, and the military has set up headquarters in Gove. They are determined to contain the plague from space and determined to prevent disastrous panic. They have little time to find the answers and realize that they can't keep the shuttle's landing secret for long, even with bogus releases on the flight's continuing progress. Unfortunately, they are completely unprepared for facing an interstellar predator of great power. But they are doing their best.

At the start of the quarantine, the citizens of Gove (and the investigators, if they have been taken to Gove) have few restrictions on them, except for a 7pm curfew and movement restricted to town. Anyone found outside town is detained, then put up in the Gove Motel. Once the Colour begins to feed on the townspeople, everyone is restricted to their homes unless they are on official business. To curtail panic, everyone is inoculated daily with doses of sterile water. For those judged exposed, no evacuation will occur until the scientists isolate and define the contamination.

Government headquarters consists of a dozen trailers and many large tents set up in a parking lot near the town center; some are olive drab with U.S. Army markings, the others are white with fresh NASA symbols on the sides. The biggest army trailer is the headquarters of Gen. Justin R. Drako, military commander of the quarantined area. The biggest NASA trailer is the headquarters of Dr. Morris Hudson, head of the NASA research and analysis team.

Floodlights keep the area lit at night. A nearby parking lot has been fenced off and been turned into a helicopter landing site. Headquarters buzzes with activity, with jeeps, trucks and choppers swooping to and fro from the crash site and roadblocks manned all day and night. The working phone lines are installed in the trailers; all other phone service remains interrupted.

Investigators seeking to send or obtain word from outside the quarantine zone may wish to tap into headquarters' lines. A successful Electric Repair gets them hooked into the lines, if they have an undamaged telephone. Much easier, an investigator can simply Fast Talk some of the staff into letting him or her make a call to supposedly worried parents, etc.

The Colour Strikes

If the investigators hole up at Hargrave's with Pete Wordsworth, they are safest staying indoors till evening. If they venture outside, the keeper may require Hide rolls to avoid being spotted by the throng of helicopters shuttling between the crash site and headquarters.

Investigators with access to a chemistry lab may attempt to analyze any tissue samples taken from the astronauts. Hargrave owns a small portable chemical lab, which may be used for this. Such an analysis takes several hours and a successful Chemistry roll. The sample turns out to be desiccated human tissue permeated with an odd, unidentifiable substance. Under a spectroscope, the substance glows with an eerie, unearthly color, which the investigators have seen only once before: the glow that shone from the shuttle.

That evening, when the sun goes down, something important happens at the crash site. It's likely that the investigators are watching the site anyway. Wordsworth surely is doing so, as he feels a premonition. If the investigators aren't within eyeshot of the shuttle at nightfall, they may hear what happened from an eyewitness and be watching on a subsequent night.

As the sun goes down, initially only the bright lights at the crash sight are visible. As the viewers watch, a second glow at the side of the site slowly becomes visible, changing tint, becoming tainted and weirdly-hued, the unearthly coloration that the investigators have seen before. The strange glow coruscates from the wheat fields and roadside as it moves. Soon it is apparent that the glowing area has circled around the crash site and now is making a beeline for Gove, and that Hargrave's house is right in the way. Pete Wordsworth grabs his Bible and rushes outside to stop it. He stands alone in the middle of the yard, bellowing scriptural admonitions and exorcisms.

Drawing nearer, the Colour emerges from the wheat fields and crosses the yard. Before it reaches Wordsworth's gesticulating form, it slows to a stop. For a moment, it is stationary as the grass shines weirdly and the picket fence glimmers. Then it shoots swiftly north in an arc around the house and the junk yard across the street, then resumes its motion into Gove.

What happened? As at the crash site, the Colour's course was deflected by the junk yard magnetic field from Buddy's ever-running electromagnets. So long as these magnets operate, the Colour senses the field and detours around the area. The guests at the Hargrave home can be forgiven for thinking Pete Wordsworth's prayers caused the detour, though the misapprehension later may prove a dangerous one.

As the days pass, the glow does this every evening at sundown, moving directly towards Gove, but detouring around the house and junk yard. Now it no longer pauses, as it did the first evening. Wordsworth continues to go out each night and rebuke it vehemently.

If the investigators watch for the Colour's appearance on the second night, something else becomes visible just as the sun goes down, before the color appears. The tops of the wheat fields are slightly phosphorescent, sparkling with an unearthly luminosity as if tipped with tiny sparks of St. Elmo's Fire. The sparks shine with the same unholy color of the glow that exuded from the shuttle.

The third night of the glow's appearance, the entire wheat field is limned with the feeble kaleidoscopic glow of the color, and the wheat moves slightly as if rustling in the wind. Successful Spot Hidden rolls inform the investigators that no wind can be felt.

On the fourth night, the weird glow has progressed to the grass in the yard, and the wheat is clearly writhing and twitching of its own accord. By the sixth night, even the tree behind the house is outlined with the taint of the Colour and twists and writhes horribly with the rest of the vegetation. Seeing this costs 0/1D4 SAN.

The luminosity of the wheat fields and the movement of the Colour are invisible to the NASA team at the shuttle site; the shine is too pale to show over the glare of their floodlights. Neither do the patrolling choppers spot

it with their blazing searchlights. Until they point it out to someone, the investigators and Wordsworth are the only individuals aware of the change in the plant life.

The Reign Of The Colour

Each night, the Colour leaves its lair in the fields surrounding the crash site, entering Gove to feed. It senses the concentration of humanity in the town. The searchers at the crash site or the investigators would have been its initial prey, had they not been protected by the magnetic field emanating from field electrical generators or Buddy's huge electromagnets.

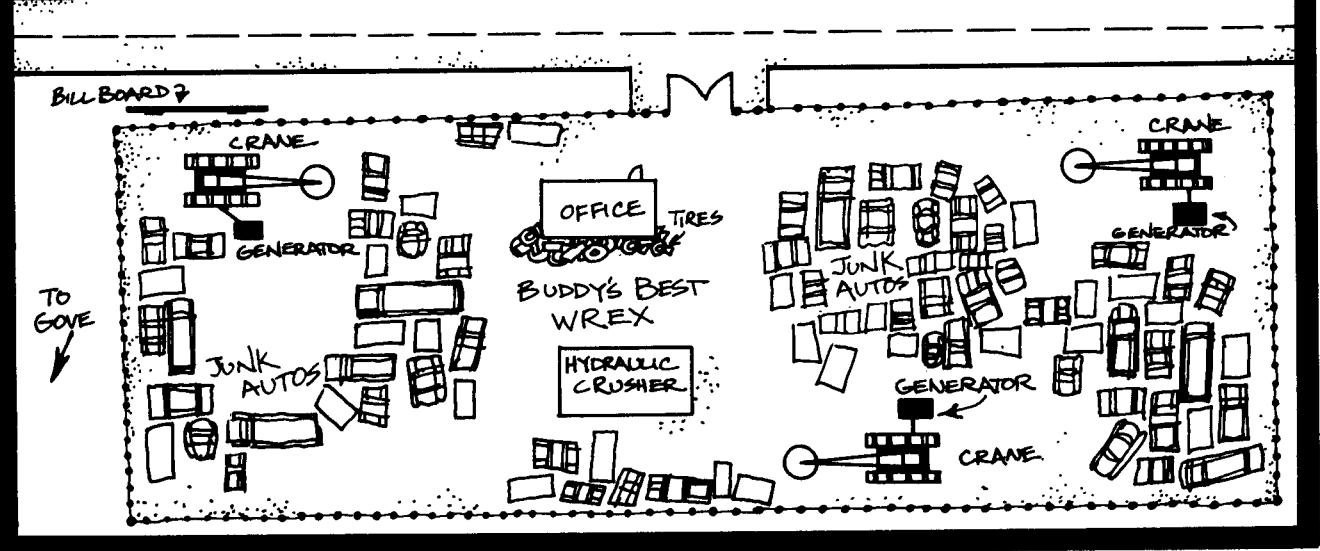
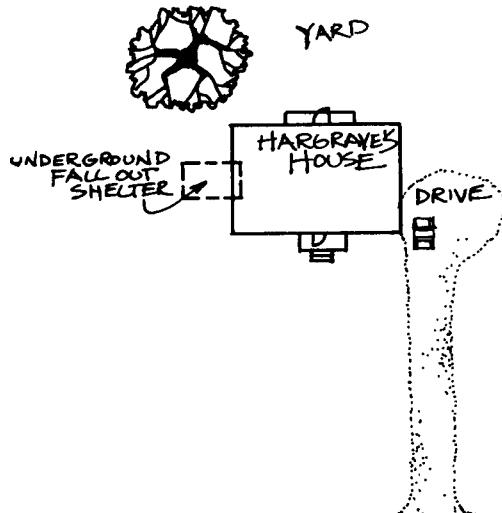
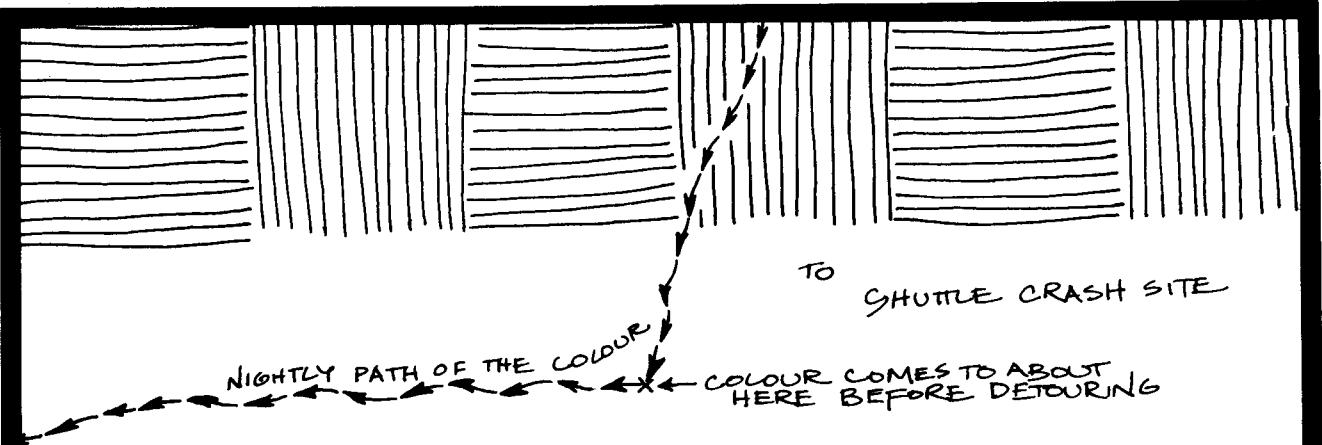
If the investigators still have access to a vehicle (Wordsworth also has a car), they may try to follow the Colour into town. They lose it, however. The Colour's glow is fitful and faint, and is not restricted to roads. They may try to track it down once in town, cruising the streets and seeking the tell-tale glow of extraterrene hues. If the keeper wishes, a special success at a Spot Hidden may permit one or more investigators to spy the Colour dimly lighting the inside of a darkened house. Or perhaps a special success at Listen picks up a muffled scream. If the investigators detect and follow the signs or sounds, they may see the Colour through a window, scorching the soul from a doomed victim.

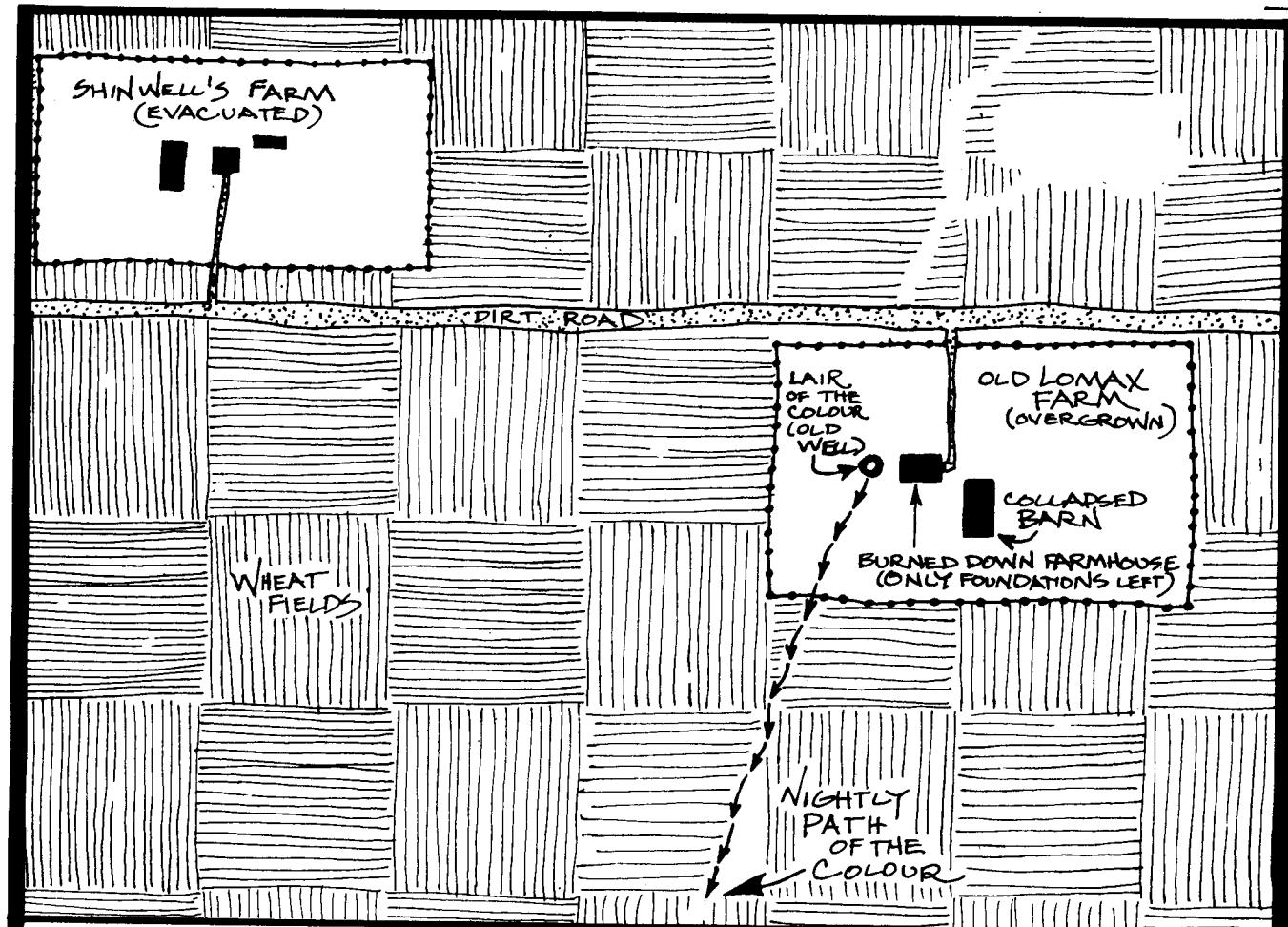
It is up to the keeper whether the investigators arrive in time to interrupt the Colour's feeding or whether they arrive only to find a collapsed, blackened parody of life which they must put out of its misery. If the Colour has fed sufficiently before the investigators find it, it may be sated enough not to attack them. Or it may hurl objects at them or burn out their souls or nervous systems. If the investigators seem unable to threaten it (which is likely), the Colour may simply ignore them and move on, feeling like a foul wind wafting by.

However, if it decides to attack, only a serious distraction, such as a magical assault or throwing a magnet through it (provided the investigators have hit upon the significance of the electromagnets) can save the Colour's chosen target from physical and psychic damage. Should they manage to deliver an effective assault to the creature, it will flee to seek easier victims or return to its lair, there to ponder this development.

Unless the investigators keep watch, they probably won't see the Colour's return just before dawn. If they are up, a Spot Hidden notices it up and they can confirm that it returns to the fields each morning. A special success at Spot Hidden gives them an idea of its lair's location, should they wish to track it down during the day.

The authorities immediately learn of the outbreak of what they term Shuttle Sickness among the townsfolk, whether or not some survive the attacks. They impose a tighter quarantine on the area, impose a stricter curfew and, once they've correlated reports of an "awful glow" from witnesses of the disease cases, impose a blackout. This helps both them and the investigators spot the creature moving through town. Of course, only the investigators may guess they are dealing with a living, sentient being.





BREAK IN MAP: ACTUALLY SEVERAL MILES OF FIELD BETWEEN THESE TWO LINES ↓

The LAIR of the COLOUR

SCHEMATIC MAP (NOT TO SCALE) ← N

SHUTTLE CRASH SITE (NASA TEAM INVESTIGATION)

BREAK IN MAP: ACTUALLY SEVERAL MILES OF FIELD BETWEEN THESE TWO LINES ↓

TO GONE ↓

④ HARGRAVE'S

PAVED ROAD BUDDY'S

Unusual Events

Events now depend on the keeper's desires and investigator actions and decisions. Our heroes may wish to remain in the sanctuary of Hargrave's house, perhaps eventually figuring out the protective effect of the magnetic fields generated by Buddy's cranes. This may be made easier if Pete Wordsworth falls asleep and fails to rebuke the creature one night, and it detours anyway.

The investigators may attempt to thwart the Colour's attacks at night, while scouting around during the day, seeking its lair and evading both choppers overhead and the NASA team near the crash site. The investigators may decide to reconnoiter the town or roads leading out of the area to get an idea of the extent of the quarantine and the forces keeping it.

The investigators may decide to break out of the quarantine zone to obtain background information they feel may prove useful. Judge their success by the intelligence of their plans. If the investigators come up with a feasible plan for slipping out of the area, they should succeed, perhaps with a few appropriately chosen rolls. If their plan is haphazard, ill-conceived, or unrealistic, let them find themselves in the hands of the authorities sooner than planned. If their plan is obviously stupid, Pete Wordsworth may object, playing the uncharacteristic role of devil's advocate.

Investigators who leave the quarantine zone must sneak back in as well, to put their new-found knowledge to the test. Determine success for breaking in as you did for breaking out. Here follow a few possible incidents which the investigators might observe or become involved in. Similar incidents may come to the keeper's mind. Use these occurrences to heighten the horror of the situation and to introduce information.

THE OVERHEARD CONVERSATION: while scouting the town at night, the investigators see headlights as a vehicle turns the corner ahead of them. An immediate success at Hide or Conceal gets them out of sight before the vehicle arrives. Double each investigator's chances for success, as it is after dark. As the investigators watch or listen from concealment, a National Guard jeep carrying two troopers pulls up nearly in front of them and stops. If both Hide and Conceal rolls failed for any investigator, the guardsmen jump out and chase after that character. If they catch him, they'll arrest him and put him in the Gove Motel. However, they won't chase him too hard, as they figure he's just some poor slob jumping curfew.

If all the investigators succeed in hiding, the jeep stops and the two guardsmen take a break from patrolling to have a cigarette and talk. They hear the guardsmen discussing a girl they apparently just picked up and escorted home for violating curfew. One soldier expresses regret, "We shoulda let her come driving with us, like she wanted. We could use the company."

The other disagrees, "No way, pal. She might have anthrax! You let her breathe on you, you could end up all black and wrinkled." The first retorts, "Anthrax! Horse apples! Ain't no anthrax around here. It's something to do with the NASA hotshots who flew in here. Something big's happening."

The second replies, "You think they would have called in yahoos like us if it was really big? Fat chance, pal. Listen, we'd better get patrolling. I hear a couple of people have died." They drive on.

If the investigators confront the citizen-soldiers with armed force, the guardsmen surrender immediately.

AUTOMATIC WEAPONS FIRE: while scouting the town some evening, the investigators hear automatic weapons fire. If they follow the sound of the staccato cracks, they find one of the patrol jeeps. Several troopers are firing into a house. The firing continues sporadically until a lieutenant drives up in a jeep and orders the men to cease fire, demanding to know what's happening. One of the men pipes up, "I saw something...something horrible moving in the house and we all heard the scream, and...and — ." He falters, unable to continue. None of the other men speak up.

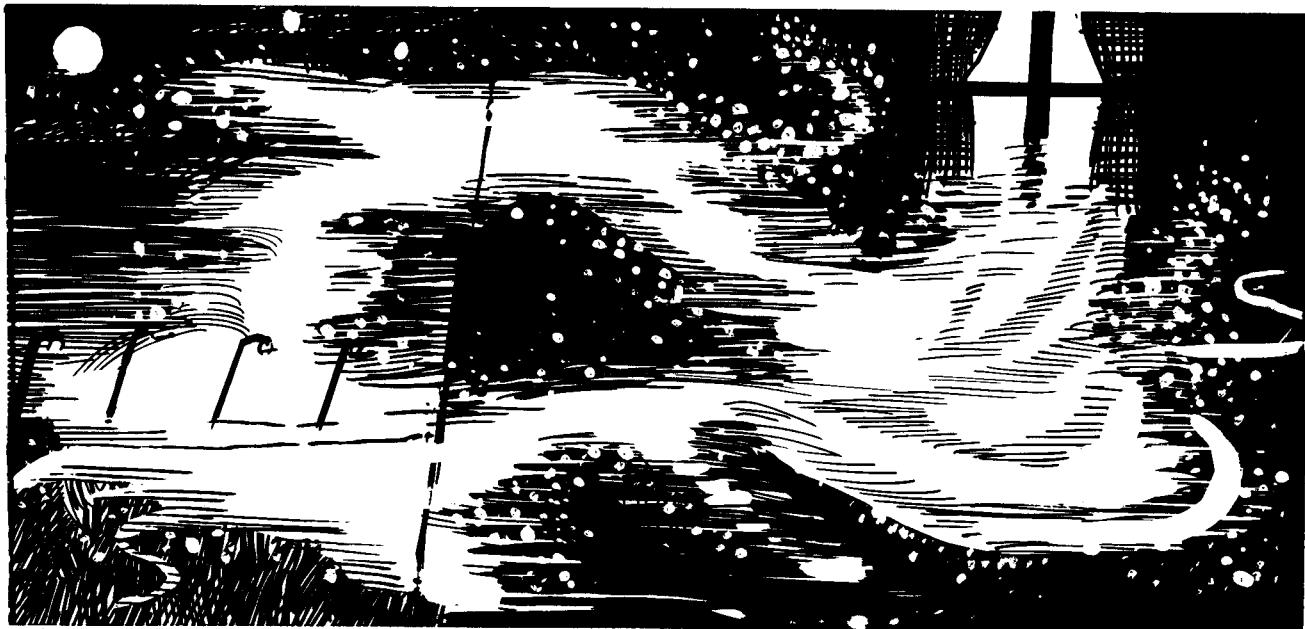
The officer prepares to enter the house with one of the men to see what damage they've done. Just then, Gen. Drako drives up in his own jeep. The lieutenant reports, sending one man in alone. Before he's through reporting, the guardsman who entered the house stumbles out, retches, then passes out. Drako orders others into the house, and, when they come out shaken, he goes in himself. The investigators hear a shout, then the General emerges, ashen-faced. He orders the men, "Clean up here. Lieutenant, call Doctors Hudson and Hargrave. We've got some more cases of it."

If the investigators remain watching from concealment, they see an army ambulance pull up shortly and remove the bodies. They may even see Dr. Hudson arrive with Hargrave, and realize their friend is now working actively with the investigative team.

A HELICOPTER PASSES: one evening, the investigators see a patrolling helicopter. As they watch, it makes a low sweep with its spotlight. Suddenly, a pale luminescence detaches itself from the wheat field below the chopper and swiftly transfers to the helicopter. Nothing happens for a moment, then the copter begins to move erratically and starts to spin. Its tail dips low, catches the ground, and the copter flips over and crashes, exploding and burning fiercely. A Spot Hidden detects the unearthly hues of the Colour moving away from the burning wreck.

This incident should emphasize to the investigators how deadly the Colour is, even to the military. It also provides a diversion which may help the investigators slip out of the quarantine zone, if they're so inclined.

CASUAL MEETINGS: to round out the town a bit, several residents are discussed on page 106.



the Colour enters a home

THE DEATH OF A FRIEND: this incident occurs if the keeper desires that an investigator or friend (such as Pete Wordsworth) fall prey to the Colour, perhaps to get the investigators moving. Perhaps the investigators are in the sanctuary of Hargrave's fallout shelter. As they huddle together and ponder their next move, a thud comes on the other side of the shelter door. Who is it? Surely the Colour wouldn't knock! Queries from within go unanswered. The thudding continues until someone opens the door to see who is there.

When an investigator opens the door and peers out, he is faced with the sanity-shattering sight of a comrade in the final stages of blasted decay. The Colour has fed on him mercilessly, leaving him alive when he should be far past death. The victim's mind retained one last memory of his friends and he has somehow made his way back there, now to bring horror to his comrades. He is literally falling apart, crumbling and flaking away as the investigators look on; his hands have snapped off from pounding on the door and are lying on the basement floor as he continues to pound with the brittle stubs of his wrists. Investigators gazing upon this withered blasphemy lose 1D3/1D10 SAN — they knew this victim!

Outside Information

If the investigators get free to conduct research outside the quarantine zone, whether by person or via computer datalink, they may learn of a Colour's earlier visit. For the datalink, an investigator requires a personal computer or other terminal, a terminal node controller, and a transceiver capable of reaching the nearest digipeater (as well as at least 1200 baud equipment to avoid terminal boredom). Computer search can also be done by ordinary phone, but only from outside the quarantine zone. Scientist-investigators may be able to tie into satellite data and voice-communication networks.

A separate Library Use roll is needed to obtain each of the following.

MISKATONIC U. FILES: old files in the Physics and Astronomy departments describe the meteorite that contained the previous Colour, listing its unusual properties and in particular its high magnetic content. Notes mention that it glowed with an unearthly color which baffled all spectroscopy.

ARKHAM GAZETTE FILES: various stories report the original meteorite fall, the results obtained by the scientists, and the illnesses of the Gardner family, who lived on the farm where the meteorite struck. One story tells of a local who passed the farm one night and claims to have seen the trees and grass glowing strangely and moving without wind. Another records the gigantic, but tainted, vegetables and fruit that grew that spring. The final story tells of the death of the Gardners in a freak fire which destroying several buildings and several acres of adjacent land.

MISKATONIC COUNTY FILES: survey maps of the area show what was once the Gardner farm became the bottom of a reservoir. Occasional reports of strange wasting diseases among those using the reservoir may be found; all vaguely resemble the symptoms associating the Colour. A report by a surveyor in 1925 recommends canceling the reservoir project; no details are given, but mysterious groundwater impurities are mentioned in passing.

VARIOUS TELEPHONE DIRECTORIES: a directory search locates the surveyor. If the investigators can get to a voice link, they can talk to the old fellow, immensely aged, but still alive. If the keeper wishes, he can tell the entire story, as told to him back in the '20s, and recorded in "The Colour Out of Space."

The Authorities

Eventually, all but the most paranoid investigators may conclude that they'd be best off going to the authorities with what they know, to convince the military and NASA to work with them and defeat the creature. Knowing that Hargrave actively works with the NASA team may give them confidence in such a course, since they can be sure that Hargrave will intercede for them.

Even if they don't want to join with the government, the investigators are likely to get picked up for violating the quarantine. This can happen in a variety of ways — failing Hide or Sneak rolls to evade military patrols, for instance.

Once arrested, the investigators are relieved of any weapons and taken to a tent near General Drako's trailer. The only entrance is guarded by two armed troopers. They are only kept waiting a short while before being summoned before a staff officer. The officer eyes them suspiciously before beginning interrogation, asking them who they are and what they were doing violating this important quarantine.

If the investigators claim they were ignorant of the quarantine or restrictions, the officer stands for none of it. Oratory and Debate skills are harmful, as is Fast Talk, since their use irritates Gen. Drako, listening in the next room. He storms in, accusing the investigators of being slackers and looters, if not perverts and leftists.

Drako won't listen to talk about outer space monsters. If the investigators were caught in or near the Hargrave house, Drako has already confronted Hargrave and learned the truth from him. In this case, he'll let the investigators get tied up in their own lies, then have an aide bring in Hargrave.

If the investigators were picked up elsewhere, or are uncooperative, Drako still accuses them of being looters, saboteurs, or spies. He points out that the quarantine zone constitutes a region of martial law. He hints that he can legally have them shot for non-cooperation, and can certainly have them jailed. After a few minutes of this blustering, the investigators finally get to meet Dr. Hudson, the team leader.

Hargrave has already spoken to Hudson and, if the investigators are at all promising material, Hudson asks to have them released into his custody. Drako is not happy if the investigators slip through his fingers, especially if they have been less than cooperative. He'll grumble about Hudson pulling rank and is adamant against any course but locking the investigators up, until the scientist goes over his head to get the backing of Drako's superiors. The General isn't gracious about his defeat, and warns the investigators he'll be watching — if they get out of line just once, it'll be the end of their freedom.

When the investigators speak with Hudson, they must watch their words carefully. Hudson will not accept the concept of an intelligent, malignant creature behind the plague ravaging the citizens of Gove. If the investigators offer such an explanation, Hargrave looks embarrassed and Hudson interrupts them disgustedly, "Seen many science fiction movies?" Clever investigators may alter

the story, describing the glowing Colour as perhaps a bacteria colony or cloud of spores, concepts which Hudson can accept.

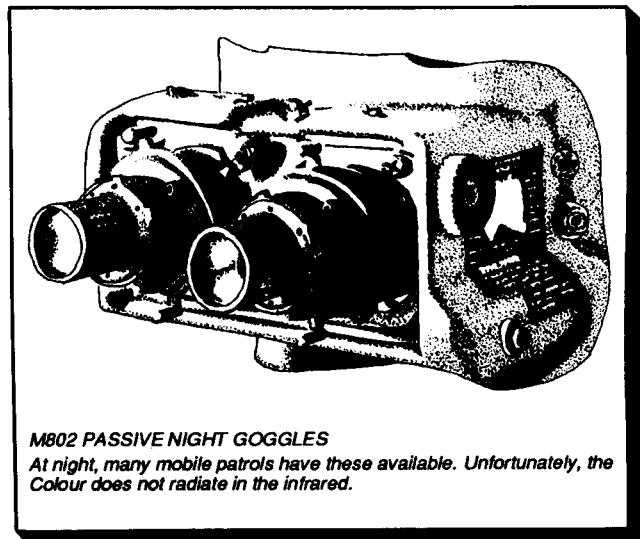
The investigators may attempt Debate rolls to convince the scientist that they would be a team asset. Successful rolls in pertinent professional or scientific skills, and the presentation or documentation of professional credentials also helps persuade Hudson to make the investigators NASA consultants.

Investigators in the good grace of Dr. Hudson are able to gain all the resources of the government and scientific team at their disposal. Even with this, they'll need successful Law or Oratory rolls to have their more unusual requests filled. They never can gain the favor of Gen. Drako, though he'll grudgingly cooperate with them if they seem to be getting results. It's barely possible, if they can provide sufficient evidence, to convince the NASA researchers of the reality of the Colour as a living entity. The extent of government cooperation depends on how the investigators conduct themselves.

What The Authorities Know

Something is mysteriously wrong with the shuttle. A three-foot-in-diameter hole has been melted through the cargo bay floor, from the inside to the outside. The edges of the hole seem melted, but experts agree the great heat required, inexplicable in itself, should have destroyed the *Atlantis*.

All the astronauts and town victims are dead, withered shells. Attempts to culture the bacteria/virus/organism responsible have proved futile, though a strange serum has been extracted from the victims' tissue which, for several minutes after the victim dies, retains a weird color not found on the spectrum. None of the scientists can explain this effect, and its existence threatens the theoretical underpinnings of physical science. According to physical law, any energy is analyzable as a wavelength in the electromagnetic spectrum, and any visible wavelength must yield a characteristic color. Lacking any common grounds with this new phenomenon, they have tacitly agreed to ignore it and are working on other aspects of



the mystery, but each scientist is aware of the professional opportunity here: the discovery is important enough for a dozen Nobel prizes.

Locating The Colour

After the shuttle crashed, the Colour left to find a suitable hiding place for its embryos. A few hours later, it returned and disintegrated a hole through the cargo bay to extract its young, which it carried off to the abandoned Lomax farm nearby, which held a convenient well. The embryos are now safely ensconced in mud at the well bottom. Soon they will be ready to hatch. In the meantime, the parent must feed. By the time the investigators have found the Colour's lair, eight of the embryos have transformed into larvae.

In time, the investigators are likely to try to locate the Colour during daylight, when it is inactive. If they've observed its comings and goings at night, they've no doubt deduced that it dwells near the crash site.

The investigators may attempt to comb the area from Hargrave's house to beyond the shuttle site, hoping to find the creature's hiding place. If they are hiding out from the authorities, this might prove difficult without good concealment skills. A geiger counter can be used to plot radioactivity in the area; enough measurements yield an isobar pattern zeroing in on the the well at the old Lomax farm.

If the investigators have joined the NASA team, Hudson can provide them with Army Map Service charts and the results of NASA measurements. The fringes of the NASA radioactivity survey, looked at with the Colour in mind, point immediately toward the old Lomax place.

The abandoned farm is one of two built-up sites a mile past the shuttle beyond a line connecting the shuttle and the Hargrave house. The other, the Shinwell farm, is a going concern. The army evacuated the Shinwells on the first day of quarantine. The Lomax place has been abandoned for several years, since Shinwell purchased it, letting the old homestead fall into ruin. Hargrave recalls that the property holds both a collapsed barn and a deep well. He suggests one of those spots as a potential breeding-ground for the contaminant.

THE LOMAX PLACE: if the investigators are not part of the government team, much of the following information and happenings are voided. The keeper must adapt the described events to his players' actions, which should not prove difficult. Kindly keepers may permit the investigators to witness the following sequence of events from a distance, as it happens to the NASA team.

Assuming that by now they're working with NASA and have decided to search the Lomax farm, the investigators must gather a team. Hargrave accompanies them, as does (surprisingly) Hudson, personally leading a NASA team. Hudson requisitions a truck, provides the investigators and Hargrave with NBC suits, and leads the way to the farm.

When they've reached the site, especially if using radiation detection equipment, it is obvious that they have found the Colour's lair. The vegetation here is much more overgrown and unruly than normal. It is twisted and

warped unnaturally. If the group arrives at sundown, they see the grass and other plants begin to glow with the taint of the Colour — and to writhe even more violently than those behind Hargrave's. Nothing is in the old broken-down barn except cobwebs and loathsome-swollen black widow spiders (some with bodies as big as ping-pong balls). Geiger counters pinpoint the old well as the highest source of radiation.

Let the investigators suggest the course of the research. Hargrave, Hudson, and the NASA team can bring up ideas or observations as useful to the flow of the encounter, but the revelations can stun, unnerve, or otherwise occupy them enough to give the investigators acting control. If, however, they seek help from Gen. Drako, he may seize control of the operation at his earliest opportunity.

If anyone holds a geiger counter directly over the well top, the device registers a high burst of radiation, identical to that the investigators might have noticed when the Colour first emerged from the shuttle hatch. Unfortunately, each time an instrument is held over the well in this way, its wielder stands a 20% chance of being attacked by the Colour, which will attempt to suck him into the well. If the device is held over the well mechanically, the Colour tries to disintegrate it.

An extensible probe from the truck can be used to sample the well bottom. (Remember the 20% chance of a Colour attack per instrument used.)

The individual who probes the well feels a soft, yielding resistance about 15 feet down. Lights shone down the well reveal only sticky black mud. When the pole is pulled up, clinging to its end is a mucoid globe of slime which glistens with unnatural Colour, even in full daylight. Protruding from one side of the obscene jelly-like mass is a glittering three-inch sphere. The globe is a larval Colour, while the sphere is an embryonic Colour. Everyone is no doubt fascinated by this and many want to sample the jelly. No doubt the investigators want a sample, too. Protests by over-cautious investigators fall on deaf ears.

Sterile glass containers are brought forward. As the investigator attempts to dislodge the sphere and place it gently into one such container, the sphere pops and vanishes: the investigators may have seen this before, if they entered the shuttle's cargo bay just after it crashed.

If someone tries to dislodge the ball of goo, it suddenly surges down off the pole and onto that person's arm. Shocked, the pole-holder drops the extension probe, but too late. The slime quickly eats through the NBC suit and into the sample-gatherer. The victim falls down, twitching and shrieking. He or she stops shrieking after a few seconds, but continues to struggle for almost a minute. If anyone tries to help by scraping off the slime or just gets too close, a festering blob of scum is spat out, and the would-be rescuer must successfully Dodge or be struck as well.

Anyone struck by a fragment of the larva must receive a successful DEX x5 roll to get off their NBC suit before it melts through and he or she is infected. Anyone so infected suffers just as does the original victim, but the agonies last two or three times as long, since they were

struck by only a small fragment, which takes longer to kill. These small sub-fragments cannot further sub-divide; a person struck by one can in theory be saved if the infected part of the body infected is quickly excised along with the slime. This delivers 3D6 damage immediately, but survivors are safe.

Seeing anyone die from the ravages of the slime costs 1/1D6 SAN. The only way to help the original victim is by a well-aimed bullet. If Gen. Drako is along, he pulls out his automatic in automatic response to the attack, but stares transfixed at the spectacle, uncharacteristically paralyzed by indecisiveness. He acts only if an investigator orders him to. The victim's fate demonstrates that the team has found the Colour's lair. Now they must deal with it. Even Gen. Drako defers to the investigators now; he is shaken by what he's witnessed.

Defeating The Colour

Several methods of defeating the Colour may be imagined by the investigators, depending on how much they've learned or deduced.

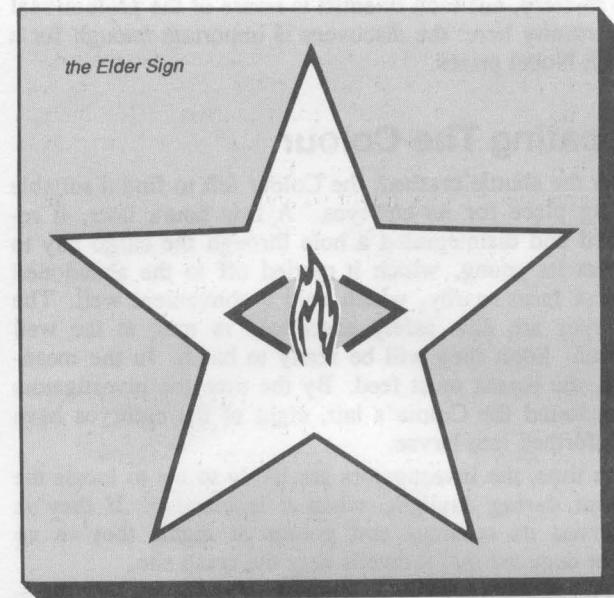
EXPLOSIVES: dropping explosives down the well, to seal the Colour in. The military has a huge range of explosives available, ranging from hand grenades to blocks of C-4 to tactical nukes. If the investigators are on their own, they'll have to scrounge for dynamite, make a home-made gasoline bomb, or pilfer military supplies.

If powerful enough, an explosion seals off the well and shatters the embryonic Colours, killing them. The larval Colours are not yet wholly insubstantial, so are sealed in by the blast. It will take them years before they can dig out on their own. However, the adult Colour is completely unharmed by any mundane blast, and emerges from the ground to attack everyone present. After wreaking all the devastation it can, it flees to find a new lair. Once a suitable lair is found, the Colour returns to the well, and begins to disintegrate a series of pits into the ground, to permit its young to emerge and follow it to the new site. It has eight larvae, thus will create eight pits.

A tactical nuclear device destroys the larvae, but the Colour is able to flee to a new area, there to ravage quickly and escape skyward when it has enough Power to penetrate Earth's magnetic field.

BRIGHT LIGHT: the Colour hunts only at night, and hides in the well during the day. The investigators may wrongly deduce that bright light harms it, and attempt to contain the Colour by shining brilliant floodlights on the well. Alas, the Colour is only inconvenienced by light, not harmed. The lights may keep the Colour in the well until it becomes impatient to feed, whereupon it attacks the lights, melting and smashing them. Anyone too close is also attacked. After destroying the lights, the Colour shuttles its unhatched embryos in their iridescent spheres to another site. It then returns and takes its larvae as well.

THE ELDER SIGN: for unknown reasons, the Colour is unusually vulnerable to the Elder Sign. If any investigator knows the Elder Sign, he may use it against the Colour. Carving an Elder Sign in a block of stone or concrete which is then used to cap the well keeps the creature from



emerging that way, though it can disintegrate a new tunnel through the ground as an alternate route.

Simply touching the Colour with an Elder Sign may destroy it. The Sign might be dropped into the well when the Colour is at home, or it can be wielded physically when being attacked by the Colour. The Colour naturally fears and hates the Elder Sign and preferentially attacks anyone wielding it.

When an Elder Sign touches the Colour, the Sign shatters into powder, and the Colour may be destroyed — the percentile chance of success is equal to the amount of POW in the Sign (normally 2 points for a measly 2% chance, though specially-made Elder Signs may have more). Even if the Colour is not destroyed, it flinches and pulls back after the Sign shatters, remaining inert for a combat round before it can resume action.

If the Colour is destroyed, its accumulated Power is lost instantly in a spectacular explosion. Anyone within 10 feet of the Colour takes 4D6 damage; those within 20 feet take 3D6, etc., losing another 1D6 damage per 10 feet or fraction thereof. Once the Colour is destroyed, demolishing the well with explosives can now contain its monstrous young, at least for some years.

If the investigators display an inordinate amount of Elder Signs, the Colour is likely to simply give up and flee into space, abandoning its embryos and larvae to the tender mercies of NASA.

MAGNETIC FIELDS: observant investigators have noticed the Colour's dislike of magnetism, and will use that as a weapon against it. Clues include Dr. Leathergan's televised statement that the Earth's magnetic fields doubtless contained the glowing cloud in orbit and the Colour's wide detours around the electromagnets at Buddy's Best Wrex. If the investigators have had access to information outside the quarantine zone and have obtained old Miskatonic University reports of the magnetic properties of the meteor that brought the Colour to Earth a century earlier, this may add to the evidence.

The nearest sources of major magnetism are the cranes at Buddy's. Moving them into position around the dry well requires several skill rolls. First, an Operate Heavy Machinery roll is needed to drive the crane and derricks cross-country to the well. Then, a successful Mechanical Repair and Electrical Repair is needed for each magnet to hook it onto a military derrick. Each failed roll ruins one electromagnet. NASA might be able to ship in some more magnets, but it would take at least a day to obtain the equipment. Among Drako's men are several technicians, one each with 3D6 x5% in the appropriate skill. Setting up the cranes takes time, and should not be finished till just after nightfall.

If three magnets can be brought to bear, their fields are sufficient to trap the Colour in the center. It cannot escape, use its disintegration technique or move effectively. It can do nothing and go nowhere. In coming weeks, the military brings in heavy-duty magnetic equipment, purchases the land, and sets up a containment center from which the Colour can never escape, except by incompetence, sabotage, or power failure.

If only two electromagnets are operational, the Colour is hemmed in a bit, but not defeated. It realizes that it has lost, and flees into space (see the section below entitled "The Colour Escapes").

- Another possibility for using Buddy's electromagnets, especially if the investigators haven't located the Colour's lair or are working alone, is to bait the creature into the junkyard and deal with it there. They might try turning off the electromagnets before the Colour comes out to prowl at night and wait for it to come to them. Without the magnets' deterrence, the Colour continues straight through Hargrave's and into the junkyard. If an investigator stands at each crane, ready to release the power as the Colour reaches the center of the yard, they could trap it right there at Buddy's Best Wrex.

The only skill rolls needed for the success of this endeavor is a single Electrical Repair or Operate Heavy Machinery roll (player's choice) for each investigator to turn on the power successfully with the others. To lure the Colour into the correct position, two or more of the investigators should be stationed at the center of the yard as bait. Otherwise, the Colour might simply attack and feed on the closest victim, who might be at the nearest crane. Keepers may want to canvas the group to learn if anyone is wearing Elder Signs; the non-wearers will be chosen first by the Colour.

If the Colour is not near the center when the electromagnets are turned on, it is not trapped, only repulsed (and won't fall for that trick again). If any investigator fails to start up his magnet simultaneously when the others do, getting a failed skill roll or being distracted in some way, the Colour is not trapped. However, it is repelled from anyone on whom it was about to feed,

If the plan works, the Colour is trapped at Buddy's, so long as the generators continue to operate and Buddy doesn't return. At this point, even if working alone, the investigators may decide it is time to call in the authorities. After the NASA team checks out the situation, the military purchases Buddy's junkyard and Hargrave's

house and sets up a magnetic containment center for the Colour. Having trapped the Colour on their own gives the investigators high prestige in the eyes of the authorities, including grudging approval from Gen. Drako.

If nearly trapped at Buddy's by the electromagnets, the Colour is unlikely to risk a premature escape into space as it does when so cornered at the Lomax well. However, if the magnets are accompanied by other imminent danger (perhaps a large Elder Sign), the Colour escapes skyward (see below). If the characters try ambushing the Colour at Buddy's after seriously threatening or annoying it at the well, the attempt fails, since the Colour already has sought out a new hiding place. Unless the junk yard is on a direct line between Gove and the new lair, too, the Colour no longer comes anywhere near Buddy's.

MAGIC SPELLS: the investigators may use magic other than the Elder Sign. If they Contact or Summon any greater independent race, greater servitor race, Great Old One, or Outer God and manage to communicate with it in a friendly manner, the contacted entity may tell them of the Colour's vulnerability to either magnetism or the Elder Sign (keeper's discretion), depending on the being's propensities. The entity always demands payment for such knowledge, keeper's choice, typically a sacrifice or a binding promise of serious consequence. None of the beings will fight the Colour unless coerced with a Binding spell. Even if so coerced, the Colour remains invulnerable to all physical attacks, even those delivered by, say, a hunting horror.

Spells which may be tried directly include the Powder of Ibn Ghazi, which makes the Colour highly visible, even in the brightest light; Shriveling, which is worthless; and the Dread Curse of Azathoth, which is quite effective. In fact, if the Dread Curse of Azathoth is utilized, the Colour is quite discouraged, and each successful casting of the Curse gives the Colour a cumulative 20% chance of deciding to escape from Earth (see below).

OTHER AGENCIES: fire, liquid poisons, poison gases, projectiles, etc., do not affect the Colour. The targeting laser beams used by tanks, missiles, etc., have no effect on the Colour, though heavier-strength beams (those designed to inflict damage on missiles, for instance) could chase away the creature. Keeper's choice on particle beams, X-ray lasers, etc. Microwave radiation does not bother the Colour, nor do smallish electrical circuits in houses, vehicles, etc. The Colour is unfazed by sound waves or other physical force.

The Colour Escapes

If pressed hard enough by electromagnets, Elder Signs, or similar harassment, the Colour may decide to leave Earth and attempt spawning elsewhere. If this happens, the following encounter occurs. Ideally, the keeper should arrange things so that the escape occurs at sundown. When this happens (likeliest at the Lomax farm), the surrounding vegetation, along with the burned timbers of the old Lomax house and those of the collapsed barn, start to shine and writhe with the ghostly luminosity of the Colour's unearthly spectrum.

As the investigators watch, the Colour's brilliance grows, taking on the form of a spotlight shining up from the well and into the sky. At the same time, the spectral glimmering of the surroundings sparks and dances, reaching upward toward the Colour's beacon into the clouds, which roil under the impact of the blasphemous beam.

Suddenly the Colour bursts forth from the well, riding the beam skyward and drawing it up after it, as it expends its energy in its flight to the stars. It makes a final catastrophic drain of Power from the surrounding organic material contaminated, and the sickly-hued light that infected the land is drawn up into the sky after it in what seems a spectacular, silent explosion. At the end, all the infected vegetation and other organic material in the area (including any still-living, infected characters) crumble into a fine grey powder, leaving the surroundings wasted and dead, the "blasted heath" effect, like that outside of Arkham which another Colour left years before.

Any characters in the area who fail to take the hint and leave the zone of contamination before the Colour leaps to the skies are caught in the final burst of POW, taking 3D6 damage to hit points and losing 2D6 POW as their life force is drained to help fuel the Colour's liftoff.

The Colour is gone from the earth. Has it left our solar system entirely? Or has it simply returned to orbit to lurk, waiting for another space flight to bring it back to feed anew? No man can know, until the Colour Out of Space returns again.

Wrapping Up

It is entirely possible that the Colour has won. If so, it hatches out its thousands of larvae and departs into space. It is also possible that the Colour itself is defeated but that its embryos are unharmed, either through ignorance or incompetence on the part of NASA and the investigators. In either case, the larvae spread out and suck the life out of all the farmland for miles around. The military tries to evacuate the populace who, infected by the Colours' mental pull, resist leaving. The troops stationed to assist in the evacuation eventually get affected by the mental pull and refuse to leave, too. Most folk are forcibly moved out, but many hide out and remain.

Several months later, five thousand now-adult Colours leave for space, and sixty square miles in the middle of Kansas are devastated. Hundreds or thousands of people die. The end result is a "blasted heath" like that near Arkham, but larger. No life grows there ever again. If this happens, the investigators realize (if they haven't already) that the Colour spawned before it left, and each loses 2D6 SAN. The land remains quarantined for years, and numerous government study groups visit, trying to figure out what happened to the soil.

Note that if the investigators simply flee the area, leaving the poor puzzled authorities to deal with the crisis alone, the Colour automatically hatches its young and departs safely. The investigators lose 2D6 SAN each.

If the investigators destroy the Colour or drive it back to space, they should receive 1D8 SAN each. If they've defeated the Colour without help from the authorities,

authorities, give them a 3 point SAN bonus — they deserve it. If they've destroyed the Colour's embryos, give them an additional 1D10 SAN.

Whether or not the investigators succeed in ridding the land of the Colour and its offspring, investigator dealings with the Army, NASA, and the civil governments with jurisdiction over Gove and the quarantine area surely have ramifications for them. Assault, destruction of property, etc., perpetrated by the investigators must be pardoned, repaid, or otherwise atoned for; likewise, personal contacts and friendships formed should be remembered and referred to in later adventures.

Characters

THE COLOUR: this is the parent Colour, who is causing all the trouble. For complete details on the Colour's abilities, see the Colour module near the beginning of this adventure.

THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE, Parent

STR 18 SIZ 42 INT 12 POW 42 DEX 18

Move 40

Weapons: Feed 85%, 1D6 + characteristics loss *
Mental Attack, special, 1D6 magic points + 1D6 SAN
Disintegration, automatic destruction
Grasp 60%, grapple damage

* drains STR, CON, POW, DEX, and APP from victims on a Feed attack.
Any target with 13 or more magic points loses 2 points from each affected statistic.
A target with 12 or fewer magic points loses 3 points.

DR. WILLIS HARGRAVE: Willis Hargrave is a retired doctor of space medicine, formerly with NASA. He is a quiet, dedicated man, and an expert in his field though he is critical of current NASA policies. He is torn between a sense of duty to his country and his loyalty to the investigators. He offers his services to the NASA investigative team as soon as possible, but keeps quiet about the investigators' presence until he has no other choice. If he thinks the investigators' knowledge may help NASA in fighting the plague from space, he may, reluctantly, turn them in. But he won't do this casually. He valiantly sticks up for them to Hudson and Gen. Drako, and does all he can to help the investigators gain the confidence of the authorities.

DR. WILLIS HARGRAVE, Physician

STR 9 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 18 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 21 SAN 70 HP 11

Skills: Astronomy 65%, Botany 55%, Chemistry 45%, Computer Use 40%, Debate 55%, Diagnose Disease 75%, First Aid 95%, Library Use 75%, Pharmacy 40%, Psychology 80%, Psycho-analyze 45%, Space Medicine 85%, Spot Hidden 50%, Treat Disease 75%, Treat Poison 60%, Zoology 75%.

DR. VINCENT PETER WORDSWORTH: Wordsworth (Pete to his friends) is a physician in Emporia, Kansas. His is a positive, dynamic personality. He is confident of his medicine and of his beliefs and of the power of God available through right action and a knowledge of His Word. Wordsworth is a friend of Hargrave and, through him, befriends the investigators. He doesn't trust the military, and thinks scientists should spend more time doing good works than wasting time on useless things like outer space. He is worried about his wife and his

patients in Emporia; if he gets out, or gets to an open phone, he immediately calls home.

He proves a loyal ally in the investigators' crusade against the Colour, which he eventually decides is a devil spirit, doing Satan's work. Though the investigators may falter at times, Wordsworth takes on the crusade as a personal battle between himself and the Enemy, declaring the campaign a spiritual battleground which he intends to win. Alas, neither his theology nor his medicine have a place for the true nature of the Colour. He dismisses and denounces magical techniques for combating the creature, and feels that mundane techniques such as magnetism are unworthy of consideration. If he sees the magnets work, however, he may change his mind about the enemy's nature. In any case, too much belief may lead to Wordsworth's downfall.

Wordsworth can be helpful. He'll provide the investigators with knowledge of the area, moral support, even occasional leadership when the investigators are indecisive. Wordsworth may stalk off to do spiritual battle with the Colour when the investigators are thinking of retreat, perhaps drawing them into incidents they might otherwise avoid. If the investigators fail to save someone from the Colour, Wordsworth withdraws into a period of prayer and meditation, leaving the investigators free to act on their own as well. Whenever he sees the glow of the Colour, he rallies and attempts to rebuke it.

DR. VINCENT PETER WORDSWORTH, Physician

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 18
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 19 SAN 86 HP 12

Skills: Bible Study 70%, Christian History 45%, Diagnose Disease 55%, Drive Auto 45%, First Aid 65%, Library Use 60%, Oratory 85%, Quote Scripture 55%, R/W German 65%, R/W Greek 85%, R/W Hebrew 65%, R/W Latin 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Treat Poison 55%.

ABIHU "BUDDY" STREEP: Buddy Streep, owner of Buddy's Best Wrex, the junk yard across from Hargrave's, is an unattractive, abrasive man in his mid-30s, with a pot belly and a densely-thatched pate. This slimeball will try anything which he thinks will make him come out on top, regardless of ethics, morals, or legalities.

Buddy once heard that the Black Mass is celebrated in the nude, so he dabbled in the occult for a while. His library at home is filled with cheap pornography interspersed with a few occult books. He has a copy of the Satanic Bible inscribed "To Buddy, from Anton" (a forgery), and a spurious paperback called *The Necronomicon*. This paperback is a worthless fake. Among his other books is one actual Mythos work, a tattered copy of the Golden Goblin edition of *Nameless Cults* by Von Juntz. However, Buddy has never managed to get past the turgid introduction and that book remains unread.

Despite any investigatorial suspicions, Buddy knows nothing of the Colour. If it starts preying on Buddy's mind, he might go mad and decide to aid it by leading victims to it, thinking such will ingratiate him with the Colour. Of course, the Colour has no conception of gratitude, and would as soon feed off of Buddy as anyone.

Buddy keeps an illegally sawed-off shotgun loaded with birdshot at home, and won't hesitate to use on anyone he finds breaking into his house. If he thinks he can get points by turning the investigators over to the authorities, he'll do it, denouncing them as commie saboteurs or worse.

Buddy and Pete Wordsworth are natural enemies. If Pete ever sees Buddy's library, he denounces and attempts to destroy the "tools of the devil," throwing them into the fireplace. He starts with the pornography, and only throws in the occult books as an afterthought. If the investigators act fast, they may be able to save the *Nameless Cults* from destruction.

BUDDY STREEP, Autowrecker

STR	CON	SIZ	INT	POW	HP
12	13	15	14	12	
DEX	APP	EDU	SAN	52	14

Weapons: 20-Gauge Shotgun 60%, 2D6 damage

Skills: Accounting 85%, Bargain 70%, Credit Rating 65%, Drive Auto 85%, Electrical Repair 70%, Fast Talk 70%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Operate Heavy Machinery 70%, Oratory 45%, Sneak 65%.

BUDDY'S GERMAN SHEPHERDS

dog	STR	CON	SIZ	DEX	POW	HP
TOBY	12	14	5	13	7	12
RIPPER	9	17	5	16	12	13

Move 12

weapon	attack	damage
Bite	55%	1D8

Skills: Spot Hidden 75%, Track by Scent 85%.

MORRIS HUDSON: Hudson heads the NASA team sent to Gove to investigate the cause of the contamination aboard the space shuttle and its unauthorized landing in Kansas. He is a passable scientist and a good administrator. Unfortunately, he is dealing with a force beyond easy comprehension. He is convinced that the Colour's attacks are outbreaks of an extraterrestrial virus. He cannot imagine that the damage is caused by a single living creature.

His greatest fear is that the new disaster may ground the shuttle program for years, hence he cooperates with the military quarantine though he'd rather see the investigation handled differently. His second-greatest fear is that the image of NASA will be ruined if word gets out that the agency seriously considered a "space monster" theory. He is a fair and objective man who'll give the investigators a break, out of respect for his old friend Hargrave, unless they try to push unacceptable theories on him, true or not.

DR. MORRIS HUDSON, Physician

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 13
DEX 10 APP 11 EDU 21 SAN 65 HP 11

Skills: Administration 75%, Astronomy 85%, Astrophysics 80%, Chemistry 55%, Computer Use 70%, Debate 85%, Diagnose Disease 50%, First Aid 50%, Library Use 65%, Physics 60%, Psychology 65%, Treat Disease 35%.

JUSTIN R. DRAKO: Gen. Drako is the military leader ordered to maintain order within and the integrity of the quarantine zone. He has supreme authority in the area, except in scientific matters, on which Hudson can overrule him. Drako does everything the Army way. He is suspicious of anyone with a different point of view.

He's not pleased with parts of his current job, nursemaiding NASA scientists and keeling-over civilians, but he knows this is big and sees it as an excellent chance to do good and jump himself to the next rank. He'll suppress anything that might let him look bad and support anything which may let him look good. He'll be distrustful and suspicious of the investigators until they prove themselves. Then he'll bend his full resources to aiding them and take full credit if all goes well.

JUSTIN L. DRAKO, Brigadier-General, USA

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 16 SAN 75 HP 14

Weapons: Fist 80%, 1D3+1D4 damage
.45 Automatic 65%, 1D10+2 damage
M-14 Rifle 75%, 2D6+3 damage

Skills: Administration 65%, Drive Jeep 45%, Interrogation 60%, Military Law 85%, Military Salary Rules 80%, Operate Heavy Machinery (M60A1E1 tank) 45%, Oratory 70%.

INFANTRY SQUAD

Sergeant

DEX 12 SAN 55% HP 13
M-16 Rifle 35%, 2D8 damage

Corporal

DEX 11 SAN 15% HP 12
M-16 Rifle 48%, 2D8 damage

Private #1

DEX 9 SAN 50% HP 10
M-60 Machine Gun 35%, 2D6+3 damage

Private #2

DEX 14 SAN 35% HP 10
M-16 Rifle 46%, 2D8 damage
M-203 Grenade Launcher 46%, 3D6 damage / 3-yard radius

Private #3

DEX 13 SAN 55% HP 9
M-16 Rifle 55%, 2D8 damage

Private #4

DEX 6 SAN 40% HP 14
M-16 Rifle 40%, 2D8 damage

Private #5

DEX 6 SAN 65% HP 15
M-16 Rifle 52%, 2D8 damage

Private #6

DEX 12 SAN 45% HP 13
M-16 Rifle 48%, 2D8 damage

Private #7

DEX 5 SAN 75% HP 16
M-16 Rifle 36%, 2D8 damage

Private #8

DEX 14 SAN 70% HP 18
M-16 Rifle 41%, 2D8 damage

Private #9

DEX 9 SAN 55% HP 14
M-16 Rifle 38%, 2D8 damage

Some Residents

Each evening the Colour consumes one or more of these quarantined sitting ducks. The Army and NASA merely concentrate the Colour's larder and thereby regularize the Colour's commute.

The residents feel grief for those already dead; fear of death for themselves, their family and friends, and their community; fear that their livelihoods or schooling will be irrevocably changed, damaged, or doomed; and anger that the experts neither can protect the town nor end this horrible siege.

Here are sample residents, with rated POW.

Ahern, Norman: POW 9. Norm owns a gas station and garage, but now there is nothing to do but watch television. He volunteered to help service the Army vehicles, but they told him to keep at least 20 feet away. Every day after the second day of the quarantine, a 5% chance accumulates that Norm, feeling useless and angry, tries to beat up one of the patrolling guards.

Cerny, Mary Elizabeth: POW 16. Though she regularly attends services at the Baptist church, Mary Elizabeth is a member of Wicca, and a practicing witch. Sometimes at night the curtains of an upstairs room in her house are suffused with blue light: she finds that blue light clears her meditations. A variety of occult objects exist in her home. Her books include the collected tales of H.P. Lovecraft, but she has never read "The Colour Out Of Space."

Cordell, Sammy: POW 10. Samantha Cordell is 11 years old and mentally disturbed. Each evening she watches the night from her upstairs window. She has seen the Colour flow into town each night, and has begun to fantasize that it is the cape of the True Prince, who spreads it to destroy all the world in order to make Samantha his queen.

Fugger, George: POW 12. George is an amateur astronomer. The dark Kansas fields are good for his hobby, though often the air is not as clear as he would prefer. A few nights after the quarantine begins, he sees the Color pass, and runs screaming to a patrolling jeep. Keeper's choice what the soldiers do.

Hounshell, Bettina: POW 13. A badgerer, Mrs. Hounshell shouts through a bullhorn that there is no reason that a few hundred people, under the doom of God, under the threat of death, under press of urgent succor for their souls, can't be well-nourished and content with their meals. Four days into the quarantine, Mrs. Hounshell has her own jeep, selects the produce and fruit and delivers it round town, and effectively controls food distribution for the rest of the emergency.

LaBaer, Eulallie: POW 8. She and Dorothy Neubauer have started holding nightly "planchet meetings" over Mrs. LaBaer's Ouija board. So far they have learned that a bunch of scientists brought back a jar from the Bermuda Triangle and that it contained the strange disease that has prostrated Gove. The only known antidote is a large daily dose or doses of elderberry wine suffused with thornapple.

Neubauer, Dorothy: POW 8. Twice in the first week of the quarantine, she and Eulallie LaBaer have been found wandering in a daze at the edge of town. Mrs. Neubauer is particularly shrill and protests her forcible escort home in strident, garbled phrases.

Sickafuse, Ira: POW 11. He is a ham radio operator, though not a very good one. His transmitter is powerful enough to reach anywhere in the United States, Mexico, or Canada, but seems broken, and Ira is uninterested in finding the problem since the sickness came over the town. He's friendly enough, though, and investigators easily find the trouble (a broken speaker wire) with a successful Electrical Repair or Electronics roll.

The Evil Stars

*Wherein our valiant investigators learn
that contemporary music hath powers other than to
soothe someone's savage breast.*

THE TIME IS TODAY. Return of the Old Ones draws near. Among other horrors, ancient books prophesy that Hastur the Unspeakable is to be brought to Earth by a human ally. Brian Lochnar, leader of America's latest hit band, is striving to be that ally.

Since Lochnar formed his heavy-metal rock trio three years ago, God's Lost Children (abbreviated GLC) has become a famous rock act. But Lochnar's major purpose in creating the band was to use it to bring down Hastur upon humanity.

Five months ago, the band began its 'Unspeakable' tour across the central United States, named after the band's newest hit album. The tour is nearly at an end. During the tour, Lochnar raised eight concrete blocks, each consecrated to Hastur. In collective position, these monoliths form an enormous replica of the V-shaped stone pattern necessary for summoning Hastur.

When the ninth and final monolith rises, Lochnar will bring about the permanent arrival of He Who is Not to Be Named by leading the band's audience in a special chant — a regular part of the act. Then Hastur descends from the stars.

The adventure is set in Jacksonville, Florida, near where Lochnar intends to erect the final monolith. Jacksonville was Lochnar's home town. If the keeper wishes, change the location, keeping in mind that the band must be performing at one of the monolith locations as shown on the nearby map of the nine sites. In that case make appropriate changes to the band's tour schedules, and the city chosen by the keeper becomes Lochnar's home town.

The adventure occurs during the ninth meditation listed on the tour schedule; that schedule is part of a player information packet given later in this adventure. Lochnar insists upon these interludes, claiming to need those days for spiritual rejuvenation.

Certain events are scheduled to take place during the course of this adventure. They are listed nearby. Investigator actions may alter some of these events.

New Spells

This scenario includes a number of new spells specifically tied to Hastur and Aldebaran. These spells are effective only when Aldebaran is above the horizon, from October through March. Clouds may obscure Aldebaran without effect to the spells. The adventure begins in January, allowing the spells to be used anytime after dusk (approximately 6pm). The spells lose their effectiveness around 3am, when Aldebaran drops below the horizon. If Hastur is released on Earth, the spells become usable from dusk till dawn year-round, within the area bounded by the nine monoliths.

Spell use also includes the standard *Call of Cthulhu* spells Summon Byakhee and Call Hastur.

Schedule Of Events

These events happen during the adventure. Depending on investigator actions, some may be altered.

February 14 — The band plays the first night in Jacksonville. Hours after the concert, the Kinsky girl is murdered.

February 15 — The newspaper report of Mary Jo Kinsky's death appears. The second GLC concert in Jacksonville.

February 16 — The two suspects in the Kinsky case are transferred to Greenwood State Mental Hospital. The third GLC concert in Jacksonville.

February 17 — God's Lost Children plays a fourth time to a sold-out Jacksonville crowd; Lochnar prepares for his ninth meditation.

February 18 — Lochnar begins his ninth meditation of the tour; he leaves Jacksonville in the company of Billy, Star, and a handful of bikers. The Kinsky girl's body is transferred to a local funeral home.

February 19 — Lochnar locates a proper site for the ninth monolith.

February 20 — Mary Jo Kinsky is buried. Lochnar pours the concrete for the ninth block that evening.

February 21 — Lochnar and the bikers return to Jacksonville; GLC plays to another capacity crowd.

February 22 — Final Jacksonville show for "God's Lost Children;" Hastur is summoned.

Investigator Information

The investigators are drawn into the story by a newspaper article appearing in their afternoon paper, or by whatever other connection the keeper finds persuasive — the victim is a relative, the victim is discovered by the investigators, and so on. The newspaper article is reprinted nearby.

If the investigators fail to recognize the "Unspeakable" reference as pertaining to Hastur, a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll brings the possibility to light.

Families And Friends

It is wintertime even in Florida. There is no snow, but the days are overcast and windy, and the nights are cold. Many shrubs and trees do not lose their leaves, however, and it is possible for the temperature to rise overnight to the proverbial Floridian warmth.

In gathering the following evidence, be sure to try to answer fully every investigator question, so that they feel that they completely understand the backgrounds of the victim and her murderers.

The phone book establishes relevant addresses.

Mary Jo Kinsky's family is quiet and middle-class. None of the immediate family (mother, father, one younger brother) will come to the door, but a relative softly and firmly explains that the family knew only that Mary Jo was going to the concert with Serena and Kim Macklinburg from across the street. A glance reveals another house similarly besieged by TV and radio station vans.

Serena and Kim are in their late teens. They are tearful and bewildered, and have no useful information. All three girls were fans of GLC, and all thought Brian Lochnar majorly studly. They went to the concert to have fun.

THE ATTACKERS: Morningside Heights is an exclusive and expensive neighborhood. At the adjacent homes of the two young men, several policemen stand discreetly aside, ready to intervene should the newpeople and onlookers get out of hand.

As at Mary Jo's house, the parents of the young men who attacked Mary Jo are too upset to deal with curious strangers. But friends, family, and neighbors go out of their way to convince the investigators that the actions attributed to Tappan and Powell are impossible to those nice young men.

Everyone is shocked and bewildered by the astonishing events. Tappan and Powell had long been friends. They had never had trouble with the police or at school, and the day before would have been considered respectable young men, if perhaps youthfully rash. No one knew of or had heard of Mary Jo Kinsky.

This is true. With a successful Oratory or Psychology roll, however, the investigators learn from one young neighbor that Tappan and Powell often took a strong hallucinogenic drug together, and that they had done so the evening of the GLC concert. The police have not been told this, because the neighbor does not want to contribute evidence toward the conviction of the attacking pair.

Player Aid #1

Teenage Girl Murdered Following Rock Concert

Two Jacksonville men were arrested this morning in connection with the death of Mary Jo Kinsky, 17, whose nude and strangely-painted body was found in Rose Park hours earlier.

Edward Tappan Jr., 22, and Michael J. Powell, 21, both of Morningside Heights, are being held by Jacksonville police. All three attended a concert last night by the rock band "God's Lost Children," or GLC.

According to Miss Kinsky's companions, the girl first met the two men at the show. Following the show, she could not be found, and the police were notified.

A police patrol discovered Miss Kinsky's body in the park at approximately 4am. Police declined comment on the body's condition.

The girl's death follows a string of violent incidents connected with the present tour, referred to as the 'Unspeakable' tour in GLC's advertising. Brawls, assaults, and vandalism attendant with GLC concerts have aroused the ire of police departments and citizens' groups.

GLC performs five more times at Hughes Auditorium, Feb. 15-16-17 and 21-22. All shows are sold out.

Only Lochnar could guess the rest of the story. Unusually attuned to the meaning of the GLC music, Tappan and Powell absorbed and were convinced to perform portions of several rituals embedded in Lochnar's music. Mary Jo Kinsky was their victim, chosen at random and whisked unnoticed from the auditorium during the pandemonium when the band began its encore.

The Reverend Harliss Crawford

His clothes are neat and cheap; his demeanor is at once humble and aggressive. He is 5'9" tall, and thin. He wears a tan gabardine suit with brown shoes, brown hat, white shirt (rather crumpled), and a chocolate-brown tie bearing red polka dots outlined in white. His right jacket pocket sags permanently from toting a well-thumbed Bible. Reverend Crawford is about 40 years old, skin welted from the Southern sun, with an unforgiving air about him despite the Good News he brings.

The Reverend is capable both of the most piteous supplications of material need and of the sharpest assertions of faith in God, the King James Authorized Bible, and the doctrinal subtleties of the Seventh-Day Pentecostal Faith-of-God-in-the-Holy-Ghost Church, headquartered in Lurline, Arkansas, U.S.A., not far from Pine Bluff.

Crawford is a deeply sincere, wholly devout, slightly deranged man. He has never reconciled the obedience of poverty demanded by his faith with the dreams of riches

and power with which he indulged himself as a young man. Though he prays earnestly to end the torment, he obsessively envies the wealthy and privileged. At night he dreams of cities smashed beneath the feet of God. He will not get along well with dilettantes or with investigators from the upper bourgeoisie.

Sometimes he borrows things without telling the owners, and becomes furious when confronted. At times he works day and night at odd jobs, saves his money, then preaches the Gospel on the proceeds. Sometimes he lies to himself, letting temptation and anger overtake him, and turns to alcohol. But he is not abusive, and has never struck anyone weaker than himself. He is no worse than many, and better than many more. When he is upset, he slows and heavily stresses his speech: "Do NOT PERCEIVE me as a FOOL! I AM a MAN, with the GOD giv-en GIFT of REA-son, sir."

His church denies him tobacco, liquor, sex outside of marriage, any operation of motor vehicles or the use of firearms, activity on Sundays other than preaching and meditation, the eating of vegetables native to the Western Hemisphere other than corn, canned meat, entering a house or room ahead of the owner or of leaving behind the owner, and other doctrinal deductions as the keeper wishes. He may observe these prohibitions or not, but he will never forget their existence.

A phone call to his church hierarchy takes a long time to complete. It reveals that the right to represent himself as an official teacher of his Faith was revoked; he is still free, of course, to spread the Gospel, the right of every Christian. The spokesman will not reveal the reason for the revocation. The speaker, a Rev. Gordon, will not comment otherwise upon Crawford's abilities, powers, etc., except to say that he is not a personal friend but wishes the man well.

USING REV. CRAWFORD: Crawford is rightly suspicious of GLC, but imagines them Satanists — merely one of many rock bands he believes leagued with the Devil. He has never heard of the Cthulhu Mythos.

Though the Reverend Crawford is to be introduced into the adventure at the keeper's option, Rev. Crawford is not optional: the investigators cannot pull together all the pieces of the puzzle without him.

The point in the adventure at which Harliss is introduced determines how quickly the investigators are likely to understand the evidence and decide to act upon it. If the keeper feels at home with the character, and can have fun with him, then introduce Harliss earlier with the expectation that Harliss can snarl as well as straighten the course of events.

The contact can come from either side. Rev. Crawford and the investigators follow the same path, except that the Reverend thinks in terms of Satan — not Hastur. Have Crawford appear, or suggest that someone like Crawford appears at all the places to which the investigators go to track down clues. If the investigators try to contact Crawford too early, have him disappear, take a taxi, be lost sight of on a busy street, etc.

If he enters later, it is because he has noticed the investigators, assumed them (by their decent demeanor) to be potential allies, and has taken steps to contact them.

The preacher has tracked GLC for some time, massing significant evidence of Lochnar's unholy activities. Crawford can be supplied with any piece of evidence necessary to keep the game apace, but it will always be better to have the players use their own ingenuity and let the investigators discover things.

Crawford has at least the following clues: the band's press clippings, their albums, a reversed tape of the second album, and knowledge of Lochnar's monolith creations, together with a map of their locations. He could have a photo of a concrete monolith, if useful. Importantly, Crawford knows of the impending ceremony and can lead the investigators to the location for the raising of the ninth monolith.

At some point, Crawford has presented enough information to lead the investigators to suspect Lochnar and to seek an interview with him. At that point, think about removing Crawford from play. His suggested death is at the hands of Satan's Sadists: bludgeoned to death by bike chains in a parking lot not far from the band's hotel. He should die after imparting his information, but before the players are sure that their investigators have learned everything he knows.

THE REVEREND HARLISS CRAWFORD

STR 11 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 13
DEX 11 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 8 HP 12

Weapons: Fist 55%, 1D3 damage
Grapple 30%, special damage
Axe Handle 35%, 1D6 damage

Skills: Debate 45%, Library use 55%, Occult 65%, Photography 15%, Psychology 35%, Sing 45%.

The Police Station

The desk sergeant at the homicide bureau says that the suspects have been transferred to Greenwood State Mental Hospital for observation. If the investigators persist, and if one or more of them have reasonable professional credentials or receives a successful Oratory roll, the officer grudgingly arranges for them to speak with the detective in charge, Garrett Brown.

Detective Brown tells the investigators that the guilt of the detainees seems clear, though he can find no motive for the slaying nor any reason why they chose Mary Jo Kinsky to be their victim. He suggests, though a successful Psychology roll shows him to lack all conviction, that the two young men were thrill-seekers and drug-users, examples of the moral decay besetting even the sturdy family-centered homes of respectable taxpayers.

In any case, he doubts that the two ever will be brought to trial, since the guilty young men have slipped into near-catatonic states since their arrest. If an investigator receives a second successful Oratory, Detective Brown arranges for the group to visit the suspects and view the Kinsky girl's body.

If the Oratory fails, the investigators must get access to Kinsky's body or Greenwood hospital by dealing with the persons in charge.

The Morgue

A successful Debate or a pass from the District Attorney's office (who is prosecuting the case) is needed to view the remains. An investigator who is a practicing physician automatically gains entrance.

Mary Jo Kinsky's body is here for the first two days of the adventure, after which it is transferred to a local funeral parlor and buried on Jan. 24. Viewing the corpse costs 0/1D3 SAN. The torso bears many deep stab wounds and the limbs are twisted and broken. Multiple contusions are apparent. The nose and ears have been severed, and lie in a plastic pouch taped to the right arm.

More unnerving, her body is covered with a carefully-executed design drawn with yellow spray paint. When glanced at out of the corner of one's eye, the design takes on a life of its own, swirling and flowing, only to stop when looked at directly. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll reveals that one symbol resembles the infamous Yellow Sign, intimately connected with Hastur.

Greenwood Mental Hospital

A letter from Detective Brown or from the District Attorney's office, or a successful Law skill roll is needed to interview the two accused murderers. A professional psychiatrist or psychologist with proper credentials may see them automatically.

The two patients are housed on the top floor of the facility in separate padded cells. Though they are usually withdrawn or comatose, both are subject to unpredictably violent outbursts. Because of this, they are kept tranquilized. Speaking with the drugged subjects draws incoherent mumblings, occasionally punctuated by the sound "Hee!"

If an investigator receives a successful Psychoanalysis roll while speaking with one of the murderers, the subject grows more lucid, and speaks: "He...Not to Be Named ...he thirsts for release...hungers for His freedom ...He shall not be denied...." An investigator should recognize the reference to Hastur; apply Cthulhu Mythos rolls as necessary.

Brian Lochnar: Also on file here are Lochnar's medical records dating from his confinement at Greenwood years ago. These records are confidential. If the investigators learn of the existence of these records, they'll either need to sneak into the complex to inspect them or befriend one of the doctors in charge, getting a summary of the records' contents from him. The Reverend Crawford knows of Lochnar's hospitalization, and so do his more devoted fans. The information could come from anyone connected to or knowing of GLC.

The author of the medical report resigned long ago. No one at the hospital now recalls Brian Lochnar as a patient.

God's Lost Children

Now 26 years old, Brian grew up in Jacksonville, Florida. Though his father abandoned Brian and his mother, the

Play Aid #2

Medical Record Excerpt Concerning Brian Lochnar

...suffered a severe head injury. This was experienced when the patient attempted to fly off the roof of the family garage. Patient claims additional flying experiences during his hospitalization here and claims to have traveled toward the stars. Patient is psychotic, suffering from periodic delusions of power. In this physician's opinion, the patient should remain hospitalized for lengthy treatment and not be released....

youngster did well in school until suffering a severe head injury at age 12. While recovering, he learned to play guitar and at fourteen joined a teen band. At seventeen, Lochnar dropped out of school to play full-time.

At nineteen he was hospitalized after mixing drugs and alcohol, and was comatose for nearly two weeks. When Lochnar regained consciousness, his violent and paranoid behavior led his mother to commit him to Florida's Greenwood State Mental Hospital. He stayed there for the next six months, often choosing to clothe himself in woman's attire.

After partial recovery, Lochnar signed himself out of the institution to spend the next two years in southern Mexico. Here he became involved with an aged *brujo*, who instructed Lochnar in the use of psychedelic plants. Lochnar's drugged visions and the *brujo*'s doctrines converted Lochnar to the worship of Hastur.

Returning to the United States, he formed God's Lost Children. Using a copy of the *Turner Codex*, Lochnar devised a plan to release Hastur from imprisonment.

The GLC Recordings

God's Lost Children made two albums in their three years of existence. The first, *God's Lost Children* was well-received, but the release of *Unspeakable* brought the band wealth and fame. Both albums can be purchased in CD, cassette, or LP format in music stores anywhere. In addition, a video of "Unspeakable," the title-track, is available.

The first album blends strident heavy-metal arrangements with what can only be described as trance music, sometimes presenting 40-60 bars of violent chanting laid down in up to 400 tracks. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll shows that quotations from the *Necronomicon* riddle portions of those tracks.

The album numbers which gained the band initial renown are "The Dark Ones Rise" and "Old Times, New Times." Those two tunes are asterisked: portions of the lyrics are credited to the *Turner Codex*. A successful Anthropology, Archaeology, or Library Use roll indicates that the *Codex* is an old, once-controversial English translation of Mayan religious texts.

Player Aid #3**God's Lost Children**

With this compelling album, "God's Lost Children's" first release seems to destine them for stardom. The lead song, "The Dark Ones Rise," kept this listener coming back for more and more. Undoubtedly there will be opposition to some of the lyrics but this is always true in the case of real trailblazers. Early sales have shown promise and Fall-In Records is rumored to be planning a follow-up.

— *Billboard*.

Excerpt**Player Aid #4**

...perhaps Brian Lochnar's most amazing claim is that he bases his life on a particular book. No, it's not the Bible, or even *Etidorpha*. The amazing work that Brian uses is something called the *Turner Codex*, an old work of anthropology concerning Mayan religion. Such esoterism seems in keeping with GLC's uncompromising attitude.

— *Rolling Stone*.

Player Aid #6:**Brian Lochnar**

The cover photo shows Lochnar holding his guitar, an instrument decorated with swirling yellow designs. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll recognizes the designs resembling the Yellow Sign.

LC: The story goes that you were a model student, a real teacher's pet, in grade school but somewhere went wrong. What happened?

Lochnar (laughing): Yeah, I discovered sex!

LC: No, seriously. I heard you suffered some type of injury that changed your life. How did that go?

Lochnar: It was when I was twelve. Me and a friend decided we were going to fly off the garage roof, just like Superman or something. Well I jumped and he didn't. I hit the ground on my head and split it open right down the middle. I was out for six hours and my mother was sure I was going to die. Anyway, while I was out I had this dream about a place and it changed the way I looked at things.

LC: What? Did you see God?

Lochnar (laughs again): Well maybe not The God. Just a small god.

LC: I understand you also spent some time in the hospital around the age of nineteen. Can you tell us about that?

Lochnar: I was in Greenwood for a while. I had some problems that needed solving. Nothing to talk about really.

LC: Well, what I'd really like to know is what kind of pick did you use when you were recording the overdubs on....

— *Guitar Player*.

Player Aid #5**Tour Launched**

God's Lost Children opened their highly-publicized "Unspeakable" tour this week at San Francisco's Cow Palace.

As anticipated, several groups demonstrated outside the concert, but police reported no incidents.

GLC has been banned by radio stations in the Midwest and South, but enjoys increasing sales and wide popularity.

Observers predict major success for the band's first tour as headliners.

— *Billboard*.

The band's second album, *Unspeakable*, is slickly produced. Though its sound is highly commercial, the violent chants mesmerize listeners. The first time the album is heard costs the listener 0/1 SAN, but subsequent listenings require no Sanity roll.

The title cut, "Unspeakable," features a guest artist from New Orleans calling himself "The Royal Pant," an anagram of "Nyarlathotep." The back of the album shows a small photo of a tall black man blowing a saxophone, captioned "The Royal Pant."

During the "Unspeakable" track, an inhuman chanting can be heard in the background. This quickly grows in volume till it drowns out the rest of the music. If the album is taped, then played in reverse, a startling discovery is made. Just as the chanting dwindles into the background (remember, this is being played backwards), the unintelligible chanting suddenly becomes an unearthly voice reciting a litany in a demanding 11-tone scale: *Mglw' nash Celaeno h'tagn naf' l fhtagn!* With a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll, the first-time hearer loses 1/1D6 SAN: the language is clearly that dreadful tongue understood by no human and attributed to Cthulhu by his hideous minions.

The "Unspeakable" video which Lochnar produced is a disappointment. Its crude technique and pointless violence caused most stations and cable operators to refuse it telecast. Viewers of it lose only their time and self-respect.

A wealth of hype and flack has been printed about the group. With a successful Library Use for each, the boxed excerpts on this page seem to be significant enough to photocopy.

Interviewing The Band

If the investigators wish to contact the band, they must speak with the band's publicist, Barry Watson.

Watson is a burly, florid redhead who talks fast and doesn't stop. He wears neat and expensive slacks, shirt, and shoes, and an ultra-expensive Italian leather jacket, but somehow the clothes are wrong on him — jeans, T-shirt, and a can of beer would be more appropriate.

Player Aid #7**GLC Play Dates**

San Francisco, Sept 25-26-27-28
 San Diego, Oct 1-2-3-4
 Los Angeles, Oct 5-6-7-8
 Phoenix, Oct 9
 Minneapolis, Oct 13-14
 * meditation, Oct 15-16-17
 Minneapolis, Oct 18
 Des Moines, Oct 20-21
 Chicago, Oct 23-24-25
 * meditation, Oct 26-27-28
 Chicago, Oct 29-30
 St. Louis, Nov 1-2
 Kansas City, Nov 3-4
 * meditation, Nov 5-6-7
 Kansas City, Nov 8-9-10
 Canal Zone, Nov 12-13
 Dallas, Nov 16-17
 * meditation, Nov 18-19-20
 Dallas, Nov 21-22
 Detroit, Nov 25-26-27
 Pittsburgh, Nov 29-30 - Dec 1
 Indianapolis, Dec 3-4-5
 Boston, Dec 11-12
 Philadelphia, Dec 14-15-16
 New York City, Dec 18-19-20-21-22-23
 San Juan, Puerto Rico, Dec 28-29
 Baltimore, Dec 31 - Jan 1
 Toronto, Jan 4-5
 Louisville, Jan 7-8
 * meditation, Jan 9-10-11
 Louisville, Jan 12
 Winston-Salem, Jan 15-16
 Houston, Jan 19-20
 * meditation, Jan 21-22-23
 Houston, Jan 24
 Atlanta, Jan 27-28
 * meditation, Jan 29-30-31
 Atlanta, Feb 1
 Miami, Feb 4-5-6
 * meditation, Feb 7-8-9
 Miami, Feb 10-11
 Jacksonville, Feb 14-15-16-17
 * meditation, Feb 18-19-20
 Jacksonville, Feb 21-22

Watson grants interviews (as opposed to press conferences) with the band only to professional journalists: with a successful Fast Talk he grants the interview without thinking; fail and he wants to see credentials). He can be bribed with drugs, money, or sex in this matter, type and amount left to the discretion of the keeper, but the interviewers must be competent enough not to embarrass him in the eyes of the band.

Lochnar may not be in town when the investigators call (he has a ninth monolith to raise). In this case, Watson schedules the interview after Lochnar returns.

Whether or not the investigators are allowed an interview, Watson's assistant, Peter Gates, gives each of the investigators a standard press pack. Included are two ordinary passes to the next concert.

If the investigators rate an interview, their tickets admit them to a press-box area on the mezzanine. There they can partake of a nice buffet and watch the concert comfortably. Additionally, they get special passes so that they can traipse about backstage before and after the show. A backstage pass is a printed, adhesive-backed silk patch worn on one's coat where security (Lochnar's bikers) can see it.

Peter Gates, Watson's assistant, is visibly disgruntled. At the keeper's discretion, he may contact the investigators and offer the inside story on Lochnar.

Gates tells the investigators how Lochnar stole his girlfriend (a groupie picked up on the road) and, a few days later, after he tired of her, dumped her somewhere in Arizona. Two days later, the girl committed suicide in a sleazy hotel. The story is true but there is no evidence that Lochnar did anything but behave callously. Gates may help arouse the investigators' suspicions. If Gates' disloyalty is discovered, Lochnar has him fired, or fired and beaten by the bikers.

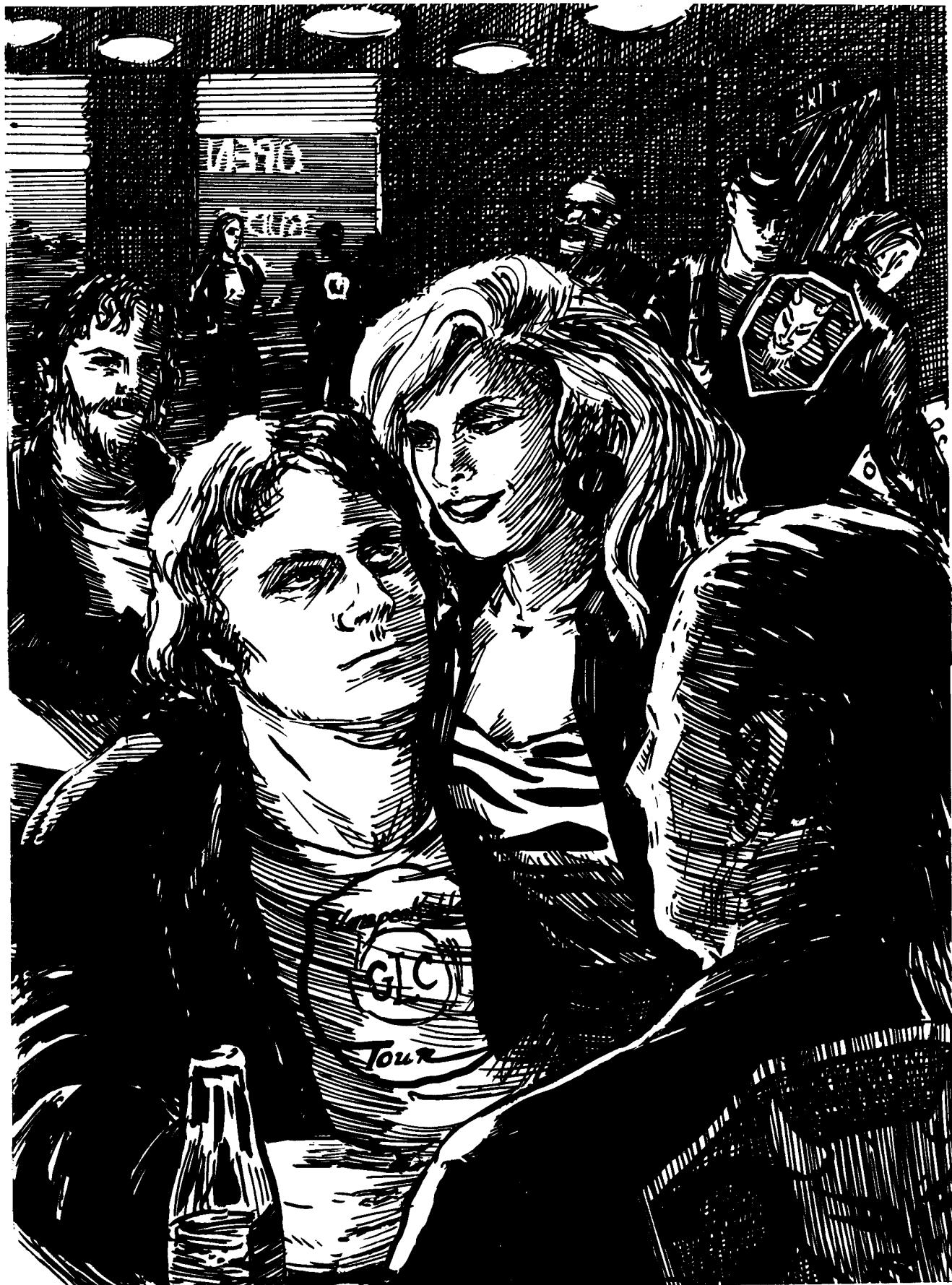
The Press Pack

The press pack is a glossy, lithographed folder. It contains 8x10 photos of the band along with short, uninformative bios of each. Numerous quotes are sprinkled throughout the promotional material, especially from *Billboard*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Guitar Player* magazines, possibly alerting the investigators to these publications as sources of information.

Another potentially useful item is the list of dates for the tour. Plotting the meditation stops on a map forms a giant inverted "V" stretching from Minneapolis to Houston and Miami in the south. The present meditation is the last one scheduled, the ninth of the tour. The Jacksonville area makes the ninth point of the V-shape.

Any investigator knowing the Call Hastur or Summon Byakhee spell, or who has seen the monoliths required for summoning Hastur, or who succeeds at Cthulhu Mythos, recognizes the pattern as that required in bringing Hastur to Earth. What the colossal size of this pattern entails is unknown, though a successful Idea roll suggests that humanity will not benefit.

Finally, a blurb gushes that "Brian's meditations are famous. With his cycle friends, he head for the open road and the freedom from cares that intoxicating speed and danger provide. 'It helps me get my head on straight,' Brian comments." The reader gathers that Lochnar likes to ride motorcycles and has found in the activity some metaphysical meaning. This is perfectly true: the meditations conceal Lochnar's continuing invocation of Hastur the Unspeakable.



Billy, Star, and Donut

The Interview

This is held in the afternoon at a local recording studio, rented by the band to rehearse material in preparation for the third album. When the investigators arrive, they are met by Watson, the publicist. If Watson has a bribe due him, he expects to be paid off before the investigators get the interview.

Watson warns the investigators that he doesn't want the band members to be questioned about the Kinsky murder. He goes so far as to imply violence, and the band's bodyguards — various members of a motorcycle club called Satan's Sadists — can be seen hanging around the studio. A successful Psychology roll suggests that several of them may indeed be dangerous, and that Watson himself should not be brushed off lightly.

The investigators meet the band in a comfortable lounge. When they arrive, Lochnar is not there, though the bass player and drummer are, accompanied by a young lady named Star. The three relax on a couch, smoking cigarettes, swilling Southern Comfort, and watching a daytime game show on the TV. Brian is expected any moment.

The investigators are introduced to Mark Holland, the bass player, and Kevin Schwartz, the trio's drummer. Star's presence is not acknowledged. Holland and Schwartz are friendly with, but not overly-familiar with the shapely, leather-clad woman. She is the girlfriend of Billy, the leader of the Satan's Sadists motorcycle club. If any of the investigators make a move on her, she responds, but later tells her boy friend, a very jealous man.

When she unzips the sleeve of her bike jacket to scratch her arm, any investigator receiving a successful Spot Hidden roll notices reddened lines and areas in the inside of her arm. Star, much more than her boy friend Billy, is addicted to heroin.

Mark Holland

Tall and slim, Holland dresses in black leather pants and vest with no shirt. Numerous meaningless pendants dangle around his neck and he always keeps an old leather hat on his head — he is balding and does not wish it known.

Holland is uncommunicative, but he treats the subject of Brian Lochnar with care. He reveals nothing certain to the investigators, though he is suspicious of Lochnar and his fascination with the occult. Holland, however, only thinks that Lochnar is eccentric, not uncommon in the record business, and doesn't dream of Brian's actual connections with the Mythos.

He does complain about Lochnar's famous meditations, the periodic spiritual holidays he takes while on tour. Holland would prefer to be on stage more often.

MARK HOLLAND

STR 12 CON 10 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 12 SAN 42 HP 12

Kevin Schwartz

Short and muscular, Schwartz sports an afro and a thick black moustache. He usually wears high-heeled boots to make himself taller. He is the friendliest of the musicians and responds to almost any question put to him by the interviewers. He has no suspicions or ill feelings regarding Lochnar and is nearly worthless as a source of information.

He is addicted to cocaine and openly cuts and sniffs a set of lines while being interviewed. Kevin has a slightly warped sense of humor and is likely to fabricate some story about Lochnar or the band to get a rise out of the investigators. He may even point the investigators down a blind alley by telling them about Lochnar's affiliation with the Moonies or some other cult, sending them off on a wild goose chase.

Another red herring he may feed the investigators is that both of Lochnar's parents are confined in a mental institution in Vermont, registered under false names.

Schwartz tells these stories in as convincing a manner as possible, pulling one of the investigators off to the side and whispering the information to him.

KEVIN SCHWARTZ

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 14 APP 14 EDU 11 SAN 45 HP 12

Lochnar Arrives

Half an hour after the investigators arrive, Lochnar shows up, accompanied by Billy, the leader of the Satan's Sadists motorcycle gang. Lochnar wears street clothes: red spandex pants, knee-length high-heeled boots, a canary-yellow parka with spangles on the back spelling out HERAKLES LUVS THEBES, a T-shirt with leather vest, and a pair of gloves decorated with brown and green feathers.

With the boots, Lochnar is nearly six-and-a-half-feet tall. He wears his blond, nearly-white hair to his shoulders on the right side, but the left side of his head is mostly shaven. His skin is pale and unhealthy-looking. His watery blue eyes give him a distant, ethereal look that he enhances with tasteful eye make-up. He wears a fair amount of jewelry, mostly pendants and bracelets. His left ear is pierced with three studs and one dangling earring, an onyx V in which eight diamonds and a single ruby are regularly spaced.

Among other items hung around his neck is a whistle suspended from a gold chain. This whistle was a gift from a nameless emissary of Hastur. It reveals its true function only to those who have made The Promise to Hastur.

Lochnar walks straight up to the investigators and, smiling warmly, introduces himself. Billy ambles over to the couch and takes a spot next to Star. He immediately begins to paw her, oblivious to the investigators.

Lochnar allows the investigators twenty minutes for their interview; they learn little from the wily plotter. Lochnar remains friendly and cooperative but tactfully avoids answering any questions too sensitive for him.

With successful Psychology rolls, the investigators realize afterwards that they have been the ones sized-up rather than the other way around.

If the investigators bring up the topic of the Kinsky girl's death, Lochnar angrily accuses them of sensationalism. If the investigators persist, Lochnar goes to the door and calls for Watson. The investigators soon find themselves ejected from the studio by large, smelly bikers.

BRIAN LOCHNAR

STR 13 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 17 POW 24
DEX 14 APP 14 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 15

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 66%, Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 60%, Drive Motorcycle 67%, Fast Talk 55%, Jump 65%, Listen 65%, Occult 45%, Orate 52%, Pharmacy 23%, Psychology 35%, Sing 65%, Sneak 77%, Spot Hidden 85%.

Spells: Summon/Bind Byakhee, Call Hastur, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Free Hastur, Song of Hastur, The Unspeakable Promise.

The Concert

Sold-out, Hughes Auditorium holds over 6,000 people. Seats cost \$12.50 to \$16.50, but tickets are now only available through scalpers, whose prices start at \$50, subject to the Bargain skill.

The doors open at 5:30pm but the show doesn't begin until 9:15pm or later. The backstage area is heavily guarded and the investigators cannot enter unless they have special backstage passes. The auditorium is packed long before the scheduled start time. Unless the investigators use the press-box tickets supplied by Watson, they must suffer festival seating. That means get there early, grab a seat, and never leave it.

God's Lost Children fans are notoriously rowdy; retaining one's seat through an entire show is nearly impossible. Wearing wild costumes and acting exaggeratedly, they quickly spot and jeer at any conservatively dressed or middle-aged investigators who attend. If the investigators move around much through the theater, they will be challenged more than once. Drugs circulate openly and the air reeks of marijuana by the time the lights are dimmed and the band takes the stage.

Much of the two-hour show is likely to be of little interest to the investigators. The keeper should feel free to introduce any sort of encounters or actions he sees fit. Arguments over seats happen all the time and GLC concerts are notorious for the number of fights that break out. This kind of event always attracts pick-pockets.

The bathrooms teem with a variety of entertaining characters and situations: addicts, transvestites, bewildered parents, children vomiting on the floor, indiscriminate use of a facility by either sex, and the ever-popular activities customarily not performed in public.

GLC uses no warm-up act, and does a two hour-long set with the usual encore. Lochnar uses most of the front-center stage while Holland plays to stage right and back. Kevin Schwartz, on the drums, is confined to a tall riser stage left and further to the rear.

The show begins with a darkened stage. As Schwartz slowly pounds the huge bronze gong mounted behind

NEW SPELLS

Free Hastur

This chant, in conjunction with the nine stone monoliths required for the Call Hastur spell, permits Hastur to enter and to remain freely within the triangular area bounded by the dedicated monoliths. Lochnar leads his audience in this chant on the last night of the tour.

Within that area, Hastur need not return to the sky at sunrise and can remain active all year round. In addition, all Hastur-connected spells remain usable at all times within the bounded region. Lochnar has used poured concrete forms to create the monoliths, and arranged them into an far-flung V-shape, giving Hastur the freedom of the entire Mississippi river valley.

Only the leader needs to know the chant. Everyone else involved in the chant loses 1 point of Power. For every 10 POW sacrificed, 1 POW worth of Hastur or his creatures gains access to Earth. Thus, 350 chanters are needed to bring Hastur himself, who has POW 35. One of Hastur's Star-Spawn (similar in statistics to the Star Spawn of Cthulhu) of POW 21, takes 210 more chanters. With five or six thousand chanting people at a concert, Hastur and a mob of hideous horrors can bridge space from Aldebaran.

Song Of Hastur

This song is a wailing ululation costing the caster 1D4 SAN. It costs 1D4 magic points per round the song is attempted. The weird melody is only effective in rounds that a Sing roll is successful and must be directed against a specified target, though anyone present can hear the song.

When successful, the spell causes the skin and flesh of the chosen victim to bubble and fester into pustulant blebs, giving 1D6 damage per round. After two rounds, the victim's blisters leave scars reducing APP by 1D6. After four rounds, internal ruptures lower CON by 1D6. When the victim's hit points reach 0, the target's body swells up, then bursts with a sickening pop as steam and gore spill onto the floor.

The Song can be used defensively to neutralize another's use of it. Two sorcerers can sing against each other. If both Sing rolls succeed, no damage is inflicted. Only when one sorcerer fails his Sing roll (or runs out of magic points) can the other harm him with the spell. This spell is ordinarily usable only when the star Aldebaran is above the horizon at night.

The Unspeakable Promise

This binding oath is made to He Who Is Not To Be Named and costs the caster 2D8 SAN. In return, Hastur the Unspeakable grants the recipient appropriate benefits. A typical reward might be the gift of an important ancient tome, such as the *R'yeh Text*, from one of Hastur's human agents or an automatic award of 3 POW yearly for the rest of the recipient's life. Knowledge of spells, gifts of magic items, etc., all are plausible.

cont. on p. 116

him, Lochnar speaks the opening words from "The Dark Ones Rise," lyrics taken from the *Turner Codex*. The bass and drums crescendo and the audience rises to its feet as the stage is hit with lights and the band breaks into its first tune.

After a thousand laser effects and smoke bombs, and a million decibels later, the band finishes its show and leaves the stage. They wait ten minutes and more before returning for the customary encore.

Till the end, the show reveals little information that the investigators could not have already picked up from listening to the group's records. The encore, however, is interesting. Lochnar always performs "Old Times, New Times" as the last number, and during this tune he leads the audience in the wordless chant to the spell of Free Hastur. A successful Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies the chant as Mythos-oriented.

Lochnar exhorts the audience to chant louder and louder, trying to get them to scream at the top of their lungs. The band breaks into its finale while the audience continues to chant. Amidst a spectacular light show, the drum riser begins to elevate slowly into the air, revealing itself to be made in the likeness of a stone pillar. Multi-colored smoke pours out from around the base of the shaft while Lochnar falls to his knees playing high pitched, shrieking notes on his guitar. The lights are killed and the show ends to the tumultuous squeals of the fans.

Any investigator who has been confronted by the interstellar beings known as Byakhee recognizes Lochnar's final solo as imitating the screams emitted by these hook-winged horrors.

The Band's Hotel Rooms

For itself and its entourage, GLC has rented the entire 22nd floor of the Bellaire Arms hotel, downtown and not far from Hughes Auditorium. The elevators travel above the 20th floor only if a special plastic key is inserted in a slot. Many hotel employees carry these keys and a small supply of them sits behind the always-manned front desk. Access through the stairwells is possible, but the doors open only from the other side, although the locks might be picked.

The best time to sneak up here is during a concert, as the group and hangers-on will be working at the show. However, at least four bikers are left to guard the floor. The bikers are in a room near the elevators, watching a Road Runner cartoon special on TV. They leave the door open so they can hear intruders in the hall, but they are not particularly alert. The investigators can easily hear the television and the bikers' voices. With any stated effort to be quiet, the investigators can move freely about the floor. Of course, one or more of the bikers could always wander out into the hall.

Two dozen rooms and suites are on the floor, with the names of the occupants written on cards hung on the doors opening into the common hall. For convenience, most of the band and its entourage leave their doors unlocked, but not Lochnar — whose door lock must be picked. Loud noises, like shooting a door's lock, attracts the attention of the bikers.

cont. from p. 115

Lochnar has made the Promise in return for the ability to use the Whistle of Summoning he possesses. Now Hastur has a claim on Lochnar's mortal form. Each successive year of Lochnar's life, a 2% (not cumulative) chance exists that Hastur takes control in the form described as The Unspeakable Possessor.

The Unspeakable Possessor

Eventually Hastur possesses all who make the Unspeakable Promise. When it happens, the mind of Hastur takes over and transforms the victim's body. The body must still be alive (if the victim is dead, the transformation begins anyway, but stops after a few hours). If the caster is deceased, Hastur possesses his nearest blood relative instead, after a delay of 1D6 days. The victim's skin takes on a gray-green, scaly texture. The body becomes a bloated parody of a humanoid shape; the limbs become boneless and fluid.

Once possessed, the resulting thing is usually content to wreak whatever havoc is deemed most vital, often merely killing and devouring.

As with most Hastur-related spells, the hideous product is affected by the position of Aldebaran, and collapses comatose at Aldebaran's setting or at sunrise, whichever comes first, losing 1D20 off its STR and SIZ (roll 1D20 once and subtract the score from each statistic). If either statistic is ever brought to 0 or less, the thing dies and dissolves. If it survives, the creature awakes again the next time the sun is down and Aldebaran rises.

In combat, the Hastur-thing may attempt to grasp its victim with its tentacular arms. On a successful hit, the target dies instantly and painfully, foaming at the mouth and ears.

But the Hastur thing may instead thrust its tentacle-like, jaw-tipped fingers inside the victim's body and suck in the body fluids, draining 1D10 hit points on this and every succeeding round until the victim dies. All hit points drained are divided between the creature's STR and SIZ in the ratio the creature desires. The more victims the Hastur-thing takes, the larger it grows. If it does not take enough victims each night, eventually the 1D20 loss at sunrise causes the creature's dissolution.

THE UNSPEAKABLE POSSESSOR

characteristic	roll	average
STR	former x2	21
CON	former x3	31-32
SIZ	former x1.5	20
INT	15	
POW	35	
DEX	former	10-11
HP		26
Move	8	

Weapons: Touch 85%, death or drain*

* drains 1D10 hit points per round, each point adding to the Hastur-thing's STR or SIZ.

Armor: 6-point scales + rubbery flesh.

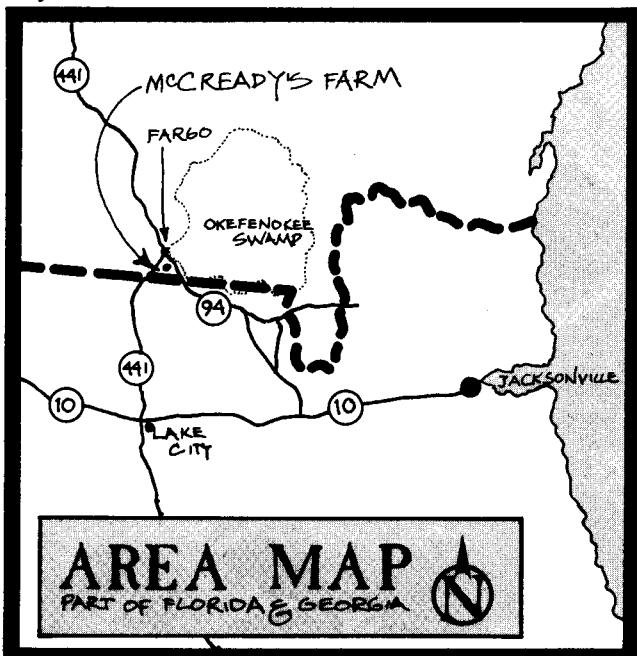
SAN Cost: seeing it costs 1/1D6 SAN. Watching a victim be drained to a husk costs 1/1D6 SAN.



Lochner, Holland, Schwartz

Player Aid #8:

Minneapolis, Oct. 17
Chicago, Oct. 28
Kansas City, Nov. 7
Dallas, Nov. 20
Louisville, Jan. 11
Houston, Jan. 23
Atlanta, Jan. 31
Miami, Feb. 9
Jacksonville, Feb. 20

Player Aid #9

If the investigators gain access to Lochnar's room, they find it slovenly and dark. Sheet music, marked with unusual symbols, lies on the desk next to a stack of cassette tapes. Some of the tapes are albums by obscure, occult-oriented bands; others contain rough tracks of Lochnar's new music. This new music is mostly of strange chants in an unknown language. Listeners immediately feel nervous and frightened when they hear it: if they persist in listening, they learn nothing more but lose 0/1 SAN.

A drawer contains drug paraphernalia and about \$20,000 worth of cocaine stored in expensive antique snuff boxes. Another drawer contains a handwritten list of monolith sites, and a sketch map locating the final monolith accompanied by a letter from an attorney. On a table rests Lochnar's copy of the *Turner Codex*.

The Turner Codex

Copies of this book exist in the libraries of Miskatonic University, as well as Harvard, Duke, and perhaps others.

Player Aid #10:

Stanford, Chase, and Associates

Attorneys-at-Law
 200 Beach, Suite 9, Miami FL 33131-07661.

December 12, 19--

Mr. Brian Lochnar
 Trio Corporation
 Suite 7D
 1001 Avenida de las Estrellitas
 Hollywood, CA 90028

Dear Mr. Lochnar:

We are pleased to have acquired the land you require, for the sum of \$1800.00. Payment has been made and deeds and notices registered. Documentation is on file at our office, and the originals are being sent to your office by separate post.

We hope you have been satisfied by our services.

Yours sincerely,

H.G. Stanford
 Attorney-at-Law
 HGS:ml

Of early Mayan origin, this sheaf of thin copper plates, into which hieroglyphs and pictures were painstakingly hammered, was discovered in the late nineteenth century by Maplethorpe Turner.

Turner, independently wealthy and enamored of strange places, found the codex amidst ruins on the northern border of Guatemala, and brought back the plates to his Boston mansion. There he spent eleven years deciphering the pictograms. The final translation, published in 1902, was ignored by the academic community because Turner jealously refused to publish corroborating details of his work, apparently intending to put only his name on what might prove a major discovery. He declared that his word as a gentleman should be more than enough.

After Turner died, the precious metal originals were lost in a 1919 fire. Turner's book, of which only a thousand copies were printed, remains a fantasy to scholars, who politely ignore it.

The translation presents an otherwise-unrecorded area of Mayan mythology. Reading the *Codex* costs 1D6 SAN, adds 4% to Cthulhu Mythos, and adds 1% to Anthropology. It has a x3 spell multiplier and contains the following spells: Enchant Chime of Tezchaptl, Brew Space-Mead, The Unspeakable Promise, Call Hastur, Free Hastur, and the Song of Hastur, in that order.

Notable Excerpts from the Codex:

- Deep beneath the dark lake He dwells. Some say He is chained, others say He only sleeps. He awaits His time and His time shall be.
- Shafts from the Underworld rise in triumph, the Spines of Rhadnoth, the Slumberer.
- And He Who Is Not To Be Named by the hand of man shall be freed. This same hand may not stop Him; it is spoken and must be. The Old Ones must come and men must end and the earth shall be again as dust.
- From star to star doth He plunge, reveling in His time. The earth quakes in fear. It is the time of ending.
- The Chime of Tezchaptl provides protection against your foes and permits you to destroy the singing sorcerer. The Chime that is made nearer to the sky gods is that which is more effective.

Satan's Sadists

These bikers are 25 to 45 years old, rebels and misfits, hyper-critical of a broader society which in turn mostly is oblivious of them. This group bears no relation to ordinary motorcycle touring clubs — Satan's Sadists make up their own laws and choose their own customs. Some are heavy drug users.

Though they all have leather bike jackets, and many have chaps and other protective gear, they are most likely to be seen in jeans and T-shirts, wearing belts with heavy buckles (for use in brawls) and wearing steel-tipped motorcycle boots (for the same reason).

Lacking other ideas, the members carry out the orders of Billy, the leader. But they are anarchists and romantics, not soldiers, and they do not carry out orders like zombies. If Billy's demands were plainly contrary to the interests of the group, most of the members would quickly leave. Only Billy's hard-core, the group presented below, would stay for a while.

Billy was attracted to Lochnar's music when it was first released, and sought out the musician at a club in San Jose. The gang was later hired to do security at a few concerts and was then invited to accompany the band on its "Unspeakable" tour.

The gang's motorcycles (along with Lochnar's) can be hauled in one of the 18-wheelers which move the show, but real bikers prefer to ride their bikes from point to point, weather permitting. The thunderous parade of enormous Harley-Davidson bikes ridden by outlaw bikers impressively escorts the caravan. Satan's Sadists, identified on their jacket backs by a cartoon face of Satan flanked by capital S's, boasts a complement of twenty bikers for the tour.

The Hard Core

• **BILLY:** The leader of the gang and a personal friend of Lochnar's. He is tall and muscular, with a pig-like squint to his eyes. Exceptionally suspicious, Billy is well-versed in occult lore and has learned of the Mythos through Lochnar. Billy has made The Unspeakable Promise.

Billy is a tough guy, but won't generally involve himself with assaults upon the investigators unless he is

NEW SPELL

The Chime of Tezchaptl

This spell teaches the user to enchant a small bell or chime made of any pure metal. Silver gives the best tone. The ritual of enchantment takes six hours, 1D6 SAN, and 2 POW. As hinted, the higher the altitude at which the enchanting is performed, the more effective the chime. The chime receives 1% effectiveness for every 100 feet above sea level at which it is made. For example, if the chime is enchanted on a mountain 5500 feet above sea level that chime has a 55% chance of being effective each time it is rung.

Properly magicked, the chime becomes an effective weapon against any sorcerer who is casting a spell by singing or using a musical instrument. Typical music-tied spells include Free Hastur, Song of Hastur, Dampen Light, Soul Singing, etc. When rung softly, the chime gathers and absorbs the sorcerer's spell, cancelling that spell's effect for that round. Roll 1D100 each round the chime is softly rung, to see if it is effective, as per the altitude at which it was forged.

As it absorbs a singer's magic, the metal takes on a peculiar sheen and the chime's tone alters timbre. The chime can be rung continuously to absorb spells taking more than a single round to cast, or to absorb successive spells. Once it has absorbed a spell, it retains that spell's essence for 2D6 minutes.

If, before the essence dissipates, the holder rings the chime loudly, the energy it has absorbed is released suddenly and violently back at the individual who originally sang the spells absorbed. This causes 1D6 damage for each 2 magic points or POW the chime has absorbed, usually leading to a catastrophic death for the singing sorcerer, unless he has some type of magic defense available. The target's blood vessels erupt and he begins to bleed from every pore. If he takes more than half damage, his eyeballs actually burst, causing permanent blindness if he survives.

Using the chime costs no SAN, although witnessing its effects may. Creating the chime extracts a price: the creator must make the terrible Unspeakable Promise.

personally threatened. He tries not to commit physical crimes these days, participating occasionally just to maintain his reputation as a bad-stompin' dude. He injects heroin frequently, but Billy is more likely to choose drugs like PCP, which make him violent, deadly, and nearly impervious to pain.

Billy is attached to Star. He'll have his gang cripple anyone he catches making a pass at her. Anyone harming Star is a dead man.

Although Billy's SAN is 22, he is Indefinitely Insane from his purposeful delving into the Mythos. Though he is not subject to incapacitation from Temporary Insanity, he is still subject to further SAN losses.



an Unspeakable Possessor (further)

BILLY (The Leader)

STR 16 CON 16 SIZ 15 INT 16 POW 15
DEX 14 APP 14 EDU 12 SAN 22 HP 16

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, 1D3+1D4 damage
Head Butt 65%, 1D4+1D4 damage
Kick 85%, 1D6+1D4 damage
Grapple 80%, special damage
Knife 75%, 1D4+1D4 damage
.357 Magnum 80%, 1D10+2 damage

Skills: Climb 85%, Cthulhu Mythos 21%, Dodge 85%, Drive Automobile 80%, Electrical Repair 75%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 45%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 65%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Occult 65%, Oratory 35%, Pick Pocket 25% Psychology 55%, Ride Motorcycle 85%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Spell: The Unspeakable Promise.

- **STAR:** as Billy's girl, she has reluctantly also made the Unspeakable Promise. A classic Bad Girl, she has an all-knowing and contemptuous air about her, and has no desire to be reformed. As things go, she is loyal enough to Billy, but would consider advances from a handsome investigator. All the bikers already know better than to test Billy's faith in her fidelity.

Star is good-looking and tough. She carries a sharpened aluminum rattail comb and a .25 automatic in her purse. She can use either with good effect. After dropping out of high school, Star spent three years in custody for the manslaughter death of her father.

STAR (Billy's Girl)

STR 8 CON 10 SIZ 9 INT 12 POW 8
DEX 12 APP 16 EDU 10 SAN 21 HP 10

Weapons: Sharpened Comb 65%, 1D4 damage
.25 Automatic Pistol 55%, 1D6 damage

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Listen 67%, Ride Motorcycle 35%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Spell: The Unspeakable Promise.

- **DONUT:** Billy's best friend and, as the enforcer, nominal second-in-command of Satan's Sadists. Donut is huge, and his scarred, knobbed face is reminiscent of Quasimodo's. His appearance disguises the quick mind that lies beneath. He cares nothing about the occult, and Billy has never told him about Hastur or The Unspeakable Promise.

DONUT (The Enforcer)

STR 17 CON 17 SIZ 18 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 13 APP 5 EDU 14 SAN 60 HP 18

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, 1D3+1D6 damage
Kick 90%, 1D6+1D6 damage
Grapple 90%, special damage
.38 Revolver 75%, 1D10 damage
Knife 80%, 1D6+1D6 damage

Skills: Climb 60%, Dodge 65%, Hide 70%, Jump 65%, Listen 65%, Ride Motorcycle 77%, Sneak 70%, Spot Hidden 65%.

- **GOAT:** looks like one, smells like one, acts like one: hence the nickname. He is tall and thin, with a bad leg injured years ago in a motorcycle accident. He has be-

come the gang's chief of new-member initiation, because no one can come up with more disgusting ideas more quickly than he. Goat has studied martial arts in an attempt to make up for his crippled appendage. He also keeps a .45 automatic tucked into his pants.

GOAT (Chef d'Initiation)

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 14 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 17 APP 8 EDU 10 SAN 54 HP 15

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, 2D3+1D4 damage
.45 Revolver 55%, 1D10+2 damage

Skills: Climb 55%, Dodge 55%, Hide 80%, Jump 85%, Martial Arts 80%, Pick Pocket 65%, Ride Motorcycle 75%, Sneak 85%.

NEW SKILL

Martial Arts

When attacking with fist/punch, head butt, kick, or grapple, if the roll to hit equals or is less than the attacker's Martial Arts percentage, then the attacker does double damage: his or her fist does 2D3 damage, for instance, plus the ordinary undoubled damage bonus.

If a defender with the Martial Arts skill successfully parries — receiving a die roll equal to or less than his or her Martial Arts percentage — then the defender takes no damage. The Martial Arts parry only can be used against melee weapon attacks.

• **LESTER:** he is big, hairless, and grossly overweight — a huge swollen maggot in black leather. He keeps a chromed triplex motorcycle chain fastened around his waist and a slender knife hidden in his boot. Lester is most likely to murder someone, usually because he can think of nothing else to do with an opponent.

LESTER (The Molester)

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 19 INT 10 POW 8
DEX 10 APP 9 EDU 8 SAN 55 HP 17

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, 1D3+1D6 damage
Chain 80%, 1D6+1D6 damage
Knife 85%, 1D4+1D6 damage

Skills: Climb 40%, Dodge 20%, Hide 10%, Jump 35%, Ride Motorcycle 85%.

• **TWINK:** a short, slight, pock-marked smart-guy who openly carries a huge bowie knife on his belt and conceals a pistol under his jacket. Twink is hot-headed and the most likely biker to provoke violence, even when under orders not to, or to pull a gun.

TWINK (The Hot-Head)

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 17 APP 12 EDU 8 SAN 33 HP 12

Weapons: Knife 85%, 1D4+2 damage
.38 Revolver 44%, 1D8 damage

Skills: Climb 80%, Dodge 85%, Fast Talk 85%, Hide 80%, Jump 85%, Ride Motorcycle 85%, Sneak 80%.

• **CARRIE:** a female biker about six feet tall. She is vicious and without restraint in a fight (fights being, for the most part, spontaneous volunteer affairs). She has her own bike, unlike most of the women who ride behind their old men, and is frequently unattached. Carrie is intense, hard-muscled, hatchet-faced, and does not take insults. She keeps a steel escrima-stick in her left boot.

CARRIE (The Huntress)

STR 14 CON 18 SIZ 15 INT 11 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 5 SAN 30 HP 17

Weapons: Fist 55%, 2D3+1D4 damage
Groin Kick 55%, 2D6+1D4 damage
Knife 75%, 1D4+1D4 damage
Escrema Stick 85%, 1D8+1D4 damage

Skills: Climb 50%, Dodge 55%, Hide 35%, Jump 45%, Martial Arts 55%, Ride Motorcycle 85%, Sneak 45%.

• **RAT:** this scum sports lots of tattoos and an evil, narrow, face. He uses brass knuckles adorned with inch-long spikes. He has trained in martial arts, but prefers more to pose than actually fight. Nobody likes Rat, but he's handy because he's willing to do anything.

RAT (The Loser)

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 9 POW 8
DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 8 SAN 42 HP 13

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, 2D3+3+1D4 damage *
Kick 55%, 2D6+1D4 damage

Skills: Climb 45%, Dodge 45%, Hide 45%, Jump 85%, Martial Arts 65%, Pick Pocket 55%, Ride Motorcycle 75%, Sneak 85%.

* increased damage due to brass knuckles as well as Martial Arts.

• **LURCH:** as a young man, he suffered brain damage which went untreated. Now he lives for the applause the gang gives him when he swings a 2x4 as a club.

LURCH (The Dummy)

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 7 POW 6
DEX 10 APP 8 EDU 9 SAN 32 HP 16

Weapons: Fist/Punch 85%, 1D3+1D4 damage
2x4 Club 55% attack, 85% parry, 1D8+1D4 damage

Skills: Climb 40%, Dodge 20%, Hide 15%, Jump 30%, Ride Motorcycle 55%, Sneak 15%.

The Ninth Meditation

At 6am on Feb. 18, Brian Lochnar begins his latest meditation. Bikes, bikers, and four rented vans rumble out of the hotel parking garage and head toward Interstate 10, with bleary groupies and scattered fans pointing and squealing in its wake.

A successful Spot Hidden roll establishes that the vans are heavily loaded, and that sixteen bikes and seventeen riders (Star rides double with Billy) are going on the run.

After a few blocks, the blasphemously noisy caravan, scattering pedestrians and drivers, picks up an escort of three State of Florida Highway Patrol cars. This always-cooperative organization has agreed to stake a big star like Lochnar to a little peace and quiet. Once on the

freeway, the patrol cars form up abreast, behind the caravan, blocking traffic from passing. Then the patrol cars slow down, and the caravan speeds off out of sight, preventing groupies and fans from following, and incidentally any investigators as well.

If the investigators have not searched GLC's floor at the Bellaire Arms, this would be a good time. Everything there, including the four guards, is as presented above. The map leading to the ninth site is still there, so that the investigators can drive there whenever they choose.

The guards who stay behind are four of Billy's hardcore followers; Billy and the remainder of the hard-core are with Lochnar.

The route heads west, then turns north on Florida 125, toward the great Okefenokee swamp and the Georgia border. After half an hour and several more branch roads, the investigators find themselves on a rural dirt road not far from the Suwannee river.

Jimmy McCready

The dirt road bounces through bend after bend of cool brushlands. A recent rainfall makes the going slippery. The investigators easily see bike and van tracks ahead. As they round another thicket, though, they see a house near at hand, and a locked wooden gate blocking the road.

No one is visible, though smoke rises from the chimney of the small wooden house. The road continues beyond the gate, and so do the tracks, both disappearing into trees several hundred yards beyond.

The investigators may safely backtrack and not be seen, may skirt the house and continue on Lochnar's trail, may knock politely at the door and ask for admission, or ram the gate and continue on.

IF THE INVESTIGATORS LEAVE: if they leave and do not return in time, then Lochnar finishes the ninth monolith, and summons Hastur on the 22nd of the month.

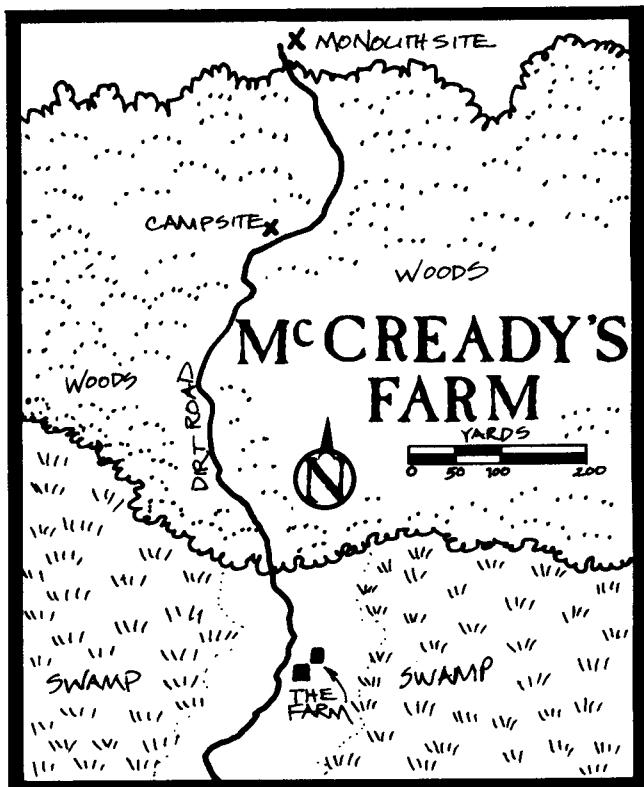
IF THE INVESTIGATORS RAM THROUGH THE GATE: with a successful Drive roll, the gate shatters and their vehicle bounces on down the country lane. A successful Listen roll detects a distant shout from the house, but there is no other consequence.

IF THE INVESTIGATORS SKIRT THE HOUSE: there is swamp about a hundred yards to the left and to the right of the house, flanked by palmetto and even prickly-pear cactus on sandy hummocks.

Ask for Zoology rolls: if anyone succeeds, he or she remembers that alligators will be in semi-hibernation in the cold weather; if all fail the roll, as is likely, use alligators as a red herring. Remind everyone that the alligator population of Florida has skyrocketed and that

alligator attacks have become widespread. Perhaps there are splashes in the swamp, or perhaps there are weird, echoic rumbles not far away. Perhaps mating season is due to start, and the bulls are tense and aggressive.

Also ask for a Hide roll. If anyone fails, a black man in overalls comes out of the house and waves toward the party. "Hello!" he calls. "What you fellas want?" At that point, farmer Jimmy McCready comes over if the investigators are friendly, or shouts and runs back into the house if they are not. If they talk with McCready, he says much the same thing as in the next sub-section.



IF THE INVESTIGATORS KNOCK AT THE DOOR: McCready is just a farmer with whom Lochnar's lawyers contracted to buy a plot of ground on which to erect a monolith. Lochnar has striven to put the monoliths in as straight converging lines as possible, with approximately the same intervals between monoliths.

Anyway, McCready will say, one day some lawyers appeared, and offered McCready \$1500.00 for a quarter-acre of ground. They said that someone wanted to put up a marker commemorating his great-grandfather, who had died hereabouts more than a hundred years ago.

"So I said, 'How big?'" McCready continues, "and they said, 'Pretty big, only you can plow around it.' Well, that sounded fine to me, so I worked 'em up to \$1800, yep, \$1800.00 dollars! Cash money!" McCready nearly

jumps for joy. "Only now that I see the bunch what came out to do the deed, I think there's somethin' funny about the deal."

McCready is a decent sort, and so is his wife, Mary Beth. Neither of them know anything, but they are anxious, and well they should be: once Hastur is summoned, the area around the monolith will be a parade ground for murderous Mythos monsters. The McCreadys say that Lochnar's party is camping half a mile down the road, and that the purchased plot is a quarter of a mile further on.

The Site of the Monolith

This section assumes that the investigators arrive after the sun has set.

Not very far into the trees, large campfires can be seen. The gang members are amusing themselves with contests such as beer-drinking, beer-belching, and other, cruder competitions. No one is standing guard, or even standing up. The monolith has been poured and all but three people —Lochnar, Billy, and Star — have returned to the main camp.

The vans brought in the fixings for ten cubic yards of quick-set cement, a cement mixer, and the lumber to build a form for it. The shape of the monolith is two yards wide, two yards long, and two-and-a-half yards high. Though the volume of concrete must be at least nine cubic yards, the shape of the beacon is unimportant: the bikers flung the forms together, mixed up the concrete and poured it, and shoved in a dozen or so cardboard tubes to help the concrete dry.

At the monolith, a different party is taking place. Brian, Billy, and Star are in attendance. Several electric torches illuminate the scene. On the ground is a wriggling burlap sack. In the middle of the depression stands a large, crudely-constructed wooden bin — the wooden frame containing the still-wet concrete which forms the monolith.

An hour or two after sunset, Brian turns his face to the sky and begins a chant. About 9pm, Billy and Star take up the chant with Brian. After a few moments a weird whirring sound becomes audible overhead. Four byakhee have been summoned; the whirring noise is the sound of the monsters' wings.

Without ceasing his chant, Brian reaches into the burlap bag and draws forth nine kittens, the legs of each bound. He pulls a knife out of his belt and inexpertly slits each animal's neck. Simultaneously, a groaning noise resounds from deep in the earth. The earth heaves around the monolith; clouds of foul-smelling vapors pour from the broken sod. High above, the byakhee scream their approval. Watching the ceremony costs 0/1D3 SAN.

Star is not immune to the effects of insanity due to SAN losses and the keeper may play this as desired. She may go mad, forcing Lochnar to kill her and providing a little snack for the byakhees. They snatch her up, and carry her into the sky. For the next few minutes, bits and chunks of Star rain down from the darkness above (costing viewers 1/1D8 SAN).



an Unspeakable Possessor (nearer)

The concrete in the wooden bin is still soft, but over the next few days it will dry. When the concrete is hardened enough, Billy usually returns to the site, pours gasoline on the framing, and sets the bin afire, leaving steaming, blackened concrete.

If the investigators arrive after the ceremony is completed, they find only the molded concrete block and the corpses of the kittens. Spot Hidden rolls may reveal bootprints, bike and van tire marks, or even many byakhee footprints.

Defeating Brian Lochnar

With the creation of the ninth block, the way is ready for the summoning of Hastur. All Lochnar need do is lead his audience in the chant to Free Hastur, and the Great Old One can come to Earth to stay. Stopping this could be difficult.

The investigators could track down and systematically destroy the stone blocks; the information exists in Trio Corp. and Stanford, Chase, and Assoc. files as well as in Lochnar's memory. A few sticks of dynamite down the curing holes would do the trick.

Unfortunately, Lochnar has a psychic link with the stones, and will know instantly when one has been destroyed. He can replace the blocks, though with some difficulty.

Lochnar's concerts could be sabotaged by destroying band equipment, setting off fire alarms, or by activating sprinkler systems. This might work once or twice but sooner or later the investigators will be caught and face stiff jail terms.

Killing Lochnar is surest, but murder of a popular public figure is suicidal, not to mention inelegant, illegal, and immoral. Given modern forensic methods, the assassins are almost certain to be caught and convicted. More arcane methods might be used (summoned monsters, spells, etc.), but if Lochnar survives the initial attack, he'll turn all his might against the investigators.

Lochnar is most vulnerable onstage. Guns (such as rifles) of useful accuracy are difficult to bring into an auditorium (the bikers and security men watch for such with eagle eyes). The audience will try to tear to pieces anyone that they see shooting at their hero, Brian Lochnar. Investigators could cast damaging spells against the star without fear of mundane retribution. Lochnar instantly recognizes such an attack, pinpoints his enemy, and deftly counterattacks with the Song of Hastur: the audience thinks it part of the show.

Singing the song back is a good defense against this spell but, if the investigator does not know it, or is unsuccessful in the struggle, Lochnar keeps it up till the victim is dead. He then finishes his show. Using the magical chime described in the *Turner Codex* is the safest, most effective means of stopping Lochnar, but that means that someone must take The Unspeakable Promise.

For his part, Lochnar wants nothing to get in the way of his plans. Small offenses (such as snooping around)

cause him to send a squad of bikers against the investigators. The bikers won't try to kill anybody, limiting themselves to knocking the investigators around, kicking in the sides of their cars, and robbing them. Persistent investigators find their ribs treated similarly to their cars.

If Lochnar decides he must kill the investigators, he won't use the bikers. Instead, Lochnar summons byakhee. If desperate, he'll use his special contact with Hastur to cause him to metastasize Star's body (Billy is still useful to him) into The Unspeakable Possessor, sending the hideous result to destroy the group.

When Lochnar invokes the Possessor, Star realizes what is happening, and may run to the investigators for help. She'll probably get to them just before the transformation takes place, allowing the investigators to see the whole metamorphosis in all its eyeball-popping, skin-splitting madness.

Lochnar has till the end of March to successfully lead the audience in the chant to Free Hastur. If he fails, he'll have to wait till next year to complete his scheme. The investigators won't be able to foil him long with petty annoyances and, sooner or later, they must find a way to decisively defeat the evil star.

Conclusion

If the investigators succeed in stopping Lochnar, they each receive a 3D6 Sanity award.

Failure to stop Lochnar allows him to bring Hastur to the world. This event is recorded by astronomers around the world when a giant halo forms in the ionosphere, centered on the star Aldebaran. Scientists quickly discover that the ozone layer over the southern and middle United States has been depleted. Soon thereafter, a major drought scourges the South. In unrelated stories, minor and major earthquakes are reported in the central United States. As these disasters unfold, each investigator loses 3/3D4 Sanity points.

The mere presence of Hastur makes more difficult humanity's existence, but does not in itself force general calamity, even for the affected portions of the middle and south of the United States. Great Cthulhu, remember, has been on the planet without interruption, and life has been placid for many peoples. It is fair to estimate that crime, violence, and the tendency for irrational behavior increases, both within and without the affected area.

The keeper should ascribe greater and more long-term events as he or she desires. ■

Instructions For The Calendars

Find the year you want in the index on the next page. The number opposite that year is the number of the calendar to use for that year. The calendars are found on the next three pages.

NOTES: in 1752, England and her colonies adopted the Gregorian calendar, the reason for the strange-looking month of September in calendar 15. Before 1582 for approximately half a millennium, all of Europe used the Julian system, and some nations continued use of that untidier system into the nineteenth century.

For dates earlier than 1610 follow the pattern of the years, with this proviso: in the Julian calendar, a leap year falls every four years. In the Gregorian calendar, a leap year occurs every four years except for century years not divisible by four hundred: thus 1900 was not a leap year, but 2000 will be.

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cont. from p. 32

SPINAL INJURY GEAR: one 6x1.5' board folding in half (along the waist) for storage, one rescue-type cervical collar, two five-pound sandbags, and three straps. This gear immobilizes victims, can be used as a stretcher, and allows relatively safe moving of one injured patient. Gear costs \$300.00.

SPLINT KIT: four wire-ladder splints (excellent for angulated fractures) and one traction splint. Splinting mitigates the pain, blood loss, and shock caused by a fracture. Traction-splinting a fractured femur may be life-saving. Kit costs \$300.00.

Paramedic Equipment And Training

Like the EMT, a paramedic's mission is to protect life and reach a hospital in an hour or two. Paramedic training takes about 1000 hours; EMT training is prerequisite. A paramedic-level investigator can provide significant psychological first aid, as determined by the keeper. The equipment costs \$10,000.

AIRWAY KIT: allows the insertion of a plastic tube into the windpipe, keeping an unconscious victim's airway and lungs clear of blood, vomit, etc., and bettering a comatose victim's chance of survival. Kit costs \$200.00.

ANTI-SHOCK TROUSERS: these G-suit-type pants squeeze blood from the legs and pelvis up into the chest and brain, an excellent treatment for shock due to blood loss. The pants can compensate for one liter of lost blood. The pants also make easier the starting of intravenous lines easier in a victim whose veins have collapsed from loss of blood. Shock due to blood loss (caused by losing more than one liter) lasting longer than one hour probably kills the victim. Anti-shock trousers can be applied in five minutes. Such trousers cost \$300.00.

CARDIAC MONITOR, DEFIBRILLATOR: a small video monitor shows life-threatening heartbeat irregularities. Shocks delivered by paddles applied to a victim's chest (defibrillation) may restart a stopped heart. There is a slight risk of serious electrical shock to rescuers. Repeated defibrillation, combined with CPR, oxygen, airway management, and drug therapy is often necessary. Optimally, delivery of the first countershock occurs within ten minutes. A restarted heartbeat may stop again; the stabilizing drug lidocaine reduces that chance. Equipment costs \$6000.00.

DRUG BOX: the box includes two IV set-ups, with needles, tubing and two one-liter plastic bags of fluid. An IV must be in place before drugs can be administered, and takes five minutes to start. IVs are hard to start on victims in shock; anti-shock trousers help. One liter of IV fluid replaces 500ml of lost blood. Maximum IV flow-rate is 100ml per minute, though two IVs may run at once. The following drugs and amounts are included in the standard drug box. Box costs \$1000.00.

- **Calcium Chloride:** two doses. The drug of last resort for cardiac arrests. May restart heartbeat; may cause brain damage. One dose lasts ten minutes.
- **Diazepam (Valium):** six doses. Relieves convulsions and sedates for up to six hours. An overdose (two or more doses) causes unconsciousness.

- **Epinephrine:** twelve doses. Used for a cardiac arrest, it improves the chance of defibrillation, especially when used with lidocaine and sodium bicarbonate. One dose lasts five minutes. One dose also relieves a life-threatening allergic reaction, such as from a bee sting.

- **Glucose:** two doses. It rapidly wakes an unconscious victim with dangerously low blood sugar. One dose lasts one hour.

- **Lidocaine:** six doses. Reduces chance of cardiac arrest or re-arrest and improves chance of defibrillation, especially when used with epinephrine and sodium bicarbonate. One dose lasts ten minutes.

- **Morphine:** six doses. Relieves pain, especially from a wound, burn, or fracture; sedates. One dose lasts four hours. Worsens a head injury. An overdose (two doses) causes unconsciousness. A severe overdose (three or more doses)

causes respiratory arrest; keep victim alive with artificial respiration; give oxygen and naloxone.

- **Naloxone:** six doses. This is a specific antidote to opiate (heroin, morphine) overdose. If only an opiate overdose keeps a victim unconscious, naloxone will awaken the patient within three minutes. Two repeat doses may be needed.

- **Sodium Bicarbonate:** six doses. Use in a cardiac arrest with epinephrine and lidocaine to improve the chance of defibrillation. One dose lasts ten minutes.

RESCUE GEAR: used to gain access to and remove a victim from wreckage, especially wrecked cars. Includes an ax, shovel, crowbar, rope, hydraulic spreader, air-powered chisel with a compressed air tank, and a cable-type pulley. Gear costs \$2000.00.

SURGERY KIT: contains gloves, scalpels, needles, tubing, and sutures needed to clear a blocked airway or to relieve respiratory distress due to chest trauma. Kit costs \$500.00. ■

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PERFORATIONS —

The remaining pages in this book are perforated and can be carefully pulled out or cut from Cthulhu Now.

Miskatonic University

Department of Archaeology

Arkham, Massachusetts

Dear —

Your Uncle Bernard's attorneys have referred me to you. I express my condolences upon his untimely demise, and ask your forgiveness for what may seem to you an undue intrusion.

Your uncle had in his possession an ivory statuette of a nude youth wearing a crown of laurel leaves. This figurine he believed of Hellenic origin. At the time he sent photos of it to my department, we agreed with that analysis, though we could not classify the statuette's style or guess at its origin.

New information has greatly altered our view. I took the liberty of contacting your uncle's lawyers, who informed me that the statue has passed into your possession. It is imperative that I personally inspect this artifact, as well as talk to you about a related matter.

Please let me know what time is most convenient to you. You may reach me care of the University, or by telephoning me to the University, extension 663. If I do not hear from you within a few days, I will attempt to contact you again.

Sincerely,



Dr. Walter Bowers

THE CITY IN THE SEA

*Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.*

*No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bower
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The veil, the violet, and the vine.*

*Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.*

*There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.*

*But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.*

— Edgar Allan Poe

b

DREAMS, Player Aid #1

You Are Nora's Cousin

You are Nora Pope's first cousin. You have known Nora since she was an infant, and have kept in touch by occasional letter since you went your separate ways. It is completely against Nora's straitlaced personality ever to take drugs of any kind. She is a teetotaller, does not smoke, and has been known to refuse Coca-Cola because of the caffeine content.

Now she lies comatose in a hospital, and the newspaper account of her hospitalization states that a wide assortment of illegal drugs were found in her room. Were the drugs planted in her room? By whom? Why?

You realize that publicizing this fact may alert your quarry, reducing your effectiveness as an investigator. You and your fellow investigators will travel to the Institute to find the answer.

DREAMS, Player Aid #3

**Institute Worker
Treated**

A lay worker at the Windthrope Institute was removed by air to Denver Memorial hospital last night for emergency treatment.

Miss Nora Pope, a maid at the Windthrope Institute for Dream Research, was reported to be in guarded condition.

Sheriff's deputies reported that an assortment of psychogenic drugs was found in Miss Pope's room.

The Institute occupies Dinosaur Lodge, just east of Clauson.

— *Clauson Gazette.*

Dear Cousin:

Another day's sweeping and dusting is done. This joint is such a sprawl that by the time I'm finished, it's time to begin once more!

I doubt it'll be a problem for me much longer. I'm not happy here; the workers all seem OK - most of them - but the place gives me the cold shivers, so like the man says, "Ah b'lieve Ah'll be mornin' on, my Jessie."

Maybe it's just the bizarre dream research, but I feel like something awful fierce is going to happen soon and I'd just as soon be in another state when it does. Or it might be that goofball, Fred Butts who weirds it around in the woods every weekend. I know I get the most pitiful nightmares every time I close my eyes.

The volunteers who come in for the dream experiments are interesting and friendly, though often objects of pity. One poor devil couldn't get to sleep to save his soul. He told me that if he got three hours of sleep in a night, he felt lucky. Now, he's doing much better. I'm sure the Institute does some good. I'm still not comfortable here.

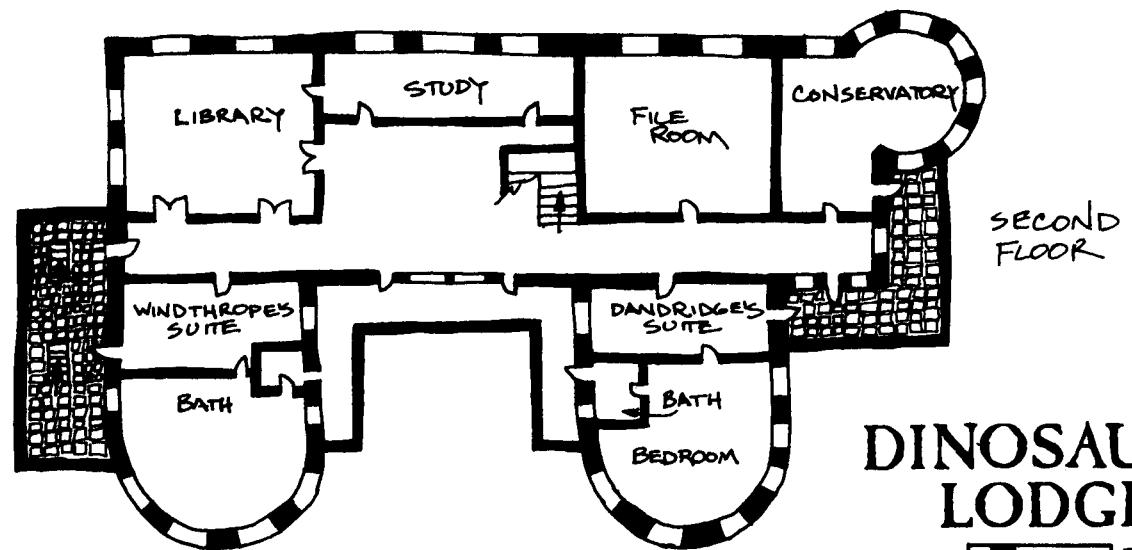
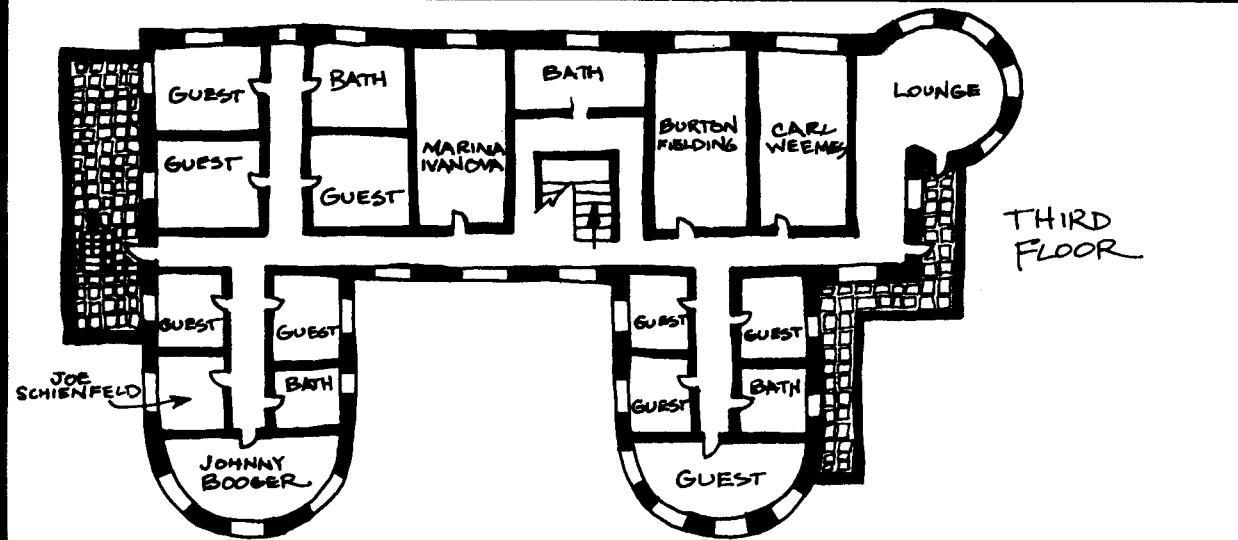
I often swim in the lake, though the waters are quite cold. The people say that there are under water caves from it that go far miles.

Anyway, if your next letter is returned stamped "Return to Sender," you'll know what happened. I'll write again as soon as I get settled wherever I wind up. Maybe I'll go back home for a month or two to catch my bearings. I've heard that pay is good in Alaska. Maybe I'll wind up there!

Yours for lower heating bills.

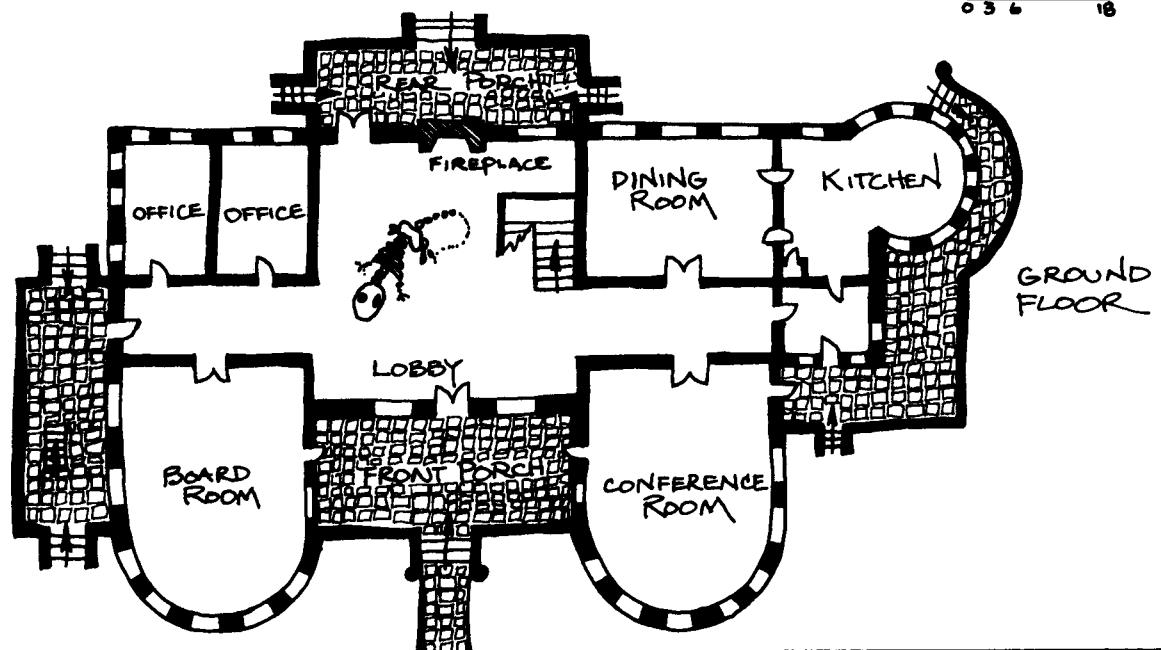
Everyone's favorite cousin,

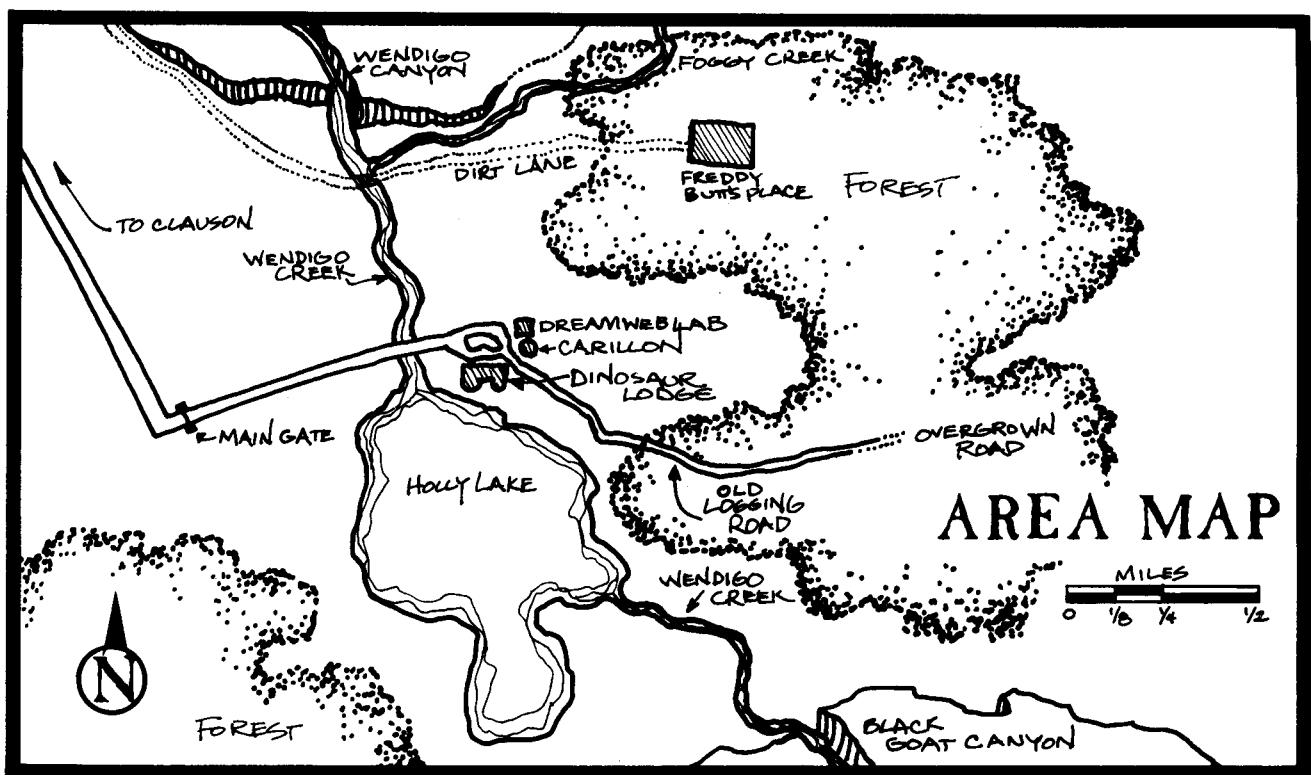
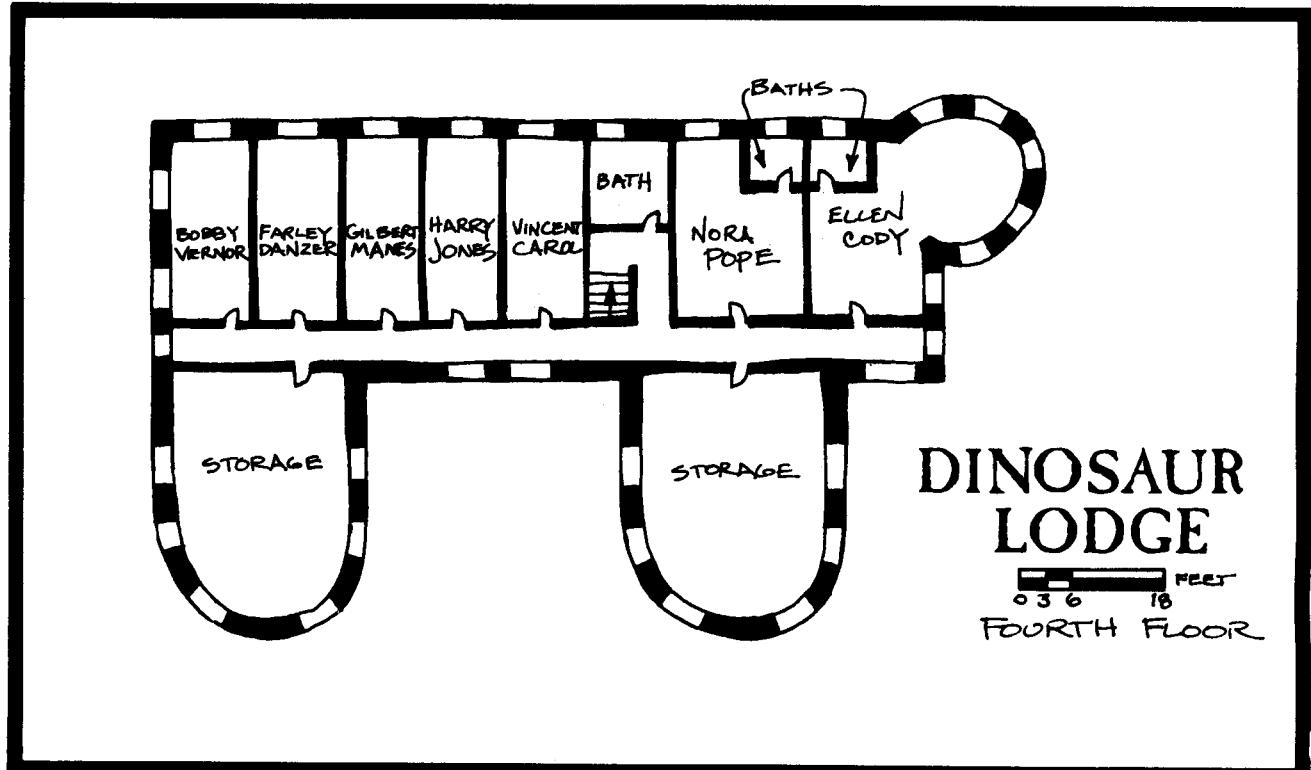
Nora

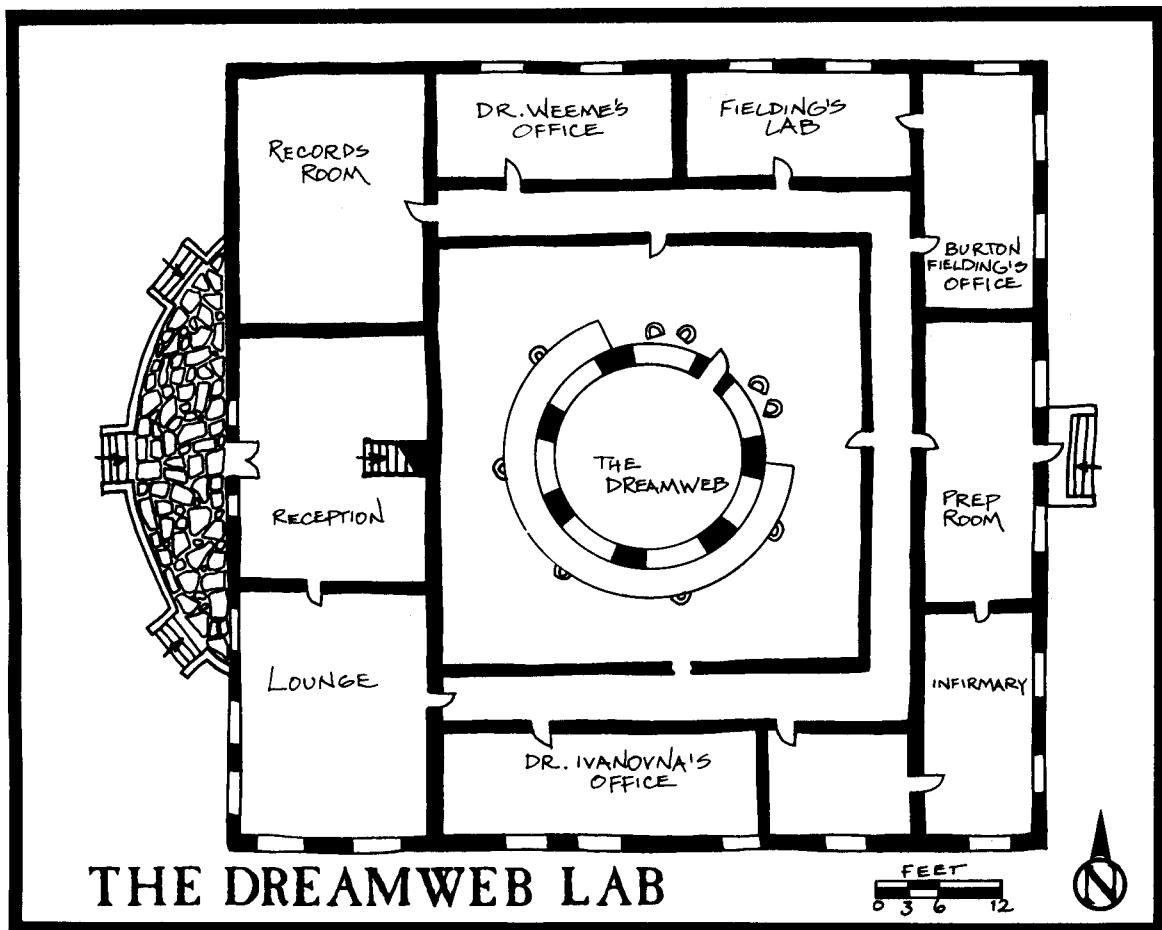


DINOSAUR LODGE

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**DREAMS, Player Aid #9****Woman Wanders From Picnic**

Martha Gilman, sister of Abner Gilman, owner of Gilman Lodge, was reported missing Tuesday.

Miss Gilman, visiting for the summer, evidently became lost in the woods. Her absence was reported by her family, and neighbors helped in the search.

—Clauson Gazette, June 10, 1936

DREAMS, Player Aid #10**The One That Got Away**

A weird tale was told today by Orville Pike, a local trapper. Mr. Pike claims one of his traps near Holly Lake snared something quite different from the expected fur-bearer.

Mr. Pike reports, "A foot taller than me when it reared up, and built like a bear! But it wasn't no bear. Had oozy green skin like a frog, big pop-eyes like a fish, and paws the size of pie plates. It could have torn me to ribbons if I got too close, which I didn't! I lit out of there like a bat out of ---, and I'm never trapping Holly Lake again. That there thing can have my traps, and welcome to them!"

Orville's audience agreed that this was one of his best stories ever. Mr. Pike's visions have entertained his patrons for more than ten years. We look forward to his next creative endeavor.

—Clauson Gazette, September 7, 1937.

DREAMS, Player Aid #12**Dinosaur Lodge To Reopen**

Dinosaur Lodge, east of Clauson and long unoccupied, has been designated the future home for the Windthorppe Institute of Dream Research, scheduled to open in March.

Funded by the prestigious Windthorppe Foundation, the institute is to explore the nature and causes of dreams.

Dr. Torrence Dandridge, spokesman for the Institute, says, "Our research may lead to effective treatment for psychological disorders."

The Institute has been opposed by local citizens. Frederick Butts, Clauson-area native and property-owner adjacent to Dinosaur Lodge, says, "These academics have no right to spoil the land's natural beauty with their blacktop roads and construction machinery."

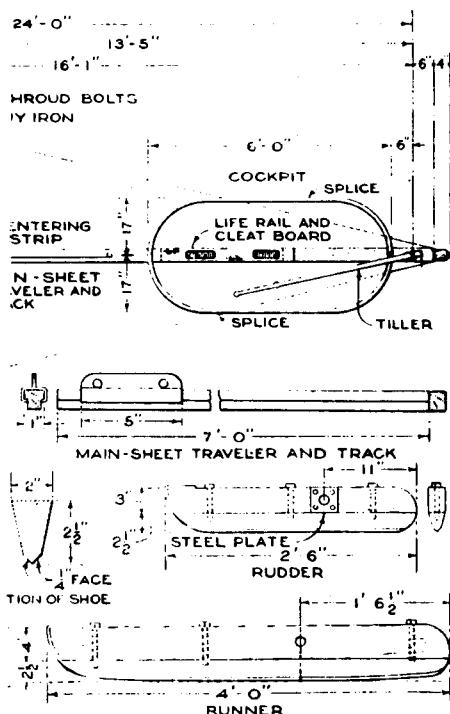
—Jan. 9.

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Only one tube to a family.



Note the Curve on the Edge of the Runner, and
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Windthrope Institute For Dream Research
CLAUSON, COLORADO

STANDARD RELEASE FORM

The Institute and the Dreamweb

The Institute studies and monitors dreams, primarily through the use of an amazing technological innovation called the Dreamweb, a device simple in concept and awesomely complex in construction and operation.

The Dreamweb monitors minute electrical impulses and chemical changes in the brain of a sleeper, translating them into bits of data decipherable by a computer. This data becomes a video image transmitted to one or more recording sites.

By inducing minor chemical changes in a sleeper's bloodstream and applying electrical stimuli, dreams can be slightly altered, though the precise nature of the induced changes is still unpredictable. Our research proceeds slowly, with great care.

The web is not dangerous; the attached Datamaster computer controls all input, and a failsafe system is installed. Researchers monitor all test dreams and can even kill the intense fear produced by a nightmare.

The Dreamweb is contained in a circular, glassed-in chamber at the center of the lab building. In the middle of this chamber is a plush examination couch which promotes deep relaxation. Dozens of electrodes are taped to key points on the subject's head and body. Wires from the electrodes extend to banks of sockets mounted on the curved wall, giving the chamber a rather spidery look when in operation — hence the name Dreamweb.

Around the outside of the web chamber are banks of consoles displaying the input from the monitoring electrodes. Researchers can track incoming data while simultaneously observing the dreamer through windows. You may feel a bit like a goldfish in a bowl. Don't worry. The observers are there for your protection. Each of the five monitoring stations, as well as the two observation areas, are equipped with viewing screens on which dreams are displayed.

Your Job And Ours

Your job is simply to dream. We are grateful for your cooperation. There is nothing which you must do. We are gathering data now; your dreams will eventually let us develop hypotheses and test them.

In return for what we hope is a pleasant mountain vacation, please limit your trips to town, and please don't speak about our work to outsiders. The responses you get can easily invalidate many specific experiments and waste the hundreds of thousands of dollars that are being spent. For this reason, experimental volunteers who violate our guidelines must be dismissed from the Institute.

However, you do have free run of WIDR's grounds: we have no secrets from our friends. As part of the acceptance procedure, you must each fill out a medical and psychological history and undergo an in-depth psychiatric examination. Past evidence of psychiatric maladies does not limit your chances for acceptance — such volunteers are actively sought.

Yes, if you wish, you may view your own dreams, though not those of anyone else, since they are your property under new Procreative Rights legislation. We advise that the impact of what we call self-viewing can be devastating to unprepared individuals.

If You Agree, Please Sign Below

Being of sound mind and body, and having read and agreed to all of the statements preceding this paragraph, I hereby release the Windthrope Institute of Dream Research from any liability for physical, mental, emotional, or moral damage either while residing at the Institute or thereafter.

Further, I agree that the Institute may record and analyze my dreams. In return, the Institute agrees to act as conservator of my creative property, agrees to protect my privacy now and for all time, and to provide weekly counseling upon the Institute grounds at Clauson, Colorado, U.S.A., should I desire it.

Date _____.

Staff Description List

This is what you've learned after one day at the Institute. You've had a chance to meet the Institute's staff, and have the following impression of each one of them.

- TORRENCE DANDRIDGE: the creator of the Dreamweb, and a renowned academician. He is gray-haired, 54 years old, and still handsome. His wife died several years ago in an airplane crash. He is benevolent in his demeanor, and always thoughtful of others. However, he is also a very important man, and must often ask subordinates to follow through with petty details. The Dreamweb is his biggest success ever, and he is devoted to it.
- BURTON FIELDING: Dr. Dandridge's gifted assistant. He is lanky, mop-haired, and comparatively young (29 years old). He's hostile and antisocial. He ignores the investigators and most of his colleagues, behaving as though they did not exist. When he is forced into conversation, he is surly and snappish, terminating exchanges by exclaiming, "I've no time for this," and abruptly stalking off.
- LAWRENCE WINDTHROPE: this tall, silver-haired gentleman is the Institute's administrator, and chairman of the Windthrope Foundation. Lawrence is a jovial fellow with an easy laugh. He's very friendly, and interested in everyone's past history. He is charmingly evasive about his own past, always politely turning the conversation back to his guests.
- JOHNNY BOOGER (not his real name): not actually a member of the Institute's staff, but a patient. He was a song-writer and rhythm guitarist for a well-known punk band. The hectic schedule and experimentation with exotic drugs have proven too much for him. Johnny is now lost in the realms of drug-induced nightmare.
When Joe Schienfeld, Johnny's agent, heard about the Windthrope Institute, he arranged a stay for his client, hoping the Dreamweb might work a swifter cure than conventional psychoanalysis. So far, only minimal success has been achieved. No one is allowed in Johnny's room but Drs. Ivanovna and Weemes, and, rarely, Mr. Schienfeld. You've heard Dr. Ivanovna mention that Johnny now can only communicate by singing cryptic, symbol-filled lyrics.
- JOE SCHIENFELD: this plump and balding middle-aged fellow is Johnny Booger's agent. He arrives and departs from the Institute at irregular intervals. Though caustic, rude and obnoxious, Schienfeld is genuinely concerned over Johnny's well-being. "Don't matter how much a jerk he was," Joe tells the investigators. "He sure as hell don't deserve this." The agent possesses an infinite supply of large, malodorous cigars, which he smokes at all times and waves about with great energy to emphasize his talk. Schienfeld talks a lot.
- VINCENT CAROL: the short, balding groundskeeper. He's shy, and you haven't had a chance to talk to him, though you've seen him puttering around the grounds.
- MARINA IVANOVNA: one of the Institute's two psychiatrists. Marina is a quiet woman in her early forties who emigrated from the Soviet Union nine years ago. She is polite and reserved, but expert in the foundations of mental disorder. She studies the effects of the Dreamweb experiments on testee psyches, and warns her colleagues of potential hazards. She is serious, only exercising her rather charming sense of humor when off-duty. Lately she has taken an interest in Rogerian techniques, spending much time with Johnny Booger.
- CARL WEEMES: the other medical doctor at the Institute. He is a personable, forty-ish psychiatrist, interested in any subject one cares to mention; he sees in the investigators new sources of stimulating conversation.
- GILBERT MANES: This squat, homely fellow is the Institute's chef, and is quite proficient, with a preference towards Scandinavian dishes. His renditions of Jansson's Temptation (a potato-anchovy dish) and *frikadeller* (Danish meatballs) are worth writing home about. He is always polite, almost obsequious, and most respectful to the investigators.
- HARRY JONES: the handyman, a gruff 27-year-old man with unfashionably-long curly hair and brooding eyes. He enjoys working with his hands. Since he dropped out of high school, he has wandered across the West, taking menial jobs when his money runs out.
- ELLEN CODY: the Institute's housekeeper, a tall, shapely brunette. She hasn't paid much attention to you. It's not that she's unfriendly, but she has a lot of work to do. Especially now that Nora Pope's no longer around to help with the work.
- FARLEY DANZER, BOBBY VERNOR: Farley and Bobby are the nurse-orderlies at the Institute. Their function is to care for or restrain patients who become confused or violent. Most of the time, they act as lab helpers and gofers. They are a good-natured pair, always cheerful. Danzer sometimes brawls in Clauson on his day off.
- RITA MAETER: she handles routine secretarial tasks, and acts as the receptionist when one is needed. She is an older woman, without much of a sense of humor. She leaves precisely at 5pm, driving a red Corvair (nicely restored) and leaving a towering cloud of dust.

DREAMS, Player Aid #11

Witchcraft At Gilman Lodge Confirmed

Sheriff Bart Clay today released an official report on the deaths of Abner Gilman and his family, and the string of bizarre occurrences connected with Gilman Lodge.

According to Sheriff Clay, the entire Gilman family was involved deeply in pagan occultism. Evidence indicates that the Gilmans were responsible for the robbery and murders of at least two vagrants, whose bodies then suffered unGodly rites.

The crimes were uncovered by Douglas Windthrope, a noted alienist from London, England. Mr. Windthrope, researching occult phenomena in Massachusetts, followed indications of such activity to our area and investigated with discretion.

Mr. Windthrope states that he found a sacrificial altar at Gilman Lodge, with all the trappings of black magic. Soon after, Abner Gilman approached, and a struggle ensued between Gilman and Mr. Windthrope.

In the struggle, the building caught fire. A portion of the house burned, claiming the lives of the entire Gilman family. Mr. Windthrope also suffered severe burns, but survived.

He was driven to Rifle and put aboard train to Denver and the Acheson Hospital, where he continues to improve. This valiant man, so far from home, deserves our succor and friendship.

Though the occult shrine was largely destroyed, Mr. Windthrope's discoveries are substantiated by subsequent findings made by sheriff's deputies at his direction.

The remains of the sacrificial altar were still present at the lodge, and dredging operations on Gilman Lake have produced two bodies. The sheriff's office refuses to confirm tales of ritual cannibalism.

- *Clauson Gazette, Oct. 20, 1937.*

DREAMS, Player Aid #13

Institute Opponent Served Injunction

Frederick Butts, vocal opponent of the Windthrope Institute for Dream Research, was today served a court injunction to prevent him from interfering with the institute's construction.

The institute claims that Mr. Butts has continuously harassed work crews and deliverymen, and has verbally threatened to prevent the opening of the Institute.

Mr. Lawrence Windthrope, who requested the court action, could not be reached for comment.

- February 6th

DREAMS, Player Aid #15

Local Character Vanishes

Sheriff's deputies spent most of yesterday conducting a search for "Railroad Joe" Mullenberger, a local character who made his home in and around the Clauson rail yard for the past decade.

Joe was reported missing by several citizens who regularly gave the old fellow hot meals.

Searchers so far have turned up no trace of Joe, nor have deputies uncovered evidence of foul play. The search has been called off, but residents seeing Railroad Joe are urged to call the sheriff's department.

- June 3.

DREAMS, Player Aid #14

Threat On Highway

Frederick Butts was arrested Wednesday morning following an incident on the new access road to the Windthrope Institute.

Witnesses state that Mr. Butts ordered the foreman to call off his men and go home. When refused, Mr. Butts allegedly fired two shots through the windshield of a parked dump-truck.

Mr. Butts is charged with trespassing, assault and malicious destruction of private property.

Lawrence Windthrope, administrator of the Institute, could not be reached for comment.

- March 1st

DREAMS, Player Aid #16

FOUND: On the upper Wendigo Canyon trail, one bedroll and backpack containing two flannel shirts and a pair of jeans. Owner should contact Sheriff McParlin in Clauson.

- August 6.

Fund, Endowment or Foundation would you spot trouble? On rate of return and you might complete performance picture, cormation and Measurement Ser

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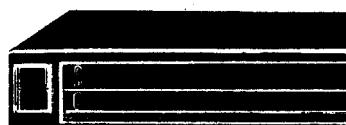
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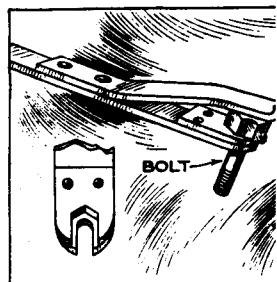
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Random Access Remot**
**16"-40" Big Screen Proj
Color TVs with Wireless
Remote Control. Built-in
Broadcast STEREO**



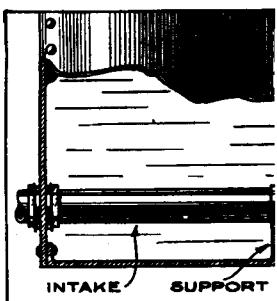
It is very often the lot of the mech to be required to place small bolts screws in places where the hand car be inserted to guide them, and the drawing shows a handy tool for the purpose. It is made from flat stock, with an opening cut into the end in which the bolt or screw is placed. A short length of spring st riveted to the tool, bears against the h of the bolt and holds it firmly while i placed in position; when in place, an ward pull on the tool releases it from piece.



Keeping Air Out of Suction Pipe

All pump suctions that take water f tanks at low heads have a tendency "well in" under full load, which admits

and causes a complete loss of vacuum. It is obvious that the size of the suction pipe has a great deal to do with this. Practical experience has determined that the installation of suction pipes from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 in. in diam does not require any particular thou but that any size above this should carefully arranged. An intake pipe of se 2 or 3 ft. in length, capped at one end drilled with as many holes in the as will equal the total area of the p placed inside the tank or reservoir the holes downward, as shown in drawing, will prevent the "welling in" consequent loss of vacuum. The effect ness of this arrangement may be understood when it is said that tank great area and with depths above the take of not more than 12 to 16 in. h operated successfully with intake p from 8 to 12 in. in diameter.



KILLER, Player Aid #1

CBS NEWS-BRIEF

"The space shuttle *Atlantis* lifted off on schedule at 8:45 this morning from the Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral. Several hours into the flight, all systems are go on this, the most ambitious of shuttle missions since the disastrous Challenger flight of 1986. Mission Control at the Houston Space Center indicates a smooth flight so far. CBS News will follow the flight of *Atlantis* during its history-making two weeks in space."

KILLER, Player Aid #3

CNN CONTINUOUS COVERAGE

The view is from a camera positioned in the shuttle bay. Astronaut McAfee is performing an EVA in the shuttle bay, working to retrieve a malfunctioning satellite.

He loses a tool that floats off, and the camera pans to follow the tool. As the tool drifts by, the camera picks up an brief glow emanating from the shuttle's side, then its bay, after which the glow moves toward the airlock, leaving the camera's view. The TV commentator wonders aloud what caused the glow. The live pickup from the shuttle transmits one of the other astronauts asking "Mac" (Colonel McAfee) to hurry up and come inside. "We're picking up a higher radiation reading than we should be."

The camera's view picks up McAfee moving back toward the airlock door as the voice linkup with the shuttle breaks, followed almost at once by the camera winking out. The scene returns to Mission Control. (pause) "And we've lost the feed from *Atlantis*. Our live coverage will return momentarily with a statement from Mission Control. In New York, here is Bernard Shaw."

KILLER, Player Aid #2

CBS EVENING NEWS

CHARLES KURALT: There was concern at Mission Control early this morning when *Atlantis* flight commander Gordon McAfee reported that the shuttle had just passed through a 'glowing cloud.'

Aside from a slight jump in external radiation levels, the shuttle has experienced no difficulties. NASA scientists have refused to speculate on the nature of the cloud.

This is the third day of a planned two-week voyage for *Atlantis*.

We have in our studios the noted space scientist, Dr. Karl Leathersgan. What do you believe the shuttle encountered, Dr. Leathersgan?

DR. LEATHERGAN: Charles, we are only beginning to understand the mysteries of the universe. This cloud through which the craft passed resembles the so-called 'firefly' phenomenon encountered by John Glenn in the first U.S. orbital flight during the early Mercury missions. That, as you recall, proved to be probably nothing more than crystallized waste products from the craft itself.

But this incident is different. I believe it to be caused by the Earth's magnetic field, probably in conjunction with the Van Allen Belts of high-intensity radiation. A cloud of gas or ions was trapped and contained by the powerful magnetic fields of our planet, pulled from the Van Allen Belt and maintained as a glowing cloud, much as reported by *Atlantis*.

The radiation burst reported by Colonel Gordon McAfee, my close personal friend, corroborates the theory.

KILLER, Player Aid #5

HELLO AMERICA

"Reports continue to circulate throughout the Arab-speaking world, claiming that the communications breakdown suffered by *Atlantis* was fabricated by the United States, in order to test a nuclear targeting device over the Persian Gulf.

"A State Department spokesman indicated this morning that there was no basis to the rumors, terming them so ridiculous as not to need formal comment.

"*Atlantis*-prompted riots have broken out in Cairo and Karachi, and a major protest and rally scheduled in Tehran this afternoon."

KILLER, Player Aid #6

CABLE CHANNEL 81 (The Hot One)

"This is Wayne Rucksacker, with the latest *Atlantis* rumors for all you conspiracy fans.

"First off, a double-wacker: ITEM! The glowing streak appearing on camera shortly before the communications breakaway was the creep of a thermite sabotage fire (thermite is hot stuff, folks!) that the Japanese set to destroy the spacecraft, preventing us from making some crucial tests to grow complete transistors in outer space. And here's the twist: NASA is going to stage a crash landing in the Pacific next week, hoping that the Soviets will believe that *Atlantis* successfully stationed her ultra-secret NDD over the Persian Gulf. Wack! By the way, NDD stands for Nuclear Dispersion Device. Wow! This is a dangerous world, Senator."

"ITEM! Here are the last moments of *Atlantis*/This is pirated tape, folks, so get those VCRs ready: 8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 wack! This is half speed. See that glow? Look at that! It actually flowed over the edge of the shuttle. Need I remind you what happened when we could NO LONGER SEE?"

STARS, Player Aid #7
GLC Play Dates

San Francisco, Sept 25-26-27-28	Indianapolis, Dec 3-4-5
Boston, Dec 11-12	Baltimore, Dec 31 - Jan 1
Philadelphia, Dec 14-15-16	Toronto, Jan 4-5
New York City, Dec 18-19-20-21-22-23	* meditation, Jan 9-10-11
San Juan, Puerto Rico, Dec 28-29	Louisville, Jan 7-8
Los Angeles, Oct 5-6-7-8	Louisville, Jan 12
Phoenix, Oct 9	Winston-Salem, Jan 15-16
Minneapolis, Oct 13-14	Houston, Jan 19-20
* meditation, Oct 15-16-17	* meditation, Jan 21-22-23
Minneapolis, Oct 18	Houston, Jan 24
Des Moines, Oct 20-21	Atlanta, Jan 27-28
Chicago, Oct 23-24-25	* meditation, Jan 29-30-31
* meditation, Oct 26-27-28	Atlanta, Feb 1
Chicago, Oct 29-30	Miami, Feb 4-5-6
St. Louis, Nov 1-2	* meditation, Feb 7-8-9
Kansas City, Nov 3-4	Miami, Feb 10-11
* meditation, Nov 5-6-7	Jacksonville, Feb 14-15-16-17
Kansas City, Nov 8-9-10	* meditation, Feb 18-19-20
Canal Zone, Nov 12-13	Jacksonville, Feb 21-22
Dallas, Nov 16-17	
* meditation, Nov 18-19-20	
Dallas, Nov 21-22	
Detroit, Nov 25-26-27	
Pittsburgh, Nov 29-30 - Dec 1	

STARS, Player Aid #1
**Teenage Girl Murdered
Following Rock Concert**

Two Jacksonville men were arrested this morning in connection with the death of Mary Jo Kinsky, 17, whose nude and strangely-painted body was found in Rose Park hours earlier. Edward Tappan Jr., 22, and Michael J. Powell, 21, both of Morningside Heights, are being held by Jacksonville police. All three attended a concert last night by the rock band "God's Lost Children," or GLC.

According to Miss Kinsky's companions, the girl first met the two men at the show. Following the show, she could not be found, and the police were notified.

A police patrol discovered Miss Kinsky's body in the park at approximately 4am. Police declined comment on the body's condition.

The girl's death follows a string of violent incidents connected with the present tour, referred to as the 'Unspeakable' tour in GLC's advertising. Brawls, assaults, and vandalism attendant with GLC concerts have aroused the ire of police departments and citizens' groups.

GLC performs five more times at Hughes Auditorium, Feb. 15-16-17 and 21-22. All shows are sold out.

STARS, Player Aid #5

Tour Launched

God's Lost Children opened their highly-publicized "Unspeakable" tour this week at San Francisco's Cow Palace. As anticipated, several groups demonstrated outside the concert, but police reported no incidents. GLC has been banned by radio stations in the Midwest and South, but enjoys increasing sales and wide popularity. Observers predict major success for the band's first tour as headliners.

— *Billboard*.

STARS, Player Aid #2

San Diego, Oct 1-2-3-4.
Los Angeles, Oct 5-6-7-8

Phoenix, Oct 9

Minneapolis, Oct 13-14

* meditation, Oct 15-16-17

Minneapolis, Oct 18

Des Moines, Oct 20-21

Chicago, Oct 23-24-25

* meditation, Oct 26-27-28

Chicago, Oct 29-30

St. Louis, Nov 1-2

Kansas City, Nov 3-4

* meditation, Nov 5-6-7

Kansas City, Nov 8-9-10

Canal Zone, Nov 12-13

Dallas, Nov 16-17

* meditation, Nov 18-19-20

Dallas, Nov 21-22

Detroit, Nov 25-26-27

Pittsburgh, Nov 29-30 - Dec 1

STARS, Player Aid #6:
Brian Lochnar
The cover photo shows Lochnar holding his guitar, an instrument decorated with swirling yellow designs.

LC: The story goes that you were a model student, a real teacher's pet, in grade school but somewhere went wrong. What happened?

Lochner (laughing): Yeah, I discovered sex!

LC: No, seriously. I heard you suffered some type of injury that changed your life. How did that go?

Lochner: It was when I was twelve. Me and a friend decided we were going to fly off the garage roof, just like Superman or something. Well I jumped and he didn't. I hit the ground on my head and split it open right down the middle. I was out for six hours and my mother was sure I was going to die. Anyway, while I was out I had this dream about a place and it changed the way I looked at things.

LC: What? Did you see God?

Lochner (laughs again): Well maybe not The God. Just a small god.

LC: I understand you also spent some time in the hospital around the age of nineteen. Can you tell us about that?

Lochner: I was in Greenwood for a while. I had some problems that needed solving. Nothing to talk about really.

LC: Well, what I'd really like to know is what kind of pick did you use when you were recording the overdubs on....

— *Guitar Player*.

STARS, Player Aid #4

Excerpt

...perhaps Brian Lochnar's most amazing claim is that he bases his life on a particular book. No, it's not the Bible, or even *Eldorado*. The amazing work that Brian uses is something called the *Turner Codex*, an old work of anthropology concerning Mayan religion. Such esoterism seems in keeping with GLC's uncompromising attitude.

— *Rolling Stone*.

STARS, Play Aid #2
Medical Record Excerpt
Concerning Brian Lochnar

...suffered a severe head injury. This was experienced when the patient attempted to fly off the roof of the family garage. Patient claims additional flying experiences during his hospitalization here and claims to have traveled toward the stars. Patient is psychotic, suffering from periodic delusions of power. In this physician's opinion, the patient should remain hospitalized for lengthy treatment and not be released....



-OLD KENTUCKY- HOME SPUN TOBACCO

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The Cream of the finest crops Kentucky's bountiful soil can produce—ripe, rich leaves—smooth and mellow—with that rare old-fashioned flavor and fragrance that only the proper aging can produce. We bank on it you have never tasted a finer flavored more satisfying tobacco in all your life.



Ripe, Rich, Old-Fashion Leaf

Our Famous Old Kentucky Homespun is no more like manufactured tobacco than day is like night—guaranteed free from chemicals and all other adulterants that corrupt impure sent. genuine tobacco. The name of Kentucky has been used by many manufacturers to denote their tobacco, but we are the only ones who have ever used the name "Homespun" to denote our tobacco. The name "Homespun" is derived from the method our grandfathers used in preparing tobacco for their own use—every bunch of tobacco leaves it—nothing to shave, no snuffing, or wash your mouth—just take off a few handfuls of tobacco, have a good puff of tobacco, and you are off to the world over with infinite smoking and chewing qualities.

"For sixteen years I have used almost every brand on the market, but yours is the best I ever tasted." —W. B. Surratt, St. Louis.
"Pain special, I have been a collector of tobacco for many years, and I have never seen a bunch of tobacco direct from the grower equal to yours." —C. H. Hartman, Menasha, Wisc.
"Buy man! Your tobacco is the best I have had since 1856 when Abraham Lincoln and I smoked together in the Bloody Bough. Tell all the old smokers about it." —John F. Scott, Louisville, Kent.

REDUCE YOUR TOBACCO BILL 75%
We buy our own tobacco and sell
none to the public. Our advertising
and marketing plan eliminates all
middlemen.

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proved

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If you are not comple-
tely satisfied
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Dept. HPT-4, Drexel Ave. and 58th
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Automobile Engineer
Automobile Repairman
Civil Engineer
Structural Engineer
Business Manager
Cert. Public Accountant
Accountant and Auditor
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Surveyor
Telephonist

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Build by
r sent by

No Money Down
JUST send your name and address for
our 128-page book of diamonds, watches and
jewelry on credit. Millions of dollars worth of
jewelry from which to choose Your Xmas gifts.
Your choice sent you on approval, without a



STARS, Player Aid #10:

Stanford, Chase, and Associates

Attorneys-at-Law

200 Beach, Suite 9, Miami FL 33131-07661.

December 12, 19--

Mr. Brian Lochnar
Trio Corporation
Suite 7D
1001 Avenida de las Estrellitas
Hollywood, CA 90028

Dear Mr. Lochnar:

We are pleased to have acquired the land you require, for the sum of \$1800.00. Payment has been made and deeds and notices registered. Documentation is on file at our office, and the originals are being sent to your office, by separate post.

We hope you have been satisfied by our services.

Yours sincerely,



H.G. Stanford
Attorney-at-Law
HGS:ml

STARS, Player Aid #8:

Middlefield, Oct. 17

Chicago, Oct. 28

Kansas City, Nov. 7

Dallas, Nov. 20

Kansas City, Jan. 11

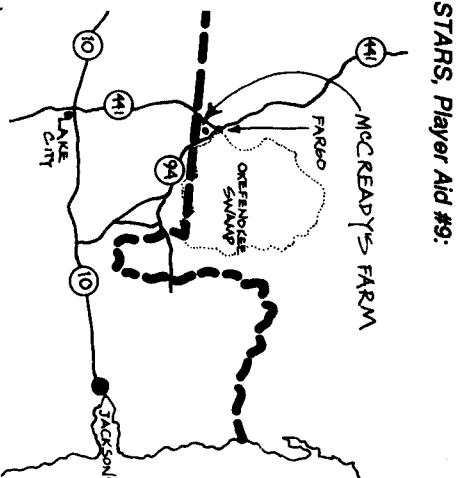
Houston, Jan. 23

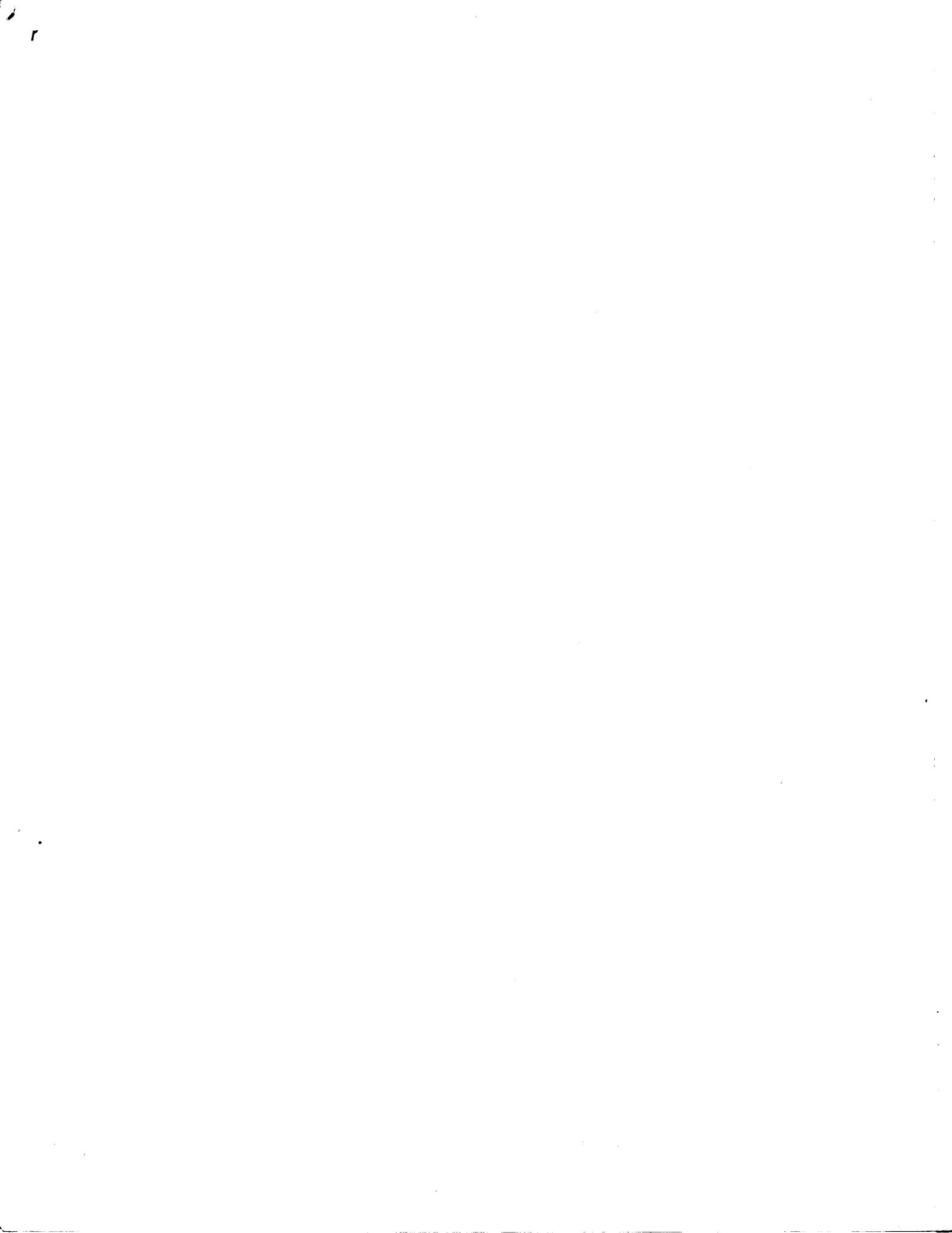
Atlanta, Jan. 31

Miami, Feb. 9

Jacksonville, Feb. 20

STARS, Player Aid #9:





CTHULHU NOW

A New Investigator Sheet For
CALL OF CTHULHU®

INVESTIGATOR STATISTICS

STR....	DEX ...	INT	Idea.....
CON ...	APP....	POW ...	Luck
SIZ	SAN ...	EDU ...	Know
Schools.....	Degrees.....	Damage Bonus/Penalty	

Name.....

Occupation Sex Age

Nationality Residence

MAGIC POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

HIT POINTS

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

SANITY POINTS

(Insanity	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37
46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64
73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91

INVESTIGATOR SKILLS

Accounting (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Fast Talk (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Pick Pocket (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Anthropology (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	First Aid (30)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Pilot Aircraft (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Archaeology (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Geology (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Psychoanalysis (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Astronomy (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Hide (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Psychology (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Bargain (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	History (20)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Read/Write Eng. (EDU x5)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Botany (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Jump (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Read/Write. (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Camouflage (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Law (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Read/Write. (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Chemistry (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Library Use (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Ride (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Climb (40)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Linguist (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sing (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Computer Use (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Listen (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Sneak (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Credit Rating (15)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Make Maps (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Speak (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Cthulhu Mythos (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Mechanical Repair (20)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Spot Hidden (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Debate (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Occult (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Swim (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Diagnose Disease (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Operate Hv. Machine (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Throw (25)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Dodge (DEX x2)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Oratory (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Track (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Drive Automobile (20)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Pharmacy (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Treat Disease (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Electrical Repair (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Photography (10)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Treat Poison (05)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Electronics (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Physics (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>	Zoology (00)	<input type="checkbox"/>

WEAPONS

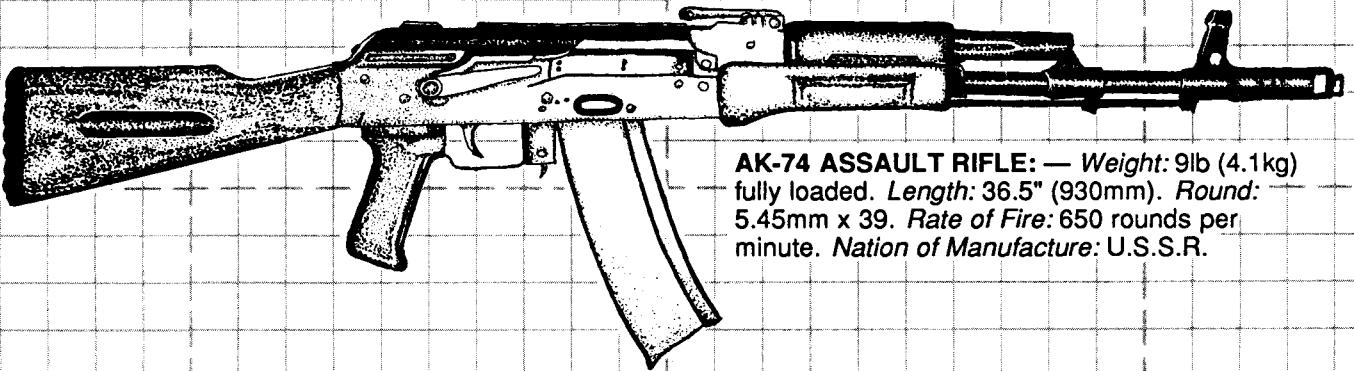
SPELLS KNOWN, OTHER SKILLS, NOTES

Weapon	Attk%	Damage	Impale	Parry%	Hit Points
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
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|||| PERSONAL HISTORY AND NOTES ||||||| INCOME AND SAVINGS |||||

Yearly Income \$

Savings _____

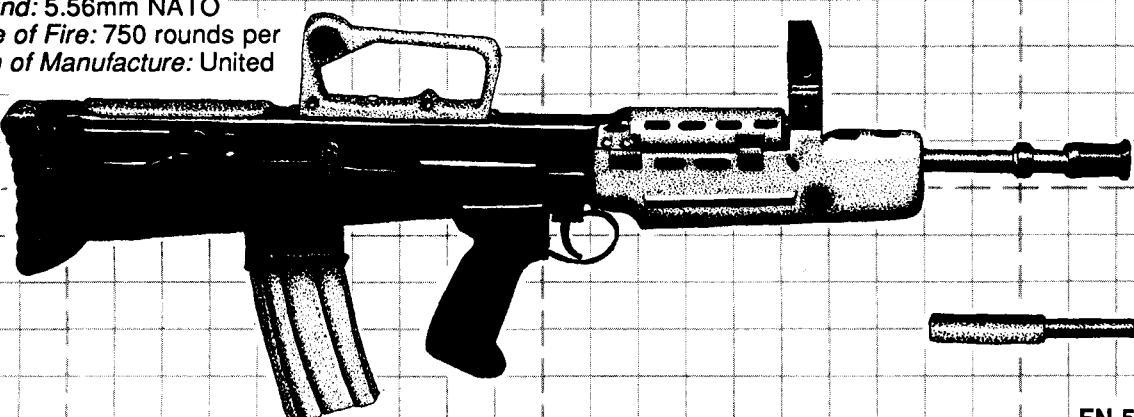


AK-74 ASSAULT RIFLE: — Weight: 9lb (4.1kg) fully loaded. Length: 36.5" (930mm). Round: 5.45mm x 39. Rate of Fire: 650 rounds per minute. Nation of Manufacture: U.S.S.R.

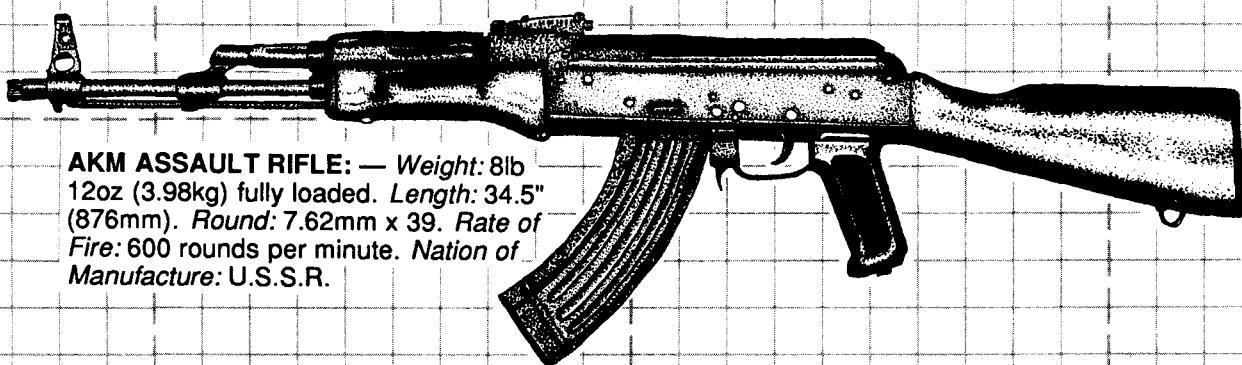
XL 85 E1 (Individual Weapon)

ENFIELD WEAPON SYSTEM —

Weight: 11lb (4.98kg). Length: 31" (785mm). Round: 5.56mm NATO standard. Rate of Fire: 750 rounds per minute. Nation of Manufacture: United Kingdom.



FN 50-00 FAI
Length: 43" (1100mm)
Fire: 700 roun
Belgium.



AKM ASSAULT RIFLE: — Weight: 8lb 12oz (3.98kg) fully loaded. Length: 34.5" (876mm). Round: 7.62mm x 39. Rate of Fire: 600 rounds per minute. Nation of Manufacture: U.S.S.R.

NATO M14 RIFLE — Weight: 13lb (5.9kg) fully loaded. Length: 44" (1120mm). Round: 7.62mm NATO. Rate of Fire: semi-automatic. Nation of Manufacture: U.S.A.



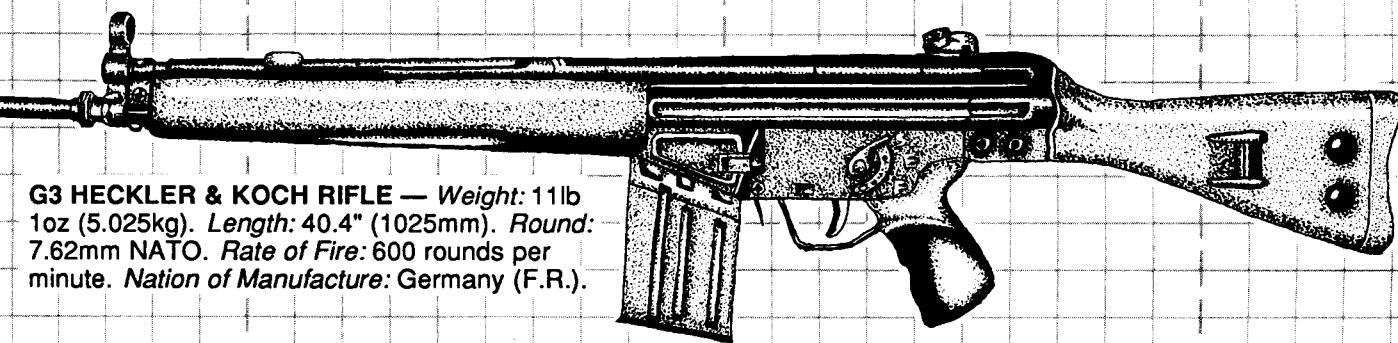
Selected Contemporary Weapons

In Relative Scale

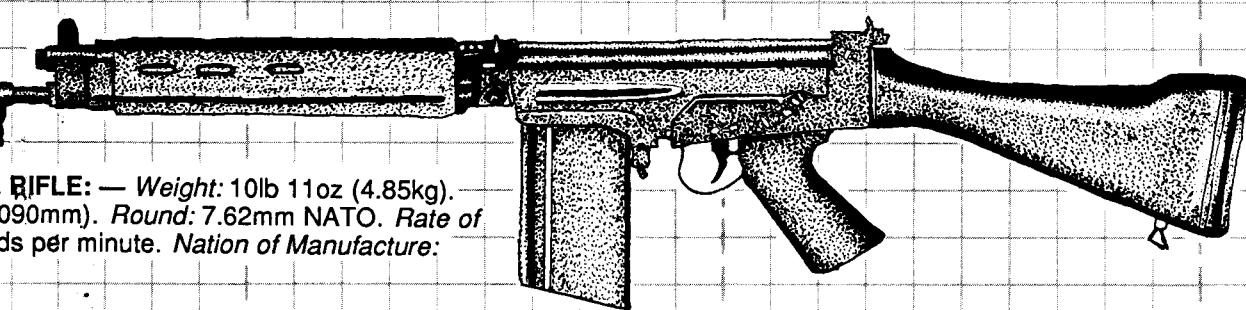
drawings RON LEMING • text SANDY PETERSEN

SHEET ONE

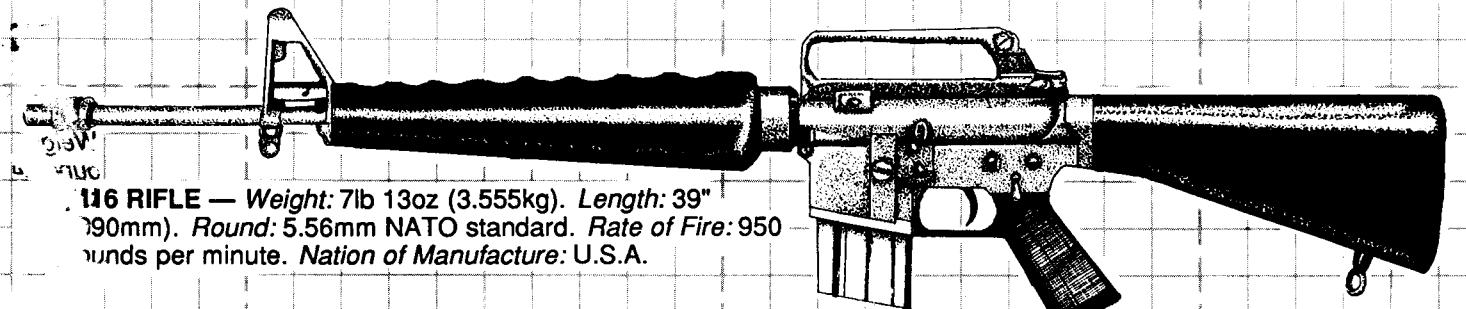
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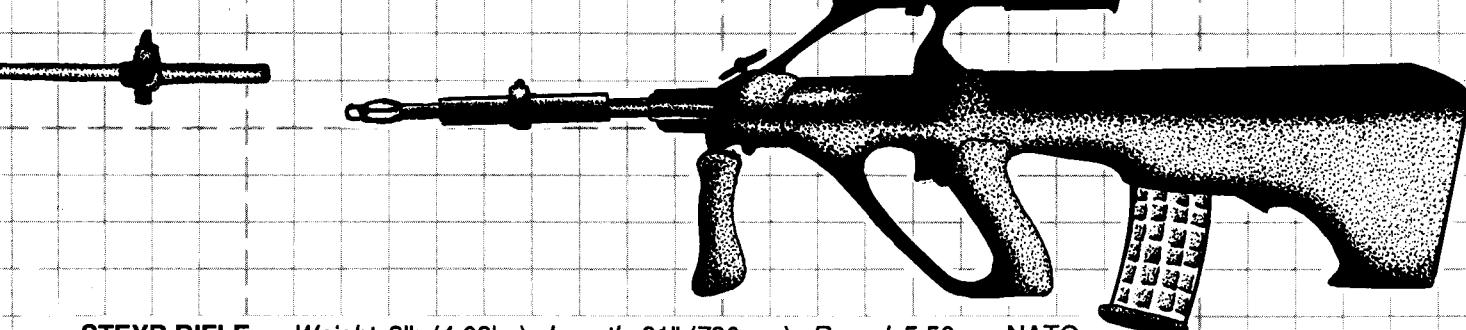
G3 HECKLER & KOCH RIFLE — Weight: 11lb 1oz (5.025kg). Length: 40.4" (1025mm). Round: 7.62mm NATO. Rate of Fire: 600 rounds per minute. Nation of Manufacture: Germany (F.R.).



RIFLE — Weight: 10lb 11oz (4.85kg). Length: 40.9" (1035mm). Round: 7.62mm NATO. Rate of Fire: 750 rounds per minute. Nation of Manufacture: U.S.A.



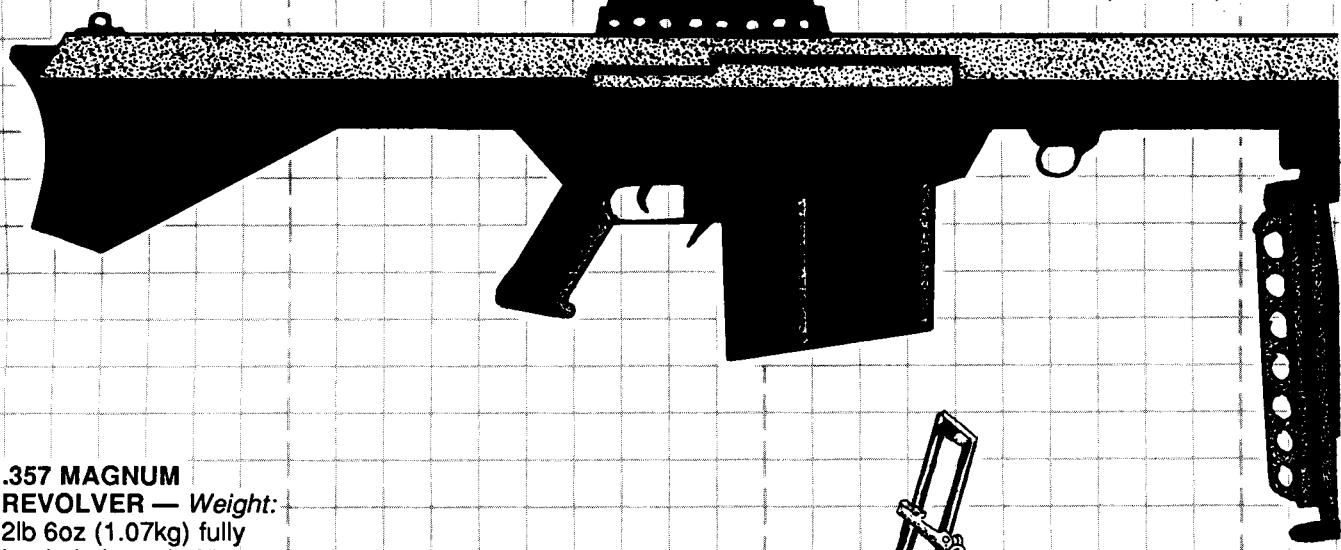
M16 RIFLE — Weight: 7lb 13oz (3.555kg). Length: 39" (990mm). Round: 5.56mm NATO standard. Rate of Fire: 950 rounds per minute. Nation of Manufacture: U.S.A.



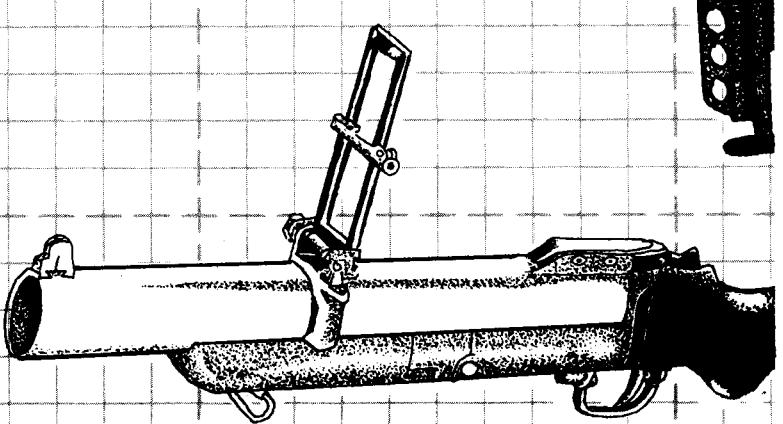
STEYR RIFLE — Weight: 9lb (4.09kg). Length: 31" (790mm). Round: 5.56mm NATO standard. Rate of Fire: 650 rounds per minute. Nation of Manufacture: Austria.



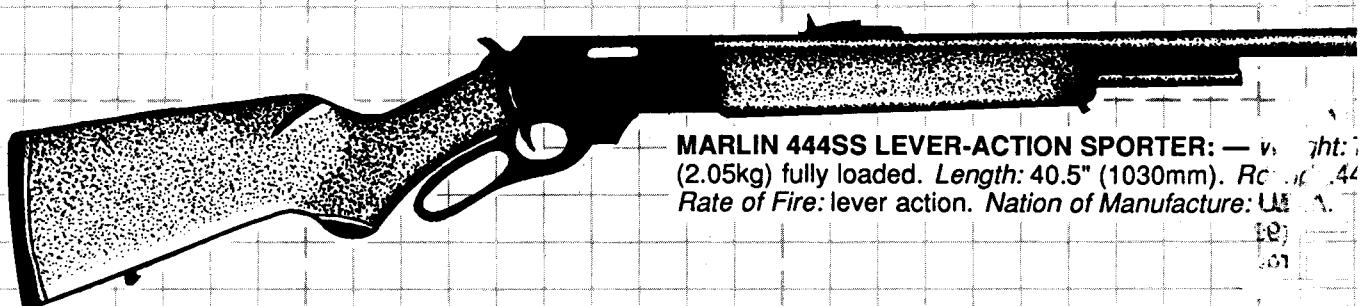
BARRETT MODEL
(1676mm). *Round:* .



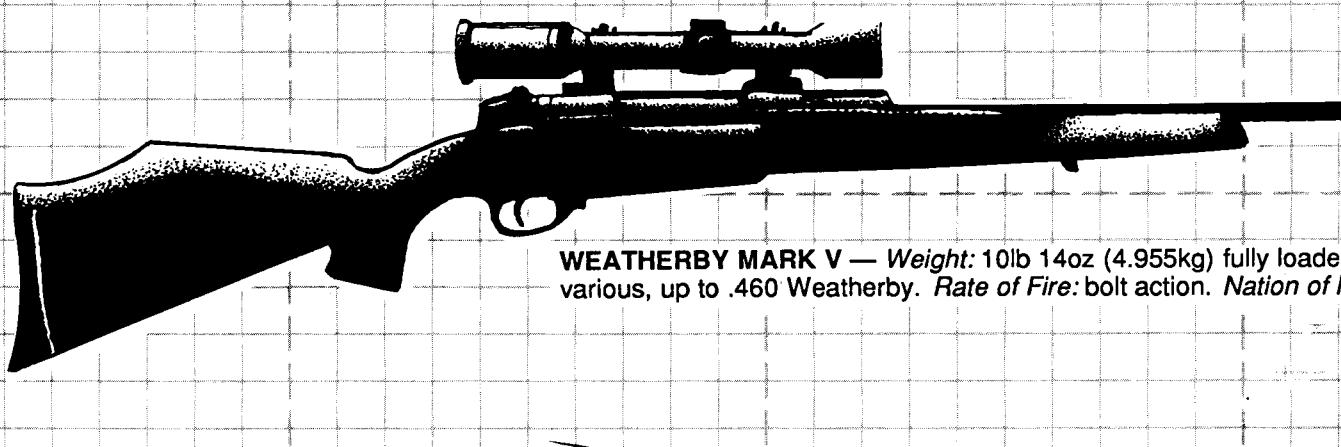
.357 MAGNUM
REVOLVER — *Weight:*
2lb 6oz (1.07kg) fully
loaded. *Length:* 8"
(199mm). *Round:* .357
magnum. *Rate of Fire:*
double action. *Nation of
Manufacture:* U.S.A.



M79 GRENADE LAUNCHER — *Weight:* 6lb (2.72kg) fully loaded.
(737mm). *Round:* 40mm grenade cartridges. *Rate of Fire:* single-s
Manufacture: U.S.A.



MARLIN 444SS LEVER-ACTION SPORTER: — *Weight:*
(2.05kg) fully loaded. *Length:* 40.5" (1030mm). *Round:* .44
Rate of Fire: lever action. *Nation of Manufacture:* U.S.A.

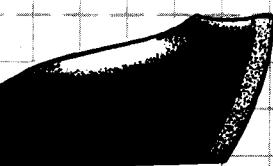


WEATHERBY MARK V — *Weight:* 10lb 14oz (4.955kg) fully loaded
various, up to .460 Weatherby. *Rate of Fire:* bolt action. *Nation of I*

.32 SNIPING RIFLE — *Weight: 32lb 15oz (14.97kg) fully loaded. Length: 66".
50 Browning. Rate of Fire: semi-automatic. Nation of Manufacture: U.S.A.*



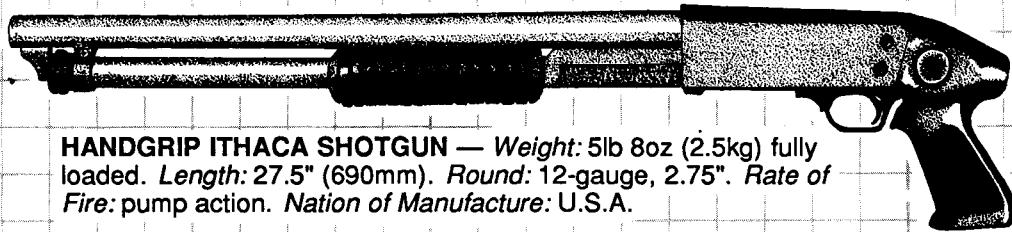
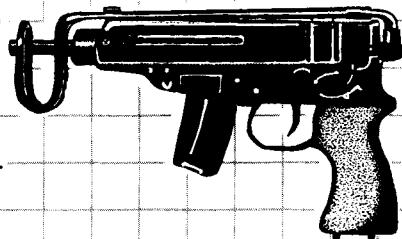
MADSEN SUBMACHINE GUN MODEL 1950 — *Weight: 8lb 6oz (3.8kg)
loaded. Length: 31" (794mm), 21" (528mm) with stock folded. Round: 9
parabellum. Rate of Fire: 550 rounds per minute. Nation of Manufacture:
Denmark.*



*Length: 29"
shot. Nation of*

*lb 8oz
4 Marlin.*

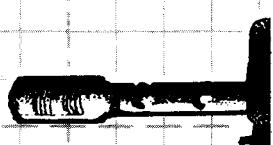
**MODEL 61 SKORPION
MACHINE PISTOL (with
folded stock)** — *Weight: 4lb
4oz (2kg) fully loaded.
Length: 20" (513mm), 10.5"
(269mm) with stock folded.
Round: .32 ACP. Rate of
Fire: 840 rounds per minute.
Nation of Manufacture:
Czechoslovakia.*



HANDGRIP ITHACA SHOTGUN — *Weight: 5lb 8oz (2.5kg) fully
loaded. Length: 27.5" (690mm). Round: 12-gauge, 2.75". Rate of
Fire: pump action. Nation of Manufacture: U.S.A.*



P-08 LUGER PISTOL — *Weight: 2lb 6oz
(1.07kg) fully loaded.
Length: 9" (223mm).
Round: 9mm
parabellum. Rate of
Fire: semi-automatic.
Nation of Manufacture:
Germany.*



SIG 510-4
*Length: 41"
of Fire: 60
Manufact*

*Length: 46.5" (1181mm). Round:
Manufacture: United Kingdom.*



Ingram without silencer.



Ingram with silencer.

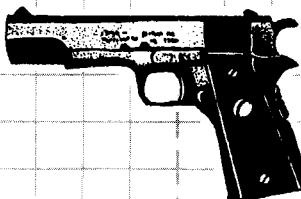
INGRAM M11 (now Cobray)
SUBMACHINE GUN — Weight: 4 lb
10oz (2.1kg) fully loaded. Length: 18"
(445mm), 9" (222mm) with stock folded.
Round: .380 ACP or 9mm parabellum.
Rate of Fire: 1200 rounds per minute.
Nation of Manufacture: U.S.A.

) fully
mm

:

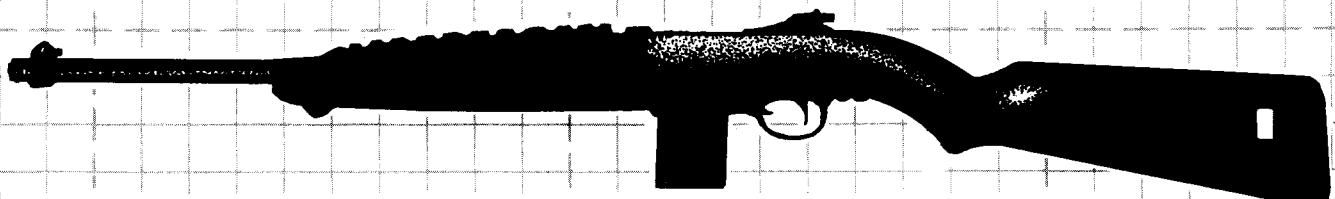


MODEL 1911A1
AUTOMATIC PISTOL
— Weight: 3lb (1.36kg).
Length: 8.5" (219mm).
Round: .45 ACP. Rate
of Fire: semi-automatic.
Nation of Manufacture:
U.S.A.

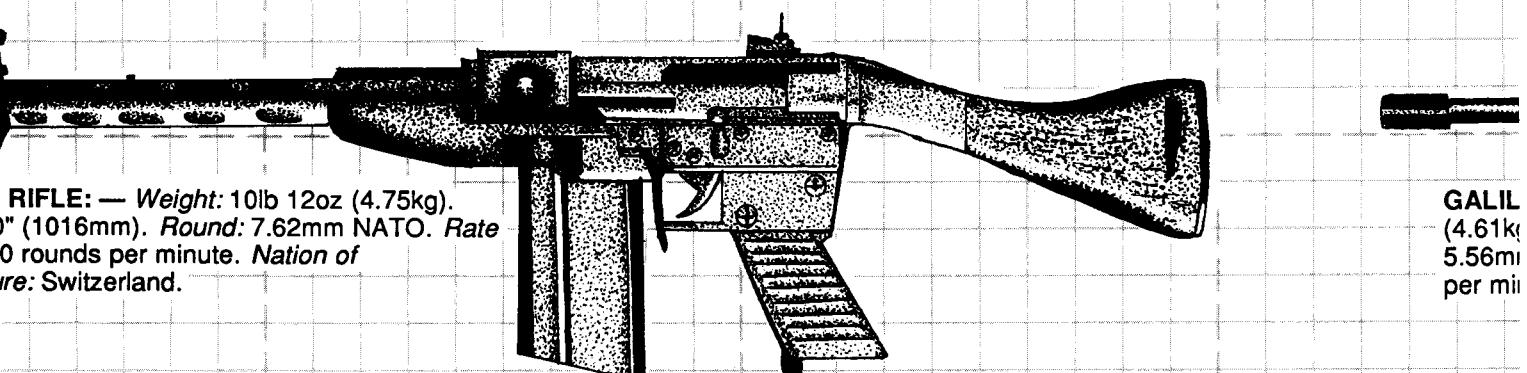


MARK 7 STERLING
PARATROOPER'S PISTOL —
Weight: 6lb 6oz (2.9kg) fully
loaded. Length: 14" (355mm).
Round: 9mm parabellum. Rate
of Fire: 550 rounds per minute.
Nation of Manufacture: United
Kingdom.

MODEL 1:
(3.77kg) fu
stock fold
per minute



M1 CARBINE (civilian copy, Ivar Johnson PM 30 HB, shown) — Weight: 5lb 3oz (2.6kg) fully
loaded. Length: 35.5" (904mm). Round: .30 M1. Rate of Fire: semi-automatic. (M2 only is 750
rounds per minute.) Nation of Manufacture: U.S.A.



RIFLE: — Weight: 10lb 12oz (4.75kg).
Length: 40" (1016mm). Round: 7.62mm NATO. Rate
of Fire: 750 rounds per minute. Nation of
Manufacture: Switzerland.

GALIL
(4.61kg)
5.56mi
per mi

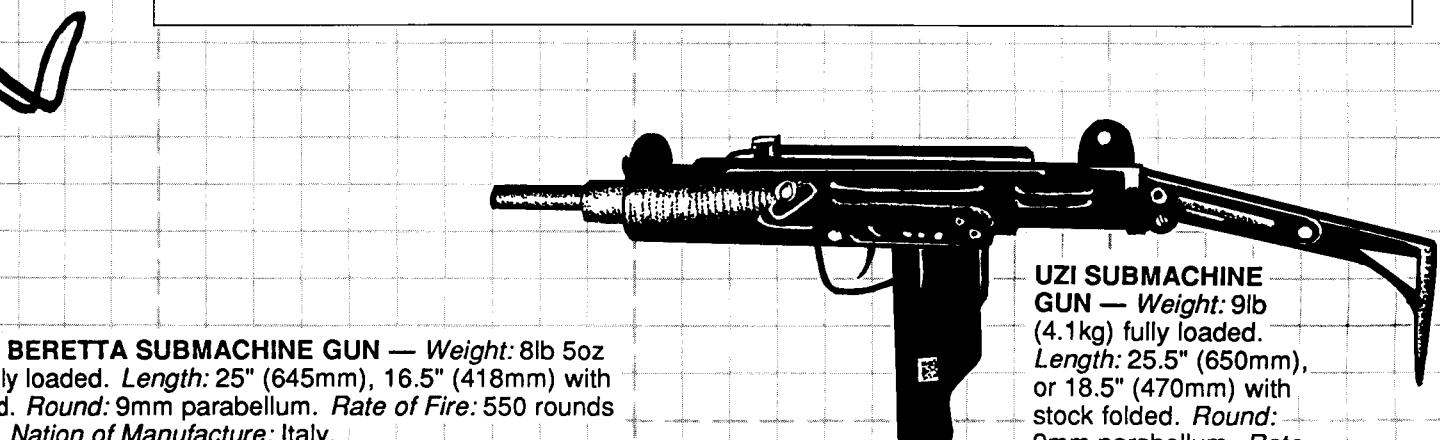
Selected Contemporary Weapons

In Relative Scale

drawings RON LEMING • text SANDY PETERSEN

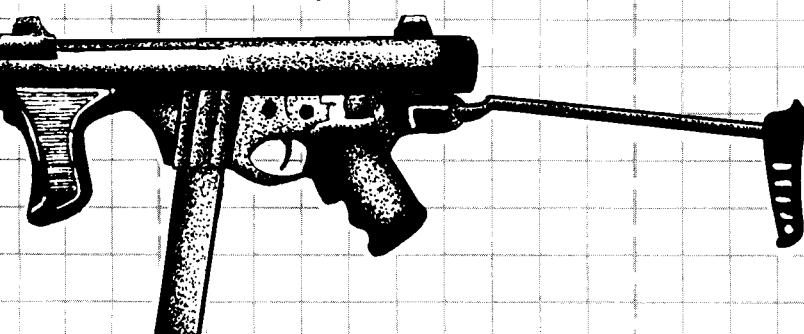
SHEET TWO

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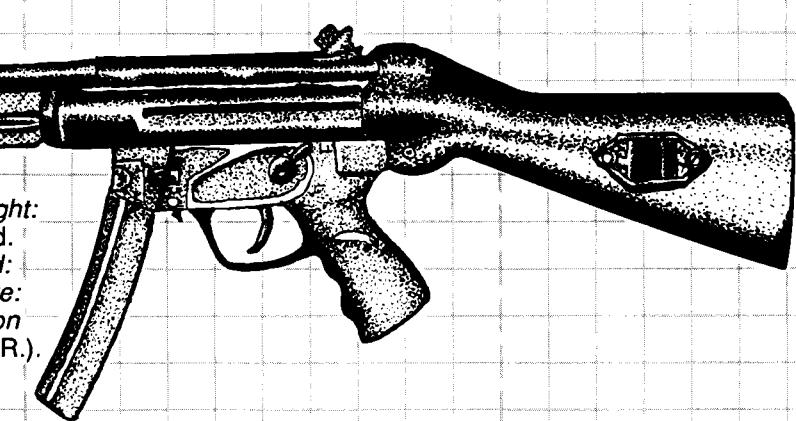


BERETTA SUBMACHINE GUN — Weight: 8lb 5oz
fully loaded. Length: 25" (645mm), 16.5" (418mm) with
stock folded. Round: 9mm parabellum. Rate of Fire: 550 rounds per minute.
Nation of Manufacture: Italy.

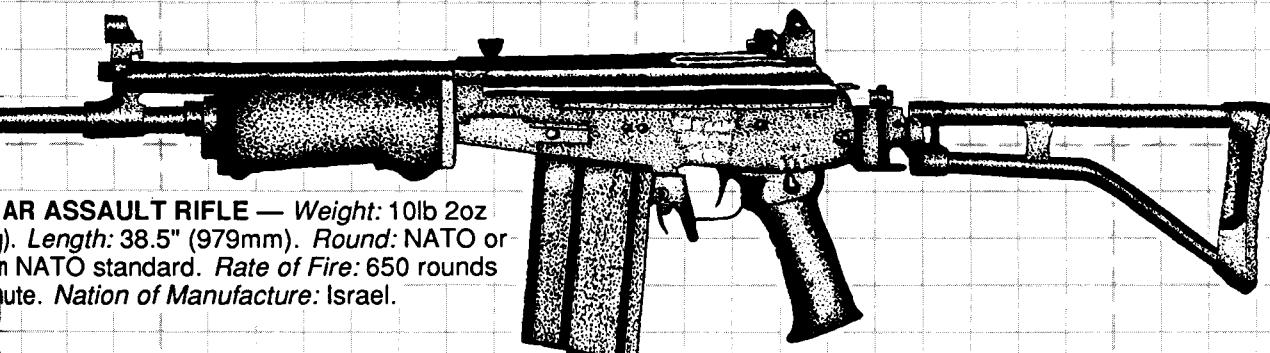
UZI SUBMACHINE GUN — Weight: 9lb
(4.1kg) fully loaded.
Length: 25.5" (650mm),
or 18.5" (470mm) with stock folded. Round:
9mm parabellum. Rate of Fire: 600 rounds per minute.
Nation of Manufacture: Israel.



MP5 HECKLER & KOCH SUBMACHINE GUN — Weight: 6lb 12oz (3.07kg) fully loaded.
Length: 27" (680mm). Round: 9mm parabellum. Rate of Fire: 550 rounds per minute.
Nation of Manufacture: Germany (F.R.).



AR ASSAULT RIFLE — Weight: 10lb 2oz
Length: 38.5" (979mm). Round: NATO or
any NATO standard. Rate of Fire: 650 rounds per minute.
Nation of Manufacture: Israel.



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*Modern Background and Adventures
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5.56mm Enfield assault rifle

Pleasures Of Power...

...those first men formed the cult around small idols which the Great Old Ones showed them; idols brought in dim eras from dark stars. That cult would never die till the stars came right again, and the secret priests would take great Cthulhu from His tomb to revive His subjects and resume His rule of earth. The time would be easy to know, for then mankind would have become as the Great Old Ones; free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and reveling in joy.

—H.P. LOVECRAFT

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available now.



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This book is a companion to publications such as *H.P. LOVECRAFT'S DREAMLANDS, TERROR AUSTRALIS*, and *GASLIGHT*, which also situate Cthulhu players in other times and places.

Call of Cthulhu is a roleplaying game based on the works of H.P. Lovecraft, in which ordinary people are confronted by the demonic machinations of the Elder Gods and their minions. In *Call of Cthulhu*, players portray investigators of things unknown and unspeakable, decent men and women of the 1920s who have learned unexpectedly dreadful secrets. *Cthulhu Now* supplements that game, offering new and contemporary adventures, showing how to create modern investigators, and containing material useful in playing out tales of today and tomorrow.



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