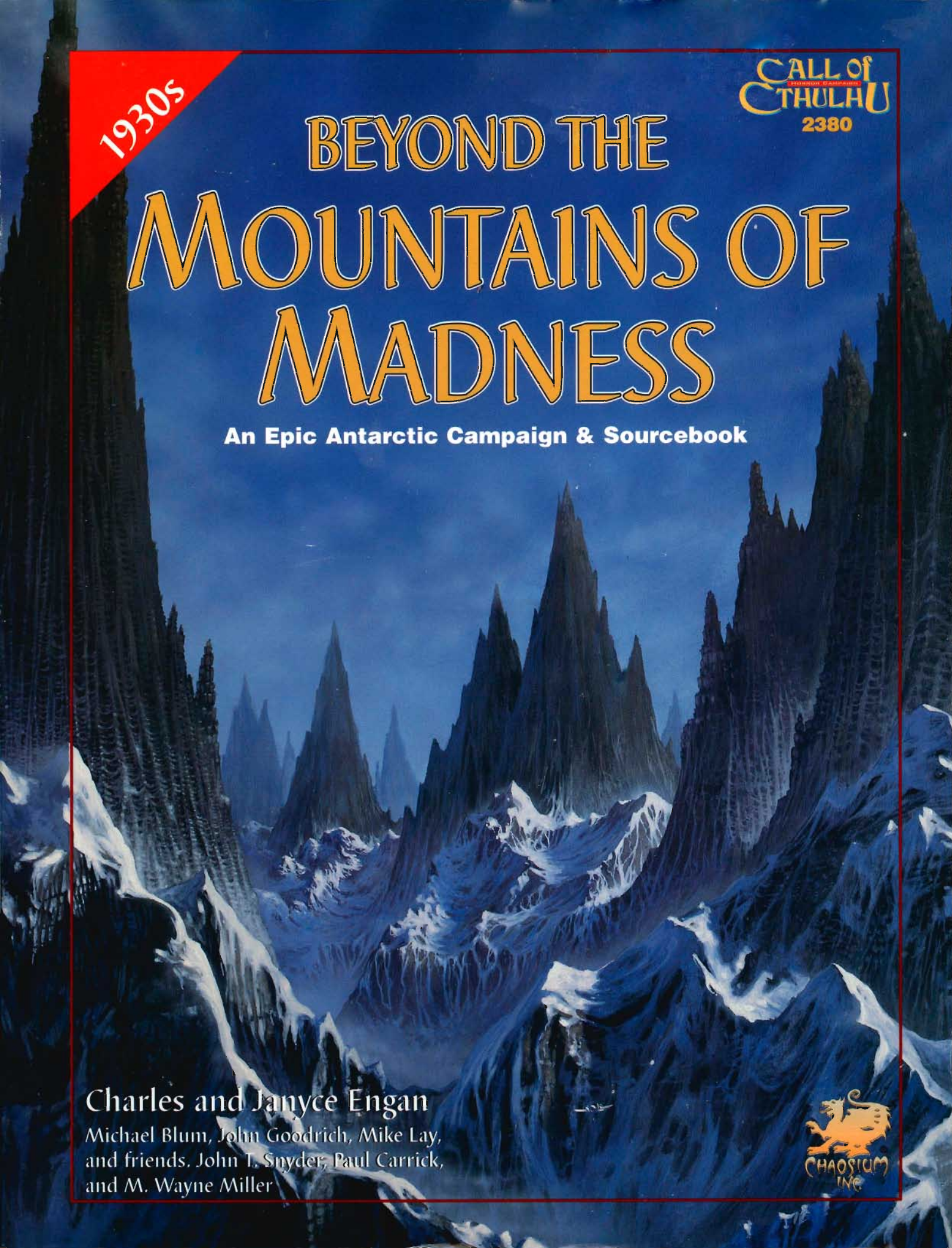
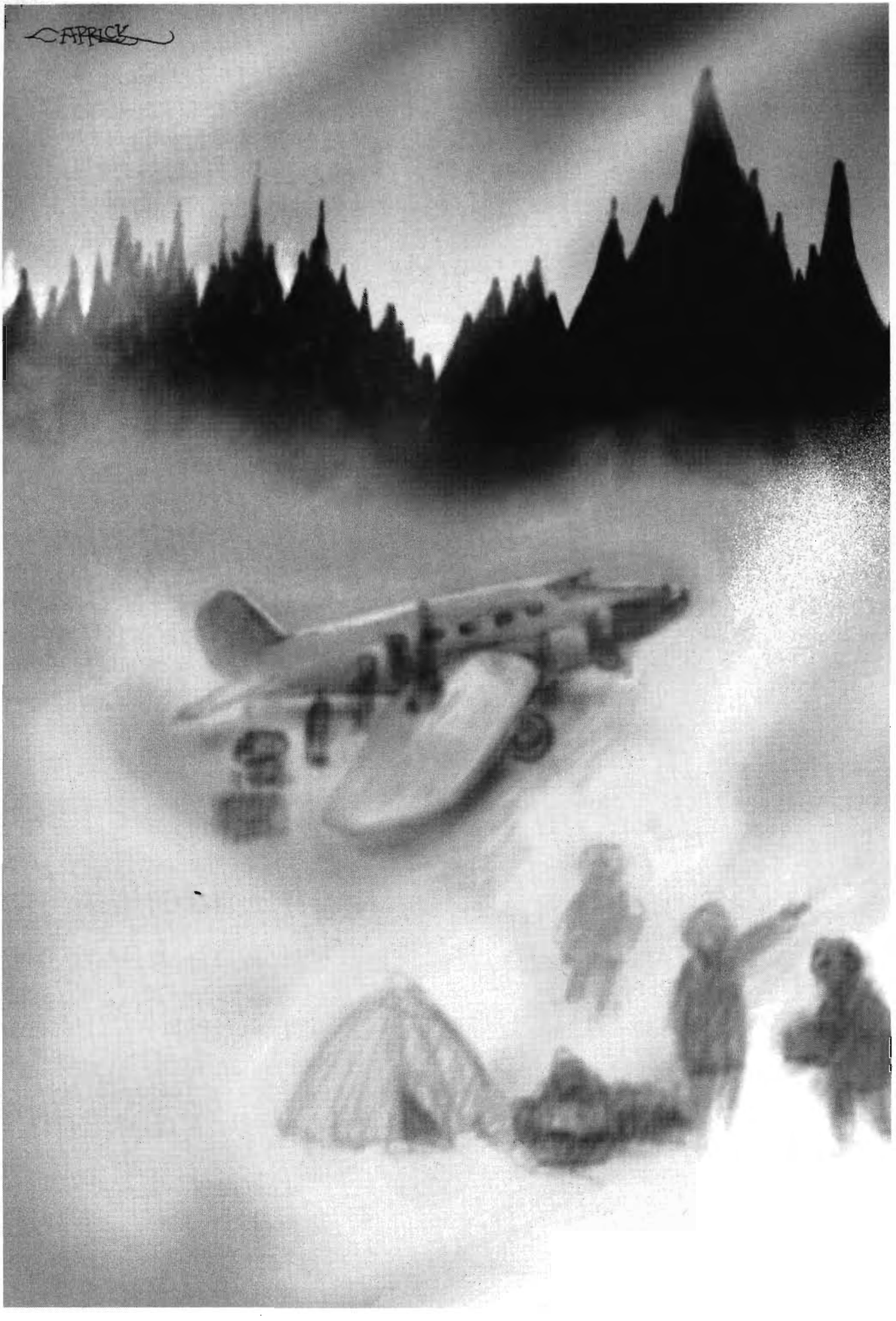
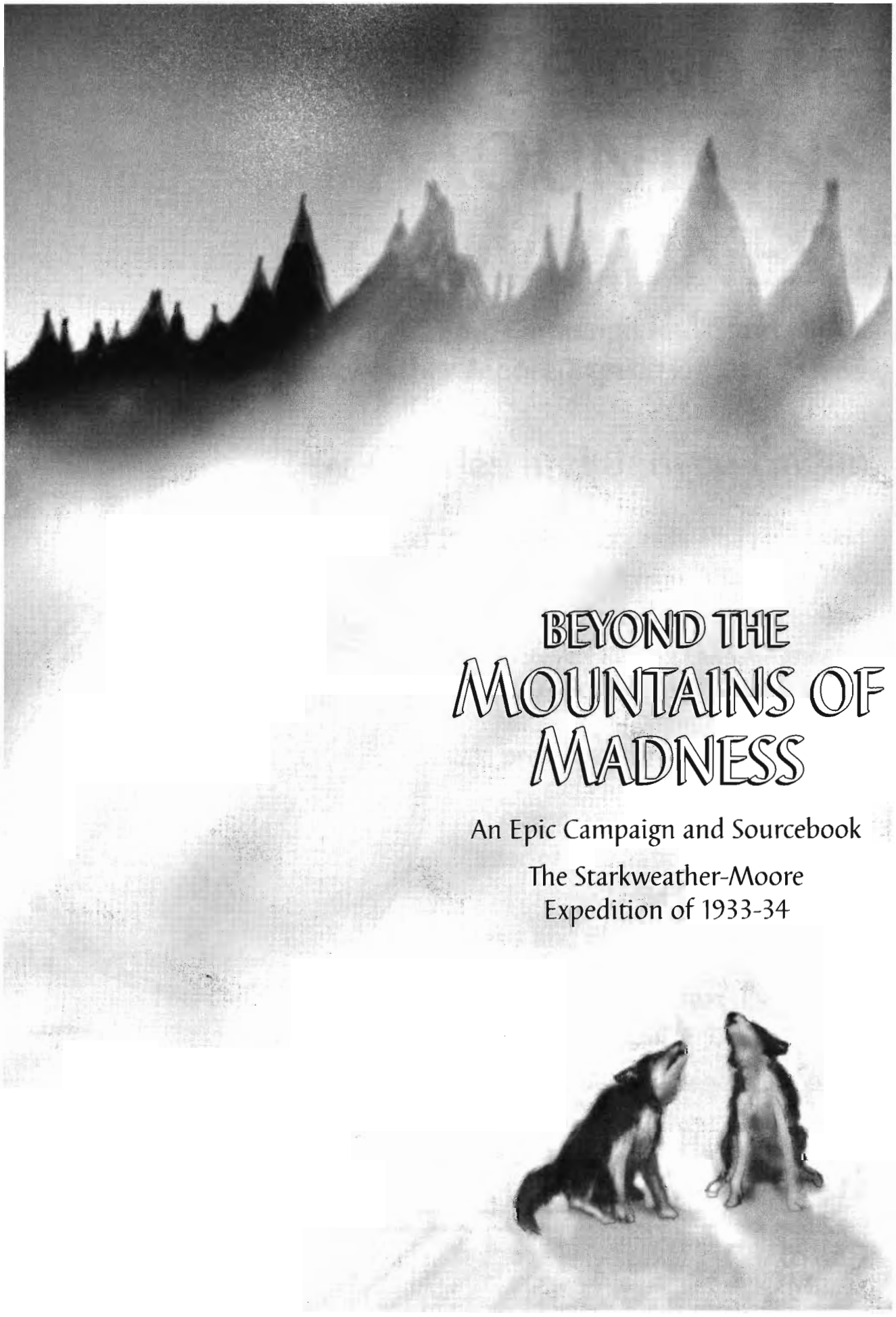

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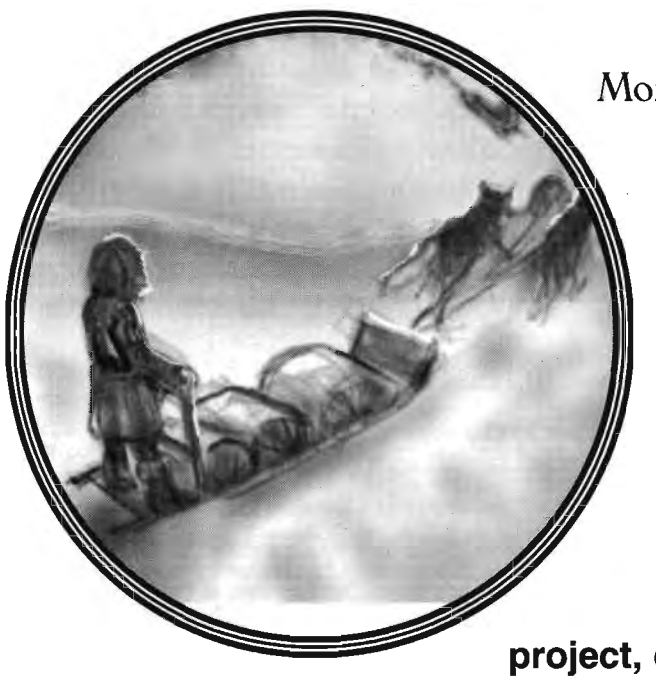
An Epic Campaign and Sourcebook

The Starkweather-Moore Expedition of 1933-34

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS

An Epic Campaign and Sourcebook
The Starkweather-Moore Expedition of 1933-34

by Charles and Janyce Engan



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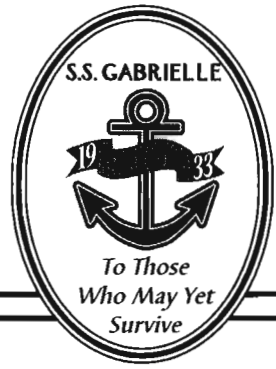
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Beyond the Mountains of Madness was written by Charles "Chaz" Engan, except as noted below. Michael Blum contributed New York City detailing, the *Gabrielle* fire, vehicle and equipment writeups, expedition plans and logistics, the detailed design for the *Gabrielle,* scenes and architecture for the City of the Elder Things, the information for Danforth and Lexington in the City of the Elder Things, and lots of maps, charts, and plans. John Goodrich wrote the unpublished Pym text, stats and skills for the Starkweather-Moore and Lexington crews, the Lexington histories, and the Antarctic exploration history. Phil and Marion Anderson provided loads of excellent expedition preparation work, polar equipment research, the initial concept for Chapter Seven, rich views of Lake's Camp, and glimpses of Melbourne. Mike Lay provided the Starkweather, Moore, and Roerich biographies, Antarctic detailing, the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition base and related details and plotline, input for Chapter Seven, and encounters for the City of the Elder Things. Jan Engan plotted and edited the investigator interviews in the Prologue, "Get Me a Woman" in Chapter One, and the sections for New York and Port Philip. Rob Montanaro wrote the sections for Henning the Saboteur and the *Wallaroo.* Frederic Moll provided Chapter Two. Mike Hodge contributed various short articles and newsclips. Steve Hill wrote up the first looks at the animiculi and some of the scenes.in the City of the Elder Things. Sophia Caramagno and Daniel Rohrer provided short articles and Chapter Seven detailing. Lynn Willis contributed to the skills, chapter set-scenes, stats, and added various bits and pieces. Reginald Winston provided additional contributions and fire support.

John T. Snyder painted the cover. Paul Carrick, M. Wayne Miller, and Mark Ryberg drew the interior illustrations. Michael Blum also drew the maps, plans, and diagrams.



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—Chaz Engan, December 1998.

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Foreword

Lovecraft's short novel *At the Mountains of Madness* is an epic tale of discovery and terror. *Mountains* tells the story of the Miskatonic University Antarctic Expedition of 1930-31, which ventured forth into the icy wastes of the southern continent in search of new discoveries, and instead found horror, tragedy, and a great and ancient secret.

The campaign you hold in your hands, *Beyond the Mountains of Madness,* continues the story begun in Lovecraft's novel of the Antarctic. It is the tale of the Stark-weather-Moore Expedition of 1933, mentioned by Lovecraft, which bravely (and foolishly) seeks to finish what the Miskatonic party began three years before.

The investigators are members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, competing against other expeditions, time, and weather to return to the Mountains of Madness, deep in the Antarctic wilderness. There they learn the truth of the Miskatonic party's awful fate—travel beyond the mountains to see what only two living men have ever seen—and penetrate a mystery far older than mankind, one that will test all life on Earth.

This scenario is a complex one. Mood and confusion play large parts in the evolving story—confusion over loyalties, allegiances, identities, and even the morality of duty. In the end the investigators find great responsibilities in their hands, and discover that the burden is not one they can ever put down.

Beyond the Mountains of Madness is an adventure for experienced roleplayers; however, the investigators themselves need no experience with the Cthulhu Mythos. Any number of investigators can participate; groups of four to six are recommended. If there are more, the keeper may have to stretch a few numbers to allow them all to be present at the climax in Chapter Eleven.

In This Volume

Beyond the Mountains of Madness has been organized into four sections. First is the narrative, which lays out the adventure and presents as well the scenery and descriptions that bring the tale to life.

The second section consists of seven large appendices. These contain the topical references and important information that will help keepers to play the adventure through. Timetables, charts, articles on history and exploration, and a myriad details needed to help the keeper make the harsh and forbidding world of Antarctica real for the players can be found here. The keeper needs to understand the general contents of all of the appendices, especially "Deep Background."

Near the end of the book, the numbered handouts and assorted maps and informational sidebars are repeated in their own section, "Appendix 7: Handouts" (p396) for easy photocopying. *Keeper's note: this section mostly repeats the maps and numbered handouts in the text., but does include some additional material, such as a detail map of downtown New York and an illustration of Antarctic clothing, as well as the cargo manifests for the* Gabrielle. *Without a doubt, every keeper will want to photocopy more maps or plans or tables, and suggestions for what they might be occur at the front of the handouts. But we cannot repeat so many more images in what is already such a very large book. Please try to anticipate what else you may need before your session of play actually begins.*

There is also a folded 16- by 20-inch sketch map of Antarctica near the back of the book. That is the players' reference map, up to date for 1933. A smaller version for the keeper occurs on page 31. The players' map is not screened. Moore turns to this map when he addresses the expedition for the first time.

If you are a player preparing to run an investigator in *Beyond the Mountains of Madness*, read no further. The rest of this book is intended for the keeper's eyes alone.

A Tragic Tale

Beyond the Mountains of Madness is not a series of interlinked scenarios. It is a single long adventure presented as an introduction, a prologue, and seventeen chapters.At the end of each chapter, a short timeline summarizes key events in the chapter.

The Introduction presents the keeper with the many threads that are woven into our story, introduces the other parties in the tale, and explains how they fit together.

The Prologue provides the investigators with the opportunity to join the Starkweather-Moore Expedition (SME), and gives them a chance to learn a bit more about the Miskatonic University party that preceded them.

Chapter One, Arrival in New York, brings together the men and women of the expedition for the first time. They meet the expedition leaders, Starkweather and Moore, learn of a long-standing feud between Starkweather and his wealthy and enigmatic rival, Acacia Lexington. They also discover that someone is trying to sabotage the expedition before it begins, for reasons unknown.

Chapter Two, Death of a Sea Captain, steps up the pace, as the investigators become involved with the murder of a man advertised as an expedition member.

In **Chapter Three, An Abduction**, investigators watching Acacia Lexington's house have the opportunity to rescue an important man, and thereby to learn a few more pieces of the plot.

Chapter Four, Departure, covers the party's last few days ashore. The investigators must battle to save their ship from fiery destruction.

Chapter Five, Sabotage at Sea, details the trip across the Pacific Ocean. A hidden saboteur on board the ship wreaks havoc until he is discovered.

Chapter Six, Onto the Ice, follows the expedition as it battles the forces of nature to secure a toehold on the most hostile continent on Earth.

In **Chapter Seven, A Shock in the Lightest Night**, a disaster at the Lexington encampment brings the two expeditions together. The investigators learn more about Acacia Lexington and her people as the two groups unite for an assault on the unknown.

Chapter Eight, Lake's Camp, brings the combined expeditions once again to the foothills of the Miskatonic Mountains, where Lake and his party died horribly three years before.

Chapter Nine, Balance of Power, continues the investigation at Lake's Camp. As the explorers peel away the concealing layers of ice to reveal the terrible truth of what happened there, a new group, the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition (BFE), arrives on the scene with an agenda of their own.

Chapter Ten, The City of the Elder Things, sees elements of all three expeditions cross the Miskatonic range at last, into the City of the Elder Things. While the investigators study the magnificent and ancient ruins, a mad survivor of the previous expedition does his best to strand them all in a last desperate act of sabotage.

Chapter Eleven, To the Dark Tower, takes the investigators out of the City into the unexplored lands beyond in pursuit of a group of elder things. The trail leads to an ancient tower, where the investigators must pay a terrible price in order to save the world from a devastation they themselves have caused.

Chapter Twelve, Return to Lake's Camp, and **Chapter Thirteen, An Arrow in Flight**, follow the party as they pursue a group of refugees in order to keep news of the tower and its terrible secret from ever reaching civilization.

Chapter Fourteen, Mission of Mercy, details the rescue of the last of the expedition from across the Miskatonic Mountains.

Chapter Fifteen, Exodus from the Ice, is an interlude that covers the withdrawal of the party from Antarctica.

In **Chapter Sixteen, The Black Rat**, the investigators find that they have not entirely left the terrible threat behind them. Unearthly Seeds awaken and threaten passengers and crew. The group must learn the secrets of the Seeds to survive.

Chapter Seventeen, Ab Initio, concludes the fateful voyage that started six months before. The investigators decide how or whether to keep the most important secret in the world from becoming known.

After Chapter Seventeen, the Appendices begin.

Appendix One, Timelines, includes the public timeline for the M. U. expedition, the campaign timeline by chapter, and a fixed events timeline.

Appendix Two, Antarctica Manual, includes notes on clothing, injuries, antarctic weather, aircraft maintenance, climbing the Miskatonics, etc.

Appendix Three, Deep Background, holds most of the secrets of the campaign, discussing the elder things and their Construct, good notes about their writing system, the coming of the Unknown God, the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition, and reprints the four lost chapters from *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym.*

Appendix Four, Game Logistics, includes the pages of the Starkweather-Moore equipment manifest, showing how the *Gabrielle* was loaded at New York, and also the operating notes for aircraft flights to Lake's Camp for the SME and the BFE.

Appendix Five, Game Stats and Rosters, contains nearly all the personal statistics for the campaign, some biographical notes, and pages of thumbnail illustrations set together for easier photocopying. There is quite a bit of material. Of the very many BFE members, only those at Lake's Camp are detailed.

Appendix Six, Vehicles, ignores the *Gabrielle,* which is found in Chapter Four-B. Includes notes and illustrations for the *Tallahassee,* the *Wilhelmina,* six aircraft types, and a snow tractor.

Appendix Seven, Handouts, repeats the all the numbered handouts of the book, certain additional handouts, and makes suggestions for what else might be useful. There is a modified investigator sheet, reflecting the new skills, and definitions of the new skills themselves.

Weaving a Tangled Web

Beyond the Mountains of Madness can be played by itself (as a stand-alone adventure) or as part of an ongoing campaign. Keepers should expect to complete roughly one chapter per full day of play, for an overall run time of 15-20 sessions.

Player characters can be rolled up as needed, or the keeper may allow players to use members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, whose descriptions and statistics can be found in Appendix 5, page 349, "Game Stats and Rosters." The following Starkweather-Moore members are suited for use as player characters.

Pierce Albemarle

Morehouse Bryce

Timothy Cartier

Maurice Cole

Hidalgo Cruz

Albert Gilmore

Lawrence Longfellow

Tomás Lopez

Douglas Orgelfinger

Charlene Whitston

Keepers who wish to integrate *Beyond the Mountains of Madness* into existing campaigns should do so gradually, making the investigators aware of the Starkweather-Moore party's status as the expedition leaders prepare. Investigators may become involved with the expedition in a number of different ways. For example:

- Investigators with appropriate scientific or survival skills might be invited to join the expedition by Professor Moore.
- Investigators may have had dear friends or relatives among the members of the Miskatonic University 1930 Antarctic Expedition. Whether they lived to return or died at Lake's Camp, there are enough mysteries surrounding the Lake party's tragic fate that a return trip seems in order.
- Investigators who were students or faculty at Miskatonic University may have found hints of evidence in the effects brought back by the survivors of the 1930 expedition: these scraps have left them certain that something was deliberately covered up about the disaster.
- Investigators may possess documents or memoirs written by Pym, Peters, or other long-ago Antarctic explorers that convince them that Lake's finds were more than mere fossils.
- Experienced investigators with lots of exposure to the Mythos may have information from other sources, such as the Yithians or mi-go, regarding the presence of the elder things on the southern ice.

These are just a few ideas. Your own are sure to be better. The actual recruitment process is detailed in the Prologue and Chapter One. Keepers should read these chapters before beginning play, as they contain many recommendations useful when guiding players to create their characters for the adventure.

No matter how strong the temptation, do not allow player investigators to join the Lexington or Barsmeier-Falken Expeditions. These other parties should appear in an ominous light as long as possible. In the end they fare worse than the Starkweather-Moore group.

Danforth's Legacy

One of the driving elements in the adventure are the efforts of Paul Danforth, half-mad survivor of the disastrous Miskatonic University Expedition of 1930. Danforth's desperate self-made mission is to keep news of the elder things and their ancient City from reaching the world at large. To this end he engineers many of the mishaps that plague the investigators as the scenario proceeds.

Danforth is able to get himself hired as a pilot by the Lexington Expedition under the pseudonym "Kyle Williams." As a member of that party, he believes, he will be capable of keeping them from reaching the Mountains of Madness or witnessing the lands beyond. He plagues the men and women of that expedition with nightmares, mishaps, and finally with madness and sabotage in Chapter Seven.

Danforth knows, however, that he cannot stop one expedition while he is travelling with another. Therefore he hires saboteurs to keep the Starkweather-Moore party from reaching their goal. Danforth, in disguise, is the "red-haired patron" who hires the arsonist Jerry Polk in Chapter Four; he pays Henning, the *Gabrielle*'s steward in Chapter Five, to commit his mischief; and ultimately, when there is nothing left to lose, he himself attacks the Starkweather-Moore aircraft in the City of the Elder Things in Chapter Ten, in order to guarantee that no one lives to return to the North.

Danforth/Williams is an interesting character and a good foil for the keeper. His concerns from the first are for the good of all mankind, and ultimately the investigators may come to share his goals. Special care should be taken, however, to insure that the characters never stay close to "Williams," lest his instability and too-careful observations come prematurely into view.

On the Trail of Arthur Pym

Other incidents in the scenario do not arise from Danforth's schemes. The Barsmeier-Falken Expedition and its patron, Albrecht Loemmler, have another goal in mind. They seek to unearth the remains of the civilization discovered by Arthur Gordon Pym in 1832 and profit from its technology and resources. They are behind the death of J. B. Douglas in Chapter Two, responsible for the assault on Nicholas Roerich in Chapter Three, and were involved in the mystery surrounding the death of Acacia Lexington's father more than a decade previously.

Despite their ruthlessness, Loemmler's Profiteers are not cultists or even true enemies. They are pragmatic men who are looking for profit and are willing to grab for it when it comes their way. Nonetheless their willingness to exploit the secrets of the elder things may set the investigators against them in the end. This conflict could extend far beyond the last page of *Beyond the Mountains of Madness*.

Directed Reading

The keeper *must* read Lovecraft's original story, *At the Mountains of Madness,* in its entirety before beginning play. The tale is Professor Dyer's eyewitness account of the Miskatonic University Expedition of 1930 and is a direct precursor to this scenario. In this campaign it is called the *Dyer Text.* The keeper is encouraged to familiarize himself or herself with its events, characters, and feel. The novel contains rich background details too numerous to include here.

The keeper should also read E. A. Poe's *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym.* Lovecraft is said to have drawn heavily upon this tale for inspiration while he wrote *Mountains,* and of course its concluding chapters prompt the intervention of Loemmler's Profiteers.

Both works contain elements which figure prominently in this scenario. Both are themselves texts which may be found and read by the investigators in the course of play. The keeper should have them on hand. Both appear in the Chaosium volume *The Antarktos Cycle*.

Synopses for both tales are presented elsewhere in this volume.

The keeper is strongly advised to become familiar with the appendices. A great deal of this material does not appear in the chapter narratives, and often is not referred to. Nonetheless, it includes ideas and essays of great value. Of particular importance are the bios of Starkweather, Moore, and Lexington, and the wandering essay "The Origins of the Feud."

More Reading

"The Conquest of Antarctica by Air," *National Geographic Magazine*, Richard E. Byrd, August 1930. Pages 127–227. An account of Byrd's 1928–1929 Antarctic expedition. It contains a wealth of information, including dozens of photographs which can be used to set the mood for the adventure.

Diary of the Terra Nova Expedition 1910–1912, Edward A. Wilson, London 1972. A useful account of Scott's last journey. Available in used book stores.

The Endurance—Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition, Caroline Alexander, New York 1998. Previously unpublished photos by F. Hurley, expedition photographer. Best seller. Knopf, NY, ISBN 0-37540-403-1.

Home of the Blizzard: The Story of the Australian Antarctic Expedition, 1911–1914, Sir Douglas Mawson, 1916. The story of Mawson's expedition to Antarctica. This book, long out of print, has just been reprinted by St. Martin's Press with a foreword by Ranulph Fiennes. ISBN 0-312-21125-2.

Little America, Richard E. Byrd, 1930. The excellently technical account of his first expedition to Antarctica—the first of its kind to significantly use aircraft. Putnam, NY & London. This book is out of print, but frequently shows up in used book stores.

New Worlds to Conquer, Richard Halliburton, 1929. A travelogue to many places of interest, including an excellent contemporary description of the Panama Canal. Out of print, but frequently available in used bookstores. Bobbs-Merrill.

Scott's Last Voyage—Through the Antarctic Camera of Herbert Ponting, ed. by Ann Savours, 1974. A wonderful overview of Scott's 1911 expedition, including large numbers of Ponting's photographs. Praeger, NY. ISBN 0-275-52670-4.

Keepers, it's in your hands now. The rest is up to you, so have fun, and good luck!

Chaz and Jan Engan
Berkeley, California
June 1998 ■

Dramatis Personae

The following characters figure prominently in *Beyond the Mountains of Madness*:

Barsmeier, Josef Leader of the Barsmeier-Falken Antarctic Expedition of 1933, he plans to survey the unknown region inland from the Weddell Sea, in search of valuable resources.

Danforth, Paul Pilot and graduate student on the 1930 Miskatonic University Expedition. He and Dyer saw the City of the Elder Things. The experience left him hospitalized with a nervous breakdown. Now partly recovered, he turns his efforts to stopping anyone else from venturing across the mountains; see Kyle Williams, below.

Dyer, William Geologist and expedition leader on the Miskatonic University Antarctic Expedition of 1930. He and Danforth crossed the Miskatonic Mountains and returned. He is on leave of absence from the University; his current location is not known. He wrote the *Dyer Text.*

Falken, Klaus Leader of the Barsmeier-Falken Antarctic Expedition of 1933, he plans to uncover artifacts of possible long-ago residents of the Antarctic, as reported in Arthur Pym's narrative.

Lake, Percy Biologist and explorer on the Miskatonic University Expedition of 1930, he uncovered remains of many plants and animals unknown to science in the foothills of the Miskatonic Mountains before being killed in a sudden storm along with his entire party.

Lexington, Acacia Millionaire heiress and world traveler, she plans to be the first woman to stand at the South Pole. She has a longstanding rivalry with James Starkweather.

Lexington, Percival Wealthy financier, now deceased; Acacia Lexington's father. P. W., as he was known, died mysteriously in an apparent suicide in 1921. He was the last known owner of the concluding chapters of Arthur Pym's narrative.

Loemmler, Albrecht German industrialist and millionaire, he made a huge fortune during the inflation of the early 1920s. Well-connected, with friends in high places in the German government, Loemmler uses the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition to look for evidence of the truth of Pym's unpublished conclusion, which he acquired from P. W. Lexington shortly before Lexington's death. Loemmler leads important interests in Germany, here termed the Profiteers.

Meyer, Johann Leader of the BFE team at Lake's Camp, Doktor Meyer has read the *Dyer Text* and the missing Pym chapters, but when he reaches the Tower, he is unprepared for the horror behind the truth.

Moore, William Geologist and professor at Miskatonic University, one of the leaders of the newly formed Starkweather-Moore Antarctic Expedition of 1933. Moore intends to return to the last resting place of his one-time friend Percy Lake and discover the true reason for his death.

Priestley, Albert Photographer and film-maker; Acacia Lexington's right-hand man on her Antarctic journey. Priestley intends to make a documentary movie about the Lexington Expedition's epic journey and their epochal discoveries.

Profiteers, The A group of European, predominantly German financial interests who find the potential mineral wealth of Antarctica to be of abiding interest. They finance the BFE. No member of this consortium is met in this campaign. Sothcott and friends in Chapter Three are their agents.

Pym, Arthur A young 19th-century seaman whose account of his travels in the Antarctic was related as fiction by Edgar Allan Poe. Pym died mysteriously in 1837. Only incomplete versions of his book were ever published.

Roerich, Nicholas Respected sculptor, painter, and international philanthropist, his paintings remind Dyer of many features seen at the Miskatonic Mountains.

Starkweather, James World-famous explorer and wilderness guide, one of the leaders of the newly formed Starkweather-Moore Antarctic Expedition of 1933. Starkweather intends to explore the unknown lands beyond the Miskatonic Mountains. Starkweather has a long-time rivalry with Acacia Lexington, and will do everything he can to be first into unknown territory.

Williams, Kyle A pilot on the Lexington Expedition. Williams is actually Paul Danforth in disguise, the only important character carrying over from "At the Mountains of Madness." Throughout the adventure Danforth/Williams does whatever he can to ensure that no one returns after crossing the Miskatonic Mountains. ■

Beyond Papers P.1

What the World Knows about the M. U. Expedition to Antarctica, 1930–31

Most of the following came to the world via the *Arkham Advertiser's* powerful radio installation at Kingsport Head, Massachusetts.

The expedition landed at Ross Island in the Ross Sea. After several tests of the drilling gear and trips to Mt. Erebus and other local sights, the land party, consisting of 20 men and 55 dogs plus gear, assembled a semi-permanent camp on the barrier not far away and readied their five big Dornier aircraft for flight.

Using four of the aircraft, the fifth being held in reserve at the barrier camp, the party established a second base camp on the Polar Plateau beyond the top of the Beardmore Glacier (Lat 86d7m Long E174d23m) and did a lot more drilling and blasting in that vicinity. During December 13–15, 1930, Pabodie, Gedney, and Carroll climbed Mt. Nansen. Many fascinating fossil finds were made using the drill rig.

On January 6, 1931, Lake, Dyer, Pabodie, Daniels, and ten others flew directly over the South Pole in two aircraft, being forced down once for several hours by high winds. Several other observation flights were made to points of less noteworthiness during the week before and after.

The published plan for the expedition at this point was to move the entire operation eastward another 500 miles in mid-January, for the purpose of establishing once and for all whether Antarctica was one continent or two. The public also received word during this period that Lake, the biologist, campaigned strongly for an expedition to the northwest before moving the base camp. Therefore, instead of flying west on the 10th of January as planned, the party remained where it was while Lake, Pabodie, and five others set out via sled to probe overland into unknown lands. This expedition lasted from January 11th through the 18th, and was scientifically successful and marred only by the loss of two dogs in an accident while crossing a pressure ridge. During this same period, many supplies and barrels of fuel were airlifted by the others up to the Beardmore camp.

The expedition's published agenda was changed once again when it was decided to send a very large party northeastward under Lake's command. The party left Beardmore by aircraft on January 22nd, and radioed frequent reports directly to the *Arkham* for rebroadcast to the world. The party consisted of 4 planes, 12 men, 36 dogs, and all of the drilling and blasting equipment. Later that same day the expedition landed about 300 miles east and drilled and blasted up a new set of samples, containing some very exciting Cambrian fossils.

Late on the same day, about 10 p.m., Lake's party announced the sighting of a new mountain range far higher than any heretofore seen in the Antarctic. Its estimated position was at Lat 76d15m, Long E113d10m. It was described as a very broad range with suspicions of volcanism present. One of the planes was forced down in the foothills and was damaged in the landing. Two other craft landed there as well and set up camp, while Lake and Carroll, in the fourth plane, flew along the new range for a short while up close. Very strange angular formations, columns, and spiracles were reported in the highest peaks. Lake estimated the range peaks may top 35,000 feet. Dyer called back to the ships and ordered the crew there to ready large amounts of supplies for shipment to a new base which would have to be set up in the foothills of the new range.

January 23rd—Lake commented on the likelihood of vicious gales in the region, and announced that they were beginning a drilling probe near the new camp. It was agreed that one plane would fly back to the Beardmore camp to pick up the remaining men and all the fuel it could carry. Dyer told Lake that he and his men would be ready in another 24 hours.

The rest of that same day was filled with fantastic, exciting news that rocked the scientific world. A borehole had drilled through into a cave, and blasting had opened up the hole wide enough to enter. The interior of the limestone cave was a treasure trove of wonderful fossil finds in unprecedented quantity. After this discovery, the messages no longer came directly from Lake but were dictated from notes that Lake wrote while at the digsite and sent to the transmitter by runner.

Into the afternoon the reports poured in. Amazing amounts of material were found in the hole, some as old as the Silurian and Ordovician ages, some as recent as the Oligocene period. Nothing found was more recent than 30 million years ago. Fowler discovered triangular stipple-prints in a Comanchian fossil stratum that were close cousins to ones discovered by Lake himself in Archaean slate elsewhere on the continent. They concluded that the makers of those tracks were members of a species of radiant that continued significantly unchanged for over six hundred million years—and was in fact evolved and specialized at a time "not less than a thousand million years ago when the planet was young and recently uninhabitable for any life forms of normal protoplasmic structure. The question arises when, where, and how that development took place."

Later that evening—Orrendorf and Watkins discovered a huge barrel-shaped fossil of wholly unknown nature. Mineral salts apparently preserved the specimen with minimal calcification for an unknown period of time. Unusual flexibility remained in the tissues, though they were extremely tough. The creature was over six feet in length and seems to have possessed membraneous fins or wings. (More detail given, too much for this synopsis.) Given the unique nature of the find, all hands were searching the caves looking for more signs of this new organism type.

Close to midnight—Lake broadcast to the world that the new barrel-bodied animals were the same creatures that left the weird triangular prints in fossil strata from the Archaean to the Comanchian eras. Mills, Boudreau, and Fowler found a cluster of thirteen more of the specimens about forty feet from the entrance, in association with a number of small oddly shaped soapstone carvings. Several of the new specimens were more intact than the first, including intact head and feet samples that convinced Lake that the creatures were his track-makers (an extremely detailed anatomical description followed at this point). Lake intended to dissect one, then get some rest and see Dyer and the others in a day or two.

January 24th, 3 a.m.—Lake reported that the fourteen specimens had been brought by sled from the dig site to the main camp and laid out in the snow. The creatures were extremely heavy and also very tough. Lake began his attempt at dissection on one of the more perfect specimens, but found that he could not cut it open without risking great damage to delicate structures, so he exchanged it for one of the more damaged samples. This also gave him easier access to the creature's interior. (More details—vocal systems—very advanced nervous system—exceedingly foul smell —weird and complex sensory organs.) He jokingly named the creatures the "elder ones."

Last report, about 4 a.m.—Strong winds rising, all hands at Lake's Camp were set to building hurried snow barricades for the dogs and the vehicles. As a probable storm was on the way, air flight was out of the question for the moment. Lake went to bed exhausted.

No further word was received from Lake's camp. Huge storms that morning threatened to bury even Dyer's camp. At first it was assumed that Lake's radios were out, but continued silence from all four transmitter sets was worrisome. Dyer called up the spare plane from McMurdo to join him at Beardmore once the storm had subsided.

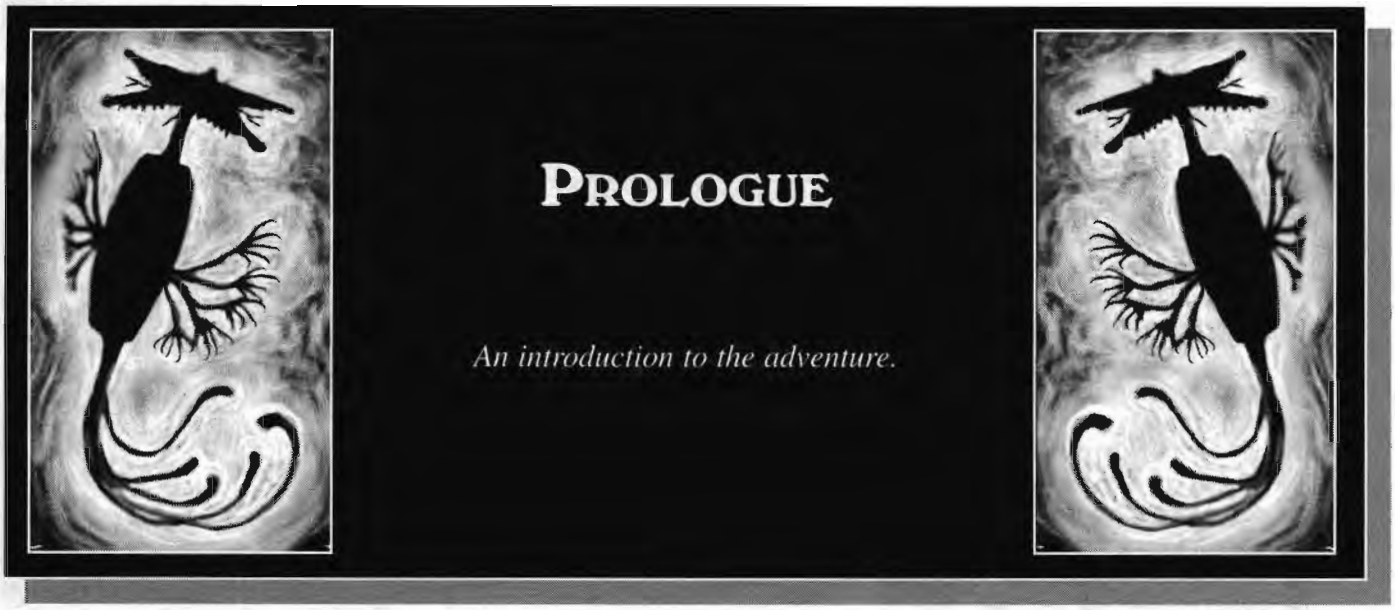
January 25th—Dyer's rescue expedition left Beardmore with 10 men, 7 dogs, a sled, and a lot of hope, piloted by McTighe. They took off at 7:15 a.m. and were at Lake's Camp by noon. Several upper-air gales made the journey difficult. Landing was reported by McTighe at Lake's camp at noon; the rescue party was on the ground safely.

4 p.m., same day—A radio announcement was sent to the world that Lake's entire party had been killed, and the camp all but obliterated by incredibly fierce winds the night before. Gedney's body was missing, presumed carried off by wind; the remainder of the team were dead and so grievously torn and mangled that transporting the remains was out of the question. Lake's dogs were also dead; Dyer's own dogs were extremely uneasy around the camp and the few remains of Lake's specimens. As for the new animals—the elder ones—described by Lake, the only specimens found by Dyer were damaged, but were still whole enough to ascertain that Lake's descriptions were probably wholly and impressively accurate. It was decided that an expedition in a lightened plane would fly into the higher peaks of the range before everyone returned home.

January 26th—Early morning report by Dyer talked about his trip with Danforth into the mountains. He described the incredible difficulty in gaining the altitude necessary to reach even the lowest of the passes at 24,000 feet; he confirmed Lake's opinion that the higher peaks were of very primal strata unchanged since at least Comanchian times. He discussed the large cuboid formations on the mountainsides, and mentioned that approaches to these passes seemed quite navigable by ground parties but that the rarefied air makes breathing at those heights a very real problem. Dyer described the land beyond the mountain pass as a "lofty and immense super-plateau as ancient and unchanging as the mountains themselves—twenty thousand feet in elevation, with grotesque rock formations protruding through a thin glacial layer and with low gradual foothills between the general plateau surface and the sheer precipices of the highest peaks." The Dyer group spent the day burying the bodies and collecting books, notes, etc., for the trip home.

January 27th—Dyer's party returned to Beardmore in a single air hop using three planes, the one they came in and the two least damaged of Lake's four craft.

January 28th—The planes were back at McMurdo Sound. The expedition packed and left soon after that. ❑



PROLOGUE

An introduction to the adventure.

In September of 1930, researchers from Arkham's Miskatonic University set sail for the Antarctic continent on a bold venture of exploration and discovery. The Miskatonic University Antarctic Expedition, privately funded with support from the Nathaniel Pickman Foundation, left Boston Harbor in two ships. Two months later they landed in Antarctica near Ross Island: twenty men, fifty-five dogs, and five large Dornier aëroplanes were set upon the ice. Their mission was to survey a geologic history of the Earth's last frontier, to chart from the air where no human foot had stepped, and to determine at last, once and for all, whether Antarctica was indeed one land mass or several.

In The Beginning

In much of this they were successful. From November of 1930 until mid-January of 1931, the expedition achieved goal after goal, milestone after milestone. Their results were broadcast daily to the world, via the waiting ships and the great listening station at Kingsport Head. Thousands of square miles of previously unexplored terrain were overflown and mapped. Sled teams and aerial explorations led by Professors Dyer and Lake took core samples from scattered spots over nearly a quarter of the continent. Advanced lightweight drilling apparatus, designed and operated by Doctor Pabodie, enabled the teams to extract core samples from deep within the ice, as well as the ancient exposed rocks of that frigid land.

However, history does not remember the Miskatonic Expedition for its successes but for its final tragic failure.

The end of the expedition came just as the team seemed on the brink of their most spectacular triumph. On January 23rd, a large aërial party, led by the biologist Professor Lake, broke through into an unbelievable treasure-trove of ancient bones and fossils in a series of caverns at the foot of a hitherto-unknown mountain range. For two days they explored the caves, bringing up specimen after specimen in a fantastic palimpsest of earthly history. Some of the specimens uncovered by Lake's teams were utterly unlike any living things that have ever been studied by science—and they had been preserved, through some freak combination of the cold and the terrain, to such an extent that even tissue had remained intact after millions of years.

Lake's initial reports were seized upon by the scientific world. The photographs and samples he collected promised to lead to whole new fields of biological knowledge. The transcriptions broadcast of his first crude dissections have been copied untold times, and are available in every library of science worthy of the name. He would, it is certain, have gone on to report still greater marvels of science—but even heroic efforts must end, and Lake and the others chose at last to rest, after nearly two days of frantic activity.

They were never heard from again.

On the afternoon of January 24th, a tremendous Antarctic gale swept the campsite, killing every man in Lake's party and scattering his samples, notes and equipment beyond recovery. A rescue mission the following day found only silence, useless scraps of machinery, and a few pathetic remains of the tragedy. None of the men at Lake's camp ever returned home. The remainder of the expedition retreated north a few days later.

A Second Chance

Now, in 1933, a new expedition is forming, intent upon a return to that forbidding Antarctic plateau and Lake's campsite.

British world explorer James Starkweather and American geologist William Moore have joined forces to attack the Antarctic. The two men have experience with harsh environments, both having traveled in the Himalayas, and Starkweather on the Arctic ice cap as well. Their stated goal is to return to the high, cold interior of the Antarctic continent,

and to finish the work that Lake and the others began three years ago.

The two are gathering a team of scientists and technical experts which they believe will allow them to succeed despite the dangers. Like their predecessors, they plan to use aircraft to move swiftly from place to place.

The goals of the Starkweather-Moore expedition are summarized in the nearby newspaper interview with the two expedition leaders.

Signing Up

Starkweather paced the floor, his tall, lean frame radiating barely suppressed energy. "Have you seen the papers, Moore? Have you seen them, by God!" One large hand swept out in an extravagant gesture toward the table, covered in newspapers. Starkweather grinned, eyes feverish with excitement. "By the time I've finished they'll have forgotten there ever was a Miskatonic Expedition!"

Sitting across the room, Moore pushed his glasses further up on his nose, his expression quietly bland. "We have three more to speak to this morning." The words were subdued. "One of them is a woman." Moore paused to search through a huge stack of papers on his lap. "Ah, yes." He drew out a sheet to gaze at it. "A botanist, of some reputation—Miss Charlene Whitston."

Starkweather stood utterly still. "A woman? *This trip is no place for a* woman!" *His eyes narrowed, suddenly thoughtful. "Damn the botany, Moore! Has she got any* money?"

The Starkweather-Moore Expedition first appears in the news in May, 1933. The early announcements are large flashy photo spreads showing James Starkweather in adventuresome poses, sometimes with a sled or dogs, accompanying slender news articles (see *Beyond Papers P.2*, "Antarctica or Bust!" or the interview a little earlier in this chapter). Details in the public press and on the wire services are slight, but a few facts are plain.

- The expedition leaves in September and will return before July.

Beyond Papers P.2

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MAY 26, 1933

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"ANTARCTICA OR BUST!"

Renowned Adventurer Sets His Sights on the Bottom of the World

New York (AP)—World famous explorer James Starkweather announced today that he would lead a party of scientists and explorers into uncharted parts of the Antarctic continent this fall.

Starkweather, accompanied by geologist William Moore of Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts, intends to continue along the trail first blazed by the ill-fated Miskatonic University Expedition of 1930–31.

The Starkweather-Moore Expedition will set sail in September from New York City. Like their predecessors, they intend to use long-range aircraft to explore further into the South Polar wilderness than has ever been done before.

"This is not about the South Pole," Starkweather explained this morning, in a prepared speech in his hotel in New York. "Many people have been to the Pole. We're going to go places where no one has ever been, see and do things that no one alive has seen."

The expedition intends to spend only three months in Antarctica. Extensive use of aëroplanes for surveying and transport, according to Starkweather, will allow the party to chart and cover territory in hours that would have taken weeks to cross on the ground.

One goal of the expedition is to find the campsite and last resting place of the twelve men, led by Professor Charles Lake, who first discovered the Miskatonic Range, and who were killed there by an unexpected storm. The mapping and climbing of the mountains in that range and an aërial survey of the lands on the far side are also important goals.

"The peaks are tremendous," Starkweather explained. "The tallest mountains in the world! It's my job to conquer those heights, and bring home their secrets for all mankind.

"We have the finest equipment money can buy. We cannot help but succeed."

Starkweather, 43, is a veteran of the Great War. He has led expeditions into the wilderness on four continents, and was present on the trans-polar flight of the airship *Italia*, whose crash near the end of its voyage on the North Polar ice cap received worldwide attention.

Moore, 39, a full Professor of Geology, is also the holder of the Smythe Chair of Paleontology at Miskatonic University. He has extensive field experience in harsh climates and has taken part in expeditions to both the Arctic and the Himalayan Plateau.

- They are privately funded and owe no allegiance to any school or corporation.
- Their mission is one of exploration and discovery, not detailed research.
- They will do most of their exploring by air.
- They expect to revisit many of the Miskatonic Expedition's sites.
- They are recruiting now.

The investigators most likely come from a variety of different backgrounds and have many different reasons for wishing to join the expedition. Some might seek out the party leaders and ask to join the team, while others might themselves be recruited by Starkweather or by Moore. These details are left in the keeper's capable hands; all recruitments have in common the final interview.

The keeper may wish to play through the interview and hiring process in order to strongly establish the personalities of Starkweather and Moore, to allow new characters to come into play, or to give the investigators a chance to meet one another. While the announcements begin in May, initial recruitment for the expedition is completed in July.

James Starkweather and William Moore are an effective team largely because of the differences between the two men. Starkweather is dynamic and charming, with an excellent sense of theater and a drive to see and do, but little patience for details, while Moore is quieter and much more thorough but lacks Starkweather's energy and vision. Between the two of them they form a solid and experienced leadership for the trip south.

Care should be taken in the early chapters to avoid painting Starkweather or his expedition in a bad light. Keepers should minimize the bad press and rumors for as long as possible; these will surface soon enough in Chapters Four and Five.

If the keeper instead decides to skip the interview process, and assumes at start of play that the investigators are already a part of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, then skip the remainder of this prologue. Play begins with Chapter One, "Arrival In New York."

We Are Looking for . . .

Starkweather is trying to build a competent and well-rounded party. He is short of cash, having spent his remaining fortune on vehicles and equipment for the coming expedition. Because of that, most members of his land party are volunteers; the expedition cannot afford to pay salaries to anyone but the most critical employees.

Nonetheless, the expedition needs good men. Anyone with skills or occupations useful to the party will be considered. Scientists and researchers in particular are welcomed; so are pilots, mechanical or electrical technicians, and guides and Arctic experts of all kinds.

Beyond Papers P.3

The Arkham Advertiser, May 30, 1933

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Intrepid Explorers Ready Expedition

(cont. from p.1)

"We're going back," Starkweather said. "The job's not done. We're going back, and we're going to finish what was started and bring the whole lot out to the world. It will be a grand adventure and a glorious page in scientific history!"

Professor Moore, sitting quietly to one side, was less passionate but just as determined.

"A lot has changed in the past three years," he insisted. "We have technology now that did not exist three years ago. The aëroplanes are better, brand new Boeing craft, sturdier and safer than before. Professor Pabodie's drills have been improved. And we have Lake's own broadcasts to draw upon. We can plan ahead, with better materials and a knowledge of the region that none of them had when they prepared for their voyage. Yes, I am optimistic. Quite optimistic. We will succeed in our goals."

When asked what those goals were, the two men looked briefly at one another before Starkweather answered, leaning forward intently.

"Leapfrog, gentlemen!" he smiled. "We shall leapfrog across the continent. A base on the Ross Ice Shelf; another at the South Pole. One at Lake's old campsite, if we can find it; and, gentlemen, we plan to cross over those fantastic mountains described by Dyer and Lake, and plant our instruments and our flag right on top of the high plateau! Imagine it! Like a landing strip atop Everest!

"We'll have the finest equipment, and skilled men. Geologists—paleontologists—we've got Professor Albemarle from Oberlin, he wants to study weather. Glaciologists, perhaps another biologist or two; the team's not all made up yet, of course. We're not leaving for another five months!"

"It is important," added Moore, "to try to find Professor Lake's camp and bring home whatever we can from the caverns he discovered. The prospect of a wholly new kind of life, a different taxonomy, is extremely exciting. It would be a shame if, having found it once, we were unable to do so again."

The two explorers plan to land thirty men on the southern continent, half again more than the Miskatonic Expedition. The expedition is privately funded and owes no allegiance to any school or institution.



JAMES STARKWEATHER

Below are listed some skills/occupations useful to the expedition. The keeper may add others as desired.

Cartographer/Surveyor
Dog Handler/Sled Driver
Electrician/Electrical Engineer
Guide/Polar Survival Expert
Journalist
Mechanic/Mechanical Engineer
Mining Engineer
Mountaineer
Outfitter (expert in cold climates)
Photographer
Pilot
Physician
Radioman/Radio Engineer

Scientist/Researchers, especially experts in Archaeology, Biology, Chemistry, Geology, Glaciology, Meteorology, Mineralogy, or Paleontology also make good expedition members. If possible, the keeper should encourage the players to include at least one geologist and/or paleontologist, as these specialties have the best chance of properly interpreting the finds at Lake's Camp and in the City beyond.

Anyone who is experienced and expert in one of these areas—that is, who has an appropriate skill of 60% or more, or who is well known as an authority in a field—and who is not expecting a salary is welcomed aboard with enthusiasm. The personal assistants of these experts are also accepted.

Investigators who wish to travel with the party but who do not have these necessary qualifications can always buy their way aboard. Starkweather is delighted to welcome any individual who can contribute at least $1000 to the expedition's coffers, regardless of their qualifications. Dilettantes and others of no useful skill may purchase berths in this fashion.

There is in fact only one group of people that Starkweather is reluctant to employ or to travel with: women.

. . . A Few Good Men

It is a sad fact, but in these times a common one. James Starkweather does not believe that women have any place in an exploratory party.

Starkweather refuses to accept women for his expedition, with three exceptions.

- If a female investigator is a known expert in some scientific field useful to the party, such as geology or paleontology, and no male scientist in that area has come forth to be included, Starkweather will accept her with reluctance.
- Female investigators who offer enough money can always buy their way aboard, though they must offer at least $2000 for the berth ("so that someone else can be hired, if need be, to carry the woman's load").
- At least one female explorer will be brought aboard at all costs, regardless of money or qualifications, in the wake of Acacia Lexington's announcement in Chapter One. See the section "Get Me a Woman!" for details.

The purpose of the interviews is to give the investigators a taste of Starkweather's character, and to allow them to ask further questions about the expedition's goals. Both Moore and Starkweather will be at the final interview, but Starkweather does all of the talking.

The Final Interview

Investigators may be recruited by letter, wire, telephone, or personal visit, but sooner or later all applicants must meet the expedition leaders in New York City.



WILLIAM MOORE

The interviews give Starkweather and Moore a chance to meet the applicants. The keeper can use the interviews to give the players a taste of the characters of the two leaders, and to allow them to ask any questions they may have. Moore, while present, merely watches and listens. It is Starkweather who speaks. The keeper should be familiar with Starkweather's personality in order to present him effectively during the interview; for much more about him, see his stats and biography on page 352, Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters." Moore is a quiet shadow, sitting in the background and taking many notes on his ever-present clipboard.

These final interviews are conducted in July of 1933. For most of the month, the city simmers under a wave of heavy wet heat which wilts shirt collars and hat brims and makes everyone uncomfortable. Outdoors, an occasional fitful breeze shifts litter on the sidewalk; indoors there is no relief at all.

Starkweather has a large luxurious suite on the 5th floor of the Amherst Hotel on 44th Street in Manhattan. Most of the surfaces in his sitting room are covered with newspapers, telegrams, and other bits of paper, while photographs in frames or

on cork boards lean against the walls. All of these feature the expedition; most focus on Starkweather himself.

Professor Moore, a small dapper man with a goatee, answers the door and introduces himself and Starkweather. He takes any resumes or other references the investigators submit, and offers them seats.

The Pitch

Starkweather's interview technique with male investigators varies with the person whom he faces.

Scientist characters are treated with respect, even deference, but little understanding. James Starkweather is not a scientist and has little interest in intellectual pursuits. He is eager to have researchers on his expedition because "that's the way it's done."

Journalists are treated like royalty. Starkweather is determined that this last great adventure makes his name known in every household. Anyone who can help him achieve that fame is like a newfound brother, a beloved partner in the great gamble. He welcomes all of them without reservation and is honestly delighted at their presence on the team.

For other investigators who have skills useful to the expedition, the interview consists of Starkweather ballyhooing the coming voyage. No questions are asked about the applicant's experience or abilities; apparently the decision to accept them has already been made. Instead, the investigator must listen to glowing and enthusiastic visions of uncharted landscapes opened up for exploration, new vistas in science, and questions along the lines of "Are you up for it, my good man?", "Will you join me in this grand adventure?", or "It will make your name, sir—will you go?" Affirmative answers earn the investigator a hearty handshake and a slap on the back; the new expedition member is told to return to this hotel on September 1st with personal equipment and effects.

Men who need to buy their place receive a similar sort of interview, though one more evidently a sales pitch. Starkweather questions them none too subtly about the amount of funding they can provide, and stresses the great expenses involved in mounting an expedition to the Ice. He is not above haggling with the investigator in order to wring out more cash; however, he is a good judge of character and will not drive a good prospect away by pushing too hard. A place will be held for the applicant until the check is in Starkweather's hand—then the investigator gets the same welcoming handshake and the same follow-up instructions from Moore.

The Fair Sex

Female investigators receive very different treatment. To them, Starkweather is polite but condescending, and he does not bother with his expedition speech. He asks them one or two pointless questions, such as "When did you graduate?", "How old are you?", "What does your husband think of all this?" or perhaps even "No niceties where we're going, Miss; d'you really

The Expedition and the Press

The growing preparations of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition are big news. Once the investigators sign on, they begin to receive calls and letters from representatives of the press. These are not obtrusive so long as the characters simply go about the business of their daily lives, but as September draws near and the investigators travel to New York, requests for interviews begin to trickle in.

Once the *Gabrielle* arrives, and the party members gather at the Amherst Hotel, the press gathers as well. Reporters and cameramen camp out on high roofs to watch the ship, and linger at the hotels or clubs favored by the explorers. Anyone recognized as an expedition member is accosted for an interview; after Douglas' death, and the fire at the dock, one or two sets of reporters and photographers try to sneak onto the ship to take pictures and find or invent evidence of a conspiracy. At least one of the ship's sailors will be bribed to look about the passenger areas and pass gossip or odd observations to a reporter. Investigators hiding contraband (such as cases of weaponry or hard liquor) aboard the ship may be surprised one morning to find their possessions discussed on the front page. Imagine the public interest if Mythos artifacts, such as weird sculptures or strange idols, are discovered amongst the personal belongings!

The keeper can use interviews with the press to plant the seeds of many questions in the minds of the investigators. Some of the questions asked in the interviews, such as "Who would want Commander Douglas killed, and why?" are obvious; others, such as "What do you think of the rivalry between your Mr. Starkweather and Acacia Lexington?" or "They say that anyone who ever entered the cave at Lake's Camp either died or went mad—do you think there's a curse of some kind on the bones?" may give the investigators pause.

Investigators who are eccentric, colorful, or who stand out in some way are in for a thorough and painful scrutiny by the press. Those who pack excessive weaponry, or react strongly or unreasonably to the nosy reporters only attract more attention. Rich, criminally connected, strangely foreign, or other unlikely party members are featured in Sunday supplements, and any scandals in their pasts are unearthed and lingered over. Reporters do not hesitate to search luggage in hotel rooms, railway baggage, or cabins aboard ship.

Impertinent questions are posed in nightclubs, in taxicabs, on the telephone in unlikely places, and in supposedly secure areas of the docks near the ship. Photographers pop flashbulbs in the investigators' faces any time a door is opened; small boats lurk near the ship carrying reporters armed with binoculars and mirrors on poles (to look in portholes). Requests for background information will be made by telegraph to news organizations in or near the investigators' home towns, and terrible minutiae about their earlier lives become printed features.

It will indeed be a relief to get away from it all.

Player characters might recall, however, that as long as they are away, the interest in their adventures will continue unabated. Radio transmissions back home will be monitored by various newspapers, and their exploits sent around the world. Upon the expedition's return, the full force of modern reportage will likely descend on the survivors—tales of madness, international friction, and hidden horrors will only whet the appetite of the public and press. ❑

fancy changing your linens every day in a room with thirty unwashed men?"

If this does not scare them off, Starkweather thanks them for their time, asks each for an address or telephone number and says his decision will be forthcoming shortly. The interview is over.

A female investigator who is a known expert in a scientific field, or who is otherwise extremely useful, is quietly intercepted at the door by Moore. He softly asks her to wait for a moment outside, then returns to the suite and closes the door behind him. A heated argument ensues; an investigator making a successful **Listen roll** gets the gist of things—a heated fight about the advisability of including "the girl" in the party—but not much of the actual dialogue. After a while, Moore reappears. If the woman is still present he tells her that her application has been accepted and gives her the same instructions about returning in September.

Should a woman try to buy a place on the expedition, Starkweather will be blunt. How much money does she offer, and how soon will it be in hand? He asks for $5000 in the hopes of driving the applicant off, but is willing to settle for $2000 if need be. Female explorers who meet the demand receive the same instructions for returning as the others.

Lastly, women may be brought aboard at this point as part of the staff of a male investigator, i.e., an assistant, a graduate student, an aide, or some similar position. Moore will ask that the female character be kept out of Starkweather's way for the time being, at least until the party is at sea. As long as the expedition is in New York, this is easy to manage.

On the Trail

A few enterprising investigators may wish to use the months before they sail to gather more information on Starkweather or Moore. Extensive biographies for both men may be found in the "Game Stats and Rosters" appendix. The keeper may offer portions of this information to the players, with caution.

Other curious players may want to investigate a bit further into the back story of the Miskatonic Expedition. A chronology of the events connected with Miskatonic's expedition can be found in the "Timelines" appendix.

The story of the expedition can be found in every major newspaper of the day. Most of it is common knowledge even to school children. A handout summarizes this information (see *Beyond Papers P.1*). To find out more requires that the investigators track down and interview the survivors of the original land party, or that the investigators find and analyze the material evidence brought back by the suvivors.

Before interviewing the player characters, the keeper should be familiar with the first few chapters of Lovecraft's *At the Mountains of Madness,* so that he or she is comfortable with what has already happened.

The Survivors

Of the twenty-two men who visited Lake's Camp, five can be located. The others are dead, missing, or out of touch. A keeper document lists the remnant's whereabouts in the summer and fall of 1933; see the beginning of the appendix "Game Stats and Rosters."

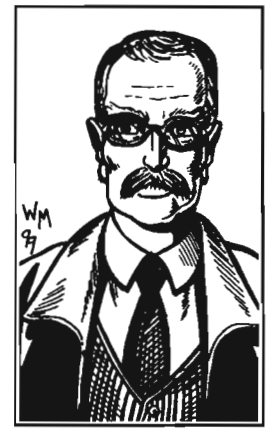
The five men who can be found are McTighe, Pabodie, Sherman, Williamson, and Wylie. McTighe and Pabodie are easy to find: Pabodie is still teaching at Miskatonic University, while McTighe's acceptance of a radioman's post at the now-famous Kingsport Head transmitter station was widely publicized. The other three men can be located by means of a private investigator, through connections in the police department, or with the help of a major newspaper. One is in the Army, another lives in Indiana, while the third works in Galveston, Texas.

All five men were a part of the Lake's Camp rescue mission. They saw the condition of the tents and the camp and helped to bury the bodies. Three of them will not expand upon anything that was released to the press about the condition of the camp, nor are any of them willing to speculate on the causes of the catastrophe.

McTighe and Pabodie, however, have a bit more to say, if the investigators are politely attentive and make successful **Persuade rolls**. Both currently live and work in New England, not too far from the expedition's physical samples deposited and exhibited at Miskatonic University. Thus they are conveniently grouped if the investigators wish to make the visits.

Pabodie

Professor Frank Pabodie is a short stocky man with a broad square face and a bristling white moustache. He looks much older than he did only a few years before. He spends his days at Miskatonic, and his evenings at home with his family in Arkham a few blocks away. Pabodie lets no one bother his family or come to his home. He will, however, allow a brief interview in his engineering department office.



FRANK PABODIE

After going over the facts of the case as they are known, he stops, and says nothing more of interest unless he is asked why he is not returning with Starkweather to the Ice. Then he gets very still, eyes looking far away into nothing, and says only,

"I will never go back. Ever. Nothing in the world could persuade me to set foot down there again—and I cannot explain in any way that you would understand. Oh, the poor, poor men, my friends, the fools. . . . It is not a place for us. Mankind was not made for such a place."

McTighe

Arthur McTighe is a tall angular fellow in his late twenties, with a shock of black hair growing back from a widow's peak, with long hands, and a wide expressive mouth. If the investigators call upon him he invites them up to the radio station where he works, a couple of miles from Arkham on Kingsport Head. (Keepers may wish to combine the visit with an adventure set in Kingsport.)



ARTHUR McTIGHE

McTighe's easy manner and wry humor quickly set most folks at ease, but when it comes to talking about the Miskatonic Expedition he too quickly becomes serious.

"The Mountains of Madness. That's what Dyer called them. I guess they call

them the Miskatonic Mountains now. Incredible things—God in Heaven! Like hallucinations—they reached up so high, impossible peaks and spires. And evil. They looked evil.

"I think they were."

Then, somewhat later in the chat, "Professor Lake . . . all of us . . . we were so excited. You should have heard Lake, talking so fast, I could hardly keep up. Those things he found—like weird kelp, or big starfish—millions of years old, and he wanted to take them apart to see what was inside. He went on, and on, wilder and wilder. You should have heard the things he said! Crazy stuff. Most of it made no sense. I think, by the end, they were all going mad."

If the investigators question him on further details of the "crazy stuff," he becomes increasingly uneasy and says little more of use, insisting he does not remember. Those who make a successful **Psychology roll** can tell he is lying, just a little. He does not cheer up again until the topic turns to other things.

Speaking of the trip home, McTighe says, "Danforth's the one I felt sorry for. Not that I ever liked him much, the snotty bastard. But God! How he cried! Screams and moans, and curses in weird languages. . . . We had to tie him down, all the way through the pack ice. I thought the crew would murder him so they could get some sleep.

"Mountains of Madness. Yeah—and they got one victim good, at least. You heard they put him in a rest home. He needed a lot of rest."

University Exhibits

Most of the physical evidence and specimens brought back by the 1930 expedition are available for review at Miskatonic University. A few pieces are in cases at the Geology department, but most are not on public display, and are accessible only with the permission of the school or some responsible party.

The exhibits consist of a large number of rock shards, core samples, tubes of ice melt from varying depths, all carefully labeled and identified as to source and contents, and of course many fossilized bone fragments from the cave at Lake's camp. Supporting all of this (and much more) is a huge document: Professor William Dyer's *Summary Report on the Miskatonic University Expedition to Antarctica, 1930–1931*, a copy of which rests prominently among the items of exhibit.

The *Summary Report*

If any investigator buys a copy or finds a way to study this fat university press document, read aloud the rest of this subsection. The *Summary Report* can be purchased at Miskatonic's student book store for $5.00, or studied in major academic libraries. The New York Public Library has a copy. It requires at least a week of careful perusal to understand. The text is pedantic and dense, couched in abstruse technical vocabulary. It is dry reading. The finds of the expedition are discussed in detail, with greatest attention paid to the geology of the region; see Lovecraft's *At the Mountains of Madness* for details, which are too numerous to recapitulate here, and also the short article "Chronostratigraphy of Antarctica" in Appendix 3,"Deep Background."

The following paragraphs accurately convey the contents of the *Summary Report*.

The report praises Lake's work again and again, but carefully turns aside from sensationalism. The "Pre-Cambrian footprints" referred to in the newspaper accounts of the day are identified as the fossilized imprints of some incredibly ancient form of sea-dwelling plant life, similar to the more recent well-preserved specimens found by Lake's party in the fossil cave. These are discussed at length, and the remaining evidence catalogued; the specimens are identified from Lake's notes and drawings as a large thick-bodied plant similar to kelp. (Lake's description of the specimens as "animals" with "internal organs" is chalked up to scientific error resulting from over-excitement, lack of rest, and possible "snow craze"; his soapstone "carvings" are likewise dismissed as unusual water-shaped soapstone fragments.) No physical specimens were brought north; the ones excavated by Lake were reportedly lost when the blizzard destroyed the camp.

The remainder of fossil finds, bones, and imprints of a wide variety of plant and animal species are well represented in the collection and the report. These paint a fascinating biological history of the Antarctic continent, confirming the notion that Antarctica was once a warm and verdant land and lending substantial support to evidence of continental drift.

Dyer is at a loss to explain the disaster at the camp, though his sorrow and regret

Other Expeditions on the Ice

The 1933–1934 Antarctic summer season sees a total of five expeditions on the south polar continent. Three of these—the Starkweather-Moore, Lexington, and Barsmeier-Falken Expeditions—are fictitious and have been created for this scenario.

The remaining two expeditions are historically real and are described below. The keeper may wish to use them as background color or ignore their presence entirely. The scenario has been written so that, if all goes according to plan, the investigators are gone from the ice before the historical explorers can arrive.

The Ellsworth-Balchen Expedition

Doctor Lincoln Ellsworth and Berndt Balchen arrive in the Ross Sea on January 9th, 1934. Their goal is to fly across the Antarctic continent, from the Bay of Whales to the Weddell Sea and back. Their ship, the *Wyatt Earp*, a 400-ton motor vessel, offloads Ellsworth's aëroplane, the *Polar Star*, without difficulty; however, the plane makes only one short proving flight before shifting ice on the barrier damages its undercarriage. Ellsworth is gone from the ice by January 16th, not to return until the following summer.

The *Polar Star* is a Northrop Gamma, similar in overall design to Acacia Lexington's *Belle* but intended for use by no more than two men.

The Richard Evelyn Byrd Expedition

Byrd, a famous explorer, returned for his second year-long stay on the Antarctic continent, dropping anchor in the Bay of Whales on January 19th, 1934. His flagship, an 8500 ton vessel called the *Jacob Ruppert*, carried almost 100 men and three aircraft. Byrd and his scientific team reopened their previous winter home at Little America, and successfully stayed an entire year on the Antarctic continent, supported and financed by several corporate sponsors (CBS, the Pep Boys Club, the U. S. Mail, and a couple of breakfast cereal manufacturers). ❑

are very clear. He concludes from the state of the remains that the men of the party would almost certainly have died from the blizzard in any case, but lays the blame for the destruction of the dogs and dispersal of the evidence upon a person or persons unknown—possibly the student George Gedney, who ran amok during the hours of the storm. The terrible desolation, the cold and dismal conditions, the thin unhealthy air, and the hours of overwork are cited as contributing factors.

He discusses the anomalous mountain range in some detail, confirming Lake's broadcast opinion that the great peaks are of Archaean slate and other very primal crumpled strata unchanged for at least a hundred million years. He discusses without analysis the odd clinging cubical formations on the mountainsides, hypothesizes that the cave mouths indicate dissolved calcareous veins, and expresses his concern that a model for the preservation of such relatively soft stone in peaks of such great height has not been made.

Of the lands beyond the higher peaks he says little, describing them only as "a lofty and immense super-plateau as ancient and unchanging as the mountains themselves—twenty thousand feet in elevation, with grotesque rock formations showing through a thin glacial layer and with low gradual foothills between the general plateau surface and the sheer precipices of the highest peaks."

A Last Resource

Professor Moore himself is a possible source of information. Moore remains in New York City throughout the summer before departure. Though he is busy, he is always willing to meet with members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition should they come to call.

As a member of the Miskatonic faculty, Professor Moore knew many of the ill-fated Miskatonic party quite well. Lake and Dyer were good friends, Atwood and Pabodie familiar faces from the faculty lounge, and several of the graduate students (including Danforth and the missing Gedney) attended his lectures at one time or another. Their great tragedy concerns him still.

Moore was at the University all through the time the expedition was away. He read the papers, listened to the broadcasts, and was as excited and fascinated by the finds as anyone in the school. When disaster struck, he fretted; when the news of the deaths came, he grieved. And when the battered remnants of the party returned to Boston Harbor he was there to greet them.

How much of this Moore tells the investigators depends upon them. A successful **Persuade roll** at the least is required to get him talking. Once begun, however, his concerns for the survivors continue to tumble forth.

"I only saw the Danforth boy once afterwards, coming off of the ship. He did not look at all well, and they took him to a hospital straight away. A total breakdown, we were told. He was in the, ah, institution for nearly a year before he ran away. Went back to the school, tried to break into the geology department after hours during examinations. A guard ran him off—I don't know if anyone has seen him since.

"Pabodie, Sherman, McTighe . . ." he sighs. "Good men, all of them. After the voyage they were changed. Quieter. Morose. They didn't like to talk about the Ice; none of them would say why.

"My greatest fear is for William Dyer. He was so terribly different when he returned! Dyer used to be a fine speaker, a dedicated scientist, one of the more popular teachers in the department. He was . . . charismatic, I suppose. After the voyage, we scarcely knew him.

"All of his good humor was gone. He wandered the halls, day and night, returning to his office to write his report. His work suffered, and so did his students. He lost weight, and I do not think he slept well. His eyes had that hollow lackluster look one used to see sometimes in veterans of the Great War. But that was not all of it.

"William and I used to be chums. The 'Double Bill,' they called us, a few years back." He smiles, remembering. "After his return it was almost as if he no longer knew me. He would avoid me in the halls—fail to return my calls—be late for meetings—miss engagements—I simply do not know why. There was a horrible sense of guilt about him! As if he were carrying around some horrible sinful secret that aged him visibly by the day.

"I cornered him once. Demanded to know—to help—but he refused me flatly. He was vicious about it, too. Said things. Hurtful things. Said I presumed too much, and he didn't need burdensome friends like that.

"I told him he was hurting everyone, not just himself; he said that he was leaving as soon as the report was done. And he did. Signed up for a dig in Montana, then another one in the Yucatan, then one or two more, always far from home.

"Last December he wrote requesting indefinite leave. We haven't seen or heard from him since. The only word I ever received was a short note from Hawaii in March. 'I am sorry' is all it said."

Moore searches the faces of the investigators for a moment. "So you see, my friends, I have to know what happened down there. What was able to hurt my friend so terribly. And no one alive up here is willing to say."

There is a last brief pause. "I hope he's happy, wherever he is. I hope he's sleeping well." ■

Prologue Timeline

September 1930 — Miskatonic University Expedition departs Boston for Antarctica.

January 1931 — After two months of highly successful exploration, Percy Lake's party discovers an unbelievably rich fossil "treasure cave." Shortly after initial analysis of the find the party goes silent during a blizzard. Professor Dyer's rescue team reports finding everyone dead, all their evidence scattered by winds. The expedition returns home.

December 1932 — Dyer requests indefinite leave from Miskatonic University. Starkweather and Moore decide to travel to the ice and finish what Lake started.

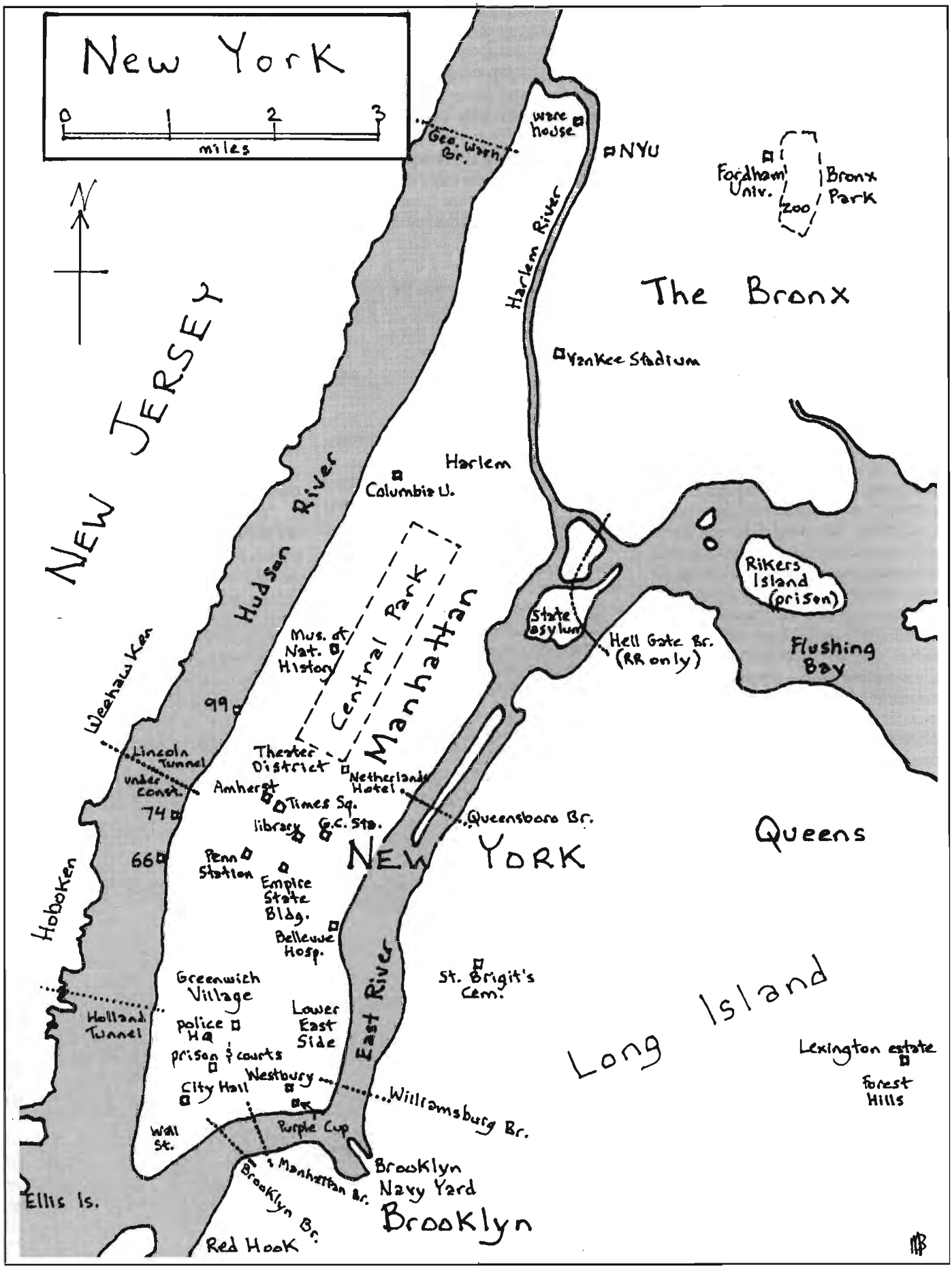
March 1933 — Private recruitment of expedition personnel begins.

May 1933 — First public announcements of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition. Public recruitment begins.

July 1933 — Final expedition interviews occur in New York City.

September 1933 — Starkweather-Moore Expedition gathers in New York before departure. ❑

New York City Map





Chapter One

Sept. 1–5, 1933

The investigators arrive in New York, prepare to depart, and receive a mysterious message.



It is September, 1933. The New Deal passed during the spring, but swarms of unemployed workmen still haunt the streets. Artist and philanthropist Nicholas Roerich is to host a $100-a-plate charity dinner for drought-stricken Chinese in two weeks, while thousands starve in New York State alone. Just down 34th Street the new Empire State Building looms. A couple of months ago Primo Carnera knocked out Jack Sharkey here in New York City, in six rounds to take the heavyweight title. The New York Giants lead the National League. Monopoly is a popular new parlor game. The New York Society for the Suppression of Vice is preparing its "friend of the court" brief for the upcoming trial United States v. One Book Entitled "Ulysses." *Prohibition will be repealed soon. . . .*

And tied up on the north side of Pier 74 along the Hudson River shore of New York City is the SS Gabrielle, *her stern to the city, her bow to the open sea.*

Arrival in New York

Keeper's Overview

This chapter brings the investigators together at last, to introduce them to one another and to the other expedition members, and to acquaint them with the Starkweather-Moore Expedition as a whole. The players should become caught up in the excitement of the approaching departure. Their chief obstacle in these early days stems from Starkweather's lamentable planning.

For the last several months, the Starkweather-Moore Expedition has been in the news. Newspapers and radios feature occasional coverage about Starkweather and his plans. Equipment and supplies have been trickling into the expedition warehouses for weeks. Now the final days are at hand. The ship is docked, the last supplies are purchased, and the various members of the party arrive singly or in groups at the expedition's ad-hoc headquarters, the Amherst Hotel.

Many of the expedition members have never met each other. Some, indeed, have never even met Starkweather or Moore before their arrival in New York. Recruitment has been accomplished by telephone or by telegram.

Readying the Expedition

The first few days of September are busy for everyone. Supplies must be checked and stowed, and in some cases sent back or re-ordered. Personal stores must be laid in, clothing prepared, and all the last-minute medical minutiae performed for a group of men who will be weeks from hospitals for many months. The investigators have a lot of free time, but they have many duties as well.

Last minute interviews may be held, to add new player characters to the party, to acquire female explorers at the eleventh hour (see the section entitled "Get Me A Woman!" near the end of this chapter) or to replace crew members who have suddenly quit. In this case the interviews proceed as described in the Prologue. The keeper may also skip the interview process and assume at the start of play that the investigators are already a part of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition.

Getting Acquainted

This is an excellent time for the keeper to showcase the other non-player characters in the expedition, especially those who feature prominently in later chapters. Their stats and skills are listed in the Starkweather-Moore Expedition section of the appendix "Game Stats and Rosters." Sykes, the Arctic guide, and Doctor Greene, the party physician, have every reason to get to know the investigators well; First Mate Turlow will often be encountered on the ship; Miles and Halperin, of the aircraft crew, work closely with any airmen to prepare the Boeings for the voyage. Professor Moore himself of course hovers about, worrying quietly about the many things still undone. Starkweather is seldom seen—he

keeps himself busy with the curious public and the frantic press.

While in New York, at the keeper's option, characters may be given the opportunity to meet Starkweather, Moore, or Acacia Lexington in passing at social functions. Typically Starkweather will be expansive and charismatic, Moore quiet and retiring, and Lexington coolly aloof and distant.

Dealing with Acacia

Much of the tension in the early chapters of this adventure should stem from the investigators' enigmatic impressions of Acacia Lexington and her party. To Starkweather, Lexington is "the Enemy." Certainly she is no friend, but the players must decide for themselves just how much of a threat she really is. The shadowy presence of the Profiteers on the scene, as indicated by the Roerich incident in Chapter Three, and the sabotage underwritten by Danforth will indicate to the investigators that someone is working against them. Lexington may seem the logical foe, and she has just enough in her past to be a suspect if the investigators dig that far.

Her goals and views should remain unclear to the players. The investigators should never have a chance to interview her at length. A chance conversation that might occur at a social gathering is be cool and antagonistic. To her, after all, the investigators are members of Starkweather's team—and her team is also suffering sabotage attempts, organized by Danforth, which in her mind she has laid at Starkweather's door.

Settling In

The Amherst Hotel

The first goal of the investigators, upon their arrival in New York, should be to check into their expedition lodgings at the Amherst Hotel. If the investigators are not already acquainted, the hotel lobby is a good place for them to meet one another.

The Amherst Hotel is a mid-sized five-story older building on the corner of 8th Avenue and 44th Street in Manhattan, two short blocks from Times Square, in a quiet business district. Two floors, the fourth and fifth, have been hired out for the members of the expedition.

The hotel lobby is small and dark, with oiled paneling and a pair of rather pallid potted palms by the door. The desk clerk, a thin sallow fellow with black hair, nods eagerly and chatters away while he gets the room keys. All of the investigators are assigned rooms on the fourth floor.

"Here ya go, pal," says the clerk. "Fourth floor, turn left at the top. You got the Professor right next door, though your boss, he's one floor up, on five. Fire escape's the end of the hall, if it gets too hot for ya. You need anything, just ask for Tim. That's me, Tim. Pleased to meet ya. I'm on desk days, eight to six.

"Yessir," he adds, "it sure is nice to see all you fellas here at last. Makes a guy feel like he's a part of the whole thing, y'know? Boy, what I wouldn't give to go off exploring the world. What a life! 'Course the wife'd never stand for it, me going off that way and all. No sir, never in a million years. You got kids? Boy, I bet yer kids are as proud as punch. . . .

"Hey—that reminds me—I gotta note for you here. The Professor says to give one uh these to each of ya. Here ya go!"

The clerk hands each member a short note of welcome and rings for a bellhop to carry the investigators' bags to their rooms. The notes are all the same, written in a cramped meticulous hand. Read the note aloud:



The investigators' rooms on the fourth floor are not large, but they are comfortable, and each has its own bath. It should not take long before the player characters are ready to go to the expedition vessel.

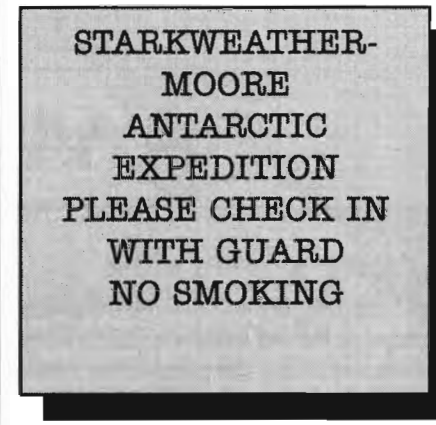
At the Docks

The thirteen block trip to the *Gabrielle's* berth takes only a few minutes by taxi or private car.

The Hudson River docks are a place of constant motion. Smells of sea water, oil, fish, and damp wood are mixed with the sweat of the stevedores, and fill the air. Dozens of ships of all sizes and descriptions are tied up here, in various stages of loading or unloading. Huge cranes swing heavy loads overhead, and the ground is littered with cast-off packing materials, broken glass, and bits of metal. Investigators are bumped into and sworn at by the stevedores, who stride off without looking back. It takes nimble footwork to avoid being knocked over or shouted at by one of the dockhands.

Tied up on the north side of Pier 74 along the Hudson River shores of New York City is the *Gabrielle*, its bow facing out. On the south side of the pier, the brightly lit and well-maintained facilities of the Italian Royal Mail line make the expedition's berth seem shabby and unimportant.

The investigators pull up at the foot of West 34th Street, and cross over Twelfth Avenue to the pier shed front. A small sign has been stenciled and nailed up near one of the two large doors.



An overweight Port Authority guard in the small office at the door checks to see if each investigator's name corresponds to one on his clipboard. If there is any doubt or confusion as to an investigator's identity, the guard telephones to someone aboard the *Gabrielle*. Once approved, the investigator is told to "go on in, bud."

The pier extends six hundred feet into the river, and is eighty feet wide. A long narrow shed runs down the center of the pier, fifty feet wide and thirty feet high in the center. The shed's interior is piled with cargo—boxes, bales, drums, and pallets, in stacks fifteen feet high, running back from the outdoor work area in three long rows with narrow aisles in between.

Most of this cargo is not for the Starkweather-Moore Expedition. Only a few of the crates and drums on the north side of the shed have expedition stencils on them. It is cool in the shed, and very gloomy.

A railway track runs along each side of the pier between the shed and the ship. Boxcars stand here and there on the tracks next to large open doors. By day, crews of stevedores stream up and down ramps between the boxcars and the shed, shifting cargo into the interior or moving it onto pallets and nets to be lifted upwards into the *Gabrielle's* holds. At night the cars are closed and locked; bright lights on the ship's masts and deckhouse illuminate the hatches and the pier alongside. The ship's cargo booms labor overhead to shift cargo into the *Gabrielle's* holds.

Climbing the gangway up to the deck, and dodging various maritime types who all seem to be in a hurry to go up or down the gangway, the investigators are met at the deck by a member of the crew. He directs them forward to the ship's mess.

Keeper's note: for the general scale and layout of dock and ship, see the plan in Chapter Four. See also all of Chapter Four-B for a full plan of the Gabrielle *and a discussion of her cargo and individual cabins.*

Professor Moore is in the ship's mess hall, standing by a table covered with papers, clipboard in one hand, conferring with one of the cargo masters. He is a small neat man with gray-shot dark brown hair, wire-rimmed glasses, and a trim goatee. He greets the investigators warmly, but with a distracted air, and gestures to his lists.

"Ah! You've arrived! Capital! Good to have you aboard. There's a lot to do, of course, so we'd best get started. Have you eaten? Sandwiches and coffee are on the table over there. Take what you like, and go see Mr. Sykes in the crew's lounge. Right through that door and down the hall.

"Oh yes—one more thing. We all meet each morning at eight o'clock, in the Rose Room at the hotel. If I don't see you again today, I trust I'll see you there."

The Rest of the Day

Each member of the expedition is taken through the same routine on the day he or she arrives: each is fitted for clothing, individual photos are taken, and each receives a rather thorough medical and dental examination. This process takes up much of the day. Investigators who have not met before will almost certainly meet sometime that afternoon, since a lot of time is spent in waiting rooms.

Peter Sykes is in the crew's lounge, along with a large number of chests, racks, and open boxes. Sykes is one of the expedition's polar survival experts; he has been given the job of measuring the explorers for their cold-weather clothing. He is a quick, competent man in his thirties with an instinct for diplomacy; for his description and statistics, see Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters," where nearly all character statistics will be found.

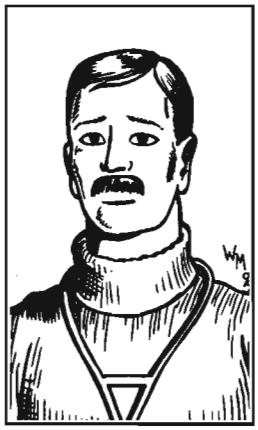

PETER SYKES

One by one, he measures each investigator: height, weight, waist, chest, collar, inseam, shoe size, hat size, glove size, and anything else Sykes feels is appropriate. Ladies in the party who object to this treatment receive only a small smile and a sigh from Sykes, who in fact is quite professional.

"You'll want this done right, miss, trust me. It'll save your life, it will."

After the measurements are taken and written down in a small bound book, Sykes gives each explorer quick instruction on the use of each of the many pieces of clothing (liners, boots, gloves, trousers, parka, hoods, and overalls—more than fifteen pounds of clothes in all) and has them try on some for size while he begins measuring the next person in line.

"Another day or two," adds Sykes, "and we'll have a kit for each of you. The ski shoes and gloves haven't arrived yet, but they should be here by the end of the week."


DR. RICHARD GREENE

Once the fitting is complete, each investigator must meet with Dr. Greene, the expedition's physician. His description and statistics are in Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters." The doctor performs a modest physical examination and questions each investigator at length about his or her medical history. If anyone has conditions or obvious symptoms that require attention, Greene schedules an appointment for a complete examination within the following three days.

Next it is up to the expedition photographer for a series of publicity pictures. The investigators are photographed in street clothes and in cold-weather gear, and asked to pose here and there among the tools, charts, and instruments.

Then it is off the ship and downtown for a dental inspection. By the time each explorer finishes with the photographer, Moore has arranged an office visit with a dentist in the midtown area. There is generally about two hours between the end of the photo shoot and the dentist's appointment—time enough to return to the hotel and get some lunch or freshen up, or to look around the ship and the dock.

The meeting with the dentist is a typical cleaning and inspection. Moore has already agreed to pay for needed fillings or extractions before the ship sets sail; if these are required, they will be seen to within the next five days.

Investigators finish with the dentist by late afternoon. The rest of the day and the evening that follows are theirs to enjoy on their own.

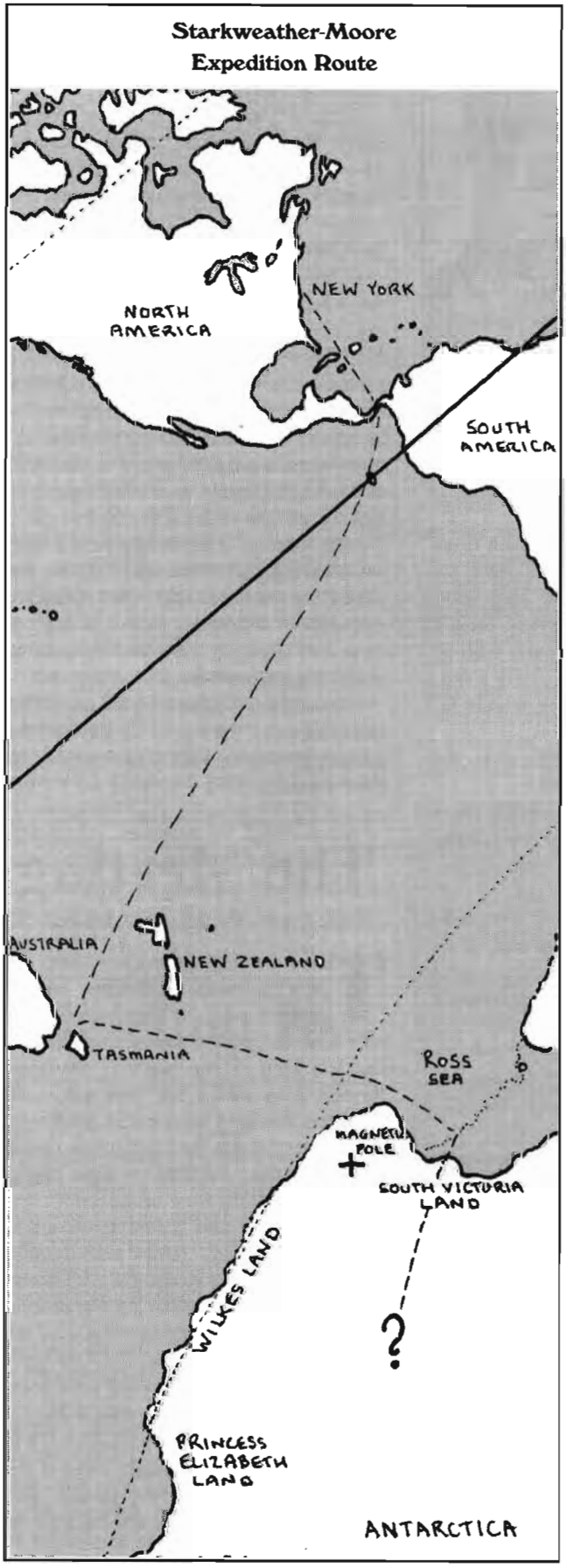
The Meeting

The entire expedition party meets the next morning, September 2nd, at eight o'clock in the Amherst Hotel's Rose Room. It is the first time everyone has been in one place at one time. Several long tables are laid out, with breakfast steaming on a buffet sideboard. Pots of cold water, hot coffee, juice, and tea fixings are available. A large chalkboard stands at the front of the room.

Starkweather and Moore arrive a few minutes after eight. James Starkweather stands up before the group. Tall and charismatic, with black hair and a noble profile, he is very much the popular figure of the romantic adventurer.

Starkweather greets several expedition members by name and welcomes everyone. He is filled with infectious enthusiasm; it is clear that he sees great things ahead in the far South. He gives few details, and answers no questions, but repeats what he has said before to the press:

■ The expedition departs New York on September 14th, and travels via the Panama Canal to Melbourne, Australia. There it will refuel and reprovision, and will be ready to make landfall in the Ross Sea as early as November 1st if the pack ice permits.



■ Like Miskatonic University's expedition before it, Starkweather-Moore will use aircraft as its main means of transport. Three "large, fast, modern aircraft," Boeing model 247s, have been purchased and will be arriving in a few days. A fourth smaller plane, the sturdy Fairchild FC-2 carried by several previous Arctic and Antarctic expeditions, is already aboard the ship, and will be used for mapping and exploration on the Ross Ice Shelf.

■ Three semi-permanent camps are planned. One, on the shore of the Ross Sea, will act as the base camp for the aëroplanes. The second is to be erected near the site of Percival Lake's last great discoveries, if the site can be found; the third, the forward base for exploration, will be located on the ancient high plateau described by Dyer as on the far side of the Miskatonic Mountains. Many exploratory flights are planned: the *Gabrielle* carries enough aircraft fuel to "fly each of the planes around the world."

■ The expedition will leave Antarctica on or before February 1st. The mortal remains of the deceased Miskatonic Expedition members, if they can be found, will be brought home, along with as many of the bones and artifacts from the Lake's Camp site as possible.

After Starkweather finishes speaking he turns the meeting over to Moore.

Moore greets each expedition member in turn, inviting them to stand up and speak a few words about themselves and their specialties. He then opens the floor to questions. Moore is happy to openly discuss expedition goals, equipment, and supplies, especially the ice drills and the aircraft. He hangs a large map of Antarctica over the chalkboard; most of is it empty white uncharted territory. (This is the large player planning map; see the smaller copy on page 31)

"Mr. Starkweather plans to return north on February 1st," Moore says, "but I think we can fill in quite a bit of this before then, don't you?" He grins. "In any case, we shall try to cover as much territory as possible while we are there.

"We will be sharing the continent with three other expeditions. They have their own itineraries, of course, and Mr. Starkweather wishes to stay out of their way when possible. So far as I know, none of them have plans to push inland across the Miskatonic Mountains."

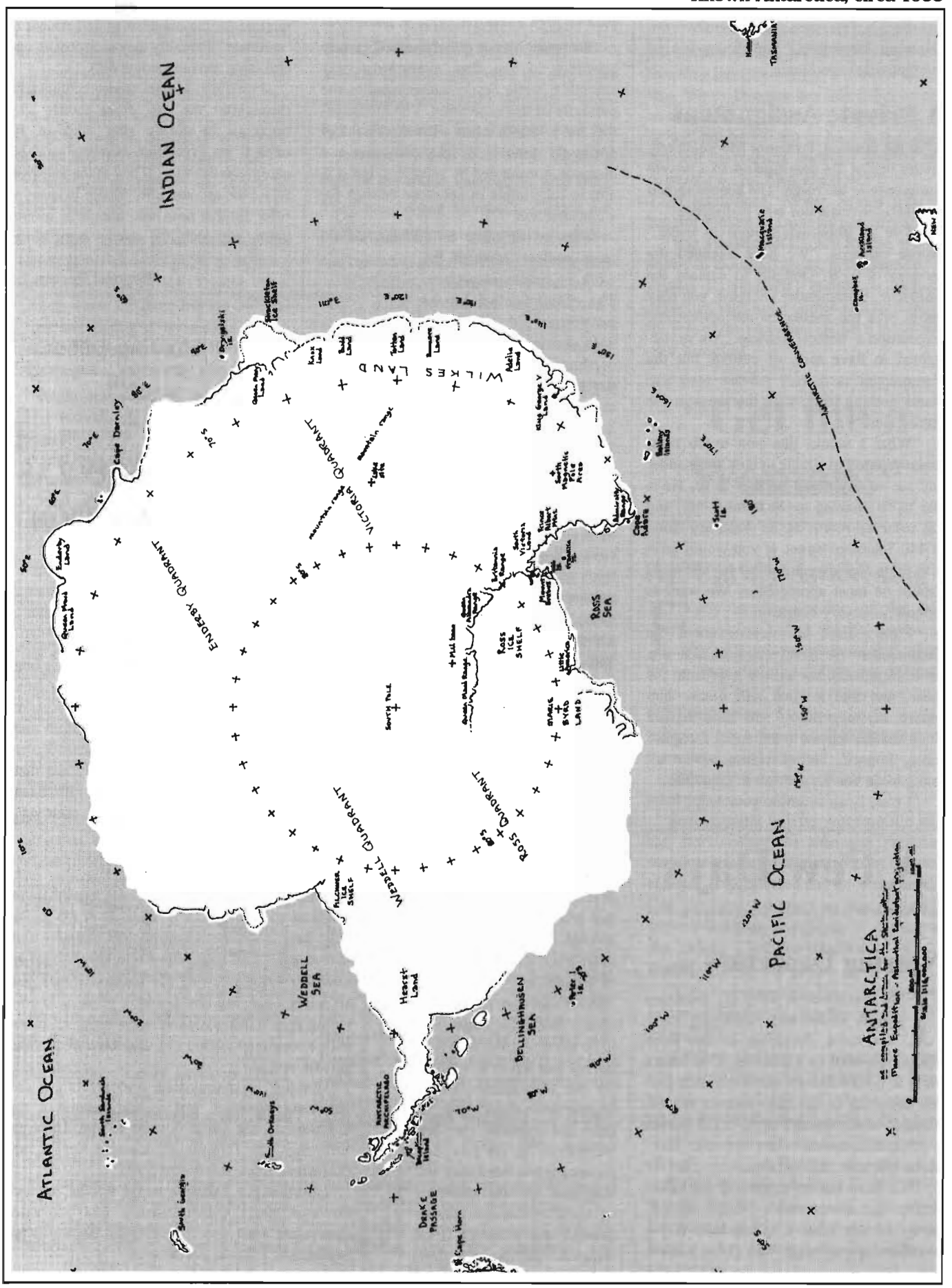
Moore summarizes what is known of the plans of the Byrd, Ellsworth, and Barsmeier-Falken Expeditions, pointing out their published locations and travel routes on the map, and comparing them to this expedition's plans. Afterwards, he leads a quiet toast to the success of the voyage, and winds up with a discussion of the work yet to be done.

"Two weeks remain before we set sail. That isn't much time, and I'm afraid some things have rather fallen through the cracks. Between now and then I shall be calling upon each of you to lend your expertise toward our successful departure. I trust you are all willing to help? I've drawn up a number of lists, and there will doubtless be more when these are finished. . . ."

Moore begins immediately to assign duties to everyone present. He is not assertive or overbearing, but investigators who try to avoid the work get no respect from the Professor.

"Is there some difficulty? Come, come! We've a lot to do! The season won't wait, you know! In a few weeks we'll all be living by our wits; don't you want to be certain that everything is ready when the time comes? I do, and I'm sure all these gentlemen do, too. Now, let me see what I have for you . . . ah, yes. . . ."

Known Antarctica, circa 1933



Moore hands each expedition member a sheet of paper and the meeting breaks up. See a few paragraphs further on, "Nearing Departure," for discussion of the many tasks at hand.

A Private Assignment

After the meeting, Professor Moore quietly invites one of the investigators to a private conference in his room. The keeper should choose an investigator who is discreet.

"I've an important request to make," Moore explains. "We have engaged the services of J. B. Douglas to captain the *Gabrielle*. Commander Douglas, you may know, was the master of the Miskatonic Expedition's vessel *Arkham*. We're delighted to have him, of course, but the Commander is a very private man and wants nothing to do with the press or the public view.

"What I would like you to do is to make yourself available to the Commander and see to any needs he may have. He is due to be arriving on September 6th, and has reserved rooms at the Westbury Hotel at 440 Scammel Street. If you would meet him there that evening, after he arrives, I should be most appreciative. We want to extend him every courtesy.

"Please don't tell anyone about the Commander. We have promised him that his accommodations will be kept from the press, and that no one will bother him before the expedition sets sail. Mister Starkweather wishes to announce Douglas' hiring himself, but of course we're not going to do that until closer to departure.

"I trust I can count on your help?"

A Few Days

Nearing Departure

There is much to do to get the expedition under way. Each day starts the same, breakfast in the Rose Room, followed by a meeting of the entire party at 8 a.m. Moore questions each person about his or her list—what is accomplished, what remains to do—and moves assignments around when someone completes all tasks or falls behind.

The days before departure are filled with preparations, most of them suggested by Moore after a quick look at his overflowing clipboard. The characters are not watched closely, but the demands of the mission should see that everyone is kept busy.

Professor Moore quietly and efficiently attempts to see that everything runs smoothly, while Starkweather handles the publicity of the expedition. The investigators have little contact with Starkweather during this time. He is frequently seen at a distance, surrounded by reporters, but it is almost impossible to get close enough for a conversation.

The list of tasks to perform should seem endless. Most of the work is simple inspection. The Starkweather-Moore Expedition Manifest has been divided into a number of short lists of a few line items each; the keeper should give one of these lists to each investigator. These are labeled "Manifests with Errors," and appear only in Appendix 7, "Handouts." Photo-copy them and pass them out as color, discussing the situations as you go, or let each represent a separate little episode to be played out in some fashion. The job is to hunt down each listed item and verify that it has arrived and is in good order. Moore insists that nothing goes aboard before it has been inspected.

Cargo Manifest Excerpts

What Moore asks is not as simple as it seems. About a fifth of the items listed in the full Manifest have not yet arrived. The investigators must track down the items, in person or by telephone, and see that they are stowed safely aboard the *Gabrielle*. (The ski shoes and fur-lined gloves that Sykes is waiting for are an example.) Other shipments—about one in ten—are present in the warehouse on the pier, but do not contain what they are supposed to—the contents of some containers, clearly labeled, are different from whatever the list says they should be. (One notable example: thirty small crates sit in the dockside warehouse, marked on the manifest as 450 pounds of "sardines." In reality they each contain several large cans of sardine *oil*.)

Professor Moore works continuously throughout the day, from shortly after breakfast to shortly after sundown. He expects the expedition members under his care to do likewise. If any of the investigators ever appears idle, Moore is happy to offer another new task. Should an investigator approach the overly busy Moore

Beyond Papers 1.1

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Morning Edition
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SEPTEMBER 3, 1933

COMMANDER DOUGLAS TO JOIN EXPEDITION

Famed Sea-Captain Returns to Antarctic Waters

New York (UPI)—Commander J. B. Douglas, famed sea captain and former master of the brig *Arkham*, will return to Antarctic waters later this year.

James Starkweather, world explorer and leader of the forthcoming Starkweather-Moore Expedition to Antarctica, announced today that Douglas has agreed to come out of retirement and captain the expedition's ship on their voyage of discovery.

"Commander Douglas will be an invaluable addition to our expedition," Starkweather said. "Not only does he have a personal knowledge of many of the dangers and hazards of the South Pole, but he is an accomplished explorer and adventurer. The expedition will benefit greatly from his experience of the harsher climes and his keen inquiring mind. I look forward to providing this country's most noteworthy scientists with a means to enrich our understanding of the natural world."

Douglas, a twenty-five year veteran of the Merchant Marines, was sailing master of the *Arkham* on its 1930 voyage to the Antarctic with the now-famous Miskatonic Expedition. He retired from the sea in 1932.

Commander Douglas could not be reached for comments. Starkweather has promised interviews with the Commander beginning on September 7, by appointment.

with a question or complaint, he tells them in his distracted way to "fix it . . . whatever it is, see to it." Then he is off again, doing something else.

Investigators may work together on their lists, or pursue them individually, but it should quickly become apparent that everything must be inspected with care, just to be sure it is what it ought to be.

A few tasks are special, and should be handled separately:

- The entire aircraft crew, including any investigators along as pilots or aviation mechanics, must travel to Trenton, New Jersey, where the three Boeing 247 aircraft are waiting at an airfield. These must be inspected and test-flown; then the wings and engines are removed, the separate parts crated up, and the entire lot loaded aboard rail cars for shipment to New York City. This process will take at least three days. Trenton is about two hours by rail from New York.

  One of the reasons for this mini-adventure is to strongly establish two non-player characters in the players' eyes. Miles, the mechanic, is a worrier, impatient and given to dark gripes and complaints; Halperin, Starkweather's pilot, is on the other hand always quiet and good-natured, willing to go with the cards he's dealt. The two play off of one another constantly and, as the adventure progresses, they should become familiar personalities to all. Their stats and skills appear in Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters."

- The delicate scientific instruments and glassware should not be trusted to the hands of the stevedores but must be brought aboard the ship and stowed away by the expedition members themselves. There are seventeen cases, each weighing less than fifty pounds but rather bulky; they can easily be carried aboard one at a time and stowed in the office by a single person in less than two hours.

- The expedition's dogs are to be settled into cages in the number five tween-deck hold. The cages are large sturdy solid wooden boxes with barred fronts, custom-made to hold the huskies comfortably on their long voyage south. A framework of steel rods has been fixed between the floor and ceiling of the hold, the better to hold the cages secure against the tossing of the ship in high seas.

  The cages arrive in pieces but can be assembled in about six hours by a competent craftsman with a hammer and a wrench. Unfortunately, once the dog cages are built and moved into the hold, a problem is discovered. The cages are each two inches too wide to fit between the metal bars of the frame intended to hold them. They must either be rebuilt, slightly narrower, or the frame itself must be unbolted and moved to make room between the bars.

  If Professor Moore is consulted, he blinks once, frowns, and sighs. "Then I suppose you'll have to fix them," he says. Fiskarson, the dog man, concurs. Rebuilding the cages, or moving and reattaching the frames, takes a full day for three to four men.

  The unending stream of inspections and problems to be fixed continues until the day the *Gabrielle* sets sail. Some are trivial and scarcely worth worrying about, while others are potential disasters waiting to happen if they are not caught in advance. Moore's insistence that everything be checked is soon seen to be justified. Without it, the Starkweather-Moore Expedition would be in trouble indeed.

  Most of the problems appear to be the result of poor administration and planning. This evident lack of foresight is also one reason that Moore is so insistent upon seeing to everything personally. It is impossible, however, to tell at this point whether the expedition's leader is truly inept or whether the expedition is the target of sabotage from an unknown source.

  It soon becomes clear that everything must be checked and re-checked. It is not safe to leave anything to chance.

The Announcement

The morning paper on September 3 contains Starkweather's press announcement. The Starkweather-Moore Expedition has hired Commander J. B. Douglas to be their sailing master for the voyage south. Douglas was the captain of the SS *Arkham* when that vessel carried the Miskatonic University Expedition to Antarctica in 1930. The story can be photocopied or read aloud. (See *Beyond Papers 1.1,* page 32.)

Professor Moore mentions Douglas in his morning speech at breakfast. "This is, of course, a wonderful opportunity for us," Moore says. "My colleagues who went on the Miskatonic Expedition spoke very highly of the man. He will be a real asset."

"I do know that Captain Starkweather has spoken to him on the telephone, and that they have exchanged a number of letters. Mister Douglas has asked that he not be disturbed by the press or the public, so he will not be joining us here at the hotel, but will be meeting with the crew of the *Gabrielle* on his own schedule."

If questioned, Moore admits that he has not spoken to Douglas personally.

The investigator chosen for the task of seeing to Douglas' needs, in the section "A Private Assignment" earlier, is already expecting this, but it comes as a surprise to the rest of the party and causes a lot of talk over breakfast.

"Get me a Woman!"

An Unruly Awakening

Early in the morning of the 4th, sometime before sunrise, the investigators are pulled from their sleep by an imperious pounding on Moore's hotel room door. Even groggy investigators recognize Starkweather's voice, though it has a frenzied edge that none of them have heard before.

"Moore!" he shouts. "Blast you, man, I want you awake! *Moore!*"

Investigators looking out into the hall see Starkweather, in robe and pajamas, standing before the door to Moore's room. His hair is disheveled and he is unshaven. One fist beats furiously on Moore's door, while a morning newspaper is crushed in the other. Uncharacteristically, Starkweather is in an utter rage.

The investigators have never seen James Starkweather like this. It may give them pause.

Starkweather pays no attention to anyone around him. After a moment he gives up his pounding and slams against Moore's door, bursting it open with a loud crash, and storms inside. If anyone is close enough to look in through the open doorway they see Moore, in bed, scrambling around for his glasses and robe while Starkweather bellows, beet red, and thrusts the newspaper furiously in Moore's face.

"It's her, Moore! All the time it was *her*! I should have known! Who else could it have been? The conniving witch! I should have suspected her hand in things from the beginning! Blast it, Moore, listen to me! How else could she stop me? *Who else* would have switched those cans of fish with oil? *Who else* has the money to spy on us? To throw things in our way? Ruin our goods! Sabotage the dog cages! Delay our trains! Poison the minds of trusted employees! To bribe, to steal, to throw barricades before us, for her own spiteful little reasons!

"I won't allow it, Moore! Not this time! She won't get the upper hand *this* time! I'll prove to everyone that she's nothing more than a—"

Starkweather stops in mid-sentence. He looks around, still breathing heavily, suddenly aware of the watchers in the hall, and visibly makes a decision. Throwing the newspaper down with a snap in front of the disheveled professor, he says, in a terrible steely voice, "Advance the schedule, Moore! We're leaving on the 9th. The 9th, Moore! See to it!

"And Moore . . . *get me a woman!*"

With that, Starkweather storms out through the door, brushes roughly past the onlookers and, ignoring everyone, stomps up the stairs and disappears into his room.

Moore sits quietly in his room. At first he seems as confused as the investigators are; after he picks up the newspapers left behind by Starkweather and glances at the open page, he goes quite still for a moment, then sighs.

Looking up at the others in the doorway, he straightens his glasses and says, with deadpan composure, "Gentlemen, you heard Mister Starkweather. The sched-

Beyond Papers 1.2

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Morning Edition
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SEPTEMBER 4, 1933

LEXINGTON SETS SIGHTS SOUTH

Blonde Beauty to Fly to Pole

New York (INS)–In a startling announcement from her home in Queens today, millionaire industrialist Acacia Lexington told reporters that she intends to set aside her ledger books in favor of seal furs and snow goggles, in an attempt to be the first woman to stand at the bottom of the world.

Lexington, only child of the late P. W. Lexington of this city, has for years impressed friends and adversaries alike with her skilled maneuverings in troubled financial waters. Now she intends to venture into a new realm.

Accompanied by a hand-picked team of journalists, photographers, and wilderness experts, the lovely Acacia will cross the Antarctic wastelands in a specially modified Northrop Delta aëroplane and a Cierva C-50 autogyro.

"It's about time a woman did this," she told our reporters. "Today's women are capable of anything that men can do. If I am the first, it only means that others will find it easier to follow."

When asked if her planned expedition was in any way affected by the presence of no less than four other parties on the Antarctic ice this summer, Miss Lexington declined to comment.

Beyond Papers 1.3

GLOBE

TEMBER 4, 1933 TWO CENTS

WOMAN OF EDUCATION ADDS POISE TO STARKWEATHER EXPEDITION

New York (AP)—Captain James Starkweather, leader of the Starkweather-Moore Antarctic Expedition, divulged the latest addition to his excursion to the South Pole today. Miss Charlene Whitston, botanist and cum laude graduate of Bowdoin College, is the newest member of the team.

Captain Starkweather expressed his concern that intelligent and talented women not be excluded from scientific ventures as his upcoming journey of exploration, and announced that he wished to do his part in advancing the enlightenment of the age.

"I was only too happy to honor Miss Whitston's request with an invitation to the Antarctic expedition," he told reporters today in his suite at the Amherst Hotel. "Her credentials as an educated member of the scientific community are excellent and I am sure she will be a valuable member of the team we have assembled for this voyage."

Professor William Moore, the expedition's other head, could not be reached for comment.

ule is advanced; we now leave on the 9th. I shall see you at breakfast. We'll have to work a bit harder, I'm afraid. Now, if you will excuse me, I must dress."

He hands them the newspaper. He says nothing more until the room is cleared and his door, now unlockable, is nonetheless closed.

At Breakfast

At breakfast, the expedition members are buzzing about the new Antarctic expedition. Should the investigators read through the morning edition of any newspaper, they come across a startling announcement. A fifth expedition is going to Antarctica! (See *Beyond Papers 1.2,* this page, and "Other Expeditions on the Ice," page 24.)

James Starkweather is not present at breakfast. Moore, sitting in his usual place in the corner of the room, appears unruffled. If he is questioned about Acacia Lexington and her plans to explore the Antarctic, he says only that "Miss Lexington and Mister Starkweather have a long-standing disagreement. Please do not concern yourselves."

Efforts to get him to supply further details are turned aside. Moore is the soul of discretion but, even so, it is obvious that there is a lot more to the story.

Finding a Woman

Whatever the cause, Lexington's announcement and Starkweather's subsequent about-face provide an excellent new opportunity for female characters to join the expedition. Starkweather is now desperate to have a woman aboard the team—in fact he will not sail without one.

Previously rebuffed women are now sought out and given more respect than before. If any female characters applied previously and were rejected, Professor Moore will give their names and addresses to one of the investigators and ask them to do the recruiting as soon as humanly possible.



ACACIA LEXINGTON

If no female player characters are available, the keeper can sign Charlene Whitston onto the expedition's roster. One investigators should be assigned the job of bringing her aboard and "showing her the ropes." Her statistics and biography appear in Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters."

Aftershocks

Later in the day the media circus begins. Miss Whitston, or whichever female investigators have been persuaded to join the team, are suddenly the focus of a whirlwind of publicity as Starkweather plays up the inclusion of a woman in the expedition. This includes interviews, photo ops with Starkweather, or any other journalistic scrutiny desired. (See *Beyond Papers 1.3,* page 34.)



CHARLENE WHITSTON

If the keeper does not wish to go to all this trouble, or wants the investigators to have more freedom of time and action, the keeper may instead choose only to release *Beyond Papers 1.3* to the press and leave it at that.

Modify the article as appropriate by replacing Miss Whitston's name and professional interests with another's. Since the name will be different, read aloud clipping 3.1 and substitute the proper background as needed.

Stepping Up the Pace

The sudden advance of the expedition's departure date sets all schedules off-kilter. There is no way to meet the new deadlines without shortcuts, scrimping, and taking chances, and everyone in the party will be pressed into extra duties and longer hours. The *Gabrielle's* loading cranes run day and night to move everything aboard in time.

Starkweather becomes almost impossible to deal with, driving members of the expedition beyond endurance with his demands. Arguments are sure to break out and some of those hired may even quit. (This provides yet another opportunity for new investigators to join the expedition in their place if the keeper desires.) Starkweather blames Acacia Lexington for everything that goes wrong, no matter how improbable it seems. Attempts to reason with him on this matter only set off further arguments.

Investigators may wish to look into the backgrounds of Starkweather, Moore, and Lexington if they have not done so previously. It is not difficult for one or two investigators to slip away from Moore's watchful eyes, so long as the work gets done; however, long absences will be noted, and may lead to a confrontation with Starkweather about "loyalty to the expedition's goals."

Acacia Lexington cannot be reached by the investigators. She is either on her ship the *Tallahassee,* in transit between her home and the ship, or elsewhere—always someplace where the investigators are not. The investigators are put off with excuse after excuse.

Important facts about the three leaders, and where they may be found, are detailed in the individual biographies in Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters."

Ill Omens

The First Letter

At some point during the day on the 5th of September, the desk clerk at the Amherst Hotel points out one of the investigators to a man in the hotel lobby. The man approaches hesitantly, a square of paper in one hand.

He is Eric Ruyler, an unmarried out-of-work machinist, a thin dark-haired man in his thirties, clean but with the threadbare air common in these Depression days.

"Excuse me, sir," he says, "Are you one of the scientists who are going to Antarctica? A fellow on the street gave me two bits to give this to one of you." Ruyler hands an envelope to the investigator, apologizes for the intrusion, and leaves.

Inside is a letter, scrawled in ink. There is no signature and no date. (See *Beyond Papers 1.4,* page 36.)

Following Up

If the investigators decide to question Mr. Ruyler more closely, he is easy to find on the street outside, but has little to add. The man who gave him the note is long gone. He was younger than Ruyler, pale of skin, with short blond hair, a clean-shaven round face, and an ordinary coat and trousers. Ruyler does not recall anything in particular about his voice or manner of speech.

Beyond Papers 1.4: The First Warning

Dear Man of Science.

Soon You will go down far away to the cold and the white ice and the old old things that wait and move and work and plan. Do not! Blessed Mary hears me beg You to stay! Do not wake the Sleeping One there. Do not pass the prison walls of black and white cold ice and time. The cage must not open! Let the dead and the dying hold closed the doors.

I have listened to His dreams. I have seen Its form within His mind. for He has seen It and He knows It must be free and He will stop You if You go.

Turn back or we all die.

A friend.

If the matter is brought to their attention, Starkweather and Moore are unconcerned. They receive crackpot notes every day. The letters include all sorts of crazy inventions, weird scientific theories, vague threats, and warnings. Some are signed, though most are not. All such letters end up ignored and thrown away.

The origin of the investigator's prophetic note should remain unknown. The note's author cannot be found using ordinary means, and the note ought to remain an enigma.

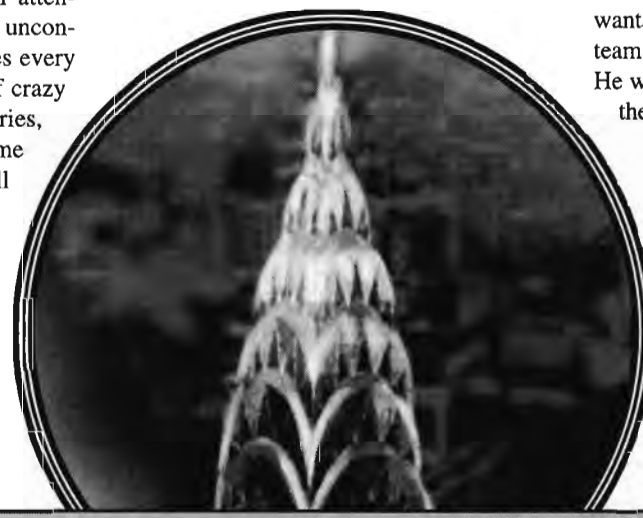
More Bad Press

If the keeper desires to make the lives of the players a little bit more complex, articles begin appearing in the *New York Sun-Tide*, one of the less reputable local newsrags, on the afternoon of September 5th. These articles are the work of a number of sensationalist reporters eager to find anything that sells papers.

The content of these articles is up to the keeper. Investigators with shady pasts, or who have been involved in scandals may find themselves the target of an article or two. Other stories speak ominously of the small mishaps and confusions that have plagued the expedition to date, or hint at conspiracies or vendettas between the rival expeditions.

This sort of coverage infuriates James Starkweather. Expedition members exposed in these stories receive tongue-lashings from the expedition leader. Starkweather wants nothing to tarnish the image of his team. He does not care if the stories are true. He will expel people from the expedition if the stories continue.

The investigators may wish to find, and to "convince," a few reporters to seek other news to cover. ■



Chapter One Timeline

Sept. 1 — Play begins. Medical examinations, first fittings for arctic wear, and a photo session occur. Any final interviews take place. Departure scheduled for September 14. Characters move into the Amherst Hotel, mostly on floor 4.

Sept. 2 — The big kickoff meeting over breakfast. One of the investigators is chosen to care for J. B. Douglas when he arrives on the 6th. Dog cages go awry.

Sept. 3 — Aircraft arrive in New Jersey. Douglas arrives at the Westbury Hotel in the evening.

Sept. 4 — Lexington's big announcement: she's going south on September 10.

Starkweather responds by moving his own departure date up to September 9 and selecting a female explorer for the expedition.

Sept. 5 — An investigator receives a crackpot letter. Scandal articles begin appearing in the yellow press.

Douglas makes his final appointments, with Starkweather, Acacia, and Brackman (Douglas' lawyer). He also meets some of his old pals in the Purple Cup (a local speakeasy), not far from the hotel.

Evening: Douglas dies fighting with Sothcott on the waterfront. ❑



Chapter Two

Sept. 6–8, 1933

When the body of Commander Douglas is found floating in the Hudson, the investigators themselves become a link to his apparent murder.



With the opening of the Empire State Building two years before, New York City and its towering lower Manhattan skyline became the emblematic capital of the world. Now, despite a deepening Great Depression and bread lines that continue to lengthen, New York's financial power and glittering night life make it the goal of the most talented and the most ambitious people in the United States.

In the early morning the river fog shrouds Manhattan's towers, and the venting steam from radiator boilers drifts up like dreams along each city block. In the thousands, they are shimmering presentiments of skyscrapers yet to come, of fortunes yet to be made, of honors yet to be bestowed, of horrors yet to be plumbed. Slowly the subways and elevated rail lines rumble alive. It is a new day, and the city smiles and will take a look at what you bring. But be quick about it, bub, there's a million people right behind you.

The Death of a Sea Captain

Keeper's Overview

In Chapter Two the pace of the adventure quickens. The expedition is caught up in the aftermath of a serious crime—the (apparent) murder of Commander J. B. Douglas. The Commander's death catapults the expedition directly into the news, adding a sensational thread to the popular coverage. The press begins to play up the story, asking who might have it in for the expedition and what the murderer has to gain. Privately the investigators may be wondering the same things.

At least one of the characters knows the location of Douglas' rooms at the Westbury Hotel. If the group takes the opportunity to visit the victim's lodgings, they may find a few pieces of the puzzle in the remnants of the dead man's things. There is not enough evidence to point a finger at the murderer, or to determine just what he was after, but the hints they find may cause the investigators to begin digging behind the scenes.

The purpose of this chapter is to encourage the investigators to look beneath the surface, to poke and prod into the history of the Miskatonic University Expedition to Antarctica and to seek out the reasons behind Starkweather's feud with Acacia Lexington.

With any luck, the group will go to Acacia's home in Queens, allowing them to witness Roerich's abduction in Chapter Three. Encourage them to do so. The Roerich abduction is not particularly dangerous, and the investigators' intervention in it leads to intriguing and evocative information that increases their chances for survival in the latter stages of this campaign.

This chapter also allows the investigators to meet J. J. Hansen, of the New York City homicide squad, and gain him as an ally or an enemy. Take care to give the players a firm sense of what Hansen thinks of them, because that will influence much of the investigators' behavior in the rest of the chapter.

The News Is Out

On the morning of September 6th, the investigators open the morning paper to read the news of Commander Douglas' death. His obituary also appears elsewhere in the paper. (See *Beyond Papers 2.1* and *2.2,* pages 38 and 39, respectively.)

Neither Starkweather nor Moore appear for breakfast. They cannot be reached by telephone. The clerk at the front desk says that the lines to their rooms have been ringing off the hook since six o'clock.

If the investigators go to the dock at any point during the morning they find the offices locked up and empty of personnel. With a successful **Spot Hidden roll** the investigators notice many newspaper men

loitering in the area. If the investigators are careful not to show themselves on the streets, a successful **Sneak roll** allows them to escape unnoticed.

If they openly approach the offices, or get out of a car on the street outside, there is a 50% chance that one of the investigators will be recognized by a news hound. With a shout of "There's one!" the reporters attempt to surround the investigators. The newsmen shout questions, snap photos, and in general do everything possible to get something they can print. Protesting too much, or insisting that the investigators know nothing and have nothing to say, only convinces the reporters that the characters have something to hide.

The best way to escape the reporters is to simply ignore them, push past them all, and leave the scene. Reporters are a persistent lot, who cling to the investigators' arms and try to slow them down; however, any violence done against the reporters—thrown punches, people knocked over or tripped—makes the afternoon headlines. The offending investigator finds him- or herself at the center of a large storm. If a reporter was seriously hurt, Starkweather may have to remove the investigator from the expedition.

Beyond Papers 2.1

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Morning Edition
3¢

SEPTEMBER 6, 1933

FAMED SEA CAPTAIN MURDERED!

Watery Death for Commander Douglas

New York (AP)—J. B. Douglas, fifty years old, was discovered last night in the water off Battery Wharf. Two fishermen brought the unconscious mariner ashore after an assault by person or persons unknown.

Commander Douglas died on the way to the hospital.

A respected officer of the Merchant Marine for many years, Douglas will be remembered as the captain of the SS *Arkham*, one of the vessels which carried the Miskatonic University Expedition to the Antarctic in 1930.

Douglas was reportedly in New York City to speak with the leaders of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, which will leave in a few days. The expedition expects to retrace the route of Douglas' ship three years ago.

Thomas Gregor and Phil Jones, sailors resident in New York City, were returning to their fishing boat *Bristol* when they heard muffled cries and ran to see what was happening. They spotted a man running away and some agitation in the water.

While Jones ran after the fleeing man, Gregor dove into the cold waters of the harbor and found a motionless figure there. He heroically pulled the unconscious man out of the water and onto the dock. He attempted to revive the drowned man. Meanwhile Jones, who had lost his quarry, went for help.

Police later announced that Commander Douglas had been bludgeoned about the head, and began a search for his murderers.

Anyone with information about this terrible crime, or about Mr. Douglas' whereabouts on the night of the murder, should contact Detective Hansen at the Battery Precinct Station.

In the Hotel

Investigators returning to the fourth floor of the Amherst Hotel find that Professor Moore's rooms are also being watched. Two or three reporters lounge in the hallway outside. They have the same 50% chance to recognize an investigator as a member of the expedition; they too attempt to interview the investigators, though they are not as demanding as those at the dock.

Should the investigators treat these men in a friendly fashion, they find that the reporters have been here since early in the morning when the story broke. No one has gone in or out of Moore's room in the several hours since. No amount of pounding on the door has roused anyone, and the door is locked. Telephone calls yield only a busy signal.



J. B. DOUGLAS

If investigators break into Moore's room, they should get into appropriate trouble with the hotel management and with Moore as well. He is in Starkweather's suite one floor up, hiding to avoid talking to the press.

Upstairs on the fifth floor, chaos reigns. Reporters crowd the hallway, and flash bulbs go off everywhere. The air is thick with the smell of hot glass and cigarette smoke. A few guests trying to escape the madness with their luggage are cornered by the elevator and peppered mercilessly with questions. Many of the room doors are open, with reporters inside using the telephones.

The door to Starkweather's suite is open, but getting in to see him is impossible. The investigators may, with successful **Listen rolls,** be able to overhear random snatches of conversation between him and the reporters, but the anteroom of the suite is so packed with people that they are unable to get any closer than the entrance, and the little they can hear is meaningless. All of the focus is on Starkweather; if the keeper desires, it is quite possible for the investigators to push into the fringes of the crowd without being recognized as expedition members, but even they can approach no further than the hallway door.

Meeting Detective Hansen

Investigators who stop to look around notice an anomaly amidst the crowd. Down the hall from the suite, in a small pool of calm and empty space, a man sits on a chair tilted back against the wall. He is writing in a notebook, apparently unconcerned with the action going on around him. His rumpled suit and stained hat and coat might easily brand him as another reporter. However his nonchalance, and the unexpected calm nearby, should be emphasized strongly enough to motivate the investigators to approach him.

Investigators who are New York natives have a 5% chance of identifying the man. Any of them who have ever had serious problems with the New York police have a 10% chance of recognizing Detective J. J. Hansen of the homicide squad.

If the investigators do not approach Hansen, the detective rises after a few minutes and approaches the group, evidently recognizing at least one of them as an expedition member. After introducing himself, he asks them to answer a few questions, and quickly finds an empty room along the hall. Should any of the investigators hesitate or refuse, he smiles and reminds them that he is the law here and they would do well to play along.

Once settled into a quieter place, Hansen asks them typical questions. Where were they last night at midnight? Can they account for their whereabouts? Did they know Douglas personally? Do they know of any enemies Douglas might have had? What was his relationship to Starkweather and to Moore?

Hansen answers a few questions from the investigators in return, if they have been cooperative and respectful citizens. He will not give them any details of Douglas' death that have not already seen print. "That information is not being released to the public," he says with a shrug.

Hansen is willing to tell the investigators that Douglas was identified by his personal effects and by the two missing fingers he had lost to frostbite. The sea captain had nearly twenty dollars on him when he was pulled from the water, so robbery was not the motive. They have only a vague description of the man seen running from the area—large framed, probably strong, in a hat and overcoat. Douglas' brother, who lives in New York, has been notified.

All other questions will be turned aside with the same reply—"That information is not being released to the public."

If the investigators try to bribe Hansen for more information at any time, he becomes hostile, freezing up and refusing to say more. At the keeper's discretion the investigators may be arrested by Hansen for attempting to bribe a police official.

At the end of the interview, Hansen pauses meaningfully. "I'm here to talk to Starkweather," he says. "Not that he, or any of you, are serious suspects in this case . . . but we haven't been able to locate where Douglas was staying. His brother says he doesn't know. So, since the Commander hired on with you folks, I thought you might be able to tell me where he'd been put up." Hansen will look at each of the investigators expectantly. "What do you say? Can you give a guy a hand?"

If any of the investigators tell Hansen about the Westbury Hotel, he flashes a huge smile and thanks the group with apparent warmth and gratitude. If the investigators dissemble, or deny knowing where Douglas was staying, Hansen's interest in the investigators becomes much stronger.

"Thanks anyway," he says. "That's all for now. I have to wait for my shot at your boss." Hansen is of course dissembling. He can order the reporters out of Starkweather's room any time he wants, but is curious to see which members of the expedition turn up at Starkweather's room.

The fact is that twenty minutes of phone calls by a duty policeman located Douglas' hotel last night. If the investigators lie to him, Hansen knows now or will know after talking to Moore, and will want to know why. If the keeper decides that Hansen is suspicious of them, the investigators are still released. However, once they are gone, Hansen phones down to the lobby and puts a plain-clothes tail on the investigators.

Should the investigators go to the Westbury Hotel within the next six hours, they will be followed by Hansen's man. He has a 90% Hide and 90% Sneak; the investigators have only half of their normal **Spot Hidden rolls** to pick him out. Allow such rolls only if the players state that their characters are actually checking to see if they are being followed.

Beyond Papers 2.2

DEATH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Commander J. B. Douglas

Jeremiah Barnes Douglas, Commander in the United States Merchant Marine (ret.), aged fifty years, died September 5th in New York City.

Douglas served as an officer in the Merchant Marine during the Great War. He retired from the Service as a Commander in 1926 after twenty five years. He then captained his own vessel, the *Arkham*, notably on an expedition to Antarctica in 1930–31. He retired from active life in 1932 to his home in New Hampshire.

Known as "J. B." to his family and friends, Douglas is remembered as quiet, forthright, and a stout friend to all. He is survived by his brother Philip.

A graveside Memorial Service will be held September 8th, 11 a.m., at Saint Brigit's Cemetery in Brooklyn.

J. J. HANSEN, Detective, age 37, Homicide Squad, NYPD

Detective James Jonah "JJ" Hansen is in his middle thirties, tending towards plumpness. He looks rumpled no matter what clothes he wears. His looks are deceptive. Hansen is college educated and one of the finest detectives on the NYPD. While polite, his brown eyes are keen and he often takes more away from an interview than the subject would suppose. He is not quick to jump to conclusions, but if the investigators keep crossing his path, it is difficult for him not to believe that they are involved in something shady. As a Yale man, Hansen is not intimidated by academic credentials, nor is he susceptible to bluster. An investigator's best chance is to be as straight with him as possible. Hansen will trade information only as long as he is gaining something from the exchange. He will not allow himself to be pumped.



DET. J.J. HANSEN

STR 11	CON 11	SIZ 14	INT 16	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 11	EDU 14	SAN 55	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 45%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Grapple 37%, damage special
.38 Revolver 55%, damage 1D10

Skills: Anthropology 40%, Bargain 30%, Credit Rating 35%, Fast Talk 65%, Law (Criminal) 50%, Listen 40%, Medicine 6%, Persuade 40%, Psychology 75%, Sneak 25%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Languages: English 80%, Norwegian 20%.

Looking for Clues

Investigators who follow Moore's directions to the Westbury Hotel may be surprised to discover that it is little more than a flophouse in a seedy part of town, nothing at all like the comfortable place where the expedition members stay. Litter clogs the street gutters, and the investigators are watched suspiciously by shadowed figures in doorways.


WESTBURY HOTEL CLERK

The interior of the Westbury is little better than its shabby outside, with a threadbare carpet, stained ceilings, and a pervasive smell of alcohol and body odor. The clerk is a narrow-faced balding man in rumpled clothes. He is wary of the well-dressed investigators, but money talks here, and even a small amount will buy a lot.

No bribe or persuasion will get the key to Douglas' room, though. "The room's posted and locked by the cops. And there's a cop outside it to see nobody goes in," the clerk reports. If the investigators have lied, the mention of "police" will get their attention. A two-dollar bribe garners some information from the clerk.

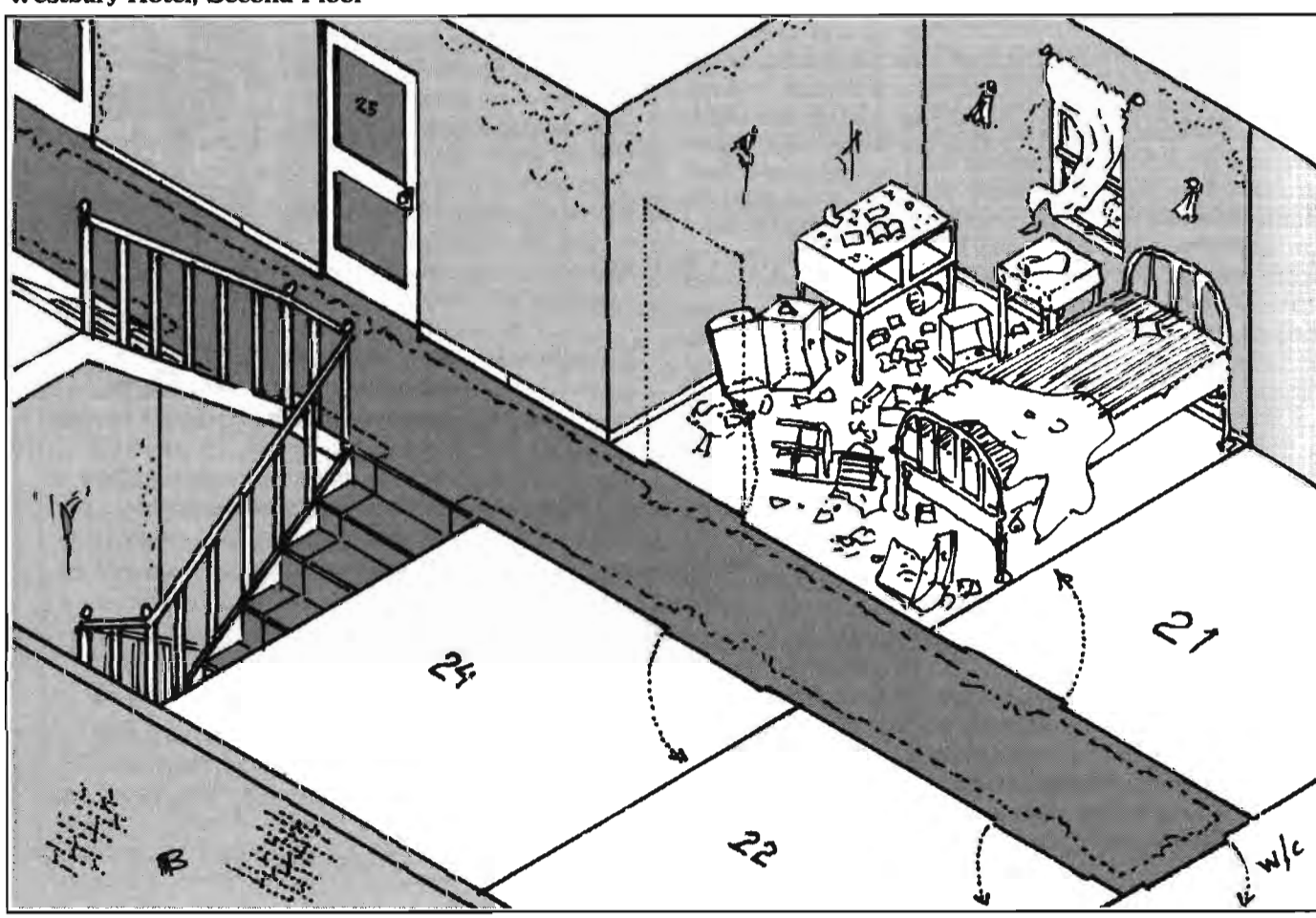
- Douglas checked in three days ago, and paid for his room in advance for ten days.
- Douglas made several phone calls from the phone on the desk. The clerk does not know who he called, but did overhear part of one conversation where the name "Lexington" was mentioned. The clerk cannot give any details as to the exact time these calls were made. ("I dunno, sometime in the afternoon, I guess. I'm not a time clock, ya' know.")
- Douglas had no visitors, and no one inquired about him at the desk. He spent little time in the room, and was gone during most of the days and evenings.

If the investigators feel they have hit a dead end, a successful **Idea roll** (and another dollar) gives them a look at the hotel register. Room 21, adjacent to Douglas' room number 23, was rented to a Mr. Anthony Sothcott. Mr. Sothcott arrived the day after Douglas, and checked out early this morning.

The clerk remembers Sothcott clearly. The man asked specifically for Room 21, saying that it was a lucky number for him. The clerk describes him as large and powerfully built, very well dressed, with dark hair and speaking with a strong German accent. He knows little more than that, as Sothcott checked out before he came on duty.

The clerk leaves no doubt that he'll let the group see Sothcott's room for a few dollars more.

Westbury Hotel, Second Floor



In Room 21

As the investigators walk up the stairs, they see a uniformed policeman in front of Room 23, left to guard potential evidence concerning Douglas' murder. Room 23 has been searched by the police already. No doubt the investigators say something polite as they pass the officer.

Sothcott's former room has not been cleaned yet, but there's nothing of interest in it—no scraps of paper or scribbled matchbook covers, just a bed, bedding, a chair and table, a pitcher and basin, and a cracked mirror.

The door in the wall promises to open to the adjoining room 23. If the investigators want to poke around in Douglas' room, they can get in by picking the lock.

In Douglas' Room (Room 23)

Room 23 is opposite the stairs on the second floor. Investigators need to be very quiet if they wish to search the room. The officer outside does not have the key that will open the locked hall door to Room 23, but he can get the clerk's pass key in less than a minute. He is instructed to guard the contents of the room, but the keeper can decide how he interprets his instructions.

The furnishings in the room are sparse: a narrow bed, a wash stand with pitcher and dish, a table and a chair. The furniture is of the quality one expects in a hotel of this sort. The window is curtained with a single bit of yellowed cloth, and opens out over a back alley where overflowing garbage cans reside. There is a connecting door to Room 21. The bathroom at the end of the hall is shared by all rooms on this floor.

The room is a disaster, having been searched first by Sothcott and then by the police. Douglas' belongings are strewn about, his luggage opened, and the bed linens torn from the mattress. The floor is covered with scraps and shards of items that have been carelessly smashed. The room has been searched thoroughly and none too gently.

With enough uninterrupted time, the investigators locate some items of interest.

- Two framed photographs, both now with the protective glass broken. One shows the ships *Arkham* and *Miskatonic* at Hobart Harbor. A date of 1930 is written in ink on the bottom corner. The other depicts two men in their late middle years, one in a captain's uniform. It is obvious the two are brothers, and the older man in the uniform can be assumed to be Douglas. This one is dated 1929.

- Papers, letters, and personal effects. Packets of letters from Douglas' brother are here, as well as seaman's certificates, personal papers, and a scrap book of his travels on the Miskatonic Expedition to Antarctica. These have been gone through and scattered around the room. None of them contain information of importance to anyone but Douglas.

- Several small bound journals. These date from 1920 through 1933. The entries are terse, infrequent, and contain mostly technical shipboard information. (Miles traveled, crew discipline, shipboard repairs, etc.) With a successful **Spot Hidden roll** or if the books are arranged in order, it becomes obvious that the volumes covering the period between September 1930 and March 1931 are missing; a subsequent **Know roll** reminds the investigator that this is the period covering the voyage of the Miskatonic University Antarctic Expedition.

The wastebasket is overturned. What were balled up scraps of paper litter the tabletop. Should the investigators go through these smoothed out sheets, they will find shopping lists, laundry receipts, hotel bills, and many random notations. Beyond that there is only clothing, and a few personal souvenirs of his travels in the room. Several crumpled sheets of paper hold potential clues:

- Starkweather, Amherst Hotel. WH-5040; 10:00 A.M.

- Gerald Brackman GR-7738

- Philip—10:40, 12:55, 3:10, 8:45 (overnight)

- Wykes, Grimes, Brewer—Purple Cup

- A. Lexington QB-0505 [several check marks next to the phone number]

- A partially written letter from Douglas to Philip, found among the scattered papers on the floor. The text of the letter is reproduced on page 42 (see *Beyond Papers 2.3*).

"It's the Cops!"

Whether or not the investigators were followed to the hotel, the police make their appearance now. Any investigator posted at the door as lookout may attempt a **Listen roll** at one half normal skill. If successful, the lookout hears a number of automobiles pulling up in front, and then doors slamming. If the roll is missed, or no lookouts were posted, call for a **Listen roll** at full value. If successful it provides the first warning the investigators get: the sound of many voices talking to the clerk in the lobby below.

No **Listen roll** is necessary to hear footsteps approach up the stairs or in the hall.

If they wish to avoid the police, the investigators have two avenues of escape. They may force the window open in Douglas' room and drop into the alley, or take refuge in the adjoining Room 21. There they may escape through the window or wait until it is safe to leave. The police are interested only in Douglas' room. They do not bother about Room 21.

Going Out the Window

Opening any of the windows requires a successful **Resistance roll** of STR versus STR 8. The window is not stuck, just hard to open.

The drop to the alley below is about fifteen feet from the window sill. An investigator needs a successful **Jump roll** in order to avoid getting hurt. A failed roll not only indicates a sprain or a broken bone

What Happened to Douglas

The true tale is rather sad. Anthony Sothcott had been following Douglas since his arrival in New York, attempting to get him to talk about his experiences in Antarctica with the Miskatonic Expedition. On the evening of September 5th, he approached Douglas near the docks, on his way to the Westbury after meeting friends at the Purple Cup, a nearby speakeasy.

Douglas, inebriated and having had enough of the importunate stranger, began shouting and hitting Sothcott. The two men fought by the water's edge. Douglas fell. In falling, he hit his head on the edge of the pier. He drowned. Sothcott ran, checked out of the hotel, and laid low after briefly searching Douglas' room for anything of interest or value. ❑

(roll 1D3 + 1 damage), but results in noises that the police hear. Even with a successful roll, the investigator should take 1D2 damage in general bumps, bruises, and minor cuts. Alternatively, jumpers can elect for the large pile of trash nearby, and take 0/1D2 damage with a **Luck roll**—but the stench from the alley garbage never comes out of the clothes they are wearing.

Investigators who are still capable of walking after the drop into the alley can bypass the police out front with a successful **Credit Rating roll.** Those with greater injuries but who are undetected must wait until the police are gone before attempting to leave the alley. Their tail, if any, keeps to his job and continues to follow them.

The police spend at least an hour tagging and gathering evidence in Douglas' room. They take it with them, release the guard at the door, and tell the clerk that the room can be cleaned.

Caught!

If at any time the investigators are discovered, they are arrested and charged with tampering with evidence, breaking and entering, withholding evidence, obstructing justice, and anything else that the police can devise. If the group is of mixed gender, the men and women are placed in separate cells at police headquarters (see the map on page 26). Investigators who can post their own bail may be able to keep Starkweather from finding out about their involvement right away, though they will have to bribe the station house reporter (or promise a juicy scoop) to keep the news out of the paper. In this case they will need to jump bail when the expedition leaves, ensuring future trouble for them when they return to New York.

If they call the expedition offices for bail money, Starkweather finds out about

Beyond Papers 2.3: Douglas' Unfinished Letter to Philip

September 5th, 1933
New York City

Dear Philip,

I have arrived, as you see, in New York, and will be with you in a few days. It will not be as soon as I had hoped, however. I am shipping you some personal things by rail which ought to get there before I do. Take care and keep them safe for me. I have some rather sorry business here in the city that I must attend to before I can come.

There is a man here named Starkweather who is hiring crew for an Antarctic voyage. He has been hounding me for months, by letter and by wire. I have no interest in his voyage, as you well know. I swore I would not ever return to that hellish place and I will not, so help me God! But the man wants me to captain his ship, and he will not take "no" for an answer. I told him I would meet with him when I arrived in New York. Perhaps he will understand my refusal when I shout it to his face.

You may imagine my annoyance when I got here and discovered that the imbecile has been telling the press that I was already signed on! We are to meet tomorrow. I intend to be quite firm with him.

Adding insult to injury, a lunatic German here at the hotel has been after me ever since he learned my name. Again and again I encounter him "by chance;" the man is obsessed with fairy tales. Each time we meet he asks if I know anything of South Seas folklore, of great statues in the pack ice or of lost island nations. I have told him no: I know nothing of Tsalal, or black-toothed savages, or a man named Pym, or of anything south of the Antarctic Circle but ice, whales, and misery. If he approaches me again, so help me, Philip, I shall knock him senseless!

It is not bad enough that Starkweather has been misusing my name in the newspapers. He has been using it to attract his crews as well. He has even managed to sign some of the boys from the Arkham and the Lady Margaret on the strength of it.

How he got any of the Arkham crew I shall never know. None of us who were on that voyage are ever likely to forget the things that were said about those murdered men, or the howls of that poor mad boy Danforth. The things he whispered to me, toward the end when he knew where he was, still haunt me. God only knows what he told the others.

I am going to do what I can to convince

the incident at once. The investigators involved must convince him that they are still useful to him despite the bad publicity. If they do so (a successful halved **Fast Talk roll**) he allows them to remain on board. A large donation to the expedition's purse naturally helps Starkweather to overlook the little misunderstanding.

If the investigators do not have the means to free themselves, the keeper may have them released for no apparent reason. In this case Hansen arrives to let them out, scowling and angry. Very little is said, but it should be apparent that strings were pulled in high places to set them free. Detective Hansen has now become hostile to the investigators, and may be used prior to departure or in future scenarios to cause them no end of trouble. The tail that Hansen put on them continues as long as they are in New York.

Moore waits outside to take the investigators back to the hotel. As they drive, they receive a very quiet but stern lecture as to their responsibilities as expedition members. They are cautioned not to reveal this unfortunate event to Starkweather, who has enough worries now with Commander Douglas' death. The investigators are left with the impression that Moore has managed to get them out of jail, covered up the whole business, and has kept everything secret from Starkweather. If pressed for an explanation, Moore says there is simply no time to hire and educate another set of people before departure.

Detective Hansen suspects investigator involvement with the Douglas case, even if the group was not arrested at the hotel. They are not suspects in the murder, but Hansen is convinced that the investigators possess more information than they are telling—and he would like to know why. To complicate matters, Hansen may decide to bring in random investigators for questioning. Detective Hansen could also show up at the docks, at the Amherst Hotel, or any other inconvenient place to question them. Police or plainclothesmen may keep an eye on the investigators' movements. All of these things could cause a delay in the preparations for departure.

Starkweather finds the police presence, if any, intolerable. Between his complaints about Acacia Lexington, his demands to speed up the schedule, and the unwanted publicity surrounding the murder, Starkweather becomes a tyrant, and is impossible to work for. The best the investigators can hope for is to batten down the hatches and avoid him. This is not difficult since Starkweather still spends most of his time with the media.

Moore is the real problem. From the time of the arrests (if any) until the expedition is aboard ship and under way, the investigators' movements are sharply curtailed. Moore is always somewhere in the background keeping an eye on their movements. Plausible errands, successful **Sneak rolls** and other devices allow the investigators to follow up on the clues they have found; however, long absences are noticed and will prompt a stern lecture, and possibly dismissal from the team.

Following Up the Clues

The investigators now have several important clues and bits of information. They may spend the rest of September 6th following up on them without hindrance. Starkweather and Moore are busy with the media, and no further expedition work will get done. The clues are entered as subsections just below. Douglas' funeral and interview with Philip Douglas occurs on the 8th, in "The Funeral," further on.

The Missing Sailors

The investigators may think to compare the expedition's crew roster against that of the Miskatonic Expedition. Getting a copy of the current roster is simple enough, but finding a complete list of names of the men who crewed the *Arkham* and the *Miskatonic* during their 1930–31 Antarctic voyage requires digging. *Keeper's note: a roster of the expedition's land party is in the Appendix 5 "Game Stats and Rosters;" all the names of the ship's officers and crew can be mentioned in contemporary news reports, but the keeper must make them up.*

A successful **Know roll** suggests that such records are available through Miskatonic University. Should the group decide to go to the trouble to call or visit the college to get the list, they learn that three of the sailors from the *Arkham* (Wykes, Grimes, and Brewer) have been hired on by Starkweather.

In the wake of Douglas' death, these three have abruptly quit their positions and vanished. No leads will be found to their current whereabouts. These three men met with Douglas at the Purple Cup the night he died.

Gerald Brackman

His number was scribbled down by J. B. Douglas and left in a waste basket. A telephone call to Gerald Brackman during business hours is answered by a woman's voice saying "Brackman and Associates, may I help you?" The number belongs to a small law firm headed by Gerald Brackman. Mr. Brackman refuses to discuss anything regarding Commander Douglas over the telephone. If called on September 6th he offers to see the caller at his office the next morning ("Shall we say nine-thirty?"). If called on September 7th, he regrets that he is unable to meet with them until after the funeral.

Brackman's offices occupy the fourth floor of a six-story brownstone on the corner of Eighth Avenue and Ninety-first Street in Manhattan. Brackman himself is a polished, professional man of about fifty, tall and solid, with a receding hairline and a prominent Roman nose. He sees the investigators promptly at the appointed time, and welcomes them with a cool and detached manner.

Brackman has little of substance to tell them. He confirms that he met with Douglas on September 5th at 2 p.m. The reason for the meeting and what was discussed between them is confidential, especially in view of the fact of Douglas' death. Douglas left no papers or documents in Brackman's care, nor did he discuss anything about the expeditions or his other reasons for being in New York. The relationship between the two men was purely professional. *Keeper's note: Douglas actually came to have his will revised.*

Acacia Lexington

If the investigators decide to call the Lexington phone number, the keeper should **roll D100.** On results of 11–00 the line is busy or there is no answer. A roll of 01–10 yields a bored male voice which answers simply, "Lexington." The voice will take a message but give out no information.

If the group decides to visit Acacia Lexington's house in Queens, the keeper should immediately begin the events in Chapter Three, "An Abduction."

The Purple Cup

The Purple Cup, another reference left in Douglas' waste basket, is a low class sailor's dive near the Battery Docks, not far from the Westbury. The walls are dark with ancient smoke, and the shabby nautical trappings are dim and tattered with age. Its patrons are generally seamen. They are surly, suspicious, and unwilling to talk to investigators clearly not of their own class. Attempting to bribe the seamen

there only makes the majority of them clam up. Some knew Douglas by reputation, and a code of silence and respect reigns here concerning him.

A successful **Luck roll** at one-half the investigator's skill is needed to find someone who will talk about the night that Douglas was there. Orry Wheaton—a small ugly dwarf of a man in his thirties, who nevertheless looks strong enough for three—is able to say only that Douglas was seated with three other fellows, all in deep discussion with him. He could not hear most of what was being said, but remembers distinctly the names "Starkweather" and "Lexington" being bandied about. Wheaton recalls these names specifically because they have recently been in the papers. Douglas left the bar alone as far as he can remember.

The Second Warning

On the evening of the 6th, an investigator chosen by the keeper finds a typewritten note slipped under his or her bedroom door when the party returns to the hotel for the night (see *Beyond Papers 2.4*, below).

This letter was written by Danforth, typed on one of the rental typewriters at the New York Public Library. It is the last communication the investigators receive from him before they meet him on the Ice.

Forging Ahead

The following day, September 7th, is filled with expedition preparations, and it will be harder to slip away from Moore's now-watchful eye. Security increases at the hotel and on the pier. Moore asks the members of the expedition to sign in and out at the desk whenever they leave the hotel,

Beyond Papers 2.4: The Second Warning

Dear .....,

You must listen to this warning. There will be no others. After this, only action remains. I do not expect any of you to understand my reasons, but all that is necessary is that you act. Consider this a threat if you like. A most earnest threat.

The expedition must not sail south. Captain Douglas was only the first to die. If you persist in your brave blind hopes you will all perish. Only those who turn back are safe. I hope that you will be among them.

Let the dead lie peacefully with their secrets. They are the only ones who are beyond pain. Nothing awaits upon the ice but suffering and a bitter ending that I will do anything to help you avoid. Yes, help: even death is a blessing compared to what lies in wait.

I suppose you will blame me for everything. I don't mind, even though it's not true. There are forces at work here that you do not understand, and I have to be content with that. The deadliest sin, sometimes, is in the understanding; and the most damned are those who explain.

Please. I urge you. Turn away. Tell the others. For your own sake, for all of us, turn back while you can. There is nothing more that I dare say.

Most Sincerely,

A better friend than you will ever know.

and two burly stevedores join the watchman at the ship. No one but cargo loaders, the crew, and the members of the expedition are allowed on board or on the pier. Dock passes are now always asked for.

Each member of the expedition must meet with Peter Sykes on the ship on the morning of the 7th for a final fitting. All the cold weather clothing is present. The investigators are dressed from the skin outwards, complete with gloves, boots, hats and masks, and questioned about the fit; then the new outfits are removed again to be packed neatly away in individual boxes until they are needed. The process takes about an hour. After that the characters are on their own once more.

For a description of the expedition's standard cold weather clothing, see the beginning of Appendix 2, the "Antarctica Manual."

The afternoon papers carry a statement from Professor Moore on Douglas' death. Along with the expected expressions of sorrow and condolence, Moore announces that Captain Henry Vredenburgh, also an accomplished sailing master with a great deal of experience at sea, has agreed to take Douglas' place with the expedition.

If Starkweather is confronted with the fact that Douglas never intended to join the expedition, he brushes it off with his usual bravado. ("Of course Douglas had some reservations! If he'd come to our 10 o'clock appointment he'd have changed his mind!")

The Funeral

Breakfasting on the morning of the 8th, Professor Moore asks at least a few of the expedition members to attend the funeral of Commander Douglas with Starkweather and himself. ("It's important for the expedition and its members to pay proper tribute to the man.") All of the investigators may elect to go if they wish.

The memorial ceremony at St. Brigit Cemetery is brief and sparsely attended. Along with Starkweather, Moore, and the investigators are Philip Douglas (the Commander's brother), Gerald Brackman, two older men with the look of the sea about them, and a journalist named Gary Hawkes. If the keeper wishes, Detective Hansen may attend just to remind the investigators that he's keeping an eye on them.

Keeper's note: the older seamen, John Hart and Howard Sidwell, are friends of Douglas from his days in the Merchant Marine. Neither has seen him in years, and neither knows anything about his Antarctic ventures except what they read in the newspapers.

The pastor reads a tribute to Commander Douglas that lists his accomplishments as a man of the sea, and then a short prayer. Philip Douglas shakes hands with the pastor, exchanges a few words with him and with Mr. Brackman, and gets ready to leave.

The only opportunity the investigators have to speak to Philip is immediately following the funeral. The keeper may need to point out that time is short and the departure date is getting closer. Both Starkweather and Moore offer condolences and say their good-byes to Douglas' brother. Starkweather, for once, is uncharacteristically somber.

Philip's Statement

Keeper's note: this statement can be read aloud or summarized for the players. Mr. Douglas has no explanation for his brother's murder. The surviving younger brother is a simple man of forty-six, thin-faced and deliberate, who is genuinely sorrowed by the death. He will speak with the investigators, and answers their questions readily and with honesty.

He has no information regarding his brother's business in New York. He knows nothing about any link to Acacia Lexington or her party. He did not know of the expedition's interest in the Commander. In fact, on his arrival in New York, Philip was surprised to read in the New York papers about J. B. Douglas' connection with the expedition. He tells the investigators that his brother frequently swore over and over that he would *never* return to the Ice.

Investigators who saw Douglas' unfinished letter may be allowed an **Idea roll.** If successful, they should be reminded to ask about any items that might have been shipped to Philip. These items never arrived, and Philip has no idea what they might be. *Keeper's note: the items were the missing journals, taken by Profiteer agent Anthony Sothcott.*

If questioned about his brother's role with the Miskatonic Expedition, Philip is able to contribute information. Commander Douglas came to stay with his brother for several months after his trip aboard the *Arkham* with the Miskatonic Expedition. En route from the Ice, he had to have two fingers amputated due to frostbite. He returned from the journey a much-changed man, somber, introspective, and given to spells of brooding in which he would drink to excess. Philip recounts this last item hesitantly, somewhat embarrassed for the deceased.

PHILIP DOUGLAS, age 46, Upstate Farmer

He is a middle-aged man with a pinched face and a thick brown mustache that may be seen as an attempt to make up for a receding hairline. He is a farmer in upstate New York. Although they were never close, Philip and his brother have always corresponded regularly. It was only after J. B.'s expedition to the Antarctic that he and Philip became closer. Philip has deeply mixed feelings about the Miskatonic Expedition, for while it brought him and his brother closer together, it was obviously a terrible ordeal for J. B. Philip feels the loss of his brother very deeply, as he only just got to know J. B. After the funeral, Philip plans to collect his brother's belongings, and take them home with him.



PHILIP DOUGLAS

STR 12	CON 08	SIZ 11	INT 10	POW 11
DEX 13	APP 10	EDU 10	SAN 55	HP 10

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapon: .30-06 Rifle 35%, damage 2D6 + 4

16-gauge Shotgun 40%, damage 2D6 + 2/1D6 + 1/1D4

Double-Bladed Ax, 65%, damage 1D8 + 2

Skills: Accounting 25%, Credit Rating 30%, Electrical Repair 40%, First Aid 40%, Listen 40%, Locksmith 35%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Natural History 30%, Navigate 15%, Operate Heavy Machinery 60%, Ride 20%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 30%, Track 25%.

During these drinking bouts J. B. would ramble in a disconnected fashion about some of the things he experienced while he was at the South Pole. Afterwards he would fall asleep, and often waken in a sweating panic from some dream. When Philip asked him what the dreams were about, J. B. always insisted that he could not recall what he said while in his cups, and often denied outright that any of the events mentioned had occurred.

Philip pieced together a more complete picture after listening many times to his brother's fragmented tales.

- In one of these stories, three men went snow-crazy and attempted violence on their fellow crew mates. Two were restrained and finally recovered, but the third ran off into the snow and was never found.
- In another, Commander Douglas spoke of some icy black stones found on the ice, and how cold they were. Philip has the vague impression that these stones were somehow linked to his brother's loss of two fingers.
- The name Danforth came up frequently. Commander Douglas would often shake his head and say, "That poor, poor devil Danforth." At other times he would demand, "Blast you, Dyer, police your crew!" and "Make him stop that damned screaming!"

After about three months these plunges into gloom became less frequent, until they vanished altogether. Six months after his return from the Ice, Commander Douglas left the farm to take up his duties once more. Afterward, aside from infrequent letters, Philip had no direct contact with his brother until a telegram arrived saying he would be up to visit sometime early this month.

Once Philip has recounted the information about his brother, he and Gerald Brackman return to Brackman's car and leave. Philip returns immediately to upstate New York. The investigators will be unable to meet with him again before they set sail.

The Press Strikes Again

During their conversation with Philip, the investigators should attempt a series of **Spot Hidden rolls** at intervals until they are successful. A successful roll indicates that they have spotted a journalist, Hawkes, who has edged forward to scribble down all that is being said. The investigators may use Fast Talk, bribery, or outright threats to prevent the story from being printed if they so desire. They may choose to destroy the notes he's taken, though that action would be a minor criminal offense.

If the party does not notice the journalist, or fails to convince him not to print, the late edition of his paper carries a banner headline.

CAPTAIN CONFESSES HORROR TALE PRIOR TO DEATH!

On the other hand, if the investigators threaten or are heavy-handed with the journalist, the keeper may allow instead the following article to see print.

EXPEDITION MEMBERS THREATEN FREE PRESS!

By the afternoon, Starkweather will be enraged by this bad publicity, and Moore will chide the investigators for such carelessness. "You know what such people are like," he clucks. But again he fends off Starkweather's impulsive anger. First things first—it is little more than a day until the expedition sets sail.

Conclusion

The remainder of the 8th is spent in final preparations for departure. Moore indicates that the investigators should have all equipment and personal items moved aboard the *Gabrielle* and be fully stowed by 3 p.m. on the 9th. If they are sufficiently ready, the investigators may use the remaining time to track down more information as desired.

The crew and the investigators are given a final night of liberty that evening; departure is to be before sunset the following day. The keeper should continue play in Chapter Four, "Departure." ■



Chapter Two Timeline

Sept. 6 — News of Douglas' death hits the press in the morning. Investigators meet Lieutenant Hansen, who asks them about Douglas' hotel. If the investigators go to the Westbury Hotel they find an unfinished letter and perhaps are arrested. Danforth's warning note is delivered in the evening.

Sept. 7 — Most of the day is spent in expedition preparation and clue searches. Michael Vredenburgh is brought aboard as sailing master.

Sept. 8 — J. B. Douglas' funeral. Investigators speak to J. B.'s brother Philip. ❑



Chapter Three

Sept. 7–8, 1933

A kidnapping and perhaps a rescue occur, shadowy European antagonists surface, and what really happened to the M.U. Expedition of 1930?



Within, Manhattan's towers block off and hide away the city's sweeping vistas and poetic allusions, and New York's grandeur dissolves into a democratic swarm. From among the crowds and smoke, even the Statue of Liberty takes on a mocking cast, as though Nyarlathotep had planned the contrast. Liberty stumbles before fleeting time and onrushing fate. People are starving and others on their way down to starvation. But a few percent of the crowd have wealth enough or talent enough to force their way. For them, this is heaven, and the nightclubs, theaters, department stores, bookshops, and restaurants are an endless playground. And cheap, buddy.

An Abduction

Keeper's Overview

Chapter Three is a short side adventure which takes place just before the Starkweather-Moore Expedition is due to sail. In this chapter the investigators receive evidence that there is more to the story of the Miskatonic Expedition than they have been told. Representatives of new players in the game—the Profiteers—are encountered, though not identified, and an influential man is rescued.

The chapter begins whenever the investigators decide to visit or to spy on Acacia Lexington at her home. Miss Lexington is never at home for the investigators, and they are not allowed to wait for her on the premises. However, as they are about to depart they witness the arrival and subsequent abduction of an unknown visitor.

Should the party decide to follow the abductors and rescue the kidnap victim, they learn that he is an important man indeed—he is Nicholas Roerich, famous painter and philanthropist, in New York City for a charity function.

Roerich has been asked by a personal friend to deliver a sealed manuscript and a warning to the leaders of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition. In the crush of journalists and the near-disaster, he was unable to see either leader, so he has gone to Acacia Lexington, who is also mounting an Antarctic expedition, choosing her as the next best ear for his information. But his kidnappers steal the manuscript, which proves to be Professor Dyer's personal account of the Miskatonic Expedition's explorations to the Mountains of Madness and beyond.

(A transcript of the manuscript will turn up unexpectedly in Antarctica, in the coolly controlling hands of the Barnsmeier-Falken Expedition, the third expedition to be on the polar continent. The *Dyer Text* in all aspects duplicates the narrative ostensibly by H. P. Lovecraft, published as *At the Mountains of Madness*.)

If the investigators have good relations with the police, their rescue of Roerich grants them a firm alliance with Detective Hansen. Roerich himself is a man of consequence and internationally famous. Both men may be very useful to have known when (and if) the investigators return from their harrowing adventures in Antarctica.

Lexington's Mansion

Acacia Lexington's property in Queens is a large modern mansion set back from the road, beyond tall hedges and a curving drive. The driveway begins at a set of wrought iron gates, which are usually open.

Investigators who attempt to meet Miss Lexington at her home are coolly asked to leave by her staff. She sees no one without an appointment; her days are spent at home or on board her ship, the *Tallahassee*. Acacia Lexington makes no appointments with members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition.

The only way the investigators are likely to get to see her is by awaiting their chance on the street.

Investigators surveying the property for any length of time witness the arrival of a small private automobile which parks neatly at the curb just outside the gate. The



The Kidnappers' Car

driver is a man in his fifties, expensively dressed in a dark suit and topcoat, and bearing a briefcase. He is not someone whom the investigators have seen before, even if they have spent days observing Acacia's visitors and movements.

The man exits the car, briefcase in hand, and walks up the drive. His manner is straightforward and businesslike, and he behaves in all ways as if he were arriving for an appointment. He follows the curve of the driveway, approaches the house, and is lost to view.

Seconds later he returns, still carrying the briefcase. He is accompanied by another man, who wears a long overcoat and hat. The second man is younger, broad-chested, and of athletic build. The investigators can see little of his face. A successful **Idea roll** suggests that this newcomer matches the general description of Commander Douglas' assailant.

The two walk quickly to the street in close company, without speaking. Once there, the second man signals to a large dark car parked a short way down the street. This vehicle pulls up next to the pair. They get in; the car pulls away.

Throughout this exchange, the older man's attitude is restrained and tense. He says nothing and does not look at his companion, but moves stiffly. Investigators making a successful **Psychology roll** deduce that the man is with his companion unwillingly, and that he enters the automobile under duress. If one or more of the players indicate that they are making an **Idea roll** for further details, and succeed in the roll, their investigators notice that the second man's hand never strays from the pocket of his overcoat, which he holds close to his side.

The investigators may choose to ignore this episode and continue their surveillance. Should they do so, no further activity is visible at the Lexington home for another fifteen minutes; then her auto pulls into the drive. Lexington enters the house for a few moments, returning to the car with two small footlockers. The vehicle then leaves the house and drives directly to the docks. She boards the *Tallahassee* with the last of her personal effects. She will not leave the ship again before it sets sail.

Leaving Well Enough Alone

Investigators who fail to follow the black car to its destination learn the end of the story the following day.

The morning newspapers and wire services are full of the news of Roerich's abduction and beating. The man is bruised and battered, but in good condition, and was kept one night at St. Luke's Hospital for observation. He is discharged from the hospital by mid-morning, but may be reached at his suite at the Netherland Hotel.

Following the Abductors

If the investigators wish to pursue the car containing the two men, they must act swiftly. The black vehicle travels at a good clip. It is almost out of sight before the investigators can start their own engine and follow.

Fortunately, the black car's route is quite direct. It turns onto a main avenue and heads directly for the Queensborough Bridge to Manhattan. With a few minutes of fast driving the investigators catch up to the black car just before it crosses the bridge.

Now the investigators must be careful; if the men in the other car realize they are being followed, they will change their plans and attempt to evade pursuit. Have the player driving the investigator's car make a successful **Luck roll** to avoid being spotted. Success means that the pursuing auto has not been noticed, and the black car proceeds directly to its destination, the warehouse in the following section.

If the men in the other auto spot the investigators, they drive away and try hard to lose themselves in the crowded streets of New York City. Their driver is very good at this. The other car will get away unless the investigator who is driving indicates that he wishes to follow. The investigators must break a number of traffic laws in order to stay in sight of the fugitive car. They must run a traffic light or two, squeeze between trucks and up on the sidewalk, and perform other colorful and hair-raising road stunts. The driver needs a successful **Drive Auto roll** and **Luck roll.**

A failed **Drive roll** means that the investigators have been caught behind traffic, stopped at a busy intersection, or had a minor accident. No one is hurt, but the other car gets away. Failure to make the **Luck roll** means that the investigators are flagged down by the police and ticketed for reckless driving. They must to go to the station to pay their fine, and will doubtless be read the riot act in fine Manhattan fashion. Needless to say, the black auto vanishes from sight.

The Warehouse

Investigators who have managed to follow the black car without being spotted now receive their reward. The black auto drives to the northern end of Manhattan, to a small rundown warehouse on West 210th Street, against the Harlem River Canal. The warehouse door is rolled open and the automobile drives in. The warehouse door closes. All is quiet on the street once more.

The warehouse is a rectangular two-story building of concrete and iron sheeting on a quiet street by the river. There are small alleys on either side, and a decaying wooden pier extends into the river from the back. The windows are stained and grimy.

There is no sign of life about the place. A small launch is tied up at the pier, out of sight of anyone unless they go out onto the pier itself and look down into the water. Five minutes after the car enters the warehouse, a single man exits onto the pier and takes the launch off down river.

A diagram of the warehouse occurs on this page.

The investigators may choose to abandon the hunt and forget the whole thing; they may decide to call in the police; or they may take justice in their own hands and do what they can to rescue the abducted gentleman from his captors. If they are still being tailed by the NYPD, the tail will call for assistance if obvious trouble like gunfire occurs.

Calling the Cops

Investigators who decide to telephone the police should do so anonymously. A successful **Idea roll** may be used to point this out, if they do not realize it on their own. Getting involved with the cops most likely gets the investigators' names on the record. Questions will be asked, time will be lost, and Starkweather may even try to remove them from the expedition if he smells scandal.

If the call is made, and the party decides to remain in the area after calling, they see the police arrive twenty minutes later. Two squad cars and an unmarked sedan stop in front of the warehouse. Uniformed police swiftly enter the building, while Detective Hansen climbs out of the sedan and watches the warehouse with a speculative air. The officers return shortly with Mr. Roerich, who is somewhat battered but able to walk by himself. Roerich and Hansen talk for a minute, then Roerich gets into Hansen's car and they drive away.

The uniformed officers remain for another thirty minutes, examining the scene, then they too depart. If the player characters investigate the warehouse after the police have left, they find it empty of clues. The kidnappers have gone and left no trace.

If the calling investigator left his or her real name with the police, Detective Hansen comes around to see all of them at the hotel later in the day. He is dying to know why the investigators were following Nicholas Roerich around town.

Walking Away

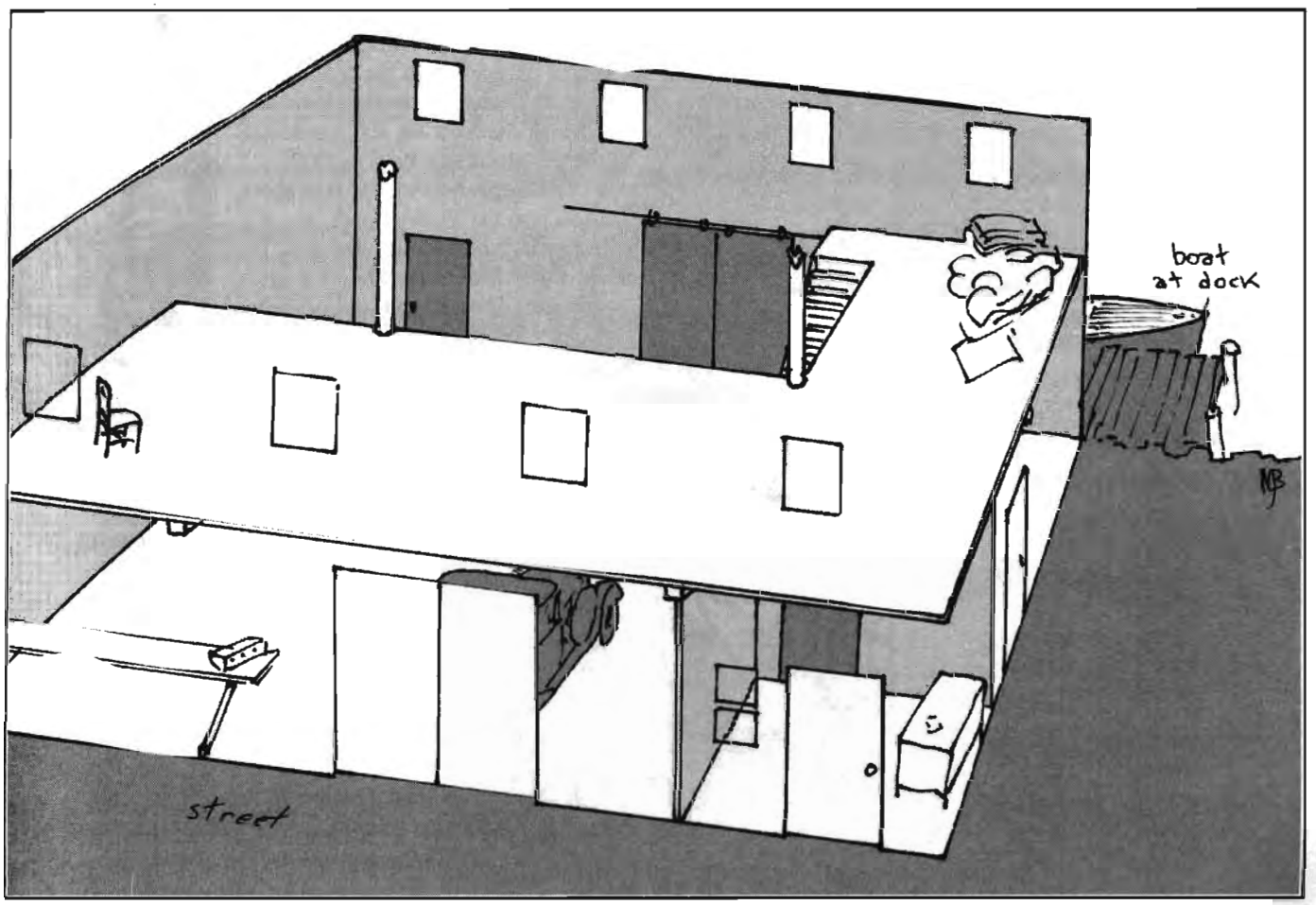
If for whatever reason the investigators do not pursue the affair personally, the result is much the same as if they had never followed the black automobile. Return to the section entitled "Leaving Well Enough Alone."

Taking the Challenge

Should the investigators decide to enter the warehouse, they have several options. There are two large garage doors, one in front leading to the road, the other in back leading onto the short pier. There are four normal-sized doors as well. One of these is in front, and leads into the office. Two are in the alleys to ether side of the building, and are padlocked shut on the outside and cannot be opened without a lot of trouble. The fourth is in the back against the river. It is not padlocked on the outside, but is locked and does not easily open unless forced.

A successful **Locksmith roll** for the front or the back doors opens them cleanly and quietly; the side doors, however, have not been opened in years, as their rust testifies. They make a lot of noise when open-

The Warehouse on the Harlem River Canal



Roerich and the Kidnappers

ANTHONY SOTHCOTT (alias), Profiteer team leader, age 33

Sothcott is an investigator for the Profiteers. He is an aide to Albrecht Loemmler (the leader of the Profiteers), and is well-paid and well-treated. He is in the U.S. to assess the threat to his own group's plans posed by the new Antarctic expeditions. Lexington's announcement changed many of his plans, since she and her father were already known to the Profiteers and were seen as direct competition, whereas Starkweather and Moore are not. Sothcott is responsible for the death of J. B. Douglas, though it was an accident; the advent of Roerich and the *Dyer Text* is a windfall for his team. When not on the job, he is articulate, polite, wants no trouble, and is a pretty nice fellow.


ANTHONY SOTHCOTT

STR 13	CON 15	SIZ 12	INT 15	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 12	SAN 55	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: 9mm Pistol 55%, damage 1D10
Fist/Punch 47%, damage 1D4 + 1D4
Knife 35%, damage 1D4 + 1 + 1D4

Skills: Anthropology 15%, Bargain 20%, Climb 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive Auto 60%, Hide 40%, History 25%, Jump 50%, Library Use 50%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Persuade 45%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 75%, Swim 50%.

Languages: German 65%, English 50%, French 40%.

Carried: Pistol, large knife, $80 in bills, German passport in name of alias, cigar case containing six spare bullets for his gun.

HAROLD GRUBER (alias), Profiteer agent, age 24

Gruber is essentially a sailor. He has a lot of experience in water craft of all sorts.

STR 15	CON 14	SIZ 15		
INT 12	POW 13			
DEX 13	APP 11	EDU 08		
SAN 65	HP 15			


HAROLD GRUBER

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Belt Knife 50%, damage 1D4 + 2 + 1D4

Skills: Dodge 50%, Electrical Repair 40%, Explosives 45%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Navigate 35%, Pilot Boat 55%, Seamanship 40%, Swim 75%.

Languages: German 60%, English 30%, Norwegian 25%.

Carried: Belt knife, German passport in name of alias.

MICHAEL BORLAND (alias), Profiteer agent, age 27

Borland is an accomplished thief. His job in this team is to steal documentation should it prove necessary. He also drives the auto most of the time.


MICHAEL BORLAND

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 12	
	INT 14	POW 10	
DEX 15	APP 14	EDU 11	
	SAN 50	HP 12	

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 40%, damage 1D3
Switchblade Knife 50%, damage 1D4

Skills: Climb 60%, Drive Auto 75%, First Aid 40%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 75%, Interrogation 50%, Psychology 60%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Languages: German 70%, English 40%, Greek 30%.

Carried: Lock picks, multi-head screwdriver, needle-nose pliers, German passport in name of alias.

NICHOLAS ROERICH, age 59, Wealthy Philanthropist and Artist

Roerich is not fictitious. He is a world famous painter and sculptor of the day. He did monumental sets for Diaghilev before the Great War. Wealthy, well known in every court in Europe, he is now a patron of social causes around the world. Roerich's personal belief in the holiness of the individual regardless of religious faith has led him for years to champion world peace and religious freedom. He was nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize in 1929.


NICHOLAS ROERICH

The keeper may wish to read about Roerich in the history books. He is a fascinating and well-traveled man. He and his wife Helena, who is a great proponent of occult and spiritual causes, are suited for use in any number of further adventures in the world of *Call Of Cthulhu*.

A useful biography of Nicholas Roerich as well as viewable images of many of his paintings, can be found on the internet at the Roerich Museum web site at http://www. roerich.org.

STR 09	CON 12	SIZ 12	INT 16	POW 12
DEX 10	APP 15	EDU 14	SAN 60	HP 12

Damage Bonus: none.

Weapon: none.

Skills: Art (Theater) 75%, Art (painting) 75%, Art (sculpture) 75%, Biology 20%, Credit Rating 70%, Fast Talk 60%, High Society 50%, History 35%, Law 10%, Library Use 40%, Natural History 40%, Occult 40%, Persuade 55%, Philosophy 60%, Ride 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 03%.

Languages: Russian 80%, French 75%, English 60%, German 60%, Spanish 45%, Cantonese 40%, Greek 30%, Tamil 25%.

ing, even if the padlocks and door locks are successfully picked.

The ground floor of the building is windowless, save for two small panes near the front door. There are several dingy windows just below the roof as well; these are all at least ten feet off of the ground and do not open.

Above the side doors on either side are steel rung fire escapes that descend from the roof to about seven feet off of the ground. Investigators who climb these ladders can pry open the window at the top or pull themselves onto the roof. Here there is a maintenance trapdoor and three large hooded air vents evenly spaced along the roof's peak. If the investigators think to listen at the vent closest to the water, they have a very good chance of hearing what is happening inside. Crossing the corrugated roofing makes noise that can be heard below unless the investigator receives a successful **Sneak roll.**

Inside: the Ground Floor

The warehouse is two stories high. There is a ground floor and an upper loft. The ground floor of the warehouse is made up of two rooms, a small square office area and a single large open space for storage.

The office is a 10' x 8' room, now containing only a battered wooden desk and a dark green metal wastebasket. The drawers of the desk are empty save for a small box of metal screws and a dusty 1932 wall calendar. There is no chair. Two doors access this room, one leading to the street, the other to the interior of the building. Two small frosted windows face outside; a third window, clear but no larger than the others, looks into the front of the warehouse. The dusty room is clearly unused, and has a faint sad air of abandonment.

The main warehouse floor is open and largely empty. The floor is stained concrete. The ceiling, two stories above, is all but invisible. Faint light seeps in through begrimed windows high along the side walls and around the edges of the ceiling air vents, but this is scarcely enough to pierce the gloom. One electric light burns high up toward the back of the building, but much of the rest is in darkness. The black automobile is parked neatly by the front door. It is the only thing in the building that is clean or new. An overhead traveling hoist dangles about ten feet off of the floor, clearly designed to lift heavy cargoes off of trucks or into the loft. The ropes which control the hoist are tied off to pins along the middle of the building's

The Interrogation in the Warehouse



south wall, beneath one of the small windows. Support pillars run from floor to ceiling and brace up the loft above.

A set of four switches by the office door control the lights, a set of bare hooded bulbs which hang from the ceiling high above and a pair of smaller wall lanterns on the building's west wall beneath the loft. The hanging lights are placed high enough to illuminate the loft as well as the main floor. Sturdy wooden stairs next to the light switches climb to the upper floor.

A large tool box sits on a workbench by the front of the building. It is evidently a part of the building equipment, and contains hammers, crowbars, screwdrivers, and large wrenches of the type that might have built or dismantled crates and pallets. The box is open and unlocked.

There are a few loose boards, nails, and scraps of packing material swept into the corners of the ground floor.

The Car

The kidnappers' auto is a sturdy Packard saloon. It is clean and well maintained inside and out, having been stolen only two days previously from a prosperous Brooklyn banker. The glove box contains gloves, a small can of machine oil, a half-eaten Necco candy, and the vehicle's ownership papers. Bits and scraps of paper and excelsior beneath the seats are the only mess in this finely maintained vehicle.

Roerich's open briefcase is on the back seat. It contains his passport, a few toiletries, a current *Baedeckers' Guide to the United States*, and a street map of Greater New York.

Inside: the Upper Floor

The upper loft is sturdy and well-made despite its age and disuse. It runs along the south wall of the building, about ten feet wide, and is twenty feet deep along the west wall. The floor is made of thick planks on top of steel beams and is strong enough to hold heavy cargoes. It does not creak or sag when walked upon. There are no boxes or pallets up here now, and the steel pillars that rise from floor to ceiling leave distinct bars of shadow from the single lit bulb. Tattered cloth pads, once used to cushion crates, are stacked and piled high by the top of the stairs. Several of these have been used to cover the loft windows, lest the light within be seen outside and questions be asked.

The only objects of interest in here are in the northwest corner of the loft. Here is where Roerich is being interrogated. A single chair (the one from the office downstairs) stands well away from the wall. There is a large roll of cord on the floor nearby in a brown paper bag, purchased from a New York City five-and-dime store.

The Interrogation

Four men are in the building when the investigators arrive. One of these is Nicholas Roerich, the older gentleman who was seen at Lexington's home. He is tied to a chair in the back corner of the upper loft. When the investigators arrive, Roerich is in the chair, being questioned by three others. Their captive has a thin cloth sack over his head, effectively blinding him. His hands and feet are bound together with cord and a loop of the same cord is tied around his neck and through the slats in the back of the chair. This must be cut or untied before the prisoner has any freedom of movement.

The remaining three men are Roerich's abductors. These men are Profiteer agents, led by Sothcott, the man who unwittingly killed Douglas.

The agents are interrogating Roerich when the investigators arrive. The investigators are able, with a successful **Sneak roll,** to approach close enough to overhear the men in the loft without being spotted.

If the player characters are able to listen undetected to this conversation, they hear the questioner (Sothcott) repeat a few questions several times to his prisoner, whom he addresses politely enough as "Herr Roerich." The session is short. Roerich's replies are all mild, and slightly muffled due to the cloth.

Sothcott's questions, and Roerich's answers, include the following:

Q: Where is Herr Professor Dyer?
A: I cannot tell you. I do not know.
Q: Where is Herr Danforth?
A: I do not know who you mean.
Q: Who else knows about Pym's book?
A: I do not know what you mean. Why are you doing this?
Q: What was your business with Lexington?
A: I was trying to persuade her not to go to Antarctica.
Q: Why?
A: As a favor to a friend.
Q: Who?
A: William Dyer.
Q: You are not being helpful, Herr Roerich (sounds of an impact).

The keeper is welcome to invent details and make up questions of his own.

This session is brief, no more than fifteen minutes or so. There is no shouting or threats. The whole thing is carried out with a false air of civility. Roerich is unfailingly genteel and polite, but tells his interrogators none of the details they seek. The questioner pauses now and again while his aides inflict some small indignity on their prisoner, mostly a blow to the stomach or face.

If the investigators are not discovered and do not interfere, the interrogation soon ends. Sothcott thanks Roerich, somewhat insincerely, for his time and attention. Roerich is knocked out cold by a hard blow to the back of his head. He is then carried back to the black car, driven several miles out of town and dumped unceremoniously on a deserted stretch of country road. Should the investigators manage, again, to follow all of this and rescue Roerich themselves, events proceed essentially as in the section called "Roerich's Rescue," which follows.

Raiding the Warehouse

Investigators who wish to rescue the kidnap victim from his abductors have several options. The kidnappers are not cautious and have no one on watch; they will not be in the building for very much longer, and are not expecting to return. Despite appearances, these are investigators themselves, not merely men of violence. Their job is nearly done; within three days they will be out of the country and headed home.

Sothcott and his team are not interested in fighting, but they will fight furiously if cornered. Their biggest prize, Dyer's manuscript, is already safely away from the warehouse, in the hands of the man in the motor launch. Within hours it, along with Douglas' journals, will be on a ship for Europe.

Of the three men in Sothcott's team, only Sothcott has a real weapon—an automatic pistol, carried in a pocket of his overcoat and ready for use. The others have knives.

Sothcott's team is busy with the interrogation. They have only a 20% chance of noticing the investigators, unless the player characters are clumsy or noisy.

Should the Profiteer team notice intruders, all three men immediately seek them out, abandoning Roerich where he is. Their motor launch gone, the only ready escape the agents have is via motorcar, or

on foot to the nearest subway entrance. If the investigators block access to the auto, they are in for a fight.

Should the investigators capture any of these mysterious agents, they are professionals who refuse to answer questions. Threats and physical harm do not break their silence; with Roerich as a witness, the investigators should let them go or turn them over to the police.

Nicholas Roerich's statistics can be found on page 50.

Aftermath of the Rescue

Should the investigators capture or drive off the other men, they are left with the job of helping Nicholas Roerich.

Roerich is an elegant, well-dressed man of fifty-nine, with thinning white-blonde hair and carefully tended white whiskers, refined in speech and manners. He speaks with a cultured Russian accent. Roerich has bruises about his ribs and stomach, is cut and bruised about the face, has a loose tooth or two, and finds it difficult to walk. He is extremely grateful for the investigators' assistance, asks them their names (if they answer honestly he is visibly startled, then admits he knows the names from Starkweather's publicity), and inquires what sort of a reward they would like for their gallantry. He also asks that, as a last gesture, they drop him off at a hospital so that he may consult a doctor.

Roerich has come to New York to appear at an exhibition of his paintings, and to host a charity banquet for the relief of the starving poor in Asia. He was asked by William Dyer, whom he befriended a few years back, to deliver a package and a message to Starkweather and Moore when he came, begging them not to go to Antarctica, and to avoid Lake's Camp and the mountains beyond.

Roerich's friendship is worth a great deal. Anyone who is comfortable in high society is familiar with his name. A successful **Know roll** or **Credit Rating roll** will indicate his identity or status. His influence can go far. The keeper may wish to use Roerich as a patron in subsequent scenarios, as he has an abiding interest in mystical and religious studies and receives frequent word from pilgrims and religious seekers throughout the world.

Asking Questions

Should the investigators demand answers from Roerich, rather than a reward—answers to questions such as why he was at Acacia's home, or what the kidnapping was all about—he is open and friendly but tells the investigators little more than he told his abductors.

Roerich explains that he has come to New York on charitable business, to raise money for the relief of starving men and women around the world. Recently Roerich received a letter and a package from a friend, Professor William Dyer of Miskatonic fame, who has been living in the South Pacific for the past year or so. The letter urged Roerich to go to New York on Dyer's behalf, to beg Starkweather and Moore as strongly as possible to cancel their plans for the expedition. As a last resort, Dyer wrote, Roerich was to give them an enclosed sealed manuscript.

"I was bound for Manhattan anyway," he smiles, "so it was simple to agree."

The manuscript, the letter continued, was Dyer's written account of the true facts and fate of the 1929 Miskatonic Expedition to Antarctica. If there was no other way to convince them, Dyer seemed to feel that his true account would be persuasive. *Keepers, this is the* Dyer Text. *A manuscript copy of this will turn up in Antarctica.*

Roerich has been in New York for only two days. His letter to Starkweather has not been answered, and his telephone messages have been ignored. So far he has been unable to arrange an appointment with either of the expedition patrons.

News of Acacia Lexington's imminent departure came as a surprise to Roerich; he was unaware, before his arrival, that she too planned to sail south to the Ice. Roerich explains that he was once a good friend to her father, and knew Acacia as a young girl. Ignored by Starkweather and Moore, he decided to take Dyer's plea to Miss Lexington in hopes of a more receptive audience.

When Roerich went to the house, manuscript in hand, he was intercepted by the kidnapper before he could ring at the door. The other man showed him a gun, asked his cooperation and assured him that if he was helpful he would not be hurt. They got into the black car and drove to the warehouse.

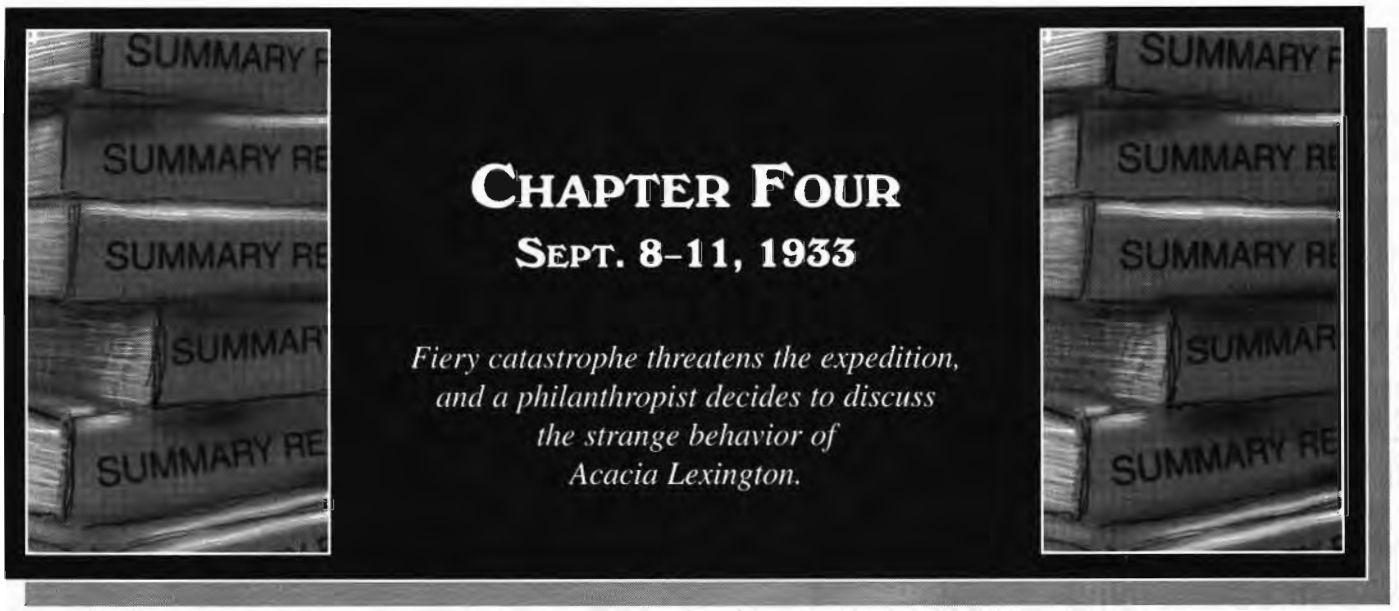
Roerich's story ends here. He claims no knowledge of Pym's book, or the Antarctic, or Danforth, or any of the other topics of interest brought up by Sothcott. Professor Dyer does not wish his location known, and Roerich respects that wish, despite any pleas by the investigators.

The greatest tragedy of all, Roerich insists, is that the thieves who kidnapped him have made off with Dyer's manuscript. Roerich himself knows few of the details and has not read the work—he cannot reconstruct it himself, and is unable to contact Dyer. ■



Chapter Three Timeline

Sept. 7-8 — Afternoon. Investigators watching Acacia Lexington's home in Queens see a man abducted from her premises. Following the abductors allows the party to rescue the kidnappee—Nicholas Roerich—from the three Profiteer agents in the Harlem warehouse. ❑



Chapter Four

Sept. 8–11, 1933

Fiery catastrophe threatens the expedition, and a philanthropist decides to discuss the strange behavior of Acacia Lexington.

It is the evening of September 8th, several hours after Commander Douglas' funeral. Everything that can be done has been done. Except for a few details, the expedition is ready to sail. Professor Moore makes the announcement to the assembled expedition at dinner.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we sail tomorrow with the afternoon tide. Everything is aboard but your personal things, some fuel, and a few last-minute additions to the provisions list. Thank you all for a job well done.

"Everyone will move aboard ship tonight, immediately after you are done here. First Officer Turlow has your cabin assignments, so as soon as you are packed and your bags are stowed on shipboard, you are free to enjoy a last night on the town.

"Again, congratulations and thanks for your hard work. We are ready to sail, despite a lot of trouble, and that is because of each of you.

"Try not to stay out too late," he smiles, "and I shall see you all aboard."

Departure

Keeper's Overview

This chapter covers the three days between Roerich's abduction and the actual departure of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition. A sabotage attempt on the *Gabrielle* provides an opportunity for the investigators to work together, but delays the party's sailing date, allowing the Lexington Expedition to get under way first. Suspicion is cast on Acacia Lexington once more, but nothing can be proven.

If the investigators were involved in Roerich's rescue in Chapter Three, they receive an invitation to meet with the older man at his hotel room the day after the fire. Roerich wishes to discuss a matter of some personal concern: as an old friend of the Lexington family, he is concerned for her safety, and wishes the investigators to undertake to do what they can to sniff out the source of these attacks and to ensure that both Antarctic expeditions return safely.

The three days covered in this chapter represent the best opportunity for the investigators to research the backgrounds of Starkweather, Moore, Lexington, the Pym folio, the Barsmeier-Falken party, and anything else that takes their fancy. The unexpected delay is a godsend if the player characters wish to do last-minute investigations. Moore wants to keep everyone close to the ship, in part to minimize the chance of further sabotage and also in the hope that everyone can stay healthy. In the back of his mind, Moore does not decide whether Douglas' death was a random slaying or another form of sabotage.

The extended interview with Nicholas Roerich may give the investigators some interesting new problems as well as aligning them more solidly with Starkweather. Since he is an unrewarding leader, eventually they will redefine themselves with Acacia Lexington, but not here.

Several information threads are listed at the end of this chapter in case the investigators want to look into them. The keeper is encouraged to expand on these as needed to fill the time available.

At the Ship

The *Gabrielle* is brightly lit against the darkness of the early evening. Crews struggle and shout under the lights. Even from the street the hiss and roar of the winches and the cries of the men are clearly heard across the water.

In the crisp evening air the investigators pull up in front of the pier. The guard checks them through with familiar nods. They must carry their own luggage along the tracks and up the gangway to the ship.

Overhead the cargo booms are in nearly constant motion. Bright yellow drums of gasoline are being hoisted aboard and stowed below, three tiers deep in the

number two hold, forward of the deckhouse. Clusters of stevedores work in the pier shed and on dockside, moving the drums up to the point where a pie plate sling carries them aboard five drums at a time; more men labor at the hatch and in the hold, stowing and dunnaging the drums. Three of the pier shed's rolling doors are open, facing the *Gabrielle*. At the number three hold, an eighteen-man gang of stevedores and some ship's crew are shoring and tying down two large boxes containing aircraft wings. The scene is loud and confusing, with shouts, the clang of drums, the hum of winches, hammering stevedores, and rumbling dollies; investigators can easily get yelled at if they rubberneck around and get in the way.

Atop the gangway, the investigators are met by a crewman who brings them to the mess. Paul Turlow, the ship's first officer, directs the loading operation competently and efficiently. He issues each expedition member a cabin assignment; these have been worked out beforehand by Professor Moore. A sailor is detailed to lead them to their respective cabins.

It is quiet below decks, despite the continuing distant sound of loading cargo. The captain and most of the crew have been let ashore for their last night. Only a skeleton watch remains, with Turlow in command.

Keeper's note: statistics for Turlow can be found in Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters." A plan and notes for the SS Gabrielle *make up Chapter Four–B, "SS* Gabrielle."

Investigators and the Fire

If all of the investigators opt to stay out late, they miss the fire at the dock. Moore may decide to assign one or more player characters some last-minute duties that keep them on the ship, or the keeper may adjust the time of the arson to catch one or more investigators aboard.

Once the fire starts there will be a lot of noise, as fire trucks and emergency vehicles rush to the scene. Clouds of smoke and sheets of flame rise into the air. Investigators within a few blocks notice the disturbance. They pay attention with a successful **Idea roll.** ❑

Where Do We Sleep?

The keeper should work out the expedition cabin assignments in advance. *Gabrielle* has cabin space for up to thirty-four expedition members, including Starkweather and Moore. Space is tight. Additional bunks can be rigged in the crew's mess if necessary.

The best cabins available are cabins 11 and 12, next to the galley amidships. Each of these sleeps two people. Starkweather and Moore share one of these; the other is given to any female expedition members. (If there are more than two ladies aboard, both cabins are occupied by the women, and the two expedition leaders move into cabin 13.)

Senior expedition members, such as scientists and skilled experts, should be put into cabins 13–18 amidships. These three-person cabins face into the crew's mess. Expedition staff with less influence, such as aides, graduate students, the camp crew, and the drill technicians, bunk next to the engineering crew, three to a room in the aftercastle and below.

After finding their cabins and settling in, the investigators are free to spend a final night in the city.

The Fire on the Pier

Shortly after 10 p.m., the orderly transfer of cargo is brought to an abrupt halt by the muffled sound of an explosion, a crash of broken glass, and the sudden "whoosh!" of flames from dockside. The sounds are clearly heard throughout the ship, and are loud enough to awaken sleepers with a successful **Luck roll.** Shouts, curses, the sound of slamming doors and the rush of footsteps follow. All over the ship, men race for the deck.

"Fire!" someone shouts. "Fire!" In the distance a man begins to scream.

From the rail the source of the panic is clear. Fire has broken out among the remaining fuel drums in the shed. Several have exploded, shattering skylight windows high above and sending sprays of burning fuel in all directions. Gasoline flames leap skyward, and a stream of burning liquid runs across the pier to cascade into the water beside the *Gabrielle*. Three slumped forms lie motionless just inside the shed's nearest open door. Somewhere inside, other men cry out from the pain of their burns.

Stevedores run in all directions on the dock; most flee toward the safety of the street. One man staggers as he drags another down the pier, paying no attention to the other man's screams or the flames that lick up from his trousers.

Stevedores on board the *Gabrielle* stream up from the holds and down the gangway, cursing and waving at the acrid smoke, and join the exodus to safety. From somewhere forward a pair of sailors race to the deck, only to stand gaping at the devastation alongside the ship.

There is another "whoomph!" from inside the shed, and the tongues of flame lick higher as something else begins to burn. A wave of heat washes heavily over the ship.

James Starkweather arrives on deck with a clatter. His collar and tie are gone, his shirt unbuttoned and his hair awry. "What's happened?" he snaps, then freezes as he peers over the rail. "Great Scott!"

The Sword of Damocles

In the hellish red and yellow glow of the fire, the investigators aboard see a steel-rope cargo sling dangling level with the ship's side, about six feet away from the bulwarks. Five drums of gasoline are suspended there, held over the river of fire like some disastrous popcorn popper. On deck, another fifteen drums stand about the open number two hatch; many more are already stowed below.

It is obvious that if the drums in the sling explode from the heat, the flames they produce may set off the drums already aboard the *Gabrielle*.

First Officer Turlow snaps an oath and leaps for the bridge, as his remaining on-deck crew begin to cast off the lines holding *Gabrielle* to the pier. Starkweather turns to the investigators nearby.

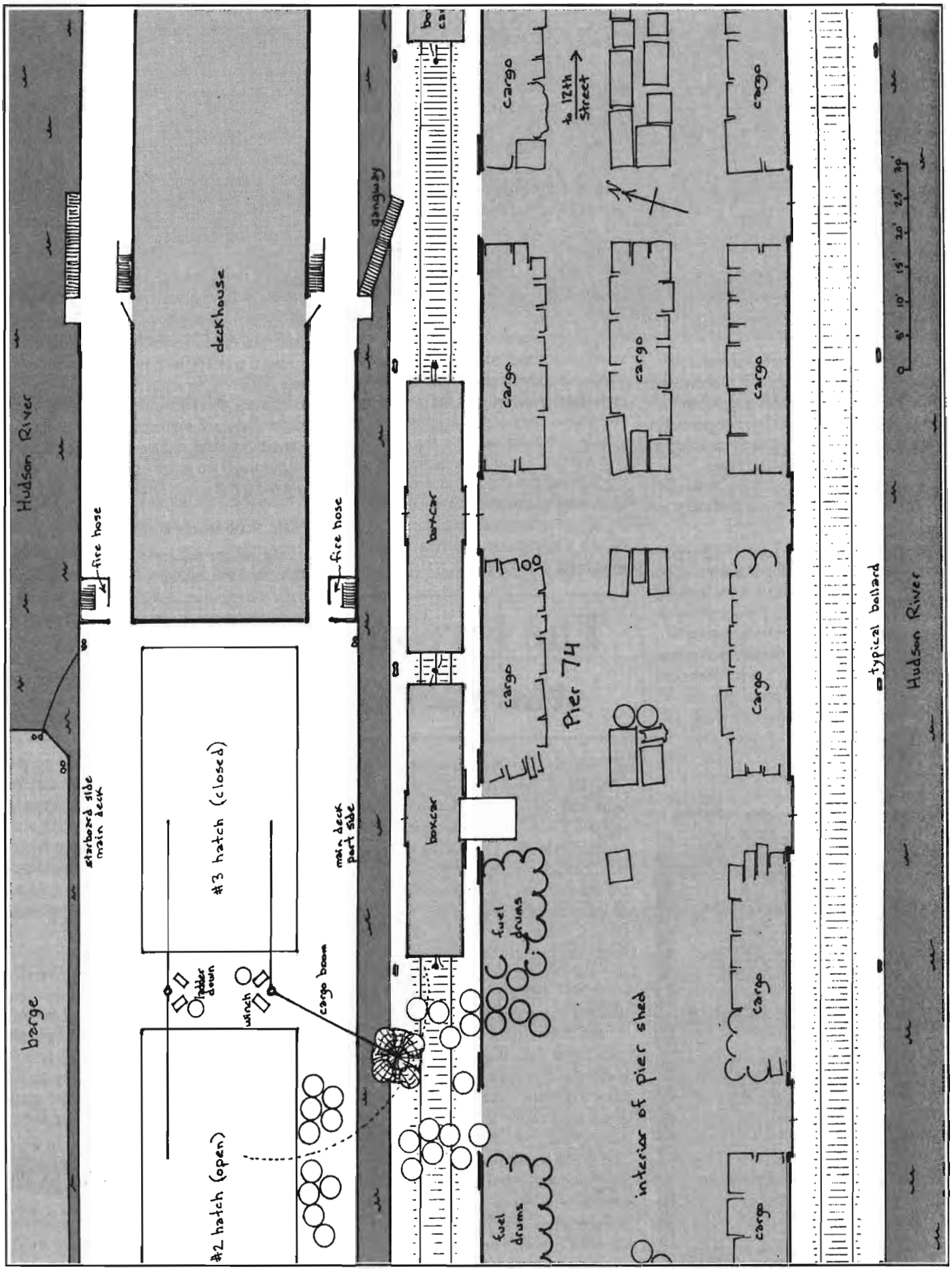
"Come on, lads!" he shouts, as he sprints down the deck. "Follow me! To the winch!"

He yells and grabs at a few last fleeing stevedores. "Cowards!" he cries, "Help us fight this thing!" A huge burly fellow snarls and smashes a fist to his jaw as he races for the gangway. Starkweather goes down for the moment. No stevedore slows his flight.

A wave of acrid oily smoke curls over the deck. Somewhere a steam whistle begins to blow.

Starkweather sits up and gestures toward the winch controls. "Move those

The Gabrielle's Deck and Nearby Pier



The Fire on the Pier



drums!" he commands. Pulling himself to his feet, he glances around for a moment and heads for the nearest fire hose valve on deck. From the moment he twists open the valve, it is clear that he cannot control the powerful water jet by himself. "Help me here!" he beckons to the nearest investigator, as the hose threatens to whip out of his grasp and snake wildly across the deck.

Averting Disaster

Investigators on board the *Gabrielle* who wish to help save the ship and the pier have several choices. They may dare the inferno on the pier and try to save what injured men remain in the shed, they can try to work the shipboard winch and swing the imperiled gasoline drums to safety, or they can work one or more of the fire hoses which are coiled up alongside the deckhouse.

Inside the Shed on the Pier

Brave souls who try to enter the inferno in search of men needing rescue have only one chance each to succeed. The shed's interior is fiercely ablaze; the air is hot enough to singe hair, and impossible to breathe without a soaked rag over nose and mouth.

Players whose investigators work without such protection must **roll CON x3** or less each round or see their characters be overcome by the heat and smoke. Even with the benefit of a rag, a successful **CON x5 roll** must be made for each investigator for every five minutes they spend inside the burning shed. Failure means the investigator succumbs to the effects of the blaze and must be rescued as well.

A successful **Spot Hidden roll** turns up a crumpled figure in the lee of a large smoldering crate; it is one of the stevedores. A quick check and a successful **First Aid roll** reveals that he is unconscious, probably from the smoke. He can be dragged to safety with a successful STR roll versus his SIZ 16 on the Resistance Table. If the stevedore is saved from the flames, his rescuers become heroes, and will be hounded by reporters and praised and fêted in the press the following day.

Three other still forms may be easily found, deep within the blazing warehouse, but these unfortunate men have died. It takes about five minutes to find and pull free each victim, living or not.

The Arsonist

With a second successful **Spot Hidden roll,** investigators in the warehouse catch a glimpse of someone else moving between the crates on the far side of the blaze. It is impossible to get more than a fleeting impression of the man—a crouched figure carrying a large container—without working around to the other side of the fire and maneuvering for a view. Once this is done the other can be seen clearly: a large heavy-set fellow with unkempt hair and a beard, wearing a red kerchief over his face, dressed like a stevedore but carrying a gasoline can.

The fleeing man is Jerry Polk. If pursued, he runs through the fiery warehouse towards the river and out through an open door on the southern side of the shed, intending to double back down the Royal Mail dock to safety. A locked gate in the cyclone fence on that side makes Jerry's choice a bad one. Determined investigators catch up to him before he climbs over and jumps away.

Jerry cannot be subdued unless he is knocked senseless. After that he may be treated like any other victim of the fire. He is already known to the police as a small-time crook. Now he is a murderer.

Working the *Gabrielle's* Hoses

Three powerful fire hoses are coiled by the deckhouse on the port side of the ship. Starkweather's is the closest to the gangway, but any of them can be directed against the fire.

Spraying water on the burning gasoline, however, only serves to spread the flames. Starkweather's intent is to use the hoses to spray the dangling fuel drums to keep them cool. A successful **Idea roll** may serve to suggest this to the investigators if they do not think of it for themselves, or Starkweather can call out the instructions if the keeper wishes.

Each hose requires two men to operate safely. Once the valve is opened the crew must make a **Resistance Table roll** to aim the flow, matching their combined STR against the STR 20 of the water pressure in the hose. Failure means the hose gets loose, whipping about the deck and sending water everywhere. In this case each member of the hose crew has a 50% chance of being struck by the hose each round, doing 1D3 points of damage from the impact. The water must be shut off before the hose can be recaptured; this takes one round.

Working the Winch

The controls for the overhead cargo winch are simple but unfamiliar. Investigators operating the winch have two chances to make a successful **Operate Heavy Machinery roll.** If the roll is fumbled, or missed twice, the net sling drops suddenly towards the flames below. If the skill roll is successful on one of the first two tries, the dangling drums are brought safely aboard the *Gabrielle.*

If the drums drop into the flames on the pier, they explode in a glorious large fireball, rising up above the ship and pier shed, bathing all present in light and heat—but not causing any notable damage to the ship (the shed and pier are another matter). If for some reason the investigators do nothing at all, and allow the drums to catch fire as they dangle—well, hopefully the New York City fireboats can put out the fire before the ship sinks. Perhaps the ship's propellers wash away the fire from the ship.

By the time the drums are dealt with, either by dropping them on the dock or by bringing them aboard, the *Gabrielle's* skeleton crew has cast off the lines and the vessel slowly pulls away from the dock. Without tugs, with only a partial crew, and

JERRY POLK, age 28, Arsonist

A small-time malcontent and thug, Jerry has been arrested seven times and has served two brief jail terms. He is a brawler, comfortable with his size and strength. Unusually for an arsonist, he is physically brave. He runs if he spots someone coming but is happy to fight if cornered or surprised. He is not the sort of guy who tries to talk his way out of trouble.



JERRY POLK

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 16
INT 09	POW 08	
DEX 09	APP 11	SAN 40
EDU 10	HP 14	

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Small Knife 45%, damage 1D4 + 1D4

Skills: Conceal 25%, Dodge 20%, Fast Talk 40%, Hide 30%, Listen 35%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Carried: gallon of gasoline, small knife, matches.

without a full head of steam, this is a slow and hazardous operation. Fire trucks and fireboats will be spraying down the building before the ship has moved very far from her berth.

AFTERMATH

Thirty minutes after the explosion, as a tugboat takes up lines from the *Gabrielle*, a large section of the pier shed roof collapses in a shower of sparks. A few minutes later the three boxcars on the pier edge rumble down the buckling tracks and into the river. Someone has loosened their brakes. Starkweather shouts and grins grimly. A wave of water washes across the deck and extinguishes the few embers that land there.

At about the same time, however, the keeper should have investigators aboard the ship make **Spot Hidden rolls.** Those who make the rolls notice the lights of another ship departing down-river. Using field glasses the shape of Acacia Lexington's ship, the *Tallahassee,* may be made out against the dark sky, being tugged out of the harbor toward the sea. The Lexington Expedition is under way—one day earlier than expected.

Starkweather, when he is informed, is understandably furious.

Her port side midships scorched and blackened, the *Gabrielle* is towed to a new dock downstream at Pier 66 within an hour. An army of policemen, reporters, and gawkers are on hand. Many questions are asked of First Officer Turlow and Mr. Starkweather; depending on their accomplishments, the investigators too make the morning news, as heroes or as goats.

Was the Fire a Disaster?

In the event the fire could not be contained and the expedition is a total loss, the *Gabrielle* will not sail for months to come, if ever. If this happens, consider restarting the campaign with the *Gabrielle* already at sea, moving all the events to the subsequent year. Delete all mention of Byrd and Ellsworth, and keep only the ficticious expeditions on the ice. You may not want to declare it all a nightmare, but some other believable patch may come to mind.

The rest of this campaign assumes that the *Gabrielle* was little harmed by the arson. ❑

If Jerry Polk is turned over to the cops the investigators must make statements for the record. Jerry's trial will be held after the expedition departs, but holds no secrets. Jerry has nothing to hide once he's been caught, and talks freely to the police. His story is summarized in the subsection "Jerry Polk's Story."

The Next Day

The early morning newspapers on September 9th sport banner headlines.

FIRE IN POLAR SHIP!

DOCK BLAZE KILLS THREE!

ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION THREATENED!

The disaster pushes Lexington's departure onto the back page. Starkweather is not consoled by this.

- The three men killed were stevedores in the pier shed at the time of the initial explosion. A dozen more dock workers and a couple of the ship's crew are more or less severely burned.
- Little serious damage was done to the *Gabrielle* by the fire, and the lost gasoline can be replaced in a day if need be, but some other cargo was destroyed in the shed. These items included most notably the tents, spare motors for the larger planes, and the wooden skis for the planes. Starkweather moves heaven and earth to obtain these items and have them shipped to New York City, but it is two or three days before the last of them arrive. Starkweather is furious and suspicious, and blames Acacia Lexington or her agents for the disaster.

Any investigators not already members of the expedition now may be asked by Starkweather to join as replacements for the injured crew, especially if the character in question helped during the fire.

Security around the *Gabrielle* increases yet again. Several more hired musclemen patrol the pier day and night, and even the stevedores are checked against a list every time they come to work. Expedition members are asked to remain aboard the ship whenever possible, and to check in and out with the guards and the officer of the watch whenever they leave or come on board.

Anyone involved with Jerry Polk's capture becomes a hero of the hour. Starkweather is happy to share the limelight in this case, and investigators who helped catch the arsonist can expect at least an interview and photo shoot alongside the expedition leader. Starkweather does all he can to ensure that none of "his lads" need to stay behind for the trial. Complete depositions, coupled with Jerry's own confession, leave little in question.

Jerry Polk's Story

Five days ago Polk was approached by a red-headed man called Doyle. Doyle paid him $100 when Jerry agreed to set fire to the warehouses of the Starkweather-Moore and Lexington expeditions. For each successful fire he was to receive an additional $200, to be picked up the following noon beneath a bridge in Central Park.

Naturally the police investigate Jerry's story. Equally naturally, no one shows up at the bridge. The mysterious Doyle is never seen again. Polk will be coming to trial when the *Gabrielle* returns from the Ice.

Keeper's note: Jerry Polk's red-headed employer was actually Paul Danforth with dyed hair. Danforth intended that Doyle would burn the Starkweather-Moore and the Lexington warehouses, but Polk chose to drink up his front money first, taking long enough to act that Acacia Lexington had decided to set sail before the first fire was set, and so her supplies and equipment went untouched. Naturally this places more suspicion on Lexington and her team, but she was never involved. ❑

An Unexpected Benefit

Any investigator who worked alongside Starkweather to avert disaster is suddenly his friend. James Starkweather has great respect for all who showed the "right stuff" and "stood up to fight when the chips were down."

Starkweather's friendship manifests in many ways, ranging from the occasional good word and hearty slap on the back to extra privileges and liberty, at the keeper's

discretion. Even women, if they were visibly useful in the crisis, at last receive grudging acceptance from the man. Investigators who are befriended get all the benefits of the man's good side, and should come to see him as more than an angry man anxious for a last grasp at fame.

The friendship between Starkweather and one or more of the investigators should be built up throughout the voyage and on the Ice, with occasional private asides, in order to maximize the reaction when Starkweather is carried off in Chapter Ten and Eleven.

The Invitation

The investigators spend the better part of the 9th cleaning up from the *Gabrielle's* near-disaster. They are plagued by policemen and reporters every time they leave the ship. Even Detective Hansen drops by, to snoop and to pry and watch the investigators with a thoughtful expression. "Trouble seems to follow you boys around like a bad smell," he says, and tips his hat ironically.

INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMAT ATTACKED!

ARTIST AND HUMANITARIAN WAYLAID BY HOODLUMS!

If the investigators called in the police to rescue Nicholas Roerich, several newspapers carry the story on the 9th. Interestingly, if the investigators themselves rescued Roerich, the newspapers contain no mention of him.

In the afternoon, there is nothing left for the investigators to do. Remaining tasks to complete before departure are in other hands. With time to spare, they may wish to turn to more private inquiries, while they still can.

Keeper's note: if the investigators bypassed that encounter with Roerich, skip the remainder of this section and resume play in the section "Looking for Answers."

About 4:30 p.m. on September 9th handwritten notes on excellent paper arrive at the *Gabrielle,* addressed to each of the investigators who were involved in Roerich's rescue. Read aloud the nearby note, written by Roerich.

The Netherlands is a large luxury hotel in the European style, overlooking the corner of Central Park at 5th Avenue and 57th Street. The interior is marble and polished wood, with thick stone pillars in the lobby and tasteful frescoes on the walls.

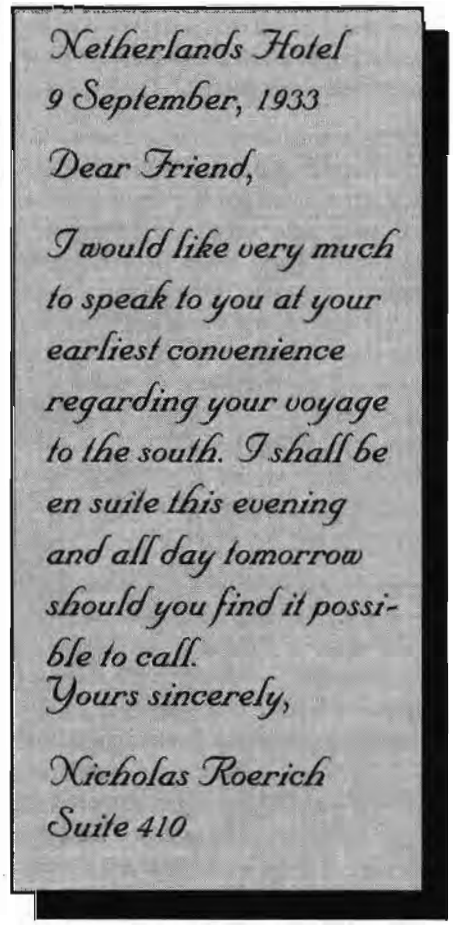
Investigators who inquire at the lobby desk are told that they are expected. A brief telephone call later, they exit the ornate brass elevator onto the parqueted flooring of the hall.

Suite 410 occupies one end of a short side hallway not far from the elevator. The door opens at the investigators' knock by a solid-looking dark-haired man in his early thirties who speaks educated English with a pronounced Russian accent. The investigators identify themselves, and enter.

The suite's sitting room is large and airy, with thick carpets on the floor and a cut crystal fixture overhead. Nicholas Roerich is seated at a small table with several chairs. A covered dish and an ornate coffee service are set out to one side. To the other side are two easels, each bearing a canvas. The first is obviously a work in progress. A partial landscape in ochre and brown is roughly daubed in.

The second is a finished painting of unnerving beauty, a huge fortress looming up against towering mountains. The peaks are like jagged fangs, sharp deep shadows against paler colors. The canvas hints at an immeasurable passage of time, and of the secrets hidden there.

Evidence of Roerich's abduction is easy to see. His face is covered with fading bruises and cuts. He has a black eye, stitches in his forehead, and generally looks dreadful.


Netherlands Hotel
9 September, 1933
Dear Friend,
I would like very much to speak to you at your earliest convenience regarding your voyage to the south. I shall be en suite this evening and all day tomorrow should you find it possible to call.
Yours sincerely,
Nicholas Roerich
Suite 410

"Welcome," he says, waving the investigators to seats. "It was good of you to come."

Roerich introduces the dark-haired man as his son, George. Depending on the hour, he offers them brandy, and gives them leave to smoke.

After a suitable interval, in which Roerich inquires about the expedition, the state of the ship since the fire, and more social pleasantries, he sends George off on an errand and gets down to business.

"Have you eaten?" he asks. "I can send for some refreshment if it pleases you. What I have to say might take some time."

Parts of the tale that follows may have already been explained by Roerich after his rescue. If so, the keeper can skip this information and proceed to the subsection below entitled "Pieces Of the Puzzle."

Roerich's Tale

Roerich explains that he has come to New York on charitable business, to raise money for the relief of starving men and women around the world. Recently Roerich received a letter and a package from a friend, Professor William Dyer of Miskatonic fame, who has been living in the South Pacific for the past year or so. The letter urged Roerich to go to New York on Dyer's behalf, to beg Starkweather and Moore as strongly as possible to cancel their plans for the expedition. As a last resort, Dyer wrote, Roerich was to give them an enclosed sealed manuscript.

"I was bound for Manhattan anyway," he says, "so I agreed."

The manuscript, the letter continued, was Dyer's account of the true facts and the true fate of the 1930–31 Miskatonic Expedition to Antarctica. If there was no other way to convince Starkweather and Moore, Dyer seemed to feel that his account would be persuasive.

Roerich had been in New York for only two days at that time. His letter to Starkweather went unanswered and his telephone messages were ignored.

"So, as you know, I went to see Miss Lexington."

News of her imminent departure came as a surprise to Roerich; he was unaware, before his arrival, that she too planned to sail south to the Ice. Roerich was once a good friend to her father, and knew Acacia as a young girl. Ignored by Starkweather and Moore, he decided to

take Dyer's plea to her in hopes of a more receptive audience.

Roerich telephoned the Lexington mansion on the morning of his abduction, and made an appointment with Miss Lexington's secretary. When he went to the house, manuscript in hand, he was intercepted on the walkway by his kidnapper, who showed him a gun, asked his cooperation, and assured him that if he was helpful he would not be hurt. They got into the black car and drove to the warehouse.

"The rest of that tale, I think you know."

Tragically, Roerich says that the thieves who kidnapped him have made off with Dyer's manuscript. Roerich himself knows few of the details and has not read the work—he cannot reconstruct it himself, and is unable to contact Dyer.

"All of this brings me to the reason I asked to see you today."

Pieces Of the Puzzle

Roerich had expected to have one more opportunity to speak with Acacia Lexington. She refused to answer his calls after the abduction, however, and has now sailed south. Reluctantly, after giving the matter much thought, Roerich concludes that she herself must have had something to do with the attack. Roerich believes the following items are clues to the mystery.

- The assailants were not simple hoodlums. They were not interested in money, they wanted Professor Dyer's manuscript, and they insisted upon learning Dyer's location.
- The only people who knew about Dyer's message were the leaders of the Antarctic expeditions. Roerich sent letters to Starkweather and to Lexington but spoke to no one else about it before the assault. How did his assailants know who he was, where to find him, and that he carried Dyer's manuscript if someone had not told them?
- His attackers were German. Roerich is certain of this, though he is not certain what that implies. He has made a sketch from memory of the face of his abductor, which he is happy to give to the investigators; a similar sketch has already been given to the police. *Keeper's note: if the investigators think to show the sketch to the clerk at the Westbury Hotel, the clerk identifies the face in the drawing as belonging to Mr. Sothcott, the man who stayed in Room 21 next door to the late Commander Douglas.*
- His abductors kept asking him about "Pym's book," something which made no sense at the time. The name was familiar, however, and after thinking about it overnight Roerich remembers why. The memory comes from another theft which happened ten years before, and in which the Lexingtons were also involved.



Nicholas Roerich

Glimpses of Pym

Once, Roerich explains, he and Acacia's father were friends. That friendship ended with a falling-out in the early 1920s, but Roerich retained an interest in the family. P. W. Lexington's death in 1921 was called a suicide by the press. His name was linked to a number of shady deals and financial scandals, but nothing ever connected him to criminal acts, and no indictments were ever made.

Lexington's friends told another story. They said that P. W. did not kill himself. They thought he was murdered over a book.

On the day of the suicide, P. W. had announced a private auction at which he intended to sell a few personal possessions of value. He died before the auction could take place. One of the items to be sold, a unique manuscript, could not be found after his death, and has not been seen since.

The item was Edgar Allan Poe's *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket,* serialized in 1837 in twenty-five chapters. Its conclusion was never published. Roerich recalls hearing of the rarity from the elder Lexington, who was quite proud of it. Lexington's version differed strikingly from all published editions: it contained four extra chapters, making a complete work. These concluding chapters have never been printed, and were thought never to have been written.

Roerich never saw the book, he says, but P. W. was proud of owning it; he believed it to be a true account of travels in the Antarctic, not fiction at all.

"It seems to matter so little now. Someone stole the book then; and someone stole my friend's work, too. I must hope it was merely greed in both cases. Otherwise . . . ." He shrugs. "I do not mean to imply that these events are related, dear friends. They prey upon my thoughts as if they were. If those who questioned me wanted information about the Pym story, then it must be of concern to them, but I cannot imagine why."

The Appeal

Roerich is worried for Miss Lexington. He feels that she is involvedin some way with those who kidnapped him and stole Dyer's manuscript. He does not believe that she is responsible, but fears that she has somehow joined bad company—Germans, surely, possibly National Socialists—her flirtation with the movement is well known to Nicholas, though it may come as a surprise to the investigators.

It is his belief that Miss Lexington will team up with the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition, a large group of scientists and

surveyors which reportedly leaves Germany for Antarctica in a few days. He does not know what her interest in them is, nor what their goals are. He does know that Professor Dyer, man of science and discovery that he is, never speaks of what he found in the Antarctic, and turns anxious and pale when the topic is raised. Whatever he saw must have been terrible indeed.

Roerich does not want to go to the police or the courts. He has no proof that Acacia Lexington has done anything illegal. Professor Dyer also impressed upon him that the contents of the manuscript must not to be made public. But what is Roerich to do?

With Miss Lexington now beyond his powers of persuasion, and evidently an enemy to him—with Starkweather and Moore unwilling to see or hear him out—Roerich now asks the investigators: will they undertake to find out what Acacia Lexington and her German friends are planning in the far south? Will they do what they can to see that she comes home again safely?

"Please, my friends. Be my hands and eyes. I may not go with you, except perhaps in spirit; but I cannot sit idly by, and you are my best chance. Dare I place my hopes in your hands?"

Once Roerich has given the investigators his information, and gotten their agreement—or at the very least their understanding of how serious he is about it all—he has little more to say. In due course the investigators take their leave.

Looking for Answers

The expedition does not depart for another two days. If the investigators wish to do further research they have that much time. Roerich is quite willing to aid the party if there is something concrete that he can do, but he refuses to go to the police with his suspicions unless there is irrefutable evidence of wrong-doing.

Several topics might be pursued, and information might be uncovered in a number of places. Not all of these are reachable by the investigators in the time remaining, but resourceful characters with connections in New York or elsewhere might learn something concerning five general topics. Each topic has its own subsection following.

- Acacia Lexington.
- Percival ("P. W.") Lexington, Acacia's father.
- The mysterious feud between Acacia Lexington and James Starkweather.
- *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym,* by Edgar Allan Poe.
- The Barsmeier-Falken Expedition, and its origins, goals, and personnel.

Acacia Lexington

A detailed biography of Acacia Lexington can be found in Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters," along with a discussion of her feud with Starkweather. The keeper can use this to fill in any details the players might require. Incidental sub-topics about her include the following.

- Her socialite adolescence.
- Her past dealings with Starkweather, especially the 1920 trip to Africa.
- Her insistence that her father's death was a robbery/murder.
- Her subsequent retraction of that claim.
- Her swift rise to power at the reins of the family fortune.
- Her interest in exploration.
- Her dabblings in extremist politics.
- Stories and articles about Acacia Lexington are easy to find in back issues of New York newspapers. She appears in society pages throughout her youth and young adulthood (ca. 1914–1922). Since then, most mentions of her have been mentioned in the business sections of the larger papers, especially the *Wall Street Journal.*

It is possible to find articles about Miss Lexington by leafing through bound back newspaper issues at the New York Public Library. Such a search is hopelessly inefficient unless the investigators are looking at dates already known. A successful **Luck roll,** followed by a successful **Library Use roll,** locates each of the following articles.

- "Lexington's Fairy Child." *N.Y. Mirror,* May 16th, 1918. Details Acacia's debut in glowing and exhaustive detail, including a three paragraphs describing her gown. *Please read this note aloud: no article exists.*
- *Beyond Papers 4.1:* "Daring Rescue of Heiress!" *N. Y. Pillar-Riposte,* October 20th, 1920.
- *Beyond Papers 4.2:* "Lexington Tragedy." *N. Y. Pillar-Riposte,* July 23rd, 1921.
- *Beyond Papers 4.3:* "Rare Manuscript Linked to Lexington Death." *Daily Globe,* July 24th, 1921.
- "The Young Lady Takes Charge." *N.Y. Times,* November 3rd, 1921. In the business section, a long article discusses Acacia Lexington's assumption of her father's business affairs after his death. It is very condescending, suggesting that Acacia should either marry or find a "capable and steady man of business to manage the vast fortune. A woman should never try to dabble in the affairs of commerce. Nature has granted her a high place in the scheme of things, a place that man can not usurp; in return she should not attempt to claim a position for which she is by Nature unfit." *Please read this note aloud: no article exists.*
- Investigators have more luck if they think to look into any of the local newspaper morgues. Successful **Credit Rating rolls** or **Fast Talk rolls,** along with a few dollars, may buy them access to a news office's file on Acacia Lexington. Any such file contains articles like the ones above and many more of less note, including short articles about her world travels as an adult, ones not too different from the ones for Charlene Whitston described in Chapter One. It also contains the original notes, the original stories as written—not as published—and also filed copy that was killed and never published. This material is sensitive, and potentially explosive. The investigators need a friend on the payroll of the newspaper to take a look at her file.
- The New York police also keep files about Acacia Lexington, most of them containing the articles above as well as minor investigative reports and background notes about her. They do this concerning many important residents and visitors. Whether or not the investigators can get this information is up to the keeper, since these files are supposed to be secret, and may very well contain explosive information about sexual behavior, gambling, relations with criminals and so on; if bribery is resorted to, it will cost real money.

The best way to access the police's information is through Detective Hansen. This is impossible if the investigators have alienated him. Lexington's police file also contains records of her meetings with (and her rumored contributions to) a number of idealistic political groups in the past two to three years, including socialists, communists, fascists, the Social Credit Party, and others of the keeper's choice.

She has never been arrested. She has not appeared in court since hearings concerning her father's estate in 1921 and 1922.

- Private detectives hired by the investigators might learn some version of this information in a single day. A good detective costs $20 per day plus expenses. Investigators could pay as much as $100 for the whole package, including bribes. They will get a written report from the private detective, but no copies of documents.

Percival Woodrow Lexington

Information about P. W. Lexington appears in Acacia's biography in Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters." The keeper is welcome to create further details as desired. Information about P. W., her father, includes—

- His political history.
- His suicide in 1921.
- The auction that was planned for the day he died.
- The hints of shady dealings that have turned up since his death.
- His daughter's insistence that he was robbed and murdered.
- His daughter's quick retraction of the murder claims.

Stories and articles about P. W. Lexington are easy to find in back issues of New York newspapers. His longtime association with important businessmen and politicians makes him easy to find; he is listed in "Who's Who" for more than twenty years. A successful **Library Use roll** provides the bare-bones facts of his life, his marriage, his law practice, the birth of his daughter, the death of his wife to influenza in 1913, and his apparent suicide in 1921 under suspicious circumstances.

The New York police and court files contain many documents created around the time of P. W.'s death. The keeper is invited to expand upon the details given in the keeper's appendices. Detective reports and police interviews with Acacia, the house staff, and friends and business acquaintances of the deceased round out the picture sketched by the articles above.

More details are easily found with a successful **Luck roll,** or by gaining

Beyond Papers 4.1

illar-Riposte

Bulldog Edition
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OCTOBER 20, 1920

DARING RESCUE OF HEIRESS

Nairobi (INS)—The dark continent where the wonders of nature can turn on man and prove deadly has shown once again that wherever European man goes, so goes chivalry. Wireless reports out of the Belgian colonies in Africa tell of the daring rescue of our own socialite scamp Acacia Lexington by that gallant Englishman, Captain James Starkweather.

Lovely Lexington has been touring the regions of darkest Africa dominated by the mighty Lake Tanganyika. Savages fight daily with alligators longer than a Deusenberg to ensure the passage of commerce in this wild region. Against the advice of her elders, Lady Lexington insisted upon seeing the fabled giraffe mating grounds of Eyasi. Under the expert leadership of Captain Starkweather the band braved the wilderness and arrived at the plains of tall swaying grasses the giraffes find so compelling for their very survival.

The wild beasts, gentled by our own lovely Lady Lexington, came within a few feet of the party without making threatening gestures. Lady Lexington's presence was so compelling that when she came upon a baby giraffe in the grasses, she immediately tamed it and was able to even embrace it briefly before it returned to its herd, earning her the nickname among the savages as "'The Woman Whom the Giraffes Love."

On the return trip to Nairobi, sudden rains caught the party crossing a branch of the mighty Nakuru river. The party was nearly lost as savages panicked under the onslaught of the rain and river. Brave Captain Starkweather rallied the natives and had them chop trees and fashion rafts to carry the supplies to safety. A personal trip by Captain Starkweather to a nearby village procured enough canoes to carry the party across the river. The crossing was treacherous but under the skilled hand of Captain Starkweather the entire party made it to port in time for Lady Lexington's return trip to America.

We'll all be thanking Captain Starkweather for the safe return of one of the brightest lights of our social season. Hurrah for him and hurrah for chivalry!

access to a newspaper's morgue. The following articles, most already referred to, tell the tale of the man's death, the investigation that followed, and the eventual transfer of the estate to his daughter.

- *Beyond Papers, 4.2:* "Lexington Tragedy." *N.Y. Pillar-Riposte,* July 23, 1921.
- *Beyond Papers, 4.3:* "Rare Manuscript Linked to Lexington Death." *Daily Globe,* July 24, 1921.
- *Beyond Papers, 4.4*: "Heiress Denies Own Tale of Murder." *N.Y. Pillar-Riposte*, July 26, 1921.
- "The Young Lady Takes Charge." *N.Y. Pillar-Riposte*, November 3, 1921.

Keeper's note: see the subsection "Acacia Lexington" for summary.

- A private detective, hired to extract this information, can do so easily in a day. This costs $20 to $100, including expenses. If the same detective is hired to research both Lexingtons, father and daughter, the information on both can be acquired at the same time for no additional charge.

The Mysterious Feud

No reporter seems to know why, but correspondents have noticed a frigid formality between Miss Lexington and Captain Starkweather at formal functions in New York and abroad. This is not a notorious feud, and not one well known to the public but, like the Antarctic both will soon visit, the existing ice is thick and mysterious.

Beyond Papers 4.2

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Evening Edition
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JULY 23, 1921

LEXINGTON TRAGEDY

New York (AP)—A shocking scene greeted police at the P. W. Lexington mansion on Fifth Avenue today. They came to investigate what appears to be the death of one of New York City's greatest industrialists at his own hand.

Percival Woodrow Lexington was discovered in his study dead from a gunshot wound to the head. Police initially suspected foul play from the disheveled nature of the study.

"But there are obvious powder burns on his head and right hand," said Police Detective Ronald O'Meira. "That coupled with the position of the body and gun lead us more toward a self-inflicted wound than foul play."

But his daughter Acacia does not agree. "Daddy wouldn't kill himself. These buffoons are looking for an easy answer to keep from doing any real work," the distraught young woman said. "I vow I'll find my father's killers and make them pay."

Meanwhile an anonymous Wall Street source has hinted that the Lexington fortunes were severely over-extended.

The sky in New York society has grown dimmer this evening and the murky surroundings of this death surely spur further inquiry.

Beyond Papers 4.3

GLOBE

JULY 24, 1921 TWO CENTS

Rare Manuscript Linked to Lexington Death

(Special)—A notice from the estate of Percival Lexington warns rare book dealers to watch out for a missing manuscript that could be linked to foul play in Lexington's recent death.

An extremely valuable and rare galley proof of the Edgar Allen Poe book *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* has been reported missing from Lexington's study where his body was found yesterday.

"Robbery would be a motive for murder," said police detective Ronald O'Meira. "But the physical evidence points to a different conclusion. The book may show up in a few days. It's very difficult for most families to accept the loss of a loved one in this way."

Issuing the notice was daughter Acacia Lexington who previously raised suspicions of foul play and a lax attitude by police in investigating this case.

"This manuscript is unique. I believe it is involved in my father's death," she said. "This manuscript differs greatly from the published version. I fear some collector has killed for it."

The manuscript was to have been sold in public auction today, along with other rare andvaluable items from Percival Lexington's collection..

A coroner's report is expected tomorrow. A public service and private family funeral will be held Friday. The public service will be held at St. John the Divine Cathedral at 11 a.m.

One available explanation is in *Beyond Papers 4.1*, "Daring Rescue of Heiress," and there only between the lines.

The Narrative of Arthur Pym

The full tale of the complex history of Arthur Pym and his wayward manuscript can be found in Appendix 3, "Deep Background," as can the the synopsis of the existing chapters, and the full text of the lost chapters. Investigators who seek information about the man or his work have a number of places to turn.

- They can read *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* in the library, or buy a copy of the novelette for 25-50 cents and take it with them. It can be read in a few hours by a determined reader. The serialized tale stops abruptly at the end of Chapter XXV, with Pym and his companion about to plunge into an unknown abyss somewhere in a seemingly-impossible warm and steaming ocean near the South Pole. A general summary of Poe's published but unfinished novelette can be found in the "A Synopsis of Pym's Narrative" in Chapter Ten of this campaign.
- They can learn about the towns and people mentioned in the "Narrative."
- They can contact the auction house that was to have sold the manuscript. (They know nothing except the sketchy description provided by P. W. Lexington, since P. W. Lexington never delivered the mss.)
- They can look for information on Arthur Pym in the New York Public Library. (The references lead only to a "fictional character invented by Edgar Allan Poe.")
- Side trips to other cities, such as Nantucket (where Pym was born and raised) or Richmond, Virginia (where he died, and where Poe and Thomas White edited his manuscript) are left for the keeper to explore. Information about Pym's life after his return from Antarctica, and about his spectacular death aboard a burning ferryboat, are left for the keeper to exhume and embroider as desired. The keeper may allow the investigators to learn a little of what is contained in the "Pym Document: A Short History" section of Appendix 3, "Deep Background," but he or she should not reveal matters relating to the plot of this campaign.
- Boseley's, the auction house where Lexington was to have sold the text, is mentioned in the *N. Y. Post* article, "Rare Manuscript Linked to Lexington Death," published July 24, 1921. Boseley's can be found in any New York directory, and is located on 32nd Street, one block east of the Empire State Building. (Boseley's is not shown


FRANK BOSELEY

illar-Riposte

Evening Edition
3¢

JULY 26, 1921

HEIRESS DENIES OWN TALE OF MURDER

New York (AP)—A startling retraction came today from the daughter of the late industrialist Percival Lexington. Just days after she claimed foul play and police mishandling of the case, Acacia Lexington delivered a very different story after her father's funeral.

"With the coroner's report and the physical evidence I have no choice but to face the facts about my father's death," Miss Lexington said.

Earlier this week Lexington claimed that her father's death was linked to the disappearance of a rare manuscript he kept in the study where his body was found.

"I believe that book is still in my father's library," Miss Lexington said when asked about her earlier claim. "I haven't finished cataloging the contents of the house to see if anything is missing. When it is done I'm sure we'll find the book."

"We know this is a hard time for Miss Lexington," said police detective Ronald O'Meira who investigated the Lexington suicide. "Any suggestions she made earlier were obviously the result of the strain of the situation," O'Meira said.

Percival Lexington was eulogized by several business leaders including fellow industrialist John D. Rockefeller and esteemed banker John Pierpont Morgan. He was laid to rest in a private ceremony at the family's estate in Suffolk County.

Lexington's last will and testament will be read at his attorney's next Wednesday. It is expected that his daughter Acacia will be his sole beneficiary. Questions still remain as to who will run the Lexington enterprises for this young woman.

Beyond Papers 4.5: Fuchs' Letter

September 4th, 1921
Philadelphia, Penn.

Dear Mister Boseley,

I write to you in regard to your letter of August 28th.

It is always unpleasant to hear of an untimely passing, especially of one with whom I have had dealings in the past. My business with Percival Lexington having taken place more than twenty years ago, however, I find it difficult to imagine what benefit you may receive from my recollections at this late date.

I am as you know a collector of antiquities. It was in that capacity that I first purchased the erstwhile Poe manuscript from a fellow collector, a man named Lionel White. The book arrived in good order and proved exactly as promised. I recall that it was unbound, in loose form, and that a number of the pages were showing signs of wear. Mister White had also included a letter summarizing his own researches into the origin of the work. It was clear that he considered it genuine. I found, after some inspection, that I had to disagree.

You will be aware, sir, that the Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym differs in several aspects of style from the rest of Mister Poe's body of work. The manuscript I had acquired was substantially the same as the published work in its first twenty-five chapters, including those same uncharacteristic usages and turns of phrase. The additional five chapters, however, were quite different even from the remainder of the manuscript, in both style and content, and clearly had been written by a different hand.

Once this was clear to me, I had no further interest in the work. However clever the fiction, it was evidently not Poe's tale but an homage or attempted forgery, and thus I sought to recover my purchase price by any means possible. Mister Lexington bought it eagerly and I was able to secure a small profit for my trouble.

I concealed nothing from Mister Lexington when he came to examine the manuscript. That is my way of doing business. He drew his own conclusions and was delighted at his purchase, for which I wished him well. As I recall, he was excited by the possibility that the "Narrative" represented an undocumented collaboration rather than an original work. I did not seek to dissuade him.

Several other collectors inquired about the work. I referred them all to Lexington. There is very little else I can say about the purchase.

As to your other question regarding the content of the additional chapters I fear I can be of little use. I recall that they were unpleasantly speculative, more than usually macabre, and dealt with a tribe of inhuman horrors that dwelt in the Antarctic and practiced human sacrifice. More than that I cannot now say.

Wishing you the best of luck in your continuing research, I am
Sincerely yours,

Stanley Edgar Fuchs

on any map in this book, but can be extrapolated from the New York City Player's Map in Appendix 7, page 421.) The owner, Frank Boseley, remembers the client well. With a successful **Persuade roll, Fast Talk roll** or offer of ten dollars or more he tells all that he knows, at length—he knows nothing significant.

Boseley found the situation an interesting one, and did a bit of research of his own. He can show the investigators the auction bill, which describes the work in a paragraph or two (the keeper will have to make this up from his reading of the unpublished chapters). Boseley also shows them a letter written to him from Stanley Fuchs, the previous owner. (See *Beyond Papers 4.5,* page 66.)

The Barsmeier-Falken Party

It is widely known in Europe that the Germans are also going to Antarctica this fall, but few details are available in America. Investigators who seek more information about the German expedition must turn to specialized sources. A few small articles have seen print in Europe, mostly in French and German newspapers. These can be found at import shops, where foreign goods are sold, and in some of the larger libraries. The keeper must make up effective summaries.

The Barsmeier-Falken party is prepared to depart from Bremerhaven on September 15th. They have over one hundred men and several aircraft, and intend to spend much of the season mapping and surveying Western Antarctica, especially the Filchner Ice Shelf and the Weddell Sea region. The expedition's published mission is to identify and assay natural resources on the Antarctic continent.

Investigators who find these clippings (with successful **Library Use rolls**) and read the text (with the appropriate **Other Language roll**) can learn a bit more about the party's equipment, leaders, and published goals. These sorts of details can be gleaned from Appendix 3, "Deep Background," concerning the BFE. The information here is extensive, and includes a plan of and discussion of the BFE's main base for the later use of the keeper, plus some sensitive information pertaining to the plot of the campaign.

At Last!

Because of—or possibly despite—everyone's continuing nervous vigilance, no further incidents interfere with the expedition's preparations for departure. All the crew and party members all gather together on board ship for the first time on the morning of September 11th, 1933, and the *Gabrielle* sets sail at last, early that afternoon.

The skies are covered with high thin clouds; the sea is choppy; a number of small boats turn out to watch as the ship salutes the Statue of Liberty, and continues alone south into the Atlantic. ■



Chapter Four Timeline

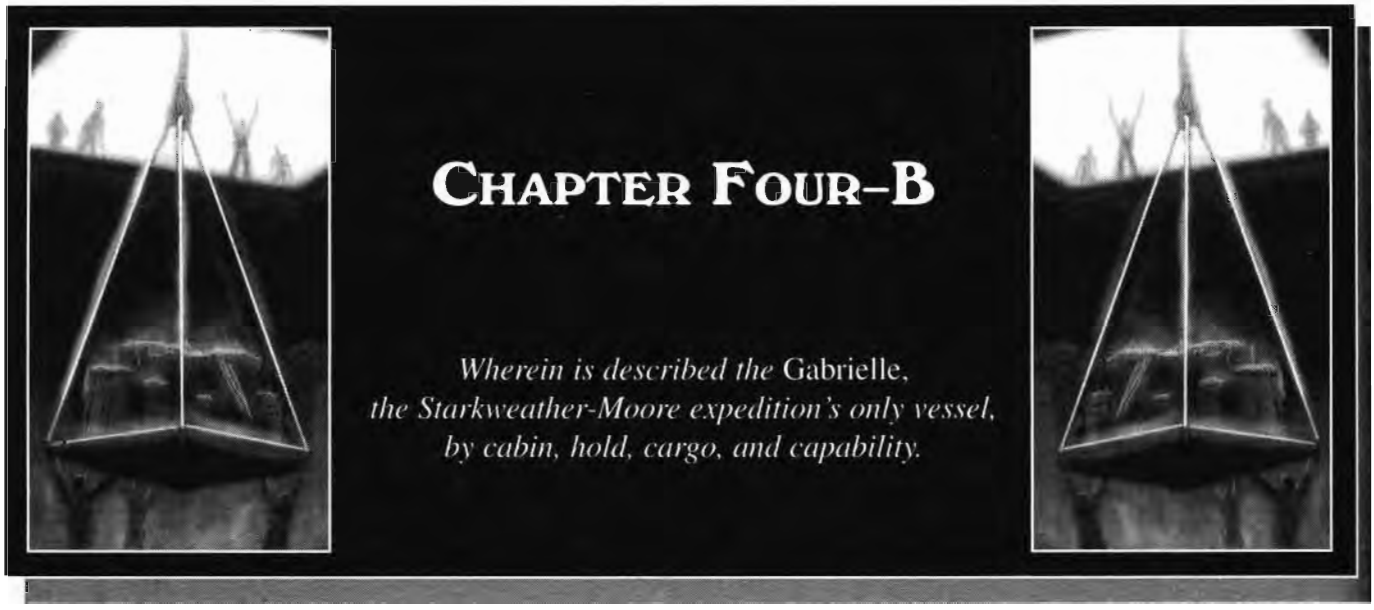
Sept. 8 — Last cargo being loaded. The expedition members move onto the ship. Most explorers take evening liberty.

Arson at the *Gabrielle* late in the evening. Three men die, some cargo destroyed. *Gabrielle's* departure delayed; Lexington's *Tallahassee* departs early.

Sept. 9 — Burned cargo is replaced. Investigators are invited to visit Roerich, who asks them to watch over Acacia Lexington and be wary of the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition. The remainder of the day can be used hunting clues.

Sept. 10 — Open day. Research time for the investigators.

Sept. 11 — *Gabrielle* departs New York City for Melbourne, Australia. ❑



Chapter Four-B

Wherein is described the Gabrielle, *the Starkweather-Moore expedition's only vessel, by cabin, hold, cargo, and capability.*

A seagoing vessel is a small city, compressed by artful hands into an entity slightly longer than a football field, and, in the Gabrielle*'s case, of a width of only fifteen yards. Walls—the hull—keep the ocean out. There are electrical generators, beds, kitchens, larders, showers, libraries, a tiny hospital. There are no children, but there could be. The ramparts and thoroughfares of a city are wrung into passageways, ladders, and water-tight doors. A coffle of men might pass along such corridors, but not men or women abreast, for the ways are narrow. There are ceremonies aboard ship, but not parades.*

SS Gabrielle

For the two chapters following, and for Chapter Sixteen, the *Gabrielle* is home to the investigators. They need to be familiar with her. The information herein is for the keeper, but nearly all of it may be made available to the players when requested.

The side view and inboard profiles can be photocopied and passed out as desired; the keeper probably should free-hand the deck plans, as they and the accompanying cabin descriptions contain some sensitive information which should be available to the investigators only as they learn it in play.

Performance/Statistics

This oil-burning steamer, launched in 1913 in Scotland, was built for operations in Arctic waters, and has a hull of Swedish wrought iron an inch and a quarter thick. She is not an icebreaker, though. Rental of the *Gabrielle* is approximately $2,000 U.S. per day, including heavy insurance; the ship is valued at about $250,000 in 1933 dollars.

Dimensions

length . . . . . 440 feet
beam . . . . . 45 feet
depth, keel to main deck . . . . . 39 feet
draft, light ship . . . . . 10 feet
draft, loaded ship . . . . . 26 feet

register tons 7,500

Displacements

light ship . . . . . 4,550 tons
loaded ship . . . . . 13,350 tons
deadweight . . . . . 8,800 tons
- crew, stores . . . . . 40 tons
- fuel oil . . . . . 1,690 tons
- fresh water . . . . . 160 tons
- cargo . . . . . 6,910 tons

Cargo Space

no. of holds . . . . 5 + reefer space
hatches . . . . . 5 (each 45 feet long x 25 feet wide)
cargo booms . . . - 6 x 1 ton capacity
- 6 x 10 ton capacity
- 2 x 30 ton capacity (forward end of #2 hold)

loading speed . . 25 tons per gang hour (18-man 'gang') for cargo items under 1 ton apiece (1 gang per hatch usually)

Machinery

- reciprocating steam engine, top speed 12 knots
- uses 0.14 ton of fuel per nautical mile at 11 knots
- maximum cruising range about 12,000 miles

Crew (48 total)

- master and 4 deck officers
- chief engineer and 4 engineer officers
- ship's physician
- radio operator, carpenter, boatswain, storekeeper
- 3 quartermasters, 9 seamen
- 15 engine room crew (oilers, firemen, wipers, water tenders)
- 1 chief steward, 5 other stewards (cooks, messboys, laundrymen, etc.)

Incidental Equipment

- line gun, 18 life rings with water lights, flares and rockets, 4 life rafts

- 4 lifeboats, 25 person capacity each; 2 of these are motorboats with a 6 knot top speed

Firefighting

- The ship has a network of firehoses powered by independent seawater pumps
- There are 14 CO_2-charged hand fire extinguishers, mostly amidships. Ten are mentioned in the "Cabin Layout" section; the remaining four can be placed wherever the keeper deems appropriate
- Sand buckets are liberally deployed in crew areas

Keeper's note: For individual statistics of the ship's deck officers, see Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters." For statistics regarding the fire extinguishers, see Chapter Sixteen.

Cabin Layout

Gabrielle has five decks, used by passengers and crew. From top down, these are the bridge deck, the boat deck, the main deck, the tween deck, and the engine (or cargo) deck.

Passengers and crew aboard the *Gabrielle*, when they are not on deck, will spend most of their time in one of three living areas: the forecastle, the aftercastle, and the superstructure. These are described below.

The forecastle, or *fo'c's'le,* is a small cluster of cabins on the main deck in the far forward portion of the ship, just behind the bow. Normally these cabins are used only by the crew, generally the ship's regular seamen and quartermasters.

The cabins in the *aftercastle* are normally reserved for the engineering crewmen and any ship's specialists, such as carpenters, who bunk aboard. These take up space on both the main and tween decks at the far sternward portion of the ship, directly above the ship's propellers.

The captain, the ship's officers, and any passengers normally sleep in the *superstructure,* three decks tall, that rises off of the main deck amidships. The superstructure is directly above the ship's engines. The ship's bridge is on the highest deck, and looks forward toward the ship's bow.

Cabins in the fo'c's'le and aftercastle are spare and cramped, and have no windows or portholes. Most cabins have multiple occupants who sleep in narrow bunk beds. Cabin doors have slitted vents, but there are no other conduits or means of circulating air or cooling the rooms. When needed, heating of all cabins is accomplished by means of steam radiators bolted securely to the floor or wall.

The remainder of the ship is given over to cargo holds. There are five of these, numbered 1 to 5 from the bow to the stern. Holds 1, 2, and 3 are forward of the bridge, while 4 and 5 are toward the stern. A large refrigerated compartment (the "reefer hold") lies immediately forward of hold 4, above the ship's main fuel tank.

The Ship's Routine

By tradition, activities aboard ship are divided up into watches. There are three watches in each twelve hour period: from 12:00 to 4:00, from 4:00 to 8:00, and from 8:00 to 12:00.

The first (or chief) mate has charge of the 4:00 to 8:00 watches—*i.e.,* from four o'clock to eight o'clock, a.m. and p.m. Second mate has charge of the 12:00 to 4:00 watches, while the 8:00 to 12:00 watches are in the third mate's care. The sailing master does not stand watch; the fourth officer takes watches from the other three in rotation, and is available in cases of sickness or injury.

The engineering officers follow a similar pattern; the chief does not stand watches. Neither do the carpenter, boatswain, storekeeper, or stewards; their tasks are normally performed during the regular "daytime" hours.

At night, generally, the watch officers are wakened or otherwise notified a half hour before their watch begins. They, and the other members of their watch, appear at their posts five minutes before the hour. The departing watch is usually gone five minutes after the hour.

A quartermaster and three seamen constitute the sailors on watch. Usually the quartermaster will actually be at the wheel, one or two sailors will be lookouts, and the others do other chores. Five of the engine room crew are on duty each watch.

Crew meals are served starting at 7:30 a.m., 11:30 a.m., and 7:30 p.m.

Cargo holds are inspected at least once a week, by the chief officer and the ship's carpenter. Aside from inspections they are generally kept locked. Only three people have keys for these at any time—the captain, the ship's carpenter, and the officer of the watch. An exception to this is the refrigerator hold, which contains perishables used on shipboard. The chief steward also has a key to this hold.

Cabins and Holds

Key to the Compartments and Cabins.

1—Water closets, of various sizes and friendliness.

2—Showers, with one or more stalls.

3—Three-person cabins in the fo'c's'le, for the quartermasters and seamen.

4—Three-person cabins in the aftercastle and below, for the engineering crew, stewards, storekeeper, carpenter, boatswain, and 12 of the expedition members with less "pull." A hand fire extinguisher is located in the upper passageway.

5—First mate's cabin. A desk and several shelves hold books, navigational instruments, journals, notes, the crew's pay sheets, and details of the cargo loading arrangements. A telephone is present.

6—Chief engineer's cabin. A desk and several shelves hold books and references for the ship's engines and structure, and for general mechanical knowledge. A telephone is present.

7-12—Two-person cabins, for three deck officers, four engineer officers, the ship's radio operator, and two to four expedition members. If one or two female characters are on board, one of these cabins will be made available to them; if three or four, also the last cabin, and both Starkweather and Moore will be bedding down with the troops. The radio operator's cabin has a small alarm bell which is operated by the auto-alarm apparatus of the ship's radio.

13-18—Three-person cabins, for the remaining 18 of the expedition members. One of these, inhabited by the expedition's Doctor Greene, has a case of liquor strapped, chained, and impressively locked under his bunk.

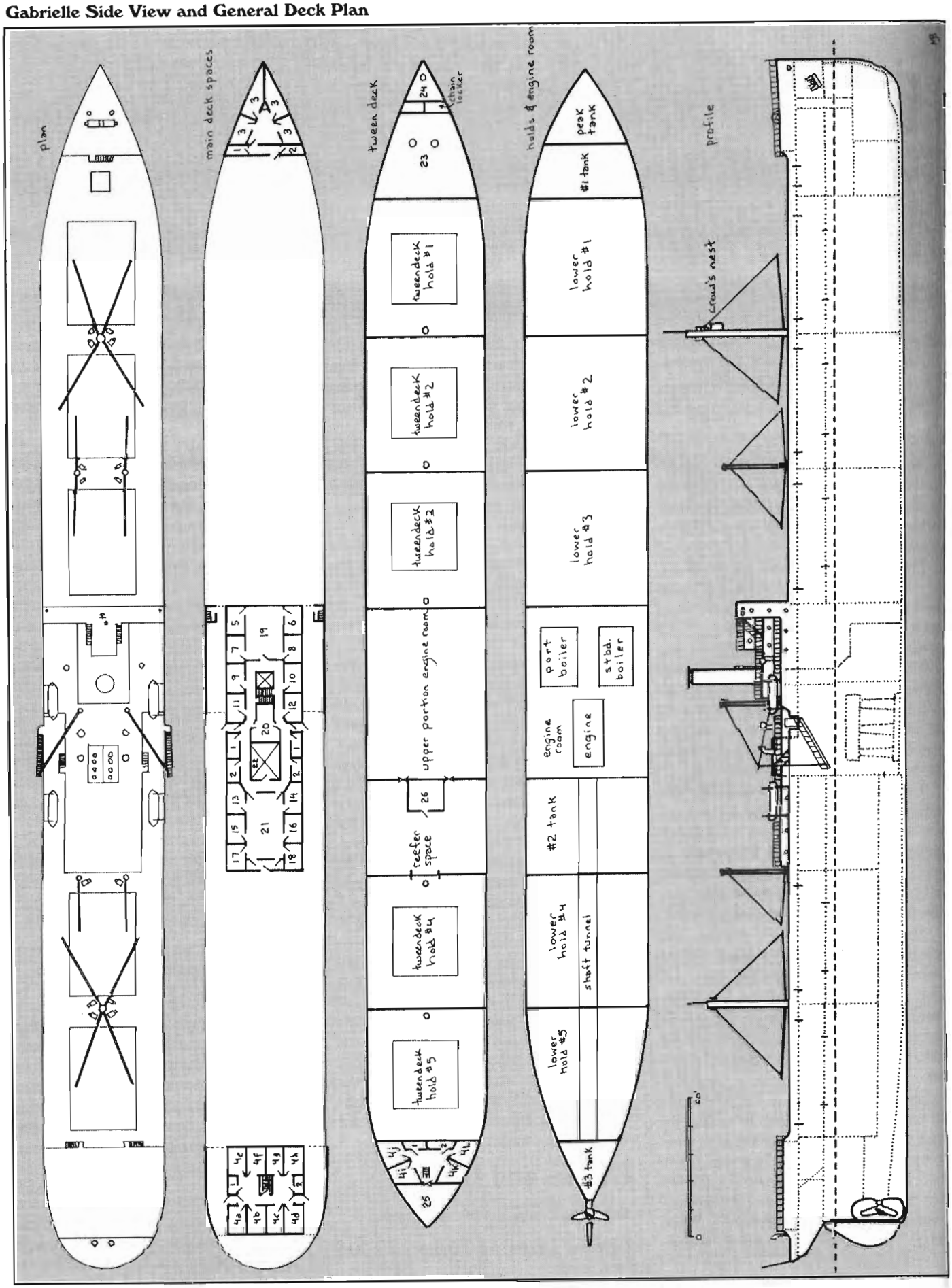
19—The officers' mess, also for senior expedition members, and probably any female explorers. A telephone is present. A hand fire extinguisher is located here.

20—The galley, with a coal-burning range. A hand fire extinguisher is located here.

21—The crew's mess; expedition members will almost always be here, reading, playing cards, practicing the guitar or harmonica, listening to a record player or shortwave radio, etc. A hand fire extinguisher is located here. (For a plan of this room and nearby common areas, see Chapter Sixteen, page 272, and Appendix 7, "Handouts," page 428.)

22—Top of the open space leading down into the engine room. It is a five story climb down to the engine room floor, through platforms, pipes, machinery, generators,

Gabrielle Side View and General Deck Plan



pumps, and ladders. It is always hot and noisy when the engine is running. At the engineer's position, the engine telegraph, regular and sound powered telephones, and a voice tube from the bridge ensure reliable communications with the bridge. Two hand fire extinguishers are in the engine room.

23—This dim, poorly-ventilated compartment is for the bosun's stores: cluster lights, electrical extension cords, ropes, blocks, canvas, tools, quite a lot of lumber, etc. A heavy padlock secures the hatch leading in here. Five more fire extinguishers are stored here, as well as any discharged extinguishers. A small, locked wooden box in a tall locker contains the blasting caps and time fuse to be used by the expedition. If members of the expedition have brought firearms, they will be tagged and kept here in a crate until the expedition goes ashore. Two small hatches in the floor reveal ladders down to another, lower compartment, filled with rarely-used stores and broken equipment.

24—A small compartment, which can be reached only through a bolted access plate in the fo'c's'le, with only some valve piping for the peak tank.

25—The steering engine fills much of this oddly shaped compartment. The rudder stock enters this room from below, and is rotated by a six-foot-radius geared quadrant. The quadrant itself is turned by a two cylinder steam engine, about ten feet wide and three feet deep fore-and-aft; this engine has no boiler, but is instead connected to a heavily insulated four-inch-diameter steam pipe from the main engine room. A steering wheel allows the engine to be controlled directly from this compartment, in emergencies; a voice pipe, and regular and sound-powered telephones are present, allowing the bridge to communicate with the man at the wheel in almost any circumstance. Also in this room is the jury steering equipment, a pair of heavy blocks with ropes and wires to pull the stock from side to side with a large winch. The winch used would preferably be one of the steam mooring winches on deck, but if no steam pressure is available from the ship's boilers, four sailors can steer the vessel by turning a hand winch. (For a plan of the steering engine chamber and the aft rooms, see Chapter Sixteen, page 268 and Appendix 7, "Handouts," page 396.)

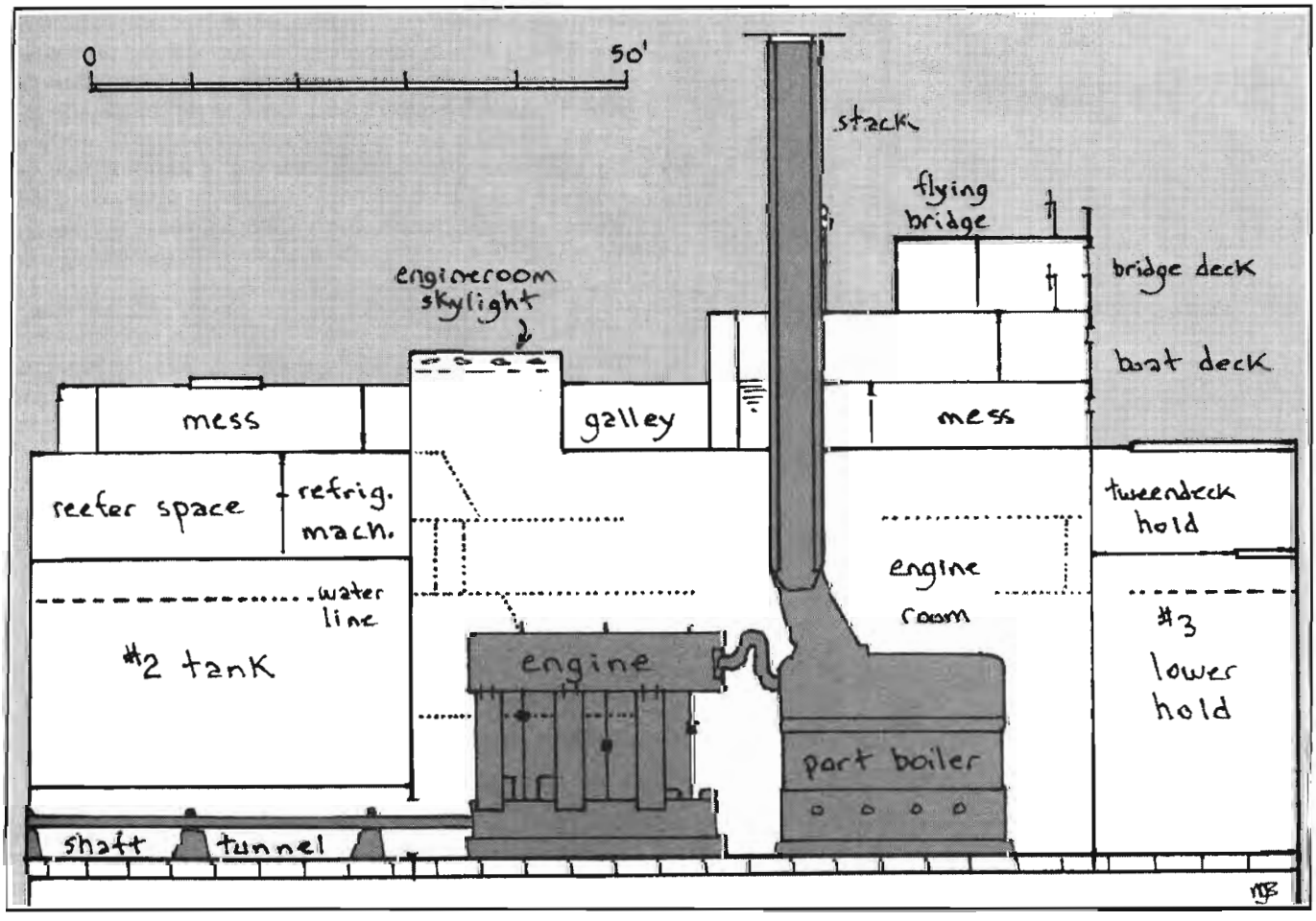
26—Refrigeration equipment. This compartment smells heavily of ammonia, and is filled with tanks, ductwork, dials and gauges, steam lines from the engine room, sea water pipes, air vents to the deck above, etc.

27—The captain's cabin. A regular and a sound powered telephone are fitted.

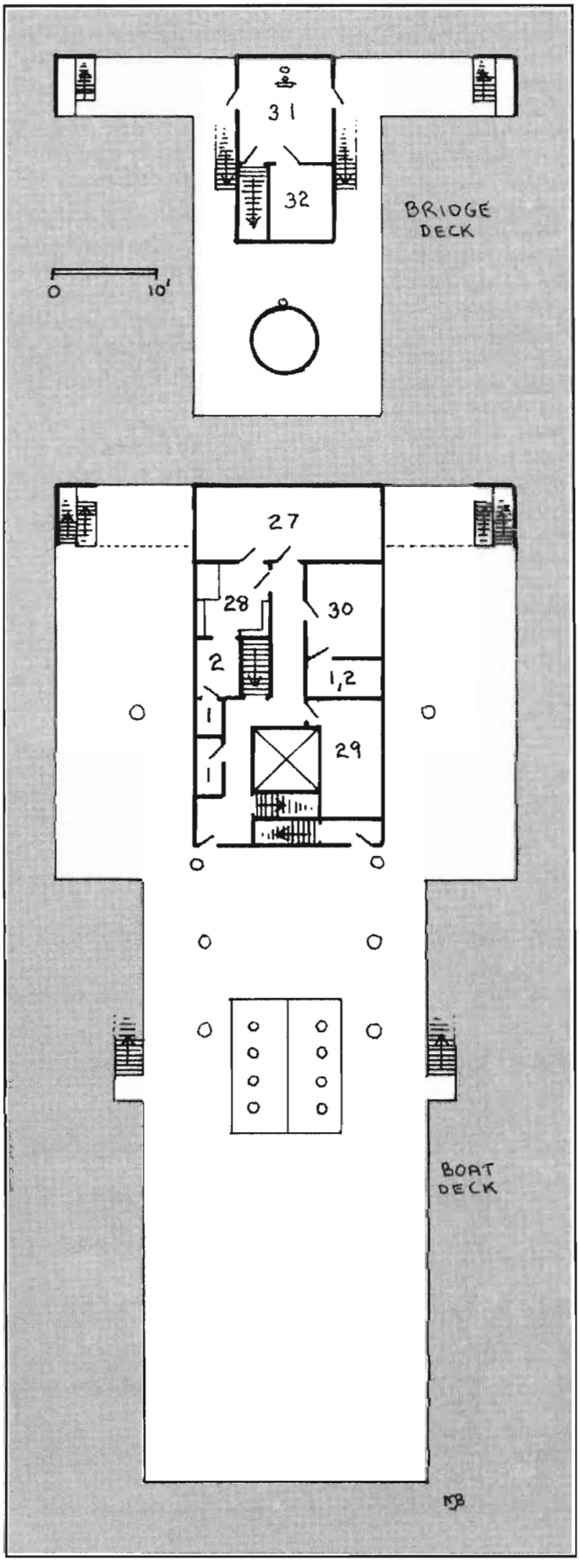
28—The captain's office. A desk and shelves hold books and papers on navigation, maritime law, polar conditions, history, etc. Again, regular and sound powered telephones are present. The ship's safe is here. A locked cabinet contains a chest and smaller "doctor's bag" with medical, surgical, and first aid equipment sufficient to treat a dozen major injuries. On this long voyage, however, the venture's insurers have provided that treatment be by a physician, rather than the captain. Doctor Lansing has signed on for the voyage, increasing by one *Gabrielle*'s normal complement.

The ship's safe contains important papers (such as the previous volumes of the log), $3,000 in cash (mostly in 10- and 20-dollar greenbacks, but also 500 silver dollars), a bottle containing 120 tablets of

Gabrielle Inboard Profile



Gabrielle Superstructure



morphine sulfate, a small bottle of laudanum, two .38 special revolvers, and a 50 round box of .38 special ammunition. The captain and the first mate both have the combination. Note that there is also a safe in the owner's suite (see cabin 30, on the next page).

29—The radio room. Long and shortwave apparatus are located here. The telephone master switches are here, too, and of course a telephone. Several large lead-acid batteries in a sturdy chest can provide several hours of emergency transmitting power. As this vessel only has one radio operator aboard, it is fitted with an auto-alarm system which sounds alarm bells in the radio operator's cabin, on the bridge, and in this compartment if the radio equipment detects the Morse signal "a" repeatedly (dot-dash). This automatic device is prone to failure. It sometimes activates for no reason at all, and it might well not detect a legitimate distress call, but it is better than nothing. The radio direction finding-loop is operated from here.

30—The owner's suite. Rarely used in normal service, it has been converted to an office and lab for the expedition's use. Valuable stores and delicate apparatus are kept here during the voyage to Antarctica. A small owner's safe is installed in the closet. Often Starkweather or Moore will be here when awake. A telephone is present.

The owner's safe contains Starkweather's .455 Webley pistol and ammunition when he is aboard the ship, plus any items the expedition leaders feel need safekeeping (such as the weapons of particularly unruly investigators). Starkweather, Moore, and the captain all have the combination to this safe.

31—The bridge. Regular and sound-powered telephones, the engine telegraph, and voice pipes allow the officers of the watch to control the ship. The ship's foghorn, whistle, and navigational lights are operated from here; the compass binnacle and ship's wheel dominate the middle of the compartment. A log indicator shows the ship's speed, and an indicator dial shows the angle of the rudder relative to the keel of the ship. Racks and cupboards on the walls contain signal flags, national flags, three sets of semaphore flags, two flare pistols and flares, five large pyrotechnic signal rockets, hand leads for measuring depth, three pairs of binoculars, two hand signal lamps, six flashlights, two hand fire extinguishers, and other small items of equipment.

32—The chart room. The current ship's log is kept here; a telephone is installed. The depth-sounding machine controlled from here can measure down to 100 fathoms (600 feet) while the ship is under way, using a wire and weight unspooled automatically from the ship's keel.

Located at the back end of the room is a rack of six unloaded .30-06 bolt action rifles, which are padlocked to the rack by a chain running through their trigger guards. A locked combination safe next to the rack holds twelve 25-round boxes of .30-06 ammunition. The captain and the first officer have keys to the padlock and the combination to the safe.

The Cargo Holds

The holds have no hatches in their bulkheads. To get from one hold to the next, one must go up on deck, and descend into the next hold. Down to the tween deck, this is accomplished on a vertical ladder; from the tween deck to each lower hold a single ladder, encased in a 40" diameter metal tube, descends. During the voyage, all cargo hatches are in place—to the tween deck and further down to the

lower hold. The cargo hatches are constructed of heavy beams, lumber, and tarpaulins, and are nearly as sturdy as the deck surrounding them.

Empty, each tween deck is essentially a compartment separate from the main hold below; the sturdy wood of the floor hatch acts as a solid load-bearing floor and can't be moved without the cargo winches on deck.

There are no lights permanently placed in the holds; instead, cluster lights on long extension cords are used. A cluster light is a 18" diameter reflector, covered by a sturdy grille on the front, and containing four 200 watt electric lamps. Hooks on the back of the lights allow them to be hung from the overhead in the holds. Sixteen cluster lights are available.

The refrigerated hold ("reefer space") has no deck hatch; it is loaded and unloaded through a 12-foot-wide hatch set in the bulkhead leading to the #4 tween deck.

After being loaded for the voyage to Antarctica, the *Gabrielle's* holds are still mostly empty. They contain as follows.

Number 1—tween-deck holds the heavy equipment of the expedition: snow tractors, generators, and the ice melting apparatus. The #1 lower hold is almost entirely empty, and contains only the oxygen tanks, carefully stowed and covered with dunnage.

Number 2—tween-deck contains one of the Boeing aircraft (the *Shackleton*), with the wings removed beyond the engine nacelles, and the nose removed forward of the cockpit. It is securely lashed to the deck, with the top of its rudder just brushing the 12' high overhead. The two wing crates are each 29' long and 15' wide, and are lying flat on the deck, one on each side of the plane. The propellers and engines have also been removed, and are stowed in large crates secured along the bulkheads, along with the nose and two spare crated engines and propellers. In the lower hold, three layers of 55 gallon drums stand ominously on end; the layers are separated by 1" x 6" dunnage boards. The drums contain gasoline, lubricants, and (in one) industrial alcohol.

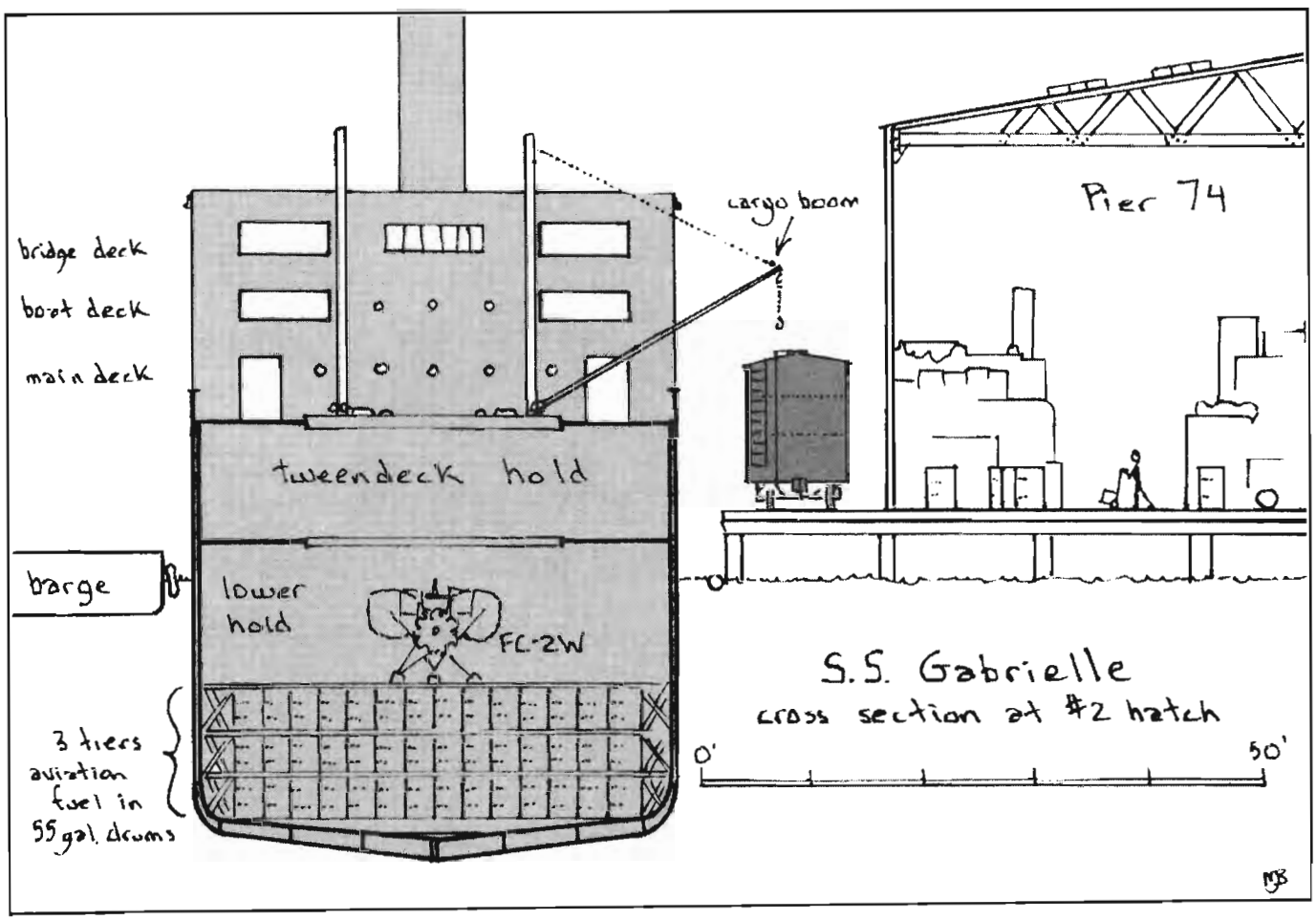
The expedition's Fairchild monoplane (the *R. F. Scott*) is perched on the top layer of gasoline drums, with its wings folded back, and held down by heavy cables, hooks, chains and ropes. Only some of the drums on the top layer can be opened (by unscrewing their filler caps) without using the ship's cranes.

Number 3—tween-deck hold stores most of the expedition's camping and sledding supplies. Sleds, tents, tools, lamps, and rope are strapped onto pallets or lashed out of the way. While the hatch cover over the opening to the lower hold is in place, nothing has been loaded on it. The #3 lower hold contains the heavy prefabricated wooden ramp to be used in unloading the ship alongside the Ross Ice Shelf.

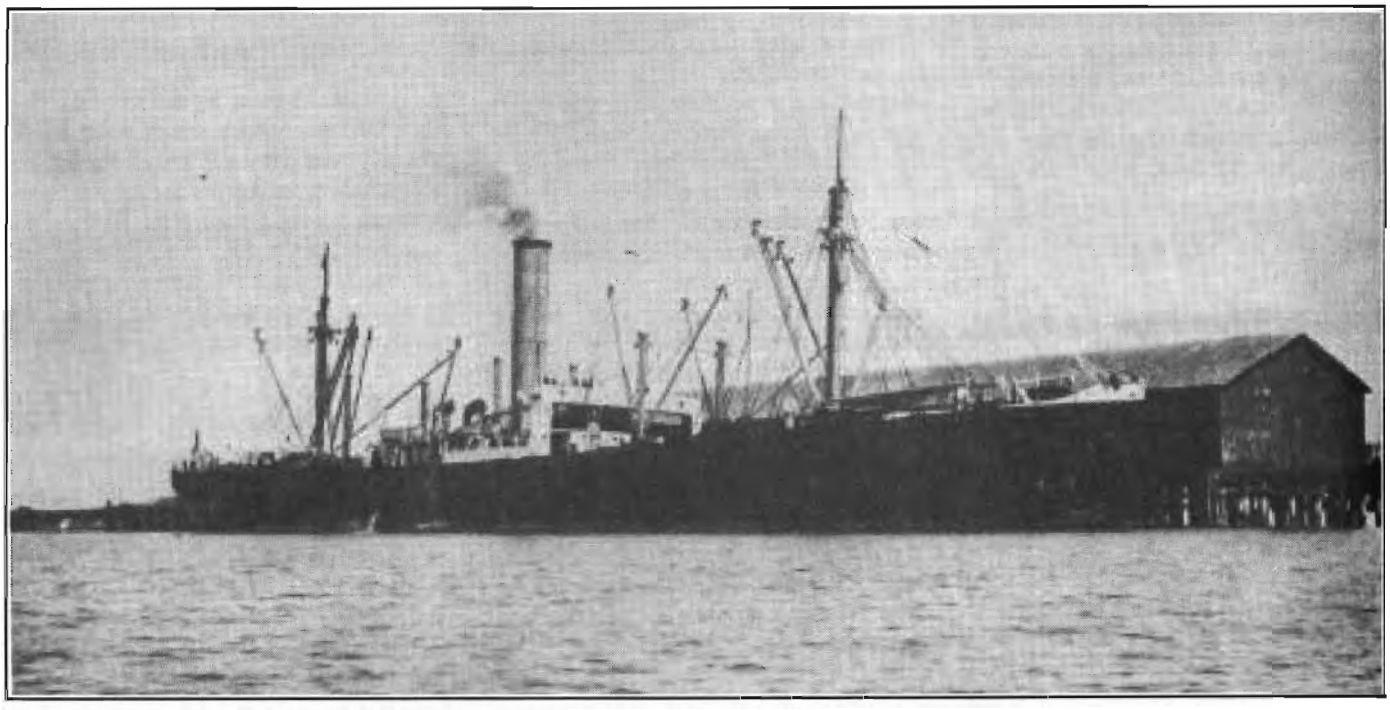
Number 4—tween-deck and lower deck each contain another Boeing (the *Enderby* and the *Weddell*), with their propellers, engines, and outer wing sections removed and stowed. Against the aft port wall of the tween deck, a small but very sturdy wooden room eight feet square has been built; it is surrounded by bags of cement. A heavy padlock secures the door; the first mate has the only key. Within, on a bed of sand, rests the box of dynamite.

Number 5—tween deck are the dogs and a supply of wood to build the base camp (lower hold).

Gabrielle Cross-Section



The Gabrielle at Port



Besides the food to be used by the expedition once in Antarctica, the reefer space also contains 'ordinary' food for both the ship's crew and the explorers while at sea. The reefer is divided into a freezer and a large cooler.

More Ship's Information

Above the bridge is the flying bridge, with wings extending out to the sides; a canvas awning can be placed on a frame to protect the crew up here from the sun. In good weather, the ship will be steered from this location, which has a stand with a compass, engine telegraph, telephones, voice tubes, etc. in protected chests, and a cord to the steam whistle. The ship's large signal lamp is mounted here, and a pelorus (which is used to determine visual bearing angles) on each bridge wing. The ship's signal flags are flown from here. A signal flag chest is attached to the rail.

The ship's 1" line gun (also known as a Lyle gun), resembling a small Civil War mortar, is mounted here. A locked heavy steel waterproof chest, lined with cork, contains six half-pound black powder bags used to throw the 18 pound line projectiles. Another locked chest contains a box of 25 percussion primers to fire the gun, the six projectiles, the breeches buoy, and various auxiliary equipment.

Four light lines, 1,700 feet long each, are kept coiled in sealed tubs nearby, to be fired by the gun; two more tubs are below, in the bosun's stores (compartment #23). Another line, 1" thick and 1500 feet long, is on a heavy hand-winch nearby, to support the breeches buoy. There is really no way to accurately shoot the line gun at anything.

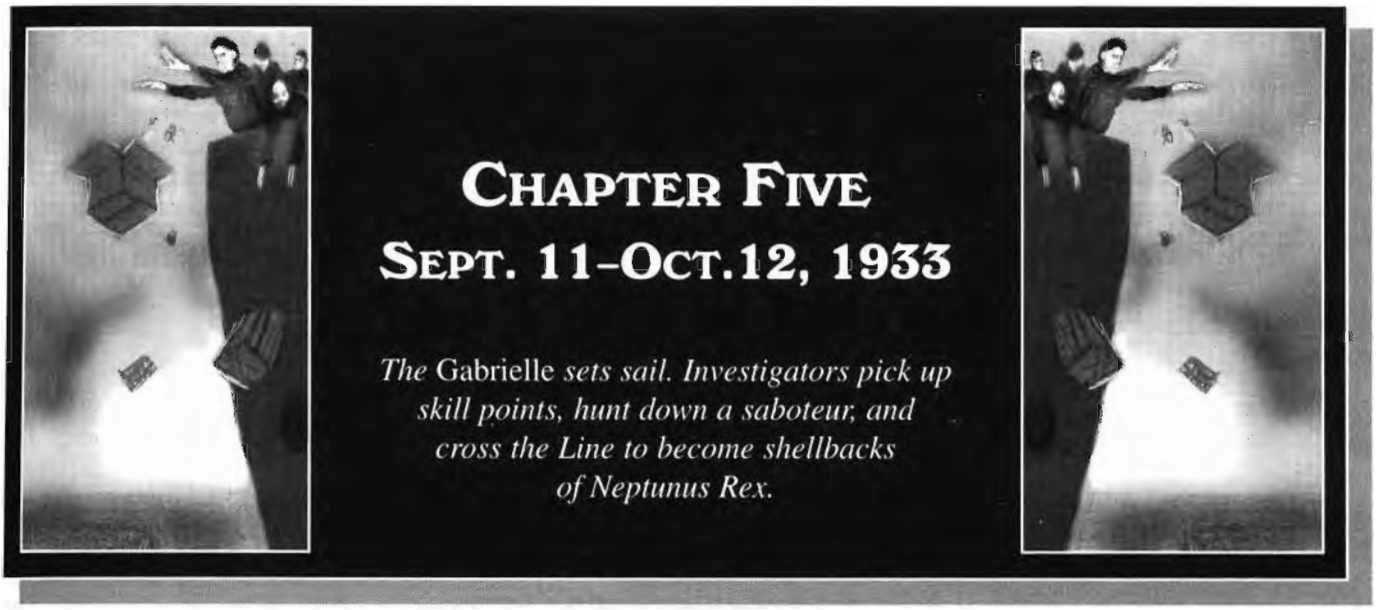
The ship's supply of 18 life rings with water lights are kept in two racks on this level. These life rings carry a small copper tube-flare, which self-ignites 30 seconds after being thrown in the water, and burns for 45 minutes. Eighteen more life rings, without water lights, are attached to the railings at various other places on the ship.

Boxes on deck at the bow and stern each contain a regular and a sound-powered telephone. An additional telephone has been mounted in the lookout (crow's nest). ■



A Few Nautical Terms

Aft:	Rearward, toward the stern of a ship.	***Lee, Alee:***	The side of a ship or solid object which is away from the wind.
Amidships:	In the center of the ship, midway between bow and stern.	***Line:***	Rope.
Bo'sun:	Boatswain; a minor official of the crew.	***Port:***	To the ship's left, when facing in the direction of motion.
Fo'c'sle:	Forecastle; the cabin areas in the bow of the ship.	***Starboard:***	To the ship's right, when facing in the direction of motion.
Fore:	Forward, towards the bow of a ship.	***Tiller:***	The steering mechanism. ❑



Chapter Five
Sept. 11–Oct. 12, 1933

The Gabrielle *sets sail. Investigators pick up skill points, hunt down a saboteur, and cross the Line to become shellbacks of Neptunus Rex.*

Headed southward at last. After years of anticipation and months of preparation.

The moon on the water; the breezes whispering adventure ahead; then the storm, the water boiling; and above the wind the calm sound of the ship's bell striking the hour . . . the wind slackens again to a whisper and the barely audible chug-chug of the engines feeding man's deep yearning for mobility, carrying us to a new place, where wealth and fame and power count for nothing. . . .

— *R. E. Byrd,* Journal, *October 13, 1928.*

At Sea

Keeper's Overview

This chapter covers the expedition's sea voyage south to Panama and across the Pacific Ocean to Melbourne, Australia. The trip is anything but dull; as the members of the expedition soon discover, there is still much to do before they reach the Ice.

Nevertheless, after the frantic pace of the past two weeks, the first few days at sea seem like an idyllic pleasure cruise. Nothing unusual occurs during the journey to Panama, and the investigators have ample opportunity to get to know one another and the other expedition members.

Keepers may use the first part of this section to give the investigators a rest from the complexity of the New York section, and to highlight the personalities of the other expedition members and certain of the ship's crew. Captain Vredenburgh and First Officer Turlow play important roles in later chapters, and this provides opportunity to introduce them to the investigators against a background of daily routine. For descriptions of the deck officers, see Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters."

The expedition's troubles begin once the *Gabrielle* enters the Pacific. The steward Henning, hired by Danforth to cripple the expedition, embarks on a program of quiet sabotage. The investigators must find and stop the saboteur before he can ruin their chances or, it seems, kill them all. A suspicious and superstitious crew, carefully coached by Henning, adds appreciably to the difficulty.

By the time the ship reaches Melbourne, Henning is either dead or in custody. The investigators have a few days in port while the expedition replaces the items that were lost or destroyed, and then it is time to sail south to the Ice at last.

The Saboteur

Adam Henning is a steward aboard the *Gabrielle*. He has been hired by Paul Danforth to keep the Starkweather-Moore Expedition from reaching Antarctica, by any means possible. This he is prepared to do.

Henning's willingness to sabotage the expedition stems from a grudge which he holds against James Starkweather. Henning believes Starkweather was responsible for the death of Henning's brother, Allan, who fell to his death during an Alpine climb which Starkweather had put together rather impulsively and without proper guides. While Henning's hatred is not in itself enough to make him act on his own, he was quite receptive when Danforth located him in New York, and by now is dedicated to Starkweather's downfall. *Keeper's note: since Starkweather had only known Allan Henning a few hours before he was killed, there is only an 01% chance that Starkweather even remembers the Henning name.*

Henning is a clever man, and a ruthless one, with family money to spend and time to think. He believes that the man who hired him for this job represents Acacia Lexington's expedition, and tends to think of the wealthy Miss Lexington as an invisible ally and a potential source of reward once he and she have returned to the United States.

Henning is without compunction but cautious, vengeful but not insane. He will set fires or otherwise damage the ship if he can escape unharmed and undetected.

He has no interest in being arrested for murder or arson, but he does not care what happens to anyone else on board the ship. He has had time to look over the expedition and draw conclusions as to how best to keep it from succeeding. His plan has several parts.

- By spreading rumors about Starkweather and the other expedition members he hopes to make the ship's crew suspicious of them. This hinders investigations and makes it harder to catch Henning himself at work. It also feels good to vent his feelings to those around him.
- By carefully sabotaging the expedition's equipment, Henning hopes to stop Starkweather without any danger to himself. If the damage is great enough, and if its discovery can be put off until the party reaches the Ice, the expedition will have to turn back for the season—there will be no time to return this year.
- Henning wants to humiliate James Starkweather personally by showing that he is an incompetent buffoon. He is uncertain how best to do this. Poisoning the dogs and damaging the ship's refrigerator are intended to work toward that end, but when Starkweather does not panic, these deeds more expose the saboteur than reveal Starkweather's character.

Rumors In New York

The saboteur began his work before the expedition set sail, by spreading rumors among the crew. By digging up tales and articles and arranging for others in the crew to find them or pass them on, he can somewhat hide the fact that the stories began with him; later, when the rumors are widespread, Henning will be able to speak up plainly without standing out.

Henning also stole several useful items from the expedition's stores and hid them aboard the vessel.

The rumor campaign begins in New York City, at the bars on the waterfront. Starkweather is a jinx, Henning tells the others. He's a Jonah. Things always go wrong when he's around. There are enough tales of Starkweather's previous disasters in the news to reinforce this impression, and before long Henning is not the only one telling the tales.

Douglas' death adds fuel to the unease; the dockside fire fans it further.

By the time the ship sets sail, the seamen are ready to believe that Starkweather is a jinx—or at least that he has enemies determined to do him in. Henning no longer needs to speak out; Starkweather's bad luck is by then common knowledge.

Sabotage

Henning's careful plans involve wrecking the expedition's equipment in quietly permanent ways, forcing the party to turn back once the damage is discovered. The saboteur has brought aboard two vials of sulfuric acid, purchased with money given him by Danforth. He intends to pour the acid into motors, radios, and moving part assemblies of all kinds, ruining metal, wood, and cloth, and disabling vehicles. He does not want to get caught; thus the damage has to be hidden from casual eyes.

Henning starts disabling equipment on the third day of the voyage, once things have settled down into a routine. He knows he has plenty of time—and does not want things discovered too early, if at all.

Henning only has a few opportunities to enter the cargo holds unseen, and he has to work fast when he does. The saboteur's efforts are limited to important individual items that he can get at easily. The damage is not obvious on casual inspection. Henning is a careful man. By the time the ship reaches Panama he has ruined several important devices, but all the damage is inside where it cannot be seen without direct inspection.

A summary of the items Henning works on, and when the damage is done, appears on page 80.

Going for the Throat

Four days west of the Panama Canal, the SS *Gabrielle* crosses the equator. Captain Vredenburgh holds a party to celebrate the event; Henning takes advantage of the confusion to sabotage the ship's refrigerator, spoiling much of the perishable food. When that fails to get Starkweather to turn back, he feeds poison to a number of the expedition's dogs. He had hoped that Starkweather would despair; when Starkweather instead presses on, Henning starts thinking of sterner measures.

The poisoning of the sled dogs reveals the presence of a saboteur aboard the ship. Once the search is on, Henning realizes that he will have no more opportunities for quiet sabotage. He prepares a makeshift incendiary device from kerosene and some stolen fuses, and intends to set it off as soon as the ship reaches port. A large enough fire will ruin the expedition for good, while still allowing everyone on board (including Henning) to get off safely.

ADAM HENNING, age 33, Steward and Self-Righteous Saboteur

STR 12	CON 15	SIZ 11	INT 13	POW 13
DEX 13	APP 10	EDU 13	SAN 56	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapon: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 35%, damage 2D6 + 4.

Skills: Accounting 24%, Bargain 30%, Boating 35%, Climb 50%, Conceal 25%, Craft (Restauranteur) 35%, Credit Rating 40%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 40%, Explosives 10%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 40%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 10%, Persuade 20%, Psychology 40%, Sneak 30%, Spot Hidden 30%, Swim 30%.

Languages: English 65%, French 10%.



ADAM HENNING

To Sail the Ocean Seas

The SS *Gabrielle* leaves New York City on the afternoon of September 11, 1933, and cruises smoothly southward along the Eastern Seaboard. To the members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, the sensation is one of strange freedom. At last the journey is under way; their troubles are behind them and adventure lies ahead. Despite the many mysteries surrounding the past few days, excitement fills the air.

Afterward it is hard to say who popped the first cork, but an hour after departure—as soon as the ship has passed the five-mile limit—the entire group is crowded into the officer's mess. Champagne flows freely. Starkweather and Moore both toast the future and the expedition's good fortune, grinning ear to ear. Peter Sykes entertains

the party with old Newfoundland whaler's chanteys accompanied by spoons and cook-pot drums, and offers to teach the words to whomever wants to learn. The more well-traveled members of the team regale one another with tales of previous great adventures they have had and disasters they have witnessed.

The fun goes on until sunset, when the ship's cook clears the room to begin setting up for dinner. Party members have an hour to themselves before the meal, which is eaten at long tables in the ship's mess halls. Thereafter their time is their own.

The ship moves smoothly through Atlantic waters. The rise and fall of the vessel in the waves, while noticeable, is gentle and soothing, accompanied by the continuous faint thrum of the great engines below decks. Everyone is a little wobbly at first, until they get their sea legs, but within hours the motion of the ship seems natural.

Life on the *Gabrielle*

The SS *Gabrielle* is not a luxury liner. The cabins are small and cramped, with room for little more than occupants, bunks, and a minimum of luggage. Cabin mates are stacked two or three up in narrow bunks; the stools and chairs provided are almost immediately moved into the lounges, where they are more comfortably used.

Washrooms and showers are similarly spartan. There are no bathtubs aboard the ship. The stewards provide laundry service, but there is no provision for special treatment; fine garments should be stored away for the duration.

The crew are everywhere, mixing and mingling with the explorers in their off hours. They are a social bunch. Most have little education. Despite their good nature, however, it is impossible to hide the fact that the explorers are very much intruders in their world. Some of the crew are garrulous, but others watch quietly and make no friendly gestures. There is even, at times, a strange sense of unease in the air, as if the explorers are objects of suspicion or fear.

Investigators with successful **Psychology rolls** know that the suspicion is real and widespread; it is strongest among the able seamen and the engine crews; it does not appear to exist in the ship's officers. The sailors will not discuss their worries with the exploring party; investigators who think to question an officer are told merely that "the crew are a superstitious lot. They think you're unlucky."

In contrast to the crew, the captain and the ship's officers are quite friendly in a professional way. First Officer Turlow is in charge of the expedition's affairs and is most likely to be involved if something comes up during the voyage. Turlow is the one who calls the occasional lifeboat drills, and who can be expected to explain the small surprises of shipboard life—including the infamous "mayday alarm," a small alarm bell attached to the ship's radio which is designed to ring when the receiver picks up a distress call. This it does, for the most part—but it also rings occasionally for other things, such as the broadcast salutations of a passing vessel or the crackling static of a lightning storm.



FIRST OFFICER TURLOW

The SS *Gabrielle* has no priest or chaplain aboard. Captain Vredenburgh leads a brief Christian service in the officers' mess each Sunday morning. Many of the crew and expedition staff attend.



CAPTAIN VREDENBURG

Classes at Sea

Moore expects everyone on the expedition to become as familiar as possible with the facts of life in the Antarctic before arrival. He has asked a number of the expedition's experts to lecture or give lessons in their areas of expertise during the voyage. Attendance at these sessions is not mandatory, but it is expected. Those who don't attend soon hear from Moore. Classes begin at once and continue throughout the trip. See the next page for information.

Ship's Schedule at Sea

On the morning after launch, Tuesday the 12th of September, the daily routine begins. It is not too different from the pattern of the past two weeks ashore.

Breakfast for the expedition is served from 8–9 a.m. each morning. A small chalkboard is set up in both mess halls. Every morning they show the ship's position in latitude and longitude, the times of sunrise and sunset, the predicted weather, and any assignments or classes offered for the day.

There is no formal lunch, but sandwiches and cold foods are laid out in the mess halls from noon to one o'clock. Mr. Starkweather has his tea in the officer's mess at four o'clock each day, and the evening meal is held each night at 8 p.m.

Every few days, James Starkweather and Professor Moore transmit "expedition bulletins" to the outside world, filled with inconsequential information about life aboard the *Gabrielle*. Most of the explorers regard these with a certain amount of amusement, and printed copies of Starkweather's self-important broadcasts are sometimes satirized in the crew's lounge to great gales of laughter.

Meals are communal affairs, served family style from the cook's big pots in the galley. The expedition takes its meals in two separate groups. Starkweather, Moore, the senior scientists, and any ladies present eat in the officer's mess, with Captain Vredenburgh and his officers. This is generally a leisurely affair, with fine porcelain and silver, followed by brandy and cigars after dinner. The other twenty-odd expedition members gather in the crew's mess aft, and eat their meals off of scuffed steel and crockery. The crew's sitting is usually a loud friendly affair.

Between meals, and in the evening, the investigators' time is their own. Expedition members can read, chat, play cards, practice on musical instruments, listen to the radio or to records in one of the lounges, or do whatever they desire. Several parts of the ship are off limits—the cargo holds are sealed, and the party members are asked not to go into the engine room while the *Gabrielle* is under way—but otherwise the passengers are free to explore, so long as they do not disturb the crew or get in the way.

Boredom is not a problem. Professor Moore's classes see to that. ❑

Peter Sykes, the Arctic guide, teaches small groups how to assemble, disassemble, and repair the camp equipment every morning for an hour or two in the officers' mess, while Doctor Greene gives lessons in cold-weather medicine and first aid in the expedition laboratory.

The Sorensen brothers teach how to make snowshoes, how to repair and maintain skis, and the basics of climbing safety each afternoon, while Patrick Miles discusses aircraft maintenance in the number 2 tween-deck hold.

Gregor Pulaski and Enke Fiskarson introduce interested team members to the dogs, and teach them the rudiments of harness lore and sled safety.

Douglas Halperin gives lessons on aërial navigation; Professor Albemarle lectures about Antarctic weather; Louis Laroche teaches radio operations and beginning Morse code; Gilmore and O'Doul give lessons on the assembly and operation of the Pabodie drills and ice melters.

Professor Griffith teaches formal classes on Antarctic geology and history, while Professor Moore himself lectures on the history of Antarctic exploration and discovery.

The lessons change from day to day at the whim of their teachers, and take place at differing times, but all are repeated more than once. Investigators who wish to teach lessons of their own are welcome. All they need to do is talk to Professor Moore, or simply chalk their own announcement up on the board in the morning.

As the voyage continues, the lesson plans change and become wider ranging and more whimsical. By the time the ship docks in Melbourne, Doctor Greene has unexpectedly started a class in modern ballroom dance, Sam Winslow is trying to gather others for a barbershop quartet, and little folded paper figurines like the ones Dave Packard teaches have begun appearing all over the ship, much to his chagrin.

A Change In the Weather

It takes a week to sail from New York City to the Panama Canal. As the *Gabrielle* pushes southward, past Florida and into the clear blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, the weather changes. Gone are the sudden cold squalls of the north Atlantic; now the air is heavy with moisture, warm and oppressive, and the rain when it comes every couple of days is soft and clean.

All in all, it is an idyllic life. The only ones who do not seem to appreciate it are the dogs. At least once an hour they moan and howl loudly. Their cries echo weirdly throughout the ship, seeming lost and very sad.

The ship rounds the eastern end of Cuba on September 15th. Thick green palm-fronded jungle slides by in silence beyond the rocks, seemingly almost close enough to touch. A U. S. four-stacker destroyer salutes from a distance. *Gabrielle* responds with a triple blast of its steam whistle.

That night, the radio announces that Lexington's *Tallahassee* has arrived in Panama. The news is received by Starkweather in angry silence.

Gabrielle spends three more days and nights crossing the Caribbean Sea. Swirls of clouds mottle the heavens, dropping brief but frequent rain. Sunrises and sunsets are bursts and explosions of vaporous gold, and hints of lilies and distant spice hang in the air, beneath the ever-present tang of the sea.

The ship arrives at Colón on the morning of September 19, 1933. See the Panama Canal map for a look at the Canal and its sights.

Panama

The whole Canal . . . was one long astonishment. I had not dreamed it was so beautiful. I'd expected a man-made thing . . . scarred and mutilated. . . .

How different it proved to be! . . . the entire Zone is a garden that looks as if it might have been a garden always.

— *R. Halliburton,* New Worlds To Conquer, *1929.*

The Benefits of Education

Investigators who attend the daily, nearly one-on-one classes held aboard the *Gabrielle* gain familiarity in useful, perhaps life-saving subjects. For each week of lessons a character receives in a subject, the player should try to roll percentile dice less than the character's INT. If the roll succeeds, the investigator receives 1D6 percentiles in the skill. Assume each investigator has 2-5 weeks during which he or she can study. After sabotage becomes apparent, Moore may preempt further studies.

Most of the skills mentioned are described in Appendix 7, on page 412.

INSTRUCTOR AND CLASS	SKILL (EMPHASIS)
Sykes, clothes and equipment	Polar Survival (cold weather gear, oxygen masks)
Greene, antarctic first aid	Polar Survival (extreme temperatures, high altitudes)
Sorensen, skis and snowshoes	Polar Survival (individual movement, safety)
Sorensen, technical climbing	Climb (use of ropes and other gear)
Miles, aëroplanes	Aircraft Maintenance or Op. Hvy. Machine: (choose)
Pulaski & Fiskarson, sledding	Drive Dog sled (handling dogs and sleds)
Halperin, aërial navigation	Navigate (in-flight navigation; being near the South Pole)
Albemarle, Antarctic weather	Meteorology (characteristic weather, storm behavior)
Laroche, radio	Radio Operator (includes Morse code)
Gilmore/O'Doul, the drill rig	Operate Heavy Machine (Pabodie ice drill)
Griffith, Antarctic geology	Geology (previous knowledge, expectations)
Moore, Antarctic exploration	History (earlier expeditions, common problems)
Starkweather, using dynamite	Explosives
Greene, ballroom dancing	Craft (Ballroom Dance)
Packard, paper folding	Art (Origami)

The lush green shores of Panama close in on either side of the *Gabrielle,* studded here and there with buildings and gray fortifications. The city of Colón, where the Canal enters the Caribbean, seems small and sleepy at the edge of the jungle. Fishing boats float in the waters of the bay, and the grim guns and walls of the forts on either side seem out of place.

Captain Vredenburgh holds the vessel offshore for most of an hour inside the breakwater in the still depths of Colón Bay, as the Canal pilot is brought aboard in a small customs launch flying the American flag. The pilot, a tall black-skinned Jamaican in his thirties named Quentin, inspects the ship's documents and proceeds to the bridge, where he remains throughout the crossing.

Passing through the Gatun Locks takes almost an hour. The ship's engines idle, and off-duty crewmen lounge on the rail, watching as the gargantuan water gates approach. There are two sets of these, each set a hundred fifty feet wide, looming seventy feet above the water. A long wharf thrusts out between them hundreds of feet into the channel, decorated along its length with rails and overhead power lines for the squat electric "mule engines" used to pull vessels through the locks. Small stout tugs urge the ship into the gaping steel mouth, then the gates close, and there are shouts from the crew; lines are tossed to men on the pier.

Great tow cables are secured to a squat, powerful-looking black locomotive waiting to one side of the deep concrete channel. When the inner gates open and the water of the lake swirls by, the locomotive thrums and roars and surges forward along steep crooked tracks, holding *Gabrielle* steady against the current and drawing her along. When the gates close behind, the engine rests, only to surge forward again when the water has risen and the next set of doors opens.

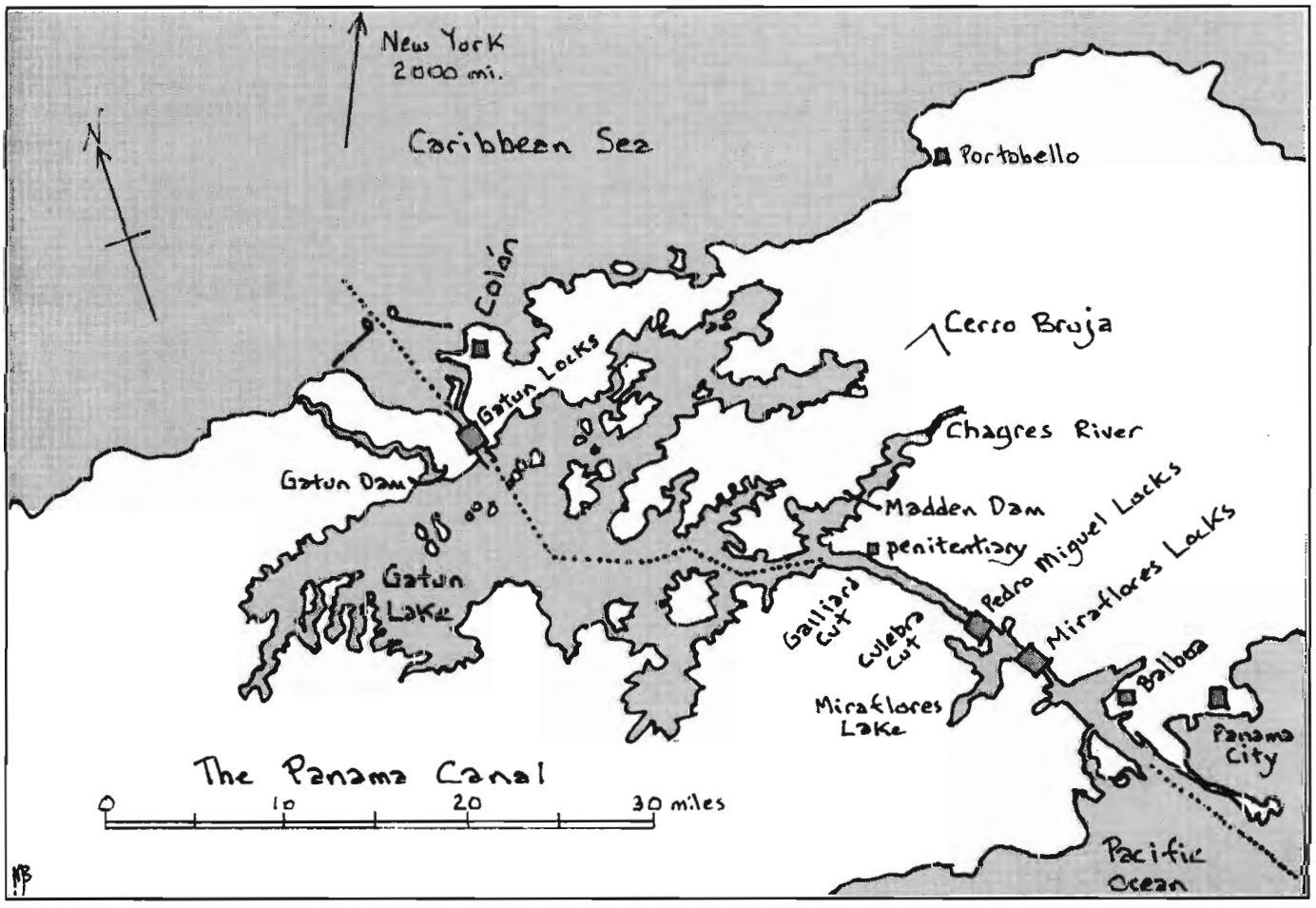
It takes fifteen minutes to raise the ship thirty feet above the level of the sea, before she can slide forward a thousand feet into the next basin of the lock. The doors behind her close, and the water rises again. The process is repeated three times.

Afterwards the ship is released with a whistle into Lake Gatun. A day's slow measured progress follows through the lake's still waters, surrounded by thick jungles, passing other ocean-going giants headed for the Atlantic. Brightly colored birds flash in the dense foliage, alligators sun themselves in great numbers on the shore, and the heavy sweet smell of decaying plants is strong in the fitful breeze. Signs of man are few: here the thin tall tower of a radio transmitter, there the fort-like clearing of the Canal Zone Penitentiary.

At last the Culebra Cut comes into view, a huge deep slice carved through the surrounding hills. These hills mark the continental divide. The rough-cut rocky walls ghost past for miles, festooned with vines and clinging shrubs, seemingly inches away on either side.

As the edge of the Cut nears, the ship enters another set of locks. This time she descends once, crosses Miraflores lake, only a mile end to end, and is lowered again through the final two locks toward the sea. Roads and houses are visible in increasing numbers. Pleasure craft dot the edges of the expanse of water, and black-haired children wave at the *Gabrielle* as she passes. The jungle is cut back, replaced by stretches of green open lawn and careful swaths of brilliant flowers. When the ship moves at last out of the channel and slips into Balboa Bay, investigators on the upper decks catch glimpses of the curve of Panama City to the south and the dark restless expanse of the Pacific beyond.

Panama Canal Zone



Gabrielle anchors for the night in Balboa Bay. The lights of the military reservation and the town beyond glimmer brightly over the water, red tiled roofs surrounded by careful lawns and trees. Panama City is much larger than Colón. A few lucky passengers and crew may have an opportunity to step ashore, but the rest must stay on board the ship. Mr. Starkweather is eager to move out at first light; there is no time, he says, for liberty.

Small ferry craft come alongside during the evening, with fresh fruit and fresh water, and a few luxuries for sale. Those who wish can purchase souvenirs, cigars, candy, clothing and a few other items from the grinning locals. The following morning, a cargo barge brings quantities of fresh tropical fruits aboard to supplement the vessel's larder. These are lowered into the #4 hold.

On September 21st the ship steams south into the Pacific Ocean. By noon there is no sign of land.

Bound for Melbourne

Hours after the *Gabrielle* pushes into the Pacific the weather begins to turn. The sea becomes rough and choppy beneath swirls of changing cloud. The wind gusts and changes quadrants uneasily every hour. It does not rain, but the threat hangs overhead, as though a storm might suddenly rise up out of nowhere.

The ship plows ahead in the freshening sea at a steady eleven knots. Every few seconds the bow slams into a new wave, sending a distant thrum through the hull and tossing spray high into the air. The motion of the deck is much stronger than before, and acquires a distinct pitching motion that sends scientists with weak stomachs, like Professor Albemarle, running for the lee rail. See the "Seasickness" sidebar on the following page.

The dogs redouble their cries. They do not like the rougher seas.

Classes continue as before, but the ship's tossing takes away much of the holiday atmosphere. Anyone spending time outside is quickly soaked to the skin by warm salt spray, and lessons that were previously offered on the foredeck now move into one of the lounges.

Things improve after two days of rough seas. By noon on the 24th, the gusts of wind lessen and then disappear, and the surface of the ocean smooths to a near calm.

Crossing the Line

This episode can add color to the ocean voyage. It may be skipped or glossed over if desired by the keeper. The Line Ceremony does, however, provide Henning with his next good opportunity to damage the expedition; he will not pass it by.

If the keeper chooses not to play through this sequence, Henning proceeds as described in the section "A Very Bad Smell" that follows. The damage to the refrigerator is not noticeable until the following morning.

Henning's Sabotage Schedule

Between September 14–18, the saboteur Henning cautiously damages portions of the expedition's equipment. He is careful not to be seen—none of the crew on watch catch him—and he leaves no marks noticeable to casual inspection. Anything crated or nailed shut is left untouched; no seals or tapes are broken.

As a result, a close detailed inspection is necessary to identify the sabotage. Investigators looking for Henning's work must announce that they are examining the insides of the specific items in question, or their players must make critical (D100 results of 01–05) **Spot Hidden rolls** to find the damage.

Refer to the deck plans in the *Gabrielle* chapter for a description of the cargo holds, their placement, and their contents.

Sept. 14, mid-afternoon—Henning enters hold #3 tween-deck while gathering dinner supplies and pours small amounts of sulfuric acid into the interiors of the two large camp radio sets. As a result both radios are repairable but presently inoperable; a successful **Electrical Repair roll** and a successful **Mechanical Repair roll** are needed to fix either, along with appropriate parts and tools.

Sept. 15, early morning—Henning enters hold #3 tween-deck while gathering breakfast supplies and pours small amounts of sulfuric acid into the interiors of the four smaller trail radio sets. The trail radios are repairable but presently inoperable. A successful **Electrical Repair roll** and a successful **Mechanical Repair roll** are needed to fix each of them, along with appropriate parts and tools.

Sept. 15, mid-afternoon—Henning enters hold #3 tween-deck while gathering dinner supplies and pours large quantities of both salt and chlorine into the jars of photographic chemicals, rendering the chemicals useless for developing film. A successful **Chemistry roll** identifies the nature of the problem, but there is no way to fix things. The chemicals must be replaced.

Sept. 15, early morning—Henning enters hold #1 lower deck and carefully loosens the valves on the oxygen cylinders he can reach. Ten of the thirty-five cylinders begin losing pressure; by nightfall they are empty and must be replaced or refilled.

Sept. 15, afternoon—It's a particularly hot day; Henning brings cold drinks around to the expedition members attending Miles' aircraft maintenance class. Henning stays to watch the class; afterwards, before exiting and closing up the hold, he weakens the straps securing the spare aircraft engines to the deck so that they will fly loose in a rough sea. This sabotage is the hardest to spot; a successful **Spot Hidden roll** of one-fifth or less of the investigator's skill level is necessary even if the investigator is examining the crate and straps. The keeper should not allow this damage to be discovered by the investigators until after the heavy storms in Chapter Six.

Sept. 18, late evening—Henning enters hold #1 tween-deck and pours the rest of his first jar of acid into the oil ports of the three 300-watt gasoline-powered generators. The generators are useless; after a minute or two of operation each will smoke, heat up alarmingly, and either grind to a halt or begin to scream and burn. A successful **Mechanical Repair roll** can identify the source of the damage, but the generators cannot be repaired in the field. They must be replaced. ❑

Whispers in the Night

The return of fair weather raises the explorers' spirits, but the *Gabrielle*'s crew does not seem to share the mood. Off-duty sailors watch the scientists with impassive faces, or huddle in corners conversing in low tones before moving elsewhere. Groups of crewmen are seen carrying covered parcels about the ship, deliberately avoiding the investigators; the ship's officers say nothing when questions are asked.

All of this is meant to seem ominous to less-traveled investigators. Characters who have sailed south of the equator before, however, should be drawn aside by the keeper and informed that a Line Crossing ceremony will take place the following day. They are asked to attend—and not to give anything away beforehand to their less traveled comrades.

All of the investigators are either "shellbacks," who have been through some form of the ceremony before, or "lubbers" who have not. The keeper should determine who falls into each category and prepare accordingly. The details of the Line Crossing ceremony can be found in the extended sidebar just below.

The Messenger's Arrival

On the evening of September 24th, about an hour after sunset, the ship's engines go suddenly quiet. A moment later the ship's horn blasts three times. Scientists and explorers rush to the deck to see what is going on.

The *Gabrielle*'s external spotlights are all trained on the ship's bow. There, brilliantly lit in the glare of the lamps, a figure appears in a swirl of water and strides toward the bridge.

The man is elaborately costumed in a fanciful frogged coat and lots of ribbons and gold and silver leaf, his long green wig pulled back in an ancient-looking tarred braid. It takes a successful **Spot Hidden Roll** to identify the apparition as the engineer's mate, Pacquare, looking very different from his usual dour self. He turns to a crewman standing nearby.

DAVY JONES (Pacquare): Ho, Shellback! Permission to come aboard, in His Majesty's name?

SAILOR: Why, 'tis Davy Jones himself! Welcome aboard, Sir!

DAVY JONES: Thank you. Where may I find your captain?

SAILOR: Yonder, Sir. (pointing to the bridge) He awaits your pleasure.

Pacquare/Davy Jones proceeds forcefully to the bridge, clutching a battered leather folio to his chest. He looks neither left nor right, but bellows "You there! Make way for the King's Messenger!" to any who block his passage in a stentorian voice.

On the bridge, Davy Jones—and the crowd of onlookers who follow in his wake—are met by the captain and the Officer of the Watch. A ritual dialogue follows.

CAPTAIN: Greetings, Davy Jones.

DAVY JONES: My congratulations to you, Captain. Some few years since I saw you.

CAPTAIN: Yes, it was aboard the SS *Selandia*.

DAVY JONES: I have a summons to you from His Majesty, Neptunus Rex.

CAPTAIN: I will be glad to receive it.

DAVY JONES (pulls a document from the folio): Ahem. (reads with a flourish) SS *Gabrielle* on entering the domain of His Majesty, Neptunus Rex, take notice. It having come to our attention that various landlubbers are present in your vessel, all undoubtedly guilty of heinous offenses against our laws, I therefore command that you prepare to receive our Royal Party, that our Court may sit in judgment. The following lubbers will present themselves at noon tomorrow: (reads list of names). A terrible fate awaits any who might seek to evade His Majesty's judgment! (hands summonses to Captain Vredenburgh)

CAPTAIN: Please assure his Majesty these persons will attend his Court.

DAVY JONES: Thank you, Sir. His Majesty would be pleased if your vessel be hove to on the Line at eleven thirty tomorrow, Sir, to receive him aboard.

CAPTAIN: Certainly, Davy Jones.

Seasickness

Physical and psychological components contribute to this irritating malady. The physical component is essentially the nausea provoked when the perceptions of two senses, the messages sent by inner ear and those sent by the eyes, contradict each other. This occurs when ships toss and plunge in heavier waves and swells. Nausea, disorientation, and loss of coordination often follow. The psychological component may be an anxiety about seasickness which induces physical discomfort. Taken together, the effects of the components can range from mild upset to vomiting and near-total incapacitation. Such symptoms may last from a few hours to several days. While seasick, halve all manipulation and perception skills.

The degree of shipboard rolling and plunging is key to this condition:

calm to gentle seas	**roll CON x6** or less to recover from sea sickness
freshening breeze	**roll CON x5** or less to recover from sea sickness
moderate gale	**roll CON x4** or less, etc.
strong gale	**roll CON x3** or less, etc.
storm	**roll CON x2**, etc.
hurricane	**roll CON x1**, etc.

Keepers may also want to consider the displacement of the vessel: for every 10,000 tons, remove **CON x6**, then **CON x5**, etc., rolls as a factor, so that the bigger the ship, the better she weathers winds and storms. Thus no one aboard the *Gabrielle* would need a **CON roll** for gentle or moderate breezes–the ship's displacement has taken care of the mildest seas.

Request a **CON roll** every at least every twelve hours. A failed roll extends the condition, which may worsen or improve according to the state of the sea.

Importantly, if the character can receive a successful **CON roll** before the weather betters, he or she has a chance to acquire his or her sea legs. This is done by rolling under the current percentiles for either skill having to do with visual perception—**Spot Hidden** or **Track** (player's choice). Once he or she has sea legs, the investigator gets seasick only in violent weather—a storm or hurricane. Log "sea-legs" on the investigator sheet. ❑

Crossing the Line

These ancient and boisterous ceremonies are primarily a crew's party. Those who have crossed the Line (of the Equator) are called "shellbacks." These Sons of Neptune compose the cast for the ceremony, which (in ships of the merchant marine) can be somewhat crude and rough. Aboard the Gabrielle, with "civilians" (and possibly ladies) present, it will be moderated slightly. Starkweather, Moore, the captain, most of the officers and sailors, anyone with previous Antarctic experience, and persons born in the southern hemisphere have already crossed the Line. The keeper will have to determine the likelihood of any investigators being "shellbacks" already; if so, and they have a rough-and-ready nautical background, they may be invited to participate as one of Neptune's Court.

The eldest and most dignified member of the (non-officer) crew is selected as Neptunus Rex; his first assistant is Davy Jones. Her Highness Amphitrite is a good looking young seaman, dressed in seaweed and rope yarns. Other members of the Court are the Royal Scribe, the evil-looking Royal Barbers, the equally villainous Royal Doctor and Royal Dentist, the Royal Baby (the fattest member of the crew), the Royal Navigator, Neptune's Officer of the Day, the Judge, two Attorneys, the Devil (with "electric" trident), Sea Nymphs (to attend Queen Amphitrite), the Royal Police, etc., and the Bears, who have the task of rounding up the "uninitiated" and generally manhandling them.

The night before the ship crosses the Line, Davy Jones will appear on board with a message to the captain from His Majesty, Neptunus Rex, as already presented in the narrative.

Summonses, folded up in the form of a subpoena, are distributed to the lubbers aboard. Each will be accused of amusing "crimes" to fit their profession, nationality, personality, or background. Examples include "daring to operate flying vehicles over My seas without License," "not partaking of sufficient Social Lubricant in Mixed Company," "wearing a Tie while engaged in Honest Work," or "being absolutely unfamiliar with nautical Ways and Customs." The keeper may draw these out as seems appropriate and humorous; these crimes are selected by the shellbacks. A summons will appear; see *Beyond Papers 5.1* on the following page.

On the next day, the shellbacks will have erected the Court on the main deck aft. At eleven thirty, the navigator reports that the ship is "on the Line," and Davy Jones appears again. Jones reports (through an officer) to the captain that Neptunus Rex and Party have been sighted ahead. The Flag of Neptune, bearing a trident, is raised when Neptune and Court appear on deck (from the fo'c's'le, where they have been preparing). "Shellbacks" not part of the Royal Party gather to watch the festivities.

Neptune and his Court proceed slowly aft, with much mock courtesy and court procedure. The long-bearded King Neptune himself is encrusted with barnacles, wears a crown, and carries a trident. Upon meeting Davy Jones, Neptune booms forth with, "Well, well, what a fine ship and what a cargo of landlubbers!" A ship's officer salutes and reports with much dignity that the captain awaits the Royal Party.

CAPTAIN: A sailor's welcome to you, Neptunus Rex; it is a great pleasure to have you with us.

NEPTUNE: The pleasure is mine, Sir. Allow me to present Royal Navigator Shellback who will relieve you. I am glad to be with you again, Captain, and have prepared for a busy day in order to make your landlubbers fit subjects of my great sea domain.

CAPTAIN: May I invite your attention to the fact that I have several young officers and members of the crew aboard who have not been in the merchant marine long enough to have had an opportunity to visit your domain and become shellbacks. I beg you to be as lenient with them as possible.

NEPTUNE: Ah! Captain, I will be as severe as I can—as severe as I can!

The captain then introduces officers and passengers who have crossed the Line before. These persons converse with the immediate personal staff of Neptune for a minute or so.

CAPTAIN: Neptune, I turn over my command to you for such time as you wish.

NEPTUNE: Very well, Captain, thank you. Royal Navigator, proceed to the bridge and direct the ship to sail on the course assigned.

The Royal Party is escorted to the throne, and ascends. After bestowing awards on a few distinguished veteran seafarers ("Stoker Carlsson! Step forward! In recognition of your many years of service in my domain, I award you the Order of the Royal Conch! Officer of the Day, give Stoker Carlsson his conch and a beer!"), Neptune gives a short speech about "this voyage to the edge of my great world-ocean." Initiation then commences, with officers first. The Bears have the duty of rounding up any shirking landlubbers. The *Gabrielle*, being of Swedish registry like the stoker, bottles of beer will be passed out in celebration to the spectators and to newly initiated shellbacks.

The actual initiation ceremonies could be uncomfortable for the easily embarrassed. They begin with the landlubbers crawling through a canvas tunnel filled with slimy seaweed and other cold nasty things, while the tube is pummeled by the Bears with pieces of old fire hose, to emerge in the midst of the Court. One by one, the lubbers will be seated in a chair at the edge of a canvas tank of sea water. A shaved head from the barber, some pokings and proddings from the doctor, a drop in the dousing tank (of the "throw the ball at the trigger" variety), and some small electric shocks received from the Devil's pitchfork, constitute the most memorable features. Other minor features of a hazing nature can be described by the keeper, all carried out with much blue collar good humor.

Afterwards, the new shellbacks receive their certificates, resembling a diploma (see *Beyond Papers 5.2*, page 84), signed by the captain, Neptune, and Davy Jones. ❑



DAVY JONES: I will await your pleasure tomorrow, sir, and will see you when I return with my Royal Master, Neptunus Rex. Good night, Sir!

Davy Jones and the captain bow to each other, then the Messenger exits the bridge and returns to the ship's bow where he vanishes once more.

Captain Vredenburgh looks through the contents of Davy Jones' package, then hands it off to Mister Turlow. "Deliver these to the lubbers for whom they are intended," he commands, "and inform the crew that there will be a general assembly on the foredeck tomorrow morning."

Mister Turlow takes the package and immediately hands a summons to any lubbers present on the bridge. He then leaves to do the same throughout the ship. Minutes later, the *Gabrielle*'s engines are started once more and the ship pushes on through the night.

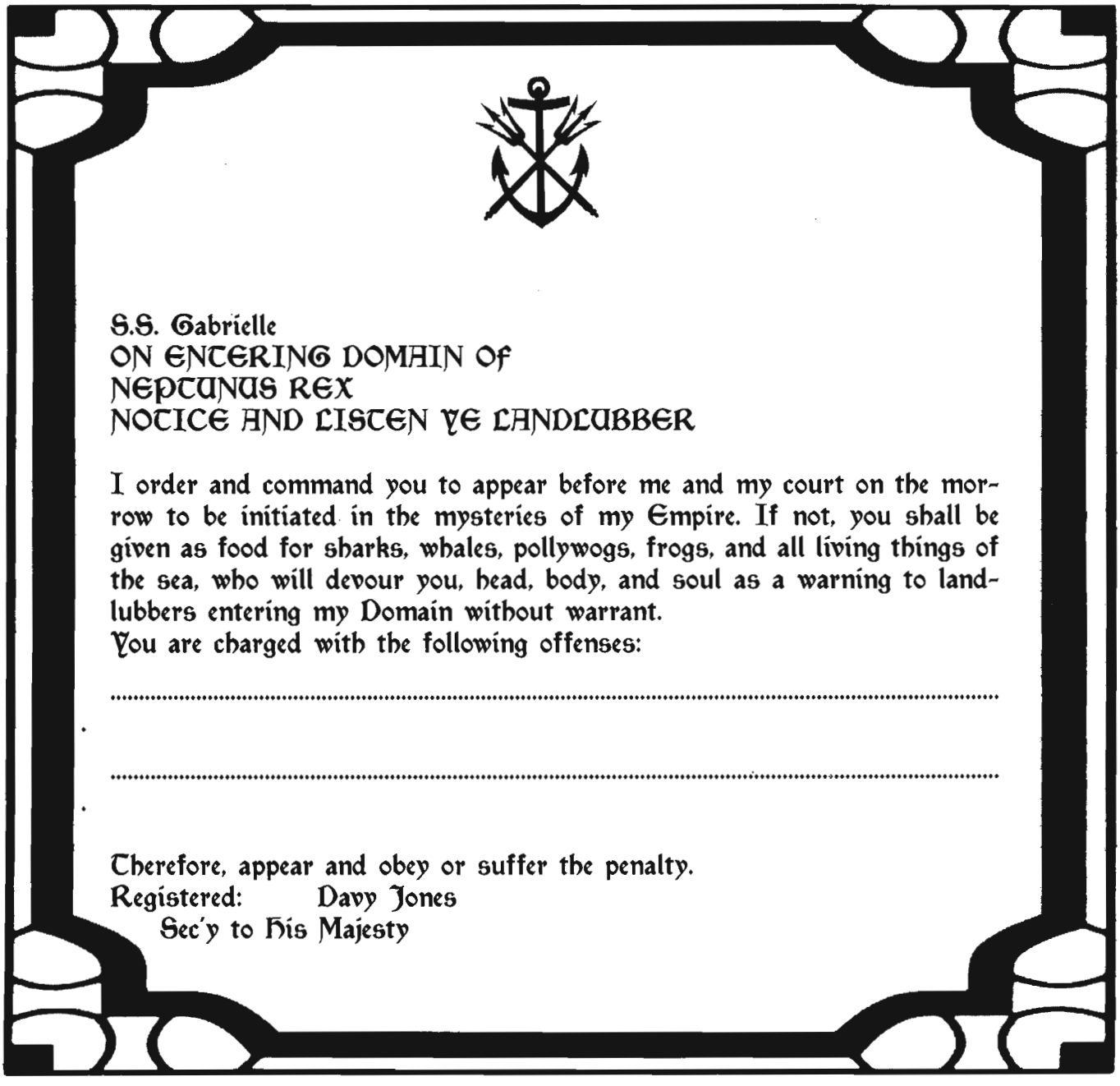
A blank copy of King Neptune's summons is included nearby. This document may be copied by the keeper as many times as necessary and filled out for each investigator. The individual's "crimes" should be listed in fantastic and humorous detail, and may (if the keeper wishes) include references to real events in the characters' pasts that might be passed on to Mister Turlow by helpful expedition members.

Starkweather and Moore, both shellbacks of long standing, are unsurprised by Davy Jones' visit. None of the veteran expedition members give anything away to lubbers who question them. "Just do as you are told," is the most common advice, "and you'll be fine."

King Neptune's Court

The morning of September 25th dawns bright and clear, with calm seas and a steady breeze of five knots from the northwest. By nine o'clock the King's Court is erected on the afterdeck beside the spare rudder and the loading raft, and other shrouded structures hulk nearby.

Beyond Papers 5.1: Davy Jones' Summons



S.S. Gabrielle
ON ENTERING DOMAIN OF
NEPTUNUS REX
NOTICE AND LISTEN YE LANDLUBBER

I order and command you to appear before me and my court on the morrow to be initiated in the mysteries of my Empire. If not, you shall be given as food for sharks, whales, pollywogs, frogs, and all living things of the sea, who will devour you, head, body, and soul as a warning to landlubbers entering my Domain without warrant.
You are charged with the following offenses:

.....

.....

Therefore, appear and obey or suffer the penalty.
Registered: Davy Jones
Sec'y to His Majesty

Beyond Papers 5.2: Neptune's Certificate



His Oceanic Majesty
Neptunus Rex
Lord of the Seven Seas

Be it hereby known that he whose name doth appear below has manifestly demonstrated the proper scorn for those who do not sail My waters, or sail only the shores of their home lands,

And further, in Latitude 00° 0′ 0″, Longitude 87° 21′ 33″ W, he has been purged of his lubberly ways,

Therefore, to all Mermaids, Sea Serpents, Whales, Sharks, Porpoises, Dolphins, Skates, Eels, Suckers, Lobsters, Crabs, Pollywogs, and other living things of the sea,

.....

Has been found worthy to be numbered as one of our trusty Shellbacks, has been gathered into our fold and duly initiated into the solemn mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep.

He is entitled to be termed a Son of Neptune, and further entitled to travel Our seas without let or hindrance, to the very ends of the Earth.

In Witness Thereof, on this day, September 25, 1933, I set my Royal Seal:



Neptunus Rex, King of the Oceans, Lord of the Seven Seas, etc.

Davy Jones _____

Secretary to His Majesty Captain, S.S. _____

Shellbacks from the crew are busy all morning with various tasks out of sight of the passengers.

At 11:30 that morning the navigator announces that the ship is "on the Line" and the ship's engines are silenced. All passengers and crew are commanded to assemble as first Davy Jones, then a large party of unlikely figures led by King Neptune himself, make their way aft from the bow.

Investigators—especially lubbers—who try to avoid the affair are in trouble. Starkweather and Moore send any shellback investigators to find them and bring them forth, accompanied if necessary by a sailor or two. Regardless of whether they are found and dragged to the court, anyone who tries to escape the ceremony will be shunned by the crew for the remainder of the voyage. Shunned investigators must serve their own food and wash their own laundry; they are issued dirty dishes, small portions, and are often ignored or poorly treated by the crew.

Three of the regular crew (Henning is not among them) are being initiated on this trip, as well as most of the expedition members. They are poked, shaved, humiliated in good-natured ways, then given food and drink and a certificate in honor of their new status. Veteran shellbacks pass around trays of cakes, cooked meat rolls, and other treats to go with copious amounts of beer. The party that follows lasts until mid afternoon; then the SS *Gabrielle* turns westward once more under a lowering sun.

A Very Bad Smell

King Neptune's party on the 25th is a marvelous distraction, and a perfect opportunity for Henning. During the party he makes his next move.

While visiting the ship's refrigerator, midway through the afternoon, Henning pours a small measure of sulfuric acid along one of the copper pipes of the refrigeration system. He then leaves. Half an hour later the wall of the pipe is breached. Ammonia under pressure vents out of the pipe and into the refrigerator room, filling the air with pungent fumes and settling on all the exposed food parcels. The refrigerator's pump begins to run faster as the pressure leaves the pipes, but no one notices that right away.

The damage is discovered late in the afternoon. Coates, one of the ship's messboys, comes coughing up from the hold to raise the alarm. The throat-catching reek of ammonia is suddenly powerful all over the ship.

Dinnertime passes during the uproar. The crew, Starkweather, and several expedition members, including any investigators who wish to volunteer, spend several hours cleaning out the reefer hold. The odor of ammonia in the room is overpowering; even with dampened cloths over their faces, volunteers have to race into the room and out again, holding their breaths and blinking through tears as they grab whatever they can and haul it to safety. Crews scrub down the walls and floor in brief shifts, to lessen the smell, but nothing can be done about the food. There is nowhere else to keep it cold. Whatever is not thrown overboard must be consumed quickly before it spoils.

Of the twelve tons of food in the refrigerator, almost a fourth is tainted by ammonia. Anything that was unsealed or exposed to air must be thrown over the side. Even the several crates of chicken eggs on board are ruined—so strongly do they smell and taste of ammonia that they cannot be eaten. Most of what remains, alas, is pemmican.

Bloody Starkers

Captain Vredenburgh meets with James Starkweather on the boat deck overlooking the hold as the sun sets. Their argument can be heard everywhere amidships, especially by the tired and hungry laborers.

"We must turn back, sir," the captain insists.

"No, Captain!" argues Starkweather. "We must not!"

"Mister Starkweather—we are four days out from Panama City. Australia is a good two weeks away. We cannot repair the machinery in the middle of the ocean, we do not have the materials to do so. Your supplies will spoil, sir! They will rot, and be worthless to you, before we can possibly arrive!"

Starkweather scowls blackly. "We shall not turn back, Captain!" he snaps. "We have lost too much time already! *She* is several days ahead of us—we shall not lose another day! We shall buy more supplies, if need be—now press on!"

Starkweather storms away toward the bridge, where he composes wireless messages to be radioed ahead. Vredenburgh remains for a moment, voices a single quiet epithet, and follows.

Down in the hold, where the investigators can hear, the workers look at one another.

"He's crazy," says one.

"He's gone off his nut," says another. "He's bloody starkers!"

A third laughs bitterly.

The episode leaves many of the *Gabrielle*'s crew hostile to Starkweather and his party, including the investigators. James Starkweather becomes "Bloody Starkers" to the crew for the remainder of the voyage, though no one ever calls him that to his face.

Beyond the Equator

Starkweather gets his way. The *Gabrielle* steams westward toward Australia.

For the next two days, perishables smelling faintly of ammonia are in great supply. After that, for the rest of the trip across the Pacific, all meals are put together from salted, tinned, or preserved food.

Starkweather spends a fair amount of time on the radio in an attempt to order replacements for the spoiled food, especially the pemmican.

The crew's morale plummets. Several crewmen complain to their officers, certain that Starkweather and Moore are bad luck for the ship, and are somehow responsible for everything that has gone wrong. Suspicious rumors echo through the vessel; expedition members are shunned in the lounges and common areas, and served poorly or not at all at mealtimes.

Investigators wishing to examine the damaged section of refrigerator pipe may do so at any time. The blown-out pipe section is naturally pitted and corroded by the acid used by Henning. The corrosion, however, is found only on a section of tubing less than a foot long. Everywhere else, the tube is tarnished but whole.

Anyone who decided to look around the area, or whose player makes a successful **Spot Hidden roll** notices that there are a number of small pits and burned-looking depressions on the deck immediately below the damaged pipe. Once this is noticed, the players may draw their own conclusions; however a successful **Idea roll, Chemistry roll,** or **Pharmacy roll** indicates to the investigator that both the damage to the pipe and the scarring and pitting below could have been made by a moderately powerful acid. There are no other clues.

Day of the Dogs

Henning, pleased, strikes again on September 28th, three days after Neptune's party.

Before the morning feeding of the dogs on board, Henning dusts several blocks in a box of pemmican with powdered strychnine, which was given to him by Danforth. These he leaves atop the pile for the dog men to use.

The poisoned blocks are fed to the unfortunate huskies that morning. Snåbjorn and Fiskarson themselves give the food to their charges.

By 10 a.m. the effects of the drug are apparent. The sounds from the dog pen in hold #5 rise higher and higher to a fevered pitch, punctuated by vicious barks and growls. Investigators on deck amidships, or anywhere in the after section, do not need **Listen rolls** to hear and recognize the change in the sound: the dogs are fighting. It sounds as if they are at each others' throats.

Moments later, a crewman sounds the alarm. Pulaski and Fiskarson race up the ladder from their quarters in the aft. Off-duty sailors trail behind, curious to see what's going on. They get more than they bargained for. When the entrance to the hold is flung open, Pulaski curses viciously and Fiskarson lets loose a small cry. The scene below is horrible.

The dog crates are attached to the bulkhead in rows, supported by steel frames. The dogs live in them, but the doors have been removed; the animals are restrained only by thick leather straps that are long enough so that the dogs can move around a bit.

Some of the huskies have pulled off of their tethers. Many of them are out of their cages, snarling and barking at the tops of their lungs, eyes wide, fangs exposed as they rage. The sound is incredible; so is the smell. Two dogs claw and tear at each other in the center of the hold; two others race frantically around and around, snapping and biting at their comrades. Others, unable to attack, snap and lunge at anything that comes near.

The dogs bear long vicious scratches along their sides. Some have huge chunks of skin and flesh hanging from their flanks; smears of blood and tufts of fur are everywhere, and the beasts are matted and dark with gore. Four of the dogs already lie dead in darkening pools on the deck, their throats ripped out. Others, still in their cages, tear at themselves convulsively. All the animals are covered with traces of crimson.

The sharp tang of blood mingles with fear and musk in a thick repugnant wave. Investigators at the hatch must make a successful **roll vs. CON x3** (CON x1 if already seasick) to avoid becoming nauseous. The sight of the dogs, alive and suffering so greatly, costs 0/1D2 SAN—more to those who are sensitive to animals.

With a successful **Spot Hidden roll**, investigators notice that the dogs that are still standing are staggering around, twitching spasmodically, and seem to have difficulty standing still. Something is very wrong with them.

"What the hell?" Pulaski is incredulous. "What's got into them?"

"They need help," says Fiskarson. "I go down."

"No!" Pulaski hisses, holding the other man back. "What if they're rabid?"

"But—look!—you see them? They need us! We have to help them!"

Officer Turlow and a handful of others arrive a moment later. Turlow looks darkly into the hold. He asks what is wrong with the beasts, but no one knows. Other onlookers murmur in appalled fascination as they watch.

"Look—they've got rabies."

"It's Starkers' curse, I tell ya!"

"Shut up—look who's listening!"

Turlow sends the sailors away brusquely and turns to Fiskarson.

"Those beasts are either diseased or they're not," he says, "but they are certainly killing one another down there. The killers have got to be put down, for their own sake, and for the sake of the crew and the other dogs. Do you want to do it? Or should I?"

Fiskarson searches for words. Pulaski just looks disgusted and angry. "I'll do it," Pulaski drawls. "Get me a gun. And some help cleaning up down there afterwards."

One of the dogs screams. Pulaski scowls. "Aw, hell. Hurry, won't you?"

Officer Turlow leaves, returning shortly with a handgun, ammunition, and Professor Moore, who quizzes the onlookers while Pulaski loads the weapon.

The massacre is brief and unpleasant. All the remaining dogs bark and howl as the echoes of each shot thunder in the hold. Pulaski fires six times from the top of the ladder, killing five dogs. Only once does he miss his mark; the wounded husky screams loudly before a second shot silences it. The terrified sound is worth the loss of 0/1 SAN.

As soon as the shooting is over, Fiskarson jumps into the hold, heedless of his own safety, to reassure the remaining animals. "Get Olaf," he shouts, but Olaf Snåbjorn is already there, and follows him down. In minutes the frantic dogs grow quieter. They are returned to their cages with little difficulty.

A party of seamen, appointed by the first mate, arrives with mops and buckets as Pulaski finishes his grisly job. They are uneasy about the work, scared of the dogs and of catching some disease. Investigators who offer to help, either with controlling the dogs or with the cleanup that follows, are welcome. Any who help the sailors with their tasks are looked on more favorably by the crew for the remainder of the voyage.

Cleaning up the pen is very unpleasant. The air is thick with the reek of fatal wounds. The bodies of the dead dogs are put onto canvas tarps and hauled up out of the hold to be thrown over the side. The smears of blood and bile are then swabbed up and rinsed away. Everyone is unhappy about touching the mess, and fearful of catching some illness. Throughout the process the surviving dogs are extremely noisy and agitated.

Olaf Snåbjorn, the other dog handler, is also uneasy as he examines the still-living dogs. "Something is wrong," he says. "They are sick." Snåbjorn dispatches one of the investigators to find Doctor Greene. If anyone present has medical training, he or she may examine the dogs themselves.

A successful **First Aid roll** or **Medicine roll** while examining the dogs reveals that two of the survivors (Mama-san and Picardy by name) are in great distress. Their muscles twitch incessantly, they cannot stand, and their breath and heartbeat are incredibly rapid. Tremors come and go in waves, and the poor beasts can do little more than whine and snap impotently at anyone who comes near.

Investigators with any medical training now know that these are not the symptoms of illness but of some sort of drug or poison. Anyone with the Medicine skill or Pharmacy skill at 5% or more identifies the poison as strychnine. The beasts are in tremendous pain. Nothing can be done to ease their torment. It would be a mercy to kill the animals.

Doctor Greene arrives a moment later, bag in hand, and examines the dogs briefly. He announces that the dogs are indeed ill, but the crew is not in danger. The animals have been poisoned, confirming the investigators.

Greene quickly leaves the hold, but asks that Picardy be brought immediately to the expedition office—and whatever is left of the dogs' food and drink as well.



Revelations

Two hours later, at noon on the 28th, Professor Moore and Officer Turlow call a meeting of the expedition staff. Forty people cram themselves into the officer's mess. The atmosphere is tense as Doctor Greene explains his findings.

The dogs, Greene explains, were poisoned with strychnine. He found traces of powdered strychnine in some of the dogs' food dishes. The powder was also found in the most recently opened box of pemmican, the one that was used to feed the dogs.

"The amount of strychnine found on the remaining pemmican blocks in the poisoned box constitutes a lethal dose. Each of the portions I examined, if consumed, would have killed any dog—or any man or woman—on this ship. Had this box been carried onto the ice and opened there, it is likely that several of us would have died. Only sheerest fortune has spared us today."

Greene explains that he opened and sampled the contents of two other pemmican crates, finding no contamination in either. He takes, he says, little comfort in that.

"We have at this time no way of knowing when the poison was placed in the food, or how many other crates have been affected. It could have been done before we left New York; it may equally have been done only yesterday. Two things, however, are clear.

"Firstly, the poisoning was not done during the manufacturing process. The strychnine, in powdered form, was added to the wrapped packages, not mixed into them.

"Secondly, the presence of strychnine powder in our most important supplies means that someone, somewhere, wishes us all to die. I find I cannot ignore the fact that, if the deed was not performed in New York, then we have a would-be murderer aboard this vessel, one who could strike again at any moment."

After that, Greene steps down. Moore explains that in order to prevent any similar tragedies from occurring, every bit of food in the expedition larder must be examined. in order to minimize delays, that examination must start at once, while the ship is still at sea.

"If there is any need for assistance from the ship's crew, Mister Turlow is the man to see. He will ensure that you get all the help you need. That is all." He pauses, then holds up a hand. "Now I would like the following people to come up and see me. . . . "

Moore assigns several small groups to inspect the remains of the expedition's food. The process will take several days. He also calls several (or all, at the keeper's whim) of the investigators up to see him. They meet with Moore and Turlow after the rest have gone.

"Excellent," says Moore. "I have a rather different task in mind for you all, if you would be so kind. I would like you to go through the holds and inspect the rest of the expedition's gear. Looking for trouble, you know. It may be that our boy had more things in mind than poison.

"Mister Turlow is here to lend you assistance, get you into and out of the holds, and so forth, but it would be best if the inspections were kept quiet. Do your work, don't talk about what you find to the others, merely bring the results to Mister Starkweather, Mister Turlow, or myself. We don't, after all, know who the troublemakers are, and if they are aboard I'd rather they weren't put on their guard any more than necessary.

"Work in groups, and take your time—several pairs of eyes see things that one pair will not. We have ten days or so before we reach port, so don't exhaust yourselves today. This is a precautionary measure. Are there any questions?"

If the investigators ask why they were chosen for the job, Moore smiles a wry little smile and answers simply.

"Two reasons. First, between the lot of you, you were responsible for inspecting most of the cargo when it first came on board, so you know what you are looking at and are more likely to see any changes. Secondly, I learned in New York that you few are more than usually inclined to go poking into things on your own; I would rather that we were all pulling the same sled, so to speak."

Moore hands the group a complete cargo manifest, and the meeting is over.

Powdered Strychnine

This common poison is readily available in New York or any city or town. Danforth gave a small jar of it to Henning in order to poison the sled teams. Symptoms include an increased heart rate, convulsions, and muscular hyperactivity. In humans, a minuscule dosage of 2 milligrams is enough to be fatal. The small jar contains enough to kill all the dogs. Strychnine poisoning is easily recognizable by anyone making a successful **Pharmacy roll** or **Medicine roll**, or by a non-player physician if required. ❑

Into the Holds

For the next several days the investigators probably spend a fair amount of time in the cargo holds. Examining the expedition's cargo is not an easy task, especially since much of it is piled in layers or behind other things. See the **Gabrielle** chapter to see the location of the cargo holds. During the voyage, the only way into or out of the holds is by ladder. Each chamber has its own sealable hatch with a rung ladder descending underneath.

The holds are not normally lit during the voyage. Cluster lights, on long heavy extension cords, are already placed in #3 and #5 tween-deck holds for the use of the dogs, and to aid Miles in his aircraft classes. The other holds have no lights at all. Clusters must be brought in, or lanterns and flashlights must be used.

The cargo manifest (see Appendix 4, "Game Logistics") lists where most items had been placed in the ship. An overview of the holds and their general contents can be found on the next page, in the sidebar "Sabotage in the Holds," which also numbers many of Henning's despicable acts.

Examining the contents of a hold is exhausting physical work. Each of the five holds has two chambers—tween-deck and lower—and although they are mostly empty, there is still a lot of stuff to move. With the main hatch covers in place, all that moving must be done by hand. There are no overhead pulleys or winches to help them.

It takes several hours to inspect each chamber. Most likely one chamber per day is all the group will want to tackle. At that rate, they can still be done before landfall. Among their findings are the makings of a powerful bomb.

Telling the Authorities

Finding fuses and detonators hidden beside the gasoline drums means that a saboteur is aboard. Someone is planning to set the *Gabrielle* on fire. But who? Is the saboteur among the crew, or a member of the expedition itself? Should even the captain be informed? Should Starkweather or Moore?

Sabotage in the Holds

If a sabotaged item listed below is discovered and reported to Starkweather or Moore, the expedition leaders radio ahead to Melbourne and attempt to prearrange for replacement. Starkweather is determined to spend as little time as possible on land before heading south, and does all he can to speed up re-supplying and re-equipping.

#1 Hold

This hold contains the heavy equipment for the expedition. The tween-deck chamber is filled with the snow tractors, generators, and the many heavy crates of the ice melting apparatus. The lower hold is almost entirely empty, and contains only the oxygen tanks, carefully stowed and covered with dunnage.

Comments: Henning has sabotaged the three large 300-watt generators by pouring acid into the oil ports of each engine. This damage is virtually undetectable (a critical **Spot Hidden roll** is required) unless the generators are fueled and started up; then it becomes obvious almost immediately. Henning has also fractionally loosened the valves of several of the oxygen tanks on the lower level. The valves are still stiff enough to defy casual turning, and there are no gauges to indicate pressure in the tanks, but the emptied cylinders actually weigh slightly less than those that are still full. A successful **Spot Hidden roll** is enough to spot the difference, so long as the investigator is actually hefting the cylinders and not merely looking at them. The players may propose other ways of evaluating tank pressures.

#2 Hold

The tween-deck chamber contains one of the Boeing aircraft, with the wings and nose removed and stored in crates nearby, along with the crated engines and propellers. An array of crated kerosene tins can also be found here on a heavy pallet. In the lower chamber, three layers of 55 gallon drums stand ominously on end; the layers are separated by 1" x 6" dunnage boards. The drums contain gasoline, lubricants, and (in one) industrial alcohol. The expedition's Fairchild monoplane is perched on the top layer of gasoline drums, with its wings folded back, held down by heavy cables, hooks, chains and ropes. Only some of the drums on the top layer can be opened (by unscrewing their filler cap) without using the ship's cranes.

Comments: Here is real evidence that a saboteur is active on the ship. Investigators, with a successful **Spot Hidden roll**, find a small cloth parcel hidden deep down in the lower hold, thrust between two layers of the gasoline drums. Unwrapped, the parcel proves to contain a large coil of quick-burning timer fuse and a dozen non-electric blasting caps of the type found in the expedition stores. Several of the caps have been fixed to the ends of sections of fuse; combined with the thousands of gallons of fuel stored here, they make the elements of a deadly incendiary device. A successful **Explosives roll** shows that the person who built this probably doesn't know much about making bombs (given the many fuses and all the available gasoline, he really doesn't have to). A further successful **Idea roll** may remind the investigators that several coils of just this sort of fuse disappeared from the warehouse before departure and had to be re-ordered. This coil does not represent the entire missing amount—a second successful **Spot Hidden roll** reveals the presence of another such coil hung on the wall in the tween-deck chamber next to the access ladder, along with the other ropes.

Once the fuse and detonators are found by the investigators, play should continue in the section called "'The Game's Afoot!'" on the next page.

Additional sabotage—the subtle tampering with the bolts and straps securing the aircraft engines—is also present but should not be found at this time. See the "Hard Seas" section of Chapter Six for more details.

#3 Hold

The tween-deck chamber holds most of the expedition's camping and sledding supplies. Sleds, tents, tools, lamps, and rope are strapped onto pallets or lashed out of the way. While the hatch cover over the opening to the lower hold is in place, nothing has been loaded on it. The #3 lower hold contains the heavy prefabricated wooden ramp to be used in unloading the ship alongside the Ross Ice Shelf.

Comments: Henning has sabotaged several important pieces of electrical equipment in this chamber by pouring acid into the interior circuits. The two large camp radios and the four small trail radios have been sabotaged in this way. The damage is not evident from the outside but if any of the radios are examined closely, the acid burns can be detected with a successful **Spot Hidden roll**. Alternatively, a sample radio might be brought up and tested on deck. A successful **Electrical Repair roll** and a successful **Mechanical Repair roll** are needed to fix each radio, along with appropriate materials and tools.

Henning has also poured quantities of chlorine bleach and salt into the large brown bottles of photographic chemicals stored in the tween-deck chamber. If a sample bottle is opened, the chlorine smell is obvious. A successful **Photography roll**, **Chemistry roll**, **Know roll**, etc., reminds the investigator that chlorine is not normally used in photo developing. These ready chemicals are useless if not replaced, though they amount to only a tiny fraction of the expedition's photographic supplies.

#4 Hold

Tween deck and lower deck each contain another Boeing, with their propellers, engines and outer wing sections removed and stowed. Against the aft port wall of the tween deck, a small but very sturdy wooden room 8' square has been built; it is surrounded by bags of cement. A heavy padlock secures the door; the first mate has the only key. Within, on a bed of sand, rest the boxes of dynamite. No sabotage has been performed in this hold.

#5 Hold

In the final hold are the dogs (tween deck) and a supply of wood and other materials with which to build the base camp (lower). No sabotage has been performed in this hold. ❑

The investigators should decide if they will keep the dangerous news to themselves, tell Starkweather or Moore, or inform the captain. Successful **Idea rolls** or **Psychology rolls** allow the investigators to predict what each of the others might do when told.

Captain Vredenburgh: very much a by-the-book officer, Vredenburgh will take charge the moment he hears that someone is making a bomb aboard his ship. If the captain and the ship's officers track down and arrest the saboteur, it will undoubtedly mean wholesale disturbance and a search through the cabins of everyone aboard, including those of the expedition members and the crew (who are already surly enough.) The investigators will not be asked (or allowed) to help in such a search; and when the criminal is caught he and his possessions will remain firmly under the captain's control. Starkweather's people will not even be allowed to talk to him.

Once Vredenburgh gets involved, Henning is caught within two days, thrown into the forward cable locker and kept there until the ship docks in Melbourne, where he is turned over to the police. He admits damaging the refrigerator but not poisoning the dogs or building the fire bomb, and he does not explain his motives or offer additional information. He seems, in fact, strangely complacent for a man bound for prison.

Starkweather: he finds it inconceivable that anyone in his expedition could be responsible for the sabotage. If he is told of the incendiaries he goes at once to the captain and informs him that someone in the ship's crew is planning to blow up the ship. The results in this case are much the same as if the captain had been told first, with the exception that Starkweather will be at the captain's side during the hunt, loudly defending the members of the expedition from any overt interference. This will doubtless annoy the ship's officers, who do not share Starkweather's confidence in his explorers.

Moore: he is the most open minded of the three. If he is approached with the alarming news, he simply asks the investigators to accompany him to his cabin—or to somewhere else nearby where they can speak undisturbed. There he asks several questions. Was the bomb ready for use? Was there any indication of how it was to be detonated? Any way of knowing who put it there, or when?

"We cannot keep this a secret, of course," he says. "The captain deserves to know, especially if we are all at risk. But think, my friends: is there any way we can eliminate some suspects, or identify the saboteur? If there is, I should be inclined to do so before going to the others."

If the investigators have no ideas, Moore goes directly to the captain, with the results as before. Should the investigators ask for more time, or propose a method to find the man, Moore thinks for a moment, then nods. "A day, I think. Two at most. I don't want to put the ship at risk; so you should make sure that no one goes back to set off the bomb in the meantime. Keep me informed and good luck."

"The Game's Afoot!"

There are only a few ways to find the saboteur. The investigators can watch the holds, in hopes that the saboteur returns, or they can go looking for him elsewhere. Most likely the group will want to try both of these.

Should the group identify Henning (or anyone else!) to Moore, the captain will be told at once. The accused will be stopped by several men, led by Mister Turlow, the following morning as he leaves his cabin, ordered to turn out all his personal things for inspection, and taken to the captain.

The investigators will not have an opportunity to look through Henning's things in this case, unless they have already done so.

Watching the Holds

Watching from the deck of the ship is easiest, but least useful. The watcher cannot see what goes on belowdecks, or tell if the people entering the hold have legitimate business.

Leaving one or two people hidden inside the hold itself is more promising, since the observers get to see for themselves who comes to work on the bomb; however, they must wait in the hold, with few amenities, for an unknown period, never sure if their quarry is going to come at all.

In fact, Henning does return to the hold one last time.

If nothing intervenes, and Henning has seen no sign that anyone suspects him, he returns at last to set up his device on October 11th, one day away from Melbourne. He intends to string the long fuse up to the access hatch and light it early the following morning, before the ship pulls into port.

Henning also visits the hold again if a general cabin search begins, if he feels threatened, or if someone else is arrested for the crime. In this case he goes as soon as he feels he can do so undetected, intending to throw incriminating evidence over the side.

In either case, Henning fights furiously if he is caught. He has no weapons but his fists, but he is unafraid to use them. If cornered, he has nothing to lose, and may even try to kill his would-be captors.

If at any time someone announces the discovery of the partly constructed incendiary device in hold #2, Henning abandons his plan and does not go near the hold again.

Thinking It Through

Investigators who wish to eliminate suspects through logic and detective work have a few good pieces of information to start with, which may be suggested if needed to those receiving successful **Idea rolls**.

The two most useful points of information concern the poisoning of the dogs and the damage to the refrigerator. Both required access to the refrigerator hold; the number of people who have access to the keys is small. Any ship's officer knows only a half dozen people have regular access to the area: the chief steward (Whitney), the cook (Abraham), two messboys (Coates and Henning), the storekeeper (Price), and First Officer Turlow, who periodically checks the holds for shifting cargo. None of the expedition members have reason to go into lower hold #2; until the investigators' inventory began, only tween-deck holds #2 (where the aircraft classes are held) and #5 (where the dogs are kept) were ever visited by expedition members.

The poisoned pemmican cannot be used to find the saboteur, since the powder could have been administered at almost any time. If the investigators have found and understood the significance of the acid-burned pipe, however, they know when that piece of sabotage was done. Coates, the messboy who found the damage, came up from below at about 5 p.m. on the day of the Line Crossing party. Presumably the acid was applied sometime not long before.

Investigators who talk to Coates and Henning receive substantially the same story from both men: both visited the refrigerator several times that morning while preparing for the party, the last time for each being shortly before noon. Neither claims to have been back again before Coates' visit at five o'clock. Of the others,

The Saboteur Revealed



only Turlow claims to have been in hold #4 that day, at about 10:15 a.m. Turlow says he did not enter the refrigerator room.

These three men—Coates, Henning, and Turlow—are the obvious suspects, having been the only ones in the reefer room before the damage was found. If someone else visited the reefer hold, he did so without permission.

Unfortunately, that does not say a lot. The refrigerator sabotage took place the day of Neptune's party; no one was paying much attention to who went where that afternoon.

Players who inform the keeper that their investigators are using the Psychology skill when speaking to Coates and Henning get one last clue: they learn, with a successful **Psychology roll**, that Henning is hiding something. This is no more than a suspicion. Henning is not a great liar, but he is a cool one, and gives away nothing to a casual questioner.

Searching Cabins

This really ought to be the last resort. Nothing arouses the crew's anger more than someone going through their things. Investigators who wish to look for evidence in Henning's effects (or anyone else's!) should plan on doing so secretly, when the room is empty.

Henning bunks with Coates and Abraham, the ship's cook, in one of the rooms in the aftercastle. The best time to enter the cabin unobserved is immediately before a meal, when the three men are busy in the galley. Other crewmen may be about the aftercastle, but party members are no strangers there. With a successful **Sneak roll** the investigators can get inside unobserved.

All of Henning's personal effects are kept in a footlocker beneath his bunk. Aside from clothing, travel papers and the like, three items of interest can easily be found:

- A much-folded copy of Starkweather's original expedition announcement, clipped out of a New York newspaper.
- Two carefully stoppered glass bottles of clear liquid, one full, the other all but empty, both clearly labeled "Sulfuric Acid—Extremely Poisonous—Do Not Swallow." A successful **Chemistry roll** or **Pharmacy roll** confirms that the labels are correct.
- A telegram offering Henning $250 for his exclusive eyewitness account of the voyage of the *Gabrielle*, sent by a Chicago wire service.

No sign of powdered strychnine is found. The acid, however incriminating, proves nothing unless the saboteur can be somehow caught in the act.

What to Do Then?

It is a difficult puzzle. Whether or not the investigators know about the bottles of acid in Henning's trunk, they have no real proof that he or anyone else is the saboteur—they cannot link him either to the poisoning attempt or to the fuses and detonators in the hold. Without such proof, even if he is arrested, the investigators cannot be certain that Henning was the one making the fire bomb.

The only way to be sure of that is to get his confession—or to catch him redhanded.

The solution to this puzzle is left up to the investigators and their keeper. An appropriately dramatic solution might be to stage a very public arrest, locking up someone else for the crime and assuring the passengers and crew that the saboteur was found, in the hopes that the real criminal might return to his work in apparent safety. A less thrilling solution, but one still just as effective, is to wait quietly in the hold until someone comes for the detonators and fuses—or until the ship docks, when any suspects could be firmly dismissed. It might be possible for someone in the party to befriend Henning and draw him out, with suitable **Fast Talk rolls** and **Persuade rolls**, until he gives away something crucial.

In any event, if the investigators have the patience and if Moore can be persuaded to remain silent, Henning returns to hold #4 the day before arrival in Melbourne, going straight to his fire bomb and giving himself away to anyone waiting below. Events proceed as in "Watching the Hold," above.

Regardless of how he is caught, Henning tries to give nothing away that might jeopardize his victory. He keeps quiet about the other sabotages, in hopes that some at least will go unnoticed until the expedition arrives on the Ice.

If Henning is caught and exposed, morale of the crew and expedition soars. The friendliness of many of the crew greatly improves—at least until the next disaster! Some, however, never change their beliefs. "Okay, so Henning tricked us, and we had to eat that lousy chow. But there is something about Starkweather—there's just something wrong about the man. Remember what Henning said—where Starkweather goes, other guys die."

If Henning is never caught, he jumps ship at Melbourne and disappears. The puzzle is never solved.

A Few Loose Ends

With Henning safely in custody, the problem becomes one of what to do with him upon arrival. Word is radioed ahead to Port Phillip, to arrange for the saboteur to be off-loaded, and also to place orders for whatever goods need to be replaced before sailing south.

With a successful **Idea roll**, investigators realize that where police get involved, legal procedures follow—and that a lot of time could be saved if depositions about Henning's activities are drawn up before reaching Melbourne. All of those involved in the searching of the hold, or Henning's capture, or who are witnesses of any type, should make formal statements before Officer Turlow or Captain Vredenburgh. A copy of the statements are typed up and reviewed by all parties. Both witnesses and officers must sign and date the transcript, stating that it is an accurate rendition of their testimony. If the depositions are not prepared ahead of time, the investigators must spend time with the authorities once they arrive.

An inventory of the items to be replaced should be drawn up by the investigators. Some of these, such as the ruined food, have already been taken care of by James Starkweather; others must be dealt with on arrival.

Professor Moore suggests that the explorers take an inventory of their personal needs as well, as Port Phillip/Melbourne is the final port of call before going south. He is happy to pay for any reasonable items useful to the expedition, such as laboratory equipment, hand tools, etc. Toiletries and personal luxuries, however, must be paid for by the explorers themselves.

The keeper may wish to remind players of the tedium of shipboard life, and how much longer they will be away from civilization. Books, magazines, playing cards, and a small Victrola and records for entertainment might be wise purchases while in Melbourne.

Melbourne

Sailing along the Australian coast toward Melbourne in the middle of October is a treat indeed after a long stretch at sea. Just as North America is turning from summer into autumn, Australia is turning from a mild winter into a warming spring. The coast of New South Wales is a delight to the eyes. Mixed stands of conifers and broad-leafed trees march up gentle hills into the heights of the Great Divide Range. Forests are broken up by small areas of grassland, and the coast is dotted with thriving towns and cities.

As *Gabrielle* rounds Cape Howe, however, the sea turns choppy and a cold hard wind drives idlers belowdecks. With the islands of Tasmania to port, the ship struggles through the Bass Straits and around

Taking Stock

The following items have been damaged and must be replaced while in Australia:

Pemmican	5 tons
Frozen/perishable food	12 tons
Camp generators, 300 watt	3 each
Oxygen cylinders (filled)	12 each
Camp radio sets, 100 watt	2 each
Trail radios, 40 watt	4 each
Photographic chemicals	as desired

This list should be amended by the keeper to reflect the discoveries made by the investigators. Items to be replaced should be assigned by Moore.

If the damage to the generators was not discovered during the voyage west, Professor Moore requires testing of all electrical equipment in the holds once the ship arrives in Melbourne. The generators provide all of the power for survival and communication on the ice. If the expedition arrives in Antarctica with inoperable generators, they will be forced to return to Australia. For all intents and purposes the scenario will be over for the Starkweather-Moore group. ❑

the Wilson Promontory. It is a relief when the ship reaches Port Phillip Head and the calmer waters beyond.

Melbourne is located at the northern end of Port Phillip Bay, thirty miles from its mouth. The entrance into the bay is less than a mile wide, and is known locally as "The Rip." This narrow channel is regarded as one of the most treacherous navigable passages in the world.

Gabrielle waits offshore as a sea pilot is ferried out from Queenscliff Pilot Station. The pilot guides the ship through the dangerous waters, navigating carefully through the maze of rocks and reefs and channels, and northward, past fishing trawlers and scallop boats, to its berth in Port Phillip. The trip takes several hours. At last the seaport can be seen to the north, with Melbourne itself beyond, beneath a faint pall of industrial smoke.

Port Melbourne

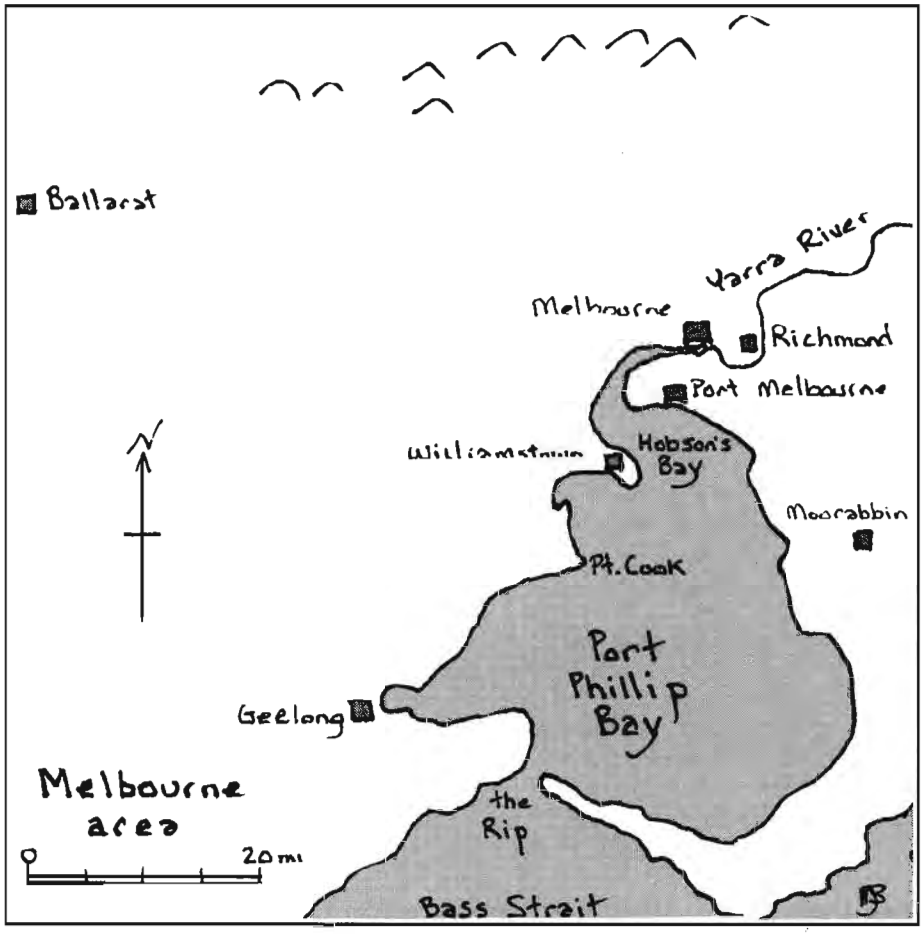
After the rough seas of the Bass Strait, and the treacherous narrows of the Rip, Port Phillip Bay is like a calm and placid inland sea. Forty miles wide, thirty miles deep, the bay is one of the few natural harbors in Australia, and is the largest and most protected natural harbor in the world.

The shores of the bay are highly built up, the many small towns linked by rail lines and locally-run small sail and steam ferries. Miles of wharves and berths nose out into the water, especially along the inward curve of Hobson's Bay.

The waters off Port Melbourne are crowded with traffic. Huge merchant ships and cargo barges are loaded with boxes and barrels. The wharves are dark with the motion of dock hands, ship's crews, fishermen and many others. Just beyond the wharves are the rail lines, with engines pulling boxcars full of cargo to be loaded or unloaded. Even out in the deep water where *Gabrielle* approaches there is a constant wall of faint sound.

As the *Gabrielle* is piloted toward her berth, smaller craft dart and wheel past her. These come in all sorts, from sleek and expensive pleasure yachts to small local boats and steam ferries, transporting goods and travelers between the bayside towns. Trawlers with damp nets, their decks cluttered with bins of silvery fish, complete the scene.

Melbourne and Port Phillip Bay



The *Gabrielle* glides toward her berth, not far from the railway pier. Smaller vessels, with shallower draft, pass onwards up the Yarra River to Victoria Dock and the inner city.

At the Dock

As the ship approaches the dock the investigators see a large crowd of people waiting by the water. A dark enclosed van is parked on the far side of the group, and the tan coats of local constables are conspicuous by their presence.

Professor Moore has his clipboard once again. He informs the investigators that the expedition will be in town for a few days, while the "Henning matter" is settled.

"Mister Starkweather has arranged for the replacement of some of our damaged goods. I would like you to look them over before they are delivered. Just in case." He sighs. "Here is a list of addresses and names. If there is trouble, just let me know."

- ***Pemmican***—R. J. Manfield and Son Ltd., 100 Fleming Close, Braybrook.
- ***Electrical Equipment***—Peasely Power Equipment Mfg., 4420 Lennox Street, Richmond, and Electrical Outfitting, Ltd., 550 Harrison Street, Williamstown.
- ***Photographic Chemicals and Supplies***—Foley & Burke, 4045 Mallee Road, Richmond.
- ***Food and Drink***—"There must be a hundred places. Ask locally. We need about 24,000 pounds of varied meats, fruits, and other perishables, unless you want to eat pemmican all winter!"

See the previous sidebar "Taking Stock" on page 91 for a more specific list and slightly more information.

When the gangway is lowered, the crowd surges forward, amid the flash of photographer's bulbs and shouted questions. The reporters have returned. Officer Turlow motions several of the burlier crewmen down the gangway to prevent the crowd from boarding. Starkweather, standing at the railing, is delighted—the press is his friend!

The constables push their way forward through the crush and to the bottom of the gangway. Captain Vredenburgh and James Starkweather descend to meet them.

If Henning has been captured, the constables board and are escorted below to take charge of the prisoner. The crewmen remain at the gangway's base, to hold the

reporters at bay, though the journalists' shouted questions are unceasing. If Henning is dead or missing, and any of the investigators have been determined to be responsible, it is they (instead of Henning) who are taken away.

The lawmen reappear shortly with their prisoner in handcuffs, a constable on either side holding the arms. Henning's personal effects and the pieces of his would-be bomb are carried by a third man close behind. Henning gives the investigators a maddening, superior grin as he is led away.

If depositions have not been prepared in advance, one of the constables remains on board to arrange for the investigators to give statements at the station the next morning. (See the section "Talking to the Police" that follows.) The others, with the help of some of the crewmen to clear a path, take their prisoner over to the dark van, and lock him inside.

With Henning off the ship, Starkweather is ready to meet his adoring public. Somehow, despite the stress of the past few days, the unending diet of tinned food and the faint odor of ammonia that even now pervades the ship, he manages to look well-groomed, cool, and eager for adventure. As soon as the police have left the dock, Starkweather descends the gangway and is surrounded by newsmen, obviously in his favorite element.

"Tell us about the bomb, Captain!" "Why d'you suppose a fellah'd want to stop you going south?" "Did you know the man, Captain Starkweather?"

Starkweather grins his famous grin. "Now, gentlemen, please! One at a time! There's not so much to tell—but this is not the first time I've faced treachery, you know."

As Starkweather speaks, the investigators notice other expedition members quietly slipping away down the pier while the reporters flock around Starkweather. The departees are eager for a bath, a soft bed, and a good meal. This would be a good time for the investigators to get the same.

Buying Supplies

Before the expedition can leave for the Ice, the equipment and supplies damaged in the sabotage must be replaced. The investiga-

Welcome to Melbourne

When not involved with reprovisioning the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, investigators can enjoy some time in Melbourne and the smaller towns along the shore. The most convenient way to get to Melbourne is to take the train from the docks up to Flinders Station. The station is within walking and cab distance to the heart of the city, and electric and cable trams run to the outlying suburbs.

Melbourne is the capitol of Victoria. It has a population of over one million, making it the most populous city in Australia. Melbourne is situated on the northern bend of Hobson's Bay, in Port Phillip harbor.

The appearance of Melbourne from the bay is by no means picturesque. The busy shipping districts of Port Melbourne and Williamstown occupy the flat alluvial land at the mouth of the Yarra River. Suburbs extend along the shore of the bay for more than ten miles, but the area distinctively known as "Melbourne City" occupies a site about three miles inland on the north bank of the Yarra River.

The main streets of Melbourne are broad and well kept, and it has an air of prosperity, activity, and comfort. These streets were originally built an eighth of a mile apart; between each is a narrower street, bearing the name of the wider, with the prefix "Little." These smaller streets were to have provided access to the great business houses that would be built on the frontage of the main boulevards. However, warehouses and business have been erected here due to the need for valuable space. Little Flinders Street, where the great importer warehouses are located, is locally known as "the Lane."

Office buildings are low, even towards the center of the city, though some tower as much as eight to ten stories. Elm trees provide cooling shade, and the spires of St. Paul's and St. Patrick's churches can be seen for miles around. Government House, the state capitol, surrounded by botanic gardens, dominates the city's east end. The main streets are 99 feet wide, and the lanes (Littles) somewhat less than half that width.

Melbourne resembles Los Angeles, rather than London, in that it is a sprawling city rather than a compact one. Public parks are common, even in the inner city. Everywhere the visitors look, small gardens sport flowers or fruit trees in bloom. Houses are small, but yards are large and pleasant to look upon. In the suburbs, orchards and market gardens lie neatly between rows of bungalows. There is also a very small Chinese colony here.

Melbourne's low sprawl is relieved by numerous gentle hills, rising higher to the north until they become the southernmost part of the Great Divide Range, sixty or more miles away.

Port Melbourne, originally called Sandridge, is about 2-1/2 miles distant from the center of the city. It is connected to Melbourne proper by rail and tramway. It has two large piers, along which vessels of almost any tonnage can lie. One of these piers is served by the railway, and here most of the great liners are berthed. Vessels drawing up to 22 feet of water can ascend the Yarra directly into the Victoria Docks at the heart of the city.

There are two miles of wharves along each bank of the river, with two large dry docks and ship repairing yards and foundries. Below Queen's Bridge is an expansion of the river known as the Pool, in which the largest ships using the river can turn with ease. Leading down from a point opposite the docks is the Coode canal, by means of which the journey from the city to the mouth of the river is shortened by over a mile. Not surprisingly, Port Melbourne takes first place in Australia as regards the annual volume of goods that pass through its warehouses.

It is also a great manufacturing center; both city and suburbs have their distinctive industries. The most notable of these are tanning, fellmongery, wool washing, bacon curing, flour milling, brewing, iron founding, brick making, soap boiling, the manufacture of pottery, candles, cheese, cigars, snuff, jams, biscuits, jewelry, furniture, boots, clothing and leather and woolen goods.

Chaosium's 1987 publication *Terror Australis* contains many bits of information about Melbourne and the surrounding area. ❑

tors may attempt a number of missions, in any order desired.

Captain Starkweather wishes to settle affairs and be under way as soon as possible; thus he has done what he can to expedite matters, placing orders and arranging deliveries by radio from far out to sea. This causes problems—Starkweather is not a well-organized man, nor does he understand that his own ready knowledge is severely limited.

In New York City, Professor Moore's constant vigilance was sufficient to catch nearly all of the mistakes that might otherwise have been made. Here Moore is unable to help. The slip of paper he gave to the investigators holds all the information he has about Starkweather's transactions; as the investigators will see, it is woefully inaccurate.

If the investigators recall the many mishaps in New York, they may be prepared for their experience here. If not, after a visit or two the mark of Starkweather's hand will be all too clear.

Finding Pemmican

R. J. Manfield And Son, Ltd.
100 Fleming Close, Braybrook

The investigators have been asked to arrange for the delivery of five tons of pemmican to replace that which was ruined. The large, low, industrial brick building that they are directed to turns out to be a peach cannery. At this time of year they have only a maintenance staff, and are engaged in repairs and preparations for the harvest season.

The foreman knows nothing of any arrangements for pemmican—and in fact has no idea what the stuff is. He takes the investigators to a back office to speak with the owner, Roger Manfield, Jr.

Manfield is as perplexed as the foreman, and tells the investigators that he was never contacted by Starkweather or anyone else on the *Gabrielle*. He is, however, delighted by the chance to help the expedition in whatever way he can.

If investigators can explain how to make pemmican to Manfield, or make a successful **Know roll** to recall the information from one of the classes on shipboard, Manfield cheerfully offers his factory facilities for a nominal fee. The cannery proves to be perfectly suited for manufacturing *pammican*, as Manfield spells it.

Manfield can immediately arrange for the appropriate raw materials to be shipped to the factory. The finished blocks can be put into the cold storage lockers until they are frozen solid enough to be transported to the ship.

The investigators must, however, provide the labor to mix, shape and wrap the blocks. Manfield will oversee and advise, but will not do the work. The *Gabrielle*'s crew will certainly not want to be involved in this sort of work. Investigators may hire laborers from the area, but a successful **Idea roll** suggests that this could offer an opportunity for someone to tamper further with the expedition's supplies. The best solution is for the explorers themselves to provide the labor—that way they can be certain that nothing deadly is introduced into the blocks.

It takes twelve persons working three full days to manufacture enough pemmican to replace what was lost. (The keeper may lengthen or shorten this time depending on the number working and the hours employed.) The job is a nasty, smelly, revolting one, with the investigators ending their days covered in cod liver oil, beef blood, and molasses. The sight is indescribable, the smell even more so. Protective clothing and rubber gloves are called for at the very least.

Electrical Generators

Peasely Power Equipment Mfg.
4420 Lennox Street, Richmond

Peasely Power Equipment Mfg. is a taxi ride away, at the corner of Lennox Street and Bridge Road. It is a neat warehouse of sheet metal and brick with a line of tall trees at the back of the yard.

The yard manager confirms that they have the order from the *Gabrielle,* and that the generators are crated and ready for transport as soon as the investigators sign for them. "Six units, mate, ready as you please, all tied up with bows on."

If the investigators do not notice a problem, or do not think to examine the invoice, a **Spot Hidden roll** or **Idea roll** should be called for: Peasely has packed up six units generating 150 watts each, not the three 300-watt units the investigators were told to expect.

If the investigators complain, or refuse the order, the yard manager demands that the expedition pay a dunnage fee for returning them to the warehouse, and pay the truck driver that they hired for his lost time.

The investigators will be sent crosstown to Electrical Outfitting Ltd. a larger concern that will be able to provide the 300 watt generators. This is convenient, since the investigators have already been told to go there for the radios.

Electrical Outfitting Ltd.
550 Harrison Street, Williamstown

The staff at the Williamstown factory are friendly and competent. The expedition's order for the six radio transceiving sets has been processed and is ready in crates; the invoices are fully correct. If the player characters insist on opening the crates to examine the goods (to the annoyance of the clerks), they find everything in order.

Electrical Outfitting, Ltd., also sells a number of generators suitable for the expedition's needs, and will be able to fill the order within a few days. The units will be shipped directly to the *Gabrielle* when they come in.

Photographic Chemicals

Foley & Burke
4045 Mallee Road, Richmond

This address is one for a recently burnt out building. However it will take only a few minutes to turn up another photo-supply warehouse. A variety of packaged photographic developers and fixers are easy to obtain. The investigators can arrange for the crates to be delivered directly to the *Gabrielle* that very afternoon.

Fresh and Frozen Food

This assignment is an easy one. The investigators are asked to arrange for the

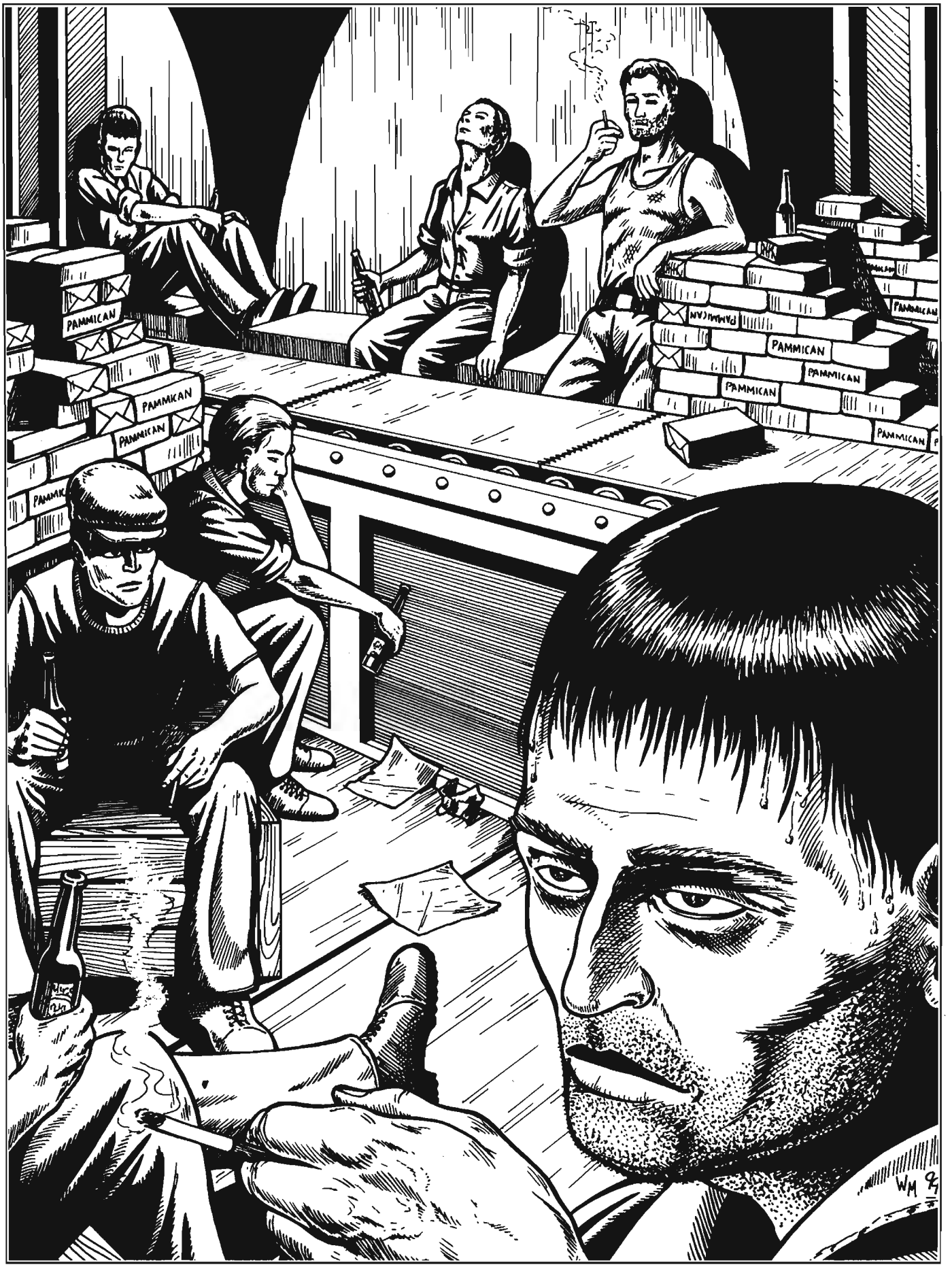
Pemmican

Pemmican is the staple protein food for both men and animals in the Antarctic. It is made from a mixture of beef tallow, dried ground meat, wheat germ, molasses, and cod liver oil. To every one thousand pounds of this mixture are added two pints of lemon squeezings. The mixture is then shaped into compressed one-pound blocks, wrapped in waxed paper or tinfoil, and frozen solid.

The blocks are fed to dogs without preparation. For expedition members, the blocks are dropped into stew pots as the quickest and easiest way to cook them.

Dogs and men on the trail can survive on one and one half to two pounds of pemmican each day, plus an equal amount of water. Dogs at rest can survive for lengthy periods on less than half as much. ❑

The Joys of Making Pemmican



purchase and delivery of twelve tons of perishables for the expedition larder. They have been provided with the provision manifest made up by the Chief Steward for the New York City purchases. No address for a source is given; Starkweather did nothing about the lost food, preferring to "see to it" once the party arrived in town.

Twelve tons of food is an astounding amount—at least it seems so, when one is on the purchasing end. Melbourne in Spring is not the best time for fresh fruit, though some is available on the market, shipped in from Asian ports. The lack of fruit, however, is more than made up for by the abundance of hogs, chickens, dairy products, and mutton which is found cheaply everywhere. Canned and dried fruits and nuts are available in bulk.

Investigators will find that, almost without exception, the farmers and grocers they meet are friendly and eager to be of service to the expedition. The tale of Henning and his bomb is on everyone's lips; the story of Starkweather's rivalry with Acacia Lexington seems also to be common news.

The needed supplies can all be ordered in a single long afternoon of legwork and negotiation. After that everything will be delivered and loaded on to the *Gabrielle* without incident. Since the investigators are involved in the purchasing of these goods, they will all turn out to be of good quality and exactly as described.

Talking to the Police

On October 13th, the morning following their arrival in Port Phillip, Starkweather, Moore, any of the investigators, ship's officers and crew who have not already given depositions arrive at the station to give their statements. The meeting takes place in the basement of the Law Courts building downtown.

For most of the day the explorers must sit in a warm room, waiting to be called into a small office. Investigators are called in one at a time and offered a hard-backed chair at a stained and battered table. Two police constables are present; one asks the investigator to tell his or her version of what occurred on the *Gabrielle* regarding Henning and the sabotage, while the other takes down the conversation in shorthand. The questioning officer is imperturbable, methodical, and slow, asking often for the investigator to clarify, or to repeat statements that seem ambiguous.

The keeper need only play through one or two of these interviews to get across the point that justice moves at the same pace here as anywhere else. Nothing anyone—even Starkweather—can do will speed up the process.

Interviews with the police can easily swallow up an entire day if the keeper desires. Investigators who are working in groups on the reprovisioning may be interviewed one after another, so that they may move on to their next duties. At the end of each interview, the investigator is told by the officer that a typed statement will be prepared, and they will be notified when to return to have it signed and witnessed. The keeper may send a summons from the station at any time prior to departure.

If the investigators ask about Henning, they are told that he has still made no statement, nor offered any explanation for his deeds. He continues to be smug and uncooperative. However, the police assure the investigators that before their return from the Ice, the truth will be uncovered.

A Night on the Town

The captain and senior officers of the ship, and the expedition's senior scientists, are invited to an official function held at the Melbourne Town Hall by the Mayor and the City Councillors. It is obvious that this is a rapidly put-together affair, but all courtesies are extended. The explorers are forced to sit through long-winded speeches about how the City of Melbourne is honored to have them as their guests. Starkweather also makes a speech; he and Moore are presented with a key to the city (brass, bolted to a wooden plaque) and much wine is drunk.

Afterwards, there are not nearly enough cabs to return all the explorers to their lodgings or the ship. The investigators must walk. "It's only a mile or so!"

The areas around the docks are a mixture of warehouses, shipping offices, and the kinds of places that cater to sailors' entertainment. Pubs offer locally brewed beers and ales, along with dart games, cards, and an occasional bar brawl that investigators may be caught in.

For more adventurous investigators the late night hours offer illegal cock fights, prostitutes, and gang warfare. The small Chinese colony here could harbor an opium den, but more likely just offers superb cooking. As a small mini-scenario, investigators might stumble across smuggling activities, or the robbery of a waterfront warehouse.

For those more interested in highbrow activities, Melbourne is home to many diversions for the intellectually inclined. During the day, time can be easily whiled away at the National Museum or the many extensive botanical gardens. The great dome of the library beckons from the skyline. (Enterprising keepers may use this opportunity to plant clues for future scenarios.) The Melbourne Zoo and the public art gallery deserve visits. In the evening, theaters give the investigators a choice of everything from music halls and vaudeville to classical concerts.

Like any cosmopolitan city, Melbourne is home to all sorts of characters. Investigators could easily encounter pickpockets, retired Indian Army officers, adventuresses with mysterious pasts, and grizzled prospectors from the outback selling (genuine?) maps to gold mines. Any of these encounters could divert investigators with time on their hands.

Never forget that the Starkweather-Moore Expedition is the subject of intense interest for the press. Starkweather's nightly radio reports, rebroadcast around the world, have kept media interest alive. The keeper may complicate the investigators' lives by having them followed, questioned, and continually pursued by the ever-vigilant reporters.

Back to Sea

After six days in Melbourne, the expedition is ready to sail. On-board damage is repaired, the new equipment is aboard, and the latest weather reports are promising. The police have given their consent to let the *Gabrielle* go on its way.

Investigators are instructed to be back aboard ship by midnight on October 17th. All personal items should be stowed. Investigators who gave statements to the police should by now have reviewed and signed them in front of witnesses.

The final provisions and crated equipment are loaded in the early evening. The activity is reminiscent of New York. Professor Moore is everywhere with his clipboard, watching and worrying. For once, the investigators have the luxury of leaning on the rail, simply watching.

As they take their ease, a large canvas-sided truck comes speeding up to the berth. The driver lays on the horn continually, nimbly avoiding pedestrians and cargo. Stenciled on the side in large letters is: "Ellick's Welding And Plating."

The driver of the truck climbs out from one side of the cab as soon as it stops. Starkweather jumps down from the other. Not far behind them, three battered autos disgorge a dozen reporters and photographers.

With lots of gestures and shouts, Starkweather collars a couple of the dockhands, and sets them to unloading the truck. From the back come long cylinders of oxygen. "Haul 'em up, boys!" Starkweather orders.

The cylinders are quickly lashed together on wooden pallets to be lifted aboard the *Gabrielle*. In between directing the loading, Starkweather strikes poses for the photographers, and feeds the press whatever it wants to hear.

Once the loading of the oxygen seems well under way, Starkweather makes his way up the gangway. Stopping at the top to give the reporters a farewell salute, he shouts, "Thank you, lads! We'll be back in a few months!"

Gabrielle looses her lines and slips free of the dock at 3:30 a.m. under command of a local pilot. The trip out to the open ocean is uneventful. Passing through the Rip, a small launch pulls away from Queenscliff and follows after the *Gabrielle*. Safely through the passage and in the open ocean, the pilot takes his leave, and returns to the lighthouse aboard the launch.

With a blast or two of the whistle, Captain Vredenburgh turns the *Gabrielle* to the south—and the Ice. ■



Chapter Five Timeline

Sept. 11 — *Gabrielle* departs New York City in the afternoon, heading south.

Sept. 12 — Shipboard routine begins. Moore sponsors classes on a variety of topics which last throughout the voyage. Henning quietly begins his sabotage.

Sept. 15 — *Gabrielle* rounds Cuba and enters the Caribbean Sea. Lexington's *Tallahassee* reaches Panama.

Sept. 19 — *Gabrielle* reaches Colón.

Sept. 20 — *Gabrielle* passes through Panama Canal. Supplies taken aboard in Panama City.

Sept. 21 — Into the Pacific Ocean.

Sept. 25 — *Gabrielle* crosses the equator. A Line Crossing ceremony takes place, in which many explorers are genially humiliated. Henning's sabotage causes the ship's refrigerator to break down, contaminating tons of food.

Sept. 28 — Henning poisons several sled dogs with powdered strychnine. Once the poison is found, Starkweather and Moore assume it was meant for the explorers; a general search of the ship and the cargo begins.

Later, evidence of further sabotage—a half-made incendiary device—is found in one of the cargo holds, proving the saboteur is still aboard.

Oct. 8 — Lexington's *Tallahassee* arrives at Hobart, Tasmania.

Oct. 11 — If he has not been caught yet, Henning returns to the hold to finish his bomb.

Oct. 12 — *Gabrielle* arrives at Melbourne. If caught, Henning is thrown in jail; Starkweather meets with the press.

Oct. 13-17 — Expedition crew spend time on leave, or search for replacements for the food and equipment wrecked by Henning.

Oct. 18 — *Gabrielle* leaves Melbourne headed south. ❑

INTERLUDE: Trip Log of the Southern Journey

Here is a synopsis of *Gabrielle*'s journey to Antarctica from Melbourne.

10/18 —Calm and clear. Sea calm with small swell. Perfect weather. Noon position 148°20'E, 39°44'S. *Gabrielle* makes 88 miles by noon.

10/19—Wind up to 20 mph from north. Choppy seas. Noon position 151°40'E, 43°47'S. 252 miles.

10/20 —Wind around to south, 20–30 mph. Very cold. Sea rough, barometer falling. Noon position 153°11'E, 46°51'S. 246 miles.

10/21—Gentle SW wind, 10–15 mph, smoking blue sky. Noon position 156°12'E, 50°5'S. 258 miles.

10/22—Weather clear, but sea rougher, rising steadily. Sky deep gray, sun dim and pale. Wind W 20–25 mph. Noon position 157°15'E, 53°21'S. 236 miles.

10/23—Barometer drops sharply before dawn. Wind rises to nearly 50 mph with higher gusts, from WSW, very heavy seas and water over the rail. Gabrielle must run with the wind. Sudden clearing about 7 p.m. leaves last beautiful sunset view. *Gabrielle* turns south again. Noon position 161°20'E, 55°6'S. 260 miles.

10/24—Cold and clear, wind SW 20–25 mph. Good progress made. Fog hits hard shortly before midnight. Noon position 163°57'E, 57°47'S. 246 miles.

10/25—Fog continues weird and thick. Speed reduced. Ice feared. Noon position 165°4'E, 60°17'S. 188 miles. First icebergs seen mid-afternoon; soon after, fast barometer drop and more bergs sighted. Storm feared. Sea swell roughening; *Gabrielle* turns east at sunset.

10/26—Heavy snow in early morning, followed by still clear dawn. *Gabrielle* turns south into scattered floes. Noon position 167°44'E, 63°50'S. 212 miles. Shortly after noon, barometer crashes and wind whips up from SSW in a massive storm. Winds 60+ mph, huge waves, much blown ice and rime. *Gabrielle* turns NE to escape the worst of it. The motors break loose about 6 p.m.

10/27—Storm continues, winds shifting to west. Sea heavy, with chop and lots of snow. Miserable. Noon position 175°0'E, 62°10'S. 240 miles.

10/28 —Winds drop off, visibility poor due to heavy snow flurries from west. Many icebergs sighted; speed low and careful. Noon position 176°34'E, 65°33'S. 215 miles.

10/29—Sailing due south dodging through lots of big bergs. Weather continues thick and snowy, visibility poor. Noon position 176°24'E, 66°5'S. Much dodging of bergs in later afternoon, *Gabrielle* turns west in search of clearer water.

10/30—In thick ice. Wind from S 10–15 mph. Many large bergs, some thick sheets of flat ice as much as 1/2 mile long. Noon position 172°10'E, 68°04'S. 179 miles.

10/31—Stopped by the pack. Weather calm but gray, slight swell. Huge sheets of thick ice and long flat bergs everywhere. *Gabrielle* sails slowly east, looking for open water and signs of weakness in the ice. Noon position 174°8'E, 68°51'S. 146 miles.

11/2—Calm and sunny. Drifting with the pack. Lots of loose ice, but no sign of a southern road. Noon position 177°30'E, 69°2'S. 88 miles.

11/3—Clear water to south found around dawn; some progress made. Weather remains clear, though barometer lowering. Noon position 178°12'E, 69°41'S. 69 miles.

11/4—Furious storm, the worst yet, hits at midnight with little warning. Wind S 70+ mph, huge swells, and great danger from berg ice. *Gabrielle* withdraws north for safety. Noon position approximate 179°44'W, 67°15'S. 166 miles.

11/5—Storm abates shortly after dawn; *Gabrielle* turns south in brisk seas, clearing skies. Pack loosened, many bergs, dangerous travel. Noon position 179°12'E, 68°9'S. 184 miles.

11/6—Into the pack. Ice very thick, very old, closing on all sides along narrow leads. Fog settles in during the morning. *Wallaroo* sighted midday. Much of the day ramming and filling. Noon position 178°47'E, 69°20'S. 46 miles.

11/7—In the pack. Weather calm, wind SE 10–15 mph. No swell. Thick ice, progress slow. Noon position 177°6'E, 70°16'S. 36 miles.

11/8—In the pack. Weather foggy, no wind, no swell. Thick ice, leads closing over, progress slow. Noon position 176°49'E, 70°58'S. 30 miles.

11/9—In the pack. Weather gray but clearing, wind SSW 5–10 mph. Thick ice, ship in danger, Starkweather breaks out the dynamite. Noon position 176°44'E, 71°32'S. 32 miles.

11/10—In the pack. Weather clear but very cold, wind S 10–15 mph. Thick ice. Thin open leads now and again; progress improves. Noon position 175°50'E, 72°10'S. 40 miles.

11/11—In the pack. Weather flurries of snow and wind S 5–20 mph. Grinding ice, ship in danger. Noon position 175°1'E, 73°4'S. 46 miles.

11/12—In the pack. Clear and snow flurries. Wind S 5–10 mph. Increased swell in the ice. Progress good. Noon position 176°50'E, 74°44'S. 87 miles.

11/13—In the Ross Sea. Cleared the pack at 10:20 am, pushing south through heavy pancake ice and loose bergs. Weather foggy. No wind. Noon position 174°00'E, 76°31'S. 145 miles.

11/14—South of Ross Island. Offloading begins. Weather foggy with snow flurries, wind SW 5–10 mph.

11/15—Sea ice camp established. Weather clear and calm. Lexington overflies the Pole; *Scott* makes a successful first flight, establishes location of barrier camp not far from Lexington's base.

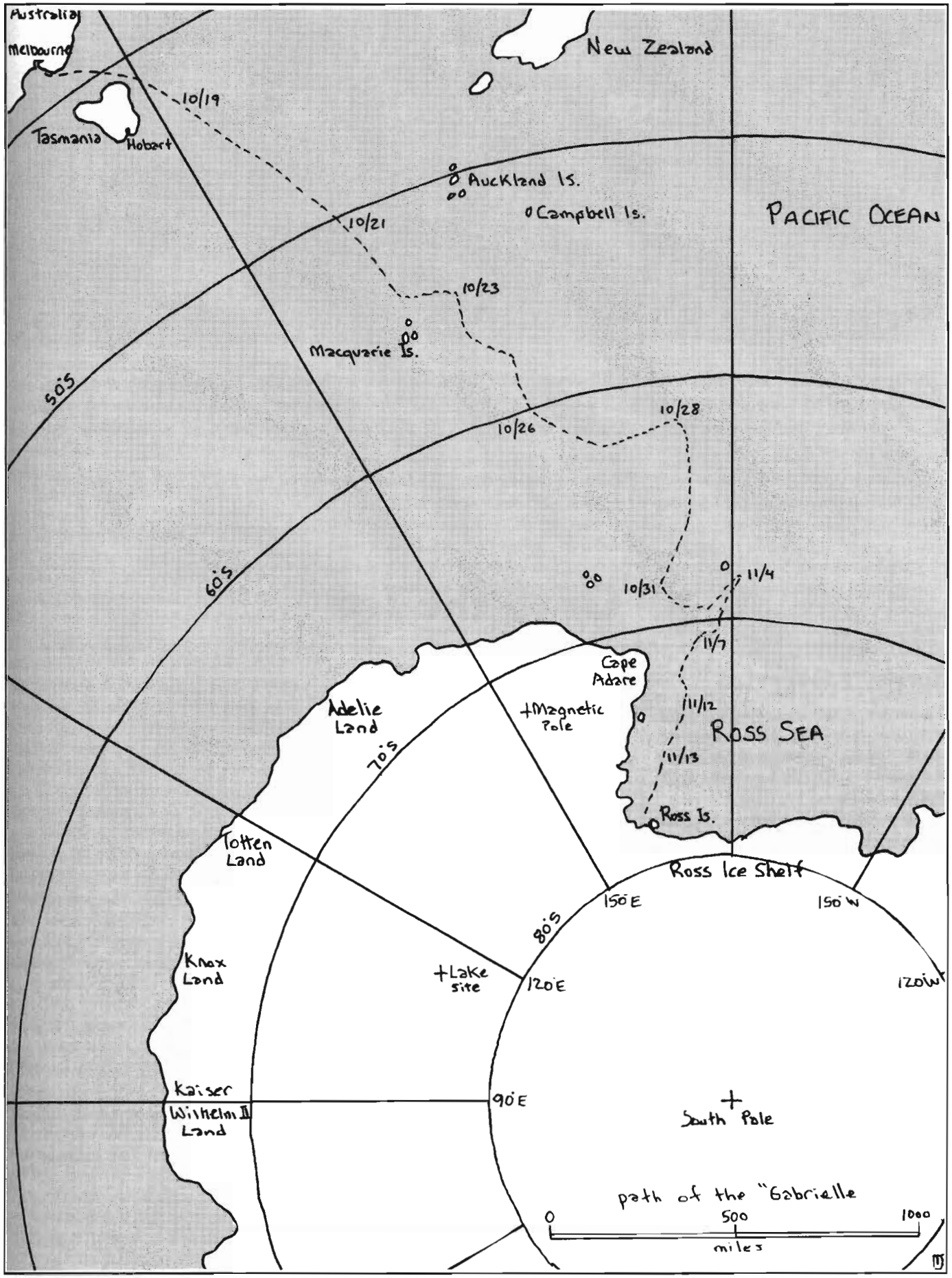
11/16—*Enderby, Weddell* ready to fly. First cargo flights to new barrier campsite. *Gabrielle* cruises Ross Sea, taking photos and scientific readings.

11/17—Airlift continues. Weather warm, mild seas.

11/18—First cracks appear across the ice near the sea camp. Airlift efforts stepped up, but continued breakup causes loss of 20+ tons of fuel and food. All hands safe; tractors escape the sea ice overland and climb the Barrier.

11/19—All expedition members reunited at the barrier camp. Weather gusty and cold, with thick blown snow. Flying impossible. ❑

Southward Path of the Gabrielle





Chapter Six
Oct. 18–Nov. 19, 1933

Wherein the terrors of Antarctica manifest long before glacier or penguin may be seen. At the Ross Ice Barrier, the Gabrielle *unloads.*



Owing to the bad weather that struck us yesterday, I made no entries in my log. Thursday night the ship pitched so, we got little sleep. Seas were breaking over the taffrail, the wind velocity approached fifty miles per hour, and the glass dropped sharply. Matters were decidedly serious. My first fears were for the cargo on deck and for the dogs. . . .

Fortunately the gale blew us along the line of our course. . . . Had we broached into the trough of a sea our decks must have been swept as clean as a pantry shelf. . . .

— *R. Byrd,* Journal, *December 8, 1928.*

Onto the Ice

Keeper's Overview

This chapter covers the expedition's voyage south from Melbourne, their battles with weather and the Antarctic pack ice, and the establishment at last of a base camp on the Ross Sea Barrier.

The purpose of the chapter is to establish in the players' minds the stark hostility and beauty of the polar continent. Seemingly there are no monsters or enemies to fight here. There are no further attempts at sabotage. The foe is Nature itself.

With Henning safely out of the way, and his sabotage revealed, the officers and crew of the *Gabrielle* are outwardly friendly. Rumors of Starkweather's bad luck are still whispered belowdecks, but misfortune has been seen to wear a human face. Passengers and crew work hard together, and everyone looks forward to the dangerous excitement of the pack ice.

A single optional encounter is provided, for keepers who wish to keep the investigators busy during this time: the wreck of a lost whaler is found locked in the ice, its sad mute tale waiting to be uncovered.

The Southern Sea

With the last of the new cargo stowed, final repairs complete, and passengers and crew tucked safely aboard, the SS *Gabrielle* sets sail on the morning of October 18th. Her course takes her southeast around the curve of Tasmania and south into the storm-swept reaches of the Southern Ocean. The sky is clear, the sea is calm. Everything is perfect for the journey south.

Professor Moore holds a meeting in the officers' lounge. A map of South Polar waters hangs from the wall behind him.

"I have here the weather news," he says. "The reports are both good and bad, but they are in fact what we were hoping for.

"It says here that spring in the far south has been extremely stormy, and that it is likely to continue that way for the next few weeks. That means two things. We are likely to meet very bad weather soon, possibly a lot of it; but it also means that the polar pack ice will be pushed out early from the Ross Sea. This last is very important indeed, for once the pack has been pushed out, we can push our own way in.

"It may have occurred to some of you that we—all of us—are going south far earlier than is customary. That is true, and it is a gamble. It is, however, a gamble that the Miskatonic University Expedition also made, three years ago. What was successful for them will, I hope, succeed for us as well. By proceeding early in the teeth of the storm, so to speak, we gain valuable time in Antarctica. I hope to make good use of that time.

"Our planned course has us entering the ice pack due north of Cape Adare, and proceeding southward through the Ross Sea to Ross Island, where we shall make landfall. Whether this is possible depends upon the ice, of course. We will enter the pack where it seems safest, and improvise from there.

"If all goes well, we shall be set up on the Antarctic continent less than a month from today. If luck is with us, it could be much sooner than that."

He goes on to add that, for the remainder of the voyage and for their time upon the ice, the expedition clocks will use "Antipodal Time"—twelve hours ahead of Greenwich Mean—as the correct time upon the Ross Ice Shelf.

Over the next four days, the ship pushes southward nearly a thousand miles into the cold gray sea. Winds shift hourly, are bitterly cold and at times quite fierce. The ship pitches and rolls, thrumming in the heavy swells. Those who suffer from seasickness are miserable throughout this period—the relentless heaving of the deck makes life a quiet hell.

On the 23rd of October the barometer plummets in the early morning hours, as a fierce gale sweeps in from the west. By five o'clock the wind is blowing gusts of up to fifty miles per hour. Captain Vredenburgh turns the ship to run with the storm, but for several hours the *Gabrielle* is at the mercy of wind and wave, tossed from peak to trough by the fury of the elements.

The passengers are taken on the wildest roller coaster ride of their lives, but it is not one that they enjoy. More than half of the expedition is helpless with nausea (see Chapter Five for seasickness rules). Those who remain have difficulty even walking on the deck, so fierce is the ship's pitching motion. Small unsecured objects clatter and roll about the passengers' cabins. Investigators lucky enough to be up and about are sent at once to make certain the cargo and the equipment in the labs does not get loose and smash itself against the walls.

Shortly before 7 p.m., the fierce wind dies, and the black wall of clouds to the west dissolves suddenly. Everyone on board is treated to a magnificent sunset, banners of orange and green and gold fusing and chasing one another across the lowering sky. It is a wonderful surprise ending to a memorable day. *Gabrielle* turns south once more.

Dawn on the 24th breaks clear and cold, with bitter wind sweeping in from the south carrying the chill of the polar ice. Ice rime builds up on lines and railings. After the rough ride of the previous day, the ocean seems smooth as glass. The ship makes excellent progress in moderate seas.

Captain Vredenburgh orders the crew to rig for foul weather, knowing that yesterday's storm will not be the last. Heavy lines are rigged fore and aft along the deck, to be used as handholds and guides when needed, and much loose equipment is stowed. The ship continues south.

Ice

Daybreak on October 25th brings with it a weird shadowy world. The ship pushes forward at reduced speed through thick freezing fog. Rime thickens on all exposed surfaces, frost points grow across ports and windows, and the deck becomes slick and dangerous. The captain reduces speed once, then a second time, as visibility drops and the sea calms.

The first iceberg is sighted at 2:40 p.m.—a huge old glacial table 40 yards across, weathered and crumbling, its sides undercut in a hundred caves from the working of wind and water. Other bergs follow, looming up out of the mist like ghosts. By sunset the ship has passed close by a dozen of them, each trailed by its little flock of chips and shards. One of the floes is a deep greenish black, riding barely above the water, but almost half again as long as the ship.

Toward sunset the barometer begins to drop. The crew fears a coming storm. Captain Vredenburgh turns ship, heading east, unwilling to push into the field of bergs in night and rough weather. By morning on the 26th, however, the promised storm has not arrived. The ship veers southward once more, in flurries of heavy snow, past widely scattered ice floes.

Hard Seas

October 26, 1933: the *Gabrielle* steams south toward the ice pack. Shortly after noon the barometer plummets further. Within an hour it has fallen lower than any of the scientists have ever seen before. A solid wall of black clouds pours from the southwest with breathtaking speed, falling on the ship in a wave of howling wind and spray.

The vessel is caught in the grip of a terrible storm. Gusts well over sixty miles per hour clutch at the booms and wires, hammer open doors, and threaten to tear away wood and canvas covers before they can be battened down. Immense waves rise high overhead, crashing down across the decks with hollow thundering booms.

Gabrielle rings and shudders with every attack, heeling and plunging deep into the gray Antarctic waters. Men suffer and struggle in the engine room and on the bridge, trying desperately to bring her bow around before the ship is torn apart by the force of the storm. It is all but impossible to stand; walking without handholds is out of the question.

All around, the air is full of the screams and groans of the tortured ship as its metal plates are stressed in every possible direction at once. Above decks the rain sweeps in horizontally from the south, carrying with it hail and sleet that scours flesh and shatters glass. The crates lashed in the holds shift with every pitch and roll of the ship, the ropes and straps holding them in place strained to their utmost, their creaking adding to the cacophony above. The dogs, helpless in their cages aft, scream and howl in terrified confusion.

The storm does not cease. Hour after hour the ship wallows on. Again and again the bow disappears beneath the wall of waves. Time after time watery hammer-blows slam against the superstructure and cover the bridge windows in rime.

Belowdecks, expedition members huddle miserably in the lounges or in their cabins, clutching bowls and basins and moaning in distress. The ship's kitchen is awash with water from pots swept off the stove, but the cook and his messboys struggle to prepare a hot meal.

Just after 6 p.m., investigators granted successful **Listen rolls** hear a terrible tearing crash from somewhere forward as the bow of the ship slams downward into a trough. The crash is repeated moments later, and then again a third time, as the *Gabrielle* heels and slews. A successful **Idea roll** suggests to the investigator that some heavy piece of cargo has gotten loose and is slamming about in its hold.

Whatever it is, something must be done swiftly, or even greater damage could result.

On Deck

Investigators may act alone, or enlist the help of off-duty crew. If the characters raise an alarm, they quickly have all the help they need: at least half a dozen crewmen are ready to save the day, though just about every other expedition member (including James Starkweather) is helpless due to nausea.

Ropes hang in coils by the outside hatches. These can be used to lash the investigators and crew to each other and to the guide lines on the deck while they work their way to the holds. There is no time to string lights; electric torches or storm lanterns must be carried if anything is to be seen.

The moment the outside hatch is released, winds try to tear it out of the holder's hands. Investigators holding the door must **roll STR** against the STR 12 of

the wind on the Resistance Table, or the door pulls free and slams against the outer wall, and wind and water pour through into the interior.

Outside it is as black as night. The air cuts like a knife in the investigators' throats and lungs, numbing any exposed skin; breath whips away in thin streams of mist, lost in the storm. Anyone without thick protective garments is soaked to the skin and freezing in moments.

There is no light except that from the lamps or torches. Flying ice and spray make the flashlight beams solid columns of white against the darkness; visibility is less than twenty feet. The decks are rimed with ice, slick and uncertain under foot, and freezing water washes knee-deep against the cargo hatches with every breaking wave. The sound is immense: the boom of waves and the constant shriek of wind are so loud that everyone must shout to be heard.

Hand over hand the little party pulls itself along the ropes to the hatches. There are three cargo holds in a line forward of the bridge. It is from one of these that the noises come. (Refer to the *Gabrielle* deck plans in Chapter Four-B for more details.) Each person must make a successful **DEX roll** while traveling to each succeeding hatch or be knocked over by the rushing sea. Any investigator who is not attached to a guide line when this occurs needs a successful **Luck roll** or is swept over the side. Those who succeed in saving themselves are able to grab hold of a rope or railing, but must retreat to the warmth of the cabins at once, freezing and half-drowned by their brief immersion.

Looking At the Damage

There is no way to tell from which hatch the sounds originate. The noise of the storm is simply too great. Instead, a hatch must be opened, and someone must go below.

The three forward cargo hatches are each 45 feet long and 25 feet wide, sealed securely against the weather. They cannot be opened. Only the small single-man inspection covers can be undogged; these open onto steel rung ladders which descend into the holds.

The loose cargo is in the #2 tween-deck hold. Thumps and tearing rumbles can be heard from above the moment anyone descends the ladder. Worse, the thin oily scent of kerosene fills the air. The damage, seen in the dim light from an electric torch, is horrifying.

Two of the four great engines belonging to the Boeing aircraft have broken free of their straps and are loose within the chamber. With each pitch and shift of the ship they roll and bound about the compartment like gigantic steel bowling balls. The remnants of their crates are wooden shards scattered about the floor.

Everything in the hold shows the scars left by the careening motors. The remaining two engines are still secure; their crates are battered and crushed on one end, but the motors themselves are not greatly damaged. The boxes containing the wings of the plane are dimpled and crushed by the engines' passage in several places, and the plane itself shows huge dents and gaping rents in its belly and along the fuselage. The pallet of kerosene tins that was secured against one bulkhead is smashed and askew; flammable liquid spreads from crumpled containers and sloshes across the deck with every pitch or yaw. Shadows dance hugely in the torch's dim glow.

The destruction is considerable. If something is not done quickly it could get much worse. In the kerosene-smeared chamber, a chance-made spark might start a fire that could sink the ship—if it descends through the floor of wooden beams into the rows of gasoline drums in the compartment below.

A Dangerous Rescue

Abating the threat is a difficult and dangerous job. The two engines each weigh nearly eight hundred pounds and are solid steel. Anyone caught by one in its mad rush across the hold will be crushed horribly. Nevertheless, that is what must be done: the motors must be trapped, immobilized, and secured against the pitch of the ship.

The tween-deck hold is a single 50 x 35 foot room, 12 feet high, dominated by the Boeing's fuselage in its center. The two motors shift at roughly the same time, every five combat rounds. One person can climb down the ladder each round.

Anyone entering the hold needs a successful **Luck roll** every five rounds to avoid getting into the path of a careening motor. If the roll is missed, investigators get a successful **Dodge roll** to jump out of the way. An additional **DEX roll** is needed to avoid slipping and falling on the kerosene-slick floor. Anyone hit by a rolling engine loses 2D6 hit points.

Trapping each motor requires overcoming its SIZ of 30 with a successful **STR roll.** Up to four people can add their STR together to hold the motor down, but no one who is holding it still can be involved in securing the engine to the deck or bulkhead.

Fortunately, there is plenty of rope in the compartment, hung in coils from various cleats and pins on the bulkhead. Cargo nets and D-rings can be found as well. A half-hitch or slip knot and a successful **Throw roll** brings the rope around the engine, but the other end must already be anchored around a cleat, or the investigator is towed about the slippery floor.

Once the motor is caught, it must be secured by someone else who is not involved in trying to hold it down. Securing the motor takes a few minutes—ten to fifteen combat rounds—and requires an appropriate amount of rope, chain, steel strapping or other such material. A successful **Grapple roll**, **DEX roll**, or **Throw roll** holds the motor securely.

Unless there are four people present to hold and tie down both motors at once, the second one continues to be a hazard while the first is secured. Anyone attempting to catch the second motor needs the same **Luck roll**, **Dodge roll**, and **DEX roll** as before. Those holding or tying the first motor are at lesser risk, and may add 25 percentiles to their **Luck roll** thresholds for the purpose of avoiding danger. Should anyone need to leap out of the way, however, his or her STR is removed from the pool holding down the first motor and there is a good chance that it too will break free once more. A new **STR roll** on the Resistance Table using only the STR of those who did not let go is immediately necessary to avoid this.

With a little good luck, the threat can be put down. The group, battered and exhausted from the strain, may relax knowing they have done well.

Aftermath

Once the engines are secure, the expedition's equipment in the hold must be inspected. Damage to it is considerable.

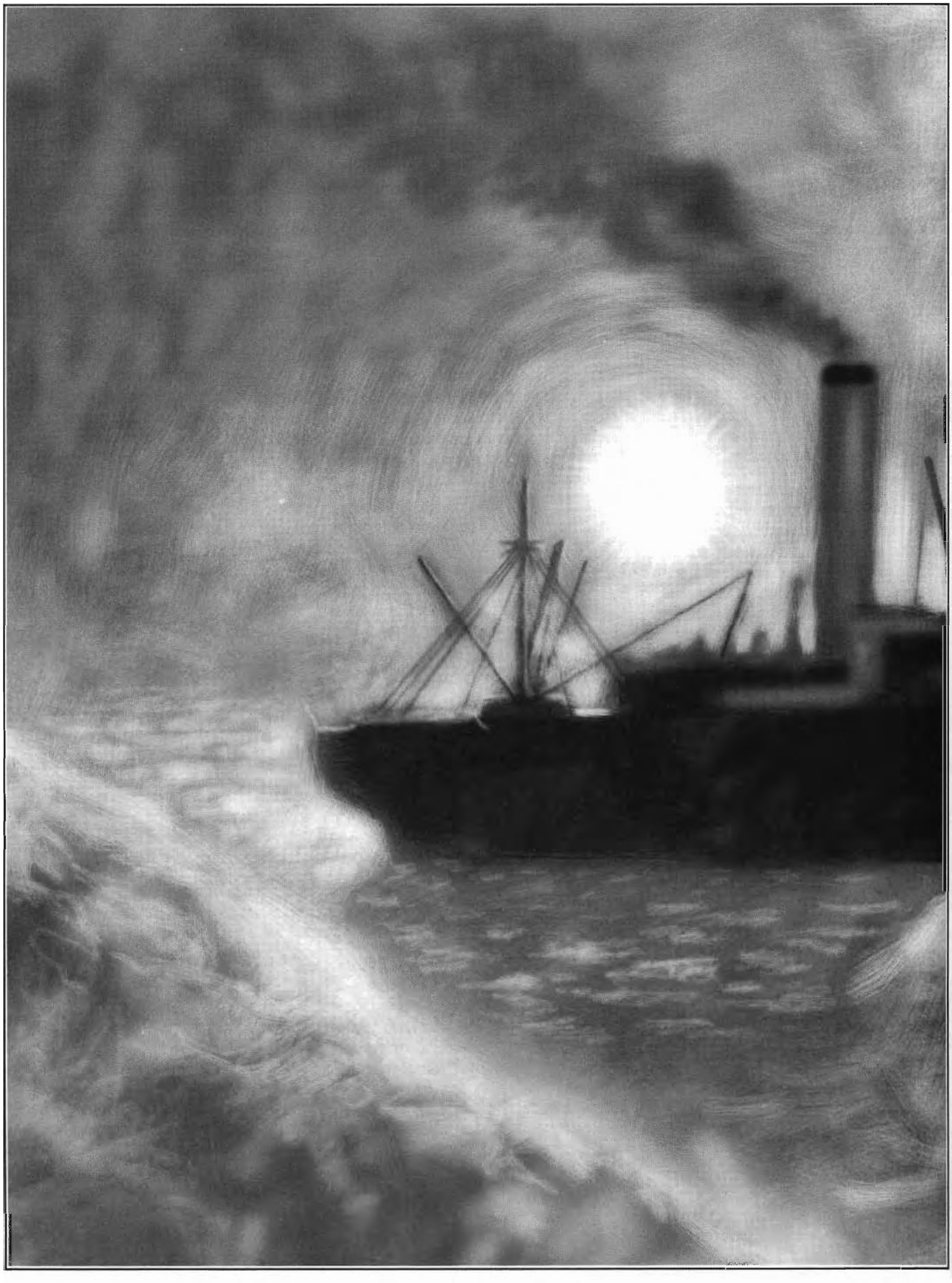
The two loose engines are in bad shape, cracked and dented in ways that make them useless. They cannot be fixed aboard the ship or on the Ice.

The two engines that remain in their crates are battered but essentially undamaged. The Boeing aircraft itself, however, is useless. The *Shackleton's* wings are crushed in places, its fuel tanks punctured, and the fuselage smashed or twisted at a number of points. Halperin and Dewitt, Starkweather's air crew, pronounce the plane unfit to fly.

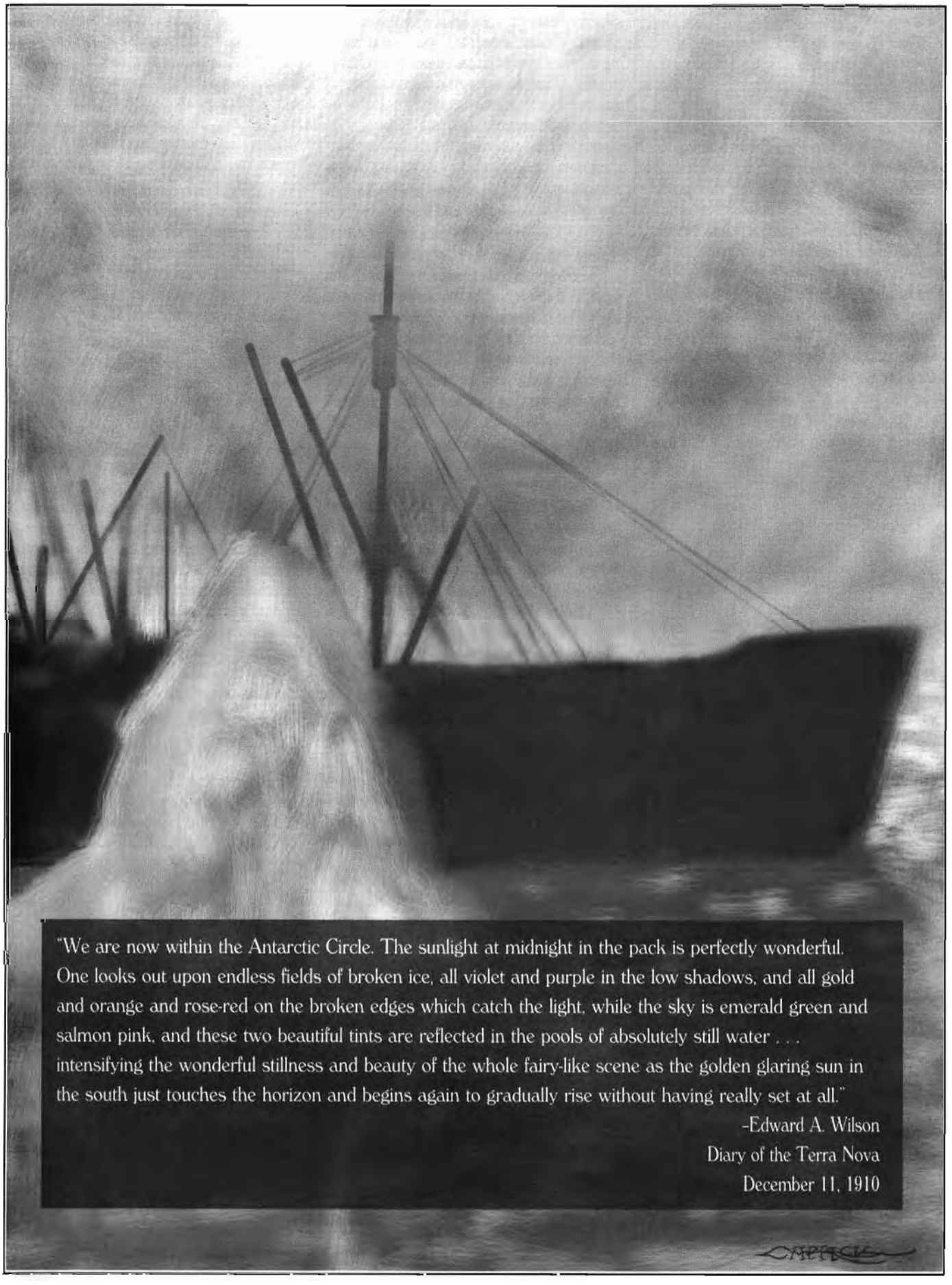
The Loose Engine in the Hold



The Gabrielle in the Ice Pack



The Gabrielle in the Ice Pack



"We are now within the Antarctic Circle. The sunlight at midnight in the pack is perfectly wonderful. One looks out upon endless fields of broken ice, all violet and purple in the low shadows, and all gold and orange and rose-red on the broken edges which catch the light, while the sky is emerald green and salmon pink, and these two beautiful tints are reflected in the pools of absolutely still water . . . intensifying the wonderful stillness and beauty of the whole fairy-like scene as the golden glaring sun in the south just touches the horizon and begins again to gradually rise without having really set at all."

-Edward A. Wilson
Diary of the Terra Nova
December 11, 1910

What is more, half of the expedition's kerosene tins have been breached, and their contents have run into the hold. This is a less serious problem, but could prove important if the party plans a lengthy stay on the Ice.

A successful **Spot Hidden roll** while examining the chamber allows an investigator to discover that the cleats holding the straps onto the engine crates were carefully corroded, as if by acid, on the undersides where no one could see. The resultant weakening was not detectable before, but was enough to cause them to break free in the fury of the storm.

Henning's final legacy of sabotage has cost the party more than all the rest of his work together.

James Starkweather is red-faced and furious at the news of the damage—doubly so if the sabotage is revealed. He storms back and forth for more than an hour, shouting curses and slamming his fist into the wall and on the table. But there is nothing he can do except push on. Starkweather becomes violent at the mere suggestion of turning back—trembling, choleric, he saws the air with clenched fists as he shouts. "No! Out of the question! Impossible! Not when we're so close! Three planes, or two, or one—it does not matter, we're going on! On, I tell you! Now get out!"

Into the Pack

The furious storm continues for two more days, calming gradually on the morning of October 28th. Visibility remains low—the sky is lost behind flurries of heavy snow—but the captain decides it is safe to turn south in calmer seas. *Gabrielle* turns her nose once more toward the Pole.

Throughout that day, and through the next, the ship weaves its way carefully though fleets of giant icebergs. Progress is steady, though slow. Ice mountains loom up through the murk and pass by without a sound. All that can be heard abovedecks is the faint whine of the wind, the hiss of waves, and the cries of the crewmen on lookout at the bow and stern.

On October 29th, the ship moves into a region where the surface of the sea is crowded with shards and clumps of icy slush. These clatter thinly against the hull but do not impede forward progress; nevertheless, as the sea ice grows thicker and begins to harden, the captain turns west in search of clearer water.

All of the 30th is spent pushing through thin sea ice. Large ice floes are everywhere, as well as flat sheets as much as a half mile long. It is clear that the *Gabrielle* has reached the outskirts of the pack ice; and that the pack is, indeed, loose and running.

It does not, however, seem safe to turn south.

The following day the ship's westward progress is stopped by ice. To the south and west, in all directions, the sheets and humps of the pack extend as far as the eye can see. The sea is flat, the sky cloudy and the air clear but cold. Even the usual swell of the sea is damped by the presence of ice on all sides. After so many days at sea, the unmoving deck feels strange underfoot. *Gabrielle* sails east again, searching for clearer water, pushing slowly through a thin crust of sea ice that cracks and splinters beneath the bow.

She skirts the edge of the pack for two more days without finding a way south. Just after three o'clock in the morning on November 3rd, however, a lookout spots a broad open lead of clear water arrowing to the southeast through thicker floes. Encouraged, Starkweather orders the captain to press on. By noon the ship has pushed twenty miles into the pack. Walls and cornices of ice rise to port and starboard, and the chunks and panes of sea ice atop the lead tinkle musically as the ship pushes through. The ice rises and falls on either side, slowly, rubbing and crumbling in blocks as big as a man, now and again splitting apart with sharp gunshot reports.

The barometer begins to lower once more toward sunset, but the ship pushes on.

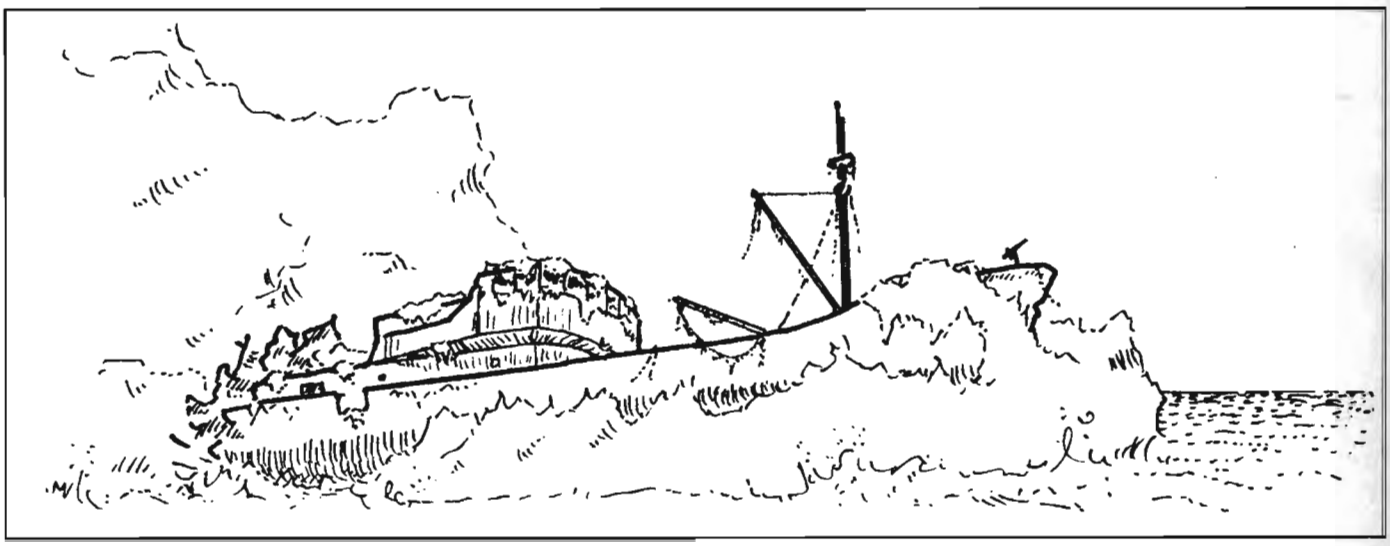
That night another storm hits. This one is fully as powerful as the one the week before—winds up to seventy miles per hour, blown ice and hail, heavy seas. This time, however, an added danger exists—the pack itself.

Around the ship, the ice moans and shatters from the force of the sea. Huge bergs roll and grind against the *Gabrielle* as she tries to turn to clearer water, but there is nowhere to go. Again and again, the ship clangs and heels as spines and shoulders of hard ice grind against the hull. Armored plates groan and yield, but do not break. Crewmen and passengers huddle in the mess, praying, while others toil or simply hide. There is little else to do but wait.

The ship survives—miraculously, it seems. The deck is awash with ice, and great seams and gouges can be seen over the rail—but the storm passes with the night, as swiftly as it came, leaving behind a new world.

To all sides the solid walls of the pack are broken. Narrow cracks and threads of open water show at every hand. *Gabrielle* turns southward again, pushing gently into the pack and forcing her own way carefully

The Wallaroo in the Ice



forward beneath a smoking blue sky. All hands are required on deck to help push away the smaller bergs with long poles, or repair the damage left by the squall.

Forcing the pack is a dangerous undertaking. The ship's engines roar and rumble as she inches up to a floe, nestling softly alongside, then churning the sea behind with all the power she can bear. Usually the ice yields. Again and again she presses forward in this way, the heavy crashing thrum resounding through the hull.

The pack ice on all sides is very thick and very old. Weird hummocks and spires rise up at odd angles; layers of dark and light ice like the striations in ancient stone can be seen at every hand. All around are the colors of the sea: white, green, and every shade of blue, shifting from instant to instant and sparkling like cast diamonds in a stray ray of sunshine.

Throughout November 4th and 5th the ship pushes onward through the pack. On the morning of the 5th, the radio reports that Lexington's *Tallahassee* is trapped deep within the ice, not more than three hundred miles to the east. There is no way the *Gabrielle* could help the other ship, but from the satisfied look on Starkweather's face when he hears the news, it is just as well.

The Relic

On November 6th, the wind dies out and a thin mist descends upon the sea. Ghostly vaporous fingers rise from the water and curl around the ice; the colors of the sea and sky blend and twist eerily off of the pack. Distant objects blur and reappear like illusions—one minute the lookouts can see to the horizon, the next the nearest bergs are all that can be made out through the haze.

About nine o'clock that morning, a cry is heard from the lookout, as a darkened mass on the far side of an iceberg comes into view. As the *Gabrielle* gets closer, the bow of a trapped whaler can be seen protruding from the ice, half frozen and adrift.

First Officer Turlow surveys the wreck through binoculars. "It's the *Wallaroo*," he says, uneasily. "She disappeared last autumn during a squall. No one has found a trace of her—until now."

After some discussion between Starkweather, Moore, and the captain, the *Gabrielle* pushes closer. A small boat is lowered and a handful of expedition members (including any brave investigators who wish to tag along) make their way to the derelict. As they approach more details are apparent—the hull split in half at the midpoint, ice completely encompassing the fore section, while in the aft the distinctive twisted metal of a boiler explosion scars the hull. Eerily distorted whistles of wind careen through the misshapen pinnacles of ice.

A successful **Throw roll** tethers the longboat to the wreckage, and allows the investigators to carefully climb aboard the *Wallaroo*. Each investigator needs a successful **Climb roll** or **DEX x3 roll** to avoid mishap. Failure means that the character slips; roll his/her **Luck roll** to see what happens. A success means that the investigator has merely twisted an ankle for 1D2 HP damage; a failed roll means that the individual has fallen into the icy water.

Investigators who fall into the water must attempt a **Swim roll** for every round they remain there. Use the rules for drowning found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules. A successful **Throw roll** on the part of a rescuer results in a line being cast out to the character, who then needs a **STR x5 roll** (-10% per round in the numbing water) to grab and hold onto the rope. The character should then immediately be placed in a warm place with a change of clothes. If this is done within a couple of minutes, allow the character a **CON x3 roll** to avoid a cold, otherwise it is **CON x1.**

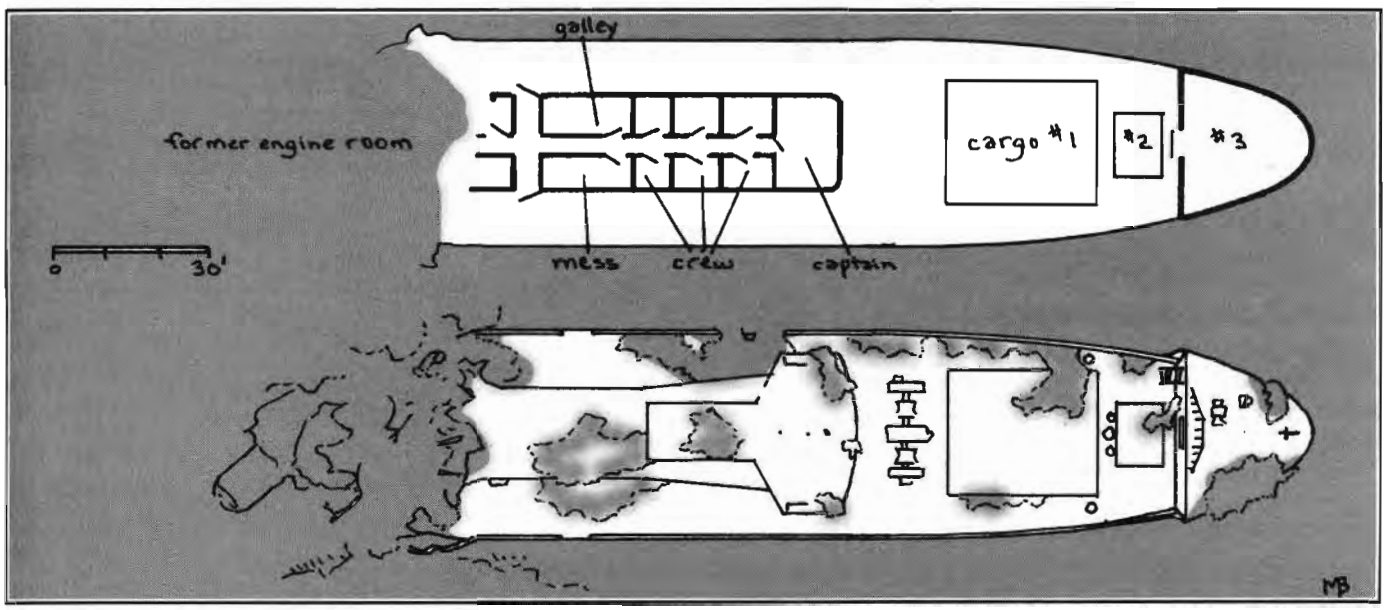
Characters who go under, or who are otherwise not pulled from the water swiftly, run a very real risk of hypothermia and death.

Aboard the *Wallaroo*

The investigators climb aboard the ship near its midsection; the rooms and cabins that remain are mostly either forward or aft of them. Whichever direction they go they stumble upon misshapen parts of skeletons, flesh stripped bare and frozen bodily fluids encrusted within the wood they lie upon. The sight of these grisly remains costs each witness 1/1D4 SAN. Investigators may find it odd that not even the clothing remains on the bodies found on deck.

Little remains of the central portion of the ship. An explosion of the ship's boilers buckled the hull and blew away much of the deck. The corroded ice-shrouded remains of the engines hulk below, open to the sky; the few human remains in that

The Wallaroo Deck Plan



area are mostly bits of charred and blackened bone.

Aft

Several of the skeletons lie on deck toward the rear of the ship, arranged in neat rows. The bulk of the crew quarters reside in this section with the steering engine room being at the end.

Crew Quarters: these are small and cramped, eight foot square rooms intended for four people. None have bodies in them. Many contain shredded and moldering linens. Locked cabinets at the foot of each bed contain the personal effects of the crew, such as dice, cards, pictures of family, tobacco, razors, etc. Along the wall the remains of several nets contain stiff discolored clothing.

Captain's Quarters: a little larger room than the others, this once-luxurious 10' x 16' room contains the remains of a feather bed, a desk, and a trunk. The trunk is bound by iron bands, closed with a padlock (STR 30). The desk has been badly weathered by the sea air, but the drawers are lined with



oiled leather, allowing their contents to survive. The *Wallaroo's* logbook is contained within, along with several letters from the captain's family, a photo, and a fountain pen. If the drawer is pulled out, and a successful **Spot Hidden roll** is made, a false back is discovered. Opening it reveals an iron key and a leather pouch containing several gold coins of unknown origin, with oddly shaped sea creatures depicted.

The dried and frozen remains of the captain lie in the bed, fully dressed, with a pistol beside his outstretched hand. An empty whiskey bottle lies nearby.

The logbook's last entries tell of the ship running into a squall, the explosion of the boiler and death of most of the crew, and the *Wallaroo*'s subsequent embeachment in the pack ice. The healthy survivors set off in boats to the north, leaving only the captain and two others too injured to be moved.

The captain's final entry wishes his family well, praises his crew, and wishes them all good fortune. It is dated two weeks after the accident.

Reading the captain's log takes a couple of hours and a successful **English roll** because of his obscure penmanship. Photocopy or read aloud the excerpt provided on this page, *Beyond Papers 6.1*, "Captain's Log, Final Entry."

On Deck: the forward deck of the ship is weathered and warped by the pressures of the ice. The whaler's scooped nose is crumpled, and everything is covered in a layer of guano and rime. There are no bodies in this section. Belowdecks, the fore section is made up completely of cargo holds.

Beyond Papers 6.1: Captain's Log, Final Entry

March 12th. It is over. My hand is wholly useless now, lost to the gangrene, and the red lines of infection have spread past the tourniquet and up my arm. There is nothing to be done. My own stench disgusts me.

Bowers passed on in the night.

I am no Shackleton, no Mawson, to face the odds and overcome them. I am merely an old tired soul who has lost the gamble and will die alone upon the ice. The horrible endless ice. It is beautiful, but heartless. In these past few days I have come to hate its cruelty. It cries, and whispers, and moans to me in the still air, grinding hopes and prayers away in mindless hostile fury. I pray the others got away. There is nothing for anyone here. Even the whales are long gone.

Should anyone ever find this log, let me praise once again the excellence and skill of my officers and crew. Their loyalty and stout hearts are without peer. I wish them well and pray that they are now safely homeward bound.

I give my love to Nancy and the boys. May they find happiness in years to come. I only regret I cannot hold them to me one last time.

God forgive me for what I am about to do.

Stephen Willard, Captain
SS Wallaroo

Cargo Bay 1: this the main cargo hold, and where slaughtered whales were kept before rendering. There is a faint foul smell coming from this room, reminiscent of dead flesh. Inside, the hold is more than half filled with the remains of several whales. Meat, barrels of fat and blubber, bone, and other bits with commercial value are stacked and piled neatly below. Everything is frozen solid, but the closed hatch has kept out much of the ice that covers everything above. Instead, a heavy dusting of crystals sparkles in the dim light, giving the cargo an unreal velvety glow.

Cargo Bay 2: whatever supplies that once rested here are either gone or spoiled. All that remains are a half-dozen haphazardly scattered cases of canned goods. The labels of these have loosened over time and now lie scattered around the cases like dried leaves.

Cargo Bay 3: this room is similar to Cargo Bay 2. A few more boxes and barrels of supplies may be found here, all of them long spoiled. The only salvageable remains are found in a heavy locked strongbox bolted to the forward bulkhead; the lock can be forced (STR 25) or opened using the iron key from the captain's quarters. The strongbox contains a dozen bottles of rye whiskey.

Later

Shortly after leaving the *Wallaroo* behind, call for **Spot Hidden rolls** for investigators on deck. If a roll succeeds, they spy a small dark object jutting up from an icy pressure ridge. A closer look, using a telescope or field glasses, reveals the object to be the splintered prow of a ship's lifeboat. The rest of the boat is nothing but a flattened mass buried deep within the ice.

The prow still bears a faint imprint of the name of the *Wallaroo*. There is no sign of crew or cargo. The lifeboat rests, entombed in ice, less than two miles from its mother ship.

The Ross Sea

The *Gabrielle* pushes southward through the pack for five more days after leaving the whaler behind. Fog shrouds the surface of the ice, burning off only briefly when southern winds bring sharp flurries of snow. Each day is the same, an endless grinding succession of thrusts against the icy walls of the lead. Sometimes progress is made; more often it is not. Forward motion is measured in feet—at best, in yards.

On November 8th the last lead closes over, both before and behind. The *Gabrielle* is trapped in a narrow stretch of water, her hull sandwiched closely between the frozen walls. The pack beyond is utterly silent, save for an occasional sharp report or a long drawn out groan.

"We have only two choices," Starkweather tells the men. "We either wait for a storm to free us—a risky undertaking at best—or we blast our way free." He grins. "I favor the dynamite; what say the rest of you?"

After long talks with the ship's officers, the dynamite is broken out. Packard, Sykes, and Griffith all have a small amount of experience with explosives; any investigators with experience in the handling and placement of dynamite will be welcome additions to the team, especially those who have taken Starkweather's Explosives class. The keeper also may grant up to 10 percentiles in the skill,

The blasting teams are lowered over the side and onto the ice. Climbing the floes, they scout forward and aft, in search of weak spots and clear water. Once where to place the sticks is decided, charges are planted at appropriate places in the floes and detonated on long fuses. Investigators on the team need successful **Climb rolls** (to avoid injury on the ice) and **Explosives rolls** (for proper placement and detonation of the charges) each time they go out.

The first explosions seem impossibly loud. Sprays of ice fly everywhere, and puffs of smoke billow upward. The ship is forced forward with the full power of her engines—once, twice, a third time in grinding surges—and the lead groans open with a roar.

Everyone cheers.

Explosives are used a half-dozen more times over the following two days, when the old thick ice seems impassable; each time, after a try or two, the ship pushes through, her wrought iron sides scarred and dented but unbroken.

On November 10th the wireless brings the news: Acacia Lexington's party has established their base camp on the Ross Sea Barrier. From the bridge of the *Gabrielle* the ice stretches unbroken in all directions. The open water of the Ross Sea seems impossibly far away.

The next day, however, the ship finds thinner ice. It is a ticklish passage—the pack is loose and the heavy floes slam together without warning, threatening to crush the hull—but Captain Vredenburgh manages to save the ship time and again, nudging ancient bergs forward to thrust others aside with a delicate hand.

On the 12th of November, snow flurries once again close the world to within a few yards of the ship. The expedition pushes forward gingerly with lookouts straining to all sides. Hours pass in the cold wet of the storm; then one of the lookouts calls out, "A sea! A sea!"

The captain orders all engines stopped. As the rumble and motion ceases, everyone aboard suddenly knows that it is true. The ship is rocked gently in the slow swell of an open sea once more.

For all that night and into the following day, the ship pushes on through the pack. The fog lifts early on a rough horizon of pancake ice and heavy bergs below a water-dark line of distant sky; thick sea mists close in again soon after, locking the world away once more, but the ice is loose and easily shoved aside. At 10:20 on the morning of November 13th, *Gabrielle* pushes into open water at last, to sounds of celebration from the crew, and turns southwest towards her chosen goal.

Early on November 14th, twenty eight days after leaving Melbourne, land is sighted to the south. A few hours later, the horizon is filled with the sight of the Admiralty Range humbling the land below them. A tired but elated crew at last reach the Antarctic, and Ross Island. On deck the sun breaks through the thinning clouds.

Landfall

The SS *Gabrielle* nears Ross Island in the early afternoon of Tuesday, November 14th, and draws cautiously into the icy waters of McMurdo Sound to the west. Mount Erebus looms overhead, smoking constantly. The region of the Ross Sea between the island and the mainland is still solid with thick sea ice which stands six to eight feet above the surface of the water. The barrier, easily visible even here, rises upwards like a wall, several miles distant across broken ground.

Starkweather is elated. "We have arrived!" he declares. "Captain, anchor the ship. We shall begin our assault from here. Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to Antarctica!"

Within an hour the ship is secured to the ice with long mooring lines, the hatch

covers on the cargo holds have been removed, and the arduous work of unloading begins. First planks, and later the great ramp, serve as gangways onto the Antarctic ice; both dogs and men press off the ship as fast as they can, eager to be ashore and to see at first hand their strange new world.

The Big Push

The next two days are nonstop activity as the expedition's cargo is put ashore onto the ice below the barrier. Once the *Gabrielle* is unloaded, all of the cargo will be brought up and over the barrier by dog sled and caterpillar tractor. The enormously thick barrier ice is very stable even a few hundred yards inland, but the sea ice on which the *Gabrielle* can unload is only a few yards thick, will weaken day by day, and soon may split apart at any time. Speed is essential also in moving the *Gabrielle* away from the barrier ice, which now and then calves off icebergs, making abrupt and dangerous waves.

Many of the *Gabrielle's* crew lend a hand, laboring alongside the explorers. Boxes and barrels stream down the big collapsible ramp brought up from the #3 hold; scientists and sailors work six-hour shifts, one on and one off, around the clock beneath a sun that never sets. The ship's cargo hoists never stop moving until all the expedition's gear is on land.

The men and women helping with the transfer are divided up into four work gangs. Three of these move the cargo off the ship, while the fourth prepares a temporary camp on the thicker sea ice a few hundred yards further inland.

The dogs and their sleds are among the first items to be transferred. As soon as possible thereafter, they are divided into four teams and put to work. Two of these, led by Pulaski and Fiskarson, set out across the ice in search of an easy route up to the top of the barrier. The others are used to drag cargo loads away from shore and onto safer ground.

The expedition's landing plan, put together by Starkweather and Moore with the help of Sykes and the Sorensen brothers during the long trip south, is summarized hereafter.

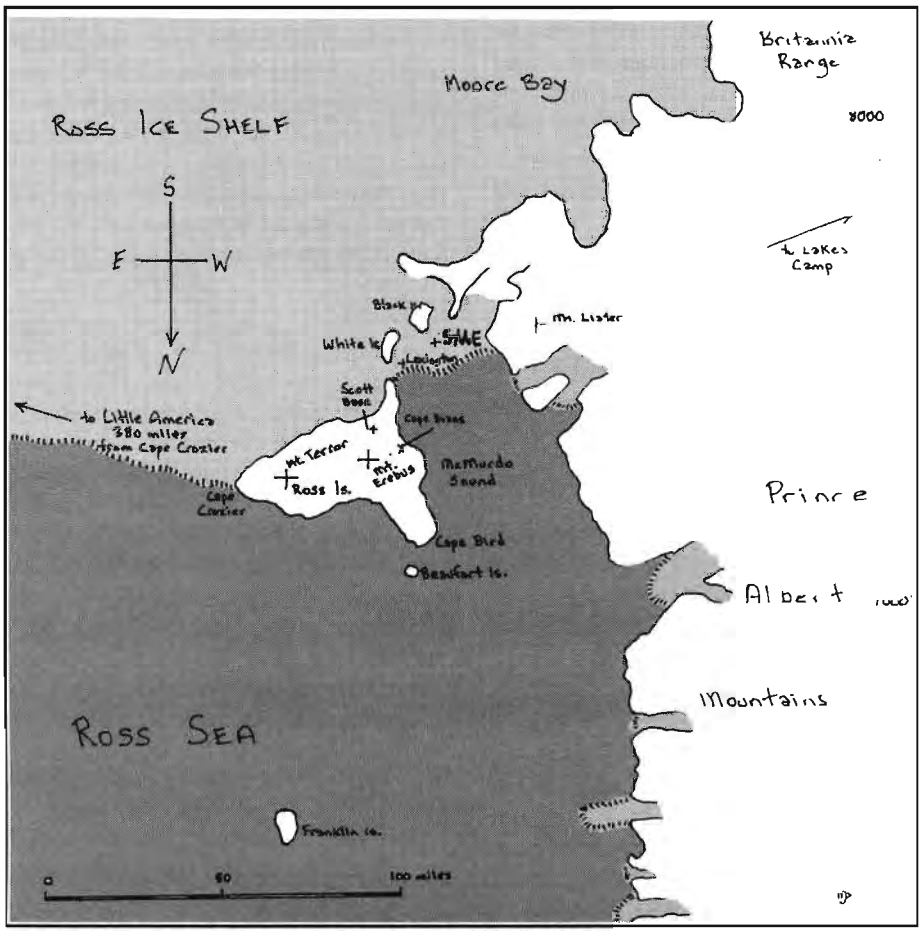
- Offload the dogs and the prepared sleds first. Two exploration parties must depart at once, while the other sled teams can be used to move cargo. First order of business is to locate a useful campsite close at hand where a runway can be constructed.
- Offload and assemble the tractors as soon as possible. These are to be used to move heavy equipment, and also to prepare the runway near the camp.
- The aircraft are to be moved to the campsite as soon as the tractors are ready. Aircraft assembly follows at once. The remaining cargo can be moved piecemeal, with the camp equipment going first, followed by the food, research tools such as the Pabodie apparatus, and finally the bulk of the aircraft fuel.
- Once the aircraft are assembled, survey and exploration flights begin. These can work with the surveying sled teams to locate better campsites on the barrier, near the old Miskatonic base, and so on.

Keepers can either play through this section in detail, or merely provide an overview to the players as a background for what follows. Each player character will be assigned to one of the following sorts of groups, as appropriate to his or her skills:

- Cargo work gangs (no special skill required): help move pallets off the ship, operate ship's cranes, etc. Three ten-person teams.
- Tractor crews (**Operate Heavy Machine, Mechanical Repair** skills): assemble and test the tractors, haul cargo pallets from the shore to the temporary camp site, smooth and prepare the runways. Lopez, Cole, and two to four others.
- Aircraft crews (**Pilot Aircraft, Aircraft Maintenance, Mechanical Repair**): assemble and test the aircraft; fly them later. Halperin, Dewitt, Longfellow, Huston, Miles, and two to four others.
- Camp preparation crews (no special skill required, **Electrical Repair** or **Mechanical Repair** skill helpful): dig basements and cut snow blocks with ice axes, assemble and tie down temporary shelters, string power lines and lay out the radio aerials. Packard, Cruz, and two to four others.
- Sled teams (**Drive Dog Sled**): sled hauling and exploration. There are four dog teams, with one man per team. Pulaski, Fiskarson, Snåbjorn, and one other.

It takes about twelve hours to unload the ship, and a few hours more to establish the temporary camp. Wafts of sulfurous

The Ross Sea and the Barrier Camps



smoke from the smoldering volcano drift over the teams now and then as they ceaselessly unload.

At six o'clock on the morning of November 15th, the *Gabrielle* casts off from the ice and pushes free into the Ross Sea once more. Depending on the weather and the ice, she will be idle now for weeks, except for her powerful radio, which will transmit messages to the rest of the world. In case of emergency, she can come to the expedition's rescue.

At the temporary camp, tents are assembled and hot meals are prepared. Both tractors are in use: one hauls heavy loads from the shore, while the other labors to smooth a runway on the ice. The first aircraft—*R. F. Scott,* the Fairchild monoplane—has been assembled, while the pieces of the two remaining Boeings, *Weddell* and *Enderby,* have been uncrated and await final assembly nearby. Most of the expedition's fuel remains near the shore—it will take several days to ferry it inland to the camp—but enough is present for an initial flight by the *Scott* once the runway is prepared.

Working On the Ice

For most explorers this is their first opportunity to work in the deep Antarctic cold. Even in the near-perfect weather of November 14th and 15th the temperature hovers around 0°F. Each breath of wind numbs fingers and cheeks and bites deeply into unprotected skin. The thick heavy arctic clothing must be worn at all times.

Everyone outside must remain constantly alert to the dangers of frostbite. Workers learn quickly to examine each others' faces whenever they meet and to warn one another of pale spots or other signs of freezing flesh.

For those moving cargo or digging, sweat is a constant danger. It dampens cloth, works its way into socks and shoes, and freezes readily whenever it cools. The slightest trace of moisture in boots or gloves can lead to frostbite and gangrene; vigilance must be continuous, and this sort of frostbite cannot be seen by others.

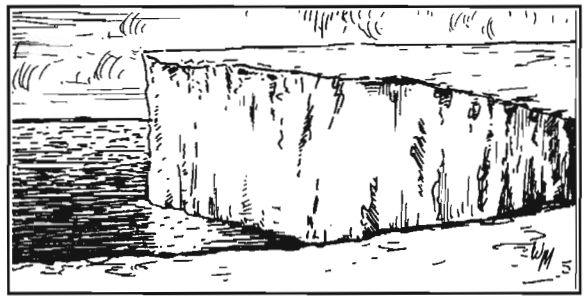
Investigators who work with machinery face a different problem. The assembly of vehicles, towers, and the like cannot be accomplished while wearing the heavy Antarctic mittens; lighter gloves or even bare hands are frequently necessary. Metal screws, shafts, bolts, and even the handles of tools stick to dampened skin, and must be touched gingerly if at all. It is frequently necessary to pull one's arms inside the parka to warm them.

Floating on Antarctica

The icy surface near the camp is rough and uneven, pushed up into a million small spikes and ridges by the pressures of water and wind. Between the ridges, snow is caught in varying depths, sometimes fresh but often packed heavily into hard layers. It squeaks and squeals beneath the cleat of the explorers' boots.

Where there is no snow, the ice is ancient, hard, and slick. Everyone falls many times the first day (frequent successful **DEX rolls** avoid this) and runs the risk of hurting themselves on the ice when they do (unsuccessful **Luck rolls** when falling result in 1D3 damage.)

Despite the dangers, standing on the Antarctic ice is exhilarating. The surface holds a million subtle shades of blue and green, tinged sometimes with red from the low polar sun; ice crystals catch the light and sparkle in tiny rainbow flashes, distracting the eye with a sense of quiet hidden motion. Breath hisses as it freezes, floating away in thick white clouds or condensing into frosty rims on mustaches, anoraks and furred hoods.



When the wind rises, visibility drops to zero in brief but blinding flurries of blown snow. Whiteouts are common; when this happens, the sky and the horizon are abruptly lost in walls of brilliant white, and it is no longer possible to see features more than a few feet away. These times are dangerous ones, especially for those on the trail. In the camp, and between the campsite and the shore, lines of poles bearing brightly colored flags are set every few feet, the better to guide lost explorers to safety.

Even when there is no wind, and the air is clear, it is strangely easy to miscalculate or lose one's way. The Antarctic air has a curious property, often commented on by explorers, of distorting distances in uncanny fashion. Small objects close at hand seem huge and far away, while enormous distant features look close enough to touch. This subtle derangement gives visitors to the Antarctic a sense of living slightly out of touch with the world—as if the whole polar continent were some sort of careful illusion that might shatter at any time.

Ross Island

The island itself, with its smoking Mt. Erebus looming overhead, is a fascinating distraction just a few miles away. There is little time to play tourist—Starkweather's urgings, and the schedule of the season, leave no opportunity for leisure—but the famous mountain is there if investigators wish to visit. A map of the Ross Sea and its surrounds occurs on the opposite page.

There are a number of huts on the western side of the island from previous expeditions. Most are in good condition, many actually usable, though roof repairs are necessary on the older huts, such as those left by Scott in 1904 and Shackleton in 1908.

The Expedition and the Ross Ice Barrier

The Ross Ice Barrier, first seen by Europeans in 1840, is one of the most notable features of Antarctica's Ross Sea. This is a solid sheet of flat dense ice, hundreds of miles in extent, that rises over one hundred feet above the icy water. The level uniform surface of the barrier makes it an excellent place to land aircraft, though care is needed to avoid crevasses, especially near its seaward and landward edges.

Off-loading passengers and cargo from ships directly onto the barrier is extremely hazardous. Its vertical cliffs are constantly calving off and dropping masses of glacial ice weighing thousands of tons into the sea. Any ship struck by one of these during its fall would snap in two and sink like a stone.

For this reason among others, the *Gabrielle* puts her cargo and passengers ashore onto the low flat sea ice at the end of McMurdo Sound. Aircraft and equipment placed upon the ice must then be hauled "uphill" for several miles onto the barrier's higher ground. ❑

Much of the equipment brought over by these earlier expeditions remains in their huts, and there is a good chance that emergency food, medical supplies, and a few spare parts are still there and usable if needed. Several of the huts contain books as well—mostly fiction, though there are also encyclopedias, medical texts, and other useful resources. The most recent volumes date from about 1910.

A cairn of stones not far from Scott's 1911 hut flies a Miskatonic University flag; inside the cairn is a wooden box containing a few trinkets, a 1930 Miskatonic University yearbook, and a card signed by all the members of that expedition's land party, dated November 16, 1930.

Visitors

Although the sea ice south of Ross Island is desolate, in comparison to the reported plenty in the Bay of Whales, it is still far from lifeless. The Starkweather-Moore Expedition is joined from the beginning by a number of curious locals.

The first emperor penguins arrive soon after docking, possibly attracted by the noise. These are large birds, standing three to four feet high and weighing as much as 80 pounds (SIZ 6 or 7), with black bodies and yellow-white abdomens. They watch from a distance in groups of four or five, never leaving the waters' edge but calling out now and then in short sharp squawks.

Adelie penguins are smaller, perhaps SIZ 2 or 3, in classic black and white. They wander everywhere near the water, seemingly fascinated by the expedition's equipment and quite unafraid. Easy to chase and to capture, they show no signs of alarm even when attacked by the sled dogs.

The sea ice is also home to a few Weddell seals—thick-bodied creatures marked in black and gray, ranging from seven to eight feet long and weighing three hundred pounds or more—who lie at the edge of the sea and watch all the fuss without apparent interest. Olaf Snåbjorn, delighted, shoots one of the seals the first day and drags it into camp for his dogs. He butchers it, messily, that evening not far from the mess tent.

"I tell the dogs they have done well," he explains, holding out a red slab of steaming meat. "Try some. It is good eating!"

Not everyone agrees.

Taking to the Air

The trail party radios late on the morning of the 15th. They have found a navigable trail up onto the barrier, and an excellent campsite not far beyond. Plans are made at once to examine the site during the *Scott's* first flight later that afternoon.

Less than an hour later, more news is received, this time from the ship: Acacia Lexington's expedition has flown nonstop over the South Pole in their monoplane, the *Belle,* and returned safely to their base camp on the barrier. Starkweather, for once, receives the report in calm silence.

The *Scott* takes to the air at 2:15 that afternoon, lifting easily from its rough runway into still and cloudless skies with Halperin and Longfellow at the controls. During its two-hour flight the little plane flies over Fiskarson's suggested camp site, waggles its wings at the Lexington Expedition camp not far beyond, and flies south and west to the barrier's surrounding hills before returning. Everything runs flawlessly; the flight crew is elated.

Work begins at once to lengthen the runway and assemble the Boeings for flight. Starkweather, unusually quiet, stays out of the way, but insists that work continue round the clock and through the sunlit night.

"To the Barrier, Men!"

The next few days are filled with the sound of aircraft engines. The *Enderby* takes to the air on the morning of November 16th, followed shortly by the *Weddell.* The smaller *Scott* continues to make mapping flights along the Ross Sea shore and mountains of the barrier's western edge, while the two Boeings begin the methodical process of airlifting the expedition to its new home forty miles away. The airlift is expected to take six days.

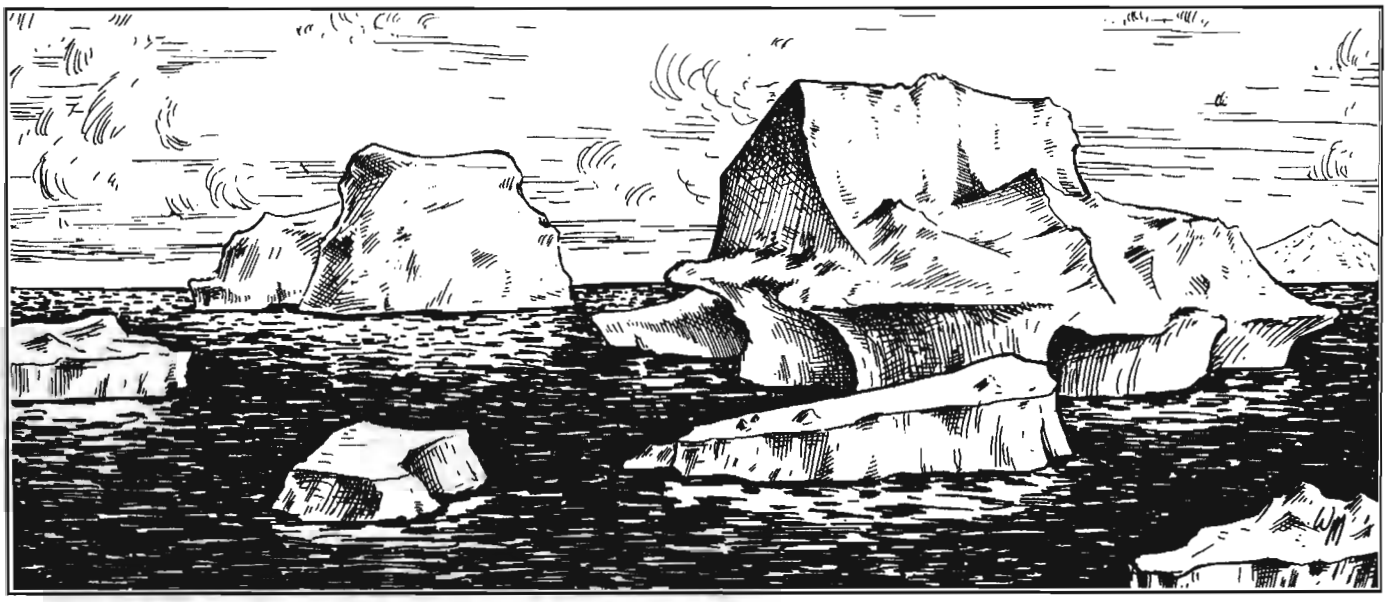
"We must move the base," Professor Moore explains to the curious. "Within a month, the sea ice on which we now stand will break up and float away; we must be atop the barrier by then. When we leave, in three months' time, we shall load directly from the barrier itself, a feat which is currently too dangerous to attempt."

Moore's words, though he has no way of knowing, are prophetic.

Each of the Boeings makes five trips on the 16th, and six on the day after. By the afternoon of November 17th, the expedition's permanent base camp is well established on the smooth ice of the barrier. More than half of the explorers, including three sled teams, are there; the two tractors and a half-dozen men remain on the sea ice to load the aircraft as they arrive.

Keeper's note: the keeper may wish to have all the investigators stay behind on the sea ice, so that they can have the great-

Antarctic Icebergs



est participation in the events of the following day.

Disaster

At 10:40 a.m. on November 18th, Nature forces a change in plans. A great crack opens in the ice not far from the sea camp, running more than a hundred yards inland from the shore with a deep rippling pop. Two hours later, it lengthens further, and two other huge fissures appear, spearing inland from the open sea. One seems aimed directly at the expedition's camp; the other threatens to cut the remaining supplies off from the safety of the runway. The sea ice is breaking up early—and the expedition is not prepared.

A hurried radio message informs the aircraft and the barrier camp of the trouble. All hands are roused to save the precious equipment and fuel. The next several hours they race against time, as the cracks in the ice multiply and move inexorably inward toward the camp. Load after load of food, supplies, and gasoline drums are dragged inland and stacked by the runway. With each new trip, the explorers pray harder that this will not be the last. The aëroplanes load, unload, and turn around as fast as they can, but the amount of cargo that remains at risk is huge.

Gabrielle steams westward to help, but she is far away and cannot arrive before the next morning.

A new fissure opens up inland of the seaside cache at three o'clock that afternoon, directly in front of one of the racing tractors. The tractor crew must watch in horror as open water yawns before them and the icy surface tips to one side. Thirty drums of fuel and more than a ton of pemmican slide quietly into the water and are gone.

The airlift continues for another three hours, but it is clear that the end is near. The two tractors are attached to short trains of heavy pallets and instructed to head overland toward the barrier along the dog sled trail. All the remaining men and women at the sea camp are ordered to accompany the tractors—there is no way to take them in the planes.

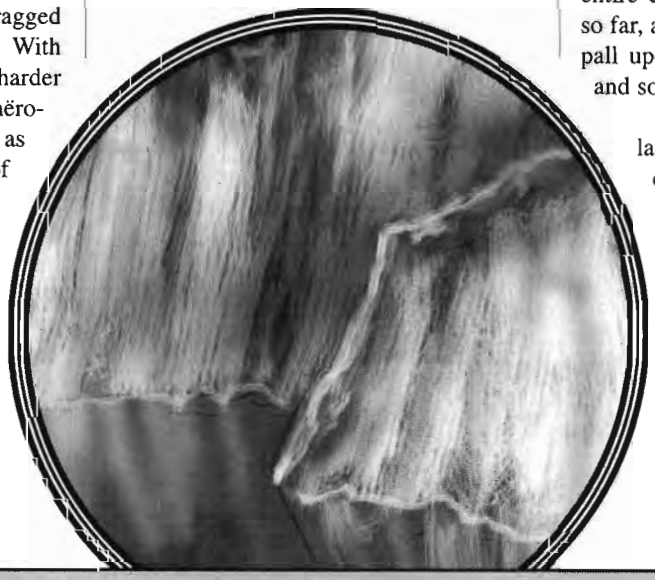
In the face of rising winds and oncoming storm clouds, the two aircraft make one more trip, and then a second. Shortly after 6 p.m., Larry Longfellow, piloting the *Weddell,* reports that a fissure has appeared across the runway itself, making it impossible to land. He aborts his flight and returns to the barrier base; the *Enderby,* preparing for her next flight, does not even leave the ground. The remaining twenty tons of aircraft fuel are abandoned to the sea.

In all, the breaking of the ice costs the expedition 140 drums of aviation fuel—nearly half its supply. It is a bitter blow.

The tractor party struggles all night through lowering temperatures and blowing snow. They arrive, exhausted but safe, shortly before noon the following day. A roughening sea, and the increasing shelving of ice from the barrier, forces Captain Vredenburgh to give up his rescue plans and withdraw the *Gabrielle* from shore.

November 19th is blustery, with falling snow and poor visibility. The aircraft are tied securely within their makeshift shelters. There is barely enough room for the entire expedition in the buildings erected so far, and the loss of the extra fuel casts a pall upon the party, but everyone is safe and sound upon the ice.

Despite its losses the expedition is at last ready to begin its mission of discovery. ■



Chapter Six Timeline

Oct. 18 *--* *Gabrielle* departs Melbourne in clear weather.

Oct. 23 — Severe gale forces ship to turn east for several hours.

Oct. 25 — In heavy fog. First icebergs sighted.

Oct. 26 — Ship caught in heavy storm for two days. Aircraft motors break loose in the hold, causing much damage.

Oct. 30 — *Gabrielle* reaches the ice pack. Progress is slow for several days as the ship drifts with the ice.

Nov. 4 -- Furious storm endangers the ship, but loosens the pack ice so that she can enter when the storm has passed.

Nov. 6 — Deep in the pack. The wreck of the *Wallaroo* is sighted midday.

Nov. 13 — In the Ross Sea.

Nov. 14 — Camp established near the southwest end of Ross Island. Offloading begins.

Nov. 15 — Sea ice camp established. Lexington overflies the South Pole; *Scott* makes a successful first flight, establishes location of barrier camp not far from Lexington's base.

Nov. 16-17 — *Enderby, Weddell* airlift cargo from the Ross Island camp to a safer base on the barrier.

Nov. 18 — Ice near sea camp begins to break up. Emergency airlift of all men and supplies to the barrier base. Some supplies lost when the ice overturns.

Nov. 19 — All expedition members reunited at the barrier camp. Bad weather sets in late in the day, making flight impossible. ❑



Chapter Seven
Nov. 20–27, 1933

Madness and disaster strike the Lexington Expedition. The gallant Starkweather mounts a rescue and finds an old, old argument waiting.



Captain!" The voice was urgent, cutting sharply through troubled sleep. "There's a fire in the camp!" Captain Burr was instantly awake, reaching for his coat as he pushed open the door and headed for the bridge. "Any word from them on the radio?"

"Not yet, sir. We're trying to raise them. It looks like the huts are burning—and Voelker says he heard gunshots."

The captain snatched at a pair of proffered binoculars, staring across the water at the pulsing orange glow. The sheer walls of the barrier prevented a landing, even to come to the aid of the others, less than two miles away.

"Damn!" he whispered. "Tell Mac to keep trying. It's about all we can do." And he watched, helpless, as a thick red fireball blossomed upward and a faint muffled boom rolled across the ice.

A Shock in the Lightest Night

Keeper's Overview

This chapter brings together two competing expeditions on the Ross Ice Shelf. An explosion and fire at the Lexington base camp, started by two men driven mad by Danforth's sorcery, causes the Starkweather-Moore Expedition to attempt a rescue. The meeting forces the leaders of the two groups to speak to one another at last, and to form an uneasy truce in order to conquer the Ice.

The player characters gain an opportunity to inspect the other team's camp. They learn that the Lexington Expedition has suffered from as many mishaps and acts of sabotage as their own party—and that Acacia Lexington firmly places the blame for it all on James Starkweather's shoulders.

Danforth, hiding in Lexington's party under the name Kyle Williams, is alarmed by the growing cooperation between the parties. In the end, his engineered sabotage attempt is insufficient to stop either expedition. It only tightens the security around both camps, as the beleaguered expeditions prepare at last to fly together to Lake's Camp and beyond.

The action in this chapter is dramatic, but a lot of it happens offstage. The disaster at Lexington's camp and the negotiations between the two leaders provide a background against which the investigators search for clues about what is really going on.

The Great Ice Shelf

The camp on the barrier is ready for use. After several days of hard labor and desperate good luck, the men and women of the expedition at last can rest, and not a moment too soon. The weather has turned throughout the region, and thin clouds of dry blown snow make flying impossible. The Antarctic sun's low amber rays appear and disappear between the clouds, casting the stark whiteness of the barrier ice by turns into vivid relief, long shadows, and impenetrable gray murk.

The Starkweather-Moore Expedition's base camp is not luxurious. Quarters are cramped. The two wooden huts are barely large enough for everyone to stand in all together. Most of the explorers live in their tents, in depressions sheltered somewhat from the wind, with walls built up out of blocks of ice.

Work continues on the dog kennels, the weather shack, the laboratories and darkroom, and the hangars for the aëroplanes, but they are far from complete. The two functioning Boeings, *Weddell* and *Enderby,* and the little *Scott* are as firmly tied down and well anchored as possible, but the expedition pilots check them often, to be sure they are not damaged by the cold and the wind. Guides and dog men work with the sleds and their teams, exploring trails and setting flags ever farther from the camp, while the aerial wires for the radio are strung and the Pabodie drills are assembled and tested for the first time in the field.

The plan calls for Pulaski, Fiskarson, and Snåbjorn to depart the next morning with three sleds on a cache-laying journey. Their goal is to lay emergency supplies of

food and fuel 250 miles away along the flight path to Lake's Camp and the Miskatonic Mountains. The sleds are prepared; the men sleep in preparation for their coming trip.

Of the scientists, only the meteorologists and Sam Winslow, the glaciologist, have much to do. Their jobs are just beginning. The rest organize their instruments, accustom themselves to the deadly cold, and rest, waiting for the weather to clear.

Mayday!

The first sign of trouble comes with the thin clangor of a bell.

At 3 a.m. on November 20th, clouds still hang low over the camp, but the air is still. The sun shines brightly from the southeast through a thin white haze, searing the eyes but casting only blurry shadows. The bell is not loud—investigators need successful **POW x3 rolls** to hear it in their sleep and be awakened—but the clamor that follows rouses the whole camp.

The day before was long and difficult. Those who make successful **POW rolls**, or those who are awakened by others who do, are yanked from a fitful and exhausted sleep. They know the reason for the bell. It was explained to everyone on the voyage south: the bell is the radio's mayday alarm. Someone, somewhere, is calling for help.

Starkweather emerges from his tent almost at once and jogs across the ice to the meeting hall without closing up his coat. The frozen ground chirps and squeaks beneath his boots in the sudden silence as the alarm bell goes mute. Alert investigators can enter almost on Starkweather's heels.

Inside the hut a handful of explorers crouch around the radioman, Laroche, as he flips switches and tunes the radio dials. A powerful signal rings across the hisses of static for a moment—"DIT-DAHH, DIT-DAHH, DIT-DAHH"—before Laroche tunes away and a voice can be heard.

". . . Help! If you can hear me, land a party at once! The camp is under attack! This is Tony Hopewell calling *Tallahassee*. Mac, can you hear me? They're—"

The voice stops, punctuated by two sharp reports like gunshots. A moment later the carrier fades, leaving only static.

Laroche and Starkweather stare at each other and at the radio, shock written on their faces. No one quite knows what to do. Forty seconds later a faint hollow rumble, like thunder, rolls across the camp from the north.

"We've got to DO something!"

Starkweather's astonishment fades swiftly. He turns, grabbing a pair of binoculars from a peg by the door, and exits the hut, heading for high ground. He climbs a nearby ridge and scans the ice to the north, but there is nothing to be seen. The haze hides it all.

By now the rest of the camp is awake. Men emerge from their tents in disarray, curious and uneasy. Moore sets Lopez and Cole to preparing food and water, while Pulaski and Snåbjorn ready the sleds. Everyone seems to know that something is wrong, and that something needs to be done. No one knows just what has happened, or why.

Inside the meeting hall Laroche remains at his post. If the investigators question him he is brief.

"That was Hopewell, the radioman for Lexington. He said only what you heard, only that the camp was attacked. Now I am trying to call *Tallahassee;* perhaps they know more than I."

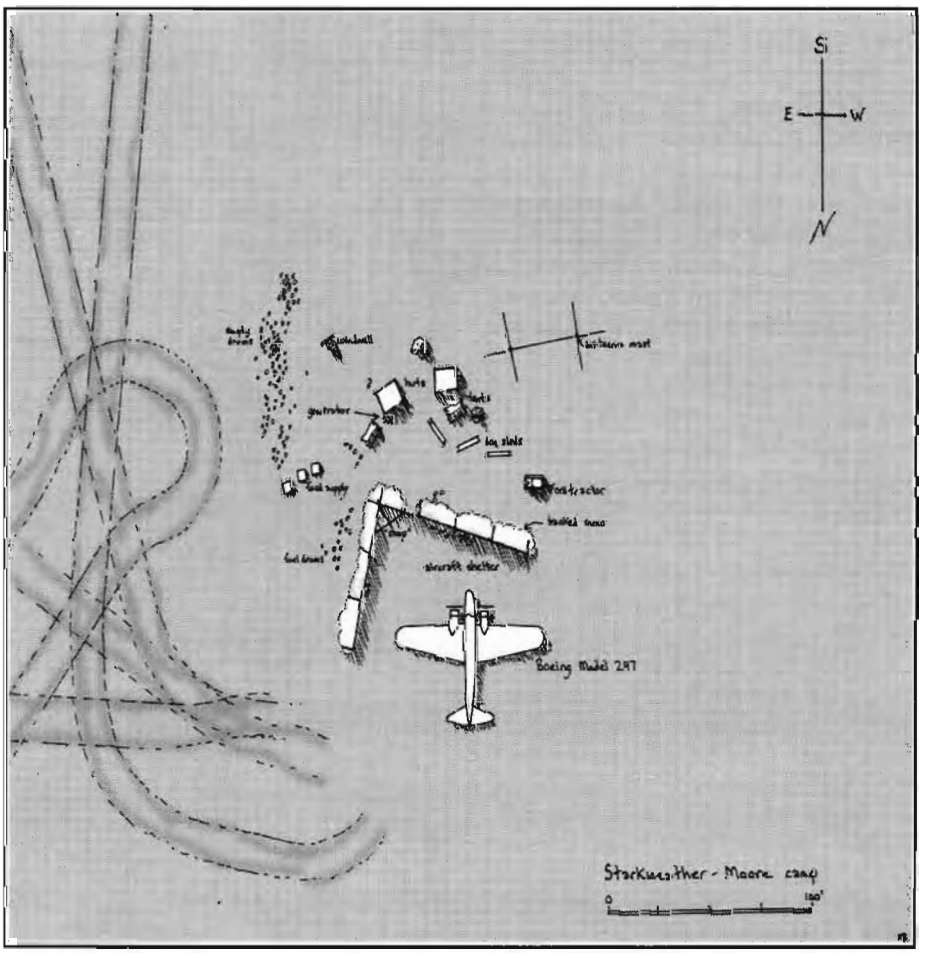
A few moments later Laroche has MacAuley, *Tallahassee*'s radioman, on the line. The resulting conversation between the two men reveals that Acacia's fuel cache and mess hall appear to be ablaze, along with several tents. No one can see much from aboard the ship—the haze shifts and obscures the shore—but men on watch report hearing gunshots, and everyone can see a pall of smoke over the scene. No one answers the radio.

Tallahassee is helpless. Despite clear water at the foot of the barrier it is far too dangerous to come alongside the ice, even to put a party ashore, and there is nowhere for a small boat to land.

Starkweather returns to the hall in time to hear the end of the conversation. He demands the microphone and leans over the radio. "*Tallahassee,* this is Starkweather. I'm preparing an overland party. It's only eight miles, so we ought to be there shortly. I'm taking food, fuel, and medical supplies, but we cannot afford to bring a radio, so I'll fire off two white flares when we arrive. Do you understand? Tell your captain not to worry, we'll do everything we can."

Handing the microphone back to Laroche, he flashes a delighted grin at the others in the room. Suddenly he is every inch the heroic adventurer. "Come on, you

Starkweather-Moore Expedition Barrier Camp Layout



lot. I want you, you, you, and you," pointing to any investigators in the room, "and everyone with first aid training, to be ready for a little trek in fifteen minutes. We've a young lady to rescue!"

Preparations

Outside, with quiet competence, Moore has already begun readying the equipment for the journey. Two sleds, prepared for the cache-deploying journey, are rapidly restocked with emergency and medical supplies as the dog men harness two teams. James Starkweather loudly announces his plans to the assembled camp.

Starkweather has asked that all the investigators to accompany him, as well as anyone with medical or military experience. The smile is gone; now he is deadly serious, and has the air of a soldier going into battle. The keeper should play up the ominous feeling in the camp. No one knows what has happened, but everyone believes that what they find will be grim.

Encourage this sense of oncoming danger by having the players list in detail exactly what weapons, supplies, and other precautions their characters wish to bring. It should be as if they were never coming back.

The Overland Dash

A brief time later the rescue party departs. Two sleds, laden with supplies and drawn by eleven-dog teams, accompany the little band. For most of the group it is their first trip across the "wild" ice of the Ross Barrier.

The party consists of Starkweather, Sykes, Doctor Greene, Pulaski, Snåbjorn, and the investigators. The dogs break the trail most of the way, drawing the sleds after them, with the remainder of the men skiing (or slogging) along behind. All of the non-player characters but Doctor Greene are accomplished skiers. Greene tries gamely, though he is clumsy and tires easily, and soon agrees to ride one of the sleds "for the sake of the emergency." If all of the investigators can keep up on skis as well, the group will make much better time.

It is a hard trip, but an exciting one. The ground rises and falls in great ridges and waves. At a glance the terrain appears flat and featureless, but that is not the case. Holes and cracks are everywhere, some open to the sky, others hidden beneath deceptive veneers of thin ice and snow. The air is bitterly cold; breath crackles as it freezes into puffs of white mist. Rime builds quickly on eyebrows and mustaches, and everyone is soon chilled to the bone. Shifting clouds and occasional drifts of fog change the landscape moment to moment; objects are distorted by the uneven light and lack of reference, frequently appearing much farther or nearer than they really are.

The dogs bark and howl as they drive, eager to be out and on a run. They do not seem to feel the cold. The world is shades of white and gray, with deep pools of blue here and there, in the depths of icy seams. All that can be heard is the sound of the dogs, the squeak and hiss of runners on the snow, and the rustle and crunch of one's own boots and clothing. No one seems eager to speak.

Olaf Snåbjorn drives the first sled, Gregor Pulaski the second. Within minutes of departure from the camp Starkweather takes the leads from Pulaski, and presses the team on himself with every evidence of glee. His enthusiasm is contagious; the first hour of the trip passes swiftly.

Nonetheless, traveling over the barrier is immensely tiring. There are several long straight stretches of snow where the sleds can move freely, but the land between is abruptly broken and pressed upwards by the forces beneath. Some ridges can be climbed only with ropes; sleds and even dogs must be pulled or carried up or down slopes they could not climb. More than once the team reaches impassable ground and has to double back for several hundred yards. Every muscle in the investigators' bodies aches before the trip is done.

There are no deadly accidents on this first trip between camps. Each investigator needs a successful **Luck roll** to avoid mishap, but even the failed rolls only delay the party momentarily: a slip or a fall on slick ice, a broken harness trace, or perhaps an embarrassing collapse of the snow beneath one explorer's feet which drops him a few inches onto harder snow.

The Lexington Camp

It takes more than two hours to cover the eight miles between the camps—four, if the party must walk on foot instead of on skis. The last half mile is swift—the party follows trails of marker flags set out by Lexington's own people—but everyone is weary from the trip.

At last the other base camp comes into view.

The Lexington Expedition base camp is smaller than Starkweather-Moore's. A single long wooden hut centers the site, with a short row of tents spreading out to either side like wings or the sides of a V. The generator shack and the radio tower sit in the middle of the V, while the scarred line of the landing strip is to one side. (For further details, see the map on the following page.)

It is apparent at once that something has gone very wrong.

The air over the site is full of the choking tang of smoke and the dark pall of burning fuel. Pale wisps of steam curl up from the soot-covered snow where the wet climate and diligent work of the cleaning crew have damped the flames. The radio mast has fallen and lies crumpled against the ice. The neat cluster of huts and tents is covered by a thin film of ash, and the pristine whiteness of the snow is marred by gutted remains. One end of the hut is blackened and burned. Where the generator shack once stood, now there is only the cooling aftermath of a bonfire.

By the time the would-be rescuers arrive, the chaos of the first minutes of the disaster has settled into the orderly business of putting the camp back together. Expedition personnel are everywhere, in various states of calm. Some pull salvageable goods out of still smoldering tents. Others clear wreckage from smashed equipment. A little distance away, Wright and Marklin stand by themselves, contemplating the quietly smoking remains of the radio shed.

The excited sled dogs bark and snarl at the stench of scorched canvas and gasoline as the sleds descend the gentle slope toward the camp. Heads turn at the unexpected sound; one man, Beentje, walks out to meet the party. Others follow at a distance.

"Welcome," he says, his Danish accent quite pronounced. "We heard you were coming. I'm afraid there's not so much for you to do. Miss Lexington wants to see you in the cook shack."

"Ah." Starkweather replies, a bit taken aback. "Of course, whatever I can do. You knew we were coming?"

"Ja. The ship told us hours ago on the radio. Your camp is worried for you."

Somewhat deflated, Starkweather follows the other man to the largest remaining building, leaving the rest of the party to do as they like in the milling crowd. If an investigator requests to join him, Starkweather makes it clear that he wishes to be alone for this confrontation.

Starkweather's discussion with Acacia Lexington quickly flares into an argument that can be heard throughout the camp. The sturdy wooden walls of the cook shed are no match for Starkweather's stentorian bellow, or Lexington's whipcrack response, which burst outward in brief passages every few minutes for the next two hours.

"Imbecile woman! I should never have allowed you to . . . "

". . . how anyone tolerates your incredible arrogance! You . . ."

". . . had about all I can take of your posturing!"

"Don't talk to ME about posturing, you pompous . . ."

And so on. Each time the voices rise, everything stops in camp; members of the two expeditions shrug wryly at one another before returning to work.

Greene and Sykes set immediately to the business of helping get the camp in order. The doctor seeks out and treats whomever needs treatment, while Sykes looks for a working radio with which to report back to Moore at the base. The camp's main generator and wireless sets have been destroyed in the disaster; the radio in the *Belle* is being used to keep in touch with the outside world.

There are a variety of people the investigators can speak to if they wish. The keeper may decide who is present to be encountered, or simply roll a D10 and consult the encounters below. The investigators get different information from each pair or person with whom they speak. The following gives more detail for each encounter. Descriptions and biographic information on these men can be found in Appendix 5, "Game Stats and Rosters."

Camp Encounters

*1 - **Kyle Williams (Danforth):*** if the players do not approach Kyle Williams, he seeks out one of them for a brief confidential conversation.

Williams can be found putting up a downed tent at the edge of the camp. He appears congenial and forthright to the investigators. He hints that there were problems on the outward voyage and that the expedition is in poor shape as a result. He gives no details, but merely shakes his head when asked for expanded information. Glancing to and fro conspiratorially, he nods at the main hall, from where Acacia's raging is easily heard.



KYLE WILLIAMS

"I wish we had someone steady at the helm of this ship," he says. "It's good that you came." And he sighs.

Williams claims that he did not actually witness the explosion or the attack in the camp, as he was climbing into his awkward snow gear at the time. He explains that he was about to exit his tent when someone crashed into it, collapsing it on top of him. He expresses concern for the remaining supplies and equipment.

"We lost too much. Food, fuel, spares—just look! No one was ready for an accident. She just didn't plan! Now what are we going to do? We cannot go on without help, and I'd go far not to have to turn back now. Do you suppose—?"

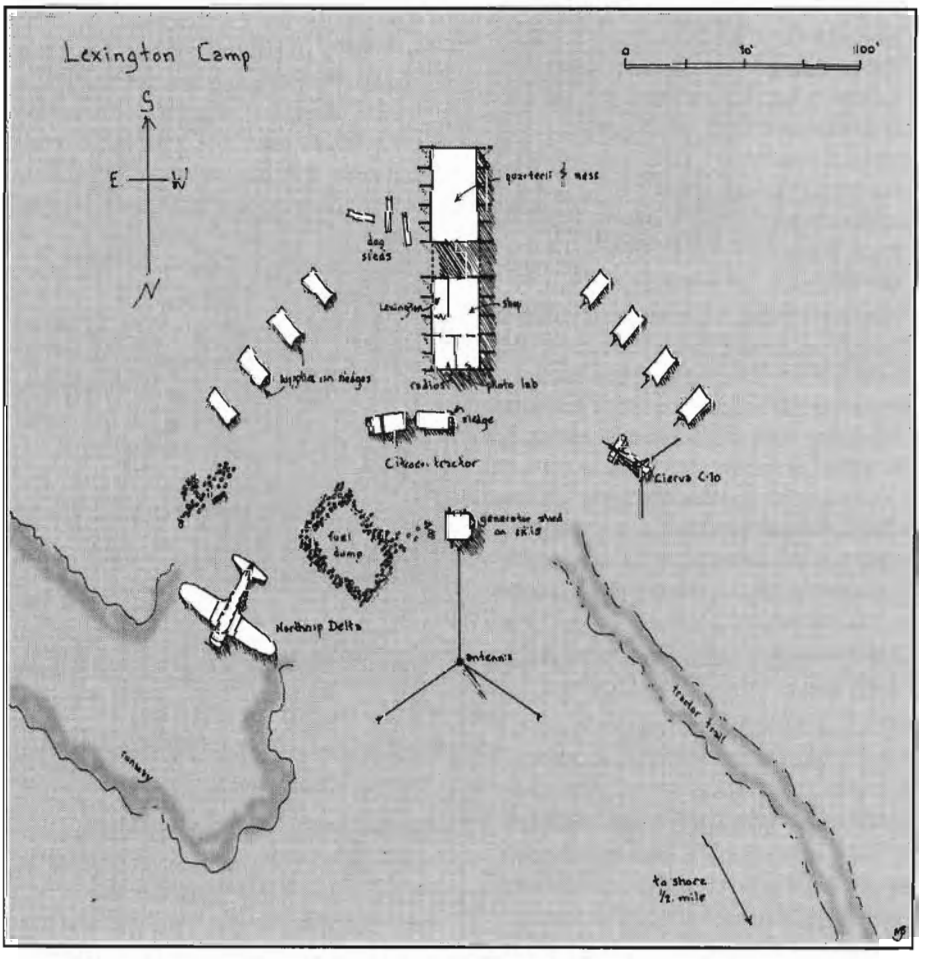
He looks meaningfully again at the hut, where the fight rages on.

*2 - **Johnson:*** Johnson is cleaning up the last of the fires that have scarred the camp, ignoring the still-warm generator, concentrating on the smoldering tents and the camp equipment. He is smeared with soot



JOHNSON

Lexington Expedition Barrier Camp Layout



and dirty from working in the ashes. Water from the melting snow has stained water marks into his parka and frozen thickly on his boots and lower legs. His clothes show every sign of being hurriedly pulled on. He is sullen and curt from exhaustion. The investigators need successful **Fast Talk rolls** to gain Johnson's good will. The lower the roll, the more he talks. Helping with the cleanup also goes far to earning his friendship.

Johnson says that he awoke to mad shouts and angry voices giving the alarm for the fire. Moments later, an explosion from the fuel tanks rocked the whole camp. Once he stumbled out of his tent, he saw fires everywhere—so he started putting out the fires. While he was working, the two men responsible, Bradbury and Dinsdale, were dragged off to Doctor Anthony's tent to be questioned.

3 – Tuvinnen: he is with Pulaski and Sykes and Starkweather's sled dogs. The animals are in quite a state, howling, whining, barking, and cowering behind their masters. Tuvinnen looks cool and collected and has the situation well in hand. He is watchful and has taken more care with his clothing than the others in the camp. Tuvinnen will speak openly to any player who addresses him in his native Finnish, or succeeds at a **Fast Talk roll.** When he speaks in English his accent is very thick.


TUVINNEN

Tuvinnen says he was awakened by the explosion. He is dressed warmly because he was expecting another attack. Troubles plague the Lexington party, he says, and this night's work proves it was a pair of vandals, as he suspected. He is glad they've finally been caught.

4 – Jenner: he is busy hauling debris and ruined equipment to a pile at the side of the camp. Deep furrows of snow bear mute testament to his industry. Questions directed at him are met with short-breathed responses from the impatient man.

"You want to talk?" he says, "Then lend a hand!" He is full of talk about Acacia and her journey, stories of mysterious happenings aboard ship.


JENNER

Jenner talks about an electrical outage aboard ship during a weird storm, swearing never, ever to have seen its like, though admittedly he has not sailed this far south before. He goes on to describe how huge amounts of food mysteriously spoiled overnight on the journey south.

"You should talk to *Tallahassee*'s crew," he adds. "Those guys are scared of us."

If prompted, Jenner speaks at length about the sailors. A superstitious bunch, they are convinced that Miss Lexington has brought the whole expedition bad luck. Women shouldn't go exploring, they say. Jenner's not so sure.

"She's all right," he says. "Just a bit, you know, emotional. And she sure doesn't like your boss! With good reason, too, from what I hear." He goes on to insist that all of the mishaps that have befallen the Lexington Expedition were bought and paid for by Starkweather—staring at the investigators all the while, as if daring them to contradict him.

If the investigator seems to show genuine interest in Jenner's point of view, or makes a successful **Psychology** or **Fast Talk roll** to convince him, he continues. Admonishing them to look out for Starkweather, he tells the story of how Starkweather took Acacia on a safari in Africa many years ago. Instead of rescuing her as the papers said, he nearly got her killed by his incompetence. Leaning in he explains how it's rumored that "Starkweather got her in trouble, if you know what I mean." Then he stops, realizing he's gone too far, and returns brusquely to his work, unwilling to say more.

5, 6 – Charles Sachs, Tony Hopewell: they are by the generator, attempting to piece together the mess left behind by the explosion. The two are arguing about the possibility of repairing the damage. A brief glance reveals that the generator is a total loss.

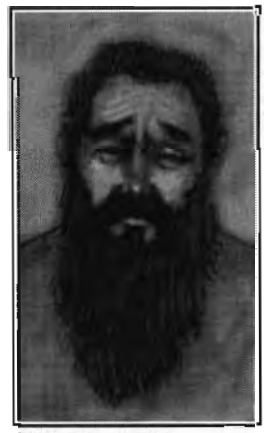
Hopewell has a bandage on one arm, where he was shot by one of the madmen.

Despite Hopewell's pessimism, he continues to hand Sachs the tools he is requesting in a steady stream. While Sachs centers his attention on the damaged equipment, Hopewell is easily brought into the talk. He complains about the dreadful series of mishaps and the hopelessness of the entire affair, punctuating the high points of his argument by waving a tool in Sachs' direction. Hopewell is in a dark mood, and tells the investigators how he witnessed the bizarre death of one of the ship's crewmen.


TONY HOPEWELL

He and the sailor, Bicks, were on deck drinking from a brandy flask to ward off the chill. They were talking about nothing in particular when Bicks suddenly turned.

"He looked at me, then back at the ocean. His eyes kept getting wider. Then he turned those eyes back on me again and I swear they were going to pop out of his head. Then he started screaming. Not saying anything, just screaming. I grabbed at him but he pushed me off and then jumped over the side. It was the damnedest thing; he screamed all the way down, looking at me." Hopewell shudders.


CHARLES SACHS

"But I didn't do anything to him, he just started screaming."

At the conclusion of this recitation he falls silent, uncomfortable and

embarrassed. If the player tries to engage him again he pleads some errand and disappears. Sachs concentrates solely on his generator. He has nothing to say to the investigators, unless they block his light.

If the investigators question Hopewell about the bandage, he describes his encounter with the madmen. While he was on the early watch, Bradbury and Dinsdale ran from behind the piled supplies shouting and hollering, "They're here!" and "Burn them out!" Hopewell was quite surprised, because Bradbury was a good friend of his and always liked his sleep. Hopewell thought perhaps there was a real danger. While he was looking around for the source of danger, Dinsdale lit a torch and put the first tent to the flame. Hopewell and the others outside tried to stop them, but Bradbury threatened them all with a gun. Hopewell shakes his head in disbelief, holding the white bandage on his upper arm.

"It was like he didn't even know it was me," he says. "He was just wild. Anthony says he's gone snow-crazy. Well I can sure believe that. He shot me in the arm!" Hopewell is at once indignant and disbelieving.

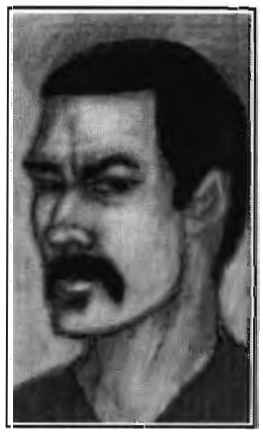
*8 – **Doctor Anthony:*** investigators can catch Anthony as he hurries away from the medical tent toward his own. The worried doctor does not notice the approaching investigators until they call out to him. He is going for his doctor's bag and is eager to return to his patients. The investigators must follow him to speak with him and he will brush them off unless they show some knowledge or ability in Medicine, Pharmacy, First Aid, Psychology, or Psychoanalysis. A successful roll in any of these skills is sufficient.


DOCTOR ANTHONY

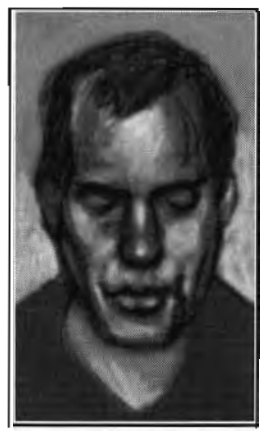
He leads anyone who shows expertise to the med tent and speaks to them in a hushed voice before entering. He explains that he has the two perpetrators inside. Anthony believes that the two men who attacked the camp are suffering from an acute case of "snow craze" brought on by their desolate surroundings.

Anthony knows the men well, and is convinced both went quite mad. He invites the players to speak to Dinsdale. He regretfully explains that Bradbury has slipped into some kind of catatonia. He has decided to leave the man unconscious for his own good. (See "Interview with the Madmen" a few paragraphs further.)

*9 – **Wright and Marklin:*** they stand near Lexington's plane. They are subdued and hostile, shoulders hunched against the rising wind, jacket collars pulled up to their chins. Occasionally they mutter something to each other and then fall silent while they continue their tedious vigil, watching over the plane, ready to guard it against all comers.


WRIGHT

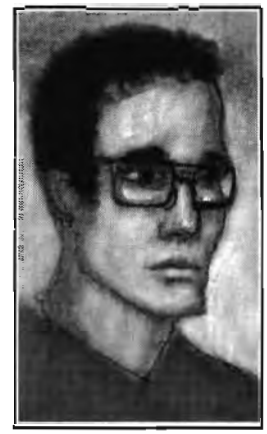
Neither man wishes to speak to the investigators. They express their dislike of anyone associated with Starkweather's expedition with cold, clipped words, and blatant requests to be left alone. If the investigators press them, Wright and Marklin respond violently, striking viciously with their large fists.


MARKLIN

If the investigators are eloquent or particularly polite, or enjoy the success of a **Pilot Aircraft roll**, a **Psychology roll**, a **Credit Rating roll**, or a **Luck roll**, Wright and Marklin curtly suggest they talk to Chip Hooper.

*10 – **Chip Hooper:*** of all the Lexington camp, Hooper is the most communicative. He is young and eager to talk, even to members of the rival party. He explains what happened in a lusty voice and friendly manner, elaborating on his tale with wide hand gestures.

Hooper tells the investigators that gunshots and wild shouting woke the entire camp. Bradbury, the cook, and Dinsdale, a pilot, were running across the compound screaming "They're here!" and "Burn them out!" while shooting into the air and setting things on fire. Hooper and some of the others had only just stumbled from their tents when the generator's fuel tank exploded. By the time people picked themselves off the ground, the power hut and one end of the kitchen hut were ablaze; the explosion demolished the generator. The men in camp quickly subdued Dinsdale and Bradbury and put them under guard in the medical tent. Hooper thinks the two men went insane, victims of "snow craze." Thrilled to have escaped the excitement unscathed, he is sure this will be a popular chapter in his personal memoirs (to be published later).


CHIP HOOPER

Interview with the Madmen

Once the investigators discover that Lexington has detained the madmen, and that one of them is able to talk, they will undoubtedly want a closer look. If the players decide otherwise, or if things are going too slowly, the keeper can have a group of disgruntled crewmen storming off to the med tent to get their own answers.

The medical tent itself is a flimsy excuse for a makeshift brig. Albert Priestley sits inside the tent on a folding stool, watching over the unconscious Bradbury and fully alert Dinsdale. He does not look happy, and has a thick blood-soaked bandage on his left cheek. If the investigators have not already interviewed Anthony, but arrive on their own, they find the doctor here. After a worried glance at Bradbury and an encouraging nod to Dinsdale, Anthony excuses himself and returns to the main camp.

If the investigators want to speak to Anthony, use the information provided for Anthony above.

Hopewell and Priestley are the two men who were injured during the episode. Priestley is in the med tent; Hopewell is elsewhere in the camp. Priestley has little to say about the affair.

"I didn't know what was going on," he explains. "I woke up when something hit me in the head, found my face covered in blood. The bullet must have grazed me in my sleep. I guess I'm just lucky it wasn't an inch to the left."

Inside the medical tent, Ronald Dinsdale is wrapped in blankets with a steaming cup of coffee. While his hands shake slightly, he seems a likable, earnest fellow, thin, with a shock of unruly brown hair. He sits on a chair looking after Bradbury, who sleeps peacefully on the cot beside him.

Keeper's note: Bradbury can be revived from his catatonia by the successful application of smelling salts and stimulants. This requires a successful **Medicine roll** *or* **Psychoanalysis roll**. *Otherwise, he will waken in three days and remember nothing of the night's events.*

Between Priestley and the two men, the tent is a bit cramped, but that just adds a bit of warmth. Dinsdale is awake and quite chagrined. In his embarrassment, he is eager to talk to anyone who can win his confidence. Successful **Fast Talk rolls** or **Psychology rolls** get him to open up.

Dinsdale explains that he woke early in the morning convinced that spiders had invaded the camp. "I hate spiders!" he admits, with a frank look and an uneasy smile. "I absolutely hate them. I came on this trip because there aren't supposed to be any spiders in Antarctica."

His first thought, he says, was to burn out the insects. He never considered the reasonableness of the idea—he just grabbed his gear and set to. At the time, he was convinced that the men trying to stop him were working with the evil arachnids and had to be stopped as well.

"And the thing is . . . I can't imagine what I was thinking. But I saw them. I mean I really thought I saw them, climbing over everything."

Dinsdale's voice trails off a bit, once again unsure. He is desperate for reassurance and an acknowledgment that he is not at fault. He insists that he never had any intention of hurting anyone and he is horrified at the whole business.

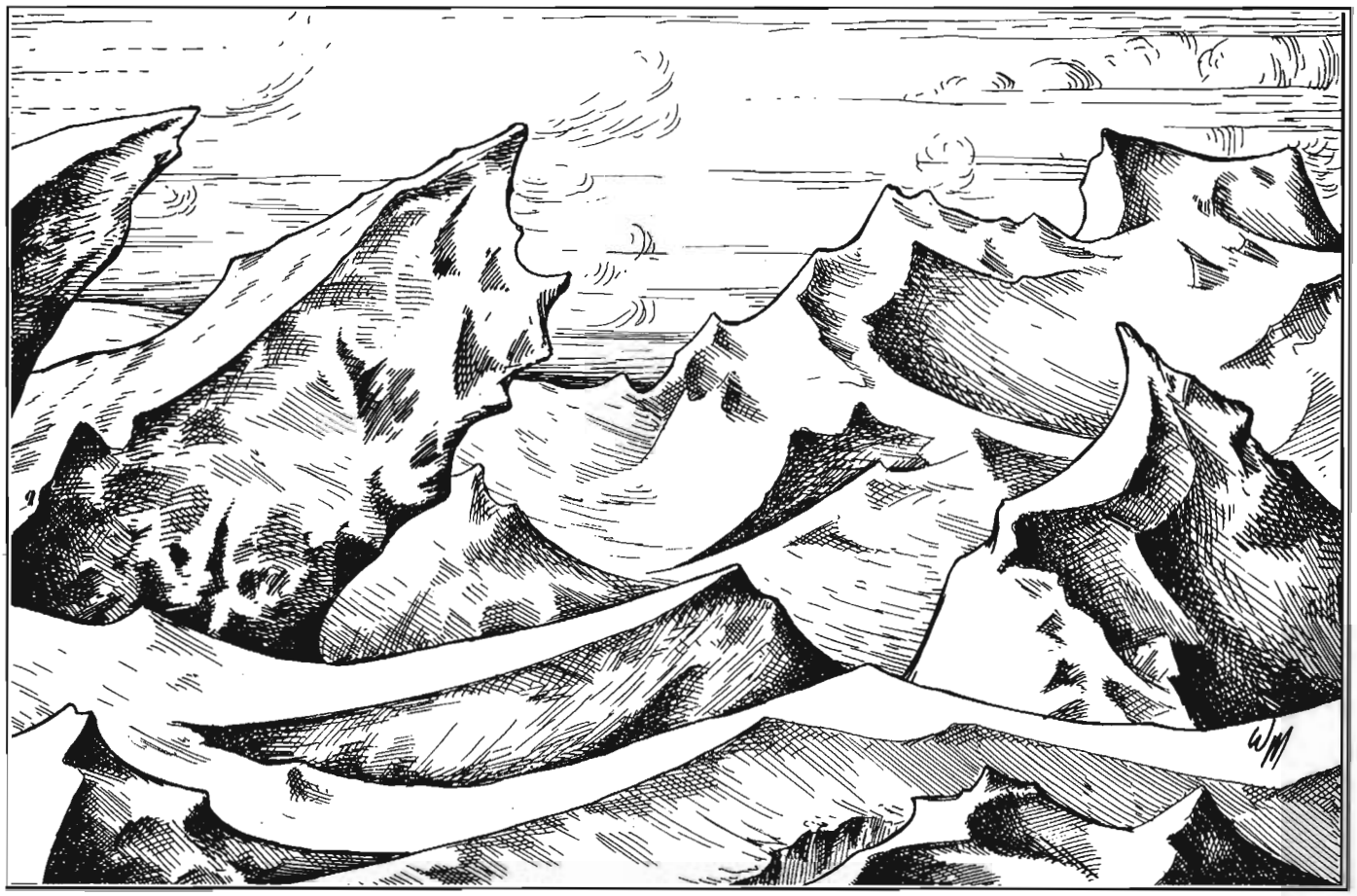
A successful **Psychology roll** or **Psychoanalysis roll** indicates that Dinsdale is telling the truth as far as he knows. He does not appear to be currently suffering from any psychosis. On the surface, Anthony's diagnosis seems correct: the two men went "snow-crazy" due to the psychological stresses of the constant daylight and the sheer vastness of the Antarctic.

The Cost of the Attack

Within an hour the damage has been totaled and the magnitude of the loss is fully visible. The Lexington Expedition has lost its electrical generators, its batteries, both the main and trail radios, a stove, a large amount of trail supplies, and a small amount of fuel. Two men were wounded, neither seriously. A number of tents are ruined, and a bit over one fifth of the food, as well as a variety of instruments and most of the spare parts for the autogyro.

The expedition's Northrop aircraft, the *Belle*, is still airworthy, but without power for the camp, life will be much harder there. Worse, the destruction of the trail

Snow and Ice Formations



radios and portable generators means that it is no longer possible to stay in contact with the ship once the aircraft flies inward from the coast. With only one long-range aëroplane, and no way to communicate or call for help in an emergency, Acacia Lexington's original mission must be cut brutally short.

It is a bitter blow.

The Meeting Ends

"Viper!"

"Buffoon!"

"Harridan!"

"Incompetent!"

"Hold your tongue, woman, or so help me I shall take you over my knee!"

The first conversation between the rival expedition leaders goes badly. As soon as the keeper decides the investigators have gotten enough information for the moment, the two leaders break off in mutual fury. Starkweather's final comment, as he throws open the door of the hut, is "Emotional woman . . . no damn place in the Antarctic!"

He then storms across the camp to rejoin his team.

A few minutes later the "rescue party" is headed back to their own camp, fueled by Starkweather's icy rage. He says nothing for more than an hour except to command the dogs. Sykes and Greene stay behind to help rebuild. The eight-mile trip is uneventful, with the other party members unwilling or unable to break into Starkweather's private thoughts.

At the camp things seem absurdly normal. The dogs are led away to be fed and rested, and Starkweather disappears into his tent.

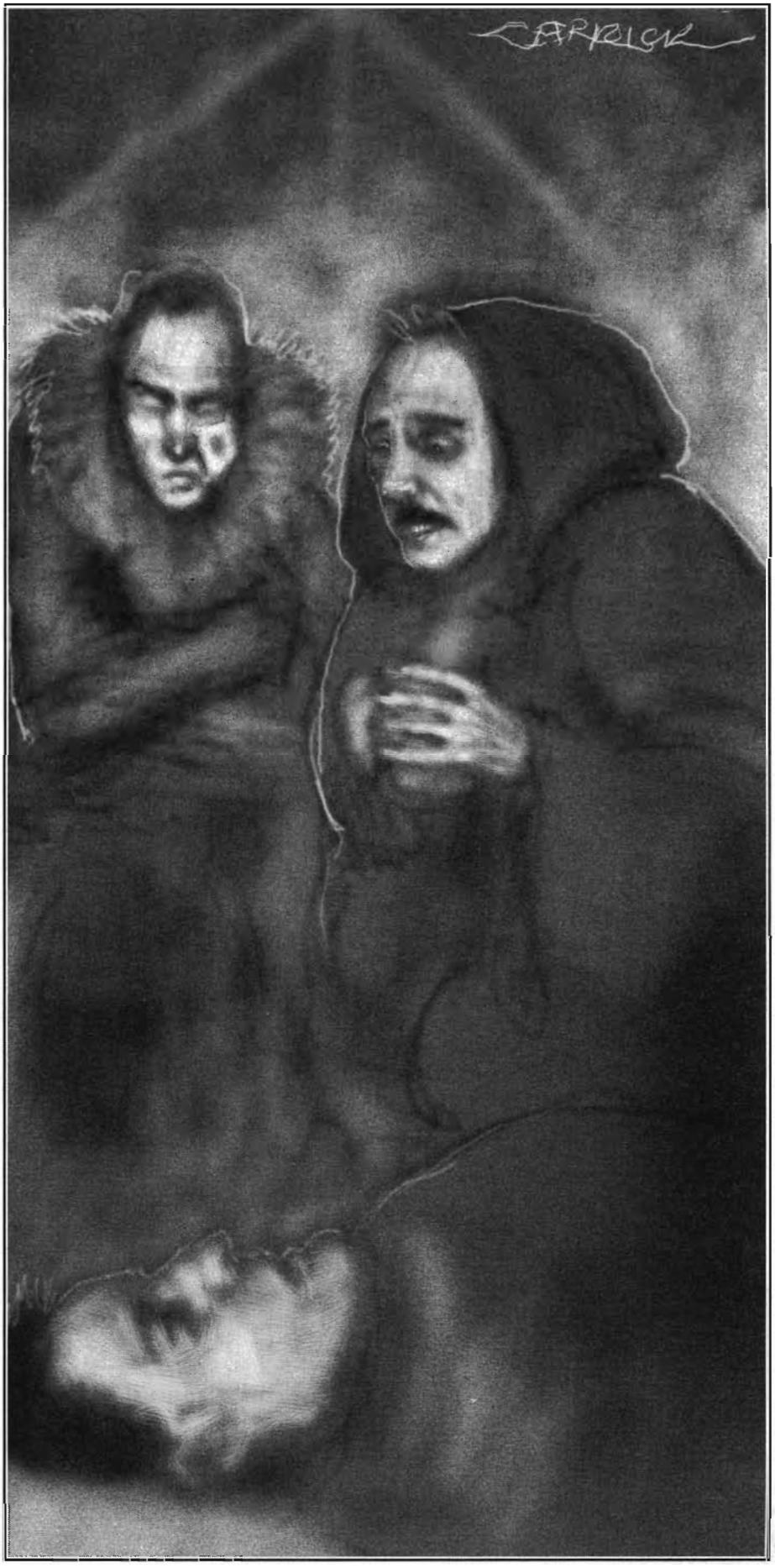
Moore questions the investigators closely about everything they saw and heard; then nods quietly and thanks them. "Get some rest. You've earned it." He then turns a page on his clipboard and whistles softly to himself, examining the notes there.

Acacia Negotiates a Compromise

On the day that follows, Professor Moore spends most of his time on the radio while Starkweather rages about the camp. The next afternoon Sykes and Greene return, accompanied by Priestley and Acacia Lexington. Quieter conversations take place.

Miss Lexington and Priestley pitch a pair of tents to one side of the camp. Priestley, a friendly soul, is often in evidence chatting to the men of the expedition. Lexington spends her time closeted with Starkweather and Moore.

The Madmen



Danforth at Work

Paul Danforth is doing what he can to keep people from returning to Lake's Camp and the City beyond. He has tried bribery, arson, and hiring other saboteurs, but it has not been enough; now, alone on the ice, he must do the rest himself.

Having achieved only minor successes, Danforth turned in desperation to his occult reading. He has tried various forms of witchcraft, curses, and the like, on the members of his party, and discovered during the voyage that at least one of these seems to work.

Nightmares, the spell Danforth cast on the men who destroyed Lexington's generator, produces a form of madness in the victim, who begins perceiving his greatest fears everywhere around him. The spell is not a quick one, requiring days of repetition and also blood, hair, or fingernails from the would-be victim. Danforth will use this spell again if he is able, but as the two expeditions combine it will be difficult to get enough privacy to repeat the rites in safety. See "Nightmares, a New Spell" on page 177, Chapter Ten. ❑

After forty-eight hours, thanks to Moore's judicious diplomacy, the two teams come to an uneasy alliance. The Lexington and Starkweather-Moore expeditions are to join forces. Her plane will replace the *Shackleton*, the one lost at sea to sabotage. Moore offers food and his base's radio and power facilities to supplement Lexington's damaged stores and equipment, and she agrees to provide fuel and to help fly Starkweather's men and material to Lake's Camp and beyond. Once the camps at Lake's Camp and the High Plateau have been made, Lexington is welcome to use them as bases for her photographic and mapping ventures.

The bargain is struck, to everyone's advantage, but neither leader seems very happy with the deal.

As far as Acacia Lexington is concerned, Starkweather is not only a chauvinist and a pig, but an incompetent whose only talent is in hiring good staff. Her angry accusations confirm much of the gossip heard around camp about the relationship between the two. Such mutterings invariably set Starkweather into a rage, prolonging the already drawn-out negotiations. It's not uncommon for players to see one or the other storming out of the meeting tent. Moore is usually somewhere nearby, doing what he can to make peace.

Lexington is loath to work with Starkweather, but the delay of returning north and acquiring new equipment will cost her at least a month and perhaps the entire season. Dissatisfied to be in Starkweather's debt, she nonetheless sees the necessity.

Flight To the Foothills

The bargain is struck on November 22nd. The next day, the 23rd, is Thanksgiving Day. The Americans in the camp gather for an impromptu feast. Everyone is invited, including all the Lexington party. The two visitors return to their own camp (with Sykes and a sled filled with electrical gear) later that evening.

The next three days are busy ones, as the two expeditions merge their camps, prepare for the next big step—the trip to the foothills of the Miskatonic Mountains—and wait for the weather to clear. Men, supplies, and fuel stream back and forth between the two camps, using both sleds and the expedition's tractors, and excitement begins to build once more. A longer, easier trail between the two camps is soon a well-traveled highway. On November 27th the clouds lift, and Doctor Albemarle

Some Arctic Terms

Barrier: A high cliff or ice shelf, generally to seaward of a well-established field of pack ice. The most familiar example is the Great Ross Barrier.

Crevasse: Also *crevice*. A crack or fissure in a field of snow or ice. May be hidden by light snow deposits or an ice bridge.

Firn: See névé.

Glacier: A frozen river or mass of ice continuously moving.

Hummock: A tall mound of broken ice.

Ice blink: Also "white sky." Distant whitening of clouds on the horizon, indicates a field of snow or ice beyond the field of view.

Lead: An open, or otherwise navigable, water channel through sea ice.

Moraine: Ridge of rock, gravel, or debris deposited by glaciers.

Névé: Old snow compacted by crystallization— the ideal sledding base.

Nunatak: An isolated rock formation or small mountain surrounded by ice.

Sastrugi: Ridges of snow or névé, like frozen dunes, formed by wind action in long rolling waves across ice fields. The result is very bad travel—sastrugi can be two or three feet deep and are frequently ten to twenty feet apart.

Water sky: Also "dark sky." Dark regions on the undersides of distant clouds which indicate the presence of open water. ❑

announces a good forecast for the next twenty-four hours. The scramble is on.

Starkweather, surprisingly, announces at the last minute that he will not be joining Moore and the others on the first flight in search of Lake's camp. Instead he has Dewitt and Huston fly him to the top of Beardmore Glacier in the *Enderby,* along with Fiskarson, Gunnar Sorensen, and a team of dogs. He has no interest, he insists, in "waiting about while Moore does his detective work," preferring instead to climb the hills and take photographs with the dogs.

"You can reach me by radio when you're ready to push on," Starkweather says. "I'm sure you'll all make your names in science, digging in the ground, but the newspapers want stronger stuff for the front page. Man against the elements! Sweeping, uncharted vistas! The baying of the huskies, the ring of sled runners on the ice! That's what catches their fancy!

"I'll be along, never fear. In a few days I'll catch up to you, and we'll all climb those mountains together, eh? What d'you say?"

Starkweather's flight leaves at 8 a.m. on the 27th; the aircraft returns four hours later without incident, having dropped the three men and their gear safely atop the Polar Plateau. At one o'clock that afternoon, the two Starkweather-Moore Boeings are fully loaded and ready to fly.

The first flight to the mountains consists of Professor Moore, the investigators, and Michael O'Doul with the first pieces of the Pabodie drills. O'Doul and the drills ride in the *Enderby,* while Moore takes the *Weddell*'s copilot seat. Most of the investigators must ride with Moore in the *Weddell.* Later flights will bring the rest of the equipment and the remainder of the scientific team.

At 1:15 p.m. on November 27th, after a final radio consultation with Acacia Lexington, the *Enderby* and the *Weddell* rise from the ice. After a midair rendezvous with Lexington's *Belle,* the combined expeditions turn together toward the southwest, toward the Miskatonic Mountains and Lake's mysterious camp. ■



Chapter Seven Timeline

Nov. 20 — An explosion rocks the Lexington camp at 3 a.m. Starkweather fields a rescue team to help; the blast was caused by madmen running amok. Lexington's party loses power, radio, some supplies. Everyone thinks Starkweather is responsible.

Nov. 21–22 — Radio negotiations between the two parties. A tentative deal is reached, wherein the Lexington and Starkweather-Moore Expeditions join forces to explore the interior.

Nov. 23 — Thanksgiving Day. Both parties celebrate.

Nov. 24–26 — The two groups merge camps, prepare for the coming flight to the mountains.

Nov. 27 — Starkweather takes two guides and a sled team to the Polar Plateau. The foothills expedition is left in the care of Lexington and Moore. Three aircraft take off in search of Lake's Camp. ❑



Chapter Eight
Nov. 27–30, 1933

Wherein the investigators reach Lake's Camp, make a gruesome discovery, and discover Dyer's deception.



Slowly, carefully, unsteadily, the expedition members climbed down onto the snow of the high plateau. Thin icy wind knifed deep into their lungs, sang against the wires of the aircraft and tugged at hair and clothing. No one spoke. The silence, after hours in flight, was deafening.

They could not, at first, pick out the lines of the ruined camp against the snow. Too much had been covered over or blown away. Too much had been lost.

After a moment, though, the eyes of the searchers began to pick out details. Here, a low row of mounds was all that was left of the tents. There, the clean burnished arc of a metal wing tip pointed at a crazy angle into the sky.

"Well, we're here," murmured the pilot, Dewitt.

"Lake's Camp. What a God-forsaken place."

At the Mountains

Keeper's Overview

In this chapter, the Starkweather-Moore and Lexington Expeditions fly together to Lake's Camp, in the foothills of the astonishing Miskatonic Mountains. There at last they unearth the remains of Lake's ill-fated party, and begin to uncover the awful truth of what really happened at the feet of the Mountains of Madness (as Dyer termed them).

The chapter's purpose is threefold: to study Lake's Camp itself, in all its sad detail, to familiarize the investigators with Lexington's small team, and to allow the investigators a breathing space during which they can explore and discover in safety, getting a sense of accomplishment and a mystery to follow in the process. There is no danger, other than that posed by the Antarctic itself. All that is here are memories.

Much of the chapter deals simply with those remnants left behind by the other expedition. Lake's own finds remain as well—the fossil caves, the buried bodies of damaged elder things beneath the snow mounds—and add their own spice to the tale.

Despite their impromptu alliance, the relationship between the Lexington and Starkweather parties is not good. She quickly rues her dependence upon Starkweather's group, and opens negotiations with the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition. These talks may be overheard by the investigators, deepening their suspicions of Acacia Lexington; the subsequent arrival of the BFE advance party changes the balance of power once again.

The Flight

The three aircraft take to the air shortly after lunch on November 27th and fly westward in crystalline skies. Moore perches in the *Weddell's* copilot's seat, staring forward into the distant haze with desperate intensity. He does not speak, ignoring everyone, oblivious to all but the spectacle before him.

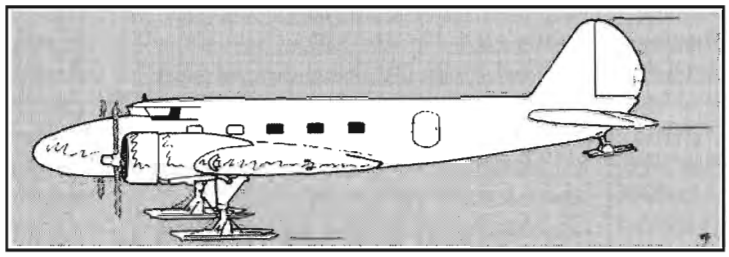
The mood in the aircraft's crowded cabin is tense, a rich mixture of excitement and dread. Everyone knows that soon the expedition will arrive at Lake's Camp. Soon everyone will know the truth—will see for themselves what is left of the brave men who died three years ago. No one speaks in the cabin. The whine of the wind and the powerful shuddering roar of the Boeing's engines are felt in everyone's bones; they express it all, without words. There is little need to say anything.

The weather is perfect for flying. Once again Starkweather's gamble with the season seems to have paid off. Everything is clear, white, and cold. The investigators, faces pressed to breath-fogged panes, seem able to see to the ends of the world.

The first hints of the Mountains of Madness are seen less than an hour after takeoff—dark smudges on the horizon that resolve themselves in time into a line of jagged peaks. 'Like the Himalayas,' Lake reported, and he was correct: these are primordial giants, thrusting stark and bare into the upper air. They march off unbroken, southeast and northwest, until they

are lost in the distance. Truly, it seems, the party looks upon the wall at the end of the world.

It takes many hours to approach these mountains. They grow clearer slowly. They are gigantic, but distant. The range is solid, rising like a wall from a distance-blurred base. The higher peaks rise clear of snow, cones, pyramids, and mighty monoliths of slate-dark stone, so dark against the bright sky that they seem at times to suck in the light, or to be surrounded by a malignant aura of shadow. The very air above those far-off spires seems luminous in comparison, as if some unguessable radiance beyond were illuminating it from behind.



As the aircraft close, foothills appear. These are Antarctic rises of more ordinary aspect, rising in some cases thousands of feet above the Polar Plateau. In any other place, they would themselves be called mountains—here they are dwarfed into insignificance by the horrible majesty of their parent range. Moore's aëroplane and the others must climb up, and up again, as the land rises beneath them. Eight thousand feet—ten—twelve thousand. Still the lesser peaks cluster ahead and above; and still, beyond them all, the walls of the greater mountains loom impossibly huge.

By late afternoon another phenomenon can be seen. Huge shadows reach out from the mighty mountain walls, distorting and shrouding the neighboring peaks and flowing like a gray many-fingered river over the lower hills and the edges of the plain. These mountains are enormous, enough that even in the summer the sun must pass behind them every day, thrusting long fingers of shadow for more than twenty miles across the foothills and the plain beyond.

The closer the trio of aircraft gets to the mountain wall, the more details appear. Investigators with binoculars may make out strange regular outcroppings on the sides of some of the nearer peaks. There are cylinders, deep gouges, and cuboid excrescences that look to the observer as if they must have been formed by intelligent hands.

The sky ahead, above the Miskatonics' silhouette, takes on a hazy brilliance as the day begins to wane. The rays of sunlight pierce the windows from directly before the craft, carving the jagged western skyline out of blackness and half-blinding the observers searching the ground below.

Little by little they rose grimly into the western sky; allowing us to witness various bare, bleak and blackened summits . . . in the reddish Antarctic light against the provocative background of iridescent ice-dust clouds. In the whole spectacle there was a persistent, pervasive hint of stupendous secrecy and potential revelation. . . . I could not help feeling that they were evil things—mountains of madness whose farther slopes looked out over some accursed ultimate abyss.

—Dyer Text.

Lake's Camp

By evening the expedition aircraft are prowling the higher foothills, searching for Lake's Camp. The ground below is a turbulent landscape of rock and snow. Hillocks and ridges attest to the immensity of geologic pressure; huge fields and drifts of snow lie caught in depressions and narrow twisting valleys, while lesser peaks and ridges of raw stone peek out above glaciers and white-clad slopes.

Lake's Camp is in these foothills, at an altitude of twelve thousand feet above sea level, a full half mile above the polar plain. The Miskatonics dominate the western landscape, a brooding wall of dark heavy escarpments that pulls the eye away from the ground below. Moore has the proper coordinates, taken from radio accounts at the time, but the land below is wide.

Day and Night in the Mountains of Madness

Antarctica in the summer is generally considered to have no day or night, since the sun is above the horizon twenty-four hours each day. At the latitude of Lake's Camp, even in high summer the sun never gets more than about 30 degrees from the horizon in the north, at noon, and dips to less than 3 degrees in the south, at midnight.

The Miskatonic Mountains, however, are a solid range of great height, higher than the Himalayas, stretching from the southwest to the northeast in an unbroken wall tens of thousands of feet high. A band of shadow ten to fifteen miles wide exists at the base of the upper range from about 3 p.m. to roughly 4 a.m. to the east, facing Lake's Camp, and about 5 a.m. to 2 p.m. to the west, on the far side of the high pass. These regions will experience a sort of shadowy twilight between these hours, and a brilliantly lit day for the rest, even though things will never be truly dark, even at local midnight.

Lake's Camp is east-northeast of the mountains, about ninety miles from the closest high pass. It will never be caught in this shadow band, but the entire near face of the upper mountains will be in shadow each afternoon. ❑

Compasses and Radio

Navigation on this flight must be made by sightings and solar compass—magnetic compasses fluctuate widely throughout the flight, and become less and less reliable as the aircraft approach the mountains themselves. Should the investigators at any time be responsible for navigating an aircraft in the regions near the Miskatonic Mountains, they need to make successful **Navigate** rolls every hour or so or risk losing their precise position on the ice.

Aircraft radios also begin to behave strangely. As the party flies westward, distortion and interference become louder. Regular communication with either base camp is progressively difficult. This effect was not reported during the Miskatonic Expedition's stay; in fact it is a result of the repair work that the surviving elder things have done since then upon the great Construct west of the City. Radio contact of any kind is lost with any craft that crosses the mountains; within the City, the interference is so strong that radios are useless beyond a few miles. ❑

The air above these rough barren hills is turbulent and difficult to fly through. The aircraft jolt and shudder continuously, slamming dozens or even hundreds of feet up or down in the space of a breath. Small bits of equipment fly loose from their tie-downs and clatter about the cabin. People who are not strapped in may find themselves flung painfully against boxes or metal beams; each investigator needs a **Luck roll** to avoid minor cuts and bruises.

Everyone on board the aircraft must make a **CON x5 roll** as the aëroplane surges and slams through the air, or become dreadfully airsick. Should someone succumb, the interior of the plane fills with the foul stench. The victim (and possibly his neighbor) will require airing out and scrubbing down when the craft comes to rest.

Finding Lake's Camp is no easy task. There are a dozen likely landing places, small plateaus and level narrow valleys, within the area searched by the explorers. **Spot Hidden rolls** for investigators with binoculars catch the first glimpse of the camp; if a successful roll is not made then word comes hissing over the radio: "Over there! Three miles, at two o'clock!" Lexington's *Belle* waggles its wings and slews off to the left, circling roughly twice over the site before straightening out to land.

The remains of Lake's Camp are almost impossible to see against the pattern of rock, ice, and snow below. The camp is on a small plateau of level ground, nearly a mile in length, partially sheltered from the incessant wind by a low ridge and surrounding hills. The site looks like thousands of others nearby, but the mounds and patches of darkness on the ice are suspiciously regular in size, and are laid out in rows and angles that betray their artificial origins. With another successful **Spot Hidden roll** the observer catches sight of an additional dark mound—the burial cairn—a quarter mile west of the camp at the base of a stony ridge. No hint of its nature can be seen from the air.

Landing at Lake's Camp is difficult because of the violent gusty wind. Each pilot needs a successful **Pilot roll** to land cleanly. If the roll is missed, the landing is very rough, and the aëroplane suffers slight undercarriage damage that takes several hours to repair. The best way to land here is into the wind, facing away from the mountains. The terrible buffeting does not cease until the aircraft is no more than a few feet from the ground.

On the Ground

Read the following text aloud once the investigators land at Lake's Camp.

The roar of the engines dies away, replaced by silence and the singing wind. It is a desolate, lonely sound. For a moment, no one moves, then Professor Moore unbuckles himself and crouches down by the investigators, looking each of them in the eyes in turn.

"You know why we're here, of course," he says in a low voice, intent and serious. "We're here to find out what happened three years ago. What really happened.

"Something terrible took place outside, just a few yards from this spot. I don't know what it was, but it cost me a number of good friends. And the ones who know what it was—the ones who came home—are afraid to tell."

He pauses to let that sink in.

"I know those men, as I knew the men who died. Lake, Atwood, Carroll—they were brave fellows. Not afraid of the unknown. William Dyer and Frank Pabodie were brave men too. Unafraid of death—unafraid of the truth.

"Those who came home, however, each and every one, are lying about something. Something they are unwilling to tell to the world.

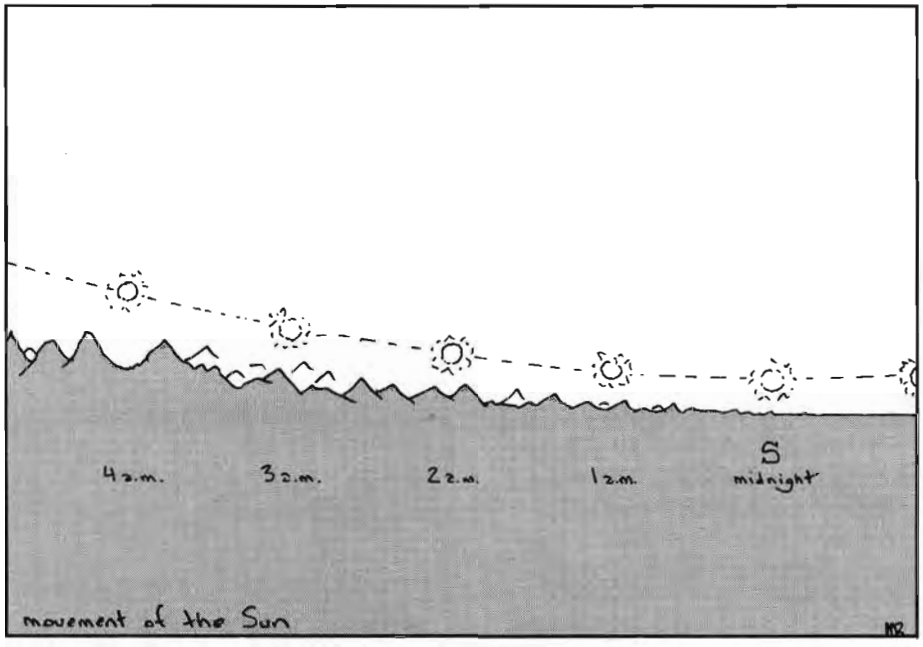
"I ask your help in this. You're not afraid to look under rocks, or to make sense of what you find. I want to know what is here—where everything is—before calling Mister Starkweather. Don't move anything yet, but find it all. Clear off as much snow as you can without disturbing things.

"We have the better part of a day before the drills and ice melters arrive. Apart from setting up your tents, the site is yours until then.

"I want to know what killed my friends."

He stares for a moment out the window at the Belle *and her crew, spectacled face carefully bland, then turns to the door.*

The Sun's Path Through the Sky



First Impressions

The explorers seal their clothing, fasten snow goggles, and exit the aircraft. Moore takes charge of the men in the other Boeing, bustling about with decision. He asks the guide, Sykes, to select a new campsite for the party that is but a short distance away from the old one on untouched ground. The pilots are told to check over their planes; Packard, Cole, and the flight crews begin unloading cargo and supplies, setting up the large group tents, and erecting the radio aerial.

Acacia Lexington and her people watch the bustle for a moment without comment. Then Priestley climbs back into their little plane, retrieves a camera and tripod, and begins to carefully record the scene, while the others turn back to the plane to unload.

The investigators are left to the work of exploration.

Two Camps

Lake's Camp is a mute memorial to the tragedies of three years ago. Snow and ice

have covered up many of the details, and wind has carried off others, but much remains, sheathed by ice and perfectly preserved by cold against the passage of time.

The keeper should focus the players' attention on the eerie feeling of the site. Remind the players of the stillness, the sound of the wind, the knifelike thinness of the air, and the harsh monotony of white on black on white. Booted footsteps squeak shrilly in the snow; breath steams and is whipped away, leaving only an icy fringe on furs or mustaches. Shadows are sharp and very long, changing the landscape anew every hour.

The wind from the Miskatonics is a continuous pressure, steady and unchanging at ground level. There is little hint, here, of the turbulent gusts that rocked the aëroplanes on landing. With the wind come small particles of ice and snow, almost invisible, which build up against any solid surface in a matter of hours. The air close by seems clear enough but the haze near to the ground is visible when one looks into the middle distance, blurring details and distorting perspective in an unsettling fashion.

A first glance around the campsite reveals few details. Most stretches of open ground are utterly clear of loose snow, though drifts may be found in the lee of the aircraft and other solid objects. One or two shallow rises of dark rock thrust almost to the surface of the ice here and there, the Jurassic sandstone and Triassic schist mentioned in Lake's reports.

An hour after landing, the *Weddell* takes to the air, bound for the base camp to pick up its next load. *Enderby* follows an hour after that. The two aircraft will not return until the next afternoon. Moore, Sykes, the camp crew, and the investigators are left behind to probe the past on their own.

The Starkweather-Moore Camp

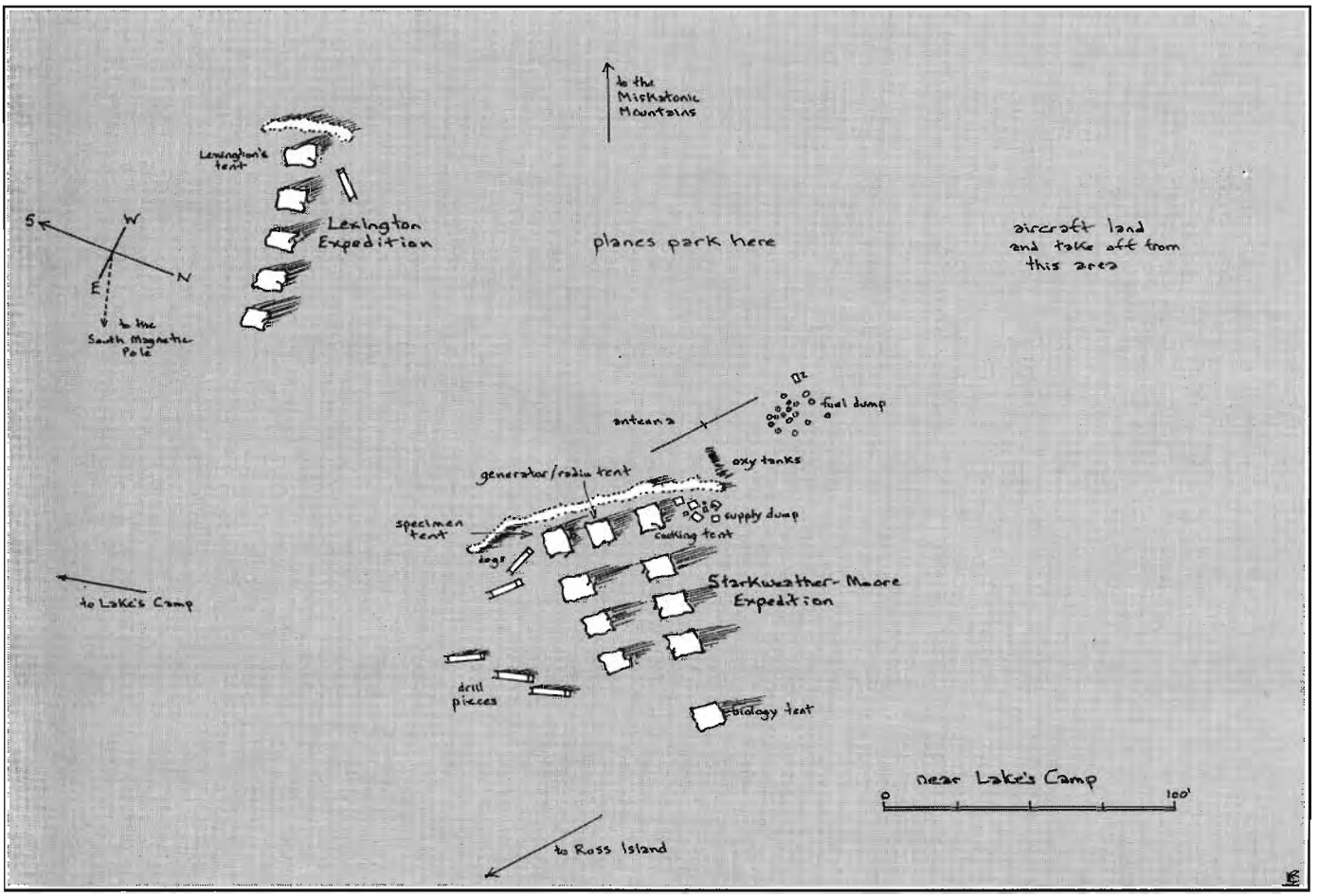
"Let us take heed of the lesson all around us," Professor Moore says, again and again throughout the day. "There is going to be wind—lots of it—so let us prepare for it."

Moore lays out his camp in a very organized way. Three large tents, each capable of holding the entire party at once, seated or standing, are lined up in a row. The first of these is the kitchen tent and larder; the second, the generator and radio tent; and the third is for specimens and supplies. The upwind walls of each of these tents are backed not only by ice block walls but by crates and barrels of supplies that can be left in the cold. Accommodations for the party members are scattered downwind of the large tents, each carefully buttressed behind its own snow bank. One lone tent, furthest downwind of all, is dubbed the "biology tent." "Sometimes animal specimens have an odor," Moore explains mildly, and does not elaborate.

The camp crew digs trenches for the aircraft and builds ice-block windbreaks around them. These are sturdier affairs than the flimsy ones thrown up by Lake, and take two days to complete. The investigators are told to protect their tents in a similar fashion, with deeply anchored lines and a wall of ice and packed snow to windward (successful **Polar Survival rolls** ensure a sturdy structure). Moore's camp is set up about a hundred yards to the north of the old aircraft shelters, well away from any of the remains.

By the time the investigators have finished their first survey of the site, the camp crew have erected and strung the twenty-foot radio tower and its antenna, connected the generator inside a temporary shelter,

Starkweather-Moore and Lexington Camps



and raised the kitchen tent behind its wall of ice. Sykes and Packard mark out a runway with poles and colored flags, while Cole helps the investigators with their own smaller shelters. The first hot meal at the Camp is cooked by Sykes and Cole and served shortly before 11 p.m.

Camping with Acacia Lexington

By 10:00 p.m. on the 27th, Acacia and her team are done with their own encampment and pitch in with a will to help the Starkweather party. Her people have a number of tools, such as snow blowers and a pair of one-man gasoline chain saws, that greatly speed up the fortification process.

Acacia's team are also on hand throughout the hours that follow. Priestley wanders here and there, happily recording everything on film. Again and again he pops up at the investigators' sides. "Pose for a picture," he says, as he scuttles back and forth looking for the best light, always asking about the latest find in his unfailingly cheerful way. "Come on, mate, it's history we're making! Look proud for the wife and kids!" After a while it can be quite annoying.

The other four, including Williams (Danforth) and Acacia herself, spend an hour or so securing the camp; they then busy themselves by looking over what the investigators have already seen. Lexington remains standoffish, and does not offer assistance, though the team members lend aid readily enough if asked.

Of them all, the only member of Acacia's group that does not appear interested in examining Lake's site is Kyle Williams, her pilot. He seems content to stand at a distance, near the *Belle,* and stare endlessly across the ice without moving. After a long time, he turns away, enters a tent, and is not seen again until the evening meal.

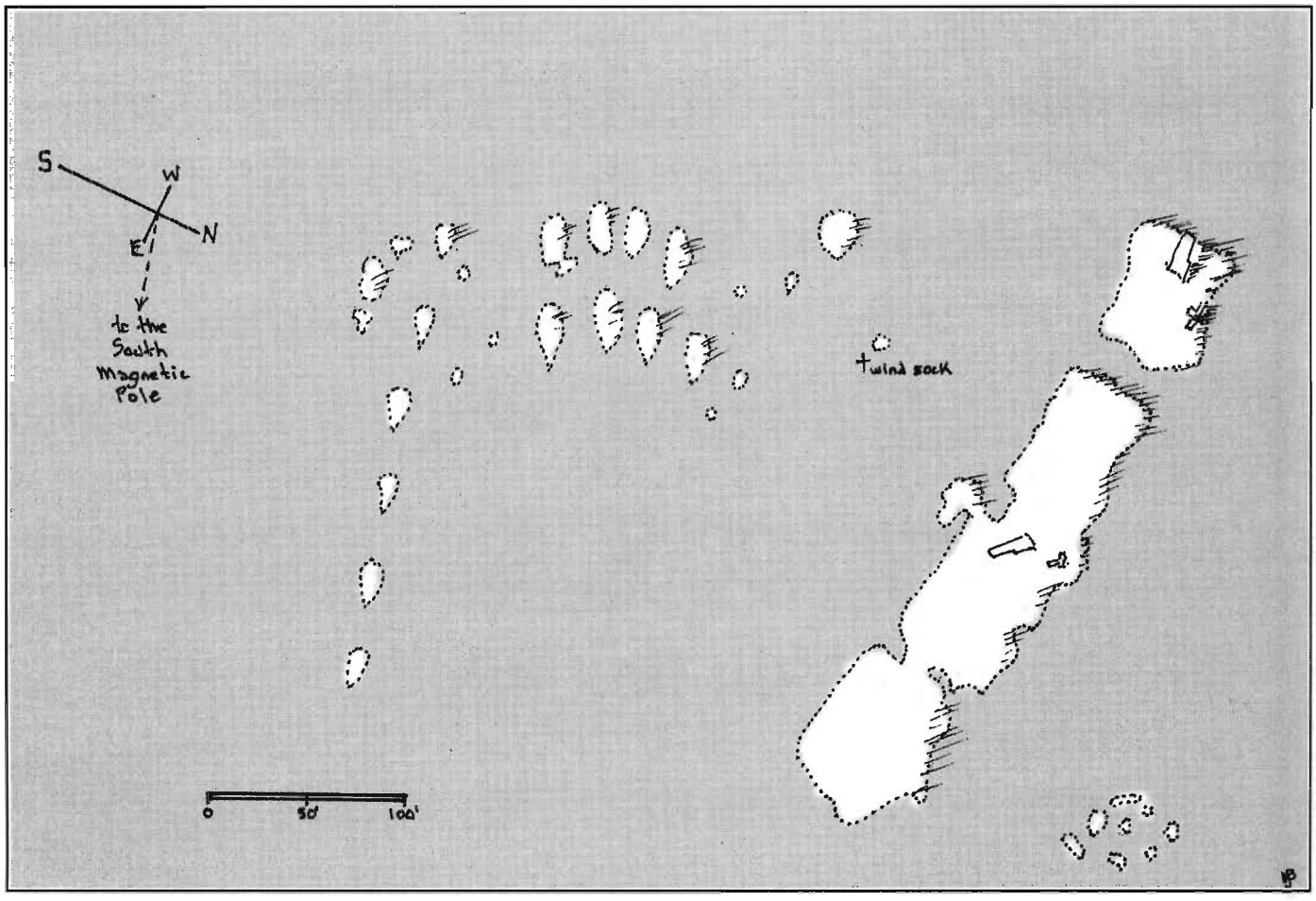
Over the next several days the investigators spend time with Lexington's party in a variety of situations. By and large they are good company, but all of them seem reluctant to trust the investigators or the other members of Starkweather's group. Careful questioning, with a successful **Psychology roll** or two, reveals that they all believe that Starkweather, or someone in his camp, is responsible for the string of mishaps that has plagued their expedition since they set sail. It is an impression that is almost impossible to dispel, doubly ironic since Starkweather himself believes the reverse to be true.

Acacia herself is unexpectedly pleasant and outgoing. Work well done pleases her; investigators who treat her honestly and as an equal soon find that she is excellent company, both in camp and on the job. She does not seem to share her team's suspicions of the other party. Starkweather alone receives her anger and disdain.

Should investigators ever ask her about Nicholas Roerich, they find that she barely remembers him. "A friend of my father's," she says. "He came by my house the day before we left New York, but I never got to see him. I haven't met him in years, in fact. Why do you ask? Do you know him?"

Williams (Danforth) makes no move during this period. For most of it, he is either flying the *Belle* or asleep, and feels that he cannot stop what has happened so far. He is resigned to waiting until the party crosses the Mountains of Madness, and then killing them all there if need be. Meanwhile, Lake's Camp holds disturbing memories for him. He wanders the camp when not in the air, staring at newly uncovered relics, his face a thin-lipped mask.

Lake's Camp Players' Map



The other members of the Lexington party are used to Williams' reclusive behavior. "He's always been like that," one says if asked. "A real grouch, and touchy too. But he does know how to fly."

Examining the Camp

Once the explorers have an opportunity to walk around a little, the overall structure of Lake's Camp becomes apparent. The remains in Lake's Camp can be roughly divided into the landing area, the camp proper, and the dig site. See the Lake's Camp Players' Map on the opposite page for an idea of the layout.

Snow has covered over many of the structures, melted and refrozen into a solid mass where dark remains lie in the open. With successful **Polar Survival rolls** or **Idea rolls,** the investigators realize that the dark color of those scraps was enough to heat the snow around them to melting during the bright summer days, only to have it freeze solid in the long night, never to thaw again.

The rest of this section presents a brief overview of Lake's Camp's various sites of interest, as much as might be gathered by a small group of people poking about for a few hours. More details of each of the various locations are given in the section "Up Close and Personal" that follows.

Clearing the snow and ice off of a location, so as to take a closer look, is a laborious task requiring several hours of hard work with appropriate tools. The only area that cannot be cleared by hand is the drill site. Ice melters, the Pabodie drill, or dynamite must be used to open up the cave.

The Landing Area

Lake's original landing strip is gone. No sign of the original runway marks remain, and the plateau is quite flat over most of its length. The two original aircraft left by Dyer's rescue party are still here, by the collapsed remains of their shelters, mostly buried now by snow and ice, and tilted over to one side. Successful **Idea rolls** make it quite clear to the investigators that the violent winds that delayed Dyer's rescue mission have swept through here more than once since that fateful day; exposed metal has been polished to a fine shine; paint on windward surfaces long since has been stripped away.

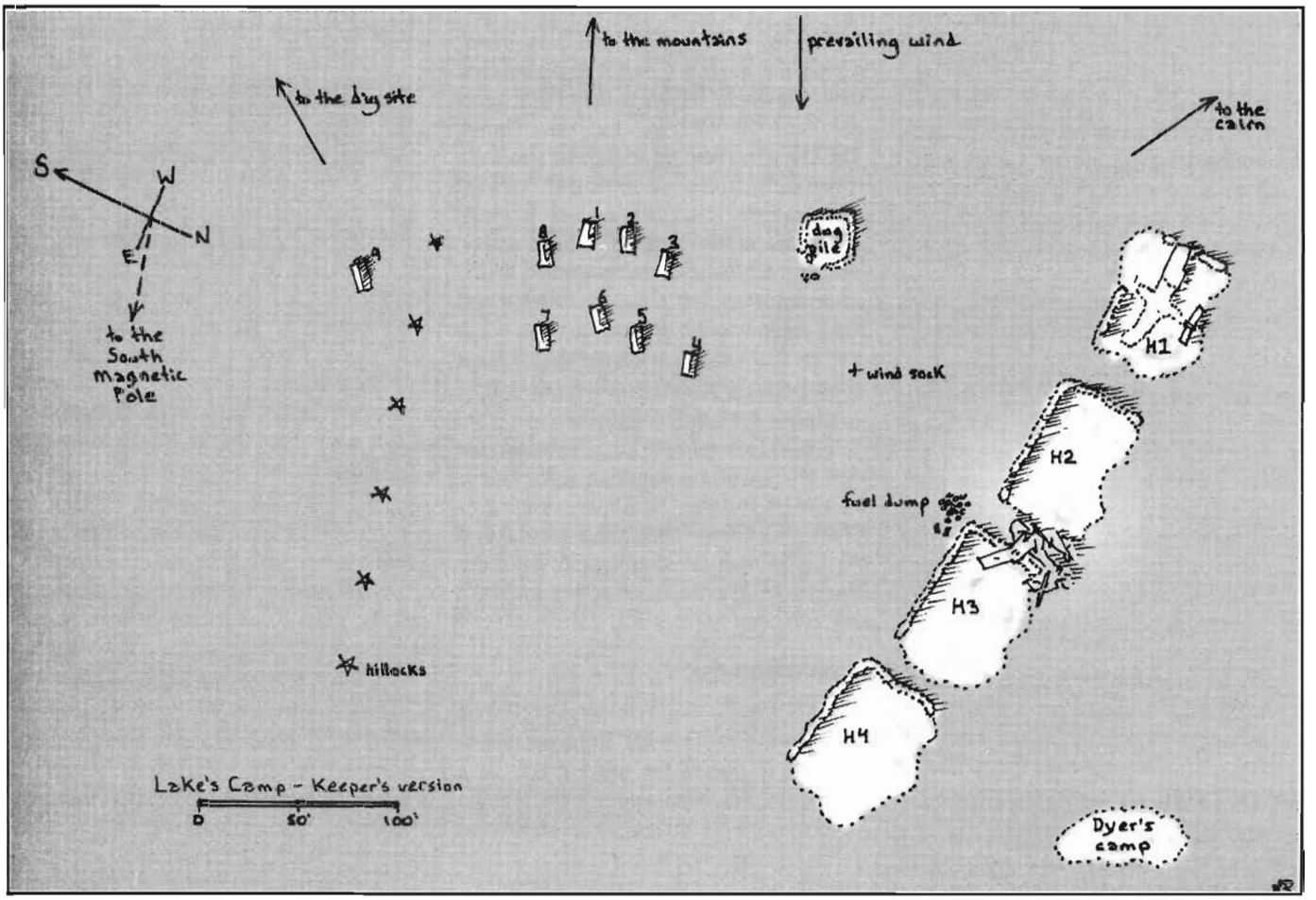
A pair of low ice mounds are all that is left of the ice and canvas hangars which once sheltered Lake's other two aircraft. Everything is locked firmly in several inches of solid ice melt, or buried in up to three feet of hard packed snow.

Close by the aircraft shelters is a small set of fuel drums, frozen together by a thick rime of ice and covered over with snow so that it looks like a chest-high hillock. This was Lake's fuel store. There are sixteen drums of gasoline, for fueling the aircraft and the Pabodie drill, and six more containers of kerosene for cooking and lighting the camp. Eleven of the gasoline barrels are still full; none of the kerosene cans have even been opened. The barrels are all upright and stacked together except two of the gasoline drums. These have fallen on their sides and lie a few feet from the rest, smaller lumps under the snow.

A short distance away in the direction of the main camp, a heavy bamboo pole still sticks up out of the ice. The tattered, faded remnants of a windsock, still barely clinging to the pole, flutter sadly in the wind.

Investigators who make successful **Spot Hidden rolls** while looking at the hangar area notice another dark, uneven

Lake's Camp Keeper's Map



region, about sixty feet to one side. Scraping away some snow reveals the signs of a small camp—a rubbish heap, and a covered-over latrine pit. Various bits of human and dog debris imbedded in the ice can be found. A successful **Idea roll**, if needed, suggests to the investigator that this is probably all that remains of the camp of Dyer and the rescue party, who stayed for two days and then departed.

The Main Camp

The main camp is about a hundred feet from the aircraft shelters, in a hollow partially protected from the wind. The steady breeze drops to little more than a breath at ground level, though at chest height it is as strong as elsewhere. This site is covered much more deeply in snow and ice than the hangar area, perhaps because of its relative calm. Many of the remaining structures have fallen in or been crushed; those that remain are little more than large mounds buried in snow and ice, with nothing but the tips of their ridge poles showing. See the Lake's Camp Keeper's Map on page 129 for details.

People walking about in the center of the camp find themselves on treacherous ground. In places, the snow is up to four feet thick. In some spots it must be waded through in freezing waist-high drifts, while in others the apparently firm surface is only a thin hard layer which suddenly gives way when trod upon.

To the west side of the camp, between it and the aircraft hangars, is a huge mound made of snow and ice blocks. It stands where the dog corral was built.

The center of the camp is made up of a rough double line of eight variously sized humps and mounds, ranging from two feet to six feet high. One or two of these can be seen to be tents; the rest are shapeless lumps of snow and ice.

On the camp's southern side, about fifty feet from the ring of tents, is a line of curious hummocks of snow, evidently artificial in origin. The line is very straight and extends in an easterly direction, with the mounds ranging from three to six feet high, perhaps fifteen feet across at the base, and each separated by thirty feet from its neighbor.

Beyond this curious grouping is another tent-mound, somewhat less covered than the others.

The Dig Site

A quarter mile from the main camp, to the south and west and slightly uphill, lies Lake's drill bore. From the main campsite it can no longer be seen, but the site is not difficult to find if anyone searches the outlying area.

The dig site is located on a shallow rise. The local stone rises to within a few feet of the surface of the ice in this spot, giving the ground a darker murkier look than elsewhere. There is very little snow here, and the wind is steady and strong. The site is marked by a singular feature, a misshapen tangle of ice-rimed twisted metal which sticks up out of a rough depression in the ice some five feet across. The ground for several feet around is discolored and uneven. A successful **Idea roll** may suggest to the players that this is the iced-over effect of a dynamite blast. A large pile of tailings sits to one side, now little more than a mound of darkened ice.

Ice and snow have filled the hole in the intervening years; sun and cold have melted and re-frozen it until the opening is filled with a solid plug of ice several feet thick. Substantial digging, drilling, or blasting of the site is necessary before it can be visited again.

The Memorial

A few hundred yards to the north-northwest of the main camp, toward the mountains, at the base of one of the rocky ridges, is a large cairn. The cairn is not visible from the camp or from the airstrip, but is discovered by anyone exploring in this direction, or by a **Spot Hidden roll** made from the air.

The cairn is almost entirely free of snow and ice. It is perhaps fifteen feet wide and ten feet across, and stands four feet high at the center. The cairn is made of local ice and stone, blasted out of the nearby hillside with explosives. Fastened to the top of the cairn with smaller stones are the faded flags of the United States of America and the Miskatonic University Expedition. Wedged against the base of the rocks, largely hidden by snow, is a broad wooden plank, deeply and carefully carved, the inscription blackened with India ink.

Beneath the rocks of the cairn lie the tarpaulin-wrapped bodies of eleven men.

In memoriam
Miskatonic University
Antarctic Expedition
January 24, 1931

Donald Atwood
Philippe Boudreau
Nigel Brennan
Augustus Carroll
Theodore Daniels
Thomas Fowler
Percy Lake
Ashton Mills
Gregory Moulton
Peter Orrendorf
Robert Watkins

"We have opened the door to a new world
and none now can say what we shall find."

Settling In, Digging Out

November 27–30, 1933

For the remainder of the 27th, and for several days after, the investigators should spend much of their time uncovering and deciphering the remains of the Miskatonic Expedition at Lake's Camp.

Professor Moore gathers the investigators together in the kitchen tent the first night, as soon as they are done with their survey. He listens to their reports with interest, taking many notes, and asks their opinions of what they have seen and what it may mean. Moore is fascinated by the straight line of snow hillocks. "Yes, yes!" he murmurs to himself, writing in a little notebook. "Of course. But why?" He does not explain himself to the investigators. It is clear, however, that he continues to place the highest priority on the solution of the mystery.

Each day follows a regular pattern, so long as the good weather holds. Three hot meals are served daily in the kitchen tent, breakfast at 6 a.m., lunch at noon, and dinner between 8 and 9 p.m. Between meals, everyone in camp either works on making the campsite more comfortable, digs into the Miskatonic party's remains, or does research of their own in their chosen fields. Professor Moore holds brief meetings after breakfast and dinner each day, where the explorers compare notes, discuss findings, or plan new undertakings.

At least twice a day, during lunch and after the evening meeting, the combined parties communicate via radio with the barrier camp and the ships; reports and personal messages are relayed to the world through the base station on the coast. These are pleasant breaks for most of the explorers; they gather around the radio tent and listen to the broadcasts from outside. Starkweather transmits too, from his camp on the Polar Plateau.

Lexington's *Belle* takes off between 6 and 7 a.m. each morning, bound for the coast. It returns about 6 p.m. with a full load, spending the evening hours on the ground while the pilots sleep or maintain their craft. The two Boeings, *Enderby* and *Weddell,* arrive each day about 3 p.m. with their cargoes. They are on the ground less than two hours, flying out before the *Belle* arrives. Their pilots sleep over at the barrier base camp.

New Arrivals

Flights arriving from the coast bring new supplies and personnel each day. Here are the rough contents of each plane's load.

11/27—Belle: Acacia Lexington, Priestley, Tuvinnen, camp supplies.

Weddell: Moore and the investigators.

Enderby: Sykes, Packard, Cole, camp supplies.

11/28—Belle: Donovan, Hopewell, Johnson, film and supplies.

Weddell: O'Doul, Pabodie drill set #1 of 3.

Enderby: Miles, Pabodie drill set #2 of 3.

11/29—Belle: fuel and camping gear for both parties.

Weddell: Bryce, Albemarle, Winslow, fuel and supplies.

Enderby: Griffith, Pabodie drill set #3 of 3.

11/30—Belle: Myers, Giles, Cruz, fuel and supplies.

Weddell: Porter, Cartier, Greene, fuel and supplies.

Enderby: Fiskarson, Nils Sorensen, sled and nine dogs.

12/01—All planes bring fuel, food, and supplies. ❑

A cautious job of clearing the central campsite, so that the contents of the tents can be carefully examined and collated, will take three days or more, using ice melters as well as picks and shovels and requiring the labor of at least a half-dozen people. Once the loose snow is gone, the camp takes on the eerie look of a waxwork tableau. Dark shapes scattered about the grounds glisten wetly under their coverings of ice; some seem to twitch and writhe beneath the snow as the observer moves.

Once detailed examinations of the structures begin, evidence accumulates at its own pace. Personal effects and other movable items of interest are taken to the biology tent. Most of the remains, however, are left where they lie, frozen forever into the ice.

The section of this chapter entitled "Up Close and Personal" is devoted to a detailed look at each part of the camp. It is up to the keeper to present these bits of evidence appropriately and to report the findings of other groups as they come up during play.

As the evidence of Dyer's deception grows, Moore becomes fidgety and uncharacteristically short-tempered. His transmissions to Starkweather and to the outside world, filled with enthusiastic details about the creatures in the snow mounds and the finds from the treasure cave, are terse and uninformative about the camp itself, and he drives the investigation of the remains onward with a desperate intensity. Investigators making successful **Psychology rolls** realize that Moore is increasingly afraid of something about which he will not speak—something that each new grisly discovery seems to confirm.

By November 30th there are thirty men and women at Lake's Camp in addition to the investigators. These break down, roughly, into the following groups:

- Six airmen, in three aircraft (occasionally present)
- Lexington's camp crew (Donovan, Hopewell, and Johnson)
- Lexington's exploration party (Lexington, Priestley, and Tuvinnen)
- Moore's camp crew (Packard, Cole, Cruz, and Greene)
- Moore's forensics team (Moore and the investigators)
- Moore's Pabodie drill crew (Gilmore, O'Doul, and Miles)
- Moore's exploration party (Sykes, Fiskarson, and Nils Sorensen)
- Moore's science party (Griffith, Porter, Bryce, Albemarle, Winslow, Cartier, Myers, and Giles)

The groupings are fluid, of course; the investigators undoubtedly have research of their own to conduct, and some of the scientists will doubtless wish to help exhume the Miskatonic campsite.

Revealing the Evidence

Clearing the campsite for closer examination requires a lot of hard work by hand, with shovels, picks, or the electric ice melters. While the upper layers of packed snow can be easily cleared by hand in a few hours, the collapsed tents have been covered with iron-hard clear icemelt that will take backbreaking labor to clear. Picks almost certainly damage the contents of the ruined enclosures, whereas the ice melters must be used with greatest care, since the melted water can easily penetrate and ruin whatever remains within the tents unless it is carefully siphoned or channeled away.

Unless otherwise indicated, it takes a team of three to four people about six hours to clear a site without damaging its contents. Power tools, such as ice melters or chain saws, reduce the heavy labor involved but do not shorten the time required.

Keepers should allow the investigators to decide for themselves which locations to explore; however, they should not be allowed to go too far too fast. Excitement over other discoveries, such as the elder things in the hummocks or the contents of Lake's Cave, will catch the investigators' attention for at least part of each day. Most of the finds in camp should wait until after the BFE arrives on December 1st. No more than one or two sites should be cleared each day before then. ❑

Here follow a few details of events that occur each day.

November 27th

The combined expeditions land at Lake's Camp in the afternoon. Mean temperature on the ground is –5°F (–20°C). Basic lodgings are constructed; Moore asks the investigators to survey the Miskatonic Expedition sites.

Starkweather, in his noon transmission to the camp, announces that he and his team will climb Mount Nansen over the following two days. "Don't worry about me, lads," he says. "I'll wave at you when I get to the top, right after I plant my flag."

November 28th

The morning is clear and calm; the temperature hovers around 0°F (–18°C) most of the day. Everyone works on camp construction most of the morning; Moore visits the Miskatonic Expedition grave site at noon, spending an hour in silent mourning.

Starkweather's midday update indicates that he is well up the side of the mountain, finding rough going due to slick ice. Carrying the radio all the way to the top will be difficult so he plans to leave it behind halfway. "If you don't hear from me by the first, come looking," he says, "but we'll be just fine, I'm sure."

The Elder Things Revealed

Early in the afternoon, soon after Moore returns from the grave site, he summons one or more of the investigators to help him excavate Ice Hummock #1. This first hummock is low and wide, made of packed ice and loose snow. It can be cleared away to ground level in less than an hour by a team of three or more.

Moore works a shovel alongside the investigators. He is determined, it seems, to see the contents of the mound first-hand. When the first shovel breaks through the ice and reveals a dark form beneath, he is there. "Stop!" he cries, stumbling forward to drop onto his knees, pushing loose snow away with mittened hands. "Look! Yes—it is! This must be one of them! One of Lake's great finds!"

The hummock and its contents are detailed in the "Mysterious Ice Hummocks" section of "Up Close and Personal." The *Call Of Cthulhu* rules contain a brief description of the elder things, but the best treatment is found in Professor Dyer's own excellent account, the *Dyer Text,* published as *At the Mountains of Madness.* In that work, Dyer terms them the "Old Ones."

As the area is cleared and the creature comes into view, Moore is more and more agitated. "This is not a plant!" he says, again and again. "This is—I don't know what it is—but they lied! Why did they lie?"

The elder thing is laid vertically, in a deep shaft in the ice. It must be lifted out to be fully seen, and weighs more than three hundred pounds. Moore calls for a block and tackle, and spends the rest of the day pulling the creature free, dragging it to the biology tent, and examining it thoroughly. He asks the investigators to take many pictures, and to hide their exposed film. He seeks out Albert Priestley, insisting that the man record the entire process of freeing and examining the creature.

"This is real," Moore says, again and again over supper. "What were they hiding? It is the find of the century, indeed!" Yet despite his words, Moore's initial elation seems to have changed to a guarded unease. "Something happened," he says.

An Elder Thing Exhumed



"Something must have happened. It's all so very wrong!"

Viewing the entire elder thing, even in its damaged state, costs 0/1D8 SAN. The body has about it a very faint but horrible reek, which increases when it is warmed in the tent. The stench quickly becomes intolerable.

Professor Moore asks everyone to stay away from the other snow hummocks while he examines the creature. If the investigators return to clearing snow away from the Miskatonic campsite, they can have the central camp cleared off by early evening.

Two of the three parts of the drill rig arrive in the afternoon, and are dragged uphill to the old drill site.

That night, at the time of the regular nightly broadcast, Professor Moore and Acacia Lexington reveal the presence of the elder things to the world as the entire camp listens in. Moore delivers the news simply.

"You should all know," he says, "that we have found some of the unusual specimens discovered by the late Professor Lake. They are quite remarkable, even in their deteriorated condition. As none of us here are fully qualified to evaluate the specimens, a more detailed report must wait until tomorrow evening, when Professor Bryce and Doctor Greene can take a look at them. Good news for everyone, however; unless I miss my guess, the specimens are every bit as sensational as we'd hoped."

Late Night Secrets

The last act each day is for the expedition to report home via wireless. The large transmitter in the radio tent is used by everyone, since it is the only radio present that can reach the coast reliably.

Moore sends his report first, followed by any of the other scientists in his party who wish to send a message. When all of Starkweather's people have had their say, Acacia Lexington and her group take their turn. It is considered impolite for one group to listen in on the other from inside the tent, but crowds of the curious wait outside for word from the north.

The transmissions take only a few minutes, and are generally done by 10 p.m., after which the radio is silenced and the generator shut down. Investigators who make successful **Spot Hidden rolls** may be a bit surprised to notice that on the evening of the 28th the radio continues in use well past 11 p.m.

It is impossible to enter, or even approach, the radio tent without being seen by Priestley, who lounges out front with a nonchalant air. If approached, he is pleasant, but says that Miss Lexington is still on the air and has asked not to be disturbed. He does not, in fact, know what she is discussing inside.

A successful **Idea roll** suggests that there are two ways to hear what is being said inside the tent, short of pushing past Priestley and causing a fuss. One is to simply stand close to the side of the tent and eavesdrop; the other is to make use of one of the other radio receivers in the camp to listen in.

Eavesdropping from outside the hut is very difficult. Lexington's voice is quite faint and muffled. With a successful **Listen roll** the investigator can make out only that she is speaking in German; a D100 result of 01–05 is necessary to make out any at all of what she says, if the investigator speaks the language. The replies, if any, are inaudible; presumably she uses headphones.

If the players use another radio to listen in, doing so is easy. She is transmitting on an unusual frequency, but in the same band as the usual broadcasts; her signal is easy to find. She speaks in good rapid German with a man who responds in kind. Listeners who make successful **German rolls** understand the final lines of the dialogue.

LEXINGTON: Let me repeat my offer. I can get you there safely; your own equipment will not permit such a flight. It is a reasonable bargain: you have the tanks and the equipment, I have the superior aircraft. What have you to lose?

MAN: I agree it is attractive, Miss Lexington, however the decision is not mine to make. The Professor and Herr Doktor Meyer will decide. I can only pass along your urgency to them.

LEXINGTON: Do so then, if you please. I'm tired of waiting at the mercy of others.

MAN: As you wish, Miss Lexington. I will ask them to speak to you as soon as they arrive, once they have determined the situation for themselves.

The two parties sign off, and moments later the radio tent goes dark. Lexington joins Priestley, who walks with her to their camp. They converse in low tones as they go.

Keeper's note: the investigators may make what they like of this exchange; in fact, it is the final chapter in a negotiation between Acacia Lexington and the leaders of the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition. She has offered to take a passenger or two from the BFE across the Miskatonic Mountains in the Belle *in return for a replacement radio and some specialized altitude gear. In this way she hopes to escape her dependence upon the Starkweather-Moore Expedition's equipment and supplies.*

November 29th

The 29th continues much like the 28th, with a few more clouds and gustier winds. The temperature raises to nearly 10°F (–12°C) by 3 p.m.

The aircraft shelters are completed today, and the two sections of the Pabodie apparatus are partially assembled at the drill site by O'Doul and Miles. The third section arrives in mid-afternoon and is immediately taken to the site for assembly.

Professor Moore oversees the excavation of Ice Hummock #2 in the morning. (See the "Mysterious Ice Hummocks" subsection further ahead for more information.) The elder thing inside is taken to the biology tent, where it is placed with the first specimen. More detailed examination of the creatures in the snow hillocks is turned over to Professor Bryce when he arrives.

"That's enough of these for now," Moore says. "We'll do another tomorrow.

Footprints

Snow and ice storms have scoured most exposed surfaces clean of clinging material, though they have built up thick icy layers on and over vertical projections such as snow walls, tents, and the like. Because of the wind scouring, most of the ground here is extremely hard and icy and does not retain any signs of tracks or trails from three years ago. The exception to this is in the Main Camp region and close underneath the shorter three hummocks, where thick snow layers have protected the footprints, both human and elder thing, pressed into the snow beneath. In order to see these prints, great care and an archaeologist's precision must be taken in removing the covering snow while preserving the marks beneath; at least four man-hours per location and a successful **Archaeology roll** are required. ❑

Maybe from the other end of the row, eh? In the meantime, I'd like to examine Lake's tent, if we can find it. He might have left some information there."

The investigators are asked to turn again to the main camp. By the end of the day they should have begun examination of at least one, possibly two, of the sites of interest.

Keeper's note: the keeper should focus the investigators' attention on the central camp, and for the moment keep them away from the abandoned aircraft shelters, especially the one labeled H2 on the plan: this should be excavated with BFE assistance in Chapter Nine.

Miss Lexington and her man Tony Hopewell volunteer to help on the project, and work as hard as anyone to get the job done. Detailed treatments of each location can be found in "Up Close and Personal."

By supper, the drill crew have assembled the Pabodie drill and have raised it into place. Drilling begins at once and continues throughout the night.

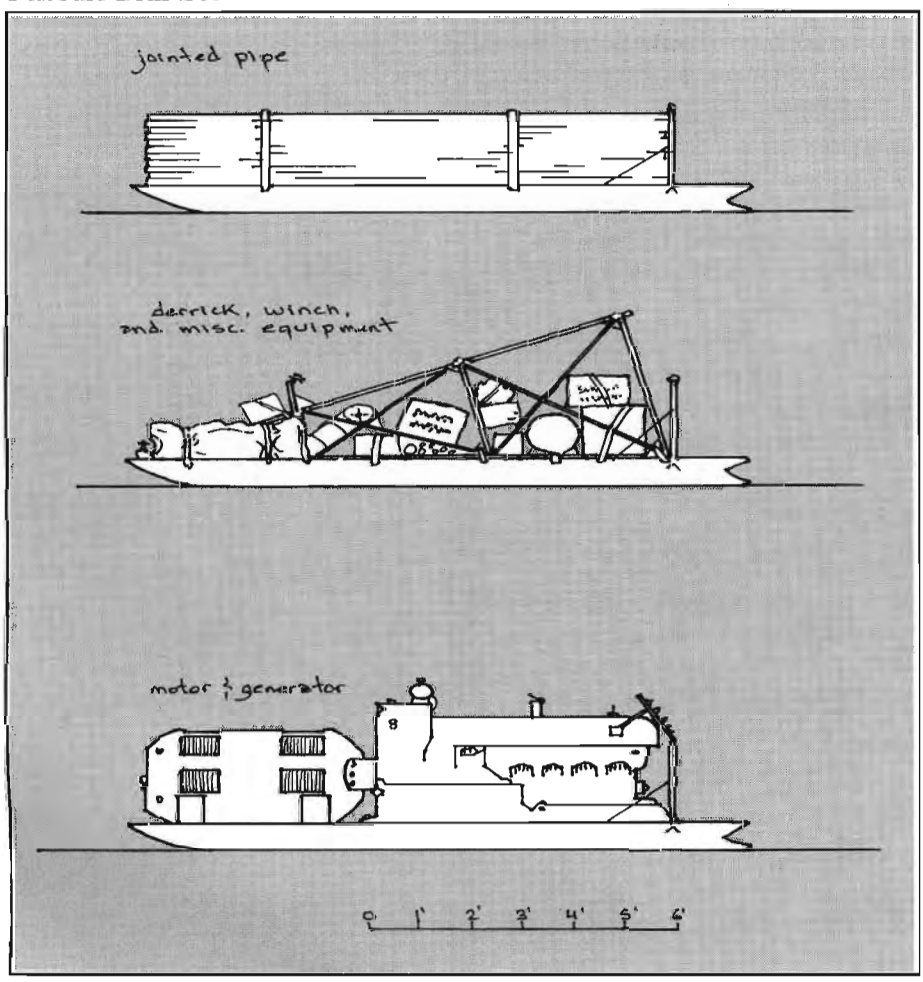
Professor Bryce's first report is made to the assembled party over dinner, then repeated later over the radio. In it he states that the specimens conform to no traditional taxonomy, and have no bony skeleton per se. The species was unequivocably motile, fast, and strong.

"Ladies and gentlemen, these creatures were not plants. They were neither sessile nor passive, but appear in every way equipped as predators, probably at home in an ocean or shallow sea."

The evening radio broadcasts are once again sensational. Bryce's report is passed along verbatim, along with the news that the cave will soon be open once more. Moore refrains from mentioning any grisly evidence uncovered by the investigators, and in fact does not refer to Lake's party at all while on the air.

Before Acacia takes her turn at the microphone, however, Moore draws her aside. "Don't speak about the camp," he urges, within earshot of at least one of the investigators. "We don't know enough yet. You've seen the evidence. You have eyes. It wasn't weather that did this; but I don't want to ruin . . . the wrong reputations . . . by saying too much too soon. Please?"

Pabodie Drill Set



Acacia measures him with a glance before replying. "I'll help," she agrees, and says nothing about the Lake party in her report.

November 30th

Clouds thicken further, but visibility is still good at the camp. The temperature drops once more, to about –5°F (–21°C). The wind, for once, all but dies away.

The drill crew breaks through into Lake's Cave at about 4 a.m. Subsequent bores and some cautious work with dynamite and the electric melters open a man-sized passage by breakfast. Limited exploration of the caves begins at once and continues through the day. Acacia and Priestley bring their cameras to the drill site and shoot a lot of film.

It is very exciting. Everyone wants to see. During the noon broadcast, when the news has been transmitted to the outside, MacIlvaine on the *Tallahassee* relays congratulations from all around the world. "They're all terribly interested," he says. "We're getting radiograms and offers of money from just about everywhere. Bring a lot of samples with you when you come home!"

Eight more men, a large amount of supplies, and a nine-dog sled team arrive during the afternoon in three planes. The Starkweather-Moore-Lexington advance base at lake's Camp is complete by the end of the day.

Doctor Greene takes over from Bryce in the examination of the elder things when he arrives, while Bryce moves to the drill site and begins exploring Lake's Cave. The entire camp is in feverish excitement. The discoveries here are every bit as revolutionary as Lake hinted in his early reports.

Only Moore is unhappy. He remains determined to understand the true reason for the murders and the secrecy, and the more the macabre evidence piles up, the more disturbed he becomes. Moore insists that at least one group of investigators continue clearing the central camp, and labors alongside them to get the job done. An additional one to two sites can be cleared in this way before dinner.

Should anyone ask Moore why he is being so close-mouthed on the subject of the Lake Party, he turns on them with frantic urgency.

"Just look around you!" he hisses. "It's madness! Madness and lies. Maybe even murder. But I knew these men. I know them! Every one of them lied—and they

are honest men. Why did they lie? What horror are they hiding? Dare we ruin them, if there was reason in what they did?"

At the lunch transmission Moore sends an urgent message asking Professor Pabodie to contact him later in the day. Pabodie declines, sending only the following cryptic wire which everyone in camp hears that evening.

> MY DEAR MOORE
> YOU ALREADY HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS I CAN GIVE
> TAKE MY ADVICE AND BE VERY CAREFUL
> WE WILL TALK WHEN YOU RETURN
> UNTIL THEN I BEG YOU MAKE NO MISTAKES YOU WILL REGRET LATER
> GOOD LUCK AND STAY WATCHFUL
> YOU ARE IN MY PRAYERS
> PABODIE

Up Close and Personal

This major section describes in detail the various sites of interest in and around Lake's Camp. Investigators working to uncover the remains of the Miskatonic Expedition may encounter these in any order.

The Landing Area

The landing area by Lake's Camp has seven areas of interest: four aircraft shelters, labeled H1 through H4 on the keeper's map; an overturned Dornier airplane between H2 and H3; the fuel dump; and Dyer's campsite. *Keeper's note: be sure to follow the keeper's notes appended to the H2 information.*

Aircraft Shelters, H1–H4

These four shelters, made to keep snow and ice from building up around the Lake Party's four Dornier aircraft, were thrown together quickly. The shelters had an angled wall of snow and ice blocks about two feet thick, on the windward side of each aëroplane. These blocks were dug out of the ground in the lee of the wall, forming a slight ramped depression into which the aircraft could be placed, taking it further out of the wind. A canvas tarpaulin was stretched across the top of the enclosure and over the aircraft itself, ensuring that wind could not get under the wings to flip the aircraft, and that snow buildup around the craft would be minimal even in a blizzard.

Lake's party did not have time to do the job properly. The wind walls were hastily constructed and were not high or sturdy enough to protect the aircraft they enclosed. One of the shelters, labeled H1, did not survive the initial blow. The others stood longer, but all have collapsed in the three years since the previous expedition. Now these shelters are large flat-topped mounds of snow and ice, roughly square, about forty feet across. H1 is the tallest, rising about eight feet off of the plain, and is notable for the metal wing and tail section that protrude out of its top. The others all are empty, and push up only two to three feet above the surrounding ice.

- ***H1 before clearing:*** this irregular mound of hard-packed snow is different from the rest. About five feet of metal aëroplane wing protrudes at an acute angle from the center of the mound, and a foot or so of a tail empennage can be seen at one side. All the exposed metal surfaces are brilliantly burnished by wind and ice scouring; the lee sides sport many small icicles that stick out four to five inches, some at odd angles to the ground due to the constant action of the wind.

- ***H1 after clearing:*** the shelter appears to have collapsed before being buried under the snow. The airplane in here is crushed beyond repair, most likely by falling blocks of ice. The port side wing and landing ski are buckled, and the flattened fuselage is twisted on its side, thrusting the remaining (starboard) wing into the air. A few tatters of the tarpaulin around the base of the wing are all that remain.

  If the aëroplane itself is examined closely by someone with Pilot Aircraft or Operate Heavy Machine of at least 15%, a successful **Spot Hidden roll** reveals that the engine compartment has been opened. Some parts are loosened, others are missing or replaced by ill-fitting components from elsewhere in the plane. There is no reason to this work, and no apparent purpose. It is as if a child had been playing with a poorly understood toy.

- ***H2 before clearing:*** this low broad mound of snow is about four feet high toward its windward edges, and about two feet everywhere else, with a broad shallow dip in the center. There is obviously no aircraft in this shelter. *Keeper's note: this location should not be cleared until after the BFE arrival in Chapter Nine.*

  Attempting to walk across this mound is exceedingly dangerous, since the ice and snow on top is partially held up by the decaying tarpaulin. Anyone attempting to walk on the surface of the mound needs a **Luck roll** or causes that support to shred, dropping the unlucky adventurer and several hundred pounds

Dogs and the Elder Things

Fiskarson's sled team, which arrives on the 30th, reacts very badly to the campsite. The dogs become extremely excited and difficult to control, snarling and howling in a hostile and uneasy fashion. This behavior is most marked near the line of tall hillocks and the lone tent, but is also notable near the second of the aircraft shelters (H2). Unless the dogs are carefully controlled they descend on these in a pack, standing stiff-legged facing them and barking furiously. Trained dog handlers, or those with close relationships with the dogs, may command them to come away and quiet down with a successful **POW vs. POW roll** on the Resistance Table, but control remains a difficulty at all times. The dogs continue this ruckus unless they are withdrawn upwind a good distance from the camp. They are useless for hauling or tracking anywhere within the campsite area. They will not go near the drill site under any circumstances, even if commanded by Fiskarson. ❑

of snow and ice about five feet to the actual floor of the shelter.

Should the party remove the covering ice layers with caution and skill (roll under the team's lowest **DEX x3**, plus a **Luck roll** or appropriate skill roll to do this) it is possible to expose the interior of the shelter cleanly to view, nearly unchanged since the day Dyer's party left.

If the exposure is not performed cleanly, or if someone falls through or collapses the tarpaulin, the interior is filled with powdered snow and variously sized chunks of ice. The keeper should subtract 20% from all **Idea rolls** and **Spot Hidden rolls**, and obscure the finer details as appropriate in that case.

- ***H2 after clearing:*** see "Hangar H2 after clearing" in Chapter Nine for a description of the contents. *Keeper's note: this location should not be cleared until after the BFE arrival.*

- ***H3 before clearing:*** this low broad mound of snow is about four feet high toward its windward edges, and about two feet everywhere else. There is obviously no aircraft in this shelter.

  This shelter is filled with snow and ice. The tarpaulin is gone. It is safe to walk across the top of this mound without making any rolls.

- ***H3 after clearing:*** the shelter is empty and contains nothing but ice, except for a single eyebolt and a pair of steel screws which may be noticed with a **Spot Hidden roll**.

- ***H4 before clearing:*** this low broad mound of snow is about four feet high toward its windward edges, and about two feet everywhere else. There is obviously no aircraft in this shelter.

- ***H4 after clearing:*** the shelter is empty and contains nothing but ice, except for a few tools and spare parts for the Dornier airplanes. None of these are of any use to the investigators.

The Overturned Dornier

Before clearing: this aircraft has been slewed around and flipped onto its back at some time in the past, probably by the action of the wind. It now lies canted at an angle against the wind wall of shelter H3, its skis in the air. It will never fly again. All exposed surfaces are pitted and ground clean of paint, shiny and worn. The window panes that remain are milky and cracked. The interior is thickly packed with ice and snow. Much of this has melted together in the lower parts of the fuselage to refreeze as a solid mass.

Clearing this craft will be very difficult due to the confined space in which the work must be done. The best way to proceed would be with hammer and chisel—this could take a very long time. Arc melters are unsafe because of the craft's metal frame; the best tool to use would be an acetylene torch, and the Starkweather party's only such tool is back on the barrier ice. Emptying the fuselage without the torch or an equivalent would take three to four days of hard work by no more than two men.

After clearing: should the interior of the aircraft be cleared of ice, several of the main systems are missing. The radio, the starter motors, and a number of other hydraulic and electrical items have been removed from their housings.

A successful **Luck roll** while excavating around the plane turns up the Dornier's radio. The radio is buried in the snow behind the aircraft, against the H3 western windwall. It appears somehow different than it should. Investigators with successful **Electrical Repair rolls** realize that it has been partially rebuilt using spare parts from other components, most of them wildly inappropriate. The whole exterior has an oddly corroded look, as if it had been dipped in a mild acid.

The moment the radio is brought out into the sunlight there is a piercingly loud howling from any expedition dogs within a mile or two. Anyone with the dogs will see them standing stiffly, hackles raised and ears pricked as they look frantically in all directions. This continues until the radio is covered or placed in shadow. The radio itself shows no indications of activity, and has no recognizable power source.

The Fuel Dump

Clearing the ice away from the fuel dump should be undertaken with caution. Electric melters should not be used. Fortunately, it is not difficult to chip away the covering ice and free the barrels.

The sixteen gasoline drums taken together contain about 450 gallons of fuel. The six smaller kerosene cans contain about thirty gallons of kerosene.

Dyer's Campsite

Further scrutiny of Dyer's campsite reveals little of interest. The rescue party consisted of ten men and a small number of dogs. They arrived in two aircraft, stayed two days, and flew four aircraft away. About all that will be found by examining Dyer's rubbish heap is the number and type of food tins the men ate from while they were here, and the fact that, while several of the party smoked pipes, one man at least favored expensive cigars.

The Main Camp

The Main Camp area has the following areas of interest: eight central tents, labeled T1 through T8 on the keeper's map; the dissection tent, labeled T9; the six tall snow mounds; the pile of clothing; and of course the dog corral.

The Tents

Each tent has its own story to tell. All are covered over with snow and ice; most are collapsed or broken. Before the tents are exposed and the ice sheaths removed, all of these appear to be little more than oval mounds of snow 15–20 feet long, about half as wide, and between one and four feet high.

The descriptions that follow apply only after the tent has been cleared of its icy cover. Care must be taken if ice melters are used, lest water seep into the tents and damage or destroy their contents.

Tents that were whole when the rescue party left, even if they were collapsed, are relatively dry inside and their remaining contents easy to inspect once the tent is opened. Tents, however, that were ripped open or otherwise left exposed to the elements have filled with snow which may have melted and refrozen; these require much more delicate handling. Fragile objects from these tents should be taken back to one of the public tents and allowed to thaw and dry out there before being examined.

Of the tents, numbers 4, 8, and 9 are the most intact. These alone have collapsed solely due to the weight of the snow and ice pressing down upon them; once they are cleared, the bent poles will partially straighten, making the tents appear to lurch upright slowly. An eerie sight indeed! Tents 5 and 6 are the most damaged. Their guy lines are loose and their central poles have been snapped by great force.

(Evidence for "great force": the poles have virtually no splintering at the breaks.

A successful **Mechanical Repair roll** or **Physics roll** explains this to the investigator. Slow stress breaks usually result in elongate splinters around the point of separation.)

The rest of the tents have poles that snapped due to long periods of pressure from the snow above.

The tents at Lake's Camp are all pretty much alike. The objects in each tent can be examined in order to determine who occupied each one. In many cases it is now impossible to be sure.

- ***T1 (Lake's Tent):*** the tent is ransacked. It is a total mess, but the interior is dry. There is a lot of spare clothing thrown around. A Meerschaum pipe lies on the floor of the tent, shattered and crushed as if by a very heavy weight. A number of loose shotgun shells and some rifle bullets are scattered across the floor by the single cot. There are no fired or ejected cartridges here, and no signs of blood. One of a pair of rubber overboots has been neatly torn in half. A small delicately carved wooden pipe box is in small bits beneath the cot and behind the bedroll. The name "P. C. Lake" is engraved on a small brass plate attached to one of the bits.

  What happened here: the remainder of Lake's personal possessions were removed by the rescue team.

- ***T2 (Atwood's Tent):*** the tent is ransacked. It is also full of snow, blown in through a number of lacerations in the tent wall. The single camp cot frame is crushed, the bedding shredded and lying in small bits all over the floor. The pieces of a large brass sextant are scattered about the area, not damaged at all. There are no clothes in the tent, except for one ancient dirty sock. Everything is frozen together into an icy mass.

  What happened here: Atwood was killed in his sleep by one of the elder things. An elder thing then took apart the sextant and played with it a bit, and experimented with Atwood's outer garments before moving on, with Atwood's body in tow. The rescue team removed the rest of Atwood's things.

- ***T3 (Fowler and Gedney):*** the tent is ransacked and damaged: One door flap has been torn almost entirely off. Two cot frames here, both intact, but upside down with the padding and bedrolls missing. Numerous items of light or inner clothing are scattered about, but no bedrolls, coats, or heavy outerwear can be seen.

  This tent requires careful excavation and de-icing if any further details are to be found. If this is done, and a successful **Spot Hidden roll** is made, a small brown notebook is found in the wreckage. Its spine is broken, the covers twisted, and all of the pages ripped out, but the inscription *Ex Libris George Gedney* is still visible in blurred ink on the inside cover.

  What happened here: the elder things entered the tent quickly and took both Fowler and Gedney by force while they were still alive. Later they came back and removed Gedney's books and maps for their paper. The rescue team took most of the men's remaining personal items.

- ***T4 (The Larder):*** this was the food storage tent for the party. The canvas structure is unharmed. Inside, however, wooden packing cases have been torn apart into kindling, and sacks of flour and sugar have been slashed open and emptied. Canisters of cooking oil and lard have been twisted apart, and their contents mixed into the drifts of flour to form a gelid mass along the base of one wall. A number of beef and pemmican tins now lie in the center of the tent, punctured, torn, squashed, crimped, and slashed. An **Idea roll**, if needed, suggests that the tins have been opened by someone who has no concept of what a tin can is or how it is used. There is no sign of any of the cuts of fresh or dried meat that might have been expected here, and no salt in evidence anywhere. Large numbers of match boxes are emptied all over the floor, but there are no matches left in the tent at all.

  What happened here: elder things experimented with the goods, and collected supplies for their own journey.

- ***T5 (Watkins and Boudreau):*** this tent was crushed from outside by wind. It shows no damage otherwise. Careful examination of the ice around the tent (with a successful **Spot Hidden roll**) turns up evidence of digging as if with shovels in the surrounding ground. Inside, the beds are made up and clean, and there is nothing personal at all in the tent.

  What happened here: Watkins and Boudreau were simply not at home when the elder things attacked; they were working on the aircraft shelters, and noticed nothing until their fate was upon them. The two men never got to use their tent at all. The rescue party took their personal effects away, still packed for travel. The digging around the tent was performed when the pair smoothed their floor when they put up the tent.

- ***T6 (Daniels and Orrendorf):*** this tent appears to have been crushed from outside by heavy snowfall. However, a successful **Track roll** uncovering this tent suggests that the snow placement is not natural, but that the tent has been deliberately covered by shoveled snow after being crushed.

  Inside, the tent is seen to be spattered all over by dark splashes and spots, as if something had been shaken violently while leaking. All of the guy ropes and tent poles have been cut through, as if by a very sharp knife, although the poles are far too thick to have been cut with any normal knife.

  The personal effects of the two men are still here. The two men can readily be identified by the labels in Daniels' bespattered hat and bedroll, and by the contents of Orrendorf's leather wallet that can be found, with a successful **Spot Hidden roll**, crushed into a corner of the tent by a pile of stained clothes.

  It takes no skill roll to conclude that the dark spatters all over the tent are of blood. A successful **First Aid roll** can be used to easily confirm that some of it is human blood at least, but that other stains are of something darker and more strange. Anyone investigating the strange spatters becomes aware of a foul pungent odor coming from them. It is the same stench put off by the bodies of the elder things pulled from the snow hummocks and dissected by Professor Moore.

  What happened here: the tent ropes were cut by the elder things while the two men were still inside. Alerted but confused by the collapsing tent, and alarmed by the sounds outside, the men armed themselves and waited. When the elder thing entered the tent the others attacked it, and actually managed to inflict a small wound before they were torn apart. The blood from attacker and victims was widespread. When Dyer's rescue party came, they buried the tent under deep snow, in an attempt to cover up the smell

of elder thing, so that the dogs would be more manageable.

- ***T7 (Moulton and Mills):*** removal of the snow mound over this tent's position reveals that the tent is simply gone. The beds and a loose assortment of clothing and snow gear are piled in the lee of the snow wall.

  What happened here: the elder things took the tent as well as its occupants. Most of the remaining contents blew away in the gale.

- ***T8 (Carroll and Brennan):*** this tent is in very good condition, and will erect itself when the covering snow is removed; however, a successful **Spot Hidden roll** calls attention to two small holes in the tent flap and another one near the apex of the tent itself. An **Idea roll** may be used if needed to suggest that these are bullet holes.

  The interior of the tent is dark and the frozen floor is quite uneven. Examination of the floor shows that the entire tent floor is covered with a red-black frozen layer of blood. A successful **First Aid roll** or **Medicine roll** allows the investigator to estimate that there are somewhere between ten and twelve pints of blood on the floor, as much as is contained in a human body. An **Idea roll**, if made, offers the conclusion that someone must have bled to death in this tent. This realization is worth 1/1D4 SAN.

  Examination of the remaining personal effects in this tent is very difficult, since they are all immersed in, imbued with, and frozen into the mass of solid blood. One item that is identifiable without difficulty is an open box of rifle bullets. No rifle or other gun is in evidence.

  What happened here: Carroll was absent when the elder things attacked. Brennan was awakened in his bunk by the entry of an elder thing. He was able to grab his gun and fire three shots, before the rifle was removed, and his hands with it. Brennan bled to death in his own bed while the elder thing observed the phenomenon.

- ***T9 (Dissection Tent):*** this tent is unharmed and will self-erect to about waist height when the covering ice is removed. The factor limiting the full rise of the tent appears to be that fabric of the tent has adhered to some of the contents. To enter the tent, the fabric will have to be ripped free of the contents.

  Inside the tent is a scene of carnage. The dissecting table at the center of the tent is imprinted over its surface with the pattern of the tent canvas, showing that this table was the object to which the tent ceiling had been stuck. Icicles of dark red blood hang off of the table's sides and frozen plates of blood decorate the floor. Sprays and arcs of blood decorate other surfaces thickly, and the medical texts on the table, opened to pictures of human anatomy and dissections, are stiffened and glued to the table with a thick rime of dark red ice. Clearly someone or something was dissected here. The violence of the sprays indicates, with a successful **Idea roll**, that they were probably still alive at the time.

  Seeing this scene and understanding what it means costs the viewer 1D2 / 1D4 SAN.

  Smaller tables around the walls of this tent bear trays intended to hold medical instruments, knives, and tools. Many of these trays are stained with the imprints of dissecting instruments, but the tools themselves are not in evidence. A number of wooden matches may also be found on the side tables, many burnt but some unused.

  A careful look around the tent reveals one last chilling piece of evidence. Carefully and delicately caught in the bloody rime on the tent floor are several easily identifiable footprints. Some of these are ordinary prints such as any of the investigators' boots might make; but beneath these are others—the striated triangular markings found in Lake's pre-Cambrian fossils: the footprints of the elder things.

  What happened here: Lake and one dog were dissected here by an elder thing.

The Mysterious Ice Hummocks

The six enigmatic hummocks stand to the south of the main group of tents, between the bulk of the camp and the lone dissection tent. These artificial structures are roughly conical in shape, more oval than circular in cross-section, stand between two and six feet high, and are perhaps fifteen feet across at the base. A successful **Navigate roll** brings the realization that a sighting taken along the line of hummocks is roughly in line with the south magnetic pole. The three most westerly of the mounds are shorter and are somewhat broader than the others, which stand between four and six feet in height.

The hummocks can be easily dug out using the ice melters, or by means of shovels and ordinary manpower. If this is done, nothing more solid than packed snow will be encountered until the diggers reach a level of about a foot above ground. At that point the hummock's contents will be revealed.

Each hummock contains a damaged elder thing. Viewing an elder thing entire, even in its moribund state, costs the viewer 0/1D6 SAN. The creatures differ slightly in the nature and extent of their injuries, but are like nothing the investigators have ever seen. The thick barrel-like bodies, the withered curls of the central limbs, and the stiffened scraps of what might once have been fins or wings are astonishingly well preserved, but in general the starfish-shaped organs at either end seem damaged or atrophied in various ways.

The elder things have been buried upright in shaft-like graves dug vertically into the ice, with only their head parts reaching ground level. The shafts plunge between eight and nine feet into the solid ice. There is no evidence of the method used to drill these shafts.

- ***Hummock #1:*** the westernmost hummock is very low and broad, rising only eighteen inches above the ice. The center of the hummock is extremely easy to clear; the grave shaft contains only a damaged elder thing. The creature's body is crudely dissected; a successful **Idea roll** serves to identify the creature to anyone familiar with the Miskatonic Expedition's history as the imperfect specimen that was dissected by Lake. Professor Moore can do this, if none of the investigators followed the tale three years before.

- ***Hummock #2:*** the second hummock is much like the first in appearance. Again the center is easy to clear; again the grave shaft contains only a damaged elder thing. This creature, however, is much more intact than the first, suffering obvious damage only to its star-shaped ends. One of them—the "head"—has been crushed, while the other is missing entirely.

- ***Hummock #3:*** the third hummock is somewhat taller than the first two, rising three feet from the ice. Digging in to the center of the mound reveals a dark solid object resting in the snow about two feet above ground level. Exposed, the object proves to be a

smooth green rock shaped much like a rounded star or thick-limbed starfish. The stone is about four inches across and less than an inch thick in the middle, is well polished and has a large number of minute stippled dotlike depressions on its convex surface.

Keeper's note: this stone, and others like it, are functional Elder Signs, and have the same qualities and effects per the Call Of Cthulhu *rules. Domestic animals of all sorts are unremittingly hostile in the presence of these stones.*

- ***Hummocks #4–#6:*** these three hummocks are identical to each other in shape and contents, and in fact are the same as Hummock #3 except for their size and the structure of the snow. As in #3, a greenish soapstone star will be found about in the center of the mound, about two feet off of the level of the ice.

  What happened here: after their awakening, the eight surviving elder things reburied their comrades in the ice and snow of the plateau. The green soapstone stars were placed on the top of each grave site mound.

  When Dyer's people came they dug up and scattered the first three mounds to see what was inside. After assuring themselves that, with the exception of the first mound which contained Lake's specimen, they were all essentially the same the party went on to other things. Dyer did take two of the stones from the graves when he left, however, leaving only four of the six with their original capstones.

  The three mounds that have been scattered are the low ones. The remaining three hummocks have more of their original height. The original five-lobed structure of the mounds has been lost, however, as snow and ice filled in the lee spaces between the lobes leaving only a faint suggestion of the initial design.

The Tattered Tent

In the snow pack next to Hummock #1 is a pile of dark cloth. It will not be noticed unless the hummock itself is excavated. When dug out and untangled it proves to be made up of several fur coats, the cloth cover for tent #T7, some bedding and other bits and scraps of leather and cloth.

If the pile is examined, the larger pieces can be seen to have been sewn together in many layers of crude broad stitches, using the commutator wiring from one of the Dornier's starter motors. The resulting garment, if that is the word, is huge and misshapen and not very strong, but once one has taken a look at the buried elder things it is not a difficult leap to envision the shape on which the makeshift coat was meant to hang.

Preserved next to the tatters by the deep snow covering are a large number of deep bloody footprints, triangular and striated, marking the activities of the elder things. These cluster around the sewn garment, and appear to lead off in several directions: toward the other tents, along the line of hummocks, and to the southwest toward the digsite.

Lake's Dogs

The thirty foot dog corral described in the Miskatonic University *Summary Report* is gone. In its place is a large mound of snow and ice, twenty feet across and about four feet high.

If an attempt is made to remove the piled snow from this object in order to reveal what is beneath, the makeup of the mound becomes quickly evident. The layer of snow and ice has added little to this mound save to smooth its exterior. Less than a foot down, diggers encounter cut blocks of solid ice.

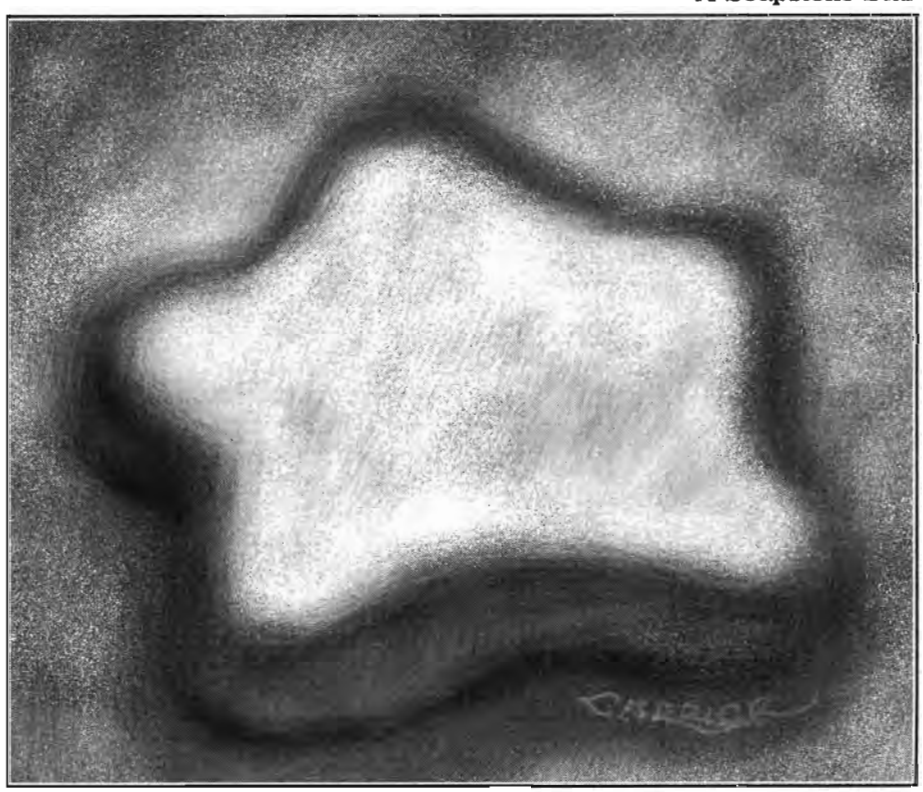
These are, in part, original blocks from the dog corral, reused by Dyer's party to save time and effort. If the blocks are removed, another chapter in the awful tale of Lake's Camp will be revealed.

The mound is a burial cairn. Beneath its protective snowpack and blocks of ice lie the bodies of thirty-six fine Alaskan sled dogs. They are piled together, solidly frozen, in a mute testimony to horror.

Should the investigators choose to examine the dogs more closely they will learn many things, none of them pleasant. Have the investigators make a successful **Spot Hidden roll** for each of the following conclusions.

- Several of the dogs have been butchered. Their limbs have been carefully skinned, as with a knife, and the meat removed with great economy. All of the larger or healthier animals have been treated this way.
- About the half the dogs have evident causes of death in the form of huge deep incisions thrust randomly through their heads and bodies. Most of the rest do not; these died of strangulation, broken necks, or—just possibly—heart failure.
- The "used" dogs from the dissection in the aircraft shelter are here—the two that have been skinned and their musculature removed, the one which has lost

A Soapstone Star



its brain and the top of its head, and the other four with gaping bellies and wide-open empty chests. All are piled here with their mates.

- Another dog—at least it appears to be an entire dog—is also here, but in many small pieces, separate bones, and organs. A successful **Idea roll** tells the investigators that this must be one, at least, of the victims from the dissecting tent.

The Memorial Cairn

There is no reason for the explorer parties to disturb the dead beneath this cairn, until the time arrives to transport the bodies home for a proper burial. Moore intends to take the bodies back on the *Gabrielle* when the expedition departs, and does not intend to open the cairn before then.

If, however, the investigators end up viewing the contents of the grave, here is what they find. The cairn is made up of rocks and ice chunks blasted from a nearby outcropping. Beneath the rocks are 11 tarpaulin-wrapped bodies.

Some of these men can be identified by means of photographs from the Miskatonic Expedition: Brennan (died of blood loss; both of his hands have been neatly sliced off through the forearms and are not present), Moulton (body unmarked; he seems to have died of a broken neck), and Atwood (spine and rib cage snapped, as if he was picked up and simply bent in half through the chest) may be identified in this way.

It will take the group a little longer to recognize the bodies of Boudreau, Carroll, Daniels, Fowler, Mills, Orrendorf, and Watkins. All of these men have been partially or totally dissected. Most of the large fleshy parts of their limbs and chests have been removed along with various of their internal organs. In three cases (Daniels, Mills, and Orrendorf) their skins are entirely missing below the neck, and only the faces remain.

One tarpaulin contains a pile of hideously dismembered and dissected body parts. Flesh has been stripped from bone, and the bones themselves have been separated. The skin is gone, and the skull has been neatly cut into two halves. Identification of this man is all but impossible, until someone who has studied the earlier expedition extensively (which could be Professor Moore if the keeper wishes) recalls (**Idea roll**) that Lake suffered a very bad breakage of one leg while playing football in college and thereafter walked with a limp. What appears to be the left lower leg has an old and badly healed break marring the bone.

Only Gedney is unaccounted for. He is missing, just as the *Summary Report* said.

The Dig Site

The site of Lake's drilling platform, and the subterranean cave where he found his most amazing finds, is to the southwest of the Camp about a quarter mile. The native stone approaches the surface here very closely, and can be seen as a darkening of the ice. The wind is strong and constant here; the ground is, for the most part, utterly free of snow.

The drill site itself is a tangle of twisted ice-rimed metal that protrudes, like a clenched misshapen fist, from a depression in the surface some five feet across. The exposed pipes and lines are thick with rime. Heavy icicles extend horizontally from the larger bars, some of them a foot or more in length. On all sides of the depression the ice is cracked and uneven, with a scattering of gravel and small rocks close beneath the surface.

Near the site the ice still clearly bears the marks of a well-used trail. Dark tracks create a path that points directly toward the Main Camp. The tracks show signs of booted feet, dogs, sled runners—and, with a **Spot Hidden roll**, the faint traces of one or two of the elder things' stippled prints.

About twenty feet from the edge of the depression is a waist-high mound of snow about twenty feet in length extending downhill. The snow buildup covers the tailing pile from the dig: a mound of rock fragments, bits of soil, fossils, and ice chunks dredged up from the hole made by Pabodie's drill.

With successful **Geology rolls**, investigators may readily identify the rock types and specimens here: sandstones and schists, mostly from the Jurassic and Triassic periods, with a few glossy black chunks and chips similar to obsidian but not igneous in nature. There is also a large amount of limestone material here, richly laced with fossils of various marine creatures. Investigators with successful **Archaeology rolls** or **Paleontology rolls** may have a field day with this material, as it represents even by itself a truly unique treasure trove of Comanchian historical information. The investigator with the lowest **Luck roll** while digging through the rocks in the tailing pile finds one of the green soapstone stars, somewhat smaller than those inside the snow hummocks but otherwise intact. This stone is not an Elder Sign, but is in fact one of the elder things' "coins." See the index or the "Guide to the City" in Chapter Ten for more about this item.

The item of greatest interest to everyone is Lake's famous cave. The tangled mass of wood and metal projecting from the ground can be seen on closer inspection to be Pabodie's drill rig and derrick, folded and bent down and thrust into the hole like a giant metallic plug. All of the metallic surfaces have that same sandblasted sheen to them—even those that have been deep in the hole for years.

Snow and ice have filled the hole, freezing and remelting until the interior is a mass of solid ice many feet thick. At a minimum, Pabodie drills and ice melters are required to remove the blockage; it might be easier to simply drill and blast a new hole a short distance away.

If the icy plug is melted out, a block and tackle arrangement is required to pull the wreckage out of the blast hole, and it takes at least four men (combined STR 30 or more) several hours to wrestle it free. Thereafter, the ruined derrick will crouch near the cave like a gigantic malevolent spider defending its lair.

Once the blockage is clear, Lake's treasure cave may be entered. From the surface the cave is a dark hole in the ice about five feet across, with rough jagged edges somewhat smoothed by man and weather. Ice and limestone rock three feet thick open away on two sides. The floor is visible ten feet below the surface. Directly beneath the original opening is a large gasoline engine, half-crushed and on its side, amidst a number of hoses, pipes, and drill heads.

The cave is low, only seven or eight feet from floor to ceiling. There is little snow or ice within the cave, thanks to the protective cover of the ice plug. Jumping or climbing down from the surface is not difficult, though it is somewhat dangerous without a ladder due to the presence of all the equipment immediately below. Investigators need successful **DEX x3 rolls** or **Jump rolls** to land without mishap.

Moore orders a tent awning erected over the hole the moment the blockage has been removed. A short ladder is strung from the surface to the floor, and a gasoline generator brought from the camp to power a number of electric lights.

Examining the Caverns

Lake's Cave is a beautiful and eerie place. A successful **Geology roll** identifies the

features of this cave. It is a limestone chamber, hollowed out from inside the mountain long ago, most likely by a trickle of water from some long-vanished spring or creek. The walls are pale tans, peaches, and greens; hundreds of stalactites and stalagmites create a fairy forest of columns and spires that limit visibility to only a few yards in any direction.

The Locator Stone

This small stone artifact detects magical energy. It warms in the presence of the POW of living creatures and other Mythos entities. Specifically, it gets about 1 degree warmer than the surrounding air for every point of POW within about three yards. Thus the average human would warm up the stone by about 10–12°F; a party of six investigators, crowding around to look at the new find, is likely to heat it up by sixty degrees or more within a minute or less. Should the emanations of POW then leave the vicinity, the stone cools off at the nominal rate of other rock.

As a tool, the stone is very useful to elder things, whose touch is much more sensitive to temperature than ours. A man who was familiar with the stone's abilities might be able, holding it in his hand inside a pocket, to tell casually and secretly the rough level of another man's POW. Its chief use to an investigator, however, might be to help notice invisible magical threats or Mythos entities that were nearby, such as star vampires or perhaps the Great Old Ones scattered across the world.

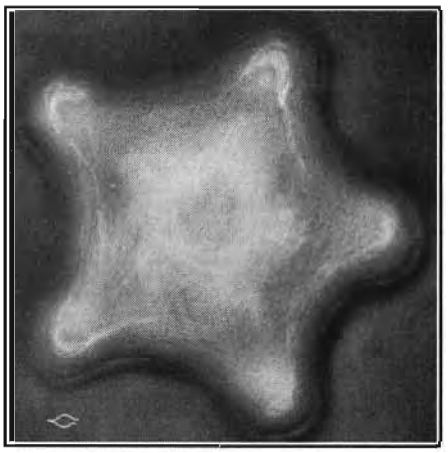
The stone responds to POW, not to magic points. The effect due to a man or creature would be the same regardless of the amount of spells he had recently cast. At the same time, a spell effect or magical discharge would not heat the stone unless it used permanent POW.

Because the stone responds to POW, it reacts to the presence of manifestations of the Unknown God, such as Seeds or animiculi (See Chapter Sixteen and "Seeds of the Unknown God" in Appendix 3, "Deep Background," for comprehensive information). ❑

The cave floor immediately beneath the opening is dark with mud, churned up by boot prints, and devoid of any trace of its original state. To one side of the opening is a small wooden folding table containing a number of small fossil fragments, a kerosene lantern, and a small tin of lucifer matches. The lantern still has fuel in it and lights quickly if the wick is touched to a match. Next to the table a number of shallow trays and boxes have been tipped over and pushed aside, their contents of carefully labeled fossil bones and bits of rock spilled across the ground and forgotten.

Away from the hole, the cavern is much more pristine. The cave extends randomly in many directions, and is irregular in outline; much of it cannot be reached without blasting due to the thick collections of stalactite pillars that bar the way. The floor of the cave is more level than the walls, and is not truly limestone at all, but a thick sedimentary deposit of soil and fossil fragments washed from elsewhere by the action of a long-gone river. The deposits are built up one upon the next, to considerable heights, in places where stalagmites have caught objects against them. Frequently passage is blocked by the fossil masses. Truly the place is a paleontological treasure trove.

The Stone in the Cave



Investigators with successful **Geology, Biology, Botany,** or **Paleontology rolls** are able to quickly discern the amazing variety of fossil remains here. In the first twenty yards, more shells and bones from many periods, Tertiary cycads and Mesozoic tree ferns, and more animal specimens of periods from the Cretaceous to the Eocene may be found than what a team of experts might expect to catalogue in years of hard work. Molluscs, crustaceans, fish, amphibians, reptiles, birds, early mammals, life great and small, known and unknown, are all represented in this fabulous fossil trash heap. Modern science knows no comparable find.

A faint current of air can be felt in the caverns, tangibly stronger away from the ceiling entrance. This current, combined with the freshness of the air in the cave, leads to the conclusion that the cave connects to a much larger system beneath the Antarctic uplands. Exploring such a system could easily take decades.

For the moment, however, exploration is not necessary. The course of the Lake team's investigations can be clearly followed in the passages near the entrance. Priceless matrices of sediment and rare or unknown fossils have been broken down and casually pushed aside; boot prints clearly mark a well-used passage which follows the faint breeze upwind, angling slightly downhill for about forty feet through the cave to a region that is heavily excavated. Tool marks on the walls and floor show where large amounts of rock and matrix have been dug away.

The result is an open oval chamber twenty feet in length and roughly ten deep whose floor level is four feet below that of the surrounding cavern. A series of deep depressions in the sediment at the end of this well-marked stretch clearly show imprints of the forms of several elder things. Deep cuts in the surrounding rock and soil show where attempts have been made to establish the age of the things from surrounding material; however, even a cursory inspection shows (with a successful **Biology** or **Geology roll**) that the matrix here contains a mixture of fossil creatures from ages as diverse as the Pre-Cambrian and the Cenozoic, and provides no useful context for dating the specimens.

Beyond this spot, occasional scuffs and blazes show that someone has passed, but

The Stone Bulb

This is a fragment of an elder thing living lantern. The rest of the lantern, and its occupant are long since destroyed. Investigators who have read the Pym document to the end may (with a successful **Idea roll**) recognize the similarity between the shape of the bulb and the ends of the living lamps used by Pym's monstrous pursuers in the final chapters of his narrative. ❑

there are no solid tracks or trails to indicate that much exploration was done. A successful **Track roll** detects that others have passed beyond the chamber of the elder things. It is not possible to determine where they have gone, or even if they went more than a few yards. Similar slight markings show that exploratory probes were made from the blast hole in several directions; obviously, however, detailed study in other directions stopped when the giant elder thing forms were found.

Further Diggings

The excavated area where the elder things were found is somewhat deeper into the hill than the cavern into which Lake's people first penetrated. The current chamber floor sits about twenty-five feet below the surface. The ceiling here is ten feet above the new floor, and angles sharply downward toward the area's far end.

Should the investigators decide to excavate further in the chamber where the great creatures were found, they may do so as they will. The chamber exists largely because of the efforts of Lake and his people to extract all the elder thing fossils. Before they began, the creatures were all deeply imbedded in a sedimentary stone matrix, crushed together in what is now one end of the small chamber.

Further work in the chamber yields little that will help the investigators to understand the creatures. Should, however, the party indicate specifically to the keeper that they are digging upward, into the upper wall or ceiling of the area, have the party make a single **Luck roll**.

If the first **Luck roll** was a success, the investigators find a small star stone imbedded in the rock high up the chamber's opposite wall. This one, like the others, is smooth and hard, with five points or lobes reminiscent of the head of an elder thing, and has a number of minute depressions across the convex surface that can barely be seen without a magnifying glass. It is two and one quarter inches across. Unlike the other stones, its color is not green but a dark slate gray. The stone is slightly warm when found, and is quite pleasant to the touch even in the sub-zero air of the cave. For its properties, see "The Locator Stone" on the previous page.

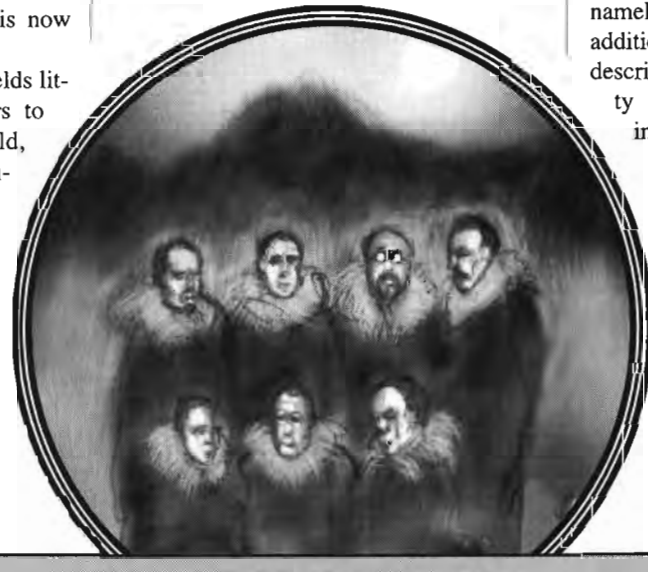
Now roll **Luck** again. If the second roll also succeeds, the investigators find another object in the same area, about ten inches deeper into the stone. This one is a fine curved piece of very thin polished stone, warm amber in hue and somewhat glassy. The stone is no thicker than eggshell, and easily passes light, though it is translucent rather than clear. The overall shape of the piece is not dissimilar to the curve at the narrow end of an egg. The wide end of the piece is irregular, obviously broken. No other fragments of the piece can be found. For more about this object, see "The Stone Bulb," on the previous page.

Exploring in Other Directions

The honeycomb of limestone ways beneath Lake's Plateau follow the course of an ancient river—the same river that once wound through the nearest parts of the City. Long ago the plateau was a verdant flood plain on the shores of a primordial sea. The tunnels beneath the ice extend for untold miles, riddling the mountains and wandering far beyond any possible means of mapping or ordering. It is, in fact, possible to use the caverns to get to the City, or even to climb down to the deep and ancient tunnels that reach in to the hot conduction corridors of the ancient God Trap itself.

These subterranean ways are frequently impassable or dangerous; many of them follow abrupt vertical rises or drops, or cross stygian gaps over unmeasured depths. Thorough exploration of the caverns would take many men many decades, or longer. Ambitious spelunkers likely will be lost or killed long before they reach any destination.

These upper layers, where the explorers now scratch the surface, are safe enough; deeper trails and corridors are inhabited by nameless horrors from lightless realms, in addition to the shoggoths and animiculi described elsewhere. The keeper is at liberty to extend the explorations of the investigators as far as desired, but they will not find much beyond emptier tunnels, impassable drops or fissures, and endless bewildering darkness. ■



Chapter Eight Timeline

Nov. 27 — Combined expeditions fly to Lake's Camp, departing in the early afternoon and arriving in early evening. Lodgings are set up, and Moore asks the investigators to survey the site.

Nov. 28 — Moore and the investigators open a snow hummock, find an elder thing, and dissect it that afternoon. Starkweather announces he will climb Mount Nansen. Two-thirds of the Pabodie apparatus arrives by air. In the evening the investigators have a chance to overhear Lexington's final arrangement with the BFE over the radio.

Nov. 29 — The camp is completed. Another elder one is dug up and examined. The Pabodie drill is fully assembled and begins work at Lake's drill site. The investigators should uncover at least one of the Miskatonic sites of interest.

Nov. 30 — The drill crew breaks through into Lake's cave in the morning. The rest of the day is a frenzy of examining the underground locale. More men, dogs, and supplies arrive at the camp. Moore tries to radio Pabodie, who will not talk to him. ❑



Chapter Nine

Dec. 1-3, 1933

A third party arrives at Lake's Camp, the truth about the Miskatonic Expedition is revealed, and the investigators set out for the City.



The sound was unexpected. Deep, throaty, it curdled the air and upset the dogs, seemingly coming from several directions at once. The men at Lake's Cave squinted upwards from their hole; those awakened peered out from their tents.

The world filled with the sound of engines.

Griffith and Cartier stared at one another, then at the sky, as three huge trimotors roared overhead and turned back to land. Black crosses were clearly visible on each wing.

"Good Lord!" Griffith was incredulous. "Run and wake Professor Moore, Tim. The Germans are here!"

Balance of Power

Keeper's Overview

The purpose of this chapter is twofold, to bring all the interested parties together, and at last to allow the investigators a chance to read and understand Dyer's stolen manuscript, the *Dyer Text*..

A team from the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition arrives at Lake's Camp, upsetting the careful peace between the two American groups. The BFE is well equipped and well organized, and it has its own agenda. Lexington and Moore each reach accommodation with the newcomers, but mistrust and reticence runs deep.

These new explorers, led by Doctor Johann Meyer, have come to see and take part in the discoveries at the Camp, and to negotiate with Acacia Lexington for passage across the Miskatonic Mountains.

During his second day at the camp, Doctor Meyer takes Moore aside and gives him Dyer's manuscript. Moore reads the *Dyer's Text*, then turns it over to the investigators at an impromptu council, to decide what must be done with the information. Is it to be believed?

Ultimately, the only proof of Dyer's claims lies across the Miskatonic Mountains, on the high plateau beyond. The remaining days in the chapter are filled with preparations, as the expedition aircraft are readied for a flight to the unknown.

James Starkweather's return, on the morning of December 4th, is anti-climactic, almost comical. In the shadow of the mountains, in the wake of Dyer's revelations, his continuing rivalry with Acacia Lexington and the Germans seems terribly out of place. Nonetheless, Starkweather is there when the three aëroplanes take off at last toward the high pass through the Mountains of Madness.

Descent

At about 4:30 a.m., December 1, 1933, the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition arrives at Lake's Camp, more than an hour before breakfast. The only parties awake at that time are Moore's camp crew, busy preparing the meal, and a small number of scientists underground in the treasure cave.

Three large Junkers trimotors pass low over the camp (the first plane flies particularly low) and circle around for a landing. They are prominently marked with German registration letters *(D-BFEA, D-BFEB,* and *D-BFEC),* crosses, and the words "Barsm. Falken Exp." on their noses. Sleeping investigators are awakened by the unexpected roar on a D100 roll of **POW x5** or less. The sound is deep and throaty, quite unlike the drone of the engines on the Boeings or the *Belle*.

All across the camp, explorers throw on outer wear and peer from their tents, scanning the sky for the source of the sound. Investigators making successful **Navigate rolls** realize that the Germans have arrived from almost due south—they flew over the Pole to arrive here.

The trimotors touch down in a swirl of blowing snow and ski up to the camp. As they slide to a stop, the heavy rumble of their radial engines dies, and one of the pilots waves from an open cockpit window. Explorers rush up to the planes as

men in heavy flying leathers tumble out the hatches. Sled dogs can be heard barking aboard *D-BFEB*.

Professor Moore and Miss Lexington press forward, hastily dressed, to shake hands with the Germans. She seems eager to meet the newcomers; Moore is more hesitant. A small crowd gathers near the planes as fourteen men descend, warmly garbed in identical dark hooded parkas. A babel begins as the two groups meet: English, German, bad English, bad German, and other languages all tumble over one another in the icy still air.

A thin, bearded older man, identified as Doctor Johann Meyer, presents himself as the leader of this group; his English is nearly flawless. After a minute or two, he climbs back up a ladder to stand in an open airplane door and gives a short speech.

"I appreciate your kind welcome, and hope that our expeditions will equally benefit from our shared scientific talents. I bring greetings from the leaders of my expedition, and their salutations on your perseverance in the face of every difficulty. If there is anything which we can do to assist you, please approach myself or Doctor Professor Uhr and state your needs. Our labor, supplies, and equipment are at your disposal, within reasonable limits, of course. Again, our thanks for your hospitality, our congratulations on your successes, and my hope for more to come."

He then answers questions from the American explorers as dogs bark in the background. His replies are confident and without hesitation.

Questions and Answers

Here are a few of the more likely questions asked by the men and women at Lake's Camp during the initial meeting, and Doctor Meyer's answers to them. Meyer is at all times cheerful and honest—he regards his fellow scientists as friends and possible allies—but he does his best to avoid or sidestep any questions that lead to controversy.

Meyer is aware that Lexington is involved in a rivalry with Starkweather. He also knows that the *Dyer Text* was intended for Moore and suspects that it was obtained without the permission of the author. He has no intention of discussing Arthur Pym with anyone outside of his team, and would be visibly startled if the subject arose.

Q: "Where have you flown from?"

A: "Our main group is camped inland from the shore of the Weddell Sea, but these aircraft have come by way of an intermediate camp on the central ice cap." (Note that the 'shore of the Weddell Sea' is about the length of the west coast of the United States; Doctor Meyer is being ingenuous.)

Q: "What are your expedition's goals?"

A: "Our expedition was sent to conduct surveys on the Atlantic side of this continent, and to trace the course of the mighty mountain range discovered by the Miskatonic Expedition. We seek to evaluate the natural wealth of the continent, and to determine whether it can profitably be exploited."

Q: "Why have you come to Lake's Camp?"

A: "We are at the limit of the range which our planes can travel away from our base, and decided to see the renowned discoveries of Professor Lake for ourselves. In fact, we would have been here sooner, but there has been some bad weather across the ice cap.

"And of course, we have heard broadcasts from America of the accident which befell you ten days ago, and thought perhaps our own superior equipment might be of use if any of yours was damaged."

Q: "How long have you been in Antarctica?"

A: "We left Bremerhaven on September 15th, and set foot on Deception Island over four weeks ago, on October 27th, after a voyage of 9,000 miles from Germany. Our aircraft landed at the South Pole on November 2nd."

Q: "Who organized your expedition, and who are its backers?"

A: "Doctor Klaus Falken and Herr Josef Barsmeier have organized our enterprise, with assistance from the German government and some companies, most notably the German Airship Transportation Company and the Junkers Aircraft and Motorworks Company."

(This is true, as far as it goes; however, both companies have come under the control of the German government in the last year. The leaders of the Profiteers prefer their alliance to remain an informal one.)

Q: "Why did you not contact us in advance and tell us you were coming?"

A: Meyer shrugs and smiles. "We are here because we were invited by your gracious Fraülein Lexington. You did not know? I am not an expert in radio apparatus, but I am told that the Antarctic regions are fickle in their ability to allow propagation of our signals. We have heard your broadcasts, and found them very entertaining. Of course, our own equipment is of the highest German quality; perhaps there is some flaw or damage in the receiving apparatus? Please speak with Herr Schimmel, our chief radio operator; perhaps he can assist you in determining how communications might be improved in the future."

After a few questions have been answered, Doctor Meyer says, "I regret that we must cut this short, as two of these planes must be unloaded for their return to our base."

The newcomers produce a camera from one of their planes, and ask an investigator to take several photographs of them as a group, and of Doctor Meyer shaking hands with Professor Moore and Acacia Lexington. Then they set to work unloading the trimotors. After an hour's work, nine drums of fuel, two teams of Greenland huskies with sleds, and nearly a half a ton of other supplies are on the ice cap.

Getting to Know You

For the next three hours, the BFE party busies itself pitching tents and preparing a camp, with some assistance from helpful (or prying) Americans. Investigators who decide to help the Germans notice, with

Barsmeier-Falken Initial Group at Lake's Camp

The following are the first members of the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition to arrive at Lake's Camp. These men are described more fully in the "Game Stats and Rosters" section of the appendices.

Doctor Johann Meyer, leader
Doctor Professor Franz Uhr, famous scientist
Maxwell Rucker, geologist
Johann Benecke, engineer
Martin Kleiser, meteorologist
Herman Baumann, chief pilot, *D-BFEA*
Karol Breyer, copilot, *D-BFEA*
Gregor Schimmel, chief radioman
Josef Stoltz, assistant radioman
Gunter Thimm, dog handler
Four other pilots ❑

Doctor Meyer Speaks, with Prof. Uhr Nearby



successful **Spot Hidden rolls,** that the newcomers have a few guns along (of course, so do the two American expeditions), and many oxygen tanks and masks—enough for ten men, with air for several days at great heights.

Schimmel and Stoltz set up and guy a pair of aluminum radio masts, 40 feet tall, in the late morning, dwarfing the single American aerial on its twenty-foot pole. Thimm secures and feed his dogs not far from the German camp; he seems to feel no need to build a dog corral. The Barsmeier-Falken campsite is built fifty yards from the American tents, close to the landing site on the opposite side of the airstrip.

Doctor Meyer and Doctor Professor Uhr are exempt from camp-building activities, and meet in one of the large tents at 6 a.m. They speak to Acacia Lexington for an hour, behind closed doors, then ask Professor Moore to join them in a discussion of what has been learned so far. Moore invites any investigators who wish to come to the meeting.

Their questions are reasonable, friendly, and non-confrontational, focusing on what has been done in the camp, and how much remains to uncover. Neither Acacia nor the BFE members say anything about their private talk. Moore, though he would like to, does not inquire.

Meyer and Uhr advise the Americans that their party must rest for a while, after the long flight and camp building, but will be available to help with investigations by dinnertime.

"I can see," Meyer observes, "that we must speak of the hours. Our expedition uses Greenwich Mean Time in our clocks, while yours follows the proper time for your ships, is it not so? How amusing that we are just twelve hours opposite. Our midnight is your midday, *und so weiter*.

"This, I think, will help us both: Our parties can each work while the other sleeps. In this way we shall all be most effective. Do you agree?"

After a lengthy session of planning and review, the weary Doctor Meyer and Doctor Professor Uhr excuse themselves as being in need of food and sleep. They return to their camp, talk to each other for forty minutes in one of their tents (in German) while eating a meal, and then turn in.

Moore watches them walk away with a frustrated grimace. "What are they up to with her?" he asks one of the investigators. "What is she up to now?"

If anyone asks Acacia Lexington or the BFE about their private meeting, their answers are candid. The two men simply advise the questioner to "speak with Miss Lexington. If she does not wish to discuss it, that is not our place to decide."

Lexington is equally forthright. "There's no secret, gentlemen. The Barsmeier-Falken Expedition wishes to send an observer or two across the Miskatonic Mountains. Their own aircraft cannot make the journey, so I have offered seats in mine." She grins a predator's grin. "We are still arguing over the price. I intend it to be high."

Camping with the Newcomers

Over the next several days the members of the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition become regulars in camp. Descriptions of some individuals on the German team occur in the "Game Stats and Rosters" appendix.

Meyer and Uhr are the leaders, and at least one of them can be expected to be at hand whenever a discovery is made. Meyer is suave and distant, while Uhr is always jolly.

Rucker and Benecke are businesslike, Baumann is flashy and charismatic, while the dog man, Thimm, is arrogant and withdrawn, and has little interest in anything but his dog teams. Kleiser is very pleasant but otherworldly, while Breyer is always ready to lend a hand. Stolz is bookish, quiet, and friendly, while Schimmel refuses to speak to the Americans at all.


MAXWELL RUCKER

Investigators with successful **Anthropology rolls** recognize Doctor Professor Franz Uhr as the renowned anthropologist. If he is asked why he has come to Antarctica, he chuckles and replies, "I belieff it iss because I look like Saint Nicholas! My position mit die expedition iss given as cartographer, und I am not so bad at zat, but I am sure somevun somevere chose me because zey vant a photo uff me at the South Pole. So, vhy haff you come, *ja?*" Doctor Professor Uhr often tries to answer a question with another question.


HERMAN BAUMANN

Despite their constant presence, getting to know the BFE team is not easy. They tend to keep to themselves, in their camp or at work. The fact that they sleep most of the time that the Americans are awake, and vice versa, adds to the difficulty.

Nevertheless the Barsmeier-Falken team are professionals, and they work very hard. Despite everyone's suspicions, no one in the German expedition ever tries to steal or hide evidence and, with a few notable exceptions (mostly Meyer, Uhr, and Schimmel) are wholly honest in their conversations with the other parties.

A few facts might come out, if investigators spend much time in conversation with the newcomers, as follows.

- The Junkers trimotors have a longer range and greater carrying capacity than the Boeings or the *Belle*, but they cannot climb high enough to cross over the Miskatonic Mountains or reach the high plateau beyond. This visit to Lake's Camp was not originally a part of their mission plan, but was proposed suddenly by Josef Barsmeier in mid-November, two weeks after their arrival on the Ice.

- In addition to their main base on the Weddell Sea ice, the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition has two other caches of fuel and supplies. The larger one is at the South Pole. The other, smaller, is less than two hundred miles away. It was dropped on November 25th, when the Germans first tried to find Lake's Camp and failed.

- In addition to the Junkers aircraft, of which there are four, the Barsmeier-Falken party has the temporary use of a dirigible airship, the *Graf Zeppelin*, which is charting the Antarctic lowlands.

Discoveries

Throughout the day, while the newcomers sleep, the American explorers continue their probing in and around Lake's camp. Scientists of the combined expeditions perform their experiments on the environment, and catalogue the myriad finds in the treasure cave, while investigators not otherwise occupied continue the careful process of uncovering the Miskatonic expedition remains. What they find are catalogued in detail in Chapter Eight.

Professor Moore's noon transmission, as heard by anyone in the radio tent, is brief. He mentions the arrival of the BFE aircraft and the latest round of findings at Lake's Cave, but says very little about the dissection of the elder things, and nothing at all about the bloody remains in the camp.

James Starkweather, transmitting from high on the side of Mount Nansen, is concerned by the turn of events. "Good Lord, Moore!" he exclaims, "As soon as my back is turned, you invite strangers to dinner! I must say that I don't like the idea of letting those Johnny-come-latelies share the spoils. I've had my fun, and I'll be seeing you soon. We'll whip things into shape together. I should be at the bottom of this little hill tomorrow night; send a plane for me when I call again. Starkweather out."

As Lexington steps into the tent for her turn at the microphone, Moore stops her with a gentle hand and an urgent look.

"We're still not saying anything about the murders. Are we, Ma'am?"

Weather Watch

On the morning of December 1st, clouds begin to lower throughout the coastal regions. After a short flurry of radio messages in the wake of the German arrival, Moore and Professor Albemarle decide to risk a final flight from the barrier base to Lake's Camp. The two Boeings and the *Belle* lift off from the barrier ice as usual about 6:30 that morning, carrying loads of fuel and supplies, and arrive in the Miskatonic foothills in mid-afternoon. Starkweather, radioing from his scenic camp near the top of Beardmore Glacier, announces that everything is clear where he is.

By noon the lowlands are locked in thick white fog. Lake's Camp, atop the Polar Plateau, is still under clear skies, but no more flights to or from the barrier will be possible for several days. ❑

"Murders?" Acacia looks at Moore for a long considering moment before answering. "We're still silent," she says. "For now. Just keep James Starkweather out of my hair."

Her transmission is guarded and brief.

That afternoon, Lexington's people throw themselves into the work of clearing the camp alongside the investigators. Moore and several other scientists pitch in as well. Everyone seems determined to uncover as much of the truth as possible before the new scientists can muscle in.

By the time the BFE team is active again, that evening after supper, the full magnitude of the disaster in 1931 is evident. Find the details in Chapter Eight: everywhere, beneath shrouding layers of snow and ice, are the mute and terrible signs of a massacre.

At least four locations are laid plain that day. There is no way to ignore them. Even without disinterring the bodies of the slain, the conclusion is brutally clear: This is not the work of wind and snow. Someone murdered them all—dogs and men—with no word of explanation.

No one expected such wholesale slaughter. No one has any idea what to do or say. Moore's scientists work in shock, reporting each new find in low tones. The miracle cave is all but forgotten, overshadowed by the specter of the grim remains.

Deliberations

After dinner, at seven o'clock, the Barsmeier-Falken party begins its day.

Thimm, the dog handler, seeks out Fiskarson and Sorensen to talk shop and discuss the dogs. Breyer tends, tunes, and guards his plane, the *D-BFEA*, cleaning the windshield, brushing off snow, and testing gasoline drums for impurities. Baumann wanders through the American camp, making conversation and offering to help with small tasks. It is from Baumann that Williams (Danforth) learns that the Junkers trimotors cannot climb high enough to cross the passes through the Miskatonics.

The other two trimotors *(D-BFEB* and *D-BFEC)* are restarted, and with only their pilots aboard, go winging off directly to the south at 7:30 p.m. They will return in about 15 hours carrying supplies. Investigators with successful **Pilot rolls** or **Navigate rolls** can infer, from the aircraft's speed and direction, that the Germans probably have a supply dump within a hundred miles of the Pole. The Lexington Expedition members already know that the cache is at the Pole itself—Lexington saw it during her flight to the Pole two weeks ago.

The two Barsmeier-Falken radiomen and Herr Kleiser, their meteorologist, spread out across the camp, photographing and charting the sites already laid bare, while four men—Meyer, Uhr, Rucker, and Benecke—approach Professor Moore and ask for a guide to show them the discoveries to date.

Moore, naturally, turns the group over to some of the investigators. "Show them everything," he sighs. "We cannot hide anything here."

The four men ask many questions during their tour, examining the finds with varying degrees of interest. Benecke is mostly interested in the remains of the old Pabodie drill; Doctor Meyer looks closely at the uncovered signs of the massacre, especially the dissecting tent if it has been revealed, paying especial attention to the curious marks and scribblings left by the elder things. Doctor Professor Uhr looks over the star stones and the remaining snow hillocks, while Rucker's interest is in the core samples and the cave.

The Germans are on their best behavior. They are respectful and well-mannered, asking permission before moving or examining any of the items that have been found. Their only annoying trait is a frequent assertion that the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition's equipment is superior to that of the other expeditions—especially galling because frequently the assertion is correct.

Observant investigators notice something interesting about the reactions of the newcomers. Successful **Psychology rolls** reveal that, while Rucker and Benecke are alternately fascinated and repelled by the finds at Lake's Camp, the other two men—Meyer and Uhr—show no signs of surprise at anything they are shown. It is as if they already expected everything they see. An occasional small glance or nod between the two seems to confirm that they know something they have not shared.

Meyer and the others tour the camp for three hours, looking carefully and with close attention to the small details. At ten o'clock, after they have examined the uncovered parts of the Miskatonic camp and commented on the techniques used to expose the remains, the four men thank their guides and wish them a pleasant evening.

"We shall begin our own work now," says Meyer. "There is much to do and we do not wish to deprive you of your sleep, *nicht wahr?* Come see me after your breakfast, we shall compare notes." They walk toward their camp, hooded heads close together in quiet conversation.

If the investigators bring concerns about the Germans to Professor Moore, perhaps as he leaves the radio tent after the night's broadcast, he considers them nervously, making brushing motions with his hands.

"I am very worried," the Professor admits. "What if they destroy the evidence? What could we do? Would we even know?" Moore laughs grimly. "How do we know that Pabodie himself didn't kill them all, with Dyer's help?

"I think," he adds, "that it might not be amiss if one of us stayed up to help Doctor Meyer's people this evening. We don't need any more surprises."

Professor Moore strides away to his tent to spend a restless and uneasy night.

The Rest of That Night

Investigators who decide to stay up to watch the newcomers may be disappointed in what they see. The Barsmeier-Falken party members meet briefly in one of their own tents, then haul a large amount of equipment to one of the sites of interest and begin to carefully expose its interior. They take their time, record everything on paper and on film, and examine each detail.

At first the BFE try to use their sled teams to haul equipment around the site. They quickly discover that even Thimm's expert handling of the dogs is not enough to calm them in the presence of the elder thing's remains. After a few minutes of frenzied howling and barking the teams are withdrawn; one sled, carrying a powerful generator as well as other supplies, is man-hauled to the chosen site.

Exactly which site the German scientists choose depends upon which ones have been opened already by the Americans. The one chosen should be the most sensational site left undisturbed so far. If Lake's dissection tent (T9) has not been examined, the BFE begin there; if the tent has already been cleared by the explorers, the BFE team starts work on the dog corral and its frozen bodies. If both of these have been examined, the team excavates an untouched elder thing hummock or ventures into the caves and explores.

Every item and observation is noted down, photographed, and entered on Meyer's chart of the camp. They continue this work until breakfast; by then the team will have amassed a considerable amount of detail.

Part of the Barsmeier-Falken party also spends time at the old aircraft shelters.

Barsmeier-Falken Tents at Lake's Camp

The Barsmeier-Falken Lake Party builds its campsite soon after their arrival. The camp is laid out simply, not far from the end of the airstrip: two tall aluminum radio masts; a fuel cache and pile of specimen crates; a single large tent that serves equally as galley, meeting room, and pantry; and a straight line of ten smaller tents angling downwind.

The Masts

These aluminum towers each stand forty feet in the air, carefully anchored to the ice with a network of steel cables. Between them hangs the radio antenna for the German camp. A connecting cable runs down the nearer tower and snakes across the ice to the galley tent, where it is hooked into the radio set.

The Cache

A small pile of fuel drums, kerosene tins, and wooden crates is piled by the runway. At first the crates are empty, having previously contained tents and ropes. As time goes on, these boxes will be filled with specimens from the various sites of interest around Lake's Camp; once filled, each crate is taken aboard one of the Junkers aircraft and flown back to the BFE base camp inland from the Weddell Sea.

The Galley Tent

The BFE galley tent is a long rectangle dug partially into the ground. It measures 9 feet across by 16 feet long, and has three wooden poles holding up the central ridge. The tent is heavily guyed outside, and sits behind a chest-high wall of food crates and blocks of ice.

Inside the galley tent are a small stove, some pots and pans, a number of crates of supplies that also double as chairs, a trail radio, and two square folding tables. Once the expedition has been at Lake's Camp for a few days, a number of discarded items and personal effects may be found here also: scraps of leather harness, a deck of cards, books and magazines (mostly in German), and so on.

The radio set is of relatively low power—only 50 watts—but when hooked to the high antenna strung between the towers it is quite sufficient to transmit a signal that can be heard throughout Antarctica when the radio weather is clear.

The Individual Tents

The remaining ten tents are used as residences by the members of the BFE Lake Party. Each tent is small and wedge-shaped, with an elaborate folding door-flap, and is designed to hold two men in warmth and safety.

The owners of these tents, and their contents, are as follows:

- ***Tent #1 (Meyer):*** This tent belongs to Doctor Meyer, the expedition leader. In addition to the usual bedroll and spare clothing, Meyer's tent contains: a Kar 98 rifle, and a box of shells; a small but well-made lap desk, with inkstone and fine paper; a set of six small wire-bound notebooks, all empty (Meyer uses these to take notes and observations. He carries one such notebook with him at all times, replacing it with a fresh one when the old book is filled. He will not have time to fill a notebook at Lake's Camp before his departure across the mountains.); a posed photograph of a handsome blonde woman and two small boys (his wife and sons); a handsomely bound book printed in Arabic (this is Meyer's copy of Aben Sina's *Book of the Sum Total*, a comprehensive treatise on medicine as practiced in the early centuries AD. Meyer has brought it with him on the expedition as an exercise in translation.); and a number of rolled-up hand-drawn charts of the Antarctic, showing the locations of the BFE base and fuel caches.

  In a heavy cloth mail pouch, Meyer also possesses the following documents: (a) A copy of Dyer's manuscript, typed, loose-leaf, in English. This is given to Professor Dyer on December 2nd. (b) A bundle of 4"-by-6" glossy photographs, showing various scenes from the City of the Elder Things. See Dyer's manuscript for more details. Without the accompanying text, these pictures seems to be nothing but snapshots of an archaeological dig site, possibly Himalayan. Close examination of the murals shown in the final photos allows investigators who succeed in a successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll** to identify the creatures shown as elder things and shoggoths. (c) A cardboard folder, string-tied, with many external stamps, containing a typewritten transcript of the unpublished chapters of Poe's *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*. The folder and its contents are described more fully in Chapter 10.

- ***Tent #2 (Uhr):*** This tent belongs to Doctor Professor Uhr, the expedition cartographer. He is the only inhabitant, thus there is only one bedroll and one kit of clothes and toiletries.

  Uhr has no maps or mapmaking equipment in his tent. Instead, he carries with him a small bottle of very old French brandy, a set of small dictionaries for French, English, Italian, Norwegian, Swedish, Polish, Turkish and Russian, and a partly-full box of very fine chocolates.

- ***Tent #3 (Rucker, Kleiser):*** This tent belongs to Rucker, the party geologist, and Kleiser, the meteorologist. Two bedrolls, two kits of clothing and toiletries may be found here.

  In addition, Rucker's kit contains a small toolkit (hammers, chisels, brushes, sandpaper, acids, a scale, and a number of small leather bags) and a pair of pocket reference books, containing physical and materials constants of all kinds.

  Kleiser's kit contains a spare set of spectacles, binocular field glasses, a thick bound journal of weather observations, mostly blank, a very fine chronometer (which is not keeping good time, due to the extreme cold), and a large supply of strike-anywhere matches and facial tissues.

- ***Tent #4 (Baumann, Breyer):*** This tent belongs to Baumann, the expedition's chief pilot, and Breyer, the second pilot aboard the aircraft *D-BFEA*. These two men bunk together; when the *D-BFEA* is away from camp, their tent is empty and their effects are gone.

In addition to the usual clothing and bedroll, Baumann possesses a packet of letters from a variety of women, filled with endearments and well-wishes; a very elaborate toilet kit, including shaving gear, mirrors, professional barbers' scissors and razor; and a large knapsack containing a carbide lamp, ropes, crampons, rock hammers and other climbing gear.

Breyer's personal effects include a Meerschaum pipe and tobacco pouch, a small flat box containing coins from twenty-one nations, and a well-worn Saint Christopher medal.

■ ***Tent #5 (Stolz, Grosswirth):*** This tent belongs to Stolz, the assistant radioman, and Grosswirth, the mechanic. Aside from the usual essentials, Stolz carries a well-thumbed Bible in his personal effects. He also has a very old polished wooden frame, about three inches on a side, containing a faded early photograph of an elderly woman sandwiched between two layers of glass.

Grosswirth's kit contains nothing interesting of a personal nature.

■ ***Tent #6 (Benecke, Schimmel):*** This tent belongs to Benecke, the party's chief engineer, and Schimmel, the senior radioman. This unlikely pairing actually seems to work well, since no one likes either man much, but they do not seem to mind one another.

Benecke's personal effects are a pack-rat's dream. Chocolates, coinage, cigarettes, little bottles of liquor, tins of marmalade and marzipan can be found in his kit, as well as a surprising amount of folding money. After the first day, Benecke will also possess a number of rock chips, fossil fragments, and other leftovers from the dig site, and possibly even an Elder Thing starstone or two.

Schimmel, on the other hand, has more useful things: A compass, a Luger P08 pistol and shells, a small notebook (transmission log book) containing only initials, dates and times, and a pocket slide rule. If the investigators look beneath his sleeping bag they find a flat cardboard folder containing a number of articles cut out of American newspapers. These are mostly concerned with the progress of the three expeditions; the most recent, entitled "Rival Expeditions Locked in Deadly Ice," dates from November 3rd and concerns the two American groups' attempts to force the southern ice pack.

■ ***Tent #7 (Thimm):*** This tent belongs solely to Gunther Thimm, the BFE Lake party's master dog handler. Thimm has a lot of bags and boxes squirrelled away in his tent, making it just as cramped and crowded as any of the tents inhabited by two men.

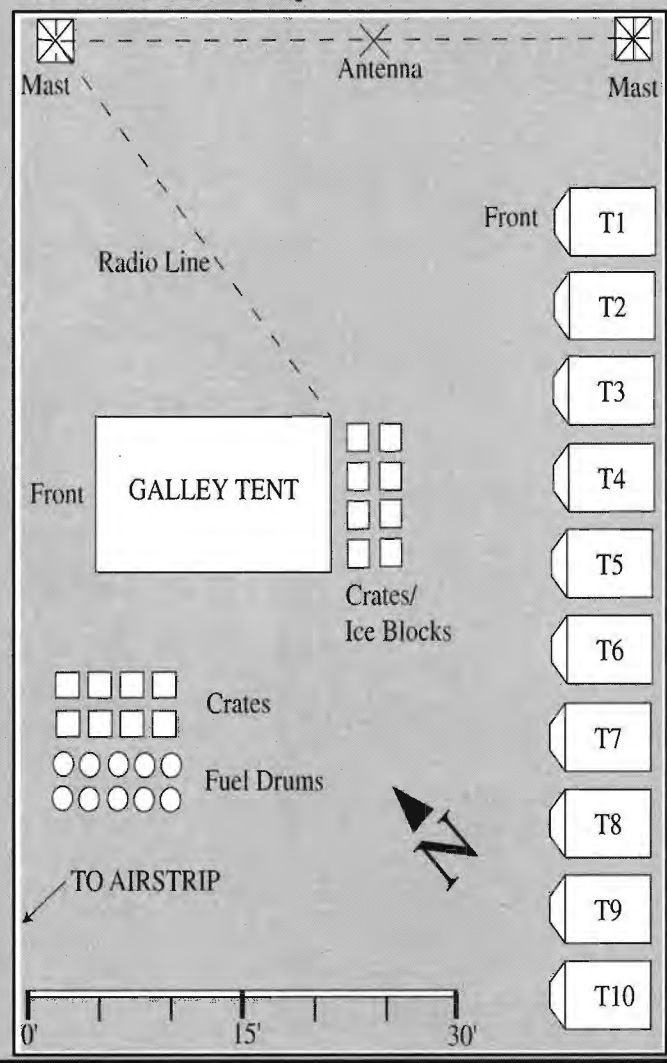
Investigators searching Thimm's tent find it in orderly disarray. Many of the parcels that crowd the floor are rolled up skins and furs of several sorts: dogskin, sealskin, and reindeer hide can be identified with a successful **Zoology** or **Biology roll.** Some of these still have fur on them, while others are bare. Leather thongs hang from support ropes, harness scraps and cut pieces of hide are strewn about, and leatherworking tools lie exposed or wrapped up in tidy kits. (Thimm makes all his own outer garments and the traces for his beloved dogs.)

■ ***Tent #8 (Schick):*** This tent belongs to Doctor Otto Schick, the party's physician. His personal effects include: A doctor bag, in some disrepair; two small bottles, one containing kirschwasser, the other Armagnac brandy; a thick wallet containing many small photographs of the same three women, either alone or with Schick (these are his ex-wife and two girlfriends); an expensive silver fountain pen and a bottle of ink; and a palm-sized sinuous piece of amber containing fragments of fossil ferns, wrapped in a chamois cloth and kept in his sleeping bag.

Schick's doctor supplies contain a number of vials of morphine and a pair of hypodermic needles. These are not a part of his official kit but are there for his own use; from time to time Schick contemplates quiet suicide, but has not yet set a date for the deed.

■ ***Tent #9, 10 (Spare Pilot's Quarters):*** The remaining two tents are set aside for use by the pilots and mechanics for the various relief and cargo aircraft that support the BFE Lake's Camp team. When none of the other airplanes are present, these tents are empty and contain no personal things. When the tents are inhabited they are almost always in use; the pilots and other crews spend most of their hours at the Camp fast asleep, making a search risky and exposure likely. ❑

Barsmeier-Falken Camp



They do not try to free them of ice, but probe-cut a small opening into each one, stopping after a few feet. These openings are marked and then abandoned until morning. "A gift for Herr Professor Moore," Meyer says, if asked.

Investigators who offer to help the BFE uncover sites of interest are swiftly put to work. Each is handed an electric ice knife and shown its operation. "These will help you open the tents," Meyer explains. "Fine German equipment. They are superior for working closely in the ice, and they do not risk so much damaging the finds beneath."

Doctor Meyer, who directs the work, knows what he is looking for, though he does not tell his men: the sites and signs of alien dissection mentioned in the *Dyer Text*. To investigators working with the newcomers, the sense of Meyer's foresight is very strong. It is clear that he knows exactly what he seeks and where to look.

The Barsmeier-Falken Ice Knives

The Barsmeier-Falken Expedition's electric ice knives are simple gadgets but very convenient. A ten-inch loop of heavy copper tubing is heated almost red-hot by electricity, while a small pump draws off the resulting liquid through a warm tube. A portable derivative of more common industrial tools, these must be connected to a powerful generator, since each ice knife requires about 800 watts to operate. Their convenience and flexibility in close quarters make them extremely useful in a dig like the one at Lake's Camp. A team with two ice knives can clear a site in only three hours—half the normal time required.

Ice knives, however, are not very efficient for carving large blocks of ice, or in other applications where simpler tools such as saws or axes can be used. A successful **Idea roll** suggests to the investigator that such a tool would have little use in a normal Antarctic party—they almost have to have been designed for uncovering frozen remains.

An ice knife weighs about three pounds. When operating, one will burn exposed flesh for 1D3 damage points per round when in contact. ❑

The Die Is Cast

December 2, 1933: wind 15 mph from southeast, temperature –15° F (–26° C), clear skies over Lake's Camp. The coastal regions are still fogged in.

Professor Moore enters the mess tent, looking tired and ill, for early breakfast at 5:45 a.m. Investigators who worked through the night can report to him then about what they saw. Doctor Meyer and Doctor Professor Uhr arrive soon afterwards, looking serious.

After nodding to any other Americans present, and apologizing for the interruption, Meyer crosses to Moore. "Herr Professor," he says courteously, "Doktor Professor Uhr goes now to transmit a report to our superiors. This night's work has been most revealing.

"When you have finished your meal and your crews are ready for work, I wish to invite you to bring your workers to share the opening of a location of great interest to both our parties. Will you join me as soon as you are ready? Please forgive our intrusion."

With that, the two men leave. Moore finishes his breakfast thoughtfully, and puts the choice to the investigators.

"I'll go, of course," he says. "A location of great interest, eh? Wonder what he knows? All right, who's in?"

Opening the Hangar

Moore and his band of volunteers meet Doctor Meyer at the edge of the old Miskatonic camp. He leads them to aircraft shelter H2. A section of ice on its southern edge has been marked with red-tipped bamboo. The ice within the markers has been removed, exposing a stretch of stiff and battered heavy canvas sagging into the interior. Similar cuts have been made into two other mounds (H3 and H4) but Meyer seemingly has no further interest in them.

One of the large German generators and a pair of ice knives lie nearby.

"If I am correct, gentlemen," Meyer says, "the unbroken canvas means that the chamber beneath is still undamaged by snow. Its contents should prove most enlightening. Do you not think?"

Meyer is happy to show the party the proper use of the electric ice knives, and to help them clear the ice and snow away until the canvas can be removed. With a half-dozen men working, the site can be free of ice in less than two hours. If desired, the canvas can instead be cut through immediately, revealing a small patch of spattered and stained ice below. Those involved in either case need **DEX x3 rolls** or a successful **Archaeology roll** to avoid prematurely shredding the canvas and thereby collapsing several hundred pounds of snow and ice onto the floor below.

Hangar H2 After Clearing

This hangar contains no aircraft. The moment the interior is exposed to air, however, those present are immediately struck by a faint disagreeable metallic odor. The smell dissipates in a moment, but dogs nearby whine and become distressed. Should the structure have been cleared using melters, the odor is much stronger and takes on a distressing charnel taint. The smell still fades quickly, however, as the wind whips away the old air and the heated liquids freeze.

The frozen floor of the shelter is covered with huge areas of pink ice, dotted here and there with gobbets of unidentifiable darker substance. Arrayed along the southern wall, neatly separated and displayed, are the remnants of a very messy dissection.

The corpses of the dogs themselves have been removed, leaving only dog-sized cleared spots on the floor surrounded by the organ displays, but it is easy for the investigators to see where a number of sled dogs were carefully laid out and cut open, with their internal organs draped in intricate patterns and rows around the body cavity. Two were also skinned, and then had all the musculature separated from the bones; these hides, muscles and tendons were also laid neatly, one by one, around the corpses. A third dog had the top of its skull neatly removed; the brain was taken out and sliced into paper-thin sections, which were then arranged in order in a gentle arc next to the body. All of these bits are frozen solidly to the floor.

Investigators viewing this mute horror should make **Sanity rolls,** for 1D3/1D6 SAN.

A **Spot Hidden roll** reveals that the space where each of the dog corpses once

The Dissection Tent



lay is surrounded by an uneven circle of whiter ice on the floor. This circle varies in width, but is usually about three inches wide; if tested, the differently colored ice can be seen to extend about 1/2 inch below the surface. Once these are noticed, nine other such rings may be noted as well, scattered around the floor, each with a pattern of pink flowing from the center, and each about the right size for a man (SAN 1/1D3). A closer investigation of these nine rings reveals small tissue and flesh fragments at the center of each ring, as if something fleshy had frozen to the ice and later been torn away. Analysis (a successful **Chemistry roll,** or just a simple taste test) of the white ice rings reveals that they are extremely salty, unlike the surrounding ice. The rings were created by scattering salt on the ice; the salty ice melted and froze again at a lower temperature than the rest.

Scrapes and chips on the floor, as from ice cleats, may reveal to insightful viewers that this grisly scene has been viewed before, most likely by Dyer's party.

Moore's reaction to the newly revealed scene is immediate. "Dear Lord in Heaven!" he cries, as the implications of what he sees strike swiftly home.

Meyer, at his side, seems both concerned and gratified. He looks briefly around the cleared chamber, nods as if in satisfaction at what he sees, and turns to Moore.

"Herr Professor," Meyer says in a low voice, easily heard by everyone nearby, "I have information I think that you should see. It may help you to understand what is here. Will you leave the excavation to your men, and join me in my quarters for a short time?"

Moore nods, after a moment. He asks the investigators to carry on without him, and follows Meyer toward the German camp. He is in Meyer's tent only a short while, then returns directly to his own quarters, carrying a small parcel under his arm.

Moore does not come out again until noon if left alone. If interrupted and questioned, he does not show the document but makes quick excuses and continues, eager to get to his reading. "Herr Meyer has some alarming notions—I want to review his facts before I respond" is all he says on the matter.

Business Of the Day

Today most of the rest of the Starkweather-Moore team returns to excavating and examining the caves.

Acacia Lexington and her film crew do not help with the excavations this morning. Instead the *Belle* is readied for takeoff. Lexington, Priestley, Donovan, and Williams make a short flight in the Delta along the face of the Miskatonic Mountains, starting at 7:30 a.m. to get the best sun shining on the faces of the mountains. They stay below 18,000 feet altitude during this flight, and expose many feet of film.

Midway through the flight, as the *Belle* rises above 16,000 feet, Williams switches on the oxygen feed to the cabin. The gas, provided by Starkweather from the tanks he purchased in Melbourne, has a bad smell and is not pure. Everyone aboard suffers headaches and bouts of nausea, and the plane turns back, clawing for lower altitude.

The *Belle* lands at Lake's Camp about 9:30 a.m. The keeper should time the landing so that at least one of the investigators is in the main camp. Lexington jumps from her plane, openly furious at Moore, and storms through the camp in search of him. Priestley trails behind helplessly. No one present has ever seen her so enraged.

Spying the investigators, Acacia Lexington demands to see the Professor. "Where is your leader?" she rages, clearly audible to half the camp. "I have a word or two for him—he tried to kill us! Now, where is he?"

Once she learns where Moore is, Lexington heads directly to his tent and demands to see him. Moore does not wish to be disturbed; he is still reading the *Dyer Text*. He speaks distractedly to her, apologizes for the incident, and returns to his reading as soon as he can get rid of her.

Acacia seeks out Meyer, who is not yet asleep, and makes her best offer to the German scientist: Three seats in the aircraft when it flies over the mountains, in exchange for fuel, supplies of oxygen, and a new base radio set for herself and for her aircraft. Meyer agrees readily, contingent upon an inspection of the aircraft and approval from his superiors. He radios the Weddell Sea base camp for permission to finalize the deal. That permission arrives by radio in the early afternoon. Acacia is pleased at the thought of being out from under the control of Starkweather and Moore.

A few minutes after 10 a.m. the two Junkers aircraft that departed the day before return from the South Pole, heavy-laden, and proceed to unload eighteen drums of fuel.

The *Dyer Text*

Professor Moore emerges from his tent shortly before noon. He carries a small parcel—Dyer's manuscript—clutched close in his arms and seems small and uncertain. Successful **Psychology rolls** correctly indicate that Moore has suffered some profound shock.

The Professor wanders through the Miskatonic excavations carrying his parcel. He looks at the tents that have been opened, at the dissecting tent, and at the horrible scene in H2. He does not respond to casual conversation, and is lost in thought. Anyone within a few feet who makes a successful **Listen Roll** hears him muttering to himself in a low voice. "Impossible," he says, "But it's all here. How could it be? But why would he lie?"

After a few minutes he straightens, taking stock of his surroundings, and heads for the radio tent. It is time for the noon broadcast.

Acacia Lexington is already inside, concluding her transmission.

". . . We spent several hours following the mountains. Words scarcely do them

What Moore Learns

In his tent, Meyer shows Moore his excavation notes for the previous night's work, which are couched unambiguously. They make it very clear that Meyer believes Lake's elder things to be responsible for the deaths in the camp. When Moore objects to this mad-sounding scenario, Meyer explains that he has proof of that, and of much more besides.

"I have asked you here, Professor, because I wish to show you a document that was intended for you from the beginning. How I acquired it is unimportant; it is yours now. If you will take it with you and read it through, I am sure you will understand. If you have further questions, I will answer them after I have slept, hmm?"

Meyer hands Moore the Dyer manuscript, sends him on his way, and readies himself for bed. Moore takes the document to his tent, where he remains for several hours, reading. ❑

justice. The glorious peaks of this transantarctic range stretch forever, dark against the white sky, impossibly high and massive. Who knows what unknown territories and inspiring scenes lie beyond? In a few days, I shall see them for myself, and you will all share in my discoveries.

"The epitaph on Lake's memorial, erected by the Miskatonic rescue party, reads 'We have opened the door to a new world, and none now can say what we shall find.' Ladies and gentlemen, it is true. We stand on the brink of that open door, and soon I shall bring you news of what lies beyond.

"This is Acacia Lexington signing off for now. I'll transmit again in a few hours."

She grins at everyone present and exits with a flourish, passing the microphone over to Professor Moore, who has been looking increasingly alarmed during Acacia's speech. He stumbles through a few words and stops. "I . . . have nothing to report just now," he says. "I'll transmit later, after I have had a chance to, er, review the night's reports. Everyone is well. We'll, ah, transmit again this evening. Moore out." He shuts down the transmitter, shaking his head, and leaves the tent.

Outside, Moore sends for the investigators. He waits, saying nothing, outside the supply tent for all of them to arrive; when they are gathered, all go inside.

"I have learned," he says, "something fantastic. I do not know whether or not to believe it. I no longer trust myself; it seems impossible, but answers a number of questions that have plagued me for some time."

Moore unwraps the parcel, revealing a thick manuscript: the *Dyer Text*.

"This is an account . . . written by my one time friend, William Dyer. He writes about the 1930 expedition—about finding the bodies of the murdered men—and about, ah, other things. Fantastic things. I don't want to say too much until you've read it for yourselves. Judge it with unbiased eyes, so to speak.

"I would like you to look over this account for yourselves. Tell me whether you think it is genuine. Tell me if it was written by a madman, or by one who was sane. It's Dyer's work. I've read his papers too often to mistake the style. But. . . ." He stops.

"Look the book over. Talk to me at five o'clock, after you've read it through. Just now I—I have to think about things." Professor Moore pulls up his hood and exits the tent. He walks west to the burial cairn, where he stands unmoving for some time.

The *Dyer Text* Summary

Dyer's story of the Miskatonic University Expedition is fully reproduced in H. P. Lovecraft's excellent novelette, *At the Mountains of Madness*. Every keeper should own and read a copy before playing this scenario. He or she may now give the novelette to the players to read. For keepers who do not wish to break their session for a reading of the novel, here is a synopsis of the *Text*.

Dyer's tale and historical accounts agree substantially, up to the point where the rescue party lands at Lake's Camp. In this account, however, the party finds the Camp in great disarray—much as it was found by Moore's group, but with the cruelly murdered bodies of dogs and men still scattered about the camp or arrayed in Hangar H2 in hideous display. That the party was murdered was never in any doubt; the identity of the murderer was uncertain, most likely being Gedney the missing student.

Dyer and Danforth flew several flights over the area in search of Gedney but found nothing. They then lightened a single plane and flew over the mountains through the nearest pass.

On the far side of the range they found, not a barren plateau, but the incredibly ancient remains of an immense city, uninhabitable for geologic epochs. They landed and walked through the city's near edge, sketching and taking many photographs. The city is barren now but contains untold murals, frescoes and other non-portable artifacts which reveal its age and the extreme civilization of its now-vanished builders.

Dyer maintains that the city was built, not by men, but by creatures similar in appearance to Professor Lake's "old ones" or "elder ones"—and that the murders were done not by Gedney but by the eight "perfect specimens" removed from the cave by Lake's party. These, it seems, were not dead but somehow hibernating; awakened, they slew their rescuers and fled over the mountains to their city home.

The city is built atop the plateau, but deep underneath the plateau is a great sunless sea which may be reached by long tunnels slanting down from the surface. There, according to Dyer, the city's builders took their final refuge. Their descendants may still remain there; however, in a foray into one such tunnel the two men were set upon by a huge and monstrous predator—a shoggoth—descended of the ancient slaves of the city builders, now apparently free to roam at will. The men escaped through good luck, but the shock of the meeting was one of the things that caused Danforth's breakdown.

Dyer and Danforth found the bodies of four of the returned "elder ones" in the downward sloping tunnel, apparently slain by the shoggoths. He concludes that the rest most likely perished as well while seeking others of their kind. He found Gedney's body too, preserved and carried as if for later examination.

After examining the city for several hours and being chased by the shoggoth, Danforth and Dyer conclude that existence of the elder ones and their city is something that should be kept from the world lest they loose horrors that cannot be controlled. They pledge to keep the secret, and persuade the others in the rescue party to stay silent about what they know as well. Only the advent of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, with its avowed intent of exploring the high plateau, has forced him to break his silence in the hopes of warning them away.

Although Dyer speaks of a great many photos and samples which originally accompanied the work, they are not provided with the manuscript.

The book can be read end to end in about three hours by a fast reader; a slower reading, with more attention to detail, requires as much as a day or two.

The *Dyer Text* (published in 1936 as *At the Mountains of Madness*), in English, typed on bond paper, 110 ms. pages. By Professor William Dyer. Tells the story of the Miskatonic University Antarctic Expedition of 1930–31 and their encounters with the elder things. Confers 1% Cthulhu Mythos, costs 1D3 SAN, no spells. ❑

The investigators are left with a large manuscript to read and time on their hands. Reading through the work in its entirety requires several hours for one man. See the previous page, "The *Dyer Text* Summary," for more information.

Characters who participated in Nicholas Roerich's rescue in Chapter Four immediately recognize the work as being the one stolen from Roerich in New York. If questioned, Moore reveals that he got the document from Meyer; Meyer, however, has little more to say on the subject. He got his copy of the *Dyer Text* from Josef Barsmeier, who in turn received it in a supply flight after he was already in the Antarctic. Neither man knows its precise origin, though Meyer is astute enough to guess that it was not acquired legally.

Tracking the document back through the German government and the Profiteer hierarchy is something that cannot even be begun until the investigators return home. Characters who wish to go through Meyer's personal effects, or Uhr's, in search of more information are welcome to do so. A description of the BFE tents and contents can be found several pages earlier in this chapter.

Speculations, Preparations

Professor Moore calls the investigators together again at 5 p.m., shortly before dinner. Considerably recovered from his shock earlier in the day, Moore wants the investigators' opinions of the *Dyer's Text,* and their thoughts on its meaning.

The Professor has come to his own conclusions as well. There is only one way to prove or disprove Dyer's incredible tale, he says, and that is to fly over the pass in search of the ancient city. It goes without saying that some, at least, of the investigators will go along.

"I shall put this to the others, of course, but it would please me greatly if you were in the first flight over the mountains. There will be time for the others later. Once we know."

Several important questions remain. Moore wishes the investigators' opinions and insights about them.

- Who should accompany them into the City? What equipment should be brought along on the flight?
- How much, if anything, should James Starkweather be told?
- Should Miss Lexington be shown the manuscript? Can the Germans be trusted to inform her? What else might they know that they do not wish to share?
- The Miskatonic rescue party covered up the truth. Ought the Starkweather-Moore Expedition to do the same, and why? What about Lexington's people? What about the Germans? What possible harm is there in someone else leaking such a mad tale?
- Was Dyer correct? Are there secrets that should never be revealed?

The meeting should be brief, but lasts as long as it needs to. That night, at dinner and afterwards, Moore is a changed man. Gone is his uncertainty and worry. In its place is a grim determination that only Meyer, Uhr, and the investigators understand.

The Starkweather-Moore Flight

At 20,000' altitude, a person using a "pipestem" mask consumes about four cubic feet of oxygen from a tank per hour to remain fully active and healthy, whether working or not. In the oxygen tent a person uses only one cubic foot of oxygen per hour, as long as the sodium hydroxide canisters remain good. The crew of each plane will have used about 40 cubic feet of oxygen getting over the mountains onto the high plateau, and the pilots will insist on saving these partially tapped tanks for the return flight. This leaves thirty-eight tanks (3,040 cubic feet) for operations on the plateau. Note that oxygen cannot be transferred between tanks. Given that the crew spent several days at 64% pressure (the conditions of Lake's Camp), and the use of oxygen during the high-altitude flights, decompression sickness (dysbaria) should not be a problem.

Each active person (working, exploring) will use a tank a day (including time spent in the oxygen snow tent), so the expedition can look forward to about three days over the mountains. The oxygen in Starkweather's tanks is tainted with lubricating oil, glycerine and other 'impurities;' each character using a tank on a given day should **roll CON x7** to avoid nausea and petrochemical intoxication. Those who succumb will be weak and wobbly for 20-CON hours afterwards. A clip must be worn on the nose to prevent inhaling the (low) local pressure; this can cause painful frost damage if care is not taken—don't use a metal nose clip, for example.

Who Crosses the Mountains?

The *Belle* carries six people—
Acacia Lexington
Kyle Williams (pilot)
Albert Priestley (cameraman)
Doctor Johann Meyer (leader, BFE team)
Maxwell Rucker (geologist, BFE)
Hermann Baumann (copilot, BFE)

The question of who should fly in the *Weddell* and the *Enderby* is a different matter. Each plane can hold six people on the voyage, two air crew and four passengers.

The *Enderby* will carry—
Ralph Dewitt (pilot)
Patrick Miles (copilot)
James Starkweather
Richard Greene (doctor)
2 others

The *Weddell* will carry—
Douglas Halperin (pilot)
William Moore
4 others, one of whom must be a copilot

Six seats thus remain. At least one of these must be a copilot/mechanic. This individual should have the Pilot Aircraft skill and the Mechanical Repair skill at least at 25% each.

If none of the investigators can act as a copilot, Alan Huston fills the role.

It is possible to remove enough cargo from the planes to accommodate another person or two, but in no case should the flying load in either aircraft rise above 17,000 pounds.

The addition of a single person to a plane, for instance, requires extra food, oxygen, snowshoes and clothing (added to the person's own weight) for a total load of about 300 pounds—roughly the same as 50 gallons of fuel. Extracting the fuel reduces the aircraft's range by 170 miles. ❑

One plane will carry a set of equipment for meteorology (barometer, anemometer, alcohol thermometer, psychrometer, 12 pilot balloons [2' across when inflated] and a small helium tank), cartography/geology (two stadia, combined meteorological/survey theodolite on aluminum tripod, steel tape measure, prismatic astrolabe, chronometer, level, rock hammer, sample bags, drafting tools), and chemistry sampling and test equipment; the other plane, a Geiger-Müller counter for cosmic ray studies, and a quartz spectrograph to study sun and sky spectra.

Note there are no flashlights included in the equipment (hey, it's the summer) unless the investigators think to bring any. There are no field glasses (binoculars) either. Doctor Moore specifically forbade alcohol or kerosene lanterns (for use in the oxygen tent)—they might ignite something in there, and they use up precious oxygen and caustic soda. The listed loads for these aircraft include items usually noted under the category "emergency supplies."

The Lexington Flight

At 20,000' altitude, a person using Drägerwerke masks will consume about one cubic foot of oxygen from a tank per hour to remain fully active and healthy, two cubic feet per hour if exerting him or herself, during work or rugged exploration, for example. In the oxygen snow tent, a person consumes one cubic foot of oxygen per hour, but only as long as the sodium hydroxide canisters last. The crew will have used about ten cubic feet of oxygen getting through the pass into the city, leaving 560 cubic feet for operations in the city, and their return. Given that the crew spent several days at 64% pressure (the conditions of Lake's Camp), and the use of oxygen during the high-altitude flights, decompression sickness (dysbaria) should not be a problem.

The emergency supplies can sustain the crew for two months. These supplies are, of course, for surviving any crash on the return to lower elevations; the crew could never survive that long on the plateau. These supplies include two electric flashlights and spare batteries, brought by the Germans.

Keeper's Eyes Only

Williams/Danforth will take a tank with him on his 'rescue' mission. This will leave five untapped tanks for the remaining people for work on the plane, exploring, etc. Baumann will use a tank while repairing the plane; Meyer, Rucker, Lexington and Priestley will each use one during explorations. This gives them two or three days worth of air, plus the 70 cubic feet left in the tank still on the plane. Both of their sodium hydroxide canisters will be largely depleted after the first night, as Danforth will have left them open just

Beyond Papers 9.1

Starkweather-Moore across the Mountains

Weddell

No.	Description	Weight, Lbs.
1	empty Boeing Model 247 plane	11,000
6	crew and passengers	1,200
24	gallons of engine lube oil, in engine	180
556	gallons of aviation gasoline (1890 miles range)	3,336
1	canvas bag with airplane repair tools and minor parts	50
1	drum 23 gallons engine lube oil	172
1	set navigational equipment (clock, charts, sextant, sun compass, tables, etc.)	6
1	blowtorch	5
2	canvas tarpaulins with grommets and six poles (engine starting covers)	20
24	person-days worth of food	48
2	canvas and goosedown sleeping bags	32
6	sets of snowshoes	36
1	Nansen sledding cooker and primus stove	25
1	1 gallon fuel can of kerosene (40 person-days for the stove)	10
1	trail radio (100 W, nominal range 50 miles)	100
1	radio battery	20
1	1-inch flare pistol, holster, and box of 10 flares	4
1	electric 'Mars' signal lamp	3
1	still camera set (camera, lenses, tripod, film, 10 flashbulbs, IR filters, case)	25
1	reel, 300' climbing rope	20
2	bags of climbing equipment (2 hammers, pitons, carabiners)	25
1	set of meteorology instruments, in wooden case	13
1	set of cartography/geology instruments, in wooden case with carry straps	40
1	set of chemistry sampling and test equipment, in canvas bag	10
1	medical bag, with instruments, drugs and supplies	20
1	sled with hauling harness	100
1	oxygen snow tent, 2 man, with poles, stakes, and lashings	50
2	sodium hydroxide canisters, 48 man-hours of capacity each	50
20	oxygen tanks, 80 cubic feet capacity each	400
	TOTAL	17,000

before leaving; the second 'night' on the plateau will be largely sleepless.

The fuel remaining aboard the Delta after it crash-lands: 245 gallons, enough for an absolute range of 1550 miles. If the pilot feels the tail-wind through the passes will continue indefinitely, he can plan on flying to the coast, and then south to Lake's Camp.

Speaking to Miss Lexington

If the investigators decide to reveal the contents of Dyer's tale to Acacia, she is willing to speak to them, but regrets that she cannot meet privately with them that evening. If the investigators mention that it involves the BFE, or her coming trip over the mountains, she thinks a moment, and asks them to see her the following day, after the Barsmeier-Falken party have turned in.

"We'll have more privacy that way, I think," she adds wryly. "Isn't that what you want?"

Acacia and her pilot, Williams, take Doctor Meyer and Baumann to look over the *Belle* in detail after dinner. Baumann expresses his approval after examining the craft; she and Doctor Meyer shake hands on their impromptu alliance, and the deal is done. Her flight across the mountains, she says, will begin as soon as the new radios can be landed at the barrier camp.

Williams (Danforth) is privately dismayed at the news. This night, he crosses the moral divide, and decides that some people will have to die to keep the world safe. His plan, at this point, is to somehow prevent any aircraft returning from the City of the Elder Ones; his poor brain is awhirl with terrifying images.

Speaking to Starkweather

At 9 p.m., Professor Moore radios Starkweather with the latest news. Without mentioning the *Dyer Text* or the more fantastic elements of the tale, he says guardedly that information has been uncovered which makes a voyage over the mountains an immediate necessity, and that the BFE and Miss Lexington are preparing for a similar foray.

Starkweather is ready to return immediately, but the airmen have all been working all day in the caves. The two men plan to launch an aircraft in the morning, which should reach Starkweather by noon.

Destinations

December 3, 1933: wind 10-40 mph from the southeast, temperature a balmy –5° F (–21° C). 10% cirrus cloud coverage.

Today the pace of things begins to quicken, as all three camps prepare for a flight over the Mountains of Madness. The tone throughout the day, and into the night that follows, is one of excitement and competition.

A Little Blow

Early in the morning, about 3 a.m., the *D-BFEB* and *D-BFEC* return to the Weddell Sea, where they are needed by the main body of their expedition.

Shortly thereafter, a brief furious gale sweeps through Lake's Camp, tearing at

Beyond Papers 9.1 (contd.)

Starkweather-Moore across the Mountains (contd.)

Enderby

No.	Description	Weight, Lbs.
1	empty Boeing Model 247 plane	11,000
6	crew and passengers	1,200
24	gallons of engine lube oil, in engine	180
556	gallons of aviation gasoline (1890 miles range)	3,336
1	canvas bag with airplane repair tools and minor parts	50
1	drum 23 gallons engine lube oil	172
1	set navigational equipment (clock, charts, sextant, sun compass, tables, etc.)	6
1	blowtorch	5
2	canvas tarpaulins with grommets and six poles (engine starting covers)	20
24	person-days worth of food	48
4	canvas and goosedown sleeping bags	64
6	sets of snowshoes	36
1	Nansen sledding cooker and primus stove	25
1	1 gallon fuel can of kerosene (40 person-days for the stove)	10
1	trail radio (100 W, nominal range 50 miles)	100
1	radio battery	20
1	1-inch flare pistol, holster, and box of 10 flares	4
1	electric 'Mars' signal lamp	3
1	reel, 300' climbing rope	20
2	bags of climbing equipment (2 hammers, pitons, carabiners)	25
1	Geiger-Müller counter and spectrograph, in wooden case	26
1	hand sled with hauling harness	100
2	oxygen snow tents, 2 men each, with poles, stakes, and lashings	100
2	sodium hydroxide canisters, 48 man-hours of capacity each	50
20	oxygen tanks, 80 cubic feet capacity each	400
	TOTAL	17,000

awnings and tents and carrying off loose tools, specimens, and anything else not tied down or protected behind sturdy walls. Many small bits of equipment and supplies are lost. It is a sobering reminder: so far the weather has been unusually good but that could change at any time.

Investigators need successful **Polar Survival rolls** to ensure that their tents and equipment are properly stowed. Anyone who fails the roll has suffered a loss or indignity from the wind: their tent collapses, their equipment blows away, their protecting wall falls onto the tent, etc., as desired by the keeper. These incidents should be nonfatal, non-injurious reminders that continual vigilance is necessary on the ice.

Everyone in camp is roused by the gale to help secure the tents and gear. The process takes hours; as a result, the *Weddell* does not take off to pick up James Starkweather until almost 10 a.m.

The Morning's Work

All three expeditions quietly begin preparations for their forays over the mountains. The investigators, gathered by Moore in the supply tent after securing the camp, are given the task of planning and provisioning the trip, with the help of Peter Sykes.

In Acacia Lexington's camp, Williams and Marklin work with Baumann and Benecke throughout the morning to prepare the *Belle* for flight—they flush Starkweather's remaining oxygen out of the plane's system, and convert some of the fittings so the Barsmeier-Falken oxygen tanks and masks can be used. Priestley, Johnson, and Acacia inventory the plane, carefully selecting which equipment will go and which will stay on the dangerous foray.

This process is obvious to anyone nearby. To any curious onlookers, Lexington is forthright (though a bit defensive) about the coming flight. "We made a deal. I've honored it. Now I am making a new deal. We're flying over the mountains. The Germans need my help more than you do, and they're willing to help me in turn. This way, I don't have to put up with James Starkweather any more."

If asked about the trip, Doctor Meyer answers carefully. He does not know how much is understood by everyone present. He apologizes for any misunderstanding, claiming that lack of sleep and oxygen have gotten everyone's nerves on edge, and mentions that, as the Starkweather-Moore Expedition contributed the fuel to bring Lexington's plane up here, he has been authorized to transfer four drums of fuel to their supply—the amount in the Delta's tanks currently.

"What a wonderful opportunity for science and the human spirit, to view these remote regions," he adds with a smile. "I am sure Professor Moore would agree." Doctor Meyer and the rest of the German crew turns in soon afterwards.

Professor Moore radios again to James Starkweather, where he waits on the Polar ice, and advises him of Lexington's plan. Starkweather is incensed—he orders Moore to begin preparations at once for their own flight over the mountains.

"After all we've done for her—the ungrateful hussy! Never could trust her, Doctor! We all know it was her put that fellow Henning up to his tricks. Thinks she can get ahead of Starkweather, does she? Prepare the planes—we'll get there first, by God! And tell the men to have nothing to do with her people; we'll see if they can make do with the Huns! Meyer had better watch his back!"

Somewhat disturbed, Moore agrees. He announces the planned journey to the assembled expedition in the mess tent during lunch, and asks for volunteers for the flight. There are five places open for the voyage—six, if any of the investigators are airmen who can copilot and act as mechanics for the Boeings.

Investigators who step forward are chosen first, of course.

After the announcement, Moore calls everyone's attention with a quiet cough.

"Captain Starkweather thinks—and I concur—that we should best make our plans without the help of Miss Lexington's group. After all, it has still not been determined what happened to her radios and oxygen supply on the Ice Shelf, or who, if anyone, is responsible."

In the noon broadcasts, both expeditions announce their intentions of taking off as soon as circumstances allow.

Meeting with Acacia

The first opportunity to speak privately to Acacia Lexington comes in the middle of the day. She leaves her crew in charge of their preparations and comes away with the investigators.

"All right, gentlemen," she says, walking across the ice well away from prying ears, "what's on your minds?"

Acacia Lexington is a pragmatic soul, not fanciful or given to a belief in monsters and weird cities. She is skeptical of the

Beyond Papers 9.2

Lexington across the Mountains

Northrop Delta

No.	Description	Weight, Lbs.
1	empty plane, with radio removed	3,350
6	crew and passengers	1,200
15	gallons of engine lube oil, in engine	115
275	gallons of aviation gasoline	1,650
1	set of tools and minor spares (wire, spark plugs, etc.) for aircraft repair	20
6	persons worth of emergency supplies, one sled, no generator or radio	900
1	oxygen snow tent	50
2	sodium hydroxide canisters, 48 man-hours of capacity each	50
7	oxygen tanks with Dräger masks, 80 cubic feet (2200 liters) capacity each	140
2	electric lanterns	5
1	still camera and film set	20
	TOTAL	7,500

entire notion of Dyer's "elder ones," but the evidence left in Lake's Camp is impressive. A successful **Persuade roll**, **Bargain roll**, or **Credit Rating roll** convinces her that the investigators are serious and level-headed.

Nonetheless, the important part of the revelation is that the Germans have told the Starkweather team a lot more than they told her. "Doctor Meyer hasn't said anything about this to me," she muses. "I've known for a while that he expected to find something big on the other side—just from some of the things he's said—but no hint of what it was. Makes you wonder, doesn't it, just what else the man is hiding?"

She thinks for a moment.

"Tell you what. I've made my deal with Meyer and Uhr, and I'm bound to stick with it. But I'll keep my eyes and ears open, especially once we're on the other side. If I learn anything about what the Germans are up to, I'll let you know on the radio. All right? Thanks for the warning. I have some thinking to do."

Picking Up the Pace

Things start to move quickly after lunch.

Halperin, Sykes, and some of the technical staff begin sorting the equipment needed for the flight. All three camps spend the afternoon in a whirlwind of activity—finishing the survey of the caves, packing supplies for the voyage, and preparing aircraft for flight.

Players should state to the keeper what preparations their investigators are making for the journey. *Beyond Papers 9.1,* "Starkweather-Moore across the Mountains," provides a starting list of the contents of the two Boeings. These aircraft are loaded to their limits for this flight; any modifications, such as the addition of personal equipment or any weapons larger than a pistol, must be approved by either Moore or Starkweather (once he arrives.)

Starkweather, of course, does not see the need for any change in the cargo list; Moore has a better grasp of the situation and will be rather more rational. Wise investigators ask Professor Moore for permission to change the load. Keep in mind that for anything to go aboard, something must come off (though there is a certain amount of leeway if several of the investigators are physically small.)

One of the Boeings, the *Enderby,* can be prepared immediately. The *Weddell,* in flight to pick up Starkweather and his team, cannot be stripped and loaded until after its return. Chosen supplies and equipment are lined up by the runway, or stowed inside the *Enderby.*

When Meyer and Uhr learn that Starkweather's team is readying for imminent flight they are concerned. Meyer wishes to be first on the scene—first to find the tower and the machinery noted by Pym, if they can be found at all. He urges Lexington to readiness, but she is unmovable. "We will fly when my radios arrive at the Ross Sea," she replies, "and not a moment before. You want to go? Tell your boys to deliver my goods."

The Ross Sea coast, however, is still fogged in. All the BFE can do is wait.

Word comes from the *Weddell* at about 5 p.m. that Starkweather is aboard and that the craft is on its way. It will arrive back at the camp shortly after 11 p.m.

Dinner is tense, electric. A constant current of excitement runs through the mess tent. Supplies are packed, the chosen crews are ready—now everyone waits. Moore's chosen crews are treated to a round of toasts; the investigators are advised to have their last smokes now, since smoking while on oxygen is bad for one's health.

Acacia's plane, the *Belle,* sits on the runway, fueled, packed and ready. Baumann and Rucker, Meyer's chosen companions, actually sleep aboard the plane. Meyer remains in camp, as do Acacia and her pilot, Williams. Albert Priestley stands watch over the waiting aircraft.

Investigators who are to accompany Moore on his flight are advised to get some rest, but it is difficult to sleep. Everyone wonders what the new day will bring.

Race to the Mountains

December 4, 1933: wind 10 mph from the southeast, air temperature –10°F (–23°C), slight high cirrus clouds over 30% of sky to northwest. The coast is still fogged in, but the base camp reports that the wind is picking up; skies are expected to clear at least briefly sometime during the day.

The *Weddell* circles in low from the east, lands shortly before midnight, and unloads three men and a full sled team. Professor Moore rushes out to greet Starkweather, who is in a foul mood. His kit bag is left on the plane—it contains, among other things, a Webley .455 Mk VI revolver.

Advice and criticism are equally unwelcome to Starkweather right now; he orders the *Weddell* completely unloaded, and calls a conference of all 'his' men. Many of them must be awakened for this.

Fifteen minutes after Starkweather's landing, all of the SME explorers are gathered near one of the planes. Starkweather climbs up on a wing; Professor Moore stands below, with his hands in his pockets. To cries of "What's up, Captain?" and "Who called us out at this godforsaken time?" Starkweather replies:

"Sorry about the beastly hour, lads, but it's time for the big push. Lexington and the Huns have sprung one on us, and joined up to beat us over the pass; they're no end of trouble.

"I'm sure all you fellows realize what we have to do, and will do everything a man can do. Our pilots tell me we can make it over to the far side, and spend a couple of days prowling about on the ground. Of course, only four of you besides myself, the Professor, and the pilots can come on the first trip; but I know you're all very keen for the job, so put your names in with the Professor. If we can, we'll send back a plane to bring some more of you along.

"With a bit of luck, we can make sure those boys and their little lady are watching our tail from their windscreen, eh? So much for their efficiency! Oh, and let's jolly well make sure they don't pinch our stuff—I wouldn't put it past them. If they ask for our help, tell 'em to go to blazes; they've proved what sorts they are.

"You scientist fellows should put together a small kit for the trip; it's going to be a bit tight. It'll be a grand adventure once we're there, and that's why we all came, eh? I'm asking the doctor to pass around a tot, and then the mechanics should get to work. The rest of you will need some sleep; I want to take off by eight o'clock. I know you won't let the side down. Gentlemen, dismiss."

A jumble of cheers, low whistles, grumbles, and animated conversation greets this speech. Starkweather is back; and, as usual, he seems a step behind, out of touch with things as they are.

Starkweather talks to one or two of the senior people, ignoring their suggestions (as usual), and then begs off, as he has not slept in about 20 hours. He goes to sleep at once in a vacant tent.

Professor Moore, looking subdued, starts the waiting workers loading and preparing the *Weddell.* Those who were chosen for the flight should get some more rest, as takeoff is scheduled for 10 a.m. Once immediate matters have been dealt with, he retires as well. The pilots and mechanics should plan on being up and on the job by 6 a.m.

The remainder of the night passes quietly. Few people rest well.

On the Starting Line

The Lexington and BFE members sit in the *Belle* and wait for news. At 4:15 a.m. word comes from the barrier camp that the fog has begun to blow off. Professor Uhr sends at once to the plane waiting at the South Polar cache with Lexington's supplies. It takes off toward the Ross Sea, to arrive at the coastal base about 9:00 a.m.

At 7 a.m., Starkweather emerges from his tent, and rouses his camp. The wind has picked up to 15 miles per hour, still from the southeast; skies are clear, and the still air temperature is a cheery –15°F, or the equivalent of –50°F after correction. In these conditions, crews move slowly and laboriously, and several minor cases of frostbite appear among the men preparing the planes.

For the first time since their arrival, activity at the dig sites is nonexistent.

At 8 a.m. a flaw is discovered in Captain Starkweather's plans: It seems the oxygen in some of the tanks on the *Weddell* smells pungently of glycerine. Halperin and Dewitt, the senior pilots, insist on checking all the tanks, which causes some delay as most are already loaded aboard the planes.

The carefully stored cargo is rummaged through and the tanks removed and tested. Most of them give off strange smells. *Keeper's note: this is not a plot, but contamination with lubricants and fluids used in the oxygen compressing plant which filled the tanks procured by Starkweather—these contents are hardly medical oxygen.*

Word comes from the Ross Sea camp at 9:20 a.m. The *D-BFED* has landed and offloaded Lexington's promised supplies. Acacia Lexington has received her payment; minutes later, she and Kyle Williams begin heating *Belle's* engine for flight.

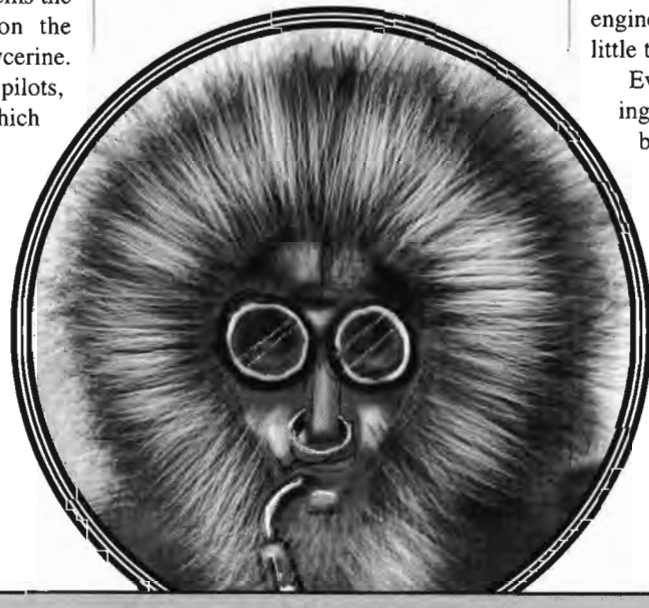
Starkweather, clenching and unclenching his fists, watches in growing frustration as the oxygen cylinders are tested, one by one, and fail. When a stuttering roar is heard from the engine of Lexington's Delta, he stares at it, and then shouts, "All right lads, never mind, I'm sure it doesn't matter! A nasty odor never killed a man, just get these planes loaded! She hasn't beaten us yet!"

Oxygen tanks are passed back into the planes, bucket brigade fashion, as Lexington's silver monoplane *Belle* lumbers down the icy runway at 10 a.m. Starkweather orders the engines heated, even as the gas cylinders are reloaded.

By the time the mechanics have finished blowtorching the engines of the Boeings warm enough to start, twenty minutes have passed. The explorers board the planes in their heaviest clothing; the crews start their engines and take off, as the passengers readjust the disarranged cargo or fidget with the suspect oxygen equipment. The time: 10:20 a.m.

The mountains loom huge in the windows as the aircraft climb upwards. It is difficult to speak over the roar of the engines, the whine of the wind, but there is little to say.

Everyone leans against the glass, looking forward, wondering what awaits beyond the Mountains of Madness. ■



Chapter Nine Timeline

Dec. 1 — The Barsmeier-Falken inland party arrives at 5 a.m. in 3 aircraft. They set up camp and sleep through the rest of the day. The American parties spend the day opening Miskatonic sites, eager to uncover as much as possible before the Germans horn in.

The BFE team wake in the evening to help with excavations of the camp. They work through the night, unearthing the most sensational sites Meyer can locate using his knowledge of the Dyer document. Investigators may wish to help.

Dec. 2 — After breakfast, Lexington takes the *Belle* up to fly along the eastern face of the mountains. The flight is cut short due to bad oxygen in cylinders gotten from Starkweather. Meyer gives Moore the *Dyer Text*. Later in the day, Moore gives it to the investigators and asks them to read it through and form a plan for traveling across the mountains.

In the evening, Lexington finishes cutting her deal with the Barsmeier-Falken expedition. The BFE continues excavating the site and begins investigating the caves.

Dec. 3 — Both groups begin preparations for their flights across the mountains. Lexington delays until word arrives that her equipment has arrived at the Ross Sea base. Starkweather, informed of Moore's decision to fly, demands to be picked up as soon as possible. The *Enderby* is dispatched to retrieve him.

Dec. 4 — Starkweather arrives at midnight and begins directing preparations for departure. Tainted oxygen delays Starkweather's liftoff; Lexington's *Belle* takes to the air first, followed by Starkweather's Boeings twenty minutes later. ❑



Chapter Ten

Dec. 4–6, 1933

The investigators explore the City of the Elder Things, the hidden saboteur attacks, and Starkweather is kidnapped.



Yet now the sway of reason seemed irrefutably shaken. . . . It was, very clearly, the blasphemous city of the mirage in stark, objective, and ineluctable reality. . . .

Only the incredible, inhuman massiveness of these vast stone towers and ramparts had saved the frightful thing from utter annihilation in the hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of years it had brooded there amidst the blasts of a bleak upland. "Corona Mundi—Roof of the World—" All sorts of fantastic phrases sprang to our lips as we looked dizzily down. . . .

— Dyer Text.

The City of the Elder Things

Keeper's Overview

This chapter deals with the rediscovery of the elder things' ancient city, and the shocking realization that it is not as abandoned as it seems.

Chosen members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition fly, in two small planes, across the Miskatonic Mountains and onto the high plateau beyond. There they find that Dyer's secret manuscript account is in every way true, and the published history false: the plateau is not empty and barren at all, but is covered with colossal crumbling remains from Earth's unbelievably ancient past.

The investigators, guided by Dyer's manuscript, search for a safe landing place in the heart of the City. For the next few days there is little to do but explore the magnificent ruin, retrace Dyer's steps, and search beyond them into the heart of the mystery that is the fall of the elder things.

This should be an interlude of strangeness and wonder. There is little here, at first, to threaten the explorers, so long as they stay out of the lowest levels where the cruel shoggoths dwell. Instead there are dreamlike vistas and silent reminders of greatness lost—and all around the fragments of a story in stone—the story of the elder things, and of all life on Earth.

Ascent

The two Boeings climb steadily toward the pass for almost an hour, gradually gaining the altitude needed to reach the gap. The aëroplane floors tilt at an ever steeper angle as the heavy vehicles wallow in the thin air.

At first Professor Moore is excited and tries to speak to the others in the *Weddell,* but speech is hard over the pounding roar of the engines. He settles back with his copy of the *Dyer Text,* reading through carefully once more. In the *Enderby,* Starkweather is filled with excitement too, craning to peer through the windows and shouting enthusiastic comments at his neighbors. Doctor Greene says little, content to nap while he can.

Only the pilots speak easily, murmuring to each other and to the men in the other Boeing, words secure in padded headphones. None of the passengers can understand a thing they say.

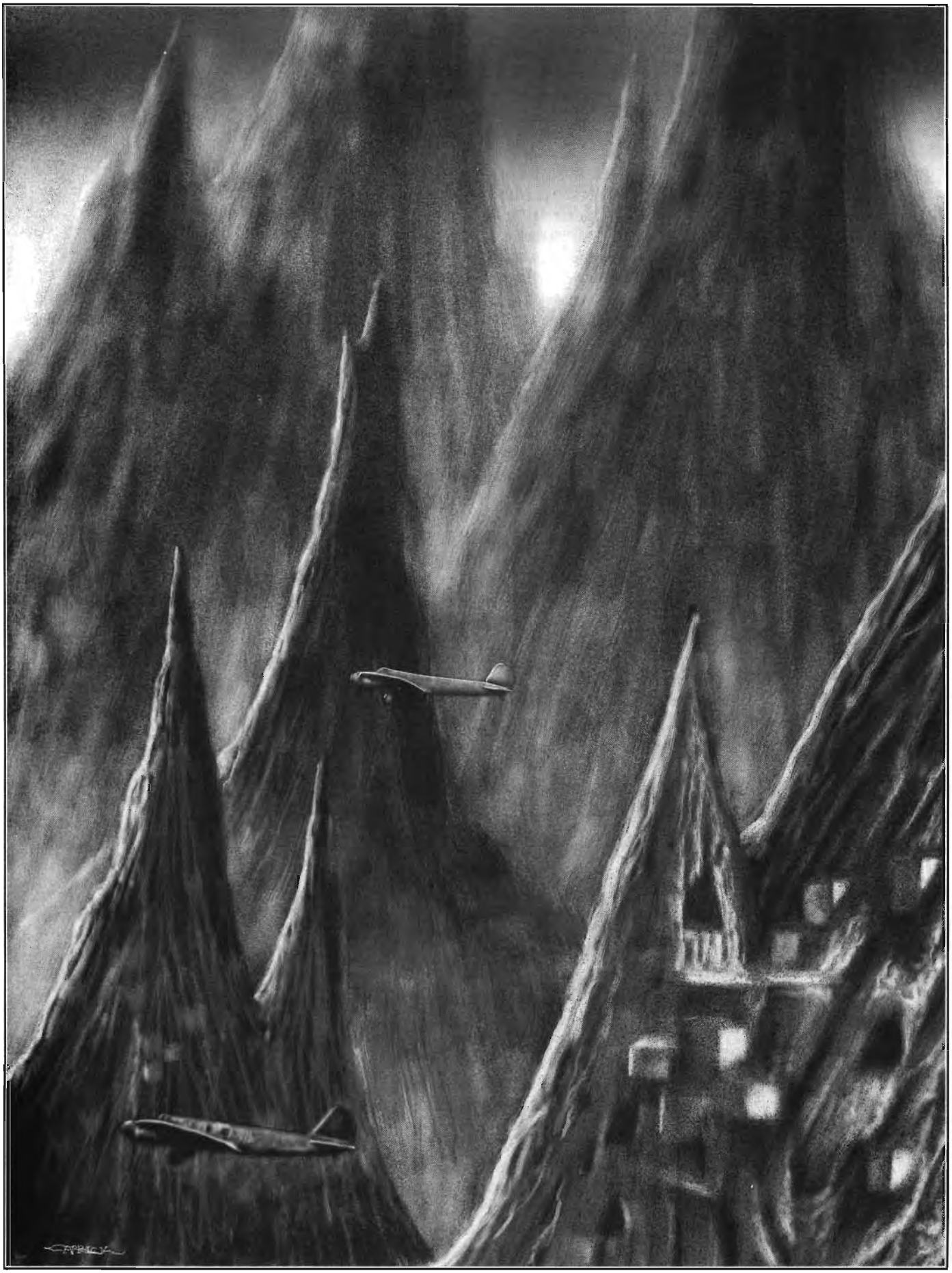
The *Weddell*'s pilot, Halperin, tries to call the *Belle* on the radio but there is no answer, only the harsh hiss of static.

A Helping Hand

Twenty minutes into the flight, as the two aircraft rise past 16,000 feet, they are caught up in powerful winds rushing from the Pole towards the mountains. The engines roar and race; the planes shudder and jerk violently in midair, slewing about mushily for a time as if the wings had lost their purchase. Passengers can hear the pilots cursing but there is no chance for questions.

Occupants are slammed up and down, side to side, in sudden unpredictable lunges. Loose items skitter along the walls and floor. Investigators who are not belted must make **DEX x5 rolls** or less on D100 or be thrown from their seats and dashed against the hull as the Boeings buck and strain through the turbulent air.

Through the Pass



Within minutes the craft are fully within the racing air current. Ground speed increases to over 250 miles per hour, but the passengers do not feel the difference. Only the mountains change, nearing at an alarming rate. Each minute they loom larger and darker ahead until they fill the forward view. It seems impossible that they should continue to grow, but they do.

As the aircraft draw near to the high peaks, the crackle of static increases moment by moment to a powerful throbbing roar. No one aboard has ever experienced its like. Communication with Lake's Camp becomes first difficult, then impossible, in a matter of minutes. Even the signals from the other plane, less than a mile away, are half-drowned within the sea of noise.

Using the Masks

Almost at once, it seems, the planes are approaching 18,000 feet. All persons on board should be on oxygen by this time. Explorers clamp their noses shut and bite the rubbery pipestems between their teeth; the hissing gas is acrid, cold, and dry, and smells like paint or glue. Each time a new cylinder is opened, everyone needs **CON x7 rolls** on D100 to avoid a short spell of nausea or fainting from the industrial fumes within the tanks. Investigators who decide to forego oxygen ("I don't need that stuff, it's for sissies!") will experience the joys of hypoxia as the aircraft rise higher and higher.

Oxygen

All personnel traveling above 18,000 feet altitude must supplement their oxygen supply from tanks; there is not enough oxygen in the air at that height to support normal activity.

The Starkweather-Moore oxygen system uses "pipestem" breather masks. These are simple leather masks, fitted over the mouth, containing a rubbery pipestem which is held between the teeth. Gas flows continuously through the stem. The user's nose is normally pinched shut with a small clamp to avoid inadvertent wastage of the precious gas.

Outside the plane, explorers must carry their tanks with them strapped across their backs on pack frames modified for that purpose. One tank contains 80 cubic feet of oxygen and weighs about 20 pounds. Normally active explorers use about 4 cubic feet of gas per hour.

For more information, see the "Oxygen Equipment" section in Appendix 2, "Antarctica Manual." ❑

Approaching the Pass

As we drew near the forbidding peaks, dark and sinister above the line of crevasse-riven snow and interstitial glaciers, we noticed more and more the curiously regular formations clinging to the slopes. . . .

— Dyer Text.

The foothills between Lake's Camp and the pass are high rough peaks in their own right, stark blades and angles of rock thrusting upwards from sheaths of ice. Anywhere else they would be recognized for the mighty monoliths they are; here they are dwarfed to insignificance by the incredible wall of stone that is the central range.

Rushing forward, the eyes of everyone in the two planes are helplessly drawn to the impossible spires of the mountains, mercilessly illuminated by low rays of sunlight slanting from the east. The aircraft strain and wallow in the rarefied air, but the high peaks continue . . . upward, upward . . . high above the tiny craft even now. They seem to hold up the sky.

The heavens, glimpsed through the high peaks, are a curious color, mottled white and pink, tinged with darker bands and areas of brightness that seem to move. The mountains are dark stone, bands of blacks and grays interspersed within lighter striations, uneven in appearance and riddled, in the upper reaches above 21,000 feet, with the blocks, angled terraces, and clusters of cave mouths written of by Dyer. There is no snow at all near the pass or on the high spires.

In the barren stretches near the pass, the ancient surfaces of natural mountainside give way to more artificial forms. Round-edged weathered clusters of stony cubes, eerily regular in size and shape, are everywhere in the higher levels, their glistening quartzite pale and luminous against the mountain's darker stone. Spires, cones and cylinders, ramps, ramparts, and cave mouths of great regularity and antiquity appear—first as little more than scattered shapes, like the discarded blocks of a cyclopean child, more often as the plane rises further.

Such regular formations of stone occur naturally elsewhere in the world—the Giant's Causeway in Ireland, also mentioned by Dyer, is a good example—but never on this scale. Here, the seeming extrusions extend along the higher expanses of the range in both directions as far as the eye can see. The scale is staggering. Successful **Geology rolls** reveal, too, that where such formations occur in nature they are the result of volcanic action; but no trace of volcanism can be seen in the Miskatonic Mountains.

In the last few miles before the pass, the aircraft seem like tiny toys, utterly dwarfed by the sheer immensity of the approaching spires. The *Weddell* and the *Enderby* stagger along at the very limit of their engines' power, five miles above the sea—and the high peaks to either side scrape the heavens full miles higher still. The broad base of the pass, a good mile across, seems a narrow needle's eye through which the two planes are thrust with bewildering speed.

Looking Closer

The investigators see all this as they approach the pass. Such are the distances involved, however, that at first little more than the broad scope of things can be seen. Even the coarsest details are seen only in the final minutes, as the walls of the mountains hurtle upwards, and during the traverse of the pass itself.

The first cave mouths appear a short distance below the level of the pass, at roughly 22,000 feet. To the naked eye they look like little more than dark shadows against the matte fabric of the stone. Cube-shaped formations cluster thickly around the mouths of the caves.

The caves, too, exhibit a regularity of shape and height that is unnerving. All are

Hypoxia

Hypoxia is a subtle and deadly condition arising from insufficient oxygen in the bloodstream. Explorers at high altitudes without extra oxygen will suffer from hypoxia. Symptoms include headache, nausea, giddiness, confusion, blurred vision, fainting, and even convusions and death.

More information and suggested uses of hypoxia in the game can be found in Appendix 2, "Antarctica Manual," in the "Health and First Aid" section. ❑

either square or semicircular in outline, but without referents, it is difficult to say how large they are. Nothing else can be seen with the naked eye as the planes hurtle past.

More detailed examination of the Miskatonic Mountains' upper reaches could easily be made with binoculars or a small telescope; however, no such instruments were packed in either plane. Starkweather and Moore each have their own small sets, however, which they are willing to share about the cabin of their craft. Investigators who did not think to pack additional glasses must simply wait their turn.

Field glasses reveal many details about the caves. Their mouths are smooth and regular, especially along their upper surfaces, though their lower lips are frequently rounded and misshapen by sun and wind. The sides of the mountain exterior immediately around the cave mouths are invariably smooth and clean between the caves and their surrounding clusters of cubes; in contrast, the surface outside the cuboid clusters has the familiar irregularity of unworked natural stone. Brief glimpses into cavern mouths show no stalactites, stalagmites, or other signs of natural formation, merely clean regular tunnels and chambers that penetrate deeply into the mountainsides.

The number of caves increases drastically above the level of the pass. On higher levels the cavern mouths group so closely together that their surrounding clusters blend into one another without gaps—the highest reaches of the Miskatonic Range must be so riddled with caves and tunnels as to be little more than a honeycomb of passageways.

Investigators with successful **Spot Hidden rolls,** who have seen or examined the star-shaped stones at Lake's Camp, receive a further revelation. Along the outside edges of some of the closer cave mouths are fine weathered cracks and pits that bring to mind the dot patterns on those green soapstones—as if that same dot-like script was once carved here, but is now all but erased by time.

The evidence amasses, fact by fact and observation by observation. Even if Dyer lied or was mistaken about some of what he saw, there can be little doubt that the upper reaches of the mountains were once worked by intelligent hands.

Looking Back

Investigators who look at the land below, rather than at the mountainsides, may with successful **Spot Hidden rolls** make out subtle artifice in the slopes there as well. The foothill ranges push upwards out of the ice for a hundred miles; but here and there, for most of that way, there are swaths of snow and glaciers that form smooth gentle slopes leading up toward the pass. Despite chasms and regions where the land has fallen away, anyone making a successful **Polar Survival roll** is able to tell that a careful explorer with the proper supplies could make the trip to the pass on foot in a few weeks.

The glaciers lead up toward the peaks with unusual continuity, broad sinuous expanses of gently sloping ice, suggesting that the land beneath was once smooth and free of obstruction. Perhaps, if everything Dyer said is true, mighty roads once led upwards from primordial lowlands to the City beyond.

Associations

For any investigators who visited Nicholas Roerich in New York, the whole scene is oddly familiar. A sweeping sense of *deja vu* sweeps over any character who receives a successful **Idea roll.** The sweeping ramparts, the stark contrast of light and dark, the sense of massive timelessness and ancient secrets, all of those things they see before them now—all have been captured by Roerich on canvas.

To those with the Cthulhu Mythos skill, the scene may seem familiar in another way: it brings to mind whispered tales of the Elder Gods, of the feared and ancient Plateau of Leng, or of awful Kadath, mountain of the gods, in the cold wastes at the end of the world.

Dyer knew these things, however poorly or well. In his manuscript he is reminded of ". . . the demoniac plateau of Leng, of Mi-Go, of abominable Snow Men of the Himalayas, of the *Pnakotic Manuscripts* with their prehuman implications, of the Cthulhu cult, of the *Necronomicon,* and of the Hyperborean legends of formless Tsathoggua and the worse than formless Star Spawn associated with it. . . ."

It is a sobering thought. Those who recall these things, and know their meanings, may hope that Dyer's imaginings are only the stuff of dreams and darkest fantasy.

Through the Eye of the Needle

The two planes keep one of the smooth glacier paths beneath them, hurtling upward into the narrow pass at more than four miles per minute. So far the craft have performed faultlessly, their unsynchronized engines roaring in the thin cold air beyond the cabin windows. The bottom of the pass lies at 23,880 feet, now visible before them—a stark expanse of wind-scoured gray stone, guarded on either side by fantastic ribs and pillars of rock, and by the ever-present caves and their companion clusters.

The radios are useless. Nothing but wild howling chaos can be heard. Even the other Boeing is silent, its signal lost in the static's hisses, cracks, sputters, and moans.

The rock face is now utterly bare, stripped clean of all trace of snow and ice by the ever-present wind. Ahead and on all sides the jagged peaks claw knife-like at a sky of swirling opalescence. Thin clouds of ice crystals, carried up from the lowlands, paint chimerae and shadows across the heavens and create an odd sense of oppression. The nearby spires seem wrapped in faint veils of color—shifting rainbows that flicker and evanesce—as if the light itself lay wound in heavy coils about and between them.

In the last minutes of the climb, investigators with successful **Listen rolls** hear a new sound, a high, piping whistling. So faint as to be barely audible over the engines' roar, it nonetheless seems to invade every corner of the plane, sliding along the nerves and lodging deep within the hearer's bones. Investigators who sense the sound can sometimes almost make out the thread of a tune, then it spirals away, twisting into something inhuman and beyond understanding. The sound comes from everywhere and nowhere.

Investigators who hear the piping, and who receive a successful **POW x3 roll** on D100, are filled with a deep inexplicable sense of dread and revulsion. The music seems to carry some dark primal message that is almost—but not quite—understood, at a level beyond thought, beyond memory. Clamping hands over ears drowns out most of the sound, but once it is heard it lingers, vibrations running through the body in silent reminder. All who have been touched by the mountains' song suffer a loss of 0/1D3 SAN.

Roerich Reminder

A large collection of Nicholas Roerich's work, including many of those that inspired Lovecraft while he wrote *At the Mountains of Madness,* may be viewed online at the Roerich Museum's website, http://www.roerich.org. ❑

Rational scientific investigators may later point out that the sound was merely the wind whistling through the endless cave mouths; those with greater experience, and with successful **Cthulhu Mythos rolls** may connect the sound and the pipers who swirl around Blind Azathoth. This perception, without understanding what it may mean, costs the loss of an additional point of Sanity.

The sound seems to build around and within the plane, growing stronger and sadder each passing minute. Those who missed the original **Listen roll** still hear nothing.

The Moment of Truth

The *Enderby* and the *Weddell* enter the pass. The pilots, and any investigators making a successful **Navigate roll,** realize that returning this way will be all but impossible due to the mighty gale blowing at their backs.

At the last moment there is a blinding flash of sunlight, behind and 60° to the right of the aircraft. The passengers in the planes are momentarily dazzled as twin haloes surround the sun and it is bisected by a glowing cross. Small glories, too, can be seen surrounding the shadows of the planes as they plunge into the darkness between the peaks.

Moore and Starkweather, seemingly unaffected by the wailing, crouch forward in their cabins, peering forward past the pilots, eager for a first sight of the high plateau beyond the pass. With a sudden shout, Starkweather turns, gesturing to any investigators in his plane to load and ready the motion picture camera.

No sign of the *Belle* has been seen, either in the air or on the ground. Everyone cranes their necks, looking ahead, trying to catch the first glimpse of what lies ahead. The sun is hidden by the great mass of mountains to starboard; magnetic and gyro compasses swing wildly, showing no signs of ever settling down.

The transit of Dyer's Pass takes only five minutes.

Over the City

I think that both of us simultaneously cried out in mixed awe, wonder, terror and disbelief in our own senses as we finally cleared the passes and saw what lay beyond. . . . Here, on a hellishly ancient table-land fully twenty thousand feet high, and in a climate deadly to habitation since a prehuman age . . . there stretched nearly to vision's limit a tangle of orderly stone. . . .

— Dyer Text.

Clearing the summit, the two aircraft burst through the swirling cloud patterns at 11:23 a.m. and angle down toward the plateau beyond. A shimmering haze of ice particles lies on the horizon directly ahead; thin layers of ice smoke blur the fine details of the land below. Directly beneath the planes, long talons of shadow reach to the west, wrapping the foothills in darkness. The shadows of the Boeings can be seen as well, dark tunnels through the intangible mists, like windows into dream.

Behind the aircraft, in the sky above the highest peaks, portions of the solar haloes can still be seen, like luminous rainbows of purest white in the sky. They fade slowly as the planes descend. The glowing signs in the sky behind, the darkness below, may seem like omens to some—but there is no turning back.

As the investigators and the other explorers peer into the distance, the aircraft begin to descend. A fine whisper of . . . something . . . passes through the craft, tickling the hairs on explorers' necks and reminding a few, briefly, of the mountains' wailing piping song. The wash of ruddy sunlight dims and thickens, layer upon layer, like slow and subtle sap settling around the lowering planes. For a moment the engines throb and strain, and the aircraft shudder as if from turbulence, but the air before them seems still.

Seconds later all is as it was before. The haze below is gone; the true nature of the plateau can be clearly seen.

Before the explorers, miles away yet but seeming almost close enough to touch, an immense ice-shrouded city spreads out before them. Incredibly massive, impossibly ancient, undeniably real, its crumbled towers and labyrinthine streets extend as far as the eye can see.

Everywhere is a maze of squared, curved and angled blocks, tumbled ramparts and immense expanses of rubble imbedded in glacial ice. The frozen sheet appears to be no more than forty or fifty feet deep. Here and there, vast dark shapes beneath the surface tempt the imagination.

A chorus of low oaths, prayers, and queries can be heard inside each plane, as everyone struggles with the reality of the scene. (Viewing the City for the first time is worth 0/1 SAN.) Professor Moore goes utterly still and quiet, then slowly takes off his glasses, turning away to rub at his eyes. Starkweather, in the other plane, lets out a triumphant shout. "Look at the size of it!" he crows. "No wonder the Germans were in such a hurry!"

The First Survey

There were geometrical forms for which an Euclid would scarcely find a name—cones of all degrees of irregularity and truncation, terraces of every sort of provocative disproportion, shafts with odd bulbous enlargements, broken columns in curious groups, and five-pointed or five-ridged arrangements of mad grotesqueness. . . .

—Dyer Text.

Weddell and *Enderby* bank slightly to the right and descend further, angling northward over the terraced expanse of foothills. As they drop below the level of the pass, the tremendous winds blowing from the Pole subside, lessening to almost nothing at the surface.

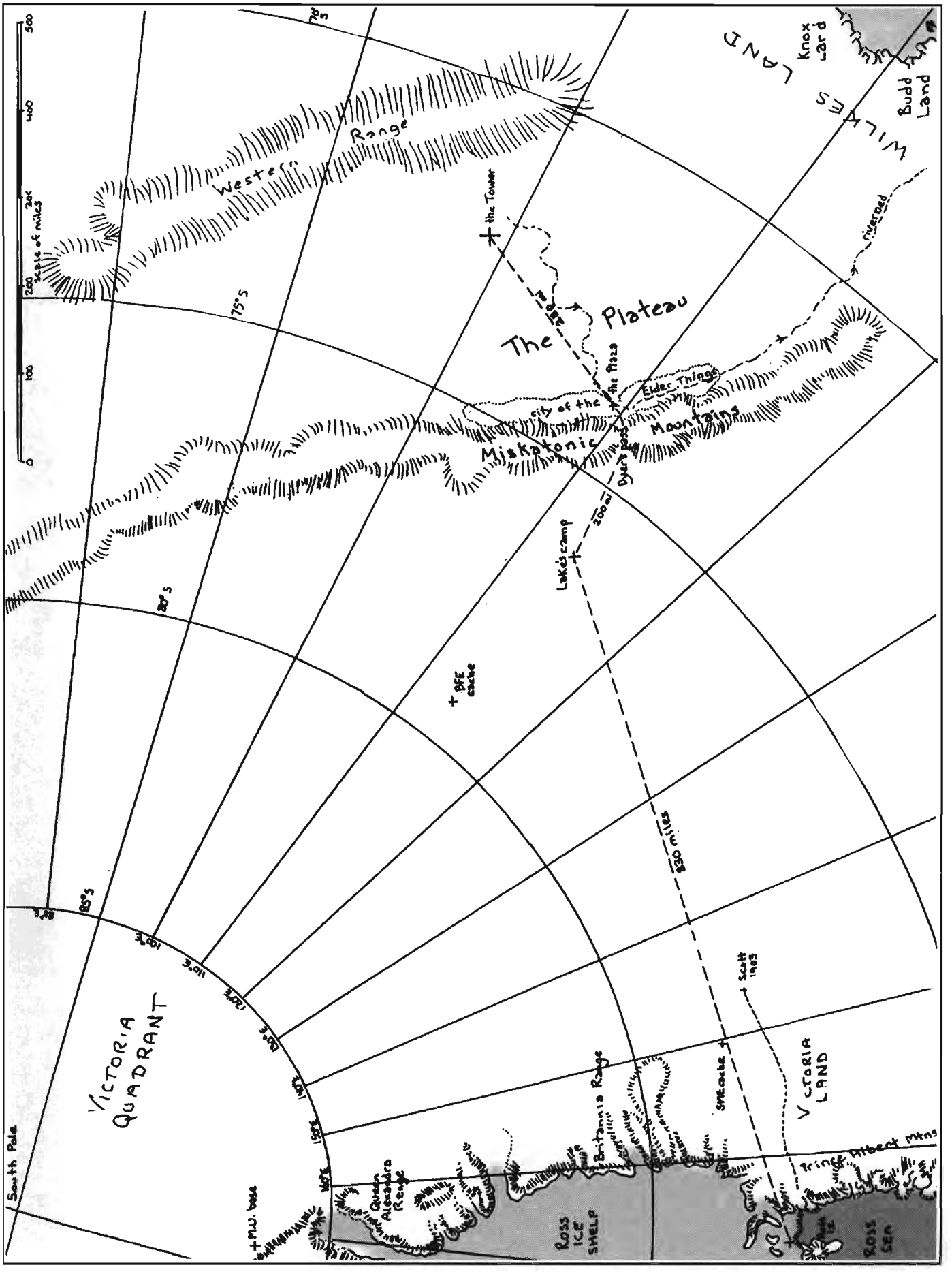
White wisps of cirrostratus clouds cover most of the sky in a tangled web far above the plateau. They do not blur the outline of the sun, but the tiny suspended crystals of ice occasionally catch the red Antarctic daylight and cast it in breathtaking arcs and halos across the heavens.

A thin fog hugs the lower slopes of the Miskatonic Range. Bits of the fog are constantly snatched up and torn in long streaming fingers towards the city. The fog and the streamers persist as long as the powerful "jet stream" winds continue to roar through the pass.

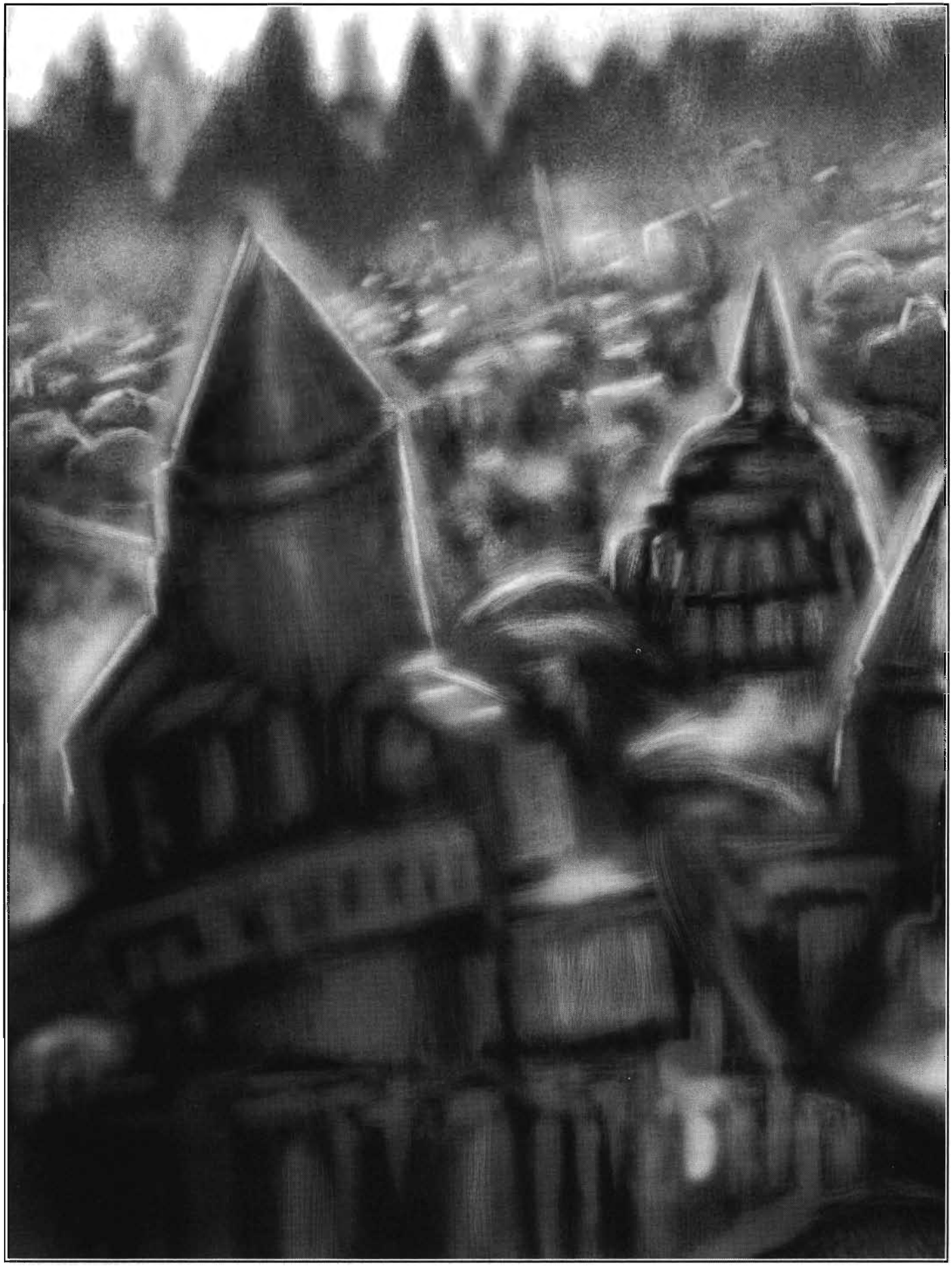
For thirty minutes the two craft swoop in a broad curving arc to the northwest, thirty miles out over the ruins and back again, covering a section of ruins ten miles wide. The passengers gaze in awe and fear upon the mighty works of the now-vanished elder things. Professor Moore, eyes glued on the external landscape, frantically sketches and scribbles in a small notebook. In the other plane, James Starkweather happily directs the camera operator to "get some" film of one stupendous ruin after another.

While the airplanes traverse this terrifying landscape, gradually lowering to less than a thousand feet above the ice, the ancient and deserted nature of the City is repeatedly made plain. Ice spills from the stumps of shattered towers; great cracks and voids ruin plazas, streets, and walls; the colors visible are solely those of ice and rock.

Flight Line from SME Barrier Camp to Lake's Camp to the Tower



The City from the Air



The City from the Air



The City, the Mountains, and the Plateau

The City of the Elder Things extends along the western side of the Miskatonic Mountains for at least fifty miles in either direction from the pass. The explorers see no hint of it ending during their survey flight. No wonder—the sprawl of primordial stone structures runs nearly 300 miles end to end. To the northwest, away from the mountains, the city is only 30 miles wide, gradually thinning out beyond that point into the plateau's barren interior. Buildings climb the terraced eastern foothills, too, though not as thickly as on the plateau proper. A profusion of gaping cave mouths and their attendant structures cover the inward sides of the peaks, making it clear that those on the eastern side of the Miskatonics were part and parcel of the same construction.

A great river once ran down from the northwest, flowing through the City along a broad artificial channel, and passed between a pair of huge, disturbingly shaped towers before vanishing through a strangely carved subterranean arch a mile southwest of Dyer's Pass. Now only the empty bed remains to mark its passing.

Examining the twin towers, using binoculars or by flying by at close range, reveal them to be huge barrel-shaped cylinders. Time and weather have scrubbed away all but the broadest details, but there can be little doubt that these are the same sentinel statues described by William Dyer.

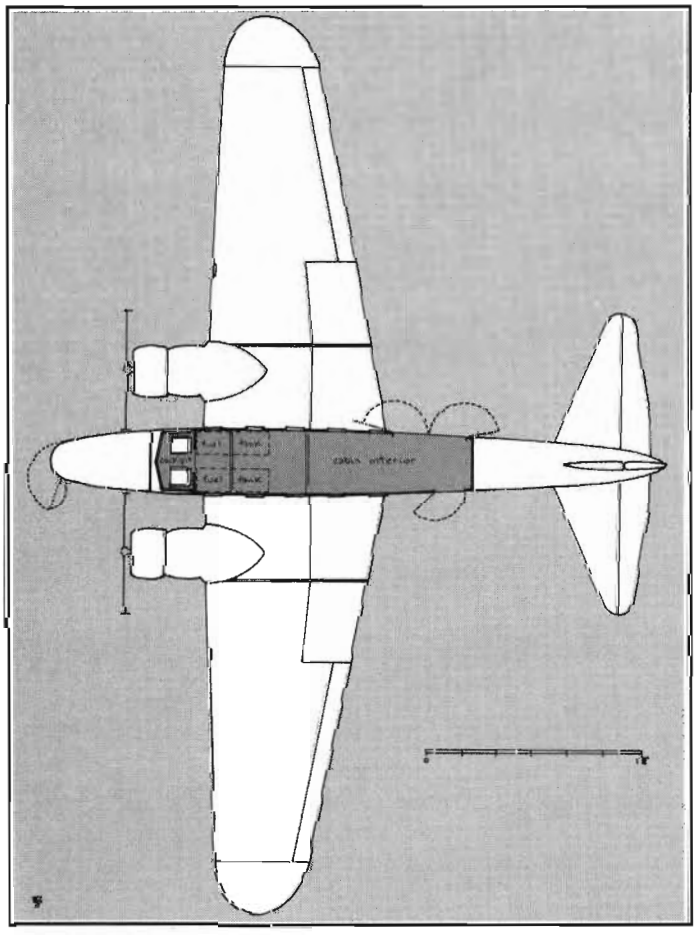
Even from above the sheer size and variety of the place is daunting. Enormous ruined structures are everywhere, no two alike. Decaying stubs of colossal ramparts separate unremarkable piles of stone. Once-grand streets now hold only the remnants of fallen buildings; towers and courtyards, often pentagonal, now are thrown together in ruin.

Despite the universal devastation, the City's interior is far from inaccessible. Several plazas, the riverbed, and a few of the wider streets all provide usable landing sites, though most of these possible runways are dangerously short for the heavily-laden Boeings.

Of most structures, little more is left than a splash of loosened stone, or a suggestion of outline deep beneath the ice. Everywhere, above the glistening surface, irregular mounds of stone are all that is left of stately towers and fortress-thick walls. Still, a few noteworthy features stand out from the rest.

- A broad circular plaza, nearly a half-mile across, with a deep gaping pit in the center, a mile north of the empty riverbed. The northwestern half of the plaza is a towering mass of shattered stone, but the remainder is almost rubble-free—a shining crescent reflecting the silvery sky.
- A long black structure, reminiscent of three glossy pyramids joined in a line through their corners, sticks up out of a morass of surrounding ruin five miles south of the riverbed and nearly ten miles west of the foothills.
- Three miles north of the plaza, close to the rising terrace of the City's eastern edge, a broad sinuous avenue almost 100 yards wide winds for more than a mile between vanished edifices. Today the avenue is an unbroken expanse of clear ice. Large dark objects, spaced at regular intervals along the way, can be vaguely seen deep beneath the surface.
- Twenty miles west of the foothills, the smooth span of an ancient bridge still crosses the empty river bed. Today only the central arch is visible; the rest is lost below the glacial ice.

Boeing Top View



Human Feet on Alien Soil

After a long wordless survey of the ruins, the river's end and the two barrel-shaped statues come into view once more. Professor Moore coughs and taps the pilot, Halperin, on the back.

"Let's land!" he shouts, flipping back a few pages in his notebook.

"Where, sir?" asks Halperin.

"There!" is the reply. Professor Moore points to a broad open area about two miles distant. "Land there, if you can!"

With a wave of wings, the *Weddell* banks away from the *Enderby* and arcs toward the chosen site. Halperin flies low over the site, turning to get a good look at the ground below, before climbing away and returning on a landing run. The heavy Boeing handles sluggishly, unresponsive in the thin Plateau air.

The landing in Moore's Plaza is rough and terrifying. The *Weddell* drops steeply

over harsh jutting stone toward rubble-strewn ice that rushes up far too quickly. Everyone aboard can see treacherous bits of rock and cracks marring the surface that seemed smooth from above. Then, with a huge "Crump!" the plane smashes into the earth, bouncing once, then scraping across the uneven ice in a screech of stressed metal. Two hundred yards further on, the right ski catches on an embedded stone, causing the plane to yaw viciously to one side. Passengers, including Professor Moore, who are not strapped in get flung across the cabin for 1D3 damage; the aircraft, squealing, limps along another hundred yards and stops.

Enderby, following behind a minute later, lands without mishap. For once, Starkweather's luck is good. The aircraft slides to a stop not far from *Weddell.*

Explorers spend ten minutes or so checking their bruises and struggling into their survival gear—most importantly, the heavy pack-frames holding their portable oxygen tanks—and climb carefully down onto smooth ice.

The Starkweather-Moore party is aground in the City of the Elder Things. It is 12 noon.

First Impressions

The explorers stand on ancient ice, hard and smooth and clear. Beneath the surface vague suggestions of shape can barely be seen here and there, but for the rest the darkness continues to unknown depths.

All around are huge and rounded hulks of broken stone, dark and unutterably sad. The dim red light paints the pits and hollows of their surfaces with amber and orange hues; many of the remaining walls, heavy and thick, are of dark slate or shale. They look black in the light of the Antarctic sun.

That sun, low over the tall spires of the mountains in the northeast, is still surrounded by a single halo. Drifts of snow and frost glimmer in the long shadows.

Everything is still, frozen in time for unguessed ages. The weight of years lies heavy on the City, thick and dark with forgotten lives. Change seems blasphemous here, human voices and movement unwanted intrusions in the sad dreaming of the stones.

Secrets, it whispers. *Secrets are mine.*

Overhead, thin high wisps of vapor are the only things that move, like fine veils drawn across the City, hiding it from the eyes of time. Their subtle shifts and changes suggest constant furtive motion, as if the stones themselves rearranged themselves without fuss each time the viewer looked away.

A thin, high singing is the only sound, constant and eerie and mad, the sound of the wind in the high peaks, piping from far away. Even now it chills the soul, with its reminders of unguessed horror and blasphemous visions.

Making Camp

James Starkweather is in a grand mood as he exits his plane. He stamps about, exclaiming at the group's good fortune, and how he expected something big and mysterious all along. He pumps Moore's hand, and the hands of the *Weddell*'s airmen, joking with them about their "smooth ride." Then he calls everyone from both planes together and speaks to them, his voice thin and muffled inside his breather mask. Moore pays little attention throughout the speech, looking around intently, face unreadable behind goggles and breather mask.

"Gentlemen—and ladies—this is a momentous day," Starkweather exclaims. "A momentous day! Today we have set foot in an unknown land! Bravo to all.

"All around us are the relics of a fabulous forgotten city. And who knows what lies beyond it? What treasures are within? Not I!

"But we're going to find out, aren't we, chaps? Just as soon as we settle in. So let's hop to, and set us up a proper camp, and then we'll start in on the real business of the day: looking about. What say?"

While the air crews look over their planes, and Starkweather and Moore examine the nearest ruins in search of a likely campsite, the investigators are put to work unloading supplies from the two planes.

By the time everything is on the ground, the expedition leaders have chosen their campsite: a partial ruin about forty

General Appearance of the City

This metropolis of ice-crusted stone was once composed of tall cylindrical or conical towers, clusters of regular forms, pyramids, vast flattened domes, broad areas of low pentagonal walls, and polygonal 'step' buildings, separated by irregular streets and narrow lanes, and joined by thin, arched tubular bridges at the upper levels. Great columned arcades face on plazas, typically in the shape of five-pointed irregular stars. Indeed, "five-sidedness" seems to be a common architectural theme. Horizontal bands of decorative work appear on many structures, and bear cryptic figures in bas-relief, and groups of incised dots.

The City extends from the foothills of the Miskatonic Mountains toward the center of the plateau, petering out after some 30 miles into the rugged plateau landscape.

All of the surviving edifices share a colossal thickness of their stone walls—blocks of stone at least five feet thick, of local schist, sandstone, and marble, or carved directly from the bedrock. Lesser construction has long since vanished. The remaining walls may be up to 150 feet above the general plateau level. Most open areas of the City bear ice deposited over the eons, five to fifty feet thick. Domes and roofs have collapsed long ago, leaving broken, icy rock filling the blind-windowed outer walls of these ancient buildings. The numerous windows and doors gape empty, or vomit ice and broken rock from the ruin within. Most of the bridges have likewise fallen to the ice or rock below, blocking many of the streets at frequent intervals. All exposed surfaces bear testimony to the erosive power of tremendous Antarctic winds operating over geologic periods—especially on the south and east sides, worn smooth and rounded on all surfaces exposed to the direct blast of the storms. Some areas of the city have been completely covered by ice, or collapsed into great chasms opened during ancient seismic activity, or worn away by tremendous winds.

The great river which once flowed out of the interior of the plateau and through the City was contained in a flat-bottomed channel nearly a half-mile across and 100 feet deep. As this channel reaches the foothills of the mountains, two pylons stand 300 feet tall on the banks; they were once joined by a great bridge at their bases. The pylons, or statues, are vaguely barrel-shaped, with only a few remnants of vertical ridges discernible on their weathered surfaces. Just beyond the pylons, a frozen waterfall juts into a black arched void, where the river once descended to unknown depths. The arch is covered with numberless small carvings and groups of dots. ❑

yards away at the edge of the plaza. Within an hour, the cargo is moved under the overhanging stone ceiling, the three oxygen sleeping tents are set up, and the supplies are secured though not unpacked.

The pilots' inspection of *Weddell's* undercarriage shows that the damage is minimal. The aircraft's right ski is bent almost in two, and must be straightened and reattached by the flight crew. This can be done within the next day. In the meantime a camp must be finished and the surrounding area explored.

Examining the Plaza

The Starkweather-Moore aircraft are aground at the eastern edge of a broad crescent of level ice 550 yards across. This was once a great circular plaza surrounded by grand edifices. In its center, a tall tower once rose, and five broad avenues radiated outward to other parts of the city.

Today the tower is gone, collapsed long ago into an enormous fan of masonry and stone. Of the original structure, a broad low mound projects about twenty feet out of the ice. In the center of the mound a circular pit 200 feet across drops sixty feet to a smooth icy floor strewn with rubble. Explorers who climb to the top of the mound and look into the pit are treated to the view of a broad spiral ramp which sweeps smoothly down the sides of the pit, turning at the last out into the center of the circular floor. Low rounded arches rim the bottom of the pit, many choked with rubble. Between the archways, and along the sides of the ramp, deeply incised murals can be clearly seen.

This is indeed the ramp-rimmed pit explored by Dyer. It is described further on page 178, in the "Guide to the City" section later in this chapter.

About half of the plaza, to the north and west of the central mound, is choked with rubble. Beyond, at the edge of the old cleared space, tall slanting buttresses of dressed stone still rise more than eighty feet off the ice, their deeply weathered sides sturdy enough to resist the years. Here the ruins are large and tightly packed together, the once broad passageways choked and impassable.

The east and south sides of the great clearing, however, are still smooth and relatively empty of fallen stone, leaving an arc of open ice almost 600 yards long. The ancient remains of the City's structures on these sides are small, well-worn, and low to the ground. The southern and eastward avenues are clear as well, easily traveled by explorers.

Starkweather's camp is made along the plaza's southern edge, midway between two clear avenues, in a small open chamber with a partial ceiling.

During this time, the air crews (including any investigators acting as copilots) examine their charts and logs with slide rules in hand. They want to know whether it will be possible to return to safety if the hurricane winds through Dyer's Pass do not die away. They conclude, after some discussion, that if the winds do not abate before the oxygen runs low it might just be possible to fly to safety via the coast: 500 miles northeast to the shore, 200 miles along the coastline, then doubling back along the other side of the mountains to Lake's Camp. A risky undertaking—there is no fuel reserve to speak of—but worth it if necessary to save the lives of the party. The meteorology set contains pilot balloons to determine the strength and direction of the winds above the City. Radio communication within or from the City seems to be impossible, given the atmospheric conditions present.

This meager plan, presented to Starkweather at about 1:30 p.m., seems to satisfy him.

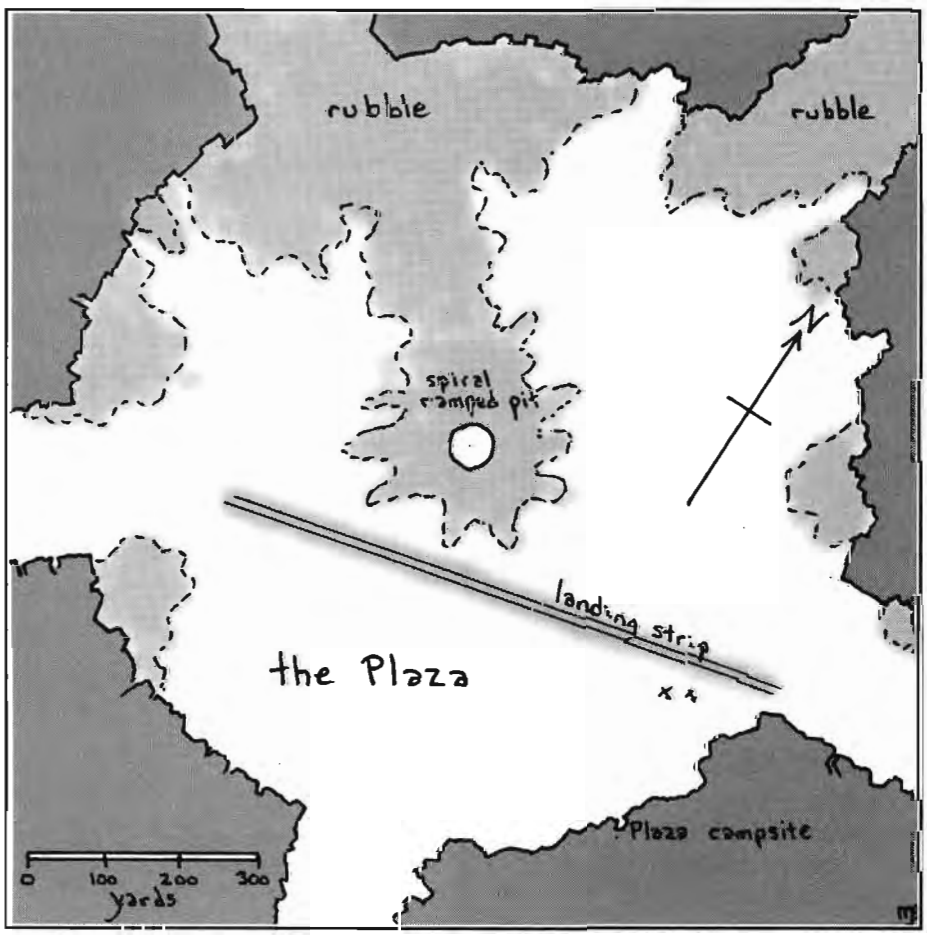
"I think you know," he says to the gathered team, "we've made our names—we can all write our own tickets after we get back. We've still got a bit of work to do first, though. Let's look for interesting scenery. I'll take Mister Miles here with me, to pry off some sculptures and such in case we have to leave in a hurry. Can't have too much hard evidence, now can we? Professor, could you please get as many photos as you can? We should all be back here in eight hours or so."

Starkweather does not worry himself with safety measures. He does not institute, or even mention, any kind of 'buddy system,' though he has no objection to people traveling in groups. Investigators with the Polar Survival skill are aware that such precautions are vital.

If the subject is brought up to Starkweather, he snorts quietly. "Very well," he says, genially enough but not concerned. "Suit yourselves." Fortunately for him, and for the others, most of the places the party will be exploring are underground or protected from the wind.

Starkweather is eager to be off. He strides away with Miles in tow. They return at about 5 p.m.

The Plaza



There is little left to do to ready the camp, since by all indications these ruins rarely if ever see heavy snow or wind. Moore breaks out the stoves, serves a light meal around, and reminds everyone that the party will be sleeping in two shifts. First sleeping shift goes to the aircraft crews, and to himself and Mister Starkweather; the second goes to the remainder of the party. This can be changed later if desired. In the meantime, the business of the expedition can begin. No one ought to leave camp for more than an hour or two at a time, says Moore, though James Starkweather will do as he pleases, as always.

Oxygen Sleeping Tents

The oxygen breather masks available to the Antarctic expeditions cannot be used when sleeping—they are examples of *pressure breathing* which reverses the cycle of effort in the lungs, and thus cannot be relied upon when the breather sleeps. For rest periods, all the expeditions deploy primitive oxygen tents. Inside such a two man tent, each person places his or her oxygen tank, with the regulator set to release one cubic foot per hour. A 25-pound canister of caustic soda (dry sodium hydroxide—NaOH) is opened to absorb the carbon dioxide and moisture produced in the tent; each canister has a capacity for absorption of 48 man-hours. *No smoking or fires (including lanterns) are allowed in or near an oxygen tent!* A safety-conscious team (such as Lexington or the BFE) will plan to switch to new oxygen tanks just before entering the tent, to prevent tanks exhausting unnoticed before waking.

A standard oxygen tank, containing 80 cubic feet of oxygen, will thus last a member of the SME team about one day over the Miskatonic Range (including periods sleeping in the tent). With three tents, they will have to stagger their sleeping schedule, as only six people can sleep at any one time.

For more information, see the "Oxygen Equipment" sub-section of Appendix 2, "Antarctica Manual." ❑

Learning the Area

Meteorologists, astronomers, geologists, cartographers, etc., may wish at this time to make preliminary use of the instruments brought along by the expedition. Professor Moore asks that character (either non-player character or investigator) with the highest Meteorology skill to take regular readings. Moore intends this to be at least every eight hours. The Professor himself gathers rock samples, takes photographs (unless an investigator volunteers for the job) and begins his cartographic measurements from some nearby high point; he will need help carrying the equipment (probably from a non-player character pilot or mechanic). Perhaps an investigator with at least 30% Physics skill can be persuaded to spend time with the Geiger-Müller counter and spectrograph.

Pilots and mechanics work on the *Weddell's* bent ski, lay out flags and a windsock next to the landing strip, and wander near the camp unless asked to help with exploration. Within an hour they locate a nearby ground floor room (thirty feet square with a twenty foot ceiling and a twelve foot high door), whose entrance is only twenty yards farther from the planes (sixty yards total), and Moore moves the camp there for greater protection from the environment. The chamber has only the one exit, and no carvings. Two canvas tarpaulins (intended to be used for engine heating covers) are hung across the door opening, hanging from pitons driven in the door frame, to form a primitive lock to help keep in heat and air.

- Doctor Greene makes small forays from the camp, staying within a half-mile or so, walking around the plaza.
- If the guide Sykes is along, he will no doubt be chosen by Starkweather to help vandalize monuments. He takes along a spare oxygen tank.
- If Griffith (the geologist) is along, he heads off with the largest group leaving camp.

General exploration begins at 2 p.m. Most of the City's streets are very gloomy at this time, as the sun is still low in the northeast. A halo continues to encircle the sun. As the afternoon continues, and the sun edges around to the west, everything brightens as sunlight reflects off of the Miskatonics. The sun will set again at about 3 a.m.

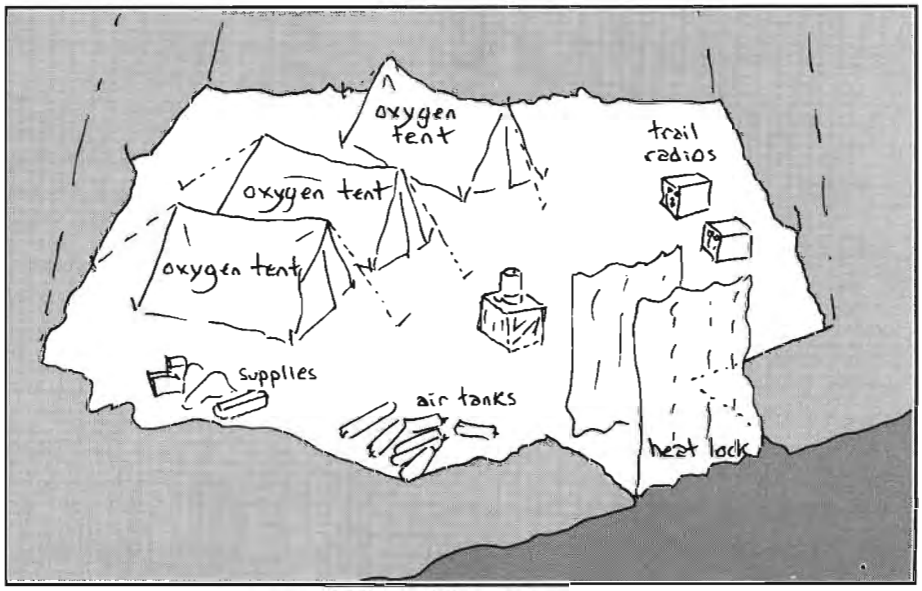
If the investigators seem inclined to go exploring rather than taking measurements all afternoon, the keeper should have Professor Moore call to them as they leave the camp. He beckons them into a private corner and speaks in a low voice.

"Friends," he says, "do you recognize this place? I believe I do—that is why I chose it as our landing site.

"I think this plaza may well be the one mentioned by Dyer in his report: the one through which he and Danforth exited the City. That mound of rubble, with its central pit, might be the one with the spiral ramp up which he climbed.

"If so, there may be signs of their passage there. It also means that the place where he met the monster—the tunnel into the undersea—is not far away. Use caution;

The Plaza Campsite



and if you see signs of anyone but yourselves, tell me.

"Let me know what you find."

First Forays

The Starkweather-Moore party has the rest of this evening, and all day on the 5th, to explore and map the City without interference. During this period nothing happens to them that they do not bring on themselves.

The "Guide to the City" section in this chapter discusses the City in general, and details areas of interest that are immediately reachable from the landing site. For traveling, assume that explorers can make two miles per hour in the City while walking; the climate and terrain are not conducive to speedy transit. Obviously less distance is covered when examining the interiors of buildings, or stopping to take photos, rubbings, or notes.

Professor Moore is dead set against moving the campsite, or flying about any more than necessary. While he is concerned for the fate of the *Belle* and its crew, he does not want to risk lives, fuel, and equipment if the jet stream does not abate and the Boeings are forced to fly the long way home. For the time being, therefore, the *Weddell* and the *Enderby* are grounded.

Exploration is thus limited to a ten mile radius of the camp—an area that includes enough archaeological detail to keep a hundred scientists busy for decades, and includes all of the sites of interest mentioned by Professor Dyer in his manuscript.

Dinner, prepared by Professor Moore and Ralph Dewitt, is ready at about 6 p.m. After eating, the two men enter tents and sleep, followed soon after by Halperin. Miles and Starkweather do likewise once they return, leaving the camp in the hands of the investigators and Doctor Greene.

Amazingly, everyone returns to camp by 9 p.m.—unless some of the investigators have already suffered accidents. (See the sidebar "Mishaps in the City" for a few possible misadventures.) If anyone does not return by 10 p.m., Captain Starkweather forms two two-man search parties and sends them forth to find the missing person.

Upon their return, groups that set out soon after landing may be surprised to find the camp moved, but the aircraft are still there and the camp's new location is clearly marked with signs and an American flag.

Captain Starkweather, upon his return, brings with him a bag of carvings from pieces of fallen wall and several green soapstone pentagonal "coasters." (These are "coins"—see the "Guide to the City" below or the index for more details.) Moore has a fine series of photographs of some exteriors in the area, a collection of rocks knocked from the walls, and the beginnings of a local map. The explorers compare notes while eating. Doctor Greene checks everyone over for signs of frostbite, examines any wounds left over from the *Weddell*'s rough landing, and tends to any new injuries that have occurred.

If anyone brings samples of the petrified wooden doors or shutters to Professor Moore, he examines them eagerly with signs of delight. "Ah, yes! Oh, these are wonderful!' He begins at once to subject them to chemical tests, along with the other samples presented. If reminded that it is his turn for bed, he waves the reminder off. "Oh, no, that's fine! Someone else go—this is too interesting. I couldn't possibly sleep."

Mishaps in the City

Despite its remarkable state of preservation, the City of the Elder Things is a large and ancient decaying ruin, held together by ice and inertia. Explorers who clamber around in the ruins have a chance of meeting with misfortune during their explorations.

Getting Lost: despite the great size of the ruin, it is very difficult to become truly lost in the City. Murals depicting the surrounding countryside as it appeared at various ages, are everywhere in the ruins, and many of the major features have not changed in millions of years. Once these are identified, the general direction and distance of the camp can always be determined.

Getting Mislaid: of greater concern is losing track of one's path through the ruins, particularly in the underlevels. These subterranean vaults and passages are twisty and complex, and returning to a chosen underground location requires careful preparation. For that reason, explorers are encouraged to carry trail-blazing equipment with them at all times and use it often. Paint marks on walls, signs cut in the stone, and trails of paper or other obvious markers can be used.

Falling Down: an obvious danger to the explorer is that of falling. Many paths lie over or through areas of unsteady rubble, and care should be taken to avoid dislodging or slipping on loose stones. The icy layer atop many floors is quite slick and should be negotiated with care. For these reasons, it is recommended that all forays into the city be treated like mountaineering trips, with ropes, partners, and (if necessary) pitons and belaying ties.

Getting Caught: the other natural danger, particularly of the underlevels, is that of getting caught. Many passages are steeply vertical, up or down. Investigators whose ropes are not secure may find themselves unable to climb back up a slope they have descended. This is rarely a serious problem but can cause significant detours and delays.

Rubble: falling stone is another worry. In some places piles of broken stone may be waiting for an explorer to shake them loose. Investigators caught in a rock fall are in great danger. Avoid uncertain rubble slopes and stay out from under walls and ceilings that do not look whole.

Running out of Air: explorers who stay away from camp for too long risk running out of oxygen. For this reason, extra tanks should be carried on all long journeys, but planned trips of more than a few hours should be avoided since it is not possible to sleep safely without the oxygen tents in camp.

Wildlife: the most unlikely danger in the City is being attacked by local wildlife. The only predators in the City are the elder things and their enemies the shoggoths. The things are more likely to watch than to attack, unless they can be sure of surprise and victory. Shoggoths are extremely dangerous but inhabit only the deeper underlevels; they do not normally approach the surface because they cannot stand the cold for any length of time. ❑

If no one else wants it, Greene takes Moore's place in the sleeping tent.

General conversation among the investigators and Moore, comparing notes and theories, continues for several hours, until Halperin and the other airmen are roused from their tents and the investigators get their rest. Moore remains up, unrested, examining the samples with great care and writing his observations in a journal.

The Lexington Party, December 4

The *Belle* took off from Lake's Camp twenty minutes ahead of the two Boeings, with Williams (Danforth) at the controls. The high winds in Dyer's Pass took everyone aboard by surprise, and the craft barely made it through the mountains. Danforth was nearly frozen with fright upon seeing the City again; fortunately for him, all of the passengers were intent on the bizarre view and his numbing dismay went unnoticed.

As the plane swooped over the City, Danforth fiddled with the throttle and mixture controls to simulate engine trouble. (He would have attempted to shut off the passengers' oxygen, but Baumann seemed too watchful.) Danforth brought the plane down, with deliberate roughness, in a narrow avenue south of the dry riverbed, at 11:20 a.m. Not long afterwards, they saw the Starkweather-Moore planes pass by to the north and presumably land miles away (about twenty miles, actually).

An oxygen tent was set up in a nearby alley, and Danforth began five hours of work/sabotage on the Delta; again, his efforts were hindered by Baumann's presence. By 6 p.m. he had declared the plane unrepairable. Lexington, Priestley, Meyer, and Rucker did some exploring, working as two separate pairs. Lexington sought wide panoramas and interesting views; Meyer and Rucker headed deep into the larger, darker buildings in search of artifacts and further knowledge. Meyer, the linguist, begins working out the basics of the elder thing symbology from the many examples on murals available to him.

Later, in their camp, Meyer was happy to show the others what he found. Acacia was fascinated; Williams/Danforth was terrified. ❑

The Second Day

December 5: by 6 a.m., the outside temperature on the Plateau has dropped to –5°F (–37°C) and the clouds overhead have thickened to a high haze. The sun is behind the mountains, casting everything into gloom. Even the faint wind that remains at ground level is dangerous; the slightest exposure causes frostbite. Due to the extreme cold, all work and travel should be undertaken with extreme care and takes twice as long as expected.

Breakfast is prepared by Halperin and the other airmen; they also rouse the sleepers and tuck Professor Moore away for a much-needed rest. By 9 a.m., exploring parties are spreading out across the city once more. Again, Starkweather does not provide any guidance or insist upon safety measures; any suggestions along those lines are met by a cheery "Of course, men! Please yourselves!"

Starkweather's stated goal this morning is to "wander on down to those great big statues over by the hills, and see what's behind 'em," along with a companion—in this case, Ralph Dewitt—to carry the camera and take photographs. If this site happens to attract the investigators, he is happy to have them along. "Excellent choice, men! Let's get moving then!" Starkweather hums a happy tune as he dons his heavy outer clothing; all is right with his world so far.

Doctor Greene gets into the act as well this morning, wandering around the nearby ruins and entering a few structures in sight of camp. He does not venture into the underlevels.

Moore, when he wakes in early afternoon, climbs to the highest spot nearby with a companion and spends two hours mapping features of the terrain. He returns with frostbite and a lot of notes, then takes his companions into a few sheltered areas containing surviving wall panels in order to compare his views with those on the murals. There he also begins taking notes and rubbings of the elder things' cartouches and written forms, in an attempt to figure out how Dyer was able to interpret them so readily.

Investigators may choose their own objectives today. If they have lanterns or flashlights, their objectives should probably be underground and out of the wind. The rest of the camp crew will not wander out of their cozy shelter unless asked—this is not weather that encourages idle curiosity.

If Professor Moore sees any of the investigators at loose ends, he summons them over, pointing to the petrified sample.

"Look!" he says. "This could not have lived here. It could never have lived here! This plateau is too high for softwoods! It's been above the tree line for—I scarcely know how long! Millions of years! For that

The Lexington Party, December 5

In the morning, Williams/Danforth offered to set off alone to find the Starkweather-Moore Expedition. Lexington initially refused, reluctant to be rescued by Starkweather, but Doctor Meyer stated that death from hypoxia was not his preference. Danforth's main (stated) reason for traveling alone was his greater experience with the Antarctic and snowshoes; another untrained person, he insisted, would just slow him down.

Danforth set off about 7 a.m. with the emergency sled, two oxygen bottles, and two days' worth of supplies. Unbeknownst to the others, he also stole Meyer's personal kit—which contained Meyer's notes and maps of the City, the parcel containing the Pym text, and extra rounds for his pistol—and opened the sodium hydroxide canisters in the sleeping tent. This sabotage went unnoticed for several hours, by which time the canisters were useless.

After Danforth's departure, Baumann began to tinker with the plane. The German pilot soon discovered that all of the damage to the *Belle's* engine was sabotage—recent sabotage! He began the laborious job of repairing the damage. Meyer discovered the theft of his things an hour after Danforth left. None of the *Belle's* passengers have any idea why "Williams" would do such things.

Danforth made 15 miles this day; he rested without really sleeping in a quiet niche for a few hours, then continued on towards the Starkweather-Moore camp. ❑

matter—Dyer says that the city was filled with greenery. But how? It's impossible. Impossible. Something is still wrong." Shaking his head, he returns to his study of the impossible wood.

WATCHED!

By evening, with more than a day's exploration behind them, the investigators should have made some strange and disturbing discoveries. They have also been discovered.

A pair of elder things, in the City on a hunting foray, catch sight of the two airplanes in the plaza early in the afternoon. They wait and watch from a distance, noting several parties of men as the humans come and go. They do not enter the plaza but leave many footprints atop some of the taller ruins to the west. After observing for a time, they retreat to the underlevels, catch a pair of penguins, and return by air to the Construct Tower. There the four surviving elder things decide upon a course of action: the following day they will begin capturing the humans and installing them in the Machine.

That night, about 11 p.m., the winds through Dyer's Pass cease. Anyone outside on the surface notices a difference at once, but may not be able to place it right away. The thin far-off piping of the wind in the high caves has tapered off to silence.

The Lexington Party, December 6

The cessation of the winds over the pass, combined with Danforth's sabotage of the sleeping tent, leaves the party desperate to depart. Only a little exploration was done today; mostly the others waited, helping Baumann as he feverishly worked on repairing the *Belle*.

By noon, when Baumann was in his final hours of work, everyone at the camp was astonished and horrified to see two elder things flying in the distance, carrying a human figure to the northwest. Baumann's repairs to the plane were complete by 6 p.m.

While the explorers finished packing, another pair of elder things flew by. Again they carried a human figure toward the northwest. Realizing that this boded ill for Starkweather's team, Acacia and the others began warming the engine, hoping to be somehow able to help. By 8 p.m. the *Belle* was ready to take off. Acacia and Meyer had Baumann turn the plane in pursuit of the elder things.

Danforth covered the remaining distance to the Starkweather camp in about ten hours overland, arriving at 5 p.m. Stowing his sled on the Plaza's far side, he approached the campsite, intent on murder. ❑

Bad Day in the Antarctic

December 6: the moment any of the explorers go outside today they will be aware that something has changed. It may take them some time to figure out what it is, but the difference is subtly disturbing. The wailing sound from the peaks has stopped.

The jet stream over the pass is gone. So are the strings of vapor shifting over the City, and the halo around the sun. The temperature is still bitterly cold, at –30°F only a few degrees warmer than the day before.

Everyone is excited by the absence of the wind. Starkweather eagerly talks about shifting the camp to an 'even more exciting' location, until reminded that the party soon will be out of oxygen; Professor Moore advises the investigators (or whichever non-player character is in charge of the weather equipment) to release a pilot balloon and ensure that the winds are truly gone.

Doctor Greene grounds Professor Moore for the day, insisting he remain in camp: Moore has severe painful blisters in his face and hands from yesterday's frostbite which require several days to heal. Starkweather, Moore, and the flight crew speak for a time, then the Professor addresses the party.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this will be our last day on the Plateau. We shall leave in twenty-four hours, so finish your explorations and conclude your projects today. All specimens should be packed for shipment and stowed in the planes tonight; there will be no shortage of room, as we have used up a fair amount of fuel and supplies.

"We have no plans to move the aircraft today; there's no way of knowing whether the winds might not return in the next few hours, and in that case we still need all of our fuel.

"However, if we are able to leave tomorrow, I have asked Mister Starkweather for permission to spend an hour or two circling over the city in search of our missing fellows in the *Belle*. Their disappearance concerns me greatly; I am sure each of you feels the same. If they are in trouble it is our duty to find them and give them what aid we can without endangering ourselves."

The remainder of the day should be given over once more to exploration and experimentation. This is the last chance for the investigators to seek out any of the sights in the Dyer tale, or find new ones of their own. Keepers should refer to the "Guide to the City" for scenery and suggestions, but the City is a large and complex place and there is plenty of room to improvise.

Starkweather forages west today in search of new photo opportunities. Doctor Greene wanders as before, never far from the camp. The airmen spend the morning indoors, going out in the afternoon to reload the planes and finish repairs on the *Weddell's* ski.

Watched! Part Two

A pair of elder things arrive during the morning. They observe the camp from a window across the plaza, out of sight, waiting for suitable prey. The things will determine who is the most snatchable of the explorers, and swoop down on this person once he or she is out of sight of the camp. Doctor Greene is chosen by the elder things for this sad fate; if he has been prevented from offering himself as prey, then another explorer whose absence will go unnoticed until the afternoon may be substituted.

About 11 a.m. the two elder things fly from cover, grabbing the unsuspecting victim and carrying him off to the west, unnoticed by the other expedition members.

If any investigators return to a previously visited site today, with a successful **Track roll** or **Luck roll** they notice fresh signs of elder thing passage—strange marks on the ground, as if someone in a sack race were thrashing about with several six-foot long flexible spoons. If examined carefully, and a **Spot Hidden roll** succeeds, a few hairs and fibers can be found—they are husky fur, seal fur, parka lining, tent canvas, etc. Determining this takes a successful **Biology roll,** after some examination with a magnifying glass or microscope, probably not while wearing mittens.

The Abduction

By early afternoon Doctor Greene's absence is noticed. No one thinks much of it at first, but when there is no sign of him by 3 p.m., Moore asks any investigators present to look for the doctor.

A search of the nearby ruins (ten minutes to an hour, depending on the number of searchers) turns up the location where the elder things grabbed their victim. Doctor Greene's boot prints are orderly up to that spot, but then disappear in a confusion of scuff marks from which his tracks never emerge. A few small pieces of Greene's equipment lie scattered on the ground nearby. There is no blood.

The trail of scuff marks leads off only a short distance before vanishing into a previously unexplored building. (Here the elder things climbed to the roof and took to the air.) Exploration of the building, which includes a passage leading down to a maze of tunnels, proves fruitless.

Professor Moore orders the search widened, with everyone—including the airmen—getting into the act. "I am afraid for him," Moore says. "There is too much in this city we haven't yet seen."

Danforth Attacks

In the late afternoon (5:30 p.m.), while search parties are still combing the area where Doctor Greene was last seen, those in camp see a person in familiar explorer gear come out of the ruins. He waves a friendly arm, staying outside of shouting distance, and walks toward the aircraft. From a distance, it could be any of the explorers returning to camp.

The figure is actually Paul Danforth. If, for whatever reason, a guard has been placed on the aircraft, despite the extremities of the weather, Danforth walks forward with a friendly gesture, one hand hidden in the pocket of his parka. When Danforth is within arm's reach of the guard, he draws his Luger and downs the unfortunate man with two quick muffled shots. He then climbs aboard the *Enderby*.

Inside, Danforth tosses around some stove fuel and unlit emergency flares. He is unlikely to be seen doing this unless someone is watching the planes; even then, in his mittens, mask and parka, he looks much like everyone else. From a distance, the only thing that sets him apart from the members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition is his breather mask, the Drägerwerke model provided by the BFE. Investigators may notice this, if they are close enough, with a successful **Spot Hidden roll.**

Finished with the interior, Danforth climbs out and fires into the plane with his flare pistol. Everyone within sight or hearing of the runway notices the huge explosion that rolls from the camp and echoes off of nearby walls. An orange fireball with black smoke, smelling of fuel, burned leather, and scorched metal, roils upward.

Danforth struggles to his feet, having been blown back by the force of the blast, and staggers amid flung debris toward the second plane, as the rest of the camp hurries toward the fire. He is dazed and a bit burned. Investigators may make **Spot Hidden** or **Idea rolls** to realize that one of the figures near the aircraft is headed intently toward the remaining unburned plane.

"That's the guy! Get him!"

Nothing can be done to save the burning Boeing. The *Enderby*, all its fuel, and the many samples and notes that had already been packed aboard burn merrily against the ice. Investigators and airmen run forward, fearful of other attackers, making abortive attempts to quench the fire or rescue the burning cargo.

Danforth makes a desperate attempt to shoot holes in the cockpit and wing tanks of the remaining airplane with his Luger. His aim is shaky, however, and he does not hit anything for the first shot or two. Any investigators nearby hear the shots clearly; once they notice the gun in the stranger's hand, and his intent aim, they may try to stop him from damaging the *Weddell*.

He is an easy target. He does not evade—or even notice—his attackers, and can be shot or tackled and disarmed without difficulty. In his current weakened state, a tumble onto the hard ice or a single sharp blow will be enough to render him unconscious.

Once captured or killed, the intruder is easily recognizable as Williams, Lexington's pilot. Besides the obvious flare pistol and Luger, he wears one of the fancy German breathing masks, and carries two extra flares, a length of time fuse, goggles, two blasting caps, and a folding knife.

Danforth carries no food or other supplies. The investigators will realize that he must have had more than this in order to travel any distance through the City, or allow a successful **Idea roll** to make the deduction. Properly suspicious investigators may also worry that, with evidence of bomb-fusing equipment in his possession,

Danforth Approaches



Danforth may have just placed a bomb nearby. He has not.

In the next few minutes things calm down a bit. Professor Moore hobbles out from camp to where the catastrophe has just occurred. Even now he does not recognize who Williams is—the clean-shaven youthful Danforth in his memory is a far cry from the gaunt specter with the unkempt beard before him.

Starkweather and other explorers not present during the attack also emerge from the rubble and converge on the scene.

If Danforth has not been killed, he awakens from unconsciousness as Starkweather arrives. Looking around himself with wide pinprick eyes, he shivers just a bit.

"You're still here," he says weakly to James Starkweather. "Aren't you dead yet? No matter. There's always next time. One of us will get you. Maybe Miss Lexington. Or Doctor Meyer." He laughs. "Maybe me. You won't get home."

Starkweather takes this news with a determined grin, squaring his shoulders and straightening up. "Take him inside," Starkweather commands the investigators, adding, "You fellows take charge of this man. Find out what he knows—whether he's placed any more of his traps." And, looking upward at the smoking wreck of the *Enderby,* he shakes his head. "God in Heaven. Just look at the mess."

Starkweather turns to follow Williams' (Danforth's) tracks back across the plaza to the edge of the ruins beyond. If any investigators attempt to accompany him, he insists that these (obviously eager) lads set watch at the camp and over the remaining plane, or search for dynamite bombs. "Don't worry, he can't have come from far. I've faced worse in the jungle, and besides," suddenly flourishing his pistol, "I've come prepared. If there are any Huns back there, I'll have them out."

Keeper's note: it is vital to have Starkweather alone for a few minutes away from the camp. In this case, he really wants to be the lone hero. If the investigators cannot be put off by any other means, Starkweather chooses one of them with a scowl to accompany him. As soon as the two of them are away from camp, Starkweather directs his partner to split up and search one way while he goes another.

Talking to Williams

The man the investigators know as Williams gives them no trouble as they walk toward the camp. He seems barely able to stand. "Not to worry," he says again and again. "She'll get him. Don't worry."

A successful **Psychology roll** determines not only that Williams is lying about his reason for being here, but that Williams is under extreme stress, and near the breaking point.

If confronted or contradicted in any way about his story—which he concocted on the spot to cause trouble—he stops walking and turns to his interrogator, suddenly wide-eyed, fervent, and desperate to be understood.

"It doesn't matter. What he did, what you do, none of it matters at all. It's too late for that! Don't you realize the danger? Don't any of you understand? It's an . . . infection . . . it spreads from the outside in.

"Lake and the rest of them started it. We didn't understand. Everyone here makes it worse! All of us—like germs—we've got to die! No one can return. We all must give up our lives—it's the only way to save them—keep us away—keep it safe behind the wall.

"I tried to tell you! You didn't understand! He doesn't hear when people speak . . . does he? Even the Professor turned away. . . . The building was dark. No one knew where he was!"

He takes a few hissing breaths, eyes flicking from one person to another, looking for some signs of sympathy or understanding; but it is hard to give comfort through a leather mask. A moment later he continues.

"I tried to tell them. The new ones. Fresh; I thought she'd listen, but no one does. The rest—it was just money. Just things! Cargo—hah! How much is a life worth? How much are they all worth? She'd thank me for trying, if she knew. . . ."

Williams stops again, locking eyes with an investigator of the Keeper's choice. The rest is spoken in a low guttural voice, barely audible.

"We should never have left the ice cap, last time. We should never have come here. Dyer and I saw the things.Terrible things—they move—they live—in the dark. . . . Oh God, oh God—they even speak—the sound of their movement, and the smell. . . . Terrible, terrible things—oh God. . . ."

He goes on, muttering this way, babbling vaguely about the shoggoths in an unending repetitive stream, until someone speaks, or grabs his arm, or catches his attention. Failure in his self-appointed mission has broken him at last.

If the investigators have not recognized him as Danforth from his words, the keeper should allow an **Idea roll** to do so. It does not take a much larger leap of understanding to conclude that Danforth is responsible for some, if not all, of the misfortunes that have befallen the group. If asked, he readily agrees that he is Danforth.

If Danforth is spoken to directly, or questioned in any way about what the "terrible things" are, he goes utterly quiet and still, trembling and gazing directly at the questioner with the wide flat eyes of a damned soul falling deeper and deeper into utter madness.

He begins to speak, in a gradually rising childish tone. "Oh, no, I can't tell you that! That's the whole problem, don't you see? They're mocking you, they're mocking us all! They're watching us with their cold flat eyes! Those eyes in the darkness! Time and space are not enough, oh no . . . not enough for them! For millions of years, they were safe! But it was a lie! That tower . . . is still there—and the Pit! I saw it! The Pit and the Thing Inside!"

He begins to chant in a singsong voice, "South Station Under—Washington Under—Park Street Under—Kendall—Central—Harvard. . . ." He repeats his litany three or four times before falling stone silent and unmoving. Investigators familiar with the Boston area and with a successful **Know roll** recognize the familiar underground station stops of the Metro's Red Line. Those who have read the *Dyer Text* recognize the chant for the sadder more desperate cry that it is—the cry of a madman whose mind has been shattered once more.

Danforth's mind has given way again—for the last time. The keeper may have him whisper occasional disjointed cryptic remarks, but he no longer responds to stimuli or questions from those around him. He cannot feed or dress himself, and must be led by the hand whenever he is moved.

This monologue, however, should be just about long enough to occupy the investigators until Starkweather's abduction.

Starkweather's Capture

At the other end of Danforth's trail, in a narrow alley just off the southern side of the plaza, two elder things are examining the meager remains of Danforth's gear. Starkweather, following the trail, turns a corner and meets them face to face. They spring upon Starkweather, who fires one shot before they have him, to no avail. Crudely wrapping him in a tarpaulin left behind by Danforth, they immediately spring into the air and fly off across the plaza several hundred feet up.

All the explorers near the camp are startled to hear the sound of gunfire. Almost immediately they are shocked a second time, now to see their leader carried off by large, warmly dressed tentacular beings who can fly. The usual SAN losses for viewing mature elder things apply.

This sight—the sight of flying elder things—is the only thing short of a shoggoth attack which will rouse Danforth from his mutterings. At the sight of the things he tugs violently against his captors' grip, screaming over and over, *Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!* in a horrible high-pitched falsetto. It does not take long for Danforth to scream himself hoarse, but he continues to croak out the words in a whining mechanical tone until someone mercifully renders him unconscious.

As Starkweather passes over the plaza he manages to get off another shot, clearly audible to all below. The elder things take four rounds to cross above the plaza; if some very aggressive investigators wish to fire on the captain and his captors they may do so, at some risk to him.

The range to the kidnapers and their prey during the first round is 600 yards; at this range the captain looks like nothing more than a parcel. During the second round the range is 400 yards, and the parcel can be seen to be a human figure. The third round is at 250 yards—this is when Starkweather fires his second shot. The range for the fourth round is 150 yards, almost straight up. Each round the chance of hitting Starkweather by mistake is 20% or the attacker's chance to hit at that range, whichever is less.

There is no chance of bringing down the flying elder things with any weaponry the investigators are likely to have on hand. The keeper should carefully enforce the rules on extended range in the rule book, and the 7-point armor value of the things.

Investigators granted successful **Navigate rolls** are able to remember the apparent course (290°) and speed (roughly 60 miles per hour) of the things, and the time: 6:45 p.m.

Professor Moore, upon recovering from his shock and amazement, cries out: "It's the captain! He's alive! We've got to save him!"

If the explorers work fast, they can have the *Weddell* ready for takeoff in as little as an hour. The load will have to be calculated by the investigators and presented to the keeper; the plane has 500 gallons of fuel aboard (3000 pounds).

Professor Moore is not a fighting man; he will not accompany the rescuers on their flight, but volunteers to stay, holding down the camp and taking care of Danforth. Halperin volunteers to fly the plane; very likely one of the investigators can act as copilot if need be. The remaining non-player explorers will have to wait here with the camping supplies.

If all goes well, the *Weddell* takes off, with Halperin and the investigators aboard, at 7:50 p.m.

Danforth's Supplies

While the Boeing is being readied, someone in the camp may wish to finish what James Starkweather started: backtrack Danforth's trail and retrieve the remainder of his things. If an investigator does not think of it, the keeper may allow an **Idea roll;** if no investigators take up the task, one or two of the other explorers do the job and bring the items into camp.

Danforth's cache is easy to find, only a few paces from where Starkweather was grabbed. There, scattered about in the snow, are a small man-hauled sled, a pair of snowshoes, an empty oxygen tank, a half-dozen blocks of pemmican and some biscuits, a Nansen stove, some fuel in tins, a few clothes, toiletries, and a set of campers' dishes. Also at the site is a small kit bag containing an ammo clip for a Luger, a shaving kit, a set of pencils, a sketch pad, a notebook, and a four-ring binder containing a stapled sheaf of papers.

Of the lot, the items of greatest interest are Meyer's sketch pad, Danforth's notebook, and the binder, which contains the lost chapters from *Arthur Gordon Pym.*

Meyer's Sketch Pad

This cheaply-made pad of heavy paper is filled with sketches of wall cartouches and bands left by the elder things. Meyer, a linguist, has spent a great deal of his time attempting to correlate the drawings and associated text; to a small extent he has succeeded. The sketch pad contains, among other things, an accumulated "symbol vocabulary" of some common mural elements and the dot-patterns that seem to be associated with them. None of it is anything but basic nouns or verbs: "thing," "build," "shoggoth," "fight/kill," and so on.

With successful **German rolls,** investigators can, with a few hours' study, use the sketchbook to acquire 5% skill in Elder Cipher. The skill is described in the "New Skills" section before the Prologue.

Danforth's Notebook

This once-fine leather-bound notebook has seen better days; now it is battered and falling apart. Only the first third of the book is filled, the rest is blank.

Most of the notebook is crabbed fragmentary notes written by Danforth in the course of his occult researches. A large number of books on witchcraft and sorcery, of various degrees of believability and usefulness, are referred to in passing; the keeper may make up a bibliography if desired but few of them are referred to by their full titles.

The most significant bit of treasure here for investigators is Danforth's notes on casting the Nightmares spell, which he refers to as "Showing Them Why." The spell is described below. Danforth does not seem fully aware of the true nature of the spell; he seems to think it is a means of communicating to others the full extent of the things he saw and fears that hold him hostage. Every time he has tried the spell on others, though, the results have not been as expected—unsurprising since the spell brings out the victim's deepest nightmares, not the caster's.

Danforth's Notebook: incoherent ramblings of a disturbed amateur occultist and

Nightmares: A New Spell

With this spell the target experiences his or her own darkest fears as waking hallucinations which last for 1D10 minutes. Enchantment of the materials requires 10 magic points per day; the ceremonies involved take at least an hour each time to perform.

Nightmares is a ritual binding spell derived from Middle German witchcraft ceremonies. In it, the hair, nails, and wastes of a chosen victim must be mixed with several herbs and ashes, enchanted, and fed back to the victim daily for thirteen days. On the thirteenth evening the victim experiences waking hallucinations. Once the hallucinations begin, they grow stranger and double in length for each additional night that the mixture continues to be fed. If a day and a night passes without the feeding, the spell is broken and must be begun again. ❑

would-be saver of the world. Written in fragmentary English. + 4% Occult, no Cthulhu Mythos, no Sanity loss to read. One spell: Nightmares (**INT x2**).

The Lost Chapters of Arthur Gordon Pym

This binder encloses Meyer's copy of the unpublished end to Poe's *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*. This document appears in "Deep Background," Appendix 3. It may be photocopied and given to the players. It is not reproduced here, though a summary of is included at the end of the Pym's Narrative synopsis.

Inside the binder is a hole-punched loose-leaf document, a copy, not the original printer's proof. The document has a few German stamps on it which indicate that it has passed through several hands in the DeLAG (German Airship Company) corporation. This version is a typewritten transcript, in English, of the four chapters. It begins with the last paragraph of Chapter 25.

There is also a typewritten note in German, dated September 4, 1933. The note wishes "Johann" good fortune in "our hunt" and reminds him that "Poe had his hands on this, there may be some misunderstandings; I am sure you will be able to sift the truth from the fiction." The note is signed "Loemmler."

A Guide to the City

. . . We could half imagine what the city must once have looked like—even though the roofs and tower tops had necessarily perished. As a whole, it had been a complex tangle of twisted lanes and alleys, all of them deep canyons, and some little better than tunnels because of the overhanging masonry and overarching bridges. Now, outspread below us, it loomed like a dream fantasy against a westward mist. . . .

—Dyer Text.

Keeper's note: pass on the information of this section to the players as their characters explore these magnificent ruins.

The City of the Elder Things extends about thirty miles from the Miskatonic Mountains, and hundreds of miles in each direction along the range. It was once home to tens of millions of elder things, who built and replaced structures over a period of tens of millions of years. It has been uninhabited for half a million years now; wind and ice have eroded fragile details on exposed surfaces.

The scale of the City is staggering. If one takes into account the large numbers of subterranean levels and the reportedly great height of many of the towers, as well as the sheer density of construction described by Dyer's writings and shown in his photographs, the City may have enclosed as much as a half-million square miles of rooms, corridors and enclosed spaces, even without including the necessarily immense construction within the peaks of the Miskatonic Mountains—equivalent to five times the surface land area of the state of California.

The abandonment of the City, and its subsequent destruction by ice and time, has squandered most of that magnificence, yet the little that remains is staggering by the standards of Man. If as little as one part in ten of the City's chambers and passages remain intact, and only one tenth of these are accessible by explorers, this small fraction is still vastly larger than the largest human city that exists today.

In this campaign, the investigators are able to explore only a very small area of the City—a circle of no more than ten miles' radius from their camp. Within even this tiny region there are far more different places than could ever be described in a volume of manageable size; and the result—if possible to produce—would be unwieldy in the extreme.

In this document, therefore, the keeper will find different sorts of information about the City which can be used to flesh out the experience for the players and make it as real as desired. There is information on the City's construction, and on the sorts of things players might see and do, and what might be found in its hidden places. Lastly, there are links to the locations written of by Professor William Dyer, for those who wish to retrace his steps.

Mood and Ambience

The first impressions explorers receive when standing in the City are ones of age and alienness, and a sort of dumb bleak despair. The eternal wailing song of the high peaks underlines the dreariness and oppression of this huge and ancient monument. The stones are huge, dark, and heavy; doorways and chambers are wrongly sized for human eyes and human bodies. The ruddy light of the sun makes shadows thick and leaches out any semblance of hue.

This impression deepens over time. The absolute lifelessness of the City is unrelenting. Even the snow does not shift with the wind; there is no sign of frequent snowfall, only the ancient patient layering of ice.

Stone angles are rounded; bits of glass run into cracks and weather away through sheer weight of time; everything is broken. Nothing fine or delicate remains whole. Even the murals, fantastic and well-made as they are, are blurred by the passing of millions of years, their colors gone and the fine edges softened to smooth rounded curves.

The murals themselves add to the sense of mute tragedy; for there one can see the City as it once was, towering and vibrant, filled with the living. None of that remains.

Yet even if it did—what then? The builders of the City were not men. They did not think as men, nor build to human ideals or human goals. They had no care for men, or man's place in things, and the idea that some few others of their kind might yet remain—perhaps buried in the rocks, as were the ones Lake found—is not a soothing one.

These thoughts will no doubt weigh heavily on the explorers, as they wander through the ruins, for everywhere they turn are small signs that they are not alone.

Sights and Whispers

Throughout their stay in the City, explorers are plagued by a feeling of being watched. The weight of eyes lies on the investigators. Wherever they go there is a sense of continuous covert movement—as if tiny careful changes were being made just out of sight, around corners, and when their backs were turned. A flicker in the shadows just around a bend—the sense that someone has entered a still-empty room—the sudden unaccountable shift of a mural at the edge of vision—these are no exceptions. They occur again and again.

Many of these shifts are caused by the strange energies of the God Trap, radiating outward over eons and filling the City valley like syrup in a bowl. Within the invisible fluid—forces that constrain and contain the City—time itself is occasionally bound. Images of lost times, from minutes to ages past, surface and are gone, too quickly to make out. Only rarely do these phantoms linger long enough to be understood.

A Synopsis of Pym's Narrative

The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym was written by Pym in the spring of 1837. It expands and continues some narratives published as short fiction in January and February of that year in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, a magazine printed in Richmond, Virginia. (For more information, see Appendix 3, "Deep Background.")

At that time, according to the tale, Pym had returned "to the United States a few months ago, after the extraordinary series of adventures in the South Seas and elsewhere. . . . "

The tale begins in June of 1827. At this time, from evidence in the text, Pym is about 18 years of age. He stows away aboard the bark *Grampus* with the help of Augustus Barnard, son of the vessel's captain. The ship is bound for the South Seas on a whaling voyage. *Grampus* is never heard of again.

Mutineers kill the captain and most of the crew, and the ship is turned far from her destination, before she is wrecked in a heavy storm. Pym, and one crewman, Dirk Peters, are the only ones who survive, barely, to be picked up by the schooner *Jane Guy* (out of Liverpool, bound for the south Pacific) on August 7th. They accompany the vessel on its voyage, passing Prince Edward Island on October 13th, arriving at Kerguelen Land on the 18th. No landings are reported before then, and it is unclear whether any news of Pym or the *Grampus* ever got home.

The captain of the *Jane Guy* behaves mysteriously at Kerguelen, leaving sealed notes in bottles inland on one of the islands without explanation.

After a couple weeks' stay, they travel on in November to the Tristan da Cunha islands, sending mail and so on. From there they set out into the deep ocean for more exploring. They search at sea for many weeks, attempting to chart islands, going further and further south and west, pushing into then-unexplored areas.

Jane Guy crosses the Antarctic Circle in mid-December, heading south. They encounter a lot of ice floes in the following days, as well as some pack ice, but they force their way through this pack and into clearer water.

Early January 1829—Past the thick pack floes, the ice begins to free up and there is a large expanse of free water.

A sailor, Peter Vredenburgh of New York, is lost overboard on Jan 10th. *Keeper's note: the* Grampus *was owned by the firm of Lloyd and Vredenburgh, but no connection between the names is revealed.* More thick ice follows, which they pass through. Beyond this point, both water and air seem to get steadily warmer as the ship sails south. They encounter odd animals—a giant polar bear and an unidentified creature with red teeth and claws, and white fur.

1/19—The ship drops anchor at an inhabited island. Estimated 83°20'S, 43°5'W. Bizarre and savage natives here, but seemingly friendly. Lots of descriptions of people and island follow, some of it weird and unlikely even in a *Call of Cthulhu* universe.

2/1—The natives savagely murder the crew and assault and dismantle the *Jane Guy*. Pym and Peters are the only survivors, but they are trapped on a barren part of the island and it is some time before they can escape to steal a native boat. Much description of carven canyons and channels inland here, some of it may be writing; mention of a few remnants of very tumbled/weathered ruins as well, but no details—Pym wasn't interested.

2/20—Pym and Peters finally manage to steal a large canoe and flee the island. One native hostage, a young man named Nu-Nu, is taken along and provides a few scraps of info about the locals but little of substance. Nu-Nu and all the locals are absolutely terrified of anything white. They won't touch or go near such things, screaming "*Tekeli-li!*" and going into convulsions or sick fits when forced.

3/1—Pym, Peters, Nu-Nu in the canoe, in a southerly current. The water gets steadily warmer, and a distant band of haze is visible on the horizon.

3/5—Wind entirely gone, just the current. The water is turning milky (bubbles?) and the vaporous region is near them. Feelings of numbness and lethargy in mind and body. The water is quite hot.

3/6—Occasional explosions under the water, suggest gas ventings or other turbulence. Powdery stuff, ash-like, drops on them from time to time.

3/8—Another one of those dead white animals floats by. Nu-Nu goes catatonic just from seeing it. The water is too hot to put one's hand in.

3/10—They're fully in the vapor range now. (Pym's description is reminiscent of the way fog pours over the San Francisco hills into the bay sometimes. . . .) The rain of ashy stuff (which dissolves in water) is continual and heavy.

3/11—Absolutely dim above—but the water exhibits a luminous glare. Gusty winds, much turbulence in the water, but little sound.

3/12—Gigantic white birds fly through the mists again and again screaming "*Tekeli-li!*" Nu-Nu just up and dies. The canoe is caught in the grip of a furious current.

". . . Now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow."

The published account ends here. The editor says that there were "only two or three" concluding chapters, and that Pym retained them "for the purpose of revision" when he died in some unspecified but well-published fashion. "It is feared that . . ." the pages of those final chapters "have been irrevocably lost through the accident by which he perished himself."

Peters, we are told, survived. He is, in 1837, a resident of Illinois, but "cannot be met with at present."

Poe, who helped publish the first couple of chapters, was available for comment but ". . . has declined the task—this, for satisfactory reasons connected with the general inaccuracy of the details afforded him, and his disbelief in the entire truth of the latter portions of the narration."

In the unpublished chapters, Pym and Peters ground their boat at the base of the white figure, which they learn is a colossal statue. They observe a group of natives carrying prisoners of evident European origin. Following, they enter a cave, where the natives flee in fear from something horrible Pym does not see. The two men pursue the captives and their new captors through long tunnels and make use of a sort of subway which takes them on a very long ride. Eventually it ends, leaving them in a very cold place. Beyond the cold and snow, following some weird tracks, they come to an immense black tower. They enter.

Inside the tower are more remarkable sights, including the captive Europeans and their monstrous captors. Pym and Peters help the others to flee, but not before they observe one of the monsters kill a man, remove his head, and carry it away in a dish.

Pym and the others are pursued by the monsters. They return to the tunnel and flee using the subway. The monsters almost catch them, but Pym and Peters throw a lantern in the others' tram. There is an explosion and the fugitives get away. Eventually they and the other men, crew of the brig *Nancy*, win their way home again. ❑

Keepers are encouraged to use these ghosts of bygone days to unsettle their adventurers, but they must never be large, or obvious, or the magic will be lost. Huge timeslips, such as the one that caused the mirage seen by Dyer and his men on their way to the mountains, happen only when the Construct is in severe disrepair, on the verge of breaking down forever, or perhaps while a new component is being installed. For the moment, thanks to the elder things, that is not the case.

As a rule, with the exception of the continuous sad wailing of the mountains, the City is silent. There are exceptions, of course.

- The sudden "Crack!" of falling stones, as something in the distance gives way. Did it fall on its own, or was it broken off by a stealthy but incautious touch? Who, or what, is out there?
- Faint low bell-like chimes (the sounds of cracks opening in smooth distant ice).
- High fluting whistles, like the sounds of the pass, but closer and more complex, perhaps calling *Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!* (These might be the sounds of elder thing voices, or of their hated foes, the shoggoths, echoing through tunnels from far away.)

Footsteps and Footprints

Professor Dyer, during his wanderings in the underlevels, found the slain remains of four of the eight "elder ones" who had been awakened in Lake's Camp. He concluded that the other four were likewise dead, or perhaps gone far into the Abyss where the last refuge of their kind was said to lie. In both of these, he was wrong.

The four remaining things are still very much alive, and for three years have done a lot of exploring of their own. They do not live in the City, having taken up residence in the Construct Tower, far to the west, but footprints, markings, and other signs of their presence are everywhere in those portions of the City nearest the Abyss.

Again and again, as the investigators wander, they notice signs of passage that are not their own. Here and there, footprints can be seen—the striated triangular marks of the elder things' feet. Again and again, as the explorers work their way towards places of interest, they will find evidence that others have preceded them: Drag marks on the ice, rubble swept from passages, blocked doorways and tunnels cleared, even clusters of small strange signs scratched anew on ancient stones.

Investigators with successful **Elder Cipher rolls** may recognize a few of these symbols, simple concepts like "up" and "down," but keepers are encouraged to minimize such understanding and encourage the sense of mystery.

From time to time in the deeper levels, explorers will find passages that are swept wholly clean of dirt and rubble. Though they may not know it at first, these are dangerous places to be. Such paths and tunnels are the chosen ways of the shoggoths, who sweep aside all obstructions as they move like huge shapeless plows. To be caught by a shoggoth in its chosen realm is an invitation to horrible crushing death.

The Forms Of the City

The action in this book takes place in a small portion of one part of the City. This region, roughly ten miles square, lies mostly north of the great empty river channel, and is bounded on the east by the rising terrace which leads to the foothills.

Ice

Throughout the area used in the story, the natural surface is hidden by a layer of glacial ice between five and fifty feet thick. The ice hides all the original surface features, but presents a smooth, even surface that is easy to walk upon.

An experienced observer, with a successful **Geology roll** or **Glaciology roll,** notices something further about the ice: even now it is, ever so slowly, in motion. Like any other glacier, the surface ice passing through the City flows slowly downhill, into the empty river bed, and from there east until it plunges into the great Abyss.

Such evidence as there is, however, suggests that the ice flow through the central City moves (at most) fractions of an inch each year, unlike common glaciers which may move a yard or more. This smooth subtle river grinds away at the remaining buildings century by century, eon by eon, gently toppling the giants and carrying rubble away.

In further regions of the City, where perhaps the ground is not warmed by the presence of the sunless sea beneath, the ice is much thicker upon the ground. A hundred miles in either direction from the river, the glacial layer is over a hundred feet thick. No navigable passages remain in these regions, as they have all been lost beneath the rising ice.

The Layered Realm

The City divides vertically into four layers, the Surface, the Upper Level chambers and halls, the Lower Level chambers and tunnels, and the Abyss. This model will be used later, when discussing city locations.

- The Surface consists of everywhere on the surface of the ice, and everywhere which is directly accessible from the outside. Surface regions have been eroded by wind and sun until there is rarely a trace of artifice or ornamentation. Windows gape, shutters and doorways are gone or shattered. To a casual viewer, were it not for the regularity of the archways and the level floors, Surface chambers might frequently be mistaken for natural caves.
- The Upper Level chambers are those in the remaining interiors of buildings, especially in areas now trapped within the ice but above the original level of the ground. Upper rooms and passages are much better preserved than those on the surface. Where windows and doors exist, they are closed and sealed shut by time and ice. Murals are easily visible, and some ornamentation of floors and ceilings remain; however, many of the connecting passages that once existed between towers have been broken or rendered useless. Navigation between buildings is sometimes difficult in the upper levels.
- The Lower Level realm is made up of rooms, passageways, halls, and arcades beneath the original ground level of the City. Decoration is very well-preserved at this level; in some cases even whole-wall murals can be viewed entire. The lower realm is slightly warmer than the higher levels, and with sufficient air and light can be worked within in relative comfort. Unfortunately, the lower realm is occasionally visited by shoggoths, who do not take kindly to interlopers. (Each exploring party in the lower levels has a 5% chance per hour of attracting a shoggoth's attention.)
- The Abyss consists of those chambers and pathways which descend deep underground toward the sunless sea beneath the City. For the first mile, the slope is gradual and many large chambers open up to either side. After that, the passage steepens considerably and there are no further side rooms. The way to the sea descends more than 6,000 feet in a broad spiraling curve. The walking distance is nearly ten

miles. This is shoggoth country, and is very dangerous to explore. It is also the home of several unique forms of life, including Dyer's giant albino penguins. (Each exploring party on the upper ramps or in the storerooms has a 50% chance per hour of attracting a shoggoth's attention; those who make it to the edge of the sunless sea are guaranteed their thirty seconds of fame.)

The City's Construction

Elder things did not walk long distances, preferring to fly, so the spaces between buildings—"streets"—were not well developed by the residents. What we would call the streets of the City are more correctly the random gaps between construction of different shapes and periods. Exceptions to this, such as the star-shaped plazas and long serpentine avenues, probably served some useful function—assembly areas, perhaps, or sports arenas or places of worship—there is now no way of knowing.

Changes in level, in buildings and elsewhere, are negotiated by ramps, usually steep, crossed by frequent ridges to aid traction. The elder things had no use for stairs.

Underground tunnels, connecting the lower levels of structures, were constructed in the last million years of inhabitation, presumably as protection against the frigid weather. These tunnels are relatively crude and undecorated, and often seem to "break in" on the more sophisticated construction of the building interiors. Tubular bridge passageways once leaped between the upper levels of the taller structures; these are either fallen or buried now. None remain above the level of the ice.

Whether the city-building elder things used color in their art or architecture is impossible to tell. Certainly the native colors of stone, snow, and ice are almost the only ones found in the City now. Exceptions to this are rare; where they are found, they are invariably the work of those decadent latter-day elder things who once visited the City by means of the Construct's transit tunnels. The lost chapters of the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* parenthetically describes one such group of elder things.

Building Forms

Observers of building forms come to recognize three general styles of architecture and sculptural detail in the City: *Archaic, Mature,* and *Decadent.* While some forms remain constant throughout the City's history, there are types particular to each period. The most common basic structures, as shown in the murals or guessed from the remains, can be categorized.

- Clusters (groups of ten pentagonal cells around a central pen or yard).
- Towers (ranging from simple cylinders to bizarre skewed cones with buttresses and collar-ledges).
- Blocks (generally rectangular agglomerations).
- Pyramids (sloped, stepped, or composite, often five sided).
- Forts (resembling 17th and 18th century star forts).
- Bunkers (low and meandering, with a single ground level passage).
- Pits (vast cylindrical or polygonal holes, with ledges, ramps, and openings down along their circumference).
- Many other types of buildings exist, in unique forms or styles.

The Archaic Period

Archaic period buildings are older than roughly 65 million years. Forts are the commonest survival from this period, probably due to their sturdy construction. No pits or bunkers seem to have been built in (or survived from) this period.

Archaic architecture is characterized by massive blocks, with openings carved directly from the walls. Decoration is sparse, and is simpler than in later times. Interior sculpture is formed directly from the walls, rather than from soapstone or other soft stone not used architecturally. It is quite likely that more delicate buildings were constructed in the Archaic era, and that they have been erased by weathering and rebuilding. Archaic structures predominate in the Miskatonic Mountains, but are rare in the city proper.

The Mature Period

Mature period buildings date from roughly two million years ago to 65 million years. Grand towers characterize this period; pits and bunkers from this era are few.

The elder things produced most of their marvels of civil engineering during the Mature period. The bulk of the visible city was erected then. Long stone bridges, formed of spiral elements; skewed conical or corniate towers with fantastic buttresses; slender spires, adorned with ledges and bulges, reaching to skyscraper heights; and vast arrays of interlocking cell-rings, all testify to the skill and industry of the elder things at the height of their civilization. Many interior spaces bear intricate yard wide soapstone bands on the walls, or mathematically based tiling on the floors or ceilings.

The Decadent Period

The Decadent period is the most recent, ranging from two million years to 500,000 years ago. During this period, no towers were constructed; bunkers, pits, and a web of underground connections among older buildings are typical. This is also the period in which connections were built to the underground sea.

In this final period, the creative energies of the elder things declined. Much of their artistry became mere imitation or meaningless repetition, and the standard of materials declined as well. Long slots or ledges along Decadent corridors once held wooden carvings, long ago fallen and gone to dust.

Discoveries in the City

Within the City of the Elder Things, there are items that stand out. As the investigators and others explore the region in which they have landed, they should encounter some or all of these interesting clues to the story of this deserted metropolis. These are divided into "generic finds," "unique finds," "wildlife" and "locations."

Generic Finds

These are items which might be found anywhere, and sometimes will be found more than once. Among them are "coins," recent excavation, petrified wood, window glass, and carvings.

Coins

Coins may be found alone, in small amounts, or (once) in a large jumble. Carved or somehow molded from soapstone, each coin resembles a sort of five-toothed gear, or a blunt five-pointed star—if not broken, as many are. Coins found in areas exposed to the wind will often be reduced by weathering to small discs resembling biscuits or cookies. Soapstone is a soft, greenish-gray rock with a

pronounced granular composition: chemically it is a hydrous silicate of magnesium.

An Elder Coin



A typical coin is three inches across and a half inch thick, with a shallow cusp in the center of each flat side. It weighs about four ounces. Some are slightly larger. Most coins, but not all, bear groups of extremely fine elder thing "dot pattern" script on both faces.

While resembling the stones found at Lake's Camp, none of the coins are Elder Signs—a fact which the investigators may never learn. Animals dislike the odor of these ancient tokens.

Recent Excavation or Elder Thing Debris

These discoveries should take the form of disturbances in interior snowdrifts, doors knocked down, or rubble moved aside from blocked passageways. These will usually be noticed after a **Luck roll** or a successful **Archaeology roll**.

Much of what brings the elder things to the City now is the search for resources and knowledge—in which they are often frustrated. An extended example follows.

Soon after entering a conical building of mysterious purpose, an explorer with a successful **Track roll** *or* **Spot Hidden roll** *notices a series of strange tracks or markings in the surface of a small drift of fine, powdered snow along one side of the hallway. The markings are regular, spaced a few feet apart, and seem to have been made with a flexible spatulate object—as if someone were using a limp canoe paddle for a crutch. The prints are visible for the entire 18' length of the snow drift, and were made (of course) by an elder thing proceeding along the hallway within the last few days.*

If the investigators proceed deeper into the building for at least half an hour, they pass through several rooms and halls, down a short spiral ramp, and into a pentagonal room with four other openings. These other openings have obviously been made recently by breaking through a foot or more of sandstone masonry. Beyond each man-sized opening is a small cell. The cells are empty except for the debris left by the destruction of the thin walls which separated them from the pentagonal room.

The dust, grit and chunks of sandstone on the floor in the pentagon room have been swept about in circles and curls by something about four or five feet long, with a broad, flat end—recognizably the same thing as made the marks in the snow above. No sign of what may have been entombed in the cells is present; they may very well have been empty when opened, to the disappointment of the elder thing.

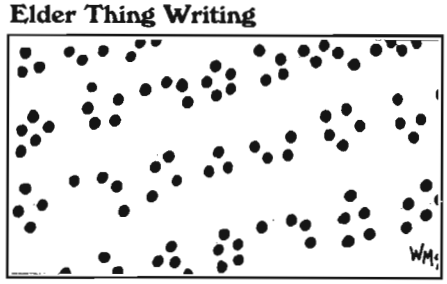
Petrified Wood

The elder things employed a process of mineralization to produce petrified wooden items from softwoods, such as palms and early pines, with swirls and streaks of muted color embedded in their surface. This fossilized vegetation is most commonly found in the form of small fragments, lying broken in the lanes and alleys of the City.

Some larger pieces, protected from the direct blast of the polar winds, take the form of shutters or doors, embedded in the thick masonry walls. These bear fantastic carvings in the style of the elder things. Fasteners and hinges, once formed of some less durable material, have long since vanished. Remaining whole pieces, wedged in windows and doorways, must be forced if they are to be removed.

A single door panel of petrified wood, 12' high and 2' wide, weighs over 1000 pounds; of course, many smaller fragments are available.

Elder Thing Writing



Window Glass

A small number of the windows in the City retain their mica glazing. This was once reasonably transparent, but passing millennia and weather have rendered it translucent. The glazing is set in impressively precise slots carved directly in the masonry of the buildings. Removal without breaking either the building or the mica is impossible.

Carvings

The elder things presumably had other ways of recording information, but only their wall carvings survive. Most of these carvings are in the form of murals, either as continuous bands or as panels, about a yard wide and running along the walls.

Elder thing murals come in a wide variety of sizes, and vary considerably in style from age to age, but in general there are two types: decorative carvings, consisting of abstract curves and angles in complex harmonious arrays, and informative carvings, which convey stories or messages of some kind. It is possible, of course, that the decorative carvings also impart information of some sort to the elder things in some way the humans do not recognize—their use of curves and angles betrays a broad knowledge of mathematics and geometry—but if so we have no way to interpret them. The murals may be of fully carved shapes, as bas-reliefs, or etched and incised into the stone as though drawn.

A typical chamber in the City's lower layer, twenty feet high, holds seven alternating carved bands. Four, including the lowest and the highest, will be decorative, while the rest will tell some sort of story.

Carvings are normally made directly into the fabric of the building or passage. In contrast, during the Mature period, informative bands are often found carved upon tablets of marble or soapstone, affixed to the wall behind. Apparently the elder things of that time had a greater supply of materials to work with. If any of the carvings once bore pigment, all of it has long since fallen away.

Informative carvings present information in writing, using the five-dot clusters often employed by the elder things, and in bands and panels of pictures.

The illustrative style of the elder things most resembles a combination of mechanical drafting and cubism, presenting multiple views with extreme technical precision and a strong sense of texture and movement. Investigators may assume that, as the elder things could place their eyestalks on both sides of an object at once, they were born cubists.

Images on the mural bands found throughout the City cover a wide variety of topics, many of them evidently historical. Panoramic views of the City itself, in various ages, are extremely common. From these it is possible to build up a useful map

of the City as it appeared at different periods in the Earth's history, and even to use these views to navigate through the ruins with some precision.

Many murals depict the City's builders going about their business. Elder things building towers, herding lesser life forms, hunting, swimming in the ocean, flying (in the sky and in space), conversing with one another and before larger groups, fighting battles against other creatures of fearsome appearance, and conducting incomprehensible experiments are all subjects in these carvings. See the following pages, "Learning from the Carvings."

There is, of course, no way of knowing whether the scenes portrayed in the murals are factual. If the investigators do not mention this themselves, one of the other explorers should: just because elder things put something on a wall doesn't make it true. Imagine the ideas an alien race might form about humanity if it surveyed a cathedral or pagan temple, for example.

Minerals

Incorporated into the structure of a building, or protruding from the natural landscape, are rock outcroppings which shed light on the age and origin of the City. Those of interest will often be sedimentary rocks from the Comanchean age, or igneous rocks from the Tertiary. Explorers with Geology can use their expertise to begin dating the various periods of the City.

Unique Finds

These appear only once. The keeper should decide when and where (or if!) these tidbits are found.

- ***Tin Can:*** a crushed and slightly rusty tin can, once containing McHale's Corned Beef, manufactured some time after the Great War. It seems to have been flattened and torn open along the seams, with the contents crudely removed. This was probably left by the first Miskatonic expedition.

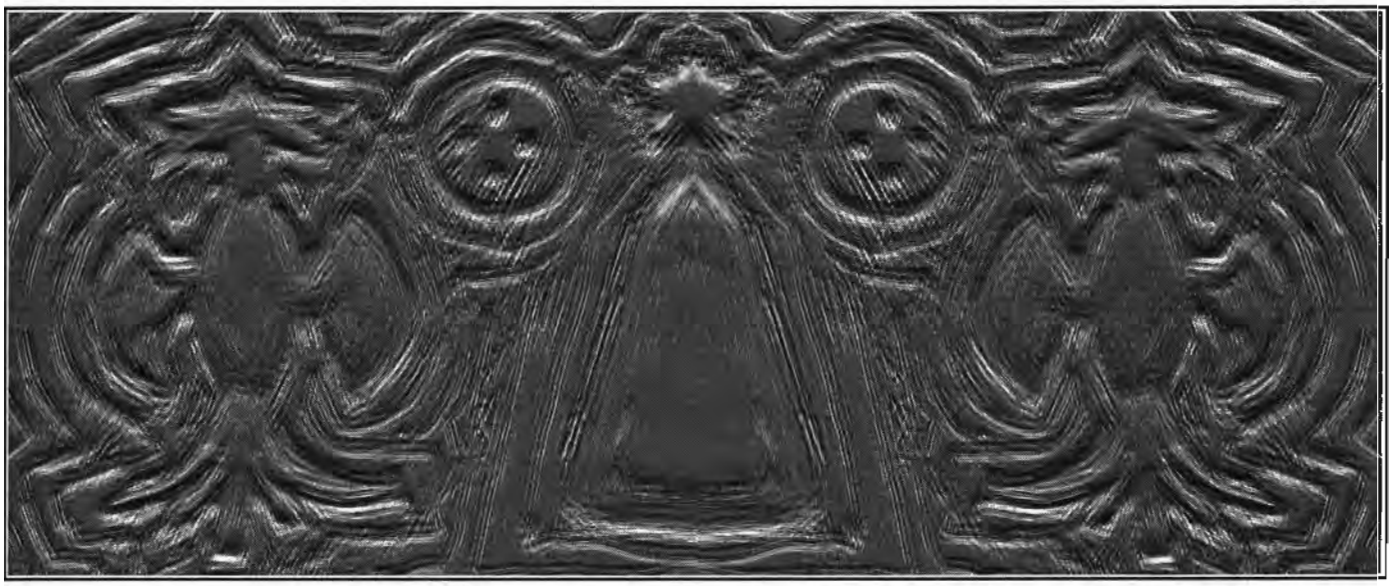
- ***Elder Garb:*** in a dark interior niche the investigators locate a large bundle of fabric. When inspected, it proves to be drab tent canvas, tan oilcloth (from coats and parkas), stained red woolen knit from a union suit, poorly preserved husky pelt, greasy seal skins and other odd bits of material, sturdily but clumsily sewed together with twine, dried gut, and wire. It seems to be in the form of a cone, teepee, tent, or poncho, 16 feet (5 meters) across when spread out flat, with a sort of simple drawstring hole 18" (45 cm) wide at the top. Five entrance flaps, each 6 feet (2 meters) long, divide the thing into five triangular gores. When laid on the ground, it has the appearance of a large asterisk, with a hole in the middle. It smells badly, from the husky and seal skins, and faintly of some pungent, acrid, unknown odor. This is, of course, a sort of poncho for an elder thing, similar to the one found at Lake's Camp. ❑

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Elder Thing Mural



Learning from the Carvings

Whether factual or metaphorical in content, continued study of the elder thing murals presents a complex tale which may be revealed piece by piece over time. Below is a list of notable facts which the keeper may present at leisure. In order for an investigator to come away with a clue, he or she needs a successful **INT roll** using the multiplier indicated (x2, x3, etc.). In some cases, other applicable skills may be used to increase the success threshold of the roll—the Geology skill, for instance, can make a problem of geologic dating easier to solve.

About ten minutes of study and a light source are required for each item before an investigator may attempt to deduce a clue of content from a mural. If a band is photographed under difficult conditions for later study, reduce the **INT roll** multiplier by 1 when the study is attempted; if the **Photography roll** fails, no conclusion is possible, of course.

An investigator may study and draw clues from that number of murals equal to his or her points of the Cthulhu Mythos skill, and lose no Sanity. Once examining a quantity of murals in excess of his or her points of Cthulhu Mythos, each new clue deduced costs 0/1 SAN. However, since the study of the murals can be approached carefully and does not demand immediate action or ultimate comprehension, keep track of the Sanity points lost to the murals, and allow an investigator to lose no more than 10 Sanity points (or the amount the keeper feels appropriate) to their disturbing meanings.

Elder Cipher skill: in the presence of the murals, each character starts with 01% in the skill. Once these carvings have been studied, the keeper may call for a skill check now or at same later time, with 1D10 percentiles in Elder Cipher as the prize. It is entirely possible to learn content from these carvings, yet not learn to appreciably read the language which comments on it..

Clue	INT Multiplier
The elder things flew in a great migratory wave across space to Earth	x3
■ Earth is not the first world they have colonized	x1
■ At least for the trip to Earth, they are not shown using spacecraft	x2
■ The elder things survived unprotected in space	x3
■ They did so with some strange process or drug **(Biology roll)**	x2
■ But this technique was later lost to them	x1
The elder things could survive deep underwater, unprotected	x5
The elder things possessed strange senses unknown to humans **(Biology roll)**	x2
Elder things find soil, vegetation, and animal tissue nourishing **(Biology roll)**	x3
■ But they prefer meat, cooked if possible; this definitely types them as mobile and predaceous **(Biology roll, Natural History roll, Anthropology roll)**	x3
Elder things are vulnerable to heat and cold, though less than humans	x3
Elder things once used mechanical technology, but deliberately abandoned it	x1
Their technology on Earth was based on biochemical processes	x2
The "five dot" patterns seen on elder things creations are in fact the symbols used in their writing	x5
Dead elder things were buried in vertical holes, under five-sided mounds	x3
Elder things formed the first earthly life forms as food and slaves	x3
All other life on Earth evolved from "runaway" offspring of primitive elder thing foodstuffs	x1
Most of the slaves were strong shapeless beings, twice the size of the elder things	x5
■ These slave forms could create and absorb organs from their structure at will	x2
■ The slave forms reproduced by fission	x1
■ The slave forms were controlled by hypnosis, or psychic force	x2
The original City was founded in the Pre-Cambrian **(Geology roll)**	x4
■ It was the first of the elder thing cities on Earth	x2
During the Carboniferous, the City was at 45° S latitude **(Geology roll, Navigate roll)**	x2
Most elder thing cities on Earth were built underwater	x4
A few other elder thing cities were nearly as large as this one	x3
In space, and during their first period on Earth, the elder things fought strange creatures	x5
Other, stranger creatures have also come to Earth from outer space	x4
■ Such as huge floating protoplasms, during the Paleozoic era	x3
■ And these protoplasmics warred on a race of conical scholars, another interloper from the stars	x3
Gondwanaland began to break up in the Triassic, a period of heavy volcanism **(Geology roll)**	x4
■ During which a race of sea-fearing space octopi invaded (SAN loss 1/1D3 here)	x2

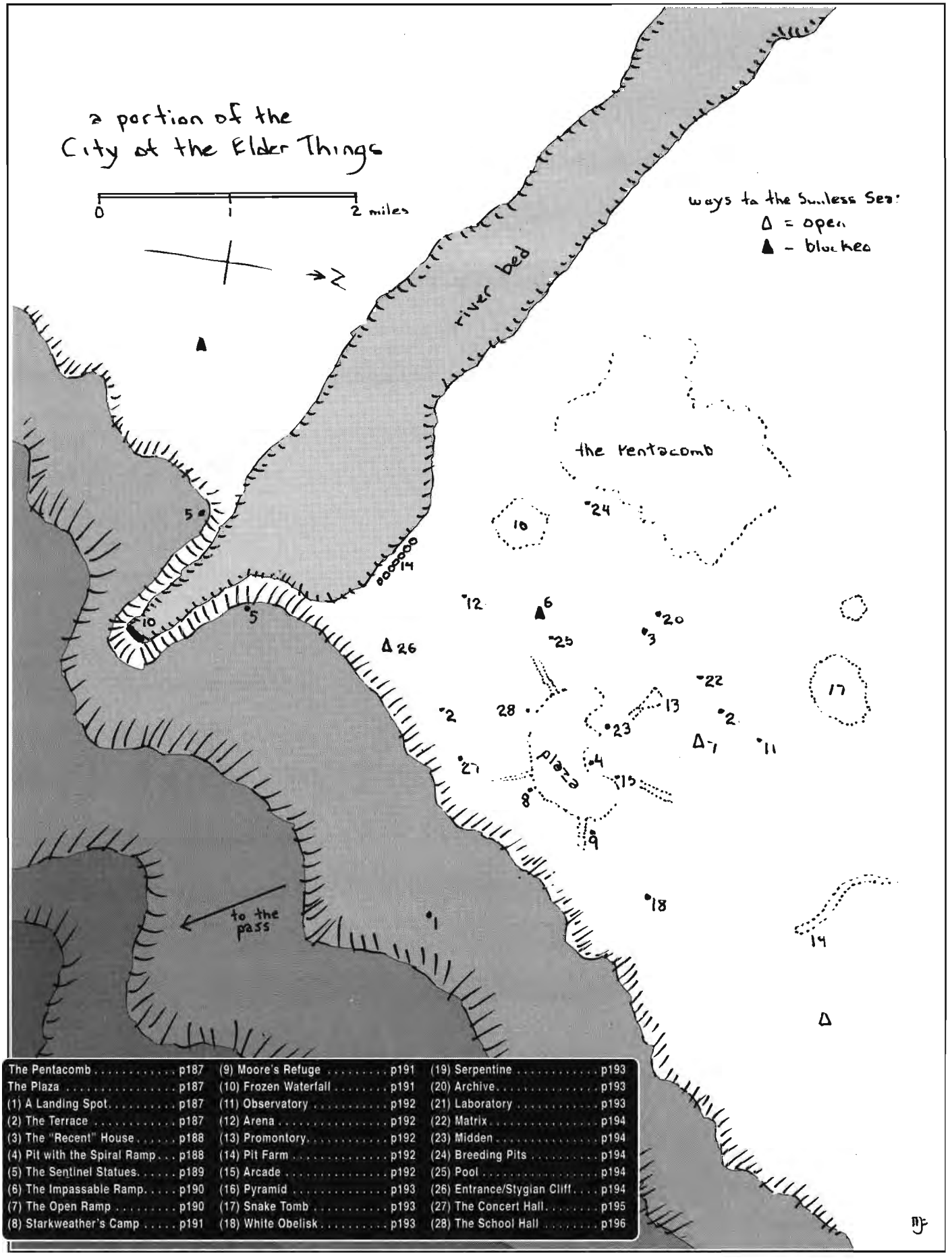
Learning from the Carvings (contd.)

Clue	INT Multiplier
■ And drove the elder things entirely under the sea	x2
■ But the main island of the octopoids suddenly sank into the Pacific	x2
■ And the octopoid entities became dormant	x1
A region west-northwest of the current City was shunned, or feared	x4
■ As great mountains rose 'suddenly' up from below the sea	x3
■ During the Comanchean period **(Geology roll)**	x3
■ In the same general continental motion which raised the plateau	x3
■ The earthquakes and volcanoes subsequent to this destroyed the original City	x3
■ And the shunned area is about 200 miles from the City **(Navigate roll)**	x2
The current City was founded in the early Cretaceous **(Geology roll)**	x3
■ Many "temples" were built in the high peaks nearby	x3
■ Which served to keep the land green and fertile	x2
■ By pumping enriched air into the bowl of the high plateau	x1
Many new land cities on other continents were established at the same time	x3
■ Whose approximate locations on the current map might be plotted **(Navigate roll)**	x3
■ Including the last sister cities, in Tierra del Fuego **(Navigate roll, Geology roll)**	x3
Elder things relied on local forms for brute labor in the Mesozoic era **(Geology roll, Biology roll)**	x5
■ Because they had lost some of their skill at mutating life forms at will	x3
■ And no longer trusted the shapeless slave forms	x3
■ Which had grown somewhat intelligent	x2
■ And which became a danger during the Mesozoic **(Geology roll)**	x3
■ For they attacked their former masters using their great strength	x5
■ Until defeated and returned to slavery by the elder things	x3

Clue	INT Multiplier
■ Who invented, or rebuilt, strange mechanistic weapons	x2
■ Which easily disintegrated formless slaves and any other substances **(Physics roll)**	x2
■ And after that, the elder things were more careful with their formless slaves	x2
Strange winged space fungus/ insects/crustaceans invaded during the Jurassic **(Geology roll)**	x4
■ Forcing the elder things to abandon many regions of the northern hemisphere	x3
■ For the rest of the Mesozoic, the space insects colonized Earth	x2
■ And seemed mostly interested in mining **(Geology roll)**	x2
Extensive volcanism in Antarctica during the Paleocene **(Geology roll)**	x4
The City passed through the subtropics (60° S latitude) during the Eocene **(Geology roll).**	x3
Early primates are depicted in Miocene carvings **(Geology or Biology roll)**	x3
The ice cap began forming during the Pliocene **(Geology or Meteorology roll)**	x3
A large meteor landed in the Bellinghausen Sea during the Pliocene **(Geology roll)**	x3
■ And destroyed an elder thing city just off the coast	x2
■ Leaving only one other land city (in Tierra del Fuego) after this catastrophe **(Navigate roll)**	x2
■ While the remaining underwater cities are all south of 50° S latitude **(Navigate roll)**	x2
"Decadent" elder thing culture begins during the Pleistocene **(Geology roll or Archaeology roll)**	x4
■ The surface world was gradually abandoned	x4
■ But there still may be elder things in the cities under the sea (Sanity loss 1/1D6)	x3
The City was stripped of furniture and movables during the retreat underground	x5

Other parts of the tale appear rarely if ever in the murals of the City. The most important of these, "The Tale of the Elder Pharos," in Appendix 3, "Deep Background," conveys an extraordinary explanation. From the time of the Unknown God's arrival, the future of the world was endangered; the elder things, who lived just out of sight of the Vale of Storms, were constantly reminded of the danger. The subject is all but taboo in the writings of the elder things, but in many of the older murals a blank panel or an empty space in the west is left as a reminder of the horrors undepicted. ❑

Relative Positions of Sites Near the Plaza



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The Plaza p187	(10) Frozen Waterfall p191	(20) Archive p193
(1) A Landing Spot p187	(11) Observatory p192	(21) Laboratory p193
(2) The Terrace p187	(12) Arena p192	(22) Matrix p194
(3) The "Recent" House p188	(13) Promontory p192	(23) Midden p194
(4) Pit with the Spiral Ramp ... p188	(14) Pit Farm p192	(24) Breeding Pits p194
(5) The Sentinel Statues p189	(15) Arcade p192	(25) Pool p194
(6) The Impassable Ramp p190	(16) Pyramid p193	(26) Entrance/Stygian Cliff p194
(7) The Open Ramp p190	(17) Snake Tomb p193	(27) The Concert Hall p195
(8) Starkweather's Camp p191	(18) White Obelisk p193	(28) The School Hall p196

Our field-glasses shewed the external horizontal bands of nearly effaced sculptures and dot-groups to be very prevalent, and we could half imagine what the city must once have looked like—even though most of the roofs and tower-tops had necessarily perished. As a whole, it had been a complex tangle of twisted lanes and alleys; all of them deep canyons, and some little better than tunnels because of the overhanging masonry or overarching bridges. Now, outspread below us, it loomed like a dream-phantasy against a westward mist through whose northern end the low, reddish antarctic sun of early afternoon was struggling to shine; and when for a moment that sun encountered a denser obstruction and plunged the scene into temporary shadow, the effect was subtly menacing in a way I can never hope to depict. Even the faint howling and piping of the unfelt wind in the great mountain passes behind us took on a wilder note of purposeful malignity. The last stage of our descent to the town was unusually steep and abrupt, and a rock outcropping at the edge where the grade changed led us to think that an artificial terrace had once existed there. Under the glaciation, we believed, there must be a flight of steps or its equivalent.

— Dyer Text.

Locations in the City

See Page 183 and map to left for a Table of Contents for this section.

City sites of interest and import await the explorers. The keeper may feel free to move them around as needed, or to call attention to them as they see fit. Numbers in parentheses correspond to the numbered locations on the schematic to left, "City of the Elder Things."

This information is presented in numerical order, according to the numbers on the schematic city maps. Nearly all entries are numbered. All entries are identified by level (Surface, Upper chambers and halls, Lower chambers and tunnels, or the Abyss). The assignment of numbers is entirely random.

Several of the entries below discuss the locations visited by Professor Dyer and his aide, Danforth, during their previous visit to the City. The sites discussed in the *Dyer Text* appear there in the following sequence: (1), (27), (2), (28), (3), (6), (4), and (7). Dyer wisely turned back from the Road to the Abyss.

The quotes heading the Dyer entries are from the *Dyer Text* itself.

The Pentacomb (Surface)

This large area of the City is labeled but not numbered on the map. It is covered for many acres by five-yard-high walls, each nearly two yards thick, forming rings of pentagonal cells or pens, now mostly filled with ice and snow. The rings overlap, each ring sharing two cells with any adjacent ring; the individual cells are seven yards across, and the central ten-sided area in the center of each ring is 20 yards across. The larger pattern of cell-rings form clumps and curves covering this area. Explorers estimate there are more than 10,000 cells.

Keeper's note: once these were manufacturing pits for large beasts, probably shoggoths.

The Plaza (Surface)

This is the broad open area on which the Starkweather-Moore aëroplanes land and set up camp—also at times called Moore's Plaza, because Moore was the one who chose this landing site. The plaza is often featured in this chapter, but see above, (page 170) the sub-section "Examining the Plaza," which occurs just after the *Weddell* and *Enderby* land in the City.

(1) A Landing Spot (Surface)

. . . Low flying soon disclosed an ample number of landing places. Selecting that nearest the pass . . . we succeeded about 12:30 PM in effecting a landing on a smooth hard snow field wholly devoid of obstacles and well adapted to a swift and favorable takeoff later on.

No trace of the landing site remains; above the terrace line, the rising land at the edge of the foothills is smooth and without blemish. Occasional dark hulks thrust upwards in solitary splendor, but these have all been eroded until only the coarsest structures remain.

Following Dyer's account, with a successful **Luck roll** the investigators are able to find and examine a massive star-shaped rampart a half mile uphill that might be the one first entered by the two men. It is huge, but weathered away, outshown by better-preserved specimens in the city below.

From there, a few dozen yards uphill, the investigators come across a solitary reminder of Man's presence. A dark shape, crumpled on the ground, reveals itself to be a canvas specimen bag containing nothing but a few small scraps of torn lined paper.

From this place, if they so desire, explorers can try to follow Dyer's footsteps into the City of the Elder Things.

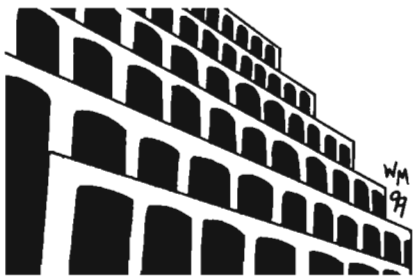
(2) The Terrace (Surface)

The building thus accessible was a series of rectangular terraces on our left facing westward. . . . The floor beyond was of great slate slabs, and seemed to form the outlet of a long high corridor with sculptured walls.

Dyer's first entry into the City's interior was through a modest archway, the end of a now-vanished tubular bridge. The building itself is both large and deep, and in good condition, rising thirty yards and more above the ice. Each floor is set back from the one below; the net result is a series of terraces, each faced by an arching gallery with many chambers behind. Higher floors are not so deep; the topmost two are also weathered and crumbling, though the lower levels are still fairly whole. A long narrow central court runs the length of the building, just forward of the third floor.

The fronting galleries each extend 170 yards; at the level of the ice, the width of the building is almost 100 yards, and each higher floor is set back 15 yards from the one below. Archways behind the open galleries lead to ribbed interior ramps, twisting halls and weirdly shaped rooms. There are hundreds of chambers in the structure, which also extends four floors below the ice and outwards, through broken and crumbling lower level passages, to the rest

of the city. Rooms come in all shapes—stars, domes, rectangles, even cones and spheres—without regard to any logical plan or arrangement.



Almost half of the building is impassable. Collapses and weathering through airshafts and window openings have weakened floors and ceilings to destruction; the sheer number of remaining rooms and sloping corridors is nonetheless daunting.

It is difficult to guess the purpose of the building; most likely it served as a residence in the middle Decadent. Murals on the walls have occasional cartouches, and show scenes of lush trees and flowers growing wild between high towers. No furniture remains, though here and there are strangely curved soapstone statues of no recognizable form.

Once inside the building's interior, the keeper should call for **Spot Hidden rolls**. With a success, point to the corners and edges of the floor—here in an archway, there at the base of a steep ascending ramp. Carefully placed, unmoving, and untouched by the intervening years, are small twists and strips of plain white paper—the trail marks of Danforth and Dyer.

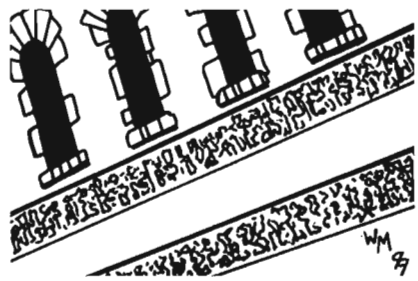
(3) The "Recent" House (Surface)

. . . On the tangled ground level of the city we were fortunate enough to find a house of very late date whose walls, though somewhat damaged by a neighboring rift, contained sculptures of decadent workmanship carrying the story of the region much beyond . . . our last general glimpse of the prehuman world.

Climbing upwards from lower levels, following the trail of twisted scraps left by Dyer and his companion, the investigators clamber across a trembling pile of heavy tumbled stones on the edge of a great chasm (a successful **DEX x5 roll** is to avoid slipping near the edge, and perhaps sliding in) and into the lowest of three narrow halls.

Set one above the next, in the form of an irregular triangle, these three halls together run for 25 yards through the center of a tall bunker three quarters of a mile west of the Starkweather-Moore camp. The structure is all but windowless, the tall narrow windows being choked with debris and barely above the level of the ice; but from the interior murals it is clear that it was a residence of sorts. One end of the structure is gone, fallen into the same chasm that threatened the arriving investigators, but the remainder is in good condition.

The murals here come in three bands, in stark Decadent simplicity, and are evidently set quite recently in the City's past. They tell the tale described by Dyer—the coming of the cold, and the colonization of the underground Sunless Sea. Toward the end, the contents of the City itself were uprooted and carried below, into the elder things' new home.



By comparing the scenes shown in this house with those noted elsewhere, investigators who make successful **Cartography rolls** or **Navigate rolls** are able to associate the locations of some of the downward-sloping Abyssal tunnels with landmarks remaining on the surface. The closest of these, as noted by Dyer, is less than a quarter-mile distant toward the river; the second, a half mile away in the opposite direction. Other more distant openings exist both north and south of the river for some distance, spaced about a mile apart, not far from where the foothills begin their eastern rise.

(4) The Pit with the Spiral Ramp (Surface)

As we stepped out into the awesome half-daylight of this monstrous cylinder bottom . . . we saw that the ramp-traversed sides stretched dizzily up to a height of fully sixty feet.

This site is actually the easiest to reach by the investigators—it lies less than 150 yards from camp, across the broad level expanse of the plaza. Most likely the investigators explore the site from above, on the expedition's first day in the City.

The center of the plaza is a broad mound of highly eroded rubble, about seven yards high and nearly a hundred yards across. To the north and west, broken stone is piled high across the ice, and massive curving walls and bunkers rise 35-40 yards into the sky. From the air, during landing, a large pit was visible in the center of the mound.

If the party climbs up the slopes of broken stone, they find themselves standing on the brink of a huge open pit, some sixty-five yards in diameter and twenty yards deep, with a rubble-choked floor of ice. If they do not come upon the site from above, the keeper is welcome to have the explorers find one of Dyer's paper trail signs somewhere in the tunnels below.

While exploring the City's upper levels the investigators come across a T-junction with a slightly sloping major corridor. While they are debating which way to go next, the investigator with the lowest **Spot Hidden roll** notices a twist of paper inserted into a crevasse in the wall. Removed and carefully untwisted, it proves to be a blank strip of paper probably torn from a notebook. The paper is yellowed and obviously several years old. A brief search of the corridor reveals a trail of shredded paper going in both directions.

If the party follows the trail uphill (southward), the temperature drops rapidly, and the floor becomes slick with ice and blown snow. The corridor has the usual profusion of carvings on the walls. The investigators emerge, through a broad low arch, into the base of a huge circular tower, 75 yards in diameter, 20 yards high, open to the sky.

The floor of the tower is smooth old ice, dark and piled with rubble to considerable depth. Around the walls, the tops of a dozen archways can be made out, though half of them are blocked with heavy stones. Between them, and above, the walls are covered with gigantic murals, superbly drawn, incised boldly enough to remain quite readable despite the weathering of millions of years' exposure. These spiral upwards in bands more than three yards high, all the way to the top of the pit.

Yet the most notable feature of the pit is not the carvings on the walls, but the broad spiral ramp that winds its way upward from the bottom to the lip. The regular march of pillars and archways seem too slender to hold its smooth stone floor, but they have done so for a very long time. Toward the top, the ramp is pitted and cracked, and shows signs of having been battered by falling stones, but the lower turns stand strong and firm. A half dozen yards above the ice, the ramp turns outwards from the wall in a graceful arc, and descends direct-

ly towards the center of the space, thus missing the archways completely.

The sculpture, which follows the gigantic spiral up the wall, can still be made out and displays an artistic splendor far beyond anything previously encountered. Scenes of the plaza as it once was—broad open space with a soaring needle-capped spire in its center, avenues of frondlike trees marching along grassy swards, with curving rows of pyramids and lesser towers in the distance—alternate with boxy panels of elder thing dot-script, interior scenes, and less obvious subject matter.



Keeper's note: this tower is very old, dating from the time of the City's construction. The subjects depicted in the panels here are of late Archaic and early Mature design—the murals tell the tale of the building of the City itself. Several panels, which probably cannot be interpreted by the investigators, discuss the problem of the "temples" on the high peaks. More than just houses of worship, these are also engines used to pump air into the bowl of the Plateau, thus keeping the land green and verdant far above the normal tree line. One or two panels, showing the elder things actually building the highest spires, may give the investigators pause.

Several of the low archways at the base of the pit appear to have been cleared of rubble. The passageways beyond descend slightly as they lead away in various directions.

There are three locations of particular interest at the base of the Pit. Each is noticeable with a separate **Spot Hidden roll.**

- Just inside one archway, carefully cleared of fallen masonry, investigators with successful **Spot Hidden rolls** note a yellowed paper twist pressed into a crack in the interior stone. This is one of the trail blazing marks left by Dyer and Danforth.

Keeper's note: investigators who decide to follow the paper-marked trail (a successful **Track roll** *is required) pass through a series of deep crumbling passages and eventually arrive at "(6), The Impassable Ramp."*

- Another archway, also clear of rubble, has been visited often in the past three years. Investigators studying the area notice a well-worn band of tracks from the base of the spiral ramp to the archway. The tracks are not boot prints, but belong to the elder things, who often pass this way on hunting forays. Successful **Track rolls** indicate that the prints are recent and were made by more than one individual. (If this is the first indication the players have that elder things still live here, the keeper may wish to inflict a small SAN loss.)

- Tucked away beneath the arching ramp, investigators with successful **Spot Hidden rolls** discover a snow-covered hummock and three long low mounds.

Looking Under the Ramp: the snow-covered mounds, when examined, prove to be the remains of three Nansen sleds—the very ones re-moved from Lake's Camp by the elder things. Except for a few scraps of paper and an empty box that once contained provisions (date stamped 1930), the sleds are empty. The runners of all three sleds have been removed.

The hummock is rather more sinister: three feet high and five across, carefully hard-packed, the snow has been piled up and artfully molded into a five-pointed starfish shape, eerily reminiscent of the head of an elder thing, and capped by a star-shaped piece of soapstone, similar to those found at Lake's Camp. Investigators with successful **Idea rolls** make the connection between this mute memorial and the hummocks left at Lake's Camp; this realization is worth 1/1D3 SAN.

Excavating the mound reveals a tarpaulin-wrapped human body, carefully laid out and lowered vertically into a five-foot shaft in the ice. Deep frozen, the body is perfectly preserved.

Keeper's note: investigators who have read Dyer's tale may suspect that this is the body of Paul Gedney. However, things are not as Dyer and Danforth left them. The inference the players should draw is that the elder things returned at a later date, retrieved the supplies and runners from the sleds, and removed the dog head as well. The fact that the elder things appear to have wrapped and buried Gedney's body as they would one of their own, rather than merely discarding it, should give the investigators pause for thought.

To trail the elder things requires a successful **Track roll,** *and leads the investigators through a series of downward sloping tunnels and basement chambers to "(7) The Open Ramp" below. There are no paper twists along the elder things' trail.*

(5) Sentinel Statues (Surface)

Carved out of the rock of the foothills, where they approach closest to the City on either side of the vanished river, are two colossal pylons. Once these were in the form of elder things, but millions of years of weathering has removed all but the most basic features. The statues stand almost 100 yards high and are 20 yards across at the widest part. Their sides are deeply eroded in runnels and channels that obscure the original design.



The foot parts of the statues remain, barely distinguishable from the mountainside from which they rise; however both heads are missing. Investigators who climb the statues, or examine them from the higher hillsides above and to the east, discover that the neck stubs are smoothly regular and much less weathered than the rest, as if the heads had been deliberately removed at some comparatively recent date.

Keeper's note: the heads of the statues were removed by the shoggoths, after their final victory in the Abyss, and shattered on the ground below. Fragments of one of the heads can still be found in the river ice not far from the edge of the frozen waterfall.

(6) The Impassable Ramp (Lower Level).

In other words, it could not be other than a sort of camp—a camp made by questing beings who, like us, have been turned back by the unexpectedly choked way. . . .

This site is located within a large star-shaped ruin less than a mile from the river's edge. The way to the surface is impossible; the only paths lie far below the ice. Crumbling rubble-strewn galleries lead into immaculate halls, then on again, in the lightless underground. The fragments of wall sculpture that remain are extravagantly Decadent in design.

While exploring an extremely ornate corridor the investigators see that their tunnel is blocked by a collapse ahead. However, the investigator with the highest **Spot Hidden skill** notes that one of the black archways off the tunnel has been partially cleared of rubble, and could be traversed.

The archway leads into a perfectly cubical room perhaps twenty feet on a side. The floor is strewn with rubble, though an area in the middle of the room has been partially cleared. There are no other exits from the chamber.

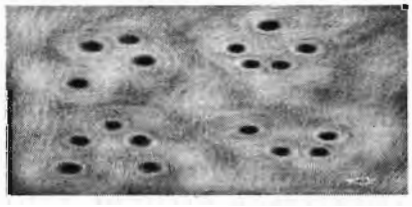
A brief search reveals several items, seemingly cast aside, around the edges of the cleared space: Several spent matches, and more broken ones; an empty ink bottle; a broken fountain pen with no nib; fragments of curiously cut fur and tent cloth; a spent flashlight battery, similar in design to that found at the Lake camp. The investigators also find a cardboard box, which once held the ink bottle, a sheet of manufacturer printed instructions on how to use the battery, and several crumpled sheets of paper.

A Giant Albino Penguin



Anyone unfolding the papers sees that several are covered in elder thing dot-clusters, alternating with sketched transcriptions of the carvings nearby. The penmanship is curious—these are notes made by Lake's elder things when they reached the city.

The notes can be interpreted with a successful **Elder Cipher roll** of 01–10 on D100—they use vocabulary the explorers have not seen—but if the roll is made the investigator concludes that the writer repeatedly asks, incongruously, what happened when the trees died.



Keeper's note: this question is not as incongruous as it seems; the author of the notes is asking how the Trap continues to hold its prisoner once the surrounding jungle components were killed by the cold.

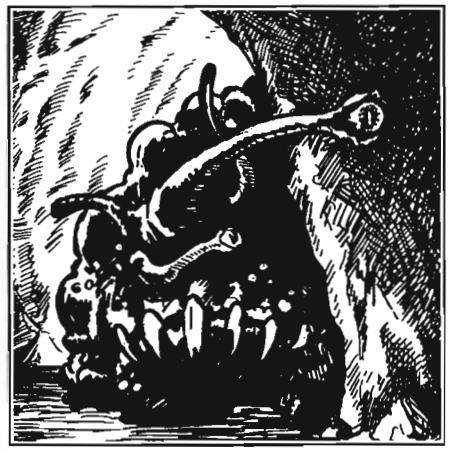
A **Spot Hidden roll** or **Track roll** reveals boot prints in the rubble. An additional roll can reveal tracks of a less identifiable creature—recognizable as the spoor of the elder things—if the investigators have read Dyer's account, have seen such prints elsewhere, or received a successful **Cthulhu Mythos roll.**

Keeper's note: the boot prints, of course, belong to Danforth and Dyer. The surviving elder things have returned to this spot since Dyer's visit, and have removed all of the useful metal items, ignoring the rest.

(7) The Open Ramp (Lower Level to the Abyss)

The course indicated . . . was precisely what our map and compass prescribed as an approach to the more northerly tunnel mouth. . . . The tunnel, according to the chart, ought to start from the basement of a large pyramidal structure which we seemed vaguely to recall from our aërial survey as remarkably well-preserved.

A Shoggoth



This site is the Abyssal tunnel mouth closest to the Starkweather-Moore camp. It may be approached either from above, as the investigators explore a large squat basaltic pyramid, or from below, following the elder things' trail from (4) The Pit with the Spiral Ramp.

If the investigators stumble on the site from above, the party approaches a heavy squat pyramid of dark basalt. Thrusting 25 yards above the ice, it is about 75 yards across at the base. Its walls are smooth and unadorned. The only entrance to the structure is a dark forbidding archway at the end of a gently sloping ramp.

The archway is six yards high and wide. The ramp behind spirals downward through many turns, descending hundreds of feet below the surface. The walls are sparsely decorated with deeply incised simple signs and external scenes in the most Decadent fashion. In every view, the City is stark and dead, the vegetation all but gone and the buildings empty and sad.

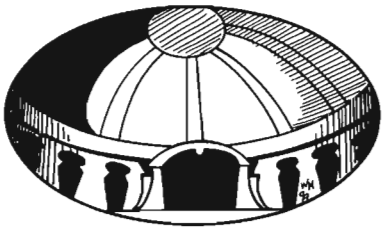
■ At the bottom of the ramp the passage opens into a huge chamber.

If the investigators approach the site from below, after traversing several basement chambers, and a number of short connecting tunnels adorned with the usual murals, the investigators find themselves following a long, steeply descending corridor, lacking both side doors and carvings. Investigators familiar with Dyer's notes notice the lack of penguins; none of the giant albino birds are to be seen.

■ After hundreds of yards the corridor opens into a huge chamber.

This large Abyssal underground space, some 36 yards in diameter and about 18 yards high in the center, is a perfect hemisphere. The chamber is surrounded by many broad low archways, and a single

large arch, fully five yards high. This is clearly the chamber described by Dyer.



Investigators who decide to explore the smaller archways find that one curves upwards to the surface directly above, while the others end in rock falls or extend in various directions into the underground passages of the lower levels. The large archway is more interesting.

This chamber, and all the ramps and rooms below, is occasionally patrolled by shoggoths. There is a 50% chance per hour of the party encountering one. The shoggoth attacks at once, whistling and hooting loudly with many mouths.

PATROLLING SHOGGOTH ("Don't Call Me Sir, I Work For a Living")

STR 69	CON 36	SIZ 81	INT 7
POW 12	DEX 06	Mov 10	HP 59

Damage Bonus: + 8D6.

Weapons: Crush 70%, damage 8D6

Armor: none, but (1) fire and electrical attacks do only half damage; (2) physical weapons such as firearms do only 1 point of damage, impaling or not; (3) a shoggoth regenerates 2 hit points per round.

Spells: none.

Skills: Climb 13%, Listen 30%, Scent 44%, Sneak 10%, Swim 60%.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points.

(8) Starkweather's Camp (Surface)

That information is available in Chapter 10, on page 169.

(9) Moore's Refuge (Surface)

That information is available in Chapter 10, on pages 170-171.

(10) Frozen Waterfall (Surface)

At the end of a rising canyon of scarred and pitted stone, the ancient river that once traversed the high plateau vanished here, through a low arched opening into a subterranean abyss. In recent ages, the river water has forever frozen and moves at a

The Road to the Abyss

Beyond the archway, the tunnel slopes steeply down. A current of warmer air rises from below, hinting at fog, dampness, and unpleasant organic smells. The tunnel walls are made of masonry, sparsely decorated with inlaid Decadent cartouches. Soon the finished surface gives way to natural rock. Occasional carved grooves in the floor aid traction in the steeper parts. The floor here is very clean—a fact which may alarm investigators. A Cthulhu Mythos roll notes that this is a sign that shoggoths have passed, but give no check for a success.

Occasional lateral galleries spur off the tunnel, but these are nothing more than frustrating dead ends. Throughout the descent the air gets gradually warmer, rising by degrees toward freezing. After a quarter mile the tunnel ends in an elliptical cavern, about 15 by 35 yards, which is probably natural, though it has a level floor. Many large stalactites hang from above; several dark chambers yawn to either side. The rank offensive scent in the air is stronger here.

- As the investigators approach the chamber, they catch a flash of movement. A successful **Listen roll** picks out the rustle of feathers and stealthy motion. If the investigators actually enter the cavern, even those who failed their rolls clearly hear the subsequent raucous squawking, as a giant albino penguin breaks cover and waddles urgently towards one of the other corridors. There is no other sign of movement and nothing else appears to be present. Trusting investigators may assume that the penguin was frightened by the exploring party, despite Dyer's report that the birds cared nothing about human presence. (In fact, the penguins have learned to fear anything that moves, thanks to the recent depredations of the elder things.)
- The floor of this room is strangely polished, and the carvings on the wall are crude but deep, in a degenerate style not seen before. Most of the panels depict elder things in assorted stages of dismemberment, or under attack from large spheres of unidentifiable material—the shoggoths themselves.

"Gotcha!"

If the investigators loiter here, attempt to continue down the tunnel beyond, or explore the adjoining caverns, they immediately encounter one of the denizens of the upper tunnels, drawn to the cavern by the sounds and smell of the investigators.

Their first signs of trouble are the faint cries of *Tekeli-li, Tekeli-li!* emanating from one of the deeper passages. These are detectable with a successful **Listen roll**. If the party remains, a small shoggoth arrives and attacks at once. The noise of the attack attracts others (much larger!) of its kind, which begin to arrive after ten rounds.

It is extremely unlikely that the party will wish to continue downward past this point. If they do survive the fight, and the subsequent five mile journey, the Sunless Sea appears as described in (26), "The Stygian Cliffs."

PATROLLING SHOGGOTH #2 ("I Work Hard to Further Our Race")

STR 37	CON 24	SIZ 48	INT 8	POW 10
DEX 05	Mov 10			HP 36

Damage Bonus: + 4D6.

Weapons: Crush 73%, damage 4D6

Armor: none, but (1) fire and electrical attacks do only half damage; (2) physical weapons such as firearms do only 1 point of damage, impaling or not; (3) a shoggoth regenerates 2 hit points per round.

Spells: none.

Skills: Climb 16%, Listen 29%, Scent 58%, Sneak 14%, Swim 68%.

Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D20 Sanity points. ❑

glacier's pace. A steep arch of ice curves from the edge of the opening into a deep and lightless gulf, illuminated only fitfully by the explorers' lights. The rock walls of the eroded shaft are worn natural stone; countless small openings and hollows in the soft limestone below hint at further reaches to explore. From time to time, a faint waft of vapor billows upwards from the gulf and puffs like fog into the canyon, carrying with it a faint organic smell and a hint of warmth.

The surface of the frozen river near the fall is not smooth, but rucked and broken from pressing against the surrounding stone. Bits of other material, carried along by the ice, protrude here and there above the cloudy surface. An investigator with a successful **Spot Hidden roll** finds a curious bulge of glassy stuff, purple-blue in color and flecked with bits of imbedded gold, a few feet from the archway. If some time is spent excavating around the edges of the bulge, ice can be chipped away. The revealed object resembles nothing so much as a large lidless blue eye, almost a yard in diameter, set neatly within a cup of hard gray stone. The glass weighs more than a ton.



Keeper's note: this is one of the eyestalks from the carved statues upstream. It has been carried this far over the last quarter million years. In another ten centuries, it will be gone over the lip and into the gulf.

If the investigators accompany Starkweather on his journey to visit the statues, this find makes him crow with victory. Starkweather will waste a great deal of time and effort to remove the eye and transport it to camp; but the truth of the matter is there is no way to move it, or to fly it out if it was moved. It is simply too large and heavy for the planes.

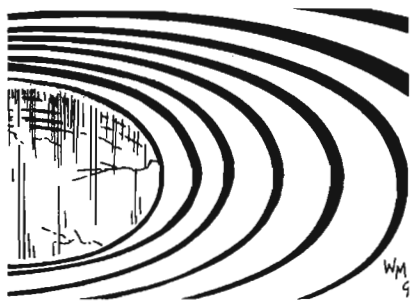
(11) Observatory (Surface)

Atop a cylindrical Decadent tower, explorers find a series of curved ramps, all tilted about 16 degrees south, and stone pedestals. The pedestals once bore instruments, long vanished. A successful **Navigate roll** allows the investigators to deduce that the curved ramps once were used in some way to track the movement of celestial objects. The various erratic motions of the Earth's rotation on its axis and of its solar orbit has already long ago erased any accuracy inherent in this structure. A large triangular stone blocks the view towards the west-northwest (specifically, bearing 290 degrees true); this stone is incised with a worn symbol, now impossible to read.

Keeper's note: the stone blocks the view directly toward the Pharos, the Construct Tower, and the Vale of Storms.

(12) Arena (Surface)

Partially filled with ice, this open conical pit from the Archaic period vaguely resembles a bull fighting arena or Grecian theater—only one with eight-foot-wide ledges surrounding a small central area. Carvings set into the vertical surfaces are almost entirely obliterated by the weather, but seem to show crowds of elder things in this very place. The icy ledges are hazardous to traverse without slipping, as the ledges slope somewhat down towards the center.



(13) Promontory (Surface)

Pushing upward out of a pile of shattered masonry is a long upthrust of obsidian-laced granite, looking very out of place amidst the darker hues of the surrounding buildings. The upthrust looks to be a single large mass of stone, rising 20 yards above the ice and running 130 yards from end to end. In outline it is reminiscent of Ayers Rock in Australia. Except for a number of deeply incised dot clusters atop the stone's highest point, the mass is natural and unadorned. Interestingly, with a successful **Archaeology roll** or sufficiently good **Spot Hidden roll,** the investigators note that the ruins all around appear to be the remains of a barnlike structure built over the Promontory, as if protecting it from the weather.

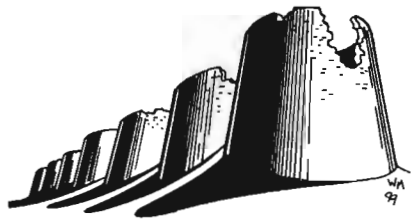
Not far from the northern end of the outcropping are four carefully crafted hummocks formed of pressed snow. Each is about six feet high and eight feet across, and in overall shape resembles a blunt starfish—or the head of an elder thing. The mounds are each capped with green five-lobed soapstones.



Beneath each mound is the headless corpse of an elder thing, buried upright in a cylindrical pit dug into the ice. These are the four things slain by shoggoths on their way to the Sunless Sea; their surviving companions went back, in the months that followed, and were able to retrieve the bodies for burial.

(14) Pit Farm (Surface)

Turning along the edge of the riverbed for about 400 yards are a line of steep-walled conical pits protected by thick lips from the surrounding ice. Each pit is 16 yards across at the top and appears nearly 50 yards deep; the rims are an arms length thick and project seven yards up from the original surface. As the glacial sheet is less than four yards thick in this location, the pits contain only a small amount of packed snow.



The Pit Farm is a Decadent construction. In earlier Mature murals, a long gallery of glassy stone stood in its place.

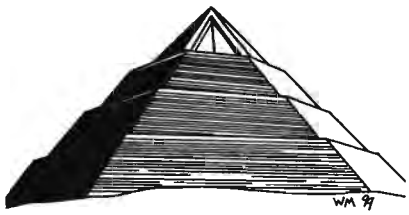
(15) Arcade (Surface)

This long straight triple row of pillars and archways, made of dusky pink marble of unknown origin, runs north and south for almost 100 yards. No trace of the roof, if there was one, remains. The floor is buried deep beneath the ice; the pillars, when made, must have been at least fifty feet high.

(16) Pyramid (Surface)

Situated on a low rise near the northern bank of the vanished river, this squat stepped pyramid rises in four layers 60 yards above the ice. The edifice is made of Jurassic sandstone, now deeply weathered, and is surrounded by a thick angled basaltic rampart. Its five sides are unadorned, and there are no ramps or stairs up to the top; however, on each face of the topmost thrust, huge doors of dark material can be seen inset deeply into the stone.

Climbing the pitted sides of the pyramid is a simple task, requiring a single **Climb roll** even without ropes. Upon reaching the top, explorers see that the doors are of dark mottled petrified wood, four yards high and three yards across (and as thick as a man's head!), and that in the center of each door is a complex knotlike symbol set in amber.



To enter the pyramid, the explorers must break open one of the doors—no mean feat given the size and weight of the stone. Within they find a seven yard pentagonal room. The room, which fills the entire level of the pyramid, is itself in the shape of a five-sided cone. Walls, floor and ceiling are carefully tiled in polished obsidian; hundreds or thousands of tiny quartz flecks powder the walls. A successful **Idea roll** suggests to the investigator that the crystal insets look like stars in the night sky; an **Astronomy roll** confirms only that the patterns resemble nothing in the skies today.

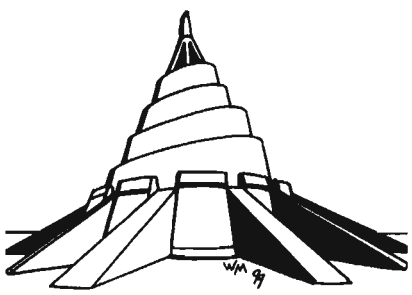
The only furnishing in the chamber is a rough stone block, a yard across, which stands waist high. Atop the block, five crystals thrust upward like the fingers of a hand; the stone between them is drilled out to a depth of almost a foot. Nestled at the bottom of the hole is smoky quartz egg 2 inches long. Its surface is intricately inscribed with tiny, almost microscopic, dot clusters.

Interestingly, this pyramid does not show up on any murals elsewhere in the city; where it stands, the murals show only a flat smooth unadorned plaza square. Even the most recent scenes show this, though the pyramid is from the early Mature period, if not older.

Keeper's note: this is one of the oldest buildings in the City—a monument to the Pharos and the Imprisoned God. The writing on the quartz egg describes the energies used to make the God Trap. The science and mathematics behind it are incomprehensible to contemporary readers; even a result of 01 for an **Elder Cipher roll** *conveys only that the script is some sort of invocation or protection from evil. There is nothing magical about the egg or the pyramid.*

(17) Snake Tomb (Surface)

Here a sharp hill juts up from the surrounding rubble and soars seventy yards above the plain. The bare rock of the hillside has been intricately worked into a high detailed cone, with buttresses and a blunt eroded spire on the highest point. The entire structure, though extremely weathered, bears a vague resemblance to the Snake Tomb in Petra (successful **Archaeology roll** to notice). Smooth gentle ramps, without the usual transverse ribs, climb the hillsides and enter the crowning cone through archways that are taller and wider than those usual to the elder things. Inside rooms are spare and open, connected by gentle ramps as before. There are no murals or furnishings inside the building, but here and there, faint traces of inscriptions can be found just beneath the ceilings in a looping curvilinear script unlike any found elsewhere.



Keeper's note: this was the Yithian Residence, rebuilt for the ease and comfort of the Great Race during a peaceful interlude between the two species. The traces of curvilinear script are Yithian writings.

(18) White Obelisk (Surface)

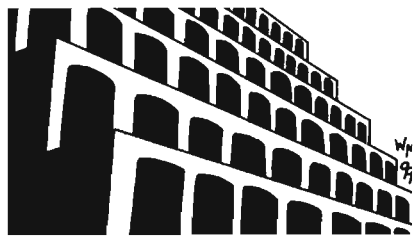
Not far from the sharply rising edge of the eastern terrace, a squat white stele thrusts into the air. The stele rises no more than seven yards out of the ice; two yards across at the base, the obelisk is reminiscent of Cleopatra's Needle. There are no inscriptions on the stone, but it has weathered very well; its edges are sharp and well-defined, with little of the pitting and erosion seen elsewhere.

(19) Serpentine (Surface)

A mile east of the Starkweather-Moore camp, this narrow cleared expanse snakes in an "S" curve for almost half a mile between sharply angled ten-yard-high embankments of bare stone. Any hint of its purpose is buried under ten yards of ice.

(20) Archive (Upper Level)

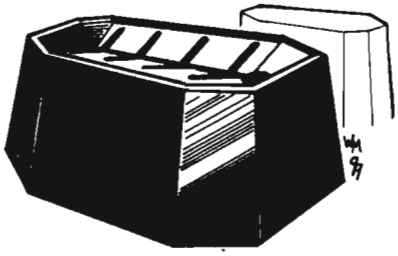
This impressive tower is from the Mature period, with a central light shaft and a spiral ramp around the light shaft. The windows are mostly heavily shuttered with petrified wood. Ten stories above the ground (and two below) bear continuous sculptural bands, three per wall. One band begins a little more than a yard above the floor, the next at about three yards, and the topmost at about five yards. Most of the levels are simply ring-shaped seven-yard-high rooms, surrounding the central shaft and ramp. At twenty-five yards in diameter, the tower contains over a mile of elder thing sculpting; it details a particular military campaign. This record covers thousands of years of history during the Jurassic. The adversary of the elder things is depicted as a winged, vaguely insectile smaller creature—the mi-go. Both sides are shown performing hideous atrocities on their opponents.



(21) Laboratory (Upper Level)

A large interior chamber, with a dozen two-yard-high table-like protrusions of solid stone, each about four yards long by three yards wide. Each top surface is of obsidian, and has channels carved in it which gather at a drain at one end. Carvings set into the walls suggest that this room was once used by elder things poking their tentacles into the innards of dinosaurs, small mammals, early primates, and fish, as represented in different panels. The similarities to the slaughter at Lake's Camp are unnerving (SAN loss 0/1).

Explorers can infer, with a successful **INT roll,** that many of the carvings are reference information for the internal anatomy of the subjects shown. Any character with Geology or Paleontology of 10% or more realizes that this kind of information would be invaluable to scientists, as fossilized material mostly represents bones. The carvings also imply tens of millions of years of sequential anatomical comparison.



(22) Matrix (Upper Level)

This site, from the Mature period, is two areas, one above the other, joined by a steep ramp. On the lower floor, the shattered remains of wrist-thick stone rods, mixed with fine rust, show where a sort of stone and metal arbor filled much of a ten by twenty yard room. The ceiling sags deliberately downward into three large stone vessels, with the rusted stubs of what might have been pipes protruding from them—they bear a comical yet sinister resemblance to cow's udders.

In the upper room, three stone tanks or cisterns are set into the floor; notches in their sides, and holes filled with rust and dust show where apparatus once was installed. Wall carvings show elder things at work in a similar chamber; a successful **INT x3 roll** deduces that they poured liquid into the tanks to slowly feed something in the room below.

(23) Midden (Upper Level)

A half-collapsed tubular bridge opens into a small oval room sheeted with fine clear ice. A few stains and scraps of shriveled dried tendon, skin, and blubber surround the edge of a dark hole, about three yards wide and nearly twenty yards deep. Sometime in the last few years, one of the current elder things threw many unused bits of seal or penguin down this shaft.

Keeper's note: if examined by a qualified scientist, both seal and penguin remains show many anatomical differences and peculiarities not found in known species. These specimens all came from the undersea Abyss. See the section on Wildlife for more information.

(24) Breeding Pits (Lower Level)

Deep in the bowels of a building, a round domed chamber seven yards high and sixty yards across contains many small stone rings of ten pentagonal tubs, each pentagon a yard high and somewhat less across, with partitions a hand's width thick. Vague dust and crumbled organic debris (including small bones of Holocene mammals) lies on the floor of this room, turning slowly into sedimentary rock. The wall carvings show elder things tending larval versions of themselves in these tubs.



(25) Pool (Lower Level)

Deep underground, a ramp gives onto a ledge surrounding a vast, totally smooth surface of ice. The ice is five yards below the ledge, and forms a "rink" 35 yards long by about 25 yards wide. No ramp leads down to the surface. Small fish and other sea life, typical of those found in the southern oceans a half million years ago, are frozen in the ice; some are visible just under the surface, and can be chipped out.

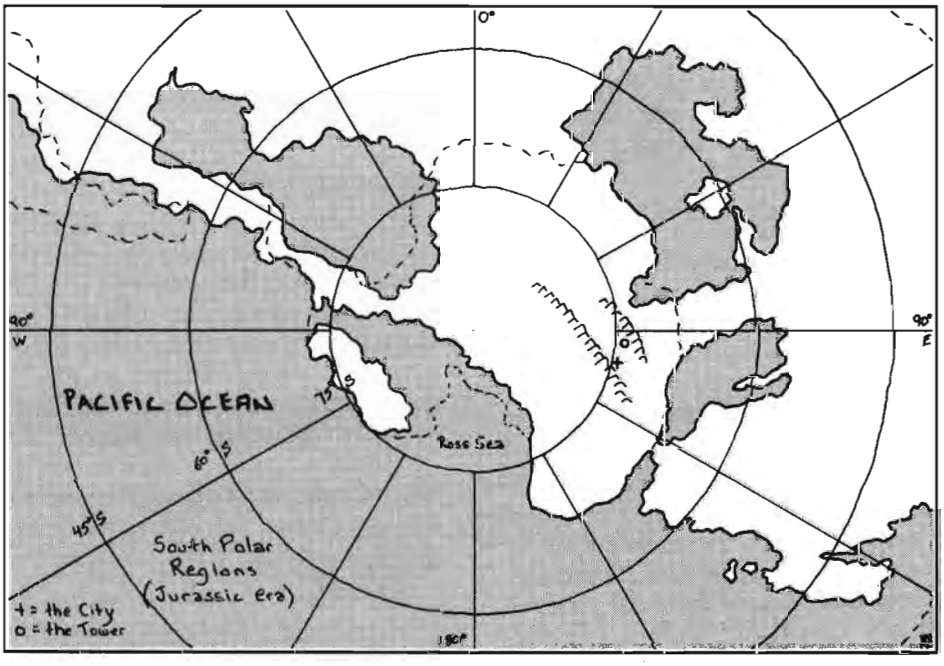
(26) Entrance to the Stygian Cliff (Lower Level)

Deep below some mysterious building toward the eastern edge of the City, the explorers come upon a five yard square passage descending abruptly and ominously, at nearly a 30° angle. The otherwise unremarkable passage is carved almost from the beginning out of solid rock; within a few hundred yards it enters a region of limestone, with numerous natural openings to the sides and above. These openings lead to an endless network of water-worn tunnels beneath the Miskatonic Range. The thousands of miles of caverns were barely explored even by the elder things in all their eons of existence here. The natural tunnels connect, hundreds of miles away, with those under Lake's Camp.

Any group of entirely non-player characters turns back at this point, rather than following further the smoothly carved corridor. If the investigators persist in descending, the keeper should note their methods for producing light. Few flashlights were brought for use in the polar summertime, their batteries are of limited duration, and no torch material exists unless the characters brought it. The effort of walking down the slope is minimal; however the keeper should emphasize the eventual problem of the return trip. The

School Hall Ceiling Map (Location 28, Page 196)

Keeper's note: an outline of Antarctica is shown underneath fracturing Gondwanaland. The mountains are the Miskatonic Mountains and the Western Range. The coordinates shown are present day; in the Jurassic, the city was in temperate latitudes. Cf. map, page 211.



trip down will take about an hour and a half; the return trip, over four hours.

If the investigators choose to continue, over the course of three miles of easy descent the air becomes noticeably warmer, and a vague organic smell is notable—reminiscent of the guano-covered islands along the coast of Antarctica. The air is frequently filled with wisps and bands of cool fog. No sign of travel—by penguins, elder things, or shoggoths—is seen by the explorers.

At a point almost a mile below the City, the passage gives access to a large ledge, opening out over the dark and humid gulf of the underground sea. The crumbling lip of the ledge is seven hundred feet above the unseen beaches and teeming penguin rookeries below; the cries of hundreds of thousands of birds can be heard. The ceiling of this vast cavern is only a hundred feet higher than the ledge. The air is thick with the smell of penguins, and just above freezing. This scene should be potent with awe and fear; investigators familiar with the history of the City should rightfully dread meeting the inhabitants of this subterranean land, whether elder thing or shoggoth. More ignorant explorers may be boggled by the sound of penguins, 500 miles from (and three miles above) the sea.

No ramp or other access exists from the ledge down to the mysterious regions below; unless the investigators brought a lot of rope and climbing equipment, they cannot descend into that hateful land. The cliffs are limestone, covered with patches of ice and slimy fungus; spectacular frozen spouts and icy caves dot its face.

With sufficient rope, two successful **Climb rolls** might get an investigator to the bottom of the cliff. One failure causes 1D6 damage to the spelunker in question, and two failures, death at the end of a long fall. Fumbles may affect other climbers. The climb down, hanging suspended in darkness, takes two hours; returning (with ropes already in place), three hours.

The shoggoths do not notice the investigators on the ledge unless they do something truly spectacular, such as firing flares or setting off explosives. It would take an hour even for those vile beasts to climb the cliffs; if investigators are still on the ledge when half a dozen shoggoths arrive, well! The shoggoths will prowl only a few dozen yards up the passage (sweeping it clean of dust and tracks) if by then the investigators have retreated. Bored, the shoggoths return to the food-filled seas below.

Truly stupid or stubborn investigators may make great efforts to explore the Stygian sea; this scenario does not pretend they are likely to survive. Great flocks of blind cave penguins stand about harmlessly on the shore, or frolic in the seas; small groups of pallid eyeless seals call mournfully from the water, feeding off of strange and ancient sea life. Eventually, though, any group foolish enough to trespass here will meet hordes of those plastic menaces which destroyed the elder things.

(27) The Concert Hall (Upper Level)

After a time we came across a row of windows—in the bulges of a colossal five-sided cone of undamaged apex—which led into a vast, well-preserved room with stone flooring; but these were too high in the room to permit descent without a rope. . . . This enormous room was probably a hall or concourse of some sort, and our electric torches showed bold, distinct, and potentially startling sculptures arranged around the walls. . . .

Dyer and Danforth never entered here, but the investigators can. The chamber is accessible via the windows, using a rope, or through a series of low arched passages through the lower level from the west.

The chamber is five-sided, fifty-five yards across, and the ceiling at the central peak is 25 yards or more from the floor. The interior beams are huge and heavy, curving gracefully up to meet in a colossal arch just below the apex of the cone. The floor was once covered with heavy tiles in a variety of grays; these are still present, but are loose and crumble easily when stepped upon. Broad ramps slope downward into cramped lower passages, which in turn radiate out in many directions.

Wildlife

Few animals or plants of any kind could survive in the City; those that might all live in or near the Sunless Sea. The ecology of the Sunless Sea is worthy of study; from its beginnings in the thriving microorganisms that live in the deep hot shafts bored by the elder things, through a variety of strange, unique fungi, and small creatures derived from the sea life of 5 million years ago, to the small population of larger creatures and the predator shoggoths, there is nothing here that lives naturally in the outside world.

Should the investigators reach the Sea, examine it, and live to tell the tale, the following creatures are those they are likely to find. The keeper is welcome to add to the list as desired.

- ***Albino Penguins:*** these most famous of the City's peaceful denizens are found mostly on the shores of the Sunless Sea. Standing one to two yards in height, and weighing up to 150 pounds, this ancient breed is pure white, except for faint grayish mottlings across the back, and are blind and all but eyeless. The albino beak is shorter than that of its cousin, the emperor penguin, and the albino's legs are thicker and more wide-set.
- ***Eyeless Seals:*** these sleek gray seals resemble Weddell seals in overall shape and size, but they have larger heads, high brows, and no eyes whatsoever. They are found only in the Sunless Sea, where they eat indigenous sea life.
- ***Fangfish:*** largest and fastest of the fish species in the Sea, these little killers are only slightly longer than human fingers. They prey primarily on the many forms of jellies and sea slugs that inhabit the waters.
- ***Shoggoths:*** these mighty monsters are descended from the elder things' slaves. Grown intelligent and powerful over epochs, at last they rose against their masters in the lightless Abyss, and destroyed them all. Today they are unquestioned masters of their realm. General shoggoth stats and abilities can be found in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules. ❑

Mural bands, two geometric and three informative, are clear and distinct, drawn with the cartouches and simplified figures of the Decadent style.

One band shows scenes of the surrounding city as it might have looked three quarters of a million years ago. Many of the great towers are gone—some crumbled where they stand—others torn away and rebuilt in other forms.

The second band depicts elder things in great numbers, all of them outdoors. Some panels show them flying; others show them standing on sloping expanses of stone. All have their wings outspread, tentacular "arms" raised in identical gestures. The overall impression is of a prayer or performance.

The third band, though filled with images of elder thing activity, is difficult to interpret. The pictures are overlaid with deep circular cuts and angular lines, obviously part of the design, that interpenetrate the individuals in ways that are probably significant. The elder things shown seem unaffected.

One panel in each band, in the middle of the western wall, is entirely blank.

(28) The School Hall (Lower Level)

The best of the maps and diagrams were on the walls of a frightful abyss below even the ancient ground level—a cavern perhaps two hundred feet square and sixty feet high, which had almost undoubtedly been an educational center of some sort.

This broad chamber, nearly square, lies close by Moore's Plaza; but the building above it has long since vanished, and now it can be approached only from below. It has a gently sloping floor cut across by several deep channels of unknown purpose, about two feet wide and as deep. The ceiling is arched, shaped like a half-cylinder laid on its side, and seems to be formed out of the solid bedrock of the plateau. A tall dais graces either end of the room—beyond each one are ramps above (now closed) and ramps below.

Six broad bands of murals wrap the room. Above them—a rarity—the carvings continue to cover the rest of the ceiling as well, in broad panels seven or eight yards square.

The execution and designs in this large chamber are fine examples of the high Mature style, and—in conjunction with the many detailed maps which adorn the curves overhead—tell their tales more clearly than anywhere else the investigators have seen. Here, in broad sweeping outlines, is the tale of the elder things from their arrival upon the Earth, more than a billion years ago, to the end of their wars with the rebel shoggoth slaves.

So clear and simply drawn are murals in this room that investigators who take time to analyze the panels in detail (see as per "Carvings," pages 184-185, for instance). can add 1 to all INT multipliers—**INT x3 rolls** become **INT x4**, and so on.

The ceiling maps alone are priceless—and they scarcely require interpretation. There are maps of Antarctica, as it lay under the tropical sun of fifty million years past (see page 194); there are maps of the globe at different times, showing clearly the timeless dance of drifting continents; there is a map of the Solar system, clearly showing newly-discovered Pluto beyond Neptune—and another shrouded orb beyond it, not yet found by the probing telescopes of men.

The histories written here in stone are ancient beyond understanding—but they mirror and confirm the others written piecemeal throughout the City interior. Lake's "elder ones" came to Earth before there was life; they claim to have sown the life that arose; and, time and again, they fought interlopers to preserve their ancient claim. ■

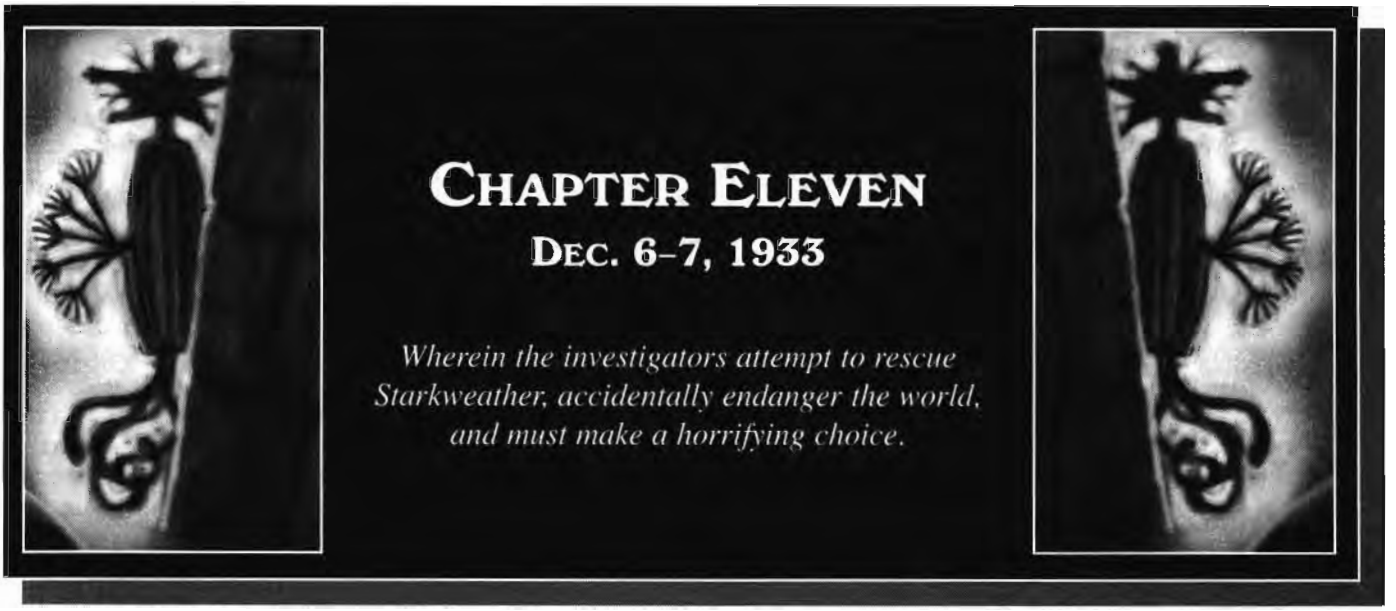


Chapter Ten Timeline

Dec. 4 — Starkweather's Boeings, *Enderby* and *Weddell*, traverse Dyer's Pass and circle over the City of the Elder Things. Moore chooses a landing spot in the plaza—a large circular clearing half-covered by rubble. A camp is set up and everyone explores. There is no sign of the Lexington plane or party.

Dec. 5 — A day of exploration for everyone. Elder things discover the human presence during the day.

Dec. 6 — Doctor Greene is carried off by elder things in the morning. Danforth attacks the camp in the afternoon, burning out the *Enderby*, but is stopped before he can do the same to the *Weddell*. Questioned, he snaps and babbles; while this is going on, the elder things capture Starkweather and carry him away. Professor Moore orders the *Weddell* sent to Starkweather's rescue. ❑



Chapter Eleven

Dec. 6–7, 1933

Wherein the investigators attempt to rescue Starkweather, accidentally endanger the world, and must make a horrifying choice.

No one could speak over the roar of the engines, as the Boeing flew through the deep ruddy light of Antarctic summer. There was little to do but think about their goal, and ponder the awful majesty of the Mountains of Madness.

Before them the sharp-toothed spires of the Western Range filled the horizon from north to south. Directly ahead the world was consumed by a swirling wall of moving clouds. The storm swept counterclockwise before them, whipping from left to right and obscuring the mountains beyond in a maelstrom of red and purple darkness.

It was like flying into the mouth of a primordial god.

Entering the storm in the thin air of the plateau was suicide. If the creatures had passed into the Vortex, there was no hope of rescue. Nevertheless the party pushed on, in hopes of finding the trail before they were forced to turn away.

Somewhere ahead were the elder things and their unwilling cargo. The expedition was breaking truly new ground at last—no man had ever before gone where they were going—but it was not supposed to have been like this.

No one could have imagined that the price would be so high.

To the Dark Tower

Keeper's Overview

In this chapter the various Antarctic expeditions explore the Construct Complex and discover the true purpose—and the threat—of the God Trap and the Elder Pharos.

In the remaining Boeing, the investigators fly in search of Starkweather and his abductors. After catching sight of the elder things in the air, the pursuers follow them to a lonely valley on the edge of a huge and violent storm vortex. On the way the *Weddell* is joined by the *Belle,* Acacia Lexington's craft, which has not been seen since crossing the mountains.

The elder things land with their unwilling cargo at a huge tower in the valley. The two aircraft land as well, outside the valley in a dry riverbed, and the crews proceed to enter the tower on foot to rescue Starkweather.

Meyer, the German scientist, is immediately convinced that this tower is the same one described in the Pym story. He believes the elder things have taken their captive to the very chamber described by Pym, and does his best to lead the party there. The path leads up a number of spiraling ramps, into some tantalizing chambers, and through an ancient and profoundly disturbing device.

High up the tower, in the chamber where Pym rescued the imprisoned sailors, the party finds the remains of Starkweather's clothing and gear. When the room is examined, the small shoggoth stationed in the room's central tub appears and reaches for the nearest party member. Meyer goes temporarily insane from seeing the shoggoth; after recovering from the shock, he no longer wishes to lead the group or explore further. The party presses on, however, believing that Starkweather is no more but anxious to learn his fate. After a brief examination of the adjoining chambers the party continues upward.

Still higher in the tower the explorers enter a region where the crystalline device is smashed and broken. A jungle of unwholesome plants grows around and through the crystalline remains. By now at least one of the party has been briefly joined with the Construct entity; the exposure drives the victim into incoherency but gives the group fragmentary understanding of the Construct Tower and the God Trap.

Not far from the central ramp, a structure formed from jungle plants, crystals, and the severed heads of men and animals is found. Starkweather's head is at the fore—his was the most recent addition to the structure, and he stares at the newcomers with flat mad eyes.

Lexington insists that Starkweather's head be removed for a proper burial. The

Location of the Complex

The Construct Complex lies in the barrens between the City and the Western Range, roughly two hundred miles due west of the expedition's Plaza landing site. It sits in a deep depression in the landscape, and is usually obscured by the storm Vortex around the God Trap. *Keeper's note: see the Construct Valley Keeper's Map on page 205 for details.*

The land around the Complex is extremely rough. Narrow steep-walled valleys radiate out from the Vale of Storms like ripples in a pond. Beyond the Complex, the foothills of the Western Range rise in earnest, and the mighty spires of the range itself dominate the horizon less than fifty miles away.

The empty channel of a mighty river runs out of the Western Range and passes close by the Construct site. This is a branch of the same river that once wound through the City and was mentioned in the *Dyer Text*. The riverbed provides the best and safest landing site anywhere near the Complex. ❑

moment this is done the head dies. Two elder things and their gardener shoggoth arrive and attack the party in a desperate attempt to keep them from damaging the Wall of Skulls, but they are too late. Disrupted by the sudden damage caused by the removal, the Construct begins to shut down.

In minutes the first effects of the shutdown can be felt. Timeslip mirages and waves of distortion are followed by earthquakes and blasts of storm. The Vortex around the God Trap shreds and the men outside catch mind-blasting glimpses of the Prisoner within.

If the things win the fight within the Tower, they strip and install one or more of the party in the structure to repair the Construct. If the humans win, they must do the same to themselves or allow the whole system to shut down, freeing the god and risking the destruction of the world.

Either way, the survivors—if there are any—retreat from the Tower in time to see the *Weddell* angling crazily into the air to the east. The two BFE men, Baumann and Rucker, have stolen the plane and are headed for freedom.

Pursuit by Air

The investigators fly west in search of Starkweather and his kidnappers. The swirling masses of storm clouds that hide the God Trap grow to fill the forward view, and the fleeing elder things are nowhere in sight. The things have a good head start, although the *Weddell* is faster, and the abductors know precisely where they are going. It is half an hour before the things are visible to anyone aboard the plane.

Investigators in the pursuing craft with successful **Spot Hidden rolls** or who use binoculars to sweep the way ahead finally see their quarries as a small speck struggling against the cloud mass of the storm front, still miles away. Their airspeed is sixty miles per hour. Starkweather can be made out as a small limp form suspended between his captors. There is no sure way to tell if he is still alive, but as the aircraft closes, those best able to insulate the binoculars against the constant bucking of the aircraft have the sense that occasionally Starkweather raises his head.

If Starkweather has survived so far, there is yet nothing that can be done for him while the elder things are in the air. The risk of the creatures' dropping the man if they are disturbed is too great. Halperin, Starkweather's pilot, suggests this to the investigators if they do not realize it themselves; the thing to do, he says, is to stay far back where the plane will not be noticed until the monsters land, then follow them in.

The Boeing must be slowed to match the things' own airspeed, stay behind them, and wait. The flight that follows takes nearly two hours more at the things' own speed; investigators may use this time to plan their rescue attempt, or simply bide their time.

Halperin flies the craft in a series of long sweeps, back and forth across the path of the elder things. "It keeps us from stalling," he explains with a grin. "Wouldn't want to crash up here, now would we?"

A few minutes after the things are sighted, the pursuers catch sight of the things' objective, a secluded valley half-lost in the

Illogical Attacks, Logical Responses

If the investigators decide that James Starkweather cannot be saved, even though some of them think he may be alive, they may decide to shoot down the elder things in flight, or simply kill Starkweather and put him out of his misery.

- Firing a handgun at them out of one of the aircraft's tiny cockpit windows is futile. The bouncing plane, the numbing cold, and the distance (fifty yards is as impossible as fifty miles in these conditions) makes such attacks pointless.
- Attempts to close with the elder things, and use the plane somehow to dissuade the kidnappers are futile. The logic of their duty is clear to them; they have no choice but to persevere. They will die in the attempt to restore the Construct, since the freeing of the god will bring doom in any case.
- Heroic measures such as wing-walking and grabbing away poor Starkweather by hand are quite impossible. The Boeing is of monocoque design, quite streamlined for its day. There are no struts or guys to grip, nothing other than the open door. In any case an elder thing is three or four times stronger than a human—the interceding human will be pulled up, and not pull down Starkweather. The wing-walker who falls (**DEX x1** chance not to fall per grab at Starkweather) then has his or her **POW x3** chance of being caught up by one of the elder things, and taken along to the Complex, there to be installed beside Starkweather.
- Elder things are very hard to kill, especially from a distance, and compared to an aircraft are very maneuverable. If fired upon, they spill air from their wings to evade the craft and plunge lower. Each time the craft approaches, they outmaneuver it adroitly (remember, they can see in any direction). If they need, elder things can fly much closer to the ground than can the *Weddell*. And, if they must, they can simply land in a rough area and wait out the *Weddell*, which cannot stay all day in the sky. ❑

edges of the storm. From this distance, even with optics, the valley is little more than a dark gash in the barren plateau; but within that gash is a faint and pulsing flicker of electric blue that somehow draws eye and mind, and burns its image into memory.

Unless an attack is made by the *Weddell,* there is no way to know if the elder things have noticed their pursuers. (In fact they have not.) The creatures simply continue to fly toward the blue pulsing light.

Beyond the valley, behind the great roiling wall of blackness and storm clouds, rise the fantastic spires and peaks of the Western Range. Even the mighty Mountains of Madness pale in comparison—these new mountains are higher and more angular still, reaching upward into the heavens like slate-black fangs. Their highest peaks shine with the clear brilliance of sunlight unmuted by the thickness of the air. It seems as if the mighty range thrusts up into the very edge of space itself.

The most alarming thing about the newly visible peaks is not their height, but a terrible sense of design in their arrangement. Beyond the curve of the storm, the mountainsides erupt stark and black and bare, without the caves and encrustations that mark the eastern range—but the tallest, closest peaks have about them a disturbing regularity, an evenness of spacing and of shape that suggests a malignant and powerful guiding hand. They rise about the cloudy maelstrom like gigantic fingers, cupping it between them as if to guard it from harm—or to crush it.

Investigators who make a successful **POW x3 roll** are most powerfully affected by the approaching peaks. The sense of pattern and structure in the cliffs and spires is profoundly unnerving—as if some terrible purpose would be revealed if the viewer could only understand.

Company

One hour into the flight another successful **Spot Hidden roll** reveals a surprising new feature. Behind the investigators by a mile or two, and a little below them, flies another aircraft, its metallic wings nearly lost against the glare of the icy ground. A closer look reveals the other aëroplane to be Lexington's *Belle.* It too seems to be following the elder things.

As the investigators watch, the smaller craft overtakes the Boeing. The *Belle* waggles its wings once, then drops back to fly alongside the *Weddell,* about a hundred yards off of their left wing tip.

Examination of the *Belle* by binoculars shows clearly that she has seen some trouble. The metal of her underside is scratched and dented below the wing, and the landing struts and skis are bent and out of true. Repairs have been made to the undercarriage and the struts—splints of wood and metal are evident on both legs and there are many more cables holding things in place than there were before.

The pilot of the little plane can be dimly seen in his cockpit. It is Baumann, the German airman who set out with Lexington on the *Belle's* journey over the mountains. There is no way to tell if the other members of that party are alive or on board.

The *Belle* does not respond to calls on the radio. If the investigators try to signal Baumann with hand gestures or by some other means, he grins and waves and points ahead toward the tower and the elder things, making flapping motions with his hands. Otherwise the *Belle* stays where she is, in formation with the *Weddell.*

Seventy-five minutes pass before the elder things begin their descent. They fly directly for the Tower in the valley and near it are lost from view. In the last few miles of the journey, the valley and its Tower can be clearly seen. The bluish pulse of light does not get brighter as the investigators approach, but is harder and harder to look away from. It burns the eyes and makes them water, leaving streaks across one's vision like those that come from staring at the sun; yet it is never strong and often can be barely seen.

The light is beautiful, and it is horrible. It calls.

Approaching the Valley

The closer the aëroplanes come to the storm front, the stronger the crosswinds and turbulence become. The pilots can plainly see that the valley of the Tower contains no safe landing site. It is visibly uneven, and the edges of the gale whip fog and snow across it, frequently obscuring the details. If the expedition members wish to rescue their kidnapped leader it will be necessary to put down outside the valley and continue to the Tower on foot.

Careful study shows that, while the flat barren ground of the high plateau is generally good for landing aircraft, the closer one gets to the Tower site the rougher the ground appears and the more the surface is covered in snow and ice. It is as if the looming storm never moves from its current location.

The best landing spot for the purposes of the pursuers is a flat section of dry riverbed that runs north and south less than a mile from the valley's edge, about two miles from the Tower. If the investigators are at the controls, the keeper should ask the players to make **Pilot rolls** for each landing attempt; these should be used more to heighten the sense of danger than to pose a real threat. Failing the roll results in little more than a harsh and bumpy ride, or at most some minor damage to the undercarriage of the plane. It is important that the investigators be allowed to arrive at the Tower and witness what is inside.

Timeslip

Baumann, the pilot of the *Belle,* is quick to find the best landing spot and even quicker to act. The moment the elder things have dropped out of sight next to the Tower, the smaller aëroplane shoots forward, banks steeply and slips downward into the wind, scattering a number of bright weighted flags as it turns. The pilot obviously intends to land in the flat dry riverbed below.

As he does so, however, a number of things happen.

There is a blue-white flicker from the peak of the mysterious Tower, like the opening of a luminous eye. The storm clouds that fill the sky ahead appear to curdle and bulge outward, as if some mighty beast within had passed near and disturbed them. The air thickens and grows solid, trapping the ruddy light like amber in a glass, and an intangible wave of distortion sweeps outward from the storm. It ripples across the valley and beyond, passing silently through the humans and their fragile flying machines.

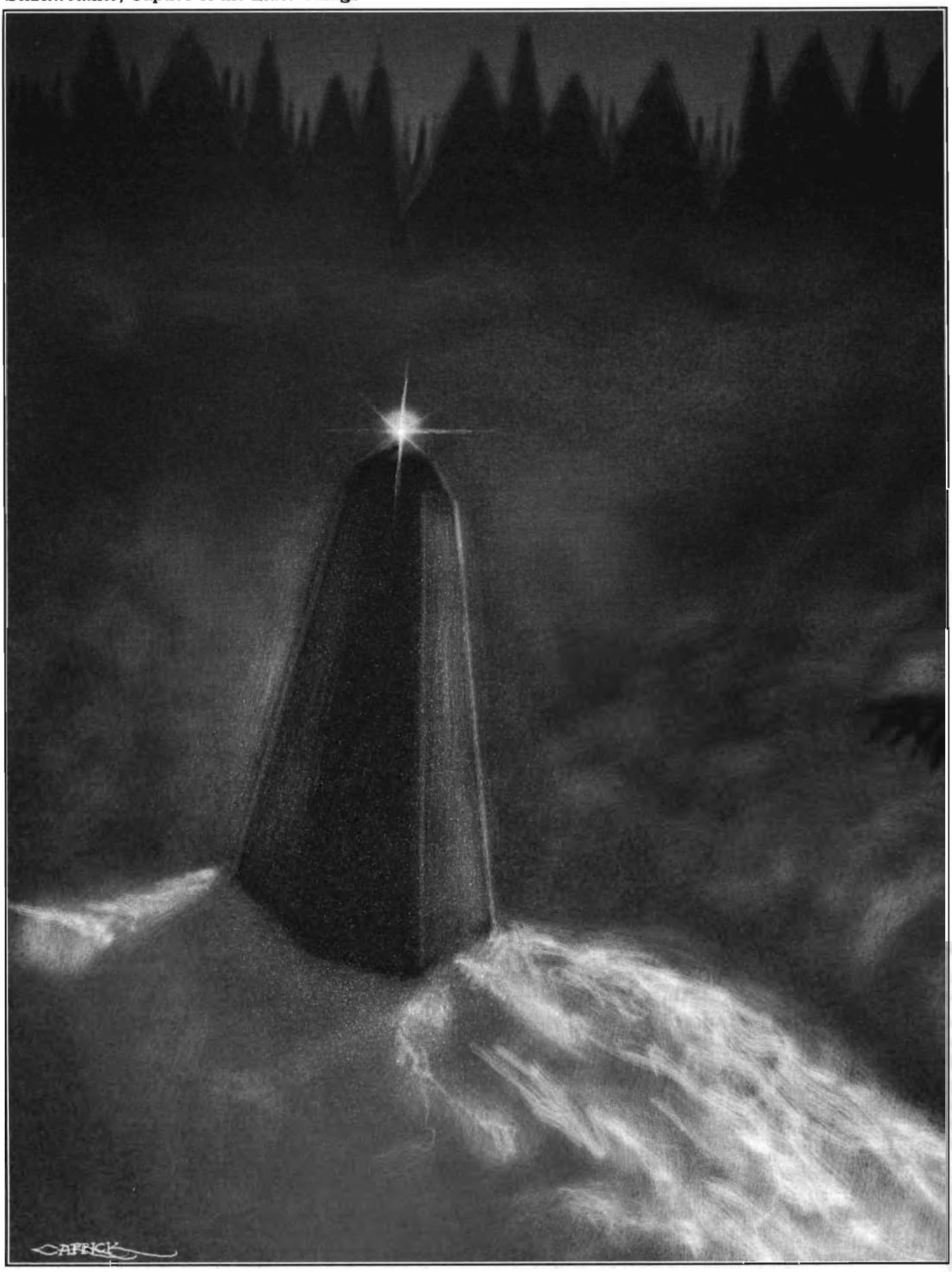
The passage of the wave is noiseless, but the occupants of the Boeing feel themselves briefly twisted in some horrifying and intangible fashion. In that moment the edges of the world run and smear; the horizon outside blurs, mountains rising and falling in an instant, the very land below churning and heaving like a live thing, as images of this place in a thousand bygone eons run together and overlap, and then are gone.

Afterwards, all is as it was before.

In that terrible moment, the *Belle* is struck as well. Those watching see the little aëroplane stretch and writhe, its outlines running strangely; then the effect has passed. The aircraft sheers violently and seems about to stall, as if the pilot had clutched at the controls, then lands fast and hard, slewing to the left before stopping.

Investigators caught by the change lose 1/1D3 SAN, from surprise and from

Starkweather, Captive of the Elder Things



Starkweather, Captive of the Elder Things



the terrible feeling that remains when the moment has passed—as if the world were somehow less whole, less real, than a moment before. The horrifying changes of a moment before leave no traces on the land below, or on the plane and its contents, except in the memories of those present. If they are to land, the time is now.

This near to the storm Vortex the wind is unchanging. It blows from the south at a steady fifteen knots, driving before it a thin powdery snow that builds up in the lee of solid objects and lays ice rime on exposed surfaces. The river runs directly into the wind here (see the Construct Valley Players' Map on page 204) and the pilot should face the aëroplane straight upwind for his landing. The ground is not smooth; the entire aircraft shudders and chimes as she jostles against the uneven terrain, then the plane is down, sliding to a safe stop twenty yards from the *Belle*.

On the Ground

The engines of the aëroplane sigh into silence. The sudden quiet rings in the ears of the passengers, and the plane trembles slightly as a gust rocks the wings.

Outside, through the windows, the land is stark and severe, blasted by ages of unending icy wind. The edge of the cloud wall looms dark, high overhead to the west, above a row of low ancient hills.

Near at hand lies the *Belle*. This close it is clear that the little plane has seen trouble. The hull is scarred and dented, and the struts of the landing gear have been broken and repaired. One ski is twisted out of true and the entire plane lists slightly to the left.

Time Slips and Black Seeds

One of the most remarkable mirages noted by the Miskatonic Expedition was a scene of the city as it appeared in the remote past. This curious effect stems from the combination of an "ordinary" inversion mirage and the twisting of time and space that exists in the vicinity of the God Trap.

The vortex that holds the Unknown God in its clutches warps time, as well as space, in its coils. Even light is caught and held close by the singularity at its core; and now, with the God Trap failing and the Construct at best a haphazard repair, from time to time the Lure loosens the grip on its prize.

When this happens, for brief moments the power of the Cold Hole is lessened. Time surges forward for an instant, and in those moments the space around the Lure acts as a colossal lens, setting free imprisoned light and images of bygone days.

At such times, too, the Unknown God stirs, and its seeds are flung outward into the world. Most of these fall within a few feet of the Trap, still deep within the Vale of Storms; however a few fly hard and high, caught by the storm vortex and scattered across the landscape within a few miles of the Lure.

Timeslips occur randomly. They are more frequent when the Construct is in dire need of new tissues. During the period covered by this scenario, they may be expected to take place every few hours, and last, at best, for a second or two. The keeper should feel free to employ them as needed to heighten the story's drama.

When a slip takes place a wave of distortion explodes outward from the God Trap and sweeps over everything within a few miles. In those moments images from one or more periods in time since the Unknown God was captured are mixed with and laid over the sight of the world as it is today. Images may be quite recent (allowing investigators to see overlaid images of themselves from a second or two previously) or they may be primordial; keepers may use this to allow their players glimpses of the Construct Valley as it was in its heyday, or to see scenes within the Tower or nearby. Experiencing time distortions costs 1/1D3 SAN.

Accompanying each timeslip is a release of Seeds. There is a 20% chance with each slip that one or more Seeds will land in the accessible regions of the valley. Appropriately located investigators (*i.e.*, those standing or walking near an impact site) notice the new arrival with a successful **Luck roll.**

The soapstone locator from Lake's Camp, if it is with the party, becomes quite hot when brought close to a Seed. See the section "Using the Locator" in Chapter Sixteen for the effects of this contact. ❑

Her crew, however, are obviously alive and well. Lexington and two men in the dark Barsmeier-Falken parkas stand by their plane, their expressions unreadable behind their German breathing masks. Priestley is already at the side of the Boeing, nodding his head in greeting as he looks up from outside the cockpit door.

"Hello!" He waves. "Fancy meeting you here!"

The top of the colossal Tower is barely visible over the rise, dark against the closing mouth of the storm. It is less than two miles away.

This is the first time the members of the three expeditions meet face to face since their departure from Lake's Camp several days ago.

Much of the mood of the meeting depends upon how much damage Danforth did in the City. The crew of the *Belle* have no inkling that anything is amiss; they know only that their pilot, Williams, set out to make contact with the Starkweather team after the *Belle* was damaged on landing; Williams never returned. Meyer also knows that someone stole his copy of the Pym text, but he has no way of knowing if it was Williams or one of the others.

Starkweather's team, on the other hand, has suffered the destruction of one of their planes by Danforth, have captured and questioned him, have probably undergone unpleasant encounters in the City, and seen James Starkweather carried off. They also have the Pym story and know something of its origins—clear evidence that the leaders of the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition are still hiding information from their erstwhile allies.

Both crews have just been through the timeslip; neither knows what it was or what it means. Both crews are shaken by the experience.

The encounter is thus filled with complex possibilities; but there is little time to pursue them. Starkweather's kidnappers were seen entering the Tower in the nearby valley, and that is the more immediate goal.

Keeper's Note—Staying Behind

If any investigators opt to stay behind with the aircraft, or to explore the valley region while Meyer and the rest enter the Tower, the keeper should carefully estimate the amount of time that passes within the game, and note exactly where each group is and what they are doing when the rescue party reaches the Wall of Skulls (see the section "Disturbing the Construct" later in this chapter.)

Keepers may wish to run the Tower party first, without the others present, so as to maximize the element of surprise for the outside party when its turn arises.

Into the Valley

No more than a mile away through blasts of snow and wind, yet clearly visible, was the image of a titan tower—a lair of giants, dragons, or some other fabulous and abhorrent creature, for it was far too great to have been erected by mere human hands. It soared above us, hidden behind a swirling, freezing veil of ice and snow, taller than any medieval tower or citadel. . . . There clung to this unholy edifice a hideous feeling of monstrousness, as if this were not something native to this earth, but an enormous, blasphemical Tower of Babel erected to mock God and all of His good works.

—*Arthur Gordon Pym,* Narrative.

The rescue party is on foot in the ancient riverbed, not far from the valley of the Construct Tower. There is no threat here, either from the weather or from the elder things. (Unless they were attacked, they are unaware of the arrival of the other humans and in any case will be occupied for some time with their newest victim.) Once the aircraft are securely tied against the wind, they can be left alone without danger.

The riverbed winds north and south from the landing spot. It does not enter the valley. To reach the Complex the investigators must surmount the low rise to the west, then climb down into the valley proper. The Tower is then only a mile away.

From atop the rise, the valley is a long narrow S-shaped crescent, stretching three miles further into the foothills to the west. Its far end is obscured by a haze of fine blown snow. Once in a while the haze will clear for an instant; at such times the distant end of the valley is seen, rising to a deep saddleback pass between two higher hills. Beyond lies only storm.

The floor of the valley is covered with white. Ice lies heavily atop most of the exposed ground; snow is layered deeply around the base of the great Tower.

Directly before the investigators the Tower rises in full view, a huge pentagonal obelisk of dark stone that dominates the

The Reactions of the Lexington Party

Priestley is pleased to tell his party's story:

"Well, Williams dropped us onto a nasty stretch of ragged ice, nearly ripped the bottom out of the plane. We tinkered with it for a few hours but he was pretty sure there was nothing we could do. He went to find you all—did you see him? We saw you land but the radio doesn't work, so he went on foot. . . .

"Anyway, after he left, Miss L. let Baumann take a look. He said he could patch things up, so the rest of us went exploring while he worked on the plane. Have you seen this place? It's got to be the find of the century! I have pictures they won't believe back home! Yessir, we're all of us going to be famous. If we get home that is.

"Yesterday we spotted one of Lake's monsters flying by in the distance. I wish I'd had my camera! Imagine! Living beings! The ones we found at Lake's Camp were millions of years old, like this City—but here there are some still alive! What a colossal find! You know they built this place? Doctor Meyer says the monsters have been living down here since the dinosaurs died off.

"Baumann had the *Belle* ready to go again a few hours ago and we were out taking pictures and samples of everything when we saw some more of the monsters carrying something heavy through the air. We were talking about finding their nest, or whatever you want to call it, and then you all flew by headed the same way. So we climbed in and followed, and here we are."

Lexington is professionally concerned for Starkweather:

"So the elder ones have taken him. I'm sorry to hear that. We've never been friends, but I'm sure he would prefer a Christian burial at least. Would you mind waiting a minute while I get my gun? Of course I'll help you find him. If he's all right, he'll never live this one down."

Baumann is concerned for the Belle:

"The work, as you see, is not complete. Our first landing was very bad, and it is not entirely repaired. I must continue the work while we are here. During the flight we have heard noises that should not be present in the aircraft, and now the skis must again be straightened to the correct position. I will do this now, while you are exploring, and perhaps it will not take overlong."

Meyer believes that the Tower is the one described by Pym, and is eager to press on to confirm this.

"Of course, let us be off. The creatures have your employer, and who knows what they are up to, is it not so? If this is where they live, and they are the last of their kind, there will doubtless be much to learn about them here. That light, that great tower, these are not the works of savages but of a mighty civilization of great power. The knowledge of these things must be brought to the world.

"It is a shame that we may have to kill them. Think of the wonderful secrets they must know."

Rucker is less certain:

"This a great danger, to fight the creatures in their own place. We are all seeing that . . . phenomenon . . . in the air before the landing, und I cannot guess what it was but it is not good for us. Doctor Meyer, I hope that you will be of the greatest caution in the fighting of these monsters, and even in the exploring. The expedition is more important than the life of one man, who must by now be dead from the frostbite and the wind I think, if the creatures did not eat him.

"If you do not mind, I will examine the hills here while you are busy. The mountains are most unusual, very old; they are perhaps holding clues in their very ancient strata."

Starkweather's pilot, Halperin, offers to stay with the party's plane. He will tie down the *Weddell* against the wind and keep a watch over the aircraft. Rucker plans to explore the hillsides outside the valley, and Baumann wishes to perform more maintenance on the *Belle*. The others—Lexington, Priestley, and Meyer—are ready to set out immediately for the Tower with the investigators. ❑

valley. This single massive edifice rears as high as a fifty-story building, but it is so broad at its base as to seem squat. Its five sides are unadorned by color or image and unbroken by balcony or window. The Tower is immense, and incalculably old.

The light atop the Tower can barely be seen now. It flickers and shimmers like a mirage, so dark a blue as to seem almost black; it seems somehow to crawl about the peak of the obelisk like a wisp of Saint Elmo's fire. When the light moves, it draws the eyes and distracts the mind with strange fancies.

Careful observers see that the ice and snow of the valley floor is neither smooth nor unbroken. Several places around the base of the monstrous building have a distinctly disturbed appearance. Binoculars or spyglass reveals that the ground in these places holds signs of repeated passage, as if some unnamed traveler had walked around and around the ancient Tower in recent days, now and then digging as he went.

It is not difficult to guess who and what such a traveler might be. What it might seek in the ice is another matter.

The three from the *Belle* confer briefly for a moment, then adjust their breathing masks and parkas and present themselves to the group.

"Let us be off," Meyer says crisply. "It is a long way to the tower, and your employer's life is at risk. All seems ready. Shall we proceed?"

If the investigators decide not to enter the Tower immediately, but to survey the exterior first, go to the section of this chapter entitled "Exploring the Valley" on page 230.

Reaching the Valley Floor

Climbing down into the valley requires caution. The rock of the valley sides is old and slick, eroded by millions of years' exposure to wind and ice into smooth curving surfaces of stone. There are few hand- or foot-holds; while the valley is not deep, a long sliding fall could break bones or worse. Anyone wishing to climb the walls should use ropes and spikes, and needs a successful **Climb roll** to avoid a potentially deadly fall.

There are easier ways down to the valley floor; they are marked on the Construct Valley Keeper's Map on the next page. Steep ramps of ice in two places on the valley's southern wall extend almost all the way to the top and can easily be chipped or cut with ice axes to provide safer footing. A similar ramp exists on the northern wall but it is less passable. If the party chooses such a route the keeper calls for **Luck rolls;** only results of 96–00 represent mishaps.

Falling investigators take 2D6 points of damage. If more than five hit points are lost in this particular fall, the character has broken a limb.

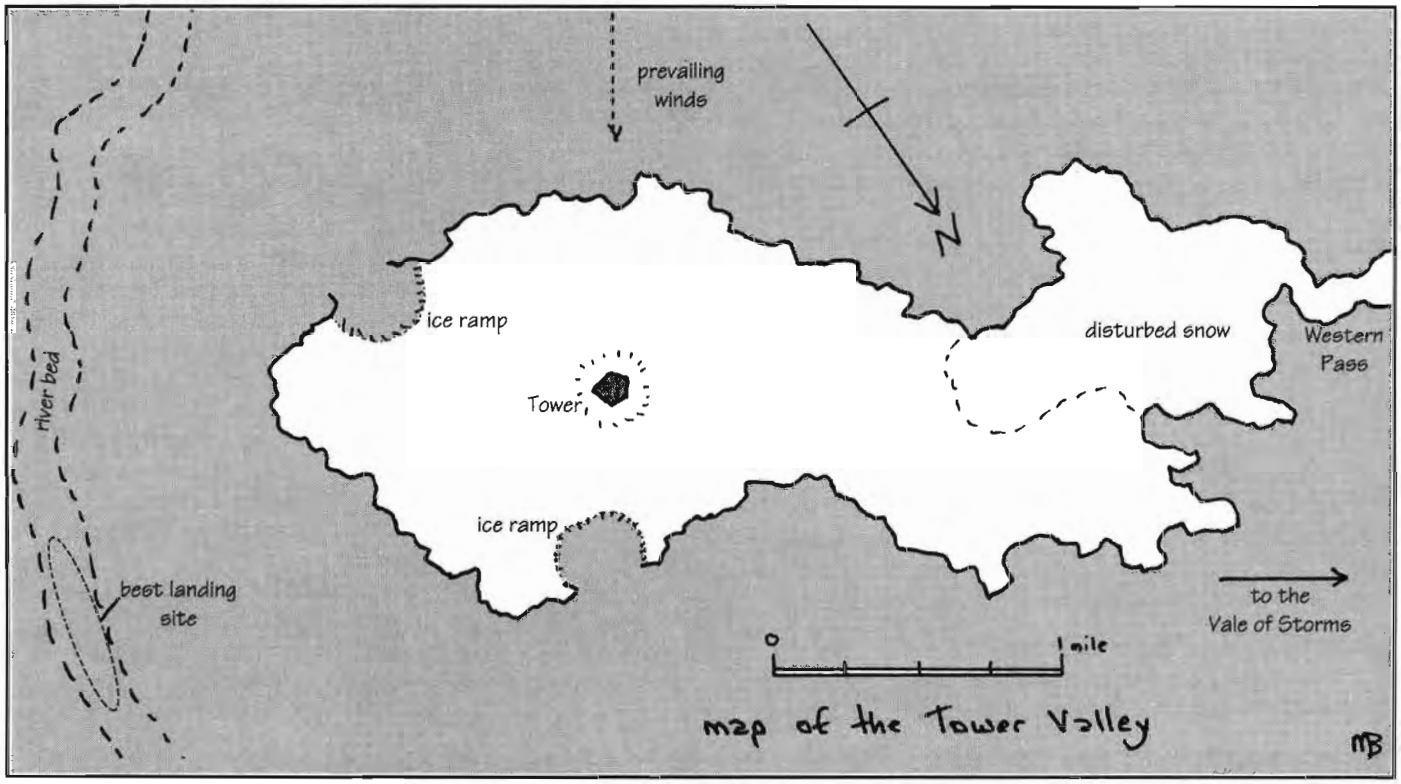
Inside the Tower

The Entry Areas

The Construct Tower is immense and ancient; most of it is unnaturally strong solid stone. The greatest engineers of the elder things built it to withstand eternity. There is little that is fragile or delicate about the Tower. Its chambers and corridors are sturdy and utilitarian in stark contrast to the finely worked rooms and halls in the City.

Keepers should refer to the two plans of the Tower provided. Except where noted, rooms and chambers are unused and barren. Corridors are no more than two yards wide but usually four to five yards high, with steeply arched ceilings and solid stone walls. Chambers, on the other hand, are usually wide and come in many shapes. Ramps are steep, angled at about thirty degrees, and have neither handholds nor railings on either side; the floors of the ramps are set with regular ridges raised crosswise every hand's-width of the ramp's length.

Construct Valley Players' Map



Meyer, who is by now convinced that this is indeed the tower described by Arthur Pym, is pleased to lead the way. He looks for the route upwards, in search of the mechanisms mentioned in the story, and has at all times an air of pleased expectancy. Investigators who make successful **Psychology rolls** are sure that he knows more about this place than he is telling; if Meyer's papers have been searched they will also know why.

If Meyer is—or has already been—confronted by the investigators, he has no reason to hide his knowledge. In that case he simply guides, using his precise memory of the document as a map, and can be used by the keeper to bring the party swiftly to their lost leader in the control room above.

The Tower and the Lure

The Tower is a part of the Lure, but the Lure is much larger than the Tower, and the Tower is also used for other things.

The elder things' Great Device consists of two parts: the Lure, which called to the beings of power and drew them in, and the Trap, which held them and allowed them to be bound and used.

The whole Device is spread out over hundreds of miles of caves and tunnels, and includes a number of artificial mountains in the Western Range as well as the emplacements in the Tower Valley. The largest feature of the Lure is a single high towering peak to the west of the Vale of Storms, which (when it is used) broadcasts its siren song into the angles between the worlds. (This may be the model for the Elder Pharos—and also the sources of the references in the murals to great forces shining forth from the highest peaks.) The largest feature of the Trap is of course the storm vortex around the Cold Hole—but the Hole is created and maintained by several artifacts the size of mountains designed for that purpose.

The Tower is the control center for both the Lure and the Trap. Since the Unknown God arrived, the Lure has not been turned on; it flickers and whispers only in trapped timeslip visions, or perhaps when the entire Device falters and fails.

Conditions in the Tower

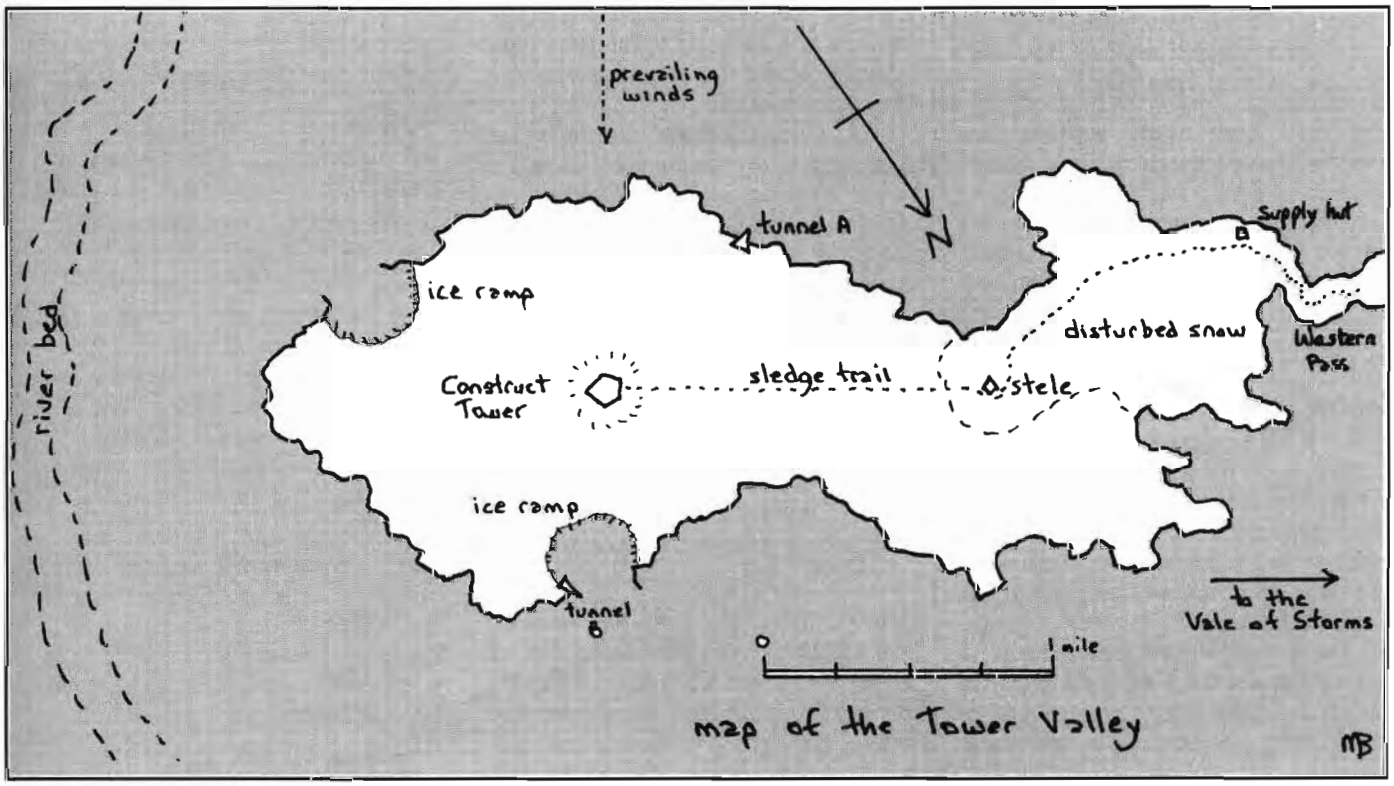
The first thing explorers notice about the Tower's interior is the heat. The entire Tower is much warmer than the air outside. In the initial halls and openings to the exterior the air temperature is close to the freezing point of water; in the halls and chambers that open into the well core, it is almost a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, dry and with a bitter odor, unless otherwise noted.

Most of the Tower's interior chambers are unlit. The elder things have little need of light in their day-to-day workings and have few resources to waste on conveniences. Rooms and hallways off of the central well core are lit by the Core's dim glow, and the upper chambers of the Construct receive some light from the broken walls; aside from these, only the residence, the control chamber, and the dissectory have lights of their own. These are crude glassy jars containing dimly luminescent material. The light they produce is greenish and is not bright enough to read by. (See the sub-section "Cup Lamps" on page 214.)

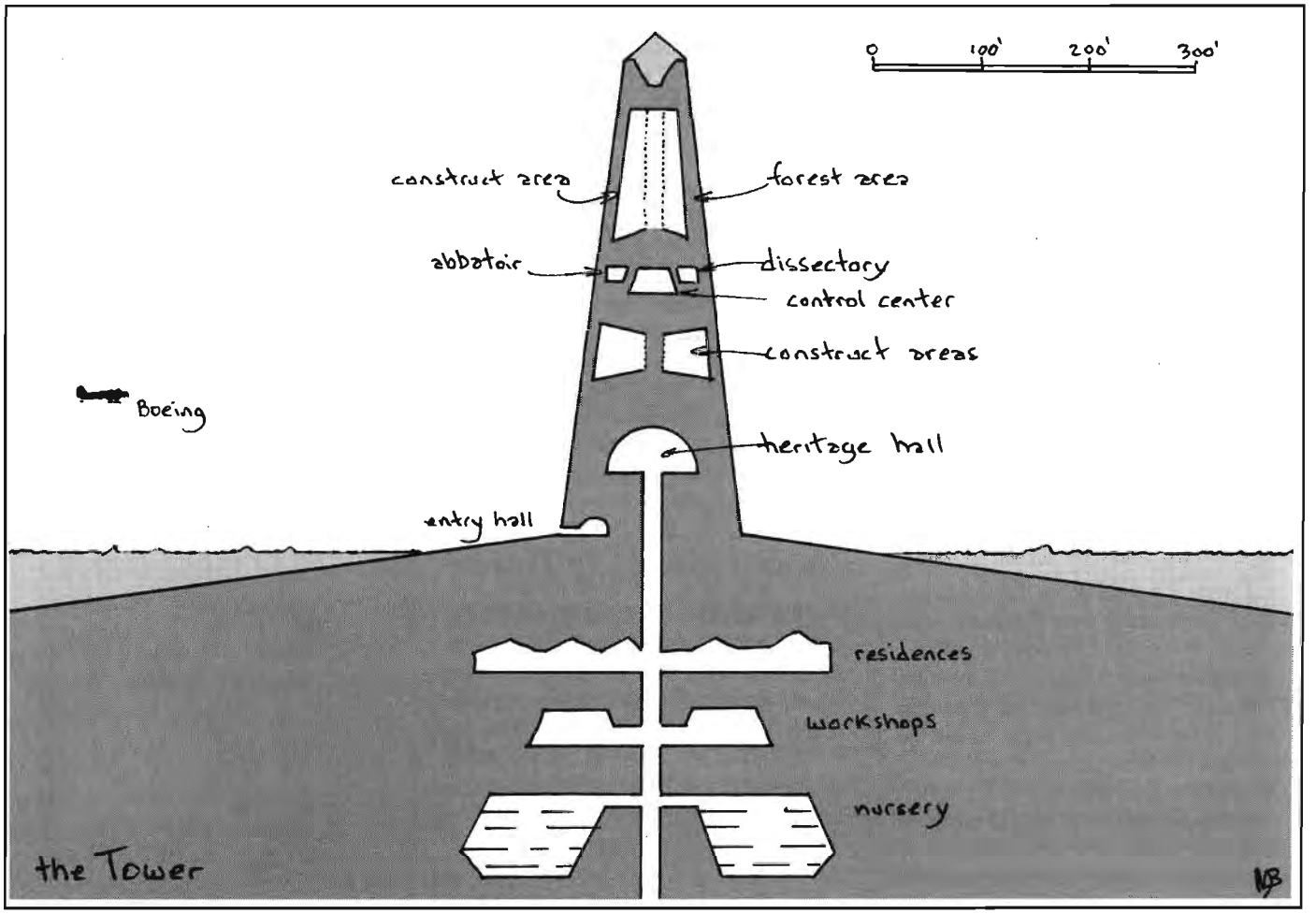
If Starkweather is Dead

If, for whatever reason, James Starkweather never arrived at the Tower and was not placed upon the Wall of Skulls, the scenario can be played as is. Only the name of the afflicted party changes; in place of Starkweather, the investigators find Richard Greene, the expedition physician who disappeared a day earlier. ❑

Construct Valley Keeper's Map



Tower Side View



The Open Archways

"Ah, yes!" Meyer nodded "A way in. Excellent! And the monsters have been this way, I think. Let us push onward."

Without another word the German scientist started down the ramp.

The snow slants steeply down ten feet from the surface to a tall narrow archway of charcoal-gray stone. The opening is set into the angle where two of the Tower's walls meet. It is doorless, undecorated, stark, and forbidding against the whiteness of the ice and snow.

The archway stands nearly three yards high but is slightly less than two yards wide. Beyond it a corridor stretches directly into the Tower's dark depths.

Explorers who examine the surface at the base of the icy ramp discover that the archway is itself at the top of another ramp, of ancient black stone, which slants downward an unknown distance into the unbroken ice beneath their feet.

The corridor beyond the arch leads for twenty feet directly toward the center of the Tower. The stones of the corridor floor and walls are smooth and clean, with faint slick pittings here and there along their surface. Frost has settled thickly in the corners and halfway down the walls, and grows thicker as the explorers push into the interior. The air is unexpectedly warm, and wisps of fog hang thin and motionless.

There is no illumination. Investigators who wish to explore further must find a lamp, torch, or other means of lighting their way. The keeper should recall that though electric batteries work quite poorly in the deep Antarctic cold, they are of much longer life once they are warm.

The Entry Dome

"It's dark," Priestley muttered.

"Perhaps they don't need light," Lexington replied.

The others peered uneasily around in the gloom. Hers was not a comforting thought.

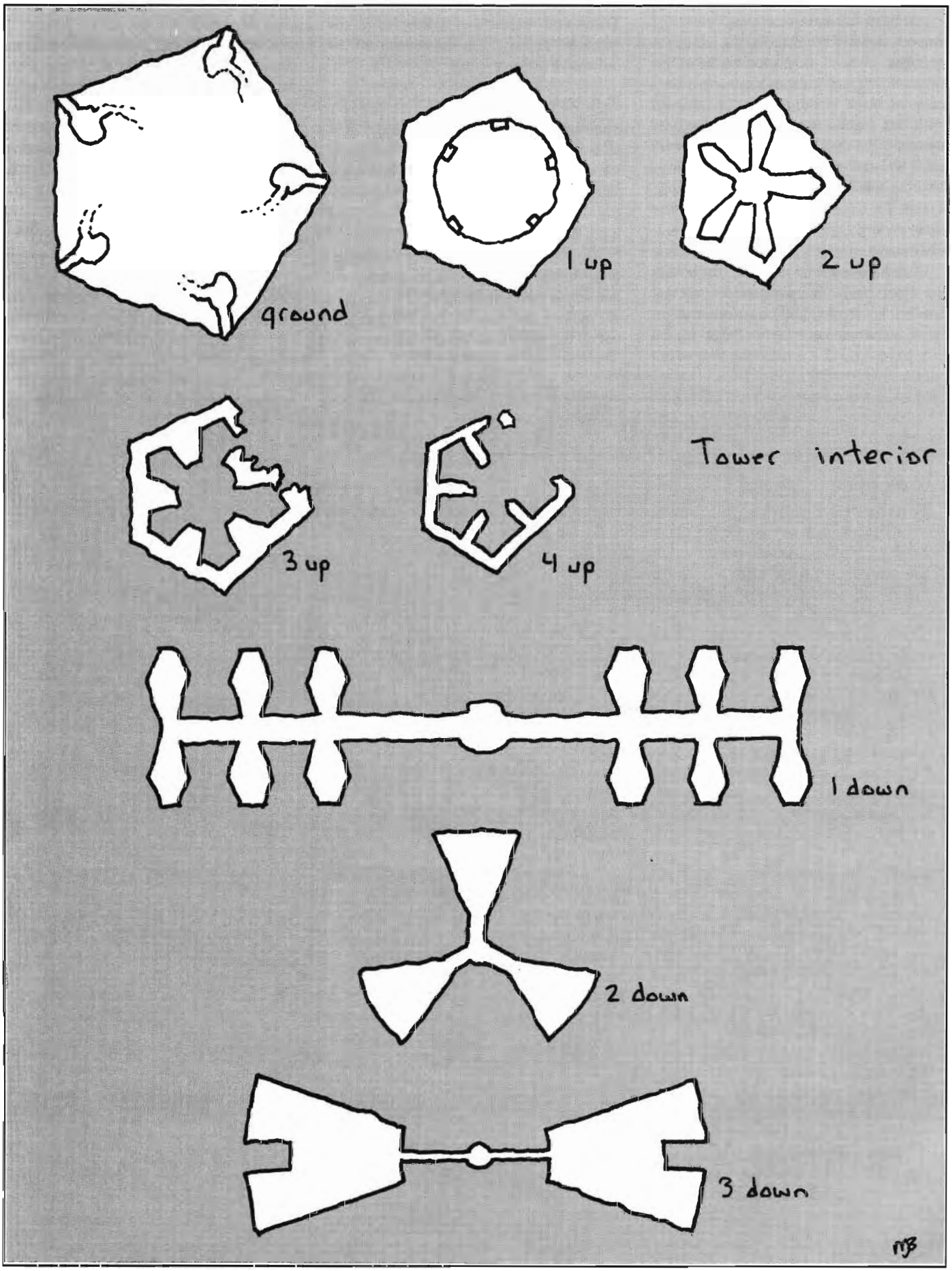
After ten paces, the narrow hall opens out into a lightless hemispherical chamber, ten yards across and five yards high. The stones of the chamber are unmarked as before; the fog hangs thicker in this room, and hoarfrost covers the walls and ceiling to a depth of more than a foot. The air is warmer still, almost up to the melting

Elder Thing Parkas

The weirdly shaped garments in the Entry Dome (page 208) are carefully made coverings used by the elder things to protect their bodies from the extreme cold and dryness of the Antarctic exterior. They are tall cylindrical sheaths of sealskin, with the fur turned in and long hemmed slits in the sides to allow access for arms and wings. The garments have high collars at both ends and buttons of bone. The materials are crude but the work itself is precise and fine.

There are five Entry Domes in the Tower. Three of these are inaccessible, deep under refrozen ice melt. The remaining two, at the southeastern and westernmost corners of the Tower, each hold two of the parkas. ❑

Tower Floor Plans



point. If there are decorations beneath the ice they cannot be seen.

Another tall narrow archway breaks the smooth curve of the dome to the left of the entrance. Beyond it the glow of the investigators' lamps reveals a slick ramp of ice-covered black stone, crossed at intervals with thin regular ridges, that rises steeply upwards in a smooth curve. To the right, a short wide alcove is sunk back a yard or so into the wall. The alcove appears empty, except for a pile of folded hides (elder thing parkas), and the original floor is hidden beneath the ice.

The hard layer of ice melt that covers the floor bears many signs of passage. Scuffs, skid marks, and countless triangular indentations around the edge of the chamber prove that the elder things have passed this way many times. A successful **Track roll** verifies that at least one of the creatures passed from the outside to the inner arch quite recently.

The Rising Ramp

The arched hallway rises steeply in a smooth curve, passing almost a quarter of the way around the Tower's circumference and gaining sixty feet of height before ending, without breaks or side tunnels. The ramp floor inclines at nearly thirty degrees. Finger-high stone ribs, rounded and sometimes broken by the passage of time, are laid across the ramp every hand's-length or so, making the climb easier for humans, but all the way up the center of the ramp is deeply recessed and worn smooth. In the thin air of the Plateau these strange steps are a struggle to climb.

The first fifteen yards of the ramp are particularly slick and difficult to ascend, because the air swirls with thick mist and the floor is covered with a thin film of new ice. Explorers climbing this stretch of hallway need successful **Luck** or **Climb rolls** to avoid slipping. Sliding back down the ramp's slick surface is embarrassing, not harmful.

As the explorers rise, so does the temperature of the air. It warms quickly and steadily to more than 80°F at the top, hot and damp with a throat-catching foul musk suggestive of rotting flowers. In such heat, explorers find it impossible to keep on their heavy

Exploring with the Lexington Party

Herr Doktor Meyer

Meyer has read the full *Dyer Text* many times, and has studied the accompanying photographs. He has also read the final chapters of the Pym manuscript, and believes rightly that the Construct Tower is the one described by Pym. He is eager to confirm this, and to find and retrieve for study examples of the technology described in the tale.

Doctor Meyer will therefore attempt to guide the party along the path taken by Pym and Peters in the story: into the Tower and up by turns to the heritage hall, the control chamber, and the dissectory. Once there he is at loose ends; his encounter with the corpse-eater shoggoth removes his interest in further exploration.

Meyer wants to find small portable examples of elder thing science, art, and writings—anything that will offer concrete advantage to the scientific world. Photographs and rubbings are a good start, but Meyer has his eyes on the long term—he wishes to find something juicy enough to promote additional funds, new studies, new research, and worldwide interest in future expeditions.

Meyer knows that Professor Moore has read the *Dyer Text*. He does not know whether all of the Americans present have done so. He knows that his copy of Pym's tale was taken, but does not know the identity of the thief, nor who now has the document. So long as Meyer believes most of the group to be ignorant of the knowledge in the two texts, his directions to the others do not mention his reasoning, but are designed to appear impulsive. An example might be:

"Ah! Look! A ramp leading up! They are winged creatures, they must prefer the heights; let us go that way."

If Meyer has been confronted, however, or the investigators make their own knowledge of the texts clear, he is instead quite open in his goals and no longer has anything to hide.

"Over there, gentlemen. The creatures took their victims that way in the tale; perhaps that is where we will find them now."

Meyer, surprisingly, carries a P08 Luger pistol under his parka.

Acacia Lexington

All through the party's initial explorations in the Valley and the lower reaches of the Tower, Lexington is the voice of professionalism. She is cautious, even-tempered, and does whatever she can to stop fights and discourage argument and dissension.

The unpleasant aura of the Construct, however, disturbs her greatly. From the point at which the explorers come into contact with the crystals she becomes increasingly nervous and reluctant to go on; this tendency increases throughout the jungle section, and by the time the Wall of Skulls is discovered only her extreme stubbornness keeps her from breaking down in fear. At that point, all she wants to do is leave; if she cannot leave, decisive action of any kind is a good second best.

She carries a carbine rifle slung outside her parka, and a .32 pistol holstered inside her parka.

Albert Priestley

Albert Priestley is a nice guy, but not a hero. Despite his powerful curiosity, the sheer scope and alienness of the City and the Tower make him uneasy from the start.

When Priestley gets nervous or edgy he tends to speak sarcastically and pick fault with others. Lexington knows this and puts up with a lot, but others may quickly find his brand of acid humor a bit much to take.

Priestley's reaction to the Wall of Skulls, and to the discovery of Starkweather's fate, is sheer bitter anger. From that moment on he wants to wreck the Construct and to hurt the things that made it, be they human or alien.

Priestley is happiest when he can take photographs. He carries a small camera with him even on this foray; however it will be all but useless in the near-darkness of the Tower, and any photographic film that is carried through the Construct areas is ruined by the energies there—the pictures are hopelessly fogged and few details are visible.

Albert Priestley carries no weapon. ❑

polar garments. Either the garments must be removed and carried, or they must be left by the wayside to be retrieved later.

The oxygen gear so necessary for exploration in the thin air of the Plateau also is extremely uncomfortable. However, though the air pressure does not much increase inside, the proportion of oxygen in the air rises to a breathable amount, and this is true throughout the interior of the Tower.

The Rising Ramp



The rising ramp opens up at the top into a large chamber, dimly lit by a reddish glow. From below, all that can be seen is the edge of a sweeping domed ceiling inlaid with carvings in the style of the elder things. There is no sound from above.

The Heritage Hall

The others watched from below as Meyer carefully raised his head into the dim red glow. His sharp intake of breath was easily heard by the entire party as he turned his head from side to side, goggles glinting in the ruddy light.

"Na ja!" he whispered softly through the breather mask. "Come look around you at history, my friends! This is magnificent!"

He paused, and pulled a large boxy pistol from somewhere inside his parka.

"But come quietly," he added. "And have your weapons ready."

This is a domed circular chamber fully a hundred feet across. The arch of the dome rises from eight feet above the floor at the edges of the room to a height of forty feet in the center. Five ramps angle up into the chamber around the edge from below, and a large shaft or pit yawns beneath the center of the dome. A narrow arched opening in the room's eastern wall is the only other visible exit.

The air is hot and dry, with a faint foul clinging odor. A ruddy glow emanates from the central well, dimly illuminating the dome; there is just enough light to see that every surface in the chamber is richly carved with bands and arabesques in the finest Mature style of the elder things.

The floor is a map cut in stone, depicting the region around the Tower as it might have looked in an age before the coming of the cold. The shadings are done with subtle changes of texture rather than color, the whole being executed with consummate skill and artistry. The effect is so vivid that at first glance the floor appears three-dimensional—as if the viewer were looking down from the air and somehow about to descend into its depths. The hills and valleys are clearly shown, as is the river. The room's central well occupies the location of the God Trap. The Tower itself is marked by a small deeply incised symbol halfway towards the room's eastern doorway; other different symbols can be found at various points around the rim of the chamber's central well.

The closest of the surrounding mountains are easily seen on the floor-map. Anyone who thinks to examine them is struck at once by their symmetry. As shown on the map, the peaks surrounding the God Trap are identical in shape to one another and form a perfect pentacle around the central pit. The conclusion that these mountains were either shaped or somehow made is inescapable.

Most of the map is in excellent condition; however, parts of the map have been deeply eroded away. A yard-wide path leads from the southwestern ramp to the central well, passes along the well's edge and continues to the eastern archway. This path carefully avoids the portion of the map that depicts the valley floor. Within the path the stones of the floor are worn smooth and bare of feature. It is evidently a long-used footpath; in its center the wear of passage has worn away the hard stone nearly to the depth of a hand.

The arc of the dome is decorated in a set of sweeping spiral bands that start at the edge and curve gracefully inward to a single large fresco at the center. The central figure is stark and powerful in its simplicity: It depicts a tall slender tower touching the sky with bolts of lightning, while from a deep pit beneath it an indecipherable knotlike form is the source for delicate lines that radiate outward in all directions.

The walls beneath the dome also tell a story. Here the wall murals are arranged in a series of panels, separated by tall banks of the dot-like elder thing writing.

Investigation of the eastern archway reveals another tunnel, once again curving upward and to the right.

The well-like opening in the center of the chamber is the top of a very deep circular shaft. The bottom of the shaft, hundreds or thousands of feet below, is visible only as a bright orange-red glow, the source of all the light in the room. A yard-wide ramp spirals steeply counterclockwise down the side of the shaft until it is lost against the glare.

Investigators wishing to study the wall scenes in this room gain a vague notion of the overall tale with a half-hour of careful study. More detailed understanding of the stories told here require a successful **Elder Cipher roll** for each band and panel. There are eight of these. Their tales are outlined on pages 210-211.

Above the Heritage Hall

This section describes the passages and chambers that can be reached by traveling upward along the curving ramp from the east end of the heritage hall.

The Ramp Up

"Ah! Look! A ramp leading up! They are winged creatures—they must prefer the heights. Let us go this way!" Meyer gestured with his pistol.

Priestley shook his head.

"The upper tower is a ruin," he objected. "And the monsters left their coats at the door—remember? No, if they're here, they're down there where it's warm!" He nodded toward the central shaft.

The German was unimpressed. "You may do as you like. I suggest you do not go alone. For myself, I am certain that the answers lie above. Madam, will you join me?"

"Albert. . ." Lexington began.

The cameraman cut her off. "All right, all right! Don't say it. I'll come along. It'd be stupid to split the group in a place like this. But if you ask me we're all idiots to follow him like the

The Tale of the God Trap

The walls and ceiling of the heritage hall illustrate the story of the elder things' most desperate war, of the ultimate weapon they devised to end that war, and what happened when they used it.

Spiral Band One: An Ancient War

The panel shows many scenes of battle between elder things and an enemy depicted only as a knotlike symbol surrounded by claws. Battles are fought on land, in the water, and in the air, with fans and lines of pigment destroying beings and structures on both sides. In these scenes the elder things win rarely. The enemy frequently flees upward where the things cannot follow. As the frames continue, the enemy's numbers grow and the numbers of the elder things dwindle.

In their terrible struggle against the mi-go, depicted here only as weird shapes and symbols, the elder things of Earth were at a decided disadvantage. They had long since lost the power of travel through space possessed by their foe, and their resources were limited by the nature of their corporal forms. It seemed that the war must inevitably be lost since their adversary could in time expand without limit and bring those numbers to bear.

Spiral Band Two: The Grand Design

Five things are shown standing before a crowd. Above them great shapes and symbols gather. Lines of force spear into the shapes. In the next frame a trio of pentacles is shown containing the shapes, with lines of force radiating outward. In the next frame the same shapes are shown caught within boxes held by the things. Lines of force spear into the shapes; other lines radiate outward to touch many of the things. In a third frame the shapes-in-boxes are held by a group of flying elder things at the edge of a battle. Lines of force radiate outward to touch many enemies. The enemies fall. Many scenes of battle follow. Where the shapes-in-boxes are shown, the elder things win.

The wise and far-seeing leaders of the race decreed that if the things were limited by the nature of their estate they would catch and bind into service entities that were not, to be used as weapons against their foes. An immense device was planned to call out into the chaotic angles of the Outside and draw such entities near; another device was planned to trap them here and to bind their energies to the service of the race.

Spiral Band Three: Building the Pharos

Many small frames and panels show scenes of immense construction. Elder things converse, draw plans, dig, and build with bewildering complexity. Strange mists dissolve stone into fog; rivers of lava are teased into new forms. Mountains are raised and molded, great angular shapes are grown out of the air; mile-deep pits and continent-spanning tunnels are dug and worked and treated in unclear ways. A huge complex of angles and buildings and lines of force grows slowly over several frames. The largest pieces are literally miles tall, sunken into mountainsides and laid in intricate patterns beneath the soil. Lines and webs of force are shown laid down in layer after layer, as hundreds of elder things gesture in unison again and again. The Construct Tower itself is shown, in the last few frames—it is a tiny thing in the mural, perched at the edge of a huge pit that delves into the world's very heart.

For decades the resources of an entire world were turned to the task of building the two devices. The Great Lure was sculpted out of mountains; its components were shaped from the mighty and unseen forces that form reality itself. It was placed here—at the Pole of the World, at the center of the Earth's oldest energies—and set in operation to call mighty powers from the depths beyond. The Trap was built here too, in the shadow of the Lure—a device to hold the earthly form of such entities as might arrive in thrall. It was merely the centerpiece of a web of construction that dug deeply into the Earth's crust for hundreds of miles, anchoring and channeling all the power of nature to the cause.

Wall Panel One: The Glorious Weapon

The immense machines are shown in operation. Lines and waves of force spray outward in all directions from the artificial mountains, and many strange symbols are drawn down the lines and into the great Pit. Elder things are shown with these symbols in boxes, wielding them against the Enemy in victory again and again. The number of the Enemy begins to dwindle once more.

The Lure and the Trap were completed successfully. Small Powers from neighboring curves of space were caught in the Pharos' siren song and bound into service. These became weapons of great potency indeed, and were used to halt the slow crushing advances of the mi-go.

Wall Panel Two: The Terrible Victory

This panel begins like the last one: The immense machines are shown in operation. Lines and waves of force spray outward in all directions; and this time the symbol that follows them home is a Symbol, huge and tangled and deeply carved, many times the size of the rest, dwarfing even the mountains shown in the frame. It draws down above the Pit like a descending moon. The lines of force into it and out of it are heavy and dark, and there are many of them. Over several frames the Symbol is drawn into the Pit and shown wrapped in countless bindings of force; but mountains nearby topple and are torn apart, the ground splits in countless places and lines of force from the great Symbol reach outward and entwine themselves around the Tower and the base of the Pit like two mighty wrestlers who are evenly matched. The Symbol strains upwards, and the Pit pulls down, but the battle does not end in the mural.

There came a day, sometime in the Cretaceous period, when the Pharos succeeded to an extent far greater than conceived of in its design. Summoned by the Lure's siren call, there came into the world—and into the Trap—a huge and unexpected being, an Outer God perhaps, immensely vaster

and more powerful than its makers had ever intended the God Trap to control. The Trap contained the thing, but only barely; the cost of the victory was horrible. The entire region into which the Pharos had been built was pulled and twisted about, in and out of space and in all directions, by the force of the unknown being's struggle for freedom. In the end, though the Trap held, it was with nothing to spare. The Unknown God could not be bound and released, it was simply too powerful. The Trap could never be shut down again, nor could it ever be used. Every energy was consumed simply to keep the awful prisoner within.

Wall Panel Three: Disasters and Recovery

Here the Symbol and the Pit are shown very small and off to one side. Thick lines of force radiate out from them and weave all through the remaining frames. The effect suggests that each frame and scene are tied to the struggle between the Pit and the Symbol, as if the threads of force were the things that, once pulled, would set the entire world awry.

The other frames show devastation and disaster. Great waves crush cities; cracks tear open the earth; vast ranges of volcanoes burst upward overnight. A mighty comet hurtles from the sky and smashes into the sea. The sun disappears. All the plants everywhere die. In every frame Elder things are shown making a singular gesture with widespread limbs that can only indicate great distress.

The last few frames show elder things building new cities—but they are squat functional things, simpler and heavier than the ones before, and there are fewer than before.

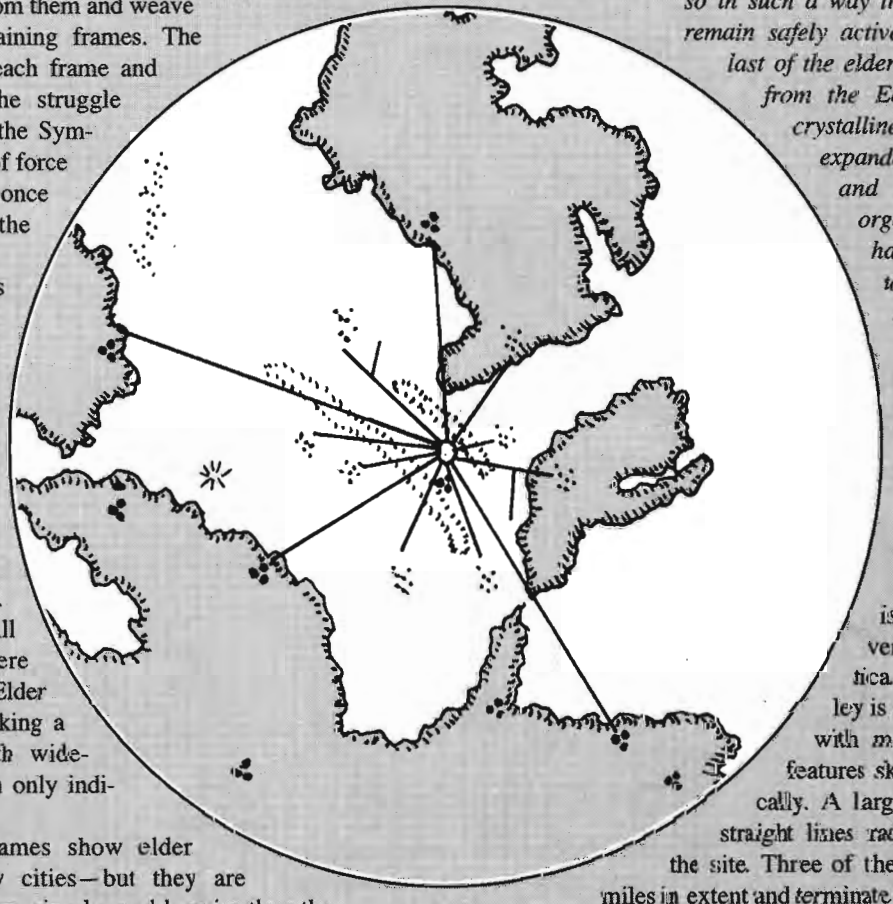
The effect of the Arrival on the outside world was disastrous. There were earthquakes and fires, tidal waves and volcanoes as Earth's crust and core were hammered and strained by the being's struggles to escape. Several cities were destroyed, millions killed in a single day. In time these were rebuilt—but so much had been lost that the new creations were poor copies of the old.

Wall Panel Four: Built to Last

Five elder things are shown standing before a crowd in a manner reminiscent of the start of Band Two. The Symbol floats above them; in the distance the mountains can be seen. In succeeding panels the Pit and the Symbol are shown again in conflict; in one frame the Symbol breaks free and the world is torn apart by the lines of force that reach outward from it. Many panels show things in small groups drawing diagrams; some show curious plants and animals for no discernible reason. A number of towers are shown, each containing differing groups of the Elder Cipher dots. The final large frame shows the Tower and the Pit surrounded by a great forest of tall thick alien-looking trees that surround the site and grow all through the Tower as well as all around.

All the power and artifice of the elder things went into the building of the Pharos; now all that mastery was applied once more, to the problem of ensuring the God Trap would never fail. It was necessary to rebuild the Trap without ever shutting it down, and to do so in such a way that the Trap would remain safely active forever, until the last of the elder things had passed from the Earth. The original crystalline mechanisms were expanded and redoubled, and strange stalk-like organisms, half-plant, half-animal, created to shore up and tend to the machines.

Panel Five Antarctic Map



Wall Panel Five: The Cold Hole and the Conduits

The final panel is a map showing a very different Antarctica. The Construct valley is shown at the center, with mountains and other features sketched in economically. A large number of deep straight lines radiate outward from the site. Three of these are hundreds of miles in extent and terminate off of the coast next to Elder Thing city-symbols. Others end in the middle of nowhere, with no explanation other than small groups of cipher-dots. See the Panel Five Map for details.

This is a map of the Antarctic landmass, among others, showing the Trap, the Lure, and the series of conduits and heat exchangers that run beneath the continent to various places on its periphery.

Keeper's note: the map is of Jurassic *Antarctica. The landforms depicted are quite unrecognizable, but the triple dots mark the relative positions of at least eight cities, the ruins of which may still exist today.* ❑

Pied Piper just because of some century-old story!"

Everyone froze, including Meyer, who stood quite still for a long moment before looking coldly at Priestley and the others.

"So?" he queried. "I see that you know about the story. Are you the little thief who has been stealing my things? And the rest of you—you do not look so surprised, eh? Perhaps you are all thieves together. I am sorry to hear of this, Fraülein Lexington. I had thought better of you."

His scornful stare swept the others.

"But you see, it does not matter. I have, now, nothing to hide. We are here to rescue James Starkweather, and your squabbling is wasting our chance to do so. I believe he will be found in Pym's Temple upstairs, where the monsters will feed him to their god if they have not done so already. I go now to find him. Do what you will!"

The scientist turned, with crisp precision, and vanished through the arch.

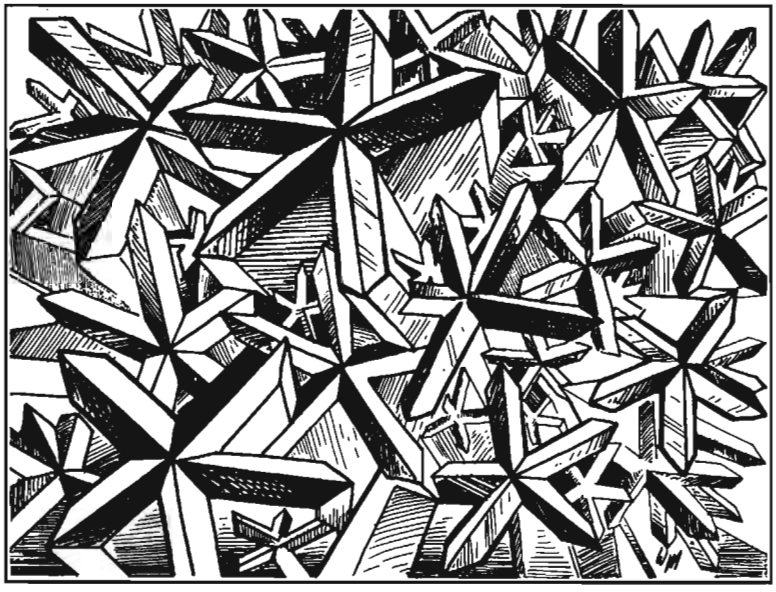
"Damn!" muttered Priestley. He would not meet anyone's eyes as the others followed.

Eastward from the heritage hall, another tall narrow hallway curves upward once again. The hall is no more than four feet wide and eight tall. It is unlit and is stiflingly hot. A a faint breeze passes up the tunnel from the heritage hall below, but it lends no comfort.

The ramp is steeply inclined. It once had frequent cross-ribs to aid in traction but these are worn away except at the very edges of the tunnel. The floor is smooth, dry, and deeply indented by footsteps which have fallen for not just millennia, but for geologic ages.

The tunnel climbs up and over the top of the heritage hall, turning full circle as it does so, until it climbs in a tight spiral directly through the center of the Tower. It continues to spiral upward in this way through the lower Construct, the control room, and the Upper Construct all the way to the pilot light.

The Lower Construct



The Lower Construct

The party stopped at the tunnel's end. Above them lay open space and darkness, immense and filled with crystal glints and a sense of being watched.

Acacia Lexington raised her hand for silence. "Douse the lights," she breathed.

The blackness closed in around them; it was not complete.

Overhead, the void was alive, with faint and flickering ghosts of indigo and violet. Rippling twists of shadow at the very limits of perception sang silently and picked at the edges of their minds.

"They can see in the dark," Acacia continued quietly. "We can't. Do you want them to see you coming? Let's keep the lights down. Be as quiet as you can." Meyer stirred, restlessly, but no one spoke in reply.

The explorers started upwards again, into a darkness that sang without sound, and whispered with a thousand silent voices.

Here the walls of the tunnel open up. The ramp climbs between five immense vertical chambers which fan out from the Tower's core like petals from a flower. The chambers are filled with a complex lattice-

Contact with the Elder Things

From this point onward, and throughout the Tower's upper reaches, the explorers are within earshot of the elder things in the upper Construct. Ordinary conversation and the sounds of exploration do not attract the things' attention, but loud or violent noises, such as screams or gunfire, draw their interest and concern. They arrive within ten rounds.

The two elder things which come to investigate the disturbance are wary and prepared for trouble. They are armed only with stone knives but are strong and quick. They will, if possible, observe from concealment, and then attack decisively at close quarters, where their swiftness and bulk give them the greatest advantage. If either of them is badly hurt (*i.e.*, penetrated for more than six hit points of body damage) or if the explorers are unusually well-prepared, the things swiftly retreat from the scene. They will head for the depths if possible; otherwise the elder things retreat to the upper Construct, alert the gardener shoggoth, and make their escape through the damaged wall to the outside.

If possible, the elder things seek to incapacitate rather than destroy. Every human being they get is one more useful spare part for the Construct; killing them would be a criminal waste, and will be attempted only as a last resort.

The two elder things in the Upper Tower are described in detail in the section entitled "Further Up the Ramp." See the related sidebar "The Elder Things and Another Shoggoth" on page 220 for information on their appearance and skills. ❑

work of crystals which weave together in arcane and orderly arrays. Light that shines into the Construct weave is caught, turned, and reflected back in a thousand prismatic sprays of muted color. The effect is breathtakingly beautiful and utterly alien at the same time.

If all lights are extinguished the Construct is still visible, outlined in a million shadowy flickers of barely perceptible blue that race and ripple continuously throughout the structure.

The Construct makes no sound and does not move, yet travelers on the ramp are oppressed by a sense of great watchful pressure from all sides. They hear whispers and echoes that are not there, and catch glimpses of shapes moving in the darkness at the edges of their vision. This subtle touch of inhuman presence is quietly but profoundly disturbing. All investigators suffer 0/1D2 SAN for each fifteen minutes they spend close to any part of the Construct.

Once the investigators are in the Construct chamber, the keeper should make a secret **D100 roll** for each investigator. Those with rolls under their **POW x5** are slightly more sensitive to the Construct's emanations than the rest. They see patterns and hints of meaning in the ripples of faint light, and hear scraps of words and phrases that they can almost understand. The closer to the crystal matrix the investigator is, the stronger the effect and the clearer the meanings become. These messages seem to originate from the crystals themselves; the very best results are obtained by investigators who leave the ramp and climb out onto the Construct matrix itself.

Despite its ethereal appearance the Construct is very strong. The crystalline matrix can easily support the weight of a man; weapons wielded against the lattice must do at least fifteen points of damage in a

Becoming One with the Construct

Investigators who succumb to the forces running through the Construct, the jungle, or the pilot stone become, for a time, a part of the machine, Mute Witness and partner to the Construct's purpose. The energies that run through them are painful and powerful; they are not designed for human minds to withstand. Nerves and brains are simply used and then released.

This process can easily destroy a mind. A person thrown into unconsciousness by contact with the Construct automatically loses an additional 5 SAN above and beyond that lost while conscious. He or she wakes as temporarily insane. Memories and thoughts have been torn apart and thrust through without regard to their content; it may be a long time before the gaps can be closed.

Keeper and Witness should treat this condition as a variant form of stupefaction. It lasts until the Construct is broken and begins to die. The Mute Witness can continue to interact with the world, but on the basis of distorted and bizarre perceptions. He or she is unable to speak intelligibly or to communicate through signs or anything but the broadest gestures. He does not understand things that are said around him. The Witness' body feels strange and ill-fitting. Every motion is erratic and poorly controlled. Halve manipulation skills and lower the victim's DEX by 5 points for the duration of the effect.

Being used by the Construct, however, does confer one dubious benefit upon the sufferer. Having been a part of it, the Mute Witness is starkly certain of the purpose of the Tower and its contents. He or she knows of the Lure, now silent; he or she can feel the space-twisting power of the God Trap. He or she has, in a wholly inhuman way without eyes or hands, seen and touched the Unknown God, and knows its strength and its terrible driving desire. He or she has heard, without ears, the mindless howls of the Construct's other living parts—he or she has woven, without hands, counterpoints to the rarefied and beautiful alien harmonies of what remains of the original machine.

The Mute Witness knows, absolutely and without a doubt, that the Tower contains the controlling mechanism for a colossal cage. Within that cage is a creature of unbelievable power and malevolence, which has already worked its way partly out through the walls of its prison, and somehow feeds on the world outside to grow stronger and hasten its escape.

The Witness also knows that the mechanism that holds the cage in place is badly damaged and barely continues to function. Repairs have been made, but they are desperate and fragile ones—living brains and bodies—that serve, briefly, to take the place of the crystal matrices that were destroyed in an ancient cataclysm. The living parts that hold the whole together last only a short while. They must continually be replaced, otherwise the whole trap will collapse, freeing the entity within.

That possibility is too dreadful to bear. He knows that nothing would survive if the entity broke free.

The Mute Witness understands all of this, in a stark and alien way that has no words. The Construct must be made whole and strong, or the world will end: that is the essential thing. Only the God Trap stands between humanity and oblivion. In order to function well it needs more minds, more brains—as many as possible—to grow strong and close over the awful wounds that time has wrought.

All that remains is to communicate this to the victim's comrades.

The keeper may wish to choose a selected player to take the part of the Witness, rather than allowing it to come randomly. The role of the Mute Witness is crucial to the understanding of the situation in the Construct Tower; without such a character the party may not solve the puzzle in time to save themselves, and an expertly-played Witness will increase everyone's enjoyment of the breaking of the Construct.

Being the Construct's Witness is a challenging role. The keeper and the Witness' player should remember at all times that the essential core of the experience is mind-shatteringly alien and cannot be adequately described. It is up to the victim to roleplay someone whose humanity has been strained to the limit and beyond. The most familiar features around him—his friends, even his own body—seem distorted and strange; he is not able to speak at all, or write, or understand speech, or move normally, but must instead watch helplessly as the others ignore his incoherent pleas. ❑

single blow before any breakage occurs. If part of the Construct is struck or fired upon, the entire chamber resonates as if from the striking of a gigantic glassy gong. The noise is easily heard by the inhabitants of the Tower, who immediately investigate.

If the locator stone from Lake's Camp is brought into the Construct it quickly warms to blood heat and stays there. There is no further effect, even if the stone is touched to the Construct; the locator cools once more when it is removed from the area.

An investigator who leaves the ramp and climbs into the Construct weave becomes enmeshed in the web of subtle and powerful energies there. A faint nimbus of dark blue light arcs and washes between his or her body and the matrix. Each round that he or she is in close contact with the Construct, ask for a **POW x5 roll.** If the roll succeeds, the sensations of pressure and surrounding voices are greatly increased, and the individual feels waves of something thick and unnatural pushing through the body, but is otherwise able to move and react normally.

If the roll fails, the individual is overcome by the forces that surround him. The sensations of distortion and of surging, pulling fingers throughout his body rises beyond control. Senses and thoughts run like water and are lost. The victim twitches and spasms limply, without conscious control of his body for 1D3 rounds before passing out entirely. Each round the victim remains conscious he loses 1D3/1D8 Sanity points.

The victim's body continues to spasm and contract rhythmically even when unconscious. There is no lasting harm to the victim if removed within a few rounds, except of course for the loss of Sanity. He or she awakens easily a few rounds after being removed from contact.

Any unnatural insights granted by the keeper from this exposure should be a result of the victim's becoming, for a time, a helpless and ill-fitting part of this huge and ancient machine and the entity it holds prisoner—the Mute Witness.

Oxygen to Burn

The upper reaches of the Tower, from the Control Center upwards all the way to the pilot light, have an oxygen concentration in the air that is more than twice that of the air outside. Air tanks and masks are not needed here; the Construct Forest generates more than enough oxygen for the explorers to breathe. Matches and other flammable objects burn bright and readily.

Investigators who descend once more but forget to don their masks quickly notice signs of oxygen starvation: numbness, dizziness, blurred vision, and nausea. ❑

The Control Center

"This is it! This is the place! Look at the murals!" Meyer crowed. His voice was low but it trembled with excitement. "The crystal altar is gone . . . but it must have been right there. . . . See? The two doorways with the vines! There can be no doubt—this is the very room described by Arthur Pym!"

"And that means what, to us?" Priestley asked sourly.

"It means that Herr Starkweather was almost certainly taken into one of those three rooms to be murdered." The German's tone was blunt as he swung his pistol across the three empty archways. "What we must do is see if we are too late to save him."

"And if we are?" Acacia wondered.

"Why, then, we must make the monsters suffer in return. And study the place well after they have been destroyed."

Meyer nodded to himself, well satisfied with his plan.

After passing through the lower Construct the walls of the ramp close in again. The spiral continues up another thirty feet, then the walls fall away into a large room.

The Control Center is in the shape of a truncated cone with the spiral pillar of the ramp in its center. The floor is circular, about 15 yards across, but the walls angle sharply inward so that the ceiling is barely wider than the spiraling ramp.

The room is sheathed in pale sandy stone. A raised oval area dominates one side of the chamber, while on the opposite side the sharply angled walls are covered with deeply incised murals, brightly and bizarrely colored. The floor, especially in the recessed edge all around the room, is covered with debris in sharp contrast to the cleanliness elsewhere.

The air here is at least twenty degrees colder than in the chamber below, and is heavy with moisture and a dank unpleasant smell. The persistent breeze continues upwards, carrying up the faint burning-metal scent of dry hot air from below.

There is a dim light in this room. It comes from a handful of small cup lamps (see the description below) placed in alcoves on all sides at eye level. Their dim light heightens the sense of gloom.

Five of the now-familiar tall narrow archways break the room into trapezoidal panels. Through each arch a ramp leads upward into a raised chamber a short distance beyond. Three of these openings are empty and dark. The fourth and fifth are partly choked with the flaccid fronds and pale wet stalks of thick and sickly vegetation.

Investigators wishing to study the wall scenes in this room gain a vague notion of the overall tale with a half-hour of careful study. More detailed understanding of the stories told here require a successful **Elder Cipher roll** for each band or panel. There are five of these. Their tales are outlined in the sidebar nearby, "The Tales of the Wall of Skulls."

The soft pale runners and weirdly fronded tendrils of the plants lead in great numbers from the overgrown archways to the spiral ramp, and climb up the ramp into the darkness beyond.

There is something unwholesome about the plants. They are moist and bulge oddly in the dim light, and a feeling of vague unease surrounds them. Faint glistening runnels of dampness extend down the walls where the tendrils have anchored, and the floor beneath is damp and slightly slippery. If examined, the dampness proves to be a thick oily substance that is not water; it clings to whatever touches it and is the source of the dank unpleasant odor. The way up is not blocked, however; the plants tend to climb up the walls rather than covering the ramp's inclined floor.

The keeper should make secret **POW x5 rolls** for each investigator who examines the plants closely; if the roll is failed the investigator is briefly affected by the powerful energies running through the stalks. Should this occur, the symptoms are akin to those offered by touching the crystals of the Construct, though less acute—nausea, vertigo, a terrible sense that the plants are in constant surreptitious movement, and an impression of countless mewling whispers from the shadows on all sides.

Successful **Track** or **Spot Hidden rolls** among the party members reveal a faint but distinct trail of oily elder thing-prints between Side Chamber #5 and the ramp's continuing upward spiral.

Cup Lamps

There are seven of these in the chamber. Each consists of a shallow bowl six inches across and two inches deep. The bowls are made from the tops of human skulls. The

The Tales of the Wall of Skulls

The First Tale: The Temple

Three of the panels in this chamber are worked in a coarse Decadent style by the undersea things who terrified the Tsalalians. Despite the relative crudeness of execution, the carvings are striking in their use of color—the first panels so far that have been colored in this fashion. The colors are not bright and do not seem realistic to our eyes—we do not see as the elder things do—but they add to the clarity of the scenes and make them entirely too easy to interpret. A few bands of dot-script lie beneath some images but they are entirely missing from the central scenes.

The panels depict in simple graphic form the elements of a ceremony or ritual designed to appease the sleeping Unknown God.

Panel One: The God Awakens

The panel shows parties of things cowering or fleeing before a large and complex symbol that rises over an image of the Tower and a saw-toothed representation of the mountains. Elder things are shown dead, in flight, or flailing about madly with every limb. The symbol grows larger in succeeding frames until the final scene shows it surrounding a tiny globe with contorted things on all sides. Investigators who have studied the larger panels in the heritage hall recognize the symbol as identical to the one depicted in the Pit.

At last the Construct began to break down, and the Unknown God's malign influence burst forth into our world. Planet-wide, sensitive elder things were terrified by the suddenly growing Presence, and feared that if repairs were not made at once the god would free itself and consume the world.

Panel Two: The Jury-Rig

The panel shows a number of things rising from the sea in the company of amorphous shoggoth-blobs. They capture many small sticklike figures in the shapes of various animals and men. Groups of things and captive figures move through dark bands or tunnels, and are shown standing by the Tower. Several frames then carefully depict the captives in large tubs, being devoured by the shoggoths except for their heads. The heads are placed in bowls and carried with evident ceremony to a tall fleshy creature with myriad vinelike arms and a wide flat body covered with other heads. The final frames show the elder things leaning close to the head-creature with their limbs extended to touch the heads in what might be prayer.

The mechanism that was built to supplement the ailing Construct/Forest was crude and desperate but effective. Living systems were built out of the brains and nervous webs of captured animals, the more complex the nervous system the better. Human beings proved agreeably complex and adaptable, and were captured in large numbers when available and installed into the repair structure.

Panel Three: The Result

The third panel depicts the Tower, filled with human and animal faces, extending some sort of influence (portrayed by threadlike waves of deep blue pigment) over a large pit containing the god-symbol, while elsewhere in the mural large numbers of elder things move and gather in apparent prosperity beneath the sea.

The repairs succeeded. Though the animal components required replacement every few months or years, the Prisoner was once again contained. The elder things, except for a few tasked with the job of restocking the Construct, forgot about the Tower once more.

The Second Tale: The Revenant's Tale

The remaining two panels are in stark contrast to the three above. These have apparently been recently smoothed or cleared. The exposed stone is lighter in color than in the neighboring frames and has a glossy finish the others lack.

The two panels are unfinished. The stories depicted in the murals are incomplete, and room remains yet to finish them. No colors or pigments have been used here, but the execution of the work is magnificent, far finer and more complex than the work in the colorful neighboring murals. Bands and cartouches of dot-cipher are everywhere.

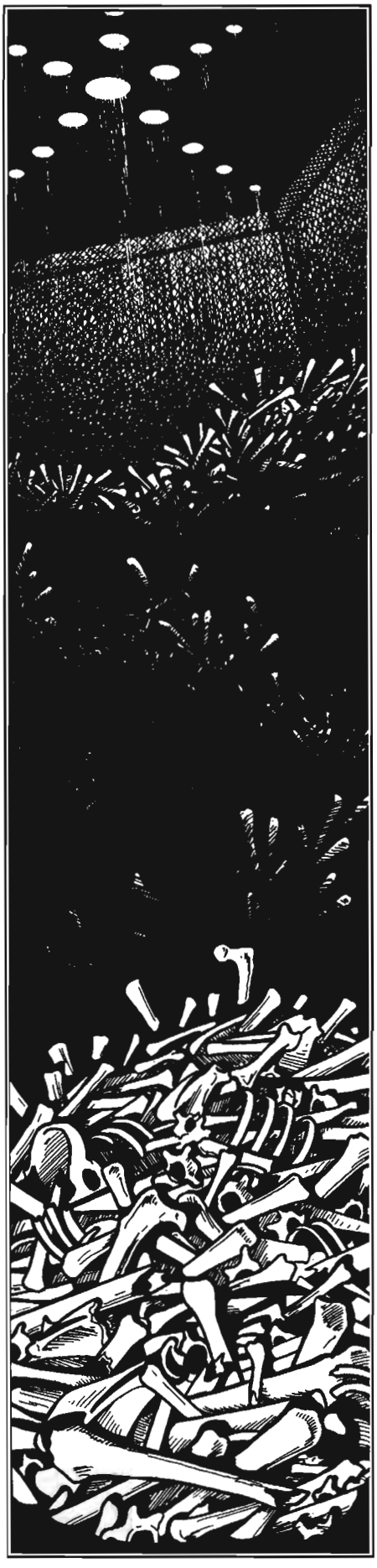
The first scene shows a large number of things engaged underground in some uncertain activity involving the digging or carving away of stones in a vast cavern. A wall collapses, and a wave of thick substance covers the party. Subsequent panels show the things awakening in a flat formless place surrounded by small soft tents; it takes little imagination to realize that this is a depiction of Lake's Camp. Wolfish creatures attack and are destroyed; human creatures attack and are destroyed. Eight things gather supplies and carry them across jagged peaks to the City. An elder thing gestures in apparent distress at the ruin there. A panel shows the party attacked by shoggoths underground, with four of their numbers left for dead; the next scene shows the four survivors gathered in some funereal ritual around a set of four small stars. The mural concludes in a band which shows the four remaining things flying to the Tower, depicted as half-destroyed and caught within a terrible storm, and expressing dismay at the amount of ruin there.

The second mural continues the tale in a number of small cartouches. Things hunt seals and penguins on the ice; they dig through ruined buildings and burrow into the earth. In one panel two things herd a number of small shoggoth-blobs along a hallway; another shows three large elder things surrounded by hundreds of smaller ones. Signs of dismay and the funereal star-arrangements are everywhere in this mural. Several scenes show the things tending thick knotted vines or trunks. One cartouche depicts an elder thing removing human skulls from a stark skeletal version of the head-creature depicted in the other murals, and piling them on the floor.

The last scene in the mural, still unfinished, shows a recognizable aëroplane surrounded by human figures. Next to it, barely sketched in, are the outlines of one of the head-creatures shown in the colored panels across the room.

These two murals tell the tale of the elder things discovered by Professor Lake. ❑

The Abattoir



interior of each bowl is thickly smeared with greasy fat and then filled with liquid. Growing in the liquid are thick fuzzy clumps of some sort of mold which has a dim greenish glow.

The liquid is actually water mixed with the sap from the jungle plants. It is sweet. It has a bitter aftertaste, but can be swallowed in small quantities without harm.

The Side Chambers

The smaller chambers off of the Control Center are all the same size and shape. Each is a blocky five-sided chamber some five yards across with a flat ceiling three yards off of the floor. The walls are unadorned, but the ceilings are pierced with a number of slanting holes, which in size across vary from the width of a thumb to the width of a hand. The chambers are at the ends of short steep ramps that slant up for less than three yards; the floors of the side rooms are thus somewhat more than a yard higher than the floor of the central chamber.

In the center of each of the smaller rooms is a singular tub or pit, set into the floor rather like a partially buried flowerpot or bucket. The pits are two yards deep, and a little less than that wide across the top. Their walls slant in so that the pits are only a bit more than a yard wide at the bottom. Around the rim of the pit is a lip of stone as thick as a man's thigh that rises ten inches off of the floor. The edges of these lips are heavily eroded and rounded through the effects of time and use; in some places they have been worn away to the level of the floor or below.

If Doctor Meyer continues to guide the group he examines Chamber #3 first, then Chamber #4, in search of Starkweather.

Side Chamber #1

The outer wall of the chamber is badly damaged. Huge cracks decorate its surface and in one place the wall has fallen inward in a scatter of rubble. The gap thus produced is now filled with hoary pitted ice, glistening wetly on its inward face. Weblike strips of hide and fiber run in great numbers between the ice face and the central tub, carrying water from the wall. The floor here is quite wet.

The tub itself is filled with thin gray-black ooze, almost invisible for the profusion of thick meaty stalks and runners that thrust upwards out of it. These half fill the chamber and cover the remaining walls and ceiling, their surfaces slick with pallid dew, before exiting into the central room or through the holes above.

Investigators who watch carefully for a few minutes receive **Spot Hidden rolls;** if successful they see that the thickest of the stalks do indeed visibly move, contracting and relaxing in slow small rhythmic pulses that last for a minute or more.

Side Chamber #2

The outer wall of the chamber is badly damaged but is in better shape than the wall of Chamber #1. Cracks lace its surface and fragments of ancient and eroded masonry crunch beneath the investigators' boots. The ceiling here is also cracked and broken, and great numbers of threadlike fronds and tendrils push through from above to drape across the floor and crowd into the room's central tub—in addition to the larger ones that run out the door.

The tub is filled with a dark soupy substance which has the consistency of thick porridge. Its surface is crusted over now but has cracks and runnels revealing a glistening interior. The soup exudes a nauseating smell of dead things and rotting flesh which becomes overpowering if disturbed. The fleshy fingers of vegetation push greedily into the tub. Stains and splashes on many of the runners hint that the plants or the contents of the tub have been disturbed in the recent past.

Here, as in Chamber #1, the plant stalks slowly move. Investigators who watch carefully for a few minutes notice this.

Side Chamber #3: The Abattoir

This chamber is filled with bones. The walls are unmarked, the ceiling holes empty. There are thousands of bones here, tossed into haphazard piles over untold ages. Many are broken remnants, some ground literally into dust by ill-use and the passage of millennia, but hundreds of skeletons still can be identified.

Most of the oldest bones are human. These are the remains of countless victims sacrificed to the elder things over thousands of years by Pym's Tsalalians and their kin. A successful **Archaeology roll** or **Paleontology roll** indicates that these bones may be as recent as a few decades old, but that some are much older.

Keeper's note: the Tsalalian skeletons present here represent quite a find for any anthropologist. Some of the bones are as old as ten thousand years. The Tsalalian race is now extinct, and the genetic stock from which it descends represents an interesting sideline in the study of

mankind. If these skeletons could be preserved and returned to civilization for study they could make the career of any specialist in the field.

Atop these ancient reminders are new bones—many of them—that gleam white atop the aged ivory of the others. These are almost entirely bones of animals: especially seals and great albino penguins from beneath the City, though occasionally a squid or octopus beak can be seen. All of these have been gleaned in the past three years.

And, lastly, on the very top of the untidy heap, a number of new human bones glisten pale in the gloom. These are the remains of those carried off by the things in the last few days, including James Starkweather and perhaps the physician, Doctor Greene. Their bones are the freshest of all, still damp from their recent immersion, and there is no shred of flesh upon them. Viewing the bones, and realizing who, perhaps, is present here, is worth 1/1D4 SAN.

The discovery of these fresh human bones, presumably belonging to Starkweather, disturbs Acacia greatly. She is quieter after seeing this room, and more watchful. She says little but becomes very cautious. Priestley, on the other hand, appears angered by the find. He slips a fresh white finger-bone into a pocket with a thin vicious scowl, and his determination seems renewed. If anyone asks the purpose of the bone, he pulls it out, considers it, and puts it away again. "Call it a memento," he replies flatly.

The keeper should point out that among all the hundreds of skeletons left in this small cramped room, there is not one single skull.

Side Chamber #4: The Dissectory

"Ah yes. I recognize this chamber also," Meyer announced. "Do not touch the table there; it has, or had, some power that will leave you helpless if you do so."

Glancing cautiously around, the scientist crept into the room.

"I have long wondered, however, just what was in this pit that Pym did not care to describe. Hmm—a liquid. Some sort of acid, perhaps?" He fumbled with a small vial taken from one pocket. "A small sample would be—AHH!"

Meyer threw himself roughly backwards with a sharp shout as the surface surged upwards, a huge sinuous tongue riddled with eyes and tiny screaming mouths that reached out unerringly for him even as he fell.

The walls of this room are unmarked, the ceiling holes filled with thin threadlike tendrils that hang a few inches into the chamber and waft gently in the slightest breeze.

A trio of cup lamps allows the intruders to dimly glimpse the room's contents from outside.

The portion of this chamber furthest from the door is dominated by a single large block of striated ruddy stone. The slab is thick, five-sided, and two yards on a side. It sits at a forty-five degree angle between the room's central tub and the wall, with a single point uppermost. The low end of the slab is against the edge of the tub; the point which rests against the room's far corner is at eye level to a tall man. Explorers who have already spent some time examining the murals in the control chamber instantly recognize this room from several scenes.

The curious slab was perhaps once flat, but passing ages and use have worn away its surface in a number of serpentine runnels and grooves. Most of these are on the slab's lower half, and seem to radiate outward from the edge of the tub.

Immediately in front of the tub, on the side facing the door, is a small square raised area of floor about shoulder width on a side. It sits a few inches above the rest of the floor, and is covered with dark stains.

The air of the chamber has a faint but remarkably nasty reek, somewhat like rotting fish but with a throat-catching pungency. Investigators who have encountered shoggoths before need no roll to recognize the stench.

Investigators with successful **Listen rolls** notice that this chamber is not silent. A faint liquid slopping noise issues at intervals from the tub.

Investigators with a successful **Spot Hidden roll** notice something else. Half-hidden beyond the curve of the tub are the shredded remains of a man's parka, breather mask, and expensive boots. The investigator immediately recognizes them as belonging to James Starkweather.

The striated slab is dangerous to the investigators. Should anyone come into physical contact with the stone's upper surface, even through gloves or other coverings, he or she immediately experiences a wave of lethargy. The victim's player has a single chance to resist the slab's effects by rolling **POW x3** or less. Failing, the victim loses all control over voluntary muscle systems and must remain, unable to move but fully conscious and aware, until someone or something pulls him away.

The chamber's central tub is filled nearly to the rim with a murky reddish-black slime. This is the source of both the foul odor and the noise. Once or twice each minute the slime seems to twist or convulse briefly, splashing against the walls of its container and sending aloft a wave of foul scent. Viewing this disquieting phenomenon costs only 0/1D2 SAN.

If the slime is poked or disturbed in any way, or if an investigator leans too close to the surface, the contents of the tub surge upward in a thick tongue-like mass. The mass reaches outward toward the source of the disturbance with swollen elastic pseudopods that stretch and change form as it moves. A myriad of gravid blisters burst open across the thing, revealing eyes and mouths that shriek a mad alien chorus. All who see this must suffer Sanity losses of 1D4/1D8 points.

CORPSE-EATER SHOGGOTH ("Not the Biggest, Not the Best, But on the Job!")

STR 22	CON 18	SIZ 26	INT 4
POW 08	DEX 04	Move 10/10 swim	
HP 22			

Damage Bonus: + 2D6.

Weapons: Devour All but Bones and Nerves and Heads 98%, damage 1D4
Crush 60%, damage 2D6

Skills: Hide Under Liquid 90%, Listen 40%, Obey 99%, Stay in Tub 95%.

The corpse-eater is not a typical worker shoggoth, but one of a sort specifically bred for its current task. It is capable of forming untold numbers of tiny sharp cutting mouths and extremely sensitive tongue-like tendrils. With these the shoggoth eats away the gross flesh of its victims while saving the fragile fibers of the victim's major nerves. When it is finished the shoggoth holds the remnants within itself, nourishing and protecting them within its own bulk.

Per round, the shoggoth consumes 1D4 hit points, until the victim is pulled away or consumed (HP = 0). The victim also loses 2/2D4 SAN per round from the experience until death, unconsciousness, or rescue. Any other witnesses lose an additional 1D2/1D6 SAN just from seeing the monster feed.

It is possible to pull away from the shoggoth at any time by succeeding in a **STR vs. STR roll** against the creature on

the Resistance Table. When this happens the shoggoth meekly returns to its tub.

The shoggoth is quite young, less than two years old, and enthusiastic. In another decade it will reach adult proportions. Except as noted above, treat it as any other shoggoth.

The shoggoth is not hostile; it merely follows its training. It reaches out toward the nearest person, puffing up and making small indistinct whistling noises from bursting pustules across its surface. If the human retreats, the shoggoth reaches outward for a moment and then withdraws to its tub.

Meyer and the Shoggoth

If Meyer is first into this chamber the scene in the example above is played out. Doctor Meyer is not pursued by the shoggoth after it rises from its tub, and so survives, but the poor scientist is deeply shocked by the sudden attack. He goes temporarily insane. Even if Meyer is not the one attacked, the first time he sees a shoggoth, Meyer receives a deep and abiding shock.

For the next five minutes the German scientist does nothing but cower trembling on the floor, emitting small wails and paying little attention to anything around him.

Once the attack has passed, Meyer seems nearly recovered, but his will is broken. Any surprises or sudden noises cause him to drop whatever he carries and flinch away shivering; he has no further will or desire to lead the group, or in fact to explore at all, but keeps to the middle of the party and mutters quiet worries to himself in German. He stays with the group only because to do otherwise would be to be alone in the Tower, and that is even more frightful to him.

The reactions of the other non-player characters vary. Once Starkweather's bones or equipment are found, Lexington becomes quietly pensive, and says little, while Priestley grows increasingly eager for a fight. Neither takes the initiative, however.

From this point on, the party's direction is firmly in the hands of the investigators. ❑

If the shoggoth catches someone, however, especially if the victim is in contact with the slab and unable to move, witnesses are in for a horrible sight. The shoggoth crawls up the limbs of the victim and inside his clothing, eating away the victim's flesh with countless tiny mouths as it goes. Within a few rounds little is left of the explorer but loose bones and clothing (which are discarded), and the head, spine, and nervous web (which are carried gently back to the tub by the monster). These remain in the tub until destroyed or collected by the elder things, while most of the consumed man is left as a sort of thick slurry. The only recognizable part of the victim remains the face.

The corpse-eater shoggoth never eats the face.

If a victim is rescued from the creature, the shoggoth returns meekly to its tub, but those parts of the victim which were eaten away by the creature are gone forever. Only naked bone and raw nerves remain where the shoggoth has chewed; the average man will be eaten away entirely in less than six rounds. Successful **Medicine rolls** or **First Aid rolls** may be used to stop bleeding and treat shock, but emergency treatment cannot replace consumed flesh.

Attacking the creature is a bad idea. Bullets and other hand weapons do little damage to shoggoths, but the monster's reflexes are swift and certain; if fired upon, the monster strikes swiftly outward toward the attacker with most of its mass and seeks to drag the attacker back to its tub. If it is successful then the creature consumes its victim as before.

The sound of gunfire also attracts the attention of the two elder things in the Upper Tower. Their stats and skills can be found in the sidebar entitled "The Elder Things and Another Shoggoth."

Side Chamber #5: The Upper Workshop

This chamber is evidently a workshop. Crude frames of wood, hides, and sinew stand side by side with bizarre constructions of beautifully polished stone and slender perfect crystals. Three tall leather water bags bulge against the left wall; the right wall is carved into a number of deep narrow ledges and alcoves filled with small tools.

The middle of the room is dominated by a table that sits over the central tub. The table is made of cured sealskin stretched over a frame of bone. On the table sits a fragile-looking rack of glass that supports a thin beautiful bowl of polished stone; at its center a slit two inches long and two holes are cut through the bottom of the bowl. The entire structure has no obvious purpose.

Another such bowl, without the supporting frame, can be found on one of the shelves in the right-hand wall. A small sheaf of glass rods held together by strips of penguin skin, lies on the same shelf, and one shelf below are a pair of wicker and sealskin bassinets as long as a man's arm.

Investigators who search the shelves and alcoves in search of clues and useful items find that most of the small tools are simple things of carved bone or chipped and polished stone. Among them, however, is a leather wrapping containing an array of stainless steel medical tools (scalpels, other cutting tools, tweezers and clamps) which appear to have been well maintained and looked after; all are free from corrosion and blood, and the blades are sharp. If the investigators think to check, the tools bear both German and English hallmarks.

The Upper Spiral

Beyond the control chamber the ramp continues to wind upward. The tunnel is narrow and there is a steadily rising breeze from below. The temperature drops as the party rises; anyone without their outer garments quickly becomes cold and uncomfortable.

Vines and runners of the alien jungle plants are everywhere, making walking hazardous and narrowing the passage. All explorers on the ramp are subjected to periodic bouts of claustrophobic fear; anyone who brushes near the trembling tendrils is swept by momentary echoes of the energies that course within them. The effect is as described previously in the section on the control chamber.

The spiral makes three complete turns, rising about thirty more feet, before opening out once more into the bottom of another set of tall angular chambers.

The Upper Construct and the Jungle

The walls of the tunnel open up, as they did into the lower Construct. The ramp climbs between five immense vertical chambers which fan out from the Tower's core. Once the crystalline webs and lattices filled these chambers even more densely than in the lower Construct—but no more. The ravages of time and nature are cruelly apparent. A thin gray light diffuses inward from somewhere far above, illuminating destruction and tragedy. The air is cold—

not far above freezing—and heavy with damp fog and the smell of death. The icy mist clouds the details of anything more than a few feet away. Wind whistles and moans tunelessly from unseen openings in the upper shadows of the Tower.

One side of the huge sectioned chamber is untouched and perfect, gleaming in crystalline magnificence like the matrix far below. The rest is lost in the fleshy chaos of an alien jungle which rises like a wall of knotted serpentine limbs on all sides.

The ancient cataclysm that cracked the Tower's western walls shattered a huge section of the matrix. The floor is littered with great piles of crystal shards, mixed with fallen rubble; the tight weave of glass and energy that is so obvious to one side has huge gaps on the other. Through it all, into the holes and gaps of the ruined matrix, the weird runners and fronds of the pale plants have grown.

At first glance it seems as if the crystal Construct is being overrun. The pallid glistening vegetation is everywhere. It covers the floor and climbs twisting through the crystalline racks. Fat damp masses hang in the air, suspended from countless weblike threads; vines and odd feathery leaves knot thickly around the remaining frames of glass and throb slightly in slow sinuous waves. The whole structure seems about to collapse under the immense weight of a vegetable invasion.

The plants, however, are here by design and are under some sort of care. Successful **Biology rolls** or **Botany rolls** note many large basins of stone which cluster thickly on the floor, almost entirely hidden by the feeder tendrils that grow greedily in and over them. Other basins of leather are slung throughout the jungle's mass. Each of these containers is partly filled with melt-water that has run down the vines themselves from a hidden source in the chamber's upper reaches.

Despite these measures, the jungle does not thrive. Large areas of vegetation are dry, black, and dead, especially in the upper regions. In many places the dead vines have been cut away, leaving new open spaces into which the first new shoots begin to grow, but vast regions of growth remain sickly and flaccid, their pulse barely visible.

Close contact with the plants in the jungle, or with the remaining solid structures in the Upper Construct matrix, has the same consequences as elsewhere. See the section on the lower Construct and the sidebar "Becoming One with the Construct: The Mute Witness" on page 213 for details.

The ramp turns endlessly upward through the jungle's walls, its floor covered by moist fleshy stalks that make footing uncertain. Keepers whose parties continue upwards without pause should refer to the section just below, entitled "Further Up the Ramp." At the base of the huge chamber, however, another pathway is visible—a tall narrow lane, clear of glass and rubble, where the vegetation has been carefully trimmed away or tied to one side. It snakes out of sight into the further reaches of the Construct, leading after a few tight turns to the Wall of Skulls.

If the party is quiet, investigators with successful **Listen rolls** discern a few sounds that are not merely due to the wind. From high overhead comes a slow muted creaking and crashing, as if made by a large body moving through the matrix above, and every now and then, barely audible, a few complex chiming whistles can be heard, like snatches of alien song played on instruments unknown to man.

Further Up the Ramp

The ramp spirals upward another thirty-five yards or more. A white ice-fog begins a short way above the ground and becomes quite thick within the next six or seven yards of altitude. Visibility is limited; explorers have difficulty discerning details in the fog at distances of more than three yards, and even broad shapes are lost after six.

The jungle continues to grow in this region, but it is a sickly thing. The fronds are weak and will not support the weight of a man; many are frozen, blackened and dead. Large mats of long-dried tendrils drape across some of the larger vines.

Someone has been recently at work in this area. Drapes of hide and sinew are slung between plants and crystal racks, catching moisture and directing the icy breeze. Much dead growth has been cut back and piled high on the ramp, making further upward passage difficult. Investigators wishing to climb beyond this point must make successful **Climb rolls** or slip and fall into the matrix.

Two of the remaining adult elder things and their gardener shoggoth are at work at the sixty foot level. When the explorers arrive they are engaged in hanging new moisture traps and windbreaks in the gaps in the broken outer wall. Once they become aware of the presence of humans in the Tower they will attempt to capture them for later use. (See the sidebar "The Elder Things and Another Shoggoth" on the next page for their descriptions.)

The things fight only if they think they can win, and flee if either suffers more than 10 points of damage. The shoggoth attacks the intruders upon command and does not break off or retreat until either it or the explorers are helpless.

The two elder things listed here are also part of the assault party in Chapter Fourteen. If either of them is killed or crippled, the keeper should adjust the later chapter accordingly.

The gardener shoggoth has been grown by the elder things to tend the jungle and the Construct. It is budded off of materials left in the ice of the Valley long ago for just this purpose. The shoggoth is under the control of the things and does not rebel. It knows that the survival of the Construct and the jungle are the only things that matter, and it will defend them to the death.

Humans who work to protect or repair the Wall of Skulls receive its protection in turn. The shoggoth does not attack these people but does what it can to help them in their work. Should the humans attempt to bring new victims to be installed, the shoggoth completes the installation for them if it can—it is expert at this job.

The shoggoth is quite young, less than two years old. In another decade it will reach adult proportions. Except as noted above, it should be treated as any other shoggoth.

The Top of the Ramp: The Pilot Light

The very top of the Tower is made from a single tetrahedral block of black stone fully ten yards on a side. This stone is the focus of much of the ancient machinery in the Tower.

The spiral ramp continues upward to the top, ending abruptly beneath the lower point of the pilot stone. The stone is visible as a darker angular mass projecting downward from the roof to a spot five feet above the floor.

Immense energies still run through the pilot stone. Anyone touching it receives the same effects as when touching the Construct matrix (see "The Lower Construct" on page 212 for information), but this time there is no chance to resist. A faint nimbus of dark blue light arcs and washes between the individual's body and the stone, he or she feels waves of something thick and unwholesome pushing through the skin and internal organs, and then the target is overcome by the sur-

rounding forces. The investigator feels a sense of distortion and of surging, pulling fingers throughout his or her body. The sense rises beyond control. Senses and thoughts run like water and are lost. The victim twitches and spasms limply, without conscious control of limbs or movement, for 1D3 rounds before passing out entirely. Each round the victim remains conscious he or she loses 1D3/1D6 points of Sanity.

The victim's body continues to spasm and contract rhythmically even when unconscious. There is no lasting harm to the victim if he or she is removed within a few rounds, except of course for the damage to his or her mind.

See the sidebar on page 213, "Becoming One with the Construct: The Mute Witness," for ideas on just what the victim retains from this experience.

The Elder Things and Another Shoggoth

FIRST FOLLOWER (pale body, longer head tendrils)
STR 38 CON 20 SIZ 29 INT 15
POW 15 DEX 19 Move 8/9/10 swim/fly HP 25
Damage Bonus: + 3D6.
Weapons: Tentacle (x5) 40%, damage 3D3 in constriction, one new attack per round
Stone Knife (x1) 30%, damage 1D4 + 2 + 3D6
Spear 30%, damage 1D6 + 3D6
Armor: 7-point skin.
Spells: Summon/Bind Shoggoth, Command Shoggoth, Elder Sign.
Skills: Biology 80%, Chemistry 35%, Craft (Laboratory Equipment) 65%, Conceal 10%, Dodge 70%, Spot Hidden 60%.
Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN to see an elder thing.

SECOND FOLLOWER (huge but badly scarred body, missing one tentacle)
STR 40 CON 27 SIZ 38 INT 16
POW 09 DEX 11 Move 8/9/10 swim/fly HP 33
Damage Bonus: + 4D6.
Weapons: Tentacle (x4) 35%, damage 4D3 in constriction, one new attack per round
Stone Knife (x1) 30%, damage 1D4 + 2 + 4D6
Armor: 7-point skin
Spells: none.
Skills: Conceal 15%, Craft (Garments) 70%, Dodge 30%, History 70%, Natural History 70%, Spot Hidden 70%.
Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN.

GARDENER SHOGGOTH ("Plant!" "Prune!" "Pile!" "Protect!")
STR 35 CON 30 SIZ 35 INT 08
POW 11 DEX 03 Move 10/10 swim HP 33
Damage Bonus: + 3D6.
Weapons: Clip 88%, damage 1D2
Crush 75%, damage 3D6
Armor: none, but (1) fire and electrical attacks do only half damage; (2) physical weapons such as firearms do only 1 point of damage, impaling or not; (3) a shoggoth regenerates 2 hit points per round.
Skills: Listen 40%, Obey 90%.
Sanity Loss: 1D6/1D10 SAN (adolescent shoggoth)

To the Wall of Skulls

The trail leads away from the ramp into the jungle, winding around ancient crystalline supports and gnarled clusters of fleshy vines. The damp pale trunks and creepers brush close on all sides. When touched, they send waves of nausea and vertigo through all but the strongest investigators. Shards of glass and bone crunch beneath the explorers' feet; the sound is swallowed up without an echo. Investigators with successful **Spot Hidden rolls** notice that much of the "soil" here is made of fragments of crushed and ancient skulls.

If no one has yet become one with the Construct, the keeper should select the investigator with the highest POW and subject him to its attentions. A chance contact or brush against jungle creepers is enough to start the process; see the descriptions in the lower Construct section and the sidebar "Becoming One With the Construct: The Mute Witness" for more details on the experience and its aftermath. The role of the mute Witness is crucial to the players' understanding of their surroundings. Without it they have little

Command Shoggoth: A Spell

Compels a random shoggoth within a mile or two to approach the caster, and then to obey a single specific command. Each cast of this spell costs 2 magic points and 1D4 Sanity points. The spell may be cast as often as the caster can afford. Each time the spell is cast on the same shoggoth, however, the shoggoth grows more resentful, and the cost increases by one magic point and one Sanity point. The shoggoth must be able to comprehend the command, so the instructions must be simple and apt: "smash that wall and then return to whence you came" works fine, but "pick six bouquets of lilies" would be alien to a shoggoth, who would begin to suspect it was being exploited. ❑

The Wall of Skulls



chance of putting the pieces together in time to save the God Trap.

After thirty feet of winding curves the explorers enter an open area that fills the far end of the chamber and rises upwards into the mist. A few large crystalline supports remain; the rest is in piles and fragments on the floor or ground to dust by time.

Throughout this open space the boles and limbs of the jungle plants are twisted and knotted hungrily around one another, creaking and pulsing softly in a constant whisper of sound and motion, as if the jungle were taking slow heavy breaths. Vines climb the crystal struts, snake up the walls, and wrap securely around the immense and horrible framework that dominates the clearing.

Here is the powerful "head-creature" from the murals in the control chamber below. Here is the elder things' sacrificial "god."

In and around the mighty plants, rising beyond sight into the mists, is a massive structure of crystal, stone, and living tissue. Partly living, partly machine, it squats in its clearing like a massive pile of corrupt flesh, twitching and breathing slightly in the still air. Moisture glistens down its flanks and pools upon the floor; it smells of ancient disease. The million quivering fronds of the jungle all seem to merge here. Countless hairlike filaments converge upon the structure and tremble in the investigators' lights, and a thin web of slimy tendrils cover the sides of the structure like a membraneous skin. The whole flickers and runs with faint ripples of the same blue fire that was visible in the crystalline darkness below; and here, when the energy runs across the surface of the thing, the flesh itself twitches and quivers in terrible sympathy.

The hideous artifact stares at the intruders from thousands of dead staring eyes.

Embedded in the fleshy frame are great numbers of heads. Some are the heads of birds; others belong to seals and walruses; but many are of men. They stare blindly in all directions, flesh blackened and withered with age beneath a protective coating of slime. Most are little more than grinning skulls, the flesh long sloughed away, and these no longer move. A few, however, show faint signs of life. They are the most horrible of all.

In the center of the mass at eye level, facing directly toward the investigators, is all that is left of James Starkweather. His eyes are wide and empty, his slack jaw agape. Runnels of glistening moisture slide unnoticed across his eyeballs and pool inside his open mouth. His lips purse and twitch in time with the pulsing of the plants, as if he is trying to speak but can not remember how. If he is here at all, Doctor Richard Greene, slightly lower and to one side, is in much the same condition.

The entire structure is silent except for faint rustlings and soft wet sounds. Viewing it costs 1/1D4 SAN.

A Crucial Point in the Campaign

The investigators' arrival at the Wall of Skulls marks the beginning of the crucial section in this chapter. The keeper must plan out this scene with great care, for much of the impact of the story past this point depends upon the events of the next few moments.

In brief, the Construct *must* be broken by the party. Either one of the heads must be removed, or someone in the party should do some minor damage to the structure. Care should be taken, however, that the damage is minor enough that it can be repaired by the investigators—otherwise the scenario is quickly and messily over.

The three non-player characters (Lexington, Priestley, and Meyer) are present to act in the stead of the investigators as necessary—but if at all possible the investigators should be allowed to act and react on their own.

Meyer's reaction to the Wall of Skulls is astonishment. This is nothing at all like anything he expected. He does little but gape at the Wall as one might regard a spider or snake getting ready to strike. Now and then he shudders visibly and glances around at the jungle; but his attention is always drawn back to the fleshy tower.

Lexington's response is horrified indignation and regret. She regards the Wall as a desecration of the poor men and animals on display, and would like to see them all taken down and properly interred with respect. At the very least, James Starkweather deserves better than this—her long enmity with the man suddenly seems meaningless, and her tears are as much for the injustice as they are for the dead explorer.

Priestley, in contrast, looks upon the Wall with simple loathing. He would like nothing better than to put the whole thing to the torch, but years of experience have taught him to let other people poke the hornet's nests while he stands to one side. Rather than simply reaching out to tear and smash, he tries to get others, including the investigators, to agree and to help him in the deed. Some arguments he might use are:

- "This thing's disgusting! The whole place looks like the insides of someone's intestines! Want to help me tear it down?"
- "I wish we had some gasoline. We could give all these guys a real nice funeral pyre."
- "Hey Meyer—You wanted to bag a monster or two? This thing looks important; I bet they'd come running if we started poking holes in it, eh?"

Priestley, however, is mostly talk. He does not take action on his own, unless there is no one else to act.

The Mute Witness knows more than the others. The keeper should inform him that this is the very heart of the repairs. It is not horrible at all, but the beautiful and fragile thread that holds the God Trap together. Any harm to the structure would be a horrible mistake and a danger to everyone. ❑

Disturbing the Construct

First read the adjacent sidebar, "A Crucial Point in the Campaign."

"My God! My God! My God!"

"Oh. . . . " Wordless sobs. "Oh, the poor idiot man!"

"I've seen enough! Let's tear this forsaken thing apart!"

A moment passes. The others gape at the tower of flesh, silent except for Priestley, who whispers a brief obscenity.

If the investigators decide to damage or destroy the Construct, the keeper must allow them to proceed; however, Acacia Lexington insists that the head of James Starkweather first be removed for proper burial.

If the investigators take no action, or decide not to interfere with the tower of heads, Miss Lexington instead demands that

Starkweather's remains be removed from the pile and taken away from the Tower.

In either case, Lexington steps forward. Pale and trembling, she walks toward the remains of James Starkweather. "You don't deserve this," she whispers.

With a sudden resolve she looks at the rest of the group. "Does anyone have something we can put him in?" she asks. "I want to take him out and give him a decent burial." She turns to the friendliest of the investigators. "Will you help me get him out of there?"

It may take a few minutes to find an appropriate container for the head. Any box or heavy cloth will do to wrap up the head, but the best available container is one of the leather "bassinets" on the shelf in the upper workshop; these are the ones used by the elder things to carry up fresh victims for installation.

The energies that run through the rest of the Construct are at their most potent here. All investigators examining the Wall of Skulls closely, or helping Lexington free Starkweather's head, feel the same pressure and dizziness as elsewhere; in addition they are subject to small disorienting fragments of mad inhuman thought. The keeper may grant hints or knowledge to the investigators through these episodes, but each such contact costs the investigator a mandatory 1 point SAN loss.

The flesh of the Wall of Skulls is soft and damp with a sticky sweet syrup that smells vaguely rotten. It is unexpectedly warm. Starkweather's head rests in a thin stone bowl much like the ones on the shelves of the upper workshop below, covered with a thin layer of the ooze which flows constantly from the fibers above. The head is not merely perched there, however: the man's spine is still attached, and from the spinal cord a spreading web of fine nervous fibers is literally interwoven with the thin strong filaments of the jungle plants that support and surround it. The head cannot simply be lifted away. It must be cut out of the mass.

The first time it is touched, Starkweather's eyes close and his mouth stretches wide in a humorless grin. The smile fades after a moment. There is no further reaction of any kind from the head. Anyone helping Acacia Lexington loses 0/1 point of SAN from surprise.

Lexington grimaces in revulsion, then with a few decisive motions of her utility knife she slices the head free of the trembling mass and pulls it free, placing it in the chosen receptacle.

The head immediately dies. Its features go slack, as the dead man at last finds peace.

The Reaction

As Starkweather is separated from the surrounding weave, the entire jungle shudders and twitches violently. All of the remaining heads gape their jaws wide in a soundless scream. The darkness overhead is filled with creaks and rustles, followed a moment later by a wild flurry of thin piping whistles and trills as the gardener shoggoth flings itself through the matrix and directly at the human intruders.

Meyer screams at the sight of the shoggoth and runs blindly for the ramp. Priestley curses, looking about him wildly for a weapon, and picks up a shard of crystal.

"Let's get out of here!" snaps Acacia. "Now!" She clutches her grisly burden to her chest and darts after Meyer, away from the Wall of Skulls and down the ramp.

The Shoggoth Attacks

The gardener shoggoth is the one described in "Further Up the Ramp" and the sidebar "The Elder Things and the Shoggoth." It throws itself at anyone and everyone close to the Wall of Skulls and strikes wildly at them, attempting to drive them away. If the humans flee, the shoggoth allows them to retreat. If they stand their ground, it presses the attack, striking always at the limbs and lower body, never at the face. The gardener shoggoth retreats only to avoid its own death.

The rhythmic rustling and twitching of the jungle plants grows stronger and stronger during the fight. The Mute Witness, if he is still present, can feel the great distress of the matrix as the system begins to break down. It is a terrifying feeling—rather like the sensation of being inside of a mighty engine about to tear itself apart. (This sensation, and the accompanying sound and motion, continues to build for the next thirty minutes before any irreparable damage occurs, but the investigators do not know this.)

The shock of the dissolution also provides the mute Witness a chance to be free of his mental prison. The player must roll less than **POW x4** on D100 for his or her investigator to break out of incoherency and to speak and act normally; the roll may be attempted once per combat round until successful.

In the meantime the rest of the party has other things to worry about.

Two Elder Things; the Timeslip

Three combat rounds after the shoggoth attacks, the elder things First Follower and Second Follower (described in "Further Up the Ramp" and the sidebar "The Elder Things and the Shoggoth") charge down the spiral ramp and join the fight. They seek to disarm and then disable the humans in order to string them all up to the Machine and repair the damage that is already spreading rapidly. The things do not surrender or try to communicate, and they are only driven off if one or more of them is seriously wounded (loses more than ten hit points). If that happens both elder things retreat swiftly and together along the spiral ramp in whatever direction is most convenient, leaving only the shoggoth to guard the Wall of Skulls.

Meyer and Lexington arrive at the spiral ramp before the things do, and make their escape downward. Any investigator who flees the Wall of Skulls immediately, without engaging the shoggoth, also gets well away. The rest, however, are slower and must face the elder things when they appear.

Simultaneously with the elder things' attack, a huge timeslip begins.

The interior of the Tower seems to smear and twist around the investigators as each of them is overwhelmed by a powerful sense of vertigo. The jungle, the elder things, and the intruders all seem to shift in and out of existence, to multiply and then to vanish, and then to reappear in other poses and places as flashes of scenes from the immediate past and future overlap. For a moment the jungle itself is gone, and in its place the crystal matrix stands whole and shining in brilliant light from all sides, attended by more than a dozen elder things; then that scene too vanishes.

For the Mute Witness, there is something more. In the flickering instant before the timeslip fades, the Witness sees a terrible vision—a future where the Imprisoned God is freed, not because of the God Trap's failure, but simply because IT somehow is reborn outside, growing outward beyond the Trap, in a dozen directions at once. The world is consumed—all life is engulfed—and it all begins here, it begins here.

All investigators must roll 0/1D3 SAN. Even the attacking elder things seem affected. They recoil for a round and wave their limbs wildly, shrieking in their myriad whistling voices, before pressing the attack once more.

The timeslip effect lasts for three combat rounds. During the slip, halve the chance for any successful attack. The players may think that the things are somehow responsible for the timeslip, but in fact that is not the case—it's merely a side-effect of the incipient breakdown of the God Trap.

The Timeslip Fades; the First Earthquake

During the sixth combat round of the attack, the entire Tower is shaken by a single massive earth shock. Crystals boom and gong loudly—stone cracks and crumbles—everyone standing must receive rolls of **DEX x3** or less, or be knocked to the floor.

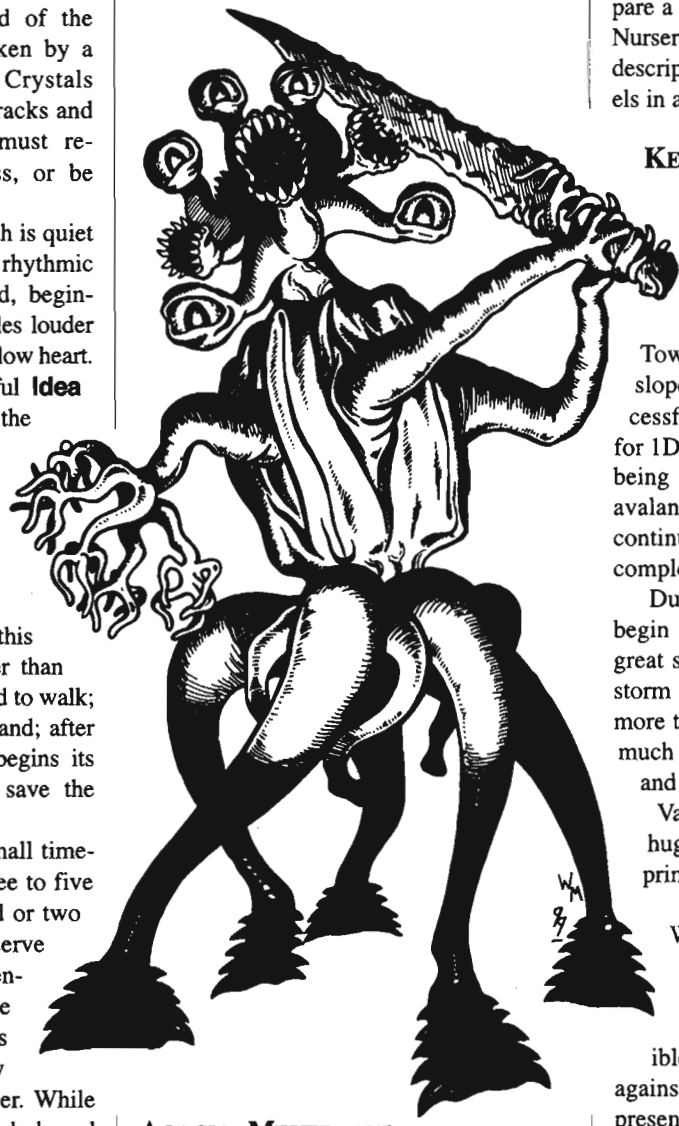
After the initial shock the earth is quiet for six rounds; then a steady rhythmic shuddering begins in the ground, beginning with round twelve. It rumbles louder and louder like the beat of a great slow heart. Investigators who make successful **Idea rolls** realize that the frequency is the same as the frequency of the rhythmic contractions in the jungle plants—but much more abrupt and violent.

Later

The earth tremors continue from this point onwards, each one stronger than the last. After ten minutes it is hard to walk; after twenty it is impossible to stand; after thirty minutes the Tower itself begins its final collapse and nothing can save the Construct from destruction.

Throughout this half hour, small timeslips continue to occur every three to five minutes. They last only a second or two but can be very distracting, and serve to increase the uncertainty and tension of the scene. While in the midst of a slip the investigators may witness scenes from any period in the history of the Tower. While most of these would be merely dark and empty, the keeper may wish to tease the investigators with passing elder things from ages past—perhaps showing them the installation of a previous victim into the Wall of Skulls.

The final, most horrible, effect of the breaking of the Construct is the increasing sense of presence of the Unknown God. This manifests first as a growing feeling of menace and being watched, which comes from the west and is felt quite clearly despite walls and other intervening objects. As the god grows stronger and more free the sensation changes; the investigators all feel as if some powerful malignant vapor or poison were seeping through the walls and the air and burrowing deep inside of each of them, guided by an unknown hand. It makes the investigators first uneasy, then unwell, growing stronger and stronger until everything is colored and bathed in the unseen radiance of the Imprisoned One.



Acacia, Meyer, and the Elder Things

Meyer leaves the Wall of Skulls, fleeing downward through the Tower and out into the cold, caught in the grip of a mindless and irrational terror. Lexington follows him with concern. When he fails to stop or put on his protective clothing at the entrance, she abandons her burden, grabs a parka and follows; if none of the investigators accompany her, it is she who drags Meyer back to the entry dome after he collapses in the cold. The pair can be found there whenever the investigators finish inside.

The two elder things, defeated, retreat to the Tower's underlevels by one of two routes. Either they go straight down the spiral ramp, or, more likely, they proceed upward to the top of the Tower, exit through one of the damaged walls, and re-enter through the westernmost entryway at ground level. Either way, the things descend to the nursery, communicate the disaster to their two adult companions there, and prepare a counterattack. (See the sidebar "The Nursery Things" on page 229 for their descriptions.) They return to the upper levels in a few minutes, ready to strike.

Keeper's Note—Outside the Tower

Investigators outside the Construct Tower at this point are in big trouble. The earthquakes are felt just as strongly outside the Tower as they are within; characters on slopes or loose snow must make a successful **Climb roll** to keep from falling for 1D4 damage, and a **Luck roll** to avoid being caught in a sudden landslide or avalanche for 2D6-2 damage. The tremors continue until the Construct's repair is complete.

During this same period, timeslips begin to wash through the Valley with great strength, radiating outward from the storm vortex. Most of these result in little more than a blurring of the landscape (not much has changed in recent ages) but now and again brief glimpses appear of the Valley as it once was, filled with the huge strange stalks and fronds of the primordial Construct jungle.

As the Construct deteriorates, the Wall of Storms distorts and shreds, as if torn by massive winds. The Imprisoned God, seeking at last to enter the world, is periodically visible within as it writhes and lunges against its eternal prison walls: a huge dark presence that tears impossibly at the eyes and rips at the viewer's soul.

Catching a glimpse of this terrible being costs the viewer 2D10/1D100 SAN.

The first brief break in the clouds occurs ten minutes after the great tremors begin: glimpses of the prisoner become longer and more frequent until the Construct either shuts down entirely or is repaired.

Each rent in the fabric of the God Trap is accompanied by a thin rain of Seeds, flung outward by the Prisoner with every movement, and scattered across the landscape. See Appendix 3, "Seeds of the Un-

known God," for full details about these stones.

At the landing site, the three characters at the aircraft start preparing them for flight the moment the earthquakes begin. If any investigators are present, they may help; however, Halperin goes violently mad the moment the Imprisoned God becomes visible, and must be caught and subdued by the other characters before he can hurt the aircraft or the others. Rucker and Baumann, apparently sane and stable, aid any investigators present to catch Halperin but then either steal the Boeing outright (if possible) or attack and strike down the investigators before taking the plane and flying away. Halperin's own story, at the end of the chapter, should be modified in this case to fit the facts as they occurred.

A Terrible Mistake

It is time for the Mute Witness to fulfill his destiny. The Witness returns fully to his senses as the first great earth seizure rocks the Tower. He finds himself in the midst of battle, with his comrades fighting a shoggoth and the Construct beginning to break down on all sides. The Witness is the only one in the party who knows how desperate their situation is—and what must be done to save it.

Somehow the explorers must deliver a fresh living nervous system to the Wall of Skulls, and install it in place of the missing (or damaged) head.

The Mute Witness can feel the Construct breaking apart and shutting down around him. He senses the terrible destructive waves spreading outward through the earth, as the prisoner thrusts and struggles against the weakening walls of its prison. He knows that they have only a few minutes to act. He knows, too, that for the repair to be made in time, someone has to be given to the machine—and have his body stripped away and be condemned to a mad living death.

And it has to happen right away. Immediately. There is no time to hesitate or wonder.

The Witness' job is to explain all this to the others—to convince them that it must be done. This is no easy task, but there is literally no other choice.

The keeper should keep careful track of real (player) time in this section. Every few minutes a timeslip or another earthquake occurs, further heightening the urgency of the scene. Meyer and Lexington are gone; there is no time to search through the Tower for them. Only Priestley and the investigators remain at hand. One of them must be sacrificed; and Priestley will certainly not volunteer!

Who Shall be Chosen?

Choosing a component is the first step, and it is vital. Albert Priestley is probably the only character who is still near enough to the party to be used in time, and he will fight viciously to avoid being put on "that bloody Wall." If threatened, he will even go so far as to put a gun to his own temple and threaten to blow his brains out, thus rendering him useless for the task. Meyer and Acacia are far from the Wall of Heads by this point, and searching for them would use up too much precious time. The only expedient solution is, unfortunately, for the investigators to slaughter one of their own.

If the players are too quick, however, or the keeper wishes to be extremely softhearted and forgiving, one of the available characters may be left conveniently to hand. In that event the following changes occur in later chapters:

- If Priestley is chosen, changes to the plot are few; however, he is no longer available to shoot film in the City ruins. In this case Acacia is dangerously alone with her cameras on the hillsides in Chapter Fourteen.
- If Meyer is chosen, he is no longer the excuse for the fight between the investigators and mad Halperin in Chapter Twelve, "The Moment of Truth." Instead, Halperin suddenly changes his mind and refuses to let any of the supplies be offloaded at the City camp. Arguing with him begins the shooting match.
- Choosing Lexington is the worst option. Investigators must be aware that if she is killed, a blizzard of questions will be asked. Her influence on the media and public opinion will not be available to keep the Tower site a secret, her movie will not be filmed, and the existence of the elder things will be much more difficult to conceal.

Knowing What to Do

Repairing the Wall of Skulls is a simple matter, requiring a little knowledge but no real skill. The procedure is as follows:

- The sacrifice is laid on the slab in the dissectory.
- The corpse-eater shoggoth rises up and strips the brain and nerve trunks from the body, depositing the useful bits in a receptacle placed at the foot of the tub, along with a slurry of preservative and nutrient juices.
- The receptacle is taken to the Wall of Skulls, along with one of the stone head-bowls from the workshop.
- The gardener shoggoth takes the new component and weaves it into the matrix, spreading the spine and nerve fibers widely to allow maximum contact with the jungle's tiny threads. The forces of the matrix do the rest.

The entire process is described in detail, with pictures, in the panels on the control chamber walls. A part of it is also described by Arthur Pym. Some may have been glimpsed by the Mute Witness, or by others, in momentary hallucinations. The rest can be got by guesswork, filling in what the Witness knows; a successful **Idea roll** is sufficient for a hint or two if the keeper desires. The shoggoths do all the delicate work.

If the investigators have killed either of the shoggoths, the job is much more difficult and the result will not be as satisfactory, but it still serves to avoid disaster until the elder things can get back to work.

It is not possible for the humans to properly prepare the body without the corpse-eater shoggoth and they have no means of anaesthetizing the chosen sacrifice; the work will be nasty and bloody. They will, at a minimum, need to remove the head and spine from the rest of the body, and extract the spinal cord from inside the vertebra.

If the gardener shoggoth is missing, the installation will not be as successful as otherwise, but will be adequate to avoid tragedy if the humans are careful. They need to place the head in one of the available support bowls and lay the remainder of the nervous web carefully in a thin fan around the bowl, touching the jungle filaments in as many places as possible.

Repairing the Wall of Skulls

Creating a Component

The chosen sacrifice is taken to the dissectory and placed upon the slab. An appropriate receptacle is put at the foot of the tub. If the corpse-eater is present, it

does its work, and the resulting "component" is set into the receptacle, ready for transport. All present take a loss of 1/1D4 SAN from seeing the operation.

If the receptacle is not in its usual place the corpse-eater shoggoth does not give up the head, but keeps it in the tub until an appropriate container is brought. The keeper may call for **Idea rolls** for the investigators, to figure out what is missing.

If the corpse-eater shoggoth is gone, and the investigators perform the operation themselves, a successful **First Aid roll** or **Medicine roll** is required to complete the procedure without destroying the vital components. Each participant loses 1D6 + 1 SAN for helping to cold-bloodedly vivisect one of their comrades. At that point everyone else in the party loses 0/1D3 SAN, for they know what is happening and are allowing it to proceed.

What is not obvious in this case is that the operation must be performed in the tub in the dissectory. That is the only place where the preservative fluid is available in quantity to keep the component alive until installation. The component is of no use at all if it is dead. Once the body is killed, the component has less than a minute to live. Unless it is immersed in the fluid in that time, the sacrifice is worthless.

The Tower is shaken by tremors of increasing violence throughout this time, and periodic timeslips momentarily interrupt the process more than once.

Installing a Component

When it is created, the component must be carried to the Wall of Skulls and put into place. The trip back up the ramp is uneventful except for the timeslips and now-powerful earth tremors.

As the group arrives at the Wall of Skulls, however, the gardener shoggoth appears once more, crashing downward through the foliage above to land in the clearing next to the Wall, to one side of the investigators. A hundred eyes push upward out of the mass of the creature, and a dozen mouths pipe soft moist moans. It does not attack; it merely watches closely.

The shoggoth performs its purpose, which is to protect the Construct. The creature does not attack the investigators unless they harm the construct, or unless it must defend itself. It watches and waits.

The keeper should allow the players to announce their intended actions and proceed. Moments later, however, the party of four elder things arrives up the spiral ramp. (See "The Nursery Things" sidebar three pages ahead for descriptions of the third and fourth ones.) They are armed with knives and spears and are ready to attack.

The shoggoth moves swiftly, pushing past the investigators and into the path of the elder things, swelling up and whistling its shrill *T'ke-t'ke-li-li-liiii!* The elder things respond by spreading out, slowly, but the shoggoth does its best to keep between the things and the humans. It backs slowly toward the Wall of Skulls, herding the investigators ahead of it.

Should any of the investigators think to offer the shoggoth the newly created component, it takes the receptacle, carries it to the Wall, and weaves it in as quickly as it can while keeping a portion of its body alert and ready to strike at anything that moves.

In the event that the humans opt to install the component themselves, the keeper must recall that the energies of the Construct are very powerful here. Anyone who draws close enough to the Wall of Skulls to place the head in its bowl, or to spread the filaments across the surface of the structure, becomes a conduit for the forces that contain the God Trap as well. The pressures, distortions, and fragmentary hallucinations are the same as those described earlier in this section.

The elder things watch, motionless and tense, as the installation is performed.

With the component in place, the shoggoth moves once again between the elder things and the investigators. It shrills and lunges at the things with thick limbs erupting and being re-absorbed. They draw aside from the path; the investigators are allowed to depart, herded once more by the gardener shoggoth, who keeps the elder things at bay. The shoggoth does not leave the clearing, but places itself in the pathway.

A successful **Psychology roll, Idea roll,** or **Biology roll** suggests in various ways that what can be accomplished has been achieved, and that it is time to leave. The investigators are advised to retreat from the Tower's upper levels. Most likely they are eager to depart. No further approach to the Wall of Skulls is possible; the shoggoth attacks anyone who tries to get too close. As the tremors slowly die away and the terrible sense of encroaching malevolence dims, it remains next to the Wall of Skulls, its disgusting and valiant guard.

The elder things are released a few minutes later, and immediately proceed to search the Tower top to bottom for humans. Anyone remaining inside at this point is attacked without mercy and will almost certainly end up on the Wall.

Below the Heritage Hall

This section describes the passages and chambers that can be reached by traveling downward along the well core ramp from the Tower's heritage hall.

There are two elder things working in the nursery. They are unaware of the presence of the humans and will not become aware of them unless the explorers enter that area. They will, however, come swiftly to investigate if the Construct is damaged or someone fires shots in the well core shaft. Statistics for these elder things are in "The Nursery Things" sidebar ahead.

The Ramp Downward

The ramp that spirals counterclockwise down the well core shaft is steep and treacherous. It is no more than a yard wide and has no handholds, railings, or safety barriers. The ramp spirals downward at a steep thirty degrees. Regular crosswise ridges in the flooring, set a hand's length or so apart, are the only concessions to safety; these ridges are so traveled over time that in many places they are entirely eroded.

Anyone who runs or fights on the ramp invites disaster. An investigator who fails to exercise due caution while climbing must succeed in a **DEX roll.** Failure means that he or she has slipped and fallen on the ramp; should the investigator then fail a **Luck roll,** he or she runs the risk of slipping downward and entirely off of the ramp. This is invariably fatal; it is a long way down, so there is plenty of time to scream.

The air in the Well is scorching hot—almost 100°F—and very dry. It rises in a constant breeze from the glowing red depths. Investigators wearing Antarctic clothing quickly find the heat intolerable. They are unable to proceed unless they remove their heavy outer garments, and even then it is uncomfortably warm. (Remind reluctant explorers that in the extreme cold of the polar continent, moisture in one's clothing is a serious danger and must be avoided whenever possible. Sweat in one's parka can literally kill.)

The well core's cylindrical walls are smooth and unadorned. Nothing breaks the

smooth monotony but a series of small empty alcoves, six inches wide, ten inches deep, and two feet tall—a little smaller than a human thigh—set about every dozen yards along the ramp. These are the only visible features until the first opening is reached, more than 80 yards down.

First Floor Down: The Residence

After sixteen turns down the steep spiral an archway breaks the wall's smooth curve. The arch is three yards tall and only somewhat more than a yard wide, with the same steep curvature of most of the Tower's openings.

The archway was originally open, with no sign of door or hinges. Now, however, a curtain of coarse vegetable fiber hangs from the top of the arch all the way to the floor. The curtain is not attached at the sides and is easily drawn aside with a rustling noise reminiscent of dry grass.

Beyond the curtain the archway continues in a long straight hallway. The hall is tall but narrow like the arch. Thick rib-like swellings in the walls narrow the way even further every twenty feet; in the narrow spots the way is only a yard wide.

The air in the hallway is at least ten degrees cooler than the air in the well core shaft. It is also thick with the reek of the elder things.

The hallway has six doorways, set in three pairs facing one another about fifteen yards apart. Each doorway is hung with a rough curtain like the one at the end of the tunnel. Beyond each door is a single chamber, thirty-five feet on a side and twenty feet tall in the center, shaped like a pyramid. The door is in one corner of the base.

These chambers are the living quarters of the remaining elder things. The rooms are much alike to human eyes. Each of the inhabited rooms has a tall heavy rack made from leather, human bone, and sinew; these vaguely resemble laboratory stands enlarged to about five feet high. The rooms also contain tables of varying sizes, cup lamps, and elder thing parkas (the parkas resemble the ones found in the Entry Hall of the Tower, but are made of somewhat lighter materials). Utensils and useful items, such as knives, scrapers, or needles, are usually made out of stone, expertly worked with no hint of the technique used.

The Residence: Room #1

Leader Thing's Room: it holds several small uneven-looking tables, and many narrow niches have been cut deeply into the walls. The floor of the room is swept very clean and there is no clutter, though all the tables and niches are full. A half-dozen cup lamps light the room with a thin greenish glow.

Two of the room's walls are covered with writing. Most of this is comprised of unreadable bands of the now-familiar elder thing dot-script, or weird angular geometric drawings of no obvious purpose; but directly across from the doorway is a large meticulously executed map drawn in charcoal upon the stone. The map is almost seven feet across and depicts the City, the Miskatonic Mountains, and adjoining areas. The map area extends all the way to the Antarctic coast and clearly shows coastal outlines not yet charted by human beings, as well as a section of the curve of the Ross Sea and much of the intervening terrain.

If the investigators think to look closely at the map they find that several locations are marked with small symbols and arcs of dot-cipher. Among these are Lake's Camp and the Starkweather landing site in the City. Another symbol has been laid on the coast at the location of Lexington's first landing.

The investigators can find several other items of interest amongst the niches:

- Large numbers of small rocks of widely varying types. A successful **Geology roll** indicates that these stones cannot possibly have come from any single region but must have been collected from a variety of scattered sites.
- A curious construction made from crystal shards and windings of thin insulated wire on a twisted frame of carved bone. The construction is eight inches high and weighs about three pounds; when shaken or disturbed it emits a high singing whine which is profoundly disturbing.
- Carefully folded and refolded paper charts of human origin. Some are professionally printed *National Geographic* maps of various continents; one is a carefully hand-drawn aeronautical chart showing a route from the shore of the Ross Sea to the top of the Beardmore Glacier, and beyond to the South Pole. The signature in the corner of the chart reads simply, "P. Lake."
- A number of other small articles, also of human origin, including a sextant, compass, a number of empty and flattened food tins, a Bible with many pages missing, a battered *Geologists' Handbook,* and a Zippo lighter. The lighter does not work—it is out of fuel.

The Residence: Room #2

First Follower's Room: this room has only two tables but they are large and heavy, made of thin-cut slabs of schist with a fine polished finish. Dried plant fibers cover the floor. They give off a sour scent when trod upon.

The tables are covered with bowls and tools of stone, glass, and crystal that give the room the look of a chemical laboratory. Near the left wall, the stone of the floor is dug away in a deep pit covered with a leather hood. If the hood is removed the pit is seen to be filled with blocks and chips of ice.

If the investigators think to dig through the ice they find three small sealed stone containers. Each holds a small germinal shoggoth. Properly fed and cared for these will grow . . . and grow . . . and grow to their full size in about five years.

The Residence: Room #3

Second Follower's Room: this room has a single large table and two smaller ones, all made of strong fibers woven over frames of bone. Scattered over the floor and the table, and hanging off of the central rack, are bits and scraps of animal hides. Long bone needles are thrust into a heavy fibrous block. Strings of gut drape limply between the rack and the floor. The scene is dimly lit by cup lamps; the shreds of hide and the sour scent in the room make the room seem like some sort of crude torture chamber. A nearly completed elder thing parka is folded in a wall niche.

Examination of the room and a successful **Idea roll** suggests that this chamber is used for the construction of garments.

The Residence: Room #4

Third Follower's Room: this room has no furniture other than the central rack, the wall niches, and one small table. A lone cup-lamp barely pierces the gloom.

The right-hand wall is a notable feature. This wall is shaded and textured in the Mature style of the ancient elder things' murals. The work is unfinished but it is plain that the subject matter is the City as it once was. Towers loom unbroken to impossible heights; thin disks and needles spear out at impossible angles; broad plazas are garlanded with feather-leaved

The Immature Elder Things



trees and countless numbers of winged things hover in the skies.

Even now the composition is impressive; when it is finished it will be a masterwork, even allowing for the strange perspectives and the alien design.

The Residence: Room #5

The Lounge: here the room is empty, but the floor is covered thickly with many thin brown rugs woven of plant fibers. Tall thin threadlike structures of glass stand in the four corners of the room on heavy stone bases. The room is unlit.

The Residence: Room #6

Empty Room: this chamber is unused. Its emptiness has about it a faint sad chill. The walls are dark with old lichen; the floors have been roughly cleaned but still look shabby.

Second Floor Down: The Workshop

Three more turns down the well core's spiral ramp brings the explorers to another archway. A woven curtain hangs across the opening as before, but here the arch is twice as wide as the one above, spanning eight feet side to side.

Beyond the arch a broad hallway slants slightly downward. The walls are ribbed as before; the floor is as well. The air is cooler than in the well core, measuring perhaps 80°F.

Fifteen yards down the tunnel is another woven curtain. Beyond lies a single long room, rectangular in shape, with a low curved roof and a flat back wall that might be as much as twenty yards away. The room is filled with stone-slab tables and large hulking crystalline forms. There is no light here, but a faint directionless drone whispers in the explorers' ears. The air is cool—no more than 60°F.

Tables and crystal hulks alternate on either side, leaving only a few feet in the center for passage. The two tables nearest the door are cluttered with small flat stony disks, shallow bowls, and tools of stone. The rest are empty.

The crystal hulks stand more than six feet tall and weigh several tons. They are made of stone laced with crystalline veins that wink softly in the explorers' lights; there are no controls or other clues to their purpose. Touching any of the hulks with bare hands, however, causes the faint whispering drone to rise to a loud complex

hiss for a few seconds before it fades to its former level. Nothing else changes.

Keeper's note: the crystalline forms in this room are a part of the machinery of the Lure. Damaging or destroying them would release a lot of energy into the room, probably killing all present, but would not do more to the Construct than put out the pilot light.

The back wall of the chamber is deeply gouged and pitted, as if some agency had softened the stone and then dug it out with colossal fingers. In the shallow depressions left behind, a trio of cylindrical bore holes are visible burrowing horizontally away from the room. These are stuffed solidly with plugs of plant fiber to a depth of three feet.

If the plant matter is removed from the bores, the investigators discover that the shafts run at least six yards into the stone. Cold radiates from these holes, and solid ice can be seen starting six yards away.

Third Floor Down: The Nursery

The spiral ramp ends at the third archway, one half turn beyond the workshop tunnel. The explorers are now more than 50 yards below ground level; it is about 80 yards back up the ramp to the heritage hall.

Once again the explorers find a broad arch. Again it is covered by a woven curtain. This time, however, the curtain is fastened at the bottom as well as the top, held against the ground by five heavy flat-bottomed stones.

Beyond the curtain is a short tunnel, about eight yards from end to end. The tunnel's far end opens out into cool darkness. Once again the air is humid, thick with the reek of the elder things.

At the end of the tunnel, the floor and walls drop away in a series of terraces, each a little higher than a yard. Clumped masses of faintly luminous material are scattered about between the tunnel mouth and the far wall, eighty feet away and ten yards below. The chamber is filled with countless small sounds—splashes, rustlings, scratchings. Small indistinct shapes pass in front of the luminous masses from time to time, but no details of form can be seen.

Explorers who bring lights of their own into this area can easily make out more details. The fan-shaped chamber contains hundreds of immature elder things. They cluster and scamper about in flocks and waves, like chickens at a poultry ranch, running back and forth below the investigators while clusters of eyes open and close glassily in the dim light.

A moment later the small things notice the intruders, and the rustlings are lost in an ear-piercing chorus of clicks and piping whistles. *Kli! Kli! Kli!* they cry, in a thousand tones and chords, impossibly shrill and maddeningly loud, as hundreds of half-grown wing membranes fan the foul breeze and the more curious clamber upward towards the humans in a wave of eyes and mouths.

Investigators witnessing this sudden horrible onslaught suffer 1D3/1D6 + 1 SAN from the scene and the shock.

Before the first of the young can reach the top terrace, however, the adults attack.

There are two full-grown elder things here, feeding and teaching the young when the explorers arrive. It takes them a full round to fly at top speed from the lowest terrace to the upper; when they arrive they seek immediately to chase away, disarm, or kill the intruders, with little thought to preserving themselves or saving the useful parts of the humans. (See the adjacent sidebar "The Nursery Things" for adult and immature elder thing descriptions.)

This is the only circumstance in which adult elder things will not retreat but will

The Nursery Things

LEADER THING (silvery gray band on torso)
STR 34 CON 24 SIZ 25 INT 18
POW 13 DEX 17 Move 8/9/10 swim/fly HP 25
Damage Bonus: + 3D6.
Weapons: Tentacle (x5) 40%, damage 3D3 in constriction, one new attack per round
Disturbance Device 50%, damage 2D10
Armor: 7-point skin.
Spells: Enchant Disturbance Device.
Skills: Art (Poetry) 50%, Conceal 15%, Dodge 55%, Navigate 75%, Spot Hidden 40%.
Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN to see an elder thing.

THIRD FOLLOWER (small dark mottlings and puckers on torso)
STR 35 CON 15 SIZ 34 INT 16
POW 09 DEX 20 Move 8/9/10 swim/fly HP 25
Damage Bonus: + 3D6.
Weapon: Tentacle (x5) 40%, damage 3D3 in constriction, one new attack per round
Spear 30%, damage 1D6 + 3D6
Armor: 7-point skin.
Spells: no spells.
Skills: Art (Mature Murals) 95%, Conceal 15%, Dimensional Electronics 60%, Dodge 60%, Physics 65%, Spot Hidden 45%.
Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN to see an elder thing.

SAMPLE IMMATURE ELDER THING
STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 5 INT 6
POW 10 DEX 12 Move 8/7/0 swim/fly HP 10
Damage Bonus: + 0.
Weapon: tentacle attacks of immature elder things do no damage, but can encumber an enemy so that a foe can make no attack for a round.
Armor: 3-point skin.
Spells: none.
Skills: Conceal 25%, Dodge 24%, Scream for Help 80%.

Young elder things stand a yard high or slightly more, and weigh 30–40 pounds. They are intelligent but immature, and like all young do not act with foresight.

fight to the death. The two full-grown things have no weapons but their limbs, but they probably do not need any.

The larger things are at the room's dim far end, and the humans have more than enough to occupy their attention. The keeper should determine each investigator's intended actions before allowing the party members to learn of the onrushing threat.

Each investigator needs a successful **Luck roll** to notice the adults before they arrive. Even if the roll is made, there is no time to do more than shout a warning, but at least the party is not taken by surprise.

The Bottom of the Shaft

The investigators cannot reach the bottom of the shaft in safety. The ramp stops at the nursery level, ending a few feet later in an abrupt and final drop. Below, the shaft continues unbroken for almost two miles before ending above the volcanic vent that is tapped to provide power for the Construct.

Exploring the Valley

The eastern end of the Valley of the Construct is a bleak and imposing place. The huge wall of clouds to the west fills more than half the sky, towering overhead in roils of dark and ruddy hues, seemingly ready to fall and crush everything below. Wind whines and moans around the structures and tugs at the explorers' furs; thin whips of snow fill the air with a continual haze. The fog of breath is torn away, and everything is covered in a hard film of ice.

Sounds do not carry well, though now and then a word or phrase will echo with startling sharpness. The gusting wind picks up the snow and shapes it into sinuous flickering shapes that writhe for a moment and are gone. Objects on the ground seem to appear and disappear behind the haze. Distances are deceptive. Details are easily lost in the shifting white obscurity.

Only the higher reaches can be clearly seen from the valley floor. Whirling clouds mask the line of taller hills to the west. The massive silhouette of the Tower itself is dark against the sky.

Explorers in the valley are encouraged to tie themselves together with ropes for safety. It is surprisingly easy for one person to be separated from his companions, though the direction of the Tower is always plain. While exploring this region the keeper should lower **Spot Hidden roll** and **Listen roll** thresholds by 25%.

Toward the west the valley is within the edges of the eternal storm. The hillsides rise more steeply, sheltering the valley floor somewhat from the winds, but snow lies in deep drifts and sometimes conceals cracks and chasms that could trap a man or break a limb. Explorers who travel off the trail in this area need successful **Luck rolls** to avoid such pitfalls. Failure means the investigator has fallen into just such a crevice, with results that are left up to the keeper.

The furthest end of the valley is narrow and winding, locked between two sheer cliffs and half-filled with drifts of snow. At its terminus is a pass—a place where the hillsides come together in a steep saddleback ridge. The cliff walls do not fully shield explorers from the winds here; they tug at travelers and steal warmth and breath, while their thin high piping is a constant tuneless wail. Beyond the pass lies the turbulent chaos of the Vale of Storms.

Features In the Valley

Aside from the geography of the valley there are a few other sites of interest. These are the Construct Tower itself, the sled trail, the white stele, the supply tent, and the western pass. These sites are marked on the Construct Valley Keeper's Map, which appears toward the front of this chapter on page 205.

The Construct Tower

The Tower rises from the center of the valley at its broadest point. It is 165 yards high and more than 65 yards across at the base, a huge imposing five-sided obelisk pointing at the sky. The walls of the Tower are fashioned of dark gray stone. They are smooth and undecorated, unmarked except by the ravages of time.

Everything about the Tower speaks of immense age and durability. Here is a building that was clearly intended to endure throughout time; at first it seems that it has so far succeeded. There is no blemish or flaw in the smooth sheer sides that face the valley's eastern end, and the faint siren flickers about the Tower's highest point speak of primordial powers still alive within.

Explorers who round the Tower to its far side, however, see that Time has taken its toll. Huge cracks and seams crawl up the western face, and an immense dark wound gapes in the building's upper reaches. Here the mighty walls are simply gone, their rubbled remains lost beneath the ice of the valley floor. Single stones as large as houses are shifted and skewed from their places, their perfect lines eaten by weather and years until the once smooth walls have the sunken and moldering look of something long decayed.

The Tower has neither doors nor windows in its upper reaches. Aside from the broken wall, which begins a hundred feet or more above the ground, the only entry is through deep forbidding archways set below ground level into each of the Tower's five corners. The snow and ice around these openings is roiled and disturbed, and much of it has been dug away to make ramps that lead downward ten feet to the doors.

Characters who examine the snow and ice on or near the ramps are rewarded with the signs, again and again, of the elder things, the same strange striated prints first found by Lake's men in pre-Cambrian stone. More of the prints can be found all around the Tower's base; and from the westernmost archway a well-defined trail, made by something broad and flat and surrounded by the tracks of the things, snakes up the Valley toward the wall of roiling clouds.

The Sled Trail

This well-defined path leads from the Tower to the white stele, the supply tent, and beyond to the edge of the Vale of Storms. It was made by a heavy sled pulled by the elder things. There is no evidence of the contents of the sled, or why the things chose to drag it instead of fly. The depth and clarity of the trail indicates that it has seen frequent use for some time.

From the stele to the upper pass, the trail winds through a region of disturbed ground. Here the snow has been churned and turned over, as if with a careful shovel. The tracks of the elder things are everywhere.

Keeper's note: the elder things carefully scoured this region in search of Seeds. Those they found were dragged up to the end of the valley on the sled and tossed back toward the vortex; they can be found in profusion just over the top of the ridge in full view of the Cold Hole. Left to themselves the things intend to search the entire valley, but, three years into their task, they are only partly done.

The White Stele

A mile and a half from the Tower up the valley, following the sled trail, a stele of hard white crystal thrusts upward from the ground. It is pentagonal in cross-section and similar in overall shape to the Construct Tower, but is only about six yards across at ground level, and about fifteen yards high.

Close examination of the stele will, with a successful **Spot Hidden roll,** uncover the extremely faint traces of a band of elder thing dot script around its base, in a band the width of a hand and well clear of the snow. The dots are impossible to read, even for one who has acquired the skill. Explorers with appropriate materials may think to take rubbings of the band. If they do, and succeed in a **Luck roll,** the fragmentary patterns for "time," "cold," and "protect" can be translated with a successful **Elder Cipher roll.**

The stele's smooth slick surface is almost unmarked by time and is very difficult to mar or damage with anything the explorers are likely to have on hand. It is warmer than the surrounding air, though not above freezing, and if an (appropriately protected) ear is placed to it a faint high ringing hum is heard.

This stele is one of three "anchor stones" that are used to stabilize the Cold Hole. The others are equidistant around the circle of the God Trap, in the inaccessible regions of the foothills.

The stone extends more than ten yards into the ground and widens as it does so. It is almost impossible to break or to dislodge from the base in which it is nested; if this were to happen the Cold Hole would decompose immediately in a radiant outburst of nuclear proportions, and the Unknown God would be freed with unpleasant results for the rest of the world.

The inscription on the stele is a warning. A rough translation of the text might be: "This structure anchors the Great Lure singularity. It contains lethal energies. Tampering without permission is forbidden. Ensure that all protective precautions are in place before disconnecting."

The Supply Tent

Another mile along the trail, in the narrowest part of the Valley where it rises toward the pass, another small structure stands nestled against a sheltering cliff. This is a large angular tent or hut, seven by eight feet in area, which stands six feet high at the center. It has a rigid frame and appears to be sewn together out of irregular pieces of stiff hide.

There is something familiar about the tent; a successful **Idea roll** suggests that this is perhaps because the overall shape and construction is strongly reminiscent of the Amundsen tents carried by the Miskatonic Expedition.

A closer examination of the tent shows that it is indeed made up out of pieces of hide sewn together with sinewy thongs. The stitches are small, close, and extremely precise and even. A successful **Biology roll** confirms that the skins and thongs are probably made from the hides of seals. The poles are made from some reedy vegetable substance that has been moistened, straightened, and then frozen solid. The vegetable matter itself is unidentifiable.

The tent is easily entered; one simply cuts or unknots several leather thongs, lifts the overdrape, and draws back the door flap.

The tent has no floor; the ice inside is clear of loose snow. The light from outside penetrates only faintly through the sealskin walls. A faint nameless odor permeates the structure, acrid and vaguely nauseating, reminiscent of rotting meat but suggesting also something worse.

The tent contains only a few objects. A short broad runnerless sled or toboggan three feet wide and five feet end to end lies on the ground. Upon the sled are a pair of leathery bowls or baskets and a pair of long-handled spades or short spears. A shapeless pile of leathery hide rests on the ground beside the sled.

The Western Pass

Beyond the supply tent, the sled trail continues to climb to the very end of the valley. The cliff walls close in and the storm winds blow ceaselessly, filling the air with an icy

Found Objects in the Supply Tent

The Elder Thing Sled: the sled is made of some thick, fibrous, copra-like substance, woven and matted together, then dampened, shaped, and frozen solid. It is heavier than expected, weighing nearly a hundred pounds. The things use it to carry cargo—especially Seeds when they are found—to the western pass.

Collecting Bowls: the bowls are made of penguin skin stitched over a reedy vegetable hoop. They are as wide as a man's arm and hand are long, and as deep as a kettle. The stitches are of the same close regular pattern used to make the tent. The bowls are used when the elder things gather Seeds from the landscape.

Digging Tools: these long-handled spades are each made identically, of a singular construction. The handle or shaft is about a third of a yard long, and is constructed out of aged bone. A successful **Archaeology roll** or **First Aid roll** identifies the bones as human thigh bones. The blades of the tools are triangular, roughly book-sized, and pointed at the digging end. They are made of hard polished slate. Short thick flanges at the base of the slate plate help binding strips of seal sinew to attach to the bone. The edges of the blades are not sharpened but the tools could easily dig or cut into ice and snow. That is in fact their current purpose; the elder things use them to dig into the ground of the valley in search of Seeds, and to shovel snow and ice away from doorways or paths when needed.

Interestingly the stone blades are nearly perfect in shape, and show no signs of chipping or grinding. The surface of the stone displays a slight pitting and a faint grain-like mottling, but no marks of other tools.

Elder Thing Hoods: heavy shapeless garments sewn together out of carefully cured sealskin. The faint rank odor that taints the air of the tent is strongest on the hoods. There are three of them in the pile. The purpose of the garments will not be obvious to an observer, but anyone unfolding one has a chance (with a successful **Luck roll**) of noticing that they are made to drape over a five-sided object about two feet across and hang down another two feet on all sides. An additional **Idea roll** may suggest that these crude garments are intended to protect the heads of the elder things.

Keeper's note: in fact, the garments are blinders. The elder things wear them when they approach the pass at the valley's end, in order to prevent themselves accidentally catching devastating glimpses of the Unknown God. ❑

white haze. Only the closeness of the walls makes them visible. In the pass itself it is difficult to see anything more than thirty feet away.

The trail here is covered in shifting drifts of snow, but the goal is clear: a steep narrow saddleback pass whose far end is lost in storm. The walls in the pass are cliff-like and smooth. Characters with successful **Spot Hidden rolls** notice ancient carvings on the walls. These are in the Mature style of the ancient elder things but have been all but worn away by time; only the barest outlines of the pictographs remain. Successful **Elder Cipher rolls** are insufficient to decode the inscriptions here, but a broad sense suggests that they are warnings.

At the very peak of the pass, the cliffs fall back and the land drops sharply away into the crater-like bowl of the God Trap. The wind whips and howls across the opening at a chilly thirty knots, and only the closest edge of the bowl is visible through the murk. Immediately below, a handful of Seeds are scattered on the rough ground; there is no sign of further passage.

Keeper's note: if the locator stone from the caves at Lake's Camp is brought within three yards of a Seed, it rapidly grows too hot to hold, except with heavy gloves. If the locator is brought within a hand's length or less, it shatters and becomes useless, costing the holder 1D2 hit points.

Directly ahead is the half-mile pit of the God Trap. The immense energies that fill the valley tear and howl silently at the world. They cannot be sensed directly, or heard over the roar of the eternal storm, but they are powerfully felt. There is something horrible and unwholesome about the site—and a stark and terrible uncertainty—as if here the world itself was cast adrift and some ancient alien hand had set the very laws of God and the universe dissolving into dreams and lies.

Anyone who comes within a half mile of the pass begins to feel the Trap's uneasy influence. Investigators who enter the upper pass lose 1D3/1D8 SAN. Should any investigator be foolish enough to seek to peer through the storm into the great pit itself, the God Trap's awful voice inflicts 1D8/1D20 SAN and grants them terrible truths about the trap's great inhabitant.

Should any investigator insist upon entering the vale in search of further truths, that character does not return. The keeper may be as inventive as he likes; but the energies in the Vale of Storms are lethal to frail human flesh, and mere proximity to its awful prisoner is more than enough to blast the fabric of any mind.

Leaving the Valley

Once the Construct has been repaired, and the elder things alerted to the presence of the humans, the investigators will almost certainly wish to leave. Exploring the Tower with the hostile things on guard is a dangerous undertaking with little promise of reward.

Lexington and Meyer can be found in the southeastern Entry Dome along with the explorers' cold-weather gear. Meyer is incoherent and unresponsive; he can walk but must be guided. He appears not to notice his surroundings but trembles frequently and mutters scraps of childish German. Lexington is quite sane, but bitterly frustrated—things have gone horribly awry, are out of her control, and there's nothing she can do to fix them.

The elder things do not interfere with the party if they leave the Tower at once. The things will be busy for hours, shoring up and repairing damage to the jungle wrought by the recent earth tremors.

Outside the Tower, little seems changed. Cracks and fissures in the snow reveal effects of the violent earth tremors, and white snowfields that were formerly smooth now have an oddly cratered appearance, but the line of the ridge and the looming darkness of the eternal storm appear as before.

Investigators notice that one area on the northern wall of the valley, about half a mile from the Tower, has collapsed. What was previously a smooth slope of icy debris now reveals a dark opening. If explored this proves to be the mouth of one of the transit tunnels, shown on the keeper's map as Tunnel B. The tunnel leads nowhere: subsidence collapsed this tunnel long ago, and it is now no more than an artificial cave forty feet deep and twenty feet wide. Its artificial contours have been eroded over millions of years so that little now distinguishes it from a natural opening.

Investigators who examine the oddly cratered snow fields find that the valley has apparently been showered with small black stones during the time the party was inside the Tower. These stones are actually Seeds, released during the Unknown God's recent period of activity; they have the same appearance and properties as described elsewhere. See the "Deep Background" portion of the appendices, "Seeds of the Unknown God," page 316, for details on these stones. They are identical in appearance to those found at the western end of the valley and in the pass.

Thirty minutes after the investigators return to the outside, however, everyone present witnesses an unexpected sight: the Starkweather Expedition's Boeing rises over the ridge with a roar, banks sharply, and flies off to the east, toward the City, the pass, and the lands beyond.

Back to the Landing Site

The trip from the Tower to the landing area takes an hour. At the landing site, the Investigators find the *Belle* intact and apparently ready to fly, with the warming hood in place and the engine heated for use. No one is visible at first, but as the party approaches they see someone moving in the cockpit of the plane.

The cockpit window slides back a few inches. With a successful **Spot Hidden roll** the investigators catch sight of the glint of sunlight on a metal gun barrel as whoever is within trains a rifle on the approaching group. "Stop!" cries a voice. It is Halperin, Starkweather's pilot. "Let me see your faces."

Acacia Lexington steps forward. "Mister Halperin? Is that you?" she asks. "What happened here? What are you doing in my plane?"

Halperin fires the rifle twice. Two bullets slam into the snow a few feet short of the investigators. "Faces," he repeats. "Don't try to fool me again."

There is a moment of stunned surprise; then Acacia Lexington pushes her hood back and bares her head. The goggled figure in the cockpit nods.

"All right, Miss Lexington," he says, "You can come on up. We're almost ready to leave. Now, what about the rest of you?"

Halperin allows anyone who shows his or her face to approach the *Belle*. Investigators who attempt to evade, however, or to withdraw or circle around the aëroplane are swiftly fired upon. The rifle has three rounds left in the magazine. If no one tries to evade, and everyone shows their face on demand, the pilot instead lowers his weapon and climbs down from the cockpit to greet the party.

"Stow your things," he says. "We're taking off at once. There is no time to waste."

Halperin's condition is a shock to all. One side of his face is scratched and gouged, covered with dried and frozen blood, and a deep gash cuts across his forehead. His cheeks show the characteristic white patches of extreme frostbite.

The pilot seems unaware of any of this. He is cold and abrupt, almost feral, quite unlike his usual friendly self, and seems single-mindedly intent on getting the *Belle* into the air. He lets no one close enough to touch him for any reason. His movements are sharp and jerky; he is demanding and suspicious; anyone who questions him or argues with his orders is likely to be struck or shot out of hand. He has, however, done a good job of preparing the *Belle* for flight. A few minutes later the party is in the air.

Keeper's note: As any successful **Psychology roll** *attests, Douglas Halperin is mad, apparently driven mad by a great shock, which may have included physical assault. His mind has been twisted by the brief appearance of the Unknown God during the breakdown of the Construct. He is psychopathic and delusional, convinced that the elder things are planning to assume human disguises and secretly take over the world, and believes that only he can stop them. He is utterly uncaring for anyone's safety or feelings, including his own. The rest of the party should quickly learn to walk softly around him.*

Douglas Halperin, age 30, madman

STR 12	CON 10	SIZ 12
INT 10	POW 12	DEX 10
APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 44

HP 11

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt-Action Rifle 40%, damage 2D6 + 4

.38 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 25%, Dodge 25%, Electrical Repair 35%, Hebrew 60%, Pilot Civil Prop 80%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Navigate 45%, Photography 20%, Radio Operator 30%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Halperin has two guns which he keeps near at all times. One is the rifle which everyone has seen, with three shells remaining after firing on Acacia; the other is the revolver which he carries inside his coat. The pistol carries five bullets. Halperin has no more ammunition for either weapon.

The pilot will continue to fight desperately with every tool available if he is attacked. He will not surrender—he really does think that his attackers are trying to steal his body and destroy his mind. If he is captured and subdued he must be kept securely tied up for the remainder of the trip. He sees monsters everywhere. Anyone who helps to capture him becomes a monster in his eyes, and he will not hesitate to kill them if he ever does get free. ❑

Halperin's Story

Halperin answers few questions and explains himself to no one. If asked about what happened to him at the landing site, he stops what he is doing, stares at the questioner, and says merely, "They tried to steal my body, I could not let them do that, of course. Now they seek easier prey."

Halperin remembers nothing at all about the Imprisoned God.

He mutters continuously while he works, speaking in jerky disconnected words and phrases. A careful and respectful listener can put the story together over time. Gathered all together the tale reads something like the one that follows. (The keeper should modify this story as necessary if player characters were present at the time.)

"We had hot cocoa while we worked. I'll say this for them: The Germans make good cocoa. It wasn't enough to fool me though. Not when they decided to kill me.

"Rucker went first. They got to him out there somewhere. I don't know how. But he got to Baumann, then they both came for me. It's not Baumann's fault. He was just another victim. Of course it doesn't matter now. They both have to die.

"First they tried to hypnotize me. I was too clever for them. I heard them scratching in my head. That's when I figured it all out. They had to come after me in person. By then I was ready.

"'Come with us,' they said. 'Miss Lexington and the others are dead. Come with us and we will be rich and famous. We'll tell the world.' I didn't buy it for a minute. They thought I was a fool. They were wrong.

"You didn't see them. You'd know if you had. I knew right away they weren't people any more. You could see it in their eyes. The disguise was good, just not good enough.

"So I shot them. They didn't die like people would. They came at me. Hit me. I guess they thought they killed me too. Too bad for them they're wrong.

"Now it's my turn. Kill them. Before they get far. Before they can hide. Before they can breed. They stole my plane, so we have to hurry. They have a head start. There's not much time."

In the Air

It takes more than an hour to fly between the Construct and the City. The investigators and Acacia Lexington have that much

Attacking the Madman

The conclusion to this chapter and much of chapter twelve assumes that Douglas Halperin remains in charge of the *Belle*.

If Halperin is the sole accomplished pilot in the party, then he must fly the plane. The survival of the expedition depends upon it. If, however, one or more of the player characters is also a flyer then the group may decide that everyone is better off with Halperin safely out of harm's way.

The Starkweather-Moore Expedition crossed the mountains with at least four pilots aboard the two Boeing aircraft, Halperin being one. Only six people could fly in pursuit of Starkweather's abductors; two of these at least must be pilots.

There should therefore be a second pilot aboard the *Belle*. Is that person still alive? Is he or she sane? Is the second pilot a keeper character or a player character? These things affect will affect the party's decision about what to do about Halperin's dangerous ways.

The logical times to try to kill or capture the pilot are those when the *Belle* is on the ground. The pilot's seat in the Northrop is forward and above the passenger cabin, difficult to get into and impossible to fight in—see the interior of the *Belle* for details. If anything happened to the pilot of the plane while it was in flight, a crash would likely result.

Halperin keeps two guns near him at all times. One is a rifle, the other a pistol which he keeps in his coat. If Halperin is attacked and removed from command of the airplane the investigators must place one of their own number at the controls. In this case, the keeper should adjust the scenes that follow as needed. ❑

time to talk and to plan. She has nothing to say for a while. She keeps to herself, photographing the desolation outside or tending to Doctor Meyer, lost in serious and uneasy thought.

Thirty minutes into the flight Lexington looks up. She turns to the investigators for the first time. Her expression is newly bleak but filled with grim resolve. She gestures to a window. "Where are we headed, gentlemen?" she asks in a thin dead voice. "Are we flying toward the City, or the pass?"

If Halperin is at the controls, the plane is aimed toward Dyer's Pass. Any investigator who succeeds in a **Navigate roll** can easily see this; otherwise all that is apparent is that the plane is traveling east, away from the Construct and in the general direction of the City.

"What do you think of . . . what we just saw back there?" she continues, staring urgently into each of the investigators' faces in turn, settling finally on the face of the Mute Witness. "Do you think it's safe? To toy with something like that? Do you think we ought to tell the world? Do you think we dare?"

She waits, dreading the answer, insistent on hearing something from each person present. When everyone has spoken, she shudders and sighs, looking away.

"I know what I think," she rasps. "I think our pilot has gone mad. But I also think—dear God, I do think!—that he is right about one thing. The BFE has to be stopped. They may even have to die." ■



Chapter Eleven Timeline

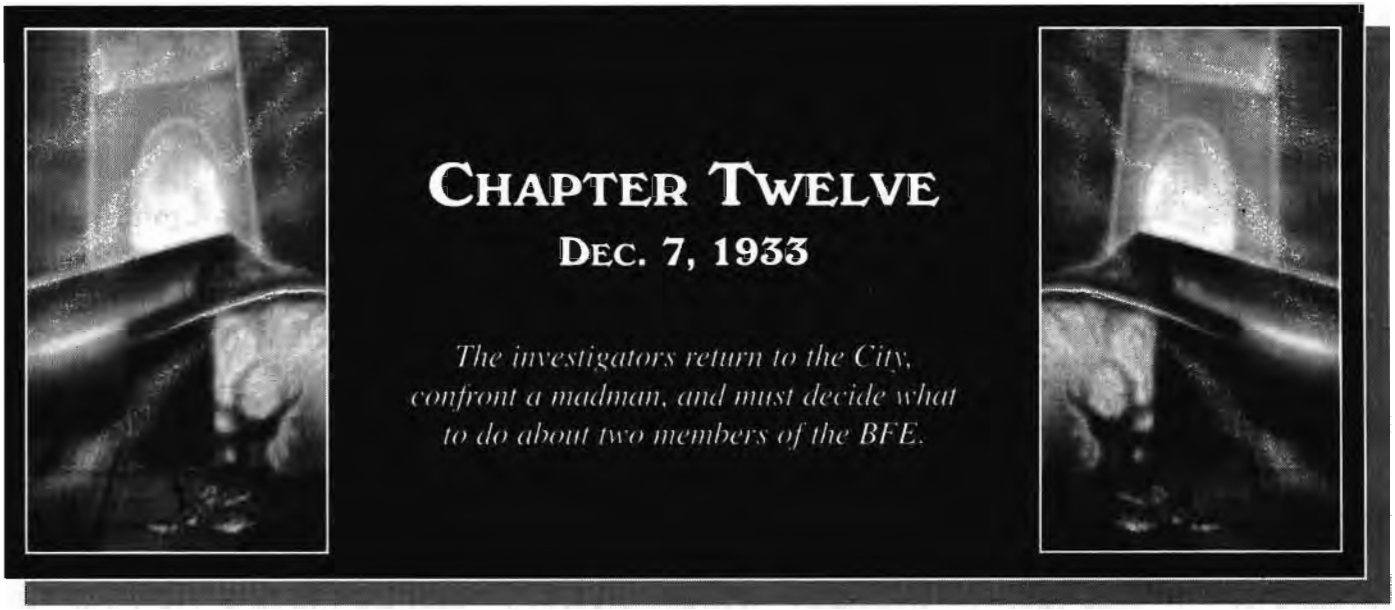
Dec 6-7 — Flying in pursuit of the elder things who have carried off James Starkweather, the investigators arrive at an immense tower at the foot of the Cold Hole's storm vortex. There they are joined by the *Belle* with its five passengers.

The two groups enter the Construct Tower in search of Starkweather and his captors. Meyer, certain now that the Tower is the one described by Pym, takes the lead in an attempt to verify the things Pym did and saw.

The combined party explores the Tower. Along the way they have an opportunity to learn something of its purpose, and of the downfall of the elder things' civilization.

Reaching the Wall of Skulls, the explorers cause the breaking of the Construct, and must affect its repair before the Unknown God breaks free. The repair requires the sacrifice of a living human being into the Construct—the explorers must perform the horrible operation themselves and in a hurry.

Should they succeed in patching the damage they caused, the party leaves the Tower. Outside they find that Baumann and Rucker, momentarily mad from a glimpse of the Imprisoned One, have stolen the *Weddell* and fled toward Lake's Camp. In order to keep the scientists of the world from learning about the delicate and deadly device, the party must follow after the two men and silence them. ❑



Chapter Twelve

Dec. 7, 1933

The investigators return to the City, confront a madman, and must decide what to do about two members of the BFE.

The shattered and crumbling towers of the City spread endlessly below them like the discarded playthings of a mad giant, black and red in the dim Antarctic sunlight. The sky was low and turgid with menacing dark clouds.

The explorers stared grimly through the aircraft's windows.

"Look at it all. Just look! The greatest find of the age!" Lexington's voice was heavy and bitter. "The key to a whole new chapter in human discovery—and it's nothing but a ticking bomb. A bomb that's about to blow."

She pointed eastward, toward the ancient spires surrounding the pass. Somewhere beyond them the stolen Boeing flew toward contact with the world.

"You'd better pray they crash, gentlemen," she said. "If they don't, they'll be back with a hundred others. You can bet that the rest of the BFE will be crawling all over this place within a month, and the rest of the world won't be far behind. That thought terrifies me. I sit here—I see it in my mind—and all I see is horror." Lexington hugged herself stiffly, face turned bleakly towards the others.

"Dyer was right: we don't belong here. Mankind doesn't belong here! But what to do? We cannot simply walk away and pretend nothing happened. We have to do more—we need to make sure that no one ever comes back here again! That means telling a convincing story—and making certain that no one else has a different story to tell."

Her gaze riveted the others—half-mad, perhaps, but deadly serious. "Dyer was right. And Halperin's right, too. Somewhere out there is a plane full of people who could get us all killed if they're not stopped—and soon!

"There may not be much time."

Her face was set like frozen stone, gloved hands very steady on the stock of the rifle she bore. Only her eyes were haunted as they searched endlessly over the City; her cheeks were cracked with frozen tears.

Return to Lake's Camp

Keeper's Overview

In this chapter the investigators return from the valley of the Construct to the City of the Elder Things, and then cross the Miskatonic Mountains to Lake's Camp.

The explorers who have survived the earthquake, the loss of some of their companions to the Construct's horrible embrace, and the mind-wrenching presence of the Unknown God must now attend to another unpleasant duty: they must somehow make certain that the truth of the City and the Construct does not get out to the rest of the world.

The investigators have left the Construct Valley in the remaining aircraft, Lexington's *Belle*. Their pilot, Halperin, is a madman, caught up in his own delusions, increasingly dangerous as time goes on.

Two members of the Barsmeier-Falken team have also fled, in a stolen aëroplane. They will certainly tell everything they know to the leaders of their expedition, and most likely to the world at large. Somehow the investigators must keep their story from ever being told.

During this chapter and the one that follows, pay careful attention to the amount of time that passes in the scenario. The movements of non-player groups, such as the refugee Germans and the Barsmeier-Falken rescue mission, may be affected by the actions of the investigators. The keeper should keep a copy of the scenario timeline close at hand throughout this section.

The mood in Chapter Twelve should be one of exhausted hysteria. The investigators are under pressure. Time is of the utmost importance and the stakes are very high. No one should be allowed to relax. Keep descriptions short and questions terse; continually remind the players of the price of failure. The expedition has descended into madness: the characters are

lost inside a nightmare, and dark surrealism should keep them from regaining their balance or any sense of proportion.

A Council of War

The *Belle* nears the City of the Elder Things, flying directly into the low sun over the saw-toothed peaks of the Mountains of Madness. Everyone is crowded close together inside the fuselage of the little Northrop. The invalid Doctor Meyer rests quietly by the forward door. The cabin is warmed by electric heaters, but the hard benches, the sting of raw dry oxygen with every breath, and the continual drone of the engines makes it anything but comfortable.

The mountains—and the City below them—have changed. The entire face of the range is crumbled, fallen in upon itself, in many places. Huge gaps yawn where there were none before; immense fans of broken rock sprawl for miles at the bases of jagged stumps that were mighty spires only hours before. The sky is wild with flickering auroras, visible even in the sunlight; the flat expanse of City-strewn plateau below is crumpled and rucked in gigantic waves of stone.

Halperin, the pilot, is barely visible in the cockpit. He does not speak to the passengers, but a continual stream of mutters and private musings can barely be heard over the roar of the motors and the whine of the wind. "Get you," he says, again and again. "Not people. Going to die."

Meyer is calm. He still does not speak, but seems vaguely aware of his surroundings and the people nearby. He no longer moans and trembles, merely leans against the hull and watches the passing landscape through a porthole.

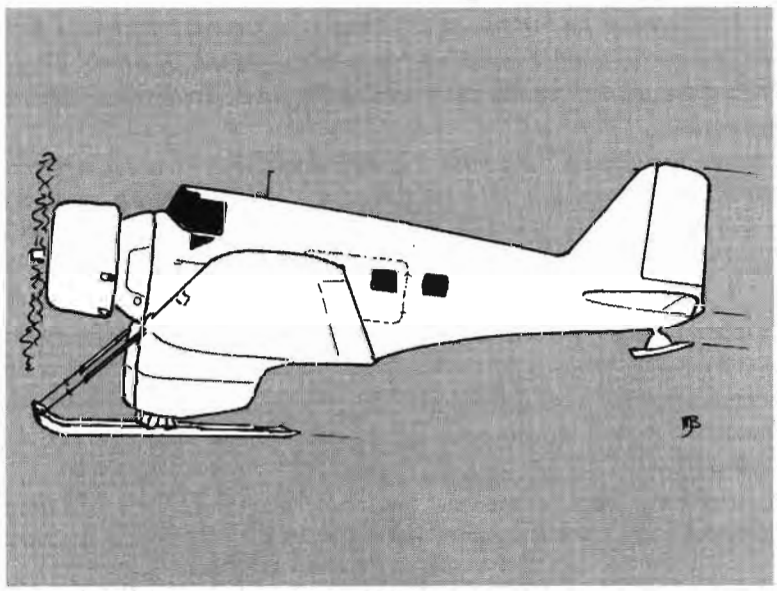
Lexington is lost in thought. She is quiet after her previous outburst, and her expression is unreadable through her goggles and oxygen mask, but the hunched stiffness of her posture speaks volumes. A few minutes later, though, her posture changes. She turns to the others. "We need to talk," she says in a low urgent tone.

Lexington's Proposal

She is bleakly candid to the investigators as she makes her plea. Something, she says, must be done to keep the world from exploring across the Miskatonic Mountains. She doesn't know what that is, but she knows that if news of the City or the Construct leaks out, the scientific community will stop at nothing to return as soon as possible.

She thinks that there is only one answer, and that it has two parts. Dyer's original story must be upheld, with as much evidence as possible; and anyone who would tell a different tale must be kept silent at all costs. That includes everyone who has seen the far side of the mountains: Acacia's people, Starkweather's, and the Barsmeier-Falken explorers, too.

The Belle in Flight



"I can do the first part," she explains in a thin strained voice. "I can tell a good story. We . . . Albert and I . . . we have film already . . . and I can take more in a day or two . . . proof for the best of them. It will buy us a few years anyway. But the other part—the Barsmeier-Falken group—they have to be quiet too, and how can they agree?"

She shakes her head sharply and stops speaking for a moment before turning to a sympathetic investigator.

"One of you—please—will you ask Mister Halperin to put us down at the City camp? It won't take long. That way I can get started filming right away. *Belle* will fly higher and farther too, with less weight aboard."

Her plea is urgent, almost frantic. She says nothing else but leaves the discussion to the investigators. A successful **Psychology roll** reveals that she is stretched very close to breaking; beneath her controlled facade is a deep and desperate fear. She offers no further direction but waits, nervous and twitchy, until someone speaks to the pilot for her.

If asked, Halperin agrees readily to the slight delay. *Belle* banks sharply and begins to descend on a slightly different heading. The investigators have a few minutes remaining to make their plans before landing.

The keeper should encourage the investigators to form a plan of action before landing at the City camp. Among what they might consider are the following:

- Do the investigators agree with Acacia Lexington's premise, that the City and the Construct must be kept secret from the world? Even if she is right, how long will it be possible to keep the secret, and what can be done afterwards?
- How do they expect to silence the other members of their own expedition? Simply abandon them to the ice, and make up a story to explain the loss? Talk them into keeping quiet? Begin the wholesale murder with them?
- How do they expect to silence Rucker and Baumann? Is negotiation possible, or must the two men be murdered? Whatever is to be done, there is very little time: once the pair have reported to their base camp, the secret will be out.
- Lexington wants as much as possible of the supplies, including food and oxygen, to be unloaded in the City along with her cameras and equipment. She appropriates Meyer's Luger pistol for herself, slipping it into her parka with a wry look at the investigators.
- What can or should be done about Halperin's madness?

Moments later the aëroplane touches down on the broad expanse of the Avenue.

"He'll need help," Lexington says quietly, as the aëroplane taxies toward the camp.

"Someone has to go with him. If Halperin takes *Belle*—and goes by himself—he may never come back. We cannot last long up here. We have little food, little oxygen."

She smiles once then, a thin and bitter smile. "Not that it'll matter too much, if word gets out. Maybe we're better off forgotten." She turns and sets the parcel containing Starkweather's remains on her lap and says no more.

Lexington seems terrified of what she sees ahead. She is not a murderer, yet the slaughter of the Barsmeier-Falken team is the only solution she can see. The past few hours have scarred her soul, and she is very close to breaking. She cannot bear the thought of being a part of more violence, so she hopes that someone else will be willing to take the blame and perform this horrible crime. Naturally, that leaves her even more disgusted at herself.

On the Ground

The little Northrop angles in between the ancient towers and lands safely on the broad sweep of the Avenue. *Belle* rolls to a stop near the remains of the burned-out *Enderby*.

Halperin leans down into the cabin. "All ashore," he says. "We'll be leaving in a moment. Take your things and go."

The cyclopean sweep of the ancient ruin catches the mind, much as it did previously, but a moment's study perceives changes everywhere. There is rubble on the ice where before there was none. The ancient unchanging skyline has vanished overnight, replaced by masses of tumbled stone.

The earthquake that struck the City during the weakening of the Construct was huge, and it lasted for some time. None of the explorers were seriously wounded, but the damage to the ruins was frightful. Countless tunnels and chambers that were open are now collapsed, ancient stones have shifted, and great walls fallen into piles of loose and shifting rock. Landmarks are gone or twisted beyond recognition; avenues and courts are now choked by fallen walls. Exploring the City is twice the hazard it was yesterday.

Professor Moore emerges from the ruined buildings nearby as the plane rolls up. His small fur-muffled figure waits at the end of the landing strip, accompanied by the few other remaining explorers.

Lexington gathers up her mask and her rifle and tosses open the door. Cradling Starkweather's head in its heavy wrappings under one arm, she looks back at the investigators.

"Would you please take care of Doctor Meyer? I have some bad news to deliver. Alone." she says, and climbs to the ground without waiting for a reply.

Breaking the News

Professor Moore waits silently at the end of the landing strip. He says nothing as she climbs onto the ice with the small parcel containing Starkweather's remains in her arms. Lexington walks across the ice to where he stands; they speak briefly, drawing apart from the others there.

For a few moments he is visibly animated, asking questions and interrupting her as she speaks. Their voices are too low to hear from the plane, even with a successful **Listen roll,** but his interest is obvious. As her tale continues, however, the little scientist quiets, then shrinks visibly.

When she is done Moore holds out his arms for her parcel. He takes the burden with trembling hands and turns away, wracked with grief, refusing all offers of assistance.

The scientist walks off across the ice, a sad and very lonely man. His long strange friendship with James Starkweather has come to a tragic end at the bottom of the world.

Lexington follows him into the ruin. Priestley, if he is still alive, trots after them a moment later.

Loading and Unloading

Inside the Northrop there is a lot to do. The cameras, film, and equipment must be unloaded, along with all the food and oxygen the *Belle* can spare.

The other explorers in the City camp crowd the plane, happy to help and eager for news. There are a million questions. They want to know what the investigators found, what they did, what happened to Starkweather and the monsters, where the *Belle* came from and what happened to the *Weddell*.

Halperin remains inside the aircraft. He is impatient to be off, and begins unloading cargo with an abrupt mechanical intensity the moment the door is opened. Investigators making successful **Psychology rolls** see that Halperin does not intend to wait for a moment, but plans to take off at once. He makes no provisions for the investigators or their things; the moment Acacia's supplies are out the door he will be in the air. An investigator must remain aboard at all times to prevent this.

If, at any time during the unloading process, one of the investigators attempts to remove Doctor Meyer from the *Belle*, the keeper should proceed directly to the section titled "The Moment Of Truth" below. The confrontation with Halperin must be resolved before unloading can continue.

If no investigators remain aboard, Halperin waits only long enough to unload his cargo and passengers before taking to the sky once again with the helpless Meyer still aboard. In this case the *Belle* does not return; the entire City party will find themselves stranded, with little food, no oxygen, and no radio or means of escape.

With a successful **Pilot roll, Maintenance roll,** or **Know roll,** the investigators realize that the aircraft should receive safety checks and maintenance. Halperin does not wish to take the time to inspect the aircraft, but deep down inside he knows it is a good idea. A successful **Persuade roll** convinces him that it is for the best; he does not leave the aircraft but helps as he can from inside, begrudging every lost second.

Preparing the craft for flight takes a few minutes. The wings must be checked for ice, and all bearings and control wires tested before takeoff. Any investigator with a Pilot or Mechanical Repair skill above base levels who has received training in the maintenance of machinery in subzero weather knows what needs to be done and can perform the necessary actions. All of the members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition have acquired at least passing acquaintance with the procedure by this time.

If the safety checks are not performed, the chance of mechanical failure during the flight that follows is increased by five percent.

Throughout this time the investigators can talk to the expedition members who stayed behind in the City. They learn about Danforth's condition (cringing, incoherent, mostly helpless but prone to violent fits, continually trying to get free) and hear everyone's stories of where they were when the big quake hit. They must decide what to tell the others of their own adventures.

The Moment of Truth

Things come to a head aboard the *Belle* when anyone tries to help Doctor Meyer out of the plane. Meyer does not move

by himself and must be helped by one of the investigators.

Douglas Halperin has other plans.

The sound of a pistol being cocked is suddenly loud in the cabin. "What are you doing?" Halperin demands from the door to the cockpit. The pistol in his hand is steady as it points at Meyer's helper. "Doctor Meyer stays! I will be needing him later. He has a duty to perform. Sit him down!"

If the investigator says anything at all, or makes any motion whatsoever other than setting Meyer back down, Halperin fires the gun. The bullet whines out the door, barely missing the investigator's face. Meyer cries out and scrambles away, further into the cabin; shouts come from outside.

"I said I need him!" Halperin bellows. "I don't need him alive! Or any of you! Get out! Now! NOW!!" He waves the pistol furiously in the faces of everyone present, out of control and ready to empty the weapon into anyone who makes a move.

Should everyone leave the *Belle* immediately, abandoning Doctor Meyer, Halperin enters the cockpit and proceeds to take off at once without another word. He does not return.

This is a crucial moment for the expedition. Halperin has four bullets left in his pistol, and in the cabin's cramped quarters it is hard to miss. He cannot be reasoned with; he simply opens fire on anyone who crosses him. If he is allowed to get away, the expedition is doomed. For everyone's sake, the madman must be captured or killed at any cost.

Whatever the resolution of the struggle, the investigators must decide what to do with Meyer and Halperin. Dead or alive, neither man should be brought along when the *Belle* lifts off, but must remain, along with any other casualties, in the care of those left behind in the City.

Planning Ahead

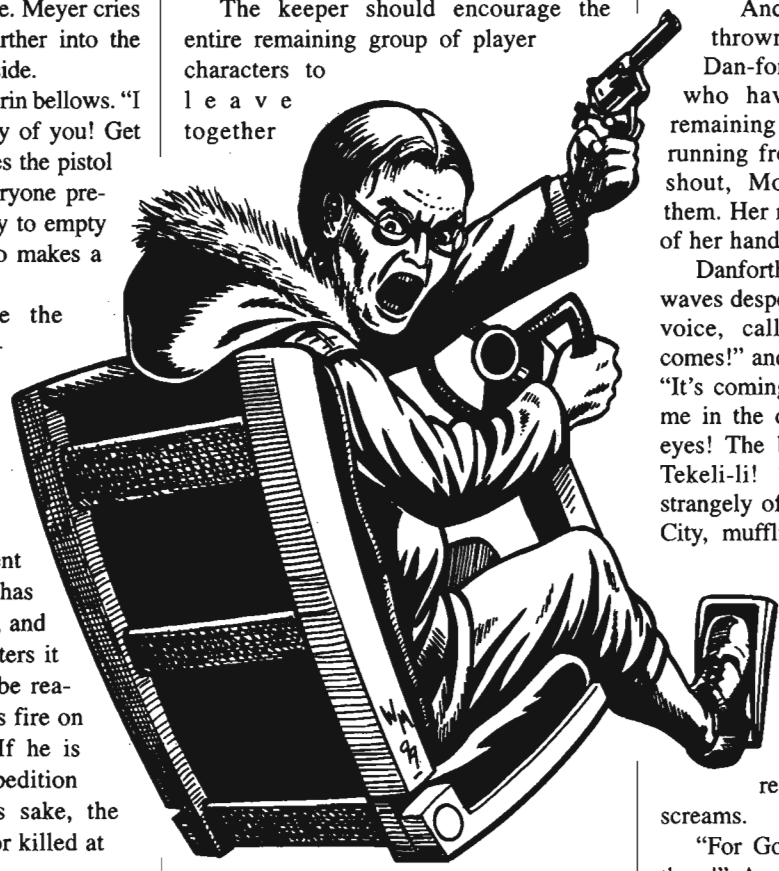
Despite its small size and lower service ceiling, the *Belle* has a higher top speed and, more importantly, a much longer range than the stolen Boeing. Its fuel tanks are also mostly full; this will prove to be a vital benefit, though the players cannot know it yet.

The investigators may realize at this point that the survivors in the City camp are themselves another potential weak point in the conspiracy of silence. They may wonder if the best way to keep the City unknown is not simply to abandon the other explorers here and not return.

The party that remains behind is taking a terrible gamble: if the *Belle* does not return with additional oxygen within three days, they could all slowly die from lack of air.

Lexington is aware of this possibility. She simply no longer cares. All she wants is for the whole affair to be over.

The keeper should encourage the entire remaining group of player characters to leave together in pursuit of Baumann and Rucker. The larger the party, the better it will fare against opposition; and of course the characters' absence from the City for a short time greatly increases the impact of their return in Chapter Fourteen.



Halperin the Madman

With Halperin unavailable to fly the craft, one of the investigators must pilot the *Belle*. If none of the remaining investigators are capable of flying the plane then a non-player party member, such as Miles or Huston, may be used. (In this case the keeper can look forward to hearing the investigators' explanation to him of just what they're up to and why!)

A Cry for Help

As Doctor Meyer and the last of the supplies are set aside and the investigators prepare to return to the plane, characters who make successful **Listen rolls** hear a thin reedy cry. Successful **Spot Hidden rolls** locate the caller—a bedraggled figure perched atop one of the misshapen buildings on the far side of the Avenue, a hundred fifty yards away.

"Look!" someone shouts. "It's Danforth! He's gotten away again!"

And so it is. Maskless, his hood thrown back in the freezing air, Dan-forth is easily identified by any who have traveled with him. The remaining explorers in the camp come running from all sides, attracted by the shout, Moore and Lexington among them. Her rifle dangles loosely from one of her hands.

Danforth is frantic and incoherent. He waves desperately and shouts in a cracked voice, calling "O Professor! Here it comes!" and other scattered pleas, such as "It's coming! Help, the tide! Don't leave me in the dark! Oh, god in the pit with eyes! The blue light! I can't—I can't—Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!" The cries echo strangely off of the shattered walls of the City, muffling and distorting Danforth's words, but the gist is clear.

Danforth has climbed as far up as he can go—about twenty feet above the ice—and cannot or will not climb down. Instead he clutches the ancient stones, terrified, and repeatedly looks behind him and screams.

"For God's sake, get him down from there!" Acacia cries, voice cracking. She snatches up her rifle with a few choice curses and starts loping tiredly across the Avenue, shouting reassurances. Moore follows, calling for her to wait, but she keeps running.

Before anyone can reach Danforth, he suddenly jerks around, to stare into the ruin below him and out of sight of the observers. His shrieks increase in pitch and volume and lose all coherence, as he frantically scrabbles and tears at the rock, climbing to the top of the highest stone.

She screams at Danforth to jump, and breaks into a stumbling run. Danforth teeters on the edge for an impossible moment, then a thick tongue of something that glistens darkly in the murky light reaches up from the inte-

rior and snatches him down in a single delicate motion, ignoring the man's outstretched flailing hands. A single horribly derisive bleat, as of a dozen malformed flutes wailing in unison, merges with the poor man's terrified screams; then nothing more can be seen. All who witness poor Danforth's last moments must lose 1D3/1D8 SAN.

The screams continue for a long moment, growing fainter—before they stop with a muffled wet tearing noise.

Lexington convulses. With a howling shriek, she empties her rifle into the building, continuing to pull the trigger long after the last bullet is gone. Professor Moore tries to take the gun away. She pushes him off violently and flings the weapon far from her with a sob; she then collapses onto the ice in empty hopeless weeping.

There is nothing to say. She waves everyone fiercely back, refusing help, and glares at the investigators with deep-hollowed eyes.

"Go," she hisses, pointing to the *Belle*. "Just GO!"

It is time to fly.

In the Air

The first challenge the aërial party faces is leaving the plateau. Gale-force winds blow continually across the mountains through the high pass; see the Lake's Camp Weather sidebar in Chapter Eight for more details.

Visibility is low. Streaming vapors and wind-whipped snow make it difficult to tell the land from the sky at a distance. In the pass itself, the air is very swift and turbulent; the thousands of fissures and caves in the peaks produce a constant eldritch whistling that is heard loudly even over the roar of the engine.

The peaks surrounding Dyer's Pass have been greatly damaged by the recent earth shocks. Huge parts of the escarpment have fallen away. The once-tall fanglike spires now resemble rotted stumps. Several of the most witchlike eminences seem to have crumpled from within, as if the mountains were so hollowed out that they could no longer stand the strain. The pass and the surrounding hillsides are thick with mighty stretches of loose rock torn from higher roots.

Far to the west, the pilot or passengers are able to make out the thick roiling wall of lightning storms that masks the God Trap. It is no longer possible to catch sight of the Unknown God.

Once in the pass the aëroplane is violently shaken and flung about by turbulence. Hammer blows and shuddering drops cause the aircraft's frame to sing and moan. The jagged cliffs and rockfalls of the surrounding mountainsides appear and disappear in blinding mists; windows and wings ice over and anything loose in the cabin is flung about with bruising force. It takes only minutes to traverse this hellish gauntlet, but to pilot and passengers alike they are long minutes indeed.

Now the keeper should roll the *Belle's* chance of mechanical failure. The base chance of this is 10%, plus any additional modifiers due to damage to the plane, inadequate or missed safety checks, or improper maintenance. If the roll indicates that the aëroplane has had a breakdown, roll on the Aircraft Failure chart for the details of the mishap.

Even if no failure occurs, a successful **Pilot roll** is required to avoid losing control of the aircraft whilst flying through the pass. If the roll is missed, the Northrop has either been dashed into the hillside, or forced back into the valley by the wind to avoid a stall. Roll D100 to determine which occurs; a roll of 01–25 indicates a crash, while 26–00 means the plane has been forced back.

If the Northrop was pushed back into the valley, the pilot must bring the craft around to try again, at a cost of time and aviation gasoline.

A crash in the pass is not necessarily fatal. If the keeper desires, the investigators manage a hard landing that they can walk away from. When this occurs, of course, the survivors will have a long hike to anywhere, with very few supplies, and there is opportunity for many adventures along the way (see the appendix "Climbing the Peaks" for details; it's in the Antarctica Manual section). The characters will also of course be far too late to stop the other group from revealing the City's secrets to the world, with results that are up to the keeper.

If the investigators successfully navigate the pass, however, Lake's Camp is an easy hour's flight away in the lower foothills.

Belle *bucked and hummed in the face of the onrushing wind. No one spoke as the little plane descended at last from the nightmare heights of the mountain pass, but all eyes strained forward into the white glare of snow mist. Everyone scoured the sky and the ground in search of their quarry; and more than one secretly hoped to see the crumpled shape on the rocks below that would mean that this time, at least, the danger was past.*

"Keep a sharp eye out for Lake's Camp," the pilot shouted over engine roar. "We should see it soon."

"There it is!" A gloved finger pointing, "I can see the tents. No sign of the Boeing. But—wait—is that a signal fire? No—something's wrong! Merciful Heavens! What has happened down there?"

At Lake's Camp

The investigators are in hot pursuit of the Boeing stolen by Baumann and Rucker. Their first stop is Lake's Camp, where the plane may have landed to use the radio or gather fuel and supplies.

Arriving at the site, however, the investigators find a Camp laid waste by earthquake and a terrible fire. The City and its denizens were not the only ones affected by the breaking of the Construct. The earthquakes were powerful here as well, and have done great damage.

The investigators learn that their quarry did not land there but flew onwards without stopping.

In fact, the crew of the other aëroplane flew as far as they could go safely. The panicked duo have landed the craft near the closest of the Barsmeier-Falken supply caches, and will in due course call their base camp and ask for aid.

The investigators may choose to land at Lake's Camp and help their comrades, at the risk of losing their quarry, or travel on in hopes of catching up with the fleeing plane. If they land they inevitably lose time. If they do not, they cannot know for certain whether the other aircraft came here, or which way it went when it departed. The keeper should keep careful track of the time spent at the Camp as it will have a great effect upon the sequence of events in Chapters Thirteen and Fourteen.

In the Air

All along the aëroplane's route are signs of great upheaval. Glaciers sport mighty fis-

sures that were not present on the outbound trip. The smooth upward climb described by Dyer in his manuscript, and seen by the explorers themselves on their outbound flight, has been destroyed by violent movements of the earth.

Visibility is poor as the *Belle* descends towards the campsite, but the investigators can easily tell that the stolen Boeing is not here. The flat stretch of land that the explorers have been using for an airstrip is empty, riddled with great cracks and fissures, some large enough to swallow the *Belle*. The tents of the Camp are visible a short distance off, low mounds half-hidden by the wind-whipped icy haze, but no one is in sight. The tall towers of the radio aerials have fallen. They lie broken across the Camp.

Cautious investigators may circle the Camp once or twice before deciding to land. If the party does so, several additional observations can be made.

The fuel store, the radio hut, and adjacent structures are gone. Blackened still-smoking lumps attest to the presence of a recent fire. The dog pens are empty too, but the wind has erased any tracks or other signs of the dogs.

A huge fissure or subsidence runs along the trail from the excavations to the campsite, cutting across the camp between the fuel dump and the supply tents. Other smaller cracks lace the terrain all across the Plateau, though none nearly as large as the first. One of the Ju-52's lies awkwardly on its side, one wing pointing at the sky, the other lost in a deep wide crack in the earth.

Some signs of survivors can be noticed. Some of the collapsed tents have been somewhat shakily repaired. Dark marks on the ground show where someone has poked about in the remains of the fire and dragged a few objects free.

On their second circuit of the camp, a tent flap opens and a muffled figure runs out into the yard, waving broadly at the plane. After trying to get the party's attention he heads for the airstrip as fast as he can safely go. He obviously expects the party to land.

The investigators aboard the *Belle* must now decide if they are going to land. Landing costs the pursuers much valuable time; but it is the only way they can learn anything from the people at Lake's Camp.

If they do land, however, the party will almost certainly be asked to help the Lake's Camp victims. It would be difficult to explain a refusal without saying far too much. If this does not occur to the investigators, a successful **Idea roll** might be used to suggest the notion if the keeper wishes.

If the party decides not to land, then the rest of this chapter can be skipped; play resumes at the beginning of next chapter, "An Arrow in Flight." See the "Pursuit Timeline" near the end of this chapter for details of how this affects the encounters in Chapter Thirteen.

Landing at the Camp

The Lake's Camp airstrip may seem the obvious choice for a landing, but it is now a very dangerous one. Several cracks and sinkholes mar the once-smooth surface. A successful **Pilot roll, Polar Survival roll,** or **Spot Hidden roll** reveals the presence of these dangers. Landing, though risky, is possible if one chooses one's site with care, and the *Belle* settles down without mishap. Alternatively another landing site could be chosen on less fault-ridden ground. There are some good sites less than a mile east of the Camp if the party decides to look.

Should the party neglect to look out for these things, a landing may still be made, but the pilot must make a successful **Pilot roll** to set down without bending a ski.

In either case it is quite evident that a larger heavier craft, such as the missing *Weddell,* could not possibly have landed safely on the strip.

What If We Crash?

If the *Belle's* pilot fails to make a good landing, the little aëroplane has encountered rough ground and is in trouble. The least that can happen is that a landing strut is broken off; at worst, the entire aircraft could be spun around, flipped, or plowed into the frozen ground, with possibly fatal consequences. The keeper should secretly **roll D100** for the severity of the accident. If the result is greater than the pilot's Pilot skill, the damage is severe and the plane will not fly again soon, if ever.

The remaining details of the crash are left for the keeper to resolve. The running man, Samuel Winslow, is on hand and does what he can by himself, then returns to Lake's Camp to bring the others if more aid is required. The crash victims are helped (or carried) away from the *Belle* and taken into camp. Immediate pursuit of Baumann and Rucker is of course impossible in this case.

If the *Belle* cannot be swiftly repaired, the men and women at Lake's Camp are helpless. There is no way into or out of the Camp until the German rescue party arrives two days later.

On the Ground

Once they have landed the party is quickly met by Samuel Winslow, the Starkweather-Moore Expedition's glaciologist, whose stats and skills can be found in the "Game Stats and Rosters" appendix. Winslow is either the first to greet them, if they have landed safely, or the first on the scene if a rescue is needed. In either case he is the most outgoing and talkative of the survivors here, and spends the most time with the investigators.

Winslow is surprised to see the investigators in the *Belle*. He peppers them with questions. "I thought you'd be the Lexington and Barsmeier folks," he exclaims. "What's going on? Why the switch? And where are the Professor and Mister Starkweather?"

Winslow's story of the camp's destruction is a simple one. A few hours ago, at about the same time as the damaging of the Construct, a tremendous earthquake swept the foothills. Most of the structures in the camp collapsed from the first shocks; the rest followed suit when the great fissures opened up.


SAMUEL WINSLOW

A fire broke out in the generator enclosure and was whipped across to the nearest tent wall by the wind. The wind rose to new heights and it swung around erratically to all quarters. Fuel tins were knocked down by the quake, and were al-most immediately set burning. No one could do anything but watch, though several men received burns on their faces and hands when rescuing items from the blaze. The dogs went mad, howling and breaking free of their enclosure, running off into the hills. Only a few of them have returned.

The tremors lasted for several minutes, then stopped as abruptly as they started, leaving the stunned scientists to clean up the mess and estimate their losses.

Three men are dead. One of these, a BFE radioman named Josef Stolz, seems to have simply died of a fall in the first moments of the quake. The other two were Americans: the paleontologist, Professor Bryce, and his assistant Cartier were caught in Pabodie's cave when it collapsed.

Twenty men survived at Lake's Camp. Several of these were injured or burned, some seriously. (Doctor Professor Uhr is one of the worst off, with terrible burns on his face and arms.) There is now no question of walking overland even as far as the Beardmore Glacier camp; with only eight remaining sled dogs, those who could not walk would have to be pulled on man-hauled sleds.

There is enough food to feed the survivors for another two months; if the folk from the City are brought here, that time drops to about five weeks.

The greatest casualty, however, is in fuel and power. The entire fuel store is gone, except for a few cans which were down at the cave mouth to power the portable generator, and the contents of the wing tanks of the *D-BFEA*. There is sufficient gasoline to run the generator for a few days, or light lamps for a week or two. After that there will be no fuel at all.

Starkweather's main generator and the base radio were also destroyed by the fire, leaving the camp cut off from the outside world. The radio in the *Belle* is also out of order, having been sabotaged by Danforth, but even if it is repaired it is not as powerful as the one that was lost, and cannot reliably reach the coast from here. The Barsmeier-Falken set is functional, though its antenna has fallen; however, with the Construct powerfully disturbing the aether throughout the region, there is very little hope of contacting the Ross Sea.

The survivors at the base huddle together in the largest tents for warmth, conserving fuel as well as they can. Most of them are unhurt, but in shock. When the investigators arrive, the survivors are curious about everything that happened on the other side of the pass, but no one has much energy or desire to look beyond the moment. All party rivalries have been put aside in the face of common tragedy.

Seeking the Prey

The survivors at Lake's Camp saw the fugitive Boeing pass by more than two hours ago. It circled the camp twice and did not stop or land, but flew off to the South. The people at the Camp believe that the plane has gone for help—perhaps to get close enough to radio the ship offshore, or possibly to make contact with one of the other expeditions on the ice this year.

Investigators who are pilots or aircraft mechanics on the expedition, and have successful **Know rolls,** are aware that the Boeing does not have sufficient fuel to fly all the way to the coast, regardless of its intended destination. There was fuel enough for no more than six hundred miles when the aircraft was stolen. Since they flew from the Construct Valley, over the City, and through the pass to overfly Lake's Camp—a distance of almost four hundred miles—there is nowhere else for them to go, and they have no working radio on board.

Wherever they are, they have landed by now. The hunters still have a chance, if they can find their prey.

Once again the investigators must choose their course. The Germans did not land here; they could not have used the Lake's Camp radio in any case. It is now evident that the parties on both sides of the mountains are in need of rescue, and that the little Northrop is the only vehicle that can be used. If the *Belle* is still airworthy, the investigators have several options.

- Attempt to pursue the *Weddell* by guesswork.
- Fly to the coast and call for help.
- Return immediately across the mountains to get Lexington and the others.
- Stay and help the survivors at Lake's Camp.

Investigators may consider other questions as well. How important is the rescue of a few scientists, if word gets out and well-meaning researchers come to the City and let loose the Unknown God? Where have the two Germans gone in such a hurry?

There is enough fuel left in the *Belle* to travel another thousand miles—sufficient to pursue Baumann and Rucker, but unless the *Weddell* headed straight toward the Ross Sea, there will not be enough to catch them and still make it to the Ross Sea coast. Going for help now means allowing the others to get away, and the City's secret with them. While it is possible to refuel the *Belle* from the tanks of the crippled Junkers, doing so would take an extra two hours of valuable time.

Investigators with a successful **Know roll** or **Idea roll** remember the Barsmeier-Falken supply caches. The presence (though not the location) of the caches is well-known to the members of all three

Johann Benecke, BFE Member

Johann Benecke is the engineer sent with the German team to Lake's Camp. He designed and operates their snow and ice removal machinery, repairs aircraft, and generally mends broken equipment. He is very friendly, and seems to have a nearly inexhaustible supply of cheap brandy, which he is glad to share. He enjoys playing cards — especially skat. He claims to be a poor poker player; this is true, at first, but Benecke learns fast.

Benecke is a venal, visionless man, cunning but not violent. High wages brought him here. The opportunities to swipe, er, scrounge materiel from other expeditions are many; and the temptation to bring back his own samples of valuable Antarctic finds will be strong. Doctor Meyer and Professor Uhr became aware of his proclivities during the voyage from Germany, and at the BFE's Palmer base used him to improve their team's equipment at the expense of other teams within the expedition.

With an almost ape-like physique, Benecke is also valuable for his strong back.

JOHANN BENECKE, age 29, Engineer and Ace Scrounger

STR 16	CON 10	SIZ 14
INT 14	POW 07	DEX 13
APP 08	EDU 16	SAN 35
HP 12		

Damage Bonus: + 1D4

Weapons: Wrench 47%, damage 1D6 + db

Kar 98 Rifle 50%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Bargain 50%, Brew Brandy (40%), Chemistry 10%, Conceal 30%, Craft (Machine Tools)75%, Dodge 35%, Electrical Repair 30%, Engineering (Mechanical) 45%, Locksmith 55%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Operate Heavy Machine 60%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Languages: English 40%, French 20%, German 70%. ❑

Fixed Events: Chasing the Stolen Boeing

Time	Hours Elapsed	Event
— 7 December —		
1:30 a.m.	-1.5	Boeing flies over the City on its way across the mountains.
3 a.m.	0	Boeing flies over Lake's Camp.
4:30 a.m.	1.5	Boeing lands near the BFE supply cache.
5:30 a.m.	2.5	Boeing crew arrives at cache overland.
6 a.m.	3	Investigators arrive at Lake's Camp; Boeing crew set up shelter, warm and feed themselves.
8 a.m.	5	Earliest that investigators might arrive in BFE cache area, if they *do not* land at Lake's Camp; Boeing crew string aerial, set up radio to call for help. After calling, Rucker goes to sleep leaving Baumann awake—it has been a long day.
9 a.m.	6	*Graf Zeppelin* is launched from Palmer base; the thousand mile trip takes ten hours. This is the earliest that investigators might arrive in the BFE cache area, if they also landed at Lake's Camp.
1 p.m.	10	Shift change—brief period of watchfulness in camp. Rucker takes the watch, while Baumann sleeps. *Bad weather descends across the entire foothills region, including Lake's Camp and the cache. Whiteout, high winds, ice haze cover the area until 11 p.m. Characters on the ground during this period have excellent cover but also are likely to get lost if they try to travel. Aircraft cannot land or take off safely in these conditions.*
6 p.m.	15	Rucker and Baumann are awake and alert, expecting rescue.
7 p.m.	16	The *Graf Zeppelin* arrives. It can do little until the weather clears, but sits up in the sky and looms darkly, a huge and constant presence above the site.
9 p.m.	18	White haze continues, but winds have died. From this point on, the *Graf Zeppelin* may attempt to parachute men down to the cache site.
11 p.m.	20	Bad weather finally cleared. All Boeing crew are brought up to the *Graf Zeppelin*. Cargo and specimen transfer from the Boeing takes place.
— 8 December —		
1 a.m.	22	Rescue operations at the cache site are now complete. *Graf Zeppelin* leaves the area.
9 a.m.	30	Lake's Camp rescue mission leaves BFE base camp.
9 p.m.	42	*Graf Zeppelin* reaches BFE base camp.
— 9 December —		
1 a.m.	46	Lake's Camp rescue mission arrives at Lake's Camp.

expeditions. The caches contain food, fuel, and oxygen, in easily-loaded form, as well radio equipment, and could resupply the *Belle*—or the Boeing.

If the player characters decide to ask members of the BFE party, they are met by Johann Benecke, one of the expedition's engineers. See page 241 for his stats.


ING. JOHANN BENECKE

Benecke is pleased to discuss the supply caches and the goods and fuel that they contain, including the powerful radios, and will himself suggest that the *Belle* visit the nearest cache to resupply Lake's Camp. He offers to guide the party to the cache and to help with the loading of supplies.

"It is not, of course, proper for you to go by yourselves, hmm? Such a use of the supplies of die expedition sollt be overseen by one of authority. I would be happy to accompany such a venture, to guide und also to help to load fuel, if you wish."

How the investigators react to such an offer is up to the players. If they decide to take the man along they need to decide what to do with him, once they find the others.

Retrieving the *Weddell*

The investigators may decide to refuel the Boeing as well as the Northrop in order to use it to evacuate either Lake's Camp or the City. If the players suggest this plan, a successful **Idea roll** or **Pilot roll** reminds them that the *Weddell* too will need a crew. If there are not enough air crew among the investigators, the remainder must be brought along when the *Belle* takes to the air.

At least one pilot, Lawrence Longfellow, remains at Lake's Camp if needed.

Lake's Camp Notes

Pabodie's Cave, where Lake's party first found the buried elder things, has been collapsed by the quakes. The ice drills and many of the digging tools are also crushed and buried there. Professor Bryce's body is near the entrance, along with the specimen table and his notebook, and can be retrieved with three or four man-hours' digging. The student Cartier is much further back in the cave, and cannot be retrieved without a dangerous all-out effort, requiring at least a day's labor for ten men in unstable tunnels that could collapse at any time.

If the Professor's body is recovered, his specimens and notes also may be brought to light. Bryce's notes contain descriptions and sketches of portions of the cave which according to Bryce are definitely worked with tools; the tool marks and finished surfaces continue down into the deep ice melt beyond the scientists' furthest probings. This information, if it slips past the investigators, could be a serious threat to their plan to downplay the future importance of the City and its surrounding area.

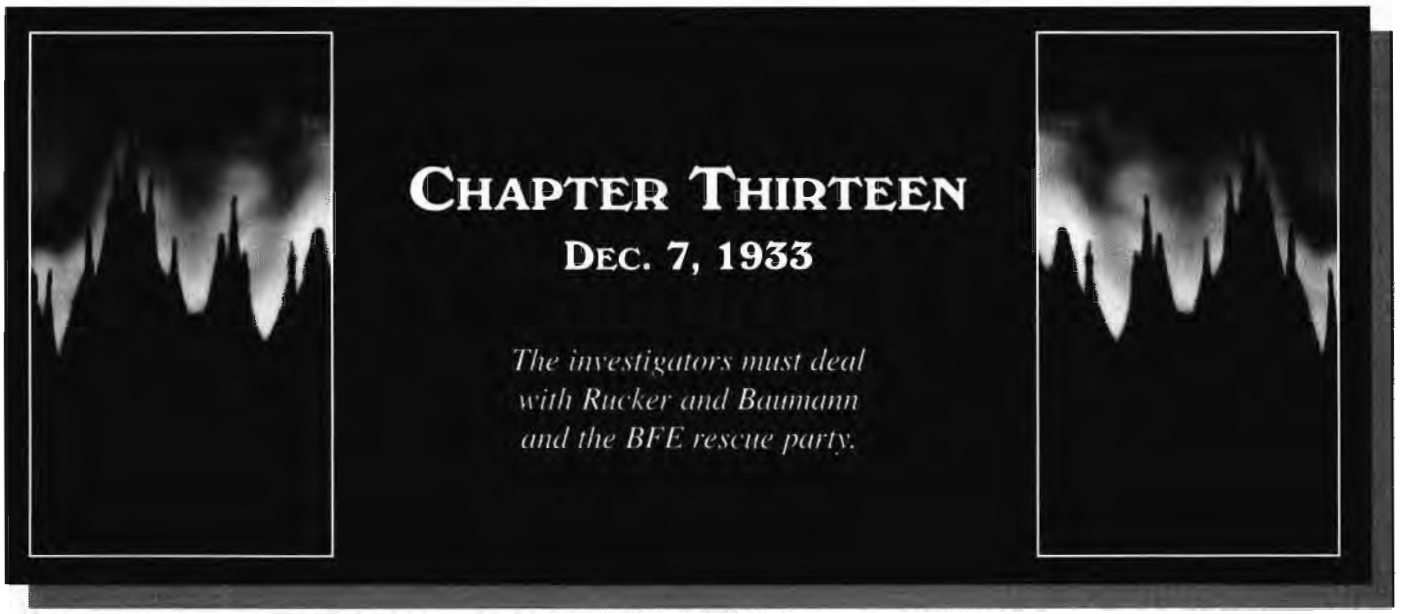
The fissures and holes in the earth at Lake's Camp are entirely natural, a result of the earthquake, subsidence, and subterranean heating of the caverns deep under the mountains. The are not the work of elder things, dholes or bholes, chthonians, or other Mythos creatures. ■



Chapter Twelve Timeline

Dec. 7 — Pursuit of the fleeing Rucker and Baumann takes the investigators back to the City, then to Lake's Camp. They must fight with their pilot, Halperin, or lose the aircraft to his delusions.

Arriving at Lake's Camp, the explorers discover that the breaking of the Construct has been felt here, too. Huge earthquakes have ravaged the land and half-destroyed the camp. The party must choose whether to stay and help their comrades or continue their dash after the men who could inadvertently bring about the world's end. ❑



Chapter Thirteen

Dec. 7, 1933

The investigators must deal with Rucker and Baumann and the BFE rescue party.

"It's time. Let's go."

The party moved out from their concealment, dark shapes half-hidden by the tarpaulin-covered mounds as they crept toward the tent. Gusts of wind tugged at them; visibility was measured in feet. Their unsuspecting victims lay quietly only feet away.

The leader of the group pulled his pistol out from deep within his jacket, against the warmth of his body. "No sound," he whispered to himself. "Keep it clean."

He crept forward, stepping in the footprints of others, to the tent wall.

He reached for the tent flap, poised to leap through the opening, when he heard it: a distant low growl, barely audible above the wind, unlike anything natural in this lifeless place. Every muscle froze; and he cursed to himself as an astonished voice cried out within the tent.

The would-be assassin pulled back from the tent and dashed to concealment behind a pallet. The rumble grew louder, impossibly deep for an aircraft; and he felt his heart still in icy despair as the world grew dim, and something huge blotted out the sun.

An Arrow in Flight

Keeper's Overview

In this chapter the investigators leave behind Lake's Camp to pursue Baumann and Rucker, BFE members who have stolen a Boeing. The chapter presents a simple tactical situation, complicated by timing, weather, and the possible presence of a BFE guide, Benecke, in the *Belle*.

The investigators will probably leave Lake's Camp sometime between 6 a.m. and 9 a.m. on December 7th. As in the previous chapter, the keeper should keep careful track of the passage of time. The Fixed Events timeline at the end of Chapter Twelve includes the events that are out of the players' control; mark it for reference during play.

Rucker and Baumann, who fled while their companions were in the Tower, are on the ground at the Barsmeier-Falken supply cache, awaiting rescue. The *Weddell* ran out of fuel a few miles short of the cache and has not yet been refueled. The two men are not watchful or alert, and will welcome the investigators should they arrive openly.

The investigators must first find the cache site, then land and deal with the pair. How they decide to do this determines the course of play. Rucker and Baumann have already radioed for help by the time the investigators arrive.

Everything depends upon the course which the investigators take upon leaving Lake's Camp. Do they try to negotiate with Baumann and Rucker, or destroy them? Do their plans change when they learn that the pair have already contacted the BFE main base?

As a complication, bad weather descends upon the cache site at 1 p.m. on the 7th, making it extremely dangerous to fly. If the investigators have not already concluded their business at the site by this time, they are trapped on the ground until after the Barsmeier-Falken rescue team arrives. This could incriminate them if there has been violence at the cache camp.

Depending how these factors play out, the investigators may themselves become the hunted, pursued by the German government for attempted murder—or, with a little care, they could become the lionized heroes of the hour, responsible for saving both Lake's Camp and the entire world.

Baumann and Rucker

These two men are members of the Barsmeier-Falken party. During the breaking, amidst the great earthquake and mind-bending timeslips, they panicked and took

off in the *Weddell* after assaulting Halperin, who had stymied their attempted theft of the *Belle* and given Rucker a serious rifle wound. Though lacking any proof, they reassured themselves that the rest of the party must be dead, and fled.

They planned to land at Lake's Camp and radio their base from there, but as they approached they saw the ruined camp and the still-burning petrol dump, and decided they had enough fuel to make it to the cache, refuel, and continue directly back to their base camp on the Palmer Peninsula.

The Boeing burned more fuel than expected. It ran dry in the air a few miles short of their goal. Baumann set down on a smooth patch of snow and the pair proceeded on foot, with important supplies lashed to a travois made from a folding cot and some tent poles.

Arriving at the cache, the fugitives set up a shelter and strung an aerial antenna for the cache radio. With this they called the main base and requested rescue; then they sat down to wait. The times and contents of their initial transmissions are detailed in the nearby sidebar "Radio Transmissions from the Cache Site."

In the Air

The Barsmeier-Falken supply cache is just under two hundred miles south of Lake's Camp, where the ancient windswept stretch of ice between the mountains and the South Pole first laps against the higher foothills. The landscape is one long flat plain broken by occasional low weirdly-sculpted ridges and hillocks of ice, none more than a few feet high. The *Belle* can fly the distance from Lake's Camp to the cache in about an hour if they have a guide; it takes longer if the investigators have to find their way by solar compass, or are guessing at directions.

If Benecke is aboard the *Belle* he guides the plane directly to the cache. The flight takes one hour and uses 200 miles of fuel.

If he is not aboard, a successful **Navigate roll** is required to find the cache site. This takes two hours and uses 400 miles of fuel, but for each 10 percentiles that the number rolled is below the pilot's Navigate skill, the keeper should subtract ten minutes and 20 miles' worth of fuel from that spent in the search.

Radio Transmissions from the Cache Site

Starting at 8 a.m., December 7, Rucker and Baumann fire up the cache's emergency transmitter and begin to send messages on the 40 meter radio band, 7440 megacycles. These messages can be heard by any receiver in Antarctica tuned to that frequency. They are easily heard at the Barsmeier-Falken main base, and are picked up as well as by receivers on the *Gabrielle*, the *Tallahassee*, and at various amateur and commercial listening stations around the world.

The investigators may hear them as well, if they are listening at the right times.

The signals are in Morse code, in German. Anyone with an appropriate background is able to translate them; characters with Radio Operator 20% or more, naval experience, railroad experience, or Electrical Repair 50% or more may be assumed to understand Morse code. A German skill of 5% or more translates the short, simple text.

Below are the transmissions and the times they are sent. Each transmission repeats five times, at one-minute intervals, before going silent.

8 a.m.	Transmission #1
9 a.m.	Transmission #1
10 a.m.	Transmission #1
1 p.m.	Transmission #2
7 p.m.	Transmission #3

Text of Transmission #1 (translated into English):

SOS BFE-S SOS BFE-S SOS BFE-S AT CACHE LAT 78D13S LON 108D44E. MEYER DEAD, RUCKER HURT, SEND MEDICAL HELP. BAUMANN.

Text of Transmission #2 (translated into English). This message does not repeat:

SOS BFE-S SOS BFE-S LAT 78D13S LON 108D44E. WHITE WEATHER THIS SITE, VISIBILITY ZERO. ADVISE NO LANDING ATTEMPTS AT THIS TIME. WILL SEND WHEN WEATHER CLEARS. SIGNS OF EARTHQUAKE, FIRE AT FOOTHILL CAMP. ONE AIRCRAFT DOWN, ONE DAMAGED, CASUALTIES UNKNOWN. NO RADIO CONTACT WITH CAMP. DOCTOR MEYER, AMERICANS KILLED BY FLYING CREATURES IN LARGE CITY RUIN ON FAR SIDE OF MOUNTAINS. RUCKER WOUNDED. PLEASE HURRY. WE DO NOT WANT TO DIE OUT HERE. BAUMANN.

Text of Transmission #3 (translated into English). This message is sent only if Rucker and Baumann are still undisturbed when the *Graf Zeppelin* arrives. It does not repeat.

CQ BFE-S CQ BFE-S LAT 78D13S LON 108D44E. WE HEAR YOU UP THERE GRAF ZEPPELIN. WELCOME TO THE POLAR PLATEAU. RUCKER IS WEAK AND FEVERISH. I HOPE YOU HAVE A DOCTOR ABOARD. VERY GLAD THAT YOU ARE HERE. PLEASE JOIN US AS SOON AS YOU CAN. BAUMANN. ❑

If the roll is missed entirely, the two hours pass and no sign of the cache is found. The investigators may continue their search in this fashion, two hours at a time, until they turn back or run out of fuel. The *Belle* left Lake's Camp with 1000 miles of fuel in her tanks, so the process cannot be repeated too often.

Listening To the Radio: if the investigators are in flight between 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. on December 7, they have a chance to overhear Baumann's distress call from the cache site. A successful **Idea roll** suggests the notion to the group; a successful **Know roll** recalls the correct frequency from some earlier conversation.

See the sidebar above, "Radio Transmissions from the Cache Site," for details on the time and contents of these messages. Since the messages contain latitude and longitude information for the cache site, they might be used to find the cache if the party has no guide aboard.

The Cache Site

When the investigators get within five miles of the cache, everyone who is actively looking for the cache or the *Weddell* should make **Spot Hidden rolls.** A successful roll means that the dark shape (or the silvery gleam, depending on the direction of approach) of the missing Boeing has been spotted on the ground. The *Weddell's* ski marks are pointed directly at the cache site, whose scattered cross of dark flags against the glare is almost immediately seen. More than three miles separates the aëroplane and the cache. The reason for this is not immediately apparent, though a successful **Idea roll** or **Pilot roll** selects the right answer.

As the investigators fly nearer, more details of the two sites become visible. Through binoculars the *Weddell* seems to be undamaged but deserted; there are trails and footprints in the snow around the cache, with several rounded canvas lumps at its center. A single large tent is newly erected at the cache site as well, and a long wire aerial has been strung from a single pole.

Dealing with Benecke

If Benecke is on board the *Belle* the investigators may have trouble on their hands. He will not allow the party to harm Rucker and Baumann. No covert approach to the cache site is possible with Benecke along; he does everything he can to make open contact with the other BFE members and wants to enlist their aid in support of the people at Lake's Camp.

On the other hand, Benecke is a decent man, and is ashamed that members of his team have stolen an aircraft and left members of three expeditions to die at the hands of alien monsters. If the investigators play their hand coolly, his duty will be clear: he will help them capture and bind Baumann and Rucker, and bring them to justice at the hands of the BFE leaders.

If Benecke is imprisoned or left behind in the *Belle* or in the *Weddell,* he does his best to get free. The keeper must determine if this is possible; however, if he does get free he will do what he can to catch up to (or bypass) the investigators and warn the men at the cache.

- Benecke may be useful if the investigators try to make open contact with the cache group, or to petition for help when the *Graf Zeppelin* arrives.
- If Benecke is killed or murdered, the investigators must explain his death or disappearance before they get back to Lake's Camp.

Landings

Once they reach the cache site, the investigators may decide to land the *Belle* by the cache, by the *Weddell,* or somewhere else of their own choosing. If for any reason they decide to give up and go elsewhere, bypassing the site entirely, then skip the remainder of this chapter.

If Benecke is aboard, he expects the party to land directly at the cache site and to contact his expedition mates openly. Though not initially suspicious of the investigators, he will be surprised and extremely curious if they decide to do anything else.

***Landing near the* Weddell:** the ground near the Boeing is not an ideal landing strip, but a competent pilot can land safely with a successful **Pilot roll.** The snow here is loose, thin, and gravelly, and the ice below is slick. It makes a lot of frightening noises against the plane's skids, but does no harm unless the landing attempt is a failure.

If desired, the investigators can make a quiet landing near the *Weddell* without being spotted or heard by the people at the cache site, so long as they do not fly directly over the tent.

Landing near the cache: the ground near the cache site is better suited for aircraft than the terrain near the Boeing. No **Pilot roll** is needed here. The surface is smooth and firm, already crossed in several places by the landing skids of heavy planes. A line of flags alongside the landing area indicates wind direction.

A landing here alerts the men in the tent. They are joyful. They are expecting rescue.

Landing somewhere else: north and west of the cache, the foothills of the Miskatonic Range make landings impossible, but the terrain south and east of the BFE cache is flat, smooth, and offers good landing surfaces when the weather permits. The very openness of the terrain, however, means that if the party wishes not to alert Baumann and Rucker, the *Belle* must put down a good distance away and approach with stealth. A few ridges and other obvious features mar the flat surface, but for the most part it is all as good for landings as the area near the Boeing.

At the Cache

The cache sits lightly on the plain, small and insignificant against the great white sweep of the polar plateau. Marks on the ice show where aircraft have landed many times, and rows of red flags on the ends of thin poles flutter fitfully in the unending gusts.

A large tent has been erected at the end of the landing scars, its low tubelike entryway folded down against the wind. Above it, a collapsible pole raises the center of a radio antenna twenty feet off of the ground. The long wires stretch out in a broad "V," staked into the ice twenty yards to either side, and a cable snakes from the base of the pole to the tent.

Three squat cargo pallets covered in canvas stand in a rough line to one side of the tent. Each is more than a yard high and two yards square. The words **BARSMEIER-FALKEN ANTARTIKSEXPEDITION** are clearly stenciled on the canvas sides in hand-high letters. The covers are stiffly encrusted in snow.

Footprints and drag marks are thick around the tent and the pallets, and meander here and there around the perimeter of the site, but there is no sign of movement. The ice is flat and hard, and there is very little snow.

Approaching Baumann and Rucker

The two men in the cache camp are not expecting company. They huddle inside

their tent, paying no attention to the world outside. Only an unexpected noise, such as the engine of a plane or the sound of people nearby, will catch their attention.

One of the two is awake most of the time, tending the stove, working on the radio, or attending to personal matters, while the other sleeps.

- Both men are awake until 8 a.m.
- Only Baumann is awake between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m.
- Both men are awake between 1 p.m. and 1:30 p.m.
- Only Rucker is awake between 1:30 p.m. and 6 p.m.

If the *Belle* flies directly over the cache site, or lands there, then Rucker and Baumann hear the engine, and Baumann comes outside to greet the new arrivals. If the investigators approach the site on foot from some distance away, the occupants of the tent remain unaware of their presence unless the newcomers announce themselves or make some loud noise. Walking about the campsite or conversing in low tones within ten yards of the tent has a 25% chance of being overheard inside. The keeper should roll this secretly.

If Benecke remains with the party, however, he runs ahead of the investigators, calling cheerful greetings and rousing those in the tent.

The investigators have a choice. They can meet with Baumann and Rucker, or they can simply murder them in cold blood. The course they take is up to them.

Negotiations

Baumann crawls out of the tent's low opening on his hands and knees. He is astonished to see the investigators—he thought they were all dead—but climbs to his feet and stands nervously in front of the tent as the newcomers approach. "Hey, Rucker!" he calls in German, "it's all right! It's the Americans! They're alive!"

Stepping a few feet from the door flap, he extends a hand, looking nervously back now and then, as if to reassure himself that the tent is still there. His eyes are hollowed with remembered fears.

Baumann: the pilot is unwounded but suffering from mental shock. Baumann is intelligent and loyal but he is not a Profiteer agent and knows nothing of the Pym tale or Dyer's stolen manuscript. If pressed he agrees that the rescue of the other explorers is more important than Rucker's need to get back to base, but orders are orders. He can be made to argue this point to his own comrades, and might even be sympathetic to the goals of the investigators; but as far as he is concerned, Rucker still has the final say.

Baumann remembers the Imprisoned God all too well. His response to the unveiling of the god was several minutes of terrible, all-encompassing fear of being abandoned and left utterly alone on the ice. This fear remains even now, reinforced by a false certainty that all of his comrades are dead. His sleep is troubled and, when awake, he finds it difficult to leave Rucker's side even for an instant, fearing the other man will be gone when he returns.

Rucker: the geologist is suffering from bullet wounds from Halperin's gun. He has lost a good deal of blood and is a bit feverish and weak, but his mind is clear. A loyal Profiteer, he is determined to get his notes and findings back to base at all costs. He has seen the Unknown God but has forgotten much of what he saw—his mind has covered over something too horrible to understand. The memory remains only in his dreams, which will plague him for months to come.

Rucker will not compromise his mission, which is to discover profitable materials, techniques, or artifacts, and to return and report them. He follows his orders slavishly, at all costs. This natural tendency has become an obsession since the breaking of the Construct; finishing the mission is the only thing that keeps him functional.

If confronted or threatened, Rucker tries to talk his way out of trouble, though he has no skill in negotiation. He is neither a violent man nor a devious one, but he is stubborn, and he will on no account voluntarily give up his assigned goals. He intends to bring his report about the City and its secrets to his superiors. He will not be turned aside. If necessary he will lie to protect his interests but he does not lie well, and a **Psychology roll** easily exposes his subterfuge.

Rucker was shot twice by Halperin when they attempted to take the *Belle,* recognizing its superior flight characteristics. Heavy furs spent some of the force of the bullets, but the geologist has a graze on his upper left arm and a bullet lodged deep in his stomach. He has been able to function, but the belly wound has become infected. Rucker's temperature is rising and he is weakening. By the time the *Graf Zeppelin* arrives he no longer has the strength to walk.

Statistics and skills for the two men appear on page 250. These are repeated in the "Game Stats and Rosters" appendix.

Cold-Blooded Murder

All was quiet as the party approached the tent. A whispered signal, a few hand signs, and the moment arrived. There was no sound from within.

The leader chopped one hand downward. Arcs of kerosene from carefully warmed jars splashed across the canvas; then with a roar the entire tent was ablaze, ignited from a single white signal flare.

The assassins pulled back, ready to fire on anyone who emerged from the inferno; but the only things that issued forth were screams.

After a few minutes the muffled figures turned and marched back the way they came.

Death is quick and easy in the Antarctic. If the investigators have the stomach for it, murder is seldom simpler. The difficult part is to do the deed in such a way that the rescue party, already on its way, does not catch them or suspect foul play.

The investigators must decide their own course of action. Burning the tent, as in the example above, is only one possibility. All that is certain is that the two men do not want to die, but have no way to stop a determined foe.

The only weapon in the tent is Rucker's pistol. It is in his knapsack; he requires three rounds to get it out and another to load it. Given his fever, he may be utterly unable to comprehend what is happening.

Looking at the Tent

The tent is a pyramidal structure in the Amundsen design, made to hold up to four men in close quarters. It stands over two yards high at the center and is nearly three yards across. Guy ropes run out from the center in a radiating pattern; entry and exit is through a long tubelike doorway which effectively traps warmth but which must be crawled through on hands and knees.

One end of the tent holds the radio equipment, the generator, and the batteries. An oil-burning stove sits next to the tent's central pole, while bedrolls for the two men are stretched out to either side. An oil lamp sits on a small crate beside the transmitter, and a pair of snowshoes, taken from the *Weddell,* lies next to the entrance.

Rucker and Baumann are inside the tent when the investigators arrive. They

do not expect company. Tired and weary, they go through the motions of their duty as best they can while awaiting rescue. Even with the stove running at all times, the interior of the tent barely rises above the freezing point of water. The two occupants spend the entire time fully clothed and in their bedrolls, unless one of them is up to tend the stove or work the radio.

If the tent remains whole and unburned, a few items of interest may be found inside. None of these are present after the rescue party examines the site: the men from the airship remove everything that appears to be of a unique or personal nature.

- ***Rucker's personal effects:*** these are kept in a leather knapsack against the tent wall, beside Rucker's bedroll. In addition to toiletries, the knapsack contains a P08 Luger pistol and a box of cartridges, three star-shaped elder thing "coins," several shards of petrified ancient wood, and a thick folded sheaf of papers covered with sketches, maps, and charcoal rubbings of elder thing artwork and terrain features.
- ***Baumann's personal effects:*** these are in a canvas satchel at the foot of his bedroll. In addition to toiletries, the satchel contains an elder thing star-shaped stone six inches across (an Elder Sign), a smaller star-shaped elder thing "coin," an irregular black pebble one inch across (a Seed), and a few fragments of ancient elder thing mosaic.
- ***Scratch pad and radio log:*** resting atop the transmitter. It contains scribbles, scraps, and hints of the traffic that passed over the radio, as well as the things on the operator's mind. The term *zeppelin* is repeated more than once, drawn around and underlined. There are numbers, times, and equations, and quite a few fanciful but easily recognizable doodles of elder things, the towers of the City, and a whole lot of misshapen five-pointed stars.
- ***Rucker's sample bag:*** a heavy leather satchel at the rear of the tent behind the radio batteries. It contains Rucker's treasures. Here are carefully labeled rock samples (including another Seed), drawings and diagrams of their placements; also fossils, hand-drawn maps, sketches, and rubbings of a few of the wall murals, and pieces of worked stone both in and out of their original matrix. They are interesting by themselves, but are described and discussed further in the scientist's journal.
- ***Rucker's journal:*** a battered leather volume somewhat less than half full of cramped precise script. The cover is unmarked and it has no title page. The journal contains dated entries covering a period of a little more than two months, from the scientist's first arrival in Antarctica (in October), and is filled with notes of academic interest on the diggings at Lake's Camp, the lands across the mountains, and comments on Rucker's life and work since his arrival on the ice. Naturally it is entirely in German. For more, see also just below.

Reading Rucker's Journal

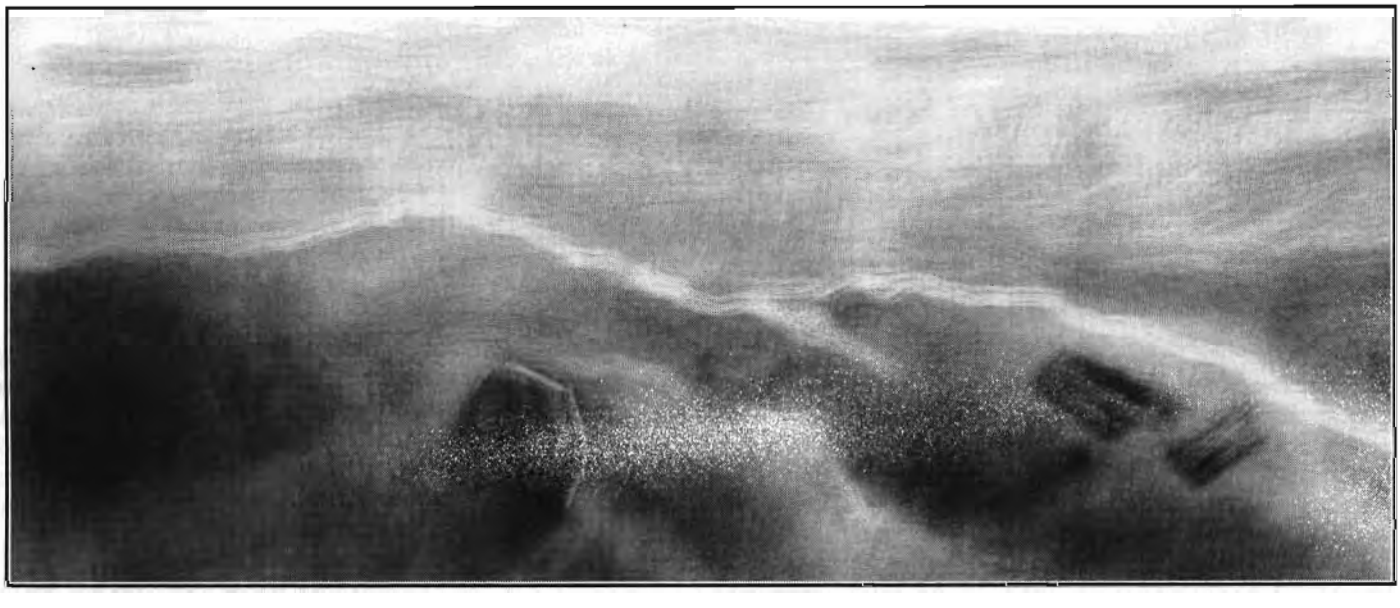
A successful **German roll** is required to read Rucker's notes; a successful **Geology roll** allows the reader to better understand Rucker's findings.

Rucker has pieced together a rough sketch of the City's geological history from the layers and lines of rock. These clearly show an immense geologic upheaval 65 million years ago, quickly followed by significant climactic change. There is evidence of other significant upheavals before and since, but nothing as powerful as the big one.

The geologist has examined murals in the City and has read both the Pym text and the *Dyer Text* in translation. He understands something of the City's past, though not, ultimately, its purpose.

There is also enough evidence in these notes, from descriptions of the work at the base camp and references to the two manuscripts, to allow discerning readers to perceive much of the unpublished purpose of the BFE, if they have not already done so. Barsmeier's search for the white statue and other Tsalalian remains mentioned in Poe's tale is discussed at length in the journal during the expedition's early weeks. (Rucker considers Pym's narrative to be sheerest fantasy in the beginning, and says so often.) Meyer's mission to Lake's Camp, to verify that the "elder ones" dissected by Lake might be the same sort of monster described by Pym and to search for further "remnants of a tool-bearing industrial culture which could have inspired the examples in the tale," was of little concern to Rucker. His own interest was not engaged, he writes, until his first

At the BFE Cache



sight of the City. "It was not until then that I conceived that any of the writings might be more than idle fancy."

The final entry in the journal was written aboard the *Belle* in flight toward the valley of the Construct.

6 December (continued):

We can see the tower clearly now. It is a huge thing; Herr Doktor Meyer is jubilant. I know what he is thinking. He sees the end of his mission close ahead. I have more concern for the land before us. These mountains are not normal. They should not exist.

Impossible heights; materials all wrong for the region, and of course the peaks should not be so steep. The finest materials known to man could not produce such towers; the entire Loemmler Range is unbelievable, and there is a symmetry in the mountains we approach that suggests immense artifacts. I can see Mount Hitler and Mount Himmler ahead, on either side of the storm. They are identical, or nearly so, mirror images holding the vortex between them. This is not natural. It cannot be.

I must get closer. I must touch them and learn their story. There are too many secrets here.

The Cargo Pallets

The three cargo pallets are grouped closely together about ten feet from the tent. The pallets are clearly marked in German and weigh several hundred pounds apiece. Each is covered over with the canvas tops of a large tent. The contents of the three pallets are as follows:

- Pallet 1—food, water, and supplies for the expedition members (8 man-weeks), and vehicle and aircraft fuel, three 55-gallon drums.
- Pallet 2—emergency supplies (radio, generator, gasoline, hand tools, a couple of flares, chemical cooking kits, first aid gear, two breather masks with oxygen tanks, lamp and stove oil, four oil lamps, oil stove, tarp and blankets, heavy outer clothing, and a four-man emergency shelter). *Keeper's note: this pallet has been opened.*
- Pallet 3—vehicle and aircraft fuel, six 55-gallon drums.

By the time the investigators arrive, the central pallet has been taken apart; the generator, radio, blankets, first aid kit, and a small oil stove have been removed from the pallet, leaving the rest of the oil and a number of boxes containing cooking kits and clothing.

The *Weddell*

The Starkweather expedition Boeing 247 appears to be in good order. The hatches are closed and there is no sign of damage to the vehicle. Snow is already building up over the skids and landing gear, and on the leeward side of the fuselage atop the wings. Winds from the south whistle around the plane, and it shivers just a bit in occasional gusts; but that is all that moves.

The ground by the *Weddell's* hatch, protected somewhat from the wind on the right side of the airplane, is covered with booted footprints. Characters who make a successful **Track roll** at + 20% are able to determine that there are two different sets of prints, plus a pole sled of some sort. The tracks cut across country away from the airplane directly toward the cache; they are quickly lost in new-blown snow and ice.

The hatches of the Boeing are closed but unlocked. Climbing up to the main door is an easy task, and there is nothing threatening inside or outside of the plane.

Investigators familiar with the cockpit controls may attempt a **Pilot roll** or an **Operate Heavy Machine roll** to determine the real reason for the premature landing. The airplane is out of fuel. All of its tanks are bone dry; Baumann was forced to land the plane just short of, yet within sight of, his goal.

The cargo section of the plane has not been tampered with, and still contains a large assortment of specimens and samples gathered by Starkweather's people during their stay in the City, as well as a modest supply of tinned food, and more snowshoes lashed to the ribs of the plane. Most of the packages are well secured beneath the benches or lashed to the walls. The only loose items here are from an open emergency supply locker behind the pilot's seat—another pair of snowshoes, an empty box fitted for the aircraft's flare pistol and shells, and the canvas shell of one of the sledding tents.

On the floor beneath the copilot's seat lies a thick canvas satchel containing a number of matte black stones, oddly cold and slick to the touch, ranging in size from the width of a thumbnail to nearly as wide across as the palm of a man's hand. (These

At the BFE Cache



are Seeds.) The keeper should allow any investigators who explored the area surrounding the Construct Tower to make **Idea rolls** to recognize these. Stones just like them were present widely scattered above ground in the valley, especially at the western end. A few small piles of the stones could also be found by the end of the trail leading to the Valley of Storms.

Keeper's note: if the locator stone from the caves at Lake's Camp is brought within three yards of a Seed, it rapidly grows too hot to hold, except with heavy gloves. If the locator is brought within a hand's length or less, it shatters and becomes useless, costing the holder 1D2 hit points.

There are no weapons or ammunition stowed aboard the aircraft. They were all removed during the troubles in the City. There is a large first aid kit here which has been opened and pawed through. Much of its former contents are gone. A careful search of the aircraft reveals subtle signs of trouble aboard it—a couple of bullet holes in the hull, and small specks or smears of blood in the cargo area—but in this unusual environment it is difficult to determine when they were made.

Refueling: if aviation fuel can be brought to the plane from the cache site, refueling the Boeing takes about an hour. An additional one to two hours should be spent on preflight checks, engine warming, and maintenance—the aëroplane is ready to fly three hours after the operation is begun. For details, see the aircraft maintenance information in Appendix 2, the Antarctica Manual.

Traveling Overland

Investigators who decide to travel on foot from one site to another find that the trip is an easy one, but it does have its surprises. The snow and ice in spots is old and friable; a misstep in these locations runs the risk of punching through a thin crust into a depression, turning or even breaking an ankle. Shards of broken ice can gash or rip exposed flesh, and such wounds must be carefully tended. The seemingly even terrain actually rises and falls in endless low frozen waves, and is crisscrossed with narrow fissures and cracks disguised by the snow. These pose little danger to persons wearing snowshoes, or to the broad runners of an airplane, but to a man afoot they can be hazardous.

Cautious travel overland here requires testing each step before it is fully taken; for this reason progress is slower than the party may expect. Two miles per hour is excellent progress on an untested trail. One mile per hour is more usual.

Each member of the party needs a successful **Luck roll** to avoid personal accident, unless they are already familiar with

Biographies and Statistics for Baumann and Rucker

HERMAN BAUMANN, age 28, Pilot at Lake's Camp

STR 13	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 11	POW 15
DEX 15	APP 15	EDU 14	SAN 55	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapon: Mauser M1932 Machine Pistol 40%, damage 1D10 (fires 1 or burst)

Skills: Climb 65%, Credit Rating 65%, Drive Auto 75%, Electrical Repair 20%, Geology 20%, Jump 35%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Natural History 15%, Operate Heavy Machine 20%, Polar Survival 35%, Pilot Aircraft 90%, Radio Operator 35%, Ride 40%, Ski 40%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Languages: English 80%, Finnish 40%, French 50%, German 71%, Swedish 30%.

Herman Baumann, chief pilot of the Barsmeier-Falken expedition, is a dashing man in the image of heroic pilots from the movies. Concerned more with image than safety, he is nonetheless a capable aviator. He was chosen for the expedition because of his connections in upper-class society and for his cold-weather flight experience in Sweden and Finland. If not closely supervised, he will do hair-raising stunts, such as the low-level fly by upon his arrival at Lake's Camp. He is skilled enough to pull such things off—so far. He is an excellent aircraft mechanic, since there are rarely machine shops handy in the Arctic. He is an experienced alpinist, and also a member of the *Schwäbische Höhlenverein* (a spelunking society). He has extensively explored a number of European cave systems.

Class is more important to him than nationality, though he is relatively unbigoted for his time. He is certainly aware of his attractiveness to women and the media, and tries not to look too eager for the attentions of either—but welcomes both.

Baumann resembles Errol Flynn, tall and athletic, with a thin mustache, long silk scarf, and leather helmet. His English is perfect, with a faint British upper-class accent.

DOCTOR MAXWELL RUCKER, age 36, Geologist at Lake's Camp

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 09	APP 08	EDU 15	SAN 45	HP 10

Damage bonus: none.

Weapon: P08 Luger Pistol 30%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 25%, Chemistry 20%, Climb 45%, Dodge 20%, Geology 55%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Operate Heavy Machine 30%, Physics 35%, Photography 30%.

Languages: English 40%, French 60%, German 70%, Italian 60%.

Maxwell Rucker is the geologist accompanying the German group to Lake's Camp. He has no interest in history, soft sciences such as anthropology, or even the elder things (after an initial raised eyebrow). Logic is his deity, and in Antarctica Doctor Klaus Falken is his priest. Rucker will insist that any deviation from profitable goals be reported to Falken for approval; fortunately for Doctor Meyer and Doctor Professor Uhr, Rucker is also a slave to hierarchy. Despite his meek appearance, Rucker is a ruthless man.

Rucker is a pinkish, fat-faced individual with searching brown eyes that look everywhere in the eyes of the person he is talking to, giving him an appearance of perpetual guilt. His voice is usually soft and toneless. ❑

this sort of terrain or benefit from a successful **Polar Survival roll**. Failure means the character has slipped in a crack or sinkhole for 1D4-1 points of damage. Characters with Polar Survival 25% or more do not need the **Luck roll.**

Investigators wearing snowshoes can also avoid the dangers of the terrain. The *Belle* carries no snowshoes, but there are still four pairs aboard the *Weddell.* Traveling overland via snowshoes is a wearying task, however, and slows the inexperienced to no more than one mile per hour; those in good shape who already know snowshoes can make good time if they risk sweating.

It takes two hours for the party to travel the three miles between the *Weddell* and the cache—longer in bad weather, such as fog or whiteout (which may catch the investigators if they are still on the ground after 1 p.m.) or when traveling with disabled persons or persons wearing snowshoes. Should the party approach the camp from somewhere other than the Boeing, the keeper should adjust this time as needed.

The Shadow on the Ice

The Barsmeier-Falken rescue party arrives at the cache at 7 p.m., December 7. The rescue crew arrives in the *Graf Zeppelin,* a huge rigid airship quite capable of making the thousand-mile trip both ways without refueling.

People on the ground become aware of the zeppelin as a huge dark shadow dimming the sky; when the wind dies away, the deep droning of its engines is a constant rumbling in the background. If Rucker and Baumann are still in their tent they transmit a short welcome message to the airship, informing the world that their rescuers have arrived.

Radio operators aboard the airship have followed the transmissions from the cache, and are capable of making their own transmissions as needed. The powerful radios aboard the *Graf Zeppelin* can easily reach the coast. If contact with the men at the cache has stopped, the rescuers come in high and wary, uncertain of what has happened but unwilling to risk the safety of the ship and her crew. The airship's captain, Doctor Hugo Eckener, has been instructed to retrieve the mission at all costs, but he is a practical man, not a trusting one.

Once the zeppelin arrives, much of the opportunity for the investigators to act against the other party is lost. The *Graf Zeppelin* is unable to put down a landing party until the winds die out at 9 p.m. but it hangs like a black shark in the sky, a thousand feet off of the surface, waiting patiently for the haze to clear. The investigators cannot take off or move themselves until the airship has gone. It is extremely difficult at this point to silence the cache party without leaving distinct traces that could lead the rescuers to the investigators.

After 9 p.m. the airship can approach the ground more closely. Haze prevents the rescuers from making out the camp, but if the cache party are still present and unharmed they send up a flare or light a signal fire. The airship responds by dropping three men, including a medic, into the camp via parachute. The medic tends to Rucker for the next several hours, while the other men interview Baumann and secure the camp.

If the men at the cache are silent when the airship approaches, the medic and the others are not dropped until the weather is fully clear. The *Graf Zeppelin* hovers high in the sky until then, then descends cautiously once the camp has been secured. These men have been given their orders by others who know Dyer's story. They are expecting trouble, and will report it to the world if they find it.

If the *Belle* is landed anywhere within a mile of the cache site or the *Weddell,* observers on the airship spot it and investigate it as well. This could mean future difficulties for the investigators if they have caused trouble at the cache and have not left the area.

The airship remains near the cache until the haze finally clears at 11 p.m. A harness is then lowered, at the end of a long cable, and the men and valuables at the site are winched up one at a time, starting with the wounded Rucker. Each trip up the cable, from the ground to the dirigible, takes more than a minute.

Once the cache site has been cleared, the *Graf Zeppelin* maneuvers to the Boeing's landing site. Once again, men descend, examine the site, collect whatever samples and effects from the City may be present, and are winched back aboard.

Weather Watch, 1-11 p.m., Dec. 7

Ominous threads of cloud begin to move into the area of the cache at 10 a.m. on the 7th; by 1:00 p.m., bad weather rolls over the region. High gusty winds make take-off dangerous and landing impossible; ice and snow spin into the air to form a thick white haze that reduces visibility on the ground to a few feet and makes overland travel a deadly nightmare. Baumann and Rucker, safe in their tent, are content to sit out the storm. Investigators in a more exposed position are at a great disadvantage; however, if they have already reached the cache site they have excellent cover for any actions they may take. No one in the tent or in the air will see them until the white storm is over.

The winds and driven snow die away after 9 p.m. At this point the weather situation becomes a classic "white-out." No wind, white land and sky, no horizon due to ice haze, and very little visibility. Sounds are muffled and direction uncertain. Shadows disappear. Travel is once again possible, but no aids to navigation are available except for magnetic compasses, and these have been exceedingly unreliable since the damage and repair of the Construct. Aircraft may take off, though they must be dug out of drifts; if they attempt to fly they do so blindly. Attempting to land in the haze is sheerest suicide.

Any tracks or traces on the ground left by the investigators before this time have been covered over by the effects of the storm. Tracks made after 9 p.m. will remain in clear view for several days.

By 11 p.m. the haze vanishes. Normal visibility is restored.

After the storm, both the aircraft and the cache area are partly buried in approximately four feet of blown snow and ice which must be dug away if either of the aëroplanes is to be flown. Digging either aircraft free of the drifts takes about four man-hours of work, after which of course the usual steps must be taken to warm the engines and check the control systems of the plane. ❑

When the whole process is complete the airship turns south and heads toward the Barsmeier-Falken main camp at 1 a.m.

Contacting the Airship

The investigators may decide to contact the *Graf Zeppelin* directly, either to request help for the Lake's Camp survivors, or as part of a plan of sabotage. Contact may be made by radio or by showing themselves to the landing party. The tone of such a meeting depends upon what has already occurred at the cache site.

Any information given to the airship's crew is transmitted in detail to the Barsmeier-Falken main base as soon as possible. Much of it is in the hands of the wire services within an hour of transmission.

If the investigators are discovered by a suspicious airship crew, and the two men at the cache are dead or absent, the crew attempt to arrest the investigators and uncover the true tale of the assault. Any investigators who are captured are confined aboard the *Graf Zeppelin* and questioned by the captain. They will not be set aground again until the airship lands in Buenos Aires ten days later.

The captain of the airship does not give rides to any of the investigators unless they are under arrest or in immediate need of medical attention. Wounded investigators who are taken on board are treated well and courteously by the ship's medical officer, but are confined strictly to their beds and will be delivered to a hospital in Buenos Aires within a week, unable to participate further in the Antarctic portions of the adventure.

If the airship's crew learn of the disaster at Lake's Camp from either party at the cache, a BFE rescue mission consisting of two Junkers aircraft and lots of food, fuel, and oxygen arrives at Lake's Camp early in the morning of December 9th. This rescue party contains journalists from several world news services who report back on a regular basis. The investigators will be praised as heroes by an adoring world—unless they are being held for murder.

Leaving the Cache Site

The investigators make their own bed in this chapter, and they have to lie in it. Timing affects their plans as outlined in the sidebar, but the basic options are few. Either they complete their mission and are well away before the weather closes in at 1 p.m., or they are not and must wait for at least ten hours.

The *Graf Zeppelin* leaves the cache area at 1 a.m. on the 8th, immediately after picking up the BFE refugees and their cargo, and reaches the Weddell Sea base within 24 hours. Whether or not the investigators succeed in their mission, if they are left behind on the ice after the airship has gone, they may easily tap the supply cache for food and fuel.

Return to Lake's Camp

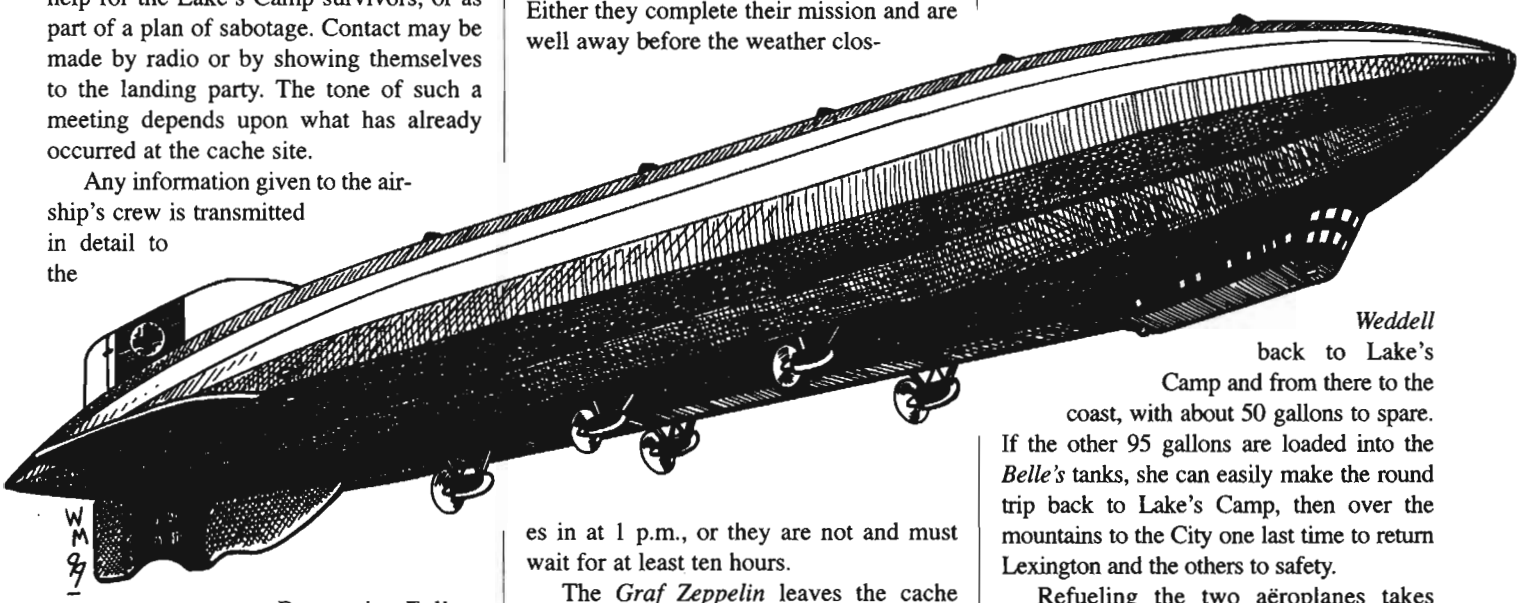
There is enough aviation fuel in the cache stores (about 440 gallons) to partially refuel both the *Belle* and the *Weddell;* if these could both be flown back to Lake's Camp there would be room aplenty to begin airlifting the survivors at Lake's Camp back to the coast.

This assumes that sufficient pilots are available. At least one additional pilot, Lawrence Longfellow, waits at Lake's Camp if needed. A round trip to the Camp and back to bring him here would take at least two hours and 400 miles of fuel. If the investigators wait to make the trip until the *Graf Zeppelin* leaves, they can be back here with Longfellow before four o'clock, and both aircraft can be back at Lake's Camp once more before 10 a.m. on the 8th, just in time to rescue the remaining men and woman in the City of the Elder Things.

Logistical Details

Characters with Pilot Aircraft or Operate Heavy Machine skills have the necessary knowledge to determine the aircraft requirements and useful fuel ranges. They calculate that 400 gallons is enough fuel to fly the *Weddell* back to Lake's Camp and from there to the coast, with about 50 gallons to spare. If the other 95 gallons are loaded into the *Belle's* tanks, she can easily make the round trip back to Lake's Camp, then over the mountains to the City one last time to return Lexington and the others to safety.

The Graf Zeppelin Arrives



Refueling the two aëroplanes takes about two hours, including the time needed to load and fly the necessary drums between the cache site and the *Weddell.*

The cache also holds enough food to feed everyone at Lake's Camp for an additional two days if it can be got to them; it would all easily fit into the *Belle's* cargo area for the short hop to the foothills.

Afterthoughts

If the party flies the Boeing back to Lake's Camp after the zeppelin leaves, the investigators riding in that craft should make an **Idea roll** and a successful **Spot Hidden roll** to notice that several of the boxes of samples and notes have been removed from the cargo area, presumably by the men on board the airship. The bag of Seeds that was under the copilot's seat earlier is also gone.

Lastly, if the investigators failed to make open contact with either the cache party or their BFE rescuers, the results are the same as if the investigators had asked for help. A follow-up rescue mission consisting of two Junkers aircraft and lots of food and fuel arrives at Lake's Camp in the early morning of December 9th. The rescue party contains journalists from several world news services, who report back on a regular basis. The investigators may come out of this looking like heroes; in this event, only they know how greatly the world is endangered by the attention. ■



Chapter Thirteen Timeline

Dec. 7 — The investigators follow Baumann and Rucker to a Barsmeier-Falken fuel cache located about 200 miles from Lake's Camp. They must decide how best to deal with the deserters there, be it by negotiation or murder.

After a few hours, bad weather descends on the cache, trapping any investigators who are still there. A rescue mission sent from the Barsmeier-Falken main encampment arrives in the meantime, further complicating things. ❑



Chapter Fourteen

Dec. 8, 1933

The investigators return to the City to rescue their comrades. The elder things threaten battle for a final time.



The thin high air of the City plateau hid nothing. The red light of the Antarctic's feeble sun left long stark shadows across the airstrip and the camp, illuminating the collapsed and shredded tents, the pathetic bits of debris scattered on the ice, and the slumped and melted silhouette of the remaining crippled aircraft.

There was no sound in the ruined campsite. No sound at all, save for the squeak and crunch of the rescue crew's boots on the ice, the gasping rush of breath, and the eternal faint piping from the distant mountain spires.

"Looks like we're too late," someone said.

"May the Lord have mercy on their souls," replied another.

Mission of Mercy

Keeper's Overview

In this chapter the investigators return one last time across the Miskatonic Mountains, this time to rescue comrades who were left behind in the City of the Elder Things. The investigators cannot know in advance what they will face on the far side of the mountains. They know that there are at least three people to be rescued, along with precious photographic stills and movie films of the barren heights of the plateau.

This chapter represents a crucial obstacle for the investigators. It is possible here, if the investigators allow their aircraft to be disabled by the elder things, to condemn the entire expedition to a lonely end beyond the Mountains of Madness.

Things have changed since the party left the City. Moore and the other survivors are no longer at the original landing site, but have moved a short distance into a safer ruin, where they can better guard themselves against the predations of the City's inhuman inhabitants. Lexington, with film and cameras, is out of sight in the hills nearby and will return in time to be involved at the chapter's end.

The chapter presents the players with a problem in the logic of survival. The elder things, alert to the presence of humans, have prepared a final attack against the camp in order to gather much-needed spare parts for their Construct machine. The investigators must find a way to simultaneously protect their aircraft, themselves, and Lexington's party from the things' desperate assault, while bringing the City group aboard in order to leave.

This chapter takes place at a time when the investigators probably want nothing more than to go home and forget the whole thing. Instead of a simple pickup and return, they find themselves in the middle of a delicate standoff.

In playing this chapter the keeper should always remember to keep the purposes of the elder things mysterious, even if the players have guessed their intent. The things are alien, clever, and desperate to protect themselves and their future; the safety of the Antarctic party and rest of the human race does not matter to them, except inasmuch as the humans can be used to keep their machine running until more permanent repairs can be made. The things do not think like men. Every move they make should be weird, vaguely horrible, and menacing. This is, after all, a tale from the Mythos.

What Has Happened

Moore's little band of survivors has been busy since the investigators' departure.

Lexington, accompanied by Priestley or Dewitt, is in the lower foothills of the mountains on the near side of Dyer's Pass, filming extensive carefully chosen footage of icy and inhospitable terrain. Moore and Miles are in the City still, along with Doctor Meyer and any survivors from the Starkweather-Moore team.

For several hours after the departure of the *Belle,* the members of the combined expeditions continued their work of

cataloguing their finds from the now-ravaged City. Two of the four remaining oxygen bottles were given to Acacia for her use, and the film crew headed off toward the foothills; the main party sat quietly in their artificial cave, making notes and awaiting rescue.

About eight hours after the investigators' departure, the elder things launched an attack on Moore's camp. The explorers were able to fend off the attackers, but in the fight much of the remaining ammunition was expended and a lot of camp equipment and supplies were damaged. Professor Moore decided to move the survivors away from the dangers of the exposed campsite.

The camp was moved several hundred yards, from the landing area into the most protected and defensible of the nearby ruined buildings. With very little remaining oxygen, the move was agonizing and dangerous. Professor Moore was caught by a falling rock which crushed his hip and one leg, and was moved to the refuge on the ruined *Enderby*'s emergency sled.

Since then little has changed. The elder things now know that the weapons of the humans can reach them at great range, whereas their own more powerful weapon cannot be used without destroying the explorers. Since the things want the humans only as spare parts for the Construct, a standoff has developed.

The humans in the building dare not leave it. They have wounded and others who need care, and too little oxygen remains to make the move again and guard against attack. All they can do is wait for rescue.

The photographers catch sight of the investigators' aëroplane as it passes overhead on its way to the campsite. They pack up their things immediately—the film crew is on its way back to the camp when the investigators arrive. The group is wary but poorly armed, having only Meyer's Luger pistol and three shells in Acacia's rifle for defense.

People Still in the City

By the beginning of this chapter, only a few people remain beyond the Mountains of Madness. Several of the City's original explorers are dead, while others are crippled or insane. All the survivors are in or near the City of the Elder Things.

It is impossible to say which of the non-player characters from the expedition rosters were chosen to fly across the mountains. The list was established by the keeper in Chapter Nine, and filled out with player investigators.

Below is a minimal list of non-player explorers who remain to be rescued, and their current condition. The keeper should determine which other expedition members are still in the City, and their current condition if they are alive.

The Film Crew

- Acacia Lexington—she is in the foothills with the film crew. She is healthy and whole.
- Albert Priestley—he is in the foothills with the film crew, unless the investigators sacrificed him to repair the Construct in Chapter Eleven. If he is present, he is healthy and whole.

The City Camp

- Patrick Miles—he is the chief able-bodied man in the refuge tower. He is healthy and whole.
- William Moore—he is in the refuge tower. He is alert but crippled; his left leg and hip were broken in a rock fall during the move between camps. He cannot walk and is in constant pain.
- Johann Meyer—he is in the refuge tower. He is still mad.
- Ralph Dewitt—Dewitt is healthy but has a broken arm, which he wears in a sling. If Priestley is alive and in the film crew, Dewitt will be in the City helping Miles. Otherwise, Dewitt is part of the film crew, for Lexington should not be alone out there.
- Alan Huston—he is in the refuge tower. His hands were badly mangled during the initial elder thing attack. He is otherwise healthy and whole.
- Douglas Halperin—if the investigators subdued him without killing him in Chapter Eleven or Chapter Twelve, Halperin is tied up in the refuge tower. He is still mad. ❑

The Elder Things' Plan

The four remaining elder things from the Construct Tower are close at hand. They watch the plaza and the ruined tower, intending to capture several of the humans and use them to continue repairs on the Construct. They have developed their own plans to accomplish this. The immediate goals of the elder things are as follows:

- Prevent the humans from escaping. This means destroying or disabling all vehicles and keeping the humans in exposed territory where they can be picked up when wanted.
- Capture at least three of the remaining humans, more if it is possible. This means they try not to kill a human unless there is no choice or if they have gotten as many as they reasonably need. Five humans is a reasonable number for immediate and anticipated Construct repairs.
- Keep safe. The things do not expose themselves to more danger than necessary. They withdraw at the first sign of a serious threat, unless it means that all the humans will get away.

The elder things have learned to respect the shotguns and long rifles carried by some of the humans, and can see them easily from great distances. They avoid parties that carry these if there is easier prey. Pistols and smaller arms, however, pose little threat to the elder things, who ignore pistol fire unless severely hurt.

Elder things attack through the air, using their superior speed and strength to overpower their prey, wrapping them in their major arms and carrying them off. It takes two of the things to fly easily while carrying an adult human between them, though one could lift such a cargo over dis-

tances of a mile or two. Elder things have a movement rate of 10 when flying in combat, faster than a man can sprint, and can fly indefinitely at speeds of up to sixty miles per hour.

When the investigators arrive, the elder things have already set in motion plans to drive the human refugees out of their sanctuary so that they may be more easily picked up. To this end the elder things have magically bound a shoggoth, which is working its way through the under-tunnels to a place close beneath Moore's ruin. It will emerge to drive the humans forth when the opportunity arises. The arrival by air of the investigators affects these plans, but not remarkably; it merely means that the things will attempt to disable the new aëroplane first, as they did the other vehicle on the plaza, before dealing with the humans.

Elder things are highly intelligent and cautious creatures. They do not squander themselves in an attack against a well-armed foe. If any of the things lose more than 10 hit points, the entire group quickly departs, taking any captured humans with them.

When fighting with humans the goal of the things is always to incapacitate and capture. They do not seek to kill and will not, for example, use the disturbance device on a human unless there is literally no other choice for survival. This constraint does not deter the things from lopping off hands or even limbs if necessary to achieve their goals. If the party proves too well-armed for them to approach in any case, the things may even resort to dropping stones and chunks of ice upon armed investigators from extreme heights, out of the range of most weapons but with a 1/2 DEX chance to hit an unmoving investigator (there is no chance at all to hit an investigator aware of this threat).

The elder things have two powerful weapons available for use. One is the shoggoth, mentioned above; the other is the disturbance device, described below, which is normally used to cut through walls or disable machinery.

Flying to the City

The flight back over the mountains to the City is very quick. Gale winds pour over the now-crumbling pass and into the Cold Hole, lifting up the aëroplane and rushing it along at terrifying velocity. As before, a successful **Pilot roll** is required for safe passage; failure when flying toward the City, however, means little more than a harrowing moment or two in the pass unless a fumble occurs.

The City of the Elder Things stretches out once more before the investigators beneath a storm-heavy sky. Gone are the haloes and the signs in the heavens: in their place are bands and knots of silvery gray clouds that scud westward across the dark blue firmament. From a distance the ruin below appears unchanging, eternal, filled with the weight of ages. The investigators know already how deceptive that veneer must be.

The roiling vortex of clouds over the Cold Hole is thicker and more violent than before. There is no danger now of catching a glimpse of the Imprisoned One. So long as the Construct continues to function at more normal levels (*i.e.*, so long as it receives fresh thinking creatures to power and control it) the prison is secure from prying eyes.

The camp on the plaza is empty. Nothing stirs at the landing site. No sign of Lexington or the others can be seen, no one moves in the open, and the gusting winds have long since blown the surface of the ice free of tell-tale snow. Those in the aëroplane able to study the surrounding area notice a muffled figure waving a red shirt from atop one of the large structures set well back from the plaza, a quarter mile from the campsite. It is not possible to identify the individual from the air.

The next choice the investigators must make is where to set down. The two likely choices are both on the plaza: one is at the old Starkweather-Moore campsite, the other is three hundred yards further north, nearer to where the sentry showed himself.

Landing anywhere on the plaza is easy, despite the gusts; it is a simple matter to circle around into the wind and set down. Characters with Pilot 25% or better need not even make rolls if they have landed here before.

The closest an aëroplane may taxi to the sentry's position and the new camp, however, is two hundred yards. Uneven, rubble-strewn ground intervenes. The older camp by the original landing site is a quarter-mile from the new camp.

At the Airstrip Camp

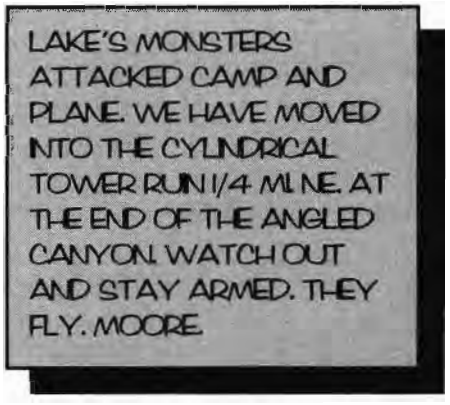
Ice squeaks and crunches beneath the investigators' boots as they walk toward the camp. The air here is dead calm, but the distant howls and piping from the high peaks continues as it always has. Since the breaking of the Construct, the thin high wail has taken on a darker, harsher tone.

The original Starkweather-Moore campsite, where the investigators left the others, is in total disarray. The canvas door-curtains are gone from the archway that sheltered the explorers. A couple of the tents still stand in the chamber, but they have been pulled and prodded until they are partially collapsed; their contents are strewn about and scattered onto the ice. Empty containers, bits of clothing, packing material and discarded personal effects lie forlornly where they were dropped.

Signs of battle and a hurried evacuation are everywhere. Shell casings are scattered by the open archway, half-frozen into the ice. Dark drops and smears here and there are suggestive of blood or other nameless fluids. Some of the scraps of cloth, thick with dark stains, lie stiffly frozen into unlikely shapes.

Investigators with successful **Idea rolls** are struck suddenly by the dreadful hints of similarity between this mute scene and the remains found at Lake's Camp. Only the bodies are missing. Coming to this chilling understanding will cost 0/1D2 SAN.

Staked out in front of the arched opening of the chamber that once held the camp is a rough canvas rectangle, cut from a tent wall, held tightly to the ground by metal pitons in its four corners. Anyone examining the canvas can read the following message written in the rough broad strokes of a tarred brush.



Tracks of a small number of sleds or travoises lead off in the indicated direction. A stout cylindrical ruin is clearly visible a little more than 400 yards distant. When the party looks in the direction of the ruin, a parka-clad figure stands and waves a red cloth from the roof, shouting and making broad motions toward the sky. Its words

cannot be understood, even with a successful **Listen roll,** but are carried off by the wind. After a few moments the figure ducks back into cover and is lost to view.

What's Left of the Plane

The charred *Enderby,* a few yards from the camp and burned by Danforth, now has been further disabled and cannot even supply parts. Many instruments and controls have been removed from the cockpit, and a number of the metal fittings and cables are gone.

A survey of the craft reveals that the housings and engine cowlings of the useless vehicle have been pockmarked and distorted, as if the engines had been heated near to melting and then etched by powerful acids. Much of their interior contents are simply gone, and the edges of the remains are burnished and rounded. The same effect may be seen on some fragments of a propeller that lie on the ice beneath one damaged engine. The wood shows the same etching and distortion as the metal, but no sign of charring or heat can be observed, and the ice itself is unmarked.

Everywhere on the ground around the Boeing are the chip-marks left by metal ice cleats, where the explorers have walked. There are also deeper broader marks, here and there, in sheltered pockets of snow—spadelike triangular wedges ribbed on their undersides in odd stipple patterns. The investigators should by now easily recognize the tracks of the elder things themselves on the ice.

Signs of battle are easily found here as well, but there are not many of them.

Running the Gauntlet

The rescue party may wait as long as they wish, but the City group does not appear. If the would-be rescuers wish to meet with Moore's band they must go to the tower themselves.

The party's refuge is a quarter mile from the plaza camp, over unstable rubble-strewn ground. It takes perhaps ten minutes to walk there, pausing now and again to catch a breath in the chill rarefied atmosphere of the Plateau.

If desired, the investigators' aëroplane can be moved northward, away from the campsite and closer to the ruin. The plane can only be taken part of the way to the ruin however; beyond that the ground is broken and strewn with rubble and the remains of surrounding structures. It is far too uneven for the craft to pass, and even individual explorers must proceed with care.

Traveling on foot through the City, the extent of new damage is shockingly clear. Many of the magnificent remnants familiar to the investigators from their first visit are simply gone, knocked into piles of rubble by the quakes. Other structures that seemed solid before are now riddled with cracks and surrounded by fallen stones. Countless passages and alleys are newly impassable; there is no way to tell how far or how deeply the damage extends.

Leaving the Aëroplane Alone

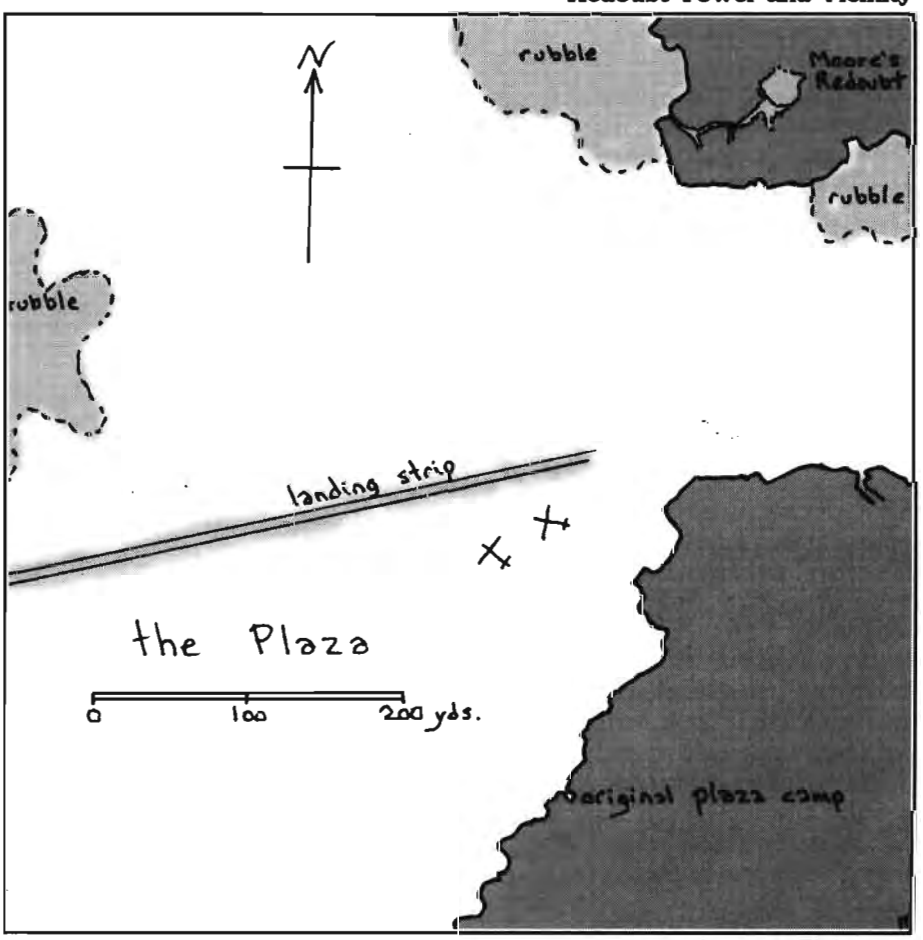
Should the party set out in a body for the tower, leaving their aëroplane visibly unguarded, the figure with the red banner once again rises from its hiding place and violently gestures the investigators away from the tower and back towards their vehicle, pointing now and then to the surrounding City and up into the air. If the keeper desires, a successful **Idea roll** suggests to the players that they should post a guard on the plane.

If the investigators post obvious well-armed guards on the aircraft, the things see the weapons and do not reveal themselves. If no guards are posted, and the entire party continues to the ruin anyway, the elder things make their move.

As soon as the humans move more than a hundred yards away from their aircraft into the broken ground, a trio of the things rises from a broken-off cone a quarter mile distant and flies swiftly toward the plane. One of the creatures carries a large boxy object—the disturbance device—while the others are apparently unarmed. See the elder thing statistics on page 260 for details of the things and their device.

The things arrive at the investigators' aëroplane far in advance of the humans, who cannot run far or fast in the thin air of the Plateau. Once there, the thing carrying the disturbance device lands atop the aircraft's wing, and employs the device against the engines of the craft. A deep blue radiant vapor extends out of the box and flows over the engine cowling, apparently unaffected by the gusting of the wind. The cowling immediately softens and then begins to evaporate where the radiant vapor touches it. Within a few rounds the cowling is gone and the vapor begins to work on the engine beneath.

Redoubt Tower and Vicinity



If the investigators' party is well armed, they may be able to drive the elder things off with gunfire before the creatures can do more than slightly damage the engines; even in this case the humans face many hours of inspection and repairs before the aëroplane will fly again.

Traveling Overland

If the aëroplane is visibly guarded when the party sets out for the tower, one man carrying a rifle emerges from the ruin and approaches the newcomers as fast as he can go, meeting them halfway. The man proves to be Patrick Miles, aircraft mechanic for the Starkweather-Moore expedition.

"Do you have guns?" he cries. "Rifles? Something powerful? For Heaven's sake, go get them if you do! The fiends will stay away if you've got weapons they respect, but pistols do not seem to bother them at all!" Miles speaks swiftly and looks around continually, reluctant to be long away from his post atop the tower. "I have to get back," he explains. "The Professor can't hold them off by himself if they come."

If the investigators have more weapons on board the aëroplane, he urges them to get them immediately. "And for God's sake, whatever you do, don't let those abominations get at the plane! We can't hold out here much longer; and we'd all rather be dead than carried off by those things."

The mechanic trudges off as fast as he can go, leaving the investigators to return to the plane to collect their best weapons, if they do not have them already.

If they are already well equipped, the group may wish to accompany Miles to his camp. "Come along then," he replies. "The rest of you ought to stay close together. There is safety in numbers, after all."

Moore's Redoubt

Professor Moore's shelter is the first and most easily reached ruin that is large enough and secure enough to house and defend a group of men and women, without being open to an attack from above. It is a quarter mile from the previous camp, and opens out into a deep-set narrow canyon in the ice which angles between ancient towers and long-collapsed buildings. The ice around the site is fissured and uneven, strewn with great loose stones shaken loose in the collapses of greater structures to either side. It is impossible to bring the aëroplane closer than two hundred yards.

In the last twenty yards down to the entrance, the path follows a narrow ice-slick ledge that angles along a small crevasse six feet below the level of the surrounding ice. There are dark stains on the ice outside the entrance arch, and shell casings and smudges of melted and refrozen ice here and there within twenty yards, evidence of a recent battle against the elder things.

The ruin is mostly buried under the ice, but the heavy base of an ancient five-sided tower rears up almost fifteen feet before ending in weathered rubble. A single usable entryway into the tower still remains on its westward side, the ancient archway now more than half buried in ice. The opening that remains is like a pursed and lipless mouth some six feet across and less than four feet high.

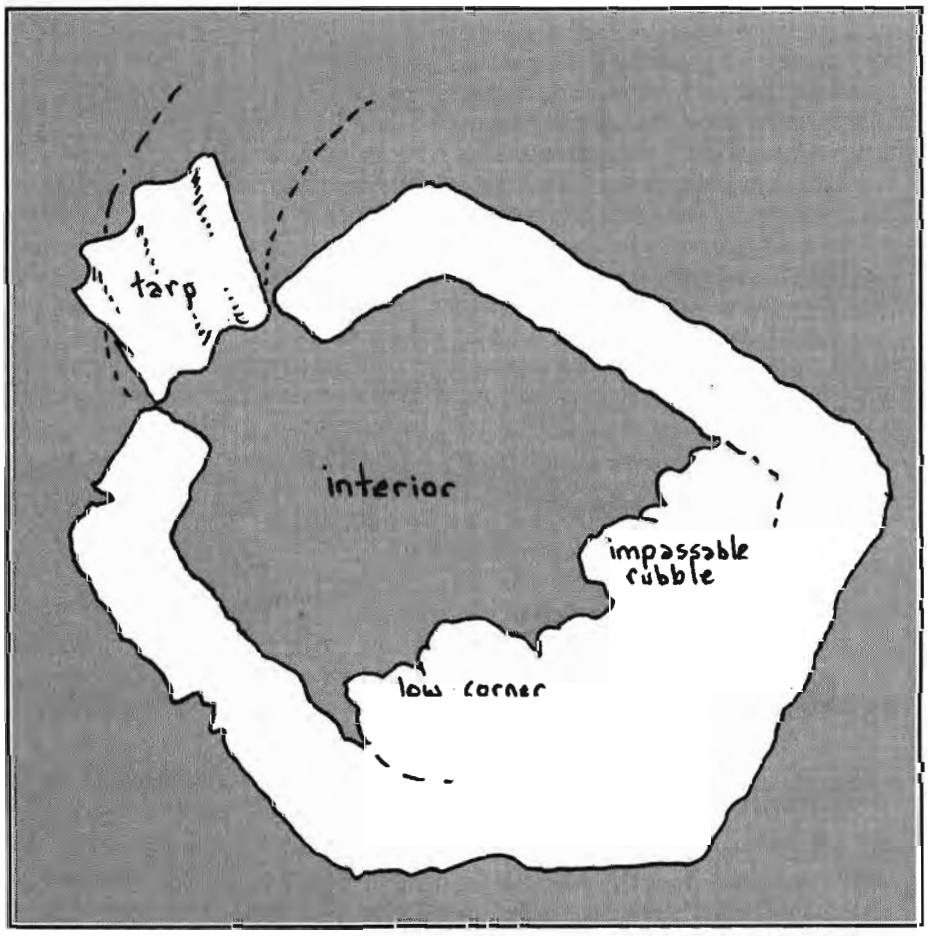
"Go on in," says Miles. "I'll keep a watch out here." He climbs up onto the stone lip over the archway and scans the skies with the weary ease of practice.

The tower structure is roughly fifteen or sixteen yards across, with the remainder of the building long ago crushed and buried by the passage of time. An uneven glacial flow of ancient snow and ice forms a steep ramp down to the current floor of the only remaining room, leaving a roughly oval chamber three or four yards high in the center and some nine or ten yards from side to side. A tilted floor of ice slants downward away from the entrance. The usual murals and other decorations in the chamber have long since been eaten away; the effects of time and weather have so eroded the room that a casual observer might mistake it for a natural cave.

The canvas tarpaulins from the first campsite have been lashed across the doorway to keep the wind out and the warmth in. With them in place, a chemical stove, and the body heat of those present, the room is pretty warm. It is still very cold on the floor, but at waist height the temperature rises above zero, perhaps as high as 20°F at standing eye level.

The eastern side of the chamber, that might have contained halls and entryways to other rooms and passages, is lost beneath a collapse of ice and stone. One corner of the room sinks deeply down, as if there had once been a ramp or stairwell downward, but that too is now blocked. The party has checked the rock fall to make sure that it is sturdy and cannot be climbed over or through. No attempt has been made to dig past the obstruction or to

Redoubt Tower Interior



find out what is on the other side, or to open up the downward ramp.

Professor Moore is inside, along with Meyer and any other remaining members of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition who were left behind in the City.

Though as lucid as ever, Moore is confined to a rough pallet made of canvas and tent poles. His leg is splinted. Little can be done for his hip in these surroundings. He is in constant pain; worse, he cannot help with the defense of the tower. All that he can do is see to his own needs and watch over the two remaining air tanks, nearly empty though they are.

Meyer has recovered somewhat, but he is still not well. He speaks only in German, in disconnected words and simple childlike phrases, and seems not to know or care who or where he is. Any loud noise or sudden motion causes him to scuttle away and crouch, shivering, in the nearest corner.

Huston, if present, is of little help in the defense. His hands are bandaged lumps of dying flesh; he can stand watch but cannot handle a gun.

Halperin, assuming he was not killed earlier by the investigators, is bound and gagged in the northeast corner of the tower. He spends all his waking time attempting to squirm out of his bonds, and is constantly watched by either Dewitt or Huston (whoever is available) to make sure he does not succeed. If anyone comes too close to him, he screams and curses at them through his gag and tries to kick them.

Miles and any other healthy men left must shoulder the task of defense. One man watches from the tower above the mouth of the cave at all times, lest the monsters recommence their attack; another (if there is another!) takes care of the business of the camp, caring for the sick, preparing food, and so forth.

The remnants of the expedition have with them what supplies they could carry or drag on a pair of sleds across the ground. They are not short of food or oil, but will be in a week's time. They lack oxygen, medicines for the wounded, and ammunition for the guns. There are ten shells left between the two rifles. Moore's revolver is the only one that is well-supplied. There is an entire box of shells, fifty rounds for that weapon, but they cannot be used in the other guns.

The group also has a Very pistol with three remaining flares. Miles has made up three crude fire bombs out of rags, lamp oil, and specimen jars.

Fox and Geese

The investigators find the survivors very glad to see them. Professor Moore is awake and alert, though he is weak and in pain; he tells the investigators what happened in their absence, but leaves the explanation of the tactics and weaknesses of the elder things to Miles.

The elder things have been back a time or two since the refugees moved their camp. They are easily driven off by rifle fire but pistols seem to do them no harm. The party appears safe enough inside the thick walls of their refuge but they are running low on bullets and had no prospect of getting more until the arrival of the investigators. It is urgent that the group be evacuated to safety as soon as possible: Moore's life may depend upon a doctor's expert care.

The scientist expresses concern for Lexington and the film crew. "They're out there somewhere. Keep watch for them. They'll walk into trouble and never know it."

Miles, the watchman, is also able to describe the workings of the disturbance device. "They have a boxy sort of thing. It's large and square, and one of them carries it slung underneath. It's some sort of weapon or welding torch: it puts out a blue glow, like a heavy fog, that cuts through metal like cheese. They used it to cut up the engines on the *Enderby*—I guess they didn't know the plane was already wrecked. They have been all over that aëroplane since we came up here. I've seen them down there again and again, cutting things out and carrying them off. I think they're trying to keep us from getting away."

Moving Out

Moving the refugees to the aëroplane requires teamwork. Moore must be pulled on a sled or physically carried; he cannot walk for himself. The group has a single sled on which he may ride, but it takes at least two men to pull it at any decent speed if it is laden. These men, while they are pulling, are harnessed to the sled; their movement is impaired and they cannot fight effectively unless they release themselves from their burden.

Doctor Meyer can walk, even run, by himself but must be guided and directed by someone else. One man can easily handle this task so long as the German is not frightened or hurt.

If Halperin is present, he must be carried or dragged to the plane. (For carrying/dragging purposes, keep in mind Halperin's SIZ of 13.) He cannot be reasoned with, and will not even allow anyone to put a breather mask on him. If someone unties Halperin's feet so he can walk, Halperin rewards that generous soul by kicking at him and running away screaming in a random direction, until he collapses and/or gets snatched by the elder things. (Desperate or ruthless investigators might sacrifice Halperin this way so the others can escape.) If the investigators bring him along by force, Halperin will struggle and scream every step of the way and slow them down, unless he is rendered unconscious.

There are too few healthy men in the City party to move the group to safety and still defend the party against attack. That job must fall to the investigators.

The investigators have the best chance of succeeding with their rescue if they act immediately and move Moore's party to the shelter of the aëroplane as quickly as possible, without waiting for signs of Lexington's group. The elder things do not wait for them to accomplish this, however, but begin their assault a minute or two after the newcomers enter the ruined tower room. Statistics for these elder things are repeated at the end of this chapter.

The Attack

The monsters rose up from the City's edge, surging and crawling through the air with sinuous twists of their huge membraneous wings. Impossibly large and swift, they moved purposefully towards the refugees, outlined against the ruddy sky, like horrible deep-sea creatures or the darkest nightmares made abominably real.

Someone shouted. Another moaned. A third man wept, and began to pray.

The attack on the ruin takes place soon after the investigators' arrival there.

Four elder things rise from the edge of the plaza, circle wide and converge on the ruin from several directions, staying low to minimize the chance of being shot. Miles, on the tower roof, sounds the alarm: "They're coming! Four of them! Get your guns!"

Seconds later, shots ring out, as the mechanic fires his rifle three times at the swiftly approaching things, then scrambles hurriedly down the tower and into cover.

Investigators still outside the refuge can easily see one or more of the elder things as they approach. They swerve, in response to Miles' opening shots, but do not falter. Instead they head straight for the top of the tower. One of them carries the boxy disturbance device tucked close against its body.

With Miles out of the way the elder things land atop the refuge tower. The things then turn their disturbance device on the building itself and seek to cut their way in from above. The purpose of this move is not really to get into the ruin, it is to drive the humans out and to open the way for the shoggoth below.

One of the things—Leader Thing—operates the device, while First Follower stands by to control the emerging shoggoth. The remaining two stand guard over

Statistics

Attacking elder things are the same creatures described in Chapter Eleven. If any have been badly hurt, the keeper must adjust their hit points accordingly.

LEADER THING (silvery gray band on torso)

STR 34	CON 24	SIZ 25	INT 18	POW 13
DEX 17	Move 8/9/10 swim/fly			HP 25

Damage Bonus: + 3D6.

Weapons: Tentacle (x5) 40%, damage 3D3 in constriction, one new attack per round
Disturbance Device 50%, damage 2D10

Armor: 7-point skin.

Spells: Enchant Disturbance Device.

Skills: Art (Poetry) 50%, Conceal 15%, Dodge 55%, Navigate 75%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN to see an elder thing.

FIRST FOLLOWER (pale body, longer head tendrils)

STR 38	CON 20	SIZ 29	INT 15	POW 15
DEX 19	Move 8/9/10 swim/fly			HP 25

Damage Bonus: + 3D6.

Weapons: Tentacle (x5) 40%, damage 3D3 in constriction, one new attack per round
Knife (x1) 30%, damage 1D4 + 2 + 3D6
Spear 30%, damage 1D6 + 3D6

Armor: 7-point skin.

Spells: Summon/Bind Shoggoth, Command Shoggoth, Elder Sign.

Skills: Biology 80%, Chemistry 35%, Craft (Laboratory Equipment) 65%, Conceal 10%, Dodge 70%, Spot Hidden 60%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN to see an elder thing.

SECOND FOLLOWER (huge but badly scarred body, missing one tentacle)

STR 40	CON 27	SIZ 38	INT 16	POW 09
DEX 11	Move 8/9/10 swim/fly			HP 33

Damage Bonus: + 4D6.

Weapons: Tentacle (x4) 35%, damage 4D3 in constriction, one new attack per round
Knife (x1) 30%, damage 1D4 + 2 + 4D6

Armor: 7-point skin.

Spells: none.

Skills: Conceal 15%, Craft (Garments) 70%, Dodge 30%, History 70%, Natural History 70%, Spot Hidden 70%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN. to see an elder thing.

THIRD FOLLOWER (small dark mottlings and puckers on torso)

STR 35	CON 15	SIZ 34	INT 16	POW 09
DEX 20	Move 8/9/10 swim/fly			HP 25

Damage Bonus: + 3D6.

Weapons: Tentacle (x5) 40%, damage 3D3 in constriction, one new attack per round
Spear 30%, damage 1D6 + 3D6

Armor: 7-point skin.

Spells: no spells.

Skills: Art (Mature Murals) 95%, Conceal 15%, Dimensional Electronics 60%, Dodge 60%, Physics 65%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6 SAN to see an elder thing.

AVERAGE SHOGGOTH, magically bound ("Many Mouths, No Heart!")

STR 52	CON 41	SIZ 91	INT 05	POW 07
DEX 04	Move 10/10 swim			HP 66

Damage Bonus: + 8D6.

Weapons: Crush 90%, damage up to 8D6; see notes below.

Armor: none, but (1) fire and electrical attacks do only half damage; (2) physical weapons such as firearms do only 1 point of damage, impaling or not; (3) a shoggoth regenerates 2 hit points per round.

Skills: Listen 40%, Trumpet in Triumph 60%.

This shoggoth has been ordered to capture humans, not kill them. It divides its STR evenly between all opponents in its grasp. Opponents must resist its current attacking STR with their own or be immobilized within its bulk. Such captives may only move or act on rounds in which they receive D100 rolls of **STR x1** or less; in order to win free of the creature's grasp they must then successfully resist the shoggoth's attacking STR with their own once more, on the Resistance Table.

Although the shoggoth does not intend to harm its captives, it is clumsy. Any round in which a victim loses a **STR versus STR roll** to the shoggoth, roll the shoggoth's **DEX x5** on D100. Failure means the shoggoth has accidentally crushed the victim for 1D6 damage, despite conscientiously following orders.

the humans' doorway and keep their fellows from being attacked by angry gunmen. Cutting through nearly a yard of ice and snow with the device takes less than two minutes.

The mood inside the tower is tense. Miles and Moore check and re-check their weapons, nervously counting their remaining shots. Miles glances outside again and again, but the elder things cannot be seen.

No one can see what the things are up to. No one knows what will happen next.

"They never did this before," murmurs Miles. "I don't like it."

Then the sound begins. A low harsh hum rises up from the stone on all sides, as the entire building begins to throb and tremble. Miles curses softly under his breath. Moore frowns, closing his eyes as if in brief heartfelt prayer.

Meyer looks wildly upward, then to all sides, with a soft terrified wail. "Ach!" he moans, edging backward against the nearest wall, eyes wide and white in the dim light. "Nein! Neineineineinein!"

If Halperin is present, he begins screaming and redoubles his struggles.

Small chips and shards of rock and ice powder downward from the throbbing ceiling. The vibration is felt in everyone's bones, and digs deep under their skin. Meyer shouts again in terror, striking out at anyone who approaches too closely.

A minute passes by, then two; then the hum takes on a shrill hissing tone. A thick vaporous fog of darkly blue radiance bleeds through the roof of the chamber over the rock fall with little explosive pops, and begins to swiftly eat away at ice, rocks, people, and any other items in that part of the room. Everyone viewing this inexorable dissolution loses 0/1 SAN.

"We've got to get out of here!" Miles cries. "They melted the planes with that stuff—we're all going to die!"

General panic ensues. Moore, torn between the need to leave and his fascination with the radiance, says nothing. Meyer jumps to his feet with a throat-tearing scream and violently breaks free of the chamber. He tears through the canvas door and races away down the trail, wailing loudly, for a hundred feet or more, until he cannot move but must collapse, blue and choking, from cold and lack of oxygen.

"That's it! Get out!" Moore commands. "Anyone with a gun—get ready. The rest of you, get out! Get to the aëroplane while you can!"

He shifts, painfully, on his pallet, stifling a moan; then pulls a knapsack to his chest, cocks his pistol, and calls out to the nearest investigator to help him leave the tower.

Raggedly, in panicked fits and starts, the exodus begins.

The Disturbance Device

This large heavy cutting device is roughly the size and shape of a footlocker and weighs about forty-five pounds (twenty kg). The box is made of some glassy stuff and has a dull mottled gray-brown hue, except for the upper surface which is milky and white in color. A circular capped opening about as wide across as a binocular lens is the only feature on the box except for some heavy ridges that run around its middle.

If one looks inside through the opening, or forces the top off of the box, the interior will be found to contain countless heavy damp fungoid shapes threaded around and through by shiny glasslike filaments, and oddly scored bits of crystal and clumps of components stolen from the radios and aircraft at Lake's Camp, in no apparent order. (A successful **Biology** or **Botany roll** reveals that the fungoid shapes really are in fact a form of fungus, and need nourishment to stay alive. An ounce of honey or sugar water once every few days will do the trick; without this food the device will die.)

The disturbance device is activated by placing ten magic points into its upper surface. When this is done, the glassy cover glows faintly and grows warm for about two hours. During this period, any additional magic points placed into the box cause the bottom of the box to emit a heavy glowing vapor that quietly sinks downward, dissolving or disintegrating the structure of anything solid it touches. The vapor is capable of dissolving 10 hit points of material per additional magic point expended.

Fine points of control and focus are simple for the elder things; human operators have neither the senses nor sensitivity to do more than turn the box on and off.

A disturbance device cannot be constructed or repaired without knowing how to manufacture and assemble the pieces and knowing how to cast Enchant Disturbance Device. The construction of the components might be gleaned from elder thing texts if they could be found; the only way to learn the spell today is to have a teacher or be granted the knowledge by supernatural means. ❑

The Last of the Tower

Surprisingly the elder things do not attack the party the moment they exit the tower, but remain bunched on the roof, out of direct sight of the fleeing humans. This allows the humans some breathing room and a bit of a head start on their escape; it also allows the elder things to bring their captive shoggoth into play.

If any humans remain inside the structure once the elder things open the ceiling, they are witness to horrible things. Once the mist has opened a way into the chamber, it continues to dissolve the walls and floor at the far corner of the room until a way has been opened for the shoggoth to push through from below.

In less than a minute, after the mist has started in on the floor, the chamber is filled suddenly by a huge and resonant piping from within the mists: *Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!* The glow cuts off abruptly; a higher and more complex whistling may be heard from above in return; and the collapsed floor of the chamber erupts violently upward in a spray of water, ice, and foul motile iridescence as a great shoggoth forces its way into the room. Statistics for the shoggoth are at the end of this chapter.

The shoggoth writhes and pours its way into the humans' chamber, keening and piping its ancient cry as it does so. The sound is deafening and the stench overwhelming. The whistling conversation between the creature and the elder things overhead continues for a round or two, then the shoggoth surges toward the door and pours like a hungry tide after the fleeing humans.

On the Ice

After about a minute, anyone looking back toward the ruin sees the shoggoth burst forth into the sunlight and pour down the canyon after them, shrieking its cry like an immense pipe organ as it picks up speed: "*Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!*" Anyone seeing or hearing the arrival is subject to a loss of 1D6/1D20 SAN, minus a few points if he or she has already seen the smaller shoggoths in the Tower.

At the same time all four elder things leap upward from the tower, separate in the air, and dive in swift-curving courses toward the refugees. Their intent is to drive the humans back toward the shoggoth, who has

Shoggoth Attack!



been commanded to capture and withdraw with two or three humans if possible.

The human group covers more than half of the distance to the aëroplane before the monsters arrive among them; but they can make it to safety without fighting only if they abandon the slowest among them along the way. Moore and Halperin almost certainly have to be left behind—and poor mad Meyer as well, since there is no time to catch him.

Investigators with guns are most effective against the elder things; the only weapons available of any use against the shoggoth are Miles' three fire bombs and the Very pistol flares.

Fortunately for the humans, the shoggoth cannot survive in the immense cold of the surface world for very long. Its every movement leaves behind it a trail of frozen protoplasm; it screams its agony in a thousand shrill voices as it bears down upon the fleeing party. By the time the creature reaches the group it is weakened and much reduced, capable of grabbing and holding stragglers but little more, still driven blindly by the Binding upon it.

Keeper's note: the keeper should decide what effects, other than purely theatrical ones, the extreme cold has on the shoggoth. If the investigators have played well and done their utmost to rescue the expedition survivors, the keeper can negate the shoggoth's regeneration powers, reduce its hit points by a certain amount each combat round, diminish its speed, etc.

Most of the threat comes from the elder things. They loom above the group, their huge membraneous wings expanding and contracting in rapid convulsive twitches like the fins of nameless deep-sea creatures, driving a thin foul wind down on the party. Their lidless eyes never blink, never close; they watch the humans dispassionately.

The things attack in pairs. Two engage and attempt to disarm whomever seems the greatest threat, with those carrying rifles the first to be targeted, while the others circle and strike from overhead, seeking to grab victims and drop, drag, or drive them toward the shoggoth to be carried away. The individual things switch positions and move around so as to conserve their strengths and minimize damage to any individual.

This is the elder things' last attempt to capture humans. They will not withdraw this time unless one or more of their number are disabled or they achieve their goal. If any of the things are killed, the others and the shoggoth retreat to the ruined tower. If two or more of the things are killed, the remainder flee back to the City directly, with the shoggoth and any unwilling captives retreating underground.

If the elder things flee or are destroyed the investigators may make an **Idea roll** to notice that the things have abandoned their large box. In this case the box may be recovered from the top of the ruined tower. See the description of the disturbance device on the previous page.

Dénouement

If all goes well the investigators should be able to fight off the elder things before the monsters have taken more than one or two unfortunate victims. The rest of the party should reach the safety of the aëroplane. Space will be cramped aboard, unless losses were high; nonetheless everyone is eager to leave.

Another twenty to thirty minutes at least are required to prepare the aëroplane once more for takeoff; refer to the "Aircraft Maintenance" section of Appendix 2, "Antarctica Manual," for details. This time

Shoggoth Attack!



Enchant Disturbance Device: A New Spell

This spell is known only by elder things. A ten-day ritual sensitizes the crystals and the fungus to each other and to the presence of POW. The components of the device must be prepared beforehand; materials and construction techniques used to prepare the crystals and the control matrix are left up to the keeper but they should be extremely difficult to acquire or refine. Completed, the device lasts indefinitely, unless the fungi are permitted to die.

The crystals and seed fungi are placed together into a sealed glass container and covered with a quantity of blood, plant sap, or other nutrient solution. The container is then heated to between 80°F and 100°F, and must be kept warm for more than ten days. Once each hour during this period, the same individual must cast Enchant Disturbance Device into the container for a total of 250 times. Each casting of the spell costs 1 magic point and 0/1 SAN. If any of the castings are missed or the container is opened or broken, a new container must be prepared and the entire process repeated.

At the end of the process the container may be opened and the control and safety matrix pressed into the mass. The mass at this point is very sensitive to POW; if any magic points are cast into the mass before the controls are added, it degrades rapidly, emitting a radiant blue vapor that eats away everything nearby, including the mass itself, the container, and anyone in the vicinity.

The elder thing version of the spell requires the whistling of high-pitched complex tones and chords, accompanied by careful configuration of the head tendrils. Humans cannot do this; if a human version of the spell exists it would be quite different in this respect. ❑

could be longer if the elder things were able to damage the craft; in this event the keeper should **roll 1D4** for the number of hours required for repairs.

The things do not attack again, but there is no way for the investigators to be certain that they are gone.

If he made it to the *Belle,* Moore can do nothing to help; he lies pale and quiet on his stretcher on the floor of the cabin. Miles, if he survives, is happy to help with the aircraft repairs, while poor Meyer cries and moans and must literally be tied down to prevent him from thrashing about and hurting others.

At least once, while the explorers are readying the aëroplane for flight, the City is rocked by a brief sharp tremor in the ground. It takes everyone by surprise, but does no damage to the vehicle or the crew. Sharp-eyed investigators, however, catch flickers of motion from high up in the mountains, as more bits of the ancient spires crumble and fall away.

The Film Crew

Moore, if he survives, is the one who finally asks the unpleasant question in his thin strained voice. "What about Miss

Lexington? We can't simply leave her here, can we?"

No one knows where the film crew is or when it will return, or even if they are alive. Lexington left with the second small sled and the camera gear long before the first attack by the elder things; she said she would be back "in a day or two." The investigators must decide what to do. Everyone waits for their answer.

In fact, the movie crew is on its way in and arrives at the plaza about four hours after the explorers return to the plane. If the aëroplane takes off before that time, and flies over the region between the campsite and the foothills, observers on board catch sight of the other group's frantic waves. The team is inside the City, heading for the plaza; the best way to meet up with them is to land once more at the campsite and wait. Should the investigators choose this course, in due time they see Lexington and her companion trudge into view a few hundred yards away across open ground.

The elder things see them as well.

If the elder things have not yet harvested at least three humans, they take off once again and descend on the hapless pair. Meyer's borrowed pistol does not stop the elder things; Her rifle has three cartridges remaining. Unless the investigators intervene, the latecomers are in trouble.

The resolution of this conflict is in the hands of the investigators. They can let the others be carried off, they can leave the *Belle* in defense of the smaller group, but the most effective method of saving the film crew is to maneuver the aëroplane itself overland toward them, guns blazing, and drive the things away.

Conclusion

Several expedition members, possibly including some player characters, may have fallen into the hands of the elder things during the chapter. This is not really a bad thing, though it seems so to the players. The victims will be kept alive as well as possible in captivity, and will eventually be used to keep the Construct in operation until more substantial repairs can be completed. In a particularly humbling way the human captives help to save the world.

The real danger lies in the possibility that the rescue expedition may not return to the coast to give their carefully chosen answers to the waiting press. If the aëroplane is damaged beyond repair, the expedition is doomed. Without additional oxygen to breathe, the entire party will die from anoxia within a few days.

If the investigators manage to save their aircraft from destruction they are able to leave the City; all that then remains is to decide what will go and what will stay. That depends upon how many survivors there are left and how much equipment they retain. The *Belle* can hold only six passengers and crew, with a minimum of spare equipment, if the party hopes to clear Dyer's Pass. Two more might be carried, for a total of eight, but only at the cost of abandoning the rest of the supplies and every shred of emergency gear except the vital oxygen tanks—a desperate proposition indeed.

The most important goal for the investigators in this chapter should be to get their carefully crafted evidence out to the world, stifling any other version of the tale, regardless of the cost. They may have had plans to make several short trips between the City and Lake's Camp to get everyone out; but the encounters with the elder things in this chapter should convince them that this one trip must, of necessity, be their last.

Whomever they do not rescue now, on the first rescue trip, must stay here forever or find their own way home.

Alternatives

There are two overland ways out that the investigators would by now be aware of. One is, as mentioned above, to traverse Dyer's Pass and return on foot to Lake's Camp. This is a journey of perhaps two hundred miles at extreme altitudes and arctic temperatures without proper equipment; it should rightly be seen as a suicidal venture. The alternative may seem easier, but is actually no better: find and traverse the tunnels described by Arthur Pym for a thousand miles deep underground, and hope that a means may be found to exit them to the surface when they reach their terminus near the Barsmeier-Falken main base.

If some number of the player characters are left behind in the City, the keeper may wish to consider these options when planning this campaign.

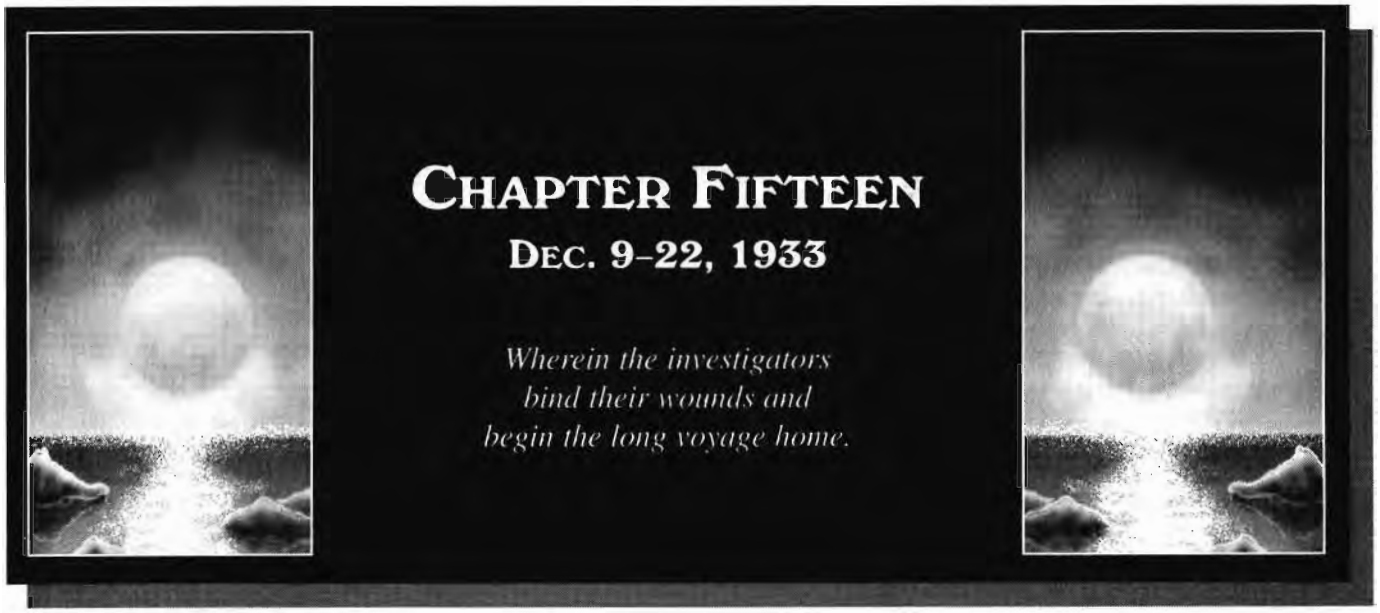
If those who are left behind plan to continue their explorations of the City we have provided sufficient material in preceding chapters to allow the keeper to flesh things out as desired.

Should those remaining wish instead to return to Lake's Camp and the coast overland, see the entries in the "Antarctica Manual" section of the appendices for details concerning terrain, climate, illnesses, and other hazards. ■



Chapter Fourteen Timeline

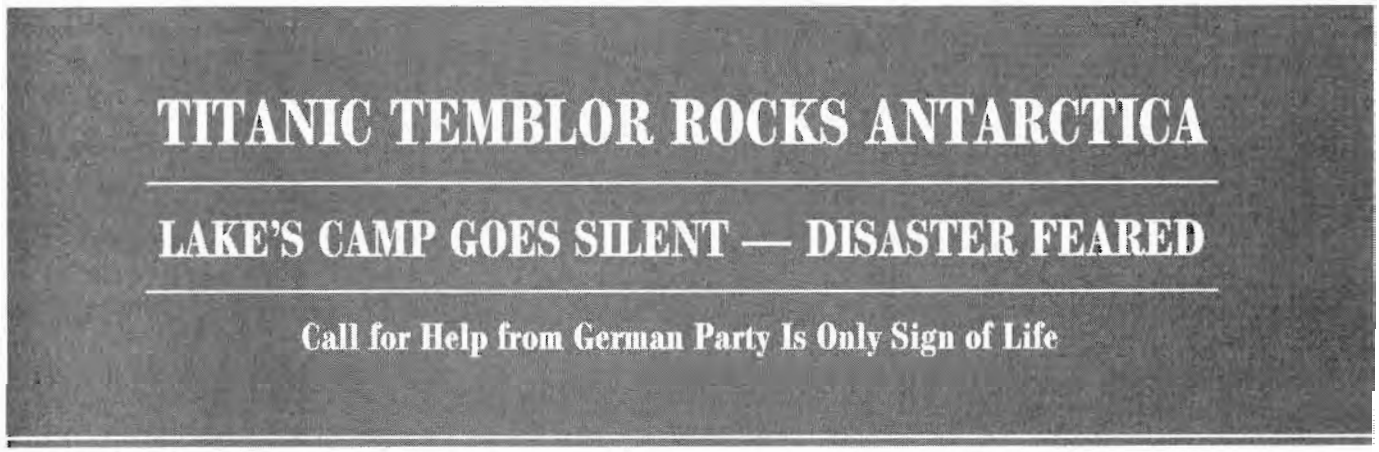
Dec. 8 — The investigators return one last time across the Mountains of Madness in order to rescue Lexington, Moore, and the other survivors in the City. There they must fight the elder things, who try to carry off as many humans as they can before the remainder can flee to safety. ❑



Chapter Fifteen

Dec. 9–22, 1933

Wherein the investigators bind their wounds and begin the long voyage home.



Exodus from the Ice

Keeper's Overview

By the time the *Belle* returns to Lake's Camp, with the last exhausted remnants of the City party and their precious samples and film, news of the disaster in the mountains is already spreading to the world from the *Gabrielle* and the base on the Ross Sea. The fate of the combined expeditions is eagerly discussed throughout the Western world. Each of the men and women who crossed the Mountains of Madness is a celebrity. The tale of the earthquake, and of the struggles and discoveries of the scientists at Lake's Camp, is on the lips of millions.

The investigators are not aware of this at first. When they drop into Lake's Camp they have been awake with little or no break for more than twenty-four hours. Although Moore and Acacia urgently require medical care, the crew's exhaustion cannot be ignored. Continuing on to the Ross Sea without sleep invites disaster.

GERMAN AID ARRIVES AT AMERICAN CAMP

Several Dead, Many More Injured in Earthquake and Fire

Barsmeier-Falken Expedition Flies Casualties to Safety

Unexpected Help

A few minutes after midnight on December 9th the German rescue party, requested by Rucker and Baumann from the fuel cache, arrives. Two of the Barsmeier-Falken Ju-52's (*D-BFEC* and *D-BFED*) land at Lake's Camp and begin offloading fuel, supplies, and trained medical personnel. Radio contact with the coast is restored. The investigators learn that the *Weddell* arrived safely at the Ross Sea site and is already on its way back to them, loaded with fuel and supplies.

Acacia Lexington, Professor Moore, and any others requiring a doctor's care are examined by a German physician. All the injured or wounded are offered places on the next flight to Weddell Base, but with Moore the physician is adamant. "You need a hospital, Herr Professor," he announces, "not a bandage. Our facilities at the base are quite superior; and we will have you safe in Buenos Aires in four days if the weather holds."

The *D-BFED* lifts off two hours after it arrived, bound for the BFE base camp. Professor Moore, at least, is aboard.

"See you all in the States," he says solemnly. "I shall keep you in my prayers."

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONS SET SAIL

Explorers Trapped By Storms

Gabrielle, Tallahassee Weather Gales, Dodge Deadly Icebergs

Leaving the Ice

The next four days are very busy. With both Starkweather and Moore gone from the Ice, the expedition is temporarily leaderless. Unless a qualified investigator steps into the breach, Professor Charles Myers calmly assumes the burden of command. Under his leadership, evacuation of the Antarctic highlands is swift and well organized.

The *Belle,* the *D-BFEC,* and Starkweather's *Weddell* each make several trips between Lake's Camp and the Ross Sea, returning men and salvageable equipment and supplies to the coast. The bodies of Professor Lake and his men are also exhumed and transported to the ships, where they are placed in refrigerated storage in makeshift coffins alongside the other American dead.

Timeline for the Exodus

December

Day	24 Hour Clock	Event
7	09	Investigators arrive at BFE cache (Chapter Thirteen).
7	19	Zeppelin crew searches cache site.
8	01	Zeppelin leaves the cache area.
8	08	BFE airlift mission *(BFEC, BFED)* leaves Weddell Base.
8	12	*Weddell* leaves for Ross Camp; *Belle* leaves for City (Chapter Fourteen).
8	20	*Weddell* at Ross Camp; big news for the world.
8	21	*Belle* returns to Lake's Camp from City; everyone rests.
9	00	*BFEC, BFED* at Lake's Camp.
9	02	*BFED* leaves Lake's Camp for Weddell Base, carrying Moore and any other badly injured individuals.
9	06	*Weddell* at Lake's Camp; *Weddell, Belle, BFEC* begin regular airlifts to Ross Camp.
9	15	*BFED* arrives at Weddell Base.
10	—	Pommerenke locates elder thing tunnel site beneath the ice shelf.
11	21	Last of Lake's Camp men and equipment at Ross Camp.
12	20	Last cargo, planes aboard ships; *Gabrielle, Tallahassee* sail Ross Sea in heavy fog.
13	21	*Gabrielle, Tallahassee* reach pack ice; heavy weather forces the ships to stay out of the pack.
15	—	BFE team digs down to elder thing tunnel entrance.
16	—	BFE explores elder thing tunnel; artifacts recovered and returned to base camp.
17	18	Weather clears; *Gabrielle, Tallahassee* enter the pack heading north.
18	—	Disastrous lab accident and fire at BFE Weddell Base.
20	—	BFE base camp abandoned except for air support.
22	03	*Gabrielle, Tallahassee* clear the pack ice and part company; heavy weather.
23	—	Weather easing, seas remain heavy; animiculi awaken (Chapter Sixteen).
24	19	Sled dog "Duchess" killed by animiculi aboard the *Gabrielle.*
25	—	Weather clear and calm.
25	15	*Gabrielle* arrives in Dunedin, New Zealand.

Keeper's Details

Flight between Lake's Camp and the Barsmeier-Falken base camp takes less than twenty-four hours. The supply camp on Deception Island is twelve hours beyond that, and from there the *Graf Zeppelin* can get the wounded to a city on the mainland in forty-eight hours more. Professor Moore, and the other casualties airlifted out from Lake's Camp on December 9th, are safe in a hospital by the evening of the 12th.

Each of the Junkers aircraft flown by the Germans holds up to six passengers in addition to the crew. On return flights, at least two of these spots are taken by BFE members or equipment being retrieved, leaving four for other things such as equipment or dogs. The entire German presence at Lake's Camp is evacuated by December 13th. ❑

The final flights from the foothills are tense ones, as heavy fog threatens the coast and distant whalers radio news of brewing storms; but at last, on the evening of December 12th, the *Gabrielle* and the *Tallahassee* cast off their moorings and sail northward into the Ross Sea. Those expeditions are at an end.

A day later, on December 13th, the two ships reach the dangerous ice of the Antarctic pack—and the threatened storms hit.

For five days, the expedition vessels steam slowly back and forth across the northern reaches of the Ross Sea as summer gales howl down from the Pole and lash the coast and the pack ice. Wind and waves are high; calving icebergs threaten the ships' fragile hulls. Going back is dangerous; going forward is suicide. There is nothing to do but stay alert and wait for the storms to die away.

Gabrielle and *Tallahassee* remain in radio contact throughout this period, with each other, with the world, and with a handful of other ships in the area. Most of these are whaling vessels, but the Byrd Expedition's ship *Jacob Ruppert* and Ellsworth's *Wyatt Earp* are in the Southern Ocean as well, waiting for the storms to die away so they can push through the pack into the Ross Sea.

At last, on December 17th, the winds slack off and the seas begin to calm. For four days the two ships push slowly northward, through the storm-broken pack, breaking through into open water early in the morning of December 22nd. There the two vessels part company. Lexington's *Tallahassee* heads for Hobart, while the *Gabrielle's* Captain Vredenburgh turns the ship toward Dunedin, New Zealand, where journalists and well-wishers wait in large numbers.

The skies are clear as the ship sails northward, but the winds gust powerfully and seas are high. With any luck, the *Gabrielle* should reach anchor on Christmas, just four days away.

An Alternate Path

Should the investigators for any reason express an interest in seeing the Weddell Sea base camp, Josef Barsmeier is delighted to invite them to visit. Up to six investigators can be accommodated on a single flight. Those who do so, however, should not expect to make it back to the *Gabrielle* before she sails, but must rely on the German cargo ship or the regular runs of the *Graf Zeppelin* to return them to the North.

In this case the keeper should encourage all of the investigators to remain together as a group. Either the entire party should leave on the *Gabrielle* or they should all fly to the Weddell Sea base together. If this is impossible, the two parties should be run as entirely separate adventures, so that the overlap between the events in Chapter Sixteen and the BFE appendix do not lose their originality.

If the investigators do not set sail with the *Gabrielle,* the ship never reaches Dunedin. Radio messages, received on December 22–23, report deadly attacks on the passengers and crew by a number of "horrible black animals" of varying size and shape. On the evening of the 23rd, Captain Vredenburgh puts the survivors overboard in lifeboats and abandons his vessel four hundred miles southeast of New Zealand. The boats never make it to land. The fate of the ship is unknown to the world.

The keeper should flesh out the Barsmeier-Falken main camp from the descriptions and accounts in the Deep Background section of the appendices. The investigators arrive December 11–13, during the excavation of the statue site but before the tunnel openings are found on the 15th. If they remain long enough, the investigators are caught up in the release of the animiculi on the 18th and the subsequent evacuation of the base.

The keeper may decide to allow surviving investigators to hunt for the derelict *Gabrielle.* In this case the ship floats unharmed far out to sea, a monstrous animiculum the size of the entire ship's complement waiting patiently in the hold. See "The Thing in the Hold" in Chapter Seventeen for suggestions on how to handle this. ■

Chapter Fifteen Timeline

Dec. 9 — Arrival of a Barsmeier-Falken relief flight sent to Lake's Camp signals the beginning of a general exodus from Antarctica. The next three days are spent shuttling personnel and supplies back to the Ross Sea ice shelf.

Dec. 12 — The *Gabrielle* and the *Tallahassee* finish loading and set sail into the Ross Sea.

Dec. 13 — Storms over the pack ice prevent the ships from sailing north out of the Ross Sea.

Dec. 17 — The *Gabrielle* and the *Tallahassee* sail north into the pack ice.

Dec. 22 — The two ships part company. *Tallahassee* heads for Hobart, Tasmania, while Captain Vredenburgh decides to turn *Gabrielle* north to Dunedin, New Zealand. ❑



Chapter Sixteen

Dec. 23–25, 1933

The investigators must confront the menace of the Black Seeds and thereby thwart the Unknown God.



The dog man knelt on the deck beside the hatch. His eyes were wide, unseeing, his body wracked with shivering. The tears left runnels on his cheeks. Behind him, through the hatch, the sled dogs howled and moaned.

The man did not look up as the others approached.

"You see her, ja?" he whispered. "The monster eats my Duchess, just like he eats the other man. He is in her now, I see it! I see him in my beautiful dog!"

The dog man said nothing more. He merely knelt by the hatch, sobbing quietly, until the others led him inside.

The Black Rat

Keeper's Overview

Chapter Sixteen showcases the animiculi and the Seeds of the Unknown God. The purpose of the chapter is to introduce the investigators to the threat posed by the animiculi. Here the investigators are trapped with a pair of small monsters in a cramped and difficult environment, no help at hand, and a nervous and superstitious crew who can be very much in the way.

The action is presented in the form of a number of short scenes which play themselves out in order, allowing the investigators to take an active role in defense of the ship. The animiculi are not intended to be unstoppable but they should be made enigmatic and frightening; keepers may wish to review the original *Alien* film or John Carpenter's *The Thing* for inspiration before running this section.

A member of the ship's crew has innocently warmed a pair of Seeds to the point where they are mobile. While one animiculum is quickly caught, the other is at large in the crew areas of the ship. At first it is a nuisance, then a danger, then a murderous adversary. The investigators must puzzle out the secret of the "Black Rat" in time to prevent the creature from escaping into the cargo hold or off the ship onto land.

Setting the Scene

The chapter begins two days before the expedition is due to arrive in Dunedin, New Zealand, and covers portions of three days at sea, as the expedition's vessel *Gabrielle* pushes northward in high winds.

The ship plows steadily forward through heavy swells; the wind blows at a fierce 20–30 knots and carries heavy rime. No one goes abovedecks unless essential duties require it. The upper works and surfaces are covered with a thick layer of ice, treacherous and slick. Even experienced sea hands must travel carefully along safety lines, or risk being swept overboard.

The remaining dogs are housed in the number five tween-deck hold, just forward of the aftercastle, sheltered from the storm by a lashed canvas cover over the open hatch. They are uncaged but are kept on short tethers, to prevent them from fighting. Their lonely howls are easily heard at all hours above the noises of the wind and waves.

Below decks things are calm but somber. The constant surging of the vessel makes walking a cautious process, and inflicts several passengers with recurring bouts of seasickness. (Investigators need D100 rolls of **CON x5** or less to avoid this.)

The survivors of the expedition are a quiet lot, nervous and tired, absorbed in their memories. Reminders of lost friends are everywhere. Starkweather's cot lies empty, as does Moore's, and there are many other empty beds on all sides.

The Lost Souvenir

The first indication of trouble comes at 8 p.m. on December 23, two days away from Dunedin Harbor. The investigators are in the officers' mess when the peace is broken by the arrival of four disheveled crewmen who demand to speak to First Officer Turlow.

The four men are Pacquare, an engineers' mate, and three of his crew—Humphries, White, and Beakins. The three

crewmen are red-faced, disheveled, and sport black eyes and bloody noses. They are angry and indignant. They continue to argue viciously at the slightest provocation, despite repeated warnings from Turlow and Pacquare.

Humphries, a stocky man with a short grizzled beard, is furious. He insists that his cabin-mates, White and Beakins, stole valuables from him; when he discovered the theft he sought the others out and accused them of the deed. When the two men denied Humphries' accusations, he attacked them both. The fight was broken up by Pacquare, who brought them all to Turlow for judgment.

The three men share a cabin in the aftercastle. Each of them has seen the valuables in question, a pair of "large black opals" which Humphries acquired in Antarctica. White and Beakins say that they never told a soul about Humphries' treasure. They curse and snarl at Humphries, furious at him for striking them and hurt by his lack of trust.

Humphries insists that he showed the gems only to his mates, and kept them hidden in his tobacco jar, but this afternoon when he went for a smoke the stones were gone, and so was all his tobacco.

Turlow silences the three crewmen with a single snapped command and turns them over to the chief engineer for discipline. The chief docks them each a half-day's pay and orders them to return to their duties. The officers all turn a deaf ear to the men's protests as the crewmen leave the mess.

Investigators who have encountered the Seeds earlier in the adventure should realize that Humphries' gems are the same sort of stone. If the investigators fail to recognize the Seeds from Humphries' description, a successful **Idea roll** allows them to do so. Any investigator who explored the western end of the Construct valley or the interior of the stolen Boeing remembers the Seeds.

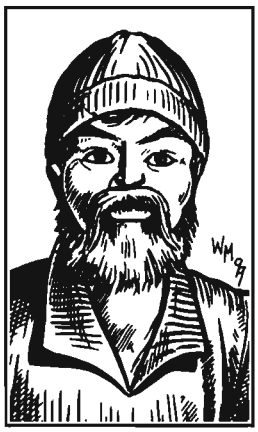
Questioning White and Beakins: Humphries' cabin mates can be found in the crew's mess after the incident. They have put the fight behind them, but are avoiding Humphries until he calms down. It takes only a few questions to ascertain that the two men are innocent of the theft. A successful **Psychology roll** confirms this. Humphries is their friend; they are concerned for him, and angry at the loss.

"He's been mean lately," Beakins complains. "Suspicious, you know what I mean? Always checking on the rocks, over and over. Makes a guy nervous. Ain't none of us sleeping well these days, with him tossing and moaning all night like that."

The two have few further details to add to Humphries' story. They knew nothing of the theft until Humphries accused them himself.

Questioning Humphries: he can be found in the main engine room after the incident, furiously polishing steam pipes with a grimy rag. He is in a foul mood. The loss of the opals has made him bitter and distrusting of his mates. Humphries spills out his story to any investigator who commiserates with him.

The stones were each about the size of a man's thumb, with an oily feel and a flat black in color. They were always cold to the touch. One was longer and thinner than the other but otherwise they were alike. Humphries won them from a German airman (the fellow had several more) in a dice game during loading operations. He has kept them safe in his cabin since, hidden in a tobacco jar.


TOM HUMPHRIES

If the investigators express an interest in investigating the scene of the theft, Humphries is only too happy to give them the key to his cabin. "Sure, go ahead and look around," he growls. "See anything you like, ya might as well just take it. Everyone else does."

If questioned directly on the point, Humphries admits that he doesn't know what black opals look like, and has only assumed that's what the two stones are. A successful **Psychology roll** finally dredges up a description. "Unusual like," he says. "Deep black and always cold."

Examining the Cabin

The cabin shared by the three men, Humphries, White, and Beakins, is in the aft section of the ship, immediately forward of the engineers' shower on the main deck (cabin 4h). The room is strewn with the same disarray found anywhere men live over long periods: clothing on hooks or kicked into corners, odds and ends under the bunks, knickknacks on shelves, signs and memorabilia pasted to the walls. The room is much warmer than the hallway outside, with the radiator turned up and hissing softly even though no one is present. Investigators wearing heavy clothing quickly become extremely uncomfortable in the room unless they remove coats, unbutton sweaters, and so on.

The tobacco jar is visible on its shelf over the writing table. It is a stout glass jar with a wide mouth and a heavy lid, now empty and with its lid to one side. There are no signs of the stones. The jar itself is empty, remarkably so: no trace or odor of tobacco or anything else remains within.

There is little else to find of interest in the cabin. A successful **Spot Hidden roll** at one-half or less of the investigator's skill is required to notice the one remaining sign of the Seeds—a number of very

Where Did the Seeds Go?

Warming into mobility, the two Seeds consumed the tobacco in Humphries' jar and pushed off the lid to make their escape. Now animiculi, they fled into the bowels of the ship in search of more heat. They followed the current of warm air to the radiator and through the floor at its foot into the lower deck. Each was somewhat larger than before, having absorbed a fair amount of tobacco, wood, insulation, and dust in the process.

By the morning of December 24 the two animiculi are in widely separate parts of the ship.

One has found its way to the steering engine room (tween deck room #25) where it nestles against a hot bearing cover like a piece of black wadding; this is the creature which attacks Brunel on the morning of December 24, in the section entitled "The Burning Rag."

The other animiculum met and consumed a large rat during the night, gaining strength and mobility in the process. It then traveled into the holds and stopped, nestled against a steam pipe in tween-deck hold #5. This second animiculum is the one which attacks and kills the dog Duchess in the evening of December 24, in the section entitled "The Third Sign." ❑

faint dimples and cloudy spots on the deck, where the varnish on the wooden floor has been etched slightly by the corrosive action of the Seeds' liquid form.

If the marks are noticed, a successful **Track roll** reveals that the trail leads from the floor below the shelf to the base of the radiator. A pitted and discolored region about two inches across surrounds one of the radiator legs; within that region the floor has been eaten almost entirely away and is porous and fragile. If poked or cut it crumbles easily into fragile shreds and sawdust.

If the investigators think to look on the lower deck in search of the spot immediately below the discolored region, they find that it opens out into the corner of a shower stall in the head (tween-deck room #2 aft). The dark spongy opening is very clear in the ceiling, but there is no further opening below, and no identifiable trail exists to follow further on the stall's metal floor. The shower drain is unmarked and shows no signs of passage.

Other Seeds on Board

Humphries' two Seeds are not the only ones aboard the *Gabrielle*. MacIlvaine, the radioman, keeps a Seed in his cabin in a tin lockbox. He will not reveal this unless pressed, but becomes secretive and uneasy around Humphries and the others after the theft, worried that one of them will accuse him of the crime.

The Seed's presence in his cabin is gradually taking its toll on the radio operator. His sleep too has been interrupted by strange and terrifying dreams which he does not remember upon waking. MacIlvaine approaches the investigators quietly and reveals his Seed to them, after their findings on the animiculi are made public in the section entitled "The Hunt." Any surviving members of the City party also may possess Seeds if the keeper desires.



ROBERT MACILVANE

The Burning Rag

The morning of December 24, shortly after breakfast, the lower decks are rent by a series of horrible screams coming from the steering engine room (compartment #25). The cries echo weirdly through the holds and continue for almost a minute before cutting off. Passengers and crew throughout the ship's after-section rush to find the source of the screams.

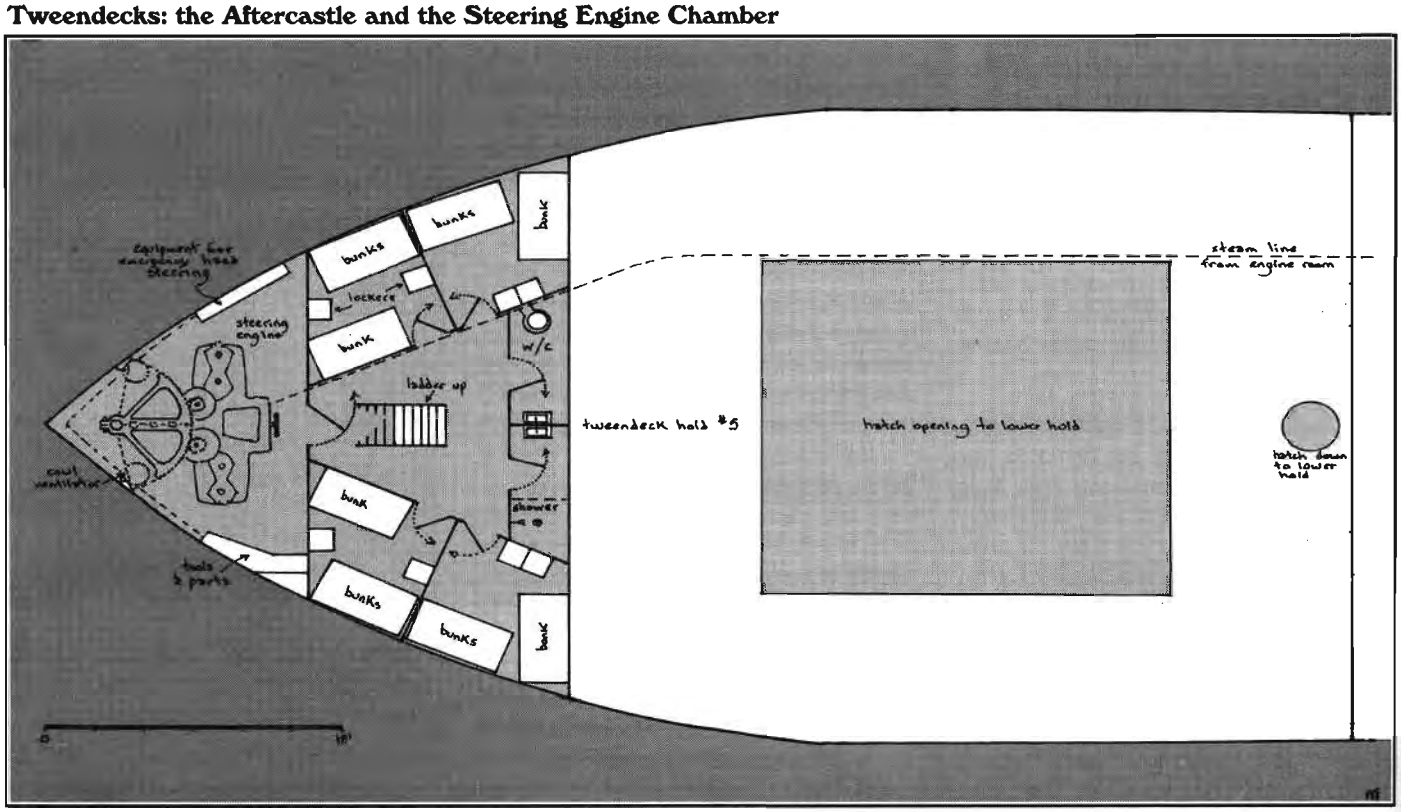
Captain Vredenburgh and the Mate are summoned at once. The Captain also sends a runner to call the ship's doctor to the scene, as well as any of the investigators possessing medical credentials.

In the Commons

On the tween-deck level, the afterdeck common area is crowded by the time the first investigators arrive. Small knots of off-duty crewmen cluster uneasily in doorways and on the stairs, muttering among themselves. Directly across from the stairwell, the hatch to the steering engine room is open. Work lights beyond cast long shadows through the doorway and across the floor; dark drops and stains smear the ground between the hatch and a man's unconscious form at the base of the stairs.

The victim, one of the engineering crewmen named Brunel, clearly has been pulled from the engine room. He lies unmoving near the hatch, beneath a blanket on the deck at the base of the stairs, attended by two of the crew. There is little they can do for him.

Tweendecks: the Aftercastle and the Steering Engine Chamber



"Stand back sir," one of Brunel's attendants warns. "We're waiting for the Doctor."

Brunel is alive—barely—but pale as a sheet and horribly mutilated. A huge section of his right leg, including some of the thighbone, is simply gone. A belt is tied tightly around his upper thigh in a rough tourniquet. The flesh of the wound and the end of the bone are soft and discolored. Blood stains the wounded man's leg and clothing; more dark smears and drips cover the floor nearby.

Sight of Brunel's awful wound costs 0/1D2 SAN. A successful **First Aid, Medicine, Pharmacy** or **Chemistry roll** identifies the wound as having been made by a powerful acid.

Beyond the body lies the open hatchway to the steering engine room. No one prevents the investigators from approaching the hatchway if they wish to do so.

In the Engine Room

The steering engine room is a mess. The steering engine fills the center of the chamber; its near side glistens with Brunel's blood. Sprays and splashes curve far up the right-hand wall, and the floor is thick with red. The air has a sour metallic tang.

Two men stand between the engine and the hatch—Beakins and a stocky sailor named Girolamo. They are crudely armed. Beakins holds a fire ax, the other a large spanner. One or another looks up briefly when anyone approaches the hatch, but their nervous attention is focused entirely on the contents of the tall metal fire bucket that sits on the floor between them.

Beakins gestures with his free hand for the investigators to approach. It is impossible to cross the few feet to the bucket without stepping in cooling bloody pools.

A small blob—the animiculum—sits quietly in its metal prison, watched by the three crewmen who regard it with loathing. It is black, opaque and formless, about the size of an apple but with no fixed outline. Now and then it moves sluggishly, extruding thick stubby fingers upward toward the rim of the bucket. When this happens the men curse, thrusting the tendrils roughly back into the mass with the tips of their weapons. The crewmen do not move or speak much; they simply stare at the creature and murmur among themselves.

There is something quietly horrible about the animiculum. It is small and seemingly harmless—yet somehow the simple sight of the thing inspires a deep and primal loathing. Viewing the animiculum for the first time costs the viewer 0/1D4 SAN. Subsequent sight of the creature costs no additional SAN loss, unless the animiculum has grown substantially larger or is greatly changed in form, but the loathing remains.

For the former Mute Witness, if he or she is present, there is another revelation—the small black blob is in some unnamed, dreadful way familiar, as if remembered from a terrible dream.

"What is that thing, Professor?" asks Beakins quietly. He does not expect an answer.

BLACK BLOB, the captured animiculum

STR 02	SIZ 01	POW ∞
DEX 04	Move 2	HP 10

Damage Bonus: not applicable

Weapon: Consume 100%, damage 1D2 in the round following successful Attach, and thereafter.

Skill: Attach 20%.

Sanity Cost: 0/1D3 SAN.

∞ = passive but enormous POW.

The Captain's Arrival

Moments later the captain and the first mate arrive with the ship's physician, Doctor Lansing, and any other late arrivals. First Mate Turlow is the first to speak. "All right, crew! Clear the room if you've no duties here. That's an order. Go!"

The crew's awful fascination is broken by the command. Spectators swiftly leave. Only O'Toole and Webb (the two men attending Brunel) and the two in the engine room are asked to stay. Investigators on the scene are permitted to remain, as Lansing examines the victim, ". . . but don't get in the way! All right, O'Toole. What happened here?"

O'Toole explains that he and Beakins were the first to reach Brunel. The engineer was on the floor in the engine room, writhing and clawing at his leg while blood fountained everywhere.

"—And there was that blob thing, sir, chewing on his leg! I thought it was a rag, sir, but it was eating him! Beakins got it off him, sir, and caught it in that bucket whilst I tied up his leg with my belt. We laid him out by the stairs, sir. So he'd not be lying in the blood, sir. That's about all."

Doctor Lansing examines Brunel and orders him moved at once to the crew's mess, where the remainder of his leg must be amputated. Brunel is carried out by several of the crew. The captain and the Mate enter the engine room to view Brunel's attacker.

If the investigators have not yet seen the animiculum up close, Captain Vredenburgh calls them in to do so now. He stares at the blob for a long time without speaking.

First Mate Turlow turns white, obviously terrified and disgusted by the creature. "Lord in Heaven!" he rasps. "Get it off of my ship! I want it overboard now!"

The captain countermands the order. "No, Turlow," the captain says. "Not yet. I want to know what it is, and what it did to Brunel, and how it got on my ship. We're not going to learn that by tossing it overboard right away."

He gestures to the investigators. "This is yours, gentlemen. I want to know what it is, and where it came from, and why, and, when you are done with it, I want it destroyed. Is that clear? Report your findings to me and to Doctor Lansing. You have twenty-four hours. And keep it safe—if it gets loose again, on my ship, I shall hold you responsible."

The captain turns and leaves without another word. Turlow stares at the bucket for a moment, thin-lipped, then glares at the investigators and follows the captain. The investigators are now free to examine the engine room, before it is cleaned up, and to question the crew.

Ship's Evidence

Beakins and O'Toole: they were the first men on the scene after Brunel began screaming. Their stories are essentially identical to the report O'Toole gave to Turlow. Since Beakins caught the creature in the bucket it has made only the feeblest attempts to escape. Both men speak of the animiculum as an "ugly" blob or a "horrible" little monster. Neither can explain just why they feel that way.

The steering engine chamber: it is a wide room with stout metal walls that lean outward, following the line of the hull. The steering engine dominates the center of the room, a tall dark motor with four large steam pistons surrounded by a maze of smaller pipes. Steam conduits disappear into the floor to either side.

Behind the engine is the rudder quadrant, a huge gleaming gear section which swings back and forth at chest height, turning the rudder and the ship. See the description of the steering engine in Chapter Four–B for details. The entire assembly is hot and slightly oily, and is spattered now by broad splashes and drops

of blood. The air is warm; it smells faintly of hot oil and cooking meat.

Investigators who examine the steering engine chamber for clues find one with a successful **Spot Hidden roll.** The entire top of the left-hand engine cowling is extremely clean and shiny, except where it is spattered by blood. A narrow section of similarly clean floor runs from the base of the cowling to the forward door. The air vent in the door has not been loosened or removed, but the slits in the vent are also extremely clean.

Seaman Brunel: Doctor Lansing's formal report on Brunel's condition is made given to the captain within the hour. A copy of the report is sent to the investigators in their laboratory. Medical examination of Seaman Brunel confirms that the flesh and bone of his leg were dissolved away as if by a powerful acid, and were not cut or chewed. The amputation of the damaged limb is uneventful. Brunel is kept in Doctor Lansing's cabin, main deck cabin #12, under the doctor's watchful eye until the vessel docks.

Preserving the limb: investigators who ask the captain to allow the leg to be put on ice for later study must be very convincing: a successful **Persuade roll** at half the investigator's skill must be made, and Vredenburgh will still want the thing over the side when his 24-hour deadline is up. If asked, Turlow will be completely opposed to such ghoulishness, and refuse out of hand. Lansing, the doctor, immediately sees the point of scientific inquiry, and quietly arranges for the innocuously-packaged limb to be stored in the ship's refrigerator till the end of the voyage or until no longer needed.

Examining the Creature

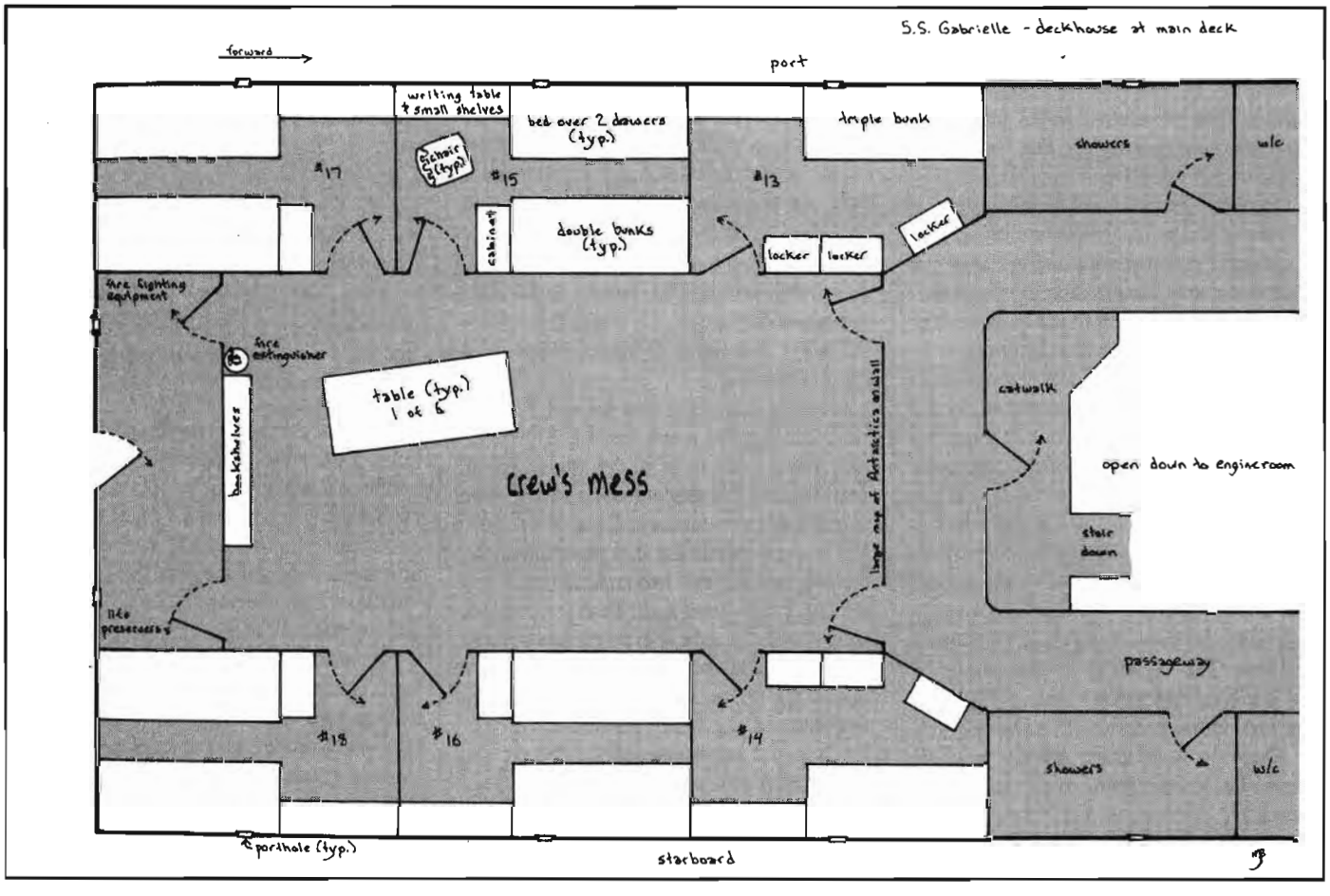
Encourage the study of the animiculum. The investigators can learn quite a bit about the creature before the captain's deadline passes. There is always more to learn, of course, and 24 hours is hardly too long to study this unclassifiable specimen. Those doing the research should be conscious that time is passing.

The expedition laboratory is located in the Owners' Suite, cabin #30, high in the superstructure in the center of the ship, next door to the captain's cabin. It is neither large nor well-equipped, but it should serve for the work of examining the animiculum. Small chemical and geological kits are available, allowing specimens to be taken and treated in various ways with flame, acid, poisonous materials, etc. Microscopes and common medical supplies are at hand, as well as plenty of electrical energy. Storing the creature is not difficult as it can be placed safely in a large carboy or one of the glass and metal specimen jars. So long as they do not allow it to consume too much and grow too large or too mobile the creature is easily contained.

The small animiculum in the investigators' hands is a simple creature and does not reveal all of the secrets of the Seeds even to the most astute researcher. Unless they feed the creature living things, for example, the investigators have no way of learning how many of the characteristics of a consumed object the animiculum retains. See the Deep Background section in the appendices, "Seeds of the Unknown God," for more details of the behavior and limitations of the animiculi.

Keepers are urged to have their players play through this section in as much detail as possible. Do not simply allow them to make a roll or two and hand them the

The Afterdeck Common Area

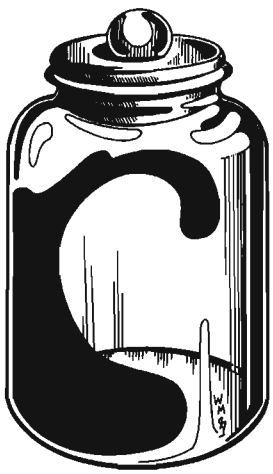


details below; offer them the information only as a result of specific tests which they describe. Experiments must be devised, then the equipment built or acquired. Tests can take a long time to run. A day is a very short time. In particular, the creature's responses to heat and cold should be revealed only if the player characters think to test them. They must ask the right questions before the answers should appear.

Captain Vredenburgh looks into the lab several times during the day to inquire about the investigators' progress; use these annoying inquiries to set a tone of urgency. Do not let the players forget that the *Gabrielle* is scheduled to dock the following day.

The following facts can be learned about the animiculi in the time available from the specimen they have in captivity:

The Animiculum



- The creature has no fixed form. It appears to have no internal structure and no fixed organs of any kind. When captured it tends to assume an irregular rough oval or flex itself into a sausage or wormlike shape. Its motion is quite slow, except when it contracts in abrupt whiplike spasms now and then without visible cause.
- Despite its inoffensive appearance, the creature is deeply repugnant to all who look at it. There is no obvious reason for this, and each observer can make up his own excuses, but on sight the little blob inspires loathing and hatred in everyone.
- The creature is somewhat denser than water, and sinks in salt or fresh water. It floats on mercury or molten iron. It suffers no apparent harm or good from any of these substances.
- The creature has no fixed temperature but adjusts its temperature according to its surroundings. It is always cooler than the surrounding air by about ten degrees Fahrenheit (six degrees Celsius).
- The creature seems to react to only two sorts of external stimuli, touch and heat. It tends to move toward sources of heat where they occur, and has a tendency to retreat when cut or prodded.
- Cold adversely affects the creature. When the ambient temperature drops below 55°F (13°C) the creature's movements become increasingly sluggish, and when the surrounding air drops near to the freezing point of water it becomes totally stiff and immobile. This process takes a minute or two to complete.
- Once the animiculum stiffens it does not move again unless the temperature of its surroundings are brought to 80°F (27°C). When the temperature rises above this point the creature resumes its activities, unchanged and unharmed.
- The creature exhibits strongly corrosive properties when it is brought into contact with organic material such as wood or flesh. It seems to absorb the dissolved material slowly into itself, gaining volume and mass in the process and releasing a distinct and unpleasant odor. The creature has no effect upon metal; it leaves dark etchmarks upon glass or stone.
- If the creature consumes large amounts of physically similar materials, its outward form begins to exhibit some of the gross physical characteristics of those materials. Thus, fed lots of wood, the blob begins to form itself into more plantlike shapes. Fed a mouse or two, it develops limbs and headlike and taillike protrusions and is much more mobile than before.
- Acids have no effect on the creature. It cannot be poisoned. Electricity has no effect on it; the animiculum is an indifferent conductor but does not react to passing current.
- If the creature is cut into several parts, any pieces smaller than about a pound dissolve into a thick tarry mass that flows slowly and aimlessly about the container and is highly caustic. Larger pieces each behave as if they were smaller whole creatures, with properties and reactions identical to the original. When a large piece comes into contact with a small mass the two slowly merge together over a period of minutes, with the smaller mass being absorbed into the larger.
- Fire has no effect upon the creature. It neither burns nor boils and will, if allowed, extend itself toward and into the flare of a blowtorch without apparent harm.
- Magic has little effect against the creature. It resists most spells (as would an Outer God). Physical damage spells, such as Shrivelling, have a definite effect against the creature, shattering it into many smaller droplets that themselves begin to eat away at whatever they can and to grow.
- If the locator stone from the caves at Lake's Camp is brought within three yards of the blob, the stone rapidly grows too hot to hold. If it is then brought within a hand's length or less, the white-hot locator shatters and becomes useless, costing the holder 1D2 hit points. The animiculum is of course attracted by such heat, but otherwise ignores the stone.

An Encounter with Turlow

The attack on Brunel marks a change in First Mate Turlow's attitude toward the members of the expedition. While before he was professionally distant, now he is openly hostile. Later on during the morning of Brunel's attack the first officer bursts through the door of the expedition laboratory. This encounter should take place when someone is in the lab; the keeper can adjust the time as needed but it should be some time shortly after the amputation of Brunel's leg.

Turlow is cold and hostile as he pushes into the room. "Where is it?" he asks; and there is no doubt he means the creature. If shown the animiculum, Turlow stares at it for a short while and then turns angrily on whomever seems to be in charge and delivers an angry monologue.

"I want that thing off my ship," he says. "I want it off today. I don't care what it is, or where it came from, I want it gone from my deck, Mister! That thing makes me sick.

"We've had nothing but trouble since your lot came aboard. Now a good man will never work again, and I blame your expedition. Somehow that thing is here because you're here. You're bad luck. All of you.

"I'd have that—*thing*—out of here right now, and safely over the side. But the captain says otherwise, so I'm letting it be.

"But the only thing I care about's how you kill it quickest, and that shouldn't take too long. Run your damned experiments and be done with it; because if that thing's still on board when we get to Dunedin, so help me I'll throw it over the side myself!

"You've got a day, gentlemen, and that's all. I've had enough of "accidents" and bad luck happening aboard my ship, and I've had just about enough of this whole expedition.

"One day! No more!" He leaves, slamming the door behind him.

Interviewing Brunel

Seaman Brunel awakens at four o'clock that afternoon. Heavily sedated, he remains groggy and distant, but is able to answer a few questions. All he knows for sure is that he discovered a piece of dirty black wadding atop the housing of the steering engine. He wiped it off, wrapped it inside a rag, and put the whole thing in an outside pocket in his coveralls. A powerful liquid burning pain began a few minutes later and dug deeply into his leg. He tried to tear at his clothing to stop it but his coveralls seemed stuck to his flesh. The last thing he remembers is the cloth tearing wetly away in his hand, and something black and horrible bulging up from underneath.

Elsewhere on the Ship

The day is a busy one for the men of the *Gabrielle*. Dunedin, Christmas, and a weekend leave are only hours away, and the ship must be secured after months at sea. The crew are uneasy after the horrible attack on Brunel. They are eager to be off of the infested ship.

First Mate Turlow continues to watch the expedition members closely. It is only the captain's continued influence that keeps him from taking the blob and throwing it overboard. Turlow prowls the lounges and the main deck crew areas, glowering at any of the investigators he sees. He says very little, but every glance is eloquently hostile.

A successful **Psychology roll** reveals that Turlow is angry and afraid, a volatile combination that could explode at any time. The animiculum disturbs him greatly. If the creature is left alone in the laboratory for any length of time he will take it and throw it over the side.

The investigators may decide that someone should stay with the blob at all times to protect it from an 'accident.' They are not wrong. Nonetheless, the situation seems quiet. The creature is safely in hand, Brunel is recovering nicely, and the ship is less than a day from land.

The Dogfight

At 7 p.m. on December 24, when most of the passengers and crew are finishing their Christmas Eve meal of roast beef and brandied bread pudding, the dogs in the hold begin to howl. Their cries and yelps turn quickly into terrified frenzy, echoed soon after by human shouts. Investigators who are in their cabins, in the Officers' Mess, or in Moore's office/lab have a very good chance of reaching the dogs before the fight ends if they drop everything and run.

Outside, dark clouds and heavy spray have turned the day into a dim gray murky twilight. Flashlights or lanterns are required to see anything clearly, and cautious travelers hold tight to safety lines, lest they lose their footing and fall on the heaving brine-slick deck. Any investigator who fails to hold on to the ropes needs a roll of **DEX x5** or less on D100; failure means he or she has met with a mishap. The result could be as innocuous as an embarrassing pratfall, or as deadly as being swept overboard into the freezing waters of the Southern Ocean.

The canvas cover to hold #5 is tightly closed, lashed down against the whipping spray and rime of the cold sea. The desperate sounds of anguished dogs come from beneath. Undoing the water-soaked lashings is a clumsy task, and ungloved hands quickly become swollen and numb, but the ties loosen easily and the cover is thrown back.

Fiskarson, the dog handler, arrives swiftly on the scene, a heavy flashlight under one arm. If the investigators are delayed then he is the one who opens the canvas cover and first peers within.

With the cover thrown back the sounds of enraged animals are clear over the noise of the wind and waves. The dogs snarl and roar like mad things. Anyone present can hear the animals smashing and lunging against the walls of their prison.

The hold yawns dark below the opening. There are no lights within. Fiskarson's torch shines feebly, turning this way and that, illuminating a small portion of the huge room at any one time. Little can be seen but murky shapes in frenzied motion.

"Ey!" The dog man moans. "Somet'ing is wrong! Oh, my little ones!"

Fiskarson jumps heavily through the hatch and to the floor below, ignoring the ladder. His electric light swings wildly about the chamber as he searches for the source of the trouble.

The nine remaining Huskies are tied to the port and aft walls of the hold, as far as possible from the cold and wet below the opening from above. The swinging light picks them out in glimpses—shining red eyes, bared teeth, foam-flecked mouths, and thickly matted coats.

The dogs are wild. They alternately slam themselves with stunning force against the walls and lunge toward the far left corner with all their might. Duchess, a powerful black-furred sled dog, lies there, trying feebly to snap and claw at her own belly. A successful **Spot Hidden roll** reveals that she is actually tearing at something small and black that is clamped against her underside. She is very near death. Her attacker flexes and writhes sinuously, burrowing deeper into its victim. The kennels are rank with the smell of dog, terror, blood, and something choking and foul. Dark fluids spread in a widening pool and are splashed across the deck, the ceiling, and the fur of the other nearby dogs.

The horrible scene costs 0/1D3 SAN to view. Investigators who have "fed" the small animiculum in the laboratory recognize the strange rank odor in the hold as that emitted by the other animiculum while it consumed its prey.

"Ey! Duchess!" wails Fiskarson. "What is it? What?" He is at her side almost immediately, but it is too late to help. The sled dog dies as the man arrives, relaxing into stillness as the other dogs howl and choke themselves trying to reach her body.

The dog man kneels beside Duchess, moaning and cursing in sorrow and oblivious to anything else. He croons and cradles her huge dark head in his lap, but even from above it is clear that he can do nothing for the dog. Fiskarson begins to sob. It is a terrible empty sound.

Investigators at the hatch above can see little more than this. The other dogs quiet a little once Duchess stops moving, enough that Fiskarson's cries can be heard, but they are still uneasy. If the investigators wish more details they must enter the hold themselves and examine the scene up close. (It is also much warmer and much

safer than remaining up on the plunging and exposed deck.) Should they fail to enter the hold, they can make out only Fiskarson's reactions to what he sees.

Nothing changes for a minute or so. Then, suddenly, Fiskarson stiffens, leaps up, pushes back convulsively from the corpse and drops his torch, shouting terrified prayers. The other dogs respond to his fear, and whine and growl as they, too back away.

"Ah!" he cries. "Ey! The monster! Ey!"

Fiskarson scrambles up the ladder and crouches trembling nearby, staring into the blackness of the hold and taking deep gulping breaths. If anyone speaks to him he whips around and stares, his face pale, with blank wide eyes.

"You see her? Ja?" he moans, pointing into the blackness with shaking fingers. "You see? There! There! The monster eats my Duchess, just like he eats the other man! He is in her now, I see it! I see him in my beautiful dog!!"

The dog man says nothing more. He remains at the rim of the hatch, crying softly and shivering, until someone leads him away.

Nothing changes in the hold for another fifteen minutes. Small numbers of curious crew appear abovedecks to see what has happened. They gather around the hatch opening, shining lights into the dark hold and muttering to themselves about monsters and dogs.

Investigators who examine Duchess' body at this point discover that both of her hind legs are gone. Her chest and belly have been laid open by the animiculum, but the creature fills them at first and is not immediately noticeable. The thing burrows and twists deep inside the dog, seeking her fading warmth. From a few feet away all that can be seen are ripples as Duchess' skin is stretched from inside. A **Luck roll** or **Spot Hidden roll** is needed to notice these movements in the gloom, but the unfortunate who does loses 1/1D3 SAN.

The corpse has a distinct and newly-familiar odor, sharp and foul.

Meeting the Black Rat

After fifteen minutes—or immediately, once Duchess' corpse is disturbed—the dead dog's skin bulges sharply upwards from within. The strange, acrid smell grows stronger, and all the other dogs begin once again to snarl and lunge at their tethers.

Suddenly the flesh over Duchess' rib cage bursts open with a soft wet noise. A blunt flexible limb or snout pushes outward, glistening blackly in the light. It weaves back and forth slightly, like a snake about to strike; then the poor dog's chest is torn wide as the rest of the creature surges upwards into the air.

The animiculum is the size of a large cat, or a huge rat, and vaguely resembles a rodent in overall shape. It has a head-shaped part but neither mouth nor eyes. There is no tail. Its four flabby weak-looking limbs are really strong and quick; they vary in size and shape from moment to moment.

There is something viscerally horrible about the creature; something hateful about the way it moves. The effect is much stronger than it was with the little blob. Viewing it for the first time costs 1/1D4 SAN.

The loathing is worse—much worse—for the mute Witness, if he or she is present, because that individual recognizes the thing instantly. This time the Witness knows, with helpless certainty, that the sleek black creature is somehow the same as the Cold Hole's horrible prisoner. Its very existence means that the Imprisoned One has begun its escape; every moment it remains outside the prison of the God Trap, the walls woven by the Construct weaken further. This stark and depressing realization costs the Witness an additional 1/1D3 SAN.

The players may think the creature is possessed of malign intellect, but in reality it is very little different from the smaller animiculum that sits in the lab. Since it is a little larger than the other, it is therefore that much more dangerous.

BLACK RAT, the growing animiculum's second form

STR 06	SIZ 02	POW ∞
DEX 08	Move 4	HP 12

Damage Bonus: not applicable.

Weapon: Consume 100%, damage 2D3 in the round following successful Attach, and thereafter.

Skill: Attach 40%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D4 SAN.

∞ = passive but enormous POW.

Free of Duchess' body, the thing springs quickly at the nearest spot of real warmth. This could be a dog, a man's face, or a lantern or torch—whichever is closest.

The creature has a 40% chance the first round to grab hold of its target; if successful its outlines soften as it attempts to burrow its way in. The target has a chance either to Dodge the attack or to try to knock it away (Fist/Punch) in the same round. Its corrosive flesh has little effect on glass or metal but eats into organic material at a rate of 2D3 HP per round, starting the round after the Attach.

If the animiculum is shot or struck, or fails to Attach to its chosen target, it leaps away. Changing shape eerily from moment to moment, but retaining its overall ratlike form, it springs up the ladder and out the hatch into the darkness.

Single blows doing less than its hit points in damage have no visible effect on the animiculum. Blows doing more damage than its hit points shatter the creature—the fragments collapse into corrosive blobs which behave independently. See the Deep Background portion of the appendices, "Seeds of the Unknown God," for more about the animiculi.

Startled shouts can be heard as members of the ship's crew by the hatch are surprised by the animiculum. Those near enough to see it clearly are horrified and flee, yelling incoherently about the "Monster," the "Black Rat," and the "Black Devil."

The Monster Flees

The Black Rat pauses on the deck next to the hatch, as if to take its bearings.

"Eaggh!" A crewman shouts—it is Pacquare—and lashes out at the creature, swinging his heavy metal flashlight like a club. The glass shatters; the creature leaps away.

With machinelike swiftness the Rat bounds towards the bridge. The heaving of the deck and the rush of wind and water do not seem to affect the creature. It stretches and climbs the outside stairs with an unnatural whiplike stretching of its limbs, pulls itself atop the boat deck and vanishes from view.

"Get it!" Pacquare cries. "Find it! Kill it!" He stumbles forward along the safety line toward the bridge, useless flashlight still clutched in one large hand. One or two others follow.

By the time anyone can reach the boat deck, however, the creature is nowhere to be found.

Alarms and Excursions

Once the Black Rat has been clearly seen by the crew on deck the crew starts to panic. Stories of the attack spread like wildfire belowdecks and the sailors respond with alarm. "The ship is haunted," some say; "the ship is cursed," others reply. The jinx that

plagued the expedition on the outbound voyage has returned with horrible finality.

Stories of the Rat's attack on Duchess spread throughout the ship. People quickly tie together the attack on the dog and the attack on Brunel and nervously conclude that they were made by the same sort of animal.

Expedition members are met with sidewise glances and whispers everywhere they go. Some of the crew still believe that the expedition is somehow at fault for all the mishaps and misfortunes; others believe blindly that the scientists represent the ship's greatest chance of finding and destroying the monsters on board.

The Insane Insight

If, at any time during the latter scenes of the scenario, an investigator goes temporarily or permanently insane due to contact with the animiculum, he or she receives the following sudden insight, in addition to any other blessings or penalties the keeper may bestow:

- The Unknown God reaches out through the animiculi. Anything touched by the god becomes the god—substance, POW, or energy. Gradually, merely by existing, the animiculi turn everything around them into the Imprisoned One.
- Yet the transformation itself requires energy, and this comes from the things that are absorbed. When the animiculum cannot sustain itself, it freezes and goes dormant.
- Dormant animiculi, like dormant Seeds, are useless to their parent. To keep the god from breaking free, starve the animiculum. Keep it from touching anything it can consume, and insulate it from heat, light, or other energies until it freezes once more. Then the threat will be dormant.
- There is another side to this: once an animiculum grows past a certain size—somewhat larger than a man—it will begin to reach beyond itself and call its prey to it with stark implacable dreams. Should that happen the battle is all but lost. ❑

Officer Turlow is furious when he hears word of the attack on the dog. Within minutes he is in the laboratory, beet red and in an utter rage. If anyone is present when he arrives he storms directly in, snatches the blob's container, and strides for the door, heedless of any damage he may cause to people or furnishings. "I have had enough! Your time is up!" is all that he says. He turns to leave with his prize and comes face to face with the captain.

"Mister Turlow, put that down and come with me," commands Vredenburgh quietly. There is a tense pause, then the first mate does so, without another word. His hands are shaking as he leaves the room.

The captain pauses at the cabin door. "I want to see you all in my quarters in fifteen minutes," he says to the investigators in the room, then he is gone. If the investigators are not in the laboratory for this encounter, a crewman delivers his summons wherever they are.

The keeper should use the crew's unease to set the tone of the remainder of the voyage. Off-duty crewmen pack themselves into the crew's mess and the common areas of the upper decks, milling about with makeshift weapons in hand. Tempers flare, and fights and arguments are frequent.

Feel free to use any or all of the following encounters between the time of Duchess' death and the capture of the monster:

- Two men burst wildly into the expedition lab and attempt to steal the small animiculum. The men have knives and do not hesitate to use them to defend themselves. If the men are successful they take the creature to the nearest rail and cast it into the sea. If the men are delayed or overcome, three other men, led by Mister Oates the quartermaster, arrive two minutes later and bring the hotheads before the captain.
- A delegation of triumphant sailors announce to the investigators that they have trapped the creature in a box. The monster, once revealed, proves in actuality to be a large black rat which, if possible, flees once again into the bowels of the ship.
- Hartz, an engine wiper from tween decks aft, goes missing. No trace of him can be found. He turns up frozen and hungry when the vessel finally docks, after hiding for the duration in a forward cable locker.
- Four of the men are caught trying to put a lifeboat over the side; they are locked into a pair of rooms on tweendeck forward. After the incident a permanent guard is posted on the boat deck.
- The crewmen living in the aftercastle barricade themselves inside and let no one in or out. The captain asks any of the investigators who are not directly involved in hunting parties to take food and supplies to the aft section every few hours.
- Captain Vredenburgh forbids all private radio traffic after a number of the crew approach MacIlvaine, the radioman, asking him to transmit alarming farewell messages to family and friends. The captain's announcement sparks a fight in the crew's mess that leaves two people injured.
- The guard on the boat deck captures a man in the middle of the night trying to chop holes in all of the lifeboats with a fire ax. When questioned he insists that the creature that was inside of Duchess could be in anyone now, and no one must be allowed to ever reach land. He boasts that others among the crew who "understand" and who "know what to do" are already preparing to scuttle the ship and ensure that it goes down with all hands. No traces of these others or any such attempts are found.

The Hunt

Captain Vredenburgh is standing behind his desk when the investigators arrive at his office at 8 p.m. He explains that he can no longer afford to wait for answers; he needs to know how to stop the Black Rat and he needs to know immediately. The researchers are asked to answer two questions:

- Do they think they know a way to stop the creature?
- Are they prepared to put their idea to the test?

Regardless of the answer the captain nods and asks them to accompany him to the crew's mess. There he calls an immediate general assembly of all off-duty personnel and gives the following speech:

"Gentlemen, and Ladies,

"As you all know by now, something has come aboard the *Gabrielle*. I do not know what it is or where it comes from, but it is dangerous and must be destroyed.

"The creature you are calling the Black Rat is not the only one of its kind on board. There are at least two of the things; there may be more. Fortunately for us all, the second known creature is not at large. It is captive and is being studied by scientists of the expedition.

"The Black Rat is a violent animal. It was last seen entering the air intakes over the amidships engine well. The thing is somewhere inside the ship and it, or its kin, may attack at any time.

"There is no reason to believe that more than one of those things are at large. We simply don't know. For the time being, we shall have to be on our guard.

"All internal doors and hatches shall remain closed and dogged at all times.

Crew and passengers moving about the ship should do so in groups of two or more, whether on or off duty. And be wary!

"If you see the creature, do not approach it. Keep well away from it, and report its location at once, to me or to Mister Turlow. Do not, under any circumstances, try to attack it or catch it. It is strong, it is fast, and it seems difficult to stop.

"If the Rat comes after you, get behind something solid, preferably of metal. I am told that the creature can chew its way through wood and cloth."

There is a moment of silence at that, as the crew digest the fact.

"Those of you with military experience, report to Mister Turlow for assignment to a hunting party. Until the Rat is found and dispatched I am placing him in complete charge of the effort. New watch lists will be drawn up when we know who is available. Those members of the expedition who have been studying the creatures will be joining Mister Turlow's group, and can put their expertise to good use.

"We are due to enter Dunedin Harbor at roughly four o'clock tomorrow afternoon. If the creature has not been caught by then, however, I plan to keep the *Gabrielle* well out to sea. I will not risk allowing an unknown and murderous animal to get loose in the city."

He gestures to one of the investigators who has been researching the animiculum.

"Now I would like to invite" *(select an appropriate investigator)* "to say a few words about the Rat. What can we expect from the creature when we find it?"

Allow the investigators to explain what they have learned to the crew. Draw them out and ask lots of questions; if there is any useful information that the investigators have not previously thought to discover, leading questions from the crew can be used to point the way.

Following the speech, the crew are dismissed. Mister Turlow approaches those expedition members who experimented on the small animiculum. He looks them up and down once, then gives a grudging smile.

"All right. Here's your big chance," he grates. "Captain says you help hunt it, and you help kill it. We're not capturing another one. You're gonna be out there fighting the thing yourself. We'll see if your time with the little one did any good. You want any tools, you tell me, all right? Now let's go."

Turlow forms the men under his command into two parties of four men each. The investigators make up a third such team. The search teams begin in the aft of the vessel and work their way methodically forward until they reach the bow. As they search each room they close it off and make sure that all ports, pipes and vents are sealed.

A Quiet Encounter

The following encounter only takes place if the investigators have explained the relationship between the animiculi and the Seeds to the crew.

The ship's radioman, MacIlvaine, waits for the investigators after the meeting in the crew's mess. He is obviously uneasy. He approaches one of the investigators as soon as he can do so without being overheard by any of the crew.

"May I have a word with you? In private?" he asks.

The radioman draws the investigator aside and explains that he believes he has one of the Seeds in his cabin. Like Humphries, he thought it was valuable, and intended to sell it; now he'd rather get rid of the thing. "I dream about it," he whispers. "I never remember the dreams; but I know the stone is in them, and they're horrible."

MacIlvaine kept the Seed's existence secret before now because he did not want to be accused of stealing Humphries' stones. Now that the link between the Seeds and the animiculi is explained there remains no reason for secrecy. "So you can have it," he finishes. "It's in my cabin. You can have it any time."

Searching the Ship

Mister Turlow gathers his teams together for a last minute briefing in the officer's mess. If he has not already, the keeper should photocopy the deck plans of the *Gabrielle* and give them to the players. They appear in Chapter Four-B of this book. Encourage the players to voice their concerns at this time. Any ideas or clever plans for trapping or killing the animiculum should also be brought out.

Where Is the Animiculum?

After reaching the boat deck, the animiculum entered the ship through one of the ventilation funnels which open directly into the engineering well. It climbed down into the engine room and is now happily lying atop one of the boilers. It will not move from that location unless it is goaded and lured away by the investigators or the crew. ❑

Turlow and the crewmen are obviously out of their depth. They are ready to fight the monster wherever it is found, but despite everything they have been told they continue to think in terms of guns and knives. There are not many firearms aboard the ship, but the weapons in the ship's armory have been broken out and given to the hunting teams. Each group is given one rifle or shotgun and one pistol. The men are otherwise armed with a variety of poles, knives, hatchets, cargo hooks, and a single heavy harpoon.

Mister Turlow plans to begin at the aft of the ship, starting in the steering engine room where Brunel was attacked, and completely search that section before moving forward. The investigators need not do likewise. They may go where they like, so long as they report on the areas they have searched.

Tools for the Hunt

Investigators have two other useful tools for finding the creature: they can take one of the dogs on their search, or they can employ the locator stone from the caves near Lake's Camp, if they have it and have divined its use.

Using the Locator: to employ it, carry it from room to room. If it is brought within three yards of the Rat, in any direction,

the stone grows rapidly hotter until it is searing to the touch and can no longer be held except with heavy gloves. The closer it comes, the hotter it gets. If the locator is brought within a hand's length of the Rat, it shatters explosively into several small useless fragments, costing the holder 1D2 hit points.

Using a dog: investigators who wish to use a dog to find the creature must take along a dog handler as well. If asked, Enke Fiskarson readily agrees to help in the hunt—he is eager to catch the thing that destroyed his Duchess. Fiskarson is not, however, an easy companion; he mutters to himself constantly and spooks at every sound and shadow.

Fiskarson chooses Amundsen, the remaining lead dog, as his hunter. Amundsen is a huge white husky who is eager to run about the ship. He tugs constantly on Fiskarson's tether and emits frequent little barks and woofs.

If Amundsen is brought into any area which recently held an animiculum he becomes vicious. The dog snarls and barks and tears at his leash, eager to reach and destroy whatever it is he senses.

Rooms which have contained animiculi are detailed in the sections that follow.

Where to Search

By now the keeper should be familiar with the layout of the *Gabrielle*. The task of searching the ship is a huge one, and the men involved are frightened and uncertain. The areas of the ship are of three types, each with different qualities and difficulties. These are the crew areas, the cargo holds, and engineering.

Crew Areas

The crew's quarters and living areas are the easiest to search, though the effort is complicated by the presence of the crew. These men hover and crowd the searchers, muttering nervously to one another and getting in the way. There are few hidden spaces and nowhere for a monster to hide, so the job of searching the crew quarters ought to go swiftly. The effort will be complicated, however, if the keeper chooses to introduce some of the encounters from the previous section.

There are crew areas amidships, aft, and forward.

The forward crew quarters belong to the seamen and the cargomasters. These cabins are crammed into a single deck in the narrow point of the ship's bow. A brightly painted paper Christmas tree is taped to a forward bulkhead, hung with scraps of ribbon and string.

The midship quarters are held in three decks in the ship's superstructure, and contain the ship's officers, living quarters for the members of the expedition, and various lounges and work areas, including the mess. The investigators are already familiar with much of this area.

The quarters aft house the engineering crew of the vessel as well as the more menial members of the expedition. They are split into two decks and are directly above the rudder and the steering engine. Humphries' cabin is here, as is the site of the attack on Brunel.

Fortunately for the crew, there are no more animiculi in these areas. If the dog is used, he becomes uneasy in Humphries' cabin (main deck #4h), the tween-decks aft shower (tween deck #2), and the central hall and steering engine room (tween deck #25) on that level. If the players have not found them before the dog will lead them to the corroded passage between Humphries' cabin and the shower room below.

Cargo Holds

Searching the ship's cargo holds is a weird experience for the investigators. The moving deck, the flicker of flashlights in the darkness, the loom of cargo strapped to decks and walls, is all eerily reminiscent of the hunt for Henning's sabotage on the outward voyage. So much is the same—and yet so very much has changed.

Most of the ship's enclosed volume is in the cargo holds. These huge open areas are split into two decks, the upper one being a wide wooden floor edging the central hatch into the lower hold. The hatches are normally closed over with wood and canvas covers, tightly sealed; as the investigators know, the only way in is through narrow inspection hatches, and down vertical steel-rung ladders, one man at a time.

There are five main cargo holds, three forward and two aft. There is also a refrigerated hold immediately aft of the engineering well.

The cargo holds are difficult to search. They are packed with supplies and the many remains of the Starkweather-Moore expedition. Boxes, pallets, and crates are stacked and lashed to the walls and floor in untidy ways, and the remaining vehicles and aircraft have been partly dismantled and stuffed in at angles. Lights are nonexistent; they must be brought in from outside. Even when the powerful cluster lights are in place, many regions in the holds remain in total darkness, with the available light blocked by a fuselage or a stack of crates. The keeper can have fun with this. Monsters could be anywhere.

The holds are accessible only from above, through the large hatches to the deck. These are normally closed and sealed with watertight covers of wood and canvas. Even the inspection hatches are dogged tight, opened only on demand. hold #5 is the exception; its inspection hatch is tied back and the opening draped with a canvas cover, lashed lightly to allow regular access to the dogs inside.

The contents of the cargo decks are approximately as follows. Keepers are encouraged to be creative with the contents.

Hold #1: the upper hold carries heavy machinery, including two small diesel tractors used to move supplies around on the ice at the Ross Island camp. The lower hold is mostly empty now; on the outbound voyage it contained pressurized supplies such as the oxygen tanks used in high-altitude flying. Now mostly pallets remain.

Hold #2: the upper hold is empty now; on the outbound trip it held the *Charles Enderby.* The lower hold is filled with flammables: kerosene, lamp and stove oil, and 2,000 gallons of fuel for the expedition's aircraft (thirty-six 55-gallon drums).

Hold #3: the upper hold contains most of the expedition's personal gear and smaller equipment. Stores, construction materials, non-perishable supplies, a number of boxed samples and specimens from the early part of the trip can be found here. The lower hold contains the *R. F. Scott* and the pieces of the large collapsible ramp used to transfer cargo between the ship and the ice.

Hold #4: the tween-decks floor has been removed, and the hold is the full height of the ship. Here are both of the remaining Boeings, the *James Weddell* and the damaged, never-used *Ernest Shackleton.* A large stout room built against the after wall contains the ship's supply of explosives.

Hold #5: the tween-decks floor is in place and the remaining dogs are quartered here. Below lie construction materials and other sturdy stuff, such as engine parts and maintenance material for the *Gabrielle.* The dogs have never completely calmed down since the attack on Duchess. They whine and howl restlessly whenever anyone comes near.

Amundsen, if he is brought back to the hold, barks and snaps frenziedly at the other dogs and tugs roughly at his tether in all directions, useless for finding any

The Hunting Party



traces of the animiculi. Duchess' body has been removed, and the deck washed, but dark stains linger faintly on the walls and floor where she once lay.

A successful **Spot Hidden roll** reveals two additional pieces of mute evidence along a hot-water pipe that passes through the hold just below the ceiling:

- High on the aft wall, where the pipe enters the hold from the after section, a small corroded area is eaten through the wood and paint of the wall. *Keeper's note: this is where the second animiculum came forward, following the pipe after leaving Humphries' cabin.*
- A section of the same pipe about six feet from the aft wall is smeared with some rank dark fluids, and the deck below is discolored with drips of the same substance. *Keeper's note: this is where the second animiculum met and consumed a rat.* Examination of the layout shows that this is immediately above Duchess' position.

Reefer: the large refrigerator hold is immediately aft of amidships on the tween deck. It is filled with hanging carcasses and perishable foodstuffs, as well as a few luxury supplies. The refrigerator engine itself, tween-deck room #26, is a huge noisy heat pump that reeks of ammonia.

The animiculum is not currently in any of the cargo holds.

Engineering

The midship engineering well is a maze of tanks, pipes, catwalks and machinery that wraps around the *Gabrielle*'s huge boiler tanks and furnaces and reaches a full five stories from the keel to the deck. It is always hot in here, humid and noisy, filled with the smell of oil and the roar of machines. The few large open spaces are surrounded by pipes, dials, conduits, and countless complex mechanisms. Sight lines are limited and, though the area as a whole is well lit, long shadows and cramped passages make the area very difficult to search—and almost impossible to search safely. Control areas and readouts are scattered on all levels of the well and are reached via narrow steel walks and steep stairs that are little short of ladders.

Below the engines the shaft tunnel runs in a straight line aft 120 feet to the ship's propeller. This is a cramped unlit tunnel, no more than five feet high and four feet wide, with an arched ceiling. To one side of the tunnel runs the main propeller shaft—a spinning steel rod firmly anchored to the keel by heavy brackets. There is enough room for a man to move alongside the shaft without touching it, if he crouches low, but there is little margin of safety. Investigators moving through the tunnel need a successful **DEX x5 roll** to avoid accidentally brushing the whirling shaft. The smooth metal of the shaft is unlikely to give an investigator anything but a friction burn, but anything caught behind or wrapped around the shaft could be pulled through the gap with terrible force.

The shaft tunnel is sealed by a heavy watertight metal door. Though normally kept open it can be closed in an instant, leaving the interior in darkness.

It is almost impossible to bring a dog into the engineering well. Dogs do not walk well on the grid of the catwalks and cannot manage the ladder-like stairs. If Amundsen is brought into the engine room, however, he immediately begins to howl. The reason is clear to anyone who was present in the dog hold: there is a faint familiar rankness in the air that can only be the stench of an animiculum.

The Black Rat has settled in the engineering well. It is nestled high atop the port boiler, thirty feet from the floor, where the main smokestack thrusts upward from the firebox. It is difficult to see except from above and to one side. The squat black shape is spread out across the dark top of the boiler tank. Investigators need successful **Spot Hidden rolls** at half normal chance to find the creature.

The Rat is larger now, thanks to the attack on Duchess. It looks more like a giant lump of pudding than any sort of animal. Use the characteristics listed for the Black Dog nearby.

BLACK DOG, the growing animiculum's third form

STR 12	SIZ 5	POW ∞
DEX 12	Move 8	HP 18

Weapon: Consume 100%, 2D4 in the round following successful Attach and thereafter.

Skill: Attach 60%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6 SAN

∞ = passive but enormous POW.

If the Mute Witness is among those who view the animiculum, he or she once more is struck by the dreadful identity of the thing. Each time the creature grows, so does understanding, and with that sense comes a feeling of onrushing unstoppable doom.

- This time, the Witness can feel the first glimmerings of the awful presence that penetrated the Construct Tower during the breaking. The Prisoner draws near; when the animiculum feeds, so does the Imprisoned One. The Witness can feel the life of the world being consumed; the sensation is starkly terrifying and is worth an additional 1D2/1D6 SAN.
- Along with the understanding comes the knowledge that the creature, like its parent, literally cannot be destroyed. It can be cut into bits, but the pieces each remain whole. Anything consumed by the creature *becomes* the creature, now and for all time. The animiculum can be contained, however—kept from feeding its progenitor—but exactly what it consumes, and how to stop it, is not clear.

Trapping the Rat

Investigators on the scene must decide what to do. They can act on their own or send for Mister Turlow and his men. Turn to the appropriate sub-section below.

Leaving It to Turlow

If the investigators take no action, or send instead for Mister Turlow, the stage is set for tragedy.

Turlow and his men arrive with a large empty oil drum. The investigators are ordered to step aside, and the hunters surround the boiler with long poles, chains, and nets. Turlow's men attack the creature with their prods and try to drive it into the oil drum. The animiculum leaps over them instead and drops deeper into the engine room, landing on a crewman, killing him instantly and proceeding to consume.

Once this happens the animiculum is immobile for a time, but is nestled into a control area in a narrow walkway between the firebox and the ship's main engine. It will not respond to pokes or prods for at least ten minutes.

When it moves again the animiculum has absorbed much of the mass of the slain crewman and is more than twice its former size, using strange new stronger limbs to move and climb back up to its former perch atop the boiler. It appears as a weird amalgam of rat, dog, human, and spider, and inspires horror and loathing (and a loss of 1D3/1D8 SAN) in all who view it. Those who were present when the Construct was broken now sense what the Witness has felt all along—a faint hint of the same horrible wrongness that filled the

world while the Imprisoned One stretched and grew strong.

Once the creature rouses, the keeper should use the characteristics listed for the Black Ape nearby.

Turlow continues to attack the animiculum, but the thing is now more mobile—and much more dangerous—than before. The attacks only serve to keep the Black Ape in motion and increase the threat to his helpers and the crest of the crew. First one, then another, of Turlow's men stop attacking and simply flee, unable to face the thing further. If the investigators do not intervene, the chase lasts for another half hour before Turlow is able to drive the creature into the shaft tunnel and lock it inside.

Captain Vredenburgh orders the engines stopped, and the engine room abandoned. "Get that thing in irons, or off my ship!" he orders the investigators. "Do it at once, or we're never reaching land!"

The captain instructs Mister Turlow to lend all possible aid to the player characters, which Turlow does grudgingly. The fate of the monster is now in their hands.

BLACK APE, the still growing animiculum's fourth form

STR 16 SIZ 12 POW ∞

DEX 16 Move 10 HP 32

Damage Bonus: not applicable.

Weapon: Consume 100%, damage 4D4 in the round following successful Attach, and thereafter.

Skill: Attach 80%.

Sanity Loss: 1D3/1D8 SAN.

The Investigators Act

By now the investigators should know that the Rat/Dog/Ape cannot be killed, at least not easily. It must be thrown overboard, trapped, or frozen. Keepers should encourage their players to come up with their own plans for doing any of these. Below are a few suggestions for the keeper, which a timely **Idea roll** or two can reveal.

Throwing it overboard: the animiculum can be driven or lured to the deck and forced overboard. Getting the creature to the deck is the hard part; once there it can easily be washed overboard using one of the many on-board fire hoses attached to the superstructure. It will sink in salt water, falling rapidly to the bottom. There the temperature on the drowned Campbell Plateau will be nearly at freezing.

Trapping it: the animiculum can easily be caught inside a solid container. Metal containers are best. Glass will do for a few hours or days but not longer, and wooden barrels will be eaten out very quickly. A flanged grease drum containing a small fire is the best choice, provided the animiculum gets no larger than a large dog, and that enough men are present to keep the lid closed while the flanges are hammered shut, and then the lid chained securely. Getting the creature into the container is the hard part.

Freezing it: if the animiculum can be driven or lured into the ship's refrigerator hold, it quickly cools into immobility and then is easily secured. Remember however that the room has insulated wooden walls and floor, though they are cold. Let the animiculum jump up and surround the warm electric light. Then turn off the light after a little while when the exterior of the animiculum has cooled.

Herding it: though *Gabrielle* mostly depends on fire hoses and sand buckets to suppress fire, she also carries hand-held fire extinguishers (CO_2), each good for 1D3 + 3 rounds of use. The cold cloud from an extinguisher smothers electrical and chemical fires, and quickly evaporates. Take care not to hit one of *Gabrielle*'s omnipresent steam lines with the icy blast—a ruptured steam line would scald anyone within four or five feet, perhaps fatally. There are 14 charged extinguishers aboard. (See the nearby "Fire Extinguisher" sidebar for more information.)

How to Monster-Wrangle

In order to trap or lure the animiculum, it must first be roused. This can be done with gunfire or with any long pole. After several rounds of prodding the creature stirs, flexes, and suddenly leaps into motion away from the disturbance toward another warm object, coalescing slowly into an animal-like shape as it moves. Viewing this process costs another 0/1D2 SAN. Unless the investigators are prepared for this, the creature will probably settle against the engine or one of the boilers and the process will have to be repeated.

Investigators must be very careful when firing guns in the engine room. Delicate controls, complex mechanical systems and highly pressurized pipes and valves are everywhere. A single poorly placed bullet could have disastrous consequences.

If the investigators can get the creature in motion and keep it there, then any very hot object can be a lure. Torches, lamps, and flares all work, as does the locator until it shatters.

If there is only one hot lure the animiculum springs quickly upon it, most likely with disastrous consequences for its holder. If there are several lures, the creature is more hesitant, caught between them, and can be gently herded. In its larger form, the animiculum is easily capable of climbing the stairs and catwalks and can be drawn out of the engine room entirely.

Luring is dangerous. Each turn the animiculum is herded, it moves toward one of the herders. That person needs a successful **Luck roll** or **DEX roll** (chosen in advance) to maintain control. If the roll fails, a lure has been dropped, or fallen out of sight for a moment, or the person holding it has slipped, or perhaps merely gotten too far away. In any case the creature either leaps back into the well or pounces on the closer lure. The rest is up to the keeper.

Remember, however, that Captain Vredenburgh will not allow the *Gabrielle* into Dunedin Harbor unless the creature has been trapped or killed.

The Last Battle

Whatever the investigators decide to do, there comes a moment when they have to

FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Base Chance to Hit: 30%.

Damage: None, but see below.

Base Range: 3 yards.

Attacks per Round: 1.

Number of Shots: 1D3 + 3.

Hit Points: 15.

Malfunction Number: 65.

If hit with a blast from a fire extinguisher, the animiculum's temperature will drop by 5°F per shot, up to a maximum drop of 20°F. The creature will take no damage but will do its best to get away from the cold to a warm spot. Its Move is unaffected by the drop; however, if the animiculum's body temperature drops below 40°F it ceases to move and is frozen stiff. Unless continually cooled the creature's temperature will rise 5°F per round until it is back up to its normal temperature of 10 degrees cooler than its surroundings; however, it will not become mobile again unless its body temperature is raised above 80°F (27°C). ❑

face the creature. This time the animiculum is large and powerful. It changes shape slowly as it moves, sometimes looking like one thing, sometimes another. When it moves, it does so swiftly, with confidence and power. The horrible miasma of the Imprisoned One radiates from the monster like a foul gas, corrupting everything nearby. Everyone facing the thing needs successful **POW x5 rolls** or he or she gives in to the horror and momentarily flees, losing 0/1D6 SAN.

Those who succeed may fight on, despite the gnawing at their minds and the growing sense of defeat. The Imprisoned One's song grows louder with each passing minute.

- Driving the creature over the side is a victory, but not a certain one; the animiculum merely sinks out of sight. Was it carried by a current to some strange deep place, to turn up again one day at the keeper's whim?
- Capturing the animiculum by itself is not enough. Even confined in a sealed and chained drum the creature's power permeates the ship. If the thing is caught but left warm, over the next few hours everyone on the ship suffers bouts of apathy and depression, and some of the crew commit suicide. In this case the captain orders the creature thrown overboard at once.
- The only real answer is to freeze the beast. Herded to a refrigerator, or left on deck in a blizzard or hailstorm, the animiculum stiffens and grows still. In its last moments it reaches out wildly in all directions, scrabbling and grasping with limbs and tendrils that look less and less like anything natural; then the motion ceases and the horrid alien presence grows silent throughout the ship. The thing can then be hacked apart and the pieces sealed into drums in the refrigerator. The investigators have won.

What Do We Do with It?

With the animiculum frozen in captivity or lost overboard, the *Gabrielle* sails into Dunedin at 3 p.m. on Christmas Day. The world press awaits. The keeper and the players should be prepared to deal with the continuing problem of what to tell the news hounds—and how to hide revealing evidence.

The captain does not seek publicity. He has already had enough of the press during the expedition to date. Nonetheless, there is no way to cover up the fact that a monster was loose aboard the ship. Sailors will talk; questions will be asked. The captain makes a full report of the incident to the maritime authorities. The investigators' findings are a part of that report.

If any animiculi remain, Captain Vredenburgh summons the investigators to his office. He explains again that he wishes the creatures destroyed. If the animiculi are to remain alive, they must be put off the ship in Dunedin: he will not allow the *Gabrielle* to set sail again with any of "those things" on board.

The resolution of the Black Rat's fate, and what happens to the first blob and to MacIlvaine's Seed are left for the keeper as threads for future adventures. ■



Chapter Sixteen Timeline

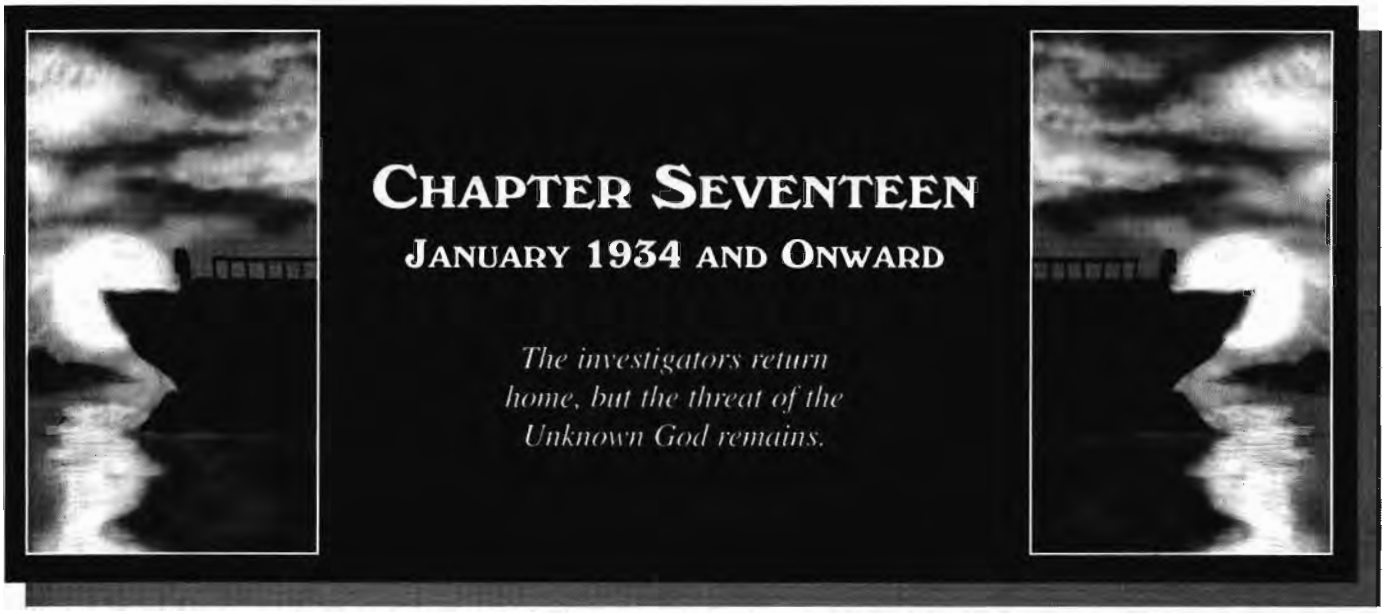
Dec. 23 — *Gabrielle* sails north in heavy seas. One of the crew unknowingly awakens a pair of Seeds, which escape through a hole eaten in the cabin floor.

Dec. 24 — Christmas Eve. Engineer Brunel is badly wounded in the morning when an animiculum consumes part of his leg. The creature is captured and given to the investigators for examination; the other animiculum remains unknown and at large.

Later in the day the second animiculum consumes a sled dog, Duchess. The creature is seen as it flees and causes panic amongst the crew. It escapes captivity.

A general search of the ship follows. The creature is found in the engine room. After the crew fails to catch it, the investigators must try.

Dec. 25 — Christmas Day. The *Gabrielle* sails into Dunedin Harbour. ❑



Chapter Seventeen

January 1934 and Onward

The investigators return home, but the threat of the Unknown God remains.

The ship rode silently at anchor on the still water of the bay. Fog crept low across the surface, blurring the vessel's outlines and shrouding the nearby trees as the launch slid silently away from shore. Through field glasses, the men in the boat could barely make out the ship's name—Wilhelmina—*in block letters on her stern.*

"Still nothing on the radio," one man said. "I didn't expect much."

"Neither did I," replied another. "Close your eyes—do you feel it?"

The two men went silent; then the first hissed a sharp intake of breath. "Gods!"

"Yep," smiled the other without humor. "It's here all right. And it's a big one, too. This is going to be a bitch!"

Ab Initio

This final chapter is dedicated to the future. Here are threads and story seeds for keepers to use as they please in their campaigns.

New Zealand

The SS *Gabrielle* remains in Dunedin for several days. Reporters flock around the passengers and crew, eager to get exclusive stories from members of the intrepid band. Local authorities and well-wishers hold parades and invite the expedition members to a variety of parties and special events in their honor.

The tale of the three expeditions is on everyone's lips; now, with the explorers home again, the public wants details about:

- What it was like traveling with Henning, the saboteur, on board;
- Getting caught in the pack ice, and blasting free again;
- The tale of the *Wallaroo* and its captain;
- The race against time to save the expedition's supplies from disintegrating ice;
- The true tale of the madmen at Lexington's barrier camp, and what happened there;
- The tragedy at Lake's Camp, and the Miskatonic Expedition's untold story;
- Exploring the Miskatonic Mountains and the highlands beyond;
- The whole epic tale of the "Great Polar Quake," the death of James Starkweather, and the escape and rescue that followed.

Inquiring Minds: a few enterprising reporters may have put some extra facts together. These could disturb the investigators with probing questions about the relationships between the Miskatonic disaster, the "Starkweather Curse," and the sabotage and tragedies that followed the expedition south.

Animiculi: police and maritime officials may have questions of their own regarding the animiculi found aboard the *Gabrielle.* They also wish statements regarding the many injuries and deaths on the ice.

Investigators who wish to retain control of the monsters will probably have to cut them up into smaller pieces and arrange for refrigerated shipment to their desired destinations. Retaining that control, however, will not be easy. The local police will wish to ensure that any animal capable of wounding or killing ship crews is in safe and reputable hands.

Keepers may want to expand slightly on the animiculum theme. Depending on what was done in "The Black Rat," the authorities in Dunedin may now possess one of the creatures. This could begin a series of scenarios involving the threat of the Unknown God.

Animiculi that are allowed to feed and grow much larger than the Black Ape exhibit strange properties and behavior, as more and more of their unspeakable parent bleeds through into the world. See "Echoes of the Animiculi" below.

Barsmeier-Falken Expedition: one item of interest comes in the regular news. The German expedition shuts down its Weddell Sea base camp by December's end, and withdraws from the polar continent soon

after. A large overland party, led by Falken, vanished without a trace and is presumed dead. The complete story of the expedition's discoveries and demise can be found in "The Barsmeier-Falken Expedition" in Appendix 3, "Deep Background."

Radiogram from Buenos Aires, from Hugo Eckener: it awaits the investigators upon arrival. It is dated December 14th. It says simply that all passengers arrived safe and well and are recovering in the hospital.

Messages from Home: a second wire is sent from New York City by Nicholas Roerich. "Congratulations," it says. "Well done. Come see me when you return."

Echoes of the Animiculi

Another possible story seed begins as the *Gabrielle* nears Panama on its homeward voyage. A mayday is received from a German cargo freighter, the *Wilhelmina,* heading north from Tierra del Fuego along the South American coast. The ship then goes silent. There was enough detail in the mayday to convince the investigators that the ship is under attack by animiculi. *Wilhelmina* is the ship used to supply the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition; someone took animiculi aboard, with fatal results.

Only the investigators fully understand the threat posed by the animiculi. They may not want to let anyone else handle this. Either the investigators must find the derelict and deal with the monster themselves, or they must tell the world how to do so.

If the investigators seek out the *Wilhelmina,* they find her calmly at anchor, dark and silent, in a quiet bay. Her crew are dead, fled, or consumed. The monster lies quietly against the now-cool boilers, massing two tons, having fully absorbed more than twenty men.

Cooling and nearly dormant, the animiculum is nonetheless huger and more powerful than any they have faced. Reality itself curdles and shifts close to the monster; magic works strangely or not at all, and minds and sanity are stripped swiftly away. Within a few yards of the thing, the Imprisoned God's radiance is so strong as to drive men mad in moments (1D10/1D20 SAN)—and with it comes a siren song that draws in the unwary (**POW x5** or less to resist each round).

The investigators must decide how to keep the creature from ever getting ashore, either by sinking the vessel to the bottom, where there is a cold dark current which will keep it asleep, or by (literally) blowing it to pieces and handling the fragments one by one. Rewards aboard the *Wilhelmina* should include documentary evidence, or maybe a mad surviving crewman, to let the investigators learn the true fate of the Barsmeier-Falken party and their Weddell Sea base, and perhaps provide the final pieces to the puzzle of Arthur Gordon Pym.

The Thing in the Hold: if the investigators do not sail north on the *Gabrielle,* and never meet the Black Rat aboard ship, the *Wilhelmina* scenario could be played out on the *Gabrielle* instead of the German vessel. Everything is substantially the same except for the ship's name and its location; *Gabrielle* would be found floating into the shipping lanes somewhere south of Dunedin.

The added impact, of course, comes when the animiculum puts forth limbs and faces in the forms taken from now-dead friends.

The Weddell Sea: if the investigators accept invitations to visit the Barsmeier-Falken Antarctic base camp on the Weddell Sea shore, they are almost certainly present when the base is overrun by newly activated animiculi. For details of that nightmare, see the "Barsmeier-Falken Expedition" section of Appendix 3, page 318, "Deep Background."

Deception Island: the other Barsmeier-Falken site, Deception Island—a zeppelin stop and resupply depot—also may have been overrun by animiculi. This has the makings of a big monster scenario, since Deception Island is volcanic, and the sea water in the bay itself is frequently warmed by the vulcanism to blood heat. In such a place, animiculi could flourish and spread in huge numbers, consuming the local wildlife and moving out into the surrounding ocean. Such an infestation could swiftly grow to threaten the world; it would be almost impossible to stop. This adventure could be suggested by the *Wilhelmina's* madman, or the investigators might even be consulted by Herr Barsmeier himself in his search for answers, or the party could stumble on it themselves while looking for answers on their own.

Back in the USA

The Public Awaits: whatever the explorers have faced before now, it is nothing compared to the sort of hysterical attention that they receive upon returning home. *Gabrielle* sails into New York surrounded by hundreds of small boats filled with well-wishers. Fireboats blast their horns and shoot water into the air, local churches ring their bells in salute, and a huge crowd of onlookers wait by the pier when the expedition docks at last.

The mayor of New York is there, and the presidents of several banks. There are speeches, a parade, testimonial dinners, and three huge memorial services for those who died. Letters and telegrams of congratulation and condolence arrive from the explorers' own congressmen and local politicians, and anyone who visits his or her home town is likely to get a key to that town and another celebration.

Investigators are offered movie contracts, endorsements, lecture tours, anything to get their stories out to the public; and of course, with thousands of people listening to (and publishing!) each explorer's tale, weak spots and inconsistencies quickly come to light.

Roerich: Nicholas Roerich waits in New York for a chance to learn the real story behind it all. If Acacia Lexington is alive and well, he is pleased with the investigators, and may be used as a patron in future scenarios if desired.

Acacia Lexington: keepers should decide whether Acacia Lexington makes it home, and whether her film ever gets produced. She and the investigators now share a number of very important secrets. Their continuing involvement could spin a number of threads for any keeper's long-running campaign. She will almost certainly need the investigators' help someday, in order to keep the truth of the City out of the public view. If she intends to keep the Construct alive during her lifetime, that help may take the form of more than merely speaking appearances.

Douglas' Seeds: another possible thread for malicious keepers involves the black stones that cost J. B. Douglas his fingers years ago. These were, of course, Seeds of the Unknown God; they may be in Paul Douglas' possession or somewhere else, as the keeper desires, and if they come to life the investigators may be the only ones who know enough to stop a terrible infestation.

In the Future

The Profiteers: the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition has failed, but Albrecht Loemmler and the Profiteers remain. Do they carry a grudge against the investigators

for their role in the frustration of the expedition? The keeper can decide.

Doctor Professor Uhr survives the scenario, albeit sorely wounded, and much detailed information is carried back from Lake's Camp to Palmer Base. The backers of the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition now have charts, notes, and eyewitness accounts of exactly what remained there. Barsmeier's expedition was technically a failure, his people wiped out almost to a man, but they did find the white statue and the tunnel mouth, thereby proving that Loemmler was correct and that Arthur Pym's story had a strong basis in fact.

The Profiteers will be back someday.

Agents like Sothcott can be used again—either against the investigators, or perhaps as couriers who offer jobs of interest in the future. A group like the Profiteers could be very useful in keeping others from disturbing the elder things and their Construct—but only if they themselves could be convinced not to tamper with the unknown.

The City and the Elder Things: there remains the ongoing, never-ending issue of the City, the Construct, and its monstrous keepers. Keeping the God Trap in good order is the only thing that will keep the world safe—and doing that requires a continuing supply of human victims, some sort of understanding with the elder things, and an assurance that other meddling humans will stay away.

That's a tall order for a group of private individuals. Some form of organization is needed—one with considerable resources, and ways of doing things outside of the public spotlight.

It may take years before the remaining elder things either have repaired the Construct sufficiently to allow it to function without a constant supply of "components," or found a way to improve the climate on the Plateau so that the Jungle can grow large again outside the Tower. By then the elder thing adult population in the City will be hundreds, perhaps thousands; perhaps they will wish once again to establish dominion over their ancient home . . . if the shoggoths let them.

If not—if the elder things were killed by the investigators—the Construct will certainly break down. More trips to the Antarctic will be required, and more victims too, ceaselessly and effectively forever.

The authors envision a follow-up scenario in which earthquakes and timeslips alarm later explorers of the Antarctic coast—the investigators know what it means, but what can they do?

Or perhaps a present-day scenario in which a group of investigators learn of a shadowy organization which is involved in illicit biotechnology research and ships a frightening number of human brains to a forgotten base deep in the Antarctic. Little do the investigators know, as they search out the awful secret behind the organization, that at its very heart lie the aged survivors of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, still doing what they can to save the world.

One way to stabilize the Construct would be to allow the jungle to grow very large, outside the confines of the Tower. Doing this would require a vast warming of the local climate, and an equally great increase in the amount of useable gas in the air. These things may be outside of the abilities of the elder things, or they may not. The keeper can decide.

This story has no true ending. Only echoes. ■



Aftermath Timeline

Dec. 25-31 — Members of the expedition are wined, dined, and celebrated at length. Inquiring reporters are everywhere, seeking scoops for the news agencies of the world. Any explorer who utters a word is instantly famous.

Jan. 1-20 — Travel across the Pacific Ocean to Panama. If the keeper desires, the *Wilhelmina* scenario might begin toward the end of this period.

Jan. 21-29 — Travel north from Panama to New York City. Upon arrival in New York, the explorers are greeted in ways that make Dunedin's festivities seem apathetic.

Feb. 1 on — Follow-up scenarios, arrangements with Lexington, Roerich, et cetera. ❑

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Table of Approximate Conversions

inch = 2.5 cm
foot = 1/3 meter
yard = 1 meter
mile = 1.6 kilometers
pound = 1/2 kilogram

U.S. ton = 900 kilos
ounce = 29 grams
0°C = 32°F
20°C = 68°F
37°C = 100°F
100° = 212°F

Appendix 1: Timelines

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Public Timeline for the Miskatonic University Expedition of 1930-31

1930

Sept. 2 — Brig *Arkham* and barque *Miskatonic* sail from Boston Harbor.

Oct. 20 — Expedition crosses Antarctic Circle.

Oct. 26 — First sightings of Antarctica: Admiralty Range (before noon).

Nov. 7 — Pass Franklin Island.

Nov. 8 — Enter McMurdo Sound.

Nov. 9 — Landing on Ross Island effected with difficulty. Provisional camp on the shore at the foot of Mount Erebus.

Before Nov. 21 —

- Ascent of Mount Erebus.
- Borings on Ross Island.
- First field test of Pabodie apparatus.
- Establishment of a semi-permanent camp atop the ice barrier.
- Assembly of five aëroplanes at the barrier camp.

Nov. 21 — Four hour flight of four planes to Beardmore Glacier. Establishment of Beardmore Glacier base camp. (Lat 86°7', Long 174°23' E).

Dec. 13–15 — Pabodie, Gedney, and Carroll climb Mt. Nansen.

1931

Jan. 6 — Lake, Pabodie, Daniels, six students, and four mechanics fly directly over the South Pole.

Jan. 6-10 — Several recon flights to identify new features. Weather trouble, windstorms, fantastic vistas. Lake plans a new third camp to the northwest.

Jan. 11-18 — Northwest land explorations. Two dogs lost in crevasse. More fossils found in ancient rocks.

Jan. 22 — Lake Expedition leaves Beardmore in 4 planes. Dyer stays behind with Pabodie, five others, and one sled.

6 a.m. — Planes descend and take melt samples 300 miles away.

12 noon — Very excited messages— shaft sunk and blasted, remarkable fossils found.

10 p.m. — First sighting of the mountains (Lat 76°15', Long 113°10' E). "May equal Himalayas."

10:30 p.m. — Moulton's plane down on plateau in foothills, needs repair but everyone is all right. Lake scouts further into mountains in Carroll's near-empty plane.

11 p.m. — Dyer calls Douglas, asks for everything possible to be sent to him via dog sled from the ship.

Jan. 23 — Lake settles on campsite where Moulton's plane was downed, about 5 miles from the abrupt rise of higher foothills.

Morning — Dyer, Pabodie prepare to close camp. Lake will send a plane the following day for them, along with all it can carry.

4 p.m. — Gedney, Lake find a cave. Transmission to Dyer via Moulton, McTighe.

5 p.m. — More footprints in sandstone like the others. (Fowler).

10 p.m. — Orrendorf, Watson find fantastic fossils of utterly unknown life.

11 p.m. — Fourteen specimens in all. Detailed report to Dyer, who can't wait to get there; but a rising gale prevents the planes from flying.

Jan. 24 — At 10 a.m., gale winds. Radio contact lost with Lake party.

6 p.m. — Rescue operations begin. The extra plane sent to Beardmore.

7:30 p.m. — Plane lifts from McMurdo.

12 midnight — Plane arrives at Beardmore.

Jan. 25 — Rescue operations.

7 a.m. — Plane departs Beardmore, McTighe and Ropes pilot. 10 men, 7 dogs, sled, fuel, food supply, wireless.

11 a.m. — Looking for a landing.

12 noon — Rescuers arrive at Lake's Camp.

4 p.m. — Official report: hurricane winds destroy Lake party. Equipment, specimens lost or so mauled by wind as to be unsalvageable. Eleven dead, Gedney missing. Sherman, Pabodie, McTighe fly around but find no sign of Gedney.

Jan. 27 — All planes reach Beardmore in early evening after a "swift, nonstop flight."

Jan. 28 — Planes reach McMurdo camp in two laps. One plane has a failed rudder.

Feb. 02 — *Arkham* and *Miskatonic* pull clear of the field ice and head north in ominous weather.

Feb. 15 — Ships leave Antarctic waters behind forever. ❑

Campaign Timeline by Chapter

This section gathers all of the narrative chapter timelines and summarizes important events internal to the campaign. See also the "Fixed Events Timeline" on page 292, which weaves important campaign events with real-world events having to do with Antarctica.

Prologue

September 1930 — Miskatonic University Expedition departs Boston for Antarctica.

January 1931 — After two months of highly successful exploration, Percy Lake's party discovers an unbelievably rich fossil "treasure cave." Shortly after initial analysis of the find the party goes silent during a blizzard. Professor Dyer's rescue team reports that everyone is dead, their evidence scattered by winds. The expedition returns home.

December 1932 — Dyer requests indefinite leave from Miskatonic University. Starkweather and Moore decide to travel to the Ice and finish what Lake started.

March 1933 — Private recruitment of expedition personnel begins.

May 1933 — First public announcements of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition. Public recruitment begins.

July 1933 — Final interviews occur in New York City.

September 1933 — Starkweather-Moore Expedition gathers in New York before departure.

Chapter One

Sept. 1 — Play begins. Medical examinations, first fittings for arctic wear, and a photo session occur. Any final interviews take place. Departure scheduled for September 14. Characters move into the Amherst Hotel, mostly on floor 4.

Sept. 2 — The big kickoff meeting over breakfast. One of the investigators is chosen to take care of J. B. Douglas when he arrives on the 6th. Dog cages go awry.

Sept. 3 — Aircraft arrive in New Jersey. Douglas arrives at the Westbury Hotel in the evening.

Sept. 4 — Lexington's big announcement: she's going south on September 10.

Starkweather responds by moving his own departure date up to September 9 and selecting a female explorer for the expedition.

Sept. 5 — An investigator receives a crackpot letter. Scandal articles begin appearing in the yellow press.

Douglas makes his final appointments, with Starkweather, Lexington, and Brackman (Douglas' lawyer). He also meets with some old pals in the Purple Cup bar, not far from the hotel.

Evening: Douglas dies fighting with Sothcott after hours on the waterfront.

Chapter Two

Sept. 6 — News of Douglas' death hits the press in the morning. Investigators meet Lieutenant Hansen, who asks them about Douglas' hotel. If the investigators go to the Westbury Hotel they find an unfinished letter and perhaps are arrested. Danforth's warning note is delivered in the evening.

Sept. 7 — Most of the day is spent in expedition preparation and clue searches. Henry Vredenburgh is brought aboard as sailing master.

Sept. 8 — J. B. Douglas' funeral. Investigators speak to J. B.'s brother Philip.

Chapter Three

Sept. 7–8 — Afternoon. Investigators watching Acacia Lexington's home in Queens see a man abducted from her premises. Following the abductors allows the party to rescue the man—Nicholas Roerich—from Profiteer agents in a Harlem warehouse.

Chapter Four

Sept. 8 — Last cargo being loaded. The expedition moves onto the ship. Most explorers are given an evening's liberty.

Arson fire at the *Gabrielle* late in the evening. Three men die, some cargo destroyed. *Gabrielle*'s departure delayed; Lexington's *Tallahassee* departs early.

Sept. 9 — Burned cargo is replaced. Investigators are invited to visit Roerich, who asks them to watch over Acacia Lexington and be wary of the BFE. The remainder of the day can be used hunting clues.

Sept. 10 — Research.

Sept. 11 — *Gabrielle* departs New York City.

Chapter Five

Sept. 11 — *Gabrielle* departs New York City in the afternoon, heading south.

Sept. 12 — Shipboard routine begins. Moore sponsors classes on a variety of topics which last throughout the voyage. Henning begins his quiet sabotage.

Sept. 15 — *Gabrielle* rounds Cuba and enters the Caribbean Sea. Lexington's *Tallahassee* reaches Panama.

Sept. 19 — *Gabrielle* reaches Colón.

Sept. 20 — *Gabrielle* passes through Panama Canal. Supplies taken aboard in Panama City.

Sept. 21 — Into the Pacific Ocean.

Sept. 25 — *Gabrielle* crosses the equator. A Line Crossing ceremony takes place, in which many explorers are genially humiliated. Henning's sabotage causes the ship's refrigerator to break down, contaminating a lot of food.

Sept. 28 — Henning poisons several sled dogs with powdered strychnine. Once the poison is found, Starkweather and Moore assume it was meant for the explorers; a general search of the ship and the cargo begins.

Later, evidence of further sabotage—a half-made incendiary device—is found in one of the cargo holds, proving the saboteur is still aboard.

Oct. 8 — Lexington's *Tallahassee* arrives at Hobart, Tasmania.

Oct. 11 — If he has not been caught yet, Henning returns to the hold to finish his bomb.

Oct. 12 — *Gabrielle* arrives at Melbourne. Henning is thrown in jail; Starkweather meets with the press.

Campaign Timeline by Chapter (contd.)

Oct. 13-17 — Expedition crew spend time on leave, or search for replacements for the food and equipment wrecked by Henning.

Oct. 18 — *Gabrielle* leaves Melbourne headed south.

Chapter Six

Oct. 18 — *Gabrielle* departs Melbourne in clear weather.

Oct. 23 — Severe gale forces ship to turn east for several hours.

Oct. 25 — In heavy fog. First icebergs sighted.

Oct. 26 — Ship caught in heavy storm for two days. Aircraft motors break loose in the hold, causing much damage.

Oct. 30 — Gabrielle reaches the ice pack. Progress is slow for several days as the ship drifts with the ice.

Nov. 4 — Furious storm endangers the ship, but loosens the pack ice so that she can enter when the storm has passed.

Nov. 6 — Deep in the pack. The wreck of the *Wallaroo* is sighted midday.

Nov. 13 — In the Ross Sea.

Nov. 14 — Camp established near the southwest end of Ross Island. Offloading begins.

Nov. 15 — Sea ice camp established. Lexington overflies the South Pole; *Scott* makes a successful first flight, establishes location of barrier camp not far from Lexington's base.

Nov. 16–17 — *Enderby, Weddell* airlift cargo from the Ross Island camp to a safer base on the barrier.

Nov. 18 — Ice near sea camp begins to break up. Emergency airlift of all men and supplies to the barrier base. Some supplies lost when the ice overturns.

Nov. 19 — All expedition members reunited at the barrier camp. Bad weather sets in late in the day, making flight impossible.

Chapter Seven

Nov. 20 — An explosion rocks the Lexington camp at 3 a.m. Starkweather fields a rescue team to help; the blast was caused by madmen running amok. Lexington's party loses power, radio, some supplies. They think Starkweather is responsible.

Nov. 21-22 — Radio negotiations between the two parties. A tentative deal is reached, wherein the Lexington and Starkweather-Moore Expeditions join forces to explore the interior.

Nov. 23 — Thanksgiving Day. Both parties celebrate.

Nov. 24-26 — The two groups merge camps, prepare for the coming flight to the mountains.

Nov. 27 — Starkweather takes two guides and a sled team to the Polar Plateau. The foothills expedition is left in the care of Lexington and Moore. Three aircraft take off in search of Lake's Camp.

Chapter Eight

Nov. 27 — Combined expeditions fly to Lake's Camp, departing in the early afternoon and arriving in early evening. Lodgings are set up, and Moore asks the investigators to survey the site.

Nov. 28 — Moore and the investigators open a snow hummock, find an elder thing, and dissect it that afternoon. Starkweather announces he will climb Mount Nansen. Two-thirds of the Pabodie apparatus arrives by air. In the evening the investigators have a chance to overhear Lexington's final arrangement with the BFE over the radio.

Nov. 29 — The camp is completed. Another elder one is dug up and examined. The Pabodie drill is fully assembled and begins work at Lake's drill site. The investigators should uncover at least one of the Miskatonic sites of interest.

Nov. 30 — The drill crew breaks through into Lake's cave in the morning. The rest of the day is a frenzy of examining the underground locale. More men, dogs, supplies arrive at the camp. Moore tries to radio Pabodie, who will not talk to him.

Chapter Nine

Dec. 1 — The Barsmeier-Falken inland party arrives at 5 a.m. in 3 aircraft. They set up camp and sleep through the rest of the day. The American parties spend the day opening Miskatonic sites, eager to uncover as much as possible before the Germans horn in.

The BFE team wake in the evening to help with excavations of the camp. They work through the night, unearthing the most sensational sites Meyer can locate using his knowledge of the *Dyer Text*. Investigators may wish to help.

Dec. 2 — After breakfast, Lexington takes the *Belle* up to fly along the eastern face of the mountains. The flight is cut short due to bad oxygen in cylinders gotten from Starkweather. Meyer gives Moore the *Dyer Text*. Later in the day, Moore gives it to the investigators and asks them to read it through and form a plan for traveling across the mountains.

In the evening, Lexington finishes cutting her deal with the Barsmeier-Falken expedition. The BFE continues excavating the site and begins investigating the caves.

Dec. 3 — Both groups begin preparations for their flights across the mountains. Lexington delays until word arrives that her equipment has arrived at the Ross Sea base. Starkweather, informed of Moore's decision to fly, demands to be picked up as soon as possible. The *Enderby* is dispatched to retrieve him.

Dec. 4 — Starkweather arrives at midnight and begins directing preparations for departure. Tainted oxygen delays Starkweather's liftoff; Lexington's *Belle* takes to the air first, followed by Starkweather's Boeings twenty minutes later.

Chapter Ten

Dec. 4 — Starkweather's Boeings, *Enderby* and *Weddell,* traverse Dyer's Pass and circle over the City of the Elder Things. Moore chooses a landing spot in the plaza—a large circular clearing half-covered by rubble. A camp is set up and everyone explores. There is no sign of the Lexington plane or party.

Dec. 5 — A day of exploration for everyone. Elder things discover the human presence during the day.

Campaign Timeline by Chapter (contd.)

Dec. 6 — Doctor Greene is carried off by elder things in the morning. Danforth attacks the camp in the afternoon, burning out the *Enderby,* but is stopped before he can do the same to the *Weddell.* Questioned, he snaps and babbles; while this is going on, the elder things capture Starkweather and carry him away. Professor Moore orders the *Weddell* sent to Starkweather's rescue.

Chapter Eleven

Dec. 6-7 — Flying in pursuit of the elder things that have carried off James Starkweather, the investigators arrive at an immense tower at the foot of the Cold Hole's storm vortex. There they are joined by the *Belle* with its five passengers.

The two groups enter the Tower in search of Starkweather and his captors. Meyer, certain now that the Tower is the one described by Pym, takes the lead in an attempt to verify the things Pym did and saw.

The combined party explores the tower. Along the way they have an opportunity to learn something of its purpose, and of the downfall of the elder things' civilization.

Reaching the Wall of Skulls, the explorers cause the breaking of the Construct, and must effect its repair before the Unknown God breaks free. The repair requires the sacrifice of a living human being into the Construct—the explorers must perform the horrible operation themselves, and in a hurry.

Should they succeed in patching the damage they caused, the party leaves the Tower. Outside they find that Baumann and Rucker, momentarily mad from a glimpse of the Imprisoned One, have stolen the *Weddell* and fled toward Lake's Camp. In order to keep the scientists of the world from learning about the delicate and deadly Construct, the party must follow after the two men and silence them.

Chapter Twelve

Dec. 7 — Pursuit of the fleeing Rucker and Baumann takes the investigators back to the City, then to Lake's Camp. They must contend with their insane pilot, Halperin, or lose the aircraft to his delusions.

Arriving at Lake's Camp, the explorers discover that the breaking of the Construct has been felt even here. Huge earthquakes have ravaged the land and half-destroyed the camp. The party must choose whether to stay and help their comrades or continue their dash after the men who could inadvertently bring about the world's end.

Chapter Thirteen

Dec. 7 — The investigators follow Baumann and Rucker to a Barsmeier-Falken fuel cache located about 200 miles from Lake's Camp. They must decide how best to deal with the deserters there, be it by negotiation or murder.

After a few hours, bad weather descends on the cache, trapping any investigators who are still there. A rescue mission sent from the Barsmeier-Falken main encampment arrives in the meantime, further complicating things.

Chapter Fourteen

Dec. 8 — The investigators return one last time across the Mountains of Madness in order to rescue Lexington, Moore, and the other survivors in the City. There they must fight the elder things, who try to carry off as many humans as they can before the remainder can flee to safety.

Chapter Fifteen

Dec. 9 — Arrival of a Barsmeier-Falken relief flight sent to Lake's Camp signals the beginning of a general exodus from Antarctica. The next three days are spent shuttling personnel and supplies back to the Ross Sea ice shelf.

Dec. 12 — The *Gabrielle* and the *Tallahassee* finish loading and set sail into the Ross Sea.

Dec. 13 — Storms over the pack ice prevent the ships from sailing north out of the Ross Sea.

Dec. 17 — The *Gabrielle* and the *Tallahassee* sail north into the pack.

Dec. 22 — The two ships part company. *Tallahassee* heads for Hobart, Tasmania, while Captain Vredenburgh decides to turn *Gabrielle* north to Dunedin, New Zealand.

Chapter Sixteen

Dec. 23 — *Gabrielle* sails north in heavy seas. One of the crew unknowingly awakens a pair of Seeds, which escape through a hole eaten in the floor.

Dec. 24 — Christmas Eve. Engineer Brunel is badly wounded in the morning when an animiculum consumes part of his leg. The creature is captured and given to the investigators for examination; the other animiculum remains unknown and at large.

Later in the day the second animiculum consumes a sled dog, Duchess. The creature is seen as it flees and causes panic amongst the crew. It escapes captivity.

A general search of the ship follows. The creature is found in the engine room. After the crew fails to catch it, the investigators must try.

Dec. 25 — Christmas Day. The *Gabrielle* sails into Dunedin Harbor.

Aftermath

Dec. 25-31 — Members of the expedition are wined, dined, and celebrated at length. Inquiring reporters are everywhere, seeking scoops for the news agencies of the world. Any explorer who utters a word is instantly famous.

Jan. 1-20 — Travel across the Pacific Ocean to Panama. If the keeper desires, the *Wilhelmina* scenario might begin toward the end of this period.

Jan. 21-29 — Travel north from Panama to New York City. Upon arrival in New York, the explorers are greeted in ways that make Dunedin's festivities seem apathetic.

Feb. 1-?? — Follow-up scenarios, arrangements with Lexington and Roerich, etc. ❑

Fixed Events Timeline

This timeline weaves together important campaign events and real-world events having to do with Antarctica. See also the Campaign Timeline by Chapter, which summarizes datable events internal to the campaign.

August, 1933

8/22 — First sunrise at the edge of the Ross Ice Shelf.

September, 1933

9/8 — Fire aboard the SS *Gabrielle*, at dock in New York City.

9/9 — The Lexington Expedition leaves New York aboard the SS *Tallahassee*.

9/11 — Starkweather-Moore Expedition leaves New York aboard the *Gabrielle*.

9/15 — Barsmeier-Falken Expedition ship *Wilhelmina* leaves Bremerhaven.

9/25 — Byrd's ship *Bear of Oakland* leaves Boston bound for Antarctica (34 crew).

October, 1933

10/11 — Byrd's ship *Jacob Ruppert* leaves Boston bound for Antarctica (95 crew).

10/12 — The *Gabrielle* arrives at Hobart, Tasmania.

10/14 — *Wilhelmina* arrives at Deception Island; Barsmeier-Falken expedition begins setting up their base.

10/18 — *Graf Zeppelin* leaves Friedrichshafen.

10/21 — For the next four months, 24 hours of daylight in the Ross Sea region, and at Lake's Camp.

10/22 — *Graf Zeppelin* lands at Recife, Brazil; first Barsmeier-Falken flights land at Weddell Sea site.

10/25 — *Graf Zeppelin* arrives over Deception Island.

10/27 — Barsmeier-Falken expedition base camp at Weddell Sea site complete.

November, 1933

11/2 — Three BFE planes land at the South Pole.

11/3 — BFE begins shuttle flights to set up their South Pole cache; *Graf Zeppelin* begins survey flights.

11/5 — Lexington stopped by sea ice, begins 5 days ferrying by air to base on barrier.

11/7 — *Gabrielle* crosses Antarctic Circle.

11/10 — Lexington's base established.

11/12 — Heavy frost on Ross Ice Shelf areas.

11/14 — SME arrives near Ross Island, begins unloading onto sea ice, assembling aircraft, and preparing a runway on the ice; advance party travels over ice by two dog sleds to proposed base (about 10 miles from the Lexington Expedition's base).

11/15 — Acacia Lexington flies over the South Pole, and back to her base.

11/16 — SME begins moving camp by air to base on the barrier.

11/19 — Snow begins falling on Ross Ice Shelf areas; bad weather sets in; SME camp finished at the end of the day.

11/20 — Three men, with three dog sled teams, prepare to head out from the SME base to establish an emergency depot 250 miles along the air route to Lake's Camp; it will contain 120 pounds of rations, 80 pounds of other survival gear, and 165 gallons (three drums) of fuel; the disaster at the Lexington camp delays their departure for one day.

11/23 — Thanksgiving Day; BFE finishes the Polar cache.

11/25 — Three BFE planes try to reach Lake's Camp, but due to bad weather land at the 'false site,' where they leave 9 drums of fuel and a supply cache, before returning to their main base by the next day.

11/27 — Weather clears over the Ross Ice Shelf [date approximate]; emergency depot setting team returns to the SME base; the SME and Lexington expeditions begin their joint flights to set up at Lake's Camp—this will take four days.

11/28 — Already regretting her decision to work with Captain Starkweather, Acacia Lexington contacts the BFE by radio and proposes a joint flight over the Miskatonic Mountains. They advise her that their decision will have to be made at Lake's Camp.

11/29 — The ice-melting apparatus is set up at the Lake site, before all supply flights have even finished.

11/30 — The American base at Lake's Camp is finished by the end of the day.

December, 1933

12/1 — Fog and overcast settles on the Ross Ice Shelf and adjacent regions; three BFE planes reach Lake's Camp.

12/2 — Two of the BFE planes at Lake's Camp fly to their South Pole cache to bring more fuel; Lexington makes her deal with the BFE. Moore's party gets the *Dyer Text*.

12/3 — Starkweather flies up from the foggy coast to prepare for the crossing of the Miskatonic Mountains.

12/4 — Pym's "white statue" found by BFE scouts; the Lexington/BFE group fly over the range in the Delta; the SME group flies over the peaks in their two Boeing Model 247s. Both groups land and establish camps in the City of the Elder Things. The Delta is damaged.

12/5 — Danforth sets out from the Northrop Delta toward the SME camp in the City. Much exploring.

12/6 — Danforth destroys a Boeing, and rants when captured. Starkweather is carried off by two elder things, and the remaining Boeing follows to the Construct—Lexington's plane joins up on the way. The investigation of the Construct. Presumably the return to civilization begins this day also.

12/7 — The pursuit of Baumann and Rucker; weather clears over Ross Ice Shelf; whaling vessels begin entering the Ross Sea.

12/8 — Begin retrieving persons and some equipment from Lake's Camp, with only one or two planes.

Fixed Events Timeline (contd.)

12/10 — Campaign calls for all American groups to be back at the Ross Ice Shelf base.

12/11 — Remains of SME and Lexington expeditions loaded aboard their ships, begin heading out through the bergs and ice of the Ross Sea (takes all day).

12/12 — Byrd Expedition leaves Wellington, New Zealand; fog over Ross Sea and Barrier region again; if the SME expedition heads back to New Zealand, they make it to 70° S latitude, and see a major storm developing—among a lot of sea ice and bergs!

12/13–12/17 — Heavy gales encountered in the 60° latitude region between the Ross Sea and New Zealand.

12/16 — First BFE exploration of Pym's elder thing tunnels. Artifacts recovered and returned to the main base.

12/17 — Fair weather over Ross Ice Shelf; Falken party destroyed by animiculi.

12/18 — Fire and infestation at BFE main base.

12/19 — *Jacob Ruppert,* main vessel of Byrd Expedition, comes in sight of the polar ice pack (good weather now, and 24 hour sunlight).

12/20 — *Jacob Ruppert* passes the Antarctic circle (no doubt broadcasting this fact); BFE withdrawal from main (Weddell) base begins.

12/21 — Byrd Expedition, aboard the *Jacob Ruppert,* launches a plane south toward Marie Byrd Land, still 500 miles NE of Little America.

12/22–12/34 — Continuous fog in the Ross Sea and adjacent areas; one bad gale during this period.

12/26 — Good weather over Ross Ice Shelf now.

January, 1934

1/3 — *Jacob Ruppert* launches plane due south toward Marie Byrd Land, about 1000 miles east of Little America.

1/4–1/10 — More fog over Ross Ice Shelf; bad storms in the 60° latitude region.

1/8 — Berndt Balchen, of Ellsworth's expedition, skis over to the Little America base to make sure the runway is clear.

1/9 — Ellsworth's expedition, aboard the *Wyatt Earp,* begins unloading supplies and their plane along the Bay of Whales.

1/10 — *Jacob Ruppert* launches plane towards Marie Byrd Land again.

1/12 — Ellsworth expedition launches a test flight of their plane, but reports heavy seas.

1/13 (approx.) — Ellsworth expedition reports upheaval on the Ross Ice Shelf, extending up to five miles "inland," their plane is damaged and they prepare to leave.

1/17 — *Jacob Ruppert* moors in the Bay of Whales, begins three weeks of unloading supplies over the 6 mile path to Little America.

1/19 — *Bear of Oakland* of Byrd's expedition enters Ross Sea.

February, 1934

February — Norwegian whaler *Thorshaven* just off the ice barrier near Marie Byrd Land.

February — *Bear of Oakland* sails about in the Bay of Whales.

2/5 — *Jacob Ruppert* sets sail from the Bay of Whales, bound for New Zealand, to avoid any possibility of being trapped by the ice.

2/16 — First sunset on the Ross Ice Sea.

2/19 — *Bear of Oakland* sets out north to meet the *Discovery II;* ice in the Ross Sea is getting thick.

2/21 — *Bear of Oakland* meets British exploration ship *Discovery II* to take aboard a new doctor.

2/23 — *Bear of Oakland* drops off the new doctor at the Bay of Whales, and quickly departs, in a heavy gale, bound for New Zealand.

Late February — The ice breaks up in the Bay of Whales.

March, 1934

3/1 — Byrd expedition sends team of six men south to 80° 56', leaving food depots as they go.

3/3 — One of Byrd's planes crashes and is destroyed (no one seriously hurt); and a fire threatens the supply of medicine at Little America.

3/25 — Byrd arrives at the "Bolling Weather Station" for the winter.

3/28 — Byrd is left alone for the winter.

April, 1934

4/19 — Final sunset this year at the Ross Ice Barrier. ❑

Appendix 2: Antarctica Manual

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Victory awaits those who have everything in order—people call that luck. Defeat is certain for those who have forgotten to take necessary precautions in time—that is called bad luck.

— *Roald Amundsen,* Memoirs.

The Antarctic is arguably the place most unforgiving of errors and lack of foresight. This section discusses many things that Antarctic explorers really ought to know.

Clothing

A typical Antarctic ensemble can weigh anywhere between 10 and 20 pounds. The parka is the most widely used single style of garment, typically of reindeer skin if you can afford it.

Parkas are fur-lined coats that fit snugly about the hips and have a flap under the crotch that buttons in front. The hood is deep and can protect the face somewhat from cold air, but additional protection is required if there is more than minimal wind. The armpits are cut very large so that it is easy to draw the arms inside the coat without unbuttoning it.

Pants are also fur lined, but are generally softer and not as thick as the parka coats, since the legs are less sensitive to cold.

Byrd states that reindeer hide is the best available material for the making of cold weather clothing. His 1929 expedition brought along the skins of fifty young reindeer for the purpose of making and repairing clothing and sleeping bags.

The ice of one's breath is the greatest source of frostbite aside from stiff wind. Masks and other protective gear can be devised to keep the rime of breath from the face. One popular mask has a funnel-like tube over the mouth which is used to expel the breath. Ice which forms on the tube can be brushed away with gloved hands and stays away from the face.

The feet are the most endangered part of the body. Moisture is the greatest source of danger. A recommended boot is the *finnesko,* entirely covered with fur. Several layers of felt are padded on the bottom, and over them is laid a matting of saennegrass (or sienna-grass). This grass absorbs the perspiration and helps to keep the feet dry. When the shoe is removed the saennegrass can be lifted out, the rime brushed off, and the boot itself kept free of damp.

The problem of boots continues with sizing. Cold boots should be big enough to include three to five pairs of thick stockings, plus felt and saennegrass. Thus the boot must be taller and also have an extra-wide throat to admit the muffled foot. Byrd recommends men's boots be of U.S. size 14 at a minimum.

Arctic boots have thick rubber soles at least 0.5 inches thick and a reinforced heel. Pucker thongs at the back of the heel and up the rear can be used to adjust the boot to different thicknesses of socks.

Windproof garments (shirts, parkas, pants, mittens, socks, and sleeve protectors) are a necessary complement to the furs. Good ones can be made from aircraft silk and worn over the fur clothes to provide extra protection.

Sleeping bags are fur-lined, possibly of reindeer, and are covered with aircraft silk. They come in many styles. Reindeer again seems to be lightest and warmest, but apparently tends to shed and get up the nose. Roughly 1 in 20 people have an adverse reaction to reindeer fur, though this will rarely be more than an itchy nose and a need to sneeze when exposed to the shedding fur.

For an illustration of cold weather clothing, see Appendix 7, "Player Handouts," page 418.

Provided on the Expedition

Each member of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition is provided the following items of cold-weather clothing. Final fittings and alterations of these items, where needed, will take place in New York prior to departure or on the voyage south. Each expedition member is expected to care for his or her own clothing, including the repair and/or replacement of items damaged over the summer. Materials and tools used for repairing damaged clothing items are carried in expedition stores.

2	Parkas, fur-lined	2	Pants, fur-lined
4	Singlets, heavy cotton	4	Shirts, cotton or flannel
2	Underpants	6	Sweaters, woolen
4	Combination undersuits, flannel	3	Cardigans, woolen
6	Pr. mountaineer's stockings	18	Pr. heavy woolen socks
4	Pr. sleeping socks, felt	1	Pr. mukluks (slippers)
1	Pr. mountaineer's boots, leather	2	Pr. ski boots, leather
1	Pr. ski boots, felt	2	Pr. finnesko boots
1	Pr. crampons, for finnesko	2	Pr. boot soles, felt
2	Pr. gloves, woolen	1	Pr. gloves, kidskin
2	Pr. mittens, fur-lined leather	2	Pr. mitts, wolfskin
1	Waist belt, heavy leather	1	Harness belt, leather
1	Muffler, mohair or silk		
2	Pr. trousers, windproof silk	1	Jumper, hooded, windproof silk
1	Hood, windproof silk	1	Jumper, hoodless, windproof silk
2	Pr. mitts, windproof silk		

The clothing listed above is primarily for work outside in the deep cold. When indoors, on a ship, or in huts and aircraft, any warm clothing will suffice. Expedition members are encouraged to bring along a good supply of their own clothing for this purpose.

These garments are warmest when new. Clothing loses some of its warmth after it is washed, so wherever possible new garments should be used for extended sled journeys or outside excursions. At least one full suit should be saved for work at Lake's Camp and beyond.

Oxygen Equipment

A person breathes in 23 lbs. of oxygen per day, and exhales 21 lbs. unconsumed; the difference is the two lbs. of oxygen actually absorbed by the lungs. With a simple "breathing tube and nose clip" (such as is used by the Starkweather-Moore Expedition) all the exhaled oxygen is lost; only 9% of the four cubic feet of oxygen used each hour goes to keeping the person alive. The tube ends in what is essentially (and often literally) a pipestem, held between the teeth. A leather or rubber mask may be fitted over the tube, to prevent frostbite.

The Barsmeier-Falken Expedition is using more sophisticated oxygen masks, designed by the Drägerwerke firm. These incorporate a bag, resembling a rubber hot water bottle, under the mask—this is called an "economizer" or "rebreather." The bag is designed to be worn under the outer layer of (loose) clothing, to prevent ice crystals from forming inside it. It has a volume slightly less than the tidal volume of the human lungs, and is filled by the exhalations of the explorer. As the gas in the upper respiratory tracts is still high in oxygen content, the bag fills with relatively pure oxygen. Once it is filled, a diverter allows the final fraction of air expelled by the lungs (rich in carbon dioxide) to exit the mask. As the person takes the next breath, it empties the economizer and pulls in another portion of pure

oxygen from the tank. With this system, a person uses only one cubic foot of oxygen when resting, or two cubic feet when exertion is attempted (such as long foot marches, or heavy labor).

For resting, neither the pipestem nor the Drägerwerke system will work—both are examples of "pressure breathing" which reverses the cycle of effort in the lungs, and thus cannot be used when asleep. For rest periods, the American and German expeditions all use a primitive oxygen tent. Inside the two man tent, each person places his or her oxygen tank, with the regulator set to release one cubic foot per hour. A 25 lb. canister of caustic soda (dry sodium hydroxide, or NaOH) is opened to absorb the carbon dioxide and moisture produced in the tent; each canister has 48 man-hours of absorbing capacity. No smoking or fires (including lanterns) in or near the oxygen tent! A safety-conscious team (such as Lexington or the BFE) will plan to switch to new oxygen tanks just before entering the tent, to prevent tanks exhausting unnoticed before waking.

A standard oxygen tank, containing 80 cubic feet of oxygen, will thus last a member of the SME team about one day over the Miskatonic Range (including periods sleeping in the tent). With three tents, they will have to stagger their sleeping schedule, as only six men can sleep at any one time.

Tents and Shelters

Two types of two-man trail tents are described in Byrd's book as having been used by his 1929 expedition. These may be considered the models for the tents used both by the Miskatonic expedition and by Lexington and Starkweather-Moore. All good Antarctic tents have the following characteristics:

- Every square inch of space shall be economically employed.
- The tent shall be strong enough to withstand a high wind.
- It can be well ventilated.
- It is easy to put up and take down.
- It is sturdy enough to put up with very rough handling.
- It is light and packs well.
- It should be easily seen from afar and should absorb the sun's heat.

The first of the two designs is the *Amundsen tent*. Amundsen tents are pyramidal in shape, made of light windproof material over a framework of bamboo poles. They stand about six feet (180 cm) high and are about six feet across at the base. They weigh 25 pounds (11 kg). The Amundsen tent has a central pole and four to six others that rise from the edges to meet at the centerpole. While efficient of ventilation, thus making it a good cook tent, the Amundsen design is slightly inefficient of floor space due to the central pole. A stiff overdrape covers the door flap on the outside, sealing out the snow and wind. External anchor lines can be used to secure the flap in place.

All of the smaller tents carried by the Lake's Camp party were of the Amundsen design.

The second design, the so-called *Woods tent*, is a modification of a tent commercially available in the United States in the period. The design was refined by the men of Byrd's 1929 expedition. Approximately the same size and weight as the Amundsen model, the Woods tent more closely resembles a pup tent in appearance. The tent is wedge-shaped with a single bamboo ridgepole supported at its ends by bamboo poles from the four corners. The entrance is like the sleeve of a coat, and can be tied closed after the occupant is inside, thus making the tent effectively snow-tight. External anchor lines are used to hold its shape.

The smaller tents carried by Starkweather-Moore are all of the Woods design.

Larger Houses

Solid shelters, such as those erected by the Starkweather-Moore expedition at its base camps, are prefabricated for the purpose using designs refined by Byrd and others. The walls and roof are made of a number of identical panel sections, each one three feet wide and eight feet long. These sections are laid upon and attached to a pine frame, also pre-cut for the purpose. No nails are used anywhere in construction, and the bolts that attach the panels to the frame are never allowed to end on the outside; in this way heat transmission through the metal bolts is kept to a minimum.

The panels are four inches thick, and weigh 106 pounds apiece. Each is constructed as follows: outside is a layer of stiff building board, half an inch thick. Next are two layers of paper, a layer of building board, one and one half inches of fibrous insulation and then another layer of building board. The exterior of each panel is sealed with three coats of orange paint.

A house of this sort, measuring sixteen by twenty-four feet, requires thirty-eight panels and can be assembled in six hours in good weather. Normally the foundations of such huts are set deep into the snow, and more snow is piled tightly around the walls once the building is complete. In this way the houses are protected from all but the fiercest blizzards.

The total shipping weight of one such shelter is 4800 pounds.

Dog Sled Travel

The sled dogs carried by Starkweather-Moore are mostly Greenland huskies, or malamutes, purchased from the Danish government for the voyage. They are under the care of the two dog handlers, Fiskarson and Snåbjorn, and will be assigned as needed to sled teams as expedition members become proficient in their supervision and use.

Huskies are hard-working animals with a need for constant exercise. They are well suited to Antarctic conditions. Males mass roughly 90–120 lbs. apiece, while females are slightly smaller at 75–95 lbs. There is little difference, however, in the amount of cargo each can pull. Huskies are very affectionate toward humans, but will fight each other viciously if not skillfully handled. They eagerly attack wild animals for food—penguins, for example.

A typical sled team consists of nine dogs; the dogs can be deployed in a "line" or "fan" hitch. In rough terrain, especially when crevasses are suspected, the line hitch is safer. The dogs are hitched in pairs to a 30-foot-long central trace line, with the most experienced lead dog alone in front followed by pairs (or tethers) of dogs strung out in a line behind. For travel on smooth snow, the fan hitch is faster, with each dog having its own trace line from the sled.

Lead dogs can be either male or female, and the ideal line team consists of alternating pairs of male and female dogs in the tethers; however, female dogs must not be used at all in sled teams when in heat.

The health and safety of the dogs should be the sled driver's first concern. Each morning before setting out, the driver should

inspect his or her animals. Animals that are wounded, sick, or in poor condition should not be used for hauling. The inspection should be repeated at the end of the day, with special care being given to the pads of their feet. If these are found to be cracked or bleeding, a salve of fat or seal oil should be rubbed into the pads, and the dog rested on the following day.

Dogs should be fed at least three times each day. Dogs are normally given a one-half pound block of pemmican at each meal, supplemented by fresh seal meat and blubber when it is available. Huskies are happy to eat snow and ice, and do not need fresh water when snow is available.

At the end of each day of hauling, harnesses must be removed and inspected or repaired. Dogs should be staked out at least ten feet apart to prevent fighting. Do not allow the dogs to chew on their traces, harnesses, or collars, as they may be difficult to repair or replace on the trail. If a fight does break out between dogs (most commonly during harnessing or at the end of a day) do not attempt to separate the dogs single-handedly. Always summon help as the dogs are stronger than any single man.

Sledding commands are basic and standardized. Arctic huskies learn only four commands and their name: stop ("whoa"), go ("yake"), right ("gee"), and left ("haw"). Each handler should develop their own variations of these commands, and work whenever possible with the same team of dogs.

Sleds and Sledding

Various types of sleds have been used in Arctic exploration in recent years, with the following weights and qualities:

Flexible airplane sled	20.5 lb.	short, flexible, single-ended
Ski sled without braces	18.5 lb.	short, rigid, single-ended
Long Norwegian freight sled	51.0 lb.	long, rigid, double-ended
Norwegian Army sled	41.0 lb.	long, rigid, single-ended
Nansen freight sled	74.0 lb.	long, semiflexible, double-ended

The flexible sleds have been found to be superior for trail use in almost every aspect, though they are slightly heavier and cannot withstand quite as much torsional stress as those with rigid full-length runners or chassis. The long sleds are typically used for freight hauling or as the lead sled in a tandem haul. The short sleds are used as trailing sleds in tandem, as emergency carriers, or when man-hauling.

Sleds consist of pairs of wooden runners, shaped like skis, 3–4 inches wide and between seven and 12 feet in length, set about two feet apart. Uprights are built onto the runners; these support a framework of crossbars and slats running the length of the skis. The runners are shod with steel. No nails, screws, or bolts are used in the construction of the sled, the various parts being lashed together with cord or leather thongs.

The Starkweather-Moore Expedition carries sleds of the "Nansen" design, for long hauls and heavy loads, and the shorter "airplane sled," to be carried as emergency equipment on aircraft and used for man-hauling cargo short distances. When long travel by sled is planned, a sled meter (similar to an automotive odometer) is fitted to the frame.

Long-haul sleds are typically pulled by teams of dogs ranging from seven to thirteen in number, with nine being the most common. Sled loads can be as high as 1000 pounds; care must be taken to ensure that the load is packed well and the weight distributed evenly over the length of the sled. The shorter sleds are not capable of carrying more than 750 pounds safely.

Sleds can be hauled either by dog teams or by manpower. Harnesses are made of stitched canvas and padded with dried grass. For man-hauling, these are fitted at the waist. Dog harnesses attach at the shoulders.

Dog teams can pull up to 150 pounds per dog on smooth level ground, or 100 pounds per dog in more challenging conditions. Typical recorded travel distances for such teams are 12 miles per day over ice and névé, and 24 miles per day over sea ice, with an exceptional one-day distance record of 58 miles. Four-man hauling teams can provide half the travel distance of a nine-dog team, and can pull about 75 pounds per man on the trail. These values should be kept in mind when planning any long overland journeys. Also remember that these distances are under optimal conditions; in bad weather, or over rough ground, travel distances can drop to less than two miles per day.

On some journeys, considerable relief can be gotten from a following wind. For this reason, many sleds carry a small mast with canvas sail which can be rigged on windy days to provide an extra "push." The added weight is minimal and the advantage significant.

When embarking on a sledding journey each team should have a well-planned itinerary, with a detailed list of goals to be achieved. Weather conditions must be taken into account when provisioning the journey. It is suggested that each sled operator keep a daily log of progress throughout the journey, noting weather and temperature conditions, distance traveled, condition and number of dogs, and food consumed. This will assist in planning future trips.

A Typical Overland Journey

The following is a typical load for a three-man scientific trip of five weeks' duration.

Sleds (3)

Fittings: Instrument box, kitchen box, kerosene tray, mast attachment, mast, spar, canvas and bamboo decking, rigging, leather straps.

Camping Gear: Tent, sleeping bags (3).

Cooking Gear: Nansen stove, mugs (3), long forks (2), scales, spoons (3), matches in waterproof tin, Primus stove, Primus repair outfit, kerosene tin openers and pourers, Primus spirit.

Repair Outfit: Spare copper wire, rivets, needles, thread, small tool kit, harness repair kit, dog medicines, and foot balm.

Medical Outfit: Field dressings, cotton wool, boric wool, pleated lint, pleated bandages, roll bandages, adhesive tape, liquid collodion, opthalmic drugs for treating snow-blindness, assortment of drugs for general treatment, canvas case containing scissors,

forceps, artery forceps, scalpel, surgical needles and silk, etc.

Photographic Outfit: Camera, film, tripod (also fits theodolite), waterproof tin containing extra film.

Surveying Outfit: Theodolite, sled meter, almanac tables, logarithmic tables, notebooks (2), angle books (2), map tube, maps, pencils, dividers and eraser, protractors and set square, prismatic compass, clinometer, sun compass.

Other Instruments: Prismatic binoculars, hypsometer, ordinary thermometers (2), small thermometers (2), specimen labels.

Hunting Outfit: 22-bore rifle with cover and cleaner, ammunition, sheath knife, sharpening stone, fishing line and hooks.

Clothes: Waterproof bags (3), each containing private clothing kits.

Odd Gear: Pick, spades (2), ice axe, alpine rope, skis (1 pr), ski stick, ski boots, attachable crampons, man harnesses (3), man-hauling tow rope, flags, waterproof bag.

Beacons: Depot flag, bamboo pole, metal depot beacon, mast, flag and ropes, waterproof tins for depositing records at depots.

Fuel: Kerosene, one-gallon tins (6).

Food: Man food: 27 person-weeks' supplies, also special or luxury foods. Dog food: dried seal meat, blubber, and pemmican.

Total Weight: 1728 pounds.

Health and First Aid

Antarctic explorers face the same sorts of health problems as any other party in the wild—cuts, bruises, broken bones—though the "large nasty predator" element of exploration is absent. However, they face more insidious problems. Vitamin deficiencies brought about by too much processed and preserved food can spell disaster, as can the twin effects of the cold—hypothermia and frostbite. These and more are discussed below.

Whenever you are thousands of miles from the nearest hospital or dentist, however, even a chipped tooth or a case of appendicitis can prove disastrous. For this reason all expeditions include skilled and versatile medical staff.

Diet

There are two problems with Antarctic rations: quantity and quality. A comfortably warm person uses about half of his or her calorie intake from food just to maintain body temperature. Drinking near-freezing water, eating snow, or using body warmth to melt snow, all rob heat—which must be made up by exercise (including shivering)—which uses more food. This is the reason polar explorers eat a diet heavy in protein and fat, typically 5000 calories a day if active (32 to 34 ounces of preserved meat, fat, etc.)

It is also vitally important that explorers aim for a balanced diet—vitamin C deficiency leads to scurvy, while vitamin B deficiency leads to beri beri, among other problems. The body retains vitamin C for approximately three months, making it vitally important that explorers allow their bodies to "stock up" before leaving on long treks. This can be a problem, as most canned and preserved foods of the 1930s were notoriously poor in vitamins. The easiest solution (on the coast) is to shoot and eat penguin (a dark rich gamey meat) and seal (a strong tasting meat, akin to steak). An inventive cook is a requirement on an expedition staying in the Antarctic for a prolonged period.

Trail Rations: the Byrd expedition of 1930 budgeted for the following trail rations, per man, per day—8 oz. pemmican, 10 oz. biscuits, 4 oz. sugar, 4 oz. powdered milk, 2 oz. oatmeal, 2 oz. dried soup, 2 oz. chocolate, 0.5 oz. tea, 0.25 oz. salt. Small quantities of butter, bacon, malted milk, and cocoa were carried as treats. Perhaps surprisingly, the biggest problem was cooking the food; when the snow starts off several tens of degrees below freezing, it is a lengthy process to warm it up, and this can seriously affect how soon the expedition can get moving in the morning. The Byrd expedition solved this by placing their oatmeal and hot water into thermos flasks when they cooked their dinner; by morning, it had cooked itself. The dogs consumed 1 lb. (frozen) pemmican per dog per day.

(Pemmican is venison or other meat, sliced, dried, pounded, and made into cakes with molasses and other additives.)

Water: the extreme dryness of the Antarctic air means that explorers require more water than they would otherwise, especially when working hard or on the trail. Each explorer should consume at least two quarts (two liters) of water daily. Coffee and tea do not count toward this amount—they are diuretics and cause the body to lose water.

Meeting this requirement may not be simple. All water must be melted before it can be drunk; and that takes a lot of fuel. In camp, with insulated huts and large stoves, this is not necessarily a problem; on the trail, however, with minimal supplies, just keeping water liquid can be a major undertaking.

Diseases

Scurvy: scurvy is a nutritional disorder brought about by lack of vitamin C in the diet. The traditional remedy is to include fresh fruit, meat, or vegetables in the diet, but this becomes difficult in the Antarctic, where adventurers may spend many months living off preserved foods. Scurvy is characterized by bleeding gums, loose teeth, sore and stiff joints, subdermal bleeding, and slow wound healing. In serious cases scar tissue starts to deteriorate, so that old wounds reopen. The body retains stocks of vitamin C for up to three months, so well-fed explorers should show few signs of scurvy in this "grace" period. Treatment is a return to a diet with a high level of vitamin C. *Keeper's note: investigators contracting scurvy receive a modifier of –3 to their CON and DEX for the duration. Wounds and injuries take twice normal time to heal.*

Beri beri: beri beri is a nutritional disorder brought about by lack of vitamin B1 (thiamine) in the diet. Thiamine is common in food, but processing can destroy it. Early symptoms include loss of appetite, numbness, and weakness in limbs. The serious forms are characterized by gradual degradation of the long nerves, resulting in a loss of reflexes (dementia is not uncom-

mon in the final phase) or edema (abnormally large amounts of fluid in the tissues) resulting in poor circulation and eventually heart failure, or both. The body stores roughly a 30 day supply of thiamine and any of high carbohydrate diets, heavy alcohol intake, or i.v. glucose infusions predispose the subject to thiamine deficiency. Treatment is a return to a varied diet of fresh non-processed foods. *Keeper's note: investigators contracting beri beri receive a cumulative modifier of –1 to DEX and STR per week as long as they have the disease. Should STR reach zero the character needs successful* **CON x5 rolls** *daily, or he or she dies.*

Injuries

The following are some medical conditions that may be encountered in the Antarctic, the Arctic, or at high altitudes. Suggested ways to treat them during play are included.

Sunburn and Snow Blindness

Sunlight reflects very well off snow. Without goggles, an explorer risks damaged eyesight due to the effects of sunburn on the retina. Snow goggles are essential. Each sunny day the explorer ventures out without goggles, a successful **Luck roll** must be made to prevent temporary blindness. The condition is frightening but goes away in 1D4 days.

Hypothermia

Hypothermia is the result of a lowered core body temperature, usually resulting from lowered environmental temperatures or immersion in icy water. The condition is serious below a core body temperature of 35°C (95°F), and emergency medical treatment is mandated below 32.2°C (90°F) when the normal shivering reflex ceases. At this point pulse, respiration, and blood pressure are all very low, and the victim could be mistaken for dead. At 31°C, the victim almost certainly will be comatose. The recommended treatment is to slowly warm the victim using passive methods (blankets, etc.). Application of direct heat sources is not recommended, and warming should not exceed 0.5-1°C (1-2°F) per hour—failure to observe this limit can result in cardiovascular collapse.

Altitude Sickness

Altitude sickness is a very serious complaint affecting the chemical makeup of the blood. It is brought on by going too quickly to high altitude without acclimatizing. There are two forms. The mild form is characterized by breathlessness, nausea, and headaches. Ignoring the symptoms is risky, and may lead to complications. The severe form develops as the mild form, but the patient's condition soon worsens as either his lungs fill with fluid and he drowns, or the brain swells, leading to coma. In either case, death occurs within a few hours of onset.

The only effective treatment in either case is to descend immediately to lower altitude (a descent of a few hundred meters is sufficient to alleviate the condition, but descent to the 3500 m (12,000 ft) level is the only recommended treatment). If this is impossible, oxygen may buy the victim more time. After a severe attack, the victim should not re-ascend above 3500 m for at least 14 days, but there is no evidence that a bout of altitude sickness makes someone more susceptible to future problems.

The danger is reckoned to start at about 3500 m. Modern theory suggests that the risk is minimized by ascending no more than 350 m (1200 ft) per day over this height, and by spending at least a week at 3500 m before attempting to spend a night at 5000 m (16,500 ft). The best way of acclimatizing is to make several short trips to high altitude, returning to 3500 m the same day. It is coincidental but fortunate that the Antarctic plateau is at almost exactly the correct height.

Suggested approaches for altitude sickness in play:

- The simplest approach to the problem is to quietly ignore it, or give your players a couple of scares. One of these might be to inflict altitude sickness on one or more investigators the first time they fly over the polar plateau. Another, more sneaky, possibility is to inflict headaches, nausea, etc., on the first group of investigators to see the City. They might just draw the wrong conclusion. Let them.
- A second approach is to have every investigator's player make a **CON x5 roll** every time their characters ascend too rapidly. A failure would lead to slight headaches, a fumble would result in the mild symptoms, while a roll of 00 would result in the severe condition. Investigators who suffer the mild form should be penalized by halving all skill levels, while those suffering from the serious form are rapidly incapacitated.

Hypoxia

Hypoxia is a deadly condition arising from lack of oxygen in the bloodstream. Its effects range from the milder to the more serious:

- Increased respiration and pulse rate (INT –1).
- Headache (INT –2).
- Nausea (CON –3).
- Slight dizziness, reduced reaction time, impaired coordination (DEX –3).
- Tingling in the arms and legs.
- Purple or bluish tinge to fingers, toes, ears and lips.
- Fatigue, sleepiness and intermittent fainting (STR –3, CON –3).
- Dimming of vision (perception skills –20%).
- Confused thinking, impaired judgment and feelings of either giddiness, elation and confidence resembling intoxication, or indifference, listlessness, apathy and depression (INT –3, perception skills –30%).
- Unconsciousness (or possibly convulsions and death due to respiratory failure if a **CON x5 roll** is missed.)

Lovecraft bypassed this problem in *At the Mountains of Madness*. Aside from noting that the thin air "made exertion difficult," his protagonists pay little attention to the rarity of the atmosphere.

Suggested approaches for the keeper:

- Keepers who wish to add a little deadly realism to their tale should have the players make a **CON x5 roll** on D100 for every fifteen minutes of exposure without oxygen, at the height of the plateau or beyond, if they are inactive or resting quietly. (Investigators who exert themselves should make the roll every one minute instead of every fifteen.) Each time the roll is missed, the keeper should apply the symptoms and

modifiers from the next item on the list above. These modifiers are cumulative.

- Characters suffering from hypoxia symptoms need an **Idea roll** to think of something, even basic concepts such as "I should get some oxygen." Unfortunately, a drastic reduction in INT, along with STR, DEX, and CON (though not hit points) can make life difficult.

Communications and Navigation

Navigation and communication are both difficult in the Antarctic. The reasons for this are closely related, and stem from the proximity to the south magnetic pole.

Navigation

Throughout the world in the 1930s, gyroscopes, magnetic compasses, and astronomical observations are combined to navigate and determine position with ease. Two of these are all but useless near the South Pole, and the third may only be used with care and calculation.

Gyroscopes tend to tumble, or *precess,* much more near the Earth's axis of rotation than they do in other parts of the world, making them unreliable aides at best. The position they hold moves slowly throughout the day.

Magnetic compasses are all but worthless in Antarctica. The south magnetic pole is several hundred miles from the earth's axis; it does not stay in one place but wanders as much as a hundred miles a day within a wide oval region, making navigation by compass when one is nearby a risky thing. Also, near the Pole the lines of magnetic force are almost vertical—they pull compass needles down more than they do sideways, making compasses very weak, inaccurate, and liable to be perturbed by nearby electrical activities, such as by radios, engines, or the famous aurora australis.

Only the heavens remain accurate and stable at the bottom of the world, and these too have their drawbacks. In the Antarctic summer months, the sun never drops below the horizon, but circles endlessly in the sky. The stars are all but invisible; only the sun and the moon may be seen or used to calculate position. Without sunrise and sunset, clocks are highly important; in clear weather, the best aid to navigation is the so-called "sun compass," a combination of sundial and chronometer that may be used to determine one's position east or west, while a sextant determines the latitude. When the sun and the moon are obscured by clouds, however, even these are of little use.

Temperatures and Wind Chill

The temperatures of Antarctica in the summer rarely rise above freezing, even on the clearest days: 10° to 20°F are "pleasant" temperatures. A typical blizzard brings temperatures of –50° to –70°F. The interior is the coldest part of the world; some areas near the "pole of inaccessibility" reach midwinter temperatures of –120°F, cold enough for carbon dioxide to precipitate from the atmosphere! Of course, the ever-present Antarctic winds cause a further problem: wind chill. The heat lost from body surfaces makes a person feel colder than the actual temperature. Fortunately for polar explorers, appropriate clothing will moderate the effects of wind chill, and wind speeds over 45 miles per hour have little additional chilling effect.

	Actual temperature, °F								
	30°	*20°*	*10°*	*0°*	*–10°*	*–20°*	*–30°*	*–40°*	*–50°*
wind									
10 mph	16°	3°	–9°	–22°	–34°	–46°	–58°	–71°	–83°
20 mph	4°	–10°	–24°	–39°	–53°	–67°	–81°	–95°	–110°
30 mph	–2°	–18°	–33°	–49°	–64°	–79°	–93°	–109°	–123°
40 mph	–5°	–21°	–37°	–53°	–69°	–84°	–100°	–115°	–133°

Cross-index the thermometer temperature with the wind speed to learn the apparent temperature provoked by the wind-chill factor.

At –80°F exposed human skin will freeze in 30 seconds. The very low humidity of the air, and the low pressure of air at high altitudes, can reduce the apparent temperature by another 5°. Average wind speed at 20,000 feet is 40 mph in the open sky, 20 mph on the "protected" ground of the plateau. In the stratosphere, beginning at 36,000 feet above sea level, winds of 80 mph are common; jet stream winds in this region, if encountered, will be considerably faster than this.

Below –25°F, a face mask should be worn—the air becomes dangerous to breathe directly. At temperatures of –40°F or lower, exertion is magnified greatly; it can take hours to strike camp; and the hampering clothing needed to survive for a long walk uses up extra strength. The equipment available in this period is not really sufficient to allow work or travel (outside of vehicles) in temperatures below –60°F. To determine when frostbite sets in at below –60°F for properly dressed characters, add 90°F to the actual temperature and cross-index that with the table in the "Frostbite" sidebar on the opposite page. *Example: for a properly dressed explorer at –100°F, the apparent temperature is –100 + 90 = –10°F. Therefore, according to the frostbite table, the explorer will suffer from first degree frostbite after five hours, second degree seven hours after that, and third degree four hours after second degree; death from overall third degree frostbite would set in long before the appearance of fourth degree symptoms.*

The ambient temperature decreases approximately 1°F for every 300' of altitude; thus, at Lake's Camp (altitude 12,000 feet) the typical temperature should be 40°F lower than at the Ross Ice Shelf on a similar day. At 20,000' above sea level, the temperature will be 67°F lower. Thus, what might be a pleasant 20°F day at the Ross Ice Shelf might be an unpleasant –20°F at Lake's Camp, and a dangerous –47°F at 20,000 feet altitude—and this is all before the effects of humidity, wind, hypoxia, and actually bad weather. ❑

Frostbite

Human tissue freezes at between –5° and –6°C (23°-21°F). This includes wind chill. Wetness or restricted blood flow aids the onset of frostbite. The skin becomes hard, white, or yellow white; the depth of the problem is difficult to ascertain.

Frostbite sets in over a period of time based on the apparent temperature, ranging from minutes to hours. It can set in after only a few minutes of being exposed to –55°F air, or after 10 hours exposure at 0°F. The first sign is a reddening or yellow-gray tone to the skin, followed by blisters 12 to 24 hours after exposure at the next stage. The danger of frostbite increases if one gets wet—perspiration, melted snow, or sea water can all equally endanger an explorer. Other injuries can also lead to frostbite, both from natural processes of changed blood flow, and possible immobilization during treatment and recovery.

There is no specific product of time and apparent temperature established yet for the onset of frostbite; this chart can be used to estimate the effects on unprotected explorers, or unprotected portions thereof. For characters properly dressed in their expedition clothes, add 90°F to the apparent temperature. As mentioned above, wetness or injury can hasten the process.

Investigators exposed for the period of time indicated, according to the apparent temperature, will get frostbite. Immediate treatment, by a successful use of First Aid or similar skill, avoids this; failure moves the explorer onto the table below.

apparent temp °F	*1st degree*	*2nd degree*	*3rd degree*	*4th degree*
30°	all day	days	n/a	n/a
20°	16 hours	all day	days	n/a
10°	12 hours	all day	days	n/a
0°	10 hours	16 hours	days	n/a
–10°	5 hours	12 hours	16 hours	days
–20°	2 hour	10 hours	12 hours	days
–30°	1 hour	5 hours	10 hours	all day
–40°	30 minutes	2 hours	5 hours	16 hours
–50°	20 minutes	1 hour	2 hours	12 hours
–60°	10 minutes	30 minutes	1 hour	10 hours
–70°	6 minutes	20 minutes	30 minutes	5 hours
–80°	4 minutes	10 minutes	20 minutes	2 hours
–90°	2 minutes	6 minutes	10 minutes	1 hour
–100°	1 minute	4 minutes	6 minutes	30 minutes
–110°	seconds	2 minutes	4 minutes	20 minutes
–120°	seconds	1 minute	2 minutes	10 minutes

Tingling or coldness in an exposed part of the body is a good sign—frostbite causes numbness. Pull in that part!

Even first-degree frostbite can limit mobility for several days, if on the hands, arms, feet, or legs. Second degree frostbite, signaled by blisters, will cause severe lesions and a few weeks of painful healing. At third degree, the frostbite injury has begun to penetrate below the skin, and large, hard "eschars" or dry crusts form over the injury; typically a couple of months is required for recovery. Two to five weeks of throbbing, burning, aching pains will begin a week or two after third degree frostbite injury occurs.

Fourth degree frostbite kills tissue down to the bone; dry gangrene will set in. The tissues involved become black, dry, and mummylike over about twenty days; however, competent medical care will probably result in amputation of the affected area just about then. An old Russian proverb goes, "the only way to treat frostbite is to wait for everything to drop off that is going to drop off and then see what you can do with what is left."

Dealing with frostbite involves restoring body temperature as swiftly as possible. For minor cases of frostbite, gentle rubbing suffices. For more serious cases, placing the affected limb in a bath of warm water is recommended. Note that an applied temperature of greater than 46°C (115°F) can cause further damage. Other folk remedies, such as rubbing, packing with snow, application of salve, or high temperatures do nothing or cause further harm. In the 1930s, unfortunately, such remedies are still recommended by many medical authorities. It is up to the keeper to decide if an investigator's or non-player character's First Aid or Medicine skill incorporates advanced thinking on the treatment of injuries due to cold.

The prognosis for recovery is good if the frozen state is only temporary and is followed by rapid thawing. In this instance, blisters develop early, are pink and large, and extend to the end of the affected hand or foot. The prognosis is poor if thawing is delayed or is by excessive heat, or if a cycle of repeated thawing and re-freezing is entered. Amputation is often required in this case as the flesh starts to decay. Early symptoms of this are dark or hemorrhagic blisters which do not extend to the tip of the affected limb. Even if serious frostbite does not result in amputation, it can still lead to other effects such as sensory loss, persistent deep pain, limited joint motion, joint deformity, and increased sensitivity to cold. ❑

Communication

The chief difficulty with radio communication in the Antarctic is the presence of the aurora australis—the "southern lights." This great magnetic storm is present year round, though it is largely invisible in the summer. It centers around the south geomagnetic pole, and disrupts radios and compasses with its constant activity.

Elsewhere in the world, long-range radio exchanges are becoming commonplace in the 1930s, using shorter and shorter wavelengths to bend signals through the Earth's ionosphere. These so-called "skip bands" can carry low-powered signals anywhere on the globe—but in Antarctica the ionospheric layers are constantly disrupted by the aurora, making skip band communication a fragile and transient thing. Reliable radio traffic can only be achieved by using lower frequencies, the so called "ground waves" used by AM radio stations among others. These require much larger antennas and more powerful transmitters, making reliable long-range traffic a thing restricted to ships and well-made base stations.

The transmitters on aircraft, such as the *Belle* or the Boeings, will not normally reach more than two or three hundred miles in Antarctica, though this limit is much higher when the aurora is quiet, or if the craft in question is attached to a larger ground aerial.

Antarctic Geography

Antarctica may be roughly divided into eastern and western sections by the Transantarctic Mountains. These mighty peaks, comprising the world's longest mountain range, extend from the northwest corner of the Ross Sea to the southwest corner of the Weddell Sea. In order to proceed inland, the adventurers must first fly over these impressive mountains, which regularly peak at two and a half miles above sea level. Antarctica is the tallest continent on earth, at an average ground height of one and a half miles above sea level, due to a series of massive plateaus. However, there are also areas that cut deep into the continent, and large areas lie more than half a mile below sea level.

West Antarctica is the smaller of the two sections, and includes the Antarctic Peninsula, which used to be attached to South America. West Antarctica also includes a few active volcanoes, and the Vinson Massif, the highest actual point known in Antarctica, close to the Ronne Ice Shelf.

Of East Antarctica, where the Starkweather-Moore Expedition is headed, significantly less is known. Because of the broad area to be covered and the difficult conditions under which observations are made, even today there are areas which are insufficiently explored. Mountains and small ranges dot the white landscape, with the occasional black rock poking out of the ice where it is too vertical for snow to accumulate.

Crevasses

Crevasses are cracks in the ice, and are often very deep. They frequently have shelves and plateaus on the way down, which may save the unfortunate discoverer of the crevasse. They can be obvious, or they can be covered in a thin crust of snow, and be very difficult to spot until the ice breaks through underfoot. People on foot are more vulnerable to falling into such crevasses, as skis and snow shoes help to spread the weight. Explorers in unknown territory should make use of bamboo poles to probe the ground ahead, and rope themselves together.

Whenever a party is crossing unknown ice, the keeper should decide whether a crevasse field is present. If so, roll on the following table for the result. If the party is on foot, rather than on snowshoes or skis, add 10% to the dice roll; if the explorers are probing the ground ahead with poles, subtract 10%:

D100	*result*
01-50	Field crossed; no difficulty encountered.
51-80	Crevasse discovered; the party must backtrack or go around.
81-95	Crevasse discovered by accident; someone falls D10 feet and gets stuck or falls on a ledge. A successful **Climb roll** is needed to get out (-20% penalty if not helped from above). Falling damage may apply.
96-99	Crevasse catches a sled and team. Dogs, sled and driver all fall D20 feet before the fall is stopped. A successful **Climb roll** is required for the driver to get out (-20% penalty if not helped from above.) Sled and dogs are not retrievable without help from the surface. Falling damage may apply to dogs and driver.
00	Large deep crevasse catches a sled and team. Dogs, sled, and driver all fall 3D20 feet and must be rescued from above. Falling damage applies.

Antarctic Weather

Any description of Antarctic weather can be broken down into two time periods, winter and summer, and three regions—the surrounding ocean (including the pack ice), the Antarctic coastal lowlands (including the permanent ice), and the polar plateau.

Winter, All Regions

During the winter months of April to August all areas are essentially unnavigable, and exact details of the conditions become irrelevant. Temperatures average –30°C (–22°F) with a recorded low of about –60°C (–105°F). Wind speed averages 30-40 mph with gusts as strong as 140 mph. Any human without fuel, food, and shelter will be dead long before spring, and any exposed structures (*e.g.*, airplanes) are liable to damage or destruction. The Byrd expedition of 1930 used a series of half-buried huts with connecting snow tunnels, and completely entombed their aircraft in the snow. Even the dogs were housed underground. The pack ice reaches thicknesses of several feet, and is unnavigable to any ships of the day. In the coastal areas, the sun does not rise above the horizon from mid-April to mid-August, making any activity that much more difficult.

Summer, at Sea

During the summer months, cyclonic storms circle the continent, always moving west to east. The effects of heat exchange and moist air interacting with cold polar air means that the oceans surrounding the continent are extremely stormy—leading to the common appelations of "the roaring forties" and "the furious fifties."

Winds blow continuously off the Antarctic mainland, and veer west (due to the Earth's rotation) to become fierce southeasterly winds in the latitudes 60° to 80° south. These cold katabatic winds are some of the strongest surface winds anywhere in the world, with the possible exception of those in well-developed tropical cyclones.

Wind speeds of 200 miles per hour have been reported along the mountainous shores, and winds of 70 to 100 miles per hour are likely in any bad weather. The ocean region surrounding Antarctica is the stormiest in the world.

Ships braving these waters can expect an extremely rough ride. The pack ice starts to break up and become navigable in November or early December, and starts to freeze over in early March.

At sea, in clear weather, the ice conditions over the horizon can sometimes be guessed by observing the color of the sky or clouds just above the horizon: a "white" sky is the reflection of ice, and a slate-colored "water" sky is a reflection of the open sea.

Summer, Coastal Regions

Summer weather on the coastal fringe is relatively balmy. In midsummer, the temperatures on the northern peninsulas can reach + 15°C (59°F), with a mean temperature of about freezing. The rest of the lowlands average about –10°C (14°F). For the interior, the mean temperature is generally in the range –20°C (–4°F) to –30°C (–22°F).

Wind is still a problem: the summer average is 15 mph, and a slight increase in wind speed can make the air flow turbulent. This leads to blizzard conditions on the ground, even with a cloudless sky, as snow is picked up and moved about. Storms like these can blow up with little warning, and reduce visibility to two or three yards. The winds in the interior are lighter (averaging about 10 mph), though storms are still common.

Wind chill is an important factor of Antarctic life. At Antarctic temperatures, the effective temperature is reduced by approximately 8°C (15°F) for every 10 mph wind speed. Anyone moving about in an effective temperature of –35°C (–30°F) will be extremely uncomfortable, and risks rapid frostbite even presuming that they are wearing full Antarctic gear. Temperatures below –50°C (–60°F) make life outside one's tent all but impossible.

Aside from the obvious danger of storms, fog is a common and hazardous feature of coastal Antarctic weather. The two common types of fog are "advection fog" (thick and dense, lasting for days at a time) and "frost smoke" (also known as 'sea smoke,' as it rises from the surface in tendrils, obscuring the horizon but leaving the sky clear).

Rapid ice formation is a hazard whenever moisture is present. Most often this is at or near the sea. Salt spray freezing onto a vessel causes deck ice, which can accumulate rapidly, especially in storms. This will increase the topside weight of the vessel, and seriously reduce its stability (again, especially in storms). Deck ice is removed with scrapers, brooms, shovels, etc. wielded by the crew—dangerous work on deck in a storm.

Sea ice just over one inch (about 2.6 cm) thick will support a persons on skis or snowshoes—but they should stay seven yards apart. A person on foot can safely cross two-inch-thick sea ice, as can lightly loaded dog sleds, with seven yards separation between persons or sleds. A heavily loaded dog sled should not attempt ice less than six inches thick. A snowmobile or tractor, not over four tons weight, needs ice eight inches thick, and should stay 15–20 yards from other vehicles. Aircraft of this period should not land on ice under 20 inches thick.

Summer, Inland Regions

Blizzards, lasting several days, and blowing snow are the usual effects of storms inland. In a blizzard, or any strong wind, surprising amounts of very fine snow will drift into unheated confined spaces—such as parked aircraft, tents, etc. One unexpected bad effect of "good" weather can be snow melt, which makes land travel very difficult.

Due to the ice crystals blowing about the sky, any number of interesting and colorful fogbows, halos of various sizes, parhelic circles, sun dogs, sun pillars, sun crosses, coronas, crepuscular rays, glories, mirages, and *fata morgana* can be seen.

A danger to both surface and aerial travelers is polar "whiteout," when snow hides surface features and the sky is covered by uniform clouds (so that there are no shadows). The horizon disappears. Distance becomes impossible to estimate, and navigation difficult—indeed, severe disorientation can set in.

Another problem is snow blindness, a temporary effect caused by snow-reflected ultraviolet light. An affected person's vision will turn pink, then red, and finally vanish over a few hours, and might take two or five days to return. By the 1930s, explorers have known for some time to wear dark glasses.

Rapid Weather Change

Storms can blow up out of clear skies, and conditions can deteriorate from fine to whiteout in less than an hour. Explorers on the ground should take survival gear sufficient for several days, even if they anticipate traveling only for a few hours.

Flying Weather

Flying during the winter is essentially impossible in the 1930s. What windows of opportunity do exist are interspersed among blizzards of sufficient power to destroy an unprotected aircraft, making keeping an aëroplane in a state of readiness very difficult. As noted above, the Byrd expedition of 1930 buried their planes during the winter, having lost one in an autumnal gale.

Flying in coastal regions during the summer months is risky, and should not be undertaken unless the 24 hour weather forecast is favorable. Conditions can change rapidly (a temperature drop of 36°C/65°F in 20 hours has been recorded), and landing in a blizzard is impossible with available technology. Approximately 50% of days are suitable for flying, while a further 25% of days are suitable for sledding or skiing. Approximately one in four days are unsuitable for prolonged outdoor activity, and can be assumed to be whiteout or blizzard conditions.

Weather in the upland interior is similar to that of the coastal zones. There are fewer ground blizzards, however, and less precipitation; the key limiting factors are powerful winds and unpredictable cloud cover. Roughly three out of four days in the interior may be considered suitable for flight.

No "random weather" tables are provided in this scenario. Antarctic weather during the course of play is spelled out where needed; the keeper may, if desired, use the descriptions above (or an investigator's **Luck rolls**) to determine the weather elsewhere.

Magnetic Storms

This close to the magnetic pole, electric and magnetic storms are common and pronounced. Such storms can blank out communications for days, and transient magnetic and electric variations can lead to a compass being out. The common error is by up to three degrees, but a deviation of almost five degrees has been recorded. An error of three degrees would mean a spatial error of five miles on a trip of 100 miles.

Keepers should feel perfectly justified in cutting all communications from portable transmitters (such as in aëroplanes) for one day in every five to ten.

Odd Phenomena and Weird Skies

The following are some bizarre and interesting conditions which the explorers may encounter. All are natural, but may be interpreted otherwise by the adventurers.

- ***Explosions:*** in the extreme cold, when a glacial field is covered by shadow after a period in the sun, it contracts explosively. Explosions can be single, or can occur in clusters, sounding like heavy gunfire.
- ***Glory:*** roughly the same as a halo, but a radiant nimbus seen around either a light or a dark center, or any central motif.
- ***Green Sky:*** this well-known effect happens when the sun is close to the horizon, the sky is cloudless, and there is snow on the ground: a section of the sky turns beautiful grass-green. Sometimes the band is very large.
- ***Halo:*** rings of light around the sun or the moon, these are caused by thin layers of ice crystals refracting the light of the body in question. If multiple cloud layers exist, multiple halos may also.
- ***Mirages:*** just like in the desert. Distant scenes reflected over the horizon. Often upside down, sometimes moving at alarming speeds through the sky.
- ***Rainbow Breath:*** ice crystals freeze in the breath when exhaled, catching the light at the correct angle to be seen (by someone else) as a rainbow shimmer.
- ***Sun Crosses:*** this is another phenomenon caused by ice in the upper atmosphere—bars of light radiate outward from the sun like a cross. When a sun cross occurs at the same time as a halo, the result is spectacular.
- ***Snowbow:*** sometimes called a "white rainbow," these are essentially halos that are occluded by the ground.
- ***St. Elmo's Fire:*** blue auras and sparks that linger around antennas, people, tents, etc. Caused by static electricity in the extreme dry cold.
- ***Spatial Disorientation:*** the very clear air in the Antarctic makes judging distance tricky. Many explorers have seen large mountains far off, and then found them to be small humps in the snow a couple of miles on. A fumbled **Spot Hidden roll** or **Navigate roll** might well trigger this problem.

Altitude

The pack ice and the coastal lowlands are, of course, at or near sea level. Explorers traveling inland, however, must take into account the effects of altitude, especially if they wish to cross the Miskatonic Mountains onto the high plateau beyond.

Antarctica's Polar Plateau rises to a height of roughly 10,000 feet (3000 m) above sea level. The thin air makes exertion more difficult, causes headaches, shortness of breath, impaired night vision, pounding hearts, difficulty sleeping, and low blood pressure. Explorers spending time at this altitude find that they become acclimatized after a few days. The symptoms decrease gradually, though they never entirely disappear. See the "Altitude Sickness" entry on page 299. Notably, smoking lowers the body's tolerance for altitude for several hours, after even one cigarette.

At Lake's Camp, the altitude is about 12,000 feet (3500 m) above sea level. The effects are similar to those at 10,000 feet. Water boils at 190°F (87°C) at this height.

Persons ascending above these heights must be acclimatized. In addition, climbers above this altitude should carry oxygen supplies with them—the available oxygen in the air is insufficient for normal activity without damage to the body and the brain. (See the "Hypoxia" entry on page 299.)

At just above 20,000 feet, the altitude of the plateau beyond the Miskatonic Mountains, the air pressure has declined to 13" of mercury (6.3 psi), or 43% of sea level standard (29.9" Hg, or 14.7 psi). Water boils at about 175°F (79°C). The reduced pressure itself is only an annoyance at this altitude; however, the low partial pressure of oxygen is a threat to human health. The oxygen content remains constant at 21% of the total atmospheric pressure, thus 2.7" of mercury (1.3 psi). Unfortunately, the partial pressure of water vapor in the lungs remains constant at 1.85" Hg (0.9 psi), and carbon dioxide partial pressure in the lungs at this altitude is 1.4" Hg (0.7 psi); the oxygen being breathed from the free air is only 20% of the remaining pressure.

Human beings, at least, cannot whistle at this altitude due to the low air density.

A person exposed to the thin air of the plateau without additional oxygen quickly (within CON minutes) exhibits the symptoms of hypoxia.

Antarctic Flora and Fauna

By far the majority of Antarctica's plants and animals live in the sea off her coasts. Although the southernmost continent has some of the world's worst weather, the surrounding waters teem with life.

Inland, no natural animals will be seen, other than what the expedition takes with them. There are occasional wingless midges and mites that live on the ice, but characters will have to make an intensive effort to find them.

Students of Antarctic plant life will be very quickly disappointed. There is little plant life on the Antarctic continent, with the exception of mosses and lichens. As far south as the Starkweather-Moore party is landing, they will likely encounter only lichens, small scraps of plant-life clinging desperately to the sea coast rocks. Unlike most places, however, the Antarctic lichens can be red, orange, or even yellow on sea-battered rocks. Inland, there will be no sightings of plant life on the ice, unless the explorers bring some themselves.

Penguins

Most famous of all Antarctica's sea life are the penguins. Unique to the Southern Hemisphere, these flightless birds are found in several different species all along the coasts and islands of Antarctica, as well as at points in Australia, New Zealand, South America, Africa, and associated islands. Penguin species on Antarctica range from the small (28 inch tall) Adelie to the larger (39 inch) emperor penguin.

As a rule, penguins are uncomfortable and awkward on land, but they are consummate swimmers, swooping through the freezing ocean waters like agile sparrows, and attaining speeds of six to nine miles per hour. Penguins are actually able to hurtle themselves out of the water onto ice floes, a feat which enables them to escape their primary predator, the leopard seal.

While on the coast of the Ross Sea, the Starkweather-Moore Expedition is most likely to find emperor and gentoo penguins.

Emperors are the largest of the penguins, averaging three inches over three feet, weighing in at 66 pounds. They have a black cap and blue-gray back and neck, and a lemon-yellow belly, with dots of brilliant orange marking the ears. The gentoo penguin is a smaller bird, only two and a half feet tall, and weighs approximately 13 pounds.

The gentoo is the classic penguin, with a black back and white belly, and large flippers that nearly touch the ground as it walks. Natural penguins are only seen on the Antarctic coast, and on surrounding islands. Once the player characters are inland, they probably see no natural animals at all.

Seals

Preying on the penguins of the Ross Sea are fair numbers of Ross and leopard seals. Seals are pinnipeds, and to the uninitiated, look somewhat like dogs as they swim along the surface. Investigators are likely to see leopard and Ross seals sunning themselves during the relatively warmer summer months, lying on stones or waiting for an opportune fish, but most seals will be seen in the water. Seals on land are generally lazy and inoffensive unless attacked. Seals in the water are lively and alert to their surroundings.

The Ross seal is a hefty 7.5 feet in length, and weighs over 440 pounds. This is not something that a single hunter can easily drag back to base camp. Ross seals are dark uniform gray along the back and flanks, with a silvery belly. They have small heads with large brown eyes and mouths full of needle-sharp teeth.

The leopard seal, larger than the Ross, attains a full 10 feet at maturity, and weighs in at over 770 pounds. Leopard seals come in varying shades of gray, with numerous dark spots from which the species draws its name, with long, sinuous bodies that are larger than those of the Ross seals. Young and yearling seals of either sort are very seldom seen, and neither seal is especially prized for its pelt.

A single seal has four to five inches of protective blubber insulating its internal organs. About one half of a seal's mass is in edible meat; much of the rest is blubber. Blubber is highly nutritious, and useful for a wide variety of things, but while many expedition members have come to enjoy eating the dark and suspicious-looking seal meat, few have ever developed a taste for blubber.

Whales

Aside from fish, the other animals Antarctic adventurers are likely to see are whales. Due to recent whaling efforts, the tremendous blue whale is seldom seen in the Antarctic anymore, although the smaller fin, sei, minke, southern bottlenose, and killer whales may be sighted from ship decks. The most likely sighting will be that of a pack of orcas—killer whales—prowling for seals, penguins, or larger prey. A pod of these black and white sea wolves is a fearsome sight indeed. Killers are well known in the 1930s for their fierce and predatory habits. (*Free Willy* will not be produced for nearly sixty years!) Many accounts tell of pods of killers chasing ships and even overturning small boats in calm waters. Investigators may be comforted, however, by the fact that there is not a single record of a human actually being attacked by a killer whale.

Antarctic Advice and Relevant Facts

Here are some polar do's and don'ts. If James Starkweather had followed these, he might have encountered a different fate.

- When leaving camp, by any means, make sure you bring your survival gear (clothing, sleeping bag, 3–10 days of rations, etc.).
- Never travel alone: have at least two persons in a party, and in crevasse country rope at least three together. The use of bamboo poles or other objects to probe the snow ahead should be considered mandatory.
- A competent, experienced navigator is a must.
- Perspiration is dangerous: keep clothes dry, and change socks twice daily.
- Do not touch cold metal with bare hands. If you should stick a hand to cold metal, urinate on the metal to warm it and save your skin. If you stick both hands, you'd better have a friend along.
- Depots should be liberally flagged. It is recommended that all depots and other sites should be bracketed by flags for at least a quarter of a mile on either side.
- Be careful handling liquids other than water—such as gasoline, kerosene, or alcohol. Contact at low temperatures can induce immediate frostbite.
- Whether or not you eat regularly, be sure to drink at least two quarts of water per day, and not more than one third of this as coffee or tea.
- Sea and shelf ice can break up in minutes, and glacial fronts frequently drop large pieces of ice. Avoid these features. *Never* camp on sea ice.
- Falls into polar seas are hazardous—only 15 minutes of immersion in freezing temperature water causes death. A person in freezing water can swim 100 to 200 yards; clothing should be kept on while swimming. Once out of the water, if help or shelter is unavailable, keep on your feet and keep moving.
- On the trail, split up items of essential equipment between vehicles, sleds, and individual packs, so that loss of one vehicle or man will not endanger the party. For small parties with only one radio or other survival essential, place those treasures on the last vehicle, sled, or man.
- Fire in camps is highly dangerous, as almost no water is available, and wood can dry rapidly in the low polar humidity.

Temperature Effects

As the temperature drops, various weird and wonderful things start to happen!

- –25°F (–32°C): photographic film becomes brittle.
- –50°F (–45°C): electric torches cease to function as the chemical batteries fail. (Batteries last a long time in the intense cold, but are often unusable until warmed.)
- –55°F (–48°C): kerosene freezes; electric cable insulation becomes brittle.
- –60°F (–51°C): breath freezes; non-freezing ink freezes.

- –70°F (–57°C): even well designed machinery starts to fail (see below). Inventive keepers might have the clocks stop when this happens, just to unnerve the players.

Machinery Malfunctions

Machinery can malfunction in one of two ways. Firstly, lubricants or water vapor can freeze inside a mechanism, locking it shut. This is a particular problem when an item is taken from a relatively warm room (a tent, or the underground areas of the City) out into the cold. The traditional way around this is to leave such mechanisms next to the stove for several hours before taking them outside. This does imply that equipment that is required to work in the cold must stay there. Charging outside with that pistol is a sure fire way to ensure it does not work when required. Any items abused in this way should be assumed not to work in the cold.

Secondly, different materials expand or contract differently as the temperature changes. Something which works smoothly at room temperature can jam or break in the freezing cold. The only solution for this is to get things specially made, and to use equipment that is as simple as possible. For game purposes, presume that most expedition equipment is designed for the cold. Increase the malfunction chances of simple firearms (revolvers, bolt action rifles, and pump shotguns) by 5%, and other firearms by 10%. A **DEX x5 roll** for trying to reload while wearing very thick gloves would also be reasonable.

The following additional tips should also be kept in mind.

- Explorers should remove oil from equipment such as cameras, and if a camera lens is breathed on, the camera has to be warmed up thoroughly before being useful again.
- Photographic developing, which uses water, is very time-consuming. Bathing is impossible without major resources and shelter.
- Any firearm will need to be warmed up inside clothing (or a tent or a heated airplane cabin) for 15–20 minutes, or it will likely jam; usually only pistols can be carried under clothing, of course. After being exposed to cold air for a period of time which would cause first degree frostbite, the weapon must be warmed up again.
- Aircraft engines which have cooled down need 45 minutes to an hour of warming with a hooded fire source (or lots of blowtorches) before they will start at temperatures below 25°F.
- Ice formation in oxygen breathing apparatus is a real danger—economizers, if not used carefully, can pack up with frozen moisture from the exhaled breath.

Aircraft Maintenance

Operating aircraft in the unusual conditions of the Antarctic is risky, but the risks can be minimized with diligence and proper precautions. A proper pre-flight check and basic maintenance should be performed before each flight to ensure that all systems are working correctly.

The two important features of Antarctic weather which most affect flyers are the extreme cold and the continual presence of fine dry snow. The cold does more than cause everything to freeze; engines and other parts expand and contract a great deal due to the extreme changes in temperature, and this can cause fatigue in metal and other rigid parts. The snow gets into everything, even airplane interiors, and can build up unexpectedly or damage delicate devices. Aircraft engineers should carry plenty of spare parts, and replace components whenever there is a hint of trouble.

In this adventure, the extreme altitude of many flights presents an additional strain on aircraft engines and control systems. The thin dry air greatly increases the need for regular lubrication, and requires the motors to work harder with less of a cooling airflow. Any flight requiring oxygen for the crew (*i.e.*, above 18,000 feet) should also be considered an additional risk to the aircraft systems. Fuel efficiency drops greatly as well on such flights; even if no mishaps occur, aircraft flying long distances at extreme heights receive, at best, 75% of their rated fuel range.

Check Before You Fly

Preflight checks and maintenance can be performed by anyone with Pilot or Mechanical Repair skill of 25% or better. At a minimum, a normal preflight check in the Antarctic should take 30 to 45 minutes and include the following steps:

- Heat the fuel lines and engines so that fuel flows freely.
- Check free motion and proper tension of all control cables to the wings and tail.
- Ensure no unwanted buildup of snow and ice on the hull, wings, tail, or inside the fuselage.
- Check to make sure all flaps move correctly.
- Lubricate the engines and important moving parts.

Other components, such as interior systems, may be checked as desired.

Aëroplane Starting

Starting a motor in the Antarctic is a non-trivial exercise. Any engine must be drained of all oil when not in use (lest it freeze). With proper precautions, an engine will stay warm for perhaps two hours before this becomes a problem. Starting an engine consists of warming the motor for approximately an hour with a kerosene blowtorch blowing hot air into a canvas hood completely covering the engine. When the engine is sufficiently warm, pre-warmed oil is poured into the engine, and the engine can be started. The hazards inherent in this process are obvious.

Chances of Failure

Base chance of failure on any flight	5%
Added chance, each time preflight maintenance is not performed	+ 5%
Added chance, each extended flight above 18,000 feet	+ 5%
Added chance, due to condition of aircraft or unusual situations	varies

Failures in flight can occur in any system. There are also failures that have nothing to do with aircraft systems but are due to the special conditions of the Antarctic. The keeper may roll randomly or select items from the list below as desired to fit the scene.

Aircraft Systems Malfunctions

D10	*result*
1:	***Engines:*** ignition failures, cracked engine blocks, frozen drive shafts, lack of lubrication, etc.
2-3:	***Control wires:*** too loose, too tight, missing, broken, frozen in place, etc.
4-5:	***Fuel Systems:*** clogged or broken fuel lines, leaky tanks, broken pumps, etc.
6:	***Landing Gear or Skids:*** missing, loose or broken wheel, loose or missing skis, missing tail skid or wheel, fractured undercarriage, loose or broken guy wires, etc.
7:	***Fuselage:*** warped or broken frame, snow in interior areas, windows popping out or losing seal, doors that won't close or won't open, etc.
8-9:	***Wings/Tail:*** jammed rudder or ailerons (in any position), broken or missing same, icy buildup on surface, etc.
0:	***Interior Systems:*** heaters, oxygen, internal electrical, pilot instruments, radio, etc.

Climbing the Miskatonics

Whether from an aircraft accident or because of unquenchable curiosity, the investigators may find themselves on foot in the Miskatonic Mountains (or the Western Range). The first part of this information discussing the general terrain of such mountains; a few more paragraphs discuss the difficulties of climbs, the usefulness of rope, and the consequences of falls.

For climbers, such ranges have three regions—the foothills, the upper slopes, and the high spires.

The Foothills

The foothills of the Miskatonics describe a band of mountains a hundred miles wide on the eastern side of the range. Peaks here rise as high as 16,000 feet above sea level. The Miskatonic foothills are true mountains in their own right, being composed for the most part of the same Pre-Cambrian slate and other sedimentary strata as the parent range.

These mountains are very old and worn by time and weather. Unless the explorers are determined to climb the highest peaks, steepness of the slopes should not be a problem for them. There are few climbs through the foothills more strenuous than a Class 2 (see further below for classes). Glaciation, however, is extensive in the lower regions. In addition, many apparently navigable slopes are made up of loose talus and broken rock crumbled from higher mountainsides, covered by snow and ice. Such surfaces are extremely dangerous, and may collapse into deadly landslides at any time from the disturbance of the investigators' passage.

At one time, geologic ages ago, the elder things built broad smooth avenues through the foothills, providing easy travel from the high passes down to the polar plateau. Some of these remain. Thought buried now under ice and fallen rock, they are still evident from the air and easier to traverse that the surrounding terrain.

The Upper Slopes

The upper slopes of the Miskatonics rise, like the Himalayas, in a colossal arc across the continent. Peaks are arrayed as high as 25,000 feet. Most of the upper slopes are steeply angled bare rock. Snow and ice build up only in protected pockets; strong gusting winds upwards of 100 miles per hour are not uncommon.

The greatest dangers for climbers here are crumbling footing, falling rock, and unexpected winds. Climbers should remain roped together at all times; see the rules for slopes and ropes below. Daily climbs across the upper slopes should be considered Class 2 to Class 4. Above 18,000 feet, oxygen is required for safe travel. If oxygen tanks and masks are not available, refer to the article on hypoxia on page 162 for the effects of deprivation.

Here and there in the high slopes, explorers may find ancient remnants of the constructions of the elder things. Almost all of these are above 20,000 feet, and are examples of the cave mouths and "cuboid excrescences" described by Lake and Dyer.

The High Spires

The high spires make up the central spine of the range, thrusting from 22,000 feet to more than 30,000 feet above the sea. These impossible peaks are all but impassibly steep on their near-vertical surfaces—however, they are riddled with eons-old tunnels, caves, and passages. The Miskatonic's high spires are not really natural mountains at all, but artificial constructions, built up by the elder things atop the true mountains over millions of years, to house their alien temples and the mechanisms which they used to enrich the thin air of the high plateau.

Exploration of the internal caves and tunnels of the high spires should be treated in much the same way as the City proper. No useful machinery of any sort remains. The bands of murals should be quite illuminating. Most of the construction in the high spires comes from the Archaic period; popular themes are the construction of the God Trap, the catastrophe that resulted from the capture of the Unknown God, and the subsequent struggle to keep the high plateau habitable as it slowly pushed up into the stratosphere.

The greatest dangers to explorers on the outside of the high spires, including in Dyer's Pass, are the lack of oxygen, the near-vertical slopes, the deadly drag of the hurricane winds, and the terrible mind-shattering *noise* made by the ancient gales as they flute and shrill through the endless tunnels and caves. All external climbs on the spires should be considered Class 3 or higher.

For those traveling inside the spires themselves, the steepness of the slopes are not an issue, as ramps and shafts are frequent; however, the wind is much more dangerous, and the howling whine of its passage is, at times, strong enough to deafen or even kill.

Slopes and Ropes

Climbers in the mountains should always remember to travel in pairs at least. Ropes, while recommended for all climbs, are not without danger in the Antarctic. The best available climbing ropes in 1933 are made of hemp, are both stiff and heavy, and freeze into near-uselessness at subzero temperatures. It is impractical for a climber to carry more than about 100 feet of man-supporting rope in this period.

Ice axes and crampons are in use for Antarctic explorers, and pitons are available but do not see wide service.

Class Ratings of Climbs

The rating of a climb is based on a number of factors—the steepness and irregularity of the slope, the friability of the stone, the presence of overhangs, high winds, and other considerations.

The route up the Matterhorn is (we believe) a Class 3 climb. Most of the roads to the peak of Mount Everest are between Class 4 and Class 5.

The keeper should require inexperienced climbers to make two **Climb rolls** per day, multiplied by the Class rating of the slope. A typical Class 1 foothill climb, therefore, requires two successful rolls for safe passage each day, while a Class 3 climb requires six.

A character with Climb 60% or higher is considered an experienced technical climber; he or she needs only one **Climb roll** per day, multiplied by the Class rating of the slope.

Falling

Explorers with failing **Climb rolls** have slipped and possibly fallen. Climbers who are roped together each receive a bonus 10 percentile Climb skill increase. If an explorer's player rolls over his/her resident skill, but under the modified chance, the explorer has been caught short of a fall by his/her mountainside companions. Explorers who fail the modified roll have fallen.

Falling explorers tumble down the mountainside 1D20 feet per Class level of the climb. Bruising damage applies when falling: falling characters take (1D6-2) points of damage per 10 feet of fall. If the falling character is roped to another, the maximum distance of the fall is the length of the rope between them; however, the second individual must also receive a successful **Climb roll** or be pulled along.

If the **Climb roll** is fumbled, the climber suffers a spectacular misfortune, most likely plummeting to his or her death in some tragic and colorful way. Pitons snap or dislodge, ropes break, ledges crumble.

History of Antarctic Exploration

Antarctica is the only continent without any sort of indigenous human population. Because of this, and because Antarctica has never offered any historically lucrative trade, its exploration has remained the domain of pure science rather than that of better-funded commercial explorers. Most of the expeditions in the Age of Exploration involved a search for a faster way to India, bringing wealth to the company that discovered such a route. They were not interested in dangerous and inhospitable terrain.

This, combined with the deadly bulwark of pack ice that infests the water surrounding the continent, has made exploration of the southernmost continent very slow indeed. A single iceberg sank the mighty, steel-hulled *Titanic;* how much more frightening must it be to see dozens of icebergs from the deck of a one hundred and sixty ton ship made entirely of wood?

Nevertheless, there have been legends of a great southern continent somewhere south of the Horn, sometimes described as a lush tropical Eden, since the fifteenth century.

Exploring the Southern Seas

The earliest of these tales of the far south were essentially cartographer's fancies. The first known purposeful penetration into the southern seas in search of the mythic land was made by Yves Joseph Kerguelen-Tremarec of France, in 1771. He found what he believed to be a part of a continent, but his discovery was in fact an island more than a thousand miles north of Antarctica proper. Kerguelen-Tremarec never even reached the Antarctic Circle (66.5 degrees south).

In January of 1773, British explorer James Cook penetrated the Circle in two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*. Cook quickly encountered ice, and could not continue further south, but was able to demonstrate that there was no land connection between New Zealand and Tierra del Fuego as had been previously supposed. His discovery of the South Georgia islands soon brought sealers from both England and America. N. B. Palmer, an American sealer, discovered the mountainous Palmer Archipelago. Later, George Powell, a British sealer also based on South Georgia, surveyed the South Orkney Islands.

In 1819, Russian Emperor Alexander I sent an expedition commanded by Fabian von Bellinghausen to the South. Bellinghausen discovered the first land within the Antarctic Circle, Peter I Island and Alexander Island. Like Cook, Bellinghausen circumnavigated the Antarctic, but he was able to do so at a more southerly latitude. Though he did not know it, Bellinghausen was probably the first to look upon the Antarctic continent.

Following Bellinghausen's voyage, several attempts were made by the British to find suitable whaling or sealing territories. These were funded by the famous Enderby and Sons of London. In 1823 James Weddell, in the brig *Jane* and the cutter *Beaufoy*, sailed into the Weddell Sea and achieved the most southerly position of any human to that point: 74 degrees south. In 1830 John Briscoe, also funded by Enderby, spent four weeks south of the Antarctic Circle. He saw, but was unable to reach, Enderby Land, a section of the Antarctic coast on the Indian Ocean.

In 1835, spurred by the importance of obtaining magnetic observations in the far south, France, England, and the United States began plans for separate expeditions to the Antarctic. The French equipped the *Astrolabe* and the *Zelee* under James Dumont d'Urville, while in 1836, the United States authorized Lieutenant Charles Wilkes to follow Weddell's route to the south. With a grand fleet of five ships, Wilkes encountered terrible weather and frequent fogs. Although land was sighted, none of the crews were able to set foot ashore. Wilkes' Land is now the name of a large section of Antarctica, also bordering the Indian Ocean.

The Ross Expedition

The most famous of the Antarctic expeditions in the 1830's was England's Ross expedition, mounted in 1839. It consisted of two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror,* which were designed specifically for Antarctic exploration. (For the strange fate of these two vessels while they served the lost Franklin Expedition, see Pagan Publishing's scenario *Walker in the Wastes.*) With strengthened hulls to withstand the ice, Ross intended to sail all the way to the magnetic pole. He encountered pack ice and slowly forced his way through it for five days when he reached open water. Sailing farther south, he sighted a great chain of mountains along what is now known as Victoria Land.

Ross landed on Possession Island and patriotically claimed the mainland (on which he could not land) in the name of Queen Victoria. Continuing southward, he saw and named Mt. Melbourne for the prime minister, and two volcanoes, Mt. Erebus and Mt. Terror. Ross also discovered the great ice shelf that now bears his name, a tremendous wall of ice rising from the water to a height of over 200 feet. Ross followed this spectacular natural formation for over two hundred and fifty miles, and never saw a gap or break through which he could sail.

Although Ross searched for a winter port, as he desired to spend the winter in Antarctica, the coastline of Queen Victoria Land was ice-locked and inaccessible. Ross' voyage is considered one of the most significant and remarkable voyages in all of Antarctic exploration.

The Victorian Age

Despite Ross' phenomenal discoveries, only one brief attempt was made to penetrate Antarctic waters in the thirty years that followed. However, in 1874, a steamship—H.M.S. *Challenger*—broke through the Antarctic Circle and took sea bed dredgings which demonstrated a shoaling of the ocean towards the ice, indicating proximity to a continent.

The next ships to penetrate into the Antarctic were mostly whalers, beginning with Captain Larsen's *Jason* in 1892, nearly twenty years after the *Challenger.* These ships were primarily on missions to find new whaling grounds; in 1894 the famous whaler Sven Foyn sent his ship the *Antarctic* to test the whaling off the coast of Victoria Land. On Jan 23, 1894, a small party landed on the mainland of Antarctica for the first time, near Cape Adare.

In 1895, Sir Clements Markham, president of the British Royal Geographical Society and of the International Geographic Congress, championed the cause of Antarctic exploration. At his urging many European nations began once again to show an interest in the southernmost continent. Responding to the call, Captain Adrien de Gerlache organized and led an expedition from Belgium. Gerlache's *Belgica* had the misfortune to get frozen into the ice, and drifted for more than a year. Although one crew member died, the scientific data that came from the *Belgica* expedition was unique. *Belgica* was one of the first Antarctic expeditions to have its results published formally.

The first expedition to winter over in Antarctica was that of Borchgrevink, who left England in 1898, and remained south for all of 1899. Although the party lost its biologist and was unable to make sled journeys to the south, Borchgrevink did prove that it was possible to withstand the intense southern winter, and noted that the Ross Barrier ended significantly further south than it had when Ross first discovered it in 1842.

Sir Clements Markham himself organized a British voyage in 1901. The *Discovery* was built especially for Antarctic exploration. Commander Scott led this mission, accompanied by Lieutenant Shackleton. The *Discovery* party was to spend a winter on the ice, and was the first such exploratory team to work from a settled base. Despite many hardships, including scurvy, the death of their sled dogs, and breakdown by Shackleton who had to be sent home on a relief ship, much was discovered about Antarctic conditions and the art of surviving in them. One member of the party, named Armitage, pioneered a route to an 8,000 foot plateau west of the camp headquarters. When it became obvious that the *Discovery* would not be able to get clear of the ice, the group remained for a second long Antarctic winter. During this second winter, Scott, without any dogs, explored 300 miles west of the ship, 250 miles overland.

After the second winter, the Admiralty ordered Scott to return. Despite fears that he would have to abandon his ship, Scott and his men managed to free *Discovery* from the ice and sail her home.

A German expedition aboard the *Gauss,* under Prof. Erich von Dryglaski, was active in the south at the same time as Scott, and also spent a winter in the ice. Unlike Scott, the crew of the *Gauss* did not venture far from their ship, instead taking measurements and readings from their own decks.

Two private expeditions were also mounted in 1901. Dr. Otto Nordenskjold of Sweden led a mission aboard the *Antarctic,* penetrating far into the Weddell Sea. Like the *Gauss* and the *Discovery,* the *Antarctic* was allowed to become ice bound, and stayed the long Antarctic winter. Nordenskjold spent a second winter at a base camp on Snow Hill Island. When their ship was lost, the Argentine gunship *Uruguay,* under Captain Irizar, rescued the expedition. If the keeper wishes to mention an example of international cooperation in the Antarctic, this rescue is an admirable one.

Dr. W. S. Bruce aboard the *Scotia* took oceanographic observations in the Weddell Sea in 1903 and 1904. *Scotia* made many valuable oceanographic discoveries, and a thorough exploration of the eastern side of the sea, solving several disputed points.

The Modern Age

In 1908, Shackleton planned a fresh expedition to the south aboard the small whaler *Nimrod.* A hut was built on Ross Island, 20 miles north of Scott's 1904 winter headquarters, and the *Nimrod* sailed north for the winter. Before winter set in, the party scaled Mt. Erebus, and the next summer Shackleton made a journey to the south magnetic pole, at an altitude of over 7,000 feet. Shackleton also made a drive southward, ascending the Antarctic plateau by means of the Beardmore Glacier. In what is considered one of the greatest sled journeys ever made without supporting parties or depots, Shackleton pioneered the way to the Pole, and nearly reached it. The party's return to the base camp was made more difficult by the death of the ponies Shackleton used instead of dogs, and the trail blazing party very nearly did not return at all, but the *Nimrod* arrived in time and there were no casualties.

Scott left England for Antarctica again in 1910 in the *Terra Nova* with a carefully selected crew and a large scientific staff. Upon arriving in the Ross Sea, Scott's crew was amazed to find an Arctic exploration team aboard the *Fram,* commanded by Captain Roald Amundsen. This expedition, formed to explore the northern ice cap, had changed its plans after setting sail. Instead of heading north it steamed from Madeira to the Ross Sea without making radio contact at a single port.

Amundsen's primary goal was to reach the South Pole overland. He made his way up the polar plateau by way of the Axel Heiberg glacier, and reached the South Pole on December 14, 1911. The return journey took 38 days, and they returned to their base with 12 dogs, and an ample supply of food. Amundsen made no pretense of serious scientific work thereafter.

Scott, meanwhile, launched no less than four parties toward the Pole—one utilizing motor-sleds, another ponies, a third and fourth using dogs to pull heavy loads. Three failed to achieve their goals but, despite some narrow escapes, returned to safety. The fourth, led by Scott himself, reached the Pole only to discover a tent the Amundsen party had left there. Bitterly disappointed that he was not the first, Scott turned back. His return journey was made difficult by terrible weather, and disaster heaped upon disaster. One by one Scott's companions succumbed to the harsh environment. The fuel oil at the last depot proved insufficient, and after a truly heroic push of ten miles, Scott, Wilson, and Bowers froze to death in their tent. Their bodies were not discovered until Nov. 12, 1912.

Dr. Douglas Mawson landed an Australian party from the *Aurora,* in December 1911, and established a radio antenna on the Adelie Coast directly south of Australia. A splinter group, under Frank Wild, made some of the best meteorological and climatic observations to date. Mawson himself led one of several

explorations of the coastline of Queen Mary Land, ranging more than 300 miles from his base camp. On the return trip, Mawson lost B. Ninnis and X. Mertz, leaving Mawson alone 100 miles from his base with only his own back on which to carry supplies. In a feat of inhuman endurance, Mawson made it to his headquarters, discovering a rescue party waiting for him.

Shackleton, not a man to be kept from exploration for long, led the Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition of 1914, intending to cross the continent from the Weddell Sea to the Ross Sea, by way of the Pole. He was not fortunate in this venture. His vessel the *Endurance* found no place to land and was trapped in the ice pack for several months. The crew had to abandon ship when *Endurance* was crushed by ice on October 27, 1915. The 28 men of the expedition camped on an ice-floe until April, 1916, when it broke up, then took their three small boats and reached Elephant Island. Shackleton, with five men, departed the island, and succeeded in reaching South Georgia, 750 miles distant, in a 22-foot boat. He was able to retrieve his entire expedition crew with the help of the Chilean trawler *Yelcho* the following August. A second section of the party, sent to the Ross Sea side of the continent aboard the *Aurora* to lay in supply depots, drifted with the ice for 315 days, losing Captain Macintosh and two others.

Shackleton returned to the Antarctic in 1921, but died on South Georgia on Jan 5, 1922, of a heart attack. Frank Wild was able to complete the majority of Shackleton's mission objectives, and made important soundings in the little-known Enderby quadrant of the coast.

In the summer of 1928, two expeditions with airplanes came to the ice. Commander Richard Byrd planned to build a base due south of New Zealand. His goals were to discover the extent of the great mountain ranges which border the Ross sea, and to reach the South Pole. Byrd set out from his base, Little America, in his Ford tri-motor plane, making a round trip to the South Pole and back in just under 19 hours. In the same season Sir Hubert Wilkins brought his airplane to the Antarctic continent. He flew 3,000 miles to the east over parts of the continent previously unseen.

Byrd's second expedition, from 1933-35, extends his explorations over Marie Byrd Land, east of the Ross Sea. He arrives in his two ships shortly after the departure of the Starkweather-

Appendix 3: Deep Background

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The Elder Things and the Elder Pharos

This appendix takes a look at the history of the City of the Elder Things, from the creation of the Elder Pharos and the God Trap, through the capture of the Unknown God, down to the last desperate efforts to repair the now-failing Construct and keep the god from getting free.

The Elder Things

The elder things are not native to this planet, but have lived here continuously for at least a billion years. They are said to have created all life on Earth during their earliest residency. The race has changed form only a little in all that time, with the present-day things somewhat smaller and less sophisticated than their ancient ancestors.

The elder things are fully described in Dyer's manuscript. Additional information and a sketch can be found in the *Call Of Cthulhu* rule book. A typical thing weighs between three hundred and five hundred pounds and stands nearly eight feet in height when on the ground.

Elder things are much stronger than human beings, and are capable of carrying a full-grown man aloft for great distances. Although the creatures are no longer capable of traveling unaided through space, they can fly in all but the thinnest air at speeds of up to sixty miles per hour, and swim through the ocean depths at twenty knots or more. They are at ease in a wider range of temperatures than humans, but extreme cold is uncomfortable and potentially deadly. The things cannot live unprotected for long in subzero weather, and swimming in water at or near freezing is as impossible for them as it is for us.

Elder thing speech is a rhythmic liquid whistling, high and discordant, with several notes shrilled at once in complex alien discords. It cannot be learned by humans, as much of the content is voiced in the ultrasonic range above normal hearing. A primitive debased form of the things' speech is used by their onetime slaves, the shoggoths.

Elder things are very long-lived, and tend to take the long view whenever possible. Their society and art are quite static, evolving substantially only over geologic ages. Their understanding of the laws of nature and the universe is extremely advanced, but they rarely build complex machines, preferring to use simple tools and living "devices" where possible.

ELDER THINGS, Primordial City Builders

STR	4D6 + 24
CON	3D6 + 12
SIZ	8D6
INT	1D6 + 12
POW	3D6
DEX	3D6 + 6
Move	8/9 swimming/10 flying
HP	25-26

Damage Bonus: Averages + 3D6.

Weapons: Tentacle 40%, damage 1/2 DB in constriction

Armor: 7 point skin.

Spells: Each has **INT x3** chance to know 1D4 appropriate spells.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6.

Elder Thing Writing

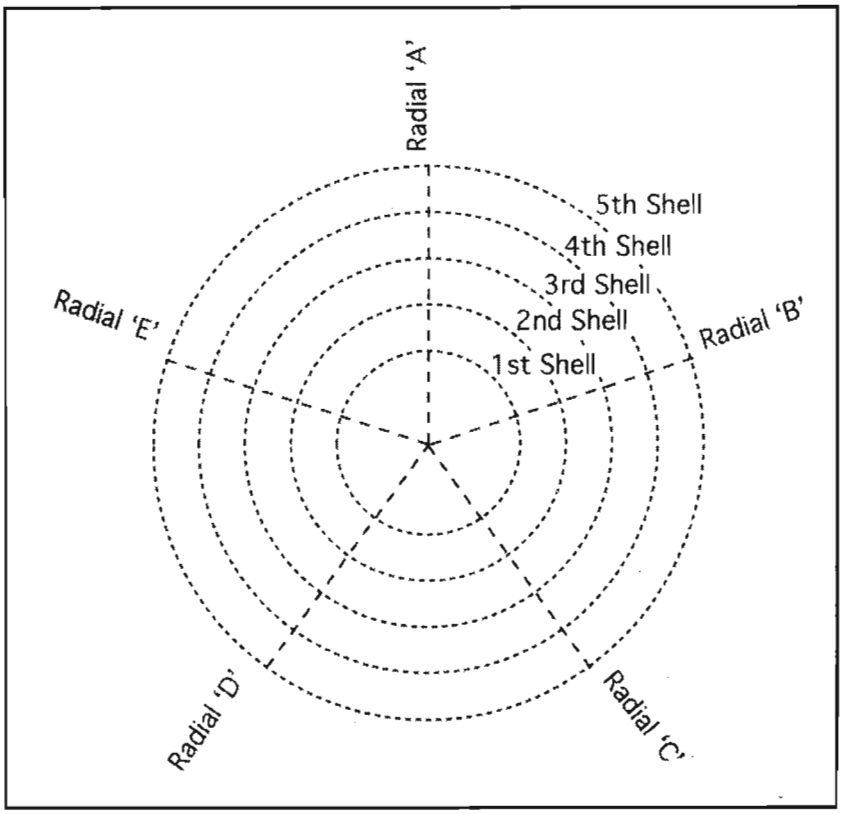
The writing of the elder things is a masterpiece of simplicity and clarity, and is intimately connected to their speech. Each symbol is a pattern of from one to five dots arranged in distorted pentacles about an empty center, and represents a particular whistling chord as it might be produced by the things' five breathing orifices. The presence or absence of each of the five dots, and their relative distance from the center point, determine precisely which chord is represented. There are more than sixty thousand symbols in the things' "alphabet."

This simplicity of the form is bought at the cost of machine-like precision. In their writing, as in their speech, elder things are extremely accurate. Each of the five tones used in their speech is assigned a range that is different from the other four; the permissible combinations of sound clash, rather than harmonize, to minimize the possibility of confusion.

Combinations of one or two symbols exist for all the concepts in the things' language, and still a great many remain unused. There are more than four billion possible "words" that can be produced using two-symbol combinations alone. While longer "words" exist in the language, they are used solely as art or in religious mathematics, or to reproduce specific sounds, and will rarely be encountered preserved in stone.

Fortunately for human scholars, most of the two-symbol concepts are directly derived from a simpler form represented by a single glyph. A human who recognized a few of the basic glyph

Figure A3.1: Elder Cipher Template



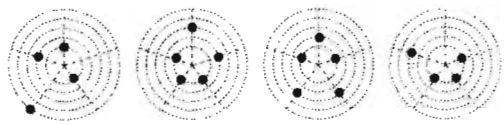
forms could make a learned guess from context at what a more complex concept might conceivably be; for instance, the words for most spherical objects might contain the glyph for "sphere."

Human explorers studying the frequent wall murals in the Antarctic City may learn to associate certain of the basal glyphs with the nearby illustrations, and this is a useful tool. Some skill in Elder Cipher, described elsewhere in this book, may be acquired in this way. The keeper should note, however, that misinterpretations are likely; explorers who learned their glyphs from murals showing bowls of oranges might think that the "sphere" glyph actually meant "fruit," resulting in possible confusion elsewhere.

Creating Dot Glyphs

Elder thing dot glyphs have from one to five dots. These are arrayed in a pentagonal matrix, with each of the five dots having five possible positions arrayed outward from the center. See Figure A3.1 on page 311 for an illustration of the matrix.

Figure A3.2: Sample Elder Cipher Text



Translation: "This is a classroom."
- **location/present**
- **used space/dedicated to sole purpose**
- **impartation/growth of knowledge**
- **gathering to share**

The most basic symbols are those which use only the innermost five positions. The elder things' written word for "cosmos," for example, is a simple pentacle with all five dots in the innermost places. A single dot alone represents an individual elder thing; it may be used to signify the race, or more commonly to represent the self.

When more complex glyphs are formed, containing points in the outer positions, the only rule is that at least two of the dots must be present in the inner shell, to indicate scale. The outer layers being relatively quite far from the center, considerable variation in the shape of the glyphs is possible.

Elder thing glyphs each have five possible meanings, depending upon the angle from which they are viewed. Ordinarily the text is written in horizontal bands, providing a known orientation to the viewer, and read from right to left. Occasionally, however, explorers might discover an alternate arrangement inscribed on a floor or ceiling. In this form, which may be thought of as a type of poetry, glyphs are arranged in five-sided arrays which can be read from any side. By changing the angle of the observer, the meaning of each glyph changes, and so does the meaning of the group. The pentagon thus contains five different meaningful phrases, which taken together as a whole, are meaningful as well.

Figures A3.2 and A3.3 are examples of the elder things' linear text; Figure A3.4 on page 315 shows a pentagonal haiku form.

The City of the Elder Things

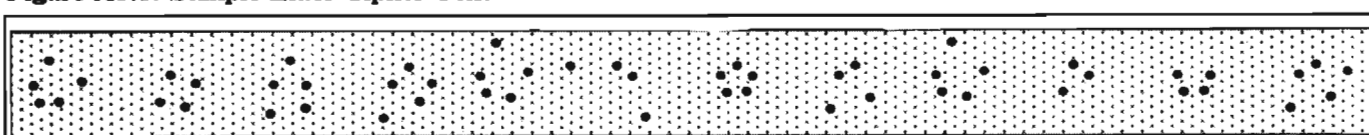
The City discovered by the Miskatonic Expedition of 1930 is more than a hundred million years old. It lies between the Miskatonic Mountains and an even taller Western Range, but is nowhere near the South Pole. It was built by the elder things, and at one time was the largest city in their terrestrial domains.

About 150 million years ago, according to the *Call of Cthulhu* rule book, "The largest elder thing city in the Antarctic was destroyed by the same earthquake that gave rise to the Mountains of Madness. After the cataclysm the elder things laid the foundations of a new city, the last surface structures they built." This earthquake was not an accident; it was caused by the arrival of an outside being, perhaps an unknown Outer God. The existing City was largely wrecked, and the new construction is more fortresslike and industrial: a redoubt, not a place of life and culture.

Following the cataclysm that began the raising of the high plateau, the elder things realized that the ancient tableland would soon become uninhabitable by the local plants and animals because of the altitude. To preserve it, they continued their massive efforts of construction, artificially building up the highest peaks around the high plateau basin and erecting gigantic "pumping stations" there. These stations pumped air into the basin, artificially enriching and thickening the atmosphere there so the plants and wildlife could continue to thrive far above the tree line. Professor Dyer, reading elder thing murals, refers to these stations as "temples," but he is only partially correct. The pumping stations were the final works abandoned when the Sunken Sea was colonized.

The members of the Miskatonic Expedition awakened a handful of elder things at Lake's Camp in 1931. These have returned to the City, and for three years have been quite busy. Traces of their activity are everywhere for the investigators to find. The true challenge will be to decipher and interpret these traces correctly, so as to help save the world, rather than bring it to an end.

Figure A3.3: Sample Elder Cipher Text



Translation: "Warning: This unit anchors the Great Lure singularity. It contains lethal energies."
- **warning of potential for danger**
- **object/present**
- **to bind/hold captive/motionless**
- **great spirit/volatile/energy + attraction/dominance/command**
- **entire universe + simplify/reduce/minimize**
- **great spirit/volatile/energy + overwhelming danger/force**
- **dissolution/permanent damage**
- **proceeding inevitably from a cause**
- **inappropriate contact/behavior**

The Elder Pharos and the God Trap

The elder things living on Earth ages ago were wielders of mighty and unknown forces. Though they were largely a peaceful people, they were not allowed to remain at peace; their history as drawn on the walls of the City is a tale of countless wars against successive waves of invaders. They had a need for great weapons, and great sources of power, because their foes were mighty ones.

The City in Antarctica was the birthplace of one such device.

The elder things were knowledgeable about the strange paths and dimensions outside of our world. They knew, from long experience, of the things that lurked beyond the veil. Drawing upon a billion years' experience with strange and unknown energies, they devised a way to channel those earthly forces that are most in tune with those outside. They twisted and formed those primordial vital essences of our world, shaping them into the Great Lure. When those outside came forth in response to the Lure's siren call they were trapped by the elder things.

The Great Lure caught those beings in a mechanism that is vastly beyond anything we know. Like a black hole, the God Trap hangs in a place where every semblance of dimension or change has been leached away. The core of the singularity has an effective temperature far below zero degrees Kelvin. No motion is possible; within the event horizon of the Cold Hole, all material processes simply cease. Time itself is slowed to a crawl.

Danforth had some glimpse of this, in his brief maddening vision while fleeing from the City. The Elder Pharos, he called it; the Great Beacon of the ancient ones. It was a lure and a snare; it called the creatures of power out of the strangely angled darkness between the universes, and it caught them in an unbreakable cage so that their struggles for freedom could be used.

The Elder Pharos was built on high barren land in the oldest part of Antarctica, two hundred miles from where the City ruins now stand. For unknown ages the Pharos called out into the dark, luring those outside close and snaring them in the Trap's inescapable grip. There is no record of the number of times the Lure was used, nor of the power of the beings that were caged for use by the elder things.

Finally, though, a being was called into the trap that was too powerful for it to fully hold.

We do not know the true nature of that great prisoner. Perhaps it is an unknown Outer God; perhaps it is another of the Great Old Ones. Whatever it is, it is trapped on the verge of entering fully into our world—and should it ever succeed we are all inescapably doomed.

The *Call Of Cthulhu* rule book states that it is only possible to destroy the *forms* of the Lovecraftian gods when they appear on Earth, and not the gods themselves, because what actually is manifested and destroyed is merely an extrusion, a shadow of the whole and not the god entire. What if one such being were to enter wholly into our universe? It would be a risky venture, since the manifestation in normal space would compress and limit the being in ways we cannot truly comprehend. Such a one, though, fully inside and active, would be a creature of unmatched power; indisputably it would be able to dispense with any other force or being which chose to challenge it. Such a thing would not be destructible by any means known to man or nature in the 1930s or today. It would indeed be absolute ruler of the earth, alone and supreme.

None of the Device's builders expected a creature of such power to be ensnared by the Lure's call.

The being was far more mighty than anything anticipated by the elder things. The battle to contain it shook the continent, tore the fabric of the City, and threatened to destroy the Pharos and the Trap before at last the being was contained. Every last resource was strained to the limit, but the Device held.

The being was not destroyed. It was trapped on the edge of entry, held in a stasis more complete than that of Great Cthulhu, who can still dream. The being in the Cold Hole has never been able to communicate with humanity or any of the terrestrial races, and therefore does not appear in the Mythos pantheon. Even now, it can scarcely be said to exist. Its only motivation, if it has one, is to *get out*. Or at least to get *warm*.

For the elder things, the being's arrival was both a victory and a disaster. Their greatest work had contained the invader, but the Pharos could not be used again. So long as the Unknown One remained within the Cold Hole the threat of its release remained. They could not set it free. They could not allow the machinery ever to shut down. The slightest weakness in the Trap would allow the being to work free in time; and its reign would be immediate and absolute.

The elder things did what they could, of course, to ensure that the Trap would stay shut. They built and rebuilt the Device, with living components that would grow and heal, feed themselves and stay in eternal repair. But the presence of the Cold Hole changed things, including the climate; eventually the elder things were forced to move and abandoned the City forever.

The God Trap in Later Ages

The Device is enormous, but most of it is unseen. The Construct at its center, where the Trap operates still, is more than thirty miles across and descends over a mile into the ground. The great thermal conduits that were built to pump away the energies of the singularity span the length of the Antarctic continent and end deep in the ocean waters beyond.

The rebuilding of the Construct was one of the last great engineering feats of the things' Mature period. Originally wrought in stone and crystal, the Device was woven through and buttressed after the capture by a complex web of living components—a jungle which grew in, and for miles around, the Tower—which were intended to support and maintain the Trap long after the original mechanisms were ground to dust by time.

As for the things themselves, they too were affected by the prisoner's ominous presence. The region around the Trap was shunned in the ages after the capture, a place not to be visited or spoken of. Eventually it was all but forgotten, a place of nightmares and tall tales from which monsters still sprang.

The Pharos continued to operate; it too could not be shut down. Entities from beyond the world continued to be lured to the ancient highlands beyond the City, but these could no longer be caught within the Trap. Most often the invaders simply left without damage; other times they stayed, and had to be destroyed or sent away by those nearby.

Millions of years passed. The continents moved, the climate changed, and once-verdant Antarctica slid into the South Polar cold. The decadent things of that latter day moved away from the plateau, into undersea cities warmed by the outflow of the Construct's thermal vents, or deep underground in the sunless sea beneath the City's plateau. They gave no thought to the Pharos or the God Trap, secure perhaps in the knowledge that both were eternal.

They were wrong.

As the weather worsened and the annual snows grew deeper the mighty Construct jungle began to die. Soon all that remained of the Construct was within its original tower; and the organic

components there were not enough to keep the whole in order if the mineral parts were destroyed.

In time an earthquake shook the plateau and broke the tower open, letting the cold within and damaging the Construct further. The God Trap began to break down, its mighty prisoner stirring and flexing for the first time in tens of millions of years.

The elder things that remained became aware of the threat but were unable to rebuild the crystalline matrix of the Construct's control core. They no longer had the knowledge or the tools for such repairs; all they could do was to patch the system with makeshift supplements made from the brains and nervous systems of complex living things, woven into the web to take the place of damaged crystal shards.

For untold tens of millennia the decadent elder things in their sea-bottom cities continued to travel to the Tower and shore up the failing machine. The task of maintaining the Trap became first routine, then later ritual, as the individuals assigned to the duty acquired priestly status. Unwilling to use their own kind where it was not necessary, they built their components from the most complex alternative, the living bodies of apes and human beings.

These repairs were not complete; the strength of the now-fragile Construct waxed and waned, allowing the Imprisoned One to stretch ever so slightly now and then—not much, but enough to bleed tiny fragments of itself through the walls of the Trap and into the world outside. The things who came to repair the device now had to see to these as well, finding them and flinging them back into the Cold Hole's vortex before they could be of use to the prisoner within.

The Present Day

This state of affairs continued into the nineteenth century. The elder things repairing the God Trap lived in a community deep beneath the surface of the Weddell Sea, in the warm waters created by the Cold Hole's remaining outflow vent. They preyed upon aboriginal humans in the region for their supply of working parts, travelling every few months through the thermal tunnels to the Construct Tower on the high plateau.

In 1829 a group of humans killed the team of things and broke the thermal conduit while escaping. Without the Cold Hole's heat the sea quickly froze over; within a decade or two it was indistinguishable from the remainder of the Antarctic ice. The growing cold of the water in the Weddell Sea made long voyages increasingly deadly for the inhabitants of the remaining underwater city. By the end of the century the elder things on the ocean bottom ventured out rarely if at all, preferring to huddle near their last few remaining sources of warmth. They no longer have any notion of what passes in the world above the ice.

Without periodic visits from the city dwellers, the God Trap began slowly to break down for the last time for want of repairs.

In 1930, three years ago, the Miskatonic Expedition fortuitously awoke a group of elder things. The survivors of the group returned to the City and, when they learned the state of things, began at once doing what they could to keep the ailing Construct alive.

The awakened elder things have had to make do with seals and penguins. The thick ice and freezing water of the Weddell Sea has prevented them from getting help from their underwater brethren. A few enigmatic half-filled shafts, already dug through the ice near the great white statue when the Falken party arrives at the site, are the only evidence of the things' unsuccessful attempts to contact their remaining kin.

The return of human beings to the plateau represents for the things a last great hope. Only with a sufficient number of human components can they expect to keep the Construct running long enough for them to have a chance at more robust repairs.

Side Effects

The operation of the device has a large effect on local weather. The Miskatonic expedition was able to easily go to the City and return in part because the Construct was malfunctioning, very close to shutting off. Efforts of the elder things to repair it since then have brought it much closer to proper function; and this has had the effect as well of establishing a more or less permanent low-pressure vortex over the City and the Construct Valley. Weather is constantly bad near the site, though in the City itself it is rather like being in the eye of a hurricane. Constant storm winds blow up and over all passes into the Valley. Taking aircraft into the City will be a difficult piloting task; not impossible, but tougher than the reports implied. Flying back out, in the lowered pressure and against headwinds at great heights, is very dangerous indeed.

The other significant effect of the God Trap is a sort of insidious stasis. The barest vestiges of the forces used to bind the Imprisoned One have, by this time, gently woven their way throughout the upper plateau. This has had the effect of helping to maintain the ruin and slow its breakdown. The web of stasis is broken, however, with the breaking of the Construct; afterwards, regardless of how well the elder things are able to repair the machine, that delicate balance has been lost and the City, the mountains, and all but the Construct itself will once again begin to decay. The Mountains of Madness will not disappear overnight; but within a few decades they will visibly slump, falling inward and succumbing to the effects of wind and weather until, hundreds or thousands of years hence, they are no more than another line of windswept crags high in the icy wastes of the Antarctic plateau.

The third effect of the God Trap's operation, the timeslip effect, is not really significant at all, but is quite noticeable to the investigators. Timeslips are fragmentary "ghosts" of images from previous moments played back without rhyme or reason. Timeslips are strongest near to the Cold Hole, and are most frequent when the device is in worst repair. The fabulous mirage witnessed by Dyer while flying to the mountains was a colossal timeslip. Most are no more than barely perceptible flickers, hints of change that are hardly even seen.

The Elder Things and the Tsalalians

Up until historically recent times, the outflow conduits from the Cold Hole warmed the deep waters off the Antarctic coast. The last of these conduits had its terminus in the Weddell Sea, beneath what is now the Filchner Ice Shelf. Heat from the conduit warmed the ocean, creating a small tropical realm far south of any natural temperate zone. Animals thrived there that grew nowhere else. So did primitive men—the Tsalalians mentioned by Pym, and others—and so did the elder things.

One undersea city, at least, survived into the modern day close by the outflow. This was the home of those decadent latter-day elder things who maintained and repaired the Construct throughout prehistory, and into recent times, ending in the 1830s. These repairs involved the periodic collection and conversion to use of a number of the local native humans—a practice which provides the reason for the peculiar cult practices and reactions alluded to in the published parts of the Pym tale.

Once the tunnel was closed this repair work stopped; the Construct continued to degenerate slowly until the cysts (Seeds) began to break free. The Prisoner's cysts have only become numerous in the last 100 years.

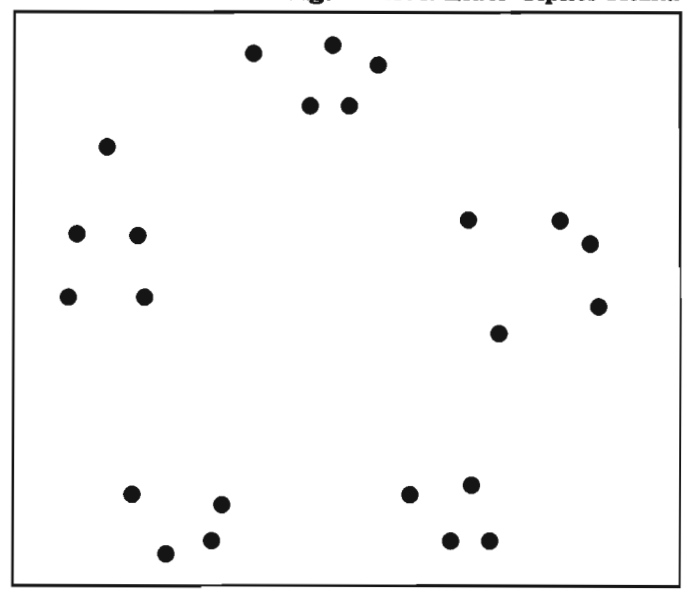
At the same time, the water ceased to be warmed by the conduit. The seas cooled, the plants and animals (and men) died away, and within a decade or two nothing but ice remained. The city of the elder things may be there still, deep in the cool dark waters at the bottom of the sea—but its inhabitants no longer roam the surface world. Their ultimate fate is left for the keeper to determine.

When the eight elder things were awakened by Lake's explorers and found their way back into their City, they found already in place evidence of previous crude repairs that were within their scope to do themselves immediately. After reading the murals on the walls of the Construct Tower, the wakened things attempted to seek out the dwellers in their undersea city, but were unable to reach them due to the closing of the thermal tunnels and the thick cold ice sheet atop the Weddell Sea.

There should be a very well-defined track or trail between the nerve extraction chamber (read shoggoth-in-a-drum) and the upper entrance to the deep tunnel (tunnel mouth "A" on the Construct Valley Keeper's Map). Any attempt to go that way will result in an encounter with the many shoggoths/animiculi that now reside in the heated caverns below. These are only kept in check by their simple tropic nature: they will not leave warmth for cold unless lured by greater heat.

See "Seeds of the Unknown God" on page 316 for more about the Seeds and the animiculi. ■

Figure A3.4: Elder Cipher Haiku



Translation of Figure A3.4

Figure A3.4 depicts a quatrain from the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, more or less:

> "The moving
> finger writes,
> and having writ,
> Moves on. Not
> all thy piety, nor
> wit,
> Shall lure it back
> to cancel half a
> line,
> Nor all thy tears
> wash out a word
> of it."

Five sets:

1) "Time, potential, and entropy merge in reality."

- time
- potential value
- entropy/physical law
- results of combining terms
- perceived reality

2) "All that might have been yields inevitably into what is."

- summation of terms derived (from)
- invalid/unacceptable paths
- inexorably/inescapably change
- simplification/yielding
- true results

3) "The moment of collapse moves inexorably forward."

- isolated instant
- action of collapse/change
- eternal ceaseless motion + containment function
- uncertainty/future

4) "No logic or faith can force fate's unwinding."

- logic/action
- faith/action
- negation of capability
- to summon/invoke
- reversal of process

5) "No sorrow, no regret will change truth into lies."

- sorrow/state
- regret/state
- negation of facthood
- proposition of transformation
- unacceptable action

Seeds of the Unknown God

The encysted Seeds of the Prisoner inside the Cold Hole are flakes of that entity. Over 120 million years or more, the Prisoner has managed to move a little, seeping out a bit through the event horizon of the singularity. This process is so slow, however, that it is only in the past few million years that any of the being has been able to win free.

The parts that do get out are abraded away as tiny cysts, or Seeds. These appear much like small matte-black opals which feel abnormally cold to the touch; they are, however, still in contact with the being, and they transmit heat back into its main mass. The more of them that break free, the larger the Seeds become, the more heat the Prisoner receives; and the sooner it wins its eventual freedom.

Once a Seed reaches a certain temperature, roughly that of the human body, it dissolves into a kind of molecular solvent that seeps slowly into glass or stone but that can be contained by metal. Solid or fluid, the material cannot be destroyed by physical means. Acids and caustics are absorbed; heat, POW, or electricity are actually preferred, as the excess is channeled back into the Prisoner. Only cold can stop it. Temperatures near or below freezing cause the fluid to solidify; the resultant substance looks a lot like frozen tar. Organic material that comes into contact with the fluid Seed dissolves into more of the same, though it is safe to handle the stiffened form.

Animiculi

When the mass of the solvent is great enough (that is, larger than a grapefruit), the nature of the mass changes; it pulls itself into an animiculum, capable of action. The pattern for the animiculum is pulled from the physical structures of whatever creature comprise most of the mass. The initial process takes about an hour, though later absorptions are much quicker. The animiculum, through its continued contact with the Prisoner, is "cold-blooded" and always has a body temperature at least 10°C colder than its environment.

An animiculum is unintelligent, capable only of fleeing pain or seeking warmth and hosts. Animiculi which are dog-sized or larger can display a certain level of cunning—for example, ambushing a potential host. An animiculum is susceptible to damage just like the models upon which it is patterned; when destroyed, it dissolves into the solvent form, and immediately begins the change to animiculum again. Pieces separated from the main body dissolve into the solvent form.

The danger presented by the Seeds is that if any of them should ever be planted in fertile soil in a tropical environment, they will literally grow into the ground, getting larger, stronger, and deeper by the hour. Such an animiculum would be nearly impossible to remove. In the space of a few years, it would grow to the point that the heat to the Prisoner would become a torrent of energy—perhaps so that more of the Prisoner would be outside the Trap than in it. Through the medium of the Seeds, the being would release itself.

Seeds or animiculi never become truly intelligent, regardless of size. They have no magical spells of their own, but resist magical attacks as would the Parent, with impossibly high POW.

Effects of the Animiculum

The larger an animiculum gets, the more the conduit between it and the Imprisoned God opens. This allows more energy to reach the god; it also allows more of the god's malign radiance to make itself felt through the animiculum. This alien aura inspires an instant and thorough revulsion in most earthly beings. It also inspires horrible dreams (if within a few feet, match the sleeper's **POW** against the animiculum's **SIZ** on the Resistance Table), and Sanity loss (see below).

In extreme cases it may induce a helpless fascination in victims that may even make it easier for the animiculum to catch more living things and grow. Persons whose POW is at least 10 points lower than the animiculum's SIZ must **roll POW x5** or less for each round they are within the creature's SIZ in feet. Failure means that the individual becomes *stupefied* by the animiculum, and will not move away or otherwise do anything but watch it with fascination and loathing.

The animiculum's only attack is to consume. The base rate of consumption damage is the same regardless of SIZ, 1D2 hit points per round. As an animiculum grows larger and more mobile, however, it becomes more capable of attaching itself to a victim and burrowing in, thus greatly increasing the efficiency of the conversion.

In game terms, the animiculum's important stats are determined by its SIZ (see the table below). An animiculum's SIZ increases by +1 for every 2 points of SIZ of living creatures or inanimate matter consumed.

At the beginning of the scenario, all pieces of the being that are on the surface are in cyst (Seed) form. Antarctica is too cold. The elder things know what the Seeds are, know that they can't be destroyed, and collect them with the intention of dropping them back into the Cold Hole before they finish the repairs to the Construct. The Seeds will not become fluid unless they are brought to near body temperature. This can

Animiculum Statistics by SIZ

SIZ	1	2-3	4-6	7-15	16-30	each additional + 10
Attach Skill	20%	40%	60%	80%	90%	90%
Consume Damage	1D2	2D3	2D4	4D4	6D4	+ 2D4
Sanity Loss	0/1D3	1/1D4	1/1D6	1D3/1D8	1D4/2D6	+ 1/+2 SAN
Hit Points	8 + 2 x SIZ	8 + 2 x SIZ	8 + 2 x SIZ	8 + 2 x SIZ	8 + 2 x SIZ	8 + 2 x SIZ
Move	2	4	8	10	10	10
STR	2	6	12	16	20	+4
DEX	4	8	12	16	20	20

only happen if a person carries one around inside his or her clothing for a couple of hours (no one will carry one next to the skin—they are too cold to the touch); or if they are brought to an equatorial climate (ambient temperature 30°C/83°F or hotter).

The interior of the Construct's thermal tunnels is, however, an excellent environment for the animiculi since Pym and Peters broke the conduit. There are many animiculi in the dark expanses under the earth, slowly feeding vital heat to their Parent and helping it grow strong. ■

Chronostratigraphy of the Mountains of Madness

Geologic Time	*Years B.P.*	*Known History*	*Secret History*
Cenozoic			
- Quaternary			
- Holocene	11,000	modern man	Tsalalians installed in the Construct
	500,000	ice cap at "modern" extent	last elder thing activity in City (date used in *Dyer Text*)
	1,000,000	river stops flowing	
	1,500,000	the great Ice Age begins	
- Pleistocene	2,500,000	early man vulcanism near Ross Sea	"Decadent" elder thing culture
- Tertiary	4,000,000		meteor hits Bellinghausen Sea; end of Tierra del Fuego city
- Pliocene	10,000,000	large carnivores	ice cap begins forming
- Miocene	27,000,000	primates, whales	elder things use primates
- Oligocene	38,000,000	large land mammals	elder things in the cave enter stasis
- Eocene	55,000,000	modern plants	subtropic City is at 60° S
- Paleocene	70,000,000	true mammals appear	extensive vulcanism
Mesozoic			
- Cretaceous	140,000,000	end of the dinosaurs Gondwanaland breakup completed	the current City is founded
- Comanchean	150,000,000	flying reptiles, early birds	sedimentary layers laid down
- Jurassic	160,000,000	primitive mammals	the mi-go invasion
- Triassic	225,000,000	dinosaurs, palms, hardwoods Gondwanaland breakup starts	
Paleozoic			
- Permian	250,000,000	end of the trilobites	shoggoths become nuisance
- Carboniferous	315,000,000	amphibians, primitive forests	the City region is at 45° S
- Devonian	405,000,000	early land animals	
- Silurian	440,000,000	insects and plants on land	
- Ordovician	505,000,000	cephalopods and early fish	the cave is established
- Cambrian	570,000,000	rise of the trilobites	
Pre-Cambrian			
- Proterozoic	1,200,000,000	marine worms, early seaweed	early elder thing footprints
- Archaean	all older	no fossils from this period	

N.B. the studies by John M. Clarke, New York state geologist, are widely respected by paleobotanists, and can be summarized as follows: terrestrial life, both animal and plant, came out of the sea. The plant life which first emerged from the sea to the land, "the flora of transmigration," made its trek in days before the Cambrian period. These plants were algae of a higher order in respect to perfection of reproduction organs than any modern algae now living.

The molecular disintegration of the minerals uranium and thorium produces lead which, derived from these sources, has a specific gravity different from that of ordinary lead.

If then a mineral deposit known to be of Devonian age contains a uranium mineral accompanied by lead which has been derived from it, the length of time from the formation of that mineral-bearing Devonian bed to the present is at least as long as the time required for the change from the uranium molecules into lead.

This rate of change has been measured and it is known that in one year a gram of uranium would generate 1.25×10^{-10} grams of lead, and at this rate one gram of lead would be produced in 8,000 million years.

On the basis of such evidence, the length of time represented by the entire body of the unchanged rocks of the earth is 667 million years. If this is added to the time necessary for the accumulation of the rocks of the Pre-Cambrian age, some of which are sedimentary and some of which are igneous, the figure rises to at least 1,500,000 years. ■

Barsmeier-Falken Expedition (BFE)—History on Ice

This section looks at the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition, its discoveries and its ultimate demise, and also describes the Weddell Sea base camp and the ancient tunnels they found. It is intended for keeper use in case the investigators find themselves at the BFE's main base, either during the expedition's final days or at some later date.

The expedition was assembled and financed by a consortium of private industrial interests, most notably DELAG (The German Airship Company) and the Junkers Company, with the approval and support of the German government. Some of its goals were well known to the public, while others were of a more private nature. The exploration of Lake's Camp and the region beyond the Miskatonic Mountains is only one of these.

Expedition Goals and Summary

The primary public purpose of the expedition was to survey and map the Antarctic for the purpose of evaluating its natural resources. The bulk of Antarctica was unexplored and unknown in 1933, and there is much profit to be made from the discovery of new sources of mineral wealth. The Antarctic Treaty, which bans such exploitation, was not signed until 1959.

Much of the mapping was to be performed from the air, using cameras to record the terrain below, but for reasons of safety and fuel considerations, most of the mapping and surveying proved to be accomplishable with dogs and teams on the ground. The expedition included a large number of dogs, and some of the most experienced dog handlers and survival experts in the world.

The expedition's foremost private goal had little to do with charting terrain or prospecting for mineral finds. That goal was to find and examine the tunnel complex described in the suppressed final chapters of *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*. The backers of the expedition believed that the *Narrative* was a factual account, rather than one of fiction. If that was the case, and if the tunnel site could be found, the leaders of the expedition were instructed to excavate and explore the site in search of artifacts and examples of the technology of that lost civilization.

The expedition consisted of over one hundred men, led by Barsmeier and Falken. They arrived on the ice in October with the principal aims of general exploration, and specifically location of Lake's camp and location of the sites mentioned in the Pym document. This document purported to describe a semi-tropical region of Antarctica that existed about one century previous.

In Search of Ancient Artifacts

The Barsmeier-Falken Expedition established their base of exploration by air in October, 1933, inland from the Weddell Sea by several hundred miles. The general exploration consisted of a mix of aerial mapping and two sled expeditions which left camp in mid-November. This phase of the BFE operations appears to have passed without much incident. Locating the Pym sites caused more difficulty. Careful study of the Pym text led analysts to conclude that, if the white statue and the associated tunnel complex did indeed exist a century ago, they were most likely located in that region. But there bewildering changes from Pym's narrative had taken place.

Pym's account described evidence of a civilization and technology not known to the modern world. It was thought that, if examples of these could be found by the explorers, the mission might be extremely profitable. However, initial aerial surveys failed to reveal any of the features recorded in the final chapters of the *Narrative*. No lush jungles or half naked savages were sighted, and in place of the tropical climate was an unending wilderness of snow and ice.

Fearing that the document had been some sort of hoax, Barsmeier and Falken abandoned the search, directing their pilots to aid in the general mapping and exploration effort. When news of the finds at Lake's Camp reached them, the leaders revised their opinions, and assigned two planes to resume searching the edges of the Filchner ice shelf for anything of interest. Two days later, one of the pilots discovered the head of the white statue mentioned in the Pym document, far inland from the sea.

This was simultaneously a great step forward and a great blow to Barsmeier's hopes of finding the tunnel. The expedition now knew the rough location of the tunnel but also knew that the buildings were buried under thirty feet or more of featureless snow and ice. However, the search resumed, both by air and on the ground.

For an agonizing week nothing was found. Adverse weather conditions were aggravated when some of the photographic film was found to be fogged and unusable. The photographers blamed poor film stock, the pilots blamed the photographers, and Barsmeier blamed everybody. Finally, Herr Pommerenke, the occultist, realized that there was a pattern to the fogging of the film in that all the flights and sled expeditions that had returned damaged film had crossed over roughly the same point. A brief

expedition to this point proved him right, and also demonstrated the presence of two other anomalies: the local magnetic field showed unusual fluctuations, and that radio traffic from the location was particularly poor. Pommerenke pronounced that these affects were "obviously" a side effect of the technology that lurked under the ice.

Dr. Falken immediately took an excavation team to the area and began sinking experimental pilot holes. After several false starts, he located a site that seemed promising, and after four days of excavation, on December 15th, probes encountered what was obviously worked stone. After a closer inspection of the uncovered surface confirmed that this was indeed an artificial stone construct, Falken convinced Barsmeier to commit a large number of people to the dig. These would be housed in tents and makeshift ice burrows until more permanent structures could be established.

Continued excavation uncovered the entrance into the building on December 16th. Falken led a small, heavily armed party into the interior. To his relief, the party did not encounter anything like the creatures described in the Pym document. They did, however, succeed in recovering several artifacts, including two of the lamp-like constructs, and, from near the entrance, a handful of cold black opal-like crystals. These were immediately dispatched back to the main base for further study.

Into the Tunnels: Disaster

Further exploration on the afternoon of Dec. 16 took Falken deeper underground, where he confirmed what he had suspected earlier: the tunnels got warmer the further in the expedition went. They successfully located the "monorail terminus" but were disappointed to learn that it was no longer functioning. Various members of the expedition reported hearing scuttling sounds just out of range of their electric torches, but Falken dismissed their fears—he had seen nothing and refused to abandon the find of the century just because some of his men had the jitters.

That evening Falken announced that he would be leaving half the expedition on the surface, under the command of Herr Pommerenke, to perform a detailed excavation of the locale. Falken would take the other half of the expedition on an extended exploration of the deeper tunnels. He expected to be gone for about three days, which should allow Pommerenke's people to fully map the tunnel entrance building.

Falken's expedition moved into the tunnels on the morning of December 17th and made good time into the interior. However, after they made camp that evening, in a side chamber off of the transport tunnel about ten miles inland, they were set upon by a pack of animiculi and massacred. Very little of the expedition remains to find (the metal equipment is about the only thing that survives) even if the investigators are sufficiently foolhardy to try to find them.

Pommerenke, oblivious to Falken's fate, set his people to exploring and mapping the nearer parts of the tunnel complex. As evening of December 18th drew in, a blizzard blew up, trapping the bulk of the expedition in the tunnels; however, Pommerenke had foreseen this possibility and had several days of supplies stored in the tunnels, where it was warm. The blizzard lasted for almost two days, and when it cleared, Pommerenke's expedition had vanished utterly.

Only four men from Pommerenke's party survived. These had been trapped on the surface when the blizzard blew up, and simply waited out the storm in their shelters. Unfortunately for them, their plane was wrecked and they were in a communications black spot; communication was not re-established until the arrival of the rescue flight on Dec. 23.

The Experiments Begin

Unaware of the disasters occurring at the tunnel site, Barsmeier and his colleagues immediately set to work on Dec. 18, cataloguing and analyzing the finds that Falken had sent. The primitive artifacts seemed to confirm the Pym document's claims, especially inasmuch as they were mostly of mahogany—a tropical hardwood—and seemed to represent the work of an unknown culture.

One of the lamp-like constructs could not be made to function, and it was observed that it bore a curious chemical-like scoring on the surface. Dr. Hammel, the base physicist, postulated that the lamp was damaged in some way sufficient to allow the "lamp plasma" to escape. This was a deep disappointment to Barsmeier. Fortunately, despite similar scoring to the surface, the other lamp seemed to operate as expected. Whenever it was touched, a luminous green effect formed in the center of the lamp and lasted for several minutes. Fearing that the damage to the lamp might make it weak, Hammel put this to one side and began a preliminary examination of the "black opals."

The black stones proved to be similarly exotic. Hammel soon learned that they had remarkable thermal properties. Cold to the touch, they melted at about 70°F but refroze only at about 40°F. They also displayed remarkable turbulent convection properties as the black liquid seethed over the Bunsen burner. Occasionally it even seemed to form pseudopodia that groped blindly at the rim of the crucible, but Hammel dismissed this effect as a mere fluke of random motion, and turned the Bunsen burner down.

An accident with the crucible, which resulted in a spill on the work bench, also displayed that the liquid opals had a very strong caustic effect, especially on organic materials. Hammel was able to determine that the black opals could dissolve many forms of organic matter ranging from wood to frozen seal. Metal seemed resistant to the corrosive action, and glass was only slightly etched. Hammel, pondering this strange stuff, decided to get a bite to eat and headed for the kitchen.

Keeper's note: for more information on the behavior and properties of the Seeds and the animiculi, see "Seeds of the Unknown God" on page 316 and the section of Chapter Fifteen called "Examining the Creature."

The Animiculi Are Freed

When he returned, Hammel realized that he had left the Bunsen burner on, and the black liquid was boiling furiously. He reached past the crucible to turn the Bunsen off, and as he did so, the animiculum leapt from the crucible and onto his face. Hammel stumbled backwards, screaming and clawing at the creature. As he did so, he backed into the workbench upon which he had placed the working elder thing lamp. The lamp teetered briefly and toppled to the floor where it cracked along its length. With a dull thud the lamp exploded, and ignited most of the wooden lab. The kerosene container that fueled the Bunsen burners also exploded, adding to the conflagration.

By the time the other base inhabitants could get to the lab, the place was an inferno. Thinking that the fire would be swiftly contained when the fire burned through the wood to the snow, Barsmeier left a couple of men to watch the fire and instructed the others to return to their duties. What he did not know was that the explosion and subsequent fire had animated all the animiculi in the lab. As the lab cooled, the animiculi attacked and

devoured the two guards, and then continued to search blindly for other sources of heat. The kerosene lamps in the corridors soon led them to more populated areas.

Although the animiculi were exceptionally dangerous, they were not directed by intelligence—they merely headed for the next nearest heat source. They were observed to ignore a well insulated human in favor of a galley stove (which was promptly welded shut and covered with snow). This allowed the survivors of the initial assault to contain and deal with the creatures, using flares and fires as lures. Two of the animiculi made their way into the dog tunnels and froze once they had consumed the dogs. Another was lured out onto the surface with a chain of flares and there froze solid; two more were lured into the steel safe with a kerosene lamp as bait and the safe was welded shut. The latter animiculum had been found in the photography lab, contentedly absorbing the more recent negatives and prints.

Shocked and concerned that the "black demons" might return to life at any moment, Barsmeier ordered the immediate evacuation of the base. The ten survivors included two of the pilots. The base was evacuated in short order. Over the next ten days the two sled expeditions were recovered, as were the four survivors of Falken's expedition. Unwilling to lose any more men to the tunnels, Barsmeier nevertheless mounted a picket near the tunnel entrance well into January until several days of blizzards began to fill in the shaft down to the tunnels.

Resigned at last to the loss of Falken and his expedition, Barsmeier returned to Germany. He was not well received. The expedition had been costly to mount, had returned little of scientific interest, and had suffered an incredible casualty rate. Few of the artifacts recovered from the tunnels had survived the explosion of the physics lab and most of the photographs had been lost. Survey by later overflights failed to find the statue, buried by subsequent blizzards. Barsmeier had no intention of telling his backers the real truth—that his expedition had been destroyed by the animiculi—and the survivors of the massacre had no real interest in being consigned to lunatic asylums. The German authorities briefly contemplated charging Barsmeier with manslaughter, but the evidence was lacking.

The Barsmeier-Falken Expedition was consigned to a footnote in Antarctic exploration and quietly forgotten. Financially ruined, scientifically discredited, and feeling responsible for over fifty deaths, Barsmeier placed his affairs in order, and on December 18th, 1934, shot himself. It was the anniversary of the massacre at the BFE camp.

Timeline

Dec. 4 — Statue found, mostly buried in snow.

Dec. 10 — Pommerenke locates tunnel site.

Dec. 11 — Excavation begins.

Dec. 15 — Tunnel entrance found.

Dec. 16 — Initial exploration. Artifacts recovered and returned to the main base.

Dec. 17 — Falken explores deeper into the tunnels. His expedition is destroyed.

Dec. 18 — Lab accident releases the animiculi in the main base.

Dec. 18-19 — Blizzard at dig site. When it lifts only four men still live.

Dec. 20 — BFE main base abandoned.

Late December — Sled expeditions recovered by air.

Mid-January — Falken's expedition declared "missing, presumed dead." Barsmeier begins preparations to return to Germany. ❑

BFE Weddell Base Camp

Before the Animiculum Assault

It is possible that the investigators decide to visit the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition. If they do so then it is probably worth juggling the time table by a couple of days to allow them to participate in the destruction of the base.

> *The plane circles the airfield, the pilot noting the presence of three impressive radio masts, and that a gusty cross wind is developing. "Storm soon," he remarks. Leveling the plane out, the pilot makes a nearly perfect landing and taxis to what is obviously some sort of hangar. As the party approaches, they can make out a flurry of activity as mechanics work to batten the base down in the face of the oncoming storm.*

When they get out of their plane, they are greeted by Barsmeier, his face familiar to the investigators from the newspapers with a successful **Know roll,** even if they have not met him in person. Pleasantries are exchanged, and Barsmeier invites the party into the base; they can have some coffee and a bite to eat before getting down to the question of why they have come. Barsmeier conducts the investigators from the hangar past the administration building to the galley, where he asks the cook to see to their needs and then bring them round to the officers' quarters when they are ready. *Keeper's note: this means that the investigators will do almost the full tour of the square tunnel, and will see most of the rooms and buildings—allow the players to ask questions and give them a copy of the site map, which is posted in several of the buildings.*

From this point on, allow the players to participate in the research on the artifacts and the "strange black opals." Use the history above as a guideline for the events. Barsmeier will obviously not cede command of the base, but he will cooperate with them, especially if they seem to be making sense.

Where Have All the People Gone?

Investigators arriving at the BFE camp may be expecting to find the place heaving with activity; after all, the expedition boasts nearly 100 participants. In fact, BFE base camp is manned by a skeleton crew of 24 persons. Where are all the others? In addition to the party that was sent to Lake's camp under the command of Dr. Meyer, the Barsmeier-Falken expedition has committed personnel to the following.

- Two dog sled expeditions are currently out in the Antarctic wastes, mapping and surveying. Each expedition consists of three dog handlers, survival experts, one radio operator, one cartographer, one mechanic, and one medical assistant. Of course, each man is competent at several other tasks; most of

the survival experts can draw maps, and the non-dog handlers can still drive sleds. Due to the Antarctic conditions, contact with these expeditions is sporadic, and they will not become concerned until the BFE main base is off the air for five consecutive days. Even then, it will take them between two and three weeks to return. They have been gone for three weeks and are not expected back for at least another four weeks. Because of this, no further details are required. In theory, they could be collected by plane, but that would imply abandoning all their gear, including the sled dogs.

- A large contingent of the BFE expedition is at the newly discovered tunnel site; when the opening was found, Barsmeier and Falken agreed that it warranted their attention. Manpower committed to that tunnel dig consists of Dr. Klaus Falken, Thomas Pommerenke, Konrad Felgener, four mechanics to man the ice drills and other equipment, ten laborers, one photographer, one occult-oriented scientist to assist Pommerenke, one surveyor, one doctor, one archaeologist, and four pilots. This expedition is expected to be overwhelmed by the animiculi in the tunnel, but its operations are discussed in a separate section at the end of this appendix.

The net result of this is that the BFE base camp is being operated by a skeleton crew consisting of Josef Barsmeier, Dr. Heinrich Panning, Harold Schmitt, six pilots, four dog handlers, one medical assistant, one meteorologist, four radio operators, one photographer, one physicist, one biochemist, one archaeologist, and one occult-oriented scientist, for a total of 24 people in the base, plus the investigators.

Base Layout Prior to Destruction

The design of the base arises from considerations about heat and fire. Conservation of heat suggests that all accommodations should be closely packed. However, in the event of a fire, the whole lot might go up, and there could be only one fate for a group of explorers trapped on the ice with no shelter. Thus the buildings are separated from each other while important facilities and stores are split and duplicated.

All buildings intended for human habitation are prefabricated, with walls up to four inches thick, made of layers of wood and insulation. No bolts or other metal objects extend through the walls as this would quickly sap interior heat. These structures are built deep into the snow and are now completely covered by recent blizzards. This provides additional insulation and protection from the ravages of the elements. Note that although these rooms are insulated, they are nowhere near a shirt sleeve environment, and with a couple of exceptions are below freezing.

Storerooms and the like are not so well constructed or insulated. They are generally holes in the snow, lined with boxes or other scrap timber and covered with a tarpaulin. After a couple of weeks, shifting snow obscures these tarpaulins, providing unpleasant traps for the unwary.

In order to avoid the worst of the weather, the groups of buildings are linked by a system of tunnels—two-yard-deep trenches covered with tarpaulins and lined with (mostly) empty supply boxes. These tunnels are not very wide and two men can only just pass in them. In places the roof sags under the weight of the snow on top. It is also possible to move over ground between the buildings. The routes are marked with flagged poles as are hazards such as the underground buildings and tunnels. The tunnels are illuminated by the occasional kerosene lamp.

Very few of the rooms have electric lights. Most of the generator output is reserved for radio use. The radio masts have electric lights at the tops to act as a warning to the aircraft. Other than that, only the accommodation and galley buildings have electric bulbs. All other illumination is by kerosene lamp, electric torch, or candle.

The keeper should recall always that this is an Antarctic base. Most of the base is well below freezing. The exceptions are the areas around the oven and the photographic shack. This makes normally simple activities that much more difficult. Want a drink? Better hope there is a thawed bucket of water on the stove!

Since the expedition is German, most written items are in that language. Any character with German 30% or better is automatically able to read these documents, although some extra knowledge (such as Chemistry) might be required to understand the content of a particular document.

Individual Buildings

This section describes the individual buildings in the BFE complex; the keeper should refer to the BFE Base Camp schematic, reproduced nearby. A copy has been posted in every accommodation block. There are no detailed "deck plans" or the like here, though; if required, the keeper must improvise.

- ***A (Mess Hall):*** A large open room with three long wooden tables and associated benches running almost the entire length. At the west end is a large coal-fired stove, together with cupboards for cutlery and crockery, and a couple of smaller tables for food preparation. In general, the expedition eats in two sittings of approximately fifty men at each. The only electric lights are over the oven and the food preparation areas. All other areas of the room are lit by kerosene lamps placed on the tables. The oven is allowed to burn out overnight and is relit by the night watchman before breakfast.

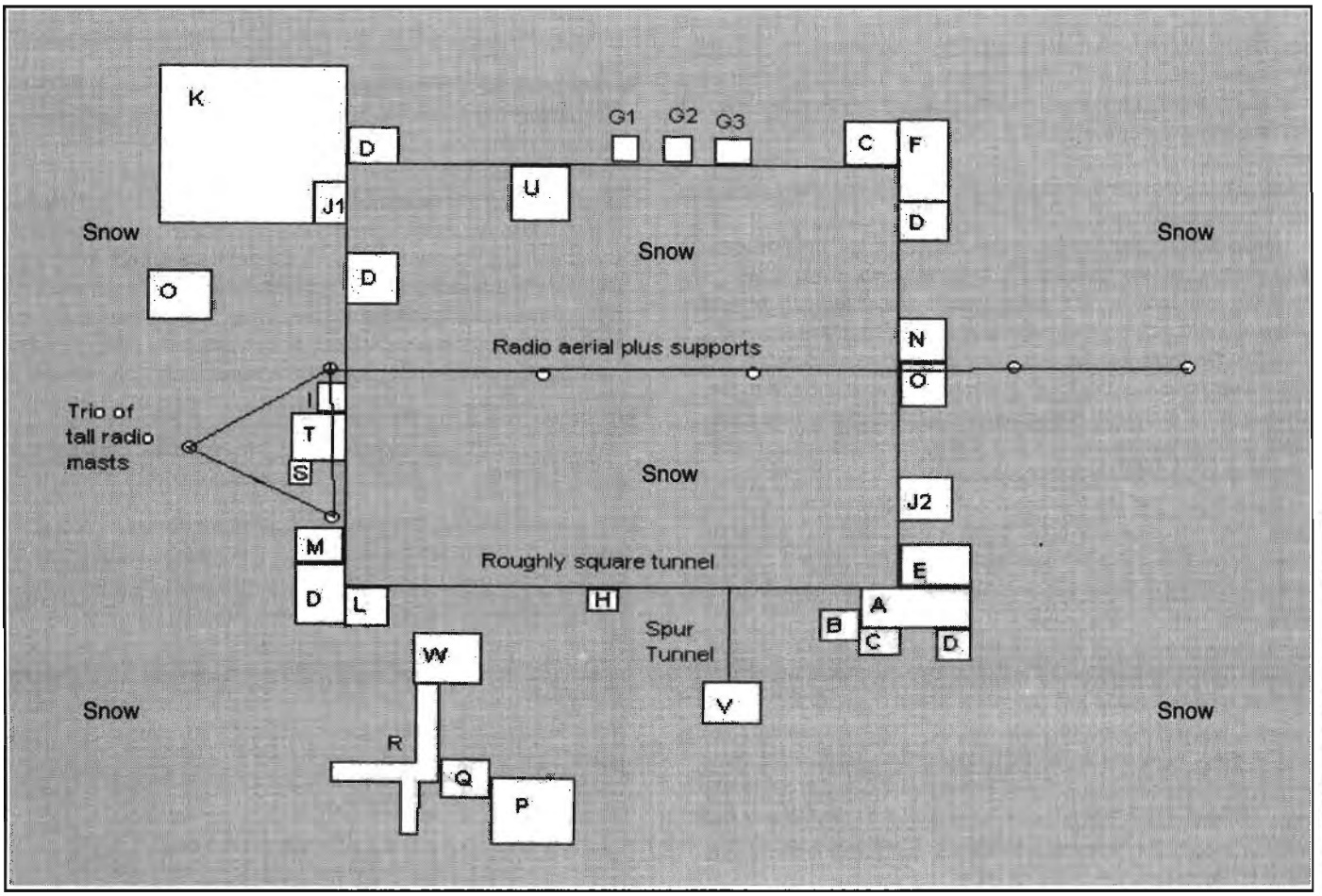
- ***B (Photographic Shack):*** A light-proof room set aside for the development of film taken by the expedition (ranging from snapshots by the archaeologists to long heavy rolls of film made by the aerial reconnaissance). In addition to stores of developing chemicals and their components (since the liquids freeze, they are made as needed and stored in thermos jars overnight), the room has two 50-gallon water drums with Bunsen burners underneath. When the shack is in operation, the vats contain hot water, although they take several hours to get up to temperature. This means that the upper portion of the shack exceeds 70°F, and the floor is at freezing temperature.

- ***C (Coal Store):*** As the name implies, this building houses several tons of coal bagged in hundred pound sacks. Present stores are sufficient to last the expedition for a year.

- ***D (Supply Room):*** Supplies are split evenly between the various store rooms. Although the expedition is not expected to winter over in the Antarctic, there is sufficient food here and in the supply of butchered and frozen seals to last the entire expedition until spring if needed. The supply rooms also house stores not specifically required elsewhere; for instance, somewhere in all the boxes are several spare reindeer skins (for making and repairing outdoor clothing), and several thousand spare staples. If anything would be reasonable for the expedition to have, then it is in one of the store rooms. The supply boxes are individually labeled, and the location of all supplies is tracked by the administrative team.

- ***E (Accommodations):*** Each man has a bunk, cabinet, and sea chest for his personal belongings. These are locked or unlocked at the owner's whim (most are unlocked—there's nowhere for a thief to go). The accommodation blocks are poorly heated; the occupants rely on extremely thick sleeping bags for warmth. Each room does have a single coal stove which struggles against the pervasive chill.
- ***F (Administration Building and Accommodations):*** This building houses the administration office, the library, and ten members of the expedition. The administration office is awash with paper detailing what supplies are currently available and where they are kept, as well as estimates on fuel consumption, anticipated fuel usage, and the location and contents of all the BFE supply dumps. The library consists of some thousand volumes covering relevant sciences (physics, chemistry, geology, and meteorology), specific textbooks (such as the manuals for all heavy machinery), occult and philosophical subjects (no Mythos tomes are in evidence), general reference (including *Who's Who,* the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* a comprehensive German dictionary, and several German-to-other-language dictionaries), and an intelligent collection of German-language fiction and poetry. The library was carefully compiled, and is quite complete. Provided the investigators ask questions that the library should be able to answer, they can use their **Library Use** skill as usual, if they can read German.
- ***G1 (Meteorological Station):*** This is actually above ground, and houses things such as thermometers (the air temperature is written to paper using non-freezing ink, giving a continuous record of the temperature), barometers, and anemometers. The expedition meteorologists will often be found here, muttering coldly to themselves. Weather forecasting in the Antarctic is a tricky business, and accuracy is vital for safe flying.
- ***G2 (Meteorological Supplies):*** Spare paper and ink for the above, together with extra kites and balloons. During clear weather the meteorologists release balloons into the air to measure the wind patterns at different altitudes. The kites can be used to carry thermometers and other devices aloft.
- ***G3 (Kite and Balloon Repair):*** This room, below ground, holds the tools and materials necessary to repair meteorological instruments as well as the balloons and kites.
- ***H (Non-Magnetic House):*** This is the base physicist's pride and joy. The room is entirely constructed from wood (including wooden pins to hold it together). Here expedition physicists can measure the ambient magnetic and electrical fields without interference.
- ***I (Radio Shack):*** A small, but vital room. It contains all the apparatus needed to send and receive radio messages, as well as a full log of all messages sent and received. Some of the messages are in a code to which only Barsmeier and Falken have the key. The uncoded messages are regular message traffic concerning the progress of the expedition, weather reports,

Barsmeier-Falken Base Camp Map



and the like. The coded messages are to and from the expedition backers with more detailed information on the expedition. The code should be exceptionally difficult to break, but the keeper can use the coded messages to plant whatever plot hooks are desired.

- ***J-1 and J-2 (Workshops and Machine Rooms):*** Contain a wide selection of tools required to keep the base functioning smoothly. If the investigators can make a case for a particular tool being present, then it is.

- ***K (Hangar Space):*** The hangar is a large building, half sunk into the snow, half constructed from snow blocks. It is large enough to house any one of the expedition's planes, and allows the mechanics to perform large scale overhauls and refits in relative comfort out of the wind.

- ***L (Biology Lab):*** Contains a pair of work benches and several cabinets of chemicals and equipment. This is a well provided biological lab capable of performing investigations, dissections, and, if the situation requires, post mortems.

- ***M (Medical Facilities):*** A small room used by the expedition's doctor. A locked desk contains medical files for the entire expedition, and locked cabinets contain various drugs (including morphine and chloroform) and an assortment of medical instruments and tools such as an autoclave. The facilities are capable of supporting operations up to the level of an appendectomy or amputation; these operations would be performed in the biology lab, where there is room for assistants.

- ***N (Generator):*** This is the primary source of electricity for the base; most of the output is reserved for the radio. A secondary generator is stored in the hangar. It runs on gasoline and must be refueled twice daily.

- ***O (Gasoline Supplies):*** There are several of these dumps scattered around the camp; each one contains a portion of the total supply in 50 gallon drums.

- ***P (Seal Cache):*** Contains the carcasses of approximately three hundred seals, butchered and frozen for later use.

- ***Q (Chopping Room):*** The room used to prepare the harvested seal carcasses for storage. However, anyone coming in this room without foreknowledge may fear the worst; it contains a large wooden table, with an adjacent rack from which hang various cutting and slashing instruments. The walls and floor are spattered red—the blood immediately froze.

- ***R (Dog Tunnels):*** The expedition dogs are housed down here; the surface weather gets too extreme even for huskies on occasion. The dogs are staked out along the corridors with sufficient room to move around, but such that they cannot quite reach or attack their neighbors. A system of chains and leather collars is used for this. In the dark, this is an unnerving environment, and the howls that come from the tunnels at dusk and feeding time can shake the soul of even the sturdiest individual.

- ***S (Safe):*** A metal box, constructed *in situ* from steel plate, measuring ten feet in all dimensions. The structure is securely welded together and could only be moved by disassembling it with a blow torch. Access to the safe is through a locked, reinforced door from the officers' accommodation. This room was intended to house valuable samples and artifacts discovered during the expedition. It also contains the expedition supplies of cigarettes and alcohol.

- ***T (Officers' Accommodation):*** Conveniently situated close to the radio shack, this is the accommodation for the leaders of the expedition. It is no more luxurious than the other accommodation, but Barsmeier feels it appropriate to keep a little distance from "the men." Copies of the complete Pym narrative, the *Dyer Text,* and the missing Douglas journals can be found here among Falken's personal effects, before the evacuation of the base.

- ***U (Physics and Geology Lab):*** Holds all the equipment needed to perform geological investigations, including analysis of core ice samples. It also contains some specialized equipment designed to handle, date, and examine the items mentioned in the Pym document—several heavy pressure vessels and a remote handling box have been provided. (A remote handling box has toughened glass sides, one of which has a pair of apertures with heavy rubber gloves attached.) Anybody familiar with polar expeditions will be extremely puzzled as to reasons for the presence of such gear.

- ***V (Tractor Garage):*** The expedition snow tractors are stored here, together with the tools for their repair and a small cache of fuel.

- ***W (Ski/Sled/Harness Repair and Store):*** Contains about ten spare sets of skis, the expedition's supply of dog sleds, and the harness for the dog teams, together with the equipment and supplies needed to repair or construct new ones.

After the Animiculi

If the investigators come to the BFE camp long after the events described above, then they find a desolate and snow-covered camp. The camp has been evacuated. The buildings are little more than bumps in the snow field, and the only real landmarks are the radio masts. Landing is nerve-wracking; there are no clues as to where the landing strip once was. A fumbled **Pilot roll** results in a crashed plane (base facilities are sufficiently intact that repairs could be effected if the team contains a competent mechanic).

The base in this state is an eerie place, deathly quiet except for the wind moaning through the radio masts. The buildings are half covered in snow drifts, but all the doors open inward. The place is deathly cold. There is no real threat facing the investigators unless they do something particularly stupid, but that should not discourage the keeper from making the exploration a slow and nerve-wracking experience. For a cinematic example refer to the early part of the film *Aliens* as the marines explore the deserted mining complex.

Most of the personal diaries and journals were taken when the survivors evacuated the camp; however, a search of the base administration building and the radio shack will turn up notes and minutes from meetings sufficient to compile a summary of the expedition's activities. This takes two days with a successful **Library Use roll,** three days otherwise. The researcher must be able to read German. Maps are available that detail all the sites mentioned. However, the statue has once again vanished under the snow and will be exceptionally difficult to locate.

Searching the library turns up a copy of the Pym document, with a successful **Luck roll,** and anything else the keeper wishes to add.

The investigators find scant trace of the members of the expedition. To the description of the base in the previous section above, add the following new evidence.

- ***A (Mess Hall):*** The area is tidy, but the oven is completely welded shut. A small animiculum sleeps inside.
- ***B (Photographic Shack):*** The photographic shack shows signs of animiculum activity (etched glass, warped kerosene lamps) and most of the film stocks have been destroyed.
- ***D (Supply Room):*** Chemicals and other stores are mostly intact. They were too cold to attract any interest from the animiculi.
- ***E, F (Accommodations):*** The accommodation blocks show signs of hasty packing. All the personal items are gone, returned to their owners or the next of kin, but most of the heavy weather gear remains.
- ***N (Generator):*** An animiculum is "asleep" on top of the generator. It is not immediately obvious to the casual observer. Once defrosted, the creature only ventures away from the generator room if the generator cuts out. Of course, if the lights go out, the investigators may well send someone to see why, at which point the animiculum would register them as an alternative source of heat.
- ***P (Seal Cache):*** Here is the home of a large, vaguely dog-shaped animiculum. It is completely inert, though it may give the investigators quite a shock as it looms by the door. Several of the nearby seal carcasses show signs of erosion.
- ***R (Dog Tunnels):*** Dark and eerily quiet. Investigators soon discover that, although the chains are still embedded into the walls, there is no sign of the dogs except for a few splatters of blood and frozen excrement. In several places the walls are scored with claw marks as if something were trying to tunnel its way out. A second dog-shaped animiculum lies at the end of the west tunnel.
- ***S (Safe):*** When the investigators discover this, they see that the door has been welded shut. Whoever performed the welding was thorough and also filled the key hole with slag. The welding gear lies abandoned nearby. The reason for this does not become apparent unless the investigators melt their way in; members of the expedition managed to lure a pair of animiculi into the safe, using a kerosene lamp as bait, then welded the box shut. As the box cooled, the animiculi went quiescent. Of course, the heat of cutting the door open is enough to reawaken them. Smart investigators might think to drill through the safe door for a look first. The safe could be disassembled with a hacksaw, but it would be slow work.
- ***U (Physics and Geology Lab):*** Completely gutted by fire. Even the metal instruments are warped and distorted, and certainly no notes or wooden artifacts remain. Knowledgeable investigators might well be surprised at the apparent heat of the blaze.

At Falken's Tunnel Dig

Pym's tunnel is now under some thirty feet of snow and ice.

In order to support his dig, Falken established a temporary base consisting of some dozen tents; most are used solely for sleeping and shelter, while one bigger tent has cooking facilities. In the center of the circle of tents is a thirty-foot-deep hole. Set up over the hole is a block and tackle arrangement which can be used to winch up to four men at a time up and down the hole. It takes two strong men to operate this winch.

To one side of the tent circle sit two Junkers Ju-52 transport planes.

Down the hole is a very impressive archway, ten feet wide by fifteen high, into a large stone building. The edifice is built of blocks of unmortared stone fitted together with impressive accuracy. The exterior, what little of it has been uncovered, is obviously ancient, made of a dark metamorphic stone similar to granite. The weathered, pitted surface gives no clue as to its age. In contrast, the interior, once the snow drifts are navigated, is smooth, almost polished. Little light filters down from above and explorers will need their own sources of illumination. A corridor with an obvious, worn track leads downward into the stygian gloom.

Exploring near the entrance way reveals a number of alcoves containing some interesting finds.

The first is a pair of pentagonal prisms with metallic rings at one end resembling the lamps described by Pym. Both are strangely etched, as if by acid, and only one functions. Touching the surface (rather than the carrying ring) causes the holder to lose a magic point, in exchange for which the lamp glows with an eerie green luminescence. However, this lamp is damaged and the glow fades within five or ten minutes. At the keeper's discretion, the sensation of losing a magic point is worth 0/1 SAN, as is seeing the lamp burst into life for the first time. If the functioning lamp breaks, the keeper must decide what happens; nothing happens if the other one breaks (see "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym: The Missing Chapters," page 327, for more information).

Another alcove holds a number of native artifacts left by the Tsalalians, including a feathered headdress, spears, and a couple of leather bags containing unidentifiable vegetable matter. Scattered throughout this area are a dozen or so of the strange black opals.

Following the tunnel downward, explorers soon notice that the air becomes warmer and much more humid. After about half a mile, the corridor opens out into a sort of wharf with no water. A tunnel, with a slot in the far wall, runs off into the blackness. Compasses do not function reliably here, but dead reckoning suggests that the tunnel heads towards the elder thing City at the Miskatonic Mountains. The wharf has a pair of storage areas, one of which has a supply of strange metallic poles. Each pole is about five feet long, pentagonal in cross section, with a rounded spike at one end. The spike is at right angles to the rest of the pole. The metal has a strange green sheen and is oily to the touch. Also present are a pair of extremely heavy five-foot-wide pentagonal stone platforms; a combined STR of 30 or greater is required to move either of them.

Keeper's note: this area is the start of the elder thing monorail. Inserting two of the metal poles into the slot in the wall, and laying one of the stone platforms correctly across them, once provided a method of getting to the City of the Elder Things. Sadly, the monorail no longer functions.

Exploring the monorail tunnel is a fruitless task; the rock fall that Pym caused is some fifty miles along the tunnel and is impassable without heavy mining equipment. Animiculi infest the area, making exploration extremely dangerous.

If the investigators come to this place as part of the Barsmeier-Falken exploration team, it is suggested that they take the lead in the initial investigation. Play on their nerves with strange scuttling sounds, but try and dissuade them from joining Falken's deeper exploration. Falken may well decide that this is his expedition;

perhaps he fears that the investigators will try to claim the academic rewards from his efforts. Use a steady stream of animiculi to drive them from the tunnels, and remember that a blizzard is due. Although the animiculi cannot function for long near the snow, they are still dangerous and tend to retreat back into the tunnels when they start to get cold. They cannot climb out of the hole, and only reach the surface if the investigators facilitate this.

If the investigators come to this place after the destruction of the Barsmeier-Falken expedition, then they find a desolate deserted camp, half covered in snow. All the personal effects have gone, but a large quantity of supplies remains. Two days work is needed to remove the ice from the winch and then to dig the snow out of the hole.

Most of the finds near the doorway were returned to the BFE main base. However, they have been replaced with a strange variety of metal objects. Here and there are the scattered remains of Pommerenke's half of the expedition: belt buckles, brass buttons, spectacles with glass lenses strangely etched by the animiculi. The metal remains of a rifle lie halfway down the tunnel, but the stock has vanished. Several pistols can also be found, but none of them have hand grips. These weapons will function if cleaned, but only at half normal skill.

The animiculi remain, but have retreated into the warmer areas. They do not notice the investigators until the humans start to explore. Remember that the animiculi are not intelligent and do not coordinate their attacks.

In either case, there are effectively an infinite number of animiculi in the tunnels; generate them as needed. Some, having participated in the destruction of the expedition, are quite large and have acquired some alarmingly human characteristics of form. ■

Deception Island

The BFE left supplies here, one of the points where the Graf Zeppelin *touches down on its way to the BFE main base. Investigators who must chase down the Seeds of the Prisoner may find things much as described—or find great threats here.*

Part of the South Shetlands archipelago, Deception Island was discovered in 1820 by the British explorer Edward Bransfield, commanding the brig *Williams*. It is the horseshoe-shaped remnant of a volcanic caldera, 9 miles across the outside, surrounding a bay about 5 miles in diameter. The entrance channel, a chasm shattered through the caldera wall, is only a half mile wide.

The outer slopes of the island are usually ice-free in summer, with some large patches of moss and orange lichens. Black ash covers much of the island; fumaroles and hot springs give evidence of the continuing geothermal activity within. The interior bay is usually warm enough to swim in, and the water temperature has at times gotten high enough to blister the paint on ships. Every few decades, an eruption of ash and smoke will change the island's appearance. In December, the temperature hovers around 0°F.

Large rookeries of chinstrap penguins inhabit the island, numbering in the hundreds of thousands of birds; mated pairs are taking turns incubating their eggs during the entire month. Some petrels and crabeater seals can also be found on the island.

Within the bay are the ruins of Port Foster, a whaling station. It was abandoned in 1931 after many profitable decades of operation. Dozens of large rusting tanks, and a small town of processing sheds, barracks, boilers, flensing platforms, docks, a chapel, and warehouses still stands along the black, steaming shore. The buildings are built mostly from wood and corrugated iron, and contain odds and ends of the personal possessions of English and Norwegian whalemen. Jumbles of gray whalebones litter the area, and a large dump contains rusting cans, defunct equipment, broken liquor bottles, and other debris. Half a dozen large whaleboats, in good condition, lie upside down on the ash.

The runway built for Sir Hubert Wilkins in 1928 runs half a mile from the whaling station toward the ocean, across rough lava on an undulating course. ❑

The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym: A Short History

The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym by Edgar Allan Poe was first published in 1837, by Thomas A. White of Richmond, Virginia, and was a notable departure from the majority of Poe's works in both its style and subject matter.

In actuality, the *Narrative* was written by Arthur Pym himself, a young man who sailed out of New England in 1827, at the age of eighteen, and suffered many hardships and adventures in the South Pacific and regions beyond. He brought it to Poe for finishing, since his skills as a writer were limited, and allowed Poe to put his name upon the completed work. (For a summary, see the sidebar "A Synopsis of Pym's Narrative" on page 179.)

The published portion of the *Narrative* covers Pym's travels through nearly two years, until March of 1829. The published form of the manuscript, however, is incomplete; White notes in an afterword that Pym withdrew several final pages for editing and was killed in a spectacular accident before they were resubmitted.

The original manuscript of the *Narrative* was destroyed in the same ferryboat explosion that killed Arthur Pym. At least one scopy of the work did survive, however—uncorrected galley proofs or page proofs that were pulled by White's printers before Pym withdrew the conclusion of the manuscript. These sheets or octavo pages were in Edgar Allan Poe's possession at the time of the disaster, but disappeared when a thief broke into his lodgings a few days later.

An octavo signature in 16 pages reappeared in 1875, in Chicago. Records of a court sale of the estate of one Mary Peters Hartley in March of that year notes that an "Old printer's copy of monstrous fiction by Edgar Allan Poe and Arthur Pym"

brought $60 in the auction, and was sold to "Lionel White, of Milwaukee."

Lionel White was a collector of antiques. He soon became aware of the uniqueness of his find and kept it in his prized collection of rare books until business reverses in June of 1897 forced him to sell his treasures. The collection was sold in July, in many lots, to a variety of collectors around the country. The Pym manuscript was purchased by Stanley Edgar Fuchs, a Philadelphia antiquarian of some note, for $400.

Fuchs, after careful examination, concluded on stylistic grounds that the work was not actually written by Edgar Allan Poe, and lost interest in the manuscript. He offered it for sale in literary journals, searching for someone who would allow him to recoup the money he had paid.

The advertisement was seen by Nathaniel Vredenburgh, a wealthy ship owner in London. Vredenburgh wrote at once to Fuchs offering $500 for the work, but by the time the letter arrived Fuchs had already sold the signature to Percival Lexington.

Lexington was reportedly delighted with his find. Despite letters from Vredenburgh and other collectors, offering to buy the work, Lexington refused to sell. The Pym tale's conclusion became one of a number of prized collectibles guarded carefully in Lexington's private library.

It was not until 1921, when a number of bad speculations and dubious business practices came to light, that Lexington decided to sell. He offered the octavo for auction along with many other private treasures.

The day of the auction dawned, but Percival Lexington never arrived. Vredenburgh and the other interested parties were informed in due course that Percival Lexington had passed away in his study the previous evening. Some thought suicide; others, including his daughter, cried murder.

The auction was delayed for several weeks, eventually to be presided over by Percival's daughter Acacia. The Pym signature could not be found to sell, and has not been seen since.

In actuality, an agent of one of the interested parties, Albrecht Loemmler, visited Lexington on the night of his death in order to try to buy the document before the auction. He arrived quietly, after hours as arranged, but found Lexington dead when he arrived. Always the opportunist, he took the document and left as quietly as he had come.

The octavo signature thus found its way into the hands of a German industrialist, Albrecht Loemmler, where, in 1933, it remains. ■

ERHALTEN VON
B. Hauptmann
13/12/32
DELAG

ERHALTEN VON
Heinrich Gruber
17/2/33
DELAG

GEPRÜFT DURCH
Erich Schmidt
15/3/33
DELAG

March 22. The darkness had materially increased, relieved only by the glare of the water thrown back from the white curtain before us. Many gigantic and pallidly white birds flew continuously now from beyond the veil, and their scream was the eternal Tekeli-li! as they had retreated from our vision. Hereupon Nu-Nu stirred in the bottom of the boat; but upon touching him, we found his spirit had departed. And now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow.

CHAPTER XXVI

Shocked from our passive trance, Peters and I took the oars from the bottom of the canoe and stroked powerfully, trying to make headway towards the great figure. We could not say precisely what it was, but without a doubt, whatever lay near the statue was a better fate than the crushing and drowning death that the cataract promised. The now-apparent roar of falling water approached at a tremendous pace, but we clung grimly to our only salvation, throwing ourselves mightily into the task. We could see it only on occasion, for great amounts of mist and the ash-like powder often obscured the figure. Still we struggled on, grasping at last at what might have been our one chance for life. Both Dirk Peters and myself cursed for having lapsed into the strange, dreamy apathy of the previous days, only to be awakened to the fatality of our situation by the awful proximity of the onrushing cataract.

Owing to the great velocity with which the water rushed ahead, we were indeed fortunate to achieve the great figure. It had not moved, and as Peters touched it, virtually in the grasp of the waterfall, we saw that it was an immense statue of some sort, carved entirely out of some brilliant marble-white stone. By the time we had reached it, the haze and ash were so thick that we could seldom see even each other. Peters clung to one leg of the shrouded form with his mighty arms, and screamed over the thunder of the falling water that I was to climb to the front of the boat with him. Moving next to him, I saw through the blinding white storm that the great statue had been constructed on the very edge of an island, on the very lip of the monstrous cataract. We had not seen this land before due to the haze that surrounded it, added to the fact that the island itself was almost entirely white in its appearance, no doubt due to the density of the powdery ash and steam. Peters clung to the leg of the thing while I stepped onto the great foot, and then I held the boat while Peters leapt nimbly onto the other leg. The spray was extremely painful, for the water was so hot that even small droplets were enough to raise blisters. As soon as he was out of the boat, the current tore it from my hands. Our meager supplies, along with Nu-Nu's body, were swept into the roaring chasm, to who knew what chambers on the sea's dead floor.

From the legs of the statue, it was only a slight jump to the pale and sandy island. Whatever the ash in the air was, it was indistinguishable from the bone-white sand that made up the shore of the island, and was nearly the same color as the pale and strangely fleshy vegetation that covered the land. The air was constantly roaring with the cataract, and it is a wonder that we could make ourselves heard by shouting. Having lost our supplies, our first order of business was to find some sort of food. Peters suggested we try to eat the oddly liquescent flesh of the white, trembling plants that grew no more than two feet out of the white sand, seeing as the many white birds of the island seemed to use it for their own sustenance, and we did so. Although it jerked and quivered when cut and oozed a pale liquid at the rent edges, it was not an entirely repulsive meal. In fact it proved to be our sustenance for many days, containing as it did both food and a sustaining amount of relatively fresh water, although the flavor was sharp, as if it had been pickled.

March 23. The true disadvantage to the fleshy plants was that they were the only thing that grew on the island. While their fortifying powers were quite in evidence in the renewed constitutions of both Peters and myself, they would in no way serve in the creation of a boat

or raft. Unless we could find something to help us get off the island, a stand of trees or perhaps some flotsam that washed on the shore, we were doomed to remain there for the rest of our days. And so we set out to explore the island, keeping close to the beach and each other, because the swirling mist and ash were exceedingly thick, thicker even than the Nantucket fogs I had known as a boy, and we did not want to lose sight of each other. We searched for many hours, only to find the beach scoured clean, as if by the white hands of the tremendous statue that stood sentinel on the end of the island.

March 24. I awoke to Peters shaking me, and pointing to figures which were approaching the island in distressingly familiar canoes, black shapes easily seen through the eddying whiteness. Alarmed, we hid ourselves among the knee-high white plants. Although they squashed oozily under us, we paid them no mind as we peered across the beach at the canoes of the savages as they approached the island. There were six canoes, which had neither the enormous length nor breadth that we had seen displayed in the canoes used by the other Tsalalians. These were perhaps twenty feet in length, and contained only three figures, two of whom paddled, and one who stood at the bow. The creatures standing in the boats seemed to be some sort of chantey-man or witch doctor, as a nearly continual wailing ululation came from these figures, very different from the short, harsh tones that we had heard on the island of Tsalal, but punctuated with the familiar Tekeli-li. And each time one of the witch-doctors uttered that dread phrase, all the savages in the canoes would give a shudder, almost all at once. They were obviously terrified of the island and its great expanse of whiteness; possibly this island was the source of the superstitious fear itself. Peters and I had watched the canoes approach for some time when one of them turned, and we saw that, in the bottom, there was a bound human form. I pointed this out to Peters, who quickly began looking at the rest of the boats to see if there were any other prisoners. By the time the savages had landed, we were certain that there were captives in each of the canoes.

As they were dragging canoes out of the water onto the white beach, Peters and I were shocked to see that the prisoners were white—Europeans such as we had not seen since our own crew had been killed. It was a sight to almost make one weep—to have friends and compatriots so close, and yet captured by the foul savages. We immediately determined to rescue them, but immediately upon our resolution, the savages each picked up a lance or a club from their canoes, and we quailed, being unarmed ourselves. Peters and I discreetly resolved to remain hidden after that, for only when the filthy creatures had hefted their weapons did they reach into the canoe and bring out the Europeans. They had been trussed up like deer—bound hand and foot to a pole, and carried through the deliquescent undergrowth. It was almost too much to bear, and I heard Peters swear under his breath that we would recover the captives, come brimstone and darkness. There was a light in his eyes that I had not seen before, and I recoiled slightly as I saw it. I thought that there perhaps was a glint of madness in his gaze, and I was afraid.

As opposed to their unusually noisy approach, the disgusting Tsalalians were absolutely silent as they paced across the island. We followed, thankful that the slippery oozing plants did not betray us with noise as a wholesome forest would have done, but rather we squashed quietly on a course parallel to that of the loathsome Tsalalians. After some length, the procession came to a halt at a large stone edifice. It was obvious that the Tsalalians had not built this monument, whatever it was, for while they lived in rude huts, this was a structure composed of blocks of unmortared stone. It seemed very ancient; pitted and worn, as Roman ruins seemed in pictures I had seen on the walls in the academy. They appeared to be gray, although it was difficult to tell under the layers of white ash that drifted from the sky, but our view was too obstructed for us to discern its overall form. The Tsalalians marched directly through a wide archway, easily large enough to admit a team of horses, and disappeared from view. Peters and I waited for a time, unsure as to our next action. If we followed too closely, we would probably be massacred by armed warriors. But we simply could not stand by while the evil creatures sacrificed fellow humans to some obscene paynim god. We were creeping closer to the open archway, when we suddenly heard a great shriek of Tekeli-li, repeated a dozen times, echoing from what must have been a substantial distance inside the edifice. We

heard the sound of running feet rapidly approaching, and had just enough time to hide in the sickly plants before the Tsalalians came thundering back through the archway at a dead run. Of the captives there was no sign, but the warriors, obviously more used to running than the witch doctors, led the mad stampede of black shapes out of the archway running blindly for their canoes.

Peters and I lay dumbfounded, and then stood up. "Did you count them?" Dirk asked. "No," I replied. "Only thirteen came out," he said matter-of-factly. He grinned in a grotesque fashion. There were only two of the savages left in the structure, and he was anxious to find them. He rubbed his coarse hands together in anticipation, and preceded me into the archway. I had the feeling that he had in mind revenge for the souls of the Jane Guy's crew who had been killed in that terrible ambush. As we entered, I noted that despite the rough, weathered look of the exterior of the building, the interior was smooth, as though it had been carefully polished. The blocks of stone that comprised the structure fit so exactly that I was not even able to insert a fingernail between them. I thought of stories of the great monuments of antiquity, and a feeling of ancientness settled like dust upon us. There was a worn area in the floor—presumably from the feet of the Tsalalians, for we had seen no other evidence of animal or human on the isle. The structure sloped downward at a fair angle, not quite enough to set us tumbling but enough off level to be noticeable. Down we went, into what appeared to be a hallway. Unfortunately, the light that issued from the archway did not penetrate far into the structure, and neither Peters nor I had any means to make a light, let alone any sort of combustible material with which to sustain it. We proceeded forward with caution, allowing our eyes to use even the tiny amounts of light available to us. We were soon below sea-level, for the air was as damp as could be imagined. The walls sweated in such a fashion that I thought of Jonah in the belly of the whale, so great was the wetness of the air. As the light grew dimmer and dimmer, we were forced to navigate by the touch of the smooth, slimy walls, for we still heard nothing from the captive party ahead of us.

Then suddenly, there was a mad shrieking, as of a group of men in mortal danger. The volume was excruciating, and yet on top of it there was a hideous screeching that seared the eardrums like nothing I had ever encountered before. Dirk Peters was suddenly no longer at my side, but whether he had run ahead or fled behind I could not tell. I moved determinedly towards the terrible cacophony, but I tripped and fell sprawling in the thick darkness below the earth.

CHAPTER XXVII

When I regained my senses, the terrible shrieks had quieted, and a thick, glutinous red light had sprung up from the tunnel ahead of me, and I was able to see. Peters was crouching at a corner of the tunnel, peering down into the unnatural red light. At this time I noticed the noise of activity, such as men loading crates into the hold of a ship. Under cover of these sounds, I crept up to Peters, who was raptly watching the activity beyond the corner. I was about ask him what was going on, when without even looking back, he clapped his hand over my mouth. The other noises quickly subsided, and the silence was suddenly total, and then there was a metallic clank and a curious hissing sound, which receded quickly. As the hissing decreased in volume, so too did the light, and we were soon enveloped in darkness again.

"We have to get them," Peters said in a low, terrible voice that made my skin crawl. He turned and went a little way down the corridor, towards something I could not see. He blundered in the darkness, and I heard him cursing and the sounds of objects being moved. I could see nothing until there flared a pale, sickly green light. Peters was standing on a block of stone, holding the strangest-looking lantern I had ever seen. There was no metal on it, simply an eight inch tall glass pentagon, which narrowed to a point at the bottom, and was capped by a flat stone which was topped in turn by a stone ring that Peters held. Inside the glass was a roiling liquid that seemed to be in some way boiling, and it was this that gave out

the very strange illumination. I looked away from the queer thing, grateful enough for the light.

Although the tunnel continued, it was very different. This seemed some sort of wharf without water, and certainly it was one of the strangest places I had ever yet been in. Before I had the opportunity to properly look about me, Peters directed me towards a jumble of metallic poles and instructed me to pick out four. I looked at these strange objects, about five feet long, pentagonal, and equipped with a rounded spike about a handspan in length, which jutted off sharply from the very end, razor sharp on the bottom edge. The entire effect was something like a metal scythe, only shorter in every way and set in straight, rigid lines. They were of no metal I had ever seen before—green as verdigrised bronze and yet slightly oily to the touch, although this may have been the action of the damp air in the tunnel. After I had picked four—no difficult task, for they were all virtually identical—Peters hurriedly told me to bring them to him by the wall. There, in a depression set below the rest of the floor, was a slot in the wall, which ran down the dark tunnel, into which I assumed the prisoners had been taken. He thrust two of the poles into holes which had grooves running down to the main slot, with the spikes pointing up.

After that, we lifted one of the stone platforms that was lying on the floor. It was extraordinarily heavy, as it was about five feet wide and rather thick, and we had to rest several times before we were able to place it on the two poles, on which it fit snugly. The platform itself was made of the same stone as the walls, but perfectly pentagonal, with five holes drilled into the center, in a circle. Other than this, the surface was slightly rough, as if unfinished. Before we continued our journey, I suggested that we ought to get some food, since we had no idea how long we would be in that dreadful tunnel. Peters agreed, and sent me up to gather as many of the white plants from the island as I could. As I was returning to the tunnel below, I heard a great hammering sound. Alarmed, I proceeded more slowly, until I came upon Peters, beating the floor with one of the metal poles. While the floor showed considerable damage from the abuse, the pole did not seem to have suffered in the slightest. When he caught sight of me, he shook the pole at me, saying that it was fit for use. "On what?" I asked him. "Them!" he screamed, pointing down the tunnel, and proceeded to have a fit of violent paroxysms, raging around the little room and screaming strange things to himself. I dared not disturb him, lest his anger turn on me.

I deposited my slimy armload of native vegetation onto the stone platform, and Peters and I climbed on board. We each brought three of the odd lamps, in case the fuel for the one providing the current illumination should fail. Peters also brought several more of the metal rods, apparently to use against the kidnappers. I quickly discovered that these would fit into holes in the front and back of the platform, and we hung our lamps on these. When all was in readiness, Peters took hold of one of the bars supporting the platform and turned the long spike at the end. The stone raft dropped and lurched, and we were quite suddenly moving at a fair rate of speed. The only sound to our conveyance was the strange hissing that came from the wall we were passing so near to, like some indefatigable snake. The walls were smooth, so I did not initially notice our great velocity, but upon looking back, I could no longer see the end of the passage.

Presently, I noticed that there were disks occasionally set into the walls just above the slit along which we were traveling. Owing to the rapidity of our motion, I was unable to determine what they were. We traveled through the tunnel for hours, neither one of us saying anything to the other, with only the slight hissing of our transport to break the silence. At no other time did I come so close to sheer and utter hopelessness as I did in those first hours descending in that horrible, endless tunnel. The walls were monotonous and the green light made me feel ill. We carefully rationed our vinegary leaves, so eating was infrequent. And so we had nothing but each other to destroy the monotony of the stygian way, and yet I was afraid to say anything to Peters. He seemed very affected by the events previous to our

attaining transport. What was going through his mind, I could in no way guess, but he was full of evil looks and violent temper, so I returned to my tedious observation of the walls.

The tunnel was hewn out of the living rock that connected the island to the sea floor. That it had been made by the repugnant Tsalalians was impossible, since there were no seams in the rock, and the walls and floor appeared very smooth. Although there were no clues to the making of the tunnel, there were occasional jogs and lifts along the way. While the majority of the ride was as smooth as oil on water, sometimes there would be a little sway, or a rise that would make the raft shudder a little, and lose some of its velocity, only to resume it some seconds later.

Of other life there was no sign. I never saw anything of the red light I had seen earlier, only the septic green of our own light. Whoever had taken away the prisoners had completely vanished from our sight. But Peters was determined to catch them; to a much greater extent than I was. But we had no idea if there was any way to excite our mode of transport to an even greater velocity. Indeed, I was completely in the dark as to the action that made our platform move so rapidly—it was Peters who had known how to engage whatever mechanism propelled us. The mechanism of the platform required no effort on our part, and the walls rushed by too fast for examination. Blackness surrounded us, cut only by the wan, spectral light of our lamp. Peters squatted, a dark and frightening shape at the other end of the platform. Weariness overcame me, and I lay down, head pillowed by the slick vegetation that served as our feeble store of food. Lulled by the monotonous hiss of the cavern, I was soon overcome by sleep.

I awoke to perfect and utter darkness. I could hear nothing but the faint hissing of our transport and, after a panicked minute, Peters' slow, labored breathing. He was not dead, then. I felt around the platform, hoping to be able to re-ignite our odd light source, for although the light was nauseous, it was better than the crushing darkness that currently surrounded us. By feel alone, I was able to make my way to the fore of the platform, and found the pole upon which the lamp hung. I felt my way up the oily pole, careful not to encounter the sharp edge of the spike, and onto the rough surface of the lamp.

Immediately, there was a sharp tearing sensation along my hand, and the lamp immediately sprang to life, almost literally. I had not before been able to observe the action of the lamp, but now I had a particularly horrible opportunity. A faint glow began in the depths of the glass, radiating from a small, lumpy form at the top of the glass container. After a second, it rapidly grew, both in size and luminosity. Very quickly the mass had expanded enough to press firmly against the sides of the lamp, roiling as I had seen it earlier. I looked at my hand, expecting the palm to be bloody, but there was no mark upon it at all. It was an unpleasant feeling, and I hoped that I would forever after be spared repeating the experience. Our progress continued unabated, the walls rushing past us at great velocity.

Words cannot describe the tedium of the journey—to be confined to a space no more than twenty-five square feet, alone save an insensate companion, rushing through the darkness towards some unknown goal. I spent as much time as possible sleeping, and remain unsure how long the terrible journey lasted—three days at the least.

At last, there came a slowing of our strange method of transportation, along with a distinct cooling of the air. All through the tunnel the air had been warm and humid, but now it turned chill, and water ran off the walls in streams, pooling into ice-scummed puddles on the floor. This was especially worrisome as Peters and I had no clothing against the cold, and no means of procuring any. We turned a corner, the first in the whole hellish journey, and came to another of the peculiar wharves. But it was obvious that our odd method of conveyance was not going to stop, although it had slowed considerably. The platform was at the height of our raft, so it was a natural thing to simply step off, leaving the raft to continue its journey into the darkness alone.

We were in a maze of tunnels that led in several directions, and from one there was the faintest glimmering of clean, wholesome light. Despairing from our inability to find any signs of passage on the cold stone floor, we jumped in alarm at a loud, confused chattering that came down from the lit corridor. Up this barely-lit cavern, something was moving—a shifting, flapping sound echoed around us, accompanied by strange squawking and hooting noises. Peters took one of the oily rods in one hand and the pale green-glowing lantern in another. I took another bar, and followed closely behind him.

There were a number of white penguins—larger than any bird I had ever seen before—milling about, the mouth of the cavern. From our vantage, the light behind them was almost intolerably bright, already surpassing the loathsome light that emanated from our lantern. But with the increase of light also came an increase in the chill. A freezing wind gusted down the cave, and Peters, shivering with the cold, hefted his pole and in a trice, broke the neck of one of the birds. "You get one, too," he said, his breath already steaming as he began to skin the wretched thing with the razor-edge of his pike, "we can wear their pelts against the cold." This seemed reasonable to me, and it was the work of but a moment before I had killed another of the things. Oddly, they did not flee, despite seeing two of their company struck dead in their midst, but continued to mill about as confusedly as before. But when I was engaged in the grisly task of cutting it open, I noted that the eyes were a milky white, all but useless. Like Peters, I skinned the creature, and then turned the whole skin inside-out so that the minute feathers would keep my skin warm. We guessed that the cold outside the tunnel would be even more intense than inside and, even though I rapidly followed his example, I was shaking violently by the time I was done. The polar cold was unimaginably fierce. Even through the penguin hide, I could feel the chill working into my bones. By this time, Peters was feasting on the raw meat from his penguin—the first food other than the vinegary plants we had had in some time. We did not bother to bring any supplies with us—we had no hope of building a fire, and anything we carried with us would probably freeze before we got any significant distance away from the tunnel. Even so, just before we left the site of our butchery, Peters, after some careful maneuvering, pulled an organ from each of the piles. One he thrust at me as he chewed on the other. I ate the raw, bloody liver—and it sent the blood singing in my veins. Thus fortified, we proceeded towards the end of the tunnel and the clean light of day.

A scene of unutterable horror greeted us at the mouth of the cavern. The temperature plummeted as we approached the entrance, and we stepped out into the light. It was excruciatingly bright, reflected not only from the murky skies but from the thousand drifts and embankments of snow that surrounded us. To the ordinary eye, the light was diffuse and dim, but to those such as we who had been immured in the very depths of the earth's bowels, darker than any night, even this wan light was nearly unbearable. The nauseous light of the lamp had in no way prepared our eyes for the wholesome light of the sun, despite the overcast sky and the sun's low angle. There was nowhere to look to rest our eyes; everywhere there was the blinding whiteness of sky or snow, piercing our eyes like silver-white daggers. We stood and blinked—covering and uncovering our eyes to shield us from the reflected glare—and beheld yet another terrible revelation. As our eyes adjusted, we began to make out the outlines of the rock formations that the snow had drifted against, squat and black in contrast to the unyielding brilliance of the snow. The more we could see, the more we saw that the outlines were too regular for anything of nature's construction. Whatever it was and whoever had built it, the blocks of stone and suggestively regular corridors between them could be only one thing. It was a ruined city—unutterably ancient—built and then abandoned on this freezing Antarctic waste.

Great and ancient it was—with open arches and tumbled causeways, many of the great works thrown down by some unimaginable cataclysm. Everything had an unsettling queerness to it—the incalculable age of the city itself, the gaping holes choked with snow, and an indefinable but decidedly repugnant otherness of the entire place. The only sounds were those of the wind as it thrilled and roared through the ruined streets. There were paved courtyards swept clean of snow, with five avenues leading from them, hemmed in by five blank stone

walls. There were no signs of inhabitation, only the terrible desolation and loneliness of ages; the march of time slowly grinding this strange metropolis into oblivion. I stood, dumbfounded by this incredible and monstrous landscape, but Peters shook me from my passivity and pointed to the undisturbed snow at the cavern's mouth.

Whatever we were tracking, it had not been this way. The snow was deep and fresh, white as an unwritten page waiting for the first defacing scratch of a pen. Snarling in anger, Peters stalked back into the darkness of the cavern, and we again set a raft of stone into the wall, and after loading our meager stock of food and other equipment, continued down the passage. But our time in the darkness was much less this time. After no more than three or four hours, our ride ended, and we drifted into another of those dry wharves. This time, however, there was only one tunnel, and it lead directly to the surface.

As harrowing as the sight at the previous tunnel had been, our view from this one was even more terrible. No more than a mile away through blasts of snow and wind, yet clearly visible, was the image of a titan tower—a lair of giants, dragons, or some other fabulous and abhorrent creature, for it was far too great to have been erected by mere human hands. It soared above us, hidden behind a swirling, freezing veil of ice and snow, taller than any medieval tower or citadel. And then we saw the brilliant blue light which hovered about its cap, like Saint Elmo's fire about a mast, and I knew, I knew to my soul that this was nothing else but a primordial lighthouse—I can think of no other thing it might have been as the light, dazzlingly bright in the polar gloom, lanced from its top—guiding ships from God knew where to this most desolate of ports. It was a sight that I can never erase from my mind; grand as a square-rigger's mast, terrible as lightning on the sea. There clung to this unholy edifice a hideous feeling of monstrousness, as if this were not something native to this earth, but an enormous, blasphemical tower of Babel erected to mock God and all of His good works. I tried to run, but I could not—I was captivated, involuntarily fascinated by that elder tower of eons long past—as if it were calling to me, urging me to come towards it. I stood frozen, freezing; when Peters nudged me, and I was able to look away from that titan horror. I immediately had the urge to run, but successfully fought it down. To panic and run in this wilderness of snow was to die.

My only hope that we could get away from this awful place of elder madness was crushed by Peters' excited pointing to a trail on the ground. Although it was not fresh—even now there was a light fall of snow and ice—it was definite evidence of recent passage. Utterly crushed, not even daring to believe we should come through the venture alive, I followed as Peters pursued the trail of the captives directly towards the antediluvian ruins.

CHAPTER XXVIII

For an interminable time of freezing cold that we followed that track; I have no conception of how long that dreadful mile took us, for we were unable to even lift our eyes, the cold was so utterly numbing to mind and body. Snow and sleet blew all around us, and it was all we could do to watch our ice-laden feet follow each other down the trail in the inches-deep snow. Ice formed on our lashes, and our breath froze ere it left our bodies, forming a second, frozen beard on our lips. We toiled on and the snow got worse, the wind driving against us mercilessly. Our previous agonies were nothing compared to what we now endured—our erstwhile coats freezing to our bodies, the wind a sledgehammer that drove us from the path, which we knew was leading us to some horrible ending of gruesome death. Twice I fell, only to be picked out of the freezing snow and urged on by Peters. A third time I stumbled, and absolutely could not go on. I lay in the snow, waiting for the merciful oblivion of death, the dark closing in, when Peters kicked me sharply. I threw up an arm to ward off his abuse, unable to cry out, for my lips were frozen shut. "Get up!" he cried. "Up, you miserable wretch!" And with that, he hauled me bodily out of the snow and shook me as if I were nothing but a child. This had the effect of bringing me back to my senses and sending the

blood feebly back to my limbs. I gathered myself—more afraid of Peters than I was of the spire of death—and trudged on. Soon, we were walking in the shadow of the dreadful pharos itself.

We continued to stumble, half blind, wholly insensate, until my foot struck something in the trail and I again fell headlong. Peters aimed a fierce kick at me, then suddenly stopped, his face contorting with rage and terror. I followed his gaze, and saw that I had tripped on a human body. Whoever he had been, he was unrecognizable now; his head had been caved in by a powerful blow and his blood had frozen to ice in his long, blonde hair. Although the sight was ghastly, it was in some horrible manner comforting, for we at least knew the mysterious captors and their prisoners had come this way, even if not all of the captives remained alive.

Only a few yards from the pitiful remains, the trail entered the base of the appalling tower. Immediately, we found ourselves on a circular ramp that descended into the depths of the earth below the tremendous lighthouse, and a small amount of packed snow and ice to show us that our quarry had descended within. As we followed this trail, we noted that around this ramp, the walls of the building were covered in carvings—bas reliefs that were too frightening to contemplate for long. We hurried down into the darkness, afraid that we might see too much, Peters in the lead. It is fortunate that Peters had remembered to keep hold of his lamp, for darkness was almost immediate, as within the tower there was no hint of the awful blue light that beckoned. Although there was no snow to hold a trail, he detected a slight trail of ice that continued into the lower depths of the structure.

If the tower above was dead, then below the surface it was alive. We passed dozens of darkened hallways, and from many of these there came sounds of work or activity, the hiss of steam or the clank of metal being worked. Each of these was in perfect rhythm, even more perfect than the best sea-chantey. At times, we looked into entrances or archways, but at no time did we see any living soul, only great disks and plates of metal and stone and other, less identifiable substances that blasted foul air and turned and twisted to no recognizable purpose. Fearful of that which we did not understand, we exited from these rooms in haste. We did not explore the silent passages. As we descended, we noted that the air was becoming warm and damp again. Soon we were all but sweating in our penguin-skin overcoats, but we did not take them off. Our icy beards melted off painfully, and we stopped once to restore life to our limbs, shaking off the effects of the cold as quickly as possible; we did not know what would be required of us for any rescue attempt.

Eventually, we came to a place where we heard the rasp of human breath, and saw the thick red glow we had seen at the beginning of the terrible tunnel so long ago. Ever cautious, Peters retreated and left our lamp some distance away from the archway, crept up to the entranceway, then signaled me to silently join him. Once there, I saw the four captives, hands still trussed in the primitive ropes made by the Tsalalians, in addition to two of the filthy savages. All lay on a block of stone which rose off the floor of the chamber, apparently dazed in some way. There were carvings on the block, but I could not make them out. Although I could not see the entire chamber, I could see that it was vast and contained several large crystalline structures of some unknowable purpose. The air wafting out of the room was tropical—damp and hot, almost to the point of steaming. I signaled to Peters that we should make an immediate rescue, but he shook his head minutely, his stony features imprecating dire results if I made any attempt. We continued to study the chamber, when there came a queer shuffling sound, and there stepped into my view, a Thing.

There are many things that Man does not yet know about the Earth, and this was one of the most horrible. For it is a conceit of mankind that there are no other intelligences on this Earth than himself, and that the Lord gave him dominion over all the beasts and fishes. This is not the case, for there are other, stranger Things that live amid the polar wastes, Things shaped like whalers' barrels, only taller and more slender, with thick, ropy tentacles below and a curious starfish-shaped head crowning the whole. Its color was a dirty greenish gray, mottled in some areas, and it walked. Great God! I cannot swear whether it was animal or

plant, but the Thing walked; clumsily, as if uncomfortable with ambulation, but walk it did, shuffling along on the five powerful tentacles that sprang from its base like the roots from a great tree. I here swear to God in Heaven that this thing was not simply alive, but also intelligent, possessed of a malicious mind at least as great as the brains of men, but evil, as foul as any demon or devil. Without a doubt, these were the creatures that had raised that horrible, hell-spawned beacon that rose above us like the arrogance of Lucifer himself, for only minds of such malice could have created something so grossly malevolent.

The dreadful Thing moved toward one of the defenseless captives and picked him up easily, with only one limb. As soon as the victim was lifted off the carven stone upon which he had rested, he began to thrash and scream horribly, but he was held fast by the Thing's tentacle. Peters and I were paralyzed with horror, knowing that there was nothing we could do as the poor wretch was carried some several yards to a pit in the floor. With incredible strength, the hellish thing carelessly flung its screaming burden headfirst into the cavity. His screams stopped immediately, replaced by a curious churning sound, as if he had fallen into mud, but we held no hope for him in this awful place. I averted my eyes and covered my ears in a futile attempt to shut out the sounds of the dying man. The Thing merely stood by, impassive as the rocky walls while the muddy slopping slowly tapered off. With sudden action, it reached into the hole in the floor, and, with a care it had not previously shown to the man, raised up what was left of our poor fellow. All that had been a man was gone, and there was only left the pinkish-white net of his sinews, attached to the thick cord of his spine and the pudding-like lump that was his brain!

Paralyzed with fear, sickened with revulsion, we could do nothing but watch as the Thing draped the pitiful sinews of our fellow man over its tentacle and folded it into a neat package, much as a mother tenderly folds the dress of her small child. It then shuffled out of the room by some exit which I was not able to see. Soon after it was out of sight, I leapt down to free the captives. No sooner had I sprinted across the floor and come to the side of the captives then I was struck immobile. Nearly out of my mind with terror, lest the cursed Thing should return and treat me as it had our other compatriot, I attempted to command my limbs to action, but to no avail. I was utterly frozen in place, unable to even move so much as my eyes. There was a weird radiance around certain of the carvings on the stone, and it seemed that it was these symbols that had clamped onto my brain, immobilizing me.

Again, Dirk Peters saved me. Noting my sudden and idiotic stillness, he knocked me sprawling with a powerful blow to my back. As soon as I fell, I was again able to move. Guessing that this was some foul action of the unholy altar upon which the captives were placed, Peters and I carefully removed the three white men from their imprisonment on the stone block. As soon as they were clear of the stone, they began to thrash and struggle. We quieted them, quickly explained that we had the means to escape, and, using the sharp edge of the providential rod, cut them free. Within a few minutes, our work was done, and we remaining five retreated from that terrible room.

We left the Tsalalians to their gods.

Outside in the corridor, we began to run, intending to run all the way to the tunnel, leaving this accursed lighthouse far behind us. Peters led, showing his marvelous dexterity by snatching the still-lit lamp from the floor without slowing his pace. As we fled up the corridor towards the surface, one of our new companions glanced back and let out a despairing cry of horror. The Thing had returned, and was pursuing us! For all its clumsy ambulation, it was horrendously swift when aroused. We ran still faster, but we were tired, hungry, and cold. The Thing steadily gained upon us, issuing an odd, almost musical piping that did nothing but increase our terror. We were hopeless now, knowing that even five of us had no hope of overpowering even one such creature. Finally, in desperation, Peters threw our sickly-green lamp at the creature, more as a gesture of defiance than in hope of doing it harm. To our surprise, there was no explosion. The glass shattered, and the seething liquid within expanded

hungrily. Although Peters had thrown short of the mark, the Thing was unable to stop or turn swiftly enough to avoid its peril. At its first touch, the light turned from the familiar ulcerous green to the thick, vile red we had seen in the tunnel. The liquid, growing madly and increasing in brilliance just as rapidly, swiftly covered the tentacled Thing, which, overbalanced, crashed to the floor like a felled tree. Completely enveloped, the Thing flopped for few seconds, then stopped, and the red light burned and shimmered like a roaring bonfire. The edges of the entrapped Thing began to soften horribly as the glowing, bubbling mass corroded or melted the Thing in some way. And then, of its own volition, the liquid mass moved, seeming to have sucked its victim dry, and seeking more sustenance, reached with bright, fiery red feelers in our direction.

Terrified by what we had released, we fled like madmen. Soon we were out of the accursed lighthouse, and the deathly cold of the polar weather oppressed us with its might. Words cannot describe the piteous suffering we went through on our return, for our new companions were but lightly clothed and obviously on the verge of collapse. We continued at a loping jog, praying that the exertion would warm us enough to allow us to reach the tunnel. Half-way there one of the strangers collapsed, and Peters was obliged to carry the unfortunate soul. Although the wind had slackened, the snow fell even more thickly, so that there we could not feel the call of that titanic, hellish beacon. By the time we reached the safety of the tunnel, our lope had degenerated into the desperate shuffle of the bone-weary. Peters still carried one of the men, so I supported the other two, for tired as I was, my privations were surely as nothing compared to those of these three.

After finally reaching the tunnel, we quickly moved our new comrades into the warmer interior. Presently, after being fed some of the sharp, fleshy leaves that remained on our raft, our companions began to revive. Peters and I then removed our ghastly attire, for it would quickly grow too warm for the wearing of it, and, as it thawed, it would certainly begin to stink and rot. We were quite relieved to see that nothing had been disturbed in our absence; there had been no monstrous penguins to eat the pale, squishy leaves. All five of the remaining lamps were there, much to our dismay—especially in light of the greedy nature it had displayed on the Polar Thing. We handled these very carefully, afraid of releasing the luminous substance within. When we were all restored somewhat, we clambered aboard the movable platform. Peters, obviously understanding the mechanism much better than I, fumbled with the metal rods for a few minutes before they settled with a crunch, and we began to move, this time away from the horrible city of the Pole.

CHAPTER XXIX

When we were sure that we were not immediately pursued, Peters touched one of the lamps. It sprang to eerie, greenish life, and in this shifting light we took our first good look at our fellow survivors. They were sturdy men, for despite all they had been through, they were pale and weak but with their spirits unbowed. We continued for some time, neither of us speaking, haunted by the fear of pursuit. But eventually one of their company broke the silence, and we learned that they were crewmen of a bark named the Discovery, out of Oslo, named Vredenburgh, DeLance and Marburg. They told us that their hope was that their ship might still be at the shore where they had left it, laid up for repairs. Originally they had been a hunting party of eight, until they had run afoul of the repulsive Tsalalians. Three of their party had been killed in a terrible ambush, and the five survivors taken as hostages. The man whose head was split open by the Polar Things was named Gunnarsson, a mighty man who had waited until the freezing cold was almost intolerable before attempting to free his fellow-hostages. One of the Things had killed him with a single swift, enormously powerful blow, splitting his head open like a pumpkin. Their other companion who had died so horribly in that awful city had been named Johansen, but they could not bear to talk of him for long. They wept for their comrades, and Peters and I gave them such scraps of comfort as we could.

Hours and days passed, and for a time there was nothing but the monotonous hiss of the platform and the vast miles falling behind us. It had been a long time, far beyond any counting, when Vredenburgh saw a movement just beyond our range of light. Peters touched another lamp, and the nauseous light brightened. Following us, and gaining at a rapid pace, were no less than three of the terrible Polar Things, riding their own platform and encouraging it in some way to overtake ours. Vredenburgh and Marburg screamed and clutched at themselves, paralyzed by approaching doom. Peters swore, and seeing nothing else with which to defend ourselves, threw one of our remaining lamps at it. The lantern shattered on the floor of the tunnel, leaving only a glowing spot that was swiftly left behind us, doing no damage to our pursuers. We all gasped in utter horror, but then DeLance shouted that we should throw two or three of the remaining lanterns together, in the hopes that we would have a better chance of hitting the creatures. This we quickly agreed on. Peters and I activated the lamps, for I felt that the frightful draining sensation would certainly be nothing compared to the horrors that awaited us if we were captured and returned to the polar city. At DeLance's count, we hurled the lamps, glowing greenishly, down the tunnel at our pursuers. We were fortunate; two of the three lamps broke on the Polar Things' platform. As before, the liquid sought out the living creatures, the putrid green glow turning a no-more wholesome red as it touched the Things. The Things frantically swatted at the liquid, attempting to remove it from themselves, but only succeeded in spreading the noxious stuff around, bringing about their dissolution all the faster. As the hungry stuff overwhelmed their platform, one Thing attempted to get off the platform despite the high rate of speed at which it was moving. But the virulent stuff, radiating the swirling red light of a burning house, actually reached out and pulled the Thing back onto the platform, and devoured it. There was no denying now that the substance was alive, and then panic struck us, for the other platform still gained on ours. It was clear that in a matter of minutes, the two would touch, and we would be food for the blazing red horror. We wept, cursing DeLance for his thoughtless action, and Marburg began to pray.

But hope and salvation sprang from nowhere. Even as we stared, horrified, at the seething, red liquesence that surged towards us, it stopped and, turning, smashed through a weak part of the wall, and was wholly gone in a matter of seconds. We were at a loss, unable to believe our escape. Our platform rushed onwards, leaving the new horror we had created behind us. But abruptly, our movement stopped. We were thrown forward headlong and sprawled severally, like dice thrown by a clumsy gambler. The impact was tremendous, as our rate of speed had been very great, but I did not suffer any broken bones. As I picked myself up, I felt a rumbling in the stone of the tunnel. I tried to gather my companions, hoping to collect them together in preparation for a collapse of some section of the tunnel, when, from behind us, there exploded the blazing monstrosity, its size incalculably magnified, its light shining brighter than the sun. We felt, rather than saw, it rush up the tunnel like a juggernaut, so powerful and swift that we were unable to do anything but cringe in fear that it would crush us utterly. But it slowed quickly after the initial rush, and stopped less than ten feet from the edge of our platform.

It was not enough to shield our eyes from the brilliant mass, we had to actually turn away from it and keep our eyes closed to make the light tolerable at all. Blinded, we gathered each other and what little equipment we could lay our hands on, and retreated away from the brilliantly-lit monstrosity as fast as we were able. We all had sustained some bruises and aches from our rough treatment, but Peters was the one who was most badly injured. As soon as the light was merely bright, DeLance examined him and found his arm to be broken, although he did not complain of the pain. DeLance bound the arm tightly, to prevent the bones from grinding together, while the rest of us took stock of our situation. We had one remaining lantern, which we treated with great care; by some stroke of good fortune, it had not been thrown from its spike or otherwise damaged during our sudden stop, or else we surely would have shared the terrible fate of our pursuers. We also had two of the metal poles, and only two handfuls of our slowly decaying fleshy leaves. Rationing the food, we plodded along, our pace torturously slow, and I felt myself getting weaker and weaker. Vredenburgh led the way, the

tunnel growing slowly dimmer and dimmer as the we moved away from the horrible source of our luminescence. We walked for a day, and yet still we did not need to light our last lantern before we came to the end of the tunnel, on the island near the boiling sea. With glad hearts we attained the surface of the island, to find it much changed. Whatever the plume had been, it was gone, and also the roar of the cataract to which we had grown so accustomed. Marburg and Vredenburgh ran down to the sea, and found it still extraordinarily hot, but the powerful current which had dragged us to the island was gone, presumably linked inextricably with the strangely missing cataract.

While Vredenburgh, Marburg, and DeLance whooped and cheered on the sandy white beach, eating the pale leaves that had sustained Peters and I for so long, we two sat down, our limbs weak from exhaustion. My head rang as if a cannon had been fired nearby. As the other crew ran on the beach, I watched Peters stumble and fall to the ground. Trance like, I started to walk over to him, but found that I had abused my body too fiercely. My joints cramped, and like Peters, I collapsed onto the sand.

I can only report that I experienced nightmares the like of which I never have before, and that I spent several weeks delirious and raving, from what cause I cannot guess. I know I would have died had not our three companions taken it upon themselves to care for us. For we awoke some time later, to see the sturdy beams of a ship above us, and felt the rolling of the sea under a great ship.

It was some time later that Vredenburgh came down to see us. He explained that we were on the explorer's ship Nancy, and that Peters and I had been ill for some weeks. When I asked him how we had come to be here, he briefly recounted how we had arrived on the Nancy. Without the current, it had been an easy thing to take the Tsalalian canoe from the shores of the island and paddle out into the sea while Peters and I lay groaning and helpless in the bottom of the canoe. The further away from the island they moved, the colder it had become. After a few days, we had landed on a drifting ice-floe. They had set to work butchering several seals and wrapping us in the skins, each day keeping we two invalids warm and fed, and never leaving us alone, for fear the Tsalalians might find us. I cannot find the words to express my gratitude to those three brave souls who kept us alive as we awaited rescue. And rescue did come: after two weeks on the ice floe, a passing ship, the exploration brig Nancy, found us and took us aboard. After telling his story, Vredenburgh impressed upon me that I should tell no one about our adventures, or anything about the city on the Pole, for, as explorers, the Nancy's crew would certainly wish to investigate that terrible place on the ice. I agreed to this, and the following day was well enough to join the crew.

But there was always a distance between us and the rest of the crew of the Nancy. While they believed our story about being shipwrecked, they could not but notice that there was some oddness to us, and that what little gear we carried was of unusual manufacture. Peters and Vredenburgh were especially close-mouthed, fearing the curiosity of the crew. Their resistance to questioning was so adamant that they nearly started a few fights with those who asked too much. We were fortunate that the Nancy had completed her primary mission, and that she was returning to her home port of Liverpool, for our notoriety had quickly risen among her crew.

We arrived in Liverpool, where I worked as a barman for some years in order to accumulate enough money to finance my return to America. Of the minor mishaps we suffered as we sailed north, I shall not tell, for they are trivial compared to the terrors and trials that preceded them. Once a man has seen certain things, the mundane world seems ordinary and adventures that once thrilled the blood do not seem worth telling. This is the end of my journal, for I am not the boy who started it. I have starved, frozen, been subject to pirates and Things beyond description. I am no longer as I was. When we return to America, I shall not seek out my father and his home in Nantucket, for I am too changed and the memory of my boyish innocence will do nothing but haunt me. I am no longer the child that my friends

knew, if indeed any of them recognize me as the boy who ran away from home to sail the sea. I know now that there are things of which men ought not know, and places they ought not go. I will make my living away from the sea, away from the great waters that see so much. I shall go inland, and never wish to see the world again.

END

September 4, 1933

Johann,

Here is the rest of the text; read it carefully. I do not need to remind you that, if true, this writing holds the key to the greatest discovery in human history. Though I am not enough of an adventurer to join you on the expedition, I wish you good fortune in our hunt.

Poe had his hands on this, there may be some misunderstandings; I am sure you will be able to sift the truth from the fiction.

Loemmler

Appendix 4: Game Logistics

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Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest

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no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
2	Ford snow tractors, cap. 750# cargo, tow 3000#	#1 tween	1,450	2,900
3	300 watt generators, gasoline powered, on skids	#1 tween	80	240
1	heavy crate w.derrick, bracing struct for drill	#1 tween	1,000	1,000
1	heavy crate w. generator, meters & drill-head	#1 tween	1,000	1,000
1	frame cont. w. jointed drill-pipe, 12' lengths	#1 tween	1,000	1,000
1	heavy crate w. electrical ice-melting equipment	#1 tween	1,000	1,000
2	crated windmill generator, cplt w. 12' triped	#1 tween	300	600
80	tanks of oxygen	#1 lower	20	1,600
20	one gal. cans kerosene for stoves & blowtorches	#2 tween	8	160
400	55 gallon drums gasoline (22,000 gallons total)	#2 lower	330	132000
10	50 gallon drums lub. oil (500 gallons total)	#2 lower	350	3,500
1	55 gallon drum industrial alcohol for photolab	#2 lower	330	330
2	kerosene stoves for base camp	#3 tween	25	50
2	chalkboard, 4' x 4' on stand	#3 tween	35	70
6	blowtorch	#3 tween	5	30
4	kerosene lanterns	#3 tween	2	8
3	boxed set cooking gear for camp (pots and pans)	#3 tween	20	60
2	camp radio with antenna	#3 tween	200	400
4	trail radio with antenna	#3 tween	100	400
20	trail radio battery	#3 tween	20	400
6	field telephone w. telegraph key	#3 tween	20	120
32	telephone battery	#3 tween	1	32
1	spool 8,000' telephone wire	#3 tween	8	8
5	bag, set aircraft tools	#3 tween	50	250
1	crate tools (vise, sm lathe, files, drill, &c.)	#3 tween	300	300
1	chest carpentry tools:base (saws hammers etc.)	#3 tween	50	50
1	box, w. various nails & carpentry supplies	#3 tween	50	50
2	sled, 900 board feet lumber for base	#3 tween	4,000	8,000
1	pallet, w. 6 rolls tarpaper	#3 tween	380	380
1	box, set film developing equipment & chemicals	#3 tween	35	35
10	Nansen cookers & primus stoves	#3 tween	25	250
2	crate 1 doz. settings plates, mugs, utensils	#3 tween	15	30
12	buckets (to melt water in)	#3 tween	2	24
12	4 person bellows-entrance tents, w. poles, etc.	#3 tween	50	600
20	5-pole sledging tents	#3 tween	10	200
40	canvas and goosedown sleeping bags	#3 tween	16	640
8	box, w. 6 cnt. of 60 'lifeboat' style matches	#3 tween	5	40
6	flags (2 U.S., 2 Brit., 2 M.U.) on short poles	#3 tween	5	30
40	pair snowshoes	#3 tween	6	240
10	pair skis, bindings, and poles	#3 tween	12	120
12	shovels	#3 tween	3	36
6	axes	#3 tween	5	30
4	bow saws	#3 tween	4	16
6	600' coils, alpine rope	#3 tween	40	240
12	bagged sets pitons, slings, other climbing gear	#3 tween	7	84
12	ice axes	#3 tween	5	60
8	Nansen sleds, 12' long, 2' wide, 1000lb. cap.	#3 tween	100	800
8	sled meters	#3 tween	3	24
4	box with 1" flare pistol and 10 flares	#3 tween	4	16
3	metal box, 10 calcium flares (burn for 10 min.)	#3 tween	20	60

(continued next page)

Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest

(continued from previous page)

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
6	cerise marker panels to signal aircraft	#3 tween	n/a	n/a
6	electric signal lamp (needs power source)	#3 tween	3	18
3	oxygen snow tents	#3 tween	50	150
1	heavy cargo ramp for unloading ship	#3 lower	1,500	1,500
36	malamute sled dogs - usually 9-11 per sled	#5 tween	90	3,240
--	bunks, benches, etc. for base camp	#5 lower		800
150	8' bamboo poles	#5 lower	2	300
20	12' x 12' timbers, 18' long for base shelters	#5 lower	1,300	26000
10	24' telephone poles for base masts and bridging	#5 lower	500	5,000
5	Brace and Clamp Sets for panel huts	#5 lower	172	860
190	Insulated panel, for 5 panel huts	#5 lower	106	20140
	subtotal			217,521

In addition there are a dozen more pallets, for a subtotal of about 197,581#. This extra weight includes all the items listed below.

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
	- supplies aboard ship for ice operations:			
1	spare rudder and rudder assembly	on deck aft	2,100	2,100
1	spare ship's propeller	on deck aft	2,700	2,700
1	raft built atop oil drums (for help unloading)	on deck aft	1,100	1,100
40	bags, quick setting cement	#4 tween	40	1,600
2	case of 48 sticks ammonia-gelatin dynamite	#4 tween	60	120
2	set, welding equipment	bosun stores	220	440
8	mallet	bosun stores	8	64
8	large hammer	bosun stores	2	16
1	wooden box, 100 no.6 non-electric blasting caps	bosun stores	10	10
6	coil (50') of time blasting fuse	bosun stores	10	60
8	large crowbar	bosun stores	4	32
12	ice scrapers	bosun stores	3	36
12	snow shovels	bosun stores	3	36
12	stiff brooms for sweeping ice off ship	bosun stores	2	24
4	ice anchors (really big hooks)	bosun stores	180	720
	subtotal			9,058

In addition, the ship's stores include a larger than usual amount of canvas, oakum, rope, chain, timbers and planks, carpentry supplies, iron plates, beams and angles for repair work, etc. Six heavy mooring lines, each 720' long, are carried aboard.

Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
	- clothing supplies			
40	set of parkas, hooded anoraks, and pants			
40	camel hair balaclavas			
40	set windproof linen oversuits			
40	pair of gloves and mittens, with lanyards sewn on			
200	set of silk, linen and wool underclothes			
80	wool jersey sweaters			
40	flannel shirts			
40	heavy trousers or overalls			
240	pair wool socks			
40	pair sea boots			
40	pair lauger-kock boots (canvas, leather, & sheepskin)			
40	pair finneskoe (Norwegian fur boots)			
40	set, sled pulling harness			
40	mountaineering goggles with canvas side shields			
40	sheath knives			
	-- all are issued individually to members			
	subtotal			1,640

Note: 12 lbs clothing is typical for 'good' weather, 22 lbs for 'bad.'

Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
	-food for operations away from ship:			
30	crate, w. 30 1/2# cans sardines	#3 tween	20	600
4	box, w. 8 cans 4 oz. pepper	#3 tween	2	8
2	box, w. 8 jars 6 oz. mustard	#3 tween	3	6
2	box, w. 8 jars 2 oz. tabasco sauce	#3 tween	1	2
4	crate, w. 40 jars 8 oz. marmalade	#3 tween	25	100
1	box, w. 8 bottles 3 oz. worcestershire sauce	#3 tween	2	2
4	box, w. 80 boxes 4 oz. raisins	#3 tween	22	88
3	crate, w. 150 jars 8 oz. orange syrup	#3 tween	75	225
3	crate, w. 150 jars 8 oz. grape syrup	#3 tween	75	225
16	box, w. 9 boxes, ea. w. 4 slabs 1# chocolate	#3 tween	40	640
48	crate, w. 12 box, ea. 6 12 oz wheat&oat biscuit	#3 tween	60	2,880
4	box, w. 20 boxes of 1/2# cubed sugar	#3 tween	12	48
4	box, w. 27 boxes of 4 oz. w. bouillon cubes	#3 tween	8	32
10	sack, 10# sugar	#3 tween	10	100
8	bag, 12# all-purpose flour	#3 tween	12	96
4	can, 2# baking powder	#3 tween	2	8
4	box, 1# baking soda	#3 tween	1	4
1	box, w. 12 drums 2# salt	#3 tween	25	25
5	crate, w. 12 boxes of 4# oatmeal	#3 tween	50	250
30	crate, w. 2 boxes, w. 24 cans 1# butter	#3 tween	52	1,560
25	crate, w. 32 cans 20 oz. powdered milk	#3 tween	43	1,075
1	chest, w. 4 boxes tea, 16 tins 12 oz. each	#3 tween	55	55
2	crate, w. 6 boxes of 2# dried apricots	#3 tween	12	24
8	crate, w. 4 boxes each w. 24 cans 12 oz. prunes	#3 tween	75	600
20	cases, w. 24 cans 2# baked beans	#3 tween	55	1,100
6	jar, 1 gallon sour cream	reefer space	10	60
8	crate, each w. 22 boxes of a dozen eggs	reefer space	60	480
4	tub, 20# of lard	reefer space	22	88
192	crate, w. 90 blocks 1/2# pemmican (men & dogs)	reefer space	50	9,600
5	sides of bacon	reefer space	50	250
	subtotal			20,231

The food is loaded on 16 standard 48" square pallets. There are 8 pallets of pemmican crates, 2 pallets of biscuit crates, 1 pallet each of butter and milk, and 4 mixed pallets; the loaded pallets weigh between 1,000# and 1,600# each. An empty pallet weighs 80#, so the actual amount going over the side equals 21,511#.

3	Boeing Model 247	#4, #2 tween	11,000	33000
1	Fairchild FC-2 moneplane	#2 lower	2,050	2,050
2	spare Pratt and Whitney 'Wasp' S1H1 engines	#2 tween	800	1,600
	subtotal			36,650

Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
4	canvas plane covers, 38' on a side	on planes	150	600
6	heating hoods for engines	on planes	10	60
2	case, with movie camera, tripods and film	deckhouse	130	260
2	guitar	deckhouse	n/a	n/a
2	harmonica	deckhouse	n/a	n/a
3	still camera set - camera, lenses, triped, film, 50 flashbulbs, IR filters	deckhouse	25	75
1	case biology, zoology, and botany instruments - microscopes, slides	deckhouse	25	25
1	straitjacket	doc's cabin	5	5
3	pairs handcuffs	doc's cabin	n/a	n/a
1	case of 24 bottles various "medicinal" liquor	doc's cabin	30	30
1	medicine chest with surgical and drug supplies	doc's cabin	28	28
1	doctor's medical bag, for use on trail - includes injectable morphine	doc's cabin	12	12
1	box, tobacco and cigarettes	SME office	8	8
1	case, with typewriter, paper and carbon paper	SME office	35	35
1	crate var. navigational instruments and charts	SME office	50	50
12	binoculars, 7x50mm	SME office	2	24
1	case astronomy instruments and notebook - Geiger-Muller counter for cosmic ray studies - quartz spectrographs to study sun and sky spectra	SME office	26	26
4	case meteorology instruments and texts	SME office	13	52
2	chest paleontology equipment - reference works, wire brushes, small 'dental' tools, charting equipment	SME office	10	20
6	chest, geology-cartography tools - stakes, survey theodolite on aluminum triped, rock hammers, sample bags, drafting tools	SME office	40	240
2	chest, geophysics set - precision compass and magnetometer	SME office	12	24
2	chest, chemistry sampling and test equipment - test tubes, beakers & other glassware, bunsen burners, test chemicals, tongs, steppers, thermometers, reference works	SME office	10	20
4	crate, 6 caustic soda canisters	bosun stores	25	100
	subtotal			1,694

items from pages 01-02	217,521	
ship's stores from page 02	197,581	
clothing from page 03	1,640	
food from page 04	21,511	
aircraft and spares from page 04	36,650	
items from page 05	1,694	
grand total	281,431	(141 tons)

Starkweather-Moore Cargo Operations

Flying supplies from edge of sea ice to base on Ross Ice Shelf (about 30 miles), any plane: 1/4 hour flight time + one hour load + 1/2 hour unload + 1/4 hour misc. = two hours. If ten hours operation (in 24 hours) could be planned for, then in five flights each day:

Supplies delivered per day to base, by two Model 247s = 37,200 lbs., uses 275 gallons fuel (from ship); 3,720 lbs. capacity.

Flying supplies to Lake's Camp from the Ross Ice Shelf landing strip (about 1000 miles):

- By Delta: 10-1/2 hours flight time + 1/2 hour at site + one hour at base (fuel and load) = 12 hours.
- By Model 247: 11-3/4 hours flight + 1/2 hour at site + one hour at base (fuel and load) = 13-1/4 hours.

If the Starkweather-Moore/Lexington group plans to set up 37 people at Lake's Camp (13 from Lexington's group, and 24 from the SME group), with three months of supplies, the following has to be hauled from the Ross Ice Shelf:

Weight in Lbs.	What's Carried
6,400	people
5,390	emergency supplies and overland travel gear
1,000	Lexington's generator and radio equipment
700	scientific instruments, cameras, etc.
1,840	two nine-dog sled teams, with sleds
6,660	food for people (two pounds a day)
2,430	dog pemmican (1.5 lbs. a day working, 1 lb. a day resting)
5,940	aircraft, drill and stove fuel (990 gallons, or 18 drums)
640	32 oxygen tanks, 80 cubic feet capacity each
3,000	the Pabodie drill, in three loads
34,000	total at Lake's Camp

If each plane flies three flights in 48 hours (leaving four to six hours a day for maintenance, weather, etc.), then it takes about four days to complete setting up the expedition at the Lake site (seven round trip flights per plane) . . .

And will use a total amount of fuel—

Weight in Lbs.	What's Carried
13,860	by the Delta (2,310 gallons, or 42 drums)
53,150	by both Model 247s (8,860 gallons, or 161 drums)
67,010	11,170 gallons, or 203 drums

All this fuel, and camp supplies, and (say) an eight person base must be set up on the ice shelf.

2,660	eight people and their emergency gear
1,440	food for base crew (two pounds a day)
4,270	two nine-dog sled teams, with sleds, and 90+ days dog pemmican
2,000	huts, wind shelters, plane work shed, repair tools
13,530	aircraft and stove fuel (2255 gallons, or 41 drums)
23,900	total at base

Then the grand total delivered to the ice shelf base (from the ships) is:

23,900	ice shelf base supplies and staff
67,010	fuel to be used by planes flying to Lake's Camp
34,000	Lake's Camp supplies and staff flown into base
124,910	(about 125,000 pounds as actually composed)

Thus: about three days, eight hours to move all supplies from sea ice to base, if only two Model 247s are available at that time. Total number of fuel drums over the side from the SS *Gabrielle* is 279, minus whatever the Lexington Expedition can contribute. ■

BFE Transpolar Operations and Fuel Usage

(1) From Deception Island to Weddell Sea base: 1200 miles (eight hours at cruise speed), uses six barrels.

(2) From Weddell Sea base to South Pole: 830 miles (5.5 hours at cruise speed), uses six barrels.

(3) From South Pole to Lake's Camp: 950 miles (6.25 hours at cruise speed), uses seven barrels.

First assumption: six Ju-52 cargo aircraft, one unserviceable He-70G-2 survey plane.

(A) The expedition arrives.

Graf Zeppelin finishes last trip from South America to Germany: October 15.

three days to make modifications, load supplies.

Depart from Friedrichshafen on Oct. 18.

Reach Recife, Brazil on Oct. 22, land and resupply.

Depart for Antarctica Oct. 23, a flight of 3,000 miles to the Antarctic Peninsula (40 hours).

Arrive at Deception Island on Oct. 25, proceed to the Weddell Sea ice shelf and locate new landing site, drop off 7,000 lbs. of fuel (21 drums); 1,200 mile flight, one way.

Return to Deception Island, meet the expedition Oct. 27, load 75 drums Oct. 28, transport to the ice shelf once every 36 hours, for six days: 321 total drums delivered to the ice shelf.

Graf Zeppelin finishes fuel carrying flights November 3, begins surveys.

(B) Supplies to the South Pole.

Ship arrives at Deception Island (Oct. 27), set up camp, assemble planes and mast: seven days.

The high-altitude He-70G-2 is damaged during unloading, and cannot be flown.

Three planes land at South Pole (Nov. 2), place markers, supplies (8 hours at the Pole): 18 hours round trip, + six hour delay for decisions, rest, preparation = one day (plus the three other planes flying the same arrangement from Deception Island to the ice shelf).

Begin shuttle flights: planes in pairs, each plane makes one round trip per 40 hours on the average: ergo, 42 plane loads of cargo delivered over two weeks plus a week of delays, bad weather, other work for the BFE 21 days.

At the Pole: 3,500 lbs. emergency supplies, 118,800 lbs. fuel (19,800 gallons, or 360 drums). Completed Nov. 23.

(C) First attempt at Lake's camp.

Three planes fly up from Weddell Sea (Nov. 25), fuel at Pole (remove 18 drums), fly to "false site," where they land, spend 17 hours unloading nine drums of fuel, resting and looking around.

Planes return to South Pole, load up with fuel (remove 42 drums of fuel), take off and fly back to the Weddell Sea.

Total time from departure from Weddell Sea: 48 hours. Nov. 26th date of return from cache.

Now 24 days after flying begins and announcement of South Pole landing, 32 days after BFE arrived at the Weddell Sea coast.

Remaining Pole cache fuel: 60 drums removed, so 300 drums remain.

(D) Visiting the Americans at Lake's Camp.

Three planes take off from Weddell base camp, fly to pole, remove 18 drums of fuel, fly on to Lake's Camp, arriving 13 hours after departing base (Dec. 1).

Unload passengers, cargo, and 9 drums of fuel, rest for 13 hours.

Two planes fly back to the pole, refuel and load 18 drums of fuel as cargo (remove 32 drums) and return directly to Lake's Camp, where they unload the drums of fuel (Dec. 2).

One of the German planes is fueled up now, leaving 11 full drums at Lake's Camp. 250 drums remain at the South Pole. Lexington finalizes her 'deal' with the BFE.

Assume the *Graf Zeppelin* heads for Argentina.

(E) What's All the Hurry?—Dec. 3.

The Germans are examining Lexington's Northrop; the secret (Lexington + BFE) is out. They offer the SME fuel equal to what's aboard Lexington's plane (four drums). The two partially fueled BFE planes leave for the Weddell camp.

After refueling at the South Pole, 236 barrels of fuel remain there.

The BFE and Lexington mechanics rig the oxygen tank packs (with Dräger masks). They use German air tanks, because 1) U.S. oxygen is often bad, 2) metric vs. English fittings.

(D) Over the Mountains—Dec. 4.

Information stops here, and this really seems to be enough. Beyond this, the investigators may well determine who goes where, and whose fuel is drawn down. ■

Appendix 5: Game Stats and Rosters

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The Fate of the M.U. Expedition Members

— Professors —

Atwood Physicist and meteorologist, also knew sextant and compass navigation. At Lake's Camp. *Dead.*

Dyer Geologist, also knows sextant and compass navigation. Can pilot, but not well. Led the rescue at Lake's Camp.

Lake Biologist, leader of the Lake's Camp group. *Dead.*

Pabodie The engineer who made the drill. Knows sextant and compass navigation, and was in on the Lake's Camp rescue.

— Graduate Students —

Brennan Physicist. *Dead.*

Carroll Geologist and pilot. Ascended Mt. Nansen with Pabodie and Gedney. He flew Lake to the mountains. *Dead.*

Danforth Biologist and pilot. Knows navigation with sextant. "Brilliant young man" rescued at Lake's Camp.

Daniels Biologist and pilot. *Dead.*

Gedney Engineer. Ascended Mt. Nansen with Pabodie and Carroll. At Lake's Camp he operated the Pabodie Device. *Missing and presumed dead.*

Moulton Geologist, paleontologist, radio operator, fair pilot (crashed plane). At Lake's Camp. *Dead.*

Ropes Physicist and pilot. With the Lake's Camp rescue attempt.

— Mechanics —

Boudreau At Lake's Camp. *Dead.*

Fowler At Lake's Camp. *Dead.*

McTighe Base operator/radio operator, Dyer's Camp; pilot, Lake's Camp rescue. Knows shorthand. He is the one who has taken most of the important transcripts.

Mills At Lake's Camp. *Dead.*

Orrendorf At Lake's Camp. *Dead.*

Sherman Cache operator, McMurdo Sound; pilot, Lake's Camp rescue.

Watkins At Lake's Camp. *Dead.*

Williamson With the Lake's Camp rescue attempt.

Wylie With the Lake's Camp rescue attempt.

— Sailors —

Gunnarson At Dyer's Camp (from McMurdo Sound); with the Lake's Camp rescue attempt.

Larsen At Dyer's Camp (from McMurdo Sound); with the Lake's Camp rescue attempt. ■

Starkweather-Moore Expedition Personnel Roster

Responsibility	Name	Nation	Expertise
Team Leaders (2)	James Starkweather	UK	Explorer, guide, lecturer
	William Moore	USA	Geologist and organizer
Guides (3)	Peter Sykes	CAN	Arctic guide
	Nils Sorensen	NOR	Arctic guide, mountaineer
	Gunnar Sorensen	NOR	Arctic guide, mountaineer
Science Crew (9)	Willard Griffith	USA	Geologist, Cornell University
	Charlie Porter	USA	Assistant to Griffith
	Morehouse Bryce	USA	Paleontologist, Univ. of California
	Timothy Cartier	USA	Assistant to Bryce
	Charles Myers	USA	Archaeologist, Univ. of Chicago
	Avery Giles	USA	Assistant to Myers
	Pierce Albemarle	USA	Meteorologist, Oberlin College
	Douglas Orgelfinger	USA	Assistant to Albemarle
	Samuel Winslow	USA	General aide, studying glaciology
Camp Crew (5)	Tomás Lopez	USA	Worker
	Hidalgo Cruz	ARG	Worker
	Maurice Cole	CAN	Worker
	David Packard	USA	Team boss, camp security
	Richard Greene	USA	Physician
Technicians (3)	Louis Laroche	CAN	Radio tech/operator/electrician
	Albert Gilmore	USA	Drill tech
	Michael O'Doul	USA	Drill tech
Sled Teams (3)	Gregor Pulasky	POL	Sled team chief
	Enke Fiskarson	NOR	Dog wrangler
	Olav Snåbjorn	NOR	Dog wrangler
Pilots/Mechanics (5)	Douglas Halperin	USA	Pilot
	Ralph DeWitt	USA	Pilot
	Lawrence Longfellow	USA	Engineer/mechanic
	Alan "Colt" Huston	USA	Engineer/mechanic
	Patrick Miles	USA	Technician/mechanic

The expedition is traveling south on a 7,500 ton oil-burning steamer, the *Gabrielle,* Scottish-built in 1913. *Gabrielle* has a mixed crew of Americans and Europeans numbering 47, captained by Henry Vredenburgh.

The expedition carries three large aircraft, all Boeing 247s. These very modern aircraft are brand new, have a service range of 750 miles, and can carry a crew of two plus ten passengers, or a large amount of cargo. A fourth smaller aëroplane, built by Fokker, remains at the Ross Sea camp. It possesses neither the range nor the service ceiling to travel to Lake's Camp or beyond.

The expedition is also carrying two Pabodie improved ice melting drill sets, and 34 sled dogs normally placed into three separate sled teams. ■

Starkweather-Moore Expedition Bios and Stats

JAMES STARKWEATHER, age 43, Expedition Leader, Lecturer, Guide

STR 13	CON 15	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 15
DEX 16	APP 14	EDU 15	SAN 71	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Elephant Gun 82%, damage 3D6 + 4
.455 Webley Revolver 72%, damage 1D10 + 2
Fist/Punch 72%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Ice Ax 40%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D4

Skills: Art (Writing) 74%, Astronomy 30%, Bluster 88%, Climb 63%, Credit Rating 45%, Dodge 65%, Dodge Question 70%, Explosives 35%, Fast Talk 77%, First Aid 35%, Flatter Reporters 75%, Hide 65%, Ignore Details 88%, Jump 40%, Listen 55%, Natural History 66%, Navigate 34%, Persuade 48%, Polar Survival 25%, Raconteur 55%, Radio Operator 30%, Sneak 55%, Spot Hidden 70%, Swim 45%, Track 40%.

Languages: English 80%, French 20%, Kikuyu 05%, Swahili 25%.

Starkweather is possessed of classic "tall, dark, and handsome army officer" looks. Well-spoken, immaculately behaved towards his peers, and unfailingly condescending toward women, Starkweather nonetheless gets on well with anyone who treats him with the respect he believes he deserves. He can regale an appreciative audience with tales of his exploits for hours. Starkweather does not like to have his authority or experience questioned, or to see anyone else's opinion asked.

He was born January 15th, 1890, the younger son of a respectable but no longer rich family, and was educated at Eton (where he narrowly escaped expulsion due to an incident involving a local girl) and Christ Church, Oxford (1908-1912). He received a "Blue" for playing rugby against Cambridge, but was academically undistinguished—he achieved a 4th in greats. His elder brother had done much better, a source of particular irritation for James.

(A Blue is awarded in certain sports to someone who plays in the Oxford/Cambridge Varsity match, and is the most highly sought university sporting accolade. A 4th is a now obsolete degree which was the lowest possible honors degree. Greats is a mixture of classics, philosophy, and ancient history, and was one of the traditional routes into academia.)

His 4th effectively closed the door to any sort of academic career—not that he particularly wanted one, but he liked to feel superior to others and disliked this sort of demonstration that he wasn't. His uncle worked in the civil service in Rhodesia and offered him a job as an assistant, which he accepted. His line is "of course they asked me to stay in Oxford but I declined—wanted to get out there and do something useful."

After the outbreak of the war in 1914 he joined up in 1915—before he could be conscripted—and spent the war in Rhodesia. He was commissioned as a lieutenant and was commended several times for valiant action in putting down native uprisings. After one of these he was promoted to captain. His operations were characterized by tactical flair and personal bravery, but also by high casualty rates among his men.

At the end of the war, Starkweather was decommissioned and set himself up as a safari guide to the wealthy in Kenya. He also guided a university-backed expedition looking for the ruined Congo basin city first discovered by Sir Wade Jermyn in the 18th century (see Lovecraft's short story "Arthur Jermyn" for details). Although unsuccessful in finding the city itself, the expedition brought back a large number of important and intriguing artifacts. Though fortunate in its good weather, the group returned to the railhead with only two days of supplies left.

In 1920, Starkweather was recommended to Acacia Lexington's father by a mutual friend as the ideal person to guide Lexington's daughter on an African safari. (See her biography in this section for a version of this trip very different than that which follows here.) Lexington was much taken with the dashing Englishman (he still occasionally calls himself captain although he is no longer in the army). Starkweather encouraged her interest with stories of his time in uniform and previous safaris, with the unfortunate bits removed. She was spellbound by his tales of heroic adventures.

(If desired the keeper may suggest that a romantic connection existed between Lexington and Starkweather. Both vehemently deny the suggestion.)

Despite a few minor mishaps, the trip went smoothly. They were fortunate that Starkweather had experienced bearers. When the time came to return to Nairobi, Lexington had seen everything she had hoped to, with the exception of a giraffe. She demanded to see a giraffe before returning home. Starkweather knew "just the place," and it would add only two days to their trip (she had four days before her ship departed from Zanzibar home). The expedition set off on a detour which involved crossing one of the Congo tributaries. Acacia became fearful at the sight of rain clouds passing overhead, and wanted to turn back. Starkweather assured her that the rain would be falling only on the higher ground a few miles distant. The location lived up to expectations and after a day spent photographing more giraffes than she had hoped for, they returned to the ford to find that the quiet stream had risen and was now a roaring torrent, carrying the previous day's rainfall down from the hills. Starkweather wanted to cross, but the head bearer said the river was completely impassable and his men refused. He said it would take several days for the level to drop again. That would mean that Lexington would miss her ship. In order to prevent the bearers from abandoning the party, Starkweather set them to chopping down trees with the intention of building rafts.

She argued against the plan, but Starkweather was able to make her see reason. Secretly he instructed the head bearer to go to the nearest village to acquire men and canoes in order to be ferried across. The plan succeeded, and the river was crossed easily. Lexington spent the remainder of the trip in an angry silence, hurt that Starkweather had not confided in her.

The return to Nairobi was uneventful, and she caught her ship at Mombassa.

The tale of the river rescue was far too exciting to keep from the public (see *Beyond Papers 4.1*, "Daring Rescue of Heiress!"). With such favorable publicity, Starkweather's safari business flourished. It became fashionable among the upper class to engage him to guide parties into unknown and dangerous territory. These

have not been universally successful, though it must be noted that few expeditions of the time are. Starkweather has been able to shed his fair share of the blame for poor decisions in both private safaris and larger expeditions. Indeed, he has been able to branch out and head expeditions into several territories very different from the African jungles with which he is familiar.

In 1922, Starkweather was commissioned by the Chandler Foundation, in conjunction with the University of California, to lead a five month expedition to cross some 1,200 miles of Australian desert, from the Great Sandy Desert to the Great Victoria Desert. While the expedition began well, the group did not find hoped-for wells or springs in the Great Victoria Desert south of Limejuice Camp. By the time Madura was reached, in Southern Australia, all of the camels had been killed, and the party had been without water for two full days. Starkweather claimed that it was his leadership and self-sacrifice that allowed the party to survive, but a little-noticed monograph by another team member ("Across the Great Southern Deserts," by then-undergraduate Mark Peabody) tells a different story. Peabody's version of the expedition is generally ignored in favor of Starkweather's.

After this adventure, Starkweather kept to his African safari ventures, making a good deal of money from his good name and well attended lecture tours. His safari services became more exclusive, and more expensive.

In the summer of 1925, he agreed to lead a group of Miskatonic University geologists in a daring survey of the western Himalayan plateau, despite a general unfamiliarity with mountaineering and an ostensibly closed border. Notwithstanding losing three weeks' worth of supplies, a local guide, a number of local bearers, and several yaks to an avalanche, the survey managed to carry out enough data to claim success. This expedition marked the first meeting of Starkweather and Moore. Although the two did not get along at first, they soon learned to respect each others' abilities, and became friends.

The Himalayan expedition also marked the first of Starkweather's books. Titled *Survival at the World's Roof,* published in 1926, Starkweather aggrandizes himself and his role in the amount of data collected. Other accounts of this and subsequent expeditions suggest that significantly less glory is deserved by Starkweather. All of Starkweather's later expeditions are documented with grandiose claims.

Starkweather again returned to his safari business, and found that his absence from Africa had made him in even greater demand than before. Starkweather tours now commanded the highest prices, and he accepted only the wealthiest of clients. He spent another two years amassing a fair fortune before trying his hand at exploration again.

Unfortunately, James Starkweather had the misfortune to choose the ill-fated *Italia* expedition, an attempt in 1928 to fly over the North Pole. Despite the confused and indifferent organizing of the expedition, the airship *Italia* achieved the North Pole, but crashed on the return journey. Although rescue attempts were made by various countries, they were also poorly organized and were failures. In the end nearly a third of the crew died. Some spent more than two months stranded on the polar ice cap. Starkweather managed to get himself rescued early, and reportedly swore off expeditions involving ice. He returned, quite contentedly, to his safari tours.

As with the rest of the world, Starkweather's fortunes turned downward in the stock market crash of 1929. A man always prone to risk, he lost virtually everything. The safari business also collapsed, reflecting the financial situation of the time. Starkweather went into semi-retirement, writing more memoirs, and a book on his more exciting safari experiences (*Death in Africa,* 1930). He soon became bored.

As a favor to his friend Doctor Moore, Starkweather accompanied a minor Miskatonic University expedition to Costa Rica in 1930. Starkweather's job was to capture small animals alive for study. If asked, he would describe the experience as "running around Central American jungles with a butterfly net." This was, however, a break from the tedium of chronic unemployment. Moore also casually mentioned the floundering university expedition to the Antarctic.

Starkweather was at first very reluctant to entertain the notion of an Antarctic expedition. He had bad experiences in lands of ice and snow, and had sworn off them after the *Italia* disaster. But he also realized that he hadn't lead a publicly successful expedition in nearly ten years. The fact that he had passed his fortieth birthday also weighed heavily in his decision. No longer a young man, Starkweather feared his star was waning. Other names, such as Byrd, were rising.

The dramatic failure of the Miskatonic University Expedition became a gauntlet thrown before Starkweather. The challenge nagged at him. Where the University had failed, he as an individual would succeed. After a discussion with Moore in late 1932, a new Antarctic expedition became an obsession of sorts. Moore was able to provide seed money and Starkweather began to lay plans accordingly. The famous explorer immediately went on the lecture circuit, returning to the public eye in order to gather donations to fund his expedition.

The venture is now assembling. He is determined to make this his greatest expedition ever.

Starkweather's Personality

Starkweather is charismatic and overbearing at the same time. He has an expansive charm that warms conviction in his listeners. Starkweather uses this talent to great advantage when dealing with the press. Though daily exposure to him soon exposes his faults, Starkweather can be likable, even to those who know him well. He is energetic, though given to theatrical gestures and overblown expressions. He impresses many by his knack for remembering names. Once introduced, Starkweather will remember a person by name for the rest of his life. A man's man, women find him casually chauvinistic and condescending, even if they prove themselves competent and useful.

James Starkweather's charisma and confidence often leave him oblivious to errors in judgment, especially since he believes that leadership hinges on making swift decisions. He has a lot invested in the new Antarctic venture, and will go to great lengths to see it come off well. However, as things go more and more wrong, Starkweather's solution will be to insist that everyone work that much harder, rather than to look for causes.

The relationship between Starkweather and Moore is complex and lengthy. Their friendship is not at all apparent to the casual observer. While Starkweather does not have the foresight Moore would like, he does have the charisma and drive to carry out the decisions he makes. Starkweather never confers with Moore in front of other people, but despite appearances, Starkweather takes Moore's suggestions very seriously. Starkweather will appear to dominate Moore in public discussions, making a decision and standing firmly by it while Moore caves in slowly. However, in the truly important decisions, Moore stands up to Starkweather

and does not give an inch. These cases are few and far between, and usually only arise when the safety of the expedition members is at risk. Moore is aware of Starkweather's pride, and will allow him his way if it does not endanger the expedition or its members.

However at odds these two may seem, they are fast friends, and either would risk his life for the other. Together, they share the spirit of the challenge, admire the other's strengths, and endeavor to make up for the other's weaknesses. Together, they are a highly effective team. Simply assembling such a large expedition is a major accomplishment in the early 1930's.

WILLIAM MOORE, age 38, Expedition Co-leader, Geologist, Paleontologist, Investigator

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 17	POW 15
DEX 14	APP 11	EDU 24	SAN 70	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: Epee 80%, damage 1D6 + 1
.45 Automatic Pistol 45%, damage 1D10 + 2
.30-06 Rifle 35%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Accounting 30%, Anthropology 20%, Archaeology 30%, Bargain 70%, Biology 30%, Chemistry 30%, Credit Rating 60%, Cthulhu Mythos 02%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 30%, Elder Thing Cipher 20%, Explosives 18%, Fast Talk 20%, Geology 90%, History 30%, Library Use 90%, Navigate 50%, Paleobiology 20%, Paleontology 90%, Persuade 51%, Photography 40%, Physics 30%, Polar Survival 20%, Psychology 45%, Radio Operator 10%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Languages: Afrikaans 10%, English 99%, French 55%, German 60%, Inuit 20%, Spanish 30%.

Little is known about the early life of Professor William Hannibal Moore, other than that it was spent in the small town of Butler, Missouri. In 1911, at the tender age of sixteen, Moore scored almost perfectly on his entrance exams for Miskatonic University, and received a full scholarship from that institution. Thus began a distinguished academic career. Curiously, Moore has never returned to his hometown nor visited his relatives there.

At Miskatonic, Moore quickly made his mark. He excelled in every class he took, but settled on geology as his life's calling, to the dismay of virtually every other department. With department head William Dyer as his mentor, Moore was soon inducted into the Silver Key Honor Society, as well as Miskatonic's elite academic fraternity the Scabbard and Blade. His graduate thesis, "A Reassessment of the Age of the Earth," was considered a bold, well argued, but essentially incorrect statement from a fine young mind not yet willing to accept contemporary geological theory. This experience marked Moore, and his subsequent work always exhibited more conservative conclusions. Nevertheless, in 1914, at age 20, Moore graduated Summa Cum Laude.

From Miskatonic, Moore went to Yale for his graduate work, specializing in stratigraphy, the study of the layers and age of rock formations. Although his studies at Yale were more rigorous than those at Miskatonic, Moore did a great deal of work outside of his academics. He won several trophies in intercollegiate fencing competitions, and participated in an amateur astronomical organization.

In 1917, Moore heard his country's call, and enlisted in the Army. Second Lieutenant Moore arrived in Europe in time to take part in the second battle of the Marne, where he was wounded severely, and Moore was sent home to America. He never talks about his war experiences. Even Starkweather is unaware of them. Perceptive investigators notice that there is a stiffness in the movement of his left arm. Only if his shirt is removed and the puckered bullet-scars on his back are revealed will Moore admit that he was in the Great War. In order to keep this little secret, Moore is even more prudish than most people of the era, preferring to dress unobserved. Unlike most of the wounded, Moore did not return to his home town to recover from his wounds. Instead, he went to New Haven, Connecticut, and Yale University.

Moore soon resumed his studies, but he was necessarily less physically active than before. He did not rejoin the fencing team. His outlook became markedly more serious, and it was during this period that he first became involved with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Just prior to his graduation, he was inducted into the Secret and Fraternal Order of Free and Accepted Masons (the Freemasons). His doctoral thesis, "The Theoretical Compositional Dynamics of Asteroids, Drawn from an Analysis of the Composition and Organization of Elements in Meteorites," was well received by those competent enough to understand it. In 1922, Moore earned his doctorate at Yale and was quickly hired by his old mentor, Doctor William Dyer of Miskatonic.

While giving his first set of lectures at Miskatonic University, Moore became interested in the relatively recent technique of radioactive dating, originally proposed by Bertram Boltwood in 1905. Realizing that this concept could be applied to topics of special interest to him, Moore organized a small expedition into the Arctic, where he and his team spent the summer of 1923 drilling ice cores. Dating the deposited volcanic dust led to some very interesting results and some interesting climatological speculations, based on the depth at which various samples were found. Although the expedition was a success, some felt that Moore could have achieved greater things if he had not withdrawn the expedition at the first sign of bad weather—in fact the autumnal storms did not arrive for another three weeks.

In the summer of 1925, Moore was involved with a Miskatonic University expedition to survey the Himalayan plateau. Scientifically, the expedition was a great success, though it was marred by the unfortunate deaths of a number of local bearers, a local guide, and several yaks. Moore himself spent much of the summer collecting paleontological samples and specimens of the surrounding rock for subsequent dating. A feature of the expedition was the collection of painstakingly dated fossil samples which hinted strongly and seemingly inexplicably at the remarkable history of the Himalayas (to be established nearly three generations later). This expedition also marked the beginning of the strange friendship between Moore and the English explorer, James Starkweather.

The summers of 1927 and 1928 saw expeditions to South Africa and Minnesota, respectively; the surface rocks of both areas are particularly old, and Moore hoped to find and date rocks of sufficient age to validate certain predictions made in his own post-graduate work. In this he partly succeeded, though his scientific peers noted that his estimates were on the conservative side—this repeated evaluation of his peers is telling, since geology in that era was already among the most staid and conservative of scientific disciplines. The 1927 expedition was also notable for another, albeit brief, encounter with Starkweather. Although the great adventurer could not lead the expedition personally, he was able to offer copious advice to his "protégé," who quietly added a doubled margin of error to all estimates. Both expeditions went smoothly.

Although these expeditions were perhaps the high point of Moore's early career, he was also active in the department of geology, supervising students, giving lectures, and analyzing the finds from other expeditions. In 1929, in recognition of his achievements in the Himalayas, Moore was appointed to the newly created Smythe Chair of Paleontology. The professorial post, funded by a most generous benefaction, gave Moore academic and financial freedom from the university. This he used to organize a trip to Costa Rica, prevailing on his old friend James Starkweather to help. The Costa Rican expedition, designed to compare current species with the limited fossil record of the area, was yet another feather in Moore's cap.

On his return, Moore shared in the preparations for the 1930 Miskatonic University expedition to Antarctica. His arctic experience proved to be useful in the planning, but a bout of pneumonia kept him from accompanying Professor Dyer south into the icy wastes.

Returning from the ill-fated expedition, Dyer refused to discuss his findings, despite the catalogued paleontological wonders. After several months of delay, a rift between Dyer and his former student developed and widened, until the two refused all social contact. Dyer's willful silence concerning an expedition that Moore had helped organize left the Smythe Professor of Paleontology feeling professionally and personally slighted.

Spurred on by the remarkable Precambrian finds, Moore began to organize his own expedition to Antarctica. The implications of the finds already being classified were revolutionary; more systematic work could make Moore the preeminent paleontologist of his generation. Dyer initially made no objection, but when Captain James Smythe, benefactor of the Smythe chair, stepped in with a large donation, Dyer roused himself and attempted to block the venture. The Miskatonic University board of trustees listened to both sides of the argument, the most dramatic academic confrontation at the university since the triumph of the biology department Huxleyites in 1870. After long internal discussion, the trustees supported Moore, with one stipulation. Given the large cost in life and materiel of the previous expedition, they stipulated that Moore's be led by an experienced explorer, rather than an academic. After some negotiation, Moore persuaded his old friend Starkweather to lead the expedition. Indeed, Moore even managed to persuade his friend to contribute to the cost.

William Dyer, unwilling even then to reveal his close-held secrets, took a leave of absence from the university and dropped out of sight.

Moore's friendship with Starkweather is curious, but long standing. Moore is well aware of Starkweather's impulsive nature and need to lead; he regards Starkweather as a useful chap, but one who must be watched over. To an observer, Moore defers to Starkweather except on the most important of decisions, where, if he believes he is right, Moore will fight his corner of the argument until he wins.

Guides

PETER SYKES, age 34, Polar Guide

STR 14	CON 17	SIZ 14	INT 12	POW 13
DEX 11	APP 09	EDU 12	SAN 65	HP 16

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 77%, damage 2D6 + 4
Ice Ax 67%, damage 1D6 + 1 +1D4
Hunting Knife 38%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Art (Singing) 34%, Climb 72%, Craft (Harness-making) 55%, Drive Auto 75%, Drive Dog sled 65%, Explosives 25%, First Aid 35%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Natural History 55%, Navigate 56%, Polar Survival 81%, Psychology 55%, Radio Operator 25%, Spot Hidden 78%, Swim 65%, Throw 84%, Track 62%.

Languages: English 60%, French 35%, Inuit 30%.

This Canadian is a rugged adventurer of average height, with long limbs and a narrow, wide-mouthed face and black hair. Aggressive and optimistic, he loves challenges and risks, and is often ready with a wisecrack or a joke.

GUNNAR SORENSEN, age 36, Polar Guide and Mountaineer

STR 16	CON 18	SIZ 15	INT 15	POW 14
DEX 10	APP 08	EDU 12	SAN 70	HP 17

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Hunting Knife 75%, damage 1D6 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 70%, damage 2D6 + 4
Ice Ax 60%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D4
Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Skills: Climb 85%, Drive Dog sled 75%, Listen 70%, Natural History 72%, Navigate 70%, Persuade 55%, Polar Survival 85%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 56%, Throw 77%, Track 43%, Weather Eye 30%.

Languages: English 36%, Norwegian 60%.

As with his older brother Nils, long stretches of arctic winter appear to have leached all color from Gunnar Sorensen. Still, the brothers' personalities could not be more opposite. Gunnar is happy and companionable, contrasting with Nils' coldness. Happy to meet people, and willing to pitch in energetically whenever asked, Gunnar quickly becomes one of the most popular people on the expedition. Unlike Nils, Gunnar is willing to explain the deadly serious nature of his advice.

NILS SORENSEN, age 38, Polar Guide and Mountaineer

STR 17	CON 17	SIZ 15	INT 15	POW 16
DEX 12	APP 08	EDU 12	SAN 75	HP 16

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Ice Ax 72%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 67%, damage 2D6 + 4
Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Hunting Knife 60%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Climb 80%, Drive Dog sled 64%, Listen 87%, Natural History 70%, Navigate 83%, Polar Survival 93%, Psychology 03%, Spot Hidden 65%, Throw 56%, Track 51%, Weather Eye 50%.

Languages: English 41%, Norwegian 65%.

The older Sorensen brother is tall and nearly colorless, with pale Norwegian skin and fine, virtually white hair that grows down past his shoulders. The pale blue eyes resemble ice water, and they study sky or horizon more comfortably than a nearby person. Sorensen's lips are thin and bloodless, usually set with an air of cold determination. He is admirable for his extraordinary economy of words, seldom stringing more than two sentences together, and he never repeats himself. Even Starkweather's bluster makes no dint in Nils' icy exterior, although Gunnar will

often act as intermediary to soften his brother's uncompromising attitude. Nils is a thorough fatalist; only raw strength and swift understanding of the environment will allow humans to survive the Antarctic. If the Ice is not understood, people will die.

Science Crew

WILLARD GRIFFITH, age 34, Geologist (Cornell University)

STR 11	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 16	POW 14
DEX 09	APP 12	EDU 20	SAN 70	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 35%, damage 1D3.

Skills: Astronomy 12%, Bargain 40%, Credit Rating 45%, Dodge 35%, Explosives 19%, Geology 82%, Library Use 89%, Listen 45%, Martial Arts 15%, Persuade 70%, Photography 55%, Ride Horse 45%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Languages: English 99%, Esperanto 34%.

Professor Griffith is a rising young geologist, adept at linking and explaining other people's ideas. Griffith is not excited about this trip to Antarctica, but this long, unpleasant trip will advance his career considerably. He has researched Starkweather's expeditions, and feels uneasy about his leadership. Consequently, Griffith will always try to get Moore involved with any Starkweather decision that he does not agree with. He often grumbles about Starkweather into his large mustache, in Esperanto. His graduate assistant, Charlie Porter, has begun learning Esperanto from him as an easy "secret language" that allows them private discussions anywhere.

CHARLIE PORTER, age 40, Graduate Assistant to Willard Griffith

STR 15	CON 15	SIZ 12	INT 17	POW 15
DEX 16	APP 09	EDU 22	SAN 75	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 67%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Dynamite Stick 65%, damage 5D6/2 y, match fuse or electric cap
16-Gauge Shotgun 65%, damage 2D6 + 2/1D6 + 1/1D4

Skills: Chemistry 35%, Climb 45%, Electrical Repair 20%, Explosives 35%, Geology 70%, History 32%, Library Use 61%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Operate Heavy Machine 40%, Psychology 30%, Throw 75%, Tunneling (Scratch) 85%.

Languages: English 99%, Esperanto 10%.

Charlie Porter is almost unique in this era, a graduate student of middle age who is able to pay cash while studying full time. Porter jumped at the chance to do research in the Antarctic. Although quiet and erudite, Porter was once a miner and pit foreman in California, and is significantly more knowledgeable about practical geology than Griffith. He never brings this up. Though now a man of some means, Porter's thick hands betray the fact that he has not always been prosperous, nor an academic. An energetic man, he is often to be found helping the Pabodie drill team once the expedition reaches Lake's Camp.

MOREHOUSE BRYCE, age 29, Paleontologist (U.C. Berkeley)

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 12	INT 17	POW 17
DEX 09	APP 14	EDU 19	SAN 85	HP 11

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Biology 70%, Climb 58%, Geology 65%, History 37%, Library Use 63%, Natural History 68%, Occult 33%, Paleobiology 55%, Paleontology 76%, Persuade 66%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Languages: English 95%, French 35%, German 60%, Hebrew 54%.

Morehouse Bryce is a newly-minted associate professor of Paleontology at the University of California at Berkeley. As a life-long resident of San Francisco, Bryce is somewhat prepared for the numbing temperatures of Antarctica, but poor Bryce, much like Sam McGee, can never quite get warm, or even very comfortable on the polar continent. Despite his constant unhappiness, Bryce is a dogged worker and tries to encourage anyone who appears to be more miserable than he. Bryce has a head of curly black hair, brown eyes, and appears to be about 25 years old. His graduate assistant is Tim Cartier. Starkweather refers to the Bryce-Cartier team as "the boys."

TIMOTHY CARTIER, age 29, Graduate Assistant to Morehouse Bryce

STR 13	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 17	POW 16
DEX 10	APP 15	EDU 18	SAN 80	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Ice Ax 30%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 45%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Biology 61%, Climb 65%, Geology 70%, History 28%, Library Use 48%, Natural History 74%, Paleobiology 52%, Paleontology 60%, Persuade 54%, Spot Hidden 58%, Swim 56%.

Languages: English 90%.

Timothy Cartier and Morehouse Bryce entered the University of California the same year, and became fast friends in their freshmen year. Bryce has proved more adept at navigating the obstacles of academia, and has subsequently become an assistant professor while Bryce is still a graduate student. The two remain inseparable friends, and they work much more as a team rather than a standard mentor-student relationship. Cartier appears very young, like Bryce, but with light brown hair and piercing green eyes.

CHARLES MYERS, age 34, Archaeologist (University of Chicago)

STR 15	CON 17	SIZ 15	INT 16	POW 14
DEX 14	APP 13	EDU 20	SAN 68	HP 16

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 80%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Skills: Anthropology 34%, Archaeology 78%, Climb 70%, Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Dodge 68%, Fast Talk 65%, Geology 62%, History 75%, Library Use 61%, Martial Arts 35%, Navigate 43%, Persuade 45%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Languages: English 99%, Greek 56%, Latin 78%.

Myers is a tall, strong man in athletic trim. Throughout the expedition, he is excited about the archaeological possibilities of Antarctica, and will gently but consistently press investigators for whatever tidbits they may know about the previous expedition. He is fascinated with the possibility of a pre-human Antarctic civilization, and has read some of the more speculative books on the sub-

ject. Myers was the boxing champ of his graduating class. Avery Giles is his graduate assistant.

AVERY GILES, age 21, Graduate Assistant to Charles Myers

STR 08	CON 14	SIZ 11	INT 16	POW 16
DEX 12	APP 14	EDU 18	SAN 80	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Anthropology 23%, Archaeology 64%, Art (Actor) 35%, Bargain 55%, Conceal 45%, Disguise 45%, Fast Talk 65%, Geology 35%, History 64%, Library Use 67%, Occult 43%, Psychology 43%, Spot Hidden 88%.

Languages: English 90%, Greek 35%, Latin 47%.

A born deal-maker, Giles immediately sets about discovering the interests and specialties of everyone in the expedition. It is he who discovers Albemarle's small cache of chocolate on board the *Gabrielle*, and is aware of Charlie Porter's working-class history. If the investigators need something, their best bet is to go to Avery Giles, who is the ace dog-robber with the expedition. Although his work always gets done on time, one rarely sees Giles working. He is usually talking to someone who is both working and negotiating with Giles. As an undergraduate, he was also clever as an actor, and is still fond of declaiming long passages from famous plays and poems.

PIERCE ALBEMARLE, age 33, Meteorologist (Oberlin College)

STR 11	CON 17	SIZ 15	INT 17	POW 12
DEX 08	APP 14	EDU 19	SAN 60	HP 16

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 67%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Academic Social Functions 90%, Astronomy 45%, Credit Rating 75%, Geology 44%, Library Use 62%, Meteorology 79%, Natural History 53%, Persuade 46%, Physics 48%, Spot Hidden 68%, Write Letter of Reference 88%.

Languages: English 95%, French 47%, German 39%.

Pierce Albemarle, scion of the Bridgeport Albemarles, is a slightly portly young man with a fashionable mustache and a monocle on his right eye for reading. He is a friendly sort, and although unused to heavy work, contributes readily to any group effort requiring assistance. Albemarle is used to the finer things in life, and even in Antarctica the investigators will find his tent redolent with the fragrance of some fine oolong tea. Given the small comfort of good tea, Pierce ably faces any disaster with little more than a brief frown. His graduate assistant is Douglas Orgelfinger.

DOUGLAS ORGELFINGER, age 26, Graduate Assistant to Pierce Albemarle

STR 15	CON 16	SIZ 13	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 13	APP 15	EDU 17	SAN 55	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Art (Writing) 54%, Astronomy 53%, Geology 14%, Library Use 52%, Meteorology 54%, Natural History 32%, Persuade 75%, Photography 35%, Physics 33%, Spot Hidden 54%.

Languages: English 85%, German 31%.

Douglas Orgelfinger is the ideal graduate student: doggedly loyal, intelligent without being creative, and able to go long periods without rest or food. Orgelfinger is willing to push himself to the utmost if necessary for the expedition, but he has done so too many times already, and repeated feats of endurance without significant rest wear him down. Orgelfinger will usually be found in Albemarle's shadow, running errands for his patrician mentor.

SAMUEL WINSLOW, age 26, Graduate Student (Glaciology)

STR 11	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 19	POW 16
DEX 09	APP 09	EDU 19	SAN 73	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Ice Ax 55%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D4

Skills: Art (Singing) 64%, Bargain 45%, Climb 63%, Dodge 55%, Geology 56%, Glaciology 72%, History 56%, Library Use 83%, Mathematics 67%, Meteorology 62%, Natural History 32%, Photography 19%, Physics 54%, Polar Survival 45%, Psychology 47%, Radio Operator 20%, Spot Hidden 68%.

Languages: English 95%, French 67%, German 45%, Norwegian 40%.

More than anyone else on the expedition, Winslow is a certifiable genius. Although he is ostensibly studying glaciology, he knows a great deal about the majority of the disciplines represented on the expedition. Unfortunately, his mind works so quickly that many people are unable to keep up with the whipsaw rapidity of his ideas. Winslow appears to be terribly disorganized—papers with scribbles and doodles lie in the snow of his tent or bunk, and must be shoveled aside in order to move around in the small space. This impression of disorganization is misleading—Winslow makes notes only to jog his memory; his ideas remain clear in his mind. He is hard-working and cheerful, although people tend to find his humor a little strange. He also plays poker with ghoulish verve.

Camp Crew

TOMÁS LOPEZ, age 24, Camp Crew Worker

STR 16	CON 14	SIZ 15	INT 08	POW 09
DEX 11	APP 10	EDU 08	SAN 45	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Astronomy 15%, Biology (Botany) 33%, Boathandling 55%, Craft (Transplants) 89%, Natural History 34%, Navigate 15%, Spot Hidden 34%.

Languages: English 30%, Portuguese 60%, Spanish 45%.

A strong, likable gardener recruited at Miskatonic University, Lopez is as hard and uncomplaining a worker as the expedition could wish for. Off-shift, he is shy and deferential, and indeed quite surprised that he was chosen for this trip. Initially, Lopez feels more at home with Colt or the Sorensens than among the university-educated, but that hesitancy passes once he works shoulder-to-shoulder on the frozen continent. Once the Barrier camp is established, he and Whitston (if she makes the trip) may make week-long excursions to look for living lichens and mosses.

HIDALGO CRUZ, age 38, Camp Crew Worker

STR 17	CON 18	SIZ 17	INT 11	POW 11
DEX 13	APP 09	EDU 10	SAN 55	HP 18

Damage Bonus: + 1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1D3 + 1D6
Heavy Club 59%, damage 1D8 + 1D6

Skills: Climb 62%, Dodge 55%, Listen 65%, Occult 43%, Operate Heavy Machine 44%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 31%.

Languages: Spanish 25%, English 25%, Quechua 60%.

He is a burly man with an extraordinarily barrel-like chest. As wide as the proverbial barn door, Cruz is not the brightest member of the expedition, but he interprets instructions well, solves problems ingeniously and with humor, and is seemingly untiring. Raised on the bleak Alto Plano in Bolivia, Cruz suffers little from the hypoxia that afflicts the expedition on the Plateau. He has been on several of Starkweather's expeditions, but is less pleased to be in on this one. He was married less than a year and a half ago, and left his wife and twin baby girls in Argentina. However, he knows that the money he makes on the expedition can help feed his family for years. Cruz has a deep yearning for justice, and honors whoever sides with the weak.

MAURICE COLE, age 19, Camp Crew Worker

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 11	INT 12	POW 08
DEX 16	APP 08	EDU 12	SAN 40	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 76%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Heavy Club 63%, damage 1D8 + 1D4

Skills: Bargain 43%, Conceal 47%, Dodge 86%, Fast Talk 24%, First Aid 53%, Physics 35%.

Languages: English 60%.

Maurice Cole is a compact mass of muscle and leverage with short, brown hair and surprisingly pretty green eyes set into his boyish face. Although younger and smaller than Cruz and Lopez, and lacking the brute force the other two workers offer, Cole compensates with an excellent knowledge of applied leverage. He can be distressingly scrappy when not otherwise occupied, although the gentle temperament of the other workers stifles serious encounters during the voyage south. Once on Antarctica, there is too much to do for him to get worked up.

DAVID PACKARD, age 28, Team Boss and Sergeant at Arms

STR 16	CON 14	SIZ 14	INT 11	POW 11
DEX 14	APP 11	EDU 11	SAN 55	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 77%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
Kick 60%, damage 1D6 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 52%, damage 2D6 + 4
.45 Revolver 45%, damage 1D10 + 2
Head Butt 45%, damage 1D4 + 1D4

Skills: Accounting 45%, Art (Origami) 67%, Explosives 20%, First Aid 63%, Hide 65%, Jump 45%, Law (Criminal) 72%, Listen 50%, Persuade 48%, Psychology 64%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Languages: English 55%.

Outwardly a rough-and-tumble sort, team leader David Packard was expecting significantly less work when he signed onto the Starkweather-Moore expedition. He hides a sensitive, artistic side that only comes out when he is in the company of trusted friends. Competent and a good judge of character, Packard quickly sees that Moore is the real power behind the expedition, despite Starkweather's bluster. Packard will try to reason quietly with Moore rather than win arguments with Starkweather. Packard begins the expedition with optimism, but he has a bleaker feeling by the time the *Gabrielle* reaches Antarctica. If he returns from the expedition, he swears off adventure and passes his bar exams.

Doctor RICHARD GREENE, age 27, Physician

STR 13	CON 15	SIZ 11	INT 18	POW 17
DEX 16	APP 13	EDU 22	SAN 85	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 32%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Art (Ballroom Dance) 78%, Chemistry 34%, Credit Rating 55%, First Aid 82%, Geology 34%, History 54%, Law 33%, Library Use 73%, Medicine 80%, Natural History 44%, Occult 21%, Persuade 73%, Pharmacy 68%, Physics 45%, Psychology 43%, Psychoanalysis 45%.

Languages: English 99%, French 75%.

At the peak of his physical condition, and intense, Doctor Greene has conquered medicine and is looking for a new challenge. He is up for virtually anything that could be proposed, from climbing extraneous mountains to naked hundred yard dashes in the snow, so long as he has someone else to egg him on and tackle the challenge with him. He will not take truly foolish or medically hazardous risks. Subtle challenges will be more likely to catch his interest. Wise investigators herd him far away from Starkweather. Physically, Greene is lean, youthful, and has the natural grace of a dancer.

Technicians

LOUIS LAROCHE, age 34, Radio Technician/ Operator and Electrician

STR 16	CON 15	SIZ 14	INT 14	POW 09
DEX 13	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 45	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: 12-Gauge Shotgun 43%, damage 4D6/2D6/1D6
Small Club 43%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Art (Sing) 34%, Chemistry 33%, Electrical Repair 73%, Listen 68%, Mechanical Repair 80%, Physics 32%, Persuade 76%, Radio Operator 84%.

Languages: English 48%, French 70%.

A Canadian, Laroche is a stocky man with a voice that is a pleasure to hear over the radio. He knocks down his cigarette habit to two per day while aboard the *Gabrielle,* and kicks them completely when the expedition lands on the ice. Nicotine withdrawal leaves him a sour, snappish person and, by the time Antarctica has been reached, his attitude has simply become a habit.

ALBERT GILMORE, age 37, Drill Technician

STR 11	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 09
DEX 13	APP 06	EDU 12	SAN 35	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 66%, damage 2D6 + 4
Thompson Submachine Gun 47%, damage 1D10 + 2
.38 Special Revolver 32%, damage 1D10

Skills: Electrical Repair 67%, Geology 54%, Mechanical Repair 84%, Operate Heavy Machine 73%, Physics 35%, Spot Hidden 43%.

Languages: English 60%, French 35%.

People's first impression of Albert Gilmore is his scarred, discolored face; Gilmore was one of the last people to face German flame throwers in the Great War. As a result, he has no hair on his head, nor any external earlobes. Despite his disconcerting appearance, he is an excellent mechanic, and he looks forward to a long stint in the cold. Optimistic to a fault, Gilmore is hardworking and will remain upbeat about the expedition despite many disasters. More than anyone else in the expedition, Gilmore will fall in love with the raw, pristine beauty of Antarctica.

MICHAEL O'DOUL, age 29, Drill Technician

STR 09	CON 11	SIZ 10	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 12	APP 12	EDU 13	SAN 60	HP 11

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Archaeology 14%, Bible 57%, Electrical Repair 44%, Mechanical Repair 58%, Natural History 52%, Operate Heavy Machine 73%, Photography 26%, Polar Survival 15%.

Languages: English 65%.

A small fussy man, O'Doul is one big knot of worry. He constantly fidgets with the machinery, hoping to get it to operate a fraction of a percentile more efficiently. He is never far from the drill, and admonishes all those transporting the pieces to be careful. Nothing irritates him more than Gilmore's ability to fix a major problem in ten seconds by tightening a bolt. A devout man, O'Doul always offers a brief prayer of thanks before eating, and rigidly abstains from alcohol and swearing.

Sled Teams

GREGOR PULASKI, age 35, Sled Team Chief

STR 13	CON 15	SIZ 15	INT 11	POW 13
DEX 12	APP 9	EDU 9	SAN 65	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 88%, damage 2D6 + 4
Small Club 76%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Art (Sing) 56%, Climb 65%, Drive Dog sled 84%, First Aid 57%, Natural History 65%, Navigate 78%, Polar Survival 75%.

Languages: English 20%, Polish 55%, Russian 30%.

Pulaski is a big, happy Pole who loves all his dogs and knows them by name and personality. His round face always has a bright smile and a wave for anyone he meets. On the trail, to comfort his dogs, Pulaski often will sing Polish folk songs loud enough for the lead dog to hear. His first concern is for his dogs, not the expedition, and he absolutely refuses to push his dogs beyond their limits. He knows he is going to lose dogs on the expedition, everyone does. Anyone intentionally hurting the dogs will be confronted by a furious Pulaski, who has no compunctions about using his truncheon on humans. He will not easily forgive such trespasses. Pulaski spends a good deal of time hanging out with Sorensen and Lopez.

ENKE FISKARSON, age 24, Dog Wrangler

STR 14	CON 17	SIZ 16	INT 13	POW 17
DEX 14	APP 08	EDU 08	SAN 85	HP 17

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Ice Ax 60%, damage 1D6 +1 + 1D4
.45 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Astronomy 35%, Climb 61%, Drive Dog sled 91%, Natural History 53%, Navigate 88%, Polar Survival 78%.

Languages: English 20%, Norwegian 45%.

Dogs know an alpha when they meet one, and they always agree to obey Fiskarson. He is a burly bear of a man, standing well over six feet, with white-blond hair and enormous hands. He is one of the gentlest people in the expedition. He has found his life's love in his dogs; he cares more for them than he does for any person. Originally, Fiskarson was going to lead the sled teams, but Starkweather switched two names on a roster, so Pulaski is now the team leader.

OLAV SNÅBJORN, age 36, Dog Wrangler

STR 14	CON 18	SIZ 10	INT 10	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 13	EDU 07	SAN 60	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 87%, damage 1D3
Grapple 77%, damage special

Skills: Astronomy 33%, Drive Dog sled 82%, First Aid 67%, Natural History 79%, Navigate 67%, Polar Survival 72%, Ride Dog 54%.

Languages: English 30%, Norwegian 50%.

Olav is significantly shorter than the other two dog-wranglers, which makes him doubly close to the dogs. While Fiskarson and Pulaski love their dogs, Snåbjorn takes the opportunity to play with them every day. He can often be found wrestling with the dogs in the snow, or holding pemmican over his head to get the dogs to jump for it. "Dem dogs, dey smarter den you here, hey?" Snåbjorn is simple and devoted in his affection for his animal friends; they don't lie, stab you in the back, or cheat on you.

Pilots/Mechanics

DOUGLAS HALPERIN, age 30, Pilot

STR 13	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 16	APP 13	EDU 13	SAN 60 (44)	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

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

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 50%, Astronomy 35%, Climb 62%, Craft (Machine Parts) 35%, Electrical Repair 38%, Mechanical Repair 43%, Meteorology 20%, Navigate 87%, Pilot Aircraft 76%, Psychology 43%, Radio Operator 30%.

Languages: English 65%, Hebrew 10%, Yiddish 20%.

Halperin is quietly good-natured, always willing to take what comes and go along for the ride. He has thin, sandy hair and small, round glasses that give him a perpetually bookish air. He is taciturn, very competent, and does not get along at all with the daredevil DeWitt. In the trip to the Construct, Halperin goes mad after experiencing timeslips and the Unknown God, but within limits he is still able to function. Note his parenthetical Sanity statistic.

RALPH DEWITT, age 35, Pilot

STR 14	CON 15	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 17	APP 10	EDU 11	SAN 41	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: .30 Aerial Machine Gun 66%, damage 2D6 + 3, burst only (Note: DeWitt knows how to use this weapon, but does not have it with him.)
.45 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 35%, Dodge 67%, First Aid 81%, Hide 43%, Jump 62%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Meteorology 15%, Navigate 73%, Occult 47%, Physics 12%, Pilot Aircraft 89%, Radio Operator 15%.

Languages: English 55%, French 10%.

Like many fliers after the Great War, Ralph DeWitt has drifted through life, at a loss for what to do with himself. He has been a barnstormer, a stunt flier, and a test pilot, but none of these occupations has given him the thrill that flying in the Great War did. DeWitt looks forward to the challenge of flying a heavily-loaded plane into treacherous Antarctic winds. Despite this, DeWitt knows his limits, and is aware that other lives hang on his skill as a pilot; he will not take off into utterly impossible conditions. DeWitt is a blocky, hairy man, with black hair and dark brown eyes, who seems somewhat withdrawn or sullen on the ground. Only when he is fighting against the savage Antarctic winds, or telling a story about it, will his face split in a wide grin.

LAWRENCE LONGFELLOW, age 40, Engineer/ Mechanic

STR 11	CON 15	SIZ 15	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 15	APP 11	EDU 14	SAN 55	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 76%, Astronomy 37%, Conceal 76%, Electrical Repair 56%, Hide 55%, Mechanical Repair 87%, Operate Heavy Machine 83%, Radio Operator 10%.

Languages: English 70%.

Longfellow is a shy, pudgy man with thinning brown hair, unremarkable brown eyes, and a hint of a stutter. Whenever possible, he retreats behind engines and machinery, leaving the talking to Huston. Unlike his garrulous coworker, Longfellow prefers to take his orders and quickly do the repairs. They make an excellent team, as Huston attracts all the attention, leaving Longfellow to do his work in peace. Away from the machines, he is quiet, and effort must be made out get him out of his shell. Those who get close to him are his friends for life; Longfellow is extremely loyal, especially to his fellow mechanics Huston and Miles.

ALAN "COLT" HUSTON, age 31, Engineer/Mechanic

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 11	INT 12	POW 08
DEX 15	APP 15	EDU 13	SAN 40	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 71%, damage 1D3
Thrown Knife 68%, damage 1D4 + 2
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 66%, damage 2D6 + 4
.45 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10 + 2
Fighting Knife 42%, damage 1D4 + 2

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 80%, Bargain 43%, Dodge 60%, Electrical Repair 62%, Mechanical Repair 74%, Operate Heavy Machine 73%, Radio Operator 10%, Tell Tall Tale 73%, Throw 68%, Weather Eye 25%.

Languages: English 65%, Norwegian 10%.

A handsome, wiry, Midwestern ladies' man, Colt Huston has survived many North Dakotan winters. He has dozens of "this is nothing" stories about repairing tractors and other farm equipment in hundred mile-an-hour Arctic gales with sleet *and* lightning. Astoundingly, he is able to spin these tales as he makes expert repairs. He is a congenial sort, although he has a compulsion to top just about any story he hears. He gets along well with fellow mechanics Longfellow and Miles.

PATRICK MILES, age 33, Aircraft Technician and Mechanic

STR 16	CON 11	SIZ 14	INT 14	POW 11
DEX 13	APP 09	EDU 10	SAN 55	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 60%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 84%, Climb 55%, Dodge 60%, Electrical Repair 78%, History (Irish) 54%, Locksmith 67%, Mechanical Repair 77%, Navigate 20%, Pilot Aircraft 06%, Occult 32%, Operate Heavy Machine 45%, Radio Operator 10%.

Languages: English 50%, Irish 33%.

Miles is a well-built man with curly, reddish hair and a pale complexion that hints at his Irish heritage. Strong, capable, and devoted, Miles' only flaw is that he is a complainer. His dark humor and morose personality make it seem that he is always dissatisfied, worried about possible disasters, and forever uncertain of the future. He gets along well with fellow mechanics Huston and Longfellow.

CHARLENE WHITSTON, age 32, Intellectual with an Itch for Fame

STR 12	CON 15	SIZ 11	INT 14	POW 12
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 20	SAN 60	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: 16-Gauge Shotgun 75%, damage 2D6 + 2/1D6 + 1/1D4
.32 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10

Skills: Accounting 30%, Biology (Biometeorology) 61%, Botany (Phytomorphology) 80%, Climb 60%, Credit Rating 70%, Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 45%, Jump 45%, Library Use 50%, Natural History 25%, Navigate 25%, Persuade 45%, Photography 22%, Pilot Aircraft 25%, Psychology 59%, Radio Operator 20%, Ride 55%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Languages: Dutch 57%, English 85%, French 65%, German 65%.

Of privileged family, Whitston is an intelligent, experienced botanist and a skilled traveler. While she may strike some as superficial, no woman publishes scientific articles in order to host excellent parties. She has been a valuable contributor to scientific expeditions in Africa and Mongolia, and has excellent survival and organizational skills in addition to her formidable knowledge of plant biology. The investigators, however, are unlikely to discover any of this while she is in the company of their expedition leader. As long as the blustering Starkweather is around, she will dutifully "keep her place," following his orders without question, and allow him to condescend to her. Out of his shadow she takes on a life of her own, and proves an able hand. She likes to get her hands dirty, and takes and gives orders with equal readiness. She has no experience with the Antarctic. While she participates in classes aboard ship and reads several books on polar survival on the way to the ice, that is no substitute for having been there before. ■

Starkweather-Moore Expedition Album



JAMES STARKWEATHER,
EXPEDITION LEADER



WILLIAM MOORE,
EXPEDITION CO-LEADER



PETER SYKES,
POLAR GUIDE



GUNNAR SORENSEN,
POLAR GUIDE



NILS SORENSEN,
POLAR GUIDE



WILLARD GRIFFITH,
GEOLOGIST



CHARLIE PORTER,
GRIFFITH'S ASSISTANT



MOREHOUSE BRYCE,
PALEONTOLOGIST



TIMOTHY CARTIER,
BRYCE'S ASSISTANT



CHARLES MYERS,
ARCHAEOLOGIST



AVERY GILES,
MYERS'S ASSISTANT



PIERCE ALBEMARLE,
METEOROLOGIST

Starkweather-Moore Expedition Album (contd.)



DOUGLAS ORGELFINGER,
ALBEMARLE'S ASSISTANT



SAMUEL WINSLOW,
GRADUATE STUDENT



TOMÁS LOPEZ,
CAMP CREW WORKER



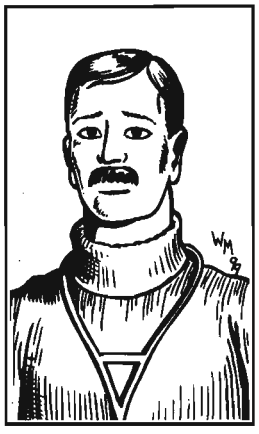
HIDALGO CRUZ,
CAMP CREW WORKER



MAURICE COLE,
CAMP CREW WORKER



DAVID PACKARD,
TEAM BOSS



DOCTOR RICHARD
GREENE, PHYSICIAN



LOUIS LAROCHE,
RADIO TECHNICIAN



ALBERT GILMORE,
DRILL TECHNICIAN



MICHAEL O'DOUL,
DRILL TECHNICIAN



GREGOR PULASKI,
SLED TEAM CHIEF



ENKE FISKARSON,
DOG WRANGLER

Starkweather-Moore Expedition Album (contd.)



OLAV SNÅBJORN,
DOG WRANGLER



DOUGLAS HALPERIN,
PILOT



RALPH DEWITT,
PILOT



LAWRENCE LONGFELLOW,
ENGINEER/MECHANIC



ALAN "COLT" HUSTON,
ENGINEER/MECHANIC



PATRICK MILES,
AIRCRAFT TECHNICIAN



CHARLENE WHITSTON,
INTELLECTUAL

SS Gabrielle Crew Roster

Responsibility	Name
Captain	Henry Vredenburgh
First Officer	Paul Turlow
Second Officer	Arthur Ballard
Third Officer	Lamont Quigley
Fourth Officer	John "Jack" Driscoll
Ship's Physician	Ray Lansing
Chief Engineer	Charles Drummond
Engineer's Mate	Bert Pacquare
Engineers (3)	William Wheeler Mark Folsom Clyde Abernathy
Engine Crew (15)	Tom Humphries Bartholomew White Sidney Beakins Philippe Brunel Samuele Girolamo Michael Fitzpatrick Albert Webb Richard Hartz Carford Montaigne Edgar Cawley Sanley Rupert Gregory Stanislaw Lucius Morelli Wylie Loden Hugh O'Toole
Radioman	Robert MacIlvaine
Carpenter	Lysander Bertolli
Boatswain	Roger Blunt
Storekeeper	Thomas Price
Quartermasters (3)	Michael Oates Darren Horst Gregory Houlihan
Able Seamen (9)	Peter Stokeley Abelard Almondale Truman Cotter Gordon Cooke Nicolas Pellerin Alexander Moseley David Waters Jude Pierce Chipper Green
Chief Steward	Judas Whitney
Stewards (5)	Niles Abraham (cook) Adam Henning (messboy) Philip Coates (messboy) David Lyle (laundry) August Wylie (laundry)

SS Gabrielle Crew Bios and Stats

Typical Complement of the SS *Gabrielle:* 47 officers and men:

- master and 4 deck officers
- chief engineer and 4 engineer officers
- radio operator, carpenter, boatswain, storekeeper
- 3 quartermasters, 9 seamen
- 15 engine room crew (oilers, firemen, wipers, water tenders)
- 1 chief steward, 5 other stewards (cooks, messboys, laundrymen, etc.)

Aboard during the campaign:

- Captain Vredenburgh, First Mate Turlow, and 3 other deck officers
- chief engineer, Engineer's Mate Pacquare, and 3 other engineering officers
- Lansing the ship's doctor
- MacIlvaine the radio operator, a carpenter, a boatswain, Price the storekeeper
- 3 quartermasters, 9 seamen
- Beakins, Brunel, Carlsson, Giraloma, Harz, Humphries, O'Toole, Webb, White, and 6 other engine room crew (oilers, firemen, wipers, water tenders)
- Whitney the chief steward, Abraham the cook, mess boys Coates and Henning, and 2 other stewards (cook's helper, laundryman)

HENRY VREDENBURGH, age 55, Captain of the SS *Gabrielle*

STR 09	CON 15	SIZ 09	INT 12	POW 16
DEX 17	APP 12	EDU 12	SAN 90	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: .45 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10 + 2
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 45%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Accounting 45%, Bargain 67%, Credit Rating 35%, Electrical Repair 20%, Fast Talk 35%, First Aid 65%, Law (Maritime) 40%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Medicine 20%, Navigate 45%, Operate Heavy Machine 40%, Persuade 50%, Pilot Ship 70%, Psychology 60%, Raconteur 70%, Spot Hidden 55%, Swim 40%, Weather Eye 80%.

Languages: English 60%, Spanish 25%, Tagalog 35%.

Captain Vredenburgh is a short, erect man of 55 years, clean-shaven, with a mane of graying black hair and a no-nonsense disposition. As a sea captain must, Vredenburgh runs his ship by the book and gives no quarter in public. He comes down hard on whoever threatens the peace or safety of the ship, no matter who he might be. Consequently, the crew admire him for his fairness. They willingly bring conflicts to him to resolve, and gladly accept his judgments. Though rather blocky in shape, Vredenburgh is surprisingly agile and precise in his movements.

PAUL TURLOW, age 33, First Officer of the SS *Gabrielle*

STR 14	CON 15	SIZ 12	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 11	APP 11	EDU 11	SAN 50	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 40%, damage 2D6 + 4
.45 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Accounting 10%, Bargain 40%, Boat Handling 35%, Dodge 40%, Electrical Repair 25%, First Aid 40%, Listen 50%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Natural History 35%, Navigate 40%, Psychology 25%, Ship Handling 55%, Spot Hidden 60%, Swim 55%, Weather Eye 45%.

Languages: English 55%, Spanish 30%.

Turlow is a tough, competent first officer, but he is relatively new to his position, and is still not at ease in it. He has sailed with Captain Vredenburgh before, and they are comfortable with each other. This is only his second voyage as second in command, and while he is at ease with his duties, he has not found the perspective called for by the position. Though a better man as a friend could not be found, on rare occasions Turlow can be impatient and prone to snap judgments. Vredenburgh sees in him the stuff of good leadership and, fortunately for the ship, is able to defend Turlow from himself. Soon Turlow's instincts will be tempered and sound, but not quite yet. Turlow is a strong, rangy man from Colorado. He has dreamed of the sea since he was a child. There is a streak of fatalism and deathly metaphor in him that is not attractive. Once the Seeds come aboard, his dreams are disturbed and he rises tired.

ARTHUR BALLARD, age 32, Second Officer of the SS *Gabrielle*

STR 12	CON 13	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW 14
DEX 14	APP 13	EDU 13	SAN 70	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 50%, damage 1D3
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 35%, damage 2D6 + 4
.45 Revolver 30%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Accounting 30%, Astronomy 25%, Bargain 30%, Boat Handling 30%, Electrical Repair 38%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 30%, Listen 55%, Make Conversation 70%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Natural History 52%, Navigate 35%, Persuade 38%, Photography 20%, Psychology 35%, Ship Handling 45%, Spot Hidden 65%, Swim 45%, Tell Tall Tale 65%, Weather Eye 50%.

Languages: English 70%, German 37%, Spanish 43%.

Ballard is an observant, outgoing New Yorker who is still learning the ropes of his job. He lacks Turlow's and Vredenburgh's experience, but he compensates with dedication, a cool head, and the ability to learn quickly. As his experience increases, so does his confidence; Vredenburgh recognizes that Ballard, like Turlow, will make a good captain one day. In his spare time, Ballard likes to engage people in long discussions about anything and everything. He chose a maritime career for the adventure and the chance to see the world. In spite of, or perhaps because of, their vastly different personalities, Ballard and Quigley are good friends.

LAMONT QUIGLEY, age 35, Third Officer of the SS *Gabrielle*

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 16	INT 10	POW 10
DEX 11	APP 08	EDU 10	SAN 50	HP 16

Damage Bonus: + 1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3 + 1D6
Kick 40%, damage 1D6 + 1D6
Blackjack 45%, damage 1D8 + 1D6
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 50%, damage 2D6 + 4
.45 Revolver 40%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Accounting 10%, Astronomy 11%, Bargain 33%, Climb 40%, Boat Handling 41%, Dodge 45%, Electrical Repair 20%, First Aid 45%, Hold Liquor 85%, Jump 35%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 42%, Navigate 40%, Psychology 15%, Read Popular Novels 70%, Spot Hidden 53%, Ship Handling 50%, Swim 60%, Throw 25%, Weather Eye 40%.

Languages: English 55%, French 25%.

Quigley is a big, burly man, more of a doer and a fighter than a thinker or a fast talker. He is a competent officer, but not spectacularly so. Originally from Virigina, he served in the United States Navy during the Great War; he found life at sea to be to his liking, and chose a maritime career. He speaks little, but carries out his orders faithfully and does whatever it takes to get the job done. His main problem is his limited leadership ability; because of it, he will probably never advance any farther in his job, but he doesn't mind.

JOHN "JACK" DRISCOLL, age 31, Fourth Officer of the SS *Gabrielle*

STR 13	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 11	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 15	EDU 11	SAN 55	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 45%, damage 2D6 + 4
.45 Revolver 35%, damage 1D10 + 2

Skills: Accounting 10%, Bargain 40%, Boat Handling 33%, Climb 37%, Dodge 30%, Electrical Repair 20%, First Aid 35%,

Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Navigate 35%, Psychology 21%, Ship Handling 50%, Sneak 26%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 55%, Weather Eye 40%.

Languages: English 58%, Portuguese 37%, Spanish 27%.

Driscoll is the youngest and least experienced of the ship's officers, and he takes himself and his job very seriously because of it. He is always very businesslike, perhaps too much so, and is the source of occasional jokes among the sailors. Nonetheless, he is a competent officer and he does the best he can; as a result, even if no one really loves him, no one hates him, either.

TEN ABOVE-AVERAGE CREWMEN, in order of dexterity

	STR	*CON*	*SIZ*	*POW*	*DEX*	*SAN*	*HP*
1	13	13	13	10	11	50	13
2	14	11	12	11	12	55	12
3	10	11	15	12	14	60	13
4	11	10	16	10	10	50	13
5	14	11	12	09	11	45	12
6	13	09	13	11	10	55	11
7	15	11	15	12	14	60	13
8	11	11	14	11	15	55	13
9	16	15	10	10	13	50	13
10	12	12	13	13	12	65	13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 55%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 40%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Astronomy 19%, Climb 50%, Dodge 40%, Electrical Repair 30%, Fast Talk 35%, Hide 20%, Jump 35%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Natural History 20%, Operate Heavy Machine 45%, Psychology 20%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 50%, Swim 30%, Throw 25%, Weather Eye 20%. ■

Lexington Expedition Personnel Roster

Responsibility	Name	Nation	Expertise
Team Leader	Acacia Lexington	USA	Expedition backer
Guides (2)	Haakon Tuvinnen	FIN	Arctic guide
	Henk Beentje	DEN	Explorer, crew boss
Film Crew (3)	Albert Priestley	USA	Chief cameraman
	Chip Hooper	USA	2nd cameraman, film tech
	Kelly Donovan	USA	Tech, grip boy
Camp Crew (3)	Anthony Johnson	USA	Worker
	Charles Wright	USA	Mechanic
	Curtis Anthony	UK	Medic
Technicians (3)	Carl Schmidt	USA	Radio tech/operator
	Tony Hopewell	USA	Radio tech/operator
	Kurt Jenner	GER	Electrician
Pilots/Mechanics (3)	Kyle Williams	USA	Pilot
	Charles Sachs	USA	Engineer
	Robert Marklin	USA	Technician & mechanic

The expedition is traveling south on a single 5000-ton oil-burning steamer, the *Tallahassee,* Norwegian-built in 1921. She has a mixed crew of 29 men, led by Captain Joseph Burr.

The expedition carries a pair of aircraft: a Northrop Delta, modified slightly for the conditions in the Antarctic, which can carry up to eight passengers in addition to the pilot, and has a commercial range of 1500 miles; and a Cierva C-30 autogyro which can carry two men and equipment in addition to the pilot and has a range of about 400 miles.

The expedition is also carrying two large powerful radios, gasoline generators, and in general has excellent, expensive gear. ■

Lexington Expedition Bios and Stats

ACACIA ("THE SHARK") LEXINGTON, age 31, Expedition Leader

STR 11	CON 14	SIZ 12	INT 16	POW 17
DEX 14	APP 14	EDU 16	SAN 85	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 40%, damage 1D3
Fencing Foil 37%, damage 1D6 + 1
.38 Revolver 66%, damage 1D10
20-Gauge Shotgun 75%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3
.30 Bolt Action Rifle (5x hinged scope) 55%, damage 2D6 + 1 (handcrafted carbine with high velocity custom loads; 7-round clip, base range 140 yards)

Skills: Accounting 48%, Bargain 87%, Climb 67%, Credit Rating 94%, Dodge 55%, Drive Auto 15%, History 43%, Library Use 65%, Listen 51%, Locksmith 21%, Mechanical Repair 34%, Navigate 45%, Persuade 43%, Photography 13%, Pilot Aircraft 46%, Polar Survival 13%, Psychology 77%, Purchase Lasting Art 60%, Radio Operator 15%, Ride 54%, Spot Hidden 68%.

Languages: English 90%, French 45%, German 41%, Italian 36%, Latin 31%, Swahili 23%.

Acacia Lexington is blonde and gray-eyed with classic patrician features. Her face is striking for its character, without being beautiful. Fiercely independent and strong-willed, she is constantly at odds with the era's perception of the feminine. She is straightforward and efficient in her words and mannerisms, refusing to waste valuable time on empty social gestures. Her habit of looking directly into the eyes of whomever she speaks to tends to be unnerving to men of the period.

She has little patience for those she perceives as spineless. She expects honesty, truthfulness, and energetic self-confidence from those with whom she deals. Failure to meet these expectations causes her to classify that person as an underling rather than an equal, and she treats him or her accordingly.

Acacia is the only child of Colleen Hampton Lexington and Percival Woodrow Lexington, a couple married relatively late in life, Percival at age 35 and Colleen at age 30; Colleen was considered a spinster when the wedding took place in 1901.

In the early years of the century P. W. Lexington distinguished himself as a brilliant self-made lawyer. A lack of higher education was no obstacle to his ambitions once he passed the bar, and P. W. quickly overcame all barriers by sheer charisma. Colleen Lexington's connections through her family—the Hamptons of New York—opened circles to P. W. that otherwise would have been closed to him. Her high social standing and the sizable fortune that accompanied her into the marriage were the basis for the eventual Lexington family wealth.

Born April 19, 1902, to parents who never expected to be blessed with a family, Acacia was a spoiled and pampered child for whom nothing was good enough. From her earliest age, life in the Lexington household revolved around Acacia's desires. Lavish Christmases and birthdays became the rule—a live pony brought with it a stable, a riding instructor, a groom, and all the accessories. A steady stream of nannies came and went as Acacia quickly turned into a household tyrant.

Her schooling was by private tutor. Only in the classroom did she become a willing and tractable child. Dates, numbers, and languages fascinated her; mastering them was a wonderful challenge. She proved to be a bright student with a quick intellect and the same driving ambition as her father. Quickly absorbing subject matter beyond her years, she gloried in quoting passages in flawless Latin or French to adult visitors.

In 1913, Colleen Lexington was a victim of meningitis. Her mother's death, when Acacia was 11, had a profound influence on the girl. Acacia's secret adoration of her lovely but distant mother was brought into sharp focus by grief. In the months following the funeral, her temper tantrums, outrageous demands, and spoiled behavior diminished.

At the same time, P. W. took new interest in his daughter. From 1913 through 1915, she accompanied him everywhere. Tutors and maids in tow, the two went on a grand tour of Europe. Along with the sights, P. W. introduced her to his business and social connections among European society. Discovering Acacia's observations of prospective clients to be not only accurate but cruelly truthful, he began including her in his business meetings.

During these two years, Acacia Lexington was exposed to skills not usually taught to a young woman. Along with advanced riding skills, she picked up a working knowledge of fencing, and became an excellent skeet shooter. She developed a fascination for mechanical devices which continues. Her first-hand knowledge of sheeplike parliaments and a Europe blindly at war left her dismayed at the ineptitude of politicians, and may have prompted her later interest in alternative political movements.

The Lexingtons returned to the United States at the end of 1915. It took a chance comment from a friend to point out to P. W. that his daughter had quietly traded her boyish grin for the soft smile of a young woman. Travel and tutors had placed Acacia's academic knowledge far in advance of most of her peers, but her

The Origin of the Feud

In early 1920, Acacia Lexington was given an elaborate Kenyan safari as a birthday gift from her father. As recommended by business acquaintances, P. W. hired Captain Starkweather to guide the party.

In Kenya, Lexington quickly became aware of the safari's poor organization. Photography supplies were missing or faulty, foodstuffs were incomplete, and many boxes of ammunition were for weapons which the party had not brought. There was no set plan for setting up or striking camp—sometimes it was well after dark before her tent was raised. More than once sightseeing had to be delayed to locate fresh water. Sheer luck and the chance employment of skilled bearers kept the party from utter disaster.

Lexington brought these problems to Starkweather's notice. She challenged his authority and questioned his skills. Vicious arguments erupted between them. The tension in the camp was high. In self-defense, she began to look on Starkweather as a buffoon rather than a competent guide. This change in attitude made the rest of the trip go much more smoothly for all concerned.

A passing comment about giraffes gave Starkweather a chance to prove his skills as a guide. With only a two day delay, he could take her to "just the place." They set off across barren country, leaving behind the well marked trails and familiar landmarks, navigating by Acacia's compass, the only compass in the party.

At a small stream, threatening weather gave Acacia pause. She pointed out the dark rain clouds to Starkweather, who assured her that they were in no danger of getting wet. Overheard snatches of conversation between the bearers confirmed to her that Starkweather's plan was sheer stupidity. She attempted to get him to turn back. Starkweather was firm that she should see her giraffes. Her concerns were nothing but "quite normal womanly jitters at being in the unknown."

The location was indeed wonderful, and the giraffes everything promised. A chance encounter with a hidden baby led the bearers to nickname Lexington "The Woman Whom the Giraffes Love."

Retracing their path, they found the stream now swollen and unfordable. Despite Starkweather's harangues and threats, the bearers refused to attempt a crossing. Several days might pass before the waters could be safely forded. Lexington would surely miss her ship for Europe and her connection home.

Starkweather set the bearers to cutting trees for rafts, intending to float the party across. With no suitable tools at hand the idea was patently absurd. Lexington attempted to point out the flaws, but Starkweather would hear of no other plan save his.

She took matters into her own hands. She found out from the head bearer that a village was only a few miles away. He was reluctant to take an unguarded woman away from the safety of the party, but Acacia's sheer force of personality convinced him to lead her there. Once there, she exchanged her gold jewelry for men and canoes to ferry them across the water.

Starkweather commended the bearer on his quick thinking, and on his ability to keep Acacia safe during their visit to the village. Acacia retreated into an icy fury, refusing to speak further with her erstwhile guide or to acknowledge his existence all the way back to Nairobi.

Six hours before reaching Nairobi she found they had no supplies left at all. Even without the two day delay, supplies would have been short. The detour was not only irresponsible, but could have cost lives. Her assessment of Starkweather changed from that of a mere buffoon to a menace to himself and others. ■

father began to realize that she had almost no preparation for the graces and sensitivities her station in life would demand.

Just after her 14th birthday, she was sent to Cadmere Academy, an exclusive finishing school in Boston. Taken away from everything familiar and secure, Acacia found Cadmere to be a living nightmare. Her lack of formal etiquette kept her in academic classes that she had long since mastered. Pouring tea properly became a prerequisite for higher geometry. She quickly came to hate the social rituals she was forced to learn. Penning a proper invitation, or knowing the correct glove length to wear, were empty, useless skills compared to the elegance of mathematics, or the best ways to disguise irregularities in a profit and loss statement. She became the target for snubs and gossip by the other girls. Acacia wrote repeatedly to her father, begging to come home. For the first time P. W. refused his daughter's requests.

In 1918 she refused to attend non-academic classes, and aggressively voiced her opinion on the short-sighted education the other students were receiving. Conferences with the headmistress and removal of privileges did not alter her stance. Stubborn, she became a never-ending source of aggravation to her teachers. Eventually Cadmere requested that her father remove her from the school.

Despite her rebellion, Lexington was aware of the restrictions that society placed on a woman, and she was not insensitive to her father's desires for her future. After weeks of argument and simple, tearful manipulation, she and her father reached an agreement. She would allow herself to be trotted out as a debutante, and perform all her social tricks flawlessly and without complaint. In return P. W. would educate her in the business of managing the family fortune.

Her entry into the New York social scene of 1919 was perfect. The social columns named her the year's loveliest and most eligible debutante. She was described frequently as the "fragile, golden fairy child." Pictures from that period do her only partial justice. They show a beautiful young girl with delicate features, often surrounded by admiring men. The smiles and laughter she seems to bestow on them do not reach to her eyes. In another photograph she is caught in profile, among a group at a charity ball. There is no mistaking the condescension in her expression.

Despite being the most sought-after debutante of the season, Acacia quickly discovered that the men of her own age and station were shallow and self-absorbed. Their talk of being seen at all the "right" places, of tailors, gambling, and weekend parties bored her to tears. Their treatment of her as a fragile decorative object made her seethe with anger. She learned to turn empty flattery aside with a few polite, well chosen words. While never lacking for an escort or dance partner, no young man inspired a spark of romance in her. In 1920, as the new season opened, new debutantes began to take up column space. Miss Lexington vanished from the society page. The "fairy child" was forgotten.

In early 1920, her father arranged a trip to Africa as a birthday gift to her. Captain Starkweather was hired on high recommendation from business associates. *See the sidebar "The Origin of the Feud" on page 368 for the full story of the trip.* Despite his dashing reputation and charisma, the young Lexington easily saw through Starkweather's bravado. His grand gestures and extravagant tales were at first an annoyance, then an aggravation, since he also insisted on treating her like a helpless woman. When he replaced her own rifle with one of lighter caliber, her dislike of him became intense.

She was furious when she returned to New York, to find the papers full of the story of her "rescue." Her first thought was to spill the true tale to the newspapers. After a long and heated discussion with her father, she reluctantly agreed not to contradict Starkweather's account. The only thing truly hurt was her pride, and the newspapers would eagerly seize on the information, and turn the matter into a circus. The publicity would of course damage Starkweather, but it would also expose the Lexington family to gossip. It was not easy to keep silent, but she did. Her grudge against Starkweather remains.

On August 8, 1921, a member of the house staff discovered Percival Woodrow Lexington dead in his study. The official ruling was death by a self-inflicted gunshot wound. The papers were full of wild speculations about P. W.'s business dealings.

In the midst of her grief, a tearful Acacia stated that her father had been murdered. A rare book had been stolen from the house, and she was convinced that he had been killed for that reason. The item, a one-of-a-kind manuscript by Edgar Allan Poe called *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym,* was an unbound copy of the twenty-nine chapters of the complete work.

After the funeral, Acacia wrote an open letter to the managing editors of New York's newspapers, retracting her assertion of murder and agreeing with the coroner's findings. Of the missing manuscript she said, "I believe it is still in the library. You will understand that under the circumstances, I haven't made a search for it." After that she did not mention the Pym document.

The death of her father placed the family fortune in Acacia Lexington's hands. All pretense of fitting into high society vanished. With what P. W. had taught her as a base, she set herself to learning the finer skills of the business world. Prohibited by her sex from joining the influential "old boy" circles, she found her own way. In some financial circles she became quietly known as "The Shark."

Her accurate understanding of the world's stock markets allowed her to escape the worst effects of the 1929 crash and the long depression that has followed. She retains most of her wealth, and is able to make cautious acquisitions at bargain prices. She continues to be enviably prosperous. In the 1940s her long range planning will pay off enormously.

Over the last two years she has dabbled in various social and political groups. She has been spotted at meetings of socialists, communists, fascists, social credit agitators, and other fringe groups. She is known to have donated money to each of these groups.

Guides

HAAKON TUVINNEN, age 35, Polar Guide

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 13
DEX 09	APP 10	EDU 14	SAN 65	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Ice Ax 81%, damage 1D6 +1 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 68%, damage 2D6 + 4
Hunting Knife 78%, damage 1D6 + 1D4

Skills: Astronomy 65%, Climb 62%, Drive Dog sled 84%, First Aid 50%, Hide 67%, Jump 55%, Natural History 56%, Navigate 88%, Polar Survival 89%, Radio Operator 10%, Spot Hidden 72%, Track 56%, Weather Eye 30%.

Languages: English 35%, Finnish 70%.

A citizen of Finland, he is one of the best cold-weather expedition guides in the world. Tuvinnen patiently educates those he leads in polar survival. He watches out for the expedition as he would his large brood of children—firmly, but with a care that borders on loving. He has phenomenal presence of mind and an excellent record of returning his charges from dangerous cold; it is a pity that both virtues will be ruined by this expedition.

HENK BEENTJE, age 43, Crew Boss, Explorer

STR 17	CON 17	SIZ 14	INT 12	POW 13
DEX 13	APP 08	EDU 11	SAN 65	HP 16

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Iron Club 79%, damage 1D6 + 1 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 45%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Accounting 44%, Bargain 55%, Climb 40%, Credit Rating 35%, Drive Tracked Vehicle 65%, Drive Dog sled 45%, Fast Talk 75%, First Aid 40%, Listen 46%, Logistics 80%, Operate Heavy Machine 33%, Persuade 35%, Polar Survival 55%, Psychology 67%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Languages: Danish 60%, English 36%.

Henk Beentje is a stern, hard-bitten Dane who has seen his share of foolish explorers, but he realizes that this group is not foolish. He has a loud, harsh voice that carries far across the icy wastes, and he gleefully uses it to call out orders or warnings. Henk always carries an iron rod which he uses as a prybar, a pointer, and, when necessary, a tool for personal defense.

Film Crew

ALBERT PRIESTLEY, age 30, Chief Cameraman

STR 14	CON 13	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 17
DEX 14	APP 15	EDU 12	SAN 85	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Bargain 45%, Craft (16mm Camera) 79%, Chemistry 31%, Dodge 51%, Fast Talk 56%, Flatter 55%, Geology 13%, Mechanical Repair 62%, Persuade 67%, Photography 77%, Psychology 45%, Spot Hidden 66%.

Languages: English 60%.

When Raymond Priestley returned from his exploration of the South Pole on the 1907-1909 Shackleton expedition, he brought back many strange and wonderful stories of the haunting yet overawing beauty of the Antarctic continent. Over the course of several years, he shared these stories in letters with his American "nephew" (actually a first cousin once removed), Albert. Young Albert was absolutely enraptured by the accounts, and swore that one day, he would himself go to Antarctica. When Lexington decided to go south, Albert Priestley was the first to join the expedition. Priestley has a steadfast, unquenchable good nature, which stems from a deep foundation of faith in God and himself. Until the very last of his strength, Priestley is hopeful, and will struggle toward whatever possibility of rescue there may be, sharing an encouraging word with anyone who needs one. Keepers should resist the urge to make Priestley stupid or needlessly annoying: he is a bastion of strength and encouragement for the entire Lexington Expedition, and a good person to have around when disaster strikes. Aside from that single, dominant trait, Priestley is also a skilled newsreel photographer, and an amateur chemist. Unlike some people in other expeditions, Priestley realizes that he is only a photographer, and lets those with more experience at polar survival make the important decisions.

CHIP HOOPER, age 23, Second Cameraman, Film Technician

STR 14	CON 14	SIZ 13	INT 11	POW 10
DEX 12	APP 13	EDU 16	SAN 50	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 40%, damage 1D3 + 1D4
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 40%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Bargain 35%, Chemistry 17%, Craft (16mm Camera) 50%, Craft (Edit Film) 45%, Craft (Still Photo) 70%, Craft (Sound Recording) 75%, Electrical Repair 70%, Listen 69%, Mechanical Repair 55%, Photography 80%, Spot Hidden 44%, Swear Eruditely 73%.

Languages: English 80%, French 09%.

A Princeton graduate from upstate New York, Hooper fell in love with the movies in his junior year—to the dismay of his parents. He completed college quickly, but then headed to Hollywood, just when the Depression had flooded the streets with jobless hopefuls. Hooper's buoyant optimism got him a job now and then, until the fast-changing technology of talking pictures exposed his talents for recording, and his reputation suddenly soared.

KELLY DONOVAN, age 22, Technician and Grip Boy

STR 15	CON 12	SIZ 12	INT 11	POW 09
DEX 14	APP 14	EDU 08	SAN 45	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 59%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Skills: Climb 45%, Craft (Lighting) 68%, Drive Auto 70%, Electrical Repair 65%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 40%, Jump 55%, Listen 50%, Occult 15%, Operate Heavy Machine 30%, Photography 25%, Religious Faith 60%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 55%.

Languages: English 40%.

Donovan has worked with Priestley for four years, following him everywhere. Donovan has lost family members to the damp, chill winters of Boston, and fears the snow and cold. On the Ice, Donovan is as cautious as possible, because the possibility of freezing to death is so real to him. His loyalty to Priestley makes him grit his teeth and pitch in, but the vast isolation of the Antarctic continent is beyond his imagining, and frightens him to his core. When anyone suggests leaving the continent for home, he or she hears a heartfelt second from Donovan Kelly.

Camp Crew

ANTHONY JOHNSON, age 28, Camp Worker

STR 17	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 09	POW 13
DEX 13	APP 08	EDU 11	SAN 65	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Grapple 88%, damage special
Large Club 73%, damage 1D8 + 1D4
Fist/Punch 65%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Skills: Bargain 55%, Camp Superstitions 43%, Climb 50%, Electrical Repair 24%, First Aid 58%, Jump 67%, Mechanical Repair 43%, Operate Heavy Machine 33%, Psychology 45%, Secure Rope 80%, Sneak 63%.

Languages: English 55%, Romany 24%.

A former circus roustabout, Anthony may not be the brightest in camp, but he reacts quickly and appropriately to emergencies. He is wary of strangers, a holdover from his carnival and circus days. Johnson loves to travel. He was attracted to the expedition by realizing that he would be traveling further than anyone he knew. Johnson is a hard worker. He is protective of Miss Lexington, whom he reveres as the older sister he never had.

CHARLES WRIGHT, age 26, Mechanic

STR 13	CON 11	SIZ 14	INT 15	POW 09
DEX 16	APP 13	EDU 14	SAN 45	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Craft (Ice Sculpture) 76%, Listen 41%, Mechanical Repair 88%, Operate Heavy Machine 37%, Pilot: Aircraft 35%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Languages: English 70%.

Lured away from a profitable aircraft repair business in Boston, Charles Wright is the perfect mechanic for the expedition. He is fiercely loyal to Acacia Lexington, and secretly fantasizes an unspoken romance between them. When not otherwise engaged, Wright creates impressive and beautiful sculptures from the ice. The subjects of these creations change significantly over the weeks on the Ice, however, and their mood darkens if Wright gets significantly closer to the Unknown God.

Doctor CURTIS ANTHONY, age 42, Expedition Physician

STR 11	CON 14	SIZ 14	INT 16	POW 14
DEX 12	APP 10	EDU 20	SAN 70	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Accounting 45%, Anthropology 38%, Biology (Human Anatomy) 65%, Chemistry 63%, Credit Rating 40%, First Aid 86%, Library Use 40%, Medicine 83%, Natural History 67%, Persuade 30%, Pharmacy 50%, Swim 65%, Psychoanalysis 56%, Psychology 67%, Spot Hidden 44%.

Languages: English 99%, French 73%, Latin 18%.

Those who meet Doctor Anthony quickly are charmed by the utter confidence and self-assurance that radiates from the man. His cultivated English accent soothes and comforts. Alas, Doctor Anthony knows much less about men's minds than he would like to think. He is going through what will later be known as a mid-life crisis, and is attempting to do something great before he is no longer able. He has an excellent mind, and those who present him with well-reasoned discussions will find him a receptive listener. Poorly thought-out arguments are mercilessly torn to shreds. When they meet, Doctors Anthony and Greene develop an instant mutual dislike for each other.

Technicians

CARL SCHMIDT, age 35, Radio Technician and Operator

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 13	APP 09	EDU 11	SAN 55	HP 11

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 30%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Bargain 45%, Chainsmoke Hand-Rolled Cigarettes 88%, Chess Problems 35%, Craft (Glass-Blowing) 65%, Electrical Repair 75%, Radio Operator 80%, Read Popular Novels 74%, Sneak 30%, Jump 44%, Spot Hidden 55%.

Languages: English 55%, German 21%, Spanish 44%.

A Texas native, Schmidt's plains drawl is tinged by the faintest suggestion of thick northern German. He is a tall, thin man, always at the mercy of the cold, but enthusiastic about this trip to the end of the world. He has brought along his own camera gear. When off watch, he is glad to offer a helping hand, but usually can be found snapping photos around camp.

TONY HOPEWELL, age 31, Radio Technician and Operator

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

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 44%, damage 2D6 + 4
Small Club 44%, damage 1D6

Skills: Bargain 46%, Climb 62%, Electrical Repair 78%, History 34%, Listen 67%, Mechanical Repair 52%, Radio Operator 81%, Read Popular Novels 75%, Persuade 55%.

Languages: English 65%.

Normally competent and friendly, Tony Hopewell has become grim and nervous since his arrival on the Ice. He is aware as few others are how tenuous their lifeline is and how fragile human life is against the primordial snow and ice. He also has night-marish dreams of horrifying dangers to come. Combined with the numbing hostility of Antarctica, he is spooked. Investigators need great patience to open him up, but he will be greatly relieved to share his fears with anyone who understands.

KURT JENNER, age 27, Electrician

STR 10	CON 13	SIZ 11	INT 16	POW 14
DEX 14	APP 12	EDU 12	SAN 60	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Astronomy 35%, Bargain 51%, Chemistry 35%, Conceal 78%, Dodge 40%, Electrical Repair 89%, Hide 65%, Mechanical Repair 22%, Navigate 20%, Operate Electrical Generator 80%, Operate Heavy Machine 15%, Radio Operator 25%, Sneak 35%.

Languages: English 43%, German 60%.

A man with a past he does not want revealed, Jenner is hoping to remain in America after the Lexington Expedition is over. Trapped in poverty, he has been using his skills in a smuggling operation. The ring has been cracked, and Jenner believes that German authorities are looking for him. The Lexington Expedition was a godsend. Antarctica is the best hiding place in the world. Jenner distrusts anyone who is not of the Lexington expedition, and will resist every effort to contact the Barismeier-Falken Expedition. Not a hardened criminal, Jenner was simply doing what he had to do in order to eat.

Pilots/Mechanics

KYLE WILLIAMS (PAUL DANFORTH), age 27, Pilot

STR 11	CON 13	SIZ 12	INT 14	POW 15
DEX 15	APP 11	EDU 19	SAN 12	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: P08 Luger Automatic Pistol 40%, damage 1D10
.30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 40%, damage 2D6 + 4
Fist/Punch 30%, damage 1D3

Spells: Nightmares, Elder Sign, and one or two others of the keeper's choice. All are learned from baleful books, but only the two named should be related to this campaign.

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 55%, Biology 48%, Climb 40%, Cthulhu Mythos 05%, Drive Dog sled 22%, Elder Cipher 13%, Electrical Repair 42%, First Aid 28%, Library Use 55%, Mechanical Repair 44%, Navigate 44%, Occult 45%, Pilot Aircraft 61%, Radio Operator 25%, Polar Survival 35%, Spot Hidden 46%.

Languages: English 95%, German 38%, Latin 20%.

"Kyle Williams" is an alias of Paul Danforth, the graduate student in biology who was on the Miskatonic University expedition in 1930. He accompanied Professor Dyer on the only previous flight across the Mountains of Madness. Danforth was nearly driven mad by his experiences in the City of the Elder Things. He fears for the safety of the world should knowledge of the City and its builders ever become widely known.

CHARLES SACHS, age 24, Engineer

STR 17	CON 15	SIZ 16	INT 12	POW 16
DEX 14	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 80	HP 16

Damage Bonus: + 1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 87%, damage 1D3 + 1D6
Grapple 68%, damage special
Thrown Rock 79%, damage 1D4 + 1D6

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 75%, Climb 74%, Craft (Watchmaker) 42%, Electrical Repair 75%, First Aid 55%, Locksmith 45%, Machine Tools 75%, Mechanical Repair 82%, Natural History 72%, Operate Heavy Machine 87%, Polar Survival 23%, Spot Hidden 37%, Throw 79%.

Language: English 60%.

A tremendous and startlingly shaggy man from northern New Hampshire, Sachs looks like a windblown yeti. Despite his thick, farm-boy hands, he can make the finest tunings with his fingers. Sachs is almost entirely self-taught, and has a number of unique names for machine parts (anyone assisting him takes five percentages off his or her Mechanical Repair roll result, due to puzzlement about Charlie's lingo). Sachs has ferocious powers of concentration: he ignores snow, cold, dogs, and other people while working on an important repair. The same applies whether he is playing cards, shoveling snow, or deep in conversation. Having that attention directed directly at one is a very disconcerting experience.

ROBERT MARKLIN, age 32, Technician and Mechanic

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

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: .30-06 Bolt Action Rifle 58%, damage 2D6 + 4
.45 Revolver 65%, damage 1D10 + 2
Fist/Punch 48%, damage 1D3

Skills: Aircraft Maintenance 70%, Climb 61%, Dodge 60%, Drive Dog sled 25%, Electrical Repair 80%, First Aid 30%, Listen 45%, Mechanical Repair 80%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 16%, Operate Heavy Machine 58%, Pilot Aircraft 12%, Polar Survival 17%, Radio Operator 15%, Spot Hidden 37%, Track 25%.

Language: Cherokee 35%, English 50%.

A quiet, thoughtful man from Oklahoma, Marklin was chosen for his previous polar experience as well as his range of useful technical skills. In the field, everyone praises him for his stamina, good sense, and the ability to get the job done. He served on the Ice with the previous Byrd expedition and joined one of the teams trying to rescue the *Italia.* ■

Lexington Expedition Album



ACACIA LEXINGTON,
EXPEDITION LEADER



HAAKON TUVINNEN,
POLAR GUIDE

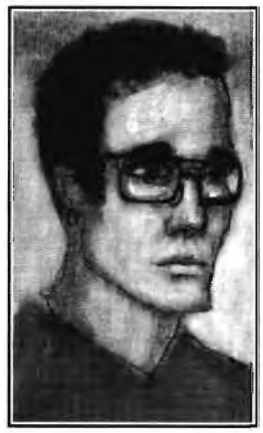


HENK BEENTJE,
CREW BOSS



ALBERT PRIESTLEY,
CHIEF CAMERAMAN

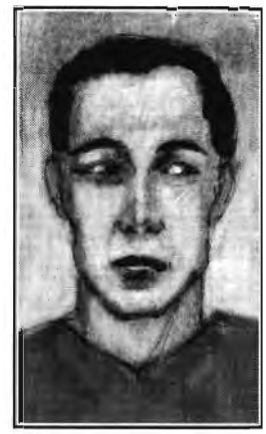
Lexington Expedition Album (contd.)



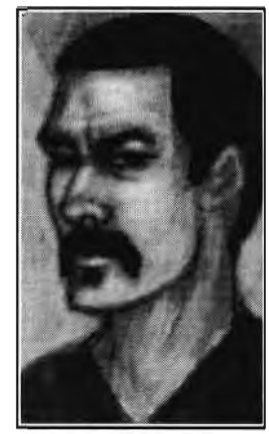
CHIP HOOPER,
SECOND CAMERAMAN



KELLY DONOVAN,
TECHNICIAN



ANTHONY JOHNSON,
CAMP WORKER



CHARLES WRIGHT,
MECHANIC



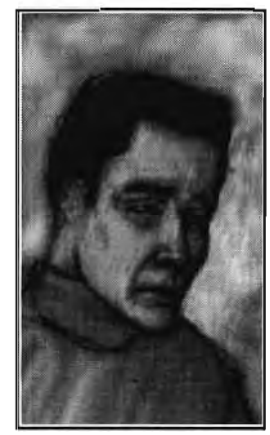
DOCTOR CURTIS
ANTHONY, PHYSICIAN



CARL SCHMIDT, RADIO
TECHNICIAN



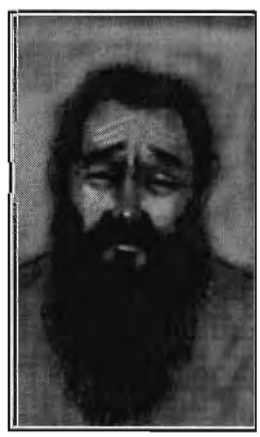
TONY HOPEWELL,
RADIO TECHNICIAN



KURT JENNER,
ELECTRICIAN



KYLE WILLIAMS, PILOT



CHARLES SACHS,
ENGINEER



ROBERT MARKLIN,
TECHNICIAN

Barsmeier-Falken Expedition Personnel Roster

(Die Barsmeier-Falken Antarktisexpedition)

Persons indicated as "surviving" or "deceased" are based upon the unaltered chain of events described in the "BFE Weddell Base Camp" section of Appendix 3. The presence of the investigators in this endgame scenario may have a very large effect upon the fate of base personnel.

Responsibility	Name	Number	Disposition	Survived?
Team Leaders	Josef Barsmeier	1	Base	1
	Klaus Falken	1	Tunnels	0
Doctor	Heinrich Panning	1	Base	0
Occultist	Thomas Pommerenke	1	Tunnels	0
Chief Tech	Harold Schmitt	1	Base	1
Arctic Guide	Konrad Felgener	1	Tunnels	0
Pilots		10	4 Tunnels, 6 Base	3
Mechanics		11	4 Tunnels, 5 Base, 2 Survey	2
Dogmen and Guides		10	2 Base, 8 Survey	8
Workers		15	10 Tunnels, 5 Base	1
Doctor		1	1 Tunnel	0
Medic Aides		3	1 Base, 2 Survey	2
Metorologist		1	1 Base	1
Radio Men		6	4 Base, 2 Survey	2
Surveyors		3	1 Tunnels, 2 on Survey	3
Photographers		2	1 Tunnels, 1 Base	1
Physicist		1	1 Base	0
Biochemist		1	1 Base	0
Archaeologists		2	1 Tunnels, 1 Base	0
Occultists		2	1 Tunnels, 1 Base	1
Lake's Camp Team		12	12 Lake's Camp	?
Wilhelmina Crew		41	41 *Wilhelmina*	41
Graf Zeppelin Crew		44	44 *Graf Zeppelin*	44
	Total	171		
		-44	*Graf Zeppelin* Crew (counted elsewhere)	
		-41	*Wilhelmina* Crew (not needed in the scenario)	
		-12	Lake's Camp Team (counted elsewhere)	
	Subtotal	74	Associated with the Weddell base camp	
		-16	Two Eight-man Survey Sled Teams (all survive)	
		-13	Falken Tunnel Team (all dead)	
		-13	Pommerenke Team (4 survive)	
	Subtotal	32	Actually working in residence at Weddell base camp	

Barsmeier-Falken Expedition Team Rosters

(Die Barsmeier-Falken Antarktisexpedition)

The Lake's Camp Team

Doctor Johann Meyer, leader
Doctor Professor Frank Uhr, famous scientist
Herr Maxwell Rucker, geologist
Herr Johann Benecke, engineer
Herr Martin Kleiser, meteorologist
Herr Herman Baumann, chief pilot
Herr Karol Breyer, pilot
Herr Gregor Schimmel, chief radioman
Herr Josef Stoltz, assistant radioman
Herr Gunter Thimm, dog handler
Doctor Otto Schick, physician
Herr Hugo Grosswirth, mechanic
12 in all.

The Falken Tunnel Team

Doctor Klaus Falken, leader
Konrad Felgener, guide
2 Mechanics
7 Workers
1 Archaeologist
1 Photographer
13 in all. *Thirteen killed or missing.*

The Pommerenke Tunnel Team

Thomas Pommerenke, leader
4 Pilots (D-BFEB, D-BFEC); 1 survives
2 Mechanics; 1 survives
3 Workers; 1 survives
1 Occultist
1 Surveyor; 1 survives
1 Doctor
13 in all. Four survive and are rescued. *Nine dead.*

Sled Survey Team 1

3 Dog Handlers
1 Guide
1 Radioman
1 Cartographer
1 Mechanic
1 Medic aide
8 in all. All survive and are rescued.

Sled Survey Team 2

3 Dog Handlers
1 Guide
1 Radioman
1 Cartographer
1 Mechanic
1 Medic aide
8 in all. All survive and are rescued.

The Base Camp Team

Barsmeier (leader); survives
Panning (doctor)
Schmitt (chief tech); survives
6 Pilots; 2 survive
5 Mechanics; 1 survives
2 Dog Men
5 Workers; 1 survives
1 Medic aide; survives
1 Metorologist; survives
4 Radio Men
1 Photographer; survives
1 Physicist
1 Biochemist
1 Archaeologist
1 Occultist; survives
32 in all. 10 survive. *Twenty-two dead.* ■

Weddell Base Camp Roster

(Die Barsmeier-Falken Antarktisexpedition)

The following personnel are present at Weddell base camp after Falken's group and the survey teams depart.

Responsibility	Name	Survived?
Leader	Josef Barsmeier	yes
Doctor	Heinrich Panning	no
Chief Technician	Harold Schmitt	yes
Pilots (6)	Edward Köllnitz (D-BFEC)	no
	Friedrich Schonberg (D-BFEC)	no
	Hermann Mahr (D-BFED)	no
	Gustav Rave (D-BFED)	yes
	Joachim Kausch (D-BFEE)	yes
	Hans Wallenberg (D-BFEE)	no
Mechanics (5)	Theodore Eckert (D-BFEC)	no
	Gunther Treue (D-BFED)	no
	Hanz Garten (D-BFEE)	no
	Albert Wehrlein (Motor Pool & Drills)	yes
	Eric Kessell (Drills)	no
Dog Men (2)	Trygve Sammelsen	no
	Snorri Braggen	no
Workers (5)	Emilio Lasciari	no
	Arthur Schnabel	yes
	Pavel Vorster	no
	Peter Demetz	no
	Georg Spender	no
Medic Aide	Peter Lang	yes
Metorologist	Franz Klipsch	yes
Radio Men (4)	Kurt Cooper	no
	Wilhelm Brust	no
	Mackie Kronen	no
	Max Sterner	no
Photographer	Martin Brubacher	yes
Physicist	Alan Hammel	no
Biochemist	Egon Auden	no
Archaeologist	Robert Wiene	no
Occultist	Ernst Hoffmann	yes

Skills and statistics for these men may be generated by the keeper as needed. Only the occultists have a chance of possessing Cthulhu Mythos knowledge or skill. ■

Barsmeier-Falken Expedition Bios and Stats

(Die Barsmeier-Falken Antarktisexpedition)

Doctor JOHANN MEYER, age 43, Head of the BFE Team at Lake's Camp

STR 12	CON 10	SIZ 13	INT 15	POW 11
DEX 14	APP 10	EDU 19	SAN 55	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Kar 98 Rifle 43%, damage 2D6 + 4
P08 Luger Pistol 35%, damage 1D10

Skills: Archaeology 67%, Bargain 66%, Cartography 60%, Credit Rating 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 01%, Fast Talk 65%, History 50%, Library Use 45%, Navigate 25%, Persuade 60%, Occult 42%, Psychology 30%.

Languages: Arabic 74%, Aramaic 38%, Catalan 64%, Coptic 69%, English 55%, French 65%, Frisian 51%, German 85%, Gothic 48%, Hebrew 60%, Hindi 81%, Hungarian 59%, Italian 70%, Latin 48%, Pahlavi 44%, Romansch 70%, Romany 58%, Sanskrit 64%, Serbo-Croatian 44%, Spanish 67%, Turkish 78%, Urdu 47%.

Johann Meyer is the head occultist of the expedition, as well as an archaeologist. He is fluent in many languages. His archaeological studies have mostly focused on ancient European and Middle Eastern civilizations. He also was a junior officer in the German Army in the Great War, serving on the staff of General Otto Liman von Sanders in Turkey. He saw no combat, although for the

last six months of the war he was posted to General von Sanders' forward headquarters in Nazareth. His service with von Sanders was almost entirely as a translator and liaison with the Turks.

His demeanor is diplomatic. He has a broad, almost intuitive grasp of languages. His wife and two young sons are at home in Berlin.

Doctor Meyer is comfortable with the commercial bent behind the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition; while he deplores any loss of possible knowledge, he is practical enough to realize there could never be such an effort spent on Antarctic research without the backing of government or industry. He is easily able to manipulate Doctor Falken, due to that scientist's obsession with "Science!" Meyer has seen the strange documents which the BFE possesses.

Meyer is tall and thin, with a neatly trimmed white beard and intense blue eyes. Farsighted, he wears glasses for reading.

Doctor Professor FRANZ UHR, age 57, Anthropologist and Cryptographer

STR 12	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 16	POW 15
DEX 13	APP 13	EDU 20	SAN 56	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Anthropology 76%, Cartography 60%, Cryptography 86%, Cthulhu Mythos 01%, History 30%, Library Use 77%, Mathematics (Number Theory) 81%, Persuade 60%, Occult 30%, Psychology 60%, Ride 35%, Spot Hidden 45%.

Languages: English 63%, French 44%, German 90%, Greek 30%, Italian 53%, Latin 20%.

Doctor Professor Uhr of the University of Dresden is a leading anthropologist and cryptographer, although he has been included in the expedition supposedly for his cartographic skills. An intensely curious man, he uses his jovial mannerisms and shrewd intuition to pry information from people. His reputation in anthropology is known to any character with a successful **Anthropology roll.** Uhr is best known for his writings about "tribal peoples" in Europe—the Romany, Cossacks, Lapps, etc.

His skill at cryptography is known only if an investigator gets a successful **Know roll** in addition to the **Anthropology roll.** Then the investigator has read a short biography of him, a commentary in a professional journal, or a military report mentioning his service as a civilian counter-intelligence specialist with the Imperial German Navy in the Great War.

Uhr is unmarried. He is not proud of his service as a spy-catcher during the war, and avoids the subject of wartime experience. Like Doctor Meyer, Uhr is easily able to manipulate Doctor Falken. He dislikes Josef Barsmeier (a fact he disguises well, even from Barsmeier) as a narrow-minded Prussian.

He was invited to participate on the expedition by Doctor Meyer, who was aware of his wartime contributions. He is aware of the strange information that has contributed to the formation of the expedition.

Doctor Professor Uhr needs the money this expedition can provide, and rather enjoys small adventures. He is easily intimidated by credible physical threats, though with his good Psychology skill he can usually identify bluffs for what they are.

He is short and balding, perhaps 30 pounds overweight, with a constant smile gathering crow's feet around his merry blue eyes. He has a white spade beard and thin white hair.

Doctor MAXWELL RUCKER, age 36, Geologist at Lake's Camp

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 10	INT 12	POW 10
DEX 09	APP 08	EDU 15	SAN 45	HP 10

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: P08 Luger Pistol 30%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 25%, Chemistry 20%, Climb 45%, Dodge 20%, Geology 55%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Operate Heavy Machine 30%, Physics 35%, Photography 30%.

Languages: English 40%, French 60%, German 70%, Italian 60%.

Maxwell Rucker is the geologist accompanying the German group to Lake's Camp. He has no interest in history, soft sciences such as anthropology, or even the elder things (after an initial raised eyebrow). Logic is his deity, and in Antarctica Doctor Klaus Falken is his priest. Rucker will insist that any deviation from profitable goals be reported to Falken for approval; fortunately for Doctor Meyer and Doctor Professor Uhr, Rucker is also a slave to hierarchy. Despite his meek appearance, Rucker is a ruthless man.

Rucker is a pinkish, fat-faced individual with searching brown eyes that look everywhere in the eyes of the person he is talking to, giving him an appearance of perpetual guilt. His voice is usually soft and toneless.

JOHANN BENECKE, age 29, Engineer and Ace Scrounger

STR 16	CON 10	SIZ 14	INT 14	POW 07
DEX 13	APP 08	EDU 16	SAN 35	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Wrench 47%, damage 1D6 + 1D4
Kar 98 rifle 50%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Bargain 50%, Brew Brandy 40%, Chemistry 10%, Conceal 30%, Craft (Machine Tools) 75%, Dodge 35%, Electrical Repair 30%, Engineering (Mechanical) 45%, Locksmith 55%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Operate Heavy Machine 60%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 65%.

Languages: English 40%, French 20%, German 70%.

Benecke is the engineer sent with the German team to Lake's Camp. He designed and operates their snow and ice removal machinery, repairs aircraft, and generally mends broken equipment. He is very friendly, and seems to have a nearly inexhaustible supply of cheap brandy, which he is glad to share. He enjoys playing cards—especially skat. He claims to be a poor poker player; this is true, at first, but Benecke learns fast.

Benecke is a venal, visionless man, cunning but not violent. High wages brought him here. The opportunities to swipe, er, scrounge materiel from other expeditions are many; and the temptation to bring back his own samples of valuable Antarctic finds will be strong. Doctor Meyer and Professor Uhr became aware of his proclivities during the voyage from Germany, and at the BFE's Weddell base used him to improve their team's equipment at the expense of other teams within the expedition.

With an almost ape-like physique, Benecke is also valuable for his strong back.

MARTIN KLEISER, age 33, Meteorologist at Lake's Camp

STR 11	CON 10	SIZ 12	INT 12	POW 13
DEX 10	APP 09	EDU 15	SAN 65	HP 11

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Astronomy 25%, Boating 30%, Climb 65%, Meteorology 80%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 40%, Photography 45%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Languages: English 30%, French 40%, German 75%.

Kleiser is a weatherman, and the archetypal absent-minded scientist. Unmarried, he lives in Bremerhaven. He enjoys fishing and strange weather—an unexpected snowstorm brings out a cry of "Isn't zis vonderful?"

He is a squinty-eyed individual with a sparse blond beard and spectacles that are in constant need of de-fogging. Most of his time is spent looking at the sky, which often causes him to trip over unnoticed obstacles.

HERMAN BAUMANN, age 28, Pilot at Lake's Camp

STR 13	CON 16	SIZ 14	INT 11	POW 15
DEX 15	APP 15	EDU 14	SAN 55	HP 15

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Mauser M1932 Machine Pistol 40%, damage 1D10 (fires 1 or burst)

Skills: Climb 65%, Credit Rating 65%, Drive Auto 75%, Electrical Repair 20%, Geology 20%, Jump 35%, Mechanical Repair 75%, Natural History 15%, Operate Heavy Machine 20%, Polar Survival 35%, Pilot Aircraft 90%, Radio Operator 35%, Ride 40%, Ski 40%, Spot Hidden 40%.

Languages: English 80%, Finnish 40%, French 50%, German 71%, Swedish 30%.

Herman Baumann, chief pilot of the Barsmeier-Falken expedition, is a dashing man in the image of heroic pilots from the movies. Concerned more with image than safety, he is nonetheless a capable aviator. He was chosen for the expedition because of his connections in upper-class society and for his cold-weather flight experience in Sweden and Finland. If not closely supervised, he will do hair-raising stunts, such as the low-level flyby upon his arrival at Lake's Camp. He is skilled enough to pull such things off—so far. He is an excellent aircraft mechanic, since there are rarely machine shops handy in the Arctic. He is an experienced alpinist, and also a member of the *Schwäbische Höhlenverein* (a spelunking society). He has extensively explored a number of European cave systems.

Class is more important to him than nationality, though he is relatively unbigoted for his time. He is certainly aware of his attractiveness to women and the media, and tries not to look too eager for the attentions of either—but welcomes both.

Baumann resembles Errol Flynn, tall and athletic, with a thin mustache, long silk scarf, and leather helmet. His English is perfect, with a faint British upper-class accent.

KAROL BREYER, age 34, Copilot at Lake's Camp

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

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Electrical Repair 25%, Mechanical Repair 40%, Meteorology 20%, Navigate 60%, Pilot Aircraft 55%.

Languages: English 10%, French 30%, German 75%, Polish 20%.

A veteran of the Great War, Karol Breyer has since worked for Lufthansa as a mechanic and pilot. A mild-mannered man, he has a good reputation as a careful navigator. He makes a good match with Herman Baumann, except that he is unlikely to object strongly enough to stifle Baumann's stunts.

Breyer is not talkative, but willingly pitches in to help with chores and unpleasant work. He loses a lot of skin starting airplane engines while Herman Baumann leans out of the cockpit, shouting encouragement. He has a quiet wife and a young daughter at home in Potsdam.

Breyer is unexceptional in appearance; he walks with a slight limp.

GREGOR SCHIMMEL, age 32, Team Chief Radio Operator at Lake's Camp

STR 10	CON 12	SIZ 10	INT 15	POW 10
DEX 8	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 41	HP 11

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: Kar 98 Rifle 30%, damage 2D6 + 4
P08 Luger Pistol 72%, damage 1D10

Skills: Cryptography 20%, Electrical Repair 60%, Listen 68%, Radio Operator 70%, Spot Hidden 42%.

Languages: English 23%, German 75%, Swedish 30%.

Gregor Schimmel is the senior radio operator assigned to the team at Lake's Camp. He is in charge of maintaining contact with the main body of the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition on the Ice inland from the Weddell Sea.

He is an unpleasant, bigoted man, chosen for his secretive personality and skill with radio equipment. He knows some of the truth about the sources of Barsmeier's and Falken's information about Antarctica, since he encrypts and decrypts important messages for the expedition. Mildly paranoid, he pretends that he speaks only German, and liberally uses the rankest obscenities in his native tongue.

Schimmel is thin and balding, with a perpetual frown beneath a dark brown beard. He already has been treated for second degree frostbite in his hands when he arrives at Lake's Camp, and will no doubt experience more trouble with the cold. His usual problem is to avoid touching cold metal with his bare hands, resulting in first degree frostbite.

JOSEF STOLTZ, age 24, Alternate Radio Operator at Lake's Camp

STR 10	CON 10	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 13
DEX 12	APP 11	EDU 12	SAN 75	HP 11

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Bible 45%, Craft (Carve Ivory) 47%, Electrical Repair 40%, Radio Operator 40%, Physics 20%.

Languages: English 35%, Danish 30%, German 79%.

A quiet, religious man, Josef Stoltz is the alternate watch radioman for the BFE team at Lake's Camp. He often apologizes quietly to persons who have been insulted by Schimmel, his boss. He is far more careful than his boss about touching cold surfaces without gloves; as a result, he works slower, but has fewer injuries. He is unmarried, and comes from Munich.

Stoltz's hair is red, and he wears glasses. He will spend some of his off-duty time reading the Bible.

GUNTER THIMM, age 27, German Dog Handler at Lake's Camp

STR 14	CON 16	SIZ 12	INT 13	POW 13
DEX 13	APP 12	EDU 14	SAN 69	HP 14

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Kar 98 Rifle 50%, damage 2D6 + 4
Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3 + 1D4

Skills: Climb 60%, Drive Dog sled 85%, First Aid 40%, Listen 55%, Natural History 55%, Polar Survival 55%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 40%.

Languages: English 20%, Danish 35%, German 65%, Inuit 35%.

Gunter Thimm is the head dog handler for the German team. He is an effete man with an aristocratic air about him that reminds one of a strutting ballerina. Because of his demeanor, he is pointedly ignored by most of the team members. However, Thimm can urge his dogs to efforts achievable by no one else. This has earned him respect from the other dog handlers (at the Weddell base camp). He is also skilled at boxing, which he has had to demonstrate several times since the arrival of the expedition in Antarctica.

Doctor OTTO SCHICK, age 46, Team Physician at Lake's Camp

STR 10	CON 09	SIZ 14	INT 13	POW 11
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 16	SAN 29	HP 12

Damage Bonus: + 0.

Weapons: None.

Skills: Biology (Anatomy) 60%, Chemistry 25%, Fast Talk 45%, First Aid 30%, Library Use 40%, Medicine 60%, Occult 10%, Pharmacy 45%, Photography 30%, Psychology 35%.

Languages: English 20%, French 40%, German 75%, Greek 10%, Hebrew 20%, Latin 10%, Yiddish 30%.

Doctor Otto Schick is a burned-out man, whose excellent medical skills and reputation mask a dangerous decline into alcoholism and depression. Family tragedies, financial disasters, embarrassing romantic episodes, ill health, and the awareness of his nation's plunge into fascism have left him bitter and cynical. He is not fond of the Ice; Doctor Falken hired him as one of the expedition's doctors as a personal favor (Schick would be bankrupt otherwise). He is divorced, and has lived most recently in Vienna, Austria.

Schick is overweight, and frostbite has turned his nose permanently red—a point of shame for him. His treatment for frostbite (in accord with the standards of the time) calls for rubbing the affected parts with snow; this actually can cause more damage, and has no therapeutic value.

HUGO GROSSWIRTH, age 25, Aircraft Mechanic at Lake's Camp

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 13	INT 13	POW 14
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 12	SAN 85	HP 13

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: Kar 98 rifle 40%, damage 2D6 + 4

Skills: Drive Auto 55%, Electrical Repair 20%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Natural History 25%, Operate Heavy Machine 50%, Pilot Aircraft 20%, Polar Survival 15%, Radio Operator 15%.

Languages: Czech 35%, English 20%, German 70%.

Hugo Grosswirth is a strong, skilled and helpful man—and very loyal to Barsmeier and Falken. He enjoys polar exploring, likes to be helpful, and seems to get by without sleep. His specialty is aircraft: engines, airframe, and controls. His skills are essential to the success of the German team at Lake's Camp. He has a girlfriend in Chemnitz.

He is a tall, blond fellow, and in the last month has grown a scrappy beard.

Doctor HUGO ECKENER, age 68, Captain of the *Graf Zeppelin*

STR 12	CON 18	SIZ 15	INT 17	POW 18
DEX 14	APP 10	EDU 16	SAN 89	HP 17

Damage Bonus: + 1D4.

Weapons: none.

Skills: Accounting 65%, Astronomy 35%, Cartography 20%, Credit Rating 70%, Electrical Repair 25%, Mechanical Repair 65%, Meteorology 90%, Natural History 20%, Navigate 95%, Persuade 60%, Physics 40%, Pilot Airship 99%, Psychology 40%, Spot Hidden 50% (90% if it involves something aboard the *Graf Zeppelin*).

Languages: English 40%, French 45%, German 90%, Russian 25%.

Doctor Eckener was a political economist and journalist when hired by Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin as flight director for DELAG in 1909. He quickly learned the engineering and scientific skills needed to design and pilot dirigibles, and is the finest airship handler alive. Of course, the *Graf Zeppelin* is currently one of only three dirigibles in existence.

Eckener is capable of astounding feats of stamina, remaining alert for days on end during zeppelin flights. He demands caution, intelligence, and a profound knowledge of airship physics and meteorology from his crews; his demands for discipline and formality are taxing; and his patience for fools is non-existent. Despite (or because of) all of this, his crews are devoted to him, and he instills confidence in his passengers.

A married man, he lives in Friedrichshafen. His son Knut is aboard the *Graf Zeppelin* as the chief engineer. Doctor Eckener, as managing director of both the Zeppelin Company and DELAG since 1922, only pilots the *Graf Zeppelin* on unusual missions—such as this one to Antarctica. He is an outspoken anti-Nazi.

Heavy set and long faced, with a gray mustache and bags under his eyes, Doctor Eckener is intensely formal, even in the worst situations. ■

Graf Zeppelin Passengers and Crew

(Die Barsmeier-Falken Antarktisexpedition)

Responsibility	Name
CREW:	
Master	Hugo Eckener
Watch Officers (3)	Albert Wollheim
	Gustav Speier
	Mark Müller
Navigators (3)	Sigurd Nadel
	Otho Perlmann
	Karl Himmler
Helmsmen (6)	Peter Vogel
	Adam Aschenkeller
	Heinrich Aselbein
	Rudolf Holger
	Franz Zeigner
	Kurt Berber
Chief Engineer	Knud Eckener
Assistant Engineers (2)	Wolfgang Schirmer
	Hermann Volpe
Riggers (2)	Friedrich Grosz
	Fritz Albers
Radiomen (3)	Wolff Wedekind
	Owen Yoffe
	Martin Ebert
Machinists (15)	Johann Epp
	Emil Fiche
	Otto Lüdendorff
	Erich Kausch
	Karl Barth
	Walther Rundstedt
	Richard Scheller
	Werner Blomstein
	Axel Kempinski
	Gustav Bracht
	Adolf Hellmann
	Johannes Hilferding
	Johann Wiegandt
	Erwin Kapp
	Leo Huelsenbeck
PASSENGERS:	
Cook	Wilfrid Adler
Scientists (3)	Julius Klemmer (Geologist)
	Franz Ihering (Meteorologist)
	Ignatz Poehle (Physicist)
Journalists (2)	Bernard Stecker (*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*)
	Friedrich Hals (*Völkischer Beobachter*)
Cameraman	Theodor Sitz

Individual Bios and Stats, Alphabetically Arranged

ALBEMARLE, PIERCE, Meteorologist, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 357

ANTHONY, CURTIS, Expedition Physician, Lexington Expedition 371

BALLARD, ARTHUR, Second Officer of the SS *Gabrielle*, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 365

BAUMANN, HERMAN, Pilot at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 378

BEENTJE, HENK, Crew Boss, Explorer, Lexington Expedition. 370

BENECKE, JOHANN, Engineer and Ace Scrounger, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 377

BREYER, KAROL, Copilot at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 378

BRYCE, MOREHOUSE, Paleontologist, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 356

CARTIER, TIMOTHY, Graduate Assistant to Morehouse Bryce, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 356

COLE, MAURICE, Camp Crew Worker, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 358

CRUZ, HIDALGO, Camp Crew Worker, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 357

DEWITT, RALPH, Pilot, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 359

DONOVAN, KELLY, Technician and Grip Boy, Lexington Expedition. 370

DRISCOLL, JOHN "JACK," Fourth Officer of the SS *Gabrielle*, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 365

ECKENER, HUGO, Captain of the *Graf Zeppelin,* Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 379

FISKARSON, ENKE, Dog Wrangler, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 359

GILES, AVERY, Graduate Assistant to Charles Myers, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 357

GILMORE, ALBERT, Drill Technician, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 358

GREENE, RICHARD, Physician, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 358

GRIFFITH, WILLARD, Geologist, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 356

GROSSWIRTH, HUGO, Aircraft Mechanic at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 379

HALPERIN, DOUGLAS, Pilot, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 359

HOOPER, CHIP, Second Cameraman, Film Technician, Lexington Expedition 370

HOPEWELL, TONY, Radio Technician and Operator, Lexington Expedition. 371

HUSTON, ALAN "COLT," Engineer/ Mechanic, Starkweather-Moore Expedition . . 360

JENNER, KURT, Electrician, Lexington Expedition 371

JOHNSON, ANTHONY, Camp Worker, Lexington Expedition. 370

KLEISER, MARTIN, Meteorologist at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 377

LAROCHE, LOUIS, Radio Technician/ Operator and Electrician, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 358

LEXINGTON, ACACIA ("THE SHARK"), Expedition Leader, Lexington Expedition . . . 367

LONGFELLOW, LAWRENCE, Engineer/ Mechanic, Starkweather-Moore Expedition . . 360

LOPEZ, TOMÁS, Camp Crew Worker, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 357

MARKLIN, ROBERT, Technician and Mechanic, Lexington Expedition 372

MEYER, JOHANN, Head of the BFE Team at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 376

MILES, PATRICK, Aircraft Technician and Mechanic, Starkweather-Moore Expedition . . 360

MOORE, WILLIAM, Expedition Co-leader, Geologist, Paleontologist, Investigator, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 354

MYERS, CHARLES, Archaeologist, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 356

O'DOUL, MICHAEL, Drill Technician, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 359

ORGELFINGER, DOUGLAS, Graduate Assistant to Pierce Albemarle, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 357

PACKARD, DAVID, Team Boss and Sergeant at Arms, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 358

PORTER, CHARLIE, Graduate Assistant to Willard Griffith, Starkweather-Moore. 356

PRIESTLEY, ALBERT, Chief Cameraman, Lexington Expedition. 370

PULASKI, GREGOR, Sled Team Chief, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 359

QUIGLEY, LAMONT, Third Officer of the SS *Gabrielle*, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 365

RUCKER, MAXWELL, Geologist at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 377

SACHS, CHARLES, Engineer, Lexington Expedition. 372

SCHICK, OTTO, Team Physician at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 379

SCHIMMEL, GREGOR, Team Chief Radio Operator at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition. 378

SCHMIDT, CARL, Radio Technician and Operator, Lexington Expedition 371

SEAMEN, SS *Gabrielle,* Starkweather-Moore Expedition 366

SNÅBJORN, OLAV, Dog Wrangler, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 359

SORENSEN, GUNNAR, Polar Guide and Mountaineer, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 355

SORENSEN, NILS, Polar Guide and Mountaineer, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 355

STARKWEATHER, JAMES, Expedition Leader, Lecturer, Guide, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 352

STOLTZ, JOSEF, Alternate Radio Operator at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 378

SYKES, PETER, Polar Guide, Starkweather-Moore Expedition. 355

THIMM, GUNTER, German Dog Handler at Lake's Camp, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 379

TURLOW, PAUL, First Officer of the SS *Gabrielle,* Starkweather-Moore Expedition 365

TUVINNEN, HAAKON, Polar Guide, Lexington Expedition. 369

UHR, FRANZ, Anthropologist and Cryptographer, Barsmeier-Falken Expedition 377

VREDENBURGH, HENRY, Captain of the SS *Gabrielle,* Starkweather-Moore Expedition 365

WHITSTON, CHARLENE, Intellectual with an Itch for Fame, Starkweather-Moore Expedition 360

WILLIAMS, KYLE (DANFORTH, PAUL), Pilot, Lexington Expedition 371

WINSLOW, SAMUEL, Graduate Student (Glaciology), Starkweather-Moore Expedition 357

WRIGHT, CHARLES, Mechanic, Lexington Expedition. 371

Appendix 6: Vehicles

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Keeper's note: the SS Gabrielle *is not included in this appendix. For her plans and description, see all of Chapter Four-B.*

SS Tallahassee

The Lexington Expedition's ship was built in 1921 in Norway, and launched as the *Evanger.* It has an ice-breaking bow, for use in the Baltic Sea. The captain is Joseph Burr.

Dimensions

length . . . . . 307 feet
beam. . . . . 32 feet
depth, keel to main deck . . . . . 27 feet
draft, light ship . . . . . 9 feet
draft, loaded ship . . . . . 17 feet

register tons 5,000

Displacements

light ship . . . . . 1,500 tons
loaded ship . . . . . 4,500 tons
deadweight . . . . . 3,000 tons
- crew & stores . . . . . 20 tons
- fuel oil . . . . . 580 tons
- fresh water . . . . . 55 tons
- cargo . . . . . 2,345 tons

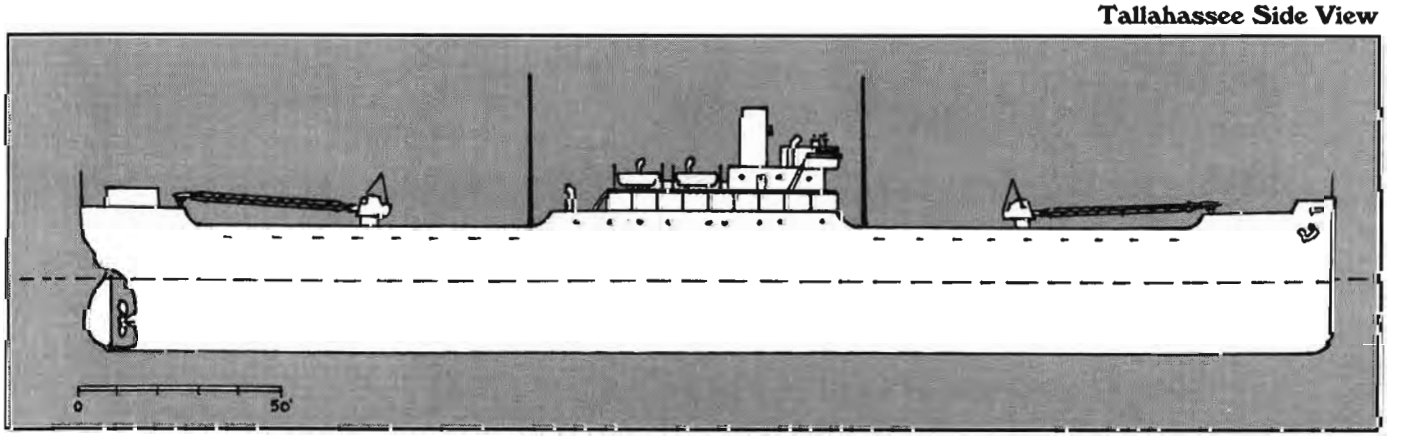
Cargo Space

no. of holds 4
hatches . . . . . 4 (each 24 feet long x 18 feet wide)
cargo booms . . . . . - 2 x 1 ton capacity
- 2 x 5 ton capacity
- 2 x 5 ton capacity cranes (one between forward, one aft)
loading speed . . . . . 20 tons per gang hour (18 man gang; one gang per hatch usually)

Machinery

- reciprocating oil-burning steam engine, top speed 13 knots
- uses 0.05 tons of fuel per nautical mile at 11 knots
- maximum cruising range about 11,500 miles

Tallahassee Side View



Crew (29 total)

- master and 3 deck officers
- chief engineer and 2 engineer officers
- radio operator, carpenter, boatswain, storekeeper
- 3 quartermasters, 6 seamen
- 5 engine room crew (oilers, firemen, wipers, watertenders)
- 1 chief steward, 1 cook, 2 other stewards (messboys, laundrymen, etc.)

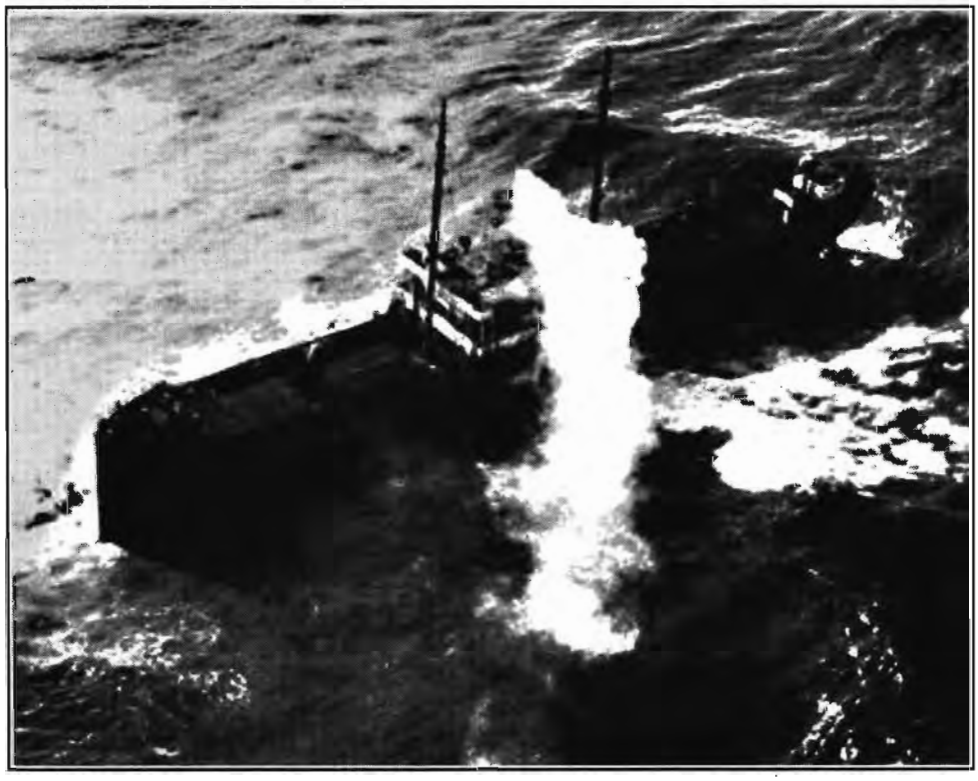
Incidental Equipment

- line gun, 18 life rings with water lights, flares and rockets, 4 life rafts
- 2 lifeboats, 25 person capacity each; these are motorboats with a 6 knot top speed ■

The Tallahassee



The Tallahassee in Rough Waters



SS Wilhelmina

This vessel has been modified by the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition: a 100-foot-tall mooring mast for the zeppelin has been added aft, and the number 3 and 4 cargo hatches have been joined to allow Ju-52 fuselages to be loaded without disassembly.

Dimensions

length . . . . . 383 feet
beam. . . . . 40 feet
depth, keel to main deck . . . . . 36 feet
draft, light ship . . . . . 12 feet
draft, loaded ship . . . . . 21 feet

register tons 5,000

Displacements

light ship. . . . . 2,500 tons
loaded ship . . . . . 8,500 tons
deadweight . . . . . 5,500 tons
- crew & stores . . . . . 30 tons
- fuel oil . . . . . 1,100 tons
- fresh water. . . . . 80 tons
- cargo . . . . . 4,290 tons

Cargo Space

no. of holds. . . . . 4 (but number 3 and 4 are joined to make a single hold)
hatches . . . . . 4 (each 33 feet long, 24 feet wide (aft now 81 feet long, 24 feet wide))
cargo booms . . . . . - 4 x 5 ton capacity forward
- 2 x 10 ton capacity cranes aft
loading speed . . . . . 24 tons per gang hour (18-man 'gang'; 1 gang per hatch usually)

Machinery

- reciprocating oil-burning steam engine, top speed 15 knots
- uses 0.1 tons of fuel per nautical mile at 12 knots
- maximum cruising range about 11,000 miles

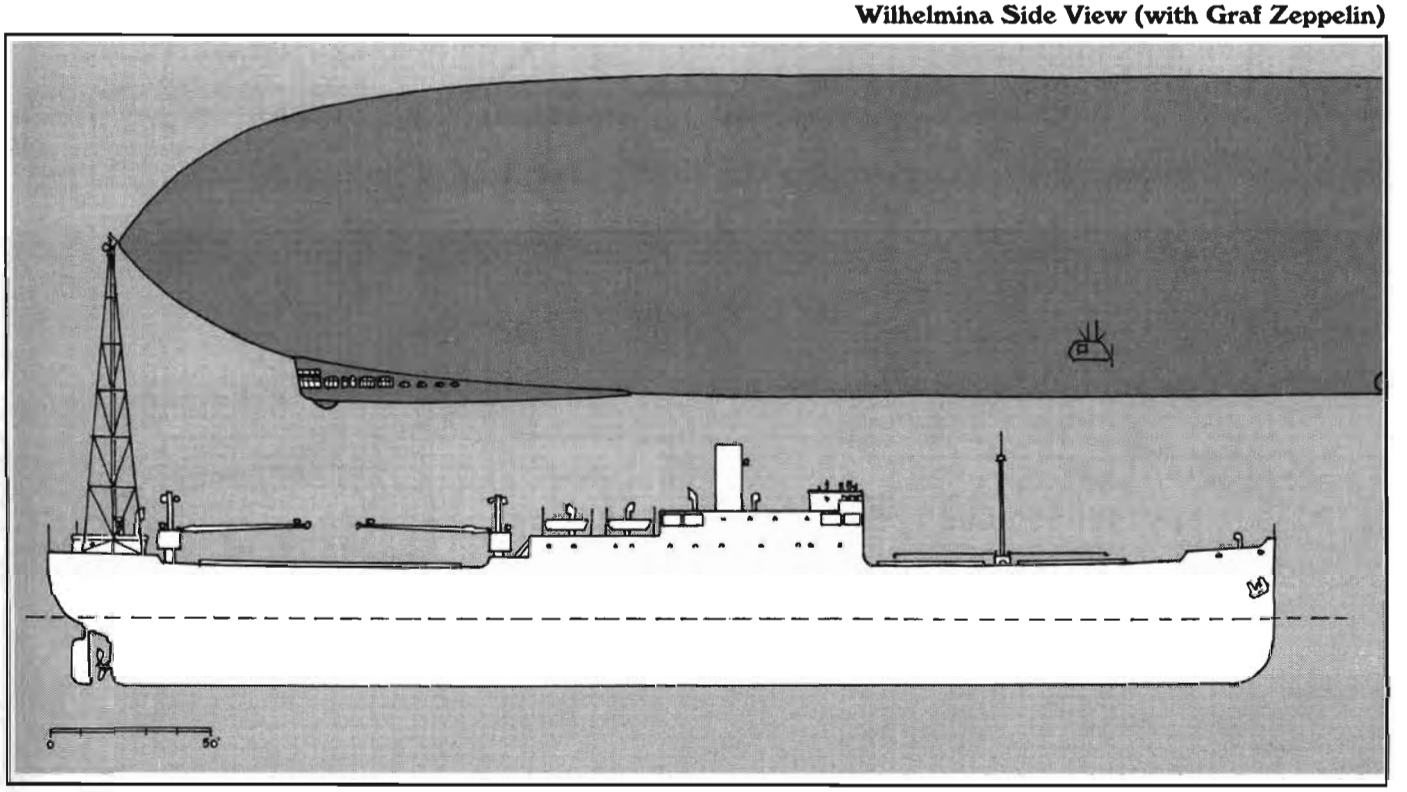
Crew (41 total)

- master and 4 deck officers
- chief engineer and 3 engineer officers
- radio operator, carpenter, boatswain, storekeeper
- 3 quartermasters, 8 seamen
- 12 engine room crew (oilers, firemen, wipers, watertenders)
- 1 chief steward, 1 cook, 3 other stewards (messboys, laundrymen, etc.)

Incidental Equipment

- line gun, 30 life rings with water lights, flares and rockets, 2 life rafts
- 4 lifeboats, 25 person capacity each; these are all motorboats with a 6 knot top speed ■

Wilhelmina Side View (with Graf Zeppelin)



Boeing 247

This very advanced all-metal monoplane, designed as a 12 passenger airliner, has all the most modern features: air conditioning and cabin heating, sound proofing, radio, a de-icing system for the wings and tail, variable pitch three-bladed propellers, engine superchargers, flaps, and retractable landing gear. The first flight by a Model 247 was on February 8, 1933. The hinged nose allows access to a luggage compartment.

Some modifications have been made to the aircraft of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, as follows: retractable ski landing gear, oxygen breathing apparatus, extra radio equipment, gyrocompass, radio direction finder, artificial horizon, an eight-gallon fresh water tank, extra fuel tanks, lightweight folding seats, wider doors (to fit cargo and fuel drums), motion picture camera rack and optically flat window, and electric engine heaters.

The engines are two Pratt & Whitney "Wasp" S1H1-G nine cylinder air-cooled radials, 550 HP each. Features include inertia (hand cranked) and electric (battery) starters, engine fire extinguishers, and a 12-gallon oil tank fitted in each engine nacelle. Each engine uses 25 gallons of gasoline per hour at 'cruise' setting, 35 gallons per hour at full power. Total fuel capacity is 770 gallons: 220 gallons in the wing tanks, and 550 gallons in auxiliary tanks built into the fuselage. Engine overhauls are needed after 300 hours of operation. The Model 247 can climb with one engine shut down, up to 6,000 feet altitude, depending on load.

Weights

Starkweather-Moore configuration:

empty weight	11,000 lbs. (no fuel, oil, cargo or passengers; includes seats, radios, etc.)
maximum gross weight	17,000 lbs.
emergency overload	19,500 lbs. (cannot take off at high altitudes at this weight)
each crew/passenger	200 lbs. including clothing, worn equipment, etc., for planning purposes
emergency supplies	100 lbs. per person aboard
each passenger seat	10 lbs. (12 aboard; could be tossed out in emergency)
gasoline, per gallon	six lbs.; 4620 lbs. when all tanks filled
lube oil, per gallon	7.5 lbs.; 180 lbs. fully loaded
radio set	150 lbs.(could be tossed out in emergency)
husky sled dog	90 lbs.
dog sled	100 lbs.
oxygen tank	20 lbs.; 80 cubic feet of oxygen, good for 16 man-hours of work

On a typical cargo flight to Lake's Camp:

empty plane	11,000 lbs.
two pilots	400 lbs.
emergency supplies	200 lbs.
lube oil	180 lbs.
fuel, 605 gallons	3630 lbs.; 2060 miles range (to Lake's Camp and back, plus reserve)
cargo or passengers	1590 lbs.; five passengers with SM emergency supplies plus hand sled, or 260 gallons fuel, or nine dogs + sled + 680 lbs. supplies

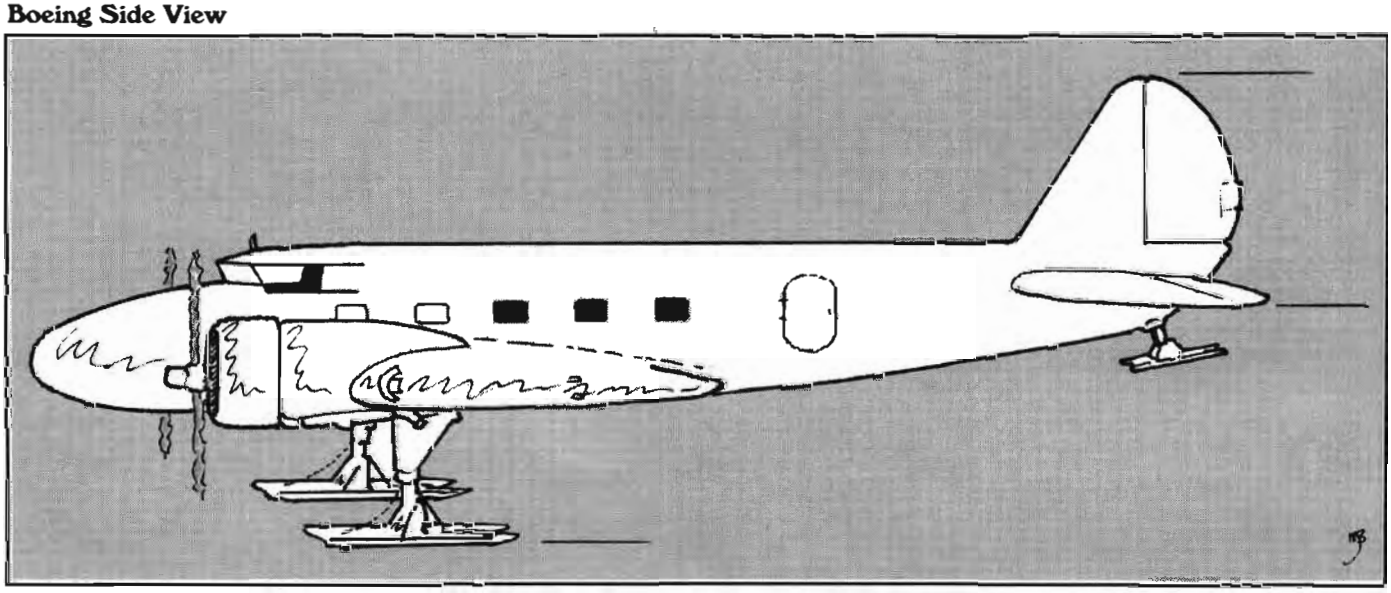
Dimensions

wingspan	74' (12.3" in scale)
length	51' 7" (8.6" in scale)
height	12' 2" standing on landing gear

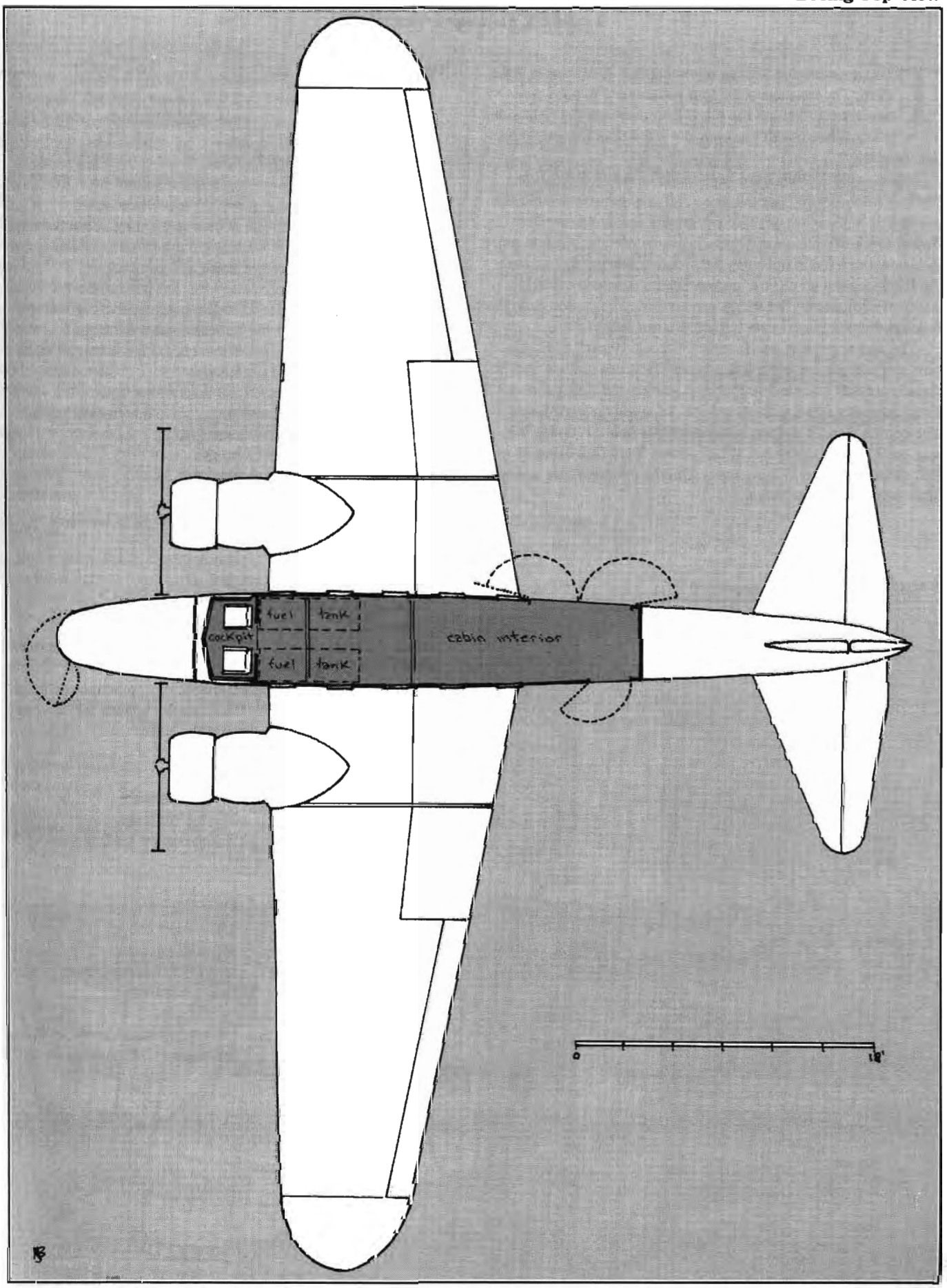
Performance

cruise speed	170 miles per hour
max speed	200 miles per hour
stall speed	60 miles per hour, flaps down
ceiling	25,400', assuming not above max total weight limit
range	up to 2600 miles, depending on fuel amount carried
takeoff/landing	900' at maximum gross; as little as 600' light; 1200' landing on skis ■

Boeing Side View



Boeing Top View



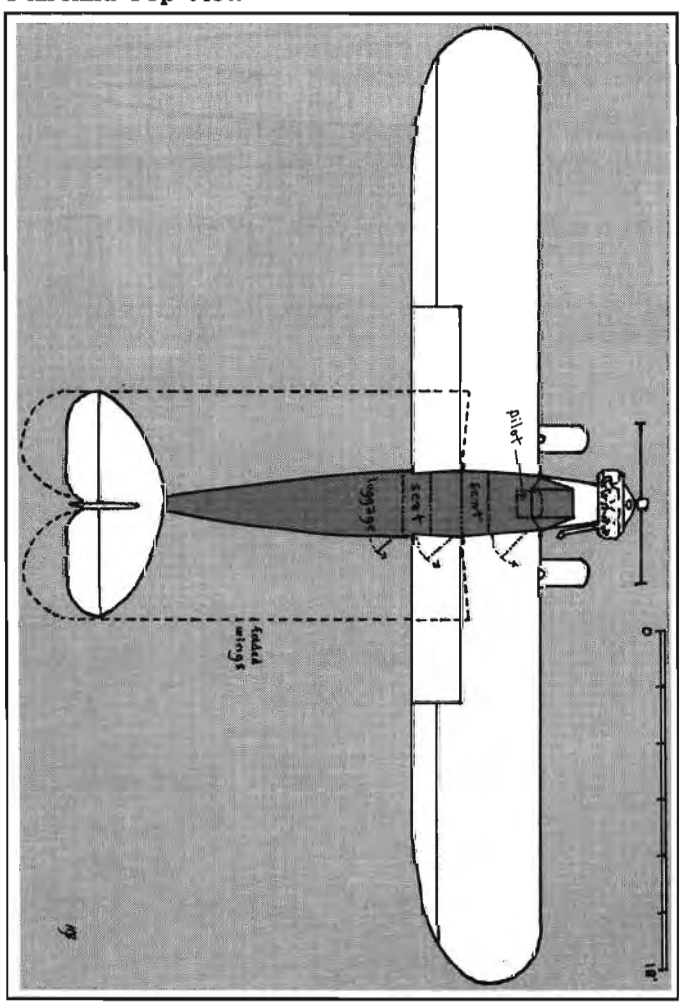
Fairchild FC-2W

This single-engine high-wing monoplane first flew in June, 1926. The fuselage seats four passengers, in pairs (on bench seats) behind the pilot. Two doors on the right side allow access. The aircraft has earned a reputation for toughness and reliability.

Some modifications have been made to the aircraft of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, as follows: non-retractable ski landing gear, short range radio equipment including direction finder, clock-driven sun compass, artificial horizon, motion picture camera rack and optically flat window, a hoisting eye atop the fuselage, and an electric engine heater. A heated cabin is standard equipment. The wings can be folded back alongside the fuselage by two men, in about two minutes time.

The power plant is one Pratt & Whitney "Wasp" S1H1-G nine cylinder air-cooled radial, 550 HP. Features include inertia (hand cranked) and electric (battery) starter, and a 12 gallon oil tank (normally filled with 10 gallons, to allow for expansion). The engine uses 25 gallons of gasoline per hour at 'cruise' setting, or 35 gallons per hour at full power. Total fuel capacity is 220 gallons, carried in wing tanks. Engine overhauls are needed after 300 hours of operation.

Fairchild Top View



Weights

empty weight	2,050 lbs. (no fuel, oil, cargo or passengers; includes seats, radios, etc.)
maximum gross weight	4,600 lbs.
emergency overload	5,000 lbs. (cannot take off at high altitudes at this weight)
each crew/passenger	200 lbs. including clothing, worn equipment, etc., for planning purposes
emergency supplies	230 lbs. per person aboard
each passenger bench	15 lbs. (two aboard; can be removed to make space for cargo)
gasoline, per gallon	6 lbs. (1,320 lbs. when all tanks filled)
lube oil, per gallon	7.5 lbs. (75 lbs. full)
radio set	50 lbs. (could be tossed out in emergency)
husky sled dog	90 lbs.
dog sled	100 lbs.

On a typical 'excursion' flight around the Ross Ice Shelf region:

empty plane	2,050 lbs.
pilot	200 lbs.
passenger	200 lbs.
emergency supplies	460 lbs.
lube oil	75 lbs.
fuel, 220 gallons	1,320 lbs.; 910 miles range (including 10% reserve)
cargo or passengers	295 lbs.; one passenger with light emergency supplies for all aboard (100 lbs. each)

Dimensions

wingspan	50' (8.3" in scale)
length	31' (5.2" in scale)
height	9' standing on landing gear

Performance

cruise speed	115 miles per hour
max speed	130 miles per hour
stall speed	45 miles per hour
ceiling	15,500', assuming not above max total weight limit
range	1,000 miles
takeoff/landing	600' at maximum gross; as little as 500' light; 1200' landing on skis ■

Northrop Delta

This modern all-metal monoplane first flew in May, 1933. It is an enlarged version of the "Gamma," which was designed for exploration work. The pilot sits under a canopy atop the fuselage; up to eight passengers can be carried.

Some modifications have been made to the aircraft for the Lexington Expedition, as follows: non-retractable ski landing gear, oxygen breathing apparatus, extra radio equipment including direction finder, gyrocompass, clock-driven sun compass, artificial horizon, extra fuel tanks, lightweight folding seats, motion picture camera rack and optically flat window, electric engine heaters, and a three-bladed propeller.

The power plant is one Wright SR-1820F "Cyclone" 9 cylinder air-cooled supercharged radial engine, producing 750 HP. Features include inertia (hand cranked) and electric (battery) starters, engine fire extinguisher, and an 18 gallon oil tank (normally filled only with 15 gallons to allow for expansion). The engine uses 30 gallons of gasoline per hour at 'cruise' setting, or 40 gallons per hour at full power. Total fuel capacity is 385 gallons: 275 gallons in the main tanks, and 110 gallons in an auxiliary tank. Engine overhauls are needed after 300 hours of operation.

Weights

Lexington Expedition configuration:

- empty weight . . . . . 3,500 lbs. (no fuel, oil, cargo or passengers; includes seats, radios, etc.)
- maximum gross weight . . 7,500 lbs.
- emergency overload . . . . 8,500 lbs. (cannot take off at high altitudes at this weight)
- each crew/passenger . . . . 200 lbs. including clothing, worn equipment, etc., for planning purposes
- emergency supplies . . . . . 230 lbs. per person aboard
- each passenger seat . . . . . 10 lbs. (eight aboard; could be tossed out in emergency)
- gasoline, per gallon . . . . . 6 lbs. (2,310 lbs. when all tanks filled)
- lube oil, per gallon . . . . . 7.5 lbs. (115 lbs. fully loaded)
- radio set . . . . . 150 lbs. (could be tossed out in emergency)
- husky sled dog . . . . . 90 lbs.
- dog sled . . . . . 100 lbs.
- oxygen tank . . . . . 20 lbs. (good for 16 man-hours of activity above 18,000')

On a typical cargo flight to Lake's Camp:

- empty plane . . . . . 3,500 lbs.
- pilot . . . . . 200 lbs.
- emergency supplies . . . . . 230 lbs.
- lube oil . . . . . 115 lbs.
- fuel, 330 gallons . . . . . 1,980 lbs.; 2,100 miles range (to Lake's camp and back, plus reserve)
- cargo or passengers . . . . . 1,475 lbs.; three passengers with emergency supplies, or 245 gallons fuel, or nine dogs, one sled and 565 lbs. supplies

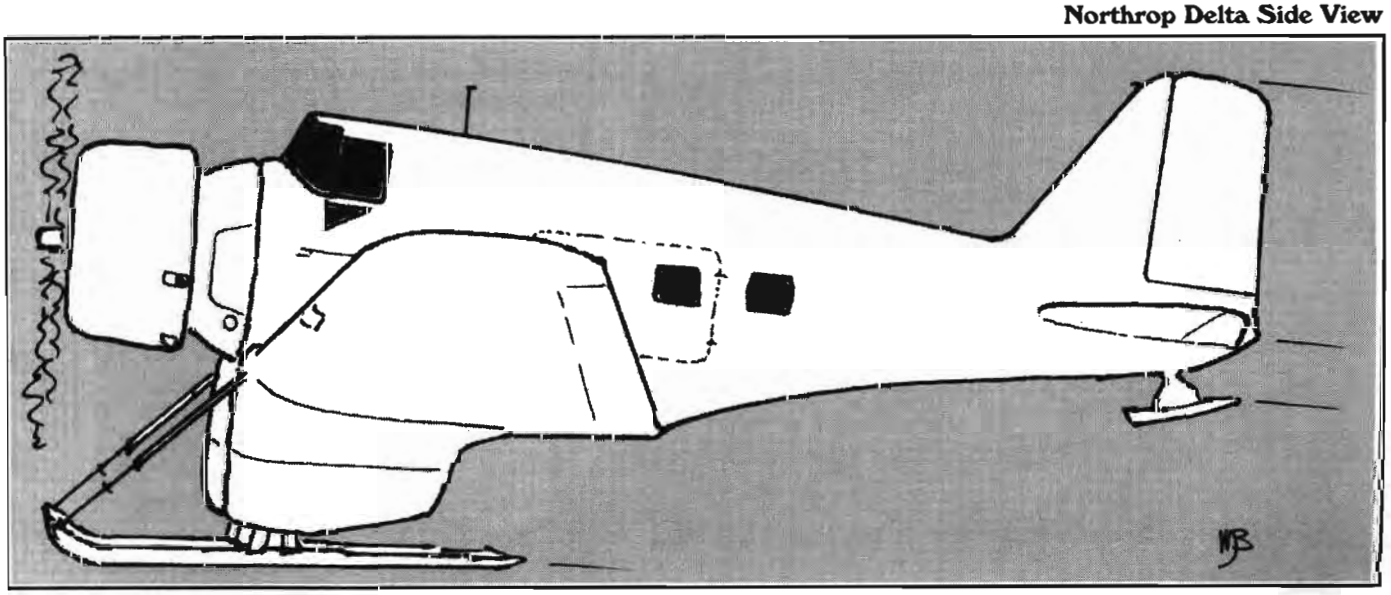
Dimensions

- wingspan . . . . . 48' (8" in scale)
- length . . . . . 34' 3" (5.7" in scale)
- height . . . . . 9' 8" standing on landing gear

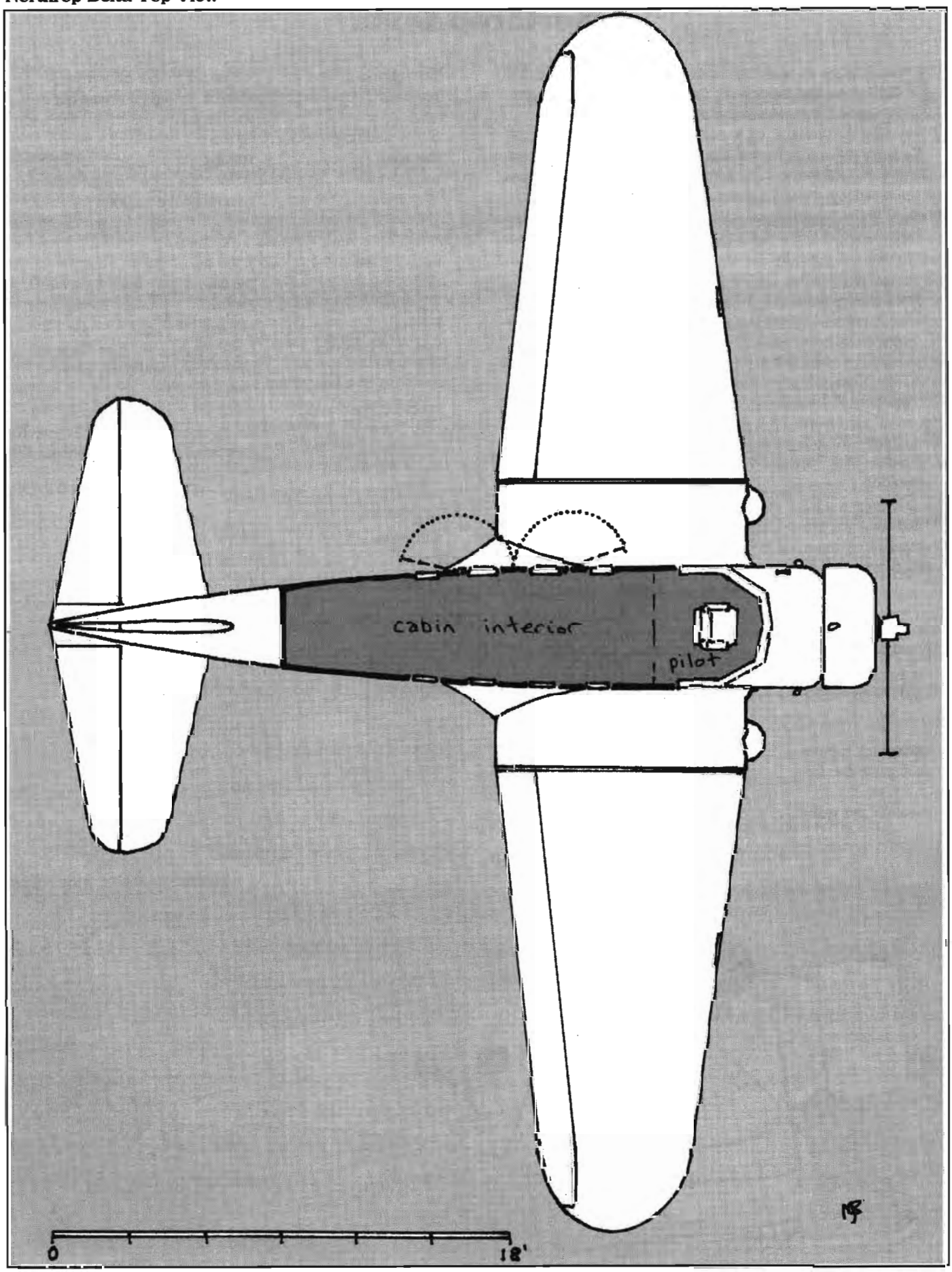
Performance

- cruise speed . . . . . 190 miles per hour
- max speed . . . . . 200 miles per hour
- stall speed . . . . . 65 miles per hour
- ceiling . . . . . 22,000', assuming not above max total weight limit
- range . . . . . over 2,400 miles
- takeoff/landing . . . . . 750' at maximum gross; as little as 600' light; 1300' landing on skis ■

Northrop Delta Side View



Northrop Delta Top View



Cierva C-30 Autogyro

An interesting airplane, which obtains its lift from a three bladed rotor mounted on a set of struts above the pilot. The fuselage is constructed of fabric over steel tubing, and the rotor is steel covered with plywood. The pilot and a single passenger are carried in separate open cockpits; most controls are duplicated in each cockpit. This model of autogyro first flew in April 1933, built in Great Britain by A.V. Roe and Co.

The autogyro purchased by the Lexington Expedition is fitted with ski landing gear, and a short range radio. A rotor drive system is clutched in by the pilot to start the rotor turning on the ground before takeoff—then, after declutching the rotor driveshaft, a sudden increase of blade pitch causes the aircraft to make a vertical jump of 30 or 40 feet, lasting just long enough to begin normal forward flight. The autogyro cannot hover, but it can fly as slowly as 25 miles per hour—and since this is air speed, there are frequently wind conditions where it can remain motionless above a point on the ground. Landings are made with virtually no forward speed.

The power plant is an Armstrong Siddely Genet Major seven cylinder radial engine, of 140 HP, with a hand-cranked inertia starter. The oil tank has an eight gallon capacity (normally filled with just under seven gallons to allow for expansion). The engine uses 10 gallons of gasoline per hour at 'cruise' setting, or 13 gallons per hour at full power. Total fuel capacity is 30 gallons. Engine overhauls are needed after 200 hours of operation.

Weights

empty weight	1,300 lbs. (no fuel, oil, cargo or passengers; includes seats, radio, etc.)
maximum gross weight	1,900 lbs.
emergency overload	2,100 lbs. (cannot take off at high altitudes at this weight)
each crew/passenger	200 lbs. including clothing, worn equipment, etc., for planning purposes
emergency supplies	25 lbs. per person aboard—reduced from the usual allowance
gasoline, per gallon	six lbs. (2310 lbs. when all tanks filled)
lube oil, per gallon	7.5 lbs. (115 lbs. fully loaded)
radio set	20 lbs. (could be tossed out in emergency)

On a typical excursion flight:

empty plane	1,220 lbs.
one pilot, one passenger	400 lbs.
emergency supplies	50 lbs. as the crew sees fit
lube oil	50 lbs.
fuel, 30 gallons	180 lbs.
cargo	0 lbs. (Yes, the emergency supplies are the cargo.)

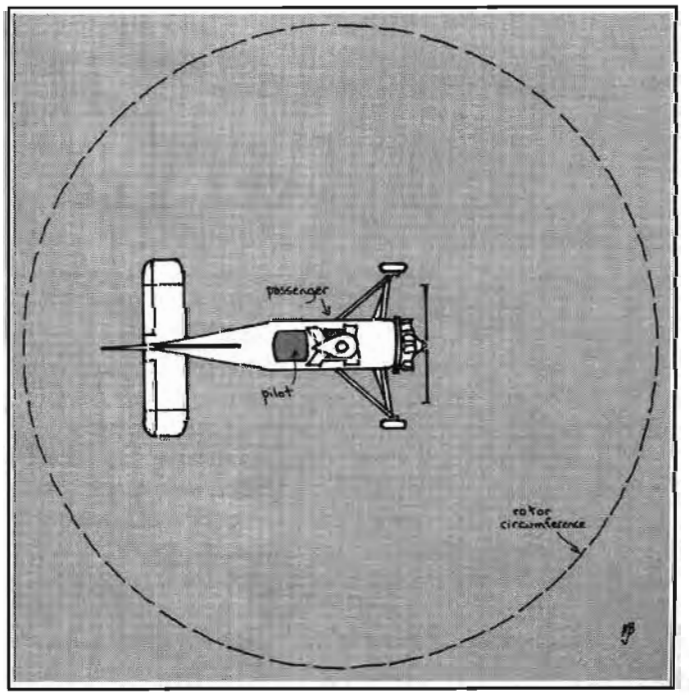
Dimensions

width across skis	11'
rotor diameter	37'
length	19' 9"
height	11' 10" standing on landing gear, to top of rotor hub

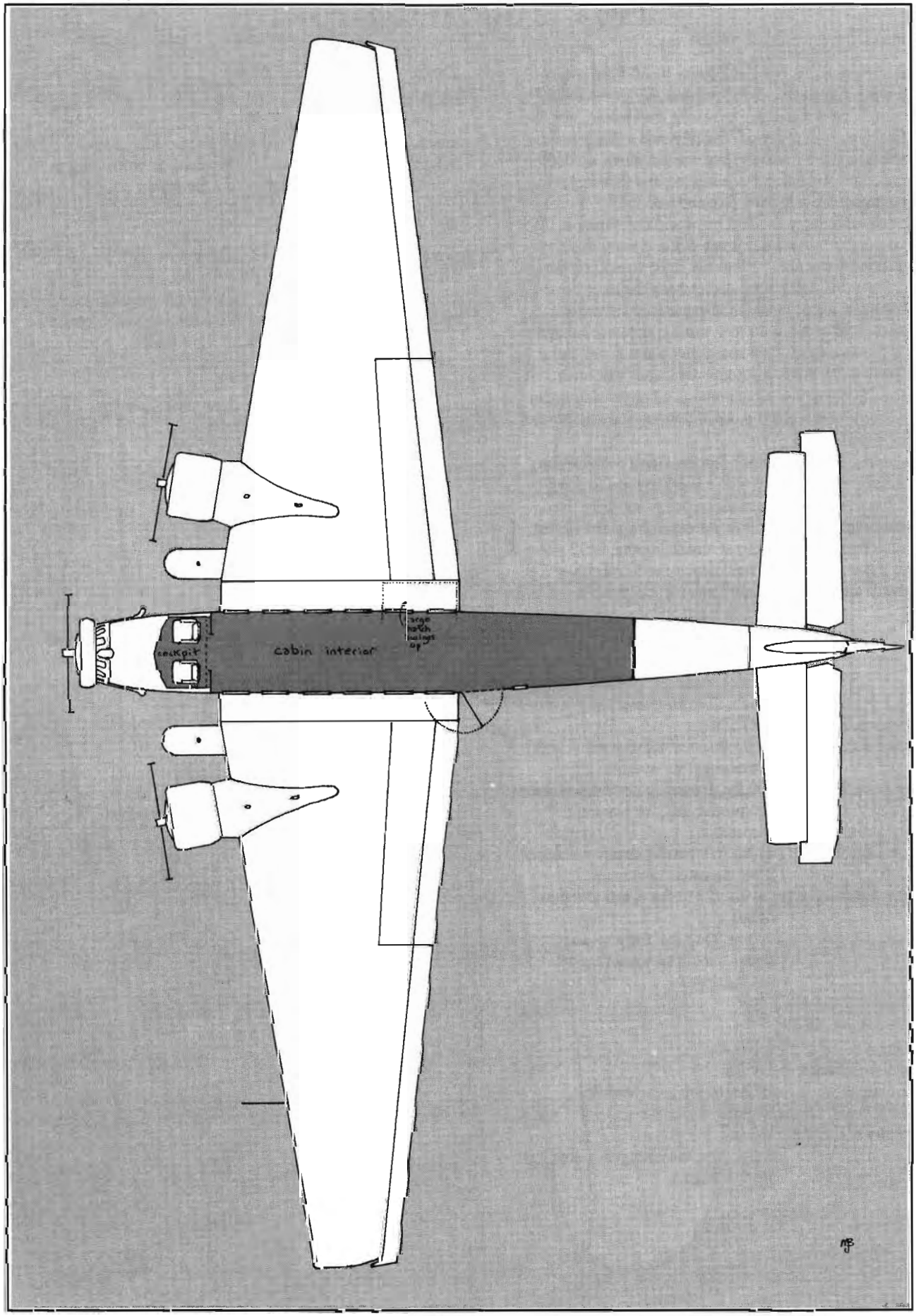
Performance

cruise speed	80 miles per hour
max speed	100 miles per hour
minimum speed	25 miles per hour
ceiling	8,000', assuming not above max total weight limit
maximum range	250 miles
takeoff or landing run	neg. ■

Cierva C-30 Autogyro Top View



Junkers Ju-52/3m ge



Junkers Ju-52/3m ge

A low-wing trimotor monoplane, with corrugated metal skin. Designed to carry two pilots and up to 18 passengers, or 590 cubic feet of cargo, it was first flown in April 1931, and has already begun service with Lufthansa and other airlines. It has a reputation for reliability, all-weather capability, and ease of maintenance. It is fitted with large flaps and sturdy fixed landing gear, for rough field work.

BFE modifications for the German aircraft are: ski landing gear, oxygen generating apparatus for the pilots, extra radio equipment, gyrocompass, sun compass, engine exhaust de-icing system, large radio direction finder loop antenna, artificial horizon, extra fuel tanks, and electric engine heaters.

It is powered by three BMW 132 nine cylinder air-cooled radial engines, 525 HP each (license built copies of the American Pratt & Whitney "Hornet"). Features include inertia (hand cranked) and electric (battery) starters and a ten gallon oil tank (filled with nine gallons of oil) fitted in each engine nacelle. Each engine uses 20 gallons of gasoline per hour at 'cruise' setting, or 28 gallons per hour at full power. Total fuel capacity is 880 gallons: 330 gallons in the nacelle tanks, and 550 gallons in auxiliary tanks built into the fuselage. Fuel in the auxiliary tanks must be manually pumped into the nacelle tanks before it can be used. The fuel gauges for the port and starboard nacelle tanks are mounted outside, on the top of the wings! Engine overhauls are needed after 300 hours of operation; the engines must be greased every ten hours.

Weights

empty weight	12,700 lbs. (no fuel, oil, cargo or passengers; includes seats, radios, etc.)
maximum gross weight	22,000 lbs.
emergency overload	25,000 lbs. (cannot take off at high altitudes at this weight)
each crew/passenger	200 lbs. including clothing, worn equipment, etc., for planning purposes
emergency supplies	230 lbs. per person aboard
each passenger seat	ten lbs. 17 aboard that could be tossed out in emergency; one in cockpit
gasoline, per gallon	six lbs. (4620 lbs. when all tanks filled)
lube oil, per gallon	7.5 lbs. (180 lbs. fully loaded)
radio set	150 lbs. (could be tossed out in emergency)
husky sled dog	90 lbs.
dog sled	100 lbs.

On a typical cargo flight to Lake's Camp:

empty plane	12,700 lbs.
two pilots	400 lbs.
emergency supplies	460 lbs.
lube oil	200 lbs.
fuel, 880 gallons	5280 lbs.; 2200 mile range (to Lake's Camp and back, plus reserve)
cargo or passengers	2960 lbs.; six passengers with emergency supplies, or 495 gallons fuel, or two passengers, 18 dogs, two sleds and 740 lbs. supplies

Dimensions

wingspan	96' (16" in scale)
length	62' (10.3" in scale)
height	20' standing on landing gear

Performance

cruise speed	152 miles per hour
max speed	180 miles per hour
stall speed	50 miles per hour, flaps down
ceiling	18,000', assuming not above max total weight limit
maximum range	2200 miles
takeoff/landing	500' at maximum gross; as little as 400' light; 850' landing on skis ■

Graf Zeppelin D-LZ 127

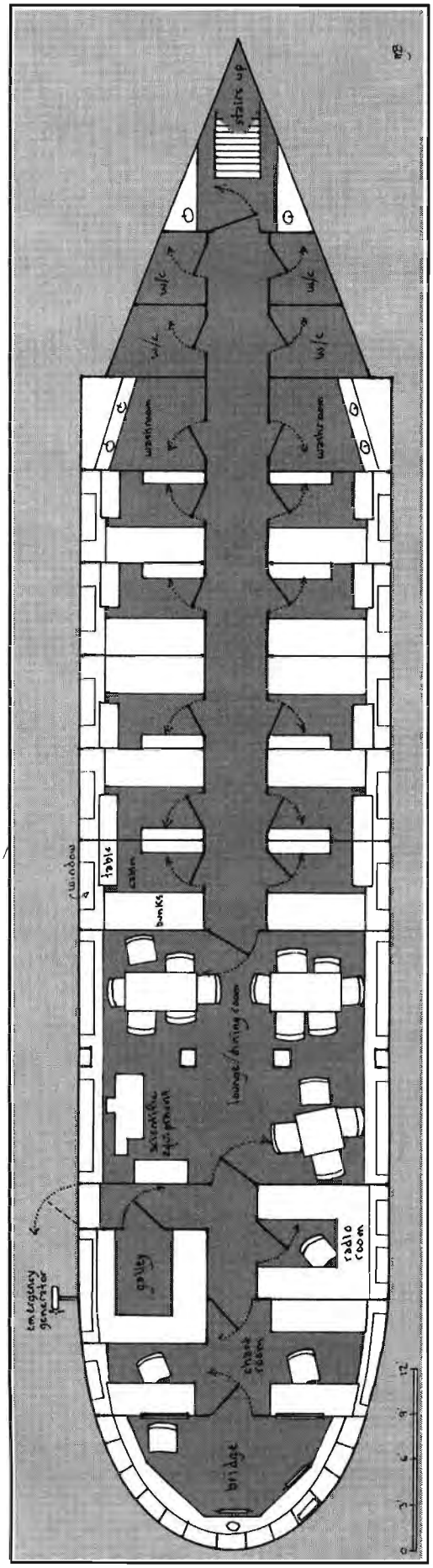
Launched in 1928, this is currently Germany's only dirigible; the *Hindenburg* is under construction, but will not be finished until 1936. Owned by DELAG (Deutsche Luftschiffahrts-Aktien-Gesellschaft, or "German Airship Transportation Company"), she has just finished her summer schedule of nine round trips from Germany to Brazil. Commanded for this special voyage by Doctor Hugo Eckener, the *Graf Zeppelin* will be used primarily to move supplies onto the Weddell Sea ice shelf; some coastal surveying will be done after the base is established.

Built at a cost of $1,000,000, the *Graf Zeppelin* is normally used as a passenger vessel; her ten cabins can accommodate twenty passengers. Her motors operate on "blau gas," resembling propane, which is carried in 12 gas cells. The advantage of blau gas is that, with the same density as air, its consumption does not lighten the ship.

A gondola, 100' long and 20' wide, holds the passenger quarters, lounge, toilets, radio room, chart room, galley, and control room. A central gangway along the lower keel (within the hull) leads to the crew's quarters, water ballast tanks, and cargo holds. Five engine gondolas are supported below the hull. An echo-sounding altitude finding device is fitted for use in clouds at low altitude; it uses shotgun shells to produce a sonic 'pulse.'

For this trip, the airship carries all sorts of special surveying and survival gear—for example, six months worth of food supplies for the crew in case of emergency. The stewards and other 'comfort' crew have been left off; three scientists unconnected with the Barsmeier-Falken Expedition, two journalists, and a

Graf Zeppelin Gondola



cameraman have been embarked. Three watch officers, three navigators, six helmsmen, three radio operators, fifteen machinists, a chief engineer (Knut Eckener), two assistant engineers, three riggers, and a cook make up the crew, in addition to Dr. Eckener.

The power plants, five Maybach VLII engines of 550 HP each, have compressed-air starters and use 15.5 pounds of blau gas per hour at "cruise" speed setting, or 20 pounds per hour at full power. Engine overhauls are needed after 500 hours of operation; a spare engine and propeller are carried as cargo.

Note that the airship's top speed is only 80 mph, and its effective ceiling is 13,000'. With the surface of the Polar Plateau as much as 10,000' above sea level, and the continual possibility of Antarctic gales sporting winds of over 100 miles per hour, the ship's captain will never allow the *Graf Zeppelin* to approach closer than several hundred feet above the ice while over the Antarctic mainland. Passengers descending to the surface do so via parachute; those coming aboard are winched in on a long cable attached to a belt and shoulder harness. Ascending 250 feet in this fashion takes about a minute per trip.

Keeper's note: for a side view of the Graf Zeppelin, *see the description of the* Wilhelmina *on page 385. The gondola is depicted on this page.*

Weights

empty weight	148,000 lbs.
maximum gross weight	225,000 lbs.
emergency overload	250,000 lbs.
each crew/passenger	200 lbs.
emergency supplies	230 lbs. per person aboard
On a typical survey flight over the ice shelf:	
empty dirigible	148,000 lbs.
38 crew, 6 passengers	8,800 lbs.
emergency supplies	10,120 lbs.
fuel	9,180 lbs. blau gas
water ballast	24,000 lbs.
cargo capacity	25,000 lbs. w/ above weights (= 75 drums of gasoline)

Dimensions

diameter	100'
length	774'

Performance

cruise speed	72 miles per hour
max speed	80 miles per hour
ceiling	13,000' (Doctor Eckener usually will stay below 8000')
range	118 hours at cruise speed (over 8,000 miles usually) ■

Snow Tractor

This is a tracked vehicle with a boxy cab. The heated cab seats five passengers, in pairs (on bench seats), beside the driver. Two doors on each side allow access. The engine and fuel tank are mounted in the back.

The engine is a 200 cubic inch Ford four cylinder gasoline engine, producing 40 HP at 2200 RPM. Features include an inertia (hand cranked) starter, and a one gallon oil tank. The engine uses one gallon of gasoline per hour; total fuel capacity is 18 gallons. Overhauls and track lubrication are needed after 100 hours of operation. The tractor can tow 3000 pounds of sleds over the snow. The driver directs the tractor with two steering brakes, controlling a "Cletrac" geared differential; basic operation is possible for anyone, but careful steering and operation on soft surfaces requires some experience.

Weights

empty weight	1,450 lbs. (no fuel, oil, cargo or passengers; includes seats, etc.)
maximum gross weight	2,500 lbs.
emergency overload	3,000 lbs. increased chance of damage to running gear
each crew/passenger	200 lbs. including clothing, worn equipment, etc.
emergency supplies	100 lbs. per person aboard
each passenger bench	30 lbs. (two aboard; can be removed to make space for cargo)
gasoline, per gallon	six lbs.; 108 lbs. when all tanks filled.
lube oil, per gallon	7.5 lbs.; 7 lbs. full.

On a typical cargo trip, around the Ross Ice Shelf region:

empty tractor	1,450 lbs.
driver	200 lbs.
passenger	200 lbs.
emergency supplies	200 lbs.
lube oil	seven lbs.
fuel, 18 gallons	108 lbs. 910 miles range (including 10% reserve)
cargo or passengers	335 lbs. one passenger with emergency supplies

Dimensions

length	14' (2.25" in scale)
width	7.5' (1.25" in scale)
height	9' to top of cab roof

Performance

cruise speed	ten miles per hour (8 mph with three loaded sleds)
max speed	14 miles per hour on smooth going (12 mph with three loaded sleds)
range	180 miles (140 miles with three loaded sleds) ■

Appendix 7: Handouts

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The handouts in this appendix should be photocopied by the keeper and given to players at the appropriate times over the course of the adventure. Most of them are reprinted from earlier parts of the book; those without reference page numbers are printed exclusively in this appendix.

Newspaper Clippings

Beyond Papers P.2

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"ANTARCTICA OR BUST!"

Renowned Adventurer Sets His Sights on the Bottom of the World

New York (AP)—World famous explorer James Starkweather announced today that he would lead a party of scientists and explorers into uncharted parts of the Antarctic continent this fall.

Starkweather, accompanied by geologist William Moore of Miskatonic University in Arkham, Massachusetts, intends to continue along the trail first blazed by the ill-fated Miskatonic University Expedition of 1930–31.

The Starkweather-Moore Expedition will set sail in September from New York City. Like their predecessors, they intend to use long-range aircraft to explore further into the South Polar wilderness than has ever been done before.

"This is not about the South Pole," Starkweather explained this morning, in a prepared speech in his hotel in New York. "Many people have been to the Pole. We're going to go places where no one has ever been, see and do things that no one alive has seen."

The expedition intends to spend only three months in Antarctica. Extensive use of aëroplanes for surveying and transport, according to Starkweather, will allow the party to chart and cover territory in hours that would have taken weeks to cross on the ground.

One goal of the expedition is to find the campsite and last resting place of the twelve men, led by Professor Charles Lake, who first discovered the Miskatonic Range, and who were killed there by an unexpected storm. The mapping and climbing of the mountains in that range and an aërial survey of the lands on the far side are also important goals.

"The peaks are tremendous," Starkweather explained. "The tallest mountains in the world! It's my job to conquer those heights, and bring home their secrets for all mankind.

"We have the finest equipment money can buy. We cannot help but succeed."

Starkweather, 43, is a veteran of the Great War. He has led expeditions into the wilderness on four continents, and was present on the trans-polar flight of the airship *Italia*, whose crash near the end of its voyage on the North Polar ice cap received worldwide attention.

Moore, 39, a full Professor of Geology, is also the holder of the Smythe Chair of Paleontology at Miskatonic University. He has extensive field experience in harsh climates and has taken part in expeditions to both the Arctic and the Himalayan Plateau.

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Beyond Papers P.3

The Arkham Advertiser, May 30, 1933

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Intrepid Explorers Ready Expedition
(cont. from p.1)

"We're going back," Starkweather said. "The job's not done. We're going back, and we're going to finish what was started and bring the whole lot out to the world. It will be a grand adventure and a glorious page in scientific history!"

Professor Moore, sitting quietly to one side, was less passionate but just as determined.

"A lot has changed in the past three years," he insisted. "We have technology now that did not exist three years ago. The aëroplanes are better, brand new Boeing craft, sturdier and safer than before. Professor Pabodie's drills have been improved. And we have Lake's own broadcasts to draw upon. We can plan ahead, with better materials and a knowledge of the region that none of them had when they prepared for their voyage. Yes, I am optimistic. Quite optimistic. We will succeed in our goals."

When asked what those goals were, the two men looked briefly at one another before Starkweather answered, leaning forward intently.

"Leapfrog, gentlemen!" he smiled. "We shall leapfrog across the continent. A base on the Ross Ice Shelf; another at the South Pole. One at Lake's old campsite, if we can find it; and, gentlemen, we plan to cross over those fantastic mountains described by Dyer and Lake, and plant our instruments and our flag right on top of the high plateau! Imagine it! Like a landing strip atop Everest!

"We'll have the finest equipment, and skilled men. Geologists—paleontologists—we've got Professor Albemarle from Oberlin, he wants to study weather. Glaciologists, perhaps another biologist or two; the team's not all made up yet, of course. We're not leaving for another five months!"

"It is important," added Moore, "to try to find Professor Lake's camp and bring home whatever we can from the caverns he discovered. The prospect of a wholly new kind of life, a different taxonomy, is extremely exciting. It would be a shame if, having found it once, we were unable to do so again."

The two explorers plan to land thirty men on the southern continent, half again more than the Miskatonic Expedition. The expedition is privately funded and owes no allegiance to any school or institution.

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Beyond Papers 1.1

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Morning Edition
3¢

SEPTEMBER 3, 1933

COMMANDER DOUGLAS TO JOIN EXPEDITION

Famed Sea-Captain Returns to Antarctic Waters

New York (UPI)—Commander J. B. Douglas, famed sea captain and former master of the brig *Arkham*, will return to Antarctic waters later this year.

James Starkweather, world explorer and leader of the forthcoming Starkweather-Moore Expedition to Antarctica, announced today that Douglas has agreed to come out of retirement and captain the expedition's ship on their voyage of discovery.

"Commander Douglas will be an invaluable addition to our expedition," Starkweather said. "Not only does he have a personal knowledge of the many of the dangers and hazards of the South Pole, but he is an accomplished explorer and adventurer. The expedition will benefit greatly from his experience of the harsher climes and his keen inquiring mind. I look forward to providing this country's most noteworthy scientists with a means to enrich our understanding of the natural world."

Douglas, a twenty-five year veteran of the Merchant Marines, was sailing master of the *Arkham* on its 1930 voyage to the Antarctic with the now-famous Miskatonic Expedition. He retired from the sea in 1932.

Commander Douglas could not be reached for comments. Starkweather has promised interviews with the Commander beginning on September 7, by appointment.

Beyond Papers 1.2

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Morning Edition
3¢

SEPTEMBER 4, 1933

LEXINGTON SETS SIGHTS SOUTH

Blonde Beauty to Fly to Pole

New York (INS)–In a startling announcement from her home in Queens today, millionaire industrialist Acacia Lexington told reporters that she intends to set aside her ledger books in favor of seal furs and snow goggles, in an attempt to be the first woman to stand at the bottom of the world.

Lexington, only child of the late P. W. Lexington of this city, has for years impressed friends and adversaries alike with her skilled maneuverings in troubled financial waters. Now she intends to venture into a new realm.

Accompanied by a hand-picked team of journalists, photographers, and wilderness experts, the lovely Acacia will cross the Antarctic wastelands in a specially modified Northrop Delta aëroplane and a Cierva C-50 autogyro.

"It's about time a woman did this," she told our reporters. "Today's women are capable of anything that men can do. If I am the first, it only means that others will find it easier to follow."

When asked if her planned expedition was in any way affected by the presence of no less than four other parties on the Antarctic ice this summer, Miss Lexington declined to comment.

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Beyond Papers 1.3

GLOBE

TEMBER 4, 1933 TWO CENTS

Woman of Education Adds Poise to Starkweather Expedition

New York (AP)—Captain James Starkweather, leader of the Starkweather-Moore Antarctic Expedition, divulged the latest addition to his excursion to the South Pole today. Miss Charlene Whitston, botanist and cum laude graduate of Bowdoin College, is the newest member of the team.

Captain Starkweather expressed his concern that intelligent and talented women not be excluded from scientific ventures as his upcoming journey of exploration, and announced that he wished to do his part in advancing the enlightenment of the age.

"I was only too happy to honor Miss Whitston's request with an invitation to the Antarctic expedition," he told reporters today in his suite at the Amherst Hotel. "Her credentials as an educated member of the scientific community are excellent and I am sure she will be a valuable member of the team we have assembled for this voyage."

Professor William Moore, the expedition's other head, could not be reached for comment.

Beyond Papers 2.1

ste

Morning Edition
3¢

SEPTEMBER 6, 1933

FAMED SEA CAPTAIN MURDERED!

Watery Death for Commander Douglas

New York (AP)—J. B. Douglas, fifty years old, was discovered last night in the water off Battery Wharf. Two fishermen brought the unconscious mariner ashore after an assault by person or persons unknown.

Commander Douglas died on the way to the hospital.

A respected officer of the Merchant Marine for many years, Douglas will be remembered as the captain of the SS *Arkham*, one of the vessels which carried the Miskatonic University Expedition to the Antarctic in 1930.

Douglas was reportedly in New York City to speak with the leaders of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, which will leave in a few days. The expedition expects to retrace the route of Douglas' ship three years ago.

Thomas Gregor and Phil Jones, sailors resident in New York City, were returning to their fishing boat *Bristol* when they heard muffled cries and ran to see what was happening. They spotted a man running away and some agitation in the water.

While Jones ran after the fleeing man, Gregor dove into the cold waters of the harbor and found a motionless figure there. He heroically pulled the unconscious man out of the water and onto the dock. He attempted to revive the drowned man. Meanwhile Jones, who had lost his quarry, went for help.

Police later announced that Commander Douglas had been bludgeoned about the head, and began a search for his murderers.

Anyone with information about this terrible crime, or about Mr. Douglas' whereabouts on the night of the murder, should contact Detective Hansen at the Battery Precinct Station.

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Beyond Papers 2.2

DEATH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Commander J. B. Douglas

Jeremiah Barnes Douglas, Commander in the United States Merchant Marine (ret.), aged fifty years, died September 5th in New York City.

Douglas served as an officer in the Merchant Marine during the Great War. He retired from the Service as a Commander in 1926 after twenty five years. He then captained his own vessel, the *Arkham*, notably on an expedition to Antarctica in 1930–31. He retired from active life in 1932 to his home in New Hampshire.

Known as "J. B." to his family and friends, Douglas is remembered as quiet, forthright, and a stout friend to all. He is survived by his brother Philip.

A graveside Memorial Service will be held September 8th, 11 a.m., at Saint Brigit's Cemetery in Brooklyn.

Beyond Papers 4.1

illar-Riposte

Bulldog Edition
3¢

OCTOBER 20, 1920

DARING RESCUE OF HEIRESS

Nairobi (INS)—The dark continent where the wonders of nature can turn on man and prove deadly has shown once again that wherever European man goes, so goes chivalry. Wireless reports out of the Belgian colonies in Africa tell of the daring rescue of our own socialite scamp Acacia Lexington by that gallant Englishman, Captain James Starkweather.

Lovely Lexington has been touring the regions of darkest Africa dominated by the mighty Lake Tanganyika. Savages fight daily with alligators longer than a Deusenberg to ensure the passage of commerce in this wild region. Against the advice of her elders, Lady Lexington insisted upon seeing the fabled giraffe mating grounds of Eyasi. Under the expert leadership of Captain Starkweather the band braved the wilderness and arrived at the plains of tall swaying grasses the giraffes find so compelling for their very survival.

The wild beasts, gentled by our own lovely Lady Lexington, came within a few feet of the party without making threatening gestures. Lady Lexington's presence was so compelling that when she came upon a baby giraffe in the grasses, she immediately tamed it and was able to even embrace it briefly before it returned to its herd, earning her the nickname among the savages as "'The Woman Whom the Giraffes Love."

On the return trip to Nairobi, sudden rains caught the party crossing a branch of the mighty Nakuru river. The party was nearly lost as savages panicked under the onslaught of the rain and river. Brave Captain Starkweather rallied the natives and had them chop trees and fashion rafts to carry the supplies to safety. A personal trip by Captain Starkweather to a nearby village procured enough canoes to carry the party across the river. The crossing was treacherous but under the skilled hand of Captain Starkweather the entire party made it to port in time for Lady Lexington's return trip to America.

We'll all be thanking Captain Starkweather for the safe return of one of the brightest lights of our social season. Hurrah for him and hurrah for chivalry!

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Beyond Papers 4.2

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Evening Edition
3¢

JULY 23, 1921

LEXINGTON TRAGEDY

New York (AP)—A shocking scene greeted police at the P. W. Lexington mansion on Fifth Avenue today. They came to investigate what appears to be the death of one of New York City's greatest industrialists at his own hand.

Percival Woodrow Lexington was discovered in his study dead from a gunshot wound to the head. Police initially suspected foul play from the disheveled nature of the study.

"But there are obvious powder burns on his head and right hand," said Police Detective Ronald O'Meira. "That coupled with the position of the body and gun lead us more toward a self-inflicted wound than foul play."

But his daughter Acacia does not agree. "Daddy wouldn't kill himself. These buffoons are looking for an easy answer to keep from doing any real work," the distraught young woman said. "I vow I'll find my father's killers and make them pay."

Meanwhile an anonymous Wall Street source has hinted that the Lexington fortunes were severely over-extended.

The sky in New York society has grown dimmer this evening and the murky surroundings of this death surely spur further inquiry.

Beyond Papers 4.3

GLOBE

JULY 24, 1921 TWO CENTS

RARE MANUSCRIPT LINKED TO LEXINGTON DEATH

(Special)—A notice from the estate of Percival Lexington warns rare book dealers to watch out for a missing manuscript that could be linked to foul play in Lexington's recent death.

An extremely valuable and rare galley proof of the Edgar Allen Poe book *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* has been reported missing from Lexington's study where his body was found yesterday.

"Robbery would be a motive for murder," said police detective Ronald O'Meira. "But the physical evidence points to a different conclusion. The book may show up in a few days. It's very difficult for most families to accept the loss of a loved one in this way."

Issuing the notice was daughter Acacia Lexington who previously raised suspicions of foul play and a lax attitude by police in investigating this case.

"This manuscript is unique. I believe it is involved in my father's death," she said. "This manuscript differs greatly from the published version. I fear some collector has killed for it."

The manuscript was to have been sold in public auction today, along with other rare andvaluable items from Percival Lexington's collection..

A coroner's report is expected tomorrow. A public service and private family funeral will be held Friday. The public service will be held at St. John the Divine Cathedral at 11 a.m.

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Beyond Papers 4.4

illar-Riposte

Evening Edition
3¢

JULY 26, 1921

HEIRESS DENIES OWN TALE OF MURDER

New York (AP)—A startling retraction came today from the daughter of the late industrialist Percival Lexington. Just days after she claimed foul play and police mishandling of the case, Acacia Lexington delivered a very different story after her father's funeral.

"With the coroner's report and the physical evidence I have no choice but to face the facts about my father's death," Miss Lexington said.

Earlier this week Lexington claimed that her father's death was linked to the disappearance of a rare manuscript he kept in the study where his body was found.

"I believe that book is still in my father's library," Miss Lexington said when asked about her earlier claim. "I haven't finished cataloging the contents of the house to see if anything is missing. When it is done I'm sure we'll find the book."

"We know this is a hard time for Miss Lexington," said police detective Ronald O'Meira who investigated the Lexington suicide. "Any suggestions she made earlier were obviously the result of the strain of the situation," O'Meira said.

Percival Lexington was eulogized by several business leaders including fellow industrialist John D. Rockefeller and esteemed banker John Pierpont Morgan. He was laid to rest in a private ceremony at the family's estate in Suffolk County.

Lexington's last will and testament will be read at his attorney's next Wednesday. It is expected that his daughter Acacia will be his sole beneficiary. Questions still remain as to who will run the Lexington enterprises for this young woman.

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Notes and Messages

In addition to the material presented in this section, the keeper is encouraged to photocopy the final chapter of *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* in Appendix 3, "Deep Background," pages 327-341. If the keeper decides to roleplay the Line Crossing Ceremony in Chapter Five, he or she should also photocopy "Beyond Papers 5.1: Davy Jones's Summons" on page 83 and "Beyond Papers 5.2:

Beyond Papers 2.4: The Second Warning

Dear .....,

You must listen to this warning. There will be no others. After this, only action remains. I do not expect any of you to understand my reasons, but all that is necessary is that you act. Consider this a threat if you like. A most earnest threat.

The expedition must not sail south. Captain Douglas was only the first to die. If you persist in your brave blind hopes you will all perish. Only those who turn back are safe. I hope that you will be among them.

Let the dead lie peacefully with their secrets. They are the only ones who are beyond pain. Nothing awaits upon the ice but suffering and a bitter ending that I will do anything to help you avoid. Yes, help: even death is a blessing compared to what lies in wait.

I suppose you will blame me for everything. I don't mind, even though it's not true. There are forces at work here that you do not understand, and I have to be content with that. The deadliest sin, sometimes, is in the understanding; and the most damned are those who explain.

Please. I urge you. Turn away. Tell the others. For your own sake, for all of us, turn back while you can. There is nothing more that I dare say.

Most Sincerely,

A better friend than you will ever know.

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Beyond Papers 2.3: Douglas' Unfinished Letter to Philip

September 5th, 1933
New York City

Dear Philip,

I have arrived, as you see, in New York, and will be with you in a few days. It will not be as soon as I had hoped, however. I am shipping you some personal things by rail which ought to get there before I do. Take care and keep them safe for me. I have some rather sorry business here in the city that I must attend to before I can come.

There is a man here named Starkweather who is hiring crew for an Antarctic voyage. He has been hounding me for months, by letter and by wire. I have no interest in his voyage, as you well know. I swore I would not ever return to that hellish place and I will not, so help me God! But the man wants me to captain his ship, and he will not take "no" for an answer. I told him I would meet with him when I arrived in New York. Perhaps he will understand my refusal when I shout it to his face.

You may imagine my annoyance when I got here and discovered that the imbecile has been telling the press that I was already signed on! We are to meet tomorrow. I intend to be quite firm with him.

Adding insult to injury, a lunatic German here at the hotel has been after me ever since he learned my name. Again and again I encounter him "by chance;" the man is obsessed with fairy tales. Each time we meet he asks if I know anything of South Seas folklore, of great statues in the pack ice or of lost island nations. I have told him no: I know nothing of Tsalal, or black-toothed savages, or a man named Pym, or of anything south of the Antarctic Circle but ice, whales, and misery. If he approaches me again, so help me, Philip, I shall knock him senseless!

It is not bad enough that Starkweather has been misusing my name in the newspapers. He has been using it to attract his crews as well. He has even managed to sign some of the boys from the Arkham and the Lady Margaret on the strength of it.

How he got any of the Arkham crew I shall never know. None of us who were on that voyage are ever likely to forget the things that were said about those murdered men, or the howls of that poor mad boy Danforth. The things he whispered to me, toward the end when he knew where he was, still haunt me. God only knows what he told the others.

I am going to do what I can to convince

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Beyond Papers 4.5: Fuchs' Letter

September 4th, 1921
Philadelphia, Penn.

Dear Mister Boseley,

I write to you in regard to your letter of August 28th.

It is always unpleasant to hear of an untimely passing, especially of one with whom I have had dealings in the past. My business with Percival Lexington having taken place more than twenty years ago, however, I find it difficult to imagine what benefit you may receive from my recollections at this late date.

I am as you know a collector of antiquities. It was in that capacity that I first purchased the erstwhile Poe manuscript from a fellow collector, a man named Lionel White. The book arrived in good order and proved exactly as promised. I recall that it was unbound, in loose form, and that a number of the pages were showing signs of wear. Mister White had also included a letter summarizing his own researches into the origin of the work. It was clear that he considered it genuine. I found, after some inspection, that I had to disagree.

You will be aware, sir, that the Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym differs in several aspects of style from the rest of Mister Poe's body of work. The manuscript I had acquired was substantially the same as the published work in its first twenty-five chapters, including those same uncharacteristic usages and turns of phrase. The additional five chapters, however, were quite different even from the remainder of the manuscript, in both style and content, and clearly had been written by a different hand.

Once this was clear to me, I had no further interest in the work. However clever the fiction, it was evidently not Poe's tale but an homage or attempted forgery, and thus I sought to recover my purchase price by any means possible. Mister Lexington bought it eagerly and I was able to secure a small profit for my trouble.

I concealed nothing from Mister Lexington when he came to examine the manuscript. That is my way of doing business. He drew his own conclusions and was delighted at his purchase, for which I wished him well. As I recall, he was excited by the possibility that the "Narrative" represented an undocumented collaboration rather than an original work. I did not seek to dissuade him.

Several other collectors inquired about the work. I referred them all to Lexington. There is very little else I can say about the purchase.

As to your other question regarding the content of the additional chapters I fear I can be of little use. I recall that they were unpleasantly speculative, more than usually macabre, and dealt with a tribe of inhuman horrors that dwelt in the Antarctic and practiced human sacrifice. More than that I cannot now say.

Wishing you the best of luck in your continuing research, I am
Sincerely yours,

Stanley Edgar Fuchs

Beyond Papers 1.4: The First Warning

Dear Man of Science.

Soon You will go down far away to the cold and the white ice and the old old things that wait and move and work and plan. Do not! Blessed Mary hears me beg You to stay! Do not wake the Sleeping One there. Do not pass the prison walls of black and white cold ice and time. The cage must not open! Let the dead and the dying hold closed the doors.

I have listened to His dreams. I have seen Its form within His mind. for He has seen It and He knows It must be free and He will stop You if You go.

Turn back or we all die.

A friend.

Beyond Papers 6.1: Captain's Log, Final Entry

March 12th. It is over. My hand is wholly useless now, lost to the gangrene, and the red lines of infection have spread past the tourniquet and up my arm. There is nothing to be done. My own stench disgusts me.

Bowers passed on in the night.

I am no Shackleton, no Mawson, to face the odds and overcome them. I am merely an old tired soul who has lost the gamble and will die alone upon the ice. The horrible endless ice. It is beautiful, but heartless. In these past few days I have come to hate its cruelty. It cries, and whispers, and moans to me in the still air, grinding hopes and prayers away in mindless hostile fury. I pray the others got away. There is nothing for anyone here. Even the whales are long gone.

Should anyone ever find this log, let me praise once again the excellence and skill of my officers and crew. Their loyalty and stout hearts are without peer. I wish them well and pray that they are now safely homeward bound.

I give my love to Nancy and the boys. May they find happiness in years to come. I only regret I cannot hold them to me one last time.

God forgive me for what I am about to do.

Stephen Willard, Captain

SS Wallaroo

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General Information

In addition to the material presented in this section, the keeper may wish to photocopy part or all of Chapter Four-B, "SS *Gabrielle*,"pages 68-74. Permission is granted to copy Chapter Four-B for personal use only. ■

The *Dyer Text* Summary

Dyer's story of the Miskatonic University Expedition is fully reproduced in H. P. Lovecraft's excellent novelette, *At the Mountains of Madness*. Every keeper should own and read a copy before playing this scenario. He or she may now give the novelette to the players to read. For keepers who do not wish to break their session for a reading of the novel, here is a synopsis of the *Text*.

Dyer's tale and historical accounts agree substantially, up to the point where the rescue party lands at Lake's Camp. In this account, however, the party finds the Camp in great disarray—much as it was found by Moore's group, but with the cruelly murdered bodies of dogs and men still scattered about the camp or arrayed in Hangar H2 in hideous display. That the party was murdered was never in any doubt; the identity of the murderer was uncertain, most likely being Gedney the missing student.

Dyer and Danforth flew several flights over the area in search of Gedney but found nothing. They then lightened a single plane and flew over the mountains through the nearest pass.

On the far side of the range they found, not a barren plateau, but the incredibly ancient remains of an immense city, uninhabitable for geologic epochs. They landed and walked through the city's near edge, sketching and taking many photographs. The city is barren now but contains untold murals, frescoes and other non-portable artifacts which reveal its age and the extreme civilization of its now-vanished builders.

Dyer maintains that the city was built, not by men, but by creatures similar in appearance to Professor Lake's "old ones" or "elder ones"—and that the murders were done not by Gedney but by the eight "perfect specimens" removed from the cave by Lake's party. These, it seems, were not dead but somehow hibernating; awakened, they slew their rescuers and fled over the mountains to their city home.

The city is built atop the plateau, but deep underneath the plateau is a great sunless sea which may be reached by long tunnels slanting down from the surface. There, according to Dyer, the city's builders took their final refuge. Their descendants may still remain there; however, in a foray into one such tunnel the two men were set upon by a huge and monstrous predator—a shoggoth—descended of the ancient slaves of the city builders, now apparently free to roam at will. The men escaped through good luck, but the shock of the meeting was one of the things that caused Danforth's breakdown.

Dyer and Danforth found the bodies of four of the returned "elder ones" in the downward sloping tunnel, apparently slain by the shoggoths. He concludes that the rest most likely perished as well while seeking others of their kind. He found Gedney's body too, preserved and carried as if for later examination.

After examining the city for several hours and being chased by the shoggoth, Danforth and Dyer conclude that existence of the elder ones and their city is something that should be kept from the world lest they loose horrors that cannot be controlled. They pledge to keep the secret, and persuade the others in the rescue party to stay silent about what they know as well. Only the advent of the Starkweather-Moore Expedition, with its avowed intent of exploring the high plateau, has forced him to break his silence in the hopes of warning them away.

Although Dyer speaks of a great many photos and samples which originally accompanied the work, they are not provided with the manuscript.

The book can be read end to end in about three hours by a fast reader; a slower reading, with more attention to detail, requires as much as a day or two.

The *Dyer Text* (published in 1936 as *At the Mountains of Madness*), in English, typed on bond paper, 110 ms. pages. By Professor William Dyer. Tells the story of the Miskatonic University Antarctic Expedition of 1930–31 and their encounters with the elder things. ❑

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Investigator Name _____
Occupation _____
Colleges, Degrees _____
Birthplace _____
Mental Disorders _____
Sex _____ **Age** _____

Characteristics & Rolls

STR ____	**DEX** ____	**INT** ____	**Idea** ____
CON ____	**APP** ____	**POW** ____	**Luck** ____
SIZ ____	**SAN** ____	**EDU** ____	**Know** ____
99-Cthulhu Mythos ____		Damage Bonus ____	

1930s Antarctic Explorer

Player's Name _____



CALL OF CTHULHU
Horror Role-Playing

Sanity Points

Insane	**0**	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65
66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82
83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99

Magic Points

Unconscious	**0**	1	2	3				
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	
36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	

Hit Points

Dead	**-2**	**-1**	**0**	**1**	**2**	3	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35
36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43

Investigator Skills



- ❑ Accounting (10%) ____
- ❑ Aircraft Maint. (05%) ____
- ❑ Anthropology (01%) ____
- ❑ Archaeology (01%) ____
- Art (05%):
- ❑ _____ ____
- ❑ Astronomy (01%) ____
- ❑ Bargain (05%) ____
- ❑ Biology (01%) ____
- ❑ Block (DEX x2%) ____
- ❑ Chemistry (01%) ____
- ❑ Climb (40%) ____
- ❑ Conceal (15%) ____
- Craft (05%):
- ❑ _____ ____
- ❑ Credit Rating (15%) ____
- Cthulhu Mythos (00) ____
- ❑ Disguise (01%) ____
- ❑ Dodge (DEX x2) ____
- ❑ Drive Auto (20%) ____
- ❑ Drive Dog sled (20%) ____
- ❑ Electr. Repair (10%) ____
- ❑ Explosives (01%) ____
- ❑ Fast Talk (05%) ____
- ❑ First Aid (30%) ____
- ❑ Geology (01%) ____
- ❑ Hide (10%) ____
- ❑ History (20%) ____
- ❑ Jump (25%) ____
- ❑ Law (05%) ____
- ❑ Library Use (25%) ____
- ❑ Listen (25%) ____
- ❑ Locksmith (01%) ____
- ❑ Martial Arts (01%) ____
- ❑ Mech. Repair (20%) ____
- ❑ Medicine (05%) ____
- ❑ Meteorology (05%) ____
- ❑ Natural History (10%) ____
- ❑ Navigate (10%) ____
- ❑ Occult (05%) ____
- ❑ Opr. Hvy. Mch. (01%) ____
- **Other Language** (01%):
- ❑ E.Thing Cipher (01%) ____
- ❑ _____ ____
- ❑ _____ ____
- **Own Language** (EDUx5%):
- ❑ _____ ____
- ❑ Persuade (15%) ____
- ❑ Pharmacy (01%) ____
- ❑ Photography (10%) ____
- ❑ Physics (01%) ____
- Pilot (01%):
- ❑ _____ ____
- ❑ _____ ____
- ❑ Polar Survival (01%) ____
- ❑ Psychoanalysis (01%) ____
- ❑ Psychology (05%) ____
- ❑ Radio Operator (01%) ____
- ❑ Ride (05%) ____
- ❑ Sneak (10%) ____
- ❑ Spot Hidden (25%) ____
- ❑ Swim (25%) ____
- ❑ Throw (25%) ____
- ❑ Track (10%) ____
- ❑ _____ ____
- **Firearms**
- ❑ Handgun (20%) ____
- ❑ Machine Gun (15%) ____
- ❑ Rifle (25%) ____
- ❑ Shotgun (30%) ____
- ❑ SMG (15%) ____

Weapons

melee	*%*	*damage*	*hnd*	*rng*	*#att*	*hp*
❑ Fist (50%)	____	1D3+db	1	touch	1	n/a
❑ Grapple (25%)	____	special	2	touch	1	n/a
❑ Head (10%)	____	1D4+db	0	touch	1	n/a
❑ Kick (25%)	____	1D6+db	0	touch	1	n/a
❑ _____	____	_____	____	____	____	____
❑ _____	____	_____	____	____	____	____

firearm	*%*	*damage*	*malf*	*rng*	*#att*	*shots*	*hp*
❑ _____	____	_____	____	____	____	____	____
❑ _____	____	_____	____	____	____	____	____
❑ _____	____	_____	____	____	____	____	____
❑ _____	____	_____	____	____	____	____	____
❑ _____	____	_____	____	____	____	____	____
❑ _____	____	_____	____	____	____	____	____

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A Synopsis of Pym's Narrative

The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym was written by Pym in the spring of 1837. It expands and continues some narratives published as short fiction in January and February of that year in the *Southern Literary Messenger,* a magazine printed in Richmond, Virginia. (For more information, see Appendix 3, "Deep Background.")

At that time, according to the tale, Pym had returned "to the United States a few months ago, after the extraordinary series of adventures in the South Seas and elsewhere. . . . "

The tale begins in June of 1827. At this time, from evidence in the text, Pym is about 18 years of age. He stows away aboard the bark *Grampus* with the help of Augustus Barnard, son of the vessel's captain. The ship is bound for the South Seas on a whaling voyage. *Grampus* is never heard of again.

Mutineers kill the captain and most of the crew, and the ship is turned far from her destination, before she is wrecked in a heavy storm. Pym, and one crewman, Dirk Peters, are the only ones who survive, barely, to be picked up by the schooner *Jane Guy* (out of Liverpool, bound for the south Pacific) on August 7th. They accompany the vessel on its voyage, passing Prince Edward Island on October 13th, arriving at Kerguelen Land on the 18th. No landings are reported before then, and it is unclear whether any news of Pym or the *Grampus* ever got home.

The captain of the *Jane Guy* behaves mysteriously at Kerguelen, leaving sealed notes in bottles inland on one of the islands without explanation.

After a couple weeks' stay, they travel on in November to the Tristan da Cunha islands, sending mail and so on. From there they set out into the deep ocean for more exploring. They search at sea for many weeks, attempting to chart islands, going further and further south and west, pushing into then-unexplored areas.

Jane Guy crosses the Antarctic Circle in mid-December, heading south. They encounter a lot of ice floes in the following days, as well as some pack ice, but they force their way through this pack and into clearer water.

Early January 1829—Past the thick pack floes, the ice begins to free up and there is a large expanse of free water.

A sailor, Peter Vredenburgh of New York, is lost overboard on Jan 10th. *Keeper's note: the* Grampus *was owned by the firm of Lloyd and Vredenburgh, but no connection between the names is revealed.* More thick ice follows, which they pass through. Beyond this point, both water and air seem to get steadily warmer as the ship sails south. They encounter odd animals—a giant polar bear and an unidentified creature with red teeth and claws, and white fur.

1/19—The ship drops anchor at an inhabited island. Estimated 83°20'S, 43°5'W. Bizarre and savage natives here, but seemingly friendly. Lots of descriptions of people and island follow, some of it extremely weird and unlikely, even in a *Call of Cthulhu* universe.

2/1—The natives savagely murder the crew and assault and dismantle the *Jane Guy*. Pym and Peters are the only survivors, but they are trapped on a barren part of the island and it is some time before they can escape to steal a native boat. Much description of carven canyons and channels inland here, some of it may be writing; mention of a few remnants of very tumbled/weathered ruins as well, but no details—Pym wasn't interested.

2/20—Pym and Peters finally manage to steal a large canoe and flee the island. One native hostage, a young man named Nu-Nu, is taken along and provides a few scraps of info about the locals but little of substance. Nu-Nu and all the locals are absolutely terrified of anything white. They won't touch or go near such things, screaming "Tekeli-li!" and going into convusions or sick fits when forced.

3/1—Pym, Peters, Nu-Nu in the canoe, in a southerly current. The water gets steadily warmer, and a distant band of haze is visible on the horizon.

3/5—Wind entirely gone, just the current. The water is turning milky (bubbles?) and the vaporous region is near them. Feelings of numbness and lethargy in mind and body. The water is quite hot.

3/6—Occasional explosions under the water, suggest gas ventings or other turbulence. Powdery stuff, ash-like, drops on them from time to time.

3/8—Another one of those dead white animals floats by. Nu-Nu goes catatonic just from seeing it. The water is too hot to put one's hand in.

3/10—They're fully in the vapor range now. (Pym's description is reminiscent of the way fog pours over the San Francisco hills into the bay sometimes. . . .) The rain of ashy stuff (which dissolves in water) is continual and heavy.

3/11—Absolutely dim above—but the water exhibits a luminous glare. Gusty winds, much turbulence in the water, but little sound.

3/12—Gigantic white birds fly through the mists again and again screaming "Tekeli-li!" Nu-Nu just up and dies. The canoe is caught in the grip of a furious current.

". . . Now we rushed into the embraces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow."

The published account ends here. The editor says that there were "only two or three" concluding chapters, and that Pym retained them "for the purpose of revision" when he died in some unspecified but well-published fashion. "It is feared that . . ." the pages of those final chapters "have been irrevocably lost through the accident by which he perished himself."

Peters, we are told, survived. He is, in 1837, a resident of Illinois, but "cannot be met with at present."

Poe, who helped publish the first couple of chapters, was available for comment but "...has declined the task—this, for satisfactory reasons connected with the general inaccuracy of the details afforded him, and his disbelief in the entire truth of the latter portions of the narration."

In the unpublished chapters, Pym and Peters ground their boat at the base of the white figure, which they learn is a colossal statue. They observe a group of natives carrying prisoners of evident European origin. Following, they enter a cave, where the natives flee in fear from something horrible Pym does not see. The two men pursue the captives and their new captors through long tunnels and make use of a sort of subway which takes them on a very long ride. Eventually it ends, leaving them in a very cold place. Beyond the cold and snow, following some weird tracks, they come to an immense black tower. They enter.

Inside the tower are more remarkable sights, including the captive Europeans and their monstrous captors. Pym and Peters help the others to flee, but not before they observe one of the monsters kill a man, remove his head, and carry it away in a dish.

Pym and the others are pursued by the monsters. They return to the tunnel and flee using the subway. The monsters almost catch them, but Pym and Peters throw a lantern in the others' tram. There is an explosion and the fugitives get away. Eventually they and the other men, crew of the brig *Nancy,* win their way home again. ❑

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New and Augmented Skills

Coordinate this section with the shipboard learning episodes in Chapter Five. Most of the skills below are taught aboard ship during that time. The "Benefits of Education" table early in that chapter discusses what students of such classes gain.

Aircraft Maintenance (05%)

Preparing aircraft and aircraft engines for flight, and securing the machines after flight. This includes general check-lists for flight, warming engines with blow-torches, and replacing the oil. It also provides the knowledge and techniques for maintaining aëroplanes in extreme temperatures and climates.

Percentiles of learning can be taken for this skill or as skill points for Operate Heavy Machine.

Block (DEX x2%)

Allows a character to defend against a physical attack by interposing an object held out between the hands. A barstool, an empty shotgun, a length of pipe, a tree branch—anything that can reasonably be held up with the hands to intercept a blow may be used in conjunction with the skill. A successful Block roll means that the object intercepted the blow.

If the damage done by the attacker exceeds the object's hit points, the blocking object is broken or knocked loose from the defender's hands. The defender is hit with what's left, and loses hit points equal to the amount.

Like the Dodge skill, Block increases with successful use. It does not replace the capability to parry built into weapons designed for hand-to-hand combat, such as swords.

Climb (40%) (augmented)

Climbing freehand requires a Climb roll every 10 to 30 vertical feet, depending on availability and firmness of handholds, wind, visibility, slipperiness, etc.

To climb quietly, match a D100 roll against the investigator's Climb and Sneak on the Resistance Table. If succeeding in Climb but failing in Sneak, he or she climbed noisily. If the Climb failed but the Sneak succeeded, the character fell quietly.

An investigator with Climb 60% or more knows free-hand rock climbing and has mastered the principles and gear needed for technical climbs. A high percentage in Climb is thus equivalent to mountaineering: rare in the 1890s and the 1920s, that sport is widely taught in the 1990s.

Drive Dog Sled (20%)

Teaches the lore and practice of dog sledding and the behavior and expectations of sled dogs. The character learns how to care for, train, and control sled teams; how to repair traces and sleds; how to load and maneuver various sleds; and how to choose terrain most suitable to travel by sled.

A character with Dog Sled 60% or higher automatically has peaceable, efficient teams of dogs who enthusiastically follow commands. The skill-holder is still subject to all the difficulties and dangers of polar travel and survival.

Elder Thing Cipher (01%)

Without murals present, the starting skill is 00%. Characters who have the opportunity to compare at leisure elder thing murals with associated dot-ciphers will begin to notice repetitions of certain patterns or cartouches in combination with the graphical concepts portrayed. Examples might be "disaster," "war," "hope," "shoggoths," etc. Over time, such matches between graphics and dot-cipher become more numerous. But it is no exaggeration to say that a human's percentage in Elder Thing Cipher approximates little more than that many words in English: if 50%, then 50 words. Elder thing murals are much more informative to humans.

Explosives (01%)

Storage, transport, and use of common commercial explosives such as black powder, dynamite (ordinary or low-temperature), nitroglycerin, trinitrotoluene, ammonium picrate, detonating cords, etc., along with cord fuse, electrical blasting caps, delay systems, rotational firing, and weather and safety considerations. For small-scale blasting projects (breaking up rocks, opening a well, lengthening a mine shaft, chasing off a chthonian) a skill of 60% or higher grants an automatic success except on 00 or when personally making explosives.

For demolishing a large building, long tunnel, massive dam, steel girder bridge, or similar formidable structure, the initial chance for success is either the average of the blaster's Explosives and Engineering skills, or half the blaster's Explosives skill if the character has no Engineering skill. (Inexperienced blasters usually fail their first attempt at a complex demolition.) Round up fractions. For the second and later attempts to demolish a particular structure, the chance equals the blaster's Explosives skill or the blaster's Explosives and Engineering skills combined. Those taught Demolition during military service may use that skill.

Meteorology (05%)

Informed about the warmth or chill of the air, the amount of sunshine, prevailing and upper winds, and precipitation, the skill-holder can predict local or regional weather conditions for tomorrow until perhaps next week. In the present day, satellite observations and computer modelling also have become important.

Based on season and a little experience in an area, those with less than 20% Meteorology can often predict local conditions and such variables as when fog appears. Those with more than 20% Meteorology and proper equipment can accurately predict local or regional conditions 90% of the time, as well as temperatures, winds, etc., for minor localities. Estimates of rainfall amounts and wind strength and duration are rarely wrong. Those with 60% or better Meteorology and good observations are able to make accurate predictions except on a 00 result.

Navigate (10%)

Allows the user to find his or her way in storms or clear weather, in day or night. Those of 20% skill or higher are familiar with and can use astronomical principles for the sun and stars, understand magnetic deviation and radio interference, navigational tables, charts, compasses and gyroscopes, autopilots, radio direction devices, and gear such as sextants or GPS as they exist in the era of play.

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A skill of 60% or better means automatic success at Navigate under ordinary conditions, except on a result of 00. It also promotes surveying and map-making; given sufficient time, areas of hundreds of square miles can be accurately mapped with this skill.

Anyone of INT 8 or better can sketch a good plan of a room, area, or smallish building.

Polar Survival (01%)

Characters with this skill know the fundamentals of surviving in the icy and desolate climes near either pole, or at high altitudes. Includes dress, shelter, sleeping, safety techniques, hunting, food preparation, and oxygen deprivation, frostbite, and other special medical problems. Do not roll for this skill unless factors important to survival are missing. This skill also teaches the behavior of materials at sub-zero temperatures, including water and ice at various altitudes and temperatures, chemicals such as lubrication oil, gasoline and kerosene, various metals and metal alloys, thermometers and other scientific equipment, cartridges and explosives, rifles and other machined weapons, batteries and electrical generators, heaters, etc.

A skill-holder of 60% or more does not need to check his or her Polar Survival except in the most extreme and dangerous situations, such as being lost in a blizzard.

Radio Operator (01%)

In the 1920s, it includes short-wave band transmission and reception, radio construction and repair, and practical understanding of the procedures customary in short-wave two-way radio. This skill also includes the ability to understand and transmit Morse code at a varying rate per minute. At percentages lower than twenty, the percentage indicates the actual per-minute Morse code rate of the skill user; above 20%, the operator codes and decodes as needed. At 20% or better, the user may apply for a ham license and own and operate a private short-wave set.

At 60% or better, the character can operate a commercial radio station or be a licensed engineer for one, upgrade or create new equipment, design and create his or her own vacuum tubes, and so on.

Throw (25%) (augmented)

To hit a target with a thrown object, to hit a target with the right part of a thrown object (such as the point of a knife blade), or to encompass a target with a loop of thrown rope, use Throw. A palm-sized object of reasonable balance, such as a water-smoothed stone, can be hurled three yards or more for each STR point exceeding the object's SIZ. An object designed to be thrown, such as a baseball, can be hurled up to seven yards for each STR point in excess of the object's SIZ, and bounce on for more. Keepers must choose a suitable multiplier for a hand grenade, javelin, etc.

A loop of rope can be thrown to ensnare if the entire rope is long enough, or for the character's Throw skill divided by five in yards, whichever length is reached first. (In other words, a character with Throw 65% can throw a loop of rope 65 / 5 = 13 yards, provided the rope is long enough.) As a practical matter, the maximum for lassoing something moving is about ten yards—closer to five yards if from horseback.

If the Throw roll fails, then the object misses, landing at some random distance from the target. If where the object falls is important, the keeper should compare the closeness of the die roll result to the highest number which would have indicated a successful roll, and choose a comparable distance in yards between the thrown object and the target. ■



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What the World Knows about the M. U. Expedition to Antarctica, 1930–31

Most of the following came to the world via the *Arkham Advertiser's* powerful radio installation at Kingsport Head, Massachusetts.

The expedition landed at Ross Island in the Ross Sea. After several tests of the drilling gear and trips to Mt. Erebus and other local sights, the land party, consisting of 20 men and 55 dogs plus gear, assembled a semi-permanent camp on the barrier not far away and readied their five big Dornier aircraft for flight.

Using four of the aircraft, the fifth being held in reserve at the barrier camp, the party established a second base camp on the Polar Plateau beyond the top of the Beardmore Glacier (Lat 86d7m Long E174d23m) and did a lot more drilling and blasting in that vicinity. During December 13–15, 1930, Pabodie, Gedney, and Carroll climbed Mt. Nansen. Many fascinating fossil finds were made using the drill rig.

On January 6, 1931, Lake, Dyer, Pabodie, Daniels, and ten others flew directly over the South Pole in two aircraft, being forced down once for several hours by high winds. Several other observation flights were made to points of less noteworthiness during the week before and after.

The published plan for the expedition at this point was to move the entire operation eastward another 500 miles in mid-January, for the purpose of establishing once and for all whether Antarctica was one continent or two. The public also received word during this period that Lake, the biologist, campaigned strongly for an expedition to the northwest before moving the base camp. Therefore, instead of flying west on the 10th of January as planned, the party remained where it was while Lake, Pabodie, and five others set out via sled to probe overland into unknown lands. This expedition lasted from January 11th through the 18th, and was scientifically successful and marred only by the loss of two dogs in an accident while crossing a pressure ridge. During this same period, many supplies and barrels of fuel were airlifted by the others up to the Beardmore camp.

The expedition's published agenda was changed once again when it was decided to send a very large party northeastward under Lake's command. The party left Beardmore by aircraft on January 22nd, and radioed frequent reports directly to the *Arkham* for rebroadcast to the world. The party consisted of 4 planes, 12 men, 36 dogs, and all of the drilling and blasting equipment. Later that same day the expedition landed about 300 miles east and drilled and blasted up a new set of samples, containing some very exciting Cambrian fossils.

Late on the same day, about 10 p.m., Lake's party announced the sighting of a new mountain range far higher than any heretofore seen in the Antarctic. Its estimated position was at Lat 76d15m, Long E113d10m. It was described as a very broad range with suspicions of volcanism present. One of the planes was forced down in the foothills and was damaged in the landing. Two other craft landed there as well and set up camp, while Lake and Carroll, in the fourth plane, flew along the new range for a short while up close. Very strange angular formations, columns, and spiracles were reported in the highest peaks. Lake estimated the range peaks may top 35,000 feet. Dyer called back to the ships and ordered the crew there to ready large amounts of supplies for shipment to a new base which would have to be set up in the foothills of the new range.

January 23rd—Lake commented on the likelihood of vicious gales in the region, and announced that they were beginning a drilling probe near the new camp. It was agreed that one plane would fly back to the Beardmore camp to pick up the remaining men and all the fuel it could carry. Dyer told Lake that he and his men would be ready in another 24 hours.

The rest of that same day was filled with fantastic exciting news that rocked the scientific world. A borehole had drilled through into a cave, and blasting had opened up the hole wide enough to enter. The interior of the limestone cave was a treasure trove of wonderful fossil finds in unprecedented quantity. After this discovery, the messages no longer came directly from Lake but were dictated from notes that Lake wrote while at the digsite and sent to the transmitter by runner.

Into the afternoon the reports poured in. Amazing amounts of material were found in the hole, some as old as the Silurian and Ordovician ages, some as recent as the Oligocene period. Nothing was found more recent than 30 million years ago. Fowler discovered triangular stippleprints in a Comanchian fossil stratum that were obvious close cousins to ones discovered by Lake himself in Archaean slate elsewhere on the continent. They concluded that the makers of those tracks were members of a species of radiant that continued significantly unchanged for over six hundred million years—and was in fact evolved and specialized at a time "not less than a thousand million years ago when the planet was young and recently uninhabitable for any life forms of normal protoplasmic structure. The question arises when, where, and how that development took place."

Later that evening—Orrendorf and Watkins discovered a huge barrel-shaped fossil of wholly unknown nature. Mineral salts apparently preserved the specimen with minimal calcification for an unknown period of time. Unusual flexibility remained in the tissues, though they were extremely tough. The creature was over six

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feet in length and seems to have possessed membraneous fins or wings. (More detail given, too much for this synopsis.) Given the unique nature of the find, all hands were searching the caves looking for more signs of this new organism type.

Close to midnight—Lake broadcast to the world that the new barrel-bodied animals were the same creatures that left the weird triangular prints in fossil strata from the Archaean to the Comanchian eras. Mills, Boudreau and Fowler found a cluster of thirteen more of the specimens about forty feet from the entrance, in association with a number of small oddly shaped soapstone carvings. Several of the new specimens were more intact than the first, including intact head and feet samples that convinced Lake that the creatures were his track-makers (an extremely detailed anatomical description followed at this point). Lake intended to dissect one at this point, then get some rest and see Dyer and the others in a day or two.

January 24th, 3 a.m.—Lake reported that the fourteen specimens had been brought by sled from the dig site to the main camp and laid out in the snow. The creatures were extremely heavy and also very tough. Lake began his attempt at dissection on one of the more perfect specimens, but found that he could not cut it open without risking great damage to delicate structures, so he exchanged it for one of the more damaged samples. This also gave him easier access to the creature's interior. (More details—vocal systems—very advanced nervous system—exceedingly foul smell—weird and complex sensory organs.) He jokingly named the creatures the "elder ones."

Last report, about 4 a.m.—Strong winds rising, all hands at Lake's Camp were set to building hurried snow barricades for the dogs and the vehicles. As a probable storm was on the way, air flight was out of the question for the moment. Lake went to bed exhausted.

No further word was received from Lake's Camp. Huge storms that morning threatened to bury even Dyer's camp. At first it was assumed that Lake's radios were out, but continued silence from all four transmitter sets was worrisome. Dyer called up the spare plane from McMurdo to join him at Beardmore once the storm had subsided.

January 25th—Dyer's rescue expedition left Beardmore with 10 men, 7 dogs, a sled, and a lot of hope, piloted by McTighe. They took off at 7:15 a.m. and were at Lake's Camp by noon. Several upper-air gales made the journey difficult. Landing was reported by McTighe at Lake's camp at noon; the rescue party was on the ground safely.

4 p.m., same day—A radio announcement was sent to the world that Lake's entire party had been killed, and the camp all but obliterated by incredibly fierce winds the night before. Gedney's body was missing, presumed carried off by wind; the remainder of the team were dead and so grievously torn and mangled that transporting the remains was out of the question. Lake's dogs were also dead; Dyer's own dogs were extremely uneasy around the camp and the few remains of Lake's specimens. As for the new animals—the elder ones—described by Lake, the only specimens found by Dyer were damaged, but were still whole enough to ascertain that Lake's descriptions were probably wholly and impressively accurate. It was decided that an expedition in a lightened plane would fly into the higher peaks of the range before everyone returned home.

January 26th—Early morning report by Dyer talked about his trip with Danforth into the mountains. He described the incredible difficulty in gaining the altitude necessary to reach even the lowest of the passes at 24,000 feet; he confirmed Lake's opinion that the higher peaks were of very primal strata unchanged since at least Comanchian times. He discussed the large cuboid formations on the mountainsides, and mentioned that approaches to these passes seemed quite navigable by ground parties but that the rarefied air makes breathing at those heights a very real problem. Dyer described the land beyond the mountain pass as a "lofty and immense super-plateau as ancient and unchanging as the mountains themselves—twenty thousand feet in elevation, with grotesque rock formations protruding through a thin glacial layer and with low gradual foothills between the general plateau surface and the sheer precipices of the highest peaks." The Dyer group spent the day burying the bodies and collecting books, notes, etc., for the trip home.

January 27th—Dyer's party returned to Beardmore in a single air hop using three planes, the one they came in and the two least damaged of Lake's four craft.

January 28th—The planes were back at McMurdo Sound. The expedition packed and left soon after that. ❑

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Beyond Papers 9.1

Starkweather-Moore across the Mountains

WEDDELL

No.	Description	Weight, Lbs.
1	empty Boeing Model 247 plane	11,000
6	crew and passengers	1,200
24	gallons of engine lube oil, in engine	180
556	gallons of aviation gasoline (1890 miles range)	3,336
1	canvas bag with airplane repair tools and minor parts	50
1	drum 23 gallons engine lube oil	172
1	set navigational equipment (clock, charts, sextant, sun compass, tables, etc.)	6
1	blowtorch	5
2	canvas tarpaulins with grommets and six poles (engine starting covers)	20
24	person-days worth of food	48
2	canvas and goosedown sleeping bags	32
6	sets of snowshoes	36
1	Nansen sledding cooker and primus stove	25
1	1 gallon fuel can of kerosene (40 person-days for the stove)	10
1	trail radio (100 W, nominal range 50 miles)	100
1	radio battery	20
1	1-inch flare pistol, holster, and box of 10 flares	4
1	electric 'Mars' signal lamp	3
1	still camera set (camera, lenses, tripod, film, 10 flashbulbs, IR filters, case)	25
1	reel, 300' climbing rope	20
2	bags of climbing equipment (2 hammers, pitons, carabiners)	25
1	set of meteorology instruments, in wooden case	13
1	set of cartography/geology instruments, in wooden case with carry straps	40
1	set of chemistry sampling and test equipment, in canvas bag	10
1	medical bag, with instruments, drugs and supplies	20
1	sled with hauling harness	100
1	oxygen snow tent, 2 man, with poles, stakes, and lashings	50
2	sodium hydroxide canisters, 48 man-hours of capacity each	50
20	oxygen tanks, 80 cubic feet capacity each	400
	TOTAL	17,000

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Starkweather-Moore across the Mountains (contd.)

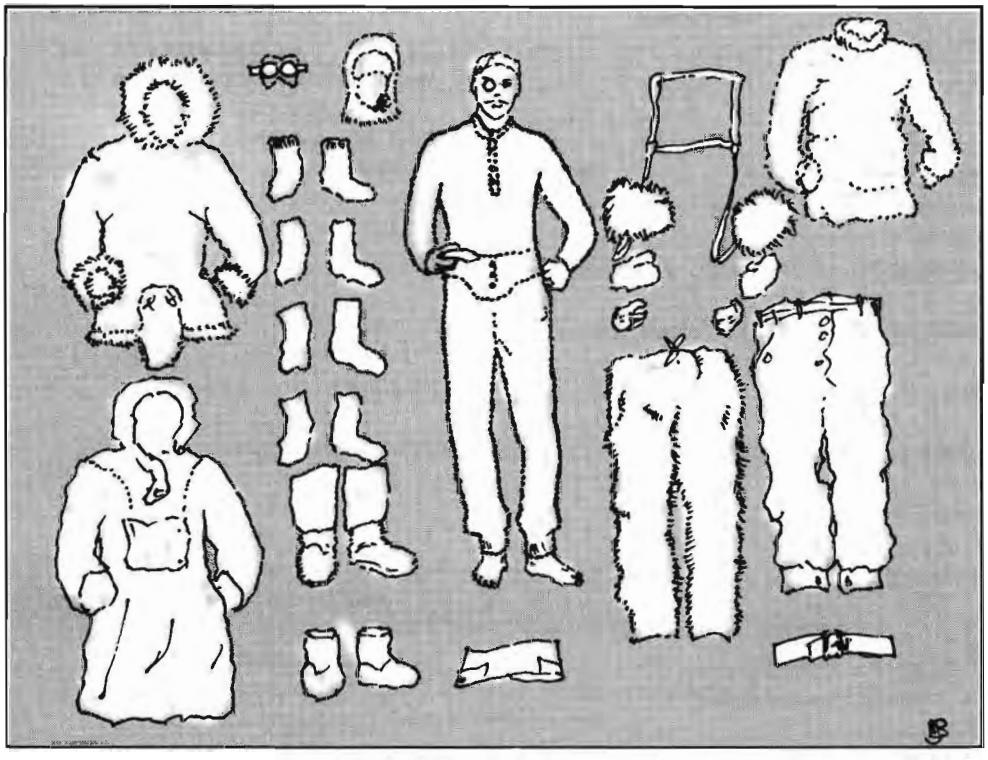
ENDERBY

No.	Description	Weight, Lbs.
1	empty Boeing Model 247 plane	11,000
6	crew and passengers	1,200
24	gallons of engine lube oil, in engine	180
556	gallons of aviation gasoline (1890 miles range)	3,336
1	canvas bag with airplane repair tools and minor parts	50
1	drum 23 gallons engine lube oil	172
1	set navigational equipment (clock, charts, sextant, sun compass, tables, etc.)	6
1	blowtorch	5
2	canvas tarpaulins with grommets and six poles (engine starting covers)	20
24	person-days worth of food	48
4	canvas and goosedown sleeping bags	64
6	sets of snowshoes	36
1	Nansen sledding cooker and primus stove	25
1	1 gallon fuel can of kerosene (40 person-days for the stove)	10
1	trail radio (100 W, nominal range 50 miles)	100
1	radio battery	20
1	1-inch flare pistol, holster, and box of 10 flares	4
1	electric 'Mars' signal lamp	3
1	reel, 300' climbing rope	20
2	bags of climbing equipment (2 hammers, pitons, carabiners)	25
1	Geiger-Müller counter and spectrograph, in wooden case	26
1	hand sled with hauling harness	100
2	oxygen snow tents, 2 men each, with poles, stakes, and lashings	100
2	sodium hydroxide canisters, 48 man-hours of capacity each	50
20	oxygen tanks, 80 cubic feet capacity each	400
	TOTAL	17,000

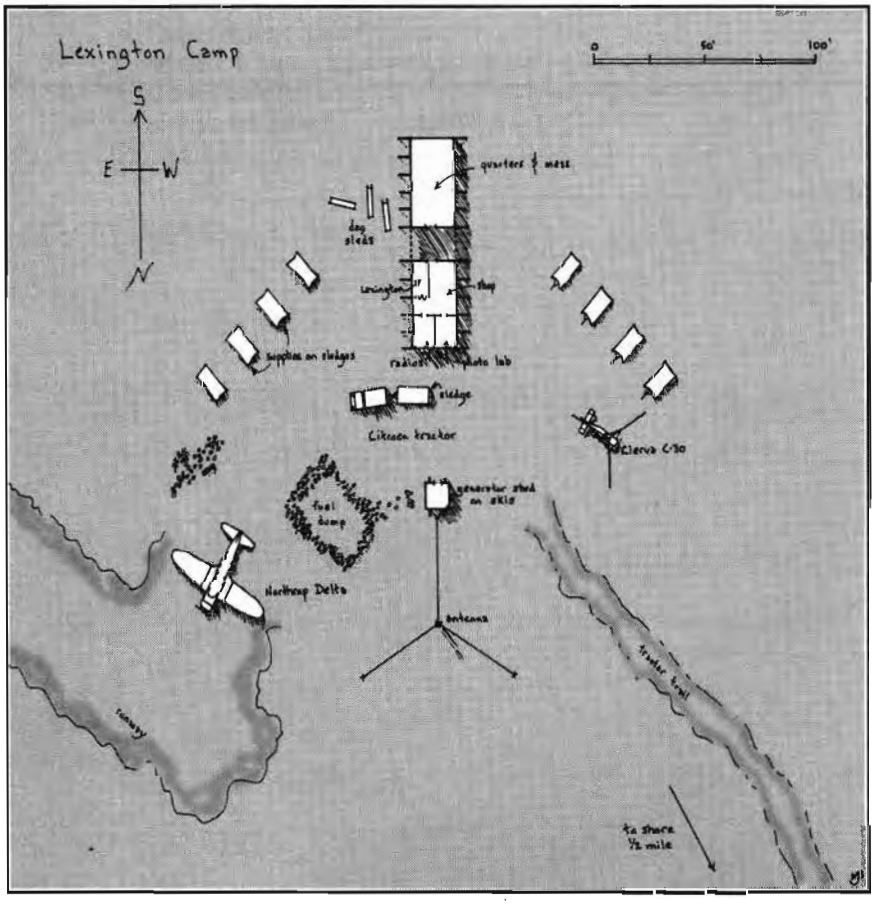
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Maps and Pictures

Antarctic Clothing

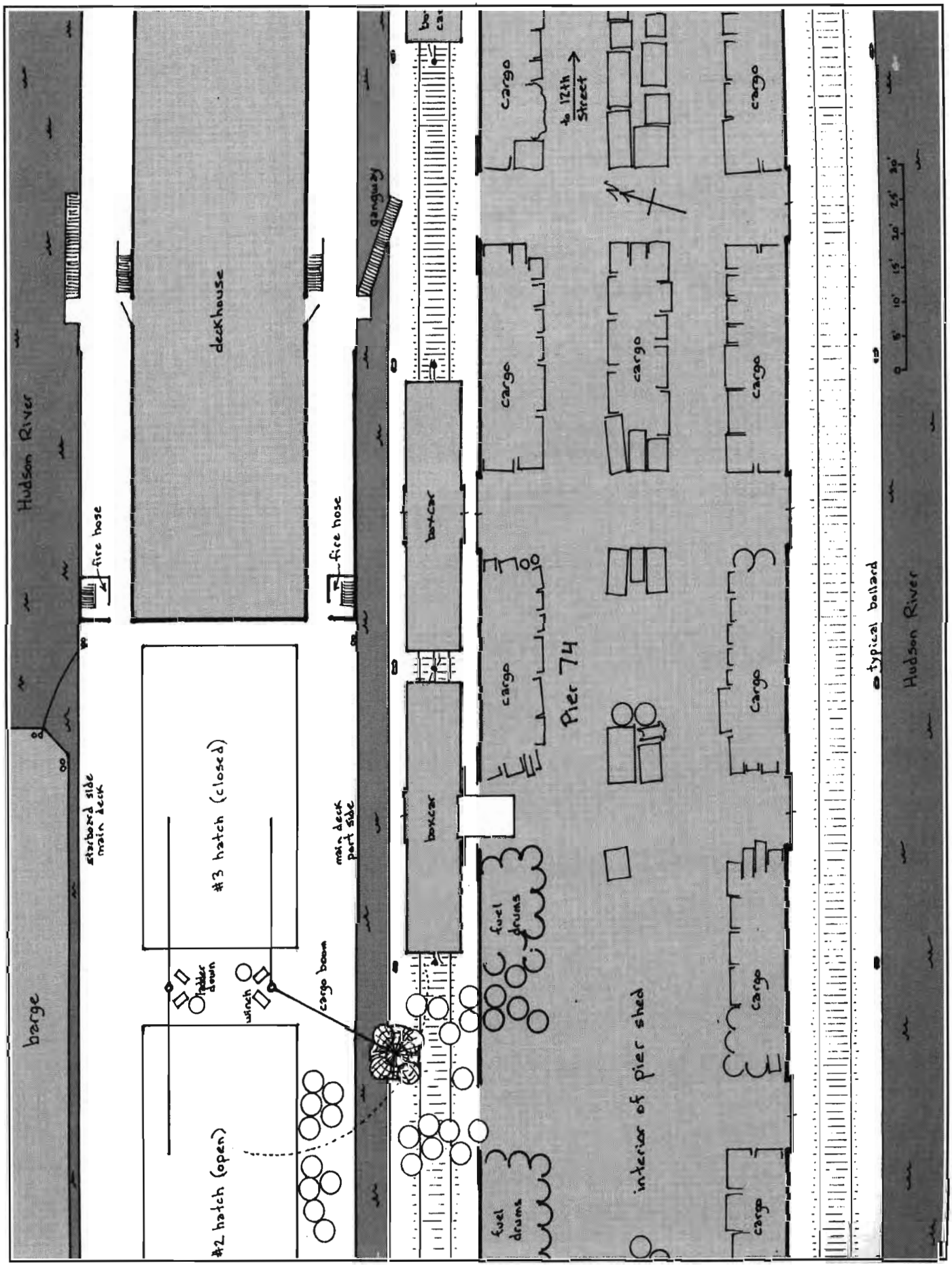


Lexington Expedition Barrier Camp Layout



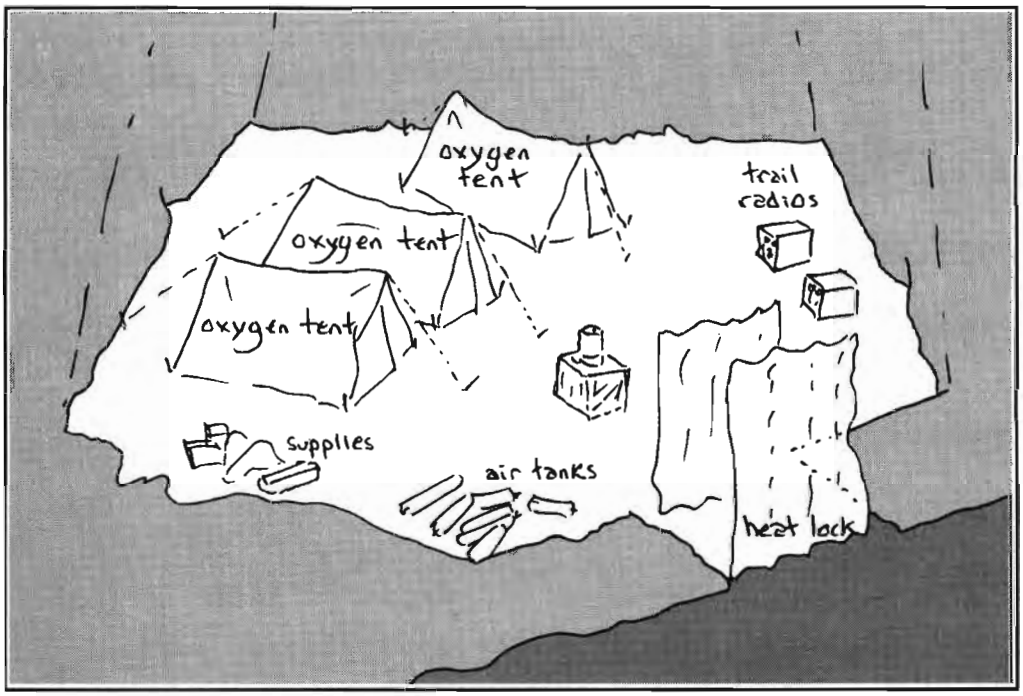
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The Gabrielle's Deck and Nearby Pier

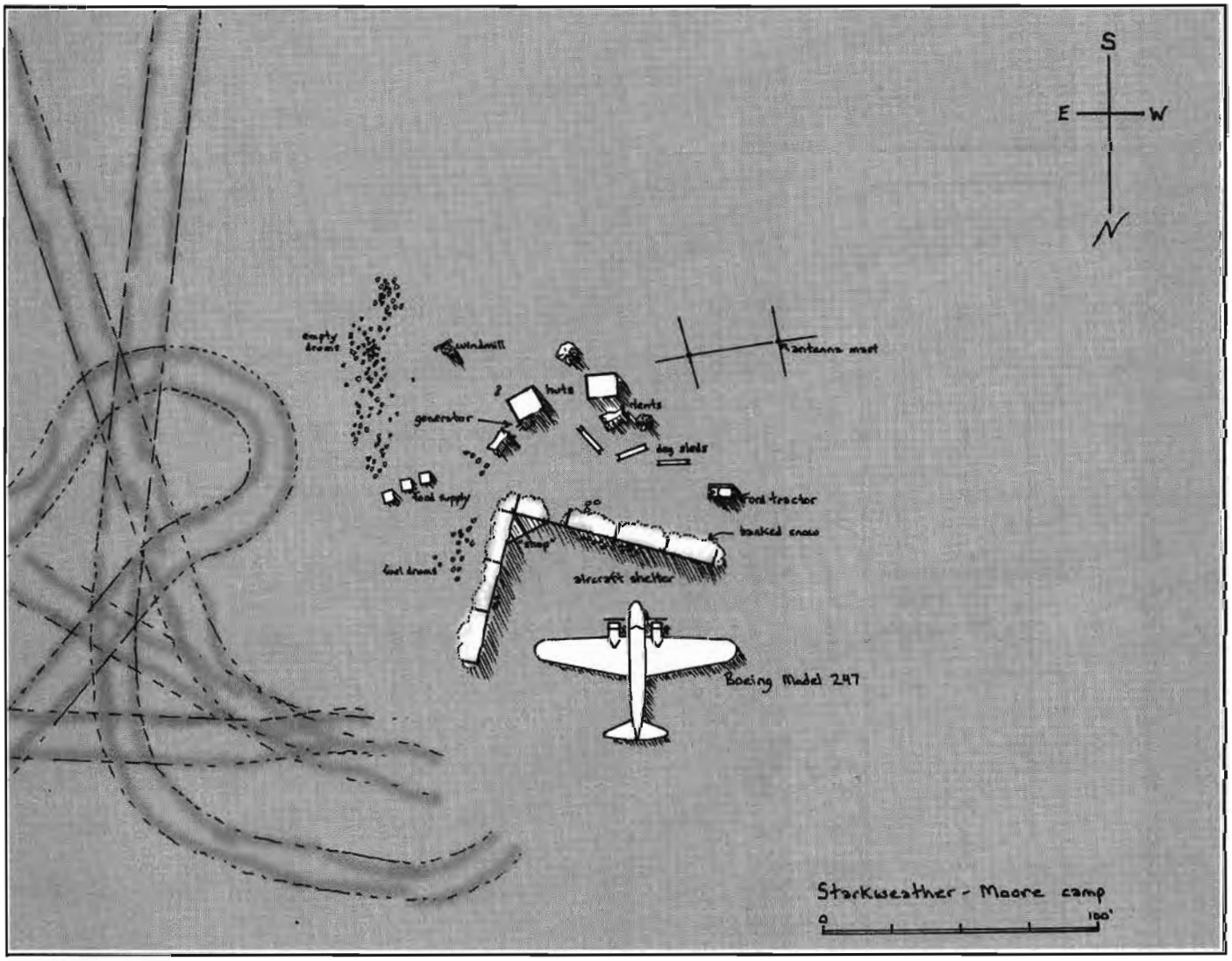


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The Plaza Campsite

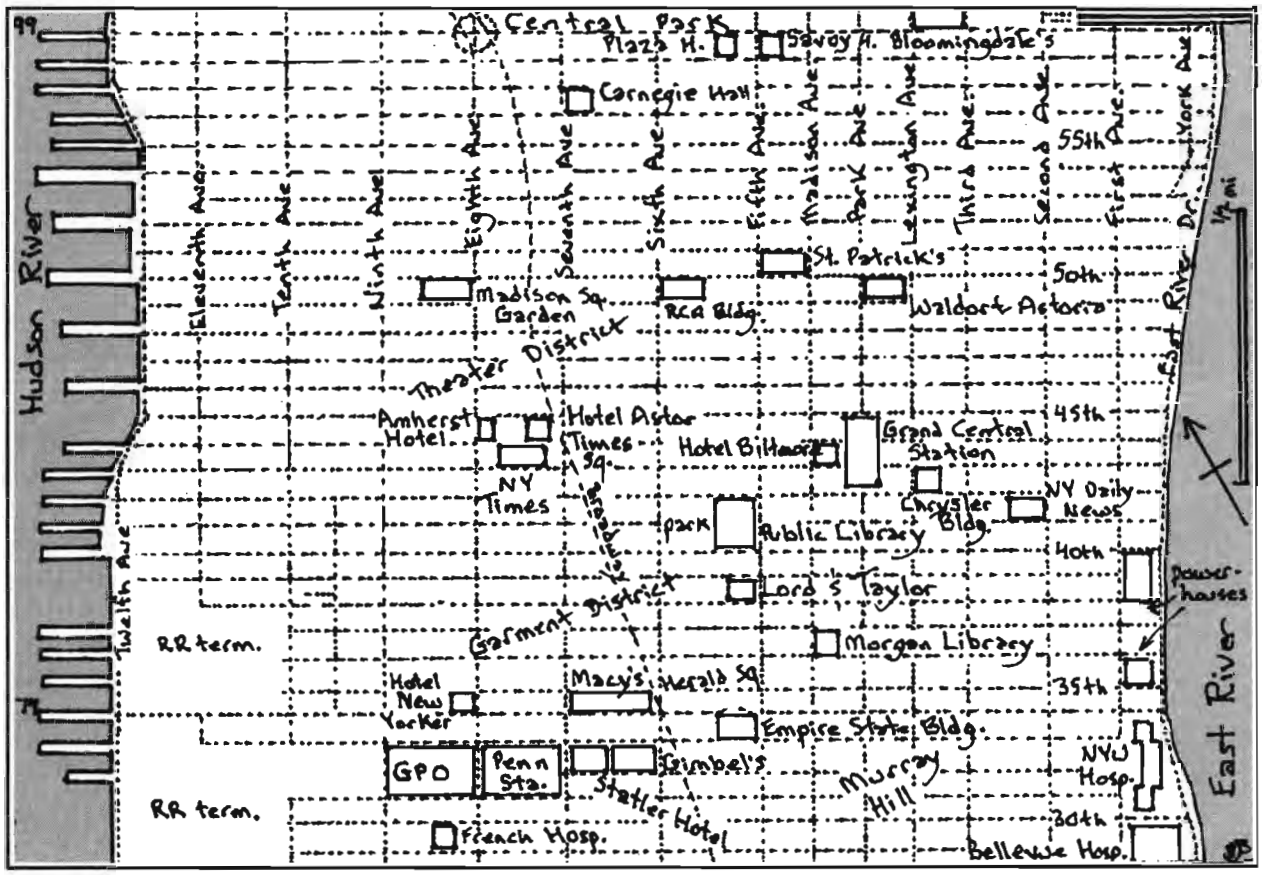


Starkweather-Moore Expedition Barrier Camp Layout

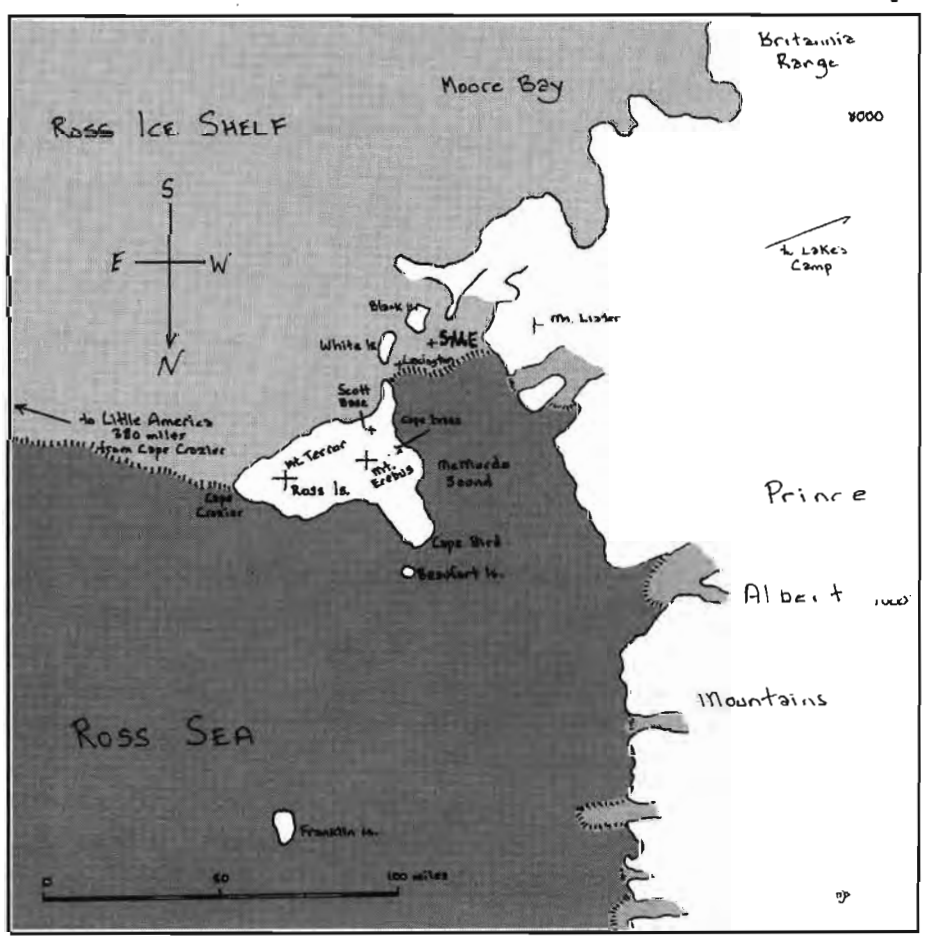


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Downtown New York Players' Map

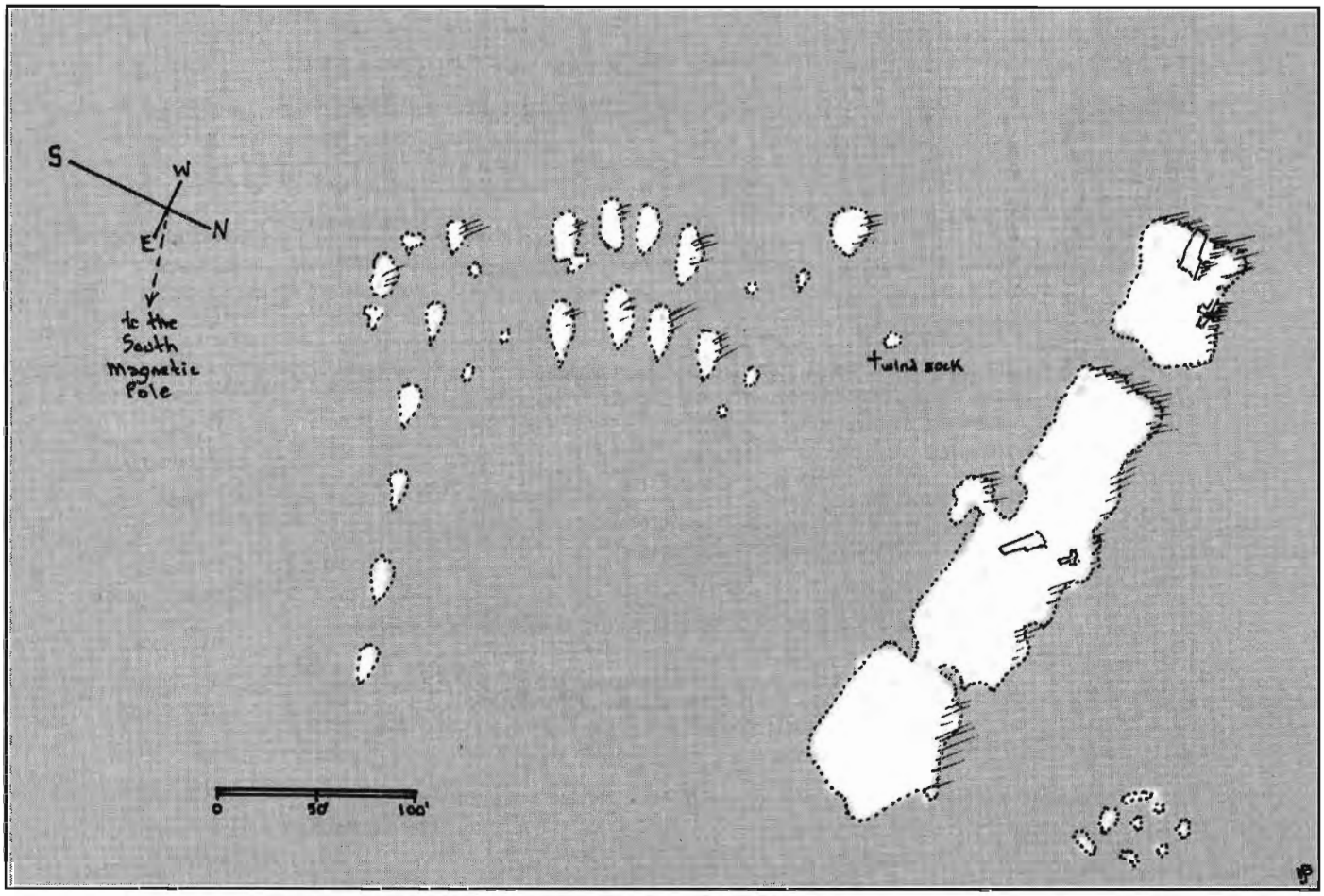


The Ross Sea and the Barrier Camps

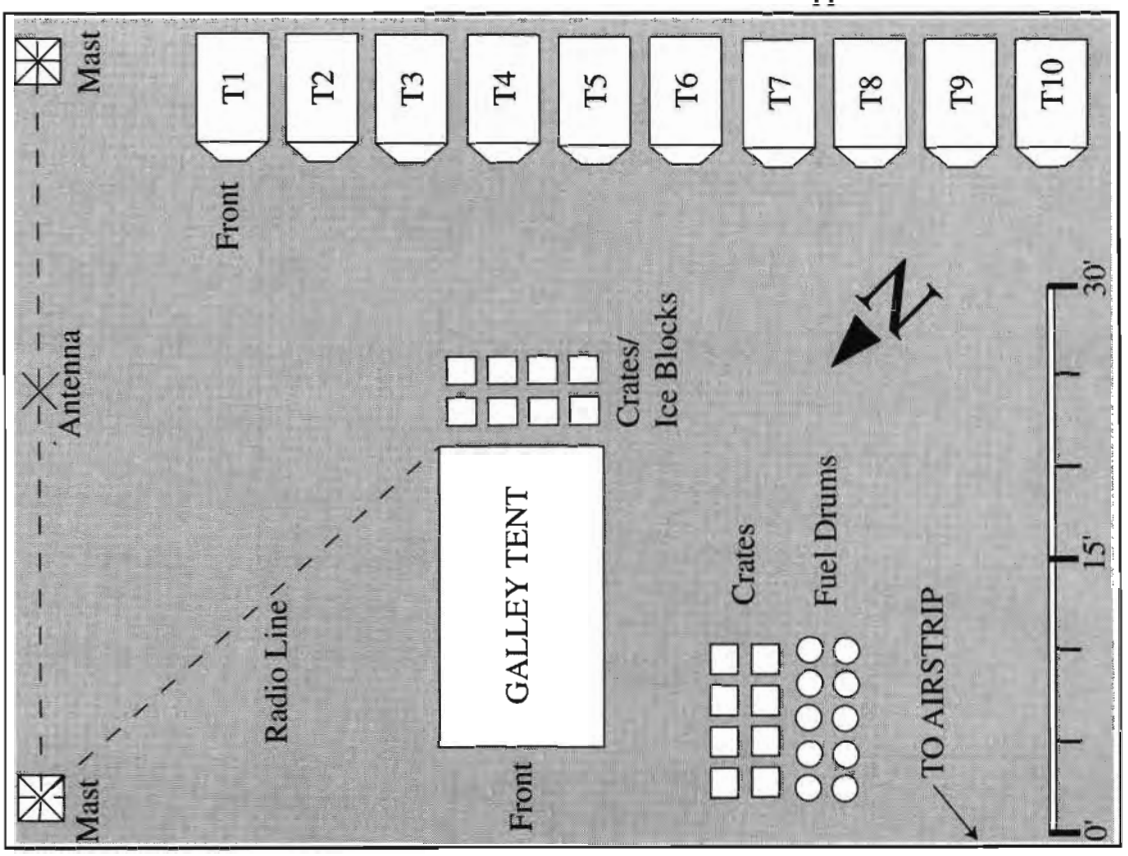


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Lake's Camp Players' Map

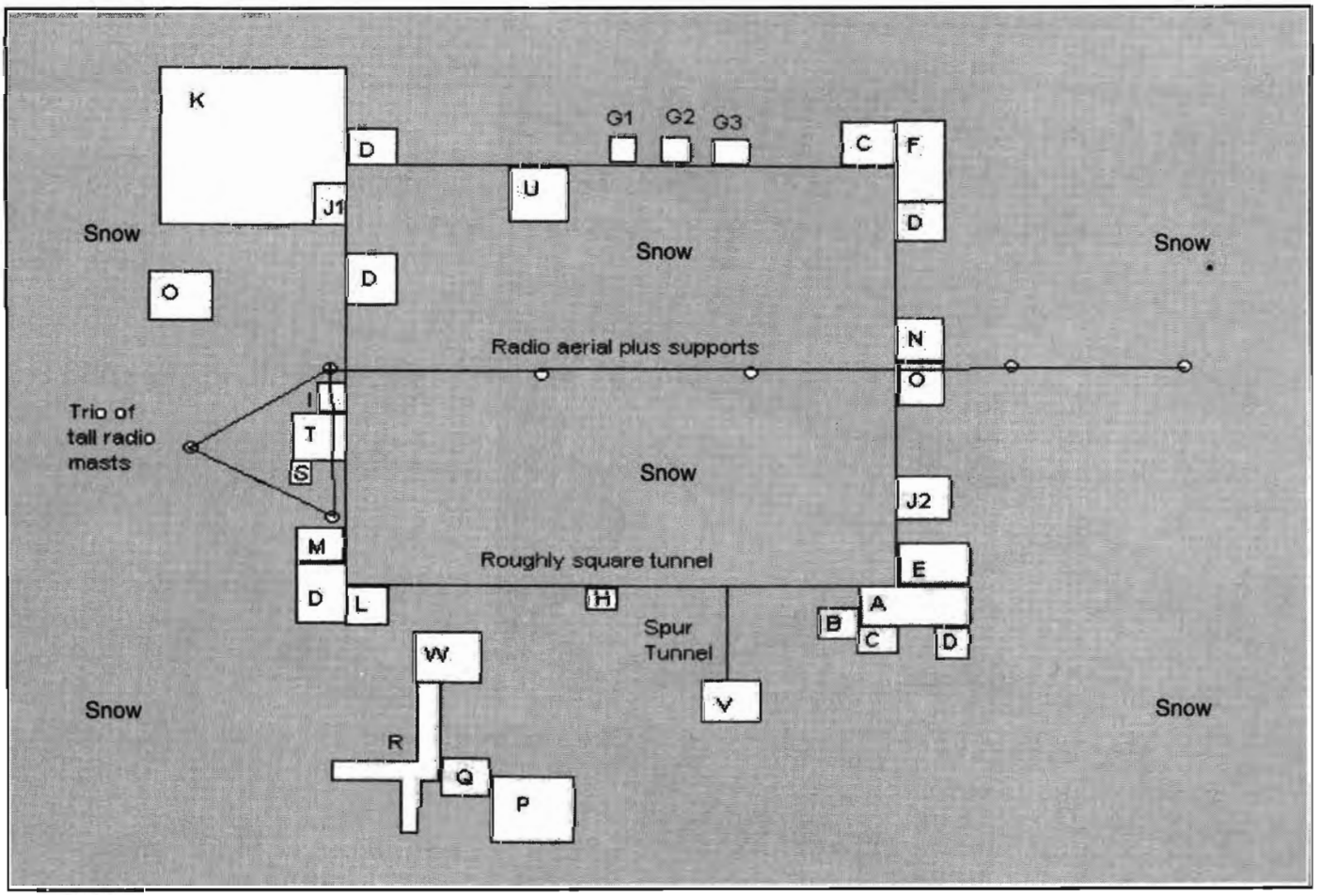


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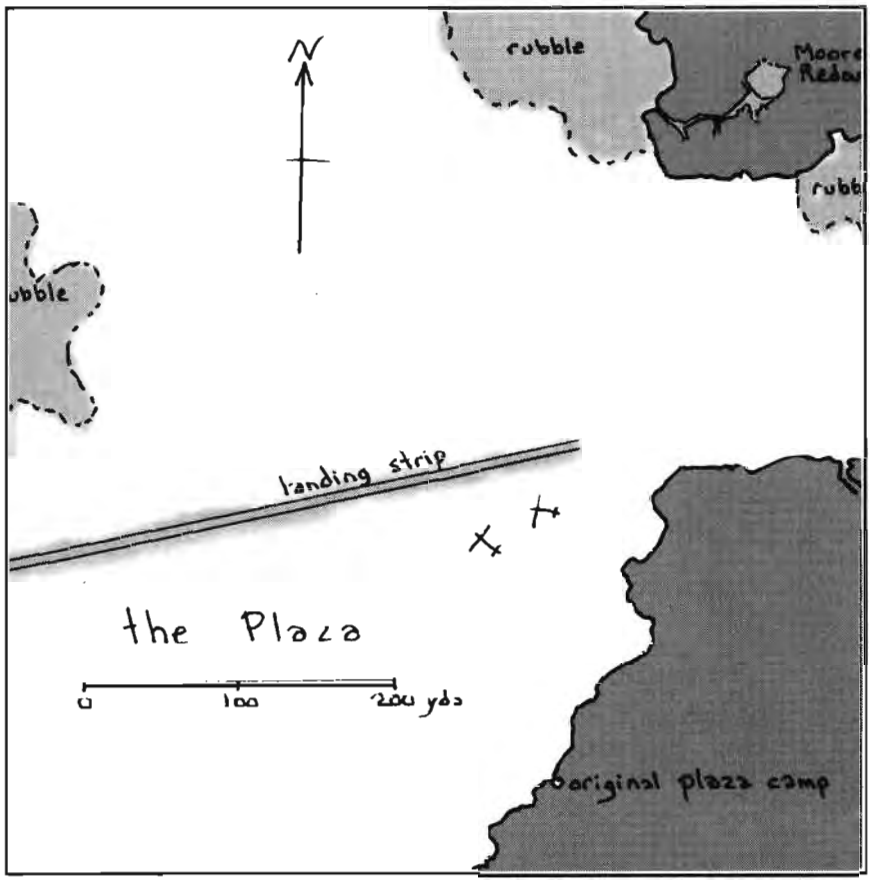
Barsmeier-Falken Camp

Barsmeier-Falken Weddell Base Camp Map

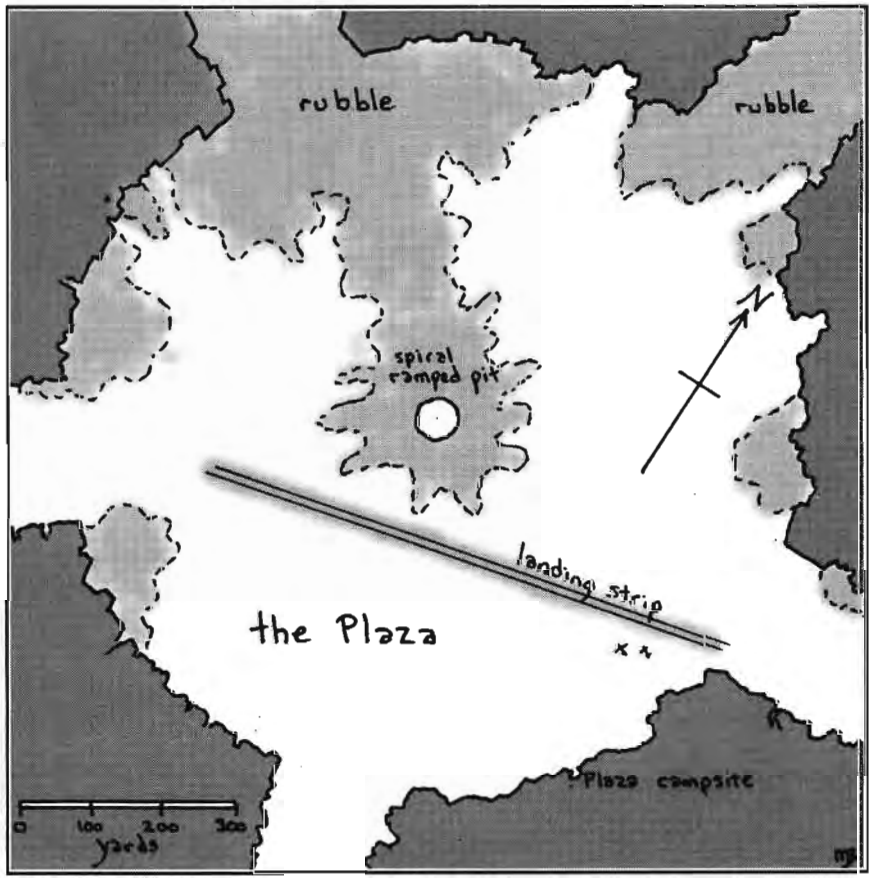


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Redoubt Tower and Vicinity

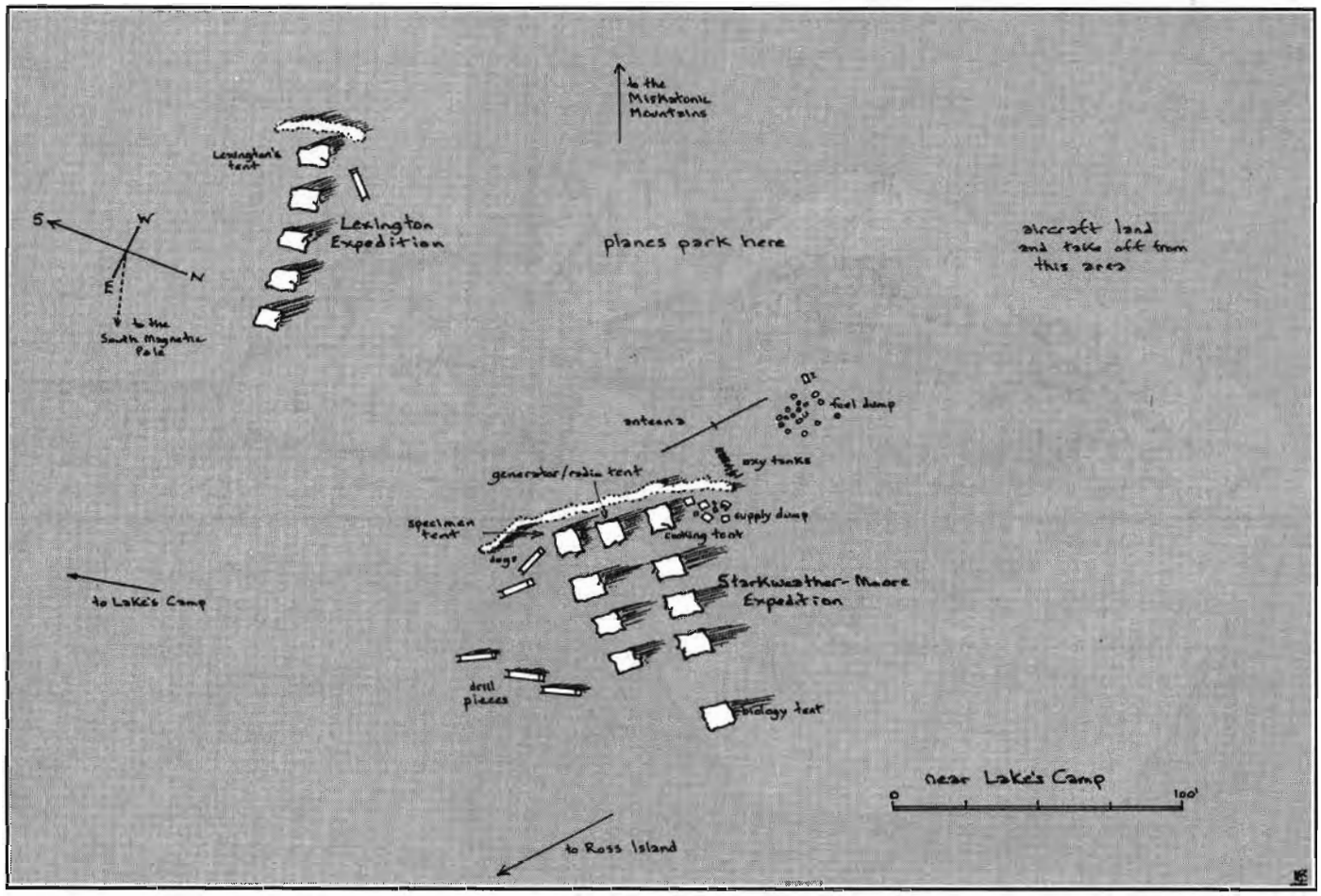


The Plaza

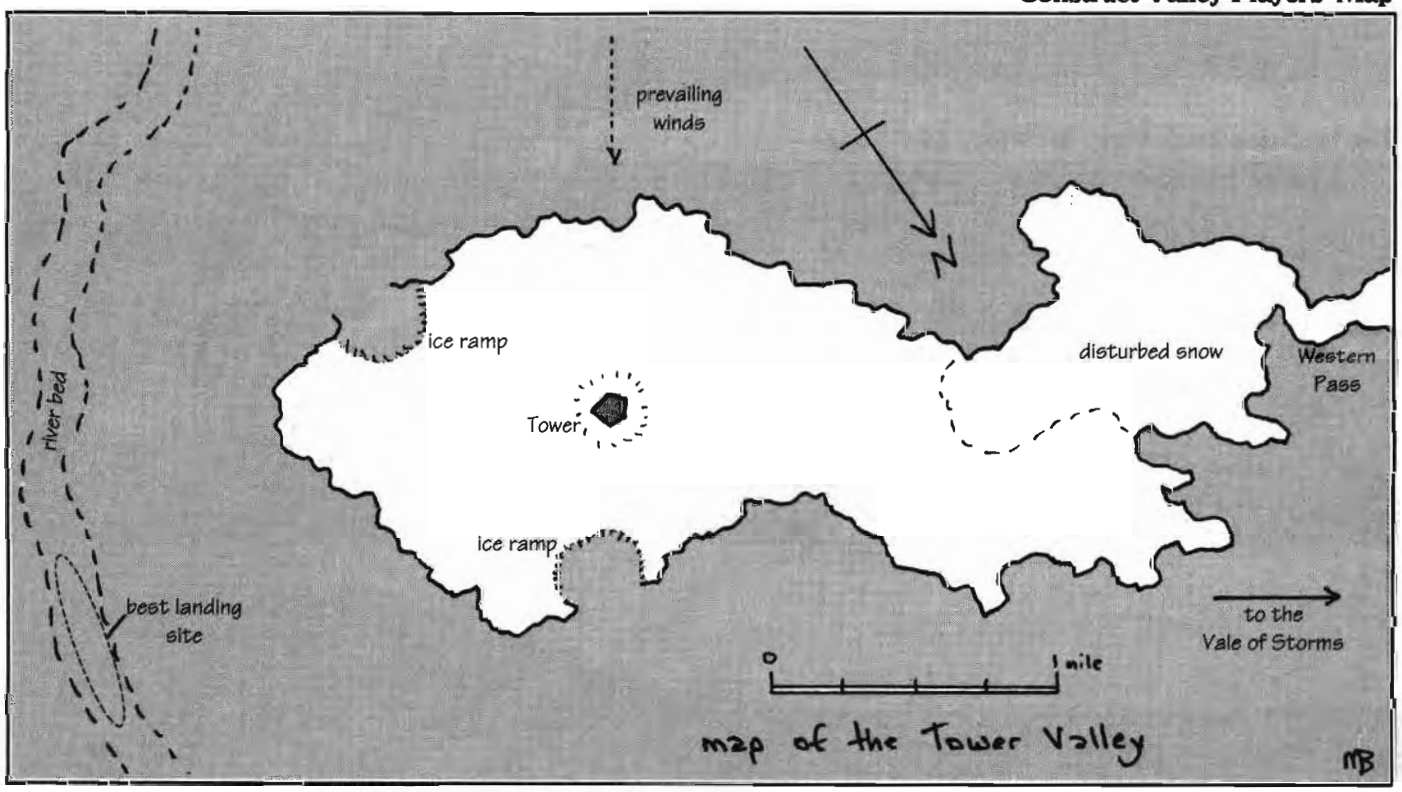


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Starkweather-Moore and Lexington Camps

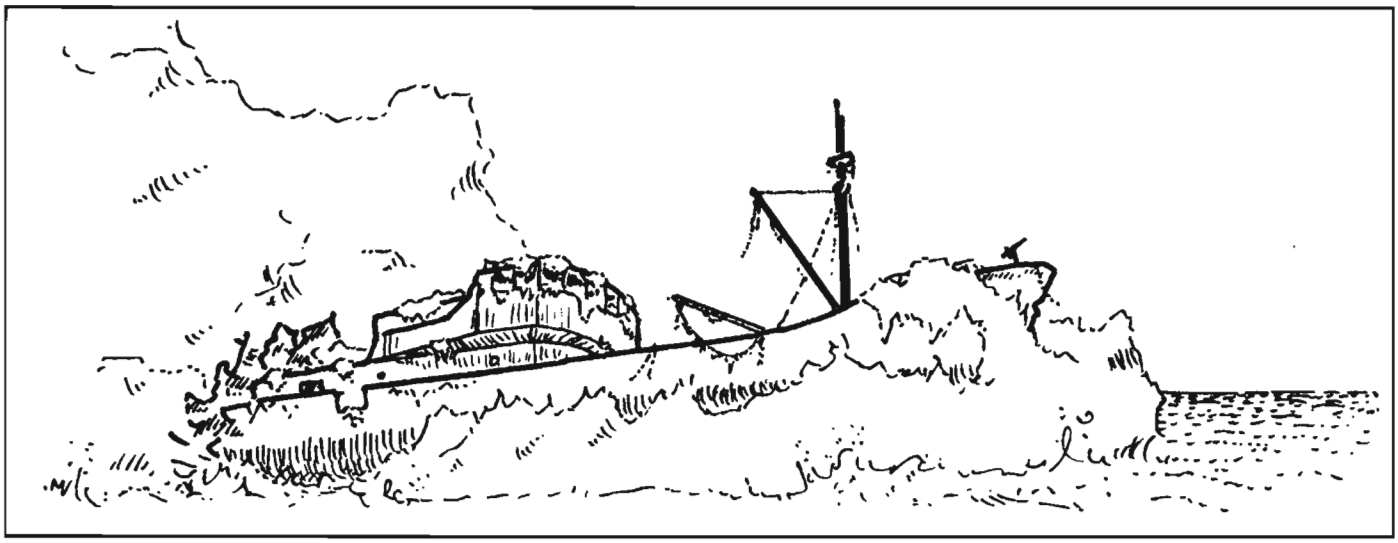


Construct Valley Players' Map

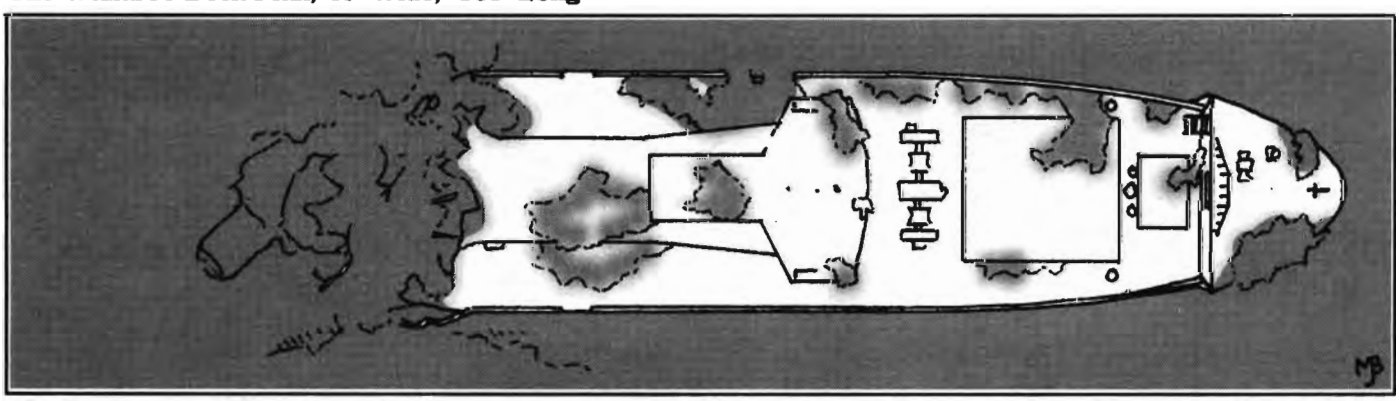


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The Wallaroo in the Ice

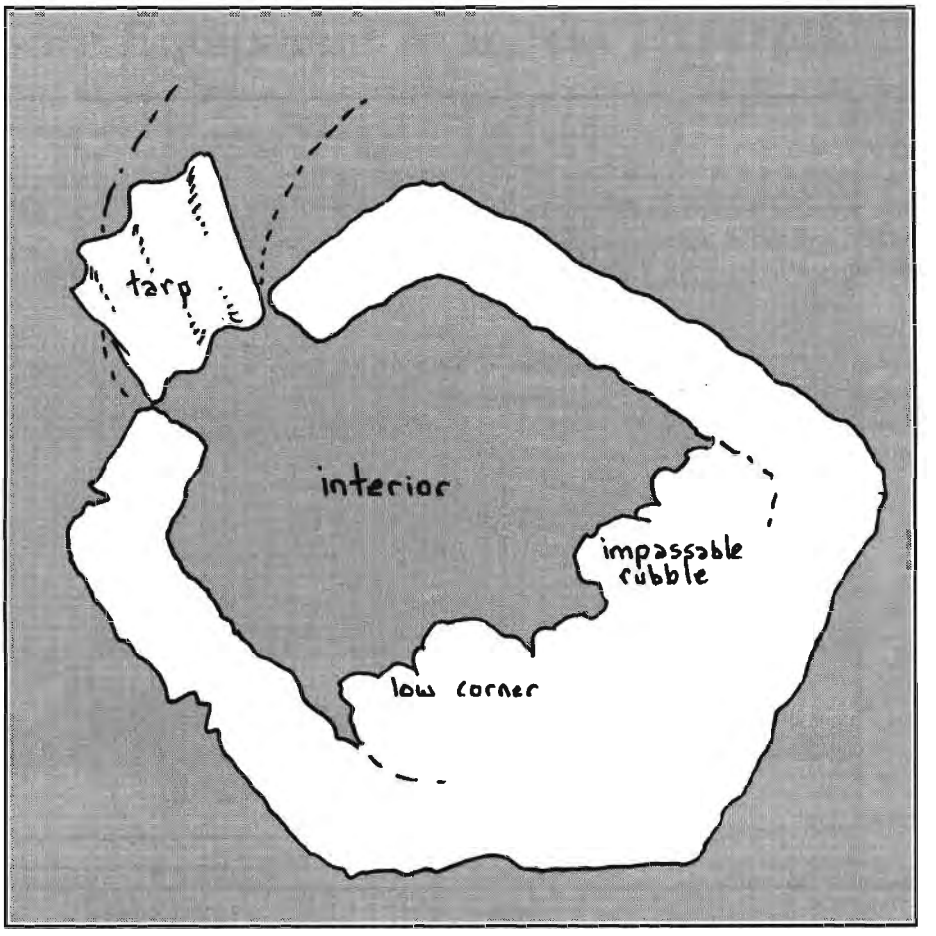


The Wallaroo Deck Plan, 40' Wide, 165' Long

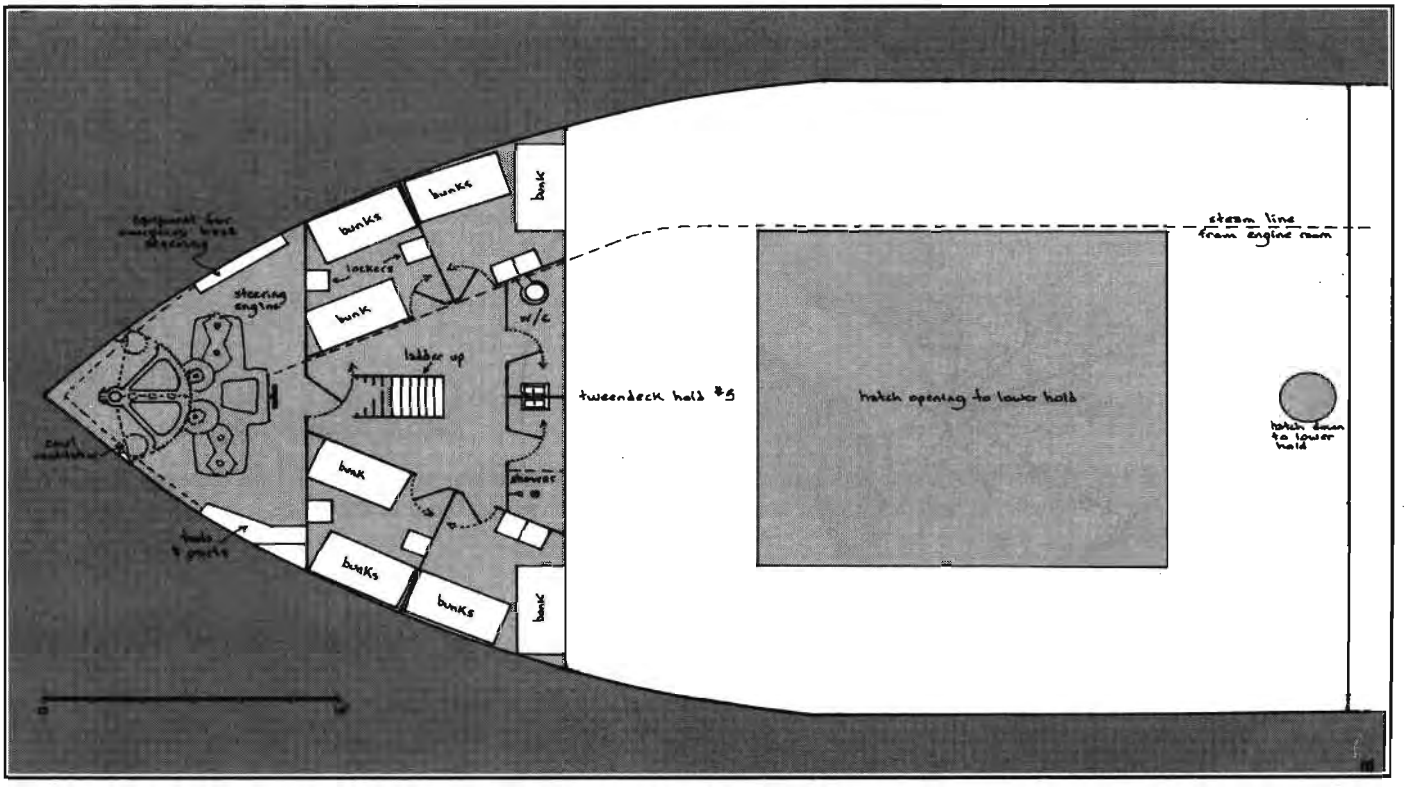


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Redoubt Tower Interior

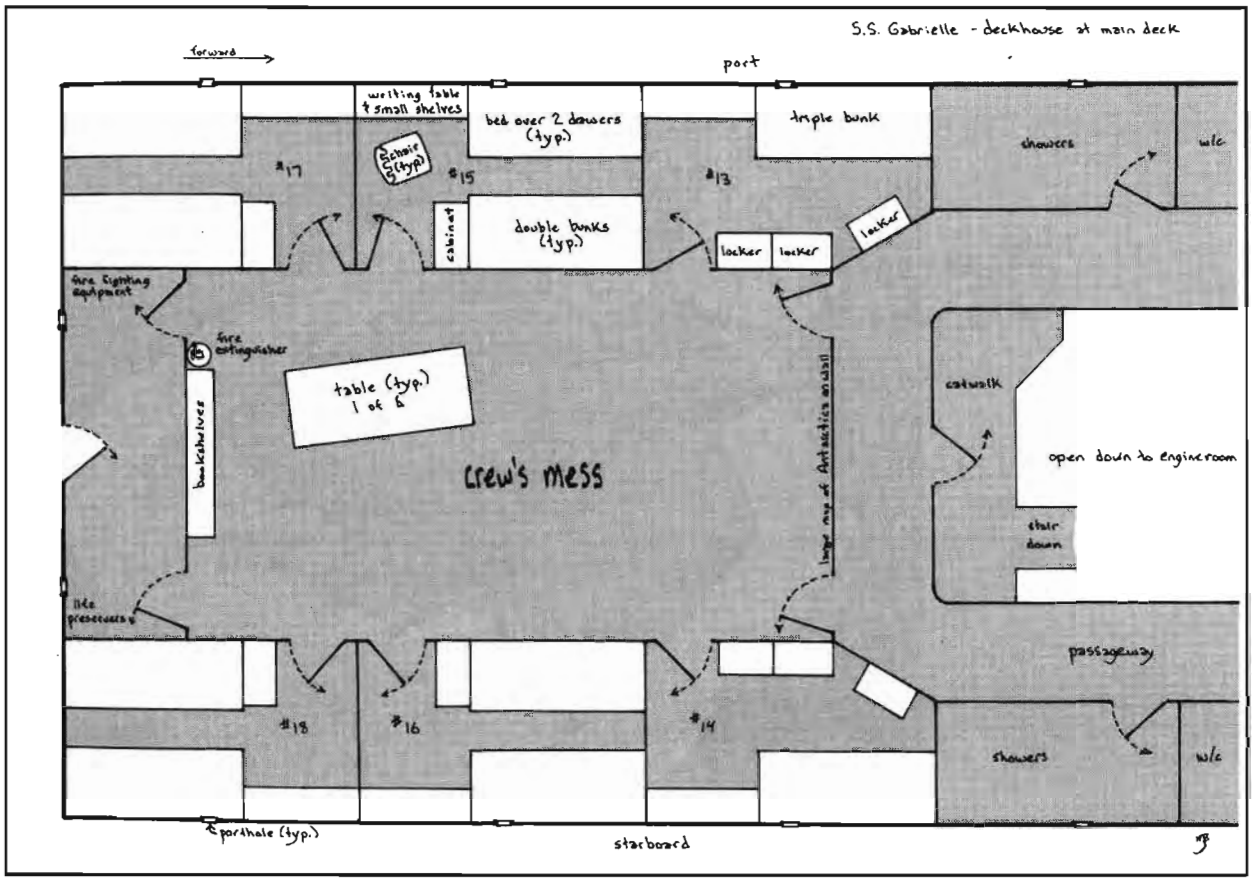


The Tween-Decks Aftercastle and the Steering Engine Chamber

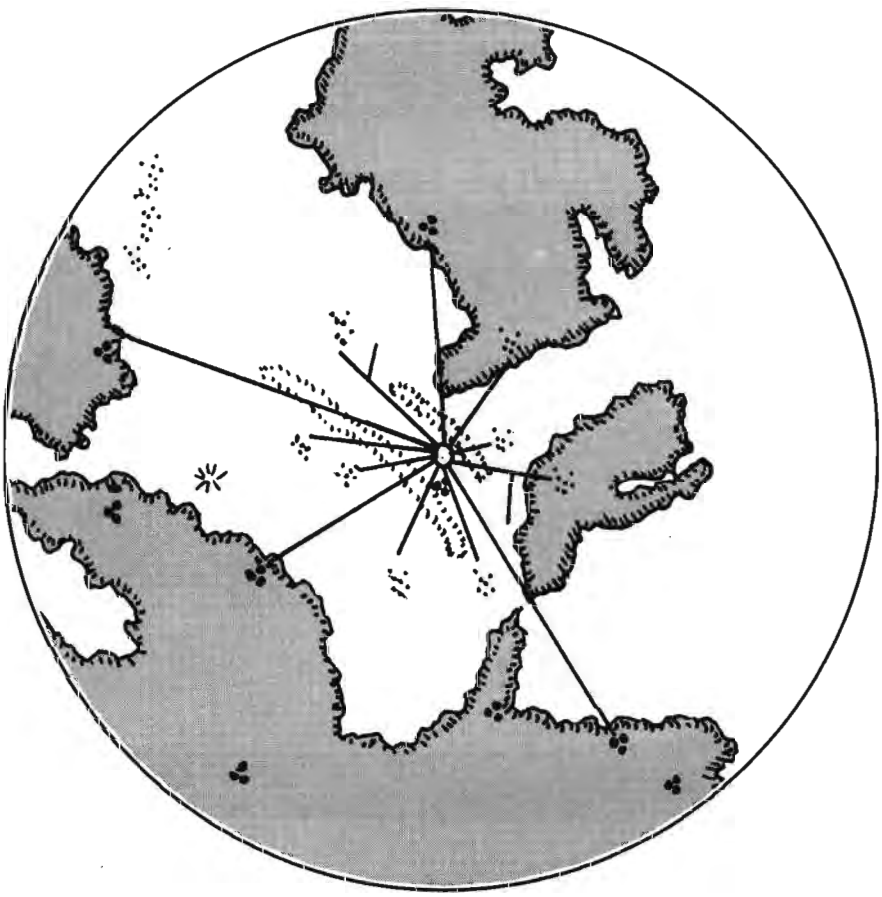


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The Aftercastle Common Area



Panel Five Antarctic Map



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Starkweather-Moore Equipment Manifest Excerpts

Photocopy pages 429 through 435 in this appendix. They are excerpts from the Starkweather-Moore Expedition's equipment manifests. At the top of each page are the items that need checking, their quantity, where the items should be when aboard the *Gabrielle,* and how much they weigh. At the bottom of each page, information intended only for the keeper tells what is wrong with that list.

The keeper should photocopy each page, *then divide the page and give the player only the manifest portion.* When convenient for the keeper, he or she can tell the player of a solution concerning something on the list. Very detailed descriptions are at the keeper's option, of course, but the idea here is to recognize the sorts of things that can go wrong, the effort that is needed to correct them, and to foreshadow other more dangerous searches in the months to come.

Try to characterize each as a project requiring hours or days to complete. Inspect the cargo hold descriptions for the *Gabrielle* in Chapter Four-B, and be sure to acquaint the character with the bad lighting and limited access of the holds. This foreshadowing will be helpful later, when the team tries to corner the saboteur on the voyage south, as well as during the much greater dangers on the terrifiying voyage north.

Since there probably are more manifest sections than players, a single player-character may have a chance to investigate several such lists. Use them as punishments (since no skill rolls or great recognition will come from such work), to fill up hours otherwise unaccounted for, or to divert the players while the keeper prepares some emergency patch.

Nothing in these minor searches warrants a skill check or a skill increase unless otherwise stated. ■

CUT HERE

Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest Excerpts

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
30	crate, w. 2 boxes, w. 24 cans 1# butter	#3 tween	52	1,560
25	crate, w. 32 cans 20 oz. powdered milk	#3 tween	43	1,075
1	chest, w. 4 boxes tea, 16 tins 12 oz. each	#3 tween	55	55
2	crate, w. 6 boxes of 2# dried apricots	#3 tween	12	24
8	crate, w. 4 boxes each w. 24 cans 12 oz. prunes	#3 tween	75	600
20	cases, w. 24 cans 2# baked beans	#3 tween	55	1,100
6	jar, 1 gallon sour cream	reefer space	10	60
8	crate, each w. 22 boxes of a dozen eggs	reefer space	60	480
4	tub, 20# of lard	reefer space	22	88
192	crate, w. 90 blocks 1/2# pemmican (men & dogs)	reefer space	50	9,600
5	sides of bacon	reefer space	50	250

CUT HERE

Keeper's Notes

The following things are wrong on this list:

■ The six gallon jars of sour cream were accidentally included on a pallet with the canned butter and the powdered milk—destined for the hold—rather than the pallets destined for the refrigerator. If not found and refrigerated, the cream will go very bad by the time anyone decides to use it.

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Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest Excerpts

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
2	Ford snow tractors, cap. 750# cargo, tow 3000#	#1 tween	1,450	2,900
3	300 watt generators, gasoline powered, on skids	#1 tween	80	240
1	heavy crate w.derrick, bracing struct for drill	#1 tween	1,000	1,000
1	heavy crate w. generator, meters & drill-head	#1 tween	1,000	1,000
1	frame cont. w. jointed drill-pipe, 12' lengths	#1 tween	1,000	1,000
1	heavy crate w. electrical ice-melting equipment	#1 tween	1,000	1,000
2	crated windmill generator, cplt w. 12' triped	#1 tween	300	600
2	kerosene stoves for base camp	#3 tween	25	50
2	chalkboard, 4' x 4' on stand	#3 tween	35	70
6	blowtorch	#3 tween	5	30
4	kerosene lanterns	#3 tween	2	8
3	boxed set cooking gear for camp (pots and pans)	#3 tween	20	60
2	camp radio with antenna	#3 tween	200	400
4	trail radio with antenna	#3 tween	100	400
20	trail radio battery	#3 tween	20	400
6	field telephone w. telegraph key	#3 tween	20	120
32	telephone battery	#3 tween	1	32
1	spool 8,000' telephone wire	#3 tween	8	8

CUT HERE

Keeper's Notes

The following things are wrong on this list:

- The two crated windmill generators and tripods are not present. These were ordered from Willard and Ball Agricultural Supply Company of Chicago, Illinois. If the investigators contact the company they discover that the generators have not been shipped because payment for $370 was never received. Once the check is in their hands the equipment arrives within 48 hours.
- Of the three cook sets listed in the manifest, only one can be found in the dockside warehouse; the other two were shipped to the dock but cannot now be found. Investigators will not find these items unless they think to look aboard the ship; the other two sets have been unpacked and placed in the crew galley as part of the regular assortment of kitchen gear. Identifiying the pans will be difficult, if not impossible—most likely they must simply be replaced. A cook set costs about $50.
- The four trail radios appear complete on brief inspection; however, they are not functional. Each is missing its power amplifier tube—these must be ordered separately and no such order has been placed. The tubes can be obtained only from the manufacturer—in this case the DeForrest Company in New York—and it would be a good idea to order several spares. The missing tubes cost $10 apiece.

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Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest Excerpts

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
5	bag, set aircraft tools	#3 tween	50	250
1	crate tools (vise, sm lathe, files, drill, &c.)	#3 tween	300	300
1	chest carpentry tools:base (saws hammers etc.)	#3 tween	50	50
1	box, w. various nails & carpentry supplies	#3 tween	50	50
2	sled, 900 board feet lumber for base	#3 tween	4,000	8,000
1	pallet, w. 6 rolls tar paper	#3 tween	380	380
1	box, set film developing equipment & chemicals	#3 tween	35	35
10	Nansen cookers & primus stoves	#3 tween	25	250
2	crate 1 doz. settings plates, mugs, utensils	#3 tween	15	30
12	buckets (to melt water in)	#3 tween	2	24
12	4 person bellows-entrance tents, w. poles, etc.	#3 tween	50	600
20	5-pole sledding tents	#3 tween	10	200
40	canvas and geesedown sleeping bags	#3 tween	16	640
8	box, w. 6 cnt. of 60 'lifeboat' style matches	#3 tween	5	40
6	flags (2 U.S., 2 Brit., 2 M.U.) on short poles	#3 tween	5	30
40	pair snowshoes	#3 tween	6	240
10	pair skis, bindings, and poles	#3 tween	12	120
12	shovels	#3 tween	3	36
6	axes	#3 tween	5	30
4	bow saws	#3 tween	4	16

CUT HERE

Keeper's Notes

The following things are wrong on this list:

- These five 50-pound sets of tools are well-made, in perfect condition, and brand new; they are simply not the right tools. These are heavy tool sets for marine engines, and only the smaller items are of any use whatsoever in maintaining the aircraft, while a number of pliers and fine wrenches needed for the Boeings are simply not present. Investigation into this discrepancy reveals that the tools are exactly what was ordered by Starkweather; it is the order itself that is incorrect. The tool sets must be returned to their manufacturer, Bertram Ironworks of Baltimore, and new tool kits acquired from the Boeing Company. These take three days to arrive.
- Two long sleds, each containing 900 board-feet—two tons—of lumber for construction of the base camp are missing. They have never been ordered. Fortunately, these materials can be acquired from any large lumber yard. Suitable heavy wood costs between three and five cents per foot, depending upon the cut and the quality; the entire lot probably costs about $100, including shipping to the *Gabrielle*.
- One large box, listed on the manifest as containing film development equipment and supplies, is missing. If the entire warehouse is searched (with a successful **Luck roll**) it will be found stacked beneath a number of other boxes the same size and shape labelled "chocolate."
- Four bow saws, used for working wood, are absent. In their place is a small parcel containing four replacement blades for the same sort of saw. The invoice numbers match; it appears to be a clerical error.

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Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest Excerpts

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
6	600' coils, alpine rope	#3 tween	40	240
12	bagged sets pitons, slings, other climbing gear	#3 tween	7	84
12	ice axes	#3 tween	5	60
8	Nansen sleds, 12' long, 2' wide, 1000# cap.	#3 tween	100	800
8	sled meters	#3 tween	3	24
4	box with 1" flare pistol and 10 flares	#3 tween	4	16
3	metal box, 10 calcium flares (burn for 10 min.)	#3 tween	20	60
6	cerise marker panels to signal aircraft	#3 tween	n/a	n/a
6	electric signal lamp (needs power source)	#3 tween	3	18
3	oxygen snow tents	#3 tween	50	150
1	heavy cargo ramp for unloading ship	#3 lower	1,500	1,500
36	malamute sled dogs - usually 9-11 per sled	#5 tween	90	3,240
--	bunks, benches, etc. for base camp	#5 lower	--	800
150	8' bamboo poles	#5 lower	2	300
20	12' x 12' timbers, 18' long for base shelters	#5 lower	1,300	26,000
10	24' telephone poles for base masts and bridging	#5 lower	500	5,000

CUT HERE

Keeper's Notes

The following things are wrong on this list:

- The twelve bagged sets of pitons and associated climbing gear are nowhere in evidence. They cannot be found anywhere in the warehouse or on the ship; contacting the provider (Dalrymple's of Boston) reveals that the carton was shipped to the Amherst Hotel, not to the dockside warehouse; the items can be found there in the luggage room along with Starkweather's other personal mountaineering equipment.
- The six cerise marker panels, used for signalling aircraft, are missing. The manufacturer, Crawford Manufacturing of Brooklyn, shows the order paid in full and delivered to the warehouse on schedule, but there is no sign of it now. These items must be replaced at a cost of about $20.
- The six electric signal lamps are the wrong type. In place of the small models listed in the invoice, the warehouse contains a pair of very large crates with big heavy shuttered carbon-arc lamps used for theatrical lighting. These weigh about 40 pounds apiece and require a pipe mount and a lot of power; they are eminently unsuitable for the Antarctic. They may be returned to the supplier (Abercrombie Stage and Studio, in Manhattan) for a refund, and the proper lamps purchased from any shipboard supply house.
- The twenty heavy foot-thick timbers, destined as the main beams of the shelters at the base, are nowhere to be found. They have never been ordered. Fortunately, these can be acquired from any large lumber yard. Each such beam costs $30-$40 depending upon the cut and the quality; the entire lot probably costs about $850 including shipping to the *Gabrielle*.

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Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest Excerpts

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
1	spare rudder and rudder assembly	on deck aft	2,100	2,100
1	spare ship's propeller	on deck aft	2,700	2,700
1	raft built atop oil drums (for help unloading)	on deck aft	1,100	1,100
40	bags, quick setting cement	#4 tween	40	1,600
2	case of 48 sticks ammonia-gelatin dynamite	#4 tween	60	120
2	set, welding equipment	bosun stores	220	440
8	mallet	bosun stores	8	64
8	large hammer	bosun stores	2	16
1	wooden box, 100 no.6 non-electric blasting caps	bosun stores	10	10
6	coil (50') of time blasting fuse	bosun stores	10	60
8	large crowbar	bosun stores	4	32
12	ice scrapers	bosun stores	3	36
12	snow shovels	bosun stores	3	36
12	stiff brooms for sweeping ice off ship	bosun stores	2	24
4	ice anchors (really big hooks)	bosun stores	180	720

CUT HERE

Keeper's Notes

The following things are wrong on this list:

- The forty bags of quick-setting cement are missing. They have never been ordered, but a full search of the warehouse is required to confirm this. The invoice number given on Moore's list is in fact for the ship's spare rudder assembly. Bags of cement can be purchased from any construction supply firm for about $0.50 each.
- The several cases of ammonia-gelatin dynamite have not arrived. They were ordered and paid for from Giordano's construction supply firm in Newark. If the investigators look into this they find that the explosives have not been delivered because of a New Jersey law that requires all purchasers of large quantities of explosives to be licensed. Giordano's has sent several letters to Starkweather advising him of this, but he has not responded (and is not aware of the problem.) Resolving the issue requires a visit to Newark, a session or two with the New Jersey state police, and a five dollar licensing fee.
- The box of blasting caps, also ordered from Giordano's, has also been held up, and for the same reason. Examination of the caps when they do arrive shows them to be a different sort from those on Moore's list. These are electrically-fired caps, not non-electric ones. They should be replaced by no. 6 fused caps, at a cost of about $20.
- It should come as no surprise by now that the coils of time blasting fuse are not present in the warehouse. These, however, were shipped by Giordano's long ago to the expedition's dock and were duly signed for by the guard there. Now they are gone, vanished without a trace. Replacing the coils costs about $30. The whereabouts of the originals remains a mystery. (Actually the fuses have been stolen by Henning, Danforth's paid saboteur, who has hidden them aboard the ship.)
- The crate of 12 shovels listed on Moore's manifest is present in the warehouse. A successful **Idea roll,** however, causes the investigator to notice that it is much larger than it probably ought to be. Inspection reveals that the crate contains 72 snow shovels, not 12, probably due to someone's imprecise handwriting. These have all been bought and paid for.

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Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest Excerpts

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
30	crate, w. 30 1/2# cans sardines	#3 tween	20	600
4	box, w. 8 cans 4 oz. pepper	#3 tween	2	8
2	box, w. 8 jars 6 oz. mustard	#3 tween	3	6
2	box, w. 8 jars 2 oz. tabasco sauce	#3 tween	1	2
4	crate, w. 40 jars 8 oz. marmalade	#3 tween	25	100
1	box, w. 8 bottles 3 oz. worcestershire sauce	#3 tween	2	2
4	box, w. 80 boxes 4 oz. raisins	#3 tween	22	88
3	crate, w. 150 jars 8 oz. orange syrup	#3 tween	75	225
3	crate, w. 150 jars 8 oz. grape syrup	#3 tween	75	225
16	box, w. 9 boxes, ea. w. 4 slabs 1# chocolate	#3 tween	40	640
48	crate, w. 12 box, ea. 6 12 oz wheat&oat biscuit	#3 tween	60	2,880
4	box, w. 20 boxes of 1/2# cubed sugar	#3 tween	12	48
4	box, w. 27 boxes of 4 oz. w. bouillon cubes	#3 tween	8	32
10	sack, 10# sugar	#3 tween	10	100
8	bag, 12# all-purpose flour	#3 tween	12	96
4	can, 2# baking powder	#3 tween	2	8
4	box, 1# baking soda	#3 tween	1	4
1	box, w. 12 drums 2# salt	#3 tween	25	25
5	crate, w. 12 boxes of 4# oatmeal	#3 tween	50	250

CUT HERE

Keeper's Notes

Several items on this list were mis-ordered, and must be purchased anew if they are to be brought along:

- Thirty small crates of sardines listed on the manifest each contain several large cans of sardine *oil.*
- Four boxes of pepper are actually four two-pound boxes of dried red peppers.
- Four crates supposedly containing jars of marmalade are actually four crates of small canning jars, with wax and sealable lids, ready to use but without anything in them.

Other missing items have never been ordered:

- Eight twelve-pound bags of flour.
- Four eight-pound boxes of bouillon cubes.

The following items were ordered but have gone astray and must be hunted down:

- One box containing eight 3-oz. jars of worcestershire sauce. (These have actually been brought aboard the *Gabrielle* for the crew's use, but the investigators will probably never know.)
- Four boxes of sugar cubes. These were delivered from a local grocery but cannot now be found. (These were accidentally taken aboard another ship and are now far out to sea.)

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Starkweather-Moore Expedition
Equipment Manifest Excerpts

no.	description	stored in	lbs. ea.	total
4	canvas plane covers, 38' on a side	on planes	150	600
6	heating hoods for engines	on planes	10	60
2	case, with movie camera, tripods and film	deckhouse	130	260
2	guitar	deckhouse	n/a	n/a
2	harmonica	deckhouse	n/a	n/a
3	still camera set - camera, lenses, triped, film, 50 flashbulbs, IR filters	deckhouse	25	75
1	case biology, zoology, and botany instruments - microscopes, slides	deckhouse	25	25
1	straitjacket	doc's cabin	5	5
3	pairs handcuffs	doc's cabin	n/a	n/a
1	case of 24 bottles various "medicinal" liquor	doc's cabin	30	30
1	medicine chest with surgical and drug supplies	doc's cabin	28	28
1	doctor's medical bag, for use on trail - includes injectable morphine	doc's cabin	12	12
1	box, tobacco and cigarettes	SME office	8	8
1	case, with typewriter, paper and carbon paper	SME office	35	35
1	crate var. navigational instruments and charts	SME office	50	50
12	binoculars, 7x50mm	SME office	2	24
1	case astronomy instruments and notebook - Geiger-Muller counter for cosmic ray studies - quartz spectrographs to study sun and sky spectra	SME office	26	26
4	case meteorology instruments and texts	SME office	13	52
2	chest paleontology equipment - reference works, wire brushes, small 'dental' tools, charting equipment	SME office	10	20
6	chest, geology-cartography tools - stakes, survey theodolite on aluminum triped, rock hammers, sample bags, drafting tools	SME office	40	240
2	chest, geophysics set - precision compass and magnetometer	SME office	12	24
2	chest, chemistry sampling and test equipment - test tubes, beakers & other glassware, bunsen burners, test chemicals, tongs, stoppers, thermometers, reference works	SME office	10	20
4	crate, 6 caustic soda canisters	besun stores	25	100

CUT HERE

KEEPER'S NOTES

The following things are wrong on this list:

- The box for the harmonicas has been broken into and both instruments are gone. This is obvious vandalism. If desired, the harmonicas must be replaced, at a cost of about $8.
- The case containing astronomy instruments and Geiger counters is missing. This case is actually in the luggage room at the Amherst Hotel; investigators will not know this unless they check with Moore, who is aware of its location.
- The crate containing the caustic soda was delivered to the warehouse but is now missing. No trace of it can be found; if caustic soda is desired it must be purchased from a laboratory supply house for about $9. (The original crate was stolen by the saboteur, Henning, and hidden aboard ship.)

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By no means is this index a complete list of references in this book. However, it is a listing of all the important references for the items included, with the most vital pages highlighted in bold. When looking up Characters, also see the "Individual Bios and Stats" listing on pages 381-382.

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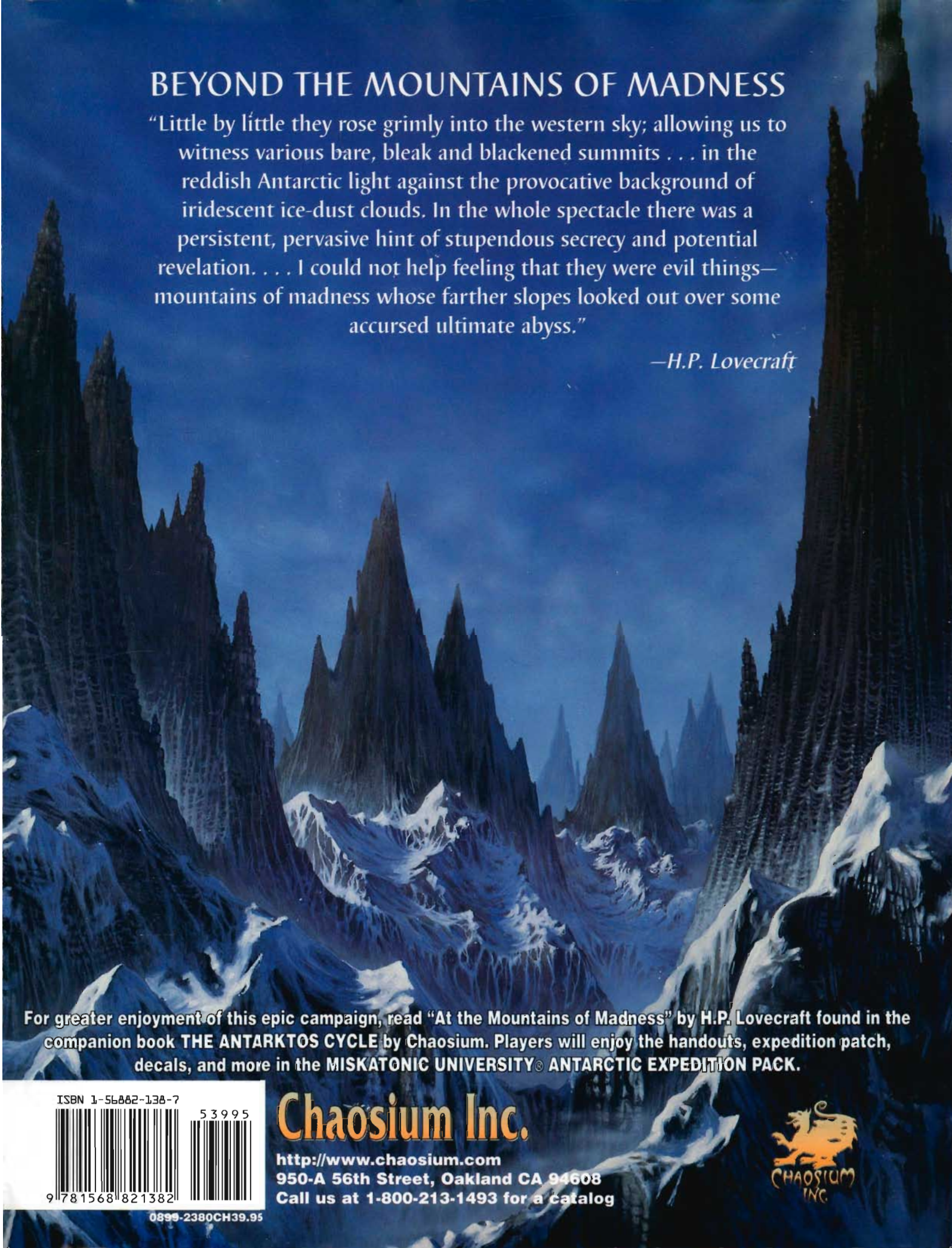
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