

CTHULHU

Companion

Ghastly Adventures & Erudite Lore

by permission of Arkham House

CALL OF
CTHULHU
ADVENTURE

CHODAK, CONRAD, CRANDALL, DAY, HAMBLIN,
HERBER, MARRINAN, PETERSEN, PETTIGREW, RAHMAN,
J. SULLIVAN, T. SULLIVAN, TIERNEY, WILLS





The *Cthulhu Companion* is a collection of new Cthulhu mythos lore, scenarios, and rules additions to the game. From this volume the Investigators gain two new skills and a chance to encounter prehistoric monsters, find a missing uncle, stop cattle mutilations, and solve a kidnaping. The gam prisons of four continents plus new Cthulhu mythos deities, races, and monsters help the Keeper propel the Investigators to madness. Player-characters who reel from new phobias and insanity types.

**Ghastly
Adventures
& Erudite Lore**

CTHULHU

Companion

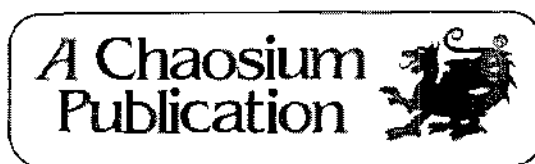
Ghastly Adventures & Erudite Lore

Yurek Chodak
Morgan Conrad
Alan K. Crandall
Gene Day
William Hamblin
Keith Herber
Chris Marrinan
Sandy Petersen
Mark Pettigrew
Glenn Rahman
John Sullivan
Tom Sullivan
Richard L. Tierney
Lynn Willis

... and reprinted material by ...

J. Ramsey Campbell
Joan Carruth
Lisa A. Free
Frank Belknap Long
Howard Phillips Lovecraft
William Lumley
Larry Press
Clark Ashton Smith

This work is dedicated to:
Montague Rhodes James
author of some of the finest
ghost stories of the 20th century.



CTHULHU COMPANION is copyright © 1983 by Chaosium Inc. All rights are reserved. The names of persons actually living have been used referentially in a few places, but any resemblance of a text character to persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

Material excerpted on page 26 comes from H. P. Lovecraft's *THE DUNWICH HORROR* © 1963 August Derleth; and H. P. Lovecraft's *THE FESTIVAL* © 1965 August Derleth. Material excerpted on pages 27 and 28 comes from J. Ramsey Campbell's *COLD PRINT* © 1969 August Derleth; William Lumley's and H. P. Lovecraft's *THE DIARY OF ALONZO TYPER* © 1970 August Derleth; H. P. Lovecraft's *THE WHISPERER IN DARKNESS* © 1963 August Derleth and Donald Wandrei; Frank Belknap Long's *HOUNDS OF TINDALOS* © 1946 Frank Belknap Long; Clark Ashton Smith's *THE RETURN OF THE SORCERER* © 1931 Clayton Magazines Inc.; Clark Ashton Smith's *THE NAMELESS OFFSPRING* © 1932 Clayton Magazines Inc.

H. P. Lovecraft's *HALLOWE'EN IN A SUBURB*, *THE NIGHTMARE LAKE*, *YULE HORROR*, *THE OUTPOST*, © 1963 August Derleth, are used by permission of Arkham House.

Joan Carruth's and Larry Press' *THE LAIR OF GREAT CTHULHU* © 1980 Pentalpha Journal, is used with permission.

This product is best used with the role-playing game *CALL OF CTHULHU*, available separately. For a free catalog of all our games and supplements, write to Chaosium Inc., Box 6302 - CC, Albany CA 94706-0302.

Contents

Introduction	4
The Cthulhu Mythos in Mesoamerican Religion (by Richard L. Tierney)	6
Further Notes on the Necronomicon (by William Hamblin)	10
Sourcebook Additions	14
Prisons (by Lynn Willis)	14
Two New Skills (by Keith Herber)	14
Lovecraftian Timeline (by Sandy Petersen)	17
Rulesbook Additions	18
New Phobias (by Glenn Rahman)	18
Two New Types of Insanity (by Sandy Petersen)	19
Additional Deities, Races, and Monsters for the Cthulhu Mythos	20
Abhoth, Atlach-Nacha, Cvaegha, Zhar, Zhoth-Ommog (by Alan K. Crandall)	
Ghosts, Gnoph Keh, Gugs, Moon Beasts (by Sandy Petersen)	
Lloigor, Ghatanothoa (by Glenn Rahman)	
Excerpts and Prayers (by H. P. Lovecraft, J. Ramsey Campbell, Frank Belknap Long, Clark Ashton Smith)	26
Paper Chase (by John Sullivan)	28
The Mystery of Loch Feinn (by Glenn Rahman)	31
The Rescue (by Lynn Willis)	38
The Secret of Castronegro (by Mark Pettigrew & Sandy Petersen)	46
Poetry (by H. P. Lovecraft)	59
The Lair of Great Cthulhu (by Joan Carruth and Larry Press)	61
Sanity Quiz (by Morgan Conrad)	62

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Coordination, Editing, Production, Plans
Yurek Chodak

Additional Editing, Typesetting
Sandy Petersen

Consulting, Copy Reading
Lynn Willis

Cover Painting, Interior Illustrations
Chris Marrinan

Additional Illustrations
Gene Day (page 5)
Tom Sullivan (page 40)
Lisa A. Free (page 63)

Howard
Phillips
Lovecraft
1890 - 1937



Introduction

ABOUT THIS BOOK

This book is composed of submissions to *Different Worlds* magazine and other Cthulhoid Chaosium projects. The *Different Worlds* readers' enthusiasm for the Cthulhu Mythos resulted in many excellent submissions, some of which appear, with permission, within these pages.

The contents of this supplement are quite varied. The first two entries "The Cthulhu Mythos in Mesoamerican Religion" and "Further notes on the Necronomicon" are essays on the Cthulhu Mythos. These are followed by Sourcebook and Rulesbook additions. Next are "Paper Chase", "The Mystery of Loch Feinn", "The Rescue," and "The Secret of Castronegro," four scenarios of varying length. Also included are "Excerpts and Prayers," examples of H. P. Lovecraft's poetry, and a "Sanity Quiz."

Yurek Chodak

SECOND EDITION CHANGES

The second edition of *Call of Cthulhu* contains several refinements and improvements over the original. No major rules are being altered, and scenarios devised for use with the original version will still be easily used with the second version, and the reverse is also true. However, there are a few changes in this second edition that may be useful or interesting to know for a first edition holder. These changes have all been adopted in this *Companion*.

Rolling a Character: SIZ and INT are now rolled on 2D6+6. STR, CON, POW, and DEX are still rolled on 3D6. CHA has been replaced with the characteristic of APP, which represents the character's Appearance, his relative handsomeness or her beauty. APP is rolled on 3D6. EDU is still rolled on 3D6+3. The initial Dodge roll is equal to DEX x 2, instead of DEX x 5. Hit Points are always the average of CON and SIZ.

When determining a character's skills, use the system in the Rulesbook rather than that in the Sourcebook. In addition to receiving EDUx10 percentage points in skills related to one's occupation and INTx5 points in any skills desired, a character receives some more percentage points to allot.

In initial creation, he may divide up points equal to his INTx3 among his Knowledge skills. He may divide points

equal to his POWx3 among his Perception skills. He may divide up points equal to his DEXx3 among Manipulation skills. His APPx3 as points is divided up among his Communication skills. His STRx3 is divided up among his Agility skills. And a score equal to (21 minus his SIZ) times 3 is divided up among his Stealth skills — thus, smaller characters get a better bonus here.

Skills: The skill of Photography has been added to the Knowledge skills. Successful use of this skill allows one to take clear pictures and develop them properly. The skill of Move Quietly has been renamed Sneak. It is still used in the same manner.

Magic Points: A new secondary characteristic has been added — Magic Points. A character's Magic Points are equal to one's POW. When spells are cast, Magic Points are expended when casting spells, and regenerate back once used at the rate of POW points per day. Thus a character with a POW of 12 would regenerate 12 Magic Points per day. Magic Points never regenerate past a character's POW maximum. In our example, once the character's Magic Points had reached 12, they would not increase any higher through natural regeneration. A character could theoretically gain more Magic Points than he had POW, but these would also not regenerate if spent.

When spells are cast, normally Magic Points are used. A few spells require the usage of "permanent POW." In the second edition of *Call of Cthulhu*, this means that POW itself (the characteristic) is used. POW does not regenerate. In spell contests, Magic Points are matched against Magic Points on the resistance table to determine success.

This ruling means that a character's POW will generally always stay the same, say, at 14, but that his Magic Points may vary anywhere between 0 and 14. Reduction of Magic Points to 0 does not kill an individual — it just makes him very vulnerable to magical attack.

Learning Spells: There is a new system for spell learning. In this, one simply studies a book for 1D6 months, then attempts to roll his INT times the book's spell multiplier or less on 1D100. Success means that he has learned a spell. Failure means he has not. He may try again and again, until he has grown hoary with age or has learned all the spells from a particular book.

Sandy Petersen



The Cthulhu Mythos in Mesoamerican Religion

Horrifying aspects of Mesoamerican religion are clearly due to the presence of alien beings from the Cthulhu mythos.

Introduction

Old Ones — monstrous beings possessing superhuman powers and intelligence — once ruled this world. For one reason or another they are not in evidence now, having lapsed into dormancy beneath the oceans, or the earth, or having (temporarily) returned to the vast depths of space whence they came. Their presence so impressed man that many religions are founded on their memory — a vague and distorted memory to be sure, for none can contemplate these beings in their full unearthly horror. Man even deludes himself into believing in their goodness and willingness to help him, and some go so far as to hope and work for their return. In this hope, they will not be disappointed but, as the most deeply initiated know, on that day they will wish they had been.

Those few possessing the requisite esoteric knowledge can spot these influences in religion and mythology, tracing them back to their dark sources. One striking correlation between human beliefs and the mythos is that pertaining to the Amerind cultures of Mesoamerica: Mayan, Toltec, Aztec, Olmec, Zapotec, and other civilizations that once flourished in Yucatan, Guatemala, and south-central Mexico.

Mythos-Derived Religions in Mesoamerica

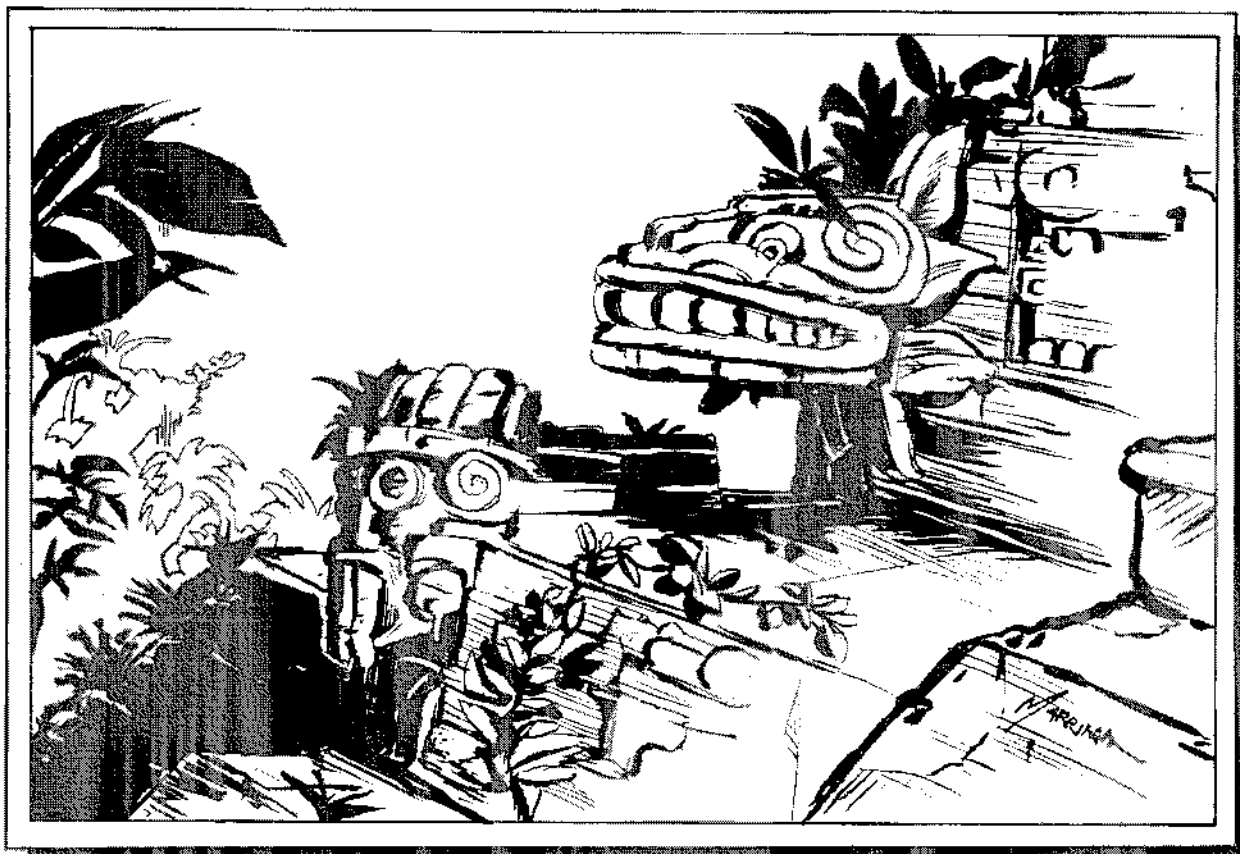
In "The Mound," a novella ostensibly by Zealia Bishop, but largely authored by Lovecraft, many such references come alive. Here we learn that the human inhabitants of the blue-lit cavern world of K'n-Yan, located beneath southwestern Oklahoma, once worshiped Yig and Cthulhu as deities whose images always shared a common temple. Yig is definitely equated with the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl, while Cthulhu's name was shortened to "Tulu," presumably for the convenience of human vocal organs. The civilization of K'n-Yan, anciently connected with other prehistoric races, influenced later cultures such as the Mayans, Toltecs, and Aztecs through infrequent contacts. Connected to K'n-Yan were two deeper and more sinister cavern-worlds — the "red-litten Yoth" and "black, lightless N'Kai" — the latter inhabited by the formless toad-thing Tsathoggua and the worse-than-formless things that worshipped him.

Yig and Cthulhu

As in K'n-Yan, Yig and Cthulhu were worshiped all over Mesoamerica, usually under the names of Quetzalcoatl and Tlaloc. There was not a single culture which did not recognize both at the time of the Spanish conquest and, among long-vanished prehispanic cultures, only the shadowy Olmecs seem to have had no knowledge of these gods. The coastal Mayans actually appear to have once had contact with Cthulhu's very minions, even as had the inhabitants of Innsmouth, Massachusetts. Cthulhu, whom they called "Chac," was said to live at Chichen Itza within the sacred well or *cenote* — a pit about 65 yards in diameter filled with murky water. Yucatan is dotted with such cenotes, formed by the collapse of cavern roofs; water-filled and connected with underground rivers that wind through miles of porous limestone caves to the sea. They are perfect lairs for minions of Cthulhu or other grim shapes.

Striking evidence of Cthulhu-worship at Chichen Itza are the stone faces of the god Chac adorning the oldest buildings. It is always carved with a long, curling proboscis resembling a tentacle with suction discs. At Uxmal, a ruined Mayan city about 50 miles south of Merida, the carved Chac faces are even more striking. Here the coiling proboscis is prominently decorated with discs in low relief, each with a dot in the center, closely resembling suction pads. The steepest, most impressive pyramid there, known to modern Mayans as the House of the Sorcerer, is so richly adorned with these eerie faces that it was no doubt a temple to Cthulhu himself.

No records exist as to this temple's former use, but legend states that it was erected by a magician in a single day — a magician who was hatched from an egg and had the shape of a dwarf. Could he have been one of the hunched, batrachian Deep Ones, the vaguely humanoid minions of Cthulhu? Legends maintain that this individual, whatever his source, overthrew Uxmal's king and ruled the city by means of sorcery, possibly thereby enabling the Deep Ones to mingle freely with the population during his reign. The backward-sloping forehead so beloved of the ancient Mayans may have had the same significance as the bulging fish-like eyes of the dwellers of Innsmouth centuries later. After the Deep Ones left or were expelled, and their blood was depleted in subsequent generations,



The stone head images of Tlaloc and Quetzalcoatl from a Teotihuacan pyramid.

the batrachian slope of the forehead was still considered a mark of distinction, and was often induced in infants by binding a board to their heads.

Kabah, a Mayan ruin twelve miles south of Uxmal, contains a remarkable building whose entire front is made up of the stylized Chac faces with their coiling proboscis and round expressionless eyes. Perhaps early inhuman priests of Cthulhu dwelt in this weird edifice.

Most such Chac/Cthulhu carvings are on buildings of Old Mayan style. Later structures, erected by the conquering Toltecs, are instead adorned with many serpent-motifs. Evidently the Toltecs subordinated the worship of Cthulhu to that of their own primary god Kukulcan, prototype of the Aztec Quetzalcoatl. He was known to the Mayans as *Ik*, a word which is for practical purposes identical to Yig.

Yig was as widely worshiped in Mexico as Cthulhu, often together with the latter as in K'n-yan. At the huge ancient site of Teotihuacan, known even to the Aztecs only as a legend-haunted ruin, the stone heads of both entities alternate along the sides of one pyramid. Here the stylized face of Cthulhu — known in this central Mexican region as *Tlaloc* — still possesses a scaly, squidlike aspect, with its round expressionless eyes and a jutting proboscis covered with what might be suction pads, though these features are not as pronounced as those on the Chac-masks of Yucatan. Either the Teotihuacanos had no direct contact with Cthulhu but had received vivid accounts of them from coastal cultures, or else they preserved only an ancient memory of such contact. Vaillant (*The Aztecs of*

Mexico, Penguin, p. 58) says that the ancient name of this pyramid was "Temple of the Frog" and suggests that this fact "may have arisen from the symbolic association of frogs with Tlaloc ...". The importance of frogs in the Cthulhu mythos is well-known. Also, many of Cthulhu's minions can charitably be described as frog like.

Yig, of course, is represented by the usual serpent heads. This deity's close association with Cthulhu on the same pyramid suggests an early cultural link between central Mexico and subterranean K'n-yan. Indeed, the Aztecs and some other Mexican nations (and even the distant Incas) claimed to have come originally *from caverns in the north*. This can not be coincidental.

After Teotihuacan, the great Toltec city of Tula became the dominant influence in central Mexico. It was dedicated largely to Yig, though other gods were also worshiped there. In the museum at Tula may be seen a large stone brazier carved to represent Tlaloc, the rain god. This representation of Cthulhu, though retaining the round expressionless eyes, is more manlike than those of the Mayans and Teotihuacanos; its nose, grotesquely long and pliant, is yet definitely human. Still, vestiges of feelers or tentacles remain at the four corners of the wide gaping mouth.

The name "Tula" is said to derive from the Nahuatl words *tollan xicocotitlan*, or "place of the crooked hill"; but, considering that Cthulhu was named "Tulu" by the denizens of K'n-yan, we might well ascribe a darker origin to the name. On the other hand, the highest mountaintop of fabled R'lyeh, covered with non-Euclidean structures

and holding Cthulhu himself in a distorted tomb at its apex, could well be described as a "crooked hill!"

Thus, in spite of being out of touch with the sea, the civilizations of the central Mexican plateau clung tenaciously to the worship of Cthulhu. As Tlaloc the rain god, he remained one of their main deities, and despite ever-increasing anthropomorphism his images never completely lost the great round eyes nor the long proboscis. Both he and Yig were worshiped, as befitted them, with numerous and bloody human sacrifices, tens of thousands of victims staining red their altars at certain times "when the stars were right."

The Mythos and the Aztecs

This brings us to the Aztecs. What part did dread Cthulhu play in their religion?

Francis T. Laney, in his sometimes helpful article "The Cthulhu Mythology: A Glossary" (Arkham House, 1943) states: "As *Huitzilopochtli*, Cthulhu was worshiped as the water-god of the *Quichua-Ayars* in pre-Spanish Peru." With due respect to Mr. Laney, he is completely in error. The Quechuas were indeed inhabitants of Peru, but *Huitzilopochtli* was an Aztec god. Mr. Laney has put him on the wrong continent. Possibly he is merely repeating someone else's error, but unfortunately he fails to mention his source. The nearest thing I can find to it is a line from Derleth (*The Trail of Cthulhu*, 1962, p. 37) which is attributed to a Dr. Laban Shrewsbury, suggesting a parallel between "The Devourer, the War-God of the Quechua-Ayars, and Cthulhu of the mythos." This is closer, since *Huitzilopochtli* was a war-god and had nothing to do with water; but better still, Dr. Shrewsbury had the sense to keep from mentioning the Aztec deity in connection with Quechua Indians altogether. Laney's mistake, I notice, is repeated in Lin Carter's usually commendable article "The Gods" (*The Shuttered Room*, Arkham House 1959).

Ironically, Mr. Laney has missed the location of Cthulhu by only a few feet. The pyramid of *Huitzilopochtli* in the Aztec capital of Tenochtitlan was a double one, being surmounted also by the temple of Tlaloc, so that the two sanguinary deities were not only next door neighbors, but might be said to have shared the same duplex. Tlaloc, as we have seen, was the Nahuatl name for Great Cthulhu.

Who, then, was *Huitzilopochtli*? The Aztecs claimed him as their patron god and elevated him in worship even above Yig and Cthulhu. He seems to have been unknown to other Mesoamerican cultures. The conquistador Bernal Diaz (*The Bernal Diaz Chronicles*, Doubleday, p. 169) describes him as humanoid in a hideous (and probably symbolic) way, possessing a "very broad face with monstrous, horrible eyes." Victor von Hagen (*The Aztecs: Man and Tribe*, 1958) says the Aztecs found *Huitzilopochtli* in a cave before he led them to power. At first glance he seems to have no relationship to the primal Mythos.

The problem can be solved in a roundabout way. Dr. Eusebio Dávalos (*Official Guide to the Museo Nacional de Antropología*, Mexico City, 1956) states that *Huitzilopochtli* "was perhaps initially connected with another very important god, *Tezcatlipoca*, the 'Smoking Mirror'." "Tezcatlipoca," he continues, "was a sinister deity, related to the jaguar and associated with night, sorcery and evil-doing." This brings to mind the Dark Demon — Nyarl-

athotep, Master of Evil. Prescott (*Conquest of Mexico*, Modern Library, p. 335) describes him as "next in honor to that invisible Being, the Supreme God who was represented by no image and confined to no temple." This invisible god, of course, is *Azathoth*, Lord of All Things, shudderingly acknowledged by many cultures in some way, and whose reality was too horrible to contemplate or directly worship, and whom the Aztecs called *Tolque Nahuaque*, "He By Whom All Live." All this suggests that Tezcatlipoca, who is so closely related to the Supreme God, is none other than dark, sinister Nyarlathotep, who is in fact the messenger of the daemon-sultan Azathoth himself, and deals most with mankind.

Tezcatlipoca's title "Smoking Mirror" strongly suggests Nyarlathotep's thousand forms as well as his propensity of granting dread knowledge and visions to his servants. The association of Tezcatlipoca with "night, sorcery and evil-doing" hardly needs comment. Prescott states: "He was represented as a young man, and his image [was] of polished black stone." One of Nyarlathotep's many forms, and one which is commonly used, is that of "a tall, lean man of dead black colouration wearing as his only garment a shapeless robe of some heavy black fabric." Aztec priests, incidentally, wore exactly such robes. It had been thought by many that Nyarlathotep's Black Man form was derived from his appearance as leader of witch-covens in Europe. However, the connection with Tezcatlipoca seems much stronger and more definite.

As Tezcatlipoca, Nyarlathotep was known to the Toltecs, Chichimecs, and Texcocans, and was the chief deity of the ancient and mysterious Olmecs. His depiction as a jaguar may tie in with the quote from Lovecraft's prophetic poem "The Fungi from Yuggoth," in which "wild beasts followed him and licked [Nyarlathotep's] hands." Also, another of Nyarlathotep's many forms is that of a faceless sphinx with vulture wings and a hyena's body, possessing great talons and claws. The Beast is strong in Nyarlathotep.

The strong connection with *Huitzilopochtli* and Tezcatlipoca suggests the possibility that *Huitzilopochtli* is but an avatar of crafty Nyarlathotep designed to appeal to the barbaric, unsophisticated nature of the early nomadic Aztecs who found him in a cave — presumably one entrance to those "grinning caverns" wherein Nyarlathotep "howls blindly in the darkness to the piping of two amorphous idiot flute-players." The Aztecs offered more human sacrifices to this entity than to any other god — not counting the possibility that they also worshiped him separately as Tezcatlipoca. It is also possible that *Huitzilopochtli* is not Nyarlathotep, but some other demonic Old One, unknown to modern man, or so disguised that this essay, which merely scratches the surface of the subject, cannot unmask it in its true form and nature.

Bernal Diaz says (p. 170) that "Tezcatlipoca was the god of hell" and that in his temple "the walls were so crusted with blood and the floor so bathed in it that in the slaughterhouses of Castile there was no such stink." Nyarlathotep's effect on society always includes moral and cultural degeneration, and in the Aztec civilization he surpassed himself. The anonymous Spanish soldier quoted in Prescott (p. 49f) who claimed that "the Devil introduced himself into the bodies of the idols, and persuaded the silly priests that his only diet was human hearts" may



Statue of the Goddess Coatlicue

have been closer to the truth than modern scholars can realize.

Diaz goes on to describe Tezcatlipoca as having "the face of a bear and glittering eyes," which may be the old Spaniard's attempt to portray Nyarlathotep in his guise as the Dark Demon, a furred horror with a hog-like snout, green eyes, and dreadful fangs and talons. Concerning Huitzilopochtli and Tezcatlipoca, Diaz continues: "they [the Indians] said that the two were brothers," which suggests that the Aztecs at the time of the conquest were vaguely aware of the homology or at least relationship of the two deities. If Huitzilopochtli is not, indeed, Nyarlathotep, perhaps it is just as well that this particular scion of the Outer Gods has faded into obscurity.

A final striking correlation: Nyarlathotep is depicted as bearing a staff of serpents, while J. Eric Thompson (*Mexico Before Cortez*, Scribner's, p. 153) describes Huitzilopochtli's terrible weapon, the "*xiuhcoatl* or fire-snake, which was shaped like a cross between a lizard and a snake."

Shub-Niggurath

To introduce the next deity I quote again from Bernal Diaz: "In the highest part of the *cu* [temple-pyramid] there was another recess ... where there was another figure, half man and half lizard ... They said that its body was filled with all the seeds there are in the world. It was the god of sowing and ripening, but I do not remember its name. Everything was covered with blood, the walls as

well as the altar, and it stank so much that we couldn't get out fast enough." According to Vaillant, this was "Xipe, the God of Seedtime." He is closely associated with Tezcatlipoca, and thus may either be another avatar of Nyarlathotep or a representation of another deity closely associated with Nyarlathotep — *Shub-Niggurath*, the fertility goddess of the Old Ones.

In the Cthulhu mythos are three beings that spawn prolifically: *Abhoth the Unclean*, who endlessly produces all manner of malformed and monstrous spawn; *Ubbo-Sathla*, who similarly spawns the grisly prototypes of earthly life — the gray formless efts of the prime; and, finally, *Shub-Niggurath*. *Abhoth* and *Ubbo-Sathla* are certainly "filled with seeds" in the sense of being grossly fecund, but neither are worshiped entities. Additionally, *Ubbo-Sathla* is merely the source of all *earthly* life, while *Abhoth* seems to produce no more than random biological abnormalities. *Shub-Niggurath*, however, symbolizes cosmic fertility. In K'n-yan, she is worshiped as a "kind of sophisticated Astarte," linking her with crops and ripening.

Shub-Niggurath is one of the most frustrating deities in the mythos. Despite being mentioned more often than any being in the pantheon, we know practically nothing about her, most of these numerous references occurring within titles or chants of adulation. Her outstanding trait seems to be her ability to spawn. We know she is hideous and has mated with "He Who is Not to be Named." Like all the Old Ones, she is doubtless invisible in her natural state, her true form only known in the shapes of those spawned upon mankind.

The Aztec deity corresponding to Shub-Niggurath is probably not Xipe, but the goddess *Coatlique*, whose horrible statue in the National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico stands eight feet high and resembles the human form only in being bipedal. Huge claws sprout from her feet; she wears a skirt of tangled snakes (originally, no doubt, appendages like those Wilbur Whateley of Dunwich so carefully concealed). In lieu of a head, massive twin serpents sprout from her neck, noses touching to form a hideous face of reptilian eyes and fangs. The statue's form is sometimes considered symbolic rather than literal, but students of the Cthulhu mythos may suspect otherwise.

Other Correlations

Cthugha is the only known fire-being in the mythos, and the Aztecs knew him as *Xiuhotecuhli*. He was also called *Huehueteotl*, the "Old God," and is often depicted as an old man. Evidently he was one of the earliest beings worshiped in Mexico. By contrast, Tezcatlipoca was considered a young god, his worship by the Aztecs being comparatively recent. This, plus the fact that *Xiuhotecuhli* "was the last to appear at the reunion [feast] of the gods" (Caso), whereas Tezcatlipoca was first, point up the well-known enmity of *Cthugha* and *Nyarlahotep*. *Cthugha*-images are known from old Totonac and Cuicuilco cultures, and even the hoary Olmecs worshiped him, which indicates that he was probably antedated in Mexico only by bloated, toadlike *Tsathoggua*.

The *Tsathoggua* cult had lost much of its significance by Aztec times, so much so that the cavern-dwelling deity had become a symbol for the earth itself. Called *Tlaltecuhli* in the Nahuatl tongue, *Tsathoggua* was "pictured as a fantastic frog whose mouth had great tusks and whose feet and hands were armed with claws" (Caso, p. 52). Vaillant (p. 179) describes it as "a male monster of horrifying aspect, partaking of the attributes of a toad and an alligator." The rapacious *Tsathoggua* is, not surprisingly, closely associated with death.

The people of K'n-yan, who worshiped Cthulhu and Yig quite openly, were appalled at *Tsathoggua*-worship, and even attempted to suppress it. And so it was in Mexi-

co, for at the time of the conquest only traces of this cult remained. But in the older cultures *Tlaltecuhli* figured more prominently. Toad images are especially frequent in Totonac sculpture, while in the Zapotec ruins of Yagul south of Oaxaca stands an idol four feet high whose greatly weathered form and face suggest those of a malignant toad. In the Mexico Valley, the churchyard of the village of Huexotla contains a squat, headless statue resembling what the *Petroleos Mexicanos* guide (*Mexico Arqueologico*, 1948) describes as "la forma de una enorme rana" ("the form of a monstrous frog"). It is perhaps best that the horrified Spaniards have hammered away the head.

Finally, we have a goddess of water, *Chalchiuhtlique*, said to be wife or sister to Tlaloc. Possibly this is the "Mother Hydra" mentioned as a goddess of the Deep Ones. It is also possible that Cthulhu's little-mentioned "daughter" Cthylla, may be referred to here, or some other sea-horror not previously known. *Chalchiuhtlique* is said to have presided over the fourth great earth-disaster "wherein a flood came, transforming men into fish" (Vaillant, p. 171). Could this be a vague recollection of the days when the Deep Ones, scions of Mother Hydra, mingled their ichthyic blood with that of the Mayans and other hapless coastal Indians?

Conclusions

So far, then, we can consider the following correlations as being reasonably well-established: Cthulhu is the Aztec Tlaloc; Yig is none other than Quetzalcoatl; Nyarlathotep is known as Tezcatlipoca; Shub-Niggurath masquerades as Coatlique; while *Cthuga* is believed to be *Xiuhotecuhli*; and *Tsathoggua* is *Tlaltecuhli*.

To this we may add the probability that Huitzilopochtli is either an avatar of Nyarlathotep or some other dread Old One and that *Chalchiuhtlique* is none other than Mother Hydra or some other sinister sea-being. Xipe could symbolize Shub Niggurath or be another of Nyarlathotep's avatars, or yet some other, unidentified being.

We have not by any means exhausted the possibilities of deity-correlation between the Cthulhu and Mexican mythologies. Still, we can feel justified in postulating a cultural link with Mexico.

Further Notes On the Necronomicon

by Phileus P. Sadowsky, PhD, DLitt, FRCS, etc.
(translated from the Bulgarian by William Hamblin)

[Translator's preface: Some of the readers may have heard of the recent tragic demise of the erudite and prodigious

student of mythology and the occult, Herr Doktor Phileus P. Sadowsky, Professor of Arabic Literature and Philo-

pseudology at the University of Sofia in Bulgaria. The great professor was burnt to death in an unexplained fire at his home in Sofia. To add to the tragedy, he had with him at home when the fire broke out the only known complete copy of the Arabic version of the *Necronomicon* available in Europe, which he had borrowed from the Magyar Tudományos Akadémia Orientalisztikai Közlönyei. In his will, he had requested that I — who had once studied with him while he was a visiting professor in the United States, and with whom I had developed a deep and lasting friendship — compile and edit his scholarly papers. This task has been made woefully simple by the fact that most of his notes and writings perished with him in the fire. However, an important collection of unedited manuscripts, representing the work of Dr. Sadowsky's concluding years, survived his death in his offices at the University of Sofia. The following is one of his unfinished papers, which, though fragmentary, is still not without interest to serious students of the Cthulhu mythos and the occult. I present here an English translation of Dr. Sadowsky's Bulgarian manuscript, with only minor modifications.

During the past few years I have been engaged in an extensive study of an important Arabic text of the *Kitab al-Azif*, better known as the *Necronomicon*, Arabic Manuscript No. 2781 of the Magyar Tudományos Akadémia Orientalisztikai Közlönyei. The importance of my discoveries to students of comparative folklore, mythology, religion, the occult, and philology makes it advisable to issue this preliminary report before my work with the manuscript is entirely complete.

The manuscript measures 21x16cm on coarse parchment which is quite decayed and wormeaten, and partially burnt on the lower right corner, as if it had been cast into a fire, but rescued before completely consumed. The text is written in a shaky hand, perhaps that of an old man, but certainly not that of a professional scribe. The type of parchment and the style of Arabic script allow the manuscript to be dated to the eighth century AD, probably from Syria or Iraq. Due to the decayed nature of the manuscript only fragments of the text can be recovered with certainty, but there is enough to allow a reconstruction of the original Arabic names of many of the Cthulhu myth-cycle deities with some philological comments on those names. The following represents some preliminary discoveries from my studies in this text.

Before many of these philological interpretations can be understood, it is important to recognize the various transitions through which the text of the *Necronomicon* passed before being translated into English in the 16th century. The original text is attributed to a certain Abd al-Azrad, whose name means "the worshiper or slave of the Great Devourer or Strangler." (Abd al-Azrad is better known in English as Abdul Alhazred.) The original Arabic text of Abd al-Azrad passed through several recensions in Arabic and was translated into Greek, from Greek into Latin, and from Latin into English. Furthermore, and this is where scholarly difficulties begin, such was the frame of this dread occultic work that there developed a large body of spurious *Necronomicon* manuscripts created by charlatans who had no connection to the authentic *Necronomicon* tradition. Some of these manuscripts have been recently published in English over the past few years, each claiming to incorporate the authentic tradition. None

of these, however, has dealt with the manuscript in the original Arabic.

There were many difficulties in translating proper names from one language to another in medieval times. Thus Arabic names often appeared in corrupt Latin forms — Ibn Rushd became Averroes, Al-Qahira became Cairo. Another related problem is that the vowels of Arabic were seldom written, only consonants appearing in the usual script. Thus to untrained foreign readers there are a large range of possible pronunciations of the same word. Likewise different regional dialects pronounced the same sounds differently. Thus one should expect to find strange transformations when names are transmitted from one language to another. This is certainly true of the names of the entities connected with the Cthulhu tradition as they appear in various editions of the *Necronomicon*.

Azathoth

Latin = Azathoth

Greek = Ἄζαθόθ = Azathoth

Arabic = عَزْ طُحُوتِي = 'Izzu Tahuti

Azathoth, the Daemon Sultan, is the ruler of the Other Gods according to authentic Cthulhu mythology. His name is apparently a compound of two different particles. "Aza" and "Thoth." Thoth is clearly related to the name of the ancient Egyptian deity Tahuti, whose name is mispronounced in Greek as Thoth. Aza is a slight verbal corruption of the Arabic word 'Izzu, meaning "power, might, or strength." The name written in Arabic would thus be 'Izzu Tahuti, meaning "Power of Thoth." Apparently Theodorus Philetas, when translating this name into Greek about 950 AD, translated the name Tahuti into its more familiar Greek form of Thoth, thus rendering the name in Greek as Azathoth, by which the deity became known in Latin and English. As will be mentioned below, Thoth or Tahuti is a code-name used by Cthulhu-oriented philosophers to refer to Nyarlathotep, the Cthulhu mythos entity most worshiped in ancient Egypt. Thus, the name Azathoth in both translation and interpretation means "Power of Nyarlathotep" referring to the fact that Nyarlathotep fulfills all the commands of Azathoth, making him Azathoth's Power or Agent; i.e., the power behind Nyarlathotep was Azathoth.

Cthonians

Latin = cthonius

Greek = Χθονίος = Xthonios

Arabic = الْغَارِيُون = al-Ghariyun

The word Cthonian is a direct Latinization of the Greek word Xthonios, meaning "dweller under the earth," which is exactly what the Cthonians are, according to Cthulhu mythos doctrine. The original Arabic name for this race, according to the Arabic *Necronomicon*, is "al-Ghariyun" meaning literally "those of the cave," the singular being "Ghari," meaning "of a cave."

The spot at which the cthonian race has most been claimed to emerge is the site of "G'harne" in north Africa. The similarities between the city name G'harne and the Arabic al-Ghariyun are so vast as to need no comment.



Professor Phileus P. Sadowsky

Cthulhu

Latin = Cthulhu

Greek = $\chi\theta\upsilon\lambda\upsilon$ = Xthulu

Arabic = خذول = Khadhulu, or
 الخذول = al-Khadhulu

The name Cthulhu is an attempt to transliterate into Greek a difficult Arabic word which appears frequently in the Arabic *Necronomicon*. The Greek form is Cthulhu. Although this is a difficult phrase in English, Latin, or Greek, it makes perfect sense in the original Arabic. Cthulhu is sometimes called Khadhulu in the Arabic *Necronomicon*. The word Khadhulu in Arabic means "abandoner or forsaker." The term is used thus in the Koran 25:29 by Muhammed the Prophet, where it states, "For Mankind Satan [Arabic = Shaytan] is Khadhulu." This has traditionally been taken by Muslim commentators on the Koran to mean that "Satan is a forsaker of mankind" meaning that on Judgment Day Satan will forsake those who followed him in this life. However, as the term "khadhulu" is used extensively in the Arabic *Necronomicon* to refer to a powerful deity, and is translated by Theodorus as Xthulu and by Olaus in Latin as Cthulhu, it is probably best to translate this verse from the Koran as "For Mankind Satan is Cthulhu," thus identifying the deity Cthulhu (or Khadhulu), worshiped by a cult of pagan Arabs before Muhammed, as Satan of the Islam Judeo-Christian tradition. It appears that the center for

Cthulhu worship in pre-Islamic Arabia was the famous Nameless City, also known as the City of Brass or "Many columned Irem" in Arabic "Iram dhat al-Imad."

On the other hand, there are reports of small tribes in various isolated locales (such as Greenland) who refer to this pre-Christian deity as "Cthulhu" or a near-equivalent of that name, despite the improbability of their having had any contact with the Koran or the Wormius version of the *Necronomicon*. Perhaps Cthulhu or a similar term is in reality the "true" name of this entity, and the similarity of the Arabic word "khadhulu" led Cthulhu's Arab worshipers to refer to their deity by their own word.

Dark Young of Shub-Niggurath

Latin = juvenis nigrityae

Arabic = الشباب المظلمون
 = Ash-Shubab al Muthlammun

This name has undergone a great deal of corruption in its transmission from Arabic into Greek, Latin, and English, and is in reality a composite of various epithets from those languages. Part of the problem comes from the fact that the name Shub-Niggurath, commonly taken to refer to the "Mother" of the Dark Young, may in actuality perhaps be the title of the Dark Young themselves; their mother being known more accurately as "The Black Goat of the Woods With a Thousand Young." The name is best understood by breaking it down into composite phrases. Shub is probably more correctly written in

Arabic as shabb, meaning "youth" or "a young man." This word could clearly have reference to the "Young" of the Dark Young. Niggarath is apparently a corruption of the Latin "nigritia" meaning "blackness." Thus, Shub-Niggarath would seem to be a word combining Arabic and Latin, and meaning "A Young One of Blackness," or in other words, one of the Dark Young. The original Arabic term used by Abd al-Azrad for these entities is in the singular "Ash-Shabb al-Muthlim" = The Dark Young One. In the plural form it is "Ash-Shabab al-Muthlimun" = The Dark Young Ones. Unfortunately the portion of the Greek *Necronomicon* which discusses these matters is damaged by water, mold, and worms, and is illegible. Part of the difficulty here could be resolved if we knew exactly how Theodorus translated the Arabic phrase into Greek, but at present this is unknown.

How did this barbarous compound word of Latin and Arabic arise? When the Roman Empire fell, the Classical Latin language began to be corrupted into numerous dialects, the ancestors of modern French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Romanian, and Romansch. Quite a number of these corrupt Latin dialects developed in medieval Italy. (Modern Italian is a descendant only of the Florentine dialect. There are many other dialects spoken in Italy.) The original Latin phrase for the Dark Young, "juvenis nigritiae" meaning literally "a young creature of blackness" also went through this period of linguistic corruption. It would seem that the Dark Young were worshiped by decadent fertility cults in medieval Italy and the Dark Young were referred to by these cultists as "juvenis nigritiae." When the Muslims conquered Sicily in the ninth century, their language and culture was spread throughout that island. Sicily was evidently a stronghold of worship of the Dark Young, and the Arab immigrants were caught up into this religion. The Arabs corrupted the Latin phrase juvenis nigritiae, translating juvenis into Arabic as shabb, while corrupting the pronunciation of Latin nigritiae into niggarath. When Olaus translated the *Necronomicon* into Latin in 1228, he was apparently familiar with the decadent Sicilian cult of Dark Young worshipers and translated the Greek phrase referring to them as Shub-Niggarath, a phrase by which the cult would possibly be known to a few Italian scholars and churchmen. This phrase passed from Olaus' Latin version into English.

What would be the Arabic name of the creature (probably mistakenly) known in Cthulhu mythology as Shub-Niggarath? In the Arabic *Kitab al-Azif*, the phrase "Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young" occurs alternatively as "Al-Ma'iza as-Sauda al-Ghabati" = The Black Goat of the Woods"; "Umm al-Aif Al-Muthlimun" = "The Mother of the Thousand Dark Things"; or finally, "Umm ash-Shabab al-Aif" = "The Mother of the Thousand Young Ones."

Ghouls

Arabic =  = Ghul

The Ghouls mentioned in the *Necronomicon* are directly related to that mythical creature of Arabic legends, the ghul. According to Arabic sources, the ghul has a human form, but a canine or monstrous appearance. They haunt tombs and graveyards, feasting on the corpses therein, and attempting to lure away bypassers. This clearly cor-

responds to the various descriptions of ghouls found in Cthulhu mythos literature.

Nyarlatheotep

Latin = Nyarlat Hotep

Greek = Νιαρλατ 'Οτεπ = Niarlat Hotep

Arabic =  = Niyharlat Hotep

Egyptian =  = Ny har rut hotep

Nyarlatheotep is the only name in the Cthulhu mythos which can presently be definitely traced back to ancient Egyptian antecedents. The name is a contraction of the following phrase: Ny har rut hotep, meaning "There is no peace (safety, rest) at the gate." The significance of this title is apparently that Nyarlatheotep, in his role as messenger of the Other Gods, is the "gateway" between the planes, and specifically between their dimensions and ours, or at least this is how the ancient Egyptian cultists viewed the matter. These ancient Egyptian Cthulhu cultists used the name of the Egyptian god Tahuti (or Thoth) as an alternative name for Nyarlatheotep, as both Thoth and Nyarlatheotep served similar functions in their respective functions.

The key to the corruption of the word is that in New Egyptian the letter for "r", signified by a couching lion glyph, also doubled for the Greek sound "r". Thus the "r" in the name Cleopatra is written by a couching lion glyph. When Abd al-Azrad (or whoever transliterated the Egyptian into Arabic) read the word Ny har rut hotep, he mistakenly read the "r" in "rut" as an "l" and the phrase became in Arabic Niyharlat Hotep. Now in Greek, the letter "H" can only appear at the beginning of a word. Thus, Theodorus could not transliterate the "h" in Niyharlat, which became in Greek "Niarlat." Olaus continued the corruption by changing the "l" to the homophonous "y", and English translators finished the process by combining the entire phrase into a single word.

Shudde M'ell

Arabic =  = Al-Mu'ell

Shudde M'ell, the ruler of the Cthonians, is in the Arabic *Necronomicon* written as Al-Mu'ell (or Al-Mu'ill), meaning "The Causer of Destruction." The destruction referred to here is doubtless the cthonian power to cause massive earthquakes. The word Shudde is almost certainly a corruption of the Arabic Shidda, meaning "violence." Thus, Shudde M'ell (or possibly more correctly, Shidda al-Mu'ell) properly refers only to the earthquakes caused by this deity and his minions the cthonians; that is to say, earthquakes are the violence "shidda" caused by al-Mu'ell, "The Causer of Destruction." At some point in the transmission of the name of this entity someone, probably Olaus, mistook the entire phrase, Shidda al-Mu'ell, for the name of the deity, which is only al-Mu'ell.

FUTURE TRANSLATIONS

Work is proceeding to translate the remaining material left by Phileas P. Sadowsky. The professor was under a lot of stress when working on the unusual manuscripts, judging from the disarrayed state of the surviving notes.

Sourcebook Additions

Five different prison descriptions including penal theory used and routine prison functions. Also included are two new skills and a Lovecraftian timeline.

PRISONS

Intrepid investigators often run afoul of the law, for the law is built to adjudicate routine human conduct, not extraordinary inhuman activity. Investigators handle problems by blowing up the mine, burning down the house, or beheading the sorcerer; solutions frequently despicable in a grand jury report. Society can act like a perverse parent, punishing the investigator for doing good. One way that society punishes is by imprisoning.

The entries for each prison are organized by name, physical description, penal theory used, routine functions of the prison, staff, and communications with the outside world available to the prisoners.

Big House State Pen, U.S.A.

PRISON SIZE — 1800 inmates, 429 staff

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION — This is a double-walled (30' high each wall) prison on an island; the walls, however, only surround about half the island. Truck gardens for the prison occupy the open half. Searchlights and gun

towers, as well as dogs and barbed wire seal the space between the two walls. The climate is temperate, though, and extreme rainfall or snowfall might affect the prison defenses. There are six major cell blocks, associated cafeterias, medical facilities, and workshops. The prison is virtually a small city, and has shops, generators, sanitary facilities, and so on, independent of the outside.

PENAL THEORY USED — If the investigator weren't guilty, he wouldn't be imprisoned. He owes a debt to society, and society has every right to extract payment of that debt as it wishes. Society is tougher than any crook, and the investigator had better toe the line or he'll be put away for keeps; never give a bum a second chance. The guards know that all inmates are troublemakers, so they separate them by nationality, race, and degree of seriousness of the crime to structure this maelstrom of criminal intent. Inmates had better keep quiet, do what they're told, and not stand out. (Proud and aggressive inmates know that a way to survive in prison is to organize into rival gangs which will make even armed guards fearful.)

ROUTINE FUNCTIONS — Most cells are 2-man, with toilets and no privacy. All the cells are open to the front. Everybody works in the Big House, keeping the prison itself running or fulfilling state contracts (like license plates). Nobody gets paid for this. There may be occasional hobby or art shows which matrons visit to purchase for a dollar or two examples of convict industriousness. Bedding and clothing are servicable, and cleaned at regular intervals. Recreation is limited to mandatory Sunday services and religious holidays, where pageants and choral recitals offer some relief. The work week is six days. Medical treatment is routinely decent, but subtle diagnoses do not exist here, nor does "progressive" treatment of neurotic or psychotic episodes. Wounds will be competently sewn up, but will scar. Investigators are reasonably safe so long as they do not form friendships with other inmates or with guards or staff. Gang membership brings relative immunity from day-to-day identity frustrations, but makes members liable to lethal encounters with other gangs and with guards.

STAFF — Guards at Big House are limited experts; they know how to intimidate and cajole inmates, but they do not know (who does?) how to make such inmates into responsible citizens. Even a few months of such hopeless responsibility makes guards callous, indifferent, and not

TWO NEW SKILLS

Photography: This skill enables the user to capture a difficult subject (moving, bad light, etc.) on still or motion picture film. This ability also allows the investigator to snap a picture as a reflex action (rather than running away or pulling out a weapon) when startled by some event or monster. Successful use of this skill in conjunction with a successful Chemistry skill roll will enable the investigator to devise solutions or developing techniques that will permit the photography of the Fungi from Yuggoth, ghosts, or other such beings. A separate such technique may be required for each different subject. Flashbulbs were not generally available until 1930.

Lock Picking: This skill allows the user to repair locks, make keys, and most importantly, open locks with the aid of "skeleton" keys or other tools. Especially difficult locks may be more difficult, lowering the investigator's chances of success. This skill can also be referred to as "Locksmithing."

infrequently brutal. Most guards are expert bureaucrats, who pass responsibility with infuriating ease, as though even the pistols which they uniformly wear could not truly make them brave, only armed. The level of Cthulhu Mythos knowledge is usually zero, for most of these men cannot imagine any reality other than the one in which they serve.

COMMUNICATION POSSIBLE — Receiving mail, reading books, and so on is a function of how well the inmate conforms to the institution; they are not rights. Telephonic communication is universally illegal, since it cannot be censored. Systematic use of the available communications, especially for library research, probably will depend on harmonious relations with the chaplain of the prison, into whose purview this usually falls.

Wayshearn Co. Work Farm

PRISON SIZE: 103 inmates, 7 guards, 14 hounds

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION — The work farm is located on 60 acres of red clay, there is a building for administration and equipment, a barracks for white prisoners, and a barracks for blacks, all surrounded by a ten-foot barbed wire fence. Though the clapboard barracks have barred windows, escape would be quite easy if the prisoners were not kept constantly chained, either in coffles during the day or to their bunks at night.

PENAL THEORY — Since the inmates are mainly thieves, brawlers, and pimps (serious offenders go to state prison), Wayshearn County believes in the eyeball theory of penal administration. The guards know that the work gangs they run do not accomplish much: as long as the prisoners keep moving and keep their eyes on the ground, the days will pass placidly and peacefully. Guards and chain gangs can become friendly and tolerant, or not, but it is a matter of personal choice, not institutional policy. The guards never put whites with blacks, or blacks with whites, since that creates the potential for an uproar. Everybody knows that the law belongs to those who own it; if an inmate didn't have enough influence to avoid the work farm and its chain gang, he sure won't have enough influence to get free on appeal.

ROUTINE FUNCTIONS — Prisoners sleep on cots in large barracks rooms. At night they are chained to their beds; in the day they are chained to each other in units of a dozen or so. The larger the cottle, the less per prisoner that the county must pay to guard him. Road gangs get adequate exercise from their six-day-per-week work. Their food may be good or bad, depending on the available trustee cook. There is no recreation, except for touring evangelicals, or perhaps a special event such as the county fair. Medical treatment is not outstanding, but serious ailments and conditions will probably receive standard treatments at the county hospital. If the investigator obeys the guards, personally feeds the hounds on occasion, and manages not to be chained next to a psychotic, his sentence will pass without danger.

STAFF — Most of the guards are ex-army men who found nothing better to do. They may have high school education, or may be barely able to write their names. Since they put experience before learning, an occasional guard may have Occult or Cthulhu Mythos knowledge to some minor percentage. Most of the staff can be appealed to on

the basis of comfort — prisoners can initiate policy if the suggestion seems to make life easier for the guard; wise prisoners will not make too much of this power.

COMMUNICATION POSSIBLE — The imprisoned investigators will find mail is easy to get (and to send, if they have cash for stamps), and that visits once a week or once a month rarely will be interrupted. Elaborate presents probably will be inspected and refused, since the guards do not want to upset the economy of scarcity in a barracks, but the smaller the work farm, the more likely that the inspecting guards can be bribed or gifted if the intent of the briber seems harmless. Formal communications, such as libraries and interviews, are out of the reach of prisoners.

H. M. Deathoak Prison, Great Britain

PRISON SIZE — 488 inmates, 160 guards and staff

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION — Deathoak Prison was first established in the reign of Henry VIII, and has evolved slowly since then. It was enlarged in the 18th century to hold mutinous sailors, then twice enlarged in the 19th century to hold thugs from every corner of the British empire. The prison is one continuous building of various architectural styles frequently enclosing exercise yards with 20-30 foot walls. The insides can be maze-like, for the successive gentlemen architects were uninterested in maintaining consistent floor levels. Some of the cells actually overlook surrounding industrial sites, though with sheer drops down to ornamentally-tipped ironwork fences. Over the centuries, all of the easy ways to escape have been plugged, and prison routine has long compensated for the rest. The staff firmly relies on the long-tested integrity of Deathoak. In fact, there has been no escape since Bentry Steadman's in 1862, during a riot fomented by some Americans.

PENAL THEORY — Rights, privileges, and responsibilities are determined by one's social class at the time of birth. Social class determines life behavior; this is a code of honor which it is impossible to discard or to surmount, for breeding will always show in the end: greyhounds are not bulldogs, nor should they want to be. It follows then that one should be treated according to one's station even in prison. It would be indecent to allow men and women prisoners to mix; it would scarcely be less decent to force the classes to intermix in a mongrel democracy. A Peer of the Realm sent to prison for murder is still of greater gentility and refinement than is his commoner warden and warder, and should have commensurate quarters and facilities. A man of wealth certainly cannot be expected to forego his previous standard of living and devolve like a brute. Paupers should not have their living standards improved, for that too would upset the divine ecology of class relations. The prison is intended to insulate society until decency can be restored, and criminals are held aside until society can be expected to receive them again. Normal functions of society cannot be suspended merely because of the fact of prison.

ROUTINE FUNCTIONS — Prisoners are not expected to pay for their crimes unless they are of the working class, from whom nothing less should be expected. Men of wealth can certainly buy comfortable quarters and sustain a valet/chef, if such are at all available, and it will be to

the true regret and embarrassment of the administration if they are not. Regrettably, little exercise is to be had except for strolls around the yard. Medical treatment is adequate, but of course improves greatly with class standing. Cells are of various sizes, owing to the disunity of the architecture, and one cell may hold one man where the next holds three. Unless the investigator decides to commit crimes while in prison, his stay should be relatively safe from harm.

STAFF — These fellows are rather less bribable than their American cousins, for these guards are nearly convinced that mere money can accomplish nothing. What matters is birth, and birth can hardly be changed. Despite left-wing agitation, the inmates half-believe this as well, making for rather less violence. Thus secure, the warder may be slightly more likely to take a personal interest in his charges. It might be important to the warder whether the investigator is Catholic, Church of England, or other Protestant.

COMMUNICATIONS — Self-improvement is the responsibility of everyone, and exercising the mind is a handy thing to be able to do in bad weather. Library use and interlibrary loans will be encouraged by the chaplain if the prisoner's behavior is satisfactory. As usual, forms of communication which are not limitable will be severely restricted — visiting hours are weekly, and telephone use is not allowed.

Boleta Ocho, Latin America

PRISON SIZE — 312 inmates, 21 guards

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION — Two-story barracks line three sides of a large yard; the fourth side is a high cement wall which also encircles the barracks. Guard towers with machine guns surmount the wall. Adjoining this wall and encircled by another wall are administration offices, kitchens, shops, and quarters for the guards. The weather is hot, but not humid, which is good, for the guards often lock the prisoners out of the barracks for most of the day, so that the prisoners can be watched more easily. Of the five prisons summarized here, these guards are the least systematic and the most likely through inattention to encourage escapees, but that does not mean that individual guards cannot be intelligent and hard-working.

PENAL THEORY — All life is a prison, at least to the men doomed to guard or to reside in Boleta Ocho, and many of the guards see little difference between themselves and their prisoners. While the guards do not want to lose their jobs, they neither find it worthwhile to put much effort into guarding men. Some guards are different, and desperately seek possible riches or personal advancement; these men are badly-adjusted mentally and may be dangerous. Beware of rewarding them and of being honest with them. Only men without influence or money will be found in Boleta Ocho; of the rest, all are exiled or fined. Only a change of national government will likely alter the length of a sentence.

ROUTINE FUNCTIONS — Whoever brings property here will lose it, except for the clothes he wears. The food is despicable and irregular, for the supply accounts frequently show a debit before the end of the quarter has been reached, a fact which the commander of the prison is reluctant to reveal to his superiors. There is no organized work or play, though occasionally a local man of influ-

ence will draft a hundred men to work on a bridge or road, or perhaps cut sugar cane or fight a fire; these excursions are normal roads of escape for the inmates. Medical treatment even for simple injuries is quite uncertain. Lacking medical staff, on one day the commandant may secure the medical services of painfully ethical Methodist missionaries, and the next day be able to get only the shaky help of a rum-soaked fraud who was thrice thrown out of medical school for stupidity. If the guards in the machine gun nests do not fire in panic when a yard fight breaks out, if the imprisoned investigator is at least SIZ 13, and if no one contaminates the water which he must drink, he has a chance of surviving for several years in Boleta Ocho. The prisoner will be attacked only if he does not use the property he has brought with him to gain allies; if he attempts to hold it alone, he will surely die by knife, or from the bullet of an insulted guard.

STAFF — Prison-guarding is not a well-paid occupation, and since the prisoners are mostly poor themselves, there is little that a guard can do to enrich himself. Because this is therefore a dead-end job, a marvelous mixture of sadistic, incompetent, poetic, revolutionary, mentally handicapped, and country-innocent men take root here. Since the unemployment rate is about 40%, there are relatively few resignations; since the job is so undesirable, there are relatively few firings as well. The best part of the task is machine gun school — everybody loves it. During the many national holidays, the gunners in the towers frequently let go with magnificent displays of tracer-laden patriotism. At those times the safest place is to jump into a latrine. Since most men feel themselves the victims of fate, the safest appeals toward them will be appeals of sentiment — a dying mother, and a back may be turned at a crucial moment; a crippled son, and a gate may be left open. Perhaps as many as one percent of the guards have some Chulhu Mythos knowledge, but few of them know what it is that they know.

COMMUNICATIONS — Packages sent to the main station in the capital have a good chance of arriving intact; packages sent to Boleta Ocho have no chance of getting through. The commandant feels, probably rightly, that the presence of property among his prisoners is so divisive and dangerous to their health that he carefully intercepts and confiscates such stuff. In recompense, he provides all the melons they can eat in season. Letters stand an indifferent chance of arriving or of being sent; they may be withheld for up to two years. Only visits arranged for through the Ministry of the Interior can be made, and those are subject to whimsical interruptions. There are no telephones.

Chaya Ranas, located in either North Africa or Middle East

PRISON SIZE — 600 inmates, 14 guards

PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION — In the 18th century, the Bey of Ranas solved his convict problem by having them dig a salt mine and then locking them in it. The 20 or so acres of galleries were far below the surface, and he found that, by sending a daily sweep of soldiers through (who slew the inmates of any gallery who had been digging at the walls), he was able to wonderfully keep order. Such lessons were not lost on his descendants, who kept the arrangement. Once daily the guards (accompanied by a squad of nervous soldiers) see that the prisoners are fed

LOVECRAFTIAN TIMELINE

1877

Disappearance of the Starry Wisdom cult in Providence, Rhode Island. (*The Haunter of the Dark*)

May 11, 1878

A mysterious mummy found on a new island in the south Pacific by Captain Charles Weatherby of the freighter *Eridanus* bound from Wellington, New Zealand to Valparaiso, Chile. Delivered to the Cabot Museum in Boston. (*Out of the Eons*)

October 31, 1889

Murder of Walker Davis by his crazed wife Audrey near Binger, Oklahoma. (*The Curse of Yig*)

June, 1892

Mysterious meteorite falls in the yard of Nahum Gardner near Arkham. (*The Colour Out of Space*)

1893

Disappearance of Edwin Lillbridge, reporter for the *Providence Telegram*, during investigation of the Starry Wisdom cult. (*The Haunter of the Dark*)

November 1, 1907

Strange voodoo swamp cult near New Orleans broken up by police raid. Forty-seven prisoners taken. (*The Call of Cthulhu*)

April 17, 1908

Last sighting of Alonzo Tyler before his disappearance in the old Van der Beyl mansion outside Attica, NY. (*The Diary of Alonzo Tyler*)

1908

Mysterious stone figurine displayed at annual meeting of the American Archaeological Society in St. Louis by Police Inspector John Raymond Leprasse. (*The Call of Cthulhu*)

February 2, 1913

Wilbur Whateley born in Dunwich (on Roodmas). (*The Dunwich Horror*)

May 17, 1922

Captain James P. Orne of the fishing smack *Alma* captures a one-eyed marine creature of colossal size, which was then preserved in Boston and placed on display – admission charged. (*The Inhabitable Monster*)

August 8, 1922

Death of James P. Orne and over a dozen others to drowning under mysterious circumstances. (*The Inhabitable Monster*)

Mid-October 1923

"Death" of Doctor Munoz in New York City. (*Cool Air*)

August 1, 1924

Death of old wizard Whateley, on Lammas. He is survived by his daughter Lavinia and his grandson Wilbur. (*The Dunwich Horror*)

August 8, 1924

Death of Captain Edward Norriss, in conjunction with sudden madness of a Mr. Thornton, a psychic investigator; and Mr. Delapore, owner of Exham Priory, while in an underground grotto beneath Exham Priory. Some months later, the Priory is demolished. (*The Rats in the Walls*)

March 23 through April 2, 1925

Madness and delirium of the young sculptor Henry Anthony Wilcox after strange dreams. He recovered, with loss of memory, on April 2. (*The Call of Cthulhu*)

April 2, 1925

Crew of the *Emma* travelling from Auckland, New Zealand to Valparaiso, Chile, encounter a strange volcanic island. While on the island, six crew members die, and one goes mad. Captain Gustaf Johansen is the only survivor – the madman died later aboard ship. (*The Call of Cthulhu*)

July 17, 1925

Archaeological expedition to Australia ends. Headed by Nathaniel Wingate Peaslee, who was amnesiac from 1908-1913. The expedition was funded by Miskatonic U. (*The Shadow Out of Time*)

1926

The promising poet Justin Geoffrey dies in a madhouse. (*The Thing on the Doorstep*)

October 31, 1926

Lavinia Whateley dies. She is survived by her illegitimate son, Wilbur. (*The Dunwich Horror*)

Winter 1926-1927

Death of George Gammell Angell, professor emeritus of Semitic languages at Brown university in Providence, after being jostled by a sailor. (*The Call of Cthulhu*)

November 3, 1927

Unprecedented Vermont floods. Strange things are sighted in the floodwaters. (*The Whisperer in Darkness*)

Winter 1927-1928

Government investigation of Innsmouth, and detonation of waterfront warehouses. Submarine discharges torpedoes off Devil's Reef. (*The Shadow Over Innsmouth*)

Early August 1928

Wilbur Whateley killed by large dog. His corpse dissolves. (*The Dunwich Horror*)

August 1928

The ghost-mound near Binger, Oklahoma partially excavated by an ethnologist specializing in American Indian lore. The ethnologist inexplicably refused to explore any deeper after mere preliminary work. (*The Mound*)

September 9 to 14, 1928

"The Dunwich Horror." Professors Armitage, Rice, and Morgan from Miskatonic University end the horror on Saturday, the 15th of September. (*The Dunwich Horror*)

September 12, 1928

Albert Wilmarth from Miskatonic University visits Henry Akeley. Akeley disappears and Wilmarth flees. (*The Whisperer in Darkness*)

September 20, 1931

Death of noted entomologist Henry Sargent Moore, Professor at Columbia University, NY, from sleeping sickness of an especially virulent nature. (*Winged Death*)

January 23, 1932

Death of noted doctor and entomologist Thomas Slauenwhite, in Bloemfontain, South Africa from heart failure. (*Winged Death*)

December 1, 1932

Two apparent thieves found mysterious dead in Cabot Museum, Boston, evidently dying while trying to steal *Eridanus* mummy, delivered to museum in 1878. (*Out of the Eons*)

December 8, 1932

Autopsy performed on mysterious *Eridanus* mummy, found in 1878. Results hushed up and never released. (*Out of the Eons*)

indifferently and watered, but for the rest the men are left to themselves in the blackness of the salt mine. The one entrance is a guarded shaft nearly 200 feet below the surface. Six men are taken daily to the surface to power the air pump (a rather beautifully-crafted early 19th century

device with leather fittings) which keeps their fellows below alive. Inmates who are to be freed are called seven times for seven days; if they do not appear by that time they are presumed dead. Imposture is frequent and punishable by the usual beheading.

ROUTINE FUNCTIONS — Prisoners here are truly damned. There is nothing to do but sit, go insane, or die from malnutrition (usually brought on by food theft on the part of stronger inmates) or from the panicky fights that sweep the galleries without any perceivable cause. Depending on how they feel, the Rey's warders may or may not leave torches burning. There is no laundry, medical attention, nor communication with guards. Men are killed over the ownership of cigarette butts.

STAFF — These few men feel that their hundreds of charges are worse than dogs. They feel no pity, or even interest, only resentment that the men cannot somehow secure their own air and food, which would lift such a burden of guardsmanship from the warders. There is no communication between them and the men, though once in a while orders will come from the capital to free such-and-such a man. Once they have duly called out his name, all obligation is over. There is not even a prisoner list at

the prison. Guards frequently seize prisoners and sell them as slaves or even Cthulhu Mythos sacrifices; the probability that a guard has Cthulhu Mythos knowledge of 25% or less is one in two.

COMMUNICATIONS — none.

Special Note

PRISON CURRENCY — Money is universally such a source of friction among the inmates that it is always kept by the guards. Prison currency is the single cigarette, the pack, or the carton. The man who can refrain from smoking away his bank account will find life the easier for it. Because large quantities of cigarettes are vulnerable to theft, such currency is usually available only to purchase small favors. They have the added advantage that, while cigarettes bribe inmates beautifully, guards are unlikely to be swayed by them.

Rulesbook Additions

Over thirty phobias, two types of insanity, and eleven Cthulhu Mythos deities, races, and monsters to further confound the Investigators.

NEW PHOBIAS

ACROPHOBIA: Fear of heights. What goes up must come down. The higher you go, the further you fall. High buildings, bridges, mountains, cliffs — the higher up you go, the nearer you come to Those Things from the stars.

AILUROPHOBIA: Fear of cats. Everyone knows that cats are just witches or devils in disguise. Those evil devil-eyes, teeth and claws just made for drawing and sucking blood! They move silently and sinisterly on soft, padded feet; they could be anywhere watching — waiting for their opportunity to catch or curse you!

ALGOPHOBIA: Fear of pain. Let's face it; nothing, by definition, can be worse than pain. The worst monsters and horrors don't kill quickly — they inflict endless, excruciating pain. You would rather do anything than be forced to undergo agony.

ANDROPHOBIA: Fear of males (suitable only for female investigators). Men are brutal, cruel. Men lust after you, their only desire to ravage and hurt. Men sacrifice women to monsters or their own depraved lusts. Men know secrets no woman can hope to fathom.

ANTHOPHOBIA: Fear of flowers. Flowers are unnatural; like bright cancerous growths sapping the strength and life of the land. They have weird colors and shapes, like tiny wicked faces leering at you. Their roots extend down into

the soil and who knows what unholy fertilizer they feed on? You are not fooled by their occasional approach to gaudy, unhealthy beauty — that is only to beguile fools. Flowers are monsters themselves, and other monsters congregate where they grow.

APIPHOBIA: Fear of bees. Bee stings can kill. Bees hate you; they can smell your fear. Run in panic from every sudden buzz; avoid flowers and orchards where the tiny horrors congregate. Bees are pure, mad aggression.

ANTHROPHOBIA: Fear of people. People are crazed, violent, wicked, conniving — nature's sole mistake. Every crime ever committed was committed by a person. The papers are full of the terrible things people do every day. Who knows what secret lusts, murderings, and hostility lurks behind the face of everyone you see? People are to be shunned.

ASTRAPHOBIA: Fear of thunder, lightning, and storms. Thunder can burst the windows, shake one's house apart, leave one at the mercy of the storm. The approach of monsters is always signalled by a storm.

BATHOPHOBIA: Fear of depth. Out of the deepest reaches of the sea monsters swim; out of the deepest wells monsters crawl. Dig deep enough, and you will unearth loathsome horrors better left hidden. Space is deep;

space is alive with festering monsters. Even your own cellar probes too deeply into the bowels of the earth. Never go into a subway.

BELONEPHOBIA: Fear of pins and needles. There is no pain worse than that inflicted by small, sharp objects. They carry disease, besides. Don't put on those garments until you have carefully searched them for pins! The worst thing imaginable, which haunts your dreams, is to be tortured with pins in every inch of your body.

BOTANOPHOBIA: Fear of plants. Plants are mindless things, hideous to look at, touch, or smell. They send horrid tentacles into the ground, burrowing secretly everywhere. Plants want you to die, so they can feed and swell monstrous upon your corpse. Plants are monsters.

CHROMOPHOBIA: Fear of certain colors (the keeper should pick an appropriate one). Certain colors represent monsters, draw them close. They symbolize madness, fear. Monsters could materialize right out of a color, or even be the color itself!

CLINOPHOBIA: Fear of beds. Everyone dies in bed. It's mad to lay in a bed; that's the first place a monster will look! Worse yet, hideous things lurk under beds! It could be right there in your room, waiting.

DECIDOPHOBIA: Fear of making decisions. Should you go right or left, up or down, work or stay at home? A dreadful fate seems to lie at the end at any choice you make, and you will have only yourself to blame. Avoid committing yourself at all costs -- this might help prolong and put off your eventual fate.

DOMATOPHOBIA: Fear of being confined to a home. Home is not your castle, it is your prison! Don't enter it, as that is where They are waiting. You must spend as much time outside as possible. Aren't houses the things that are haunted most often? When the streets have emptied late at night, you linger on, dreading to return to your home.

ERGOPHOBIA: Fear of work. Work is degradation, punishment, and slavery. It is a sign of the evil that rules the universe that one must work to live. If monsters take over the world everyone will be forced to work at monotonous, backbreaking labor, without rest or vacation.

GEHYDROPHOBIA: Fear of crossing bridges. There is no telling the magnitude of the disaster you are courting when you venture onto a bridge. It could collapse under you, sending you screaming into the gorge below, or perhaps deformed monsters hide under it, to trap you on the bridge and chase you while you have nowhere to run but over the side of the bridge.

GYNEPHOBIA: Fear of females (suitable only for male investigators). Women are calculating and their cruelty is legendary. Women are witches. Women know things no man can hope to fathom.

HEMATOPHOBIA: Fear of blood. Blood means pain and death. Monsters love blood. Blood will always draw monsters.

IATROPHOBIA: Fear of doctors. Doctors know terrible secrets behind their grim white masks and bloody scalpels. Doctors only show up when you are sick, weak, and dying. They plot to help you die in the most agonizing possible way. Perhaps a doctor will try to mutilate you or turn you into a monster.

TWO NEW TYPES OF INSANITY

QUIXOTISM: Victims of this disorder see the fantastic and supernatural in everyday items. Passing dogs are obviously werewolves, abandoned houses are full of ghosts and slimy horrors. A flower is the home of a fairy. It may involve hallucinations, and it is quite difficult to convince the victim of his misguided ways.

PANZAISM: Victims of this disorder see even the most extraordinary things as being common and ordinary. They may see a Deep One as a normal man, or at most a man in a wet suit. They are impossible to convince of the supernatural.

MONOPHOBIA: Fear of being alone. You must not be alone. Monsters and demons are waiting to grab and possess you if they can only find you out of sight of your fellows. If you suddenly vanished while alone who would know? Who could help you?

NECROPHOBIA: Fear of dead things. There is no horror worse than death. Dead things are cold, filled with maggots, corruption. The dead hate the living and use all the malign power of darkness to bring us to their dismal state.

NUCLEOMITIPHOBIA: Fear of nuclear weapons (suitable only for late twentieth century investigators). The Bomb is coming. It will destroy all civilization. It will come flashing out of the sky, leaving the burned, maimed, and radioactive. If we foil our enemies in the slightest degree they may drop the Bomb.

OMBROPHOBIA: Fear of rain. Rain destroyed the world once -- it will do so again. Rain makes floods, takes lives, causes ball games to be cancelled. Humid lands are under a curse. Who knows what dread Thing lurks just over the lowering thunderheads, directing the rain?

OPTOPHOBIA: Fear of opening one's eyes. Every day the world is grayer and uglier. Every day the world becomes more horrendous and corrupt. It is enough to drive one mad! Best not to see it coming.

PECCATOPHOBIA: Fear of committing sin. The powers of Hell draw us to sin. If you sin you will become the helpless, degraded slave of the powers of Hell. If you sin, you will lose control and become a devil yourself. Sinners go to Hell and live forever with ugly devils. Judge your every action -- better make sure it is no sin.

PEDIPHOBIA: Fear of children. Children are sly, evil. Children are uncivilized, they maim and kill thoughtlessly. Remember your own childhood?

PHOBOPHOBIA: Fear of one's own fears. You know your fears will destroy you. No matter how hard you try, when danger comes, you will freeze or panic and run. You will be disgraced and ridiculed, even punished. You must never subject yourself to fear.

PSYCHROPHOBIA: Fear of cold. Cold blackens and kills flesh, it destroys. People lose their hands and feet because of cold. Space is cold, so are the poles. Out of such places monsters thrust themselves.

TRICHOPHOBIA: Fear of hair. Hair is ugly and unsanitary. Hair gets into your food, into the butter, ruining your appetite. It itches, tickles, grows. Monsters and sav-

age wild beasts are hairy. Do not let anything with hair draw near.

TROPOPHOBIA: Fear of changing one's situation. You must not go elsewhere to live — you have a good job, lifestyle, or at least it could be worse if you try to change things. If you were to move, you would have no stability, you would be out there, lost, living with the lost.

VERBOPHOBIA: Fear of words. Words have evil power. Black magic spells are made of words. Forbidden books weave dreadful combinations of words. Words convey ideas that corrupt; words inform one of cosmic horrors that blast the soul. Their crooked letters plague your brain. Hear no words, read no words.

VESTIOPHOBIA: Fear of clothing. Clothing is confining, stifling. We were not born with clothing, hence we defy the natural order in wearing it. Clothing is diseased, contaminated. People wearing clothes must have some dread secret to hide — perhaps they are not truly people at all, but are monsters? Freedom, security, and nudity are the same thing. Take it off — all off.

ZOOPHOBIA: Fear of animals. Animals bite, claw, shred, and sting. It is obvious that monsters are just another type of animal. Animals carry disease and loathsome parasites. They are everywhere. Animals hate people and soon will rid the world of them.

ADDITIONAL DEITIES, RACES AND MONSTERS FOR THE CTHULHU MYTHOS

Abthoth, Source of Uncleaness (Outer God?)

Description: Abthoth is a huge pool of gray matter many yards across. It constantly bubbles and puts forth limbs, mouths, and pseudopods. Obscene monsters constantly form from the gray mass and crawl away from their "parent." Abthoth's tentacles and limbs grasp many of its offspring and devour them again, returning them to the primal mass, but many manage to escape and crawl away into the black caverns wherein the monster god sits.

Cult: Abthoth has no known human worshippers, but perhaps underground horrors or even Abthoth's own spawn may worship it.

Notes: Abthoth is manifestly not a native of this planet. In fact, its form (or lack of same) and cynical mind seem to imply that it is a relative of Tsathoggua, and the black caverns wherein it dwells, and never leaves, may well be part of N'Kai.

If a party is unfortunately enough to come upon Abthoth itself, bubbling uncleanly in its pool of filth, Abthoth will put forth a probing hand or member which will feel over the intruders, and then drop off and crawl away. The visitor will then either be seized and devoured by other appendages of Abthoth's or ignored, at the keeper's option. Abthoth is known to speak telepathically with intruders, but few have returned from the meeting.

As one nears Abthoth, the various monstrous spawn which continually arise from its body become more and more numerous, and these may cause trouble or attack an investigator. The spawn of Abthoth is manifold and varied in appearance, and particulars are best left up to the keeper. Most of the spawn is no larger than 1 to 6D6

in SIZ, at least at first — after a year or so of feeding and growing, a spawn may be any size.

Characteristics

STR	40
CON	100
SIZ	80
INT	13
POW	50
DEX	1
Hit Pts	90
Move	0

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Appendage	60%	Grasp and Absorb

Armor: No weapon using kinetic force can harm Abthoth permanently. Abthoth regenerates from all kinetic damage at the rate of 20 points per melee round. Fire or magic will cause normal damage. If Abthoth is reduced to 0 hit points, it will withdraw and sink far away down into the earth, where it is inaccessible to further damage. It will again ooze to the surface after healing from its injuries.

Spells: None, but it may give someone that it takes a fancy to (for unguessable reasons) a portion of its own body, which could be used to create a creature identical to the spawn of Abthoth.

SAN: Seeing Abthoth and failing a SAN roll costs the viewer 1D20 SAN. Succeeding a SAN roll still results in a loss of 1D3 SAN.

Atlach-Nacha (Great Old One)

Description: Atlach-Nacha superficially resembles a huge and hideous black hairy spider with a strange, remotely-human face and little red eyes rimmed with hair.

Cult: Atlach-Nacha is superstitiously believed to be ruler of all spiders, perhaps because of its body form. It has no cult. Some sorcerers are given spells and POW from Atlach-Nacha. It is also possible to summon Atlach-Nacha via various elder spells. This is dangerous however, for the spider-god hates leaving its eternal work of spinning.

Notes: Atlach-Nacha lives underground, where it eternally spins its fantastic web, trying to bridge an unguessably-deep chasm for unknown purposes. Some old books refer to the belief that when the web is complete, the end of the world will come.

Anyone stumbling into Atlach-Nacha's web is trapped. To escape, they must match their STR vs. the web's STR of 30 (more than a single individual may try to pull one free). Sooner or later, Atlach-Nacha will run by to use the trapped prey as food.

Atlach-Nacha can either fling more web over a potential prey item, or it can bite. If it successfully flings its web over a target, that target is immobilized until it can break free of the web's STR of 30. Atlach-Nacha may fling on more webbing if the target appears likely to escape. If Atlach-Nacha bites a target, it will immediately inject a paralyzing poison, and the victim will become immobilized, incapable of action or defense. Atlach-Nacha will then suck the victim's body juices at the rate of 1D6 STR permanently gone from the victim per round. Once a victim reaches 0 STR, he dies. If a victim of Atlach-

Nacha's paralyzing bite is rescued before he dies, then he will slowly recover from the paralysis — a process requiring over six months of rest.

Characteristics

STR 30
CON 75
SIZ 25
INT 15
POW 30
DEX 25
Hit Pts 50
Move 15

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Bite	60%	Penetrates any armor and injects paralyzing poison.
Webbing	80%	30 STR entanglement

Armor: 12 points of chitin and fur. When Atlach-Nacha's hit points are reduced to 0, it immediately flees over its complex web to a secret lair where it waits for its damaged body to heal.

SPELLS: All Contact spells

SAN: Viewing Atlach-Nacha costs 1D10 points of SAN, or 1 point of SAN if a SAN roll succeeds.

Cyaegha (Great Old One)

Description: Cyaegha is an enormous black mass with one huge spherical green eye. It is possible that Cyaegha's form is that of the huge eye surrounded by a growth of long tentacles.

Cult: Cyaegha is worshiped by the residents of a small village over its resting place in a remote part of West Germany. The cult holds human sacrifice, but Cyaegha cares little for worship, though it waits impatiently for the time of its release.

Notes: If freed, Cyaegha will drift over an area, surveying all below. It will pick random targets to crush and squeeze with its tentacles.

Cyaegha can attack with 1D10 tentacles each round.

Characteristics

STR 80
CON 120
SIZ 200
INT 20
POW 35
DEX 14
Hit Pts 160
Move 25 flying

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Tentacle	100%	8D6

Armor: None. When Cyaegha has taken damage equal to its hit points, it will retreat underground. It takes only minimum possible damage from weapons that are capable of impaling.

Spells: All Call and Contact spells

SAN: Seeing Cyaegha and failing a SAN roll costs 1D100 SAN. A successful roll still costs 1D10 SAN.

Ghosts (Lesser Independent Race)

Description: ... repulsive beings which die in the light ... and leap on long hind legs like kangaroos ... there glowed in the [cavern] gloom ... a pair of yellowish red eyes ... ghosts have indeed an excellent sense of smell ... something about the size of a small horse hopped out into the grey twilight, and Carter turned sick at the aspect of that scabrous and unwholesome beast, whose face is so curiously human despite the absence of a nose, a forehead, and other important particulars ... they spoke in coughing gutturals. (*The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath*, by H. P. Lovecraft)

Notes: Ghosts are restricted to the underworld and vast caverns where sunlight never comes. When exposed to direct sunlight, they sicken and eventually die. They are cannibalistic and eat one another as well as other beings they catch. The horrible semi-human bipeds which are ridden by the highly scientific but morally degenerate humans inhabiting the cavern of Kn'Yan may well be relatives of or even examples of ghosts. Ghosts are evidently tamable, though very primitive and savage.

In each combat round, a ghost may kick once with its hooved feet and bite once as well.

Characteristics	Average
STR 3D6+12	22-23
CON 4D6	14
SIZ 4D6+12	26
INT 1D6	3-4
POW 3D6	10-11
DEX 2D6+6	13
Hit Points	20
Move	10

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Bite	40%	1D10
Kick	25%	1D6+2D6

Armor: 3 points of skin armor

Spells: None

Skills: Sneak 70%

SAN: It costs 1D8 SAN to see a ghost. If a SAN roll succeeds, no SAN is lost.

Ghatanothoa (Great Old One)

Description: Ghatanothoa is known to be exceedingly horrible, with myriad tentacles, maws, and sensory organs. However, the whole does have a definite, though dreadful, outline.

Cult: Ghatanothoa is sometimes tied to the Illoigor. At present, he has no known human cultists. In ancient times, the priests of Mu periodically offered up human sacrifices to Ghatanothoa, lest he rise from his extinct volcano and work much greater carnage seeking sacrifices of his own.

The worshippers of Ghatanothoa were not friends of their awful god, but worshiped him solely to prevent their own destruction.

Notes: Anyone in the presence of a perfect image of Ghatanothoa, no matter how small or distant, and whether or not their eyes are closed (though hiding be-

hind an opaque wall or barrier would protect) will receive what is known as the curse of Ghatanothoa. The victim's flesh and sinews will rapidly (over the course of several minutes) harden to the consistency of leather and bone. The brain (and other internal organs) will remain fresh and alive in its hard, immobile case, aware of the passage of time in its unbearable prison. Only the destruction of the brain can end the victim's suffering. It is likely that the individual will be incurably insane long before the blessed release.

Each round that the image of Ghatanothoa is present, all humans must roll CON x 5 or less on 1D100. If a character fails, then he loses 1D6 DEX, his muscles stiffen, and he begins to feel the effects of paralysis. When a character's DEX has been brought to 0, the character will be completely immobilized. The petrification process is normally irreversible.

Ghatanothoa dwelt in a burrow beneath a city originally built by the Fungi from Yuggoth, though generally inhabited by primeval humans. The burrow was surmounted by a truncated volcanic cone. When Mu sank, the god's home was overlaid by the waves and he was no longer free.

Occasionally, tectonic upheavals force Ghatanothoa's dwelling-place to rise to the surface, as if in horrific preparation for that awful day when it will rise, along with R'lyeh, to sink no more. Investigators would be wise to be wary of any island between New Zealand and Chile that matches the description of Ghatanothoa's abode.

Characteristics

STR 90
CON 80
SIZ 140
INT 20
POW 35
DEX 8
Hit Pts 120
Move 9

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Tentacle	80%	7D6

Armor: The equivalent of 10 points of armor, plus regenerates from damage done at the rate of 10 points per round. When at less than 0 hit points, the deity's petrification power is inoperative, but once it has regenerated back to at least 1 hit point, those present will once again begin to solidify.

Spells: Ghatanothoa knows all Summon and Bind spells. He also knows Contact Old Ones, Cthonians, Deep Ones, Flying Polyps, Ghouls, Star-Spawn of Cthulhu, and Sand-Dwellers).

SAN: If a character sees Ghatanothoa, he loses 1D100 SAN, unless he succeeds in a SAN roll in which case he loses 1D10 SAN anyway. This is the least of his troubles, for he has almost certainly been petrified. The blind, numb victim will lose 1D6 SAN per day until reduced to 0 SAN.

Gnoph-Keh (Greater Independent Race)

Description: ... the sharp horn of Gnoph-Keh, the hairy myth-thing of the Greenland ice, that walked sometimes

on two legs, sometimes on four, and sometimes on six. (*The Horror in the Museum*, by H. P. Lovecraft and Hazel Heald)

Notes: In earlier stories, Gnoph-Keh appears to be a single being, but later on it seems that they may be a race of beings; possibly even a degenerate human tribe. Here, we have assumed that it is a sparse race of rare beings, associated with the Wendigo. Usually only one gnoph-keh is encountered at a time, and the race is generally restricted to glaciers, icecaps, and extremely cold and icy areas. Especially bad winters may bring them down into the lowlands. If a human tribe does indeed exist naming themselves after the fabled gnoph-keh, perhaps they worship the gnoph-keh as a deity, or use it as a totem beast.

The gnoph-keh has the power to summon a small blizzard about itself, restricting visibility to 3 yards maximum. This costs the creature 1 magic point per hour, and gives a blizzard with a radius of 100 yards. The radius may be increased by 100 more yards for every extra magic point expended. On the rare occasions that two or more gnoph-kehs work together, they may combine their magic points to create gigantic blizzards. The blizzard will always be more or less centered on the gnoph-keh, and may kill humans or other natural animals through freezing or ice formation. Every 15 minutes that a human spends within the gnoph-keh's blizzard, he must roll his CONx5 or less or take a point of freezing damage to his hit points. If he is not properly protected against the ice and wind, he must take the damage automatically. If he is extremely well-sheltered, within an igloo or snow cave or similarly insulated structure, he may be safe.

The gnoph-keh can also create an intense cold around its body by expending magic points. For each magic point the gnoph-keh spends, the temperature will go down by 20 degrees Fahrenheit. This lowered temperature will last for an hour, when more magic points must be expended to maintain it. The radius of the cold is the same as the blizzard. If the creature desires, it can combine this cold-producing property with its wind and snow blizzard-making ability to create a truly uninhabitable area.

In any given melee round, the gnoph-keh may attack with its horn, and no, two, or four claws of its six. If it uses no claws, then it may add 2D6 to its effective damage bonus when jabbing with its horn (as it has a better grip on the snow). If it uses two claws, it uses its normal damage bonus, and if it uses four claws, it subtracts 2D6 from all its damage bonuses, including those to the claws, as it must spend some energy staying upright instead of investing force into its blows.

Characteristics	Average
STR 2D6+24	31
CON 3D6+12	22-23
SIZ 2D6+24	31
INT 1D6+12	15-16
POW 6D6	21
DEX 4D6	14
Hit Points	27
Move	9

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Horn Gore	65%	1D10 + (5D6, 3D6, or 1D6)
Claw	45%	1D6 + (3D6 or 1D6)

Armor: 9 points of gristle, fur, and hide

Spells: Roll 1D20 for an average gnoph-keh. If the die roll is equal to or less than the creature's INT, it knows that many spells. Otherwise, it knows none.

SAN: Seeing gnoph-keh costs 1D10 SAN, unless a SAN roll succeeds, in which case nothing is lost.

Gugs (Lesser Independent Race)

Description: *It was a paw, fully two feet and a half across, and equipped with formidable talons. After it came another paw, and after that a great black-furred arm to which both of the paws were attached by short forearms. Then two pink eyes shone and the head of the awakened Gug sentry, large as a barrel, wobbled into view. The eyes jutted two inches from each side, shaded by bony protuberances overgrown by coarse hairs. But the head was chiefly terrible because of the mouth. That mouth had great yellow fangs and ran from the top to the bottom of the head, opening vertically instead of horizontally. (The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath, by H. P. Lovecraft)*

Notes: The gugs worship various Great Old Ones with ceremonies so abhorrent that they have been somehow banished beneath the earth's surface. They gleefully eat any surface dweller they can lay their four paws upon. Gugs are huge — an average gug is at least 20 feet tall.

In combat, a gug may either bite or hit with one arm. Each arm has two forearms, and thus two claws, so that the arm strikes twice when it hits. Both claws must strike at the same opponent.

Characteristics	Average
STR 6D6+24	45
CON 3D6+18	28-29
SIZ 6D6+36	57
INT 2D6+6	13
POW 3D6	10-11
DEX 3D6	10-11
Hit Points	43
Move	10

Weapon	Att%	Damage
Bite	60%	1D10+4D6
Claw(s)	40% each	4D6

Armor: 8 points of tough skin, hair, and cartilage

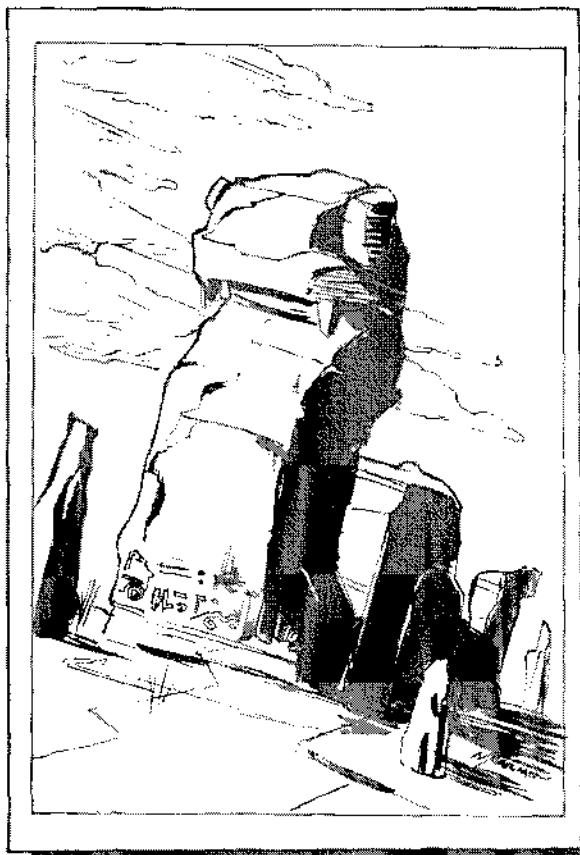
Spells: Some gugs know a few spells. To simulate this, roll 1D100 for each random gug. If the die roll is higher than the gug's POW, it knows no magic. If the die roll is equal to or lower than the gug's POW, it knows a number of magic spells equal to the die roll.

SAN: It costs 1D8 SAN to see a gug. A successful SAN roll indicates that there is no loss.

Lloigor (Greater Independent Race)

Description: The lloigor are vortices of power in their natural form, and completely invisible to human eyes. On rare occasions they can form tangible, visible bodies for themselves. These bodies are monstrous and bear some resemblance to enormous reptiles, though close inspection will reveal their utter dissimilarity to any reptiles that ever walked the face of the earth.

Notes: Unlike a human mind, the mind of a lloigor is not divided into several layers of consciousness. The lloigor never forget, neither do they have an imagination or subconscious to mislead them. Their outlook of absolute



A lloigor worship stone

pessimism results in an atmosphere of gloom that makes the lloigor's mind and actions completely incomprehensible to humans. Mind-contact with the lloigor always leads to a suicidal depression for the hapless human involved.

It is believed that the lloigor originally came to earth from the Andromeda galaxy and that their first earthly colony was on a lost continent somewhere in the Indian ocean; possibly the same continent that has now sunk, carrying the city of R'lyeh and its star-spawn with it. The lloigor used human slaves to perform their will. These were treated with (as is only natural) inhuman cruelty. The lloigor inflicted discipline by amputating limbs or causing cancerlike tentacular growths to sprout on a recalcitrant slave's body. The lloigor race continued to decay and decline until they retreated under the earth and seas, where they have maintained their failing energy.

The lloigor still maintain pockets of contact with humans for unguessable and unthinkable purposes. They may yet resurge and resubjugate the human race, or their essential pessimism may cause them to do nothing.

Today, Melincourt, Wales; Providence, R. I.; and al-Kazimiyah, Iraq are known spots where the lloigor have acted in recent years. But their ways are hinted at in

folklore of places as widespread as Haiti, Polynesia, and Massachusetts.

The lloigor are sometimes linked with the Great Old One Ghatanothoa, who is now sunken beneath the Pacific with Cthulhu, fortunately for mankind. In turn, the lloigor are served by degenerate human agents. Typically, men in service to the lloigor come from families with histories of mental instability (doubtless due to their contact with these astral horrors). Individually, these men usually have records of violent robbery and the most depraved, evil crimes.

The lloigor need humans to survive for the present. These immaterial entities must draw energy from intelligent beings to perform necessary tasks. By expending one of its own magic points, a lloigor may drain 1D6 magic points from a sleeping human to use in performing some magical action. These magic points must be used immediately, and cannot be used to replace the magic point lost by the lloigor itself. A lloigor can drain energy from several humans at once, from up to several miles away. The lloigor can drain energy in this manner through walls and closed doors. Generally, to keep their profile low, when the lloigor need a great deal of energy, 1D6 magic points will be drained from each of a large number of humans — such as everyone in a small town. The next morning, the victims will awaken feeling headachy and enervated, but during the course of the day, they will regenerate their lost magic points and will be fine again, until the next time the lloigor need energy for some act of destruction. It is important to note that the lloigor can only drain energy from sleeping individuals.

The lloigor can attack supernaturally in three ways: the first way is to directly drain magic points from a chosen target while he sleeps, keeping that character's magic points at 0 or so. Such an unnatural condition will seriously weaken that character both physically and spiritually, and will eventually lead to sickness and possibly even death. After each full day spent with 0 magic points, the victim must attempt to roll his CONx5 or less on 1D100. If he succeeds, then he is fine, though weak. If he fails, he loses a hit point. If he rolls 96-00 on the percentile dice, then he loses a point of CON permanently. In any case, while he is kept at 0 hit points, the victim will not heal from wounds or injuries suffered.

The lloigor can create telekinetic effects that can push people and manipulate objects, such as a compass needle or a door latch. The lloigor must be directly present, and within a few yards to create such an effect. It takes 10 magic points to create a telekinetic force with a STR of 1 aboveground. It takes only 6 magic points to create the same telekinetic STR in a subsurface but open area, such as a river bed or canyon, and it takes only 3 magic points to create a telekinetic STR of 1 when in a totally underground tunnel or cave. The lloigor will usually use this to warn an investigator that he is getting into something he won't be able to control. They may also use it to arrange "accidents" (such as pushing someone down the cellar stairs). If badly threatened, the lloigor may perform more potent deeds, such as causing airplanes to disappear while in flight.

The lloigor's most fearsome weapon is a type of silent vortex or implosion which they unleash to directly destroy and slaughter foes. This blast makes no more

sound than a roll of distant thunder. Things in the blast area are generally torn to pieces, and the ground is ruptured and broken. Greenish or blue-grey pools and ponds disfigure the landscape afterwards.

If the blast is a small one, the energy can be gathered from the surrounding communities. A larger holocaust may take some time; as much as several years of stored energy. It takes at least a hundred magic points to create the destructive effect over an area 10 meters in diameter. Everything within the effect of the explosion takes 1D100 points of damage. The vortex or explosion takes several combat rounds to manifest, so if a character was alert and noticed the telltale effects of swirling lines beginning to appear in the air and a half-unheard throbbing noise penetrating his body, he might be able to flee the explosion site before it occurred, if the explosion did not cover too large an area. These explosions are usually caused at night, for more humans are asleep, and thus more energy is available.

To form into their physical bodies of the monstrous distorted reptiles, the lloigor must expend a number of magic points equal to the lloigor's reptile SIZ. Once the body is formed, it may be maintained indefinitely or dissolved at will. If the lloigor is slain in reptile form, it dies permanently. Several lloigor may combine their magic points to permit a single one to create his physical form quickly. A lloigor in reptile form has all the powers of one in the immaterial mode, except that it cannot pass through walls and is not invisible (obviously). However, it can handle material objects and can attack directly without vast expenditures of magic points.

When in monster form, a lloigor has all the characteristics listed below. When immaterial and intangible, it lacks the parenthesized characteristics, possessing only INT, POW, and DEX.

Characteristics	Average
STR (3D6+30)	41-42
CON (8D6)	28
SIZ (2D4x10)	50
INT 4D6+6	20
POW 4D6	14
DEX 3D6	10-11
Hit Points	(39)
Move	7/3 through solid stone in immaterial form.

Weapon	Att%	Damage
Claw	30%	1D6+5D6
Bite	50%	2D6+5D6

Armor: The reptilian armored hide of a lloigor in physical manifestation affords it 8 points of protection. In the lloigor's natural state it cannot be harmed by any physical weapons, magic or not.

Spells: All lloigor know at least 1D4 spells.

SAN: In their natural state, lloigor are invisible to humans. If viewed in their reptilian manifestation, all witnessing must succeed in a SAN roll or lose 1D6 SAN. A successful roll indicates no loss.

Some Speculation

The reptilian manifestation of the lloigor suggests that many dragon legends and sea-serpent sightings may stem

from sightings of lloigor. In modern times people have tried to photograph strange creatures such as the Loch Ness monster only to freeze at the crucial moment, have their camera fail, or their photos mysteriously disappear. Could not the telepathic or telekinetic influence of the lloigor be involved?

The British Isles are a treasure trove of dragon lore. The dragon is the symbol of Wales – a favorite haunt of the lloigor. Sightings of land dragons are rare now (though they persist in Africa), but they are still common in bodies of water, where they are called “sea serpents.” Do the lloigor find the highly ionized aquatic environs better suited for physical manifestations?

Conceivably dragons were more common in ancient Britain because the lloigor could force its early inhabitants to construct the system of megaliths which exists in ruins to this day, a puzzle to archaeologists. We now know that the megalith erectors had an advanced understanding of astronomy and mathematics. The stones are placed above points of strong underground water currents. They act as amplifiers for an earth force that changes with the cycles of the moon. Could the circles have been places to let the lloigor bask in rising energy? Could the ready supply of energy allow their more frequent appearance as ravaging dragons? Is it only a coincidence that a disproportionate number of early churches built on megalithic sites were dedicated to dragon-killing saints such as Michael and George?

Moon Beasts (Lesser Independent Race)

Description: *They were ... great greyish-white slippery things which could expand and contract at will, and whose principle shape – though it often changed – was that of a sort of toad without any eyes, but with a curious vibrating mass of short pink tentacles on the end of its blunt, vague snout. (The Dream-Quest of Unknown Kadath, by H. P. Lovecraft)*

Notes: The moon-beasts are an alien race not encountered on earth, though they doubtless have colonies and worlds in the heavens. They serve Nyarlathotep for his favor, and enslave other races. If sadism can be said to have any meaning for a race so alien, it can be said that these beings are monstrously cruel, frequently torturing members of other races that fall into their paws. There is possibly a colony of these creatures on earth's moon.

Although the only weapon listed here for the beings is the spear, they can be expected to have a large quantity of other, more technological, marvels. Many of their soldiers will be members of various slave races.

Characteristics	Average
STR 3D6+6	16-17
CON 2D6+6	13
SIZ 3D6+10	20-21
INT 2D6+9	16
POW 3D6	10-11
DEX 2D6+3	10
Hit Points	17
Move	7

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Spear	25%	1D10+1+1D6

Armor: None, but their peculiar body formation causes them to take only minimum possible damage from firearms. Thus, a pistol doing 1D6 damage would only do 1 point to a moon-beast. If the pistol were to impale (normally doing 2D6 damage), it would deliver 2 points of damage.

Spells: Moon-beasts always know at least 1D3 spells.

SAN: It costs 1D8 points of SAN to see a moon-beast. If a SAN roll is successful, there is no loss.

Zhar, the Twin Obscenity (Great Old One)

Description: *... the thing that crouched in the weird green dusk was a living mass of shuddering horror, a ghastly mountain of sensate, quivering flesh, whose tentacles, far-flung in the dim reaches of the subterranean cavern, emitted a strange humming sound, while from the depths of the creature's body came a weird and horrific ululation. (The Lair of the Star-Spawn, by August Derleth)*

Cult: Zhar dwells in a dead city, buried under the Plateau of Sung in China. There are two equally titanic monsters here. Possibly Zhar possesses two bodies, connected by long expanses of tentacles. The name lloigor is persistently associated with that of Zhar, and this second mammoth may be named Lloigor (do not confuse with the astral race of the same name), or the lloigor may simply be tied to Zhar as worshipers or exploiters.

The Tcho-Tcho people inhabit the Plateau of Sung (among other places), and are known to worship Zhar.

Notes: When approached or disturbed, Zhar will attack by grasping with a tentacle. Anyone grasped will completely disintegrate on the next round, leaving behind only unliving, inorganic objects. The tentacles have a reach of at least 30 yards. Each round, Zhar may attack with one tentacle for each target.

Characteristics

STR	100
CON	100
SIZ	100
INT	30
POW	28
DEX	30
Hit Pts	100
Move	20/50 flying

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Tentacle	100%	Death on second round

Armor: 22 points of blubbery flesh which acts as armor.

Spells: Summon and Bind Byakhee, Call Hastur, possibly others, up to the gamemaster

SAN: It costs 1D20 SAN to see Zhar, unless a SAN roll succeeds, in which case 1D6 SAN is lost.

Zoth-Ommog (Great Old One)

Description: Zoth-Ommog has a cone-shaped body with a lizard-like head. From the head grows a mass of thick serpent-like tentacles. From the base of the neck four thick pseudopods resembling starfish arms project, one on each side of the body.

Cult: Zoth-Ommog has no active cult among humans. Some Deep Ones may worship this malign entity. Zoth-

Ommog is evidently buried underneath the Pacific in the corpse-city of R'lyeh.

Notes: Zoth-Ommog, as many other Great Old Ones, can manifest itself through one of its statues. It will generally assault any human on sight, attacking either with one of its gigantic pseudopods or a bite.

Characteristics

STR 40
CON 120
SIZ 60
INT 20
POW 35
DEX 12
Hit Pts 90
Move 50

Weapon	Attk%	Damage
Tentacle	90%	Grapple — on next round squeeze for 5D6 damage
Bite	90%	1D6+5D6 damage

Armor: Zoth-Ommog has the equivalent of 10 points of armor with its thick, blubbery skin, plus it regenerates from all damage done at the rate of 3 points per combat round. Reduction to 0 hit points still forces Zoth-Ommog away for a prolonged period of time.

Spells: All Call and Contact Deity Spells

SAN: All witnessing Zoth-Ommog that fail a SAN roll lose 1D20 SAN. If the roll succeeds, the investigator will still lose 1D6 SAN.

Excerpts and Prayers

Excerpts included come from the Necronomicon, Revelations of Glaaki, Al Azif, and the writings of an old Dutch wizard. An old sacrificial prayer and a ritual for the Great Old Ones is also included.

Nor is it to be thought that man is either the oldest or the last of earth's masters, or that the common bulk of life and substance walks alone. The Old Ones were, the Old Ones are, and the Old Ones shall be. Not in the spaces we know, but *between* them, they walk serene and primal, undimensioned and to us unseen. *Yog-Sothoth* knows the gate. *Yog-Sothoth* is the gate. *Yog-Sothoth* is the key and guardian of the gate. Past, present, future, all are one in *Yog-Sothoth*. He knows where the Old Ones broke through of old, and where They shall break through again. He knows where They have trod earth's fields, and where They still tread them, and why no one can behold Them as They tread. By Their smell can men sometimes know Them near, but of Their semblance can no man know, *saving only in the features of those They have begotten on mankind*; and of those are there many sorts, differing in likeness from man's truest eidolon to that shape without sight or substance which is *Them*. They walk unseen and foud in lonely places where the Words have been spoken and the Rites howled through at their Seasons. The wind gibbers with Their voices, and the earth mutters with Their consciousness. They bend the forest and crush the city, yet may not forest or city behold the hand that smites. Kadath in the cold waste hath known Them, and what man knows Kadath? The ice desert of the South and the sunken isles of Ocean hold stones whereon Their seal is engraven, but who hath seen the deep frozen city or the sealed tower long garlanded with seaweed and barnacles? Great Cthulhu is Their cousin, yet can he spy Them only

dimly. *Ia! Shub-Niggurath!* As a foulness shall ye know Them. Their hand is at your throats, yet ye see Them not; and Their habitation is even one with your guarded threshold. *Yog-Sothoth* is the key to the gate, whereby the spheres meet. Man rules now where They ruled once; They shall soon rule where man rules now. After summer is winter, after winter summer. They wait patient and potent, for here shall They reign again.

— translated directly from Olaus Wormius' Latin translation of the Necronomicon

The nethermost caverns, are not for the fathoming of eyes that see; for their marvels are strange and terrific. Cursed the ground where dead thoughts live new and oddly bodied, and evil the mind that is held by no head. Wisely did Ibn Schacabao say, that happy is the town where no wizard hath lain, and happy the town at night whose wizards are all ashes. For it is of old rumour that the soul of the devil-bought hastes not from his chamel clay, but fads and instructs *the very worm that gnaws*; till out of corruption horrid life springs, and the dull scavengers of earth wax crafty to vex it and swell monstrous to plague it. Great holes secretly are digged where earth's pores ought to suffice, and things have learnt to walk that ought to crawl.

— translated directly from Olaus Wormius' Latin translation of the Necronomicon

Beyond a gulf in the subterranean night a passage leads to a wall of massive bricks, and beyond the wall rises Y'gol-nac to be served by the tattered eyeless figures of the dark. Long has he slept beyond the wall, and those which crawl over the bricks scuttle across his body never knowing it to be Y'gol-nac; but when his name is spoken or read he comes forth to be worshiped or to feed and take on the shape and soul of those he feeds upon. For those who read of evil and search for its form within their minds call forth evil, and so may Y'gol-nac return to walk among men and await the time when the earth is cleared off and Cthulhu rises from his tomb among the weeds, Glaaki thrusts open the crystal trapdoor, the brood of Eihort are born into daylight, Shub-Niggurath strides forth to smash the moon-lens, Byatis bursts forth from his prison, Daoloth tears away illusion to expose the reality concealed behind.

— from the Revelations of Glaaki, volume 12

The secrets of the monstrous Primal Ones whose cryptic words relate the hidden things that were before man; the things no one of Earth should learn, lest peace be for ever forfeited; shall by me never suffer revelation. To Yian-Ho, that lost and forbidden city of countless eons whose place may not be told, I have been in the veritable flesh of this body, as none other among the living has been. Therein have I found, and thence have I borne away, that knowledge which I would gladly lose, though I may not. I have learnt to bridge a gap that should not be bridged, and must call out of the Earth That Which should not be waked or called. And what is sent to follow me will not sleep until I or those after me have found and done what is to be found and done.

That which I have awaked and borne away with me, I may not part with again. So it is written in the *Book of Hidden Things*. That which I have willed to be has twined its dreadful shape around me, and — if I live not to do the bidding — around those children born and unborn who shall come after me, until the bidding be done. Strange may be their joinings, and awful the aid they may summon till the end be reached. Into lands unknown and dim must the seeking go, and a house must be built for the outer guardians.

This is the key to that lock which was given me in the dreadful, con-old, and forbidden city of Yian-Ho; the lock which I or mine must place upon the vestibule of That Which is to be found. And may the Lords of Yaddith succor me — or him — who must set that lock in place or turn the key thereof.

— translation of a writing left by a Dutch wizard

... is the Lord of the Wood, even to ... and the gifts of the men of Leng ... so from the wells of night to the gulfs of space, and from the gulfs of space to the wells of night, ever the praises of Great Cthulhu, of Tsathoggua, and of Him Who is not to be Named. Ever Their praises, and abundance to the Black Goat of the Woods, la! Shub-Niggurath! The Goat with a Thousand Young!

[response]: la! Shub-Niggurath! The Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young!

And it has come to pass that the Lord of the Woods, being ... seven and nine, down the onyx steps ... [tri]butes

to Him in the Gulf, Azathoth, He of Whom Thou has taught us marv[els] ... on the wings of night out beyond space, out beyond th ... to That Whereof Yuggoth is the youngest child, rolling alone in black aether at the rim ...

[response]: ... go out among men and find the ways thereof, that He in the Gulf may know. To Nyarlathotep, Mighty Messenger, must all things be told. And He shall put on the semblance of men, the waxen mask and the robe that hides, and come down from the world of Seven Suns to mock ...

... [Nyarlathotep, Great Messenger, bringer of strange joy to Yuggoth through the void, Father of the Million Favoured Ones, Stalker among ...

— fragmentary ritual or prayer to the Great Old Ones

What if, parallel to the life we know, there is another life that does not die, which lacks the elements that destroy our life? Perhaps in another dimension there is a *different* force from that which generates our life. Perhaps this force emits energy, or something similar to energy, which passes from the unknown dimension where it is and creates a new form of cell life in our dimension. No one knows that such cell life does exist in our dimension. Ah, but I have seen its manifestations, I have talked with them. In my room at night I have talked with the Doels. And in dreams I have seen their maker, I have stood on the dim shore beyond time and matter and seen it. It moves through strange curves and outrageous angles. Some day I shall travel in time and meet it face to face.

— from The Secret Watcher
by the late Halpin Chalmers

O friend and companion of night, thou who rejoices in the baying of dogs and spilt blood, who wanderest in the midst of shades among the tombs, who longest for blood and bringest terror to mortals, Gorgo, Mormo, thousand-faced moon, look favourably on our sacrifices!

— old evil prayer

It is verily known by few, but is nevertheless an attestable fact, that the will of a dead sorcerer hath power upon his own body and can raise it up from the tomb and perform therewith whatever action was unfulfilled in life. And such resurrections are invariably for the doing of malevolent deeds and for the detriment of others. More readily can the corpse be animated if all its members have remained intact; and yet there are cases in which the excelling will of the wizard hath reared up from death the sundered pieces of a body hewn in many fragments, and hath caused them to serve his end, either separately or in a temporary reunion. But in every instance, after the action hath been completed, the body lapseth into its former state.

— from Al Azif

Many and multiform are the dim horrors of Earth, infesting her ways from the prime. They sleep beneath the unturned stone; they rise with the tree from its root; they move beneath the sea and in subterranean places; they

dwell in the inmost adyta; they emerge betimes from the shutten sepulchre of haughty bronze and the low grave that is sealed with clay. There be some that are long known to man, and others as yet unknown that abide the terrible latter days of their revealing. Those which are most dreadful and the loathliest of all are haply still to be declared.

But among those that have been revealed aforetime and have made manifest their veritable presence, there is one that may not openly be named for its exceeding foulness. It is that spawn which the hidden dweller in the vaults has begotten upon mortality.

— from the Necronomicon

Paper Chase

The Investigator is asked to solve a simple missing person case while in town. This scenario should be played with one Keeper and one Investigator.

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Douglas Kimball lived in a small house on 218 Aylesbury Street in Arnoldsburg, Michigan, for most of his life. A solitary, middle-aged man, he lived only for his books and reading. He read in his study. He read in bed. He read the bible in church. And he took to reading in the graveyard near his home.

For hours at a time he would sit on one particular low tomb and read. One night, darkness caught him still reading. The bright, full moon rose and Douglas noticed a most singular occurrence. A slab to his left slid aside, and a strange entity stuck its head out and meeped softly.

A most bizarre friendship began, a friendship that lasted for five years, until one night Douglas followed his friend into the twilight world of the ghouls, where he has dwelt quite contented, ever since.

A year passed, and Douglas Kimball acquired new living habits, a slightly altered appearance, and unusual dietary tastes. He began to do his reading at night.

But one cannot read the same books forever. One evening, he broke into his old house, now owned by his nephew, and retrieved some of his beloved books.

Now, during the night, Douglas sits upon his small, low tomb and reads peacefully. But these books will last him just so long. Even now, he plans to retrieve more of his books.

PLAYER INFORMATION

The investigator is contacted by a Thomas Kimball. It seems his house has been burglarized, and five of his late uncle's favorite books have been stolen. They have no great cash value — only his uncle having any use for them; but his uncle disappeared without trace a year ago.

Thomas Kimball would like the investigator to find out who stole the books, return them if possible, and discover if his uncle, Douglas Kimball, is still alive.

KEEPER INFORMATION

Asking Friends and Neighbors

A successful Oratory roll will yield some information from the neighbors about Douglas Kimball. One of them, a Lila O'Dell, remembers seeing Mr. Kimball walking over to the cemetery with a book under his arm; but then, he carried his books anywhere he went.

The Caretaker

If Melodias Jefferson, the caretaker of the cemetery, is approached, a successful Credit Rating roll will get him to be impressed enough to reveal which tombstone Douglas Kimball used to sit on while reading.

If the investigator can make a Spot Hidden roll, he will notice a bottle peeking out of Melodias' Jefferson's coat. Assuming there is alcohol in the bottle (there is), the investigator may try to blackmail additional information out of him. This is done by matching the investigator's INT vs. Melodias' INT of 11 on the resistance table. Or the character may try to bribe him later with alcohol.

To find and buy booze during Prohibition, a player must roll his investigator's POW+INT+EDU or less on 1D100. If successful, a pint of liquor may be obtained for 1D3 dollars. If the roll is missed, he must make a Luck roll to prevent arrest. A roll of 96-00 results in automatic arrest.

If blackmail or bribery succeeds, Melodias will admit to seeing a figure in the cemetery late at night, still sitting on the tombstone, but he was too afraid to investigate. Some things are best left alone. He will say no more.

Library & History

A successful Library Use roll will direct the investigator to the Arnoldsburg Advertiser. An article dated over ten years ago concerns the alleged sighting of a band of



Douglas Kimball and his books

people, apparently unclothed, cavorting in the cemetery. The constable was summoned and the cemetery searched, but no sign of the strangers was ever found, though misshapen footprints gave mute evidence of their presence.

The Arnoldsburg Advertiser

A successful Oratory or Debate roll will let the character into the files on the ten-year-old story. If the investigator is a Journalist or Author, he may get in automatically.

If the investigator bypasses the library (and does not see the story), he must roll his POW or less as a percentage to blunder across the pertaining story here in the newspaper's ill-kept files.

In a never-published statement concerning the cemetery, Mrs. Hilda Ward, an insomniac neighbor now aged 64, claimed that for over twenty years she had seen 'Devil Spawn' stalking about the burial ground. Though human in outline, she claimed they had canine features, hooved feet, and were covered with mould. No one ever was gullible enough to believe her. Mrs. Ward has since moved to Detroit, and none of the other neighbors have ever seen or will admit to having seen Hilda's 'Devil Spawn.'

The Kimball House

Inside the house, Thomas Kimball has moved into all of the rooms except for the study, which is cluttered with his uncle's books. There are books of all sizes, shapes, and on all subjects, identical only in that they were all well-cared-for.

Searching the study will take at least one day. The investigator should attempt a Spot Hidden. If successful, a journal is found. The last entry is dated the day before Douglas Kimball vanished. This entry mentions reaching a decision and joining with "my friends below." If a character succeeds in a Read English roll, he must make a SAN roll or lose 1D3 SAN. The journal hints at a network of tunnels beneath the cemetery, inhabited by mysterious creatures.

At this point in the adventure, the investigator has a number of options. He could carefully search the cemetery for tracks around the tomb Douglass Kimball frequented. If a Track roll is successful, turn to The Burrow section. Or the investigator could watch the cemetery or the house in hopes of seeing Douglas Kimball or one of the ghouls.

Watching the House or Cemetery

If a watch of the house and/or cemetery is set up outside, then each night a Luck roll should be attempted for the investigator; the first night it is successful, a figure will leave the cemetery grounds, go to the house, and enter through the study window. If it is locked (Thomas does not normally lock it, but the investigator may have previously stated he was locking it), the figure will ram its shoulder against the window, smashing the wood and breaking the pane.

A few minutes later, the figure will re-emerge, laden with books and head back to the cemetery, if left unmolested.

If the investigator confronts the figure, chases it or tries to attack it, it will flee into the cemetery carrying the books. If unable to get away, the figure (Douglas Kimball) will fight back after dropping the books. He will only fight so long as needed to drive off or knock down his assailant, then flee with his precious burden.

If the investigator manages to kill the figure, it will turn out to be a dead ghoul with an uncanny resemblance to Douglas Kimball. Make two SAN rolls. The first is because of the ghoul's awful appearance. If it is failed, the character loses 1D6 SAN (otherwise, he loses nothing). The second SAN roll is due to the realization of Douglas Kimball's fate. If this SAN roll is failed, lose 1D8 SAN. If it succeeds, lose 1 SAN anyway. As the investigator gets up from the dead figure, he hears shuffling all round him.

The keeper should now ask the investigator what he plans to do. If he decides to stay and see what happens, he must make a SAN roll as dozens of ghouls loom out of the gloom. If the SAN roll is missed, the investigator loses 6 points of SAN, goes temporarily insane, screams, and faints. He will awake in the Arnoldsburg Sanitarium. (For an alternate continuation to the story, see *The Asylum and Others*, a *Call of Cthulhu* supplement.) There was no remaining trace of a ghoul where the investigator's unconscious body was found, and Thomas Kimball will not be bothered again.

Should the investigator attempt to fight or shoot at the ghouls, he will be rapidly overpowered and taken back with them into their burrows, never to be seen again.

If at any time the investigator flees, the ghouls will take the body of Douglas Kimball and return to the cemetery. Thomas Kimball will not be bothered again.

If Douglas Kimball is called by name, he will still return to the cemetery, but slowly as to be easily followed. He will stop there and sit upon his favorite tombstone, and talk to the investigator.

The Conversation

The investigator must succeed in a SAN roll or lose 1D6 SAN at this point. Douglas Kimball will answer any questions if asked in a civilized manner.

Douglas will say that he was just too tired of the mundane life among humans. The only thing he wanted from life was to be left alone, able to read whenever he liked. But other humans kept making demands on him. As a ghoul, his life is great. He does not need money. He does not have to dress for dinner. He does not have to meet people, except at meal-times. He can read whenever he wants, day or night.

But the ghouls are shutting down this entrance so he had one last night to try and get more of his books. There is so much to see and experience in the world below that he is planning to write a book about his experiences.

He will ask the investigator not to reveal to his nephew that he is still alive (in a manner of speaking). He will then creep down into the opening of the burrow and close it behind him. If the investigator has been beguiled by the wonders of life below or otherwise wants to go with him, he can, but the investigator will not be heard from again.

The investigator will get +3% Cthulhu mythos knowledge and lose 1D4 SAN from talking to the ghoul that was Douglas Kimball.

The Burrow

If the ghoul is followed to the graveyard, or if the investigator successfully tracks in the graveyard, he can follow half-cloven prints to the appropriate tomb entryway. If the investigator wants to open the door, he must overcome its SIZ of 10 with his STR on the resistance table. If the tomb door is opened, a horrible stench will well up. If the player did not specifically say that the investigator was holding his breath, he will black out from the miasma.

If the investigator blacked out, he will awaken at night, with Douglas Kimball perched next to him (make a SAN roll). If the investigator has held his breath and goes down into the burrow, he will meet Douglas Kimball waiting for him (make a SAN roll). In either case, refer to The Conversation section. If the investigator opens the burrow but does not go down, at nighttime, Douglas will come up and visit him in his room.

If at any time the investigator attacks Douglas Kimball in the cemetery, that investigator will never be seen again.

Last Notes

The player may come up with an original or different solution to this dilemma. Cementing the tomb closed will mean little to the ghouls who were abandoning the graveyard anyway. In any case, if the investigator got to talk with Douglas Kimball, he can gain 1D6 SAN from the knowledge that there is one ghoul, at any rate, who will not be planning to come back.

Douglas Kimball

STR 17	CON 15	SIZ 13	INT 16	POW 13
DEX 8	EDU 17	SAN 0	Hit Points 14	

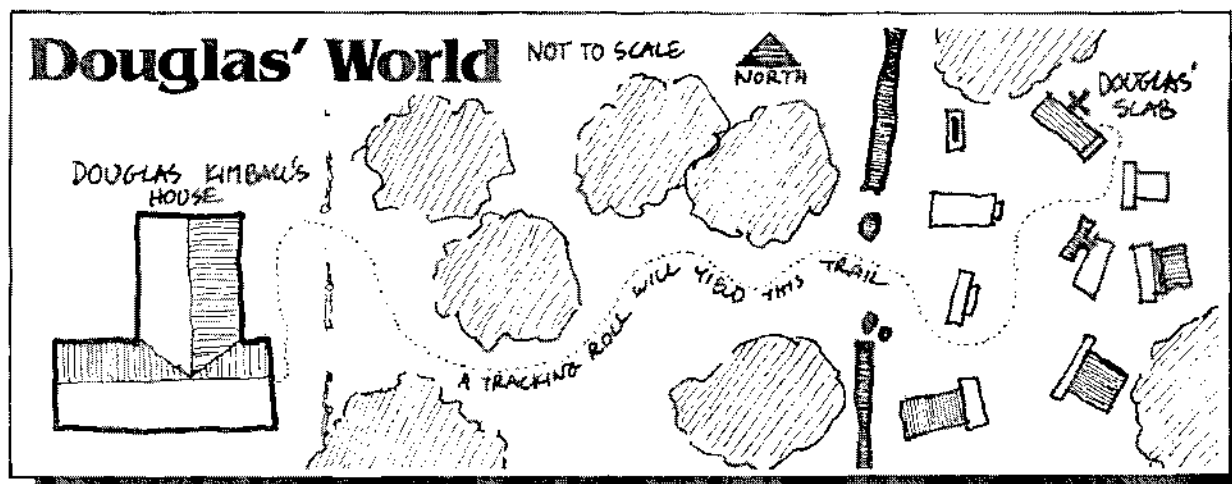
Claws 50%, 1D6+1D6

Bite 50%, 1D6+1D6

All Knowledge skills 30%

Spell: Contact Ghoul

Douglas Kimball, now a ghoul, takes only half damage from gunshot wounds.



The Mystery of Loch Feinn

The rumored existence of a surviving Plesiosaurus has drawn famed professor Willard Gibson to Scotland. But before he can gain conclusive proof he is found murdered. Will the investigators succeed in solving both the murder and the puzzle of the beast?

Players' Information

Professor Willard Gibson, a paleontologist with the British Museum, was murdered while working in the Loch Feinn area. Loch Feinn is a northern lake, near the town of Gregor. Gibson's body and effects were returned to his 22 year old daughter, Elaine, who lives in London.

The player-characters can be drawn into this adventure one of three ways. The late professor could have been a friend of one or all of the investigators, as could his daughter Elaine. Thus, the ties of friendship could lead them to Loch Feinn. Or they could be contacted by Elaine, who wants a further investigation, and who tantalizes the investigators by telling them that her father told her over the phone that he was onto "the biggest scientific discovery of this century or the last!" Unfortunately, Professor Gibson did not elaborate over the phone, and died shortly thereafter. Such a potential discovery should tantalize both scholars and journalists. Finally, the British Museum could hire the investigators to go and dig deeper into Professor Gibson's doings while at Loch Feinn, to either figure out what he had been working on, or to bring his killer to justice.

Two or more of these methods could be used to drag the investigators to the highlands, at the option of the keeper. In any case, they are unlikely to forget their adventures there.

Keeper's Information

Loch Feinn is a center of Iloigor activity. They are gathering their power to dominate the entire area. A local family, the MacAllans, serve their interests. Central to the scheme is the appearance of a Iloigor in the loch, in reptilian form. This appearance is called the Water Horse by the locals.

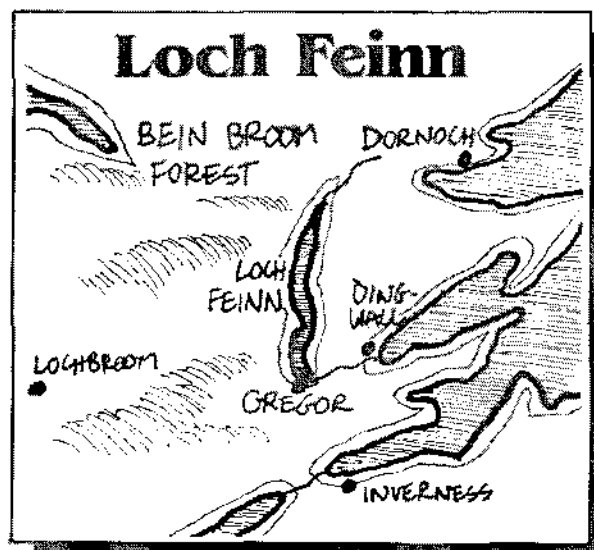
General Information

The Town of Gregor: The provincial Scots are reticent with outsiders — especially about things concerning their loch. The professor was brutally stabbed to death outside of town. The local police investigation seems to be both sluggish and ineffective. A successful Oratory roll on the part of one of the investigators will help them gather more information from local contacts. Some people believe that the MacAllan clan was responsible for the murder. The

MacAllans are a family living all round the loch. Liam MacAllan is the clan chief. For over a century people have been blaming them for cattle theft, assault, rape, murder, and other crimes. Several members of the family have been sent to prison; some others met their doom in violent disputes. It's not wise to fuss with or trespass on the MacAllans. They are reputed to patrol the shore of the loch with shotguns.

The MacKenzie House: The MacKenzie house is where the murdered professor had stayed. If the party needs a place to lodge, it is good enough. If interested in the professor's room, they may stay there. Erma, the proprietor's wife, will tell the investigators (if they ask), that everything Professor Gibson had was sent to the local authorities. If the party achieves access to the room, a successful Spot Hidden will find the professor's journal, hidden from view and taped to the top of the closet. Erma and her bland husband will ask few questions and expect little trouble. The only way the investigators could offend their hosts is by "not payin' wha' they owe."

Gibson's Journal: The journal taped inside the closet reveals his belief that the legends of the Water Horse point to the survival of some sort of prehistoric life, possibly a plesiosaurus. He states that the more superstitious locals





believe that seeing the Water Horse means one's death is at hand. Apparently the persons most able to help his research, the MacAllans, are impossible to deal with and have threatened to shoot him if he trespasses on any of their farms again. Fortunately, the farm of one Paton MacGuffin, who despises the MacAllans, affords him a good view of the loch.

Later in the journal he reports finding a megalith on an island in Loch Feinn and another near the shore on MacAllan land. Professor Gibson complains several times about being driven away from these interesting stones by MacAllan toughs.

Gibson makes references to two books, *Legends of Orkney and North Scotland* and *The History of County*

Tamlin. Evidently he found these helpful in confirming the existence of the Water Horse. Both books can be found in the Gregor town library.

The History of County Tamlin lists several sightings of the Water Horse in recent times, usually south of the megalith-bearing island. There are several deaths and disappearances attributed to the monster. In 1898, Amery F. Skein was found mutilated and half-devoured floating in Loch Feinn.

Increasingly Gibson begins to become paranoid about being followed and watched. He vaguely refers to a scrap outside a pub with Liam MacAllan. This only sparks the professor's pugnaciousness, for he approaches young Sean MacAllan, Liam's skulking son, in the Rose of the High-



The Investigators and the Water Horse

lands pub, where he plies him with whiskey while the young ruffian alternately boasts and threatens. Sean seems proud of a secret knowledge and makes drunken references to "them fra below."

Now Gibson begins to pay more attention to the comings and goings of the MacAllans, evidently worried that they may attempt to stop his research. He hides his journal because he does not feel safe. Gibson finds that the MacAllans are known to gather at the ruins of Laireag Castle on some old pagan feast days.

The tone of the journal, at this point, implies that the author has knowledge that he dares not disclose. Perhaps the professor fears slander? The final entry mentions a search for a book called *Standing Stones of Great Britain*.

Elaine Gibson: The professor's daughter is his only close living relative. It was she who received his effects after his murder. The party who interviews her will find her more than willing to talk. She had been her father's assistant for two years and would have accompanied him to Scotland if her studies had not delayed her departure. She supported her father's view that the strange creatures in Scottish lochs might be living fossils.

Elaine wants to go to Scotland with the party. She will go by herself if necessary, but she will go anyway. She is plucky and independent. If the party does not give her sufficient useful work to do during the investigation, she will go out on her own to investigate whatever seems to be the focus of the mystery at the moment.

Elaine Gibson

STR 8 CON 13 SIZ 10 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 11 APP 16 SAN 89 Hit Points 12

Skills: Read/Write Latin 80%, Read/Write German 50%, Read/Write French 85%, Chemistry 45%, Geology 55%, History 30%, Library Use 90%, Zoology 65%, Paleontology 70%, Debate 40%

Willard Gibson's Papers: The professor's papers are kept in Elaine's apartment. The letters at first give general information on the town of Gregor and the general recalcitrance of the locals. He is unable to get conclusive proof that there is anything real in the loch, but remains hopeful. He mentions that he is keeping a journal -- which is not included in the effects forwarded by the Gregor constabulary.

Among the papers is a file of clippings and handwritten notes taken from books with additional references noted. They include a story from the life of St. Anfac in which he finds the men of Loch Feinn "steeped in most damnable heresy." The story is climaxed by a battle with Satan in the form of a dragon, which St. Anfac drives off with a prayer. This story was supposed to take place in the latter ninth century.

Monsters reappear in a number of other accounts stretching back centuries, and up into modern times. The monster is described as dark grey, long-necked, "strange" footed, and, in older reports, sometimes possessed of great wings and many heads. The monster is always seen in the loch or along the shore. For many years, lost people and animals have been attributed to attacks by the monster. In modern times, disappearances are still occasionally mentioned in connection with the Water Horse, but official

testimony speaks instead of drownings, heart attacks, and murder by brigands.

The latest letters speak of the sinister MacAllan clan. The professor was threatened by Liam MacAllan, but feels his investigation is gaining momentum and is not dissuaded from his conclusion. He urges Elaine not to worry. In his last letter, Professor Gibson asks Elaine to find him *The Standing Stones of Great Britain*, and, if possible, *Unausprechlichen Kulten*.

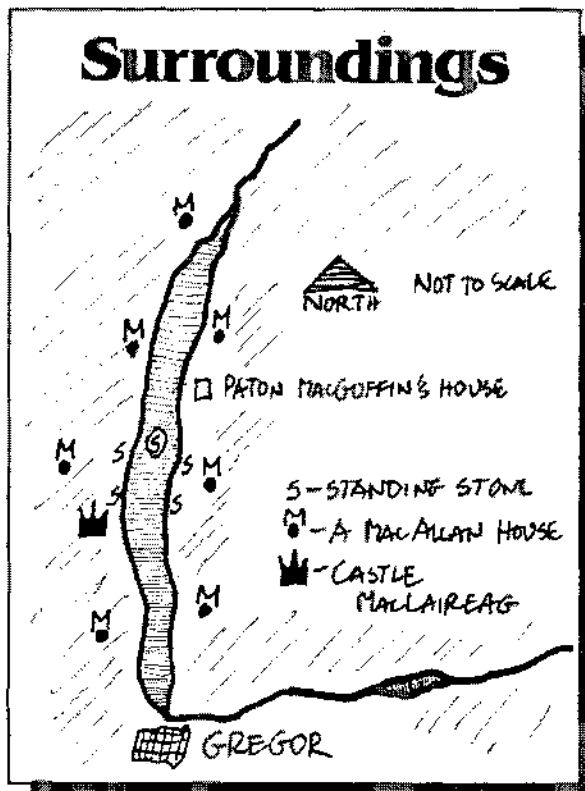
The Books: Elaine managed to find *The Standing Stones of Great Britain*. This book puts forth a theory that the old megaliths of the isles are all located upon important points in the ground and act as power amplifiers. In the proper pattern they form a cohesive magnetic energy field, according to the author. Certain straight-line alignments of megalithic sites were called "Dragon Paths" by certain clans of ancient Britons.

Unausprechlichen Kulten, which could not be obtained by Elaine, has several more interesting tidbits. If the players have a copy of any edition of this horrid work, they may find the following by making appropriate die rolls (the book's Knowledge + times 5 or less on 1D100). Standing stones were raised for the worship of many ancient and evil beings. Von Junzt especially notes the worship of the lloigor in ancient Europe, and correlates the standing stones associated with the lloigor to the numerous megalithic sites in Britain. Von Junzt says that the lloigor live underground, but gives no details as to their physical form or nature, except to state that they are "astral." Von Junzt also seems quite taken by the fact that a Malcolm MacLairag, burned in Edinburgh in 1396, died screaming, "Lloigor! Lloigor! Lloigor!" Von Junzt then goes on to say that this case was typical of the lloigor. Those made into their servants quickly become driven to crime and utter depravity, sexual and otherwise. Their very presence drives unstable types to wickedness.

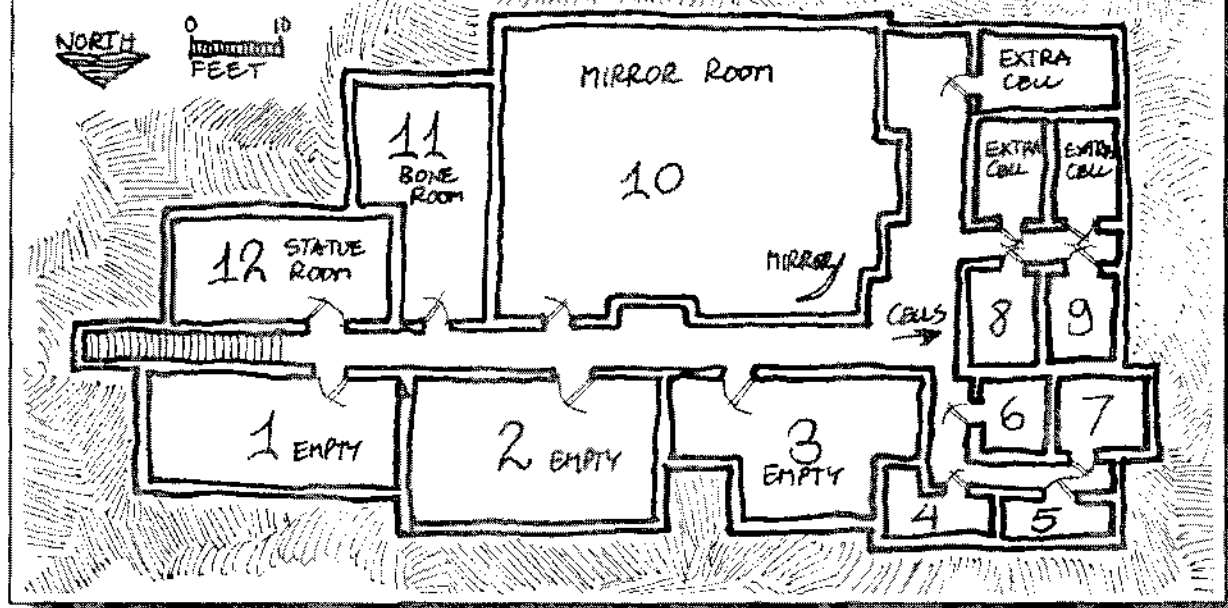
Castle MacLairag: Searching successfully in a library will reveal that Castle MacLairag is a ruin standing on the west shore of Loch Feinn, uninhabited since 1781. It was built in the 13th century by the infamous MacLairag clan of robbers. They terrorized the loch area for four centuries, but were ruined in the Highland Revolt of 1745-46. The clan died out after this setback, and no living Scot is known to have inherited the MacLairag name.

The MacAllans: The London and Gregor library also holds the following information about the MacAllans. A Thomas MacAllan distinguished himself in service to Prince William during the Highland Revolt. The MacLairag lands were bestowed upon Thomas, but his family did not prosper in the far north. The younger MacAllans began showing a wild and cruel streak in their new home. The few surviving MacLairags were blamed for corrupting the youth, and driven out of the area entirely. The MacLairags then disappear into obscurity and are not heard of again. Thomas himself vanished in 1749 while on the loch. His son Donald inherited the lands, and his mad temper made the clan unpopular.

Donald's successor James was worse. A sadist and ped-erast, he was constantly in trouble with the law, when he could not bully the local constabulary into submission. During James' rule much of Castle MacLairag was destroyed by an explosion, evidently due to the accidental ignition of a cache of illegal gunpowder.



MacLaireag Dungeon



The MacAllan fortune, in decline anyway, was wiped out by this catastrophe. The survivors divided up the land around the loch into several holdings, and made their living on these small, poor farms from then on.

Loch Feinn: Scouting the countryside or perusing a good map will show that Loch Feinn is a body of water a half-mile wide and almost 3 miles long. Its look is typical of the lochs which fill the deep depressions of Highland faultlines. The country about is mostly glens and hills, which are barren except when the heather blooms. Most of the inhabitants are farmers, raising oats, turnips, and potatoes, as well as sheep or shaggy Highland cattle.

There are several islands on Loch Feinn. There are few water plants, but the shores abound with trees and thickets. The waters are deep black from peat leached from the hills round about.

The Ruin of Castle MacLaireag

One who explores the ruin will find that no visible part of it is habitable. It is a blackened, spooky ruin with walls and towers mostly fallen. The castle once had two levels, but the upper stories now lack floors or ceilings. No plant of any kind grows within the castle itself, though bare dirt is exposed in several places.

If the northeast tower (the only intact tower remaining), a Spot Hidden will reveal a trap door hidden in the floor's rotting flagstones.

Beneath the trap door a flight of stone steps descends into a series of dingy chambers.

Rooms 1-3: Empty. The mold and dust is thick.

Rooms 4-9: Obviously old prison cells, with a stone bench against one wall and rusty shackles riveted into the stone

walls. The keeper may place any prisoners taken by the MacAllans here.

Room 10: Once the torture chamber of the castle. Its lack of dust proves regular visits by someone in large numbers. A brassy-looking mirror stands in the northwest corner, with a message in Gaelic carved into the edges.

This is where the MacAllans — and the MacLaireags before them — pay homage to the flogor. They chant, dance, and play musical instruments. The mirror summons the image of dread Ghatanothoa. Anyone reciting the spell engraved on the mirror's edges loses all his magic points, and must make a 1D100 roll. If the die roll is equal to or less than the magic points lost, then the image of Ghatanothoa appears in the mirror, squirming around and lustfully seeking those in the room. The character performing the spell and standing before the mirror will have no chance — he will be transformed to a rigid leathery mummy as he stands there, a process taking only half a minute or so (and which is excruciatingly painful). Those looking into the mirror while the spell-caster intones the Gaelic chant must each attempt a Luck roll to withdraw in alarm before disaster strikes. Those failing a Luck roll lose 1D6 DEX permanently as their muscles and sinews begin to stiffen, and must make a SAN roll or lose 1D20 SAN (success still causes them to lose 1D6 SAN). Those elsewhere in the room are safe. Seeing their friend turned into a rigid corpse costs all those watching 1D10 SAN unless a SAN roll succeeds, in which case only 1D3 points are lost.

If the 1D100 roll is higher than the magic points lost, then only a blurred image of the horrific deity is seen. All peering into the mirror lose 1D20 SAN unless a SAN roll is made, in which case 1D6 SAN is still lost. In any case,

the image lasts no longer than a few seconds, except in the brain and eyes of a hapless individual successfully casting the spell engraved on the mirror, as described above.

Room 11: A dismal den. It holds the charred remains and the gnawed bones of several dozen humans lay here. Some bones seem comparatively fresh, others crumble into the dust of centuries. A failed SAN roll here will cost the viewer 1D4 SAN.

This is the place where the MacAllans callously shovel the remains of those suffering the blast death of the lloigor, whether the victims are MacAllans or outsiders.

Room 12: This contains several apparently mummified bodies, in agonized and twisted poses. These are, of course, victims of the mirror in Room 10.

The lloigor: While underground in the castle, there is a 10% chance for every 10 minutes the investigators spend underground that a lloigor will rise through the floor, alerted by the investigators' psychic presence. This chance doubles to 20% after a spell is cast in the underground (including the chant to Ghataothoa on the mirror in Room 10). When the lloigor comes, it will attack with a pyrokinetic blast. This is a minute and localized version of the larger blast used by the lloigor in general to destroy areas. It will cost this lloigor its entire supply of 15 magic points. As the effect begins, the chosen target will suddenly feel his hair stand on end and sounds become muffled, as if he were suddenly charged with static electricity. His clothes will then begin to smoulder. If the victim does not flee for the surface immediately (within 10-20 seconds), then all at once his skin will begin to blacken and char, as if under the influence of great heat. His fingers will blacken and twist, and his entire body will shrivel. Within a minute, all will be over. The heat is intense but localized, and may not be felt even by one next to the victim. Anyone actually touching the victim while he is visibly withering will have their hand scorched with intense heat, and take 1D4 points of damage. Dousing the victim with water or sand will do no good. If he has not immediately run for the exit upon the start of the combustion process, his doom is sealed. It is likely that he will actually die, as there should be no obvious reason why running for the surface would do anything. The initial smouldering and feeling of static electricity may not even be more interesting than threatening to the victim. The victim chosen is up to the keeper, but we suggest that it not be a major character in the adventure.

The end result is a victim of one of the mysterious cases of spontaneous human combustion sometimes reported. The skull is charred and shrunken, most of the bones turned to powder. One or two extremities (such as a foot), oddly enough, may be intact. It is possible that the person will be burned to ash while his clothes remain nearly intact.

After the victim has been scorched to death, all the party will be able to feel the presence of the lloigor. It will feel like an overwhelming, haunting presence. Since the lloigor is invisible, and intangible, they cannot sense it in any way except in this emotional manner. The lloigor has only enough magic points for the single attack, but the investigators won't know this, and are likely to flee after the death of their compatriot. If the party is so foolhardy as to stay, the lloigor will leave to fetch the Mac-

Allans or even another, fresh lloigor to bring destruction upon the investigators.

The MacAllans and Their Secrets

Liam MacAllan is the leader of the clan. He is a fanatic, so mad he could not function save through his submission to the telepathic domination of the lloigor. Strangers he cannot frighten away he will try to have killed. If one gains the verbal better of him he will rage and curse, but will reveal nothing of use. He is thin, ravaged by age and sin, and bitter-looking. His hovel houses his hag of a wife, two vicious sons, and a slutish daughter.

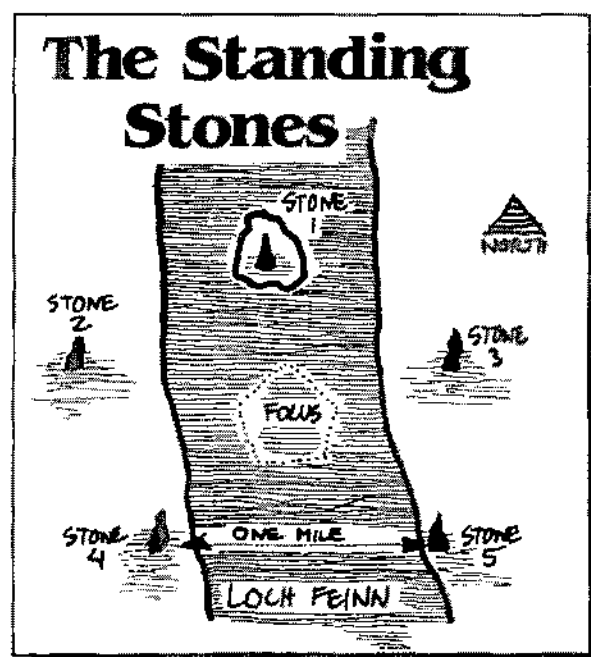
Liam MacAllan

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 12 INT 8 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 4 EDU 3 SAN 0 Hit Pts 12

Skills: Shotgun 60%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Cthulhu mythos 45%

Sean MacAllan is the son of Liam. He is cocky about being heir to the clan's leadership. He is about 24, and an experienced criminal, with a record of robbery, assault, and statutory rape. His knowledge of lloigor activity is larger than he can ever be forced to divulge, and talks best while drunk. If persuaded to talk he will say things such as "Keep awa' frae th' loch. It b'loongs tae th' Water Horse. Them beloo th' loch hae powers ye canna ken. Theer be power in the rocks. Th' MacAllans raised the rocks 'n keeps 'em raised." He will say no more than this, and will cheerfully assault and even murder the investigators if he catches them on MacAllan property.

The Secret of the Stones: The MacAllans have restored the ancient megaliths around the loch. Two are on each side of the loch and one on an island in it. They form a pentagonal shape. Near each of the megaliths is a small magnetic field, no more than 3-4 yards across. In the very center of the pentagon, out in the loch, is a strong



magnetic field over 10 yards across. A compass near one of the stones or in the field over the loch would detect the field, by either pointing to the generating stone or by going haywire (if out in the loch). Small iron objects will become magnetized if they spend more than a few minutes in the center of the field in the loch.

At the center of the loch, the forces concentrated there easily allow the lloigor to take physical form — the Water Horse. There is usually only one Water Horse in the loch at once, but occasionally more are present.

By sitting at the center of the field, a lloigor can draw in 1 magic point every fifteen minutes, which may be used to manifest in the tangible form of the Water Horse. Thus, it usually takes 10-15 hours before the creature has gathered enough magic points to materialize. However, once formed, the Water Horse can exist indefinitely — until the lloigor decides to dematerialize again.

The Lloigor's Plot: The lloigor ruled the British Isles 5,000 years back, when there were many carefully aligned megalithic arrangements devoted to the lloigor, and they could walk the land in the form of dragons. The lloigor are trying to increase their power around the loch to extend their domination beyond the MacAllan clan to include the entire town of Gregor and the farming country. Their crazed human servants will be used to restore more megaliths. In the future, the lloigor will be able to wreak more destruction on the human race than they ever could for the last several centuries.

The Rites of the MacAllans: The MacAllans hold their rites of worship in the torture chamber of the old castle dungeon. They do this on Candlemas (February 2), Beltane (May 1), Lamas (August 1), and Samhain (October 31). One hiding in the ruins of the castle can see them proceed into the northwest tower, there to dance odd, perverted reels, chant in slurred Gaelic, perform weird measures on oddly-tuned bagpipes, and engage in incestuous and bestial orgies.

At the climax of the rites, a clan member may try to summon Ghatanothoa into the mirror. When a clan member in such a fanatic ecstasy succeeds, his petrified body is stored in Room 12.

Often, a lloigor makes an invisible appearance, and incites the MacAllans to release energy to it through an especially violent family orgy, ritual torture and murder of a captive, or some other vile exercise.

The MacAllans inbreed constantly, and need outside blood frequently to keep from degenerating completely. When one of the young MacAllan hellions or bucks wishes to marry outside the clan (which is frequent), the object of his or her unwelcome attentions is forcibly inducted into the clan. Generally a healthy young person between the age of 18 and 24 is so victimized. If the date of the adventure is reasonably close to a pagan holiday, the keeper may decide that a party member meeting this description has been victimized. If not, a MacAllan buck (probably young Sean himself) has taken a villainous interest in Elaine, and his clan will abduct her if possible. Even the strongest person may become a mad fanatic with the MacAllans after several months or years living with them, forced to participate in their festivals, staying in their filthy huts, possibly bound and even gagged much of the time, and, of course, being continually under the psychic influence of the lloigor colony.

If the party is hidden within the castle basement during a MacAllan ritual, and a lloigor is present at the ceremonies, it may telepathically sense the investigators' presence and alert the MacAllans, whereupon it will vanish, leaving the MacAllans to take care of the spies.

The Water Horse: On any night that the party watches the loch, there is a 10% chance of spotting the Water Horse. If the party explores the loch by boat, there is a 20% chance of encountering the creature. If the party is near the focus of the magnetic fields, the chance rises to 40%.

The monster is most likely to vanish underwater if seen. If the party knows enough to threaten the lloigor, and the lloigor are aware of their knowledge, the Water Horse is likelier to attack.

Water Horse

STR 40 CON 30 SIZ 50 INT 18 POW 15
DEX 10 Hit Points 40 Armor 8 points

Skills: Bite 50%, 2D6+5D6 damage)

If the Water Horse wishes, it may expend all 15 magic points and cause a party member to spontaneously combust, if it can catch the party in a boat. To do this, it must surface quite near the boat and focus its psychic energies on the chosen target for at least 3 rounds, at the end of which time the victim will begin to shrivel and blacken. Before then, his clothes will begin to smoulder, his hair will stand on end, and any metal objects on his person will become strongly magnetized. There is really no way to escape this attack on the lake, but if the Water Horse is killed or driven off before the 3 rounds are up, the attack will be cancelled. To drive off the Water Horse, the party will need some effective method of attacking it underwater, for if it is fired at or otherwise assaulted, it will simply submerge, while remaining near enough to the party's boat to continue its attack. It must stay within 10-20 feet to attack with the spontaneous combustion. As previously stated, it can only do this once.

Possible Solutions

If one of the stones is broken or removed bodily, the magnetic fields' power is reduced by 50%. If two or more are destroyed or removed, the field vanishes. If the field is thus destroyed, the lloigor will have to back down and suspend their plot until the stones are replaced. If the MacAllans can be arrested or otherwise eliminated, then the lloigor will not be able to build new stones, though they will continue to use the field, if the party does not destroy the stones.

The stones stand 8 feet high and weigh nearly two and a half tons each. If a stone is not destroyed, but merely tipped over, the total field is reduced by 1D20% for each stone toppled.

At first, the investigators should have no reason to suspect that there is a pentagonal pattern to the stones. Mapping the stones will reveal this. Interfering with a stone will definitely attract the attention of a lloigor. If this happens, either the Water Horse will rise from the loch to physically assault, possibly first destroying the culprits' means of transport to prevent escape; or the lloigor will summon the gun-toting MacAllans, and 1D6 MacAllans will arrive in a few minutes.

The Lloigor's Reactions

When the party still knows little and is merely poking around, the lloigor will have no interest in them, though the MacAllans may.

If the party is too successful in spying on the Water Horse or starts to find too much evidence relating to the lloigor and their stones, the lloigor will quickly and brutally react. They may have their agents try for the investigators' lives; a dangerous accident or event may occur; an investigator may be abducted or kidnapped, while the

other party members are warned away; or the lloigor may even try to gather enough energy to cause an implosion.

Failure

If the party fails to reduce the magnetic field over the loch, in the years to come a kind of regional emotional illness will descend on the whole area. The inhabitants will become vile and shunned. They will discourage outsiders while they work on secret projects — raising megaliths on certain points of power.

The Rescue

A counsel for the U. S. State Department is murdered and his daughter disappears. Will the Investigators uncover a Bolshevik plot or is a common criminal responsible?

Keeper Information

Rogers Whittaker, a counsel for the U.S. State Department, was murdered Sunday, June 6, while hiking in the Appalachians. His mangled corpse was found floating in the Water Gap, and had been in the stream for several days. The Tiger county coroner was uncertain whether the lesions on the body had been incurred before or just after death, but has marked the case "accidental death" in the absence of contradictory evidence. Whittaker's daughter Edith, who customarily accompanied him, has not been seen since both left for their weekend ramble.

In fact, Whittaker and young Edith blundered into a den of werewolves. He was quickly slain. She is presently the frightened captive of these despicable and godless creatures.

Players' Information

While conducting research at the Library of Congress, the intrepid investigators have been informed of Rogers Whittaker's death and Edith Whittaker's disappearance by a mutual friend, Carl Cabot Walsingham IV, an undersecretary at the State Department. Walsingham is a school chum or old acquaintance of a properly upper-class investigator of the keeper's choice.

Rogers Whittaker was a respected member of the legal staff at the State Department, an expert in tariffs and customs requirements. Nearly sixty years old, his life was of the utmost respectability and propriety. Widowed for more than a decade, Whittaker commonly took his daughter Edith, 17, on nature walks ranging through the Shenandoah Valley. The Whittaker family is an old and respected one with branches in Hartford and Boston as well

as Washington. Edith was known as an unremarkably respectable girl who was to have attended Bryn Mawr in the autumn.

Rogers Whittaker failed to appear for dinner as scheduled at Carl Walsingham's home on Monday. By Wednesday, friends and family were forced to officially notify local police of the absence of father and daughter. Then the press learned of the Whittakers' disappearance, and several circumspect articles appeared. When Whittaker's corpse was found without trace of Edith, the events prompted large headlines in the Atlantic seaboard press, which the investigators would have noticed had they not been so concerned with their research.

Whittaker's body was found and identified on Thursday, June 10; a search for Edith Whittaker was undertaken by the sheriff of Tiger County, in whose jurisdiction Whittaker's body was found.

Walsingham has invited the investigators to breakfast with him on Friday, June 11. Besides the investigators, a Dr. Huntington Dare will also be present.

The Tale Unfolds

Carl Cabot Walsingham IV

Walsingham is a rich and confident gourmand in his early thirties, rather portly and always well dressed. He is a notorious hypochondriac. Over an elegantly-served Virginia country breakfast, Walsingham says that he believes that Edith may still be alive, though possibly injured. He has heard of previous exploits by the investigators and, while he discounts many of the more fantastic elements in their stories, he also knows that they have some basis in fact. As good Christian men, he asks for their aid in this matter.

He believes that there is little time to lose, and he has taken the liberty of having his manservant Clive procure rail tickets to Highmark, the town nearest to the site where Whittaker's body was recovered.

He fears that Whittaker's death was no accident, a fear reinforced by the observations of the other gentleman present at table.

Walsingham supplies photos of both Rogers and Edith Whittaker. They are unremarkable, evidently pleasant enough people. Edith is a rather washed-out and shy-looking brunette with gold-rimmed spectacles, and one might easily guess that she spent much of her time with her father. Her maid has said that Edith was wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat with an embroidered band of blue forget-me-nots around the brim, a white blouse, a blue sweater, a long light blue skirt, and dark boots, and perhaps carried a picnic basket.

Dr. Huntington Dare

A polished, bookish man, Dr. Dare is in his early 40s. Though usually well-mannered, his temper gets the best of him at times. He is red-haired, smooth-shaven, and well-dressed. He stands around 5' 11" tall.

At the family's request, the good doctor traveled to Highmark to witness the autopsy on Thursday, yesterday day afternoon. Dr. Dare acknowledges that unequivocal findings are difficult once a body has been immersed for several days, but that he believes that Whittaker was slain, primarily because of the quantity of blood still extant in the tissue just beyond the edges of the wounds. The killers may have been one or more animals, but if so they are animals unfamiliar to him as a pathologist. The jaw sizes, dentition, and claw patterns positively eliminate bears or cats; the killer may have been an unusual breed of dog, but it would have had to be of mastiff size or greater.

If pressed for further information, Dr. Dare will add little of substance except casual observations confirming the competency of both coroner and sheriff. Though he can hardly admit it without proof, secretly he knows of nothing which could match the slashing bites and tears which killed Whittaker; as a man of science, he finds this ignorance both alarming and provoking. He has been doing some unusual reading in the occult library of a friend, and has made suppositions which he hopes never to have to reveal. He has written his specific information in a notebook carried on his person at all times in the day.

Dr. Dare volunteers to accompany the investigators for the weekend, though he must return to Washington on Monday. He has spent several months in the general area over the past ten years, hunting deer and pheasant.

Dr. Huntington Dare

STR 12	CON 15	SIZ 14	INT 17	POW 14
DEX 16	APP 11	EDU 18	SAN 66	Hit Pts 15

Skills: Read English 90%, Read Latin 60%, Botany 50%, Chemistry 70%, First Aid 100%, Law 30%, Occult 15%, Pharmacy 80%, Treat Disease 90%, Treat Poison 90%, Zoology 75%, Diagnose Disease 90%, Spot Hidden 75%, Track 40%, Hide 40%, Sneak 40%, Credit Rating 60%, Hunting Rifle 75%

Clive the Manservant

Clive has been with the Walsingham family since the morning after Queen Victoria's death — some 20 years. In all that time, except for two Saturday night bouts of tipsiness, he has been a model of probity and discretion. He is friendly, though never deserting his station or responsibilities. His face is round and genial, his gait firm and purposeful. His clothing is always appropriately formal. He stands six feet tall. He inspires confidence. If the truth were to be known, he is much more capable than Walsingham, whose sole talent was to be born with money.

Clive the Manservant

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 15	INT 16	POW 14
DEX 13	APP 13	EDU 14	SAN 75	Hit Pts 14

Skills: Read English 70%, Read French 70%, Read Latin 25%, Accounting 80%, First Aid 65%, History 50%, Library Use 70%, Treat Disease 90%, Listen 70%, Psychology 60%, Spot Hidden 50%, Drive Automobile 50%, Mechanical Repair 70%, Electrical Repair 40%, Sneak 85%, Debate 60%, Credit Rating 35%, Fast Talk 50%, Climb 70%, Jump 60%, Swim 80%

The Journey

The investigators have two hours to prepare for the 98-minute express run to Highmark. Walsingham places a car and driver at their disposal, with his regrets that his health does not permit him to accompany them. He insists that they accept the company of his servant, Clive, who will see to all their mundane needs. At the station, Clive shows the investigators to their first-class compartment. If they have accepted Walsingham's offer of his employee, Clive will remain aboard and serve a fine buffet lunch, unobtrusively pouring fine French champagne into their innocuous-looking teacups.

As the hours pass, the train leaves behind the beautiful fields and copses, and winds into the sterner bluffs and mountains of the Appalachians. Dr. Dare, if the investigators have allowed him to accompany them, describes the terrain: rolling hills broken by abrupt cliffs and heights, gently-looping rivers, fresh shallow streams leaping over abrupt waterfalls, thick hardwood growth, heavy underbrush, suspicious backwoodsmen, decaying farms settled a century and more ago, unnerving sudden chasms, dank and mysterious caverns which lead forever into the mountainsides. At times on even the warmest days, a chill can settle over a glen as though cold and ancient eyes were watching. The streams flow from the mountainsides and always, summer or winter, flow at the same temperature. The doctor wonders if they might not originate from some other place entirely.

Everyone grows sleepy as the train pushes on. It is 12:36 pm when the train pulls into Highmark.

Highmark

Highmark is a sleepy country town of 1600 people. The streets are wide, quiet, and dusty — there is no pavement. The town hall and jail are one wood-frame building; the three jail cells are of brick. There are two general stores: the "immigrant store" where the newer, poor residents buy goods; and the "good store" where the long-time residents shop. There are several churches, including a fine



The werewolf at play

new Presbyterian church with a new brick face, which most people will proudly mention. The town has no newspaper, though the weeklies from Cumberland, Morgantown, and Martinsburg can be purchased at the railway station, as can the daily Washington Star and Post. Most of the Eastern European immigrant laborers in Highmark work at Wenchall Mines, about three miles further west along the railroad.

Bob Everett, the high school principal, is the local stringer for several papers; he contributes news of deaths, births, visits, and unusual events, and is paid five cents per column inch. In many months he has had nothing to report more exciting than the Roberts boy's death. There is a doctor, but he is presently in Hagerstown to see his mother, who is reportedly gravely ill. The town's mayor is Alan Haskew, who runs the "good" general store; he is proud and condescending, and is responsible for the double flagpole in front of the town hall. From these flagpoles the youth of Highmark like to fly insulting banners or ladies' undergarments.

Upon disembarking, the investigators learn that Walsingham has had a Packard touring car sent along with them, riding on its own flatcar, its finish protected by tarpaulins. The presence of the automobile causes talk in Highmark, for there may never have been one finer in this rural town. Most inhabitants still ride in horse-drawn carriages when traveling about town or to the nearby farms. The roads linking it with other towns are passable by car-

riage, but train and telegraph are their normal methods of communication; there is no telephone.

Note: For the rest of this scenario it is assumed that Clive has accompanied the investigators. Neither Dr. Dare nor Clive need to have been taken along as party members for successful play of the scenario. If efficient Clive is along, he has already telegraphed for rooms for the investigators at Mrs. McNulty's, a reputable local boarding house.

The Beggars at the Station

As the investigating party disembarks, they notice two rather dirty and disreputable-looking men. One of them, Jack, approaches and respectfully asks the fine gentlemen if they might spare him a nickel so that he might eat today. Clive will send him on his way with the remark that he might well spend his time making something of himself rather than offending his betters. The stationmaster will intervene, explaining that poor Jack lost most of his senses fighting in the Great War, and that he was a good man before he went. If any of the investigators give him him money or tobacco, Jack will thank them effusively and at embarrassing length.

If Jack receives anything from the investigators, the second beggar, Jocko, will race over and in a surly fashion demand his due. This man the stationmaster will chase away angrily, telling the good-for-nothing to stay off railway property once and for all, or he'll set the dogs on him. At that comment, Jocko (who has backed away in fright during the tirade) will kick a spotted hound, the

stationmaster's favorite dog, sleeping near the baggage truck. The hound springs at Jocko, and a melee ensues. If the investigators help in pulling apart man and dog, Jocko will tearfully swear to remember them always in his prayers; if they do nothing to aid him, he will angrily curse them and all their leeching, exploitative kind, warning everyone that the revolution is not far off, and that he will remember who stood for the poor people and who did not. The powers of the people are extensive, he shouts, very extensive.

About Town

The Constable's Office

Constable Hamblin welcomes the investigating gentlemen, expressing his sorrow at the death of Rogers Whittaker. He is quite deferential in the presence of such finely-dressed gentlemen as Dr. Dare and the investigators, and stories of the elegant manservant and the wonderful Packard touring car on its own flatcar have already flashed through town. He welcomes their aid in the search for Edith Whittaker, though he fears that they must steel themselves for the worst — there has yet been no trace of the girl, and each hour without news leaves less hope that she is alive. More than a dozen townsmen and deputies are still combing the riverbanks for her, but they will have to halt the search soon; they must return to their jobs and families.

The constable normally deals with drunkenness and brawling on Saturday evening, occasional petty thefts from clotheslines and outbuildings, and juvenile pranks of various sorts, such as painting cows or rotating road signs. He can answer questions about unusual happenings with perfect honesty: this part of Tiger County, thank god, is not the sort of place where anything ever happens. His files, which he will be glad to open to such important men, bear him out.

He will also show his copy of the coroner's report on Rogers Whittaker's corpse: it is identical in every particular to the copy which Dr. Dare has in his possession.

The constable points out the approximate search area on a local map earnestly hand-drafted by students of Mr. Montgomery's civil engineering class, Highmark High School, 1917.

Mrs. McNulty's Lodge

This is a rambling three-story house, in which Clive has rented a room each for the investigators, Dr. Dare, and himself. Breakfast is at 7 am, supper at 6 pm sharp. The doors are locked at 9 pm (11 pm on Saturday), and unlocked again at 5:30 am. No smoking allowed; visitors in the parlor only; no cursing or spitting at the table. There is no telephone.

Because their party obviously has money, Mrs. McNulty (age 52) is friendly and accommodating, but she has been overworked for years. The local families and children have gotten rather confused in her mind, and in the space of a few hours she is likely to tell the investigators different stories about the same people and events.

Town Investigations

Several people profess to remember that the Whittakers disembarked from the early train (10:07 am) and strolled

up the road toward Old Man's Bluff, a knoll which the investigators can see rising about two miles away. The road parallels the Water Gap stream, in which Rogers Whittaker was found floating on Thursday.

Nearly everyone saw or says they saw the body being pulled from the river, even though the spot is nearly a mile outside of town. They all report that the body was horribly torn and grotesquely bloated, and that they hope never to see such a fearsome sight again.

There have been no other murders or accidental deaths in the area for over a year; the last death was the youngest Roberts boy, who was jumping around in a hay loft and managed to impale himself on a carelessly-lain pitchfork.

There have been no mysterious occurrences, strange lights, weird sounds, or odd people that anyone can remember. Several years ago, though, a cow belonging to that same Roberts family had triplet heifers, and all three are still alive; two of them are the best milkers in this part of the country.

People are mostly friendly, outgoing, and eager for stories about the wonderful world beyond. Clive is quite taken with Highmark, and thoughtfully records it as a place where he might well retire — though he will not report this to the friends of his employer.

They will be willing to talk about anything, but they know almost nothing except about local, mundane matters.

The Pelton Girls (Jael and Deborah)

Somewhere on the streets, the investigators will see two hulking females throwing rocks at a pack of 10-12 warily-advancing dogs. The angry barks of the dogs and the lewd curses of the girls are deafening and upsetting in a town noted most for being quiet. The girls wear shabby calico dresses; their legs are bare; their hair is stringy and dirty. The gangly youngsters are identical twins. Several neighbors will come out onto their respective porches and loudly tell the Pelton females to leave. If asked, the neighbors will agree that the Peltons are always making trouble, and that the county would be better off without them. If an investigator tries to accost one of the girls, she will frown and petulantly pull away, leaving without saying anything except for curses.

Second Meeting

Whether the party goes out late that afternoon or waits until next morning, they will meet the two beggars again. If they gave Jack a coin or gift, he will greet them elaborately, then giggle and howl like a dog over and over. If the investigators leave, he will race fifty yards ahead of them and then he will sit down and say that he can't go farther because he is lost. This will happen over and over. If someone kicks or threatens him, he will flee.

Along with Jack, the investigators encounter Jocko, who always skulks along after Jack, confiscating the pitances Jack receives. He will insinuate that he knows why they are in town, though it is no secret, and slyly advise them to go up the Water Gap to the gorge, saying that "things get caught in the shallows." Then he will urinate casually and swagger off. Should anyone notice where he stood, that investigator will find a dampened piece of lace embroidered with blue forget-me-nots. Jocko will forever deny any knowledge of the scrap of cloth, but he has left it there to spite and tantalize the investigators.

Pelton knows both beggars and has shown them his powers and has bragged of his cruelty and invincibility. Both are flattered by him and frightened of him, and both are proud that they know something which the town does not. They know that Pelton is holding Edith, and that he probably killed her father. They do not comprehend how many others he has murdered. Jocko stole Edith's hat as a fetish of power. The rest of the hat lays in the bushes not far away. Its hatband is inscribed carefully with Edith's name and address.

Jack frankly admires Pelton, though Pelton has taught him only to say that he is "a great man." Pelton reminds Jack of the cruel and powerful generals he cheered in the Great War.

Jocko has been convinced by Pelton that the powers of metamorphosis lie within every man, and that it is the oppression of society and the clever lies of organized religion which denies the proletariat even the dreams of its actual greatness. Occasionally Pelton amuses himself by causing Jocko to perform elaborately ludicrous and humiliating "meditative rites" in order to open himself to the truth which Pelton swears he embodies.

Pelton, of course, will slay both in an instant if either ever seems a threat.

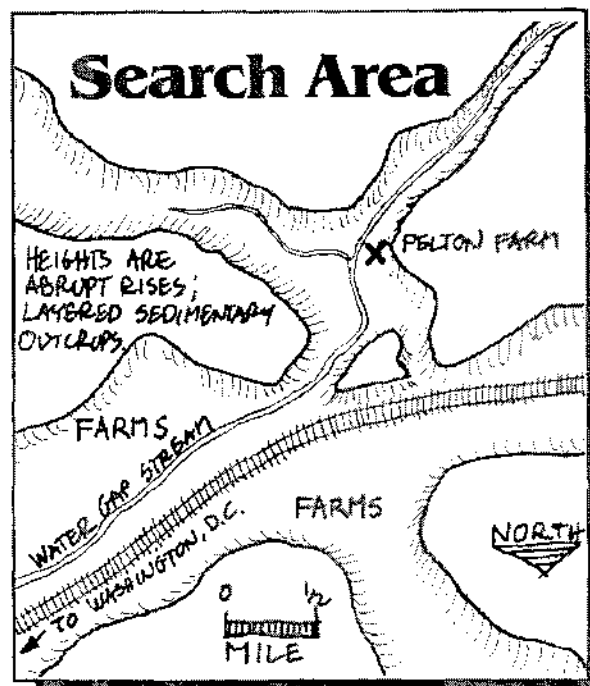
The Search Party

If the investigators go downstream from the town, they'll find nothing but old wagon wheels, broken lumber, and garbage tossed from the railway. The river gets bigger and dirtier from drainage from more local mines, all the shafts of which are in operation.

If the investigators go a mile upstream, they'll meet the search party, dragging the pools and scouring the banks. The men seem competent and earnest, though discouraged. They all think that Edith is dead, perhaps washed far downstream or gnawed by animals or fish. The men say that they have searched as far as the Pelton farmstead at the gorge, but could go no farther than that because beyond the stream narrows and becomes quite dangerous. It is possible, they say, that Edith's body is in the ravine, wedged between some rocks, but if so it is unlikely that she ever will be found.

The Pelton Farm

A mile beyond the searchers, the hills narrow ominously on either side. The road goes uphill in a series of switchbacks and continues to the west, but the Water Gap stream slices through the neighboring ridge to the south, carving a dark and dangerous gorge as it goes. Just before the gorge, the investigators come to the ramshackle Pelton Farm, home of Jael and Deborah Pelton, the girls who were throwing rocks at the town dogs, and of their father, Rafer Pelton. The farm is still worked, but the ground is rented to other farmers; the Peltons do not farm and have no farm animals of any sort. They are, in fact, noticeably bad with all animals, and animals always react nervously or angrily when a Pelton is near. They exist on the rents from their land and perform odd jobs in the area. Rafer Pelton says he has a government pension, but never gets any government mail or checks. (Why should he? Since its foundation, the U. S. Government has never needed a werewolf.)



Rafer Pelton

He is the father of and leader of this tiny werewolf clan. He is tall, dark, and muscular, with a cruelly-intelligent face. The mother of his twin daughters, whom none of the townspeople ever met, died in childbirth. Unlike some afflicted with this ancient curse, Pelton takes fiendish pleasure in his animalistic and malevolent powers of destruction. A cunning lycanthrope, he makes sure never to indulge his vile needs in Tiger County; instead, often as the moon nears full, he and his daughters take the train to Washington, Richmond, or Baltimore, there to pounce upon and destroy derelicts or other defenseless folk. After wallowing in gore and satisfying their atavistic lusts, they carefully conceal the evidences of their depredations, using all their human intelligence to do so. By victimizing those without friends or money, they ensure that the police are not unduly concerned.

The Whittakers were attacked because Rafer decided to have sons, a vain hope as he would know if he understood more about werewolf reproduction. He impulsively killed Rogers Whittaker and seized Edith while they explored Water Gap Ravine. He hoped that they would not be missed or that, being missed, their location would not be known. The girls (perhaps because of unconscious primal jealousy) disposed of Rogers' body clumsily, choosing and weighting a gunny sack which was rotten. When the body bloated, the pressure tore the sack and the body rose to the surface of the stream.

Rafer Pelton - human form

STR 15	CON 12	SIZ 17	INT 16	POW 13
DEX 11	APP 12	EDU 19	SAN 0	Hit Pts 15

Skills: Read English 95%, Read Latin 60%, Read French 90%, Speak French 90%, Accounting 40%, Anthropology 50%, First Aid 70%, Occult 25%, Pharmacy 50%, Treat Disease 80%, Diagnose Disease 60%, Listen 50%, Spot

Hidden 50%, Mechanical Repair 60%, Camouflage 50%, Hide 60%, Move Quietly 60%, Climb 70%, Dodge 55%, Jump 65%, Swim 80%

Rafer Pelton – bestial form

STR 30 CON 24 SIZ 17 INT 8 POW 13
DEX 11 EDU 9 SAN 0 Hit Points 21

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%, Hide 60%, Move Quietly 60%, Climb 70%, Dodge 55%, Jump 65%, Swim 80%, Track by Smell 90%

Bite 75%, 1D8+2D6 damage

Armor: 1 point skin

Special Abilities: regenerates 1 point of damage per round until dead; vulnerable to silver.

Jael Pelton

Jael idolizes her father and does everything she is told to do by him. Like her father, she consciously indulges and exults in her bloodlust as a sign of superiority over merely human prey.

Jael Pelton – human form

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 10
DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 5 SAN 0 Hit Pts 13

Skills: Read English 25%, Occult 20%, Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 40%, Hide 35%, Move Quietly 50%, Climb 70%, Dodge 60%, Jump 50%, Swim 50%

Jael Pelton – bestial form

STR 24 CON 26 SIZ 13 INT 6 POW 10
DEX 12 EDU 5 SAN 0 Hit Points 20

Skills: Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 40%, Hide 35%, Move Quietly 50%, Climb 70%, Dodge 60%, Jump 50%, Swim 50%, Track by Smell 60%

Bite 40%, 1D8+1D6 damage

Armor: 1 point skin

Special Abilities: regenerates 1 point of damage per round until dead; vulnerable to silver.

Deborah Pelton

Deborah is the more thoughtful of the two daughters, and consciously despises her father for seizing Edith. Though just as shaken by bloodlust as he, she agonizes about it. At sometime in the near future, she will flee the area in an attempt to escape her dark destiny. She does not know that this is just what her father did, long ago.

Deborah Pelton – human form

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 9 EDU 6 SAN 0 Hit Pts 13

Skills: Read English 30%, Occult 15%, Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 30%, Hide 40%, Move Quietly 70%, Climb 50%, Dodge 60%, Jump 50%, Swim 50%

Deborah Pelton – bestial form

STR 24 CON 26 SIZ 13 INT 7 POW 12
DEX 12 EDU 6 SAN 0 Hit Points 20

Skills: Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 30%, Hide 40%, Move

Quietly 70%, Climb 50%, Dodge 60%, Jump 50%, Swim 50%, Track by Smell 80%

Bite 40%, 1D8+1D6 damage

Armor: 1 point skin

Special Abilities: regenerates 1 point of damage per round until dead; vulnerable to silver.

The Farm

The Pelton farm consists of well-kept fields, a two-room farmhouse, a woodshed, and a mostly-collapsed barn. The fences are new and in good repair; the buildings appear almost unlivable. Only woodsmoke or a light at night might indicate that they are not abandoned.

The Woodshed

The woodshed holds nearly eight cords of well-cured hardwood. Some sticks have teeth marks on them.

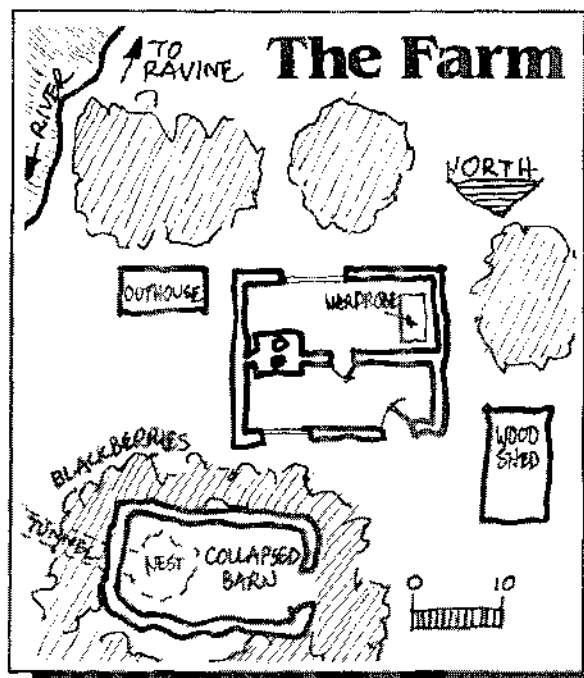
The Collapsed Barn

The Peltons have concealed a nest here, room enough for all three to take shelter. There are a few human bones strewn about, as well as some hardtack wrapped in several layers of oilskin. The werewolf family has concealed nearly a dozen such hiding places up the gorge and through the nearby hills. In one of them Edith is being held.

A two-foot-diameter tunnel extends underground to the stream bank some hundred feet distant. The stream exit is camouflaged by a large flat rock.

The Farmhouse

The front room contains a table, four chairs, a fireplace, a few cooking utensils, and some books – all about wolves and werewolves. Prominent among them is a copy of *Monstres And Their Kynde*, in (rather archaic) English, which gives +8% to knowledge, has a x1 spell multiplier,



and costs 1D8 SAN to read. There is also a copy of *Les Lupus Horrificque* in French, concerning a mass outbreak of lupus or rabies, by a Dr. Raphael Peltonne, privately printed in Martinique, 1887. The book is filled with terrifying events, told in an exceedingly cynical way: +2% to knowledge, and -1D4 SAN. The book holds no spells. The room is generally filthy.

The back room's contents include three beds, dirty and unmade. There is a second fireplace, and this one has warm coals. Clothes are piled everywhere, both men's and women's, and an upright wardrobe actually holds reasonably clean, respectable clothes. These are worn by the werewolves during their frequent journeys to the cities in search of prey.

Water Gap Ravine

While the keeper is free to have the investigators encounter the Peltons at the farm, this event will be more dramatic if it occurs in the ravine itself, in the semi-darkness and deafening roar of the place, among shelves and boulders, somewhere along the tentative animal trail which follows

the gorge (and which in three miles opens with it into another valley).

Be sure to have the investigators take up a marching order and have their players state whether the search will be thorough or cursory.

Some 15-30 minutes into the gorge, Pelton (in his horrible man-beast form) will exhibit Edith at a point well ahead of the investigators, and make her scream to ensure that the investigators see her. Pelton's blood frenzy is driving him to attack the interlopers.

The Trap

Pelton will bind the ever-swooning Edith to a tree in a small wide place in the gorge. All three werewolves will hide; Pelton will look to see if any of the investigators seem to be armed and attack that individual, or anyone who seems to be the leader of the group. The two girls will spring forward only when Pelton does; they have hunted with him often, and are well-disciplined in the craft.

Pelton's attack will come when the attention of the investigators is momentarily focused upon the still-living

ABOUT WEREWOLVES

There are perhaps many different types of were-things. The variety of werewolf that the Peltons have become are victims of a genetic virus so far not isolated. The properties of the disease resemble those of rabies in a vague way, but the consequences are both less immediately fatal and more long-lasting. Normally, the disease is transmitted via saliva in a bite attack, and a victim surviving a werewolf attack has a cumulative 5% chance of contracting the disease for each point of damage he has incurred. A character who took 5 points of damage would have a 25% chance of becoming a lycanthrope.

Sexual congress between a werewolf and an undiseased human results in the infection of the formerly undiseased human. Children born to werewolves are generally infected before birth. Such births are uniformly difficult, and cause the mother's death in the vast majority of cases.

The disease incubates for about a month, and, once manifested, frequently causes the death of the victim in a rabies-like manner. To simulate this, unless the infected individual can roll his CONx1 or less on 1D100, the disease leads to agonizing death within a few months, rather than to the wolf-like transmutation. Rabies vaccine will increase the sufferer's chances of survival to CONx3 or less — however, the victim will still be subject to lycanthropy.

A victim that has survived this earliest stage of the disease is now subject to periodic attacks of a grisly nature. The first attack almost always takes place upon a night with a bright moon — a certain light intensity seems likeliest to trigger the response, in an epilepsy-like reaction. From then on, the attacks occur randomly, often being hysterically-induced, though they will generally occur at nearly monthly intervals. Bright moonlight retains its seeming power over the hapless lycanthrope to a great extent. Those humans who find the transformation ultimately enjoyable often discover that they can learn to control the reaction — turning it on and off at will, though in times of severe physical or emotional stress they may still revert.

The exhausting transformation process takes about 5 minutes. It also requires 5 magic points per one-way transmutation. The werewolf may transform during the day or night, but since it is vulnerable during the transformation, the fiend will seek out a concealed, usually darkened, place. The transformation process is almost always preceded by a brief "aura" — a hallucination or waking dream. Despite the terrifying nature of these auras, they are useful, as they alert the

lycanthrope to the fact that he is about to transform, giving him time to hide or flee others' sight.

During the attacks, a werewolf is quite savage and feral, much like the classical mad dog or rabid human.

Werewolves are notoriously resistant to injury in their bestial state. They can regenerate 1 point of damage per combat round while transformed, though some and welts are left behind, and the process is greatly weakening — often forcing the victim, once he has re-transformed into human form, to spend several days in bed, nauseous and shaky. Thus, they prefer not to be injured at all.

Why silver is such a specific killer is unknown, but the reaction is nearly as fast as that of cyanide in normal human bodies. The efficacy of silver led medieval doctors to prescribe drinks and effusions of silver particles; these did nothing to delay the progress or fatality of the disease. It may be that the hypersensitized nervous system becomes susceptible to increased electrical conductivity, or possibly the formation of silver compounds is intrinsically poisonous to the lycanthrope's altered body chemistry. It may be that other elements, such as cobalt or platinum, have similar results, but simply have not been tried, being relatively rare. Symbolically, silver is the lunar metal; it is appropriate that the element which seems to give the werewolf his power also is the element which can destroy the beast.

When damage is given a werewolf with a silver weapon, the damage done is also matched vs. the creature's CON as if it were a poison. If it overcomes the werewolf's CON, the monster dies. If it does not, then the werewolf takes half the rolled damage as non-regenerable damage. For example, if a silver bullet were to do 15 points of damage to a werewolf with a CON of 20, the monster first would take the 15 points of damage normally. Then, the 15 points would be matched vs. the creature's CON of 20 on the resistance table, giving a 75% chance for the werewolf to resist the silver. If the werewolf successfully resists, then it takes 8 points of extra damage from the silver anyway, and its natural regeneration process will not affect this additional damage.

Seeing a werewolf in its beast-man form costs the viewer 1D8 SAN unless a SAN roll is made, in which case no SAN is lost at all.

In general, despite the information gathered, the present sad state of lycanthropic research can only be regretted.

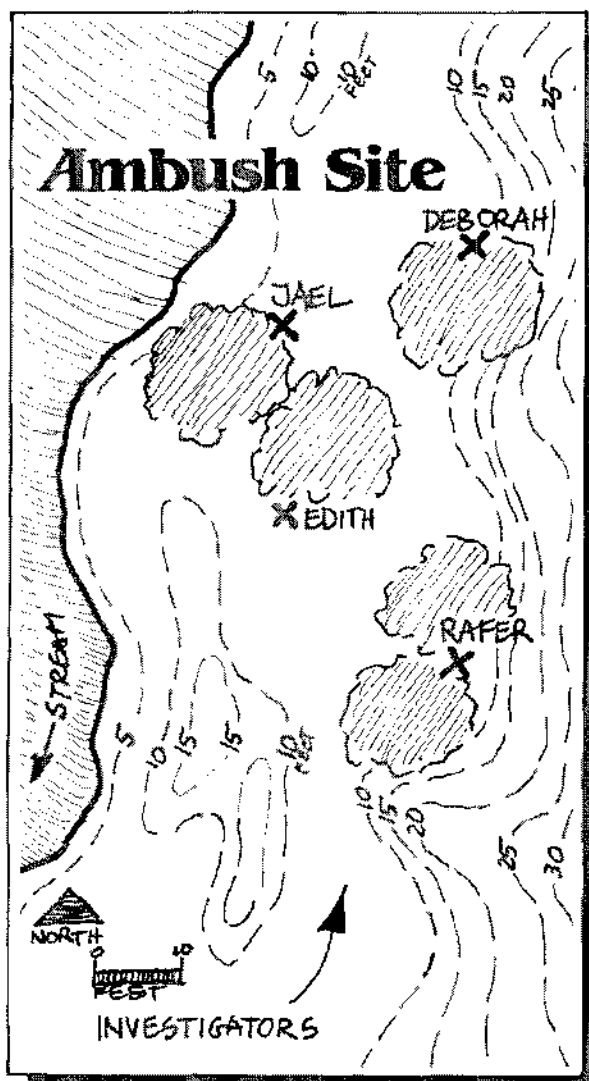
Edith, gratuitously draped across a low tree limb, shouting for help.

After a werewolf kills a human, it must succeed in an Idea roll (with its lowered INT) or be so diverted by its kill that it will halt to feed on a victim, rather than seeking to kill all the investigators first. The werewolves may well be victorious, but at least one or two investigators should be able to escape.

Escaping

There is not much chance of evading three werewolves in the gorge, but it might be done in three ways. First, the beast-things might be so diverted by their kills that the characters cannot be tracked down while in the gorge. If they make it past the Pelton farm, they will be so close to the men still searching for Edith's body that the werewolves will refrain from attacking.

Secondly, they might try climbing the walls of the ravine. It is six Climb rolls to get to the top; the werewolves will not climb up the cliff, but they may later pursue such escapees once on top of the bluff, getting there by safer, if not speedier, paths.



Thirdly, an investigator or two might brave the Water Gap stream itself. This river is about forty feet wide and rapid, but six successful Swim rolls will bring such a character to the searchers far downstream (he will suffer 1D6 damage from bumps and scrapes along the way).

In any case, the werewolves will certainly try to eliminate the remainder of the party before the alarm they will spread is taken too seriously. An attack at the boarding house or on the train should not be ruled out. If an investigator does emerge alive and return to Washington, the influence of Walsingham and the Whittaker family should ensure that a major punitive hunt is launched to eliminate the scourge once and for all. The werewolves will likely enlist their beggar allies, Jocko and Jack, but these worthies are not likely to cause trouble on their own. The details of such a campaign are beyond the scope of this scenario.

About Edith

Edith Whittaker is a sheltered young lady, unprepared for being kidnaped and held for unimaginable reasons by a group of werewolves. She has spent most of the time unconscious or feigning unconsciousness, and all she can report to the investigators is one shocking transformation by Rafer Pelton and the gross toilet habits of his two daughters. She has been held in a small cave midway up the ravine, close to a waterfall which would have drowned out any screams she might have made had she felt confident enough to make them. She has no other memories; keepers may arrange events as desired.

Pelton may have infected her during her stay. The investigators may bring her back to civilization, only to read of mysterious and shocking murders near her home during the next full moon.

If Pelton has impregnated her, she will die in childbirth if she goes to term unless she can roll her CONx1 or less on 1D100. Her child will manifest the werewolf syndrome at puberty.

Edith's mind surely will have been affected by the ghastly death of her father and by her subsequent ordeal. The gossip about her will be elaborately cruel. It will be many years before she can place this elaborate incident behind her. She might possibly want to become an investigator at some later date.

Rewards

Surviving investigators who can prove that Edith is dead will earn some gratitude on the part of the Whittakers, and will gain some small knowledge and influence in the national bureaucracy. If they can return Edith alive, the family and friends will incidentally make sure that the investigators receive enough investment information in the next year to reap a 5:1 return on investments, up to \$10,000 initial capital.

Each investigator will gain 15% to add to his or her Credit Rating.

If the werewolf gang is killed or broken up, each investigator will gain 1D3+3 SAN each.

Finally, Walsingham will always insist that any survivors always stay at his home when they are in Washington D.C. thereby saving incidental food and lodging costs.

The Secret of Castronegro

Weird disappearances, bestial cattle mutilations, and depraved demoniacal rites are baffling New Mexican Authorities. Will the Investigators solve the puzzle?

Introduction

Castronegro is a quiet little New Mexican town, about 40 miles north of Silver City, near Black Mountain. To the naked eye, it appears to be a sleepy little place, filled with toughened ranchers and sheepherders, a place which hasn't changed much in decades. However, beneath the veneer, Castronegro is a pool of foul evil. It is a place of strange happenings, and the nearest townships complain of constant disappearances and odd summer ceremonies upon certain foothills. Perhaps someday a brave and intrepid investigator will learn the secret of Castronegro and rid it of its horror. Until then, the sleepy little town will sit and putrefy in the desert sun.

Castronegro is an adventure designed for 3 to 5 moderately experienced *Call of Cthulhu* adventurers. It should be allowed to unfold slowly, each clue leading to another, until finally Castronegro is either saved or damned forever. As with all scenarios, the keeper is strongly advised to read the adventure carefully before attempting to run it.

Keeper's Information

Castronegro is the home of a 300-year-old wizard of foul sorcery, named Bernardo de Diaz. In 1680, he left Spain with his family and another corrupt family, the Vilheila-Pereiras, and came to the Spanish colonies in the New World. As a wealthy Spanish Don he began the community of Agua Blanca, which came to be known later as Castronegro.

The de Diaz' and Vilheila-Pereiras suffered from a strange hereditary devolution — the result of inbreeding, cannibal nutrition, and blackest sorcery. The family has developed a large number of inhuman features, the most noticeable being: long teeth (especially the canines); lank, elongate limbs; hunched posture; vividly green eyes; high cheekbones; and raven-black hair. These characteristics were present before their voyage to the New World, but became far more prominent later. However, most of them can still pass easily for normal humans.

In 1728, when the Inquisition was still active, some suspected witches fled to Castronegro to escape persecution. The most notable of these were Gabriella de Herrera and Alonso Garcia, two wizards of some renown. Other

families came to Castronegro later, most of them with no connection to the supernatural. The Indians were pacified and came to live in the town, tended by the Spanish padres who had finally arrived. The de Diaz' and Vilheila-Pereiras were gradually forced to conceal their practices. The most deformed victims of the family "curse" came to dwell in the labyrinth beneath the Casa de Diaz, Bernardo de Diaz' private mansion. The normal townsfolk and simple Indians learned, too, that it was disastrous to take too close notice of an odd-looking de Diaz, or strange lights on the mountains at night. Even the padres were soon bullied into submission and warned to concern themselves solely with spiritual matters. An equilibrium was reached.

With the United States' conquest of New Mexico, the de Diaz family became simply Diaz. At present, Castronegro is a town of about 600 inhabitants, counting the nearby ranches and small Apache homesteads. Approximately 30% of the town's residents are Diaz' or Vilheila-Pereiras. The rest are just ordinary New Mexico townspeople, though many are of Spanish or Indian descent.

WEIRD DISAPPEARANCES BAFFLE SHERIFF

The police of southwest New Mexico have been mystified by a string of evidently unrelated missing person cases.

On September 28, Joaquin Vilheila-Pereira, a native of the small town Castronegro, was discovered to have left his room at the Armitage Hotel in Silver City, leaving all his possessions behind. The authorities suspect foul play, but have no suspects or clues.

This would not be so surprising were it not for two previous disappearances. On September 16th, Dr. William Godfrey, a noted Professor of Psychology at the University of New Mexico at Albuquerque, was reported missing while traveling from Silver City to Las Cruces. On the 18th, a traveler from Boston, a Mr. David Lane, was found missing from his rented room in downtown Silver City. Both of these disappearances are also unaccounted for, though the police suspect that there is some connection between them.

When investigators come to Castronegro, things may become a little deadly. However, they may succeed in unearthing the various lesser secrets of Castronegro and finally discover Bernardo de Díaz' hidden past. Their ultimate goal in this adventure is to destroy Bernardo Díaz and escape from the town.

The Disappearances Near Silver City

The adventure begins October 1, (the year is up to the keeper). One of the investigators will notice two odd Associated Press articles in the local paper.

To interest the investigators further in this little conundrum, the keeper may have one of them (preferably a professor) acquainted with Dr. Godfrey. There is enough interesting mystery here to attract almost any red-blooded investigator. If necessary, the keeper may have one of the investigators hired by David Lane's family to find him.

At this point, the investigators have their work cut out for them, and they should be allowed to do research and look for clues for a time. Pertinent clues are listed below under one of five separate headings: Dr. William Godfrey, David Lane, Joaquin Vilheila-Pereira, the town of Castronegro, and the cattle butcherings. The investigators will need to go to New Mexico to perform the investigation. Each investigator may investigate no more than one clue per day — possibly much less if he must make a long trip cross-country or on the road.

Dr. William Godfrey

At Dr. Godfrey's home in Albuquerque, investigators will learn that he failed to return for two days before his landlady called the police. The landlady, a Mrs. Baines, describes Dr. Godfrey as an energetic man in his early fifties. He was balding, had a slight pot belly, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles.

DEAD CATTLE PUZZLE CONTINUES

In the most recent chapter of the continuing mystery of the New Mexican cattle killings, rancher Charles Dexter lost 92 cattle between the 8th and 19th of September here on his ranch by the isolated town of Flourine. This has been the largest single loss ever attributed to the unseen "Cattle Butchers."

The cattle were found scattered across Mr. Dexter's ranch, all with the tongues badly torn out and frequently other signs of violence.

Mr. Dexter has been so affected by this grim occurrence that he has sold his ranch and moved to Europe. Before leaving, he stated, "I have a mighty good notion as to who's been slaughtering my herd. I am not a cowardly man, but I have no desire at all to mess with them. I am leaving this place for good."

Mr. Dexter went on to say that his move had been planned for some months, but the recent catastrophe spurred him to move immediately.

For the last two years, occasional mysterious cattle mutilations have been occurring on the local ranches, but generally no more than one or two cows have been killed in a month. This newest occurrence seems to signal a possible upsurge in this strange chapter in the American Southwest.

If one of the investigators makes a successful appropriate Communication skill roll (the exact one needed is up to the keeper), the landlady will permit the party to explore the investigator's house. There are several items of interest in his study, possibly requiring a successful Spot Hidden to find: a coat with a train ticket for Silver City, New Mexico in the pocket; a loaded .38 revolver in the desk drawer; a copy of the book *Nameless Cults* (Golden Goblin Press edition), found hidden behind several other books on the small bookshelf beside the desk. Any character finding this item who takes the time to examine it will notice a price tag on the book's back which reads "The Tomb/\$100." There are no further items of interest at Dr. Godfrey's house.

Talking to Dr. Godfrey's colleagues at the University will reveal the fact that Dr. Godfrey was generally considered somewhat of an occult investigator, as well as a psychology teacher, and several references will be made to his study of superstitious beliefs among the Apaches and old Spanish inhabitants.

The police station is happy to let the investigators know anything they want to know about Dr. Godfrey's disappearance. They would much rather work on more important cases, such as burglaries, shootings, and car theft. All the following information is at the police station, and will check out as correct if the investigators bother to look it up. Dr. Godfrey traveled to Silver City three times during the two months before his disappearance, each time with a fortnight layover. The last time he stopped over at a friend's house the night before he left, and his friends saw him to the station in the morning, confirming his departure. However, he did not arrive in Albuquerque that night. His landlady called the police two days later.

Investigators who snoop around a bit more may be able to find the conductor who was on duty for the Silver City route (this should not be easy, and should require at least one Luck roll on the part of the investigators, as well as any other activities or die rolls desired by the keeper). If properly persuaded (this should involve at least \$10 worth of encouragement), he will recall the professor. He describes Dr. Godfrey as a fat old man with spectacles. He remembers that the professor asked him about the bus route from Silver City to the tiny burg of Castronegro. The last time he saw the professor, that he can remember, was on September 14th. He was in the company of two strange fellows, evidently cowhands or country folk of some sort. He guesses that the strangers were brothers or at least relatives, since they had a definite family resemblance. He would have thought that they might have had Indian blood, with their black hair and high cheekbones, if it wasn't for their strikingly green eyes. He seems to recall that Dr. Godfrey appeared dazed or possibly drunk on that occasion.

David Lane

At David Lane's room on Hyde Street, investigators will learn that Lane was evidently kidnaped on September 18th. All his traveling possessions were left behind. The landlady describes Lane as a rather vague young man with blond hair and blue eyes.

If one of the investigators can charm the landlady with an appropriate Communication skill (the keeper should

decide), she will allow the party to see Lane's room. Most items of interest have been confiscated by the police as part of their investigation, but they missed a piece of evidence. The investigators can find this with a successful Idea roll combined with a successful Spot Hidden (both rolls must be made by the same investigator). It is an opened envelope, hidden as a bookmark in a popular novel on Lane's night-table. It is addressed to David Lane at his Hyde Street address. The return address is to Father Alonso Vilheila-Pereira, Castronegro Chapel, Castronegro. The letter itself is nowhere to be found.

At the Silver City sheriff's office, investigators can learn that the police believe foul play was involved. With a successful Debate roll, the investigator can discover that the police found tracks in the dust outside Lane's window after his disappearance. One pair of prints were shoes of the same size as Lane's; another pair were thick boots with a cross imprint on the heels; a third and final pair of prints were large bare footprints. Neighbors of Lane reported seeing two strange characters loitering on Hyde street all day on September 17th. Both had dark hair, bad teeth, sallow complexions, and were dressed in ill-fitting coarse clothing. One wore a pair of heavy leather boots. The police station can also give the investigators Lane's Boston address.

At Lane's Boston residence (or via mail) Lane's parents can be interviewed. A successful Debate or Oratory roll is needed to get them to open up or even let the investigators inside (or answer letters sent to them).

The Lanes are well-off, and live in a modest townhouse near Beacon Hill. Their son had been staying in Albuquerque for some time, and planned to visit a small town called Castronegro to investigate some strange rumors he had gotten from local Apaches. In his letters, he was excited about something to do with "reverse evolution" and the occult. On the way, he planned to stay for a couple of weeks in Silver City, to see a friend of his named Adam Little. David had quite an interest in the scientific occult.

In Silver City, the investigators can visit with Adam Little if a member of the party makes a successful Debate or Oratory roll. Adam Little is a hunched old scholar and is wary of the investigators. He seems nervous. He will tell the investigators only that Lane's interest in the occult took him too far; his knowledge came to the attention of the wrong people.

Joaquín Vilheila-Pereira

At Joaquín Vilheila-Pereira's hotel room at the Armitage Hotel in Silver City, the investigators will find little of interest. All Vilheila-Pereira's belongings were taken by the police, to be searched and then delivered to his family in Castronegro. If the hotel owner is interviewed, he remembers Joaquín Vilheila-Pereira as a furtive young man with a pale complexion, bright green eyes, and black hair.

At the Silver City sheriff's office, the investigators can get more information with a successful Oratory or Law roll. They will be told that the deputies found nothing of any use among Joaquín's belongings, and that they had been picked up two days after his disappearance by his uncle, Philip Vilheila-Pereira, a tall man in his thirties, with green eyes and black hair.

Castronegro

At the newspaper archives of any important Silver City or Albuquerque press, any investigator making a successful Library Use roll will find several articles on the town of Castronegro, dating back over thirty years. All articles report the mysterious disappearance of infants from the Castronegro area. At first, these disappearances were attributed to the still-unpacified Apaches nearby, but gradually the vanishings were just left as a mystery. One other article tells the story of the disappearance of a Castronegro man visiting Albuquerque in 1892; a case similar to that of Joaquín Vilheila-Pereira. The other articles are dated 1890, 1898, 1902, and 1918. In the 1898 article a Castronegro man named Bernardo Diaz is named as a prime suspect, but there is no information as to whether he was ever arrested or not.

At the University of New Mexico library at Albuquerque, any investigator making a successful Library Use roll can find the following information on the history of Castronegro:

Castronegro History

Castronegro is a small New Mexican town, located about 40 miles north of Silver City, just five miles east of the northern Gila River. The nearest railroad station is in Silver City.

Castronegro was founded in 1680 by a wealthy Spanish nobleman named Bernardo de Diaz. He led his family and another family, the Vilheila-Pereiras, there from Spain. The town's original name was Agua Blanca, changed later to Castronegro early in the 18th century, for an unknown reason.

In 1728, during the Inquisition's suppression of Madrid Freemasonry, many Spanish refugees fled to Castronegro.

Castronegro is much as it was when first founded over 200 years ago. It has a population of about 600, and the town's only tie with the outside world is the weekly bus from Silver City, as phone lines have not yet been installed. It is a scenic example of Spanish America.

At the Silver City train station, investigators can learn that bus tickets to Castronegro cost 25 cents each. The bus leaves every Tuesday morning and takes two hours to reach Castronegro. The bus returns the next morning.

Cattle Mutilations

If the investigators try to look into the cattle mutilations, they will get little help. The Albuquerque police station has almost no information on the butcherings at all, and the police there will suggest that the investigators try the local sheriffs. The investigators can try the sheriffs for any county in southwestern New Mexico — they will get the same story everywhere. The sheriffs will not be happy at talking to the investigators, and will not let them see their files. If pressed severely (make a successful Law or Debate roll), they will give them the names of a few ranchers who have lost cattle.

Charles Dexter is now in Europe, and will not be coming back for at least a year. His ranch hands have all

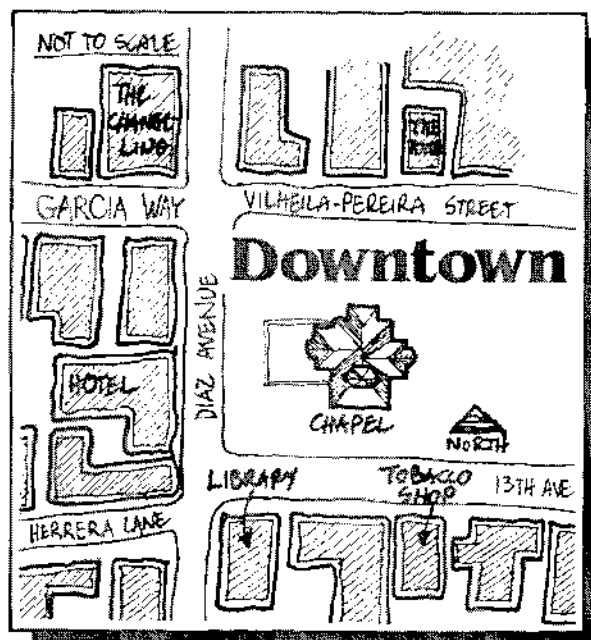
been paid off, and have unanimously left New Mexico, leaving no forwarding addresses.

If the investigators take the trouble to interview any cattle ranchers of the area, almost all of them will admit to losing "a heifer or two." If the investigators attempt to probe deeper into the losses, the ranchers (and their hired help) will dry up. They have been quite spooked by the cow-killings, and have no idea what could have caused it. If they are directly asked about the town of Castronegro, the ranchers will appear bewildered — "It's not the greatest place in the world, but I don't think the cattle butchers are from there."

Arriving in Castronegro

When the bus arrives in Castronegro, the bus driver will give the investigators (his only passengers) a brief description of town. He will point out the Herrera Hotel (the only rent house in town); "The Changeling" private club (if an investigator looks to be an official, he will say no more, but if all appear to be men of the world, he will hint strongly that it is a speakeasy — which it is); and the Castronegro Chapel, the only church in town. If the investigators evince any sort of interest in the occult or the mystical, he will point out "The Tomb," a local book store; and the Castronegro Library, which is said to have a great deal of unChristian reading material stored within. Then he will point out Casa de Diaz, a large building built upon a foothill about ½ mile northwest of town. It was built in the 18th century by the town's founder, and is still dwelt in by his direct descendant, Bernardo Diaz VI. The driver will say, with a nervous attempt at jocularity, that Bernardo is one of the main reasons travelers don't stay long in Castronegro — Bernardo runs the town, and doesn't care for strangers.

If the investigators come to Castronegro by automobile or some other means, the keeper should ensure that they somehow get the above description of the town. One possible way to accomplish this would be an overheard conversation in Silver City.



Investigators Draw Attention

Once the investigators begin to question various townspeople and pry into the affairs of the Diaz family they will draw attention from two sources. They will be visited by constable Fred Garcia who will warn them against causing trouble, and they will be the targets of periodic potshots from unknown assailants.

Constable Fred Garcia (a distant relative of fugitive Alonzo Garcia) detests having to deal with problems. The moment things begin to stir he will blame the trouble on the investigators. When the potshots begin he will ask them to clear out of town. If they insist on staying, he will search them for guns and under no circumstances will he let them keep any during their stay. He will want to search them and their rooms after every shooting. If any of the investigators are hit he will stop harrassing them and start an investigation.

Fred Garcia

STR 16	CON 11	SIZ 13	INT 9	POW 11
DEX 15	APP 12	EDU 8	SAN 45	Hit Pts 12

Skills: Law 65%, First Aid 45%, Listening 50%, Spot Hidden 30%, Fast Talk 45%, .45 Revolver 60%

If any of the locals is attacked or the Shephard barn is blown up he will try to arrest the investigators for the crime. If he needs additional help, he will send someone to fetch the Silver City sheriff.

There will be an average of one potshot per day at the investigators if they venture outside the hotel. It will always come from long range and will have 10% chance to hit. A hit will do 2D6+3 points of damage. There will be no trace of the assailant when the investigators search.

The services of doctor Carlos Vilheila-Pereira are available to anyone who needs medical attention.

The Investigation

For the keeper's convenience, Castronegro has been split into ten main sections, listed in the general order in which most parties will investigate them. Each location brings the investigators a little closer to the final secret, and should build suspense a little more.

The Herrera Hotel

The Herrera Hotel is the only place to stay in Castronegro. It costs \$2.00 per night for a single room, meals included. It is an old adobe building, at least a hundred years old, with two stories. The first story contains a crude lounge, a dining room, the desk area, a kitchen, and the proprietor's rooms. The second story is taken up by a dozen rooms: 2 for the employees (a maid and a cook); 2 taken by Apache farmers in town to sell their produce; 1 taken by James Whitlock, the handyman and town drunk; and 7 empty guest rooms. Each room contains a bed, a small sitting area (with a table and two chairs), a bathroom (with a tub); and a window with a view.

The owner is named Juan Herrera (a descendant of Gabriella de Herrera, the witch who fled to Castronegro in 1728). He is a tall, blond man in his early thirties. Herrera is honest, but knows enough about what's going on to stay quiet. He will give investigators directions around, giving the locations of the Vilheila-Pereira Tobac-



"The Tomb" occult shop

co Shop; "The Changeling," a not-so-private club that can be joined for the membership fee of \$5.00, that (if the investigators look like suitable persons) serves liquor occasionally; the Castronegro Library; and the Castronegro Chapel. If the investigators express an interest in the occult, he will mention the excellent local shop, "The Tomb," and remark about what a gem it is, especially located in this little town.

Juan Herrera knows nothing about Dr. Godfrey or David Lane, and if asked about Joaquin Vilheila-Pereira, he can only direct the investigators to Joaquin's uncle's shop, the tobacco store (location 3). Juan Herrera speaks poor Spanish and excellent English, and is abrupt and nervous in manner. His statistics follow:

Juan Herrera

STR 13 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 14 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 11 SAN 50 Hit Pts 14

Skills: Accounting 30%, History 20%, Listen 60%, Spot Hidden 35%, Bargain 40%, Club 35%

Once the investigators get deeper into the scenario, they may have strange experiences at the hotel. Once they have investigated several other locations, they will be noticed by Bernardo Diaz, who will create sendings against them. Each night, a chosen investigator will lose 1 SAN from his awful dreams the night before. He will not be able to remember these nightmares until and unless he makes an INTx1 roll on 1D100. If he does, he will remember seeing strange hairy, half-human things with glowing green eyes

dancing obscenely around a strange stone obelisk (identical to the obelisk at location 7). If the investigators persist, each night they will hear strange scratchings and tearings at their doors, and pallid, hideous faces will suddenly appear at their windows at night. These faces will only be visible out of the corner of the eye, and when investigated further, will vanish. If the investigators try to spot whatever is causing the scratching noises, they will likewise fail. On the night after the scratchings have first been heard, an investigator will be kidnaped from his room. No noise will be heard, and he will simply have vanished into thin air, all his belongings being left behind. If all the investigators have locked their doors, then this will not occur, but the scratchings will continue. If the investigators did not lock their door, permitting the kidnaping, then the scratchings will stop for a few days after the crime. If the remaining investigators continue their prying, the scratching will start again. If inquiries are made, no one else in the hotel will admit to noticing anything abnormal.

The Tomb

"The Tomb" is a bizarre little occult shop cluttered with strange artifacts. In the window alongside a statue of a Balinese temple guardian-demon is a sign which states, in Gothic hand-lettering: "The Tomb: Proprietor Filipino Diaz." No one is to be seen when the investigators enter. Filipino Diaz will creep in while they are busy looking at something and startle them. In the shop are many things of interest. It should probably surprise the investigators that an occult shop, traditionally to be found only in the

largest cities, can survive at all in such a small town. It is also rather peculiar that there is little Native American art or cult figurines here, considering the New Mexican location of the store. Amidst the numerous items, mainly books, there are six objects or sets of objects of particular interest -- a Spot Hidden roll should be made for each separate object.

1) A collection of six weird little pagan statuettes. Each is around 6 inches tall and made of a smooth greenish stone. Any investigator making a successful Archaeology or Occult roll will recognize them as probably of ancient Oriental origin. Any character making a Cthulhu Mythos roll will recognize the format and stone as that sometimes associated with the legendary Plateau of Leng, a prehistoric spot where the creatures of legend were supposed to mingle freely with mankind. The statuettes are priced at \$50 each.

2) A wax cell recording. This is a small metal cylinder covered with a thin wax layer, of the sort used in the late 19th and early 20th century to record sound. It can only be played back on a cylinder phonograph (which have gone out of vogue by the 1920s, though some examples could doubtless be found with some diligent search). There are no such phonographs in this shop. If the investigators purchase the recording and play it back, they will find that the cylinder is a recording of a strange chanting produced by some thrumming voice, manifestly not human. All listening lose 1D3 SAN the first time this is heard. The recording is priced at \$100. A suitable playback device could be found in Albuquerque for \$20.

3) An odd statuette of a rat-like being standing on its hind legs. It is around a foot tall and made of a baked red clay. The statuette is extremely detailed and well-made. The rat-thing's face is eerily human and looking at it for the first time costs 1 SAN unless a SAN roll succeeds. Any character making a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll will seem to recall references to such a being as some minor race. The rat statuette is priced at \$25.

4) A little silver chalice. It is around six inches tall and hammered into strange, convoluted designs. It is priced at \$100.

5) An ancient untitled Latin volume. It is a guide to cannibalism, complete with horrendously graphic illustrations. Anyone reading through it will automatically lose 1D6 SAN. Just browsing through the pictures will cost 1D3 SAN. The untitled book is priced at \$80.

6) A book of poetry entitled *The Dark Angel's Kiss*. It is filled with hints and allusions to the Cthulhu mythos, but is not too specific. Reading it costs 1D3 SAN and gives the character +1% Cthulhu Mythos. The book of poetry is priced at \$20.

The Tomb's proprietor, Filipo Diaz is a tall, gaunt, old man with green eyes and gray hair. He has an annoyingly amused and mocking smile. He will sell any item in the shop to the investigators, but makes it clear that it is at their own risk. If asked about his business or clientele, he will state only that he does much mail-order business.

Filipo Diaz

STR 7 CON 6 SIZ 16 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 14 SAN 0 Hit Pts 10
Skills: Read Latin 70%, Read Arabic 60%, Cthulhu

Mythos 20%, History 70%, Library Use 60%, Occult 60%, Oratory 60%.

Spell: Dread Curse of Azathoth

Although Filipo Diaz sells minor items to various occultists to keep himself in business, his true purpose is to supply Bernardo Diaz with the items and artifacts he requires. Filipo receives these things from contacts (both Diaz' and Vilheila-Pereiras) all over the world.

Vilheila-Pereira Tobacco Shop

Vilheila-Pereira Tobacco Shop is a small store run by Philip Vilheila-Pereira, the uncle of Joaquin Vilheila-Pereira. Upon seeing it, the first thing the investigators will probably notice is a cluster of five small pagan statuettes from Leng, identical to those in The Tomb occult store. Inside is nothing else out of the ordinary.

Philip Vilheila-Pereira is a tall man in his thirties with black hair and green eyes. If asked about his nephew Joaquin he will say that the youngster was a disgrace to his family, and deserved whatever he got for running away. He will then turn away, muttering something under his breath. If an investigator can make a successful Listen roll, he can hear that what Philip is muttering is something to the effect that his nephew wasn't even good enough to be interred in the family vault -- implying that he believes Joaquin to be dead. Philip was Joaquin's ward, as his parents died when he was young. If the investigators continue to press him for details, he will suggest that they either purchase some of his goods and leave or else just leave.

Philip Vilheila-Pereira

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN 15 Hit Pts 13
Skills: Accounting 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Bargain 30%

The Changeling

The Changeling is the local tavern. It is constructed of old adobe and looks nearly 150 years old. It has one story, containing the bar, 12 tables, a back room, and a cellar used to keep drinks cold in the New Mexican heat. It is officially a "private club," but anyone can get in by tendering \$5 at the door. Regulars can get in for free. It is a local meeting place and is often filled with normal townsfolk, as well as with the occasional Vilheila-Pereira or Diaz. Though it is still the prohibition era, The Changeling purveys its wares quite openly. The government inspectors have all been bought off or scared away.

The Changeling's owner is Gilberto Diaz, a tall man with black hair, a rather Indian cast to his face, and bright green eyes. He is hospitable, but will be rather distant towards the investigators. He will not speak to them about anything pertaining to any disappearances or cattle killings. If rudely pressed, he will simply turn his back and begin polishing some glasses.

Gilberto Diaz

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 8 EDU 8 SAN 20 Hit Pts 13
Skills: Chemistry 10%, Cthulhu Mythos 10%, Listen 70%, Debate 30%, Brew Beer 90%

Also in the tavern is a character by the name of James Whitlock, the town drunk. He is short and lumpy with unkempt brown hair and a wild unshaven face. He is 40 years old, but looks like he is in his late 50's. He drinks heavily because of what he has seen and begun participating in before his natural horror rose and forced him to stop. With a few drinks and a successful Debate or Oratory roll, he will drone on for a few minutes, giving useful information to the investigators.

He claims to know that the disappearances in Silver City and thereabouts were "sackerfices by th' old guys fern Castronegro. Tharz still lights and dancin' in th' hills. If yuh go up tharz way on th' wrung nights, yuh can hear awful yellin' and screamin'. And th' screamin' ain't jest kids havin' fun. I seen 'em. And I seen whut comz with 'em — and whut comz with 'em out to Shephard's Barn. I knew yuh don't b'lieve me. Yuh don't care. Yuh don't know nuthin. You climb up them foothills 'n th' Shephard Barn and see what yuh think then! Take a gander at the old Diaz vault. Then yuh'll know it ain't jest the drink talkin' in me!"

James Whitlock

STR 8 CON 6 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 12
DEX 8 APP 8 EDU 10 SAN 20 Hit Pts 10

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Spot Hidden 40%, Track 50%, Hide 60%

The Castronegro Library

The Castronegro library is one of the few wooden buildings in town. It is fairly modern, and was built no more than 20 years ago as a result of funds from a grant from Andrew Carnegie. It is looked after by a strange old librarian named Efraim Diaz. On the ground floor is the desk, an index, six reading rooms, and some bookshelves. The second floor is devoted entirely to books.

Within the library, the following pieces of information may be found. Each tidbit requires a separate successful Library Use attempt.

1) A history of Castronegro identical to that in the University library in Albuquerque.

2) A history of the Castronegro area from before the town was settled. Much is conjecture, and there are few real facts, but the chapter talks about a tribe of Indians, evidently unrelated to the nearby Apaches, Comanches, Zuni, and Navajo, which dwelt in the area until a few decades before the Spanish arrival. These Indians raised at least one stone monolith and the names of their gods were retained for hundreds of years by the neighboring tribes as a curse. These gods were called Niurab and Yohoso. Evidently the tribe was wiped out by the Navajo around 1650. The tribe left behind few relics, but a few of their stones can still be found in the rough hills around Castronegro.

3) A family lineage history of Castronegro. The most interesting parts here are the family trees of the de Diaz and Vilheila-Pereira families, which can be traced back to the original settlement in 1680. Although other families have arrived since, it is evident that the Diaz and Vilheila-Pereira population makes up about 30% of the town's inhabitants. With a successful Idea roll, an investigator will realize that there is something quite interest-

ing in Bernardo Diaz' line: approximately every 40 years, from 1730 on, a new Bernardo Diaz is listed as being born (e.g. Bernardo Diaz II was born in 1731, Bernardo III was born in 1769, Bernardo IV in 1812, Bernardo V in 1850, and the current Bernardo VI in 1891). About twenty years after each new Bernardo was born, his predecessor died. The current Bernardo Diaz would be a little over thirty years old. The former Bernardo died in 1910.

4) A listing of missing infants reported over the last 100 years in Castronegro and nearby towns. This rather gruesome list, compiled from various sources, including much hearsay, states that at least 200 infants are reported as disappearing. This does not take into account any unreported children, as from Indian families.

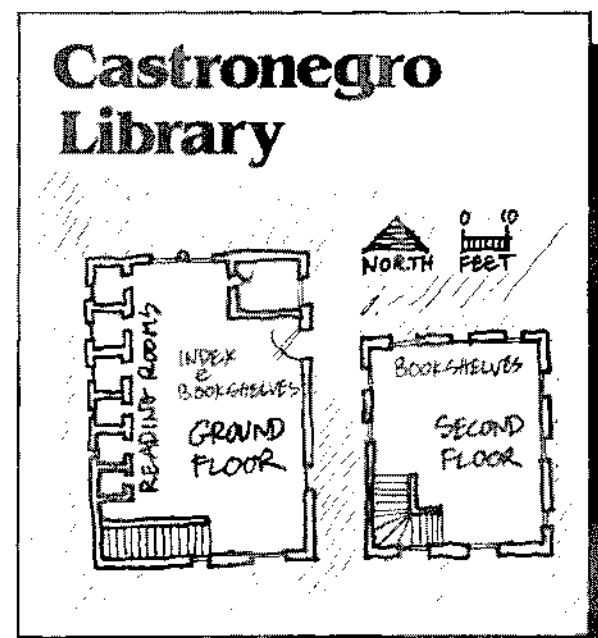
5) A report on cattle deaths. Cattle killings started within the last six years and have continued at the rate of one or two cows per month for every large spread in southwest New Mexico — except for the unfortunate Charles Dexter.

The librarian, Efraim Diaz, is a hunched old man with gray hair and green eyes. He is polite and helpful, but is plagued with an unpleasant musty body odor. If he is asked about disappearances in Silver City or any occult books in the library, he says he knows nothing about such matters. Any investigator making a successful Spot Hidden will notice that reading room 2 on the ground floor is stacked with old books. A successful Occult skill roll will identify many of these books, even from a distance, as well-known occult tomes. A sign on the door of that room says "Private," and Efraim will lock it up hastily if the investigators show undue interest, mumbling that those books are new arrivals, uncatalogued as yet.

Efraim Diaz

STR 8 CON 6 SIZ 13 INT 18 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 7 EDU 16 SAN 0 Hit Pts 10

Skills: Read Latin 90%, Read Arabic 80%, Read German



70%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Library Use 100%, Occult 80%, Debate 60%

Spell: Shrivelling

Should the investigators attempt to break into the library at night, the lock will be fairly easy to pick. It requires a successful Mechanical Repair roll to open. If Efraim locked the inside door to the private room, it will need to be picked as well or broken (it has a STR of 20).

In the mysterious private room are piles of old occult books, including the *Liber Ikonis*, *Prodigies in the New England Canaan*, and an untitled Latin guide to cannibalism (see The Tomb occult shop for details on this volume).

Castronegro Chapel

Castronegro Chapel is a large adobe building with a tall bell tower and stained glass windows. It looks for all the world like an old Spanish Roman Catholic church, but there is a certain unwholesome breath about it which causes most good Catholics in town to attend Mass 20 miles to the east, in Mogollon. It should strike the investigators as quite peculiar that in a town of 600 people there is only a single meeting house.

Inside, the chapel is eerie and silent. It seems that the locals do not frequent it much. In the entrance hall are open staircases leading to the bell tower. Just below the bells is a hexagonal room with strange slit-like windows. The atmosphere in this tower chamber seems thin, and any investigator making a Listen roll will fancy that he hears haunting whispers chanting strange litanies — though he cannot quite make out what they are saying, nor even if he is actually hearing anything at all. In the center of this tower chamber is a rather horrible statue carved from basalt. It depicts a distorted human figure wrapped partly in a shroud with a sickle in the left hand. The right hand points directly southwest (towards the Obelisk, location 7). Anyone seeing this statue for the first time must make a SAN roll or lose 1 SAN.

In the main section of the chapel, reading in the back, the investigators can find the priest, Father Alonso Vilheila-Pereira. He is a bent old man with white hair and green eyes. He is polite and soft-spoken, but seems always to be a little bit mocking, as if he does not take anything earthly, and especially not the investigators, seriously.

If he is asked about David Lane, he will reply that Mr. Lane asked for certain information about the Castronegro area, which he was glad to collect from the library and mail to him in Silver City. Father Alonso claims to know nothing of the Silver City disappearances nor the cattle killings.

If asked about the grisly statue in the steeple, he will admit that it is rather controversial, which is why it is in the steeple rather than in the main church. It is a work of art brought to Castronegro in the 17th century by Bernardo de Diaz himself, the town's founder.

If asked why there are no Diaz' nor Vilheila-Pereiras in the cemetery, he will laugh and tell the investigators about the Diaz family vault (location 9) north of town.

If any character thinks to look and see what book the minister was reading when the party came in, he will see that it is not in Latin, Greek, or any other familiar language.

age. A successful Occult roll will identify it as a medieval occult cipher. Father Alonso will confess his interest in the occult — "purely intellectual, I assure you."

Alonso Vilheila-Pereira

STR 6 CON 8 SIZ 11 INT 18 POW 16
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 16 SAN 0 Hit Pts 10

Skills: Read Latin 90%, Read German 90%, Cthulhu Mythos 30%, Library Use 60%, Occult 60%, Oratory 80%

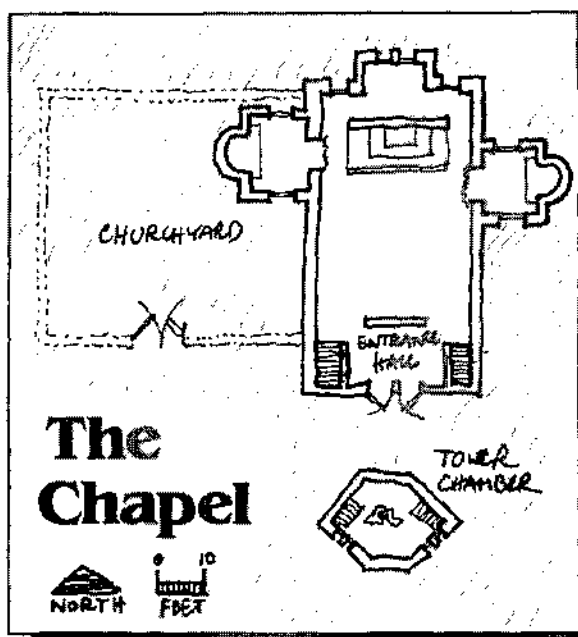
Spells: Call Yog-Sothoth, Shrivelling

The Obelisk

In the hills outside of town, on a path almost exactly southwest of Castronegro Chapel, is a prehistoric stone obelisk, used by Bernardo Diaz and his degenerate family as a spot for foul worship and bloody sacrifice.

The ancient monolith is in a clearing, well hidden in the woods. Investigators following the bell tower statue's direction (described in location 6 — Castronegro Chapel) may have little difficulty in finding it. Otherwise, the party will have to scour the woods. A successful Track roll will find the obelisk. An attempt may be made once each hour. Bernardo Diaz and his cronies have set traps through the woods to discourage intruders. Each hour, all party members must attempt a Luck roll. If a character fails it, he steps into a bear trap, which does 1D8 damage to him, and renders him incapable of walking further. If more than one character fails his Luck roll in a given hour, only one investigator will be trapped anyway — choose the victim randomly from among those that have failed the roll.

At the clearing, the obelisk stands about 10 feet high, and is crudely carved all over. Anyone making a successful Botany or ½ a Know roll will notice that all the foliage within 20 feet of the stone seems slightly diseased. Any investigator making both a successful Listen and Idea roll will note that there seems to be no sign of wildlife



near the monolith — no birds can be heard singing, and no insects are buzzing.

The soil near the obelisk is quite sandy and loose. Any investigator pottering around may find one or more of the items listed below (each item requires a separate Spot Hidden success):

- 1) In a circle around the monolith are some strange tracks. Most are bare feet, some with quite long toenails, but one pair are boots with a cross unprint on the heels.
- 2) Hidden under the top layer of earth are three small pagan statuettes identical to those in The Tomb occult shop (see location 1).
- 3) Partially buried by the obelisk is a broken pocket watch with the initials "DL" engraved on the back.
- 4) Also buried near the obelisk is a pair of broken spectacles with gold rims.
- 5) On a branch of a nearby tree are some shreds of black velvet evidently torn from someone's clothing.
- 6) A rough trail leads from the clearing to the east. Anyone making a successful Track roll or a successful Spot Hidden combined with $\frac{1}{2}$ a successful Idea roll will be able to follow this trail to Shephard's Barn (location 8).

Shephard's Barn

Shephard's Barn is all that remains of a deserted farm a half mile south of Castronegro. The old gray half-ruined barn is used by Bernardo and his family and friends as a place to store their ceremonial garb, the bones of the infants they have sacrificed, and a small altar to their despicable deities.

Outside the barn are a few phenomena of interest. Again, any investigator making a successful Botany or $\frac{1}{2}$ Know roll will notice that the tall weeds in the field surrounding the barn are diseased, twisted, and unhealthy in a 20 foot radius all round the barn. Any investigator making a Spot Hidden roll successfully will notice prints of large bare feet with long toenail scratches and booted

feet with a cross imprint on the heel. Any character making a Listen roll will seem to hear distant flute music.

The barn doors are locked with a large padlock (STR 25). This lock is quite complex, and picking it requires half of a successful Mechanical Repair roll (or Lock Pick roll). If the investigators decide simply to force the lock, no more than two can exert their strength at once. A crowbar or other iron rod will be necessary for success.

Inside, the barn is empty except for a pile of crates in the east corner. The ground is covered with rotted straw and all the animal stalls have been removed. The crates themselves are empty, but hidden behind the pile are a number of interesting items. Anyone investigating behind the crates will find six neatly folded black velvet robes, two silver sickles, and three small pagan oriental statuettes, similar to those that have been cropping up all along.

These robes are, of course, those worn by the local devil-worshippers. The sickles are charmed, and act as enchanted weapons. Each does 1D6 damage, and has 6 hit points. The base chance to use a sickle is 15%. Any investigator making a successful Listen roll while in the barn will, again, notice distant flute music.

If the pile of crates is completely shoved aside, a trapdoor will be revealed. If it is lifted, a long dirt runway leading almost straight down is revealed. Investigators will then be able to distinctly hear the music from below.

If the investigators wish to climb down the runway, it will not be difficult. They will have to scoot down on elbows and seat, and may well get their suits irreparably ground in with dirt. As they slide to the bottom, they will enter a chamber containing a horrendous Thing. This Thing vaguely resembles a frog or snake with dozens of twisting tendrils. (Anyone making their Cthulhu Mythos roll will recognize it as a Servitor of the Outer Gods.)

The Thing at the foot of the runway

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 16 Hit Points 14

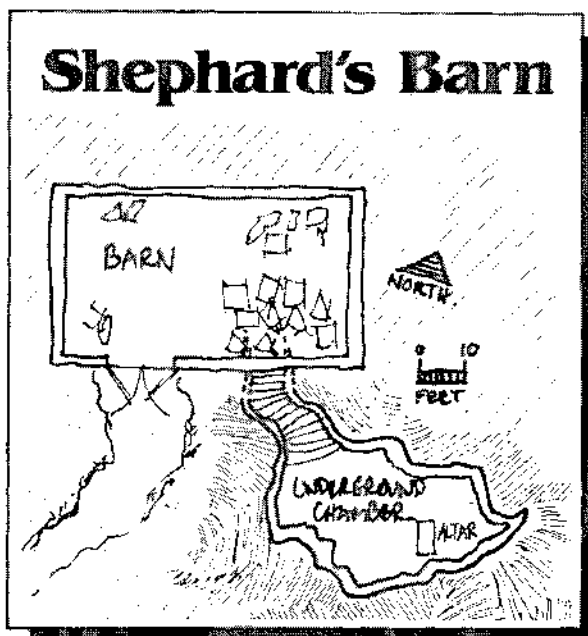
Tentacle: 35%, 2D6 damage

The Thing can only be struck by enchanted weapons. It regenerates 2 points of damage per round. Its complete statistics are included in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulesbook.

The investigators will get two free rounds to attack, panic, or cast magic while the Thing continues to play its strange flute-like pipes. At the end of the two rounds, the Thing's spell will take effect. This spell drains light around the Thing, effectively blinding the investigators. While blinded thusly, an investigator must make a successful Idea roll to be able to strike at all. If the Idea roll is successful, the investigator has half his normal chance to hit. If he misses with a fired bullet, the keeper is well within his rights to demand Luck rolls on the part of other investigators to keep from being struck by the wayward bullet.

If the investigators kill the Thing, they will gain 1D6 SAN each. If the investigators choose to flee, it will not follow far, taking only one round of free attacks at the investigators' backs.

The Thing will evaporate within 3 rounds after it has been slain, not showing up on normal photographs taken of the room. Its pipes will remain. Anyone who learns to play them (5% base chance) can try to cast the light-



draining spell cast by the Thing. Casting this spell requires a successful Play Pipes roll combined with the expenditure of one or more magic points. Each magic point spent will create a 1-yard-radius area of darkness around the flute-player. The flutes must be continually played during the spell. The Thing could thus maintain the spell and attack successfully, because of its multiple limbs, but even the Thing could not cast the spell and attack simultaneously. Humans using the pipes will, of course, be unable to perform any action except play the pipes while the spell is in effect. These pipes are enchanted in a different way as well — they add +20% to the chances of success in casting the spell Summon Servitor of the Outer Gods.

After the Thing has been dealt with, the investigators will notice a large crack in the east wall, filled with tiny human bones — this sight costs 1D3 SAN unless a SAN roll succeeds. Anyone going through the pile will find three moderately fresh adult skulls (those of Dr. Godfrey, David Lane, and Joaquim Vilheila-Pereira). Dental records in Albuquerque will confirm Dr. Godfrey's identity, and identical records in Boston will confirm Lane's.

There is also a low basalt altar by the east wall. Atop it is a small silver chalice molded in strange designs (this chalice is identical to that in The Tomb (location 2)).

Any investigator closely inspecting the chalice will see a thin film of dried blood at the bottom.

On the south wall are strange symbols carved into the rock and filled in with black dye. They are all indian pictographs of prehistoric origin except for the word "YOG-SOTHOTH."

The night after the investigators have explored the barn, it will be destroyed. The Diaz family will cave in the basement room with a charge of dynamite and burn down the upper barn. The sound of the explosion will be quite audible anywhere in Castronegro, and the fire will be visible from the investigators' hotel windows.

The Diaz Family Vault

The Diaz family vault is the private burial place of the Diaz and Vilheila-Pereira families. It is about ½ mile north of town, near the Casa de Diaz, and is clearly visible from a large hill just north of town.

The vault is manifest externally by a large marble door set into the side of a steep hill. A successful Botany or half a Know roll (or simply looking for the signs, if they have been seen before) will notice that the nearby foliage is discolored and fungus-ridden — definitely diseased. Any character making a successful Spot Hidden will see bootprints with a cross imprint on the heels, leading in the general direction of the Casa de Diaz.

The marble door to the vault is locked with a large padlock (STR 25 — no more than two investigators may try to burst it simultaneously, and they must have a crowbar or other metal lever to attempt it). A successful roll of ½ a character's Mechanical Repair will open the lock.

Within the vault is a large chamber carved out of the hill. It contains 20 open sarcophagi, bearing the following inscriptions:

Fernando de Diaz 1594-1683
Francisco de Diaz 1604-1696
Reynardo de Diaz 1624-1710
Filipo Vilheila-Pereira 1632-1724

Isabella de Diaz 1636-1725
Jona de Diaz 1645-1728
Enrico Vilheila-Pereira 1657-1744
Rosetta de Diaz 1671-1782
Carlos de Diaz 1685-1790
Tomas Vilheila-Pereira 1688-1791
Magdalena de Diaz 1700-1794
Frederico de Diaz 1724-1814
Eduardo Vilheila-Pereira 1737-1824
Randolfo de Diaz 1742-1837
Pablo Vilheila-Pereira 1748-1845
Mirabeila Vilheila-Pereira 1756-1847
Fernando Vilheila-Pereira 1764-1860
Carlos Diaz 1777-1892
Kristofer Vilheila-Pereira 1789-1893
Bernardo de Diaz 1580-

The contents of the first 19 sarcophagi are nearly identical — each holds a ghastly mummified corpse, dried in the New Mexico aridity to the point of leathery hardness. Each mummy clutches a small pagan statuette to its breast. These statuettes are identical to those sold in The Tomb (location 2). Close inspection will reveal that all the mummies once had black hair. Seeing these mummies costs 1D3 SAN unless a successful SAN roll is made.

The sarcophagus evidently intended for Bernardo de Diaz is completely empty.

The Casa de Diaz

The Casa de Diaz is a black stone horror looming high on the tallest hill nearby, about a half mile north of Castronegro. When approached closely, it can be seen to be in quite bad disrepair, as if it had been abandoned for some years or even decades.

The grounds are guarded by four large black Doberman Pinschers:

Dog One

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 8 POW 6 DEX 13
Hit Points 9 Move 11
Bite 55%, 1D8 damage

Dog Two

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 8 POW 7 DEX 16
Hit Points 10 Move 11
Bite 60%, 1D8 damage

Dog Three

STR 14 CON 13 SIZ 8 POW 5 DEX 14
Hit Points 11 Move 11
Bite 40%, 1D8 damage

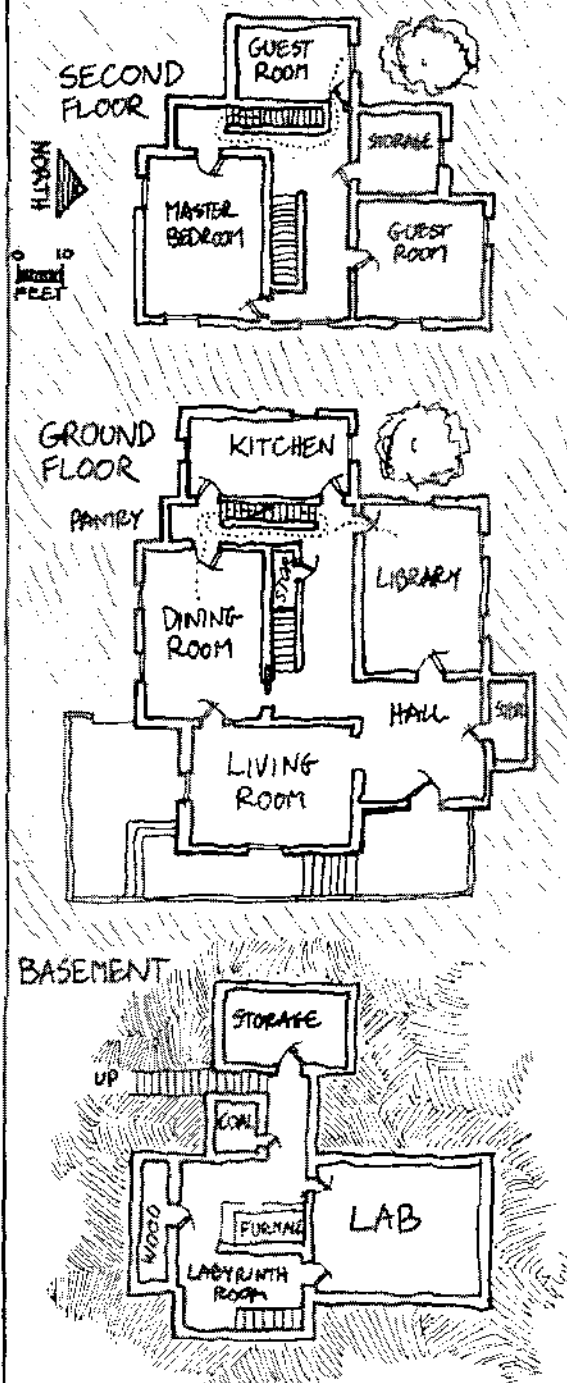
Dog Four

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 8 POW 8 DEX 13
Hit Points 11 Move 11
Bite 50%, 1D8 damage

These dogs will attack together, and are not frightened by gunfire. They will bark savagely at anyone nearing the grounds, and if the intruders do not immediately leave, they will race to the attack. These Dobermans are evidently mixed breeds (to say the least), for they have particu-

Casa de Diaz

TRAIL TO BASEMENT



larly ugly muzzles, with a loathsome human look about their jowls and green eyes. If the investigators run away after initiating battle, the dogs will not follow, but will get one free attack each at the investigators' backs.

If the dogs are dealt with somehow, the investigators could work at getting inside. The main door is locked and is surprisingly sturdy (40 STR). All the ground floor windows are barred and locked shut (30 STR). Any investigator walking all the way around the house will see that an old pine tree near the back of the house stands quite near to one of the second-floor windows (which are not barred). By means of two successful Climb rolls, an investigator will be able to reach the window and either force it open (it has a STR of 10 — failure to force the window open means that the character must immediately succeed in a Climb roll or lose his balance and fall). Falling from the tree causes 1D6 damage. A single investigator could climb the tree, squeeze in the window, and then go down to the ground floor and open the front door for the rest.

Inside, the house looks nearly as abandoned as the outside. Most of the furniture is covered by sheets and everything is coated with dust. The house has two stories and a basement, all described in greater detail below.

The Ground Floor

The Entrance Hall is a long central passage connecting most of the ground floor rooms. It is carpeted with a ratty old rug, evidently of oriental origin. The walls are decorated with portraits of various prominent Diaz and Villalba-Pereira family members. Any investigator who poked around in the family vault will recognize some of the names. Any investigator making a successful Track roll will notice distinct trails in the dust. One leads from the library to the pantry.

The Storage Rooms are filled with unused furniture and cobwebs. There is nothing interesting here.

The Library is a spacious room with wood panelled walls and an old rotting carpet. It is filled with bookshelves which are covered with ancient books. All these books are various black magic tomes and grimoires. There are over twenty Mythos-connected books here. Anyone reading one will gain 1% Cthulhu Mythos knowledge and lose 1D4 SAN. These books have a spell multiplier of x1, and each contains 1D3 spells. None are in English, and their precise language is up to the keeper. Many are Spanish or Latin, with several in Greek, but the majority are in mysterious occult tongues, including two or three different oriental tongues.

Anyone making a successful Spot Hidden will notice a rubbed trail in the carpet leading from the kitchen-side doorway to the pantry.

The Living Room is a large high-ceilinged room which was once well-furnished, but has gone to pot. On the north wall is a large portrait of Bernardo Diaz. On his shoulder in the portrait is a deformed rat or marmoset evidently whispering into his ear. Bernardo Diaz wears a large ruby ring on his left hand which, even when the lights are turned away from the portrait, seems to gleam or flash with a dim light of its own.

The Kitchen is completely deserted. The utensils and wood-burning stove are very primitive, dating from some time in the 18th century. The plates and mugs are manufactured of pewter.



Casa de Diaz

The *Dining Room* is one of the few rooms that appears to have been recently used. The room is almost completely filled with a huge stone dining table, covered with an expensive silk tablecloth. Any investigator making a successful Track or Spot Hidden roll will notice a trail in the carpet leading from here to the pantry.

The *Pantry* is where the trails from the dining room, library, and stairway all come together and descend a small staircase to the basement. Several hundred smoked beef tongues give the room a pleasant aroma.

The Second Floor

The *Upper Hall* is similar to the entrance hall. It is carpeted with a deteriorating Persian rug and is decorated with more Diaz and Vilheila-Pereira portraits.

The *Guest Rooms* are furnished only with sheeted furniture and have probably not been used for decades. The only sign of life is a trail in the dust leading from the window of the first guest room to the rear stairwell.

The *Storage Room* on this floor is much like those on the ground floor, filled with unused furniture and spiders.

The *Master Bedroom* is evidently the sleeping place for Bernardo Diaz (though he does not sleep often). It contains a canopied bed, a dresser, and several sets of clothes. The clothes include threadbare and worn garments from the 17th and 18th centuries. Among them is a black velvet robe of the same style found at Shephard's Barn, at location 8.

The Basement

The basement is different from the rest of the house in that it is regularly used by Bernardo Diaz and his family.

The *Storage Room* is a fairly barren chamber at the base of the stairs. It contains some empty crates and more unused furniture. If there have been loud noises from upstairs, there will be a half-dozen degenerate Diaz and Vilheila-Pereira family members lurking here to ambush the investigators when they come down.

Diaz One

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 12	INT 4	POW 12
DEX 12	Hit Points 12			

Claw 45%, 1D4+1D6 damage

Diaz Two

STR 13	CON 12	SIZ 11	INT 5	POW 11
DEX 12	Hit Points 13			

Claw 45%, 1D4 damage

Diaz Three

STR 12	CON 15	SIZ 12	INT 3	POW 10
DEX 13	Hit Points 14			

Claw 55%, 1D4 damage

Diaz Four

STR 9 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 3 POW 11
DEX 8 Hit Points 13

Claw 40%, 1D4 damage

Vilheila-Pereira One

STR 11 CON 16 SIZ 10 INT 9 POW 7
DEX 9 Hit Points 13

Claw 70%, 1D4 damage, Shotgun 40%, 4D6 damage

Vilheila-Pereira Two

STR 10 CON 11 SIZ 16 INT 5 POW 14
DEX 10 Hit Points 14

Claw 35%, 1D4+1D6 damage

The Coal and Wood Rooms are just what their names imply. They are filled with heaps of coal and stacks of pine-wood, respectively. The furnace itself is an antique left over from the mid-19th century. It can burn both coal and wood. By the furnace is an enormous heap of ashes.

The Lab is Bernardo Diaz' workroom. It is filled with occult paraphernalia. Also in this room will be Bernardo Diaz and Greedygut, his rat-like familiar. Seeing Greedygut in the flesh costs 1D4 SAN unless a successful SAN roll is made. Greedygut will not initially be visible, but will hide in the cluster of bottles on the table.

Bernardo Diaz

STR 14 CON 18 SIZ 16 INT 19 POW 24
DEX 14 APP 18 EDU 52 SAN 0 Hit Pts 17

Skills: Read English 100%, Read Latin 100%, Read Greek 100%, Read French 100%, Read German 60%, Read Spanish 100%, Chemistry 80%, Cthulhu Mythos 80%, History 100%, Occult 100%, Listen 75%, Spot Hidden 100%, Fast Talk 90%, Oratory 90%, Portrait Painting 90%

Spells: Summon/Bind Byakhee; Summon/Bind Fire-Vampire; Summon/Bind Hunting Horror; Summon/Bind Servitor of the Outer Gods; Contact Cthonian; Contact Flying Polyp; Contact Formless Spawn of Tsathogua; Call Yog-Sothoth; Call Cthugha; Call Nyogtha; Contact Nyarlathotep; Contact Y'golonae; Contact Yig; Dread Curse of Azathoth; Powder of Ibn-Ghazi; Voorish Sign; Elder Sign; Enthral Victim (see below)

Greedygut

STR 4 CON 10 SIZ 2 INT 18 POW 18
DEX 18 Hit Points 6

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 142%, Listen 70%, Spot Hidden 90%, Hide 80%, Move Quietly 100%, Climb 80%, Dodge 90%, Jump 90%

Spells: All known by Bernardo Diaz

Bernardo Diaz is tall, with dark hair and green eyes. He is quite handsome, and looks to be around 30 years old. On his left hand is a large ruby ring — which has allowed him to live for over 300 years. If the ring is removed, Bernardo Diaz will instantly die and shrivel into a withered lich. If a character specifically attempts to cut off Bernardo's hand, he must use a cutting hand weapon to do so. He must state what he is trying, and roll half or less

of his normal chance to hit. If he hits, then the hand has been struck. It takes a total of 12 points of damage to cut off the hand with the ring. This may be added up over several combat rounds.

When the investigators first sight Bernardo Diaz, he will begin to calmly speak to them. Each round he speaks with them, he will attempt to cast his Enthral Victim spell, which is a form of mesmerism. It costs him 2 magic points to cast this spell, and he must match his magic point total against the target's magic point total on the resistance table. Success will cause that investigator to stand, struck dumb and numbed, until brought out of his trance by direct physical damage or drastic action. Bernardo will continue to speak calmly and cast his Enthral spell each combat round, until he is attacked by the investigators. If he is attacked, then Greedygut will climb out of hiding and begin to attack using the Enthral spell as well. Greedygut will Dodge any attacks aimed vs. it, and Diaz will ignore wounds. Diaz is nearly immune to damage — any wound that does less than 17 points of damage to him will simply leave a gaping hole that will quickly seal up and stop bleeding — a process taking only a few seconds and costing those watching 1D6 SAN unless they can succeed in a SAN roll. If a wound does 17 or more points to him, then he will fall to the floor, briefly stunned, and will not be able to rise or cast spells for the next full combat round. However, after that time, he will be back to normal again. Bernardo's ring glows brightly when a wound seals up, then dims down again after the healing process is finished. A clever investigator may notice this and conclude that the ring has something to do with Bernardo's invulnerability. Basically, the only way to destroy Diaz is to cut off his hand. If Diaz and Greedygut manage to Enthral all the investigators, then they will keep them prisoner for a few days, then sacrifice them.

If Bernardo is actually defeated, his ruby ring will remain behind. If an investigator is so hardy as to put on this ring, it will suddenly begin to glow while the investigator feels fire and ice running over his nerves and brain. At once, he will fall into a swoon, from which he will not wake up for several weeks. Once the ring is put on, it may not be taken off without severing the finger. Soon after the investigator wakes up (probably in a hospital bed), he will be visited by a foot-long grotesque toad-like figure which will introduce itself as Puddock, the investigator's new friend, companion, and familiar spirit, in a strangled voice. The investigator will immediately have to make a SAN roll or lose 1D8 SAN. 1 point is lost in any case. It has a Cthulhu Mythos knowledge of 50%, and may increase this knowledge normally. It has no SAN nor EDU. It has all the other skills of Greedygut at the same percentile levels. It knows no magic spells, but may learn those that the investigator knows at a diabolically quick rate — taking only a day to learn. Its internal knowledge of the occult and Mythos enables it to help the investigator learn spells quickly — whenever he is trying to learn a magic spell from a book with the help of Puddock, add +1 to the spell multiplier of that book. The investigator will quickly find that he cannot kill Puddock himself. Puddock knows his every thought and action almost before he does himself, and can easily dodge and avoid any clumsy attempts to kill it. Puddock will explain to the investigator that as long as he wears the ring, he will not age. The keeper will have to carefully play Puddock and attempt to have Pud-

dock become an important part in the investigator's life. It will attempt to eventually get the investigator to swear himself to the Other Side, and become a SAN-less slave of the Outer Gods and Great Old Ones, but there is no hurry. With all eternity to work in, it is certain that soon enough the investigator will lose all his SAN and be amenable to Puddock's urgings.

An inspection of Bernardo Diaz' boots will reveal the cross-shaped imprints in the heels.

The Labyrinth is entered through a massive door leading into a large chamber. A rough stairwell descends to the dark burrows and warrens beneath, inhabited by the degenerate imbecile members of the Diaz and Vilheila-Pereira families. An awful stench, reminiscent of the lion house at the zoo, is emitted up through the stairwell. The labyrinths beneath are dangerous, dark, and horrendous, and the best choice that could be made would be to fill in the stairway so that those below could not come up.

If investigators insist on going below, they will be met by 2D6 degenerate Diaz or Vilheila-Pereira family members each hour. At the keeper's discretion, the exploring party may even become lost. There are thousands of passages and tunnels and around 300 cannibal imbeciles living in this hell-hole.

The degenerate Diaz and Vilheila-Pereiras have normal human statistics, except that their INT is only 1D6. Each has a claw attack doing a base damage of 1D4, and their percent skill in attacking is generally 2D6 x 5%.

Finishing the Scenario

Killing Bernardo Diaz will leave the monsters in the underground labyrinth without effective leadership, and they will gradually deteriorate and wither away until all are dead or another strong magician comes to take command.

Killing Bernardo Diaz and dispersing the cult of Castronegro regains 1D10 SAN for each investigator. If any degenerate Diaz or Vilheila-Pereira is slain, 1D3 SAN is gained for each victory, no matter how many members were involved in the combat.

If any of the investigators were captured by Fred Garcia or his assistants, appropriate charges will be put forth against them by the remaining Diaz and Vilheila-Pereira family members.

Characters who go publicly insane will be sent by local authorities in Castronegro to the Albuquerque Sanitarium, a fairly good asylum with a cure rate of 35%.

Poetry

*Four Mythos-connected poems by Howard Philips Lovecraft
from The Fungi from Yuggoth and Other Tales plus
a humorous song about Cthulhu himself.*

HALLOWE'EN IN A SUBURB

The steeples are white in the wild moonlight,
And the trees have a silver glare;
Past the chimneys high see the vampires fly,
And the harpies of upper air,
That flutter and laugh and stare.

For the village dead to the moon outspread
Never shone in the sunset's gleam,
But grew out of the deep that the dead years keep
Where the rivers of madness stream
Down the gulfs to a pit of dream.

A chill wind blows through the rows of sheaves
In the meadows that shimmer pale,

And comes to twine where the headstones shine
And the ghouls of the churchyard wail
For harvests that fly and fail.

Not a breath of the strange grey gods of change
That tore from the past its own
Can quicken this hour, when a spectral power
Spreads sleep o'er the cosmic throne,
And looses the vast unknown.

So here again stretch the vale and plain
That moons long-forgotten saw,
And the dead leap gay in the pallid ray,
Sprung out of the tomb's black maw
To shake all the world with awe.

And all that the morn shall greet forlorn,
 The ugliness and the pest
 Of rows where thick rise the stones and brick,
 Shall some day be with the rest,
 And brood with the shades unblest.

Then wild in the dark let the lemurs bark,
 And the leprous spires ascend;
 For new and old alike in the fold
 Of horror and death are penned,
 For the hounds of Time to rend.

— H. P. Lovecraft

THE NIGHTMARE LAKE

There is a lake in distant Zan,
 Beyond the wonted haunts of man,
 Where broods alone in hideous state
 A spirit dead and desolate;
 A spirit ancient and unholy,
 Heavy with fearsome melancholy,
 Which from the waters dull and dense
 Draws vapours curst with pestilence.
 Around the banks, a mire of clay,
 Sprawl things offensive in decay,
 And curious birds that reach that shore
 Are seen by mortals nevermore.
 Here shines by day the searing sun
 On glassy wastes beheld by none,
 And here by night pale moonbeams flow
 Into the deeps that yawn below.
 In nightmares only is it told
 What scenes beneath those beams unfold;
 What scenes, too old for human sight,
 Lie sunken there in endless night;
 For in those depths there only pace
 The shadows of a voiceless race.
 One midnight, redolent of ill,
 I saw that lake, asleep and still;
 While in the lurid sky there rode
 A gibbous moon that glowed and glowed.
 I saw the stretching marshy shore,
 And the foul things those marshes bore;
 Lizards and snakes convulsed and dying;
 Ravens and vampires putrefying;
 All these, and hovering o'er the dead,
 Necrophagi that on them fed.
 And as the dreadful moon climbed high,
 Frightening the stars from out the sky,
 I saw the lake's dull water glow
 Till sunken things appeared below.
 There shone, unnumbered fathoms down,
 The towers of a forgotten town;

The tarnished domes and mossy walls;
 Weed-tangled spires and empty halls;
 Deserted fanes and vaults of dread,
 And streets of gold uncoveted.
 These I beheld, and saw beside
 A horde of shapeless shadows glide;
 A noxious horde which to my glance
 Seemed moving in a hideous dance
 Round slimy sepulchres, that lay
 Besides a never-travelled way.
 Straight from these tombs a heaving rose
 That vexed the waters' dull repose,
 While lethal shades of upper space
 Howled at the moon's sardonic face.
 Then sank the lake within its bed,
 Sucked down to caverns of the dead,
 Till from the reeking, new stript earth
 Curled foetid fumes of noisome birth.
 About the city, nigh uncovered,
 The monstrous dancing shadows hovered,
 When lo! there opened with sudden stir
 The portal of each sepulchre!
 No ear may learn; no tongue may tell
 What nameless horror then befell.
 I see that lake—that moon agrin—
 That city and the *things* within—
 Waking, I pray that on that shore
 The nightmare lake may sink *no more!*

— H. P. Lovecraft

YULE HORROR

There is snow on the ground,
 And the valleys are cold,
 And a midnight profound
 Blackly squats o'er the wold;
 But a light on the hilltops half-seen hints of
 Feastings unhallowed and old.

There is death in the clouds,
 There is fear in the night,
 For the dead in their shrouds
 Hail the sun's turning flight.
 And chant wild in the woods as they dance
 Round a Yule-altar fungous and white.

To no gale of Earth's kind
 Sways the forest of oak,
 Where the sick boughs entwined
 By mad mistletoes choke,
 For these pow'rs are the pow'rs of the dark,
 From the graves of the lost Druid-folk.

— H. P. Lovecraft; December, 1926

THE OUTPOST

When evening cools the yellow stream,
And shadow stalks the jungle's ways,
Zimbabwe's palace flares ablaze
For a great King who fears to dream.

For he alone of all mankind
Waded the swamp that serpents shun;
And struggling toward the setting sun,
Came on the veldt that lies behind.

No other eyes had ventured there
Since eyes were lent for human sight—
But there, as sunset turned to night,
He found the Elder Secret's lair.

Strange turrets rose beyond the plain,
And walls and bastions spread around
The distant domes that fouled the ground
Like leprous fungi after rain.

A grudging moon writhed up to shine
Past leagues where life can have no home;
And paling far-off tower and dome,
Shewed each unwindowed and malign.

Then he who in his boyhood ran
Through vine-hung ruins free from fear,
Trembled at what he saw—for here
Was no dead, ruined seat of man.

Inhuman shapes, half-seen, half-guessed,
Half solid and half ether-spawned,
Seethed down from starless voids that yawned
In heav'n, to these blank walls of pest.

And voidward from that pest-mad zone
Amorphous hordes seethed darkly back,
Their dim claws laden with the wrack
Of things that men have dreamed and known.

The ancient Fishers from Outside—
Were there not tales the high-priest told,
Of how they found the worlds of old,
And took what pelf their fancy spied?

Their hidden, dread-ringed outposts brood
Upon a million worlds of space;
Abhorred by every living race,
Yet scatheless in their solitude.

Sweating with fright, the watcher crept
Back to the swamp that serpents shun,
So that he lay, by rise of sun,
Safe in the palace where he slept.

None saw him leave, or come at dawn,
Nor does his flesh bear any mark
Of what he met in that curst dark—
Yet from his sleep all peace has gone.

When evening cools the yellow stream,
And shadow stalks the jungle's ways,
Zimbabwe's palace flares ablaze
For a great King who fears to dream.

—H. P. Lovecraft

THE LAIR OF GREAT CTHULHU

Tune: Chattanooga Choo-Choo

Pardon me boy —
Is this the lair of Great Cthulhu?
In the city of slime,
Where it is night all the time.

Bob Hope never went
Along the road to Great Cthulhu,
And Triple-A has no maps,
And all the Tcho-tchos lay traps.

You'll see an ancient sunken city where the angles
are wrong.
You'll see the fourth dimension if you're there
very long.
Come to the conventacle.
Bring along your pentacle;
Otherwise you'll be dragged off by a tentacle.

A mountain's in the middle, with a house on the
peak:
A gnashin' and a thrashin' and a clackin' of beak.
Your soul you will be lackin'
When you see that mighty kraken.
Oo-oo! Great Cthulhu's starting to speak.

So come on aboard,
Along the road to Great Cthulhu.
Wen-di-gos and dholes
Will make Big Macs of our souls.

Under the sea,
Down in the ancient city of R'lyeh,
In the lair of Great Cthulhu,
They'll suck your soul away!

*(Great Cthulhu, Great Cthulhu —
Suck your soul! —
Great Cthulhu, Great Cthulhu)
In the lair of Great Cthulhu,
They'll suck your soul away.*

(Here, there is an obligato saxophone solo, a-la
Tex Beneke)

— Joan Carruth and Larry Press

Sanity Quiz

*If you read all the words below you should roll for a D3 Sanity loss.
Actually, many of these umptioid descriptives were used by H.P. Lovecraft
in his writings, and can be quite useful to keepers when describing
Mythos creatures to investigators.*

ABERRANT, ABOMINABLE,
ABSURD, ABYSMAL, ACIDIC,
ADHESIVE, AIRY, ALIEN,
AMBIGUOUS, AMORPHOUS,
ANARCHIC, ANSCIENT,
ANGULAR, ANIMATED,
ANIMALISTIC, ANOMALOUS,
ANTEDILUVIAN, APPALLING,
APPENDAGED, ASHEN,
ASKREW, ASTOUNDING,
ATROCIOUS, ATRY,
BABOON-LIKE, BALFUL,
BANEFUL, BANKRUPT,
BARBAROUS, BEASTLY,
BELLOWING, BILIOUS,
BLASPHEMOUS, BULATING,
BLOATED, BLOODSHOT,
BLUBBERY, BOILING,
BRUTISH, BLUE-EYED,
BULBOUS, CACKLING,
CADAVEROUS, CANCEROUS,
CELLULAR, CHANGEABLE,
CHATTERING, COARSE,
COLOSSAL, COLORLESS,
CHAOTIC, CONFUSING,
CONGEOLED, CONICAL,
CONVOLUTED, CORPULENT,
CORPSE-LIKE, CORRUPT,
CREAMY, CRIMINAL,
CROAKING, CRYSTALLINE,
CYLINDRICAL, DANK,
DARK, DAZZLING,
DEAFENING, DEATHLESS,
DEBASED, DEBAUCHED,
DELIRIOUS, DECOMPOSING,
DEFORMED, DEGENERATE,

DEGRADED, DELIRIOUS,
DEPRAVED, DERANGED,
DETESTABLE, DEVIANT,
DIABOLICAL, DIFFUSE,
DIRTY, DISCORDANT,
DISEASED, DISFIGURED,
DISGUSTING, DISLOCATED,
DISORDERED, DISSOLVED,
DISTORTED, DISTADEFUL,
DRIPPING, EFFERVESCENT,
EFFUSIVE, ELASTIC,
ENDLESS, ENLARGED,
ENORMOUS, ENVELOPING,
EVASIVE, EXAGGERATED,
EXCERCIATING, EXTENDED,
FABULOUS, FACELESS,
FANTASTIC, FEARFUL,
FECUND, FESTERING,
FETID, FIBROUS, FLOWING,
FIENDISH, FIERY, FILTHY,
FISH-LIKE, FLABBY,
FLUCTUATING, FLUID,
FOAMING, FOUL,
FRACTURED, FRAGRANT,
FRANTIC, FURIOUS,
FUNGOUS, GANGRENOUS,
GHASTLY, GIGANTIC,
GARGANTUAN, GIBBERING,
GLOBULAR, GNASHING,
GLUTINOUS, GORY,
GRASSING, GRAYISH,
GREENISH, GRIM, GRISLY,
GROSS, GUSHING, HAIRY,
HAPLESS, HALLUCINATORY,
HATEFUL, HAZY, HEAVING,
HELLISH, HIDEOUS, THISSING

HORNED, HORRIBLE,
HOWLING, HUGE, HYBRID,
ICHOROUS, IDIOTIC,
ILLOGICAL, IMMATERIAL,
IMMENSE, IMMORAL,
INCOHERENT, INCOMPLETE,
INCONGRUOUS, INCREDIBLE,
INDISTINCT, INFESTED,
INTERNAL, INFESTED,
INHUMAN, INSAN, INSIPID,
IRRATIONAL, IRREGULAR,
IRIDESCENT, JABBERING,
JADED, JANGLING,
JALDICE, JELLED,
JUMBLED, JUTTING,
KLEPTOMANIACAL,
LEPROUS, LIMP,
LIQUEFIED, LOATHSOME,
LUMBERING, LUMINESCENT,
LUMPY, LUNATIC, LURKING,
MAD, MAGGOTY,
MALEVOLENT, MALICIOUS,
MALIGNANT, MASSIVE,
MEMBRANOUS, MENACING,
MESMERIZING, METALLIC,
MILDEWED, MINDLESS,
MISCASTLED, MEANING,
MOLTEN, MONSTROUS,
MONUMENTAL, MORBID,
MORTIFYING, MOTTLED,
MOULDERING, MUCKY,
MUCOUS, MURMURING,
MUTILATED, NAGGING,
NAMELESS, NAUSEOUS,
NEARSIGHTED, NEBULOUS,
NECROMANTIC, NOISELESS,



NONSENSICAL, NOXIOUS,
 NUMBING, OBSCENE,
 OBSEQUIOUS, OCTOPOID,
 ODIOS, ODOROUS, OILY,
 OMINOUS, OOZING,
 ORGANIC, OUTLANDISH,
 OVAL, OVERGROWN,
 OVERRIPE, QUAVERING,
 QUEASY, QUIESCENT,
 QUIVERING, PAGAN, PALE,
 PALLID, PALPITATING,
 PALSIED, PARASITIC,
 PASTY, PECULIAR,

PERFIDIOUS, PERVERSE,
 PHLEGMATIC, PITILESS,
 PLASTIC, PLIABLE,
 POISONOUS, POROUS,
 PREGNANT, PRODIGIOUS,
 PROFANE, PROFUSE,
 PRONGED, PROTOPLASMIC,
 PROTUBERANT, PRURIENT,
 PSEUDOPOIDAL, PUCKERED,
 PUDDING-LIKE,
 PULSATING, PUSTULAR,
 PUTRID, RADIANT,
 RAINBOWED,

RECTANGULAR, REEKING,
 REMORSELESS, REPELLENT,
 REPREHENSIBLE, REPTILIAN,
 REPUGNANT, REPULSIVE,
 RESPLENDANT, RESTLESS,
 RHEUMY, RIGID, ROUGH,
 RUBBERY, RUGOSE,
 SACRILEGIOUS,
 SALLOW, SANGUINE,
 SCABBY, SCALY,
 SCREAMING, SCUMMY,
 SEETHING, SENSELESS,
 SLIPBOYAL, SHADOWY,
 SHINY, SHRIeking,
 SHUFFLING, SICKLY,
 SIGHTLESS, SLEWY,
 SINGULAR, SKELTAL,
 SLEETITSS, SLIMY,
 SLIPPERY, SLITHERING,
 SLOBBERING, SLOGGISH,
 SOLENN, SOLID,
 SOUNDLESS, SPECTRAL,
 SPHERICAL, SPONGE-LIKE,
 STAGNANT, STICKY,
 STUPEFYING, STUPIDOUS,
 SULPHUROUS, SYRUPY,
 TEEMING, TENTACLED,
 TERRIBLE, THICKENING,
 THRASHING, THROBBING,
 TRANSFORMED,
 TRANSPARENT, TUBULAR,
 TUMULTUOUS, TURBID,
 TURBULNT, UGLY,
 ULTIMATE, UNCLEAN,
 UNCOUTH, UNDIGESTED,
 UNCERTAINLY, UNKNOWN,
 UNMASKED, UNRIPE,
 UNSEEN, UNSPEAKABLE,
 UNUTTERABLE, VAGUE,
 VAPOROUS, VAST,
 VIBRATING, VILE,
 VIPEROUS, VISCIOUS,
 VIVID, VOLUMINOUS,
 VOMITING, WAILING, WAN,
 WARPED, WAXEN, WEBBED,
 WET, WHIRLING,
 WHITHERED, WORMY,
 WORM-EATEN, WRETCHED,
 WRITHING, XENOPHOBIC,
 YAMMERING,
 ZODIACAL, ZYMOTIC

