

1920s

DEAD RECKONINGS

**NEW LOVECRAFT COUNTRY
ADVENTURES FOR
CALL OF CTHULHU**

**BY J. TODD KINGREA, KEVIN ROSS,
JOHN SNYDER, AND RICHARD WATTS**



DEAD RECKONINGS





H.P. LOVECRAFT
1890-1937

DEAD RECKONINGS

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Clear Credit

Dead Reckonings was conceived of and originally edited by Kevin Ross. Additional editing was done by Shannon Appel. "Dust to Dust" is also Kevin's work, while "Dark Rivals" is by J. Todd Kingrea, and "Behold the Mother" is by Richard Watts.

The cover and all the interior illustrations are by John T. Snyder. J. Todd Kingrea drew the majority of the maps in

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• DEDICATION •

*This book is dedicated to my friend and colleague,
Scott David Aniolowski.*

Cheers, mate!

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Introduction

Welcome back to the most haunted corner of Massachusetts. *Dead Reckonings* is an anthology of scenarios set in the haunted landscape of H.P. Lovecraft's fictional Massachusetts, a setting described in the Chaosium supplements *The Compact Arkham Unveiled*, *Return to Dunwich*, *Kingsport: The City in the Mists*, *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*, *Escape from Innsmouth*, and *Adventures in Arkham Country*.

Dead Reckonings offers three new forays into mystery and horror. These adventures all take place in or around Arkham, with a few trips to other towns in Lovecraft Country (Martin's Beach and Dunwich, for example); as such the keeper may find some of the other Lovecraft Country books (especially *The Compact Arkham Unveiled* and *Return to Dunwich*) helpful in fleshing out details. Nevertheless this book is written to stand alone for those unfamiliar with the others of the series, with all pertinent descriptions and statistics included here.

"Dust to Dust" takes the investigators on a morbid odyssey throughout Lovecraft Country to solve a series of graverobberies. The terrible solution involves a madman's careless attempts to raise the dead—with varying degrees of success...

"The Dark Rivals" begins with a request to clear a murder suspect, and rapidly finds the investigators in the middle of an escalating urban "range war" between two of Arkham's deadliest supernatural forces.

In "Behold the Mother" a ghastly murder leads the investigators to a horrible secret born in Dunwich—and about to be born again...

A number of "behind-the-scenes" folk offered inspiration and advice toward the completion of this project. Among the usual suspects are Scott Aniolowski, Felicia Kingrea and Brett Howard Kingrea, Adam Geibel, Frank Hummel, Gary Sumpter, John T. Snyder, and Lynn Willis.

—Kevin Ross, August 3, 1997

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DUST TO DUST

*Of an insane occultist, and his mad attempts to restore his loving wife to life.
Also, a trek across Lovecraft Country, with a long pause at Martin's Beach.*

*Out—out are the lights—out all!
And over each dying form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the seraphs, all haggard and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.*
—Edgar Allan Poe, "The Conqueror Worm"

This scenario takes place in the small fishing village of Martin's Beach, not far from Arkham and Kingsport. While some events occur in the surrounding towns, Martin's Beach is the epicenter of the action.

Any number of investigators can partake in this adventure, though smaller groups might find it more enjoyable. While some level of investigatorial experience is beneficial, the Cthulhu Mythos skill is of little help in unearthing the gruesome mysteries plaguing Martin's Beach and environs.

All pertinent statistics appear at the end of the scenario, in the order in which they are likely to be encountered.

Keeper's Information

Michael Felder's loving wife Virginia died four years ago. To be more precise, Michael murdered her four years ago.

Felder is a pharmacist at the Walgreen's store in Arkham. Seven years ago he married Virginia Fabry, the daughter of a prominent Boston physician. The couple lived in a beautiful cottage just outside the village of Martin's Beach, not far from Arkham. Michael's income and his father-in-law's generosity allowed them many luxuries, including an idyllic home and a sailboat which Michael taught Virginia to sail.

But, early in their marriage, Michael showed his new wife his true colors: he beat her. And when he drank—which was often—he beat her worse.

The worst and final such incident occurred on the sailboat. Michael had been drinking heavily, and Virginia's handling of the sail wasn't to his liking. He hit her. Hard. She did not arise. Michael, in a fit of drunken panic, threw her over the side. He barely managed to get the craft back to shore, where he reported that Virginia had gone swimming that afternoon but had not returned home.

When Virginia's body was found the next day, her death

was attributed to drowning. The contusions on her body were attributed to contact with the rocks on the beach where she was found.

Michael Felder genuinely grieved: in his own twisted way he had loved Virginia. Sick with grief, he now drank even more.

In the ensuing years Michael has managed to hold on to his job at Walgreen's despite his alcoholism. This is in part due to the influence of his father-in-law, Dr. Hamilton Fabry. Dr. Fabry knew of Michael's drinking, but not his violent temper—nor the fact that Michael had murdered his daughter. The widowed Dr. Fabry tried vainly to help his grieving son-in-law, even going so far as to goad him into medical research. In doing this, Dr. Fabry sowed the seeds for his son-in-law's destruction—and unwittingly orchestrated a nightmare beyond death for his daughter.

In his diverse studies Michael stumbled across the works of a little-known 17th century French physician named Pierre Borel. Borel had devised a hypothetical means by which the dead could be restored to life. By reducing the dead subject's body to its essential salts and performing a simple procedure, the dust would reform and restore the dead man to life.

This process is of course the Resurrection "spell," and Borel "Latinized" is Borellus, sometimes erroneously identified as a medieval alchemist. Borellus' Resurrection process is the subject of Lovecraft's brilliant novel *The Case of Charles Dexter Ward*.

Michael Felder's head swam with this knowledge, fragmentary though it was. If it were true he could have Virginia back. He began his experiments with the pieces of the Borel formula he had at hand—at first with a handful of partially successful animal subjects: a frog (which died shortly after resurrection), a rat (which, though mutated, still lives), and Virginia's cat Rags (which also lives). As these experiments became increasingly successful, Felder hired a pair of unsavory Martin's Beach fishermen to obtain other more advanced subjects for him. Human subjects.

In the last few weeks graveyards in the towns of Manchester, Gloucester, Essex Falls, Martin's Beach, and the abandoned village of Clark's Corners have been plundered by Felder's accomplices. Felder's first human subject was an apparent failure: the body was almost fully restored from its dust, but it was still inert, dead. Worse, its hand was restored separate from the body. Felder, cursing his

failure, left the cottage to find a drink—or several. When he returned, the body and the hand were gone. The experiment had been a delayed success.

Buoyed by this turn of events, Felder was nearly ready to continue his work when he heard reports of a one-handed prowler terrorizing Martin's Beach. Fearing that all his subjects would turn out similarly insane, Felder immersed himself in a drunken haze. That night he swore to end his work. In the laboratory in the cottage he drunkenly poured the essential salts from the rest of his experiments down a cellar drain, where they combined with some mold or mineral in the water. Regardless of the cause, the results were horrifying: the dust bubbled, smoked, and began to take shape. A huge shape, a jumbled mass of recombined human forms. Shutting the thing in the cellar and barely escaping with his life, the dazed and drunken Felder collapsed.

When he awoke the next morning he was hopelessly mad—now prepared to continue his experiments regardless of the consequences. He would have Virginia back. But he needed new subjects, and so the larcenous local pair were again enlisted to procure bodies for him.

As the adventure begins the body of lawyer Martin Helverson has just been stolen from the Christchurch Cemetery in Arkham. On the first night of the adventure the body of Virginia Felder will be taken from the Poe Street Burying Ground in Martin's Beach.

The first robbery brings the investigators onto the scene, for one or more of them knew Helverson. As they delve into the spate of graverobberies in search of their late friend's post-mortem fate, the investigators will find a number of empty graves, a one-handed man and his missing member, a pair of ruthless thugs, a bereaved husband, an unsuspecting father, and a number of people who used to be dead.

Investigator's Information

It is late August, the tail-end of the tourist season. The vacationers are leaving and New England begins to return to quiet normality as it prepares for fall.

This morning, however, there is an article in the *Arkham Advertiser* which jars the complacency of at least one investigator: the body of Martin Helverson, an old lawyer friend who had died a few years back, was stolen from its grave last night. (Helverson might have been encountered professionally, he might be an old friend of the family, or perhaps even an uncle.) See *Dust Papers #1*.

If the investigators contact the Arkham police for further details of the case, a Law roll is needed to worm information out of the desk sergeant; alternately, a Luck roll collars any police contacts an investigator might have. Unfortunately the police have only two leads: they found two sets of footprints in the freshly-turned dirt at the opened grave, and they believe a ladder was used to get over the spiked iron fence around the cemetery. The night-watchman, Gerber Pender, saw and heard nothing, though the police suspect he slept through the incident.

If the investigators look into the other graverobberies mentioned in the article, a few Library Use rolls turn up

The Arkham Advertiser

ANOTHER AREA GRAVEROBBERY!

Christchurch Cemetery is Victimized

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Arkham—Arkham Police officials report that a graverobbery occurred last night in Christchurch Cemetery. The body of the late Martin Helverson was taken from its final resting place. Helverson was a respected local attorney before his death six years ago.

Arkham Police Chief Asa Nichols states that the authorities believe that this crime is related to the similar atrocities perpetrated in the last several weeks in Manchester, Gloucester, Kingsport, Essex Falls, and Clark's Corners. No suspects have been identified, but Chief Nichols reports that the police are following up leads. Anyone with information regarding possible prowlers in the vicinity of Christchurch Cemetery after 1 AM this morning should contact the Arkham authorities as soon as possible.

Dust Papers #1

reports that in the last three weeks or so, cemeteries in the listed towns were plundered. One body was taken from each of the towns of Manchester, Gloucester, Essex Falls, and Martin's Beach. Four bodies were stolen from the ancient churchyard in the abandoned village of Clark's Corners, but the thieves' efforts were apparently unsuccessful in Kingsport. No leads or suspects were reported in any of the crimes. Further investigation requires travelling to the victimized towns to examine the plundered cemeteries and talk to the local police and the families.

If the investigators do not seem inclined to begin inquiries on their own Eric Helverson (see "Arkham", p. 8) should contact them. He is angered, and asks his father's old friend to look into the police investigation, offering a \$100 reward.

The day after the investigators begin their inquiries a second *Arkham Advertiser* article tells of yet another graverobbery, again in Martin's Beach. See *Dust Papers #2*.

The article includes references to a so-called prowler. This is in fact the one-handed result of Felder's first human resurrection experiment.

Towns & Families

Investigations will likely begin at the defiled graveyards or with the families of the victims. Each of the affected towns (Arkham, Clark's Corners, Essex Falls, Gloucester, Kingsport, and Manchester) is discussed in a short listing below. A section is also included on Boston, the home of Dr. Fabry, father of the latest victim. Martin's

8 – Dead Reckonings

Beach and the crimes committed there are discussed in a later section, beginning on p. 10.

ARKHAM: Martin Helverson, whom the investigators knew, was 56 at the time of his death six years ago. A widower, his only remaining family was his son Eric. Eric, now 23, attends the Harvard law school, and is a brilliant student. He is kind, charismatic, and angered by what has happened to his father's body. He can offer no explanation, but offers the investigators a \$100 reward for the capture of the criminals.

CLARK'S CORNERS: Clark's Corners is a tiny village west of Arkham, abandoned since the turn of the century. As such, there were no witnesses to what occurred here three weeks ago. Exploring the old town's small, ancient, overgrown cemetery, the investigators find that four graves were robbed here. All four dated to the mid- to early-1800s, with no common names or dates.

Dust Papers #2

GRAVEROBBERS RETURN TO MARTIN'S BEACH

Authorities Angered by Second Crime This Week

Martin's Beach—Just one night after perpetrating a similar crime in Arkham's Christchurch Cemetery, graverobbers returned to Martin's Beach to ply their despicable trade. The Poe Street Burying Ground was again visited in the night by cowardly and depraved thieves, who this time stole the remains of Virginia Felder. Mrs. Felder is the late wife of local resident Michael Felder, and the daughter of Dr. Hamilton Fabry of Boston. Mr. Felder told this reporter that he hopes that those responsible are caught and punished to the full extent of the law for this atrocity. Dr. Fabry expressed similar outrage and has offered a \$1000 reward for information leading to the capture of these villains.

Martin's Beach Constable Owen Tabler, meanwhile, is cooperating with Arkham Police Chief Asa Nichols in an effort to find leads in connection to the very similar recent events in both towns. "There seems little doubt that these matters are related," said Nichols. "Owen and I are working with officials in other nearby towns where crimes like these have been committed. With such a concentrated effort, we're bound to put an end to this sick business—and soon."

Chief Nichols was referring to the fact that similar crimes have recently occurred in Manchester, Gloucester, Essex Falls, Kingsport, and Clark's Corners. Constable Tabler refused to comment on whether the Martin's Beach crimes were in any way connected with the so-called "Martin's Beach prowler", who has reportedly accosted fishermen, children, and other residents in the last week. Authorities are still interested in any information regarding this individual.

The investigators could spend hours rummaging through the ghost town, but no clues will be discovered here. The Arkham authorities are in charge of the Clark's Corners investigation, but they also have nothing to go on. The Clark's Corners cemetery's plundering was apparently among the first of the recent spate of such crimes.

If the investigators think to stop at the tiny farmhouse which lies between Arkham and the ghost town, they may talk with old Ammi Pierce. The wizened old Yankee farmer can recall a battered truck rattling by early one morning several weeks ago. "It 'ad a tarp acroass the back theyuh, come ta think ev it. Ya don' s'pose they's the ones thet done thet nasty biz'ness up the road theyuh, do yeh?" Old Ammi says the truck was black, with no fenders, but remembers nothing else.

ESSEX FALLS: The tiny village of Essex Falls is a suburb of nearby Essex. Here the graverobbery occurred just over two weeks ago. The body of a poor farmer named Corey Brown was taken from the town's small cemetery. Corey is survived by his wife Althea, 79, and sister Catherine, 82. The two elderly women live together in a house in town. They cannot explain why this has happened. Corey died 17 years ago, and never hurt anyone. If the investigators stay for more than a few minutes, both women break into tears. The sight of this, and the grim and senseless nature of the crimes costs the investigators 0/1 point of Sanity. Psychoanalyzing the women to restore their spirits negates this loss.

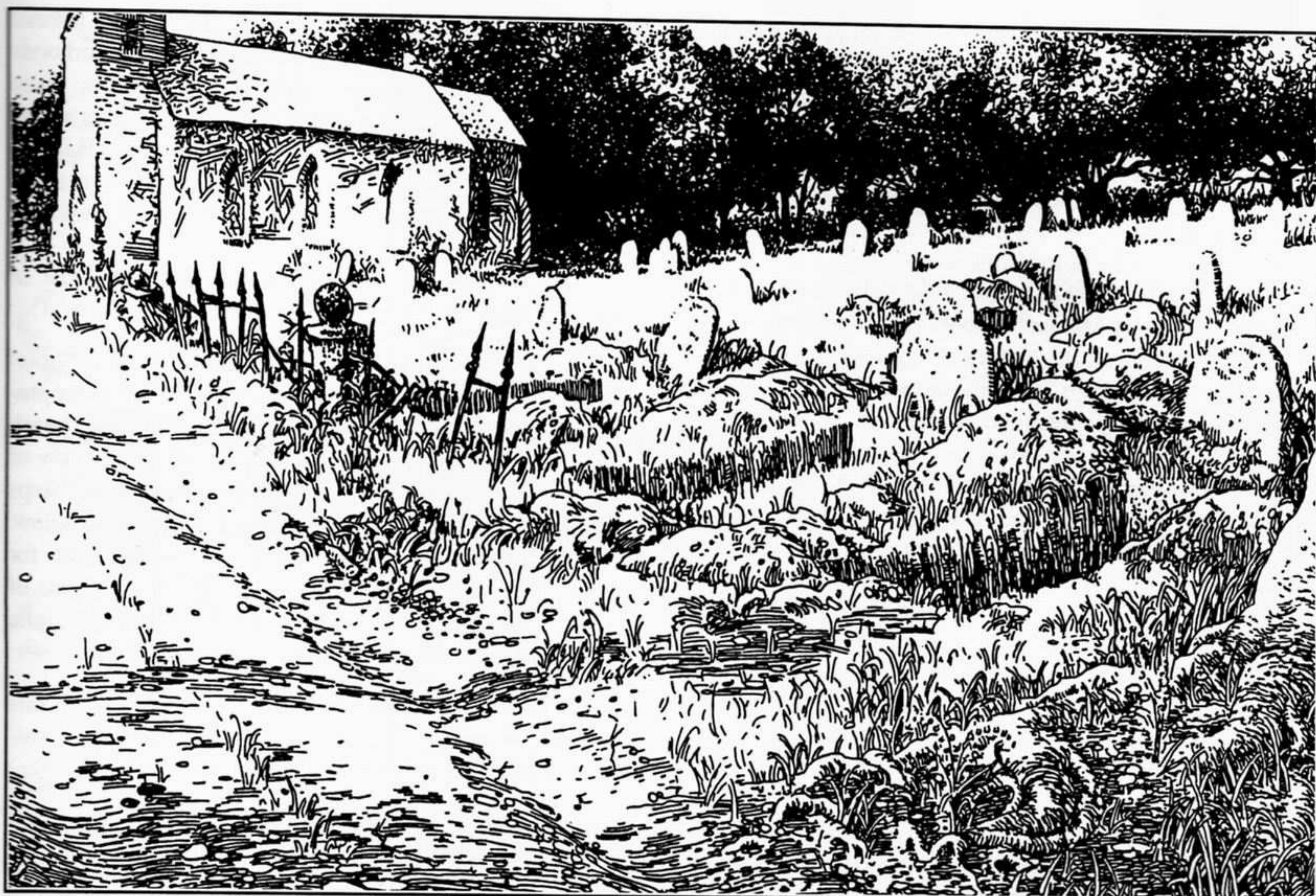
Duncan Miller, the town constable, is a humorless young man, and a halved Law roll is needed to get him to open up concerning the case. If successful, Miller states that the only lead he has is that someone saw an old black truck driving through town toward the south the morning the desecration was discovered. The truck apparently had two occupants, but no further details could be discerned of them or the vehicle. Footprints at the site indicated two individuals were involved.

GLOUCESTER: Gloucester was the site of one of the earliest graverobbing. Here the missing body was taken from the Potter's Field of the city's largest cemetery nearly three weeks ago. According to cemetery records, the body was that of an unidentified middle-aged male indigent who apparently died of natural causes in 1856.

With a successful Luck roll, the investigators also meet the cemetery caretaker, a timid 30-ish chap named Willie Stephens; a nasty-looking lump and scar graces his left temple. He tells the investigators that he heard voices the night of the robbery, and went to investigate. When he got close to the voices he saw a scrawny, wild-eyed bearded guy down in an open grave with a lantern sitting nearby. The next thing he knew someone smashed him over the head with a shovel.

The Gloucester police again have little to go on, other than Willie Stephens' story and description, though footprints at the site did indicate that two individuals were involved.

KINGSPORT: The police here talk about the case openly. A little over a week ago some tourists reported that the



THE PLUNDERED GRAVES AT CLARK'S CORNERS

unhallowed graveyard near the old gibbet site west of town had been desecrated. Investigating, the police found that two of the thirteen graves had been dug up, and a third had been started. A successful Psychology roll at this point notes a tone of uncertainty in the officer's voice. Asked about it, the cop says that, while they can't be sure, it looked as if there was nothing in the grave to begin with: no coffin, no body. Just dirt. He can't explain it, but says that the local historical society is thinking about exhuming the rest of the graves to check their contents.

The old gibbet (which is described in the Chaosium supplement *Kingsport: The City in the Mist*) was the site of the hangings of thirteen suspected witches in 1692. These unnamed folk were later exonerated, as a plaque at the site attests. Their bodies were then buried in a plot a short distance away, surrounded by an iron-barred fence.

Note: The graverobbers failed here. This is an unrelated mystery for the investigators to ponder. As outlined in the *Kingsport* supplement, the bodies of these cultists—for such they were—were dug up by their fellows and reburied for eldritch reasons in the cemetery in town.

MANCHESTER: Perhaps the earliest of the graverobbing occurred here, three weeks ago, when the body of Leonard Chase was stolen. Chase died nine years ago, and is survived by his wife Nora, 47, son Gerald, 20, and daughter Laura, 16.

The Chases own a bustling diner in the resort town. They can think of no reason for the despicable crime, and feisty Gerald becomes very defensive and protective of his

family if the subject is broached. Their answers are very curt, and the investigators are glared at by the sympathetic patrons if the interview takes place in the diner. In any case, there is nothing to be learned here.

The police have little to add. As before, two sets of footprints were discovered at the site, but no one saw anything.

Boston

Boston is the home of Dr. Hamilton Fabry, who is mentioned in the newspaper article concerning the Felder graverobbery in Martin's Beach. If the investigators look him up—after all, he does offer a sizable reward—they learn that he resides in Boston's posh Beacon Hill district.

Dr. Fabry is a widower, his wife having died when their daughter Virginia was very young. Thus Hamilton doted on his daughter, and Virginia lived a very sheltered life. In her lifetime she came to know well only two men: her doting father and her dangerously flawed husband.

Two people now reside in Dr. Fabry's imposing mansion: Dr. Fabry and his elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Jarvis. Mrs. Jarvis has cooked and cleaned for the doctor for nearly 30 years now, and serves him well in her extremely quiet way. Dr. Fabry himself is a large, good-natured, bewhiskered fellow in his early 70s, and has been retired for nearly 20 years.

Mrs. Jarvis allows the investigators to see Dr. Fabry if they impress her with a Credit Rating or Persuade roll. Alternately they can approach him as he leaves for his country club. Dr. Fabry won't waste much time on the

graverobbing matter unless the investigators offer some new lead. This achieved, he invites the party into his antique-adorned study and sends Mrs. Jarvis for coffee, tea, whiskey, or cigars.

Dr. Fabry can offer no explanation for these graverobbing. If questioned about his son-in-law, Fabry praises Michael Felder's love for his daughter, and regrets the grief he yet suffers. A Psychology roll notes a hint of embarrassment about this, but the doctor won't elaborate. If they press the subject of Michael's alcoholism, an offended and angry Dr. Fabry ends the interview and tosses the investigators out, threatening to inform the police if his family's business is further intruded upon. Fabry knows of Michael's alcoholism, but won't admit to it. Nor will he admit to having suggested Michael take up medical studies to overcome his grief and his addiction. While he knows that Michael took his advice, he doesn't know to what end Michael's studies have taken him.

During the interview the investigators have an opportunity to look over the antiques in Dr. Fabry's study. The doctor's considerable library seems to be made up primarily of old medical texts and topics of New England history. If the keeper desires, a failed Library Use or Occult roll might cause an investigator to be needlessly alarmed by some mundane text here. Perhaps more disturbing is the doctor's collection of antique surgical instruments, kept in a glass-topped display case. If asked, Dr. Fabry lovingly describes his collection, comparing the uses and efficacies of each of the dozens of scalpels, lancets, fleams, and scarificators. He may even offer to demonstrate how a piece or two works—though not to the point of drawing blood, of course. Still, the doctor's fascination with his tools might cause a raised eyebrow or two among the investigators...

Once the investigators or the doctor have exhausted each others' questions, Fabry shows them out. If the investigators were tactful during the interview, he mentions the \$1000 reward again as they depart.

The elderly doctor's subsequent movements—his visits to his lavish club, to old physician friends, to antique shops and bookdealers, and so forth—may raise suspicions in the minds of the investigators, and the keeper should play on these as desired.

Martin's Beach

This small picturesque fishing village (population 867) was the site of two of the graverobbing, including the most recent one. Most of its residents are fishermen, but a substantial tourist industry (rental homes, souvenirs, boat rentals, etc.) exists during the summer.

A nearby map shows the town. Blocks marked "A" make up the business district; businesses include two seasonal souvenir shops, a gas station, a small grocer's, a tiny fish market, a general store, and a bait shop/boat rental. The more rundown neighborhoods marked "B" are inhabited

primarily by fishermen. Areas marked "C" contain normal residences and many small rental houses. Neighborhoods marked "D" are normal residential areas, while those marked "E" are made up of finer homes and larger rental bungalows. Sites marked "F" are churches (Baptist, Episcopal, Congregational); those marked "G" are small centuries-old cemeteries, as yet un plundered by ghouls or graverobbers.

A handful of specific sites of interest also exist in Martin's Beach. These are numbered on the map.

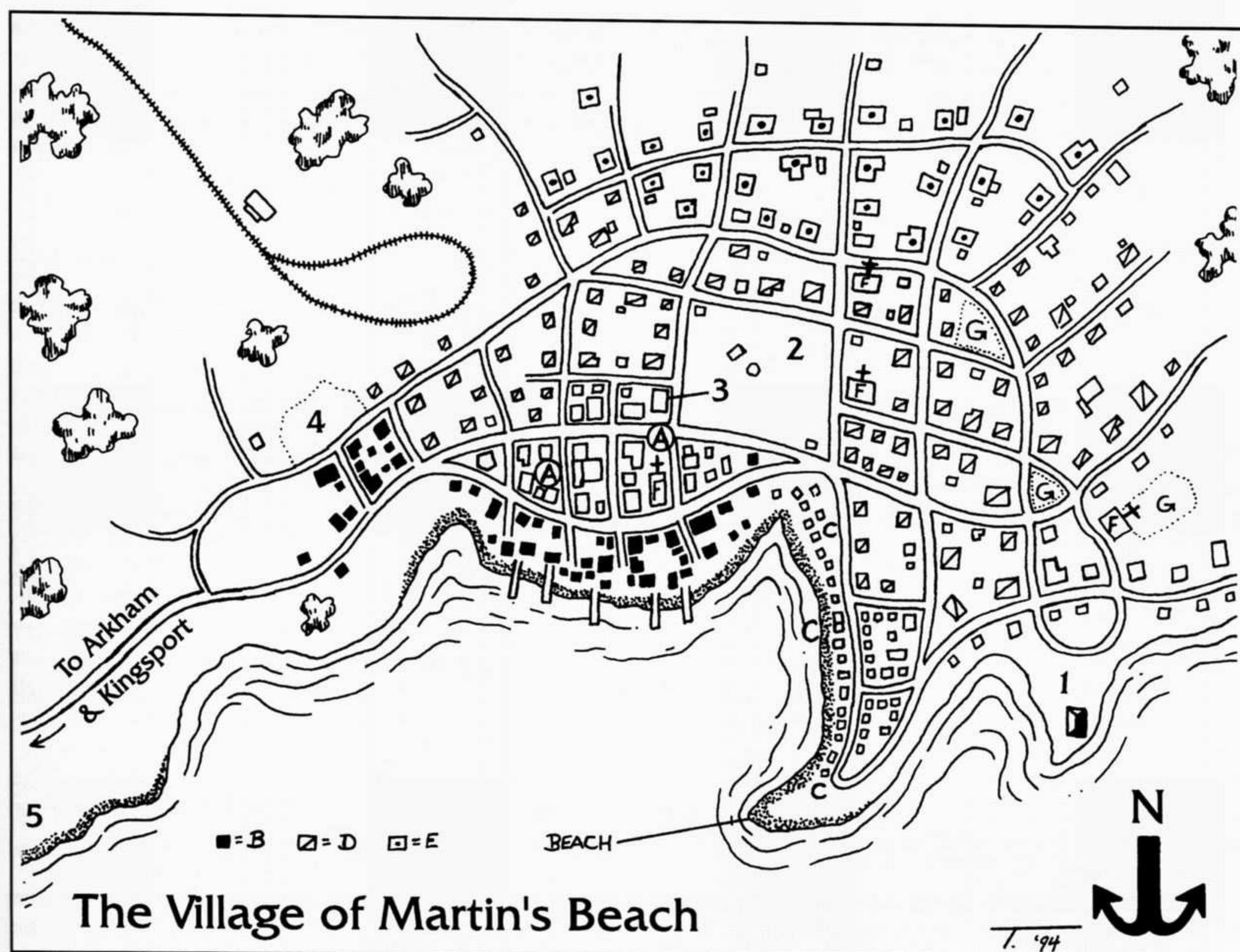
1. **The Wavecrest Inn**—a surprisingly opulent hotel perched on a cliff above the shore. It features a sumptuous ballroom, a long veranda overlooking the beach below, and four tower-rooms with an unrivalled view of the town, the sea, and the surrounding countryside. Steps lead down the cliff from the veranda to the beach below. The Wavecrest is a popular and fashionable haven for summer tourists. It was from the hotel that the events of Lovecraft's story "The Horror at Martin's Beach" (aka "The Invisible Monster") were witnessed.
2. **The Town Commons**—adjacent to the main road, this open park-like area once used to pasture the town's cattle when it was an early settlement.
3. **The Constable's Office**—Located just off the Commons. See below.
4. **The Poe Street Burying Ground**—one of the newer cemeteries in Martin's Beach. It is here that the two graverobbing occurred. As with most of the crime-scenes, nothing was found here in either of the incidents.
5. **Michael Felder's Home**—See below.

Martin's Beach Constable's Office

Owen Tabler is the lone lawman of Martin's Beach. His small office consists of a reception desk, a cluttered closet, and a tiny cell in the rear of the building. A .38 revolver is locked in the desk, and a double-barrelled 20-gauge shotgun in a cloth case is at the back of the closet. Tabler holds criminals in the cell until authorities from Manchester, Arkham, or Kingsport can pick them up.

Tabler himself is a tall, thin, nasally-voiced bachelor in his early 40s. On duty in the town, Tabler wears a policeman's cap, rides a bicycle, and carries a nightstick. A slow-working but competent lawman, Tabler can be found in the office or around the town during the day, and at his home near the Wavecrest Inn at night.

A Law roll gets the close-mouthed Tabler to tell of his progress on the graverobbing. Both cases apparently occurred in the dead of night, and each time two different sets of footprints were found at the site. Unfortunately there were no witnesses to either event. (Tabler has thus far not realized that the black truck being sought by the police in some of the other afflicted towns is owned by the larcenous Donnie McDougall. If the investigators mention it, Tabler may catch on and start watching McDougall and Webb.)



The Village of Martin's Beach

Another Law roll gets Tabler to give the names of the surviving family in both graverobbery cases. The first case, nearly two weeks ago, involved a middle-aged Portuguese fisherman named Philipe Reis. Reis lived here with his brother Luis. Philipe died of a fever two years ago. Luis, also a fisherman, still lives in Martin's Beach.

The more recent case involved Virginia Felder, wife of Michael Felder. Mrs. Felder drowned in a boating accident four years ago. Mr. Felder works as a pharmacist at Walgreen's over in Arkham. While Tabler knew of Michael Felder's alleged wife-beating tendencies, he never found any proof of these charges; most importantly, Mrs. Felder denied these reports and never pressed charges. Tabler does not mention these allegations.

Tabler can also relate what he knows of the recent "prowler" sightings. In the past week several people have reported being bothered by a vagrant apparently suffering from some mental deficiency. He is old, bent, filthy, dressed in rags, and is missing his right hand. Fishermen have reported seeing him snatch up and eat raw fish (and worse), other townfolk have seen him rummaging through garbage, and he has on two occasions chased terrified children. Tabler suspects this hobo sleeps in fishing boats or out by the old railyard. The constable would very much like to apprehend this crazy coot before he harms someone. "He's better off in the hospital in Arkham. I'm afraid someone's

going to give him what-for if he keeps up his shenanigans here in Martin's Beach."

Those Left Behind

LUIS REIS

The investigators find Luis Reis at his cramped shore-hugging home only in the evenings. He is sullen, bitter, and angry at the desecration of his brother's grave. He threatens to tear apart the criminals with his bare hands. He knows of no reason for such a terrible act: he and his brother were simple God-fearing fishermen.

MICHAEL FELDER

Michael Felder is also found at home only in the evenings. His residence is a cottage on the shore southwest of town. Felder is a rumpled, haggard man in his late 30s, though he looks much older. If they can Persuade him, he admits visitors into the house. As he leads them into the living room a Spot Hidden roll detects the smell of alcohol on his breath.

Felder answers the investigators' questions distractedly, and pours himself a drink more than once during their stay. He can't think of any reason why anyone would steal his wife's body, but sincerely hopes they are caught and punished. A Psychology roll made while talking with Felder recognizes that he still suffers considerable grief for his late

wife Virginia, while an Idea roll then notes a morbid strain to this grief: after all, Mrs. Felder has been dead for four years. Another Psychology roll notes that while Felder is still grieving for his lost wife, he doesn't seem overly concerned that her body has been stolen—then again, he is well on his way to intoxication...

After a few minutes of questioning the unsteady Felder sees the investigators to the door, stating that he has to go to work in the morning.

(Felder and the cottage are fully described in "The Secret Life of Michael Felder", below.)

The Martin's Beach Prowler

The "prowler" mentioned in the newspaper article describing the Felder graverobbery, and perhaps elaborated upon by Constable Tabler, is in fact the deranged result of Michael Felder's first Resurrection experiment on a human being. Elias Danforth was a resident of Clark's Corners in the early 1800s. Felder's body-snatching cohorts stole Danforth's body from the churchyard there, and Felder eventually Resurrected him.

Unfortunately, poor Danforth was revived imperfectly: his right hand was detached. When the subject didn't immediately revive, Felder left it alone in the house. Danforth later awakened. Distressed to find he was no longer dead, disoriented by his surroundings, and maddened by the loss of his hand, he escaped, stealing a few clothes as he went.

Danforth now haunts Martin's Beach, stealing food, menacing children, and wandering about like a hobo. As the adventure progresses he becomes more and more bestial, killing and devouring pets and small animals—anything uncooked and with fresh blood. His diet soon moves up the evolutionary ladder—see "The Madman" event, p. 18.

Danforth is left largely for the keeper to use as desired. He is intended to draw the investigators to Martin's Beach should they stray too far. During the earlier parts of the adventure the investigators may spot him hanging around the waterfront, pestering fishermen or other townsfolk, chasing children or animals, or merely skulking about.

As a partially-failed Resurrectee, Danforth possesses little humanity. He is filthy, unshaven, and stinking, with wild-eyes, a pock-marked face, a twisted lip, and exposed teeth. He begs for food, and if not given it, may attack to obtain it. If called by name, Danforth flees the scene wailing for his lost humanity.

DANFORTH'S HAND

Danforth's missing right hand is also alive, miraculously revived by Felder's bumbled Resurrection attempt. It too is a wild-card in this scenario. It can show up anywhere in Martin's Beach: in an investigator's hotel room or car (in the latter case, it could conceivably show up in another town to further complicate matters), in a garbage can or alley, perhaps even still lurking about Michael Felder's house. Frightened witnesses may report attacks by a disembodied hand, and newspapers may subsequently carry

half-mocking articles about "helping hands" or "lending a hand" or similar Yankee sarcasms.

The hand is anything but humorous, however. It lurks, hides, and mindlessly squeezes the life out of its prey: birds, crustaceans, squirrels, infants, or even helpless (sleeping or drunken) adults. The thing uses its considerable stealthiness to approach its victims.

The Secret Life of Michael Felder

Michael Felder has been experimenting with the Borel ("Borellus") Resurrection formula in hopes of restoring the life of his wife Virginia, whom he murdered. To this end he has hired two Martin's Beach fishermen to procure experimental subjects—ie. human bodies—for him. These men, Art Webb and Donnie McDougall, are small-time thieves and criminals, and Felder pays them well for their efforts; Felder already knew of this pair's larcenous activities, as they supply him with liquor. The following sections detail Felder's secret life—the mysteries of his cottage and the details of his morbid associates—as a back drop for the events which make up the rest of this scenario.

During the day, Felder works as the head pharmacist at the Walgreen's store in Arkham. After work, he picks up a bottle or two of whiskey at a speakeasy, then returns home. In the evening, Felder either drinks until he passes out, or drinks only slightly less heavily while indulging in his Resurrection experiments in the laboratory in the cellar of the cottage. The results of these experiments appear throughout this scenario.

Felder himself is a morose man, aged beyond his 37 years. He is tall, thin, and haggard-looking, with puffy red-rimmed eyes, a short dark moustache, and uncooperative dark locks of hair above his large forehead. Felder is prone to violent fits of temper, especially when drunk.

Michael Felder's Cottage

The cottage is located near the shore a short distance from Martin's Beach, reached by a long, wellworn driveway. The drive leads past the front of the house to a tiny garage. A path leads from the drive down to the beach, where a boathouse and attached dock stand out in the water. Felder's sailboat is sometimes moored at the dock, but is usually found in the boathouse.

THE GARAGE: When not in use, Felder's dusty Ford sedan is parked here. Also present are a few gascans, spare tires, tools, and other automotive items.

THE BOATHOUSE: In addition to Felder's sailboat, a dory is moored here, along with an outboard motor and fuel for it. Fishing gear is also stored here, along with a few boathooks, oars, ropes and so forth.

THE COTTAGE: The cottage is a simple two story Victorian design with a long veranda facing the sea. Around back is a concrete-surfaced patio-like area; this is actually the remains of an old cistern, which Michael sealed and later had connected to the cellar. Anyone walking over the cement surface here who makes a halved Listen roll notes a sound of muffled voices somewhere far below—or maybe it's just the echoes of water lapping in a sea-cave somewhere below. (This is the mad, monstrous conglomerate-thing, a group Resurrectee discussed below.)

As the investigators explore the upper floors of the house, they may draw the attention of Rags, a black cat owned by Felder. The cat trails intruders from room to room, always darting and hiding, perhaps just out of the investigators' sight. She may attack if the party splits up, or if she can get in close quarters with a single foe. On closer examination Rags proves to be rather deformed, with patches of loose fur, a milky eye, and a twisted jaw. Rags was one of Felder's early Resurrection subjects, and is feral and bloodthirsty.

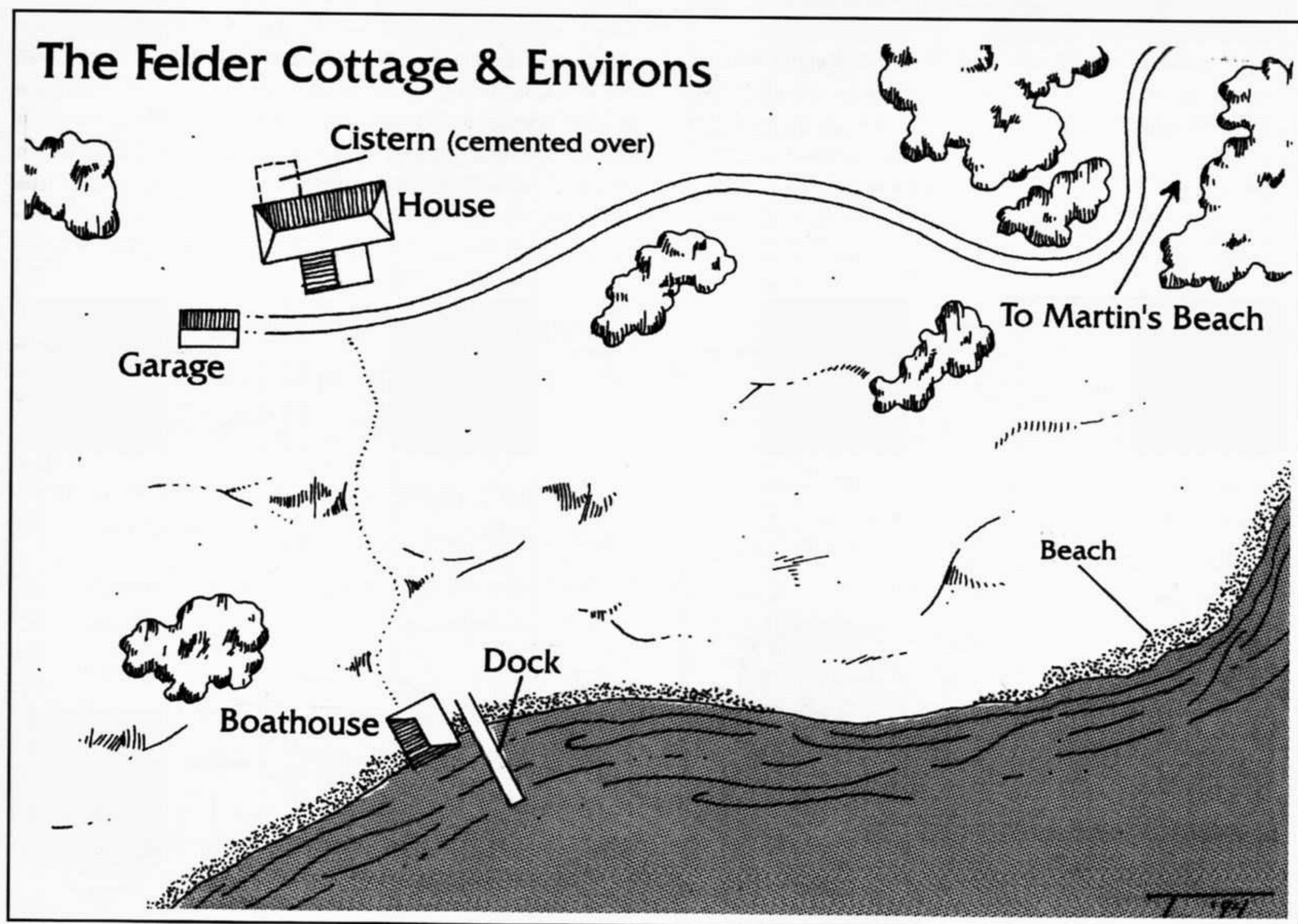
THE FIRST FLOOR

The first floor of the cottage consists of a living room, hall closet, dining room, kitchen, and small pantry. The living room is furnished with a worn couch and a pair of dilapidated stuffed chairs. Newspapers and magazines clutter the end-tables, nearly hiding the telephone, and a Spot Hidden notes an empty liquor bottle beneath one of the chairs. On the fireplace mantel is a wedding photograph of a young Michael

Felder and his lovely wife Virginia, both happily beaming at the viewer. The nearby hall closet contains hats, coats, muddy boots, a broom, and an umbrella—all dusty and moth-eaten. The dining room sports a table and four chairs, but again the dust here indicates that the room sees little use. The kitchen is untidy, with a stack of dirty dishes in the sink, clotted food spattered on the stove and floor, and dust in the corners. The cupboards and pantry contain various food supplies in tins and packages. If the kitchen is searched for more than five minutes or so, a Spot Hidden turns up a ring of five keys (to the cellar and the locked rooms there) placed atop the windowframe. Between the kitchen and dining room, a short hallway contains a door to the backyard and another (usually kept locked) to the cellar. In the center of the house a staircase winds up to the second floor.

THE SECOND FLOOR

The second floor consists of two bedrooms, a study, a bathroom, and various closets. Bedroom #1 is dusty and unoccupied, and perhaps has always been so. The bed is made, but the nearby closet has no clothes or even hangers. Bedroom #2 is currently Michael Felder's; he once shared it with his wife. Hence, the closets and dressers contain both men's and women's clothing, though the latter is out of fashion, moth-eaten, and musty. A search turns up more liquor bottles beneath the bed: some still contain traces of whiskey or vodka. Michael's .38 revolver is sometimes kept in the nightstand here. The study contains a desk and chair,



14 – Dead Reckonings

a handful of books (mostly chemical and pharmaceutical reference works), old prescription papers, stationery and writing implements, and paid and unpaid bills. One desk drawer contains a full bottle of whiskey. A handful of photographs of Michael and Virginia Felder adorn the dusty mantel-piece here. The cramped bathroom contains a tiny old-fashioned bathtub and toilet. The garbage can here contains a pair of empty bottles.

THE CELLAR

The cellar is normally kept locked. Michael carries a set of keys, and a spare set is above the kitchen window. As the investigators explore the cellars, they may encounter another of Felder's early Resurrection experiments: a large rat the mad Felder has named Franklin. Franklin is a twisted, pustular, hairless, ravenous creature. He was released when the Danforth-thing escaped, and Felder has been unable to corner him thus far; Felder keeps the Resurrected cat Rags on hand to chase the rat down—she's also been unsuccessful thus far. Franklin might attack lone investigators, especially if, to avoid detection, they use flashlights instead of the cellar's electric lighting.

The first basement room—normally kept locked—is used for storing the bodies procured by Webb and McDougall. A faint smell of putrescence lingers here. Two long, sturdy wooden tables stand here, smeared with mud and clay and scratched by the coffins dragged across them. Along one wall are a few scraps of wood which a halved Idea roll recognizes as coming from one or more coffins: these Felder uses for kindling.

The room next door contains the boiler for the house's heating. There is also a smaller furnace here, which Felder uses to incinerate the remains of the bodies he seeks to Resurrect. The bodies are dismembered, and the blood and pieces are put in long deep pans and heated; the resultant ashes, or "material salts" are then prepared with other chemicals before they are ready for Resurrection. A sturdy

wooden chair also stands here; thick leather straps are wrapped around the chair's arms and legs, apparently for use as restraints or bonds.

Felder's laboratory is the next room; it too is usually locked. Several lab benches line the walls here, and a long central table sports a pair of bunsen burners and a small sink. Jars and bottles of various chemicals (including acids) line shelves above the benches; a small case on one of these shelves holds a hypodermic syringe and two small labelled bottles of morphine (for sedating the Resurrected subjects). One set of shelves also contains several bottles of whiskey; a garbage can holds several empty bottles in addition to rags, crumpled papers, and other refuse. Numerous books clutter the shelves and benches as well. Most of these are modern chemistry texts and pharmaceutical journals. There are a handful of older works too, ancient works identifiable with an Occult or halved Chemistry roll as alchemical works: among these are Robert Fludd's early 17th century *Clavis Alchimiae*, an untitled fragment by Nicholas Melchior, Salomon Trismosin's beautifully illustrated 16th century *Splendor Solis*, and an untitled 17th century fragment by Pierre Borel. All of these works are in Latin, and are very old and in poor condition. With successful Latin and Occult rolls, the reader learns that these works deal largely with spiritual and physical immortality, physical transformations, and the like; each work read adds 1D4-1 to Occult and Chemistry, and 1D3-1 to Pharmacy. Intriguing passages from the Borel and Melchior volumes are reproduced in *Dust Papers* #3 and #4, found nearby. Stacks of notes are scattered across the tables near these books. English and Occult or halved Chemistry rolls deduce from these notes that the experimenter was attempting to reduce human corpses to the ash-form described in the alchemical works; another Occult roll gleans a ritual-like process involved with the actual reconstitution of those ashes. This ritual (the Resurrection spell)—and its reverse—are learnable with an INTx5 roll and 20-INT days of study.

Dust Papers #3

A passage from the untitled Pierre Borel work

The essential Saltes of Animals may be so prepared and preserved, that an ingenious Man may have the whole Ark of Noah in his owne Studie, and raise the fine Shape of an Animal out of its Ashes at his Pleasure, and by the lyke Method from the essential Saltes of humane Dust, a Philosopher may, without any mannour of criminal Necromancy, call up the Shape of any dead Ancestour from the Dust whereinto his Bodie has been incinerated.



Dust Papers #4

A passage from
the Untitled Nicholas Melchior work

Then will appear in the bottom of the vessel
the mighty Ethiopian, burned, calcined,
bleached, altogether dead and lifeless. He
asks to be buried, to be sprinkled with his
own moisture and slowly calcined till he
shall arise in glowing form from the fierce
fire... Behold a wondrous restoration or
renewal of the Ethiopian!



The tiny (locked) room off the lab holds containers of more potent chemicals and acids. Also kept here are glass gallon-jugs containing the ashes of any unResurrected subjects prepared by Felder, among them those of his wife Virginia.

The final cellar room, leading to the cistern, is kept locked at all times, and the light switch at the top of the stairs doesn't work. A horrible smell of human waste wafts up from below. If anyone wanders down the rickety stairs, a Listen roll discerns a heavy rustling or dragging sound from the room below. Crouching behind the corner (as best it can) is a nightmarish sprawl of human parts about 8 feet in diameter and 2 feet high. Arms and legs with exposed tendons, bony claws and hands, melted-flesh heads and drooling faces, all twisted together into a single mass, with irregularly twisted shocks of hair, muscle, bone, and entrails. This is Felder's accidental mass-Resurrection, the sight of which finally drove him totally mad. If anyone enters the room, the thing hungrily lurches after him or her. At this point, or if the room is approached with a light source but not actually entered, the thing begins wailing and babbling, pulling itself toward the steps (which it is thankfully too large and clumsy to use). If they get too close to his secrets, Felder feeds troublesome folk to this thing. The sight of the the sprawling monstrosity calls for a loss of $1D4/2D6+1$ points of Sanity, and hearing its mingled cries is good for another $0/1D2$.

The Graverobbers

Art Webb and Donnie McDougall are two Martin's Beach fishermen who supplement their income in various larcenous ways. They have run and sold illegal liquor, robbed homes and (rarely) tourists, and engaged in blackmail and fixed card and dice games. They have recently added graverobbing to their roster of illegal activities.

Michael Felder had occasionally purchased liquor from the pair, and when he began his Resurrection experiments he enlisted them to acquire the necessary "specimens". Webb and McDougall were initially paid \$30 for each corpse they supplied, but because of the increasing risk involved they have raised their prices to an exorbitant \$75 per corpse. Felder's savings has supported their fees, but it will soon occur to Webb and McDougall that they can extort further sums by threatening to expose Felder to the authorities. Little do the graverobbers know that their actions will soon provoke Felder to take preemptive action against them.

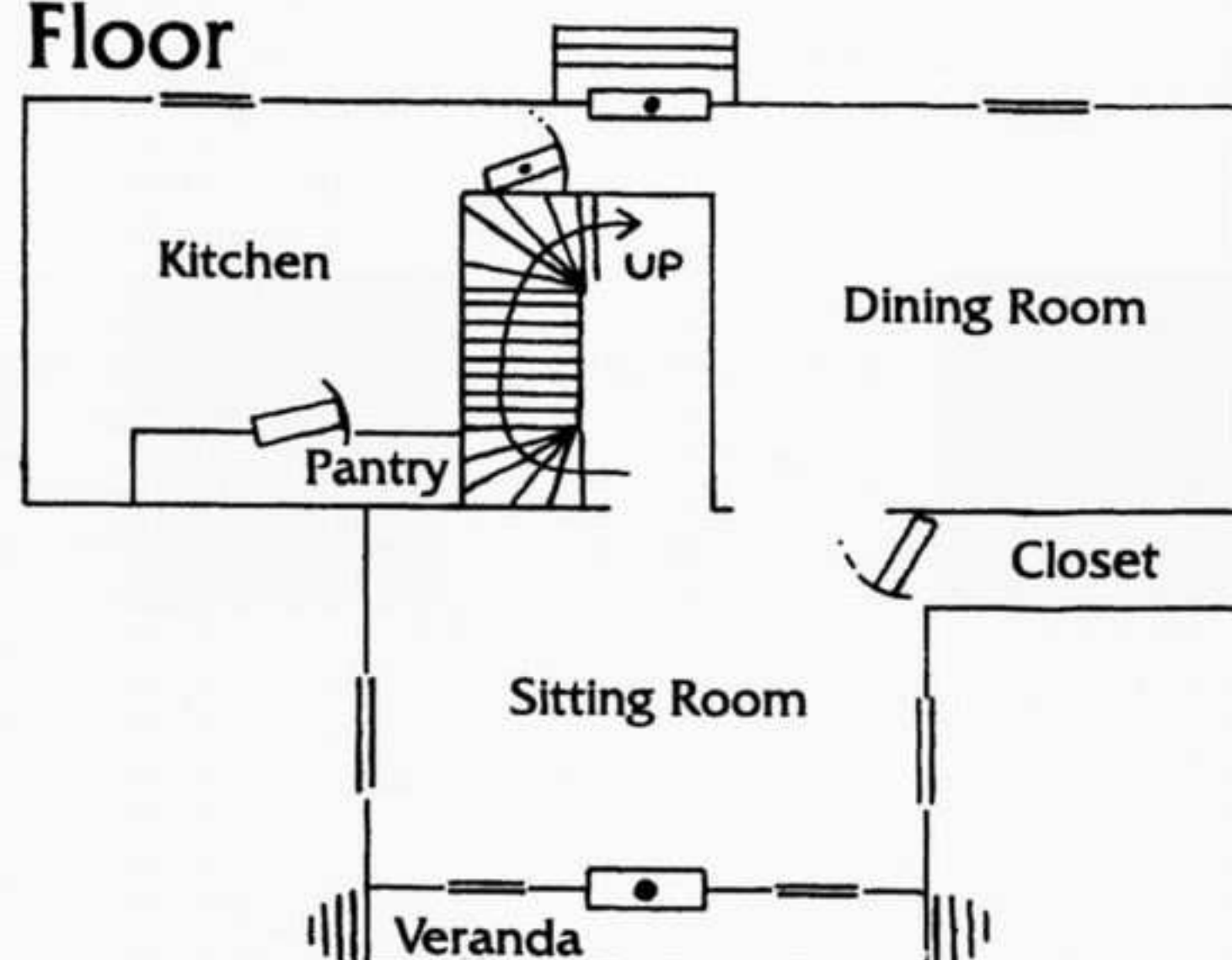
Art Webb is a thickset fortyish man with close-cropped reddish hair and a jovial but mocking voice. His face is burnt by wind and sun. He is foul-tempered and prone to violence. Art is the smarter of the pair, but while he does much of the planning of their criminal activities, he lets Donnie do the talking. When it comes to hurting people, however, Art Webb isn't afraid to get his hands dirty. Art owns the battered fenderless black truck used by the graverobbers in their nocturnal ventures.

Donnie McDougall is a small, timid-looking little man. His unruly brown hair and patchy beard mask his weather-lined and alcohol-reddened face. The weasel-like Donnie

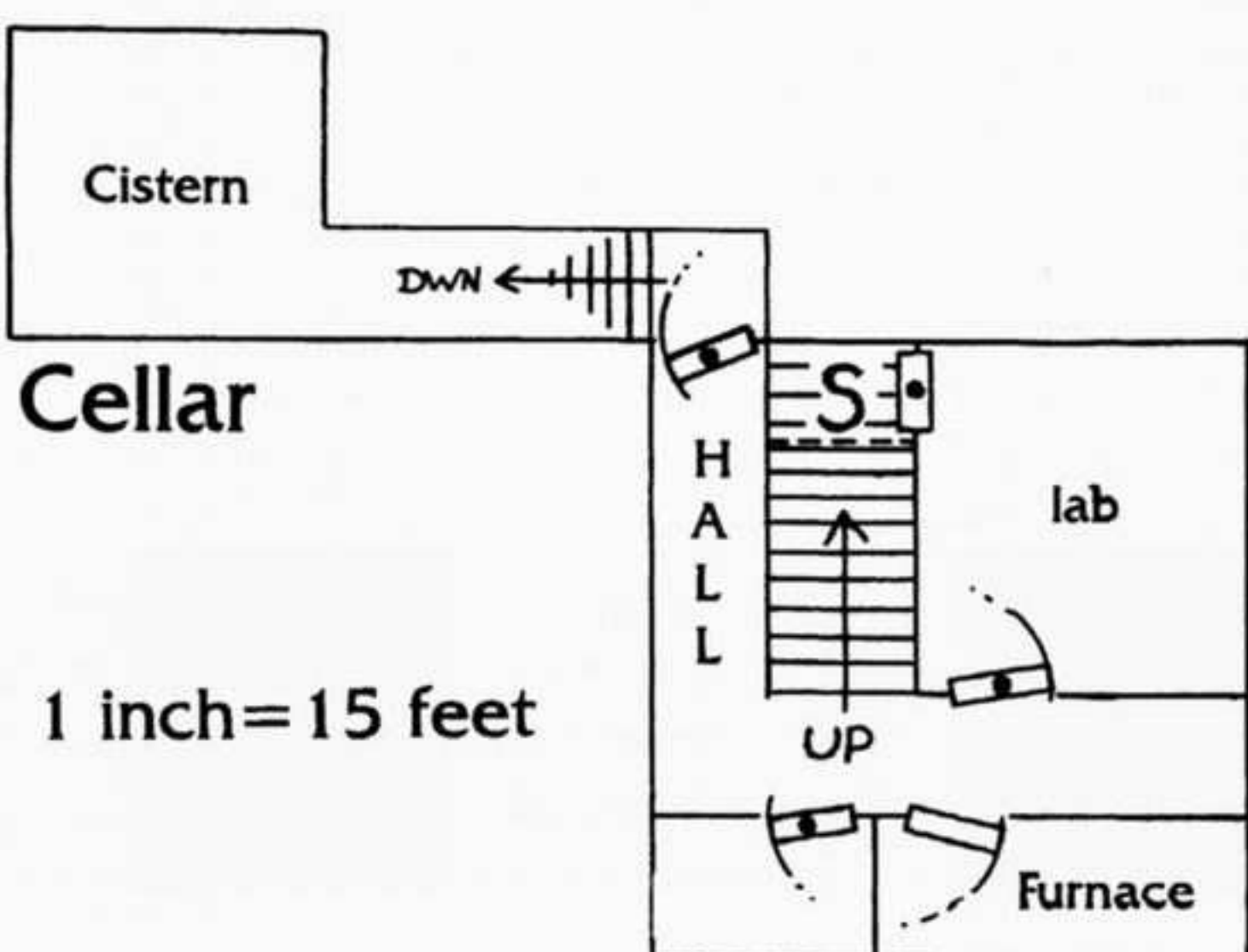
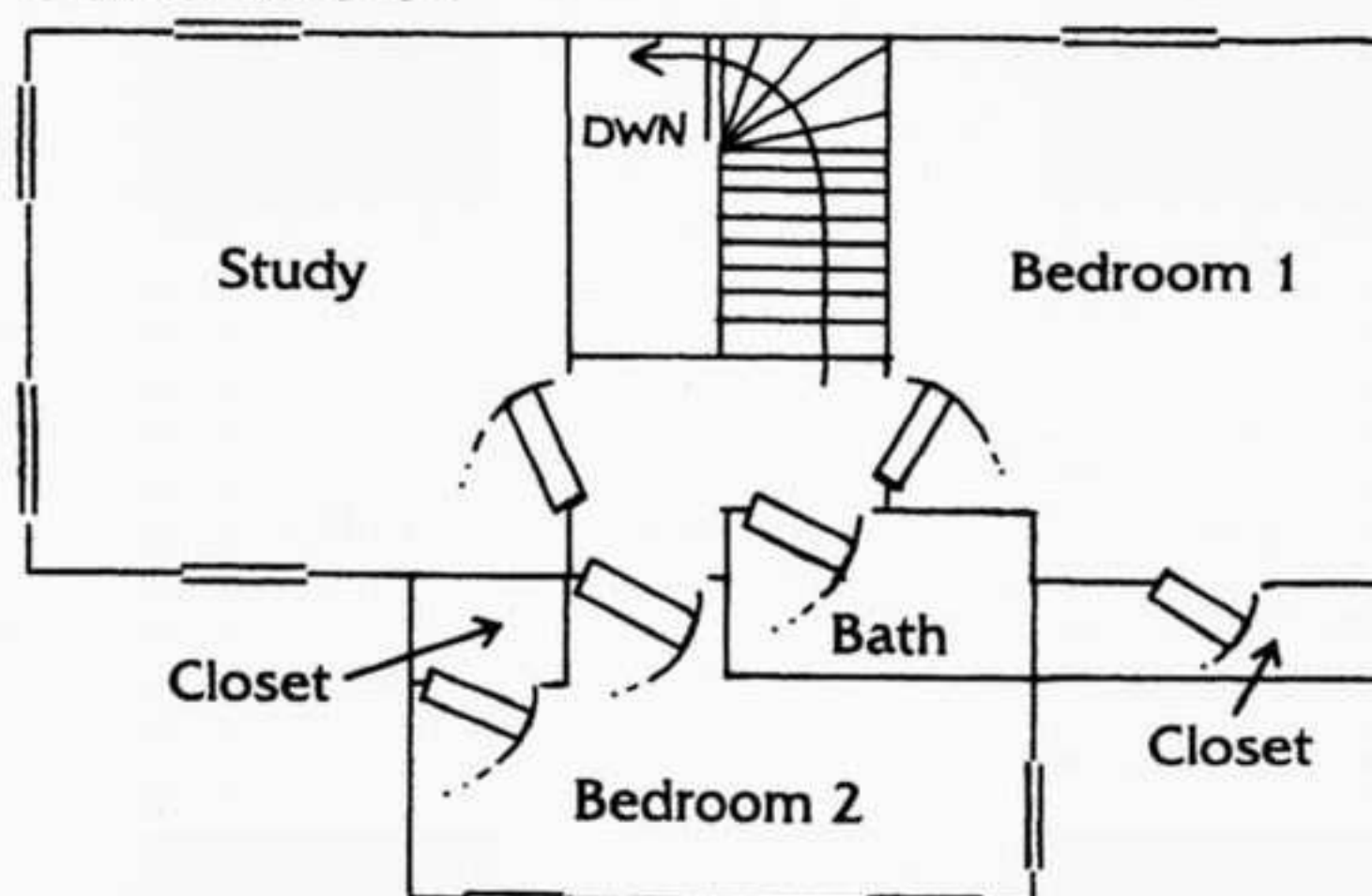
The Felder Cottage

T. '94

Ground Floor



2nd Floor



presents something of a wild-eyed, frightened appearance, but he can be dangerous if someone turns their back on him. Donnie owns the small fishing boat he and Art sometimes make an honest living from.

The two men's dilapidated shack in the waterfront district of Martin's Beach holds no clues or hard evidence to tie them to the graverobberies, though an attached shed does contain, amidst much fishing gear, two shovels and a pick-axe. A thorough search and a Spot Hidden roll also turns up eight bottles of liquor, and over \$200 in a cigar-box: a large sum of money for a pair of mere fishermen.

An Option: The Resurrected

If the keeper desires, Webb and McDougall may take their revenge on one or more of the investigators who might have tried to turn them over to the police. If the graverobbers can arrange it, they try to catch a lone investigator away from civilization—on the road between Arkham and Martin's Beach, for instance. The pair force the victim's car off the road, murder him or her, hide the victim's car in the countryside, and take the body back to Felder's house. They may approach the house from the ocean, coming in on McDougall's fishing boat to avoid notice.

Though unhappy with this turn of events, Felder won't turn down another specimen for his experiments. The investigator's body is immediately rendered down to its essential salts. It is left for the keeper to decide if and when Felder Resurrects the investigator. If he doesn't, the salts are stored with the other specimens in the cellar.

If the dead investigator is Resurrected, he or she automatically loses 1D20 Sanity from the horrible ordeal of violent death and rebirth from the void. Additional losses may be incurred if any of Felder's imperfect creations are seen by the new Resurrectee.

If Felder performs the Resurrection, he immediately drugs and binds the disoriented victim. Afterward he may torture him or reduce him back to his essential salts. Subsequent Resurrections may be performed, perhaps with portions of the salts removed to produce imperfect results. The Sanity loss for each Resurrection is still 1D20, plus another 1D8 if mutations were caused by Felder's tampering.

The future of such Resurrected subjects is grim at best. These individuals are subject to the reverse of the formula, which could reduce them back to their formative dust at any time. In addition to any physical mutations that might have occurred (perhaps resulting in statistic losses), psychological disturbances may also result: in particular, bestial behavior, cannibalism, and brain damage (also indicating losses in INT, POW, or EDU). Resurrected subjects may or may not live abnormally-long lives, as the keeper desires.

Once they learn of the fenderless black truck spotted outside Clark's Corners the investigators may be on the lookout for such a vehicle. Any time they visit Martin's Beach the keeper may allow the lowest POWered character a POWx1 roll. If successful, he or she spots the vehicle either parked outside a tiny ramshackle house on the waterfront, or driving through the town.

The truck can be examined if found parked. It is black, rusty, and fenderless. In the bed are several lobsterpots and a large tarp. A Spot Hidden roll also notices several clods of clay and dirt in the bed; a Geology or INTx1 roll identifies several different types of soil here. Art's sawed-off shotgun and tire iron are usually kept under the seat of the truck.

If the truck is spotted on the road, there is a 50% chance McDougall is along with Webb, who is driving. Webb gives no chase if pursued or pulled over, though he comes out angry and ready to fight—perhaps even armed. He dismisses charges of involvement in graverobbery, as does McDougall, if present. The two men won't go to the authorities unless a police officer is present, and may urge bystanders to call the police to protect them from the investigators.

If turned over to the Martin's Beach constable, or to the police in Arkham, Webb and McDougall deny involvement in any crimes. There are lots of black trucks in this part of Massachusetts, and how can you dig for clams without a shovel? With a Law roll the investigators convince the authorities to bring Willie Stephens down from Gloucester to identify either of the two men; if this happens, McDougall is identified, and the villainous pair are forced to cooperate with the police to save their own hides; they finger Felder without hesitation. Failing this identification, the police release the men due to a lack of hard evidence.

If they escape an encounter with the investigators, Webb and McDougall may seek revenge on them later, after things have cooled down. They avoid contacting Felder in Martin's Beach, but may do so at his job at Walgreen's in Arkham. Felder won't condone any action against the investigators, and tries to calm down his cohorts.

Grave Experiments

As the player characters investigate Felder's experiments will continue to run amok, and Webb and McDougall will continue robbing graves. These events, culminating in a final trip to Felder's house, are outlined here.

The Return of Martin Helverson

Not long after this scenario begins Felder reduces the bodies of his wife Virginia and of Martin Helverson, the investigator's friend, down to their essential salts. Within a few days Felder then successfully Resurrects poor Helverson.

Felder—who has already been drinking—binds and drugs the still-unconscious Helverson, who appears to be

his most successful experiment thus far. To celebrate this feat, Felder goes upstairs and drinks himself into a stupor. Later that night, Helverson awakens and loosens the clumsy bonds placed on him by the drunken Felder. Helverson is naked, dazed, and uncertain of his surroundings: "I was DEAD. What happened? For God's sake, what's happened to me?" Helverson makes his way through the house (the basement doors can be unlocked from the inside), grabbing a coat for himself as he goes.

Helverson is in deep shock. He knows that he died, and from newspaper and magazine dates found here he learns that it is six years after his death. He is in an unfamiliar house, and the darkness outside prevents him from discerning anything else about his surroundings. He has seen no one here (the fearful Helverson doesn't explore the second floor), though he has found photographs of an unfamiliar young couple. Disoriented, Helverson does the only thing he can think of: he picks up the phone. He learns from the operator that he is in Martin's Beach. He finds no Arkham listing for his son, Eric (who now lives in Cambridge), and his wife is dead, so he phones the only other person he can think of, an old friend—the investigator.

The investigator who knew Helverson gets the call a little before 4 AM. The anxious caller identifies himself as Martin Helverson, and an Idea roll by the listener discerns that the caller's voice does sound disturbingly correct. If further proof is needed, Helverson can relate some trivial detail that only he would know. Once the caller's identity is certain, the listener loses 1/1D4 Sanity points for this dead-of-night call from beyond the grave.

Helverson is still disoriented, and doesn't know what has happened to him. He can answer the investigator's questions according to what he knows—see the paragraph above.

Helverson's call is cut short, however, when Felder is awakened by the voice below. He walks in on the conversation and—horrified—recites the reverse of the Resurrection spell to shut Helverson up. A halved Listen roll by the investigator on the line hears Felder's voice; he may recognize it now, or (with a halved Idea roll) upon hearing it later. Helverson's description of the house may be sufficient for the investigator to recognize it, either now or upon visiting it later. If Felder's voice was heard, a

halved Cthulhu Mythos or Occult roll identifies the words he spoke as the reverse of the Resurrection spell.

If the investigators hurry to Felder's house to look for Helverson they find the house locked and empty: Felder has gone into Arkham to hide for the night. Inside, Spot Hidden rolls note traces of dust or ash near the telephone, and evidence that this area has been hastily cleaned of more of these ashes. But of Martin Helverson there is no (other) sign.

Felder reappears the next day, claiming to have spent the previous night in Boston, where he picked up some pharmaceutical supplies.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY

Regardless of the circumstances in which it transpires, the investigators' second visit to Michael Felder's house comes to the attention of Felder's neighbor. The thirtyish widow Mary Ann Russman lives on the western edge of Martin's Beach, and when the investigators return to town she is seen searching for something alongside the offroad to Felder's cottage. If they stop and offer help, she claims to be searching for her cat, Conrad. A Psychology roll notes that this is a lie, and her subsequent questioning belies the fact that she is actually just trying to find out what the investigators are up to.

Mary Ann was Virginia Felder's closest friend. Mary Ann's husband died in the Great War, and Virginia's husband was at times equally distant. The two women swam, sailed, shopped, talked, laughed, and cried together. Thus Mary Ann knew what a brute Michael Felder was. She repeatedly urged Virginia to go to the police about Michael's penchant for drunken battery. But Virginia loved her man in spite of his dangerous faults.

Mary Ann tries to find out what business the investigators have with Michael Felder. If she learns that they are suspicious of him, or that he is under investigation for some sort of crime, she shares her knowledge of Virginia's plight. Mary Ann can recount numerous instances where Virginia showed signs of physical and psychological abuse. While she doesn't suspect his involvement in the graverobbing, she is certain that Michael was somehow responsible for Virginia's death. Mary Ann Russman dearly wants to see Felder punished for what he did to poor Virginia.

Dust Papers #5

MARTIN'S BEACH PROWLER STRIKES!

Gruesome Child Murderer Sought by Police

Martin's Beach—The so-called Martin's Beach prowler is now believed responsible for the heartless killing of 5 year old Eleanor Tucker. The girl's body was discovered on the beach below the Wavecrest Inn yesterday afternoon. Constable Owen

Tabler refused to comment on the condition of the child's body, but assures citizens that he is setting aside all other concerns to search for the killer.

Constable Tabler believes that the one-armed indigent-prowler who

has recently plagued the town is responsible. "He's threatened children before this, so we're focusing our search on this individual." The constable describes the prowler as a deformed hobo missing his right hand. Anyone seeing this man is cautioned to avoid him and call the authorities immediately.

The Madman

A day or two after the bizarre Helverson phone call, a newspaper article recounts yet another terrible occurrence in Martin's Beach. See *Dust Papers* #5.

The crazed Danforth-thing's unholy hunger has led it to attack humans. It still lurks around the town's fringes, where it continues its attacks until captured or killed. Having now lost all its humanity, it can no longer communicate in any way.

Constable Tabler spends most of the rest of the scenario searching for this creature. It is left for the keeper to decide whether he or the investigators eventually tracks the mad Resurrected thing down.

The Graverobbing Continues

Fearing the intense police search for them, Art Webb and Donnie McDougall, the graverobbing duo, decide to make one last bodysnatching before retiring. This time they intend to blackmail Felder into giving them enough money

to relocate somewhere with a warmer climate and a cooler law enforcement environment.

Early in the morning McDougall goes down to his boat and disappears out to sea for the day; Webb doesn't leave the house. Oddly, McDougall's boat doesn't return to the wharf, but later that afternoon McDougall himself hitchhikes into town with a passing motorist. Neither of the pair will speak of these oddities with investigators or the police.

Late that night the graverobbers take Webb's truck on a very circuitous route through Arkham and Beverly to lose anyone following them: pursuers need three Spot Hidden and three Drive Auto rolls to keep up; if any roll fails, the larcenous pair escape. Webb and McDougall arrive in mist- and fog-drenched Kingsport after midnight. Parking their truck well out of sight, they creep into the old Hilltop Burying Ground. Just as they pull the ancient, moldering coffin out of the earth, Kingsport patrolman Billy Claymore surprises them. Claymore's triumph—and life—are cut short when McDougall throws a handful of dirt into his face and Webb caves in his skull with a shovel. The fearful graverobbers load the coffin and the body of the cop into the truck, concealing them with the tarp and lobsterpots.

The pair are terribly cautious now. They drive back along the Miskatonic River to where McDougall hid his fishing boat earlier today. There they load the coffin and the cop's body into the boat. Leaving Webb's truck hidden there, the graverobbers then take the boat back to Felder's cottage.

Felder is none too happy to see the body of a police officer brought to him as an experimental subject, and when the bodysnatchers begin laying out their blackmail scheme, he reaches his wit's end. Agreeing to their terms, he helps them haul the bodies down to the basement. Already a bit inebriated himself, he offers his associates drinks as he counts out their money. The celebration continues well into the morning, when Felder laces the others' drinks with a sedative. With their wits thus dulled, Felder offers to show the drunken blackmailers his work, which until now they haven't actually seen.

He shows them to the door down to the cistern, cautioning them to watch their step, and tells them that the lightswitch is at the bottom of the stairs on the right...

Then he kicks the second man down the stairs, sprawling both the drunken fools into the clutches of the ravenous conglomerate-thing waiting there. Felder slams and locks the door, drunkenly cackling to himself at the screams from below. With Listen rolls, observers outside the house hear the muffled dying cries of Art Webb and Donnie McDougall amid an unintelligible babble of other voices...

This done, Felder hauls his dory out to sea with McDougall's fishing boat. In the first rays of dawn he sets fire to the boat, climbs in his own small craft, and returns home. There he collapses into bed exhausted, sleeping in and missing work that day. He doesn't care, for his work is very nearly complete...

Wreckage from McDougall's boat turns up late the next day; Constable Tabler assumes that McDougall and Webb are lost at sea.



Experiments—And a Last Call

When Felder awakes the next afternoon, he locks himself in the cellar and dives into his work. The body of Kingsport policeman Billy Claymore and the ancient remains from the Hilltop Burying Ground are separately reduced to their essential salts.

As these specimens settle, the mad Felder now takes what remains of the salts of Martin Helverson (which he had partially collected after the earlier mishap) and Resurrects the doomed lawyer once again. The result is an emaciated caricature of a man, all exposed muscle and bones, with intermittent tatters of skin and a face with its features melted together.

Since he could raise the partial remains of Helverson, Felder is now convinced that his Resurrection experiments are successful. Leaving Helverson bound in the boiler room, the madman spends the rest of the evening Resurrecting the two recent acquisitions from Kingsport. The results: Officer Claymore is insane but otherwise intact, but the 18th century Kingsporter Robert Allen is nearly as malformed as Helverson.

As Felder Resurrects the Kingsporters, the Helverson-thing wriggles free of its bonds. Maddened beyond salvation, the twice-dead lawyer stumbles upstairs and again phones his investigator-friend.

The call comes very late in the evening. The caller's voice is horribly slurred, but terribly desperate; a Listen roll detects something familiar about the voice, but can't place who it is. In between moaning and gibbering, the voice slurs "mahtin's beesh", "housh by she", and "raisheen dead". With another Listen roll, the investigator can also make out "drunk" and "shellarsh". This should be enough for the investigators to understand that the caller is referring to something going on at the Felder cottage. If not, Helverson may actually mention Felder by name. Helverson is too far gone to remember his own name, and hangs up sobbing.

Felder again discovers his prisoner has escaped, but this time his work is too near completion to turn back now. He releases the two just-Resurrected Kingsporters in the cellar outside the lab, hoping that they will deal with anyone who tries to keep him from his final task: bringing his wife Virginia back from the dead.

House of the Dead

This series of events may occur sooner (prior to some of the other staged events) if the investigators get Webb and McDougall to talk, or if they otherwise come to suspect Felder prior to this.

The investigators should now rush to the Felder cottage in answer to the mysterious garbled phone call. With today's reported disappearance of Art Webb and Donnie McDougall, they may be expecting trouble in Martin's Beach. They won't be disappointed. It is near midnight when they arrive.

The Felder house is acrawl with things that have already been dead once. The Helverson-thing leaves the house soon after calling the investigators. As the latter pull up in their cars, the skeletal travesty that was once a respected Arkham lawyer stumbles into the fog-swirled beams of their headlights. It costs 1/1D6+1 points of Sanity to view the Helverson-thing. It is now totally incoherent, gibbering, sobbing, and pawing at the investigator it once knew. A halved Spot Hidden roll realizes who this thing once was, and the realization costs an additional 1/1D4+1 Sanity. It makes no attacks, only yearning for human compassion. Helverson—and any of the other Resurrected creatures here—can be put out of his misery with a bullet or with the reverse of the Resurrection spell.

Inside the house, the undead black cat Rags may still lurk. She meows plaintively in the dark house, trying to lure the investigators to where she can ambush lone searchers. Getting a good look at Rags' deformities costs the viewer 0/1D2 Sanity. After taking down a victim, or being shot at, Rags hides and tries to flee the house.

As the investigators explore the house, the malformed Kingsporter Robert Allen wanders upstairs. He is a hunched, skeletal mass like Helverson was, but his form is clotted with thick, ropy bundles of oozing flesh and muscle, calling for a Sanity loss of 1/2D4. His toothy jaws protrude outrageously, and unlike Helverson the Allen-thing is malevolent—and hungry. He lurks in the shadows and tries to jump an investigator, regardless of any companions present, and bites at his prey's face and head. Each successful bite results in a loss of 1 APP, which is regained in one month if a successful Luck roll is made—otherwise there is permanent scarring or the loss of an ear or nose.

At the first sound of gunfire inside the Felder house, heavy footsteps come up the cellar stairs and a voice cries out "Police! Stay where you are! Drop your gun! You're under arrest!" The hulking form of Officer Billy Claymore then appears, clad in his uniform, with his gun drawn and a look of desperate excitement on his face. He repeats the above statement, over and over again. Billy proceeds to fire on anyone who approaches him, or shoots at him, or does not drop their gun. If spoken to, Billy rambles off a list of charges and police codes that a Law roll recognizes is total gibberish. Anyone confronting him on this gets more of the same, but a third such contradiction causes him to go berserk, shooting the troublesome individual and ranting all the while. To defuse the mad cop an investigator needs successful Psychology and Law rolls; failing either, Billy turns on them as above. Alternately, a clever investigator may point out that they are in Martin's Beach, not Kingsport, and that Billy is thus out of his jurisdiction; hearing this, Billy collapses, mumbling to himself. The investigators may or may not realize at this point that Claymore has been Resurrected.

Further horrors await in the cellars. The twisted rat Franklin skitters about making noise in the body storage and boiler rooms, trying to lure unsuspecting searchers into an ambush just as the cat Rags did upstairs. Franklin isn't smart enough to flee, and once he attacks he fights to the

death. It costs 0/1D2 points of Sanity to view the Resurrected vermin.

With all the racket upstairs, Michael Felder has taken one more step to deal with intruders: he has opened the door to the cistern. With the sounds of battle in the cellar (assuming the investigators encounter Franklin), and the prospect of light and freedom left open to it, the conglomerate-thing now slides toward the beckoning door. By the time the investigators hear the awful heavy dragging noise behind the cellar steps, the thing has pulled itself into the narrow hallway. There it lashes out with its hands, claws, and half-formed limbs, all the while gibbering and moaning and screaming with its many heads—some of them also only half-formed. The Sanity loss for seeing this sprawling mass of limbs and twisted flesh is 1D4/2D6+1. If it takes more than 35 points of damage, it rapidly pulls itself back down into the cistern, where it lurks around the corner, wailing and crying. The investigators must then come down to finish it off. Alternately, dynamite or flammables could be hurled or poured into its stinking lair to kill it.

Yes Virginia, There is an Afterlife

Behind the locked door of the lab, with the investigators facing undead horrors just outside, Michael Felder performs his last experiment.

If there is no commotion outside, the investigators may hear Michael's impassioned voice intoning what a halved Cthulhu Mythos or Occult roll identifies as the Resurrection spell. A Locksmith roll or 12 points of damage to the sturdy lock is needed to get the door open.

Even so, the investigators are too late. Motes of dust and light swirl about on the long lab bench in front of Felder, who is unarmed. Sparks and smoke fly, and as they clear the form of a naked woman is revealed on the smoking bench. Witnesses lose 1/1D4 Sanity. She slowly raises up, her eyes unfocused, wild, her long black hair strung out behind her. Felder is ecstatic, crying with joy, triumph, and love. He totally ignores the investigators, kissing the woman's hand, touching her cheek, her chin, her chalk-white flesh.

The woman turns her head to the man caressing her. Her eyes widen, focus, her mouth opens. And then she screams. It is an endless, breathless scream. It continues for a very long time. This terrible development costs another 1/1D4 Sanity loss to see or hear. Michael, horrified, falls to his knees before her. Virginia, his maddened wife, lunges for him, using what time remains her to pull his hair out by the roots, tear out his eyes, and choke out his life, screaming all the while. Having already suffered one life of abuse, Virginia is none too happy to be revived for another dose of the same.

Michael is too shocked to struggle against her. Only the investigators can stop this. Virginia is vulnerable to force or the Resurrection spell. Anyone trying to subdue her is clawed at, but her attention always returns to the business of killing her husband. If allowed to complete her mission, Virginia stops screaming, walks calmly past the investigators, and climbs into the fiery furnace in the boiler room.

This unnerving sight costs 0/1D3 Sanity to view. There is no sound from within as the fire does its work. Her vengeance complete, Virginia Felder is again at peace.

If Michael is rescued, and Virginia is defeated, he is shattered, nearly catatonic. He will never again be a threat.

Dead Reckonings

The investigators reap the following rewards and penalties when this scenario has been concluded.

If Michael Felder is taken alive, perhaps rescued from his vengeful wife's clutches, each investigator gains 1D3 Sanity and adds 2D4 to their Credit Rating; this is due to grateful Miskatonic valley residents' recognition of their service in tracking down the perpetrator of the graverobberies. If Felder was killed in the course of the scenario, but there was sufficient evidence to implicate him in these crimes, the rewards are 1D6 and 1D3, respectively; the increased Sanity reward in this case reflects the fact that with Felder dead the investigators can be certain he'll perform no further Resurrections.

Each investigator also receives 1 Sanity point and 1D3 Credit Rating points for the capture of each of the graverobbers: Webb and McDougall. Nothing is gained or lost by the deaths of these villains.

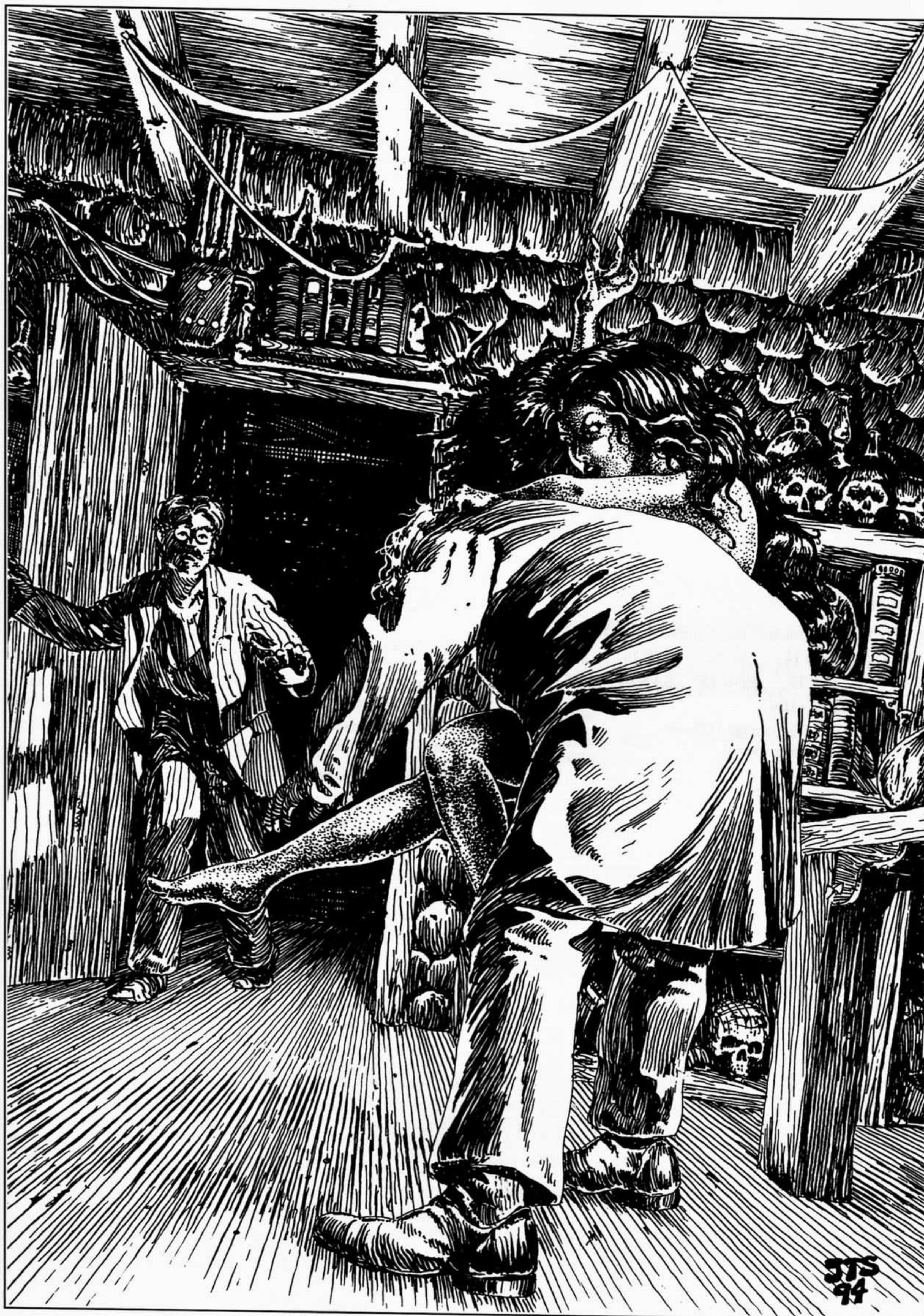
If the investigators were brought to the attention of the law by harassing Dr. Fabry or by tangling with Webb and McDougall, each investigator loses 1D3 Credit Rating—perhaps more if charges were brought against them. This penalty may be nullified if the investigators later had Webb and McDougall identified by Willie Stephens of Gloucester.

For killing the Resurrected Elias Danforth or Robert Allen, the reward is 1D4 points of Sanity. Up to 3 additional Sanity points can be gained by putting an end to the Resurrected hand, cat, and rat. If killed, the conglomerate-thing is worth another 2D6 Sanity reward.

If the investigators slew the Helverson-thing without knowing who it was, they gain only 1D4 Sanity points. If they knew it was Helverson, they gain 1D6 points of Sanity for putting their tortured friend to rest. There is also the \$100 reward offered by Helverson's son Eric to find the men who stole his father's body. If the investigators kindly waive this reward, their charity nonetheless nets them a 1D3 Credit Rating bonus—and a grateful young law student as an ally.

The Resurrected Kingsport cop Billy Claymore raises several questions. If they realize he has been Resurrected, they lose 1D3 Sanity. If they take him alive, they gain back 1D3 Sanity and 1D3 Credit Rating points by turning him over to the authorities, as there is some hope of recovery from his ordeal. If the investigators kill the maddened cop, they lose 1D4 Sanity, and perhaps considerable Credit Rating as well if they are implicated in his murder.

A shattered Dr. Hamilton Fabry pays the investigators the promised \$1000 reward if Michael Felder and his accomplices were proven to have been behind the graverobberies. His family thus scandalized, Dr. Fabry moves to the west coast, where he tries desperately to forget what has transpired here.



22 – Dead Reckonings

Finally, if Virginia Felder was killed before she could avenge herself against her husband, each investigator gains 1D4 Sanity points. If allowed to carry out her revenge, each investigator gains only 1D2 Sanity in grim satisfaction.

The investigators may still have to track down any of the once-dead creatures who managed to escape them during this scenario. These things will undoubtedly continue to plague the nearby towns and countryside to satisfy their inhuman cravings.

Statistics

DR. HAMILTON FABRY, retired Boston physician, Michael Felder's father-in-law, age 71

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 15 INT 17 POW 15
DEX 12 APP 13 EDU 23 SAN 74 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: All at base percentages only.

Skills: Accounting 40%, Anthropology 25%, Art (Antiques) 40%, Biology 65%, Chemistry 60%, Credit Rating 85%, Dodge 25%, Drive Auto 30%, English 100%, First Aid 80%, History 65%, Latin 60%, Law 20%, Library Use 70%, Medicine 90%, Persuade 55%, Pharmacy 60%, Psychoanalysis 15%, Psychology 50%, Spot Hidden 40%.

OWEN TABLER, Martin's Beach constable, age 42

STR 12 CON 14 SIZ 13 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 15 SAN 69 HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 55%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 45%, damage special

Nightstick 35%, damage 1D6+db

.38 revolver 45%, damage 1D10

Double-barrelled 20-gauge shotgun 50%, damage 2D6/1D6/1D3

Skills: Accounting 25%, Climb 60%, Credit Rating 25%, Dodge 25%, Drive Auto 30%, First Aid 45%, Hide 15%, History 30%, Jump 30%, Law 45%, Listen 55%, Mechanical Repair 45%, natural History 35%, Navigate 20%, Persuade 30%, Pilot Boat 35%, Psychology 45%, Ride Bicycle 85%, Spot Hidden 35%, Swim 50%, Track 20%.

ELIAS DANFORTH, malformed Resurrectee, "the Martin's Beach prowler", age 41 (c. early 1800s Clark's Corners)

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 12 POW 11
DEX 10 APP 4 EDU 7 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 55%, damage 1D3+db

Strangle 60%, damage 1D4/round until hold broken

Club (improvised) 35%, damage 1D6+db

Skills: Dodge 30%, Hide 30%, Listen 30%, Sneak 40%, Spot Hidden 30%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6+1 if the viewer realizes he is Resurrected

DANFORTH'S HAND

STR 7 CON 12 SIZ 1 POW 11
DEX 5 HP 7

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Grasp 45%, damage 1D2/round until hold broken
Strangle 20%, damage 1D4/round until hold broken

Skills: Climb 25%, Dodge 10%, Hide 90%, Sense "Prey" 55%, Sneak 80%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6

MICHAEL FELDER, pharmacist, Resurrectionist, alcoholic, age 37

STR 11 CON 12 SIZ 14 INT 16 POW 14
DEX 10 APP 12 EDU 17 SAN 28 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 55%, damage 1D3+db

Club (improvised) 40%, damage 1D6+db

.38 revolver 25%, damage 1D10

Spell: Resurrection.

Skills: Accounting 20%, Biology 50%, Chemistry 75%, Credit Rating 35%, Cthulhu Mythos 06%, Dodge 20%, Drive Auto 30%, English 90%, Fast Talk 20%, First Aid 40%, History 35%, Latin 55%, Law 15%, Library Use 65%, Listen 30%, Mechanical Repair 30%, Medicine 40%, Occult 20%, Persuade 35%, Pharmacy 70%, Pilot Sailboat 60%, Psychology 35%, Spot Hidden 70%, Swim 40%.

ART WEBB, Martin's Beach fisherman, thug, graverobber, age 39

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 10 EDU 9 SAN 35 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 85%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 75%, damage special

Tire-iron 65%, damage 1D8+db

Bowie knife 60%, damage 1D4+2+db

Sawed-off double-barrelled shotgun 65%, damage 4D6/1D6

Skills: Bargain 30%, Climb 60%, Dodge 45%, Drive Auto 45%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 45%, Jump 40%, Listen 50%, Locksmith 20%, Mechanical Repair 50%, Navigate 25%, Pilot Fishing Boat 40%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 45%, Swim 30%, Throw 65%.

DONNIE MCDOUGALL, fisherman, thief, graverobber, age 46

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 12 INT 12 POW 9
DEX 10 APP 8 EDU 12 SAN 30 HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 60%, damage 1D3+db

Grapple 35%, damage special

Bowie knife 40%, damage 1D4+2+db

.38 revolver 35%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 50%, Dodge 50%, Drive Auto 25%, Fast Talk 55%, Hide 60%, Listen 35%, Mechanical Repair 45%, Natural History 30%, Navigate 60%, Pilot Fishing Boat 80%, Sneak 60%, Spot Hidden 45%, Throw 45%.

RAGS, Resurrected cat

STR 5 CON 10 SIZ 1 POW 9
DEX 32 HP 6

Damage Bonus: special

Weapons*: Bite 30%, damage 1D3-1

Claw 45%, damage 1D4-1D3

Rip 80%, damage 2D3-1D3

Skills: Climb 65%, Dodge 85%, Hide 90%, Jump 80%, Listen 85%, Sneak 100%, Spot Hidden 75%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D2 if viewer recognizes it has been Resurrected.

* Attacks with bite and two claws each round. If both claws hit, Rags then rips with her hind legs while biting.

FRANKLIN, Resurrected rat

STR 2 CON 7 SIZ 1 POW 6
DEX 19 HP 4

Damage Bonus: special**Weapons:** Bite 35%, damage 1D4-2

Claw 30%, damage 1D4-3

Skills: Dodge 90%, Hide 95%, Listen 70%, Sneak 100%, Spot Hidden 60%.**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D2 if the viewer realizes it has been Resurrected.**THE CONGLOMERATE-THING, mass Resurrection**

STR 53 CON 75 SIZ 91 INT 7 POW 82
DEX 7 SAN 0 HP 83

Damage Bonus: special**Weapons*:** Fist/Claw 45%, damage 1D3+1D6

Kick 25%, damage 1D6+1D6

Bite 20%, damage 1D3

Grasp 60%, damage special

Skills: Speak in Multiple Voices 90%, Listen 30%, Spot Hidden 85%.**Sanity Loss:** 1D4/2D6+1

** The mass Resurrection makes 1D3 attacks at all targets within reach. Randomly determine the type of each attack. For each Grasp attack that succeeds, the victim is attacked by an additional 1D3 limbs the following round; to escape the Thing's Grasp, its STR of 12 (per limb holding the character) must be overcome on the resistance table.*

MARTIN HELVERSON, twice Resurrected, deceased lawyer, investigator acquaintance, age 55

STR 9 CON 8 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 14
DEX 10 APP NA EDU 19 SAN 14 HP 10

Damage Bonus: 0**Weapons:** None carried. All at base percentages.**Skills:** Dodge 20%, Listen 35%, Recognizable English 15%, Spot Hidden 40%.**Sanity Loss:** 0/1D6+1, or 1D3/2D4 if previously known to the viewer.**ROBERT ALLEN, malformed Resurrectee, age 67 (c. 1720 Kingsport)**

STR 14 CON 18 SIZ 14 INT 6 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 2 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4**Weapons:** Fist 65%, damage 1D3+db

Strangle 60%, damage 1D4+db each round until hold broken

Bite 40%, damage 1D4+APP loss

Skills: Babble and Sputter Incoherently 75%, Dodge 30%, Hide 35%, Listen 40%, Spot Hidden 30%.**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D6+1.**BILLY CLAYMORE, Resurrectee, Kingsport policeman, age 33**

STR 16 CON 14 SIZ 15 INT 12 POW 9
DEX 14 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN 27 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4**Weapons:** Fist 80%, damage 1D3+db

Strangle 70%, damage 1D4+db each round until hold broken

Nightstick 45%, damage 1D6+db

.38 Revolver 50%, damage as per weapon

Skills: Dodge 30%, Hide 30%, Law 20%*, Listen 45%, Spot Hidden 55%.**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D6+1, only if the viewer knows he has been Resurrected.

Claymore still has a twisted sense of his identity. When he encounters people, if he fails a Law roll he perceives their actions as criminal and attempts to subdue and/or arrest them, babbling jumbled police codes as he does so.

VIRGINIA FELDER, Resurrectee, murdered wife of Michael Felder, age 27

STR 8 CON 9 SIZ 11 INT 13 POW 9
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 10

Damage Bonus: 0**Weapons:** Strangle 65%, damage 1D4/round until hold broken
Claws (x2) 65%, damage 1D3 each**Skills:** Dodge 65%, Hide 65%, Jump 65%, Listen 65%, Shriek Incessantly 100%, Sneak 65%, Spot Hidden 65%.**Sanity Loss:** 1/1D6+1 if the viewer realizes she has been Resurrected. ■



DARK RIVALS

*Of an occult war raging through the dark side of Arkham,
between a witch's coven and a gang of ghouls.*

Dark Rivals" is set in Arkham in 1928, though the year may be altered with no repercussions on the outcome of events. Any number of characters of any occupation or skill level may participate in this adventure, though the keeper may have to adjust the number of antagonists to accommodate a weaker or stronger group. Cthulhu Mythos knowledge is valuable, and at least one investigator should possess this skill. The scenario is designed to put the investigators into the "grey" area between right and wrong, good and evil. Properly presented, the adventure should create several interesting moral and ethical considerations for the players.

This scenario takes place in a city of Arkham, as described in *The Compact Arkham Unveiled*. While prospective keepers will find that book's resources very useful in fleshing out the background of this scenario, this adventure includes sufficient descriptions, statistics, and other pertinent information that it can be played without the Arkham book.

Keeper's Information

The city of Arkham is expanding. This growth means more people. For the Arkham coven, this is good news. There are more vagrants and small children to utilize in their heinous rites and more day-to-day working people to blend in with. But what is a positive for the coven is also a negative. With the greater number of people in Arkham and surrounding areas, it is increasingly difficult for the coven to carry out their rituals at the Dark Ravine, near Meadow Hill, in secret. There are too many chances of being seen or caught. To continue their meetings and rituals, the coven has to find another location—close to Arkham, yet away from prying eyes. Recently the coven has found such a location. The trouble is, it's occupied—by ghouls.

The coven plans to use the sewer tunnels—and the ghouls warrens themselves—as their new meeting places. Many of the old unused sewer tunnels are frequented by the ghouls, and their warrens run for miles underneath the city. The coven intends to destroy the ghouls to take over their territory. They feel the power is theirs, so by right they should take what they want.

The mastermind behind this plot is coven member Casey Grescht, owner and operator of the Morningside Funeral Parlour on South Sentinel Street. Grescht is considered by most of the Arkham coven to be the "fourteenth member," the next in line to enter into the group of thirteen central

members who lead the coven. Grescht has developed a poison which he places on the bodies he interrs. It is applied to bodies and absorbed into the first two layers of skin; a derivative of the poison is also used in his embalming fluid. When the ghouls feed on these tainted corpses they are quickly and agonizingly killed. Grescht secretly hopes that his brilliant scheme will allow him to displace a current central member and assume their position in the coven.

Grescht runs his miserable funeral home with the help of one employee, Brady Whitcombe. Whitcombe despises Grescht as the sweaty mortician forces him to perform the majority of the work for very little pay, and he is often partially cheated out of that.

Whitcombe is an ugly, distasteful young man from the darker fringes of society who has had several run-ins with the law. He is an outcast; few trust him and even fewer like him. He recently overheard Grescht discussing the coven's plans with three of his cult confidants. Whitcombe began trying to decide how to best use that information against his employer. While Whitcombe discussed his plans with one of his friends at a speakeasy, a ghoul—one who could pass for human—heard their exchange, and promptly took this information back to the warrens.

The following night four ghouls broke into the funeral parlour and savagely murdered Grescht. Whitcombe was arrested later on charges of first degree murder. Although admitting he hated Grescht, he maintained his innocence. The police aren't swayed, however. With his admitted hatred of his employer, his past criminal record, and his fiery attitude, the police feel they have the murderer safely in custody.

Meanwhile the coven continues their attempted genocide of the ghoul population as the ghouls battle an unseen foe.

BRADY WHITCOMBE

Brady Whitcombe was the illegitimate son of an 18-year old girl named Anna Kae Whitcombe. Life was hard for the poverty-stricken mother. She was forced to work excruciatingly long hours at a sewing factory for pitiful wages; Brady's father had abandoned her and the child, and she had little patience when dealing with the infant. In a fit of rage she attempted to smother Brady in his crib. A neighbor luckily happened by in time to prevent his death. The child was taken away from Anna by the state of Pennsylvania and placed in an orphanage. Alone and penniless, Anna committed suicide four years later in New York City.

The boy stayed in an orphanage in Pittsburgh until he was four, and was then transferred to one in Philadelphia. Because he was so homely-looking he was the butt of many jokes and pranks from the other children at the orphanage. Brady compensated for his ugliness by lashing out, responding to their taunts and jeers with his fists. He became a troublesome child, almost uncontrollable at times.

At the age of eight, Brady made the acquaintance of "Slapfoot" Jackson. Jackson was an old Negro who played his harmonica on street corners for money. He found Brady wandering the streets one day after the boy had slipped away from the orphanage. The old man taught him to play the harmonica and fend for himself on the streets.

Jackson died one winter when Brady was 11, leaving a terrible void in Brady's life. In the following year-and-a-half he ran away seven more times, each time getting progressively farther away before being caught. On the eighth attempt he eluded pursuit completely.

Now 14 years old, Brady headed for Boston, where he fell in with a gang of delinquents who enjoyed tattooing their bodies as symbols of strength, alliance, and power. They roamed the streets vandalizing, stealing, and occasionally running errands for local mobs. In the next four years Brady was arrested twice: once for vandalism and once for petty larceny. He spent the next two years of his life in prison. Upon his release, he returned to Boston and found a job as a mechanic. He was still a self-made outcast, his unkempt hair, homely face, and rebellious attitude garnering him no respect or praise.

Then one day he met Laura Cheszski. She was an attractive girl from a middle-class family who had brought a car in for some repair work. They began to talk while he fixed her car. Laura showed an interest in Brady that ignored his unpleasant face and crudeness: she showed him kindness and acceptance. After several months of talking at the garage (she made it a point to visit regularly), they went out on a date—Brady's first.

After that, a few more secret late-night dates ensued, since her parents did not approve of Brady. She remained attracted to him, not out of rebellion towards her parents, but out of genuine interest in Brady. During one of their late dates a fight broke out between the two. Delving too deeply into his past and his attitudes, Laura succeeded in pushing Brady into a corner—and he came out fighting, as he had always done.

The quarrel became violent, and before Brady could stop himself, he had struck her in the face. Laura's parents had Brady arrested and pressed charges to the fullest extent of the law. He was found guilty and sentenced to three years in a Massachusetts prison. Upon his release a little over a year ago, he migrated to Arkham, where his parole officer found him the position he now holds at the Morningside Funeral Parlour. At the time of the scenario, he is 26 years old.

Involving the Investigators

Lionel Ingram, court-appointed attorney for Brady Whitcombe, gets in touch with each investigator, either by

telephone or letter. He informs them of his status as defense attorney in the murder case of Casey Grescht, a local mortician, and declares that he wants to hire the investigators to dig up evidence that will prove his client did not kill Grescht. He believes Brady Whitcombe is innocent and requests a meeting with the investigators within the next 48 hours in Arkham. As it stands now, the case goes to trial in 10 days. He desperately needs the investigators' help to save Brady. He indicates that compensation for their services will be provided, and that he is pursuing this with the approval of the City of Arkham General District Court.

If the investigators are relatively inexperienced or haven't established a reputation yet, their involvement can come about through Whitcombe himself. One of the investigators may have gone to grade school or middle school with Brady. Or perhaps their paths have crossed at some prior time. If this is the case, Whitcombe has requested that Mr. Ingram ask this old acquaintance to uncover proof of his innocence. A successful INTx2 roll recalls a few memories of Whitcombe and his past, subject to the keeper's discretion.

Investigator's Information

The investigators are able to meet Mr. Ingram at whatever time and place has been pre-arranged by the two parties. He is a young man in his early thirties, with short, curly blonde hair and a professional attitude. His boyish good looks are offset by his intense obsession with the law. His clothing is expensive, fashionable, and professional. Ingram greets the investigators and introduces himself, ordering coffee for everyone. When the investigators have settled themselves in, he opens a leather attache case and brings out a file.

Ingram begins by reiterating that they are being employed to uncover hard evidence that Brady Whitcombe did not commit the crime of which he is accused. Ingram believes Brady is innocent, but the circumstantial evidence is stacked against him. He needs something definite to prove Brady's innocence. He can pay the investigators a total sum of \$150 for their assistance.

Brady Whitcombe, he explains, was working for Mr. Casey Grescht. Grescht ran the small funeral parlour where Whitcombe had been employed for 14 months, ever since his parole officer secured him the position. Brady had expressed his dislike of Casey Grescht on occasion to Frazier Higgs, a friend, and to his parole officer, Gregory Bielin. The police feel that this dislike, coupled with his earlier criminal record, makes Whitcombe the perfect suspect. He has no alibi for the evening in question. Arkham police detective Luther Harden figures Brady broke into the mortuary around 2:00-2:15 AM. After a brief struggle, he subdued Grescht on the embalming table and murdered him by pumping embalming fluid into his body. He was then either scared off or simply left around 2:45-3:00 AM. Nothing was missing from the mortuary, so theft was not a motivating factor. An inspection of Grescht's records indicated that Brady was not receiving wages commensurate with his work, which the police have determined to be part of his motive. Moreover, Whitcombe knew the place inside

and out. He knew when Grescht would be working late and in what rooms. He also knew the quickest way to get in and kill the man. On the basis of these motivations, Whitcombe was arrested later that morning at his apartment.

The medical examination shows that Grescht was probably alive and conscious when the embalming fluid was being injected into his body. Embalming needles were thrust into his neck and stomach, making for a particularly cruel and agonizing death. Arkham police officer Ronald Crayger noticed the broken window on his early morning patrol. Inside, he found Grescht a slick, repugnant corpse. The portions of his body that had not burst, pooling blood and embalming fluid on the floor, were bulging with the liquids under his taut skin.

The police have few clues to go on: Grescht's and Whitcombe's fingerprints were numerous, but that is to be expected; no one could corroborate Brady's alibi—that he was home that night; and the dirt that was found in the funeral parlour could have been tracked in by Whitcombe or Grescht.

The only solid piece of evidence the police have is a blood sample, which is incriminating but circumstantial. The blood is type B, the same as Brady's, but with a difference that is enough to make it questionable: the blood taken from the broken glass had an unusually high amount of bilirubin in it. The bilirubin count from the blood sample was 78.4% higher than that of Brady's blood. Whitcombe shows no signs of jaundicing and his recent physical examination (requested in light of this evidence) reveals no liver or spleen dysfunctions. This would imply that his bilirubin levels are normal.

Ingram believes the blood came not from Brady Whitcombe, but from the actual killers, for Ingram also believes that there was more than one attacker that night. Casey Grescht was a very large man. He speculates that it would have taken more than one man to struggle with Grescht, strap him to an embalming table, and shove needles into him—all while he was still conscious.

About Bilirubin

A successful Medicine roll identifies bilirubin as a pigment produced by the reticuloendothelial system (RES). It comes from hemoglobin that is released from destroyed red blood cells. Bilirubin is a waste product which is excreted in the bile from the liver and spleen. Iron freed from the bilirubin is carried into the protein "transferrin," and from there into the bone marrow. Once in the marrow it is reclaimed for the production of new hemoglobin.

A dysfunctional liver or spleen produces a large amount of bilirubin in the body. An overabundance causes the body to jaundice. This yellowing of the skin is common to newborns whose livers are not fully developed and cannot produce enough bile to level off the bilirubin.

However, since these are mere speculations—aside from the discrepancy with the blood—he still has no solid evidence to clear Whitcombe. He will have to rely on his wits and the strength of his presentation in court if nothing substantial can be found.

The Investigation Begins

There are several places for the investigators to begin. They may talk with Brady, investigate the mortuary, or talk with Frazier Higgs. Additional leads to check include the police department and Gregory Bielin, the parole officer.

Brady Whitcombe

Lionel Ingram can arrange for the investigators to talk briefly with Brady. The interview takes place the following morning at the police station. The investigators and Ingram are shown into a small room divided by a glass partition. A table is located on either side, along with a single chair. A grille in the partition allows clear voice communication. The room has no windows and two doors, one on each side of the partition.

Presently an officer opens the opposite door and ushers Brady Whitcombe in. He is dressed in plain, drab attire and his hands are shackled in front of him. His shirt is halfway unbuttoned and a large tattoo of a winged serpent fighting a flaming bird can be seen on his chest. Tattoos of scorpions, a skull, a cross, and a dagger adorn his arms.

His hair is greasy-looking and cropped close to his skull. His face is angular and ugly, with a vaguely ape-like cast; his nose is pressed close to the face and there is a disproportionate amount of space between it and the mouth. His eyes are a hard green, darting from one face to another. A gold hoop earring pierces his left ear.

After seating Whitcombe, the guard tells the group to give a shout should they need assistance. He then departs and Ingram introduces the investigators as special associates on the case, trying to uncover proof of his innocence. He explains that they are here to help, and any questions Brady can answer will aid them immensely. Investigators succeeding with Psychology rolls note that Brady is skeptical and guarded in his responses. The investigators may ask whatever questions they wish. In most cases, Brady looks to Ingram for approval before answering. His story is as follows:

He had been working for Grescht for a little over a year. He didn't like the fat bastard, but swears—vehemently—that he didn't kill him. On the night in question, Brady explains that he left work around 5:30 PM. He stopped at the grocery to purchase a few items and was in his apartment the rest of the night. He knew nothing of the murder until the police came and arrested him the following morning.

He knew Grescht would be working late, as several funerals were being arranged, and there were plenty of preparations to make. Grescht didn't ask Brady to work late, nor did he volunteer. He says that shortly after he started working there, Grescht began working late once or twice a week. It was always on things he said Brady didn't know how to do, and that Grescht would have to see to personally.

If questioned about these other things, Whitcombe says he has no idea what they were and doesn't really care. Psychology rolls show him to be lying on this point. A successful Psychoanalysis or Persuade roll opens Brady up. He says that the night before the murder he overheard Grescht talking on the telephone to someone he called Reaper. Grescht was whispering something about poison on the bodies, and "their time is quickly drawing to a close." Brady heard nothing else, but began to turn the possibilities over in his mind. He started trying to figure out a way to use what he had overheard against his employer.

After leaving work that night, Brady ran into a friend of his, cab driver Frazier Higgs, and together they speculated on how best to use the information that Brady had become privy to. Nothing useful presented itself, and they both returned to their respective homes. The next night Grescht was murdered. Another Psychology roll shows that Brady is omitting something. If Persuaded, he quietly says that he and Frazier met at a cheap speakeasy called Joe's Grill, near the river, where they had several drinks while discussing Brady's situation. This information is not known to the police.

The eavesdropping information is also not known to Ingram, who frantically writes it down as Whitcombe speaks. The police likewise are ignorant of what Brady overheard. They have spoken with Frazier Higgs at the taxi depot, but all he did was confirm Brady's dislike for Grescht, adding nothing further to the investigation.

Any other questions put to Brady are answered as best he can. He now has nothing further to hide. When the investigators are finished, Ingram calls for the guard. Outside, he bids them goodbye, explaining that he has a lot of paperwork to wade through. If they wish, he can arrange to meet them later to review their progress. He returns to discuss the case with Whitcombe as the investigators leave.

The Morningside Funeral Parlour

The investigators probably want a look at the crime scene. Ingram can arrange for such a visit if asked, or the investigators might go to the police and try Law or Persuade rolls to secure permission. Failing either of these cases, they may simply break into the place, though this ultimately negates the usefulness of any evidence they may find.

The mortuary is located on South Sentinel Street in Arkham. It is an archaic-looking two-story building, made with an abundance of concrete and ironwork. A peaked roof slants down over the sides and the windows are heavily draped. A variety of rather unsightly headstones create a garish display on one side of the walk; the other side sports a moping tree and a scrubby bush.



THE INTERVIEW WITH BRADY WHITCOMBE

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While approaching the mortuary, if an investigator specifically states that he is looking up and down the street a Spot Hidden roll notices a beat-up dark grey sedan among the other vehicles lining the street. It is about 100 yards away, facing the mortuary. Someone is sitting reading a newspaper in the driver's seat. No other figures are visible. If the rolls are unsuccessful, the investigators see nothing more than a car-lined street and a few children playing in a nearby yard.

The man is Eric Michele, a servant of Casey Grescht and the coven. His cult name is Sonneillon, and he has been assigned to watch the mortuary, day and night, for any ghoul activity. After the investigators show up, he watches them intently until they leave or enter the mortuary. He then drives off to make his report. He also drives off if the investigators approach him, though the investigators may think to get his (stolen) license plate number.

The mortuary is deserted. Large "DO NOT ENTER BY ORDER OF ARKHAM POLICE" signs are tacked across the front and back doors. Both doors are locked, and a third sign is tacked across the shattered side window.

The upper floor of the mortuary contains a large room with different styles of coffins on display, a small bathroom, a storage room (containing funerary chemicals and equipment), and an unused office. The ground floor is comprised of a business office, bathroom, viewing room (connected to a small, cold chapel), and a reception room. A door in the office leads to the two adjoining embalming rooms where the murder occurred.

Among the cabinets, chemicals, and equipment in one of the embalming rooms the investigators see a steel gurney with a taped human outline on it. The room stinks to high heaven of formaldehyde—and the heavy coppery smell of blood. This is where Grescht was murdered. The floor is stained with the dried remnants of blood and embalming fluid. Several cabinets are overturned, their contents scattered about. A chair lies on its side and glass shards from the side window litter the floor.

Allow the investigators a chance to look around. Each successful Spot Hidden roll then notices one of the following:

- A piece of glass, half the size of a tea saucer, covered in dried blood and embalming fluid. Stuck to the glass are several long hairs. If an additional Spot Hidden roll is made, the hairs all appear to be a brownish-green in color. If analysed in a lab, and a Medicine or Chemistry roll is made, the hairs are found to be severely deficient in protein counts, and are covered in mold spores (grave mold).
- In the adjoining room one of the cabinets has its door unlatched, but there are no signs of the struggle in this room. If the cabinet is opened, it is found to be full of bottles of labeled chemicals. A Spot Hidden notices a blank space at the back of one shelf. Removing the containers from the shelf reveals a vacant spot in the back of the shelf large enough to hold four bottles.

(These missing bottles contained the poison Grescht was using, and were stolen last night by the cult servants Reaper

and Sonneillon, who snuck into the mortuary to retrieve them. They have a key that unlocks the cabinet, given to them by Grescht.)

OUTSIDE THE MORTUARY

While exiting the mortuary investigating may discover one last clue. If they state they are looking around the yard or along the sides of the building, allow a halved Spot Hidden roll. Along the eight foot stone wall that surrounds the property the investigator notices something that resembles circular markings in the dirt. Upon closer examination the markings appear to be very faint hoof-like prints. The dirt on the ground is loose, and touching the prints requires a DEXx5 roll to avoid obliterating them.

If both the hair inside and these hoof marks are discovered, a Cthulhu Mythos roll may be made. Success indicates the hairs and the hoof prints may point to ghoul involvement. Successful Idea rolls may reveal, however, that ghouls probably did not take the bottles from the cabinet. A ghoul would probably have broken into the cabinet or turned it over rather than simply opening it.

With these discoveries, the investigators are closer to helping prove Whitcombe's innocence. Remember, however, that whatever they discovered cannot be utilized in the case if they illegally entered the mortuary to obtain it. If they worked through Lionel Ingram to gain entrance to the crime scene, they are obligated to report anything they find. A Law or Know roll reminds them of these points, should they forget.

Frazier Higgs

The investigators may attempt to intercept Frazier Higgs at his grungy apartment at 701 Noyes Street, but meet with continued failure. He drives a taxicab, and is quite difficult to track down. Messages can be left with the depot operator, but Frazier either does not get them or simply ignores them. Whitcombe can tell the investigators that Higgs' favorite hang-out is Joe's Grill, a squalid tavern near the river. He also tells them that to get in one must knock four times and speak the password ("Sahara"). A fee of \$1.00 is also levied from each customer once inside.

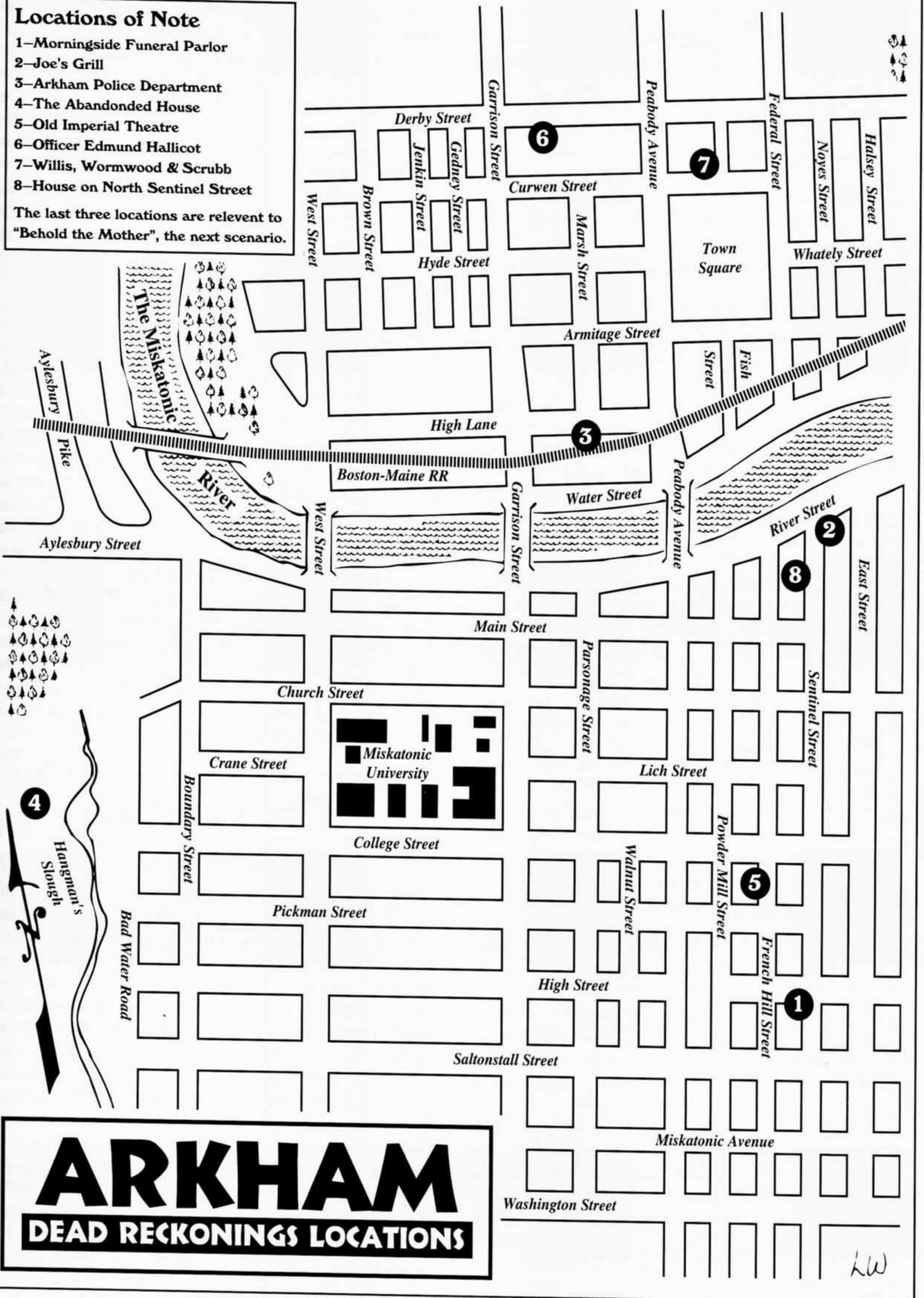
Joe's Grill is a smoke-filled den at the rear of an innocuous rags and junk store. The speakeasy is littered with rough wooden tables, rough drinks, and a rough clientele. It caters to the rowdy, the seedy, and the outcast. The bar stretches the length of one wall, with shelves of liquor bottles standing behind it. Two card tables, a roulette wheel, and a pair of gouge-surfaced billiard tables stand around the room. A curtained doorway leads to several private rooms, an office, and a store house (which has a hidden escape route to the river). When the investigators enter there are about a dozen customers present, both men and women. Several are shooting pool, while a few others sit at the game tables or the bar.

If the characters ask the bartender about Frazier Higgs, Spot Hidden rolls notice that a half-dozen heads turn and stare in their direction. The bartender, Sammy Arvin, is hateful and antagonistic toward the investigators, encouraging them with a broken bottle to leave. A Persuade roll

Locations of Note

- 1—Morningside Funeral Parlor
- 2—Joe's Grill
- 3—Arkham Police Department
- 4—The Abandoned House
- 5—Old Imperial Theatre
- 6—Officer Edmund Hallicot
- 7—Willis, Wormwood & Scrubb
- 8—House on North Sentinel Street

The last three locations are relevant to "Behold the Mother", the next scenario.



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gains his grudging indication of Higgs. A failed roll results in several chairs being scraped back across the wooden floor as customers slowly stand. If the investigators make it known that they are trying to prove Brady's innocence, the tension lessens. The investigators are still kept under careful scrutiny by the hulking bouncer and several patrons.

Frazier Higgs sits at a table by himself. The tabletop is littered with empty beer glasses and cigarette butts. Higgs himself is a huge man with square shoulders and gigantic hands. His face is rounded, tapering to a clefted chin. A thick mustache droops from his nose to the bottom of his jaw. His head is covered with unruly hair, and he wears a soiled T-shirt, ripped work pants, and high-lace boots. A snake tattoo rears menacingly on his right arm.

Talking to Higgs requires a Persuade roll. If the roll fails, he snarls and curses, yelling that he's already been pestered by the police, and to leave him alone. If the investigators hang around after this, Higgs and the other patrons may become violent. If the roll is successful, he simply tells them how he and Brady had a few beers here the night before the murder. He got drunk, Brady left, and that was it. Sure Brady hated Grescht, but Higgs doesn't believe he would have killed him. Blackmailed him, yes; killed him, no. If asked about Brady's eavesdropping, Higgs says that Brady overheard something about Grescht poisoning corpses and he figured he could blackmail him with that.

In the back of the bar, sitting alone, is a thin, pasty-looking man. He is not obvious—there is nothing unusual to draw the investigators' attention. This is Gallows, a ghoul who can pass in human society. He is tall and lean, and dressed in a filthy trenchcoat, torn pants, and boots. If closely scrutinized, he proves to be rather ugly, his face possessing a vaguely canine cast. Gallows originally overheard Whitcombe and Higgs discussing the poisoning, and the ghouls acted upon that information, killing Grescht. Since then the ghouls have regularly been staking out Joe's Grill. When the investigators enter Gallows watches them unobtrusively. Upon their departure, Gallows likewise leaves and returns to the warrens to report.

The Arkham Police Department

Investigators wishing to talk with detective Luther Harden or Ronald Crayger may do so with successful Persuade rolls. Detective Harden is a plump-faced, irritable man with a heavy mustache and no sense of humor. As the Chief of Detectives in Arkham, he is not happy that the investigators are trying to dig up evidence in what—to him—is an open and shut case. He spares them only a few minutes of time, telling them little more than they already know.

Harden is a good cop. He is devoted to his job and feels that he has done everything possible with regard to this case. Investigators who approach him with tact, honesty, and diplomacy are treated the same way, but with Harden's usual gruffness. Information about the case that is presented to him in a logical, supported fashion is not ignored. However, he cannot be threatened or bullied. That is the quickest way to earn his disfavor.

Officer Ronald Crayger is a stout, red-headed man with stoic eyes and a broad smile. He can add little to their accumulated information. He retells his discovery of the break-in, and of finding the mortician's body. He called for assistance, which was answered by detective Harden, two other officers, and the medical examiner, Dr. Ephraim Sprague. Neither detective Harden nor officer Crayger will allow the investigators access to any records or files that are not available to Lionel Ingram. Likewise, neither can be bribed.

Concluding their visit, the investigators should get the impression that the police are very competent, and do not appear to be intentionally hiding anything, nor does anything seem to be amiss. The police feel they have the murderer in custody, so they are not pursuing the case any further.

Gregory Beilin

Gregory Beilin is the parole officer assigned to Brady Whitcombe. He works in Boston and may be reached through the Massachusetts Corrections Department. He tells them that he meets with Whitcombe regularly, once a month, and has done so since his release from prison 14 months ago. In his opinion, Whitcombe has been a model probate. Beilin secured him the mortuary position, but has never met Casey Grescht, although he has spoken with him several times over the phone. He has nothing judgmental to say about Grescht based on those contacts.

Beilin does relate that Brady told him he and Grescht didn't get along very well. He was holding the job until a mechanic position came open. The parole officer knows how vicious Brady's temper is, but he doesn't believe he would kill. If asked why, Beilin claims "it's just a feeling I have." He plans to leave Boston the next day to meet with Brady and discuss the situation.

The Ghouls

While the investigators pursue these leads, the ghouls make their own inquiries. They have been attempting to discover the reason for the ghoul poisonings, but since the Arkham coven remains faceless, their task is incredibly difficult. They have been trying to keep the mortuary under surveillance, as well as keeping tabs on the investigators. With the information Gallows overheard in Joe's Grill, the ghouls are very interested in what the investigators know. In order to get the investigators' knowledge, the ghouls plan to set up a rendezvous and confront them directly. If the investigators do not go to the bar, assume that the ghouls saw the investigators at the mortuary.

One evening, as the investigators return to their lodgings, the attendant hands them a message; this might be a landlady, hotel desk manager, etc. It is a dirty, crinkled envelope that has a moist, earthen smell to it. Inside is a similarly dirty piece of paper, scrawled upon in the scratchy, uneven writing of a small child. See *Rivals Papers #1*.

If the landlady/attendant is questioned, he says that a young man—tall, pale, and dressed in a dirty trench-coat—brought the message in and asked that it be given to the investigators. Any investigator who succeeds in an EDUx2 roll remembers seeing someone fitting that description in the corner of Joe's Grill. Beyond this they can remember nothing about the person. Assuming the investigators follow the instructions and tell no one of their plan, they may make whatever preparations are necessary for the rendezvous. If they inform Lionel Ingram or the police of the note, this section may still be run as presented, although keepers will have to determine whether the police are present or not.

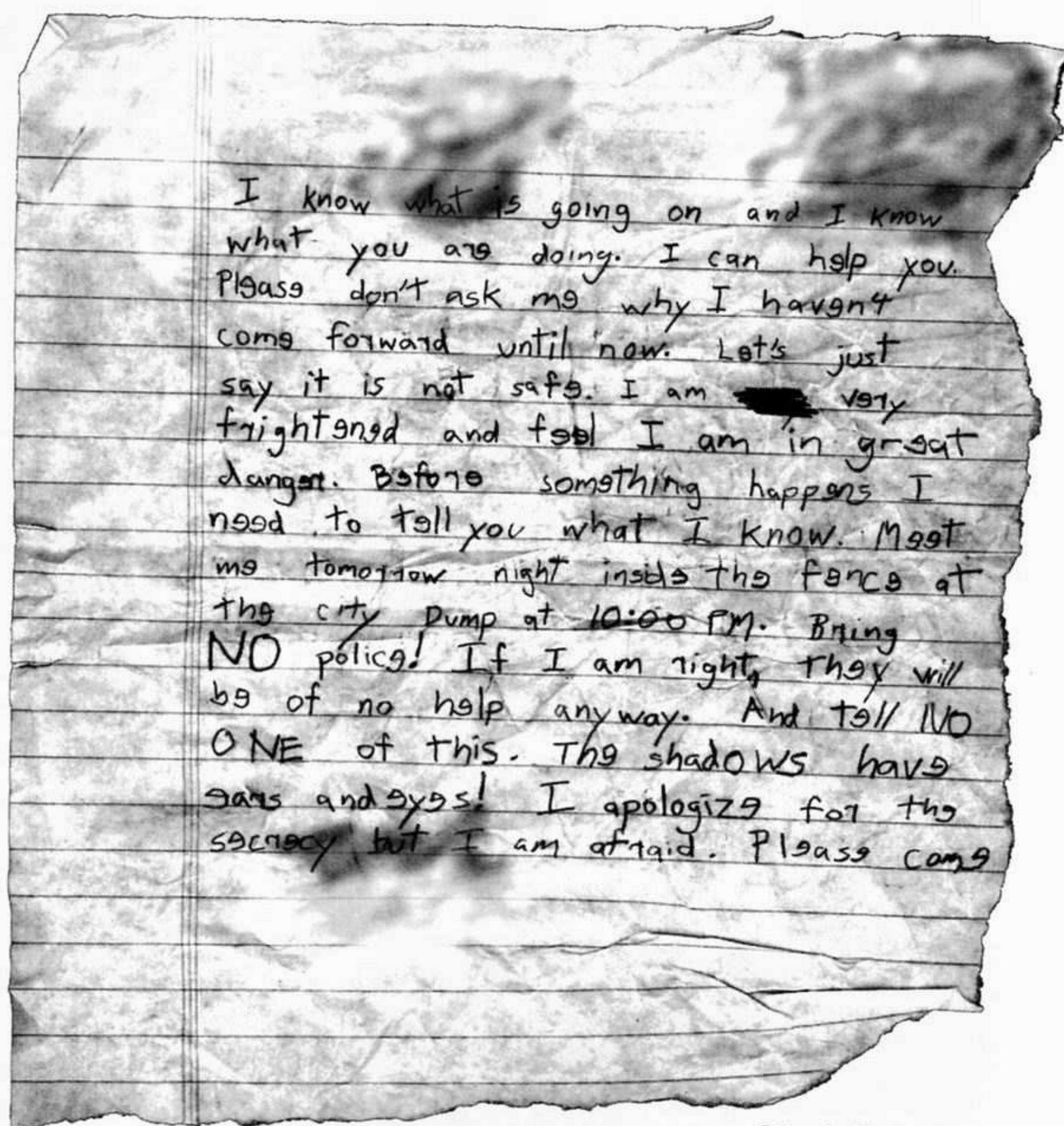
When the investigators leave for their meeting, they are shadowed at a respectable distance by a dark gray sedan. If the investigators specifically state they are watching for anyone following them, give them an INTx2 roll to notice the car. Otherwise it is totally unobtrusive, staying at a maximum distance so as not to arouse suspicion. The sedan is driven by Reaper (real name Troy Parker). Like the ghouls, the coven has also been keeping an eye on the investigators since their appearance at the mortuary. If the investigators have not gone to the mortuary, assume someone on the police force is a coven servant and has passed on information about the investigators' involvement.

The Arkham City Dump

The dump is located north of Arkham, to the west of Meadow Hill, on a hard-packed dirt road. Thick briar patches, weeds, and brush grudgingly give way to inky forests around the dump. The dump itself is comprised of two sections. The first is a large excavated pit where small rubbish and debris is thrown. A murky pool fills much of this pit. The second area is for the disposal of larger items, such as furniture, metal, mechanical parts, tires, and so on. It is surrounded by a 10 foot tall corrugated sheet metal fence with a chained gate. See p. 51 for an overview map.

Along the fence the ground is cluttered with worthless junk and assorted garbage. The rusted skeletons of several junked cars stand silently, watching the investigators like great metallic insects. Rats can be heard, although none are seen. If any investigator walks the perimeter of the fence, it takes 10-15 minutes and reveals a second, smaller gate and dirt road on the opposite side.

To gain entrance, the investigators may break the chain on the gate, climb over the fence, or look for an alternate open-



Rivals Papers #1

ing through the fence. Breaking the chain requires a STR vs. STR roll. The chain has a STR of 50. Every failed attempt weakens the chain's STR by 5. Climbing over the fence requires a successful Climb roll. Searching the fence for another opening requires a Spot Hidden roll, which, if successful, locates a piece of the sheet metal that has been bent outward. The opening can accommodate persons up to SIZ 14.

Once inside, the investigators find themselves surrounded by piles of junk and garbage. Mounds of rotten tires and twisted bits of metal tower over the investigators like teetering children's blocks, silent sentinels in this graveyard of metal and rust. Various bits and pieces of other junk are scattered about. Investigators making a Spot Hidden roll notice three large doghouses near the fence. No dogs can be seen or heard, however. If the investigators made any noise getting in—which they more than likely did—the dogs should have been alerted.

As they look around, make secret halved Spot Hidden rolls for each investigator. If successful, the investigator becomes aware of an uneasiness growing in him or her, as if they were being watched. They may also hear faint clattering sounds, as of something moving about near the center of the junkyard. If the investigators move toward the noise, or simply begin exploring, the feelings intensify. The investigators lose 0/1 point of Sanity as they realize that someone or something is paralleling their paths along the junk-riddled aisles.

Near the heart of this graveyard of metal and wood, an investigator steps in a sticky puddle. On investigation this proves to be a pool of blood trickling from beneath a pile of wood scraps. Moving aside a few splintered boards, the party discovers a large German shepherd dog, its head twisted around at an impossible angle and terrible claw marks raked across its flank. This gruesome find costs the investigators another 0/1D3 Sanity points.

Abruptly a lone figure steps out of the shadows some 20 yards away. In an odd-sounding voice the figure informs the investigators that he is Magellan. He is dressed in a moldy-looking trenchcoat decorated with dozens of small white bars. His shirt, pants, and boots are filthy, and don't seem to fit properly. As Magellan moves toward them, the investigators notice his peculiar walk, which resembles hopping moreso than walking. The stench of an open grave precedes him. As he draws near, they can see the white bars that rattle softly against his mangled coat are actually human finger bones. Magellan's face is disgustingly wolf-like, with vicious canine teeth and bottomless ebony eyes.

With a low growl issuing from his throat, he stops before the investigators. In response to the signal, a calamity of riotous noise disintegrates the night's silence. Figures pour forth from all sides, from behind and beneath their hiding places amidst the refuse. Several block off the investigators' retreat and the rest squat on piles of junk or gather near Magellan. Some are dressed in tattered rags, while others bare their wolf-like fur and muscle to the moonlight. Although all superficially resemble Magellan, each is as distinctive as the investigators themselves. Viewing this assemblage of ghouls costs 1/2D3 Sanity.

Investigators making an Idea roll are able to ascertain that there are between eight and twelve visible ghouls, including Magellan. Magellan introduces himself again, and states that it was he who authored the note that brought them here. If asked why, all the ghouls grow restless, meeping and growling in guttural tones.

Magellan explains that they have seen the investigators in Joe's Grill—at which point Gallows extracts himself from the shadows and joins Magellan. They were overheard to be speaking of the Whitcombe-flesh. Magellan pointedly asks the group what knowledge they have of Whitcombe and Grescht. He informs them—growing angrier all the time—that many of their number have been killed, and many still suffer. The corpses they consume have been tainted by a poison that agonizingly kills. He tells them how their “mekchapek” (children) suffer and die from the poison, weakening as the chemical eats its way through their young bodies; he speaks of ghouls who cannot feed for fear of ingesting the poison, and who are starving; of larders full of poisoned death, the meat untouchable. The Grescht-flesh had been poisoning the bodies he buried, which they also learned from eavesdropping on the Whitcombe-flesh. But why?

When the ghouls learn that Whitcombe has been charged with Grescht's murder, the ghoul leader admits that Brady did not do it. Several of his tribe carried out the act as retribution for poisoning the corpses. If the ghouls are told of the

missing bottles at the mortuary, they immediately grow frantic, howling and raking their claws across rusted metal. A few begin slinking toward the investigators, their growls adding to the welling chorus of anger. Magellan bellows for silence, and orders the ghouls back. Ever so slowly they concede, eyeing the investigators hungrily. The ghouls are enraged and only barely held in check by Magellan.

The ghoul leader points a taloned finger at the group and tells them they are now either with him or against him. He must find out why his tribe is being wiped out. He will let nothing stand in his way. Several of the ghouls around them speak: “They are flesh. They are against us! We must kill to protect!” Many others agree, edging closer to the investigators. It takes Magellan longer to calm them this time.

Idea rolls show that if Grescht was responsible for the poisonings, then he must have had one or more accomplices. They would be the ones who removed the four bottles, which probably contained the poison. As the investigators speculate and piece their clues together, they notice the ghouls cocking their heads, listening. A halved Listen roll allows the investigators to hear the same thing the ghouls do: a faint sputtering and hissing, coming from down the aisle beyond Magellan. Begin asking for DEX actions, as if combat were in effect. The ghouls become agitated, screeching and sniffing the air. On DEX 13, a Spot Hidden roll notices an object flying through the air. It lands dangerously close to the investigators and ghouls, right at the base of a huge tower of scrap iron and steel. The hissing fuse and flickering spark then disappear inside the stick of dynamite...

THE BIG BANG, AND WHAT COMES AFTER

The investigators may attempt a Dodge roll. If successful, they are able to dive out of blast range. Failure means they sustain 2D4+2 points of damage from the blast as the dynamite stick explodes. Eyes are blinded and ears ring from the explosion. The most damage, however, is done to the pile of metal. The force of the explosion rips into the tower, launching chunks of iron and steel in all directions. Pieces of twisted metal fly as nearby stacks of junk threaten to tumble down. A second Dodge roll is required by fleeing investigators to avoid the falling debris. A failed roll indicates 1D6-1 points of damage, while a critical failure indicates an enormous chunk of metal has crushed the poor soul for 3D6 damage.

The individual responsible for the attack is Reaper. After following the investigators here, he parked his car near the back and snuck in. He tried to destroy the ghouls and investigators with one blow. He fled quickly after throwing the dynamite. With a halved Listen roll the investigators can hear a car driving away.

As the furor dies away, the investigators are quickly surrounded by Magellan and six other ghouls. They shriek that the investigators betrayed them and tried to kill them. Some of the canine horrors are on the verge of killing the humans, while others begin lurching through the wreckage, looking for their missing comrades. Crushed, mangled ghoul corpses are pulled from under the rubble, and the rescuers quickly attack the bodies, ripping fur and flesh off in great handfuls. Grotesque tearing noises ensue, as the ghouls



feast on the still-warm bodies. The gruesome cannibal repast calls for a loss of 1/1D6 points of Sanity.

Investigators who suffered damage are pointed out by two ghouls, who gibber and grunt. “That flesh is dying,” they slaver. “Let us finish it.” Burnt and bleeding, Magellan eyes the investigators, warning them one final time that they are either with him or against him. If the investigators choose to side with Magellan and his tribe—even if only for the time being—they are momentarily safe. Although the ghouls desperately want the investigators’ blood they do not antagonize Magellan. The remaining ghouls meep and growl in low tones, some condemning Magellan for allowing “above-worlders” to be involved in this manner. They glare at the investigators through hate-filled eyes.

If the investigators do not wish to side with the ghouls, Magellan declares them enemies and allows his enraged tribe to attack them. There are four uninjured ghouls, two moderately injured (Hit Points reduced by 6), and Magellan. They attack relentlessly, using all their animal savagery and cunning. Should the investigators manage to survive, the next night the ghouls begin a campaign against the group to destroy them completely. If at any time during the meeting the investigators attack, the ghouls lash out against them and carry out their campaign of vengeance as above.

Once Magellan has reasserted his dominance (which grows perilously weak, as the investigators can easily notice), he instructs his new allies to use their every resource to find out what happened to the poison, who is responsible, and why. He also reminds them that whomever is behind all this seems intent on destroying them as well. Before leaving, he informs the investigators of an old packing crate behind Joe’s Grill where they can leave messages for him.

At Magellan’s signal the ghouls begin slinking away into the night, their shining black eyes still brimming with malice. As the last ghoul passes by he stops and looks at them. His name is Khan, and he is a hulking, monstrous creature. Through long fangs he snarls, “You will be my

flesh. I will be watching you. If you betray us, I shall enjoy stripping the meat from your bones. Then I will wear your bones around my neck on a string made from your guts!” With a leering, feral smile, he lopes off into the darkness, leaving the investigators to ponder the fact that even though they now know who really murdered Casey Grescht, they have no evidence that can help Brady Whitcombe.

A Message, A Meeting, A Melee

During the following day the investigators may pursue any other leads they have. When they return to their lodgings that evening, the landlady or desk clerk informs them that another message has been delivered. It is exactly like the previous one, covered in dirt and smelling of moist earth. It is written in the same child-like hand as before (see *Rivals Papers #2*). If questioned about the courier, the description again fits the ghoul called Gallows.

The investigators no doubt remember Khan, the huge ghoul who issued the warning to them. An Arkham native who makes an Idea roll recalls that the road to Clark’s Corners runs past the long-unused wooded graveyard on the west edge of town. If the investigators decide to bring detective Harden and the police in at this point, the late-night meeting may still be run with their presence.

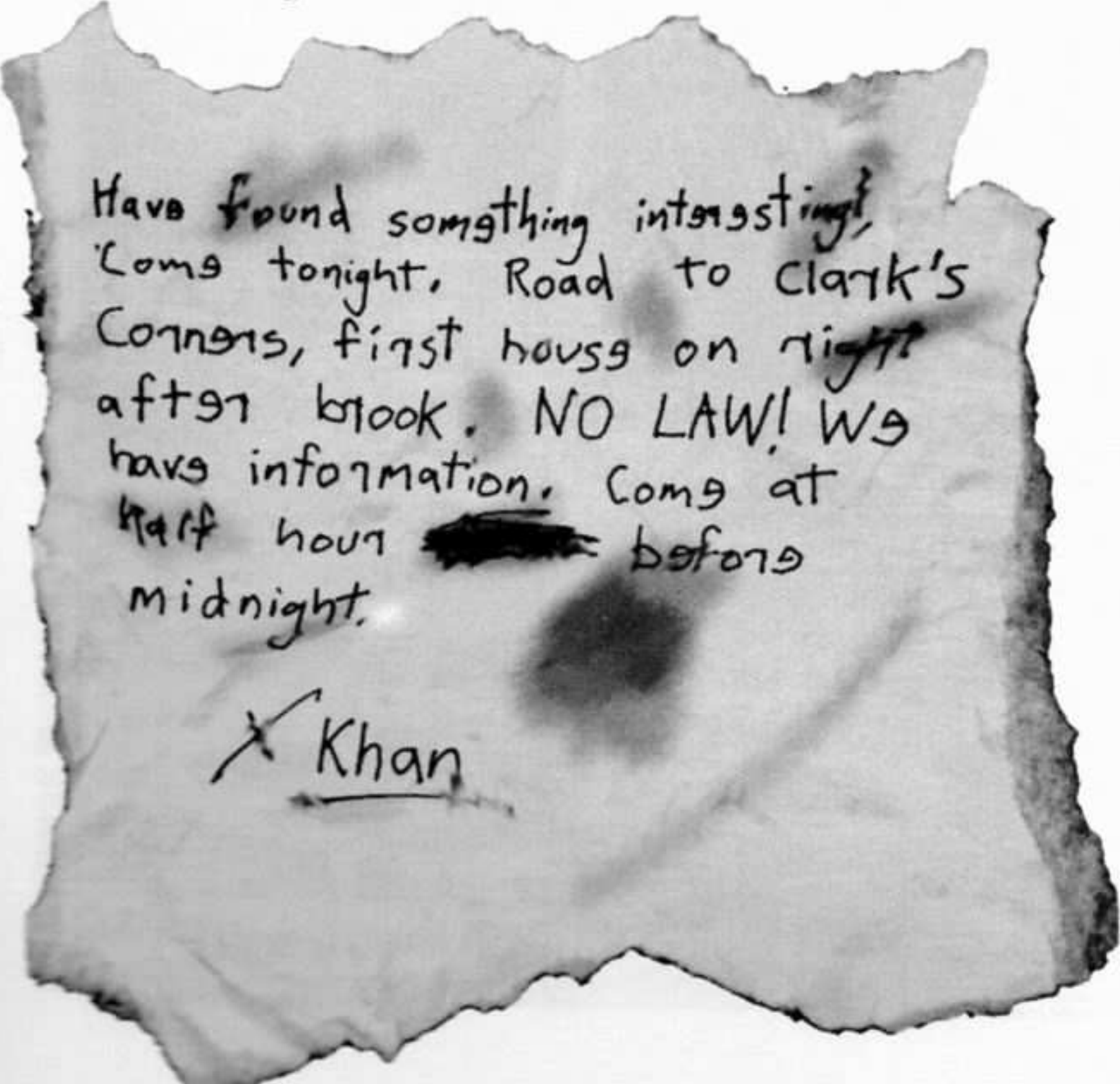
The investigators may prepare for this rendezvous however they wish. The party may understandably be a little nervous about this meeting. Despite their distrust and paranoia, the investigators should be driven on by the fact that the ghouls allowed them to leave the junkyard alive, and they may have discovered something that could help Whitcombe.

The rendezvous site is located just outside of town, where the houses thin out and the wilderness takes over. Hangman’s Brook runs to the south, alongside of which is a rundown section of Arkham. The old unused road to Clark’s Corners is now an overgrown track.

The house in question is a small, dark two-story affair that is set a good distance back from the road, barely visible in the dark of night. Several of the windows are broken, and the yard is rampant with waist-high weeds and shrubs. A misty drizzle has begun to fall, and Khan is nowhere in sight.

There is no answer to the investigators’ calls, nor any other sound from within the house. Circling the long-abandoned ruin, investigators find a back door into the kitchen. Inside, the house is littered with dirt, weeds, broken scraps of furniture, and fallen fixtures. From either the kitchen or the front entryway, a Listen roll detects the rhythmic “plip-plip” of dripping water from the adjoining room (the dining room). Peering into the darkened room, the party sees the decapitated, blood-matted corpse of the ghoul Khan, suspended upside down by his hoof-like feet from a chandelier above the dining table; the head is nowhere to be found. A

Rivals Papers #2

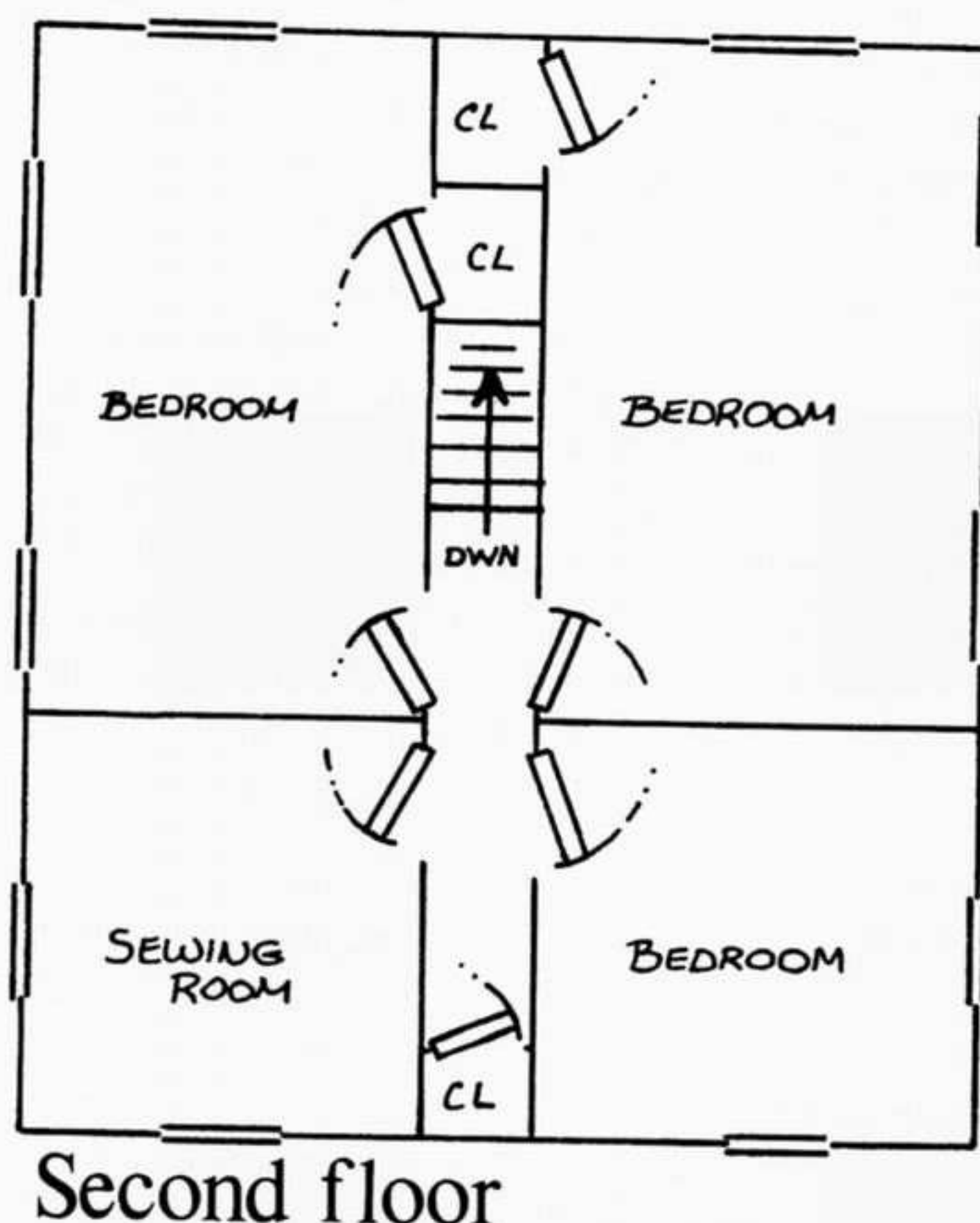
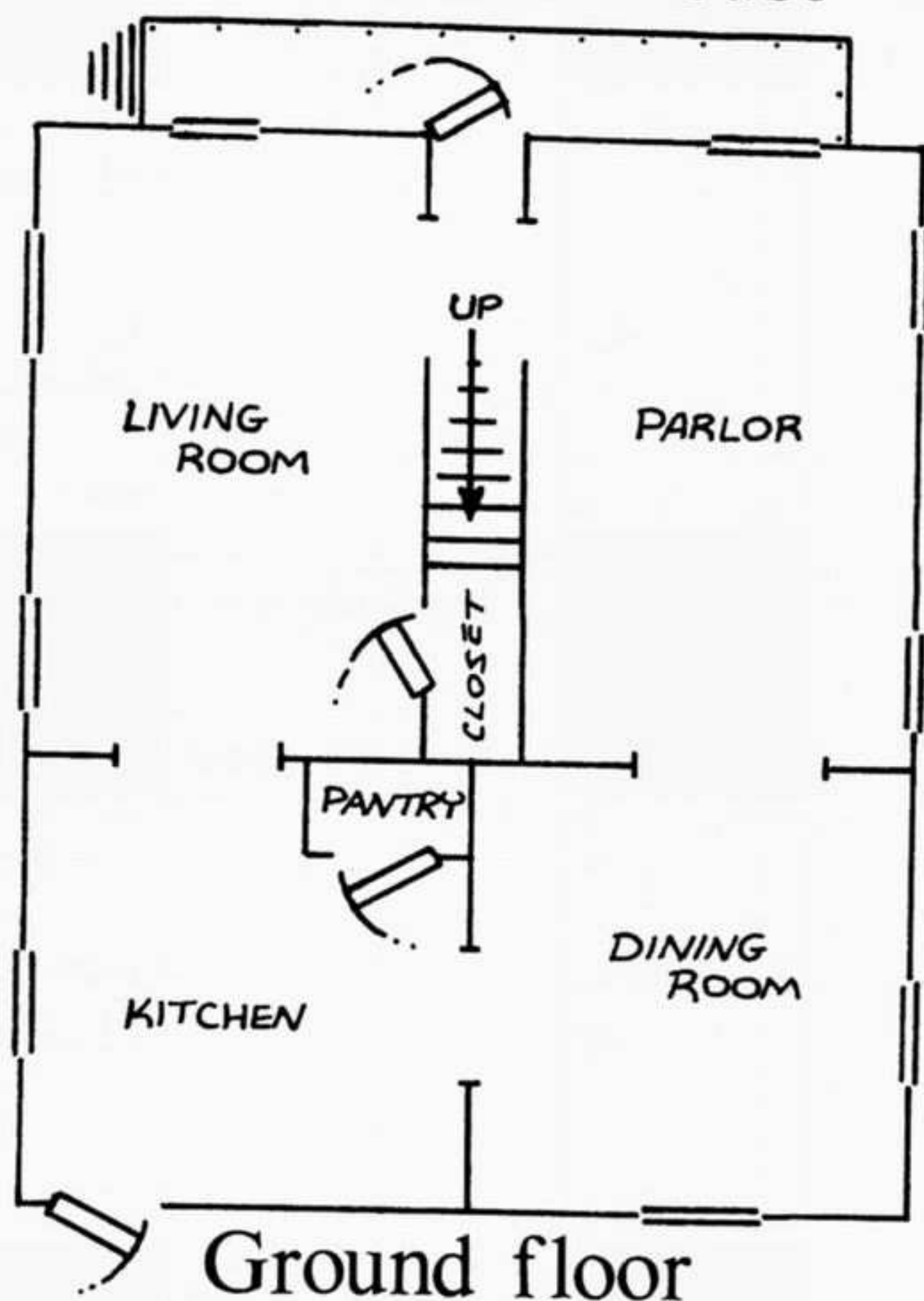


Have found something interesting!
Come tonight. Road to Clark's
Corners, first house on right
after brook. NO LAW! We
have information. Come at
half hour ~~before~~ before
midnight.

X Khan

The abandoned house

7. '94



vast pool of blood spreads thickly and stickily across the table beneath his shredded neck. Deep, oozing claw marks criss-cross the ghoul's torso. Viewing the grim tableaux of Khan's fate costs the investigators 1/1D6 points of Sanity.

A Spot Hidden roll notices what looks like a piece of yellow paper clenched tightly in the ghoul's fist. It cannot be removed without breaking Khan's thick fingers. Investigators lose 0/1 point of Sanity for hearing the fingers snap; the investigator actually doing the snapping loses 1/1D2 points. Once removed, the paper proves to be a note torn from a yellow legal pad (see *Rivals Papers #3*).

Hopefully the investigators read the note as soon as it is procured. The creature that killed Khan is still present, and it has been bound to retrieve the note. As the party reads the note or examines the dead ghoul, a Listen roll hears a furtive movement elsewhere in the house. As they move to investigate, the byakhee lurking at the top of the stairs casts a Darkness spell (described on p. 42), plunging the dining room and parts of the kitchen and entryway into utter blackness. Anyone caught within the unexpectedly darkened area loses 1/1D4 Sanity.

What follows is chaos. The specified area is utterly dark, regardless of any light sources wielded by the investigators. If any draw weapons, or start to fire them, an Idea roll reminds them that they can't see their hand in front of their face—let alone who or what they might be firing at. A further Idea roll allows an individual to eventually make his way out of the darkened area.

The byakhee takes advantage of the darkness to retrieve the note. Everyone in the room must make a halved Luck

roll; those who fail lose 0/1D2 Sanity as *something* large and powerful pushes past them, knocking them to the floor; the unseen figure has bony limbs covered with short, sparse, bristly fur. Those who fumble their rolls are clawed in the bargain, suffering minor raking wounds worth 1D10 points of damage. The holder of the note found on Khan is similarly clawed, and if the note has been read it is ripped from his grasp as well.

If the investigators attempt to attack their unseen assailant, these attacks are at 05% due to the pitch-dark, with no impales possible. If the roll falls within the normal skill percentage, it simply misses. If the roll is above the normal skill level, the would-be attacker strikes a fellow investigator for normal, non-impaling damage.

Regardless of the die rolls, the byakhee should escape the confusion in the darkened house. If necessary, it can smash through a dining room window in its flight. In any case, Listen rolls note the flap of its leathery wings as it departs.

The investigators are left to ponder what has just happened. After a few minutes, the darkness dissipates, leaving them once again with Khan's corpse. Hopefully someone should have gotten a glimpse of the note, at least. There is nothing more to be gained here, and any gunfire might have alerted the local authorities, so a hasty departure is perhaps in order.

On the way back into town, a halved Spot Hidden roll notes a hunched humanoid figure lurking in the trees alongside the road—very near the old wooded graveyard. It is a ghoul, and he has seen the investigators leaving after their rendezvous with Khan...

Shadows

The day after their meeting with Khan, the investigators may again turn to other leads, or try to contact the ghouls via messages left in the crate behind Joe's Grille, or meet with Ingram to discuss their findings in the Whitcombe case. Their more mundane inquiries proceed normally, but any attempts to contact the ghouls are fruitless.

The ghouls suspect that the investigators killed Khan. He had openly threatened them, and in turn they were seen leaving the site of his murder. The Arkham ghoul-colony, already hungering for the investigators' blood after the explosion in the junkyard, now come dangerously close to taking revenge on them. That evening several eerie events transpire, as the investigators are tailed and subtly threatened by the ghouls. A few examples are:

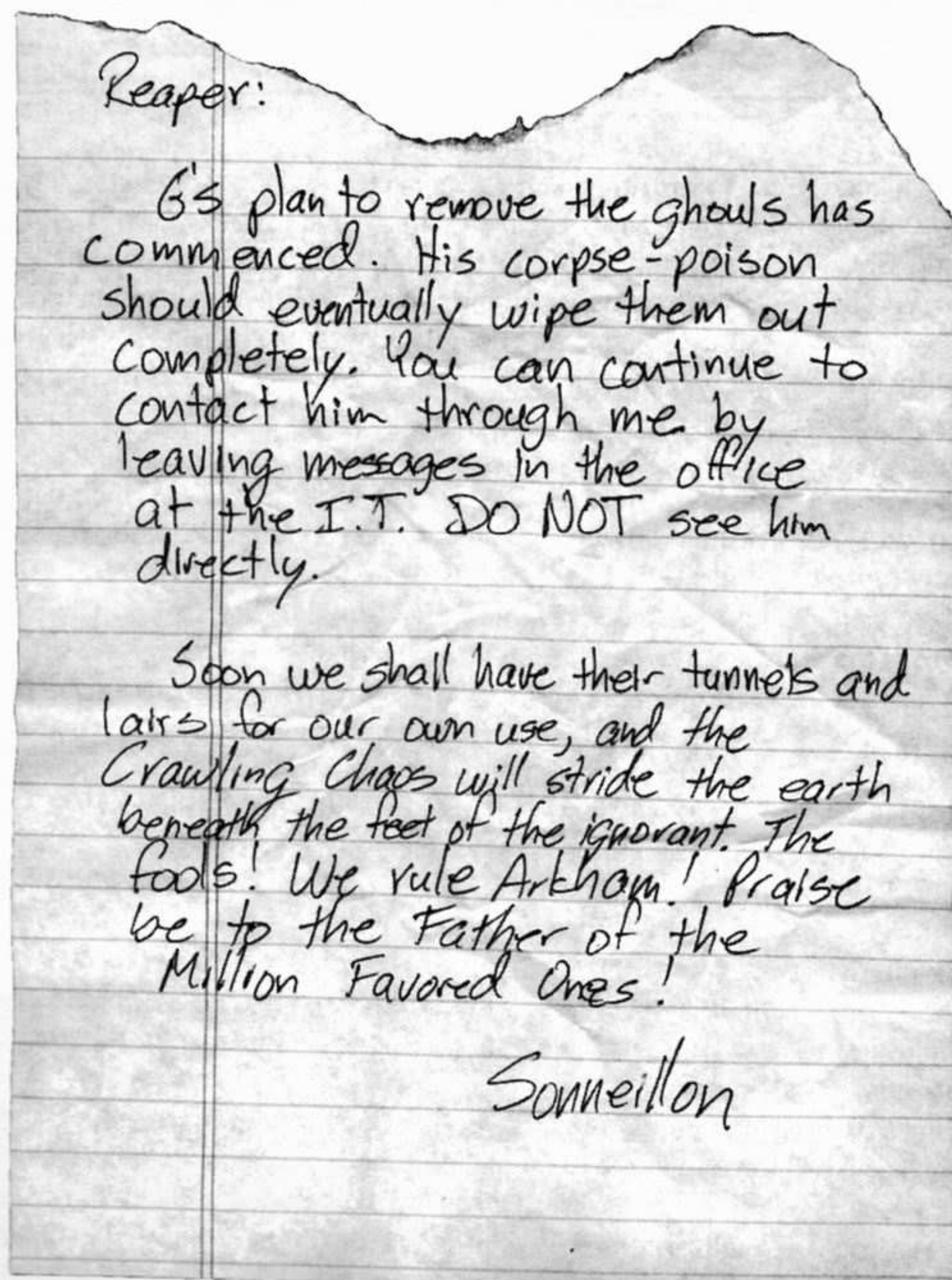
- As an investigator walks past a high hedge, Listen rolls detect someone or something shadowing him on the other side of the hedge. By the time they reach the end of the

hedge, or push their way through it, they find no one there. Spot Hidden rolls detect a faint smell of putrescence and a set of hoof-like footprints in the soil; a Cthulhu Mythos roll identifies these as ghoul spoor.

- A figure is seen lurking in an alley, or near an investigator's car. Again, Spot Hidden rolls note the foul scent and strange footprints of the ghouls.
- As one investigator enters his home or lodgings, he is assaulted by a wave of grave-stench. The smell strongly permeates his rooms, and he may think the creatures are still present. This is not the case, though Spot Hidden again discover more than one smudged muddy hoofprint on his rugs, seemingly indicating that more than one creature was here.

These ghoul presences cost 0/1D2 points of Sanity per episode (1/1D3 for the last described). The investigators should realize the ghouls are after them, and they can probably guess why. The keeper should also include a sinister situation similar to those above, only of a mundane nature: for example, a mysterious follower turns out to be Lionel Ingram or a policeman.

Rivals Papers #3



Gallows

After another day of normal inquiries and more fruitless attempts to contact the ghouls, night again falls on Arkham. With it comes the likelihood of more ghoul movements against the investigators. If the keeper desires, one or two additional events like those discussed in the previous section may occur.

One investigator receives a different variety of lurking menace, however. As he or she moves about his home that night, he passes a window and gets a glimpse of a trench-coated figure on the sidewalk outside. An Idea roll notes that it resembles the near-human ghoul Gallows. The man-ghoul makes no move to avoid scrutiny, and it seems as if he is waiting for the investigator to see him. If the investigator doesn't come outside soon, the ghoul either motions for him to do so, or approaches the house.

Gallows means no harm. He has come to warn the investigators of the ghoul-colony's enmity toward them. Many of them believe the surface-dwellers killed Khan, and the are angry and vengeful. It is up to the investigators to somehow prove they are not responsible for the poisoning of the ghouls, the attack in the junkyard, and the murder of Khan. Magellan doesn't believe they had anything to do with the poisoning, but is uncertain of the other two incidents.

When Gallows is told of the note found in Khan's paw, and of the attack by the unseen horror, he tells the investigator that Khan said

something about following someone to an old theatre on the day he was killed. Later that day Khan then asked Gallows to write the note to the investigators regarding the fateful rendezvous.

If Gallows is attacked he immediately returns to the ghoulish colony, and Magellan and the rest hunt down the investigators until they are all dead, or have left the city.

On the other hand, if the investigators learn of Khan's interest in a local theatre they should want to continue this line of inquiry. A little digging discovers that there are two theaters currently open in Arkham: the Amherst Theatre (which shows motion pictures, including talkies) and the Manley Theatre (which divides its stage time between motion pictures, vaudeville acts, and performances by the Arkham Amateur Theatre Company). With an Idea roll, however, an investigator who has been an Arkham resident for any length of time recalls an old Theatre that has been closed down for several years, the old Imperial Theatre on South Powder Mill Street; a Library Use roll might also unearth this information. A further Idea roll from anyone who read the note clutched by Khan recalls a reference to "the office at the IT"—the Imperial Theatre, perhaps?

The Imperial Theatre

The Imperial Theatre is located in the French Hill district of Arkham. Here, in a predominantly Irish part of town, some of the old houses tilt crazily over the narrow streets and alleys.

The theatre itself proves to be a three-story brick building, probably close to fifty years old. Just down the block is the rather incongruous YMCA, while directly across the street from the theatre is the infamous alley known as Orne's Gangway.

Built in 1872, the old theatre was originally a vaudeville hall for the residents of French Hill. It was also used by local groups and small touring companies as a legitimate stage when a venue smaller than that of the Manley was desired. With the coming of motion pictures the theatre installed a silver screen and attempted to convert itself into a film house. Even though the Imperial was the only motion picture house south of the river, it did not attract the patronage that the Manley and Amherst theatres did. After a small, easily-contained fire in the projection booth and a series of poorly attended shows, the Imperial went out of business and closed its doors for the last time in 1924. Since then it has sat vacant and cold, its marquee empty, viewed by all as just another faded dream.

Deep within the moldy blackness of the theatre, the Arkham coven has occasionally carried out its despicable practices since 1926. Even though the theatre provides them with everything they need fear of discovery is still a major

concern. Plus, recent talk by the Historical Society and the Chamber of Commerce indicates that there may still be uses for the old theatre. It is for these reasons that the coven wishes to secure the ghouls' domain for their own.

The Imperial Theatre has a forlorn, spectral appearance which seems to cast shadows that are darker than normal. There is a main entrance out front, and two doors can be seen on the side. A Know roll guesses that one is the side entrance to the house, while the other must be the stage door. A Spot Hidden roll notices that the stage door is open a fraction. The front and side entrances are locked tight. Either locked door can be broken into if their STR of 30 can be overcome (up to three persons can try to force the front, and two can try the side).

Once inside, the investigators are assaulted by the musty, closed-up odor of the old theatre. As they explore the darkened theatre, an EDUx4 roll picks up a smell familiar to the investigators, but faint. It seems too far away or too faint for them to identify, but it is damnably familiar.

THE GROUND FLOOR

1—LOBBY: Two dilapidated ticket booths occupy this area. The dull red carpet has torn loose in patches and is covered in stains. Its deep, dingy color reminds one of a blood clot. Ragged, yellowing handbills hang on the walls.

2—STAIRS

3—TICKET BOOTHS: These booths are only large enough for a single person. A dusty counter and cobwebbed stool are their only occupants, aside from the black, hairy spiders which nest in the corners.

4—HOUSE SEATS: These seats slope gently down toward the stage on gangrenous carpeting. Many of the seats are missing cushions while others are riddled with vermin. Gobs of grey stuffing are scattered about on the squalid floor. Hanging high above the seats are the remains of a once-brilliant chandelier.

5—BATHROOMS: The sinks and toilets are polluted with green, slimy fungus; the walls are slick with it.

6—DRESSING ROOMS: Each of these rooms contains a wardrobe, mirror, dressing table and chair, all of which are rotten and falling apart. Posters and fliers curl away from the cracked walls, many of them featuring such silent film legends as Lon Chaney (*The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, 1922) and Theron Lysander (*Leper King*, 1923). The floors are hideously stained; if closely examined, some of these stains appear to be dried blood.

7—OFFICE: This old room at one time served as the stage manager's office. All that remains is a collapsed desk and coat rack. A Spot Hidden roll made while examining the wooden floor reveals evidence of much traffic in this room from the door to the desk. In a top drawer of the desk is a yellow legal pad with the top page raggedly torn off; anyone who saw the note held by Khan recognizes that ragged edge with an Idea roll. Meanwhile, a larger bottom desk

38 – Dead Reckonings

drawer is found to contain four black velvet robes with heavy hoods. Beneath the robes are several unused squat candles of a repulsive yellow color.

As the investigators reach these rooms and get closer to the stage, the undefinable smell becomes stronger. An EDUx3 roll now identifies it as the stench of putrefaction and decay. It seems to be emanating from beneath the stage.

8—STAGE CONTROL PANEL: This cobwebbed panel at one time controlled the curtains, lights, sandbags, etc. It is covered with dozens of pale, scurrying spiders. A Mechanical Repair roll allows the levers to operate the sandbags and curtain, but the other switches and controls require electricity.

9—STAGE: The stage has a central trapdoor, along with two others backstage. All lead down to the basement, though only one has stairs. The stage itself is of buckled wood. Frames line the sides where the motion picture screen once hung. The remains of a recently-made chalk diagram can be discovered in the middle of the stage, which an Occult roll identifies as being used for summoning, binding, and banishing. Further examination of the stage notes a great many bloodstains and perhaps a shoe or remnant of clothing.

10—STAGE DOOR OFFICE: Empty.

11—WARDROBE DEPARTMENT: The wardrobe contains only a few roach-infested boxes, a worthless sewing machine, and two dressmaker's mannequins.

SECOND FLOOR

1—BOX SEATS: Each private box has seating for four. If more than 25 SIZ points are placed upon the floor of any box, a loud popping and cracking noise erupts. DEXx4 rolls allow everyone to get out of the box before it crashes into the house below. Damage from falling onto the seats below is 2D6+2. A Luck roll halves any damage from the fall.

2—BALCONY & PROJECTION ROOM: The balcony seats are similar to those in the house. At the rear of the area is a projectionist's booth. All of the equipment is gone, and the walls have been completely burnt; dirt, a proliferation of spiders, and the stale reek of smoke occupy the booth now.

3—PROP ROOM: This room holds rotten furniture, a few odds and ends, and a box or two of old props. Searching through this stuff disturbs layers of dust, not to mention a horde of cockroaches and centipedes. Wormy canes, crumpled hats, cloaks, and other useless junk can be found in the boxes.

4—REHEARSAL ROOM: This room was used for rehearsing lines and scenes. The sole piece of furniture is an ugly plaid couch with no cushions. A metal-runged ladder is set into the wall, leading up through a trapdoor into the scaffolding.

5—STORAGE: Empty.

6—WORKSHOP: Wooden workbenches line the walls and pegs indicate where tools were kept at one time, but the room is now empty.

THIRD FLOOR (SCAFFOLDING)

1—WING PERCH: This small platform has no railings and is big enough for only two people. It connects directly to the scaffolding and catwalks above the stage.

2—SCAFFOLDING: Comprised of a series of connected planks, the scaffolding is 35 feet above the stage, and was originally used for raising and lowering scenery, special effects, and so on. The planking is very narrow and has no rails. They are also extremely weak, snapping and cracking if more than 25 SIZ points are placed upon them. Moving across them requires a DEXx4 roll to avoid falling. If the roll fails, a Luck roll allows the investigator to grab another plank or a nearby rope. A fall to the stage causes 3D6+3 damage.

3—WATCH ROOMS: Both of these rooms are caked with dust. Each can hold only two people at once. The front is covered by a knee-high partition. Like the scaffolding, these rooms were used for observation, creating sound effects, etc. The floors in either room will collapse if subjected to more than 25 SIZ points worth of pressure, resulting in a fall and 3D6+3 damage.

4—STORAGE: Empty.

BASEMENT

1—MAIN BASEMENT: The smell of putrefaction is staggering in this enclosed space. Dangerous-looking wooden stairs lead up to the backstage area. The remaining two trapdoors are simple hinged affairs that swing downward. The floor of the basement has been inscribed in a fashion similar to the stage markings. However, an Occult roll shows that there are obvious differences in the designs and symbols. This diagram is used for summoning something of immense power, unlike the one above, which was used for minor magicks.

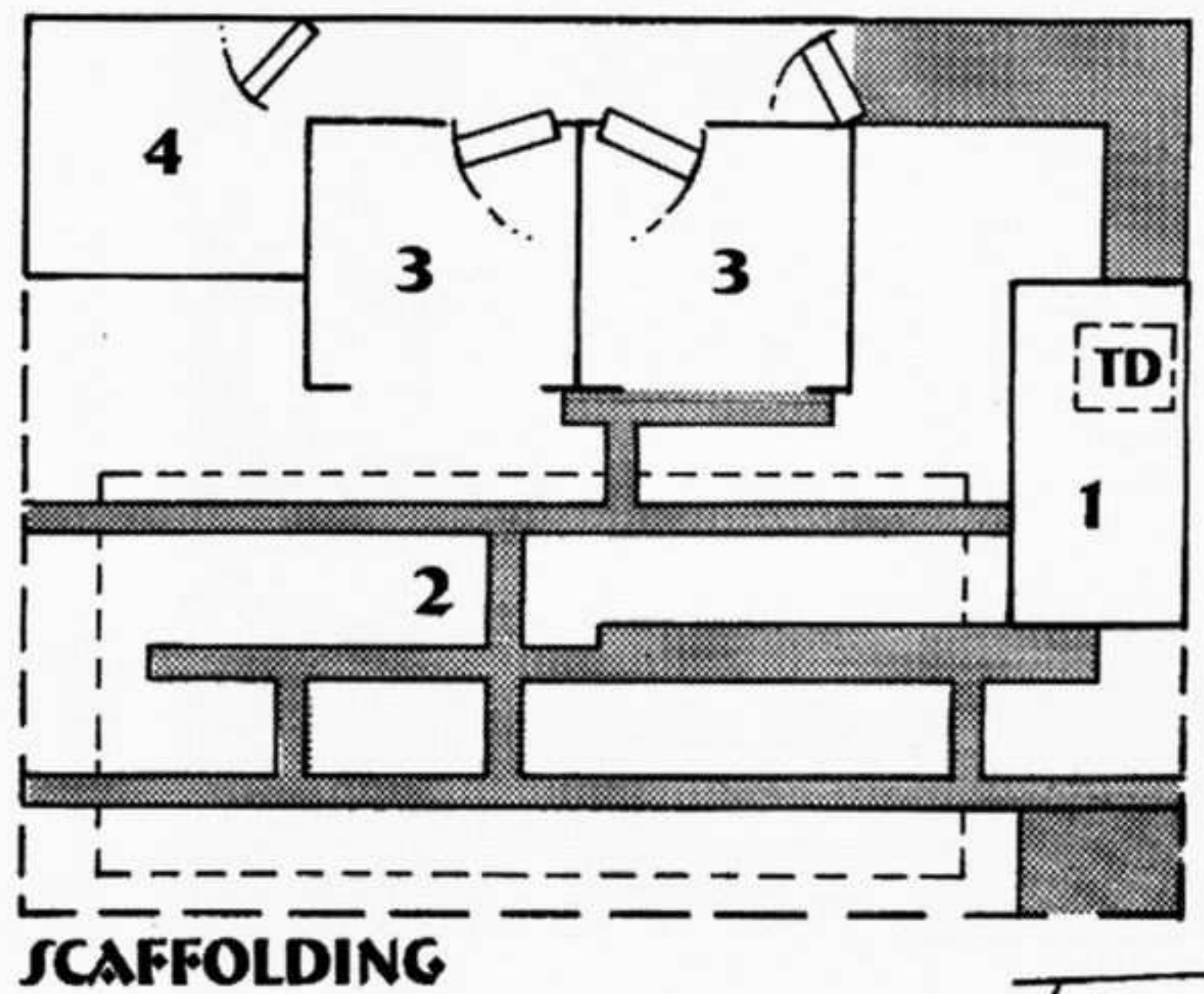
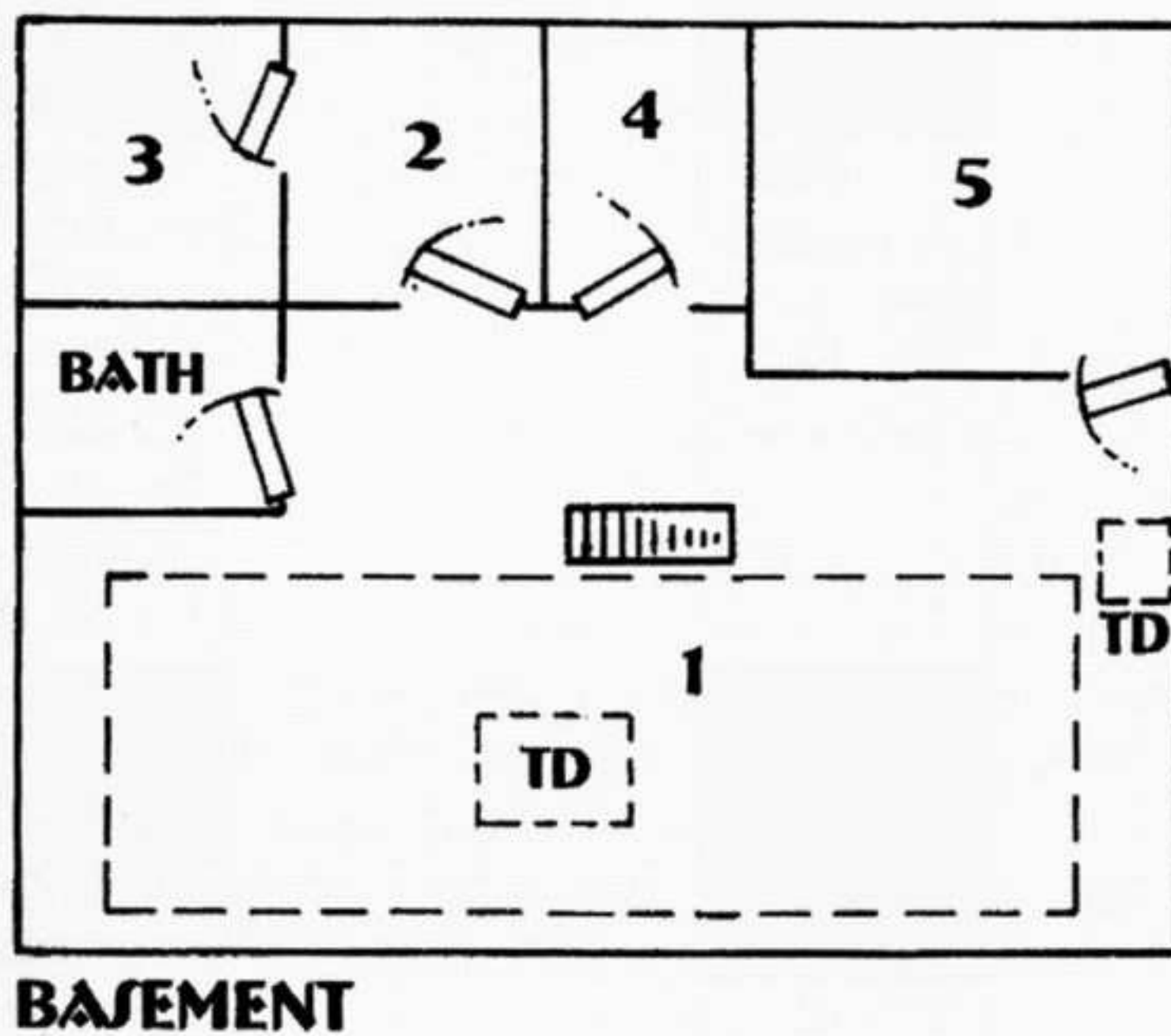
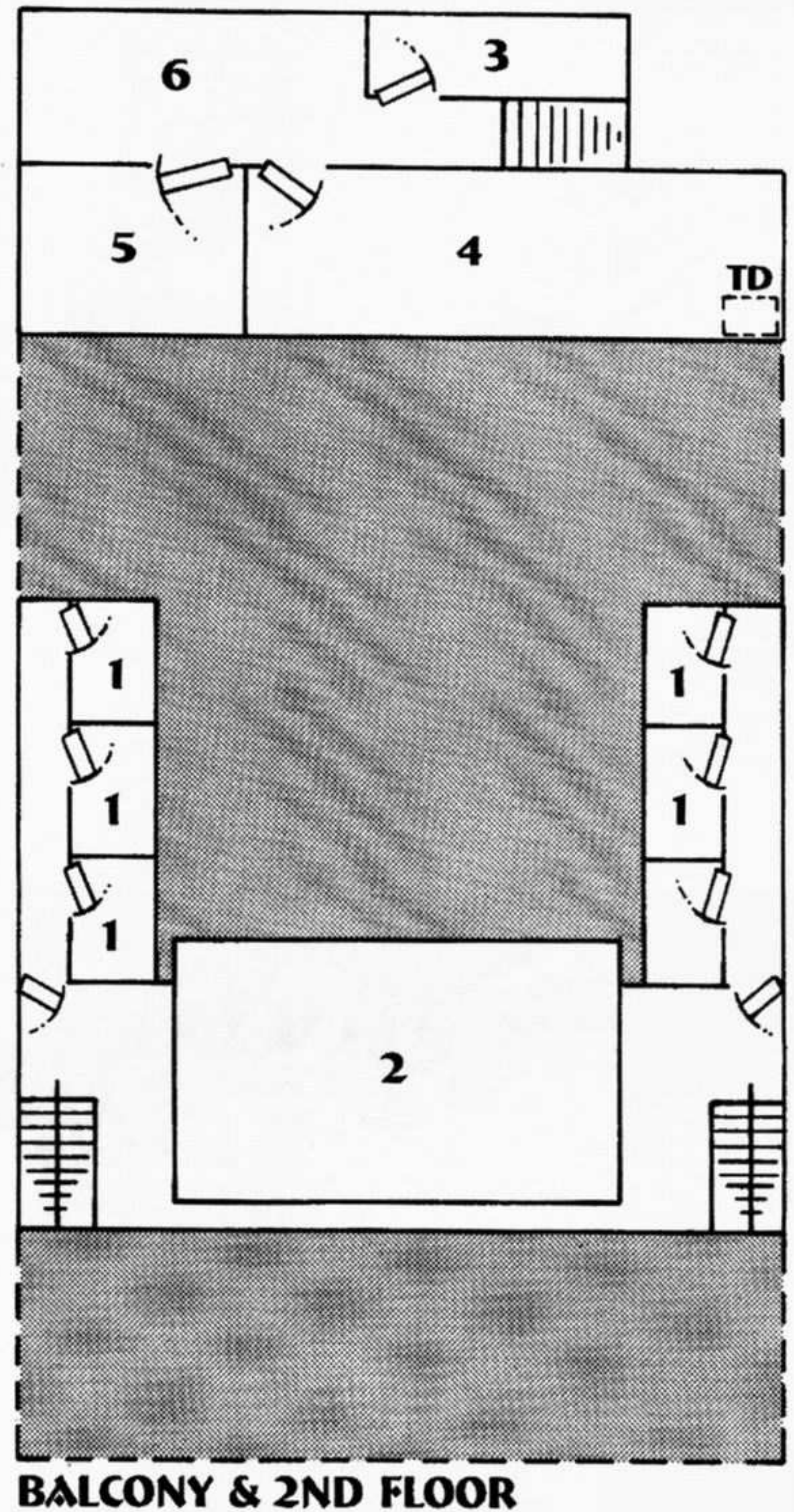
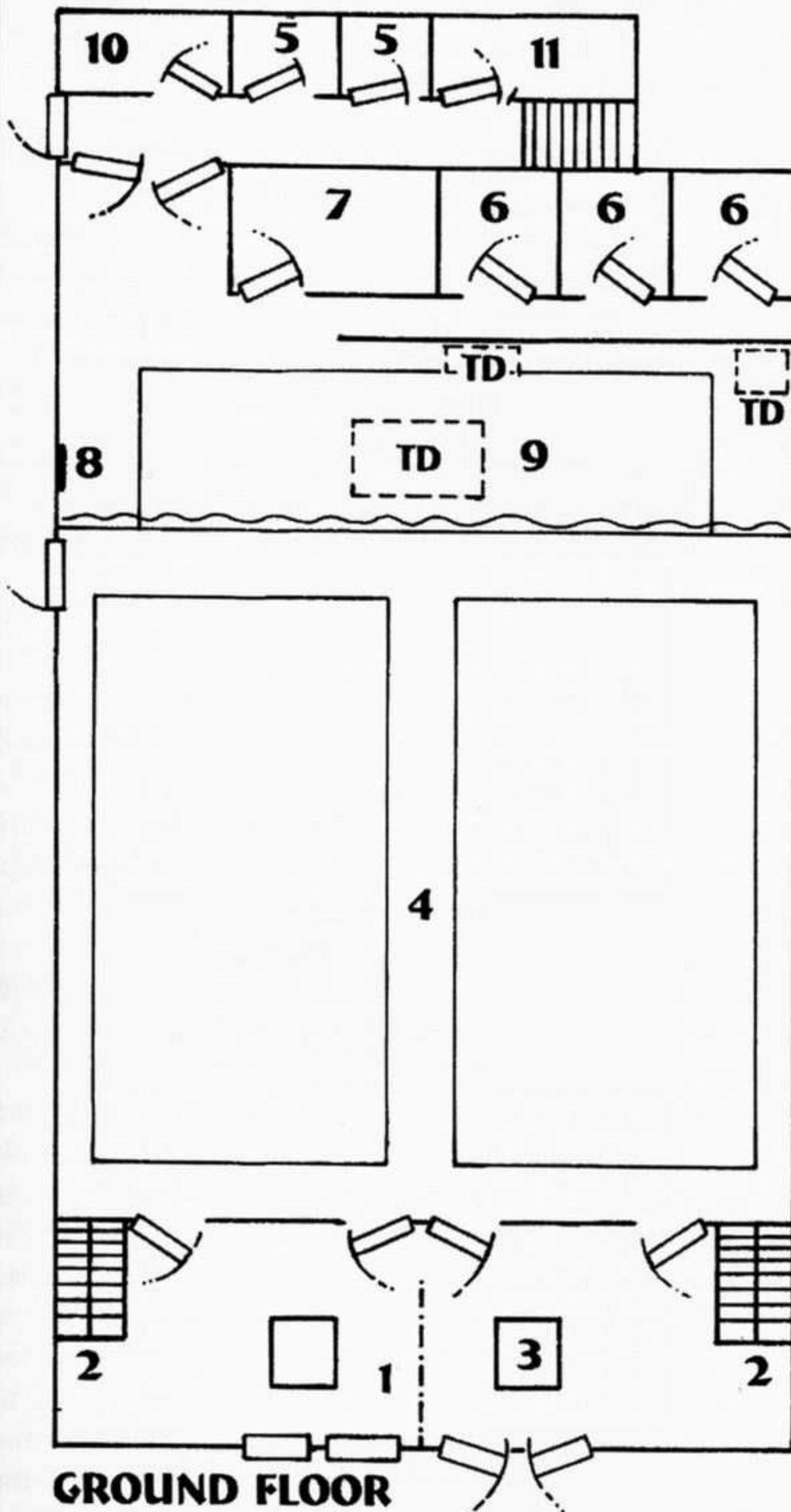
In the far corner beneath the stage, a circular opening in the floor can be seen. It is about four feet in diameter and crudely cut into the floor. Approaching it requires a successful CONx3 roll to avoid being sick, as the gut-churning stench of rot flows from it. Peering into the pit, investigators can see several corpses floating in scummy, maggot-filled water some 20 feet down. There are three or four adult corpses, and perhaps twice that many children and babies. This is where the coven disposes of its sacrificial victims. Anyone peering into this vile pit loses 1/1D6+2 points of Sanity.

2—WORKROOM: The only piece of furniture here is a worm-eaten wardrobe. Inside are several dozen crimson robes. They are in excellent condition and are definitely not theatre props.

3—REHEARSAL ROOM: This room contains a wardrobe, desk, and two crippled chairs. The wardrobe holds nine black hooded robes identical to the ones in the office upstairs. In the bottom of the wardrobe is a large ceremonial dagger, stained with blood.

The desk has three drawers, all unlocked. The first holds the four bottles of poison taken from the mortuary. The sec-

IMPERIAL THEATRE





THE LURKING BYAKHEE

and contains two pair of black leather gloves and a key ring with two keys. These keys unlock the doors to the mortuary and chemical cabinet. The third drawer holds a loaded .38 revolver as well as a box containing 18 bullets.

4—DRESSING ROOM: Cobwebs fill this room, giving it the appearance of being drowned in gauze. There are a few empty cartons in the far corner, and anyone moving to inspect them should be harassed by lightning-quick spiders plopping on them and darting over their clothes.

5—FURNACE: The massive black furnace stands dormant in here. It has long since fallen into disrepair. A few bits of metal lie around, as do stray bolts and buckets of cobwebs.

Horror in the Theatre

When the investigators arrive at the theatre, Reaper and Sonneillon are there. They are hiding at various places in the theatre, perhaps on the scaffolding, among the house seats, or beneath the stage. The keeper should place them so as to help sustain the tension and suspense. The cultists have planned their attacks carefully, so they are likely to try and catch the investigators by surprise with garrotes, knives, falling objects, etc. They resort to gunplay only as a last resort.

In addition to these cult servants, there are two bound byakhee in the theatre. They respond to any commands given by Reaper or Sonneillon. If either cultist is killed, one byakhee is freed from its binding and may act in accordance with its own wishes. Like the servants, the byakhee are at the keeper's disposal to use for maximum atmosphere and thrills. Dangerous and highly cunning, the byakhee favor guerilla tactics among the theatre's shadows. One of these creatures was responsible for the attack on Khan and the investigators, and it uses its Darkness spell to aid in the assault on the intruders.

As long as they are bound, the byakhee can be ordered to fight to the death. The cultists fight diligently, but if things begin to look bad, they try to engage the investigators with the byakhee and sneak away. If either of the servants get away, the coven is informed of the investigators' meddlings. The repercussions of this are beyond the scope of this adventure, and are left for the individual keeper to deal with.

If the tide of battle is going poorly for the investigators, the keeper may bring in several of Magellan's tribe. They should not fight the battle for the investigators, but may be used to even the odds. The brunt of the battle should still fall upon the investigators. To make matters worse, without Magellan's direct influence there is nothing to keep the ghouls from attacking the investigators. If the ghouls are used, they do not, under any circumstances, try to take the coven servants alive.

Conclusions and Rewards

If the investigators win the final battle in the theatre, they can present their information to Lionel Ingram and the police. In any event, it is likely that they will inform the police about the corpses and cult items in the theatre, since that in itself may help solve several cases. If they were involved in the theatre battle, the ghouls carry away their own dead, while any dead byakhee simmer and bubble into gelatinous pools of greenish bile. Only sticky residue remains of the latter by the time the police arrive.

Magellan arrives before the police do, and tells the investigators that the alliance between them is no more. Many of the ghouls will glare and hiss at the investigators, still believing they were responsible in some way. Feelings of hate are strong. The keeper should strive to show that man and ghoul can do little more than grudgingly co-exist. Magellan says he knows of the distrust, hatred, and disgust they have for his tribe, but they have helped to prove that no one may decide the fate of another, regardless of what habits or tastes they possess. Almost smugly, the ghoul chieftain informs them that they have helped prove that his tribe has just as much right to exist as the investigators. With that he leaps away into the rainy night. His tribe follows, growling out promises of death should their existence be compromised.

By now the investigators should have enough evidence to present in Brady Whitcombe's defense: the hair from the mortuary, the discrepancy in the blood sample, the theft of the poison (found in the theatre in the possession of an abominable cult), the gloves, and the keys. Keep in mind that the investigators do not have to prove who killed Grescht—they only have to find some evidence that sheds reasonable doubt on Brady Whitcombe's case.

The police will have many questions for the investigators. Detective Harden is not pleased about any byakhee remains, gunplay, or the suggestion of ghouls; he is especially unhappy about being dragged out of bed to come down to the old theatre, and he loudly harasses the investigators—until he is shown the sacrificial pit. He mumbles something about this discovery closing up a lot of files, and about being glad he isn't the one to have to clean it out tomorrow morning.

If one of the coven servants is captured, he is taken to the police station for interrogation. The servant won't tell anything, of course, but the coven intervenes just to make sure. The police find the cultist dead in his cell the next morning: he has hung himself. If both servants escaped, bear in mind that they have been watching the investigators throughout this scenario, and know who they are and where they live. Further encounters with the coven are extremely likely in this case. Since the coven is deliberately kept vague here, the keeper may launch an extended campaign against them, or use this to merely hint at the darker horrors lurking in the shadows of Arkham.

With the new evidence presented to the police and legal authorities, Brady Whitcombe's case goes to a preliminary hearing. The judge rules that there is sufficient evidence for

a jury trial, which is then scheduled to be held in three weeks. At the keeper's discretion, the investigators may be required to testify at the hearing. The outcome of the trial—and Whitcombe's fate—is left to the keeper. Due to the proliferation of circumstantial evidence, it is recommended that he be found not guilty, due to reasonable doubt.

If Whitcombe is cleared of Grescht's murder, each investigator earns a 2D6 Sanity reward. If, for some reason, Whitcombe is found guilty, each investigator receives only 1D6 Sanity points. The capture of at least one of the coven servants earns each investigator an additional 1D4 points of Sanity. Another 1D4 Sanity bonus should be awarded for disrupting the coven's plot and revealing their meeting place.

The discovery of the coven's sacrificial pit clears up several long-standing missing persons cases in Arkham and nearby towns. The investigators' role in uncovering this terrible secret nets them 1D6 Credit Rating points, and the respect of many long-suffering law enforcement officials.

Statistics

DETECTIVE LUTHER HARDEN, irascible police detective

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

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 35%, damage 1D6+db

Grapple 55%, damage special

.45 revolver 65%, 1D10+2

Skills: Dodge 65%, Drive Automobile 50%, Fast Talk 65%, First Aid 55%, Hide 70%, Law 35%, Library Use 25%, Listen 65%, Persuade 65%, Psychology 65%, Sneak 45%, Spot Hidden 55%.

MAGELLAN, ghoul leader

STR 14 CON 14 SIZ 17 INT 15 POW 15
DEX 15 APP 5 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claws 30%, damage 1D6+db

Bite 30%, damage 1D6+automatic worry

Armor: Firearms and projectiles do half damage.

Skills: Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Hide 60%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%, Persuade 30%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6.

GALLOWS, humanoid ghoul

STR 14 CON 10 SIZ 15 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 10 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Claws 30%, damage 1D6+db

Bite 30%, damage 1D6+automatic worry

Armor: Firearms and projectiles do half damage.

Skills: Burrow 60%, Bargain 20%, Climb 80%, Fast Talk 15%, Hide 55%, Jump 75%, Listen 70%, Persuade 20%, Scent Decay 50%, Sneak 70%, Spot Hidden 50%, Track 18%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D3.

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KHAN, huge ghoul

STR 22 CON 18 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 15 APP 3 HP 18

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Claws 50%, damage 1D6+db
Bite 40%, damage 1D6+automatic worry

Armor: Firearms and projectiles do half damage.

Skills: Burrow 75%, Climb 85%, Hide 60%, Jump 83%, Listen 70%, Scent Decay 65%, Sneak 80%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6.

MISCELLANEOUS GHOULS (Leechbile, Ye'pek, Gib'garst, Bloodtik, Ivan, Wyar, Charon, Pusjaw, Tansore, Dak'bej)

	#1	#2	#3	#4	#5
STR	13	16	13	18	20
CON	8	14	15	14	18
SIZ	12	15	12	14	16
INT	16	15	13	14	16
POW	13	13	12	9	15
DEX	10	15	11	12	11
HP	10	15	14	14	17
DB	+D4	+D4	+D4	+D4	+D6

	#6	#7	#8	#9	#10
STR	12	19	11	18	17
CON	13	14	12	12	12
SIZ	12	15	9	15	11
INT	15	16	11	9	15
POW	11	10	9	15	11
DEX	10	12	14	9	15
HP	13	15	11	14	12
DB	—	+D6	—	+D6	+D4

Weapons: Claws 30%, damage 1D6+db
Bite 30%, damage 1D6+automatic worry

Armor: Firearms and projectiles do half damage.

Sanity Loss: 0/1D6

REAPER (TROY PARKER), age 34, handyman and coven servant

STR 17 CON 15 SIZ 16 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 13 APP 12 EDU 13 SAN 23 HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 84%, damage 1D3+db
Kick 42%, damage 1D6+db
Head butt 25%, damage 1D4+db
Grapple 55%, damage special

.45 automatic 47%, damage 1D10+2

Knife 33%, damage 1D4+db

Skills: Climb 60%, Conceal 30%, Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Dodge 33%, Electrical Repair 25%, Hide 25%, Jump 39%, Listen 40%, Mechanical Repair 35%, Occult 12%, Persuade 30%, Sneak 24%, Spot Hidden 54%, Throw 47%.

SONNEILLON (ERIC MICHELE), age 30, hospital orderly and coven servant

STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 15 EDU 15 SAN 55 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D4.

Weapons: Fist/Punch 58%, damage 1D3+db

Kick 30%, damage 1D6+db

Grapple 33%, damage special

.38 revolver 40%, damage 1D10

Skills: Bargain 25%, Conceal 22%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, Fast Talk 55%, First Aid 45%, Hide 20%, Library Use 42%, Listen 40%, Occult 8%, Persuade 60%, Psychology 24%, Sneak 20%, Spot Hidden 43%.

BYAKHEE #1

STR 22 CON 12 SIZ 23 INT 9 POW 13
DEX 14 Move 5/20 flying HP 18

Damage Bonus: +2D6.

Weapons: Claw 35%, damage 1D6+db

Bite 35%, damage 1D6+blood drain

Armor: 2 points of fur and tough hide.

Spells: Darkness*.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6.

* The Darkness spell acts exactly as the Dampen Light spell on page 152 of 5th edition Call of Cthulhu, with the following exceptions: it costs 2 Magic Points per yard radius of darkness; no musical accompaniment is required; and the spell must be cast in a given area, rather than on the caster (so the darkened area does not move). The darkness lasts 1D3 rounds per Magic Point expended.

BYAKHEE #2

STR 20 CON 13 SIZ 17 INT 13 POW 11
DEX 17 Move 5/20 flying HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1D6.

Weapons: Claw 35%, damage 1D6+db

Bite 35%, damage 1D6+blood drain

Armor: 2 points of fur and tough hide.

Skills: Listen 50%, Spot Hidden 50%.

Sanity Loss: 1/1D6. ■





BEHOLD THE MOTHER

Of the degenerative blasphemies that still bubble forth from Dunwich.

Also, Shub-Niggurath and her favorite daughter.

This scenario takes place in the witch-haunted city of Arkham, with the possibility of a short excursion to the nearby village of Dunwich. Like other scenarios in this book, it is nominally set in the year 1928, though that date may be changed provided that the fixed chronology of events is maintained.

"Behold the Mother" is the story of how one normal seeming person, Miriam Hetfield, can maintain deep secrets of the mythos, hidden even from herself. It also tells of one of the corrupt mythos worshipers of Dunwich, and that which she brings into our world.

Keeper's Information

Miriam Hetfield was born in Dunwich in 1907, one of a pair of twins, her deformed brother sprouting from her back. The vile atrophy was removed from Miriam soon after birth, but unknown to all save Miriam's insane mother Hilary Hetfield, the twin survived, kept hidden in the Hetfields' attic; Miriam remained unaware of the thing's survival, though it frequently surfaced in her nightmares.

Miriam's mother was a cultist of Shub-Niggurath, and had worked toward this twinned birth for many years. Hilary Hetfield had read of how the Black Goat might spawn a child through human interaction, a child that could in turn father a new goddess of rot and decay, a goddess to guide the world toward the return of the Great Old Ones. Hilary impregnated herself in an obscene ritual and gave birth to her Siamese twins. The good—and not so good—folk of Dunwich thought little of another out of wedlock pregnancy within their midst, a common enough occurrence in the decayed backwoods village.

Miriam's twin still lives, a twisted mockery of malice and scar tissue. Too warped to be called human, the Creature has grown to a ghastly approximation of adulthood, with lusts nurtured among the cobwebs and mold of its attic confines. Its mother is now mad, and has been for many years, her mind sacrificed to a higher purpose—the service of the Black Goat Goddess. Hilary and the Creature live together in the decaying Dunwich home, waiting for the birth foretold many centuries ago, which they had now engineered. Until recently Miriam Hetfield had lived there also, caring for her debilitated mother but unaware of her monstrous still-living twin.

Six months ago the deformed Creature broke out of attic and raped Miriam, an event so painful and horrifying that it drove Miriam mad. She ran shrieking into the night, her

mind shattered. The young woman who had been Miriam Hetfield soon found herself in Arkham, her memory gone, a new personality created to block out the trauma she had suffered. So Miriam Hetfield became Hannah Pickering. She found herself a home and a job, and began to create a past for herself.

The horrors she had suffered were not yet ended, however. The attack and rape had made Miriam pregnant, as "Hannah" soon began to realize. This knowledge would have destroyed Hannah's chaste new personality, so she allowed Miriam to surface whenever her impending birth threatened Hannah's artificial safety.

Miriam-Hannah began leading two separate lives to suit her two personalities. By day she was Hannah Pickering, a quiet, pretty typist who happened to live in an apartment below one of the investigators (thus introducing them to the mystery—see "Meeting Hannah Pickering," below). After work each day Miriam then began to surface, and by the time she had made her way to her own apartment it was Miriam who was in full control. Miriam's mind was irrevocably twisted, however, and when her personality was dominant she subjected herself to lewd and degrading behavior in order to subdue the guilt she suffered from her rape and pregnancy. Even her never-ending parade of sexual partners could not assuage the hideous memory of the attack, and of the horrible thing which had raped her.

The unnatural child growing within Miriam-Hannah gradually began to exert its influence over her. In her last few days Hannah's behavior became increasingly erratic. Finally, during the dark of the moon, she was forced out of Arkham, toward the lonely country near Meadow Hill and the Arkham city dump. In its urgency to be born the Spawn clawed its way out of Miriam-Hannah, killing her. It then made its way toward the nearest body of water, a low-lying flooded section of the nearby dump. Shortly afterward police discovered the mangled remains of Miriam-Hannah; the authorities had been contacted by motorists who had seen and nearly struck a seemingly-delirious woman north of town.

Now the Spawn grows and waits to ascend to godhood. Meanwhile, in a dream, Miriam's mad mother Hilary Hetfield becomes aware of the thing's birth. She soon leaves Dunwich to come to Arkham, to conduct the ceremony which will trigger the final transformation of the goddess-to-be. Miriam's twisted twin is left behind, perhaps to confront the investigators when they arrive in Dunwich to look into Miriam-Hannah's tragic past. Hilary's final rite

involves not only the Spawn, but Shub-Niggurath herself, who will hasten the child's metamorphosis into the vile Mother of Pus. If the investigators cannot stop the ritual, perhaps with information found in the crumbling Dunwich home of the Hetfields, then a new horror will be unleashed upon the world, and the time of the Great Old Ones' awakening will be that much closer.

CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS

FEBRUARY 1, 1907: Strange flames are seen and horrid screams heard in the hills above Dunwich on this night. Hilary Hetfield summons Shub-Niggurath and becomes pregnant with twins. She has labored toward this event for years.

OCTOBER 31, 1907: Miriam Hetfield and her twin are born in Dunwich. "Doc" Tucker Jones supervises the birth, and operates to remove that which grows from Miriam's back. Both Miriam and the Creature grow to adulthood over the next 20 years. Miriam is unaware that her brother still lives, kept alive by Hilary, whose mental condition deteriorates with the passing seasons. Town gossips spread rumors about Miriam's unknown father.

NOVEMBER 15, 1927: During a thunderstorm the Creature escapes from the attic and rapes its sister. Miriam is driven mad by the attack, and is impregnated. She flees to Arkham.

DECEMBER 1927: The shock of what has befallen her splits Miriam's personality into two separate entities. The chaste Hannah Pickering begins to dominate, and soon Miriam is submerged and forgotten by her new personality. She creates a new life for herself over the following months.

FEBRUARY 1928: Miriam surfaces when Hannah realizes she is pregnant. Soon she is living a double life to deal with the urges of her split personality. By day she is Hannah, quiet and demure, and quite unaware of her pregnancy or even of Hannah's existence. By night she becomes mad Miriam, stalking Arkham's streets looking for men.

APRIL 15, 1928: In the middle of the night the Spawn growing within Miriam-Hannah takes control of her mind and forces her away from other people. On the outskirts of Arkham it tears itself free of her body and crawls to the nearby Arkham dump, where it begins its metamorphosis toward godhood. When Hannah-Miriam's body is found, it is assumed she has been murdered. At the same time, in Dunwich, Hilary Hetfield becomes psychically aware of the Spawn's birth. She leaves for Arkham to assist in the final transformation. Abandoned, Miriam's monstrous twin breaks free of its home and begins feeding on small animals in the immediate vicinity. The investigators become involved in the scenario today.

APRIL 16, 1928: News of Hannah's pregnancy becomes widely known, as does the fact the fetus is missing. The Spawn reaches out with its mind, calling food to it. In Dunwich, the remains of the Creature's meals are found, causing unrest. Rumors of a new Horror are whispered by nervous Dunwich residents.

APRIL 17, 1928: Tonight, unless the investigators can prevent it, the Spawn transforms to goddesshood, thanks to a ritual carried out by Hilary Hetfield. Several ways to prevent this are described in the scenario.

THE SPAWN

The thing begat upon Miriam Hetfield by her demented and deformed twin is no ordinary monster. Hilary Hetfield, the insane mother of the twins, had practiced dark sorcery to beget her children, becoming fertilized by Shub-Niggurath Herself in a blasphemous ritual held in the woods beyond Dunwich many years ago. Hilary's demented ego drove her to receive the dark blessing of the Outer Goddess and, via her children, to enact a prophecy which heralds the end of the world.

For the five months that it grows within Miriam-Hannah the Spawn gains little in size save for a final spurt, but its alien intellect develops at a phenomenal rate. By the time of its birth, the Spawn is strong enough to control the mind of its unwilling mother. The day after its birth the Spawn begins psychically calling prey to itself, feeding on the small animals it draws to itself. The Spawn does not physically devour its food, but drains creatures of their animating energy (POW), leaving behind withered, dessicated husks.

Until a final ritual is performed over the Spawn, it cannot achieve godhood. Prior to that stage the Spawn concentrates on its physical development. At its birth on the 15th, the Spawn is the size of a large grapefruit, its pulpy flaccid body equipped with numerous tentacles, some grasping, others ending in hooked claws. It was with these that the Spawn tore its way out of its mother, killing her. Several of the remaining organs became entangled with the Spawn and remained stuck when it crawled away from the corpse. It made its way to the nearest body of water, a flooded section of the nearby dump, where it slowly grows. By the 16th its repulsive, liquescent form covers the bottom of the stagnant pool, immersed in slime and stinking mud. It has developed eyes and is growing mouths and more writhing tentacles. On the 17th its growth is complete. Then it awaits its grandmother's transforming song—and the presence of Shub-Niggurath—to usher it into godhood. Thereafter it shall be known as the Mother of Pus, one of the harbingers of the last days of the world.

Involving the Investigators

This scenario begins with the murder of Hannah Pickering early on the morning of April 15th, 1928. Hannah Pickering should be introduced to the investigators well before her grisly death, so that the event is all the more dramatic and gives the investigators more reason to look into her demise. The easiest way to do this is to have Hannah live in an apartment in the same building as one or more of the investigators. This way she can be introduced with a minimum of effort, perhaps bumped into on the stairs by the investigators in their day to day life, over a few game months. Making such a character so real and yet mundane accentuates the effect of her death when it occurs.

MEETING HANNAH PICKERING

One of the investigators who lives in an apartment building or boarding house has a neighbor on the floor below named Hannah Pickering. Her name is on a mailbox near the investigator's own. The investigator should ideally have two or three short encounters with Hannah, bumping into her on the stairs in the morning, going out to collect the mail, and so on, before her death occurs. She is most often encountered before she leaves for work, at Willis, Wormwood, and Scrubb in East Curwen Street, where she works as a typist.

Hannah is a small slim woman, a few months short of 21. She has long blonde hair instead of the more fashionable bob-cut, and is somewhat shy, rarely looking directly at anyone, and even then usually through a curtain of hair. Her left shoulder is slightly higher than her right and she walks with a slight limp, favoring her right leg. Hannah dresses nicely, but modestly, in respectable clothes of drab color, and cannot be engaged in flirtatious conversations by forward young men. Such behavior causes her to blush and walk primly away.

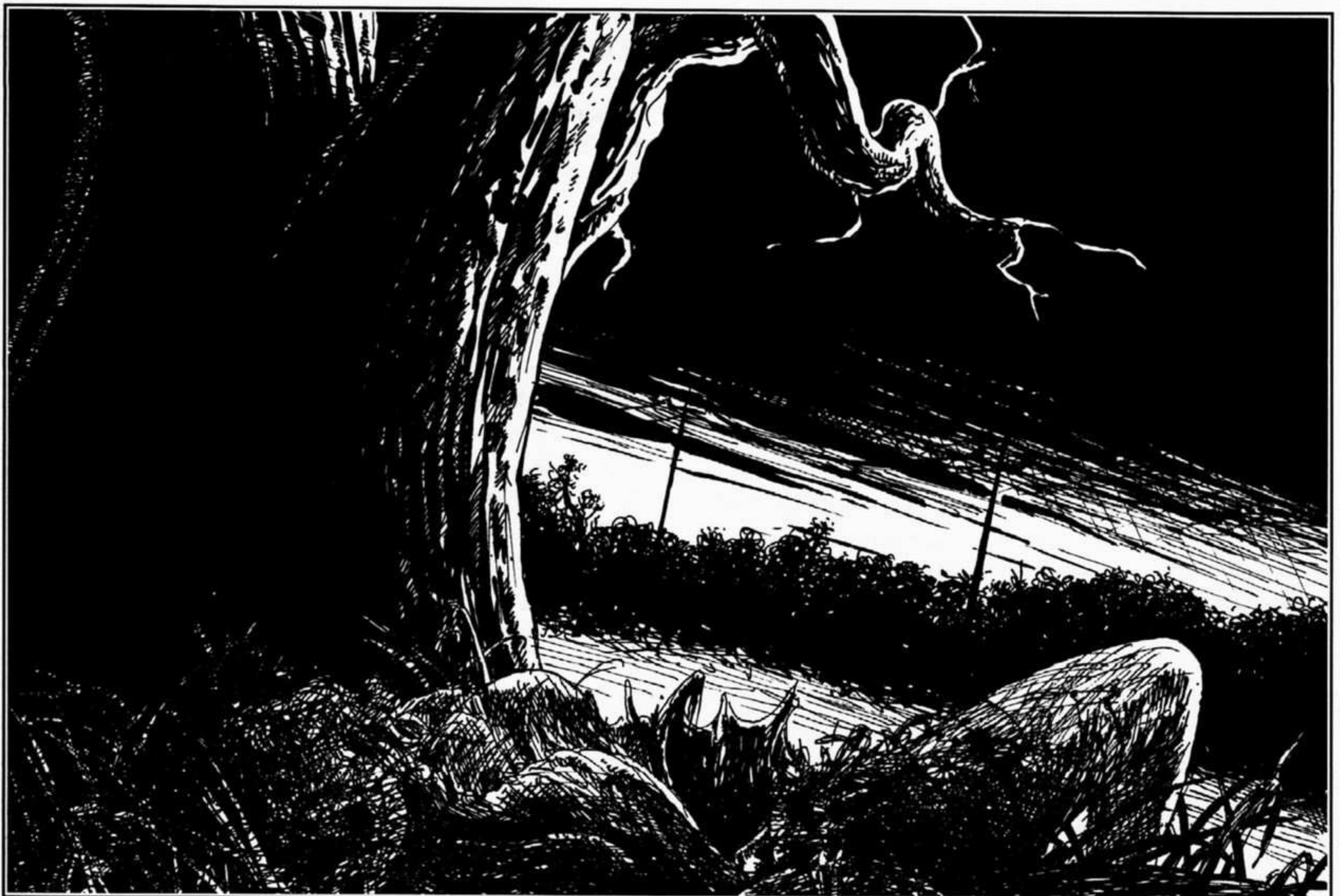
The last time the investigator meets Hannah, perhaps a day or two before her death, they might notice (with a Spot Hidden roll) that she has put on a little weight, although her face is as thin as ever. Psychology rolls might perceive her brittle mental state; everything Hannah says seems forced and artificial, her laughter strained. She dismisses any comments about her well-being, claiming as she walks away that she has never felt better. The investigator doesn't see her alive again.

ASSISTING THE POLICE

The investigator who lives in the same building as Hannah initially learns of her death when he or she is awakened at 3 AM on April 15th by a knocking at their door. It is Police Sergeant Dennis Spaulding, a tall gaunt man with a long weathered face, whom the investigators may recognize as the neighborhood patrolman. He apologizes for disturbing the investigator at this late hour, and asks if they know anything about the murder of Hannah Pickering. As this is the first they have heard of of it, the investigator is no doubt shocked to learn that she was found dead nearly two hours ago near the town dump.

Sergeant Spaulding invites himself inside for coffee and asks the investigator a few routine questions. He seems very much in need of the drink, and raises it to his lips with trembling hands. Born and bred in Arkham, the gruesome murder of Hannah Pickering has left him badly shaken. It is the most horrible thing he has ever seen, and quite disturbing to a man who joined the police so he could help people. Once it becomes apparent that the investigator hardly knew Hannah, the policeman asks if he has seen anyone acting suspiciously around the apartments the past few weeks. When he is satisfied that the investigator can be of no further help, Sergeant Spaulding departs. He tells the investigator to call him if they remember anything that might be useful. With a halved Idea roll, the investigator realizes that he has never seen Hannah after dark.

If investigators have not decided to look into the murder on their own by midday on April 15th they will receive a sec-



THE MURDER OF HANNAH PICKERING

ond visit. This time the recipient of the visit is the most prominent investigator in the ground—someone who has made headlines into past due to his detective skills. The investigator's visitor is Arkham chief of detectives Luther Harden.

Harden looks secretive and perhaps a little guilty as he approaches the investigators. Despite the increasing warmth of the noonday sun Harden wears a trenchcoat, and has his hat pulled down over his eyes. As he approaches the

investigator Harden holds out a pair of newspapers and beckons the investigator read them. These are *Behold Papers #1* and *#2*, described below.

After the investigator has looked at the articles Harden will say that he would consider it a favor if the investigators would look into the case unofficially. The case has officially been given to Detective Sergeant Maxwell Sweeney, and Harden has some concerns about how well Sweeney can

The Events of April 15 to April 17

This box outlines in detail the events which unfold after the death of Hannah Pickering (aka Miriam Hetfield). This day by day sequence of events culminates on the night of April 17th, when the insane Hilary Hetfield arrives at the Arkham town dump. The presence of the investigators might modify some of these events, and keepers should be prepared to create new player handouts in the form of additional newspaper articles, if necessary; for example, the tenants of 89 North Sentinel Street may inform the Arkham newspapers of the split personality of Hannah-Miriam.

APRIL 15

This is the first day of the investigators' involvement. The papers announce the murder of Hannah Pickering, and the whole town is abuzz with the story. Everyone expresses shock and outrage. A small crowd of people gathers outside the late Hannah's home, ghoulishly eager for a glimpse of the dead girl's apartment; this may become a nuisance to the investigator who also lives there. After midday the police arrive to keep intruders and trespassers off the property. Small groups of people cluster in diners and speakeasies to discuss the crime. At least one person gives voice to the rumor that Jack the Ripper—who was never caught—has perhaps migrated to America. Could this be Jack's handiwork? Although all who hear the suggestion scoff, their eyes flicker nervously from face to face. The police sweep up many of Arkham's known violent criminals to interrogate them about the murder, but no one knows anything.

The investigators probably spend most of the day making inquiries into the life and death of Hannah Pickering, starting with her home and workplace. By nightfall they should have ascertained the existence of Hannah-Miriam's second address in the French Hill district, perhaps even discovering her split personality and the fact that she is originally from Dunwich.

Behold Papers #1 and *#2* are both published this day.

APRIL 16

This morning's edition of the *Arkham Gazette* contains an article revealing that Hannah Pickering was pregnant when she died, and that the police have not yet recovered

the fetus. See *Behold Papers #4*. The report also states that Hannah's uterus was removed, again calling to mind the crimes of Jack the Ripper. The police now concentrate their investigation on the search for Hannah's hypothetical lover, who they suspect killed her because of an unwanted pregnancy. Hannah never had one, and though Miriam had many, this is of course the wrong track. While shocked by this news, Arkham scolds nonetheless still cluck their tongues and shake their heads over the unmarried girl's scandalous condition.

The afternoon edition of the *Gazette* contains an article about strange animal disappearances which are occurring in nearby Dunwich. It may be introduced if the investigators have not yet decided to visit Dunwich. See *Behold Papers #5*.

The investigators probably travel to Dunwich on the 16th. There they discover the secrets of the Hetfield family. Meanwhile, back in Arkham the Spawn begins calling its prey, psychically drawing numerous small animals (mainly pets) to the dump, where it devours their energy. The same fate befalls dump caretaker Harry Coffin after nightfall. Most Arkhamites remain unaware of the disappearance of so many pets until the following day.

APRIL 17

By today the people of Arkham have begun to notice that many of their pets are missing. The investigators might see a little girl crying as she searches the street for her missing kitten. Later they may come across Arkham's dog-catcher, disconsolate because he has found no strays today. Throughout the day voices echo in every neighborhood—"Here boy!" The afternoon edition of the *Arkham Advertiser* carries a small article noting the loss of numerous pets. See *Behold Papers #9*.

Investigators who follow up this story, perhaps even interviewing the frail Miss Osgood, learn that no one has seen suspicious-looking university students skulking about. On the contrary, most of the animals, including Miss Osgood's sheep, seem to have been drawn away as if by a silent dog whistle or something. More than one young dog-owner can testify that their dog pricked up its ears and barked angrily before tearing off—always to the north—never to be seen again.

handle the case. Harden believes that another few sets of eyes looking into the case would be a welcome help, unofficially, of course, and totally apart from the police investigation. Harden will not come out and say any of this, but he will promise that if the investigators help out then they will, in the future, have a good friend inside the police department.

At this point Harden will be happy to divulge any additional information to the investigators, as is described under "The Police", below.

Initial Investigations

The first leads the investigators have in the case are Hannah Pickering's apartment, Hannah's last movements, the scene of the crime, the offices of Willis, Wormwood & Scrubb—Hannah's employer, and the Arkham Police. These are outlined below. Articles from Arkham's two newspapers are also given. *Behold Papers #1* is drawn from the *Arkham Advertiser* while *Behold Papers #2* is drawn from the *Arkham Gazette*.

The Police

If the investigators did not begin looking the murder at the request of Luther Harden they may be forced to go to the Arkham police station in order to learn more information.

The Arkham police are horrified by the ghastly murder of Hannah Pickering, and are doing their best to apprehend the assailant before he strikes again. Like Sergeant Spaulding, whom the investigators have already met, most of the officers are shocked by the violence of Hannah's death. Such cases happen in big cities like New York or Boston, but not here in sleepy Arkham.

Unfortunately, the creature that killed Hannah came from within her, and thus left no tracks or even a murder weapon behind for the police to find. To even trained eyes, Hannah appears to have been attacked by a vicious madman, probably armed with a jagged or serrated knife, possibly a hunting knife. The idea of claws has occurred to no one. Police investigations concentrate on the idea of a human killer, and once Hannah's pregnancy is discovered they look for a theoretical boyfriend. Thus, they are so wide of the mark they never come near to the truth unless the investigators lead them to it. Even then they wouldn't believe...

Investigators who wish to involve themselves with the police investigation may already have contacts on the force, perhaps rising from previous Mythos investigations in Arkham, such as "Dark Rivals". If the investigators have not already spoken with Detective Harden, Sergeant Spaulding, previously encountered, could be used by clever investigators as a source of information, as could the officer in charge of the Pickering case, Detective Sergeant Sweeney. Such contacts must be taken into account by the keeper and woven into the action.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT MAXWELL SWEENEY

Sweeney is of average height, lean and wiry. His narrow, strong-jawed face is scarred down the left side, the result of a shrapnel wound suffered at Ypres. His short brown hair is cut close to his scalp, exposing his jug-like ears. Sweeney's eyes are cold and unflinching. His uniform is always immaculately pressed and cleaned.

Sweeney is a good cop, but knows the law can be bent. It's only when it's broken that trouble occurs, in which case judicious pruning is required. Sweeney is grim, efficient, and intelligent. He can be a useful ally to the investigator, provided they stay on his good side.

Recently arrived in Arkham, Sweeney is relatively unaffected by Hannah Pickering's violent death. He fought in France in the Great War, and afterward saw action as a policeman in Boston, where he took part in minor gangster wars during the early years of Prohibition. When his elderly mother, an Arkham resident, grew ill, Sweeney quit the force in Boston and came to Arkham to take care of her. After her death he stayed on in her house, which he inherited. Sweeney idolized his mother, perhaps to an unhealthy degree. Portraits and daguerrotypes of her decorate the house. The subject of his mother is the only one likely to stir his emotions, usually kept under tight control.

The "murder" of Hannah Pickering is no more disturbing to Sweeney than other casualties he has seen in the past. He approaches this subject with less emotion than other Arkham policemen, which is why he was put in charge of the case. It is hoped that his detachment will aid him in tracking down the killer. Unfortunately he is so down-to-earth that he is totally resistant to the possibility of any supernatural involvement in her death, and so he will continue to look fruitlessly for a human assailant. Although he is willing to accept aid from the investigators, if provided tactfully, he does not feel compelled to reciprocate.

Sweeney's make-up is such that he would be unable to cope with the realization of humanity's insignificance and the ghastly truths concerning the existence of the Great Old Ones. This would undermine his rational belief system, probably driving him mad, perhaps even to suicide if he is confronted with an actual manifestation of these dark truths.

Should Detective Sweeney learn that the investigators are associates of Harden's his attitude toward them cools considerably. If he finds them interfering in police business he threatens to run them in, and he's not above using threats and violence to make his point. Investigators who cross him could easily find themselves handcuffed, unconscious, or both. At the very least they find official lines of inquiry closed to them, on the detective's orders. This might not be as serious if the investigators query Harden for information. Earning Sweeney's wrath causes a loss of 1D4 points of Credit Rating, though friends of Harden's gain this back over 1D4 months, as his kind words restore the investigators' good names.

DETECTIVE SERGEANT LUTHER HARDEN

Born and bred in Arkham, Detective Harden is furious that he has not been put in charge of the Pickering case. If asked

Behold Papers #1

*The Arkham Aaveruser***ARKHAM TYPIST SLAIN**

These **Arkham**—The body of Hannah Pickering, 20, a resident of Arkham for the past six months, was found early this morning on the city's outskirts by police. Certain unspeakable liberties were taken with the deceased, apparently after death. The horrible crime recalls the Jack the Ripper murders committed in London 40 years ago. Miss Pickering's family have not yet been traced, but their grief, when they are told of their daughter's death, can but be imagined. Police Chief Asa Nichols went on record today to state that "the maniac who was responsible for this deed must surely have been some transient, perhaps one of the amoral sensualists who are attracted to nearby Kingsport, claiming to be artists. Surely no Arkham resident could be responsible for so repugnant a crime." Chief Nichols promised that the killer of Miss Pickering would be swiftly brought to justice. The citizens of Arkham can but pray that he is right.

about the murder he fumes silently, chewing his cigar. In spite of the fact that Harden is the Chief of Detectives, Chief Nichols has seen fit to put Sweeney on the case instead of him, thinking that Sweeney's detachment might aid him in finding the killer.

If the investigators have previously encountered Harden, perhaps as a result of the "Dark Rivals" adventure in this book, he can prove to be an excellent source of information and aid regarding this case; he may even ask them to look into the case, as described above. Even investigators of only passing acquaintance find Harden eager to discuss details of the case as they arise. If any of the investigators are retired police officers or private detectives, Harden may actively seek them out to impart information to them. This is partly to have someone to bounce ideas off of, and partly to unburden himself of the stress and anger he carries around. Despite his many years of experience, even a hard-boiled cop like Harden needs to unwind and talk about the events of the day. Spending a few hours over coffee with a friend is one such way that Harden relaxes, and that friend may well be an investigator. It also wouldn't hurt Harden to see someone other than Sweeney solve the crime...

Harden is not above using his name to help an investigator with whom he is on first name terms, as long as he's certain that no illegal acts transpire because of it. Harden might, for instance, pressure a reluctant witness into talking with the investigators or allow them access to an otherwise off-limits area (such as either of Hannah-Miriam's apartments).

Behold Papers #2

ette

April 15, 1928

GHASTLY MURDER!*Police Horrified by Ferocious Attack*

S **wn!** **gers** **oods** **own.** **ards** **n 99** **ods!** **hem** **ball** **ack** **lton** **eers**

The body of Miss Hannah Pickering, 20, was found at 1 AM this morning beside the North Garrison Road, near the town dump. The victim had been dead for less than an hour when discovered, officials say. Police Officer Edmund Hallicot, who discovered the body, said "I have never seen so horrible a sight. Whoever did this was an animal." This reporter understands that the nature of the attack was brutal in the extreme, and that details are not fit for publication in a family newspaper. The perpetrator of the deed as yet remains unknown and at large.

POLICE OFFICER EDMUND HALLICOT

If the investigators ask to speak to Hallicot, they are told he is on a week's leave. The inexperienced policeman's discovery of the gruesome remains of Hannah Pickering brought on a fit of sheer screaming terror that was not abated until doctors gave him an injection nearly three hours later. The doctors ordered him to take several days off in order to recover from the shock.

Investigators who visit Hallicot's home must get past his widowed mother, a strong-willed woman protective of her boy; this requires either a Credit Rating or Persuade roll. Alternately, investigators may claim to be law enforcement officials who need to interview Hallicot; in this case Law rolls are needed. Being a simple small-town woman, Mrs. Hallicot won't think to ask to see badges or other credentials.

Edmund Hallicot is confined to a narrow bed in the room he grew up in as a child; high school football pennants and a photograph of Hallicot and his mother at his police academy graduation decorate the room. Hallicot is a gangly, clean-limbed 21-year old, with an open face, a friendly demeanor, and a shock of straw-blond hair. He can only speak in a whisper, having strained his throat in his earlier screaming fit. He has only been a policeman for about a year, and the death of Hannah Pickering is the most violent thing he has seen in this time.

Hallicot is embarrassed at the way he reacted to his first dead body, "screaming like a girl," he whispers disgustedly. The sweat that springs up on his forehead and the look in his eyes when asked to describe how he found the body makes

clear that Hallicot is much more upset by the event than he'd like to admit. He was sent in a patrol car up the road toward Meadow Hill after a motorist reported nearly colliding with an apparently delirious woman. He didn't see anything at first so he drove down the old road toward the town dump and almost immediately he saw something by the side of the road. At first he thought some garbage—a discarded dress-maker's dummy perhaps—had fallen off a truck on its way to the dump. But when he stopped the car he knew it was something else. If pressed to describe the state of the body, Hallicot stammers as he talks about his torch beam illuminating the splayed body—stomach ripped open and glistening, ribs broken open and folded back like a burst suitcase.

Listening to this description, a successful Psychology roll discerns that Hallicot is suppressing some small detail about the scene. With at least 15 minutes of verbal manipulation and a Psychoanalysis roll, Hallicot reveals this disturbing detail; note that he won't relate this if his mother is in the room. "She was glistening," he whispers, "like a hundred snails had crawled all over her ...or something. It made me feel ...dirty, you know." (This is the slimy afterbirth left behind by the Spawn's birth, although Hallicot is of course unaware of this.) Hallicot shudders and lapses into a mild catatonic state after revealing this. When he comes out of it, a few hours later, he begins to come to terms with this disturbing event, and returns to work within a few days.

HANNAH PICKERING'S LAST MOVEMENTS

By noon on the 15th the police have already begun to assemble a picture of Hannah Pickering's last day alive. Her workmates reported that her behavior was erratic, her temper short, and that she spent most of the day staring into space, her face a mask. She left as she normally did at 5 PM. She was next seen at about 9 PM, when a trolley-car driver reported seeing Hannah staggering up North Garrison Street, gesticulating and shouting as if drunk. The last persons to see her alive were a husband and wife driving in from north of town; at a little after 11 PM they nearly hit her as she reeled in front of their car in the dark on the road to Newburyport. This couple called the police, as the young woman fled from them when they stopped to see if they could help; this occurred just south of Meadow Hill, south of the turn-off to the town dump, and just a short distance from where the body was found. Officer Edmund Hallicot was dispatched in a patrol car, and it was he who found the body at about 1:30 AM.

Hannah Pickering's Apartment

Hannah's three-room apartment—in the same building as one of the investigators, as discussed earlier—was her home for only six months. Half of that time she spent at her other other address, as her other personality. Investigators can gain access to the apartment either through police contacts, forced entry, or perhaps by Persuading the landlord.

The apartment has a bare, almost sterile quality about it. There are no personal effects other than clothes and everyday items such as cutlery and foodstuffs: no newspapers, family photos, well-loved books with battered covers, or "homey"

touches of any kind. The bed appears freshly made, though slightly damp to the touch. Stripping back the sheets reveals the bed linen to be slick and black with mildew. A Biology, Natural History, or halved Idea roll suggests that such a growth would take many months to accumulate. It is as if the bed was made several months ago and not slept in since.

A thorough search of the apartment discovers a slim diary inside the slip of one of the pillows. In Hannah's small neat penmanship, it contains no revelations, only dry reminders such as "clean windows" and "pick up dress from cleaners." The diary does, however, present the investigators with examples of Hannah's handwriting, so that they may compare it with Miriam's later in the scenario.

The corner of one page is ripped out of the diary. Rubbing a pencil lightly across the page beneath highlights the impression left by the pen used, allowing the words "N Sentinel" to be made out, along with an indecipherable number.

If the apartment is searched thoroughly, a Spot Hidden roll discovers the missing scrap of paper from the diary in the pocket of a coat hanging in the bedroom closet. It bears the address "89 N. Sentinel St, Apt 5." This is the address of the home kept by Miriam Hetfield, during that personality's dominant period. North Sentinel Street is in one of the more rundown neighborhoods of the French Hill district, south of the river.

Willis, Wormwood and Scrubb

The law firm where Hannah Pickering worked is found at 300 East Curwen Street, right across the street from Independence Square in Arkham. Hannah had been employed there for six months before her death, and the investigators may wish to question her employers and co-workers about her.

The building is two-storeyed, constructed along neo-Gothic lines, built of dark stone and with high, arched windows. Willis, Wormwood and Scrubb was founded in 1799, and are as respectable as they are established.

Leather-covered chairs wait in the foyer, where a diminutive gentleman with white hair, a high collar, and small green-tinted half-moon spectacles sits, dwarfed behind the desk at which he scribbles on papers. This is Mr. Bennet Slocum, an elderly clerk. He greets visitors, arranges appointments, and answers the telephone, though investigators may note his displeasure with the new-fangled instrument—he is considerably startled every time it rings. He hardly knew the late Miss Pickering, but he suggests the investigators speak to Miss Checkley, the senior typist, who knew Hannah better than any other staff member.

Without an appointment, the investigators must cool their heels for over an hour before they can see someone. Miss Checkley cannot be spoken to until her half-hour lunch break, or when she finishes work. The lawyers themselves are all busy with clients.

Alternatively, the investigators may choose to talk to other members of the staff: Simon R. Willis, who is in charge of personnel; Anne Hopkins, another member of the typing pool; or Matthew Emerson, a teenage messenger.

MISS RUTH CHECKLEY

A thin red-haired woman in her late thirties, Miss Checkley is a confirmed spinster. She is regarded as something of a queer bird by the other employees at the firm, but she is unconcerned. Despite her reserved exterior, Ruth is a weekend regular at Fenner's Roadhouse, a speakeasy north of Arkham, where on weekends she dances gaily to the latest jazz band up from Boston. Since Miss Checkley is at least 10 years older than the other women she works with, she is the senior typist of the three in the pool (with Hannah Pickering's death, now down to two—Miss Checkley and Anne Hopkins).

Ruth Checkley thought Hannah was a good worker, conscientious, shy and serious, if a little dull. After asking her to lunch a few times, and being politely refused each time, Ruth decided Hannah was ridiculously shy; she certainly never heard the girl ever speak of having a beau. Hannah was a poor typist when she first started work, but such was her eagerness to learn that within weeks she was more than competent. Hannah was always on time for work, usually early, and was often the last to leave.

In the last few weeks, however, Hannah seemed rather distant, often sitting at her desk for long periods of time staring into space, neither talking nor working. When questioned about this Hannah acted puzzled and hurt, denying she had done any such thing. The problem was considerably exaggerated on her last day, and Hannah's temper was short, even snappish. Miss Checkley is unsure what was troubling Hannah, but she had intended to speak with Mr. Willis about it when Hannah was killed. Naturally, Miss Checkley is upset by the death, and plans to do some serious drinking at Fenner's to help her get over the shock. Given the likelihood of a crazed killer on the loose she intends to take a cab home from her revels, rather than walk as she usually does.

MR. SIMON R. WILLIS

Willis' offices on the second floor are decorated with many antiques, and the diamond-paned windows look out across a sea of gambrel rooftops. A tall gaunt gentleman of refinement and breeding, Willis dresses immaculately in well-cut sober suits. He can provide little information about the late Miss Pickering. He remembers that she presented herself to the firm a little over six months ago, in need of employment, and was hired on the basis of her steady character and gentle disposition. As far as Willis is aware, Hannah was quiet and efficient, and he is naturally shaken by her sudden death.

ANNE HOPKINS

This fashionably dressed young woman is of old Arkham stock. Tall and slender, with bobbed hair and high cheekbones, Anne is the only junior typist with the firm now that Hannah is dead, and she hopes to advance her position thereby. Miss Hopkins is demure but charming, and is fishing for a husband, preferably one with a bloodline as well-regarded as her own. She thought Hannah Pickering was common, but being polite she prefers not to speak ill of the dead, though she might admit this if pressed.

MATTHEW EMERSON

This gangly 17-year old is responsible for delivering messages across town on his bicycle, collecting and opening the mail, and other simple menial tasks. He wears a bow tie, thick glasses, and a crew cut that does not suit him. Matthew blushes easily, and stutters when nervous. If the investigators are asking questions about Hannah Pickering around the office, a Psychology roll notes that Matthew is eavesdropping; if noticed, he hurriedly leaves the room.

Matthew had a crush on Hannah, and is distraught at her death. If the investigators corner him somewhere, perhaps in the storeroom, and can gain his trust—possibly through a Psychology roll—he might confess his feelings. If he feels at ease with the investigators Matthew can relate that he once followed Hannah home after work, intending to anonymously leave some flowers in her mailbox. To his surprise, however, Hannah did not live at (investigator's address), but instead in a tottering, rundown tenement in the French Hill district. If asked, Matthew gives the investigators this address, 89 North Sentinel Street.

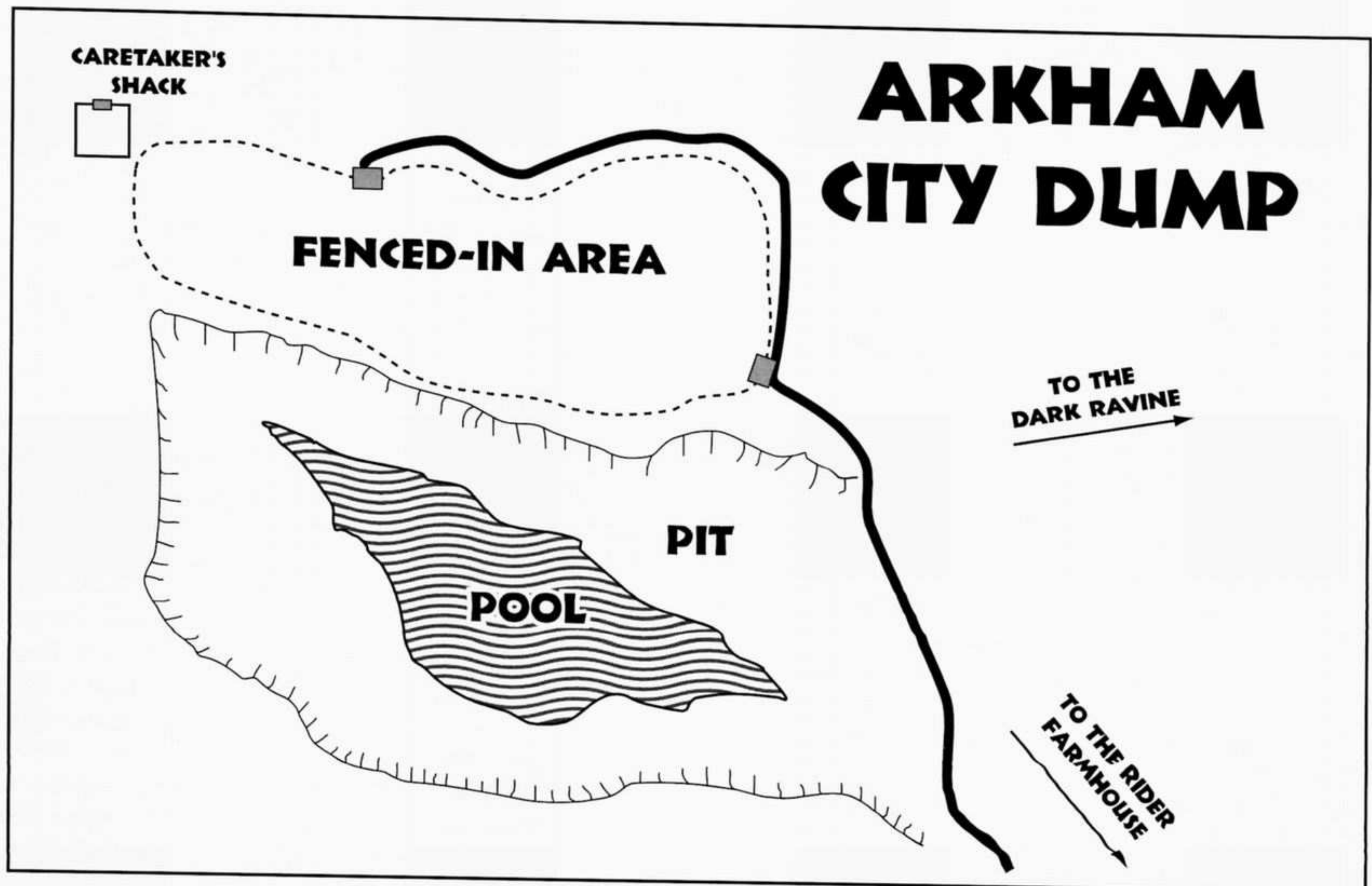
The Scene of the Crime

Hannah Pickering's body was found on the outskirts of Arkham, just off the road southwest of Meadow Hill, near the Arkham City Dump. Not far from this site is the Dark Ravine, where members of the Arkham coven meet; investigators would be wise not to wander this far, or unsettling images of the white stone in the ravine may haunt their dreams.

The city has not yet sprawled this far north, and although houses do dot the area, they are few and far between. The various residents, mostly grizzled Yankee farmers, have already been questioned about the murder by the police. If the investigators ask they receive the same answer—no one saw or heard anything.

The Rider Farmhouse

The house closest to where the body was found is still a good half-mile distant. The inhabitant of this weathered, rundown clapboard house is Montgomery Rider, a grizzled 70-year old farmer. He shares his home with Shep, a dog almost as old as he is. Shep is a tottering, bad-breathed, feeble, but not yet deaf sheepdog. His breathless wheezing barks announce the visit of any strangers to the farm. Rider didn't know anything about the murder until the police came to question him. He doesn't go into Arkham more than once every couple of months, and never reads the paper (he is illiterate). If the investigators gain his trust by proving themselves to be more than just uppity city folks, old Monty Rider might mention the dream he had on the night of the murder.



In Rider's dream he found himself drowning in pus which flowed unceasingly from huge weeping sores covering his body. He found this nightmare disturbing, to say the least, and woke Shep with his shouting. (Due to his proximity to the Spawn's resting place Rider has been unknowingly affected by the alien dreams that are radiating from the thing. These dreams will trouble his sleep every night until the Spawn/Mother of Pus is destroyed or gone from this world.)

If the investigators arrive at Rider's farm after the 16th, they will find that Shep is missing and the elderly farmer is utterly inconsolable.

North Garrison Street

Hannah Pickering's body was found at the base of a large oak tree beside the road to the town dump, just a quarter of a mile past the Rider Farmhouse. There is no sign of exactly where the body lay, save for a ring of white paint freshly applied to the tree's trunk. Standing beneath the tree the investigators have a clear view across lightly wooded fields to the dump and to where the curve of the Miskatonic is lined with greenery. There are countless tracks around the tree, and an Idea roll deduces these must have been made by the police, coroner, and curiosity seekers like themselves. A successful Occult, Anthropology, or History roll recalls that the oak tree was sacred to the druids of old, and that amidst groves of such trees they made their sacrifices. There is no sign of the ooze described by Officer Hallicot, nor are there any trails, tracks, or other signs of Hannah's murderer to be seen.

The Arkham City Dump

The dump lies close to where Hannah died, and thorough investigators may wish to examine it. A tumbled expanse of decay, the dump half-fills what was once an old sand quarry, its deepest portion now flooded. The quarry died around the turn of the century and the land was bought by the City Council to put to its current use. Mounds of household refuse, flocks of squawking seagulls, and a rusting model-T Ford half-sunk amidst the foetid greenish waters greet the eye. Steep inclines ring the dump on three sides, and atop the northern rise is a fenced-in enclosure littered with the metallic corpses of dozens of old cars, ice-boxes, tires, and other large cast-offs; this latter area may have been visited by the investigators during their inquiry into the "Dark Rivals," found elsewhere in this book. Rats and seagulls are the dump's main residents by day—opossums, skunks, raccoons, and the occasional black bear by night.

The stagnant slime-choked pool is befouled by run-offs from the dump. Nothing lives in the pond, at least not usually. Currently the Spawn clings to the filthy bottom, slowly undergoing the transformation that will be completed in a few nights, making it a goddess.

THE CARETAKER

Horace Coffin (Harry to his friends) is the dump's caretaker. He lives in an odoriferous lean-to built of refuse and cast-offs located on the far side of the fenced-in area atop the northern rise, above the dump. Harry is unwashed and filthy, dressed in dirt-encrusted overalls; his unkemptness prevents any accurate guess as to his age, but he's somewhere over 50

years old. Stubble covers his chapped cheeks, and his white hair is dirty and ragged. He spends his time combing the dump for useful objects (which he then sells to junk stores in town), burning and burying garbage, and drinking rot-gut whiskey from a battered hip-flask. Harry's manner is rough, and his manners poor. He is not dumb, but a lack of formal education has kept him trapped in menial labor. When drunk, Harry is something of a philosopher; he has a dog-eared collection of books by great thinkers: Plato, Stirner, Nietzsche, Hegel, and Russell. These are kept in the clutter beside his mattress, alongside his no-less treasured but decidedly less intellectual collection of pornographic novels. Harry may still be griping about the loss of his guard dogs inside the fence awhile back; again, the investigators may know they were slain in the course of "Dark Rivals."

If the investigators visit the dump before the 16th, they find Harry Coffin in fine form, roaming the dump and musing about life in between slurps of rotgut. That night, however, the growing Spawn overpowers Harry as he sleeps, snaking a mucus-dripping tentacle through his window to strangle him. The poor caretaker dies, like the many small animals that are later called to the dump in answer to the Spawn's invisible summons (see "Amid the Decay," below). Harry's withered corpse may be discovered by the investigators on the 17th, resulting in a loss of 1/1D6 Sanity points.

The House on North Sentinel St.

The neighborhood in which Hannah's darker personality resided is inhabited primarily by poor immigrants, mostly Irish and Polish. It is a seedy area, to say the least.

89 North Sentinel is a four-storeyed tenement building which History rolls can date back to the 1860s. Its gabled roof overhangs narrow windows, the exposed beams black with age. While a joy to antiquarians, it is little better than a slum, damp, decayed, and depressing. The doors are poorly hung, constantly jamming and sticking. Many windows have long-broken panes, the plumbing leaks all day and gurgles all night, and rats and other vermin dwell in abundance.

The owner and landlord, Ezekiel Carrington, is a gasping, bitter man who lives on the first floor. The remaining floors, including the attic and the cellar, are rented out. There are six apartments altogether. The main entryway is a dim, low-ceilinged hall, with damp plaster walls splotted with mold. Carrington's door is just inside the entryway, while a creaking stair leads to the upper floors. A communal bathroom, laundry, and toilet are found off the tiny courtyard at the rear of the building. A door in the courtyard leads to the cellar, and has the number 6 roughly painted on it.

Not all of the building's occupants are easily approachable, so the investigators may have to offer adequate rea-

sons for poking around and asking questions. Credit Rating, Law, or Persuade rolls may be needed to impress, awe, or fast-talk various residents into opening up for the investigators. Alternately, those investigators who number Detective Luther Harden among their friends may find that a quick phone call to him is enough to open some doors, especially the landlord's; in some cases even mentioning his name is sufficient. One particular family residing at the North Sentinel house, the O'Hearns, prove doubly uncooperative should the law become involved (see pp. 53-54).

The Landlord

The landlord, Ezekiel Carrington, is a gnarled, malicious man, a miser and a religious fanatic. He is stooped and white-haired, with a long pointed nose and bushy eyebrows. He speaks in a nasal whine. His clothes and rooms are threadbare, though Carrington himself is in fact considerably well-off—he has over \$3000 concealed about his apartment.

Carrington dwells in a drab set of rooms on the first floor of 89 North Sentinel Street. He personally performs any maintenance required on the property, usually well after it is needed and with little or no real effect. Carrington, aged 70, was once relatively wealthy thanks to shares in Arkham's flourishing industries. The bottom fell out of the market for industry during the recession of the 1890s, and since then he has become obsessive about what meager cash remains to him. During this time Carrington turned to God. Now a devout Baptist, he has come to believe that poverty is good for the soul, so he lives in the same spartan conditions he forces upon his renters. He is quick to explain his religious convictions to any listeners, and in fact this is the only subject on which he waxes lyrical. He lives in fear of the police, as he is aware that his tenement probably violates several building codes; this fear may be used against him if the investigators masquerade as police or other public officials, or threaten to expose him to such persons.

Carrington purchased the property on North Sentinel Street in 1905, when its previous owners died in the cholera epidemic. He has dwelt here ever since, leasing the rooms to a variety of tenants over the years.

If asked about the tenant of apartment 5, Carrington leers. He believes that Miriam Hetfield was a prostitute, as he only ever saw her at night, usually bringing a succession of different men to her rooms. Always coming home after dark, and leaving before morning. He is quick to explain this to the investigators, calling her a "shameless wanton, a scarlet woman" and "damned to burn in eternal hellfire," while rubbing his dry hands and chuckling. In particular, he highlights her lascivious behavior and the crude jokes of which Miriam was fond. She's not a good Christian at all, he says.

Carrington goes on to explain, with some bitterness, that Miriam was no end of trouble, always shouting and arguing with people in her rooms, complaining about the condition of the building "despite all the good work I put in with my own hands," and generally making herself a nuisance. If she had not been so prompt with her rent, \$40 a month, he would have thrown her out.

The Tenants

The individuals who are forced to live in the veritable slum which is Carrington's tenement building are a varied lot, united only by their circumstances. Each of the tenants is described below.

APARTMENT ONE

This is on the first floor, and is occupied by the owner, Ezekiel Carrington. The rooms are threadbare save for numerous crosses and religious icons hanging about the damp-streaked walls. Hundreds of dollar bills are concealed behind the poorly applied wallpaper and within the mattress of Carrington's bed.

APARTMENT TWO

The second floor is rented out by Spenser Updike, 21, a student at Miskatonic University. He is of old Arkham stock, and studies literature. Spenser considers himself a poet, but what little verse he has produced is derivative, pedestrian, and rather self-indulgent. Although he can afford far better rooms, he considers such decayed surroundings essential for a poet's credentials. He claims to gain inspiration from his squalid surroundings, but in truth he merely relishes the shock his lodgings cause his family.

Updike is of average height, though slender, with dyed black hair and high cheekbones. He is fond of noisy student parties and often plays loud, scratchy jazz recordings on his gramophone. Nearby is a pile of (unread) books dealing with philosophy and the occult, all rather lightweight texts purchased to add credibility to his humble surroundings. A hopeless poseur, Updike tries to project an air of cynicism and disdain, but more often seems a fool.

Updike claims to have known Miriam Hetfield "intimately," having slept with her once. At first he claims to have seduced her, a ruse seen through with a Psychology roll. If pressed he blushes, muttering that the brief encounter he had with Miriam was in truth at her insistence, though he admits he wasn't hard to persuade. He wouldn't have slept with her again, he says. She was a slut, and Updike was put off by her obscene language and crude, animal behavior, as well as the (ahem) demands she made upon him. "After all, a woman like Miriam Hetfield is amusing in her own way, but, well, a gentleman does prefer to bed a lady who behaves like one, doesn't he?"

APARTMENT THREE

The third floor rooms are rented by a Polish family, the Pyzacks, newly arrived in America. Only the father speaks any English, and his is poor. George Pyzack has obtained a job at Arkham Worsted Mill, in Easttown, but fears that he may be laid off soon since the mill is in dire straits. Elizabet, his wife, stays home to care for the couple's twin 4-year old children, a boy and a girl. She is pregnant again, expecting the third child in three months. George comes home after dark, exhausted and filthy, while Elizabet is usually so tired from scrubbing and cleaning and making sure that the children are not bitten by rats that both are

Asking About Hannah

If the investigators question the landlord and tenants about Hannah Pickering they are answered with blank stares—there's no one living here by that name. If the investigators describe the person they are asking about—a young woman, slim, blonde, walks with a limp—or ask who lives in apartment 5, they learn that a person by that description named Miriam Hetfield lives in the apartment in question. Although this young woman fits Hannah's description perfectly, she is described as outgoing, almost aggressive, loud, and rather coarse-mannered, quite the opposite of the investigator's late neighbor. Miss Hetfield has lived here for three months, is only home in the evenings, and has not been seen since early on the night of the 14th.

None of the other tenants are aware of Miriam-Hannah's double life, and only one person suspects that there is anything wrong with her. If presented with the truth, most would be surprised. Note that if they are told the bizarre truth about Miriam-Hannah, the residents are liable to sell the story to the newspapers; this would result in renewed interest in the case, and undoubtedly unwanted attention for the investigators from the media and police.

usually asleep by 8 PM. The twins' hungry cries are heard regularly during the day. The Pyzacks dislike Spenser Updike, as he keeps them awake sometimes with his loud music and drunken laughter. As the Pyzacks keep mostly to themselves and have been in Arkham less than a month, they have no impression of Miriam Hetfield, having almost never seen her.

APARTMENT FOUR

The O'Hearn family, on the fourth floor, could politely be called "white trash." They are Irish immigrants, poor and coarse. The father, Brian, 42, is a beer-bellied, violent brute, foul-mannered and hirsute. Hattie, the wife, is gaunt and shrewish. Both are alcoholics. Their only son, Davey, is a diminutive 15-year old thug who hangs around with the Finn gang. Despite his small size Davey revels in violence; his favorite thing in the world is kicking someone when they're down. The O'Hearns have lived in Carrington's building for nearly five years, and are always behind on their rent. The entire family has a burning hatred of police, due to constant harassment from English-born police and soldiers back in Ireland. If the investigators try to use their police contacts to gain information from the O'Hearns, they find the door slammed in their faces, and nothing further can be gained.

If asked, both Brian and Hattie call Miriam a "no-good slut"; Brian's enmity stems from Miriam's rejection of his crude, sweaty, unshaven advances, and Hattie's from pure jealousy. Davey O'Hearn lusts after Miriam with the incessant urgency of a teenage boy. If anyone asks, he brags that

Excerpts from Miriam Hetfield's diary

"Miriam was a bad girl. If I was a good girl it never would have happened. God have mercy. Growing in my belly and whispering to me in dreams that I've been bad, debaser, debasement, roll like a dog in offal to cover my own stench. It hurt me. It did the bad thing Momma always told me boys wanted to do to me. Dear God it hurt me. God there's an itch between my legs I can't stop, a fire I can't put Hannah doesn't know what I do with our body when she's asleep. Feel and never forget the pain when I'm with another man can't drive it out can't forget the memory even with another man after man. It wasn't a man wasn't human. I ran had to get away from Dunwich had to not be me to forget had to be Hannah, but Hannah doesn't know about Miriam, and when Hannah is pregnant she has to let Miriam take over because she can't know or she'll fall into the darkness and remember, and Hannah's not real and isn't afraid of the dark but she has no pain. God oh God oh God it was part of me this evil and I cannot burn it out or cut it off. Cut it off me when I was born but it came back because it knew it was part of me and Hannah is part of me but I'm not part of Hannah and when I'm Hannah I'm not me I'm someone else inside me, God, growing and rotting me inside inside Dunwich..."

Behold Papers #3

he had sex with her "all the time"; again a Psychology roll sees through his lie. If confronted with this untruth, Davey admits that although he didn't actually sleep with her himself, he does know lots of lads who have. To male investigators only he confesses that he peeped through Miriam's keyhole a few times, but that he could never see anything; he is too embarrassed, however, to say this in front of any female investigators.

If the investigators ask Davey O'Hearn about the friends of his who "knew" Miriam Hetfield, he will, in return for a few dollars or a bottle of liquor or a pack of cigarettes, lead them to members of the Finns. This is a young gang of foul-mouthed racist Irish hoodlums who hang around the streets of the French Hill district causing trouble. Because of his small size, Davey is the baby of the group, and indeed has been nicknamed "Bubs" by them. Davey is often used to pick a fight with someone larger than himself; if the victim falls for the needling and goes after "Bubs" the other Finns then gang up on the victim. Davey looks for his friends in pool halls or at the Southside gym, neutral turf where the Finns pose and glare at their rivals, the Rocks gang. Davey won't take the investigators to the Finns' headquarters in Dunham's Brickyard under any circumstances.

Almost half of these swaggering Irish boys can boast of the night or nights they slept with Miriam Hetfield, who they say approached them on the street. Psychology rolls reveal that they are telling the truth. They claim that Miriam was "wild and kept screaming all kinds o' dirty words and asking me to do things I'd never heard of before." Good Catholic boys all, the Finns think it's okay to have sex with

a girl like Miriam, "after all, a boy's got to have practice for his wedding night, doesn't he?" None of them would consider marrying a girl like Miriam; it's alright for the boys to sleep around, but they all want their brides to be virgins.

APARTMENT FIVE

Miriam's rooms are found in the attic of the building. If the investigators cannot or do not talk the landlord into opening the door for them, it can be broken down; if this happens, however, they immediately become suspects if they have been questioning the tenants. Carrington presses charges against anyone who damages his property, and not even the influence of Detective Harden can save them from trial, though he might be able to lighten the sentence somewhat. Being arrested, charged, and tried for even so minor a crime should bring about at least a 1D8 Credit Rating penalty.

Miriam's room is quite a contrast from Hannah's, which the investigators have already seen. Apartment 5 is little more than a bedsitting room, with a bed against one wall doubling as a couch during the day, and a tiny kitchen squeezed up under the low roof in the opposite corner. The room is damp, dark and claustrophobic, with only a single round window, set porthole-like under the eaves of the house; the view through its thick, warped glass is horribly distorted. The plaster roof sags and bulges, with old beams exposed in the walls. The apartment is in a state of disarray, with stained bedsheets and dirty clothes scattered about the floor.

Spot Hidden rolls unearth two items of interest:

- A framed sepia-toned photograph of two women, the elder wrinkled and white-haired. The photo appears to have been hurled across the room, as the frame is buckled and the glass shattered. The younger woman in the photo is Hannah Pickering, as the investigator who lived in her building can attest; her clothes are simpler and shabbier, however, and her expression seems different somehow, almost as if this were a different person. If shown to other tenement residents, all identify the young woman as Miriam Hetfield. As the investigators may be beginning to guess, they are in fact the same person. The older woman in the photo bears a distinct resemblance to Miriam-Hannah, and if the investigators don't guess as much on their own, Idea rolls may surmise that this is her mother. Investigators studying Hannah-Miriam's mother and succeeding in Medicine or Psychoanalysis rolls notice suggestions of senility in the old woman's gaze and bearing.
- The second item of note is a battered journal, half-hidden in a wad of filthy bedsheets under the bed. The slim book is half-filled with clumsily-scrawled handwriting, quite unlike Hannah's. The entire diary takes 1D6 hours to read.

The journal is a rough diary kept by Miriam over the last year. The first part records the day-to-day life of an unsophisticated 20-year old girl in Dunwich, helping Mom around the house as she got sicker and sicker and less able to look after herself. Milking the cow, gathering eggs, cooking, collecting groceries from Osborn's, and so on. November 14th, 1927, is the last coherent entry; it is here

that a change in style begins. The following day Miriam was apparently attacked in her home, and afterward the diary chronicles a rapid descent into madness. The excerpts in *Behold Papers #3* reproduce some of the more coherent sections of this later stage of the diary.

Reading the diary calls for a loss of 0/1 points of Sanity. After reading it successful Psychology and Psychoanalysis rolls realize it documents a classic case of split personality psychosis, in which an entirely new personality is created by the mind in order to cope with some traumatic event. Such a personality may dominate completely, with the original personality only surfacing in periods of stress, or in response to certain events or stimuli.

APARTMENT SIX

This is the building's basement, which the greedy Carrington has turned into an additional room. Due to its windowless condition, he charges only \$8 per week for this apartment, rather than the \$10 charged for the other rooms.

The basement tenant is a painter named Matthew Hemingway, a shaggy young man of dark disposition. Rather than enjoy the picturesque charms of nearby Kingsport, as other artists do, Hemingway feels he needs more atmospheric surroundings to inspire him. He finds the stone-walled basement, with its arches and chill air and rats, most adequate for his purposes. Hemingway is also fond of strolling through the Old Arkham Graveyard, several blocks to the west.

Tall, ragged, unshaven, and with an unruly mop of paint-streaked black hair (he has a habit of running his fingers through his hair when he is trying to think), Hemingway cuts a distinctive figure. He also has a habit of sleeping during the day and painting at night; because of this he is rather pale, and his eyes are sunken amidst shad-

ows. He experiments liberally with drugs, including hashish, morphine, and cocaine, all of which does little for his temperament. A Psychology or Psychoanalysis diagnoses him as manic depressive, with mood swings ranging from deep melancholy to wild fits of hysteria and frenzied activity. His paintings depict orgies, black masses, and other such scenes, as well as morbid landscapes and still lives (including one of himself in a coffin). All his works are executed with brilliance, but these impressionistic and emotive works are not to many people's tastes.

If asked about Miriam Hetfield, Hemingway laughs, asking why they want to know about "that mixed up lady." He says she was mad, no doubt about it. Twice, late at night as he returned from his graveyard stroll, Hemingway heard Miriam arguing with herself, alternating between her usual insistent voice and a quiet, almost demure voice quite unlike her normal way of speaking. Having been close to madness himself, Hemingway says, he tends to recognize it in others. He also notes that judging by her normal voice ("when she wasn't arguing with herself, that is"), Miriam is from out Dunwich way—she has that slow way of speaking common to the backwoods region.

Dunwich

Evidence uncovered by the investigators in Miriam's Arkham home points to Dunwich, a decayed backwoods village three or four hours' drive from Arkham. Assuming they leave on the morning of the 16th, the investigators may see *Behold Papers #4* before they leave. If the

Behold Papers #4



Vol. LXVII

TWO CI

SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT IN PICKERING CASE

The post mortem conducted last night upon the body of Hannah Pickering, whose body was found outside of town beside North Garrison Street, has revealed that the young woman was with child at the time of her death. The unborn child appears to have been removed from the body, along with certain other generative organs. Police believe the killer removed these organs, and have intensified their search for the perpetrator of such a horrendous crime. According to the chief investigator,

Detective Sergeant Maxwell Sweeney, the police expect to bring the killer to justice soon. The authorities are currently looking for the man responsible for the girl's delicate condition, as they suspect this person killed the girl rather than marry her. Meanwhile, young women are urged to avoid the streets after dark, and report any strangers exhibiting unusual behavior to the police. Arkham cannot rest until the monster responsible for this beastly crime is behind bars.

POD WINNING

In another amazing all hope seemed Henry Orne ran a touchdown! Ye filled the stands a total run of 76 third best record history.

Whately had 1 teammates. The game."

Other members contributed to the

investigators have not left for Dunwich by the afternoon of the 16th, they may see *Behold Papers #5*, a small article buried in the afternoon edition of *The Arkham Gazette*. If the latter is the case, the investigation of Dunwich should be frantic, with the investigators learning that they need to get back to Arkham almost as soon as they arrive.

The journey to Dunwich begins pleasantly, but as they near the village the roads become rougher, the hills strangely rounded or capped with half-glimpsed crumbling stone circles. The hills rise up around the road, and as the ancient, enshadowed woods edge closer, one gains an overpowering impression of decay amidst the wilderness. The occasional farmhouses are increasingly few, and are also in such states of disrepair that it is difficult to tell whether or not they are inhabited. There are tottering walls, windows empty of glass, and stone walls that have tumbled down. Few inhabitants are seen, and they seem as decayed as their rotting homes.

The occasional gorge or swamp that must be crossed, over rickety wooden bridges only adds to the sense that this is a wild place of secrets and menace. If the keeper has set this scenario after the events of "The Dunwich Horror," then all signs pointing to the township have been taken down; without a map, the investigators need to get directions, though they may fear the reaction such a query might provoke from one of the reclusive local residents.

Eventually the investigators reach Dunwich, where the small settlement huddles between the sinuous curve of the upper Miskatonic River and the thickly wooded foothills of Round Mountain. Even if they left early in the day it is sure to be nearly noon when they arrive, rattling across the covered bridge leading into town. There they are confronted by the collection of rotting rooftops and ancient houses which is Dunwich. The town is reminiscent of the oldest parts of Arkham's French Hill district, only far more rundown. The roads are unsealed and muddy, and there are few signs of the modern age present, save for the familiar sight of telephone lines, promising at least some contact with the outside world.

Behold Papers #5

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DUNWICH DISAPPEARANCES

Citizens in the village of Dunwich, located near the head of the Miskatonic River, have reported an epidemic of missing pets and livestock over the last 24 hours. Locals began to suspect a wild animal when a horse belonging to the Horn family was discovered strangely desiccated, and partly eaten. Dunwich authorities are planning a hunting expedition into the hills above Dunwich. Long-time residents of the Miskatonic Valley may recall reports of unexplained activity in those hills in both 1907 and 1912.

Prospective keepers may wish to augment the following descriptions of the town with information gleaned from the *Return to Dunwich* supplement from Chaosium.

A New Horror

On the night of April 15th, Hilary Hetfield left for Arkham, leaving behind the Creature, her monstrous son, to fend for itself. That night the Creature broke loose from its home, and, hungry, began to prowl the neighborhood. Like the Spawn it fathered upon Miriam, its sister, the Creature feeds primarily by draining the life force (POW) of its victims. However, being more terrene than its alien offspring, the Creature must have meat as well, and so the partially withered bodies of its prey are also found bearing the marks of its savage teeth. During daylight hours the Creature lairs in the Hetfield house, but once the sun sets it creeps out to feed, night after night, until it is stopped.

By midday on the 16th most Dunwich residents are aware that several families are missing pets and livestock; worse, a stabled horse belonging to the Horn family is found in their barn that morning—horribly reduced, and partially eaten. Rumor and fear spread throughout the community, heralded by the jangle of the telephone. The mystery is the major topic of conversation at Osborn's General Store. After dark, Dunwich residents shutter and bar themselves inside their homes and hope for morning. Strangers are shunned, warned with urgent whispers and fearful looks: "Git aout o' hyar afore summit happens that ye cain't fergit." A local correspondent of *The Arkham Gazette* will report the situation to the paper before the afternoon edition; see *Behold Papers #5*.

If this adventure is set after the events of "The Dunwich Horror", in September, 1928, some residents of the isolated village fear that the Horror has returned. There is talk among some of the more decayed and suggestible folk of digging up old Wizard Whateley and burning his corpse in hopes of ridding Dunwich of any lingering evil caused by his magics.

That night the Creature slides forth from the Hetfield home to strike again. This time one of the youngest Smith children (see below) goes missing, and the State Police are called in again. Whether or not they eventually find anything depends on the keeper and perhaps on the actions of the investigators as well.

Osborn's General Store

This is likely to be the investigators' first stop in their search for information about the Hetfields and directions to their farm. Built in the old Congregational Church (now minus its steeple), the store is a focus of Dunwich life. Various village folk can be found here almost every day, playing checkers and swapping tales around the pot-bellied stove. The investigators, obviously strangers, are the focus of attention as they enter, and conversation buzzes behind them as they leave.

Joe Osborn, the bald, bearded owner, is relatively friendly toward visitors, though his polite queries and replies are tinged with caution. Like most Dunwich folk, Joe is wary of

the trouble that is stirred up by visitors to the township. If asked about the Hetfield family, Joe is happy to give directions to their house: "Go out along Dunwich Road, past the Bensons' house, with their hex signs and such, and if you get to old Charlie Holloway's house you've gone too far." He is curious enough to ask what the investigators want with poor Hilary Hetfield. Joe explains that the old lady is losing her mind, after her daughter ran away from home without a word six months or so ago. Doc Jones has been dropping in on her from time to time to make sure she's alright. This last remark raises a chorus of praise for Tucker Jones from the loungers, who rhapsodize about his good nature, his gentle hands and his skill "even for all 'is lack o' that thar book larnin'." All nod sagely at this last, and if asked, they can provide Doc Jones' address as well.

ABOUT THE HETFIELDS

If the investigators wish to know more about the Hetfields, Persuade rolls are needed to encourage the loungers to open up. These characters don't like to be hurried, however, and if the investigators seem too impatient, their Persuade rolls are at -20%. If the investigators settle down for a game of checkers with Blind Willie, or offer a drink to Terrence Cahill (who is not above hinting at his thirst—"A feller's throat gits mighty dry a'tellin' old tales"), and take their time gaining the information from the loungers, rolls are made at normal percentages.

Although they argue about particular dates, and get easily sidetracked into reminiscing about inconsequential matters, the loungers eventually explain something of the Hetfield family history. It would seem that Hilary Hetfield, now aged in her 40s, was something of a wild girl in her youth; she associated with bad sorts, including the late Lavinia Whateley (a reference which could spin off into a whole series of tales about the Whateley family—Lavinia's mysterious disappearance in 1926, Wilbur's strangely rapid growth, etc.). Some people say Hilary was touched in the head even as a child. Although unmarried, she gave birth to a daughter in October of 1907. There were rumors about the girl's unknown father, and about precisely what Hilary was doing nine months prior to that birth, when strange lights were seen and wild cries were heard atop Allen Mountain, where old Abraham Wilson lives. Those questions went unanswered as Miriam Hetfield grew up, seemingly quite normal and untouched by whatever taint mars many a Dunwich birth. That Miriam apparently ran away is to many a sign that she has outgrown Dunwich, and surely that can only be for the better. Since Miriam ran off, Hilary has become increasingly reclusive, and on the few occasions she has come into the store it has been obvious to all that her mind is wandering.

Once the loungers start talking, the investigators could easily spend several hours here listening to stories about Dunwich. If they do so, it may be dark by the time they leave, perhaps requiring an overnight stay in town. Though there are no hotels or boarding houses, Joe Osborn might be able to find someone willing to put an investigator or two up for the night in an unused room, barn, or other accommodation. This is left for the keeper to determine.

THE BODY

During the investigators' visit to Osborn's General Store, the door swings open and a man enters, a mailman's cap pushed back on his head—and the body of a dog swung over his shoulder. This is Cap Pritchett, Dunwich's postman. Much to Joe Osborn's horror, Cap dumps the dog on the counter, where all can see that it is horribly withered, drained; parts of its flesh and hide are collapsed and crumbling, while elsewhere great ragged bites have been taken from it. Examining the corpse causes a loss of 0/1D2 points of Sanity. Natural Science rolls cannot come up with any animal with jaws that could cause such wounds, nor any disease or poison with such a gruesome effect.

Cap says he found the dog—or what's left of it—out on Hutchins Road; he thinks it belongs to the Horn family. He heard of at least another six or seven dogs missing on his route this morning. Talk in the store turns to this gruesome new topic (see "A New Horror" above for suggestions as to what the loungers might talk about). If the investigators ask, they can be directed to the afflicted homes and farms. Directions to other Dunwich locations, such as Allen Mountain, can also be gained here.

THE MISSING AND DEAD ANIMALS

The missing pets and livestock have fallen prey to the Creature's appetite. Greedy, it kills needlessly, slaying many more animals than it needs in order to survive. The investigators can visit a number of Dunwich residents, but all relate the same thing: the animals simply wandered away, even the most obedient and homebound dog or lazy cat, and have not returned. At the Horns' farm the body of their horse, a huge mare, was found dead in the stable on the morning of the sixteenth. Like the body of the dog brought into Osborn's, the horse's remains are hideously dessicated and gouged with bites.

"Doc" Tucker Jones

The residence of Dunwich's combination undertaker, veterinarian, and unofficial physician is near the western part of the village, just before the houses begin thinning out into more rural areas. Tucker's home is unique in a neighborhood of abandoned houses and overgrown yards: his yard is well-trimmed, and while the weather has long since stripped the paint off his house, leaving it a uniform grey, some attempt appears to have been made to maintain the house. Calling at the house unannounced, the investigators have a 75% chance of finding "Doc" home. If not, Jones is probably out tending the injury or illness of one of his human or animal patients, or perhaps polishing the spare coffins in back of his house.

Tucker Jones is a calm and sympathetic 62-year old bachelor. Like his father before him, he is a self-taught doctor, and has ministered to the well-being of the township for over 30 years. Those Dunwich residents who can afford treatment seek it in Aylesbury; for his own services, Jones is just as likely to be paid in eggs as in cash. A sheep, several chickens, and a small mewling kitten are among his current menagerie, all received as payments within the past

*Extracts from the journals of Tucker Jones**October 31, 1907*

Accompanied young Lavinia Whateley to the Hetfield home today, at her insistence. When doing so, discovered Hilary Hetfield in throes of labor. Difficult birth. Patient lapsed in and out of consciousness, screamed often. Lavinia crouched by bed all night, whispering to Hilary, holding her hand. Kept reminding Hilary of "Von Junzt's instructions"—perhaps Lavinia is trained as a midwife? Unfamiliar folk medical treatment? Must investigate—Whateleys strange clan. Child born with pendulous growth attached to left shoulder, fleshy lump size of an apple. Minor operation to remove growth—actually an undeveloped fetus, boy twin somehow attached to developing embryo in womb. Requested this oddity as wished to study and preserve, scientific curiosity. Mother insisted on burial, given over to her custody, together with baby daughter, to be named Miriam. Mother and daughter doing well.

[Numerous lesser entries follow, chronicling Miriam's minor childhood accidents and ailments. Hilary Hetfield's mental condition begins to decay from 1918 onwards, and is noted as "early senility." Other entries note Hilary as receiving grains of laudanum—an opiate—as a sedative for hysteria. The next major entry is reproduced below.]

April 10th, 1928

Another visit to Hilary Hetfield. In a bad way. Has not taken well to daughter's absence (ran away six months past, not heard from since). Rapidly losing faculties, failing memory, hysteria, hallucinations. Weight down again. Frail, general appearance poor. Twice informed: found late at night, naked, roaming streets, "looking for granddaughter." No longer differentiates between herself, her mother, and her own daughter. Forgets own name and identity. Commitment?

Behold Papers #6

few weeks. If consulted about the dog-corpse found earlier by Cap Pritchett, or similarly drained corpses found subsequently, Doc is baffled.

Although he is technically not a professional doctor, he nonetheless has the ethical standards of the profession. He won't betray his patients' confidences without good cause. Investigators with law or medical qualifications might be able to Persuade Doc Jones into revealing the contents of his journals. Otherwise even the most persistent of investigators cannot sway him. Less honorable investigators might use force or theft to gain this information; this action might draw repercussions in the form of a creeping, implacable campaign of revenge carried out by the Believers, a more or less benevolent quasi-druidical cult worshipping in the Dunwich wilderness; this cult and its tactics are outlined in Chaosium's *Return to Dunwich* supplement.

If the investigators gain Doc Tucker's confidence, perhaps by informing him of Miriam Hetfield/Hannah Pickering's murder and the likelihood of her split personality, he can show them the appropriate references to the Hetfields in his journals, which are kept in his cluttered, ill-equipped "surgery." See *Behold Papers #6*.

Allen Mountain

Although unlikely, it is possible the investigators may wish to visit Allen Mountain, where Hilary Hetfield is rumored to have held certain dark rites around the time her daughter was conceived. If Tucker Jones is not home when the investigators pay him a call, they may want to do some sightseeing. They may also wish to speak with the only resident of the area, the elderly Abraham Wilson. Again, Osborn's store is an excellent place to get directions to this area: take the Dunwich Road west, past the Hetfield place, around the base of Round Mountain; the next main north-south road is about a mile and a half outside of town, running between Round Mountain and Allen Mountain. Staying on the river road, Abraham Wilson's place is about a half-mile past that north-south turn-off.

Like most of the mountains in the Dunwich area, Allen Mountain is thickly wooded; the trees lowering across its flanks are dark and old, with whispery canopies of leaves thick overhead. This primal forest is ancient and undisturbed by the coming of man. The earth underfoot is spongy and rank with decaying leaf mold. Approaching from the road, the investigators catch glimpses of the bald peak of the mountain, crested with a ring of solemn stones, jabbing upward at the ragged clouds which sweep majestically overhead.

From the road there doesn't initially appear to be a path leading to the mountain's top. When an opening in the foliage does present itself, it is flanked with a mailbox fashioned from an old milk churn; scrawled on the box is the name "A. Wilson." The mailbox and surrounding shrubs are connected by thick strands of web, and anyone examining the box up close rouses a huge spider, larger than a fist, from its hiding place. The webs are festooned with the desiccated corpses of dozens of the spider's insect victims—and a field mouse skeleton that is hanging in the lower shrouds of the web.

Drive Automobile rolls suggest that the track skirting up the mountain is ill-suited to automobiles. If the investigators insist on driving, with a halved Drive Auto they manage to make it halfway up before the track becomes too narrow to traverse; with a regular success roll they merely become bogged down, requiring a horse or mule team to free the car; a failed roll indicates a broken axle, requiring not only the horse team, but major repairs unavailable in the Dunwich area.

ABRAHAM WILSON

If the investigators more wisely choose to climb the mountain on foot, it is a breathless 20 minute hike to the handful of small rickety buildings which make up Abraham Wilson's farm. There is no reply to knocking at the door of his slowly-collapsing house, and there proves to be no one inside the claustrophobic, barely-furnished place. Listen rolls made while outside the house detect strange animal noises coming from one of the sheds out back. There, in one hay-lined stall of the darkened barn, they find Wilson helping one of his sheep give birth to its lamb. The ewe's

labor is an arduous one. Wilson kneels beside the laboring creature, and as the investigators watch the lamb comes sliding out in a gush of blood and liquid and a thrash of hooves. Wilson recoils with a cry—the lamb has two heads. The newborn cries once, in an almost-human voice, then both heads fall limp, dead. Investigators witnessing this lose 1D3 Sanity points with a failed Sanity roll, and 1 point even if they succeed.

Naturally shaken by this disturbing turn of events, Wilson is cautious and reserved toward his visitors, almost cantankerous. Mentioning Joe Osborn's name gets him to thaw somewhat. Old Abraham is tall and pot-bellied, with long white hair and a wild white beard that is stained with nicotine around his mouth. His bright blue eyes twinkle with intelligence and wit. Once he has softened to the investigators he will open up.

Wilson, a prankster, invites his company in for tea, chuckling mischievously when one investigator nearly tumbles to the floor when he sits on a chair with one leg a full two inches shorter than the others. Having dwelt on Allen Mountain since he was a boy, Wilson has seen one or two things in his time, but he prefers not to talk about grim topics. He thinks there is too much beauty and humor in the world to spend time talking about such grim subjects. (The scarecrow set among the stones atop Allen Mountain—detailed below—is another of Wilson's jokes. If asked about it, his smile fades as he says "It's not crows I built that to scare off, mind you." He won't explain further.)

If asked about the Hetfields, old Abraham acknowledges that he saw her dancing around a fire up on the mountain nigh on 22 years ago now. That's all he knows, though he might add that "Thar's plenty o' queer things a'happ'nin' atop hills around Dunwich. Aye, and under 'em." He smiles and laughs grimly at this, then changes the subject to more pleasant subjects.

THE STONES ON THE SUMMIT

If asked about the stones atop the mountain, Abraham Wilson points the investigators to a narrow path at the back of his property, stating that it leads to the mountaintop. It's another hard hour of climbing to the summit, and as they near the clearing at the top, Spot Hidden rolls catch a glimpse of a ragged human-like figure standing amid the stones, its back to the path and its arms outstretched as if in supplication. At the clearing the investigators see that the figure is merely a scarecrow, erected for some unknown purpose at a place where there are no crops to protect. Approaching it, they find scores of maggots writhing in its pulpy, rotten-pumpkin face.

The crest of the mountain is treeless, exposed to the chill wind, and ringed with eight enigmatic stone pillars. These are unmarked save for the same lichen and fungus adhering to stones all across the peak. This is where Hilary Hetfield came to worship Shub-Niggurath, and where she was impregnated by the terrible goddess. Unknown to anyone living, save perhaps Hilary in her dreams, there is an ancient Hyperborean temple to the Black Goat hidden deep within the mountain.

Visiting the Hetfield House

This is undoubtedly high on the investigators' list of places to visit in Dunwich. Perhaps Hilary Hetfield can help identify what attacked her daughter here, causing Miriam's flight to Arkham and her subsequent death there. Without Joe Osborn's helpful directions the investigators could easily become lost and certainly never find the Hetfield home. As it is, the investigators pass countless antique, decaying residences before reaching the tree-ringed house of Hilary Hetfield. The three closest sets of neighbors to the house (the Bensons, the Smiths, and the Holloways) are described below.

The Benson House

This family of five moved to Dunwich only two years ago. Having discovered the existence of a pagan cult in the area (the aforementioned Believers), they have painted hex symbols on the outside walls of their house, which is in good condition compared to most in the village. There are also glass witch-balls in the windows, sparkling and swinging in the breeze. The investigators find the Bensons to be nervous and deeply religious. The parents, Peter and Abigail, fear the Believers, and thus are wary of telling the investigators too much. If the investigators reveal that they are from Arkham, the couple relax some. As they have little to do with their neighbors, or anyone else in Dunwich, the Bensons haven't heard of the rash of missing pets, nor of the desiccated bodies that have been found. This makes the couple even more nervous. The Benson children are thin, wide-eyed, and easily frightened, and always play close to the house.

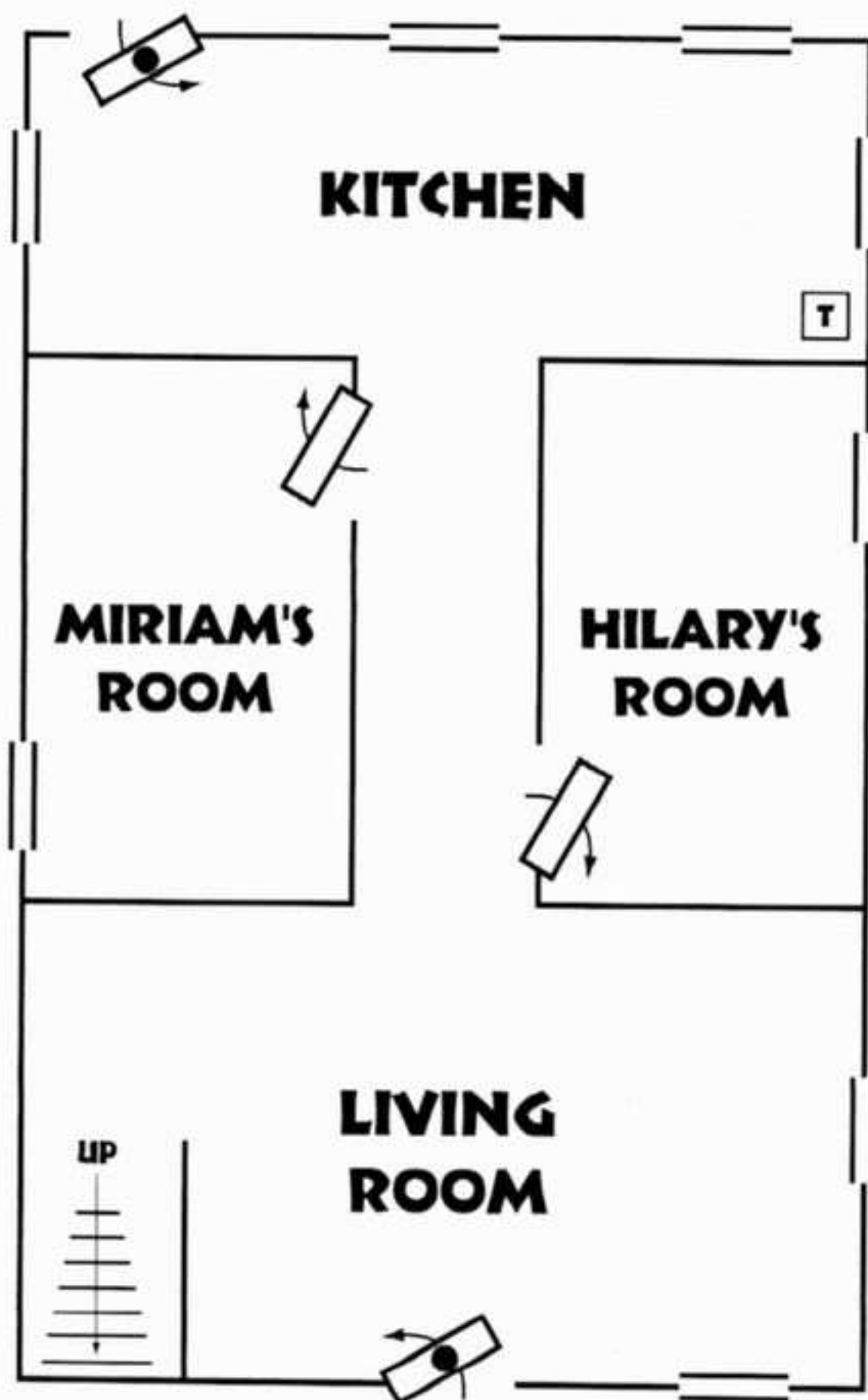
If the investigators ask about the nearby Hetfield house, no Psychology rolls are needed to notice the looks of fear that cross the faces of the Bensons. The youngest child bursts into tears, and Abigail crosses herself. Persuade rolls are then

An Option: Village in Fear

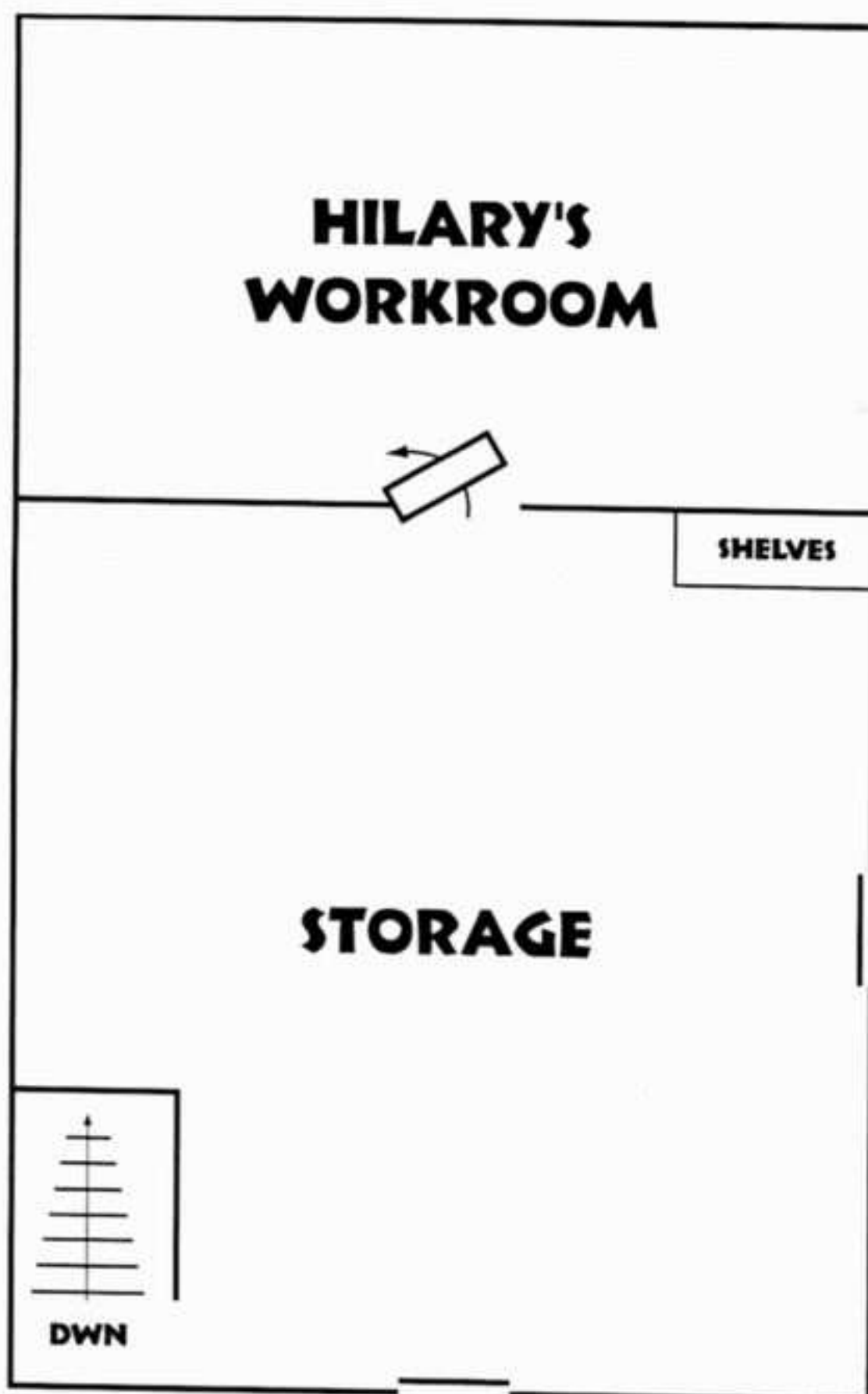
The keeper may wish to manipulate events so that the investigators are forced to stay in Dunwich after dark, when the Creature again creeps out of its home to feed. The investigators might stumble across it by seeing it as it darts across the road in front of their headlights, or perhaps discover it in the act of feeding upon the Smith child (see below), or even be led to it by a posse of villagers carrying guns, pitchforks, and torches, intent on its destruction. These options give the investigators an opportunity to track the Creature to its home, perhaps saving Dunwich from a new horror.

THE HETFIELD HOUSE IN DUNWICH

GROUND FLOOR



THE ATTIC



needed to get the couple to speak of their neighbor. When they do, it is with hushed voices, to make sure she (Hilary) doesn't overhear. The Bensons firmly believe Hilary is a witch; several times in past months they have seen her tottering along the road cackling to herself; before that she put a curse on their dog for chasing her chickens, and it died. When Peter Benson confronted her about the dog's death Hilary put a curse on him too, and the next day he broke out in an awful rash. To the children, Hilary's appearance alone is sufficient to brand her a witch. As the investigators leave a shaky hymn follows them out the door, Peter Benson leading his family in song. It is a desperate, frightened sound.

The Smith House

The harried, weary mother of this family of seven children has done her best to raise them since her husband died ten years ago. When the investigators arrive, Mrs. Smith is out, along with the youngest four of her children. The investigators' knock is answered, after a long wait, by a gangly, blank-stared adolescent. His slack face is splashed with blood, and a blood-stained hatchet is in one hand. After a wordless pause, a headless chicken darts between his legs and into the yard, its neck spurting blood. It runs wildly for several seconds before falling, twitching out the last of its life. Investigators failing a Natural History roll lose 0/1 point of Sanity, otherwise they are not unduly unnerved.

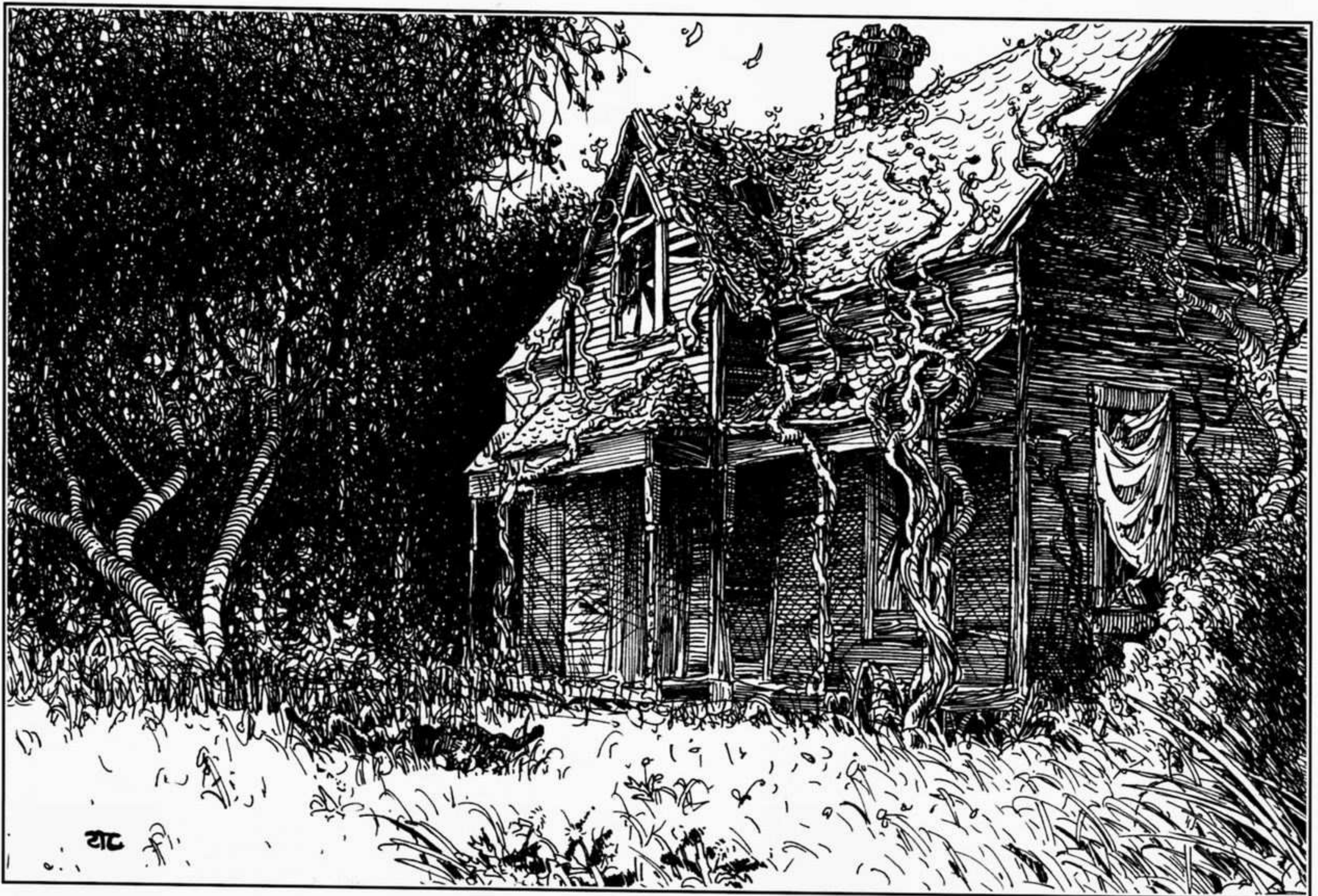
The youth who opened the door is Caleb Smith, 17; a Psychology or Medicine roll notes that he is slightly feeble-minded. His younger brother Davey, 14, and his sister Mary, 15, are also home, engaged in incestuous intercourse in one dank room of the decaying farmhouse. A cursory examination of the property reveals it to be in very poor condition, the buildings ramshackle, the animals gaunt, the soil thin. If questioned about the Hetfields, the Smith children prove variously sullen, shy, stupid, and suspicious. Mrs. Smith has nothing but good to say about her neighbor across the road, while her offspring say nothing at all.

The family dog, Mustard, a flea-bitten yellow mongrel, is one of those that has gone missing. Its body has not been found, and the children are tearful and fretting because of it. Mustard has fallen victim to the Creature, as will the youngest Smith child ere long. If the investigators arrive in the area before dusk on the 16th they may be in time to drive off the Creature before it attacks.

THE ATTACK OF THE CREATURE

The keeper may wish to stage this scene while the investigators are present at the Smith home; if so, it must be after dusk, as this is when the Creature comes out to hunt. Alternately, the investigators may hear about the attack later that night and come to look into it.

While Mrs. Smith is engaged in the kitchen, or with the investigators, the Creature crawls up the side of the house to the open window of the youngest child's room. The family dog, which normally would have alerted the family, was taken the previous night. As the Creature drags its twisted, oozing shape through the window, the young Smith child



THE HETFIELD HOUSE

awakens and screams. If the investigators are present, those making DEXx3 rolls can rush to the room in time to confront the misshapen horror where it drools from the window above the child's bed. If the investigators's DEX rolls fail, the Creature is able to move with unnatural quickness, leaving behind only an empty room, a puddle of vile pus on the windowsill, and the receding cry of the child—cut abruptly short. If the child is snatched by the unseen Creature right from under their noses, each investigator loses 1/1D3 points of Sanity; if the Creature is actually seen but it is stopped before it kills the infant, the loss is 1/1D6.

The Holloway House

The investigators' inquiries here are fruitless. White-haired old Charlie Holloway hasn't spoken to anyone in years, and he's certainly not going to speak to the investigators. Chances are he won't even answer the door, though he might be seen or heard moving inside. Old Charlie spends most of his time in the kitchen, in the dark, rocking to and fro on a squeaky rocking chair.

The Hetfield House

Even with Joe Osborn's directions a Spot Hidden roll is needed to spy this mouldering structure behind the screen of trees which surround it. No smoke drifts from the chimney, and as they walk across the tangled yard toward the building, the investigators find the corpses of one or more

animals: withered and partially devoured, as others they may have previously seen here in Dunwich. As they draw near they find the house drowned in near-perpetual shadows. The trees grow thick around it, their boughs interwoven, their mossy trunks hoary and old. Pale ivy crawls across the exterior of the house and across the shingled roof, weak tendrils hanging limply in the gloom. There is no answer to the investigators' knocks at either the front or back doors, though both are unlocked.

The interior is gloomy and damp, with mildew, mold, and fungal growths in every room. The curtains and furniture are moist to the touch, some crumbling to shreds in the investigators' hands. The pungent, unpleasant smells of damp and decay pervade the house. Worse, in every room, on nearly every surface, are gelatinous trails of some sort of putrid slime, crossing and recrossing the floors and walls. Cthulhu Mythos rolls suggest that this is the spoor of some minor Mythos horror.

Since Miriam fled to Arkham and became Hannah to save her shattered mind, the house in which she lived has grown to resemble its chief inhabitant. Hilary Hetfield is an empty shell of a woman, driven by her madness and her passion for the Outer God she worships. The event for which she has striven is almost at hand, and Hilary has received the call that the time is very near. By the time the investigators arrive at her house Hilary has already left for Arkham, unnoticed by her neighbors. No one knows she has gone, though there are hints of her destination in her diary/grimoire, discussed below.

If the investigators explore the Hetfield home during the day the Creature is likely to be asleep in its attic hidey-hole. If disturbed, it slithers through the house trying to pick off the intruders one by one, leaving behind a trail of loathsome slime as it goes. It won't leave the house during daylight under any circumstances. The Creature is neither suicidal nor stupid, however, and if outnumbered it makes a tactical retreat, probably to the basement. If the house is entered after dark, the Creature is most likely out hunting, unless the investigators have tracked it to its lair here.

Most of the house is nondescript, marked only by the signs of damp and decay mentioned above. Many of the foodstuffs stored in the kitchen have spoiled, oddly even the canned goods. Both Hilary's and Miriam's rooms contain soiled beds, shabby/dirty clothing, and little else. The furniture in the living room is close to disintegrating. In the cellar, the floor is muddy and covered in places with puddles several inches deep; here dwell a few frogs and salamanders that have managed to avoid the hungry Creature.

THE ATTIC

The final area of the house, the attic, is accessed from the living room. The attic door was forced at some earlier date, and a Mechanical Repair roll notes that it was burst from the inside. The attic is large and seemingly empty, if claustrophobic due to the low peaked ceiling. There are a few boxes and trunks of old clothes, toys, and junk strewn throughout the main part of the attic. Here too are the

Behold Papers #7

Excerpts from Hilary Hetfield's grimoire

April 15th. It is my destiny. I bear the sign, and the stars are right. Through me has the Black Goat of the Woods borne twins, one growing upon the other. Did not my son impregnate my daughter, thereby conceiving that Grand-Child according to the prophecy of old, which Von Junzt knew and recorded in his Black Book? The ancient druids knew three to be the sacred number, and this third child shall be the One foretold, the gateway between the flesh of Eve and the flesh of the Goddess. Even unto the Black Goat of the Woods shall She be a Daughter, the Mother of Pus, and her ascension to godhead shall be a sign that the time of the Old Ones draws ever nigh. This very night I saw as if in a dream the birth of my beautiful grand-daughter, she that I have long awaited. I leave this minute for Arkham, where amid the offal and decay she awaits my call, and the call of the Goddess. Vä! Shub-Niggurath! Vä! Mother of Pus!

dampness and decay pervading the Hetfield home. At the far end of the attic is a door, and beside it a set of shelves.

As the investigators explore the attic, each should roll their Luck; if they fail, they put their foot through a rotten floorboard, doing 1 point of damage. Here and there ivy has grown through the loose tiles in the roof, dangling like pale tentacles in the dusty air, limp and unresisting. If the investigators wish, they can poke holes in the roof to let in more light; they must overcome the roof's STR of 6 to do this. The investigators find that the vile mucus trails that coat the rest of the house are especially thick and sticky here.

Close examination of the floor reveals layers of chalk designs on the wooden boards, scrawled one upon another over the years. Thick patches of mold seem to follow where the lines have been chalked. Occult or Cthulhu Mythos rolls reveal that these are magical in nature, but suggest nothing more about their purpose, other than a possible connection with fertility rites.

The shelves in the dark corner prove to be rickety, rowed with jars of various sizes and colors. Some appear to contain beets, beans, tomatoes, and so forth, while the contents of others look fairly nauseous (canned fish), or are opaque (jams, jellies, tomato juice). A Spot Hidden roll made while examining the lowest shelf notes that while the top shelves are open to the wall in back, the rear of the bottom shelf is closed off. During the night, the shelves can be safely moved, revealing a slime-caked cubbyhole behind the bottom shelf. If it is during the day the Creature is hiding in the cubbyhole, and as the investigators go to move the shelf it pushes the shelf over on the intruders. Anyone in the way must make a Dodge roll or take 1D6+1 damage from the toppled shelf and broken glass; in addition, the investigator is trapped beneath the shelf, and must overcome its SIZ of 10 to free himself. The Creature, meanwhile, attacks if its prey is outnumbered or helpless, but prefers to flee elsewhere in the house. There it lurks in cupboards and clings above doors, waiting to spring. A desperate cat-and-mouse game now develops between the Creature and the investigators, a game favoring the Creature, since it knows the house. It is especially at home in the partly-flooded cellar, where it can lurch out of the deep puddles there to attack an investigator and try to drown him or her.

THE CREATURE

Despite its small size, Miriam's deformed twin is extremely dangerous. Hunched and drooling, its beady eyes burn with a malevolent cunning. Its almost human countenance bears a terrible resemblance to Miriam-Hannah. Hairless and pallid, this embryonic monstrosity drags itself about with the aid of its powerful, clawed arms; it has no legs, only a powerfully muscled tail. It is also unmistakably male. A clear mucus oozes from every pore, accounting for the slime trails left throughout the house. These trails dry in sunlight, like those of a slug.

HILARY'S WORKROOM

This small airless room lies beyond the far door in the attic. Sequestered here, Hilary Hetfield plotted a course of mad-

ness that would see her impregnated by an Outer God, one of the resulting children raped by the other and then slain giving birth to the “granddaughter” Hilary hungered for: a granddaughter who would transform into a terrible new goddess.

The workroom is windowless, and when the investigators open the door the chamber is filled with a dry rustling sound. This is caused by the many bunches of herbs and leaves hung about the rafters to dry. Among these are also several dead, dried snakes. A human skull rests atop a pile of loose papers on the low table against the far wall. Most of the papers appear to be astrological charts and star maps. With an Astronomy roll an investigator realizes that the charts depict a configuration for the night of April 17, while an Occult roll discerns that the alignment of the stars predicts a dire catastrophe on that same date. An “impaling” roll on either skill test indicates that the exact time of the alignment is 11 PM.

Also on the work table are two large books. One is bound in cracked black leather, and bears no title. By its rough appearance it looks handmade. The loose pages within are covered in tight lines of crabbed handwriting, difficult to make out. Read English rolls are required to interpret the contents of the book, which prove to be the grimoire and diary of the mad Hilary Hetfield. Reading the entire book at a later date takes 25-INT hours and adds 2 points to the reader’s Cthulhu Mythos skill, along with a loss of 1D3 Sanity. An excerpt appears nearby as *Behold Papers #7*. It can be discovered after a few minutes browsing of the book.

The second book is a copy of the 1845 Bridewell edition of Friedrich Wilhelm Von Junzt’s *Nameless Cults*, in English. If falls open to one particular page, obviously frequently referred to by Hilary Hetfield; this passage is reproduced nearby as *Behold Papers #8*. Reading this passage alone accrues 1 point of Cthulhu Mythos skill, at a loss of 1 point of Sanity. If the investigators read the entire book at a later date, the Cthulhu Mythos gain is +12 and the Sanity loss is 1D8-1/2D8-1 points. This edition has a spell multiplier of x3, and contains Empower Mother of Pus (a new spell described in the reproduced passage and detailed below), Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dark Young, and other spells chosen by the keeper. The spell Empower Mother of Pus appears on the same page as *Behold Papers #8*, and thus will be easy to locate. More importantly Empower Mother of Pus—and its reverse—can be learned quickly, in 24-INT hours, due to the succinct and clear notes Hilary has scrawled in the margins beside it.

A NEW SPELL: EMPOWER MOTHER OF PUS

This spell, sung in conjunction with the singing of Shub-Niggurath, who must also be present, triggers a change in a specific one of her numerous spawn, transforming it into a minor deity in its own right—the Mother of Pus. The spell costs 3 POW and 1D10 Sanity to cast. The reverse of the spell destroys the spawn in question; to be successful the caster or casters must expend Sanity (though not POW) as above, and must also overcome the Magic Points of anyone

An extract from Von Junzt’s *Nameless Cults*

Among these vile deities of rank growth and obscene fertility are numbered the Source of Uncleanliness, held sacred by certain dark sects in Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, who worship by drowning alive their victims in excrement, and the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young. This primal goddess is shunned by the sane, and the existence of Her cult is denied by the wise. But I have seen with my own eyes the groves wherein She is worshipped, in the mountains of Central Europe, and too in Corsica and Sardinia. I have not, however, seen the horrid rites held therein, else I would not live to write these words.

In Corsica, my guide—an Arab who once had danced with the cult at the moon’s dark, but now feared for his life and so had left them—whispered to me of a prophecy which told of the Mother of Pus, a grandchild of the Goddess who would be begotten by Her, who is mother and father both, upon a mortal woman. By incest would this woman’s children in turn conceive the Mother of Pus herself. Long have my nights been rent by screams, torn from my own throat when in dreams I see the Mother of Pus as my guide all too clearly describ’d her, and too that which her foetid warmth arouses. It is written, so the Arab said, that the coming of the Mother of Pus shall herald the waking of the Old Ones from their slumber in the darkneses beneath the earth.

When he came to this, my guide fell silent and to trembling, and it was many nights before I could encourage him to tell me of the song that must be wailed when the stars are right. The song which awakens the grandchild to godhood, confirming her as the Mother of Pus, then to begin her horrid reign. This song seems alien to me, and I shudder when I recall the curious way my guide breathed out the notes, but for the sake of learning, I set it down here. Sung as written, it triggers the powers that lie dormant within the goddess-to-be. Reversed perhaps, it might destroy her before her coming destroys the world. I pray to God that this necessity never arises, but I know I pray in vain.

Sadly, only days after the faithful Arab had revealed to me the secrets of the cult, he was found dead in his bath, liquified and rotting. I fled from Corsica in fear of my life, but know that I shall never forget the look I saw upon his slumped, oozing face, or what was left of it, and dread that one day I shall look within a mirror and see it gazing out at me with mine own eyes.

casting the normal version of the spell, on the Resistance Table; this can only be done while Shub-Niggurath is singing. The voice of the Black Goat is an integral part of either version of the spell, and neither version can be successfully cast without Shub-Niggurath present. For either version to be successful, either the caster, or someone participating in the ritual with him, must succeed at a Sing roll.

Return to Arkham

From their findings in Dunwich, the investigators now know they must hurry back to Arkham to prevent the empowerment of the Mother of Pus. Hilary Hetfield is making her way to Arkham on foot, and won't arrive at the Arkham town dump until 10:30 on the night of the 17th. Once she arrives she proceeds to Call Shub-Niggurath, then begins the spell to Empower the Mother of Pus. These scenes are described in the "April 17th" section of the "Events" box detailed on p. 46. This is also the day that the newspaper article noted as *Behold Papers #9* appears in the *Arkham Advertiser*.

RESEARCHING THE MOTHER OF PUS

Once they have discovered Hilary's mad plan to create the Mother of Pus the investigators may wish to do some addi-

Behold Papers #9

The Arkham Advertiser

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PLAGUE OF MISSING PETS

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Arkham—More than 50 reports of missing or stray pets have been received by this paper at press time. Dogs, cats, hamsters, and even a sheep have vanished from their owners' Arkham homes within the past 24 hours; the majority of these reports have come from homes on the north side of the Miskatonic. Miss Charity Osgood, 52, of 211 West Derby Street, says that her sheep Beatrice, kept tethered to crop the lawns of her Georgian home, chewed through its leather harness and made its escape up North Garrison Street. Neither Beatrice nor any of the other missing pets have been sighted since. The Arkham Advertiser is offering a reward of \$5 to anyone who has information which leads to the return of the missing animals. Police Chief Asa Nichols has condemned what he sees as "a cruel student prank," and regrets that he can spare no men to track down those responsible at this time, as his men are busy investigating the murder of Hannah Pickering. Some citizens, however, believe the problem is more serious, pointing to a similar epidemic of pet disappearances that was reported yesterday in Dunwich.

tional research on the subject, either at the Miskatonic University library, or with their own volumes of arcane lore. *Behold Papers #10* and *#11* contain a couple of quotes pertaining to the Mother of Pus, culled from various Mythos tomes; these can either be found in the books listed or in others, as the keeper desires.

"...Amid the Decay"

Hilary's grimoire hinted at where the Spawn grows and waits: the Arkham dump, near where it forced its way into the world by killing Miriam-Hannah—allow investigators Idea rolls if they have not identified the dump on their own. By the afternoon of the 17th the Spawn has grown enough to be capable of defending itself against physical attack. The dump, meanwhile, is littered with the withered, desiccated corpses of countless rats, cats, dogs, raccoons and other animals. Their bodies surround the stagnant pond, a dry rustling carpet of skin and bones that crackles like brown paper underfoot. All are contorted, as if they died in great pain. The animals were drawn here by the Spawn and drained of their life-force. Seeing this mass of bodies, and their condition, calls for a loss of 1/1D3 points of Sanity. Investigators who search for Harry Coffin today find him—or rather what's left of him in his shack: he too is a wrinkled, shrunken, dry sack of bones; finding poor Harry calls for an additional loss of 1/1D6 Sanity. If the investigators don't find Harry's body today it may be days before he is discovered.

The Lair of the Spawn

The pond in the lowest part of the dump is stagnant and slicked with oil. The front half of a rusting model-T Ford is half-submerged in the pond. Beneath the surface of the water, buried in slime and stinking mud, the Spawn lies dreaming and growing, tentacles undulating faintly as it sleeps. It waits for its grandmothers to come sing it to wakefulness: mad Hilary and the Black Goat of the Woods who spawned it. If attacked before achieving godhood, the Spawn is nonetheless formidable. Investigators coming within a few feet of the water's edge run the risk of alerting the Spawn to the presence of intruders—or potential prey.

Spot Hidden rolls by the investigators allow them to note a dried lump of meat by the pool's edge. Medicine or Biology rolls identify this as the remains of a human uterus, which they may recall was missing from Hannah-Miriam's body. The Spawn became entangled in the organ when it tore loose of its mother, and was only freed of it as it slipped into the waters. Note that closely examining the organ requires the investigators to come to the water's edge. This has a 50% chance of alerting the Spawn to the presence of food nearby.

If the Spawn realizes there is food present it attacks the investigators, grasping them with its tentacles and draining them of POW. This requires a successful tentacle attack, followed by a POW vs. POW roll on subsequent rounds; if the

Behold Papers #10

An extract from the *Book of Eibon*

Time is not constant, nor is the future unchangeable. I have seen the coming of the Daemon Sultan's Seed, and also the day the oceans vomit forth the citadels of the Elder Ones, when the stars shift in their patterns and the dead live again. I have seen the empire of Atlantae, not yet born, fall to the reign of years, and those kingdoms which wax and wane in her shadow—serpent-haunted Stygia, Aquilonia, Aegypt, and Rome. Mark well what I have seen, for these are the signs of the Last Days, which foretell the return of Those Who Dream And Die Not: the Slouch of the Beast, the Rising of the Corpse City, the Hot Kiss of the Mother of Pus, the Return of the Harbinger and Maker, and the End of All Songs.

Behold Papers #11

An extract from *De Vermis Mysteriis*

Watch not the Stalkers, nor seek to know the Spawn of the Woods, for the tainted well-spring which gives them birth cares not for the intruder. Mark well what fate befell Orpheus when the Daughters of Dionysus came upon him deep in the woods. The Black Goat of the Woods spawns and spawns again, but there shall come a time when her spawn shall come from a human womb—two who were one, and the child of those children shall be the Mother of Pus, and all the world shall tremble beneath her hooves, She Who is the Ender of Ages.

Spawn wins the investigator loses 1D3 points of POW per round. Investigators can break free from the Spawn's grasp with a successful STR vs. STR roll, with the Spawn's STR divided evenly between the number of targets in its grasp. The Spawn can attack up to four targets at a time in this manner. Most of its form remains hidden beneath the waters when attacking in this mode, so attacks against it are at -50%; damaging the tentacles is possible, but useless, since this doesn't harm its body and it has dozens of such limbs.

If the investigators injure the submerged Spawn it becomes enraged and fights to kill. Its first move is to grab the hulk of the model-T and hurl it at an investigator (doing 3D6 damage to any who fail to dodge), bursting out of the pool with a spray of stagnant water and a flurry of waving tentacles as it does. Seeing the Spawn now exposed costs witnesses 1/1D10 points of Sanity. The Spawn continues to attack with tentacles or large pieces of debris thrown at its enemies, fighting until it or its foes are dead.

If the investigators arrive at the dump before Hilary Hetfield they may well be able to dispatch the Spawn before it becomes a goddess, though not without a struggle. There is still the insane Hilary to deal with, but at least they won't have to face the mind-blasting horror of Shub-Niggurath.

Waiting for Hilary

Hilary Hetfield arrives at the dump at 10:30, shortly before the astral conjunction that heralds her grandchild's great transformation. She immediately begins Calling Shub-Niggurath; due to the presence of the Spawn and the portentous configuration of the stars, Hilary only spends 10 Magic Points to have a 100% chance of successfully Calling Shub-Niggurath. The investigators may kill the madwoman before her spell can be completed, but this alerts the Spawn, who comes to the sorceress' aid. If the investigators can prevent Hilary from summoning the Black Goat, or Dismiss Shub-Niggurath when She arrives, they can thwart the Empowering of the Mother of Pus.

Investigators making a successful Cthulhu Mythos roll may realize that Hilary is Calling Shub-Niggurath. If they fail to stop her horrid, slobbery-voiced ritual, strange clouds suddenly form and race to cover the moon. A chill wind blows up, moaning across the dump and sending old papers flapping in its wake. Then the Black Goat begins to form, a shifting, drooling shape out of nightmare, all mouths and undulating growths and hazy gaseous substances that congeal and drip foul odorous slime. Beneath the monstrosity the foul ichors bubble as unnatural growths sprout and quickly die. The gusting stench, blown into the investigators' faces by the icy wind, is revolting. Viewing this manifestation of Shub-Niggurath causes a loss of 1D10/1D100 points of Sanity.

Once Shub-Niggurath is present Hilary begins to cast Empower Mother of Pus, the spell that transforms the Spawn into a vile new goddess. As she raises her mad, cracked voice and begins to sing, she is joined by Shub-Niggurath—a terrible counter-melody of bass croaking and ear-splitting ultrasonic shrieks. It costs another 1/1D6 Sanity to hear the dire song of Shub-Niggurath.

If the investigators know the reverse of the Empowering ritual, now is the time to cast it. To be successful they must overcome Hilary's POW with their own, and succeed in at least one Sing roll (each investigator performing the counter-ritual gets one such roll). All the investigators who know the spell can aid in the casting, then combining their POWs against Hilary's; all involved in the casting must lose the appropriate Sanity, however.

IF THE INVESTIGATORS SUCCEED

Shub-Niggurath's singing begins to harmonize with the investigators' own, their song then drowning out Hilary's. The Spawn thrashes to the surface of the pool, expanding with frightening speed as it transforms into the goddess: Sanity loss is 1D3/2D10. But as it continues to expand it begins to break up, its slimy hide sloughing off in chunks, until it finally collapses into a splattery mess. Shub-Niggurath's song then begins to fade, and the Black Goat drifts away to whatever dimension She was called from, leaving the investigators to face Hilary Hetfield's wrath.

IF THE INVESTIGATORS FAIL

Hilary's song shrieks out triumphantly as the Spawn thrashes to the surface, undergoing its final metamorphosis. The Mother of Pus rears above the dump, a towering monstrosity of phlegm and ooze, stinking, weeping pus, waving a forest of tentacles ending in eyes, maws, or more tentacles: horrified witnesses lose 1D3/2D10 Sanity points. Shub-Niggurath fades back to whatever hellish dimension She was summoned from, leaving behind vast puddles of slime and filth. Hilary Hetfield dances insanely around the dump, laughing and screaming the name of her new goddess to the uncaring stars. "The Mother of Pus! The Mother of Pus!"

The Reign of the Mother of Pus

If the investigators fail to stop the Spawn's transformation, the Mother of Pus rears in all its unspeakable glory. Despite its horrid manifestation, it stays on Earth only briefly. Less than half an hour passes before it slowly seeps away through the dimensions, but during that time the horrifying effects of its alien power are felt in the surrounding area. The following effects are felt even if the investigators manage to kill the Mother of Pus after its transformation.

Hilary Hetfield

This skeletal woman is completely insane. Having walked from Dunwich to Arkham she is filthy, scratched and bleeding, her dress torn and flapping. Moss smears her wrinkled face, and twigs and leaves are tangled in her grey hair. Hilary's pale eyes burn with a feral light, and she constantly mutters to herself, cackling often. She has served the Black Goat of the Woods faithfully for many years—she was initiated into the cult at an early age by a relative now long-dead. She is hopelessly mad, but sharp-witted regardless.

Having worked years toward the birth of the Mother of Pus, Hilary won't stand by helplessly and watch the investigators ruin everything. She is a formidable sorcerer, and her deranged state adds to her strength and stamina. Hilary is not suicidal, however, and if things turn against her she flees to plot her subsequent revenge against the investigators.

A NEW SPELL: LIQUIDITY

This dread magic requires 2 rounds to cast, and costs 1D10 points of Sanity and 8 Magic Points. A POW vs. POW roll is made against the victim, and if successful the victim breaks out in ulcerating sores during that first round. During the next round the sores stream pus, and the victim must roll CONx3 or less to avoid vomiting due to the foul stench emitted by the abscesses. On the third and final round the victim's blood and liquefying internal organs begin to gush out of the sores, causing death.

That night a score of Arkham residents go mad, psychically sensitive individuals unhinged by the Mother of Pus' presence. Several commit suicide, while others spend the remainder of their unhappy lives gibbering within the walls of an asylum. This outbreak of madness is later attributed to an accidental poisoning of Arkham's water supply, perhaps the growth of some toxic algae. Then, over the next nine months numerous women and animals find themselves mysteriously pregnant. The resulting births are always still-born and deformed, sometimes even rotting within the womb so that when delivered the fetus comes out as a mass of bloody liquescent sludge. The poison-water theory gains more adherents after this.

Those individuals in the immediate area of the manifestation, including the investigators, are stricken with the Weeping Curse of the Mother of Pus. Weeping, ulcerous sores appear all over the victims' bodies. These stinking, painful sores take several weeks to properly heal, and permanently reduce APP by 1D3 points.

Conclusion

It is quite possible that the investigators may fail to stop the transformation of the Spawn into the Mother of Pus. Assuming the transformation succeeds, the Spawn attains goddesshood, free to roam the universe spreading disease, madness, and horror. The investigators lose an additional 1D10 Sanity for allowing this to happen. Although the Mother of Pus is a herald of the return of the Great Old Ones, the investigators still have at least 70 years before the stars are right for Their time. Meanwhile, their nightmares are troubled for years to come: horrid dreams of growths and fetid decay inside the earth, devouring it from inside like a worm in an apple; dreams where pus drips from the poisoned sky like rain.

If, on the other hand, the investigators succeed in stopping the transformation of the Spawn, each gains 2D10 points of Sanity. Killing the Mother of Pus after its transformation nets them only 1D10 Sanity, considering the after-effects of even the Mother's briefest stay. Killing or capturing Hilary Hetfield earns them an additional 1D6 points of Sanity. If she survives this scenario, however, Hilary may return to plague the investigators with her plots and molds and curses at a later date, as the keeper desires.

Investigators who suffer permanent or temporary insanities during the course of this scenario might be afflicted with phobias of mold, fungus, or slime, or develop a cleaning mania, or both. Bacteriophobia is another possibility, as are amnesia or stupefaction.

Finally, investigators who assisted the police in their enquiries and stayed within the bounds of the law may receive a Credit Rating bonus of 1D4 or more, if their information aided the police investigation of Hannah Pickering's murder. If, on the other hand, the investigators were caught performing unlawful acts by the police, Credit Rating penalties of 1D6 or more might be called for, in addition to further losses accrued when their case or cases go to trial.



Statistics

DETECTIVE SERGEANT MAXWELL SWEENEY, age 39

STR 15 CON 12 SIZ 12 INT 15 POW 12
DEX 13 APP 9 EDU 15 SAN 40 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1D4

Weapons: Fist 72%, damage 1D3+db

.45 revolver 75%, damage 1D10+2

Skills: Dodge 35%, Drive Auto 50%, Fast talk 70%, First Aid 53%, Law 40%, Listen 56%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 67%, Sneak 54%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 30%.

THE CREATURE, deformed twin

STR 18 CON 15 SIZ 6 INT 7 POW 10
DEX 12 HP 11

Weapons: Bite 50%, damage 1D4+POW vs. POW for 1D2 POW drain

Claws (x2) 65%, damage 1D6 each

Skills: Hide 85%, Sneak 85%, Spot Hidden 45%, Track 60%.

San Loss: 1/1D6.

HILARY HETFIELD, cultist, mother, grandmother

STR 13 CON 16 SIZ 8 INT 18 POW 23
DEX 9 APP 6 EDU 5 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +0

Weapons: Claws (1) 70%, damage 1d4

Unnerving Shriek (POW vs. POW or stunned for one round)

Spells: Empower Mother of Pus (new spell), Implant Fear, Liquidity (new spell), Call/Dismiss Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dark Young.

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Hide 66%, Listen 45%, Mutter Darkly 99%, Occult 67%, Sing 75%, Sneak 82%.

THE SPAWN, intermediate phase

STR 40 CON 14 SIZ 28 INT 13 POW 20
DEX 9 HP 21

Damage Bonus: +3D6

Weapons: Tentacles (x4) 75%, damage db + POW vs. POW roll for 1D3 POW drain

Hurl Large Debris 50%, damage 2D10.

Skills: Call Animal Prey 100%.

San Loss: 1/1D10

THE MOTHER OF PUS, Lesser Outer God

STR 60 CON 85 SIZ 64 INT 20 POW 45
DEX 19 Move 15 HP 75

Damage Bonus: +7D6

Weapons: Tentacles (x10) 90%, damage db + automatic 1D4 POW drain.

Spells: Call Shub-Niggurath, Summon/Bind Dark Young.

San Loss: 1D3/2D10.

SHUB-NIGGURATH, Outer God

STR 72 CON 170 SIZ 120 INT 21 POW 70
DEX 28 Move 15 HP 145

Damage Bonus: +11D6

Weapons*: Tentacle 100%, damage automatic catch

Bite 100%, damage 1D6 STR loss

Trample 75%, damage db

** Can attack with dozens of tentacles, but only one can attack a given victim in a round. With a successful catch, Shub-Niggurath can bite every round.*

Armor: immune to physical weapons; takes normal damage from energy and magical attacks; for each Magic Point expended she regenerates 2 points of damage.

Spells: knows all spells pertaining to the Outer Gods, plus Create Gate, Dread Curse of Azathoth, and Voorish Sign.

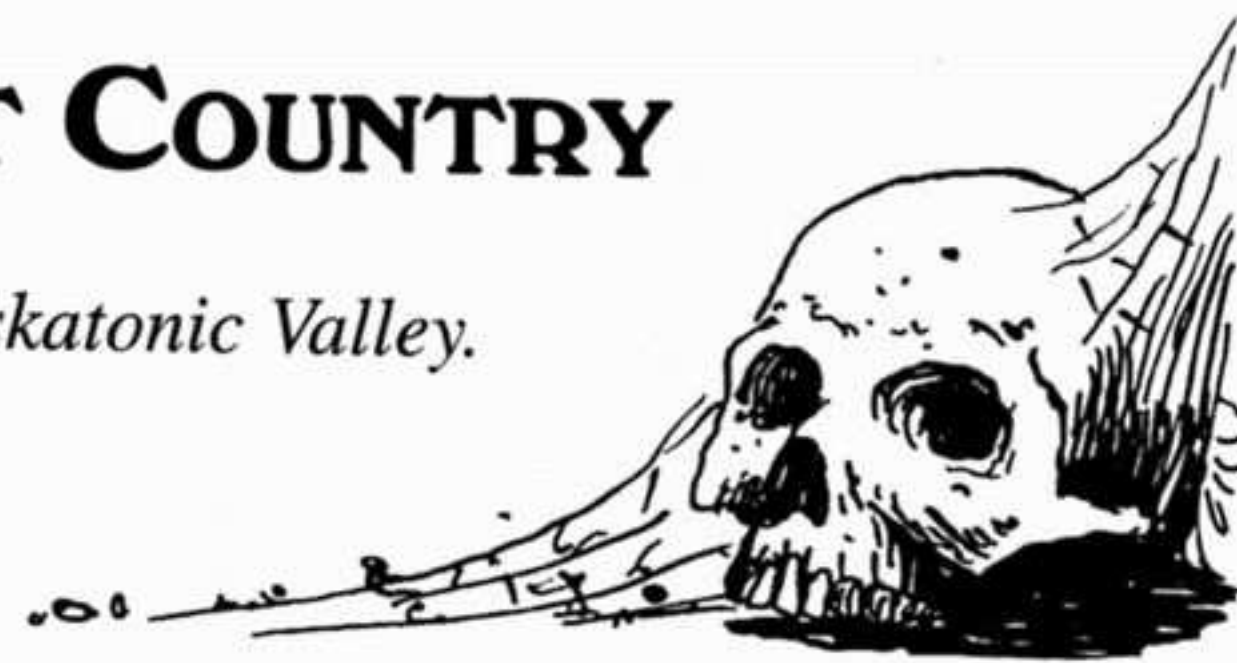
San Loss: 1D10/1D100. ■





APPENDIX: LOVECRAFT COUNTRY

An overview of all the lands of the Miskatonic Valley.



Lovecraft Country is a land located in the northeast of Massachusetts. The most important portion stretches along the Miskatonic river valley, from Dunwich in the far west to where it enters the Atlantic Ocean, between Arkham, Kingsport, and Martin's Beach. Page 70 includes a small map of the easternmost portion of *Lovecraft Country*. The depicted cities are detailed in the accompanying text, along with a few cities located beyond the main map, but important nonetheless. References to other books in the *Lovecraft Country* series are noted when they contain central information. Many of them are currently out of print.

Annisquam—A summer resort community that is located within Gloucester (see below).

Arkham—pop. 22,562, settled in 1692, incorporated in 1699. Textiles form the bulk of the present industry. Home of Miskatonic University. Mysterious sitings have occurred in the nearby Billington's Woods and at Nahum Gardner's farm, both located west of town. Detailed in *The Compact Arkham Unveiled*, *Miskatonic University*, *Adventures in Arkham Country*, and *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*.

Aylesbury—pop. 16,539, founded in 1802 on the site of the former village of Broton. A planned industrial city financed by Arkham and Boston industrialists. Textiles are the main industry.

Beverly—pop. 27,478, settled in 1626 as part of Salem, incorporated in 1688. Home of the first cotton mill in the U.S. (1788). Shoes and shoe manufacturing machinery are its main industries.

Bolton—pop. 15,539, founded in 1650. An industrial town specializing in shoes, leather goods, and textiles.

Boston—pop. 782,623, first settled in 1630. The capital of Massachusetts. Site of Bunker Hill, Faneuil Hall, the Boston Massacre, and the Boston Tea Party. Important libraries include the Boston Public Library with over a million volumes, The Boston Athenaeum, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the New England Historical Genealogical library, and the the Boston Society of Natural History. Major industries include printing and publishing, men's and women's clothing, and shipping. Boston is an international port.

Cambridge—pop. 124,451, first settled in 1630. Home of Harvard University, Radcliffe college, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT). Cambridge is the site of the first printing press in America. Industries include printing

and publishing, and the manufacture of soap, candy, and electrical apparatus.

Clark's Corners—pop. 0, founded 1769. A once prosperous village that was abandoned in the late 1800s due to the strange events following a meteorite fall. A fine gray powder still covers the Gardner farm, where the meteorite landed. The ruins of this village will soon be flooded, to create the Arkham Reservoir. Detailed in *The Compact Arkham Unveiled*.

Concord—pop. 7056, founded 1635. Site of "the shot heard round the world." Home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, and Louisa May Alcott.

Danvers—pop. 11,893, located approximately three miles west of Beverly. Settled in 1626 and until 1757 known as Salem Village. The center of witchcraft activity in 1692 and the birthplace of Israel Putnam. Nearby is the Massachusetts State Hospital for the Insane.

Dean's Corners—pop. 83, settled in 1821. A small town on the Aylesbury Pike, last stop before Aylesbury. Originally a stop on the stage line, now Dean's Corners occasionally trades with motorists on their way to Aylesbury. A combined Boston Society for American Indian Research and Miskatonic University archeological Dig is being conducted just a few miles southeast. Detailed in *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*.

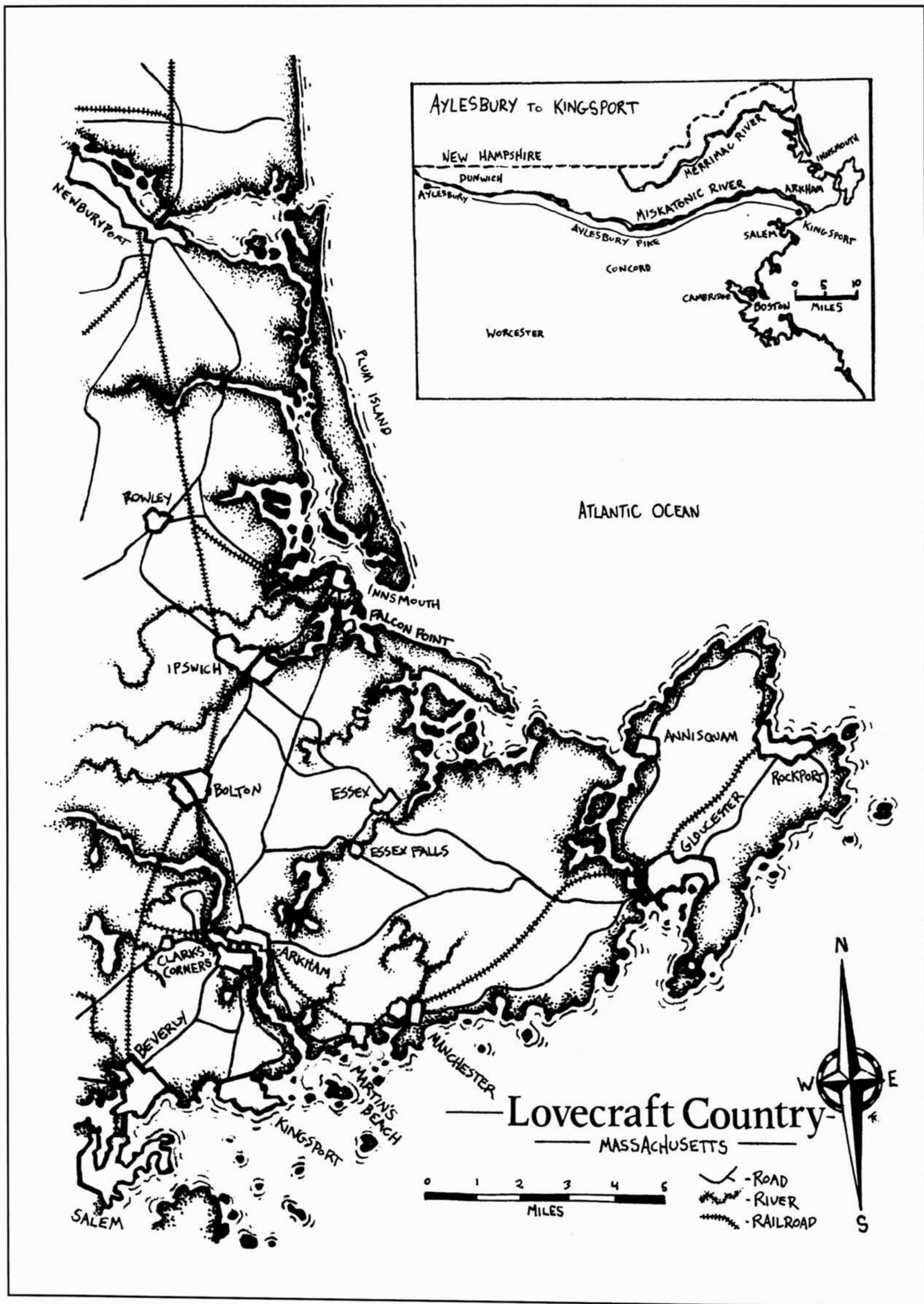
Dunwich—pop. 373, settled in 1692. A small farming community. Formerly the site of several large lumber mills. Dark forces seem ascendent among the decadent inhabitants of Dunwich. Detailed in *Return to Dunwich*, and *Adventures in Arkham Country*.

Essex—pop. 1654, first settled in 1634, incorporated in 1819. Famous for its small shipyards and its clam beds.

Falcon Point—pop. 56, settled in 1696. A small fishing village just south of Innsmouth. Detailed in *Escape from Innsmouth* and *Adventures in Arkham Country*.

Fitchburg—pop. 45,448, located ten miles southeast of Dunwich, past the Aylesbury Pike. Incorporated in 1764. It is a large paper manufacturing industry and a Worcester county seat.

Framingham—pop. 25,118, located fifteen miles west of Boston. first settled in 1640, incorporated 1700. Industries include straw hats, boots and shoes, rubber goods, boilers, and patent medicines. It is the seat of the state arsenal and the location of the state reformatory for women.



Gloucester—pop. 25,101, first settled by English fishermen in 1623, incorporated 1642. A popular summer resort and the greatest salt-water fishing port in the U.S. Within the city limits is the summer resort community of Annisquam.

Innsmouth—pop. 367, founded in 1643. Originally active in the China trade. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. Fishing is the main industry. A small gold refinery is still in operation. Innsmouth is being controlled by the decadent Marsh family, and for years there have been hints of a malevolent force living beneath the sea, at nearby Devil's Reef. Detailed in *Escape from Innsmouth*.

Ipswich—pop. 6098, first settled in 1633 as Aggawam, incorporated in 1634. A popular summer resort and site of the oldest arched bridge in America. The home to the Rev. Nathaniel Ward.

Kingsport—pop. 7834, founded in 1639, incorporated in 1651. Home port of numerous privateers during the Revolutionary War. A summer resort and artist colony, fishing is the main industry. Rumors abound of a strange fire cult worshipping beneath the streets of Kingsport. Detailed in *Kingsport: The City in the Mists* and *Tales of the Miskatonic Valley*.

Lexington—pop. 7785, located five miles northwest of Cambridge along the 3. Founded 1642. Site of the first armed conflict of the American Revolution and the destination of Paul Revere's ride. Truck gardening and dairying are the principal industries.

Lowell—pop. 114,759, located ten miles north of Concord on the Merrimac River. Incorporated in 1826. Home to many textile mills and the birthplace of James McNeil Whistler. A Middlesex county seat.

Lynn—pop. 106,081, located five miles southwest of Salem. Founded 1629. An industrial city famous for its shoes and boots, an industry it began in 1636. The first smelting works in New England were established here in 1643.

Manchester—pop. 2599, settled 1630. A resort area thought by some to be the most beautiful on the Atlantic coast and a favorite summer residence with many foreign diplomats.

Marblehead—pop. 8414, located just southeast of Salem. Settled in 1629, separated from Salem in 1649. Launched many privateers during the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. A popular summer resort and a yachting center. Principal industries include the manufacture of children's shoes, fishing, and yacht and launch building. Claimed by some to be "the birthplace of the American Navy."

Martin's Beach—pop. 867, first settled in 1644. A small fishing village and vacation spot. On occasion, a strange

creature has been seen in the ocean. More recently, the center of a strange epidemic of grave robberies. Detailed in *Dead Reckonings*.

Mayotteville—pop. 1,997, founded in 1667 by settlers from Bolton, located just a few miles down the road. Recently the source of a strange winged apparition. Detailed in *Adventures in Arkham Country*.

Newburyport—pop. 16,618, settled in 1635, separated from Newbury in 1764. A manufacturing town and shipping port, Newburyport was active in privateering during the Revolutionary War and War of 1812. The town was also famous for its smugglers and before the Civil War an active fishing, whaling, and trading port. An Essex county seat.

Peabody—pop. 21,677, located just west of Salem, which it was originally part of. It was incorporated in 1855. The town specializes in the manufacture of leather, leather-working machinery, and cotton goods.

Quincy—pop. 67,655, originally settled in 1625 as Merry Mount, a community reputed to have danced around maypoles and worshipped Dagon. The original settlers were finally driven off by members of the nearby Puritan communities. Now the home of modern naval shipyards. The birthplace of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, and John Hancock.

Rockport—pop 2345, originally settled in 1690, separated from Gloucester in 1840. A summer resort famous for its large artist colony.

Salem—pop. 44,688, founded in 1626 by Roger Conant. Site of the Salem witch trials of 1692 and birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Salem was once very active in the China trade and was home of America's first millionaire, Elias Haskett Derby. The town launched many privateers during the Seven Years War, the Revolutionary War, and the War of 1812. Home of the Essex Institute, the Peabody Maritime Museum, and the Salem Athenaeum.

Waltham—pop. 38,144, located ten miles west of Cambridge along the 117. Incorporated 1738. Home of the world's largest watch factory and the site of the first cotton power mill in America (1814).

Worcester—pop. 197,788, first settled in 1657 but twice abandoned due to Indian attacks, first in 1675 then in 1702. Incorporated in 1722. Industries include wire and wire products. The home of Clark University, Worcester Polytechnic, the Jesuit College of the Holy Cross, and Assumption college. Site of the American Antiquarian Society, the Worcester Natural History Society, and the Worcester Historical Society, all with museums and libraries. Home at one time or another to Elias Howe, Eli Whitney, Dorothea Lynde Dix, and Clara Barton. ■



APPENDIX: HANDOUTS

Repeating the handouts, for ease of copying.



DEAD RECKONINGS HANDOUTS

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Dust Papers #1

The Arkham Advertiser

ANOTHER AREA GRAVEROBBERY!

Christchurch Cemetery is Victimized

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Arkham—Arkham Police officials report that a graverobbery occurred last night in Christchurch Cemetery. The body of the late Martin Helverson was taken from its final resting place. Helverson was a respected local attorney before his death six years ago.

Arkham Police Chief Asa Nichols states that the authorities believe that this crime is related to the similar atrocities perpetrated in the last several weeks in Manchester, Gloucester, Kingsport, Essex Falls, and Clark's Corners. No suspects have been identified, but Chief Nichols reports that the police are following up leads. Anyone with information regarding possible prowlers in the vicinity of Christchurch Cemetery after 1 AM this morning should contact the Arkham authorities as soon as possible.

Dust Papers #2

GRAVEROBBERS RETURN TO MARTIN'S BEACH!

*Authorities Angered by
Second Crime This Week*

Martin's Beach—Just one night after perpetrating a similar crime in Arkham's Christchurch Cemetery, graverobbers returned to Martin's Beach to ply their despicable trade. The Poe Street Burying Ground was again visited in the night by cowardly and depraved thieves, who this time stole the remains of Virginia Felder. Mrs. Felder is the late wife of local resident Michael Felder, and the daughter of Dr. Hamilton Fabry of Boston. Mr. Felder told this reporter that he hopes that those responsible are caught and punished to the full extent of the law for this atrocity. Dr. Fabry expressed similar outrage and has offered a \$1000 reward for information leading to the capture of these villains.

Martin's Beach Constable Owen Tabler, meanwhile, is cooperating with Arkham Police Chief Asa Nichols in an effort to find leads in connection to the very similar recent events in both towns. "There seems little doubt that these matters are related," said Nichols. "Owen and I are working with officials in other nearby towns where crimes like these have been committed. With such a concentrated effort, we're bound to put an end to this sick business—and soon."

Chief Nichols was referring to the fact that similar crimes have recently occurred in Manchester, Gloucester, Essex Falls, Kingsport, and Clark's Corners. Constable Tabler refused to comment on whether the Martin's Beach crimes were in any way connected with the so-called "Martin's Beach prowler", who has reportedly accosted fishermen, children, and other residents in the last week. Authorities are still interested in any information regarding this individual.

Dust Papers #3

A passage from the untitled Pierre Borel work

The essential Saltes of Animals may be so prepared and preserved, that an ingenious Man may have the whole Ark of Noah in his owne Studie, and raise the fine Shape of an Animal out of its Ashes at his Pleasure, and by the lyke Method from the essential Saltes of humane Dust, a Philosopher may, without any mannour of criminal Necromancy, call up the Shape of any dead Ancestour from the Dust whereinto his Bodie has been incinerated.



Dust Papers #4

A passage from
the *Untitled Nicholas Melchior work*

Then will appear in the bottom of the vessel the mighty Ethiopian, burned, calcined, bleached, altogether dead and lifeless. He asks to be buried, to be sprinkled with his own moisture and slowly calcined till he shall arise in glowing form from the fierce fire... Behold a wondrous restoration or renewal of the Ethiopian!



Dust Papers #5

MARTIN'S BEACH PROWLER STRIKES!

Gruesome Child Murderer Sought by Police

Martin's Beach—The so-called Martin's Beach prowler is now believed responsible for the heartless killing of 5 year old Eleanor Tucker. The girl's body was discovered on the beach below the Wavecrest Inn yesterday afternoon. Constable Owen

Tabler refused to comment on the condition of the child's body, but assures citizens that he is setting aside all other concerns to search for the killer.

Constable Tabler believes that the one-armed indigent-prowler who

has recently plagued the town is responsible. "He's threatened children before this, so we're focusing our search on this individual." The constable describes the prowler as a deformed hobo missing his right hand. Anyone seeing this man is cautioned to avoid him and call the authorities immediately.

Rivals Papers #2

Have found something interesting!
Come tonight, Road to Clark's
Corners, first house on right
after brook: NO LAW! We
have information. Come at
half hour ~~before~~ before
midnight.

X Khan

Behold Papers #5

DUNWICH DISAPPEARANCES

Citizens in the village of Dunwich, located near the head of the Miskatonic River, have reported an epidemic of missing pets and livestock over the last 24 hours. Locals began to suspect a wild animal when a horse belonging to the Horn family was discovered strangely desiccated, and partly eaten. Dunwich authorities are planning a hunting expedition into the hills above Dunwich. Long-time residents of the Miskatonic Valley may recall reports of unexplained activity in those hills in both 1907 and 1912.

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I know what is going on and I know what you are doing. I can help you. Please don't ask me why I haven't come forward until now. Let's just say it is not safe. I am ~~very~~ very frightened and feel I am in great danger. Before something happens I need to tell you what I know. Meet me tomorrow night inside the fence at the city dump at 10:00 PM. Bring NO police! If I am right, they will be of no help anyway. And tell NO ONE of this. The shadows have ears and eyes! I apologize for the secrecy but I am afraid. Please come

Reaper:

G's plan to remove the ghoul's has commenced. His corpse-poison should eventually wipe them out completely. You can continue to contact him through me by leaving messages in the office at the I.T. DO NOT see him directly.

Soon we shall have their tunnels and lairs for our own use, and the crawling Chaps will stride the earth beneath the feet of the ignorant. The fools! We rule Arkham! Praise be to the Father of the Million Favored Ones!

Sonneillon



Vol. LXVII

TWO CH

SHOCKING DEVELOPMENT IN PICKERING CASE

The post mortem conducted last night upon the body of Hannah Pickering, whose body was found outside of town beside North Garrison Street, has revealed that the young woman was with child at the time of her death. The unborn child appears to have been removed from the body, along with certain other generative organs. Police believe the killer removed these organs, and have intensified their search for the perpetrator of such a horrendous crime. According to the chief investigator,

Detective Sergeant Maxwell Sweeney, the police expect to bring the killer to justice soon. The authorities are currently looking for the man responsible for the girl's delicate condition, as they suspect this person killed the girl rather than marry her. Meanwhile, young women are urged to avoid the streets after dark, and report any strangers exhibiting unusual behavior to the police. Arkham cannot rest until the monster responsible for this beastly crime is behind bars.

POD WINNING

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Other members contributed to the

ARKHAM TYPIST SLAIN

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Arkham—The body of Hannah Pickering, 20, a resident of Arkham for the past six months, was found early this morning on the city's outskirts by police. Certain unspeakable liberties were taken with the deceased, apparently after death. The horrible crime recalls the Jack the Ripper murders committed in London 40 years ago. Miss Pickering's family have not yet been traced, but their grief, when they are told of their daughter's death, can but be imagined. Police Chief Asa Nichols went on record today to state that "the maniac who was responsible for this deed must surely have been some transient, perhaps one of the amoral sensualists who are attracted to nearby Kingsport, claiming to be artists. Surely no Arkham resident could be responsible for so repugnant a crime." Chief Nichols promised that the killer of Miss Pickering would be swiftly brought to justice. The citizens of Arkham can but pray that he is right.

ette

April 15, 1928

GHASTLY MURDER!

Police Horrified by Ferocious Attack

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The body of Miss Hannah Pickering, 20, was found at 1 AM this morning beside the North Garrison Road, near the town dump. The victim had been dead for less than an hour when discovered, officials say. Police Officer Edmund Hallicot, who discovered the body, said "I have never seen so horrible a sight. Whoever did this was an animal." This reporter understands that the nature of the attack was brutal in the extreme, and that details are not fit for publication in a family newspaper. The perpetrator of the deed as yet remains unknown and at large.

Excerpts from Miriam Hetfield's diary

"Miriam was a bad girl. If I was a good girl it never would have happened. God have mercy. Growing in my belly and whispering to me in dreams that I've been bad, debaser, debasement, roll like a dog in offal to cover my own stench. It hurt me. It did the bad thing Momma always told me boys wanted to do to me. Dear God it hurt me. God there's an itch between my legs I can't stop, a fire I can't put Hannah doesn't know what I do with our body when she's asleep. Feel and never forget the pain when I'm with another man can't drive it out can't forget the memory even with another man after man. It wasn't a man wasn't human. I ran had to get away from Dunwich had to not be me to forget had to be Hannah, but Hannah doesn't know about Miriam, and when Hannah is pregnant she has to let Miriam take over because she can't know or she'll fall into the darkness and remember, and Hannah's not real and isn't afraid of the dark but she has no pain. God oh God oh God it was part of me this evil and I cannot burn it out or cut it off. Cut it off me when I was born but it came back because it knew it was part of me and Hannah is part of me but I'm not part of Hannah and when I'm Hannah I'm not me I'm someone else inside me, God, growing and rotting me inside inside Dunwich..."

Excerpts from Hilary Hetfield's grimoire

April 15th. It is my destiny. I bear the sign, and the stars are right. Through me has the Black Goat of the Woods borne twins, one growing upon the other. Did not my son impregnate my daughter, thereby conceiving that Grand-Child according to the prophecy of old, which Von Jungt knew and recorded in his Black Book? The ancient druids knew three to be the sacred number, and this third child shall be the One foretold, the gateway between the flesh of Eve and the flesh of the Goddess. Even unto the Black Goat of the Woods shall She be a Daughter, the Mother of Pus, and her ascension to godhead shall be a sign that the time of the Old Ones draws ever nigh. This very night I saw as if in a dream the birth of my beautiful grand-daughter, she that I have long awaited. I leave this minute for Arkham, where amid the offal and decay she awaits my call, and the call of the Goddess. Vä! Shub-Niggurath! Vä! Mother of Pus!

Behold Papers #6

*Extracts from the journals of Tucker Jones**October 31, 1907*

Accompanied young Lavinia Whateley to the Hetfield home today, at her insistence. When doing so, discovered Hilary Hetfield in throes of labor. Difficult birth. Patient lapsed in and out of consciousness, screamed often. Lavinia crouched by bed all night, whispering to Hilary, holding her hand. Kept reminding Hilary of "Von Junzt's instructions"—perhaps Lavinia is trained as a midwife? Unfamiliar folk medical treatment? Must investigate—Whateleys strange clan. Child born with pendulous growth attached to left shoulder, fleshy lump size of an apple. Minor operation to remove growth—actually an undeveloped fetus, boy twin somehow attached to developing embryo in womb. Requested this oddity as wished to study and preserve, scientific curiosity. Mother insisted on burial, given over to her custody, together with baby daughter, to be named Misiam. Mother and daughter doing well.

[Numerous lesser entries follow, chronicling Misiam's minor childhood accidents and ailments. Hilary Hetfield's mental condition begins to decay from 1918 onwards, and is noted as "early senility." Other entries note Hilary as receiving grains of laudanum—an opiate—as a sedative for hysteria. The next major entry is reproduced below.]

April 10th, 1928

Another visit to Hilary Hetfield. In a bad way. Has not taken well to daughter's absence (ran away six months past, not heard from since). Rapidly losing faculties, failing memory, hysteria, hallucinations. Weight down again. Frail, general appearance poor. Twice informed: found late at night, naked, roaming streets, "looking for granddaughter." No longer differentiates between herself, her mother, and her own daughter. Forgets own name and identity. Commitment?

Behold Papers #10

An extract from the *Book of Eibon*

Time is not constant, nor is the future unchangeable. I have seen the coming of the Daemon Sultan's Seed, and also the day the oceans vomit forth the citadels of the Elder Ones, when the stars shift in their patterns and the dead live again. I have seen the empire of Atlantae, not yet born, fall to the reign of years, and those kingdoms which wax and wane in her shadow—serpent-haunted Stygia, Aquilonia, Aegypt, and Rome. Mark well what I have seen, for these are the signs of the Last Days, which foretell the return of Those Who Dream And Die Not: the Slouch of the Beast, the Rising of the Corpse City, the Hot Kiss of the Mother of Pus, the Return of the Harbinger and Maker, and the End of All Songs.

Behold Papers #8

*An extract from Von Junzt's *Nameless Cults**

Among these vile deities of rank growth and obscene fertility are numbered the Source of Uncleanliness, held sacred by certain dark sects in Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, who worship by drowning alive their victims in excrement, and the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young. This primal goddess is shunned by the sane, and the existence of Her cult is denied by the wise. But I have seen with my own eyes the groves wherein She is worshipped, in the mountains of Central Europe, and too in Corsica and Sardinia. I have not, however, seen the horrid rites held therein, else I would not live to write these words.

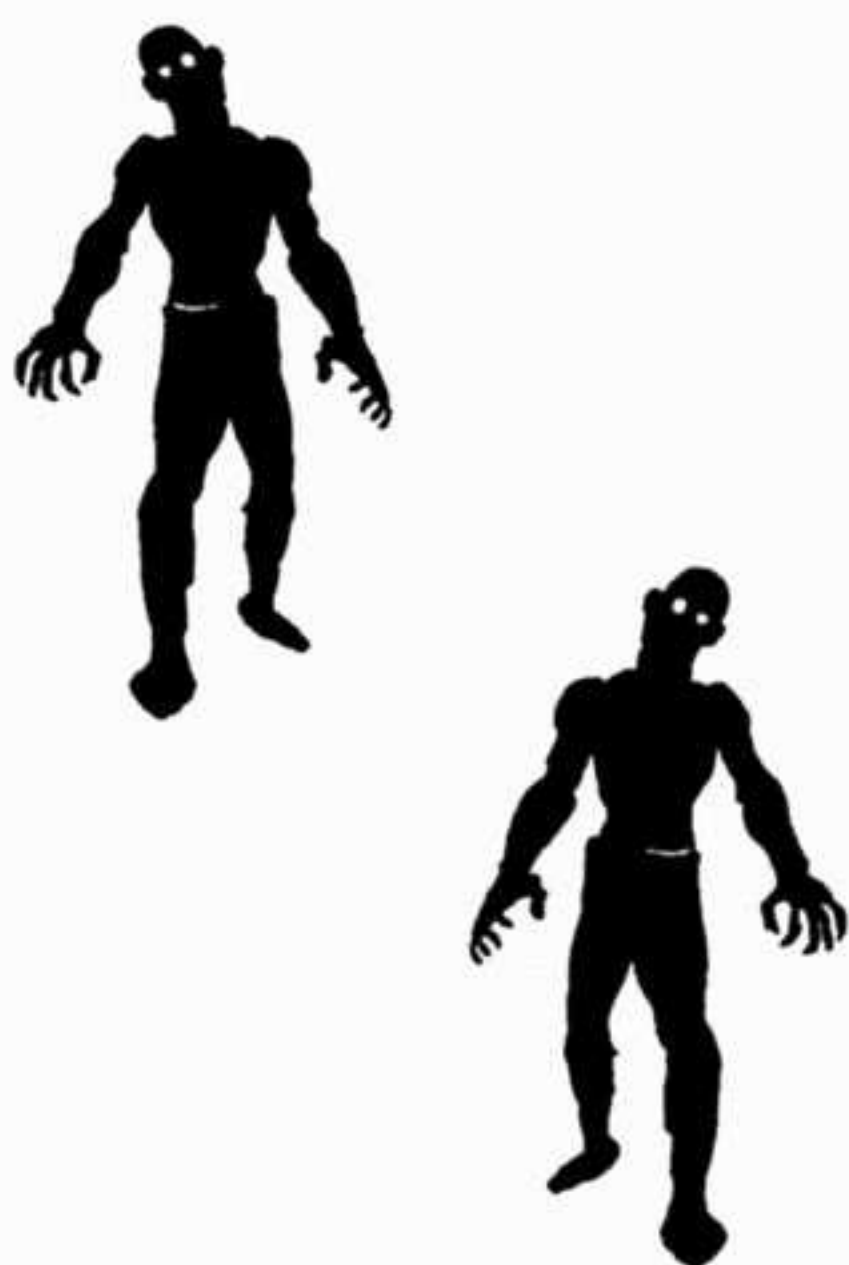
In Corsica, my guide—an Arab who once had danced with the cult at the moon's dark, but now feared for his life and so had left them—whispered to me of a prophecy which told of the Mother of Pus, a grandchild of the Goddess who would be begotten by Her, who is mother and father both, upon a mortal woman. By incest would this woman's children in turn conceive the Mother of Pus herself. Long have my nights been rent by screams, torn from my own throat when in dreams I see the Mother of Pus as my guide all too clearly describ'd her, and too that which her foetid warmth arouses. It is written, so the Arab said, that the coming of the Mother of Pus shall herald the waking of the Old Ones from their slumber in the darknesses beneath the earth.

When he came to this, my guide fell silent and to trembling, and it was many nights before I could encourage him to tell me of the song that must be wailed when the stars are right. The song which awakens the grandchild to godhood, confirming her as the Mother of Pus, then to begin her horrid reign. This song seems alien to me, and I shudder when I recall the curious way my guide breathed out the notes, but for the sake of learning, I set it down here. Sung as written, it triggers the powers that lie dormant within the goddess-to-be. Reversed perhaps, it might destroy her before her coming destroys the world. I pray to God that this necessity never arises, but I know I pray in vain.

Sadly, only days after the faithful Arab had revealed to me the secrets of the cult, he was found dead in his bath, liquified and rotting. I fled from Corsica in fear of my life, but know that I shall never forget the look I saw upon his slumped, oozing face, or what was left of it, and dread that one day I shall look within a mirror and see it gazing out at me with mine own eyes.

An extract from *De Vermis Mysteriis*

Watch not the Stalkers, nor seek to know the Spawn of the Woods, for the tainted wellspring which gives them birth cares not for the intruder. Mark well what fate befell Orpheus when the Daughters of Dionysus came upon him deep in the woods. The Black Goat of the Woods spawns and spawns again, but there shall come a time when her spawn shall come from a human womb—two who were one, and the child of those children shall be the Mother of Pus, and all the world shall tremble beneath her hooves, She Who is the Ender of Ages.



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PLAGUE OF MISSING PETS

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Arkham—More than 50 reports of missing or stray pets have been received by this paper at press time. Dogs, cats, hamsters, and even a sheep have vanished from their owners' Arkham homes within the past 24 hours; the majority of these reports have come from homes on the north side of the Miskatonic. Miss Charity Osgood, 52, of 211 West Derby Street, says that her sheep Beatrice, kept tethered to crop the lawns of her Georgian home, chewed through its leather harness and made its escape up North Garrison Street. Neither Beatrice nor any of the other missing pets have been sighted since. The Arkham Advertiser is offering a reward of \$5 to anyone who has information which leads to the return of the missing animals. Police Chief Asa Nichols has condemned what he sees as "a cruel student prank," and regrets that he can spare no men to track down those responsible at this time, as his men are busy investigating the murder of Hannah Pickering. Some citizens, however, believe the problem is more serious, pointing to a similar epidemic of pet disappearances that was reported yesterday in Dunwich.





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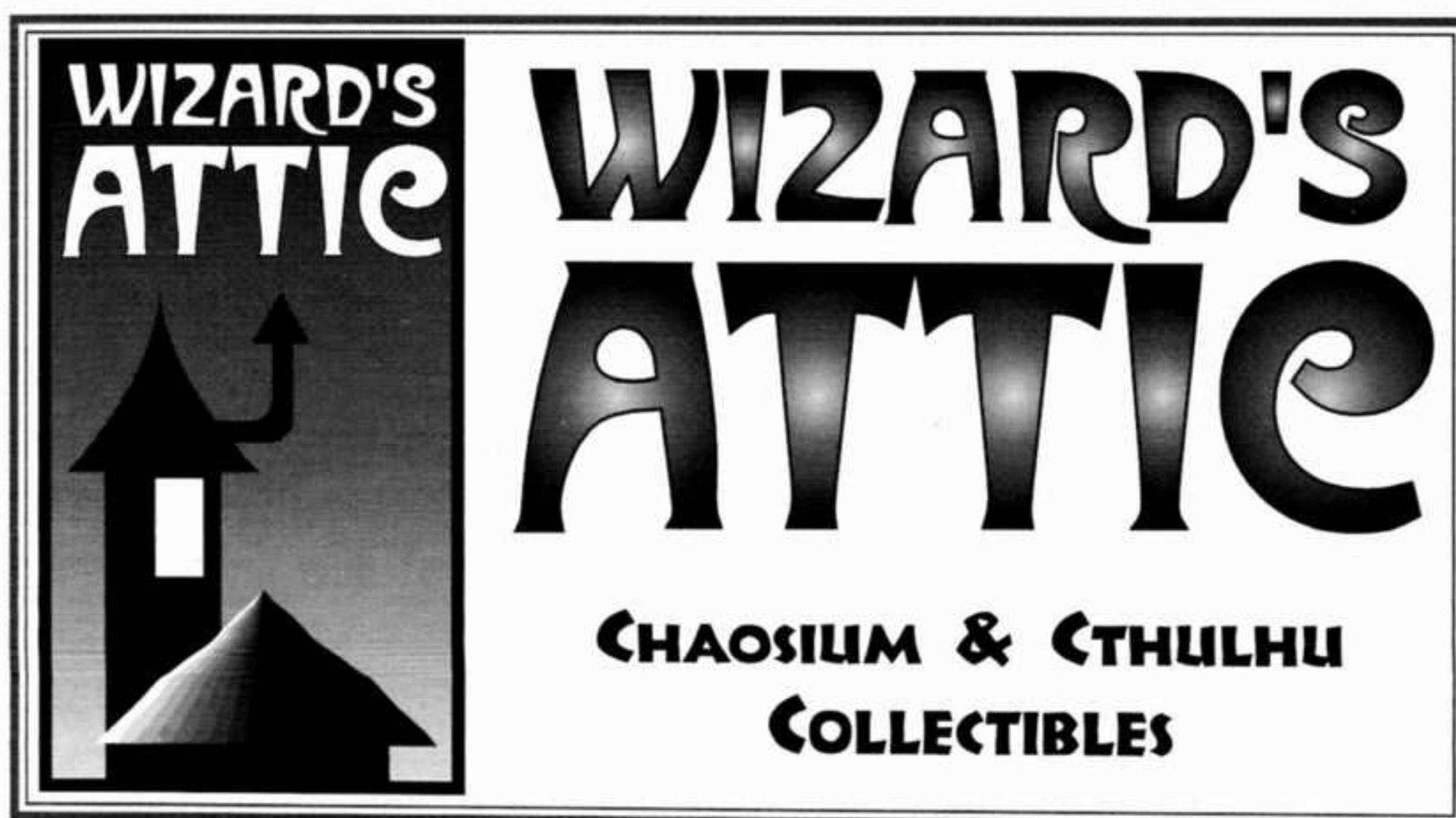
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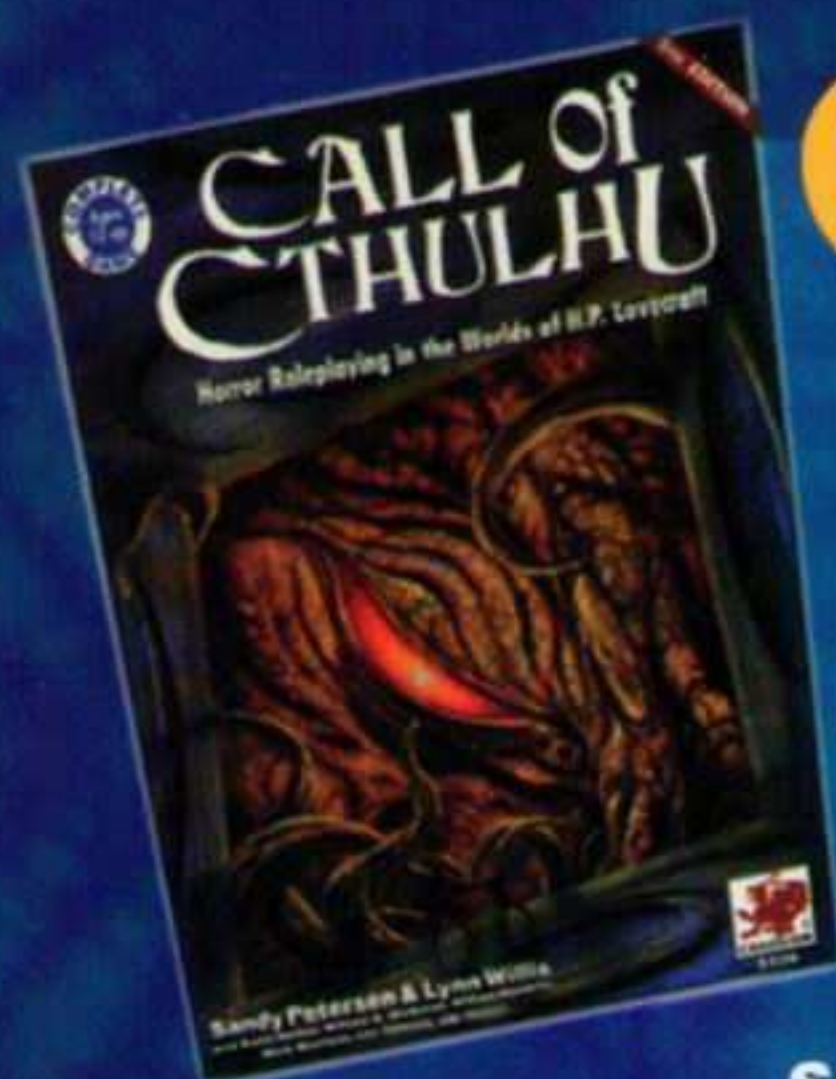
DEAD RECKONINGS

those dark days. Yet new mysteries also appear with uncanny regularity. It would seem that Lovecraft Country will always be a haunted landscape.

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